The Two Black Crows"

Pitiful End of One of the Moran and Mack Team of Popular Merrymakers Recalls Some of the Jokes and Funny Dialogues Which Amused Americans for Many Years

> MAN clothed in a threadbare suit and overcoat dropped dead the other day in the street in Ypsilanti, Michigan. A theatre manager identified the body as George Moran, surviving member of the old-time comedy team of Moran and Mack, known to radio listeners as "The Two Black Crows." But George Moran has turned up in California, working on a W.P.A. project.

> Charlie Mack and George Moran, the original comedy team, had a row some years ago and Moran walked out. Mack continued with various partners, all of whom took the name Moran. But which one of these various Morans it was who recently passed out in that dramatic way was not definitely known at the time. The tragedy of the death of one of the famous funloving team and his burial in the paupers' cemetery recalls their former success in the pre-radio days as stars of revues, musical comedies, vaudeville, and later, on the air. Here are many of the amusing jokes and gags which made them rich and famous, some without the darkey dialect.

What Is a Miracle?

MACK: I had the worst dreams last night I ever had in my life-I don't want any more of those pills for my money.

MORAN: Why, I took some of those pills and I had a wonderful dream. I dreamed you owed me two dollars and you paid me.

MACK: Doggone, that was a dream all right-that part where I owed you two dollars was a dream all right, but that part where I paid you was no dream. That was a nightmare.

MORAN: That would be more than a nightmare. That

you know what a miracle is.

ordinary.

MACK: Why is it out of the ordinary? MORAN: Well, because it's miraculous. MACK: Well, then, if a cow was in a pasture eating green grass-that would be a miracle.

MORAN: No, that wouldn't be a miracle. MACK: Well, ain't that funny? Why wouldn't it be a miracle?

MORAN: Well, because it's not miraculous. MACK: Well, then, would a cow in a pasture eating grass be a miracle, huh?

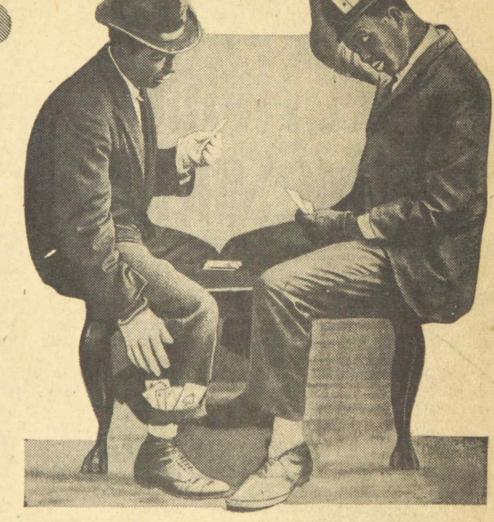
MORAN: No, that wouldn't be a miracle. MACK: Well, if the dog chased the cow out, would that be a miracle?

MORAN: No. MACK: Well, a canary bird up in the tree singing- would that be a

> miracle? MORAN: No.

MACK: Well, what would a cow sitting up in the tree singing like a canary be?

MORAN: You got it now, Boy "hat WOULD be a miracle.



Moran and Mack in a Friendly Game of Cards.

Simple Proof.

MORAN: What's an alibi? MACK: A alibi is proving that you was where you was when you wasn't, and that you wasn't where you was when you was.

And No Telescope.

MORAN: I see your wife's back from California. MACK: I always knew she wore a low-neck dress, but I never knew that you could see her back from Colifornia. * *

A Plea of Clemency.

A colored gentleman, on trial for his life in a 'rennessee town, was asked by the judge if he had anything to say, whereupon he replied:

"All ah has to say is this, Judge: "If you-all hangs me, you-all hangs the best bass singer in Tennessee."

World Wants.

MORAN: I saw some funny advertisements in the paper this morning under the head of wants.

MACK: What were they?

I'll meet you down at the pig pen.

if you get there first, you rub it out.

MACK: If you do your name is mud.

MACK: De spiritualist give it to me.

MORAN: Why he hit you?

MORAN: How do you get dat black eye?

your hat on so I'll know you.

MORAN: Why?

gave me de advice.

I smacked him on de nose.

a bath.

alist?

he happy?

less?

my frien'.

about."

MORAN: Wanted-The lid of a box on the ear; the handle of the cup of affliction; the cow that gave the milk of loving kindness; a leaf of the balm of consolation; a few hairs from the tale of woe.

Identification Marks.

MACK: Well, boy, I'm going down to feed the pigs so

MORAN: I'll meet you at the pig pen. You better keep

MACK: If I get there first, I'll make a chalk mark and

MORAN: The good book says we are made from dirt.

MACK: Is that so? I can see now why you never take

* * *

Success at Last.

MACK: I hit him first, because my college teacher once

MORAN: Advice? Did he tell you to hit the spiritu-

MACK: Sort of, yeh. But before I hit dis spiritualist,

MORAN: Hey. I don't get dis, Big Boy. How come

MACK: Well, de college teacher he done told me I would

I asked him if he was happy, and he said he was, so then

you got advice to hit de spiritualist when you ask him is

never amount to anything until I struck a happy medium.

* * *

Anchored With Paper.

and was in the very center of the devastating devastiveness.

fury of the wind while your neighbors were rendered home-

* * *

Check and Double Check.

MORAN: Dat's a fine pair o' shoes youse wearin' dere,

MACK: Yeh. I done cheated de store man out of dem.

MORAN: How come? I seen you give him de check.

MACK: Sure de check is got money behind it in de

MACK: Sure I signed it, big boy, but wait till dat man

The wooden-legged preacher was admiring the hogs

"They sure is, parson. Ef all of us was as fit to die as

Fit to Kill.

from outside the fence. "Ah, Broder Johnsing, dem hogs

dem hogs is there wouldn't be a thing for you to preach

* * *

gaged that the tornado couldn't budge it.

Ain't de check no good, nohow?

o' your'n is in fine condition."

bank, but dat man he can't cash it.

MORAN: He can, too, I saw you sign it.

git to de bank. I didn't fill in de amount.

your house had a very narrow escape from destruction.

MORAN: I learn by the public prints, Big Boy, that

MACK: Yes, sir; it stood right in the line of the tornado,

MORAN: How then did your house alone withstand the

MACK: Why, you see, I had my house so heavi'y mort-

Back to Earth.

MACK: Mr. Johnson, what are we made from?

MACK: Brother, I didn't need any start.

* * * Confused.

George Moran and Charles Mack (From Left to Right), as They Appeared in Their First Motion Picture.

History Note.

MACK: By a dog with a tin can tied to his tail chasing

MORAN: Tell us, boy, how was jazz discovered?

* * *

He Had One.

MORAN: Nobody believes in dreams. MACK: Oh, I do. I never did until one night I dreamed

MORAN: For heaven's sake, what's wrong?

I was eating flannel cakes and when I woke up the blanket was gone. And I had another dream. I dreamed I was awake and when I woke up I was asleep.

* * * Help Wanted.

A farmer recently advertised in an Ohio paper for a woman to wash, iron and milk two cows.

* * *

Wanted: A herder for one thousand sheep that can speak French fluently.

Simple Mathematics.

MACK: On our farm the white horses eat more than

* * *

would be a miracle, and I certainly hope MACK: Oh, yes, I know what it is.

What is it?

MORAN: Well, now, lemme see. Well, if a man swims from the United States to England that's a miracle.

MACK: Why is it?

The Late Bert

Williams,

Old-Time Negro

Minstrel, Many

of Whose Gags

Were Used by

MORAN: Because it is out of the

the black horses.

NOTO CULVER SERVICE

a 1914 Lizzie with four flat tires.

MACK: I just saw a ghost.

MORAN: Did he give you a start?

MORAN: Oh, that's silly. Why should the white horses eat more than black horses?

MACK: Oh, I wouldn't be bothered with that. We tried every way to figure it out and we couldn't figure any reason unless it was because we had more of the white horses. * *

Censored!

MORAN: Say, Big Boy, I heard the other day that you are the man that was married in a cage of tigers.

MACK: Yes, sir, I am the man. MORAN: Did it seem exciting?

MACK: It did then, but it wouldn't now. By the way,

Little Bit, what do men call themselves after they are married?

MORAN: Hush, man, hush. This ain't no place for that kind of language.

Fastest Human.

MORAN: You didn't appreciate that job I got you last week.

MACK: Well, that wasn't no good job.

MORAN: Why, certainly. I got you a good job and you got fired the second day.

MACK: Oh, a good job-bathing dishes. Who ever heard of anything like that?

MORAN: Who said anything about bathing dishes? I got you the best kind of a job. All you had to do was to stick your head through the hole in the canvas and when the man throws the eggs at you, all you have to do is duck.

MACK: I don't want to hear no more about that job. Duck eggs. That left-handed man was brutal.

MORAN: How do you mean?

MACK: Oh, you knew that man rung in a billiard ball. MORAN. Well, when you saw the ball coming, why didn't you duck?

MACK: I did duck.

MORAN: Well, if you ducked, how did you get hit?

MACK: Well, I tried every way to figure it out and couldn't figure any reason unless it was because I paused too long. I would rather train lions. That's the kind of work I like.

MORAN: To be a lion trainer you would have to be very quick.

MACK: Well, I am quick. I'm so quick when I go to bed at night I turn out the light 20 feet from the bed and I'm in bed asleep before the room is dark.

> * * * Just Plain Horror.

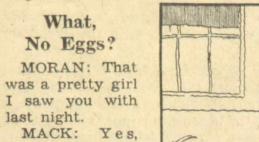
MORAN: Do you believe in spirits, Lazy Boy? MACK: I sure does. I went to de spiritualist's last night.

MORAN: You know him?

MACK: Yeh, he's de feller made my boss, Mr. Horowitz, change his name.

MORAN: How come?

MACK: Well, he conjured up a spirit for Mr. Horowitz, and right after that Mr. Horowitz went by de name of plain Mr. Horror. You see, de ghost he scared him out of his witz. * *



Short and Snappy. Great fire sale now going on; don't go elsewhere to be cheated, come in here.

* * * Wanted: A smart young man to be partly outside and partly behind counter. * * *

I have two nice, airy bedrooms for gentlemen twenty-two feet long and ten feet wide.

* * *

Widow in very comfortable circumstances wishes to marry at once two sons.

* * *

A gentleman advertised for a maid to do light housework, and one of the applicants asked where the lighthouse was located and if she could get achore Thursdays.

Doggone Crazy!

MORAN: What's that you're readin' there, boy?

MACK: Mah frien', I done got a letter from de Byrd Exhibition to the South Pole

MORAN: Any news? MACK: Yep. De letter tells about

Moran and Mack. de dog I done give Admiral Byrd. And he wasn't no bird dog, either. But de news is sad, brudder.

MORAN: Has anything happened to de dog? He ain't dead, is he?

MACK: Nope, it's worse dan dat. De dog, he done los' his mind.

MORAN: Maybe de Southern part of the world was too cold, hey?

MACK: No, de dog's mind snapped when de boys landed. De dog went crazy runnin' around lookin' for de pole.

Absent-Minded.

MORAN: Mr. Crow, you sure look downhearted. Howcome you ain't your reg'lar self today?

MACK: I'se disgusted, dat's what.

MORAN: How come you git so disgusted?

MACK: Well, it's mah wife. I come home de other night, lovin' as could be and did sumpthin' I ain't done for a long while-I kissed my wife.

MORAN: So what happened to git you feelin' so low? MACK: 'Cause when I kissed her she slapped me down.

She said: "De gas am turned off, de baby is sick, de butcher refused to give any more credit, and now you, my husband, come home drunk."

Thoroughly Investigated.

MORAN: I have understood that you was a blacksmith at one time.

MACK: Yes, sir.

MORAN: Where did you obtain a knowledge of that art? MACK: Why, I learned de trade in my daddy's shop. MORAN: So then you have followed the same avocation

as that of your father? MACK: Yes, he was a blacksmith too, and I'll neber

forgit de fust time I went into my daddy's shop, as long as

Who Wants the Worm':

MORAN: Always remember the early bird catches the worm. MACK: The early bird catches what

worm?

MORAN: Why, any worm. MACK: Who cares about that? MORAN: Everybody knows the early bird catches the worm.

MACK: Well, what about it? MORAN: Catches it, that's all. MACK: Well, let him have it. Who wants a worm anyhow. What's the worm's idea in being there?

MORAN: The worm lives there. MACK: Doggone, I don't even know

where he is. MORAN: Why, he's home, that's

wher he is. Well, I'd rather not hear

any more about it. Which is the early bird? Which bird is early? MORAN: Why the first bird gets

there is the early bird. MACK: What causes that?

MORAN: Because he is the first bird there.

MACK: Yeah, but suppose some other bird got there ahead of him. Boy, you don't seem to know anything.

* * *

Nobody Home.

MORAN: Good morning, Big Boy. MACK: Good mornin', Little Bit.

MORAN: What makes you carry your head down so,

why don't you walk with your head upright, like me? MACK: You eber bin froo a field ob wheat when it's

ripe?

MORAN: Of course; what's that to do with my question?

MACK: Oh, noffin; did you eber notice some ob de heads stan' up and some hang down?

MORAN: Yes-well?

MACK: Dem what stan's up am empty.

* * * Long, Long Trail.

MORAN: Big Boy, you have the reputation of being one of the smartest men in creation, what do you think is the greatest feat you ever performed?

MACK: I made so many pairs of shoes in one day that

it took two days to count them.

MORAN: That's nothing. MACK: Can you equal it?

MORAN: I can double discount it.

MACK: Please do relate.

MORAN: When I was a boy I worked on a farm, and I built so much stone wall in one day that it took me a week to walk home again. * * *

Drew the Line.

MORAN Say, Big Boy, how is your oldest sister these days?

MACK: Oh, she's all right. MORAN: Where is she living?

MACK: Out in Twin Falls, Idaho.

MORAN: Married?

MACK: Yep.

MORAN: Any children?

that's Birdie Nest. MORAN: And why do you call her Birdie? MACK: Because she's pigeon-toed, has crows' feet, her mother calls her a goose, while her father feathered her nest and she has a bill



Only Reason He Could Think Of for Asking the Judge Not to Hang Him. with everybody.

I remember it.

MORAN: Why not?

MACK: 'Cause de fust time I eber went into my daddy's shop, I seen a red hot hoss-shoe layin' right down near de anvil and I picked it up and laid it right down agin widout anybody tellin' me to do so.

MORAN: I must say you was extremely smart.

MACK: Yes, sir; and de same day I was lookin' at my fadder blowin' de fire wid dem great big-big-what you call 'ems-

MORAN: The bellows, you mean.

MACK: Yes, and by-and-by daddy went out, and I took out my knife and cut 'em all open.

MORAN: What, what did you do that for? MACK: To see whar de wind come from.

MORAN: And your brother, where is he living now? MACK: Three Rivers, Mich. MORAN: Is he married. MACK: Yep. MORAN: Any children?

MACK: Yep, triplets.

MACK: Yep, twins.

MORAN: Is that so? Well, that is quite a coincidence. Your sister lives in Twin Falls and has twins and your brother lives at Three Rivers and has triplets. You know, I was always fond of your youngest sister; she is an awfully nice girl. I don't suppose she's married yet, is she? MACK: No, dad says she can't marry. MORAN: Your dad says she can't marry, why not? MACK: 'Cause the fellow she's stuck on lives up in The Thousand Islands.



MORAN: What did you sell them for in April? MACK: \$4 each. MORAN: You paid \$4 in August and sold them in April for \$4. Why, you can't make any money that way. MACK: No, we

Economy

grow pigs. We used

to buy young pigs in

August and then we

would sell them in

MORAN: What

April,

MACK: I used to

The One-Legged Parson and the Hogs. found that out.

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Saved2Cents, Caused Murder, Lynching, Suicide

HEN the gendarmes entered old Miklos Majorszki's house in the village of Heves, Hungary, they found the old man quarreling violently with his son, twenty-six-year-old Zsigmond Majorszki. Father and son looked up in alarm as the police strode into the room, and they broke off in the middle of their argument.

'Quarreling again," said one of the officers who knew that father and son did not hit it off with each other. "Are you starting the day with bickering and fighting again?"

"Why," the old man exclaimed, his anger flaming up, "this good-for-nothing son of mine came home at dawn again, full of liquor. He's spent the night drinking with worthless vagabonds like himself. Now tell me, officer, what am I to do with him? A big husky fellow who won't work, and won't do anything but loaf and drink."

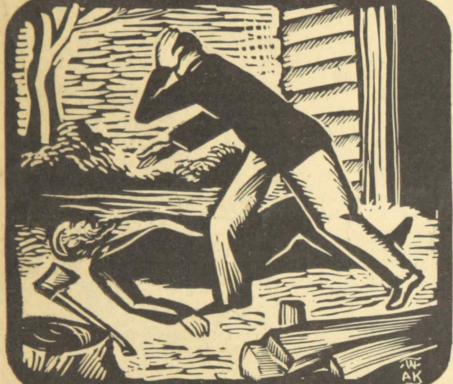
The young man told his father to shut up. What he did with his time was his own business and no one else's. His father never gave him money anyway.

The sergeant of the gendarmes put an end to the quarrel by saying that money was the very thing he had come about. A peddler, who made his living by tramping from one homestead to another selling chalk to the farmers, had reported at the gendarmerie early that morning that 30 pengoes had been stolen from him during the night. The thief could certainly not be anyone else but Zsigmond Majorszki, with whom he had spent the night at the inn drinking and chatting. So now the gendarmes came to ask Zsigmond whether he had indeed taken the man's money.

"No, I did not," the young man exclaimed with indignation. "Whatever my father may say about me, I am no thief. It is true that I spent the night drinking with Mezey, the chalk peddler, but I did not take his 30 pengoes."

The gendarmes believed him. Zsigmond's whole attitude showed genuine indignation at the suspicion cast upon him, and his protest seemed sincere; it was unlikely that he would have taken the money. To the gendarmes' surprise, however, the young man's father urged them to arrest his son because it was surely he who had stolen the money.

"I have always suspected him of crooked ways," the old man said bitterly. "How else could it be that he always has money? I never give him any. He hardly ever works.





HE police of the town of Mours in Southern France have just uncovered a tragic situation which sounds

like a tale of the Middle Ages. On the outskirts of the town they unexpectedly came upon a forty-one-year-old woman, Yvonne Sagonin, who had been chained to a corner of a fireplace in a small farmer's cottage for eight years. In that long period the woman had never washed, bathed or changed her clothes, or eaten any food that a dog would have touched unless goaded by the pangs of starvation.

When the police found her, Yvonne was crouched on a pile of ashes, half-naked in a tattered coat, nibbling a raw potato. A rusty iron chain, such as those used to hang kettles over a fire, bound one of her thin, pipe-stem legs to the hearthstone. The woman's aged mother and uncle were found hoeing their tiny garden and were taken to the nearby city of Romans for questioning. Yvonne was brought along too and placed in a hospital.

As a young girl, Yvonne had been happy and carefree and well-loved by the inhabitants of the small village. Her mother had lost her husband soon after the child was born and lavished all her care and affection on Yvonne. As the girl grew older her

mother began to fear that some day Yvonne would marry and leave her. This fear grew until the mother could not bear to be parted from her daughter. She kept the girl at home more and more. Every time a young farmer lad began to grow interested in Yvonne Mme. Sagoninwould step in and end the romance. Eight years ago Yvonne fell in love

and asked her mother for permission to marry. This her mother refused to grant. A few

weeks later the

young man mar-

ried someone else. Yvonne's heart

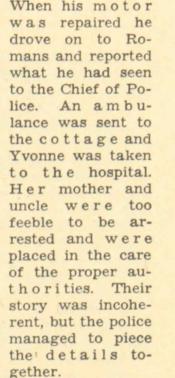
Sagonins needed the money which was to have been spent on Yvonne. The girl's mother and uncle were growing old and they could not work in the fields any longer. They sold off most of the farm, keeping a tiny garden for themselves in which to raise a few vegetables.

The shutters on their cottage were kept closed and the town began to forget the distressing tragedy which was re-enacted daily indoors. The mayor of the town died, the administration changed hands and the report on Yvonne's case was lost.

A few days ago a motor-car broke down near the Sagonins' cottage and the driver knocked on the door, looking for help. Receiving no answer he went inside and came upon Yvonne. He told the police later that he nearly died of fright.

The girl, a forty-one-year-old woman now, looked like a haggard old witch. A mass of streaked white hair fell over her skeleton-like face. Her puny knees were drawn up to her chin and she was gibbering like an ape. The driver ran out as fast as he could.

He walked back to Mours and got help for his car.



They had thought from the first they said that Yvonne's case was incurable even though the doctor had said "she would get



BURNED child fears the fire" because experience 11 is generally the best teacher of what to avoid. But such is the curious courage of persons widowed or divorced that experience does not hold them back very long, and they often get married again.

The remarkable thing about such aftermath marriages is that the divorced tend to marry the divorced, and the widowed tend to marry the widowed. This statistical discovery, brought out in a recent survey by the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, is expected to throw valuable light on the important problem of divorce, because apparently there are certain inflexible laws which guide people's marrying habits.

The conclusions were made from the compilation of hundreds of remarriages in New York State, outside of New York City, for three years, from 1932-4.

The tendency of like seeking like, it was found, exists in both sexes, but for some reason it is stronger in women than in men. Whatever the reason is, only a few more than a third of the widows married bachelors, while nearly half of the widowers married spinsters.

Perhaps this difference is due to the fact that an older man can still marry a young girl, whereas the general attitude is that a divorcee or widow should not marry a man younger than herself.

Naturally a divorced or widowed woman tends to be advancing in age. Among men of her own age she has difficulty in finding men who were never married. Those men who aren't tend at that age to be confirmed bachelors, and hardly good game for a widow. Thus, hemmed in between married and non-marrying men, her choice dwindles down to men who are themselves divorced or widowers. The few bachelors who do marry her kind prefer the grass-widow to the widow.

In a choice between divorced and bereaved mates, it was found, both men and women never before married were more apt to choose the divorced. That is, more divorced persons married "beginners" than widowed persons did. Perhaps this is the result of a superstitious fear among the novices that to take the place of a dead marriage partner is to invite the same fate.

The survey showed that more bereaved men marry di-





At Last Zsigmond Lost His Self-Control, Seized an Axe and Threw It at His Father. The Next Moment, the Old Man Lay Inert on the Floor, Showing No Signs of Life.

Yet he always has cash to spare and spends it on drink and treating other fellows to drinks at the inn. I am sure he stole that man's money. Better arrest him, officer, and thrash him until he owns up."

The gendarmes were surprised. It was a novel experience to see a father insist on the arrest of his own son. They took Zsigmond with them.

Two days later he was home again. The gendarmes had questioned him and cross-questioned him, but could not find anything to prove his guilt. So they let him go home, unaware of the sinister plan he had been forming.

Zsigmond found his father in the barn. The two had another quarrel. The boy reproached his father for persuading the gendarmes to arrest him when there was actually no proof of his guilt. He was innocent and yet the whole village would think him a thief. It was his own father's fault. The old man said bitterly he wished he never had a son. Father and son hurled harsh words at each other. At last Zsigmond lost his self-control, seized an ax and threw it at his father.

Only when the old man lay inert on the ground and gave no signs of life, did Zsigmond realize what he had done. He had killed his father.

He went into the house, found his rifle and fired a bullet into his own head. When the neighbors found them, both father and son were past help. The father lay in the barn with a split skull, and the son shot dead in the house

The affair was the only topic of the villagers for weeks. It was still being discussed three weeks later, when Mezey, the chalk peddler, who had unwittingly and indirectly caused the double tragedy, strolled into the gendarmerie building. ... want to tell you about that 30 pengoes of mine which

were missing," he said casually. "The money was not stclen at all. By the time I got to the next village I found it. I had put the notes in the shaft of my boots and forgotten about them. I guess I was too drunk at the time to remember the place where I put the money."

The gendarmes and a villager who happened to be in the room, looked at the peddler in amazement. So the missing money, which caused the death of father and son, had not been stolen at all! At last the sergeant found his voice.

"If you discovered that your money had not been stolen at all," he exclaimed sharply, "why in the name of goodness didn't you write us a postcard at once and tell us not to go on with the investigation?"

The Motorcar Driver, Receiving No Answer, Entered the House and Came Suddenly Upon Yvonne, Who Had the Appearance of a Haggard Old Witch.

was broken. She could not eat or sleep but sat staring out of the window all day. She refused to speak to anyone. Finally she broke down completely. A doctor was called in and he described her case as "melancholia." He suggested no course of treatment and said that Yvonne "would get over it."

But Yvonne grew worse. She became so weak that she couldn't leave her bed. Then she began to have hallucinations. She imagined that evil spirits were in the room with her and that her mother and uncle were trying to poison her. At times she thought she was a monkey and hopped about from table to chair, her arms swinging.

Her mother grew terrified and decided that the girl ought to be tied down. Her uncle fastened a chain to a ring in the hearthstone of the fireplace and slipped the end around the girl's ankle. He soldered the ends together so that she could not free herself. The soldering caused a deep burn in the flesh, which became infected. The infection healed but left a deep scar.

The heat from the fire, which was kept going most of the time, caused angry, red sores to appear over the girl's body. One side of her body blistered constantly from the heat. Her screams were heard by neighbors, who were told that the girl was crazy. Soon the story was known and the mayor of the town sent a police officer to investigate. A report was filed and the town council agreed to give Mme. Sagonin seventy-five francs a month for the girl's upkeep. That was eight years ago and no further investigation was made.

Meanwhile the town was hit by the depression and the

over it." They had paid him twenty-six francs, almost all of their savings, and they could not afford to send her to a hospital. They felt they could give her good enough care at home.

The doctors say they face an unusual problem in "humanizing" Yvonne. She has forgotten how to speak and how to walk, and must learn these things all over again. They believe that with the proper feeding and care she will grow well again.

While such cases are relatively few newspaper readers were shocked not long ago by the case of little Edith Riley who was kept for four years in a dark, unventilated, filthy closet. The girl's stepmother said that "Edith had gotten in the way" so she locked her up. When the girl was found she weighed only half her normal weight.

When Edith's stepmother and father were brought to court the judge caustically replied that they "had gotten in the way" of civilization and the child's normal growth process and that they would be locked up for a term equivalent to the child's imprisonment.

Then there was the case of Laura Groleau, the six-yearold child of a French Canadian farming couple who was beaten and abused by day and was chained up in the kitchen at night, sleeping on the cold oilcloth without any covering. The child was often forced to go barefoot into the snow.

Laura was thrown scraps of food to eat from her parents' plates after they had finished eating. One night, while everyone in the house was asleep, Laura, who couldn't sleep because she was hungry, found a can of coal oil within reach and drank it. The next morning they found her dead.



ROM the citadel of Constantine, in the French colony of Algeria, comes news of the suicide of beautiful Mme. Andree Gallais an hour before she was to have been married.

On the hotel table, near the bed on which she lay, was a note to her fiance which read, "I have discovered the truth, and discovered, too, that I loved only Robert. I am going to join him."

The note was found by the young man for whom it was intended, but before he had a chance to destroy it, the police searched him and found it. After considerable questioning, they found out the reason the young woman preferred death to the young bridegroom's arms.

She had chosen this hard way out because, at the proper time, she had not been able to choose at all. For months she had failed to make up her mind which of her two suitors to accept in marriage. It is said that one reason for her decision is that she had been made a widow at an early age by the death of a man she never really loved.

As a result of that disastrous experience, she had not been willing to enter a new marriage without careful consideration. Her indecision, however, had a demoralizing effect on her suitors. Both were madly in love with her, and so in the uncertainty of waiting, the rivals began to hate each other.

The game they decided on was "Chicago," in which three dice are used. Two seconds were also present to see that the rules would be observed. Levitan was the first to throw the dice, and he threw three aces, the highest score possible, for each one-spot counts 100. Now it was Masters' turn, and nobody breathed freely in that little room as he took it. The dice turned up, two aces and a six. His score was 260, and he had lost the game he had been the first to propose.

Nothing was left but for him to go home and shoot himself, and this he resolutely did. The death of the successful young business man created a sensation in the town, but after a few weeks it returned to its routine living.

But one who did not forget so easily was Mme. Gallais, the widow who had lost again. For in her heart she had loved Masters all along.

As Levitan's solicitations for her hand grew more earnest, and as there seemed no further excuse for delaying, she decided to marry him. After all, there was nothing more to live for, and perhaps she might at least give him some comfort. There was even, in her mind, a fear that her refusal might cause him to follow the example of Masters and kill himself. Such, at least, is the way in which the French police have reconstructed her emotions and explained her actions.

The Insurance Investigators Came Upon Records Revealing the Law of Like Attracts Like in Remarriage, Which Is the Reverse of the Law of Physics.

vorced women than bereaved women marry divorced men. Here again there would seem to be an unexplained demand for divorced women, although many men regard them as "second hand."

The relentless, mathematical formula by which "birds of a feather stick together" works even more efficiently as the number of previous mates increases. That is, the muchmarried prefer alliances with the much-married, the survey shows.

A woman who has had two husbands just can't be content with a third husband who has had only one wife; and the same is true of twice-married men. Twice-wed persons who picked a third mate in the same boat outnumbered those who picked a once-wed mate by nearly four to one. In the same way those who were widowed or divorced only once rarely married those who had two such experiences.

It is true that divorced and widowed persons have fewer inexperienced candidates to pick from. But this does not explain the selectiveness with which consorts are picked according to whether the number of divorces or bereavements endured by each is identical.

A trump card turned up by the survey seems to prove beyond any doubt that there is an "invisible law" controlling the marriage choice. It was found that persons already divorced once and widowed once but who want to try their luck once more invariably get married to others who have also been divorced once and widowed once. The matching of such a combination of experiences is just too unusual to be a coincidence, it is believed.

In a way it's natural enough for those who have once heard wedding bells to yearn for them again; apparently, for all its shortcomings, many persons regard marriage as a desirable state. They try to duplicate the conditions of the first marriage as closely as possible.

It is said that in marriage, once one's type is always one's type, and this is so for a number of reasons. In addition to the original "type" preference of a person, there are the accumulated habits and associations which marriage brings, so that as soon as the remembered virtues of the last mate appear in a new individual, marriage is proposed. Thus, in a sense, the first mate settles who the successor will be.

It must be somebody with the same kind of experience; that is, somebody who has had the same kind of changes that marriage brings: new habits, new attitudes, perhaps even children. These habits become an ingrained part of a person's character, so that personal affection is difficult except when someone is met in whom these habits are also deeply rooted. The habits of one who gets a divorce are usually entirely different from the habits of one who outlives the nuptial partner. Therefore the widow does not care to marry the divorced man and vice versa.

"Well," Mezey drawled, "you know how difficult times are. I thought it a waste to spend ten fillers (2 cents) on a postcard. I didn't think the matter was important enough to spend that on stamps."

In front of the building a mob was waiting for Mezey: friends and neighbors of the Majorszkis, father and son. It was Zsigmond Majorszki's sweetheart who first threw herself upon the peddler. The rest of the crowd followed her example. By the time that the gendarmes came out to see what was wrong, there was not much to be done for Mezey. The furious crowd had got out of hand. The man who grudged two cents for postage and thereby caused a murder and a suicide, was lynched.

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Henri Levitan, one of the young men, offered her political prestige, for he was an aspiring young engineer in the French colonial service. The other had wealth, for he was Mr. Robert Masters, an English agent for a motor car company, handling the Algerian accounts.

Unable to go on living in the fear of losing Mme. Gallais, the two at last decided to duel for her hand. It was unfair, they tried to make each other believe, for her to make the decision when they, as men, were so much more capable of coming to a solution.

But the method of their duel was at least original, if not wise. Because of the ban on dueling, and because both felt that such a way would be too much like murder, they decided to cast dice to see which one should eliminate himself by suicide.

At last the day of her second unhappy wedding had arrived. But early that morning, in answer to a timid knock at her door, she learned the truth. One of the witnesses-naturally the one who had seconded Masters-told her everything. He was telling her this, he said, because he suspected Levitan had used loaded dice. "How else," he demanded, "could a man roll three aces twice in a row?"

Mme. Gallais thanked him for telling her, and begged the man to leave her alone to consider what she must do. She was never seen alive again. She took her life with a gun, just as had Masters.

Meanwhile, at the Mayor's home, young Levitan and his friends were waiting for the bride who did not come. Suddenly, sensing that something serious was wrong, he rushed to the hotel where she lived. It was too late.

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Someone is looked for who will need the least adjustment; in short, the more similar the experience the more "comfortable" the new marriage is. When one is getting on in years a compulsion to change one's habits is a serious calamity and something to be avoided if possible.

These scientific researches seem to prove that for the divorced and widowed at least George Bernard Shaw's epigram holds true which indicates that marriage is a "matter of convenience."