

## Louder and Funnier!

By JACK BINNS

**ARNOLD JOHNSON**, one of the jubilant jugglers of jazz who entertain flaming youth and other youthfully inclined listeners of the Red Network during the early night-club hours of broadcasting, is a serious searcher for more systematic syncopation. At the moment he is looking for a skilled bazuka player, because his last one entered the state of matrimony and accepted a degree of domesticity so far as hours are concerned.

Among his group of trained musicians Arnold boasts a cymbalist, a heckelphonist, a mando-bassist, several varieties of balalaikans and a dulcimerist. If the energetic inventors of weird instruments continue at their present pace Arnold will soon be able to show us where jazz is going to take music.

### The "Murderer" Reforms

SOME little time ago the words "I murdered him last night" uttered in gruesome, bloodthirsty tones emanated from a million loud speakers and probably caused more glee than anything else heard over the radio. The confessor of wholesale homicide, who was accorded public acclaim for his nefarious deeds, has become the symbol of the changing times in the development of broadcasting. He is none other than Frank Moulan, erstwhile musical-comedy star, ringleader in Roxy's Gang and now program builder for the largest independent organization engaged in the preparation of radio programs as a commercial enterprise.

Frank is symbolical of the change which is placing responsibility of development work in the hands of experienced showmen and relieving the much harassed amateurs of their hair-raising perplexities. It is a change that will do radio no end of good and ultimately place it where it rightfully belongs in our modern scheme of life.

Frank has been through the gamut of showmanship. He was born in the Greenwich Village section of New York of French-Scottish parents, and began his singing career as a choir boy in Trinity Church. He went on the stage at twenty-one, and in the course of his theatrical career has acquired a repertoire of almost two hundred operas—grand and comic. He brings this wealth of experience to radio. Despite his new labors he still finds time to sing over the microphone once a week. If you would be amused and entertained listen for him some Thursday evening over WABC.

### A Logical Solution

IN ALL of the plans put forward as possible solutions of the broadcasting mess, which Congress bequeathed to radio fans, none has taken the average radio receiver into consideration. Even the plan suggested by the engineers failed in this respect—yet the radio receiver is the fundamental unit in the whole scheme of broadcasting.

More than 90 per cent of the radio receivers in actual use today have two vital characteristics in common, although they may vary in their degree of efficiency. These two factors are high amplification with moderate selectivity at the short-wave end, and high selec-

tivity with moderate amplification at the long-wave end.

The only logical plan for the Radio Commission to adopt is one that allots the highest power to the long-wave stations and then gradually tapers the power of the better stations downward as the wave-length assignment goes downward in the broadcast wave band. In addition to this the spacing of broadcast stations from one another should be closer at the long-wave end where the selectivity of the average radio receiver is good, and wider at the short-wave end where the selectivity is poor.

### Build Them a Beacon

TWO vitally important things were learned from the successful flight of the airplane Bremen from Ireland to Labrador. The epochal flight demonstrated first that commercial aviation from east to west across the Atlantic Ocean needs the aid of a radio beacon and a radio compass; and, second, it gave us a clue to the probable fate of the previous brave efforts that ended in oblivion.

It took the Bremen thirty-four hours to cover approximately the same distance that Alcock and Brown (going in the opposite direction) flew in sixteen hours. The prevailing winds across the Atlantic are westerly. They aid the flyers going to Europe, but seriously retard those coming to America.

The Bremen was a great many miles north of its course. This was undoubtedly due to drift caused by the winds and possible freak deviations of the compass due to magnetic storms as well as proximity to the north magnetic pole. It is reasonable to assume the ill-fated flyers who preceded the Bremen and its intrepid crew experienced the same troubles, with the result that they were forced to continue flying over water against adverse winds until their fuel supply was exhausted.

Radio beam beacons on the east coast of Newfoundland and the west coast of Ireland should be installed so that an invisible pathway of electro-magnetic waves will keep aircraft on their course while flying across. No flight should be attempted in the future by airplane or airship unless the machine is fully equipped with a receiving apparatus capable of registering this beacon, and an independent radio compass that will enable its navigator to keep his course irrespective of the weather.

## The Seven Policemen

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"What I haven't heard is how Camilla could go to a fancy-dress ball in ordinary clothes."

"Oh! She didn't, sir. We called at my studio on the way, and I fitted her up with a Japanese kimono, which she left behind with Mrs. Gurdon. That was how I knew she'd gone. I'm terribly afraid she'll be vexed. If you could—"

"The fact is, you've not called to apologize to me. You've called to get me to make your peace with Camilla."

"No, no, sir. Both, sir."

"You're a painter?"

"Yes, sir. You may have seen—"

"I haven't."

Mr. Cecil Glasper was touched and uplifted. For he divined that he was assisting at a romance. Septimus Mardern was most obviously deep in love with that deceitful chit, Camilla. He was a frank, honest kind of young man, with an intelligent, fresh kind of face. And he was respectful and repentant and appealing. The spectacle of romantic love delighted Mr. Cecil Glasper, secretary of philanthropic societies. And it impressed him, forced him to behave, and even to think, in a Christian and benevolent manner.

"You know what your lively friends did after you so prudently left us? Took me to the police station. A bit risky, eh, that?"

"Yes, sir. I heard about an hour ago. It was indeed risky. It was mad. But, if I may say so, it only shows what—er—what an advanced state of jollification they must have been in."

"Well," said Cecil grandly, "I accept your apology. And you'd better call round one afternoon and put things right with Camilla as well."

"I will, sir. This afternoon?"

"Yes, why not? But—But—"

"Yes, sir?"

"You must subscribe among you for a new hat for me. My size is seven and three quarters."

"You're frightfully decent, sir," said Septimus Mardern, rising. "Frightfully decent. I'll go and tell them all."

No sooner was the painter gone, with a tremendous bang due to the still blustering wind having snatched the door knob out of the parlormaid's hand, than Camilla entered the back room in search of her brother.

"Good morning!" said she, bright but nervous; the brightness was obviously being assumed to hide the nervousness, for she avoided Cecil's eye.

"To think," said Cecil to himself, "only a few minutes ago I was fearing to meet her and preparing to go to police courts and things; and now I've got her under my thumb."

And aloud he said:

"Not so noisy as the night."

"Oh?" she parried.

"You're a nice two-faced minx!" said he quizzically.

"Oh?" she parried again.

"Yes," said he. "You took care not to tell me you'd been to a fancy-dress ball."

"WELL," said she, "it was so late, and I—I didn't want to keep you up with a long talk. Besides, I did tell you there'd been some dancing. I'd no idea I was going when I left the house after dinner last night."

"I assert and maintain you're a two-faced minx," said he magisterially.

"You aren't well, my dear," said she.

"I'm perfectly well," said he.

"But you aren't dressed," said she.

"It's the first I've heard of it," said he.

"But you haven't gone to the office," said she.

"That's quite true," said he. "I'm here sitting in this chair."

"But why, then?"

"I stayed at home to think out what color of a kimono it was you wore last night at that ball."

"Who—who told you?"

"A fellow named Mardern," said Cecil. "He called on me in the middle

of the night—as you are well aware. Very friendly chap. And he called again this morning, he's just gone. And he's calling again this afternoon—to see you."

Camilla was blushing in the most maidenly manner.

"But you don't know him," she murmured.

"Oh, don't I! I have the best reason for knowing him," said Cecil. "He's going to buy me a new hat. I lost mine last night when I went out to post a letter. It blew off into a private garden."

"What letter?"

"That letter you ordered me not to post." Cecil spoke carelessly, boldly. What cared he for her views about his carryings-on with women? Figuratively she was bound and gagged before him. She dared not raise an eyebrow at him.

"Do tell me all about everything," she appealed, with the touching, modest diffidence of a sweet opponent defeated and captive.

SHE was delicious to behold in her confusion. But not unhappy, because in Cecil's masterful bullying was the quizzical, benevolent note which she knew so well. Something new had somehow insinuated itself into the house, something that had never been there before, something beautiful, exciting and tender.

The telephone bell sounded. Camilla turned to the instrument.

"You leave that telephone alone," said Cecil, sharply springing up. "You can go."

"I won't," said Camilla. "You've got to tell me all about everything."

"Is that Mr. Glasper," said the delicate voice of the telephone, which was also the voice of the mysterious creature whom Camilla had never seen and had demanded to see.

"Speaking," said Cecil, in a voice rendered uncertain by sudden and extreme agitation.

"I'm so glad I've found you in," said the telephone. "I telephoned to the office, and they said you hadn't come."

"No. I hadn't," said Cecil.

Camilla was staring hard at him, fascinated.

"I've had your letter. You asked me to telephone because you couldn't wait," said the telephone.

"And I couldn't."

"Neither could I," said the telephone. A pause.

"Yes?" said Cecil encouragingly.

"That's the answer," said the telephone.

"What's the answer?"

"Yes," said the telephone, very faintly, very magically.

"Oh!" said Cecil, but with a constrained clumsiness. "I am glad."

"Is that all?" asked the telephone.

"No. There's lots more."

"Say, 'I love you, darling,'" said the telephone.

"By Jove! I should think I did!" said Cecil.

"But say it. Say what I said."

Cecil glanced round at Camilla, reflecting that the girl had no slightest notion of the lengths to which he had gone with the mysterious creature at that instant joined to him by a mile or two of telephone wire that ran through streets and up walls and under floors. Could she have guessed that the letter contained an offer, a request, an epoch-making proposal?

He put his hand over the mouthpiece. "Get out," he said to Camilla.

"I won't," said Camilla.

"Say it, please; I want to hear it," the tiny voice of the telephone insisted.

"I love you, darling," said Cecil, a man. And looked challengingly at Camilla, and blushed exactly as she had blushed.

"Well, of all—" exclaimed Camilla.

Yes, something new and lovely had entered the monastic house, and seven policemen had facilitated its arrival.

# Gosh—She's Too Fast!



This is J. L. Chapman as he was rigged for the Boston-New York 260 mile race won by Sea Sled. He knows the game and will tackle just about anything—at any speed.

Up to January's Motor Boat Show eight horsepower looked like the last word in high power for outboard racing, and compared to the paper-thin, featherweight racing hulls of last season, the little Model 13 Sea Sled showed up as the safest and most comfortable fast craft of her inches afloat. She was non-sinkable and practically non-capsizable. You couldn't pound her bottom out and the severest tests showed her to be just about "fool proof."

## Now the whole game has shifted

Along to the Motor Boat Show came a whole flock of new outboard motors. The horsepower was jumped to 16—18—24. There seems no limit and the tide apparently hasn't stopped rising even yet.

This sudden bulge in power created entirely new conditions and new hazards.

At its rated speed little Model 13 is as safe as a ferry. Above that speed in any 13-foot hull it is a racing man's game, and racing precautions should be taken by anyone who is out with super-power for extra speed.

## It's up to you to use your head

Take the last and biggest race for outboards, Boston to New York. The Committee insisted that every racing driver should wear a life jacket and carry a six inch inflated inner tube in his craft unless she was provided with air tanks. In addition to this a destroyer led the way down the course, the Coast Guard were anchored within sight of each other every five miles, and a flock of aeroplanes hovered overhead keeping a watchful eye on every racer.

## Drive your speedy boat as you would a fast car

You can buy a small car today that is guaranteed by a responsible maker to do 75 miles an hour—and she'll do

it too—but you musn't load babies or grandmothers into it on a pleasant Sunday afternoon and dash out to do 75 miles an hour on any old dirt road just to prove that the maker means what he says. If you insist on 75 miles an hour you want a clear road, perfectly laid, properly banked, and adequately policed. In addition you want new tires and inner tubes, and your car should be

rigidly looked over for condition, and most especially you want to know how to *drive*. And even with all that, you would be wiser if you got acquainted with all her tricks before you gave her the gun.

## Car wisdom goes for boats too

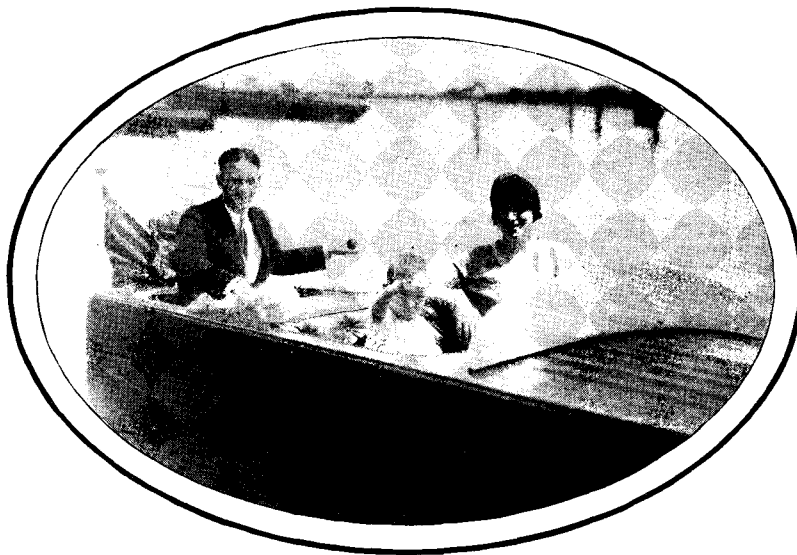
Just so with any small outboard craft. Don't hang one of the big high-powered motors on them if you can't swim. Don't make your first high speed tryouts without a life jacket.

The fact that the Boston-New York race, which covered the rough stretch of Massachusetts Bay, a chunk of the Atlantic Ocean and all of Long Island Sound, was won by a Sea Sled with a high-powered motor—and that of the first five boats to finish, *three* were Sea Sleds is a fine addition to an already good record.

## Don't overlook this for a moment

It only constitutes added proof of what was well known before—that of the vast fleet of water craft now on the market, the Sea Sled is *safest* because she is most *seaworthy*.

But it does not in any way lessen the value of the earnest advice to be conservative with a motor that drives her at near 30 M.P.H., and get thoroughly acquainted with your boat before running her wide open. Then go properly equipped.



This is Mr. Chapman out for a spin in his Model 16. With this valuable cargo, you can bet he'll stay safely inside the rated speed.

Model 13 gave a showing of her weatherly qualities when she was the only craft out of 38 to finish the 52 mile Ocean Sweepstakes at Santa Catalina last January. She gave another touch of quality in April when she finished first in the Albany to New York 133-mile race on the one rough day of that meet. And here, at this last Boston to New York outboard race, 260 miles of almost every kind of weather, she again finished first.

Model 13 has thus proved every time that she is the most seaworthy craft of her inches afloat, that she is faster than any work boat and will stand more banging about than any speed boat. But with these big new outboard motors she has jumped to speeds which carry an added element of responsibility with them, and no matter how much you thrive on thrills, we'd rather have you safe than sorry.



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# Heat

Continued from page 19

her hands before her eyes she walked toward the front room.

Here too the air was hot, but there was no blazing sun. The old lounge stood on the opposite side: she felt her way to it and lay down. She believed that the end of her life had come, and she tried to call, "Meta! Harry!" The smoke grew more acrid, then faded away, but the smell of the ruined cloth hung in the air. The fire sank, the irons cooled, but the sun did not cool.

Meta left her keyboard in the telephone office and walked to the hall and down a single flight of stairs to the almost empty street. She was a little thing, not remotely resembling her mother. Her complexion was dark and she had a gypsylike face and extraordinary eyes which unintentionally held the eyes of others. Black, long-lashed, shadowed, to an actress they might have been a valuable asset; to Meta, in the state to which the Lord had called her, they were a disadvantage and a danger. Shyness, poverty and the consciousness of ever-present disgrace and impending tragedy had thus far kept her safe.

She did not look up on the street for fear that she might see Fernando, nor when she answered questions for fear that she might see in the glance of others, pity or contempt.

Fashion required few clothes, and Meta's orange-colored gingham was sleeveless and short of skirt. Her stockings were rolled below her knees; having lowered them in the office, she forgot to readjust them. Her slippers had soles little thicker than paper. Advancing into the broiling sun, her curly head bare, her knees bare, her slender body all but bare, she gave a cry of amazement and shrank back into the shelter of the doorway. How could it be so hot? Heat not only descended from above; it ascended from below as from a furnace. She looked down, half expecting to see a grating such as she warmed herself over in winter.

In the two hours before she must return to work she had her choice between going home and returning to the rest room of the telephone office. There were three couches there, but she was certain that all were occupied. Two girls had fainted, and several had gone out staggering.

She was afraid of the long walk home and back. When she arrived spent her mother was terrified. Since she would have to remain at the office until midnight, it would be necessary for her to ride home in the trolley, and it was unthinkable that she should spend more than five cents a day. Sometimes Harry came for her in his rickety car, bought from necessity and costing twenty-eight dollars, but today he would be dead for sleep.

SHE looked out to right and left. To her left and two squares away was a green bank where the grounds of the State Capitol rose steeply. In the great buildings there was a measure of coolness, but she had never ventured into them. To the right and a little farther away there was other greenness and a glint of blue. The blue decided her—she would sit on a bench in the park on Front Street.

Stepping to the pavement, she turned toward the river. At the curb stood a roadster of a famous make with a powerful engine and painted exactly the color of Meta's dress. The young driver was Allison Ludwig, of opulent and influential family, who was learning the telephone business from the bottom up. His temporary position as inspector brought him daily into the office, and he had seen more than once the eyes of Meta.

He looked at her now and smiled and was about to speak, but Meta did not look up. He sat leaning out of his car—would she take the trolley at the corner? She did not, but crossed the street. Would she turn and go up the other side? She did not, but kept straight on, plainly visible like the sun in her flame-

colored dress. She could have no business in that direction unless she were going to cool off in the park—an impossible achievement, she would soon learn.

He was not a creature of self-control or steady principles at best, and the heat undermined his scant virtue. He drove on and came out on Front Street. In the narrow park between him and the river was a patch of bright orange.

Meta sat on a bench. She wished that she had a hat and that her dress had sleeves: it seemed dangerous to be in the sun so lightly covered—one's flesh might be scorched. She was raising her stocking when she heard an automobile horn blow directly behind her, and she looked around instantly and involuntarily. It was not a sound of warning, but a signal and persuasive. She recognized the inspector and was terrified—what had she done that was wrong?

Ludwig gave his invitation at once.

He saw again the lifted eyes of Meta and was amazed.

"You work in the telephone office," he said pleasantly. "I'm inspector there, learning the business before I go higher up." He could not let even this unimportant creature think that he was to remain an inspector. "It's awfully hot. Won't you cool off in my car?"

META left her bench and approached him, dazzled, first by the attention of so important a person, second by the magnificence of his offer—her only rides thus far in her life had been in Harry's car—third by the suggestion that she get rid of this dreadful burning of her skin and pressure in her head.

"I have to report at six o'clock," she said. She had her mother's voice, low and sweet and rich.

Ludwig answered with impatience, "I understand that."

He opened the door, his gesture and his words a command. She stepped in and sat down, obeying her body rather

than her mind. The door was closed by an arm reached over her, the car started and she had not realized what she had done. Ludwig drove round the block and returned to Front Street, heading north. He would, of course, see that she got home safely, and her absence from work could be fixed up. He was inexperienced enough and vain enough to believe that anything could be fixed up.

A feeling of relief was Meta's first sensation, the swift motion lightened the weight in her head and cooled the burning of her body. She had seen the upper section of the beautiful street but once. On one side the houses were set far back and veiled in trees and flowering shrubs; on the other flowed—rather lay, for there was no visible current—the beautiful Susquehanna. Across on the opposite side rose a steep mountain, so that one seemed to be entering a gateway. From bank to bank crossed a bridge of beautiful arches.

With her body somewhat relieved Meta felt a new discomfort. The swift motion frightened her; her heart beat fiercely as if in warning that all was not well.

"I must go back," she said in her deep voice. "You are kind, but I must go back."

"Of course you shall go back," answered Ludwig. To himself he said, "Little fool!"

"I must go back," insisted Meta again in her deep voice. She repeated like a child, "I must report at six o'clock."

Ludwig did not answer. His car had a persistent tendency to move to the right, and he remembered that the spare tire had an unattended and forgotten puncture. Beside the first pier of the bridge, in a little embowered building, there was a garage, and here he stopped perforce. Instantly the fearful heat wrapped them again.

"How long to mend a tire?"

"Half hour," answered the proprietor lazily.

"I'll walk," declared Meta. "You're very kind, but I must go back."

Ludwig bade her sit still. "You'd die in this infernal heat. I'll take you back." The heat seemed to be snatching something from him.

THE garage man was only a little worse than his promise, and in three quarters of an hour Ludwig started. He drove ahead toward Duncannon and not back toward Harrisburg.

"You said you'd take me back!" Meta began to cry.

Ludwig laid his hand on hers—he pitied her, but he had no mercy upon her.

"You poor little thing, you're done up."

"Please let me get out," begged Meta at the first town.

"Are you cooler?"

"Yes, but I must go to work."

"You shall."

"There's the bridge!" cried Meta at last. "You'll turn now?"

"I can't here," answered Ludwig. "We'll go over and turn on the other side. He could see the hands of the watch on his wrist. It was long past five. He cursed the necessity for stopping to pay toll.

"I must get back," said Meta reiterating endlessly.

The payment of toll gave her a final impulse of alarm—no living being would drive across a bridge and pay a quarter if he meant to return. The losing of her position became suddenly negligible; she seemed to be losing her mother and her brother and her home. More hideous and terrible, she seemed to have put herself into a class with Fernando. She reached out her hand and laid it on the door.

Ludwig saw the motion and grew pale with anger. That which was good in him melted at last in the fierce heat; he became possessed of a sort of madness, cruel and fertile in invention. He had brightened, his foot pressed the throttle

(Continued on page 38)

## The BILL FOR NEXT WEEK *will include*

### RING LARDNER

with his first political monologue of the campaign—a trip to Electoral College to see and hear the undergraduates as they indulge their innocent pastimes. An instructive, important bit of entertainment.

### JOHN T. FLYNN

appears for one week only in Collier's stupendous new production "Home Sweet Home Brew." Hear the kettles hissing on the kitchen stove, the corks popping in the living-room as the businesses dependent upon Prohibition grow in volume. Very lifelike. Don't sit too far up front.

### PETER B. KYNE

presents his great war drama, "Chivalry," with those two famous aces heading the cast, Captain René de Girault and Major Carl von Henckel. Real planes, droning engines, real guns—the management has spared no expense in staging this magnificent Kyne story. "Chivalry" alone is worth the price of admission and war tax.

### Added Attraction

### SEWELL FORD and COMPANY

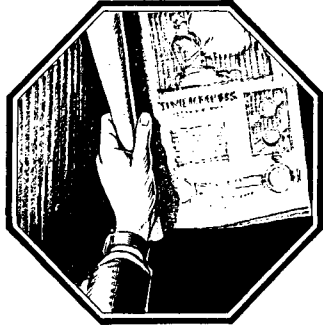
with plus fours, noisesome socks, modernist sweaters, and the correct country club atmosphere, perform the comedy skit "Poet and Plumber"—presenting for the first time on any stage a thrilling, sensational mashie duel. Yes, with mashies.

### Extra Added Attraction

### THE MAIN GUY

This great artist positively will not reveal his identity. He is a veteran circus owner whose name is known as far as you can see an elephant. He will tell us of the early days when the circus fought its way from town to town, when every performer had to use his fists if nothing else was available. Ah, the brave old days! Come to hear and remain to cheer. You'll love the lantern slides.

and  
NEXT!      FOURTEEN      NEXT!  
WEEK!      OTHER      WEEK!  
                    ATTRACTIONS



## A WATCHMAKER "TIMES" HIS MARKET

Picturing Collier's readers to 4,600 jewelers who handle his product, a leading watch manufacturer remarks:

"They are men and women whose success in the world is the reward of their judicious use of time. Active, fast-thinking leaders of a strenuous age . . .

"We find in Collier's a magazine exceedingly helpful in reaching the American market for high grade watches. We believe in Collier's readers—in their open-mindedness—in their need for fine time-pieces—and in their ability to buy them. In short, we regard the Collier's audience of more than 1,600,000 men and women as eager for the new in ideas—eager for the things which are the mark of people who set the pace."

This statement expresses the belief of a great many other advertisers in Collier's. They say Collier's takes the message of their merchandise direct to the leaders and pace-makers in every community—and the rest of the market "follows the leaders."

Collier's carries no excess ballast. Newsy, pictorial, brief—it is part and parcel of our age of action—which has put 23 million motor vehicles on American roads—crossed the Atlantic and the Pacific on man-made wings—and created a one-and-a-half-billion dollar industry from a strip of celluloid and a silver screen.

And this understanding of Collier's has established "Collier's — for ACTION!" as the first plank in many advertising platforms.

THE CROWELL PUBLISHING COMPANY, NEW YORK

# "Collier's ~ for ACTION"

Now more than 1,600,000



## Heat

Continued from page 36

and he started with a jerk. He had traveled but a short distance when they swung again to the right. It was a cursed misfortune for one who prided himself on keeping his car in order. He had to change the tire himself.

"I'll turn round at once," he promised, to quiet Meta's sobbing.

But, the tire changed, he drove forward and not back.

HARRY MILLER stood under the low, arched doorway of an enormous brick shed. Before him lay the Susquehanna, broad and slow and blue and shimmering, as it lay before the eyes of Meta at Harrisburg three miles away. The shore, however, was different; here rose no stately and luxurious dwellings garmented in shrubbery; here ran no pleasure cars. Extending on each side for a mile were gigantic buildings, some curious in design, surmounted by tall cylinders or chimneys belching forth smoke or steam or gases which burned brilliantly in the still air. Shifting engines shrieked, mammoth cranes creaked and groaned.

Harry was like his mother, substantial in build, fair of complexion and childlike in expression. For eighteen hours he had controlled a mammoth dipper with a burden of molten steel, and his face was streaked with grime; dust had sifted into his blond, tightly curling hair; grime and perspiration painted strange patterns on his body, naked above the waist. Though the heat in which he worked made the heat of the sun seem tepid, he delayed venturing out of the shadow, loth to put on his body the grimy shirt rolled under his arm.

As he slipped his shirt over his head he realized that he was ravenous.

Bessie had packed his box for eighteen hours, but though the supply had seemed ample to her, it had left an aching void. There was a store near by where he might have bought crackers or bananas, but he had no money to spend. Gentle as he was, his hunger made him savage and unreasonable.

"I buy the food," he muttered. "I pay the rent. I ought to have enough to eat."

There was another kind of refreshment, easy to get, powerful as a sedative and destroyer of trouble, of pleasant taste and a heat which was also pleasant, even under the burning sun; remembering it, he moistened his dry lips. He had only to stop at a little house on his way home, he had only—he saw suddenly not himself drinking, but Fernando drunk.

"I'm hungry," he said aloud. "It's only because I'm hungry." He meant to say, "Mother will have a good meal," but he said only, "Mother will have—will have," then "Mother." He saw her broad, childlike, lovely face, drawn with concern; she was a rock of refuge in a stormy sea, or a pool, deep and still, in which one could find assuagement from fiery heat.

At his own door he left his car at the curb, which was his only garage, and went round the house. He touched the frame of the door where his mother's hand had touched it, stepped into the kitchen and stood still.

"Mother!" he called. "Mother!"

In profound alarm he charged himself to remember that he had often bade his soul prepare for disaster. Keyed to expect calamity, he had thought it possible that his father might sometime commit murder. He looked about the room—all doors were closed. He entered the little parlor. He could see at first nothing, but he could hear heavy breathing and could smell alcohol. Fernando, he believed, lay asleep on the sofa. Then his eyes, accustomed to the darkness, discerned a woman's broad figure. Turned upon her back, Bessie had a look, not of sleep, but of a heavier unconsciousness.

In mad and unaccountable delusion, Harry believed that she had found refuge in drink. Gazing at her, he realized again that his stomach was

empty. He reminded himself once more that he bought the food and paid the rent and that he was wasting his youth. He forgot that the odor of alcohol was always present in the house; he forgot that his mother's behavior was impeccable, her soul immaculate.

"Get up!" he shouted as one might shout to the lowest of human creatures. Bessie opened her eyes slowly, roused, but as yet aware of nothing. She sat up dizzily, her eyes drooping.

"I was ironing," she explained, trying to recall the past which was so near, but which seemed far away. "The heat was so terrible, I couldn't iron any more." She smiled vaguely; then her

the car and a towel; she believed that he was going to have a swim. She smiled tenderly, remembering the small white body which had so long ago been her care.

Then in a moment she frowned, remembering Meta. If Meta's hours ever coincided with Harry's they could repeat this pleasant excursion. Poor Meta was a beginner and beginners must be satisfied with what was given them.

She saw the beautiful houses, the shrubbery, the soft hills, the steep mountain, the graceful arches of the bridge; she looked at the little repair shop, embowered by vines.

sunlight. The cloud rose higher, and Harry put on his brakes quickly. Ahead a roadster stopped gently under an expert hand. Beyond the road became a footpath, dark and winding under thick trees. The car was painted orange color—Bessie sighed, remembering pretty Meta in her bright gingham. Then she heard a voice; her sigh died away; her lips parted. She laid her hand on the back of the seat before her and drew her body forward.

"Harry! Listen!"

The voice cried, "Let me go back! Let me go back!" The tones were hoarse, the words seemed to have been cried many times. A man stepped out of the car and looked back into it.

"Get out," he ordered someone within. "Don't be a little fool. Why did you get into my car?"

BESSIE and her children drove slowly home from their picnic. It was ten o'clock, and the moon was high. Behind them on a rising wind rode, unobserved by them, the upheaped clouds of a gathering storm, the first for weeks. On the front seat sat Harry, beside him Meta. Harry's face was grave, and now and then Meta breathed a convulsive sigh. In spite of their anxiety of mind, their young bodies rejoiced in the healing of the cool water, in the satisfaction of hunger. The time of speech, of broken ejaculations and tears and sobs was past. Harry remembered the touch of soft linen and wool in his hot hand, the warmth of human flesh against his knuckles—sometimes resentfully because he had made the punishment no worse, sometimes thankfully because he had halted before the point of murder. Meta had no thoughts at all except that she was with her mother and her brother and that her body was cool.

All three were still young enough to be enchanted with the night. The moon cast a long lane of light on the river. From out the woods came a rich odor of decay.

"I'd like a farm," said Harry wistfully. "That's where I'd like to live. No work would be too hard if I could be in the country."

Meta smiled—vague hopes filled her heart, pathetic because they were not hopes of a lover, but of pretty clothes, rest, coolness.

Bessie neither spoke nor smiled. She noticed that a wind was blowing, and she felt that it was driving her out of a wide, beautiful place into a narrow cell. She had been brought up in the country, and she remembered how cattle which were to be shipped were coerced into a pen. She saw her house, the street, the noisy children, the foul-mouthed neighbors. They were a background for Fernando.

They reached the region of bridges and lights. From an amusement barge drifted the sound of music; the lighted city looked like fairyland. They crossed the bridge, meeting city odors and alternations of heavy air and a coolness unfelt for days. In their own street there was no lightening of the air; all was sodden, heavy. They had fancied excitedly that they heard thunder, but there was no thunder here.

"Look at our house!" cried Meta.

THERE was a group on the doorstep, black and white together; there was a voice shouting, "Here they come!"

A woman came forward officiously. As she spoke the great wind filled the narrow street; the growl of thunder was unmistakable. There was no longer any question that the earth would be in a short while laved, drenched, refreshed, and started anew and that it was to come about with flashing of light and blare of trumpets.

The woman uttered first the truth, then a lie. She made her announcement solemnly, then lied eagerly, with the kindest spirit, and the neighbors supported her with loud affirmations.

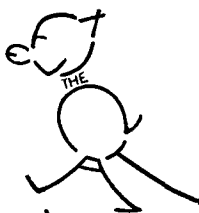
"They brought your man home," she said. "He's dead. It was the awful heat killed him."

## Nameographs

THERE'S no telling just what caused the supercilious smiles of the graduate and Felix the Cat below but we trust it's a joke. Why not see what you can do toward making a good word into a good Nameograph? We pay \$5 each for acceptable ones. Address Nameograph Editor, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. You can get a book of hitherto unpublished Nameographs from your bookseller or Reilly & Lee, Chicago, for \$1.35.



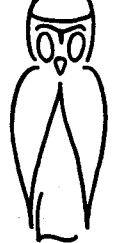
"Graduate," by Vincent Benedict, 6027 Vine St., Philadelphia, Pa.



"Felix the Cat," by Edwin Donnelly, 5 Jackson Place, Lynbrook, N. Y.



"Pianist," by Lawrence L. Wilbur, N. Caldwell, N. J.



"Hoot Owl," by Collville N. Smythe, 3030 82nd St., S., Portland, Oregon



"Greyhound," by W. A. Mink, 4100 N. Leamington Ave., Chicago, Ill.



"Ice Cream Cone," by G. Hess, 1160 West 18th St., Chicago, Ill.



"Clown," by Carol E. Auck, 700 Seward Ave., Detroit, Mich.

voice took on its child's tone of distress too heavy for endurance. "Oh, Harry, dear, your supper isn't ready!"

Instantly appalled by his madness, Harry took a step nearer and sat down upon the couch. He bent his head upon her shoulder and put his arms round her. She still looked startled and distressed.

"Is it six o'clock? Meta thought she mightn't come home. And your supper isn't ready!"

"Listen, Mother," said Harry. "I'm not hungry. You get some bread and butter and let's go away somewhere."

Bessie studied him, frowning, guessing some dire need.

"As I am?"

"Yes," he answered in a whisper.

"Oughtn't you have your supper and then go to bed?"

"I couldn't sleep. The house is hot as"—he was temperate in speech and he spoke now temperately and solemnly—"as hell."

Fright at him hastened Bessie's preparations. Meta would not be home till midnight. Fernando—here was worse need than Fernando's, though he were delivered, as heretofore, like a sack of meal at the door.

HARRY and his mother drove up Front Street. The air was no cooler, but their motion created a breeze. The Ford was narrow, and Bessie, who was very broad, sat on the rear seat alone. Harry had put a bundle of clothes into

"There's a cool place to work."

Harry did not answer. Hunger had returned, but it was not insane hunger. He would eat a little; then he would swim; then he would eat again. He had no plans after that.

"Here's a town," said Bessie. "Right along the river."

"Yes," he answered sharply. Nervousness suddenly returned: he must reach his destination quickly; it was growing hard for him to keep the car in the road.

"Oh, see the bridge!" cried Bessie. "What a beautiful bridge! And the air is cooler."

"I don't notice it." Panting, Harry felt in his pocket for a quarter. He had few quarters, but he knew a swimming place on the opposite side and none on this and recklessly he determined to cross. When they returned they could keep on down the west side to the municipal bridge, where the toll was but five cents. He crossed, paid the toll, turned to his right and drove on.

"We've lost the river!" cried Bessie in dismay, bouncing up and down in spite of her great weight.

"We'll get back to it. There's a bend ahead, and there we turn into the woods."

Harry looked down the road. A car had preceded them, broad of tire, deep of tread. There had been no rain for so long that even in this shaded spot the dust was deep. There was at the first turn a cloud of dust, powdery in the