

NO ROOM FOR HATE.

We have room for the man with an honest dream. With his heart on fire and his eyes agleam; We have room for a man with a purpose true. Who comes to our shores to start life anew; We haven't an inch of space for him, Who come to plot against life and limb. We have room for the man who will learn our ways, Who will stand by our flag in its troubled days; We have room for the man who will till the soil. Who will give his hands to fair day's toil; But we haven't an inch of space to spare For the breeder of hatred and black despair. We have room for the man who will neighbor here, Who will keep his hands and his conscience clear. We have room for the man who will respect our laws And pledge himself to our country's cause; But we haven't an inch of land to give To the alien breed that will alien live. Against the vicious we bar the gate! This is no breeding ground for hate. This is the land of the brave and free, And such we pray, it will always be. We have room for men who will love our flag, But none for the fiends of the scarlet rag. —Edgar A. Guest.

CALL THE DOCTOR.

George Whitney was distinguished for his extreme good looks, his success at the bar, and his avoidance of all attractive young women with rich papas. There is a reason for everything. Mr. Whitney was pleasing to look upon, because he came of a long line of handsome and charming forebears; and because he kept himself frantically fit. He was, at thirty-four, successful in his profession because he had an excellent mind, a psychological insight into the skulls of juries, worked hard and loved the law. He avoided pretty girls with hereditary money because he had observed that young professional men who married bank-accounts were, as likely as not, apt to sit back and wax fat upon their unearned incomes, and docilely trail their dives to Palm Beach or Europe, and thus not get very far in their professions. In the rainy, blowy, sunny spring of 1928, George Whitney decided to betake himself to a mid-Western city. He was planning, once having reached there, to interview in person a shy, elusive financial giant whom, in behalf of a client, Mr. Whitney was suing for a sum so large that merely to mention it would be to call forth gasps of envy and jeers of unbelief. Mr. Whitney was rather the famous for his powers of examination, both cross and amiable, and he had perfected a species of polished third degree which was nothing short of murderous. It had occurred to him that to hop on a train and politely take the defendant in the forthcoming case by surprise would be, if not a master-stroke, then something approximately the same. "But," said his partner, the shrewd, silver-tongued Jerry O'Hara, "if Cummings knows you are en route he will disappear instanter. Like as not he will disguise himself as a carburetor, or something, and crawl into one of his own motors—and then, where are you?" "Crawling after him, disguised as a monkey wrench," replied the younger man, undaunted, "I'll, after all, how would he know I'm coming?" "Oh, it's been rumored already," I dare say," said O'Hara, "and he has ways and means. Probably the conductors on all trains west are spies in his employ." Whitney laughed and proceeded to his club. There he found one of his closest friends, Joyce, the stomach specialist, busily employed in ruining his own stomach with uncut rye. Whitney dropped down beside him and ordered a little precaution against the changeable weather. And while partaking, confided his hypothetical difficulty to his companion. "He's a wily old bird," Whitney concluded, "and it looks as if I'd have to concoct some scheme of sneaking up behind him in a Santa Claus make-up and suddenly ranting in his ear—'How about settling?'" Joyce, a fat florid man, chuckled. "As to that, it can be fixed," he announced largely, "for once upon a time—no, this is not a bedtime story, George,—I attended an official of the very railroad upon which, I take it, you will travel. He was grateful to me because I enabled him to rise from his couch of pain and eventually to discard that diet of milk and mush to which his ailment had condemned him. Therefore, in addition to my fee—which was very handsome—he presented me with a life pass upon his road. Take it, my son, use it—flatter yourself and fool your opponent by traveling as me. But, for Pete's sake, don't give yourself away, for you are liable to arrest or something and if there is anything despised by lawyers, it's arrest—when they are themselves the arrestees." Doctor Joyce then solemnly produced the pass from a pocket. And Whitney took it. "I don't see that it helps much," he pondered doubtfully. "And all this secrecy business is probably a lot of delicatessen. However, I'll brut about that I'm going South for a rest-cure, and I'll go West instead. Horace Greeley was a great man." "After all," commented Joyce, surveying him, "you do look rather like a doctor—a successful one with a bedside manner." "I come by it naturally," replied

Whitney, "as you well know, having sat in my father's classrooms and cursed his intelligence. He always wanted me to follow in his buggy wheels. But I couldn't see being a general practitioner. Too much work. Those were the good old days before the ravishing horde of specialists descended upon us. So I chose the law instead. Now, I'm sorry—when I see what you fellows get away with." After that crack and another precaution, he departed for his small, attractive dwelling and made his arrangements. Some evenings later, Mr. Whitney, traveling upon Doctor Joyce's pass, was putting himself to bed in a lower berth. He congratulated himself as he did so that Jimmy Joyce was not given to travel—there were plenty of rebellious stomachs in New York to keep him busy—for the conductor, when gazing at the pass, had hailed its possessor as "doctor," and Whitney had grinned back gaily when he realized that all was well—Joyce was not known by sight upon this particular train at least. He hoped, as he sleepily folded up his long legs, that the conductor didn't have chronic indigestion. What did you give for it? Bicarb., probably, and good advice. He then reflected idly that it was a good thing railroads didn't employ women conductors, porters and Pullman people, for had they done so, he would get very little rest, with a lady conductor telling him she hadn't been the same since little Lily was born— With which imbecile musing he dropped off to sleep, and was rudely awakened an hour or so later by a hand upon his shoulder. "Doctor Joyce? Doctor Joyce!" Whitney sat up in the berth, indignant. His frankly copper-colored hair, sleeked down to a professional flatness in the day time, now stood on end and curled absurdly. He demanded: "Says which?" Then he realized the worst. The conductor stood there, his urgent hand still heavy upon Whitney's person. Beside the conductor was a strange porter whose dusky countenance was a delicate mauve with fright. "There's a very sick young woman in the next car," announced the official. "She is traveling alone and she needs immediate attention. I shall have to ask you to come with me, doctor." Whitney, struggling into bath-robe and slippers, so far forgot himself as to ask: "What's the matter with her?" "He hoped that the conductor would say, 'sore throat' or 'strained ankle,' to which he might reply: 'Excuse me, I'm a stomach specialist,' and go back to sleep. For that, he mused trustingly, was the way these doctoring boys worked things. "How do I know?" answered the conductor reminded him severely: reader. All I know is, she's a mighty sick girl." As Whitney landed in the aisle, the conductor reminded him severely: "Your bag?" "Eag?" Whitney looked about wildly. Then he said collectedly: "I haven't it with me. I'm traveling on pleasure." With this lie on his lips, Whitney, cursing his friend Doctor Joyce, cursing girls who were so indiscreet as to fall ill on trains, cursing himself and his innocent client, followed his anxious leader. But as he cursed silently, and with a set expression, he looked very medical and professional indeed. "Who did you say she was?" he asked as they crossed the chilly and swaying platform between the car Gladiola and the car Delphinium. "I didn't say—I don't know," replied the worried conductor. "She booked all the way through, and has only a suitcase. There's not a thing on it to identify her." They arrived at the drawing-room door. The conductor knocked and entered, followed by his victim. A woman, sketchily dressed, rose from the berthside. She was, the conductor explained, a kindly passenger who, on hearing curious sounds from the drawing-room, had summoned the porter. Informal were the introductions. The strange woman vanished, it seemed, reluctantly. The conductor stood by in a deferential attitude while Whitney approached his patient. Whitney took one look at the girl, tossing and turning and muttering in the berth, and was instantly aware of two things. The first was that she was by far the prettiest girl he had ever seen, and the second—a less pleasant bit of knowledge—that she was, by a long shot, the sickest. He looked—looked again—at the satin-smooth cheeks brushed by the brilliant rouge of a high temperature, at the beautiful parched lips, at the wide-open brown eyes which were dull and glazed, and at the cropped, corn-colored curls. And while Whitney looked, the conductor spoke impatiently. "Well?" asked the conductor. Mr. Whitney came to. Apparently something was expected of him. He proceeded, under the conductor's chilly eyes, to do a number of things. He longed, as he performed these unaccustomed parlor tricks, for his sagacious father, now retired and living on a Vermont farm. He longed for Jimmy Joyce. He longed for flight. And while longing, he laid a finger on his patient's pulse and gazed earnestly at his wrist watch the while. He had some difficulty in locating the pulse in the first place, and when the deed was accomplished he found that he had never learned to count as fast as that. Meantime, the girl was as delirious as any girl may be. The conductor asked hoarsely: Whitney replied weightily: "I haven't made any diagnosis as yet. Would you mind going back to my berth and looking in my hand-bag? You'll find a flask there. Whisky?" When the door had closed behind the conductor, Whitney sat down upon

the edge of the berth and fell deeply and irrevocably in love with a delicious girl in a peach-colored nightgown. By the time the conductor had returned with the stimulant, Whitney felt it incumbent upon himself to ask: "Is there another medical man aboard?" "No," replied the conductor, and eyed him with suspicion. "I would have liked," explained Whitney hastily, "a consultation." He took the flask, made his preparations, slipped an arm under the girl's round white shoulder, and held the liquid cup to her lips. Some of the liquid trickled down her throat—both inside and out—and Whitney, having mopped her off with a pocket-handkerchief, laid her back upon the pillows. He then remembered with a start of authentic fear and horror that sometimes if you gave whisky ignorantly, people died. Good whisky, too. He had not, of course, the remotest idea what was wrong with this lovely and delicious girl who, as he sat beside her and watched her rapid breathing, appeared to grow less restless under the hand he kept upon her slim wrist. He liked to keep it there. He wanted to take her in his arms and put her poor little head on his shoulder and rock her and say, "There—there—and—Oh, well, what he wanted was not very unprofessional or, at least, so one is given to understand. Presently she appeared to sleep. And Whitney rose. The conductor, who had been absent for a time, had now returned. "She's better," announced Whitney and, remembering his specialty, diagnosed gravely: "Acute indigestion." And then, in case that didn't quite cover it, he added: "Or malaria." The conductor looked intelligent but unconvinced, and in a short time Whitney was back in his own berth. "I'll have the porter watch out for her," said the conductor, "and if there's any change, I'll call you, doctor." Is that, thought Whitney, a threat or a promise? He didn't get to sleep directly. He was engaged in telling himself that it was all too absurd. He couldn't have fallen in love with an unknown girl, palpably out of her mind. He was also busy worrying about her. What was the matter with her? Had he made her worse by his administration of the whisky? And—would he ever see her again? He saw her again in about an hour. Once more he was awakened by a compelling hand. "Doctor Joyce! Your patient is much worse!" "We cannot," said the conductor firmly, "take the responsibility. I've wired ahead for a city hospital ambulance to meet the train at— He named the next important stop. "And she'll have to be put off there. And you'll have to go with her." "But how," asked Whitney, horrified, "shall we get in touch with her people? They'll have to be notified." "Perhaps," the conductor suggested grimly, "you'll discover who she is when she comes to her senses." Whitney blushed. What a practical man! "If she ever does," the conductor added gloomily. Whitney proceeded to get into his clothes. This was nonsense of an Alice-in-Wonderland type. Here was Whitney, thirty-four and a college graduate, being put off of a train in the small hours with a perfectly strange, amazingly beautiful, terribly sick young woman. A young woman who, he was convinced, was the only young woman in the world for him! However, when the time came—and the ambulance—it seemed perfectly natural that she should be taken off and that he should accompany her. This was all nightmare—an enchanted one. The train moved on, the conductor with it. The conductor was very much relieved. In his small way he was something of a Napoleon—a man of action. He was convinced there was a definite lack in Doctor Joyce. Why hadn't he stayed with the girl? Didn't doctors always carry black bags? (The conductor had been brought up on the black-bag theory, and it had given him an inhibition or a block or something). However, the sick girl and the probably mentally incompetent physician were off the train, and the conductor was pleased at having passed that particular buck. He was a decorous man and he didn't like people to die suddenly in his Pullmans. In the ambulance—and later at the hospital—Whitney ceased to be a graduate of a medical school, which was wise of him. On the other hand, it appeared beneath his dignity to tell the truth, which was that he had virtually lied. But he had to make some sort of explanation. He didn't know the girl's name—he didn't know anything. So he seized upon an account of her which might lead to the least complications. "My sister," said he, and mentioned his legal name. Whitney waited at the hospital while his former patient and present relative was put to bed and supplied with nurses and doctors. After an uneasy period of stalling about the room allotted to anxious well-wishers, he was informed that his sister was suffering from a virulent attack of influenza. This relieved him. Influenza couldn't be very bad—everybody had it. The doctors inquired if his sister had seemed in good health when he boarded the train with her. As Whitney knew nothing to the contrary, he said, "Oh, yes, indeed." "Well," said the medical men, "that wasn't unusual. Influenza was a capricious little thing. You could get on a train ready to lick your weight in wildcats, become aware of a severe chill, and then the party was on." They asked him his hotel, and said they would notify him of any change. Bewildered, but aware that his trip further west must be postponed until he could straighten things out with this innocent and probably going-to

be very angry girl, Whitney repaired to a well-known inn and had no sleep at all. For three days he hung around, telephoning, calling at the hospital, going to terrible movies and smoking himself to death. On the fourth day he was permitted to see her. He did so and at once. For if she had started denying that she ever was or ever would be a Whitney, then the beans would begin rolling all over the corridor floors. Luck was with him. She had slept a natural sleep. She had had a drop in temperature. And she had come to long enough to ask where she was and why. Whitney walked into the room, and stood at the bed. The nurse departed. "I'm glad you're better," said Whitney. "So am I," said the girl. "But who are you, exactly—another doctor?" "Heaven forbid!" uttered Whitney earnestly. "Then why—" But she was very tired, so she gave that up and started again. She asked, rather gravely: "Do you know who I am?" "No," replied Whitney, and sat down. "Neither do I—very clearly," the girl admitted. "Perhaps I'm cuckoo, or something. Once, I got on a train. But now, here I am. Someone called me by a perfectly strange name. It's just as soon answer to it as to any other, the way I feel." "They think you're my sister!" said Whitney. Into the girl's brown eyes came a flicker of interest. "I'm not, am I?" Whitney began to feel worried. This was more Alice-in-Wonderland than ever. He stammered: "Why, no. That is—I'm sorry I—told them—" "Oh, said the girl, and managed a white smile. "Oh, that's all right then. Now," she demanded, "tell me all about it." And Whitney, with extra color rising under his fair skin, told. "And so," he concluded, "when they put us off I couldn't throw a bluff here that I was a doctor, could I? And equally, I couldn't come in here with you and say, 'I'm a perfect stranger to this girl. I just had an impulse to get off the train with her.' Now, could I?" "You could," replied the girl, "but it wouldn't have been advisable." Then she added: "I'll stay here and get well. That's that. And if you don't mind I'll remain Miss Whitney. It wouldn't be so complicating if I changed now, wouldn't it?" "Of course. And I'm glad you're not sore at me or anything. I might have killed you, you know. And now," he asked, "could I know your name—just between us two?" "It's Sally," she said, and smiled again. "That's a corking name," floundered the imbecile. "I've always wanted a sister named Sally. But—as to the rest of it?" "Oh, does that matter?" asked the patient. "Please think of me as—Sally. It will make things easier for you. You won't get confused in your mind." But he already was confused. Then the nurse came in and remarked that Miss Whitney had talked long enough. Whitney departed. Who and what was she? Didn't she have a family? Wouldn't someone beside himself be worried to death? What a triple-distilled jackass he was to get himself into a mess like this! And wasn't she the most adorable, et cetera— He stayed on in that city. He came to the hospital every day, and Miss Whitney's room was bulging and brimming with flowers and fruit and books and such. And the word ran around the institution that such devotion was very unusual, and wasn't it a pity that so good-looking a man had a sister-fixation or whatever you call it. Sally got better. Then she was convalescent. And Whitney spent long hours by her bed and told her all about himself and received no confidences in exchange. When ten days had passed from the time of their arrival, he picked up a newspaper in his hotel and read that the daughter of an important Manhattan millionaire was missing. She had, said the paper, left her home to visit a friend in the West. She had left on such and such a day, upon such a train. She was wearing these clothes and this hat. And she was a blonde, with brown eyes. "I might have known it!" said Whitney. He was in despair. He was completely crazy about his first and last influenza patient. But not so crazy, he told himself, as to ask her to marry—him—for— Well, if he would have been insane to ask a girl with no surname to take his own, he would be madder than ever to invite Hortense Yates to share his bed and board. For the name of Yates went into every home which had a really good kitchen cabinet. So that was that. And if George Whitney espoused the daughter of the kitchen-cabinet maker another good man would be lost to the law. For, again, and this he knew very well, Sally could have pretty much anything she asked of him, and if she required a husband to carry her sables and her Pekinese and trail her to tea-fights, he would do it. He couldn't hold out against her. Not he. Besides, she couldn't possibly love him. Not ever. So he walked into the room where she was to be found sitting up in a big chair and a pink negligee, and he accused her sternly. "You're Hortense Yates," he said. She blushed. "How do you know?" He waved the paper under her little nose, and she snatched it rudely and read it eagerly and said cryptically, "So far so good." "Well?" demanded Whitney. "Much better, thank you." "Don't be silly! You're Hortense Yates, I tell you!" "What of it?" asked his lost Sally. "You don't like me any the less for it, do you?" "I don't like you at all!" responded Whitney, and departed.

He told himself that she could settle the hospital bills now. As to that, Old Man Yates could buy the hospital and throw it away if he wanted to. But there was the possible scandal to be considered. So he settled the bill and sent a note from his hotel which informed Miss Whitney that he was going about his belated business, and that on his way home he would stop off and see how she was getting along. And he wished her a rapid recovery and was hers sincerely. He was hers so very sincerely that it hurt him like a knife in his heart. He went on and saw his man. He couldn't have seen him any earlier, as it happened, as Mr. Cummings had been away. But he saw him now, and was so thoroughly mad and disillusioned and agonized that he shouted the great financier down, and cowed him and intimidated him and got a settlement out of him which was the biggest thing that had ever come into his office, and then he started home and stopped off as per schedule—to inquire after his sister's health. After all, if he went on getting settlements and making a whale of a lot of money—But no, it was against his principles. Devil take it, he had to see her! He didn't. He didn't take the wide-eyed nurse at the desk. Miss Whitney left for New York yesterday. Oh, yes, quite recovered. Whitney said hastily, "Oh, I see—her wire must have miscarried." And went back to New York. The first evening he was at home he saw a stack of old newspapers. Gloomily he looked through them. And one, dated the day he had revisited the hospital, when he had been too upset to read any paper, had headlines: HORTENSE YATES FOUND: RUNAWAY BRIDE. For one terrible moment Whitney thought that his role of medical adviser and devoted brother had been misunderstood by the romantic press. He read further. According to the general account, Miss Yates had eloped with a young man of good stock and no money—a young man who ran the gasoline station. This alliance of Pampered Wealth and Honest Workman was dear to the tender pressheart, and played up accordingly. Because of dread of family interference, Miss Yates had let it be known that she was going West to visit. She had not boarded the train. She had gone to the depot, left it secretly, and later picked up her waiting bridegroom to-be and whisked him over to Jersey. All was now forgiven. So Miss Yates—now Mrs. Smith—was honeymooning somewhere, and her parents had gone South to recover. "Now who in Hades," murmured Whitney, "is my Sally?" He read on. The reporter mentioned casually that a cousin of Miss Yates, a Miss Sanderson, who was employed as a comparative shopper in a New York department store, had aided the lovers. Wearing Miss Yates' clothes, presenting Miss Yates' ticket, and being endowed by nature with Miss Yates' general build and coloring, this Miss Sanderson had taken her place on the train. So Sally was—Sally. A comparative shopper. And Whitney's skies, which had been dark drab, became azure once more. The next morning he marched down to the shop. And weaving an added way between counters of silk-lingerie, he gained the upstairs office, emerging from the elevator with his heart thudding in his breast. He made a request of a weary young woman, and Sally, demure in blue serge, came out of something enclosed in frosted glass and confronted him. He said hurriedly: "I—you—what—Oh, to the devil with explanations. Come on out to luncheon!" It being noon, she seized her hat and came. Over a balcony table, Whitney said earnestly: "I went back to the hospital—Sally, how could you be so cruel?" "You see, I had promised Hortense not to give her away until everything was all right. I intended to go on to Ruth's, the school friend she was to visit. Then—" "I know the rest," interrupted Whitney, "but not why you ran off from me like that." "I was going to tell you," Sally persisted, "as soon as I heard from Hortense. But—you went away—and I thought—Well, I couldn't leave a note at the hospital for my 'brother' in case he ever came back. So I left. I owe you money, Mr. Whitney." She produced a blank check and suggested: "If you'd fill in the amount you paid—" Whitney said a curious thing. He said, "Very well. I hope you can't afford it." Sally laughed. "I can't. Not really. They pay me well," said Sally simply, "but I have to live, and going around with Hortense's crowd means oodles of clothes and things." "Haven't you any people?" asked Whitney, his heart very tender. "No; only the Yateses. And I'm not really related to them—not by blood." "Look here," said he, and his dark eyes were grave and ardent. "I'm mad about you. I fell in love with you the first time I took your pulse. But—later—I thought you were Hortense Yates. You see, Sally, that would never do. I've always sworn I'd never marry a girl with money. I'm ambitious to get ahead. I am doing so. But I've always felt that a rich wife was a handicap." Sally said, low: "I thought you—didn't like me—because I let you do everything for me—because I took your name—" "But that's just what I want you to take—permanently—darling." "Couldn't you have loved me enough to marry me—even if I had been Hortense?"

Whitney said, in an exultant whisper: "Oh, of course! You know that! But I would have put up a fight. Sally, Sally, how can I sit through this interminable meal, when I want to kiss you so much?" But he had to wait until they were in the taxi which drove them back to the shop. They were married at once, and very quietly. The Yateses were away. There was no one to be consulted on either side. They had made no plans. After the ceremony in the minister's brownstone house they went back to Whitney's flat, and Whitney said: "Dearest—we'll slip away somewhere—I rather like trains." Sally came over and perched herself on his knee. "Do you love me?" He demonstrated. She said with a little sob of contentment: "And I you—so much—so much." And before we leave town. I have to see some lawyers." "Lawyers! But you have one in the family, now." "Yes, I know. And it makes everything a lot easier. You see," said Sally timidly, "I've just come into some money—" "Money?" parroted Whitney. "Yes, Dearest, my mother had an eccentric brother—a bachelor. He was afraid of fortune hunters. So I've had to work—really hard to. And it's all been kept very quiet—the legacy, I mean. I wanted to get it until I reached thirty, or married." Whitney held her off a little. He looked at her long and deeply, and he said severely: "Sally—how much money is it?" She answered deprecatingly: "Oh, well, we can give it away, or something. And there's the inheritance tax, too. I was so amused when you had to go out to see Sam Cummings. He's my other uncle, you see." Whitney felt ill. He felt a dull ache, a pang. But— "Sally," he repeated again, "how much money is it?" "Sally made a careless gesture. "Oh," she said lightly, "something like—twenty-six million dollars." Whitney was mute. Then he laughed. Then he kissed her. For what were twenty-six million dollars compared to the privilege of kissing Sally's darling red mouth? What were twenty-six million dollars compared to the sound of her voice when she said, "I love you?" As to the ache and the resentment—well, she could heal that with the touch of her satinsoft cheek. Love, the Physician. "Call the doctor!" murmured Whitney devoutly. And kissed her again. Hearst's International Cosmopolitan. COOLIDGE GOING BACK TO OLD HOMESTEAD. Calvin Coolidge is going back to Northampton, Mass., to the house he left eight years ago to be home Vice President and later President of the United States. As soon as the inaugural ceremonies are completed March 4 and Herbert Hoover is established in the White House, Mr. and Mrs. Coolidge will board a train for home, it was announced in the executive offices. The President will leave the \$15,000,000 mansion at 1600 Pennsylvania Ave. with its beautiful grounds, array of servants, policemen and caretakers and go to the modest \$36-a-month, six-room half of a duplex house on a quiet residential street in Northampton. He will pick up life where he left it eight years ago to become a world figure. His associates have been diplomats, bankers, statesmen and notables. His neighbors and associates at Northampton will be villagers, trades-people and retired farmers. Here he could look out of his bedroom window, or out of his study across acres of well-kept lawn and flower gardens. At Northampton, his bedroom will look out on a quiet street and the houses of his neighbors. What his plans are after reaching Northampton, no one has intimated. It is possible he and Mrs. Coolidge will rest at their home for some time to be near Mrs. Lemira Goodhue, Mrs. Coolidge's mother, who is seriously ill. Until Coolidge decides to enter business or maps out his future plans he will have ample opportunity to do what he remarked some time ago he would like to do after leaving office—whittle. Many were surprised at the White House announcement for the President was expected to travel or accept a lucrative position with some large corporation after retiring from office. Few expected he would hasten back to the \$36-a-month residence. Coolidge is known to have saved a considerable part of his \$75,000-a-year salary and it is estimated he is worth from \$250,000 to \$300,000. He could afford a better home and a few servants to make life more comfortable, but not in the six-room half of a duplex. At the executive mansion during the last six years, he has been accustomed to the services of a valet, waiters and a corps of servants to anticipate every wish. At Northampton he will have to content himself with a general housekeeper and cook and send his clothes out to be pressed. Mrs. Coolidge also will have to get along without her personal maids, her secretary, her Secret Service guard for the little Northampton house is scarcely large enough for more than the one housekeeper—they don't call them servants in that section of Massachusetts. At present the Coolidges are spending their spare time supervising their packing. Already 150 boxes have been created ready for shipment to Massachusetts. Teacher: "Willie, name three kinds of nuts." Willie: "Peanuts, chestnuts, and forget-me-nots."