YOUR brain budget

1. How many square feet in an acre? (a) 42,560; (b) 43,560; (c) 45,560.
2. A yard in which several stands of bees are kept is called: (a) an apery; (b) an aphid; (c) an apiary.
3. The international date line in the Pacific Ocean is how many degrees from Greenwich: (a) 180; (b) 250; (c) 180.

ANSWERS

1. 43,560.
2. An apiary.
3. 180 degrees.

ARITHMETIC

ADD: 407 and 250

ADD: 912 and 016

SUBTRACT: 385 from 647

DIVIDE 297 into 411

MULTIPLY: 089 by 536

IDLE HOUR PAGE

Word Steps

8. Disaster
7. Mislead
6. Transpire
5. Chart
4. Alcove
3. Compensate
2. At
1.

Answers

8. Calamity, 7. Deceive, 6. Happen, 5. Graph, 4. Nook, 3. Pay, 2. By.

FORTUNE TELLER

ORIENT

2 3 4 5 6 7

YOU can have fun figuring out your message from the Orient by use of this pleasant little letter puzzle. If the number of letters in your first name is 5 or less, subtract from 7. If more than 5 letters in your first name, subtract from 13. Now take this permit and find your key letter in the word ORIENT at the top of this puzzle. Then, starting at the upper left corner, check each one of your large key letters as it appears from left to right. Below the key letters is a code message for you.

N	I	T	O	E	R	O	N	I	R	E	T	N		
s	i	f	i	c	i	d	r	f	r	r	r	e		
T	O	T	E	R	I	O	N	E	T	R	I	N		
e	r	a	l	e	s	m	p	i	t	e	v	t		
O	R	E	N	I	T	O	N	E	T	E	R	I		
c	h	i	n	e	s	e	e	c	r	a	d	l		
E	R	R	T	O	N	I	T	N	I	O	R	E		
a	t	f	o	r	m	w	s	o	w	v	t	d		
R	O	N	I	E	T	O	N	E	T	I	R	E		
o	l	u	s	i	c	t	e	h	d	y		e		
I	O	E	R	T	N	O	N	E	R	T	E	O		
s	i	f	r	o	i	n	o	s	i	r	i	s		
T	I	O	R	E	N	R	I	T	E	O	N	T		
i	n	e	c	o	s	y	t	i	n	s	k	y		

Key letters: 8 E, 7 R, 6 I, 5 T, 4 O, 3 N, 2 E, 1 T

Code message: "Pen, ink and pencils were all things to come in the future. Yet the Egyptians wrote—by carving their designs in stone. This is how Cleopatra looked in the ancient writings of the Egyptians:"

SOMETHING FOR THE BOYS—Miss Thelma Smith, photographer's model and government clerk, of Washington, D.C. She packs plenty of pulchritude!

STARS YOU

DAILY FORECASTS

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

Tuesday.—Avoid unnecessarial work and guard against risk of strain. Afternoon good for discussing important future plan. Evening offers pleasant society. Lucky numbers, 122, 30, color, purple.

Wednesday.—Excellent day for trying out innovations or new apparatus. Talk others into sharing your enthusiasm. The evening promises a new encounter. Lucky numbers, 413, 319, color, blue.

Thursday.—More confidence today for a new enterprise. Judgment should be good and a bold decision can be made. Lucky numbers, 746, 27, color red.

Friday.—A journey may be necessary to revive a flagging interest. Don't be discouraged by an older associate. Lucky numbers, 580, 241, color, white.

Saturday.—The surprise angle will pay dividends today. Act before others are alive to the possibilities. Lucky numbers, 711, 905, color, orange.

Sunday.—Good for work activities generally, especially publishing, travelling, and engineering. If a change is called for make it early in the day. Lucky numbers, 615, 071, color, white.

Monday.—Argument about a letter may cause delay. A train missed, perhaps, but the later journey will mean a happy meeting. Lucky numbers, 448, 049, color, silver.

YOUR OWN HOROSCOPE

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

Aries (March 21 — April 20). — Time wasted in arguments will threaten your career. Only a steady application to the job in hand and the fruits of an earlier investment will save you from loss. In domestic affairs some changes will make for greater comfort.

TAURUS (April 21—May 21). — Hopes of an improvement in your worldly position should increase, but little immediate financial gain is likely. In personal matters you will be complimented upon your forceful action.

GEMINI (May 22—June 21).—You will benefit in an unexpected manner through a woman partner or friend. Some danger, though, of a domestic dispute about an investment or capital outlay. You may be disappointed in an emotional attachment.

CANCER (June 22—July 23).—If you contemplate moving house, making alterations or redecorating, conditions will not be favourable. In fact, it would be better to act promptly than to postpone matters. News from overseas may upset your work schedule.

LEO (July 24—Aug. 23).—Money received unexpectedly will cause your partner or friend to indulge in erratic behavior and extravagance. Although a little alarmed, you will agree there was no great harm done. Something you have been doing on the quiet will be revealed and put in a favorable light.

VIRGO (Aug. 24—Sept. 23).—Money matters will become somewhat involved, and you may lose through taking a risk at the week end. Recent tension in the home circle will be eased.

LIBRA (Sept. 24—Oct. 23).—Neglect in answering a letter could involve you in a loss of property or goodwill. Don't leave it later than Thursday. Staff difficulties will put you in a position of unexpected responsibility, but beware of deceitful counsel. Home life will be more restful.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24 — Nov. 22). — Journeys over a family matter will cause you some worry and upset your work routine. You will gain in the end, both financially and in the affection of your partner. A social event and some outdoor sport will brighten the week end.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23—Dec. 22) —Loss of property will be offset by a small legacy or windfall of some kind. If married, this may come through your partner. There will be minor vexations at work, but home life will reach a new peak of friendly co-operation.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 23—Jan. 20).—A new partner or associate will bring increased energy and vision into your activities. Your whole outlook will become more optimistic. Social engagements will include a pleasant trip.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 21—Feb. 19).—Money should come in well through your showing more initiative. You will enjoy spending more on luxuries, but there will be some petty criticism to overcome. A casual meeting will bring a valuable tip if you act promptly.

PISCES (Feb. 20 — March 20). — Interest will be centered on home life, where a constructive change will give you satisfaction. With a partner you will try a risky plan and pull it off. Don't let this tempt you into another venture of the same kind. It will not work twice.

CAN'T TELL

First inmate in asylum: I wrote myself a letter."

Second inmate: "Nonsense, you can't do that."

First inmate: "Certainly I can."

Second inmate: "Well then, what did you say?"

Second inmate: "I don't know. I won't get the letter until tomorrow."

BRAIN TWISTERS

By DON DOUGLAS

Anagrams

Add the given letter to each of these words, scramble the result, and come out with a new word. For example: NAILS plus G gives SIGNAL.

1. SILENT plus U.
2. TOTING plus H.
3. LOADING plus A.
4. FAKED plus O.
5. CORPSE plus F.
6. DAMSEL plus I.

Spot The Strangers

There's one name or term in each of these groups which does not share the characteristics of the other names in that group. Can you pick out the "stranger" in each group?

1. French, Latin, German, Spanish, Greek.
2. York State, Cheddar, Basilica, Edam, Gorgonzola.
3. Trout, carp, whale, bass, pike.
4. Beautiful, ugly, awkward, efficient, sobriety.
5. Rachmaninoff, Wagner, Puccini, Shakespeare.
6. Transept, integrator, abacus, comptometer.

ANSWERS

ANAGRAMS: 1. Utensil. 2. Tonight. 3. Diagonal. 4. Fedora. 5. Forceps. 6. Mislead.

SPOT THE STRANGERS: 1. Latin is a dead language. 2. Basilica is not a cheese. 3. The whale is a mammal, not a fish. 4. Sobriety is a noun, not an adjective. 5. Shakespeare was not a musician. 6. The transept is not a calculating device.

Crossword Puzzle

HORIZONTAL

1 Past
8 While
9 Region of which ancient Troy was capital
11 Silver
15 Disturbed
17 Parent
18 Applies the mind to
19 Child for father
20 Against (abbr.)
21 Obstacle
23 Sold birth right to Jacob
24 Meadows
26 Clothes
28 A spherical body
29 Sign of Zodiac
31 Places
33 Test solution (abbr.)
34 Steep, rugged rock
36 Shore bird
38 Paid notice
40 Flying creature
42 Intrepid
45 Stream obstruction
47 Rotate
48 Fall in drops
52 Eskimo woman's knife (pl.)
54 River of Italy
55 French for "and"
56 Decked with eagerness
60 French article
62 Relative rank
63 Impassive
65 Was excessively fond of
66 Pronoun
67 Number

VERTICAL

1 Old Dutch liquid measure
2 More serious
3 King of Bashan
4 Insects
5 Unusual feat
6 Part of gun
7 Fish eggs
8 European
9 Eyes
10 Mary's nickname
12 To leave
13 Plural ending
14 Smears
17 Philippine tree (pl.)
19 Levantine hitch
23 Therefore
24 Musical note
25 European
27 Pierce with pointed weapon
29 To cruise
32 Male forbear
35 Clustered
37 Mongoloid of Northern Scandanavia
39 Joined
40 Rounded
41 Tropical American tree
43 Musical instrument
44 Printer's measure
46 Note of scale
49 To give curative treatment
51 Portion
53 Brittlelike organ
57 Observe
58 To perform
60 Noland commune
61 To depart
64 Behold

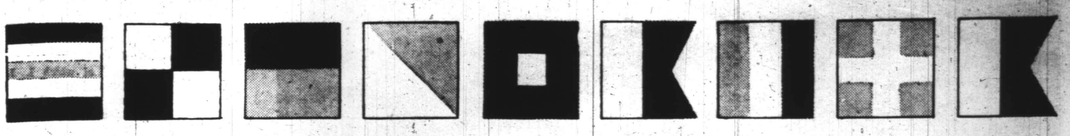
PUZZLE NO. 221

ANSWERS

AGO AS ROAD
ABORTS BORIED
HA EPURTES PA
TO FRAG BEAU
LEAK TOGS ORB
ASHES SEED TS
GORAG BASIL
AD ETER BRAVE
DAL LOAT EPIE
DARF ULUS PO
EE ASPIRED LE
DEGREE DOLID
DOTED SA ONE

Page 4

In the International Flag Code:



Spells C-L-E-O-P-A-T-R-A

In The International Morse Code:

— • — • • — • • • — — — • — — • • — — • — • • —

Also Spells C-L-E-O P-A-T-R-A

But before the days of our alphabet—
Before even paper itself was invented—
Pen, ink and pencils were all things to come in the future.
Yet the Egyptians wrote—by carving their designs in stone.
This is how Cleopatra looked in the ancient writings of the Egyptians:

The Puzzle Writers

Part Four

From 'A Child's History of the World'

By V. M. Hillyer

'An Education in One Book'

People of the Stone Age had learned how to talk to each other, but they could not write, for there was no such thing as an alphabet or written words, and so they could not send notes or messages to one another or write stories.

The Egyptians were the first people to think of a way to write what they wanted to say.

The Egyptians did not write letters like ours, however, but with signs that looked like little pictures, a lion, a spear, a bird, a whip.

This picture-writing was called hieroglyphics—see if you can say "Hi-e-ro-glyph-ics." Perhaps you have seen, in the puzzle sections of a newspaper, stories written in pictures for you to guess the meaning. Well, hieroglyphics were something like that.

Here is the name of an Egyptian queen, whom you will hear about later—written in hieroglyphics; her name you would never guess from this funny writing. It is "Cleopatra."

A king's or queen's name always had a line drawn around it, like the one you see around the above name in order to mark it more prominently and give it more importance.

It was something like the square or circle your mother may put around her initials or monogram on her letter-paper.

But there was no paper in those days and so the Egyptians wrote on the leaves of a plant called papyrus that grew in the water.

It is from this name "papyrus" that we get the name "paper." Can you see that "paper" and "papyrus" look and sound something alike?

The Egyptians' books were written by hand, of course, but they had no pencils nor pens nor ink to write with. For a pen they used a reed, split at the end, and for ink a mixture of water and soot.

Their books were not made of separate pages like our books, but from a long sheet of papyrus leaves pasted together.

This was rolled up to form what was called a scroll, something like a roll of wall paper, and was read as it was unrolled.

Stories of their kings and battles and great events in their history they used to write on the walls of their buildings and monuments.

This writing they carved into the stone, so that it would last much longer than that on the papyrus leaves.

All the old Egyptians, who wrote in hieroglyphics and knew how to read this writing, died long ago and for a great many years, no one knew what such writing meant.

But a little over a hundred years, ago, a man found out by accident how to read and understand hieroglyphics once again.

This is the way he happened to do so:

The Nile separates into different streams before it flows into the Mediterranean Sea. These separate streams are called mouths and one of these mouths has been given the name "Rosetta."

One day a man was digging nearby this Rosetta Mouth when he dug up a stone something like a tombstone with several kinds of writing on it.

The top writing was in pictures which we now call hieroglyphics, and no one understood what it meant.

Below this was written what was supposed to be the same story in the Greek language, and a great many people do understand Greek.

All one had to do, therefore, to find out the meaning of the hieroglyphics, was to compare the two writings. It was like reading secret writing when we know what the letters stand for. You may have tried to solve a puzzle in the back of your magazine, and this was just such an interesting puzzle, only there was no one to tell the answer in the next number.

The puzzle was not so easy as it sounds, however, for it took a man almost twenty years to solve it.

That is a long time for any one to spend in trying to solve a puzzle, isn't it? But after this "key" to the puzzle was found, men were able to read all of the hieroglyphics in Egypt and so to find out what happened in that country long before Christ was born.

This stone is called the Rosetta Stone, from the Rosetta Mouth of the Nile where it was found.

It is now in the great British Museum in London and is very famous, because from it we were able to learn so much history which we otherwise would not have known.

Egypt was ruled over by a king who was called a Pharoah. When he died his son became the Pharoah and so on.

All the other people were divided into classes, and the children in each class usually became just what their fathers had been.

It was very unusual for an Egyptian to start at the bottom and work up to the top, as a poor boy in this country may do, though once in a great while this happened even in Egypt, as we shall see by and by.

The highest class of people were called priests. They were not like priests or ministers of the church nowadays, however, for there was no church at that time.

The priests made the religion and rules, which every one had to obey as everybody does the laws of our land.

But the priests were not only priests; they were doctors and lawyers and engineers, as well. They were the best-educated class, and they were the only people who knew how to read and write, for it was very difficult, as you might suppose, to learn how to read and write hieroglyphics.

The next highest class to the priests were the soldiers, and below these were the lower classes — farmers, shepherds, shopkeepers, merchants, mechanics, and last of all the swineherds.

The Egyptians did not worship one God as we do. They believed in hundreds of gods and goddesses, and they had a special god for every sort of thing, who ruled over and had charge of that thing—a god of the farm, a god of the home, and so on.

Some of their gods were good and some were bad, but the Egyptians prayed to them all.

Osiris was the chief god, and Isis was his wife. Osiris was the god of farming and judge of the dead. Their son Horus had the head of a hawk.

Many of their gods had bodies of men with heads of animals. Animals they thought sacred. The dog and the cat were sacred animals. The ibis, which was a bird like a stork, was another.

Then there was the beetle, which was called a scarab. If any one killed a sacred animal he was put to death, for the Egyptians thought it much worse to kill a sacred and holy creature than to kill even a human being.

Don't Miss These Chapters

- THE TOMB BUILDERS—Of Mummies and Kings.
- THE WANDERING JEWS—It starts in the town of Ur.
- STORY OF OUR ABC's—The beginnings of language.
- THE CROWN OF LEAVES—The beginnings of the Olympics

Page 9

Mothers You Should Know

Meet Mrs. Ardelia Pender, widowed mother of nine children.

Mrs. Pender

Mrs. Pender, who lives in Wilson, N. C., typifies all that we honor in ideal American mothers. One of her sons is a World War II veteran who now lives in Washington, D.C. He is a musician.

Her daughters finished Charles Darden High School in Wilson, N.C. and one of them trained at Fayetteville Teachers College.

Mrs. Pender is a deaconess at the AMEZ church in Wilson and has seen that all her children had the proper spiritual guidance and education.

Two of her daughters are housewives now living in Baltimore, Mrs. Luvania Chase and Mrs. Nancy Spruells.

Family Problems..

By ANN MORRIS

Dear Miss Morris:

Do you find that paying children of the family for chores performed is advisable?

I have three children, the youngest eight and the oldest 13. My husband and I have always agreed upon an allowance for each child. We feel that the handling of some money is good training.

But children's budgets as well as those of adults seem hard to balance, these days.

Should They Pay?

Now we are wondering whether to simply increase the allowances, or to pay the children for certain jobs done about the home?

My husband thinks that "paying" is a "cold" way of bargaining with one's own children. I think that it might, to some extent, teach them that dollars do not grow on trees; that even pennies are paid for in toil by their father; and that having to earn the money will make them wiser spenders.

Yet, I do not wish to put our family relations on a dollar and cents basis, or to have their home take on the air of a commercial business.

I will appreciate any tips you can give.

MRS. S. A. R.

Dear Mrs. S. A. R.:

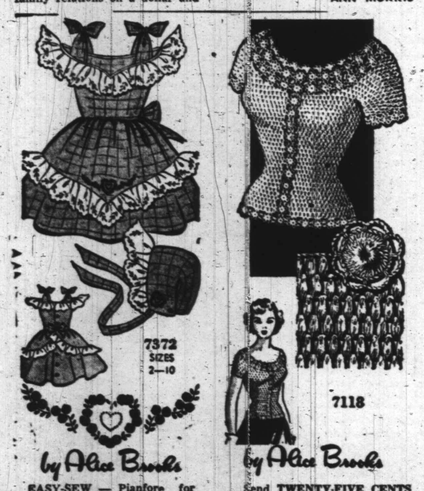
There are several opinions on this subject you have posed.

But why not combine your ideas with those of your husband and come up with an entirely new approach.

For instance you could have a "family organization." All five of you could sit down and list the chores that are now being done for outside pay, such as cutting the grass, washing the windows, polishing the silver. You might say that these "jobs" are open to the child who wishes to make "extra" money.

Be careful not to lessen the children's field of proprietorship in the home, however. They must feel that the establishment belongs to them and that it adds to their pleasure to enhance it.

ANN MORRIS



7372 SIZES 2—10

7118

by Alice Brooks

EASY-SEW — Pianfore for gun! Bonnet for shade! Just look at that adorable hearts-and-flowers embroidery—this is any little girl's sun-day best. Opens flat for ironing.

Pattern 32: Child's Sizes 2, 4, 6, 8, 10. Embroidery motifs, tissue pattern. State size.

IT'S A SCOOP—Airiest most flattering neckline of all—it's the scoop of summer. Jiffy-crochet this blouse in cotton or 3 ply yarn. Easy—puff stitch trimmed with flower medallions. For white, pastels.

Crochet Pattern 7118: Misses' Sizes 32-34; 36-38 are included.

Send TWENTY-FIVE CENTS in coins for each pattern—add 5 cents for each pattern for 1st-class mailing. Send to AFRO-American, 278 Household Arts Dept., P. O. Box 168, Old Chelsea Station, New York 11, N. Y. Print plainly NAME, ADDRESS, ZONE, AND PATTERN NUMBER.

TEN COMPLETE PATTERNS to sew, embroider, crochet—printed in the new 1953 Alice Brooks Needlecraft Book!

Plus many more patterns to send for—including ideas for girls, home accessories, toys, fashions! Send 20 cents now!

Unfaithful By Chance

COMING NEXT WEEK

SUNDAY'S SERMON

Rev. Robert H. Harper

Jesus Commissions the Twelve.

Lesson: Matthew 10: 1; 2-7, 24-27, 34-39.

Golden Text: Matthew 10: 39.

Men should be clothed with authority when they go out to represent a great cause. In the case of the disciples, there was added to the authority of truth they were to declare the word of the Master, giving them authority over evil spirits and power to heal all manner of sickness.

But healing was not to be their only work. They were to preach the gospel of the kingdom and call upon men to repent.

Jesus did not hide from the disciples the difficulties they would encounter. Rather did he emphasize them. But he told them they would be in the same class with himself, and he promised them that things hard at first to understand would be revealed by and by.

Though Jesus told the disciples he had not come to send peace on earth but rather conflict and division, he assured them they could bring peace to the world by their own efforts. This peace would not be a mere absence of struggle but it would come in the joy and satisfaction that they might have in overcoming.

Then the Lord gave the great paradox that giving is life, withholding is death. We in this day are divinely commissioned to labor for the Master; let us lose ourselves in unselfish service.

Dale Carnegie

Margaret Shaw of Trenton, N.J., as a child of ten years was worried because she thought her mother would become totally blind.

CARNEGIE

Her mother had already lost the sight of one eye. She couldn't help hearing everything that went on in the night. Mother would have spells of dizziness and lose her sight.

Her dad would rub her mother's back vigorously since improvement in circulation seemed to bring back her sight.

Her mother had had the very same symptoms before she lost the sight in the other eye a few years previously. All attempts to save her sight in that eye had failed.

Her Sister Cried

Margaret says she can remember well how her older sister wept until she thought her heart would break. She can't remember that she cried a great deal, but she worried and lost much sleep.

Finally she realized that she wasn't helping her mother by worrying; that there was much to do with the twins and other younger members of the family needing attention.

Young as she was she knew this problem was too much for her to handle, that there was a far greater Power to help in such a situation. She prayed hard and often.

Not only did she pray, but she figured out just what she would do to help her mother in case she did lose her sight. She would read to her and describe all the flowers and plants that she loved so much.

Well, fortunately she never had to do any of these things because her mother never lost her sight completely; God answered Margaret's prayers.

"... and you'd better bring some cash with you, dear—he's not as gullible as we thought!"

Lonesome Hearts

By ALBERTINE ASHE

If you would like to correspond with a Lonesome Heart, write a short letter to me, giving full particulars about yourself and the person you'd like to meet. Sign your correct name and address to all mail. Enclose 50c in coin and stamped, addressed envelope for publishing, forwarding for each address wanted or general handling:
ALBERTINE ASHE
AFRO-AMERICAN
Baltimore 1, Maryland

SEEKS NICE WIFE

A lonely widower, 50, tall, brown and employed seeking a nice wife 35-50. Seeking some companionable woman who wants an honest, respectable fellow for a husband.

LONELY

SUBURBAN WIDOW

A Christian widow, 61, wants to meet a Christian gentleman, sober, settled, employed and understanding. I like suburban life.

MRS. JAYDEE

WRITE TO DASHE

A lonely brown-skinned woman, 53, wants to find real companionship in a man around 53, someone with clean habits, who likes sports and honest living.

DASHE

WANTS TRUE GIRL

I am a tall slender, brown-skinned man, 38, good habits and employed wanting to meet a real nice girlfriend around 30. I want a true girl who isn't particularly interested in drinking and too much good times.

LEONARD

WORKING MAN ONLY

I'm forty, like church, and a happy life. Seeking a man 45-48, employed, with moderate habits, clean thinking and wanting to meet a woman my type.

MRS. ABBEY

SHE'S UPRIGHT

I'm 27, brown skinned, not good-looking but clean and upright. I'd like meeting a man 25-40, who wants to marry and be happy, and build toward our future.

MISS BALNEW

LONELY GI

I am a lonely GI. Lonely for letters and news from hometown girls. Girls 18-20 living in and near Washington please write.

PVT. FRANK

WANTS MALE PAL

I am 46, brown, short and a widow. Habits good, like sports and church activities. I want someone my age and type.

MISS FORT SIX

KOREAN VET

I am a bewildered GI who on returning from Korea, found my girl married to my good friend. I will appreciate and welcome letters from some nice girl around 18, who is sincere and honest to answer soon.

BEWILDERED GI

MAN WHO KNOWS

I am 40, single, a Christian, like sports, church and real clean fun. Hoping to meet a reliable man near my age, who knows how to care for and treat a nice girl.

COME CLEAN

HOPES TO MARRY

I'm single, 35, clean moral habits, neat and interested in marriage. I'd like a man of character who likes sports, and who is employed, age 35-51. Someone who likes nice things and is sincere.

DOTTIE

NEEDS COMPANION

I am a man 37, employed by the Navy, looking for some nice woman near my age to be my companion. I want a nice home and a happy life. Can you help?

HUBERT

SEEKS GOOD MAN

I'm a Christian 28, like clean wholesome living. I desire meeting a man 28-35, single, employed, non-drinker and interested in church.

VERNA

NOTICE

Be sure to enclose 50 cents with your letter.

Looking For Someone . . . .

MRS. BESSIE BLAND, 1102 Everett st., Richmond, Va., is looking for her brother, EMMIT JOE MORGAN. She last saw him in Zebulon, N.C. His brother is WILLIE MORGAN, his mother is MRS. NANCY MORGAN. He may be in Philadelphia or Baltimore.

Anyone having information as to the whereabouts of PEGGY COSTLEY CUSHION, 13 years old, weight, 100 pounds, brown complexion, dark brown hair, who lived at 54 W. 129th st., New York City, please contact Mrs. Adele Cushion of that address or at 6226 Falls rd., Baltimore, Md.

A reward is being offered.

Has anyone seen WILL JOHNSON, last living in St. Louis, Missouri? He is a native of Lake Como, Mississippi. He is five feet tall and has a knot on his left shoulder. Please notify PERCY JOHNSON, 634 Herr st., Harrisburg, Pa.

DELONZA CHARLTON is being sought by his uncle, ULYSSES JOHNSON, PO Box 135, Springfield, S.C. Charlton is dark brown, has a scar on his chin and is a native of Lincolnton, N.C.

She was a vision of loveliness before the microphone.

Doctor Of Personality

He tried to change love with a scalpel.

By JAMES HILL

An ugly "toad" and the beautiful girl he wanted even if it meant murder.

Doctor Hans Gottlieb was undecided about the Widow Van Sant. As he strode down the winding walkway of the midwestern university, he reflected upon the vagaries and foibles of mankind as opposed to cold, precise logic.

He knew, that in the cold light of reasoning, he should have had no misgivings about Esther Van Sant. He was forty-two, and she was five years his junior; and even while Professor Rhys Van Sant lived, he and Esther had longed for each other.

Esther wasn't pretty, but she pointed up what assets she had in a way that kept her attractive. More than that, she ran a business of her own—a lingerie shop near the campus, and had won several awards for designing feminine unmentionables.

She could have taken a professorship in the same university with her husband—in the Department of Romance Languages—but she preferred the relative independence of her own commercial venture.

As for Doctor Gottlieb, his master of surgery of the human brain, and his great knowledge of the workings of that organ, had won for him accolades in the medical journal, comparing his skill with that of Drs. Harvey Cushing, of Boston, and Clovis Vincent, of Paris.

He knew, quite frankly, that if it weren't for his highly-developed brain, and his skill with trephine and scalpel, the only women who would look at him would be the professionals along Booth Bay Front, and they with tongue-in-cheek, holding out for more than the usual fee.

Hadn't his own wife screamed ugly epithets at him and run off with a deserting police, when the Germans outflanked the Maginot Line? Hadn't she called him a "horrible toad" and refused him children, fearing to bear offspring which might resemble him?

Yes, in the light of cold, precise logic, Hans Gottlieb should be going to Esther Van Sant's bungalow in Cottonwood Heights, to a special dinner she was preparing. After that they were to go to Los Alamos Opera House to see "Parsifal." Esther Van Sant had looked deep into Hans—beyond the rude configurations of Nature — and found something worth having.

But he would not be going to Esther's. He had called and told her that he had to go to Spring City to see a prospective patient; and as he strode down the concrete walk toward the bus stop, the ferrule of his malacca walking stick struck the ground in measured cadence, very much in tune with his happy frame of mind.

Voluptuous Brown

In Spring City there was a young woman —a voluptuous brown young woman, who sang in concerts and modeled clothes to pay her way through the medical school of the midwestern university.

Her young, well-curved body may have resulted from a dozen racial strains, and no man could doubt that she was an excellent argument for miscegenation.

However, her application at the university noted her thus: Age, 19; sex, female; race, colored. There were other notations, too, but inapplicable here.

The doctor hummed an aria from Faust as he showered and changed into formal clothes. He recalled the very first day she'd entered his classes three months ago. That had been in February. She, alone, of the freshman class had come back to tell him how happy she was to be in his class, and how, she too, wanted to be a good brain surgeon.

In the days that followed she showed him clippings from newspapers—clippings that extolled the skill of Hans Gottlieb. He showed her the brain of a great English chemist in a jar of alcohol, and on many of her after-class visits, he would point out the various parts of the brain.

Did She Like Him?

It was a common thing, though. Coeds are forever falling in love with male instructors; but to date, none had ever exhibited anything but a cursory interest in Hans Gottlieb. It was a new experience for the surgeon—one he meant to nourish to ripe consummation. Hadn't April invited him to the Conway Home in Bridgeport, Connecticut three times in those three months?

"Hold off," he told himself. "The delay will give keener edge to her want."

He drove his car to Spring City, whistling a Victor Herbert melody all the way. Sweet Mystery of Life. The breath-taking thought of April in his arms, clinging to him in a waltz under soft lights, fanning into flame the fires of his youth—youth benighted by bulging eyes and a swart face . . . .

April didn't see him until after the intermission. Her rich, vibrant contralto soared up in a sonorous, but plaintive Deep River as she saw him—the swart face and the heavy-lensed glasses. Almost imperceptibly, she nodded, flashed her nice brown eyes.

She was a vision of tan loveliness in blue satin and a paler blue gossamer tulle. Daring decollete revealed lush expanses of soft-textured flesh, the darker hollow which separated her breasts.

After the concert he went backstage to her dressing-room, and got there in time to see the tan-and-blue cloud disappear into it.

Pounding Heart

Dr. Gottlieb's heart was racing. This was his moment. To enter now, and take her into his arms, tell her some of the things that had been building up in his mind since the first day they met.

Holding his lips shut, so that his heart wouldn't pop out of his mouth, he turned the knob and entered.

If a photographer had been on hand to record the scene at that instant when Dr. Gottlieb opened the door, he might have won an award for capturing the best expression of shock, stupefaction, and astonishment in the annals of photography.

The doctor, his eyes bulging even more, his unpretty mouth agape; legs bent in frozen advance, simply refused to assimilate the sight of April Conway in the strong, hungry embrace of a tall colored youth, who had his lips glued against hers.

But then his walking stick clattered to the floor, and the spell was broken. Gottlieb's swarthy face was paler than usual, and his eyes harbored anger.

The young lovers turned at the sound of the falling cane, and April's face brightened. The tall, stalwart young man, though, seemed to be embarrassed, April's lipstick athwart his mouth.

April was beaming. "Oh, Doctor Gottlieb! So very glad you could come!" She moved over to him in a cloud of delicate, heady fragrance, and took his hand. "Come, doctor, you must meet Teddy Blanchard!"

Angry Moment

Dr. Gottlieb's lip trembled, and he tried to hide the anger that sought to consume him as April effected the introduction.

"You probably don't follow athletics too closely, Doctor, but my Teddy, here, was All-America back last season."

The doctor muttered something congratulatory, feeling a sudden hatred for brawn, and youth, and good looks. He felt betrayed, too — betrayed by a beauteous brown woman, who, seemingly, had led him on to believe she cared for him—for what he had achieved—for what the two of them might achieve together.

He bade them both a hasty adieu, and feeling shriveled and lost, climbed into his car and headed for the university. "My Teddy," she had said, with that confident, proprietary air a woman has for a man she's leading to the altar.

If Hans Gottlieb's face was ugly before, it was monstrous now as he struck the steering wheel with his fist, making the car veer off on a shoulder of the road. He had just come to a decision.

April Conway would not marry Teddy Blanchard! Hans would make her forget him entirely!

Somehow, Esther Van Sant discovered Hans' perfidy even before he returned from Spring City, but she was determined not to wait for him to call off the nuptials. So she sent him a stinging valediction by special messenger.

So when he arrived at his apartment, after one the next morning, the super had put the lavender envelope under his door. He had a feeling about what it contained as soon as he recognized the handwriting.

But Esther's written raillery didn't bother him, too much. He tore up the missive and strode over to a glassed-in cabinet—looked long and meaningfully at the ancient trepan there. Then he smiled.

April Came In

Dr. Hans Gottlieb, fully composed, was drinking lime soda the next afternoon when April came in. She looked so different in prim school attire—so very different from the rich vibrant woman who seemed to sing to him last night. He poured her a glass as they discussed the motor functions of the cortex; then before the informal discussion was over, April, seated in a one-armed student's chair, reeled and fell forward.

"Dizzy," she complained. "Can't seem to . . ." and that was all she said.

Doctor Gottlieb watched her intently, caught her as she slithered forward, and propped her back in the chair. Then, very carefuly, he took his cane and struck the iron ferule against April's forehead. She groaned, frowned, as though trying to fight her way out of engulfing blackness.

Then Doctor Gottlieb yelled: "Miss Conway, what's wrong? Miss Conway . . ." He massaged her wrists and bent down to listen to the beat of her heart. Then he went out into the hall, yelling:

"Dr. Clymer! Dr. Clymer!"

The biology professor was a tall, thin man, who wore a pince-nez. He ambled out into the corridor in what he considered was a hurry.

"Miss Conway," Gottlieb explained. "She's had some kind of seizure—struck her head. Will you help me take her to the infirmary?"

On the way to the infirmary, when Dr. Clymer had his back turned, Dr. Gottlieb threw a small vial into the incinerator chute.

Downstairs, he took several x-rays of April's head—especially where the cane-tip had struck; and on the basis of his diagnosis he prescribed a lobotomy—immediately.

No one in the medical field would take issue with Gottlieb's recommendations. He was aware of that. Further, his fame as a brain-surgeon was well-earned. He had excised tumors—large and small — patched certain parts of the brain, brought new life into deteriorating brain tissue, and in the course of operating, he had changed whole personalities with his knowledge, his trephine, his scalpel.

Contacted Parents

The university wired April's parents, and they notified Teddy, and all three thought themselves fortunate because the Great Hans Gottlieb himself would perform the operation.

The front portion of April's head was shaven after the anesthetist put her to sleep, and her head was bandaged to a sandbag. They strapped on the cables leading to blood-pressure devices, cardiac machines, respiratory devices, serum injections.

The anesthetist took a needle and shot thirty into the area of scalp to be removed, and Gottlieb, with sure hand, cut into the scalp and temporal muscles. Then he used the trephine to make the holes, and the fine surgical wire to cut through the bone. When he folded back the little door of bone, he made certain that the blood-vessels at the hinged end were intact, and would nourish that part of the skull.

Under his mask, Dr. Gottlieb grinned evilly. He looked at the vaguely-pulsating invaginations of April's brain, and went to work with his scalpel. An operation of that kind takes from seven to ten hours or more, but Gottlieb was cool throughout the tedious procedure.

Only once had he been forced to use the electric cauterizers. That was when April hemorrhaged. Only Dr. Clymer studied Gottlieb narrowly when the brain surgeon cut away portions of both frontal lobes.

Cutting away, or destroying one frontal lobe, would have no noticeable effect on a person; but removing portions of both lobes woud result in loss of memory.

Road To Recovery

April convalesced in a hospital near her home in Connecticut, and every week end, Dr. Gottlieb flew in to check on her recovery.

By the seventh week, much of her hair had grown back, and the scar where the incision had been made on her forehead had all but vanished. She began to sing in the recreation room of the hospital, and her parents and Teddy visited her often.

He was surprised when he returned from the seventh week end trip to find Esther Van Sant awaiting him in his apartment. She was wearing a fall suit—gray and severly cut. Gottlieb was both surprised and puzzled. He took off his wraps, put his black bag down, and demanded to know how she'd gotten in.

"The super," she said. "He's a good friend of mine."

"He said "Oh," in a disinterested voice, went over to his record-player, and put on some Debussey, waiting for her opening gambit.

"How did it go, Hans?" Esther wanted to know. She tamped a fresh cigarette against the back of her hand and flicked

(Continued on Page 11)