

MAMBA'S DAUGHTERS

By
DuBose
Heyward

(Continued from page 4)

he was now, at eighteen, her despair. It was not that he was unwilling to work. On the contrary, he hailed each new position that was found for him with eagerness. But the habit that had been given to him in school had deepened rather than dissipated when met by the harsher realities of life. The immediate and inexorable array of facts that faced him with each new vocation brought bewilderment to his untrained mind. His thoughts veered from the task of meeting and arranging them, leaped the gap between the bottom and top of the ladder, and solaced him with a fool's paradise of pictured triumphs.

Unfortunately there were only certain occupations that a gentleman could follow in Charleston without sacrifice of family dignity, and if one were handicapped by the lack of a professional training these were reduced to a minimum. One could work in a bank, or one of the bond and real estate offices on Broad street. One could become a cotton expert, or even a broker in the wholesale district along East Bay. Strange to say, in spite of the unholy stench and overalls, one could seek employment in the great fertilizer factories beyond the city limits. But a gentleman seeking a livelihood in the early nineteen hundreds could not engage in any branch of the retail business without imposing upon his humiliated family the burden of incessant explanation.

Through the intercession of a distant relative, an outdoor clerkship with one of the banks had been obtained for Saint. It had been a fatal beginning. He had approached it with enthusiasm, slightly blurred by his distrust of arithmetic, but genuine, nevertheless. Now he could see, after the short period on the street, a high standing desk in the big banking room, then a roll-top desk in a small outer office, and finally the directors' room with himself seated in the massive chair at the end of the table. On the first day he had stood looking down that alluring perspective until he had to be spoken to twice by the cashier before he heard. This so distressed him that he penalized himself by memorizing a cotton warehouse receipt, although he could not make head or tail of the legal verbiage. His outdoor work took him to the cotton offices on the wharves, and therein lay his complete undoing, for there were the ships and the Negroes waiting to betray him into long, unexplained absences. At the end of the first week his banking career came to an abrupt end.

Other jobs followed: a swift disillusioning procession of them. Bewildered and baffled, the boy met them, groped among their intricate mechanisms, felt them slipping through his hands, and was powerless to retain them. Finally, on a dark winter morning, he stood before a door with a panel of ground glass upon which was painted in large letters, PRIVATE. The palms of

his hands were wet and cold, his tongue felt like a withered pea in a dried pod, and his kneecaps were a quaking jelly. In the distance St. Michael's chimed and struck eleven. He made a solemn vow to himself to stick it out for another quarter hour. If he did not get in then and have it over with, he could not keep his body there any longer. The last man who had hired him had smiled over his head at another occupant of the room all the time that he had talked. He had been sitting where he could not see the other man, but his back had quivered under the derisive answering smile. He prayed now that this man would be alone and that he would not ask him where he had worked before. Fertilizers! This was about the end of the procession; the last stand. He'd have to get it, and he'd have to stick it out when he had it. His thoughts touched on his mother and her hope for the success of the interview. A warm, tender wave swept upward from the pit of his stomach and broke in a blinding mist before his eyes. The big, black private on the door swam and quivered. Panic! Suppose the door should open now! He dashed his knuckles across his eyes and gritted his teeth.

A low-pitched man's voice had been rumbling monotonously in the room beyond the door that he was watching. Now it stopped. He heard the sound of a chair pushed over a bare floor; then the words: "That will do now. Tell the young man outside that I will see him."

The door with its shaking letters swung inward. A woman passed him and said: "You may see Mr.

MEN, WOMEN, Regain Youth, increase manhood or womanhood. Then try this wonderful Pep-O-Man treatment. Highly recommended for those men and women who are peevish, weak, tire too soon, can hardly get out of bed in the morning. Price \$1.10 a Box. THOMPSON'S CHEMICAL CO., 3802 S. State St., Chicago, Ill.

Tells Skinny Men How to Gain Weight

If the flat chested man whose ribs of almost bursting through his skin doesn't try to make himself look like a real man, no one else will.

When any man or woman needs more weight they ought to know about McCoy's Tablets.

McCoy takes all the risk—Read this ironclad guarantee. If after taking 4 sixty cent boxes of McCoy's Tablets or 2 one dollar boxes any thin, underweight man or woman doesn't gain at least 5 pounds and feel completely satisfied with the marked improvement in health—your money will be returned.

Just ask for McCoy's Tablets at any drug store in America.—Adv.

Raymond now." He set the machinery of his legs in motion, and the woman closed the door behind him. The room was large and bare. It smelled faintly of phosphates. In its centre a heavy man sat in a swivel chair behind a flat-top desk. Behind rimless spectacles his eyes were keen and appraising.

"So you are Katherine Wentworth's boy," he said in a deep, hearty voice. "I am glad to know you. Knew your father, too—boys together—fine, both of them. Got a lot to live up to, Son." He shook hands cordially and waved his guest to a chair at the end of the desk where the light struck his face, and took a good look at him. What he saw was a tall, slender lad with loosely hung arms and legs and a sallow face that flinched away from his look like an open wound under a probe. He saw brown hair with a cowlick over the

forehead, and slate-coloured eyes that were too conscious of their own tragic admissions to meet his glance.

Mr. Raymond bustled himself deliberately with a silver cigar-cutter and a long, black cigar. He scratched a match, applied it, and blew a funnel of smoke toward the ceiling. He threw a sidelong glance at the boy. Yes, the respite had helped. They could talk now.

"Think you'd like to try the fertilizer business, eh?" There was a twinkle behind his glasses.

"Yes, sir."

"Don't mind starting at the bottom?"

"No, indeed, sir, almost anything, that is, I don't mind doing anything at all."

"That's the proper spirit!" exclaimed the big man. "Now, how'd you like to start just where I did and

work up?" The deep voice filled the (Continued on page eleven)

Makes SHORT HAIR LONG



THESE CHARMING GIRLS

tell you to use Queen hair beautifier, because their results, as you can see from the pictures, have Queen hair of all. Queen will give you beautiful, soft, silky hair, that you can comb any way you wish with or without straightening combs. Queen gives your hair that lovely shewn women envy and men adore. If your druggist is out, send 50c in stamps for Full Treatment, shampoo and dressing. The use of Queen brings you beauty and success. Send Now.

Newbro Co., Dept. 23M, Atlanta, Ga. AGENTS WANTED Big Pay Write for copy plan.



Its fragrance will captivate you!

When you open the package, the first thing that will delight you about Pluko Hair Dressing is its captivating fragrance!

And when you apply this dainty preparation to your hair, you will again be delighted. For it takes but one application of Pluko to make a decided improvement in the appearance of your hair.

Then if you want to have really beautiful hair—hair that is bright, straight and silky, and easy to arrange in any becoming style—use this hair dressing regularly!

You won't find that hard to do; because Pluko is pleasant to use and takes up but a few minutes of your time. The results are always satisfactory and its nourishing oils keep the scalp soft and healthy and promote the growth of lovely hair. Try Pluko today!

Pluko HAIR DRESSING

Always the finest Hair Dressing Easy and pleasant to use



WHITE 50¢
AMBER 25¢

Housework takes less effort when you feel fit



Although modern household devices lighten the tasks of the woman today, you know that housework, properly done, requires energy and strength.

When you feel strong and fit, household duties are easily accomplished with plenty of energy to spare for hours of recreation and pleasure.

That's why so many women welcome the invigorating and strengthening effects of St. Joseph's G. F. P.

Extracted from Nature's medicinal roots and herbs and combined under a time-tested formula, this pleasant-

tasting tonic has benefited women for more than 50 years. During that time thousands have testified to the help they have received.

If you're feeling run-down, tired-out and lacking in pep, why not start taking St. Joseph's G. F. P.? You can get the big dollar bottle at your dealer.

St. Joseph's G.F.P.

The Woman's Tonic