

In One Ear

Our staff has been traveling again—the approved way to gather anecdotes. Here are some of them

IT IS a fact that the house in Washington which was rented by Boy-Ed, representative of Germany, for social and other purposes, was secretly wired and fitted with dictographs by the Army intelligence department, long before the United States went into the war.

The department discovered, from dictograph records, that Boy-Ed was using about twenty especially beautiful, lively and intelligent young ladies of European origin to gather information in Washington. All of their conversations with and reports to their superiors in the Boy-Ed house were taken down by secret service stenographers.

One American army officer, holding a desk job in Washington, fell in love with one of these girls. He wished to marry her. Her story to him, which he fully believed, was that she lived with a very wealthy but crusty old aunt who would not permit her to receive company at her home. The intelligence department of course learned of the attentions being paid to the young woman by the army officer, through hearing her reports to Boy-Ed's men. Secret service men even shadowed the pair to restaurants and theaters. But no one took a step to tell the young army officer the truth.

Then, abruptly, Boy-Ed was caught violating American neutrality and bundled off to Germany. The little house was closed. The young women scattered.

Then we went into the war. One day the young army officer, meeting a secret service official, said to him:

"Fine job you fellows did! Why didn't you catch Boy-Ed and his gang at their tricks?"

This was too much for the secret service man.

"Say," he said grimly, "you went with a girl named Ethel So-and-So for a while, didn't you? You thought she lived with an old aunt here. Well, she didn't. She was one of Boy-Ed's female operatives. We knew all about it."

"That's a lie," said the officer, "because if that had been true I'd have been arrested."

"Yes, maybe," said the intelligence man, "but we used you for three months to give her misinformation about the Army for Boy-Ed to swallow."

The Difference

Hon. W. Atlee Pomerene, former U. S. senator from Ohio, came home to the Carlton Hotel in Washington one day during his prosecution of the Albert B. Fall case. He was lunching with some other attorneys. When he arrived at the room where the luncheon was to be held, he sprawled himself on a lounge in an attitude of weariness.

"I'm tired as I can be," said Pomerene.

"What has tired you so?" another attorney asked.

"I've been talking to the jury and the judge and other attorneys all day."

"Well," said his friend, "you used to be in the Senate; you talked a good



Illustrated by
George
Shellhase

"What has tired you so?" asked another attorney

deal there, and it didn't seem to tire you."

"Yes," said Mr. Pomerene, "but for the kind of talking I've been doing today, I have to think."

A Ruined Game

Charley Schwab says that once on the links at his home town, Loretta, Pennsylvania, he was playing golf with a friend, Mike Brocken. This was in the early days of golf, so some railroad laborers near where they were playing were vastly intrigued. They saw Mike knock the ball into a rut and have a hard time extricating it. Then he got into a sand trap and well-nigh failed to get out.

At length he got a good shot and the ball trickled directly into the cup.

Whereupon an Irish laborer who had watched the previous difficulties said, sympathetically:

"Now, mister, yez *arre* in a helluva fix!"

Simplicity Preferred

Wilbur and Orville Wright, when they were in the public eye because of their invention, the airplane, constantly amused onlookers by the simplicity of their mechanical methods, and their scorn of needless equipment or fancy tools.

Once a reporter asked Wilbur how high Orville was flying.

Wilbur took an old broomstick, in which was cut a series of notches, picked up a short piece of board, put the two things together in angular relations of some mysterious sort, held them aloft and squinted along the broomstick at the plane. Then

he said after looking at the notches, "Oh, about 450 feet." Today all armies and navies have exquisitely balanced instruments that do the same thing that Wilbur Wright's broomstick achieved.

Orville Wright to this day sticks to the old idea of getting results by the least complicated methods. He wears tortoise-shell eye-glasses for reading purposes. Whenever he buys a new pair he takes off one ear-piece.

"I found that one ear-hook was enough," he explains to questioners. "I adjust it so that it draws the bridge of the glasses snugly against my nose on the side that has no ear piece, and that's enough to hold them in place."

Maybe this idea will mean something new in eye-glasses some day.

Ominous Numerals

When Dr. Gaines, president of Washington and Lee University, Lexington, Virginia, was about to speak last summer at Asheville before the District Rotary Convention of Western North Carolina, he was introduced by an old college mate who said:

"I know a lot about Dr. Gaines, but I will not take up the time by telling you anything except that he is the seventh son and the eleventh child of his parents."

An astonished voice from the audience said solemnly: "Gosh, I'd hate to take that guy on in a crap game!"

On Hallowed Ground

Governor Franklin Roosevelt tells of a young Navy ensign whose marks in navigation had not been all the doctor ordered and who was once set at the task of shooting the sun to determine the ship's position. The vessel was on cruise, and was somewhere west of Penzance.

After a while the ensign delivered to the captain the result of his calculations.

Shortly afterward, the captain sent for the ensign.

"Young man," said the officer seriously, "remove your cap. We are now upon a hallowed spot."

"Beg your pardon, Captain?"

"Yes, sir," said the captain. "If you have calculated accurately we are now right smack in the middle of Westminster Abbey."

Secret service men shadowed the pair to restaurants



Shellhase

"Now, mister, yez *arre* in a helluva fix!"

In Pursuit of an Actor

The story of a girl who

EVERYTHING about her was what it ought to be but more so. Everything was intensified. Her hair was flattened down over her small head by Adele to make her look even more haggard than she was, simpler, more artful. Her hair was tinted with henna each week and dressed each day. Her fingernails were tinted freshly each day and when she had time her toenails were also. She liked to wiggle these, rosy as ten little suns, in her tub of Italian marble.

Oh, yes, it was of Italian marble and it was sunken and green, for she was a picture star and she had these things. She had to have them for publicity and she liked having them, too, or thought she did. Her name was Graziella Boone and she was open-handed and usually democratic on the lot but completely spoiled, of course. She had an eighth-grade education and a small-town past which she deeply concealed.

Her voice, at first, had been thought too husky and low by the producers and she floundered about in her carefully studied English accent until the critics cried for help, but eventually she learned to say "Na-o" in that certain way off stage as well as on. The studio press department worked early and late over her "glamour," but not early enough or late enough to satisfy her public.

"Get this on Boone, young Hickey. She's remote, and that includes everything. Shoot the works. Tweeds; a rough hat. Call it a disguise if you like. No telephones in her beach house—seven rooms—or in her Beverly Hills shack—twenty-eight rooms. You can't call her up. You get the garage. If you see a lei of gardenias around somebody's neck at the Coconut Grove it won't be around hers. She's remote."

"Yeah. What was that you said she was, Mack?"

"Remote."

She couldn't act but her legs were perfect, her body as slim and lovely as a sickle moon, mouth pretty good, eyebrows unreal and startling, eyes heavy-lidded, weary, circled with shadows, burned holes in a blanket. She gave everything she had to whatever she did and the fans ate her up.

CARRYING a book about with him wasn't a pose. He really read books—on steamers, in hotels, between scenes. He liked to read books. Smoking a pipe wasn't a pose either. A good briar pipe, English, of course, was the soothing influence he exactly needed. His way of looking at girls wasn't something he had thought up and worked out before a mirror. His eyes were set like that and he couldn't help it. Often he tried to help it in spite of the money it brought him in, but he couldn't help it. An Irish father and a Spanish mother and love were to blame.

He had a fine-looking head, a clean-cut profile, a tall, lean figure and the most casual kind of manner. He had come up through a "little theater" group in England to a small part with the Guild in New York and there lynx-eyed Benny Garfile, watching him manage a teacup, a cigarette, a chunk of Shaw and a girl, had nabbed him.



"Who's the star of this production," she demanded, "the Englishman or me?"

Illustrated by
R. L. Lambdin

"Certainly not," he said at first. "I'm just an apprentice at this sort of thing. It takes years to be an actor."

"Do I ask you to be an actor?" asked Benny, spreading out his hands. "On our lot we got one actor already and we don't need him. Lookit.

"WHAT do you want outa life, Mr. Holland? Cash?"

"No."

"Publicity?"

"No."

"Success?"

"Not particularly. Success usually spoils a man."

Benny scratched his head. "Lookit,

he said, "I'll give you five hundred a week to start and a rising scale if you make good and I'll put you in opposite Boone."

"A woman star?"

"Gosh, man. Ain't you heard of Graziella Boone?"

"I'm sorry."

"It's your loss. Lookit. What you want outa life, I'll give it to you."

"You can't, Mr. Garfile. What I want is to write a good play."

Benny shook hands with him. "For that you need to loaf, don't you?" beamed Benny. "A castle in Spain or maybe Sweden. Far from the mad-dening crowd. For castles you need

money. For money you need me. We begin all over again."

They billed him as the "import from England" and their word for him was "debonair." He stuck it out for six months and then with his pipe and a book under his arm he left. He had been working with Boone through a terrible morning on the night-club sequence in Park Avenue Tramp. Their big love scene was just ahead. He happened to be standing before a mirror when she passed suddenly close behind him. In the mirror their eyes met. She seldom stopped anywhere near him, never spoke to him but she did now.

"YOU'LL do, Narcissus," she said.

When they came to look for him later he was gone. Graziella was sitting limply in her camp chair marked "Miss Boone" while the extras were shuffled once more through the night-club scene. Everything had gone wrong. Everyone was hot, tired and cross. Everywhere there was the tension, the glare and heat from the lights. Graziella's eyes ached beneath her eyeshade and something inside of her ached also. She was hungry, of course—just crackers spread with mustard for her lunch—but then she was always hungry. This ache was something special, something new, higher up than her stomach and on her left side.

"Adele," she said suddenly, "I feel rotten. I want to die."

"But surely, madame," said Adele, fanning her briskly, "not before your big scene with Mr. Holland. Oh, madame, when he say, 'Damn you, you tramp' and look at you the way he look—my heart—here—" Adele clasped her left side—"he turn over and lie down."

"You think he's a comer," said Graziella. "You think he can steal my picture."

"I think he like madame ver-ry, ver-ry moch," said Adele slyly.

Graziella laughed shortly.

"That's technique," she said.

"We're looking for Mr. Holland, Miss Boone," said the director, coming up. "Have you seen him?"

"Na-o," said Graziella.

"We can't seem to find either him or his car," said the director blankly, lifting a weary hand to rub his hot head. "Maybe he went for a drive."

Graziella stood up. Her gray eyes were wide open for once and looked smoky. She shook with exhaustion and heat and fury.

"And I sit here waiting like a fool," she said. "Who's the star of this production, the Englishman or me? Get Mr. Garfile."

ONCE clear of the set, Holland proceeded in his usual casual, methodical way. He packed. He dined. He took a taxi across to a quiet station out of town to board his late evening train. He was carrying his shabby kit bag up the platform when he saw the group of opulent cars and, beyond, the blinding