



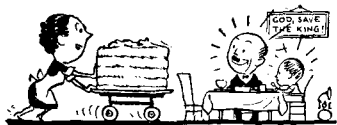
Tom Masson Says

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.

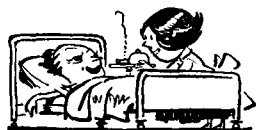


Color schemes for home kitchens is the latest fad. The next thing will be to find someone who can cook.

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)



Good looks and easy Comfort!

A happy combination—best of looks and as good as they look, these Ivories. All the latest, good-looking elastic patterns, plus all the comfort a light—cool—cleangarter alone can give. That's Ivory—try them once and you'll buy them always. Same goes for Ivory Suspenders, too. We'll supply you if your dealer cannot. Just send his name with your order.

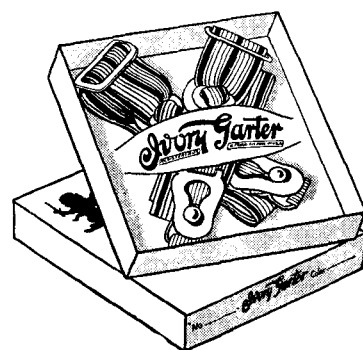
Now made by
A. STEIN & COMPANY
Also Makers of PARIS Garters

1123 W. Congress Street, Chicago
New York Los Angeles Toronto

The New IMPROVED Ivory Garters

Weigh less
than an ounce
Nothing
but comfort

50¢ 25¢ \$1





Free: If your dealer does not yet feature Barking Dog Smoking Mixture, a generous sample will be sent you by return mail for 50 cents, together with an attractive MacScott tobacco pouch, FREE. The MacScott pouch is Hermetite—thin, tough, tight, light as a feather and waterproof. It will not crease nor sweat. Mail coupon for yours while supply lasts.

A PIPE TOBACCO famous among connoisseurs! (You should know it—see attractive offer on coupon).

Blended to order for a few special customers by a little shop on Wall Street twenty-five years ago, this mixture attracted a notable following of distinguished men: Army and Navy officers, clubmen, financiers, and diplomats.

Orders come by mail from all parts of the world. And...

BARKING DOG Smoking Mixture

... although it is now a national institution, still keeps the same quaint little trademark and delightful old-time, never biting, friendly blend. To be had at all the high grade tobacco distributors in the principal cities of the United States.

Why not try Barking Dog mixture next time you supply your pipe? The coupon below brings it.

BARKING DOG SMOKING MIXTURE

44 West 18th Street, New York

Please send me a good generous sample (the regular 50 cent package) of your famous old Barking Dog Smoking Mixture. Send me also, without charge or obligation, the MacScott tobacco pouch of bright plaid Hermetite. Enclosed find fifty cents.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....C

10 BIG WEEKLY MAGAZINES 10¢
Most unusual offer! Ten weekly issues of America's liveliest illustrated magazine for 10¢. Highest quality fiction; unusual articles; sparkling wit and humor; special departments for every member of the family. Send your name, address and 10 cents without delay. The Pathfinder, Dept. C-12, Washington, D.C.

VENUS PENCILS

The Largest Selling Quality Pencil in the World

The 17 degrees of Venus Pencils Meet Every Writing or Drawing Purpose

Send **\$1.00** for sample box of a dozen assorted pencils

AMERICAN PENCIL CO., 222 FIFTH AVE., N. Y.

Hand in Glove

Continued from page 16

"It won't be done any longer. Not in this parsonage."

"Now, Brother Drury, you want to remember that most of these midnight elopers— Well, if you didn't marry 'em they'd probably be livin' in sin, before morning."

"They'd better!" Bob exploded. "Better live in sin for a night than take solemn vows they don't mean to keep. I take marriage seriously, Brother Hunt. If I marry two persons, it will be because they want to be married and stay married, not just to have an excuse to register as Mr. and Mrs. Work hand in glove with somebody else after this—you can't tout for me. I'm not a business getter for divorce lawyers."

HE WAS still fuming when he and Gib were talking it over afterward.

"I've blasphemed the leading industry of Milroy," he admitted, "and I suppose by this time they're all yelling 'Great is Diana of the Ephesians!' But let 'em yell."

"Let 'em yell," Gib agreed promptly. "I wouldn't touch a nickel of that money. . . . Only I wish you hadn't said that about it's being better for some of them to live in sin. Oh, of course it's true; but you know how it will sound when Mahlon Hunt tells it. Milroy doesn't seem to have a very exalted ideal of marriage. . . . But you did right, anyway."

"I'm surprised the other pastors will stoop to it," he observed.

"They're all underpaid," Gib told him. "Oh, yes, I'm learning about this town. Every church starves its pastor because it knows he can count on extras. Well, you and I can do without them."

"We can! . . . Only, Gib, I don't believe we'd better figure on having a child, just yet. We can't afford it."

"But if we keep putting off and putting off—" she mused. "Bob, let's take a chance anyway; maybe something will turn up. . . . I mean—" She flushed; the phrases of piety still came hard. "Maybe the Lord will provide."

"Heaven helps those who help themselves," Bob observed. "This church is dead on its feet. When I've shaken it up—"

He shook it; but it shook down.

Some of the older members who had eyed him appraisingly on the first Sunday never came back, especially those who had seemed to be pillars under the later Brother Marsden.

Bob had counted on drawing in the young people to make up for the old people, and he did draw them in, for a time, especially after the Fourth of July, when he played shortstop for the Milroy team, and made three hits that helped send the hated rivals from the county seat home in disgrace. Milroy had a gaping hole at shortstop, in the Sunday games; half joking, the manager told Bob he wished he could fill it.

"Wish I could myself," said Bob promptly. "And myself, I don't see any harm in it. All things are lawful for me, but all things are not expedient—"

It may be doubted if the manager comprehended Bob's subtle discriminations between the theory and practice of Sabbath observance; but he told his friends gleefully that the new preacher would just as soon play Sunday ball as not, except for the old fossils in the church. This was not precisely what Bob had said, but it was what Milroy believed he had said. More members fell away, and the young people had stopped coming.

"You can't hold the kids with sermons," Bob observed to his wife toward the end of summer, hoping she didn't notice his uneasiness, as she hoped he didn't notice hers. "They want action. I don't blame them for going to that tough dance hall down the river, when all we can offer is these deadly church socials that Mrs. Prendergast organizes and presides over with that sheeplike grin."

"Poor old soul!" Gib muttered. "She

does the best she can." ("And so do we," she reflected; "and what of it?")

The third month his pay check had only fifty dollars in it instead of eighty-three, and he didn't need the treasurer's report on the collections to tell the reasons. By that time Gib was pregnant.

It was all nonsense, she told him, to think that she had to go to a hospital in the city. She was healthy as an ox, and there was no reason why old Dr. Bagby, who had delivered most of the children in Milroy, couldn't take care of her. She laughed at Bob's uneasiness—but she knew as well as he did that Bagby was a good doctor only when he was sober. Which wasn't so often, any more.

It's a hard job, being a young husband—or a young wife—with the first baby coming; doubly hard if you aren't making enough to pay your bills and ten times as hard if you know you're falling down on your chosen job. They both tried hard that fall to pretend they weren't worrying; tried so hard that each of them could see the other trying. . . . On the day of the first real snow came a long letter from Wade Rollins in Los Angeles.

It was an answer to one Bob had written back in July and it was full of congratulations on Bob's bright prospects in his pastorate, with only a veiled undertone of regret that he wasn't helping out with the cafeterias. Also, there were remarks about the roses in Wade Rollins' front yard. Bob read it to Gib in their damp and chilly living-room (the old furnace would do no more than smolder sullenly).

"I ought to have gone," he conceded bleakly. "I've wrecked this church. . . . Let's ask old Wade if he'll advance us car fare, and enough to pay the grocer and the butcher—"

"You don't want to quit, my dear." He stared at her, his face pale.

"I'd like to hang on," he admitted. "But it's rotten for you—"

"I'll stick," Gib told him quietly. "And so will you—so long as you want to. I won't let you quit the job you want to do. We'll get along."

"If we do," he said chokily, "it will be your doing. Everybody likes you. And nobody likes me. I guess that's enough to disqualify me as a pastor."

"Lots of people like you," said Gib. "I like you." And after he had kissed her a few times his spirits were considerably higher.

"If I only had five hundred dollars," he vowed, "I'd resign from this church now and hire a hall and start a church of my own. Run it my own way—the church I've always dreamed of. But I might as well ask for five million. Come—let me help you with the dishes."

THAT night—one o'clock the next morning, rather—the telephone called him out of bed. Shivering in the chilly hallway, he heard Mahlon Hunt's voice.

"Brother Drury, I've just issued a marriage license to a couple from the city, and I'm sendin' 'em over to you. . . . Yes, I know what you said, but this girl wants to be married by a preacher, and a preacher of her own church. You bein' the only one in town, I had to send 'em. And as to the fee, let your conscience be your guide."

Bob slammed the receiver on the hook and turned to find Gib coming downstairs, dressing as she came. He told her about it.

"I don't know what else he could have done," she observed. "Your first Gretna Green ceremony, Bob—if you marry them."

"Oh, of course, I'll marry them, if they're—all right."

"I do hope they are," Gib sighed. "We could use a ten-dollar fee. There—that must be their car. I'll light the gas in the parlor."

Even on the threshold Bob had his suspicions, but he wasn't sure till they threw off their fur coats in the parlor. A tall, scowling, black-mustached man; a girl who tore her leather hat off her

mop of blond curls and flung it on the sofa.

"My God, it's hot in here!" she gasped. (It was almost freezing.)

"Steady, you damn fool," the man growled. "Don't you know you're going to be married?"

"No, you're not," said Bob Drury grimly. "Not here. You're drunk, both of you. You'll find a minister down the street who won't care if you can't stand up. But I won't marry you." The girl leaned against him, clutched his arms to steady herself.

"Listen!" she said. "I belong to the church—joined when I was fourteen. Want to be married by my own kind of preacher. Might help it stick. 'S all right. Here's the license."

Automatically he took it out of her hand—a license for the marriage of Viva Holland, spinster, 23, with an address in the city—why, of course! Viva Holland, daughter of old Holland of the First National Bank. And the bridegroom—U. Grant Sumner, 38, divorced. . . . Everybody who had ever lived in the city knew about Grant Sumner's divorce. The correspondent had shot herself; Grant Sumner would have been thrown out of his clubs if he hadn't been Grant Sumner.

"DON'T let that divorce worry you," the girl said thickly. "'S all right in our church. I looked it up. You can marry us."

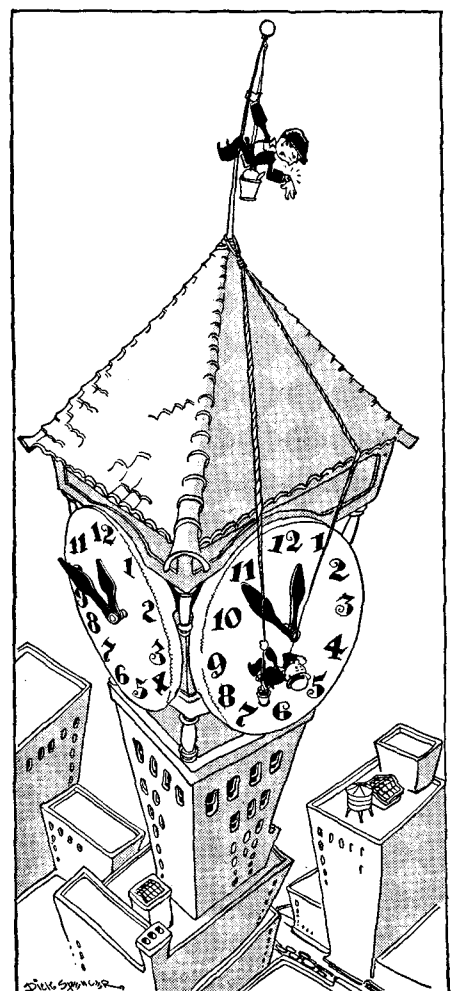
"I can, but I won't. Not when you're in this shape."

"Come on, Viva," said the man impatiently. "We can get that old justice out of bed again; he was hungry for the job."

But the girl clung to her idea with alcoholic fixity.

"Got to have my own preacher to make it stick. For this one sticks, Grant." She was almost sober, for the moment. He nodded.

"This one sticks," he agreed gravely. "If you're thinking about my divorce, Mr. Drury—"



Oh, Bill! What time have you got?



Cracked walls easily fixed

IT'S so easy to make cracked walls or ceilings as good as new with Rutland Patching Plaster. You just mix with a little water and fill the crack or hole. Anyone can do it! No muss or bother.

Rutland Patching Plaster makes a perfect patch that's as lasting as the wall itself. It will not crack, crumble, shrink or fall out.

Paint, wall paper and hardware stores sell Rutland Patching Plaster. If your dealer hasn't it, we will mail a package direct and you can pay the postman 30c plus postage. Rutland Fire Clay Co., Dept. T-9, Rutland, Vermont. Also makers of Rutland Roof Coating.

TYPEWRITER PRICES CUT

World's best makes—Underwood, Remington, Oliver—prices slashed to almost half.

\$2 and it's yours

All late models, completely rebuilt and refinished brand new. GUARANTEED for ten YEARS. Send no money—big FREE catalog shows actual machines in full colors. Get our direct-to-you easy payment plan and 10-day free trial offer. Limited time, so write today. International Typewriter Exchange, 186 W. Lake St., Dept. 214, Chicago.

HELP WANTED

We require an ambitious person to do special advertising work right in your own locality. Pay is exceptionally large. Work is pleasant and dignified. No previous experience necessary. You simply carry out our instructions. Your full time brings you a handsome income—spare time pays you well. If you are making less than \$150 a month write at once for full particulars. Costs you nothing to investigate. I will give you all the facts so you can decide for yourself. **ALBERT MILLS, Gen. Manager Employment Dept. 215 Monmouth Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.**

WANT WORK AT HOME?

Earn \$20 to \$50 a week retouching photos—men or women. No selling or canvassing. We teach you at home, furnish working outfit and employment service. Write today. **ARTCRAFT STUDIOS, Dept. 8-5, 2900 Sheridan Road, Chicago**

ALWAYS Ask For DENISON'S—52 Years of Hits

Comedy-Dramas, Vaudeville Acts, Farces, Musical Plays, Monologs, Dialogs, Comedies, Revues, Make-up Goods, Minstrels, Blackface Skits, Comedy Songs. Catalog Free. **T. S. DENISON & CO., 623 S. Wabash, Dept. 90, CHICAGO**



Every Man has the Selling Instinct

I can show you how to start earning \$100 a week immediately. Salesmen are happy and prosperous—there is no limit to their earnings. I have started thousands of men on the road to financial independence. **YOU can make big money** selling all wool quality suits and overcoats at \$23.50 and \$31.50—cannot be duplicated at \$40. Liberal commissions paid in advance—extra bonus money—steady income from repeat orders. I can make you a successful salesman—let's start NOW—write for FREE selling outfit and full instructions.

W. Z. GIBSON, Inc., 500 Throop St., Dept. P-431, Chicago

"I might if I got that far," said Bob. "But I don't marry drunks."

"Look here. I know I'm a rotter, but if Viva will marry me it might—well," said Grant Sumner, "as you'd put it, it might be my salvation."

"Let her save you when she's sober," said Bob Drury. "Marriage is a serious business. It's easy to say you'll stick; but to stick through thick and thin, for better or worse—" His voice shook; he laid a hand on Gib's shoulder. "To stick as this girl has stuck to me—that takes guts." (He shuddered at the unclerical word that had slipped out in his haste.) "You've got to be sober when you go in for that."

"Now, listen!" Again Viva Holland clutched his arm. "You're right, old-timer; it takes guts. More than I've got when I'm sober. I'm a coward, I am. Grant's got a bad name; my family'd raise hell if I married him. But I want to marry him. It might save me. Neither of us is worth a damn, now. All there is in him that's any good wants me—he's been begging me to marry him for months. And all there is in me that's any good wants him; but there isn't enough when I'm sober. I went out and got tanked tonight so I'd have the nerve to go through with it. I'll wake up with a hangover in the morning—but if I'm married I'll stick." Over Bob's shoulder she looked at Gib. "Am I right?" she demanded. "You tell him."

"I believe she is right," said Gib. "People aren't mathematics, Bob; this is one of the special cases that the general rules don't fit. If the best in each of them wants the other—that's a marriage. They ought to have their chance." He considered it, frowning—

"All right," he assented. "Let's see—only one witness needed in this state. Gib, you're it. Now, then—"

It relieved him to find that the ceremony shocked them almost into sobriety. When it was all over Gib kissed the bride and wished her luck; Grant Sumner was fumbling in his pocket.

"Not a nickel," said Bob firmly. He looked at Gib in aching compunction, but she nodded, with a wry smile.

"Not a nickel," she agreed, "in the circumstances. It would be quite too good a talking point for Mahlon Hunt."

So Mr. and Mrs. Sumner drove off in their roadster and the Rev. and Mrs. Drury went back to sleep. Before noon the next day every newspaper office in the city had telephoned to him for verification; when the papers came up on the evening train the story was spread clear across the front page. But long before that Mahlon Hunt had told all Milroy that the drunkest and the richest pair of elopers that ever crossed the state line had been married by the scrupulous Rev. Robert Drury.

TWO nights later Bob's congregation met in a called meeting which he was invited not to attend, and from the meeting a committee proceeded to the parsonage to ask for his resignation.

Bob and Gib expected that; they were waiting in the chilly parlor. And while they waited came a messenger with a special-delivery package. It was addressed to Gib, but it contained a pair of men's gloves, with a scrawled card—"Sober and still married. Going to stay married, too. VIVA SUMNER."

"She said," Gib explained, "that she wanted to send me a souvenir. She mentioned gloves, but I told her I had a pair of gloves. How she guessed you hadn't—"

"I'm afraid we don't look like a family that has two pairs of gloves," Bob confessed. "I heard downtown today that I got a hundred-dollar fee. It's probably five hundred by now. . . . No, I didn't explain. Why should I?"

"Same old take-it-or-leave-it!" said Gib with a grin. "You're a bird of a pastor. . . . Anyway, they're nice warm gloves." She thrust her hands into their depths; her slim fingers explored them. "I'll put them in your drawer, dear, till you need them."

But at the moment feet thudded on the porch; the door bell rang. Bob answered it; a moment later Gib rose as the committee from the church filed into the parlor—five men, with Mahlon Hunt in the lead.

"Well, Brother Drury," Mahlon Hunt exuded satisfaction, "the church has sent us to ask for your resignation."

"Us?" Bob growled. "Where do you come in? You're a Methodist now."

"I'm comin' back to my own fold as soon as you leave. Brother Drury, some of us always thought your opinions about marriage were immoral and unchristian, but the congregation was willin' to give you the benefit of the doubt—till it found that your scruples against marryin' drunks didn't apply to rich drunks."

BOB DRURY sprang up, and Mahlon Hunt cowered away; he thought, and Gib thought, Bob was going to hit him. For an instant Bob thought so too, but he checked himself in time.

"Look here!" he said fiercely. "I married that couple because—" He paused; he looked at Gib, then looked back at the committee. "It's no use," he said wearily. "You'd never understand. Nobody in Milroy would understand if I explained it. You ought to be made to understand for the sake of your own souls—and I suppose there are men in the ministry who could make you see. I had better get out of the way and give a man like that his chance. . . . Want my resignation in writing?"

"Just as a matter of form," said old Deacon Jones, who had seen pastors come and go.

Bob handed him a slip of paper and turned on Mahlon Hunt. "As for you, you tout, you fee splitter—there's the fee I got for that wedding—a pair of gloves! The Sumners gave me gloves because I can't afford to buy them, because the church doesn't pay my salary; I'll have to borrow money to pay my bills and get out of town. But as long as you sent me that couple I'll follow the custom of the country and split my fee with you. Hand in glove! . . . Which one do you want—right or left?"

Gib gasped, and Mahlon Hunt sputtered, but after a look at Bob he swallowed what he had meant to say, and turned very meek.

"Keep your fee, Brother Drury; keep your fee." He dodged behind Deacon Jones on his way to the door. "We're well rid of you, at the price."

"And I suppose he's right," said Bob dolefully when they were gone. "I haven't the tact. . . . All the same—" His fighting spirit began to come back. "If I had a little money I'd hire a hall, start a church I could run my own way, and show this town."

Gib, across the table, looked him steadily in the eye.

"Do you really mean that, Bob? After all that's happened?"

"No," he conceded with a bedraggled smile. "I've dragged you through enough misery. And with the baby coming—"

"Not on my account!" Gib flamed. "I'll stick if you want to—"

"No," he said more firmly. "I know you'd stick, you loyal little idiot. But even if I had the money I wouldn't try it. Not now. It wouldn't work. Even if I made my own church, its members would still be members of the human race, and I don't seem to have much talent for dealing with the human race. . . . But I've got a grand head for figures. I'm going to wire Wade Rollins and ask him for a job."

"Thank God!" said Gib, with a fervor she had never put in a pious phrase before. "Oh, darling, we can start again, and we'll be so happy."

"We start in the hole," he reminded her rather ruefully. "We'll have to ask Wade for an advance on salary to pay the grocer, and buy our tickets—not to speak of the confinement—"

"Don't ask him for anything," said Gib, faintly smiling. "Maybe the Lord will provide. . . . Here—don't go out into the cold without your new gloves. I'm certainly thankful Mahlon Hunt wouldn't split that fee."

She was smiling as she watched him thrust his hands into the gloves; then, at his startled look, she burst into laughter—laughter that ran on hysterically as he turned the gloves wrong side out and shook out the hundred-dollar bill that was rolled up in each of the ten fingers.

Before Shaving HINDS CREAM



Job had his trials

And he was patient,

But suppose

He'd had to shave

Every morning!

His face would

Have been *sorer*

Than a boil!

But we've found

A way to make

Your fighting beard

Go limp and soft.

Just try Hinds Cream

Before you lather!



Before you lather, rub in Hinds Cream vigorously for two or three seconds. You'll be surprised how it softens the beard!

Then lather right over the Hinds Cream while it is still wet. Boy! what a clean, smooth, easy shave!



After shaving, rub in a little more Hinds Cream until your fingers cling. Your skin will feel soft and relaxed all day.

After Shaving HINDS CREAM



© L. & F. INC., 1928

LEHN & FINK, Inc.
Sole Distributors

Dept. 688,
Bloomfield, N. J.

Please send me a sample bottle of Hinds Honey and Almond Cream, so I can enjoy a smooth shave for once.

Name.....

Address.....

(This coupon not good after February, 1929)

Shave your face but save your skin



"Sore throat cost her a week of school"

"Now, she carries Formamint tablets with her—she likes them and can take them on the way to school, and in the classroom . . . 'An excellent idea,' our doctor says!" . . .

Bad sore throat requires a physician's care. But he will approve immediate, continuous Formamint treatment. You can take these safe antiseptic tablets *anywhere*—all day long. Useful especially in crowded, dusty places. To treat sore throat, one every hour; as a preventive, one every two hours. All druggists.

Formamint

THE GERM-KILLING THROAT TABLET

FREE OFFER

Bauer Chemical Co., Dept. K-12, 113 W. 18th St., N. Y. C.
Send me, free, samples of Formamint in metal case.

Name _____

Address _____



Corns

Pain gone in an instant



Callouses



Bunions

Dr Scholl's Zino-pads

Put one on—the pain is gone!

One minute after you apply Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads, you go your way rejoicing—that's how instant is your relief from corn pain.

Zino-pads remove the cause—friction and pressure of shoes—the only way permanent relief from corns is possible. . . . Powerful liquids or caustic plasters do not prevent corns coming back again—and often make the toes sore from acid burn. Zino-pads won't irritate the tenderest skin. If applied at first sign of irritation caused by tight shoes, they absolutely prevent corns.

Thin, protective, healing. Special sizes for callouses and bunions. At all drug, shoe and dept. stores—35c.

For free samples and booklet, address The Scholl Mfg. Co., Inc., Chicago, Ill.

your mind, Mr. Bentham, that we might marry?" The car gave a great yaw. "No," she went on, "I see by your surprised expression that it never has."

"This is the subject that has been occupying your mind when you seemed so remote?" She nodded. "And what a lesson that is!"

"Yes," she said. "I've been thinking about it a great deal. It seems to me it might be a good idea—even from your point of view."

"I thank you for that, even."

"OF COURSE I realize that you don't love me. Don't stop the car."

"I want to light a cigarette."

"Oh! . . . What's the matter with your hand?"

"You mean that it's shaking?"

"Dreadfully."

"Well, I've been driving for twenty-four hours, you know."

"Oh, I'm so sorry. I suppose you're awfully tired. Would you rather not discuss this now?"

"No, no, I'd rather we went on with it."

"Do you think there's anything in the idea at all?"

Could he be mistaken that she was looking at him timidly—almost pleadingly?

"Yes, indeed," he returned kindly, "I think there's a lot in it, except—"

"Ah, I know what you are going to say. Edna. I haven't asked you any questions about Edna. . . ."

"That," he murmured, gently, "is not quite accurate."

"Well, I haven't had any answers, anyhow. So I don't know why you and she have not married, but I do know this: you do not really love Edna. At first I assumed, of course, that it was your absorption in her that made you so cold—"

"So cold?"

"So cold to me. But, now I understand you better, I see that it is because you are a cold person."

"I? You're sure you're talking about me?"

She nodded. "I'd never in all my life been thrown with a man who remained so utterly aloof, so unstirred by the least emotion, and of course, I said to myself, it's because he has given himself up to a great passion for another woman. But then I began to see that really you had no feeling for her either . . . not what I call feeling. I cannot think you would suffer so terribly, Mr. Bentham, in giving Edna up."

"In proposing matrimony—and that, I believe, is what you are now doing—I believe it is etiquette to call the gentleman by his first name, and mine is Tom."

"Don't you think we ought to be driving on? Your cigarette is lit."

"You don't expect me to drive while you are talking like this?"

"Why not?"

"Because I might put the car in the ditch."

She smiled rather sadly. "Not you," she said. "You seem to me the most absolutely controlled person I have ever met. . . . No," she added, as he gave a faint murmur of disagreement, "don't say you're not, for my whole plan is based on that idea of you. But I don't want to go on if the whole subject is disagreeable to you."

"It isn't," he answered. "I can see it has many attractive features."

"Honestly?"

"Honestly." He did not see how any woman could miss the significance of that deep, vibrant tone—so different from his usual light voice.

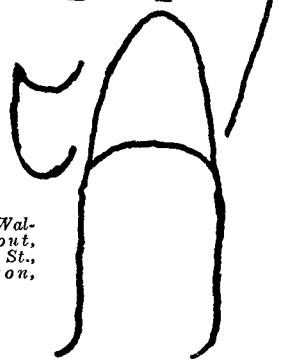
"Then I'll go on," she said. "I think we get on extraordinarily well. I try to look at it from your point of view, because from mine it's a little more than that. I have never had as pleasant a relation with anyone as I have with you. You don't try to bully me, as most people do whom I can respect (most men) and yet you are not weak or timid—on the contrary. And I be-

lieve, in your own chilly sort of way, you rather enjoy being with me."

"Indeed I do," he answered very politely.

"I have a little money, so that I wouldn't be a charge—about a thousand a year. And I give you my word that I would do everything in my power to make your life pleasant and cooperate in your profession—go with you if you wanted me, and stay behind if you didn't—be civil to all the people you needed me to be civil to. You know a woman can do something along lines like that. Of course I would not urge it if you were in love with me—it wouldn't be for your happiness. I make everyone who loves me perfectly wretched. I told you I had a horrid nature. I have a dreadful temper, and, then, I'm violent and jealous, and the minute I feel I have a hold over anyone that makes me

Nameographs



"Cat," by Walter W. Stout, 4522 Lowell St., Washington, D. C.

The cat came back—with a five-dollar check for his creator. Try your hand at a Nameograph. Send it to: Nameograph Editor, Collier's Weekly, 250 Park Ave., New York City.

worse. But you, who don't care anything for my tantrums . . . I shall never forget the way you just walked out of the house on Sunday and didn't come back. It calmed me so much. You see, persons who get into those rages want to hurt other people. As long as they feel they are hurting someone, they'll keep on. But when they see it makes no difference—that they are hurting no one, only losing something priceless—then they come out of it."

"You mean you would rather I did not fall in love with you, ever?"

He was aware that she was smiling. "Well, I can't say that," she returned, "because I suppose if we do this I shall do my best to make you care for me . . . it wouldn't be human not to. But I am sure you would be happier if you didn't."

They drove in silence. His thoughts were obvious: he was wondering whether it would be possible long to maintain the rôle she had allotted to him. He had no doubt that wisdom pointed to such a course. Could he follow it? It was now her turn to ask anxiously what he was thinking of.

He answered without hesitation, "I was wondering about the license situation in Canada. We shall be there tomorrow."

"But I was not thinking of marrying you tomorrow."

"No? Well, that's a pity, for that is just the time when I was thinking of marrying you."

She gasped. "It's impossible."

"Well," he returned, "I'm going to long-distance Smith at the next town, and he may know how to get married."

Presently they found themselves entering another town, smaller than the last, and made, for some unknown reason, almost entirely of red brick.

"Right or wrong, I'm going to telephone Smith," said Tom. "Nine o'clock? I shall probably wake him from his first sleep."

He stopped the car before a red-brick hotel, with large plate-glass windows and a chocolate-colored porch.

"Shall I get you something to read?" he asked. "I may be some time."

She shook her head. What a man—to imagine she was in a state of mind to be able to read.

"I may be an hour?"

She continued to shake her head, and he disappeared up the steps and into the revolving doors of the lobby.

Left alone to think Barbara's disjointed ideas ran like this: What a fool she would feel if she called it all off—and to go through with it would be a solution of her present situation. Suppose she shoved in the gear and drove away and left him. What would he think when he came out? What would he feel? She believed he cared for her more than he knew. . . . Everybody always thought that. How many times she had smiled to herself over this conviction expressed by men who loved her and whom she could never have cared anything about! . . . They always said either, "I believe you care for me more than you understand," or else, "I believe you will learn to love me"—just what she was telling herself now.

What idiocy! There was nothing to bear out the theory—except, of course, that he had taken so readily to the idea of marrying her.

Time went on—a church clock somewhere chimed . . . it had chimed once or twice before since he had gone. . . . How long had he been away? She craned her neck. . . . No sign of him in the lobby. Perhaps he too had had the idea of running away. . . . Men were like that—afraid to face a psychological danger . . . But not he. Or perhaps he was—he was a total stranger to her . . . she knew nothing whatsoever about him. . . . If two years from now she should see him again, she might not know him by sight—could not remember what he looked like.

She shut her eyes and tried to see him . . . no, he was not only a total stranger, but she no longer knew him by sight. . . . At the same time, looking in every direction, she was able to assert that he was nowhere to be seen.

A total stranger—she had proposed marriage to a total stranger! The clock chimed again.

And then suddenly there he was. He came, not through the revolving doors of the hotel, but out of a side street. He looked hot and rather excited. His hat was pushed back from his forehead in a way she would have disliked in any other man, but which in him seemed endearing, characteristic—was, indeed, exactly what he had done on that first night when he sat on his bag and talked to her.

HE CAME to her side of the car.

"Well," he said, "I have news for you. You're safe. The letter has been destroyed."

"How?"

"That's it. . . . I'm afraid you won't like the method. Your sister has gone back to Carson."

She made a little gesture of despair, but somehow this news, too, seemed strangely remote.

"You see, she really loved him," Bentham said, and he glanced off up the street as if to save the statement from the slightest personal reference.

"Women are such fools when they are in love," she murmured.

"Men, too, I'm afraid."

There was a pause, and he came round and got into the driver's seat, but did not immediately move. "It's all out—about us. Ira is furious. Refused to give me the reward, but finally, Smith says, promised to give it to us as a wedding present. But I refused it. Perhaps I ought not to have done so

without consulting my future wife."

"Perhaps I'm not that."

"I went round to see about the license too. That was why I was so long."

"I think we had better call the whole thing off," she said, in that tone of false determination which is weaker than tears.

He behaved as if she had not spoken, threw away his cigarette, shoved in the gears and turned the car sharply round a corner. "Ordinarily," he said, "it takes a little time to get a license, but a connection with a paper—"

"Listen," she said, "there is something I want to tell you before we are married."

"Wait until after. That's the time that conversation flags."

"Why do you smile?"

"Because when we get round to telling each other things, I have something to tell you beside which any of your trifling confidences—"

She shook her head meditatively. "Where are we going?" she asked, for he began to wind through side streets with evident purpose.

"I told you—to get our license."

"Our license?"

"Now, you knew we could not get married without a license. . . ."

"I don't see that there is any such mad hurry about getting married," she murmured.

"We'll do it now—if ever," he answered. It seemed to her that he spoke with utter detachment.

She had a feeling that it was too late to protest—too late to do anything—that she was in the power, not of a man, but of a train of events against which it was now useless to struggle.

Tom—already a citizen of the little town, a master of its utilities—had stopped the car in front of a two-story red brick house, exactly like a doll's house she had had in her youth, except that this one had windows on which in gold letters it asserted itself to be the office of the town clerk.

Here the name of Mr. Amesbury kept appearing in the conversation. The town clerk, a blue-eyed young man with prematurely white hair, kept saying: "Mr. Amesbury told me that you folks . . . Mr. Amesbury wanted that I help you out. . . ."

WHEN they were back again in the car—the car which had become to Barbara more a permanent home than many of the houses she had lived in—she asked mildly, "And who is Mr. Amesbury?"

"The local Episcopal clergyman. Almost the only graft left in the newspaper business is the ability to do people favors."

"And have you done Mr. Amesbury a favor?"

"No—but, better still, Smith has. Smith doesn't remember it, but during some sort of hospital drive when Amesbury was in New York, Smith made one of his magnificent gestures. Fortunately for us, Amesbury has a grateful nature. He's been a great help already, and now he's going to marry us. I did not want to delay by running back to ask you, but I rather assumed that you'd prefer to get married in church?"

She nodded. She thought it better not to tell him that it had never occurred to her that it was possible to be married in any other way.

Then presently they were in the study of the rectory—a room of dark mission furniture, bookshelves and green silk curtains. The Rev. Harold Amesbury looked less like a clergyman than a tired, middle-aged Greek athlete—less like a clergyman, for instance, than Ira. Strange, she thought, to be married without Adele. . . . Mr. Amesbury was introducing his wife. Like so many men who are—or have been—conspicuously handsome, Harold Amesbury had married a pale plain little lady—full of character, though.

"I hope you are coming to our wedding, Mrs. Amesbury," said Tom, wooing her with his wickedest gentle voice.

"She's going to give the bride away," answered Mr. Amesbury, as if this were about as near to a joke as he cared to come.

He unlocked the vestry, and then ushered them into the cool, dark, empty church, while he retired to put on his

vestments. A woman was mopping the tiled floor of the chancel. Mrs. Amesbury left them to tell her to stop.

"Don't you think we are mad to do this?" Barbara whispered to Tom.

"Probably," said Tom. He folded his arms and looked up at the stained glass of the clerestory—not good glass.

"Let's slip away," said Barbara.

"And leave the Rev. Harold flat—when he's been so kind and is putting on his pretty clothes for us?"

BEFORE she could answer the door opened, and Mr. Amesbury came back in his surplice. They all moved to the chancel rail.

Barbara's heart was beating violently, so that it seemed actually to shake her, and yet something within her was going on with a calm, rather trivial existence, noticing the Rev. Mr. Amesbury's boots, immediately below her eyes—they turned up at the toes as they protruded from his cassock. . . . It was impossible to believe that she was getting married. . . . And yet there it was.

"... Or else hereafter for ever hold his peace."

That wonderful pause that no drama has ever been able adequately to fill, and then Mr. Amesbury, leaning a little toward them and lowering his voice, said: "I require and charge you both, as ye will answer at the dreadful day of judgment—"

Ah, what a vow was that which was now being proposed to him! . . . "And, forsaking all others—" Ah, Edna, Edna . . . wasn't he thinking of Edna now—this total stranger to whom she was being married? She heard his voice saying rather firmly, "I will." Then, queerer still, she heard her own voice—she believed it to be hers.

"Who," said Mr. Amesbury suddenly, as if he had not just arranged it all in his study—"who giveth this Woman to be married to this Man?"

Mrs. Amesbury came forward at this cue, and took Barbara's limp hand and put it in Tom's. Suddenly she found herself clinging to his hand—it gave her comfort. She looked up at him, and found him looking down at her with a strange, deep look that meant something. But what? Despair perhaps.

"I, Thomas, take thee, Barbara . . ."

She was still clinging so fast to his hand that Mr. Amesbury was obliged to speak to her. . . . "Loose hands," he said. He said it twice.

"I, Barbara, take thee, Thomas . . ."

Mr. Amesbury was saying something about a ring. Ah, yes, a ring; they needed a ring. Of course he wouldn't have remembered about a ring. . . . But there he had it all the time.

"Let us pray," said Mr. Amesbury. They knelt, and Barbara buried her face in her hands. She began to cry a little—she often cried at weddings, but had not expected to cry at her own.

She rose to her feet, and felt her hand again joined to Tom's.

"Those whom God hath joined together let no man put asunder."

A complete change of tempo. "Forasmuch as Thomas and Barbara have consented together in holy wedlock, and have witnessed the same before God and this company . . ." And then it was all over, and Mr. Amesbury's voice became that of any friend, and he said: "It is my privilege to kiss the bride, but after you, sir, after you."

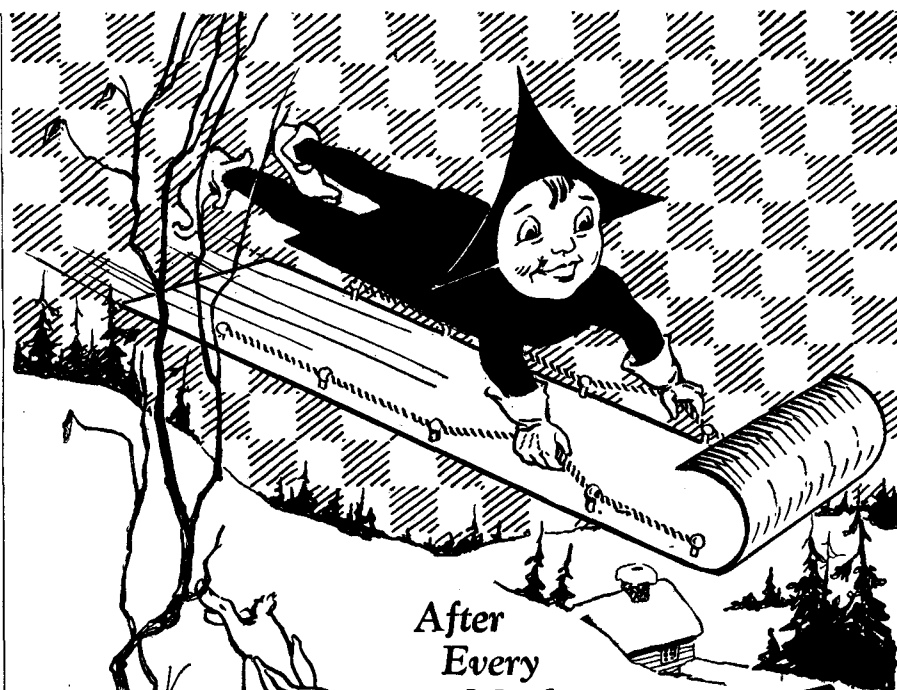
Barbara looked up at Tom—it simply could not be that he was going to kiss her—here like this before everybody. Yes, he was; he bent and just touched his lips to her cheek—oh, what a chill salute, and she had been fancying that he loved her—*might* love her! . . .

"I do hope you will come back to the rectory and have luncheon with us," said Mrs. Amesbury. Her eyebrows shot up and down once or twice, as if she were steeling herself not to care, though she knew what the luncheon consisted of.

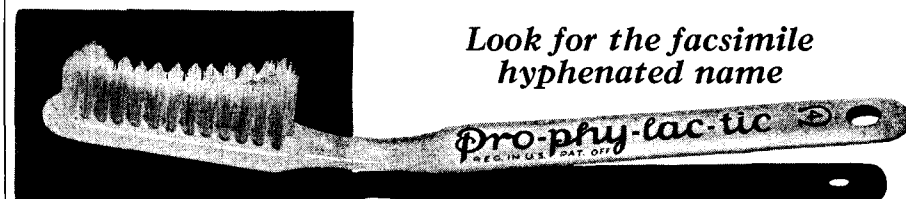
"Thank you, but we must be getting on," said Tom.

They shook hands, and said civil, kind things to each other. "Good-by, Mrs. Bentham," said the Amesburys. Barbara smiled: remarkable as it appeared, she knew exactly whom they meant by that.

(Continued on page 52)



Its friendly aid to teeth, appetite and digestion will help to keep the glow of health on little cheeks and on yours, too.



I Want 700 Agents at \$90 a Week

Men and Women! Write me today and by this time next week I can place you in a position to make \$2.00 to \$5.00 an hour in your spare time, up to \$15 a day full time. Thousands of our representatives are making that and more with our New Plans. Simply introduce and take orders for famous World's Star Hosiery, Underwear and Rayon Lingerie sold direct from Mill to Home—a complete line for whole family. Permanent customers and repeat orders. No investment needed. Complete selling equipment furnished Free. No C.O.D. No deposit. It's a chance to make thousands of dollars. Exclusive territory. Extra Service Awards. Cash Bonus. Promotion. No experience needed. Write today for all particulars. **WORLD'S STAR KNITTING COMPANY** Estab. 30 Yrs. 1772 Lake Street Bay City, Mich.

New Invention Banishes CAN OPENERS!

NO more stabbing and hacking with obsolete can openers! Amazing simple new machine opens any can at the turn of a crank. Holds can for you, lifts out lid slick, smooth and clean in 3 seconds, *automatically*. A revolutionary, lifetime device. Beautifully nicked and handsome as a piece of fine cutlery. Simple in construction. Guaranteed for 5 years. Approved by Good Housekeeping Inst., Modern Priscilla, etc. Write today for Special introductory Advertising Offer. **CENTRAL STATES MFG. CO.** Dept. B-1271, 4500 Mary Ave. St. Louis, Mo.

EAST
8:15
P. M.

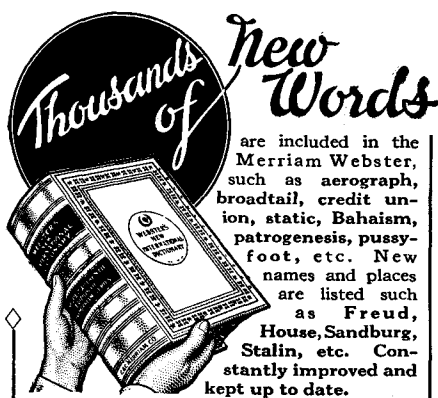
7:15
P. M.
WEST

WJZ
WLW
KDKA
WBZ
WBZA
WCCO
WDAP
KWK
WJR
KYW

Every Sunday Night

Collier's
RADIO HOUR

THE MOST UNUSUAL FEATURE ON THE AIR



WEBSTER'S NEW INTERNATIONAL DICTIONARY

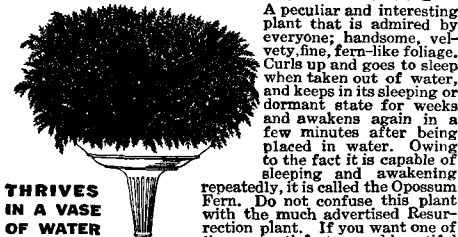
Get The Best
The "Supreme Authority"

in courts, colleges, schools, and among government officials both Federal and State. 452,000 entries including 408,000 vocabulary terms, 32,000 geographical subjects, 12,000 biographical entries. Over 6,000 illustrations and 100 valuable tables.

Send for Free, new richly illustrated pamphlet containing sample pages of the New International.
G. & C. Merriam Company
Springfield, Mass.

NEW WATER FERN

Beautiful House Plant --- **REQUIRES NO SOIL**



new, get one of these marvels of plant life. Plants, 25c each; 3 for 50c; 7 for \$1.00, postpaid. **BURGESS SEED & PLANT CO., 372 W. F., GALESBURG, MICHIGAN.**

CASH!



for Merry Money Makers—

This ambitious group of men and women earn from \$30 to \$50 a month extra in their spare time, securing new and renewal subscriptions for Collier's and other Crowell magazines.

FREE OUTFIT just sign and return this coupon—no expense—no obligation.

The Merry Money Makers
The Crowell Publishing Co.
250 Park Ave., New York

Name

Address

At the last moment Tom drew Mr. Amesbury aside. Oh, yes, of course, you had to pay to get married, at least it was usual... it seemed hard that Tom should be obliged to pay for doing something he did not want to do.

Mrs. Amesbury was saying: "I do hope you will be as happy as I have always been. I am sure you will—your husband is so charming..."

If anyone ever called him that again in her presence, she should simply die. They got into the car and started. She looked back and waved her hand to the Amesburys, standing on the rectory steps, Mrs. Amesbury's hand on Mr. Amesbury's shoulder. Barbara thought, "We must look like a very happy and romantic couple..." Well, what were they? She could not answer that question.

Tom drove in silence until they had gone some miles out of the town, and reached a fork in the road that bent northward. There he stopped the car.

"Now," he said, "we must decide where we are going. This right-hand road will take us into the Adirondacks. You might detest my little place there—I haven't been in it myself for years. There is no reason now, you know, why we should not turn back to New York."

"Which is it that you want to do?" "I want to go to my camp. I was going there anyhow, you know. And I sent the most beautiful little canoe up there..."

"Let us go there, then," she answered very coldly.

He gave her one of his queer, quick glances. "Let's eat," he said. "I did a little shopping while waiting for the Rev. Harold, and we breakfasted rather early, you may remember."

In this country it is not hard to find even near the roadside wide brooks that race along over ledges of rock and great flat water-worn stones. On one of these flat rocks under the shade of a group of pines, Tom undid a pale brown pasteboard box, and took out a round, snow-white coruscant object.

"This is our wedding cake," he said, with some pride. "It did not begin life as a wedding cake, but the young lady had it iced for me. People are very kind and cooperative with lovers, aren't they?"

"Lovers?" said Barbara, in a tone that sounded haughty but was actually startled.

"Well, we seemed so to the young lady in the cake shop." He was setting out their meal as he talked. She noticed again the neatness of his touch as he arranged the dishes.

"WHAT was this secret you have been waiting to tell me?" he asked.

She shook her head. She saw she must never tell him. It was difficult to a proud woman to be married to a man who did not love her—to whom she had proposed—she need not destroy herself utterly by telling him that she loved him.

"It's too late to tell you now," she said. "I shall probably never tell you."

She was at once relieved and annoyed that he did not urge her confidence. "You probably will tell me some day," he said reflectively. "I notice married people do tell each other their secrets—very unwisely often—perhaps because there isn't so much to talk about as time goes on."

This was a gloomy view of matrimony. "You said you had something to tell me," she said.

He nodded. "Yes, and, unlike you, I mean to go through with it. It's about Edna."

She put down the piece of cold chicken which she had raised to her lips. She had not been hungry before, but now she felt a little sick. What was he going to tell her?

"Haven't you guessed anything about Edna?"

"A million things," she answered bitterly.

"But not that she doesn't exist at all?"

She stared at him. "You mean you don't love her?"

"I mean there isn't any such person. I made her up for you—you wanted me to be in love with someone else, and so I created Edna—and a great bother I've found her too."

For an instant a ray of pure joy shot through her, and then the pessimism which was a fundamental element of her nature asserted itself. If another woman had held him back from loving, there might have been hope, but if there was no Edna, then nothing but his own coldness and her own lack of charm for him had made him indifferent. That was hopeless.

HE SAW she was not pleased. "Are you angry with me for deceiving you?" he asked.

She shook her head. "No," she said; "I remember why you did it." She smiled at the recollection. She had been afraid that he would fall in love with her and complicate her life. What a silly girl she had been!

"I'm glad you're not," he said, in his

soft voice, "because much worse is to come."

"What?" she demanded. Her voice rang out sharply. She knew what it must be: another woman—a real one this time.

"Let's cut our cake first," he said, and knelt down beside her with the knife in his hand. "We might as well have that—because perhaps afterward you will never speak to me again."

"Is it so terrible?"

"My darling, I wish I knew whether you will so regard it."

She put out her hand, and held his back from the cake. "Tell me," she said.

"I loved you," he answered, "from the first instant I saw you—a little shock-headed figure sitting up in my bed."

There was an instant's pause. "I see," he said, "that you do not think it terrible."

"No," she said, "I don't." She laughed out loud, and yet when without appreciable pause he kissed her the salt taste of tears was on his lips.

THE END

In this Issue

THE WOMAN HUNTERS

By Arthur Somers Roche.

A new novel of youth and the peril of great riches . . . Page 5

LOGIC AND BALLYHOO

By Clinton W. Gilbert.

A calm estimate of the uncivilized scene . . . Page 8

MUDDY WATER

By Roark Bradford.

Archie Spears, an artist at dirtier cotton, finds himself half married . . . Page 10

SUFFICIENT UNTO THE PLAY. In pictures . . . Page 12

KING LEATHERNECK. By W. B. Seabrook.

Sergeant Wirkus, U. S. M. C., working at the king business . . . Page 14

HAND IN GLOVE. By Elmer Davis.

A short story . . . Page 15

THE VALLEY GIRL. By Albert Payson Terhune.

A novel . . . Page 17

BEHIND THE DOOR. By Percival Wilde.

A short short story . . . Page 19

SUSAN IS SERIOUS. By Ruth Burr Sanborn.

A love story . . . Page 20

WELCOME HOME. By Alice Duer Miller.

The end of Mrs. Miller's new romantic comedy, with a complete synopsis . . . Page 22

HAND-MADE. By Grantland Rice.

What furs to wear, when and why . . . Page 24

FURS AND FIGURES. By Elizabeth MacDonald Osborne.

What furs to wear, when and why . . . Page 26

SELLING THE WORLD. By Webb Waldron.

NAMEOGRAPHS . . . Page 31

CATCHING UP WITH THE WORLD

By Edwin E. Slosson . . . Page 34

HOW WOULD YOU PLAY IT? By Milton C. Work . . . Page 36

PICKED OUT OF THE AIR. By Jack Binns . . . Page 41

TOM MASSON SAYS . . . Page 47

EDITORIALS . . . Page 54



P. F. COLLIER & SON COMPANY

Executive and Editorial Offices: 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

6 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London, W. C. 2

Published at Springfield, Ohio

Thomas H. Beck, President

William P. Larkin, Vice President

George J. Kennedy, Vice President

Albert E. Winger, Treasurer

Furs and Figures

Continued from page 24

Squirrel is always an elegant fur and was used only by the nobility in medieval times. The chief beauty of broad-tail lies in its suppleness.

Caracul, which comes from Asiatic sheep, has little beauty to my eye, but it is popular. Neither this nor broad-tail will stand hard usage.

The creamy-yellow under fur and glossy dark hair of fitch make a striking fur which is very serviceable. Chipmunk is still more striking and charming when used correctly. Badger is a flattering fur which is popular this season, its long silky white-tipped hair being its chief characteristic.

Nutria is a South American rat which resembles beaver. When the less durable side pieces are cut away it costs more than when the entire skin is used, but wears far better. It will mat under repeated moisture.

Suit Your Furs to Your Type

YOU should recognize your type in selecting furs as well as in choosing your food menu. Women whose bones are well cushioned should eliminate all long-haired furs.

A woman who has large hips should not wear fur cuffs, for these accent the width at this point. The momentary fad of having patches of fur on the lower corner of the coat is an inartistic one. The fashionable mode of using fur in a continual line from the collar on down the front is becoming to the short, stout woman. The width of the band must not be too great. A fur collar that opens out into a broad line across the shoulders is an unwise choice for the broad-shouldered.

Tall, slender women wear long-haired fur with a great deal of distinction. Skunk, lynx, fitch, badger, fox, wolf, marten and raccoon: all these are flattering when wrapped around the throat and wrists. A tremendous shawl collar of shaggy fur or a long, wide band straggling down the front is, however, overpowering for most women.

Very lovely color schemes can be worked out by the careful selection of fur. A soft gray-green with collar of platinum fox is exquisite on a dainty woman. A bluish-green coat trimmed with mellow beaver and lined with the same beaver shade makes an artistic wrap for a blonde. It should be worn, of course, only with matching green and tan gowns. A black coat trimmed and lined in the same way is extremely suc-

cessful also. The lining in this case should come out to the very edge of the coat, which gives it more prominence. Black coats with red fox are popular and flattering. They are becoming to the red-haired girl when her hair matches the fox fur. The Titian beauty blends more harmoniously with red sables.

Light-colored coats of buff and beige are interesting when trimmed with a dark fur—preferably a compact, short-haired variety such as seal. Usually the long-haired furs are more successful on dark coats. The soft-toned gazelle is dainty and charming on black.

As a rule the dark-brown furs are better on self-tones, and very beautiful brown harmonies can be worked out in this way. These are invariably becoming to warm brunettes. If they want more of a contrast, the silky sheen of black lynx on a soft brown will be becoming. Cool brunettes—those with blue eyes and dusky hair—should choose black coats rather than brown. The fur may be dark too, such as skunk or black fox, or it may be a lighter fur of a beige cast. But anything so light as the natural-colored lynx or badger lacks richness and subtlety. It is a little raw. Seal is always elegant-looking and belongs with pearls and well-groomed women. Seal on black or brown is effective when lightened by an immaculate white flower or cream-white lace on the front of the dress.

For the average woman who does not know exactly what she wants the limitless choice of ready-made coats in all varieties of line and smart color combinations is a godsend, but I would remind the other woman who knows what she wants and can't find it that tailors are still in existence, and through them the exact color and type may be had at no greater cost. The woman too whose figure does not coincide with the ready-made measurements would do better to have her coat made than to wear a coat which has undergone a great deal of alteration.

If one has a roll of fat on the back of her neck or is round-shouldered or has some other similar defect, the fox fur is a friend, but the clear-cut lines of a good neck and shoulders, when the suit or dress fits well, should not be filled in except in winter.

If you must wear something of this sort, do leave off the legs. These dangling bits are decidedly barbaric and never beautiful.

Logic and Ballyhoo

Continued from page 9

The Administration senators must oppose such a bill and, if one gets through, President Coolidge must veto it. The Democrats have only one interest, to aggravate the dissatisfaction of the farmers with the party in power.

So no compromise is possible. The farm distress will be well advertised. And the farmer will be made to feel that he can hope for no consideration at the hands of the Eastern interests which dominate the Republican party. The hopes of the Western farmers will then center on the nomination of either Mr. Dawes or Mr. Lowden at the Republican convention.

If this were the whole story, one could predict that the Republican convention would assemble in a blue funk. Panic would take the place of Logic and Ballyhoo. Mr. Hoover in that case would be rejected and Mr. Dawes or Mr. Lowden would be the nominee.

But the situation is not quite so simple as I have had to make it look in order to bring the fundamentals to the surface. In the first place the Republicans think they are unbeatable. Moreover, they do not take the Western farm revolt seriously. They derive com-

fort from what happened in 1924—the West has cried "Wolf! Wolf!" too often.

And again the Democrats are likely to offer to the dry Protestant West a wet Catholic candidate for President. Even if the West is angry enough to support some Democratic candidate the Republicans think it will not stomach that particular Democratic candidate. So even the Western situation may produce no panic.

A Child of Destiny

BY THE time this article is in the hands of readers and long before anyone knows what the West may do, Mr. Hoover may be as certain of the Republican nomination as Governor Smith is of the Democratic. The choice of Mr. Hoover is almost inevitable. Almost every factor favors him.

The Republican party is, moreover, so confident that it may not think twice of dangers in the East and the West. If it had been beaten in 1924, it would be looking now for a candidate certain at least of holding the Western farm states. But in its heart of hearts it believes itself a child of destiny



On the AIR
Every Sunday Night

TUNE in every Sunday to this distinctly unusual program of Music, Dialogue and Radio-drama based on stories and articles in Collier's. Also introducing to you, in person, every week, a prominent speaker.

Broadcast through stations
WJZ - WLW - KDKA - WBZA - WBZ
KWK - WJR - WCCO - WDAF - KYW
8:15 p. m. Eastern Time 7:15 p. m. Central Time

Collier's
RADIO HOUR

The most unusual feature on the air

Happy JUNIOR SALESMEN

If you are an ambitious boy you can be made happy by earning your own spending money as well as prizes. Join the Crowell Club of Junior Salesmen and deliver three of the best known magazines to regular customers. Write at once to—
Jim Thayer, Dept. C-2,
The Crowell Pub. Co., Springfield, O.

BE AN OIL EXPERT!

Trained men needed! Geologists, Drillers, Refiners, (Chemists and Still Men) Oil Salesmen, earn 2 to 10 times more than in other fields! Write today! FREE Booklet! Petroleum Engineering University, Dept. 362, Fort Wayne, Ind.

NORWAY AND WESTERN MEDITERRANEAN

s s "Lancastria," June 30

52 days, \$600—\$1300; Lisbon, Spain, Tangier, Algiers, Italy, Riviera, Sweden, Norway, Scotland, Berlin, (Paris, London).

Jan. 30 Mediterranean Cruise, 65 days, \$600 up

Frank C. Clark, Times Bldg., N.Y.

Print Your Own

Cards, Stationery, Circulars, Paper, etc. Save money. Print for others, big profit. Complete outfits \$8.85. Job press \$11. \$29. Rotary \$149. All easy, rules sent. Write for catalog presses type etc. THE KELSEY CO., P-21, Meriden, Conn.

PLAN NO. 14n MAKE THEM YOURSELF PLAN NO. 1n

PLAN NO. 71n

Anyone can work with tools!
Use these plans—10¢ each

Here is a way to get articles like the above at little cost. And it's real fun to make them with your own hands and with your own tools.

There are 25 different Stanley Plans. A partial list is shown at the right. Each plan tells you just how to make the object—every step—how to select and cut the wood, how to assemble the job, how to sandpaper, paint and finish it.

To do your best work you need good tools—of course! Practically every carpenter uses Stanley Tools. Manual Training Classes, too. Stanley makes the most complete line.

Buy your Stanley Plans from your hardware dealer. If he cannot supply you, write to us. Send 10c for each plan. And ask for a free catalog of Stanley Tools. Address The Stanley Works, New Britain, Conn.

STANLEY PLANS 10¢ each

No. 3n Pipe Rack
4n Flower Box
5n Table Lamp
9n Bird Houses
10n Dog House
11n Book Stand
12n Smoking Cabinet
15n Cedar Chest
16n End Table
18n Model Sailboat
19n Combination sail and rowboat
71n Tool Chest

The best tools are the cheapest to use—ask your hardware dealer

STANLEY TOOLS [The choice of most carpenters]



Thomas H. Beck
Editorial Director

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

William L. Chenery, Editor



Charles Colebaugh
Managing Editor

Drifting Into Peace

TEXAS and New Mexico disputed for years the ownership of a rich area of land on the Rio Grande.

The quarrel arose over the boundary between the states. Issues no more serious recently brought Poland and Lithuania and Peru and Chile to the verge of war.

The United States Supreme Court settled the controversy between New Mexico and Texas in accordance with principles of law. There is no appeal from the Supreme Court. Certainly no one along the Rio Grande above El Paso would think of resorting to arms because Texas was awarded rich lands to which New Mexico thought she was entitled.

Yet over much of the world precisely similar disputes are jeopardizing the peace of the nations. Rivalries in Central and Southern Europe are arraying even the great powers into opposing camps.

Why is it not possible to deal with international issues as the quarrels between American states are settled?

The answer is easy and obvious. Nations are organized and the world is disorganized. We will go to court for the settlement of any quarrel among ourselves, but where foreigners are involved war is one of the legally recognized methods of settlement.

What are the chances of extending to the nations the same rules of justice now enjoyed by states and provinces?

The World Court exists. The Hague Tribunal is open for business. The League of Nations has its offices. The World Court might easily handle boundary quarrels and other disputes between nations as our Supreme Court takes jurisdiction over kindred controversies between states.

The difficulties lie with us and with people like us the world over. Financiers are not to blame. Politicians may be to some extent. Most of all we ourselves are responsible.

Peace cannot be had without surrendering something.

Civil war in this country and elsewhere was not ended until the various states surrendered the privilege of fighting each other. Lincoln compelled Americans to abandon the right to civil war. Bismarck later forced his fellow Germans to give up their historic custom of warring against one another.

But international war is still the prerogative of all great nations and we, who think of ourselves as the kindest of all peoples, are making plans to build the most powerful of all navies.

Of course we comfort ourselves with the assurance that our fighting forces will be used only for self-defense and never for aggression. So do most other nations.

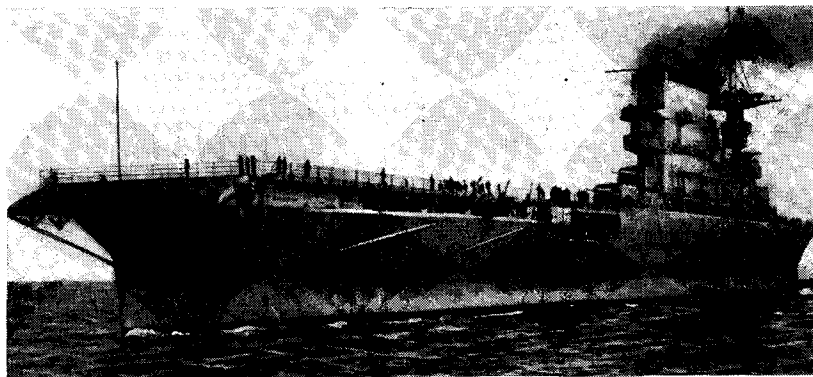
The way out is first to agree on reasonable ways of settling difficulties and then of outlawing international war as civil war has already been cast out by civilized nations.

President Coolidge recently expressed the desire to consummate treaties with France and with other nations to provide peaceful methods of settling future differences, but he cannot go further than the

Senate and the senators will not advance beyond public opinion. If any considerable section of American public sentiment favors war some senator can usually be found to speak for it.

If we are not willing to concede something of absolute independence, we cannot hope for future assurance. We may drift into peace as we have drifted more than once into war. In such case we shall have to thank our luck rather than our intelligence or our character for our good fortune.

We now have the opportunity to effect and to continue arrangements which will protect us from future wars. If we neglect the opportunity we can blame ourselves and not the bankers or the profiteers or the munitions makers or the chauvinistic politicians for whatever misfortunes befall us.



U. S. S. Saratoga, plane carrier, newest pride of the navy

Moffat's Dream

FOUR and a half years of digging and blasting ended a few weeks ago when the great \$18,000,000 Moffat railway tunnel through the Rocky Mountains west of Denver was cut through. Track is now being laid for railroading, and before long trains will be running through the longest and highest tunnel in the United States.

It was a splendid dream—to make cheap and safe the path of everyday railroading through the Continental Divide over which trains could crawl only part of the year. David Moffat, who started it, did not live to see its completion; but here it is, practically completed, and ready to serve mankind.

There are 300 miles of railroad yet to build

to Salt Lake, through the marvelous Uinta Valley that is itself almost an empire, one of the biggest, richest sections of the United States as yet untouched by steel rails.

American railroading is partly a matter for cold, calculating finance; an adding-machine story of receipts and expenditures, of profits and loss, of freight tonnage and ton-mile costs. But it is infinitely more. It is the pioneer urge, the Columbus-Drake-Magellan-Leif Ericson spirit of adventure, that counts a profit in finding a new world for others to enjoy, though one's own life be the price.

David Moffat didn't really need to see the locomotive smoke trailing out of the mountain-side tunnel and down the fertile valley. He found his reward in the courage to start the job, and the faith to believe that it would carry on.

Helping Mother

THE county attorney at Des Moines filed a petition in the district court to compel the seven children of an indigent mother to take care of her. All seven were grown and engaged in profitable work.

No excuse will clear unfilial children. Some states have been compelled to hang a suspended jail sentence over their heads to compel them to take proper care of their failing parents.

Somewhere in the history of every such tragedy is a record of misapplied motherly sacrifice. The mother who gives her life to her children and demands no payment in kind makes a hard bed for the evening of her life. The best mother hearts have a little iron in them.