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POOR BROWN—
HIS WIFE
SERVES "JUST
HAMBURGERS"



LUCKY JONES—
HIS WIFE
SPREADS 'EM
WITH FRENCH'S
MUSTARD



The Flavor Gets 'Em EVERY TIME!

- **IT'S SMOOTHER!** French's is carefully blended from the finest vinegar, pure spices and mustard seed. That's why it's so smooth—so delicate in flavor.
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A DIFFERENT TASTE IS
WHAT IT'S GOT
THIS SMOOTHER MUSTARD
HITS THE SPOT!



LARGEST SELLING
Prepared
Mustard in the
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them up; and Tom knew that some of the papers he would eventually get to were sketches for the new project that needed to be saved.

When Joe reached for a rack of blue-prints, Tom made a decision. He went over to Nick and said, "Look, Nick, I'm going to ask Joe to come out with me for a cup of coffee. Stick around till I get back, will you?"

Nick nodded without looking up, and Tom went along to Joe's board. "Come on out while I get a cup of coffee, Joe," he said.

Joe turned regally and regarded him. "You mean," he stated, "you want me to get a cup of coffee. Don't you?"

"That's up to you," Tom said. "Come on out while I do anyway."

"Very well. If you want it, you can have it. Your own responsibility. You asked for it."

They descended the stairs in silence and, crossing the street, went into the shiny, white-tiled little lunchroom. Tom got himself a cup of coffee and, after a hesitation, Joe followed suit. "Where do you want to sit?" Tom said, and without an answer Joe walked to a table by the window and sat down.

Tom began to drink his coffee, hoping that Joe would drain his off before he did anything else. But Joe seemed to have no idea of even tasting it. He stared into its brown depths and said cunningly, "You want to sober me up, don't you?"

"That was the general idea."

"Well, I don't want to sober up. What are you going to do about that?"

"There isn't much I can do."

"So," Joe said. He began searching through his pockets and at last brought out a package of cigarettes and, after a good deal of trouble, succeeded in lighting one. Then he said: "I want to make an inquiry of you, West. You made of flesh and blood?"

"I think so."

Joe pointed his finger at him, almost straight. "Well, I don't think you are."

Tom finished his coffee. "So what?" he said, putting down the cup.

Joe took another drag off his cigarette and blew out more smoke. "I'm going to tell you a few home truths," he said with care. "A few necessary truths. While I'm drunk." He looked about the empty room and, leaning toward Tom, said in a loud voice: "Who are you that you shouldn't suffer like everybody else?"

"You tell me," Tom said.

"Right," Joe said. "Right. I'll tell you. You're the son of a man who gave this city playgrounds. Public benefactor. Statue in a park. Am I cor-rect?"

"Sure."

"Inspiration to you. Tides you over rough spots. Makes you believe in people. Always find a way because your father found a way. Am I correct?"

Tom eyed him levelly. "It could be put that way."

"Very well," Joe said. "We've got that straight." He looked about the room again and back at Tom. "I used to like you, West," he said. "Boyhood friend, college, so on. Used to think sun rose and set on you. Matter of fact, I still do. Except you don't suffer. I suffer. You don't suffer." He laid his hand out flat on the table, concentrating on his outstretched fingers. "White knight," he said. "Builds a little two-by-four project and gets a halo for it. Well, it gives me a laugh."

Tom grinned. "It would give me a laugh, too, if it were true."

"It's true," Joe said. He nodded. "Here's where I get a laugh. Right here. You know what Tod did?"

"No," Tom said.

"Burned them," Joe said. "He bribed to get them so nobody else would find them. True friend to you. All right. Records. Records to show—what do you think?"

"You tell me," Tom said again.

"Records to show," Joe said ponderously, "your father made plenty out of giving this city playgrounds. This way. Your father buys land. Uses a dummy buyer. Recommends that land for playground. Sells it to the city for plenty. Seven times for seven playgrounds. The great man was a wolf like my father, after all. Now what do you think of that?"

Tom got up. "I don't think," he said. "I know. It's a lie." He picked up the narrow pink check and reached in his pocket for a dime. "If you weren't drunk I might paste your teeth down your throat," he said. "On the other hand, I might only do what I'm doing now, which is walk out on you." He drew the dime out and gripped the chair hard with his other hand. "You're in some kind of a mess, Joe. I don't know what it is and I don't care, but I wish you'd get out of it and get back to work. Think it over," he said, and left.

During the rest of the afternoon Tom had some difficulty in concentrating on the prospectus for the next project. This was not because he let himself think twice about Joe's stinking lie, but be-

Have you learned lessons only of those who admired you, and were tender with you, and stood aside for you? Have you not learned great lessons from those who braced themselves against you, and disputed the passage with you? —WALT WHITMAN.

This is the final test of a gentleman: his respect for those who can be of no possible service to him.

—WILLIAM LYON PHELPS.

cause his usually obedient mind kept sliding off from the figures in front of him and trying to figure out some method of bringing Joe around to normal again. No method presented itself, however, and at last he managed to get down to business.

By five-thirty he had a tabulation for a sample unit of the proposed project ready and checked for potential investors' examination. Fremont Street's average rent was thirty-two-fifty a month; the new project's average, short of phenomenal bad luck, was going to be around twenty-seven-sixty. Tom eyed the figures, and his chest took to pounding. He got up and began to walk up and down. *We're doing it, we're getting there. Next time we'll do better, and the time after that. Someday we'll get it down to twenty. Some big day, if we work hard, cut every corner, learn, study*— He could see the whole city in a generation clean of all but the irreducible slums, prosperous from the avalanche of building that would start when enough men with money to invest and enough architects with vision caught on to what was happening under their noses; he could see it, and the sight of it was a fierce exultation.

He was walking up and down, his hands jammed deep in his pockets, when the door banged open and Joe came in. His tie was awry, there was a streak of dirt on his cheek, but he was perfectly sober. Tom halted, regarding him.

Joe spoke first. "I've come crawling," he said, and his dark eyes were hot with shame, "to apologize. I want to tell you that what I said was a filthy lie from