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# The Seven Policemen

By ARNOLD BENNETT

*When your sister accuses you of leading a double life, it's time to keep your eye on her*

THE click of the door latch awoke Mr. Cecil Glasper, who, like lighting and with a duplicity unworthy of his age, profession and reputation, seized the book on his knee and pretended to have been reading. His sister Camilla, maiden, stood at the door in street attire.

"So you aren't gone to bed, my dear," said Camilla, in her clear, quick, prim tones. She was a tall and slender young woman of thirty, with a fair face, fluffy light hair, thin lips and nose, very neat, very alert, very good-humored, and her habitual expression denoted an amicable quizzicalness.

"Apparently not, dearest," said Cecil, from the vast depths of his easy-chair, and glanced at the clock. "It's half past two."

"I know," said Camilla calmly. "It's even 2:33."

"Four," said Cecil. "Your cheeks are quite flushed."

"The wind."

Cecil was a brownish, benevolent, benignant bachelor of forty, who, because he somewhat neglected his mirror and troubled himself not about a certain increase of girth, looked rather more than his years. He had thin lips beneath a too heavy mustache, and his habitual expression denoted an amicable quizzicalness.

BROTHER and sister lived together and understood one another in a house of medium size in Blanesfield Terrace, Pimlico, London. If they were rich, it was only in the sense that while achieving comfort they spent less than they earned. Cecil had been for a long time, and forever and ever would be, the trusted secretary of two wealthy philanthropic societies devoted to the welfare of poor gentlewomen. Camilla had some renown as a competent translator of formidable works from the German and the Russian, and her learned labors brought a few hundred pounds a year into the home.

"And where've you been?" Cecil inquired.

"Oh, Chelsea," Camilla answered.

Cecil knew that Chelsea meant the studio of an austere middle-aged sculptor and his young wife.

"So late?"

"Well, we were talking—you know! And there was some dancing."

"Oh, a party!"

"No, no!"

"And did you dance?"

"My dear!"

If modern dance music was mentioned in their presence, brother and sister would remark quizzically that they were fond of music. In theory neither

danced. But Cecil had suspicions about Camilla. He happened to be leading rather a double life himself, to his own surprise and consternation. Hence, quite naturally and uncharitably, he suspected similar possibilities in his dear Camilla. Camilla had once nearly been engaged, during the war. An astonishing episode, for Camilla could be caustic concerning men. The admirer died of a wound.

This event filled her with grief, of which she never spoke. Everybody noticed that it had intensified her causticity and fixed her in spinsterdom.

"I say, Cess!" Camilla's accents were soft and cajoling. She loosed her cloak, threw her hat on the carpet, and sat down on the high hassock or pouf which flanked Cecil's easy-chair on the hearth.

At this point Cecil observed, not without mute expostulation, that Camilla held in her hand a letter addressed to a Miss Alison Cockburn. A couple of hours earlier he had written this letter and placed it on the hall table, where letters for post were usually deposited for the attention of servants who would post them.

Said Cecil, controlling his voice:

Illustrated by  
G. PATRICK  
NELSON



*"Come out of it. Come down, and quickly, that's my advice to you, my man." Cecil's worst sensation was of looking a fool*

"Isn't the address right?"

Said Camilla, with infinite tact:

"I expect you're going out with her again one night?"

"Well, I had had the wild idea."

"Now, Cess, please, please don't think I'm trying to interfere in your affairs—"

Cecil thought:

"That's just what you are doing."

"But are you sure you won't regret it? I've nothing against her. No, nothing. But I understand she's very young, and you told me yourself she never went to bed and never got up. And I've heard other things."

"Who from?"

"Well, friends who know her."

"Oh, so you talk about her?"

"No, we don't."

"Well, then?"

"She just happened to come into the conversation."

"Tonight?"

"Yes. All I want is to meet her. Can't you ask her here? Can't I write and ask her here?" Camilla's manner was appealing.

THE talk continued, and it was the oddest talk that Cecil had ever had with his sister. They were always affectionately intimate, apart from a few brief, estranging squabbles over trifles, and yet Cecil somehow felt that they were now being intimate for the first time in their lives. He admired the skill with which she managed the colloquy. Oh, yes, he perceived her cleverness! But this perception did not prevent him from being influenced by the said cleverness.

"Very well," Cecil agreed at length, like a good boy, and he took the letter from Camilla's hand. "Enough said. It's after three. I'll listen to your further wisdom tomorrow."

"You won't post it?"

"Do I run out posting letters at 3 A. M.? Off you go to bed!"

Camilla got up and collected her things. Advanced though the hour was, she looked as fresh as the morn. No trace of fatigue on that sharp, agreeable, vivacious countenance. But a touch of conquering superiority in her final glance.

It was the tactless final glance that vitalized the man in Cecil Glasper. He suddenly saw the scene with Camilla as something monstrous and incredible. The interview had no meaning except on the assumption that he was in love, or about to be in love, with a girl too young for him, a girl whom friends had discussed unfavorably, a dangerous girl, a girl whom Camilla wanted to probe before the alleged affair went any further. And Camilla had had the infernal impudence to bring to him a letter which was practically already posted. And he with his ridiculous good

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nature, had quietly accepted the chit's rebuke!

Cecil rose out of his chair, and his anger rose also. There *was* no affair. (Untrue!) There was the merest acquaintance. (Untrue!) The girl was perfectly all right, perfectly correct, indeed charming. And he would certainly see her again, no matter what answer she made to his letter. He would see her as often as he chose; he would see her every night; he would come home from seeing her at any hour he chose; he would come home at 2:30 A. M. if the whim took him to do so; he would stay out all night, and nobody should dare utter a word of comment upon his proceedings. He liked Camilla; Camilla was fine, but there is a limit to sisterly interference.

And so on and so on.

He would make a stand for freedom; he would terrorize the whole house; freedom was the first prize of life, the heritage of Britons, and he had conducted himself like a milksop. Did he ever attack Camilla's freedom? . . .

HE PASSED into the hall, waving the letter in the defiant curves of a banner of liberty. He seized his hat, opened the front door, stepped forth and pulled the door to very gently lest Camilla might hear! The letter should be posted.

"Women!" muttered Cecil to himself with grandeur as he walked smartly up the terrace. "I suppose they *are* all the same. Jealous! Hate one another!" Hitherto he had thought that his sister was different from other women, and he was sorry to admit that this idea had been an illusion.

"She's lost all her sense of proportion," he thought.

"Seemed to imagine I could be duped by a woman," he thought. "That she can judge a woman better than I can! That's good, that is! Considering that I'm having to deal with women at the office all day and every day! Hm!"

When he reached the corner the wind, scurrying gustily down another street, nearly blew his hat off, and he saved it only by clutching at it with his free hand. Possibly, therefore, the flush on Camilla's cheeks when she came into the house might really have been due to the wind, as she had said, and not to another cause, as he had been surmising.

He was glad, but also sorry, for he desired to condemn Camilla.

Then he saw his goal, the mail box. And, after the slightest hesitation, he passed it.

"A bit of walk will do me good," said he to himself, and strolled on and on, and passed another mail box. The streets were completely deserted, mysterious, attractive, soothing. Clouds sailed romantically across the dimmed face of the moon. He had not been out so late for years and years. He felt young and adventurous. He traversed the wide waste of the expansive Cado-gan region. Jolly to be abroad in the night. He arrived at yet another mail box, and with a sudden movement, unconsidered and audacious, he pushed the fatal letter through the slit and heard it fall on the metal bottom of the receptacle. Probably it was the first letter to occupy that box since the mid-night clearance.

"There!" He had done it. "And be hanged to Camilla! I'll teach her!"

No! Indeed, he had not explicitly told Camilla that he would not post the letter. He had perhaps been guilty of fencing, but she could not say that he had promised not to post the letter. Anyhow, he had posted the letter. And she could like it or lump it. Of course he could say, if dissension arose, that he had accidentally left the letter lying in the drawing-room and that a servant had posted it.

Then, as he was skirting a large private garden, shared by the wealthy tenants of a row of tall residences, the boisterous wind lifted the old soft hat clean off his head before he could clutch it, and he saw it wing its way over high railings into the inclosed ground. There it lay, an indistinct object on the sward, only twenty feet distant from him, but as irrecoverable as if it had been twenty miles distant. Awkward, that! He felt abashed by the contretemps. He had only one hat (except an antique silk hat, reserved for rare funerals, weddings, and other sad solemnities). Camilla often brushed his sole hat in the morning. And more than once lat-

ly she had insisted that he positively must buy a new one. In a few hours she would be missing the hat. She would be inquiring. There would be a regular hullabaloo. He would be forced to confess that he had gone out after she had retired to bed, and had lost the hat. And that fact, in conjunction with the disappearance of the letter. . . . Putting two and two together and making four. . . . Yes, awkward!

HE DECIDED to retrieve the hat. He glanced around. Nobody! Nothing but the gas lamps! Not a light in any of the tall houses, save at one lofty, blinded window, far off. Someone ill, or someone sleepless!

Solitude! He was safe in the depth of the night.

The upright iron rods of the railing were eight inches or so apart, perhaps seven feet high and spiked at the top. Between them were shorter rods, four feet high, also spiked, and all the rods were joined together by two horizontal rails, one three feet and the other six feet from the pavement. He could do it, by stepping first on the lower rail, then on the spike of one of the shorter rods, and then prizing himself up till he was astraddle of the upper rail. He was young enough. This notion that he was old, or even middle-aged, was preposterous. As for his activity, had he not proved it in certain rhythmic exercises with the person named on the envelope of the letter now lying in the mail box?

He had his right toe on the lower rail in a moment and on the spike of one of the shorter rods in another moment. He seized in either hand the spikes of the two higher rods, and used his muscles. . . . Not so easy, still, he was young and agile, and the thing could be done. . . . At length he was triumphantly astride of the upper spikes, insecure, as on a horse without stirrups. The next feat would be to cock his outer leg over the spike in front of him on to the inner side of the railings.

Perilous! He dared not try it. He

was afraid of falling in a lump on the empty flower bed that bordered the lawn of the garden. He was stuck. His legs were fixed, moveless. The rough, chill wind disturbed his hair. He called himself by evil epithets. His muttered language was unprintable. Something must be done. Nothing could be done. Clump, clump, clump on the pavement. Surely not a policeman? Yes, a policeman! The majestic figure (not fat, with a face quite youthful) stopped beneath him, half lit by the flicker of a gas lamp.

"Women!" thought Cecil bitterly.

The policeman saw an untidy, suspect person, hatless and guiltily self-conscious, perched aloft.

"Hello!" he greeted Cecil hoarsely. "What's this?"

"I was getting my hat," answered Cecil. "It's blown off into the garden here."

Even to Cecil himself the tale sounded far-fetched and silly. "It's down there on the grass," he added.

"Where?" asked the policeman. "I can't see any hat."

Cecil examined the lawn, but he could not see any hat either. The wind had evidently moved it on into some distant shadow.

"Well," said Cecil, "it was there a minute ago."

HE FELT very unstable as well as cold. He was by no means accustomed to the nocturnal rigors of the equinox in London. Further, he was extremely uncomfortable, squeezed between two spikes and seated on a sort of narrow iron steed that was all spine and no flesh or ribs.

"Do you live in one of these houses?" the policeman demanded, his tone growing more curt.

"N-no," said Cecil. "I was just passing."

"At this time of night?"

"Yes," said Cecil. "At this time. Couldn't have been any other time, could it, officer?"

This attempt to be frolicsome with the policeman was ill-judged.

"If you don't live in one of these houses, you're trespassing," said the policeman harshly. "Because this garden's private property, and so's the railings. If you've taken a fancy to go in for being an acrobat, you ought to try it on your own railings. Where do you live?"

"Blanesfield Terrace."

"Oh! So it's Blanesfield Terrace, is it? Nowhere near here. I suppose you'll say you came out for a bit of exercise?"

"No. I came out to post a letter."

"Well, there's about ten mail boxes and a post office between here and Blanesfield Terrace. What about it?" And as Cecil did not answer the question the policeman concluded: "Come out of it. Come down now, and quickly, that's my advice to you, my man."

"I can't get down. I'm stuck," protested Cecil, whose worst sensation was the sensation of looking and feeling a fool.

"See here," said the policeman, with menace. "Shall I have to pull you down?"

"I wish to heaven you would," said Cecil.

"Got any tools in your pocket?"

"Tools?"

"Yes'm, tools. A jimmy, for instance?"

"Fountain pen," said Cecil. "That's the best I can do for you."

At this juncture Cecil, from his eyrie, saw a most extraordinary phenomenon, namely, a file of six policemen with simultaneous clump, clump, clump, on the opposite pavement. He wondered for an instant whether he was not in bed and dreaming, but the reality of the



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



rail which divided his dangling legs was beyond any metaphysical challenge.

"Here, lads!" said the original policeman.

The stalwart string of constables curved in obedience to the summons, crossed the road, and drew up beneath Cecil in military order.

Said the original policeman:

"Here's a cove says he's armed with a fountain pen. Seems as if he climbed up there to write a letter to his sweetheart. 'Because I love thee!' And he refuses to come down. Pull him down, two or three of you."

The railings were instantly clustered with policemen. One of them, with unnecessary violence, lifted Cecil's right leg over the upper rail. Cecil fell on top of two others, and the trio collapsed on the pavement, with no damage other than a rent a foot long in Cecil's trousers.

"Don't loose him," the original policeman commanded. "He looks a bit too slippery for my taste."

Cecil was pitched upward to his feet, and seized by both arms in the grip of the law.

"Where did you say you lived, my man?"

"Blanesfield Terrace."

"What number?"

"Seventeen."

"Well, we'll have a look at No. 17 Blanesfield Terrace," said the first policeman. "Then we'll have a look at the Walton Street police station. Come on with him, lads."

"I'll go quietly," said Cecil, attempting vainly to free his arms.

"You bet you will," said the policeman.

As he walked in shame, one policeman in front, one on either side, and four behind, Cecil reflected upon the mutability of human existence. A few minutes earlier he had been a respectable householder, an educated man, a secretary to philanthropic societies of the highest standing. Now he was a criminal. Hitherto he had always regarded policemen as benevolent beings who said "sir," and interrupted the progress of three-ton lorries in order to facilitate the progress of perambulators. Now policemen were adamant robots of the law, without bowels.

UNTIL the arrival of the cortège at his own house Cecil Gasper kept his promise to go quietly, though he had been somewhat tried by the ribaldry of three customers of the Sloane Square coffee stall, close by which the policemen had too deliberately marched him, whereas it would have been quicker and more humane to take the prisoner diagonally across the square. These three customers, two men and a woman, were in rich evening dress, but their demeanor and their remarks were unworthy of their attire. "Looks as if he might have been respectable once," the lady had taunted, with a wanton, loose giggle. Cecil, hitherto quite unacquainted with nocturnal London, had felt outraged by the monstrous manners of a great and supposed-to-be-civilized city. Nevertheless he had contrived to maintain an outwardly calm dignity.

As they were mounting the steps of No. 17, however, one of the two pinioning policemen slipped and fell on his knees. Did he loose Cecil's arm, as any policeman of decent feelings would? He did not. He dragged Cecil down with him. Under a sudden, angry impulse Cecil fought for freedom. Useless! All seven were instantly upon him. The coarse, physical brutality of the law astounded and shocked him. He ceased to fight.

"Got a latch key?" demanded his original captor.



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

"Men usually have," Cecil icily replied.

"Where is it?"

"In my pocket—strange to say."

"No lip, my lad," No. 1 warned him.

"You can use anything I say against me," said Cecil, in a lashing tone.

"Which pocket?"

"Left-hand hip pocket. I'll get it for you."

"Oh, no, you won't," said No. 1, and began to search Cecil's pockets.

WITH a curious moral cruelty, and entirely ignoring the information given to him by Cecil, No. 1 investigated first the prisoner's left-hand front pocket, then the right-hand front pocket, then the right-hand hip pocket and finally the left-hand hip pocket, from which his fingers emerged with a bunch of keys. The groping of another man's hands in the sacred privacy of his pocket, hitherto immaculate, was Cecil's last humiliation, an insult which he nobly swallowed.

In a moment the door was wide open.

"I hope you're convinced now of my bona fides," observed Cecil, with increasing nobility.

"Convinced of his what?" cried No. 1,

leering at the others, and gave an enormous laugh.

All the others responded with enormous laughs: noise enough to wake the sedate terrace from end to end.

"Shove him in, lads," ordered No. 1. "Him and his bona fides too. Bona fides, eh! I daresay he's only a lodger here. Attic. Bed and breakfast and clean your own boots."

And Cecil, unpinioned at length, was shoved into his Englishman's castle head foremost, disgracefully, ignominiously. He thought, "At the police court I shall give my own version of this affair." But he thought again, "And what will be the use? They'll all lie together, and the magistrate will believe them, or pretend to. Magistrates always do. It's a regular conspiracy. Helpless! Helpless! That's what we are."

The door was banged with immense force. The whole house shook.

"That will wake Camilla," thought Cecil. "And if she comes down—" He stopped thinking.

The narrow hall was full of policemen—bursting with them—and Cecil somewhere defenseless in the throng. It was at this point that he had confirmation of a suspicion already formed

in the streets: namely, that within a certain period several at least of the policemen had not successfully resisted the sovereign attraction of alcoholic liquor. Still, being a magnanimous man, with tastes, he admitted privately that policemen were also human beings and well entitled to fortify themselves with historic liquids before going on duty in the middle of the night; there could be no reason why policemen should be total abstainers.

"We'd better telephone to Walton Street, lads," said No. 1. "I say, mister, where's your telephone?"

THE telephone was situated in the small, useless room which in London houses is always found at the back of the dining-room on the ground floor. Four of the officers vanished into this room, the other three having been instructed to keep guard over the prisoner, who stood idle with one hand in his ruined trousers.

"What's this?" demanded one of the three sentinels, pointing suddenly to a piece of sculpture perched on a bracket in the hall.

"A statuette," Cecil replied.

"Is it a (Continued on page 32)



# Behind the Scarecrow

By OWEN P. WHITE

Illustrated by HARRY HAENIGSEN

**T**HE campaign will warm up as the weather grows cooler, and very soon you will hear a great deal about the sad plight of the farmer—the backbone, to coin a phrase, of the nation. Mr. White tells here why most of this particular kind of eloquence will be bunk. He has talked with many farmers and with men whose welfare depends on the farmer's prosperity: the implement makers, grain elevator men and grain dealers. What's behind the scarecrow? It isn't the farmer.

**R**EGARDLESS of the final outcome of the November battle, the Presidential campaign of 1928 will probably go down in history as one of the most gorgeous oratorical orgies in American annals.

All the politicians are having plenty to say, but whether they know what they are talking about is something else again. Sometimes they do, and sometimes they don't. Take Senator Pat Harrison as an example.

Four or five days prior to the convening of the Houston disorder the papers reported that Senator Pat, who was making a bid for something or other, had made the statement that PROHIBITION IS NOT a political issue, but that the solution of the farm problem is a thing that all the voters in the United States should sit up and worry about. But, you see—and probably Senator Harrison can now see it also—prohibition is causing his own party no little trouble, whereas the question of farm relief has been transformed by both Democrats and Republicans into a mere wordy sop which they have cast before the haymakers, potato diggers, corn huskers, wheat growers and fruit raisers in the hope of corraling their votes.

The American farmer, however, is not dumb. He knows his own business far better than the gentlemen in Washington know it; and he is not at all convinced that there is any truth in the assertion that he is approaching peasantry, or that the entire agricultural industry of this land of ours is a very sick infant.

Of course, being human, the farmer would like to have somebody legislate him into affluence, but being also fairly intelligent, it doesn't appear that as many as 5 per cent of him are expecting anything as gracious as that to happen.

To illustrate: Out in the office of a country elevator in Kansas six men were assembled when the word came over the grain wire that President Coolidge had vetoed the farm-relief bill. Five of the men, who were all real dirt farmers, said, "Bully for you, Cal! You know your onions." But the sixth, a local country politician, broke loose into a beautiful tirade about what was going to happen to agriculture if the government didn't save it. The five agriculturists walked away, leaving the



*The farmer is the backbone but not the boob of the nation*

local Demosthenes still raving about the curvature in the backbone of the nation.

Now, is there anything calamitous impending, and is there anything about the agricultural situation that needs to be bolstered up by cumbersome, or even scientific, legislation? Apparently, if one may believe men whose business it is to know more about the farm industry than any individual farmer can possibly know, there is nothing for us to get "het up" about, because, as these men view the situation, there is nothing disastrous even dimly visible upon the far-off horizon.

Grain dealers, board of trade operators and implement manufacturers, all men whose prosperity depends entirely upon that of agriculture, and who, therefore, should know whether there is any truth to the gloomy picture being painted by the advocates of legislative farm relief all say that it is the bunk.

## Ask the Man Who Bills 'Em!

**TAKE** the implement manufacturers. Probably no one will deny that these men, who deal with farmers in all sections of the country, would be having a pretty hard time in their own business if their customers were all "broke." But the interesting part of it is that the MAKERS OF FARM MACHINERY ARE EXCEEDINGLY PROSPEROUS. They are looking to the year 1928 to be the biggest in their history.

Nor is that all. The local dealers in farm implements, who sell direct to the farmers, are in better shape financially than they have ever been. The second largest concern of its kind in America, making plows, mowers, binders, etc., reports that slightly less than 2 per cent of its retail distributors failed to discount their bills for the season of 1927-

28. Does that look as if the farmer was not able to pay HIS bills, and is not a man's ability to pay on the nail a pretty fair indication of prosperity?

But take it over a longer period of time, say since the deflation of 1920, and see how the implement concerns have been getting along. In 1920-21 the concern referred to above, reacting directly to the LACK of prosperity among farmers, lost \$9,000,000. Today, having reacted to farm PROSPERITY, that concern has not only wiped out its loss, which was covered at the time by an issue of \$10,000,000 in gold bonds, but has actually accumulated a combined reserve and surplus of \$38,000,000. Every penny of that huge sum of money came from the farmers; there are a dozen other implement makers who can show the same record of prosperity, and yet the politicians are trying to tell us that agriculture is doomed.

The politicians, however, cannot make the implement men accept their pessimistic views. In recent weeks the writer talked to some of the biggest men in the implement trade in the United States and was unable to find even ONE who was of the opinion that there is anything basically wrong with American agriculture.

One man, for example, with the John Deere Plow Company, who had gone carefully into the matter, because it means millions a year to his concern, and who wanted to find out whether the urban worker is so much better off than the farmer, produced some interesting figures. Here they are:

*Per capita expenditures in retail stores in agricultural communities:*

Atlanta .....	\$728.32
Fargo, N. D. ....	767.68
Springfield, Ill. ....	703.45

*Per capita expenditures in retail stores in urban communities:*

Baltimore .....	\$456.72
Providence .....	433.44
Syracuse .....	565.10

This comparative list, which was compiled by the United States Chamber of Commerce, can easily be strung out to great length, but what's the use?

There are many things, to be sure, that those whose business it is to know are able to point out as being detrimental to the farm industry, but they are all things for which the farmer must find his own cure.

For instance, the estimated sale of farm implements for this present year, as the figures were given to this correspondent in a mahogany-trimmed office in Moline, Ill., will amount to \$450,000,000, and it is actually conservative to say that ONE THIRD of this vast sum is being spent to replace and repair farm machinery which has NOT WORN OUT but which has been allowed to RUST OUT! This sinful proportion of waste goes on year after year; the implement makers know all about it, actually count on it, and naturally look on RUST as their most substantial business ally.

Then why not, in the face of this, and in order to save the poor farmer from the poorhouse, first muzzle our patriotic orators, of both species, and then, after equipping them with a pair of overalls, a monkey wrench and a bucket of grease apiece, scatter them throughout the land to teach the farmers how to care for their tools? Do this, save the agricultural industry approximately \$150,000,000 a year on its implement bills, and possibly it won't be so necessary to endeavor to control the world markets on its products!

And, now that we are discussing money in large lots, it may be interesting and possibly instructive, especially to politicians, to refer briefly to the famous McNary-Haugen Bill. In doing this, however, we will consider another individual farmer.

## Politics' Little Joke—The McNary-Haugen Bill

**THIS** particular agriculturist was a young man, who, just when everything was inflated, was so unfortunate as to have his father die and leave him a 500-acre farm and \$35,000 in cash. Business was good, farm products were bringing terrific prices and naturally the value of land went up like a rocket.

The young man didn't sell. Instead he listened to his banker and allowed that financial wizard to talk him into buying 500 acres of land, adjoining his own 500, at \$500 per acre. The banker, of course, financed the deal to the tune of \$250,000 and in order to protect himself took a mortgage on the entire 1,000 acres.

The boy, now potentially the owner of a half million dollars' worth of real estate, took the \$35,000 Dad had left him, built a fine home with it, and before the plaster was good and dry in the living-room the crash came; deflation set in; land couldn't be sold for \$100 an acre, and what happened?

Reproduce the above unhappy situation in hundreds, yes in thousands of cases all over the rich corn belt; visualize, if you can, the distress of the poor bankers who hold the mortgages, and then witness the portentous birth of the McNary-Haugen Bill.

Something had to be done to raise the price of land, otherwise the BANKERS