

SYNOPSIS

Jim Fielding, one of the "lost generation" who had left college in the depression and is unable to find a job, arrives at Glendale to visit his friends the MacPhersons. Mac had formerly been guardian at his late uncle's estate and now works for T. H. Vaughn of "Meadowbrook" which is tired of being supported by his married sister Kay. While he still can marry Lenore, an attractive divorcee who is in love with him and has an easy life because of her wealth, his mind rebels. Stopping at the village drug store for a sandwich, he meets Dolly, a pretty soda fountain girl. When he inquires about the Vaughns, she asks if he is a friend of "Cecily's." She also entrusts a message to Tommy, young son of the family and tells him how to reach the Vaughn's estate. Approaching the house, Jim encounters a tomboyish little girl, fishing. She is startled and falls in the brook. Incensed at first, she discovers she likes Jim and he learns that she is Susan Vaughn. He discovers Cecily is her older sister. He sees Tommy, a youth of eighteen who imagines he is in love with Dolly. Jim explains his impetuous position to the MacPhersons. They tell him that Mr. Vaughn is recovering from a nervous breakdown. Mrs. MacPherson suggests that Mac give Jim a job as handyman. Jim goes for a walk to think it over and picks up a horse shoe. Cecily, a lovely young girl, appears, riding a limping horse. Jim scolds her when he sees the animal has thrown a shoe. There is an angry scene. Jim's ire cools and he is intrigued as he thinks about her. He tells the MacPhersons he wants to stay and assumes his duties as handyman. He sees Dolly again. She explains that she has been seeing Tommy, but regards him with amusement. He writes a letter to Lenore explaining about his new job. When Cecily returns from a house-party she asks him airily, "I wonder how long you'll stay?" Soon Jim gets a promotion and is acting as Mr. Vaughn's part-time secretary.

CHAPTER IV—Continued

There was a knock, Jim thought, in getting along with children. The MacPhersons had it. Mr. Vaughn obviously, did not. The result was a series of conflicts which played havoc with the household. "Jordan tells me Tommy isn't studying," Mr. Vaughn said one morning. "Lazy young cub! If he doesn't work off those conditions he'll be a year behind his class. Why does he suppose I pay a tutor?"

Jim made no reply. He knew that none was expected. The attitude of an employer toward a familiar dependent was curious, he thought. You weren't a reasoning human being. You were an excuse for letting off steam. Tommy was trying. Mr. Jordan, the rector in the village, was probably justified in making complaints. But blustering and threatening wasn't the way to manage the boy. Oh, well, it was none of his business.

Tranquillity was presently restored. Mr. Vaughn returned to the correspondence.

The tranquillity, however, was not of long duration. It was shattered by Tommy's unexpected appearance. Mr. Vaughn looked up from a blueprint showing the proposed addition to the stable. Jim applied himself to the typewriter keys.

Mr. Vaughn frowned at his son and heir.

"Why aren't you at Mr. Jordan's?" he asked sternly.

Tommy sank lower into the chair. "I overslept," he replied, resting upon his spine.

Mr. Vaughn rejected the bait. "Mr. Jordan tells me you're shirking," he continued.

"Aw, gee, Dad," Tommy protested. "Nobody could learn enough to suit him. I don't think dates are important, do you?"

"I'd advise you to learn some of them," Mr. Vaughn said crisply. "To assist you, I'll provide an alarm clock."

"Thanks," Tommy said amiably. "I certainly need one, Dad. Nobody ever bothers to call me."

"And," his father interrupted, "you can bring your books down here and study until luncheon. Jim will keep an eye on you. Until luncheon, Jim."

"Yes, sir," Jim replied, not very well pleased with the prospect of policing Tommy.

"Now go get your books, young man."

"All right." He retired with an air of offended dignity a little marred by stubbing his toe in a crack between the bricks. Mr. Vaughn glanced at Jim.

"What's the matter with the boy?" he said wearily.

"Growing pains." Jim smiled. "They aren't serious. He'll get over them after a while."

"I hope so." Mr. Vaughn looked harassed. "They've gotten out of hand. All of them," he continued irritably. "Cecily, Tommy, Susan."

The thought of his combined responsibilities seemed to overwhelm him. He was silent for an interval.

Jim, too, was silent. Suddenly Mr. Vaughn thumped the table.

"They need discipline!" he said grimly. "It's time I took them in hand."

Jim found himself sympathizing with the children. He was too closely involved with the affairs of the Vaughn's to maintain a detached attitude toward the household. Detachment, in any situation, was impossible for Jim. His warm sympathies, his interest in people, his tendency to follow the impulse of the moment, forced him, involuntarily, to take sides. It was difficult to convey a surface impression of disinterested neutrality in the daily clashes between Mr. Vaughn and his family; especially difficult in the matter of a letter which Jim opened for his employer entirely by mistake.

The scene, once again, was the side veranda under the roof of vines. The time was the morning following the interview with Tommy. Jim sat before a typewriter waiting for Mr. Vaughn to conclude his leisurely perusal of the mail. A startled exclamation caught his attention. The exclamation was followed by a question, directed, presumably, at Jim.

"What in thunder is this?" Mr. Vaughn asked testily.

Jim glanced up attentively, but made no reply.

Mr. Vaughn read from the sheet of stationery in his hand—

"Darling,

"When I think of last night, the music of all the ages sings in my heart. I have not slept. All night I walked in the moonlight, treasuring my jeweled thoughts of you—"

Mr. Vaughn broke off with an ejaculation of disgust. Jim suppressed a smile.

"Lyrical," he said.

"Mush!" Mr. Vaughn looked with distaste at the sheet of stationery closely covered with fine writing.

"Who'd send me a thing like this?" he asked testily.

"It was probably intended for someone else," Jim replied. "Miss

Jim remained silent.

"I knew you weren't a chauffeur or a gardener or whatever you're supposed to be the first time I saw you, the evening in the drive when you were so concerned for 'Lad.'"

Still Jim made no reply. He stood beside her among the bean-vines, deferentially attentive. She was lovely-looking. Truth compelled that admission although he did not like her. She used an ingratiating perfume. He was reminded of the woods in spring, arbutus, trillium, ferns.

"You and Father must have thought me singularly unobservant," she continued in a low silken voice. "That's my only quarrel with either of you. I resent having my intelligence questioned."

This time Jim was too astonished to reply.

"Ordinary odd-job men," she went on, stressing the adjective mockingly, "don't wear English shoes and tailored riding breeches. We've never before had an extra man who read Conrad and received telegrams from ladies and whistled college songs while he tied up the bean-vines."

Jim suppressed a smile.

"We've never had a chauffeur," she continued, "who was devoted to the 'New Yorker' and Lynn Fontanne, or a connoisseur of benedictine. That's what I resent." Her voice lost its silken tone, became slightly edged with malice. "How could you and Father not have anticipated that I'd have known you were here to spy on me, to break up my friendship with Jeremy Clyde? How could you have thought me so childishly stupid?"

Comprehension dawned through the bewilderment of ideas which fogged Jim's understanding. So that was it! She thought he was some sort of a private detective. It would never have occurred to him—not in a million years.

"If I should ask you why you returned the letter which you intercepted for Father, you would prob-

ably make pretty speeches," Cecily went on after a barely perceptible pause. "I hear a great many pretty speeches so you needn't tax your invention. I prefer to consider it a challenge."

"A challenge!" Jim repeated, wanting to laugh, not at all concerned about explanations.

"I'm giving you a break." The sherry colored eyes, bright with scornful amusement, flickered over Jim. "I assume that you're too good a sport to take advantage of a victim. You've sent me your card."

Her hand touched her breast, producing an unmistakable rustling of paper. "I accept the challenge. It's your wits against mine and a fight to the finish."

She moved away from him, almost running between the rows of vegetables, lightly, gracefully, her chin tauntingly tilted.

Benedictine! Lynn Fontanne!—Cecily, obviously, was not unobserving. But how had she made such revealing discoveries? The riding breeches, the telegrams, the songs he whistled—no black magic in her possession of those facts. Benedictine? Lynn Fontanne? . . .

Jim puzzled over the possible source of Cecily's information. The intriguing question was never far from his thoughts. How could she have known that he was addicted to the "New Yorker," that Conrad was his favorite author?

She'd been questioning someone, he concluded. Was it possible that somewhere, at some time, she had known Vic? Or Kay? Or Lenore?

He had nothing to hide. Cecily's revelations amused and intrigued him. How had she found out so much about him? He mulled over the question, accepting, rejecting, entirely at sea. And then, late that afternoon, as he was driving Mr. Vaughn home from a neighboring estate, a possible explanation occurred to him. Cecily had talked to Mrs. MacPherson, perhaps. Bessie was loyal. Bless her! But Bessie was loquacious.

He proceeded to test the truth of the conjecture. That evening he questioned Mrs. MacPherson. By devious means he led her to speak of the Vaughns and when he was sure that all suspicion had been forestalled he remarked casually:

"You seem fairly well acquainted with Tommy and Susan. Does Cecily ever come here?"

Mrs. MacPherson drew her attention, with obvious reluctance, from the partially completed panorama of the Battle of Bunker Hill.

"Only once," she replied. "She wanted to look at my homespun counterpanes. Miss Parker had told her about them."

"Counterpanes!" Jim explained. "I wouldn't have supposed that she would be interested in anything so domestic."

"It was for a 'shower gift,' she explained. 'One of the Patton girls is getting married this fall. Miss Cecily is to be a bridesmaid. She'd bought a counterpane and wanted to be sure it was genuine homespun.'"

"Was it?" Jim asked, hoping for further details of Cecily's visit to the cottage.

"Yes," Mrs. MacPherson replied. "It must have cost her a pretty penny. She told me about the wedding and was as pleasant as you could ask."

"I hope," he said, "that you gave Miss Cecily a glass of your ginger-beer."

"I didn't!" Mrs. MacPherson replied. "I was so mortified at the condition the place was in that I couldn't think of my manners. It was the day your trunk came and I was unpacking it down here because you and Andy couldn't get it up past the turn in the stairs."

The trunk! Jim began to understand. A smile touched his lips.

"Doesn't it beat everything?" she went on, after a moment, "how somebody always comes in when the place is topsy-turvy? Your things were all over everywhere, shoes and clothes and books and magazines. I can't say that whoever packed them did a neat and tidy job. Miss Cecily was pleasant about it, though, when I explained. She seemed interested in the books. I wouldn't have supposed she was literary, but then you never can tell."

Jim had no further desire to direct the conversation. He had found out some of the things he wanted to know. The contents of his trunk had revealed certain facts to Cecily. He wondered if she had noticed the photograph of Lenore which Kay had thoughtfully included. Probably. She appeared to be minutely observing.

And what an imagination! Her conception of his position at "Meadowbrook" was pure fiction, of course.

There had been nothing in the trunk to suggest his acquaintance with either benedictine or Lynn Fontanne.

The question was answered for him sooner than he had anticipated. The following Sunday Mrs. MacPherson called his attention to the rotogravure section of the paper.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

An Ancient Town

Acoma, New Mexico, was visited by members of Coronado's exploring party in 1540. After Oraibi, Ariz., it is believed to be the oldest continuously occupied town in the United States. Franciscan missionaries labored in Acoma as early as 1629, later establishing San Estevan Mission.

STAR DUST

Movie • Radio

By VIRGINIA VALE

WHILE the director, George Cukor, is in New York making film tests of Southern debutantes and several young actresses from New York stage, the news inadvertently leaked out in Hollywood that David Selznick, the producer, had already made up his mind about who should play the leads in "Gone With the Wind."

Miriam Hopkins is to play Scarlett, Clark Gable will be Rhett, Janet Gaynor draws the appealing role of Melanie, and Leslie Howard will be Ashley, whom Scarlett loves but loses. Undoubtedly if the tests made in New York show real talent, the girls will be put under contract to play supporting roles in "Gone With the Wind" or for future pictures.

That cast that Hal Roach has lined up to support Constance Bennett in "Topper"—Connie's entry in the high comedy race—has everyone gasping. Cary Grant, so overwhelmingly popular since he dominated Grace Moore in "When You're in Love," draws the lead. Hedda Hopper and Billie Burke, who are just as slick at comedy lines as they are at wearing exquisite clothes, are next in importance, and Roland Young and Alan Mowbray join the cast to add to the hilarity. Even if Greta Garbo were playing the lead, a more imposing cast could not have been commanded.

A current picture that everyone likes, and that men are particularly enthusiastic over is "Sea Devils," an RKO picture with Victor McLaglen. There is a storm at sea in this one that will make you grip the arms of your theater seat or your companion and if you don't let out a few loud gasps, you won't be like the majority in the preview audience. Ida Lupino plays the lead skillfully, but the girl you will remember is Helen Flint who gives a brilliant performance as a tough character.

So many people complained about the moderately-happy ending of "Lost Horizon" that the director changed it several weeks after the picture had started its triumphant run in New York and Los Angeles. The ending that the rest of the country will see makes it appear very doubtful that Ronald Colman will ever fight his way through a blizzard to the heavenly peace of Shangri-la high in the Tibetan hills. With either ending this is a picture that everyone will want to see.

Fruits and vegetables are the heroes and heroines of a movie being shown extensively in the producing regions of the South and Far West. The picture, designed to bring the big city auction markets to growers, dramatizes the selling process on a typical auction market where thousands of cars of fruits and vegetables are translated into millions of dollars in revenue to the growers every year.

List among your future film favorites Ella Logan whom you will soon see in Universal's "Top of the Town." She is the enchanting singer with a thick Scottish burr to her voice who, accent or no, used to shout swing music over the radio with Abe Lyman's band. I like her best when she sings simple songs, but swing addicts rave about her ability to improvise new hi-de-hos.

"Seventh Heaven" was previewed in Hollywood this week and everyone agrees that it brings more glory to Jimmy Stewart than to Simone Simon though she is pert and appealing in the role that brought Janet Gaynor fame. Simone arrived at the preview wearing a hair ribbon tied in a demure bow just over her forehead, and was so noticeably nervous that she fidgeted with her coat, her dress, and her hair ribbon all evening. She was accompanied by Anton Litvak.

ODDS AND ENDS—A make-up girl at the Paramount studio has twelve wrist watches given to her by grateful stars. Just to be different Frances Dee gave her an alarm clock at the finish of "Souls at Sea" . . . Ann Sothorn will probably win the airlines award for the most persistent air-commuter of the year. Whenever she has two or three days to spare, she dashes off to Chicago to see her husband, Roger Pryor, who is leading a band there . . . Everyone at Paramount is glad to have Martene Dietrich back, particularly the electricians and carpenters on her set. She brings such luscious Viennese cakes and cookies to them.

What Irvin S. Cobb Thinks about

The Origin of Sitdowns.

SANTA MONICA, CALIF.—With the Barnum show there once was an elderly lady elephant named Helen. Now, Helen had wearied of traipsing to and fro in the land.

Probably she figured she'd seen everything anyhow. So each fall, when the season ended, she went rejoicing back home to Bridgeport, Conn.

Nobody ever knew the date of departure the next spring. There was no more bustle about winter-quarters on that morning than for weeks past.

But always, when the handlers entered the "bull barn" to lead forth the herd, they found Helen hunkered down on her voluminous haunches, which, under that vast weight, spread out like cake batter on a hot griddle. She would be uttering shrill sobs of defiance. And neither prodding nor honeyed words could budge her.

So they'd wrap chains around her and two of her mates would hitch on and drag her bodily, she still on her rubbery flanks, aboard a waiting car. She'd quit weeping then and wipe her snout and accept what fate sent her.

So please don't come telling me that the sit-down strike is a new notion or that somebody in Europe first thought it up. Thirty years ago I saw my lady elephant friend, Helen, putting on one, all by her four-ton self.

Taxes and More Taxes.

JUST when everybody is taking comfort from the yodelled promises of that happy optimist, Chairman Harrison of the senate finance committee, that the government will be able to get by for 1937 without asking this congress to boost taxes, what happens?

Why, in a most annoying way, Governor Eccles of the federal reserve board keeps proclaiming that, to make treasury receipts come anywhere near meeting treasury disbursements throughout the year, he's afraid it's going to be necessary to raise the rates on incomes and profits higher than ever.

And meanwhile state governors and civic authorities scream with agony at the bare prospect of any reductions in Uncle Sam's allotments for local projects.

A balanced budget would seem to be like Santa Claus, something everybody talks about but nobody ever expects to see.

Self-Determination.

FORMERLY the states jealously guarded their sovereign prerogatives. Once—but that was so long ago many have almost forgotten it—they fought among themselves one of the bloodiest civil wars in history over the issue of states' rights.

Now we see them complacently surrendering to federal bureaus those ancient privileges—and may be, after all, that's the proper thing to do, if in centralized authority lies the hope of preserving a republican form of government.

Still, one wonders what Englishmen would do under like circumstances, since Englishmen are fussy about their inheritance of self-determination. Perhaps the distinction is this:

In democracies there exists the false theory that all men are born free and equal. So the Englishman insists on having his freedom, which is a concrete thing, and laughs at the idea of equality. Whereas, the American abandons his individual freedom provided he may cling to the fetish of equality.

Yankee tweedledee and British tweedledum may be brothers under the skin, but they have different skin diseases.

The Parole Racket.

IT IS astonishing but seemingly true that, of five young gangsters recently caught red-handed in a criminal operation, not a single one was a convict out on parole. Is there no way to bar rank amateurs from a profession calling for prior experience and proper background? And can it be that the various parole boards over the union are not turning loose qualified practitioners fast enough to keep up with the demand? Maybe we need self-opening jails.

Those sentimentalists who abhor the idea that a chronic offender be required to serve out his latest sentence should take steps right away to correct this thing before it goes too far. Our parole system must be vindicated if it costs the lives and property of ten times as many innocent citizens as at present.

IRVIN S. COBB.

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Fire Damage Slight

Only 100 acres of national forests in Colorado were damaged by fire in 1936—the best record since 1925, when 71 acres were burned.

My Favorite Recipe By Irene Castle McLaughlin

Marshmallow Sweets

Boil some sweet potatoes. Mash and mix in a little cream and a good-sized lump of butter. Place in a baking dish and bake until brown.

Remove and cover the top with marshmallows; put into the oven again and just let them get a rich brown on top.

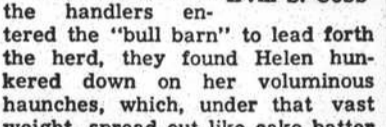
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On Uncertain Ground

Every change makes the favorite of fortune anxious.—Schiller.

Constipated 30 Years

"For thirty years I had stubborn constipation. Sometimes I did not go for four or five days. . . . I also had awful gas bloating, headaches and pains in the back. Adierka helped right away. Now I eat sausage, bananas, pie, anything I want and never feel better. I sleep soundly all night and enjoy life."

—Mrs. Mabel Schott.

If you are suffering from constipation, sleeplessness, sour stomach, and gas bloating, there is quick relief for you in Adierka. Many report action in thirty minutes after taking just one dose. Adierka gives complete action, cleaning your bowel tract where ordinary laxatives do not even reach.

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Division

Spilt water cannot be gathered up.—Chinese Proverb.

Sentinels of Health

Don't Neglect Them!

Nature designed the kidneys to do a marvelous job. Their task is to keep the flowing blood stream free of a scum of acids. . . . The act of living—life itself—is constantly producing waste matter the kidneys must remove from the blood if good health is to endure.

When the kidneys fail to function as Nature intended, there is retention of waste that may cause body-wide distress. One may suffer nagging backache, persistent headache, attacks of dizziness, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes—feel tired, nervous, ill worn out.

Frequent, scanty or burning passages may be further evidence of kidney or bladder disturbance.

The recognized and proper treatment is a diuretic medicine to help the kidneys get rid of excess poisonous body waste. Use Doan's Pills. They have had more than forty years of public approval. Are endorsed by the courts and named on Doan's. Sold at all drug stores.

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