

THE FICTION CORNER

WILL OF THE WIND

By WILLIAM BRANDON

MRS. HACKETT found her in the bedroom crying. She stood in the doorway and said grimly: "I came in to borrow some sugar, Sylvie. The door was open so I just walked in. Now what on earth's wrong with you?"

Sylvia sat up and dried her eyes. Her starched gingham skirt was wrinkled and her black hair was tangled and disordered. A curling strand of it hung down beside her nose like an ink stain. A pin had come out of her imitation lace collar and it had fallen down to catch in the red buckle at her waist. She said shakily, "Hello, Mrs. Hackett. Nothing."

Mrs. Hackett drew down the corners of her mouth. "Nothing, my foot. It's because of Chip wanting to pull up stakes and go to Canton. Isn't it? Of course it is."

Sylvia slapped the lock of hair out of her eyes. "I won't be a boomer's wife!" she flared. "I won't!"

"Mm," Mrs. Hackett said sourly. "A boy's will is the wind's will. That's a poem. It's the truest thing in the world. Don't do no good to fight against it. Remember that and you'll have it easier."

"I won't be a boomer's—b-boomer's wife! I won't drag around to one mill after another all my life, and never have anything, no home, and no—no nothing! I won't!"

"Well, it's his job, if he wants to throw it away."

"It isn't! It's just as much mine as it is his! I don't believe in that old idea that a woman's just a—slave, to follow a man around at whatever he happens to want to do!"

"Oh, you don't," Mrs. Hackett said. "And just what can you do about it?"

Sylvia bowed her head and scrubbed unhappily at her cheeks with her handkerchief. "I don't know," she sobbed.

"Of course you don't. You're nothing but a child," Mrs. Hackett sniffed. "You'd be twenty years finding out what to do and by that time it's too late to do you any good. Unless there's somebody around to tell you to begin with. Somebody who knows."

Sylvia was not impressed. "What could you tell me, Mrs. Hackett? What could anyone do? I've argued with him until I'm almost crazy but he—he doesn't even listen any more. He's got his mind set on moving on, to something different that won't be any different at all, and then he'll want to go again, and—"

"A boy's will is the wind's will," said Mrs. Hackett. "That's what the poem says. It's just as true of a man or an old man, for that matter. The older they get the truer it gets, I reckon. Only they kind of give up trying to do anything about it after so long a time."

She pushed up her lower lip and looked down her nose at Sylvia. "Like Mr. Hackett."

Sylvia looked up, startled. "You mean Mr. Hackett used to—want to—"

"He was the hardest man to hold down in this town. He got tired of everything, that was his trouble. It's a sort of laziness, that's all it is. But he stuck here. He stuck, all right."

"Why?" Sylvia wailed. "What did you do?"

"Well," Mrs. Hackett said, "you can take it for what it's worth, Sylvia. It worked with Mr. Hackett. I know that."

"But what was it?"

"Whenever he worked himself up to a pitch about cutting loose and chasing away some place after something he thought was better, I simply gave him his way."

Sylvia looked disappointed and puzzled. "Oh."

"But," Mrs. Hackett said profoundly, "he didn't know it. I took him on a trip. Just a week or so. And I kept him on the jump every minute of it. I always liked little trips around, anyway. Well, by the time that man would get home again he'd be so tired of jumping around that he wouldn't have left

for a pension. That," Mrs. Hackett said, "is something you find out about men, Sylvia. They like to start but they like getting back a whole lot more."

Sylvia said doubtfully, "It doesn't sound like Chip would—"

"Maybe he wouldn't. I'm the last person in the world to try to give folks advice, Sylvia. Nobody wants it and I guess everyone has to sew his own seam anyway. But Mr. Hackett says they're shutting down for a week for the millwright's gang, and if Chip was to spend that week in a car bouncing along from one place to another, without even a chance to catch his breath—"

Well, 'a boy's will is the wind's will,' and the wind can change in a minute."

"But what if he wouldn't want to go?"

"Mm. You tell him you want a little vacation before you move to Canton. If he thinks you've given in about that he'll take you. You try it and see."

They went up into Michigan, west to Wisconsin, down through Minnesota and Iowa and St. Louis to Memphis, east to Knoxville and up through Louisville to come home.

They were gone six days. Each day Sylvia had them up and driving at daylight and she kept on the job, circulating the sights at the next stop, until late at night. She called upon Chip to stop often at roadside stands where she purchased carved ornaments and bumpy pottery.

She plied him with hot dogs, soft drinks and bad coffee. She was surprised and delighted at the glazed look that appeared in his eyes on the third day.

Mrs. Hackett came over the day after they returned. She said, "Well!" and paused expectantly, holding the cup of sugar in both hands.

"He went back to work today," Sylvia said. There was a listless note in her voice. "He hasn't said anything about going to Canton for days."

"Mm! And what did he say when he got home?" She pursed her lips. "That he never thought it would look so good to him?"

Sylvia nodded. She sat down on a kitchen chair and swung one foot and watched it pensively. "Just exactly," she said.

"You won't even be able to get him to stir out of the house to a pic-



They went up into Michigan, west to Wisconsin, down through Minnesota and Iowa and St. Louis to Memphis.

ture show for a month. I told you, Wind's will, that's the poem. They're all alike." She put the cup of sugar on the kitchen cabinet and looked at Sylvia and frowned. "But I wouldn't say you look so happy about it, Sylvie. But you're tired."

Sylvia stopped swinging her foot and rested her chin on her hands. She sighed and said, "Only of this town, I guess. I was just thinking, when we came back yesterday, and it looked so... so old and so shabby and dull and tiresome... and I thought that we'll spend all our lives here."

Mrs. Hackett drew back and regarded her and then said again defensively, "You're just tired, Sylvie."

Sylvia looked up and her eyes were sparkling. "But I'm not," she said. "I had a wonderful time."



WAS THIS THE MOST CHARMING WOMAN?

You can pick up almost any woman's magazine and read an article about the most charming woman that ever lived. One writer will select a movie actress like Ingrid Bergman. Another writer will point to the fact that the Duchess of Windsor is the most charming, magnetic woman. Imaginative writers go all the way back to Cleopatra in making their nominations.

It seems to me, however, that everything considered, the most charming woman who ever lived was not a movie actress, an Egyptian queen, or the heroine of a popular novel. She was instead a mild, middle-aged woman who lived in Paris around the middle of the Nineteenth century.

Her name was Madame Recamier, and although she left behind nothing but an exquisite legend "as of a rose that had bloomed for a while in a garden and vanished," men and women still praise her.

The secret of Madame Recamier's charm was that she put herself always in the other person's place. "She was an enchanting listener," one of her admirers said. She was. She rarely spoke herself. But she did something far more important—she contrived to make you say bright and witty things.

She had tremendous tact. When you called at her home, she smiled graciously, made you feel more welcome than you'd ever felt anywhere before. She wasn't flowery or extravagant about it. It was the way she said what she said rather than the words she used.

One of her friends, the great French author Sainte-Beuve, wrote on the day after her death, "She would have liked to stop everything at April—her heart remained at early Spring."

What did she offer these persons that they loved her so? Not wealth. Hers was lost. Not position. She lived in a four-room flat. Then what? The sheer charm and power of a perfect personality.

Jeanne Francoise Recamier was her full name. She lived in Paris from 1777 to 1849. To this day when writers want to set up a standard of charm and personality, they choose her as their model.



AMONG THE ARGUMENTS THAT BROKE OUT

out a few days ago between managers, scouts and ballplayers, there was a rather heated debate over right and left-handed values. Who, among the hitters and the pitchers, make the better ballplayers? This turned out to be an interesting subject.

It began with the hitters and here T. Williams was the line-up: Left-handed hitters — Ty Cobb, Babe Ruth, Ted Williams, Tris Speaker, George Sisler, Mel Ott, Joe Jackson, Lou Gehrig—these were the tops.

Right-handed hitters — Rogers Hornsby, Joe DiMaggio, Harry Heilmann, Hans Wagner, Ed Delehanty, Nap Lajoie, Hank Greenberg and Jimmy Foxx.

From these two lists, the left-handed hitters have the majority and the power, although Hornsby, Wagner, Delehanty and Lajoie were among the greatest. And Harry Heilmann could hit his share. But you can't do much about Cobb, Ruth, Speaker and Jackson, not overlooking Williams. They knew what the old ash furniture was for.

Right-Handed Hurlers

Then they got around to the pitchers. It was a trifle different here: Left-handers—Lefty Grove, Rube Waddell, Carl Hubbell, Eddie Plank, Babe Ruth and Hal Newhouser.

Right-handers — Walter Johnson, Cy Young, Grover Alexander, Christy Mathewson, Ed Walsh, Dizzy Dean, Smokey Joe Wood, Chief Bender and Bob Feller.

Here the right-handers had the call. Young, Johnson, Alexander and Mathewson are far in front of any four left-handers you can name, when it comes to a matter of total victories gathered through the years.

In hitting, the left-hander is at least a stride and a half closer to first base. You know how many base runners are thrown out by a stride. But despite Ruth, Jackson, Ott and Williams, I doubt the left-handers had any greater power than Delehanty, Hornsby, Foxx, Greenberg, Lajoie and Hack Wilson in one year. Few still living remember Delehanty. He and Hornsby were about on a par. Lajoie was up with both. They were terrific.

Most 'Graceful' Players

It is all part of an old story, a "Twice Told Tale," but a few of us who can dip a number of years back into the past were talking again about the most graceful ballplayers, the ones you loved to see.

More than a few old-timers cut in with suggestions such as Billy Evans, Wish Egan, Bucky Harris, Jack Onslow and several others.

Here was our all-grace line-up: Catcher—Johnny Kling. Pitchers—Walter Johnson, Bugs Raymond, Eddie Joss, Dizzy Dean and Kid Nichols.

First base — Hal Chase, George Sisler. Second base — Napoleon Lajoie, Eddie Collins. Shortstop — Herman Long, Dave Bancroft.

Third base—Jimmy Collins, Buck Weaver, Pie Traynor. Outfield — Tris Speaker, Joe DiMaggio and Terry Moore.

These men, in the main, made all plays look easy. I can't recall ever seeing Lajoie make a play look tough. The same goes for DiMaggio, who always seems to be drifting, not running.

John McGraw once said that Raymond had the greatest motion he ever saw. My vote along this line goes to Johnson, a pitcher McGraw rarely saw until his later years.

Eddie Collins was next to Lajoie at second, while Bradley and Weaver were close to Jimmy Collins at third. Traynor was about on a par with Weaver.

Awkward but Great

Grace doesn't always mean greatness. Hans Wagner, the greatest shortstop that ever lived, one of the greatest of all players, reminded you of a giant crab. Hans was awkward-looking. Christy Mathewson was no picture of grace in the box. Neither is Bob Feller, who uses almost every muscle in his body.

On the other hand, Dizzy Dean had an almost flawless pitching motion. Dizzy finished on the toes of his left foot, as far forward as one could get without toppling over on his face. For the few short years he had before his right shoulder went lame, he was as good as any pitcher I ever saw.

Ty Cobb always has rated Ed Walsh as the best five-year pitcher in baseball history. "Any pitcher who can win 40 games and save 12 others in one year is good enough for me," Ty said some time back. "Especially pitching for a light-kitting club."

Babe Ruth also belongs in this "all-graceful" list. There was nothing awkward about the Babe, either at bat or playing the outfield. He was a smooth swinger at the plate and a smooth-looking workman on his outfield job.

NEEDLEWORK PATTERNS

Gay Pillowcases to Embroider



HERE are some lovely old fashioned ladies to embroider on pillowcases for your guest room. Each design measures about five to fifteen inches—the cases shown have the appearance of fine imported ones that are far from expensive to buy.

To obtain hot-iron transfers for 4 designs, color chart, stitch illustrations and

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Heavy Tusks Fatal

As the tusks of an elephant grow throughout its life, many a male in Africa eventually develops a set so heavy that the animal has to place them in forks of trees at short intervals in order to rest its tired neck muscles, says Collier's. Thereafter, these elephants, being unable to keep pace with their herds, lead solitary lives and become easy victims of ivory hunters.

COMMON SENSE... proved thousands upon thousands of times! ALL-VEGETABLE LAXATIVE

In NR (Nature's Remedy) Tablets, there are no chemicals, no minerals, no phenol derivatives. NR Tablets are different—act different. Purely vegetable—a combination of 10 vegetable ingredients formulated over 50 years ago. Uncoated or candy coated, their action is dependable, thorough, yet gentle, as millions of NR's have proved. Get a 25¢ box. Use as directed.



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HOW TO SIGNAL A CAR FOR HELP AT NIGHT



IT'S MIDNIGHT. It's an emergency. How to "flag down" a passing motorist? Your flashlight is your best bet. Swing your flashlight across the road... with the beam down! Be sure it's powered with "Eveready" batteries... powerful, dependable, they outlast all other brands!*

KEEP YOUR LIGHT MOVING, says the AAA. Standing about 50 feet to the rear of your car, wave the flashlight across the road... with the beam down! DON'T throw the beam into the eyes of the oncoming motorist! A light in a driver's eyes can cause a serious accident!

KEEP A "DANGER SIGNAL" HANDY! Red means "danger." So here's what you can do to turn a flashlight into a danger signal. Roll a sheet of red cellophane around the head of the light. Hold it in place with a rubber band. Twist the ends of cellophane to resemble a flare. Keep an "Eveready" flashlight handy.

Proof!... in the laboratory, in your own flashlight... 'EVEREADY' BATTERIES OUTLAST ALL OTHER BRANDS!*

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CROSSWORD PUZZLE

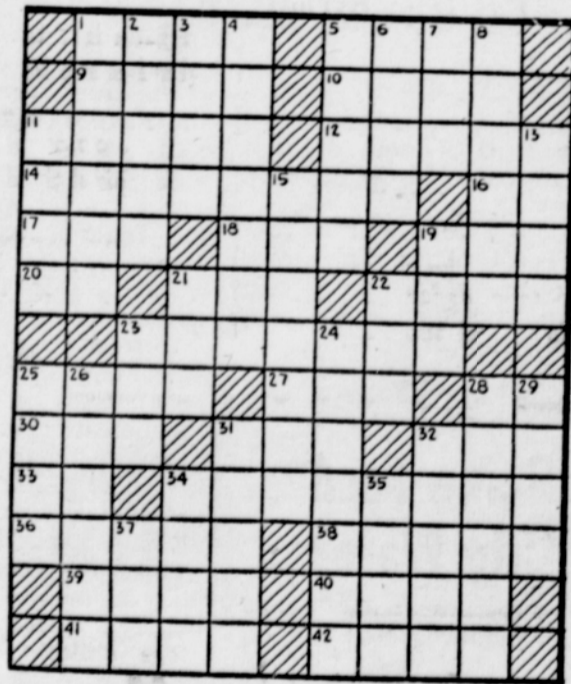
Horizontal

- 1 Shades of a primary color
- 5 Fish
- 9 Egress
- 10 Weaver-bird
- 11 Variety of willow
- 12 Lairs
- 14 Wild horses (Tex.)
- 16 Any powerful deity
- 17 High (mus.)
- 18 Affirmative reply
- 19 African antelope
- 20 New Testament (abbr.)
- 21 Observe
- 22 Fruit of the palm
- 23 Pampers
- 25 Nail
- 27 Mandate
- 28 Centimeter (abbr.)
- 30 Leap
- 31 Caress
- 32 Shinto temple
- 33 Jewish month
- 34 Fancy ball clothes
- 36 Ankle bone (anat.)
- 38 People of Ireland
- 39 Civil wrong
- 40 Wagon
- 41 Female sheep (pl.)
- 42 Antlered animal (poss.)

Vertical

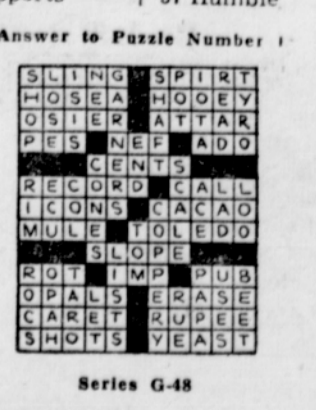
- 1 Consequence
- 2 Live

Solution in Next Issue.



No. 2

- 3 Fare
- 4 Wandered
- 5 Medleys
- 6 Metallic rocks
- 7 River (Fr.)
- 8 Range
- 11 Sultanate (SE Arabia)
- 13 Sling around
- 15 Sewing implements
- 19 Fuel
- 21 Scatter, as seed
- 22 Moisture
- 23 Head covering
- 24 Framework of crossed sticks
- 25 Talk
- 26 Having lobes
- 28 Boxes with lids
- 29 Reduce to a pulp
- 31 Upright supports
- 32 Simper
- 34 Preserve, as by salt-ing, etc.
- 35 River (Russ.)
- 37 Humble



Series G-48