

# The Heart of Alix

By VALENTINE WILLIAMS



*Alix Barleston, her lips slightly parted, had been listening eagerly*

## The Story Thus Far:

**ALIX BARLESTON**, a young Englishwoman, is staying with her husband's aunt and uncle, Sir Harry Fubsy and Lady Fubsy, at Node, their estate. Frankie Barleston, Alix's husband, is a worthless drunkard now in the power of a man named Stanismore, who holds notes for most of his debts.

The other guests at Node are Curtiss Vrogue, an eccentric friend; Alix's young sister Isobel, known as Freckles; Gerry Leese, a young American in love with Freckles, and Ronnie Dene, in love with Alix.

Stanismore comes secretly to Node to woo Alix, promising to take care of Frankie if she will come to him. Alix spurns him.

Soon afterward in her room she is surprised by a visit from Ronnie, who is worried about her, and just as he goes Frankie comes in and whispers something to Alix that frightens her and makes her allow Frankie to stay in her room that night.

The next evening on their way home from an outing Freckles and Gerry discover the body of a dead man outside the sea wall at Node.

When it is discovered that the dead man is Stanismore, well known to them all, there is great consternation particularly on the part of Alix and Frankie. Frankie seems guiltily nervous and extracts from Alix a promise that she will stick by him and his alibi that he spent that night with her. She believes that he committed the crime though he will not admit it. She realizes that she must stand by him and that there is no turning back.

**GERRY LEESE** awoke with a start, his heart pounding violently. A long-drawn-out, melancholy hooting drifted in through his bedroom window.

He sprang out of bed and looked out. It was broad daylight, a gray morning, such as mariners say foretells fine weather, and out of the sea mist resounded the doleful bleat of the foghorn of the Warner lightship. With a rush the recollection of the events of the previous evening came back to him.

The first excitement of the finding of the body having subsided, he had gone to his room, at Lady Fubsy's urgent entreaty, to get rid of his wet clothes. Before going up he had seen Jump dispatched in the car to the adjacent village of Dexter with instructions to rouse up and bring back the local constable with all speed. He had left Sir Harry and Frankie Barleston waiting Jump's return and had gone to bed.

Now, as he stood at his bedroom window and filled his lungs with the clean morning air, it began once more its dull pricking. The sea door . . . that was it! Why had it been locked against them? For locked it had been. On reaching the door from the inside he had found, as he had predicted to Freckles would be the case, that the catch was down. Yet, as Freckles had assured him, it was not the custom of the house to use the catch at all. Had it been rusted as she declared it was? He couldn't remember. It didn't matter, anyway; the important fact was that they had been locked out.

Why? And had this fact any bearing on the tragedy? Sir Harry and the others apparently believed that Stanismore had been drowned by falling off his yacht on his way to visit them at Node, as he had visited them before. But on Friday night the sea was dead calm. How, in the name of goodness, had the man managed to drown himself in smooth water?

Gerry opened his bedroom door and looked out. Nobody was stirring yet. Why shouldn't he do a little investigation on his own account?

He did not stop to bathe or shave, but, as soon as he was dressed, stepped softly out into the corridor, ran down

to the floor below and descended to the grounds by the garden stairs.

The sea door stood open, as they had left it on the previous night. Gerry first turned his attention to the lock. Freckles was perfectly right: the snib was red with rust. It moved, but stiffly, when Gerry pushed it down, wedging the bolt against any attempt to turn it with the doorknob or, consequently, with the key from the outside. Then Gerry observed a little reddish dust adhering to the catch and powdering the black enamel of the lock surrounding it.

He moistened his finger and picked up a few grains of the deposit. It was not rust. For that it was too gritty. Looking about him, the young man caught sight of a battered half brick lying on the path. He remembered it perfectly. They used it to prop the door open when they went down to bathe.

**HE PICKED** up the brick, turned it over in his hands. His fingers easily detached a few porous flakes of the same color and consistency as that reddish powder on the lock. At one end of the brick was a nick. It was obviously freshly made, for it was lighter in shade than the dull red about it. It certainly looked as though whoever had locked them out had used the brick for battering down the snib.

A brisk "Good morning!" made him start guiltily. A healthy-looking, red-faced man in a gray flannel suit and tweed cap stood in the doorway. Gerry's first instinct was to drop his brick. But he thought better of it, and instead laid his trophy carefully down again.

"You seem interested in that door," observed the man jauntily.

Gerry reddened. "I was just having a look round," he replied rather lamely. "Staying here?" the stranger asked.

The young man's self-assurance was returning. The other's bland impertinence rather jarred on him.

"Are you?" he countered. But he had been brought up in a school which has taken to heart the Virginian's famous admonition in Owen Wister's masterpiece: "When you say that, smile!" And Gerry Leese's smile would have disarmed the grand inquisitor himself.

The man in the tweed cap laughed.

"I'm at Chine Bay," he answered. "I heard there was a dead body on the beach here, so I thought I'd stroll over and have a look. You've heard about it, I s'pose?"

"Sure," said Gerry. His heart swelled within him, as he added importantly, "I found him."

"Is that so?" observed the stranger casually. "Well, he's out there yet. They moved him up out of reach of the sea. The tide's going out again now."

Gerry stepped out upon the little platform at the head of the steps leading down to the beach. On a dry patch of sand at the foot of the sea wall some distance away he saw a dark form stretched out.

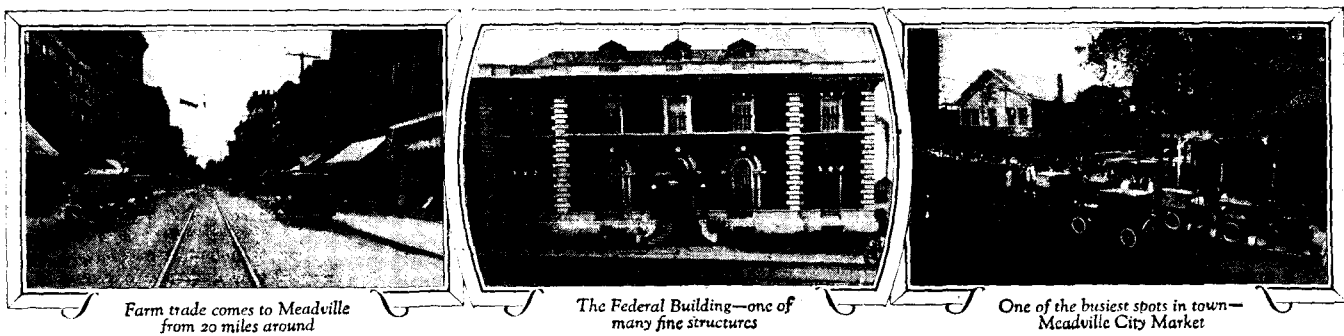
"I guess I'll take a look at him, now that I'm here," said Gerry.

"There's no harm in your doing that if you don't touch," rejoined the man in the tweed cap.

Gerry stopped and scanned him carefully.

"Say, are you the village constable?" he demanded.

"Well, no, not exactly," the other replied gravely. "I'm his deputy, as you might say. I know Jem Belper, see, and he asked me to take charge while he slipped off (Continued on page 43)



Farm trade comes to Meadville from 20 miles around

The Federal Building—one of many fine structures

One of the busiest spots in town—Meadville City Market

"ON account of the very friendly feeling existing between Meadville and the surrounding farm territory, we are favored with an exceptionally large percentage of all farm trade within a radius of twenty miles; and while Meadville possesses a wealth of diversified manufacturing, the farm trade is such a powerful factor in the prosperity of our city that the citizenship, through the Chamber of Commerce, is constantly alert for methods and mediums which will enable it to better serve our contiguous agricultural territory."

M. W. WILLIAMS, Managing Secretary, Meadville Chamber of Commerce.

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The rest of it was *farm trade*—\$2,160,000 worth of business from the 6,578 farm families of Crawford County. Or an average of \$328 per farm family—all velvet!

For example, Meadville hardware dealers report 45 per cent of their 1925 business done with farmers—and the figure reported by the radio and music dealers is nearly as high—40 per cent. Figures for other lines of retail trade, according to the Meadville Chamber of Commerce, are as follows:

Clothing stores . . . . .	25% farm trade
Automobile agencies . . . . .	10% farm trade
Groceries . . . . .	10% farm trade
Drug stores . . . . .	8% farm trade

Think what it would mean to *your* town if every farm family in the county were to spend \$328 annually in your local stores! If every merchant could count on farm trade for from 10 to 50 per cent of his total volume of business!

Of course, thousands of dealers throughout the country are in that fortunate position right now. As one dealer expressed it recently—"Farm trade is the best trade that a merchant has—we could not get along without it."

But if your merchants aren't getting all the farm trade they think they should, there is a tried and tested plan for securing it, ready waiting for them. It is the Farm & Fireside Plan, which shows how to put the force of this great national farm magazine with more than 1,200,000 readers, right back of their stores.

## A Plan to Help Retail Merchants

This plan shows dealers how to tie up with the national adver-

tising that manufacturers are doing—and put it to work locally for the benefit of their own particular trade.

For instance, Farm & Fireside showed the Curfman Store, Libertytown, Md., that 3,725 of the 3,817 white farmers in Frederick County were regular readers of Farm & Fireside. Mr. Curfman at once saw that through the Farm & Fireside Plan he could make the advertisements of 21 manufacturers, whose products he carried, produce increased sales locally.

And the results confirmed his judgment. For when he put on a Farm & Fireside Week, his sales jumped to \$1,968.27, compared with \$856.25 for the week before, when business was better than usual. And there are many more examples of similar success with the Farm & Fireside Plan.

## The Free Book Tells All About It

This plan will help your merchants build a larger and more profitable farm trade, just as it showed Roger Curfman and many others the way to bigger sales. If you are a retail merchant, send at once for free illustrated booklet, "To Help You Get More Farm Trade," containing three tested methods for boosting farm sales. See how other retailers have taken advantage of the Farm & Fireside Plan to win new customers and multiply profits.

You can use the plan profitably if you carry even two or three of the products advertised in Farm & Fireside. So why not run through the list now and check those that you sell? The Meadville dealers checked this list, and discovered that they sold 89 of the products listed. Meanwhile get the book—it's free. Send for it today, using the coupon below.

THE CROWELL PUBLISHING COMPANY  
250 Park Avenue  
New York City

## TIE to these products advertised in FARM & FIRESIDE

- |  |  |   |   |   |  |   |
|--|--|---|---|---|--|---|
| Absorbine<br>Aermotor Company (Auto-Oiled<br>Windmills)<br>Alabastine<br>Allen's Foot-Ease<br>American Fence<br>American Gas Machine Co., The<br>"Kitchenkook Stoves"<br>American Saw Mill Machinery<br>Co.<br>American Sheet & Tin Plate Co.<br>American Telephone & Tele-<br>graph Co.<br>American Tobacco Co. (Tuxedo)<br>Andrea, Inc., F. A. D.<br>(Fada Radio)<br>Anthony Fence<br>Appleton Wood Saws<br>Atkins Silver Steel Saws<br>Atwater Kent Radios<br>Bag Balm<br>Bassick "Alemitte"<br>Bean Spray Pump & Spraying<br>Equipment<br>Blatchford's Calf Meal<br>Boss Stoves and Ovens<br>Brown's Beach Jackets | Buckeye Incubators<br>Buescher Band Instruments<br>Bulck Motor Cars<br>Bulst Seeds<br>Burpee Canning Equipment<br>Burpee's Seeds<br>Burroughs' Adding Machine<br>"California Lemons"<br>Caloric Furnaces<br>Camel Cigarettes<br>Centaur Tractors<br>Certo (Sure-Jell)<br>Chesebrough Products (Vaseline)<br>Chevrolet Motor Cars<br>Chesterfield Cigarettes<br>Chicago Flexible Shaft Co. (Clip-<br>ping & Shearing Machines)<br>Chilean Nitrate of Soda<br>Clark Grave Vaults<br>Colgate's Toilet Preparations<br>Collis Process Pure Dried<br>Buttermilk<br>Colt's Patent Firearms<br>Conkey's Poultry Remedy<br>Conn Band Instruments<br>Crescent Tools<br>Crosley Radios | Crown Overall Mfg. Co., The<br>Cuticura Preparations<br>Dandellon Butter Color<br>Davis Baking Powder Co.<br>De Laval Separators & Milk-<br>ers<br>Delco-Light Farm Electric<br>Plants<br>Delco-Light Pump<br>Devco Paint & Varnish<br>Products<br>Dodge Automobiles & Trucks<br>Double-Mint Chewing Gum<br>Dr. Clark's Purity Milk<br>Strainers<br>Dr. Hess Poultry Pan-a-ce-a<br>Dr. Hess Stock Tonic<br>1847 Rogers Bros., Silverware<br>E.H. du Pont de Nemours & Co.,<br>Inc. (Semesan)<br>Durham-Duplex Razor Co.<br>Dutchess Mfg. Co. (Trousers)<br>Edgeworth Smoking Tobacco<br>Edwards Hitch for Fordson<br>Tractors<br>Essex Motor Cars<br>Eveready Flashlights<br>Eveready Radio Batteries | Flisk Tires<br>Flex-O-Glass<br>Ford Automobiles and Trucks<br>Fordson Tractors<br>Forhan Company (Forhan's for<br>the Gums)<br>Gehl Silo Fillers<br>General Motors Corporation<br>Glastenbury Underwear<br>Glover's Mange Remedies<br>Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co.,<br>Inc.<br>Gulbransen—The Registering<br>Plane<br>Hall, Hartwell & Co., Inc.<br>(Collars & Shirts)<br>Harley-Davidson Motorcycles<br>Hart-Parr Company (Tractors)<br>Harvey Hickory Single-trees<br>Harvey Ride Rite Automobile<br>Springs<br>H. J. Heinz Co. (57 Varieties)<br>Henderson Seeds<br>Hohner Harmonica<br>Homelite Corp.—Country<br>Home Lighting<br>Hudson Motor Cars | Ingersoll Watches<br>Instant Postum<br>International Harvester Farm<br>Operating Equipment<br>International Motor Trucks<br>International Tractors<br>Jell-O<br>Kellogg's Corn Flakes<br>Kester Metal Mender (House-<br>hold Solder)<br>Kimark Rugs<br>"Koko-Kooler" Hats<br>Kow-Kare<br>LePage's Glue<br>Leitz-Dixie Feed Grinders<br>Louden Labor-Saving Barn<br>Equipment<br>Luden's Menthol Cough Drops<br>Mary T. Goldman Hair Color<br>Restorer<br>Marlin Firearms<br>Maule's Seeds<br>Mellin's Food<br>Melotte Cream Separator, The<br>Monarch Ranges<br>Moto-Meter Co.—"Moto-<br>Meter" | Musterole<br>Myers' "Honor-Bilt" Pumps.<br>Water Systems, Hay Tools<br>and Door Hangers<br>Nash Motor Cars<br>Nateco Hollow Tile Silos & Farm<br>Buildings<br>Nijol<br>Owens Bean and Pea Thresher<br>Paramount Ranges<br>Pennsylvania Vacuum Cup Tires<br>Pepsodent Tooth Paste<br>Perfection Oil Ranges<br>Perfection Oil Heaters<br>Perfection Oil Water Heaters<br>Postum Cereal<br>Pyrene Mfg. Co. (Improved<br>Pyrene Extinguishers)<br>"Prince Albert" Smoking To-<br>bacco<br>Red Star Oil Stoves<br>Resinol Preparations<br>Royal Fence<br>Round Oak Furnaces<br>Round Oak Stoves and Ranges<br>Semi-Solid Buttermilk | Slmonds Saws<br>Smith Brothers Cough Drops<br>Spearmint Chewing Gum<br>Star Cars<br>Stark Bros. Fruit Trees<br>Sun-Maid Raisins<br>Sure Hatch Incubators<br>Swift Products<br>Taylor Instrument Companies<br>Tower Loud Speaker<br>Tripp Pipe Wrenches<br>Union Carbide<br>United States Fence<br>United States Tires<br>U. S. Home Company<br>Universal Batteries<br>Valentine's Valspar<br>Valentine's Valspar Enamel<br>Valentine's Valspar Stains<br>Vellastie Underwear<br>Walker Poultry Remedies<br>Walker Remedy Company<br>Western Clock Co. (Westclox)<br>Whiting-Adams Co. (Brushes)<br>Wright's P. K.'s<br>Wright's Bias Fold Tape<br>Zonite Antiseptic |
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# FARM & FIRESIDE

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To cap the climax of "B" battery economy, in Eveready Layerbilt No. 486, Eveready has perfected a Heavy-Duty "B" battery of unequalled endurance and dependability—positively the most "B" battery in service and satisfaction its price can buy.

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WFI—Philadelphia	WCCO—Minneapolis
WTAM—Cleveland	WCCO—St. Paul
WGB—Buffalo	KSD—St. Louis
WCAB—Pittsburgh	WEO—Washington

## The Long Arm of the Law-yr

Continued from page 10

and under what circumstances had he known him? In response to this question Mr. Williamson told the jury that Mr. Thomas V. Perkins and his wife had been registered guests at his hotel for a month—the month corresponding almost exactly to the one in which the epidemic of bank robberies had run its course in northern New York—and that the accused and his guest were one and the same man.

Was he quite sure that they were? He was.

Yes, he had seen Mr. Perkins wear either that same suit of clothes or one exactly like it.

Yes, the Mr. Thomas V. Perkins who had been a guest at his hotel had had that same scar on his left cheek, and that same mole on the side of his chin.

Mr. Williamson had noticed those defects in the personal appearance of his guest because Mr. Perkins had one day, in casual conversation, told him that he had been wounded during the war. Mr. Williamson had also noticed (because he couldn't help it) that his guest had affected the same stylish little mustache, worn daintily on the upper lip, and the same tortoise-rimmed spectacles that were worn by the accused.

No. It was hardly possible. Mr. Williamson didn't think he could be mistaken.

### The Alibi as a Work of Art

AFTER Mr. Williamson had stepped aside Mr. Cullom called two ladies to the stand, both of whom testified that on many evenings, during the month in question, being fellow guests in the Williamson hotel, they had played bridge with Mr. and Mrs. Perkins.

"Is Mrs. Perkins in the courtroom?" "Yes."

"Where is she?" In response to this question both ladies pointed out Mrs. Perkins: a pretty, demure young woman—although up-to-date enough to be quite attractive to a jury. Then, following the ladies, Mr. Cullom led his ace in the shape of an Episcopal minister.

This witness, who tried to express his sympathy for his friend Mr. Perkins—but was not allowed to do so by the Court—swore that on the very afternoon preceding the night of the bank robbery and murder he had played golf for three hours, down in White Sulphur Springs, with the accused.

That settled it. That was all the testimony introduced by Mr. Cullom. One after another he had turned his four witnesses over to the prosecuting attorney, and one after another they had all defeated that worthy's earnest efforts to do anything with them. And quite naturally he couldn't do anything with them.

They were all of unimpeachable character; they were all telling the truth; they had known Mr. and Mrs. Perkins down at White Sulphur Springs. There could be no doubt about any part of their testimony. Hence when Mr. Cullom, in a very short speech, hinted to the jury that he had made a much better job out of his identification of Mr. Perkins as an innocent man than the prosecution had made out of its identification of an alligator bag, and also called the jurors' attention to the doctrine of a "reasonable doubt," that body of intellectuals at once returned a verdict of Not Guilty. . . .

A small and quiet but costly and wet celebration—at which Mr. Thomas V. Perkins is the host and Mr. Augustus X. Cullom, Mr. James Delaney and a fair one called Mabel (for a time "Mrs. Perkins") are the guests—is in progress in Manhattan.

The host raises his glass: "Here's to you, counselor. You're a genius! When you first told me to raise a trick mustache and wear spectacles I thought you were something else. But you're not. You're a genius."

"You said it," cut in Jimmy Delaney. "In a small mouthful you said all of it. I felt the same way. When His Emi-

nence here issued the order for me to grow the kid whiskers, put on the glasses, acquire a mole and a scar, look as much like you as your twin brother, and then, on top of all that cruelty, insisted that I take Mabel darling under my arm and go to White Sulphur for a vacation as Mr. and Mrs. Perkins, I just about gave him up.

"Counselor, you're a genius. And Mabel and I had a good time, didn't we, Kid?"

"I'll say so," assented Mabel. "But I'll tell you it's awful hard work to be a lady. But which one of you guys is my husband? Which one am I married to, Mr. Cullom?"

"I give it up," replied Mr. Cullom, "because in the present confused state of society I never can tell which one of my clients is married to whom, or to how many, or for how long. Let's all take a drink!"

They did take a drink. There was silence for a moment or two, and then, in a rather reminiscent tone, Mr. Cullom addressed the trio: "Well, it's all over, and it's all come out for the best, hasn't it? Those four witnesses who got on the stand all told the truth and thereby saved our friend Perkins here from quite a shocking experience.

"The poor cashier who was trying so hard to get to Canada is now a revered martyr with a blessed memory instead of having a lot of detectives behind him; his wife and children are glorified instead of disgraced."

"Correct!" said Jimmy Delaney. "How did you ever stumble upon the bright idea of having me double for Perkins down at White Sulphur while he was at work up here in New York?"

"Precedents, Jimmy; legal precedents. The books are full of 'em. I recall one case now, down in Texas, where four honorable men swore that they had played poker all night with a gentleman who was in reality at the time ninety miles away settling up an old obligation with a sawed-off shotgun. The four men were perfectly honest in their testimony too, just like our witnesses yesterday, and as the generosity of the law says that a defendant does not have to raise his voice in court unless he wants to, and that his failure to speak shall not weigh against him, you can see how easy it is, if you think of it in time, to frame up an alibi on unperjured testimony."

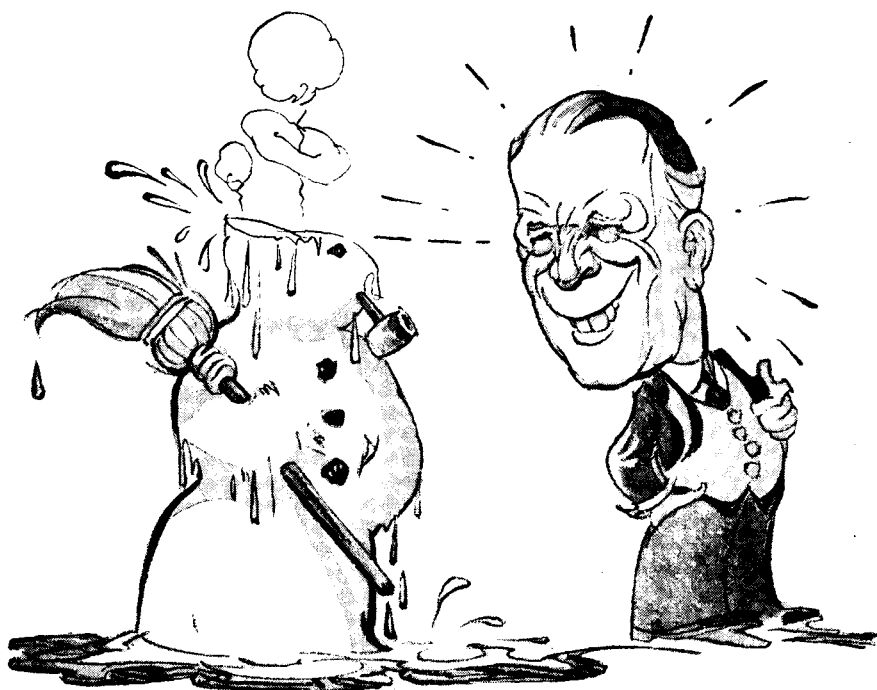
"Yes, I can see that all right," replied Delaney. "But how about you lawyers? Don't your consciences ever get the cramps, and ain't there any precedents that tell you where to head in and how to behave? Ain't there anything in the books about this stuff that you're all the time talking about and that you call ethics?"

### Lots of Ethics: No Conscience

"LOTS of it. Lots of precedents and lots of ethics. Why, Jimmy"—and at this point Mr. Cullom winked heavily—"don't you know that legal ethics forms the foundation upon which the liberty of the American criminal securely rests! Don't you know, my boy, that the ethics of my profession makes it obligatory upon me to shed my heart's blood in behalf of my clients, no matter whose heart's blood they shed in pursuit of their calling? And don't you know that according to our ethics, under the disguise of fees, we lawyers can legitimately share in the profits of your nefarious enterprises?"

"And furthermore, Jimmy, are you not aware that the American Bar Association is so jealously watchful of this noble code of ethics (to which, by the way, you owe your own present freedom) that at its annual meeting this summer, not having anything else to complain of in our behavior, it registered great horror at the thought that some unholy practitioners of the law are indulging in the iniquitous proceeding of advertising for business?"

"Just think of it! Isn't it awful? But of course I wouldn't advertise. It's unprofessional and not nice."



Dave's melting smile has beamed on Massachusetts for many years.

## Low-downs on the HIGH-UPS

THE advertising motto, "The voice with the smile wins," wasn't written about Dave Walsh of Massachusetts, but it could have been or should have been.

By THE  
GENTLEMAN  
AT THE  
KEYHOLE

That is Dave Walsh, a voice and a smile. His melting smile has beamed upon Massachusetts for these many years. He has tickled the angels' toes, as they say in the South, with his flights of oratory. And thus he has performed the amazing feat of being elected many times as a Democrat in Republican Massachusetts, of almost equalling Al Smith's record of winning in 1920 when New York was voting overwhelmingly for Coolidge.

Lightly as political ties rest upon us, it is not often that a man arises who though in the minority party can get himself elected repeatedly to office by the sheer force of his personal appeal. Al Smith has done it in New York. Dave Walsh has done it in Massachusetts, not quite so successfully, for Massachusetts is a much harder state for a Democrat to carry than New York. But who else?

It seems to be a Democratic gift, for no Republican charms the South so that it forgets its party. Perhaps it is a Celtic gift, for Al Smith and Dave Walsh are both of Irish origin. Al Smith has a smile, the shrewd and knowing smile of one who learned the human heart in the streets but who has something fine in him which keeps him from ever using his knowledge of men cheaply or meanly. But Al Smith has something more, an astonishing mastery of the public business. With Dave Walsh it is a case of nothing but the voice and the smile.

Only a fair governor and a fair senator, the one thing remarkable about him is the impression his personality has made upon his state. He has not the passionate convictions that made all Wisconsin follow the elder La Follette, for he is a safe middle-grounder, a moderate liberal. He has not the wise courage that enables Al Smith to catch the imagination of his state by the largeness of his constructive ideas. Essentially he is a cautious man, as timid as the average politician.

Sometimes his oratory carries him away into saying things which his habitual caution would keep him from saying unless intoxicated by the emotions

he was stirring in his audience. Once during the Irish rebellion he was swept along by the spirit of the occasion into passionate support of the Irish Republican cause. His first thought on leaving the platform was to suppress the speech. But it was too late.

Similarly in Massachusetts, with its Republican majority and its protected industries, he is cautious about what he says on the tariff. In the Senate in Washington he has been carried away into fevered denunciation of its abuses.

Of course he has Massachusetts to think about, with its Walsh Republicans, without whose votes he cannot be elected. Those Walsh Republicans keep him watching his step.

### Merely a Coincidence

IN SENATOR LODGE'S last campaign for reelection, in 1922, a long trip in the West kept Mr. Walsh from taking the stump to help elect the Democrat opponent of Mr. Lodge. As he was moving eastward, a voice, supposed to be Republican and important, came to him over the long-distance wire: "I thought you were not going to take part in this thing." His automobile broke down on the way from New York to Massachusetts and he arrived at the meeting (the final rally) so late that he could only say a few words of regret.

If the orator's temperament sometimes betrays him into saying things which he did not mean to say, it nevertheless serves him well. It is hard to associate trimming and caution with that voice and manner. It lets you into the secret of his feelings, which are generous and ample. His appearance helps him, for he has a fine presence and looks the great man.

Everyone in Massachusetts knows or thinks he knows Dave Walsh. It is a very engaging and impressive Dave Walsh. Perhaps it is the real Dave Walsh, and the Dave Walsh of politics is what politics has made him in a state where he has to think always of winning and holding the votes of his natural opponents. Anyway, he has the art of making his public feel that it knows him like an intimate friend.



No Republican charms  
the South sufficiently



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