IDLE HOUR PAGE

YOUR brain budget

1. Burlap is made from jute. The U. S. imports most of its supply from (a) Pakistan; (b) the Philippines; (c) Korea.

2. A plane figure formed by four right lines, of which two are parallel is (a) a trapezium; (b) a trapezoid; (c) a trapezohedron.

3. Thoth is the (a) God of love; (b) God of hate; (c) God of wisdom and magic.

ANSWERS
1. Philippines.
2. Trapezium.
3. God of wisdom and magic.

STARS YOU

DAILY FORECASTS

What's in store during the week ahead?

Tuesday — Some disconcerting things may happen, but you will be surprised how much pleasure there is in getting away from the usual rut. There's a chance of meeting someone of importance. Lucky numbers, 413, 220, color, blue.

Wednesday — The prospects of making money are bright, though there will be strong competition. Heavy outlays may be needed, but there is not much to be gained today without taking risks. Lucky numbers, 318, 130, color, purple.

Thursday — Routine matters will proceed satisfactorily, and there are ambitious projects. Any official business can be concluded advantageously. Lucky numbers, 417, 261, color, gray.

Friday — Good for anyone connected with machinery, mechanical construction, cutting tools. Unfavourable for dealing in stocks and shares and for speculation of any kind. Old difficulties likely to recur. Lucky numbers, 913, 327, color, red.

Saturday — The trend of things must be carefully watched. Better to mark time and start nothing of importance. Unfavourable for getting official sanction for new schemes. Lucky numbers, 211, 2002, color, silver.

Monday — Plenty of enjoyment to be had according to your means. Good for speculation, but unsatisfactory for travel and strenuous sports. You can afford to take a risk financially, but not in any other way. Lucky numbers, 122, 303, color, purple.

YOUR OWN HOROSCOPE

Look under your birth-sign below for Adrienne Arden's forecast for the week ahead:—

ARIES (March 21 — April 20). — Though relatives strongly oppose your plan for a journey you will carry out your intention. You may, however, find the trip neither so pleasant nor so successful as you anticipated.

TAURUS (April 21 — May 21). —An energetic week in which you will have to risk a substantial outlay to make corresponding gains. There will be difficulties with a woman partner and you will have to act independently to carry out your plans.

GEMINI (May 22 — June 21)— Relations with an elderly in-law will improve, and you will be able to make a more convenient domestic arrangement. New mechanical methods will help you to speed up a work scheme.

CANCER (June 22 — July 23) — A letter of a peculiar nature will cause you uneasiness until an' explanation is forthcoming. Financially you may reach a turning-point, and an important new agreement will open up enlarged prospects.

LEO (July 24 — Aug. 23) —Changes occurring this week will temporarily put you out of your stride, but you will soon recover new vigor and determination. Matters will succeed which can be dealt with quickly.

VIRGO (Aug. 24 — Sept. 23) — For a day or two you will feel mentally sluggish. Then an unexpected event will stir you up into a burst of activity. You will shine in a vital interview and make an important new and profitable contact.

LIBRA (Sept. 24 — Oct. 23) — Lack of co-operation from others will be a test for your patience. Much will depend on your tactful handling of differences between an old associate and a new one.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24 — Nov. 23) — Though successful in a financial deal you will be anxious about a partner's extravagance. You cannot afford to take too independent a line; yet, and it would be better to concentrate on plans for economy.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23 — Dec. 22)— An unexpected disappointment will mean some heavy work you had hoped to avoid. Though tired, your social event more refreshing than otherwise. Feminine inspiration will help, you in dealing with a barrassing correspondence.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 23 — Jan. 20) — Any doubts you had concerning a bold and independent enterprise will be removed. You can go forward full confidence is getting support in the right quarters.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 21 — Feb. 19) —A sudden twist of circumstances will turn a doubtful position into an advantage. If you make the most of it you can save yourself much laborious work will be effort. Chief difficulty this week will be the hostility of a woman friend or partner.

PISCES (Feb. 20 — Mar. 20) — If you seem to have reached a deadend by old and tried methods this would be a favourable time to start something new. Don't let your fear risks blinds however.

THIS WEEK'S ANNIVERSARIES

Adrienne Arden's 12 months' forecast for your birthday, engagement or wedding anniversary:—

Sunday — Your financial position will need overhauling and you will take a decisive step to improve matters. Though you may take more risks than usual, the result will justify your boldness.

Monday — It seems likely that your ambitions will conflict with your personal and domestic life. A position may arise in which money and position will gains in compensate for strained relations in the home.

Tuesday — A period of steady progress by painstaking efforts, with a more exciting prospect opening up later. Cash reserves will be healthier.

Wednesday — There will be some advantage to gained, but the cost of extra and more determined effort. Fast commitments may hold you back, but you will be able to throw them off eventually.

Thursday — Important changes will affect your future for the better. You will have a fine chance of distinction in your professional or business occupation.

Friday — You will find difficult to make much headway. If you can hold on to what you have will be content, ground you should be well.

Saturday — An improvement in income will be offset by additional expenses, and you will find you are no worse off. Some matter involved in a legal matter looks dangerous at first, but it will be settled in your favour if handled wisely.

FOR THE BOYS—Shapely Lorraine Taylor makes Washington, D. C., guys stop, look and whistle. She is a dancer and model.

Brain Twisters

By DON DOUGLAS

Triplets

How many of these triplets can you figure out? We give you the definition of the first word. Then from the letters in that word you form two more words. For example: We say "ship officer." Your answers are MATE, TEAM, and MEAT.

1. Heavenly body.
2. Is contrite.
3. Warned.
4. Beginnings.
5. Beverages.
6. To make bigger.
7. Brought into being.
8. Lauded.

Question of Age

Here is an age-old mathematwister for you. The square root of the product of Mr. Johnson's age and his son's age is four times the square root of Mr. Johnson's age. If Mr. Johnson is 36 years old, how old is his son?

The Big Search

There are six well-known persons listed numerically here, who searched long and hard for the six items listed alphabetically. See if you can pair each name with the "treasure" he sought.

1. Diogenes. 2. Sir Galahad. 3. Jason. 4. Miles Standish. 5. Ponce de Leon. 6. Gabriel.

A. Golden Fleece. B. Fountain of Youth. C. Priscilla's hand. D. The Holy Grail. E. An honest man. F. Evangeline.

ANSWERS

TRILETS: 1. Star, tars, rats (or, arts). 2. Repents, serpent, present. 3. Cautioned, education, auctioned. 4. Sources, courses, Coresus. 5. Ales, sale, 6. Enlarge, general, gleaner. 7. Created, catered, reacted. 8. raised, despair, aspired.

QUESTION OF AGE: The son is 16 years old.

BIG SEARCH: 1-E. 2-D. 3-A. 4-C. 5-B. 6-F.

FORTUNE TELLER

ORIENT 2 3 4 5 6 7

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

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

Word Steps

8. Sklodowska.
7. Stratton.
6. Washington.
5. Beecher.
4. Otis.
3. Louis.
2. Whitcomb.

8 _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _
7 _ _ _ _ _ _ _
6 _ _ _ _ _ _
5 _ _ _ _ _
4 _ _ _ _
3 _ _ _
2 _ _
1 _

ANSWERS: 1. Sherlock Holmes. 2. James Bldy. 3. Cornelia Skinner. 4. George Carver. 5. Harriet Stowe. 6. Marie Curie. 7. Gene Sarter. 8. Sinclair Lewis.

That's a Joke

Doesn't Ask Much

I have had my good eye on you for years. I'm rich. Marry me and you'll have anything your heart desires.

Anything?

Yes!

How about a new jack knife?

Turned Down

Oh, he's proposed to every girl he knows.

That so?

Yeah, he's been turned down so often he looks like a bed spread.

o Dice

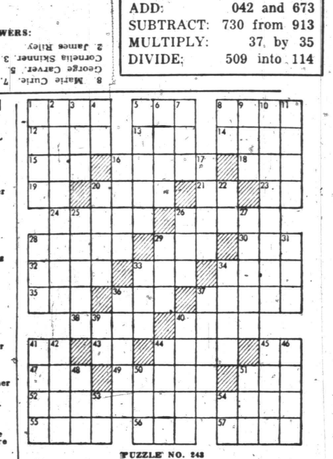
I'll support you in the style you are accustomed to.

Then I won't marry you.

ARITHMETIC

ADD:	583 and 970
ADD:	042 and 673
SUBTRACT:	730 from 913
MULTIPLY:	37 by 35
DIVIDE:	509 into 114

Crossword Puzzle

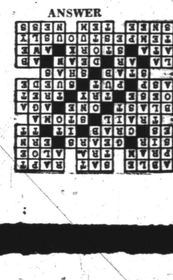


HORIZONTAL
1 Capable
6 Occupied a seat
8 Absorbed
12 British baby carriage
13 Malay pewter coin
14 Genus of succulent plants
15 Title of respect
16 Garments
18 Sea eagle
19 Plural ending
20 A crayfish
21 Pronoun
25 Size of shot
24 Pathway
26 Oxtoxic
28 Explosion
30 Number
30 Turkish title
32 Bacteriologist's wire
33 To attempt
34 Allowance for wear
35 Poisonous snake
36 To place
37 Kind of leather finish
38 Pierce with pointed weapon
40 The urial (pl.)
41 Musical note
43 Land measure
44 College official
45 Symbol for alabamine
47 Indonesian of Mindanao
48 Long-legged bird
51 Reverential fear
52 Turbulently
55 To cut after snick
56 Egyptian god of setting sun
57 A headland

VERTICAL
1 Part of church
2 Reffles
3 Malay gibbon
4 Printer's measure
5 To purloin
6 Desert nomad
7 Thick, black substance
8 Sun god
9 Beverage
10 Carried boat overland between navigable waters
11 Canvas shelter
16 Courage
17 Container
20 Container
22 Preposition
25 Heavy files
26 Vessel's curved planking
27 Female horses
28 Fur neckpiece
29 Worthless leaving
31 Consumed
33 Large container
34 Malaying title: sir
36 Analyze grammatically
37 Military cap
39 Symbol for tantalum
40 Serous fluid
41 Gold monetary unit of Latvia (pl.)
42 Solar disks
44 To be excessively fond
45 Shoemaker's tool
46 Turkish provincial governor (pl.)
48 Core for fashioning hollow metal objects
50 Exclamation enjoining silence
51 An enzyme
53 Hebrew letter
54 Prefix: not

PUZZLE NO. 143

ANSWER



The Other Woman

In the eyes of the world, the "other woman" is almost without exception the instigator of the triangle. She is considered a bad character who is deliberately setting out to break up another woman's home.

Actually, there are also many women who unintentionally become involved in affairs with married men through a combination of circumstances and their own inherent weakness.

Both husbands and wives should make it a point to learn something of the psychology of the other woman — the wife so she can deal with the other woman if the occasion arises, and the husband so that he can recognize and avoid the snare laid for him by certain types of women.

In my practice, I have found the other woman to fall into one of two main categories, paralleling those in which I classified the unfaithful wife. There is the passive, predominantly neurotic woman who is the victim of the married man, rather than the hunter. And there is the aggressive type who may be an outright psychopath and who will stop at nothing to annex her man.

The aggressive type of other woman is almost entirely without ethics. If she is attracted to a certain man, she is indifferent to the fact that he may be happily married and the father of children. She seeks out the man she wants and plans every step of the way.

She considers the affair as something she intends having for her own satisfaction, sexual, egotistic or material. If she decides she wants the man permanently, she will connive and scheme to break down his ties with his wife, until she can get him to leave his family and marry her.

The unhappy woman rarely has scruples about making others unhappy too. The more painful her own situation is, the more recklessly she will seek an "out." The out is frequently someone else's husband. If she is unhappily married, she will look for a man who is the opposite of her own husband, or one who has more in the way of prestige or looks or money.

The member of the aggressive sisterhood usually competes on the sexual level. She deliberately sets out to enslave her prospective victim to her particular kind of love-making. The illicit aspects of the relationship bother her comparatively little. To her way of thinking, whatever she does is right and justified.

She rationalizes everything on one basis: "If his wife was the right woman for him, she could hold him. If I can take him, that shows I'm the better woman for him." If she does succeed in marrying him, the huntress usually makes a poor wife.

She carries her ruthlessness and self-promotion into the marriage—this time at the husband's expense. When they no longer have as a bond the first wife's failings, they begin to discover each other's.

The man chosen as victim by the aggressive type is not usually a very masculine specimen. She prefers one who is weaker, whom she can dominate. The man who can be sexually enslaved to the point where he will disrupt his home and abandon his family is not a normally rounded personality. It is poetic justice that when the mistress does capture him on this basis, she is not getting much of a bargain.

The ruthless type of other woman is indifferent to the consequences that may befall the man's wife and children. She has only contempt for the wife who grieves and pleads. If the wife involved is gentle or soft or childlike, there is little she can do in such a knock-down, drag-out fight.

A young wife I shall call Bonnie came to me with a plea to help her recover her husband from the grip of a mistress who was openly determined to annex him.

Bonnie's husband, Ken, had never been a particularly strong personality. It was in character for him to have married a sweet-baby-faced, innocent girl like Bonnie, who would cling to him and look up to him.

They had one child, and were both still quite young when Ken fell in love with a co-worker in his office. The co-worker was the exact opposite of his passive and feminine wife. Ken's wife was pretty and intelligent, but without the forceful drive and erotic appeal of the other woman.

From what I later learned of the co-worker, she was an experienced young woman who knew every step in the game. Ken fell an easy prey to her strategy. From a friendly start, some "chance" meetings, she led him into a flirtation, then into intimacy with her. Eventually, she made herself sexually indispensable to him.

To Ken, it was all a novelty, a new world. In comparison with her practiced skill in love-making, his wife's response seemed dull, although Bonnie was not a cold woman by any means. Ken himself was only a conventional lover, and had never offered or asked anything of his wife except a rather routine sex relationship. He became a hopeless addict of the more experienced woman's technique.

Ken was so fully possessed by the other woman that he was too worn out to have physical relations with his wife. At the end of ten months of his neglect, Bonnie, in desperation, asked the family doctor for help.

When the case reached me, I interviewed all three members of the triangle. This wife was not to blame for her husband's unfaithfulness in any way. She was an ideal wife for him, socially pleasant, and admired by their friends for her home-making. It was not her fault that she was sexually unsophisticated.

It was not her fault that she was the passive, loving type of girl Ken had once wanted and no longer enjoyed. He had given her no hint that he wanted or expected anything else in a wife.

Ken was too far gone to be of any help in the case. He could only repeat that he did not want to resume relations with her, that he did not want to give their marriage any further trial. All he wanted was to be free of his marriage and have the other woman for his second wife. He could not see past his own infatuation. He was incapable of counting the cost to his wife and child.

I had little hope of getting anywhere with the other woman in this case. An interview with her confirmed the futility of trying to reason with her or appeal to her sense of fair play. She had none. Shrewdly, she had gauged Ken's wife to be incapable of putting up any real fight.

"I don't care," she told me bluntly, "whether you think I'm being fair or not. I don't care what anybody thinks. I want Ken and Ken wants me. If he wants to divorce his wife and marry me, that's his business."

There was nothing to do but to tell the wife that she was fighting a losing battle. Typically, she decided to try to hold onto her husband with pleading and tears. She tried to talk to him about the affair, and he responded with such a completely detailed confession that she became physically ill and could not eat or sleep.

It took a good deal of time and suffering before she began to see the situation in its true light. She had told him she was going to wait for the affair to die down, thus giving him carte blanche to go ahead with it. Every night, he would come back at two o'clock from the other woman. It was killing the young wife. She began to feel suicidal.

I warned her that she could not go on that way much longer without a complete breakdown. "The only thing to do is to break off—end a hopeless situation. We have given it a long consideration."

The young wife's pride was another barrier to her leaving Ken. "I must have failed him in love," she said, "or he would not have taken up this other woman."

I explained to her that she was in no way to blame in this instance. "This woman initiated Ken into professional and experience sex practices such as you have never known. Nor had he, for that matter. You both enjoyed your physical relations until she came into his life."

She still objected to divorce because of the scandal and the pain it would cause her parents, who still believed she was happily married. Many young wives are tempted to endure a bad marriage rather than let their parents know how they have been living.

Most parents—and Bonnie's were among them—want to know and want to help a daughter in a situation of this sort. They would not want to see her suffering alone, losing her health.

If Ken had been a man of strong character in the first place, his love for his wife and child would have made him realize that the other woman's attraction was only sexual, and that she was not worth the loss of his marriage.

Ken had grown up with very little sexual knowledge or sex experience. Inhibited and shy, he had been thrown completely off balance by the woman's bold tactics.

Bonnie obtained a divorce, went back to her home town, and eventually made a happier marriage with a man who appreciated her particular wifely qualities.

(To Be Continued)

Only a weak man becomes a victim of the aggressive "other woman."

One type of aggressive "other woman" is the unhappy woman. She may be unhappily married, or a disillusioned divorcee, or she may be unmarried and lovely, desperately in need of a husband—anybody's husband.

From the book

'Marital Infidelity'

By Dr. Frank A. Caprio

Chapter Eight

About The Author

Dr. Frank S. Caprio is a practicing psychiatrist in Washington but his fame extends from the capital around the world.

His clinical writings in medical journals have received the highest acclaim. His books, delving into our emotional and physical problems with the files of his own cases for source material, include "Sexual Deviations" and "The Power of Sex."

"Marital Infidelity," is the doctor's latest book, published recently by Citadel Press. It will appear in full in your AFRO Magazine.

COMING Chapters

- CAUSES AND CONSEQUENCES—The problem of infidelity.
- THE CHILDREN—Innocent Sufferers.
- THE TRIANGLE-STALEMATE – Primary cause for divorce

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Sunday Sermon . . .

CHRIST'S HIDDEN LIFE

The Apostle Paul says that Christ was like to us in all things, save sin.

The Gospels tell the story of those last three years of His life, during which He went about His Father's business—teaching, preaching and healing.

They merely mention the 30 years when Christ lived a hidden and apparently undistinguished life.

Those 30 years are, nevertheless, all-important; for they contain a deeply significant lesson.

The lesson is in the very fact that there were indeed, years of ordinary living.

Far from being, as some might think, wasted years, they served to drive home the point that ordinary living can, and should be, both holy and exalted.

The great mass of men whose lives follow a humdrum pattern are indebted to Christ for the long time. He lived in humble obscurity.

When the Son of God said His prayers at His mother's knee, He was like every child who grows and develops in the quiet ness of an ordinary home.

The shining glory of Christ's hidden life lay in His obedience to God's will.

It is just as wonderful to think of the Boy Christ humbly doing the bidding of His mother as it is to reflect on the Man Christ accepting the bitter chalice of Gethsemane.

At all times and in things—great or small—Christ unwervingly followed the wishes and desires of His Father in heaven.

In this He set a pattern for all who would follow Him, whether they be ruler or kings, or most plain, ordinary people.

GO TO CHURCH THIS SUNDAY

Mothers You Should Know

Mrs. Olivia E. Calloway, Democratic committeewoman of St. Louis, civic worker par excellence, is the mother of three outstanding children and the wife of a veteran postal employee.

MRS. OLIVIA E. CALLOWAY

Her husband, William Calloway, has been a postal employee for 15 years. Their children are Pvt. Donald Calloway, a graduate of the Illinois School of Chiropody, Chicago, now stationed at the Ft. Leonard Wood, Base Hospital;

Mrs. Elaine V. Donald, a resident of Los Angeles where she is a stenographer with a large insurance firm. She formerly was secretary to the superintendent at Homer Phillips Hospital in St. Louis;

William J. Calloway, a student at Quincy College (Ill.) where this past year he was voted the school's outstanding athlete.

Mrs. Calloway, a native of St. Louis, attended the local schools and Teachers' College. In 1949, she was appointed to the St. Louis Board of Education, becoming the first woman of her race to receive such an appointment.

In August, 1952, she was elected Democratic committeewoman from the 18th ward, second largest in the city.

Lonesome Hearts

By ALBERTINE ASHE

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

SHE'S ROMANTIC

I'm a woman 50, 5 feet 2, kind, loving and romantic, seeking an honest man, 49-60, who likes church and is employed. I would like someone who likes children, is honest and able to care for a companion.

MISS ASKEW

WRITE RACHAEL!

I am a woman, 23, 5 feet 4, brown skin, like music, dramatics and sports. I'd like meeting a fellow near my age with a good job, wanting to get some place in life and need a companion my type to get started.

RACHAEL

READY TO MARRY

I am a brownskinned woman, 26, good habits and interested in church, wanting to meet a nice fellow, 30-32, who likes my type and wants to marry. I'm not a saint, just reasonable and understanding.

MISS LUCY

HE'S LOOKING

I'm a man looking for a true girl friend, someone 20-30, who wishes to settle down and live happily. I'm 38, working, like clean sports and a nice home with happy surroundings.

MR. WOODLAWN

WIDOW NAN

I would like meeting a gentleman of character, 30-45, someone I may eventually marry and build a future. I'm a widow, 31, a Christian wanting mail real soon.

MISS NAN

LONELY WOMAN

I'm a lonely Christian woman, 56, seeking some fine gentleman around my age who is honest, sincere and will be a real companion wanting to marry soon.

BETTIELEE

WORKING GIRL

I'm a lonesome, single woman, 27, 5 feet 4 and working. I want to meet a very kind gentleman 28-45, who is willing to settle down, who is employed and enjoys clean fun.

MISS NICEY

NEEDS COMPANION

I am a man 36, 5 feet 7, looking for a companion, a real companion near my age and type who wants to marry. I will do my part.

MR. WESTON

LOOKING FOR MAN

I am a woman, 25, a widow with 2 children. I'm a Christian, love church and I'd like to meet a young man 28-35 who likes nice, uplifting things, honest and true.

MAYOLA

CHURCH WOMAN

I am a church woman, 33, seek a man around my age who likes church too. I have some of the necessary things but I need a real companion, a husband who is true and likes my type.

MISS FURNESS

NOTICE
Be sure to enclose 50 cents with your letter.

Family Problems

Dear Ann Morris:

My 23-year-old single daughter wishes to have an apartment away from our home.

Her argument is that she has no intention of being married within the next few years, that she has always dreamed of having a place of her own and sees no reason to wait until marriage for one.

Now that she is out of college she wants to settle down to some serious work, which she says she cannot do with the family barging about all the time.

House And Buggy Idea

She says that the idea of girls not living alone went out with the horse and buggy, and that I'm far too young to have such old-fashioned ideas.

She says that if the "old kitties" have suspicious as to her intentions, they will soon find out that their suspicions are unfounded and that anyway, she doesn't care what the neighbors think!

My argument is that even the nicest girl with best intentions cannot afford to flaunt propriety.

There is bound to be some questions about a young woman who has a good home, going off to live in an apartment in the same city where her parents live.

I say, too, that she is going to tire of pinching pennies, which she will have to do on the beginner's salary that she is receiving in this her first job.

Her father says that if she makes the move she is certainly going to have to stand on her own.

We have compromised by agreeing to accept a non-partisan's opinion.

What do you think?

MRS. S. A. V.

Dear Mrs. S. A. V.:

There is nothing so startling about your daughter wanting an apartment of her own. All young birds sooner or later want to leave the nest.

It is the usual thing, too, for you to use your experienced eye in looking at the move as it will be interpreted by outsiders.

Now, if your daughter moved to another city, you probably wouldn't give a second thought to her living alone. Neither would your friends. So, basically, she is right.

Why don't both of you compromise? Why not give her a suite of rooms in the family home, if it is large enough, that she can call her own? Let her have an apartment there without interference.

In this way all of you can have your cake and eat it too.

ANN MORRIS

Dale Carnegie

Before and during the war Eva St. Clair of Long Beach, Calif., and her family operated several restaurants. They made a lot of money but she detested the business.

CARNEGIE

She had once been away from it for several years and when she had returned to it she had forgotten how she really felt about it.

By and by she and her husband bought a restaurant. She says she can hardly excuse herself for not knowing better than to go into it, but here she was in the same business she had promised herself she never would go into again.

A few days after they took over the restaurant, she began to question her sanity.

A state of depression settled on her which steadily became worse.

Instead of looking forward to each new day with cheerful thoughts that might lift her out of this mental state, she let morbid, unhappy thoughts take possession and they would last through the day.

The only relief she had from this terrible suffocating feeling was when she was asleep. She wondered if she would ever be able to overcome it and be happy again.

New Slant

Then someone gave her a copy of a book on Worry. As she read it, her slant on life gradually changed. She started applying to her life some of the rules contained in the book. Soon she felt like a new person and she declares she is happier now than she has been in a long time.

Here are some of the rules; the application of which she says is transforming her life:

1. When you are inclined to worry, lose yourself in action.
2. Cooperate with the inevitable
3. Don't permit trifles to irritate you.
4. Think cheerful thoughts; act
5. Learn to relax—preferably out of doors.
6. Stop thinking about people you don't like.
7. Count your blessings every day.

LAFF OF THE WEEK

"A fire should happen every day at Schultzes Butcher Shop!"

DEATH COMES BY AIR

Part One

'Stolen Pestilence'

Le Temps carried a profile and front view of the face of the nude girl whose body had been found floating in the Seine near the Quai d'Orsay Railroad Station.

It wasn't a very good picture because water and death alter the expressions. Besides that, the eyes were closed — which was just as well — because there's nothing more starkly weird than staring dead eyes.

Still, to Dr. Clyde Vincent, the girl looked like Madelon Renoit, the slim, tense laboratory assistant to himself and old Doctor Henri Pireaux. The three of them—Madelon, Pireaux, and himself—were bacteriologists, employed jointly by the Big Three on top secret "Operation Bug."

A week ago, Vincent and Pireaux had been summoned to the Chambre Des Deputies, where they met with Colonel of the U. S. Army Lyman Brace — directly in charge of Operation Bug, inasmuch as American money was subsidizing the project—and were told quite bluntly that there was good reason to believe that Russian MVD Agents were watching with great interest the little, unpretentious laboratory on the Rue Coq d' Or.

"It seems," Brace said, "that the Reds know we're not working on antibiotics and vaccines alone in that lab."

It was right after that that the two bacteriologists began to eye Madelon with veiled suspicion. Yesterday when she hadn't reported for work, their suspicion deepened and they double - checked their stock and records, and were somewhat baffled to find nothing amiss. Not a single ampule of germ cultures was missing nor a single plaque-infested flea. . . .

Vincent couldn't quite shrug it off. He went to Madelon's room early that evening, with the permission of her concierge, and found a little splatter of blood on the bedroom floor. Immediately he had notified the police, then called Pireaux.

Now, the dead girl, floating in the Seine. But this girl bore no cuts or abrasions, such as would leave blood. This girl — the one in *Le Temps*—had been strangled to death, disrobed, and thrown into the river.

But Doctor Vincent, his dark brown face tense and puzzled, couldn't dislodge the idea that there was some sinister connection between Madelon's disappearance, the girl in the Seine, and the unexplainable explosion at the laboratory this morning.

When he reached Brace's office, on the first floor of the Chambre Des Deputies Building, the thick-set, glum - featured colonel, looking very unmilitary with his collar open and his big hands thrust deep into his trousers pockets, was pacing the floor, talking to an Air Force Major.

"This knocks the whole operation into a cocked hat, Major Lang," he was saying. "We thought the Nazi Gestapo was rough, but when it comes to ferreting out top-drawer secrets they don't hold a candle to the MVD."

The colonel halted his pacing then, long enough to look up and see Doctor Vincent standing near the doorway with an embarrassed orderly.

The orderly stammered an apology for not having knocked; then presented Vincent.

Both the colonel and the major scowled at the orderly, the colonel dismissing him with a little wave of his hand. "It's loose discipline like that that keeps us off balance," the colonel remarked. He added: "Good to see you alive, doctor."

"Pure luck," Vincent said. "If Pireaux had gone for the coffee, I'd have been in his place, scattered all over the wrecked lab."

Vincent learned that Major Lang was to be in charge of the AT-6's which would drop a particularly virulent specie of pasteurella pestis on a flock of condemned goats.

The colonel frowned, and took a cigarette from the humidor on his desk, offered them around. "All right, but where does that leave us" Madelon Renoit was thoroughly screened—an underground French Agent at twelve during the German Occupation.

We know for a fact that she personally took part in the assassinations of the Vichy Government's Henriet and Darlan. She's always been loyal to the Allied cause. Why would she disappear so suddenly without a word or a trace? And what of the lost labor in that laboratory?"

Vincent blew cigarette smoke toward the floor. "It isn't altogether lost," he said. "After last week's warning from this office, Henri and I decided to take certain precautions against total destruction, such as this morning's explosion appears to be."

Brace snapped forward in his chair, alert now, his keen blue eyes glued to Vincent's solemn brown face. But it was the major who voiced the words that seemed to have been in his mind.

"What do you mean — 'appears to be?' " Lang asked.

Vincent met his gaze. "Simply that I have ten thousand of each killer organism we've been developing. When Madelon failed to show up yesterday, Henri and I decided to preserve that much of our work, plus microfilm records in Coke 'K'."

"Then we can proceed with the experiments?" Lang asked.

Vincent shook his head. "Not right away. We'll have to have lab facilities again—everything we had before, including a cloud-chamber and glass-blowing equipment for our ampules. We were in the midst of trying out a suspension of our latest culture of plague bacillus when the explosion occurred."

Brace smashed a hairy fist down on the desk. "That'll be a cinch—and this time we won't play it cagey with the Ruskys. The British have an experimental laboratory near the place Vendome, right here in Paris, as you know.

"I'll initiate proceedings immediately for facilities to be put at your disposal—and, believe me—not even one of your micro-organisms could get through the guard there."

Vincent flicked ashes into a near-by tray. "Cloud-runs aren't one-man operations, you know, colonel. I'll need an assistant."

"I know, I know. We've screened a Ma'm'selle Lisette Kole, from Lyons, and a former Underground member, who was to have joined you and Pireaux today. I've never met her, but she comes highly recommended from the French Ministry of Security—from Dr. Gerard himself."

That was when the orderly reappeared, after a discreet knock this time, and preceded a modishly-dressed blonde girl of medium height and appealing figure. The major's lips formed a soundless whistle and the colonel gave an almost imperceptible start.

Only Clyde Vincent remained unperturbed, despite the fact that he, too, was astonished in the sudden glow of flaxen-haired beauty. But, then, a young colored man from St. Louis wouldn't act otherwise in the company of two American officers.

The orderly said: "Madamoiselle Lisette Kole, sir," clicked his heels and saluted smartly.

The three men were standing, though, even before the orderly had spoken, and the colonel came from behind his desk to extend his hand. He remembered his lack of tie and open collar then, because he said: "I'm Colonel Brace, Ma'm'selle Kole, and I hope you'll pardon my appearance, but we've had a rather shocking experience this morning."

Lisette curtsied and let him take her hand. "You mean the laboratory on La Rue Coq d' Or, M'sieur?" she said in almost faultless English.

The colonel stiffened, withdrew his hand abruptly. "You know about that, already?"

Her smile was radiant and disarming. "But of course. I was to report there this morning to work with Le Docteurs Pireaux and Vincent. There was a demolished shop and Gendarmes and le soldats all about. So I came here. What happen, M'sieur?"

A trace of bitterness crossed the colonel's face again. "Sabotage—the Reds, of course." He motioned her to a chair—the one in which Major Lang had been sitting, and she looked crestfallen.

"Then—there is no job, M'sieur?"

Brace managed a smile then. "A very big and important one," he said, nodding toward Vincent. "I want you to meet Dr. Clyde Vincent."

They shook hands and the girl's large violet eyes traveled over Vincent's lean six-foot length with frank approval. "Enchante," she breathed. "Enchante."

The colonel cleared his throat, extended his hand. "Your credentials, M'am'selle Kole. May I see them? Just a formality, of course. I know you had to present them to the orderly, too, but—"

"Oh, but of course," Lisette said, flashing her smile. "I am quite used to this—how you call it?—'cloak and dagger' business." She opened her purse and handed the colonel her wallet. "Sometimes I wish I could wear it —like a brand or a license."

The colonel took the wallet and went back to his desk. He fingered through the several pages and wrote something in a ledger. When he handed it back to her he said: "Dr. Vincent will brief you on what we've been trying to accomplish in this project; and you two we go back to the old grind, M'am'selle Kole. Today we are just two people in a topsy-turvy world, who could use a little fun. I wonder, if tonight, I could—", the words stopped there and he squirmed beside her, wondering how to suggest a proper liaison without appearing too bold.

She startled him with: "I know a place atop the Montmartre—Place de Tertre. Meet me there—say at twenty hours, tonight."

She was sitting there under the colored awning behind the sidewalk table with its blue-and-white checked tablecloth. She was a stunning figure in black satin and a large black straw hat, which high-lighted her gold-and-alabaster beauty.

There was a bottle of cognac on the table and she's poured a drink for Vincent.

"I suppose I was the anxious one, M'sieur Vincent." She paused as he bowed. "M'sieur is very handsome."

"M'am'selle is one of the most beautiful women I've ever known," he said, seating himself. He took out his American cigarettes, offered her one. She refused and he lit up, his brow clouded with thought.

"Something is on your mind, docteur?"

He took a deep drag on the cigarette and let out a long stream of smoke, his eyes averted to the tablecloth. "Something strange and perhaps terrible, Lisette—we must drop these M'sieur and Ma'm'selle formalities.

This afternoon, after I left you, I called on Madame Pireaux, widow of my ex-colleague, Dr. Henri Pireaux."

Lisette edged the glass over to him. "Drink your drink, M—, I mean, Clyde. Warm cognac is not good."

Vincent emptied his glass and poured himself another. "Madame Pireaux was very broken up about her husband's death, Lisette. She said that an hour before the explosion this morning, Madelon Renoit—whom had never seen before, but knew only by name—came to her for some rat-fleas Henri had been keeping.

"She gave her the flask, which Henri kept in a chicken brooder, and thought nothing of it, since Henri was getting more and more forgetful with advancing years." He tapped ashes into a tray then and looked up at Lisette. "Following me?"

"Every step," Lisette said, adulation in her eyes. "Yet this Madelon disappeared yesterday. You think maybe she sold out to the Reds?"

Vincent shook his head, a queer smile on his face. "Not at all. For all I know, Madelon Renoit may be dead. The girl Madame Pireaux described as Madelon didn't fit her at all, Lisette."

Lisette blinked rapidly. "I do not understand, Clyde."

Lisette's lush red mouth and fascinating eyes seemed to blur momentarily as he said. "The girl Madame Pireaux described, was you, Lisette."

She blurred even more then, and he was aware of a roaring in his ears, intermingled with her laughter. He thought he heard a heavy voice say. "Excellent work, Kamerad Barovitch. The ministry of Vautrenych Dol will hear of this.

CONTINUED NEXT WEEK

"The girl Madame Pireaux described was you, Lisette."

Beginning: A new, four-part serial of mystery, intrigue and spine-chilling suspense.

By

James H. Hill