

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

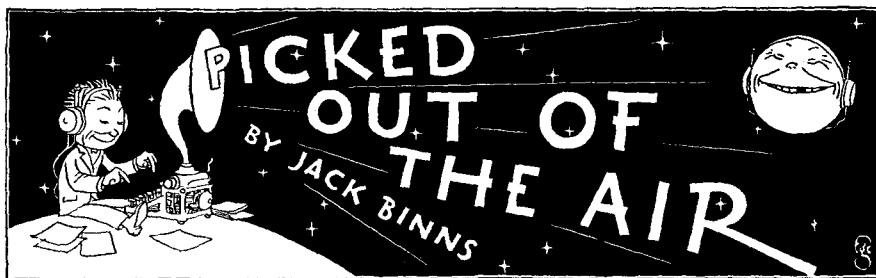
The A-C Electrical Mfg. Co. Dayton, Ohio
Makers of Electrical Devices for More Than 20 Years

A-C DAYTON RADIO

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(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.

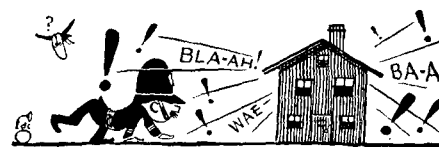
There are a great many other factors of vital importance, and they all tend to operate against success. Aside from all this, however, there was no useful knowledge that could possibly be acquired from the experiment.

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
make NOGAR Cloth*

NOGAR is the original utility clothing—unequaled for long wear. Attempts have been made to imitate it, but NOGAR Clothes cannot be successfully imitated because there is **only one NOGAR Cloth** and we make it.

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.

NOGAR Suits and Topcoats are only \$12.50 and \$13.50. Boys' Suits, \$9.85 and \$10.85. But low prices alone do not make economy. It is the amazing strength of NOGAR garments, added to their very low cost, that saves you so much money.

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Of course you realize how easy and profitable it is to sell NOGAR Clothes. Their nation-wide reputation for quality, backed by extensive advertising, makes our representatives welcome everywhere. No experience is needed and your income is limited only by your industry.

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Please tell me how I can earn good money as a NOGAR representative.

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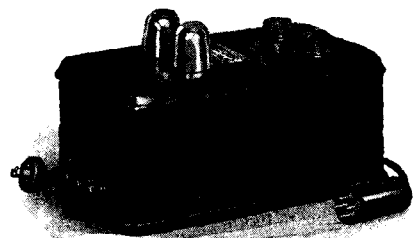
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Deep resonant bass notes-vibrant high notes-All clear as a Bell

IF you like music you will want an Aero B Amplipower on your radio set. It brings out every note of every instrument as clear and full toned as the instrument itself. It makes any set a real musical instrument, reproducing the deep mellow bass notes that have heretofore been inaudible on practically all radio sets.

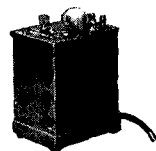
The Aero B Amplipower not only improves tonal quality and increases volume but also supplies all of the "B" current for the set. It is attached to any set in the same manner as "B" batteries,



with an adapter plug which is inserted in the tube socket of the last audio stage of the set, replacing this tube with the high voltage power tube in the Amplipower.

You won't know music on your radio set until you use the Amplipower—price \$65.00 without tubes.

Aero B is also built as a "B" power unit without the high voltage power tube. Price \$50.00 complete.



THE GLENN L. MARTIN COMPANY
Radio Division Cleveland, Ohio



What Fur?

Continued from page 8

woman makes her mistake in purchasing furs, but in ignorance about their names. Here, according to Captain Mallet, is where her good sense deserts her.

"There is much that the unscrupulous furrier can put over on the woman who will not use her brains when she is buying fur. New names crop up in the fur market continually and women swallow them without question. She speaks of getting a 'selenski' coat, let us say. I have just made up that name. There is no such animal as a selenski. It will probably be dyed rabbit or cat masquerading under a name that is meaningless but succeeds in fetching a good price because it sounds exotic.

The Baby Fakers

"WOMEN ask me how they can tell whether such and such an animal exists. My answer is: 'Open your dictionary. If the animal exists, you will find its name there.' Except for two furs, Hudson Bay sable and Hudson seal, the name of every pelt on the market, honestly sold, can be found in a good dictionary. Hudson Bay sable is the Canadian marten, first cousin to the Russian sable. Hudson seal is the muskrat, clipped and dyed to imitate the Alaska seal, which, by the way, is also dyed. Whenever these furs are sold by a reliable firm they are plainly marked with their trade name and real name.

"Many humble cousins of more expensive furs resemble their aristocratic relatives. Their names, however, should give their station. Nutria looks like beaver. The nutria is a real animal, living in South America, with habits like the beaver. When a woman buys a nutria coat she knows exactly what she is getting.

"Civet is first cousin to a skunk, but not as expensive. Summer ermine is the weasel caught below a certain latitude in America. His fur never turns white like the real ermine, which is caught in colder Asiatic regions. Up north, in the polar regions, the weasel turns white in the peak of winter. It is a matter of protective coloration. Summer ermine is a real name, however. It is the animal whose pelt always remains brown because its habitat does not demand the change of color.

"Right now there seems to be a vogue among some furriers to prefix the word 'baby' before all furs. They speak of 'baby' mink, 'baby' fox, 'baby' fisher, 'baby' ermine. This is all perfectly ridiculous and is nothing but an excuse for impressing the customer.

"Let this be clear. Every animal in the north is born in the spring. Every animal in the north is killed or trapped in the winter. An animal killed in the summer is valueless. Its fur is not developed, and it moults continually. A trapper worth his name won't touch an animal in the summer time. When a furrier speaks of 'baby' mink, he is being foolish. The pelt of a baby mink is worthless. Baby furs are practically non-existent. Occasionally a furrier may get pelts from animals which for one reason or another are dwarfed. Silver foxes, for instance, are bred on farms. Sometimes some of the litters run smaller than normal. Domestication may do that. But the smaller pelt is a full-grown fox, as old as his larger brother."

Captain Mallet here brought out the fact that there are two animals whose pelts are used in infancy, the broadtail and the caracul. The first is a sheep, the second a goat. Both are natives of Asia. They are raised in herds. The fur of both animals is valuable only for a three or four month period. After the sheep or goat passes the fourth-month mark its fur changes to long, shaggy hair and the animal is valuable only for reproductive purposes.

"The fur of the lamb is divided into three periods," said Captain Mallet. "When the lamb is between one day and three weeks old it is called broadtail. The second stage is the broadtail Persian, the lamb then being three weeks

to six weeks old. The third stage is the real Persian; age, six weeks to four months. The same classification holds for the kid of the caracul."

"Furs," continued Captain Mallet, taking a more peaceful phase of the subject, "have tremendously gone up in price in the last ten years. One reason lies in the greater demand.

"Take, for example, raccoon coats," he said. "To-day every college boy thinks his life has been a dismal failure unless he possesses one. Fifteen years ago the best raccoon coat could be bought for one hundred dollars. To-day the same coat costs eight hundred dollars."

The increase in the cost of labor is a second reason. Furriers to-day work a forty-hour week and earn large salaries. The trappers and traders have increased their prices to the dealers because of the increase in the cost of living, the cost of trapping material and the rise of their standards of living.

"All this must necessarily be paid for in the final market. A mink coat that cost \$2,000 several years ago brings \$4,000 to-day. The same difference in price is found in practically all good furs.

"How can a purchaser tell whether fur is worth the price asked for it and how can fur be kept in good condition by its owner?" Captain Mallet was asked.

"The only real protection a buyer of a fur garment has is to go to a responsible firm.

"Pelts must be well matched in color. The depth must be equal and good. The dye must be good. Many furs, by the way, are dyed. Dyeing is not injurious if properly done. There are several fur-dyeing centers in the world. Revillon Frères have their furs dyed in Leipzig because they believe that the Germans there have retained their old chemical skill and secrets.

"Whether furs will wear or last long if bought from a responsible firm depends greatly upon the owner. I have seen mink coats ten years old that were in excellent condition. I have seen mink coats, equally fine when sold, that looked worn and old after two years.

Rules to Go By

THERE are several definite rules the owner of a fur garment can follow to insure the health and longevity of fur.

"1. Furs should be worn as little as possible in the sun. Sunlight bleaches fur.

"2. Furs should not be taken out in rain or snow unless they be sports fur, which is coarser and more hardy. The hairs become clotted and matted, and if the moisture reaches the hide or leather it spells death for the fur.

"3. Never put a fur wrap in a hot place; never hang it near a radiator to dry; never put it in a closet heated by a radiator. The heat dries the natural oils in the leather, which becomes hard and brittle in quality. When the leather goes the fur is useless.

"4. Furs should be put in cold storage during the summer months to keep moths away from them. Many women pack their furs in camphor, and the harm from moths that is prevented is equalized by the harm done by the camphor, which reddens and discolors fur.

"5. Furs should be hung when not in use, in winter as well as in summer. Women should send their furs to reliable cold storage houses and ask to see them actually hung. Too often women think they are saving money by giving their furs to anyone who will store them for less money than the storage plant will charge. This is disastrous economy.

"To conserve storage space, many firms pack several garments into one trunk and put the trunk into cold storage. Naturally the garments suffer from the crowding. Furs need air; they die for lack of it. The close packing also injures the leather by keeping it for months in the folds and creases in which it is packed away."

Who is the GOOD SPORT in your family?

IN his recent story, "The Wife Who Wouldn't Play,"

Lucian Cary showed how one married couple settled the "good sport" question. Collier's asked its readers for letters about their experiences. Hundreds of letters came in. This one, by George Hiller, was given the first award—\$25.

My wife is the good sport in our family, for while I flounder perplexed and often bewildered in the labyrinths of life her penetrative and often sympathetic imagination contributes new thoughts that always seem to point the way to better endeavor and a bigger bank roll.

She is no tongue heroine, no fine virtue prattler, and she speaks from her soul, as well as from her lungs, and I can take it or leave it.

My one cause for regret is that I did not earlier realize that she not only handled our funds, our sorrows and our joys better than I could, but that she knew me from the inside out and the outside in.

Like most men, when I wanted first principles I used to look within myself for them, and when I wished to feel in the presence of a real wise guy I would keep by myself, but believe me the little lady has proven to me that this is a silly waste of effort and time.

We have our house, four kids, two cars, 3,700 chickens and 42 dogs, and yet she insists upon the movies once a week, the theatre every other Saturday and a subscription to nigger-heaven seats at the Metropolitan Opera House each winter, with a few bridge parties, teas and dinners on the side, so put me down as being fairly busy and very happy.

GEORGE HILLER,
372 West 120th Street,
New York City.

The second letter in order of merit was written by L. J. White, 110 West Broadway, Glendale, Cal.; the third by U. P. Haw, Benton, Scott County, Mo.

How Good a Parent are You?

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How many thousands of parents have been faced with the same problem. And now the problem is solved—wonderfully solved—by

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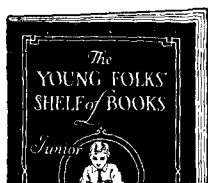
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"These," says Dr. Eliot in his splendid introduction, "are the real elements which should enter into the education of every English-speaking child." In these pages your boy and girl meet the great figures of history; here they learn courage from the courageous; truth from the truthful; heroism from the heroic.

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Name Mrs. _____
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(The publishers cannot undertake to send the booklet free to children.) 4634-JCO-L

The Heart of Alix

Continued from page 30

home to get a bit of breakfast. He's been out all night."

Gerry looked puzzled. "But hasn't the district attorney been here yet?"

"We don't have him in this country," said the stranger, and smiled. "But the superintendent and the police surgeon from Vanner have been and gone. The superintendent will be back with the photographer as soon as it's light enough to take pictures. They're going to move the dead man back to where he was found when the tide's back enough. They'll want you to help them there, I shouldn't wonder."

He paused and, taking his pipe from his mouth, thoughtfully contemplated the bowl. Then he said inquiringly: "His head and trunk would have been higher than his legs, I suppose, when you came across him?"

"Yes. His feet were pointing down the beach."

"Face downward, eh?"

"Not his face," Gerry corrected. "His face was turned to one side. But his chest was resting on the ground."

The man in the tweed cap sucked his pipe reflectively.

"Can I go along and look at him now?" Gerry asked.

"If you like. He's not a pretty sight."

They scrambled over the rocks together. A merciful hand had flung a tarpaulin over the body, but it had been rolled down to the waist, and the face was uncovered. Despite the terrible injuries to the features, the dead man looked more human now as he lay with his sightless gaze turned upward to the gray sky of morning and his hands decently arranged along his sides.

"Say," murmured Gerry in an awed voice, "did the rocks do that to him? How did he manage to get into the water, anyway? What do the police say?"

The man in the tweed cap looked hard at him. "Have you ever seen a drowned man before?" he demanded.

"Never," rejoined Gerry.

"I thought not. Just put your hand on his coat. Here, on the lapel. He won't bite you."

Gerry obeyed.

"Just damp, isn't it? That's sea moisture. The front of the jacket's not sopping with sea water like his trousers, is it? Don't you know what that means? The upper part of his body was never in the sea. High water only reached his legs. If they'd left him where he lay till the tide was full, they'd have seen that for themselves. . . ."

"But the back of his coat was soaked."

"Rain. It poured from noon until tea time yesterday afternoon, didn't it? The rain didn't start till long after breakfast. And Friday night was fine, wasn't it?"

"It was when I went to bed," said Gerry eagerly.

"THERE wasn't a drop all night, Jem Belper tells me," declared the other with emphasis. "What follows? That when that body came to the ground on that patch of sand between those two rocks down there the weather was fine. The proof is that the front of the coat and the waistcoat beneath it, which rested on the sand and were shielded by the trunk, are dry by comparison with the back. That gives us the time approximately, don't it?"

"You mean that the body must have been there *before* the rain started after breakfast on Saturday?" said Gerry.

"I certainly do. Although it looked mighty threatening all yesterday evening, the last rain we had stopped at five o'clock in the afternoon. What time exactly was it when you found the body?"

"About ten o'clock, or a little after," Gerry replied.

The man in the tweed cap nodded.

"It all fits in. The police surgeon, who was here an hour or two back, said that the man had then been dead for more than twenty-four hours. That would give the time of his death somewhere late on Friday night or early on

Saturday morning. Belper tells me that Stanismore was alive and well in London on Friday morning and spoke of coming down to Portsmouth in the afternoon. Humph. . . ."

"But how did he die if he wasn't drowned?" demanded Gerry.

"Drowned?" The stranger repeated in a loud voice. "The wave that drowned him had a damned big stick in its hand, that's all I can say! Look at the forehead above the left eye! Why, the front of his head is knocked in, pretty near!"

In blank astonishment Gerry whistled. "You mean . . . you mean he was murdered?"

"I do," was the firm reply, "and the police surgeon says so too, by what I hear from Belper!"

The memory of the sea door locked against them, of that rusty catch battered down, flashed into Gerry Leese's mind. For a moment he debated whether he should confide the result of his investigations to his very cocksure acquaintance. He checked the impulse, however, and asked instead:

"Are you from the district attorney's office, or whatever you call it in this country?"

The stranger's eyes twinkled.

"Something like that," he said. He laid a finger knowingly along his nose.

"But I'm here unofficially, strictly unofficially, you understand!"

WHEN Alix Barleston told her husband that she was not afraid of Superintendent Nolling, it was no vain boast. The police officer was a familiar personage to the household at Node. His squarish, shortish figure, in the smart black uniform and silver-laced cap, was to be seen on all public occasions in the neighborhood, and he always attended the church bazaars and other charity fêtes which, during the summer months, were held in the grounds of Node House.

The superintendent took command of the situation at Node with an apologetic air which amazed the young American, Gerry Leese, accustomed to the more brusque vigor of police methods at home. Frankie Barleston had informed the superintendent of Stanismore's intention, announced at their meeting in London on Friday morning, of visiting Portsmouth on the Friday afternoon, and when Gerry came up from the beach to breakfast he discovered the police officer in the hall laboriously transcribing the deposition, from the major's dictation, in a fat notebook. Sir Harry was looking on.

"Ah, there you are, Leese," said Sir Harry as Gerry appeared. "This is the gentleman who found the body," he explained to the superintendent by way of introduction.

"One thing at a time, if you please, sir," rejoined the officer. "I'll finish first with the major, if you don't mind. . . ." He turned again to Barleston.

"They've located the Anthea, Stanismore's yacht," Sir Harry informed Gerry in an aside. "She's moored off Chine Bay pier. Stanismore arrived in her on Friday evening. He went ashore about half past ten or eleven. He keeps a single hand on board, a man called Newcome, and this fellow's missing. Nolling thinks it is significant. . . ."

"What's that, Uncle Harry?"

Alix Barleston stood beside them. She had descended the stairs unnoticed. She was wearing a white crêpe frock, and she had thrust a crimson rose in her belt. The superintendent looked up from his notebook with a deferential smile.

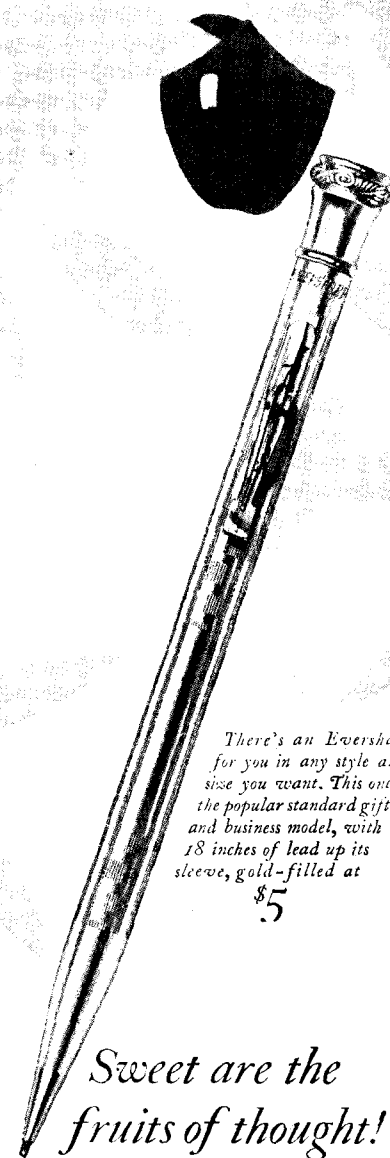
"Good morning to you, Mrs. Barleston," he said brightly.

"Good morning, Superintendent," she returned his greeting. "What's this Sir Harry is saying about Mr. Stanismore's yacht hand being missing?"

Mr. Nolling assumed an important air.

"Well, ma'am, we're following the matter up. It pears as how, about ninety on Friday night, this chap, Newcome—I know him, and a rare rough customer he is—came ashore in the An-

(Continued on page 44)



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Sweet are the fruits of thought!

Prosperity, advancement, the admiration of your fellow men—all these spring from the rightly nurtured seed.

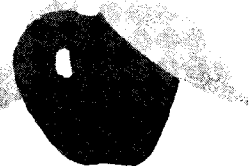
Plant the seed of your thought where it will take root and flourish for all time.

Put it on paper

Success waits on the man who keeps in line with his thinking that first friend of an active brain,

EVERSHARP

the name is on the pencil



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The Heart of Alix

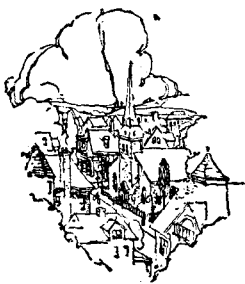
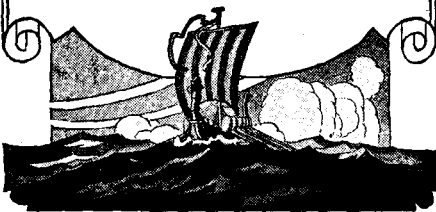
Continued from page 43



The Tower Cone \$9.50

To those accustomed to ordinary reproduction, the Tower Cone guarantees a refreshingly new quality of service—real beauty of tone, deep, rich and clear, with a volume truly delightful. Such quality of reproduction—a notable forward-step in the acoustic art—is directly due to the scientific features of design only found in Tower.

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thea's dinghy with his kit bag under his arm. A boatman on the shipway—chap by name of Simpson—spoke to him, but got no answer. Thinks Newcome was in liquor. I dare say he was. He's been in trouble before over his drinking ways. He went off into the town and he's not been seen since. . . .

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

"But surely you don't think that this man—" she began. Her gaze strayed toward her husband. But Frankie, who was twirling his eyeglass on the end of its string, avoided her eye.

"What I think or what I don't think ain't evidence, ma'am," Nolling observed placidly with his strong Wight burr. "I may have my suspicions, and then again I mayn't. But I do know that on Friday night this Newcome chap lands with his ditty bag at half past nine and never comes back, and that an hour later, being alone on the yacht, this here Mr. Stanismore hails Simpson and has himself put ashore. He gives Simpson a bob and walks off in the direction of Node. He never told Simpson nothing about going calling at Node. Did he tell Newcome? Eleven o'clock, which would be about the hour Stanismore would have reached the spot where he was found if he went by the sands, strikes me as a funny sort o' time to go a-calling. But was he going a-calling? I don't know and, from what Sir Harry has kindly told me, none of you ladies and gentlemen know either. And therefore, until we've laid hands on this here Newcome, I reserve my judgment. . . ."

He folded his arms across his chest and looked with a challenging air round the hall.

"The thing's a mystery to us all," averred Sir Harry. "To think of that poor fellow being done to death at our very doors! The body must have lain hidden among the rocks all Saturday. I don't know when it would have been discovered if Leese hadn't stumbled upon it when he went round to climb over the wall. By the way, that reminds me. . . ."

HE GLANCED round the circle of his guests. Vroque and Freckles had come in from breakfast, and at this moment Dene appeared from the direction of the dining-room. His eyes at once sought out Alix, who stood by the table, twisting her handkerchief through her fingers. She would not meet his gaze.

"That reminds me," Sir Harry was saying. "Did anybody fasten the catch on the inside of the sea door on Saturday?"

Each looked at the other with the sort of inquiring glance which people in a group exchange when a general question is put to them. There was a murmur of noes in different keys. Now the superintendent intervened.

"I attach no importance to the point, sir. It's Friday night, not Saturday, we're concerned with. There was naught amiss with the lock Friday night, for the major let himself in with his key. . . ." He broke off and fluttered the leaves of his notebook. "What time was it again, Major?"

"Just before ten," said Barleston.

"When I arrived back from town. . . ." Alix, who was watching Ronnie Dene, saw a perplexed furrow suddenly appear between his eyes. She stole a glance at Frankie. His face was impassive.

The superintendent turned to Gerry. "I'll get your statement about the discovery of the body down in black and white, sir, if you don't mind," he remarked. "How was the name again?"

While Nolling wrote down Gerry's deposition, word for word, in longhand, Alix made a sign to her husband and went out and stood under the porch.

"Frankie," she exclaimed desperately when he had joined her, "I can't go on with it. . . ."

"For God's sake, hush!" he implored. "Someone will hear you."

"We can't stand by and let them arrest this wretched man. That was no part of our bargain, Frankie. . . ."

"They haven't found him yet. And if they do they can prove nothing. Listen to me, Alix: you've got to take a grip on yourself. You're losing your nerve. . . ."

He broke off abruptly. Freckles stepped into the porch.

"Isn't old Nolling a scream?" she said. "Gerry's getting most frightfully ratty. The old idiot makes him say everything at least four times over. I say, Frankie"—she lowered her voice—"have the police found out how the murder was done? I mean what weapon the murderer used?"

Frankie screwed his glass into his eye.

"The surgeon said something about a blunt instrument," he answered after a pause. "But that's what they always say! What do you want to know for?"

"Because I'm thrilled by it all. Have they found the weapon?"

"Not that I know of," retorted Frankie, turning away.

"Freckles, don't be so morbid!" said Alix. Then Vroque called them back into the hall.

"I was asking Sir Harry whether anything unusual was seen or heard on Friday night," Nolling remarked as they reappeared.

"I've explained to the superintendent that on Friday night we broke up early," said Sir Harry. "My wife and I, with Leese here and you, Freckles, went upstairs together at half past ten. You, Vroque, were in the library. . . ."

"As a matter of fact, I went to my room before you did," Vroque put in. "Don't you remember I said good night to you across the corridor when you came up?"

"Why, yes, of course. Well, then, that accounts for you. You were in your room too, Frankie, as you came back at ten. At that time Alix was already upstairs, and you, Dene, you went off early as well. About ten o'clock, wasn't it?"

"Yes," Dene agreed shortly.

"Then you were all in your rooms before Mr. Stanismore could have reached Node beach?" suggested Nolling.

"Undoubtedly," replied Sir Harry, making himself the spokesman of his guests.

"And no cry, or anything of the kind, was heard?"

The momentary silence appeared to imply a negative answer to the question.

"Did everybody go straight to bed?" asked the police officer.

"I did for one," replied Sir Harry. "And so did my wife. We keep early hours at Node, Nolling. Not much excitement here in the evenings. What about you, Leese?"

"I did too," said Gerry. "Freckles and I had to make an early start next morning."

"I turned in early as well," Frankie

put in, "the very instant I got back, and found that Alix had beaten me by a short head."

"I expect Vroque was the last, as usual, to put out his light," remarked Sir Harry.

"Nothing of the sort," Vroque retorted. "He"—he pointed at Dene—"was later than I."

"What time did you get into bed, sir?" Nolling said to Dene.

"I don't quite know. Latish, in any case. When I got upstairs I changed into pajamas and sat for a bit smoking and looking at the sea."

"At what hour did you put out your light?"

FOR the fraction of a second the young man hesitated. He did not look at Alix, but he felt her eyes on his face.

"I'm not absolutely sure," he answered evenly. "Soon after midnight, I should say."

"You were the last up, then. You sleep on the sea side of the house, I think Sir Harry said? You heard no sound from the beach?"

"Nothing. But the beach is a long way from the house, you know."

Nolling was making a lengthy entry in his book. "That's so," he agreed, busy with his writing. When at last he had finished he closed his book with a snap. He turned to Gerry.

"I'm going to ask you to have the kindness," he said, "to come down with me to the beach. The photographer's outside, and I want your help in arranging the body as it was found."

Gerry made a face at Freckles behind Mr. Nolling's back. But rather to the boy's surprise, she did not smile. She was gazing at Ronnie Dene, her smooth young forehead wrinkled in a perplexed and anxious frown.

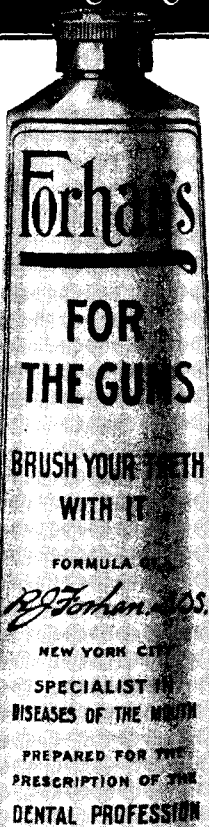
The news of the murder had spread over the island. It had flashed across the water to the mainland and burst like a shell upon the calm of a dull Fleet Street Sunday. The local reporters were, of course, the first on the scene and were disposed of without difficulty by Mr. Nolling on the feudal principles on which the newspaper affairs of the Isle of Wight are conducted. But in the early afternoon a deluge of pertinacious investigators descended upon Node. These were the newspaper men from London, polite but persistent individuals with post-office telegraph forms protruding from their breast pockets. Their assaults on the front door infuriated Cantle, who, like so many newspaper readers, strongly objected to the publicity that dealt with his own instead of other people's affairs.

"A lot o' dratted, prying busybodies," he would mutter as he stalked, with all becoming deliberation, through the hall, "poking their noses in where



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they're not wanted." He would open the door and blink idiotically at the keen, determined faces of the news seekers outside. "No," he would snap importantly, handing back a card, "we don't know anything about it. The perlice at Vanner is in possession of the particklers. The sooperintendent left here this kower gone."

He was particularly incensed against a certain Mr. Bryan Blake, who gained access to the house by what the butler designated as a low trick. A black-haired, merry-eyed young man, extremely well-dressed, he arrived alone in a two-seater. He asked for Mr. Vrogue, and the card he presented bore the name of a club of such impeccable respectability that Cattle admitted him.

But Vrogue, who was in the library, flatly refused to receive the caller. He terrified Cattle by flying into a most violent passion.

"What's it got to do with me?" he roared, his mouth awry. "Send him packing, d'you hear? I won't see him or anybody else from the press. Tell him to go to . . ."

Cattle closed the library door, precipitately. The young man accepted his dismissal with calm. "Won't see me, eh?" was his only remark. And he walked out jauntily to his car.

The confusion in the house filled Alix's mind with fresh dread. The stream of callers, the perpetual peeling of the telephone, the clatter of the cars hired by the reporters, churning up the dust of the drive, all these clamorous seekers after the truth which she had undertaken to obscure, appalled her. Nolling's dark hints about the missing yacht hand drove her nearly frantic with anxiety. This was a possibility she had never contemplated. What had become of the man? And why did he remain away? It certainly made things look black for him. Then doubt would surge up in her mind once more. Had Frankie, after all, deceived her? What if he had assumed responsibility for this crime merely to gain access to her room and frustrate her resolve to divorce him?

At five o'clock Nolling, who had gone away for lunch, returned. The house party was at tea in the drawing-room. The superintendent was brought in. Alix saw at once by his manner that he had some news.

"A gentleman whose ketch is moored handy to the Anthea," he announced importantly, "has been to me with a statement. 'Pears as how Stanismore and this man of his, Newcome, had words Friday night. Witness heard Stanismore accuse the man of being drunk and bid him collect his traps and clear out. . . ."

Dene nudged Barleston. "D'you think Alix ought to hear all this?" he said in an undertone. "She's looking awfully white. Hadn't you better take her away?"

But Alix, who had caught the purport of the suggestion, shook her head.

"Late on Friday night," Nolling continued, "the prisoner—"

"The prisoner?" echoed Alix blankly.

"Has this man been arrested, then?"

"Detained for inquiries, ma'am. The police found him in a house in Beach Street this afternoon. He was heard to use threats against the deceased in the Anchor Friday night." He paused and looked fixedly at Gerry, who realized that Cattle had betrayed him. "We don't lose much time in the island, sir. . . ."

He puffed out his cheeks, and under the smart black braiding of his jacket his chest seemed to swell. . . .

BUT alas! Superintendent Nolling's crowded hour of glorious life was almost run.

At the inquest next day, after Mr. Cuthbert Stoale, Stanismore's private secretary, had given evidence of identification, the men of the Node House party were surprised to see a large, red-faced man rise up in the body of the court. He passed over a telegram to the coroner.

"I see by this," said the coroner, looking over the top of his glasses, "that the commissioner of police at Scotland Yard has intrusted you with the investigation. You're Inspector Manderton, I suppose?"

"Yes, sir. I am not prepared to offer any evidence now, and I ask for an eight days' adjournment."

Gerry Leese gasped. From where he sat, between Sir Harry and Vrogue, he could not see the speaker's face, but he recognized the loud, confident voice, the burly back.

It was the man in the tweed cap.
(To be continued next week)

They Call It Love

Continued from page 7

foot directly into the studio, clucking to the rest of her brood to come along and make its bows to Mr. Reseda.

Fay knew this great man already, of course, but only by sight, as a presence which the office rated formidable, Reseda being pledged to the faith that crusty speech plus a fixed scowl form the proper habit for a man of heavy affairs. Viewed at this more intimate range, he discovered a personality much less forbidding: his swart homeliness was compensated by the grin of a fun-loving gamin, while his manner had an almost Continental tang—Manny Reseda was reputed to have been born in Lisbon and never known to gainsay this legend.

"Miss Lascelles?" He retained Fay's hand as one privileged. "Very happy to have you with us. Mrs. Neale's been telling me lots of nice things about you. After five o'clock we can afford to forget the office, thank God, and be friends. Maybe after a while you'll give me a little dance, eh?"

FAY said, in a confusion she couldn't mend, she would be glad to. Their relation of employer and employee had nothing to do with this confusion, but something too penetrating in the probe of greedy small eyes. Releasing her fingers, she backed off in a flurry that resulted in light collision with a stranger whose luck it was to be standing behind her, and before she could finish the apology this called for the girl found herself acknowledging his presentation, an office which Hattie Neale chose to perform in a hasty high gabble that made hash of his name.

He was personable, however, and had an interesting dark smile plus a high-handed way which Fay thought amusing; for, whereas she had been determined to lose no more time about having it out with Mr. Gerould, this new acquaintance made nothing of her demurs and, precisely as though she had consented, took her out to the floor. She caught one glimpse of Lona Schell at pause in the doorway, looking pretty to death and a bit lost. Then an effortless reverse carried Fay in a swirl to the far side of the room and left her to call herself blessed who had found at this first cast a partner worthy of her mettle.

"I'm glad you're here," he spoke his own gratification in a voice that made her think of Mr. Reseda's, because it was indefinably not Anglo-Saxon. "I hope this happens often, Miss Lascelles." Fay said she hoped so too. "No reason why it shouldn't, then—that is, if you like New York well enough to settle down and help make it fit to live in."

"How did you know I was new to New York? What you really mean is, I suppose, you think I'm countrified."

"Bless your heart, no—not any more than I am, anyway. I haven't been a New Yorker many months myself. Chicago's my home—or was. Manny Reseda and I are old cronies."

"Do you like the East better?"

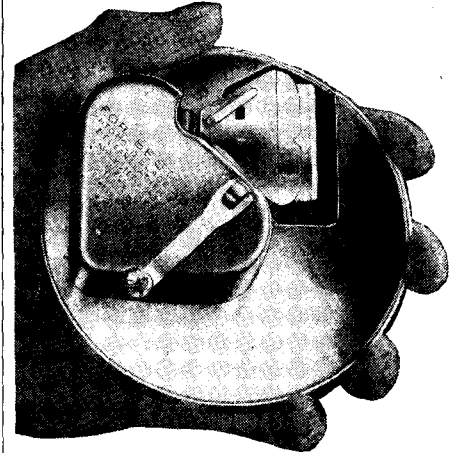
"I'm happier here. How about you?"

"I don't know yet; it's all too new and strange. But I expect I shall get to like it well enough once I learn the ins and outs."

(Continued on page 46)

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They Call It Love

Continued from page 45

"That needn't take long. Manny Reseda's a good guide." Fay gave a blank look into that illegible dark face. "It's Manny's hobby to show pretty young ladies the ins and outs."

"But what makes you think—?"
"I know when the old boy's hard hit, all right."

"Oh! But I'm sure. . . . Why, it's impossible, he's too old. . . ."

"Not much older than I am."

"You're different."

"That's encouraging. Or are you only leading me on?"

"That's for you to find out," the girl had the cheek to reply—"if you think it's worth the risk."

"There is a risk?"

"Isn't there always when you make eyes at a girl you don't know anything about?"

"Well, if things threaten to grow serious any time, I suppose I can get at the truth about you by writing to the authorities of Roanoke County."

The music ran out then, and Fay dropped back to study in pretty petulance this stranger who knew so much. He stood up like a man under scrutiny, but wagged his head when he had had enough of it.

"You don't know me yet?"

Another voice cut in: "You're not forgetting, I trust, Miss Lascelles, you promised me this dance?" The matchless perseverance of Mr. Gerould had fetched him, bowing, to her elbow. And Lona Schell, by every sign hugely diverted, was with him. They must have met through Mr. Reseda and elected to finish this dance together. Fay weathered another minor flurry to find herself with surprising aplomb effecting introductions all round while at a loss for her late partner's name.

"Lander," he supplied with entire good nature. "You must have heard Beau speak of me. . . ."

"Oh, my gracious! Of course! Mr. Lander. . . ."

SOMEHOW that impossible plight untwisted itself without another blunder of her committal: the hand struck up again, Mr. Lander with no apparent discontentment led Miss Schell out, and Mr. Gerould with unblemished effrontery stood by.

"Well, what about it? Do we dance? Or do you want to take me off into a corner and give me the good talking to I richly deserve?"

"I don't think I could dance again just yet—I'm too rattled."

"Fair enough. I don't mind waiting for my scolding so long as it's with you, Fay Lascelles."

There was the inglenook at hand with empty seats. Fay limply sat down and blinked, woebegone, at the lively log blaze.

"Oh, dear! Why couldn't Hattie Neale have spoken his name distinctly?"

"Whose? Lander's? Is he somebody?"

"I should say so! He's Beau's employer. And to think I actually danced with him and never knew him! And to make matters worse, flirted with him!"

"I wouldn't take it so hard—it was practice. Besides, if you ask me, he was bearing up fine."

"Why," the girl chattered on, unheeding—"if it hadn't been for him, in a way, I wouldn't be here. And he must have been laughing at me all the time!"

"That's different," Mr. Gerould lowered on Mr. Lander and Miss Schell, who were about to complete their first round of the floor. "What d'you say? Like me to put out a foot and trip the beggar up?"

The insanity of that was tonic. After all, her solecism had been nothing more atrocious than failure to catch the name of the other party to an introduction. Mr. Lander ought to be grateful, really, who owed to Fay the privilege of meeting Lona Schell. Those two seemed to be getting along famously. The lovely lady threw a smile in passing over Lander's shoulder, and there was a shine in her eyes that somehow made Fay remember the shine of her own as

viewed not so very long ago in that mirror upstairs.

And there was still the urgent case of Mr. Gerould to be dealt with. But that upstart, when she covered him with the severest countenance she could muster, openly declined to honor it with any proper guise of guilt. Neither was it easy to deny the weight of unemphasized good manners, a look of physical fitness, and—not least—the highly civilized humor that dwelt in steel-blue eyes.

"Oh, dear! What am I going to do about you?"

"Dunno, I'm sure," the unblushing creature returned. "What about making the best of me? Might be worth the try. I've got a notion a little common kindness and encouragement on my merits, if and when any, might make a man of me."

"Please! Don't you know what a fix you've put me in? I'm responsible for you here. . . ."

"Afraid I'll bag the spoons, or something?"

"Don't be silly. What if Mr. Reseda, or somebody, should insist on my accounting for you?"

"Might try telling 'em the truth. That would put the laugh on me, and I wouldn't mind, because the most they could do would be to throw me out on my ear, and then you'd feel sorry for me."

"I wish you wouldn't try to put me off, making fun of everything. I don't know these people very well."

"Don't you?" Gerould seemed bent on being sunny about it. "Well, that's nothing to have a good cry over. That what you meant when you said you wouldn't be here except for this Lander person?"

"Not exactly." Now, far from getting any forwarder in her efforts to cope with this embarrassment, she had, it seemed, let herself in to account for Fay Lascelles to him: "I meant by that, Mr. Lander gave Beau a letter to Mr. Armitage—the little man over there with the eyeglass, he's the editor of Modes and Manners—and that got me my job. You see, I draw a little, so I'm doing fashion sketches, a page each month, under Mrs. Neale's direction. She's the fashion editor. So she invited me to Mr. Reseda's party. He owns the magazine and half a dozen others."

"Then it wasn't your fault," Mr. Gerould commented, and almost as though he meant it. "But is that any reason why you need tell on me?"

"But don't you see? . . . Oh, dear, why did you do this?"

"If you take more than one guess, I'll be disappointed in you."

"That's all very well. But don't you think the joke's gone far enough? You might be nice and go away?"

"And leave you all alone with this lot? No fear. No. Your only way to

get rid of me is have me thrown out as aforesaid, and then your kind heart will make you come and sit beside my bed of pain and hold my hand and tell me stories and what not. I must say you're in a wicked dilemma, poor dear: no matter what you do or don't about me, you lose and I win."

"How do you win?" Fay laughed in spite of herself.

"I accomplish my fell intent, whatever happens: the same being to see more of you. Lots more."

"Must you? Why?"

"Only time can tell. I think it's a sure-enough case of love at first sight. It must be that," the man mused; "it can't be the cocktails they served at dinner."

"Oh!" the girl sniffed, congealing.

"That's your excuse, is it?"

"You're wrong," Mr. Gerould insisted: "They were served but not taken by this child. I'm in training, same thing as padlocked. So you see—"

"I SEE it's no good hoping to get a sensible word out of you!"

"Dare say you're right. Too enchanted to be sensible."

"I just don't know," Fay sighed, "what to do about you, so I expect it's just as well to do nothing. But I wish you'd tell me one thing: Who are you? Mrs. Neale, since she's found out your right name, seems to think you're like Mr. Lander, somebody."

"Not guilty. I'm just, as I told you in the first place, Me. Rather a waster, I shouldn't wonder, but big-hearted and kind to my folks."

"Then why did Hattie say everybody in New York called you Don Gerould?"

"The poor lady's delirious. What she means is, I expect, I play a fairly useful game of squash, and that gets my name in the papers whenever some really good player takes my measure. No other title to fame, fair or ill, I assure you."

"Well!"

The girl rested on a shrug of helplessness, but rested dimly smiling. She knew it was the wrong thing to do, to let the man trespass on the hospitality of Mr. Reseda in this brazen fashion, and knew equally well no harm would come of it—he wasn't the sort to presume beyond bounds. And the escape forfeited none of its piquancy because she felt so satisfied it wasn't dangerous.

And all at once Fay was aware to her very core of the insidious, alluring pulse of the waltz and the life that was flowing by on its surge. Everybody, she knew without needing to look, was dancing, everybody but Don Gerould and herself.

"It can't be helped," she gave in, and jumped up. "I'll simply have to bear with you as though you were mumps or any other common nuisance."



The modern young woman does a little bargain hunting

But that's no reason why you shouldn't ask me to dance, is it?—Mr. Joel Donald Gerould!"

Too soon a change Fay couldn't be blind to come over the spirit of the gathering. Better to leave off now, before its ebbing sparkle could possibly betray the grin of pinchbeck.

"Please, Mr. Reseda!"

THE great man, his impatience taking on a shade more of personal indulgence, fumbled for his watch and, barely glancing at it, grumbled: "Half past twelve. Night's young yet. You quit making it self-conscious."

Fay, however, had been too quick of eye for him. "Half past two, you mean!" She was unaffectedly conscience-stricken. "I must go, really..."

"Take that bad thought off my party; it's only just got going."

"I know, I've noticed. That's one reason why I must be."

Manny Reseda preferred to see neither the point nor the smile that begged to blunt its sharpness. That labored urbanity of his was wearing thin, thin



H. C. WITWER

Ethel Kingsley and One-Punch McTague in an all-star performance of Dumas' popular have-at-them

"The Three Musketeers"

IN NEXT WEEK'S COLLIER'S

as a leafy screen through which some sylvan elemental peers.

"Nonsensh," he said with a thickness which grew less pronounced as he proceeded: "Fyou don't show up at the shop to-morrow, nobody't matters 'll be on hand to know it. Anyway, Hattie Neale won't, I make you the promise; and she's the only one you've got to mind."

"No, she isn't. We haven't been living up North here very long, and this is my first time out alone so late—I don't want Mother to worry."

"Leave it to me, little girl, I'll square you up with Mother. What say if I call with a car to-morrow afternoon and take you both out riding?"

"I'm sure she'd adore it," Fay confessed, who knew nothing could induce her mother to tolerate Manny Reseda for ten minutes on end—"if she's feeling well enough. You might call me up about noon and find out—if you don't forget—"

"Just because you've seen me put a few stinky drinks away, you say that to my bald face. You don't know Manny Reseda."

The music resumed, but this time Fay found the courage to refuse the embrace of the dance which her host was so inrenuously looking forward to. "Please, Mr. Reseda—I mean it. I've had such a good time—please don't make me go away feeling you think me ungrateful."

"All right, all right." Reseda became all at once too complaisant. "If you feel like that about it, my car's downstairs, I mean one of Carl Lander's

—I always use his like they was my own when I come on to New York—"

"Oh, but I couldn't think of letting you put yourself out. . . . Besides, Mrs. Neale promised—"

"Don't kid yourself: Hattie's having too good a time to think of kicking out this early. Maybe you haven't noticed how the old girl's been lapping it up."

The lamentable truth was that Fay had not failed to observe Hattie's whole-hearted endeavors to make herself the life and soul of the party, and was only too well aware that Hattie in the rôle of chaperon was for this night what Don Gerould would call a washout. They were despairing glances, therefore, that cast about for an emergency resort—and discovered that Don, like the perfect dear he had turned out to be, had read her signals of distress and already was deftly picking his way through the rout of dancers.

"I say, Fay! It's getting a bit early, if you don't know it. Not that I mind, but you made me promise to keep an eye on the clock."

Reseda said something which Fay heard as a growl only; Hattie Neale, rollicking by with her Mr. Conover, had grasped the situation and made an abrupt halt to pluck the girl aside.

"Listen, baby," she huskily whispered: "be reasonable. If Manny wants to take you home, let him—you'd be a perfect goose not to. Why, anybody can see he's simply mad about you."

"Oh, I hope not! And besides, Don—"

"Don't tell me you're such a little sap as to think Don Gerould's doing anything but amusing himself. Don't you know he's engaged to Letty Delavan? It was in all the papers only a few weeks ago—"

"Of course," Fay lied with a straight face, if with lips perhaps a thought too much so—"I've known about it all along. What of it?"

"Attababy! I was only afraid maybe you were letting yourself get soppy about him. Of course a girl in your position can't afford to let a bad actor like Don stand in the way of making herself solid with Manny Reseda."

Hattie skittered back to that shadow which she had so unceremoniously shed, with not one word about her promise to see Fay safely home! In all likelihood Hattie had never for a moment meant to keep it. . . .

A dashed Fay turned back, so subdued that she was but dimly sensitive to a certain tensiety that was affecting the gestures of both gentlemen, young Gerould's less than his host's, however.

"Sorry," she heard Don saying, "if you think anything could make me forget the obligations of a guest. Many thanks, I'm sure, and good night." He conspicuously forgot to offer a hand, and showed Reseda a cool back as he gayly cocked an eyebrow at the girl. "Ready, Fay?"

"Oh! Are you off, Don? So soon!"

THE blink which acknowledged that touch was almost funny. But Fay was too furious with herself to be influenced by it. And yet, having once yielded to the demon of perversity which Hattie had awakened, she was helpless for the time being to cast off its dominion: the same brittle affectation marked her surrender of two fingers.

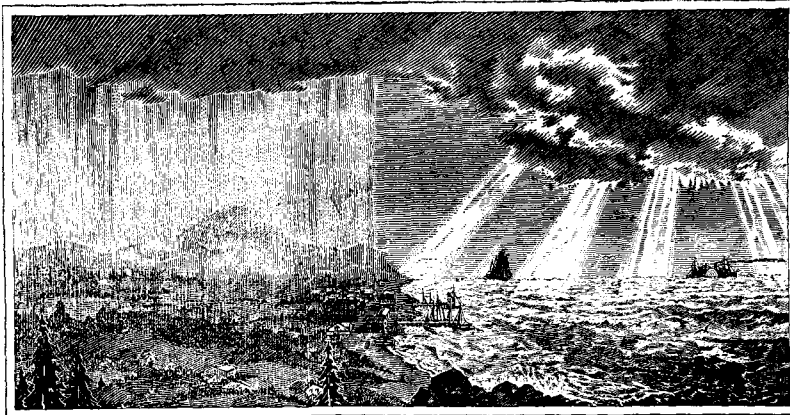
"You're staying, then?" Don inquired with a politeness more maddening still because its insincerity was undisguised.

"Mr. Reseda has kindly offered to see me home," Fay informed him. And took her fingers to herself again. "Good night."

The young man made her a gay bow and went his way; not unaware, perhaps, that the girl he left behind him was ready to weep for shame, that she, a Lascelles, should have permitted cheap pique so to disparage her breeding.

"That's the stuff!" Reseda added something less articulate, gutturals that sounded like "Puppy!" And Fay felt more than saw the proprietorial color which was staining his grin. "How about it, lil girl? Want I should phone down for the car right away? Or wait a few minutes maybe?"

"I'll be ready when it is." If that speech was curt, she couldn't help it. (Continued on page 48)



Rain and Telephone Calls

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They Call It Love

Continued from page 47

"As soon as I've said good night to some people, I'll get my wraps."

But Lona was no longer dancing, and Fay looked for her in vain among the loyal customers of the buffet. These importuned the girl to bide with them, for the success she had scored had been real, flat though she was finding its savor now; and, extricating herself with some difficulty, she was climbing to the balcony when, halfway up, a turn of the winding staircase opened a view into the foyer, and she saw Lona in there with Carl Lander—this last, his overcoat already on, holding that fur coat of hers for the girl to don.

The two had the foyer all to themselves and seemed curiously forgetful of the open doorway, for when his arms wrapped the coat round her Lander deliberately drew the fair girl back into them, and she suffered him a little, her head sinking to rest its languor on his shoulder, her eyes and mute, unsmiling lips offering their seduction. But when the man bent to prove his mettle Lona changed her mind in a twinkling, with a sudden squirm left his embrace and stood away, insolently lovely and merry at his expense. Lander, however, could wait; his quiet smile said as much as he took up hat and stick and opened the hall door.

BUT, of course, Fay argued as she layed in the dressing-room, dismally reviewing the wreckage her own common vanity had caused, all that meant nothing, really. Lander had made no secret of his captivation, and coquetry was beauty's birthright; Lona were less than woman should she fail to exercise it on such provocation. Not only that but Carl Lander was in his quiet way nice, not a bit like Manny Reseda, almost as nice as Don . . . but so different!

What a silly little fool she had made of herself!

When she couldn't put it off any longer, Fay went down to find Reseda impatiently pawing the floor of the foyer; skulking there lest his guests discover his defection. He gloated all the way down in the elevator, however, and with so much unction that Fay was wickedly glad when, having handed her into the car, he asked her address for the chauffeur's instruction.

"What's the big idea?" he growled, slamming the door and sinking heavily back—"living in South Albany!"

"It's pretty near as bad, isn't it? We had to go way uptown, you see, to find any rent we could afford. We haven't much money now, you know, only what Beau and I earn."

Sheer nervousness was making her say much more than she had meant to!

"You're going to make more before long," her companion came out of a spell of heavy thought to declare—"or my name ain't Manny Reseda. Hattie Neale says you've got talent, all right, and Modes and Manners is making good money; it can afford to pay a little girl like you all she's worth, and something over, maybe. I'll make it my business to see you're treated right on the pay roll."

"You're awfully kind, but I do hope you don't think—"

"I'm like that," the creature freely confessed; "when I take a liking to anybody, there isn't anything too much for me to do for them. I'll say a good word about your brother to Carl Lander too. Carl and I are just like that"—laced fingers posed a graphic stencil against the window—"Carl will do anything I want. Anything."

"I'm sure . . ."

That murmur failed. What could one say to such pledges of largesse? "And anything Carl wants I should do for any friend of his, why, it's done soon's he mentions it: that's me. You'll meet a lot of people, first and last, that'll tell you they owe pretty much everything to Manny Reseda. There's a little girl out in Chicago, now, I took a shine to, once. She was one of our stenos. To-day she owns the swellest

beauty parlor on Michigan Avenue, and then there was—"

"I wonder," Fay hastily put in, to stem this gush of pregnant reminiscence—"if you couldn't do something for Lona Schell."

"Lona Schell?"

That echo carried an intonation akin to a queer glint of mistrust in the eyes that rolled to Fay's.

"She's only got a little money, she said to-night, and she's come on to New York to study for the stage. . . . But how stupid of me!" Fay gave a false laugh. "I'm forgetting: One of the first things Lona told me was that you were the only person she knew in New York, almost."

"Of course I'll do something for her," Reseda indignantly replied. "Didn't she tell you I'd promised to speak to Ziegfeld? Don't you fret, Lona'll get along all right. Anyway, it isn't her I want to speak about; it's you."

"But I'm not half so interesting. And she's the loveliest thing I've ever seen. Don't you think so?"

"Lona? She's a looker, all right. But she hasn't got your sweet nature." A fat hot hand closed on one of Fay's. "I've known a lot of girls in my time, but never one like you, Fay—little Fay!" Reseda leaned nearer to let a covetous regard, and worse, play upon her face. "Sweetest little trick I've ever—"

"Please, Mr. Reseda—"

"Call me Manny."

"Please let go my hand. You hurt."

"I didn't mean to." The pressure

was relaxed, but the hand still humidly

retained. "I'll make you a bargain: I'll let you have your hand for a kiss. That's fair—"

"Oh, please! The chauffeur can see—"

It was true, the rear-view mirror was so adjusted that it framed the chauffeur's eyes; the interior of the car was therefore open to the man whenever he might choose to consult that telltale.

"The chauffeur?" Reseda chuckled. "Carl Lander's chauffeur? That's laughable. You bet me your life I keep his mouth gummied tight."

Fay wrenched out of her corner to the edge of the seat—not altogether a happy move, since it made it easy for Reseda to pass an arm round her.

"Come now!" he breathed in her ear: "be reasonable. One little kiss never hurt anybody. . . . What the devil?"

The brakes were pulling the car to a rude halt on the edge of a drive in Central Park. Reseda released Fay and sat up, mouthing imprecations. She had barely time to bless whatever chance it was that gave her this respite, and to observe that the driver's seat was empty, when the door at her knees was thrown open and the chauffeur thrust his head and shoulders in.

"Come out of it, Reseda!" he curtly ordered—"come out of it, you swine, or I'll come in and fetch you out by your fat snout!"

Simultaneously he found the switch for the dome light. Its glow drenching the interior, discovered the features, conspicuously drawn now and pale, of Don Gerould.

(To be continued next week)

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"Stand By to Ram!"

Continued from page 19

a wide tongue of yellow flame. With it went a cloud of wreckage. The big after mast sprang skyward as if released by a spring. A terrific roar deafened us. The transport had blown up amidships. This was my first hint of the dreadful experience just ahead.

"At my signal our boats went down. They did not wait for orders to pick up the torn wretches who had been blown into the sea. Also there were those who, maddened by fear, began throwing themselves over the transport's side.

"I did some fast thinking. Remember, it was dark. I hadn't any idea how many people there were aboard the French ship. My complement was less than 100. I knew a destroyer could crowd 300 on her decks. Little did I reckon on the total of nearly 500 human beings I was to be deluged with a few minutes later.

"Just then one of my boats returned with a semihysterical fellow from the burning ship. 'She's loaded with powder!' he literally screamed at me. 'She will blow up in a moment! You will be blown up too!' Another explosion interrupted his frenzy. My worst fears were realized.

"I told my watch officer to have men stand by to flood our magazines, which carried their full allowance of high explosives. One lucky shot from the crazy Vinh-Long and we would start popping the way she was. Moreover, the water was now covered with flaming fuel oil."

Sooner or later every commanding officer finds himself in a position involving the safety of others. In such a jam he must decide what is the best course to take. His decision may mean great peril, even death, to those under him. But his power, like his responsibility, is at sea supreme.

"Of course," says the young commander, "my whole impulse was to do what I could for the poor wretches on the blazing ship before me. But I could not forget that I had nearly a hundred fine young Americans on my own vessel. They were ready to obey my every order. The sight of men dying did not make them flinch. But I confess I flinched inwardly when I thought of asking them to do what now seemed the only right and decent thing for a ship of the United States Navy to do."

It was all a matter of seconds. But Edwards made his decision after real thought. "The greatest good to the greatest number," was the keynote of his next move. He would put his little boat alongside the Vinh-Long, with all her explosives!

"Stand by your lines!" he ordered. Deck hands spread quickly to the coils of rope that were faked down near chocks on the destroyer's main deck.

Crash—bang! Again on the transport. More screams, and smoke clouds slit by flame. But the Yankee sailors did not falter.

"She's a warm baby, all right!" one lad remarked with a grin. Five minutes later he was under the surgeon's care, his flesh seared by a fragment of hot steel.

A Daring Feat

A SCENE more violent than before now ensued. The Vinh-Long's passengers knew that their ship might at any moment be blown to bits beneath their feet. They stampeded to the rail. For a moment it looked as if the Bainbridge would be swamped by the human cataract that poured upon her.

But, as before, the drama was harshly interrupted—this time by an explosion so terrific that it nearly threw all hands off their feet. All were temporarily blinded.

How anyone survived that burst, or why both ships were not instantly sunk, one cannot say. Indeed, Edwards cannot even remember what occurred in the succeeding moments. All he knows is that when he regained his senses the destroyer was some distance away from the transport and lying at right angles

to her. Every mooring line had been severed.

Says the commander: "I glanced at the black mass of humanity huddled near the Vinh-Long's bow. The flames aft were reaching toward them. Minor explosions continued."

"No serious damage aboard—yet, sir," reported the watch officer, saluting. There was an ominous note in his "yet."

Now came the superb feat of the day. The American captain had to act quickly and with success or all was lost. With a daring and resourcefulness worthy of the best traditions of the United States Navy, Edwards threw all hope into a final stroke of seafaring genius.

"Stand by to ram!" he cried. "Check water-tight doors! Flood the forward magazines without orders if necessary!"

He rang up the engine telegraphs: "Full speed ahead." He knew if he could cut deep into the Vinh-Long's hull he would flood her between-decks. This might check the fire. And it would give those still aboard her a chance to escape. Of course, he realized such a move might also be the end of the Bainbridge.

Coolly Edwards had the helmsman put her on a point near the transport's bridge. Perfect seamanship was required or the destroyer would only sink herself. But the knifelike stem crunched into the steel plates and the bold maneuver was successful.

Knowing that every second counted, no effort was made to control the rush to escape from the floating charnel house. Nor did the mob need any urging. Death was at their heels.

Clear of the Wreck

ALL the while the flames came closer. The minor explosions grew more frequent. Suddenly those on the destroyer's bridge became conscious of a lunatic on the forecastle. One could see he was a French officer, despite the shredded condition of his uniform, which clung in rags about him. He sprang into the air and waved his arms at the bridge. He was yelling hoarsely in his own tongue.

Then Edwards got him. He was telling what the smoke and uproar hid: that everyone alive was off the Vinh-Long.

"I nearly yanked our engine telegraphs out by their roots throwing them into reverse," says the commander. "We backed clear of the blazing wreck. Our skins, most of them, were whole, and we were still afloat."

"But our work was not yet done. Aboard us some were dead; others were dying. Anguished screams of those burned were heart-rending."

"Leaving the slowly sinking transport behind us, we put on all speed for Constantinople. A few hours later we sighted the French flagship in the harbor. I had already radioed for medical help."

The first one aboard was the French rear admiral commanding naval forces in the Levant. In Latin fashion he hugged Edwards and kissed him on both cheeks. Charitably he directed that at once all survivors be transferred to his flagship. As there was not an inch of standing room aboard the American destroyer, this was a relief.

In the next breath he began inquiring excitedly for Madame somebody. Edwards couldn't make out the name.

Just then the plump female figure of a middle-aged Frenchwoman emerged from the forward hatch. She wore the jumper and pants of an American blue-jacket. All began to chuckle, and Edwards was on the point of calling the French admiral's attention to the grotesque figure.

But at that moment the admiral sprang forward. In two jumps he reached the betrousered lady. With straining arms he embraced her. Tears streamed down his cheeks as he showered her with kisses.

"It is Madame Grand-Clement, wife of Vice Admiral Grand-Clement, my boss!" he finally shouted over his shoulder.

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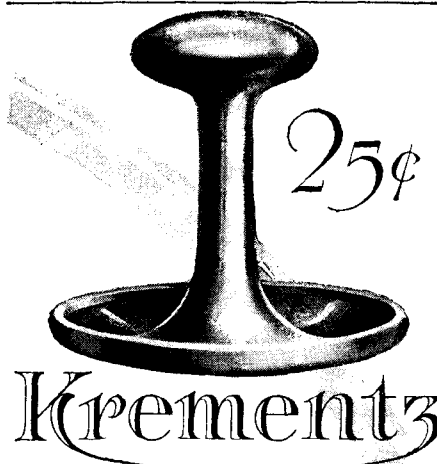
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Detroit's natural beauty, its water and rail facilities, its industrial opportunities, its educational and home life advantages and its spirit of contentment and progress have attracted people from everywhere.

Fortunes have been made in Detroit Real Estate—the investor has exceptional opportunity here. Yet this "Wonderful City" is only beginning its career as a great commercial and industrial center.

For those who would like to share in the profits, we have compiled the vital facts in a book profusely illustrated, with wonderful airplane views.

You should have this book. It is mailed free upon request.
GLOVER WATSON ORGANIZATION, Incorporated.

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Collier's

EDITORIALS



Give Your Doctor a Chance

DO YOU remember the work of General Gorgas in Panama?

Gorgas was the government doctor whose skill conquered the fevers of the tropical jungles and made possible the digging of the Panama Canal.

In Panama men could work only if the government did its job of fighting mosquitoes. No man alone could avoid disease. The power of the government was needed to clean up the isthmus before the steam shovels could dig.

An inspiring record, but don't let admiration for what the government did divert attention from your own responsibility.

Just now the responsibility for going forward in the ceaseless war against disease is yours and not the government's. Listen to Dr. Haven Emerson, professor of public health at Columbia University, and one of the leading sanitarians of the country. At a recent medical congress he said:

"The periodic health examination, as proposed by the American Medical Association, can be relied upon to have a greater influence in reducing sickness and death rates than all the power and expenditures of public and private health agencies combined."

Experience not less striking than that of General Gorgas in Panama lies behind Dr. Emerson's bold assertion.

The periodical health examination is the next long step toward a reduction of the sickness and death rates.

There is little new in the idea. For centuries the Chinese have paid doctors to keep them well rather than to cure them when they are sick.

A dozen years ago a few insurance companies and some of the universities took up the Chinese idea and applied it with the aid of Western science. Great things happened.

Take for example the experience of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company.

That company offered free health examinations to certain classes of policy holders.

The medical examinations cost money, lots of it, but the expenditure paid. It lowered the expected death rate 28 per cent and saved money.

Those who were examined gained life and health because they were able to check dangerous tendencies.

Between the age limits of 40 and 60 the greatest gains were made. Incipient diseases were diagnosed in time.

It is not necessary to wait for an insurance company to goad you into a health examination.

Go to your own doctor once a year and get a thorough examination. You do as much for your automobile if you expect it to give lasting service. Why not give yourself as great a measure of security?

Up in Smoke

LAST year the average American smoked 700 cigarettes and 55 cigars.

For the sixth year cigarette consumption has continued to break all records, while the cigar habit has been declining.

Advertising accounts chiefly for this change in public taste. Cigarette makers have attracted national attention to their wares and stimulated the demand for them.

Twenty-five years ago every community had its own preferred cigarettes. Publicity broke down sectional lines and created national markets.

Many men learned to smoke during the war, and in numerous states women acquired the habit about the same time.

Along with their more widespread use, the public feeling about cigarettes has changed. The old arguments about the harmfulness of tobacco are no longer convincing.

Science is not at all certain about the actual effects of the tobacco habit. We used to be told about the deadly qualities of nicotine while, as a matter of fact, the smoker gets no nicotine; it is obtained by distillation, not burning.

Smoking may be good for some and bad for others. The doctors are neither sure nor unanimous.

Smokers should remember the old Roman who never smoked but who held that "in everything the middle course is best."



Prosperous

WE ARE prosperous now because hard times taught us the trick of hand-to-mouth buying.

Adversity came in the past because we were extravagant during seasons of prosperity.

The buyers' strike of 1919 taught the needed lesson. Manufacturers and merchants were caught with warehouses and shelves full of goods which could not be profitably sold.

When confidence returned, hand-to-mouth buying began and it has continued.

The benefits of the new custom are numerous. Goods won't become stale if they are immediately sold and consumed. Prosperity can't be threatened by a surplus so long as a hand-to-mouth policy prevents the accumulation of a surplus.

The new system is made practicable by the motor truck and competent railroad management.

Prudent buying is as good for individuals as it is for business.

Buy thoughtfully always, and don't purchase what you can't soon use.

Keep the Colleges Free

EDUCATION is opportunity. That is the reason American colleges are bulging with students.

All told, nearly three quarters of a million young men and young women are in college.

The colleges and universities have done well by us.

Without them no modern business and no profession, least of all agriculture, could be successfully carried on.

If the universities and colleges are to do the best for the students, as well as for the public, teachers must be men and women of vigor, courage and independence. Cowards are not good educators.

For this reason, the recent arbitrary dismissal of President Henry Suzzallo by the Regents of the University of Washington is an outrage.

While working for the government during the war, Suzzallo incurred the hostility of a Washington lumberman, who is now governor of the state. A politician fed his grudge and the students of the University of Washington suddenly find themselves without a leader.

Ways must be found to safeguard state schools against the menace of unscrupulous politicians.

The dismissal of President Suzzallo is unfair to public education and to the men and women whose future is put in jeopardy.