

THE FICTION CORNER Chivalry Complex By GARRET SMITH

BY NOON forlorn hoppers in the employment manager's anteroom at Cromby & Co. boiled down to Jimmy Wheeler and the "Plucked Chicken." They had simmered since nine, waiting to be hired or to hear, "We'll file your application and let you know if anything turns up."

As for the Plucked Chicken, Jimmy considered the Old Run-around formula a sure thing. He hadn't given her a second look for fear he'd feel sorry for her. No name to put to a maid in distress, the formerly chivalrous Jimmy admitted guiltily. But he'd seen too many such lately. He'd soured on the sex anyhow since his boss's secretary lied herself out of a jam and him into one after he'd stood up for her. "That chivalry complex of yours is a nuisance!" the boss had roared. Old Fletcher needn't worry. Jimmy agreed with him now.

The assistant manager gave Jimmy a blank to fill and turned to the Plucked Chicken. Elizabeth Bond was her name actually. Someone's private secretary once, would grab a typist job now. "We have a long waiting list. I'm afraid it isn't worth while calling again" was all she drew. Not even the Old Run-around! Jimmy handed in his blank. "Thanks," said the assistant. "We'll file your application—"

"—And let me know if anything turns up," Jimmy finished. He wondered how many such days his hundred-buck reserve would stand, as he followed Miss Bond's wake.

The girl was waiting for the elevator, a fragile arm braced against the wall. The dim light here softened the cheek-bone, hid worry-lines and ash-grey bleakness. Why she was class, a beauty once, before she began starving to death! The elevator came and she swayed toward it, would have fallen if Jimmy hadn't caught her.

"Thank you. I'm clumsy!" Her face lit and Jimmy looked into deep violet eyes. Then face and eyes went dead again. She'd keel over on the street, he worried. No breakfast probably. He must do something quick. At the street door Jimmy clutched the germ of an idea.

"Pardon me. Aren't you Miss Bond—in Cromby's just now? They said you might do a letter or so for me. I'm James Wheeler. Publicity man. With the Fletcher bureau once. Cromby had another good typist on their list but couldn't reach her. Leaves me in a jam."

Her eyes widened warily then turned eager.

"Yes. I'm free this afternoon." "Got a date then," Jimmy improvised. "Have to dictate at lunch. Mind going to Mike's place around the corner?"

He hoped she wouldn't cave in and have to be carried. But she made it and dropped in a chair with a sigh that sounded contented. Jimmy mumbled something about phoning and hunted up Mike himself. Jimmy knew the answers for too much food and drink. But how did they treat a gal all out of practice? And not let her know it? He told Mike all.

"You start her easy, Mr. Wheeler. Leave it to me."

Jimmy returned to their table as Mike brought cups of golden bouillon.

"Won't you try our new special on the house?" Mike invited. "Shall I fix up a nice little lunch as usual, Mr. Wheeler?"

Jimmy deferred to Miss Bond. She was already sipping her bouillon blissfully.

"Aren't bumps fun to look back on?" she laughed.

She could laugh at bumps only one meal and a couple of bucks away! She'd walk out of his life and begin starving again. Jimmy mightn't want her to starve. Jimmy mightn't want her to walk out of his life. How could he help it? The query fuddled his bogus letters to theoretical publicity prospects as Betty pot-hooked them like a streak on paper Mike furnished. She had to tinker his sentences.

Suddenly a thought popped up like an unexpected check. Why not really mail those letters? He might land free lance work and keep on using Betty!

"Look here," he said. "How about a regular job, if we're satisfied after swapping references? My office is under my hat yet, but I'll find a cubby-hole."

Betty's former employer told him over the phone she was as good as Jimmy thought, lost her job only be-



"She swayed and would have fallen if Jimmy hadn't caught her."

"I've a feeling anything here'll be good," she agreed and set down her empty cup. "I'm a pig! Just couldn't help it," she added wistfully, with a blush.

Jimmy grinned. "Won't have stenographers who aren't good feeders."

She laughed. Jimmy heard silver bells. Her bouillon worked fast. Violet eyes stayed alive now. Jimmy would like to spend a week feeding this girl. He had learned she was called "Betty." Jimmy thought "Betty" was his favorite name. By the time Mike brought second aid, he had her talking. He liked it. No whining. She was alone and on her own like himself, flotsam and jetsam from small towns. Jimmy told job-hunting yarns, too; made them light, set them in a remotish past. She loved the one about the boss's secretary who balled up her letters which Jimmy corrected until a prize bull slipped by and the boss got wise. "And I was the one the boss bawled out," Jimmy added. "Called it my fault for coddling the girl and spoiling her."

That was while they sipped demitasses.

cause the company failed. Jimmy persuaded her to take expense money and a week's salary in advance, by pretending he'd be away on business most of the week. Betty had a feeling this was all the reference she needed from him. Jimmy didn't argue. Old Fletcher might say something sour if Jimmy referred her to his ex-boss.

But, at parting, qualms began to wriggle around in Jimmy.

"Look here," he said. "If you get a chance at a better job, take it!"

"I've a feeling you may back out if I don't run," said Betty.

AFTER Betty ran, everything went greyish. The impossible didn't seem as possible. It seemed plain impossible later, after long hours of hammering at his best prospects. The only spark he struck was "Come and see us after business picks up." By five Jimmy hit bottom. He started home deciding he'd just tear up those letters Betty had agreed to send over by messenger. But the letters weren't there, the hall man reported. Jimmy thought that over, feeling as if somebody had kicked him. Stung again! Neat little game! That reference he called up, a plant, of course. He ought to have seen she came out of her dumps a little too fast! He was a fine judge of women!

Jimmy's phone was ringing as he stumbled into his apartment. "Mr. Wheeler?" a remote voice said. "This is Mr. A. B. Fletcher's secretary. Could you see Mr. Fletcher here tomorrow morning? He didn't tell me to call you but he spoke about you today. Said he'd hoped you'd be over your grouch and back on your old job before this. I'm just tipping you off."

"Well!" Jimmy exploded. "Uh—say—you're not Miss Moseley?"

"Mr. Fletcher's old secretary? No. She's left him. I got a feeling from things I heard at luncheon today there might be a vacancy where you said you used to work. And I got a feeling you'd be relieved if I found another job. I bought bargain clothes and tried it."

The voice trailed off in silver bells that could not be disguised. Jimmy was beyond speech.

"Please don't be mad, Mr. Wheeler. You saved my life. I'll pay back your money."

"The devil with the money!" Jimmy suddenly felt all right. "I'll be around if you think Fletcher will have the fatted calf ready—and you'll have luncheon with me."

"Maybe we'll have Mike cook the fatted calf," said Betty.

Poets and Their Garlic

Homer had a sincere respect for garlic, to which he attributed the estimable property of "dispelling enchantments." With us, the Roman poet and bishop, Sidonius Apollinaris, born at Lyon in 403 and known also as Caius Sullius, held garlic in such contempt that he wrote: "Happy the nose that is never exposed to the poisonous exhalations of this plant." By the same token, an order of chivalry, ignoring ribaldry, exacted in its regulations the agreement that each member should abstain from garlic and onions from January to December if he valued companionship. This strange order existed in Castile about the middle of the 14th century and the ban on garlic and onions was said to have been placed by the king.

Learn to Meet Emergencies by Reading 'Practical Instructions for Home Nurse'



When Illness Strikes Mother Becomes Nurse

Send 25 cents in coin for "Practical Instructions for The Home Nurse" to Weekly Newspaper Service, 243 West 17th Street, New York 11, New York. Print name, address with zone, booklet title and No. 78.



FASTER - SMOOTHER! TWENTY GRAND BLADES

Relief At Last For Your Cough

Creomulsion relieves promptly because it goes right to the seat of the trouble to help loosen and expel germ laden phlegm, and aid nature to soothe and heal raw, tender, inflamed bronchial mucous membranes. Tell your druggist to sell you a bottle of Creomulsion with the understanding you must like the way it quickly allays the cough or you are to have your money back.

CREOMULSION for Coughs, Chest Colds, Bronchitis

Buy U. S. Savings Bonds!

"CAMELS ARE THE CHOICE OF EXPERIENCE WITH ME!"



More people are smoking CAMELS than ever before!

CROSSWORD PUZZLE

- Horizontal
1 Person without gentlemanly instincts
4 To confuse
9 Folding bed
12 Eggs
13 Mole gray
14 Poetic; to uncloset
15 To arrange in battle position
17 To imbue
19 Slang; brisk energy
20 To bring down on oneself
21 To stimulate
23 Part of "to be"
24 Ancient Anglo-Saxon chariot
27 Rowing implement
28 European mountain system
30 Prefix; half
31 Japanese measure
32 Stupidity
34 French conjunction
35 Principal member of a theatrical company
37 Widemouthed pot
38 Insect
39 Giant
41 Thus
42 To release
43 To divert
45 Siamese coin
46 Belgian King in World War I
48 Tropical American wildcat
51 Edible seed
52 More certain
54 Female sheep
55 Snake-like fish
56 To habituate (var.)
57 Russian
Vertical
1 Important food fish

Crossword puzzle grid with numbers 1-57 and solution in next issue.

- No. 38
2 Hail! (Latin)
3 Spruce
4 On the summit of
5 To bark
6 Symbol for gold
7 To revolve
8 Consequently
9 Part of a meal
10 Goddess of the harvest
11 Golfer's mound
16 To allow
18 Finical
20 Spontaneous inclination
21 To defeat
22 West Indian island
23 Female singing voice
25 To rectify
26 The aforesaid thing
28 Molten lava
29 Place for storing fodder
32 Baseball: an inning
33 Symbol for tantalum
36 Kettledrum
38 Deer's horn
40 Doctor's assistant
42 Shoshonean Indian
44 To stupefy
45 Land measure
46 Simian
47 Confederate general
48 Poetic; above
49 To be obliged to
50 Man's nickname
53 Symbol for ruthenium

Answer to Puzzle Number 37
ASIA AOGG HOW
PENT SOPA ARE
TI EAST BOO
SANANA ERIE
SMUG MALT INN
CORES MARS PA
ALASKA SANAMAM
RO TILT PORTE
EGG MIRE GAUV
DYES TIME LA
LEE PEND TO
FOI LION ANEW
AND KIDD BODE

Champion Farmer McKINLEY Uses Firestone CHAMPION GROUND GRIPS



More than Seven Million Pounds of Produce! That is the production record Champion Farmer H. L. McKinley (on tractor), and sons Don, Phil, Hal and Keith (not shown) made last year on 1100 acres of rich farmland near St. Ansgar, Iowa. Their record includes 2 1/4 million pounds of potatoes from 135 acres, and a nearly equal poundage of choice cabbage from 100 acres. The McKinleys keep their soil highly fertile by a five-year rotation and the application of 170 tons of fertilizer annually. An extensive steer and hog feeding program turns corn and roughages into cash, and builds additional fertility in the soil. The farm is highly mechanized. All eight tractors roll on Firestone Tires.

ECONOMY-MINDED farmers like Champion Farmer H. L. McKinley find costs go down when they use Firestone Champion Ground Grips.

Tests show that Firestone Champion Ground Grips clean up to 100% more effectively, pull up to 62% more, last up to 91% longer, and roll smoother over highways.

The reasons are simple. The curved bars cut deeply into the soil. Mud falls easily and cleanly from the tapered openings between the bars. Because the traction bars are connected, they're stronger, they have more tread rubber to push into the ground and pull. This extra tread rubber also lengthens tire life . . . makes tires roll smoother.

Although judged best by leading farmers everywhere, Firestone Champion Ground Grips cost no more than ordinary tractor tires. Specify the "Champion" when you order your new tractor, or when you buy replacements for your tires. See your nearest Firestone Dealer or Store today.

Listen to the Voice of Firestone every Monday evening over NBC



Only FIRESTONE CHAMPION Ground Grips take a "CENTER BITE"