# THE TIMES MAGAZINE PAGE

## THE "GLORIA SCOTT"

PART ONE.

By A. CONAN DOYLE

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"Have some papers here," said my friend, Sherlock Holmes, as we sat one winter's night on either side of the fire, "which I really think, Watson, that it would be worth your while to glance over. These are the documents in the extraordinary case of the Gloria Scott, and this is the message which struck Justice of the Peace Trevor dead with horror when he read it."

He had picked from a drawer a little tarnished cylinder, and, undoing the tape, he handed me a short note scrawled upon a half-sheet of slate-gray paper.

"The supply of game for London is going steadily up," it ran. "Head-keeper Hudson, we believe, has been now told to receive all orders for fly-paper and for preservation of your hen-pheasant's life."

As I glanced up from reading this enigmatical message, I saw Holmes chuckling at the expression upon my face.

"You look a little bewildered," said he.

"I cannot see how such a message as this could inspire horror. It seems to me to be rather grotesque than otherwise."

"Very likely. Yet the fact remains that the reader, who was a fine, robust old man, was knocked clean down by it as if it had been the butt of a pistol."

"You arouse my curiosity," said I. "But why did you say just now that there were very particular reasons why I should study this case?"

"Because it was the first in which I was ever engaged."

I had often endeavored to elicit from my companion what had first turned his mind in the direction of criminal research, but had never caught him before in a communicative humor. Now he sat forward in his arm-chair and spread out the documents upon his knees. Then he lit his pipe and sat for some time smoking and turning them over.

"You never heard me talk of Victor Trevor?" he asked. "He was the only friend I made during the two years I was at college. I was never a very sociable fellow, Watson, always rather fond of moping in my rooms and working out my own little methods of thought, so that I never mixed much with the men of my year. Bar fencing and boxing I had few athletic tastes, and then my line of study was quite distinct from that of the other fellows, so that we had no points of contact at all. Trevor was the only man I knew, and that only through the accident of his bull terrier freezing on to my ankle one morning as I went down to chapel.

"It was a prosaic way of forming a friendship, but it was effective. I was laid by the heels for ten days, and Trevor used to come in to inquire after me. At first it was only a minute's chat, but soon his visits lengthened, and before the end of the term we were close friends. He was a hearty, full-blooded fellow, full of spirits and energy, the very opposite to me in most respects, but we had some subjects in common, and it was a bond of union when I found that he was as friendless as I. Finally, he invited me down to his father's place at Donnithorpe, in Norfolk, and I accepted his hospitality for a month of the long vacation.

"Old Trevor was evidently a man of some wealth and consideration, a J. P., and a landed proprietor. Donnithorpe is a little hamlet just to the north of Langmere, in the country of the Broads. The house was an old-fashioned, wide-spread, oak-beamed brick building, with a fine lime-lined avenue leading up to it. There was excellent wild duck shooting in the fens, remarkably good fishing, a small but select library, taken over, as I understood, from a former occupant, and a tolerable cook, so that he would be a fastidious man who could not put in a pleasant month there.

"Trevor senior was a widower, and my friend his only son.

"There had been a daughter, I heard, but she had died of diphtheria while on a visit to Birmingham. The father interested me extremely. He was a man of little culture, but with a considerable amount of rude strength, both physically and mentally. He knew hardly any books, but he had traveled far, had seen much of the world, and had remembered all that he had learned. In person he was a thick-set, burly man with a shock of grizzled hair, a brown, weather-beaten face, and blue eyes which were keen to the verge of fierceness. Yet he had a reputation for kindness and charity on the countryside, and was noted for the leniency of his sentences from the bench.

"One evening, shortly after my arrival, we were sitting over a glass of port after dinner, when young Trevor began to talk about those habits of observation and inference which I had already formed into a system, although I had not yet appreciated the part which they were to play in my life. The old man evidently thought that his son was exaggerating in his description of one or two trivial feats which I had performed.

"'Come, now, Mr. Holmes,' said he, laughing good-humoredly. 'I'm an excellent subject, if you can deduce anything from me.'

"'I fear there is not very much,' I answered; 'I might suggest that you have gone about in fear of some personal attack within the last twelvemonth.'

"The laugh faded from his lips, and he stared at me in great surprise.

"'Well, that's true enough,' said he. 'You know, Victor,' turning to his son, 'when we broke up that poaching gang they swore to knife us, and Sir Edward Holly has actually been attacked. I've always been on my guard since then, though I have no idea how you know it.'

"'You have a very handsome stick,' I answered. 'By the inscription I observed that you had not had it more than a year. But you have taken some pains to bore the head of it and pour melted lead into the hole so as to make it a formidable weapon. I argued that you would not take such precautions unless ou had some danger to fear.'

"'Anything else?' he asked, smiling.

"'You have boxed a good deal in your youth.'

"'Right again. How did you know it? Is my nose knocked a little out of the straight?'

"'No,' said I. 'It is your ears. They have the peculiar flattening and thickening which marks the boxing man.'

"'Anything else?'

"'You have done a good deal of digging by your callosities.'

"'Made all my money at the gold fields.'

"'You have been in New Zealand.'

"'Right again.'

"'You have visited Japan.'

"'Quite true.'

"'And you have been most intimately associated with some one whose initials were J. A., and whom you afterwards were eager to entirely forget.'

"Mr. Trevor stood slowly up, fixed his large blue eyes upon me with a strange wild stare, and then pitched forward, with his face among the nutshells which strewed the cloth, in a dead faint.

"You can imagine, Watson, how shocked both his son and I were. His attack did not last long, however, for when we undid his collar, and sprinkled the water from one of the finger-glasses over his face, he gave a gasp or two and sat up.

"'Ah, boys,' said he, forcing a smile. 'I hope I haven't frightened you. Strong as I look, there is a weak place in my heart, and it does not take much to knock me over. I don't know how you manage this, Mr. Holmes, but it seems to me that all the detectives of fact and of fancy would be children in your hands. That's your line of life, sir, and you make take the word of a man who has seen something of the world.'

"And that recommendation with the exaggerated estimate of my ability with which he prefaced it, was, if you will believe me, Watson, the very first thing which ever made me feel that a profession might be made out of what had up to that time been the merest hobby. At the moment, however, I was too much concerned at the sudden illness of my host to think of anything else.

"'I hope that I have said nothing to pain you?' said I.

"'Well you certainly touched upon rather a tender point. Might I ask how you know, and how much you know?' He spoke now in a half-jesting fashion, but a look of terror still lurked at the back of his eyes.

"'It is simplicity itself,' said I. 'When you bared your arm to draw that fish into the boat I saw that J. A. had been tattoed in the bend of the elbow. The letters were still legible, but it was perfectly clear from their blurred appearance and from the staining of the skin around them, that efforts had been made to obliterate them. It was obvious, then, that those initials had once been very familiar to you, and that you had afterwards wished to forget them.'

"'What an eye you have!' he cried, with a sigh of relief. 'It is just as you say. But we won't talk of it. Of all ghosts the ghosts of our old loves are the worst. Come into the billiard room and have a quiet cigar.'

* * * * *

"From that day, amid all his cordiality, there was always a touch of suspicion in Mr. Trevor's manner toward me. Even his son remarked it. 'You've given the governor such a turn,' said he, 'that he'll never be sure again of what you know and what you don't know.' He did not mean to show it, I am sure, but it was so strongly in his mind that it peeped out at every action. At last I became so convinced that I was causing him uneasiness that I drew my visit to a close. On the very day, however, before I left, an incident occurred which proved in the sequel to be of importance.

"We were sitting out upon the lawn on garden chairs, the three of us, basking in the sun and admiring the view across the Broads, when a maid came out to say that there was a man at the door who wanted to see Mr. Trevor.

"'What is his name?' asked my host.

"'He would not give any.'

"'What does he want then?'

"'He says that you know him, and that he only wants a moment's conversation.'

"'Show him round here.' An instant afterwards there appeared a little wizened fellow with a cringing manner and a shambling style of walking. He wore an open jacket, with a splotch of tar on the sleeve, a red-and-black check shirt, dungaree trousers, and heavy boots badly worn. His face was thin and brown and crafty, with a perpetual smile upon it, which showed an irregular line of yellow teeth, and his crinkled hands were half closed in a way that is distinctive of sailors. As he came slouching across the lawn I heard Mr. Trevor make a sort of hiccoughing noise in his throat, and jumping out of his chair, he ran into the house. He was back in a moment and I smelt a strong reek of brandy as he passed me.

"'Well, my man,' said he. 'What can I do for you?'

"The sailor stood looking at him with puckered eyes ,and with the same loose-lipped smile upon his face.

"'You don't know me?' he asked.

"'Why, dear me, it is surely Hudson,' said Mr. Trevor in a tone of surprise.

"'Hudson it is, sir,' said the seaman. 'Why, it's thirty years and more since I saw you last. Here you are in your house, and me still picking my salt meat out of the harness cask.'

"'Tut, you will find that I have not forgotten old times,' cried Mr. Trevor, and walking toward the sailor, he said something in a low voice. 'Go into the kitchen,' he continued out loud, 'and you will get food and drink. I have no doubt that I shall find you a situation.'

"'Thank you, sir,' said the seaman, touching his forelock. 'I'm just off a two-yearer in an eight-knot tramp, short-handed at that, and I wants a rest. I thought I'd get it either with Mr. Beddoes or with you.'

"'Ah!' cried Mr. Trevor. 'You know where Mr. Beddoes is?'

"'Bless you, sir, I know where all my old friends are,' said the fellow with a sinister smile, and he slouched off after the maid to the kitchen. Mr. Trevor mumbled something to us about having been shipmate with the man when he was going back to the diggings, and then, leaving us on the lawn, he went indoors. An hour later, when we entered the house, we found him stretched dead drunk upon the dining-room sofa. The whole incident left a most ugly impression upon my mind, and I was not sorry next day to leave Donnithorpe behind me, for I felt that my presence must be a source of embarrassment to my friend.

"All this occurred during the first month of the long vacation. I went up to my London rooms, where I spent seven weeks working out a few experiments in organic chemistry. One day, however, when the autumn was far advanced and the vacation drawing to a close, I received a telegram from my friend imploring me to return to Donnithorpe, and saying that he was in great need of my advice and assistance. Of course I dropped everything and set out for the North once more.

"He met me with the dog-cart at the station, and I saw at a glance that the last two months had been very trying ones for him. He had grown thin and careworn, and had lost the loud, cheery manner for which he had been remarkable.

"'The governor is dying,' were the first words he said.

"'Impossible!' I cried. 'What is the matter?'

"'Apoplexy. Nervous shock. He's been on the verge all day. I doubt if we shall find him alive.'

"I was, as you may think, Watson, horrified at this unexpected news.

"'What has caused it?' I asked.

"'Ah, that is the point. Jump in and we can talk it over while we drive. You remember that fellow who came upon us the evening before you left us?'

"'Perfectly.'

"'Do you know who it was that we let into the house that day?'

"'I have no idea.'

"'It was the devil, Holmes,' he cried.

"I stared at him in astonishment.

"'Yes, it was the devil himself. We have not had a peaceful hour since—not one. The governor has never held up his head from that evening, and now the life has been crushed out of him and his heart broken, all through this accursed Hudson.'

"'What power had he, then '

"'Ah, that is what I would give so much to know. The kindly, charitable, good old governor—how could he have fallen into the clutches of such a ruffian! But I am so glad that you have come, Holmes. I trust very much to your judgment and discretion, and I know that you will advise me for the best.'"

Tomorrow—The "Gloria Scott," continued.

## MISS AMERICA AS AN ORIENTAL PRINCESS.

The latest boudoir gowns designed for milady are of oriental persuasion, expressed in terms of golden girdles, flowing folds of purple, and scarfs of orange hues. What with our batik jungles and tied and dyed sunsets, and fur-bordered beaded robes, nineteen-twenty-one wears costumes that would have thrilled the heart of an oriental princess a thousand years ago.

The designers from our own village, and from Paris, were inspired to do their orientalist by the visions seen in the Russian ballet; so my lady is not at all flustered at the idea of breakfasting attired as the Queen of Sheba, nor is she one bit abashed at the idea of spending a quiet homey evening in a harem-skirted robe that would have been the envy of Sheherazade! And all this gorgeousness probably on the cinematographic theory that no home is complete without its own little vamp!

But if the boudoir gown of 1921 is a lovely thing to behold, to behold one of 1870 is to laugh! For a house dress at that time was a stiff and starchy, beruffled, bebuttoned sort of an outfit, or else a flannel, collared affair, with a small pocket containing a small pocket hankie, as a coy bit of trimming. And gored, if you please! Such things could never fit in with the modern woman's decorative nature! A flannel or starched boudoir gown on a gold lace, taffeta covered chaise longue would be an incongruity—and nothing but an oriental creation should grace a velvet divan or laquered settee!

If the eighteen-seventy house dress is an awful thing, consider for a moment the chemise of that period. The one shown in the sketch above is taken from an old fashion plate. And here is the fashion writer's description of that article: "The Nonpareil is a garment combining the chemise and drawers and has many advantages. It is especially recommended to ladies traveling, to those giving out their wash, and to ladies boarding. It is also decidedly cooler for the summer." (Cooler than what remains a mystery). However, if you had lived at that time, you would have in all probability, clipped out the sketch and sent for the pattern post-haste. For this was something very new and snappy in the underworld at that time.

The nightie shown next was also a good garment to be copied—can't tell why, but the old magazine admitted it was good. It looks almost too horrible to contemplate. A real nightmare to modern eyes.

One wonders if our own pretty pink things will seem ridiculous in the future—hardly, we think. Flesh-colored silk and chiffon will always be dainty and lovely. But then in the past, the ladies must have argued that nothing could ever be finer than pure white muslin or nicer than soft gray flannel.

You never can tell!

## BEAUTY CHATS

By Edna Kent Forbes

### VOICE CULTURE.

Last week I gave a few general exercises to be taken to increase the capacity and the richness of the voice. These are exercises which every singer must practice and which every student of elocution must learn. In a few weeks I will talk about the inflection of words. For today I want to mention only a few special exercises which singing teachers agree are particularly valuable.

The first one is to stand erect, outdoors or in a well-aired room, with the hands locked across the chest. Inhale while you count five and exhale while you count five. Gradually increase the counts from six to as many as you can say without overtaxing your lungs.

The next exercise is to inhale and then, as you exhale, pronounce forcibly the five vowels, a e i o u—all in one breath.

Still in the same position, pronounce the vowels forcibly in a whisper, inhaling and exhaling for each.

The last exercise is to inhale deeply and while exhaling, to recite out loud a line of some poem, taking care not to inhale more than once. That is, you should have drawn in sufficient breath to be able to say the entire line without breathing more than once. Do this again, repeating two lines of a poem and again, repeating three lines, until you feel you have reached your capacity without overtaxing your lungs.

It is impossible in these short Chats to give examples of selections to be recited, but you can get books of poetry and of elocution selections from the library and use them to practice with. You must always keep your ears open for defects in your own speech. This is as valuable as any set of exercises.

Discouraged—Why do you put cream and powder on your face before you go out, when the cream only comes out and makes the skin look worse than it was before? Cold cream should be cleansing or nourishing. It should never be used to fill up the skin as a base for powder. If you will get your complexion in healthy condition it will look well without cream, and the powder will stay on of itself. Use the Blackhead Cleansing Powder for the large pores around the nose. This is made as follows:

Blackhead Cleansing Powder
Corn or Wheat Starch, 2 oz.
Powdered Borax, 1 oz.
Almond Meal, 2 oz.

Wash the face with hot water, rub in some of the powder, rinse out with hot water and then with cold water or ice.

Thanking You—In answer to queries on how to reduce the bust I have frequently received from my readers letters saying that the bust could be reduced by massaging with spirits of camphor. Spirits of camphor is drying and it is harmless because it is frequently used by mothers who are weaning children to dry up the milk. It seems to do not only that but to dry the bust as well. I give this not as my own suggestion, but as a suggestion from one reader to another.

All inquiries addressed to Miss Forbes in care of the "Beauty Chats" department will be answered in these columns in their turn. This requires considerable time, however, owing to the great number received. So if a personal or quicker reply is desired, a stamped and self-addressed envelope must be enclosed with the question.—The Editor.

## WHO MADE THE INAUGURATION GOWN

There seems to be a great mystery yet to be solved and the solution will come with the correct answer to the question, "Who really is making or has made Mrs. Harding's inaugural gown?"

At one moment the question seemed to be settled, but just at present there seems to be as much uncertainty on the subject as before Mrs. Harding's visit to New York.

It is said that various houses are designing creations for Mrs. Harding and that perhaps even the future lady of the White House herself is not quite definite on this question until she tries out the finished product of the New York fashion market.

Now comes the announcement of the Harry Collins Syndicate, which is sent out from the Harry Collins' offices and which is to contribute one article a week to newspapers throughout the country on fashions from an educational point of view.

It is learned that the first of these articles which is to be released at inauguration time will have reference to Mrs. Harding's wardrobe.

Hanging in Mr. Collins' office is a letter addressed to him from the lady, whom every one seems to believe will make a very charming mistress of the White House, which says, in part, "I know of no one better qualified than yourself to write an educational article claiming that 'Lines Express Mrs. Harding's Clothes' and approving of the first effort of the Harry Collins Syndicate. There is a second letter which alludes to a certain navy blue gown in terms which gives the dress special interest and gives rise to the belief in the possibility of its being the one selected for the inaugural ceremony.

Mrs. Harding, being a woman, is privileged to change her mind and perhaps the question is not entirely settled as yet, but she at least has made a statement in favor of the Harry Collins interpretation of her clothes.

HA! HA!

Mouse: My, my, how that does appeal to my inner mouse!

## WHEN A GIRL MARRIES

BY ANN LISLE.

CHAPTER CCXVI.

"You're nervous as a cat, little lady," said Lane Cosby, waving a large forefinger at me waggishly. "Shouldn't take flyers in stock when hubby is away. But if you must invest, do it with him instead of running out to some broker you don't trust."

I was on the point of protesting at this interpretation of Terry's story, which I had touched on lightly in order not to betray who the actors were. But Lane Cosby talked me down. I could see that he had the stubbornness of all big, slow-moving creatures, and that once he had formed an opinion, he wasn't inclined to change it.

"Not another word. Here comes Val. I know her ring. I'll keep your secret from her, never fear. I know how you girls are about telling each other of your investments. You just stay to dinner with us and we'll cheer you up. Yes, you're going to stay. Sh! Not another word. I'm running this party."

He was running it, too. For after he had hugged his languid Val and had kissed the cheek she held up to him, he announced to her that I was being nice and neighborly and had run in to have dinner with them since my lord and master was away.

"Jim gets back tonight, doesn't he?" said Val with some show of interest." We might to go the theatre and leave word for him to join us."

After I suggested that Jim would be much too tired to go out, Val favored me with a slow smile and made no further show of animation, even when I protested I couldn't stay to dinner. I stayed though—Lane Cosby saw to that and in bending my will to his, he gave me a glimpse of his slow tenacity.

I carried the memory of his stubbornness with me to my apartment when I went back to await Jim's coming. There was something almost relentless in it. It seemed to account for Val's marrying a man a quarter of a century her senior. When at last Jim arrived there had been plenty of time for me to thresh out the problems of the world. Yet I hadn't been able to think of a thing except the Cosbys and Dick West. Jim looked tired and gaunt. The muscles at the corners of his lips and across his jaws kept twitching. I knew he wanted to tumble right into bed, but I had to tell him of my worry over Terry's investment.

"Nonsense, nonsense, Anne!" he cried irritably. "Of course West didn't sell him out. If he bought at 34 and the stock declined to 29, a five-point margin was wiped out. But West took care of that, I know."

"But did he take care of Terry?" I persisted. "I looked it up in Lane Cosby's financial paper, and the stock opened at 31 yesterday and didn't get to 34 till one o'clock. So if Dick West charged Terry 34, he just put the $300 difference in his pocket. I wouldn't put it past him to do such a thing. I've never liked him."

"No, you never have!" Jim retorted. "And of course the people you don't like are always contemptible rotters capable of any evil. Your judgment is infallible and final. I suppose on the strength of your woman's intuition I ought to call up West and cancel our partnership this very night. You'd like me to wake him out of a sound sleep to tell him my wife thinks he's stolen three hundred dollars, wouldn't you?"

"I'd like you to protect Terry!" I cried. "There's something fishy about all this. And if you want Betty to get her trip"—

"If I want?" interrupted Jim furiously. "Now listen to me, Anne. You act as if you thought West and I were hauling down three hundred dollars on old Terry and dividing the spoils. I'd like to call your attention to the fact that we're business men, not thieves. But if ever I did take to making a dishonest living, by heck, I'd rob a bank—not pick pockets. Now if you'll kindly permit me to run my own affairs, I'd like to turn in and get a night's rest."

Having thus politely told me to mind my own business, Jim seemed to dismiss the subject. Nor was it touched upon in spite of all my efforts to revive it next morning until at noon when Jim 'phoned to ask me to meet him for lunch.

This was an event! I made myself fine in the black paulette dress and the blue poppy turban. But I might as well have gone in a flour bag and stove lid as far as Jim was concerned. He had sent for me to hear the justification of Dick West and that was all that interested him.

"Now Listen, Anne," said Jim when he had given our order and had settled back with the inevitable cigarette between his fingers. "West gave the order to buy at 31, and a clerk mistook his written figures for 34. Like the good fellow he is, West has made up the three hundred out of his own pocket—so Terry's down as having bought in at 31. What do you think of that?"

"I don't know," I said slowly and not half convinced. "I don't know."

"Well, here's something more for you to chew on. Terry wasn't sold out at 29, for West insists on buying back the stock. He got it at this morning's opening, 32, and as Terry is listed at 31, West is also out the $100 for the extra point on this new buy. Now are you satisfied?"

"I ought to be, I suppose," I replied. Then, seeing Jim's storm-cloud face, I waded hastily out of shoal water to solid ground. "Now you'll see to it that Terry gets his profit and Betty gets her trip—won't you?"

"You bet I will?" grinned Jim. Suddenly he leaned over and squeezed my hand. "By heck! That's what was eating you all the time—the fear that Betty'd be done out of her trip. Some little friend you are. Yet I can remember when you were suspicious of Betty. I'll wager you'll like West, too, some day. Look how square he was in this deal—paying up for a clerk's mistake without a whimper. I want you to like West, Anne."

"I'll try," I answered under the compulsion of Jim's eyes. But I wondered if I would ever succeed.

(To Be Continued.)

THE KICK

Hubby: Well, what's on foot now!

Wife: Worn out shoes! I must have a new pair at once!

## Advice To The Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

Who Occupies a Unique Position in the Writing World as an Authority on the Problems of Girls.

"The risk's too great—for you," said the man grimly.

"I'd be willing to chance everything," cried the girl.

"Would you ?" he said. "Would you risk everything without a whimper hidden up your sleeve in case things didn't come right? Would you be willing to lose if you had to Or are you counting on success and basing your promise to be a sport on the belief that I can make some magic that will bring everything out right."

They weren't discussing some great hazard of love. They weren't planning an elopement. They were talking about a company the man is organizing. The girl wanted to put put her earnings into it. And the man demurred.

It wasn't that he doubted his ability to swing the deal. It wasn't that he was planning a fake company or thinking of "salting" his stock. It was merely that the margin of safety in all big deals is necessarily somewhat less in size than the deal itself.

Women are notoriously bad losers. I've been called a feminist so often that I get a definite satisfaction in confessing to this belief in one feminine weakness. All the men who write me reproachfully that I'm always on the woman's side will please note that I've announced right out in meeting that there's one bad fault of which we are guilty. But please, won't the indignant women who see me thus accusing "Us" of a failing, restrain their wrath, remembering how often I lean too strongly to a delight in our qualities.

Anyway—women have a reputation for being poor losers. Their conservative, building instinct makes them long to see success and wince at the sight of failure.

"It needn't have been that way." "It was too much risk." "If things had been a little different."—all this is the view women instinctively take of some of the wild risks men take.

I'm holding no brief for either the over-optimistic, gamblingchance, masculine point of view, or for the conservative, be-careful, feminine one.

What I want to do is to make you who read stop and ask yourself which is your way of looking at things? Are you a gambler—calm, steady, prepared to laugh if you fail—or a settled, conservative to whom defeat is a wild thing to be resented and fought against and agonized over?

What's the use of going contrary to your own nature? What's the gain of forcing yourself to a viewpoint over which you can't help agonizing? If you can take risks and calmly await their outcome, it may be worth while taking a few chances for the sake of ultimate again—in the game of life. If you can plan carefully, make your arrangements and then go about the affairs of the day with a serene feeling that no one blunder or defeat is bad enough to agonize over, why then you may leap ahead through a big chance or two.

But if you are going to worry, and fidget and nag at everyone you know and weep desperately and go down to the depths over a miscarriage of your hopes, then is it worth while to take any big risks?

"Nothing venture, nothing have" is a good enough saying for those who can venture calmly and not be defeated by a single blow. But unless you have serenity and an equable temperament, why plunge into a game you cannot be logical and constructive enough to play successfully?

## Listen, World!

BY ELSIE ROBINSON

I was just a-thinkin' how funny it is! We all agree that home's mightily improved by a change in the wall paper now and then, and there'd be a riot if we had to eat corned beef hash four times a week. Yet it never seems to occur to us that Heart Landscapes need varying as much as Hash Landscapes. If I were a legislator I'd try to get a bill passed COMPELLING married couples to take temporary separations once a year. I'm sure it would cause a slump in the divorce market.

Any association with another Human, whether it be in the work room or home, may be an inspiring adventure if you play the game right.

It's a joy to explore the wilderness turnings of other minds. But you must let that other mind develop its wilderness if you want your venture. You musn't chop down all the natural growth and subdivide and lay out cement roads.

That's what matrimony does to most personalities. It does that because we're laboring under the idiotic theory that True Love means Bossing, Meddling, Boring and Never Losing Sight of Each Other. We tramp over each others lives until we wear out the scenery. We crush all the green grass of New Endeavor, we break off the tender twigs of humor, and we grow so tired of the whole, blamed view that we'd like to jump off the edge into nowhere.

And it's all because we don't give the New Scenery a chance to grow. Personally, I never met up with the Human yet whom I didn't want to lose sight of for restful periods—and the feeling has invariably been mutual. How about YOU?

ADJUSTED TO IT

Neyerwed: Don't want the income tax repealed? I'm surprised at you.

Longwed: If it was repealed my wife would be sure to hear of it and then I'd have to think up a new excuse whenever I'd want to hold out part of my salary on her.