

Tom Masson Says:



A medical expert has declared that 40,000 dangerous microbes can be transplanted by a single kiss. But what's a single kiss?

"It is hard indeed," remarks H. L. Mencken, "to recall a class of Americans to whom the late war was unpleasant." It is apparent from this that Mr. Mencken is not a parent.

H. G. Wells says the main character in his new book doesn't mean himself. Flattery!

The ideal motto for European countries seems to be WE'RE DICTATED TO BUT NOT RED.

As for flying, you can't always keep a good man up.

After all, the best football is only the best head ball.

London Punch accepts no more liquor ads. That is, it still cheers but no longer inebriates.

Some men never get over being in love with the woman they think they are in love with.

The latest novelty in cribs has an adjustable attached cigarette ash tray.

The London Times says no American can write. But at least we know how to underwrite.

A hero is a man who once forgot that he was a coward.

Now is the time to put off getting up the original Christmas card greeting which you won't send this year.

Our beauty shows have not made much advance over our dog shows. We still prefer to judge the entries by points rather than dispositions.

Every road hog seems to be entitled to life, liberty and the pursuit of all other drivers who are not road hogs.

In too many cases a college sophomore is one who has survived the bad booze of the freshman and junior.

Mexico seems to feel that so far as we are concerned she can enjoy all the privileges we give to our gunmen.

The self-kidder has this advantage—in the end he gets his own angora.

"DONE GOT OVER"

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And Draper too, as soon as he began to talk again, forgot her. His voice took on the sound of something started on its way which could not be stopped—not even by the preacher himself. There had been but one rebellion in the Old Ship of Zion since he came: now was the time to stamp out any last lingering embers of it. As he slowly raised his hand and swung back into his march of words, Woodie's vitals seemed to melt and flow downward. Despair boiled in him like vomit.

"De Lawd Jesus'll be a-waitin'! He'll be a-settin' on de edge er de great white throne, a-waitin'—a-waitin' fer dat boat! An' when He see it comin', He'll holler out ter de angels: 'H'ist up de silver spyglass ter Mah eye!' An' de angels'll h'ist it. Twelve angels it'll take ter h'ist up de silver spyglass ter His eye."

"An' den He'll p'int de silver spyglass, an' ef dere's anybody on dat boat dat don't belong—He'll see um! He'll see spang through um!"

"An' He'll say: 'Lean de silver spyglass erginst de throne, an' lif' up de speakin' trumpet dat's made er gol!' An' de angels'll do it. Twenty angels it'll take ter lif' up de speakin' trumpet dat's made er gol!'"

"An' den de Lawd Jesus'll put His mouth ter de speakin' trumpet, an' He'll holler out loud an' cl'are: 'Mistah Cap'n, yer hyeh Me?' very slowly and solemnly: 'Yer got er onbelieve on dat boat! Yer'll have ter stop an' go back, Mistah Cap'n, an' lan' um—'"

Woodie's hand closed round the pistol, when his eye chanced to fall on Miss Jinny's face. Her look of quiet certitude startled him. He leaned forward, scarcely breathing.

"—an' lan' um whar he belongs!"

Miss Jinny cleared her throat, but Draper didn't notice.

"Back whar de brimstone's at, an' de fire—"

Miss Jinny moved her chair, but Draper didn't even look her way.

"Back whar de smoke's a-curlin' out de groun', an'—"

The sharp pounding of Miss Jinny's cane fell across his sentence and broke it as brittle off as if it had been a rod of glass.

WOODIE dropped back limply into his seat. He opened his mouth to still the sound of his breathing. He grew weak under the surge of his relief. For a moment all that he could realize was that he hadn't had to shoot—that Miss Jinny had saved him from that.

She sat on the edge of her chair, as delicately separate as a white hepatica, looking straight at Draper, and as the sense of her sank into Woodie it seemed to him that she was a part of the backbone of life itself, and again he looked at the preacher with a flaming up of hope.

But the big Negro was staring at the white woman in blank amazement, without meeting her eyes, much as he might have stared at the roof if it had fallen in; uneasy only because the mood he had induced in his people had been threatened.

For a moment he was silent, while he reassembled his scattered powers. He shifted his weight until the floor creaked. He leaned forward and began to speak again, and Woodie's hope sank slowly and heavily. It was going to take more than the pounding of a cane to stop Zachariah Draper.

With his hand on his father's old pistol, that had never been pointed at anything bigger than a chicken-hunting skunk, he leaned forward breathlessly, while Draper, out of a deep instinct in such matters, and as though rebuking his antagonist, laid his tongue to stronger words than any of his own.

"De Good Book say"—with somber emphasis—"Take heed lest dere be in any uv yer an evil heart uv onbelief! Take heed, fer de sword uv Gawd am quick an' powerful, an' sharper dan

any two-edged sword, piercin' even ter de dividin' asunder uv de soul an' de sperret, an' uv de j'int's an' de marrow!"

"Amen!" a woman said startlingly in a clear soprano; the others groaned in chorus, "Amen! A-men, brudder!" and the shattered mood of the people came together again.

Draper fanned it as a wind fans a prairie fire: "Brethren an' sisters, ef yer want ter lan' at de great white throne, yer got ter git shed uv dat evil heart uv onbelief!"

Tap, tap, went the cane, mild and premonitory, but he pretended not to hear.

"De Good Book say: 'He shall set de sheep on His right han', but de goats on de lef'. An' He shall say under dem on de lef' han', Depart from me, ye cursed, inter everlastin' fire, prepared fer de Devil an' his angels!'"

A gleam came into his eye. He in his pulpit, in the midst of his people, and the white woman down there alone. . . ! Almost alone too, now in that part of the state: ten Negroes all about her now to every poverty-stricken white. . . ! He within his rights, and she a trespasser. . . ! His voice rolled out over her like a river:

"Yer got ter pull off from de goats! Yer got ter come inter de fold!"

HE CHANTED like a warrior leading hosts, with a rhythm as heavily marked as the beating of a drum.

"Ah been down yander in de canebrake, a-lookin' fer dem goats—a-studyin' in mah min' an' a-wrastlin' in mah soul! Ah been down yander in de canebrake, an' what yer think Ah see?"

A moan of anticipation—pleasure and horror and fear—ran over his human harp strings. "What yer see, brudder?" "Glory, hallelujah!" "Praise de name er Jesus!" "What yer see?"

"Ah done see de Devil, de big, black, shiny Devil, a-scorchin' up de canebrake wid his breath!"

A bass voice began to moan heavily. An alto joined. Others took it up, improvising with a sure sense of harmony an elaborate background for Draper's trampling barytone.

"His tail was long an' shiny lak' er blacksnake! His eyes was lak' de haidlights on de train!"

Woodie shut his eyes and prayed. The long-continued pound of emotion had beaten from him all acquired white folks' methods of speech and feeling. "Gawd gimme strength," he prayed, "ter shoot um through de heart ef Ah have ter!"

The trampling barytone went on: "His feet was p'inted lak' er crowbar an' cloven in de midst, an' his mouth was lak' er watermillon full er seeds!"

Woodie sat there stiff and cold with sweat, in his excitement almost as white as a white boy. He looked childlike and harmless and pitiful, but he was the most dangerous kind of potential murderer: the determined coward, rapt out of himself past the reach of reason; ready to shoot when Draper's words should pull the trigger.

Draper's words crept toward it steadily. "His long white teeth was a-champin' an' a-scrunchin' an' a-gnashin'—fer dem goats!"

He got his people rocking and moaning to the drunken rhythm of his feelings and his words. He got them ten thousand miles away from the mind of the white woman, so that her lonely, pale face in their midst seemed strange and unnatural. And suddenly, under cover of the eerie din, he dropped like a waiting eagle straight for his prey:

"An' de Devil say ter me: 'Whar's dat backslider?'"

Tap, tap, tap, insisted the cane, steady and sharp.

Woodie moved farther from his mother, for elbow room.

Tiny beads of sweat broke out on Draper's face, but he didn't swerve. "Whar's de man dat laid his 'ligion down?"

"Gawd gimme strength!" Woodie prayed.

"He ain't so dark,' de Devil say, 'an' he ain't so light.'"

Woodie cocked the old pistol in his pocket.

"He's middle-sized,' de Devil say, 'an' he's got er limp—'"

Woodie leaned forward to shoot, but Miss Jinny was on her feet.

She had risen casually, as if to smooth the folds of the shawl that lay over the back of her chair, but the straight thrust of her keen blue eyes seeking the preacher's made the air between them crackle with life.

Draper drew himself up to the full of his enormous height. He was as superb and as sincere as a great coiled snake. He thrust out his jaw and frowned; his eyes lightened in the way they had, and the essential spirit within him met Miss Jinny's steadily.

The whole church held its breath. There was a moment of intense silence, through which the call of the flycatcher fanned its lazy way, and then an inward and spiritual something behind the frail old countenance broke something behind the big, glistening black face, with its prow of a nose, its curling lips and heavy jowl and restless, predatory eyes—broke it with a snap that might have been audible, so definite it was.

Draper raised his hand and lowered it; opened his mouth and closed it again; drew forth the polka-dotted handkerchief and mopped the perspiration from his face.

And then Miss Jinny sat down, and he found that he could speak.

But whatever it was that had snapped in him had snapped too in his people. An uneasy sense of shame lay over them. There wasn't one who didn't know Tampa Simmons as he knew his own hearthstone; not one whom the dead man hadn't helped and comforted when he could; who didn't believe in him as no human being had ever believed in Draper. The tide of feeling flowed away from the preacher; ebbed faster and faster with his every word.

He couldn't tell what was stopping him. He was like a bird trying to fly through the pane of a window. Because he could not see it, he thought there was nothing there, and battered himself to pieces against the realest thing in all that country, going down at last before his congregation, a beaten man, jabbering meaningless sentences out of which one fact only stood up: that the soul of Tampa Simmons went to heaven, where Miss Jinny Pickens wanted it to go.

And in the midst of the debacle a strange thing happened. Softly, spontaneously, without a leader, the people began to sing. "Done got over!" they sang:

*Done got over!
Had a hard time;
Had to work so long;
But I done got over,
Done got over,
Done got over at last!*

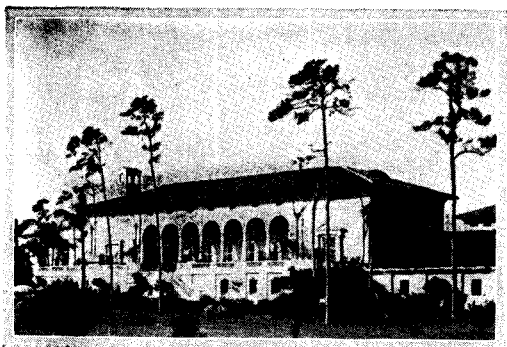
The deep, old, patient, humble melody fell upon them like the spirit of Christ, and they bowed their heads and sank to their knees, and most of them wept.

AND that night Woodrow Woodson Simmons, the son of Tampa Bay Florida Simmons, who was the son of Wisdom, a chattel without surname belonging to the Pickens estate; who was the son of Zebulon, likewise a slave; who was the son of a naked savage of the Congo jungle, walked alone through his native woods like a murderer reprieved, with a heart too big for his breast; and, throwing the old pistol far out into the swamp, caught the sound of the myriad feet of his people stumbling painfully along the way his father had traveled, out of the land of ignorance and out of the house of fear, and swore that some spark of his father's spirit should march in him at the head of that army until he died.

*No wonder Coral Gables is one of the world's favored winter resorts . . .
with 5 hotels, 102 apartment buildings, 2 country clubs
. . . and golf, tennis, swimming, boating, riding . . . every day*

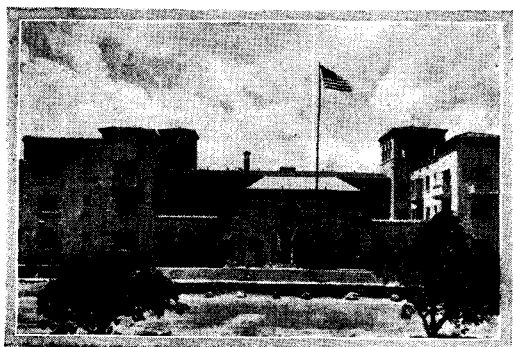


This is the Miami-Biltmore Hotel in Coral Gables. It is one of the most magnificent hotels in the world, representing a value of ten million dollars. It is the social and sport center of the entire Miami district.



The Miami-Biltmore Country Club has two of the finest 18-hole golf courses in the South. Another golf course, 10 tennis courts and 2 magnificent swimming pools are available to visitors as well as to residents.

This is the Venetia Apartments, one of the 102 completely finished apartment buildings in Coral Gables. Each is modern, substantial, beautifully designed and decorated.



CORAL GABLES is ready for its winter visitors with complete facilities for entertainment, for sport, and for the comfort and relaxation that our only American tropics offers during the winter. The many hotels and apartments meet all tastes and preferences. A wide range of rates and prices fit the limited as well as the unlimited income.

The rates for the Miami-Biltmore Hotel are low compared with other resort hotels of this type. They range from \$8 to \$14. Rates at the Hotel Casa Loma range from \$5 to \$7. . . . At the Hotel Antilla, \$3 to \$5. . . . At the Hotel San Sebastian, \$2 to \$5. . . . At the Hotel Cla-Reina, \$1.50 to \$6. . . . At the Coral Gables Inn, \$1.50 to \$4. All these rates are quoted for one person per day, European plan. Apartments range from \$500 per month at the luxurious Venetia Apartments to \$50 per month for more modest quarters. The Chamber of Commerce of the City of Coral Gables directly controls all hotel prices and rates, and co-operates with visitors to the fullest extent.

Coral Gables is within 40 hours by rail of three-fourths of the population of the United States. It may be quickly and easily reached by several steamship lines from New York and other Atlantic ports. It is within 12 hours' travel to Havana and 15 hours to Nassau. Dept. C-3 of the Chamber of Commerce of the City of Coral Gables will, upon request, send you any information you may require about Coral Gables. Write for it today. Spend your winter where the American tropics is at its best.



This is the Venetian Pool, famous for its tropical beauty as well as for its size. It is one of many facilities for sport and pleasure that make life so enjoyable in Coral Gables.

Music, dancing and entertaining programs enliven the restaurants in the Coral Gables Golf and Country Club, the Miami-Biltmore Hotel, the Miami-Biltmore Country Club, the Hotel Antilla and the Hotel Casa Loma.



A Unit of Greater

Miami, Florida

THEY CALL IT LOVE

Continued from page 21

said yes like a shot! How many days is it, sweetest, since you swore you weren't ever going to see your boy friend again?"

"But it was so unexpected, his telephoning to the office like that; and Mrs. Neale was all ears at my elbow, and I simply couldn't seem to think of any excuse on the spur of the moment. I didn't want to be rude—"

"Not only that, but you couldn't say no to Don Gerould if you tried."

"And, then, the first dance we had," Fay plowed on with the fidelity of desperation to her text, "he said he hoped we wouldn't think Duke didn't appreciate what a privilege it was to meet us, just because he was so quiet. He's always like that, Don said, only more so to-day because he's been crossed in love."

"Not really?" Lona in the act of putting off her hat paused to burlesque incredulity. "How?"

"I didn't like to ask; I couldn't make up my mind whether Don was only saying that in fun or not."

"Well! It's a big order to believe any girl could get her own consent to cheat on that dumb Otis. Still, he had been drinking, and maybe it was to forget his woes. Oh, yes, my dear! Duke had absorbed quite a few before we met him, even if he did behave like a perfect gentleman with a pain in his middle. If that's the way he cuts up when lit, I'd as soon go to church any day as work out an hour's sentence to his cold-sober company."

IN SPITE of the giggle which honored the brilliance of this libel, Fay chose to dispute it. "He can't be anything like so old. . . . Besides, I thought you didn't care for young men."

"I said I hadn't much use for them if they were less than forty; that isn't old, unless the man married so young he's lost hope. I suppose Duke's under thirty, really, but the way he takes life, a person would think he'd cut his milk teeth on his wedding ring."

"He isn't married; and that isn't his reputation at all. Hattie Neale's been telling me about the Geroulds. She says Duke's precisely like his father, and Don's almost as bad. But I don't believe that."

"You wouldn't!" "It's funny," Fay continued pensively, leaving that implication to wilt neglected, "I never thought, the other night when Hattie was so excited about meeting him, to connect Don with the Geroulds. Somehow the name doesn't sound the way it looks in print, I suppose; that must have been why I was so stupid."

"Anyhow, you'd naturally think the Geroulds too gosh-awful grand to mingle with the herd, wouldn't you?"

"Oh, no," Fay in entire naïveté replied; "but when people have such sloughs of money, and every move they make seems to get into the newspapers, you don't expect to meet them casually, in the ordinary course. . . . I mean, you don't if you've fallen into the habit of thinking of yourself as undeserving poor."

"Don't I know!" Lona made a parting face at Lona and deserted the mirror. "Isn't it sickening, dear, to want and want, and go on wanting year in and year out, without the least hope of better days? When I remember how dead-and-alive I used to feel at home. . . ." The girl delayed to purr over the sybaritic state which she enjoyed to-day as sublessee of the rooms abandoned by that putative friend of Carl Lander's. "I'd rather die than go back!"

Fay hoped her friend would never have to, and Lona sank down upon the sofa to give her a squeeze.

"Don't worry, you sweet, unselfish thing; I never will."

"I'm not; and I'd give anything to feel half as confident of my future as you seem to be of yours."

"You can, any time you want to. A

girl's simply got to look life in the face nowadays and make an honest bargain with it; that's all."

"Lona!" Fay, in the new disquiet brewed by still another veiled disclosure of a heart outside her ken, sat back with a clouding countenance. "Whatever do you mean?"

The fair head was shaken so vigorously, so gayly, its abbreviated tresses fluffed out like a living numbus. "Don't you wish you knew!"

"I think you're mean. . . . I tell you everything."

"You're only a kid," Lona teased, "too young to understand. For goodness' sake! Don't look so solemn, you'll give me the heebies."

"You never will."

"I wish I could be sure. People are so rotten: the things they say about any girl who has to live alone."

"Nobody could make me believe a word against you."

"Not if it happened to be the God's honest truth? I mean, everybody makes mistakes, and a girl in my position is so apt to do foolish things without thinking and get herself talked about."

"As if I didn't know that!"

"Fay. . . ." The fair girl in an impulsive start leaned over to lay hold of eager hands, but whatever her heart had been moved to confide waited on a tongue more chary, and a web of curious tension si-

"But he couldn't be when he's in love with someone else and going to marry her!"

The smile which worldly wisdom shaped was fond and patient. "But suppose Don found out he'd been mistaken, you were the one he truly loved; I mean, found it out too late, after he had married. . . . What would you do?"

"What could I do?" a troubled voice expostulated. "Refuse to see him, I suppose. What else could I?"

"But could you do that, even? You're madly in love with him already, you know you are, and anybody can see he's wild about you. Be honest, dear. Isn't it true?"

"I—I'm afraid it is. I've tried so hard to believe he was just being courteous and friendly, but since this afternoon. . . . I don't know! It's dreadfully difficult to know what to do. He hasn't actually made love to me yet, you know—"

"Not in words, perhaps."

"That's just it," a woeful small wail admitted. "He doesn't have to say one word to make me feel it's true."

"And you're going to see him again—how soon?"

"Well, he begged me to have luncheon with him one day this week. . . ."

"And you didn't refuse?"

"I tried to. . . ."

"I KNOW! You couldn't forget about Letty Delavan, and still you couldn't be snooty. Well, then, suppose they were married already: would you find it any easier to say no to Don?"

"But I'd have to, naturally."

"Oh! Would you?"

"I wouldn't dream of meeting any man without his wife's knowledge. Anyway, I wouldn't have to; Don would never dream of asking me to do anything so treacherous."

"Poor darling! You have got it bad, haven't you?"

"Men aren't all alike. And if they are—Don isn't."

The stare this drew was that of one who comes upon a freak of nature unawares, and the curt laugh that went with it cried frustration.

"Lona! You're a beast to be so cynical."

"Don't be cross, sweet. I didn't mean to be nasty; I was only fishing. . . ."

"For what?"

The door bell interposed; and with such alacrity as advertised a welcome for any excuse to fob off the inevitable, Lona jumped up.

"That'll be Dora."

"Who?"

"Didn't I tell you? I couldn't think what to do about dinner last night, it was my first here and I do so hate to feed by myself; and the superintendent said the boarding-house across the street would be all right for me to go to alone. It's a perfect hole and the food's ghastly, but I sat next to this Dora Walter—she lives there between jobs; she's on the stage, a dancer—and we got talking, and it ended in my asking her to come out with me for dinner to-night. She's a funny little trick, but quite pretty and full of the devil—you're sure to like her."

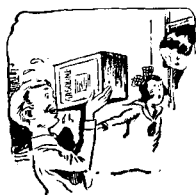
But it was not Miss Walter who was found waiting in the cramped and dim corridor for the revised dwelling that was Lona's latest haven: it was Beau.

Resentment of an interruption so untimely was short-lived and soon forgotten in covert delight. The imp in Fay, indeed, all but succeeded in strangling the girl then and there; it needed a heroic will to deny the gurgle that welled to the significance of this belated call; as it was, the effort wrote itself readably enough in cheeks of sudden heat and eyes that danced their answer to a brotherly lower.

"Good evening, Miss Schell," the boy said with a taut formality that discovered a new side of Beau the social animal to one who had imagined she knew him; and when he had thrown out a

(Continued on page 38)

Ruthless Rhymes



"Ma," Sis yelled, "guess what I seen!
Billy's drinking gasoline!"

"That's all right," said Ma McCoy;
"Pa's bought stock in Standard Oil."

H. Cizek,
Chicago, Ill.

Young Adolphus Bertram Dunny
Married old Miss Jane for money;
But just as soon as they were wed,
"I've lost it all," the lady said.

K. M. MacDonnell,
New York, N. Y.



The lightning came in brilliant flashes
And reduced Sam Smith quite all to ashes.
"He's got the habit," cried his wife;
"He's scattered ashes all his life."

Florence K. Williams,
Buffalo, Wyo.

Collier's will pay TEN DOLLARS apiece for Ruthless
Rhymes that are accepted. They must be no longer than
four lines each. None will be returned.

"But you say such things. . . ."

"Look at me, Fay." A Lona suddenly half-sobered caught her disciple by the shoulders. "Do I look to you like a lost woman?"

"Of course not! Only too divine. Lona," Fay ardently protested, "I do think you're the loveliest thing that ever breathed."

"I don't know just how to take that," Lona finessed, however crudely. "What you really mean is, I expect, I'm too good looking to be trusted."

"I don't anything of the sort. Nobody could possibly be so beautiful and—damned!"

"Couldn't they? Beautiful women have been ever since the world began, going on all one reads. But if you won't let history tell you anything, I don't see what you're so upset about."

"I don't either, quite," Fay was fain to confess. "I guess I can't help sounding silly. But I perfectly adore you, Lona, and you know it; and nothing you could ever do would make any difference with me—I'll always worship you, dearest."

"I hope so." This was a wistful Lona, one till then to Fay a stranger. "I've never had a real friend, only Jerry—the poor old maid I used to room with when I was stenoging in Chicago—and Jerry never understood me, really. If I should lose you, sweet, I don't know what I'd do."

lently spun itself between them while they clung to each other, Lona with an enigmatic smolder in the eyes that searched and exacted but never gave, Fay softly aglow with the response of generous affections.

"Oh, Fay, sweet!" The clutching fingers tightened. "Promise you'll never turn against me."

"Never! I promise with all my heart, but you know I'll never."

THEY swayed together, kissed like lovers. And, resting in another lull speechless and blissful, Fay conceived that their very souls were knitting. . . .

"You darling! Of course I knew. But I had to hear you promise."

"Why, Lona?"

"Because there's something I want to consult you about; something I couldn't possibly discuss so long as there was any chance of your misunderstanding. But now I feel sure of you. . . ."

"Gracious!" In delicious agitation, feeling that this close heart was at last about to yield up its mystery, Fay broke from that embrace to show a face of unalloyed sympathy. "What is it, Lona?"

"First, tell me something. . . ."

"You know I haven't any secrets from you."

"Well, then: suppose Don Gerould was in love with you, what would you do?"

Harnessing the "TOOLS of LAW and ORDER"

AN INTERVIEW WITH
HAROLD WESSON



PRESIDENT OF
SMITH & WESSON

HOW a great firm that manufactures revolvers merchandises its products so they will have a good name and will play a part in preserving law and order has been told to Collier's by Mr. Harold Wesson, President of Smith & Wesson, Springfield, Massachusetts.

The Company is over seventy-five years old; its reputation runs throughout American history in two centuries and its proudly named products have been side-arms for American officers in every recent war in which the United States has been involved.

"There was a time when the manufacture and sale of revolvers was unrestricted in the United States," said Mr. Wesson. "That was back in the days when manufacturers in almost all lines confined their efforts entirely to manufacturing and to getting their goods into the hands of persons who would sell them. No matter what a factory made, in those days, the manufacturer himself did not devote any great effort toward selling his wares to the general public. His contact was with the wholesaler alone. Similarly, there was a time in the history of this Company, when one man in New York City purchased the entire output of the factory.

Merchandising Methods of the Past

"I do not know, in all the world of American industry, a finer instance than this of the old-fashioned method of merchandising, though the method was common at that time. This man, who took it upon himself to sell to the public our entire output, was not in any way under control of our factory. Indeed, the factory was under his control, more or less. It ran full blast when he needed goods and it ran slack when he found he could not sell them.

"How this man sold revolvers, where he sold them, how he protected the good name of the manufacturer and of his products were matters of his own personal actions and principles.

But many, many products of factories were sold in that fashion in those times.

Present-Day Merchandising Protects Public

"But a change came to pass in our business that has, indeed, come to pass in almost every other manufacturing business in America. We found that we, as manufacturers, must follow our wares all the way through to the dealer and beyond him to the public itself. We found that merely manufacturing revolvers was not enough. We discovered that we must keep up the good name of our revolvers as tools of law and order and we must do all in our power to insure that our products reached those people who would co-operate in the proper use of the revolver and help to maintain law and order.

"Every manufacturer has been taken into new fields in these modern days of merchandising and this firm was no exception. We studied the public and its needs. We knew that the revolver had a place in American life. We knew, for instance, that the automobile which has carried the American home into the suburbs and into the country has, by that same token, carried the American home away from the immediate protection of the policeman's revolver.

"The first thing for us to do to protect the name of the revolver as an implement of security and of law and order was to begin a fight against indiscriminate sale of such weapons. We are against the mail

order sale of revolvers. We know that to protect the reputation of the revolver we must, if possible, persuade lawmakers to prevent the interstate distribution of revolvers except between the manufacturer and the distributor. It is *not right* for everyone in America to have a revolver. No one is more anxious and earnest over that point than ourselves.

"We want our distributors to sell revolvers only to proper persons for proper reasons, so it is part of our merchandising plan to uphold the reputation of our products by taking them out of the hands of criminals. We must go to law for aid in doing this so we are asking lawmakers for their co-operation along those lines which will bring about the desired result.

Aiding Officers of the Law

"Further than this, it is now part of our merchandising plan to teach law enforcement officers how to use our products. Indeed we go even further than this. Today we have a policeman's school here at Springfield where policemen students, sent here from all over the country, are taught not only how to shoot but how to handle prisoners safely without resorting to the use of the revolver.

"Policemen go back to their homes from this school and become teachers of their fellow policemen.

"There was a time when the criticism of the use of our products puzzled us greatly but that was in the days before we really engaged in modern merchandising and when we confined our efforts almost entirely to manufacture. But the modern day trend in merchandising compelled us to get out of the factory and go into the public field ourselves. Our puzzle was solved when we adopted present-day merchandising methods and began to know as much about the public, its needs, its home-life, its problems, its dependence upon law

and order and security — as we had previously known about how to make good revolvers."

One of a series of informative interviews with American business leaders. This shows the public what present-day merchandising is doing toward safeguarding the distribution of the "tools of law and order"

*Products of SMITH & WESSON are advertised in
Collier's, THE NATIONAL WEEKLY*

THEY CALL IT LOVE

Continued from page 36

hasty "Oh, hello, Fay!" labored on in the same strange constraint: "I've fetched the lease for you to sign. Mr. Lander left word for me not to forget. . . . Hope you don't mind my turning up with it at this hour. When Mr. Lander's away it's hard to make time for outside errands except on the way home."

Fay generously forbore to ask why Beau had preferred not to trust the lease to the mails, and if Lona was affected by a like thought she made no sign.

"Of course I don't mind—you're very welcome! Do come in and smoke a cigarette and tell Fay and me what to do. We've just this minute come in from tea, and now we're wondering where girls can go to dine alone and not be misunderstood."

"Thank you," Beau as stiffly, and yet uncertainly, replied; "I'll be glad—"

Lona closed the door, and posed briefly by it, absently tapping the nails of one hand with the document, which Beau had tendered and enveloping him in a bright and curiously impenetrable regard: all at once another, entirely than the girl who had so lately been melting into an intimately confidential mood; not ill pleased on her part, perhaps, with this saving intervention, and stimulated as well by the mute tribute of Beau's attitude, but amazingly transfigured into a cool, brisk and surfaced young woman of the world, sure of herself and no whit less of Beau. A psychologic phenomenon which Fay observed and understood for once without sympathy—with, in fact, something not far short of indignation: it was all very well for a girl to be on her guard with men in general, but Beau, like Don, was different. . . .

"THAT'S a comfy chair," Lona indicated with a nod of her charming head; "and those cigarettes aren't bad, unless you like your own brand best—so many do. Sorry I can't offer you anything to drink."

"Thanks." Beau sat down, Fay thought and later told him, as though he darkly suspected a perverted sense of humor in Lona, manifested in designs upon his dignity. "I don't very often drink anything nowadays—don't much trust this Northern liquor. Our moonshine back home is wicked stuff as a rule, but safer."

"I must get somebody to recommend a reliable bootlegger," Lona took the lease to the desk. "Perhaps Mr. Lander. . . . But he's out of town, you tell me."

"Left for Chicago to-day on the Twentieth Century. I don't just know how soon he expects to be back."

Lona's reply was a noise intended to indicate abstraction as she pored over the paper with a plumed quill poised, seeking the space for her signature; and Beau, oozing smoke, by main strength broke the continuity of his attention to her, turning it instead to the changes which she had already made in the living-room.

The sound of fairly sybaritic taste that had been responsible for its first decoration and arrangement was unmistakably a man's: as unmistakably it was a pretty woman who tenanted the premises to-day. The rent of the bare flat could hardly be less than the sum which Lona was to pay for it furnished. Then, too, somebody with a deep purse had already been busy in her behalf at a fashionable florist's.

A hand at rest on the arm of the chair closed upon itself before Beau became conscious that he was under his sister's quizzical observation. The recessed eyes immediately were dense.

"Mother know you aren't coming home to dinner, Fay?"

"Not yet; I was just going to call up."

"There." Lona returned from the desk, flourishing the lease to dry unblotted ink. "I haven't read it. I tried to, but couldn't make head or tail of all

those legal terms, but I'm sure it's all right, coming from Mr. Lander."

"Yes," Beau said, punctiliously rising. "I reckon you needn't fret about not getting a square deal from him."

His tone was perhaps too colorless. A flashing glance lifted to measure his. But the boy, if guilty of any arrièrepensée, now had himself in better hand; his face was a mask merely of civil heed, inscrutable even when her look grew more complaisant.

"You needn't bother phoning Mother, Fay; I'll explain."

"But you haven't half finished your cigarette!" Lona remonstrated—"or told us yet where to go for dinner."

"I don't believe I know any good place, Miss Schell—"

"Aren't you going to call me Lona? It seems so stilted not to—don't you

He gave her an almost hunted look, tightened his lips, shook his head.

"This is Dora," a gay voice announced.

Lona led in by the hand, as a shy child is led into the presence of "parlor company," a girl of approximately Fay's age who looked years younger; mignon, elfin, and with all that robustly alive. On dark hair that proved, for all its close cropping, an untamable will to curl, a scarlet beret had a rakish slant; her jacket, of the same cloth, was of the tailored type, and a black velvet skirt had been docked to the last extreme with more excuse than is the rule. The warmth of her color was, if not native, a work of fine art, and the red of her lips never a flat, plastered coat.

"Miss Walter, this is Mr. Lascelles;

"I mean, maybe you can take them to a picture, or something, after dinner. I'd have to run home, anyway; I've got some sketches to do before I go to bed—promised Mrs. Neale I'd turn them in first thing to-morrow morning. So there's no sense in your not staying, Beau. Besides, I want you to know each other better. Won't you, dear? Just to please me!"

Lona said never a word, but her countenance for Beau was kind and constant.

"All right!" He gave in with a sign of despairing hands, and for the first time since he had entered showed his unforced smile. "A fellow can't be an anchorite with three pretty women nagging him—I'm game!"

"But not another word about a Dutch treat," Fay breathed aside to Lona. "It would spoil everything; he's too vain."



She: "Who's that man?"

He: "That's a night watchman."

She: "I shouldn't think they'd need to hire a man to stay up all night just to watch that little fire."

think, Beau?—when Fay and I are such pals."

"But I really don't know much about New York ways, Lona." Beau honored this friendly innovation with a ceremonious bow. "You see, I'm still pretty much a greenhorn up here."

"Then I don't know what we're going to do," the fair girl said in a plaintive drawl, while the smile that held Beau continued gracious and provocative—"unless you'll be a dear and come along with us. It's Dutch treat, you know, because Fay simply insists on paying her own way always, even down to bus fares. . . ."

"I'm sorry," Beau professed. Fay heard him strike a dogged note and knew that he was sorely tempted. "I'd like to, but I'm afraid—"

The door bell drowned his objection down, and Lona made needless haste to answer it.

"Please, Beau!" Fay whispered. "I want you to."

and this is Fay, Dora: his sister and my best friend."

The child ducked her head to Beau, let a timid hand falter into Fay's, and, looking back to her hostess with big, wondering eyes, faltered: "Oh, a man! Why didn't you tell me it was going to be a party?"

"I didn't know," Lona laughed; "it's just a happen-so. Beau—that's Mr. Lascelles—"

"You didn't have to tell me, dearie!"

"BEAU dropped in to see me on business, and Fay and I have wheedled him into taking us to dinner."

"But I'm afraid I can't," Beau began again: "Mother—"

"Oh, yes, you can!" Fay contradicted. "I'm going home to Mother, and you're going to give Lona and Miss Walter a treat."

"Treat," Miss Walter commented, making shameless eyes at Beau, "is putting it mildly."

EVEN alone in the windy dark, on the roof of the bus that deliberately lumbered uptown with her—taxis being too expensive except for gala occasions, and loss of time immaterial because Fanny Lascelles thought it uncivilized to dine before eight—Fay couldn't find it in her heart to rue that sacrifice of personal inclination. She adored her brother, and Beau was working very hard those days and had few pleasures. To make it possible for him to spend an evening in the society of a girl who so patently had bewitched him was the least a well-disposed sister could do. Lona too had made what she wanted plain enough. If through Fay's agency two people, individually so lovable and lonely, should come to an understanding, it would be, she insisted, too wonderful!

She hugged herself with more excuse than the delicious thrill which that hope afforded. The wind booming down the Hudson valley that night searched through the poor protection of her cloak and once more reminded Fay that the state of her wardrobe was precarious. Something magic in the way of a remedy would have to be managed if she were to go on the way she was going. Lona was much too smart to enjoy continuous association with a frump.

And Don. . . . The question had become importunate: was she to go on, as Lona would say, "playing round with Don?"

But how, wanting his coöperation, to leave off?

And everything that afternoon—the color of his gaze, the accent of his speech for her, the simple touch of hands that nevertheless had never, even during their dances, presumed to offer a meaning pressure—everything told that she might hope for no help from Don.

In love with a man who belonged to another. . . . She was angry with herself, and ashamed, and would not for anything in the world have been otherwise than as she was, anxious, at her wits' very ends and—in love!

And if she had wanted confirmation of her insight into Don's mind, she had it immediately after coming into her mother's placid presence.

"There's a package for you in your room," Fanny informed her.

"A package? But I haven't bought anything to-day. . . ."

"I never supposed you had. That's why I told Virgie to leave it in your room. I thought you might prefer to open it—alone. Somebody"—Fanny's voice pursued the girl down the corridor—"somebody must love you a lot."

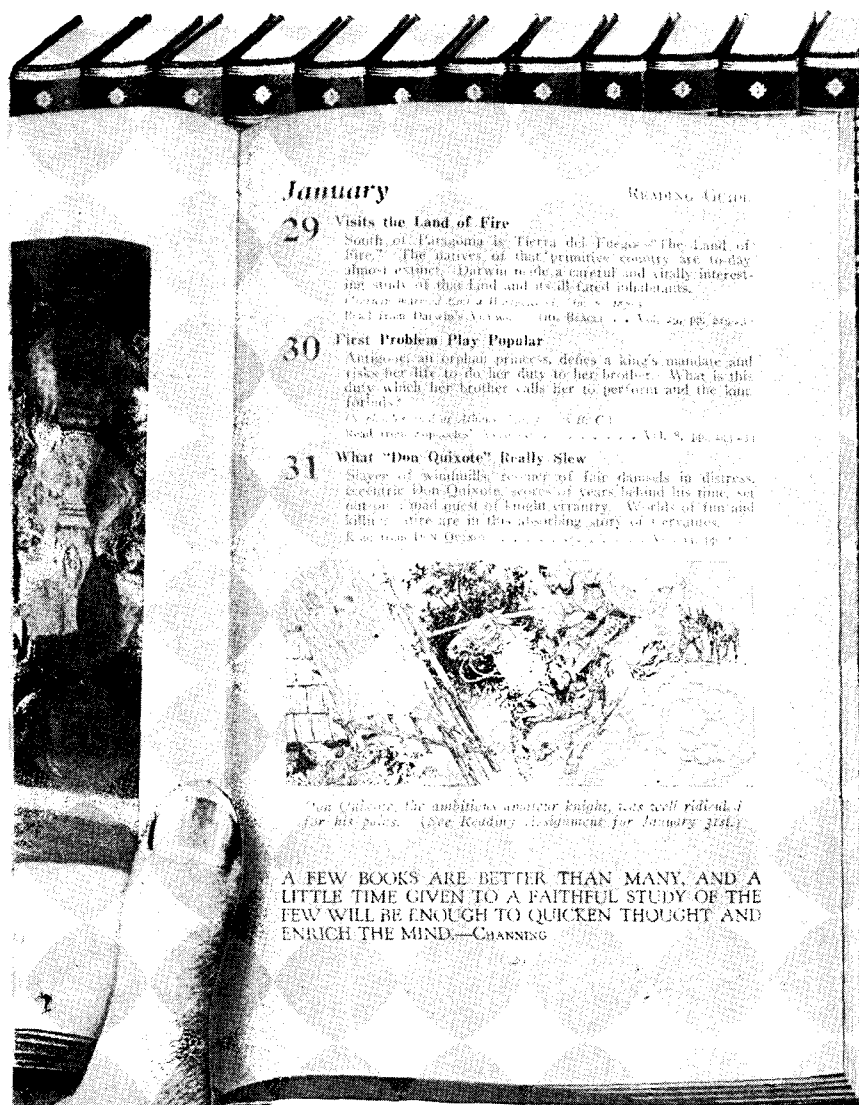
The box that rested on her bed was a long one, but too short for its rich burden: one end had been broken out to accommodate the stems of roses whose crimson burning dimmed even the splendor of Lona's. The card that came with them said simply:

*De tout mon cœur—
If you don't know it!—
DON.*

(To be continued next week)

What shall I read to-night?

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January

READING GUIDE

29 Visits the Land of Fire

South of Panama is Tierra del Fuego—"The Land of Fire." The natives of that primitive country are to-day almost extinct. Darwin made a careful and vividly interesting study of this land and its ill-fated inhabitants.

Journal of a Voyage to Tierra del Fuego, 1845-46. (See Reading Assignment for January 29th.)

30 First Problem Play Popular

Antigone, an orphan princess, defies a king's mandate and risks her life to do her duty to her brother. What is this duty which her brother calls her to perform and the king forbids?

Antigone. (See Reading Assignment for January 30th.)

31 What "Don Quixote" Really Slew

Slayer of windmills, rescuer of fair damsels in distress, eccentric Don Quixote, scores of years behind his time, set out on a mad quest of knight errantry. Worlds of fun and folly are in this absorbing story of Cervantes.

Don Quixote. (See Reading Assignment for January 31st.)



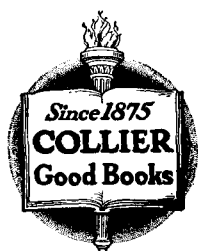
Don Quixote, the ambitious amateur knight, was well ridiculed for his pious. (See Reading Assignment for January 31st.)

A FEW BOOKS ARE BETTER THAN MANY, AND A LITTLE TIME GIVEN TO A FAITHFUL STUDY OF THE FEW WILL BE ENOUGH TO QUICKEN THOUGHT AND ENRICH THE MIND.—CHANNING

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THE MALABAR PEARL

Continued from page 17

woman moved past. The man glanced back, over his mother's shoulder. Anabel gave him a bright nod. Mr. Weeker smiled vaguely, then composed his features and walked on.

"Introduce me."
"It's no use while his mother's around. She wouldn't approve of you, Gertie."
"If we sit right here maybe he'll come back. He was throwing a wicked look."

"Look here, Gertie, are you going right after the Weeker money?"

"Woman to woman, yes. . . . Look, there's a boy from Cincinnati I used to know. If the Weeker man comes back, hang on to him, will you?"

Anabel took off her hat and sank back in the big chair. It was a relief to be alone. That girl, all said and done, was an ungoverned little animal. She closed her eyes. The sensation of illness was gone now, but she felt limp. And bruised in spirit. Murder had been done. Tragedy. Gertie had actually witnessed it with hardly a shiver. How were you to account for a girl like that? Certainly a hard but sound judgment possessed the child. She'd been right enough about keeping their mouths shut. Anabel realized, even in this hour, that she couldn't permit them to detain her. She had no money; little more than her ticket. And difficulties enough facing her; a living to work out somehow over there in that bustling, bristling America. Wilfred Weeker hadn't recognized her. She smiled over that. Would he come back? She rather hoped so. Her eyes slowly opened. . . . he had come back. . . . was standing by a table, turning over the British magazines there. Hovering. Pride stirred in her breast, and a returning courage. Now he was peeping around.

SHE smiled and nodded. Hesitantly, with a trace of the furtive expression she remembered, he came toward her. A puzzled man. She could have laughed. She spoke his name and gave him her hand. He held it, mumbling something or other. There was too much of the old-fashioned sort of self-consciousness in the man to permit the frank admission that he couldn't place her. His eyes, meanwhile, were almost crudely taking her in; the demure, pretty face, the close-clipped boyish head, and the slim small body.

"I'm Anabel Cayne, of Coventry," she said, looking straight up into his face. "I used to see you when you came into the library." And then she watched the color come.

He busied himself drawing up a chair. Was there a modern strain of any sort in the man, or only that Victorian evasiveness? She'd find out. Probe him. It was diverting. The commonplace mouse of the home library was a bit of a person now and meant to use her power. Gertie planned to get right after him, did she? They'd see about that.

"What on earth are you doing out here?" he asked. It wasn't a bad recovery.

"Me? Oh, I'm on the Sargasso."
"No! Really? And we're on the Campobello. Remarkable."

Anabel pursed her pretty lips. "I don't know. Everybody has to be somewhere, after all. Are you doing the Kandy trip?"

"We were. But mother's feeling the heat. I think she has about made up her mind to stay right here. Are you?"

"No. Staying on the ship. I can't afford the optional trips."

"It's expensive business." He sighed. "Look here, why don't we have a cup of tea somewhere? Tell you what. We'll pick up a car and run out to Mount Lavinia."

"That would be delightful."

"Right now, what? Before anybody gets you away from me."

This wasn't bad at all.

So she laughed and went outside with him. She couldn't explain that the real point was to get him away before a cer-

tain calculating child could steal him.

Palms slanted, careless, haphazard, over the lapping water. Catamarans lay along the beach. Shining brown children paddled languidly. The wide hotel front, bathed in equatorial sunshine, smiled out at an oily ocean.

"I've never been understood in Coventry." He fingered the scalloped edge of the awning. "It isn't my fault. You see, Mother. . . I oughtn't to talk about that, but. . . really, I don't quite know what's come over me."

"When we're so far from home, I suppose it's natural to let down," she murmured, encouragingly.

"Maybe they won't stare in Coventry."

"At me? I'm never going back there."

"Oh, come!"

"Why should I? There's really nothing there for me." This brought an expression of such frank alarm to his face that she could have laughed out.

"Well. . . it's queer for me to be talking in this way. . . I mean, when we haven't been together two hours. But here we are. Within three days, you sail West and I sail East. Only three days. I'm going to see just as much of you as you'll let me. What have you to say to that?"

at the Galle Face until later in the evening will you stay on here and have dinner with me? Will you do that much?"

Anabel smoothed her skirt over her slender thighs. His eyes were devouring her. And he was breathing heavily. She'd sworn she wouldn't return to Coventry. But how about going back as Mrs. Wilfred Weeker?

"It would be nice to have dinner here," she said.

IT WAS after nine when they entered the lounge of the Galle Face. Gertie was curled up in a chair where she could watch the door. Terrified eyes staring out of a white face. She rushed to them and exhibited. . . more to the big, good-looking man than to Anabel. . . a purple bruise on her shapely arm and another on her neck. "I was going back to the ship," she explained. "Just getting into a wickshaw when a man tried to grab my bag. A brown man."

"Good heavens!" murmured Anabel.

"When I struggled, he hit me. I screamed, and a policeman came. And the door man. Then he ran off."

"Did you tell them at the desk?"

Quickly the girl shook her head. "He didn't get the bag."

"But they ought to know, child!"

"I'm not going to have them making a fuss over me. And don't you say a word."

"Well, but really. . ."

"I'll see you safely back," said Mr. Weeker.

Anabel liked the way this man took hold. She'd never been protected. The sensation was pleasant. She had misjudged him.

He wouldn't say good night on the landing but went out with them on the tender and climbed the gangway. On deck Gertie hung forlornly about until a quiet look from Anabel drove her to say good night. Then the two stood by the rail, looking out at the moonlit harbor and its ghostly throng of craft that were like living things.

He giggled nervously, and for the second time in their long acquaintance caught at her hand. Impassively she let him have it.

"I can't let you go like this," he said, shaking with emotion. "It's my chance, and I'm going to take it. Will you marry me, Anabel?"

She stood motionless. How her thoughts raced! "I'm hard," she thought. "Calculating and hard. Life has done that to me. I've been just a dreamer, and it isn't a world for dreamers. It's a crude world. You have to have money. Gertie was righter than she knew, poor kid."

"Your mother would have to know first," she said.

"If I tell her, face it out with her, will you marry me? I tell you, I've got to, sooner or later. Why not settle it now? Within two months we'll both be back home. It'll seem queer, sailing off day after to-morrow in opposite directions round the world. But if we're engaged. . . oh, Anabel, will you? You must! I've got to have you! I can't stand it any longer!"

"I will," she said.

In his transport of long stifled emotion he didn't seem aware that her lips were passive.

"We'll have tea again to-morrow, Anabel. I'll meet you at Galle Face at four."

"All right. I'll leave you now. I'm tired. Good night."

He stood alone by the rail. The great clean ship was still. The mountains of Ceylon loomed like faintly opalescent clouds beyond the tangle of mast and rigging. He drew a long breath; nearly choked on it; then giggled like a boy. At the sound of a quick light step, he started.

It proved to be the pert girl with the bruises. A pretty little devil, of the shameless modern sort.

"I've waited to speak to you," she said.

(Continued on page 42)

Eternal Feminine

The birch tree did a frightful thing:

She dyed her hair!

And though the others chided her

She didn't care.

She said that she was sick of green,

So common too;

She said she guessed that she would try

Another hue.

Said she: "Of golden-colored hair

I'm very fond."

And so one fine October day

Found her a blonde.

With pride she shook her yellow curls

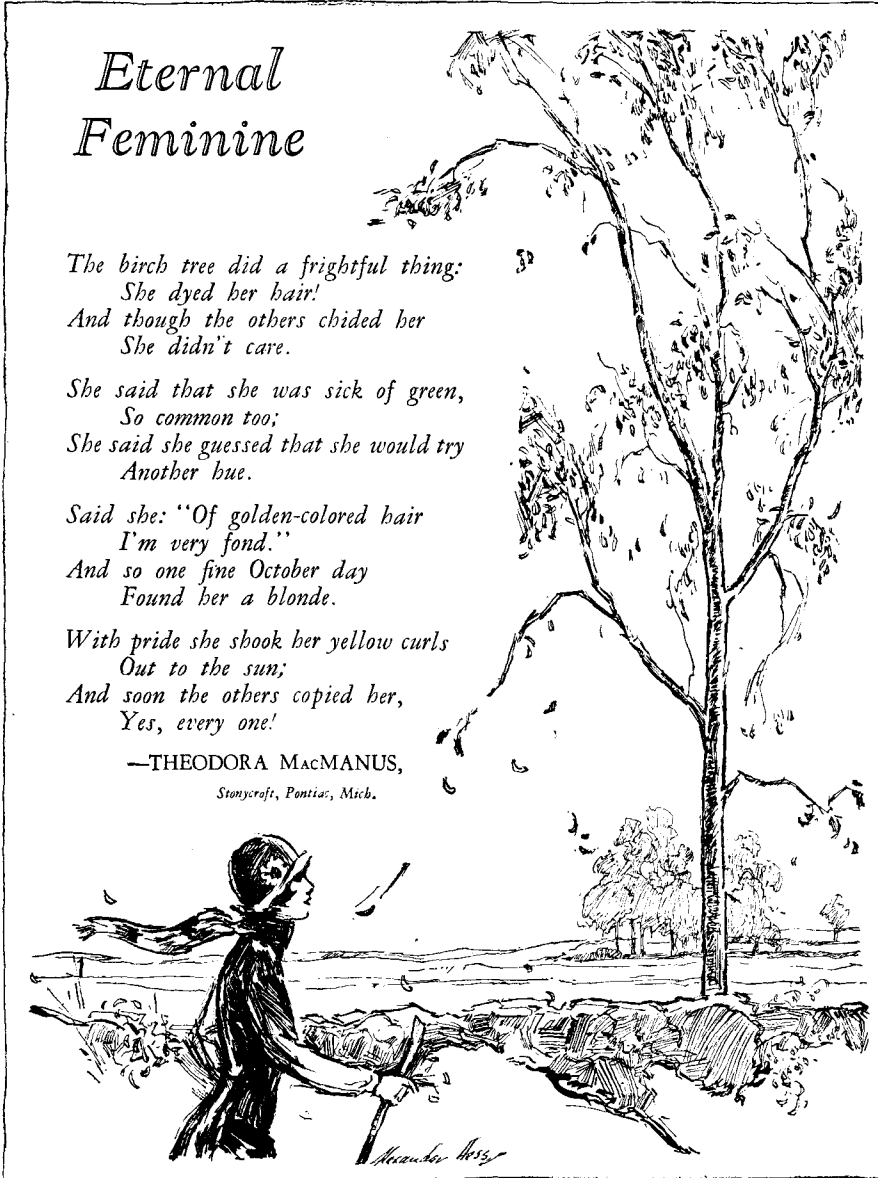
Out to the sun;

And soon the others copied her,

Yes, every one!

—THEODORA MACMANUS,

Stonycroft, Pontiac, Mich.



"That's it, of course. Gives one a chance to stop and think. Really there's not much to do out here except stop and think. Funny, the years you and I have passed each other on the street. . . ."

"You were always driving to the eight-twenty-three while I walked to the library."

"And I never dreamed you were like this."

"Me?" Anabel had surrendered herself to the soft air, the slumbrous tropical sense of physical ease and a pleasant new consciousness of mastery over men. "Oh, I wasn't. I've changed. I'm afraid I'm a pretty sophisticated woman of the world."

He chuckled. He couldn't keep his eyes off her. "That's just plain funny. You look about nineteen, and you're pretty as the devil. I don't know what you've done to yourself, but. . ." Sensing his own clumsiness, he stopped short.

She didn't smile. "All I did was to have my hair cut and buy some pretty clothes. Simple enough."

"The result isn't simple. I find you exciting."

She smiled lazily.

Softly, with the barest hint of a smile, she replied, "I don't know that I could help myself."

"Just one thing. [This in a low, fierce voice.] You said you had changed. Tell me, was it a. . . a man that. . . well, changed you?"

"No. Not a man."

"There. . . there isn't anybody? I mean, you're not engaged or anything?"

SHE smiled reflectively. "Not anything."

"You know I could be crazy about you."

She said nothing to that.

"Of course you see what I'm getting at. I suppose I'll be asking you to marry me. I'm not so old. It would mean a sacrifice, maybe. Mother would cut me out of her will. But Father left me some money. And I've got a share in the business. . . . No, don't say anything. Not yet. I've got to face this thing. My part of it. If I bring it to an issue, it might as well be here in Ceylon as anywhere. She'll make me seem a brute. Maybe I am one. Just selfish. I don't know. But. . . tell me this, if I send word that I won't be back



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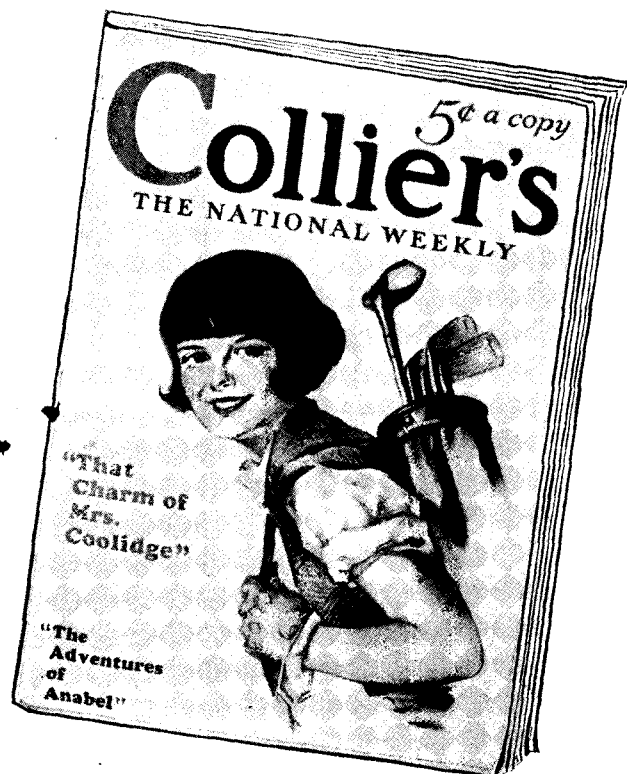
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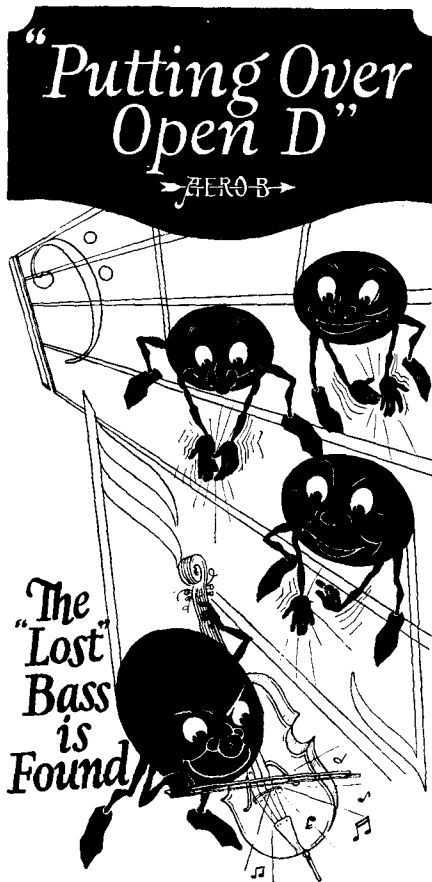
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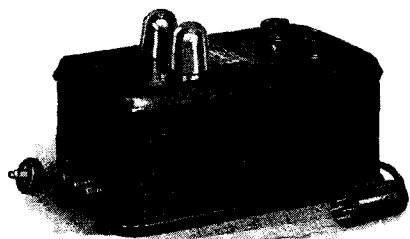
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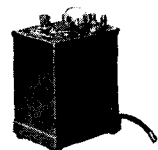
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THE GLENN L. MARTIN COMPANY
Radio Division Cleveland, Ohio



THE MALABAR PEARL

Continued from page 40

He smiled indulgently. "Come over here under the light. I want to show you something." With trembling fingers she opened the bag and produced a shining silvery object. "Ever see anything like that?"

He held it up and turned it around in his fingers. "What on earth..."

"You know what it is, don't you?" "I should say it was one of the most valuable pearls in the world. But where did you ever get it?"

"Found it." "Found it?" "Certainly. You don't take me for a thief, do you?"

"Of course not." "I tell you I found it. In the wood." "Just a minute! I'm wondering if this pearl wasn't the cause of that attack on you to-night."

"Oh, yes, of course. But listen. I want to sell it. I've got to."

"Why?" "Because I need the money. Simple."

"But that would be..." "Would be what? I tell you I didn't steal it! I'm not responsible. But of course I can't sell it here in Ceylon. Now you're going on around the world day after to-morrow. You can sell it somewhere. Get a fortune for it. Nobody'd ever trouble you. Will you buy it?"

ROUND and round he twisted it, under the deck light, fascinated by the glistening impenetrable beauty of the nacreous masterpiece.

"It's a fine bit of property." "Sure it is. What will you give me for it?"

"I'd have to think it over."

"There isn't time." "Well, considering the risk and all, suppose I offered you a thousand dollars."

Gertie stamped her foot. "But it's worth..."

"There's no way of telling what I could get for it. Certainly nowhere near its value."

"I thought you'd say maybe twenty-five thousand. It's worth five or six times that. Maybe ten times."

"Hardly that. See here, just to help you out, I'll say fifteen hundred."

"But that isn't fair." The girl's face was contorted, and tears were in her eyes.

"Not fair? I don't get that. Why, my dear girl, you can't keep it. You can't even go ashore now. Don't you see, they know you've got it. Somebody knows. Your life wouldn't be safe. In fact, I don't really know why I should run such a risk for you."

Gertie's knees sagged. She hadn't thought this all out. She reached to the hand rail for support.

"Well," she got out finally, "well, I suppose maybe..."

"You evidently don't quite understand what a favor I'm trying to do you."

"All right," she said. "Fifteen hundred."

"I'll keep the pearl," said he, not unkindly. "That ought to make it possible for you to sleep comfortably. You look all in."

"I am," she whimpered. "But where's the money?"

"Good Lord! I don't carry that much around. I'll send it over here to-morrow. My letter of credit and traveler's checks are in the purser's safe, you see."

"But there's only one more day. You won't forget? Where'd I be then?"

"I won't forget. Now you just run along and try to get some rest. And I wouldn't go ashore again if I were you."

A harbor boatman rowed him over to the Campobello. There, in the smoking-room, as he had hoped, sat Innes MacLeith, the chief engineer; a genial veteran, picturesque, and with detailed memories of every chief port of the world.

"Well," cried the Scot, over a mug of ale, "have you bought up all the pearls and moonstones on the island?"

"Not quite," replied Weeker, in his cautious Yankee way. And grinned. Your Scotchman and your Yankee have a secret world of understanding in common. "Picked up a few things. Tell me, where can I find a discreet, really trustworthy native to set a stone or two for me?"

MacLeith knew just the man. A Babu with more English education than his head could hold, but a master craftsman, and safe.

ANABEL breakfasted late. The table steward laid an Observer by her plate. Sipping her coffee she glanced at the staid headings. Much space was given to the theft of the most famous of pearls. Already a reward of a thousand English pounds was offered, and there was talk of adding to the amount. Various government agencies were feverishly at work. Several natives had been arrested, and more were under suspicion. Idly she read on. Then her eyes rested on a paragraph that drove the color from her face. She put down her cup and snatched up the paper. Under the subheading, MURDER IN THE CINNAMON GARDENS, she read as follows: "Yesterday afternoon, by a deserted rickshaw, a native named Dimbula, whose brother had been employed in the museum at Kandy, was stabbed to death by another native. The police, who were in pursuit of both men, observed the murderer in the act of searching through the dead man's turban, and after a short pursuit captured him. The rickshaw runner was found hiding in the shrubbery near by, and was also detained. The runner reported that he had had as passengers two young ladies, American he thought, from one of the cruising ships now in the harbor. The police have reason to believe that the pearl was in the possession of the slain man, but an exhaustive search of everyone concerned and of the region failed to bring it to light. The mystery is deepened by this tragedy."

Queer half-thoughts were stirring confusedly in Anabel's usually crisp brain. That attack on Gertie came to mind. It was unbelievable that the girl could have... what had she been up to, lingering out there in the road? So amazingly brazen? And why had she refused to report the attempt to snatch her bag?

Anabel couldn't eat. Straight to Gertie's cabin she marched, newspaper in hand. The girl was locked in, but admitted her. Anabel spread the paper before her, pointed to that illuminating

paragraph and said shortly, "Read it!" Gertie glanced up uncertainly, then obeyed. She was trembling. Then she began to cry. "I don't know what you mean," she wailed.

"Have you got that pearl?" Gertie shook her head.

"Do you know where it is?" A long, uncertain silence.

"The best thing for you to do is to tell me. Better than the police."

"But they can't..." "Don't be silly. They'll run you down before night. Where is the pearl?"

"He's got it."

"Who?" "Mr. Weeker." Anabel stared. "I s-sold it to him."

"You sold it to him. Great Heavens!" Gertie nodded. She was sobbing now.

"He wouldn't give much. Only fifteen hundred dollars. He's going to pay me to-day."

"Fifteen hundred! Why, they're offering five thousand as a reward. Maybe more. And no questions asked. Gertie, you're just a plain little fool."

"But I d-didn't steal it! I d-didn't! He p-put it in my hand!"

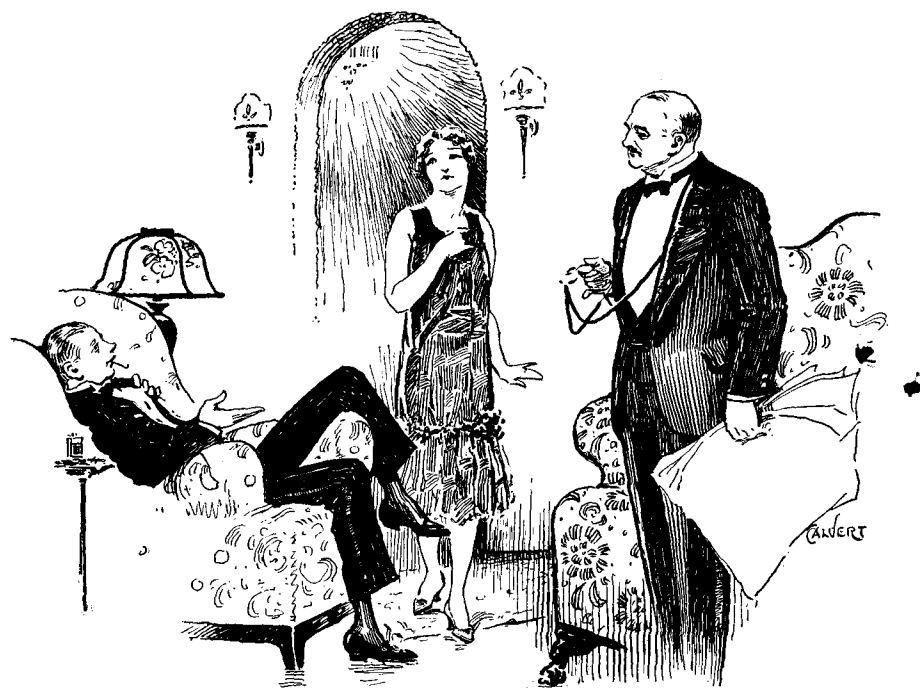
"Who did?" "The man that was k-killed."

SHE saw him standing in the lounge of the Galle Face; and hesitated. Had he suspected the identity of the famous and priceless treasure he had picked up so cheaply?

He rushed her out to a waiting motor. There was a confused inarticulate excitement bubbling within him to which she found difficulty in responding. He was getting something out of his pocket. Something in a jeweler's case. A ring? No, the case was too large. Eagerly, talking confusedly, he opened it; and lying within she saw a necklace coiled about a single pendant pearl. Her eyes widened. She had never seen a pearl so big or so unbelievably beautiful; of an even silvery white, deep as the sea in its soft, subtly changeable luster.

What was he saying? Vaguely the cautious, unpleasantly cautious phrases floated to her ears and gathered shape and substance in her brain. "... I suppose you'd better not wear it about here, or on the ship, but back home it'll be all right. ... Picked it up at a wonderful bargain ... never can tell, of course, where such things come from ... you've set me so wild I just had to do something, buy you something beautiful. ..."

She snatched it from the case, drew off in the seat, and stared at him so searchingly that his voice faltered and



"Say, Dad! Why do you always get up when Mom or any other woman comes in the room?"

his chin sagged. Then crisply, firmly, she called to the Malay chauffeur—"Drive to the police station!"

"Hold on" . . . thus Mr. Weeker. . .

"What are you . . . I don't . . ."

She took a nail file from her bag and deftly pried the great pearl from its setting.

"See here!" he cried out, but rather weakly. "What are you up to?"

"I think you know."

"But you can't take things into your own hands like this. Do you imagine for one minute I'd . . .?"

The motor pulled up before a palm-shaded building. The police officer was a gentlemanly Briton. Quizzically he studied both her and the pearl.

"Where did you ever find this?" he asked.

Fighting down the flame in her spirit, she confronted him. "I understand there are to be no questions. I've come for the reward."

"I'm afraid," observed the official, "that I have a disappointment in store for you." He went to a safe and brought a small box. Within it lay a pearl almost exactly like the one she had put before him.

"The true Malabar pearl," he explained kindly, "was turned in to-day by a native jeweler in whom we have every confidence. The reward was given him without question. The one you have is an imitation, and an excellent one."

"May I have it back?" she asked.

"Certainly. It appears to be your property."

She returned to Weeker and bluntly told him. The imitation pearl she tossed in beside him on the seat of the motor.

"But, Anabel" . . . he began.

"I'm leaving you here. I'll pick up a taxi to the wharf. Good-by. It's all

right, but . . . good-by." She extended her hand.

With eyes like a whipped dog he stared at her, then weakly took her hand.

THE Sargasso plowed an oily ocean. Far astern, at the end of a purling wake, lay the green island where spices grow.

"One thing, Gertie," asked Anabel, in her sometimes brisk way, "did you get the fifteen hundred dollars?"

"Oh, yes," replied the girl, "traveler's checks. He sent it over before you went ashore."

Anabel thought this over. "I don't know quite what's happened to my ethical sense, Gertie, but somehow I get a kick out of that."

"I don't get you at all," remarked Gertie, later, rather mournfully. "You could have had that man. Mawwied him. Why didn't you?"

"Give it up, Gertie."

"But his money and all."

"I'm beginning to believe I'm just a queer one, Gertie. Anyhow, we're both safely out of Ceylon. And that's something."

"But unless you're wick yourself . . . Are you?"

"Heavens, no! I'm destitute."

"Then I don't understand. What are you going to do?"

"Heaven only knows," said Anabel.

In "You Have to Do Something," Mr. Merwin relates Anabel's further adventures next week

The Tailor's Vengeance

Continued from page 24

as certainty, and the highways and byways were combed for discreditable incidents.

Day by day his enemies thrust themselves into the White House, eager to gloat over the man they were crucifying. Here at least they were cheated. Down upon his lonely head beat the hate of a country, and in the room at his back the wife of his heart lay dying, but no man was privileged to see a sign of weakness in Andrew Johnson's face.

Midway in the trial the attitude of every senator had been ascertained save one. Thirty-five Republicans were known to be ready to vote guilty, while six Republicans were joined with twelve Democrats in a conviction of Johnson's innocence.

The one senator who refused to let himself be placed was Edmund G. Ross of Kansas. To threats of political ruin, even hints of assassination, he made the one unchanging answer that he would cast his vote in accordance with the evidence and the dictates of his own conscience.

Slowly the trial worked to its end, marked by a hate and bitterness that increased with every hour of debate, and on May 16th, when the last appeal to partisanship had been made, the Senate gathered for a test vote on the eleventh article.

One by one, Republicans and Democrats gave their aye and nay, but it was for Ross' name that all waited with an expectancy so intense that it had a quality of anguish. Thirty-six votes were needed to drag Andrew Johnson from his high office, and the prosecution was sure of thirty-five.

As he sat, white-faced but composed, no man knew what was in the mind of the Kansas senator. When Ross' name was called the silence of death fell on the chamber, and although he did not lift his voice his "nay" had the effect of some tremendous shout.

Sumner and Wade felt the acquittal as a mortal blow, and crippled Thaddeus Stevens, carried away on the shoulders of his henchmen, suffered agonies. Only in the White House itself was there

calm. Johnson, as impassive as an Indian at the torture stake, heard the news without elation, even as he had borne the strain without visible sign of anxiety. Characteristically, his first act was to kick Stanton out of office.

Head still high, he left the White House with not a single voice lifted to wish him well, and, once again in Tennessee, took up the dreary business of "beating back." Now it was not ambition that moved him, but an emotion of even larger appeal to his fierce nature—*revenge*.

He walked a lane of hatred and contempt, for the Unionists despised him no less than the Southerners, but he had not lost his gift of haranguing the mob, and in 1872 he was elected to Congress.

Tireless, indomitable, following his hates with the tenacity of a hound, he added to his political strength by trick and stratagem, and three years later attained his goal. Almost a smile lighted his somber eyes as he strode down the aisle of the Senate, scene of the greatest humiliation ever visited on an American, and received the oath of office from one of those who had fought most fiercely to work his ruin.

A tremendous moment, but even so there were bitter drops in his cup. Sumner and Stevens were in the grave, beyond the reach of his rage, and not his loudest shout could wake their dull, cold ears. In the President's chair, however, sat Ulysses S. Grant, almost as greatly hated, and on his head Andrew Johnson poured out the black accumulation of his cankered heart.

A sick man, death had no power to move him to gentleness, and with savage courage he held himself erect until the last word of his attack had been delivered, and died as he had lived—hating, fighting.

Another article by Mr. Creel will appear in an early issue

Won't DRY on the Face



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the water-resisting oil-film from the beard, then the tremendous moisture of Williams drenches the hairs through and through. *The razor just glides along*—no possible pull.

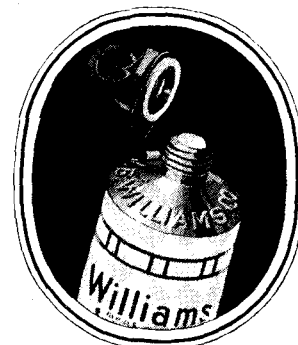
Williams leaves the skin glove-smooth, makes you feel as if you'd had an expert barber's massage.

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DUMB BUNNIES

Continued from page 10



Why St. Louis Grows

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- 28 railroads "to everywhere."
- River transportation.
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- More than 3,500 factories.
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The complete story is told in our new booklet, "Why St. Louis Grows." Write for it.

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CHAMBER OF COMMERCE
ST. LOUIS, U.S.A.

stayed here. So she decided she would spend the summer in California.

"It's glad you're goin' away," said Black Siney. "An' I hopes you fines yoreself a husban', somebody jes gran'!" "I will not stay here and sew counterpanes," said Annette.

IN SANTA BARBARA Annette met William Wetherby. He was just going out as attaché to the American ambassador in Peking. That night, the one on which they met, Annette thought the stars danced. He was almost as tall as the clam digger and nicely sunburnt, but never dirty. Dear me, the immaculacy of his white flannels! His brown eyes were not so startling or so direct as the blue eyes that had stabbed Annette, but they were more winsome and very caressing. And when he laughed Annette knew that all was up with her. He laughed joyously, exultingly, being young and fortune being on the rise; but that wasn't it. It was the gleaming whiteness of his fine teeth.

Annette had begun to be rueful, but now she was glad, glad! Eyes aching from too constant sunshine, she had thought wistfully of the variance of New England climate. She had thought wistfully of the clam digger. Now she knew that was too silly. There had just been some strong, natural heady quality about him that she had missed in other wooers. Now all that had turned up—oh, thank God—in the shape of a gentleman. One needn't be cross or upset about falling in love with William Wetherby.

Oh, undeniably William Wetherby out of Harvard was a gentleman.

He was also a lover. Annette had known only one other so desirous, impassioned. Back in New York there had been a man in the silk business, a Mr. Morgens, with a good deal of the Oriental about him. His voluptuousness had a little revolted Annette. Will Wetherby was as extravagant as this man in his endearments, but not so indecent. You did not burn when he whispered in your ear, though you did tremble—dizzily. He proposed to her that first night.

"You needn't think I'm going to China without you!"

"No-o?"

"No, ma'am! I know what I want when I see it."

"Do you always get just what you want?"

Somehow Annette knew that he pretty well did, but she was not deterred.

"I'm going to have you, you—darling!"

The second night he kissed her. Annette meant to repulse him, at least for his assumption, however well-founded it was, but Santa Barbara nights were gentler than the days. This was an especially soft, black one, luminous only with a myriad of stars. A lazy ocean rolled and rolled. Annette sighed.

"You—sweet thing!" said William Wetherby.

The third evening they became formally engaged and made plans for their wedding. There could be only a week of preparation. No time for letters back and forth between them and New England. Telegrams sped both ways. Annette's were incoherent with rapture. Sister Emily's were little yelps of distress and anxiety. Bee's were sharp, admonitory.

On the day before the wedding one set of letters did arrive. Emily's heart was broken because she would not see her little sister in her wedding gown. Had Annette consulted Mrs. Paulson about her clothing? It might be hard to shop in the Chinese stores. And Annette must remember that she had an eccentric stomach and be careful of the strange food. Emily recommended some digestive tablets which she always carried with her on tours. There! After all, it might be for the best. She was glad to know Annette was happy. She sent all her love to both of them. Annette must kiss Willie for her and bid him welcome.

"Willie!" giggled Annette. "There!" Will was beautifully solemn over this ceremony. He studied Emily's letter.

"What is she like, dearest?"

Annette tried to make him see Sister Emily, sweet, pink and plump. She told him about her fussy ways with recipe books and fancywork, about her never having had any heart affairs of her own but being especially mushy and nosy about other folks'. She told him about the new counterpane pattern.

"She sounds jolly," said Will, patting the paper on his knee.

"She's a dear," said Annette.

Bee's letter inclosed money. Annette had probably run up on her allowance and needed funds. Bee named a number of people in Honolulu and Hongkong whom she wanted Annette to look up. They would see that she extended her acquaintance among the right people. And Willie—she called him Willie too!—must take good care of impetuous, wayward Annette. Willie was the man of their house now.

Annette looked at Will. Bee was magnificent, but strangers often found her either too bossy or too condescending. Willie did not seem offended, however. For the first time in Annette's beholding he looked a little stiff and arrogant on his own. Bee had touched his pride in her closing sentences. He said he looked forward to meeting his beloved's family.

"Yes," said Annette happily. She would have liked to show him off.

The next day they set out for the Old World which to them was new. Eight years they lived in China—eight years so lustrous that stepping from one day into the next was like turning the page of a gorgeously illuminated book. There was an endlessly flowing stream of new people, most of them brilliant.

Will got along splendidly in the Diplomatic Service. He could have stayed on in it, but in the eighth year the silk merchant came to China. He looked up Annette, and, to his effusively expressed amazement, he liked her husband. Mr. Morgens made Will a dazzling business offer. He wanted his own silk factories in the Orient, operated by natives, but he wanted an American superintendent of them all. The Wetherbys' good standing with the people and Will's knowledge and practice of international law made Will perfect for the position.

The idea appealed to both Wetherbys. A solid, real opportunity, as well as a change of occupation, it seemed to them. It gave them a nice sense of grown-up success. Will's salary was to be generous. Added to their private incomes, it would make them rich. They could have a home in San Francisco, a permanent residence in which they could be settled for several months out of every year, but for the first year or so Will would have to be pretty well on the job every minute in China and Japan.

THAT was why he resigned from the Diplomatic Corps early and they came home for a six months' vacation. Annette was jubilantly willing. Homeward bound, she laughed at the diffidence, the jerks of doubt that had disturbed the roseate dreams of the bride who had set out upon the ocean eight years before! She was so sure of everything now! Coming home was like a triumph. "See all this I would have missed if I had not run away!"

Bee met them at New Haven in her new touring car. In the rush of their embrace Annette felt a pang of absurd rue. Threads of white showed plainly in Bee's golden hair and her skin was the least bit rough.

Ah, but Will was sweet with her! Tears sprang to Annette's eyes to see him throw his arms about the slim, haughty woman and kiss her heartily like a schoolboy sure of his welcome home. Bee's thin cheeks flushed, and her brown eyes softened, removing that

impression of age. Leading the way to her automobile, she swaggered, as always.

"I've been struggling along with this myself, Willie," she said. "Of course, after you learn the roads, I expect you'll like to do the driving."

Annette settled down among the baggage in the tonneau with a knowing smile turning her face a bit wicked. Of course! Part of Will's enjoyment of his vacation would be his opportunity to play temporary lord and master in this Adamless Eden. He was a human man and, while Annette loved him wholly and dangerously, she had never suggested that he could boss her if he tried.

Sister Emily waited at the back gate. All the sea-front houses turned their backs to the road. Emily was growing plumper and plumper. The years were



The Battle of the Gods

A short story about a pretty girl, her tight-fisted old uncle and a charming young man in the Florida gold rush—next week—by

ALBERT PAYSON
TERHUNE

piling up on top of her and pushing her down into a round dumpiness. The lenses in her glasses were heavier. She kissed Annette, patted her, then opened her arms.

"Well, Willie!" she said. Eyes sparkling again, Annette turned to Siney, always a picture in formal dress, black silk with white apron and cap. But Siney too was looking over Annette at one to whom she bowed and muttered, "Mistah Willie!"

"Willie!" mocked Annette, thoroughly amused. "You're going to have a wonderful time. I can see that. I hope it doesn't go to your head, old dear!"

After supper, a tremendous meal in which Siney had spread all her arts and to which Emily had contributed an incredible fluff of lemon pie, Annette went out of doors alone.

"I want to prow around a bit," she said. "No, Will, you stay there. You know you're too full to move."

"She always was a great one to wander off by herself," said Emily. Then, anxiously, "Willie, do you like these cigarettes?"

Supper had lasted long. The sun had set, leaving only a lavender and rosy reminiscence in the sky. Annette strolled slowly down the walk, listening to the peaceful swish of an ebbing tide, and thought what a sweet, seductive place home was.

It was quite dark when she stood once more on the veranda. There was no moon, but Jupiter shone so brightly

that it made a tiny path of its own on the water. Annette pushed open the cottage door. She wanted her husband. She wanted Will to come out and hold her hand in the starlight at Glenhaven. He had never loved her—at Glenhaven.

They did not hear her open the door. Will sat enthroned in the morris chair. Before him at decent, respectful distances sat Emily and Bee. The lamp-light shone on scissors and thimbles and bright pieces of silk in their laps, but their hands were idle. They were listening to Will—and Will was being listened to. On which face of the three appeared the greatest satisfaction, one could not say. Now and again Bee put in a sentence—Bee of a wide, sympathetic knowledge—but Emily sat rapt, not murmuring a syllable.

Annette caught up an old cape of Emily's from a couch and slipped out of doors once more, and sat and looked at the path of starlight alone.

Emily summoned her from her musings.

"Annette, Willie has retired. It's really quite late."

"Well, did you tuck him in?" was on the edge of Annette's tongue, but a glance at Emily's solicitude—funny old Emily—halted the words. There was that on Emily's round, serious face which suggested gently that here was an office Annette should perform and not linger heartlessly away from it.

"Sh!" said Emily. "I'm giving you a candle. The lights may waken him."

"If he's asleep," said Annette, "fire-works and cannon won't rouse him. If he's awake, I want to talk to him. I want to know what he did about our baggage." But she took the candle.

"Oh, Willie will see to the trunks," said Emily. There was on her the greatest awe of the evening as Annette opened and closed the door of her bedroom.

Willie was asleep profoundly. Annette held up the candle and surveyed him. The Fordyses used iron beds in their summer home. Somewhere the sisters had secured an enormous brass one, so bulky and shiny that it would have driven a savage mad with the delights of civilization. In it Willie lay prone and over him swirled a comforter of pastel silk bits punctuated by diamonds of black velvet—unquestionably the first of Emily's intricate new counterpanes.

With a helpless gurgle of mirth Annette set down her candle and fell into a chair by her window.

THE situation grew funnier and funnier—until Annette couldn't laugh at it at all. She understood. This had been a household of virgins living for years under the domination of an authoritative male, almost as authoritative as a memory as when alive. When the younger man entered the door, either he would arouse antipathy or he would be given the previous ruler's scepter and state. The latter had happened.

Sister Emily's passion toward Willie was one of service. So would she have regarded a husband had she had one. So would she have cooked and mended and fluttered. So would she have wept had her efforts to please proved offensive.

Bee's passion was of service too, though different. Bee asked his advice on investments, though he had been eight years and four thousand miles removed from American real estate. Bee played golf with him at the new Glenhaven Club. The first time they went off together for all day Annette released them bright with hope. Bee's game was fine. She had been a runner-up in several championship tournaments. Will had played years ago with a certain sophistication, but he'd never been noted. Now he was woefully out of form.

The two came home that afternoon, weary, especially the man, but complacent because Will's score was the better. Bee would not have been beaten on purpose, but her pleasant deferring to this man had put her out of step. And she liked it. Will liked it even better. Through the rest of the summer she won just often enough for him to feel proud of his general record. Annette had

always openly detested golf. How could she pretend a new interest in it now?

If it rained, there was bridge. Neither Emily nor Bee played, but Emily would make some candy. And Bee would corral two players from a long clientele of young friends in the summer group. Bee was always doing something nice for young people. So how could they refuse to play bridge with her brother-in-law? Annette played. It was that or sew on the counterpanes. Emily had been to a silk remnant sale in New Haven and was starting a fresh one. She said it would go much faster if Annette would take the strips from Bee and put them together.

"I will not sew on counterpanes," said Annette, tight-lipped, bright-eyed with accumulating resistance.

To what? At the end of several weeks she said bitterly—and with shame at her own smallness—that Emily and Bee evidently enjoyed their nice new husband, but where did she come in? It wasn't just resentment at their pleasure in their pseudo possession that animated her either. It was a fear. As far back as Annette could remember it had been the hardest thing in the world for a Fordyce to have anything individually. Never was there such a family for sharing things, from pets to experience.

SHE, Annette, had been different. She, Annette, had run away, craving adventure, single identity, romance. She had found all these in the symbol of William Wetherby, her husband.

Ah, she wished she had never come home with him. Everything had changed. Everything had slipped back. You could almost hear the turning of the keys. Now it was California and China and romance that seemed far away, unreal. Of course this was only temporary. They would go away. Glenhaven would be closed in November. They would have Christmas in Baltimore; then off they'd put on the high seas the first of the year. Ah, but, would they? Annette felt her heart numbed with her fear.

It was that Will looked so permanently satisfied. He had no sense of captivity like hers. He sensed only pleasant things, adulation, physical comfort, social prestige without effort, amusement and no strain. He said, "You know, precious, it's a feeling of home!" Poor lad, he had never known a home! His mother had evidently been unhappily married in America and was not particularly interested now in her son. He said he liked the girls. Well—peevishly—so did Annette. She wasn't jealous of them about Will. It was—well, couldn't you like a person without being tied hand and foot by your affection? Will was hers, hers! And their life was their own, together, and apart from others.

Will was changing. Anyone would soften in a cage, all comfort and no fight. The independent fitness of a man alone was relaxing. The keenness of a man in competition grew dull.

And Annette loved him still. Still was there no light in the world like the light of his eyes when he looked on her with love; still was there no warmth in the world like the warmth of his caresses. He was her lover, her husband. He didn't know what was happening. She must rescue him for his sake, for her own.

Then he grew evasive about China and his new work. Annette, feeling all tight and sewed up as if she had been wounded and must hold on to herself, or bleed to death, went to New York on what she called a shopping trip. She spoke to Mr. Morgens, the silk merchant, over the telephone. They had dinner together at a country inn. They danced.

"How horribly fat you're growing!" thought Annette, but she said, "There was never a dancer like you, Peter! By the way, it's all settled about Will going out the first of the year, isn't it? He's being so lazy and indifferent on his vacation that I can't get any satisfaction out of him. Here it is September, so I'd like to make my plans."

Morgens said surely from his side

(Continued on page 46)

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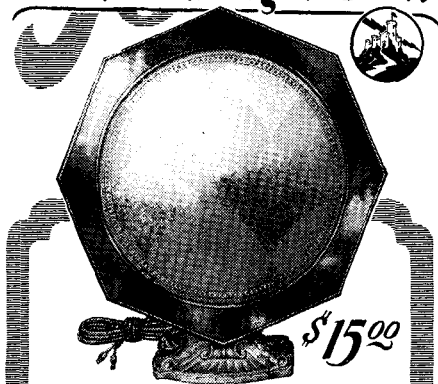
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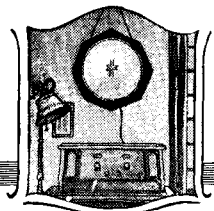


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Dumb Bunnies

Continued from page 45

things were settled, though there was no formal contract as yet.

"Well, don't you think there ought to be?" said Annette as they returned to their table.

"If it will please you, there will be." A glitter that Annette remembered flashed in the merchant's eyes. Annette discounted it.

A week later there was an invitation to a house party at the Morgens' villa on the Hudson. The letter mentioned business arrangements to be discussed. Will was inclined not to accept.

HE WENT to the party, grumbling, but he behaved fairly well once he had arrived. The expansive lawn, the formal gardens, the tessellated floor of the halls, the silken ease of the bedchambers, the gay company made William blink and take notice. Here were gathered two Spanish portrait painters, an English officer of artillery with his charming bride, an engineer from the Canal Zone and a dark, mysterious lady who was reported to have shot elephants in Africa, with her pretty daughter, fresh from a convent school in France and bewilderingly young and seductive. For the first time in months Annette saw Will exert himself to be agreeable. Here were ladies not starved for masculine tribute. Here was competition. Now Will was awake. Now he would remember.

On the last day Morgens and Will spent an hour together in the former's library and Will came out tucking a paper importantly into his pocket. "It's a secret," he said. "I'll tell you when we get home."

Morgens winked at Annette gayly. She thought how nice it was when a lover turned into a devoted friend. She felt a tenderness toward everyone.

"You think you're so smart!" she said affectionately when Will would not let her see the paper even on the train, when he insisted it would be a surprise for which he expected special reward.

She was still radiant when the smell of roast fowl and browning pastry greeted them at the door of the Glenhaven cottage. She pulled Will inside, brushing her sisters out of the way. She pushed him down into the morris chair. She sat upon his lap, defying what Emily and Bee thought about public demonstration and decent reticence.

"I'll not wait another minute, Will Wetherby," she said, throttling him. "You tell me everything right now!"

"Well, girls"—he threw his head—handsome head of a virile man—back against the cushions of the morris chair—"well, girls, we now present our report!"

Emily's face drooped. Bee's became set. Annette tingled.

"Mr. Morgens and I had several conferences," dawdled Will, patting his wife's arm. "Very wise man, this millionaire; has his fingers on the pulse beat of the world. Thinks this new war in Europe may reach farther and last longer than most people fancy. Asked very shrewd questions about German holdings in China."

"Faster!" Annette prodded him with her elbow. "Don't orate, dear!"

"And so," said Will, "we decided his Oriental enterprise is not the thing right now. That's the surprise. Annette and I are not going to China."

He spoke triumphantly, as if he had done something mighty. He laughed aloud at Emily's gasp of relief, at Bee's exclamation. He had struck Annette a paralyzing blow—and he didn't know it. He didn't notice even that she had slipped from his knee, that she stood, pale, shaking, while he talked on.

"No, sir, and I'm glad of it. Now listen." He drew a paper from his pocket—that paper! "Instead I have signed up to be his chief legal counsel here, to superintend his claim suits in the States. He's been jobbing them out to local legal firms wherever trouble occurred, but he's lost some money which

he thinks belongs to him, so he's hired me as a sort of watchdog. Of course most of the work will be here in the Eastern market, but I'm supposed to keep an eye on the whole country. Big job, girls, for a big man. That's me!"

"Will Wetherby!" Annette cried out in her stifling pain.

Will jumped up, threw his arms about her, hugged her.

"I knew you'd be astonished," he said. "I was thinking of you when I made this arrangement. Why, honey—"

"Wait a minute!" Annette pushed him away, her Will. "I want to ask you a question. Where are we going to live?"

The man was blind, blind!

"Say," said he, "what's the rush about deciding that? Why don't we just stay on with the girls this fall—until we find out where my duties will keep me most of the time? New York, probably. I say, we could take an apartment there for the winter and still be all together. Couldn't we? No use in breaking up this pleasant circle. I think that would be jolly. Eh, girls?"

"Oh, Willie, I'm so glad!" said Emily.

"Willie, you're wonderful!" said Bee.

"And now, what do you think?" In all confidence he reached for his wife.

"Don't touch me!" Annette held him away with her hands, with the flashing anger of her eyes, with the shrill bitterness of her voice.

"Why, honey—Annette—aren't you—pleased?"

"I was never so disappointed in my life!" sobbed Annette.

In a vacuum of consternation black Siney announced dinner.

"I don't want any food—I couldn't eat. Oh—let me go!"

Running, running down the walk, she saw their faces as she had left them: Siney's stolid, glum, unknowing; the sisters' agape, Emily's lower lip wiggling; her husband's flushed with angry offense, his first harsh look at her, as if she had affronted him.

"Oh, oh, oh!" she cried.

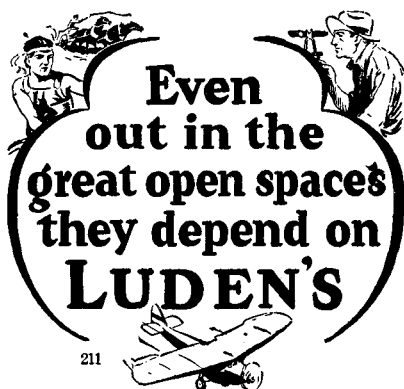
She stood on the point of rocks that she loved and jeered at a choppy, foaming sea.

"Don't come raving around me any more!" she said—feeling herself going mad. "You lied to me, you ocean. You said that life was big and exciting and full of adventure for the brave. You dared me to go out and find the thrill of it. I was brave. I did go out. Now see! Life's a boomerang. Life's a Sargasso Sea. Life's a silly mess—for a woman!"

COULD she run away? Again? She was still young, dangerously pretty. She had her private income. Life would be richer away from home. Now—wouldn't it? Y-e-e-s, of course, but she would be alone. Oh, alone, as she had never been before! All her dreams of a future would now be memories of the past. And all the disappointment would fade out and leave her only the agony of her husband's dearthness. Right now, aching with disillusionment, she wanted him at her side, his arms about her.

Right now he was angry at her. Already they were separated a little, just as the rising tide was making a runnel between her and the shore. In the gathering dark, in the dreariness of a sea that was going to be moony all night long, the cleavage between Annette and her husband began to hurt more than all other pain. She turned to the shore, put out her arms with a murmuring cry. She saw then, not Will, but a small cottage with a white veranda and lighted windows, beaming out at her with such unutterable smugness that back she turned to the lapping sea. Better death with life all gay behind you than years and years in that—harem of disappointed women!

But she couldn't achieve death. She couldn't stand still and let the ocean drown her. Not when every moment she strained her ears, thinking that he was calling to her, her eyes, thinking that he must come to look for her. And when he didn't call, when he didn't



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come, just before it was too late for her to jump from rock to rock, she went to him.

At first she thought the lighted cottage was empty because it was so still. Then from the porch she saw her husband rise from the depths of a chair and begin to pace about the room—restlessly. He was at least waiting for her.

"Will!" She sounded very forlorn speaking from the threshold of the opened door.

He betrayed suspense by his quick turning to her call. He tried then to collect his dignity, to look at her coldly, but he was so plainly relieved and glad to see her that all in a moment she was in his arms. He shook her, he chided her, but he held her very fast. Annette's heart quickened. He was still hers. He couldn't let her go any more than she could leave him.

She began to talk to him, her arms about his neck, her cheek tight against his, tried to tell him what she feared for the two of them.

"Why, Annette, you—jealous?" he said.

Not jealousy! She tried to show him what the years would make of them if they lived on where paths were so smooth that they were grooves. He became really offended.

Slowly in her crystallized the knowledge that Will Wetherby had made his choice of careers and would not be moved. He had found his kingdom, his ideal of happy living in the associations which made a prison to her.

"I know what I want when I see it!" he said.

Annette knew that she was beaten. Those were the words he had used that night at Santa Barbara, with that same

uplift of eyebrow which she had so adored. "And do you always get what you want?" she had asked then, but she did not need to ask it now. She knew.

"And now I want you to eat some dinner and calm down and be a good girl," he said when she had cried out her surrender. "Siney's saved you some in the kitchen. The clam chowder was delicious."

Annette nibbled a bit of toast and drank some tea. Clam chowder, roast duck, lemon pie, would be always to her funeral baked meats.

"You and Mistah Willie ain't goin' back to Chiney?" said black Siney.

"No, Siney."

"Jes goin' to stay on yere! Ts, ts!" Siney clicked her compassion. The primitive Negress understood. Annette gulped her tea. In the house behind her various subdued noises betokened the furtive return of Sister Emily and Bee and Pip, the dog. Poor things, they must have been frightened.

BEFORE going in where they were Annette ran upstairs and changed from her crumpled dress into one of her gay taffetas, an apple-green frock with flutings and puffs and a silver sash, a bit too youthful, a bit out of taste, but in harmony with her willfulness. She brightened her lips and cheeks and went down into the living-room.

Entering the family circle was a conspicuous act as if she had to break her way through glass, the three awaiting her were in such a state of fearful anticipation. Annette laughed, a low chuckle appearing for the first time in her merriment.

"Well, girls," she said, "I am ready to begin on the counterpanes."

Nothing Like Common Sense

Continued from page 8

delineation of American business morals and manners as any that has emerged from the flood of literature this pioneer work unloosed. In England and far-away Australia that book is even now regarded as a thesaurus of the wisdom of American trade. "Old Gorgon Graham" followed two years later, then "The False Gods" and "Jack Spurlock—Prodigal." But George Horace Lorimer's reputation as an author was made with the first book and clinched by the second.

He proceeded to make his reputation as an editor.

This reputation can be expressed mathematically: Growth from 1,800 copies to 2,800,000 copies weekly, from sixteen pages to 254 pages, is an overwhelming quantitative certificate of accomplishment. But material measurement is not the true criterion of the Lorimer contribution to the common wealth of America, although Mr. Lorimer himself will blandly mention that the Curtis plant now manufactures 850,000 magazines daily.

An Optimistic American

HIS work for his country has been one of pragmatic uplift. Without pretense of formal patriotism, he has his country always in mind, always at heart. He has made physical acquaintance with it in a dozen cross-continental tours. He has been in every state in the Union and he knows the natural and human characteristics of all.

"Early in my years as an editor," he says, "I suffered from the common delusion of young idealists, and of many older idealists, that the organized action we call politics could bring about improvement in our national life before the people could be brought to demand improvement. That," he smiled, "is an error quickly discerned. Sound ideas must be infiltrated through persistent education, which is a function of constructive journalism."

"Our country owes its first duty to itself. International amity is good, international coöperation for peace is good, but I oppose the League of Nations not because of its promises but because of its failures to perform. Eu-

ropean nations play international poker for blood, while we play it for beans. We simply don't know enough about their game to sit in.

"I have seen our American life change very much for the better in the past thirty years. Wealth has been distributed to an extent undreamed of by the socialist of a generation ago. Comforts and luxuries enjoyed only by the rich or medium-rich twenty years ago are now commonly enjoyed. We have made vast material and moral progress.

"Business ethics shows a striking improvement over the rough-and-tumble tactics of the '90's. The work of the Interstate Commerce Commission, combined with growing common sense, has demonstrated that deliberate unfairness is always a boomerang.

"Industrial disputes are more rare and more readily settled because labor and capital have both learned from the foolish past. The old-time hard-boiled employer is passing, because it is an axiom of industry that no business can be in a truly sound and flourishing condition if disharmony and suspicion prevail in it.

"There are those who call American progress purely materialistic. They mistake comfort and decency for materialism. There is nothing more materialistic than sordid poverty, and the most spiritual environment can be and sometimes is the most luxurious.

"There is no finer product of modern civilization than the American business man. Because he is largely inarticulate, and the articulate are largely those who have had little or no experience in making the wheels of industry go around, he is portrayed as a money-grubbing ignoramus, when in fact he is often more clear-headed, more clear-thinking and better educated than his critics. For every money grubber we have a constructive business genius who works on for the love of the work, because he is actually making the world a better place to live in, while his critics are only talking about making it a better place to live in.

"The criticism of Rotarians, Kiwanians, Lions and similar business men's organizations is not only cheap but also

(Continued on page 48)

Don't you think?

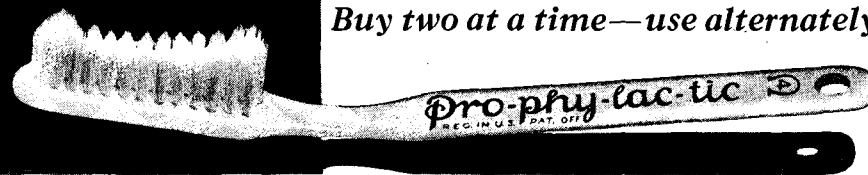
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THE MENTOR ASSOCIATION
Springfield, Ohio

Nothing Like Common Sense

Continued from page 47

too easy. These are all intelligent movements whose purpose is unspoiled by occasional misdirected activities. I am not an advocate of the so-called boosting that many of these organizations indulge in, because sound development is not always quick development, and because haste to exploit every resource and to cultivate every possible acre is bad for the present as well as the future of America. The quality of our growth and of our citizens is the matter of first importance. Size is not sin, but it may be bad economics. To bring a man to a city or to a farm where he is foredoomed to failure is bad business and bad morals. Nothing succeeds like common sense and common sense is an expression of sound morals.

"Despite occasional bursts of over-enthusiasm, the usefulness of these clubs is beyond dispute. They are the community expression of interest in the general good, and at their best they greatly improve civic standards."

From all this may it be gathered that Mr. Lorimer is an optimist about his country. He is not an "apologetic American." Yet he believes in discontent. "Without that," he said, "there would be no invigorating contest for improvement in standards of living and of work and we should atrophy."

Genius is Rare

THAT is no new prescription from the chemistry of human progress; Aristotle, Marcus Aurelius, Plato and Francis Bacon all have said the same thing.

Naturally, from all parts of America, Canada and the world, for that matter, the editor of The Saturday Evening Post is besieged by aspiring authors for advice.

"Writing" (here for the first time in general print he gives it) "is the hardest work in the world. Writing is not a business—it requires a stern apprenticeship, and its pecuniary returns are uncertain. The writer can expect very little help from outside—indeed, nobody can really help him to success until he has already achieved it through the relentless self-denial and unremitting labor without which he cannot hope to be a writer. Sheer genius may need no such laborious novitiate. But genius is so rare that we need not consider it here."

"Writers must be not only industrious but also able to rise above rebuff. Nearly every writer has had to submit to rejection or rewriting at times."

Mr. Lorimer's favorite intellectual hobby is biography, especially the French historic period from Louis XIV to Napoleon III, to which he switched after the customary juvenile admiration for the first Bonaparte. He believes biography is a power for self-improvement, an inexhaustible fount of human interest; indeed, he has made biography as popular as fiction with the higher level of the public. Yet his reading must be a minor miracle of time economy, for no word appears in the Post that does not pass his scrutiny.

Many years of immersion in the multitudinous blends and brands of literature—the selection of material for a weekly—have not dulled his editorial appetite for discovery. When something good from a new author reaches his desk he springs from his chair to spread the tidings to his subordinates and usually sends an assistant to see the new writer, wherever he or she may be, to give first-hand encouragement. He has been the literary name maker of a generation, and he is always on the hunt for new names. "Old friends are good, but new contacts are vital to progress."

"Scoffers at popular literature usually cannot write it, because it is the hardest kind of writing, demanding, as it does, the clearest style. Huxley and Schopenhauer would have made ideal writers of special articles for The Saturday Evening Post. They wrote as clearly as they thought. Anybody who has those twin talents can make any

subject popular—even the Fourth Dimension. There are no dull subjects—only dull writers."

A Simple Rule for Success

MR. LORIMER'S recreations are farming, shooting and motoring. He denies any athletic prowess, although until recent years he was something of a mountain climber; he scaled many peaks in the Rockies. "There is a feeling of exhilaration, of conquest in mountain climbing that no other sport holds," he declares.

He has never had his hand on the steering wheel of a motor, but he plans to become a self-driver when he retires.

His sons may or may not follow in their father's footsteps. There are two—one already aspiring to authorship, the other a subeditor. They will be left to find their own ways to fame, whether the paternal shadow helps or hinders.

"If there is one essential lesson to be learned from American life, one lesson that will most profit the individual entering our life, it is that only the self-made really succeed. There is no other satisfactory success. A man may be born to wealth and social position, as was George Wharton Pepper, destined for success. But he does not achieve success unless, like Mr. Pepper, he works for it in some calling, as, in his case, the law, and earns it. A ready-made success is just that."

"Without effort, without struggle, I have seen nothing worth while achieved

even by those heavily endowed with talent—and I have seen many brilliant men slump down and out because they were unwilling to make the effort or to continue the effort, after a first success. There is something intensely personal about writing. No matter how poor one's performance, it is a part of oneself, and criticism of it is in some measure personal criticism; praise of it personal praise. For this reason the writer is subject to fits of undue depression or undue elation. Unless he can come to view his work with a certain detachment he is in danger of quitting because he becomes unduly discouraged or of being forced to quit because he is unduly confident.

"But a writer cannot at any point in his career live on his reputation. He must continue to succeed, and to do that he must work a little harder on every new story, on every new book. Once he leans back, he is lost. Popularity is at once his greatest asset and his greatest liability."

His success—a unique achievement in journalism, unmarred by even the slightest descent to erratic or erotic public whim—I attribute to a robust native endowment of talent and character, a rare combination of creative genius and business acumen, ruled by unwavering will, enacted by aggressive industry. He, being the right kind of Kentucky colonel (and, in fact, he is that), expresses it more simply. He likes his job and finds his greatest pleasure in working at it.

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Heavens! What Next?

Continued from page 11

think that Louiseboulenger, stealthy though she has been, has got away with that velour de laine of hers—the one with the collar and vandyked borders of seal. Is not Mademoiselle Hamel, of her assistants the most resourceful, the sweetheart of Paul Blanpied, who is the Paris correspondent of Guinzberg and O'Malley of the Boulevard Michigan, Chicago? But yes.

So our brave boys and girls invade the ateliers of Paris with the fundamentals of the coming modes neatly tucked away in the pockets of their minds. Just can't be fooled, that's all.

Before leaving America the pilgrims have received schedules of the showings. The French dressmakers have come together and so arranged matters that no two of them will be strutting their stuffs, so to speak, at coincident hours.

Vionnet will be honored to exhibit at ten o'clock on the morning of July 2d. What Brandt had dreamed will be shown at two. On the following morning at eleven Chantal will produce a parade of sensations. Of the sensations be assured.

Once in Paris, our Jasons troop the shows *en masse*. Jealous competition? The life-insurance business is as nothing by comparison.

By this I mean that the representatives of the lesser houses stop at little short of "petered" knock-out drinks to wrest, from the buyer for the celebrated department store or fashionable modiste, the list of his or her selections.

For example, if the little fellow who scouts for the manufacturer of cheap dresses can enable his employer to come out with his sixteen-dollar product on the same day with the same model that the fashionable couturier sells to the smart debutante for four hundred dollars, the entire year is ruined for the fashionable couturier, not to speak of the smart debutante.

Observe. A few years ago a celebrated creator of evening gowns was engaged to clothe a musical-comedy queen in gowns warranted to alarm, amaze and render numb all other wearers and makers of evening gowns.

They Can't be Too Careful

THE actress, the creator and the head of the house he worked for—a lady whose name is embellished with the badge of nobility—went to work on the series of silk explosions.

They worked in a lofty room which had but one window, and that gave up on a court. They drew the shades. A stout guardsman was posted at the door that no spy might snoop the halls or occupy the keyhole.

Six or eight minutes before the curtain arose on the revolution, ten ladies and gentlemen properly equipped with tickets and evening clothes entered the theatre and before anyone was aware of them they had handed each aisle-seat occupant a dozen cards saying:

"Will you be so good as to pass these?" In a few moments the theatre was completely papered with cards bearing the following devastating legend:

"Exact duplicates of the gowns worn to-night by Madame — may be had for \$22.79 to-morrow morning at — and — All sizes."

And the cards bore the truth. With tears streaming down his cheeks the creator of Madame's gowns went downtown and saw. And regardless of the spot, he fainted upon it.

All of which goes to make it clear that these style selectors we Americans send forth twice each year to Paris can't be too careful.

Little by little, however, what Paris feared and resented in 1922 is rapidly coming to pass. The American woman dictates American fashions, and while he still demands her Paris gowns or her Paris models, Paris is seeing to it that Paris produces what the American woman wants. Gone are the days when you wore what Paris gave you or went about a confessed ragbag.

However, the movies have a different

problem. Particularly is their problem more intricate to-day. It is all very well for the costume designers to have friends on the inside in Paris and Monsieur Shaunards lunching at Ciro's and gathering eyefuls on the Champs Elysées.

Dress manufacturers could, if the urge were irresistible, make last-minute changes in their models, although not radical ones, but you can't add a thing to a photograph.

At this moment the movie dress designers are not feeling any too secure. The moment they heard that the Paris dressmakers were loading up Queen Marie with skirts which begin ten inches from the ground they suspected the presence of foul play.

A queen is a queen, particularly in a republic, and you can't laugh off the awful effect her clothes are going to have upon strangers.

A Matter of Salesmanship

ANY man caught sneering at that remark will be asked to look back a couple of years to what happened to the male population of this country during and immediately after the latest visits of the Prince of Wales. Some of our boys haven't come to yet.

Therefore, I am assured, the short skirt is menaced, and anybody telling you that it will be with us always is worth disregarding. A situation demanding that something be done about it!

H. M. K. Smith, costume director for the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation, held aloft a brief gown.

He inserted one of his most beautiful young women into the gown and then pinned long panels under her arms so that they fell to within eight or ten inches of the floor. The result left the beholder a bit worried.

"Or," he said, "the skirt I make for the movie actress in these days when anything might be happening may be short in front and long in back. Again the long effect to the actually short skirt. That is how we have to compromise when doubt besets us."

One of the reasons why directors are always trying to cut down the actual filming time of pictures is that styles cannot be controlled. The movies have enormous influence upon the styles of clothes worn by the women seeing them, but not enough to prevent the same women from adopting suddenly introduced fads. The movies seek to beat the public to the fads.

However, the star of a movie may be filmed in the season's ultimate in gowns which cost the producers four or five hundred dollars. By the time the picture is given to the public the same model may be on its last legs—selling in the cheaper stores for twenty dollars or so.

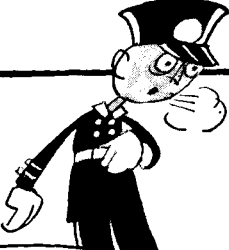
"I'm now engaged in designing costumes for a winter picture," said Mr. Smith. "The costumes may not be those of this winter but of next winter. I have a general idea of the trend of fashions, and all I have to do is to project a bit—an exaggeration here and there and a compromise between. Only a revolution can defeat that rule."

The movies give Paris quite a battle. By being aggressive on their own account they are often able to checkmate the French dictators. For example, two years ago a movie dressmaker invented a sport dress for Bebe Daniels.

It took him an hour to make the model and Bebe a minute to put it on. In a few minutes she was in front of the camera, and in six weeks the picture was in the theatres.

A bright young dress manufacturer saw it on the screen and, realizing that nothing quite like it had ever been sold over a counter, appropriated it and sold 100,000 before time came to the rescue.

"Style is that feature of a dress which enables you to sell it to a woman because she thinks it will enable her to sell herself," said one. "After all, even social success is a matter of salesmanship."



Breathing defiance to the law

Most of us do defy the law—Nature's law of health. Even if you're warmly dressed you aren't completely protected. The delicate tissues of your throat need to be specially guarded against the ever-present danger of coughs and colds.

Smith Brothers' cough drops safely protect and gently medicate the throat tissues. They quickly soothe irritation, relieve


hoarseness, ease and stop the cough. Your whole throat is cooled, cleared, refreshed.

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Tom and Huck on Cardiff Hill

—where men grow young!



HAVE you ever heard of Cardiff Hill? It rears above Hannibal, Mo., overlooking the Mississippi River, and on it stands a bronze life-size statue of two boys.

You probably know these boys. They never lived in the sense that they "felt dawn and saw sunset glow." They dwelt in the pages of books. They are, to those of us who have spent happy hours laughing at them—and perhaps crying a little over them—the eternal symbols of American boyhood.

Tom Sawyer and Huck Finn. What finer memorial could be erected to Mark Twain than this statue of his imperishable characters.

Can it be that you are one of those who have never read Tom and Huck? Never got lost with Tom and Becky in the cave? Never floated down the Mississippi with Huck on a raft? Never laughed at lovable old Aunt Polly

as she tried to discipline the irresponsible Tom? Never listened to Huck's philosophy?

If you have never done these things you are indeed unfortunate. But it is not too late. Read them and never grow old. Read them and go back to the boy paradise, back to the fragrance of locust blossoms on Cardiff Hill, close to the "Father of Waters."

These mischievous boys and their friends are only a few of the countless delightfully entertaining Twain characters whom you will encounter in the pages of his wonderful books.

You live the quaint life of steamboat days and the Far West—you see foreign lands and people through the eyes of the master humorist—you thrill to every wholesome emotion. Mark Twain's versatile mind gave to the world a perfectly balanced library of humor, adventure, philosophy and inspiration.

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Collier's

EDITORIALS



"While the Evil Days Come Not"

IF ANY people at any time in any place had reason to offer thanks for favors enjoyed, our opportunity is at hand. For months and years we have marveled at our own prosperity.

Our material standard of living is high beyond comparison.

When the flood tide of prosperity began to pour upon us there was talk about the silk shirts of laborers, the silk stockings of their wives, and the motor cars of artisans.

Quickly that time of wonderment passed and we knew that it was good for all to share in the comforts and luxuries.

We are getting accustomed to being the richest of all nations. We pat ourselves upon the back and say that what we have we earned by intelligence and industry.

We have much and we enjoy much because we are adventurous and ambitious. We wanted to be rich and we are fulfilling our desire.

History will give us credit for that. A lazy people could not have reached the pinnacle of luxury attained in our country. A war-like race could not have created the civilization we enjoy. A stupid people could not have unlocked the rich treasures of nature stored in our land.

We did it surpassing well. Admit it. But is that all? Have we nothing except ourselves to thank for our good fortune?

Sit down quietly and think it over during this season devoted formally to thanksgiving.

Even though we confess our unprecedented virtue, intelligence and industry, if we look around, we may still admit that we have benefited by the breaks

in the game of life. Time and chance have favored us.

Nature has been generous to us. Our prosperity comes from fertile land, prolific mines, navigable rivers, hospitable shore lines and remoteness from Europe and Asia.

For which of these things are we responsible?

Who of us planted coal and iron in the mountains? Who fertilized the soil so that America might feed hundreds

of millions with the produce of her plantations? Who laid out the courses of our rivers—the Mississippi, the Columbia, the Hudson?

Millions of years before our most remote human ancestor was shuffling his uncertain way across the face of the earth the great processes of nature were at work, creating a continent which future generations were to hail as a promised land.

Great trees buried in prehistoric swamps made during millions of years the Appalachian coal deposits. That coal, hidden so long, became the key to a new and easier way of life. We have the wit to use it, but who laid it down?

In other epochs, long before man appeared, the basis of petroleum was laid and in the fullness of time the mind of man put gasoline to work in engines. As a nation we took to automobiles and we filled our roads with twenty millions of them. We invented airplanes and some of us use them. But behind these great human achievements lie great lakes of oil, deposits of mineral and other essential elements for which no one of us is responsible.

Whatever your church or creed think of this.

Thanksgiving Day is an American festival, as native to our experience as the Fourth of July itself.

In time of poverty and hardship beyond our imagining, the New England settlers paused to render thanks to God. Measured by our standards, they had little except life itself — and that was none too safe — but they gave thanks for what they had.

At the climax of the Civil War, Abraham Lincoln set aside the day we now celebrate as a time of national thanksgiving.

The sacrifices of a war between brothers were all but ended and for the peace and reconciliation for which he longed the Great Emancipator gave thanks.

Surely we have not moved beyond the need of approaching with reverence and with thanksgiving Him who created the world and whose thought is realized in the infinite richness and mystery of the earth we inhabit.

