

TWO WAY by G. Mitchell

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They caught Winthrop Throp in mid-stride. He was just announcing the beauties of Supford's Dental Gloss. "In uncounted tests," said Mr. Winthrop Throp, "Supford's Dental Gloss has proved itself better than ordinary dental glosses."

WANTED 500 Men at Once!

A REVOLUTIONARY Chemical. Sponge has been invented that cleans wall paper and painted walls like magic. Also cleans window shades, furniture, rugs, etc. Ends cleaning drudgery. Housewives wild about it. Approved by Good Housekeeping Institute. The inventor wants 500 men and women at once to help him introduce this strange chemical sponge. He offers to send samples ON TRIAL to the first person in each locality who writes him. No obligation. Get details. Be first—send in your name to THE KRISTEE CO., 1251 BAR ST., AKRON, O.

In uncounted tests—" he went on.

Brad had his gadget tuned in. He said with sarcasm, "Why not count the tests, Throp?"

They could hear Mr. Throp gasp. Then he began speaking again: "In uncounted tests—"

"Oh, hooley!" said Mr. Clarkson into the microphone with cheerful vehemence.

Brad turned the microphone toward himself. He said grimly: "And in case there's any doubt in your mind, Throp, this is Bradley Rogers speaking. Bradley Rogers of 726 Willow Street."

"Thank you," said Mr. Throp, his voice thin with sar-

casim. "And now may we continue our program?"

Brad leaned back as if suddenly weary. To Mr. Clarkson he said, "Well, we've done it."

He did not feel proud. He was mildly glad to see Mr. Clarkson drive away. When the two policemen arrived he was not surprised. They came in a squad car and they bore a warrant, a warrant sworn out a full week before by none other than Mr. Throp.

They put Brad in a cell.

Eventually Mr. Clarkson came. "Well, well, well!" said the lawyer, rubbing his hands. "This is fine."

"It's perfect," Brad remarked sardonically. "How

soon do I get out of here?"

"You're not going to get out," Mr. Clarkson informed him. "Tomorrow morning they'll arraign you and you're going to refuse bail. You're going to stay right here till I say not. If you go free on bail you'll drop out of the papers in twenty-four hours. As long as you stay in jail you're news. Your job is to be the young martyr to science."

At two o'clock the next afternoon Brad was pacing his cell. Three steps took him from one end to the other. A policeman appeared at the bars. "Somebody to see you," he said, and unlocked the door.

SUE WAS wearing the blue linen suit again and the hat that was a handful of felt. The frills at her throat were crisp and white. She said without preamble: "I didn't know till this morning, Brad. I—I didn't hear it on the radio, but people say it was pretty funny."

Brad eyed her. "Did Throp tell you that he ordered me not to see you or speak to you—not even to congratulate you? Did he tell you that?"

"When?"
"Yesterday afternoon, just before I went haywire. I called you to tell you about the gadget. Then I wanted to congratulate you. He hung up on me. Are you really engaged to him, Sue?"

She smiled and said: "Didn't I tell you I always had my mind made up? No—I'm not engaged to him. Not since he had you arrested. Honestly, Brad, I never knew a person could be so petty and so egotistical and so revengeful." Suddenly her eyes began to twinkle and her cheeks squinched up. "Haven't I just been a sap!" she said.

Brad stared at her, dumbfounded. All up and down inside him little warm tingles of happiness were racing. This place wasn't a jail. It was heaven.

The door burst open. A man stepped into the room; middle-aged, well groomed. He said concisely: "Mr. Rogers, my name's Terress. I'm just in from New York and I want if possible to catch the next train back." He mentioned then that he represented a great corporation which was a household name in radio.

Said Mr. Terress: "What I'm here for, Mr. Rogers, is to talk business about this patent of yours. To be frank with you, we want it. To be equally frank with you the thing is valueless."

Valueless?" Brad looked aghast. "Why it's worth millions."

The other smiled. "Go ahead and manufacture it then, Mr. Rogers. Turn out an even hundred and put them in general use. Within a week your market will be dead. All radio broadcasting will have ceased. If you don't believe me, try it."

"Why do you want it then?"
"We want it, Mr. Rogers, so we can bury it. As a courtesy we'll pay you five hundred dollars—"

"Nothing doing," said Brad. "Even if I only sell a dozen of the things I'll still have the satisfaction—"

"You won't, Mr. Rogers, because we'll have you permanently enjoined. Five hundred is my price. But I think I have a more important thing to propose to you. My company has room for technically trained men with imagination. Would you be interested in coming with us? We would break you in as a technician at, say, seventy-five a week, and then—"

"You mean you're offering me a job?"

"Exactly."
"Holy smoke!" breathed Brad. He began to grin. "Mr. Terress, I'd rather have a job with you people than anything else on earth!"

The door opened once more. Winthrop Throp stood there. Mr. Terress wheeled upon him. "Throp," he said, "I sent for you because I want you to withdraw your charges against Mr. Rogers."

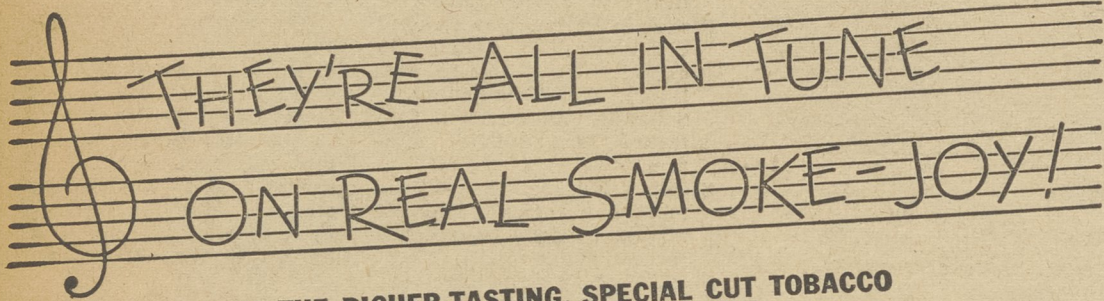
"I'm afraid that will be impossible, Mr. Terress."

The other eyed him. Then, "Throp, you were let out in New York because you were a trouble maker. You're being given another chance here. If I were you—"

Winthrop Throp swallowed hard. "Yes, sir," he said servilely. "Whatever you say, sir." He bowed himself out.

Brad chuckled. "Well, at least he landed me a job."

"And a girl, if you don't mind my reminding you," said Sue.



HERE'S THE RICHER-TASTING, SPECIAL CUT TOBACCO THAT'S SWEET MUSIC TO ANY PIPE OR "MAKIN'S" SMOKER

PIPE-SMOKERS SING ITS PRAISES

P.A. DRAWS RIGHT, SMOKES SLOW, COOL, AND MELLOW

NO OTHER TOBACCO LIKE PRINCE ALBERT

Radio technician Bill Malone (left) adds: "I'm through with soggy smokin'. Prince Albert's special cut tobacco helps keep pipes sweet." What's more, pipes cake up right. P. A.'s cut to smoke longer, cooler, and burn even.

ROLL-YOUR-OWNERS JOIN THE CHORUS

P.A. ROLLS FASTER, EASIER, ROUNDER, AND STAYS ROLLED TOO!

P. A. IS "CRIMP CUT"

"Makin's" smokes twist up smooth, even, and plump—thanks to Prince Albert's special cut," continues farmer Bruce Deans (left). P. A. is really easy to handle and there's no waste, no spilling, no bunching. Try P. A. and see.

PRINCE ALBERT IS BETTER TOBACCO

MARK TRIPP (his nickname is "Red") has got another good slant on P. A. Says he: "Just figure how little Prince Albert costs per ounce compared with other tobaccos." It's a fact—there's better tobacco and lots of it, too, in every Prince Albert tin.

P. A.'S "NO-BITE" TREATED

Luke Cowan, barber (left), goes on to say: "Prince Albert's full-bodied richness could only come from extra-gradetobacco." Yes, and folks get around 50 grand pipe-loads out of every tin of P. A. It sure is choice, ripe tobacco—mild and smooth.

PRINCE ALBERT IS FULL OF GOOD RICH TASTE—AND IT'S MILD!

RIPE, FULL-BODIED TASTE—AND LOTS OF SMOKE IN A TIN OF P. A.

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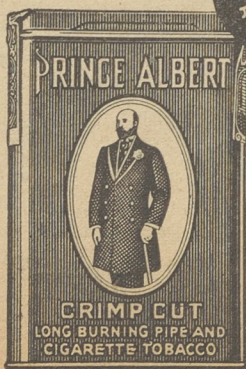
GET NEXT TO REAL JOY-SMOKING—
READ SPECIAL TRIAL OFFERS

FOR PIPE-SMOKERS
Smoke 20 fragrant pipefuls of Prince Albert. If you don't find it the mellowest, tastiest pipe tobacco you ever smoked, return the socket tin with the rest of the tobacco in it to us at any time within a month from this date, and we will refund full purchase price, plus postage. (Signed) R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

50 pipefuls of fragrant tobacco in every 2-oz. tin of Prince Albert

FOR ROLL-YOUR-OWNERS
Roll yourself 30 swell cigarettes from Prince Albert. If you don't find them the finest, tastiest roll-your-own cigarettes you ever smoked, return the pocket tin with the rest of the tobacco in it to us at any time within a month from this date, and we will refund full purchase price, plus postage. (Signed) R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

70 fine roll-your-own cigarettes in every 2-oz. tin of Prince Albert



THE BIG 2 OUNCE RED TIN
SO MILD
SO FRAGRANT
SO TASTY—

PRINCE ALBERT
THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

PETER AND SUE

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is bad and people are coughing and sneezing.

"Then, too a man to work out of doors in all weather has to be strong and healthy. He gets plenty of sleep nights, eats nourishing food."

"I get plenty of sleep and eat nourishing food and I'm well. Why did I have to change my wet clothes then?"

"Because you're not used to getting wet. Your skin doesn't know how to act when it suddenly is doused with cold water. It gets chilled and the tiny blood vessels close up, probably in an effort to keep heat within your body. This makes you feel cold and shivery. Your resistance—that is, power to fight germs—is greatly lessened. The germs that can create a cold are always present—some scientists say—in the nose and throat. They are waiting for a chance, it would seem, to set up housekeeping. When the surface of the skin becomes chilled by cold rain the germs see their chance and get busy, very soon multiplying and in-

creasing rapidly. Then you sneeze, cough, feel filled up and have 'caught a cold.'

"But by taking off wet clothing right away—?"

"By taking off the wet clothing, and rubbing your skin briskly with a towel, you make the tiny blood vessels open again and get back on the job fighting germs."

"Daddy, our new teacher at school keeps the classroom lots cooler than Miss Woodward did last year. She has a thermometer on the wall by the window and she won't let it go above 75 degrees. Is that all right?"

"That is splendid. Now if in addition she will make boys and girls with the sniffles or with coughs stay at home until they get well—"

"She did tell them they ought to, but they won't. You know what she does, though? If anyone seems to have even just a little bit of a cold she makes him sit off by himself."

"You've got a sensible teacher, Peter. I wish all of the teachers would do that."