

ATLANTIC POST

DIE BORDZEITUNG DER HAMBURG-AMERIKA LINIE



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The Little Tin Box

BY JAMES FRANCIS DWYER

The Watch and Ward man of a construction company thinks that a twelve inch girder four hundred feet above the street is no place for a nervous man. He fortifies his courage with the wrong kind of nerve tonic.

Morgan, foreman of the Hudson-Gerard Construction Company, swinging on a narrow plank four hundred feet above the sidewalk, whistled a tune as he glanced around at the unclothed ribs of the giant sky-scraper he was throwing heavenwards. Far below human ants looked up through the clear air at the gaunt skeleton, their white, upturned faces, round and featureless, reminding the foreman of full-blown flowers on bulky stalks.

The watchers attracted Morgan. Sitting down on the plank, with legs dangling in space, he stared into the stone-walled canyon up and down which the human current flowed unceasingly. The peculiar weird expectancy which seemed to chain the little groups watching the aerial workers interested him. He had never looked at the crowds before, but some absurd analytical kink had just manifested itself in his mind, and he gratified it. He tried to understand the fascination which held men motionless hour after hour till their aching necks rebelled at the torture. Unconsciously, a hate of the crowd welled up within the foreman. He felt that they were waiting for something to happen. The motionless groups were uncanny. He noted those who stopped only for a moment, hurrying away with quick, upward glances, as if fearful lest the disaster pictured by their imagination might take place before they could shut out the nerve-tingling scene. Others stopped, backed carefully out of the current, and, shouldering the wall, settled down for prolonged spells of keen watching.

The foreman started to reason quietly to himself. "There's no fascination in seeing men work," he murmured, "so it's the fascination of seeing men in danger. Increase the danger, and you increase the spine-tickles that keep those loafers peeping upwards. Where does it end? I honestly believe that a percentage of those dough-faced galoots stand for hours on the chance of seeing one of us do a toboggan slide through the ether. That's all they're waiting for, damn 'em."

In some peculiar manner the expressed conclusion pulled into his conscious mind the image of Johnson, who was known on the job as "Gerard's Pet." Morgan sat wondering a moment, then laughed queerly. From the pocket of his jacket he took a small tin box about two inches square, and sniffed at its contents.

"If Johnson has been chewing this stuff long I guess he'll give those sun-gapers a sensation one of these days," he muttered. "Old 'Gerard's Pet,' eh? Nerves on the blink! Carries his little box of nerve dope round with him! The foxy Johnson! What the hell does he want up in the clouds?"

Again he stared down into the tremendous abyss as if he expected an answer to his question to drift up with the faint, ghostly sounds of the heavy traffic. He noticed that the little groups were increasing, and he looked for a reason. There was nothing unusual happening, but the mesh of iron and steel seemed to attract pedestrians.

Presently Morgan laughed uneasily. "Damn 'em," he cried, "I believe they're watching me. They are, sure. I'm in it! 'Gerard's Pet' watching me on top and the crowd watching me below!"

He shook his fist at the spectators, stood up on the plank and climbed cautiously along it.

"Watching me," he muttered, "the damn buzzards! They're hungry for a tragedy. If they watch Johnson—Johnson minus his little tin box—they might get a run. At any rate I'm going to watch him now. He must have lost that at lunch time, and if he's been chewing it regular I guess the loss of it will begin to upset his grit before the day is out."

Crawling carefully along the narrow bridge, he climbed into the cobweb of steel beams and looked back at the crowd from a position of comparative safety.

"The dough-faced loafers," he murmured. "It's funny I never thought till to-day what kept 'em watching and watching."

Wondering how he had overlooked this powerful incentive to the morbid minded, he stepped cautiously along the brink of the shadowy abyss that lay between the tremendous girders, and as he walked he muttered continually:

"'Gerard's Pet,' eh? Put up to watch me, and his nerve up. Guess he's craving a pick-me-up now."

At the southern end of the gigantic frame, which towered, black and ugly over the surrounding buildings, he stopped and peered around. Johnson was standing upon a great triangle of steel, directing half a dozen men who were climbing along the iron threads where the wind, after lulling them with occasional moments of calm, attacked them with fierce, strong gusts in their moments of unpreparedness.

Morgan stepped out on the triangle and stood near "The Pet," but Johnson gave

no indication that he was aware of his presence. The foreman's animus was ill-concealed and the other was a hyper-sensitive person. The hammers clanged ceaselessly and the skeleton thrilled under the blows. Away out on the bay the robes of the goddess were embroidered with gold as the sun sank lower. The puffing steamers appeared to be sailing immediately beneath, and Morgan's eyes passed over Johnson and studied the scene. The foreman was in a meditative mood, and it was mainly because these moods were increasing lately that "The Pet" had been put on the job.

Johnson was a slight, nervous man, with shifty eyes. Morgan's contemptuous silence irritated him. Standing with his back turned, he felt the gaze of the foreman playing over him like a searchlight. He felt it on his head, on the back of his neck, even on his hands. Suddenly he turned quickly to find Morgan looking over towards Europe.

Johnson moistened his lips and stammered violently as he moved the men along. "The Pet's" left hand strayed upwards, but when it had reached his pocket it was suddenly jerked back to his side. Three times the hand tried to forage in the pocket, and three times it was jerked away. Johnson's mind was certain that the tin box was lost, but Johnson's nerves, tautened by the presence of the silent foreman, urged the twitching fingers to continue the search.

Presently Morgan laughed and Johnson looked at him inquiringly.

"I was just thinking of those infernal watchers down there on the sidewalk," explained the foreman. "I never knew till to-day what keeps 'em there."

"And what does keep them there?" asked Johnson.

"Why, they're waiting to see one of us flop," replied the discoverer, "just hanging 'round thinking one of us will lose his nerve and take a header."

Johnson wrinkled his face into a sickly smile and again moistened his dry lips. Morgan had timed his visit well.

"I don't think that is the reason," he stammered, "they're interested in the work."

The foreman laughed contemptuously. "I know 'em," he cried, "I've been studying them to-day."

Again the foraging hand crept upward, and again it was jerked swiftly back. Its owner made an attempt to change the subject.

"Farley sent down a note about that iron," he spluttered, "he wants you—"

"Look," interrupted Morgan, "just look

how they're lining up down there, what for, I would like to know? There's nothing particular doing."

Johnson stared out across the bay.

"Not there," snapped the foreman. "Right beneath you, man. Down under your feet. They're cursed ghouls."

"The Pet" moved back a few inches from the extreme apex of the triangle. He turned his face to Morgan and the gray eyes of the student of crowds noted his livid cheeks.

"Move along," muttered Johnson, "I'm going in."

Morgan didn't move. "Crowd unnerve you?" he sneered.

"No," snapped "The Pet."

"What's up, then?"

"Nothing."

"I thought your nerves were going back on you," grinned the foreman.

Johnson's left hand was foraging blindly in his jacket pocket.

"You think too much," he stammered. "Move a little."

"Just oblige me by going 'round the other way," murmured Morgan. "I've got my eye on a batch of hungry buzzards down there and I don't want to lose sight of them."

Johnson turned towards the apex and moved a few paces cautiously.

"I knew a man," remarked the foreman, critically eyeing the other, "whose nerve went on the blink at this game. He took to drugs."

"Yes," muttered Johnson, half turning to look at the speaker.

"Yes," repeated Morgan, "he took to opium, or some stuff like it, and the crowd got sensation one day. He forgot his box or lost it or something—"

"The Pet" wheeled swiftly. "You hound," he snarled. "You—you took it."

The foreman grinned. "Don't upset yourself," he murmured, "your nerves are rocky sure."

"Give it up," shrieked Johnson. "Give it up!"

Morgan took the little tin box from his pocket and tossed it towards the other. They were but a few feet apart, but at that moment a sudden gust of wind whirled up from the bay and the box was swept to the left of the narrow bridge. Johnson tried to keep his arm at his side, but the effort was beyond him. It leapt out after the bit of tin, which flashed in the sunlight, and losing his balance, he sprawled forward along the girder. Morgan tried to backstep quickly, but Johnson's right arm swung like a band of iron around his ankles; and locked together, they followed the little tin box.

Echte Liebe

VON A. MYRBERG

Aus dem Schwedischen von Age Avenstrup und Elisabeth Treitel

Sie hatte ein kleines Zigarrengeschäft, und er hatte mehr Schulden als Haare auf dem Kopf. Deshalb wagte er nicht, ihr seine Liebe zu erklären oder ans Heiraten zu denken.

Mit gebeugtem Kopf ging er die Straße daher, während er über die Probleme des Lebens und des Daseins grübelte. Er wurde von Schwermut erfaßt. Was sollte er tun? Ins Wasser gehen wollte er nicht. Teils war ihm das Wasser zu kalt, und teils fand er es unheimlich, der Zukunft als ans Land getriebene Leiche entgegenzusehen. Nein, der einzige Ausweg war, zu hoffen und zu harren.

Eine Woche nach der anderen verging, aber schließlich wurde in dem jungen Manne die Liebe so übermächtig, daß er anfang zu sparen. Er blieb jeden Abend zu Hause und sparte aus Leibeskraften, und als er dann seine schlimmsten Gläubiger abgefunden und ein paar Mark auf die hohe Kante gelegt hatte, zog er seinen Trenchcoat an und ging geradewegs zu ihrem Laden, um ihr sein Herz sperrangelweit zu öffnen und sie zu bitten, ihm treu zu sein, bis er ihr ein Heim bieten könnte. An diesem Abend wanderte er heimwärts, die Brust voller Jubel und die Taschen voller Zigarren. Sie hatte versprochen, tausend Jahre auf ihn zu warten, aber er meinte, es würde kaum so lange dauern.

Indessen rollten die Jahre, und eines schönen Tages hatte er sich zu einer leitenden Stellung emporgearbeitet und war ein solider Mann in mittleren Jahren geworden, wohlbeleibt und mit Glatze und glattrasiertem Gesicht. Aber gerade an diesem Tage entdeckte er, daß sein Zigarrenfräulein sowie seine Liebe zu ihr zu alt geworden waren.

Er beschloß, ihr das zu sagen, denn sonst stand sie am Ende hinter ihrem Ladentisch und wartete weitere tausend Jahre. Die Frauen sind so anspruchsvoll, dachte er; sie müßte doch selbst einsehen, daß sie jetzt nicht mehr für mich paßt. Übrigens kann ich nun jeden Tag ein reiches Mädchen bekommen. Dann ging er in den Laden.

»Höre mal«, fing er langsam und taktvoll an und zog sein wohlgefülltes Zigarrenfutteral aus der Tasche. »du bist die letzte Zeit reichlich alt und dünn geworden...«

»Tja, man kann nicht ewig jung und schön bleiben«, versetzte sie ruhig. »Das ist gegen die Natur.«

»Sehr richtig. Ich wußte ja, daß du ein vernünftiges Mädel bist.«

»Ich bin sogar so vernünftig, daß ich weiß, worauf du hinauswillst«, sagte sie und schlug die Augen auf.

»Ja, ich kann mir nicht helfen«, seufzte er. »Meine Liebe zu dir ist gar nicht so stark wie früher. Zwar stehe ich heute so da, daß wir heiraten könnten, aber auf ein halberloschenes Gefühl kann man keine Ehe aufbauen.«

»Nein, und dann muß man außerdem in Betracht ziehen, daß ich mit jedem Tage älter werde.«

»Stimmt, aber ein Mann hält sich noch mal solange jung.«

»Ja, mindestens.«

»Ich hätte nie gedacht, daß du so ruhig bleiben würdest«, murmelte er.

»Hast du etwa Nervenzusammenbrüche oder hysterische Anfälle erwartet?«, fragte sie mit milder Stimme.

»Nicht gerade das, aber — du hast natürlich einen anderen in petto?«

»Nein, aber ich glaube, daß ich trotzdem meiner Zukunft ruhig entgegensehen kann«, sagte sie und blätterte in der Zeitung.

»Mein Lotterielos ist nämlich bei der letzten Ziehung mit 10000 Mark herausgekommen.«

»Und das sagst du erst heute?«, stieß er hervor. »Die Ziehung war ja bereits im November.«

»Du kannst doch verstehen, daß ich dich mit dieser Neuigkeit zu Weihnachten überraschen wollte, das sollte unser Weihnachtsgeschenk sein. Aber jetzt bist du mit deiner Neuigkeit dazwischengekommen.«

Der verlegene Mann trommelte nervös auf den Glaskasten des Ladens.

»Das ist nicht wahr!« rief er aus.

»So«, lachte sie, »sieh doch selber nach!«

Und dann verglichen sie das Los mit der Ziehungsliste.

»Aber dann kann ja alles wieder eingerechnet werden!« rief er plötzlich.

»Eingerechnet werden — was meinst du? Werde ich jünger und schöner, wenn ich Geld habe? Oder denkst du, daß ich Verschönerungsmittel kaufen soll...«

»Ah — du hast es hoffentlich nicht so wörtlich genommen, was ich vorhin sagte. Es war doch nur ein Scherz, ich wollte nur sehen, ob du alles gleich vernünftig aufnimmst. Du kannst dir doch denken, daß meine Liebe echt ist, wenn sie so viele Jahre gedauert hat.«

»Das ist ein Glück. Denn das Los ist es nicht. Du wirst nicht darauf geachtet haben, daß mein Los noch vom vorigen Jahr ist. Aber komisch ist, daß ausgerechnet meine Nummer dieses Jahr gewinnt, wo ich gar nicht gespielt habe.«

»Ja, das ist tatsächlich sehr komisch«, stöhnte er kopflös und wuschte sich die Schweißperlen unter dem Hut weg.

Die Dame und die Frösche

VON VICTOR AUBURTIN

Am Ufer des Schilfsees erhebt sich der gläserne Pavillon und erglänzt weit hinaus im Schein der abendlichen Lampen.

Mitten im Pavillon steht die Dame am Klavier und singt.

In dem Schilfsee sitzen 384610 Frühlingsfrösche und quaken.

Die Dame singt zur Klavierbegleitung: »Könnst düh dös Lönd, wö düh Zittrööhnen blühn?« Dabei schwitzt sie, und das ist sehr begreiflich, denn wir haben heute den heißesten Tag des Mais seit dem Jahre 1867.

Sie schwitzt besonders in den Falten neben der Nase und muß sich diese Nasenfalten nach jedem Vers von neuem mit dem Taschentuch auswischen.

Die Frühlingsfrösche im Teich singen braaaaak, braaaaak, kraaakaakakraaak.

Wenn man die beiden Leistungen vergleicht, ist man gezwungen, zuzugeben, daß die Frösche über eine bedeutend vollkommenerere Aussprachetechnik verfügen; namentlich ihr a ist rein und gepflegt.

Diese Amphibien befolgen die Lehre der Schrift, und ihre Rede ist nur: ja, ja. Selbst auf nein, nein haben sie verzichtet, weil es sich sehr schwer aussprechen läßt und weil man hinterher immer Scherereien damit hat.

Nun äußerte die Dame am Klavier die Absicht, sich mit ihrem Geliebten döhün, döhün (d. h. nach Italien) zu begeben.

Die Frösche ihrerseits denken gar nicht daran, sich irgendwo anders hinzubegeben. Sie haben ihre sämtlichen Geliebten beisammen und augenblicklich alle Hände voll zu tun.

Frühlingsfrösche verstehen es, eine Gelegenheitsauszunutzen.

Die Lieblingsblume

VON HERBERT SCHEFFLER

Ihre Bekanntschaft bestand erst einen Monat, da hatte sie schon Geburtstag. Ganz vorsichtig holte er das Datum aus ihr heraus. Ein Dienstag war es. Am Montag ging er in ein Blumengeschäft.

»Könnten Sie morgen um 8 Uhr Blumen in die Herrenstraße schicken? Aber es darf nicht später wie 8 sein, weil die Dame $\frac{1}{2}$ die Wohnung verläßt...«

»Gewiß geht das. Was soll denn geschickt werden?«

Ja, was? Er hatte, zum Donnerwetter, ihre Lieblingsblume noch nicht ermittelt! Rosen? Faustdicke Anspielung, unmöglich. Nelken? Schenkt man einer Mutter von vier Kindern, nicht einem jungen Mädchen. Chrysanthemen? Dekorationsblume, zu laut, zu bombastisch.

»Wie wäre es mit einer Primel im Topf?«

Er verzog den Mund. Primel im Topf! Warum sagt die gute Frau nicht gleich Zimmerlinde? Oder irgend so ein ewiges Stachelgewächs, das die Enkel später nur in einen größeren Topf zu pflanzen brauchen? Primel im Topf!

»Vielleicht ein paar schöne weiße Lilien?«

»Weiße Lilien? Ja... nein, Lilien sind mir zu religiös...«

»Oder diese Orchideen, sind sehr selten, eine wundervolle Züchtung...«

»Orchideen sind zu sehr Herrenzimmerblume, es muß etwas Leichtes, Luftiges, aber doch nicht Lockeres sein, wissen Sie...«

Die Verkäuferin wußte gar nichts. Sie guckte sich in ihrem Blumenreservoir um und schlug ein Arrangement vor, von allem etwas.

»Nein, nein, es handelt sich um einen einfachen Geburtstag, nicht um eine goldene Hochzeit.«

»Ja, dann weiß ich auch nicht...«

Er hätte sich ohrfeigen können. Alles klappte, nur das nicht. Immerhin mußte er sich entscheiden. Vielleicht war es falsch, so viel nachzudenken. Wenn man sich seinem Gefühl überließ, traf man sicherer. Die Blume, die er besonders schön fand, mußte ja auch ihr gefallen. Dafür sorgte doch die Gegenseitigkeit der — na ja.

»Also dann: die Malven hier. Sind sie frisch? So sechs bis acht Stengel, nur weiß und rot...«

Er erledigte alles und ging. Unterwegs kamen ihm Bedenken. Sind Malven überhaupt schön? Kann ein meterlanger Stengel schön sein, an dem alle zehn Zentimeter ein Blümchen sitzt? Natürlich! sagte die Gegenstimme, die Malve ist eine der schönsten Gartenblumen, die es gibt! Gar tenblume, sehr richtig, sagte die bedenkliche Stimme — aber im Zimmer? In der Vase? Ach was, zum Teufel, es bleibt, wie es ist, und wenn sie die Malven nicht mag, dann mag ich das ganze Mädchen nicht!

Am anderen Abend holte er sie vom Büro ab.

»Danke schön für die wundervolle Überraschung heut morgen! Ich habe mir den Kopf zerbrochen, woher Sie wissen können, daß gerade Teerosen meine Lieblingsblumen sind?«

»Teerosen — —?«

Sie lachte. »Er tut, als wenn er von nichts was weiß...«

Er errötete. »Also habe ich das Richtige getroffen? Es war nur so ein Versuch ins Blaue.« Heimlich dachte er: Morgen erlebt die Tante im Blumengeschäft einen Krach, wie sie ihn bis dato noch nicht erlebt hat!

»Um so schöner doch...« und er fühlte, wie eine Wärme aus diesen Worten in ihn überflutete.

Der Abend war herrlich. Die Rosen gaben ihnen eine Bindung, wie es kein Wort bisher vermocht hatte. Sie staunte

immer wieder, daß es Zufälle gäbe, die über alle Zufälligkeit so hinausgingen — und er staunte doppelt.

Am nächsten Mittag ging er in das Blumengeschäft. Er war sehr höflich und bedankte sich für die gute Erledigung. Dann schloß er ein Abonnement ab auf die allwöchentliche Lieferung eines Straußes Teerosen in die Herrenstraße. Die Inhaberin verbeugte sich. Man weiß nicht, ob vor dem Auftrag oder ihrer Psychologie.

Der Student und seine Lieder

VON KARL ALEXANDER PRUSZ

In Leipzig trat ein Student in ein Weinsthaus, das wegen seiner feinen und teuren Weine bekannt war, und forderte eine Flasche vom allerbesten. Der Wirt warf einen Blick auf den Bruder Studio, der nicht gerade danach aussah, als ob in seinem Beutel die Taler wild wüchsen. Doch was blieb dem Wirt übrig, als ihm die Weinkarte vorzulegen und den edelsten Johannsberger, den der flotte Studiosus nach kurzer Prüfung bestellte, aus dem Keller zu holen. Da nun die Flasche auf die Neige ging und der Wirt um den Tisch herum scherwenzelte, mußte es ans Bezahlen gehen.

Der Student sprach: »Bezahlen? Ein Musensohn kann auch anders bezahlen als mit gemeinem Geld, wie philiströse Philister. Wie wäre es, Herr Wirt, wenn ich Ihnen mit einem goldenen Liede bezahlte?«

Der Wirt verbat sich den Witz und verlangte bar Geld. Aber der Studio blieb dabei und sagte:

»Es steht ja in Ihrer Hand, Herr Wirt, ob Sie mein Geld als Zahlung annehmen wollen oder nicht. Wenn ich eines singe, von dem Sie selbst sagen müssen, das gefällt mir, dann gibt's kein Geld. Sagen Sie aber, es gefällt mir nicht, dann bekommen Sie Ihre Moneten!«

»Lassen Sie die Schnurren«, entgegnete der Wirt, »ich bitte mir kurz und rund mein Geld aus.«

Die Gesellschaft in der Weinstube war auf dies kuriose Gespräch aufmerksam geworden, hatte seinen Spaß daran und redete dem Wirt zu, auf den Handel einzugehen; er könne ja bei jedem Lied erklären: Es gefällt mir nicht.

Da gab der Wirt nach, und der Studio begann zu singen:

»Rosen auf den Weg gestreut und des Harms vergessen!«

»Gefällt mir nicht!« rief der Wirt.

»Nun, dann ein anderes«, sagte der Student und hub an:

»Zu Straßburg auf der Schanz, da ging mein Trauern an.«

»Gefällt mir gar nicht!« unterbrach ihn der Wirt.

Der Studio ließ sich nicht irremachen, sondern intonierte mit tiefem Gefühl:

»Muß i denn, muß i denn zum Städtle hinaus, und du, mein Schatz, bleibst hier!«

»Pfui!« rief der Wirt, »das gefällt mir erst recht nicht! Bezahlen, bezahlen!«

Hierauf machte der Student ein trübseliges Gesicht und sprach:

»Nun, dann muß ich wohl daran!« Zog seinen Geldbeutel aus der Tasche, fing an aufzuzählen und sang:

»Tu auf, tu auf das Beutlein dein, der Wirt, der will bezahlet sein!«

»Ja, das gefällt mir!« rief der Wirt.

Da strich der Student lachend sein Geld wieder ein, rief laut die Gesellschaft zu Zeugen, daß er die Abmachung ehrlich erfüllt habe und schritt, während der Wirt mit offenem Munde dastand, vergnügt zur Tür hinaus.

The Blood Rock

By JOHN A. MACCREA

"The hand that saves sometimes destroys, and this very rock on which we sit will prove my assertion." I looked in astonishment at my guide and then at the rock.

A huge slab of red granite it was, rectangular in shape, with a flat top worn smooth from serving as a seat for many weary pack-laden men. The rock was streaked with deep dark blotches, giving it the appearance of a sacrificial altar dripping with the blood of its victims.

"Yes," continued Hermos, "if this old rock could speak it would tell the story of a woman's perfidy and the destruction of two souls." I knew my guide well enough to remain silent and quietly handed him a cigar.

He slowly examined the gold band, and after a few moments' silence applied a match and leaned back to enjoyment and the telling of his story.

"A matter of some thirty odd years ago, when I was a Hudson Bay runner, my mate, who relieved me of my mail bag at that little settlement below the ridge, which in those days was one of the farthest north trading posts of the Hudson Bay Company, was Antwain St. Clair. A strange mixture he was, of Scotch, Indian and French, but a man he was, every inch of him—six foot two in his moccasins and built like a watch.

"Him it was who took the Jew pedlar and held him up at arm's length; ay, as one would pluck a flower, he plucked him from the ground and held him aloft and carried him away from his tormentors. Him it was who could lift a barrel of pork from the ground into a tote wagon, using but the forefingers of his hands.

"His greatest feat was the lifting of,—but that is getting ahead of my story and is the marrow of it,—a story which even the telling, after a lapse of more than thirty years, quickens my pulse and sets me to wondering how a man as gentle as a woman, with no thought of malice or hatred in his heart, could be changed in an instant into a cool, calculating murderer,—a murderer who, with infinite pains, wove a net to ensnare his victim, dug a pit, and having ensnared him, leaped with him into eternity.

"Valarie Clement, the Factor's daughter, was a woman good to look upon. Straight she was as the young poplars which line yon ridge, bright and winsome she was; one whom the good God created to minister to and love some man. But, methinks, the evil one added a dash when he gave her blue eyes and coal black hair, for the combination was irresistible, and the beauty of Valarie Clement was talked of around camp-fires from Keenora to the Rockies.

"It remained, however, for St. Clair to carry off the prize, and when the wedding took place, over a hundred dog teams were gathered around the post and we made merry for three whole days.

"The young couple settled in that tiny log cabin below the clearance there to the west, and for one of them, at least, heaven on earth began, for never was there a man so happy as St. Clair. He resumed his duties as mail carrier, and his trips kept him away from home for four days out of the week.

"A few months after the marriage, as near as I can remember, St. Clair returned from his trip one day with an unconscious man strapped to his sleigh. And thus, as the Good Book says, that snake entered Eden.

"The stranger was a tenderfoot from Ottawa, whose sleigh and dogs had gone

through the ice and been lost, and who only escaped a similar fate through the timely arrival of St. Clair, who waded and swam through the icy water and dragged the stranger to safety.

"The shock and exposure to the tenderfoot brought on a fever, and for weeks the stranger tossed and moaned in the shadow of death, watched and nursed by St. Clair's wife.

"Slowly he won his way back to strength and how it happened no one knows; what she saw in the puny Curtin no one knows;

for beside her husband he was but a boy, and poor and undersized. But the ways of a woman are beyond us all. They fell headlong in love, but the discovery did not come for a long time and it might never have come but for an accident.

"For St. Clair to doubt Valarie was to doubt God, but a broken snowshoe bringing him back unexpectedly, the truth was brought to him with crushing force as he saw Valarie, his Valarie, in Curtin's arms.

"Apparently the man's very nature was changed by the shock and from that

instant his whole aim and thought was revenge—revenge on the man who had deceived him and stolen that which he valued more than life. He entered the house noisily and showed no indication of his discovery in the hearty greeting which he gave both his wife and his guest.

"St. Clair resumed his trips. The winter passed and the Spring approached. Still the stranger lingered, completely enamoured of the woman and apparently never for a moment realizing the volcano above which he was living. Finally, when the last vestige of snow had disappeared and the magic wand of summer had clothed the ugly rocks and jagged tears in the earth's surface made by the sliding ice, St. Clair prepared to net his victim.

"He returned one day apparently greatly elated and maintained an air of great mystery. After the supper dishes had been cleared away he motioned for both of them to draw close to the table and after looking cautiously around, produced a wrinkled and worn piece of deerskin which had the appearance of great age and bore upon its surface what appeared to be a rude chart or map. This chart, he explained, had been given to him by a dying Indian whom he had befriended. The dying man, he asserted, had told him that over a hundred years before, his tribe had washed an immense amount of gold dust and nuggets from the bed of the stream and buried the treasure. The map, St. Clair said, explained exactly where the treasure lay and he had, after much searching, located the cache under the red rock on which we are now seated.

"Valarie and Curtin were wild with desire to unearth the gold and the wronged husband smiled a grim smile as he intercepted the glances the two gave each other.

"Thus far, my friend, my story is from actual knowledge of the facts. The remainder is pieced out from the accounts of different people who were present when the curtain was rung down on the grim tragedy.

"As the three looked over the worn plan on the table before them, what thoughts flitted through their minds no man can tell, but finally, apparently yielding to the enthusiasm of his wife and Curtin, St. Clair agreed to endeavour to discover the treasure that very night.

"Pickaxes and shovels were hastily procured and the three hastened to this very place and St. Clair prepared to spring his trap. With his enormous strength, assisted by Curtin, he managed to raise the edge of this stone and prop it up with a stout sapling. He and his victim then crawled under and began to dig,—one for treasure, the other, the grave of the man he hated.

"What actually occurred no one knows. Whether words of reproach were spoken or not will never be known. Suffice it that the valley was awakened by the shrieks of a half-crazed woman, and on hurrying to the scene, found her in a dead faint and a thin stream of blood trickling from underneath the stone.

"And now you think, my friend, that St. Clair's vengeance was barren, but greater than he had a hand in that. Although two souls perished, one was saved and purified as by fire. Valarie has since been the angel of the valley. Hush! here she comes now."

I turned and saw a sweet face framed in snow-white hair,—a face that shone with purity and love,—a face that had suffered and had triumphed.

The Paper Parcel

By MARLEY CAMERON

Banks are not a common setting for miracles, least of all English banks in Paris, but here was John Webber, who mourned over the homeliness of his features every morning when he shaved, flung straight into the heart of a miracle. The girl that he and his two friends had seen in the train every evening on their way home from St. Lazare station, the girl that all three had agreed to be the most attractive they had ever seen, had walked straight up to his counter to cash a cheque. Mustering his best French he stammered some banal remark about the weather and she replied in English. At that moment his colleague, Arthur Bray, who was far too good-looking to be modest, strolled up behind him and snatched away the conversation. It was foul play, but Arthur Bray was an inspector and it was part of his duty to make himself agreeable to the bank's customers. Moreover he was a master of the art of small talk and had never known what shyness meant.

"It must be lovely at Le Vesinet at this time of year," he said.

"You know where I live?" said the girl in surprise.

"Ah! It is the banker's business to know everything. Le Vesinet is the most attractive spot on the line." While they chatted John Webber methodically counted out the notes, filled with envy of his friend's social address.

When the two met Douglas Brown at lunchtime Bray imparted the good news. The ice had been broken and they could now speak to the lady in the train. What more natural? They were all strangers in a strange land.

"That's all very well," objected Douglas, "but suppose we all fall head over ears. Won't it upset this band of brothers a bit?"

"Not a bit. When we see which of us she seems to take to, the other two will accept the verdict and stand out." He looked a little pityingly across the table at Webber who remarked, "I would like to know where I come in. She came to my counter. I spoke to her first and then Arthur, who never has enough work to do, came up behind me and butted in."

"All right, old man. You shall have first innings and we'll stand by to see how you get on. You can start this evening; she never misses that train."

It had come on to rain when the bank closed its doors and Bray and Webber set out on foot for St. Lazare.

"What's the betting that we don't find old Douglas on the platform before us?" said Arthur, quickening his pace. "Hullo! What's this?" A neat little parcel, wrapped in blue paper a little sodden by the rain and bearing the Printemps label was lying

in the roadway at their feet. John picked it up.

"I suppose I'd better hand it over to that policeman?"

"Yes, but hurry up or we shall miss that train."

The policeman on traffic duty was not interested. He glanced at the label, held up the traffic in order to bring an unclouded mind to the problem, shrugged his shoulders and said that it was no business of his; that the proper place to take it to was the Police Station of the Eighth Arrondissement, but that if he was in John's place the maxim about finding and keeping would apply. John returned to his friend disconsolate.

"Drop it where you picked it up," advised Arthur, but John Webber, being cursed with a conscience, declared his intention of returning it to the Printemps whence it came.

"Oh well, if you must do your boy scout's good action, shove off. We'll tell you to-morrow what progress we made and as we promised to give you first innings, we'll do the right thing by singing your praises—Little Eric, mother's darling boy, and all the rest of it."

John Webber crossed the street to the Printemps trying to pride himself on his principles. His business at the shop would cause him to miss the train. He came very near to hating his friend when he marched off towards the station with that conquering air.

Arthur seemed still to be arrayed in the armour of conquest when he met him on the platform next morning. "Ah John! What a pity you weren't with us in the train last night! She was charming. Of course we gave you a square deal—said that you were thoroughly domesticated, fond of cats and never missed the morning service on Sundays, but as a matter of fact she is coming for a run in my car on Saturday afternoon and old Douglas is coming too."

John Webber looked at him gravely. "Your old car is a three-seater. There won't be room for Peter."

"Who's Peter?"

"Peter's her young brother. She'll never go for a run in the car without him."

"You seem to know a lot about her."

"Well you see, that parcel turned out to be hers and when I got to the Lost Property Office at the Printemps there she was. She thought she had dropped it in the shop. She was awfully grateful to me and so was her mother when she took me home and introduced me to the family. They've asked me to tennis next Saturday so the little tale that you and Douglas concocted between you falls rather flat."

AN BORD DES DAMPFERS „NEW YORK“ DER HAMBURG-AMERIKA LINIE

Nr. 3

DIENSTAG, DEN 23. AUGUST

1932

Transocean-Nachrichten

übermittelt von der Telefunkenstation Nauen

Entfernung von New York 1800 Seemeilen

Keine einstweilige Schuldenherabsetzung.

BERLIN, 22. August 1932. Reichswirtschaftsminister Warmbold hat einem auswärtigen Journalisten gegenüber erklärt, daß die deutsche Regierung eine Herabsetzung der privaten Schulden in Kapital und Zinsen niemals auch nur erwogen habe. Sie werde alles daran setzen, den Schuldendienst des Reiches unter allen Umständen sicher zu stellen. Auch die privaten deutschen Schuldner würden alles tun, ihren Verpflichtungen nachzukommen. Allerdings werde bei einer Verschärfung der allgemeinen Deflation das Mißverhältnis zwischen Geld- und Güterwert, zwischen alten und neuen Schulden noch zunehmen. Deshalb sei die Behandlung der privaten Verschuldung gar keine speziell deutsche, sondern eine internationale Frage. Die deutsche Regierung habe stets den Standpunkt vertreten, daß es einzig und allein Sache der deutschen privaten Schuldner sei, sich mit ihren amerikanischen und sonstigen Gläubigern in Verbindung zu setzen, wenn sie den Schuldendienst nicht mehr leisten zu können glauben. Der hohe Schuldendienst den die deutsche Volkswirtschaft in den nächsten Jahren zu leisten habe, und der jährlich mehr als 1,5 Milliarden Mark betrage, sei bis auf einem schwindenden Bruchteil nur in Waren möglich und setze deshalb offene Grenzen voraus. Er hoffe zuversichtlich, daß durch eine Einigung mit Deutschlands privaten Gläubigern ein Transferratorium umgangen werden könne.

Eröffnung der Deutschen Ostmesse.

KOENIGSBERG / Pr., 22. Aug. 32. Die XX. Deutsche Ostmesse wurde Sonntag eröffnet. Sie ist ebensogut

besucht wie ihre Vorgänger. Größere Delegationen sind aus Ostpreußen, den Randstaaten, Sowjetrußland und dem Fernen Osten angekündigt. Um die Hauptmesse rahmen sich zahlreiche Sonderausstellungen, wobei besonders die sowjetrussische einen großen Raum einnimmt.

Chicagos Oberbürgermeister in Berlin.

BERLIN, 22. August 1932. Der Oberbürgermeister von Chicago, Cermak, wird aus Wien am Montag hier eintreffen, wo ihn für den beurlaubten Oberbürgermeister Dr. Sahn Bürgermeister Elsass empfangen und später die Führung durch die kommunalen Einrichtungen übernehmen wird.

Der österreichische Hauptausschuß nimmt erneut das Lausanner Abkommen an.

WIEN, 22. August 1932. Infolge der Ablehnung der Lausanner Anleihevorlage durch den Bundesrat muß sich der Nationalrat noch einmal mit der Frage beschäftigen. Der Hauptausschuß hat jetzt die Vorlage erneut mit 11 gegen 10 Stimmen angenommen. Das Parlament selbst wird sich am Dienstag darüber entscheiden.

35 Tote der „Niobe“ vermißt.

KIEL, 22. August 1932. Aus dem Wrack der „Niobe“, das nun fast ganz aufgerichtet zwischen den beiden Hebeschiffen im Kieler Hafen liegt, konnten nur 34 Tote geborgen werden. Die übrigen 35 Toten bleiben leider vermißt. Sie sind entweder bei der Katastrophe über Bord gekommen oder beim Abtransport des Wracks herausgespült worden. Die Beisetzungsfeierlichkeiten auf dem Kieler Garnisonfriedhof sind endgültig auf Dienstag nachmittag festgesetzt worden.

Eine deutsche Schule in Moskau.

MOSKAU, 22. August 1932. Auf Betreiben der deutschen Botschaft ist hier ein deutsches Gymnasium

eröffnet worden, um den Deutschen die in sowjetrussischen Diensten stehen, die Möglichkeit zu bieten, ihre Kinder an Ort und Stelle zu erziehen und sie nicht wie bisher nach Deutschland senden zu müssen.

Poincaré will wieder in die Politik zurück.

PARIS, 22. August 1932. Der ehemalige Staatspräsident und Ministerpräsident Poincaré, der sich auf seinem Landgute bei Bar le Duc sehr gut erholt hat, hat beschlossen, bei den Neuwahlen zum Senate im Oktober wieder zu kandidieren und hat mit seinen beiden Kollegen seiner Heimatprovinz den ersten Wahlauftrag erlassen.

Gorguloffs Berufung verworfen.

PARIS, 22. August 1932. Die Berufung Paul Gorguloffs gegen das Todesurteil ist vom Kassationsgerichtshof verworfen worden. Das Hauptargument des Verteidigers, die Ermordung des französischen Staatspräsidenten Doumer sei als ein politisches Verbrechen zu behandeln, wurde von der Berufungsinstanz nicht mehr anerkannt.

Urwaldtiere im Frankenwald.

NUERNBERG, 22. August 1932. Im nördlichen Frankenwald stieß ein Kalkofenbesitzer auf dem Grunde einer Lehmschicht auf versteinerte Reste eines Urwelttieres das im Skelett einer Riesenschlange von etwa 10 Metern Länge gleicht. Am Schwanzende erreichen die Wirbelknochen die Stärke eines Männerhandgelenkes und wachsen sich dann bald zum Umfange eines Oberschenkels aus. Der Kopf hat nur einen Durchmesser von 30 Zentimetern.

Der Europa-Rundflug.

BERLIN, 22. Aug. 1932. 39 Flugzeuge starteten Sonntag früh vom Tempelhofer Flugfeld aus zum III. Internationalen Europa-Rundflug um den Wanderpokal des französischen Aeroklubs, der schon zweimal von dem deutschen Meisterflieger Fritz Morzik errungen werden konnte. Die

englische Fliegerin Miss Spooner und der Franzose Massot mußten vor dem Start infolge Motorschadens aufgeben. Das Feld zog sich bereits auf den ersten Teilstrecken, die nach Warschau, Krakau, Prag, Brünn, Wien, Agram und Vizenza führten, weit auseinander. Die aus den Deutschen Marienfeld, Seidemann und von Massenbach sowie dem Italiener Colombo bestehende Spitzengruppe erreichte gegen 7 Uhr abends Vizenza. Zwischen Wien und Vizenza liegen noch 20 Maschinen, während die übrigen zum größten Teil in Wien übernachteten. Der zweimalige Sieger Morzik verlor bei der Landung in Brünn das Fahrgestell seines Flugzeuges und kann den Flug erst Montag fortsetzen. Der Italiener Donari mußte in Posen wegen Magnetdefektes notlanden und liegt dort noch fest. Bei dem von Straumann gesteuerten schweizerischen Flugzeug lockerte sich zwischen Brünn und Wien eine Tragfläche. Der Mechaniker sprang mit dem Fallschirm ab, doch konnte Straumann noch glatt in Wien landen. Er gab jedoch den Weiterflug auf.

Ende der Hitzewelle.

BERLIN, 22. August 1932. Die Hitzewelle, von der die Reichshauptstadt und weite Gebiete Deutschlands in der vergangenen Woche heimgesucht wurden, nähert sich ihrem Ende. Am Sonntag stieg das Thermometer in Berlin auf Rekordhöhe von 39 Grad Celsius. Am Abend sank das Quecksilber jedoch auf 22 Grad und für Montag und die folgenden Tage ist wesentlich kühleres Wetter in Aussicht gestellt. Am Sonntag entwickelte sich infolge der Hitze an den Seen in der Umgegend von Berlin ein riesiger Badebetrieb. Leider sind dabei nicht weniger als zwölf Personen ertrunken. In Schleswig-Holstein, Hamburg und dem ganzen unteren Elbegebiet ballten sich Sonntag nachmittag schwere Unwetter zusammen, die an einzelnen Plätzen großen Schaden anrichteten. In dem Ort Hittfeld wurden durch eine Windhose 40 Gebäude zum Teil zerstört.

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Solution of Cross Word Puzzle published in the preceding issue



ON BOARD THE S. S. "NEW YORK" OF THE HAMBURG-AMERIKA LINIE

Nr. 3

TUESDAY, AUGUST 23rd

1932

R. C. A. News Service

from the High Power Station
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Helen Jacobs Wins National Singles Title.

FOREST HILLS, N. Y., August 22. Miss Helen Jacobs of Berkeley, Cal., won the 45th annual women's national tennis singles championship Sunday by defeating Miss Carolin Babcock of Los Angeles, 6:2, 6:2 in the final round. The match was played before the smallest crowd in years. Miss Babcock, worn and weary from the strenuous match with Miss Joan Ridley Saturday, played poorly and after the first four games of the opening set never was in the running. Miss Jacobs required but 31 minutes, 16 for the first set and 15 for the last to win her first national title. After winning the singles match Miss Jacobs teamed with Miss Sarah Palfrey of Sharon, Mass., to defeat Miss Alice Marble of San Francisco and Mrs. Marjorie Painter of Dedham, Mass., 8:6, 6:1 for the doubles championship.

British Economic Conference Agreements Affects United States.

OTTAWA, August 22, 1932. A series of agreements affecting the free flow of trade on every continent, and of vital interest to the United States, was made public Sunday after thirty days of bargaining by the delegates to the British Empire Economic Conference. United States manufacturers and dealers in wheat, meats and hundreds of trade articles ranging from tropical fruits to whale oil are affected by the sweeping agreements signed Saturday in treaties between Great Britain and individual Dominions. The British-Canadian agreement is most important to the United States because it gives Great Britain preferential treatment in sending to Canada manufactured articles in which the United States now has a large

Canadian market. There is included also a formula to deal with Russian dumping. In the British-Australian agreement which deals with the meat trade, there is a clear suggestion of a forthcoming plan to raise commodity prices by trying to regulate their export if not production. Canada gets from Great Britain, as will other Dominions, a promise that Parliament will be asked to impose a duty of three pence a bushel on wheat and two pence a pound on copper. Canada's goods will enter Britain duty-free. The present ten percent duties on foreign timber, fresh sea fish, canned salmon and other canned fish, asbestos, zinc and lead will be continued. British experts have estimated that manufacturers concessions granted all dominions, if they worked ideally, might take \$65,000,000 a year of trade from the United States, four percent of America's Empire trade and 1.7 of her world trade, but they are "not expected to work ideally". All treaties are to run for five years, except that of India's which was made revocable on six months. The agreements carry out the announced work of the conference — to stimulate Empire trade and indirectly thereby to stimulate, not harm world trade.

Capt. Mollison Arrives at Roosevelt Field.

ROOSEVELT FIELD, August 22. 5000 cheering Americans gave Capt. James A. Mollison a riotous welcome Sunday afternoon when the first man to accomplish the east-west Atlantic solo flight landed his moth plane here. Mollison left St. John, New Brunswick, Sunday morning. He flew low over Boston and followed the New England coast, making the 190 miles from Boston in less than hour and three quarters. The police kept the crowd at the airport well in hand. Mollison was smiling. "I am happy to be here and I'm glad I came by my own means of transportation by air", he said. He is uncertain when he will make the return flight, but expects to start within a few days.

Washington Notes.

WASHINGTON, August 22, 1932. Governor Franklin D. Roosevelt's Columbus, Ohio, speech linking depression with President Hoover's economic policies brought retaliation from the Administration Sunday. The State Department in a formal statement, denounced as "untrue" the Democratic presidential candidate's allegation that it had encouraged bankers to float a mass of foreign bonds which Roosevelt claimed were a leading factor in the depression. "The Department of State has never approved a single foreign loan" the statement said, adding, on the contrary it had discouraged such loans. The statement did not carry Secretary Stimson's name. House Republican floor leader Bertrand Snell took the responsibility for the burden of the administrations counter attack in a statement charging Roosevelt with failure to do in New York State in his administration what he accused the Hoover administration of failing to do.

Other U. S. News.

NEW YORK, August 22, 1932. In all history there have been only 300 men of genius, and only ten or eleven of these have been rulers over men, according to Dr. Charles C. Hurst of Cambridge, England. Dr. Hurst with charts and data will illustrate his theories Tuesday at the Third Annual International Congress of Eugenics. He has developed what he terms a genetic formula on inheritance. His studies go back to the crusaders, with royal families the chief subjects of his work. Although he says "it is difficult to rate living humans, and only posterity can give a man his proper station", Dr. Hurst gives Dr. Einstein the highest rate of living genius, ranking him with Darwin and Newton. Among rulers, he calls William of Orange the outstanding genius, with Peter the Great of Russia, Frederick the Great of Prussia and Napoleon on similar pedestal.

Foreign News

LONDON, August 22, 1932. Oswald Short, famous British air pioneer, is building a balloon to explore the stratosphere calculated to reach a height of 17 miles. Short's balloon will carry 3 scientific observers in a hermetically sealed aluminum ball. It will carry a wireless equipment possibly strong enough for worldwide broadcasting. Professor August Piccard, Belgian scientist, first man to enter the stratosphere, reached an altitude of 10 1/2 miles in the flight last week.

LONDON, August 22, 1932. Still hailing the daring flight of Captain J. Mollison across the westward Atlantic passage, newspapers agreed Sunday that he would be knighted soon after his return from America. The "Sunday Express" declared Mollison would ask his month old bride, Amy Johnson, to sign an agreement whereby they both would abstain from stunt flights and hazardous flying. The newspaper said Mollison would not abandon aviation, but would discontinue record-breaking flights.

BERLIN, August 22, 1932. Thirty nine pilots took off from Templehoff Airdrome Sunday for an "Around Europe" flight.

VERA CRUZ, Mexico, Aug. 22, 32. Workers of the American-owned sugar mill El Potrero Sunday asked the State authorities to expropriate the property. The workers claimed the operators were unable to pay their salaries of 40000 pesos.

MOSCOW, August 22, 1932. Sugar and candy rations of the millions living under Soviet regime were sharply reduced Sunday with prospect of the poorest sugar beet crop in years. Sugar prices soared on private markets. Newspapers predicted an acute sugar shortage.

DEAUVILLE, France, August 22. Marcel Boussacs "Cenias" Sunday won the Prix Morney, the 100,000 franc classic, nosing out Spirituelle in the 1200 meter run. Rodostro was third. The winner paid 76 1/2 francs.

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Vom seligen Schaffen

VON ARTHUR HERTZ · MÜNCHEN

80 Jahre wird Palestrina, und als er die Welt verläßt, genügen 40 Foliobände nicht, um sein gesamtes Arbeitswerk aufzunehmen. Im gleichen Jahre, 1594, muß auch Orlando di Lasso sterben, und er hat in den 74 Jahren seines Lebens an die 1600 kirchliche und 800 weltliche Stücke geschrieben. Aber trotz dieser wunderbaren Fülle, die aus zwei klangseligen Herzen strömte, will das 16. Jahrhundert nicht zu Ende gehen, ohne der Musik noch einmal eine Fackel anzuzünden: 1585 wird Heinrich Schütz geboren! Und als er nach 87 Jahren stirbt, ist die Welt wieder um eine lange Reihe kirchlicher Kompositionen reicher geworden, und Deutschland hat seine erste deutsche Oper: Daphne bekommen. Wieder will auch dieses, das 17. Jahrhundert, nicht zur Rüste gehen, eh nicht aufs neue die heilige Schöpferflamme entzündet ist: 1685, genau 100 Jahre nach Heinrich Schütz werden Johann Sebastian Bach und Händel geboren, Wegstunden kaum voneinander entfernt, dieser in Halle, in Eisenach jener. Und wundersam: über beide fällt das gleiche traurige Schicksal, daß sich die Nacht auf ihre lieben Augen legt, daß sie erblinden. Was Bach der Welt geschenkt, soll keine trockene Zahl niederschreiben, aber weiß man es noch, daß Händel 45 Opern und 26 große Oratorien geschrieben hat? Wieder, ehe es zur Neige geht, gibt auch das 18. Jahrhundert der Welt aus Deutschland sein Geschenk: 1770 wird Beethoven geboren, 1784 Spohr, 1786 Carl Maria von Weber, wiederum bald genau auf das Jahr 200 Jahre nach Schütz, 100 Jahre nach Bach und Händel. Und auch dieses Mal wieder in merkwürdiger örtlicher Nähe, wenn auch nicht auf Weg-

stunden abzurechnen: in Braunschweig Spohr, in Eutin Carl Maria von Weber. Mehr als 75 Jahre hat Spohr am Werke gestanden, und 9 Opern, 10 Symphonien, 15 Violinkonzerte und 33 Quartette zeugen für ihn. Gerade nur die Hälfte der Zeit, kaum 40 Jahre, darf Weber den inneren Stimmen lauschen, aber der Freischütz wird bleiben und Oberon, Preziosa und Euryanthe, und wie viele der Sonaten und Kammermusikstücke!

Das 18. Jahrhundert hat reich geschenkt, aber nicht nur aus Deutschland, aus den kaiserlichen Landen gleicherweise: Haydn ist 1732 geboren. Der Mann, dessen Fruchtbarkeit ohne Grenzen schien, der 125 Symphonien, an die 80 Streichquartette, fast ebenso viele Trios, an die 50 Konzertstücke, an die 50 Klaviersonaten und 25 Opern geschaffen hat. Und Messen und Kirchenstücke und Lieder und schließlich doch auch »Die Schöpfung« und »Die Jahreszeiten«. Segen ohne Ende aus 77 vollgeschöpften Jahren. Und nun erst Mozart, dem weniger als die Hälfte dieser Zeit beschieden ist, und der der Welt 600 Werke seines Genius schenkt.

Das 18. Jahrhundert ist reich, und nun, da es die Gebeseligkeit und den Dank einer Welt gesehen hat, wartet das kommende, das 19. Jahrhundert, nicht bis in seine späten Jahrzehnte, sondern schenkt ohne Unterlaß und von allem Anbeginn an: Marschner und Löwe, Lortzing und Mendelssohn, Schubert und Abt, Gluck und Schumann und Wagner, Brahms und Bruckner und alle die anderen, die wir kennen und lieben und denen wir aus tiefstem Herzen sagen: Du holde Kunst, ich danke dir dafür!

Humor

In der Hotelhalle sitzt eine junge hübsche Witwe mit ihrem vierjährigen Söhnchen neben einem eleganten Herrn. Nach einiger Zeit kommt der Kleine zu dem Mann und fragt:

»Onkel, wie heißt du?«
»Hans Berger.«
»Bist du schon verheiratet?«
»Nein, mein Kind.«
»Bleibst du noch lange im Hotel?«
»Noch zwei Wochen.«

Nach dieser Auskunft wendet sich der Kleine wieder seiner Mutter zu und ruft mit lauter Stimme:

»Mutti, willst du noch etwas wissen?«
Berliner Illustrierte Zeitung

Praktischer Wink

Buchhalter Roth sagt zu Buchhalter Grün:

»Du hattest doch auch einmal Tintenflecke am Rock, was hast du dagegen gemacht?«

Grün: »Salzsäure.«
Einige Tage später sagt Roth zu Grün:
»Exgüsi nochmals, was hast du damals gegen die Tintenflecke gemacht?«

Grün: »Salzsäure.«
Sagt Roth: »Ich habe auch Salzsäure genommen, aber jetzt ist mein Rock ganz zerfressen und kaputt.«

»Meiner auch«, sagt Grün.

»Herr Doktor, sind eigentlich Bratheringe gesund?«

»Ich glaube ja, bei mir hat sich jedenfalls noch keiner behandeln lassen?«

Berliner Illustrierte Zeitung

»Scheußlich, mein Vollbart, was? Hab' ich mir mal einer verflochtenen Braut zuliebe stehenlassen. Fünf Jahre hab' ich mich drüber geärgert, aber morgen kommt er 'runter.«

»Ah, so lange waren Sie verlobt?«

»Nee, so lange war mein Paß gültig.«
Fliegende Blätter

Schreckensbleich ist Paul, als er zu seiner Frau sagt:

»Amalie, mir ist etwas passiert, etwas ganz Furchtbares, ich habe meinen Kragenknopf verschluckt!«

»Na, das ist aber auch das erstemal, daß du weißt, wo er ist!«

Münchener Illustrierte Presse

Gewonnen

»Ich wette mit dir um zehn Mark, daß du nicht rätst, warum ich dich heute besuche!«

»Na, du bist sicher gekommen, um mich anzupumpen!«

»Falsch! Ich wollte dir nur mal Guten Tag sagen! Her mit den zehn Mark!«

»Fünftausend Mark hat mir ein Amerikaner für dies Bild geboten.«

»Wirklich? Hundert hätte ich dir höchstens gegeben.«

»Abgemacht! Hier hast du es. Ich war immer dagegen, daß meine Kunst ins Ausland geht.«

Berliner Illustrierte Zeitung

The Problem of the Rolling Cat

By PHILIPP CUNNINGHAM

Probably the greatest pleasure Detective-Inspector Barraton, late of the C. I. D., has in his retirement, is his telling of the quaint story of the cat that rolled outside the Black Bull Inn of Cherraten-Magna—on a stilly April noon of 1909. After all, one can pardon the old officer's vanity. It is more than pardonable: just. Of all the queer cases Inspector Barraton has tackled, this, his first, was by virtue of its astounding simplicity of action and drama, the neatest and most effective.

It's all right, as he often says, arresting a rogue after months of patient dog-work. But it's an entirely different matter when, as a young and untried country constabulary sergeant, one stands on a shop doorstep, looking at a cat and sniffing the morning air... and from the looking and the sniffing, set out to arrest a criminal a quarter of a mile away! In effect that is what Barraton did. And that arrest meant his ascent to Scotland Yard and a distinguished career.

Twenty or more years ago the little village of Cherraten-Magna possessed some slight fame—or notoriety; one can hardly decide—in being the home of Matthias Ingleby, the "world-renowned inventor of Ingleby's Magic Heal-All." Matthias was the Cherraten-Magna chemist. His musty little shop in the main street was the factory whence the 'Magic Heal-All' went forth to kill or cure. He was a secretive old soul and not only made every drop of his concoction with his own hands, but actually went about the countryside gathering the various herbs and roots of which its amalgamated essences were composed.

A secret remedy in truth! The villagers only had knowledge of one ingredient and that was parsley. One could always find a bumper sale for parsley with old Matthias Ingleby. It was rumoured that the chemist used sphagnum-moss, for the sake of its iodide salts; he was for ever out on the moorlands pottering about bog-holes where it grew. And, from some mysterious source he garnered an equally mysterious weed—shrivelled plant with pinky-white flowers—which he also used. The very-wise, seeing tiny blue glowings in the 'Heal-All,' talked about phosphorus as an ingredient... but, no one really knew.

On this April morning the main street of Cherraten-Magna was deserted, except for the usual cats, sunning themselves on the pavement of the bright side of the old street. Tradesmen had closed, it being a Wednesday, dead on the hour of noon. Shutters were up all along the way. Only Matthias the chemist was at work. In his poky back room he was brewing sufficient 'Heal-All' to fulfill a recent order for a gross of ten-ounce bottles.

Sergeant Barraton was half-dozing in his office when he saw Margaret Ingleby, the old man's daughter, taking a jug of tea and a basket of light foords from her home to her father's "factory." He smiled at the sight and yawned. Old Matthias and his secret works provided the only mystery Barraton had never known to be connected with Cherraten-Magna. Nothing ever happened in the one-eyed hole.

Margaret Ingleby let herself into the shop by the front door. Ten seconds later Sergeant Barraton heard the screaming she made—when she discovered what had been done in the "factory" at the back of the premises. In three minutes the sergeant was on the scene of what undoubtedly was a foul and vicious crime.

Someone had entered the little "factory" by way of its flimsy door, had deliberately felled the chemist, had stalked over his unconscious body and had rifled the shop till of some forty-five golden sovereigns and some silver. It was well-known in the village that Matthias looked on a well filled till as a portable bank. He always had in it much more money than he actually needed in daily business.

Sergeant Barraton handed the stricken and weeping woman into the care of neighbouring people, blew his whistle to summon his two constables, and set to work on the terrible problem before him.

As he carefully tells you... the groaning chemist lay on the saturated floor with a tiny phial of yellowish liquid still grasped in his right hand. This, Barraton saw, was a preparation of phosphoric acid, pungent and keenly lit with blueish lights. Around the place were smashed bottles and the overturned mixing-vat. The various distillations of parsley, and so forth, Ingleby had been using, pooled the dirty floorboards. An abominable stench was in the place—a queer and breath-catching scent of horrifying potency.

And, while he looked on the chemist, a rat came slowly out from the wall. Another and yet another followed. They looked half dazed... another and more and more rats—twenty of the beasts at length! The sergeant went for them with fury. To his amazement they did not show an atom of fight. He killed them and flung them outside.

Some power of attraction, he was sure, had drawn the creatures out into broad daylight, fearlessly. He sought for it.

Not the phosphoric acid preparation; that meant death to any rat. Not the parsley essences, nor the distillation from the sphagnum-moss. Both of these herbal lures would suffice to interest cats and hares (Barraton was not a country-man for nothing) but both of them violently repelled all the rodent tribe. *Yet, some lure was in the room.*

However, the doctor was pushing his way through the morbid crowd in the street. The sergeant went through the shop to let him in. He was glad of the chance of a breath of fresh air after that stench.

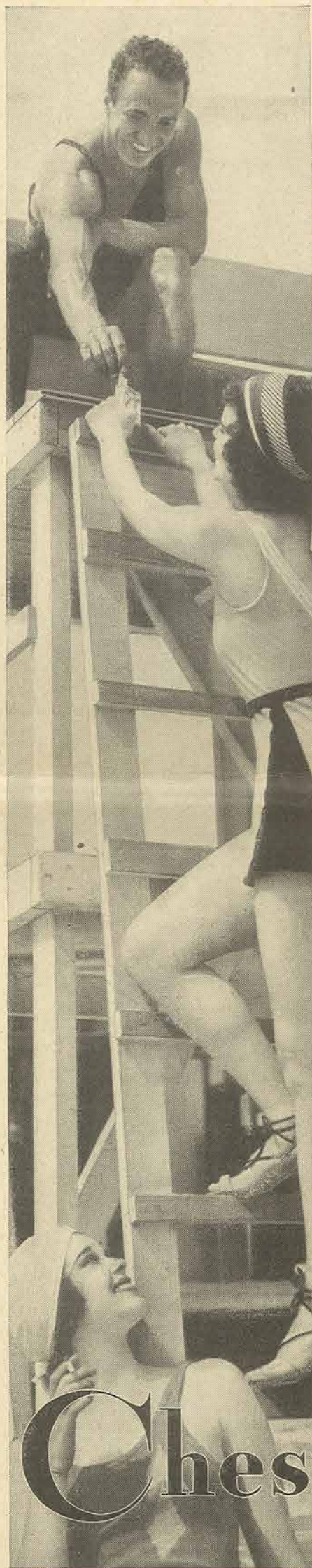
... At the door he welcomed the doctor and explained the case a little. This done he let the doctor press past him and gratefully in-drew air. Doing so, he glanced over the people—up the street.

Outside the Black Bull Inn a cat rolled luxuriantly on the cold and shadowy pavement. And, one by one, even as the rats had come into the room, other cats detached themselves from the sunny side of Main Street and ambled happily to join the apparently drunken specimen outside the inn.

Sergeant Barraton thought like lightning. Then he placed one constable in charge of the premises and took the other with him—up to the Black Bull. In the tap-room a man was drinking ale... and fondling two cats that ironed themselves out against his legs... He arrested that man.

"Y' see," he always concludes, "cats won't sit in the shadow when there's spring sunlight. That's point number one! Those cats were contrary, even as the rats had been in their habits. Point number two:—whoever had entered the shop had to cross the wet floor... on that floor was some kind of drug that proved a mighty attraction for both rats and cats; a drug that intoxicated."

(Continued overleaf)



"they
**Taste
Better"**
"they're
**Milder,
too"**

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is telling another...
And it's another way of
saying that Chester-
fields are made from
better-tasting, milder
tobaccos.

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They Satisfy

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Die Honigprobe

VON HEINZ STEGUWEIT

Cyrrillus ging zu einem Freunde, von dem er wußte, daß er ihm gut raten würde. Wer Cyrrillus war? Ein Mann voller Sicherheitsnadeln; ein Mann, dessen Stiefelspitzen das Maul aufsperrten wie ein Krokodil; ein Mann, der nur Papierkragen trug — kurzum: ein alter Junggeselle.

Der Freund des Cyrrillus hieß Ottomar, wohnhaft in der Vorstadt, biederer und treuer Ehemann seit zwanzig Jahren, keineswegs reich, denn glänzend ging es ihm nur am Hosenboden. Cyrrillus klingelte, auch schabte er sich die Schuhsohlen auf der Kokosmatte ab, bis diese Matte jämmerlich aufschrie, denn sie war ein schlafender Dobermann. Der Dobermann hatte ein gelbes Fell, Cyrrillus hatte schlechte Brillengläser.

»n Tag, Ottomar, ich möchte dich um einen Rat bitten!«

Sie saßen vertraulich am Petroleumofen, auf dem Rauchtisch eine Kiste mit Sumatra-Ausschuß, daneben eine Flasche Dreisternigen. Cyrrillus hatte sein Herz ausgebagert, denn er stotterte vor Aufregung. Jetzt war der weise Ottomar an der Reihe:

»Tja, du möchtest heiraten? Gegen wen?«
Cyrrillus hob die Schultern, daß sie knackten:

»Ich möchte nur, Ottomar, ich habe noch nichts!«

»Warum möchtest du, Cyrrillus?«
»Ich denke es mir süß!«

Hier zog Cyrrillus ein Gesicht, als habe Faun die Nymphe geküßt. Und er strich den fransigen Schnurrbart, der an ein Walroß erinnerte. Da drohte der weise Ottomar mit dem Finger:

»Cyrrillus, viele sind berufen, aber nur wenige sind auserwählt. Du warst ein vollblütiger Junggeselle, da liegt der Widerhaken. Wirst du treu sein können? Gedanke der Bibel: der eine kaufte ein Joch Ochsen, der andere nahm sich ein Weib; war der mit den Ochsen nicht doch der Klügere?« —

Cyrrillus wurde heftig: »Ottomar, Joch ist Joch. Soll ich ewig mit Sicherheitsnadeln laufen? Knöpfe brauche ich, haltbare Knöpfe, diese Symbole solider Ehegemeinschaft!«

»Ruhe, Cyrrillus, Ruhe; du suchst also eine Näherin? Dazu brauchst du meinen Segen nicht. Suchst du aber eine Frau, deren Güte du dir süß denkst, dann höre, daß ich für diese Süße ein Zaubermittel besitze, dessen Prüfung du vorher bestehen mußt!«

Damit stand Ottomar auf, ging in die Küche, kam mit einem Einmachglas wieder, aus dem er einen Löffel gelben Honigs schöpfte. Diesen Löffel lutschte Cyrrillus mit Behagen leer, seine Pupillen rollten verzückt, sein Bäuchlein kullerte. Ekstase des Feinfressers!

»Schmeckt der Honig, Cyrrillus?«
»Süß, unendlich süß!« —

Also sprach Ottomar weiter: »Diese Süße ist der ehelichen beinahe gleich. Ich schenke dir den Honig, sei sparsam und sage mir nach vierzehn Tagen, wie er dir bekommen ist. Auf Wiedersehen, Cyrrillus!«

»Auf Wiedersehen, Ottomar!«

Vierzehn Tage sollte Cyrrillus warten, aber nach acht Tagen kam er schon wieder. Das Glas war noch halb voll Honig, den Rest gab Cyrrillus zurück. Er sagte zu Ottomar, diese Ware sei wohl gut, aber er habe doch gefunden, daß man sie nicht jeden Tag...

Ottomar gab dem Freunde recht, darum holte er ein neues Glas und sprach: »Cyrrillus, nimm diesen, der ist besser;

Honig von der Heide, frisch geschleudert, ohne Zucker, probiere mal!«

Nach acht Tagen saß der Junggeselle wieder neben Ottomar am Petroleumofen. Auf dem Rauchtisch die Flasche Dreisternigen, zwischen den Walroßblippen einen langen Virginiastengel; sein klobiger Kopf sah damit aus wie ein Starhaus im Garten. Und Cyrrillus knurrte: »Nein, ich hatte voreilig geurteilt, der zweite Honig war zu dick, zu körnig, zu zäh; man meinte oft, diese Bienen hätten Kaugummi gefressen — du kennst doch das widerliche Zeug? Schmeckt nach Pfefferminz und Autoreifen. — Hast du keinen besseren Honig, Freund Ottomar?«

Ottomar war mit Engelsgeduld gesegnet. Abermals turnte er in die Küche, abermals kam er mit einem Glas zurück, kichernd und strahlend: »Cyrrillus, diesen hier, diesen blonden Seim, Götterspeise, koste mal, einen hohen Löffel, langsam, es geht auf die Weste...!«

Cyrrillus spitzte das Maul, seine Zunge quetschte sich lüstern in den Löffel, dann aber wurde er tobsüchtig: »Das zu genießen ist eine Gnade; das schmecken zu dürfen ist himmlische Vorsehung; in der Tat, Götterspeise wie Ambrosius und Hektor!«

Der weise Ottomar machte aber ein saures Gesicht. Diese dritte Honigsorte lieferte er dem Stümper nicht mehr aus.

Wohl drohte er mit dem Finger, grollend und grimmig: »Cyrrillus, dieser dritte Honig war wieder der erste, dessen du damals überdrüssig wurdest. Du weißt nicht, was du willst, du hast die Prüfung nicht bestanden, weil du nicht einmal zur Erkenntnis berufen bist. Du wirst die nächste Frau immer süßer finden als die letzte, obwohl sich die erste als süß genug erwies. Eine Ehe ist aber kein Kino, das jede Woche was anderes anpreisen muß, um auf seine Kosten zu kommen!«

Cyrrillus sprang auf, aber er setzte sich schleunigst wieder hin, denn seine Hosen-träger waren explodiert. Er bat um eine Sicherheitsnadel, ihm sei damit schon gedient.

The Judge's Friend

By MORTON PHILLIPSON

"I wonder, Aversleigh," Mr. Justice Brierstone twitted the stem of his tulip-shaped glass so that the savour of the exquisite brandy it held should mount to his thin nostrils, "however you found the heart to go on!"

Lord Aversleigh looked at the Judge. The calm face of Brierstone was something like an alabaster mask of Dante, incarnadined delicately... an interesting and coldy ascetic face that, in some measure, was frightening. Looking into that face, Lord Aversleigh looked back into cold dark days when he was very young... That was why it frightened.

"I don't exactly take your meaning, Brierstone." Aversleigh's great grey mane and his rugged features pressed into the softly glowing aura about the table and challenged. "You know, you're so apt to play about your subjects. Out with it, old man—I'm not in your court, y'know!"

They both laughed. The Judge said, "It's so very delicate, Aversleigh. "Pon my soul—embarrassingly delicate... What you've told me of—of your genesis... You understand?"

Lord Aversleigh, millionaire shipping owner, lit a cigar.

"I do understand!" His smile was sincere. "Poor old Brierstone, for all your judgship I'm hanged if you're not a very petti-fogging sort of person when it comes to a frank discussion of ordinary fact, of existence... what the devil d'you think I care about what you call my 'genesis'?" The College of Arms says I am a 'gentleman'—people know me as a peer of the realm—don't you see I might have some latent pride in the intimate knowledge that I'm first and foremost a parent-less brat out of a tenement?"

"Therein lies—or rather, lay—the delicacy."

Aversleigh grinned. "Subtle, m'lord—but not subtle enough for Bob Bletchey."

"Ah!" The Judge stirred and drank a tiny drop of brandy. "Then you were... the Robert Bletchey?"

"Guilty m'lud! The identical person your very self defended in '92—the Bob Bletchey! Did it never dawn on you, old man?"

Frank and serene the eyes of the Judge met those of Lord Aversleigh. "I always suspected," he gently answered. "I am glad you told me."

"So am I, Brierstone... When you were that very young barrister and I was the hunted Bob Bletchey—tell me—did you

really believe you were defending an innocent man?"

"Aversleigh," those eyes were still serene, but in them lurked something that was near to pain, "I took you as a dock-brief, a guinea-scamp, solely and actually because I felt you to be innocent of the charge against you."

"Well, it's very nice of you to say so," Lord Aversleigh was bantering now, "and all that sort of thing—but, I'm not so sure."

"Whether or no you are a murderer?" The voice of Mr. Justice Brierstone was suddenly glacial. "Am I to hear you say that? Remember, I was not your friend, in the accepted sense of the term, in '92... Today I am... but, I am also a Judge."

"When, in '92, you were not my friend, you saved my neck and sent me out into the world with new hopes and standards and aspirations; Brierstone. Genesis we have mentioned—you, by your defence of me, provided my exodus... here I am."

Lord Aversleigh laughed bitterly. "Why go back over the tale of the time of bondage?"

"Essentially because one does not like to submerge a friendship in a sworn state of office."

"I see!" Aversleigh's great head was withdrawn from the light. "Judge first—friend afterwards—eh?"

"Is not an oath of fealty to a whole nation greater than an oath of friendship taken before one man?"

After a while: "You are a great man, Brierstone... I'll tell you all the truth."

"All!"

"Yes—you never heard of the woman in the case, Brierstone. I suppressed that," Aversleigh grunted. "She's gone now, poor girl, so nothing matters."

"I worshipped that girl, Brierstone, and on that night in '92 when Chock Lu was slugged over the head and pitched into the Thames, I had just been paid off my second voyage and had come to claim her. I hoped we'd be married in a few days... I met her, with upwards of forty pounds in gold in my slacks, and told her we could afford to settle down."

"She listened to all I had to say, and agreed, adoringly agreed, I thought then... But Chink-dom had got her. The Limehouse China Town of the 'nineties, with its drugs and its nethermost hells, had seized her body and soul."

"That night she was acting as a lure to get me into the hands of Chock Lu, the

wretched beast who was fished out of the river. It was all planned carefully—she knew I'd be easy game, and also knew, seaman-like, I'd be ballasted with sovereigns... To get out of the lights, and kiss, was the reason for her getting me alongside the old wharf of Appenshaw and Pringles... you remember the name?"

The Judge nodded.

"The Chink was fished up from that wharf-side, you'll also remember."

"His skull fractured and a button of your pea-jacket, clutched in his hand." "Correct Brierstone—that damning button! Gad, it was marvellous how I escaped hanging, when you come to recall!... However, that by the way—no sooner had we halted when I got a frightful crack across my nut with a life-preserver. The girl had led me into a properly prepared trap."

"I half-turned and grabbed—Chock Lu. In that first moment of struggle the button was torn... he dropped the life-preserver as I twisted his wrist."

"And, God knows what was in her drug-laden mind, that girl picked up the weapon and hammered like something mad at me! Her first blow crippled my shoulder and I let go my hold on the chinaman... her second smash, ill directed caught Lu full across his forehead—into the ditch he went. He died there..."

"That's all?"

"Absolutely all, m'lud!"

"So, you kept her name out of it—took all the blame on yourself; risked the hangman's noose... Why?"

"Did I not tell you," Lord Aversleigh's voice was toned with grave surprise, "that I loved this woman... of long ago?"

The Judge put out a hand across the table.

"I understand how Robert Bletchey became great," he murmured, "and would like to shake his hand... my friend."

The Problem of the Rolling Cat

(Continued from the foregoing page)

"Then I remembered the awful stench, and old Ingleby's gathering of a weed with pinky flowers—*valerian*—a marvellous medicine for human beings; a thing that makes rats and cats mad drunk! The criminal, I argued, had taken the trail of valerian essence from the shop to the pub. The cats followed... and, so did! I'd got him cold!"

Slips that pass in the Night

Richly Deserved

Top windshield is cracked on left side; windshield is scratched where wiper has been; right headlight glass broken; left fender is split; right front wheel is sprung and wobbles; stolen night of 12th of February. Reward if returned in good condition.

Virginian Pilot and Norfolk Landmark

Believe It or Not

The House of the Good Shepherd is all that its name implies—a place where predispositions to laxity are reinforced and made strong.

Tucson Daily Citizen

Jolly Complaint

Among the causes of flat feet in children the experts include music weaknesses, improper shoes, and congenial malformations.

Reading (Pa.) Times

Let Her Wave!

From these western ramparts I looked up and, as the blaze and threat from the flame was whipping toward the magnificent dome, yet and yet Old Glory in the light of our early evening, by the light of the innumerable illuminations that make an object of beauty of our noble Capitol dome, and in the lightning blaze of a fire that was threatening its foundation, yet with the screeching sound of the sirens of the fire engines from the twenty-five to thirty fire stations in the district which were shrieking a warning for the right of way, nothing so thrilled me, tho, as I looked skyward, and even tho the blaze threatened its foundations, I was reminded that it would not give way its duty "to wave o'er the land of the free and the home of the brave."

Representative Yon, of Tallahassee, Florida, reported in the Congressional Record

Oh, Now, Now!

It is understood the magazine plans to send out 25,000,000 to 35,000,000,000 ballots.

Editorial in the Helena Independent

Might Try Bear's Grease

The Federal Government has been called into the Chicago crime situation to afford police a new weapon for ridding the city of its bald men.

Albany Evening News

Perfectly Simple, Watson

The murder of the man and the finding of the body was followed by a series of tragedies, including the suicide of the murdered man.

Idaho Falls Times-Register

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SEND A RADIOGRAM!

CROSS WORD PUZZLE

Wedding Ring

By MIL-WAL

The contributors of this construction are husband and wife. This fact is symbolized by the wedding ring you see in the middle of the form. Cross-grained cross worders may complain that the ring is not a solid mass of words. Well, is a ring ever a solid mass?

HORIZONTAL

- 1 Slender
- 5 Time
- 10 Small boat
- 11 Invades
- 13 Healing medicine
- 15 Quicken
- 16 Termination
- 17 Wrap
- 18 Beast of burden
- 19 To soak in water
- 21 Preposition
- 22 Taut
- 24 Ourselves
- 25 Highest point
- 27 Personal pronoun
- 28 Therefore
- 30 Employ
- 31 Garment
- 33 Stir
- 35 Vessel
- 37 Classified
- 38 Indicate
- 39 Heavenly body
- 40 Female deer
- 42 Born
- 44 Consumed
- 45 Exclamation of pain
- 47 Exist
- 48 Deer
- 50 Negative
- 51 One who dislikes
- 54 Note of scale
- 55 Weight
- 57 To gain success
- 58 Tank
- 60 Distant
- 61 White, translucent
- 63 Riddle
- 65 Withers
- 66 Basket
- 67 Depressions
- 68 Polish

VERTICAL

- 1 Fat
- 2 Tavern
- 3 Work
- 4 Tri-formed Greek goddess
- 6 Blots out
- 7 Large number
- 8 Hole
- 9 Poems
- 10 Religious singer
- 12 Frozen precipitates
- 14 Anthropoid
- 15 Possesses
- 16 Consume
- 20 An equal
- 23 Bow
- 26 The Ottoman court
- 27 Paris subway
- 29 Believe
- 30 Talk
- 32 Cry of sheep
- 33 Calculate
- 34 Open
- 36 Single unit
- 39 Crouches
- 41 Cereal
- 43 Page of a book
- 44 Insect
- 46 Conjunction
- 47 Part
- 49 Rubbish
- 52 Some
- 53 Time immediately preceding
- 56 Require
- 57 A small bird
- 59 Periphery; cover
- 60 Sign
- 62 Part of "to be"
- 64 A command to draft animals

The solution will be found in our next issue.

"Brr-rr-rr, what sour oranges!"

How often are this and similar complaints heard and how few people know the reason for the sourness or take the trouble to study this question. Everybody has heard or read of the importance of fats, proteins or vitamins for human beings and especially during growth. Several chemical compounds are of similar importance to plants and potash, which has considerable influence on the sourness of oranges or the acidity of wines or even on the keeping quality of tomatoes, may be considered as one of the most necessary of these substances.

An attempt will be made in the following to explain the importance of potash in plant nutrition. It has been recognized for decades that potash is absolutely essential as a plant-food and that without this material only inferior products can be obtained. The opening of the potash deposits in Central Germany in the middle of the last century helped to revolutionize agriculture all over the world. Numerous experiments proved that as well as successfully increasing the yields, applications of potash fertilisers greatly improved the quality of various crops.

To return to the case of the sour orange. In the course of years the fact has been established that the formation of starch and sugar in our most important crops such as oranges, bananas, pineapples, wines, potatoes, grains, sugar beet, etc., can be considerably promoted by potash. Several research workers even maintain that lack of sunlight can be compensated by a liberal potash manuring. The above mentioned plants are therefore absolutely dependent on potash if a satisfactory yield is to be obtained and as most soils only contain insufficient quantities of available potash the use of potash fertilisers must be resorted to.

As well as assisting in the formation of carbohydrates potash has another effect on the plant which is of greatest practical importance in agriculture. This is its ability to increase the cellulose content in all parts of the plant and thus make it more resistant to injury by external agencies such as, in the case of grain crops, hail and rain storms which tend to break the straw and in the case of fruit and potatoes bruising by rough handling. The fibre of cotton and other plants of this nature is considerably improved by potash fertilising. Products like tomatoes, apples, oranges and other fruits which are often shipped long distances are benefited by potash fertilising because of the formation of strong cellulose skins. In the case of oranges, however, although a strong skin is produced, this is not thick and the percentage of rag is reduced if sufficient potash has been available to the orange trees. Tobacco plants are also influenced by potash and a thin elastic leaf, very suitable for cigars, is obtained.

As the result of the increase of cellulose the plants become more capable of resisting diseases. Bacteria and other foreign bodies such as spores cannot penetrate into the interior of the fruits so easily. Where disease has commenced in a crop infection does not spread to such an extent when potash fertilisers have been used as in the case of crops to which an insufficiency of potash has been available.

Delay in ripening, too, will seldom take place, a fact which is of particular importance in wet years.

These few points show clearly how necessary potash is for the plants. Largest yields and highest quality products, which will satisfy the consumer as well as the producer, can only be achieved when a sufficient supply of potash is available to the plant.

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Certainly...

7 out of 10 smokers inhale knowingly . . . the other 3 inhale unknowingly

Do you inhale? Seven out of ten smokers *know* they do. The other three inhale without realizing it. *Every* smoker breathes in some part of the smoke he or she draws out of a cigarette.

Think, then, how important it is to be certain that your cigarette smoke is pure and clean—to be sure you don't inhale certain impurities!

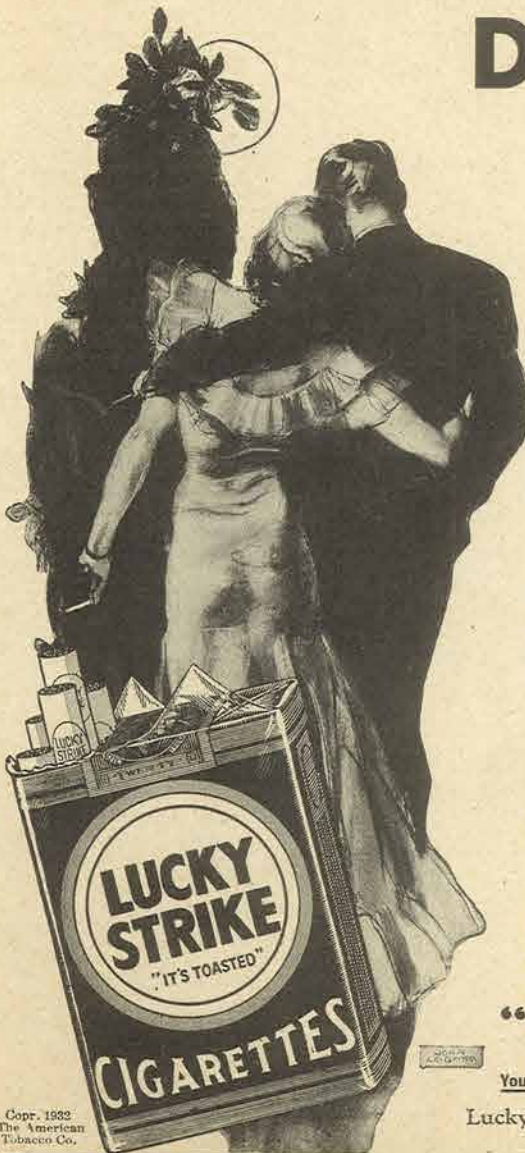
Do you inhale? Lucky Strike has dared to raise this much-avoided subject . . . because certain impurities concealed in even the finest, mildest tobacco leaves are removed by Luckies' famous purifying process. Luckies created that process. Only Luckies have it!

Do you inhale? More than 20,000 physicians, after Luckies had been furnished them for tests, basing their opinions on their smoking experience, stated that Luckies are less irritating to the throat than other cigarettes.

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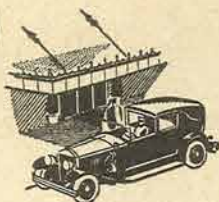
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