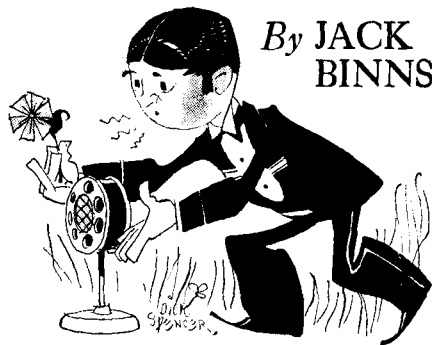




The Bee Power Hum

By JACK BINNS



After nine years of studious observation scientists in Colorado have discovered that bees have a strong preference for blue-colored flowers.

Here's an opportunity for stunting station directors to plant their microphones in clusters of blue flowers so that the dear radio audience may listen to the buzz of the busy little bee.

Charting the Air Lanes

"CHRISTMAS DAY Santa Claus brought me a radio set," chortles George Simpson. "It is fine," he adds, "but I am puzzled about one thing. I've got the itch to bring in some distant stations, but like Little Boopie I don't know where to find them. The newspaper programs print kilocycles and wave-length numbers, but they don't mean anything to me. You see, I never did learn Greek. They don't mean much to my radio dial either, because it can only count up to a hundred. What am I to do about it?"

George, there's just three things you can do. First, ignore the distant stations completely. Second, go over the dial and take any the good Lord sends you and then mark down their numbers for future reference. Third, be real scientific, as follows:

Take a sheet of graph paper. Mark the horizontal lines zero to a hundred. These will represent your dial numbers. Mark the vertical lines 550 to 1,500. These represent kilocycles. Tune in a station at low end of your dial. Put a dot on the graph paper at the intersection of the lines representing the dial number and kilocycle number. Repeat the process with a local station in the middle of the dial and again at the high end. In each case make a dot at the point where the dial line crosses the kilocycle line. When you get this job finished draw a red ink line across the paper through those dots.

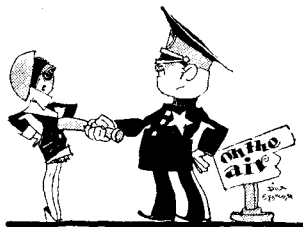
That graph is your chart. When you want to get a particular station look up its kilocycle rating. Then go to your graph and the point where the red line crosses the kilocycle line will give you the dial number. That's where you will have to look on your radio set for the station you want.

For the Inventors

ONE of the associations representing the radio industry has offered its services to the aeronautical industry in developing mutual problems. This is a very fine gesture that can be made really effective if serious effort is put back of the offer, because radio is absolutely vital to aerial navigation.

The airplane in its commercial form offers us not only increased speed but also the economy of straight-line communication. It does not have to make detours to evade the natural obstructions which impede and delay other forms of transit. These are its advantages.

Some of its disadvantages can be rectified by radio. For instance in the radiogoniometer (which is more commonly known as the direction finder, or radio compass) radio offers aviation a perfect and scientifically accurate means of navigation. The field locator enables aircraft to make a landing even in foggy



Ask Dad! He Knows

It would be interesting to know the results obtained by those feminine members of the "vast unseen radio audience" who religiously follow the rules and recipes of the radio cooking classes.

weather. In addition radio offers aircraft telegraphic and telephonic means of communication with distant points on the ground or in the air.

These are the bases on which real, constructive work can be done by radio engineers. The most vital problem in commercial flight is weight. Radio apparatus to be successful on aircraft must be metal-shielded. This means great weight. The lightest metal known is magnesium, but its liability to combustion makes it useless. Possibly it can be combined with some other metal that will give it strength and durability without materially increasing its weight. A great deal can be done in developing wind-driven power-supply equipment. In addition there is the problem of a permanent antenna structure yet to be solved.

Focusing the Wave

"I HAVE read that the beam radio Marconi has developed gives secret communication. How can it be used for broadcasting?" asks Harry Elkins.

That is a fair question, Harry, and it expresses the general confusion concerning the beam. An ordinary lamp casts its brilliance evenly in all directions, the rays growing weaker in equal degree in all directions as they get farther away from the lamp.

If you put a reflector back of the lamp, and carefully focus it, the rays will be concentrated into a beam. All around the back of the reflector will be darkness. The beam, however, will cast its ray much further than the bare light did, even though no more power is used. You will observe that the beam widens out gradually according to its distance away from the lamp.

The beam radio system is just like that. By the time the beam has crossed the Atlantic from a station in England it is so wide that it can be received anywhere from Canada to Florida. It does not offer the degree of secrecy that is claimed for it. On the other hand, it is not suitable for broadcasting because of the narrow path it covers, although it can be used as a relay between two fixed points more efficiently with a minimum of power, and it does not use up very much space in the ether doing it.

He Must Have It

NOW we know just what goes to make an announcer. In an advertisement in the Washington papers station WRC declares that he must be a "man with personality and good education between the ages of twenty and thirty-five years. A knowledge of music and experience in public speaking will be helpful. Must have good speaking voice and extensive vocabulary."

The "ad" does not state what the paragon must do with the education he acquired before twenty.



Damascus for Swords...

Western Electric for telephones



The swordsman of old gloried in the excellence of a Damascus blade. So, through the ages some one product of a craft has been outstanding. Today with telephones it is Western Electric.

Most of the readers of this advertisement have never used any other make of telephone. The reason for this takes you back half a century, when many manufacturers were making telephones and the Bell Company selected Western Electric for sheer merit.

Because of this relationship with the Bell System, Western Electric has been able steadily to improve its product. Engineers of your telephone company, alert to better the service, work hand in hand with engineers of Western Electric, eager to produce the superior equipment needed.

Thus your telephone makers are edging up on perfection.

Western Electric

Purchasers...Manufacturers...Distributors



Fisherman Says He Never Gets a "Bite" From This Tobacco

However, it helps him get the kind of "bites" he wants

The sport of fishing seems to enlarge men's souls, despite all the fish stories we hear. Let a man find a hole where the fish are biting well, and nine times out of ten, if he is a true sportsman, he will let his friends in on the good news.

Evidently the same thing holds true of pipe-smokers. Take the case of Mr. Massey, for example. He has learned from a fellow fisherman how good Edgeworth is, and now wants to tell the world about it himself.

Jasper, Tenn.,
March 23, 1927

Larus & Bro. Co.,
Richmond, Va.
Gentlemen:

I have always wanted to smoke a pipe. After several attempts I gave my "taste" up, for with each trial I got a blistered tongue.

One evening, when looking over a certain outdoor magazine, I read that a certain fisherman could catch more fish when using "Edgeworth," so I decided I would try "his" tobacco—for I am no poor fisherman!

The next day I tried to secure Edgeworth. The local country storekeeper did not have it, so I sent by a friend to the city for my first Edgeworth. Two things have happened: I still smoke Edgeworth, and the local storekeeper always has a supply. I catch fish and never get "a bite" from Edgeworth!

Yours for keeps,
H. V. Massey



To those who have never tried Edgeworth, we make this offer:

Let us send you free samples of Edgeworth so that you may put it to the pipe test. If you like the samples, you'll like Edgeworth wherever and whenever you buy it, for it never changes in quality.

Write your name and address to

Larus & Brother Company, 5 S. 21st Street, Richmond, Va.

We'll be grateful for the name and address of your tobacco dealer, too, if you care to add them.

Edgeworth is sold in various sizes to suit the needs and means of all purchasers. Both Edgeworth Plug Slice and Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed are packed in small, pocket-size packages, in handsome humidors holding a pound, and also in several handy in-between sizes.

To Retail Tobacco Merchants: If your jobber cannot supply you with Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Company will gladly send you prepaid by parcel post a one- or two-dozen carton of any size of Edgeworth Plug Slice or Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed for the same price you would pay the jobber.

On your radio—tune in on WRVA, Richmond, Va.—the Edgeworth Station. Wave length 254.1 meters. Frequency 1180 kilocycles

likely anyone will be around there. It must be most one o'clock right now. Can't you—?"

Gavin Cole looked at his wrist watch. The hands registered 3:45. His nerves began to tingle.

"Here!" he said sharply. "Come across with the whole yarn, and I'll give you the fifty dollars myself. What are you talking about? Speak up!"

He spoke in the voice used by doctors for the rousing of semidelirious patients. His choice of tone was unfortunate. It pierced momentarily the drink fogs that enwrapped McCay's wontedly alert brain. The blaster's jaw dropped.

"Lord!" he blithered. "You wasn't to be told. I—I—"

He strangled, then broke into a loud and wholly mirth-drained laugh.

"I was just conning you, boss!" he declared. "Just seeing what you'd do. I'm drunk. I—I—why, I was just a-kidding you. And you fell for it. You see, it's this way—"

But Gavin Cole was no longer visible to the hazy view of McCay. Vainly the blaster sought to focus his blurred eyes on the engineer. Cole was a hundred feet away and running.

Outside the guard dormitory stood a motorcycle, left there a few moments earlier by its policeman owner. Gavin commandeered it. Cole could not know the rider had gone inside for a can of gasoline with which to fill his nearly empty fuel tank. Otherwise the engineer might have thought it a saving of time to wait until the tank should be replenished.

Off roared the motorcycle, Cole guiding it by the shortest practicable route toward the distant shale shelf. He could not understand the whole scheme whose salient parts McCay had babbled. But he gathered that Ham Gerritt and Rae-gal and someone else were to have gone by stealth to the shale and that an injunction was to be broken.

Why he himself was not to have been told, he could not imagine, or why Gerritt, unordered, should have planned the trip. Above all, he could not figure why the notoriously stingy little foreman should be paying his two assistants a bonus of fifty dollars apiece—presumably out of Gerritt's own pocket—for whatever they were to do there.

As his cycle whirled into the long lane lined on either side by poplars and thickets two badly burned men farther up the lane caught the whirl of the engine. One of them was carrying a third man in his arms. They slunk into a copse, crouching there as the machine tore past them. Then they emerged and resumed their campward journey at a faster pace.

Midway in the lane the machine coughed consumptively and went out of commission. Cole made a few frantic efforts to set it in motion again. Then, discovering the tank was empty, he deserted the useless motorcycle and set out at a run upon the hundred yards or so which stretched between him and the meadow in front of the shale outcrop.

THROUGH the last barrier of poplars he ran. He emerged into the open, where, just in front of him, arose the thither side of the bank. His practiced eye took in immediately the new-tamped blast and the sputter fuse leading to it. Now he understood. But he looked in vain for the men who had carried through the clandestine job to this climax and who then unaccountably had deserted it.

As he peered bewildered at the fuse he saw the tinder-dry meadow grass in front of it was a-smolder, where the bursting of a Roman candle fireball had ignited it.

Ignorant of the pyrotechnic bombardment, he assumed that the blasters had fired the drought-parched grass in the belief that the sparks must reach the fuse. If so, their hope promised to be justified.

For the curling dry grass was in a

fine smolder. The gentle afternoon breeze was spreading the crawly line of fire steadily toward the outer tip of the thin shell of rubber hose with its protected length of fuse. An inch or so more and the fuse must catch.

Forward stepped Gavin to pull the hose free of its juncture with the waiting blast. He moved fast, for at any instant the nearest grass spark might touch the fuse tip.

HE HAD no eyes nor thought for anything else than the undoing of this lawless work Gerritt had set in train—a job which must cast wide discredit on the Bett enterprise as well as entail stiff legal penalties. Thus he did not so much as note the runaway drawn up close to the shale bank and partly hidden from his direct view by a bulge of the shelf.

Nor did he look to that side at all. After he had balked the dire mischief, it would be time to inspect his surroundings for trace of Gerritt and the others.

Out of the poplar fringe he hastened and straight toward the fuse. At his third step he was aware of a sizzling sound. Then something sun-bright and scalding hot slapped him on the left shoulder as with an indignant fist.

His tweed coat was scorched. A shower of sparks began to burrow into its rough surface. Cole beat out instinctively the mysterious fire from his shoulder. But as he did it a second fireball hit his elbow with another angry impact and a shower of colored sparks.

Then, even as he was shaking and slapping out the fire from his sleeve and as he stared about him in stark bewilderment, he saw.

He saw, at the edge of the rock bulge, a slender little white-clad figure facing him fiercely, while a sputtering Roman candle in one outflung arm vomited sparks and fireballs.

As Cole recognized the girl a ball hissed past his ear. Then Faith shifted her aim, and another grazed his puttees.

"Hold on, there!" he shouted, astounded. "I'm Gavin Cole, Miss Christie. Won't you aim your pretty fireworks in some other direction? If one of them happened to hit my face—"

"One of them will," she returned, her voice high and unsteady, "if you move one step nearer that fuse. I didn't know who you were when I opened fire. But I can't see that it makes any difference whether I am protecting my brother's work from the roustabouts who tried to destroy it or from the man who gave the roustabouts their orders. Please go back the way you came unless you want to be burned very frightfully, as your men were."

As she talked she pointed the sputtering candle to one side and let its remaining contents blaze harmlessly into space. But instantly she caught up another candle and held it ready, with the punk stick close to its tip.

Gavin Cole eyed with slack-jawed amazement the gentle girl who long ago had been his friend and who now seemed turned into a homicidal little fury.

A thousand times in the past few months her face had come unbidden between him and his work. But never had it worn this eerie look of strain and of hysteric resolve that rendered it all but unrecognizable.

He could not make head or tail out of the tragic-ludicrous situation. That Gerritt should have sought to blast the rock in defiance of Bett and of the law and without letting Cole know, was incomprehensible enough. But that Faith Christie should be standing there in the soft afternoon sunshine, blazing at him with a Roman candle, was too fantastic for his dazed perceptions to credit.

Then, through his turmoil of astonishment and his bemused indignation that she should suspect him of having

ordered the blasting, he remembered the sputter fuse. He glanced down at it, fifty feet ahead of him just as an enterprising crackle of grass fire reached it. The fuse tip sputtered. Then it disappeared into the rubber casing.

Invisibly the spark was eating its way along the none too lengthy fuse inside the tubing, straight toward the detonator of the blast.

Gavin Cole's heart went sick within him. Faith was standing not thirty feet from the hose. When the blast should explode she and all her elusively lovable daintiness and youth and vigor would be reduced to nothingness.

Gavin sprang forward. As if she divined his intent to charge, Faith had touched the punk stick to the Roman candle before he was in motion.

He stopped in midrush as the candle was leveled calmly at his face.

"Look!" he yelled, pointing to the tubing. "The fuse hasn't a minute to



Lincoln WRITES HOME

Two hitherto unpublished letters written by Abraham Lincoln are presented by

CARL SANDBURG

In next week's COLLIERS

run. If I don't tear it out, you and the shale will be blown sky-high together. Don't point that fool thing at me, I tell you! I've no wish to be blinded saving your crazy life. Put it down!"

At his savage command Faith glanced momentarily at the fuse, but not long enough to permit him to take advantage of her shift of gaze. She saw the hose lying as it had lain ever since she arrived at the shelf. It was not sputtering or showing the faintest sign of being alight. True, the grass smolder was near the tip of the tubing, but there was no outward symptom that the thing was going to ignite.

She knew almost nothing of sputter fuses, as they had been used little at her brother's dam. She had seen them only once or twice. But she imagined that, like all other fuses, they would burst into spitting and fast-traveling sparks when they were ignited. This hose seemed passively innocuous.

Into her overwrought fancy came the only solution her strained senses could grasp. From a hiding place among the trees Gavin Cole must have watched the failure of his men to carry out the task he had assigned to them. When they were driven off, carrying the crippled Gerritt, he had come forth alone, desperately set on igniting the fuse they had not been able to light. His trembling eagerness to reach it now



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30 Ferry St., New York, of

BRIDGE by RADIO

was that he might set it afire. His excuses as to her possible danger were framed to throw her off guard and to keep her from driving him from his goal.

A flurry of righteous rage encompassed her at the thought—rage not only at the trickster but at herself. She had tried, with all her loyal might, to believe what her brother and her brother's friends had said of Cole.

Her mentality had been convinced they must be right. But always, down in the depths of her very troubled heart, something had told her, over and over, that there must be some explanation of the whole thing—some explanation which should prove Gavin was in part the clean man she once had learned to like so encompassingly and not the tricky scoundrel his actions and his affiliations had seemed to prove him.

SHE had upbraided herself fifty times for letting Gavin keep such a strange hold on her thoughts, and she had wondered contemptuously at herself for not being able to put him from her memory.

Now, in a flash, her brother was proved triumphantly right. Cole had plotted this evasion of the law in letting the river out through the blast rift in the shale—probably arranging to say that a drought fire in the meadow grass had exploded some forgotten blast left there since the day of the shelf battle. He had lacked the courage to come out into the open and help in the illicit work lest he be recognized. He had hidden so that any possible blame, in case of discovery, might be laid upon his subordinates and that his own skirts might be kept clear.

Then, as a last desperate resort, he had flung away caution and was seeking to complete the destruction from which Faith had driven his men. More, he was seeking his own safety from the Roman candle fire by trying to make her think his only wish was to save her from danger and to undo what Gerritt had sought to do.

The light-swift realization of Gavin's utter villainess cleared her dizzy brain and straightened her wavering arm.

"Stop!" she ordered, her sweet voice taking on a harshness unpleasantly suggestive of a snarling cat. "Stop where you are. Now, turn and walk back, as fast as you can. I—"

"Good Lord!" raged Cole. "Can't you see you're killing yourself? Put down that measly Roman candle and let me get to the fuse. It—"

For answer, as he took a forward step, a fireball plopped past his head, singeing his hair.

"Your face, next time!" she warned him grimly. "Go, please!"

Through all her contempt and fury she was aware of a growing horror lest she chance to injure this man who was her foe and her brother's and who was seeking to wreck the work on which their future hung.

Half of her laboring brain longed to wreak murderous punishment on him and to defend the blast at cost of a dozen lives, if need be. But the other and illogically feminine half of it cried out in anguish of appeal for him.

She had not more than a breath of time to wonder dizzily at this internal war of her nature. For, with a sharp twist, Gavin ripped off his coat and threw it over his head. As he muffled himself thus he plunged forward to the sputter fuse.

A Roman candle ball smote the folds of tweed on his head, setting the fabric a-smolder. Another glanced along the back of the hand wherewith he held the coat in place; and it singed and scored the flesh torturingly.

Unheeding, he dashed on. He reached the hose. With a mighty yank he jerked it free from its fastenings at the mouth of the blast.

He cast it from him aimlessly. The tubing fell at the girl's feet.

She had marked its flight in dazed helplessness. She had fought her good fight. She had lost. She could not take in the meaning of this unforeseen new move of her adversary. Dully she saw an end of the tube strike her foot as it landed on the earth in front of her.

The shock of the fall knocked from the tube end a half inch of snapping fuse.

Faith Christie's gaze was riveted to the sizzling fragment. Now she understood.

She looked up vacantly at Gavin. The man was paying no heed to her even as she was paying no heed to the futilely exploding Roman candle which had dropped from her numbed hand.

Gavin had thrown his smoldering coat on the ground. Now he was stamping out its smolder. Then, still without looking at the girl, he began to put out the string of grass fire which was curling snakily toward the shale.

"Half an inch!" babbled Faith foolishly. "Half an inch. Only half an inch of the fuse was left when you pulled it away. I—"

She ceased. The man did not answer her or look at her. He did not seem to have heard her incoherent murmur. His busy feet continued to extinguish the creeping smolder amid the short grass.

Then he took out and opened his pocketknife—a fat and foreign-made utility instrument containing various tools as well as blades. Kneeling down at the blast hole, he proceeded very coolly to empty its outer edge of its contents.

He cleared away the detonator and the front inch or so of the tremendous explosive behind it. Then, still without speaking or looking at Faith, he vanished around the corner of the shelf, whence the girl could hear his hands splashing in the river.

Presently he returned, carrying a dripping double handful of black river mud. Deftly he slapped this against the blast opening, patting and punching and smoothing it into place, filling completely the mouth of the hole.

When he had finished he spoke to the girl, who had been standing mute and wide-eyed as he worked.

"Tell Christie he'd better send someone up here to draw this charge," he bade her. "If he doesn't, they may try to blast here again. Let a professional explosives man draw it. I don't see any reason for risking my life by working any deeper in the stuff. If you care to, you can tell him I heard about this scheme from a drunken blaster a few minutes ago, and that I came here as quickly as I could to prevent the rotten thing that was being done. You can tell him this was the work of a foreman who has more zeal than sense and who is going to be fired for it and that neither Mr. Bett nor I nor anyone else in authority knew a thing about the dirty plan. Christie won't believe any of that, of course, and neither will you. I'm not interested in either of you believing it. I've said it in justice to Mr. Bett, not to myself. Please understand that."

He turned on his heel and went back to the river. As he knelt at the brink, washing the clinging black mud from his hands—and wincing as the process stung his seared hand with fresh pain—he was aware that Faith had followed him to the water's edge and was standing by his side.

AS HE got to his feet Faith Christie spoke. Her voice was small and timid and not wholly steady:

"Mr. Cole," she began, falteringly, "there—there isn't anything for me to say to you. I—"

"No," he agreed, curt and grouchy, forbidding as he looked down into the swimming dark eyes that seemed three sizes too large for the white little face and whose appeal cried out so pathetically against his stony displeasure. "No. There isn't. Suppose we let it go at that."

He was moving away when her hand fell pleadingly on his arm.

"Please!" she begged, half crying. "Can't you see how horribly unhappy I am and how a—how ashamed I am? You knew I was going to be killed in another few seconds. You warned me. There was time for you to get away. And then you played with death to save me from it. I—I want to tell you something, Gavin—something that can't make so very much difference to you: perhaps it can't make any difference to

(Continued on page 44)

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The Valley Girl

Continued from page 43

you at all. But I want to say it, please. May I?"

Sulkily he continued to look down at her without answering. The small voice went on, striving for steadiness: "When—when you were making that—that glorious dash to pull away the fuse—the fireballs hit you twice. They—"

"Yes," growled Cole in elephantine sarcasm, "now you speak of it, I believe they did. My coat is a pleasant reminder of your good aim. So is the back of my left hand."

"PLEASE!" she begged again, wincing under his words and his grating voice as though he had sworn at her. "But I want you to know, Gavin, that I didn't mean to. Honestly, I didn't. You have to believe that. I was holding the candle, aimed straight at you, when you threw your coat over your head and rushed at the fuse. And half of me was telling the rest of me you deserved to be set afire and perhaps injured terribly. But the other half of me wouldn't let me do it. That sounds silly, but it isn't. I knew all at once that I couldn't hurt you, no matter what you did. And I dropped the candle, Gavin. But in the little speck of time while I had been trying not to—not to keep from hurting you, two of the fireballs went off. I was holding the candle out straight and I was all dazed, and then I realized all at once as I dropped it—I realized I had hit you in spite of my not meaning to. That doesn't make any sense, does it? But—"

"Not to a thick mind like mine," said Gavin.

"But," she forged on, her effort at voice steadying becoming painful, "but it's true, just the same. And you have to believe it. You do believe me, don't you? Tell me you do believe me."

"Frankly," replied Cole, speaking the more roughly as he stole himself with growing difficulty against the anguish of appeal in her unsteady voice, "frankly, I can't see that it matters. Even if you didn't happen to realize that you were pointing the thing at me and that it was lighted, you surely don't ask me to believe you were thinking of something else when you halted me a moment earlier and told me to go back unless I wanted to be burned, and when you sent the earlier candle shots at me. If it will make you feel any more comfortable, of course, I'm quite ready to believe you did and said the whole thing absent-mindedly while you were wrapped in a sweet reverie of mercy. Suppose we let it go at that? No great harm is done. My coat is an old one, and my hand will be well again in a few days. I'm sorry if I'm not as gracious about it all as I might be. I've been through a rather annoying few seconds, and they haven't left me at my civilst."

He moved away. But once more she followed. The tears had begun to course down her tanned cheeks, and now there was no semblance of steadiness in her choked voice.

"If you had flinched, for even a second or two," she was saying, "it would have been too late. There was only just a wisp of the fuse left. That makes it all the viler of me to—"

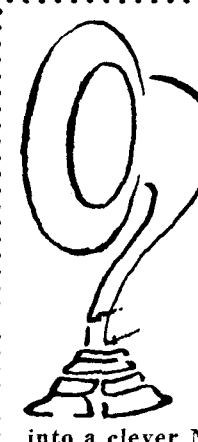
"Not at all," the gratingly sullen voice reassured her. "It was my own foolish miscalculation. If I had known that a quick-burning fuse had been used, I wouldn't have wasted so much time in jabbering. I figured I had a half minute on my hands. The only reason I made that melodramatic jump for it was because I was afraid one of your absent-minded fireballs might put my sight out of commission. If it had—I might never have been able to get to the fuse. And I have proved I couldn't induce you to believe there was any danger in it. So we'd both have gone to glory."

He ceased speaking, a little ashamed of his own boorishness but glumly resolved not to soften toward this hysterical hellcat who now seemed so child-like and appealing.

"Please don't cry," he said gruffly. "There's nothing to cry about. It's all right, I tell you. No harm is done. When you've had time to cool down, you'll realize I am just as much of a blackguard as you've been told I am and you'll be ashamed of yourself for talking to me as if I was human. If you can get home all right, I'm going now. Good-by. Don't forget to tell Christie to have that charge drawn. A thunderstorm might set it off, or someone might get to tampering with it."

He turned away. She took a quick step toward him, catching his blistered hand, and bending over it. Her soft lips touched lightly the burned surface.

From somewhere behind the closed glass door came the sound of several men's voices raised in a sudden loud laugh. Loudest among them rang the unmistakable laugh of Wilgus Bett, dominating the lesser cackination.



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NAMEOGRAPHS

Then she ran, sobbing, back to her car. Dully, expressionlessly, the man stared after her; then down at his own hand.

With a hot intake of breath he strode after her. But instantly he halted. For a moment he stood irresolute, miserable. Then heavily he retraced his way toward the poplar lane and the useless motorcycle he had left there.

As soon as he had trundled the awkward machine to the police dormitory at Regin he hurried to the Eagle Hotel to make his report to Bett and to ask for an authorizing of Gerritt's immediate discharge.

The more Gavin pondered over the blast foreman's astonishing action the less could he understand it. Of course, if Gerritt could do the blasting surreptitiously, the foreman might reasonably expect a big cash reward from Bett. But the chances had been desperate.

Bett must be told of it at once and future misdeeds of the kind be guarded against.

Gavin found himself less able than usual to think consecutively. For, as he sought to concentrate his thoughts, they would scatter in mazy disorder before the memory of a childlike face, tear-streaked, and of a soft touch of lips on his blistered hand.

Strive as he would, Cole could not keep his mind free from Faith, nor his conscience from scourging him for his boorishness toward the penitent and miserably unhappy girl. Most of all would his thoughts center in breathless amazement on that touch of her warm lips to his hand.

Cole ran up the steps of the Eagle Hotel porch and in through a group of idlers to the suite where Wilgus Bett made his field headquarters.

It was a rule of Bett's that any upper employee of his, with anything of importance to discuss, was at liberty, day

or night, to come unannounced into his presence.

But this afternoon Smeed, the private secretary, got up briskly from a chair by the office's outer entrance and barred his way.

The meager little secretary, with his ageless and age-filled parchment face, stood with his back to the shut door and with his hand on its knob as Gavin hurried into the anteroom.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Cole," said the secretary, his tone as parchmentslike and lifeless as his face—"I'm very sorry, but Mr. Bett is not in just now. He left—"

From somewhere behind the closed glass door came the sound of several men's voices raised in a sudden loud laugh. Loudest among them rang the unmistakable laugh of Wilgus Bett, dominating the lesser cackination.

"Good boy!" boomed Bett's voice, unmistakable again, and distinct. "Now suppose we get back to business."

"Mr. Bett is in conference," proceeded Smeed, unruffled by his employer's inconsiderateness in refusing the secretary's smug statement that he was out. "He posted me here to make certain he should not be disturbed. He—"

"In conference?" repeated Gavin, puzzled at his chief's falling back on this most ancient and most mustily abhorrent of official lies. "In conference with whom? I have some important—"

"With his lawyers and some gentlemen who got here on the 3:46," responded Smeed. "He told me no details. But he told me to see that nobody—nobody—interrupted him until the conference ends. I am sorry, Mr. Cole, but—"

"Oh, all right!" grumbled Gavin. "It was his own business I wanted to see him on. Not mine. Please phone me, over at the camp, as soon as he is at liberty. Tell him it is important."

Two hours later, as Cole was winding up the day's work in his own office tent, Smeed came in.

"I gave Mr. Bett your message, Mr. Cole," said he. "He was sorry not to be able to see you. He has just gone to New York for the night. He won't be back until some time late tomorrow. He instructed me to give you this note."

He handed Gavin an envelope, then stepped back out of the tent.

"What train did Mr. Bett take to town?" asked Cole.

"He went by motor," answered the secretary, "along with some of the gentlemen who were here to see him this afternoon. Good night."

SMEED backed noiselessly out of the radius of the tent's electric light into the dusk of the yard. Gavin took up the envelope and began to tear it open.

Then he remembered that the Gerritt matter ought to be dealt with swiftly and drastically.

Smeed probably would know where Bett planned to put up in New York for the night, so that he might be reached by telephone. Gavin hurried out to overtake the secretary before the latter should pass through the gate of the camp on his way back to Regin.

The electric flare, just above the gateway, illumined the spare little secretary. He had walked fast to reach the entrance so soon. A big motor car was drawn up in the shadows, just outside the gate. Into this Smeed climbed. Someone on the rear seat moved to one side to let the little man sit down. Then the car was in motion.

Gavin had broken into a run. Now he stared annoyed after the receding machine. Just then it passed by a saloon whose door was flung open.

A wide bar of light fell momentarily across the rear seat of the car, revealing for a flash of time the faces of its occupants.

Gavin Cole stopped short in his pursuit, peering incredulously after the receding car. Slack-jawed, dumfounded, he stood there.

(To be continued next week)

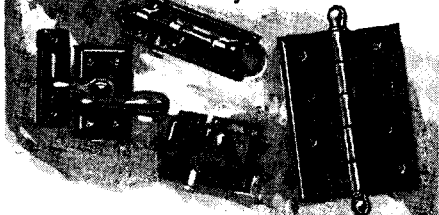
The Woman Hunters

Continued from page 7



So Quickly Done —and Clean!

It's such a simple thing to stop squeaky door hinges and latches—or to prevent them! A few drops of 3-in-One from the Handy Can settles the matter for a long time to come. All household mechanisms—sewing machines, vacuum cleaners, washing machine motors, oil burner motors, etc.—work easier and more silently when oiled regularly with 3-in-One.



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staying up half the night. I turned to go and encountered the eyes of my cousin, Fred Gorham.

I nodded coolly, and would have passed him without speech but for the fact that he held out his hand.

Five years ago I would have knocked him down, but in five years hurts become alleviated.

"Hello, Allen," he greeted me. "Didn't expect to see you here."

"Nor I you," I told him.

Damned cad, he took every one else to be a snob like himself, and hastily explained:

"Oh, I couldn't miss a show like this. Imagine? An automobile for the prettiest girl. And did you ever see anything like the cigarette cases?"

As he spoke he brought forth his favor from his waistcoat pocket.

"You don't have to accept it, you know," I reminded him.

He had a helpful faculty, this cousin of mine. He could ignore snubs wonderfully.

"When did you arrive in town?" he asked.

"Recently," I answered.

"Here for long?" he inquired.

I smiled at him. "Worried?" I parried.

To my surprise—odd how we are prone to associate a low degree of morality with a parallel degree of courage—he met my glance squarely.

"You wouldn't expect us to give three ringing cheers if you took up a residence in New York, would you?"

"Who are 'us'?" I demanded.

He colored slightly as he answered, "The family."

"Flattering," I jeered, "that a flock of second and third cousins should care a hoot about me."

"Now don't take that tone, Allen," he said.

"Be happy that my tone isn't any more offensive than it is, Fred," I warned him.

"The same old hot-tempered Allen, eh?" he said.

"The same old Fred too, eh?" I retorted.

He chose to ignore the sneer in my voice.

"Didn't know you knew the Candaces," he remarked.

I COULD have reminded him that he knew nothing of my acquaintance save what hearsay information he might have acquired about me. But what was the use of starting any argument? Five years ago was five years ago. Despite a leap of my pulse and a tiny pain in my heart, I reminded myself of that fact.

"Do you know them very well?" I asked.

He had a mean, sneering sort of grin, and he employed it now.

"Nobody knows them," he replied. "They're a show, that's all. Never met them in my life. They've been pointed out to me, but I never exchanged one word with any of them." He laughed.

"I'll make a small bet that 50 per cent of the people never even saw the Candaces."

"And the Candaces invited people whom they'd never seen?" I persisted.

"Certainly. It's nothing unusual, although providing automobiles and Adirondack camps is a new note in social climbing. Why, use your head. As a matter of fact, there isn't an established hostess in New York who knows five or six hundred eligible young men."

"Then how do they get them at their parties?"

"They do as the Candaces have done, only not quite so crudely. An established hostess will know a couple of boys in a college fraternity and rely on the discretion of those boys to ask only nice fellows. You see, the girls must have dancing partners, so a college boy that's invited is told to bring along a dozen friends. But the Candaces—and this is a fact—wrote to fraternities of which they didn't know a single member and put a private car at the disposal of the college boys, to bring them to this dance tonight. Also, they went over the social registers of half a dozen cities and invited lists of people. Now, I ask you, if some vulgar climber acts in this fashion, what obligation rests upon his guests?"

"To be equally vulgar, I suppose," I said. Then, as a couple passed me, I indicated the young man with a nod. "Don't tell me that he's a Harvard sophomore. The only school he ever went to was the college of hard experience."

FRED shrugged. "Well, if people spread invitations broadcast, it's not to be wondered at that a few gigolos pick them up."

"And worse than that," I suggested.

"Much worse," he assented cheerfully.

"It's a damned outrage," I said.

"I don't see how. If these people aren't satisfied with their Kankakee friends, and are willing to entertain strangers, why should anyone care that impossible people get in?"

"Because the Candaces are fine people," I replied hotly.

"Time was when a Gorham would have hesitated to term a vulgar parvenu nice," he retorted.

"The time may come when a Candace will look down on a certain Gorham," I told him.

"There's one Gorham that a lot of people won't even look down at now," he said.

"Funny," I said. "How you can be obsessed with an idea for years, forget all about it, and then have it come racing back?"

"I don't think I follow you," he said.

"It's nothing much; just a wonder as to what would happen if I hit you?"

I'd been wrong about Fred. Whatever else he was, he was no coward.

"Try it, if your curiosity is as strong as all that," he suggested.

"Temptation is more fun if it is prolonged," I said.

"You seem to take these Candaces rather seriously," he jeered.

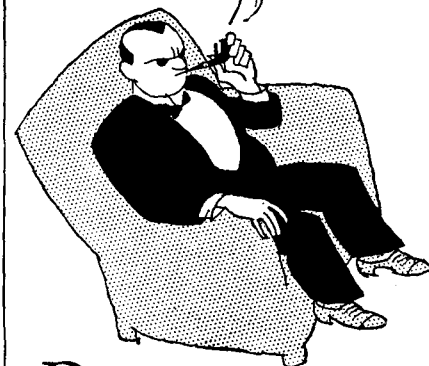
Vonny, in the arms of a sleek-haired rat, passed by. She waved a gay hand at me.

"Looks as though Ken Runyon has the inside track," remarked Fred.

"Is that the name of Miss Candace's partner?" I asked. "Who is he?"

(Continued on page 46)

"There's something burning around here!"



DON'T overlook the other fellow's point of view about that pipe of yours. Pipe sniffers may not share your love for that strong old briar. But they'll like the mild fragrance of Sir Walter's favorite tobacco, and so will you! A mellow blend of choice tobaccos, wrapped in gold foil to preserve all its freshness.

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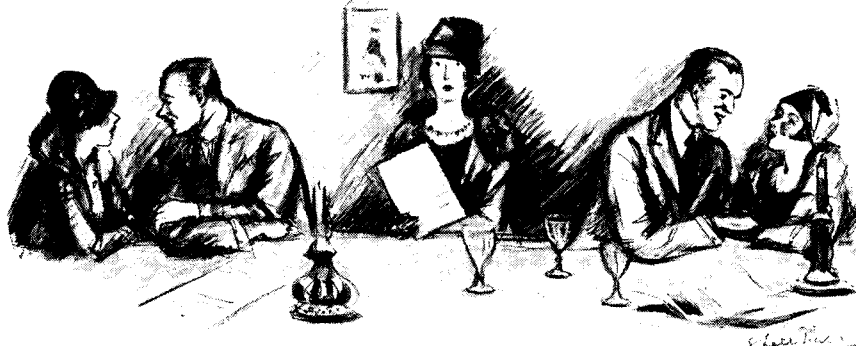
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The Woman Hunters

Continued from page 45

"One of the dancing young men one sees around the night clubs," Fred answered.

"What's his business?"

"Women," Fred replied.

"What do you mean?" I demanded.

"For a man who lives by his wits—" Fred began.

I'd stood about all I intended to stand from him.

"Never mind about me," I interrupted him. "Tell me about this Runyon. What about women? You mean to say—"

"Well, if a man entertains ladies of the half-world on a magnificent scale and has no visible means of support, nor—with a glance at me that was a trifle too suggestive—even an invisible means of livelihood, and if some of his flames, having ceased to burn brightly, intimate openly that the fuel of the blaze was furnished by them—"

I cut short his wordy speech.

"You mean this Runyon lets women support him?"

"He isn't the only one of that kind here tonight," said Fred. "Several others have been attracted by the bait of Yvonne Candace's prospective fifty millions."

"Thirty," I corrected him.

My cousin chuckled. "Such accuracy would seem to indicate that you had investigated the bait."

I looked at him squarely. "Only one Gorham ever married a woman for her money," I said.

"I should think that after five years you'd be able to let a matter drop," he suggested. "The sporting thing is for the loser to be graceful, especially when time has healed the bruises of defeat. However, you were always a surly dog. Time hasn't improved your manners."

Abruptly he walked off. I looked after him, a trifle amazed at his courage, and more amazed at my own forbearance. Well, that was over, and I was glad that my meeting with him after all these years had been so devoid of incident.

Once again I started to leave. Then I paused. After all, the Candaces had been very nice to me; I would probably never see them again; it was only courteous of me to ask Vonny for a dance. I found her at one side of the room surrounded by a group of young men, not one of whom ten years ago would have aspired to be anything more than the soda jerker fate intended him to be. But the world has changed in the decade since the war.

"This," said a swarthy youth who should have been blacking boots, "is my dance."

I'm afraid that my temper had been awakened with the result that my manners slumbered.

"This was your dance," I corrected him. "It is mine."

I THINK he would have debated the matter with me but that Vonny slipped into my arms, and we moved off before the youth had come to a decision as to the proper thing to do.

"You're a masterful person, aren't you?" demanded Vonny.

"When there's a prize that inspires mastery—"

She interrupted me. "No compliments, not from you, Mr. Gorham."

"Why not? Am I so old that sweet nothings become acid on my lips?" I asked.

"You're honest. That's why," she said. "It seems to me that you are the only honest person I know. All the others have a meaning behind what they say. They want something. So I don't want flattery from you. I think you were sweet to come."

"You were sweet to ask me," I told her. "I wouldn't have missed it for worlds. It's a wonderful party."

"I thought you understood that I liked you because you seemed so honest," she said. "You know it isn't a wonderful party. You know that it is ostentatious and vulgar and cheap beyond words. You know that it's a vile crowd."

I gasped at her vehemence. "There are lots of nice people here," I lamely said.

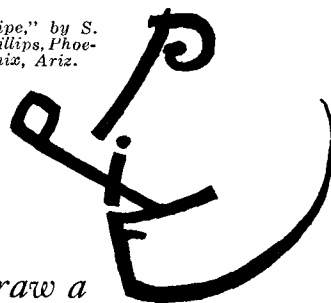
"And why did they come? To sneer at the Middle-Western climbers! To gather in corners and drink Papa's champagne and smoke his cigars and accept his favors while they laughed at his vulgar daughter. Oh, don't answer me. You know that what I say is true."

"Then why, Vonny"—I don't know why I called her by her first name, except that she seemed so pitifully young and unhappy—"if you felt this way did you—"

"Do you think I'd cross Dad in anything he did, in anything he wanted? Do you think I'd hurt the feelings of the sweetest, most generous man that ever lived by letting him think that I thought any act of his, any suggestion of his, any thought of his was vulgar?"

I got it now, got it for the first time.

"Pipe," by S. Phillips, Phoenix, Ariz.



Draw a
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It's a pipe, as the boys say. This one brought \$5 to the ingenious Phillips. And there's a five-dollar check waiting for your published Nameograph entry. Address: Nameograph Editor, Collier's Weekly, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.

It wasn't Mrs. Candace who was socially ambitious; it wasn't Yvonne. It was the husband and father. I should have guessed it earlier. For, in nine cases out of ten, it is the man who is the social climber. He masks his ambitions behind the alleged desires of his women, but it is he who yearns for social acknowledgment of financial achievement.

"Vonny," I said, "I think you're just the nicest girl—"

"Except one," she interrupted. "I'd like to see that one."

"Why, there isn't anyone at all," I said.

"Oh, yes, there is. I've known it since I first met you. Tell me what she is like."

I could have told her to look across the room. For there, lovelier than on that day when I had last seen her, five long years ago, stood Anita Gorham, my cousin Fred's wife.

What pitiful liars we are, even to ourselves. For I had told myself that the reason I turned back into the ballroom was to be courteous to Vonny Candace, whereas all the time I had known that I lingered merely in the hope that where Fred was Anita might also be. "You're hurting my hand," said Vonny.

I relaxed the pressure of my fingers with a muttered apology.

"Have I offended you?" she asked.

I leaped the gap from five years ago to the present.

"Offended me? Now what on earth makes you ask a question like that?" I laughed.

I felt her shrug slightly in my grasp. "I don't know, except that you seemed so strange and crushed my hand so when I asked you to tell me about—"

"About the mythical lady who's nicer than you?" I interrupted.

"She isn't mythical," said Vonny.

"My heart is on my sleeve, eh?"

She shook her head. "It's deep down in your eyes."

"Anywhere except under my ribs, where it ought to be." I tried to put raillery in my voice. I don't know how well I succeeded, but she changed the subject.

"When do you return to Europe?"

"Tomorrow," I replied.

"Then we won't see you again? Well, once again I thank you for coming to-night."

WE HAD circled the room until we were opposite our starting point. The youth who should have been a bootblack darted out upon the floor. I permitted him to cut in. Vonny nodded farewell. There was a bleak expression upon her face. Then I forgot all about her as a woman's fingers touched my arm, and I looked into the face of Anita Gorham. She spoke to her partner. "You'll forgive me?" Her voice had that same irresistible coo that I remembered so well. "I haven't seen Mr. Gorham for years."

Her partner mumbled an acceptance of the situation. And then she was in my arms. She sighed faintly.

"Oh, Allen, it's been so long."

It would be hard for me to remember how many times I had visualized meeting Anita; it would be easier for me to remember those rare occasions when she had not been in my mind, obscuring my thoughts. But my fancy had never stumbled upon her first words to me.

Words are inadequate things when set down upon paper. The shades of meaning, the nuances of thought: cold type cannot express these. Delicious, luscious things were in that cooing voice; hints, promises, reproaches. . . . I felt smothered, drugged.

I looked down at her upturned face. She was one of those ageless blondes who carry to middle years the appeal of youth. Not that she was middle-aged or anywhere near it. Anita was perhaps twenty-six, but I swear that she looked nearer eighteen. Her head, with the golden curls that clung so tightly to it, so that it made one think of a bit of Grecian statuary, was set upon a body so beautiful that it rivaled anything that Praxiteles ever achieved. Her eyes were deepest blue; her nose was perfect, proud-nosed; and upon her lovely lips a man might well have breathed away his honor.

I had carried her image in my mind for five years, and now I realized how imperfect memory can be. And there was nothing of the doll-like quality one often associates with blondes in her beauty. Anita was a vital, living thing, and the hint of hardness in her character detracted no whit from her charm.

"Long? Perhaps not long enough," I blurted.

She moved sensuously in my arms.

"You haven't forgotten?" she breathed.

"Did you think I would?" I retorted.

Oh, I know that this was no way to talk to another man's wife. But all those thoughts which I had tried to repress of late years had come racing back into my mind.

"I thought there might have been other girls," she said. "You're an attractive man, Allen."

"Praise indeed," I said. I was recovering myself now. This sudden shock of seeing her, of touching her, of hearing her voice, had been too much for me. But now I gathered my wits and remembered I owed Anita Gorham no flattery. She had used me as hardly as a woman may use a man. She had killed, I savagely assured myself, every vestige of my love for her. The softly beautiful face of her did not match the hard character. I've said that this hardness of character rendered her no less charming, and this is true. Nevertheless I felt that her charm was something dangerous, poisonous, as charm in a sweeter character never is.

"Being something of a connoisseur in men, you should know attraction when you see it," I told her.



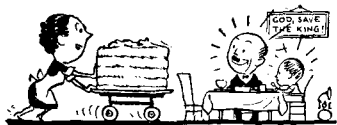
Tom Masson Says

Experts now declare that it is impossible to reach the saturation point. Yet we have seen it accomplished with synthetic gin.

William R. Hearst doesn't think that Mayor Thompson of Chicago should be laughed at. Even so the country is safe, for no Englishman is likely to see the point of the joke.

That culture in this country is now assured is proved by the fact that practically all college professors can describe a football game.

There is a rumor that Mr. Coolidge may not run for the Presidency after all.

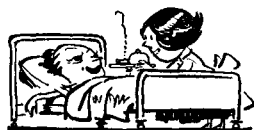


Color schemes for home kitchens is the latest fad. The next thing will be to find someone who can cook.

Most of us are trying to get to heaven on the installment plan.

Water wings have been used on cows during a recent Kansas flood. Idea was probably suggested by a milkman.

A man in Battersea has spent 35 years furnishing a doll's house he made from a match box. He was probably interrupted by his wife telling him how the thing should be done.



"Do you know of anything more important," asks an inspirational writer, "than coming down to breakfast pleasantly?" Yes. Having it brought up to you in bed pleasantly.

"That is ungallant," she said. "Don't you think that you and I can take the buttons off the foils when we fence?" I demanded.

"But why should we fence?" she retorted.

"Why indeed?" I laughed. "Why should we do anything at all?"

"Can't we be friends?" she asked.

"One must bring gifts to friendship," I reminded her. "And what have you to offer?"

"I don't think you're polite," she said.

"Your husband told me something like that a little while ago," I said.

The lovely face clouded in a frown.

"I told Fred to be civil," she said.

"Oh!" I exclaimed in surprise. "So you and Fred knew that I was to be here tonight? Whom do I thank for this interest in me? You or your husband?"

"IS IT strange that we both should take an interest in you?" she asked.

"Perhaps not, but somewhat strange that Fred should make our meeting an accident."

"Not at all. You and Fred—you know, after all—you both wanted—don't make me finish."

"I'll finish it for you," I said harshly.

"We both wanted you and Fred got you. And now it seems that you and Fred want something from me. What is it?"

"Perhaps we want to heal old wounds," she said.

"Perhaps," I jeered. "But it seems to me that you gave those wounds plenty of time to heal themselves. Somehow I can't see either of you in the rôle of psychic nurse."

"Some people become so embittered that they can't see anything straight," said Anita.

"All right, present things properly to my crooked vision," I suggested.

"If you're going to be quarrelsome—"

Into her voice came that hint of a sob, of pent-up tears that in the old days had always made me putty in her hands.

"I don't want to quarrel," I said.

Her whole weight hung for a moment in my arms. The fragrance of her was heady, sweetly bewildering.

"I'll be home at tea time tomorrow," she whispered.

"The Paris will be off Montauk then," I replied.

I felt her body lose its relaxed quality. It became a thing of steel springs, alert and taut as a runner waiting for the starting gun.

"But I thought—I hoped—Yvonne Candace is such a lovely girl."

"And what has her loveliness to do with me?" I asked.

"Nothing, except that you followed her across the Atlantic and are here tonight." She looked up at me with smiling eyes that I somehow felt were histrionic.

"Don't you know that all women are matchmakers, especially where an old—sweetheart—is concerned?"

"Anita," I said, "we were sweethearts once, weren't we?"

"We thought so," she smiled.

"You liked me?"

"Don't be silly. I adored you," she replied. Again she put things in her voice that were not in her words. It was as though she drew apart curtains and revealed lovely vistas.

"Then, for the sake of old times," I said, ignoring the hint in her tones, "be nice to Yvonne Candace."

"And you tell me you aren't épris there?"

I shook my head. "I didn't follow her across the Atlantic, and I'm not at all smitten. But I like her, and I like her parents. And I think—a woman like you could do everything for a girl like her. You could tell her what men—Fred, by gad, was telling me something about one young fellow that's courting her."

"Ken Runyon? He's an amusing boy."

"But Fred said that he's—aren't there any standards any more, Anita?"

"For a disinterested friend you talk amazingly like a jealous lover," she mocked.

"I've loved only one woman in my life." The words were out before I realized what I was saying.

"Once again, Allen, let me remind you that I'm home tomorrow afternoon," she said.

"And once again, Anita, let me tell

you that I'll be on the Paris," I retorted. "Leaving the pretty Candace girl to the attentions of Ken Runyon?" she laughed.

That was my last word with her. She was by far the most beautiful woman in the room, and I had monopolized her for almost a whole dance. A man cut in upon us now. To my chagrin Anita yielded to him without protest. Mockery shone in her eyes as she danced off.

I had learned, in those days forever gone, to know my Anita extremely well. I could read her thoughts now as though they were printed for me. I loved her—so she was telling herself—as madly as ever. She had made me think—so her thoughts went on—that despite her owed allegiance to another man she might not prove unattainable to me.

The mockery in her glance meant that she was inwardly laughing at my quick and abject surrender.

Well, that mockery would not be in her eyes tomorrow at tea time when I, far at sea upon the Paris, failed to arrive at her home.

For the third time I started to leave the party. But, glancing through the open door of one of the copies of the old-fashioned saloon, I saw young Runyon standing by the bar. A curiosity that was quite inexplicable to me made me wish to see him near at hand, so I walked into the bar and accepted a highball from the bartender.

The air hummed with voices. Liquor had broken down what dour inhibitions the present generation has inherited from its parents. Backs were being slapped and voices were raised in what passed for song. I edged my way close to Ken Runyon.

I had to admit that he was a good-looking chap, in a furtive sort of way.

What the screen and the Broadway stage term good looks I suppose he had.

Myself, while I'm no subscriber to the Nordic creed, I confess to a slight satiety of slant-browed, olive-skinned heroes. If there were no other reasons to hail Lindbergh, I would do so because he is blond.

Runyon was talking to an older man. The young fellow was unquestionably slightly intoxicated.

"There's a prize for the best male dancer," the older man was saying.

"Why the hell should I bother with crumbs when I'm going to have the whole cake soon?" demanded Runyon.

Neither of the men paid any attention to me.

"All fixed up?" asked the older man.

"It'll be fixed when I want to fix it," boasted Runyon. "If I hurried it too fast, I might scare her away."

"You seem pretty certain. If I were buzzing around thirty million, I'd sure feel jumpy."

Runyon laughed at the older man.

"Say, any time I worry about a dame's feelings toward me it'll be first-page news. Handling a squaw like Vonny Candace is the softest thing I ever tackled."

I THINK the reason I didn't hit him

was because it was too incredible. I knew that I heard him, but it was not until I had returned to my hotel that I believed that I'd heard him. I'd known some pretty low people in my life, but the kind of vermin that frankly admits that it wants a woman's money had been outside my experience up to now.

Now I understood the premonitions, the uneasy feeling that untoward events had been in the air, which had assailed me all evening. I knew what it was that menaced my friends the Candaces. Birds of prey, vultures, were hovering above the bait of thirty million dollars.

But scarecrows frightened away birds of prey. I wasn't much use to anyone in the world; I was a sort of spiritual scarecrow. I might be able to frighten away the buzzards that fluttered uncleanly above the Candaces.

I left word to be called early. I wanted to cancel my passage on the Paris at the first possible moment. The Candaces needed a friend. I'd be that friend. So I told myself as I went to sleep.

But through my mind was running Anita's promise that she would be home at tea time.

(To be continued next week)



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