

# DALE CARNEGIE

Author of "How to Win Friends and Influence People"

Guenter Baumgart of Chicago tells the story of a young chap in Des Moines, Iowa, who was engaged to be married, the date set, and NO JOB IN SIGHT. "He had been trained as a statistician, says Mr. Baumgart, "but the only jobs he had been able to get since graduating from college had been temporary ones. This chap not only needed a job, but he needed badly to make any job a permanent one."

"While working at one of the temporary jobs—in a publishing house—he also worked at his hobby of collecting the sales stories and statistical data of various newspapers, magazines and radio stations.

"As he read the stories, he sorted the important ones from those that had no value. Then, one day an idea struck him—an idea that he thought wholly original. Thousands of people were spending thousands upon thousands of dollars for advertising. Surely, somewhere among that vast number was some one who would be willing to pay an expert for sorting the valuable information from the chaff.

"He sat down and wrote to a list of advertising agencies, telling them that he had discovered something which should be of interest to them, and suggesting that they give him an interview and permit him to outline a plan for them. An agency in Chicago wrote him to call. When he arrived, he displayed so much interest in his new idea, and so much enthusiasm for the work, that he was asked to come back and see them again.

"Shortly thereafter, he was given the job he asked for, with full responsibility for going ahead and making all he could out of it.

"Now here's where the joke was on the young man:

"He worked two weeks before he found out that his idea wasn't original; that the work was a part of the regular routine of the large advertising agencies and was called "space buying," that there was even a title, that of "Space Buyer," for the men who did the work that he had outlined so enthusiastically to his prospective employer. This chap had found a job by filling a vacancy that had been recently created. But no one had told him that his idea wasn't new."

But I am sure that neither you or I, nor any job seeker, would resent a practical joke like that.

What do you think were the factors that caused that young man to land the job he wanted? I'd say there were just two qualities that made that advertising man want this young man to work for him: 1. He had initiative enough to create a job he had never heard of. 2. The tremendous enthusiasm he displayed in outlining the work.

Of the latter quality, the late Charles M. Schwab, chairman of the board of the Bethlehem Steel Corporation, said: "A man can succeed at almost anything for which he has unlimited enthusiasm."

Show a man that you have earnest enthusiasm for the work you want to do; add to that the ability to develop new ideas; and as soon as your ability is discovered, jobs will be thrust on you, for both of these qualities are so rare as to demand breath-taking appreciation.

—Buy War Savings Stamps—



## SUCCESSFUL PARENTHOOD

By MRS. CATHERINE CONRAD EDWARDS  
Associate Editor, Parents' Magazine

Since it is important for a child to learn to swim in the years when he is learning to do other things with his body, parents will make a special effort to provide some "swimming as usual" opportunities for their families this summer. Don't overlook the local body of water that you can reach by bus. After all the "ole swimmin' hole" was once the most celebrated scene of youthful exploits, in the water.

The first step in teaching a child to swim is to overcome fear of water. Such an aversion is natural to most children because fear of not being supported is an instinctive one. Certainly it isn't conquered (or at least but rarely) by the rough method once recommended of throwing a child into the water. At first don't even try to force a timid child to paddle in the water. Take him in your arms and walk to the water's edge. Then casually sit down with the child in your lap, your own feet dangling in the water. Play gently in the water with your hands and the child's love of imitating you will lead him to the same activity. Walking in water just deep enough to cover the toes comes next. Clasp the child's hand in yours to give him confidence.

Gradually getting used to the horizontal or lying position in the water, and learning to kick the feet and arms while in that position are the next lessons to be learned. A good way to begin is to put the child across your knees while you are sitting in water just deep enough to leave his body above it and let him splash with both hands and feet. Or have the child lie on his stomach in the sand and practice leg and arm movement.

The next step is most easily accomplished with the help of inflated rubber, but if nothing of the sort is available substitute your hand under the child's stomach to give light support. Or hold the

back of his bathing suit if he feels more secure that way. This keeps away panic but allows freedom for kicking in the water. It also allows enough of the body to be immersed to give the sensation of floating. It is this awareness that the body can actually be supported by the water which the child must absorb—just telling him or showing him by floating yourself won't do it.

The next step is to teach the child to put his face under water without fear. Take him in your arms and let him hold on to your neck as tight as he wants to and then slowly stoop down until his shoulders are covered with water. Now tell him you are going to be a fish or a seal. Hold your nose between your fingers, make a funny face to amuse him and duck your head quickly into the water. Come up laughing and tell him how much fun it is. Then suggest that he be a seal. Assure him that you will hold him tight and that you will be a seal with him.

The next thing is to get the child to stay in the water without the support of a hand or a rubber tube. This usually takes two adults—father, for instance can hold the child while mother moves just far enough away so that when Dad shoots him across the water to her, he is scarcely in the water until he arrives in her arms. Gradually increase the distance but always be careful to catch him firmly so that he never gets a fright. Finally get far enough apart so that he will have a chance to kick and use his arms a bit in getting from one to another.

When he has reached the stage where he can take four or five of these dog paddle strokes, act surprised and tell him that he is swimming. Make quite a fuss about it. From then on practice and encouragement, and when he is ready for it, instruction in more advanced strokes will finish the job of teaching a child to swim.



MRS. OVETA CULP HOBBY  
Director of the Women's Army Auxiliary Corps.

## FASHION for today

BY PATRICIA DOW



8131

Button Front Pattern No. 8131—Shoulder yokes, double scalloped and button trimmed, are an unusual bit of style excitement in this comfortable, efficient house dress. A button front closing makes it quick to get on and off and the side sashes which tie in back permit you to adjust the frock smoothly at your waistline! A dress of gracious lines and fullness thru-out. Make it in a pretty flowered cotton and trim it with cheerful ric-rac.

Pattern No. 8131 is in sizes 34 to 48. Size 36 requires 5 yards 39-inch material, 2 1/4 yards ric-rac.

Name.....  
Address.....  
Name of paper.....  
Pattern No..... Size.....

Send 15 cents in coin, (for each pattern desired) to—  
Patricia Dow Patterns  
206 W. 17th St., New York, N. Y.

# BLACK DAWN

by Victor Rousseau

### CHAPTER III

SYNOPSIS

Dave Bruce, out of a job, arrives at Wilbur Ferris' Cross-Bar ranch. Curran, the foreman, promises him a job if he can break a horse called Black Dawn, a notorious killer. When Dave discovers Curran expected the horse to kill him, they fight. Dave hits Curran just as a girl rides up. She is bitterly angry with Dave for breaking "her" horse. The girl, Lois, rides off on Black Dawn, and Dave follows, but she refuses to speak to him. Dave goes to a bar where he finds two men, Lonergan and Hooker, quarreling.



The girl, Lois, stood in the entrance.

"You put me off and you'll wish you'd never been born, Lonergan," shouted old Hooker. He had picked himself up and came tottering forward, a tragic figure, with his educated speech and scarecrow clothes. "I've kept quiet long enough. I'm warning you—"

"Yep? And I warned you plenty that your shindigs in town has got to stop," rasped a voice behind them.

Dave turned. A big man with a clipped black mustache and a staid upon his coat was standing just behind him.

"He struck me across the face, Coggswell. I want him arrested for assault and battery," shouted old Hooker. "I've got some rights, haven't I?"

"You got no rights while you're drunk and incapacitated, exceptin' a cell in the town lockup," answered the sheriff. "And how about you stranger?" he demanded of Dave. "I never seen you before that I know of. How come you're intererin' in this matter? Keep yore hands away from yore belt and speak up quick."

"Why, I was just urgin' this reverend, or whatever he calls himself, to pick an extra heavyweight of his own brand," answered Dave, jerking his head to indicate Lonergan's bulk of paunch. "I'm just a harmless puncher, sheriff, ridin' in to get me a job somewheres."

"You seen Mr. Ferris?"

"I seen him and I had a few words with him and Curran. Result, no job," said Dave.

"Then you'd best ride on," said Coggswell.

"As for you, Honor," he added to the old man, "you fork yore cayuse and git back to yore place pronto. Maybe you'll have time to sober up and make yore plans before the sale comes off."

"Just a minute," said Dave. "How much is it Mr. Hooker owes this here Lonergan for back interest on his mortgage? I thought I heard something about two hundred dollars."

"Two hundred twelve dollars and fourteen cents, if it's any interest to you," the sheriff answered. "You was thinkin' of payin' it, huh?"

"Well, I dunno," said Dave. "It seems kinder hard to put this old feller out of his ranch for two hundred twelve dollars and fourteen cents, after he's been there twelve years—wasn't it twelve? And that there notice on the wall, presumably referin' to his ranch, describes it as a valuable property, you the money to settle with this of two thousand acres."

"What you say to me lendin' Lonergan, and then you givin' me a job as a puncher?" asked Dave, turning to Hooker.

He opened the pocket in his belt and pulled out a sheaf of bills, which he proceeded to count. The total sum of Dave's remaining savings amounted to two hundred and sixty-five dollars, with some small change.

"I'll take this Lonergan's receipt for that mortgage interest," said Dave. "And here's the money."

Lonergan's eyes were popping. "Say, who sent you here?" he shouted. "Just what game do you think you're playing?"

"Why, I'll tell you," answered Dave, leaning forward confidentially. "I'm figuring that two hundred will buy me a job till I got time to look around some more. And I kind of hate to see an old feller like Mr. Hooker forced to pull up stakes after 12 years because of two hundred and twelve dollars. So if you'll fix up that receipt, Lonergan, me and Mr. Hooker will be ridin' home."

Hooker grasped Dave's hands in his. "It'll be pardners," he shouted. "I never hired nobody in my life to work for me, and I'm not going to start in now. Pardners, fifty-fifty, and I won't take the money no other way."

Dave shrugged his shoulders. "Well, if you feel that way about it, Mr. Hooker, I'm willin' to oblige," he answered.

Sheriff Coggswell cut short Lonergan's explosive oaths. "That's fair enough, Mr. Lonergan, he said. "If them two wants to execute a deed of partnership, there ain't no way of stoppin' them. This is a sheriff's sale, and that's the law. Heinie," he shouted to the bar-keep, "just bring me a sheet of paper and a pen and a bottle of ink, and come here for a witness, will yuh?"

Five minutes later, with the money transferred to Lonergan's pocket, less the sheriff's fees, and the deed of partnership in his wallet, Dave was assisting old Hooker, who looked completely dazed, out of the saloon.

"Didn't want your partnership, Mr. Hooker," he said, as Hooker

clung to his arm, voicing protestations of gratitude. "All I was lookin' for was a job. When we get to your house and you've had a sleep, we'll go into details. Where's your cayuse?"

"Over there," mumbled Hooker, indicating a strawberry roan standing at the end of a hitching rack.

Dave unhitched the horse and helped Hooker to mount. Once in the saddle the old man seemed to regain control of his limbs. Dave mounted his bay, and the two set off side by side along the street.

At the end of the short street the sage began, mingled with patches of range grass. Hooker struck a trail that ran outside the bottleneck of the valley and wound upward toward the mesas. For half an hour the two rode in silence, Hooker now and again reining in to drink from a bottle that he carried in his saddle pocket. Invariably he tendered the bottle to Dave first, but Dave declined it.

They had reached the lower mesas and the upper mesas. The sage had given place to a thin scrub. Looking back, Dave could see the whole valley stretched out beneath him, and Mescal a mere blur on the landscape far below. He spoke for the first time.

"Seems to me, pardner, you got mighty poor grazin' up here," he said. "Looks like a self-respectin' cow would have hard scratchin' to make a livin'."

Hooker swayed in the saddle, leered at him as he rode closer.

"I've only got one cow, Dave," he answered, "and a rundown ranch."

"Different when my wife lived," he said. "She stuck to me. But she died three years ago, and since then I haven't cared much about anything exceptin'—well, let's be getting home."

Just visible at the edge of the brush was a small cabin, with a wisp of smoke eddying upward from a stovepipe chimney. The little place was a mere shack and looked utterly forlorn.

"Well, we're home, Dave," said Hooker. "Here's where we hang our hats under our hospitable roof-tree."

He took the lead, swaying from side to side in his saddle as he crossed the strip of green. The horses, wild-looking broncs, scattered, snorting. And then Dave saw something that momentarily brought his heart into his throat.

For in the front door, standing with neither bridle, saddle, nor halter, was Black Dawn.

Old Hooker shouted, and the door of the cabin opened. The girl, Lois, stood in the entrance, a frying-pan in one hand, and her arms white with flour to the elbows.

"Howdy, Lois!" Hooker bawled. "I got some news for you. I've brought me back a partner, named Dave Bruce, and the interest on the mortgage is paid. He's going in with us, fifty-fifty. Come and shake hands with our new partner, Lois!"

Dave clapped knees on his horse's flanks and rode quickly up. Lois was staring at him with dismay and anger on her face. He slipped to the ground and moved forward, but she made no response to his approach.

"So you've come back!" she said in tones of bitter anger. "I told you never to cross my path again. What have you come for?"

"Why, I told you, Lois, he's gone into partnership with me—"

Hooker began. "I don't believe it. You can take this man back where you found him, and when you've done so, I'll come back and talk to you. Till then you needn't expect to see me again!"

"But Lois—" protested Hooker. Ignoring the old man's shrill vociferations, the girl vaulted upon Black Dawn's back and clapped her knees to his sides. He started at a swift lope along the mesa, followed by the whole herd of broncs, and in a few moments they were lost to sight in the scrub.

pots of wild flowers blossoming in tin cans at the windows.

In the larger room, into which Hooker had staggered, there was something that bore out the old man's boast of his past, in the shape of a bookcase containing some three dozen tattered books. Dave glanced at them and saw that they were mainly historical volumes.

Hooker saw him looking at them, and came staggering up.

"Queer tricks life plays," he hiccoughed. "You wouldn't believe I used to be a professor of ancient languages, would you? And now I'm just an old bum, a pest, as that Lonergan called me."

"You'd best lie down and sleep, Mr. Hooker," said Dave. In spite of the incongruous old figure, he couldn't help feeling both respect and pity for it. "Lie down, and I'll see about rustling a meal. How about your daughter? She won't come to no harm, will she?"

"She's all right," hiccoughed Hooker. "Nobody around these parts would dare to touch her. They're plumb scared of her. She's got them wild broncs, so they'll eat out of her hand. Grew up with them, running wild on the mesas."

"I did all I could to educate her. I knew I hadn't long to live, and I wanted to help her, so that she could go out into the world and make her living. But the country's got her. She's a half-tamed thing, and sometimes I'm plumb scared of her myself."

"Why didn't you quit this mesa and take her to the city?" asked Dave.

He grasped Dave by the sleeve. "I've done my best by her, but she's not my daughter. Unnerstand that? I'll tell you—more —"

Sleep overcame Hooker even as he stood talking. His tall frame swayed. Dave caught him and, carrying him to the bunk, laid him down.

Night fell and Lois had not returned. How long did the girl intend to stay away? When Hooker was sobered up, Dave meant to thresh matters out with him, and come to an understanding with Lois. Suddenly he realized that he was dog-tired after the exertions of the day. He went into Hooker's room and spread his blanket on the floor, making a pillow of his coat and slicker. In a moment he was sound asleep. . . .

Hooker was awake and stumbling about the room, muttering to himself. Dave started up, sleep still in his eyes.

"Hold on, pardner," he called. "Don't go treadin' on me."

He heard the heavy body lurch against the cabin wall. "Who are you? What are you doing here?" called Hooker.

"Just take it easy, Hooker. I'm your pardner, Dave Bruce. Maybe you don't remember signin' up with me."

Dave turned up the wick of the lamp that he had set on a shelf beside the open door. He could see that Lois' bunk was empty. Hooker was leaning against the wall beside the little window, breathing heavily, and staring at him. Outside it was pitch dark, but a glance at the clock showed Dave that it was within an hour and a half of sunrise.

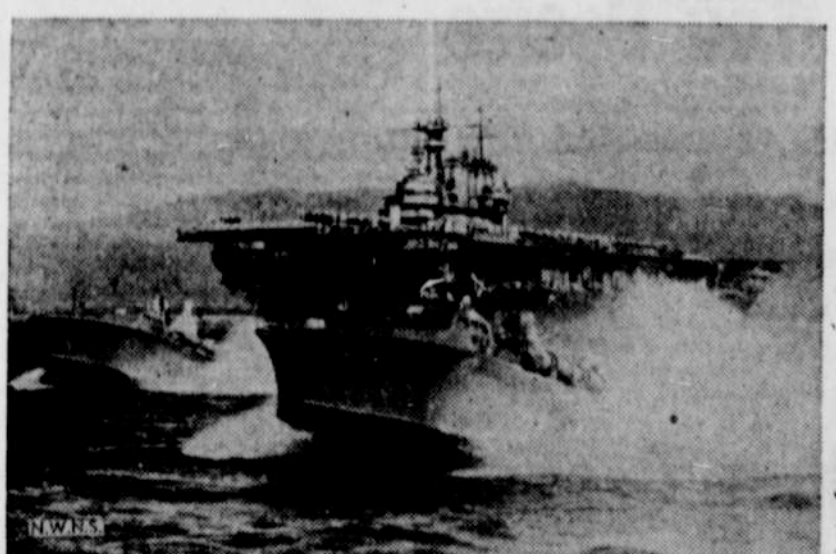
Hooker stared at Dave in the light of the lamp and passed his hand across his forehead. "Yes, I remember," he said thickly. "I was dreaming. Where's Lois?"

"She ain't come in."

(TO BE CONTINUED)



## On the Warpath, Looking for Nipponese



Flanked by deadly PT boats, an aircraft carrier of the U. S. navy moves majestically to sea from an undisclosed port. We don't know where she's going, but we know why—to look for Japs and to blast them wherever they may be found.



BRIG. GEN. JAMES DOOLITTLE  
Led the bombing raid on Tokyo. Received decoration at White House from President in surprise ceremony.