

Love is for Tomorrow

By VIRGINIA SCALLON

CHAPTER 44

WHATEVER the penalties, Igor, the printer, felt that moment was worth all the risk. He gloated as he stared down the barrel of his revolver at the two executives, now cringing in one corner of their elaborate office. For once Abe had nothing to say, fear silencing his tongue. Wait, on the contrary, was cursing his partner roundly for involving him in such a scrape.

"Dunderhead," he hissed between clenched teeth, "I should have known better than to let you get your grabby hands on a deal like this."

Igor's voice crackled as he told the partners in no uncertain terms what he thought of their unfair practices. "You deserve all we're going to give you," he yelled. "It's your kind that spoils a business for decent men. Never satisfied, that's what you ain't. Can't let a little fellow make a honest living. Naw, you have to take it all! Well, let's see if you can take this!"

Igor obviously gathered all his nerve to fire the gun, but as the men raised their voices in terrified protest, he suddenly lost his courage. With this momentary indecision, he seemed to deflate before their eyes. Then with a sullen gesture, he lowered the gun and resentfully fired one, two, three shots into the floor and cast the weapon from him in disgust.

Mazie, who had fled the office at the first loud sounds from Abe's office, was shouting hysterically up and down the halls. "Help! Fight! Fight!" she called.

"What is this, a recroutin' office?" one fat passerby grinned, then joyfully realizing from the racket that it was indeed a battle, he pushed by her. "Gosh, a fight. What a break!"

It took only a second for an excited crowd to gather, and as Igor reached the tragic anti-climax of his little act, he turned around to face a motley group of spectators. "Come in, gentlemen," he said, suddenly seeming to regain his reason. "I'm sorry, but I can't shoot these vultures. Shooting is too good for them. Why, do you know what they done?"

Abe and Walt were forcibly trying to eject both Igor and the threatening crowd, but Igor shook free of them. With growing eloquence he pleaded the cause of underdogs like himself, who had been crushed by the growing ambition of Acme. "The business that I love, they make it a tool to get what they want. To get money, pah! I thought I could put these where they wouldn't bother such as me again, but I-I haven't got the nerve." Weakly, he sat down on a chair, brushing tears of frustration from his bloodshot eyes.

Into the crowd pushed a rather slight man with a brief case under his arm. He adjusted the gold-framed glasses on his aristocratic nose, took off his fraying fedora, and addressed the crestfallen Igor. "I would like to pay my respects to a great man," he shouted above the hubbub, as Abe and Walt renewed their efforts to eject the crowd out. "I have long resented the grubby Mr. Zimmerman and his distasteful partner, Hartley. You are a brave man, a hero. I am publicity director for the great Maestro Donevski, but I could write a poem on your bravery—Secret! Of course, this is my chance!"

Suddenly the stranger cast off his fancy manners as an overpowering idea took hold of him. Too often he had wished the placid current of his life could carry him into exciting depths, that he could write of thrilling bloodthirsty events in the world of men. In Igor he saw the subject for a dramatic story, and his nose itched with the unaccustomed smell of real news.

With an almost fanatical gleam in his eyes, he grabbed the now sullen Igor by the arm and forced him through the grumbling crowds. Luckily for Igor, the police didn't arrive until he had been safely



Into the crowd pushed a man with a brief case under his arm.

hustled outside by the music critic, Mendel by name. Once in the sunshine again, Igor drew a deep breath, then turned to his new found admirer and shook his possessive hand from his shoulder. "What do you want with me?" he cried petulantly. He was rather ashamed of the impotent part he had played that afternoon, ashamed that he had not the courage to make good his threat.

"Want with you? Why man, you're news! You're a front page story. You socked a couple of gangsters in the —" Mendel stopped, shocked at his own language. "I mean, my dear fellow, that you are a champion of the people, and I am going to appoint myself your representative."

"For what?" he asked suspiciously. "You have a righteous grievance against this Zimmerman and Hartley. They've no ethics, they are unscrupulous. Even I have heard of their tight-fisted ways, and I am determined to fling myself into the battle with you. I will fight—with words!" Pompously he swaggered in front of the mystified Igor.

"Words. Pf! What good are they?" "Plenty of good, when they are printed in bold type in a newspaper. Don't you understand, I am a reporter by instinct. Until now I have been describing symphonies in music; now I make newspaper history about the jangling chorus of false dollars, the mad bellowing of the bullish Zimmerman, reaching a crashing crescendo when you fired those three clear shots into the air."

"It was the rug," Igor corrected regretfully. Whereupon Mendel moaned, "To spoil a good climax was a sin. If only you could have blown the heads right off their necks! Regardless—it was a shooting and shooting is first-class news. I'll show those boy reporters how to write!"

"—and me?" "You? Well, maybe you'd better hide out for a few days. But think of the vengeance, the beautiful revenge. Is it not worth it?" Mendel asked, with his eyes ablaze with excitement that suddenly had made his life worth living. At Igor's nod, he started to question him carefully. When he had the facts, he headed for the nearest newspaper in a swift and undignified dog trot.

Instead of entering the genteel music critic's offices where he usually went, he dashed dramatically to the city editor's desk. "I've got a story! Stop the presses—a madman tried to kill

Zimmerman and Hartley over at Acme. Shot three times and missed. Shot again. Crowds. Wow, what a battle!" Excited and pleased with himself, Mendel fanned his perspiring brow.

The city editor listened indulgently at first, then with more attention. This had the makings of a real human interest story, right in keeping with their "better business" policies, too. The unscrupulous firms trying to make a living off of their less fortunate brothers; the little fellows who were the brunt of their methods. And Igor, champion of them all! The city editor turned to a fat man behind his desk. "Take that cigar out of your face and get onto this. Let's give this fellow a break; if he was that desperate he deserves it. Just stick to facts and hang every statement on this Igor."

"Oke," came the laconic answer. "I just hope they don't hang poor Igor. Come on, Mendel, spill the rest of it."

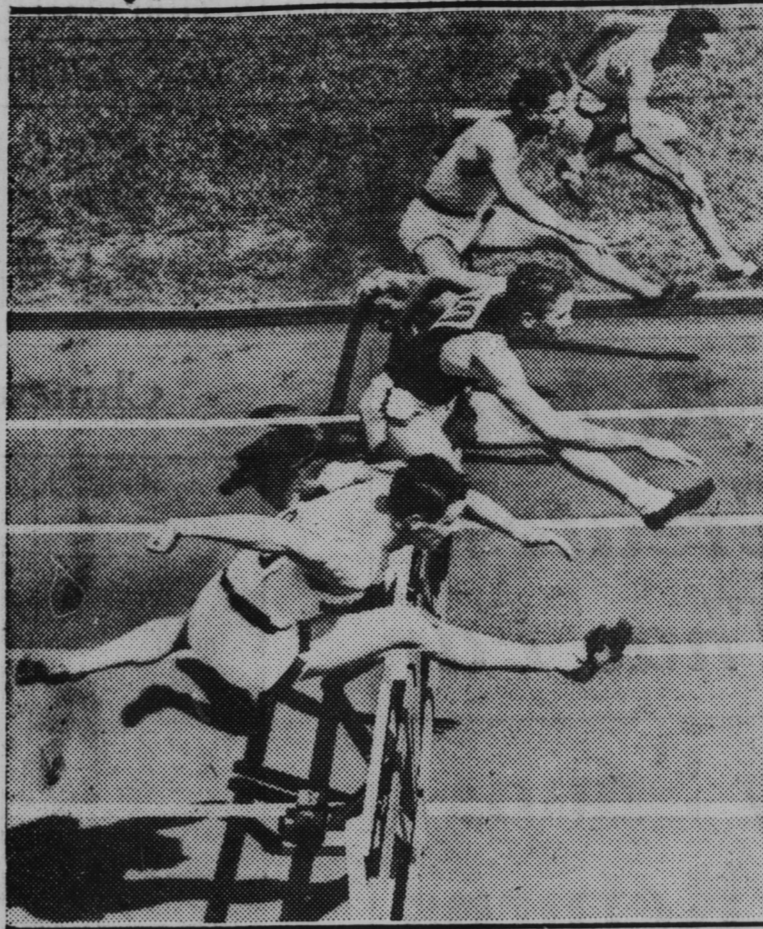
Mendel stated his case well, even raced over to Igor's to get substantiating bills and papers. A few hours later the Gazette carried a story that was destined to break Acme. Carefully quoting Igor Bardoni, the story outlined how he had been forced out of business by alleged underhanded methods. For several days the story was "hot news, with other victims of Acme adding versions that completed the debacle. Acme lost four accounts in a single day, and Walt and Abe called a hasty conference to discuss the situation.

"I'd like to do what that yellow-bellied Igor didn't have the nerve to do," Walt said pointedly. "We had a nice safe game all sewed up, until you had to overshoot your hand. Why couldn't you be satisfied with 100 per cent profit? Well, that's the end. This racket is finished as far as I'm concerned. You can salvage the wreck if you think she's worth it," he said. Having thus quit the sinking ship, he walked out.

As Marcia once prophesied, Abe had turned his original "shoe-string" into a rope long and strong enough to hang him. Gingerly, he loosened his collar, then breathed deeply. He'd never intended to get in as deep as this. His creed was to take all he could until a man resented it and "when he hollers let him go" as the old jingle had it. Well, Igor had hollered, but the noise he made had echoed throughout the city. The only catch to his little theory, Abe thought with a characteristic shrug, was that he finally was the one who had to go.

"I've got a story! Stop the presses—a madman tried to kill

Taking Barriers in Their Stride



Left to right are F. V. Scopes, Oxford; M. Fernald, Harvard, the winner; J. P. Knight, Oxford, and J. Shields, Yale, clearing the barriers in the 120-yard hurdles event at Cambridge, Mass. The Oxford-Cambridge track and field team beat the best from Yale and Harvard by seven first place to five for their first win in America. (Central Press)

HARVESTING A NEW FARM CROP



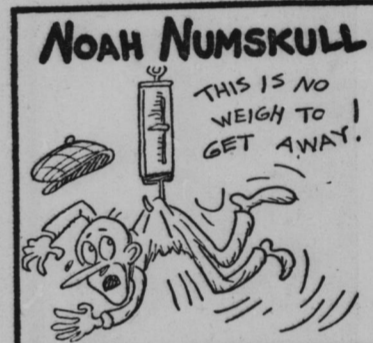
Scooping up dead grasshoppers

Harvesting a new farm crop—grasshoppers. The insect plague again is destroying ripening crops in certain sections of western United States. Farmers desperately strive to kill off the insects to save what crops they can. This man is scooping up dead grasshoppers, gathered in his fields by a "harvester" which picks them up and kills them off.

Whatta Break for Dobbin!



In spite of the inroads of electric refrigeration Old Dobbin found himself up against a cake of good old fashioned ice when he stopped for a red light in New York. Grabbing the opportunity, with the mercury hovering around the 96 degree mark, he sank his teeth into the delicious cooling morsel. (Central Press)



DEAR NOAH=COULD A CROOK GET A WEIGH WITH A SCALE? GERRY LEMON AUSTIN, TEX.

DEAR NOAH=IF THE BABY STARTED TO CRY WOULD THE CHAIR ROCKER? THELMA MEEKER TOLEDO, O.

DEAR NOAH=MUST A PERSON BE ON RELIEF TO GO TO A CHARITY BALL? CARL FROMM MT. CARROLL, ILL. POSTCARD YOUR NEW NOTIONS TO NOAH, CARE OF THIS PAPER



DEAR NOAH=IF YOU WERE DEMONSTRATING VACUUM CLEANERS, WOULD THAT BE A FLOOR SHOW? U. R. MC DOWELL BOWLING GREEN, O.

DEAR NOAH=IF A BURGLAR STOLE AN ORIENTAL RUG, WOULD IT BE A HOOKED RUG? BEVERLEY MOE IPSWICH, S.D.

DEAR NOAH=DO RUBBER TREES STRETCH? LARRY BELLUS BELLEVILLE, ILL. POSTCARD YOUR IDEAS NOW

Here to Study



Jeanne Vollier

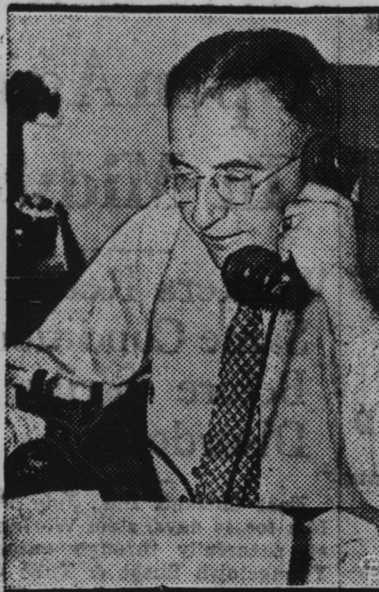
One of the few practicing lawyers of her sex in France and a well-known French author, Jeanne Vollier, arrives in the United States. (Central Press)

"Old Swimming Hole" Treat in Hot Spell



Diving in Elephant's Pond, West Roxbury, Mass., these back to nature boys revel in the coolness of the "old swimming hole," where Old Sol cares for the drying off process and towels are as non-essential as bathing suits. (Central Press)

Gives Strike Order



Isadore Nagler

Isadore Nagler, joint board manager of the International Ladies' Garment Workers' union, gives "stoppage" orders in New York over the telephone following breakdown of negotiations with the Industrial Council of Cloak, Suit and Skirt Manufacturers and the Merchants' Ladies' Garment association in New York City. Work on fall garments by 35,000 workers in 1,500 New York City shops was stopped. (Central Press)

Memorial Day Riot Victim



Pictured as he was led from the room of the LaFollette Civil Liberties Committee at Washington after testifying, Harry N. Harper, Chicago boiler-maker, said he merely went to ask the police to permit him to visit his brother in the steel plant. Caught in the shooting and clubbing, Harper lost his left eye, and his right is badly infected because of lack of medical attention. (Central Press)

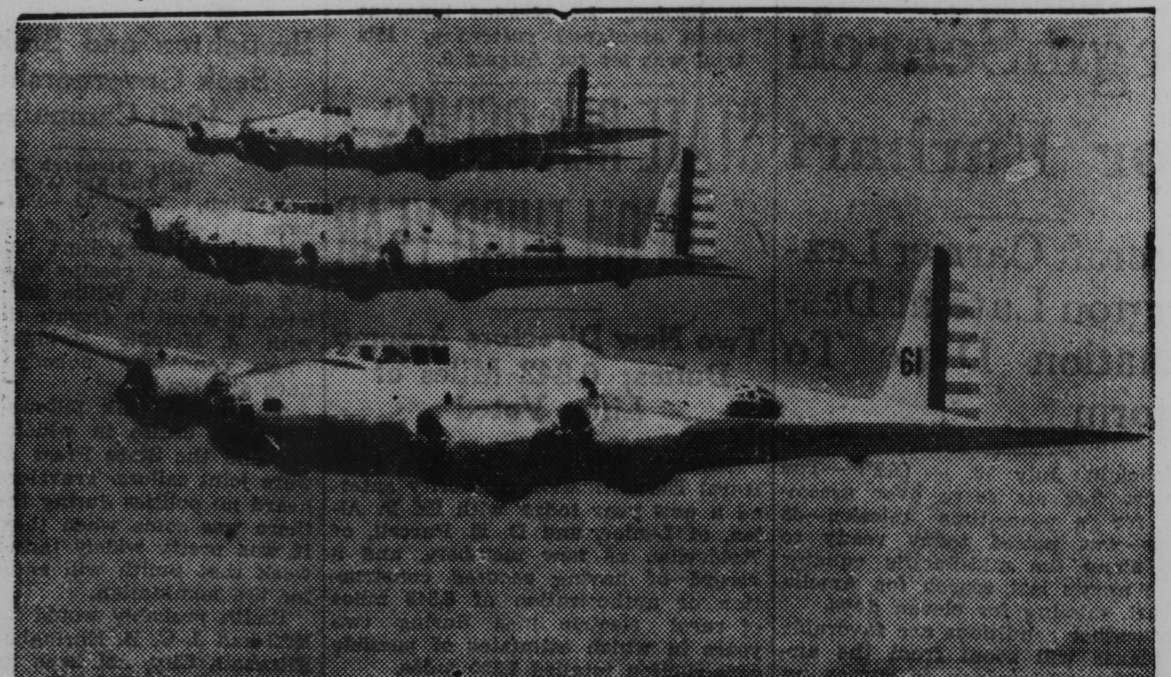
Joins With Lewis



Harry Bridges

John L. Lewis gains a new potential adherent in Harry Bridges, above, militant leader of the Maritime Federation of the Pacific coast. Bridges' organization has joined the C. I. O. The C. I. O., formed only a year ago, now is more than 2,000,000 strong. (Central Press)

Army's New Engines of Death in Formation



These giant "Flying Fortresses" are the latest addition to the Army's Air Corp. They are shown for the first time, flying in formation over Dayton, Ohio. The huge four-motored bombers are said to be America's largest land planes and the fastest long-range bombers in the world. Thirteen of these huge messengers of death have been ordered for the Army. (Central Press)