

The Ideal Man

By C. N. WILLIAMSON  
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EVERY man read the novels of Ena L. Dean. They snatched copies by accident, or way bookstalls. But, no matter how a normal human male obtained his first Ena L. Dean, seldom did he put it down till he'd finished the last page. Whatever the defects of the story, it made a man feel that he knew how a man as he'd never known before!

As for women, they had almost to be kept back with a stick from library and bookshop counters when "a first edition of one hundred thousand" by Ena L. Dean came out. They bought them hastily and Ena L. Dean herself remained an unknown quantity. Was she young? Was she beautiful? None seemed able to say. She never gave interviews. Her portrait never appeared in illustrated newspapers. If her publisher knew where she lived he kept that knowledge dark. Maybe she wasn't a woman. Dozens of women used names of men as noms de guerre; generally John, George or Michael Something, never Charles nor James. It might be that one man on earth had chosen the name of Ena L. Dean.

Neither Jim Grant nor Derrick Thurston had ever been curious concerning Miss or Mrs. Dean. Grant was violently a stockbroker. Thurston was modestly a poet. They were scarcely conscious that recollections of Miss Dean's were floated under the surface of their minds, though each had read a book of hers, as children take measles and other youth-attacking diseases. When their summer walking tour brought them to Durlworth cove, however, and they leaned from a waiter that Ena L. Dean lived near, they were faintly interested.

The two were at dinner, and had the dining-room of the old fashioned hotel to themselves. Durlworth was never crowded, and such season as was waked the place each summer had not begun. The waiter pointed to a light among distant trees.

"That's where Miss Ena L. Dean lives," he announced. "It's a cottage in the woods. She calls the house 'Dusk o' Dreams.'"

"She would!" said Grant. "What's the lady like? A frightful frump, I suppose, she seems so keen on hiding herself."

"No, sir, she's not frightful at all," replied the man. "Miss Dean's as sweet a young lady as ever lived. Why she shuts herself up nobody knows, though there are stories she being so famous-like. One set thinks she's had a love disappointment; another that she's afraid of somebody out of her past. I've a different idea myself. But if you and the other gentleman happen to see the young lady you'll judge for yourselves."

The "other gentleman" had held his peace, for he was recalling a book by Edna L. Dean which he had read. According to modern standards it was a worthless book. Things happened in it. And they were the things you expected to happen and that was a sin. The treatment which accounted for popular adoration. Thurston didn't, somehow, care to make fun of the lady whose home-like shone out "like a good deed in a naughty world."

He listened to Grant's questions and the waiter's replies. Miss Dean didn't, literally, "hide herself," it seemed. She took long walks. She was friendly with the cottagers. It was only in July and August, when strangers were in the village, that she lay low. At other times she could be met by the shore any afternoon, fine or wet.

"We'll go and have a look round tomorrow," proposed Grant. Thurston said neither yes nor no. But next day, after luncheon, he went to the beach of the rock rocks with his friend. He didn't want to annoy Miss Dean; still he rather wished to see what she was like; and if a cat may look at a king, a man may look at a female novelist.

Presently, in the shadow of the biggest rock, the two sighted a woman's form seated on the golden sand. It was a slender form in a white frock and a wide-brimmed hat on the bent head hid face and hair. But on the drawn-up knees rested a writing-pad. The woman could be no other than Miss Ena L. Dean.

"Come along," goaded Grant when Thurston hesitated. "Let's make her lift that hat-brim."

It would be conspicuous to break away from Grant, in case Miss Dean were more awake to the approach of men than she appeared; so Thurston kept to his companion's side as the latter swaggered along with a clatter of big boots on little pebbles. The one consolation for Derrick's shyness was, that he was small compared to Grant, and might pass unnoticed, like the other's shadow.

At first it seemed that the hat did not intend to lift; but at last, when the two were within five feet of the seated figure, the provocation proved too great. The woman—why, she was only a girl—looked up. She looked straight into Grant's eyes. She had to. His gaze reached out for hers and seized it, as the

gaze of how many heroes in her books had compelled ("compelled" was the word) that of her shrinking, yet fascinated, heroines! . . . A lovely, sensitive face blushed red. Gray eyes fell. Dark lashes dropped. The whole scene might have been a page torn from almost any one of Miss Dean's books, potted phrases and the rest. Yet, "potted" though they may be when done into words, gray eyes falling, dark lashes dropping are pretty to watch. Derrick had almost to pull Grant away. He was a mere power behind the throne on which his friend glittered, a king; apparently Miss Dean hadn't glanced at him.

"Geel! The girl's a peach!" said Grant, who had fought near the Americans in France. "She's more a shy daisy than an ink-slinger. I'll tell you what. I'm going to get acquainted with her, and I'm going to do it now."

"I don't see how you can manage that without being a rude beast," objected Thurston. "I'll be a rude beast," said Grant. "That's what she'll love. You don't seem to realize, my good idiot, that this young woman has done more than any other in her generation to make her own sex fall down and worship. She's the Cave Man. Well, do you suppose the Cave Man waits for an introduction when he wants to meet a girl? No, he grabs her by the hair."

In fear lest Grant should do this monstrous thing to Miss Dean, Thurston fled. Realizing his distance from the cave-man type, he yet sought shelter in a cave. It was the one near refuge, and into it he bolted.

Mere bas-relief that it was on the rock-face—a cavern-mouth without a throat—by flattening his body against the wall, he could hide from eyes which might turn his way. The cost of thus erasing himself from the scene, however, was losing touch with it. He could see neither girl nor man, and a contrary wind swallowed the sound of voices—if such sound there were. Still, if Miss Dean had screamed he must have heard her. Perhaps Grant had never meant to carry out that dreadful plan.

After an interval of silence (it seemed hours) Thurston peeped out. Both girl and man had gone. Derrick stepped forth, the worse for contact with red sandstone. Grant's footprints, far apart and deep, showed that he had actually approached Miss Dean by leaps and bounds.

The footprints led in the direction of her cottage in the woods, "Dusk o' Dreams"; but for nothing on earth would Derrick have followed them. He hurried to the hotel and soothed his nerves with cigarettes till Grant swaggered back. The conquering hero needed no urging to tell his story.

"I pounced on the girl, snatched her in my arms, shouted that there was a mad dog round the corner (there was a yellow puppy, he may have been mad!) tore along toward her house, and, before she could breathe, set her down at the gate."

"Did she believe in the dog?" Derrick inquired.

"Don't know. She believed in me! I'll bet 'twas the first time she'd met the ideal chap who swept her off her feet—forced her to play heroine to one of her own heroes. After I'd saved her life, in common decency she had to ask me in. She gave me tea. I didn't talk much. Her sort of men don't. I held her with my eyes. They 'drank hers,' as she puts the stunt in print. I'm going back to repeat my success tomorrow."

"Did she invite you to come again?"

"I invited myself. She didn't say no."

Derrick envied Grant. For the next three days the friends saw little of one another. Each afternoon Grant was busy playing the Strong, Silent Man. Miss Dean's Eternal. Feminine, while Derrick strolled off by himself to think of her. He couldn't have been strong and silent himself. Shyness was his curse. But if he could overcome the curse, instead of being silent he would have wished to talk with Ena every moment—talk in an exquisite language which only he and she and the stars and the sunlight would understand. He knew by instinct that Miss Dean suffered also from the curse of shyness; that shyness, not any secret of the past, had driven her into seclusion. He knew that their two souls were kin. But, of course, she wouldn't care for kinship of soul with a man like him. It wouldn't be exciting.

Altogether Derrick was miserable, especially when he passed along the beach underneath the miniature cliff which ended Miss Dean's garden. Glancing up then he would see her leaning on the gate with Grant. He hoped that Grant hadn't told her he was a poet.

On the fourth day, toward evening, Grant lurched home with a different look on his face. Derrick had seen such a look on the face of a child who had had its ears boxed.

"What's happened?" (His heart missed a beat.)

"Oh, nothing much," said Grant. Then, being at bottom a creature capable of reticence, he threw off forever with a sigh of relief the mask of his strong, silent manhood. "Miss Dean has explained why she's been nice to me. It's because—well, because from the first minute on the beach, when she caught sight of you, she wanted to know you. She's asked if I'll bring you up to tomorrow."

The Rogues' Gallery  
FRANK CONDON  
—in a Meaty Dissertation—



They simply stroll into one of the new chain sawdust shops, drop a dime in the slot.

By FRANK CONDON

PEOPLE who are forced to wrestle with the weekly or monthly grocer's bill—and that means everybody—will be amazed and delighted to know about the news that has come from Harvard university, which is located in Cambridge, Mass. That news is what I call real news. It concerns the latest scientific advance, as explained by the celebrated German professor to the other admiring professors. The applause was deafening when the German ceased speaking.

Briefly, it is this. They have finally, after many years of laboratory struggle, succeeded in making sawdust edible. In a very short time, we shall be able to feed our families, using nothing but the lowly and despised offspring of the whirling saw and the unresisting tree, and naturally that is a matter of jubilation for the entire human race, as many persons have been going hungry in recent years and have been fed by their governments.

We don't have to understand how they do it, as long as they can do it, so the best way is to accept the word of the renowned German professor and be happy, for sawdust is just about our cheapest commodity and always will be. There are too many trees for sawdust ever to get expensive.

May Balance Budget. Over in Germany, they are already feeding sawdust in edible form to the farm animals and with elegant results. Horses so fed pull far heavier loads, cows give more milk, goats but harder and the ducks honk in two tones.

The effects of this new deal in human diet will spread over the world and all classes will share. It means genuine economy and a settlement of economic problems, for if we don't have to pay so much for our meals, then perhaps we can balance our national budget and perhaps Europe can pay off her war debts.

Consider the father of a family of 12, now struggling hopelessly on small pay to keep his little flock full of beans, potatoes, milk and bread. On the way home from his factory job, he will be able to stop in at the carpenter's shop and pick up a bag of sawdust from Joe, and then go cheerily on home with enough sustenance to feed the family for five days. If the carpenter happens to be out of sawdust at the moment, the old man simply borrows a saw and a two-by-four and saws himself a small heap of good, solid meals.

Sawdust Meals From Slot. Or take the case of the young city clerk, who would like to escort his sweetheart to dinner and the theater. He cannot do it, not under our present food regime, as the double bill is too much for his delicate purse. He can pay for the theater tickets, but the restaurant charge overwhelms him, especially if his girl is healthy and likes steaks, salads, desserts and the trimmings. In a nice restaurant, this is about seven dollars, not counting the tip.

But under the coming sawdust system—and mind you, science will be able to produce any form, any kind of food from soup to nuts—they simply stroll into one of the new chain sawdust shops, drop a dime in the slot, a mere cover charge, and fill up on the rarest sort of viands, delicacies, fruits and

assorted vittles, topping the meal off with a steaming beaker of sawdust coffee and sawdust ice cream.

The new discovery is indubitably one of the most important in the last hundred years, and may change the course of empires. As it stands today, we cannot grow coffee, but Brazil can; and Brazil cannot grow wheat, but we can. So we are forced as nations to swap products, using hundreds of ocean freighters and thus wasting coal and man-hours.

Dishes of Every Country. France ships us Napoleon brandy and in return, we send France California peaches. Turkey ships us tobacco and we ship Turkey Oregon apples; Russia sends over caviar and we send back potato chips and the whole process is expensive, but when the new sawdust era dawns, all this foolishness will come to an end, for then we can walk over to the nearest lumber dealer, buy a barrel of fresh sawdust and sit down presently to a table graining with the rarest and most delectable dishes.

It certainly is a cheery prospect and proves what many people have often said—that civilization would never have advanced thus far without the helping hand of science, without the aid of those noble and self-effacing men who toil silently in laboratories for the betterment of mankind.

Of course, man being the imperfect creature he is, the future may not be all sparkling and beer. It may be that grasping and greedy capitalists will step in and corner the sawdust, buy up all the forests and wood land down to the last quivering aspen tree, and then go ahead boosting prices and making us pay through the nose.

Graft in Sawdust Industry. Selfish politicians may side with the speculators and the day may come when a citizen will not even be allowed to walk into a shady woods. Then we shall have sawdust boot-leggers and sawdust speakies, with possibly a grim repetition of the whole unhappy prohibition scandal. You may not be able to buy a saw without a police permit, or carry one on your person, even a little jigsaw.

Some second rate saloons like to have sawdust on the floor, but this market is comparatively small and is growing smaller, since ladies took to sitting in bars. It seems ladies do not like sawdust on the floor. The other use is to pour sawdust into ice-houses to keep the ice from melting and that also was a trifling market. All is changed. Families that own forests in this country will do well to hang on for a rising market, for one single pine tree may contain the makings of 5,000 hot dogs, 6 barbecues and a dozen New England clam bakes.

Heavy eaters and plain gluttons who overstuff at the table had better watch their steps and go easy, as it is rather embarrassing for a glutton to be walking down the street full of sawdust and chasing off the wood-peckers.

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Keeping Up With Science  
By Science Service

Pagan Temple Found in Transjordan Is of Christ's Time

Place of Worship of the Nabataeans

New Haven—An "amazing" pagan temple in the Holy Land, reflecting light on the Bible drama of John the Baptist, Herodias, and Salome, has been unearthed by joint efforts of American and British archeologists.

Most of the ruins, which crown a high hill in Transjordan, south-east of the River Jordan, now stand revealed. The work is being done by the American Schools of Oriental Research at Jerusalem, led by Dr. Nelson Glueck, and the Transjordan Department of Antiquities, led by Lankester Harding. The president of the American Schools of Oriental Research, Prof. Millar Burrows of Yale, announced the find, here.

The temple is of great interest because it stood in the time of John the Baptist and of Christ, and because it was a place of worship of the Nabataeans. The spark which touched off conflict between Herod and John the Baptist was Herod's divorce of a Nabataean princess in order to marry his brother's wife Herodias, whom he preferred.

Little Known About Nabataeans. Very little has been known about the Nabataeans who figure in Bible history, except that they were Arabs who possessed a strong kingdom in Transjordan and northeastern Arabia. Gods worshiped by these people are revealed in the temple ruins. Sculptures have been found of the powerful god Zeus-Hadad, armed with his thunderbolt, and of his consort, the goddess Atargatis, wearing leaf-like decorations on her forehead and shoulders. The Nabataeans also had a goddess of fortune, Tyche, who is portrayed with staring eyes and a crown on her head, and encircled by the figures of the zodiac.

A sculptured eagle and snake entwined suggest to the archeologists that these Arab people borrowed Roman ideas in their religion, and the gods show that they borrowed from Syria, Greece, and Egypt also.

Fierce Worms Kill Their Prey With Hollow Spears

Honolulu.—"Dog eat dog" is realized in the world of blind life underground, in fierce attack of worm on worm. One group of predatory worm kills its kindred prey with hollow spears that they carry in their mouths, and then suck their victim's body contents through the hollow of the deadly weapon, like a kid absorbing a malted milk.

Scenes from these small but sanguinary dramas are described in Science by Drs. M. B. Linford and J. M. Oliveira of the Pineapple Experiment station. These worms, belonging to the great group known as nematodes, were found in soils in Hawaii and other Pacific islands.

Victim Has No Chance. One group of these spear-bearing worms has big, heavy weapons with large hollows. So quickly do they suck in the flesh and blood of their victims that the speared worm has no time to struggle.

A second group has slender spears. Their victims might conceivably squirm around violently. This, however, is prevented by the paralyzing action of the slender spear's thrust, apparently due to the saliva of the attacker injected through the hollow shaft.

These strange hunter worms have a certain amount of economic importance, because some of the species that become their prey are feeders on the roots of crop and ornamental plants.

Biggest Oyster Shell Is Found in Texas

Alpine, Texas.—Biggest oyster shell in the world, is the distinction claimed for an enormous fossil, four feet long and three feet wide, dug up by geologists of the national park service in the proposed Big Bend National Park area in western Texas. Dr. Charles N. Gould, who has been working in the rich fossil deposits of the region, thinks there may even be bigger shells waiting to be excavated.

Auto Trailer Real Jekyll and Hyde, Says Science Writer

It Can Bring the User Benefit or Disaster

By JANE STAFFORD  
AUTO trailers now luring city people out for a summer's gyping on the highways of the nation give to the casual observer no hint of sinister deeds, but they have a Jekyll-and-Hyde personality. As they travel the highways they can roll up benefit or disaster to health.

Acting as veritable Dr. Jekylls, the trailers can increase the physical well being of a large part of the population by getting these people outdoors and in sunshine much more than would otherwise be possible.

Acting as Mr. Hydes, they can jeopardize the health not only of those who ride and live in them but of whole communities through which the trailers pass. Here is the picture of Mr. Hyde in a trailer as worried health officers see him: Communicable diseases—typhoid fever, smallpox, influenza and all the rest—are spread fastest by traveling constantly, many of whom never traveled before, the spread of disease may be greatly accelerated.

Milk and Water Problems. Trailer tourists cannot depend on the milkman or the city water works to supply them with safe milk and drinking water. They must find these for themselves. Penalty for not using a safe supply may be a serious case of typhoid fever or some other ailment that can come from contaminated water or milk.

Gravest danger of all is the trailer tourist's garbage and other waste. If this is not properly disposed of, it will scatter disease along the highways and in tourist camps, villages, farms and cities.

A recent conference of health officers suggested many ways to meet this danger. Among them was the radical step of requiring health department approval of every trailer's sanitary arrangements before a license is issued by the highway authorities.

Birth-Ring Found in Human Teeth by Chicago Dentist

Chicago.—Discovery of a birth-ring in human teeth, something like the growth-ring of a tree, was announced by Dr. Isaac Schour of the University of Illinois College of Dentistry here.

The birth-ring is said to be a "definite biological landmark in the history of the individual." Its discovery, Dr. Schour believes, opens the way for other new discoveries in the history of the teeth and the individual.

The birth-ring, or neo-natal ring, to give it its scientific name, is found in the first or baby teeth. It appears in both the dentin and enamel and makes it possible to compare the amount and quality of each of these substances in the teeth before and after birth.

Marked by Biologic Changes. The teeth start to grow about four months before the baby is born and the last tooth has not completed its growth until the age of twenty years is reached. During this time several important biologic changes take place, the most important of which is birth. One effect of this experience, in which the change from dependent to independent life is made, is a loss of weight which it takes the baby 10 days or more to regain.

Reflected Light Used in Matching Colors

Durham, N. C.—Housewives with a piece of silk or skein of yarn to "match," hold the sample against the piece they are shopping for, and decide whether or not the colors agree. In the very much larger shopping jobs that industry has to take care of, much more exact matching processes are necessary, and these are taken care of by a scientific light-analyzing and measuring device, the spectrophotograph. How this operates was told before the meeting of the American Physical society of Duke university, by Prof. Arthur C. Hardy of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

With the spectrophotograph, light reflected from the sample or standard is split into its component spectral parts, and the exact wavelength of each of these portions is determined, as well as a measure of its intensity. The result is a numerical formula exactly describing all the parts of the light and telling how it is put together.

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