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The Horseshoe Nails

*Though you may not believe it
great wealth can be acquired by
system but romance just happens*

A new novel
by **GEORGE
WESTON**

A SMALLER firm—a cheaper firm—might have had their Editorial and Statistical Department tucked away in any odd hole or corner. But, with one exception, there was nothing small about Trevelyn, Welles & Co., Investments; and, with that same exception, there was certainly nothing cheap.

They had two floors, for instance, overlooking Trinity churchyard, and although the Editorial and Statistical Department didn't exactly have the location of honor, nevertheless Val Willoughby could sit at his desk and watch the pigeons in the belfry of old Trinity whenever he felt that feathers would be a welcome change from finance, or—leaning over—he could look at the grass growing between the tombstones whenever he felt that growing grass (even in such a place) would be a happy change from the stuff of which statistics are made.

And that afternoon particularly he had felt in almost constant need of such a change.

FOR one thing it had been the first warm day of spring. During the lunch hour more than one straw hat had appeared on Broadway—white violets in a bosky dell—and crowds had gathered here and there to watch aerial gardeners paint the lilies—if you can imagine steeple jacks being gardeners and flagstuffs taking the place of flowers.

"Do you mind if I open the window?" said Val, turning to old Goggles, who sat facing him at the other side of the double desk.

"... If it doesn't blow the papers," said Goggles, hastily placing paperweights where they would do the most good.

So Val opened the window, and a balmy breeze came stealing in—one of

those deceptive breezes like the mild wines of which historians tell us—bland, sweet wines which were consumed in all innocence but soon had power to stir the memory to old dreams—dreams of money enough, so you never had to worry any more; dreams of victorious adventure and conflict; of bowered roads and whispering rivers; of the buzz of bees in apple-blossoms; of ships intent on foreign shores; of breakers creaming in the moonlight—dreams, if you like, with a dozen, a hundred stanzas, but after each verse always the same haunting chorus: breathless yet wistful lines expressing the thought:

"Oh, love, wherever you are, I'll soon be with you—"

Val, of course, was only vaguely conscious of his dreaming—hardly knew that he sighed when he heard the siren of the departing liner in the river; hardly knew that now and then he hummed Juanita to himself.

*"Then you'll know
who I am," said
the voice. "I'm the
girl who was in
the taxi"*

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"Isn't it a day!" he suddenly exclaimed, drinking new drafts of that deceptive air. "Imagine it out in the country!"

"You were born in the country, weren't you?" asked Goggles.

"Yes," said Val. "Born and raised there. Lived there too, till I left high school."

You mustn't think from this, though, that there was anything bucolic in his appearance—anything like a celluloid collar or a khaki shirt, for instance. Tall, slender, well-dressed—he might have been born on lower Fifth Avenue, except perhaps for a certain eagerness with which he still looked at the world, except perhaps for a certain warmth of color beneath his skin.

"Had a good job too," he continued, glancing at the clock on old Trinity. "It was only a small bank, but I was assistant to the cashier, and if I'd stayed there—" At that he made a quick gesture of impatience—a gesture which had been growing on him the last month. "But Westfield wasn't big enough for me," he added, his tone slightly mirthful and slightly bitter. "So the cashier gave me a letter to J. Ellison Trevelyn, who did quite a business with the bank, and old J. Ell gave me my 'footing in New York' as he called it, twenty-five dollars a week to start: advancement to depend upon myself—"

AT THAT he tried to laugh a little, but it wasn't altogether unmixed merriment.

"Me," he added—"I was going to be one of the Morgan partners in less than twelve months. And instead of that I've been here a year—just a year today—and do you know what I'm getting now? I'm getting exactly the same as when I first came here. Twenty-five dollars a week! Isn't that a wonderful advancement for an ambitious young financier who came to New York because the opportunities in the country weren't big enough?"

"How old are you?" asked old Goggles, blinking beneath his bushy gray eyebrows.

"Twenty-three," said Val.

"You're young yet."

"That's all right too. But I'm going to be old some day. And then what's going to happen to me if I'm still a clerk?"

"God knows," said Goggles in one of those deeply solemn voices. "I'm over fifty, and I've been here twenty years. I've got a boy just finishing high school and a girl who enters next year. And you know how much I'm getting, don't you? I'm getting thirty-five."

"A dirty shame too, if you ask me," said Val, glancing at the clock again. "Here we are—averaging thirty a week between us. And see that new building over there? The bricklayers are drawing down sixteen dollars a day—and the plasterers are getting sixty-five dollars for a five-day week. Why, the commonest, cheapest laborers are better paid than we are; and here we keep plugging along—hundreds of thousands of us—like an army of donkeys, except that we haven't spirit enough left to kick!"

Old Goggles listened to that with a slightly ruminative air, as though recognizing a tune which he had sometimes sung to himself in days gone by.

"What are you going to do about it?" he asked then.

"I'm going to see J. Ellison at half past four," said Val with a note of defiance in his voice. "I wrote him last night asking for five minutes of his time. And I'm going to remind him of what he said about advancement."

Old Goggles goggled at that in right good earnest.

"You'll get the bounce," he said.

"All right," said Val. "Then I'll get the bounce. But before I'll spend the rest of my life like this—!"

He made another of his impatient gestures then—such a gesture as a prisoner might make in indicating the walls of his cell—and a few minutes later (the

clock on old Trinity warning him that his hour had come) he arose from his desk and marched down the corridor which led to the front of the building. At the end of the hall he stopped at a door which was lettered "J. Ellison Trevelyn." This, he knew, was only the door of the outer defenses; and, knocking gently, he entered and found himself face to face with a serious-eyed secretary who listened to his story and then spoke softly into the telephone. . . .

"Mr. Trevelyn will see you," she murmured then. "Please knock and wait for an answer."

Frowning at himself for the feeling of nervousness which was rising within him, Val walked over to the inner door.

Rap! Rap! Rap!

There were a few moments of silence and then "Come!" said a dignified voice inside.

It was one of those quietly impressive rooms—this private office of Mr. Trevelyn's. There was a mantelpiece in it, for instance—an antique of sandstone in which one caught glimpses of cherubs' heads with wings instead of ears—a mantel surmounted by a painted portrait of a Revolutionary gentleman with one of those commanding noses which seem to grow longer and longer with age, until they are almost faintly reminiscent of pump handles. Looking at this portrait, and then at the dignified gentleman in the flesh who sat at the desk below it, you would probably have noticed a family resemblance—the same lofty brow, you might have thought; the same frosty glance, perhaps, and certainly the same commanding nose.

"Well?" said Mr. Trevelyn in a voice which matched his glance.

"I DON'T know whether you remember me," began Val, feeling like a fool for gulping, "but a year ago I brought you a letter of introduction from the cashier of the bank where I had worked, and you were good enough—that is, you gave me a job here—"

"Well?" said Trevelyn.

"Twenty-five dollars a week," continued Val, beginning to feel his non-importance with sickening certainty, "that is, to start. Twenty-five to start—and advancement later."

"Yes?"

"I've been here a year today, and as I'm still getting twenty-five, I thought I'd drop in and speak to you—to remind you of the advancement. I know you are one of the busiest men in New York," he concluded, beginning to get his wind back, "but, as I think you will

realize, the matter is not without importance to me."

Mr. Trevelyn nodded, ponderously and with dignity; and when he had finished nodding his nose seemed to nod once more, as though for good measure.

"Quite so," he said. "You have been here a year, you say?"

"Yes, sir," said Val, with a touch of eagerness. "A year today."

"Then you are familiar with the fact that all matters of employment and—er—salaries should be taken up with the office manager, Mr. Healy. Why have you come to me?"

"Because I came to you in the first place," said Val, not too eager. "And because—well, because of your promise of advancement. Mr. Healy might know nothing of that."

The girl suddenly seized her escort's stick and swung it down with all her might on the bandit's wrist



Again Mr. Trevelyn nodded—and again his nose seemed to nod once more.

"True," he said; and with a glance at the portrait over the mantel he added, "I do not pretend to remember the exact words which I used when I first saw you; but if the matter of advancement

was broached, it was probably stated something like this: that your advancement depended upon yourself—"

"Yes, sir!" said Val, all eagerness again. "And I've worked like a horse, Mr. Trevelyn—a willing horse, you know. Twice a week I'm here till six o'clock, and sometimes half past six—"

"But hours have nothing to do with it," said Mr. Trevelyn, calmly interrupting. "As a general rule, those who work the shortest hours draw the largest pay. No, Mr.—Mr.—"

"Mr. Willoughby."

"Thank you. No, Mr. Willoughby. Hours have nothing whatever to do with the question. The amount of a man's salary depends upon his replacement value. Naturally. If I need your services, for instance, and cannot replace

them for less than fifty dollars a week, then I will pay you fifty dollars a week. Gladly. Or a hundred. Or five hundred a week, even, if I cannot get necessary work done at lower cost. But Mr. Healy tells me that if you leave tonight he can get a dozen young men tomorrow any one of whom will be able to do your work and who will be willing to do it for twenty-five dollars a week."

"He thinks so—"

"And I think so. Regretfully. Nothing would please me better than to know that you had raised your replacement value to a hundred dollars a week; but if you have failed to do this, the fault—if any—is yours, and cannot be placed on any other—er—shoulders."

He picked up his pen then, and drew a number of letters toward him.

"Tell Miss Johnson I would like to see her. Immediately," he said. "I have given you all the time that I can spare."

VAL was walking back to his office at the other end of the corridor—walking slowly and mournfully too, if the truth be told, as though to the wordless measures of Mr. Mendelssohn's Funeral March, when a door suddenly opened and a brisk little man appeared—one of those capable, alert little men who never seem to grow older than forty, and who sometimes look as though they had been born with perfect creases in their trousers and pearl pins in their ties. This was Mr. Healy, the office manager, familiarly known as Spot among the clerks—partly perhaps because he was always there and partly, too, because in

the quickness of his step he might have once reminded one of Trevelyn-Welles' young gentlemen of a sharp fox-terrier who was always looking for rats.

"Aha!" said he, stopping in front of Val as quickly

as he did everything else. "You've seen Mr. Trevelyn?"

"Yes, sir."

"Good. He spoke to me about you. You're satisfied now?"

"At least I'm glad I've seen him," said Val—though his voice didn't fit his words.

"So am I," said Mr. Healy quickly. "But please don't bother him again. Another thing; I've noticed that when a man asks for a raise and doesn't get it, he sometimes lays down on his job—a circumstance which I always regard as equivalent to a resignation. I hope there'll be none of that in this case."

Even while Val was slightly frowning at this, he couldn't keep back a measure of grudging admiration for the efficiency of this busy little man whose business it was to keep everybody else busy—to keep all the galley slaves swinging in time to the rhythm which he played upon his wooden drum.

"Don't worry," said Val. "As long as I'm here, I shall do what I ought to do."

"A very wise decision," nodded Mr. Healy; and suddenly turning he whisked back into his office as quickly as he had emerged, and Val resumed his mournful march to the Editorial and Statistical Department at the other end of the corridor.

"Well?" asked Goggles as soon as Val had returned to his desk.

"Nothing doing," said Val in a voice which can only be described as sepulchral.

"You didn't get the bounce, though?"

"No—but I felt it teetering."

Evidently he didn't want to say more, so old Goggles left him alone; and presently Val arose and went to the mailing-room on the floor above where the cur-

rent issue of The Week in Wall Street: Forecast and Review was being slipped into addressed envelopes by a line of bright-eyed girls, most of whose tongues could work as fast as their fingers. Every Wednesday evening nearly eight thousand of these Weeks in Wall Street were mailed, and it was one of Val's duties to see that none of the addresses were skipped by bright-eyed girls who wished to get away early and have an evening on Broadway instead. So with one thing and another, it was half past six before he finally left the office and started for his boarding house uptown.

HE DECIDED to take the elevated, and, perhaps because the subject of clerks had been in his mind so much that afternoon, he looked around at the other passengers to see what he could see.

They were all there that evening, the old familiar faces: the belated office boy frowning with concentration at the comic strip in the evening paper; the woman in dark-rimmed spectacles who must have been clever; the pudgy man who chewed his gum and read the sporting news as though neither pleased him; the traveler with the newly shined shoes who guarded them against all comers; the sociologists who made a study of domestic conditions as seen through upper windows; the sour man; the dour man; the woman with common-sense heels and common-sense features; the man with the shiny coat collar who needed a hair cut; the woman who showed her ears; the woman who didn't; the man in the polished serge which had grown too tight for him—

"Clerks, all right," Val told himself. "Getting on in years too, quite a few—getting almost too old for the galleys. Yes, sir, even the stenographers look old. . . . I suppose the young ones hold out for jobs where they leave early, but the old ones have to take what they can get. . . ."

Not particularly cheerful thinking, as you will see, and when he finally left the elevated at Fiftieth Street and made his way west to Mrs. Murcote's boarding house the street had never seemed so dirty, nor the children so noisy, nor the houses quite so shabby as they did that night.

"As long as you think you're only

Illustrated by
JOHN H.
CROSMAN

There was a shot, a sudden warm sting on Val's cheek, and the next moment the gun fell to the sidewalk, rattling under the cab

here temporarily," Val thought, "I guess you don't mind. But when you begin to wonder if you're here for the rest of your life—"

Dinner was nearly over when he entered the dining-room at Mrs. Murcote's and most of the boarders had already gone upstairs. There were a few left, though, and, by that perversity of circumstances which seems to haunt us all at times, the boarders who were still at the tables weren't exactly calculated to raise a despondent spirit. Old Mr. Moody, who had been in business for himself but now sold paint on commission whenever he could—he was there: a stout old boy with an irascible manner whose ears moved when he (Continued on page 28)



Pascual Diaz, refugee Mexican bishop

UP IN New York the Rev. Pascual Diaz (who is a Mexican Indian, the Bishop of Tabasco, a religious refugee from his native land, and the mouthpiece of the Catholics of Mexico) confidently asserts, "the Church will win."

From the National Palace down in the City of Mexico comes the stubborn answer of President Plutarco Elias Calles, "I will not yield," and in the meantime, according to the government's own carefully censored reports, while millions of black-shawled, patient women are praying in the abandoned churches, the federal troops are daily waging bloody battle in many parts of the far-flung republic against bands of armed natives on whose banners are emblazoned the portentous words, "Long Live Christ, Our King."

This is by no means a pleasant picture to contemplate. A religious war is repugnant, abhorrent, to the civilized mind. The sacred name of the Prince of Peace should not be written on the standards of an armed host of illiterates who know not what they do. And yet behind it all there may lie a meaning which is of more importance even than the controversy itself.

Ten million fairly intelligent, receptive, but illiterate people are suddenly waking up. Unfortunately this awakening is being mainly brought about by a quarrel between their civil and spiritual rulers.

But in the end, even though, as is highly probable, a revolution occurs, the results obtained are quite likely to prove beneficial to the masses of the Mexican people.

This present generation may have to pay a heavy price for the heritage it will leave to the coming one. Such is history.

Let Mexico Alone

IF, HOWEVER, through his awakening of today, the Mexican peon of tomorrow comes into a realization of his power, and grasps the idea that he is not entirely subservient either to his church or to the will of an "intellectual minority" in the City of Mexico, there is no telling what the next twenty years will bring forth in that country.

Mexico's real problem, regardless of all the inspired oratory in regard to the protection of the American dollar abroad, regardless of all of the high-power editorial dicta on the subject

of Bolshevism which have been recently squandered in this country, has all the appearance of being internal and not external.

Practically every informed person with whom I talked during my recent tour of the troubled republic told me that such was the case. Many officials, both American and Mexican, and some of them so exalted that they should know what they are talking about, assured me that Mexico is facing a serious crisis, and one actually expressed a definite opinion as to what the United States ought to do about it.

It was midnight. The American diplomat with whom I had been dining and I stood on the edge of the sidewalk in an interesting old Mexican city. A brilliant moon in a night-



Ewing Galloway
The Aztec god of war, discovered in 1790

blue tropical sky cast the shadows from the twin towers of an ancient cathedral across the deserted plaza in front of us.

"It's a magnificent country, isn't it?" said the diplomat.

"It is," I replied.

"And yet," went on the official gentleman, "experience and observation lead me to believe that we have just one duty to perform in regard to it."

"And that is—?"

"Get out of it and give these people a chance. They are pulling at the leash right now, and we ought to get out, leave Mexico alone for five years at least, re-

fuse to recognize any government whatever, let American capital take care of itself—it can do it all right, don't worry about that—quit meddling with its internal affairs and allow the country to work out its own salvation."

"In other words," I said—because from previous conversations I thought I knew the reasoning that lay behind this diplomat's unselfish conclusion—"you believe that we ought to wash our hands of this whole unclean, indecent mess, which represents, as you said a while ago, a wild scramble for the wealth of the country, and let the Mexican people, to whom the wealth belongs, protect themselves—if they are able to do so."

"Yes, but that's only part of it. The rest of it is that the natives have a quarrel on hand between their church and their government which sooner or later has to be settled and with which it is none of our business to interfere."

And although it is very hard to agree with the statement that we should abandon the country, and allow it, probably, to indulge in another revolution, the suggestion none the less brings up Mexico's greatest and most perplexing problem—the Mexican people: what will they do with their government and their religion?

Perhaps less than three years ago, ten million out of less than fifteen million Mexicans had never worn shoes, nor cared particularly whether they wore shoes or not, neither could they read nor write, and neither were they very deeply interested in plans for educating them and putting them to work.

But President Calles and his associates have done things to the country which, in a cumulative way, have to a greater or a lesser degree affected and interested every Mexican in Mexico. Briefly let us see what these things are.

First, President Calles accepted the support of and gave his encouragement to the Labor party, which, with Secretary Louis H. Morones at its head, functions somewhat after the manner of a loosely constructed and wobbly federation of labor and has TWO MILLION adherents. This is by far the strongest popular political organization Mexico has ever had.

Second comes President Calles' agrarian policy, through which the provisions of the Constitution, calling for the distribution of lands to the people, have been more rigidly carried out than ever before.

Naturally this interested the large owners, whose properties were confiscated, to such an extent that they are highly antagonistic to the government. While, on the other hand, although it was undoubtedly well intentioned and has affected a great number of people, it has aroused no industrial enthusiasm on the part of the natives and has actually brought about a decrease instead of an increase in the cultivated acreage.

To such an extent is this true that Mexico, a land which is easily capable of raising enough of nearly everything to feed this entire continent, has this year removed the import duty from wheat in order to secure enough of this cereal to supply its own people.

Third, the Department of Education has come directly in contact with the masses of the people through its actual endeavors (again well intentioned and again little appreciated) to provide the country with a system of good, free public schools.

Fourth—and as a cataclysmic stroke which went at once into almost every home in Mexico—came the edicts or decrees of last July in regard to the Catholic Church.

For or Against Calles

AND now, as the combined result of these four governmental measures, ALL the people of Mexico, regardless of their financial status, their barefoot condition or their degree of illiteracy, seem to be at last aware of the fact that their central government is a force with which they must reckon and which must reckon with them.

For the first time in the history of their country the Mexican people are beginning to understand the meaning of the word "organization." This is a novel situation—novel, because it is doubtful if in any single one of the glorious revolutions which have been staged in Mexico since 1910 there have



When Mexico mobilizes the whole family goes along with the warriors