long, motion picture producer, met and married Elizabeth, whose first husband, Arthur Kittredge, was reported killed in World War I, but who later appeared in Hollywood and secured a job with Spratt. Under the name of Kessler, and with his disfigurements, he was not recof the Herlongs. Arthur promised to talk with Dick and explain to him what the war really meant to him personally. On Christmas Margaret was to give a party so Dick, Cherry and Elizabeth went to help decorate the tree. Margaret almost fell and became scared, she explained she was cut when she fell and a man kicked her-the man who killed her mother.

#### CHAPTER XVIII

Dick swallowed and wet his lips. He had heard stories like this before, but hitherto they had been something that happened to people who had the far-off quality of anonymity. Hearing it reported as a matter of course by a little girl in his own home town was something else again. He looked at Kessler, and back at Margaret. Cherry, who had sat down on top of the ladder, was looking at Kessler too, as though they both wanted him to say it hadn't really happened like this.

"Come here, Margaret," said Kessler gently.

She went to him, and he put his arms around her. "It was dreadful in Germany,"

said Kessler. "But we aren't afraid any more." She looked up at him artlessly.

"Oh no, of course not. Not here." "Nobody does things like that here," said Kessler. "There aren't

any Nazis in America." "Oh no," Margaret said again. She laughed at a recollection. "When we first came here," she said to the others, "I was scared of the men in uniform. But they were just policemen and soldiers. They

didn't bother anybody." "No, everybody is safe here," Kessler went on. "Nobody comes into a house without being asked. If they want to come in they ring the bell, and if you tell them not to come in they stay outside. Nobody is scared in the United States. Margaret used to be scared, but she

isn't any more." "It's different here," said Margaret.

"And your supper is getting cold," Kessler suggested. "You'd better go eat it."

"All right."

"And aren't you going to thank Mrs. Herlong and Dick and Cherry for helping you with the tree?"

'Oh yes! It's just wonderful. Thank you so much."

"We're glad we could help," said Elizabeth, She took Margaret's hand and went with her into the dining room where her supper was ready. Margaret started to eat with a healthy appetite, evidently not appalled by the story she had told. When Elizabeth returned to the front room Dick was still standing by the tree and Cherry still sat on the ladder, apparently too horrified to move. Kessler was speaking to

"If it seems cruel to let her go on talking, it's less cruel than making her shut it up inside herself. I thought it was easier on you to listen than it would have been on her if I had told her to stop."

"But what sort of cattle are they?" Dick exclaimed. "We hear a lot of things about them, cruel and vicious and all that, but not just going around kicking little girls!"

"I told your mother once," said Kessler, "that your only fault was that you didn't realize how superior you were to your neighbors." "To my neighbors? But I don't

know anybody like that!" "No, you don't know anybody like

"Gee whiz," said Dick. He went

over to another side of the room and sat down. "Why did they kill her parents?"

Cherry asked breathlessly. "They didn't. Her parents killed themselves.'

"Ah!" Cherry let go her breath audibly.

"Margaret thinks the Nazis killed them. They killed so many others. I haven't tried to tell her any differently. She doesn't understand "But why?" exclaimed Cherry.

Then she added apologetically, "I'm sorry. I guess it's none of my business." "There's no reason why you

shouldn't know," Kessler answered. He glanced at Elizabeth. "Shall I go on, Mrs. Herlong?"

"Yes, if you can bear it. After all, Mr. Kessler, we've heard it before. It's been in the papers and on the radio."

Cherry said what they had all when it happens to somebody you know! You mean it happened to

about?" "Why yes, the same old story," Kessler answered. "She and her ents treated so?" mother were shoved off the sidewalk, she didn't have enough to eat and even when her parents went without there wasn't enough for her, they saw other children beaten and else in store for Margaret. Their old friends crossed the street when | tal and anti-Semitic and all that,

THE STORY THUS FAR: Spratt Her- | they saw Margaret's parents com- | why should you want to kill a docing because they were afraid to be tor who might save your life? You seen speaking to Jews. They tried it as long as they could. They were a brave and gallant pair. But that ognized and became a good friend to all day Margaret told you about, her mother's spirit broke. She tried to half the human race had already kill Margaret, and she succeeded with herself. She was a doctor and there were still a few drugs in the house. The only reason she didn't succeed with Margaret was that she wanted the child's death to be quick and easy, and she gave her too

> Cherry was staring at him, unconscious that there were tears in her wide-stretched eyes.

much."

"And her father?" Dick blurted. "He and I came in together. We had been out to buy food. We had to stand in line to buy it, and I tried to help him, because as I am not Jewish things were easier for me. But I can't stand in line very long, or carry any parcels except what I can put into my pockets. We used to do the buying, it was too frightful for Margaret and her mother on the

street. When we came in we thought



"But what sort of they?" Dick exclaimed.

they were both dead. We knew the house had been searched because it was in such disorder. Jacoby-Margaret's father-knew they would come back for him. With Margaret and her mother gone he had no more reason to keep trying. He was like an insane man. He had no gunthey had taken that long before-so he stepped out of the window."

"But Margaret?" Elizabeth exclaimed as he paused.

"I don't know how I ever realized, just then, that the child wasn't dead. I knew something about first aid, and I did the best I could for her, and got help from a doctor at the hospital where her father had worked before the Nazis took over. We worked with her, asking ourselves every ten minutes why we were doing it. We almost agreed with her mother that it would be better to let her die. But I managed to get a letter to the French studio that had bought two of my books, and they gave us help. That was just before the war began. A few more weeks and it would have been too late."

There was a moment of stricken silence. Then Elizabeth demanded,

"How can you talk about it so quietly! Your friends driven to death, a mother trying to kill her own child-and you might be talking about the weather!"

"You have to learn to talk about it like that," Kessler said. "If you don't-" He shrugged.

"Was he a very good friend of yours?" Dick asked.

"My best friend. He saved my life after the last war, and made it possible for me to walk instead of spending these years in a wheelchair. He was a very great man."

"He was one of the most famous surgeons in Germany. And more than that, he was, as I said, a very great man. Through the worst disasters-and there were plenty of them in Germany after the last war -he had clung to his belief that no matter what happens there is always something worth saving, in one's self and in humanity. Then when he had lost everything else he lost been thinking. "But it's different that too. I'm not blaming him for

it, but I'm sorry for it." "I don't get it!" Dick exclaimed Margaret's family like what we read | abruptly. "I hear about such things and hear about them, but I don't get it. Why were Margaret's par-

"Because they were Jews, for one thing."

Dick shook his head, as though the room had got dark and he was trying to see. "But I still don't get it. starved and knew there was nothing | Mr. Kessler. It doesn't make any sense at all. Even if you were bru-

might get sick and need just what and tried to get away and every door | he could do for you-don't they ever was shut against them. They stood | think about that? It doesn't make sense," he said again.

Kessler did not try to tell Dick that he was asking a question that asked. He only replied, "It doesn't make sense, and I don't get it either, Dick. The Nazis and their babble, and then a child like Margaret."

"A nice sweet helpless little girl!" Cherry exclaimed.

Kessler turned toward her, and spoke earnestly. "It's not only that, Cherry. There are people in the world who haven't your sense of humanity toward helpless little girls. But it's what Dick said-even if you had no sense of humanity, why should you do that to yourself?" "To yourself?" said Cherry, puz-

"Why yes. Why should you want to destroy your own hope in the future? Margaret's heredity includes two of the finest minds in Germany. If parents give their children anything of themselves, and

we know they do, the chances are a hundred to one that Margaret is a genius. Nobody knows what she's capable of becoming, but they tried to destroy her."

"Gosh!" said Dick. "Mr. Kessler -you mean that kid's liable to do something like discover radium, and she nearly got killed?"

"That's exactly what I mean. I don't know that Margaret's a genius, it's too soon to tell. But I know that in this mad killing of theirs the fascists from Berlin to Tokyo have destroyed genius, and they're still doing it. They're destroying their future, and yours. That's the real tragedy of our time. It's so terrible we don't often think about it because we can't bear it. Margaret's parents had at least had a chance to contribute something to the world. But she's never had any, and those other children who didn't escape had never had any. And what it amounts to," he said clearly to Dick and Cherry, "is that your children may die of loathsome diseases because the scientists who could have saved them were killed when they were four years stay till the finish.

"Oh, my gosh!" cried Cherry from the top of the ladder. Her hand caught at her throat. "That's what they're doing. I never thought of that till this minute. That's what it's about."

Dick stood up. "Holy smoke," he said slowly. "It's ghastly. You're right-it's too awful to think about. You just think of kids as kids, but golly-when you do think about them as growing up, or not growing up. I mean the important ones-suppose the Germans had blitzed England fifty years ago and had got Churchill, I mean, and now we'd never know."

Elizabeth put her hands over her eyes. It seemed to her that she could suddenly see them, little boys like Brian, little girls with fat pigtails like Margaret, the Einsteins, Chiangs, Curies of the future, going in a horrible procession to annihilation. Suppose the bombs had dropped fifty years ago. She thought of sulfanilamide and the Four Freedoms, television and cargo planes, vitamins and the Panama Canal. Her generation had these because the men and women who brought them into being had been allowed to grow up. She could hear Kessler's voice, passionate with a great grief.

"That's the real horror of fascism. We are sick at what they are doing today, but this is such a little part of it. Their awful crime is what they are doing tomorrow. We don't know what they've already destroyed-a cure for cancer, a new philosophical system, a rocket to the moon. Margaret got out, but the others who didn't get out-think of the books that will never be written, the work that will never be done. They're destroying tomorrow, and tomorrow is forever."

Several days after the turn of the New Year, Kessler received a letter from Dick:

Dear Mr. Kessler,

I guess there is no use trying to tell you how shocked I was at what you said the other day. My sister felt the same way I did. I do not write very well and it is hard to say what I mean. But this is what I am getting at. I know you are a very busy man but if there is a day, maybe a Sunday, when you have some time to spare would you let me come over and see you? I did not want to bother you until after Christmas, but there are some things I have been thinking about and I would like to talk to you anyway. You seem to understand our family very well and I know they like you and would not mind anything I said to you. Let me know if this would be convenient.

> Sincerely yours. Richard Spratt Herlong, Jr.

After he had read Dick's letter. Kessler sat for some time thinking, his forehead resting on his big thick hand. These months in Beverly Hills had been more difficult than he had thought they were going to be. Most things were, when you came down to them.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

#### MERCY, NOT JUSTICE

In a small southern community, Negro revival meeting was holding forth. Also in session was the Grand Jury. Sinners were being gathered in swiftly and efficiently by the exhorting preacher. That is, all except one hardened individual who, despite all the efforts of the DISGUSTED with his own cook earnest shepherd and his co-workfess his sing

be induced to speak.

ed the pleading, perspiring preach- him. will forgive you."

ain't settin' on dat Grand Jury!"

### POOR HUBBY!



Mrs.-Never kick about the poor quality of biscuits that I make.

Mr.-Why not? Mrs.—Because I never kick about the quality of dough you make.

Just a Warm-Up Lem-My feet are cold.

Clem-Just put a brick at your feet when you go to bed. Lem-I tried that. Clem-Did you get the brick hot?

Lem-Naw, it took me all night just to get it warm.

Social Outcast

Postmaster-I'm sorry, but I can't cash this money order for you unless you have some identification. Have you some friends in camp? Soldier-Not me, I'm the bugler.

Yowl!

Jones-I understand Madame Yakowiski is a famous Finnish singer. Smith-All I know is that I heard her concert last night and I couldn't

One-Man Army Veteran-Yeah, I once put almost three hundred men out of action. Youngster-Gee, didn't you get a

medal? Veteran-No. I was camp cook.

Run for Your Life

go hang myself in your front yard. to Canada. George had often heard She-Now, you know Pop wouldn't the story before. Soon he went into want you hanging around here.

## IN REVERSE



Mrs.-I wasn't going 60 miles an hour, or 50, or even 40! Cop-Be careful now, or you'll be

backing into somebody! Mechanical Failure

Professor - Why did you spell pneumatic "neumatic" in this es-College Boy-The K on my typewriter isn't working. What's in a Name?

Sunday School Teacher - You never heard of the Ten Commandments? Goodness gracious, what's your name? Small Boy-Moses, ma'am.

Only Skin Deep

Cora-What makes you think that girl's father is a druggist? Dora-She said she got all her good looks from him.

Medical Advice Patient-What's the best thing for gas, doctor? Doctor (absent-mindedly) - "C" coupons.

Take Your Choice Mother-I want your explanation and the truth Teen-age Daughter-But, mother, you can't have both!

That's the Question Teacher-Every dollar bill has at least ten thousand germs on it. Smarty-How many are on a five dollar bill?

Overage Jane-How old are you? Joan-I've seen 21 summers. Jane-How long have you been blind?

Right Answer

Mother-And what three books

Son-Your Bible, your hymn book and your pocket book.

Popular is going to be a success? Bill-People who haven't read it are beginning to say they have.

## **Dream Rival**

By RAE RESNICK McClure Newspaper Syndicate.

WNU Features.

ing, George angrily pushed his ers, would not break down and con- chair back with his foot. If only Anna weren't such a strange little The poor fellow writhed in the tor- foreigner, he thought impatiently, ments of an awakened and cruelly his meals wouldn't be so tasteless, prodding conscience, but could not and the burden of keeping house, in addition to many of the farm "Come on down, brother," shout- chores, would fall on her instead of

er, "confess your sins. The Lord With the odor of the barn still clinging to his clothes, he walked "Ah knows He will," moaned the the short distance to the next farm reluctant candidate, "but de Lord to see Anna and speak to her cousin. Without knocking, he went into the living room.

The woman looked up from her mending indifferently, as if his visits were too frequent for him to be considered a guest. "Hello, George. You'll find Anna in the kitchen.' "Have you spoken to her yet, Mrs.

Laud?" he asked. "Well," Mrs. Laud said slowly, "I tried to, only she didn't seem to know what I was getting at." She paused thoughtfully. "Seemed more that she pretended not to."

"I see." he said wearily. "I did tell her what a fine, honest man you are. But her only ambition right now is to visit a fortune teller." She laughed indulgently. "A fortune teller?"

"Yes. Can you imagine? She believes in them. You see, in Europe a gypsy once read her palm. And Anna said that everything came true. Of course, I imagine little Anna helped out a lot by twisting everything that happened to her into the shape of that faker's prediction."

They talked a while longer about Anna, who was only twelve when the Germans invaded her country, and



He-If you don't marry me, I'll how Mrs. Laud managed to get her the kitchen. He leaned against the wall, faded blue overalls sagging on his awkward thin frame; his long neck tipped forward, his blond, sundried hair hanging over dull blue

> As Anna washed the dishes George could almost see the dreams in her large eyes-dreams of a modern knight riding in the wind with her, the long thick braids of her hair flying behind her.

Her eyes sparkled. "I want see

fortune teller." "What for?" "I want find out who my hus-

band be." Suddenly he had an idea, and he was overwhelmed by his own cleverness. What had Mrs. Laud said a little while ago? "She believes in them . . . little Anna helped out a lot . . . she sure does swear by them now." His red face brightened with enthusiasm. After all, he thought, they would probably be married some day, anyway. No harm in hurrying things up a bit. "There's an amusement park fifteen miles

from here," he told her. On the bus Anna sat quietly in anticipation. George saw her lower her wide eyes modestly when she noticed the men staring at her shy loveliness. Failing to escape their glances, she took a white handkerchief out of her pocket and wiped away the lipstick with which her cousin had touched her mouth. "Maybe they don't look now," she whispered to George. Naive. Thank heaven she was, he thought. For his plans were all the likelier to suc-

At the park she walked close to him, asking every few minutes where the fortune teller was located. They came to a row of booths under a huge awning and he bought a ticket. "Wait here a minute," he said. "I'll be back soon."

He told the fortune teller to describe him to Anna when she asked about her future husband. He handed her some money. "Don't forget. Tall man, blond hair, blue eyes." Then he went out. "You can go in now," he told Anna,

While waiting for her, he laughed. Anna wouldn't doubt the oracle for a minute, he thought, amused. When she came out, she looked as if she were in a trance. Her large shining eyes were focused straight ahead. He fell into step beside her. "Well, what did she say?"

should you take to church with you? "Oh, she say wonderful things, She say I marry tall man. He have blue eyes with blond hair. And he be very good to me. I know he be Joe-How do you know his book the handsomest man in the world. And I wait for him," she said softly. "I wait for him forever."

Plug Shakers

When refilling salt and pepper shakers that have corks in bottom, or which have fallen inside, remove the cork and discard. Then paste turkish toweling bag when taking a mucilage paper over the hole. Or bath; this bag full of soap can be use adhesive tape.

Fires Costly Every day in the U. S. there

are 1,800 fires, 28 deaths caused by fire in 1,000 homes, 130 stores, 100 factories, 7 churches, 7 schools and 3 hospitals.

Bike Passenger You invite disaster when you carry another person on your bike. side down using a hanger with clips.

Clever Washcloth Here's a clever way to use up those left-over slivers and scraps of toilet soap. Put them into a small put into the tub and you'll have

Cleaning Diamonds

wash cloth and soap in one.

To clean diamond rings, cover them with wood alcohol and let stand for five minutes. Remove and polish with white tissue paper.

Hanging Trousers Best way to hang trousers is up-

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