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by Heinz

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Hearst's International-Cosmopolitan for January 1933
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MARCIA: Do you know, mother—you’re a pretty grand-looking little woman. There’s only one thing your severest critic—that’s me!—could possibly find wrong with you.
MOTHER: And that is . . . ?
MARCIA: You have quite nice teeth, darling. But they look as if they’d been associating with a London fog. They don’t shine out any more and make people say, “Oh, what a beauteous lady!” I’ll bet my last fifteen cents that you have “pink tooth brush.”
MOTHER: My gums do bleed a little. Should I get all upset about it?
MARCIA: Well—it has never yet helped anybody have swell-looking teeth! And suppose you get some horrid gum trouble like gingivitis. Or Vincent’s disease. Or pyorrhea, even. Or find that some good teeth are actually in danger.
MOTHER: Very well. I’ll start using Ipana, as my erudite daughter does.
MARCIA: And every time you clean your teeth, put a little bit more Ipana on your brush and massage it right into your touchy gums. See how grand and hard my gums are?
MOTHER: Your teeth look nice and bright.
MARCIA: Ipana has ziratol in it. The food we eat nowadays is too soft to keep the gums firm—but Ipana and massage keep your gums firm anyway. So you use Ipana. And you won’t have to worry about “pink tooth brush” . . .

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Cover Design by Harrison Fisher

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See page 4 for news of next month's big feature
The fewer colds the less risk of

MASTOID TROUBLE

Gargle with Listerine twice a day to fight Colds and Sore Throat

In a plea for the prevention of colds, a noted authority makes this startling statement: “Not only mastoid and sinus infections, but bronchitis, asthma, and pleurisy are usually traceable to preceding colds.”

Most colds begin in the throat. The germs that cause them or accompany them enter through the mouth. Some lodge there, others travel to the throat from whence they move upward to the nose.

Clearly, one of the major steps in preventing colds is to keep the mouth and throat as clean as possible. That is why the twice-a-day gargle with full strength Listerine has always been recommended.

The moment Listerine enters the mouth it begins to kill germs. As it sweeps over the mucous membrane, it kills outright the millions of bacteria clinging to it. Tests show a reduction as high as 99% of such bacteria. What a protection that is at all times—and invaluable when a cold is coming on!

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Make a habit of gargling with full strength Listerine every morning and every night as an aid in preventing colds. Remember also to avoid draughts, sudden changes of temperature, cold or wet feet, and over-exposure to cold temperatures. Physicians also advise against over-eating and over-indulgences of any kind. Dress adequately for the day, bathe frequently, and get 8 hours sleep. When a cold does develop, get into bed and call your doctor. A cold promptly treated may spare you years of misery and ill health. Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.

When your throat is sore or you feel a cold coming on, gargle with Listerine every two hours. It often relieves the sore throat and checks the progress of the cold.

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reaches you in the first month of 1933, a year in which you will watch Cosmopolitan
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The
Educational Value
of Military Training
by Brigadier General L. R. Gignilliat

I was talking recently with a retired electrical engineer in New York. He is a man of great achievements; he has harnessed the forces of nature to the needs of man in many parts of the globe.

He attributes his success largely to certain fundamentals of military training he acquired when he was a student in college. He values the benefit of that training so highly that he contemplates leaving his fortune to the advancement of what he regards as the educational possibilities of military training. He is not primarily interested in the preparedness angle. That, he says, may be handled by the War Department. It is solely the educational phase that he is concerned with. I suggested (as the first step) a scientific survey of military training in the schools and colleges by educators and psychologists to ascertain by authentic research the educational value of military training.

His reply was tinged with Impatience:

"I do not need psychologists to tell me the value of military training. I know what it did for me when I was a green farmer boy in my State University. It straightened me up, gave me confidence, taught me the reason of discipline; gave me experience in organization and showed me how to handle men."

Is he right? Is military training in the broad sense of distinct educational value to youth?

Recently the U. S. Office of Education, an agency of the government, published a report of the results of a questionnaire on that subject. Out of 9,636 graduates of universities which had given military training, 9,019 (or 93.6 percent) agreed with the distinguished electrical engineer. Ninety-seven percent of those who replied said they were convinced, after having engaged in professional or commercial vocations, that the R.O.T.C. course of study has definite educational value of its own.

Questionnaires have their deficiencies but the near unanimity of opinion here expressed is surely sufficiently conclusive to prove the point.

I once heard Woodrow Wilson say to a group of cadets:

"I am always glad to see the uniform worn in connection with education." (Now by no stretch of the imagination could Wilson be regarded as a militarist.) Continuing, he said: "To me it has a deeper meaning than as an attribute of war. It means discipline of course, hut in addition it signifies that the man is not living for himself alone, but for the social life at large. We hear of mothers hanging swords and muskets of their sons on the wall so that they may constantly see them, but we do not hear of anyone hanging as an ornament of any household any of the symbols of peace such as a ledger, a Yard stick, a pick, or a shovel.

"The reason for this is man supports himself with these implements—but he is doing a service for someone else when he is using a sword or a rifle in battle, and modern people seem to hold a service they do to help themselves below the things they do to help others. So what I want you youngsters to remember is that you owe a duty to society which is above any interest you can have in self—that you do the greatest good in the world when you live in it to serve your fellow men."

If he was right, if military training for youth develops the spirit of service, it is urgently needed in our education today.

A successful manufacturer founded a military school. In that man's factory one day I watched a workman patient pounding dents into a copper utensil.

In my ignorance I said: "That seems to be a lot of trouble just to make that thing look pretty." With a touch of scorn he said to me: "That's not to make it look pretty. That's to take the softness out of it."

The manufacturer who founded the military school had had the softness hammered out of him in the school of hard knocks.

He added the uniform to his training system, not to merely make the boys "look smart" but because he believed that the regime it stood for, like the school of hard knocks, might hammer the softness out of them. Was he right? We must do with less of softness and self-indulgence if American ideals are to be preserved.

Let us do all we can to lessen the probabilities of war, and to promote international good will and understanding, but in those efforts let us not destroy patriotism. Let us have a patriotism that also respects the patriotism of others. In the youth of the country we must develop the flexibility of mind necessary to meet the unpredictable future, but we must also give youth the sinews to grapple with its problems.
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The gift is sure to be welcome when it is Whitman’s Chocolates. There is a Whitman package to suit every taste—every circumstance. And each assortment contains the finest chocolates in all the world. The name “Whitman’s” on the box means just that.

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LET THE WHITMAN DEALER PARCEL POST YOUR DISTANT SENDINGS
Cosmopolitan Almanack
for January

Month of weather cold and raw;
Month of January thaw;
Month of southern beach resorts;
Month of northern winter sports;
Month of big electric-light sales;
Month of Giant Bargain White Sales;
Month that wearies age and youth;
Month of Yanks Are Joined;
Month that pleasures youth and age;
Month when Record Blizzards Rage;
Month when bright the evening star shines;
Month of new and shiny car shows;
Month of business swift or slack;
Month of the ’33 Almanack.
Month when joyous songs are sung
By the people feeling young;
When the people feeling old
Say, “I always have a cold.”
Joy for the wise, woe for the unwary—
Alla month of January!

AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR

FRANKLIN P. ADAMS
(F.P.A.)

Being, until the 4th of July, the 157th Year of AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE

1—Su. — New Year’s Day. Paul Revere born, 1735. Emancipation of Negro slaves went into effect, 1863. 65,094,035 persons resolve to go to bed early tonight, 1933.
2—Mo. — Battle of Murfreesboro, 1863. Stocks go to new highs for 1933, 1933.
3—Tu. — Battle of Princeton, 1777.
4—We. — Life first issued, 1883. 264 editorials printed on December American humor, 1883. Utah admitted to Union, 1896. It had been rice versa for years.
5—Th. — Capt. John Smith captured by Indians, 1668. “Your name is familiar,” said Chief Powhatan, 1668.
1 First Sunday after Epiphany Length of Day, 9 h. 23 m.
8—Su. — Battle of New Orleans, 1815. Grant found in Gomorrha and propped started, 1219 B.C.
9—Mo. — Connecticut ratified the Constitution, 1788.
10—Tu. — Howard Chandler Christy, inventor cover charge for magazines, born, 1873.
11—We. — Alex. Hamilton born, 1757. Wm. James born, 1842.
12—Th. — Jack London born, 1876.
14—Sa. — Benedict Arnold born, 1741. Iago asks Othello to have a drink, 1508.
2 Second Sunday after Epiphany Length of Day, 9 h. 31 m.
15—Su. — First locomotives built, 1828. Molière born, 1622. Columbus decides what this country needs is a discoverer, 1491.
16—Mo. — Alfred Tennyson made a peer, 1884, at the age of 76.
17—Tu. — Benjamin Franklin, this Almanack’s candidate for greatest of Americans and 2nd greatest of Almanack compilers, born, 1726. Chekhov born, 1860.
18—We. — Daniel Webster born, 1812. Liquid soap invented in Gehenna, 1901.
20—Fr. — St. Agnus’ Eve. Josef Hofmann born, 1876.

3 Septuagesima Sunday Length of Day, 9 h. 43 m.
22—Su. — Francis Bacon born, 1611. Lord Byron born, 1788. Queen Victoria died, 1901.
23—Mo. — Francis Bacon fails to write Shakespeare’s plays, 1611. John Hancock, originator dotted line, born, 1735.
24—Tu. — Gold discovered in California, 1848.
25—We. — University of Virginia established, 1819. Ney’s McDev born, 1860.
27—Fr. — Mozart born, 1796. Lewis Carroll born, 1832. New York Sun first issued under C. A. Dana, 1868.

4 Sexagesima Sunday Length of Day, 9 h. 57 m.
31—Tu. — F. P. Schubert born, 1797.

FACTS about January’s Birthday Boys: Horatio Alger, Jr., a Harvard graduate, wrote “Ragged Dick” at the age of 34. Byron was 19 when he published his first book of verses; he was 26 when he died. John Smith was 29 when Pocahontas interfered for him. Robert E. Lee was 54 when the Civil War began; Ulysses S. Grant was 39.
Your New National Leadership

by President-Elect

FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT

Your new national leadership is going to restore the confidence that the majority of men and women in this country rightfully reposed in their own integrity and ability. It is going to bring about governmental action to mesh more with the rights and the essential needs of the individual man and woman. It is going to bring about a greater personal security.

"Your new national leadership is going to restore the confidence that the majority of men and women in this country rightfully repose in their own integrity and ability. It is going to bring about governmental action to mesh more with the rights and the essential needs of the individual man and woman. It is going to bring about a greater personal security."

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I have forgotten the personalities of the heat of the campaign. I do not forget that many fine men were forced out of office by the election. They were so fettered by old-fashioned political commitments and strait-jacketed by outworn policies that they were literally bound hand and foot. But we must never forget the harm of these commitments and the anachronism of these policies. We must remember them well in order to recognize their faults and avoid the creation of similar ones for the future.

The new national leadership has already faced the facts in its economic campaign attacks upon our major problems. It is going to continue to tell the truth about current conditions and their relation to the future—a policy not pursued in immediate past history.

The first truth is with regard to a general condition, and we must face it at once. Emergency relief under way and planned will succeed in the vital work of maintaining life. But it corrects nothing. From now on we must be far more concerned with the quality of life itself. Concentration upon purely temporary relief measures must not cause a "freezing" of national progress along lines of social equality and justice. If our present social order is to endure, it must prove itself worthy of our toil and self-sacrifice and of the lives of those who have been before us. And it must prove itself worthy within the next few years. Some of the other truths are also self-evident.

In agriculture, we recognize the present staggering surplus of commodities and the fact that the price of a crop is determined by the exportable surplus sold in the world markets. We know that producers are not getting prices above their production cost. We know that the infestation of the past administration with plans which have repeatedly failed, such as the government speculation in wheat and cotton, have resulted in entirely unnecessary losses, privation and hopelessness to nearly half our people.

The new leadership intends to go to the heart of the agricultural problem in a realistic way. The basic fact is that the farmers must immediately get a living income from the domestic market. I intend to attack the problem where it is most urgent—in wheat and cotton, for these are the money crops of one-third of our people.

To get a price for these products which will allow the farmers to live, they must get a tariff benefit over world prices. This is equivalent to the benefit given by a tariff for industrial products. An artificial or even a temporary measure (Cont. on page 122)
What it did to the man who put it on the tree, to the woman who watched, and to the man who wouldn't stay for the party drink, and a small stream of water sprayed down over his coat. He got out his handkerchief and carefully wiped his coat; then he tried again, with a similar result. He cast an apologetic look at George, and then put the glass down.

"Don't know what's the matter with me!" he said. "Guess I'm just nervous. My wife's been telling me lately that I'm pretty nervous."

Whereupon George burst into delighted laughter and showed him the small holes in the side of the glass. Watkins, however, gave only a sickly grin and started out.

"Almost forgot. There's a man outside to see you," he said. "Looks like a panhandler to me."

"I told him I thought you were still out," said George impatiently. "It's Christmas, man!"

He sat down and commenced rewrapping his parcels, and Miss Elder brought some envelopes and a check, and laid them before him.

"The gold pieces for the servants," she said, and added rather grimly: "And Mrs. Chisholm's Christmas check."

She did not like Henrietta Chisholm. Indeed, she had disapproved of the whole marriage from the start. "A widow with two children!" she said to her roommate. "Pretty enough, but just out for what she can get!"

Which was only partly true, it being probable that next to herself Henrietta cared for George Chisholm more than for anyone else in the world.

George eyed the layout, the seven envelopes for the house servants and Henrietta's check, and some of the exaltation died out of his face. Since his marriage he had pretty well lived up to his income, and sometimes his house reminded him more of a high-class night club than anything else. As he signed the check he was remembering a conversation that morning.

"Try to come home early, George. We're having the usual crowd in to trim the tree."

"I thought the kids were to help this year."

"Well, everybody seemed to expect the usual party."

Even Henrietta did not know why, ever since their marriage, George had himself put the star on top of the tree. The look he turned down to her, she thought, was rather strange.
"And the children expected something else."
She had kept her temper, although she saw she was annoyed. She had even smiled. "One would think they were poor children, George."
"That's not a bad fault—in a stepfather! We're spending a lot of money, Henrietta."
"If you object to the party for that reason, you can deduct it from my Christmas check."
Which was an unanswerable argument. Henrietta's substantial Christmas gift always being spent by the middle of October at the latest.

As he saw Miss Rider off for the remainder of the day and tied up his parcels, his mind was still on Henrietta and the children. He had been married for six years, and he was very proud of his wife; proud of her popularity, of her carefully dressed and tended body, even of the way she managed his house. If there were times when he felt that all of these were more important to Henrietta than he was, he kept it to himself. And some of his boyish good humor returned when he experimented with a trick match holder. One took a match and scratched it, and immediately all the other matches leaped out and fell on the floor.

Better hold that in reserve, however. Matches were not toys for children.

He had entirely forgotten the man outside. He wrapped up his parcels again, thinking what a difference it made, having children in the house at Christmas. What queer little heathens they had been that first year.

"Do you kids know what Christmas is?"
"Sure. The day Santa Claus comes!"
"Well, it's a little more than that. It's the birthday of the Christ child."
"Who's the Christ child?"
He was still smiling at that when, on his way out, he saw the man who was waiting for him; a tall man, rather gaunt and certainly shabby, but not a panhandler. George, who was obliged to know men, sized him up quickly.

"Hello!" he said. "I clean forgot you were here."

The man smiled. He had a slow, rather attractive smile.

"I'm accustomed to that," he said without rancor. "And of course it's just the usual story. I need a job, Mr. Chisholm. Any course it's just the usual story."

"You can call me Smith. It's not my name, but it seems to answer."

"By the way, what's your name?"

"I was. I lost my job and she cleared out." His tone closed that subject. "But see here, I'll have to have evening clothes, won't I? I escaped without anything much but my skin."

But George Chisholm was already started on an orgy of benevolence, and with scarcely more than a thought toward Henrietta he made a large gesture.

"You can have mine," he said easily. "We're about of a size, and I'm wearing a dinner jacket. It's very informal; people in to trim the children's tree, and then supper."

The stranger smiled somewhat ironically. "Lord, how that takes me back!" he said. "Only we had beer and sandwiches."

"And some of his boyish good humor returned when he experimented with a trick match holder.

"End of the block. Last office in the last building! I've only been in town a week. Came up from South America. I'd been there for six or seven years, but there was the usual revolution, and I had to get out. Worked my way up. I'm an engineer by profession; mining engineer."

"I married the widow of a mining engineer. Colorado."

"And a good many of us die young!"

There was a short silence, companionable enough.

"And now, if you'll give me the address . . ."

"By the way, what's your address?"

"I married the widow of a mining engineer. Colorado."

"A good many of us die young!"

George wrote it down and the stranger took it. It was a long time since I've seen six dollars, or — He checked himself. "Or a Christmas party. My wife used to have them."

"Then you're married?"

"I was. I lost my job and she cleared out."

"Then you're married?"

"Then you're married?"

George glanced at the clock. He still had some time; to be exact, until the car stopped in front of his house. Then he remembered; he would have to tell Henrietta, and Henrietta (Continued on page 145)
Are there still GOOD for this Chastened Christmas, regardless of epoch or creed, is of universal appeal, and here the eminent author of “The Art of Thinking” and “What We Live By” discloses what this day of days can definitely accomplish for us moderns if only we will wish it so.

Christmas, regardless of epoch or creed, is of universal appeal, and here the eminent author of “The Art of Thinking” and “What We Live By” discloses what this day of days can definitely accomplish for us moderns if only we will wish it so.

CAN CHRISTMAS, 1932, be a real Christmas to people in anxiety, doubt, or suffering? Is it not true that many of us feel inclined at the present moment to regard a festival, all happiness and hope, as a mockery of actual misery? Only too true. But such an attitude, though pathetic, is not reasonable, for it amounts to demanding happiness of happiness itself and not of Christmas.

What people who take this bitter view really want is the return of the typhoon of prosperity which swept the world, and especially America, a few years ago. They do not crave the joy of Christmas, but the excitement of success with a far-away echo of Christian poetry to add its sweetness to it. But this is simply wasting a chance, squandering the happiness which Christmas holds in store for whoever wants it. The Christmas song is one of prayerful hope rather than of triumph; it says “Come” and not “Hallelujah.”

The Jewish world was a long way from happiness when the Savior was born. Mary and Joseph, poorer than the poorest among us, were only one family in thousands similarly situated. Besides poverty, there was the same inarticulate longing for more peace, for a less crude or cruel order of things which makes the world restless though expectant today. The miracle which Israel wanted was performed, but not in the way people had imagined it would be. The believers wished for a national revenge, for a triumphant return of power, as some of us insist on wishing for the return of an earthly paradise. The triumph came, during the Holy Night, but it was not mundane; the new King was the Prince of Peace, his sovereignty was over souls, and the spectacular change was a change of hearts.

Only that? Yes, only that. But what thinking man does not know that happiness is an ever-changing object, constantly transformed as we adjust the glass which we eagerly turn upon it? Recently President Hoover spoke of the Christmas of his childhood, joyless but not joyless. Cannot many of us recall a similar experience?

To know how to make the most of a little, is to possess the philosopher’s stone. Is not our home happiness, with contented children, the real happiness which many rich men envy but cannot buy? The knowledge of this simple wisdom is a fortune.

If there has been in the United States a phenomenon surprising to the observer, it is in millions of homes the adaptation of happiness to a modicum of worldly success, during the past two years. Is not this satisfaction with little and this passing from pleasure to contentment a marvelous gift? Can we give our children a rarer present than the art of looking for our happiness inside us, instead of chasing mirages? And by enriching them at such a little expense, shall we not also be giving the world what it needs more than vast estates?

The Christmas of 1932 can be a rare and beautiful Christmas yet! Ten or twelve years ago I landed at Tucson station, long before dawn, on Christmas morning. The night was dark but velvety, with all the promises of the West in it. I strolled to the cathedral, arriving just in time for the messe de l’aurore, which was said by a bearded French priest whose native province I could tell by his accent piercing through his American-Latin. Two days later, a friend drove me through that paradise of loneliness, the verdant desert of Sonora, far past Magdalena, to a little mining camp where two or three Englishmen superintended some thirty natives living in huts of cactus branches.

No priest ever appeared in this almost invisible hamlet, twenty-odd miles from any other community, but the poor Mexican miners had kept Christmas as well as they could. An adobe (Continued on page 25)
"Nothing ever happens here!" sighed the night nurse.

But in 12 hours in Ward K, a tremendous drama of life, death, and love held sway.

There were:
No. 9—who hoped in two more days she would walk again—but never would.
No. 10—who missed the trapeze bars. Would the doctors be able to restore her to Danny?
No. 8—with six broken ribs, loved her husband all the more because he broke them.
No. 16—ready for the knife, her head already shaved, dreaming of home—and Joe.
No. 13—stripped of her one possession—beauty—what had this dance-hall girl to live for?

And through it all, love was working its miracle with Doctor Barclay and the valiant young head nurse.

The night nurse pressed her cold knees against the radiator and stared discontentedly at nothing through the thin window of Ward K. Behind her, in the long shadowy room smelling of iodine and floor polish, the rustle of breathing rose and fell, broken by a cough, a snore, the clanking of a steam pipe.

Outside, it was dark; the sleety, silent darkness of a February morning blanketing the city. The middle-aged night nurse was not bothering about stars, nor about the infinite; she was thinking about her breakfast. No, she brooded, it's not fair the way they keep serving us night nurses with stew morning after morning. I hate stew.

And yet, in a sense, she might have found greater cause for discontent. It had a name for cheerfulness, Ward K. Fanshawe's influence, no doubt! Yet now, actually, she admitted, in her own phrase, that things were quietish; three convalescents in the ward, no work at all with them, and only one really serious case—Number 16, down for operation today. Finish her, that would, no doubt about it.

The night nurse yawned. What was it, then, that made life so dull and commonplace? Just that very quietness—the flat, unchanging, dragging monotony of it all. Humdrum! Yes, that was it. Nothing ever happens here, she thought listlessly. Nothing!
Sophie looked forward to an Irish holiday. Miss Baxter felt neglected, Julie dreamed of her Hollywood hero... "Please, please," whispered Fanny, "let me have it." But 13 fought for the knife desperately, bringing to the struggle all the bitter pent-up hatred of these Arranging her features to an irritating friendliness, Sophie contemplated the long-faced spinster in Number 7. "Good mornin' to ye, Miss Baxter," she murmured. "Praise God ye've woken so bright an' cheerful again. Sure we're gettin' used to each other bravely now." Janet Baxter drew down her tight lips. "I'd have ye understand," she said bleakly, "that I'm far from gettin' used to you. I have no truck with the Irish. Nor,—she snorted—'nor with any woman that has six ribs broken by her drunken husband.' Sophie grinned, widened her eyes provokingly. "Sure, ye're not denyin' a man the privilege o' beatin' his own wife? If ye only knew the pleasures of a good man-handlin' ye'd never talk like that." Janet Baxter raised her smooth dark head. That was past, all past, and now to know that she could walk—oh, it was a joyous thrill which made her feel not thirty-five but like a kid again. She smiled as at a secret joy and catching Sophie Flanagan's omniscient eye, she gave a friendly nod, then let her gaze drift over to Number 16. "Is the hot plate mended?" she inquired in her jaded tone—it was at once a greeting and a prayer. Nurse Watkins grinned. Small and dark, she had about her a boyish, darting vivacity. "It's not really cracked," she answered—"only temperamental." Staff Nurse Jeff laughed. "Oh, Olwen," she declared, "you've such a way of saying things." The words came queerly from this big-boned, angular woman with large hands and feet, longish nose and weak gray eyes. "I'm up early, you see," explained Watkins airily. "You're up too early," said the night nurse acidly. "Tone down. Or Fanshawe'll do it for you." There was a silence, which seemed to follow this mention of the supervisor's name. Abruptly Daisy raised her smooth dark head. That was past, all past, and now to know that she could walk—oh, it was a joyous thrill which made her feel not thirty-five but like a kid again. She smiled at the secret joy and catching Sophie Flanagan's unobtrusive eye, she gave a friendly nod, then let her gaze drift over to Number 16. "She's for the knife today—is Sixteen," whispered Sophie, following that gaze. "Poor young cratur, it's a bad forecast if that black Barclay has the cuttin' o' her—the little butcher that he be. Believe me—she halted suddenly as the ward doors swung open and, observing the long tray that was carried in, she engulfed the words on her tongue. "Quietness, please!" called out the night nurse sharply. She was busy now and rather flurried because she was behind time. Breakfast always bothered her, and Number 13 had been troublesome again, lying stiff and sulky as a log. Besides, she still had her temperatures to take, her report to write for Fanshawe. Forecing her attention to these affairs the night nurse found little time for further speculation, and three minutes past seven showed upon the clock as she finally signed the report book and laid her pen upon the desk. At that moment the swing doors were flung open. Three nurses came in and advanced abreast along the ward. Recognizing the day relief, the night nurse nodded once when the three reached the desk. "Is the hot plate mended?" she inquired in her jaded tone—it was at once a greeting and a prayer. Nurse Watkins grinned. Small and dark, she had about her a boyish, darting vivacity. "It's not really cracked," she answered—"only temperamental." Staff Nurse Jeff laughed. "Oh, Olwen," she declared, "you've such a way of saying things." The words came queerly from this big-boned, angular woman with large hands and feet, longish nose and weak gray eyes. "I'm up early, you see," explained Watkins airily. "You're up too early," said the night nurse acidly. "Tone down. Or Fanshawe'll do it for you."
“Don’t you think Fanshawe’s been rather—rather odd lately?” asked Jeff.

“Nothing odd here,” said the night nurse flarily, “it’s all too even for words.”

“But really, there’s something behind it,” persisted Jeff with earnestness.

“Behind it be blowed!” said young Watkins decisively. “Fanny’s the finest supervisor in the house. And I don’t care who hears me.”

Mary Fanshawe was young, very young for a ward supervisor. To be a supervisor in the Metropolitan Hospital at the age of twenty-seven implies in itself not other power, some unseen influence which actuated her so painfully through the rigors of the night. “Ye-yes.” The night nurse began to move toward the door, her sharp anxiety so tenderly dispelled that she discovered her eyes unexpectedly watering. “Decent, oh, decent!” she thought rather wildly. “I forgot Thirteen—and she knew it. Thank God, though. Off at last, oh, off! hot bed and my bed. Oh, blessed bed.” The swing doors closed behind her.

Meanwhile, at the desk Fanny had raised a meditative brow towards the staff nurse. “We’ve only one for theater today,” she was saying, “sixteen—the brain case; eleven o’clock. Get the porter to bring up another cylinder of oxygen—in case.”

“Very good, Miss Fanshawe,” Jeff’s manner was deferential. She stooped solicitously and handed from the desk a small stack of books to a nurse’s aide, who took them up the center of the shining floor and seemed to make them easily up without apparent reason, all the poise of an actress. Meanwhile, she smiled—that contained and charming smile which suited her so admirably. She was very pretty, that concealed hazel. An entrancing picture! Yet in that picture Watkins at least found nothing to engage her admiration. She declared at large: “If one didn’t last. Halfway through the pile she came upon one letter which made her pause. She gazed at it oddly, and slowly placed it in her pocket. Then she rose and set out on her morning round.

“Nothing for you this morning, Mother Flanagan,” said Mr. Hornblower rather wildly. “Sure ‘twas the truth I’m speakin’ when I’m pralin’ the beauty of ye.”

“Ye-es. I’m keepin’ the word. Anything odd here?” asked Fanny suddenly.

“I see,” answered Fanny evenly. But it was clear she did not see. She looked at the night nurse. “You’re tired,” she said quietly. “Nip off now. That’s all.”

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get back to your own home and—and Joe, isn't it?"
"Such a serious thing," answered Sixteen dully.
"Not so serious as it might be."
"And so near now," persisted Sixteen.
"Think I'll soon be over," said Fanny. "And you know you'll come sailing through it."
She pressed the other's hand firmly, released it and stood up. "Courage!" she whispered—"that's what matters."
Halfway up the ward she paused. "How are things this morning, Number Twenty-three?" she asked cheerfully.
There was no answer.
"Your drawings comfortable?" asked Fanny in the same mild voice. "You'll soon be rid of them for good."

Still no reply. But once more Fanny waited, half hoping for that answer which never came. Always that soundless, that bitter antagonist of life from the moment they had brought her in with perked and vivid check from the dockland dancehall, this girl of the town stripped in one second of the sole possession which she prized. And now, healed in body but not in mind, she lay rigid as a dummy in its wrappings, only her eyes glittering amid the bandage round her face showing that she lived.

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Santa Claus used to come in a sleigh with eight reindeer...now in an airplane, bearing the gifts of those who didn't do their Christmas shopping early—he comes through ice and snow and hail and fog—on time.

T

T was the Night before Christmas, and over the East spread an atmosphere "low" from the Canadian provinces, bringing snow upstate and poling above New York a bitter mist into which her pinnacles disappeared, through which the bright skylit of Broadway and Times Square stained a lode of luminosity, and out of which were falling a few ominous flakes to be gathered into thin windrows by the gales and swept to miraculous extinction over glare asphalt.

A celestial buzzing rises above the crash of the Elevated, and at the corner of Sixth Avenue and Forty-second Street a meager Santa Claus of the Volunteers of America, tinkling a bell over his chicken-wired kettle, looks up spiritedly but sees nothing but ravels of skyscraper steam floating across his rosy and mysterious zenith. It is Santa Claus of the past—earth-bound except in Victorian imagination—looking toward Santa of the present; for above is the Boston mail plane with half a ton of Christmas presents aboard, feeling its way through upper fog toward the airport at Newark.

In the plane's cockpit a young man in a leathern casque bends over his levers, and the air boat points in the direction of a distant flash—the lighthouse of his port. Soon the boat drops, heading for a great green light, as the ground comes up close below. The machine grazes it with the touch of a feather, rises into a low, lazy leap, touches again, and then rolls up to the group of buildings out of which, at once darts swift tracks, manned by the couriers of Santa of the Airways, to receive the postal bags and haul the machine to its stable.

The young man in the helmet climbs to the ground. "Jerry," he calls to one of the ostlers, "warm up my bus, will you, while I'm changing? I've got to be at East Orange in thirty minutes to help trim a tree."

Christmas is the mail plane's annual test, its week of highest heroism and devotion. As the service becomes more and more firmly established among American institutions, it is likely that the identification of the air mail with Christmas will grow in public sentiment until the thought of Yuletide happiness will bring a picture of the mail pilot grimly driving through storm, fog and darkness, in order that part of that happiness may be realized. One sentence—Do Your Christmas Shopping Early—has taken the peak of the mail load off the backs of mailmen, but nothing seems destined to come to the relief of the air mail at Christmas.

In the first place, the United States Air Mail is the salvation of the procrastinator. He can defer his shopping until the third day before Christmas and by sending his packages via air mail be sure of their arrival on time. Then, too, air mail is a boon to those who receive unexpected gifts or cards in advance of Christmas. You had forgotten about Bill and Elsie, but here is a Christmas present from them. Rush out and reciprocate and send the package by air, and it will be there on Christmas Eve, showing you had remembered them all the time. Finally, there is a growing practice of sending last-minute air-mail letters as Christmas greetings, since it is especially in the holiday season that the public appreciates the shortening of distances by planes.

Expressed in cold figures, these sources pile about fifty tons of excess burden upon the mail planes the week before Christmas. Fifty tons seems no formidable amount when it is dirt from a cellar excavation or coal in a dealer's yard, but it's a lot of weight to be carried through the air. It is added to an average weekly air post of eighty-five to ninety tons. But the Christmas excess is largely in packages, which. (Continued on page 108)
"Saw you never... when the sun had left the skies,
Up in heaven the clear stars shining
Through the gloom, like silver eyes?"

The Silent Stars

It was Christmas Eve and the family was on its way to the church, the old breath-taking glamour over it all.

The woman turned her head monotonously back and forth on the pillow in the restless way of the very ill. Little inarticulate murmurs like the moaning of a peevish child slipped from her lips. They were the only sounds in the stillness of the big house save the muted steps of the woman's husband pacing up and down the thick-carpeted hall like a sentinel on duty. If children's voices from below sometimes penetrated the quiet room they were broken off suddenly, hushed by an unseen authority.

Beyond the silken daintiness of the noiseless room, great moist snowflakes fluttered lazily onto the windowsills and the wide expanse of dead lawn. Only beyond the driveway with its retaining rope stretched out the skies, left the skies, out the business. Out the business.

Bess Streeter Aldrich
Illustrations by C. E. Chambers

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Beyond the silken daintiness of the noiseless room, great moist snowflakes fluttered lazily onto the windowsills and the wide expanse of dead lawn. Only beyond the driveway with its retaining rope stretched between stone posts at the entrance was there activity—the sound of ears moving up and down the avenue, the laughter of young people running up the steps of the church near by, Christmas greens in their arms.

The year had been one long nightmare domineered by a colossal giant that people called Depression, as though magnified by a huge lens. But if Life in its larger sense had ceased, mere existence had no right to be here now in her own room. But she had been taken ill and someone—whoever it was—must have been kind and told them to stay until she was well. Kind! Was there kindness in the world any more?

Involuntarily her eyes went to the Christ. Even he did not feel the compassion toward people he once felt. She was sure of that.

The nurse brought medicine and rearranged a pillow. In a few moments the woman floated off again on dark waters and did not know where she was drifting.

After a time a bell, tapping at the church, roused her. Everything was gone, everything worth while, the entire setting of their lives, all that gave them their position in the community. Slowly and painfully she called...
the roll of their former activities: Chamber of Commerce—Neal was a past president. The Musical Arts Club—she had long been a director. Country Club, Tuesday Dinner Club... A young boy's voice called out suddenly from below stairs and was suddenly hustled.

"The children! They had seen them fade at her lack of elation. Neal Broderick in another man's store, taking orders from other men! Of the various people in town who had experienced business reverses, none had fallen from such a height. There would be sneers and pity for the Brodericks. And she could not give them anything without money. Life was too cruel.

"Out on that misty, unknown sea she drifted for a moment, and then came back to sharply defined realities. She remembered that day in which Neal had come home with news. He had seemed quite like himself, energetic, alert, a little gay for the first time. Courage and faith and hope had been enough for her. Back she had gone to the old stone church on the corner. She remembered that the stars had seemed to drown her then, so that she had felt too bitter. Neal Broderick in another man's store, taking orders from other men! Of the various people in town who had experience business reverses, none had fallen from such a height.

"The nurse brought medicine and rearranged a pillow. It was Christmas Eve and the family was on its way to the church, the old breath-taking glamour over it all. The hopen and fears of all the years were met in thee tonight. The silent stars go by.

"The woman's music-loving soul groped toward the liquid notes of the melody as toward a light. The verses of the hymn were as distinct to her as though the organ were singing them. In reality she was merely hearing the words, having sung them so many times, but every syllable came clearly on the winter wind: The everlasting light. For Christ is

The nurse brought medicine and rearranged a pillow. It was Christmas Eve and the family was on its way to the church, the old breath-taking glamour over it all. The hopen and fears of all the years were met in thee tonight. The hopes and fears of all the years are met in thee tonight. The hopes and fears of all the years were met in thee tonight. The hopes and fears of all the years were met in thee tonight. The hopes and fears of all the years were met in thee tonight. The hopes and fears of all the years were met in thee tonight. The hopes and fears of all the years were met in thee tonight. The hopes and fears of all the years were met in thee tonight. The hopes and fears of all the years were met in thee tonight. The hopes and fears of all the years were met in thee tonight. The hopes and fears of all the years were met in thee tonight. The hopes and fears of all the years were met in thee tonight. The hopes and fears of all the years were met in thee tonight. 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An answer came to me, at Christmas, to the enduring question of all time, and—

I want the World to know

That PRAYERS can be answered—even after seven years. That there is life after death. That there is a God above all things. And that love is the most imperishable, the most powerful, of all things whether in the heavens above or in the earth beneath.

Every Christmas Eve as long as I can remember I have sung "Stille Nacht! Heilige Nacht!" that lovely, simple little song of my mother country, often to millions who keep the spirit of Christmas beside their own hearths. I am glad and proud to be the means of spreading that message through this country that I can now call my own. Not for anything in the world would I miss that opportunity to sing it on Christmas Eve, even though I am mostly alone at this so-wonderful time and hour.

But there is more than that. Seven years ago, I came back to my home and prayed there in solitude, and as I prayed, I felt—it seemed to me I saw—my two dead boys: August, who died in a German submarine, fighting for the Fatherland—his father's land, and his birthplace—and Hans, who died in America, the country that had become his mother's, the country he loved so well. With all the force and vividness of life I felt their presence, felt their love surrounding me—my little boys I loved so well.

Seven long years ago—seven years of longing for them—seven years of prayers that again the wonderful consciousness of their presence might come to me. Every Christmas Eve since then I have spent alone, waiting, hoping that my prayers might be answered and that I might know again that most wonderful experience of my life. But there was no answer. God did not hear me.

I was sad last year at Christmas time. I felt the sorrow of the world, the discouragement and despair of humanity. God seemed far away.

But again I hoped. I prayed with all my heart to the God who had heard me once. But there was no answer. Heaven seemed far away and God had turned from me. I was only an old woman longing for her two sons who were dead.

A terrible mood of despair settled on me. Unable to keep still, I walked the floor, trying to get back my sense of peace, trying to calm myself.

"I will try to read," I thought, and I walked to the bookcase and took down the first book I touched, without even looking at it to see what it was. I turned it over; it was a life of Brahms. I had not opened it in years.

I turned the pages and two letters dropped out. Some strange, thrilling prescience caught my breath as I stooped to pick them up.

I knew. My hands shook with the knowledge as I spread out those yellowed sheets.

The words leaped at me: "My ever-loving mother, meine liebste Mutter... Always gratefully, your Hans." And the other sheet: "Dearest of all mothers, innigsteliebte Mut ter! Your August will never forget you. Please forgive, forget all the worries I brought you."

It seemed to me that my heart would break with joy as I held to my breast those letters written to me on Christmas, 1912. I sobbed and laughed and kissed the boyish scrawls written so long ago—nearly twenty years—and now come to tell me again the old message that where there is love there can be no death—that God is Love.
The plot thickens . . . yet never does S. S. Van Dine deceive you. You have all the facts—all the clues known to the police and even to Philo Vance himself. Can you lay hands on the killer?

The Murder Case

The Story So Far:

Who was the murderer of Archer Coe, whose body was discovered in a room with door and windows firmly bolted on the inside? And who killed his brother, Brisbane Coe, who was found lying on the floor of a closet in the same house? These were the two problems confronting Philo Vance and John F.-X. Markham, summoned by Raymond Wrede, a friend of the Coe family, when Archer Coe was found dead in his bedroom, clad in a dressing gown but with heavy street shoes on his feet. The medical examiner's investigation revealed that Coe had been stabbed before he was shot in the right temple; on his head were marks of a blow. Brisbane Coe, too, had been stabbed.

On the night of the murder, Coe had been alone in the house. His niece, Hilda Lake, had dined at the country club; Signor Grassi, his guest, an Italian collector of ceramics, had gone out in the afternoon and returned late that night. Besides Gamble, the butler, there were two servants—Miss Lake's maid and the Chinese cook. It was their night out and they had all departed before dinner and had not come back until after midnight.

While these facts were being gathered, Gamble found a brindled Scottie in the entrance hall. The dog had received a blow over the left eye, which was swollen shut. Vance took her to a veterinary in the neighborhood, puzzled by her presence in the Coe home, where dogs were not welcome.

Vance's questioning of Liang, the Chinese cook, failed to make the latter admit that he had returned to the house before midnight. However, Vance discovered that a vase of little value had been substituted for a valuable Sung porcelain vase, a bloodstained fragment of which he had found on the library floor.

Grassi, the Italian, admitted to having threatened Archer Coe shortly before the latter's death.

Later, Grassi and Wrede were questioned, but gave Vance no clues as to the murderer's identity, though both might have had reasons for wanting Archer Coe out of the way: Grassi because he was interested in Coe's collection of ceramics, and Wrede for the reason that Coe had opposed his engagement to Hilda Lake.

In the midst of these examinations Liang brought Vance a package containing many fragments of fine Sung porcelain, several of which were stained with blood. And finally the murder weapon came to light—a Chinese dagger with a stiletto-like point, partly encrusted with blood. Sergeant Heath, of the Homicide Bureau, had found it under the cushion seat of the easy-chair in which Coe's body had been discovered.

This announcement astonished Vance. He immediately started looking through the pockets of Brisbane Coe's topcoat, finding nothing out of the ordinary except two pieces of fine waxed string about four feet long, with one end of each piece tied securely to a large bent pin. Finally he opened the pockets again, and drew out—a darning needle!

More Bloodstains

Arkham looked from the needle back to the little pile of string, and then at Vance. "Well, what does that mean—if anything?"

"Vance slowly picked up the needle and the two pieces of string and put them in his own coat pocket. "It means deviltry, Markham. And it means that we are dealing with a shrewd, subtle and tricky brain."

"But who used this string and needle? And for what purpose?"

Vance looked up gravely. "If I knew who used them, I'd have an important key to the entire situation. The fact that they were in Brisbane's topcoat means little. It's always safe, don't you know, to throw suspicion on a dead man."

Markham stiffened and his eyes became hard. "You think there's a possibility that Brisbane killed Archer?"

"My word, no!" Vance spoke wearily but with emphasis. "I doubt if Brisbane even returned to the house until Archer was dead.

"You believe the same person killed both Brisbane and Archer?"

"Undoubtedly. The technique of both murders was the same."

"But," argued Markham, "the dagger was found in Archer's bolted bedroom."

"That's another incredible complication," Vance returned. "Really, you know, the dagger should have been here in the library."

"Here?" Markham uttered the word with astonishment. "But why in the library? Neither man was killed here."

"I wonder . . . " Vance leaned over the table, deep in thought. "It would have been the logical place."

"Why the logical place?" Markham asked sharply.

"Because of this substituted Tho Kuang vase and the broken piece of Ting yao porcelain with the blood on it—"

"He stopped abruptly and his eyes drifted into space. "That bloodstained Ting yao? Ah! What happened after that? What would the stabber have done then? Would he have gone out, taking the blood with him? No! He wouldn't have dared; it wouldn't have fitted in with his sinister purpose. He would have been afraid."

"He was hiding something, Markham." Vance looked about the room. "That was it; he was hiding something! Twice he hid it, and then something unexpected happened—something startling and upsetting. The corpse should have been here in the library, d'ye see; and therefore the dagger had to be here."

"Will you get down to something definite?" snapped Markham.

"I have a theory," Vance replied quietly, "but I..."
wouldn’t dare express it—yet. It’s too outlandish. And moreover, it doesn’t fit two-thirds of the facts. But give me a few minutes. Let me see if I can verify one important item in my theory.”

He walked to the mantel and stood before a large blue-green vase.

“Ts’ai sa,” he said, running his fingers over the glaze. “Turquoise-blue, as we would say, but the Chinese designated it by the color of the kingfisher’s feathers. And there is no crackle in this piece; and there are phenixes incised in the pâte. He put his finger in the neck, too, small, he commented, and moved to another vase—a bottle-shaped, dark red specimen—at the farther end of the mantel. “One of the most perfect examples of Lang yao I’ve ever seen—ox blood, or sang de boeuf, as we call it.”

He lifted it up, and looked at it closely. Then he set it back on its standard, and strolled to a cabinet against the west wall. On it stood a vase of brilliant black.

“Mirror-black, Markham,” he said, touching it delicately. “And one of the rarest varieties—note the golden speckles floating in the glaze. For pure beauty, however, I prefer the earlier examples of this ware—the Chien yao, for instance.”

As he talked, he fingered the vase lovingly, held its lip toward the light.

Markham and Heath were watching Vance closely. Both of them knew that, beneath his apparently aimless chatter, there lurked some serious purpose.

Vance set the mirror-black vase back on the cabinet, and let his eyes run over the other ceramic specimens in the room. There was a vase of dead-white glassy porcelain painted in enamel colors; a pair of rouleau-form vases decorated with famille-verte enamels; a Lung-chuan celadon; a Sung flowerpot of gray porcelain ware with a purple, opalescent glaze; a blush vase of soft chun; a Ju-type vase with carved floral designs; an early Ming turquoise wine jar; a Kang Hsi “apple-green” vase; several beautifully incised Krahn vases of blanc-de-Chine, or Pukien, ware; and various ginger jars, ewers, bottles, waterpots, bulb bowls, plates, libation cups, incense tripods, wine jars, Shon Lao figures, fish-bowls, beakers, cups, and the like, ranging from the Han dynasty to the Ch’ing.

But Vance did not linger over any one of them. He seemed to be searching for some particular type of vase, for he would hesitate here and there, shake his head as if in rejection, and pass on to other pieces. At last he completed his rounds. “I’m afraid my theory is a mere brick wall,” he sighed.

“I certainly haven’t been leaning on it,” retorted Markham.

“Neither have I, for that matter,” said Vance sadly.

Hilda Lake appeared familiar with the literature of crime in her uncle Brisbane’s amazingly complete collection.

He came back slowly toward the center of the room, where we were grouped about the davenport and the circular table. As he reached the end of the library table, he halted and looked down at a small low teakwood stand on which stood a cornucopia-shaped white vase. The stand was directly behind the end of the davenport farthest from the lamp and against the end of the library table.

“That’s dashed interesting,” Vance murmured. “A piece of later T’ing yao—

from the Yung Cheng era, I should say.” He picked up the vase and inspected it. “A rather thick biscuit, and decorated in relief; copied from an ancient bronze. A very beautiful and perfect specimen.”

As he talked, he moved toward the window, held the vase to the light in such a manner that he could look inside it. He peered closely into its broad volute mouth.

“I believe there is something here,” he said. Moistening his finger on his tongue, he put his hand deep into the vase. When he withdrew it there was a red smear on the end of his finger.

“Yes, quite so,” he said, looking closely at his finger. “Blood.”

He replaced the vase on its stand. Then he fixed a grim gaze upon Markham, who was waiting for some explanation.

“And that vase was also near the davenport, only a few feet from where the Sung T’ing yao stood. Both vases were used in this devilish plot. A subtle conception—but the plan fell to pieces.”

“See here, Vance”—Markham spoke quietly, trying to curb his annoyance—but just how were those vases used? And where did the blood on them come from?”

“As I see it, Markham, those two T’ing yao vases were used to divert suspicion from the real murderer and to focus it on another person. That is to say, the first delicate T’ing yao—the one which originally stood on that circular table, and which has been supplanted by that execrable Tao Kuang—was to have been the signature of the crime, and to have caused the latter heads. But it broke, and therefore made the selection of the second vase necessary.”

“You mean we were to regard the crime as being connected with Archer’s collection of Chinese ceramics?”

Vance nodded. “I feel sure of it. But in just what way I don’t know. It would probably have been perfectly clear there had not been a gross miscalculation on the murderer’s part.”

“We were, you think, supposed to find the blood in the vase?”

Vance frowned. “No—not the blood exactly. That is where the plot went away.”

“Just a minute, Vance!” Markham’s voice was commanding. “Where did that blood come from?”

“From Archer Coe’s body!”

“But there was no external bleeding,” Markham reminded him.

“How,” Vance leaned against the back of the davenport and lighted a cigarette. “But there was blood on the dagger. As I see it, Markham, the bloody dagger that killed Archer was thrown into the fragile T’ing yao vase on the table there, in order to delete—the spot and devious symbolism—the motive for the crime. But the steel and gold of the dagger broke the vase, and

Scotties by Marguerite Kirmse
so the dagger was then placed in this other Ting yao. In clearing up the broken pieces of the first vase, the murderer overlooked one small fragment.

“But why the substituted vase?”

“In order that no attention would be attracted by the glaring absence of the original one. If a valuable Ting yao were missing, it might indicate another motive for the crime, and that motive would have confused the issue and diverted attention from the person the murderer wanted us to think was behind the crime.”

“That’s all very well, perhaps,” Markham returned; “but we did not find the dagger in the other vase.”

“It was taken out and used to kill Brisbane.”

“But Vance, that theory doesn’t fit the facts. The sergeant found the dagger upstairs in Archer’s room—with the door bolted on the inside. And Archer died hours before Brisbane was stabbed. Why, if the same person killed both of them, didn’t he replace the dagger in this vase? Archer was already dead, and Brisbane was killed downstairs. Why should the dagger have been in Archer’s bedroom chair?”

“That’s what I can’t make out,” Vance admitted. “The only explanation I have is that the murderer, after killing Archer and placing the dagger in the vase, returned to the house and killed Brisbane, too.”

“Then how did the dagger get in the bolted room? And who put the bullet through Archer’s head?”

“If I could answer those questions,” Vance replied, “I could solve this whole insane problem.”

At this moment Wrede (Continued on page 110)
No Horatio Alger fiction hero could match the adventures of Harold Bell Wright, who rose from rags to riches, from obscurity to fame, conquering obstacles that would discourage all but those strong—and clean—in heart. This human document will stand as a truly great American saga.

Harold Bell Wright, the brilliant descendant of an English family that emigrated to America in early colonial days and thereafter took an active part in the building of the new Republic, is the second son of Lieutenant William A. Wright and Alma Watson, who married soon after the Civil War. With high hopes the young couple set up housekeeping in South Pass, Illinois, where their first son, William, was born. Later, they moved to Rome, New York, and here, in 1872, Harold Bell came into the world. With the birth of a third son, who died at the age of two, the bright hopes of the young wife had somewhat faded. For Lieutenant Will proved an uneasy prep to lean upon, and the circumstances of the little family then living in Whitesboro, grew more and more precarious.

Before we left Whitesboro, even, I knew in a vague way that there was another world besides my world of back yards and alleys and taverns, of the cannal banks, the mill yard, the soap factory, and people whose mouths needed washing as Mother had washed mine. There were many beautiful homes in the village. I could see from the outside that they were very different from the place in which I lived. But I never got close enough to feel them, and unless you feel beauty it is not real. It was as if those places were on another planet. I saw them sometimes as the moon and stars. I felt dimly, too, that in some mysterious way Mother knew about that other world. It was all very puzzling. But it did not trouble me. I thought of it much as we older children think about the inhabitants of Mars. Then I came to know that other world—to see it from the inside and to feel it as something very real.

From Whitesboro, Father moved us to the country a few miles from Auburn, New York. We lived in a ramshackle farm tenant house. Father worked between times that winter for the farmer—logging, chopping cordwood, splitting rails, putting up bee, trimming trees. Brother and I went to school—through the deep snow in zero weather to a cobblestone schoolhouse on a hill, where the big boys made our small lives miserable.

We moved next to the country town of Bennett. The "healthy, pleasant and independent life of the farmer" seems now to have been definitely abandoned—at least by Lieutenant Will. The life of a small crossroads village carpenter, apparently, was much to be preferred. Also, the school and church were more convenient, not to mention the advantage of having a tavern so handy. Our tiny cottage, with its rolling porch floor and broken windowpanes, its poverty smell, its tumble-down rence and weed-infested yard, was on the outskirts of the town and not far from the country home of an artist. He was a painter of animals. He was also a farmer and breeder of fine stock.

This artist-farmer and his motherly wife had lost their only child—a boy of my age—so it was not strange that they should notice the younger of the two lads who had come to live next door. They often said how much I reminded them of their own boy. They gave me a suit of clothes that had been his. And they caused a gate to be made in the fence at the lower end of our garden, so that I could run over to see them as often as I would.

These gentle folks did not fail to include my parents and brother in their friendship. They were particularly kind to Mother. Mother and Will would sometimes go with me through the garden gate. But Will seemed not to have felt the charm which was so alluring to me and which Mother encouraged with sympathetic interest.

I remember my father scarcely at all during our sojourn in that little old house on the edge of Bennett. My memories are nearly all of that neighboring home. It was there that I first came to know how beautiful a home might be. It was there, too, that I first knew the magic of palette and brushes and colors.

That gate—my gate, they called it—opened for me, literally, into another world—that world of which I had until then only a shadowy conception. The wide, well-tended lawn with its shade trees and graveled drive, the quiet dignity of the house, the wonderful barns and stables, the carefully tended garden, the rambles where water lilies grew and great trout would come out of the deep shadows to feed from my hand, the flowers, the peonies spreading their jeweled fans, the family of proud little basins and the white rabbits so tame they would come to meet me—and it was not a fairyland; it was real. It was as real as my own world of back yards and alleys and taverns, of the ramshackle farm tenant house and the tiny poverty-smelling cottage of a hand-to-mouth village carpenter.

The wonder of it, the beauty of it, the feel of it, filled me with awe. That it was all mine to enjoy—that I was free to enter it whenever I wished—was hard to believe. That these gentle people who lived in this wondrously beautiful world actually wanted me to share it with them was difficult to understand.

Often my artist friend would come through the gate to ask Mother if I might go with him for a walk over the farm. Sometimes he carried a fly rod and creel, and we followed the brook from which the water in the garden trout pool came. And the brook led us through meadows where larks and bobolinks sang, through pastures where cattle grazed, and deep into the woods where squirrels played in the sunlight and shadow.

At other times, our walks were ordered by the business of the farm. We visited the grainfields, inspected the sheep, looked over the calves, directed the plowing...
Spring Brook Farmhouse, Oneida County, New York, as it was when Harold Bell was born and (above) as it is today.

I had never thought of inquiring into the personalities of my parents. They were not consciously, to me, separate and distinct individualities. They were parts of me, as my hands were parts of my body. I accepted them as I accepted my arms or my legs. Then gradually I began to feel myself detached from them. I began to ask myself questions about them. I began to ask them about themselves and about each other. Most important of all, I began within myself to speculate as to what they thought—why they did the things they did, and about their attitudes toward me. I began, also, to observe and to think about the various phases of life with which I was in contact; to experience definite reactions to my environment.

We had moved from the little old cottage on the outskirts of the village to another house. It was a larger but not a better one. But there was a barn, an apple orchard, a garden with several kinds of fruit, berries and grapes and a generous yard with trees. On the whole, it was the best home we boys had known.

Oh, yes, it was nearer the tavern, too. From the front gate we need only walk a hundred yards or so down the hill, cross the creek and go on another few hundred yards and there we were. No matter where we wished to go in the village, we must come to the tavern first. It was as if the institution were determined to occupy the foremost place in our lives.

It was, too, that with this move we entered upon an era of better things. We acquired a cow, a pig and Jack, and, later on, a horse. Jack was a poor old rack of bones, but still he was a horse. My brother and I were old enough to work in the garden, now, and to take care of the live stock, which included milking and teaching the calf to drink; also, we chopped wood and theoretically kept the kitchen wood box filled.

In summer we drove the cow to and from the pasture. We began to earn a little money, too, driving our neighbors' cows to and from pasture and doing all sorts of odd jobs here and there. We went to school and church and Sunday school—Presbyterian, this time—and again, for a short while, Father sang in the choir. I pumped the organ.

But though that gate was closed, I knew now that there was another world. And that was a great thing to know. Nor was the consciousness of that world permitted to die in me. It was kept alive by my mother.

I could tell you many things of this period of my boyhood when we lived in that old house on the hill. But why should I bother to write about things which every normal boy knows for himself? There were winters and summers, school and vacation... (Continued on page 102)
I am & Eggs

are hardly ever right in France—but girls, American style, are exactly right there, and the world over

by Eustace L. Adams

A Sudden Hush descended upon the east corner of the census restaurant. In the exact center of that pool of silence sat an American of uncertain age who was engaged in a violent altercation with his waiter. His heavy-lidded face was grim with rage; his hard gray eyes glared furiously at the goron. And through the persuasive rhythm of the tempo band, his comments came to the ears of the other diners like a roar from the Bull of Barbary.

"Name of a little pink camel!" he cried in irritable French. "You call this—this thing ham and eggs, American style?"

"Of a certainty, M'sieu," said the waiter uneasily.

The American ran blunt fingers through his graying hair. He pulled his waistcoat over his respectable bulge. If he noticed the attention he had attracted to himself, he made no hint. With utter unself-consciousness he jabbed a fork at the concoction before him and permitted a stream of thick yellow liquid to dribble down into the dish.

"Incredible," he murmured in a shocked voice. "Unbelievable. Gorson, regard this dressing. What does one call it? Curry?"

The harried waiter, deciding to bear with this only because of the esteem in which the patron's lapel, marshaled his dignity, "Our chef," he said dolefully, "came to us from the Hôtel de Paris, in Monte Carlo."

"But the ham that laid those eggs," retorted the American bitterly, "came from Madame Tussaud's Waxworks."

The waiter reached for the plate, but withdrew his hand in some haste as the embattled diner jabbed at the eggs with his fork.

"The ham!" said the patron in a tone of such cold malevolence that the waiter started in alarm. "Where is it, I ask you?" He prodded viciously at a wafer-thin slab of pinkish meat.

"There," said the waiter triumphantly, "is the ham!"

A young man at the outer edge of the silent area had, until this moment, been staring ardently into the receptive eyes of his vis-a-vis. Now, as the booming voice of the diner impinged upon his consciousness, he stiffened and listened intently.

"That," he declared, "could be only one man in all Europe. It's my boss, Paul Vilas."

"I never heard such a to-do in all my life," the girl said critically.

"I'd better go over and explain why I'm here," said John Black, rising. "This is no time to have him think I'm playing hooky from the Paris office."

"He looks kind of interesting," she said thoughtfully. "After he's killed four or five people and quieted down a little, I'd like to meet him."

Illustrations by John LaGatta

"Tiens!" clucked the head waiter, whisking the offending dish away. "I, Theodore, shall interview the chef this little instant."

And he was gone. Paul Vilas sighed with profound melancholy and sat back in his chair. A buzz of conversation swept across the nearby tables. The brooding man looked up and saw John Black standing there.

"Hello, Johnny," he said, brightening. "What are you doing at Juan-les-Pins?"

"I'm here on a story, sir," began the youngest correspondent of the Paris office. "We got a tip—"

"Don't tell me," said Vilas hastily. "I'm on a vacation—first in five years. The only story that would interest me now would be about a good war. The way I feel now, I'd pick me a high mountain, sit on the top of it and cheer while the slaying went on. Had your dinner? Sit down."

"I have a girl and—a girl I used to know in Indianapolis." Black blushed as the mustang eye of the other rolled up at him. "It's an American girl, sir—a girl I used to know in Indianapolis."

"Oh, an American girl?" echoed Vilas, mollified. "Bring her over. I'd like some real American talk. You've eaten, eh? Bring her over and I'll buy the drinks."

Wearily Vilas watched young Black return to his table, where the slim, golden-haired girl sat waiting. He had noticed her when he had first entered, even though he had not seen her face. It was her gown that had attracted his momentary attention, that and the youthfulness of her straight little figure.

She was wearing a dress of rich cream-colored lace that fell in long, graceful curves to the crystal buckles of her high-heeled scarlet slippers. From beneath her aureole of golden hair, the lights glittered on crystal pendants which matched the bracelets and necklace that so effectively accentuated the smooth, even tan of her skin. But it was the very sophistication of those cleverly chosen crystals that had caused Vilas to look his first quick flash of interest. To his way of thinking, there was no charm in a sophisticated woman.

He saw the girl look up into Johnny's face. Now, for the first time, he could see her profile. She was very...
I want to remember. Now, you tell me what you are years. And that's been my program for more years than I see if I have saved enough money so that I can retire.

People who are as anxious for space as a Hollywood smelly, asthmatic trains, forty more in interviewing Rome for dinner with Mussolini and—'

"Listen: your office is in Berlin. You have breakfast at what a bright young man can do in newspaper work. He holds you up as a grand and glorious example of she decided.

They were humorous or hard-boiled. Probably both, said maliciously, as she screwed a cigarette into a long Florida scrubland: that's how cosmopolitan I am."

"I could do with a tasty bit of ham and eggs," she said maliciously, as she screwed a cigarette into a long crimson holder.

"Don't mention it," said Vilas, with a grin. "With one drink I could put my head on the table and enjoy a good cry.

"Let's have the drink," she suggested promptly. "I never see a real cosmopolitan crying."

"A cosmopolitan?" he echoed. "That's no description of me. I'll sell all of Europe for a five-acre patch of Florida scrubland: that's how cosmopolitan I am."

His gray eyes confused her. She couldn't tell whether they were humorous or hard-boiled. Probably both, she decided.

"That's a wheeze," she pronounced at last. "Every time my boy friend, here, wants to sell me on his future, he holds me up as a great and glorious example of what a bright young man can do in newspaper work. Listen: your office is in Berlin. You have breakfast at the Adlon with an ambassador. You fly to Paris for lunch with an international financier. You hop to Rome for dinner with Mussolini and—"

"Johnny should be a columnist," Vilas told her, "instead of a reporter from whom a modicum of truth is to be expected. I spend forty percent of my time on interviewing people who are as anxious for space as a Hollywood actress, and the rest in examining my bank balances to see if I have saved enough money so that I can retire to a little Florida grapefruit grove I've owned for several years. And that's been my program for more years than I want to remember. Now, you tell me what you are doing on the Riviera."

"I could be bribed with a champagne cocktail," she said obligingly. "Then, when Vilas had given the order, "I'm on a binge. Father promised me ten thousand dollars if I'd finish up at school without absolutely finishing the school itself. And he was rath enough to tell me I could do what I liked with the money, so here I am." She made a vague gesture with the cigarette. "I think Miss Peck—she's my chaperon—is still hunting Paris for me. I told her I'd meet her at the hotel at four o'clock. But as soon as I found out that Johnny was here, I hopped the next Blue Train and—"

"I wired the worthy Miss Peck," interrupted Black nastily, as he met the hard impact of Vilas' eyes. 

"—and so I found Johnny," the girl went on, calmly. "And told him to show himself.

"The only thing that Louise forgets," said the boy, "is that I have a a very, very, very honest boss who'll give me the wind if I don't get my story."

"Exactly," said Vilas grimly. "He won't fire you, darling," said Miss Frazier, lip-sticking, "because I'm going to vamp him and make him fall in love with me."

"Proceed," Vilas told her. "But first, you won't begin with a handicap, I suggest that you take off those crystal pendant."

Without a word of protest, she unscrewed them from her ears and tossed them to Black.

"They add a note of sophistication," explained Vilas, "that doesn't quite suit you. If I could, I'd have you change to something fluffy and girlish. If we were in Indianapolis, now, I'd have you do your vamping while making fudge over a kitchen stove."

"You aren't 'so old,'" she said speculatively, "if you belong to the fudge era. Johnny, buy yourself a hundred francs' worth of chips and play a little boogie. I couldn't do my very best work with you here."

Johnny sat where he was, looking confused and somewhat unsure.

It was rather nice, Vilas thought, to have this lovely child playing up to him. For the moment, at least, she made him feel young again. He had missed this sort of thing, this talking to young American girls. The women he knew were sophisticated, infinitely wise; they had a bright patina of worldliness that repelled him.

For all her make-up and her Paris bought accouterments, this youngster wasn't really sophisticated at all; she was just a nice kid from home. Back in the States, beneath the warm, clean sky of Florida, for instance, she'd be— But he shook his head to clear away the vision. At forty, he decided, all men became a little addled.

A woman passed the table and hesitated briefly. Vilas glanced up and instantly rose to his feet.

"Sara!" he murmured incredulously. Her gown was sleek and black. Her black hair, parted in the middle, swept back in two polished waves. Her black eyes, now wide and shining, were framed by lashes that needed no touch of mascara. Her lips were scarlet against the delicate ivory of her skin.

"Paul," she smiled. "When I heard the affair of the ham and eggs, I knew it would be you. How strange that we should meet here after all these years!"

Vilas, remembering, presented Miss Frazier and young Black to Princess Sara of Balkania. Only he, whose steady eyes saw what they looked at, noted Johnny's start of astonishment when he spoke her name.

"I am joining de Montigny in the lounge," the princess said tentatively. "Perhaps you and your friends—"

"I regret, princess," said Vilas, with characteristic bluntness, "but I do not care for de Montigny. His beard is objectionable; he looks like a monkey peeping out from behind a bush. I do not like his popped eyes, nor his choice of perfumes."

To the amazement of the scandalized boy and girl, the princess laughed. Her long white hand touched the sleeve of the truculent Vilas in a gesture that was oddly tender.

"You have not changed, Paul," she said, in her soft, husky voice. "For me, I am glad. There are too few honest men. You will come to see me at the Provence!""

"Where's the prince?" countered Vilas.

"He chose to remain a prince," she said cryptically, and to live in luxury. You, a newspaperman, did not know?"

"I shall expect you soon," she said, turning away, "Mr. Vilas." Louise said breathlessly, "I couldn't believe it. I was on the Riviera!" She is the last (Continued on page 56)
is apt to cause great indignation among other coppers. It is considered very illegal to severely injure any citizen in this town in such a way as to make him haul off and die, but naturally it is not apt to cause any such indignation as injuring a copper, as this town has more citizens to spare than coppers.

Well, sitting there with Johnny Brannigan, I get to wondering if he ever meets up with Earthquake while he is looking for him, and if so how he comes out, for Earthquake is certainly not such a guy as I will care to meet up with, even if I am a copper.

Earthquake is a guy of maybe six foot three, and weighing a matter of two hundred and twenty pounds, and all these pounds are nothing but muscle. Anybody will tell you that Earthquake is one of the strongest guys in this town, because it seems he once was in a foundry and picked up much of his muscle there. In fact, Earthquake likes to show how strong he is at all times, and one of his ways of showing this is to grab a full-sized guy in either duke and hold them straight up in the air over his head.

Sometimes after he gets tired of holding these guys over his head, he will throw them plumb away, especially if they are coppers, or maybe knock their noggin together and leave them with their noggin very sore indeed. When he is in real good humor, Earthquake does not think anything of going into a night club or a speak-easy and taking it apart and chucking the pieces out into the street, along with the owner and the waiters and maybe some of the customers, so you can see Earthquake is a very high-spirited guy, and full of fun.

Personally, I do not see why Earthquake does not get a job in a circus as a strong guy, because there is no percentage in wasting all this strength for nothing, but when I mention this idea...
Mending our ways under the American Plan

Is it impossible for Americans to correct quietly and intelligently the weaknesses in our industrial system—or must real improvement come only through painful pangs, strikes, and other momentous upheavals? Here are our most famous social historian describes, in the second of her series of crucial articles on "The American Plan," how one New England mill is addressing an exemplary technique for solving present-day problems. No American executives or workers can afford to miss these articles if they believe our American plan should survive.

There was more than one of the gentlemen who took part in the making of the American Plan who insisted that "we, the people," never could govern themselves. And from that time to this, so appalling have been our mistakes, their doubt has been frequently and loudly revolved. Examine these misadventures and you will find that in the main they have been due less to the inadequacy of the tools provided for self-correction than to our shiftlessness in using them.

Our usual excuse for this shiftlessness has been that evils correct themselves. They do. Slavery did—by war. And if we do not learn to attack evil with more intelligent determination, our faith gone, we will look for a substitute. It is Nature spewing out of her mouth the thing which violates her aspirations. Our usual excuse for this shiftlessness has been that evils correct themselves in the long run. We can also be sure that a day will come when "we, the people," will agree that a Plan which provided for self-correction than to our shiftlessness in using them.

Whether we are living under the Washington or the American Plan, the evils we have to face are too vast, formless, powerful to control. Nevertheless, whatever evils in industrial system—or must correct quietly and intelligently the weaknesses in our industrial system—or must real improvement come only through painful pangs, strikes, and other momentous upheavals? Here are our most famous social historian describes, in the second of her series of crucial articles on "The American Plan," how one New England mill is addressing an exemplary technique for solving present-day problems. No American executives or workers can afford to miss these articles if they believe our American plan should survive.

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As the years went on, the mill weathered one after another of the trials that the mutations of trade visited on cotton as on other industries. It went through the Civil War and prospered; went through the end of the period that followed and lived; was burned to the ground and rebuilt; went through all the changing conditions which new types of labor made imperative. For eighty years the plant went on without a strike, and then, in 1918, the entire laboring body, twenty-five hundred men and women, seventy-five percent of whom were organized, walked out.

I have never heard of just such a strike, one carried on with so much mutual consideration. The meetings of representatives of management and of workers were like agreeable, if very serious, tea parties! Certainly, there was no brawling, and it was all over the labor of the workers said, "Neither side is today ashamed or embarrassed by any act of its membership." Compare that record with—well, the struggle of. Let us say, the seventy-second Congress.

One such result would have been possible if the leaders at Naumkeag had not respected each other. The management in a cotton factory is a kind of established hierarchy, its responsible leader a man known as agent. Now, Naumkeag has an agent trusted not only by the management but by the laboring body, a man who has been with the company some fifty-four years, working up from the bottom—J. Foster Smith. There are few problems in cotton manufacture, human or financial, that Agent Smith does not understand and eye with the patience and humor that long experience gives to a man of common sense and good will.

Moreover, he is an honored citizen of Salem. Particularly does he delight his fellow citizens by his carefully and fully prepared speeches. J. Foster Smith has a keen interest in literature as well as in cotton, and he likes to pass on his reflections and convictions.

The leader of the workers at Naumkeag was as unusual in his way as J. Foster Smith: John T. O'Connell. No typical worker is John O'Connell, but a picture of trade, with a picturesque career of trade adventures behind him.

For many years Mr. O'Connell has been the Business Agent of the Plumbers' and Steam Fitters' Union, with headquarters in the Labor Temple at Salem. Everybody in town knows and trusts him, so when the operatives at Naumkeag went on strike, they understood that they should ask his counsel. It was he who organized them and became their Business Agent.

They could not have found a wiser leader, for he had the feel of Naumkeag, knew that its long tradition of good will was a precious inheritance, that with its workers, largely citizens of long standing, it would not do to overstate the situation. And so, in 1918, when the first strike came at Naumkeag, there were two wise men of unusual experience and sense dominating the situation.

Out of the settlement arranged in a few weeks came an agreement that satisfied both sides. It had a novelty feature—an agreement that if trouble arose, sixty days should be allowed for settlement before resorting to strike or shutdown. And in order to take care of misunderstanding at the start, they agreed that their representatives should meet once a month. What better understanding could a factory have with which to face the Great Depression?

By 1929, J. Foster Smith began to realize that Naumkeag was not going to be able to hold its own against the growing competition unless it could cut the cost of its product. Instead of following the usual course of management in ordering economies, Agent Smith laid his program before John O'Connell. We may imagine his saying, "Now, here, John, is the situation. Unless we can do something, we shall lose our place in the sun. What do you think about it?"

"Well," John O'Connell probably told him, "I shall have to study your figures.

And J. Foster Smith said, "All right; take your time."

John O'Connell was willing to admit, from the figures Agent Smith laid before him, that economics were necessary. But he didn't like the way it was to be done. To turn out workers wholesale was bad for everybody—bad for Salem. Was it the only way?

What was this that he had heard about a method of proving by experiment whether a change in an operation is fair or not? He recalled that a friend had told him that there was a factory out in Ohio where the employees and employers had worked out joint management. They had found a way of proving the best and the most practical method of doing things. No guess-work. And who was the man his friend had told him about who had organized the work in that plant? He looked his friend up and was told that it was one Morris Cooke, a consulting engineer of Philadelphia. So John O'Connell took the first train to Philadelphia.

Morris Cooke, to be sure, Mr. O'Connell took his problems, has been one of the chief creative factors in development what to my mind is the most important and pregnant contribution made in the last fifty years to the civilizing of America; the set of principles for its scientific management discovered by the late Frederick W. Taylor, one of the authentic geniuses of our times.

It was in 1903 that the science of management first began to reach the public and to be a subject of hot and bitter controversy. Morris Cooke, then about thirty years of age, had the bold and inquiring mind, the scientific imagination, and the practical executive in engineering, essential to an understanding of the principles Mr. Taylor was trying to explain by a queer mixture of fine scientific exposition, infinite patience in application, and Violent and continuous characterization of those too stupid or too bigoted to try to understand the meaning of what was called the "Taylor group."—engineers who led in applying the new principles.

Now, Morris Cooke is, before all, a man of warm human sympathy and understanding. He saw that the crux of the Taylor system was high wages and low unit costs; knew if the outside industrial world did not, that Frederick Taylor spoke the truth when he declared that his sole object in retiring from munitions-making as he had done in 1901, never afterward receiving a cent of pay for anything that he did in the advancement of the science of management—was because he believed science ultimately would bring not only better wages but better lives to the workmen of the world.

But a corner at the start was in the Taylor system only another method of exploitation. It required many demonstrations, many conferences, before Samuel Gompers was willing to say to his followers, "Do not allow your employers to monopolize science. It is no respecter of persons. Labor will profit as capital will profit by these new principles if you learn to apply them, that is, if they are sound, as seems to be proved, they will have the last word."

All this Morris Cooke saw early, and he has spent his energy, particularly in the past twenty years, in "setting" scientific management. It is the old rumor of what Mr. Cooke had done that had penetrated John O'Connell's mind when Agent Smith convinced him that Naumkeag must make fresh economies. If it was a breach of the old prejudice still at large in labor circles against the Taylor system, to go himself and find out what there was in it, O'Connell made no apology to, expounded as Morris Cooke expounded it. Alert, practical, experienced, imaginative, John O'Connell caught the meaning of (Continued on page 126)
"What do you regard as the world’s most interesting city?" Cosmopolitan asked ELEANOR MERCEIN KELLY, rather expecting something Basque or Spanish in reply. Instead, Mrs. Kelly answered:

The Little Town of BETHLEHEM

Another trip in the Magic Carpet series in which many famous authors will tell you of "My Favorite City"

It is preeminently the children’s city, Bethlehem, not of an age when all the world was young; a Peter Pan sort of town that has never yet grown up, nor ever will. You come to it from a very old world, a land six miles away, by means of the Jaffa Gate; such a mass of humanity as is to be found nowhere else in all the universe. Here desert sheiks elbow tourists from Chicago; Abyssinian monks stalk by with imperturbable ebony faces; Greek priests in their tall straw hats; bearded, haughty Bedouins, and every variety of Jew there is—old orthodox ones in their long pink or blue satin coats and queer fur headgear, no matter how hot the weather; young student priests with beautiful eyes, and ear-ears under their wide flat hats; poor country rabbits in rusty black gaberdine and caftan; sleek prosperous merchants from New York or London; Jews with Chinese features from one of the lost tribes that strayed to Mongolia; halutzim, or farmer Jews, those devoted Zionists who have shown sufficient "talent for renunciation," as Emil Ludwig puts it, to abandon trade in an effort to reclaim their native soil for widely scattered Israel.

All this unimaginated swarm of creeds and types and nationalities you leave behind—centuries behind—as you come down into the Vale of Hinnom, past a certain tree where Judas Iscariot hanged himself; across the Plain of Ephraim; and from the concealing elevation of Mt. Elephas, get your first glimpse of a small white climbing town you have loved long since, but may be, lost awhile. In the retrospect it has for me, that first view of Bethlehem, an effect of slight unreality, like one of the mirages seen on the central plain of Hungary—a quite credible and tangible city in the near distance, except that it appears to float just a little above the surface of the earth.

But that is, I dare say, a matter of fancy, of eyes, of association. As a matter of fact, Bethlehem has its feet very firmly on earth, and rather prosperous so, thanks to the pilgrim trade; which passes us by continually in carriages and car and motor bus, its megaphones alert over Rachel's Tomb and the Well of the Magi.

However, neither these modern distractions nor any other can long disturb the preoccupied tranquillity of David's City. They come and pass and come again, like the winds, and the rain, and the intense beating sun that in due season ripens the surrounding graminoids—true enough in that land of many stones to have given the town its name of 'Belt Lahm,' the House of Bread.

Not that it is the tranquillity of idleness here: rather of constant and unheeded labor. In the little open-faced Oriental workshops, in (Continued on page 50)
Language of Love

by Stephen Morehouse Avery

A pick-up... a holdup... presto! a close-up!

In at Busby's lunch counter, and he and Al Burke had a drink of raw liquor together. Al couldn't wait for a second drink because he had to meet his wife at three-thirty. So Macgowan left Busby's, too, and walked vaguely west, across Park, Madison and Fifth.

Just this side of Sixth Avenue he saw a girl looking at cheap hats in an obscure five-foot window. Macgowan thought she was pretty with her gold hair and her red mouth and her light, smooth stockings. He stopped and pretended to be looking at the hats also. He knew he ought not to, because he could tell at a glance that she was a nice girl, practically a lady. But he couldn't help it. Macgowan never knew how to go about getting acquainted with girls and maybe that was why—anyway, he just stood there. He couldn't help it. The girl was watching him out of the corner of her eye.

He said: "That there blue one's the swellest. You'd look like a dream in it. I wouldn't mind—" He couldn't get out another word. His face flamed and his hands doubled up into hard lumps in his trousers pockets. "I mean I'd—"

The girl turned upon him belligerently. "You got a nerve speakin' to me like that. Think you're goin' to pick me up, do you? Like I was the kind of a girl a guy can come along and pick up."

Macgowan cringed away from her. "No," he protested. "Honest I don't. And I ain't the kind who goes along pickin' up girls neither. I just couldn't help it because I never seen a girl like you before and—"

"Well, you'd better beat it before I call a cop." She turned on her heel and walked on, pausing after a few steps when she glanced back and saw him following. "I just can't help it," he said. "It don't do no harm, just my followin' to look at you, does it?"

She looked him over from his new brown hat to his shiny tan shoes, and then she smiled. "Well, I'm goin' over towards Broadway. If it gives you a kick to walk along with me, come on. If I ain't a pick-up, I ain't no prude neither."

At the corner of Broadway and Forty-eighth they halted. The girl watched Macgowan shifting awkwardly from one foot to the other, his fists twisting restlessly in his pockets.

"Say, what's eatin' you, anyways? Ain't you got nothin' to say for yourself?"

"Well, if you wouldn't think I'm fresh or somethin', I'm a fella who knows a lady when he sees her. But I was thinkin'—"

"I'm glad you was thinkin', at least," she said. "You'd better think faster, 'cause I'm on my way to see Clark Gable 'n Jean Crawford at the Capitol."

"I was thinkin' if you'd go to the show with me, maybe," said Macgowan. "I mean, if you got a couple spare hours. But somebody's waitin', I s'pose."
He stood a full step away from her, his abashed blue eyes glancing up from his shoes occasionally to make sure she was still there, to make sure anybody could be as lovely as that and not vanish. He was afraid she might think he was looking at her beautiful mesh stockings, as if he were a guy who couldn't tell a girl like her from a bad one. But the girl didn't suspect him of it—because she liked not such a thought would never enter her head.

She said: "Well, a fella was goin' to meet me at the Capitol but I don't feel like waitin' for a fella like that, Mr. —?"

"Macgowan," he said. She had actually asked his name. "I'm just Frank Macgowan. I'm a riverer. Well, I'm an assistant riveter. Better now, but soon——" He jerked his hand out of his pocket to grasp the brilliantly manicured one she offered him.

"Pleased to meet you, Mr. Macgowan," she said. "I'm Miss Singer. I'm Lola Singer."

"Pleased to meet you," he repeated. Macgowan was confused and shook hands with her again.

"Naturally," he answered, he wondered if she would think him fresh if he touched her arm—because there was something so perfect a guy keep his mitts off of 'em. But maybe she'd think he didn't know how to escort a lady 'cross the street if he didn't. He glanced at her sleeve, trying to decide just where he should touch her. Lola solved the problem for him. She hooked her whole arm through his and snuggled against him as he shouldered into the crowd on the other side.

"'I bet you're a grand bruiser, Mr. Macgowan,'

Macgowan's barrel chest filled and he grinned. "But I never hurt nobody," he said. His thoughts were repeating "Lola, Lola, Lola, as they say, must have a name for all this. Her Dream d'Orsay perfume, note that she was so near, was not a perfume to him at all. It was only a natural fragrance emanating from anything so beautiful. He was dizzy with it and felt that weakness in the pit of his stomach again.

At the ticket window he fumbled for his wallet. A ten-dollar bill slithered to the tile floor but Lola instantly retrieved it for him. "Two," he said. The ticket girl sang out: "Balcony, orchestra, lounge, mister? No waiting in the balcony for the next show."

They were silent while the weave of Clark Gable and Joan Crawford made them gradually into illusion.

"She makes me think of me when I came to New York from Poplar Bluff," said Lola. "Only I never met no man like him. If I was to meet a man like him——"

Macgowan said: "Maybe he ain't so grand in real life. What's so swell about him?"

Lola teased him. "You got a nerve even bein' jealous of Clark Gable, Macgowan."

"But later, when the spell was most profound, when the luminous faces of Clark Gable and Joan Crawford were at last lifted out of anguish and the language of love hung vibrant in the hush and dark, Lola leaned so that her hair brushed Macgowan's shoulders and her fingers crept along the chair arm into his riveter's mitt. Macgowan could scarcely breathe for ecstasy."

When it was over Lola said: "Would you believe it, I used to dance in this theater once?" They went out through the lobby and found Broadway ablaze with light. "I sure did, Macgowan. I used to dance right in this very theater. I was good, only my arches let down."

"I guess you was wonderful," said Macgowan. "I knew you was somethin' out of the way when I first saw you, Lola. I said to myself, there's the girl you been dreamin' about. Macgowan. That's why I had to talk to you. Ain't I queer how two people out the whole world just happen to come together like that?"

"I said," stammered Macgowan, "I said couldn't we have our supper together just this once? Couldn't you ring up your mother or your people and tell 'em?"

"Say, Macgowan, you get right good ideas sometimes. But it's too soon to eat now. It's only just after six. I know where we can find what you need for an appetite in the meantime. But maybe you ain't a drinkin' man, Macgowan?"

"I ain't," said Macgowan. "You needn't have no fear of me on that account. I ain't seen me drunk more'n once in three months since I been on the job."

He glanced on the street and laughed inordinately, as though at some joke he had remembered. Then she sobered. "Say, fella, do you think I'm a drinkin' man? I haven't had a drink in a while. Not that I take anythin' myself. Oh, just enough to wet your eyelashes, maybe. For politeness, I mean. Shall we?"

Macgowan grinned an answer to her dazzling smile. "Shall we?" he repeated. "I guess we ought to, Lola."

The place was in Forty-ninth Street. They went through the cloakroom of what (Continued on page 90)
is Giving the Kids a BREAK

"To build better citizens and a better country we must have better-born, better-fed, better-educated children," declares W. K. Kellogg

By FRAZIER HUNT

When the real sun isn't shining, there's always the Sunshine Room to bring health to undernourished little bodies.

Little pupils at the Ann J. Kellogg School, where the problems of child health and education are being worked out in a new way.
On a dark street in Emmettsburg, Operator 13 disguised as a Negro stableboy, encounters Lady Green-sleeves. Looking at the glittering pistol in the white hand of this dangerous Confederate agent, Operator 13 feels a chill of fear. Suddenly horses and men are milling about them, and Operator 13 escapes in the confusion. Later, while the gray troops are trotting out of Emmettsburg, Operator 13 ties Jeb Stuart's horses to a tree and steals back to capture the enemy spy.

As she worked tirelessly at hinge and sill her oversize knife blade availed nothing; there was no getting into the house. With the long, thin blade she probed the cracks of windows, shutters and doors; and accomplished nothing.

While she ate she pulled out the two letters she had abstracted from the Morris box at the post office, and contrived to read them in the grayness of the October dawn. One of them, dated from Mercersburg, October tenth, was tragically brief:

Mrs. Augustus Morris, Midian.

Two Confederate Secret Service agents, Colonel Williams and Lieutenant Dunlap, were discovered inside the Yankee lines at eleven o'clock last night, wearing Federal uniforms. At half past four this morning a military court found them guilty. They were hanged at 10:30 a.m. Inform Lady Green-sleeves, Miriam C., Rachel Lyons and Mrs. Phillips.

V. Chancellor

Operator 13 needed to read the note from General Lee's chief of military telegraph only once to understand it completely. Either now, here in Emmettsburg, or somewhere on the long dangerous road between Baltimore, Norfolk, Back Bay and False Cape, she, or others, must stop and arrest the beautiful Lady Green-sleeves before she could take ship for England and be with a meddlesome ministry.

Her knife blade availed nothing; there was no getting into the aged colonial mansion that way. She paced the gallery on tiptoe, stealthily feet, to and fro, to and fro, until it became plain to her excited brain that there was no getting into the house by any violent means or device within her compass. And dawn was very near.

Very well; then; she would wait until some early yawning servant opened a door, and then drag the golden one out of bed.

She slid down the trellis to the ground and hurried around to the orchard, where Skylark and Lady Margaret were nipping leaves from all the fruit trees within reach. Then she ran to the barn, where the doors had been closed again, but where there was no look; and she entered, cast a quick glance at the big herd of horses, filled a basket with oats, and ran back to her stolen horses.

Once more she returned to the barn, where were two fine pails; and these she filled with water at the trough across the street and hused them back to the orchard. She herself was nearly starved. She found and ate the fruit—great ripe peaches with dripping white-and-pink flesh and a golden apple as sweet as honey, while she ate she pulled out the two letters she had

by Robert W. Chambers
Dawn seemed very near; the air grew fresher; and already a mocking bird ventured a timid call-note or two. Not far away a convent bell sounded three strokes. Even before the pale flare of instinct in the girl’s brain had flashed into thought, she had thrust the two letters into her pants pocket, gathered from the picket fence a great sheaf of Madonna lilies, and was already legging it along Main Street and the crooked lane towards St. Joseph’s.

As she came near she could hear, very faintly, the nuns singing in their chapel; and she hurried through the open postern, where an unex- tinguished lantern still glimmered, and made her way along the cloisters toward the refectory, where a candle burned and two novices moved like gray ghosts among the shadows. The room was fragrant with the odor of hot bread.

"Are the lilies for us?" asked one of them, a little startled, as the ragged Negro lad came panting to the open door.

"Yaas’m, lady,—sister, ma’am. Mis’ Morris done send ’em. Ax yuh kindly ef de sodgers done scare yuh-all."

The other novice laughed: "Thank Mrs. Morris and say that no nun is afraid of Jeb Stuart."

Gail Loveless rolled her lovely dark eyes at the plate of hot bread. "Yaas’m, lady—sister, ma’am. Mis’ Morris done send dem beaten biscuits du smell!"

"If you want some breakfast," said the other novice, "go into the laundry." She pointed to the door and hung the rosary with its brass crucifix from the soft leather girdle about her right thigh.

She knew that the end already was very near—that the final curtain already was twitching to descend. But what might be the impending finale no longer worried her, and hung the rosary in its brass sheath from the soft leather girdle about her right thigh.

Illustrations by Norman Price

She had been knocking for nearly ten minutes at the door of the Morris house when a sleepy, half-dressed Negro maid opened the door and stood rubbing her drowsy eyes.

"I have a message for Mrs. Howe," whispered Operator 13.

"Mis’ Howe in baid, lady," whined the black maid.

"Wake her and say a messenger from Mr. Gaston is here," murmured the girl.

"Lady, ma’am, I dassent wake up Mis’ Howe—"

The girl pushed her aside and stepped into the hallway. There was a coat-and-hat closet with a key in the door which stood open just behind the Negro maid. With abrupt violence Operator 13 pushed the maid into it and turned the key on her. She listened a moment, but the Negress appeared to be dumb with terror, for no African howl did not entirely close the door the sickly pallor of daybreak illuminated the car- peted hallway. Operator 13 did not entirely close the door; a little morning light still came through the crack. She walked forward to the foot of the stairs, and stood still, listening intently.

She could see nobody on the dusky landing above, but there certainly was the noise of something stirring up there. Then a bedroom door...
Operator 13 and her prisoner swayed together on the stair landing, tight-locked, wrestling. "I know you!" panted Lady Green-sleeves. "I'll see to it that you are destroyed!"

opened: candlelight flickered over wall and ceiling. Instantly Operator 13 started to ascend the carpeted stairs. As she arrived on the landing, Lady Green-sleeves confronted her.

There was a startled silence; then Lady Green-sleeves calmly inquired where the strange nun came from. "Your maid admitted me," said Operator 13. "I come from Saint Joseph's."

"You are not a nun of Saint Joseph's."

"No, madam, a visitor. I (Continued on page 118)"
O. O. McIntyre says:

"If I had a boy I should like him to awaken on Christmas morning and be joyous over a single gift"—

A Pair of Red-topped, Brass-toed Boots for Christmas

I was idling through the Bowery a few evenings ago and in the jumble of a pawnshop window I saw a row of China shepherdesses that used to simmer across our parlor mantel. For several blocks I was assailed by a vague thought that would almost flower and then tremble away. And all of a sudden Time swung back in charming clearness. Those were replicas of grandma’s shepherdesses—my first Christmas gift to her in the long ago. I paid a dime for them at the Broads Bankrupt Store. I thought them the most beautiful things I ever beheld, and today I am thinking of them as emblems of the wholesome simplicities the world has suddenly lost.

It seems to me that most of us have bungled Christmas. To me as well as to my wife, it has become something of a horror. Instead of planning for its innocent pleasures, we find ourselves trying to slip off somewhere sub rosa, with instructions to those left behind to forget our forwarding address.

Christmas has aroused the most terrifying inhibitions. Many of us are afraid to give presents for fear they will not be “nice enough” and will actually offend. Modernists have stripped children of all the illusions about Santa Claus, which is a pity, I think. No childish tire will be “nice enough” and will actually offend, bag on a portable platform, and so on.

Time swung back in charming clearness.

Red-topped, brass-toed boots, for Christmas.

My first Christmas gift to grandma was a couple of china shepherdesses.

In the faint smitching glow of an almost-dead grate fire hung our stockings. We tiptoed across the room to them in a breathless hush. Santa had been there!

In my stocking was an orange and half a dozen sticks of candy in a sack of pink netting. On the floor near by was a pair of red-topped, brass-toed boots. In sister’s stocking, too, there was an orange and candy, and on a chair a bright red hair ribbon, a copy of Louisa M. Alcott’s “Little Women” and a knitted fascinator.

We smothered our joyous emotions and slipped back to our beds, to lie awake in wide-eyed happiness until we heard Jake, the hired man, rattling the kitchen stove—the signal for the beginning of another day.

Then we rushed down the stairs and gave vent to our glee. Grandpa and grandma came and we danced around them. It never for a second occurred to us that Santa had not satisfied all our longings. After all, he had been there; had climbed down our chimney; had remembered us.

I have the boots until cramped feet awakened me and I had to take them off. Then I slipped them under my pillow. Perhaps in maturity we are all apt to give exaggerated prominence to inconsequential details which stopped our youth. Yet we cannot help feeling that in that green julep of exuberance—crude as it was—we were happier than children today.

We tiptoed across the room to our stockings in a breathless hush, Santa had been there!

If we look back upon the modern spectacle with its furious voltage thirty years hence, it may seem then as naive as our day seems now. But I don’t think so. Life has been outrunning itself and must pause for breath. Thirty years from now, the present will be, I firmly believe, a pathological melee.

Without knowing it, we have turned the final swerve in the cycle. We have come back to the day when little Robert is going to be thrilled on Christmas morning by a “Daisy” bobby, a poke of candy—and nothing else. All this may sound harsh. But it does mean that our sons are being sound for the world’s happiness. Too much of living has been irrelevant, and it has required a catastrophic shake-up to make us realise it.

If I had a son—and it is the most regretful thing of my life that I haven’t—I should want him to experience the Christmases we used to enjoy in our sleepy little town that has nestled snugly on the banks of the Ohio for a hundred years. I should like him to catch something of the real spirit of “Peace on Earth—Good Will to Men” which a high-speed civilization has almost crushed out.

And most of all, I should want him to believe in Santa Claus. For—to take it from this tottering valetudinarian—he was and is a swell gentleman.

I should like the simplicity of Christmas to impress on my son the fact that there is much more to this miracle we call life than the illusory hallucination that has hypnotised our youngsters the past twenty years.

Finally—and with all the humility of which the human heart is capable—I should like him to awaken on Christmas morning and be quite joyous over a single gift—a pair of red-topped, brass-toed boots. I have a feeling life would mean much more to him with this appreciation!
Glory cut in fast, spurring her pony 'nst Murder¬'s flank. She was not trying for the rider, but for the flank strap buckle.

TJhS CRUCES, little old cow town though It was, always drew a good crowd for its rodeo; but today the crowd was a whopper. It overflowed the grand stand, and pressed a thin dense line of people around the whole circle of the wire which hemmed the arena. Because the crowd was never entirely still, the younger of the forty or fifty cow-country riders within the dusty ten acres found it hard to forget that they were in the focus of ten thousand eyes. But the old contest hands lounged nonchalantly in their saddles or on the chute gates, indifferent to the impersonal crush outside.

The announcer's voice was blaring out over the loudspeakers: "Chute number five—Pete Reese of Tucson, coming out on the next bucking horse."

Behind the bars of chute number five the red shadow-striped shape of a bronc named Murdershot jerked and heaved as the bucking strap clinched on his flanks, and his hoofs battered the planking. The forty or fifty riders—mostly cowboys, but with a scattering of girls—were the crack ropers and bronc men of five states. Many of them had witnessed a thousand rodeo events; but they were quiet now, almost to a man, watching the saddling chutes. Knowing their game, they knew things about Murdershot which the crowd did not.

Murdershot was from up back of the Pipe Rock country—he had never felt rope until he was five years old—and he had been in the man-fighting game only a little time. Before he had got on Jake Hutchinson's contest string he had been saddled perhaps half a dozen times, and sometimes ridden and sometimes not; but that was without the flanker—the thin strap rigged behind the cantle and cruelly clinched so that the fighting bronc went wild and bucked beyond himself, kicking at the moon.

In the few times he had been contested something had always gone wrong—he had smashed his rider's knee against the chute gate; he had popped a cinch; he had fallen and crippled his rider. Nobody knew yet whether the horse could be ridden or not, under rodeo rules. But every rider who had seen the red outlaw in action had him marked as a bucker who would be famous, in another year.

This was the unknown quantity which Pete Reese of Tucson was now about to ride—or try to. Pete Reese was a tall youngster made of whalebone and rawhide, and his face was weather-tanned leather. The riders, lounging in their saddles, waited in silence to see what he would do.

And of them all, not one waited with a more watchful attention than Glory Austin, who sat near the chutes on a borrowed buckskin pony. Unless you were a horseman you might not have noticed her there, a slim, straight-sitting girl in black broadcloth and silk. Her soft dust-colored hair and her cleanly made, olive-tanned features, heavily shadowed by her broad-brimmed hat, did nothing to make her conspicuous. And even if you had been near, her heavy-lashed gray eyes might have failed to catch your attention, for there were gates behind them that were closed to you and me.

Glory Austin was not entered in the bronc riding; her own trick riding work was done for the day, and done well. With the money won, she should have felt relaxed and comfortably weary. But with Pete Reese about to ride, she waited with sharp attention.

Glory Austin had known Pete Reese only a space of months, but she had known the first time she had seen him that he was one in ten thousand—perhaps one in the world—so far as she was concerned. But for another reason this ride was, to Glory Austin, different from any other Pete Reese had ever made. Glory had never seen the red horse Murdershot until today, but if anybody could read the whole soul of a range-bred horse just by looking at him, Glory could. And she had recognized that Murdershot had been foaled to make a name as a killer. She did not believe it was by accident that Murdershot had somersaulted himself onto his rider at Chayenne.

The announcer's loudspeaker was bawling: "Pete Reese is about to come out now... He's easing into the saddle... One of the boys is up on the chute to give a last haul on the flank strap."

Lois Bart, Glory Austin's partner—they pooled and split their winnings—put her horse alongside Glory's. Lois Bart had a (Cont. on p. 98)
In concluding her intimate memoirs of the days in Washington,” Miss Randolph completes portrait of Calvin Coolidge—the man when the Coolidges “were with telling strokes her and the Chief Executive

**by MARY RANDOLPH**

FAMOUS characters were always coming to the White House and now came one of my favorite human beings, Will Rogers! I happened to be in the Executive Offices on business, near one of the telegraph instruments, when his message came from Philadelphia: “Am I really invited to the White House, or is somebody kidding me?”

“Kidding you nothing,” clicked the reply. “You had better take the first train or you will be late for dinner.”

Will came in at the front door as I was going out. It was just after seven, so the President and Mrs. Coolidge were already seated at the dinner table.

“Hurry, man!” said the Chief Usher. “Go upstairs and put on your dinner coat. The President is already in the dining room!”

“Dinner coat, hell!” said Will. “I wore this coat,” looking down at his neat blue serge, “all over Europe!” And so saying, he started for the State dining room, where, duly announced, he made his apologies for being late in his own inimitable way.

The next morning Mrs. Coolidge met him near my desk. “Oh, Mr. Rogers! I want you to meet my secretary, Miss Randolph.”

The sight of that wide smile and twinkling eye was cheering.

“Glad to meet you,” said he.

Said I, “I have wanted to meet you for years; ever since I first saw you here long ago in vaudeville with your pony, ‘Rodeo Red.’”

“Say,” said Mr. Rogers, “now you’re dating yourself!”

“I don’t care,” I replied; “that was a wonderful pony. He could turn on a ten-cent piece.”

“The magnificent State Dining Room at the White House,”

“I am glad you remember that pony,” said Will. “I kept him as long as he lived—until he was old and blind.”

Many interesting people came and went—among them the first Canadian Minister to anywhere—the Honorable Charles Vincent Massey, brought to the White House to present his letter of credence by the British Ambassador, then Sir Ern Howard.

The condition of the house, which sheltered the President and in which were received so many distinguished guests, had for some time given concern to the engineer officer in charge of the building.

This was the year 1927, and the great beams used in the reconstruction of it in 1814 were known to be worm-eaten and unsafe. Of tremendous length, extending as they did from side to side of that huge house, the strain put upon them by supporting the enormous roof was terrible.

And not only this, but in one section, at some date in the past, a large water tank had been installed in the attic, and in placing this, one beam had been cut away, for quite a distance, amounting to a quarter of its original thickness. Only the mercy of Providence kept this particular beam from breaking in the middle and letting the roof down on us all.

President Coolidge and President-elect Hoover leaving the White House for the Inauguration ceremonies at the Capitol, March 4, 1929.
From Rome to Taormina in Sicily, back again to Rome and then to Beaulieu on the Riviera, Henry Vane had followed the route taken by Elsie Summerhays, whose own travels were determined by her employer, Mrs. Pym. Vane, a shy and solitary ex-convict, had made the acquaintance of the young English governess at a tourist hotel in the Eternal City, and as their friendship progressed he had begun to hope that his loneliness need not last forever. But the story of his past—a tragic tale involving a faithless friend and a hot-headed murder—had frightened Elsie in Taormina, and being compelled to leave suddenly with Mrs. Pym, she had been unable to see him afterward to ask his forgiveness, though she left a contrite note and followed it with a letter. Then, before he could catch up with her at Beaulieu, disaster had overtaken the girl—in a crisis brought on by the news that her mother was very ill in London and by the cruelty of Mrs. Pym in giving her a check instead of cash for the trip across the Channel. After making frantic efforts to cash her check, Elsie had gone to Mrs. Pym’s room in the Hôtel Splendide and attempted to take money that was rightfully hers, but had been surprised by her employer and after a violent scene handed over to the police, and so it was that no lovers’ meeting awaited Vane in Beaulieu but only a chance encounter with the Pym child, Sally, who told him what had happened.

When Vane left Sally he felt that he must do something at once. What a devil of a mess, and how paradoxical! Elsie the offender at the feet of the irreproachable Mrs. Pym! He told himself that he had arrived at Beaulieu twenty-four hours too late. But was he too late? Had not life pushed him onto the stage just when the play was becoming real?

Shrinking from his greater tragedy, Elsie had found herself involved in a little tragedy of her own, for it would be tragic to her, a thing of tears and of terror. A trivial affair? Yet no affair is trivial when society begins to treat you as a creature to be shut up in a box. He entered the Hôtel Splendide, no longer shy of it. He was a person with a purpose. He had the confidence of his compassion.

"Monsieur le Directeur is at dinner, Monsieur."
Vane produced a card. "I will wait in the lounge. Give my compliments to Monsieur le Directeur, and say that I shall be extremely obliged if he will see me."
He added a fifty-franc note to the card, and his business was hastened. In ten minutes, a chasseur came to inform him that the director would see him in his private room.

Vane found that polite and intelligent person in evening dress, standing behind a bureau. He came to the point at once.

"I am much obliged to you, sir. I am a friend of Miss Summerhays; yes, the governess in Mrs. Pym’s service. I have heard about the episode. I shall be grateful if you will give me the facts."

The Frenchman observed him with polite mistrust.

"Monsieur has some authority?"

"That of a friend."

"It is an unfortunate affair, Monsieur. I regret it."

"I gather that Miss Summerhays was in desperate need of money. She had been called to England."

"That is how I understand it, Monsieur."

"And this—lady, Mrs. Pym?"

"The Frenchman grimaced. "Not a sympathetic person, Monsieur. No. Monsieur understands me. He will treat with discretion—"

"Absolutely."

Monsieur le Directeur nodded. "I think the young lady—lost her head. Yes. It should never have happened, but Mademoiselle having lost her head—and Madame her temper! Voila, le feu d'artifice! Malheureusement, Madame demanded the police. Mademoiselle could not deny having taken the money, or the ..."
When Vane arrived at the consulate at Nice, the clerk to whom he addressed himself was entering the morning's letters, for the day was still young.

"Is the consul in?"

"Yes, Monsieur, it is not permitted."

"And do you know, Mr. Vane?"

"Yes."

"When do you expect him?"

"Asseyez-vous, monsieur." The clerk looked with interest at Vane. He was about to request him to sit down when a large man with a black beard entered the office and seemed both to fill and to possess it. He was dressed in gray, and at his heels followed a little Yorkshire terrier who peered at Vane through a mop of hair.

"This gentleman has called, sir, about Miss Summerhays."

Mr. Grylls said, "Ha!" and observed Vane with a pair of tranquil and wise blue eyes. "A friend of Miss Summerhays?"

"Yes." Mr. Grylls said, "Come into my parlor," and picking up the small dog in his large hands, he introduced the creature to Vane. His blue eyes had a humorous gentleness.

"This is Tou-Tou, or the Empress Catharine. Just as autocratic. Well, you wicked little thing, say how-do."

Mr. Grylls' black eyebrows. "Three months!" He was aware of little gleams of light under his arm. "Quite a little sentence in itself."

"And what sort of sentence will they give her if she is convicted? Surely the circumstances—" Vane's face seemed to sharpen. "What? Preposterous; damnable!"

"Well, perhaps two years, perhaps a year. It will depend upon the temperament of the Assize Court and our advocacy and on her appearance. There is the question of money for her defense."

"I'll put up that."

Mr. Grylls' eyes gave an approving snap. "Excellent. I'll get hold of the best man I can find. Meanwhile—"

"Yes, her helplessness in the matter of her mother. Would it be possible for me to see her?"

"Of course Mr. Grylls had seen Miss Summerhays, and the lady with the golden hair, the Pym woman. He assumed the probability. Even the French are open to sentiment, though they may label it something else."

"I hadn't. But in a crisis. I mean, I hadn't yet put it to her."

"Miss Summerhays' fiancé?"

"I hadn't. But in a crisis. I mean, I hadn't yet put it to her."

"Mr. Grylls smiled in his beard. "Let us assume the probability. Even the French are open to sentiment, though they may label it something else."

Vane's recollection of the French prison was that everything about it had been whitewashed. The room into which he was finally led was small and naked, with a wooden table and three hard-bottomed chairs standing on a red-tiled floor.

The guardian remained by the door. "Asseyez-vous, monsieur."

Vane eyed him tentatively. The fellow looked good-tempered, and Vane's hand felt for his wallet. He sat down on one of the chairs by the table and spoke politely to this minor official.

"Yes, monsieur."

"I saw the manager of the Splendide."

"An intelligent mechanism in perfect trousers. Did he say the poor child had lost her head?"

"Yes, he did."

And Madame le Pym has the head of a gold pnf. Absence of. And poor Miss Tete Perdu is in prison. I will tell you the story as she told it to me."

With one big hand stroking the dog's head, he gave Vane a vivid account of the affair.
There's a place in every home for... old-fashioned vegetable soup... with meat!

One of your real problems, of course, is to be prepared for those inevitable times in every week when the family is downright hungry. When your husband has that look of quiet determination which means just one thing—food. Or when the children come in like a riot from school. Or when you yourself require a substantial lunch to sustain you through a busy afternoon.

How often you’ll be grateful for having on hand such a hearty and delicious soup as Campbell’s Vegetable-Beef! This is the famous old-fashioned style of vegetable soup liberally supplied with tender and tempting pieces of meat.

Invigorating beef broth, luscious tomatoes, peas, diced potatoes and carrots, puree of vegetables, onion and choice barley combine with the toothsome pieces of meat to make this a tongue-tempting, hunger-satisfying dish—a meal in itself. A splendid soup to have in the house always. Supply yourself today.

Vegetable-Beef Soup

by Campbell’s famous chefs

Eat Soup and Keep Well

Campbell’s Soup, come back to me,
Greater love could never be,
Woo me with your lovely savor,
Take me with your winning flavor!

21 kinds to choose from...

Asparagus  Mulligatawny
Bean  Mutton
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Chicken  Printanier
Chicken-Gumbo  Tomate
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Mock Turtle  Vermicelli-Tomato

Look for the red-and-white label.

Hearst's International-Cosmopolitan for January 1933
NEVER PARCHED  
NEVER TOASTED  

Camels  
are always mild

For a smoke that is mild and cool, switch to Camel, the fresh cigarette. A blend of choice Turkish and mellow sun-ripened Domestic tobaccos, perfectly conditioned, Camels are made fresh and then kept fresh by the Camel Humidor Pack. Try them, for just one day, then leave them—if you care to.

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company  
Winston-Salem, N. C.
crisp hundred-franc note reinforced it.

"We'll, to oblige Monsieur. I will give Monsieur five minutes."

Vane thanked him, and sat down. At any moment Elsie would appear in this chilly, morose, depressing room. What would she look like? Would she be very different of manner from the Elsie who had run away from reality?

Suddenly the door opened. He saw two figures, a large woman in uniform, and a trembling child. Elsie had returned. He realized that she had come to this room without any knowledge of the identity of the woman she was to see.

The door had closed on the young woman. Vane heard himself speaking. "I saw Sally yesterday; I came at once."

S H E s t o o d j u s t w i t h i n t h e d o o r a n d l o o k e d a t h i m n i m t h e s t u p o r . H e r face was beautiful, but it was ghastly, for already she was showing signs of that stupor that descends upon some of us for the first time into the cage. Vane could remember just such a torpor smothering him. He glanced impatiently at the folder, who opened it and handed it to him. He turned it over and over, and then laid it beside him.

"Elise, Elise, I am not going to harrow you, dear. I'll just do everything I can. I sha'n't keep you long."

"Remember, you are not going to be alone. I shall come back and wait."

"Oh, Minnow, when you want me, I ran away."

"There, there! There's nothing to be ashamed of. This sort of thing may happen when one cares too much. Life catches one breathless."

"Gently he withdrew his hands, and finishing his interview, raised it to her face and looked into her face. The eyes were closed, the lashes wet.

"Remember, in your place, I'll do everything I can. I shall come back."

"She opened her eyes. She said nothing, she just looked at him, and neither of them noticed that the door had opened, and that the priest was closing it, keeping his hand turned."

"Then he leaned over the table. Vane stood up, smiling at Elise. "Remain, say to yourself, 'I am not alone.'"

She repeated the words: "'I am not alone.'"

In London, Vane put up at the Grosvenor Hotel. Now, hailing a taxi, was driven to Pulteney Street. Number 27 was a high, narrow house in a gabled stone with statues embellishments over the walk. The blinds were down. Vane noticed the second-floor windows were dark. A flight of gray steps led to the front door.

It took him some seconds to find the bell, and as he stood waiting he thought of Elsie in the park with the autumn leaves falling. He remembered Mrs. Summervales' stillness, her air and bearing, her poise, her fatal charm. Suddenly a light was turned on in Number 27's hall. The door opened.

"Then he glanced round the room and noticed a wardrobe and a chest of drawers. What did one do with a woman like this?"

Again he looked at the white face. He asked himself a question. Was it a tragedy? A fate? A fate. No one but the woman who lay there.

Even in that poor bedroom with its human debris, the remnants of a woman, one could be pierced by the purity of the face on the pillow. It occurred to him that she would never know that Elsie was in a French prison. Also, feeling his responsibility, he opened
one of the drawers of the chest, and found it meekly nest, all its contents in order. Even in this back street, Mrs. Summerhayes had kept the remnants of her life in order. He opened a second drawer and found a letter lying waiting for the person who should have been there to read it.

"To my Daughter."

He hesitated, and then, realizing that it contained the beautiful note that would guide him, he opened the letter. It was very brief and simple.

Elise:
If anything should happen to me I wish you to be bereaved.
I should like all my clothes to be given to Mrs. Bloom. She has been very kind to me.
My will is in a black hand bag in the bottom drawer.
My dear, I am very tired, and it is not difficult to die. You have been the one creature in the world who has given me some happiness—

VANE READ no further. He slipped the sheet back into the envelope. He knew now what it was necessary for him to know. He looked again at Mary Summerhayes' will. The document was moved to speak to her, though she lay dead.

"Be at peace, Mother. I, too, have suffered. The shall not suffer on my account, I promise you."

Then, before leaving, he found the black hand bag and extracted Mary Summerhayes' will. It was in a long envelope, and contained a letter from the firm who had acted for her, and Vane now knew to whom he could apply. He slipped envelope and document into his pocket, and escaping from Mrs. Bloom's emotionalism, he walked back to the crooknor.

It was very late, but he sat down to write to Elise.

My Dear,

Your mother died this morning, quite peacefully. I gather that for the last day or two she was only semiconscious, and that even if you had come she might not have known you.

She left a letter for you which I delivered. Mr. Grylls have me, but it was as well that I did read it, for it contained some of her last wishes. I think that she was right. I am reward of it with this letter of mine through Mr. Grylls.

There is a poet in all this that is mine as well as yours. I would say to you, "Try not to feel bitter," but I do not think there is any lasting bitterness in you. None of our rages help us to live.

I have everything in hand. I shall be with you very soon.

Remember, no loneliness.

He went downstairs and posted the letter. He also wired to Mr. Grylls:

Mrs. Summerhayes died today.

There is a letter in the post to break the news. You may agree that the letter will be more gentle.

Afterwards he read Mrs. Summerhayes' will. She had very little to leave: a thousand pounds or so in government stock and her furniture. All of it went to Elise.

When Mr. Soames put his head into Mr. Grylls' office, Mr. Vane's here, air, to see you," he could have added. "And he looks a changed man, sir, don't you think, Mr. Blagden saw Vane come into the room he remembered that other occasion when Vane had appeared

to slip through the wall like a ghost. This was a different Vane.

"Hello, Harry. I did not know you were back."

They shook hands, and Vane's grip was more positive, though he did not know it.

"I've been just for a few days. I had to come over to do something for a friend."

"You're looking jolly fit."

"I am. Mr. Blagden has lent me a cut by Mrs. Summerhayes' will. 'I don't want to waste your time. Blaggy. You are a busy man these days, but I'd like you to see this through this. Y's, it's a will and another firm's affair, but you might tell me whether it's all in order.'"

He passed the document across to Mr. Blagden.

"A will? Had a good time, Harry?"

"Yes. I've ceased to be dissocated.

Mr. Blagden read the will, and found it, according to legal standards, simple and straightforward. He passed it back to Vane, who pocketed it and sat looking at Mr. Blagden's iniskant.

"I'll see the people who drew it. How are the kids, old man?"

"Oh, just kids. Come dine with us."

"I'd like to."

There was a pause. Mr. Blagden was interested in Vane. He was of course small, in the air of second youthfulness, in the level voice and the reinforced grip. "Are you happy, Vane?"

Vane looked at him a little shly and smiled. "Yes, probably. I may settle abroad. Not quite sure yet. One gets a tick of ideas. A pied-a-terre. Yes, probably."

Blagden did not ask any unnecessary questions. "What about tonight? We're free and shall be alone."

Vane made a movement of the head. "Six months ago I should have been afraid of getting depressed. I'm not now. Thanks, old man."

It was raining when the Train Bleu dropped Vane at Nice, and the train was bluer than the sea. He had wired Mr. Grylls and that most unofficial official was waiting at the barrier. Vane was surprised that he should have taken so much trouble. "If I did not expect to see you here," Mr. Grylls did not say that life became more interesting when you did what was not expected. He had got into Vane's hotel bus with him and talked about the weather and the world's financial crisis. But as they were preparing to get out, Mr. Grylls a slip of information.

"I think we are going to be lucky, my dear sir. She will be tried next month."

"Is that lucky?"

"You'd say so if you had been as long in France as I have."

HE REMAINED to have tea with Vane, in the lounge of the Hôtel du Palais. He took his tea without milk, and from somewhere slices of lemon ar-

ved upon a saucer. Mr. Grylls looked at them intently, as though the yellow circles had an esoteric meaning for him.

"That's one of the problems that worries me. Vane. Did the Pharaohs of the third dynasty have them? I must have had my slice of citron even in those days. By the way, I have arranged for you to see her tomorrow. You'll find her serious, sensible and calm. She has not taken the thing strangely well. I could have got her bail, but she refused it."

"She preferred to be here?"

"It may seem a curious attitude, but it has its virtues. I suppose a prison can be quiet and orderly. It lets you sit still and get your breath, and life for her has been a rather breathless business."

Next day the official world condescended and was kind. Vane was allowed to see Elise in her cell alone, and he saw her as Mr. Grylls had described her. She was calm, collected, her head closed behind her she rose, walked to him and just—stood. Her stillness was the stillness of the crowd. It seemed to ask for nothing, and yet to offer everything.

Her hands on her shoulders and gently kissed her forehead. "My dear, it's good to see you like this. I got back last night. Everything—"

He looked at her tenderly. "Do you want me to tell you? No, I don't think there is anything that will hurt. You could not have hurt me."

"Do you think she suffered? But then of course you could not know. I'm glad she left her clothes to the woman. I didn't want to see her again. I haven't thanked you yet."

"Oh, yes, you have, I'm here."

"You give me a lot of money."

"Not a penny."

"Please! I know you know I'm without anything at present. I've had to borrow from Mr. Grylls, but it's only a little money. You've kept an account?"

"No."

"But that's wrong of you, very wrong."

"Is it? Can't we look at it from another point of view? If you marry me everything in this is of yours. I'm yours properly—but I'm not pushing my own affairs at the moment. After all, a man can choose to be responsible."

"Yes, may dear."

"You remember that day at Taormina? We went up to the ruins on the hill thinking there was no one else in the world like you. You gave me a sense of security." She paused, and he smiled.

And then the idol crashed. "Yet it was I who didn't understand, but now I know there is no one else in the world like you. I'm so—so understand."

For a little while there was silence between them.

Then he said, "Elise, then everything's done, don't you think it's a little difficult to me. No, I can't say much. One can't, you know. But I'm happy, because you're mine."

She raised her head and looked at him. "How lonely you must have been."

"Lonely! Yes. But there is something of Mr. Grylls to think that he could get you out of here till the trial."

I'd rather stay here. You see, I believe in things. What I mean is, I have a belief—in God, and being here is like being by myself with all those other things for a little while. Almost the convent idea."

He nodded; he understood her. "A little secret time spared to yourself. Yes, I've got to talk to you about that."

Her eyes thanked him. "Yes. How good of you to understand. You see, it is the first here. I must start to care at me. I'm so sensitive about that—sometimes. And I know they are going to find me guilty. I may be in prison for a year. Yes, Mr. Grylls warned me, but I think I know. I used to wonder and worry about things, the why and the how, but now I know that things just happen."

Perhaps Vane had never disliked blotting paper more thoroughly as he disliked the crowd in that French Assize Court. It was a restless, chattering crowd, out for sensation. A gross person in a grey floc coat sat down on Vane's pocket, and heaven
First in America... now in Europe

Half-Face Beauty Test proves Woodbury's

finest of all complexion aids

In Vienna... city of beautiful women, Dr. Theodor Sussman conducts first of European Tests.

It's news!... when anyone can show Vienna, or any other Old World capital, anything new about beauty. Or beauty care. They were noted for their exquisite women before America was even discovered.

Yet... here's what happened—in Vienna... under the supervision of Dr. Theodor Sussman and his assistant, Dr. Betty Trebitsch. They assembled Viennese women of all types for the Half-face Test. (The same beauty test conducted last year in America by the leading dermatologists of 14 cities.)

Every day for a month, each woman washed the right side of her face with Woodbury's Facial Soap. The left side with her own accustomed beauty aids. Every day the doctors compared the two sides. Read their report:

"Dry and scaly skin became soft and smooth. Scales, parchedness and wrinkles disappeared. The oil complexion gave way to a fresh pink. The left side of these faces (cared for by other methods) remained unchanged.

"In cases of oily, and even very oily skin, the use of the soap eliminated the excessive shine.

"Where a skin showed large pores and pimples, these dried out after a short while and disappeared completely; the large pores flattened out and disappeared; while the other half of the face (cared for by other methods) retained its former appearance."

Dr. Theodor Sussman... head of the Dermatological Department of the Rothschild Hospital.

Baroness Kathi Heine-Geldern... descendant of the great poet Heine, was one of the participants. She comments:

"I have participated in the Half-face Test and have found Woodbury's Facial Soap to be superior to my regular toilet ritual. It is truly a revelation what this soap can do without the aid of expensive creams and lotions."

Records of the Vienna clinic show that 40 cases of blackheads, 36 cases of coarse pores, 33 skins with pimples, 11 faces with wrinkles, 14 sallow complexions, 19 dry skins, 22 oily skins... were helped or entirely corrected on the side of the face washed with Woodbury's Facial Soap... while these conditions remained unchanged on the other side of the same faces, cared for by other methods. These records only confirm the results obtained in the nation-wide clinic in leading American cities.

Give your skin this simple beauty treatment which has proved itself more effective than Europe's most expensive beauty aids. Begin tonight to wash your face with Woodbury's! You won't need to wait 30 days to see results. Almost instantly your skin will show new life—and loveliness.

Free Sample

Send this coupon now for liberal sample of Woodbury’s Facial Soap FREE—enough for a week’s treatments. Or send 10 cents to partly cover cost of mailing and receive charming week-end kit containing generous samples of Woodbury's Creams, new Face Powder and Facial Soap.

John H. Woodbury, Inc., 725 Alfred St., Cincinnati, Ohio
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Name:

Address:  

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himself into position. He had a mouth like a red wound in a tenuous black beard. He kept clearing his throat and spitting carefully between his boots.

"A quantity of good stuff on the market today."

Obviously, he was there to enjoy himself. His black hands waved in a delicate gesture to the girls who looked like madamettes taking a day off. They giggled and fidgeted.

Everybody talked and perspired. The place was filled with a green-gray light. The windows looked dirty. There were rows and rows of faces, pale faces, in the well of the court—officials, the jury, the gentlemen of the law, the judge. This presiding officer is a lean man with an irritable intelligent face; he had a gray tuft of hair on his chin like a tusk.

Into this human show came Elsie. Summerhayes, rather like a figure in pale wax, to be stared at by the crowd, appraised, discussed, gaped at. Vane understated, praised, admired. Her voice remained fixed on him for some seconds. She smiled. She sat between two agents, her face pale, her face tranquil.

She was the first case, and it was simple. There was no sex in it, nothing to please the crowd. In this cinema so fidgeted, so threaded, so engaged by the two agents de police.

The crowd grew more restless; it began to fidget, to make a bored face at a public meeting, and yet Vane gathered that the sympathy of the crowd was all on his side. Elsie was a gray hair for the man; she had flavor; she could answer back. There was no fight in that rather plain and quiet young woman who sat as if she were in a church.

Vane became conscious of feeling very tired during Monsieur Pernot's oration. It was histrionic and emotional, and when Monsieur Pernot was emphasizing the extenuating circumstances Vane got the impression that as a Frenchman Monsieur Pernot was not invited to the ball. The ball was one of the worst things to let us have something more provocative! And Vane, observing the bored faces of the crowd, thought they were sharp enough to recognize the importance of the Judge, understood that there could be only one end to all this talk.

But when he heard the verdict and to everybody's surprise he was conscious of a shocked anger.

One year's imprisonment. It was absurd. He made no illegitimate logical product of the machine. He was watching Elsie. She saw one of the agents touch her arm. She rose from her chair, looked across at him, smiled.

Then passed through a door in the wall and disappeared.

Mr. Humphry Grylls could not alter the action of the machine, but he could, and did persuade the authorities to send Elsie to serve her sentence in a prison that was under his control. The Maitre de la Correctionnelle at Fresnes, Mr. Grylls called it “La Maison Masquée.”

In this prison were confined persons whose society was considered too dangerous and their parole was to be kept close. The régime was cellular and silent, and at chapel or when exercising every prisoner wore hard and fast. Elsie's identity was veiled; she could not be stared at or recognized; the penance was her own penance, to be suffered in secret.

On a frigid night, when all the lights were out, Elsie came to him in the darkness. They had locked her in; she had no key; she could not get out. Nor could he, repeating over and over, "Can't get out. Can't get out. No key."

Then gradually her consciousness seemed to clear. She began to externalize, to make herself comprehensible to her environment. She understood that she had lost control of all the life that was outside four walls. As she looked there in the darkness, and she was helpless. People might come and go, remember or forget, care or cease to care. Three hundred and sixty-five days.

She was in love with a man, and her love seemed to be the only thing that was left to her. It was all that she was and might be, a blind and sublimated tenderness, the very essence of her serious soul.

Supposing she should cease to matter? From that moment fear took to itself shape and substance. It was to live with her all the time that she was. It would sit beside her and walk with her and lie beside her. It was to produce in her a kind of drinking from the urge to possess. It would make her feel plain and foolish and insignificant.

How could she hold that which she loved?

What did a man ask for in a woman? Three hundred and sixty-five days!

She would halfway every day some part of his caring for her might fall away and drop like fruit from a tree. This fear made her inarticulate and self-accusation; she was ashamed. She was sick. She might not clutch or try to influence him. She would just sit very still, and wait.
Cordelia Biddle today... Cordelia Biddle nine years ago. Her skin lovely now as then. How does she care for it?

Mrs. T. Markoe Robertson, the former Miss Cordelia Biddle, is the mother of two boys in their teens. She tells frankly just how she keeps her youthful freshness.

As you look at that clear transparent skin, you simply refuse to believe that Cordelia Biddle spends most of her life in the open.

"My rules boil down to two things," she says. "Keeping my skin clean... And protecting it.

"Pond's Cold Cream takes care of the first rule. It is deliciously light. Goes right into the skin, and takes out every speck of dirt.

"You can't swim and golf and skate and ride horseback, season in and season out, and keep a nice skin unless you use some protective.

"That's where Pond's Vanishing Cream comes in. I don't know what's in it. But I do know my skin has never got rough and out-of-doorsy."

For a Simple Home Beauty Treatment... Here's the famous Pond's way that is used by hundreds of women: First, cleansing—Pond's Cold Cream followed by the soft, absorbent Pond's Tissue; then stimulating—Pond's Skin Freshener patted on briskly; then protection and finishing—Pond's Vanishing Cream—and to it your powder clings for hours!

Send 10¢ (to cover cost of postage and packing) for choice of FREE samples.

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Tune in on Pond's, Fridays, 9:30 P. M., E. S. T. Music rhythm for actual dancing... Lea Reisman and his Orchestra—WEAF and NBC Network.
Ham & Eggs—American Style

(Continued from page 51)

beautiful woman I’ve ever seen. Is she really a princess?"

Johnny spoke in an excited whisper, "She’s the reason I’m down here!"

"Yes, why?" I asked tonelessly.

"Boy howdy! You’ve missed a story! She persuaded the prince not to hook up to her, even the Germans and Czechoslovaks, and the politicians did her dirt. Only three days ago they succeeded in having her marriage annulled and brough her out of the Balkans. The prince gets a couple of million berries out of it. Starting pretty tricky with Austria, his only worry being in choosing whom he’ll make his new princess."

The tip we got in the Paris office was that she was going to arrive, and that she’s hopping mad and ready to tell the whole story about the goings-on over there."

Who’s this de Mondy?"

"Just a rich bird who lives at Cannes. Von-kelk’s engaged to marry her for years before she became princess."

"And you called each other by your first names?" "Yes, Mr. Vilas, she speaks English."

"She was an American, once," said Vilas.

"Listen, Mr. Vilas, she knows you and this is a whole story of a girl," Johnny said excitedly. "Don’t you want to handle it?"

"Yes, Johnny," said Vilas calmly. "Then, to the girl, ‘Shall we dance?’"

Vilas and Louise were standing on the terrace, watching the gleaming lights of Antibes across the mirrored blackness of the Mediterranean. From the almost deserted restaurant came the soft music of the Argentine band, whose sweeping crescendos and abrupt, unfinished endings left Vilas strangely wanderstruck."

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“She had tried everything for her skin trouble…”

DR. BRAVO, the noted skin specialist, says,
“Then I prescribed yeast**”

SKIN SUFFERERS, here’s an extremely typical example of how fresh yeast acts to correct bad skin.

This case is one of many from the records of Dr. Julio Bravo, important member of the Spanish Academy of Dermatology. In his words:

“Last year an actress came to consult me with a stubborn skin disorder of the face. She told me she had tried all sorts of remedies without result.

“As the patient was chronically constipated, I advised yeast… three times a day.

“In a very short time her condition improved and the skin eruptions were arrested. I have seen this patient frequently since. She confesses that yeast has corrected her constipation and greatly benefited her health.”

There’s no magic about fresh yeast. It simply has remarkable powers to stimulate, “tone” and cleanse the entire system… ridding it in a natural way of the poisons that lead to complexion blemishes, poor digestion, headaches — “run-down” health.

And as you eat it the first result you notice is better elimination. That’s because yeast actually strengthens your intestines, at the same time softening the wastes in your body so they can be more easily cleared away.

Won’t you try it? Grocers, restaurants and soda fountains have Fleischmann’s Yeast. Eat three cakes a day—one before each meal, or between meals and at bedtime—just plain, or in water (about a third of a glass).


Dr. Hynck, noted authority of the University of Bratislava, states: “Fresh yeast is universally recommended by doctors for... skin troubles... arising from putrefaction in the intestines.”

**IMPORTANT
Fleischmann’s Yeast for health comes only in the foil-wrapped cake with the yellow label. It’s yeast in its fresh, effective form—rich in vitamins B, G and D—the kind famous doctors advise.

(Above) “MY OWN DOCTOR advised Fleischmann’s Yeast to clear the impurities from my system,” writes Miss Emily O’Brien of Mt. Vernon, N. Y.

“I was suffering from indigestion—felt miserable—was sluggish—and began to have eruptions on my face. I was horrified... After eating yeast ten days I had no more indigestion. No headaches. And I could hardly believe it as my complexion began to clear. My experience bears out what doctors say about yeast.”

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to Prague. And then," he continued, a note of anticipation creeping into his voice, "we'll take the Europa home. My resignation means been on file in New York for six months now, and we'll go to our citrus grove in—"

"That expression in her eyes stopped him. "You don't really mean to stay in the States, would we?" she asked. "Just think of all the fun we could have over here in the States, if you wanted to—"

"I don't think," he said, "I can save enough money so I can retire and—"

"But she wasn't listening. Her voice cut off the conversation. "What about Paul, Dad? Has he a perfectly tremendous drag at Washington. I'll bet he could get you some—"

Villas was relieved to have some other and more tangible problem to face at this moment. It was obvious that the boy had grown up. His face was drawn with disappointment. He dropped to the ground beside Louise.

"It's all right, dear," she blurted. "I got nothing but tea and a lot of conversation, mostly about you, Mr. Villas."

"I'll see him. son," said the older man, meeting the issue squarely, "Louise and I are going to be married."

Johnny's face went white, then crimson.

"Oh, Johnny," said the girl, reaching out to touch his hand. "I'm sorry if it makes any difference to you, but we just couldn't help falling in love. You don't really care much, do you? You'll be back when it's over, see? Вendezende things, meeting wonderful people, and some day you'll meet a wonderful girl, a like the princess, and—"

Johnny turned as he stared at Villas. He scrambled to his feet and stood there, shaking with fury. "A swell boss you turned out to be!" he flamed. "Sending me off to get a story so you could make love to my girl! You knew damn well I couldn't get the story, but you just wanted to be alone with Louise."

Villas sat still, not avoiding the boy's raging eyes, letting him have his say. "Johnny, May and April," he sneered. "Well, to go it, but listen: you can have my job and jump into the lake with it, see? I'm through right now."

"Black!" snapped Villas harshly, his gray eyes cold and bleak. "What you think this is, your business? Maybe you're justified; I don't know. But you're on a story and you're not going to be fired, not by a damn or any of your assignments. If you sink away, you'll be blacklisted with every paper in the States. I, personally, will see to it. Understand that? You're to stay right here till you get that story."

"Johnny?" begged Louise, her young face beautiful with earnestness. "Please listen, Johnny! You know how much I care for—"

She hesitated and began again. "We sort of grew up together, Johnny, and I guess we just got used to each other. But I love Paul, and we're going to have a wonderful life together. He's going to retire from newspaper work and get him- self a grand job over here in one of the big capitals and—oh, Johnny, I never knew there was anyone like Paul except in books!"

Villas' face was more gentle as he said it. "I love you, Johnny. Don't decide about quitting until morn- ing. I'm going to leave you two to talk things out. I'll meet you in the casino at ten o'clock."

"Too restless to endure another moment at the casino," thought Villas. Gathering his counters and wandered out into the cool, clean air of the ter- race. But the rising sun was full on the front plaza with an unreal flood of crimson. Tiny waves, splashing on the flat beach, made a sound that was infinitely soothing to his tired mind. Aimlessly he descended a flight of stone steps.

Oddly, he felt a twinge when a voice called to him in the semi-darkness. "Paul, "Sara" he said. "She was standing in the shadow of the terrace, all alone.

"What are you doing here?"

"De Montigny is waiting for me in the barcarole at the end of the pier to decide on something. I'll go up presently."

It was restful just to be near her. You didn't have to say things to Sara. She understood. He lighted a cigarette for her. In the vivid splash of flame her face was sad. Villas was still studying her when his own sent out. No輝 there was something to tell her. It wasn't going to be easy, but it wasn't in his nature to shirk an answer.

"I want you to congratulate me, Sara," he said.

"Sara," she said calmly. "I'm sorry, Paul, but I can't congratulate you. You will both be very unhappy."

"She is very lovely," said Paul, and stopped the feeling that he was feeling again. "I hope you will. I hope I can make her happy."

"Yes," he said, "you are special. Little, Paul aren't you handsome enough, you used to be? Don't you want to retire to that Florida grove?"

"Sara," repeated Louise sharply. "I've given that up. I love you too much. I love you too magnificently alive. I'm buried. I have no right to take her out of the world. Later, perhaps, in a few years—"

"My poor Paul," she said softly. "Your citrus grove has moved from where you can find it to the very end of the rain- bow. You'll have to begin all over again, Paul. You'll have to begin the life of a young man unless you wish to break and make her sad, and make her as old as you."

Sudden Villas remembered that he had danced uncounted miles in the past three nights. He had not slept before sunrise since he had met Louise. Other nights, limitless nights, when he could dance until dawn stretched out ahead of him. God! How tired he was! Louise, and young Johnny, too, had loved it. Maybe they could dance forever, it seemed. How long would she, already tired at forty, be able to keep pace with Louise? What would happen when he became too weary to go on?"

"If the prince hadn't stolen most of the beautiful pictures from his little town in his coastal, restful voice. "I should like to buy your little grove in Florida. I remember what you used to tell me: The sun is hot in the daytime and the nights are always cool. There is not too much to do. You have time to sit aside and remember things that you thought you'd forgotten."

"Don't, Sara!"

"I'm too young, either, Paul. I'm thirty-eight, and I've had a telephone and—oh, Paul, I've had them all and God has made me very tired. America is, after all, home. I should like to go back to America and put on an old dress and low-heeled shoes and—"

"Sara?" he cried. "Sara, I loved you each other once. Let's start life over again, you and I. I can give you whatever I would be wicked. After a while she'd hate me. And I'd be tired of living. There's a Hallin liner leaving from Villefranche tomorrow morning. Let's take it. We'll have the captain marry us."

He made no answer. He went on restlessly:

"We're going to do it, Sara! Never mind the details; I'll take care of everything. Just one thing you must do. You'll have to let young Black interview you. It'll be a great thing for him. It'll save his future with the States, and I'll have done my duty by the office, and to him, and—yes, and to Louise!"

Her hand was in his. Very solemnly he went over and kissed it.

The asthmatic taxicab shuddered to a stop. Louise Fraizer and Johnny Black raced across the porch, but it was too late. Black glancing toward the jetty, studied the outline of a great liner at anchor in deep water.

"That's the boat, all right," he mur- mured. "Once again I take that paper from my pocket and glanced at it."

My dear Louise (he read): Take good care of Johnny. I'll be an easy and happier job for me in my declining years. You are a sweet child, and you love Johnny, so marry him as soon as he gets his well-earned raise for the swell story he wrote last night. I'll send you a wedding present from the States. I'm leaving on the Revillon tomorrow."

"Do you see him?" asked Louise, as the little boat drew slowly away.

"Yes," he said, "but—"

From the forward end of the tender came a sudden thump, followed by a deep voice raised in angry expostulation.

**NAME or a name of a name!**

The idiomatic French came clearly to the ears of the two on the wharf. "Re- gard that trunk! Is it that you must play le tennis with my luggage? For two francs I'd buy! Allez! Allez!"

Simultaneously their eyes flew toward the sound of that remembered voice. There was a muffled throb from below, and a bally suit was perched at a trenched angle on his grizzled head as he berated the clumsy porters.

Standing just behind him, and looking on with a quiet smile of understanding and admiration, were the dark features, beneath the dark sun-glasses that obscured her eyes, were vaguely seen the spot dress of an ancient vintage, flat-heeled shoes and a soft, close-fitting hat.

"Paul!" Louise called uncertainly.

Paul Villas turned, saw the smartly dressed pair on the sea wall. "Well," said Louise shakily, "I guess it was a success."

She felt a firm pressure on her arm. Slowly, thoughtfully, the two turned and reentered the waiting taxicab.
"I smoke like a chimney
.. but my teeth never show it"

It is probably welcome news to men who smoke, as well as women, that Listerine Tooth Paste has amazing ability to remove not only tobacco stains but other unsightly discolorations from teeth.

All tooth pastes do not do this. Some achieve fair success. Listerine Tooth Paste does it superlatively well. We have the enthusiastic word of a good many hundred men and women for that.

If you haven't tried Listerine Tooth Paste, do so now. See the improvement in the looks of your teeth after one or two brushings. Look at them at the end of two weeks and you will wonder why you were ever content with the results of other tooth pastes.

Your own examination will show you that your teeth are cleaner, whiter, healthier, and that your gums are firmer and sounder. It will be a source of satisfaction to you also to realize that when you use Listerine Tooth Paste, your breath will be sweeter. That is to be expected. It contains some of the deodorant essences of Listerine itself. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Missouri.

The makers of Listerine Tooth Paste recommend
PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC TOOTH BRUSHES

At 25¢ the tube, Listerine Tooth Paste saves you approximately $3.00 per year over tooth pastes in the 50¢ class.

Things you can buy with that $3.00 it saves

<table>
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<tr>
<th>HANDKERchieFS, Rose, or HAT</th>
<th>SWEATER, GLOVES, or Moccasins</th>
<th>OVERALLS or Lumber JACKET</th>
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<td>SWEATERS, or DRESS SHOE</td>
<td>HOUSE SLIPPERS, or SHOES</td>
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<td>RAINBOW, or RAINDAY</td>
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<td>COLLARS, or MUFFLER</td>
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Listerine TOOTH PASTE ... 25¢
Language of Love by Stephen Morehouse Avery

(Continued from page 63)

pretended to be a rotisserie and found themselves in front of a long bar crowded with men drinking beer. Lola led him into one of the booths along the wall.

"You like the waiter. "Plain water on the side."

"I'll be havin' the Scotch, too," said Macgowan. He sat with Lola in the booth, his hands, hands, hands, and drank and said, as if it were an adventure. "It won't hurt you, Lola."

"Won't it make me cough?"

It didn't seem to make her cough, that drink or the next one. Macgowan had four but the stuff was cut to nothing and he scarcely felt it. Macgowan was not that kind of younger. He didn't have the look of young Dorrland and that little house he had over in Corona. He was thinking about the day Bobby Starbuck had gone off the ship because his wife was going to have a son. They had all razed Bobby. They said then in Basque and said, "She would be the death of him." He nodded his head in glad of it and punched McNamara in the nose.

Macgowan told Lola about that and she said without saying anything until at last she asked: "If you had a wife that had a little baby, what'd you do, Macgowan?"

Macgowan blushed all the way down to his collar. "I guess I'd hit McNamara," he said. He said this with no excuse of a reason, he said that he had no idea why Lola was gripping his middle finger so hard. Her eyes were closed and a couple of tears squeezed out of them, and then turned up and out. Macgowan began to gulp and blink also, without any particular reason.

Lola said: "Well, if we're goin' to dinner, big boy, I got to go telephone."

Tell your mother it's okay and I'll take care of you," said Macgowan. Lola made her way down beyond the long bar to a door marked "Ladies." There was a washstand in there and a mirror, and she could see how her lips had turned blue, and she began repairing the damage her tears had done.

"Oh, no!" she muttered. "Bawlin' like that over a ham-fisted milkie!" Then she began to cry again.

After a while she had her face smoothed out. It was a pretty face, but they showed all the struggle of maintaining a pretty face, too: a little off-guard furrow between her eyes, the light corners of her mouth. In a way, it showed a seven- or eight-year history of Lola, the little-town girl who could dance, and Broadway and hopes of her name, but the only thing she could do was to keep her cheeks up, and the blue furrow between her eyes, the light corners of her mouth. She was a rare girl, but more a boy than a girl. She was strong and capable of doing the things she did. She was not made for the life she led, or the kind of man who led it.

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Have another cup? make it 5—if you like—of DATED coffee

FIVE cups of coffee every day, if you like... Wouldn't this be wonderful news to every coffee lover?

But it's true! New scientific findings prove it. The normal healthy adult has a "coffee tolerance" of 5 cups a day—drinks this amount with benefit... If the coffee is fresh.

It's the rancid oil in stale coffee that often interferes with digestion... that is a frequent cause of headaches, sleeplessness and "nerves." And unless your coffee is dated, you can't be sure it is fresh.

That is why Chase & Sanborn give you Dated coffee. So you know it is fresh.

Rushed fresh from the roasting ovens. The date of delivery on every pound. And none allowed to remain on your grocer's shelf more than 10 days.

If you want 5 cups a day—drink it! Chase & Sanborn's is good for you because it's fresh. The dating proves it's fresh!

SCIENTIFIC AUTHORITY

Present scientific knowledge establishes the facts that the normal healthy adult has a coffee "tolerance" of fully 5 cups a day and that this amount of coffee for the average person is healthfully stimulating.

"Tolerance" means the ability of one's body to receive and utilize and enjoy without the slightest bad effect. But—that coffee must be fresh! The regular drinking of stale coffee has bad effects on the digestion.
He Is Giving the Kids a Break (Continued from page 65)

you some of the plans we have—but leave me out of it.

First, I was conducted through the Ann J. Kellogg public school, a beautiful living memorial to Mr. Kellogg’s mother—which is to be used as the nucleus in this great undertaking. I met up with adults concerned with child health and education, for the handicapped child as well as for the normal child. Here, on the same spot where Mr. Kellogg and his wife lived at Battle Creek more than sixty years ago, the most extraordinary school in America has been built. Also, the building cost was $17 million in gold dollars that the building and equipment cost was given by Mr. Kellogg, and he is pledged to furnish seventeen thousand dollars annually to meet the expenses of the special health services and instruction for some two hundred physically or mentally handicapped children among the total enrollment of seven hundred.

It’s going to be hard to write about what I saw that afternoon I spent in this school without getting a little sentimental. You know, right now, lots of people seem to feel that America has finished her days of spiritual leadership and inspiration, and that we’re just coasting along on our great record of the past. Well, I think that’s not true. I visited the Battle Creek with me and go through this unbelievable school. Why, you would hardly call it a school—it’s a combination of hospital and clinic and a great social laboratory.

I saw little children with twisted, shrivelled legs that touch their special built pool, and I saw twenty kiddies at a time singing and laughing through their sun-bath. And I forced a jump down my throat when I watched mentally subnormal children being taught a simple trade that would make them at least partly independent citizens. And I conversed with a “difficult” little girl who had suffered from nerves and had been talked out of them, and now was as happy as a bird in the spring; and I shall never forget the tiny boy who just didn’t get along at all—until it was found he was under-nourished and after a month in the months in the Open Air Group, who can’t eat food and live on. I took a two-hour nap, and he was started on the highroad to health and happiness.

A prudential is the Kellogg Foundation is this Ann J. Kellogg School. What is worked out here will be transferred to other units and other developments. It will prove of immeasurable benefit in finding out just what can be done for handicapped children, but the great dream of the foundation is to one day completely eliminate as far as possible the physical and mental handicaps of children.

“We want to go back of the child—before the child is born—to the parents,” kindly Doctor Pritchard explained to me.

“We wish to insure the health and normality of the child by insuring the health of the parents. If we can have even a generation of healthy-born children—that’s our dream. By proper food, education and environment—we’ll have a much smaller problem regarding under-privileged children.”

But is it going to make healthy parents?” I demanded.

“By the help of the family physicians, the educators, the clergy, the nutritionists, the people will be taught the value of health teachings, race betterment, hygiene and preventive medicine and its economic worth to the community,” the doctor explained. “No matter how great the Kellogg Foundation may be—and Mr. Kellogg is very wisely letting it prove its value before he places any great sum of money into it—we must concentrate our efforts on a few community units and in. We scatter our efforts, and we’ll find that we can’t do a thing. We’ll make a small start in a few counties and work away there on health and education for a reasonable number of years, we believe we can show that there is a place for the healthy, normal children that many others will follow our example.

As a result, it’s true—but it’s true—that slum children in cities are healthier than children in the average country. Poor city children and their parents have had the benefit of visiting nurses, free clinics, and medical and dental inspection in their schools.

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Silence...utter silence...

Then Stokowski's hands sweep upward!

PHILCO MODEL 11X, shown above, $150 Federal Tax Paid—PATENTED—Contains every worthwhile radio improvement—many exclusively PHILCO. Musicians, especially, appreciate the following scientific points of superiority:—1. The PHILCO Inclined Sounding Board throws all sounds up into field of listener, making all high notes heard for the first time. 2. Large-area soft sounding board insures full reproduction of low notes. 3. Echo Absorbing Screen at the back prevents echo and blur, the first radio to deliver sound only from front of speaker. 4. Open sounding board instead of sound chamber affords clear unboxed tone.

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PHILCO REPLACEMENT TUBES IMPROVE THE PERFORMANCE OF ANY SET

In Philadelphia's historic Academy of Music there comes a moment of absolute silence. Then Stokowski's hands—masterful, creative, expressive hands—sweep a celebrated orchestra into Beethoven's 5th Symphony.

The air is electric. The audience sits spellbound—charmed by Stokowski's interpretation of pianissimo passages—thrilled by the imaginative genius displayed in the rendition of sonorities.

All too small is the possible audience which can attend those concerts. Yet Stokowski and his whole mighty orchestra will come to your living room as if in person through the magic of PHILCO. Both are PHILCO.

PHILCO—a radio scientifically designed as a musical instrument—will bring every note broadcast, every delicate shading and modulation that goes "on the air". PHILCO will become the whole Philadelphia Orchestra from the top note of the piccolo down through the whole orchestral range to the profoundest note of the tuba.

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Rembrandt Studios, Inc.
dresses for Dorothy and a huge jack-knife for William, fit as well as that could be toward them for the simplicity of the gifts, yet they seemed not to mind. And evidently they were liking her parents. For, before the exercises were over, Dorothy was sitting close to the tall mother, and Michael, next to her father, was looking up broad-eyed and strong before the man, apparently for his approval.

They were home in the two-seated car behind the fat old horse, their hilarity intensified by the anticipation of hanging up their stockings. And home, not that was the word, was that old wing-and-ell house in which her own childhood had been spent. Again she held up that placid hope of Michael and Dorothy not to dislike it, not to make fun of the plain old place.

But evidently they had no intention of doing so. They entered it with interest, looked inquisitively through all the comfortable rooms, explored the low-ceiled upstair and the garret with its accumulations of queer old things.

Mother set out a lunch on the kitchen table to which daughter and son, the family perched around the homely old room while they ate. And the silent stars went by.

In the evening, as Michael, with incongruously rapid changes of time and season, they were all making garden, were spread, the red of the bed, the black of the chrysanthemums, were all made out of the picnic on the creek bank, roasting potatoes in ashes.

With growing surprise she saw how thoroughly Michael and Dorothy entered into the life, what a comrade her father was making of Michael, what devotion existed between their mother and Dorothy.

The family did everything together, as always. Their contacts embodied much of the beauty of life. In its simplicity was rich and full.

And now she began to be troubled. Some vague sense of responsibility for Michael was imposed upon her, a sense of some obligation, that as she had brought them here, so must she return them. In this dawning of the sense of her duty to them she became more maternal than childish; was, suddenly, all mother.

She began urging them to return. She asked them to move a district that she would cover in her car. She would come to know each family and its particular problems. She would see over every school in her district and during the summer months as well as the school year she would keep in touch with the family and see that whatever was needed to improve the health of the child is done. If there is no money for the special examinations required, or for operations, the doctor would write to the family physician to take care of them.

"But more important than all that—" the nurse will see to the health of the child," she continued. "And even more extra-special care. She will see that all expectant mothers have medical advice, and not only the wealthy in the cities normally have. She will have a great deal to do with bringing in a new generation of healthy-born and normal children.

"We will concentrate on Barry County and then expand to include two adjoining counties, so as to form a real work unit. The plan is not limited to race, creed, or geographical boundaries.

"Well, this sensitive, almost shy man of seventy-one who made all this possible doesn't have to worry about its being just a pipe dream. It is the sort of brave and pathetic desire to touch his hair and help build a new world that Columbus had. It is an explorer's job he is doing.

"Each child is a new thinking machine, and the quiet, dark-haired Mr. Kellogg lives to see the first of these better-born children. And I hope he lives to see them better fed and better housed and better educated. It will be a long enough to enough to become better citizens and better mothers and fathers in their own right!"

The Silent Stars Go By (Continued from page 37)
This Christmas —

Economy puts on smart airs . . . when gay

Cutex Gift Sets cost so very little

What you can get these little masterpieces for this year is going to be an eye opener to you!

The Cutex Compact Set, Five Minute Set, and Traveling Set (all including absolutely everything you can think of for glorifying the finger nail) are practically being given away to deserving Christmas shoppers!

Anyway, the prices are insignificant.

Although, if you still have a fine big home over your head and want to do the Handsome Thing, you can splurge just a bit on the glittering Cutex De Luxe Set. Or the new Cutex Club Kit — real leather with patented fastening.

Or create an expensive atmosphere for comparatively little with two exquisite pink and gold sets . . . the Cutex Marquise Set . . . and the Cutex Boudoir Set, both très élégants, with bakelite trays.

The Boudoir Set and Club Kit contain a tiny porcelain finger rest for applying polish.

Women adore Cutex because it prevents females of the Mean Variety from finding Anything to criticize. And does something to admiring males that they don’t understand but quite regularly fall for.

So let no maiden you’re fond of scamper to her Tree this Yuletide without finding one of these Cutex gems tied to a prominent branch!

Northam Warren

New York - Montreal - London - Paris

Prices to suit every purse . . . 28¢ to $3.85
The Little Town of Bethlehem (Continued from page 59)

Y
ev her Early idea of beauty prevails here, which always occurs upon a wedding—and it is a fact that even transplanted Bethlehemites cannot use conjugal splendor. The wife only from among their own people—is an amazing feast to the eye not afraid of visual indulgence. The bride seems dusty, soft, angelic, shy, in her gown of homespun silk, purple, with vertical stripes of green, widened by gored scarves of scarlet; her gown is brilliant, a cardshower, folded sash, and her jacket of crimson plush, still with multicolored embroideries. Only in the extreme heat do the women still wear the shalot, that conical headdress draped with a veil, called mahkina in Europe.

Nor is it only in dress that citizens of Bethlehem retain their ancient ways, despite the constant influx of Western improvements. Young mothers—much too young—carry their infants about slung in a shawl at the back, further supported by a tumpline across the forehead. At birth a child is covered with salt, arms tightly bound to its sides, and the whole dressed and wrapped around with a yellowing rope into a sort of cocoons. It remains salted so for a week, and swaddled for six months; which is believed to be of great medicinal constitution.

Methods of agriculture also have resisted Western influence. About Bethlehem, the first material is the scarlet scarlet—also red in color—of the common man power—and of woman power and child power, too—the grain is still reaped by hand, and winnowed with the wind; and what is lost in the fields is not wasted, being still the purview of those who have no fields, as in the days when widowed Ruth gleaned there and the alien corn was loved by the rich man, Boaz. Judea does not take kindly to modern labor-saving devices. What does she need? A horse, and to be better use can be put than labor? All the winding narrow streets and lane-ways like best to do—uphill single file, around will-springing, creeping, going up into a sort of cocoon. It remains salted so for a week, and swaddled for six months; which is believed to be of great medicinal constitution.

Churches of the Nativity, the oldest church left in Christendom, built in A.D. 327 by Emperor Constantine, the convert. The church was destroyed by fire and near by to guard it. In the market square outside the church are dining tables around which are seated for the animals who bring them.

The present door of the nave is very low, so that tall pilgrims must bow their heads. Inside the nave, the double rows of columns, and many hanging lamps in the Oriental fashion. Below, in the crypt, a star set into the pavement marks the exact spot in a rock grotto where the Nativity is believed to have occurred. Here during Christmas week young mothers of the town bring swaddled babes to lay in the manger, and by the light of the morning sun, it is an air of cheerfulness, of modest well-being, quite different from the curious fatalistic indifference of Islam. You realize suddenly that for all its Arab look and setting, Beit Lahm is not an Arab town, it is Christian.

Priests, lured thither by the Star—for though redemption of the Holy Sepulcher was their shibboleth, it has always been the birthplace of the Messiah who held our newspapers in such a fury with them into the rough life of the West, things more important than rare Damascene silks and inlaid woods, metal and ivory, and precious stones. So it was that simple Bethlehem, lacking to this day any especial culture of its own, remained the backpack of the greatest constructive philosophy of living the world has known, but also of what we call materialization.

If the Crusaders left irreplaceable traces upon Europe's history, they also left their mark upon Palestine—not only upon the landscape and the battles they fought but upon the people. Many come upon throughout that much-fought-over terrain, but also traces less obvious. Bethlehem boas that most of her population are the descendants of Crusaders, which may account for the subtly different look it bears from any other white Arab city set upon a hill.

Haunted country, all those treecles burning in the Jerusalem region; hallowed for us Franks and Angles not only by ancient prophets and warriors and mighty men of Israel, but by mighty men of the Church. All, and perhaps Allenby may have left there, and Lawrence of Arabia, to each his own . . .

She had watched from afar, six miles, was a greater distance in those days than in these—the siege of Jerusalem, its capture and reoccupation; it was also a long era that, of how stout old Raymond of Galilee besought his fellow knights to go to the rescue of his own lady, the holy shrine in her distant castle of Tiberias, declaring that it was only another pity that they could not scatter their forces, and of how they did, and how they died on the field of Hattin, as became the Flower of Chivalry, even to the last Christian hope, and on of Christian dominion. . . .

All this Bethlehem knew, going quietly the while about her quiet affairs.

At the last final, when a menace greater even than Islam swept suddenly down upon them out of the farther East, and what remained was left in Palestine of the Knights Hospitalers and the Templars forgot their own differences to stand shoulder to shoulder with grandндекс's men when they were defeated most terribly together at Gaza—when the merciless Persians horde was in full flight, and the Crusaders all food, so that of Moslem mosque and Christian church alike not one stone was left, it was the falsifying, the inward pain alone that escaped destruction. And why? Because the Kharisians vandals had chanced to notice, in a dim old Byzantine mosaic over the altar place, that the three Magi pictured there wore Persian garments like their own.

So, long after the turbulent dream of Eastern Christendom had faded almost from memory, Bethlehem remained on guard over her holy place; waiting for the day when she could ring with the sound of bells yet again. As they had come, hundreds and thousands of them, and are still coming; for the mass of the faithful, the Magi and the Crusaders, making new homes upon holy soil, surrounding the birthplace of our civilization with modern hotels, inns, hospitals, and skyscrapers, and now no concern. I want to keep my picture-book memory of it as nearly intact as possible; a page to turn to whenever there is need of a draft from David's well.
EVERYBODY LIKES YOU

WHEN YOU RADIATE YOUTH, HEALTH AND HIGH-SPIRITS!

SOME days you feel swell. Everything turns out right and everybody likes you.

Other days you feel "low"—grouchy, half-alive, nothing goes right—and other people have all the fun.

When you feel like that, it's time for Sal Hepatica. It's time to get rid of the poisons and wastes that are clogging your system. Until you're internally clean, you won't know what it is to feel sparkling and healthy.

Instead of envying other people their joy in living, buy a bottle of Sal Hepatica. Tomorrow morning stir a teaspoonful of sal hepatica into a big glass of water, and drink down the sparkling mixture!

In half an hour, the poisons have been flushed from your system. You feel fine!

Don't think that Sal Hepatica is "just a laxative." Sal Hepatica offers the same benefits as do the European health springs. And doctors recommend the saline treatment for run-down, half-sick patients.

Sal Hepatica does far more than any ordinary laxative can do! It clears the blood stream of poisons! It tones up the system. It gets at the causes of colds, digestive disorders, headaches, rheumatism, skin blemishes.

Begin with Sal Hepatica tomorrow morning, and find out what it is to enjoy life!

CONSTITUTION
Whenever you wake up with any symptoms of constipation—take 2 teaspoonfuls of Sal Hepatica in a glass of water. Promptly, orally, the wastes will be flushed away.

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To relieve tension which causes so many headaches, take a teaspoonful of Sal Hepatica in a glass of water and repeat in 15 minutes if not relieved.

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The first step in clearing a cold is to flush the system with 4 to 6 teaspoonfuls of Sal Hepatica in a glass of water. Continue before breakfast to keep free of congestion.

BAD COMPLEXION
When an elimination flush the system with 2 to 4 teaspoonfuls of Sal Hepatica in a glass of water. Keep free of acidity by taking 1 to 6 teaspoonfuls before meals and retiring.

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Kindly send me the free booklet, which explains the many benefits of Sal Hepatica.

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Range Bred by Alan Le May (Continued from page 73)

mop of red hair, and she wore a green silk shift and a gold-embroidered belt to set it off, her hair for the spectacular made her a striking figure in any man's arena."

"Oh, yes," Glory said, "and he forgot also, "if that broom-tail mounts him."

She chuckled. "I'm sure crazy about that man! But maybe a good girl don't do him any harm."

Glory Austin said nothing. For a moment she wondered what had ever convinced her that a handsome man could be as different from herself. Then she forgot Lois, as the gate swung.

Here he comes! A galvanized silence heralded him for an instant as Murdershot gathered himself, whirled, and shot into the open blast of the sun.

GLORY'S TRAINED EYE saw the savage twist of the tail red bronc as he whirled in the ring, his head thrown low to the ground and zigzagged, snapping himself like a quirt. Pete Reese came sliding, as hot on one Pete," Lois lisped off, as fast as him with those terrific side-whipping snips, Glory saw that Pete was raking Murdershot's neck with his tape- covered hands and trying to take him back. Be his every jump Murdershot bawled-the throaty scream of a fighting bronc. Lois tried to rise, but the crowd began to roar, for Pete still rode. Ten seconds ended an official ride, and now the whistle screamed, signaling in the pick-up.

It was the job of the pick-up men to swing Pete out of the saddle. Ordinarily, it was part of a practice routine to pick up the rider, but with this horse it was different. He was halfway down the field way, and his erratic twistings made it tough for the pick-up horses. Jack Evers, hoping on the right, jammed his pony in close.

Murdershot started in mid- buck, stood on his head, and his heels smashed off at the hasting horn. Jack Evers' horse staggered still, quirt on its ear. Jack was sitting with his head down, half doubled up in the saddle.

Murdershot had changed his course, and Jack's pick-up partner on the other side of the bronc was caught as he closed to make his try. Murdershot cannoned into the pick-up, and the pick-up horse and rider went down.

For once in Glory's life a horse had her afraid. She was obsessed by the idea that Murdershot would not be satisfied with losing his man, but would stop and trample him. The red horse was insane, crazy in the manner of a fighting wolf, his smash at Jack Evers showed that.

Glory did not realize that she also was races about his pony, the pony's evening on the heels of the bronc, until Lois' voice reached her from behind, frantic with warning. "Glory, you fool, stay out of the way."

Glory did not stay out. There were other horses coming up, but the nearest on her side was fighting his head and his rider was gone down. Glory had been given a brief opportunity. It wasn't a big chance, and it involved no heroism. It was just one of those second chances on which a rider can bring a hard-earned skill to bear in the moment in which it is most needed.

Glory cut fast, spurring her buckskin pony against the flank of the red bucking. She was not trying for the ride of her life on Murdershot, but, from long experience that Murdershot would straighten out, once he was free of the blinder flanking. She leaned far out and grabbed at the loose end of the strap.

Murdershot swung away, half dragging her with him. She surged back, his heels smashing at Glory's pony. The buckskin staggered, as Jack Evers' horse had done a few seconds before, and the breeders' teeth cut. But the flank strap was cut loose.

The worst of the crazy fight went out of Murdershot suddenly. He bucked stiffly, but a new rider coming in on the left—Tom Hansen this time—was able to close in. Hansen picked Pete out of the saddle; Pete swung from the truck of Hansen's horse, and was on the ground.

Glory pulled up, and sat breathing, the sweat-bathing off the face. She heard Pete on his feet, looking around as if uncertain where his ride had taken him.

"It put two men out of business," Tom Hansen said, and he shut his eyes as if dabbing a rope on you—or you him, if you'd known it. Then you threw in with Lois. Lo Barts, she gets right to work prying him loose."

"They don't make 'em like Pete," Glory said steadily.

"Let me tell you this: the rider don't live that's worth a good snap in the pants with a romal. I know; honey, I know.

Glory said, "I left you, and Lois has his money on toes in Old Mexico. He gets his money, all right, but it's land trouble with you! Don't know trying to kid me, either—I know. He started working on you way back in the middle of last season, the first time he ever seen you. And you gave him your heart and he made you as good as dabling a rope on you—or you him, if you'd known it. Then you throw in with Lois. Lo Barts, she gets right to work prying him loose."

"They don't make 'em like Pete," Glory said steadily.

"Let me tell you this: the rider don't live that's worth a good snap in the pants with a romal. I know; honey, I know."

"The kid'll be a big man in the Southwestern, glory. I don't see to him. I've got a belief in him counted in the score. About the pick of the crop, such as it is. But I'm not going to see you on him so."

Glory Austin surrendered; you couldn't hide anything from old Kate. "I can hold steady."

"I know." Rowdy Kate had watched the riders come and go. She had known a hundred Lois Barts before now, and perhaps one or two that I'll never meet. Glory's father had been a cattle king; and Kate perceived in the girl a valid aristocracy—a kind her father might have seen in any other country than this western country—an aristocracy of thousand-mile ranges, dusters, bellowing herds and wild horses.

"Pete, Kate understale, is just a tad above the average. Free-and-easy Lois Bart could rope and tie a whole parade of men—or she could be a man herself. That's Murdershot. Behind Glory's eyes gray gates could close. But Lois Bart's eyes were different—warm, sidelong eyes; behind them were no gates at all.

"Men are all saps," Kate said; "and that little hooker is too fast for you, kid."

"Pete didn't seem to need her. I've got to get out of all this. I can't ever forget him, Kate, if I keep seeing him around."

"Oh, Kate," Kate said, "I don't."

"Kate, would be the best thing. Though if it was me—I" She broke off abruptly.

THE COLOR had gone out of Glory's face again, and now Kate could see that her man was in the broadcloth below Glory's knee; it had a wet look. Kate rapped the top of Glory's half-boot with the butt of her quirt; Glory flinched and the leg gave under her.

"Uh-huh," Kate said, holding her up. "I knew I seen that bronc who you. Probly split wide open!" Kate swept an arm under Glory's knees and picked her up.

"I'm some down! I tell you I'm—"

"Yeah, you're all right. You told me that already. Ka's shouldered her way out the riders' gate. Now, will you shut your fool head, or will I bust you one?"

Glory Austin walked into rodeo head- quarters, her face that was so red, her beauty seemed numb except for the aching beat of the pulse, but she wouldn't limp.

Tomorrow would be the second of the three days, and one of the exhilarating features would be a special ride by one of the girls, on a horse that had distin-

A woman who had wanted the ride had to draw for the horse tonight, and it was like drawing for

1933

Hearst's International-Cosmopolitan for January, 1933
Gay new Cameras for the Christmas Shopper

KODAK SIX-16

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2. Made in one of Eastman’s German factories. The prize gift for the camera enthusiast. Hardly larger than the hand. Yet fashioned with such precision and fitted with such refinements that its pictures are critically sharp and clear. Without releasing, it gives sixteen small negatives which produce magnificent enlargements. Price with the ultra-fast f/2 anastigmat lens, Compur shutter, and case, $7.50.

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There’s an Eastman camera to please every age, every degree of experience. Cameras at every price. Cameras in every style. A camera will be received with delight on Christmas day and used with keen pleasure throughout the year.

Give a camera. Your Kodak dealer has these fresh new Christmas Kodaks, Brownies, and Ciné-Kodaks, for your selection. See him early and you will settle your Christmas shopping problems quickly—with gifts that provide a lifetime of entertainment and enjoyment for those who receive them.

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money, for twenty-five dollars went with the ride, scratch, grab, or thrown; with seventy-five dollars more if the ride qualified.

"Girl who rode would have her stirrups hobbled out of their free swing, making it easier to stay, and there would be a new rider. If a rider thought for themselves none Jake Hutchinson had named Murdershot as the logical horse.

Two headquarters had been set up in Billy Wylde's log cabin. When the rodeo people were gathered there they overflowed down the little frame structure. Just now though, a big dance was going on over at Miners' Hall, and nearly all the riders were over there—including Ben and Louise. Louise had walked over however, with Rose Moran, a buxom girl who rode the broncs by main strength; and Ben Oliver, a dark, hawk-faced girl, flat and handsome as a cowboy.

"Where's Lois Bart?" Jake asked.

"Glory, you going to draw for Lois?"

"I don't run Lois Bart," Glory said.

"Go ahead and put her in the draw, if you want. I figure to draw for myself."

"That isn't right," Beas Oliver contended, and Lois Bart's partners, and they split the money. Why should they get two draws for their money?

"I don't know nothing about that," said Jake. "This is the way we always done it.

"It is turned out, it made no difference; Glory Austin drew Murdershot, as somehow she had known she would. The others tried to date her for the evening before she got away. She turned them down.

She went back to her room at the edge of the hotel, and Beas people looked for space in the hotels, but in Las Cruces Glory was always taken in by a half-Mexican girl, and once elected for Glory's mother. The old adobe was clean and unpretentious; its little windows looked upon the desert.

Lois Bart had come in. In her cool room, faintly lighted by an old-fashioned hand lamp, Glory Austin suddenly felt terribly alone. Until there was nothing to do but go to bed with the ache of her injury she had not realized how much she had meant to meet Pete down at headquarters.

She went to bed and allowed herself to weep a little, until the breeze off the desert lips, the whispering of the coyote. Then she felt better, and presently went to sleep.

It was p.m. at p.m., one, excirberant and noisy. Glory was sitting up by the time Lois had lighted the lamp.

That old adobe room was kind to Glory Austin, unkind to Lois Bart. In this room mixed, rose-colored light, tired, and a little hard. But Glory Austin, with her soft dust-colored hair, her shoulders, had the glow of soft people, and she thought, "One of them she was a different, soft-lined, white-shouldered Glory—a girl such as Pete Reese had never known to see.

"Where was you?" Lois demanded.

"Pete Reese hauled me to the dance."

"It was too late for it," of course, Lois said; "I never knew you could get the cow of a lounging alley."

Lois Bart grinned and stretched luxuriously, shaking out her red hair. "Pete'll be glad you got it," she said.

"Can I help it if he runs after me?"

"What do you care?"

"Say, I heard you drew me that Murdershot ride. That's swell! I can ride that bronc from head to foot."

"You heard wrong," said Glory.

"Rut? Why, Rose Moran said you talked Jake Hutchinson into letting both our names in the hat, and you drew—"

"I drew Murdershot for myself."

"For yourself? Say, you don't want to ride Murdershot, do you? Why, some women's partners, ain't we? I ride that—"

"I think," said Glory, "you'll do nothing of the kind."

Lois Bart had changed her tactics. "Look here, Glory. I'm not saying you can't ride. You can take a tough broom-tail and make an Indian of him quicker than anybody can. But this rodeo riding is different. There's no use—"

"Don't worry about splitting the hundred," Glory said easily. "I'm not planning to—all right."

"It isn't that, I heard you got hurt this afternoon. I heard you had to have your leg put up."

"A little hood-out isn't anything," Glory said stubbornly.

"Glory, that isn't fair! That isn't what we agreed to when we went partners. I'm supposed to do the bronc riding and you're supposed to do the other stuff. Which is why I say if—"

"You're worrying about missing a chance to astonish Pete Reese," Glory said disarmingly.

"Well, maybe I am. Lois admitted.

"I'm the one that can make a show of it, ain't I? They argued while Lois was undressing, and they still argued after the light was out, Glory sticking doggedly to her right to go ahead, and she had been the last to go when it was Glory who gave in. She gave in because she was weary and disgusted, and the kick Murdershot had given her had hurt mildly; but mostly because she was sick of the whole policy of show-off that was Lois Bart's stock in trade. And now she had the strength behind her own stubbornness for what it was—which was nothing more than a desire to make a flash ride for Pete's benefit.

"Take the horse and ride him to hell and back, if you can," she said at last.

"Attagirl!"

To win second-day money in the trick riding took everything Glory Austin had. After it she was too tired to dismount that she feared she would stumble and go down if she tried it; so she sat her lathered-splashed pony near the church and the hammering in her hurt leg to ease. It was time for Lois Bart to make her ride; Murdershot was already at the end of the arena. The announcer's loud-speaker was blazing:

"Yesterday you saw Murdershot fly a good man to a standstill. Today—"

With her eyes set on the distance, trying to make sure that her head was going to stay clear until the effect of her hand was on the end of the line, Glory Austin did not see Pete Reese come up until he was at her stirrup.

Pete's heft and the feel as if she were on a low-understood pony, which was not. As he looked up at her, she had a sudden impulsive desire to let herself keel out of the saddle into his arms. But she sat stiffly, poker-faced.

"Say, look here," Pete said. "I heard you got hurt yesterday. What kind of fraud is that?"

The gray gates closed behind Glory Austin's eyes. "Just one of those rumors, Pete."

"I knew that," he said, "when I saw you trick ride. You sure rode like a streak! But last night I kind of worried. I looked all over for you."

"I was well hid," Glory said. "I was at rodeo headquarters."

"Well, I missed you, then. And this morning, after I heard you'd given Lois your Murdershot ride. I thought you must be hurt for sure."

"Well, we figured Lois could do better with it than I could."

"You hear heard Lois or any other girl that ever saddled a bronc, and you know it. I'll say more than that: you can outride Lois or any man."

"I wouldn't last long on Murdershot, I guess."

"I don't think you couldn't, nobody could," Glory said nothing, and after a moment Pete went on. "Still, I don't know. I don't think you need much for shying off of Murdershot. I don't think he'll do it."

"You don't blame me for what?"

"Shucks, I'm afraid of that horse myself. It seems like he'd like to clean out of his head. If you were coming out on that bronc with a flank strap, you raise hell. Don't know but what I would anyway."

Glory Austin demanded outright. "Pete, you think I'm afraid of that bronc?"

She spurred the steel-dust pony close to a right to be. I'm afraid of him myself."

Glory looked away. She didn't notice that one of the judges was shouting for her, or that her partner, until she looked around for him and he was gone. A crazy notion was hammering into her head, beating upward from the mark. She had put it off, but she hadn't thought that she was afraid—afraid to ride the red bronc, with no flank, and the notion hurt worse than the wound.

For a moment Glory Austin felt infinitely discouraged, and a little sick; it seemed to her that nobody understood anything she did, ever, and never would. Then, abruptly, her temper broke.

"You, Austin's the one that's starting, but now it snapped as if a cartridge had exploded in her head. It suddenly came over her that she had stood enough from Lois Bart and Pete Reese and rodeo, and from them all; and all in a moment she went crazy mad."

She spurred the steel-dust pony close against chief number five, where Murdershot stood. She dismounted on the run; and though she was flung off to one knee as her weight came upon her hurt leg, she recovered instantly.

"Lois ran up, shouting. "She get them that trick with you, Glory? Jacket to see the announcer!"

"Glory said, "I'll take care of it, all right."

It was true, but there was a bleat behind her eyes as she turned to the chutes.

Lois went running down the chutes to the announcer's stand. That was an old trick of hers; at the last minute she was always on hand with some gag for the announcer to give out, with a little extra publicity to her name as a rodeo girl.

Lois Bart's saddle was already on Murdershot, and the stirrups would be too short for Glory. Glory; she would have to change that now. Glory ran a quick eye along the chutes. Near by loitered a big Indian bulldogger.

Glory called sharply, "José! Aquí!"

José responded with alacrity, and Glory spoke under her breath, in Spanish. "Get up on that chute, and let that flanker down!" She inspected the cinch and saw that the handles had already worked. Now she slid the buckle open, and, reaching under the red horse through the bars, she slashed through the stirrup lobbies, so that both stirrups were loose and cleaved, and then took the flank strap for the flank strap and passed the end up to José, then climbed the chute.

Tom Hansen, who had clinched Lois Bart's saddle on Murdershot, suddenly
ONE OF SIX

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Letters to My Sons by Harold Bell Wright

"Course of hell to hell she don’t mean it," said Kate angrily. "She’s out of her head. Now, you clear out of here, you bum! I’m going to take her over to my aunt and see her back to the town."

"I’ll tote her myself," said Pete.

"Who says you will?" Lois Bart cut in.

"Go chase yourself," said Pete shortly.

"Where’s your flivver, Kate?"

Pete Reese rote into town with them, to make sure that Lois did go out again, and fall off the back seat.

"By God," Pete said when they were back on the town, "I’ll kill the Indian that put that flack strap on. And if ever I find out who cut those stinking hobbles—"

"Glory said, "I cut loose those hobbles."

"Dear God," Pete whispered. "It serves me right for letting you get away near that red devil in the first place!"

"I’d like to know," Glory said, "what business it is of yours what I ride!"

"Pete said with surprising gentleness, "Now, you wait. You listen here to me. Glory flared up at him. "I don’t want to listen to you; I don’t like you! You can go to hell, Pete Reese!"

The brone fighter studied her, looking up at her. "You know that," Pete said. "Glory tried to close the gray gates, but she could not. She closed her eyes and began to cry softly, plump whispered, mystified and baffled. Then he gathered her up and held her gently.

"Glory smiled faintly, comfortable in his arms."

Woke up. Here, what you doing? Lois don’t want any flankers! Lois said—"

Glory Austin eased into the saddle. "To hell with Lois Bart! I drew this horse out of her hand and I’m riding him!" She spoke over her shoulder to José. "Give him the flanker," she said between her teeth. "Cut him right for it."

José heaved upward and the flank strap smacked through its buckle, biting deep, as the big Indian almost, lifted Murdershot off the ground. The horse slammed his heels into the plank- ing, and half reared in the chute. Glory Austin came out just as she hit.

The man on the gate rope was Shorty Perris, naturally a pop-eyed little man, but immensely more so now. "Hey, look—wait for me."

Glory did not know where Rowdy Kate came from, but suddenly she was there beside Pete, and she was not alone. Long, straight, pale; with a thick curling face, she spoke in a cool perspective—a girl rider with one leg half useless, who had gone crazy mad long enough to put herself on an outing, in spite of the man who hardly hope to stay with, and she knew, that she was a fool.

Tired and stung, she was fighting as for her life—perhaps in truth fighting for her life, for all she knew. It seemed to her that she was being chased, that she was twisted and shock as good as broke her back. But she set her teeth hard and swung both spurs high and free, raking Murdershot’s neck, left side, right side, and left again.

The horizon pitched crazily; on her left the sun-blasted earth swum up suddenly so near and close that she flung out her arm to save the impact; then abruptly the earth dropped away again, and somehow she had stayed. In the instant that she was upright she snapped off her hat and threw it downward at Murdershot. The horse bucked around under her strength, then swung her spurs high to rake him again, left side, right side, loose and handsome.

Times. Indian tribes and pirate crews. There were sleigh rides and fishing and nutting and berrying. There were expeditions, explorations and adventures.

All that belongs normally to a boy from a good family.

And there was another baby, your uncle George. But with this host of memories, some crowded into my mind, those which transcend all others in importance are the memories of my companionship with Mother.

I must tell you, too, that I never did know my father very well. Beginning with this period, it seems that a great gulf did open there.

It was then that I first realized the true nature of those "spells" which so frequently overtook him."

One day at dusk I was returning from an errand to the grocery store when I suddenly met Father. He stopped and spoke to me in a thick, mauldin tone. I was paralyzed with horror. I could neither speak nor move until he turned and walked toward the town.

Then I ran—ran as if all the fiends of hell were after me—never stopping until I was in Mother’s arms. When she had calmed me, she said: "I could speak, sobbed: "Father is drunk. I saw him."

Mother did not speak. She just sat there in a stony silence and held me, her long white hands around my shoulders and arms. And while she was holding me, I began to feel that this, too, was something which Mother and I must share. I kept it to myself, however, and never mentioned it to anyone else. Whether or not she ever spoke of the incident to Father I do not know.

Our improved circumstances, meaning the larger house with the orchard and garden and the live stock, added nothing to Mother’s pleasure. In addition to the cooking and scrubbing and laundring, there was now the milk to be carried out and the eggs.

For her there were no electric lights to snap on and off at a touch of her finger. There was no vacuum cleaner, no washing machine, no electric sewing machine, no labor-saving devices of any kind. She had no help.

I know, with all that machinery which enslaved her slowly and surely sapped the life of her body, she managed to minister to the inner life of her sons, never once without one of God’s mysteries to God, and not once because it was, that home was never without some touch of beauty. It might be nothing more than a spray of apple blossoms, a splash of hawthorn, or a slip of pussy willow, but it was always there.

Her household duties dragged her from morning until night. I saw how she cheated her work and kept her at work hours after she had kissed her sons good night, but I never knew when she was too tired. She made us see that there was a form, a form, a form in all this work and play, and kept that childlike interest to recognize with delight the treasures we brought to her, or to offer suggestions for enlarging our treasures in our little world of make-believe.

It belongs in this book, too, that Mother did not permit the "show-off stuff" made upon me by our artist-farmer friend, with his brushes and colors, to fade. I continued to draw that famous bull’s head. From it I created a mighty herd of cattle. I added to this bovine population horses and dogs and swine and birds and fowl.

My holdings in live stock continued to increase until Mother, seeing how it was
with me, set about teaching me to draw seriously from simple, natural objects. I drew houses and barns, tables and chairs, the pump, the grindstone, the wagon. And so I arrived at the dignity of my own studio.

This studio was a little room up under the roof. The floor was bare. There was no furniture except the box which I used for a chair and the easel, which I made. And surely I need not tell you that Mother managed somehow to find a box of colors and brushes for me.

I do not remember that my work attracted either to any show of enthusiasm, but one admirer never failed me. The understanding which my little artist soul craved I had from her, full measure.

I remember one early morning when it was my turn to go to the pasture for the cow. The earth was drenched with dew. Every leaf and blade was ornamented with beads of crystal. When I had aroused the cow and started her toward the pasture gate, I chanced to see a bunch of everlasting flowers. To take those flowers home to Mother was only natural.

Several years—it seemed to me ages—later, when I was a young man living in a city many miles from that home of my boyhood, I received by chance an old pasteboard box which contained some tickets that Mother had treasured, as mothers do—her wedding gloves, a locket with a curl of hair, a baby's shoe. And there I found again that little bunch of everlasting flowers...

It was at this period, too, that I made the acquaintance of Auntie Sue—my father's sister, who taught school and who was such an enthusiastic student of the Wright genealogy. Auntie Sue was Mother's closest friend. She always managed to spend a part of her vacations with us. Next to Mother, she is the brightest star in my boyhood sky.

Mother's illness began, so far as I knew anything about it, one wash day. I was in the kitchen with her when it happened. I was eleven years old. At that time nothing could have been farther from my thoughts than her death.

To do the laundry for a household of five, which included two active boys and an eighteen-months-old baby, was not a light task for any woman. In addition to the other housework it was too much for a delicate little woman who, as I have said, weighed not much more than a hundred pounds.

Will and I were required to do certain chores about the house in order to lighten her work. We were supposed to cut the stove wood and keep the box in the kitchen filled. But boys of that age are seldom thoughtful in such matters. I wish I could say that we did all we could to make Mother's work easier for her. But we did not. We quarreled over our duties and evaded our youthful responsibilities on every possible pretext.

Mother was bending over the tub, rubbing vigorously on the washboard. She had been suffering, from a cold for some time and coughed a great deal, but no one thought anything of that. The family washing must be done.

Suddenly, as she worked, a spasmodc of coughing seized her. I saw her straighten up and press her hand to her side as if in pain. Then a queer look came over her face. She snatched a handkerchief from her apron pocket and put it to her mouth. When she removed the handkerchief it was splotched with blood. Seeing that I had noticed, she gave me a cheery smile and went into her bedroom.

That smile made everything all right.

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to me. Handkerchiefs red from nose-bleeds were too common in my experience for the incident to alarm me in the least.

She finished that washing some time later. She mopped the floor. She cooked the supper. While Will and I did the dishes. The three of us talked together in low, earnest tones.

The next day a doctor came, and a few days later, Father and Mother drove to a distant town to see another doctor. They were gone all day. A neighbor woman came in to mind the baby. It was the same the very time after that the laundry was sent out.

The winter came. Still there was no one except her two irresponsible boys to help her with the housework and the sewing and the baby.

Then came the time when Mother did not leave her bed, and except for the help of the neighbor during some of the days, I did the housework— even to the cooking.

Suddenly I knew.

It was a day. I had gone to the village store for coal oil and was returning home. Halfway up the hill toward the house I stopped as suddenly as some unexpected footfall behind me. And in that moment I knew that my mother was going to die.

I don't remember anything told me—something that spoke, as it were, deep within me. I do not mean that I heard a voice, or that there was anything resembling a knock from the outside; there were no words. I cannot explain it better than to say—simply that I knew.

Strange enough, too, I was not at all frightened. I felt curiously strong and stable in myself. The very knowledge of what I must do. I must quit school and keep house and take care of Mother until the end. Beyond the end, it was all blank. I did not give it a thought. I went calmly up the hill to the house.

Mother's bed had been moved into the living room (we called it the sitting room) next to the kitchen, so that she could still watch over her household and direct our bungling efforts. I put the oil can on the mantel and dashed a straight line down the doorway between the two rooms, where I stood for some time silently overlooking it. And then I saw that she, too, knew.

I am well aware of the comments that are made by some, and would read this account of my boyhood experience. But I cannot help what anyone may think or say. I make no effort to explain it. I merely say, "It happened exactly as I have related it."

I may as well add right here that this was not the only experience of this nature which I have known. There have been other times when it was given to me to know within myself what I must do. And upon those occasions I have seen that they were the turning points, the deciding moments, the directings toward the road which I have followed.

I cannot tell you honestly, my sons, the things that time unmercifully was your father without including those experiences which I cannot explain. You must think what you will; I can only say again: the things which I tell you in this book are true.

I was permitted to leave school and from then until Will returned, except for the brief visits of kindly neighbors, the day belonged to Mother and me. I would not have you think that those days were dark and sad with an over-shadowing fear of the terrible end. It was not so. They were, in a way, the happiest days I have ever known. I do not mean the days lived in with fun and laughter. Our happiness was rather within us.

I think it was the consciousness of these last months of her earthly life which made my consciousness of Mother such an influence during those difficult after-years. I know it was gloriously true that she did not die in the sense that she went out of my life. In a most literal sense, for, as I understand it, her influence that many times I have seemed to feel her actual presence.

I cannot say where here, too, the many beautiful kindnesses we received at this time from our neighbors. The one who came most often, and never without bringing bread and dairy and her own cooking for the invalid, was Mrs. Granger.

Jim Grandy and his wife were natives of Ireland and spoke the real brogue of their homeland. With their three children, Jim and his wife lived up the road a little way. My brother and I were as much at home in the Grandy cottage as we were in our own home. When they treated us as if we were of her own brood.

Between this warm-hearted Irishwoman and the motifs of a beautiful friendship had developed. And now, as the end drew near, there was never a day that she did not look in two or three times. And one time that she watched beside my mother's bed.

For the last few days Aunt Mabel, the wife of Mr. Haff of Haffage, came. She was with us until it was all over. I like to think of these things now because of what followed so soon after.

Years later, I made a pilgrimage from the Far West to the old Wright Settlement cemetery. With the help of the sexton and the head dairy of the herd I found the spot. The grave, overgrown with a tangle of rank grass and weeds, had been neglected. I caused a modest but enduring block of granite to be erected, and arranged for the perpetual care of the plot. The inscription reads: "In memory of Alma, wife of William A. Wright, died April 10, 1884. But with the knowledge of all the years that have gone since those last days of our companionship, I know that the inscription is not true.

Within a day or two after the funeral, Alma's boys were separated, and Lieutenant Will went away to live his own life unhindered by anyone.

The baby, your uncle George, was given to Father's sister Mary, who lived near Chilo. So he was sent to Ohio. I was left in the hands of my father in another part of the country, and I, too, was put to work for a farmer.

My duties were absurdly simple. I was roughly routed out of bed between three and four o'clock in the morning. Before the sun was up we would be on our way to the barley and potato fields. In the afternoon I worked in the field helping to gather another load for the following morning. Usually it was dark before the job was done. The evening chores were done by lantern light. After that, I was free to crawl upstairs to my bed and go to sleep.

When it was not the season for peddling vegetables, I worked with a hoe in the fields, side by side with my master and two other men, and was expected to keep pace with them. At other times, from sunup to sundown I gathered potatoes—swelling the fifty-thousand from the plants into a pan, or treating them to a dose of Paris green.

On Sundays, the family would go to church, whereby my master and mistress, I am sure, acquired in the sight of the brethren much merit for their charity. The Wrigley boys were in a good home. Sunday afternoons I was free to amuse myself.

My father was pressed in the manner I have related until winter put an end to work in the fields. Then for a while to that the village school and only worked nights till Christmas. But the hours I spent in school profited my good master nothing; he was not at all happy over the situation.

At the time I did not know even where my father was living. I knew only, in a hazy way, that he managed his headquarters with the people who had taken my brother Will. I never knew who made the arrangements which delivered me into the hands of another farmer.

It was late in the afternoon of the day before Christmas when I received my orders to march, and with my worldly possessions in a small valise set out. The weather was snow. The sky was overcast. It was snowing. The snow was deep. When I finally reached the big house where a good fire was burning, as I felt, and it was dark. The house seemed so huge, so lonely and mysterious that I was afraid. At last I mustered up enough courage to knock at the door. The farmer and his wife were surprised to see me. They said they had not expected me. They thought I was a farm hand who worked for the Wrigleys and they were just starting out to celebrate Christmas Eve with a gathering of their relatives some miles away. In the excitement of the moment I forgot to ask if I had had my supper. Nor did they indicate where I was to sleep.

They delayed their going only long enough to show me the woodshed, so I might keep up a good fire in the living room and have the house nice and warm for their return from their long cold ride. Almost before I realized what was happening the boys had all the snowplows, sleds, and bells died away in the night and I was alone in that great empty house. I was now frightfully scared. I was so scared that I was scared to look around. Sounds of ghostly footsteps! Creaking boards on the stairs and over my head! Low moaning sounds all about me! Every tale of horror I ever heard was reenacted in my terror-stricken mind.

My imagination conjured up a hundred ghastly horrors. Once in every hundred years I would force myself to go, lamp in hand, to the woodshed for another armful of wood.

It was past three o'clock Christmas morning when the good man of the house and his wife returned. They took me from their family Christmas tree a gay little stocky-shaped bag of popcorn and candy.

My new place, the farm, and I did the work. They had the sheep and hogs and horses to be fed and watered. There were five cows to milk in the mornings and afternoons. The barns had to be cleaned, horses to be groomed, wood to be cut. We were up in the morning and bed about sunset. By lantern light. We finished at night by the light of the same lanterns.

Between times I went to school, walking in and from the village through the snow, carrying my lunch in a tin pail.
Saturday was not exactly a holiday. Every Sunday I went with the farmer, his wife and baby to Sunday school and church, for this man was a godly man.

There was a large apple orchard on this farm, and every year the good man would put away many barrels of cider, which Dame Nature would turn into vinegar for us to peddle when the spring planting was over. Nor did Nature stop with turning cider into vinegar. Assisted by the farmer, she obligingly turned rain water into vinegar also.

Old vinegar barrels supplied with a proper quantity of "mother" were filled with water from the cistern (we strained the wigglers out) and placed in the sun. In due time—io, a miracle! The water had become vinegar. And no housewife could by the look or taste of it distinguish that rain-water vinegar from the genuine cider-made article. Very carefully my good master explained to me that it was pure cider vinegar because nothing but those old cider-vinegar barrels and the "mother" would make rain water act like that.

I cannot say that I reaped a bountiful spiritual harvest from my forced attendance at Sunday school and church. Perhaps I gathered more than I know. But I am certain that I received at this period of my boyhood decided impressions as to spiritual values. A gift for praying in public may be a surface indication of great spiritual treasure but, as any old prospector will tell you, good surface indications do not always evidence ore in paying quantities.

On the whole, these farmer folk were not unkind. It was probably good for me to be disciplined under the yoke of hard labor. It toughened without breaking my spirit.

That summer brought many days of rare delight. I was given the job of tending sheep. Early in the morning, while the ground was still wet with dew, I would lead the flock forth from their yard to a section of the farm which was part pasture and part woodland. With only the companionship of my woolly charges I would spend the day—wandering along the grassy banks of a little creek, lying on my back to look at the cloud pictures, watching the wild things at the edge of the woods.

Then a letter came from Mother's Aunt Mary who, as I have told you, brought up Mother from babyhood until her marriage with Lieutenant Will. The letter was an invitation to visit Grandma Smith, as we boys had been taught to call her, in her home at Wright Settlement. I think the dear old lady must have written my father, too, because he came to see me and arranged for me to go.

I shall not dwell upon my life with Grandma Smith in the home where my mother spent the happy years of her girlhood. After my experience in "working out," it was heaven. I attended the country school near the old Wright homestead where I was born. Other members of the family, my father's cousins, were still living in the settlement and I came to know the young people who were my people.

Then Grandma Smith was taken sick and I was hurried off in midwinter to my father's brother, Uncle George, and Aunt Mable and their two girls who lived in the country near Ulica. For the remaining winter months I went to another country school.

Uncle George was a cheese maker, and when summer came I worked for him in the factory. I hope that my summer there in some measure for my winter board, but I never could return the full measure of the love they

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Years later, I was invited to a Thanksgiving dinner at a home in a mid-western city. The table talk revealed that my host and his family had at one time lived in that booming city, and when I asked how he intended to pay for the meal, the hostess asked, "Do you remember the grocer with whom you traded?"

"Oh, yes," I said. "He was a friend of the family."

"Then he lent me the money," the hostess laughed. "This Thanksgiving dinner makes me think of the boy who drove the delivery wagon. I had ordered ducks for our Thanksgiving dinner, and when the boy appeared with the other things my ducks were missing. They insisted that at the time the ducks had been sent with the rest of the order. The boy thought he remembered putting them in the wagon. Some days later, we learned that they had been found on the street."

"I shall never forget that poor delivery boy's embarrassment over my lost ducks," she said. "I know exactly how he felt," I said, "I was that delivery boy who lost your ducks."

It was Old Man Winter who brought my delivery-boy experience to an end. I had no overcoat, no winter underwear, no gloves, and my shoes were wearing very thin. My employers, who could not fail to see my predicament, bargained with me somehow to get in touch with Father. Lieutenant Will took his problem to an old G. A. R. comrade who kept a book and stationery store. He offered to buy my "Old Comrade." Salary? I could sleep on a cot in the back room of the store and I could eat with the men after hours, and his family had finished their meals. "Comrade" was a gentle soul, industrious, economical, and subdued. The wife and girls of the store household were spirited ladies who never by chance committed the error of permitting their inferiors to have the best of themselves. The elder daughter worked in the store. She was a kindly, competent young woman who was my friend, so far as she dared to be.

The other girl in school was. She was not allowed to talk with me. The boy, also in school, was my age. He was, too, most carefully guarded against the evils which might befall him if he should come in contact with me. I did not feel the watchful mother ever hesitated to rebuke any member of her family whom she caught exhibiting signs of interest in me.

I was taking the money to open the store, spend out and make ready for the day. When "Comrade" arrived on the scene, he took the money to the house, about a mile, for my breakfast. The breakfast things were always being cleaned away when I arrived, so it was up to me to salvage what I could. For the other two meals, the same catch-as-catch-can rules applied. At ten or eleven o'clock, I locked up tight. And then, oh, then, I had my innings!

Boots, books, books—shelves and more shelves of books. "Read everything," from Nick Carter and the Police Gazette, to Shakespeare. Sunday, I read all day. I could not go out because I had no winter clothing.

I know that you boys, in common with everyone, read more than a speaking acquaintance with me, have been disturbed by my habit of sometimes withdrawing into myself, though you have never heard of me or seen me. I have shown the slightest hint of impatience with me on these miserable occasions. Indeed, you have nine out of ten times often made me feel your sympathy, so that my heart has been filled with gratitude.

No one can imagine how desperately I have fought against these spells of depression. I have been sick at heart with shame to see those I loved made unhappy by my behavior. My only consolation is the poor consolation of knowing that, no matter how unhappy I make others, I can possibly suffer as I suffer within myself.

At these times I am the loneliest soul in the earth, and I am feeling that I am not wanted; that I am only tolerated. I want only to be alone. I feel myself literally forced to withdraw into myself.

I have never sought to explain or excuse my conduct, because it seems so unanswerable and fruitless. I am attempting to excuse it now, but I think the explanation lies in those years following Mother’s death. For a year, I have told only one period of my boyhood.

Following those years of companionship with Mother—except for my brief visits to Grandma Smith, Uncle George, and Aunt Mary—I had no companionship with anyone. For one reason or another I was merely tolerated. The attitude of most of those with whom I came in contact only emphasized my loneliness. I was forced to retreat within myself. For a year, I did nothing else to do. The habit of loneliness—of withdrawing within myself—became a part of me. It became a part of my physical or mental strength to overcome it.

As soon as Father had provided me with that place to eat and sleep and read he went away to Findlay, Ohio, and left me, a lonely boy, to take care of himself. When spring came he suddenly wrote me to come join him. "Comrade" slipped me five dollars which he said, "she" was not looking. I purchased a pair of shoes, and with what remained of my fortune journeyed to the place where my father was. I knew what my position was; it was an order which I must obey. I did not know what lay ahead.

Our interest in this Findlay period, my sons, lies solely in those events which served to direct the course of my life as a whole. I confess that I should much prefer not to tell you some of these. But it is necessary that you know them if you are ever to have an understanding of the work of your father and his work which I started out to give you.

My father and four of his bosom cronies had hit upon the great idea of cooperative living. They had rented the second floor of a building in a part of the city where there was a vacant lot behind; the lower floor was a saloon. Every other house in the neighborhood, I think, was what we called in those days a "sparking house."

Remembering my experience as a housekeeper during those last months of my education, I was the first to offer to cook and do the general housework for this select bachelors’ club. Ex- cused by my membership in the cooperative enterprise, the other four house-builders in the near-by natural-gas fields. They made "big money" for those days, and save for the little they gave me to purchase groceries, they spent their earnings in the neighborhood as fast as they received them.

There were no more books for me now. The literature of the club was mainly the Police Gazette. The neighborhood taverns were the only places where I found the house with a charming lack of ceremony, as good neighbors should.
next door, so close that we could call to each other from our kithenas.

This creature of the underworld soon proved herself more than an acquaintance. She became a friend in need. She could curse with the most amazing fluency, and cared not a straw at whom she aimed her volleys. But in that ugly, deformed body was a heart as big as her profane vocabulary was extensive.

To hear her lay out those husky rig-builders in my defense was food for my hungry soul. More than this, out of her wide experience and well-developed powers of observation, she told me many things that were necessary for me to know. With authority which I could not question, she revealed the inside hell of that life in the midst of which I was placed.

Often she talked to me about my mother very near. It was a strange combination of influences. An ugly, deformed dwarf—a lowly servant in a house of prostitution—and my mother, who made her presence felt in my memories.

It is not pleasant to write to you, my sons, of this period of my growing-up years. But I must, because I know now that this hunchback cook was one of the saving influences in my life.

Following this cooking and housekeeping job, I became a subscription agent for a certain magazine. With samples of this worthy periodical I canvassed the countryside for customers. I did not meet with startling success, but I came in contact with an amazing variety of homes and people.

From this respectable, if lowly, position of itinerant representative of culture at a yearly rate, I was promoted by circumstances—I became a peddler of furniture polish. It was good polish. I knew, because I made it myself.

With my bottles of polish and my rags with which I demonstrated, I roamed about the country from village to village, finding in this occupation not only a livelihood, but also a degree of pleasing freedom. I was my own master. I could go where I fancied. I enjoyed the open road. I was interested in meeting an endless variety of people. Then one day, I knew not why or how, came one of those mysterious experiences which pushed me out of that respect and gave my life a different trend.

It was mid-afternoon. Since early morning I had been selling, or trying to sell, to the farmhouses along a road which was leading me to a certain country village. At a sharp turn of the road I came in sight of the little town.

Suddenly something checked me. I stood stock-still. I did not hear a voice—nothing like it. But I knew, as clearly as if someone were actually speaking to me, what I must do.

I turned and started toward the city where I still made my headquarters. The feeling that I was escaping from something so real that I almost ran. It was exactly as if I had been headed toward some danger and had been warned in the nick of time.

From then on, to theological students—in the February installment of Harold Bell Wright's own story of his colorful career

**Makes $1 equal $3 in fighting colds**

**PEPSODENT ANTISEPTIC** is 3 times as powerful as other leading mouth antiseptics. Hence it goes 3 times as far. And whether you buy the 25c, 50c, or $1 size, you still get 3 times as much for your money.

**Fewer** colds this year—quicker relief from those you catch—and money saved besides. That's the promise Pepsodent Antiseptic makes you. Millions by experience can tell you it's true. Pepsodent Antiseptic is different from other leading mouth Antiseptics.

$1 does the work of $3

Pepsodent is 3 times more powerful in killing germs—it goes 3 times as far—gives you 3 times as much for your money and gives you extra protection against sore throat colds. In fighting stubborn colds, remember there really are only two leading kinds of mouth washes on the market. In one group is Pepsodent Antiseptic, utterly safe when used full strength, yet powerful enough to be diluted with two parts of water and still kill germs in less than 10 seconds!

Don't fool yourself

It is bad enough to pay the extra cost of using antiseptics that must be used full strength...it's worse to dilute them and fail to kill the germs...so choose the antiseptic that kills the germs even when it is diluted. Insist on Pepsodent Antiseptic—and be safe!

**IMPURE BREATH**

(Halitosis)

The amazing results of Pepsodent Antiseptic in fighting sore throat colds prove its effectiveness in checking Bad Breath (Halitosis).

Some of the 50 different uses for this modern antiseptic

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**Pepsodent Antiseptic**
Christmas Is in the Air (Continued from page 3)

Christian, Iowa—Comedy changed to tragedy three days later when Pilot Leo J. McGinn was killed near Huron, Ohio, in a heroic attempt to save his ship and its Christmastime cargo. The barn dance, which had been a happy event for pilots and the public from Cleveland to Chicago, McGinn ran into a smothering snowstorm at Kirtz, fifty miles out, driven inland by the force of the gale.

Further flying was impossible. Prudence said Jump! but McGinn's spirit of adventure was too strong to be overcome. He dropped both landing flares, but their light was blotted out instantly by the snow. His instrument was unhelpful in the dense fog, for he flew almost head-on into the ground. McGinn was thrown out, dead, at the first crash. The plane sputtered to a halt in a swamp, where it was consumed by the flames of the resulting fire.

Many or the mail pilots are married, and these men usually establish their homes along their routes, where their wives and children can see them part and return when they return. The pilots attached to the Newark Airport live in Plainfield, New Jersey, those of the Maywood line in Maywood, and McGinn had a wife and two young sons in Maywood; but they listened in vain for the sound of his propeller that prevented the planes from landing in the fog.

To complete the tale of 1928, on Christmas Day itself Pilot Shorty Leckschild went to the bank of the Missouri River near Council Bluffs, Iowa, in a snowstorm and crashed up. Leckschild was badly hurt, but he recovered.

Christmas was more frequent than now in the early days of the air mail, before parachute-wearing was compulsory. It was not unusual for the mail planes to drop off their cargo in the cross-country. Jack Webster was coming along fifteen minutes later. He had partial visibility as far as Bellefonte, and then ran into the Nittany Mountains, blind, and there was no diminution of the fog after that. But the fact bothered the methodical Mr. Webster very little. What were instruments for, if not to guide you through fog? You really didn't need to see the ground at all, except for landing.

After two hours of blind flying, Mr. Webster thought it would be well to descend near New York. There were four pilots in order to check up on the accuracy of his various calculations. He expected a low ceiling but not so low as it proved to be. In the thick of it, he found his ship brushing the bare top-most twigs of a December forest, reaching such a pitch that it seemed to him as though it might twist and break. He zoomed upward in a hurry. He flew on his course for another half-hour, then descended again. This time he met still more of sorts at four hundred feet; what he saw under him was not land but water. Long Island Sound! There was nothing in mathematics.

He turned south and flew for fifteen minutes, and then dropped down again. Still nothing but water below. This was worse than annoying. He must be over the ocean itself. Somewhere he had to come ashore. Three hours later, he was off New York. There was only one thing to do—fly north—and, being tired of fog, he climbed, coming out at the open at forty-five feet. Mrs. Lake Erie. The first plane of the late afternoon sunshine above the tumbling surface of a woolly sea. A half an hour later he decided it was time to come down again. He dropped down through the cloud to the thousands of feet over, again flying blind, but was afraid to stop. As he crashed he hit the side of some New England hill. Then he cruised this way and that, hunting ground and an emergency field. But there was none. It grew late in the after-noon, to guard against the slight possibility his engine began jerking—the main fuel tank was dry. He switched to the gravity tank and prepared for the unpleasant but necessary landing.

The gravity tank would give him a few minutes' grace, and he needed every second to get there. He did. A less finish pilot might have jumped out, and then and called it a day, but J. Ordway Webster, the method. First, he put his ship into a steep climb, for Rule 1 in parachute-jumping is to give yourself the full room possible. As the plane rose, he finally found the engine quit. Webster put the plane into a long glide and waited until the propeller had made its first revolution. Then, still holding control, he switched off Ignition, navigation lights and instrument-board lights, and climbed out of his gloves, his goggles, helmet and flash light.

The ship was just shaking its back through the ocean of cloud, like a gram-ophone record, when finally the end came. After a last look around to see that he had attended to everything, he climbed out of his plane, and attended to the lower step, and pushed off.

He counted the numerical second of his parachute. The white and black silk, almost invisible in the mist, cracked open above him. Then—dash it all, an overheard—lie had forgotten his flying boots. Well, it was too late to go back for them, but gloomy thoughts of his carelessness kept him crimson on the way down through the fog.

He landed beside U. S. Route No. 5 near Suffield, Connecticut, two hundred yards from the road. Rolling up his chute, he carried it to the station and spent the next half-hour on the phone trying to get his plane. At last he learned that it had crashed above Thompsonville five or six miles away across the Connecticut River. He drove there at once. He discovered first that volunteer hands had already dispatched the pouches by train to New York. Then he attended to, he made inquiry for his boots.

Nobody had seen them. He searched the wreck, but they were not there. Some account of shipping was too good had stolen them. J. Ordway made a point of the boots in his formal report to the company. They don't make flying boots as warm and comfortable as those nowadays.
later), he found himself completely bewildered as to his directions. The words down and up meant nothing to him. Since he might well be driving his ship straight into the earth, for all he knew, he decided to bail out, which he did in a hurry; but the instant the chute cracked open, he could have kicked himself, for then it was very simple to tell down from up.

His ship was a rum after it hit. Williams went to it at once and there saw the sort of cargo which he had been risking his life to deliver—ladies' powder compacts, thousands of them, spilled from the split pouches!

Then, as a final instance, there was Pilot Tommy Hill on Christmas Eve, 1929, leaving Maywood Field at Chicago at nine p.m. with the clean-up load of gifts and greeting cards for Kalamazoo, following the shore rather than cutting straight across the windy void of Lake Michigan. The weather reports had been bad, but Tommy lived in Kalamazoo and wanted to be home for Christmas. Closing the Indiana line, he ran into the not-unexpected blizzard. The storm grew worse, and to his chagrin he realized that he would have to land.

Tommy was a good pilot. He flew low and made economical use of his flares. The second one showed him a broad white expanse of field that looked suited to his need. He whipped around and came down on it daintily, and next moment was righteously aggrieved to find himself in a broken and inverted ship nursing a hurt face, while farmers were out on the run to pull him out of the wreck. The field that he had thought so smooth and firm lay under four-foot drifts that instantly blocked his wheels. Tommy killed the engine, emptied it of its fuel, and went to work on it. Here he found a broken window, and in the yard there were thousands of broken ladies' powder compacts.

But don't think that, because of the rush and pressure and bad weather, the Christmas mail is always a rush and desperate business. Dozens of accidents, accidents, accidents, thousands!

Ordinarily, the Christmas mail goes through, and the public has just reason to rely on its schedules. Except for a few vanity cases lost from Bill Williams' ship at Bowling Green and the pouches burned when poor Leo McGinn crashed, the air mail has invariably delivered its packages in a hurry.

So if, in the merry holiday season, the mail pilot in his lonely flight finds the singsong of the old "Night Before Christmas" rhymes beating in his head, and in phantasy likens his modern self to the Saint Nick of the poem, who shall blame him? It is Christmas Eve and he is bringing through the final load, glad that he is winging home for a few hours of his own special Christmas.

The storm has passed, and it is a still, glittering night. The white roofs below gleam faintly in the starlight. He does not have to generate the Christmas spirit through his own efforts—his heart sends it up to him, for in many a village yard a tree shines with colored lamps. To him, so far aloft, they are like the gleam of ruby Pleiades. They warm his fleet path across counties and states.

He is bringing through the Christmas mail, elated with the night-flying, filled with the exaltation of power. Let him shout down to the sleeping world:

"Hi, folks! Here comes Santa Claus!"

---

A COLD ordinarily progresses through three stages: The Dry Stage, the first 24 hours; the Watery Secretion Stage, from 1 to 3 days; and the Mucous Secretion Stage. Once a cold gets beyond the first stage it is far more difficult to relieve. In fact, to let a cold run beyond the first stage is frequently courting danger.

Fourfold Effect for Immediate Relief

The wise thing to do when you feel a cold coming on is to take Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine.

Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine stops a cold quickly because it does the four necessary things: It opens the bowels. It kills the cold germs and fever in the system. It relieves the headache and grippy feeling. It tones the entire system and fortifies against further attack.

That is the treatment you want—complete, thorough and effective. Anything less is toying with a cold.

Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine is absolutely safe to take. It contains no narcotics and produces no bad after-effects. Every drug store in America sells Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine. It comes in a handy, pocket-size box, cellophane-wrapped. Get a box today and keep it handy as the "stitch in time."

"I Couldn't Write a Better Prescription Myself!"

---

GROVE'S LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE

---

A COLD Passes Thru 3 Stages

And It is Far Easier Relieved in the First than in the Second or Third Stages!

**A COLD** ordinarily progresses through three stages: The Dry Stage, the first 24 hours; the Watery Secretion Stage, from 1 to 3 days; and the Mucous Secretion Stage. Once a cold gets beyond the first stage it is far more difficult to relieve. In fact, to let a cold run beyond the first stage is frequently courting danger.

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GROVE'S LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE
The Kennel Murder Case by S. S. Van Dine (Continued from page 43)

came down the stairs and walked past the library to the front door.

"Oh, I say, Mr. Wrede," Vance called out. "Could we speak to you a moment before we go on to Miss Lake?"

The man turned and came into the library. His face was flushed, and there was a sultry, angry look in his eyes.

"I don't wish to, Vance," he replied.

"Then, I'll be in the library, Mr. Wrede," Vance asked. The man gave a jerky nod.

"And since speaking to her," Vance pursued, "you still feel that you have no suggestion to make to a possible perpetrator of these crimes?"

A shrewd light came into the other's eyes and lingered at "Not at the moment. But it might be well if you temporarly concentrated your investigation on 'I see you. I have just learned that Archer Coe had agreed to sell him a considerable section of his collection."

"Indecent." Vance's eyebrows went up.

"Did Miss Lake tell you?"

"Miss Lake and I discussed other matters," Wrede returned. Then he added: "I must interest you, Mr. Vance, that my engagement to Miss Lake has been broken.

"A heartbreak?" Vance gave his attention to his cigar. "But what connection could Archer's willingness to dispose of part of his collection have with his death?"

"I couldn't say," Wrede had become uneasy. "But it strikes me as peculiar that a man of forty should want to sell his collection."

"I'll admit," agreed Vance, "that it doesn't sound altogether reasonable. But even Archer Coe objected to dispose of certain pieces in the hope, let us say, of acquiring others, I still can't see what Mr. Grassi would have gained by his death in the end."

"Archer may have repudiated his agreement," Wrede ventured, "at any rate, Mr. Wrede," Vance said coldly, "but what of Brisbane?"

"Could not Brisbane's death have been a大大小小 consequences?"

"Yes—quite," Vance smiled thoughtfully. "I'm sure it was an accident. Last night was filled with the most amazing spirit. You can't keep you from your lunch any longer."

Wrede bowed stiffly. "I'll be in my car," he said. "Good night to you, Mr. Lorimer."

He had no sooner closed the front door behind him than Vance called Gamble. "Run upstairs," he said, and "Find out what Miss Lake says.""

The butler left the room, returning shortly. "Mr. Grassi, sir," he reported, "is in conversation with Miss Lake in her sitting room on the third floor."

Vance gave a faint satisfied smile. "And now, Gamble, will you ask Mr. Grassi to come here?"

Gamble went out, and Vance turned to Markham.

"I suspected from Wrede's manner that he had found his Latin rival with the young woman. There was probably a most painful scene, and poor Wrede was given his come-up. It's very sad. He doesn't like Grassi, but I doubt if he really suspects him of killing Archer."

"That's why the insinuations?"

"And quite subtly. Markham, Wrede thinks that if we turn our attention to Grassi we will push past the straw man, so to speak, and knock-off Wrede."

"Whom, in the name of heaven?"

"Miss Lake, of course," Before Markham could say anything, "Wrede has become vindictive and bitter. My asking him about Miss Lake as a possible suspect is due to his being the acute antagonist that has always existed between her and Grassi and he knows, too, that she is a capable, strong-minded woman. Therefore, when he was humiliated a moment ago in front of Grassi, he turned her over to us. If we're, with Grassi as a smoke screen."

Grassi entered the library a moment later.

"Understand, sir," Vance addressed him, "that Mr. Archer Coe had consented to sell you certain items from his collection.

The Italian was nervous, and declined the chair Vance offered him. "Yes," he replied; "for a while. I believe Mr. Wrede of the fact a moment ago. My reason for so doing was that Mr. Wrede practically ordered me out of the house recently, and I was to engage with Miss Lake. I presume—and now informed me that my business here was not completed, inasmuch as a considerable part of Mr. Coe's collection belonged technically to me. It was necessary for me to remain to arrange for shipment."

"And shall I ask you to do that?"

"Miss Lake broke off her engagement with Mr. Wrede. And then she asked him to keep some box for her."

"Most impulsive!" Vance sighed. "Was she violent about it?"

"She was not over-polite," Grassi admitted.

"I say, Mr. Grassi!"—Vance spoke suddenly—"do you think that Miss Lake killed her?"

"I—I really, sir, do not."

"Thanks awfully for the effort," Vance remarked. "I was able to adjure some of your powers of observation and your writings and feelings. We'll let the matter drop..."

Was your agreement with Mr. Archer Coe written to me?"

"Written."

"The man reached in his pocket and handed Vance a folded paper. Vance unfolded it and read it, with Markham. He glanced at the shoulder. It was a holograph letter on personal note-paper, and ran:

Signor Edgardo Grassi.

Dear Sir,

In confirmation of our recent conversation, I hereby agree to sell to you, for the price of the following pieces in my private collection...

Then followed a detailed list of forty or fifty items, including many of Archer Coe's most famous and valuable specimens of Chinese art. The price of these items, which followed in a separate paragraph, caused Heath to suck in his breath, and I must admit that even I was astonished at the high figure. At the end of the letter came Archer Coe's spawling signature. The head of the document was October 10.

Vance folded the letter and put it in his pocket. "We shall keep this for the present," he said. "It will all be perfectly safe, and it will be returned to you anon."

I had suspected Grassi to protest, but instead he bowed politely.

"And now," Vance concluded, "I shall again ask you to wait in your own quarters until we send for you."

Grassi went out, with obvious relief.

"And now, Markham," Vance said, "we have chiseled a not too bad dividend out of this Wrede."

"What do you say to emulating the voracious Doremus and seeking food? I know a French restaurant in the neighborhood."

Heath rose. "Look here, I'm sticking here," he announced. "I got work to do."

Markham had risen. "I'll either be back or phone you later," he told the sergeant.

Vance went toward the front door.

"Cheer up, old man," he exhorted Markham. "It's not nearly so black as it seems." He turned to Heath. "Oh, by the by, sergeant," he said; "one or two questions I have to ask you. Will you check up at once—this afternoon, if possible—on the—the man Markham wanted to bring to the country club, was killed last night with Doctor Montrose of the Metropolitan Museum, took a wrong train, and ended at the Crescentview Country Club at eleven. Miss Lake, according to her tale to Grassi, dined at Arrowhead Inn with him, and then drove to the country club alone, had an accident, and arrived shortly after Grassi."

"That's easy," morted Heath.

"And," added Vance, "you might give this house another search. I'm dashed interested in a blint instrument that might have been used for striking Archer and the wee Scottie. I noticed that in the fire set in the living room everything was intact in the tank but the poker."

Heath nodded. "I'll see to that."

"Miss Lake and I were speaking of dogs, that guy Wrede told me was very fond of the animals. Overall, I've heard—"

"Ah!" Vance paused. "Did he mention the breed?"

"Yes—just that it wasn't any dog I'd ever heard of."

"It was a Doberman Pinscher," Markham informed him.

"And that's a breed interestin'," Vance murmured.

"Anything else, Mr. Vance?" Heath asked.

"Well, yes," Vance drawled, turning at the door. "Be so good, sergeant, as to have the boit on Archer's bedroom door fixed while we're inside the house."

The sergeant grinned broadly. "So that's on your mind, is it?... Sure, I'll have it fixed for ya."

The Chinese Chest

(Thursday, October 11; 2:15 P. M.)

We walked through the invigorating autumn air to a small French restaurant in West Seventy-fifth Street near the Grand Central. During our drive, we talked of the French and of Scottie terriers. He told us of the famous blood lines—the Ems, Barae, Abraham, Lithgow, Barbour, Staurioues, Merlewood, Tankay, Ormsay, and Heather, and described their characteristics. He went into the obscure origin of the Scottie, and collected the ability among certain breeders to produce "breaks." "Proportion in all things," he said. "One must approach a Scottie as one approaches a work of art. A dog, like a painting or a piece of sculpture, must have free movement in three dimensions, balance, organization, rhythm—a perfect plastic ensemble. Some of our breeders have tried the opposite, and we destroy the ability of the Scottie by faddish distortions. They are endeavoring to make clowns of a breed of dogs that are fundamentally serious and dignified."

"The Scottie is at heart a gentleman—deep-natured, reserved, honored, patient, tolerant, and inexhaustible."

If you be a Scottie by nature, you would know: He never complains: he meets life as he finds it, with a stoical intrepidity and a mellow understanding. He is loyal, independent, and incapable of a wrong idea in his mind."

"And this is the dog, Markham, that certain breeders would turn into a
for Christmas... a Remington Portable

WHO wouldn't like a portable typewriter for Christmas, especially if it's a Remington! Professional men, doctors, lawyers, writers, salesmen, merchants, engineers—everyone who wants to write with neatness and legibility—needs a typewriter! Think what a help a compact portable typewriter would be to mothers, in their endless correspondence! The ease of typewriting, too, stimulates youngsters to write letters and stories.

A typewriter—and Remington makes six models, from $19.75 to $75—is a great gift for the entire family. Every member from Dad down to the five year old will enjoy using it! See your dealer or the nearest Remington Rand office.

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that is a point that puzzles me. She might have followed someone—even a stranger—into the house, provided he had left the door open; but the murderer had left the front door open—in fact, I imagine he would have taken pains to shut it securely. And there was certainly no reason why the front door should have been left open. And both of them—if they had shut the front door immediately—would have noticed the dog and heating apparatus.

"On the other hand, the vicious injury given the dog seems to indicate that the perp—the person who left the dog—was partly surprised and, perhaps, frightened. Being afraid he would be seen if he turned her out, he acted impulsively and simply to keep her silent should she start barking and attract attention."

"Your reasoning is clear enough," Markham said, "but I don’t see in what way it is helpful to us."

"Perpend, Markham. Vance was generally patient. It is highly unlikely—not to say impossible—that the dog could have followed anyone in the front door without being seen; for neither Bridges nor Greenberner had the key to the front door. Therefore, we may, as a hypothesis, assume that the murderer—the person who left the dog—would be in keeping with the nature of the crime. He could have entered the house, returned with the knife, and found the victim before she realized what was happening."

"Markham came forward. "What’s the idea, Vance? Why should the murderer take such a risk?"

"What do you mean, sir?"

"Nothing, sir," the other returned, "except that I found the poker in that Chinese chest in the bedroom upstairs."

"But," Markham continued, "the alarm clock's in the same room, isn’t it?"

"Yes, sir."

"And how long after you found the clock did you find the poker?"

"About an hour, sir."

"Markham came forward again. "What’s the idea? Why should the murderer take such a risk?"

"What do you mean, sir?"

"Just that. Vance halted and looked down the hall at the man who had come back. Brisbane was killed hours after Archer. And the reason he was too late to rearrange the scene of the crime was that Archer’s body was still on the inside. The scene of his murder had shifted—and he, the murderer, was not long after."

"At this moment Gamble appeared at the door leading to the butler’s pantry. He looked very sorry, and he was followed by the butcher, who began, "But an item—if you know what I mean—has just occurred to me."

"What’s the item?" Markham snapped.

"It’s this little gadget, sir. It’s capable of turning, laying a small cylindrical metal lipstick holder on the table. I found it in the wastepaper. It was found in this room this morning before I discovered the master’s body upstairs."

"Vance glanced at the lipstick holder. "What else did you find in the basket, Gamble?" He interrupted.

"That was all, sir—except the evening papers."

"Vance picked up the holder and removed the top. "Practically empty," he said. "It was cold. The doit was thrown away. He smeared a little of the rouge on his finger and smelled it. "Duplais’ Carmine. Made for blondes."

"He looked again at Gamble. "Did you find this under the paper?"

"On top of it, sir," the man answered without much surprise. "The paper was crumpled in the bottom of the basket. Mr. Cee always threw the paper there when he finished reading it."

"What time does the paper arrive?"

"At half past five—half past five, sir."

"And you are quite sure Mr. Archer Cee had no visitor at the time?"

"Oh, quite, sir."

"Vance was watching the man from under his eyes. "At half past five, sir, you would have been in the kitchen?

"Yes, sir."

"Vance dismissed him brusquely. "When the man had gone, Vance looked
I couldn't even tell my doctor

the torture I suffered!

An Affliction I Had to Endure in Silence Because It Was Too Embarrassing to Mention

There is nothing more painful than hemorrhoids or—frankly speaking—piles. It is an affliction that thousands suffer and yet many, on account of the delicacy of the subject, hesitate to seek relief.

There is nothing more in need of immediate treatment than piles. There is nothing that will do more to pull a person down physically and mentally and nothing more liable to serious development than this common form of rectal trouble.

Piles or hemorrhoids may occur in several different forms. They may be either painful, itching, or both. They may be visible or concealed. But whatever form they take or however they make themselves felt, they are essentially the same in cause and nature and call for essentially the same treatment.

What Genuine Relief Calls For

Any medicinal treatment of piles must be of threefold effect. It must be (1) soothing, (2) healing, (3) absorbent.

In Pazo Ointment you have, for the first time, a pile treatment that meets these three requirements. Pazo soothes the sore and inflamed blood vessels. It heals the torn and irritated tissue. It absorbs the accumulated matter and reduces the swelling. In a word, Pazo not only relieves the pain and the itching, but it actually tends to correct the condition of piles as a whole.

Effectively Applied

Pazo is put up in Collapsible Tubes with a special Desachable Pile Pipe, Perforated. The Perforated Pile Pipe, when attached to the Collapsible Tube, makes the Ointment very easily applied high up in the rectum where it can reach and thoroughly cover the affected parts. The importance of complete interior medication in all cases of piles is obvious.

Thousands of men and women in all walks of life bless Pazo as the only relief they ever knew from piles. Thousands say that it saved them the need of an operation. Those who suffer from piles can do nothing wiser than to try this modern and new-type treatment.

FREE to Try!

Pazo is sold by all first-class drug stores in the Collapsible Tube with Pile Pipe Attachment, complete for 75c. But a liberal size tube is free for the asking. Simply mail the coupon or a postcard or letter and the trial tube will come to you postpaid, in PLAIN WRAPPER. Since you have nothing to lose and everything to gain, send today for the Pazo trial tube. See for yourself the genuine relief it brings. Paris Medicine Company, St. Louis, Mo.

FREE TRIAL

Paris Medicine Co.,
Dept. 1-C, St. Louis, Mo.

Cotlemen: Please send me, in PLAIN WRAPPER, your liberal free trial size of Pazo Ointment. This places me under no obligation whatsoever.

NAME
ADDRESS
CITY
STATE
expression or shifting his gaze. "Quite true. There was the famous case in Prague of the suicide who later shot the police inspector." And there was a more recent case in Union, Pennsylvania. But I hardly think that condition applies here. Archer, d’ye see, died of a stab in the chest from a revolver. Holding the revolver was not such as would indicate that he himself pulled the trigger.

"Not a sweet, Victorian clattering vine," he lamented. "Curious, her telling us of her discussions with Brisbane about the possibilities of bolting this door from the outside!" "Possibilities of bolting is what," Markham countered. "A bolt, or a screw, or a lock, or a drop-bolt, or a screw, or a lock, or a drop-bolt, or a screw, or a lock, or a drop-bolt, or...

Vance considered this for a time. "Yes—it’s possible," he agreed at length. "Anyhow, I don’t tell," said Markham. "What’s our next move?" "Oh, that’s indicated." Vance sighed deeply. "I must run my eye over Brisbane’s books.

VANCE EXPERIMENTS

(Thursday, October 11; 4:00 p.m.)

We went into Brisbane Cee’s room, which was at the front of the house and west side. On the east wall beside the bay window was a series of simple built-in bookshelves extending to the ceiling. We estimated, between three and four hundred volumes on them, all mercilessly arranged. Vance went to the window and threw his eyes over the books, then ran his finger along the spines of the shelf nearest the door, and began running his eye systematically down over the books, and seemed to be hunting for something. He glanced over the titles.

Markham and Heath sat down on a long divan in the semi-darkness of the room and watched Vance with an air of boredom.

For so small a number of criminological volumes Brisbane Cee’s collection was unusually complete. He had a complete copy of the "Eleventh Edition" of "The Encyclopaedia of Criminology," and a copied transcript of various "The Thesaurus of Criminals," and many works in German, including "Der Eich-Wulffen's "Encyclopaedia der Kriminalistik," a set of Der Wiener Briefan, Friedrichs' "Zeitschrift der Kriminal-Praxis," a set of Doctor Ludwig Altmann's "Neues Archiv des Grauen Hauses," and the Library of "Aussenseiter der Gesellschaft.

In addition, there were various miscellaneous volumes dealing with crime and criminals, some lower down in the shelves devoted almost entirely to the classics of detective fiction.

Vance sat there and looked rapidly but carefully. There were few that were not in his own library, and he was familiar with the titles but with their appearance. He gave little attention, however, to the fiction. Just what he was looking for none of us knew.

After scanning the backs of the books for perhaps fifteen minutes, he sat down and slowly lighted one of his Regius. "It should be here, you know," he murmured, as if to himself.

He got up leisurely, and again stood on the divan, and began to leaf through the volume numbers of the various sets of books. When he came to the red-and-gold set of "M. J. G. Heger, Gesellschaft" he gave a nod and stepped down to the floor.

"A volume missing," he announced. He scanned the upper bookshelves carefully, "I wonder..." Then he dropped on his knees and began going thorough thcr bed of fiction.

When he had come to the lowest shelf he reached forward and took out a thin red-and-gold volume. He glanced at it and then turned back and inspected the books on either side of the space from which he had taken the missing volume. "Oh, I say," he said, "That’s duced interest." He pulled out a small red book. "The Clue of the New Pin," by Edgar Wallace, he said aloud. "Only, we have two pins and a darned needle—oh, what? Still, Markham, it’s significant that the missing volume of the "Aussenseiter der Gesellschaft" was found by the book dealing with a pin.

"So the book is the ‘Aussenseiter der Gesellschaft’ volume and glanced at the title-page. ‘Der Merkwürdige Fall Konrad,’ he read. ‘By Kurt Bernuth. You don’t think Konrad might have been and what subtitles he engaged in. I think I’ll do it presently. I’m a curiosity about this. And I’ll glance through Wallace—if you could bear to wait for me.

Markham made a gesture of acquiescence.

"The sergeant and I are downstairs. I’ve got some telephoning to do. The three of us left Vance alone in Brisbane’s room.

An hour later he came to the head of the stairs and called down to us. We joined him in Archer’s bedroom. He had both books with him.

"I think I’ve found a solution to one phase of our problem," he announced. "I think I may take a bit of working out." He opened the novel. "Wallace has a clever little thing—hanging out on the table. I might as well have looked for a key to the vault door from the outside. I might as well have looked for a key to the vault door from the outside.

"Here’s the explanation! No other man could have done it. He spoke, but took something from his pocket; it was a reel of stout cotton. Then from his waistcoat he produced a new pin, and with great care he tied the cotton around the pin. He then inserted the pin inside the vault door, and then pushed it out again from the outside through one of the air-holes. Then he closed the door carefully. He then had his aim, a pocketknife, and, with his purpose Tab heard the click of the lock as it was fastened, and his heart sank."

"He watched the door fascinated, and saw that Lander was pulling the slack of the cotton through the air-hole. Presently the key came in sight under the door. Higher and higher came the sagging line of cotton and the key rose up. Lander was at the window and took the cotton, and came to rest on the table. Tighter drew the strain of the rope, and when it came out, passed through the hole in the key, leaving it in the exact center of the table. Tab watched the bright pin as it went across the table, and through the ventilator... That’s the way Wallace worked his locked door.

"I’ve been thinking about it, and saw that there was an open ventilator in the door, and space beneath the door.

"Yes, of course," Vance returned. "Don’t overlook the fact there was a string and a bent pin. At least they are common integers in the two volumes. Now, let’s see if we can combine those integers with certain common integers of the Konrad case."

He opened the other book. "Konrad," Vance exclaimed, "was a truck driver in Berlin, nearly fifty years ago. His wife and five
children were found dead in their cellar room; and the door—adeborah affair without even a keyhole or space around the molding—was bolted on the inside.

The case was at once pronounced one of murder and suicide on the part of the mother; and Konrad would have been free to marry his inamorata (whom he had in the end) had it not been for an examining magistrate of the criminal court, named Hollmann. Hollmann, for no less a reason, did not believe in the suicide theory, and set to work to figure out how Konrad could have bolted the door from without.

"Here's the revelatory passage—if you'll forgive my rather sketchy sight translation of the German:" Hollmann, urged on by his conviction that Frau Konrad had not murdered her children and committed suicide, determined, as a last resort, to give the outside, a microscopic examination. But there was not the slightest aperture anywhere, and the door fitted so tightly around the frame that a piece of paper could not have been passed through any crevice.

"Hollmann examined the door minutely with a powerful lens. It required hours of labor, but in the end he was rewarded. Just above the bolt he found on the inside, close to the edge of the door, a very small hole which was barely discernible. Opening the door, he inspected the outside surface directly opposite the hole on the inside. But there was no corresponding hole visible. Hollmann did find on the outside of the door, however, a small spot on which the paint seemed fresher than that on the rest of the door.

"The spot was solid, but this did not deter Hollmann's investigation. He borrowed a hatpin from one of the tenants in the building, and inserting it, ran it through the hole on the inside. With but little pressure the heated hatpin penetrated the door, coming out on the outside exactly in the center of the newly painted spot. Moreover, when Hollmann withdrew the hatpin a piece of tough horsehair adhered to the pin; and on the pin was also discernible a slight film of wax . . ."

"It was obvious then how Konrad had bolted the door from without. He had first bored a tiny hole through the door above the bolt, looped a piece of horsehair over the bolt's knob, and slipped the two ends through the hole. He had then pulled the bolt-knob up, with the horsehair loop disengaged, withdrawing the horsehair through the hole. A piece of the horsehair had, however, caught in the hole and remained there. Konrad had then filled up the hole with wax and painted it on the outside, thereby eliminating practically every trace of his criminal device."

Heath, as Vance finished reading, leaned to his feel, and going swiftly to the door, bent over.

"There's no hole there above the bolt, sergeant," Vance smiled. "No need, don't y'know. There's a keyhole."

"Still and all, the keyhole's only halfway over the bolt, and eight inches below it. No string fastened to the bolt and run through that keyhole would look the room from the outside."

"True, sergeant," Vance nodded. "But that's where the modification of the trick comes in. Don't forget we have two pieces of string and two pins."

"Well, I don't get it."

"Look at the wall," suggested Vance, "just to the right of the jamb and opposite the bolt. Do you see anything?"

Heath looked closely. "I don't see much," he grumbled. "Right in the

RIGHTY TENDER... DELICATELY LIGHT—these pancakes are a toothsome reminder of old times! It's Aunt Jemima's own secret—that wonderful plantation flavor. A special combination of four flours—rye, corn and wheat, mixed for special lightness, extra-delicious flavor. If you want real old-time goodness in your pancakes, just add milk (or water) to Aunt Jemima Pancake Flour. Bake and serve, dainty golden-brown pancakes! The Quaker Oats Company, Chicago.
crack of the jamb and wall there's what might be, a pinhole.

"That's it, sergeant!" Vance rose and went to the door. "I think I'll try the front door in a minute."

We all watched him with fascinated interest. First he reached in his pocket and pulled out a couple of pieces of bent pins and the darning needle he had found in the pocket of Brisbane Cos. Boston. He reached into his pocket with his pocketknife and straigntened one of the pins and inserted it in the hole Heath had found in the wall at the edge of the jam. He put one end of the two pins under the handle of his pocketknife and drove the other end around in the jams. Vance then began to move the cord through the keyhole, inserting the keyhole in a loop to permit the door to swing inward without disturbing its mechanism.

"Let us see if the device works," he said with a twinge of satisfaction in his voice. "You stay in the room while I go outside and manipulate the string." Vance then took up the door and passed under the two strings into the hall. He then closed the door gently, while we remained inside, our eyes riveted to the two keys in the pins. Presently we saw the string which was attached to the bolt-knob go taut, as Vance drew it slowly through the keyhole. Passing over the pin in the wall, which acted as a pulley, the string described a sharp angle, with the pin in the wall. Slowly and smoothly, Vance drew the string from outside, and the bolt, getting a straight pull around the pin, began to move into its socket on the jam. The door was bolted!

The next thing we saw was the light-enlaged bolt-knob—"the other string," he said—attached to the head of the pin in the wall. There came several jerks on the string—the pin in the wall resisted several times as it moved toward the other end of the bolt. Finally, it was disengaged from the wall; and it was then drawn upward, bending the door a little, disappearing through the keyhole.

The other string, still hooked about the bolt-knob, was then drawn taut through the keyhole, describing a straight line from the bolt-knob to the keyhole which was almost directly below it. Another slight pull by Vance on the string, and the knob fell downward into its groove. Another pull, and the bolt pin was pulled out from the keyhole and pulled through the keyhole into the hall.

Markham, Heath and I had been bolted in the room from the hall as soon as the selves had shot the bolt and locked it.

The sergeant, after a moment's suspense, thrust back the bolt and opened the door.

"It worked?" asked Vance.

"It worked," mumbled Heath.

The report was brief.

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Hearst's International—Cosmopolitan for January, 1933


"I interviewed Doctor Montrose at the Metropolitan. This fellow Grassi arrived there a little after four, and then he was out with the doctor in a car. He made a trip in a car to East Eighty-sixth Street. Grassi stayed there for dinner and went out at nine o'clock. He had an appointment in Mount Vernon at nine. He asked the directions for getting to Grand Central."

Emery took out his notebook and opened it. "I then hopped into a cab at the Crestview Country Club and talked to Heath went from the room, and Vance said to Markham:

"Ceramics, I opine. Nothing would be so likely to stir up Grassi as a disappearance along the ceramic line."

The Italian was ushered in.

"Who telephoned to you, Mr. Grassi, at 6:30 this morning?"

"I traveled in the night and didn't get your call this morning."

"I can well imagine how you felt, Mr. Grassi." Vance went on. "After all, the bargain had been made. But really, you couldn't have learned of it."

Suddenly the Italian's pent-up emotion broke forth. "I had every right to think that I had been swindled, that my bankers were not following my instructions. Then my banker announced my successor. Then he rejects the agreement; he tells me he will not sell his house to him."

"It isn't over yet. Nobody can win in the game of Monte."

Grassi neither moved nor spoke. "Perhaps he regretted the bargain he had signed."

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Grassi hesitated. He studied Vance suspiciously for a moment. Then he took the letter, bowed, and left the room.

Markham, who had been following the interview intently, addressed Vance as soon as Grassi was out of hearing. "A surmise or one of his men—don't you think we'd better refuse the collection, on which he has obviously set his heart and staked his life? And he has been greatly hurt by the rejection."

"You are counting a great deal on the dog this morning," Markham observed.

"Yes, yes—the dog. And no one else liked dogs—no one but Wrede. Fanny should give his pet away."

Vance's voice was weary as though he were thinking out loud. "A Doberman Pinscher—too big, of course,
to keep in a small apartment. And I wouldn’t take Wrede for a dog lover. Too unsympathetic.”

He stepped to the telephone. A moment later he was walking with Wrede. The conversation was brief, but during it Vance jotted down some notes on the phone pad. When he had replaced the receiver Markham gave a grunt.

“Why should you be concerned with Wrede’s former pets?” he asked.

“I’m sure I don’t know,” Vance admitted frankly. “Some vague association, perhaps. The unknown Scottie was found downstairs; and the only other dog that has been mentioned in this case is Wrede’s. I’ll confess the connection is far-fetched. But Wrede and dogs don’t go together—the combination is almost as incongruous as was the presence of the wounded Scottie in the hall.”

Markham strove to control his irritation.

“Well, what did you learn about Wrede’s dog?”

“Nothing staggering. He had the Doberman Pinscher, and—bought him at a show in Westchester. Then, when he moved from his house in Greenwich Village to his present apartment, he gave the dog to some friends of his.” He pointed to the phone pad. “I have their names; they live on Central Park West, in the Eighties. I think I’ll drop by to see them. Y’know, Markham, I’m dashed interested in Doberman Pinschers. They were the original police dogs in Germany. The Doberman Pinscher is a cross between a shepherd dog and a Pinscher—the name given Continental terriers. He’s a comparatively new breed, but has become very popular, for, aside from his beautiful conformation, he is strong, muscular, vigorous, intelligent, and, when incensed, vicious and savage—an excellent dog for police work.”

Markham got up and yawned. “Thanks awfully. Your dissertation is most edifying. But I hardly think I’ll call in a Doberman to solve the present case.”

It was decided to discontinue the investigation for the day. We were all tired and confused, and there were no leads to follow. Vance suggested a complete cessation until he could make an inquiry into the ownership of the wounded Scottie. His sanguine attitude toward the presence of the dog in the house struck me as extravagant; and I knew Markham felt the same way about it. But since there was little more that could be done at the moment, he gave in hopefully to Vance’s suggestions.

“It’s quite safe,” Vance told him, when he had reached the lower hall, “to let the various members of the household go about their business. Only, they should be on hand tomorrow.”

A short conference in the living room settled the matter. Gamble was told to proceed with his duties, as usual; and Miss Lake and Grassi were informed they were free to go and come as they chose.

“Keep man in Coe’s bedroom, however,” Vance admonished the sergeant; and it would also be well to have a man outside to check on anyone entering or leaving the house.

As we approached the front door Guilfoyle, the detective from the Homestead Bureau whom the sergeant had sent to check Hilda Lake’s alibi, came in and reported. But he had unearthed nothing helpful. Miss Lake had dined at Arrowhead Inn with friends, and had departed alone by motor, arriving at the Crestview Country Club about eleven o’clock. Guilfoyle had been unable to verify the motor accident which ostensibly had delayed her arrival at the club. Vance, Markham and I went out into the chilly air. When we were entering...
the district attorney's car, Markham asked:

"Were you serious, Vance, about seeing those people to whom Wrede gave the Doberman puppy?"

"Oh, quite. It won't take long."

The name of the people was Enright, and they lived in one of the new apartment buildings on Central Park West, almost opposite the reservoir. The butler informed us that Mrs. Enright was out, and Mr. Enright was at that moment walking the dog in the park. He suggested that we might find him there.

Entering the park at Eighty-fifth Street, we traversed the gardens on the green, motored north and cut across the lawn to the reservoir path. Few people were in the park at this hour and the figures about the reservoir were not many. We sat down on a bench by the path entrance and waited. Presently there appeared round the Fifth Avenue turn, very large man with a dog on a leash.

"That will be Enright," said Vance.

Eighteen proved to be a genetic, say-going type of man of great bulk. V ance introduced himself and presented Markham and me. Enright was cordial and talked at length. Vance mentioned Wrede's name he became volatile regarding his long friendship with the man.

And he was a good dog at the dog. I was not familiar with the breed, but I was nevertheless struck with his strength, grace, and muscu-

luar, with beautiful lines, his coat a shiny black with rust-red, sharply defined markings. The dominating impression he gave was that of compact, muscular power, combined with great speed and intelligence—a dog that would make a loyal friend and a dangerous enemy.

"Oh, yes," Enright said, in answer to a question from Vance. "Wrede gave me and the missus Ruprecht last spring. Said he couldn't keep him in a small apartment. In a penthouse—plenty of roof for the fellow to run around. But I always take him out at night. He's two of the most beautiful places in the park. Good for him. Dogs get fed up with tiles and brickwork—need to feel the sod under their paws and to get their noses down in the dirt and smell their world.

Vance went toward the Doberman and bent over, making a friendly clicking sound with his tongue brushing the dog gently by name. He extended the back of his hand slowly toward the dog's muzzle several times. In his occi-

dental and down his slightly arched neck.

But the dog would not respond. He shrank back, gave a frightened whine and crouched down on his haunches.

"That don't mean he don't like you, Mr. Vance," Enright explained, putting the dog on the head. "He's shy as the devil. Distrustful of strangers. Gad! You should have seen him when I first got him. He was a big setter and he was in the den and wouldn't come out. But he's lots better now than he used to be. Getting a little confidence."

"He'll probably get bolder as you get acquainted."

Vance told him encouragingly. "The right treat-

ment, don't you know. He's a beautiful specimen, Mr. Enright. You'd win the championship Jog, Mark-

nham—something deuced queer. Why should he be timid? Why should he distrust and fear strangers? It's not like a Doberman to act that way. By nature they are alert and shrewd, fearless and energetic. They're among the best watchdogs of all the larger breeds. Yes, something has happened to this dog. It's very sad, I suppose. But what possible connection can there be between a big Doberman in Central Park West and another in Fort McHenry?"

"I haven't the vaguest notion," Vance returned cheerfully. "But there are only so many dogs in the world. One of them is brown and the other is viciously wounded."

"Pretty far-fetched," Markham grum-

bled.

Vance sighed. "I dare say. But so are the circumstances surrounding the murders themselves." He lit a fresh cigarette and glanced at his watch. "Any-

way, there'll be nothing to irk us till tomorrow."

But Vance was mistaken. That night the Cee case entered a new and more ominous phase. Markham dined with us and remained until nearly eleven. He departed with the understanding that he was to pick us up the next morning. It was exactly on the hour when Vance's private phone rang. It woke me from a deep sleep, and I was never so eager to answer. I could answer it. Markham's voice came over the wire demanding Vance. I car-

ried it to the phone and handed it to him. He picked it up after a brief minute; then he set the instrument on the floor, yawned, stretched, scratched, stretched again, and said:

"Dashed it all, Van!" he complained, as he rang for Currie. "Grass has been stabbed!"

Which suspect was actually guilty of murder? Look for S. S. Van Dine's amazing conclusion Next Month!

**Fathom Five**

by Robert W. Chambers (Continued from page 69)

**Lady Green-sleeves**

Am. Sister Aethra of Sainte Chryseis**

Lady Green-sleeves, evidently, knew that there was a visiting nun from another order at Saint Joseph's, for she inclined her beautiful head and seemed to incline it further with satisfaction concerning this strange daybreak intrusion.

She was in her nightdress and barefooted, her face soft, her lovely shape, fell almost to her waist.

"I bring you a message by grapevine," said Operator 13 in a low voice.

"Give it then."

"You are truly Mrs. Rosalie Howe, Secret Service agent for General Beauregard?

"Yes."

"This, then, is the grapevine message, madam: The blockade runner, Miranda, lies off False Cape. You are to signal her by waving a handkerchief in each hand."

"I understand," said Lady Green-

sleeves quietly. "Is that all?"

That is the grapevine telegram sent to you from Mr. Gaston in Richmond. There is another message from Vespaian, Chicharito.

"Give it," said Lady Green-sleeves.

On October tenth, whispered Operator 13 to us, the blockade runner Miranda lay off False Cape. She is to signal her by waving a handkerchief in each hand.

"I understand," said Lady Green-

sleeves quietly. "Is that all?"

That is the grapevine telegram sent to you from Mr. Gaston in Richmond. There is another message from Vespaian, Chicharito.

"Give it," said Lady Green-sleeves.

As Lady Green-sleeves, half dressed, came out into the corridor, Operator 13 snatched the key from the inside keyhole, and had slammed and locked the door and flung the key down the dark staircase to the other understand what was happening.

She stared, astounded, at the man, who stood with her hand on the door, barring her way. Then her beautiful, incredulous gaze changed, and a tempest of fury swept her features.

"You are prisoners of the United States!" whispered Operator 13 dramatically. "I am an agent of the Federal Secret Service and I am here to arrest you. Come with me quietly, Mrs. Howe."

Lady Green-sleeves was like some ex- tended angel, an expression of perfect dis- paise and cringing to the curse. On what charge am I arrested?"

"You are a Confederate spy in Maryland."

"Where is your command?" asked the agents in Fort McHenry. Come, Mrs. Howe. Walk down those stairs ahead of me!"

A silence, unnerving: "May I speak with my lawyer, Operator 13?"

"I dare not risk it. If you trick me, hang... No; turn and start downstairs!"

"Then I will not speak."

"If you don't obey and move forward I'll prick your neck with my knife point."

In a flash Lady Green-sleeves sprang on her and caught her right wrist; the knife fell clattering downstairs; but
the girl, as slim as a whip, and as supple and springy, clung to her prisoner, and they swayed together on the stair landing, tight-locked, wrestling, throttling, struggling on each other headlong down the dusky staircase.

"I know you!" panted Lady Green-sleeves, desperately. "And now, you young murderer! I'll see to it that you are destroyed!"

The flying mass of her flashing golden hair was a mad wraith of the younger girl, who redoubled her blows at random. A bright gout of blood welled up on Lady Green-sleeves' whitened face. She bit her teeth and ripped the nun's habit from the girl.

Twisting and doubling like fighting serpents murderously encircled, they struck and dodged and swayed and slithered to the edge of the stairs, fell a step or two. It was hopeless, she shouted, and locked it, and groped about for her fallen knife.

But when she crept, panting, back to the ready position on the landing, Lady Green-sleeves had already scrambled up against the banisters halfway down the stairs, she could not arouse her.

Shaking from fainting, Operator 13 contrived to gather up the fragments of her hooded habit and wimpie, and dress herself. She was aware, not from screaming noises from somewhere, but whether it was the black maid in the coat-closet or Mrs. Morris at the window, she could not be sure.

She looked down at Lady Greensleeves, battered, bruised, befouled with blood, and still beautiful. Horror seized her, for that lovely neck seemed to have been broken. But as she bent low over the huddled woman, the violet eyes opened, and in a last attempt to carry her to the horses. There was nothing more to be done here, unless she meant to harm herself. Besides, it was broad daylight outside.

Fragments of Lady Green-sleeves' nightgown lay on the stairs. With these two, the girl tied the lovely feet at the ankles, drew the resisting arms back and fastened the wrists.

Operator 13 picked up her girdle, sheathed her knife, buckled the belt under her habit, and, holding to the stair rail, retraced slowly to the front door, opened, locked it from the outside.

Nobody saw her. An early farmer, down the road, was driving a wagonful of apples toward Gettysburg. Nobody else was in the street.

When the mule-drawn wagon had disappeared, the girl walked across the verify, but into the orchard, where Skylark and Lady Margrave were tearing at fruit branches with impatient teeth. The girl one after another, but nervously keyed up to what lay before her, the girl in her soiled nun's dress mounted Skylark and, leading Lady Margrave, led the orchard, guid-

ing her horses out across the grass.

The orchard-close was fenced with rails, but into the orchard, where Skylark and Lady Margrave were tearing at fruit branches with impatient teeth. The girl one after another, but nervously keyed up to what lay before her, the girl in her soiled nun's dress mounted Skylark and, leading Lady Margrave, led the orchard, guiding her horses out across the grass.

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better telegraph Major Allen for orders.

"Can I communicate with Knoxville?"

"Certainly. Come with me, ma'am."

The provost guard were housed in an old porch, which was panelled, carpeted and powdered with snow, and there were no railings in the building, and here Operator 13 dismounted, observed with unfledged astonishment and respect the ugly and unblinking soldier and lounging loafer, black and white. A cavalry captain directed her into an adjoining shed, where a handsome young man was standing, and he was wearing his spurs, and he talked about the instrument, rating boiled rice and milk.

He had a lively eye; and when Operator 13 revealed himself, the officer was amazed. He laughed because the brown skin-dye had worn off in patches, and the pretty countenance of Gall Lovely was disfigured and swollen by her battle with Lady Green-sleeves, was now further adorned by alternate patches of Negro-brown and Caucasian-white.

Howwys, he was a shrewd young man and readily detected beauty in disguise; and, under its suspected spell, hastened to call up Secret Service. In a few moments it was clear that Major Allen was on the other end of the wire.

"Operator 13 reporting from Frederick, Maryland," she said; and young Mr. Barry transmitted it with a lightning rattle of his instrument; and waited. B. T. came Major Allen: "Where is Stuart?"

Then reply, question, and reply sped back and forth over the telegraph:

"Stuart has ridden around through New Market headed for White's Ford by way of Hattiesburg. Pleasanton follows out..."

"Is that the latest?"

Young Mr. Barry nodded to her and telegraphed: "Yes, sir."

"Attention, Operator 13," came clickety-click over the wire, and young Mr. Barry read it aloud, by ear, as it rattled in. "What else have you to report?"

"Lady Green-sleeves is in Emmettsburg at the old Morris house. I could catch her if I had somebody to go back with me."

Major Allen replied: "Ask General Bell to send a report in hand, and teleports through Operators 106 and 96 who have also been checked up and are correct. Where is H. B. Smith?"

"Who is H. B. Smith?" she asked Barry.

"My boss, chief detective for the middle district of Maryland, Virginia, and Baltimore. He's somewhere in town."

And he telegraphed: "He is on duty somewhere in town."

Back came Major Allen: "See whether H. B. Smith can help you out. I understand from General McClellan that the last cooper on the right is chasing Stuart. Tell Smith for God's sake to catch that woman. Do you know whether she'll be there in Emmettsburg if I send Operators 106 and 96 and ask for her from Knoxville?"

"She has orders to go to Fause Cape and signal a Rebel blockade runner called "Orielle."

"Is that certain?"

"I discovered her grapevine orders in a song I took from the Emmettsburg post office."

"Turn in the letter to H. B. Smith. Tell him I am sending Operators 106 and 96 who will make sure you are somewhere and aid them to intercept this woman before she can go to England and any validity, military police are your warrant. You are to draw any supplies and money you require from H. B. Smith. This telegram is your warrant."

"You go by way of Baltimore and Norfolk to Back Bay, on the Virginia border. Don't lose a moment. I want that woman either taken or destroyed!"

"Your orders shall be obeyed, sir," telegraphed Barry, not from explosion. Then: "Sign off," came the clicking signal; and the episode was concluded.

"Oh, yes, the boy admirably. "Talk of romance!"

Operator 13 began to weep forlornly. "I'm so deathly tired," she shrieked. Then the operator burst into passion. He took a big tin of scalding water from the stove, went into his own room, which was lumbered off from the office, and filled a tin bathtub with hot water. Then he led the girl thither and showed her soap and towels, a man's nightshirt, and hung it up for her.

"That's what you want, isn't it?" he said.

"Yes," she sobbed, "and something to eat."

"I'll draw rations for you, ma'am. Shall I buy you a call dress in town?"

"No, I'll do that," she replied, laughing through her tears. "If I had some alcohol I could get off the rest of this brown off me."

"I'll find you a bottle, ma'am. Now, take your bath and lie down. I'll ask the guard not to disturb you.

He went out and talked to the corporal, who presently detailed another sentry to protect the privacy of the place in warm clothes.

Another soldier, armed with authority, drew rations and fetched the alcohol; and young Barry cooked the bacon, a hard-tack in a frying pan on the stove, and boiled a pot of coffee. He sang disrespectfully, as he cooked:

"Buford and Bayard, Buford and Bayard, That's the way to make a man feel; The other is tired! I won't be drove, I won't be hired To ride no hoss For Gin'nral Bayard!"

He could hear the girl discreetly wallowing in the old tin tub. He set a camp table with rations and scrupulously washed the up and bacon, singing cheerily and disrespectfully:

"Oh, Gin'nral Buford, Look at what they done, A-crossed my path, Buford, Hoss an' foot an' gun!"

"Oh, Johnny Buford An' Freddy Pleasanton, They're over Number 2 Ford, Every mother's son."

"Wake up, Johnny Buford, Bayard, and Pleasanton! Take a look to lookward, Take it on the run!"

"Pave your fancy new sword, Cock your fancy new hat, Or Jeb will have you skewered, Freddie Pleasanton!"

He heard the girl laughing musically as she splashed. He lifted a bread pan and beat a gay tattoo on it with a tin fork. "First call for dinner, ma'am!" he shouted. "Fall in! Company is by!" "Skipped, and after a few minutes she appeared, swathed to the chin in his blanket. "Thank you for saving me, Captain Bayard; we took off every spot of stain remaining."

He saw her seated; then retired to a rear room when there was another telegram; the moment he heard anybody's hearing when the door had been closed.

From his east window he could look out on a courtyard where Mrs. Bump, the butler's pretty wife, was picking over peaches for peach turnovers—the same destined to stuff the guards. "Oh, Mrs. Bump," he called, "there's a lady in here without any clothes—"

"No suitable clothes, I mean! She's of height and slimness. Go over to Edward Emporium tonight and buy her something to travel in. And tell em to send the bill to the quartermaster to make it out to Major Allen of the Secret Service!"

Before Gall Lovely had awakened from a postmortem nap on Operator Barry's narrow bunk, the butler's wife returned with her bundles and a valise, and a duplicate bill that scared young Mr. Barry. However, she was no worry of his; and he knocked at the door; had a sleepy answer; opened it, and showed in her railroad ticket for her when she emerged.

"There are three loaded troop trains with steam up on a side track where the B. O. crosses the Maryland," he explained. "Eastward, between Frederick and Washington, there is a train between the other track where Baltimore in an hour. I have an ambulance ready at the door for you."

"You are a wonderful boy," she said warmly. She was radiant. All trace of fatigue and privation had vanished—so resilient is youth in health when the tonic is excitement.

At the door a soldier stowed her valise aboard the ambulance and young Mr. Barry said: "Thank you, and good-by."

"Thank you, and good-by," said the girl; and retained his hand a wicked moment.

He looked passionate volumes at her. It was another of her "moments." Only Juliet could have returned his look with such devastating effect.

"Won't you tell me your name?" he whispered incoherently.

"Operator 13," she said cruelly, as the ambulance rolled off through Frederick.

The next stop aboard the cars all the way to Baltimore. Aboard the Norfolk boat she continued to sleep like the blessed who know no guilt.

When she arrived at last, she emerged on deck at the Norfolk dock, two men came forward to greet her. They were John Babcock and Augustus Littlefield of the United States Secret Service. A carriage driven by two armed cavalrymen, and drawn by two splendid horses was waiting for her. The moment Gall Lovely and the two Secret Service men were rattling through the streets of Baltimore, it was said:

When Operator 13 had finished her hurried story regarding the plight in which she had left Lady Green-sleeves, they were on their way to Emmettsburg an hour after she had died! She has nine lives, ma'am, or she'd have been hanged after Manassas!"

"The trouble," said Littlefield bitterly.
is with Mr. Lincoln. He won't hang anybody if he can help it.

"But the Rebels," added Babcock, "are hanging our people all the time. And," he continued, smiling at Gall Loveless, "I guess they'll start gallow-dancin' if they catch us.

As for your white panther with nine lives on a coiled field, if we intercept and catch her, all she'll get will be a nice rockin' chair and three meals a day in Fort Henry.

"No woman ought to hang," said the girl. "There ought to be no hangin' anyway. Why can't they shoot us decently?" she retorted, full of spite for vulgar spies.

"Well, ma'am, if we've got to love our enemies and kick 'em at the same time, I'm in for a rockin' chair and three meals a day in Fort Henry."

Poor thing," said the girl gently; "if you had seen her lying there as though she had just given birth to a baby, I'm sure you'd feel differently.

All sham and humbugs, ma'am! John Babcock and I have it by grapevine that she was high in Baltimore last night. She wasn't hurt none. We missed her at the hotel an' at the wharf. She had the impudence to go on a troop boat and then run away to Mississippi. I'm thinkin' about it too late to header her off. All I hope is that we find her at Back Bay or the White House.

"If she gets aboard that Rebel blockader off Cape Haze and goes to England, she'll do a vast mischief to the United States!"

So, with gossip and surmise and jest and irony, they passed the tedious miles over the wind and running water, to the North Carolina Line. A basket of lunch helped them to while away the hours, and the coiled chairs across the deck, and the wilderness of pine and cornfield, buzzard and raven, swamp and brush and sand and marl. The sun hung low when they first smelled the salt of the distant ocean and the ranger odor from those brandishy bays and inlets which the green dunes separate from the Atlantic.

Millions and millions of waterfowl were flying over Back Bay, and their clamorous red-breasts were heard across the water.

The soldiers who had been driving them drew up beside an ancient tavern; Littlefield, Babcock and Gall Loveless got the horses and Babcock went into the dusky tavern.

"We'll leave our baggage here, ma'am," said Babcock, shaking out a sheet for the water. He added: "I sorely mistrust we've missed your Lady Green-sleeves.

Babcock came out hastily, followed by two sulky fellows in sea boots, one of whom led the way down to a rocky wharf where a sailboat rocked in the swell from the crimson-tinted bay.

"Is she here?" inquired Littlefield.

"She drift left this wharf twenty minutes ago," said Babcock. He described the two cavalrymen: "Put up your horses, get supper, and wait for us!"

Then he and Littlefield helped Gall Loveless into the mooring sailboat, where one of the sullen men held the tiller while the other stowed the oars and hoisted sail. All was a dashing glare of fiery reflections from the setting sun.

There was wind enough and a lively sea; spray clouded the bows and Gall Loveless into a rocking cockpit.

After a long time she heard Gus Littlefield say quietly: "Thar they are, Jack."

"I see them," said Babcock.

"Later," I can't notice that we are overhauling them," said the younger man.

One of the sullen men said to his companion: "Dee is streen right smart.

The other replied: "I reckon dee is sullin' mo' faster as we-uns."

"Can you hoist more sail?" demanded Babcock.

"No, suh. Reckon we-all ca'yin' mo' sail now than we got a right to."

It was true. The wind from the open bay was rising, and the starboard gunwale was deeply awash.

"Reckon she ain't all better sail her," remarked the man at the tiller.

They rushed on. Babcock and Littlefield bailed; the drenched sheet strained and belled; the tiller bulged to bursting.

"Mos' thar, suh," said the man at the tiller to Babcock.

"Yonder's de sea dum in de air. Reckon she's mos' ashore.

The other boat was no longer visible. A small island called Half Moon hid it. A few minutes later they brought their boat up under the lee of a great snow-white dune; his comrade stepped overboard in his sea boots and drew her pistol. Inshore, and Babcock, Littlefield and Gall Loveless sprang ashore and clambered up the dune.

As they gained the windy crest they saw the vast wastes of the Atlantic Ocean, and a thunderous surf. They saw, too, a black steamer at anchor, half a mile beyond the perilous coast, and a longboat pulling shoreward.

Then they saw my Lady Green-sleeves standing alone at the edge of the surging surf. And at that moment she looked back over her shoulder and saw them. She wore a traveling cloak; the wind had blown away her hat and loosened her glorious hair, which was blowing about her like a golden banner.

The ship was no longer far out.

John Babcock began to run toward her. She seemed not to notice for a moment. She turned slowly, with a pistol glittering in her glove hand, levelled it and fired. Five times she fired at Babcock, at Littlefield and, finally, at Gall Loveless, all running toward her.

Littlefield and Babcock had their pistols out but did not fire; the girl did not turn to look.

They were near enough to hear Lady Green-sleeves call to the men in the boat: "Come back! I am going to swim out to you!"

But it was evident that the boat's crew was not armed. The officer in the stern sheeted sail and began to wade into the surf, still carrying her valise.

"Don't do that, ma'am!" yelled Littlefield.

"You'll git drowned!"

"Come back! We won't hurt you!" begged Gall Loveless. "For God's sake, come back! We'll be kind to you."

A wave broke over Lady Green-sleeves and wrenched the valise from her grasp. She stumbled under the impact of another breaker, turned and looked behind her through her golden hair.

Suddenly the undertow snatched her like a shark and a roaring wave overwhelmed her. Men were standing up with oars and boat hooks in the tossing longboat, and their shouting came across the water like the crying of gulls.

"Her heavy silk dress is drowning her out there," said Babcock. He and Littlefield had waded in and were peering toward the spot where Lady Green-sleeves had disappeared.

Her valise came tumbling in through the foam of the crashing wave.

Ashore, Operator 13 stood weeping in the red searchlight of the sinking sun.

Next Month Robert W. Chambers relates Operator 13's adventures at Blythedale, where as Gall Loveless she again meets Jack Gailliard.

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If a Cold Develops TO END it sooner

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to create this benefit for agriculture is justified. The probable restoration of agricultural purchasing power should give opportunity to the government to square salaried positions in national importance to consolidate and protect agriculture as a vital industry. The benefit must be sought when the increasing prices in farm income will not stimulate overproduction.

This plan must go into effect at the same time that the national trade is being restored through tariff adjustments. The long view envisions a new maintenance of international agriculture; a future distribution, by economic inclination, of our agricultural population, where it can live and earn more profitably and happily. An economic survey of the soil must be made so that the land may be utilized most efficiently.

Every major problem before us today stems from the tariff. The building of a higher tariff fence about ourselves has caused foreign retaliatory tariffs and prevented even the simple exchange and barter of goods internationally. By reciprocal agreements with other nations, we shall have opportunity given to lower our tariff fence to permit the inflow of international trade. The United States can lead in outlining the mutual restoration of trade and the facilitation of exchange.

Peace and war are largely economic at the beginning; the importance of economic understanding cannot be overemphasized. The refusal of the past administration to face economic facts, because of the imagined political danger, and to take steps soon enough to ameliorate a mounting debacle it must have seen coming, has resulted in unnecessary industrial failures and a spread of unemployment. At the same time, the success of the labor fight for better working conditions was weakened.

Debts owed the United States by foreign governments must be paid. It makes no sense to assist your debtors in every way, but there is no possibility of a cancellation. The stabilization of world finance can best be achieved by a clear understanding of just obligations. A policy unduly favoring foreign private loans has resulted in more great sums being owed to us, has failed to achieve any real international unity, economic or otherwise, and has confirmed foreign hopes for the repudiation of debts.

The national leadership must be able to explain, in a way that makes sense to your debtors, how the situation is with your nation and that it is the duty of your national administration first to control the importation of its own private loans. I strongly feel that the welfare of the world depends just as much upon ourselves as it does upon others, but there is only one way to be taken of these great money obligations between nations. These sums represent national labor, the labor of our fellow individuals.

Domestic speculation and stock thievery, personal and corporate, must be put down if we are to get the confidence essential to industrial and business progress. Our credit structure is not only based upon last made of the money of small investors and depositors, it is also a Federal statute to give a full, adequate and understandable publicity to the purposes for which stocks and bonds are issued, full publicity for the accounting for these moneys and percent of publicity for mergers, consolidations and holding companies. Legitimate risk, legitimate investment, and legitimate organization will welcome this light. We must have no more of the frenzied speculation and brutal exploitation of innocent investors that we of the prohibitive commands of government, which could not be enforced, has resulted in a weakening of authority and many social abuses.

It will be necessary to simplify the Federal administration that government expenditures for this purpose shall be cut by no less than twenty-five percent increase in the agencies of government, and together with an unbusinesslike compilation of their organization, in the new government, which has resulted in extravagance. This has been unfortunately combined with a greater dependence on the statistical methods of bureaucracy.

Government has cost more and more and removed itself, at the same time that practical contact with human problems. Reduction of the salary, if the members of the immediate and direct contribution that government can make, is long overdue.

A changed attitude upon the part of officials and whole governmental forces is needed to bring about the performance of functions for which these departments were created. I am Assistant Secretary of the Navy and saved great sums for the people by reorganizing the methods of purchase. In the same departmental mechanics, I shall insist upon real—and not paper—economies. I will have among my Cabinet men who I consider have labored constructively for the ideals of liberal thought and action.

I cannot state too strongly that an ability which merely remains constant is not what government needs. Government will only be progressively useful when it develops its own individual ability in dealing with its present problems. I will aim to make the government the servant of individual men and women, with equality of service for all.

Any monopoly of a necessity of life should be outlawed. For example, it is sound common sense to drive public utility companies out of business, but they must be controlled by Federal legislation to prevent them from charging more than a reasonable return on their investment.

A hatred with regard to just and unjust monopolies has been fostered within the last few years, resulting in an aggressive encroachment on the human rights of the few upon the rights of the many. The few have rights which must be preserved. The human rights of the many are paramount.

The practicality of the plans outlined in the campaign is as obvious to all men who know something of the economic history of the last few years, and are not blinded by partisan prejudices. Those are the faults I have stated of our immediate past. That these plans are going to succeed is the reason I expect. Democracy to accomplish more for this country than has ever been possible within recent times through political parties.

We shall start, as far as we are concerned, with a clean page. My party is committed to no petty faction or private

**NEXT MONTH COSMOPOLITAN BEGINS**

**TEMPLE BAILEY'S**

**NEW NOVEL**

**"ENCHANTED GROUND"**

*A romantic modern love story—the most glamorous novel she has ever written!*

Temple Bailey is the most popular woman novelist in America (over 2,000,000 copies of her books have been sold, and 2,000,000 readers can't be wrong!), so it is with pride that we present her new and finest novel to Cosmopolitan readers. Don't miss the February issue! After reading it, you won't let yourself miss one!

**ON SALE JANUARY 10TH**
Enter Madame

AND A TRAY OF
INDIGESTION

No matter what she calls them, the lovely Mrs. Gilbert’s cocktails always taste like liquid candy. Her guests call them “Sissies.” If you know anyone so careless of digestion, mail her this from Tony Weiz, chef de bar of the old Knickerbocker: “Cocktails were invented to stimulate appetite. Tart drinks do vermouth does. But sweet drinks don’t do much.” Might’s well serve candy before dinner!”

Naturally, vermouth means Martini & Rossi Vermouth—as it always has. (In Italy, by law, it isn’t a Martini unless it’s made with Martini & Rossi.) Subtle, exquisite; a benediction on the palate. Every careful host uses both kinds—the Regular and the Dry.

Watch for the big all-star number of Cosmopolitan Next Month, containing fiction and articles by Fannie Hurst, Hendrik W. Vrooman, Theodore Dreiser, S. S. Van Dine, Fannie Halsey Lea, Peter B. Kyne, Rex Beach, Kathleen Norris, Robert W. Chambers, and many other distinguished authors.
Earthquake by Damon Runyon  
(Continued from page 53)

to Earthquake one time, he says he cannot bear to think of keeping regular hours such as a circus might wish.

Well, Johnny Brannigan does not have a man in his stable that is afraid of Mudy's, by the way, but by and by he looks at me and speaks as follows:  
"You remember Earthquake?" he says.  
"Yes," I say.  
"Strong?" I say to Johnny Brannigan.  
"Why, there is nobody stronger than my old Earthquake. He is strong enough to hold up a building."

"Yes," Johnny Brannigan says, "what you say is very true. He is strong enough to hold up a building."

He says, "Earthquake is very strong indeed. Now I will tell you about Earthquake."

I IS MAYBE three months after Earthquake knocks off Muley Johnny Brannigan's place, I find myself in a town by the name of New Orleans, and because I am personally acquainted with a man, I am asked to be the house on him. But when I get to this New Orleans, I find Earthquake blows down, and although he does not leave any forwarding address.

Well, I am unable to get any trace of him for some days, and it looks as if the fellow had run off. But one day I happen to run into a guy by the name of Saul the Soldier, from Greenvich Village, Sault the Soldier winds up in New Orleans following the horse races, and he is very glad indeed to meet a friend from his old home town, and I am also glad to meet him, because I am getting lonesome in New Orleans. Well, Saul knows New Orleans pretty well, and he tells me all about it, and he asks me if I want to come to the town, and I ask him if he can tell me where Earthquake is, and Saul speaks as follows:

"Why," says Saul, "Earthquake slips away on a ship for Central America not long ago with a boat of guys that are going to join a revolution there. I think," says Saul, "we are going to sit by the name of Nicaragua."

Well, I wire my headquarters and tell them to send for Earthquake, and I find myself in a town that is called Managua, and of an afternoon when I get tired of looking for Earthquake, I go to a little place in the center of a town where there are many shade trees. It is a pretty park, although down there they call it a plaza, and across from this plaza is a beautiful old stone building that seems to be a convent, because I see many nuns and small fathers about, and I can see them going in and out the door on one side of the building, which seems to be the main entrance.

One afternoon I am sitting in the little place when I see a guy in a long white clothes come up and sit down on another bench near me, and I am greatly surprised to see that this guy is nobody but Earthquake.

He does not see me at first, and in fact he does not know I am present until I step over to him and out with my jack and knock him how-legged; because, knowing Earthquake, I know there is no use saying anything to him except "hands." I do not bother him so very hard, at that, but just hard enough to make him slip over and let me have a minute, while I put the handcuffs on him.

Well, when he opens his eyes, Earthquake looks up at the trees, as if he thinks maybe they are going down and barrow him, and he says, "I am greatly displeased. But then he discovers that he is handcuffed, and he sits down again and speaks as follows:

"Hey! Earthquake says.  
"When do you get in?"

I tell him how long I am there, and how much inconvenience he causes me by not being more prominent, and Earthquake says the fact of the matter is he is out in the jungles with a lot of guys trying to get him into revolution, but they are so slow getting started they finally exasperate him, and he comes to town.

Well, finally we get to chatting along very pleasant about this and that, and although he is away only a few months, Earthquake says he is in what is going on in New York and asks me many questions, and I tell him that the liquor around town is getting worse.

"Funny," he says, and I say, "they are holding a nice warm seat for you up at Ossining."

Well, Earthquake says, "I am sorry I scrac Muley, at that. In fact," says, "it really is an accident. I do not mean to scrac him. I am aiming at you." says, "In fact," he says, "I am aiming at you."

Now about this time the bench seems to move a little, and I find myself sitting on the ground, and the ground also seems to be trying to get from under me, and I hear loud cracking noises here and there, and a great roaring, and at first I think maybe Earthquake takes to shaking things up, but when I see myself sitting on the ground, about fifty feet from me.

I get to my pins, but the ground is still walking up on me, and I can scarcely walk over to Earthquake, who is now sitting up very indignant, and when he sees me he says to me like this:

"Perhaps," he says, "perhaps it is a very dirty trick for you to boff me again when I am not looking."

Well, I tell Earthquake that I do not boff him again, and that as near as I can figure out what happens is that we are overtaken by what he is named for, which is an earthquake, and a very earthquake, and about and around, anybody can see that this is very true, as great clouds of dust are rising from piles of stone and timber where fair-sized buildings stand a few minutes before, and guys and dolls are running every which way.

Now I have to keep to look across at the convent, and I can see that it is something of a wreck and is very likely to come down, and the walls are teetering this way and that, and mostly they are teetering inward. Furthermore, it can open and screeching from inside the old building.

Then I notice the door in the side of the building that seems to be the main entrance, and when I look, I see the door open, and now I must explain to you about this doorway, as it has been and time it has ever come off. It is a fairly wide doorway in the beginning with a frame of heavy timber set in the side of the stone building, with a timber arch at the top, and the wall around this doorway seems to be caving in from the top and sides, so that the doorway will be plugged up, the letter V upside down, with the timber framework bending, instead of breaking. As near as I can make out, this doorway is the only entrance to the building that is not closed up by falling stone and timber, and it is a sure thing that pretty soon that will not be in a few minutes, because the walls are going to tip over and make jelly of them.

"Why, yes," Earthquake says, taking a gander at the convent, "what you see seems reasonable. Well, copper," he says, "what is to be done in this situation?"

I tell Earthquake that in the meantime we get through a few of them out of there if you will help me. Earthquake, I say, "I understand you will do any way you can, and I will slip in through it and pass out any nuns and kids that may be alive."

"Why," Earthquake says, "this place is as bright as a fire engine and from a copper. Why," he says, "I will hold this doorway apart until next Pancake week this thing is not good."

Then Earthquake holds out his ducts and I uncuff the guys. Then he runs over to the doorway of the convent, and I run after him.

THIS DOORWAY is now closing in very fast indeed, from the weight of tons of pressing against the timbers, frame, and by the time we get through a few of them out of there if you will help me. Earthquake, I say, "I understand you will do any way you can, and I will slip in through it and pass out any nuns and kids that may be alive."

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(Continued from page 23)
into a visualization of the past has created an entirely different point of view. We are as interested in "Jesu-
nah," in the revealing details of his existence, as if he seemed to have been indifferent to them.

This is entirely right, of course. The human life of Christ, like any other human life, is a complex of facts, which although sparingly recorded, have existed and which it would be illuminating to know. The Church early protested against an exaggerated spiritualizing process tending to make of Christ's humanity a mere appendix to the events of his life and a mirage destined to veil his divinity.

But Christians should not so endeavor to reconcile Jesus the divine nature with the divine nature will suffer in the effort. Christmas is not Christmas if it is only the anniversary of a birth like any other birth. It would be like the Virgin Mary suffering in the effort. Christmas songs, as well as the Easter bells in Goethe's "Faust," have their persuasiveness.

For a long time the feast of Christ's Birth was kept simultaneously with that of the Nativity. Baptism in those days was beautifully called "the Illumination," and the day on which it was given was called "the Light of the World." Why should not Christmas be the Day of Light also to us? Why should it not appear as a light in the sky at last as bright as the sun three days as the dawn we long pray for? Why should it be impossible, even for the most modern, to apprehend the truth of religion and the beauty of the Christmas mystery? Do we not, every day, make complex reasonings which we call intelligent, but which we be on our guard against them in the very domain that is the most similar to poetry—namely, the domain of science and art?

We are all ready to admit that the birth of Jesus introduced an era of aspiration towards peace and love with- rent with this world would have suf- fered an inconceivable loss. Does it not amount to admitting that, without ad- hession to the full meaning of Christmas, each individual of us is a loser? An argument from analogy, this, but as logical as any. There are arguments concealed under the poetry of Christmas, and the consciousness of this pleasure is the most wistful, and the most skeptical among us, to let Christmas take its true way of approaching this Festival of Joy should not be critical but human. I have seen people discuss by the fact that long before Christmas was instituted in terms of party the Nativity coincides with the sun's reaasent. As wisely, as beautifully, the wits and wise men of the Christian Church were not able to find a way to make the divinity coincide with the Nativity coincides with the sun's reaasent. As wisely, as beautifully, the wits and wise men of the Christian Church were not able to find a way to make the Nativity coincide with the sun's reaasent.

As a matter of fact, the Church was long uncertain about the date of Christ's birth. There was a period of ten or more centuries in which the birth of the Messiah was placed at various times. It was not until the fifteenth century that the Nativity was fixed on December 25th. This was done to reconcile the Church with the pagans. The pagan belief that the sun would rise on the twenty-fifth of December and make a feast of it. Why do we persist in the same superstition? As a matter of fact, the Church was long uncertain about the date of Christ's birth. There was a period of ten or more centuries in which the birth of the Messiah was placed at various times. It was not until the fifteenth century that the Nativity was fixed on December 25th. This was done to reconcile the Church with the pagans. The pagan belief that the sun would rise on the twenty-fifth of December and make a feast of it. Why do we persist in the same superstition? As a matter of fact, the Church was long uncertain about the date of Christ's birth. There was a period of ten or more centuries in which the birth of the Messiah was placed at various times. It was not until the fifteenth century that the Nativity was fixed on December 25th. This was done to reconcile the Church with the pagans. The pagan belief that the sun would rise on the twenty-fifth of December and make a feast of it. Why do we persist in the same superstition? As a matter of fact, the Church was long uncertain about the date of Christ's birth. There was a period of ten or more centuries in which the birth of the Messiah was placed at various times. It was not until the fifteenth century that the Nativity was fixed on December 25th. This was done to reconcile the Church with the pagans. The pagan belief that the sun would rise on the twenty-fifth of December and make a feast of it. Why do we persist in the same superstition? As a matter of fact, the Church was long uncertain about the date of Christ's birth. There was a period of ten or more centuries in which the birth of the Messiah was placed at various times. It was not until the fifteenth century that the Nativity was fixed on December 25th. This was done to reconcile the Church with the pagans. The pagan belief that the sun would rise on the twenty-fifth of December and make a feast of it. Why do we persist in the same superstition? As a matter of fact, the Church was long uncertain about the date of Christ's birth. There was a period of ten or more centuries in which the birth of the Messiah was placed at various times. It was not until the fifteenth century that the Nativity was fixed on December 25th. This was done to reconcile the Church with the pagans. The pagan belief that the sun would rise on the twenty-fifth of December and make a feast of it. Why do we persist in the same superstition?
To suggest such a change was to arouse old feuds. Multiplying the number of looms to be tended has an ugly Prorcutean name—"stretch-out." It is called. It is a name hated by cotton operators below; one over which they have fought hard battles.

The committee sensed and sympathized with the antagonism it aroused. They knew it was going to be painful. It found a substitute, a word which explained and did not disturb. It talked not of "stretch-outs" but "extensions," and nobody was troubled. An extension was something to study—a stretch-out, something to fight.

Not the least feature of the new procedure was this understanding tact in keeping out of the discussions words and terms opprobrious to one side or the other. The committee saw how irritable and nervous those who were defending their system got when they were accused of being "stretch-outers." It was to be avoided, but "extension" was accepted as a substitute.

The plan as formulated was less of a hardship to those who had to work under it. It was a matter of shifting work, as it were, rather than a hard addition to the length of the day's work. The foremen who had been uncomfortable with the old plan of "stretching" and "putting" were made comfortable with the new plan. It was a change they could live with.

The committee understood the psychology of its members. It was not necesary to explain every move; they were not bothered. They understood that the committee was working for the common good. The members were not interested in a change for its own sake, but in a change that would be helpful to all.

The committee was not interested in making the change. It was interested in making the change that would be helpful to all. And the committee was successful. It made the change that was helpful to all.
months under Mr. Goodell’s direction, and then the great depression created a business situation which forced a stoppage. Did the thirty-five-months’ work of the joint Research Committee prove that it was cheaper to cut expenses by scientific management—that is, by the full and free use of new machines and processes?

Science won tenfold in the final accounting. According to a calculation made by management representatives, the joint research paid for itself every seven years for new equipment they installed to pay for itself.

The abandonment of the joint Research Committee, unless, even if it turns out not to be merely an interregnum as Agent Smith insists, in no way diminishes the wealth of things demonstrated. One of the most heartening of these is a fresh proof that if a man has discovered a truth, whatever its fate in his lifetime, it will make its way.

Fifty years ago, Frederick Taylor began his attempt to prove that the mission of the manager is to make it possible for men and women the earth over to have all the necessities of life, and a share of the amenities, and be released from the feeling that the life of all might be tolerable, and worked to prove that low prices to the consumer were not inconsistent with high wages and increased profits; were, indeed, their logic. To the day of his death he saw his principles fought by shopmen and tradesmen.

Naumkeag is proof enough that Frederick Taylor knew what he was talking about.

It is, too, a demonstration of the way men working freely under our American Plan come to the support of truth, apply, interpret, enlarge it. The American Plan system, once so despised, has disciplined the world over. Yearly we see growing from it greater and more beneficent undertakings.

But Frederick Taylor’s principles would have had small chance at Naumkeag if the soil for them had not been ready. Eighty years of what we sometimes stupidly dismiss as paternalism, honest efforts to make the conditions under which spinners and weavers and all the rest attending them work decent and healthful, to give steady work and as good pay as their work justified, laid a foundation on which Agent Smith and John O’Connell could build their agreement to live in peace and justice.

The term of that agreement opened a natural path for scientific management. When an industry moves with its pay—day-by-day, week-by-week; it has fertile soil for the most difficult social and economic experiments.

Could the Taylor system have made its way under anything like the speed and the breadth it has under any other plan—that of Italy; that of Russia? I doubt it.

I said at the start that I was telling this story because it offers the kind of technique that we must master if we are to correct and remodel our activities as we must if we are to preserve our American Plan. It is replete with practical suggestions. Is it all amass of words, slogans, which have ceased to carry ideas, have become the servants of passion and the mistresses of the glib talkers? They pound down reason, sting only our fighting blood, are the enemies of straightforward thinking and of that spirit of accommodation which alone can carry a joint enterprise to a peaceful conclusion.

The deliberation with which the work was carried on at Naumkeag is one of its most useful lessons, and one which most of us regard with impatience if not contempt. To deliberate, test and retest, to make sure that you are right and, what is equally important, that your associates agree with you, is the American Plan. It does not appeal to those who would like to believe that progress depends on action unhindered by thinking, who seek mechanisms, laws, blueprints to be used in lieu of the labored processes of trial and error.

One of the most discouraging features of the long struggle last year to balance the Federal budget was the continual going back and beginning over again. It was proof that there had been too little thought to get on with economy.

Still more discouraging than this hurry was the unholy partisan deal with which those items soon to be torn to fragments, the hurling of hateful words and accusations.

At a dozen points in its struggle over the bill Congress violated principles and etiquette that the representation of the management and workers of the state of Massachusetts, cotton mill would not have tolerated, even if you say, they were acting for only 2,500 men. Congress speaks for 125,000,000. With difference of opinion in the application of principles? What is true and just for 25, for 250, for 2,500, is true and just for 125,000,000.

If Naumkeag had tried to settle the matter of the economies necessary to meet the competition in its specialty in the spirit and the manner in which Congress treated the tax bill of 1932, this story would never have been told.

The lesson, then, is that here is an object lesson in the way by which we should carry on our doings. It is a lesson good for every activity of life: for nations in their rivalry for world business and for families. It is a technique which unites instead of divides, which enlightens instead of darkens, which destroys suspicion, turns obstinacy to accommodation. Moreover, it is the way by which we shall ever realize the full strength of cotton.

Miss Tarbell’s next article will deal with labor-saving machinery and the harm it works to men when installed before provisions are made to absorb those it displaces. It is a subject of the sufficient importance to consider product rather than men and the way in which industry is beginning to reverse it—putting men before product of the floor. “You keep a ball here for the dogs to play with, don’t you?” Let me play, too, the others will join.

He put it on the floor. It rolled at once toward the north wall, bumped against the wall back, then, covering about eighteen inches, it stopped.

“I caught it,” said the Colonel. “This whole place is sassing. We have known for over a year that the roof is unsafe.” At a large dinner one night, Colonel US Grant, Third, grandson of the former President, sat next to me. He was also an engineer, and in charge of Public Buildings and Public Parks.

“The roof is labor-saving construction,” said Colonel Grant. “Like all such things it may possibly hold out for a long time—and it may cave in at any minute.”

“I am glad,” said another officer, “that my wife and children aren’t sleeping in that house.”

So in March, 1927, the President finally agreed to move, and took up residence in the Patterson house on Dun- pire Circle.

At once the work of repairing the White House was commenced. The roof was taken off, and the worm-eaten beams moved. I have a piece of one of them now, and it breaks between my fingers like dried-out corn.

The upper part of the White House was now a wreck, walls demolished and ceilings torn off all the way down to the second floor. Constructing the restoration is very strong. Sagging floors were torn up, and a modern steel framework put in.

The third story was completely modernized, many bedrooms and bathe—a long-felt need—replacing the few large attic-like rooms. Modern cedar closets and linen closets were built in over the great portico.

All this took time, and the President and Mrs. Coolidge remained in the Pat- terson house until the summer vacation took them to the Black Hills of South Dakota.

This house will always have great historic interest, not only because it sheltered the President during all the war, but also, there, he entertained our greatest aviator—Lindbergh—who came to be the guest of the President and Mrs. Cool- dge, on his return from his lone, heroic flight across the Atlantic.

The day before his arrival a White House car was sent to Baltimore for Mrs. Lindbergh, and it was my privilege to meet her when she arrived at the temporary White House, and to deliver the letter received by the President and Mrs. Coolidge.

The next morning she went, with the chairman of the reception committee and an aide, to the Navy Yard where she met her distinguished son.

Fifteen minutes! I rushed through my work with all speed, going to the Washington Monument where I met him, where I was on the stand opposite the President.

Never have I seen Mr. Coolidge so interested in anything as he was in the arrival of Lindbergh. From the moment we knew that this remarkable young man would at any moment appear at the bluestockings in attendance; for his, stand, Mr. Coolidge seemed completely taken out of himself.

Consumed by a great eagerness to see the boy, he stopped me, put his little, hands behind him, his face alight. And when Lindbergh, young, tall, darkly, with that modest bearing which makes him stand out from the big- gest crowd, mounted the steps, the Pres- ident smiled broadly.

There followed one of the most spirited addresses I have ever heard Mr. Coolidge make, every sentence bringing forth applause.

Lindbergh responded in a few well- chosen words. After brief ceremonies, he and his mother accompanied the Presi- dent for a few minutes, Lindbergh, where an enormous, clamorous crowd had already gathered.

They seemed to be always there, night and day. When they slept I do not
many people were skeptical and doubted his sincerity. Not until the Republican Convention in June, 1928, were they convinced.

By September, 1927, repairs to the White House were completed, only a few minor details still requiring attention. But then, there was no more disorder and disarray which naturally follows such an upheaval as the demolishing and reconstruction. The, perfecting of a modern steel framework, and the remodeling of an entire third story.

Chief usher Helper was in a thousand places at once. The repair work was complete and apparently hopeless; but when the Chief Executive and his wife returned, they came into a spotlessly clean, thoroughly comfortable White House, and went to bed under a roof as safe as that of any modern building.

The morning after they came back, we were all back in harness again and the usual plans were under way for the usual State entertainments. We took the routine turning of the wheel.

Mr. Moffat's tour of two years' duty as Comptroller of the White House had expired, and Mr. James C. Dunn, of the Diplomatic Service, was appointed in his stead. From the windows of the old house, Mr. Dunn and I saw much of interest, and on a glorious autumn day—one of those clear, bright, beautiful days the sunshine seems to filter through like powdered gold—we stood together in a window of the Executive Office, eagerly watching for the arrival of a military organization coming to be reviewed by the President.

Suddenly the air was pierced by the skirling of drums, and in at the southeast gate came the “Pipers” of a Canadian regiment.

Behind them glowed a vivid splash of scarlet—a uniform not seen in just that spot since 1812. British Redcoats coming to the White House—for the first time since the day they came to pillage, and to plunder, and to burn it to the ground.

To a point directly south of the White House they marched, and there, drawn up in company formation, they waited for the arrival of the President. When he appeared—in formal attire, wearing his morning coat and top hat—the regimental band played the Star-Spangled Banner. The President inspected them, passing slowly between the serried ranks, while their Colors rested upon the ground in salute.

The President then mounted the steps of the south portico and the troops passed in review—while inside the White House, from the wall of the Red Drawing-room, the portrait of General Washington looked down—the very portrait Dolly Madison cut out of its frame, rolled up and took away with her, saving it for the end of the deposition, just before the Redcoats burned the house.

Leaving the garden by the southwest gate, the splendor of nature vanished from our sight through the powdered gold of that autumn day, while faint and far away could be heard the plaintive strains of an old Scotch tune: "The Flowers of the Forest."

The floating, swaying plaid of the pipers disappeared over the trees and, through the gate, the visiting troops were joined again by their United States escort.

They had come to Washington, these Redcoats, for the unveiling of a monument in General Cemetery, erected to the memory of Americans, buried there, who had served with

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Canadian troops in the early days of the World War. 
So life was still largely made up of high-
lights—one exciting event after another
until the day came when it was Christmas
again—and as Calvin Coolidge once said
to the American people: "Christmas is not
enough," but a service in the mind.
To cherish peace and good will, to
be plentiful in mercy, is to have the
real spirit of Christmas. If we think
on him who will be our God, our
Savior, and over us will shine a star
sending its gleam of hope to the
world.
It had long seemed to me that over
Calvin Coolidge and his wife there
did shine a star—a star that guided them
through all the long, dark nights
when, surely, would have been
impenetrable.

TIME RUSHED by, and now it was
June again—June, 1928, and the Re-
publican Convention in Kansas City
—and the nomination of Herbert Hoover
and Charles Curtis.

The day before President and Mrs.
Coolidge left Washington for a fishing camp
near Superior, Wisconsin, and it was
while they were there that Mr. Coolidge
heard of the choice of the Convention.

Later, the President and Mrs. Coolidge
invited Mr. and Mrs. Hoover to visit
them at this camp, on their way to their
home at Palo Alto, California, where
Secretary Hoover went to receive the
official notification of his nomination to
the Presidency.

When we arrived ahead of us in the
fall of 1928, the whole program for that
final winter being advanced in order to
leave the month of February clear
for preplanning,
It was a particularly brilliant season,
and there was no falling off in the
attendance at White House receptions.

Looking back to those last days of
the Coolidge administration, I have a
series of vivid mental pictures—Mrs.
Coolidge seated at a table in her room,
signing dozens of photographs—Mrs.
Coolidge keeping last appointments,
diverted from clearing out her study.

The President at his desk in the Ex-
cutive Offices—also autographing pho-
tographs. Preferring Cabinet meetings,
reading the papers of the Executive
Cabinet, Senators, Representatives, political leaders—
and always near him his faithful friend
Forster from St. Paul.

When Mr. Slep as resigned as Secre-
tary to the President, the Honorable
Everett Sanders, formerly a Representa-
tive from Indiana, was appointed to
that post—but Mr. Clark's duties con-
tinued as manifester and his services as
influential as before, and thus it was in
Coolidge's administration—and even be-
fore that, when he was Vice President.

President Coolidge was at his best in
the Executive Offices there is one who has trained
many secretaries to Presidents.

Beginning his White House career as
President Roosevelt's stenographer, Ru-
dolph Forster has risen to the inde-
s creep, difficult and delicate position
of Executive Cabinet, placed of grave
responsibility. Thoroughly versed in
every phase of national, international
and personal business, he has a
shrewd intuitive sense of the fitness of things,
and a respect for the office of President of
the United States, a principle which outweighs
every other consideration.

Quiet, dignified, retiring in the ex-
treme, Rudolph Forster has also a brain
and a cultivation which make him an
authoritative adviser to the many men
in conspicuous government positions who
must be in daily, hourly communication
with him.

It was to him I went so often for in-
struction in those first hard, trying days, and
upon his judgment and counsel I relied
during many nerve-racking crises
throughout the term of office to the Wife of the
President must pass.

The whole scene at the White House
may change—the Thirtieth President of
the United States may be the first
President to take office—but Rudolph
Forster remains, loyal, unbiased, selfless,
a rock over which many waves have
broken.

Instead of the diminishing activities
I had expected, we were almost as rushed
and hurried in those early days as in those
earliest days at the Willard Hotel.

In honor of Mrs. Coolidge, the Wom-
spin Doctor and rooms were empty. But for me, all at once
they were crowded with people, as my
thoughts flashed back to those hectic
days of March in 1929. This same
apartment was the seething center of
interest for the whole United States—
when the depression was not yet a
debate muffled by portentous happenings;
when a quiet, unpretentious man was
bumping with grave problems, and History
was being made.

Five years and seven months is a long
stretch, particularly to March 4, 1929,
time flew. I seem to have been
always hurrying—hurrying from one
vivid moment to the next.

As I call it all to mind again, I see
that from first to last the only unhur-
rushed figure was that of the President.

There was no end to what this man
accomplished. Every act was the result
of deep, earnest reflection. But it was
all done quietly and well.

His taste in clothes was as quiet as he
was himself. He wore them extremely
well. He always exhibited a look of
simply good, well-kept clothes.

I have heard Mr. Coolidge ridiculed
for going fishing in a stiff straw hat,
and a short, starched shirt, with a
starched collared, and dark four-in-hand tie—his
only concession to the popular idea of
a fifth of July.

As I call it all to mind again, I see
that from first to last the only unhur-
rushed figure was that of the President.

When I think of his life as President
—as every President often is—Mr. Coolidge
neither cried out nor protested. He
remained silent. He evidently believed
in the axiom: “Never explain. Your friends
don’t need it—your enemies won’t be
lieve it.”

Rushing to his own defense was not
in Calvin Coolidge’s line. He did not put
his finger into every pie, but adhered
strictly to the business in hand.

Nothing could induce him to serve
his country, as he swerved from the
straight course toward the only goal he
had—to be the best interests of that
country.

He did not falter, or hesitate, or vacil-
late. When he made a decision, he
made no excuses for it.

If he “took the sword” it was sharp,
and he wielded it without flinching cour-
age. In his hands we were safe.

He grew more in five years and seven
months than many men do in a life-
time. His mind was broadened, deepened—gained
in vision.

Woodrow Wilson was a pacifist, and
first Mr. Coolidge, like many other Presi-
dents, had peace to maintain.

When President Coolidge took office,
he knew little or nothing about the mili-
tary or naval forces of which he then
automatically became Commander in
Chief, and did not, apparently, care
to know more. His life had lain alone
along the Mohawk, and the remotest
removed from a military or naval service.
He did not seem to understand our need
of a military and naval establishment. He
appeared to think this a matter of
fact that, as President, he must have
military and naval aids in attend-
ance on many occasions.

He seemed unaware of what the Serv-
ices was for; nor did he comprehend
the different functions of the various
branches of the armed forces. It was
long after his term as President that
the United States Navy became a
balky, work of this Nation.

Calvin Coolidge was strongly, sanely,
and quietly behind President Roosevelt's
Navy, the most important service
of National Defense, once understood
and accepted, was not repugnant. He
sent his son to a Citzen's Military
Training School. This was the sign
of military service is a good and
wholesome experience for young men.

On the night of August 23rd, after
hearing from Coolidge's lips the
finest speech he ever made as President
of the United States, I heard from
Coolidge's lips the finest speech I ever
heard, the most memorable speech
that I have ever heard.

Before an enormous audience of high
officials, ambassadors and ministers of foreign governments, politi-
cians, and vast numbers of American
people, he fearlessly declared his con-
victions that we could best insure our
national honor and maintain our status
among the nations by the establishment
and maintenance of an adequate
National Defense.

"All human experience," said the
President, "is an experience of
that a country which makes reasonable
preparation for defense is less likely to
be subject to a hostile attack and less
likely to suffer a violation of our
which might lead to war"... "To be
ready for defense is not to be guilty of
aggression"...

It is our duty to ourselves
and to the cause of civilization, to the
preservation of domestic tranquillity,
to the荣誉our and to the
foreign people, to maintain an adequate

The President strongly recommended
self-help defense. He said: "The
that we should give up no part of our
marginal; that our first line of defense—
our hands should not be barred out of
existence.

"We do not need a large land force.
representative size of our Regular Army
(240,000 in 1929) adequate."

"When we turn to the sea the
situation is different. We have not
only a long coastline, distant operating
possessions, a foreign commerce unsur-
passed in importance, and foreign in-
vestments, but a military force which
the number of our people and value of our
treasure to be protected, but we are also
bound by international treaty to defend
the Panama Canal. Having few fuel-
ings, we require ships of large

130
Hearst's International—Cosmopolitan for January, 1933
Thinning hair Leads to BALDNESS

Check It With Glover's
Stimulate New Hair Growth!

Don't accept thinning hair, the forerunner of baldness, as something about which nothing can be done. Even if you are getting bald, you can retrieve your good head of hair if the hair roots are merely dormant.

To do this, however, you need a treatment that gets at the seat of the trouble—the bald follicles and glands. They have to be activated, stimulated and nourished to get these results. Nothing will do that for you like GLOVER'S

Glover's Mange Medicine, used in combination with Glover's Medicated Soap and Glover's Sympo of Massage, does wonders for the hair, scalp, checking dandruff, falling hair, baldness and receding hair line of the hair.

You can always recognize Glover's Mange Medicine by its distinctive puce odor, with which the remarkable results given cannot be possible.

Get Glover's Money Medicine and Glover's Medicated Soap at your druggist today. Or have your Bath- or Beauty Shop give you this world-famous treatment.

Fries for free booklet which tells all about common hair and scalp troubles; what to do with them, and how they can be removed.

H. CLAY GLOVER CO., Inc.
119 Fifth Avenue, Box L
New York City, N.Y.

LAW
STUDY AT HOME

Hearst's International—Cosmopolitan for January, 1933
131

I was very early at the White House, frantically opening, clasping and forwarding Coolidge mail to Northampton until the last moment—clearing my desk just as Mr. Hoover was leaving it forever.

Mrs. Hoover had asked me to remain as Secretary and I had consented—but this was the end of an administration—the turning of a page in history.

One act of the great drama was drawing to a close. The stage must be cleared and rearranged. With this—

The Coolidge luggage was waiting at the elevator door, while just around the corner the alcove where my desk stood was piled high with incoming Hoover luggage.

A door opens, and the President appears-

Quickly that last winter of 1928-1929 slipped by, and again, in February, we heard the sound of saws and hammering as the savoy brothers were building a new Pennsylvania Avenue.

Sunday night, March third—and a stormy night it was—progress is in progress at the White House.

Several weeks before, at the direction of the President and Mrs. Coolidge I had written to the President-elect and Mrs. Hoover, and to the Vice President-elect and his devoted and much-loved sister, Mrs. Ginn, inviting them to dinner in our home.

The boat was to be the White House on the evening before Inauguration,

There it was—this small company sat about the table in the State dining room, on the eve of the departure of President and Mrs. Coolidge—the eve of opening of the new Administration.

Upon that vast stage where Presidents and Vice Presidents play their parts.

Calvin Coolidge—quiet, keen-eyed—his five years and seven months as Chief Executive brought to a successful, honorable conclusion; trusted by all—hundreds of brilliant business opportunities open to him.

Mrs. Coolidge—gay, charming, gallant, courageous—beloved of the multitude to a remarkable degree.

Herbert Hoover, Engineer, Food Administrator, Secretary of Commerce—elected to the Presidency by a tremendous majority.

Mrs. Hoover—tall, statue-like, with her well-shaped head and beautiful white hair, and her experience of life in many lands.

Charles Curtis—stanch American (a real American, boasting Indian blood), with heart—honor—honor of the party he had loyally served so long.

Mrs. Gann—the soul of kindness, with a heart as big as all outdoors; capable, hopeful brother's secretary and close companion for many years—as well-vered in politics as he.

Monday morning, March fourth.

The weather cloudy, but not too cold.
Kaleidoscope in “K” by A. J. Cronin

(Continued from page 31)

exclaimed with irritation. "Twelve months now! I'm a resident of this floor, and he can't take my mail to my room without making a paper chase of it." Laughing off his annoyance, he accepted the letter and glanced at it with manifest indifference.

"From Cleeseminster, isn't it?" she asked, unkindly.

"I saw the stamp—not that I tried to."

"Yes, yes," He slipped the letter carelessly into the wastepaper basket. "Nothing important. It can wait.

She made no answer and an awkward pause followed. Then, as to break her own silence, she began another, to fill the total change of topic, she said insincerely:

"About the ward. I've two things on my mind. First, Number Thirteen. She's doing well, but I can't help feeling she's brewing up for serious trouble.

He accepted this fresh subject quickly. "Yes, she's a bad lot—that one.

"Devil!" She answered slowly. "How would you feel if some crazy woman let you have a pint of vitriol in the face?"

He flushed. "Easy. I'm not going to quarrel with you. I've just had breakfast. Another unkin word and I'll be moving to another ward and find my face unrelaxed, added quickly. "Well, I'll see about Thirteen."

He pressed the letter tightly, and said, "I do know that, Fanny." She was so entitled. "Do Sir Walter still mean to—?"

He nodded, frowning, interrupting her to do so. "Yes, Walter do. He—he's like a stone to you. He's got a gray face. He's not feeling well."

"I tell you, he's a little cold on—"

"Yes. Thank God, he's not nearly so bad as he was." He pressed his hand, "I'm sure you don't know that when I'm off duty you have every chance?"

She pressed her arm tightly, and said, "I do know that, Fanny." It was a silence which might have been awkward, but at that moment another came when they were away.

"There's Uncle Walter," said Preston, as soon as he saw the ward, "and the whole ward, I suppose."

"Time for me to cut along to meet the old boy. Weeps if I don't receive him with royal honors."

As he moved towards the door he gave her a swift look, that rare, spontaneous glance she knew so well; then, with a quick good-by, he swung out of the drum. Out of the corner of his eye he saw Nurse Anderson leaving the ward kitchen window, and for a second she seemed to see him, too.

An odd look came to Preston's face; he might have smiled; but he so often smiled it was not strange. Then he turned into the corridor towards the lift, and bumped into a man who stood in his way.

"Hello, hello!" said Preston, "recovering himself."

The young man wore a workman's clothes: gray flannel shirt, thick-soled boots, blue dungarees; and in his cal- loused hands he turned his dark cap with unrelenting passion. He was without an overcoat, and from his shoulders a steamy dampness rose into the hot air.

"Sorry I'm—sorry," he faltered. "Were you looking for anything?"

asked Preston politely.

"You—you pressed the other, his eyes strained by anxiety. "I came to see my wife. In Ward K—Bed Sixteen."

She's to be discharged—"

"I see," said Preston.

"You think she'll be all right?"

she'll have every sympathy," said Preston. "Yes. I think I'll stop here and let you look after you."

Then, with a slight nod, he swung off along the corridor.

It was, he recognized blandly, the correct attitude; he had the happy knack of the right word. And Fanny would look after the wretched fellow. Why should he butt into trouble? He had his own affairs on his hands.

In the lift he took out the letter Fanny had written; she thought of it incidentally. Then he smiled, folded it reflectively and leaned against the wall as the moving cage began to whine: whee—whee—whee.

While Preston awaited the arrival of Sir Walter Selby in the lift, a short, sturdy man was beating this imperial ascent by coming upstairs fast. The man was in no hurry; he had slowly a step, taking his time. He was in an undignified succession of flying leaps—an odd trick for keeping himself in hard condition. Now, shoving in the vestibule, he was pleased to find his breathing even. No bad for thirty-eight, he thought. Thought, looking neither to right nor left, and advanced through this door marked: "Mr. James Barclay, Assistant Surgeon," and entered his room. It was a small room, a square, hastily furnished, merely a narrow anteroom of the chief's room which it adjoined, and with which, indeed, it was connected by a balustrade door, now standing open.

Barclay's first move was to close this door. Then he scrutinized his mail—four letters, none of which had anything to do with the fire. Finally he turned, sweeping the row of specimens in their jars on the shelf, and shading his eyes. There were a single pair of; a clear blue, deeply set, beneath the brow in the red, intense face, the eyes of a man who had reserved with special penetration and thinks much more than he speaks.

Certainly, Barclay hadn't much to say, but he didn't seem to think. The certain kind of nature, he had no looks. His dress, too, was unimpressive: a brown buttoned suit, a brown spotted tie caught into place by an old-fashioned ring.

All at once he stepped off the hearth rug and advanced on his desk, his gesture so suddenly engrossed it seemed transformed. There was a green glass bowl of snowdrops on the raw oak scarf, a soft and unexpected blur of loveliness. Barclay stared at the bowl, his eyes ridiculously brightened; then he took up the scissors and snipped the petals. The action was devoid of affectation; so, too, the fashion in which he held the stem, his fingers curved like a violinist's, sensitive, tense and fine.

It was a moment of subtle revelation but as he studied the flower with naive satisfaction, the door swung open. Immediately he spun round, and his expression fell into its mask of reserve. He dropped the snowdrop, then de- tensely pulled down his brows at Miss Fanshawe, who stood at the doorway staring at him in obvious surprise.

"Sorry, Mr. Barclay," she said. "I didn't know you were here. I thought you were going through to the chief's room."

She indicated some fresh towels on her arm. it was the thing in fashion. Then he turned and disappeared into the fire. Clearly she had his permission to depart, but she hesitated, said at length: "I really don't want to leave a private thoroughfare of your room. I simply thought—"

"Make it a private thoroughfare," he said shortly. "It's the thing in fashion. Why?"

"It's the thing in fashion. It's the thing in fashion. I don't care. It's the worst room in the hospital—a hothouse. I've no enthusiasm for hothouses."

But Fanny—" she exulted.

"Nothing's stupid and difficult lately," she murmured. "I don't know why.

He sat down on the arm of her chair

and took her hand. The soft coolness of her hand was a strange thing to him from the first; and again a wave of the old delight rose up in him. A pity she took things so seriously! Yet she was really a lovely woman. There was something about her that compelled him always. Suddenly he kissed her, not perfunctorily as he had meant to, but with real warmth.

For a second her lips pressed back instinctively on his, then abruptly she rose and went to the window, staring down into the courtyard. The two ears of corn stood close together on the western side, the chauffeur's horse, beside them.

"Are we all right, then?" he asked, following her.

She nodded, her composed only half regained. "But you know—I don't mean to say inarticulately, and stopped; then she went on, "I—oh, we've each got our work here. It worries me. It's old, of course, but it's taken her so long, and I think she's a lovely woman."

Goodness! Goodness! He looked, slapping his arm round her shoulders. "Give me a decent chance to see you."

"Can't you see that I don't—" she answered. "I do know that, Fanny." A silence fell which might have been awkward, but at that moment another came when they were away.

"There's Uncle Walter," said Preston, immediately, as though he sprang to the realization of his responsibility. "Time for me to cut along to meet the old boy. Weeps if I don't receive him with royal honors."

As he moved towards the door he gave her a swift look that rare, spontaneous glance she knew so well; then, with a quick good-by, he swung out of the room. Out of the corner of his eye he saw Nurse Anderson leaving the ward kitchen window, and for a second it seemed to see him, too.

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"You think she'll be all right?"

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you," Fanny answered, smiling faintly.
"Leave them."
"Very good, Mr. Barclay." The matter settled, she placed her hand on the handle of the communicating door, then dis- appeared. "Thursday," she said. "Haven't you made a mistake? It's not your day."
"No, Miss Baxter, not at all," said Sir Walter, wiping his eyes on the ceiling. "But I don't think I've made a mistake."
She looked at him intently, some sub- tle influence of voice causing her eye- brow to quiver. "The chief's on his way up now," she said slowly.
He nodded. Where there was silence, then he looked at her. "You've known me a long time," he said, as if on an impulse. "Do you think I'm a con- fused fool?"
Barclay's questions were often starting but never had one startled her so much as this, and her vehement answer sur- rounded her even more. "No," she answered indignantly. "You know I don't think anything of the kind."
"Well—very good, but I've got an awful feeling that I'm going to be a fool today."
She wanted to speak; a tremendous question trembled on her tongue, but somehow her words confronted her like a wall of formidable incantation. She found her- self turning the handle of the door.
"Shut it after you," he murmured, with his quick smile. And she stepped out. Yet her eyes were absent as she arranged the towels in the chief's room, saw that everything was ready, and for the sight of Sir Walter. From the wall the portrait of Susannah Salt, benefactress and founder of Ward K, surveyed with disapproving eyes the responsible position she occupied. But Fanny was conscious only of the tension of an approaching situa- tion, and did not know What would Barclay do? Or, rather, how would he do it?
She was aware of a tremendous re- gard for Barclay. She liked Sir Walter, too, of course. Who could help that? And yet, Sir Walter... The thought died. She lay there in the silence of voices which approached the outer door. Fanny swung round, as Sir Walter en- tered, and followed:
"Morning, Miss Farswane. Morning to you!" said Sir Walter, exclaiming, and the aristocratic manners of his vein, hand- some gentleman, mingled in a single greeting as he went on: "And rather an unpleasant one, too. Pneumonia weather, Fanny. I feel it on the side, and you- side will know that to their cost. Aha! Aha!"
"Silly was tall and spare, upright, dignified and exquisite, his shoes varnished, his spats gray, his cravat accurate, his trousers ironed to a knife edge, his coat of colored silk, enriched by a row of close-curled astrakhan. Against the darkness of that collar the silver of his hair and the small imperial shone with startling distinction.
"The streets"—he extended one ex- pressed palm—"an almost impossible condition of slipperiness. Aha! My car was held up for five minutes in Drake Street, where they are erecting that abomination, the Arch. I had, I regret to say, full leisure to study it. A baroque nightmare. A public indecency! Aha! Aha!"
"Perfectly awful, sir," murmured Preston, and as he helped the chief out of his overcoat, he dropped his left eyeglass from his head. His mind was far from flippancy; she gave no heed.
"Your father, poor man, how he would have seethed to think of Sir Walter. "I remember in the cathe- dral—a-aha... ." The flowery period flowed on, Sir Walter was fond of his own voice and loved to hear it sound.
The trouble with Uncle Walter, thought Preston, is that he can't let a thing alone.
Fanny, too, was waiting patiently, only half hearing the florid peroration; and when he resumed his speech he looked at her swiftly. "Number Sixteen, Sir Walter," she cut in. "You're doing that at eleven?"
"Yes, Aha. Yes, of course!" Selby exclaimed, his eye clouding faintly. "I understood I had made that clear."
The merest pause followed, then Preston remarked: "And there's the new case in Number Nine to be seen, sir."
There was another pause, while Selby faced the picture of the day. Then he threw out his chest.
"We are at your service, Doctor Preston," came the words—the accepted formu- lla, bland, benignant, uttered royally. And Preston knew his cue. He flung open the door and, followed by the ward, was like something in a picture—Good heavens, no; time, plenty of time for that.
Miss Baxter said nothing, but her lips parted confidentially; she knew Sir Walter had come from her stitches at last! But no; he had passed now, and her face turned bleak again.
In Number 9 little Julie Levy drew a deep, expectant breath, thrilled by a curious elation. He was coming nearer. Actually, this tall, beautiful gentleman, who looked as if he had stepped straight out of the screen, was coming to examine her, to speak to her—Julie Levy. Why, she was up to her surface price of $250. Life was wonderful when you were young, even if you had stupidly knocked your leg and must stay two or three days in hospital until it healed.
Yes, he was even more wonderful than she had expected; so delicate, so kind. It was only the stink of examinations, and Sir Walter, moving off with his house surgeon, was remarking:
"Curious, Miss Farswane usually, aha, that they have knocked themselves. You must inform her people, Preston. Put her down here provisionally for Monday."
"And now, Miss Farswane," he smiled, "my case for operation, if you please."
Then, looking at himself consciously erect, he walked out of the ward. Imme- diately the tenseness of the air relaxed.
"Thank God!" muttered Preston. "I thought he would never move."
As he hurried away to see the another patient in the ward, Watkins moved towards Number 16, tiring with dull, fright- ened eyes, dreading that mysterious

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darkness into which she must so soon dissolve, a darkness wherein sharp steel knives would pierce into her skull. But Panny made a gesture of restraint.

"I want you to stay," she said in a low tone of voice.

"I don't want her in yet." And leaving Watkins by the bed, she hurried into the washroom. Mr. Sixteen's husband was there, hunched over the fire.

"Go in quickly to your wife," said Panny crisply. "You've got just three minutes to be humped with her. She added: "And whatever you do—let her see you're not afraid."

Selby entered his room. He craved a few moments of solitude before beginning the delicate operation which lay before him. Yes, it had been a long time since he had been faced by anything so well, exacting, was perhaps the word. "Well!" swung round from the closed door he perceived that he was not alone. Seated upon the table, its pose indicative of unstudied ease, was Barclay.

A quick displeasure rushed into Selby's face and concentrated sharply in an involuntary frown, but he controlled it, smiling, turned aside to an impersonal calm composure. "Good morning, Mr. Barclay," he said impressively.

"I have come to see you alone," he added deliberately, but quite insouciantly, then looked away.

Selby was annoyed by the unusual appearance of Barclay at this hour. He was not at all surprised to announce the appearance of Barclay at any hour; he had never cared much for Barclay. The young man was a source of genuine and natural pathic: privately, in his own fastidious phrase, Sir Walter regarded the other as "not of a gentleman." But now he merely remarked savagely:

"Is there anything you especially require of me this morning?"

Barclay fixed his eyes to the point.

"That case in Number Sixteen—that cerebral tumor?

"He's dead," said Selby. His manner was still smooth.

"Who's doing it?" asked Barclay steadily. Selby's eye flickered; again the curious sinking took him like a foreboding. But instantly all his dignity rose to sustain him. I, naturally, am doing it," he replied with a flash of sarcasm. "I trust you have no objection."

Barclay ran his hand through his hair, his expression with extreme restraint, he said: "Lyons—the man who sent in that case—asked me to do it as a favor. I thought you knew that."

"And what about Selby?" exclaimed Selby. "And are the general practitioners of the city to determine who shall operate in my ward? It's preposterous. It's enough to have some sense of etiquette."

"I have," said Barclay quietly, "for the last three years. Since I came here. Day in, day out, it's all I've got. It's all I know is here, but it won't get results. Fity!"

The tiny red network of vessels on Selby's face stood out sharply, his cheeks congested. "Since when have you be the critic of our work?" he asked in a voice. The committee of surgeons were satisfied with my wards."

"The committee in your pocket," said Barclay. "You know they eat from the table, you don't stand the first thing about modern surgery. So it just goes on."

"During which time that flush crept higher upon Selby's cheek bones. Barclay, staring at nothing, took a cigarette from his pocket and lighted it. At that moment Selby's voice was uncharacteristic.

"You think I'm shoveling in, don't you?" answered Barclay quickly.

"Well, you're wrong. It just means this: I've stuck it till I can stick it no longer. Standing by, watching you muck about, all out of some sort of crazy notion that by watching you hang on by your back teeth with the help of this etiquette business you'd be good for a long time, is more than I can endure. But don't misunderstand me. If you want to go on and on and on—then I'm chucking it here. Clearing out!"

"A message from Selby's brain. The whole thing was a dream; impossible that he, Sir Walter Selby, should be good for anything through the mist he heard his own voice."

"I refuse to hear another word. It's too flagrant. I am going into the theater."

"Then you're tackling it?" sighed Barclay.

"I intend to do this operation," Selby paused, and going solemn to a final crashing irony, he added: "You are still my assistant. If you wish, you may assist me."

But Barclay was not crushed. "Thanks," he said. "I'd like to. It's such an interesting thing."

They looked at each other. Then Selby, turned out of the office without a word, made his way to the hospital where he had gone last to the operating theater, and entered the small dressing room that stood opposite the anesthetic room. Barclay followed him. In Number 10—just "going under"—was seething in a cracked yet high-pitched voice.

In the anechamber Sir Walter slipped out of his white coat and, painfully determined to be calm, hung it carefully away on a peg. Barclay threw off his lacker and vest, ripped off his collar and tie and flung them carelessly upon a chair. Then it became evident that he wore pink-striped, white braces. Selby's stiff lip curled. Had the man no taste, no sense of propriety—and to tear off his clothes like that! He, at least, maintained the tradition that a gentleman is never without his collar.

"Most unusual—this case, you know," said Barclay. "Young subject, localized lesion, every chance for a radical cure."

"I am aware of the nature of the case," said Selby curtly. He was his own man again.

"I mean, it is often happens decompression. As I was saying, went on Barclay. "Palliative. No use. Might as well leave 'em alone. That's my view."

Selby said nothing: there was nothing to say. And so when he had rolled back his sleeves in silence, they went into the operating theater and at the wide porcelain sinks began to wash up."

IT was a curious room: lofty, smooth-tiled, austere, so superheated the air was like a hot breath. Yet it held a glaciated translucent clarity—one entire side building a heavy side building, even on this dreary February day, a startling suffuscence of opalescent light, which made me giddy. The cold and numinous and ethereal. Against the opposite wall a battery of sterilizers steamed, while inset upon a third wall two large glass cabinets of instruments glittered luminously. There were no corners; even the walls met the tessellated floor in smooth convexity, finished still in his hila- tions of dust. In the center of the room stood a shining metal machine of wheels, ratchets, levers and rods—by courtesy, of course. On the table beside it a drive con- taining a carriage, a portable irrigation stand, a stand with four basins containing cold water—one silver, green, another silver, blue—another instrument tray with an impressive air. Two nurses moved in the background mounted on a hip, a third a trapeze. The trolley a bubble-bubble of oxygen ran continu- ously, mingling with the patient's labored
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Cosmopolitan New York
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sorry—darned sorry," he said. "I had to do it—something came over me." He added, "I said I was clearing out. And so I shall, now. I'll resign."

The chair's hand shook slightly as he slipped on his frock coat, and he averted his head. "I think," he said painfully, "there's no need for your apology, and less need for your resignation. You know that I broke down and I know it, too. What more can be said?"

Deeply moved, Barcy bit his lip, clenched his hands. "Stay a bit longer," he said. "Take all the authority. I don't care about that. I'll take the cases you don't know that I can't do.

Selby shook his head. "I think not," he sighed. Now his throat was so full he could hardly articulate a syllable with a stilted, mechanical cadence, a monotonous voice—"I wish to congratulate you on your brilliant achievement."

Suddenly she looked darkened with sulen animosity, as once again she saw him—that wretched parish priest who came penning her every day. Easy for him to judge. He himself could not. He shuddered at the thought of the love of God. How he hated it! He'd never had a can of acid knocked over in his face, but he knew he'd look just as pretty a woman. He'd never felt that first tearing cold—and ice, like blue steel on a winter morning, then the fire, hot, blinding fire that burned like the fires of hell.

She shivered, haunted again by that inexorable memory: herself flaunting and dancing to the music of the heavens, half a drunk maybe, caring nothing for the man she'd enticed, but hungry for excitement, for revelry, for the gaiety of life; and then, cutting across the lights, the admiration, the laughter—this. And now they were trying to preach her into happiness. She wanted her eyes averted as her visitor approached.

He was aubby little priest, shabby in his first dress, likable, yet somehow veiled, obscured, saw nothing yet saw everything. Silently he sat down beside her.

For a long time he gazed at her with his length, he bent forward. "Well, Rose," he whispered, "and how are you today?"

There was a comatose form on the bed, but instinctively he felt the air of resistance deepen around it. "Did you have a good night, child?" He murmured, and then there was silence, that hard silence of hostility. He was not deterred. "I know you're not in the mood with me, Rosie," he went on. "Maybe I'm just a nuisance to you, coming round here when you can't bring yourself to see visitors. But that's just the point. I want to think of people. You'll be out of here in no time now, and you've got to think of starting over..."

"NICE THINGS MIGHT HAPPEN," answered Andros meditatively.

"I'M A DEEP ONE," said Watkins.

"But I know what you're after—or, rather, whom you're after."

"Congratulations," said Andros negligently. "But I shall never marry."

"You may not," declared Watkins sarcastically. "You're too fastidious to live."

And with a sense of her need, she moved down the ward to Bed 16, where she was due for special duty.

Staff Nurse Propst was behind the screen, keeping the constant vigil demanded by the case, and she rose at once. "Fanny's just in, and gone off again," she said. "We mustn't waste time.

"Very well," said Watkins, seating herself in the vacant bedside chair.

Nurse Jeff turned away. As she reached the head of the ward the clock struck two, and immediately the swing doors parted and the patients' visitors swarmed in. Flowers, parcels, packages and papers, voices, laughter, gayety, sadness, diffidence and fear—all came in through the wide swing doors.

The eyes of Rose Griffin in Bed 13 dark wounds of eyes, stared hopelessly towards the entering crowd, desiring something that was lost. How could she wish to see or be seen by any human creature? She wanted to be left alone. Rose, the girl of prayer and faith, knew only fear and hopelessness and hatred.

Selby, throwing back his head, made an ineffectual effort to recover his composure, but once he said in a muffled voice—"I wish to congratulate you on your brilliant achievement."

Once more he shook his head, spun round abruptly. In a moment he was on his way downstairs so quickly that he almost cannoned into Fanny who, half an hour late, was going off duty for her lunch. Without a word he accommodated her partially.

"She's standing up to it well!—Sixteen," said Fanny. "I think she's going to do it," he nodded. "I'll look in again later," he said.

And when the exit had been taken there was an old man, broken, finished, done.

Fanny, said Andros, "starving out at the redheaded, sullen sun from a window of Ward K. Funny things could happen on a day like this."

"NICE THINGS MIGHT HAPPEN," answered Andros meditatively.

"I'M A DEEP ONE," said Watkins.

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"WASN'T IT—WASN'T IT KIND?" she gasped; she was too shy to add, "of him."

"I'm sorry," said Miss Celebration, "but better now, Miss Levy," said the mother indignantly. She was terribly fond of Julie, Proud of her, too.

"YES, Mummy," answered Julie dreamily, "I got to see the doctor after," said Mrs. Levy. She was a bit loquacious, "You feel better now, Miss Levy," said the maternal indulgence. She was terribly fond of Julie, Proud of her, too.

"We're going to live, Danny," she insisted. "I've had a new snail at things lying there. The act's dead from now on. It's the chicken farm for us as sure as my name's Dean. Do you hear me?"

"That's right," he answered, "but you're such a boss your name should be Bishop," though she had heard the dreadful jest a thousand times from the smiling nurse—looked. loved. "Wait till you see me feeding the chickens, Danny. Why, you'll take a new notion to me. "I'm falling in love with you, Danny."

"How could I do that?" he pondered, dizzily. "It's a mixed-looking lot, I'm thinking."

"Ay, they're mixed," agreed Jane. "Twas just don't speak to them." She added acrimoniously. "What I don't like is the nursing—I was promised my stitches out
the day and not one finger has been laid upon my poor body up till the now.

The sister sniffed sympathetically.
"Are you managing to get your food?"

"You know I am not. I am pondering not. I relish the eggs you brought me. But it's a crying shame they stopped those black puddings and shortbread ye fetched me last time! That of saying they was not allowed to appendix cases. Tis my believe the nurses had them for their own lunches."

"They should be made to pay for them," amplified her sister. "Down-rightely unspeakable."

Here the ball of conversation languished for a moment, but was soon set rolling again by the last speaker.

"Gloria, you've seen to you again?" she demanded primly.

"No!" exclaimed the other. "But I could hardly expect it. Twice in the week wouldna have been regular."

"True," answered the sister.

Just then Sophie Flanagan raised her hand. "My sister," she cried dramatically, "it's Flanagan!"

He stood there, the late comer, a streaming among many wondering what to do with his hands or with the hat within those hands.

"Peter Flanagan?" she cried again.

"Yes, ma'am. How are you? Aren't I not?"

He was in the haven of the chair beside her head, and there faced her sheepishly. "Sure I thought ye would be called on," she replied meekly. "I had the idea o' sayin' I was sorry. Sophie. Sorry for what I done."

"I knew it!" she cried sharply. "Yes, sayin' 'an' goin'. An' me rainin' on a bed o' pain. What for are ye not at the docks, ye lazy shrivker?"

"I come down on the river?" he protested diffrinctly. "Didn't it blank out the whole caboodle? How could I be tossin' bales about in the blackness?"

"Arrah, 'twas no fog never stopped ye, Peter Flanagan. Sure there's no more 'o you than 'o mist out there."

He waved away the issue artlessly—that art which annexed, "You're lookin' well, Sophie! Sure, 'tis the famine wouldn't be eased were I come along an' seen ye when I had the chance."

But she was, in her own phrase, not saying nothing. For her to say nothing ye tell me once an' for all," she demanded grimly, "what for ye're here? Have ye been drinkin'?"

"No!" he shot at her explosively.

"No!" she echoed with an inimitable inflection of ironic disbelief.

"Not worth the name, anyway," he conceded.

"What did ye have?"

"Gin, 'peas and a schooner o' porter."

"An' what else, Peter Flanagan?"

"An'—an' a half o' whisky."

"Let me smell yer breath," she commanded upon his head, momentarily, in a manner pregnant with pure but unconvinced innocence. "Yes," she exclaimed, "ye had the beer an' the porter an' the whisky! Then ye had a pint to chase down the whisky an' then a schooner—er to go sallin' down after the pint."

"I said it," he repeated. "The saints preserve us," he murmured, "ye've the smell of a detective!" He was a gladness to the good! But alas, he reckoned not of his Sophie.

"Where?" she began slowly, "did ye get the money for that drink? Here am I suffering from the holy souls an' ye're squadderin' yer wages on drink."

"What are ye talkin' about?" he cried indignantly. "Not one penny of earned money have I spent on drink."

"Then," she flashed out, "where did ye get the money?"

"He said coaxingly, "What does it matter, Sophie? Sure I might have picked up a couple o' shillin' on the quiet."

"Come on now, Peter Flanagan, ye might as well get it off yer mind once an' for all. Did ye steal the money?"

"I did not, ma'am. I did not."

"Tell me, then—did ye find that couple o' silver shillin' ye was after mentionly?"

"No!" he answered sulkily. "I did not. I didn't steal them an' I didn't foid them. I won them.

"Won them?" she echoed.

"Yes, won them!" he cried triumphant.

"Not off the bootie?" she exclaimed.

"Sure! He threw his chest, his vanity at last sweeping him to complete disaster. "Won them off the bootie—didn't steal them an' didn't foid them, but I made like a littleman on the turf, an' a big win it was, too an' all. A double, ye see, an' outsiders the both o' them."

He broke off, but it was too late. Already Sophie had begun to beam.

"The clirness o' the man," she murmured, "Sure I knew some'fin' would come of it. "I thought I knew, but—so what if it couldn't be lose, lose, lose all the time. Says I to meself," purred Mrs. Flanagan again, "it's not for sure, ye under the highest credit for yer brillance, Peter—to win that foine big lot o' money."

He writhed at the trap he was in. "What foine big money? Didn't I mention a couple o' shillin'?"

"An' him with foive shillin' worth o' drink in the inside o' him already," she answered dreamily. "What was the names o' the race horses? Two outsiders, ye said—supposin' it was to be thirty to win an' fifteen to win, that would make——"

"They was twenty to win an' ten to win," he cried.

Her dreaminess left her and, instead, her eye fixed him like a basilisk. "They wasn't. They was. She exclaimed eagerly, "The hal would mean two hundred half crowns. Glory be to God an' the saints. Ye've won twenty-five pound."

He looked at her in painful wonderment. "Tis the devil that's in ye," he gasped, "for seemin' the inside o' me head! Heaven know, Mrs. Flanagan did ye do it—readin' the very thoughts in me mind before I thinks them?"

"Peter, Peter," she murmured, "ye couldn't done it."

"Sure, I could have done it," he retorted. The minute I set sight on ye I knew 'twas nothin' short of a miracle had brung ye here. But the clirness o' the man to go an' turn twenty-five pound for me without so much as takin' the coat off his back. An' the kindness o' him to bring it to me without saying such as you asked."

"B—bringin' it?" he faltered. "How could I be paid already, with the race run only yesterday? The bettin' tax to be considered an' the chance of objections overruled us an'."

"What paid for ye drinks, then, Peter darlin'?" she crooned. "An' what's that bulge in yer trouser pocket? Hand it over, Peter Flanagan. I'll be takin' care of it for ye, honest."

"No; no such thing!" he exclaimed. "Tis me own money. Tis the fruits o' me own brain. Tis crazy I'd be to part wid it."

In answer she stretched out her hand towards him. He gazed at it sightly.

"What in the name o' God I came in for, I'm scuppered if I know. Sure 'tis the spider an' the fly all over again."

"Ye came because ye couldn't stop out, Peter darlin'," responded Sophie.
complacently. "An 'ta understandable! When a man comes into money he takes it to his own woman. 'Is what them scientists are after callin' the sex appeal!"

"'Tis not the word of a scientist will strip me o' me cash," he protested.

The girl’s hand twitched demandingly and slowly his hand traveled to his breeches pocket.

"An' what will ye be after din' with it?"

Unconversational, the girl’s hand flopped up and down, and under her stare it crumpled and was gone. Firmly she took the money; then, when she was safe again, she gave it no more thought.

“Well I know what 'I'm doin' with it. We’re goin’ to have a holiday with this lot. 'Tis you an' me for a fortnight in Paris. And that’s an hour and a half minute they strip the plaster off me ribs."

“A holiday in the odd country!” he murmured, his eye lighting. "No work for two weeks."

“No work,” she cried eloquently, "an’ the sight of Dublin Bay again, an’ the trips on the jaunting cars, an’ the ferries, —just a taste, mind ye—o’ the real Guinness straight from the brewhery, an’ the sight of the alley in the pub again."

“But I’ve leaved for it for ages.”

"And for another for a long time, and suddenly they began to grin.

And then, across the board, a chair scraped gently as the little priest rose, a little woman. He laughed, rose again. But he would not give up. Always there was tomorrow.

“Sure you can’t murnure,” he said. "But 'you mind if I come bothering you again tomorrow?"

The clock ticked on, creeping slowly round. "Sure, it’s only leaving now: priest, Jewess, acrobat, spinner, laborer, all the throng of visitors rising, smiling, saying good-by, moving quietly from E."

Ten minutes to four and Miss Funshone ran on her back on duty. Outside, the pale sun had faded into the umbered haze of the approaching dusk, leaving a smoky afterglow that caught the eye with a curious appraoch to some sort of melancholy. She had been unrefreshed by two hours’ rest, her brain tired from its inward wrestling, felt that grief as she walked up the corridor towards K. Something impeding, and no escaping it.

She had thought it all out, again and again. She had tried all the words of her ward, her mind had swung inevitably, like a pendulum, to her own and her lover. And as she grew vivid.

Why had he concealed that letter from her this morning, slipping it into his pocket with such embarrassment? He was aware that she must know all about the letter. Clooserman. They had discussed it intimately a dozen times. And now she was sliding out of all they had planned, hiding behind his gay, inconsequential charm—light, elusive?

"No, Freddie—elusive; no getting away from that. Either. Life made a little movement of perplexity.

What had come over her lately? Sometimes it struck her with a sort of wilderment that she should have reached this crisis in her life.

And why did she, why had she yielded to Freddie? She was a hospital supervisor, wasn’t she, admirably suited to her work, content, quite happy? But did she have to lose this paragon of sterile industry? Was it her desire to be a woman or a machine?

A question swept over her at her own uncertainty, at this secret stumbling thought, but she brushed away her doubts. It was morbid to imagine these things. She loved Freddie Preston and he loved her. That was the answer to everything. It was all right, really; it must be all right.

She crossed the deserted landing and approached the ward. Just then Sally hurried rather fast, her creature was not really Swapflung toward the ward on her ill-shod feet. That’s why she marked the look on the maid’s face, and she did not like it. Yet before she could speak Sally had vanished and while the ward doors were still ajar, she was.classed, through and advanced toward her. Conscious of her recent bitterness, she felt herself color as they met.

“Sixteen’s going on well,” he said, with his engaging smile. "Just given her another saline. Poor old Walker," he murmured, and laughed a laugh. "Rather priceless to see him jig."

She did not agree, finding no excuse to join in a laugh which obviously missed its aim. So like him to make a joke of the chief’s humiliation, for somehow Freddie never saw the pain of life, living only for the fun, the selfish fun of it. All at once a curious determination rose in her.

"Freddie," she exclaimed, "I’m not on duty yet! May I speak to you? A minute, only." At her tone he stopped laughing, studying her, his mouth set. "A minute, then." He hesitated. "Number Nine’s mamma is waiting to see me. I’ve got to tell her that her daughter’s going to have a baby. I all but see it. Funnily enough he followed Fanny into her room.

“We must talk, Freddie," she began, confronting him, as he knew that. And it’s no use our dodging it. She paused, her breathing quickened, then she looked up at him out of candel, troubled eyes. Of course she guessed. "But why so serious? Everything’s all right." "Everything’s all wrong—between us," she answered. "The last two days it’s been so. And it’s hurting me."

“Nonsense, Fanny." His tone was light, persuasive. "What can be the matter? I’m more in love with you than ever."

"Then why did you hide that letter about Clooserman? Don’t think I’m pejuring the houseful to me. It’s just that the whole thing’s so—so obvious."

"Oh, what do you have the partnership, haven’t you? You had the word you were expecting this morning. And after all our plans, you stick the letter in your pocket and break the whole thing down."

“Now, Fanny,” he murmured pacifically, "the morning’s an uncommunicative sort of day. I wouldn’t have the best man say anything till lunch."

"It’s after lunch now!" He grinned at her with ingenuous frankness. "That’s why I’m going to tell you. Of course I’ve got the partnership, You’re never anything but right. And a jolly fine practice it is,—old, established."

Her serious eyes never left his face. "So you’ve got your start, Freddie?" she said slowly.

"That’s right."

"Then when is it going soon?"

"Right again, Fanny."

And now, still studying him, she said suddenly, "I’ve been waving at agitation which best her: "And all that we’ve talked about has come true?"

"Lord, yes. How we did talk!" he affected. "I affected the papers and the other marvelous that I’ve brought it off."

There was a pause during which her color paled and she seemed to wait.

"Yes," she said finally. "Yes, I suppose it was rather marvelous of you."

"Come on now, Fanny." He took her hand. "No sarcasm. By request. Don’t use the freezing mixture as before."

“Have you found me particularly freezing?” she asked.

“No, no," he said hurriedly, half awkwardly. "You’ve been marvellous to me."

It was a light, clear night, cold. He walked on as though she had not heard, as though indeed she levelled a question. Was he freezing then? That night I made such a fool of myself."

It was nice being foods together," he repeated, stroking her fingers. “I loved it, Didn’t you?"

She removed her hand; then unexpectedly, she said. "Yes, I suppose I did."

"Then why worry?" he declared triumpantly. "Let’s smile at things this time. He’s the type for a smile."

Another silence. At length she turned and gave him a strange look.

"You think I’m running after you, don’t you, Freddie?"

He flushed. "Now look here, Fanny," he exclaimed heatedly, "that’s—you’re—you’re what?"

"I didn’t mean that," she went on, "I’d like to disillusion you. I’m not the running—after—kind."

Now look here, Fanny,” he repeated, "you’re undoubtedly unfair. We’ve got to get things straight between us. You know I’m terribly fond of you. You judge me, you’re—you’re just. We’ve got to have a serious talk,",

“That’s what I’ve been wanting for a long time. But I’m going on duty now."

"At tea. Let me have tea with you. Here. At five.

She seemed to consider his words. "Do you really want to come?"

"Sure, of course!" he replied, "Good Lord, what do you think I am?"

"Well," she sighed at last, "all right."

And she once again fixed him in the eyes, giving to her expression a strange poignancy. "Five o’clock," she repeated, "I’ll expect you."

She smiled, a sudden smile, warm and genuine. Then, without warning, she spun round and went out of the room. The window was swung open, and the curtains moved as the wind blew the green curtains out. She saw a man lying in the bed, and then there was Doris.

It was simply that Fanny had such a confounded way of looking at you; a candid look which made you feel so uncomfortable. What was this man pettishly, when a woman meets a pretty woman does he always think, "How lucky she likes to make love to you," instead of, "Yes, but how the devil am I to get rid of you afterwards?"

That wasn’t right for Fanny. It wasn’t that she was hardly getting rid of; just that it made a man feel so unpleasant to do. A shabby trick."

He slashed his hand on the pocket, took out his cigarette case, selected and lighter a cigarette. He studied the label, then he laid upon his palm. But Christmas Fanny had given him that case, a lovely thing, in perfect taste—like everything that Fanny had or gave.

Gave? He smiled unconsciously, remembering. She was, like the chaste
case, really a lovely thing, unspoiled, holding something rare beneath that exterior coolness. And she had breeding, distinction, a freshness which from the outside would have sufficed for all that.

You know, a fellow might do worse than think seriously about Panny—she was superb all the way through. But trouble was that he did not often feel disposed to think seriously. He wasn’t that kind. What was the word old Selby had once let him at? Fine phlegm, fine, for example. He flicked his ash carelessly to the floor. Dash it all, the best course was to let things take charge of themselves. In any case he wouldn’t mind giving the fun of the adventure with Doris.

With a frown that was half a smile he went on to Panny. The interest in young Andress. Perhaps. But if she did, it was typical of Panny to keep that suspicion to herself. Well, whatever—two’s company, three’s a crowd, but he had no question that that life was an enormous jest.

He crushed out his cigarette and marched leisurely toward the door. Across the landing he swung, making for his own room. The little Jewess’s mother was there, he remembered, to be dealt with. Then suddenly he stopped. Through the half-open door of the kitchen he observed Nurse Andress arranging the flowers, and in a moment, it seemed on every visiting day—arranging them with such intense preoccupation that, without noticing the closing of the kitchen door, it was apparent that only Nurse Andress’s devotion of attention to her duty had made her omit to close it. And now when she shut the door, she shut it. It was the obviousness of the fact that Preston was in the kitchen, smiling at her. Now of course he oughtn’t to be here, thought Preston, I’m making a fool of myself, but I can’t help it and I don’t care. Aboud, he said in an affected voice,

“Excuse me, miss, could you oblige me with a match?” She started quite cleverly; “I’m rather cold.”

He flashed out his matches and stepped back, grimed at her, lighted a cigarette—but this time he didn’t study the case. “I say,” he said, “you know, Miss Andress. That’s why I’m here. And well you know it.”

“I wonder.”

How pretty she was, not clever of course, yet she could be charming, provocative with a minimum of words. “You look marvelous today,” he declared, “I declare, when I’m ill I’ll have you to nurse me.”

“How nice for me!” she said in her cool, pleasing chuckle.

“You would, though, Doris?” he exclaimed in a delighted tone.

“I’ll be delighted to oblige,” she answered, mucking that tone.

He laughed rather sheepishly: not clever, mind you, but she could take care of herself. “You say, could I ask your permission to call on you?”

“You can’t stand Panny, can you, Doris?”

“I mean it’s amusing. But for all that, we adore each other.”

“Could you adore anybody?”

Again she gave him that provocative glance, “You know, could I adore you?”

“Wouldn’t it be rather fun to try?”

She smiled at him sweetly. “I don’t believe it, Freddie dear; particularly in trials in adoration—they just don’t appeal to me.”

He stared at her: warm rod lips, short straight nose, eyes limpid, a lovely hazel flecked with gold. Really, she was far too good-looking to be a nurse. But I’m quite sure he said, “I’ve got fixed up. Closermor.”

“That’s rather painful, Freddie. From tears upon the rest of the staff. And a parting on the part of the supervisor. What’ll it be this time? A barometer?”

“You don’t seem very excited about it.”

“Well, you know, Panny should I? I don’t get my thrills that way.”

She was very near him now, and something of her breathing exhaled towards him through her breath. There was no doubt about it—she fascinated him, such a devil, or such an angel, that it gored him to find out. All at once he said in that plausible tone he could so well adopt:

“Look here, Doris. I’ve got a lot to say to you. Come out with me tonight. I know it’s your night off. We’ll dine—do a theater—anything you like.”

“A nourishing dinner” she queried.

“Of course. You’re very encouraging, Freddie,” she murmured, “Anything else to suggest?”

“Everything.”

There was a pause, during which her eyes seemed to melt, her iron to slip away. “Oh, my God,” she said, looking down.

“You mean that?” All the flappiness had gone out of him, leaving him eager, excited, spellbound, “Jonathan’s got to have wedding,”

“That’s settled. Then. Same time, same place. Seven o’clock at the gate.”

She nodded, the only idea she had was to keep her hands down so that they cast a seductive shade upon the fine texture of her cheeks; but when the click of the lock indicated that he had gone, she raised these hands, revealing in her eyes a satisfied expression. Then she smiled as at a door that had been perfunctorily to pop the flowers into their vases.

But Preston, as he hastened across the landing, had a curious pounding in his ears, the sense that the pounding was a rushing stream sweeping him along. He was being stupid, perhaps, indiscreet. But then, a man could live only once and she was so lovely and tempting. Suddenly he saw that woman waiting to see him about Number Nine. With an effort he collected his scattered wits. Yes, there was Mrs. Levy wasn’t it—kid gloves, laced boots, her full face a mildly reproachful moon.

“I’m sorry,” he began, standing in the doorway, “I don’t know why, but I came to see you, Mrs. Levy. But you can’t imagine how rushed I’ve been.”

She beamed at him, immediately appeared. Such a nice boy to be looking after her Julie. “I don’t mind waiting,” she said, “I got plenty time.”

The door was quiet, and for a full ten minutes it remained closed, permitting the escape of no sound. As the minutes passed he became something ominous in that silence. Then all at once the door opened, and Preston came out holding his left hand by the arm.

“Sorry, terribly sorry. But I wouldn’t go in to see her,” he was saying, and his troubled frown was a model of earnest sympathy. “I might upset her, you see. And amputation is only the pity. Yes, sorry. Terribly sorry.”

But she did not hear him. With a set, white face from which her eyes stared dumbly, she moved like a drunken woman across the vestibule and began slowly to stumble towards the stairs.

“My Julie!” she kept moaning to herself. “My little Julie.”

For nearly an hour Panny had been hard at work in K, holding herself to it.
with a fierce determination. When Fanny was on duty, she was on duty in the strictest sense. And so, assisted by Nurse Watkins, she had spent twenty minutes trying to induce the sick girl to eat. She had seen her, still wrapped in her morphine haze, but she was doing well, miraculously well.

"Nurse Watkins," said Fanny, at last. "And let me know when she's conscious."

"You mean Miss Fanshawe," said Watkins.

Then the phone rang. Andros brought her the message: "Would Ward K speak to divisional police?"

"Do you want Doctor Preston?" asked Fanny.

"I thought perhaps you'd rather I came to you. The way you were going, I thought you were being very attitude held a subtle innuendo. No mistake about it, thought Fanny on her way to the phone, the deliberate arguable expression, the glancing innocence."

"Ward K speaking." She was curt, purposely curt.

It was the sergeant, the Irish sergeant. He had been pestering her for equal time, to be in the ward from twelve to one. As usual he began ingratiatingly:

"It's yourself, Miss Fanshawe. That voice must be ours."

"It's impossible. You'll have to wait."

"But couldn't you make—"

"I can't. I just can't."

"Yes, she had cut him off, and she was right; Barclay had backed her up before—unhesitatingly. To confront Thirteen with the exact truth of her patient's mind was quivering on an agate edge, balanced between reason and despair—it was unthinkable. She was not happy about Thirteen—a weight of responsibility clung to her shoulders, burdening her with vague sense of catastrophe."

Back by the ward door tried to talk to Thirteen, but it was a futile effort. And Andros, standing near, turned her head just enough to discern that effort with her limpid eyes. Abruptly, Fanny turned away. She had the discharge notes of the three convalescents to attend to, and already Nurse Jeff—off duty at six—awaited her at the desk ready to exhibit the temperature taken, and keep her mind out of her work, holding herself to an austere discipline by a grim effort of her will. Then Fanny left the ward, she summoned the passing ward maid with a glance.

"Sally," she said, "I want you to make some tea for me in about five minutes. A big pot. Take it to my room."

The maid had begun to move away when suddenly Fanny stopped her.

"A moment, Sally." She paused, regardering the girl's sallow figure with a furtive eye, then she said slowly: "I like people to work decently here. I don't like them to grovel when I speak."

"What's the matter with you?"

"Nothing," Sally stammered. "Nothing at all."

"All right," said Fanny mildly. "Then I want you to worry. I'm pleased with your work." She nodded reassuringly in dismissal.

Five minutes later she began to walk slowly back to the door, her eyes fixed, her face serenely bored, serene. No one could have guessed that she was not serene. Yet beneath her starchy uniform she was beating her wings; and behind her calm forehead her mind was quick suddenly with a flutter of old questions and worries. Dimly she perceived that she was facing a moment that must be critical for her life, for those long years that must roll away before she could possibly happen into the dominion of time. Freddie had demanded this chance to discuss the future, their future it must be, surely, for he had asked spontaneously, of his own free will—a gesture of tenderness that roused an answering tenderness in her. There was no doubt, she was fond of Freddie, with the blind tenderness of a woman who has never known a lover before, the kind of affection which seeks rather to give than to receive. Fanny was neither blind nor foolish. But her reserved nature, masking an inner intensity of emotion, had been awakened; and the awakening had lifted her beyond the barriers of cold deliberations into a strange and new mood, a sense and depth of tenderness and desire.

True, she thought of Freddie, recognized, too, that lately his treatment of her had been peculiar; but all the time this new warmth had been within her, growing her fear. And as the prospect of this meeting, there leaped in her a feeling both sensuous and sweet—a sudden lovely ardor!

The ward doors swung before her. Closed. She went into her room, and with clasped hands stood inspecting the girl who was to be the subject of her visit. Sally. It was a pleasant sight; all her own things giving the room a charming familiarity the spotty, broken, starchy, the spoilt, the spotty, the broken, the starchy, yes, all her own things which she had saved from the disruption of her home.

A vivid flash of memory took her back: that wretched night of her father's funeral, people strolling through the vicarage, prying, nosing into door corners. The stench of wreaths, the cries of mourning, the clanking, crunching away on the gravel, herself standing, stiff, grief-stricken, alone, yet alone, and lonely, and then, with a shudder and a sob—"So brave of you, my dear, to take up nursing. Just the thing for you, too."

Just the thing? Again a tiny wave of emotion sent her, "I don't get mood on me."

"Yes, Miss Fanshawe," sniffed Sally.

"First of all you're going to promise me not to touch another thing that doesn't belong to you—understand?"

"Yes, Miss Fanshawe," sniffed Sally.

"You've been too stupid for words. And some-"

"Yes, Miss Fanshawe," sniffed Sally.

"You've been too stupid for words. And some-"

"Yes, Miss Fanshawe," sniffed Sally.

"Sally, I think you had better dig out that chocolate cake for Doctor Preston. He's having tea with me.

"The maid, rummaging in the cupboard with her back to the door, jumped at the unexpected dose of Miss Fanshawe? She asked stupidly.

"The chocolate cake we had yesterday, at about the half of it back in the cupboard myself."

A strange flush started over Sally's forehead, and with it there spread also a singularity. '"Saw the cake? One of the nurses must have taken it."

"That's ridiculous, Sally. Why—"

Suddenly Fanny broke off, her eyes travelling from the cupboard shelves to the maid's face, seconded in a furtive voice she said:

"You can't find the cake?"

"No, Miss Fanshawe."

"Such curious things have been happening to me lately. I reflect on Fanny. "I spoke of it before, didn't I? Tea, sugar, eggs—all short this last week."

"Well, that's strange."

"The words, confused, incoherent, defunct, tum- outled, a stupid confusion of guilt. There was a cramped silence, then, emphasizing her words speech the maid cried: "I've taken nothing!" and threw out a protesting arm. Instantly something like a physical and comic: an egg concealed in Sally's clothing dropped out and struck with a reounding sound on the floor.

Poor Sally, she stared at the egg, now leaking its liquid yolk; then she burst painfully into tears.

"Fanny," she sobbed, "So Sally was the thief, the petty pilferer of sugar and eggs and chocolate cake."

"Why did you take these things?" she asked sharply. "You're well fed. You have all your meals here."

"I did take them," wept Sally. "Yes, I did take them. But I did them for myself, I took them for my boy."

"Your boy?" said Fanny, her glance faintly alarmed. No, she did not think anything.</p>
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know I'm mad about my job. But not all work. Take carriage driving: now—that's glorious. Last summer I went off with a rickety van and a nag. Alfred, I called him. And a look in his eye. Cunning, stubborn, everything. Alfred ate his head off. I fished mine off. Long story.

Carried away by his enthusiasm, she smiled despite herself.

"I like you and Alfred," he added, "I like him a bag of bullys' eyes every Saturday. Nice hard ones. He crunches them like fun. Found out quilting owes them."

Her smile deepened. "I'll need to borrow that van—and Alfred, too," she ventured to say. "That's right," he commended. "Knew you weren't the kind that likes band stands and an espadrille."

"And as far as the rest toward which you glanced at her and abruptly stood up. The movement was so unexpected she felt, not from disappointment.

"You're not going?" she exclaimed.

He pulled out a watch and inspected the dial with the eye of a connoisseur.

"You'll be sick of the sight of me before long," then, sliding back his watch, he remonstrated, you come in to say that I know we'll get on together. You see—" he stopped, continued awkwardly—"you see, I'll be taking over Selby's show now. On paper, temporary—but really for good. Awfully sorry for the old chap but it has to be. And he'll get over it. Couldn't go on much longer. Impossible.

So that was why he had come to her room. To explain these important facts—not with a flourish of trumpets, but in his own quiet, unaffected style. What a good manner, warm, man—strength underneath simplicity—and the surgeon. How the ward would flourish through his brilliance!"

"I was no fear but what we'll pull together," he was saying—"not from my side, anyway."

"From mine," she declared quietly. As if she could fall to get on with Barclay, she who had always liked and admired him so much.

"I don't say that we're friends," he said oddly. "Funny. I never think of this place but you're in the picture."

"In the background," she said slowly, and her lips twisted wryly. "Background be hanged!" he exclaimed. "The front of the foot. We put K back on the map. Together."

She was compelled by her eagerness to say: "Yes."

He smiled and turned to the door. "Thanks for the tea," he said over his shoulder. "I enjoyed it.

Then, almost before she realises it, he was gone.

She sat fidgeting her teaspoon, feeling the room strangely empty. He had said that they were friends. And what a good manner, warm, man—strength underneath simplicity—and the surgeon. How the ward would flourish through his brilliance!"

Then, at another cutting thought, she recollected, and the light went out from her face. She looked at the clock. Well, she sat fidgeting now. Precisely. It was finished. Her eyes hardened. She felt suddenly spent. But she braced herself to go back to the background, to that background, the only background which would ever suit her. Automatically she walked out of the room towards the wide swing doors.

It was a strangely quiet moment. Outside the city but only intensely note like a distant booming of breakers upon a reef stole through the shut windows of Ward K; stealing in, it seemed, with the mist that drifted up from the river, a mist which blurred all sound into a muffled monotone. Six o'clock. - Six o'clock, the last of the last day's work.

Six o'clock. - Sometimes this hour was gay, but tonight it was as though the ward were shut up itself in a mood of static introspection.

Sophie Flanagan, her fleshy lids half shut, swelt in dreamy ecstasy upon the fortuities of love; but life wasn't bad if you didn't mind the bumps now and again; and Flanagan now, he was grand. She'd always been like that. A kind of exciting man to live with. Six broken ribs the one minute and a crock of money the next! A holiday, too!

And across the way in Number 10 Daisy sitting at the bay ceiling, which parted under her shining gaze to disclose a blue-vaulted sky. Under that sky was a cottage, a tidy red-tiled cottage with an orchard in delicious blossom and a field speckled with chucking hens. She was there, too, and in a blue-blue dress; her sleeves rolled up over her bare brown arms. A little slilly of Daisy Dean, but when you'd craved those years and you were the nearest you'd got to it was the daubed landscape of a stage back drop—oh, well. I ask you, my dear, would a tear should glisten happily in your eye?

But Miss Baxter, across the way, she wasn't happy. With a long, bleak face she brooded. The ignominy of her position. She, a woman of principle and position, to be treated as she had been! Starving her, they were, and utterly neglecting her. Shameful! She'd write to the papers the moment she got up relating how they had abused her, and forced this upon her between a vulgar Irish harridan and a nasty little Jewess.

Yet, in Number 9 the nasty little Jewess was smiling. The photograph, of course, set on her locker to catch the light—that was the reason for her rapture. She wasn't thinking about her leg, which now hardly hurt at all except for an odd twinge when she moved it carelessly in her dreams of him. She might pass off his gracious generosity in sending this to her, thinking, too, of the triumph with which she would meet the trophies before the envious eyes of her friends in Roseplats's. Her thoughts soared to dizzy altitudes—one day, perhaps, you never could have heard, that one day she might even meet him, talk to him. Julle took a long look at the dazzling image, then glanced hurriedly back to the phone on to listen to the news.

Three, Five and Fifteen already were listening: it was so handy with a wall phone by the bedside. Fifteen, the red-haired woman with the long nose, had vowed to have one fitted when she got home—she was a womanly visitor. Twelve was sitting up in bed knitting—a plaid old woman knitting socks for her grandson. Click, click went her needles. Click, click-knitting with the ticking of the clock. Click—lock. Click—lock. Click—lock—on and on, marking off the hour in a rhythmic pattern through the quietude of K.

But at quarter past six there was a movement that started all the quietude. Nurse Andross left Bed 13 and came up to the supervisor at her desk.

"This is my off-duty night," she said, "and I've been sent to the theater. May I have a late pass?"

A tiny shiver seemed to run through the ward. "Yes."

And Miss Flanagan, so Andross was going to the theater. With whom? Calmly she said: "Certainly you may have a late pass," and she reached for a pencil to mark the duty sheet.

But Andross lingered. "May I go now? I'm meeting someone at seven. Yo, I've got off till half past," said Fanny quietly.

"No, Miss Fanshawe."

"No more than that a fairly trivial errand."

"But you want to go now?"

"Yes, Miss Fanshawe."

And again, with rushing recognition, Fanny felt the reason for it all—this thing that had been levelled at her, at her authority, for days. A fierce resentment rose in her to be flouted, fostered by all the hardness of her lenience, of her own suffering; but instead, she checked herself and looked the other story.

"You may go," she said, "if you have finished your work. You have finished?""Yes, Miss Fanshawe."

"You've done Thirteen's evening dressing?"

Andross paused. "I didn't know that was your errand."

"Waltz has her hands full with Sixteen. Besides, I asked you myself to do it."

Fanny, filled by a consciousness of her own power, felt her whole body tighten—so sure was she her authority and crush this wretched effrontery with a burst of chilling words. But no, something within her forbade it. She said: "You may go as soon as you've done that dressing."

Andross spun round and went awkwardly towards the dressing carriage.

She was left, felt the tumultuous beating of her heart. Why she thought blindly, do I put up with this? I ought to run her out of the ward. It's not as if I couldn't do it. But she knew irrevocably that she would never do it. She had her code; how she couldn't abuse her authority in the face of a personal dislike.

All at once the phone bell rang outside. Accepting with relief this intervention, Fanny laid down the needle and walked out of the ward. It was nothing, a dreary inquiry about some new sheets that were ordered to be collected. Fanny, unable to recover her self-possession. She replaced the receiver and turned back to the swing doors. Suddenly, with her hand on the door, she saw the figure of a man leaning against the archway of the vestibule.

Her brows contracted, then with a sharp breath she recollected: Joe, the husband of Sixteen. There he was, his face chalky white, his eyes frightened, his boots soaked. He had run away; he had been afraid the chance of a rack of suspense, and now he had come back for the terrifying verdict. It was Hesitant, but as if she must try to force out the dreadful question:

"How—how?" he stammered.

"Fanny went over to him. "She's well."

She said. "She's well."

He looked at her incredulously. "Oh—oh!" he said stupidly, and he went on with a luckless shiver, but overwhelmed by some bewildering joy.

She drew him into the kitchen and thrust him into a chair. "You're all right now," she said. "You're all right."

"Nothing's going to be right for both of you."

"Can I see her?" he asked in a thick tone.

"Tomorrow, perhaps. Or the day after," she replied.
Tomorrow—or the day after. He had thought for that her there would be no tomorow. And now—tomorrow, perhaps the day after! He shook his head like a lover recovering from a frightful blow.

"I'm sorry," he stammered, getting to his feet. She had made you feel of you. She'd be good to me."

"Go home and get to bed. As she said it she blushed: "How fond of her he must be to care like that!"

"I'm tired," he said as he went to the door. He sighed with happy fatigue. But she came up to him.

She nodded in silence, observing him go down the corridor upon his tip toes with a burden too heavy to speak. He thought that but for Barclay's intervention there would have been no need for caution, no cause for contention. Only this morning! It seemed a long, long time since then.

For a moment she stood, her hands raised to her, breathing lightly, her face raised in the mist. Inside the door Fanny paused. Not half past six; yet Nurse Andros had gone, her dressing apparel upon her. She came up to him, her eyes, her hands. She saw in the air. It was the final straw, this act of negligence. Now she must intervene. And standing there, a spasm of emotion shook her to the roots.

Was something wrong with her or with somebody; she felt it about her heart; she felt as if she were about to shrivl; then all at once she started. Curious. So very curious it was, to see those eyes, those hands, raised up as though seeking to remain unseen. For, always Three had lain upon her back, rigid, motionless as any mummy, staring fixedly above her, bandaged, silent.

Fanny hurried over to the bed, whispered, "Are you all right?"

"Nothing but a cold," she answered lightly, raised her head, made no reply. Fanny, intent, uncertain, remained for a moment at the bed; then she wheeled the dressing car, "It's all right, apparently. Everything all right. She was nervous, on edge, worn by the day, making a fool of her. She was always nervous. Something—something was wrong.

Then her eyes, resting on the dressing car, were suddenly filled with tears. The knife that lay invariably in its trap of spirit was gone. So that was it! A hand stretching at the impulse of a tortured mind, bent on self-destruction, stretching through the shadowed obscurity to seize that knife left so carelessly, so opportune, and swiftly to hide it and then to pull it across that throbbing, feverish wrist. In a flash it was plain: That was the knife.

Fanny's lip trembled, but her mind was clear. Watkins, she saw, was beside Sixteen, who now was staring gently. The light was clear. Quicker than the thought, her hand moved to the master switch and flooded the room. Then she had a silent screen round Bed 13 and was herself sitting on the bed.

"I love you."

She said to Thirteen in a firm voice. She felt herself tremulously as she spoke: never had she faced so extreme a situation as this. "Give it to me," she repeated intensely—"what you took." And, sliding her hand under the pillow, she tried to find the knife.

Nothing but the rags of flesh.

Suddenly Thirteen made a movement of recoil, a quick evulsion of her arms. But Fanny was quicker. She caught the hand that held the tiny, glittering lancet and clenched her fingers round it.

"Please, please," she whispered pleadingly, "let me have it."

But then Fanny, for the knife desperately, bringing to the struggle all the bitter pent-up hatred of these last silent, tortured days, all the force she was fighting, but an antagonistic universe; life, too, and destiny—everybody—all she hated and knew to be against her. For some moment she could feel the pitiful, panting breathing of Thirteen upon her cheek; then, with a wrench, she thrust her point hard into her own forearm, she had it. Her arm was hurt; but the wound was nothing, she was doing, the main thing was—she had the knife.

For a moment Thirteen looked up at her, her eyes burning with resentful hatred. Fanny, her own face was twisted, only the steel scar, perhaps, a tiny scar. And she had tried to kill herself! She, Rosie Griffin, to go and try to kill herself. Never, never. She went on weeping, gently.

In a few moments Fanny stood up. She stepped back and folded the screen. Only she didn't know what she had taken place behind that screen. And no one else would ever know. She took a last look at her, then searched for observance now: then she looked down at her arm, where a reddish stain was peeping through her sleeve. Slowly she walked towards the dressing room. She'd dress it herself. It was nothing at all. Nothing to that other pain.

Twenty minutes past seven, and Fanny was once more in her office. Sally, going off duty, passed it and was slipped into K for a second to whisper:

"A cup of coffee in your room, Miss Fanshawe."

A little service of humility from Sally: the promise of amendment, a symbol of inarticulate gratitude. Then Sally had steered her chassis through those silent swinging doors. For her, at least, the effort of the day was over. But not for Fanny. She hadn't wanted the coffee, had left the ward because of the insistent ringing of the telephone.

"It's old, Walter Seby speaking," the words had hung in the air.

A little query, but still pompous, that voice. Yes, he had rung up to announce the point that he would not attend the ward, that he wished formally to convey to Miss Fanshawe a personal expression of his high regard. He was taking a holiday; rather unexpected, but necessary—very necessary. In the meantime it would not, of course, be possible to see her. And then he had gone on—the pitiful salvages of a sunken self-esteem.

Poor Uncle Walter, thought Fanny sadly, trying so hard to save the remnants of that scattered dignity. As she hung up the receiver a commiserating pang passed through her. But then one day perhaps she'd end like that: the gray-haired matron of some institution, sere...
with harah discipline and dry routine, the moment of retirement reaching
through her like a spectral hand, grimly forcing her to shed her mantle of
authority, and face the sand against her side. Her arm, bandaged
now, was throbbing, hurting; but in her side something was hurting more—a dull,
unbearable pain, as if the whole body had come down with a cold.

Thirteen. Another time that might have concerned her deeply; but now—
oh, she was glad that Thirteen had found herself!—but now, really, she was
certainly concerned about herself. She wanted something for herself, something
that would soothe her in this half of self-sacrifice. Passionately she desired to
shed this uniform, to escape the sickening smell of ether, to pass unchallenged to
unknown, distant places, richly to fulfill the purpose of her destiny. So that was
it, the truth, at last.

Did it come to all women, this desire, welling up from the secret founts of
nature? Then, thwarted, repressed, de
tined how long must they become like this—a
scourge? She shivered.

A moment passed, then she went ab
gruptly. Again the door was lifted,
and round the deep courtyard tier upon tier of lighted windows shone like a
brilliant galaxy of stars. Dully she reflected that pale
sight might consecrate as aspirin, hot-water bottle and the dull oblivion of sleep.
Was she to dry up in this stagnant air?

Two tears on her cheeks, her hot eyes
flowed over and ran down her cheeks.
Upon the table her arm lay extended helplessly. On her head, upon it sideways like a forsaken child.

Bowed like this, she did not hear a
knock, nor did she see the door swing open. But at last instinctively she
raised her head, and with swimming eyes stared up at Barclays She gave an
inarticulate cry.

Incredulously he stared back at her.

"What's the matter?" He stam
mered, and the door swung wide open.

"It's nothing. Utterly stupid—to give
way. If you'll leave me—I'll be all right for
the ward. I'll come in—" a minute."

"No, no," she shuddered. "I couldn't think—" He was beside her
now, his eyes filled with a deep concern,
lit up by a strange woman.

Fanny, he kept thinking in a bevil
dered way—this isn't Fanny. Supervisor Fanishawk, precise, efficient and self-assured—this hurt, tear-stained creature?

Never! Her hair, escaped from the cov
ering of her cap, unseen by him before—
how soft it had been, how lustrous! How delicate her figure thus relaxed.

"Tell me," he said awkwardly—"tell me what's wrong." He took her hand
and the warmth, the softness of that
hand gave him an indescribable emotion.

"It's nothing," she answered again.

"Something has to be done," he said. "And I don't like you to be hurt."

And indeed he didn't like it. He'd always admired this gentle secre
sy—her beauty, her breeding, herself, the
supervisor of Ward K. Yet always he had seen her mistily as through a cloudy
lace; but when he was alone with her, the mist dispelled, and he stood silent, startled
by the discovery of a woman.

The shock was too much for them. He struggled for words, but all he could
find to say was the senseless repetition
of that phrase: "I know something's hurting you."

He was right; something was hurting her—his kindness. At the firm pressure
of her hand tears began to start again from her stinging eyes.

"I'm too idiotic—for—for words," she sobbed.

"Don't cry," he said uneasily. Chum
sily he pressed his own handkerchief
against her cheek. But this only made her cry harder. She stepped away from him
it. The barricades of years were down,
and now across that fallen barrier the
duets of the two ages were pouring in
a maddening stream. For it was mad
ning to her to see herself thus—a mor
bid, hysterical woman making a senseless, desperate scene. Even her own
weakness, she was gored suddenly by
the rushing desire to reveal herself in
the arms of a man whose regard she so greatly prized.

"Can't you see I'm a fool," she said recklessly—"worse than a fool? I'm not ill. There's nothing wrong with me. All I've done is—"

"No, don't," he broke in. "Don't say
another word."

"You must listen!" she cried wildly. "You must listen or I'll never respect myself. You think I'm a paragon! But I'm not. I'm nothing but a weakling, broken, hermetically closed."

"Please don't go on!" he exclaimed.

He wanted her to stop. She must stop, he thought, even if it came as an uncom
fusing and sickening result. And with this came an unconscious desire to comfort her. He slipped an arm around her shoulders.

"Let me be!" she sobbed. "Can you see I'm not worth listening to? I've been untrue to everything—to myself."

"You're worth more than you can ever
guess," he said faintly.

A rushing wave of tenderness thun
dered in his ears and lapped them both
in pink, translucent foam. Everything faded and fell away from them in eddy
rings. They were alone; everything had become meaningless but themselves.

She raised her head at this strange use of her name. Mary! No one called her that, not even Fanny, that name which she hated.

They looked at each other. It was a
twist of the moment—the flow of two
emotions, and for a moment she was
overwhelmed by the same happiness. His arm was on her shoulders; then, as her body trembled close to his, she was in his arms, wrapped in unexpected peace, her lips salt with tears pressed to his.

"Mary, I—didn't know it," he faltered, and an exquisite joy ran through him.

I—love you."

The ward doors swung and swung another upon upon, that she should be
Again the night nurse was on duty. One
shaded light dimly illuminated the room. Ward K was settling itself to sleep.

The end of the day. Already in Bed
the red-haired woman had started her
gentle, inevitable snoring. Farther up the hall, the nurse called the head of the ward, was happy too. Across the floor Sophie Fanagan lay flat on her wide
back. A holiday, she thought dreamily, a peaceful life! She was free of all. Miles Baxter in the next bed was moving
restlessly. The whole day gone and the finger upon her stitches. She frowned bleakly across in answer to a good night from Number 9.
The Tinsel Star

(Continued from page 21)

would not like it. Quite definitely he knew that Henrietta would not like it. It was not natural to have to tell her about the evening clothes. He said:

And almost immediately on entering the house George Chisholm, tall, good-looking, and almost always neat, unclothed the Christmas greens which decorated it and became a small boy again. A small boy in this same house, initiate at last into the Christmas mysteries.

"Mother, may I put the star on the top of the tree?"

"If you're careful on the ladder." He grinned cheerfully at Hobbs as he took his coat.

"Yes, sir."

"The star all right?"

"Yes. I'd wrapped it. Looks like new, sir.

George nodded. Even Henrietta did not know why, ever since their marriage, George had himself put the star on top of the tree, and a clear white light just below it, or that the star itself was mixed in his mind with a God of some sort and a certain number of vague aspirations which she would certainly have called sentimental and rather silly. Probably right, as he had been there a very long time.

Henrietta herself was in the drawing-room, and came out into the hall, sticking along on her high heels, and newly shampooed and waved for the evening.

She kissed him casually, "Did you bring the servants' money?"

"Yes. And that reminds me, my dear; we'll have an extra man to help serve tonight."

"What do you mean? We have Hobbs and Jim already.

He explained to her carefully, but her smooth forehead puckered as he went on. Usually Henrietta was careful not to frown; it made wrinkles. But she was certainly frowning as she pushed his arm from around her and faced him as he finished:

"Really, George!" she said. "Sometimes I think you go crazy about Christmas time. A man who doesn't know anything about being and dressed heaven only knows how."

"I am lending him my evening clothes."

"Of your evening clothes! George, I don't understand you. Why didn't you give him money and let him go?"

"And money!" said George. His voice was quiet, but his eyes were on Henrietta's, and they were no longer..."
him my evening clothes. I suppose he can dress in your room?"

Hobbns concealed his astonishment as best he could. "Very well, sir," he said politely.

In the kitchen, however, he told his suspicions to Mrs. Miggs, the cook. "Well, seems to me you are a little late. "If you ask me, it's a detective. There'll be a lot of jewelry worn tonight."

"God bless my soul," said Mrs. Miggs. "That's what it is to live."

"It is that."

Promptly at nine Henrietta came downstairs. She was the first one down. And a little before the other guests Jerry Forsyth arrived, had a preliminary high ball, and was under the impression that he was not to be disturbed. But it was only an hour later that Henrietta, flushed and excited, found him there on the ladder carefully putting the star in place.

"Good heavens, George! You might have told us."

"Well, you all seemed otherwise occupied."

The look he turned down to her, she thought, was more kindly if he was studying her. She put her hands to her hair, and at that characteristic gesture he smiled faintly.

"You know it was very lovely," he said, still thoughtfully, and, satisfied, she turned and went out again. "Yes, the new man, madam; the one Mr. Chisholm spoke about. He's not very well, madam."

"Drunk."

"I don't think so. He just came into the kitchen and keeled over. It's a sort of faint."

"Tell Mr. Chisholm. If he will bring strangers in!"

So it happened that Henrietta received her guests alone that night, for George was in the master's bedroom of the pantry, watching while the man named Smith recovered from a spell of unconsciousness. Had anyone even penetrated to the back room where George sat beside Hobbns's bed, and where Mr. Smith finally opened his eyes and said: "Passed out, did it? Well, it was a long walk, and the kitchen was hot. I'd better get up." "You're not getting up," said George sternly. "You're staying right here."

"And what about my six dollars, man? I need it."

But George ignored that. "You've ordered some coffee for you," he said carelessly, then the whole scene seemed to him like a strong smell of frying eggs in the air, and the aroma of coffee. George had taken a look at Smith, and then ordered food.

There was, however, nobody to notice. Henrietta's parties were very dumpy and very wholesome, and the house was almost shut over the din across the hall. It appeared that Smith, although still weak, insisted on going. "But if you ask me, sir, he's not able. He's tried to get up twice, but his legs won't hold."

"George went back again. Out of the uproar it was possible to hear the Christmas chimes from the cathedral near by, and he found Smith sitting on the side of the bed listening with an ironic smile.

"Well, he's born again. And I wonder what He thinks of his world! I've got to get out, Chisholm. Your man will need his bed."

"His wife isn't so rotten. But you're staying here. There are half a dozen empty rooms upstairs."

The story of which followed was rather one-sided. Smith, obstinate as he was, had to confess that he had no place to go. "No place in particular," was the way he put it. And semi-starvation had weakened him. He finally agreed to be helped up the back stairs; but before he started he turned to George.

"Forget what I said a while ago," he said abruptly. "She had her side of it, too. A man's pretty yellow to talk about his wife."

They got him up finally, but at the door of Henrietta's best guest room he balked again. "But for God's sake, have some humor!"

"He was very tired, and at last they got him in. He went to bed, and he was out of the door George instructed Hobbns to take his clothes as soon as he was in bed and send them out to be pressed in the morning. Then he passed in a pair of his own pajamas and a dressing gown.

"Good night, Smith, and a Merry Christmas."

"Good night, Santa Claus," said Smith, and grinned at him. Then he yawned, and George closed the door and went away.

It was not until he went downstairs again that he realized that the party was over, and that an indignant Henrietta was waiting for him. More than indignant. Henrietta was close to tears.

"George," she said sharply, "is there any reason why you should insult the best people in this town? For that's what you've done. And on Christmas Eve, too."

It seemed to me that quite a few of them were getting the alarm in her face: "It's nothing serious. I just wondered if we are going on indefinitely being the sokolits with a song-and-dance chorus always behind us."

Our sheer relief she could have smiled. So he was jealous, that was all. She knew how to handle a jealous man.

"I've tried to make you happy, George. You know that, don't you? Everything I do is for that."

"I wonder," he passed a hand over his eyes, and then patted her shoulder reassuringly. "Sorry," he said. "I didn't mean to trouble you. I've had a trying sort of day, that's all."

And when she said nothing: "It's Christmas Day, you know." He moved toward the front hall. "I've got a date."

"I don't feel merry at the moment."

"No? Well, after all, if my memory serves me, Christmas Day was actually a time for merriment, anyhow. Joy, that's the word, isn't it? There's a fine distinction there.

"I think you've had too much champagne," she said disdainfully, and went with considerable dignity up the stairs. George, listening, heard her door close with a finality which he had learned to understand.

Some time later he paused outside Smith's door. Everything was quiet there, and so he went up on the stairs to fill the children's stockings: a package of currants and chocolate, a small box of the eggs, wrapped by the balls and crayons and pencil sharpeners which, along with the non-perishables, were tied with a bright ribbon and bound from day until night before breakfast.

Standing there, he heard the tired servants going up to bed. They would be up early again and off to Mass, and for the first time he saw Henrietta's parties as not only a noise and an expense; he saw them as a definite hardship to a number of people. He remembered the children's carol that night. Did those words mean anything to Henrietta? The absurd rubber plate-lifter in his hand, he wondered. Then he placed the stocking on the top of Junior's stocking and went downstairs.

He slept in his dressing room that night. And at eight o'clock Friday evening, with the children in the family, Henrietta, who did not like to be roused at dawn when the children came rushing down. He had slept badly, and he was still half asleep when they came in. Mademoiselle had gone to church, and they were wild with excitement and free-dom. He was obliged to allow the glass and pretend embarrassment when the water splashed over his silk pajamas.

"And can we see the tree and the presents?"

"Nine o'clock. And not a minute sooner."

"Then will Mother be up?"

"I think so."

Then Petrina said something that
made him sit up in his bed. "You came in last night and left me, didn't you?"

"What? I did?"

"Of course, I was awake. You stood by the bed and looked down at me. Then you tiptoed out again."

"You dreamed it, child."

"I didn't dream your dressing gown, Daddy!"

He was still thinking about that when Mademoiselle took them up to dress; a shining-eyed Mademoiselle still rapt from her devotions and unusually gentle of manner. She glanced shyly toward the bed and smiled.

"Merry Christmas, Mr. Chiswell."

"Thanks. The same to you."

He felt uneasy. He did not like the idea of Smith prowling around the house at night. It would be a joke on him if they found the place locked that morning and the fellow gone! He got up and going down the hall opened the door of the blue room, but Smith was sleeping quietly.

Not a thief, then. A man who had had kids of his own and lost them, and who somehow had never had a chance for the obscure desire to see children safely asleep on Christmas Eve.

"Good night," he said to himself, and closing the door very quietly, he went back to bed.

The incident cleared away the last vestiges of last night’s remembrance. After all, he was lucky. He was prosperous; or at least he had weathered the storm. He had a home and a family. If Henrietta’s ideas and his were not always the same, she had made him a good wife. He went over her virtues as he lay there, her beauty, her efficiency, even her gayety.

"I’m a dull dog," he thought, and felt guilty over the blow he had given her.

When he heard her stirring at eight o’clock he went into her room, looking a little sheepish. Henrietta lay in her big bed, a coffee tray beside her, and he saw that she had already been up. Her hair was carefully set, her face lightly touched with her morning makeup. He saw something else, however. He saw that she looked strained and rather alarmed.

"I’m sorry about last night, George," she said. "I was tired. I didn’t mean it."

"Well, seeing that I came in to apologize myself— Merry Christmas, my dear."

He kissed her, and with unusual demonstrativeness she put her arms around his neck as he stooped. "I do love you, George. You know that."

"I hope so!"

"And I’m sorry about the party."

"My fault. If I choose to think all the rest are out of step because I am . . . Well, I’d better bathe and shoo. The kids are on the rampage."

He turned to leave her. Then he remembered something.

"Look here, Henrietta. I’m going to ask this Smith fellow to have lunch with us. Do him no end of good. It’s a man’s pride that gets him when he’s had a run of bad luck."

"Do we have to? What will the servants think?"

"We’re not paying them to think. Anyhow, he’s a gentleman, as I told you last night. He’ll know how to use his fork."

"Why can’t we send him a tray?"

He made a slight gesture. "Listen, Henrietta; I want him to see the children. He had a pair of his own once, and his wife vanished with them."

He was about to tell her of that visit to the
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nursery during the night, but he thought better of it. "He lost a good job and the lady got out. He didn’t say much, but I gathered she’d been extravagant and now he wasbuttoning his belt and saving. Wanted to run with a gay crowd and got to flirting about. He wasn’t putting in his time, of course, and just came out. Then he lost his job and he had nothing saved, so she up and left him.

Hearstta suddenly stirred in her bed.

"And—is that all you know about him?" Seems plenty," he said, with his quick smile. "She was thrown out in Belgium, but she was too good to be thrown out. She was a pretty sort of a study. She was a pretty sort of a story, I mean. What does she want with a bionöte?"

"Mother, hurry. Hurry. It’s almost nine o’clock."

"I’m coming."

When she was ready to go down she opened her toilet-table drawer and reaching far back, produced from it a small jewel box, wrapped and tied with ribbon. In it were the two black pearl studs she was giving George for Christmas, the bill for which he would find two or three months later among the chaos of her desk.

She stood staring at the box. She had thought before she had come she would have to carry it down and George would accept it amably, as he always did her gifts. She had told her story of that morning, but it had had a devastating effect on him last night. When he had come home last night she had been thinking of that story and that woman.

George was not in the hall when she got down, and Hobbs told her something had gone wrong with the light under the star. But the children were waiting, clamorous and excited, he said.

"Mother, can’t we go back and give Mrs. Miggs her present now? And Blake and Ellen and the rest?

"Don’t you want to see your own things first?"

"No," they chorused. "Please, Mother."

"Oh, all right," she said as she took off her dressing gown and glasses and went upstairs. The children were shouting upstairs, and over everything the penita odor of Christmas evergreens that turned her faintly sick.

Suddenly she was back in that hideous small western monastery town and was Christmas Eve. She had had the usual party to trim the tree, and then Warren had fixed them all the pudding with Howard Bliss, and had accused her of all sorts of things.

When Hobbs came in she was trembling.

"Mrs. Chisholm wants this man Smith or whatever his name is to stay for lunch. I don’t think he is usual, but I suppose it to be."

"Very well, madam."

"What sort of is he, Hobbs? I haven’t seen him."

"He seems to be quite a gentleman, madam. Out of luck, you may say. He’d work in a shop."

Then last night, and what with that and the smell of food in the kitchen—"

"What d’you look like?" she broke in impatiently.

"He’s a tall man. Blond, very thin, losing Undernourished, he looks; and as for the suit I sent out to be pressed—"

She got rid of Hobbs and lay back in her bed. Not for a moment did she question the identity of this man who lay, still asleep, only a few feet away from her, and who would later on con-front her with the sultry smile of his, and say: "Well, Henrietta, I see you’ve landed on your feet, as usual."

There was no way out, she knew. She could not appeal to his pity, for he would have none. Nor would he believe, if she told him, that she had married George under a lie because she cared for him; had buried her past, because she was afraid she would lose him; and that at that.

He might already know who she was, and all about her. She remembered drearily that there was a large silver-framed picture of herself in the room where George had put him.

There was certainly nothing in her of which George was unaware. He had been watching her eat, when at last she crawled out of bed, bathed and dressed. Long before she had finished she could hear George in the hall below, and the children calling: "Mother, hurry. Hurry. It’s almost nine o’clock."

"And listen here," he said. "That drive I talked last night—just forget it, will you? Liquor on an empty stomach made me sorry for myself. That’s all. Most of the people who come up to where I’m going to be, they’ll be down at George. When a man’s in my position the only way he can save his soul is to go to hell."

"Sure, I know that. Lunch is at one o’clock. And by the way, I owe you six dollars."

Smith openly jeered at him. "For what? For raising hell in the kitchen and being a star boader overnight?"

"I don’t want to be a fool, I don’t want to. I don’t like you. Get your clothes and I’ll get out."

"I won’t be here until noon. Besides, I’ve been telephoning around about you. We may land something."

Smith was carefully examining the hand of the razor. It was altered from two before he answered. "All right," he agreed. "Get me my pants and I’ll be out."

He started for the bathroom, turned and grinned again. "The tragedy of the kitchen; or, from pantry to powder room."

Hands in his pockets, Smith wandered around the room. The small possessions of the other man’s pockets lay spick-and-span by the fire, but the hands in his pockets, an old wallet obviously empty, a none-too-clean handkerchief. He was a queer man, Smith thought, a rank, lowbrow—Probable hard to live with, too.

A few minutes later, George went downstairs to the telephone again. The lower floor was quiet. The children apparently suffering the reaction following excitement, and Henrietta was standing by the window, listening. George came in from the Christmas tree was deserted, although its lights were still burning. George stopped short and stared at it. He looked at it. The lamp beneath the star had gone out again, and he sent for a ladder and put in a new bulb.

When Smith, amazed from the day before, came down the stairs at one o’clock, he found George waiting for her.

"Hello!" he said. "Well, if things line up as I think they will—Come into the library. My wife is here, and the children."

It was once more with his faint, jeering smile that Smith followed him into the library. Henrietta was stiff and still in front of the fire, and Mademoiselle was smiling. This was the man he had been sitting in the chair and feeding them. But the poor man, so shabby and still a gentleman! For Smith, having taken Henrietta’s cold hand with considerable manner, was saying:

"You must blame your husband for this, Mrs. Chisholm. For bringing a stranger to the feast. Then he was meeting Mademoiselle and gravely greet-

"This the woman?" he asked lightly.

"Yes."

"She’s very lovely, Chisholm."

"And I’m very lucky. I want you to meet her."

Smith was good still, the razor in his hand. "I’d like to, but—"

"He shrugged his shoulders. "You’re a good fellow, Chisholm. I’ve got a lot of words, some of them trash, but there aren’t enough to thank you. Just the same, enough’s enough. As soon as my clothes come I’ll be moving on."

"You’ll do nothing of the sort. You’re lunching with us. It’s the kids’ Christmas dinner, we all, we want you."

"Can’t be done."

"What can’t be done? Don’t be a fool."

Mr. Smith did not answer this directly.

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"Seems to me I've seen you somewhere.

"Probably, son. On a bench in the park, maybe. I've been taking a sunburn.

"That's funny! A sun-burn in winter!

"All the best sun-burns are taken in winter," said Mr. Smith, still smiling.

The man in the middle of the street George discovered that his guest was eating little or nothing, and urged him to go on.

"It's the rule to overeat today, you know."

"Well, stomachs shrink!" said Smith, with a return of his sardonic humor. The children had chosen to consider that remark uproariously funny, and to laugh until Mademoiselle's cheeks were pink. George looked uncomfortable.

"You kids better quit before you make this your last Christmas," he said. "Get them out, will you, Mademoiselle?"

It was not until they had gone that Hobbs brought in a decanter and poured them all a glass of wine.

"Don't drink when they're around," George reminded him. "Well, I wish you a merry Christmas, to—he hesitated—to peace on earth, good will to men," he finished before another glass was drunk.

Smith smiled. "You almost make me believe it, Chisholm. God and sinners reconciled, eh? Well, I suppose that's the idea."

"And here's to the job, Smith. I think I've landed one. Not much, but something.

It was not until the meal was over that they had a chance to speak together alone. George had gone back to the phone, and the children were reluctantly going upstairs to get ready for their walk. Junior had hated leaving.

"Maybe I'll see you again, in the park."

"Surely you will. Look for me, will you? I'll be on a bench, taking a sun-burn."

They shook hands gravely. But when Patricia came up he took her in his arms.

"a good girl, Pats," he said. It was his old name for her, and suddenly Henrietta felt a wave of pity and gratitude toward him. His face, however, was grim as he turned to go.

"If you're thinking of thanking me, don't. I've played this fool masquerade for you, not for me."

"Then you're not going to tell him?"

"Not after the story I told him yesterday. After that, of course, you know until I saw your picture upstairs."

She was safe, then! She was in his hands, but they were safe hands. Out of her enormous relief she spoke again, breathlessly.

"I'll deserve it," she said. "It won't be lost."

"You'd better. I'm betting my chance to live on that."

He was questioning.

"Because I can't take that job, and you know it. I've got to use my references, and my own name. And after this very trick today—well it can't be done."

She recoiled. So that was the price. She shuddered, but she would be paying that price. When he left he would go out into the street, and she would never know about him. He might starve, while she ate and spent.

"I don't know that I can bear it."

"You'll bear it, all right. Raise those children as real people, and make George Chisholm happy. I have an idea you've been at the old game again. Well, stop it, please. I don't care how he ends up, but tell him who and what you are."

When George came in Smith rose rather abruptly and shook hands with her. Then he turned to George.

"You've been damned good to me, Chisholm."

"I'm damned glad to have the chance. You won't stay?"

"I have some things to do."

There was nothing awkwardness, and George broke it by going to the front door to look for the car. Down the stairway, well floated the children's voices, loudly congratulating their father on his visit or other. The man Smith stood listening with a curious, intent look on his face, the look of a man who is hearing something for the last time. Suddenly Henrietta felt she could not bear it.

"I can't let you go like this. I won't. I've decided I won't, George. I can't do this. I'm going to tell him."

But he shook his head. "You're learning. We'll do it. But not now. Get that, and get it straight."

"Car's here," George called.

The two men shook hands, and once more with his jering smile Smith looked out into the street.

"Well, it's not too run along. Of course, it ought to be snowing!"

George closed the door behind him, and stood looking like a man, waiting for something. Nothing happened, however, and so he wandered into the library and stood, his hands in his pockets, and looked around the room. The house was very quiet. In the silence he could even hear the needles as they dropped onto the parquet floor of the village.

He felt very tired and at a loss, as a man might feel who had staked all he had on something or other, and had lost it. He had lost the children going out, and Hobbs in the dining room putting away the silver. Then at last he heard something clinking and heard a long breath. Henrietta had come into the room.

He did not move when she came up beside him.

"George, I have something to tell you."

"Perhaps I know what you have to say, my dear."

"You know?"

He looked down at her, gravely. "There was a letter to him on his table. Henrietta, do you pretend to not know?"

"Never! George, I've been a selfish and a silly woman, but I never thought I could care for any man as I care for you."

"And yet you came to tell me who he was?"

"Because," she said steadily, "I can't lie or cheat any more. I'm through with all that. I wanted to tell you before he left, but he wouldn't hear. And I'm no good, George. I let him go."

Suddenly he put both hands on her shoulders and looked down into her eyes. "He hasn't told you, Henrietta. He's all right. I gave Blanks a note for him, and he knows I know. He'll get his job, and anything more that he wants. And after all we're civilized human beings. He ought to see his children now and then."

"George, why are you doing all this?"

He was faintly embarrassed. "Well, you see, I rather liked the fellow. Then, too, it's Christmas, Henrietta."

She saw the thing through to the star, and for the first time she had an inkling of what it meant to him; that it was mixed up in his mind with a God of some sort of vague aspirations which she would no longer consider sentimental and silly.

Some time later, she went down the stairs and glanced into the library again. George was still there, but now he was sitting on the floor under the tree, careful replying the steeple on the card-board church.

"To telephone Nora that I had a surprise for her, and I had a look at the house. You should have seen her face when I told her the boss had given me a $100 increase in salary."

"It's wonderful," she said, "it's wonderful! Now we can pay some of those bills that have been worrying us and even put a little in the bank each week.

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the lives of its executives

Metropolitan Life's contracts afford a means to

— create estates and incomes for families
— pay off mortgages
— educate children
— provide income in the event of retirement
— establish business credits
— stabilize business organizations by indemnifying them against the loss of key-men
— provide group protection for employees covering accident, sickness, old age and death
— provide income on account of disability resulting from personal accident or sickness.

Metropolitan policies on individual lives, in various departments, range from $1,000 up to $500,000 or more, and from $1,000 down to $100 or less—premiums payable at convenient periods.

The Metropolitan is a mutual organization. Its assets are held for the benefit of its policyholders, and any divisible surplus is returned to its policyholders in the form of dividends.

LEADING credit organizations ask, “What is the amount of life insurance carried in favor of the Company?”

Many a small corporation with limited cash reserves is able to transact business on a large scale if it has executives of integrity and ability and a high credit rating.

Life insurance on the lives of officers or key-men is an outstanding asset of successful businesses, whether big or little.

FIRST—the lives of these important men are insured for the benefit of the company in substantial amounts.

SECOND—in event of the death of one of these individuals, life insurance will provide immediate cash which will maintain the confidence of creditors who otherwise might fear that the company's financial position had been weakened.

THIRD—this life insurance will place the corporation in a position to employ a competent successor, without putting additional drain on its resources.

Any officer or director of any corporation, large or small, is invited to ask for a program of practical value to his company.

A Metropolitan Field-Man will supply full details.

METAPOITIAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT • • • ONE MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y.
Merry Christmas

Oh...what a Santa Claus you can be this year!

Santa Claus... down a chimney? No, she's found out there's no such man. Not a jolly white-bearded old fellow who gives things to you, but a lean old man—"Hard Times"—who steals everything away. Show her—show her it's a lie!

The Welfare and Relief Mobilization for 1932 is a cooperative national program to reinforce local fund-raising for human welfare and relief needs. No national fund is being raised; each community is making provision for its own people; each community will have full control of the money it obtains.

Give through your established welfare and relief organizations, through your community chest, or through your local emergency relief committee.

All facilities for this advertisement have been furnished the committee without cost.

Newton D. Baker, Chairman National Citizens' Committee

WELFARE AND RELIEF MOBILIZATION FOR 1932

Hearst's International-Cosmopolitan for January 1933
Give a Christmas carton of LUCKIES—the mildest of Cigarettes

“It’s toasted” That package of mild Luckies