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by David Garth

SYNOPSIS: Allaire West has dropped in on her disapproving father at his enormous estate in Virginia. But she decides after talking with him that she cannot stick it out and starts back to Washington to visit her giddy mother. Guy West disconcerted in turn, orders his private car to be attached to the New York train. Meanwhile, Terry Willett just has returned his father to Carteret Va. for his last long rest—and while talking to the rector is wondering whether to go back to the tropics and his engineering contract.

Chapter 19.

INTRUSION

THE venerable rector, who had both christened and buried Lawrence Willett, was disturbed—this powerful bronzed son was getting ready to ride again. He tried to arouse in him some softening sense of Family by pointing out the various inscriptions in the little churchyard.

He showed Willett where lay the ancestor who had been killed in the fighting around Fort Duquesne in the Year of Our Lord seventeen hundred and forty-five. The marker was of red stone, weathered, cracked, and nearly undecipherable.

There was the Willet who had come home to die from the rigors of the Lewis and Clark empire-building expedition, and the three sons of Judge Nathaniel Willett who had galloped hell-for-leather with "Beauty" Stuart's cavalry into lines of belching guns.

Quite an illustrious cavalcade to ride behind alone, but Terry Willett had been knocking around the world too long to have assimilated any sense of Family. He listened courteously and then looked at his wrist watch.

"Good-bye, sir," he said. "I'll be pushing along."

"Terence," said the minister, "haven't you thought you might have a duty to—all of them here?"

Willett gave him a long straight glance.

"Duty" he said. "Don't talk to me of duty, sir. I'm a bust as an engineer and a worse bust as a son. Let it go at that."

The minister didn't want to let it go at that by any means, but there was nothing he could do about it.

"At least you might be interested in seeing your old home," he urged, putting his stiff aged fingers into Willett's firm and youthful clasp. "A graceful courtesy to your father, Terence."

"Where is the governor's place?"

The minister furnished explicit directions. Willett nodded.

"Might take a look at it. Thanks for everything; you were damn decent."

HE strode off. "You were damn decent." The minister shook his head slowly, put his pince-nez back astride his nose, and reflected sadly that divinity schools have their limits.

The historic town square was protected by an iron fence—there was some sort of a statue—Willett walked through the town of his forefathers with the attitude of a man waiting for his train to get through a tunnel.

But he stopped to look at the house where his father had been born— a big white house with six columns rising to the roof cornice. There was a drive through an avenue of locust trees and at one side of the house were the overgrown remains of a terraced garden.

Nobody had lived here for some time—the house was boarded up, the grass needed mowing, and a weatherbeaten sign stuck in the lawn announced the property was for sale or rent and referred to some bank.

His face was a study as he looked searchingly at the place, as if to drink in a picture that would last, because this was a day of last farewells before the world moved on. Some day he might want to remember it, some day, somewhere—

A train whistle sounded down the valley. Willett snapped to. Good-bye, Dad, here's how!

The fast-flying "Old Dominion" disdained to stop in Carteret for the sake of passengers, but the little matter of a water tank was accepted as a necessary evil.

Clouds of steam issued from the hot boxes, a conductor waited watch in hand on the platform for the flash, and two little barefooted negro boys stood near the observation platform of a long silver-gray private car named "Débutante II," their eyes popping out of their heads.

TERRY WILLETT arrived at the station on the jump.

"That was the New York train?" he asked the station agent.

"Yeah, but it ain't the local," said the agent. "This train don't stop for passengers."

"Whatever it's doing now," said Willett, "is all right with me."

He walked over to "Débutante II" and swung up on the observation platform.

"Hey!" yelled a brakeman. "That's a private car."

"Do tell me," said Willett. "What's private about it?"

"I'm tellin' you you can't ride there."

"If you don't like it," said Willett, "there are any number of things you can do with it."

A negro in white servitor's coat came out on the platform.

"This is a private car, suh," he warned. "You can't ride heah. Ah'm telling you."

"Listen, you," said Willett. "You can't tell me anything."

"Don't talk to me of duty, sir," said Terry.

"Tough guy, huh?" commented the brakeman from the station platform.

"Come on up here, flunky," invited Willett, "and find out for yourself."

The brakeman decided it didn't really make any difference anyway, but the negro began an officious protest. Willett inquired if he'd like to be tossed right the hell off the train entirely.

The inquiry was attended with an unmistakable eagerness and put an end to further argument. The train began to move, and Willett brushed him aside and went into the car.

It was a private car all right—big club chairs, a small mahogany bar, thick grey carpet and soft-toned curtains—a blend of luxurious comfort and modernistic beauty.

A pretty girl and two men were shooting dice on the floor. Tall glasses reposed perilously close to their heels, and a nearby buffet table was laden with a parade of bottles and bowls of cracked ice.

"Listen," the girl was saying spiritedly, "I left a six here and you can't put me behind the eight ball with Snake Eyes. A woman has some rights, you pirates."

Her indignant pronouncement met with an exception from one of the men, a young army officer.

She leaned weakly back on her heels and noticed Willett.

"Well, well," she observed, "look what wandering boy saw the light in the window."

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Tomorrow Puff takes a swipe at Terry Willett.

PROMISE OLD MEN PROSTATE RELIEF

ST. LOUIS, Jan. 4.—(AP)—A new treatment for prostate trouble—a common affliction of old men—which gives complete relief was reported today to the American Association for the Advancement of Science.

It consists merely of feeding to prostate sufferers an extract of bovine tissues which in some undetermined way, possibly through a hormone action, causes the abnormal enlargement of the gland to subside, according to Dr. D. Roy McCulahg, of the Cleveland clinic, Cleveland, O., who reported the method.

He explained that the abnormal enlargement of the gland, which is situated at the neck of the bladder, interferes with normal body functions, and has a secondary effect in causing kidney disorders which are sometimes fatal.

Use Mail Tribune want ads.

Two Lives Toll In Oregon Industry

SALEM, Jan. 4.—(AP) The state industrial accident commission during the week ending yesterday, received reports of the deaths of two workers, injured in industrial accidents in Oregon. Accidents reported numbered 460.

The fatally injured were M. Yano, Portland fruit picker, injured at Dee, Oct. 17, and S. E. Dilley, Grande Ronde laborer, injured December 18 at Valley Junction.

Use Mail Tribune want ads.

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

For further proof address the author, inclosing a stamped envelope for reply. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

While European minds were still blundering from one system of calendar to another, wondering why the seasons seemed to shift from one year to the next in spite of their best calculations, the ancient Mayan had already perfected a calendar so uncannily accurate that it is today one of the marvels of mathematics and astronomy.

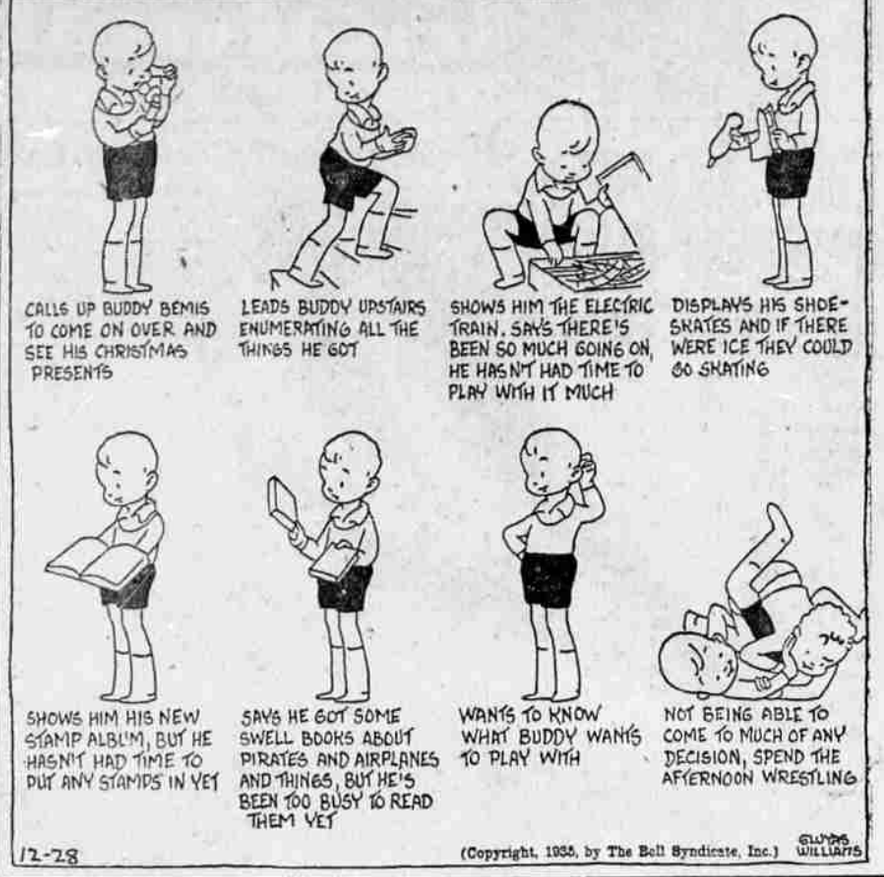
Based on observations of the sun, moon and planets, it provided for a 365-day year divided into 18 months of 20 days each. Each month consisted of four 5-day weeks, and at the end of the year was an extra period of five unnamed days to complete the year. The extra occasional day provided for our leap years was taken care of so accurately that the Mayan calendar of 25 centuries ago varied but one day in 300 years—and even this variance was allowed for so well that after more than 2100 years the Mayan calendar was still accurate.

The Mayan year began in mid-July when the sun crossed its zenith.

Through the centuries that the Mayan calendar was marking off the passing time, Europe's best calendar was running ahead of itself one day every 100 years. This, the Julian calendar, was discarded in 1852 by most countries in favor of the more accurate Georgian calendar of today. When the new calendar was put into effect 10 days had to be lopped off the old calendar to bring the seasons back to their normal place.

Tomorrow: "Man's Span of Life."

PRESENTS By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



S'MATTER POP— By C. M. PAYNE

TAILSPIN TOMMY—Their Last Hope Gone! By HAL FORREST

BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Council of War By EDWIN ALGER

THE NEBBS—Happy New Year By SOL HESS

STATE COLLEGE ROLL HOLDS UP

CORVALLIS, Ore., Jan. 4.—(AP)—Winter term enrollment at Oregon State college was nearly as large as for the fall term, and continued the 20 percent increase over a year ago, first day registration totals of 2674 showed today.

If the usual late registration occurs, the total for the term will be above 3000, compared with the final total of 2551 for the second term last year, and 3,155 for the 1935 fall term.

Until the last two years the winter term usually showed a marked falling off compared with the fall.

The first day enrollment included 66 new students, nearly 50 percent more than a year ago.

More than 300 graduate students and the usual late comers remained to be registered.

ATLANTIC CITY HOTEL DESTROYED BY FIRE

ATLANTIC CITY, N. J., Jan. 4 (AP) Ten men were injured when fire destroyed the 100-room Biltmore hotel early today, driving more than 40 guests into the street in their nightclothes. The hotel was valued at $300,000, the owner said.

The fire started in the rear of the five-story frame building and hours later firemen were still pouring tons of water into the smouldering ruins. All furnishings were destroyed or damaged by water and most of the guests lost their jewelry, clothing and other valuables.