"Jiggs and Mae knew that sleep would not come until they cleared up a couple more facts—like who had really killed Valerie Carter?"

Fit To Kill

A Mystery By James H. Hill

WHAT HAS HAPPENED — JIGGS BENNETT, who wants to retire from newspaper work to write magazine stories, much to the chagrin of his editor, JEFF SANDERS, refuses an assignment to cover the slaying of a colored model, VALERIE CARTER. He suggests BERNIE CLARKSON, then learns that CLARKSON's been on a bender since his wife left 3 nights ago. JIGGS visits CLARKSON, and apparently rehabilitates him. When he and his wife, MAE, are eating supper, however, CLARKSON calls to report that he has just killed GRANVILLE HUBLEY, the man who enticed his wife, SYLVIA away, and is on his way to give himself up.

JIGGS AND MAE visit the scene of VALERIE CARTER's death, hoping to shed some light on the killer, and learn that HUBLEY was killed in the same room. Two strong-arm men, BUCK and AMBROSE, make it plain to them that they're not wanted, as they are looking for something, too. BUCK casts a derogatory remark at JIGGS, and JIGGS swings on him. AMBROSE starts for JIGGS, and MAE shoots his fist; then they make AMBROSE tell them that they're looking for a marriage license between HUBLEY and VALERIE CARTER, who masqueraded under the name of LOLITA GUMEZ. NOW READ ON:—

Part III "People In High Places"

Big Ambrose's revelation opened a whole new train of thought to Jiggs, and he and Mae discussed it on the way to the Municipal Hospital, where, they learned by phoning Jerry's wife, the Hearld reporter was being treated for a broken jaw.

They had also telephoned for the police before leaving the Waverly place address, and saw to it that Buck and Ambrose were incarcerated.

"So Valerie Carter turns out to be Granville Hubley's wife, by virtue of a Mexican marriage ceremony," Jiggs mused aloud.

"And him engaged to Judith Malvern," Mae added. "Still, he could have got rid of Valerie in a much more humane way — like a divorce court."

Jiggs manipulated the convertible expertly through the north bound traffic. "It beats me, too. Mae, unless this Malvern girl had an aversion to marrying divorces. Still, he wasn't marrying her for her money. He had enough of his own. He wasn't marrying her for beauty, either, because he could have had his pick of a score of lovelies from every race and clime."

Mae moved closer to him. "You're right, dear. Every man can't be lucky enough to marry both — the way you did."

He guffawed and slapped her thigh. "But look what a lover you got in the deal!"

Reporter's Broken Jaw

They found Jerry Sullivan propped up in a posture bed in the emergency ward. His left jaw was swollen, and there was an ugly purple welt around his left eye. The medics had drilled his upper and lower jawbones, and wired them rigid, with Jerry's loose teeth about a half-inch apart.

This way, he could take nourishment through a glass quill while his broken jaw set again.

The Herald reporter could only mumble a greeting when he saw his visitors. But there was a pencil and pad on the nightable for his convenience. He didn't seem too happy to see Jiggs and Mae. He used the pad and pencil and wrote:

"Wasn't for you I'd be sipping champagne at Ciro's, instead of gruel through a damned straw. How do you manage to dig up such rough assignments?"

Jiggs smiled blandly, and showed the note to Mae. "It's a gift," he said. "However, the goons who clobbered you are now in the clink. Ambrose, the one with the Smithfield fists, will have one of them in a sling for a while to come. Tried to punch a couple of .25 caliber slugs out of the air. The slugs won."

Jerry wrote: "How heartening! And what will I tell my morning readers, except that Hubley was mysteriously knifed to death in the same room where one of his medels was shot three days ago?"

Both Jiggs and Mae were genuinely surprised. One word in Jerry's note was the center of their attention. The word "knifed."

"You mean to say Hubley wasn't shot by a reporter pal of mine?"

Jerry nodded slowly and carefully. He moved the pencil over the pad again. "Clarkson may have thought he killed Hubley. He 'confessed' to the cops that he did, and when they followed up, they dug three shots out of the wall in Valerie's room, and one out of Hubley's shoulder.

"Before Clarkson's arrival, somebody had used a long, thin blade on Hubley and propped him up in a leather chair."

Head To Light

Jiggs and Mae read the message with intense interest; and Mae put them into her purse, which was light years without the gun the police had appropriated.

"Then what did they do with Clarkson?" Jiggs wanted to know.

Jerry wrote: "The psychiatrists over at Bellevue are holding his head up to the light to see if he has a brain. Now, be a pal and blow. I've had a rough day."

Jiggs smiled at him. "Not without giving you a tasty fillip, friend. The goons who clobbered you were looking for a marriage license — a Mexican one which declared that Valerie Carter and Granville Hubley were man and wife!"

Jerry Sullivan gave a start that distended his eyes, shook the bed, and threatened to snap the thick surgical steel wire holding his jaw in position.

Thus Jiggs and Mae left him as he motioned furiously for his nurse.

It was nearly ten o'clock when they got back to their cottage in Jamaica; but Jiggs knew that sleep would not come to him until he cleared up a couple more facts. But Mae was tired, and besides she wanted to go over her script again before calling it a day. So he stopped long enough to get his Colt and kiss her goodnight.

A Surprising Day

It had been a full and surprising day, but if you're a reporter on a hot trail, you just can't relax until you get to the end of it. And there were several big fat question marks in Jiggs' brain — like who really had killed Valerie Carter?

Like, who stuck a knife in Hubley in the same room? Like who controlled Buck and Ambrose? And all the time there was something else swimming around in his consciousness. The baskets of wild flowers — wood anemone, trillium, pink Rhododendron, and Mariposa Lilly.

Judith Malvern and her drugstore empire. An alleged crazy Mexican, who cried in front of Valerie's door every day. . .

Jiggs Bennett found Weepy Miles in a Bowery bistro shortly before midnight. Weepy was a down-and-outer, who'd been a good man with soup years ago when he was operating with Manny Flax's mob.

Years of handling nitro can eat a man's nerves raw, however, and for the past decade Weepy had become an unregenerate alcoholic.

Jiggs had once saved him from a bum rap in Jersey City, when an East Side mob had set the old guy up for a patsy. Weepy had never forgotten it.

Weepy's bony, parchment-like hands were like the shrunken claws of a mummy as they hungrily wrapped around the roll of ones Jiggs had shoved toward him. "Chee, Jiggsy, for a newspaper guy, you sure got a heart," Weepy said, tears trailing down his burned-out cheeks, past the corners of his mouth; his thin shoulders dancing a perennial jig from delirium tremens.

"This isn't exactly a token of my love," Jiggs said. "I want some information."

The derelict bobbed his head. "Sure, Jiggsy. I know anything can help you, you're welcome to it."

The barkeep came up to them and wiped the space in front of them. Jiggs said: "Scotch, for me. What'll you have, Weepy."

Weepy grinned, displaying a lot of decayed teeth. "Bull knows what I like," he said, trying vainly to knuckle away the ubiquitous tears.

Bull, the barkeep, grunted and moved away.

"You know a couple of tough boys named Buck and Ambrose, Weepy?" Jiggs described them briefly, pointing up Buck's mean looks and Ambrose's outsize proportions.

Muscle Boys

Weepy seemed to ponder over that. He closed his eyes and buried his face in his hands. He was still pondering when the barkeep returned with Jiggs' jolt of scotch and a sidecar of corn. Finally, he looked up. "Any last names?"

Jiggs shook his head. "I didn't catch any."

Weepy's brow was furrowed in deep concentration. "Buck and Ambrose . . . " Suddenly, he snapped his fingers. "I make 'em now, Jiggsy. Muscle boys for Cokie Larson."

Jiggs whistled softly. "Not the Cokie Larson, with the dope and bookie empire?" Jiggs whistled again. "Boy — this thing gets bigger and bigger."

"Yep, I'm sure of it," Weepy said. "I hear Cokie's tied in, with some legit dope manufacturer. The Fed narcotics boys haven't been able to touch him, even though they know he's pushing snow and weed." He leaned closer to Jiggs, his breath foul with stale drink. "You won't breathe a word how you get this now, will you, Jiggsy?"

"Not a word," Jiggs promised, but he was beginning to break out in a cold sweat. Up to now he wasn't aware that a big racketeer like Larson even knew he was alive.

Yet, according to Buck, he and Ambrose had been sent by higher-ups to intercept him. All of which brought into being another question mark. Why was Cokie Larson interested in that Mexican marriage license? And where was it?

There are times when a man can feel conspicuous and spotlighted in a city of over eight million citizens — even without two heads or sporting a neon halo.

It was like that with Jiggs when he stepped out into the cool night air on Bleeker st.

He was suspicious of every bum and derelict who loitered on either side of the street, wondering if they were poseurs, in Cokie Larson's pay, watching his every move. But he thrust out his chin, took a firmer grip on his gun, and strode rapidly on to Second ave. where he had his car parked.

When he got back down to the Waverly place address, he found Wladek Janciewics, the super, dozing over a Lithuanian Bible. The aged Slovak rubbed the sleep out of his eyes. "You again," he remarked. "Bring more trouble, I suppose."

"I want to have another look at that room upstairs. It's important."

The old man shrugged. "Is all right with me, if it is all right with cop upstairs."

Jiggs was taken aback. "There's a police guard on duty?"

"With so much shootings in one little room, knifings, fightings, why shouldn't there be guard?"

Guard Was Up

Jiggs didn't argue the point, but he thought it would be useless to try to get past a police guard at this hour of the morning. "It can wait, I guess. I only wanted to see the flowers—the wild flowers that were up there."

The super brightened at that. "Oh, those! The cops examined those and threw them out. Cop guard has rose fever or something. Any way, I take home to my Anna in morning."

Jiggs felt immeasurably better. "Good. May I see them —and the baskets they came in?"

Wladek shrugged. "Sure, Just don't take. I want for my Anna." He got up. "Come. They down in basement. I show you."

Jiggs came away satisfied —partially at least. The flowers had come from a shop on 118th st. in the Bronx — Chico Toros.

Fatigue seemed to settle with tremendous weight on Jiggs as he drove the long route home. His body was tired from having gone without sleep and sustenance for such a long period.

His mind was tired, chasing facts around in endless circles. He was so tired he nearly missed the junction turn that took him out to Jamaica.

It was after two when he reached home and turned into his driveway. When he stopped beside the iron post that housed the electric switch operating his garage door, two men stepped out of the shadows, opened the right-hand door and got in beside him.

"Just a moment, Bennett," the nearest one said in a well-modulated, professional voice. "We'd like a word with you."

There wasn't time nor space for Jiggs to draw his gun. In an irritated voice, he demanded: "Who are you, and what do you want?"

"Not thugs, I assure you," Professional Voice said. "I've been trying to reach you all evening. I'm Abel Steele, Councilman from the Fifth Ward."

Cold Fear

Jiggs tensed, felt the cold fingers of fear running up and down his spine again. Cokie Larson was boss of the Fifth Ward. "So I wasn't home," Jiggs said.

Steele said: "You weren't be unpleasant about it, Bennett. I know it's late and all that; but then, this is rather urgent."

Jiggs heaved a long sigh. "Can't it wait till morning? I'm bushed."

"I suppose so," Steele said, "now that we've talked to Mr. Sanders, your editor, but frankly, we want you to drop this present investigation."

Jiggs pondered that. He noted, too, that Steele's partner had been conspicuously silent. "What am I supposed to be investigating?"

"Oh, come now, Bennett. That model-slaying, of course. She was a nonentity—a nobody —killed by a person or persons unknown."

Jiggs nearly trembled with anger. "Let me get this straight, Councilman Steele. The daughter of two prominent Bostonians is killed in our ballwick, and you're suggesting that no investigation be

(Continued on Page 11)

A scene from a recent version of "Tobacco Road," based on the famous novel of rural Georgia life by Erskine Caldwell.

If Uncle Sam Kept "Tobacco Road" Out Of Europe, Why Did It Send "Porgy And Bess?"

Dr. Nick Aaron Ford, head of Department of English at Morgan State college wants to know whether we are sending Europe the best representation of American culture or of its slums.

By NICK AARON FORD

In a recent issue of the New York Times, (March 15, 1953) Mr. Brooks Atkinson, distinguished drama critic, makes some comments about the well-known stage show "Porgy and Bess" that are unworthy of his usual wisdom and literary judgment.

He begins his article with the following remarks:

Now that "Porgy and Bess" has settled down in New York, the people who last September opposed the project of sending it abroad ought to feel ashamed of themselves.

Mr. Atkinson is referring to the fact that last September the United States Government decided to sponsor an American dramatic performance as a formal contribution to the international Cultural Festival held in Berlin, Germany, and that the drama it chose to present was "Porgy and Bess."

"Porgy and Bess" is the story of a crippled crap-shooter and professional beggar of the colored race, who lived on Catfish Row, Charleston, South Carolina.

This man, Porgy, found what he thought was love and romance with Bess, a prostitute, for a brief period and murdered Bess's real lover when the lover threatened to take "his woman" away.

Gershwin's Songs Help

The popular songs of George Gershwin, which cover the bones of this sordid plot, add glamor and interest to the total performance.

But why the United States Government should choose this production from among scores of others much more representative of American life is still a deep mystery to me.

What aspect of American life or culture does this play represent?

Since the government was in position to sponsor only one production at the international Cultural Festival, it seems to this writer that the selection should have been representative of the life, customs, ideals, temperament, or cultural patterns of a considerable portion of the American nation.

But "Porgy and Bess" is not only NOT representative of American life in general, it is not even representative of any sizeable fragment of the colored population, south or north.

Voiced Opposition

There were many Americans, white and colored, who expressed strong opposition to this selection as soon as it was announced.

Opposition was generally based on one or more of the following objections:

(1) This production would give Europeans a cheap impression of American culture.

(2) Its one-sided portrayal of colored people in America as crap - shooters, professional beggars and prostitutes would be offensive to other colored peoples of the world and thereby create additional bad feeling toward the United States.

(3) There were other plays available that were more suitable for such an exhibition.

I still believe these objections are both honest and valid.

But Mr. Atkinson says in his New York Times columns that anyone who held such views last September should now be ashamed.

He bases his reprimand mainly upon the following conclusion which he states as a fact:

"During the past six months Europe and England have expressed an admiration for 'Porgy and Bess' somewhat beyond the enthusiasm they have for American foreign policy."

It seems that Mr. Atkinson is entirely oblivious of or insensitive to the presence of other than Europeans at the international festival.

Can it be that he believes the reaction of Asians and Africans should be of no concern to the makers of American foreign policy?

False Logic

But over and beyond this oversight, Mr. Atkinson is guilty of a serious disregard of logic in the formation of his conclusions.

I think, however, Mr. Atkinson is not alone in his disregard of the basic principles of logic when he is dealing with issues involving colored people.

Such a pattern seems to be quite common among certain types of American thinkers.

Is it logical to conclude that "Porgy and Bess" does not give a cheap impression of American culture simply because it is admired in Europe and England to a greater extent than our foreign policy is?

It may be that Europeans are pleased to know that the country which openly boasts of superiority over them in industrial know-how and economic self-sufficiency is so far inferior in cultural attainment and appreciation.

It is a human characteristic for a mature individual to admire and enjoy the immature antics of a child, or for a highly civilized person to especially enjoy the expressions of a primitive culture.

"Tobacco Road" Unfit

I have no doubt that Europeans, like many New Yorkers, and Iowans and Californians, would enjoy a performance of Erskine Caldwell's "Tobacco Road."

But would anybody seriously suggest Mr. Caldwell's play as a fit production to be sponsored in Europe by our Government?

Yet "Tobacco Road" is just as typical of American poor whites as "Porgy and Bess" is of American colored people. Neither, however, is sufficiently typical of American culture to represent our nation at an international cultural festival.

I am glad that for once our Government showed enough interest in international racial propaganda to be willing to pay the salaries and expenses of 26 good colored actors to create good will for American in Europe.

But I am sorry that our good actors were not given an appropriate vehicle for the favorable propaganda that they could have so successfully spread.

I suspect, however, in their odd moments, when they were not on stage, these fine, cultured, talented Americans accomplished more as ambassadors of good will than they ever could do as members of the cast of "Porgy and Bess."

Now, I am sure, those who disagree with my point of view will wish to know what better dramatic production could I recommend for such an exhibition abroad.

I will not attempt to name the numerous non-colored productions that would, in my opinion, be more suitable, but shall confine myself to representations of colored people.

Suggests Another Play

My first choice would be "Mamba's Daughters," written first as a novel and later adapted for Broadway by Dubose Heyward, the same white author who wrote the original story of "Porgy and Bess."

I would recommend this production because it gives a balanced view of the life, culture, and achievements of colored people in America.

It represents among its characters, the educated colored American as well as the ignorant, the ambitious as well as the happy - go - lucky, and the classic singer as well as the jazz-hound and the jitterbug.

Dubose Heyward, who was a native of South Carolina, was not conscious of the propaganda effects of Porgy when he first wrote the story. He was a liberal white southerner with good will toward colored people.

But when he did realize that the story was a repetition of the old stereotypes that had been used again and again, he felt compelled to present a more balanced picture, showing that there are other racial types even on Catfish Row in Charleston, South Carolina.

His decision resulted in the writing of "Mamba's Daughters."

"Mamba's Daughters" is the story of an illiterate colored woman who devoted her entire life to making a great opera singer out of her only granddaughter, despite the fact that the girl's mother was a typical female "bum."

The grandmother succeeded so well that at the end of the story the granddaughter has had her debut in Carnegie Hall and has been booked for a grand tour of the great cities of Europe.

Even "Green Pastures"

Even "The Green Pastures" would have been a more appropriate production than "Porgy and Bess" to represent America at the international cultural festival in Berlin.

Although this play does not give a realistic picture of the life and culture of colored Americans, it does use the Spiritual as a musical background, and, to that extent, represents a genuine American contribution to the great folk music of the world.

I can agree with Mr. Atkinson when he says:

As colored people they (the actors) also doubtless take pride in the obvious fact that they and other colored artists are the only Americans who can express the wild beauty of an incomparable piece of musical theatre.

I must add however that although "Porgy and Bess" is good showmanship, it is bad propaganda.

BRAIN TEASERS

By DON DOUGLAS

WORD CHANGES

Change one word into another word, one letter at a time, each time forming a new word until the desired word is reached. For example: Change HARD TO EASY in four moves. Thus, HARD, hart, hast, east, EASY.

1. Change HEAT TO COLD in four moves.
2. Change WALK to TROT in seven moves.
3. Change PULL to PUSH in seven moves.
4. Change ASTER to ROSES in six moves.
5. Change RAIN to SNOW in seven moves.

OUT OF THE CART

All you do here is use the letters in the word CART, add the new letters, rearrange the whole thing, and come out with an entirely new word. For example: CART with the letters K and S gives you TRACKS.

1. With C and I.
2. With K and E.
3. With S and O.
4. With P and E.
5. With H and S.
6. With N and E.
7. With O and N.
8. With R and O.

ANSWERS

WORD CHANGES — 1. Heat, bent, bold, bold, cold. 2. Walk, talk, tale, tare, tart, tort, tort, tost. 3. Pull, pill, pile, tile, tile, tuse, push, push, a faster, aster, aster, rater, rates, roses, roses. 5. Rain, rail, sail, sale, sale, sale, slot, slow, snow.

OUT OF THE CART—1. Arc. 2. Racket. 3. Castor. 4. Carpet. 5. Charts. 6. Trance. 7. Carton. 8. Carrots.

The Family Handyman

Question: Last winter, moisture collected on the composition board walls of my home, and some started to mildew. I wish to repaper the room, but fear the mildew will ruin the new paper. Will painting help, or what would you suggest?

S. D., Anselmo, Nebraska

Answer: Wash the mildewed areas with household ammonia or chlorine compounds to kill the mildew, and when dry, paint the area with shellac. Over this you can paint or paper as you prefer. As mentioned in the April-May '52 issue of the Family Handyman, there are also several commercial mildewcides now available, which will serve the same purpose.

Question: The front of my house, of brick construction, is painted white. The balance, of shingles, is to be repainted gray. I would like to restore the brick to natural color. How can I remove the paint?

R. A. H., Millington, N. J.

Answer: Since paint soaks into porous brick to a depth sometimes as much as ¼ inch, paint removal is virtually impossible. Chemicals strong enough to remove the paint, would destroy the mortar to a degree, and even such chemicals would not remove all traces of paint. Best idea would be to paint the wall brick red, then paint in mortar lines in white.

Question: My home, shingled with asbestos shingles is now dirty and stained. Could you recommend a paint for same?

F. A. C., Staten Island, N.Y.

Answer: Clean the shingles of loose dirt, then paint with oil-base outside paint, or a paint with a resin emulsion. For best results, use an undercoat, or primer, first.

JOSEPHINE BAKER

It's Germany Now

FRANKFURT, Germany — Making the headlines of West Germany's press this week is "World Star Number 1" (as reporters put it) Josephine Baker with her all - white European cast.

Queen "Jo" appeared here for the first time at the Althoff auditorium and was enthusiastically welcomed by a crowd of 5,000.

Wearing beautiful hats by Logane, of Parris, fur coats by Marcel Rochas, a hair-do by Guy Bertrand and Jean Clement, shoes by Bernard, diamonds by Boutillier and masks by Nicolet, the brown Venus of show business had even her eyelashes and buxom - busom covered with facinating gold dust which made the audience gasp with admiration.

Miss Baker performed for hours and did numerous encores.

There are about a dozen shows scheduled for Miss Baker in West German cities throughout March. With her are France and Werner, Belgian dance team; Suzy Wando, magician; Italy's Fratelli Ravazzo starring as an imitator; Herman Raft, comedian; and Louis Van Burg as Josephine's partner during duets.

One German critic wrote: "Jo" is a gay lass showing the vigor of a jungle tigress. She may croak like a cock or sing as sweet as a turtle's voice—you can't help but love her with all doo drum . . ."

"She'll never grow old, her charm just won't permit her to," a German theater manager told newspapermen. The German press never forgets to mention Miss Baker's adoption of four colored and white children which, as one paper said, "makes her even more lovable as it proves so many motherly feelings are hidden in her chest and behind the stage's glamor."

Did You Know?

Seven ships operated by the United States, Canada, and Japan cruise endlessly in tiny to report weather conditions every three hours. The ships are necessary as weather stations because of the scarcity of islands in the area.

A total of 88 species of Arctic sea worms, close relatives of ordinary earthworms and of the strikingly luminescent "moon worms" of West Indian waters, have been identified at the U. S. National Museum.

There were 1,50,000 marriages in the United States last year, a decrease of about 4 per cent from the 1951 total. The all-time high was set in 1946 brough the number to 2,300,000.

New Delhi, known as the Garden City of India and its capital, Den City of India and its capital, has 17 million square yards of parks, gardens and open lawns, 200 miles of hedges and 80,000 trees.

Dale Carnegie Says . .

Early in his career as a salesman, Tell B. Wilson, Sioux City, Iowa, found that fear was his greatest enemy, and so his greatest handicap.

Sometimes he would walk around a building several times because he hadn't the courage to go in and face a prospective customer. At other times, he would go toward the prospect's office with a silent prayer that the man would be out.

Occasionally when he got an order, he'd be so nervous he could hardly write it up.

By and by, he knew something had to be done about it. Either he had to conquer his fear or give up his selling job and enter on a new and untried field.

Dale Carnegie

He began wondering about other men; surely he didn't stand alone in his fear of people. He began a research into the lives of other men, particularly salesmen. The man whose experiences impressed him the greatest was one who said he overcame his fear by a deep faith in God.

Then his own mind reverted to the faith he was taught as a child; he could recall instances of calm and peace he experienced when he felt an abiding trust in God.

Discovered The Bible

He began reading the Bible and it came upon him forcibly that man was created in the image of God. He realized this did not mean in the physical sense but rather as far as thoughts and deeds are concerned.

When he came across the following from the New Testament, "Behold the Kingdom of Heaven in his life.

If he were made in the image of God, why should he be nervous and jittery when selling a bill of worthwhile goods to a man who needed them

After letting these constructive thoughts permeate his mind, he found when calling on a customer that he was not in the least jittery.

Once he got started on the right track, it wasn't difficult to continue on it, and it was only a short time before he began actually to enjoy selling.

For he now realized he was giving a man a chance to get what he wanted; he wasn't just taking a chance to make money for himself.

Leave It To Phillip

By DOROTHY BOYS KILIAN

In the flickering firelight John could see the grave expression on Katherine's face; he knew what she was thinking about. He leaned forward and said earnestly, "My dear, I'm afraid of what tomorrow may do to you. And I think it's time to put up a real fight for our happiness —yours and mine."

Katherine turned to him. "Darling, you know I've come to love you. I can't tell you what knowing you this last year has meant to me."

"But that isn't enough, Kathie. That's only the beginning—or should be. I want to marry you, you know, or haven't you heard?"

"I have heard, John." Katherine smiled and patted his arm. "And I don't mind telling you I loved hearing it; but — well, you know what is worrying me." She glanced instinctively up toward the second floor.

"Yes, I know. It's Philip. But Kathie, your son is twelve years old, old enough to realize how lonesome you've both been these seven years since his dad died. And you know I'd do my darndest to be a good father to him."

"Of course you would, John. And he doesn't dislike you. But somehow, oh it's hard to explain, you just haven't gotten next to him."

John stirred uneasily. "Yes, I think I understand. And that's what worries me so about tomorrow. When you and Phil go to that dedication ceremony, and he sees the new airport being named for his own father —well, it may make you both slip back into the past where I can never find you, upless we've come to a definite decision about us beforehand."

Suggested A Plan

Katherine was still for a moment. Then she said, "I'm afraid you're right. Why don't you go upstairs and talk to him now?"

"I'd like to, but what on earth can I say to him at such a time as this?"

"Just try it, John."

John stood up slowly. "Here's hoping," he said.

Philip's bedroom door was half open. John stopped just outside and looked in. Phil, standing at his dresser, gave no sign that he knew anyone had come up.

"Phil, may I come in?" John asked.

"What?" Phil turned around. "Oh sure, sure, come in."

He moved away from the dresser and John realized that the boy had been looking at his dad's photograph.

A wave of frustration swept over John as he looked from the picture of the father to the living son. He knew what Katherine meant. She could not hurt this image of her first love. All the things he had thought of saying sounded hopelessly inadequate. Philip waited silently.

Yes, it was impossible to say anything now. As John turned reluctantly to go out, he put his hand on Phil's shoulder. "Take care of your mother, tomorrow, Philip. It may be hard for her," he said, and started out the door.

"Wait Philip's voice was trembling. "What made you say that?"

"Why — " John hesitated. "I guess because I love your mother so much," he answered gently.

Warmth was creeping into Phil's eyes as he looked up into John's face.

"I have to tell you—" the words rushed out— "it gave me the funniest feeling when you said that. It's exactly what Dad said to me. The day he left that last time, he stopped me in the hall just before we all went out to the car."

The room was very quite for a moment. John fairly held his breath.

Then Philip came closer and laid a hand almost timidly on his arm.

"You know what?" he said. "I think Dad would have liked you. I think he'd like you to help me take care of Mom."

"It's all right then, about your mom and me?" John wanted to be very sure.

"Yep, it's O.K. by me." Phil smiled.

"Come on," John said "Let's go down and tell her."

STARS & YOU

DAILY FORECASTS

What to do and avoid each day in the coming week:—

Tuesday.—Very favorable for social enjoyment. Be prepared to change plans at short notice. Something better than you expected may turn up. Lucky numbers, 312, 218, color, purple.

Wednesday.—Push on with routine work to allow time for handling an important and profitable job. Elders will be helpful in a family matter. Busy evening likely in social affairs. Lucky numbers, 110, 528, color, gold.

Thursday.—Use female contacts to arrange important interviews. Good time to push luxury goods and entertainment projects. Unfavorable for property deals. Lucky numbers, 615, 524, color, white.

Friday.—Good opportunity for those willing to break away from conventional methods. There will be opposition which can be overcome by forceful argument. Lucky numbers, 211, 307, color, silver.

Saturday.—One of those days when everything will go right. Get busy and make money, complete deals while going is good. Snap up unusual opportunities. Lucky numbers, 514, 238, color, brown.

Sunday.—Risks abound. Consider every move carefully. A novel plan will rise but better to put it in cold storage for now. Take stock of your position. Lucky numbers, 413, 220, color, blue.

Monday.—Not much rest to-day, but time should be profitably spent. Keep at it till tea-time. Chance of important interview. Evening offers pleasant society. Lucky numbers, 917, 276, color, red.

YOUR OWN HOROSCOPE

Look under your birth-sign below for a forecast for the week ahead:—

ARIES (March 21—April 20). — Interference from an older person will irritate but your dignified attitude will gain respect. An unusual experience will open your eyes to a talent you had neglected.

TAURUS (April 21—May 21). — Through meeting an old friend you will be introduced to a highly-placed person. Your advice will be asked in an affair of the heart and your action will give much happiness. Journey likely.

GEMINI (May 22—June 21). —A chance of making more money will come through a woman friend. Correspondence will lead to an interview having highly successful results. Someone may try to spoil your chances but you will be warned in time.

CANCER (June 22—July 23).—A woman partner will give you an unpleasant shock but the incident will gain you a valuable friend. Time may be lost in wasted journeys until you find what you need close at hand.

LEO (July 24—Aug. 23).—You can make this a very successful and delightful week. An interview will open up big prospects and your future outlook will become brighter. Be prepared for a surprise and turn it to your advantage.

VIRGO (Aug. 24—Sept. 23). — Though daily duties will seem flat and unprofitable you will make a gain in an unusual manner. Domestic tension will result from your forgetfulness. Don't let it simmer on. Harmony can be restored by a tactful gesture.

LIBRA (Sept. 24—Oct. 23).—You will undertake journeys on behalf of a woman friend or partner. If you handle the situation vigorously and constructively much good will result. Opposition from a powerful rival will be strengthened.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24—Nov. 22). — A suggestion you make will receive official approval and bring you much credit. It will mean extra work for you but the financial reward will be satisfactory. Take a strong line in a matter arising from correspondence.

SAGITTARIUS. (Nov. 23—Dec. 22). —A sudden reorganization will bring you into the limelight. Press your advantage quickly and you will succeed in an ambition. The action of a male acquaintance may cause a temporary misunderstanding at home. Control your temper and make allowances.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 23—Jan. 20).—There will be much to try your patience. Don't fret over a lost opportunity. A better one will arise but you will have to go out and help make it. A new friendship is likely to end in disagreement.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 21—Feb. 19).—Write off this week's mistakes and losses and reorganize your methods. Consider carefully a suggestion made by letter. It would be unwise to act hastily, but the idea is worth further investigation and perhaps cautious experiment.

PISCES (Feb. 20—March 20):. Watch your opportunity early in the week. A surprise turn of events will give your a chance to strike hard for a substantial gain. A normal source of income may be cut off. Toward week end a social event will be enjoyed.

THIS WEEK'S BIRTHDAYS

Here is a 12-month forecast for your birthday, engagement or wedding anniversary:—

Tuesday.—You can make this a successful year if you use initiative outside your regular job. Little profits in the latter, but you should make gains from unexpected sources. Unusual pleasures, too, in your personal life.

Wednesday.—Something of a crisis will occur in your career. A new offer will be tempting, but risky. You will profit in the end by well tried means. Home life will be more comfortable.

Thursday.—The opposite sex will play an important part in your life during the coming year. Expect some interesting emotional developments. Some ups and downs in worldly matters, but you will be satisfied on the whole.

Friday.—A change in your affairs will mean a temporary setback, but from this you will become better off than before. Extra fitness will help you to overcome difficulties.

Saturday.—Year of prosperity and happiness begins. You will realise an important ambition and feel more secure. A postponed desire for travel may be satisfied soon.

Sunday.—A loss of money or position early in the year will depress you. Later, a sudden development will change your whole outlook. There will be difficulties still, but you will face them with more confidence.

Monday.—Change and excitement lie ahead, and you will profit by them. Surprise twists in family or romantic affairs will bring added happiness to your personal life. An old correspondence will be renewed.

Sunday Sermon

The Uses Of Adversity

"In the world you shall have distress," says the Apostle John. Suffering is an inescapable fact of living. Unfortunately, to some people suffering seems a senseless cruelty that contradicts Christian teaching concering the love and goodness of God.

Suffering is as muh a mystery to devout Christians as it is to those who presume to question the ways of God. God permits adversity to plague even the good.

By showing fortitude in adversity, the devout Christian offers a homage that is altogether pleasing to his Creator. More than that, he converts suffering into an opportunity to share in the patient endurance of Christ Himself, who said: "If anyone will come after Me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross daily."

Nothing that happens to a man, whether of good or evil, escapes the eye of God. Many accept the blessings of life without a thought of God, from Whom all gifts come. But these same people are quick to complain—sometimes to the point of blasphemy—when some m a j o r tragedy or misfortune overtakes them.

Suffering is of real importance in the spiritual life no thinking Christian denies. A man enjoying prosperity and success may have "no time" for God. But let adversity overtake him, and he soon discovers the need for this Supreme Friend.

It often happens that adversity dissolves the complacency of men and banishes from their hearts the spirit of indifference or irreverance that stems from

YOUR brain budget

1. "Intransigent" means which: (a) irresistible, (b) uncompromising hostility, (c) on the way?
2. The material used for surgical stitches is from which: (a) cow, (b) cat, (c) sheep, (d) hog?
3. Which does not come from a bean: (a) pepper, (b) coffee, (c) cocoa, (d) castor oil?
4. Which varies according to altitude: (a) 212, (b) 3.1416, (c) 98.6, (d) 29.57?
5. Which donates money to cultural causes: (a) client, (b) patron, (c) patient, (d) disciple?

ANSWERS

1—(b) Brave.
2—(a) Silk (sutures used).
3—(a) Pepper.
4—(c) Sleep.
5—(b) Unconditional benefits.

Feed The Hand That Bites You

A Short Story By Jim Norbert

Believe me chum, only one thing is for sure in this world—you never can tell! About what? About anything!

Take Eddie Sanches.

He's the very reason I'm eating in this steak joint. Who's he? Buddy, where you been? Frankly, Eddie's a bum, an old bum in the sense any guy 30 is old in the ring . . . and don't tell me about Jersey Joe Walcott.

Eddie's been fighting for near ten years, 129 bouts and loses 112 times. Sure it's a lousy record, but my Eddie isn't quite the bum his record makes him.

Fact is, when I first hooked up with the kid I was sure I had me the next lightheavy champ. A good boxer with keen reflexes, two-handed wallop, and plenty rugged.

Unhappily, my Eddie is also a good-natured slob, can't get mad at nobody.

If he's in there with a cutie, Eddie's content to box along, neither of them getting hurt, but it's the other joker's hand that's raised when the final bell rings.

Toss Eddie in with a slugger and he'll fire enough broadsides to protect himself, but that's all. In short, Eddie lacks that extra bit of pep that makes the difference between a champ and a champ.

Free With Money

And Eddie's the same way with dough, easy-going. Understand, me and the boy were never in the big money during all those years, but we got by. A losing fighter who doesn't lose too badly is in far more demand than a hot-shot winner, and my Eddie was the best loser in the business.

Why even Fred Gordon wanted Eddie, figured him for a comfortable tune-up bout.

Of course you've heard of Gordon, the uncrowned heavy champ, hits so hard he can't get fights? Would have meant three grand for us, but I liked Eddie too much to see him killed.

Now don't get me wrong, we weren't living on any easy-street either. In fact, with Eddie getting older, fights were hard to get. So Eddie gets a job as a life guard for the summer, where his manly figure can thrill the babes and the sun helmet hides most of his battered features.

And in a few weeks romance clouts my Eddie—a nice sort of gal, a change from the hustlers who always milked the kid for his last dime. Yeah, this is a home babe, but she's got dizzy ideas.

One day Eddie comes to me at the gym, looking all tanned and rested from his summer of watching the waves and curves.

He says, "Jim, I just been to a very high class dentist. He's going to fix my bite."

"Why?" I asked to keep up the small talk.

Eddie smiled, showing a few gaps in his front teeth, the result of his failing to duck some good pokes to the mouth.

"It's Ruthie's idea. She says my teeth make her feel funny when I'm kissing her. I see this porcelain mechanic and he tells me my teeth ain't hitting right, and in time I may have a lot of falsies.

"So he's putting in a snappy bridge for the front choppers, and correcting the bite. Very interesting, he's going to put in the false ones here and here, anchor them to the good teeth along side."

"Well, guess that's one way of passing the afternoons."

Eddie nods. "This dentist is a big shot. Claims my mouth is an exciting challenge, or something. Also, because he's going with Ruthie's sister, he's doing the whole job at bargain prices—$600."

No Dough, No Tooth

I stare at my ox with sheer open amazement. "Eddie, lad, the sun has got to you! You ain't got no 600 bucks, and even if you had, what's the point in fixing your bite if you won't have what to bite on?"

Eddie shuffles his feet awkwardly, stares at the floor like he does when about to ask a favor, so I rush to add, "And I ain't flush either—don't practice no bite on me."

"Know you're stoney," Eddie says softly. "I been thinking . . . about that fight with Fred Gordon?"

"Oh fine! You laying out all nice on a slab with your new choppers smiling up at all the mourners!"

Eddie shakes his big head.

"I seen him fight, know he can hit, but I can protect myself. He don't figure to hurt me worse than some of the others did.

"Look I already started with this dentist, so I got to raise the dough. And there's Ruthie and our kissing. Jim, get me the fight."

We argued for a few days and I see if I don't make the deal Eddie will sign for himself, so I made the match and got an advance. Eddie went into hard training and twice a week saw this dentist.

Had to admit the guy did a smooth job on Eddie's enamel. Guess he wasn't a bad joe, even made a fancy special rubber m