

ASK...ANY...RADIO...ENGINEER



The "Mountie" isn't lonely any more

WHEN the supply ship steams south from the last outpost of northern civilization in September, not to return until the following July, loneliness will never again beset the lives of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police who patrol that vast, wild area.

Radio is now brightening the long winter nights with music, special programs, messages and greetings from their "home folks."

And in the receiving sets of the "Mounties" is the best equipment obtainable. The batteries they use must be dependable. They must serve until new supplies are brought in a year later.

Ask Any Radio Engineer

BURGESS BATTERY COMPANY

GENERAL SALES OFFICE: CHICAGO

Canadian Factories and Offices:
Niagara Falls and Winnipeg



**BURGESS
RADIO BATTERIES**

The Godown Clerk

Continued from page 37

Just steal you and run for it. Go adventuring and damn the consequences." His voice trembled. "I tell you you're not safe with me. Can't you get that into your adorable little head?"

"But you've got a wife."
"Sort of. But she'd just go back to her folks. I'd pay something. That's how it's done out here. I've managed to put by a little money these past few years. Saving up for the big break. I sell articles now and then to the New York Sunday papers. The interest in China is growing, you see. And there've been other ways of picking up a little money here and there. It was my only chance!"

She wasn't listening.
"This," she said, "is what I did. And it's the fix I'm in. After I left college I went to work in the public library at home. Coventry, Mass. There just wasn't any place for me anywhere. And I was pretty near twenty-five." She compressed her lips.

"No place for you. Don't make me laugh. There must have been plenty of men around."

"WELL, you see"—her brows were knit over it—"I was rather different. I just belonged there. I wasn't dressed like this. Oh, my hair was long and my clothes funny. And I couldn't change."

"Couldn't?"
"If you'll stop and think what a little New England town can be like, you'll understand why. Your own town, I mean, where everybody knows all about you. You're kept in your place. Besides, I didn't have any money. Then a little was left me. My aunt died. And I—well, in a way I suppose I just lost my head. I put every cent of it into this world cruise. And the clothes and all. Just plunged."

"My word!"
"And now that I'm halfway round the world I've begun to realize what it'll mean to land back in New York without a cent. I don't know why I'm telling you all this. I can't go back to Coventry. Or I won't."

Another silence. Then, from him: "I just wish to God I'd met you before—before all this." He sighed. Then, with some strength, drew her head down again. "I suppose I'll wake up. It's all grim enough. But I'm not really a bad lot. I got off the liquor. And—oh, what's the use?"

"Exploring sounds like a dream to me."
"It's dangerous."
"I don't think I'd mind."

He drew her head around; held it above his upturned face and looked straight into her eyes. "I wonder, young lady, if you know what you're saying."
"Oh"—she laughed softly—"as much as I ever do. I've found myself getting disillusioned this last month or so."

"But you wouldn't really consider chucking everything, your cruise and all, and setting out to beat the world? With me? I'm ready, you see. I'd do it. Say the word, and off we go. We could be married at Shanghai. Or by a missionary somewhere."

His eyes burned into hers.
"We have to decide, you know. Either we make a dash for it now, over the roofs, to the steamer, if it's still there, or else we wait until dusk and walk out on the big adventure."

"It wouldn't be safe to go now, would it?" she asked, in a colorless voice, averting her eyes, adding: "They're still yelling out there. And—listen—shooting."

"Will you marry me, Anabel?"
"How did you learn my name?"
"From your cards. Will you marry me? Will you throw your life in with a battered-up man like me? I'm not old. I've still got a lot of crazy dreams. Will you marry me?"

"I don't know your name," said she.
"John Gow. Same as the old pirate."
A silence. Then, from her, very softly, "I feel as if I were dreaming."

Impulsively he pulled her face toward his again, but she drew away, saying, "Listen!"

Faintly, above those nearer noises, he heard the deep whistle of the steamer. "Well," said he huskily, "there's time yet, perhaps. Probably the other party hasn't got back yet."

Rather carefully she folded the bloody corner of her handkerchief inward and then pressed it to her eyes. She could think only of how he looked standing there with dirt on his sleeve and trousers leg, and his dark hair bristling out above the improvised bandage. The pathos of his life was unnerving. . . . What if she let the steamer go? The surge of primitive emotion within her breast frightened her. It drove out all reason, all balance. She wanted him to snatch her from the chair, hold her close again, hurt her. The thought of that Chinese woman, hidden somewhere, rose stabbingly. But still, other men than he had stirred her. Perhaps they had roused her to just this pitch. Could she blame him? She fingered her handkerchief with purposeless fingers. Wasn't it, everything said and done, all a woman was good for—surrender herself to some man and hope for the best? There was, of course, this breath-taking suddenness about it. But did that matter either? What woman, ever, anywhere, knew the man she married?

"Here's what I've dreamed of," he went on. "Buying a junk and cruising the South Seas in her. And writing. Articles and stories. Adventuring. There'd be some novelty about it. I believe we could beat our way through. Get somewhere. There's a market for that sort of writing, you know. Especially since the 'White Shadows.' We both seem to be that sort. And I'd work my hands to the bone for a girl like you. You've got imagination, you see. And, anyway, you fascinate me. It's . . . Oh, God, Anabel, will you do it? Will you come? You made one plunge. Make another with me. The big plunge. Will you?" His voice broke. He reached for her hand; pulled her to her feet; caught her again in his arms. "Will you?" Her forehead sank against his breast. "Will you?"

She had to clear her throat. Then her voice murmured, "I don't know that there's anybody in the world who'd care what I—"

"Will you? Say it! Damn it, I want to hear the word."

"Yes," she breathed.

HER lips met his. Her heart seemed to swell within her breast. She felt rather than saw the shine in his eyes. Yes, it was real.

"Come over here," he said; then lifted her to the hole in the paper wall. He was chuckling. "My word, but you're light. No weight at all!" She laughed too. He went on, "You see the stable there . . . how low the roof comes down? Now listen! It's near enough dusk now. That crowd is at the other end of the court. We'll open the door quietly and run for it. Do you feel up to climbing up there, with me helping you?"

"Oh, yes."
"Nerves fairly steady?"
"Steady enough." She looked up demurely. "As steady as you could expect."

"I'll kiss you for that. . . . Now, here we go!"

Slowly he swung the door inward; then caught her hand, and they ran. He leaped up on the manger, drew her after, and fairly bundled her up on the tiles. She found she could hold there. A second more and he was beside her. It was not difficult to step from the roofs of one compound to another. None of the houses were more than a single low story in height.

They were quite matter-of-fact about it. He said, as they made their way along, "You can get your things off the ship at Shanghai." And she replied easily, "Oh, yes! All I need. I don't seem to care particularly. That phase is over."

It came upon her at first as only a door in the street wall. He knocked. A manservant in a blue gabardine

Tom Masson Says



EVERY husband to every wife: HAVE IT YOUR OWN WAY, DON'T BLAME ME.

The millennium will come when someone invents a traveling bag that holds everything you need and doesn't weigh anything.

Some men are so desperate they have been known to marry girls who exclaim "How thrilling!" regularly ten times a day.

Mr. H. G. Wells has written a novel in which the characters all have real names. It will now be in order for someone to write a novel in which the names all represent real characters.

"After all," said the modern husband, regarding his wife's dressmaking bill with lackluster eye, "it's the uncover charge that hurts."

"Talk about monotony," might remark President Coolidge, "life these days is just one budget cut after another."

At Princeton a man has discovered something which keeps fireflies lighted all the time. Now no firefly need be held up by the traffic cop because he hasn't got his tail light lit.

Some folks will even go into a modern drug store to get a prescription filled.

"There is no individual, however base of degraded, for whom, given knowledge or all the circumstances including heredity and environment, a case could not be made out," says James Agate. How about the newly married friend who plays golf with you and asks his wife to walk around the links while you are playing?

You never know what a girl is going to do; that is, you know as much about it as she does.

It is now stated that hired men are going out. The one we have hasn't come in yet.

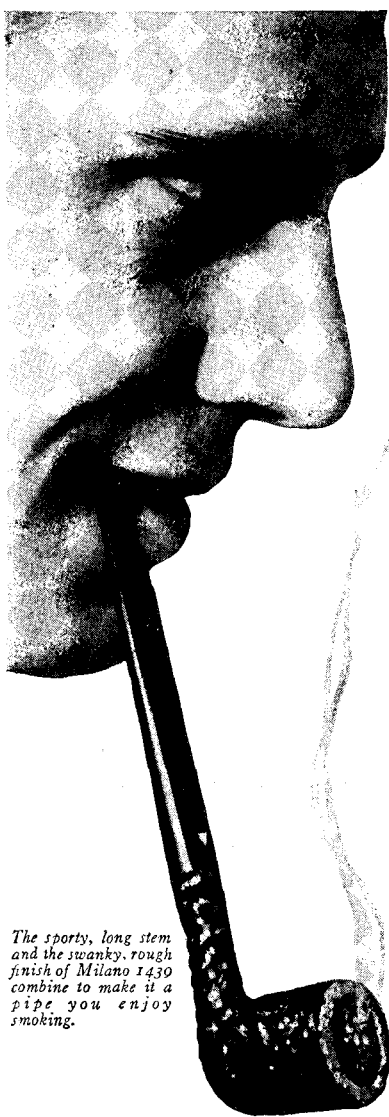
Five hundred thousand men in the United States use cosmetics. That's a poor way to make up to the girls.

Life is so uncertain. Even motor car drivers are constantly running across people they don't know.

The main trouble with some tempers is that they can't get lost.

Certain ecclesiastics in Newark, N. J., have been ordered to give up their motor cars. At this stage of the game it does seem too bad deliberately to increase the number of pedestrians.

The price of elephants has been advanced to \$3,000 for small ones. We can do better, however, by the herd.



The sporty, long stem and the swanky, rough finish of Milano 1430 combine to make it a pipe you enjoy smoking.

The Sweetest Pipe In the World

Century-old briar from the hills of sunny Italy goes into Milano's bowl. Seasoned to a turn. Aged to perfection. Hand fashioned into beauty.

Milano's the sweetest pipe in the world—the truest friend a smoker can have.

Milano comes in 37 smart shapes, smooth finish, \$3.50 up. Rustic models, \$4.00 up. All are "Insured" for your protection. Look for the White Triangle on the stem.

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MILANO

The Insured Pipe

"It's a W D C"



opened, smilingly. "It's not a pretentious place," said John Gow. "Only two courtyards."

He led her through a tiled passageway into the first court; and she gave an involuntary "Oh!" of surprise. The area was twenty-five or thirty feet square, with a separate sloping-roof house on each end of the four sides. There were shadowy porches. In the dim light of hanging colored lanterns she glimpsed Japanese dwarf trees in fine old jars of blue-ware and crackle and paintings on the walls. There was color . . . the strong reds, blues, yellows and greens of China, and marked charm. An ornamental gateway with a tiled curving roof gave on the inner court.

He led her to a carved seat in the shadows of a porch. Then, hesitating, he stood motionless, holding her arm in a tight grip. Glancing up, she saw that his face was working. Thus they stood, through a long silence. She sank down on the seat and listlessly gazed about. The mood of ecstasy was broken. She didn't know how, and couldn't have said just when. But so it was with moods.

"There's just one thing I haven't told you about," said he at last in an uncertain voice. "I rather think you'll have to know."

HE RELEASED her arm, and walked heavily to that painted gate under its dragon roof. Opening it a little way, he called. There was a cry of pleased greeting, and a small figure came running in—a girl of five or six. She hugged him, talking excitedly, happily, in a quaint singsong. He led her forward. As they entered the dim circle of light Anabel made out a gay round face with slanting eyes and a plump small body in a quilted, flaring skirt, an embroidered sleeveless jacket and a yellow hood of tanned leather, with the eyes and nose of a wolf painted directly over the little black head.

Anabel smiled as the child lowered her head, shook it threateningly, and made a barking noise.

Then, wondering, she looked up at the man. Inquiringly, without words.

He gave the child a pat and gazed mournfully after her as she scampered away.

"My daughter," he said, with evident difficulty.

Once more silence fell between them; a barrier this time.

She broke it. "Well" . . . only that. "You'd have to know."

"I'm afraid it . . . doesn't work out," said she.

"The trouble . . . that old trouble . . . our own standards." Then, defensively: "But the Chinese are immeasurably different. It's only fair to realize that. Point of view, I mean."

Silence again.

"The steamer's gone, of course," said she, with a touch of Yankee briskness.

"You—you mean you'd—"

"You spoke of a consulate."

"I can get you there all right, if—if that's how you—"

She rose.

"I'll call a cart," said he.

The consulate was near the upper end of the parklike Bund. He rang a bell. Chinese servants ushered them in. And there, just within the compound, stood a group of white folk, talking earnestly. Among them she recognized her friend Mrs. Bransfield and the cruise director. They fell upon her with delight. "My dear," cried Mrs. Bransfield, "how on earth did you ever—"

"These wonderful people at the consulate have been scouring the city for you," put in the cruise director.

Anabel's knees were sagging again. Emmy Bransfield's arm about her was a help. She must somehow keep up. And she'd have to explain herself. Did they suspect? They were looking toward John Gow.

"I was afraid the steamer'd be gone," said she, with a weak smile.

"Heavens, no! The captain saw you from the bridge and called to you. The man he sent couldn't find you."

Yes, they were looking at John Gow. Anabel looked too. What she saw was simply a strange young man in rumpled clothing: a big, gaunt man with a patient, dogged mouth that belied his queerly bright eyes. What had happened, anyway? She pressed a limp hand to her eyes. What had they been up to, she and this stranger? She couldn't, in her thoughts, reconstruct it—couldn't even believe it. Was she, after all, merely the ungoverned "feminine" sort? Her head ached.

She'd have to say something, do something. Nerving herself, she stepped forward. "I can't thank you enough," she said quickly, "for all your kindness. You see [to Emmy Bransfield], Mr. Gow more or less saved my life."

"Oh, really, not at all!" was his awkward response. Then: "Well, as you're in safe hands now, I'll leave you. Good luck!"

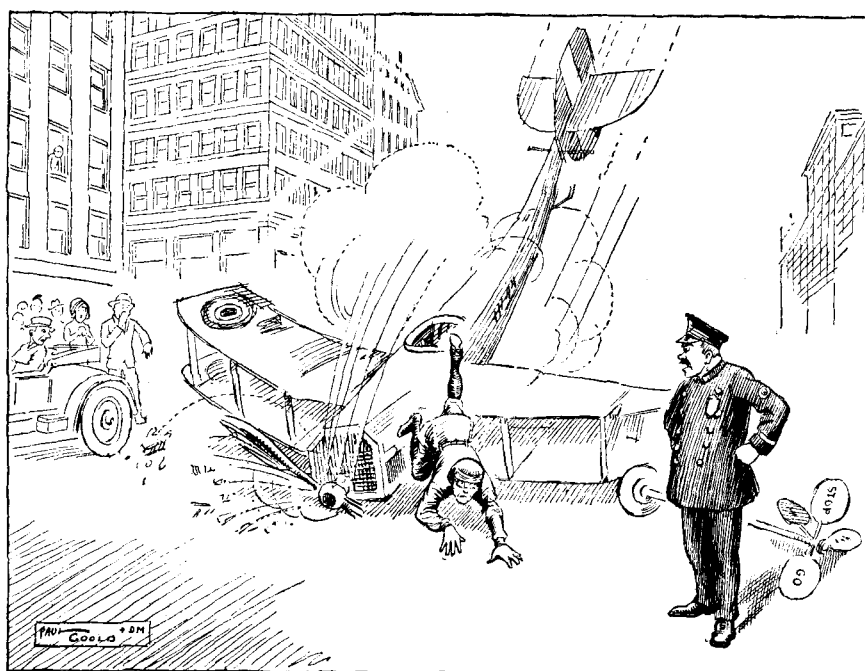
He was gone.

"My dear"—from Emmy Bransfield—"you've simply scared us to death! Walking right out into the middle of a Chinese war!"

"I won't do it again"—Anabel, not quite so offhand as she was trying to be. "In fact, I'm about ready to believe there's something in the old chaperon idea."

"There's a lot in it," said Emmy Bransfield, with a quick, close look.

Another of Anabel's adventures will appear in next week's Collier's



Traffic Cop: Pull over to the curb and I'll talk to you

Contentment in Every Draw— Cards or Tobacco

Pipe-smoking card-player finds
his tobacco keeps him happy,
winning or losing

A new slant on pipe-smoking contentment is brought to light by Mr. W. H. Doughty, a furniture dealer of Greenville, Tenn.

A discovery made during a card game has evidently made him a life member of the Edgeworth Club.

Read what he writes:

Larus & Bro. Co., Richmond, Va.

My dear Sirs:

For twenty years I have been engaged in retailing furniture. On rainy days my partner and I call up some of our friends and invite them down to a little poker game.

In this melange of our selection there happened to be a fellow by the name of Austine—a tobacco dealer. This fellow Austine was a most consistent loser—but losing never seemed to affect his morale.

His conduct became a study with me. My winning and losing moods were reflected in my actions. When winning I was the good fellow. When losing I was the grouch. All this time I noticed Mr. Austine, the tobacco dealer, sitting back unperturbed, pulling away on his pipe—contented—at peace with the world—winning or losing.

Finally I put the matter up to Mr. Austine for a solution. He said, "Major (my poker title by brevet), there is no mystery to that—my contentment is due to the tobacco I smoke. When I need a friend in poker or business—Edgeworth has never failed me. It carries contentment in every draw—whether the cards run good or bad."

The next time I visited the Mason Corner Tobacco Shop I purchased some of this Edgeworth. It has made a new man out of me. I can look them in the face and smile—smile—smile whether they run good or bad.

If you ever indulge in poker or any other losing business, my advice is—fill up the old pipe on Edgeworth and as the delightful fragrance fills the air you will be at peace with the world.

Sincerely,

W. H. Doughty.

To those who have never tried Edgeworth, we make this offer:

Let us send you free samples of Edgeworth so that you may put it to the pipe test. If you like the samples, you'll like Edgeworth wherever and whenever you buy it, for it never changes in quality.

Write your name and address to Larus & Brother Company, 5-W

S. 21st Street, Richmond, Va.

We'll be grateful for the name and address of your tobacco dealer, too, if you care to add them.

Edgeworth is sold in various sizes to suit the needs and means of all purchasers. Both Edgeworth Plug Slice and Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed are packed in small, pocket-size packages, in handsome humidor holding a pound, and also in several handy in-between sizes.

To Retail Tobacco Merchants: If your jobber cannot supply you with Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Company will gladly send you prepaid by parcel post a one- or two-dozen carton of any size of Edgeworth Plug Slice or Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed for the same price you would pay the jobber.

On your radio—tune in on WRVA, Richmond, Va.—the Edgeworth station. Wave length 256 meters.





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EVERY masculine face likes Men-
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Skin Balm is refreshing. Non-
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Skin Balm is magic for healing
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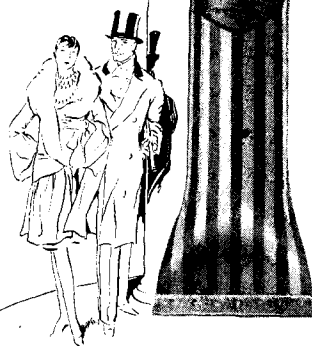
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**MENNEN
SKIN BALM**

The Dinner Party

Continued from page 15

about the children, but, with all her faults, Mrs. Murphy is perfectly reliable. Why can't we make a night of it and go home on the three o'clock local?"

Louise was secretly longing to go to Tony's. As Kitty had said, it did sound thrilling. She'd never been to any of the night clubs. So now she murmured doubtfully, still feeling she had to protest a little, "Well, Ellery, if you think it will be all right—"

"The music's wonderful down there!" It was Kitty being ecstatic again. Kitty was dreaming of dancing held closely within Jack's arms. Of course she'd have to dance with the two old fogies as well. Old fogies always wanted to dance with the young girls now. Why did they? Why didn't they realize they were old fogies? But these dances wouldn't count. Only her dances with Jack mattered.

"I think it would be great sport," Tom Lowry said. He was really anxious to have the Champs have a good time. Good old Ellery! He did have tough going! "We needn't stay long," he added.

And so, just as the curtain rose on the second part of the revue, it was agreed that afterward they were to go to Tony's.

THE Lowrys' car was being painted, or something, and therefore they had been compelled, with many apologies, to use taxicabs that night. ("Imagine apologizing for using a taxi," Louise said to Ellery later.)

After they came out of the theatre they all managed to crowd into one taxicab, with Kitty sitting on Jack's lap, an arrangement that, as you can well imagine, was not at all displeasing to her, although Kitty blushed and said, "This is a little unconventional, isn't it?"

The taxicab driver knew where Tony's was. "Aw, sure, I know!" he said confidently. "Wasn't I born in that there neighborhood?"

Everybody laughed except Cora. Cora didn't think that anything a taxicab driver said could be amusing.

So then they traveled east farther than it seemed possible to travel east, and then they traveled so far south that it seemed as if their wild, honking flight would end in a plunge into the murky waters of New York Harbor. But at last they drew up before a dark house in a dark and narrow street.

"It looks a little dubious," said Cora Lowry, fingering her pearls nervously. "Well, they can't run openly, you know," Jack Morton assured her—"not with the stuff they get away with."

"If this were Paris, Cora," Tom Lowry said, "you wouldn't think anything of it."

"Oh, I know, but Paris seems so much safer than New York," Cora answered. "Perhaps we'd better keep this taxi," Tom suggested. "There don't seem to be many of 'em around here."

So Jack told the taxi driver to wait. The taxi driver seemed slightly annoyed at this request, but relieved his feelings by spitting noisily into the street.

Then the five others followed Jack Morton up a short flight of steps, and Jack rang a bell. In the door before them a slide was mysteriously drawn aside, and two eyes peered at them suspiciously. "Watcher want?" was demanded of them.

"It's all right. I'm Jack Morton," Jack said briskly. "You know me."

There was a rattling of chains and the bolt, and the door was opened for them.

It was amazing to come out of the dark and narrow street into the blazing interior of Tony's. After they had passed through a hallway in which the men checked their hats and coats, they descended two or three shallow steps into a long room of oblong shape. Its walls were painted with views of the Bay of Naples and enchanted Capri. Against these walls ran a continuous cushioned seat, and before this were placed small tables and chairs. In the

center of the room was a dance floor; on a platform at the far end an orchestra. And all sorts of people were there—a few, like Tom Lowry's party, in evening clothes but more in everyday attire.

The music was superb. The saxophone moaned, the drum was beaten madly, the violin wailed, and the moaning and the drumming and the wailing united to stir one's blood and twitch at one's feet. Kitty danced with Jack and was happy. "I want to do as you do; say what you say; go where you go—and I'll be happy," sang the dancing crowd. And Kitty, humming it, thought that if she were any happier she'd explode with happiness. Why was such acute happiness always a little painful?

Ellery Champ danced with Cora Lowry and, noticing what envious glances were thrown at her jewels, at her gown, told himself that she was an exceptionally handsome woman. And Cora sensed his new admiration. They got along surprisingly well.

Tom Lowry danced with Louise Champ and thought again how lucky Ellery was to have this sweet and agreeable little woman for a wife. Good old Ellery! He deserved something.

It had, indeed, turned out to be a nice party and a merry one. Even Cora, who had dreaded the very idea of the party, was willing to admit that it had turned out to be much nicer than she had thought possible.

Then something happened. In fact, something outrageous and unprecedented happened.

The music had temporarily stopped and the six of them were seated at the table eating some very special sort of spaghetti that the headwaiter had recommended to the impressive Mr. Lowry, when this outrageous something happened.

A group of four men who had been tucked away in a far corner suddenly rose from the table where they had been seated.

EACH of these men had a revolver in his hand. The four revolvers of the four men covered effectively the guests of Tony's, the musicians, the waiters and even the proud headwaiter.

"Now, ladies an' gents," said one man who stepped out in front of the other three, "don't no ladies scream or it might be bad for 'em. We jus' want what money an' joolry you got on you. My friend here'll collect it. Stand up, ladies an' gents, an' hold your hands over your head. That'll make it easier for all of us."

"It's only a stunt they're pulling," said Jack Morton. "It's only meant in fun."

Just then, however, a waiter made an abrupt dive for the entrance, and instantaneously a revolver barked. The waiter wasn't hit. The bullet simply broke one of the rose-colored wall lights, but the waiter stood as if frozen. Maybe it wasn't merely fun.

Tom Lowry, standing with his hands over his head, muttered, "Well, if this is their idea of a joke, they carry it pretty far." He felt ridiculous. It was incredible that a man of important affairs, a big and respected business man, should be standing there in an East Side dive, waiting for one of these ruffians to rob him of his money, his gold cigarette case, his watch, his single glowing pearl stud.

As for Cora—Cora whispered in a whimpering voice, "Tom, why don't you do something? I've got my pearls on."

Louise Champ was thinking, "Oh, why didn't I go home as I should have when I wanted to? This is Ellery's fault."

Kitty also had her hands over her head, but she was as close to Jack, her invincible Jack, as she could snuggle. And Jack had a sickly smile on his face. This was awful! And he'd got them into it.

No; evidently it wasn't a joke. It

wasn't a joke to go in turn, to each of the guests, as one of the bandits was doing, insert the grim muzzle of a revolver in the ribs and then deftly extract everything of value that he could find.

Ellery Champ's face was white and twitching. He wasn't grinning. Not even a sickly grin.

When the gunman arrived at their table and unclasped Cora Lowry's necklace from her throat, and pulled a diamond pin from the front of her gown and stripped the rings from her fingers, Ellery's face became even whiter. When the gunman next took Tom's cigarette case from his waistcoat pocket and his wallet from the inside pocket of his coat, Ellery's face twitched the more. But when the ruffian laid hands on Louise's pitiful little engagement ring—the ring which although pitiful meant so much to her—something broke loose in Ellery. Absolutely broke loose. With an oath, and so quickly that no one could intercept him, he sprang forward and rocked the gunman with a stiff right uppercut.

At once hell broke loose. Just that—hell!

Shots rang out; someone switched out the lights. It was entirely dark, and the darkness was torn with women's screams and the bullish profanity of men. It was for a minute or two an inferno of confusion, of fright, of disaster. It was like the panic on the ship sinking in the night. It was like the terror following an explosion.

Then, presently, the lights were turned on again. The gunmen were gone. Tables had been overturned, and the floor was covered with broken glass and crockery and a mess of spilled food and liquids. A woman had fainted . . . and there on the floor, with his eyes closed, with his head bleeding from a blow from the butt end of a revolver, lay Ellery.

Cora Lowry looked at him, and then swung on her husband. "You damned coward!" she cried passionately. "He had the guts to do it, and you didn't. I've always hated you, and now I despise you!"

Tom Lowry pushed her aside. "Let's get a doctor," he said. "Where's the telephone?"

And Louise Champ, with a little moan, sank to her knees beside her husband. "Oh, my darling!" she said, "My dearest dear!" and then she turned to the others with a broken, stifled sobbing. "If he's dead," she said, "I want to be dead too."

Kitty had been the first to recover her composure. "She loves him," she said to Jack, to whom she was still clinging. "Isn't it wonderful! And I don't believe he's so badly hurt. Look! He's opened his eyes! Oh, Jack, I know I shouldn't say it, but I was never so thrilled in my life. And wasn't he magnificent, Jack? But you were too, dear. You were so calm!"

ELLERY CHAMP'S injury wasn't so serious. After Tom Lowry had secured a doctor and the doctor had dressed the cut, Tom also secured a limousine from somewhere to take Ellery and Louise back to Engleside.

And as they drove home Louise said to Ellery, who was resting in her arms, "It took that frightful thing to show us all to each other as we really are, didn't it, dear? Why, I wouldn't be married to Tom Lowry for anything! Not for anything! And how I'd hate to be that woman! It showed me something else too, Ellery. It showed me how much we really love each other, you and I. Sometimes we forget that—how much we really love each other. We forget and we row and we worry—about little things, unimportant things. But don't let's ever forget it again, Ellery, not really forget it"—and then quite solemnly and unexpectedly, she added, "Please God! Amen!"

Ellery Champ, who still felt slightly dizzy, moved closer into her arms. "Amen!" he echoed.

For the man
who believes
his own ears



HELPLESS? -- not with a second stage of tuning

HAVE YOU ever been invited to some great radio treat, either to dance or share the pleasure of a widely heralded concert, and then had your whole evening spoiled by poor reception? Your host does what he can; he tunes with everything his set affords—and probably feels more helpless than you do yourself.

Important A-C DAYTON Refinements:

Double Vernier
Dial Control
Air-Spaced
Coils
Double Reading
Voltmeter
Duophonic
Reproduction
Completely
Shielded Coils
Cushioned
Tube Sockets
Selectivity
Control
Compensator
Fully Graduated
Volume

That is the difference between an ordinary radio and an A-C DAYTON. For ordinary tuning it is simply a very high grade 2-dial set; but it holds something in reserve, a **Second Stage of Tuning** that gives you new and unique controls to use when ordinary tuning falls short.

No other radio can be so flexible, so cunningly adaptable to all conditions. It gives you new power, a finer way to tune your set, and consistent pleasure in listening to it.

Note: There is only one right way to judge Radio. HEAR IT! We have arranged, through exclusive dealers, for you to make that test in your own way. Let us send full information and name of dealer authorized for test. Write direct to Dept. C-11

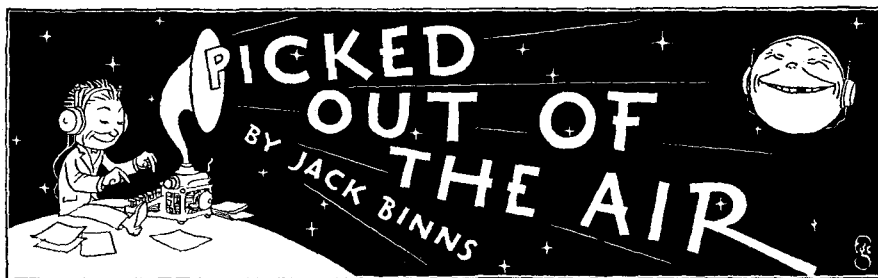
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Makers of Electrical Devices for More Than 20 Years

A-C DAYTON RADIO

Six Models
(5 and 6 Tube)

Priced from
\$56 to
\$255

Below is illustrated the TYPE XL-25 STANDARD—with 2 Stages of Tuning, improved 5 tube circuit, 2-Dial Control and many refinements including Air-Spaced Coils. Price \$70. (All Western and Canadian prices slightly more)



The Hot-Air Talker

OUT in Burlington, Ia., they have a red-hot talking stove. Just listen to this story related by E. F. Butler: "Mrs. Grace Bainter of this city lives in the same block with our local broadcasting station—WIAS. Recently her daughter Viola was ironing some clothes with an electric iron. On chancing to set the iron over an unlighted burner of a coal-oil stove, she heard the sound of voices emanating therefrom. She called her mother, brother and a friend of the family to hear the phenomenon, and all report the same thing. "Mrs. Bainter wished to secure verification so went to the station and brought back the secretary of the Greater Burlington Association, who was delivering a radio talk that night. He attests the truth of the story. The group then experimented by removing the iron from the burner and reception ceased. When the iron was replaced the program resumed, and could be heard across the small kitchen."



Does Yours Taste That Way?

I OFTEN wonder whether any of the diligent young matrons who religiously copy the recipes sent over the radio every day accidentally err in putting down the figures given for the various ingredients. Even a slight error in the concoction may cause very painful complications.

How About "Microbe"?

THE operators of KFI at Los Angeles, Cal., announce to the wide world that they are looking for a word which will adequately describe any person who entertains fans from a radio studio.

They have already coined the word "Receptionist" to denote a radio fan, and consequently desire a companion term to fit the individual at the other end of the cycle. We are informed that "Microphonist," "Microphoner," "Microtician," and even, facetiously, "Radiator" have been suggested. What's your idea?

Look for the New Model

HENRY EICHHORN, composer of Oriental music, in an address over KOA, Denver, said: "Jazz music is a modern edition of rhythmic devices which were known to the Chinese more than 2,000 years ago." He then added our music is still passing through the experimental stage. If jazz is an experiment Heaven only knows what the finished product is going to be like.

Aha! Hollywood Does Sleep

HERE is a littler scenario from Luther Blake of San Francisco: Scene: Studio of KFI, Los Angeles. Time: The present. Dramatis Personæ: Midnight Frolic, made up of Movie Stars.

Sighs of lamentation. Suddenly mournful voice reverberates through the ether with this plaint:

"It's three A. M., the usual hour at which ladies and gentlemen of Hollywood retire. We have sung our last song, and we want to go home—but we can't, because the elevator is stuck halfway down the shaft. Not knowing the habits of elevators or their fixers we are somewhat at a loss to know what to do or where to turn for assistance.

Therefore, will some kind-hearted listener telephone to a fire department somewhere to come and get one hundred people down from the KFI roof?" Some K. H. fan did, and they lived happy ever after.

"The Swine Song"

HOW rapidly civilization catches up with scientific achievement! A few years ago the abilities of our leading hog callers would have remained practically unknown except along the Corn-Belt. Now radio brings them to the attention of the wide world by broadcasting the Omaha hog-calling contest.

A Good Decision

THERE will be no international radio tests with Europe this year. Such is the ruling of the committee which had charge of the event during the three previous years. Probably no more discouraging or disappointing experiment was ever tried. It was subjecting radio to a test far beyond its capabilities, and tended to destroy public confidence in broadcasting because of the unearthly bedlam it let loose.

From an engineering point of view the ability to broadcast across the Atlantic involves primarily the use of sufficient power at the transmitting station.

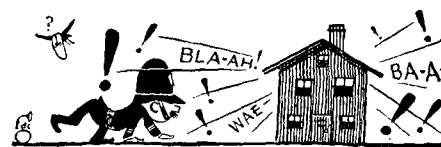
There are a great many other factors of vital importance, and they all tend to operate against success. Aside from all this, however, there was no useful knowledge that could possibly be acquired from the experiment.

The Galloping Blues

CAN'T you just picture the perplexity of the dear old lady who penned this plaintive missive to the directors of 2LO in London? "Will you please tell me how I can slow down the music for dancing. I have tried all the knobs, but it is no use."

Or Shadowgraphs

THERE'S quite a controversy raging in England over a name for radio movies. One correspondent doesn't like the word "Television," so suggests "Teleopsis" in its place. In view of the present state of the art, why not call them "Shakies"?



Yes! Let's Try It

WE MAY lead the world in radio development, and in broadcasting, but they are not so dumb in England. Over there the city of Reading has passed an ordinance imposing a penalty of five pounds on anyone annoying his neighbor by means of a loud speaker.

If that were in force over here the collections from my neighborhood alone would run the city government.

Prizes Waiting for You

DON'T forget that Collier's pays \$10 for all helpful suggestions and interesting and unusual experiences in connection with radio which our readers send in and which we deem good enough to print.

Tell your stories in as few words as possible and send them to Jack Binns, in care of Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.



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*Because nobody else can
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Only garments sold by NOGAR Authorized Representatives and shipped direct to you from our factory at Reading, Pa., are made of genuine NOGAR Cloth. You can draw the point of a knife or nail over this cloth without injuring the fabric. Made primarily for work suits, but pleasing enough for business wear.

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