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# Collier's

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# Twin Wives

By ARTHUR  
SOMERS  
ROCHE

*When the curtain  
rose Eleanor's ap-  
prehension had be-  
come strangely  
magnified*

*"And so they  
were married"  
—but were they?*

TESSIE CURWOOD shook her opulent blond curls. The string of uncut emeralds about her fleshy throat suggested something more than mere solvency. Upon one substantial shoulder glittered a circle of diamonds; one arm—the arm with which she gestured more frequently—was a solid mass of gems for five inches above the wrist. Kaffirs had sweated, armed camps had been maintained at Kimberley, Orientals had chattered, great liners had been greeted by scores of defectives, strikes had been quelled, investors had been bilked, affairs of state had been made subservient to the machinations of stock gamblers, and all that Tessie Curwood should advertise the cost of her winning.

Stripped, begauded and painted, too fat, too coquettish, she made eyes now at Dean Carey. That affluent bosom rose and fell with counterfeit emotion. She made Eleanor Sanver think of a fat-breasted but barren pigeon, perched upon a cornice, promising seductions

that would never be fulfilled.

Sterile! Of wit, of understanding, of the gentler things of the heart, and of those children whom her luxurious body should have borne—barren! How did Rannie Curwood endure her, with her affectation of a lisp, her selfishness, her aimlessness? Good old Rannie, who sat inconspicuously back in the box, and whose eyes flickered with pride at the mouthings and gesturings of the woman whom he had five years ago tremblingly led to the altar. Didn't Rannie know how utterly worthless Tessie was? Didn't he realize that the only place he occupied in Tessie's life was that of the provider of emeralds, of yachts, and of Palm Beach villas?

WAS that everything that a man required of a woman? When the first flush of passion had ebbed, was a man satisfied with a sign-post pointing at

his material success? Didn't he want children and sympathy and someone who sometimes shared and did not always take?

Right now the papers were filled with Rannie. True, they spoke harshly of Tessie's husband; said that he was responsible for certain turmoils in Latin America; but at least there was something big about Rannie's ruthless financial forays into far-off lands. No mere captain of industry, Rannie, but a field marshal.

And Tessie Curwood, married to a man who was, for all his good humor, a feudal baron reborn, was content to play a minor part in Curwood's life. Eleanor, leaning back in the comfort of the upholstered chair, cynically

Contents  
on  
Page 48



appraised Mrs. Curwood. Five years ago she had been slim and graceful, and the shallowness of her blue eyes had not been so obvious. Apparently she had been in love with Randolph Curwood, and people who knew her had felt that his fifteen years' seniority would tend to balance her flightiness. But she had never comprehended her husband, never known what he was all about. She flaunted a beauty already slightly shop-worn before every attractive man. Lord, if her coquetties had meaning, were anything more than the preening of a bird, Eleanor would appreciate and condone. But Tessie would not permit a man even to touch her hand. She simply cheapened Rannie by the implication of promises which she didn't even make.

Even now, with Eleanor's marriage scheduled for tomorrow, Tessie was adopting that proprietary manner toward Dean that she used whenever she met an attractive man. Not that she was doing anything really harmful. It was simply that Tessie seemed always to subordinate her marriage to something trivial. Eleanor wasn't jealous. Dean adored her; of that there could be not even a doubt inspired by modesty. She was, she assured herself, appraising Tessie not as an individual but a type. Marriage should be so important; the union of a man and a woman should be something more than the joining of them together by church and state. It should be a merging, an enveloping, an inextricable mingling of two identities so that they became one. Neither should ever give the other cause to blush in shame or even faint embarrassment.

"Tessie'll steal your young man," chuckled Rannie.

She made a properly inane reply and sat farther back in her chair. She shrugged faintly. What a lot of pity she'd wasted on Rannie! Evidently he didn't think he had been cheated, defrauded; he rightfully considered himself a hugely successful business man who always knew what he wanted and got it. Perhaps men didn't want much from their wives. Perhaps this spiritual blending for which she craved was impossible to mortals. And yet, for her at least, nothing else could be durable.

SHE leaned forward slightly now, appraising Dean with the same cool detachment with which she had measured and weighed Tessie.

Good-looking; no doubt of that: the widely spaced gray eyes; the determined brows; the unruly brown hair; the strong, prominent nose; the thin ascetic lips that could surprisingly twist in a whimsical grin; the firm chin; these above a tall, athletic body distinguished him in any gathering. Gentle, courageous, well-mannered, thoughtful—he was all of these. And as to his brilliance of intellect there could be no question. A success at the bar, he had made a record for himself as assistant district attorney. He had resigned to accept the chair of international law at a local university.

He had taken this measure to remove himself from the turmoil of city politics. For he was inevitably the next gubernatorial candidate of his party, and the party leaders wished to produce him suddenly from cloistered retirement. Shrewd men of affairs such as Rannie had told her that there was no doubt as to Dean's nomination and election. He was only thirty-two. In a few years, after a couple of terms at Albany, there would come a residence in Washington, where Dean would serve in the Senate, and after that—who knew?

She felt a tingling of elation. To take part in great affairs, to be the wife of a man who was rich—though

that didn't matter much; her father had been the Rannie Curwood of the last generation—who would inevitably be distinguished, and whose distinction would be of affairs, not mere trading, was a prospect that blinded her now as it had blinded her a hundred times before.

But through the blindness came, as they had come as often as the blindness had overtaken her, letters of light which formed the warning, "But you don't love him."

Her father patted her hand. "Nervous, Eleanor?"

She squeezed his fingers reassuringly. What a darling old daddy! Between him and her existed more than the bond of blood; there were spiritual ties along which, like the current along telegraph wires, ran intercommunication. He knew when she was distraught. And yet she could always lie to him, and because he loved her he would believe her and refuse credence to the unspoken truth.

"Why, of course not," she replied.

He nodded toward Dean.

"If I'd picked him myself, I couldn't approve more highly."

AS THOUGH he heard their whispers, Carey glanced past the nodding, smiling face of Tessie Curwood. Into his gray eyes came that light of love which seemed to melt his austere reserve, denying utterly the thin asceticism of his lips. Eleanor smiled gently at him. She tried to bring to her glance a fervor to match his own.

"Everything forgotten?" her father whispered.

She gave to him a bland smile that would have deceived herself had she been able to see it.

"Don't be silly," she chided.

Once again he patted her hand, the spoken lie having convinced him against the evidence of senses beyond the recognized five.

She shut her eyes. The rustle and bustle and nervous coughing of the expectant audience were unheard by her. Memory lifted her from the right-hand stage box of New York's newest theatre and made a mock of time and space. Her lips burned from kisses that were only less eager than the kisses she gave in return. Young arms crushed her; she felt the tumultuous beating of a heart whose throbbing almost matched the crashing of her own. She heard whispers of love undying which were drowned by her own protestations.

If he had only been worthy! If he had been able to match her sacrifice with an equal abnegation! But he hadn't. He'd been afraid of her father's rage and his own poverty. And the vows had been disclaimed and the embraces renounced, and wise young love had listened to the cautious advice of folly.

And her blessed old daddy thought that she had forgotten Phil. Her fingers twisted a wispy bit of handkerchief until it was pencil-like. Forgotten? She could never forget. Devil take the cynics who jeered at young love, who quoted Shakespeare, who seemed to think, as did the Curwoods, that love had nothing to do with the realities of life. Or perhaps she was unjust; perhaps people like the Curwoods didn't think this way. Perhaps love never entered their lives, and so they were satisfied with the quick-dying flames of passion.

Forgotten? When she went to Dean's arms it would be the clasp of Phil that she would feel; when Dean's lips pressed hers she would be kissing the mouth of Phil.

What a rotter she was! And yet she had been partly honest. She had told Dean that she didn't love him as he had a right to expect that his wife would love him. She had confessed to him

that once she had cared for a man and that she could never hope to care in the same way again.

She opened her eyes and looked at Dean. The lights in the theatre had been turned down now, the footlights had been switched on, and the curtain was rising. Nevertheless she could see Dean's clean-cut profile, and a smile of pitying affection flickered on her lips.

What dear blunderers decent, fine men were so apt to be. Her daddy, who, for all his spiritual nearness, could not understand; Dean, who for all his professional and political sagacity, could repeat to her the old, old formula, "when you belong to me I'll make you love me."

No intuition warned dear Dean that the loveless bride nearly always remains the loveless wife, that the silver of affection such as she possessed for Dean could never be transmuted into the gold of love. Not that she wouldn't try; not that she hadn't tried. But all the effort in the world cannot produce love. Not all the worthiness in the world can induce more than affectionate respect.

Oh, she'd be a good sportswoman. She would pretend that this affection of hers had become passionate love. She would be tender and faithful, would bear him children, would repay with all the currency she had the debt created by his love. But it would all be counterfeit currency.

Nevertheless she would not fail to profess that the coin was truly minted. The honest coin of her love had been offered to one too weak to hold such heavy metal. Nowhere in the world would she find a man who would better fill the place of second choice to Phil than Dean. And perhaps—this was the impelling reason—marriage to Dean might ease the dreadful ache that she had endured for four years. Dean loved her so devotedly that his ardor might prove an unguent to her bruised heart. She couldn't marry for love; she might as well marry for those other reasons which seem to inspire most matches. And, anyway, why thrash the matter out again in her harassed mind? Whether or not her motives were ignobly unjust to Dean no longer mattered. She had yielded to two years of persistent courtship. The engagement had been announced; the marriage was set for tomorrow.

It was too late to withdraw now. Up to a month ago the engagement might have been dissolved. But to permit any momentary hysteria to defer the ceremony now would be an irrecoverable blow to Dean. The press would gossip,



*As the doctor departed to fetch a nurse, Eleanor fell on her knees beside the bed*



the public would speculate, and the politicians would purse their lips. Dean's political career—next to herself the most precious thing in his life—might be ruined. A man who had already achieved much in public life could live down a scandal worse than being jilted at the altar, but such a thing might mar permanently a career just at its beginning.

She shook her head impatiently. Why speculate on such absurdities? She was going to marry Dean in the morning; she was going to try to forget Phil; she was going to be a loyal wife. That was that. Now she would pay attention to the play.

Zogbaum had opened his newest theatre amid a blare of publicity such as had accompanied no previous opening in the history of the American theatre. Persons of prominence had deferred their winter trips to the Riviera, to Egypt or to Florida in order that they might make the petty boast that they had seen the curtain rise upon Zogbaum's première.

From the opening scene it was obvious that the producer had outdone his most lavish previous spectacle. The most magnificent scenic effects, the most tuneful music that a popular composer could summon

from his facile brain, the merriest comedians and—above all—the most beautiful girls.

New York had become calm of pulse to Zogbaum's chorus girls. It expected much and was accustomed to receiving its expectations in brimming measure. But tonight even the most thrill-hardened gasped at the array of beauty that Zogbaum spilled wastefully upon the stage.

"Not too much admiration, Carey," chuckled Rannie Curwood. "You're going to be married tomorrow, and you'd better reserve that eager eye for Eleanor. Anyway, peaches as they are, there isn't one in the bunch that touches tomorrow's Mrs. Carey."

DEAN turned and looked at his fiancée.

"Such a statement is so superfluous that no answer is required. Nevertheless," he went on with that judicial impartiality which always tickled Eleanor, "there's a girl at the end of the line who is almost as pretty as you are, Eleanor."

The only flaw in Dean's character was that in an effort to be judicial he frequently forgot his sense of humor. Still, it was a trait that made Eleanor feel almost maternally toward him.

She stared at the girl designated by Dean. She was pretty; more than that, she had that indefinable air which is mistakenly taken as an indication of breeding, but which really is an indication of character. But still more than this she had: were it not for the fact that her hair was blond, while Eleanor's was black, they might have been,

these two—one of whom was a chorus girl and the other was to be the most fashionable bride of a season—twin sisters.

Eleanor wondered that the others didn't see this amazing resemblance. "She looks exactly like me," she said.

But the others, oddly, didn't agree with her. She laughed off her statement with an affectation of a pout. "She's prettier than I am, and you're all impolite enough not to admit we're alike."

But the others had already forgotten the chorus girl in their delight at a comedian's antics. Strange, she told herself, that the others couldn't see the likeness. Strange, that her acceptance of it should be accompanied by a queer apprehension.

She hardly saw the scenes—the performance was that glorified vaudeville which is termed a revue—in which the girl who resembled her took no part. It was rather uncanny, this seeing oneself in a rôle entirely foreign to one's character, inclination and upbringing. For, whether or not the others saw the similarity, Eleanor Sanver became more impressed with it at each reappearance of the chorus girl.

It was more, she told herself, than a physical likeness. The girl's movements, the way she used her hands, the set of her head upon her neck—all these things conspired to add to the eeriness of the likeness.

"Sure nothing is on your mind?" asked her father.

She smiled at him.

"Not a thing in the world, Daddy Tom," she assured him.

Then impishly she nodded toward the chorus girl, who was now close to their box. Then she looked at her father, raised her eyebrows questioning-

ly, and pursed her lips in unuttered implication.

Tom Sanver grinned delightedly. One of those rare creatures, a one-woman man, he had been faithful to Eleanor's mother throughout their brief married life and steadfastly loyal to her memory since her death. But he rejoiced in flattering insinuations that his career had been cast among the ladies. His denials of such innuendos were always feeble and accompanied by a show of mock embarrassment, as now, when he pretended to be flustered.

"Eleanor, you're a bad girl," he chuckled.

"Why not? I have a b-a-d daddy," she retorted. "She even has your trick of glancing sidewise."

The descent of the curtain on the first act and the entrance into their box of acquaintances, friends and sycophants anxious to pay court to an active financier, a retired magnate, a rising politician, an established hostess, and the season's reigning beauty, cut short the exchange between father and daughter.

WHEN the curtain rose again that vague apprehension, which had suddenly intruded into Eleanor's mind at first sight of the girl, had become strangely magnified, so that she did not care to comment further on the likeness.

Now what on earth was the matter with her? she asked herself. Suppose the girl looked as much like herself as one new penny looked like another? There was nothing in this to cause a sane person uneasiness, nothing to make a normal person feel that something untoward was in the wind. Moreover, she was quite alone in her recognition of the resemblance. This in itself proved that she was in a highly nervous condition. Probably all girls who (Continued on page 32)

"I promise you this: the minute you leave me I'll tear the bandage off my arm." "I'm married, Phil," she pleaded. "That's why I want to die," he told her

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JULES  
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# Are we all Liars?

An interview

"I WONDER if we are degenerating into a nation of liars. Within the past two years I have disposed of more than 1,500 cases involving liquor violations in the federal courts of the Eastern District of North Carolina and in the Southern District of New York—New York City.

"Thousands of citizens from every walk of life have appeared before me and given testimony under oath.

"I believe that seven of every ten defendants who testified perjured themselves, and I believe the same ratio holds with regard to their witnesses.

"Not only does the manufacturer, the vender and runner of illicit liquor lie shamelessly to protect himself, his friends volunteer in court to sustain him in his reprehensible methods of escape."

The speaker was Federal Judge Isaac M. Meekins of Elizabeth City, North Carolina. He had just disposed of one of the greatest rum-conspiracy cases ever turned up by the United States Government and was sitting in his chambers in the United States Court building on Broadway and Park Row, New York City, discouraged and heart-sick.

He had sentenced the leaders of the conspiracy to various terms in federal prison. Defenders of Volsteadism throughout the country were about to deluge him with letters and telegrams of congratulation, saying: "Give us more judges like Meekins and the Volstead Act can be enforced."

"Never in this world will more judges like me, no matter how hard they try, solve the problem that confronts us with regard to the enforcement of the Volstead Act—it will take more than judges to do that," he declared sadly after having sentenced those convicted in the great rum-conspiracy case.

"The United States," says Judge Meekins, who has followed the ramifications of the illicit liquor business from the very backwoods of rural North Carolina to the teeming docks and warehouses of the country's great metropolis, "is involved in the greatest war, foreign or domestic, in its history, and I am convinced that we are facing defeat in this war if we do not assume the offensive without further quibbling and delay.

## War to the Death

"IN MY opinion there are only two ways in which we can possibly win the war for law enforcement. The first one is to prosecute the war with vigorous determination to win it; the other way is the way of strategy.

"In order to win through a vigorous offensive it is necessary first for the people of the United States to make up their minds that they WANT to win the war. Then they should demand that their Congress appropriate sufficient funds, no matter how great the strain upon the national resources of the country, to provide the means to enforce the Eighteenth Amendment to the Constitution. A mere gesture toward enforcement means complete failure.

"The present breakdown which I feel has come upon the country with regard to enforcement of the Volstead Act is due largely to the fact that when the prohibition people engineered the adoption of the Eighteenth Amendment they fell asleep immediately thereafter. They seemed to be unmindful that in order to enforce such sudden and revolutionary legislation there had to be

back of it a sound and militant public sentiment, ever alert.

"My fear is that the supreme matter has been neglected too long now, and because of the neglect the minority, with regard to Volsteadism in the United States, has become so powerful from the standpoint of influence, to say nothing about numbers, that it has become difficult to obtain from the Congress sufficient appropriations to carry forward a militant public sentiment for enforcement, assuming that the same could be aroused. Therefore, failing to hurl a driving offensive against the enemies of the Eighteenth Amendment, we must inevitably turn to the way of strategy, as I shall point out to you in a moment.

"There sprang up in the United States, almost overnight, immediately after the passage of the Volstead Act, a crime syndicate that not only has thousands of men and women within its organization, and millions of capital at its command, but has the approval and moral support of millions of influential men and women outside of its organization.

"The odds now appear in favor of the syndicate. It is war to the death, and the syndicate asks no quarter and takes no prisoners.

"Moreover, the syndicate declared war upon law enforcement and immediately assumed the offensive. The United States did not declare war on the bootleggers, but the bootleggers on the United States. Think of it!

## And We Stand to Lose

"IT IS war to the death, and I fear, as the situation now appears, that we stand to lose the fight. Volsteadism is not being enforced and the question is, can it be? Certainly not, through present methods."

A great international rum syndicate had operated for six years without molestation. Its ocean-going steamers brought great cargoes of intoxicating

liquors from foreign ports to the United States. Its motor tank trucks, painted to look like oil tanks, distributed this liquor into the interior of the country.

Its activities became so extensive and so brazen in time that it actually landed a \$2,250,000 cargo of liquor, consisting of 45,000 cases of Scotch whisky, 15,000 gallons of alcohol in tanks built specially for its ocean-going steamers, champagne, liquors, etc., in Edgewater, a small New Jersey town, from which the syndicate, by public ferry across the Hudson River, distributed its cargo to its various storage plants in New York City.

In order successfully to carry out the conspiracy the conspirators found it necessary to take a British customs officer prisoner, confine him on their ocean-going steamer, bring him from the Bahama Islands to Edgewater, N. J., detain him at Edgewater under guard until the \$2,250,000 cargo was safely distributed, send him under guard to Miami and then take him by plane back to Nassau. During all this time the prisoner was advised that his guard was instructed to shoot to kill if he attempted escape.

Federal prohibition officers stepped in too late to seize the \$2,250,000 cargo of booze, but they rounded up thirty or more of the conspirators, including the mayor, chief of police and two police detectives of Edgewater, a United States customs officer, and a New York City police-boat patrolman.

The rich backers of the conspiracy had a conference. They decided to turn state's evidence and thereby destroy their co-conspirators, including the local officials of the small New Jersey town (less than 4,000 inhabitants), among whom they had distributed, according to their own confessions, which no one denied at the trial, approximately \$100,000 in bribes.

It had become a fixed policy of the federal courts of New York City that rum runners and bootleggers who turned state's evidence should be only

nominally punished. Imprisonment of such turncoats was not even thought of, but the congestion of the dockets of the federal courts in New York City became so acute in time that the Department of Justice reached down into the South and brought Judge Isaac M. Meekins, of the Eastern District of North Carolina, to New York City to help try rum cases.

Now, in North Carolina old-fashioned ideas of justice prevail. Judge Meekins threw a bomb into the United States District Attorney's office of New York City by sentencing the turncoats to federal prison.

## Let the Republic Beware

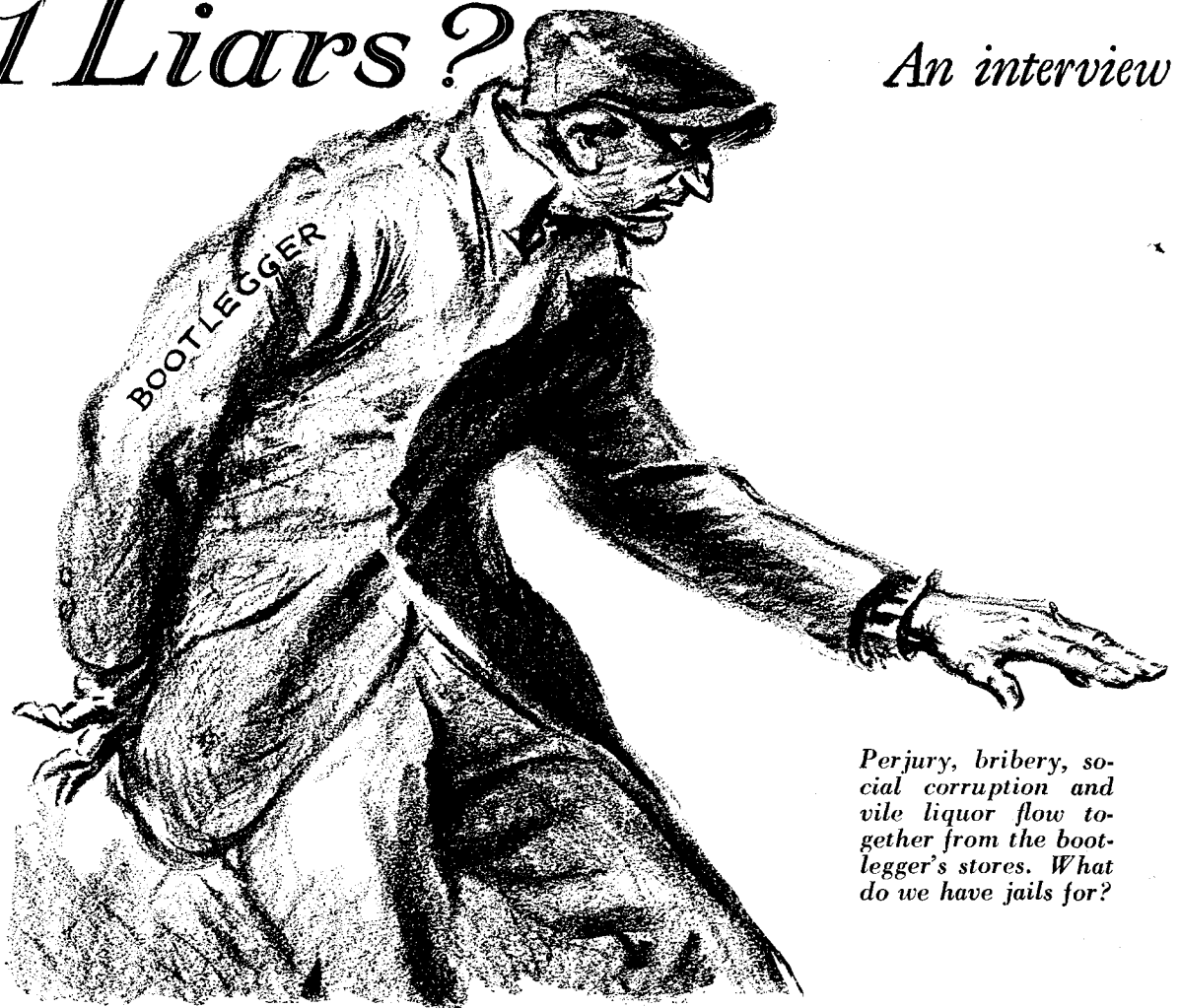
THE district attorney's office raved. How could the government hope to secure convictions in liquor cases if it did not grant immunity to those who turned state's evidence?

"And what does it advantage the government in its prosecution of the liquor traffic," said the judge from North Carolina, "if it sends to prison a little offender, who has been led into mischief by the man higher up, and lets the higher-up man go scot-free?"

Judge Meekins, during his little more than two years on the federal bench, has tried more than 2,000 rum cases in his own district in eastern North Carolina and in New York City. Probably no federal judge in America has had more experience with the rum-selling business or is in better position to observe its extensive ramifications. His courage and forceful methods of dealing with offenders against Volsteadism have raised high the hopes of Anti-Saloon Leaguers and friends of the Volstead Act generally.

But Judge Meekins has no delusions—no fancies flying with painted wings that dazzle and mislead.

"We are involved in the greatest war, foreign or domestic, in our history, and we are outmaneuvered to date by a national syndicate, with powerful in-



Perjury, bribery, social corruption and vile liquor flow together from the bootlegger's stores. What do we have jails for?