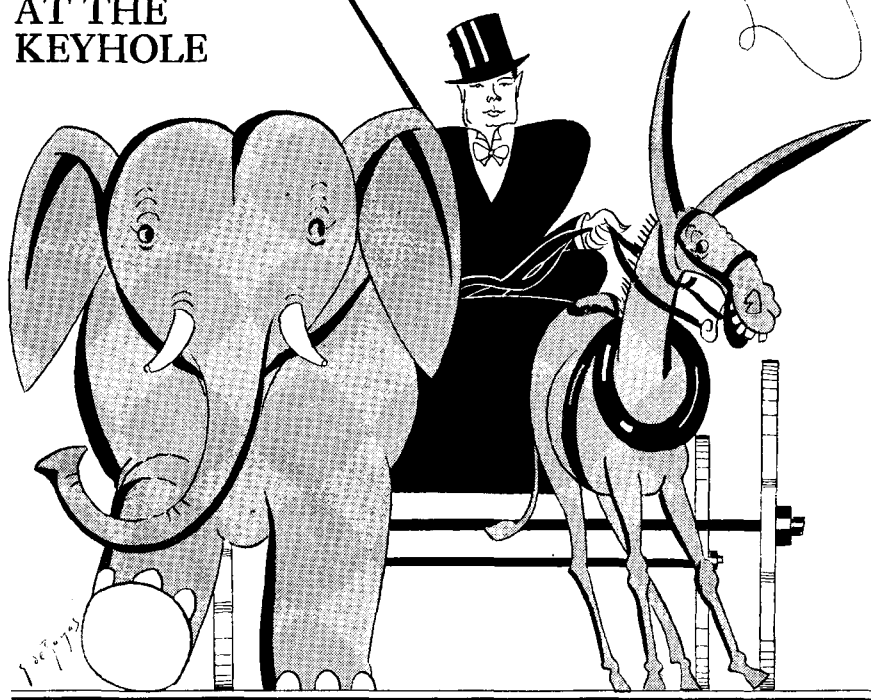


## The Spoiled Child

BY THE  
GENTLEMAN  
AT THE  
KEYHOLE



THE new senator from New Mexico, Bronson Cutting, appointed to succeed the late Andrieus A. Jones, is a novelty: an "Independent Republican"—the only one in the Senate, in fact, for Progressives profess to be "pure" Republicans. He is going to be a Republican when he feels like being one and a Democrat when he feels that way. He always has been. The Republicans are likely to have as much trouble with him as the Democrats have with Cole Blease, and that is a five-ton truck load.

I hope he has a sense of humor, but probably he hasn't, for a man with a sense of humor could have had a lot of fun doing what he has been doing in the politics of New Mexico. He started out a young man from Harvard who went to New Mexico, perhaps for his health, by being the leader of the Progressive party in his state in the great days of Armageddon. Two years out of college, he had a needy party all to himself, and being rich, a son of one of the wealthy Cuttings of New York, he financed it. After leading the riotous soldiers of the Lord in the mad campaign of 1912 it would not be easy to settle down in the lower ranks.

When Roosevelt put an end to the Progressive party Cutting resented it, and so, it is said, supported Wilson for President in 1916. Thereafter, with his newspapers and campaign contributions he supported Democrats and Republicans as the spirit moved him.

### Will He Ride the G. O. P.

NEW MEXICO being a close state, he became a sort of balance of power. Whichever side enjoyed his favor was pretty likely to win. He broke with the last Democratic governor, in the middle of his term—his breaks with those he has created are frequent, for he is willful, as befits an independent or a young man born to authority. He threw his influence for the Republican ticket in the last state election, and the Republicans were victorious. The only Democrat he supported in 1926 was Congressman Morrow, who was the only Democrat elected. Starting with a party all his own, he had become the maker and breaker of parties.

All this time the Democrats would say of this young arbiter, "He will end

by being a Republican." And Republicans similarly eying him would predict that he would end by being a Democrat. And each side would be divided between regret at losing connection with his generous pocketbook at campaign times and relief at having no longer to try to please a rather dictatorial young man who demanded a great deal of consideration and who was easily offended if he did not get as much as he thought he deserved. If they could have had his campaign contributions in their own party and himself in the other, each party would have been happy.

By common repute the richest man in New Mexico, he is the first of the young men of family and fortune who has succeeded in making himself master of the political destiny of a state. And he is the first young man of this description to reach the Senate. He reached it in this way: The present governor of New Mexico, R. C. Dillon, owes his election to the support Mr. Cutting gave to the Republican ticket in 1926, after his break with the Democratic governor, whom he had made two years earlier. The governor was therefore under obligations to Mr. Cutting and could hardly do otherwise than appoint him senator. Whether Mr. Cutting can do as well by himself when he comes up for reelection as he has done by Republicans and Democrats whom he has chosen to support is another matter. He will have to run in 1928, and in that year Al Smith will be carrying the states for the Democrats. Moreover, a lot of Republican politicians in New Mexico are made unhappy by the appointment. You can't have your own way as much as Mr. Cutting has had without causing resentment.

Has the new senator at last landed in the Republican party as the Democrats of New Mexico predicted he would? That word Independent indicates that he likes too well to be the balance of power between the two parties ever to surrender its advantages for a mere senatorship. And *noblesse oblige* obliges the other fellow. And the other fellow has not always recognized obligations enough so that Mr. Cutting could ever settle down comfortably in any one party. His enemies refer to him unkindly as "the spoiled child of politics."

## A Man Must Eat

Continued from page 30

The count swallowed, shaking his face many times in the process.

When Giles went back to the plane the gloomy Fred had important news for him.

"I made a mistake about the juice, sir: there's enough in No. 2 tank to get us to land as soon as the wind drops, and she ought to be able to take off from here: we're 300 feet above sea level, and after I've cleared away a few of these stones there's a straight run to the edge of the cliff."

Giles waited to consult him about another matter, and returned with his news. The machine was not damaged at all, except that a couple of stays were broken, but Fred had put these right. Giles consulted the girl.

"You and your father had better sleep in the hut. This other bird can make himself comfortable in the kitchen, and Fred and I will use the saloon of the plane."

Next morning Giles arrived at the hut to find two of his passengers at breakfast and to witness the revolt of one of his passengers. He heard the count's voice raised before he reached the hut:

"I will not have it! It is muck! I would sooner starve: last night I drank it, but it nearly killed me!"

"I am sorry to hear you say that," said Mr. Conway gravely.

Toward evening Mr. Josiah Conway came to Giles with a sad story:

"I am perfectly sure I saw that wretched foreigner throw a tin over the cliff. Something startled the sea gulls."

"That was Con-Lacto," nodded Giles.

"I can imagine nothing more startling." "And I found him," Mr. Conway went on soberly, "sucking eggs: sea gulls' eggs! Are they nutritious—sea gulls' eggs?"

"If you get them fresh. But I don't think they can be sea gulls' eggs: it's rather early in the season."

"They are not dangerous?" asked Mr. Conway anxiously. "Would you call them—um—nutritious? . . . A little fishy, perhaps?"

At lunch time he was missing from the festive board. Leslie munched her biscuit and cheese, and drank her tea.

"Daddy's taken his Con-Lacto with him—he says it tastes better in the open."

"I saw him as I came in," said Giles. He did not wish to hurt her with a too vivid description of a middle-aged gentleman squatting behind a rock, en-

tirely surrounded by the cracked shells of eggs ravished from maternal nests.

The wind dropped very gradually. There was a sea fog the second day. By the third day, when the count and Mr. Conway were not on speaking terms, and when the sight of a tin of Con-Lacto set Mr. Conway shuddering, the sea mist cleared off, and far away on the west they could distinguish a coast line.

"We'll chance it," said Giles.

They packed their baggage again into the airplane, all except one wooden case three parts full of circular tins.

"I'd better take one of these," said Giles, pocketing it.

"I think you're a hero!" she breathed. "And Daddy thinks so too. He was saying this morning that a man with your power of . . . something or other—"

"Digestion?" suggested Giles.

"No, it was something rather nice . . . ought to be a partner. And really, darling, there must be something in it: I've never seen you looking better."

"Con-Lacto is Health," said Giles absently as they started off.

THEY found a car to take them to the nearest main-line station. Just before she left Leslie went in search of the mechanic to tip him.

"It's all right, miss," he said, waving away the note. "It's a pleasure, I assure you. After all, I've done nothing only me dooty. It might have been worse, if there hadn't been any food—"

"You do like Con-Lacto, don't you?" His face was a blank.

"Con what, miss?"

"You know—the food in the little tin. Mr. Broad said you liked it."

He shook his head. "But," she insisted, "Mr. Conway had it."

"I don't remember seeing it, miss; but, as I was saying, all them sandwiches my missus brought come in handy after all. They lasted me and Mr. Broad three days, which only shows that my wife's got the rummest ideas about a person's inside—"

But Leslie did not stop to listen. She hurled a fleeting "Hypocrite!" at Giles as she took farewell of him. But apparently she said nothing nor did nothing to prevent her father's nominating Giles Broad as a director of Con-Lacto, Limited, and did not so much as raise her voice in protest when Mr. Conway suggested that it wouldn't be a bad idea if a fellow like that . . . should be a member of the family. . . .

## Aladdin on Broadway

Continued from page 17

sign, which means Standing Room Only.

It dawned slowly upon the baffled Broadway wisecracks that here was a phenomenon quite new in the experience of the Great Midway.

Whenever a play runs on for a time in New York without visible means of support there is winking and leering. The first suspicion, of course, is that some fair lady of the theatre has persuaded a fatuous and enamored Moneybags (her husband perhaps) to give her the kind of rôles which, through the jealousies of her craft and the stupidity of the commercial managers, had previously been given right over her head to such nobodies as Ethel Barrymore or Ina Claire.

Or perhaps the "angel" himself has written a play and, smitten by the usual budding author's infatuation with his own brain child, is unwilling to face the dismaying fact that, as a work of art, it is somewhat inferior to Hamlet and as a piece of merchandise somewhat less marketable than Abie's Irish Rose.

Or perhaps the backer is a triumphant Wall Street speculator with an ineradicable belief that he was really

meant for bigger and finer things. And certainly you can imagine how the pirates of Times Square swarm up the rigging of such defenseless treasure ships when they heave guilelessly into view.

None of these familiar formulæ seemed to touch The Ladder. Then bit by bit an explanation took form in the talk of the town and grew slowly into a legend. The play had been written, it seemed, at the behest of a rich and silent adventurer in the Texas oil fields whose name was Edgar B. Davis. It had been staged at his instigation and expense—and he, for reasons known only to himself, had decided that The Ladder should go on running whether anyone wanted to see it or not.

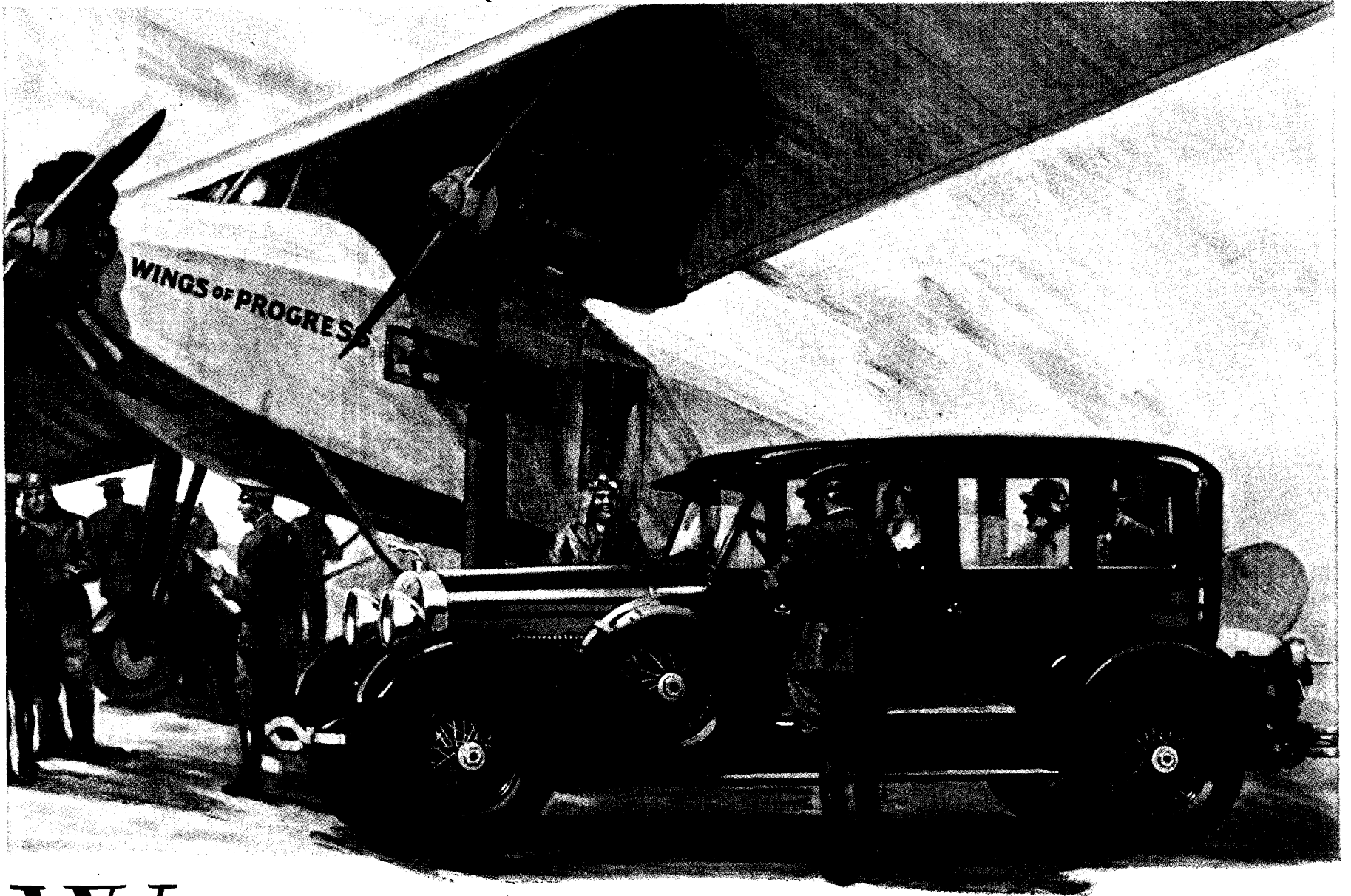
In attempting an explanation of him, I can only tell you how he came to produce the play in the first place and hint to you what so many diagnosticians seem to forget—that a man may start something from one motive and keep slugging away at it from quite another.

Edgar Davis, now a man in his early  
(Continued on page 35)



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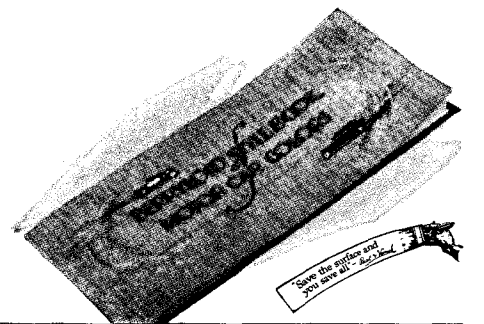
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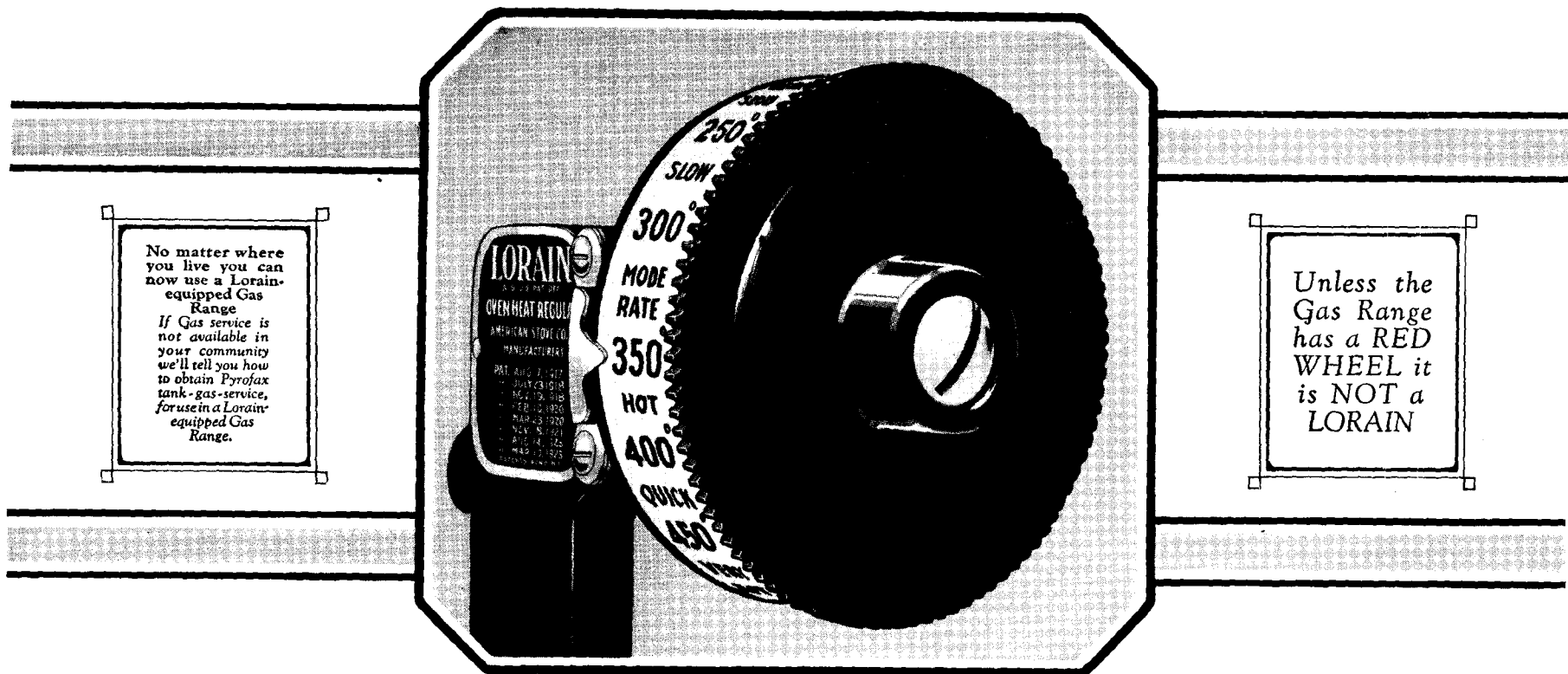
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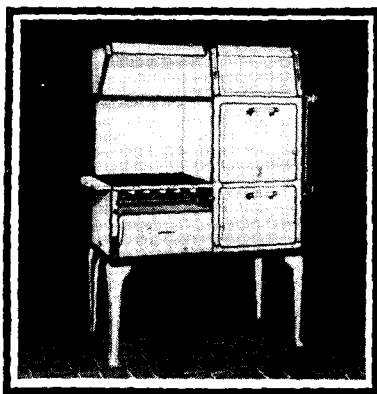
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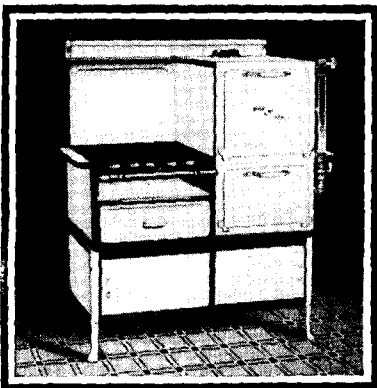


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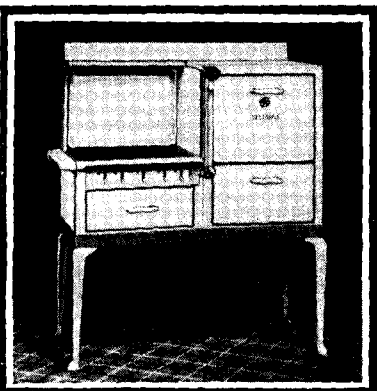
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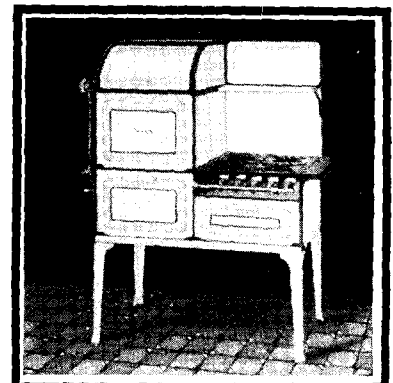
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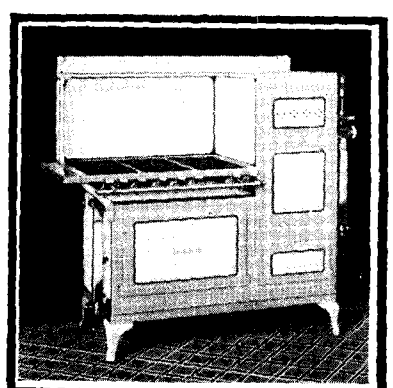
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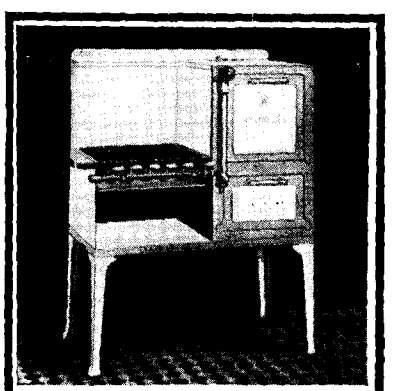
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Col.-2-18-28



# Aladdin on Broadway

Continued from page 32

fifties, faintly resembles the late Mr. Pickwick. He is of vast girth, and his ruddy face is a circle of sheer bespectacled benevolence. He was born in New England of Puritan stock. He first made his way in the shoe business in his native Brockton, Mass., and then made a fortune out of a rubber plantation in the Far East. I am just weak enough to be unable to resist calling him the big rubber and shoe man of Sumatra and Massachusetts. The latest of his fortunes—as he gives them away, he has to keep making new ones—was made in oil. The Texas well that rewarded his faith in his star yielded up its treasure on the very day when its failure would have left him penniless. It was, therefore, a man once more supplied with money to give away who, in a hotel in San Antonio one day a few years ago, ran into another man named Davis—Frank K. Davis—with whom, however, he had only this kinship, that because of their common name they had sat side by side in the fraternity of the alphabet back in the Brockton public school long ago.

In the interval Frank Davis had been a reporter in Boston and, while going up into the North to greet the triumphant Peary, he had been cruelly and permanently crippled by a fall on the ice. Before that chance encounter in San Antonio the two Davises had not run into each other for five-and-thirty years. It must have been unspoken in the mind of each how differently those years had treated them. In a letter home that night Edgar Davis mentioned the meeting, said that they had dined together, reported that as a starter he had said, "Why don't you write a play?" and added that he had given his old friend enough ideas for twenty plays.

The Ladder was a result of that meeting. And as Edgar Davis was a man who knew the theatre only from the vantage point of a seat on the aisle, he took the manuscript to Brock Pemberton, a theatrical producer he knew.

While Davis' conduct may have struck the people of the theatre as faintly surprising, it could not have seemed so to those who had kept an eye on this man since his Brockton days. They at least could see that in his tactics on Broadway he was merely using an old pattern, giving heed to the old omens, listening with respect to ancient augurs. The very fact, for instance, that The Ladder started out as a failure must have cheered him up immensely. It had always been that way with his past successes. It had been that way in his hewing of the Sumatra rubber trees. It had been that way in his wildcatting quest of Texas oil.

## Flip of Coin Sets Price

THE gusher that at last rewarded his long faith in the leases where he was drilling spouted at the end of a year in which he had spent his last penny and had known what it was to have a check for \$7.40 come back from the bank marked "No Funds." Indeed, on the very day on which the rescuing oil rained down upon his bowed head, that head was bent in gloom because his remaining office furniture had been shot from under him and the banks had just served notice that they would no longer renew his notes. And it came, mind you, only after his neighbors, sternly pointing to the authority of a new survey, had forced him to move his eighth and final drill from the barren spot he himself had picked to one which, as things turned out, seemed to have been picked for him by Providence. It was not long before he had sold his treasure-trove for \$12,000,000 (the asking price being arrived at by the flip of a coin), and was frankly enjoying the first payment on account, which took the agreeable form of a check for \$6,500,000. It is difficult to tell a man with such a past that The Ladder will not turn into a success.

Look at one of the things that happened soon afterward to that very check.

With it he went to the rescue of F. A. Seiberling, then in the midst of a falling out with the Goodyear Rubber Company (which he himself had founded) and hard pressed by opponents on every side. Along came the rallying Edgar Davis with \$5,000,000 in his hand, blandly offering \$33 per share for Goodyear stock when it was purchasable on the Street for \$28, and thereby so righting the Seiberling affairs that Davis himself made an incidental profit of three millions which he had not looked for, did not want, and would not take.

The man who in 1922 had that check for \$7.40 flung back in his face was one who had already bestowed swimming pools and gold courses and child welfare bureaus upon his native Brockton. He has since taken a trainload of New York singers each spring to chant the Easter music for San Antonio, has paid a \$10,000 reward for the best painting of a Texas wild flower, and has gratefully bestowed upon the little town of Luling, Tex. (near which his oil dream came true), a public park that cost him a million dollars. In the end that park really cost him two millions—and momentary discomfort. That was when he learned that the local authorities would not open the park gates to the colored people of the town. Davis found a way round that. He presented Luling with a duplicate park for the colored folk.

## Immune Against Expert Advice

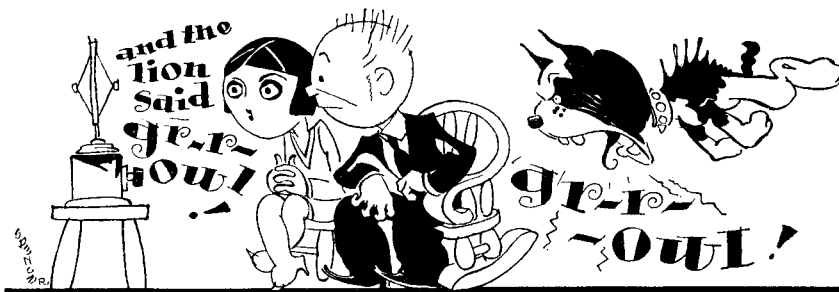
ABOVE all, you cannot tell Edgar Davis that he really ought to listen to the experts of the show business. For he is immunized against expert advice. He owed his whole success in Sumatra to the fact that he respectfully called in the Hollander who was regarded as the leading authority in the world on rubber culture, gravely listened to his advice, and then did just the opposite. When he decided to sell his Texas oil well the eminent financiers he consulted told him he could not hope to get more than nine millions for it. He got twelve.

Indeed, he struck oil in Texas only after two eminent geologists, retained to study the terrain, had conclusively and scientifically demonstrated that there was no oil in that neck of the woods. When the oil did come, they had already withdrawn from the scene. But Davis kept thinking about them and wondering how they were getting along. Finally he sent each a check for \$200,000 as a memento of their association.

If these latest tactics should succeed in making the name of The Ladder a household word and object of national curiosity and so lead eventually to its becoming a great popular success, I am sure that the man in the street will regard the outcome as just another proof that the critics never know what they are talking about, nor will that proverbial homeless observer of our national life listen when the critics feebly point out that, of the play at which they had jeered so heartily back in the fall of 1926, there have survived the various revisions only two or three actors, the title, and about five per cent of the original script.

Nor should those reviewers who make a practice of predicting the life expectancy of every new play feel mortified when The Ladder (for which they had prophesied an early and painful death) is discovered playing to crowded houses fifteen months later. For they could not have foreseen that eventually a New York theatrical manager would ever avoid subjecting his play to the acid test of asking someone to pay for a ticket.

If it should turn out that Davis was right, after all, about The Ladder and that the play should pass into history as even more successful than Abie's Irish Rose, I hope he will remember that I was one of the experts who passed the most despondent judgment on it and that neither of those Texas geologists could have made a report half so pessimistic as the one I filed after I took my first look at The Ladder.



# Canine Conversation

By Jack Binns

HAVE animals a universal language? This interesting question is raised by P. E. B. of Hartford, Conn., who reports that while listening to one of Collier's Hours he was amazed at the lifelike imitations of jungle beasts given by Mrs. Johnson, the noted big game hunter. He continues:

"Suddenly I heard the roar of a lion, and in the flash of an eye my dog bounded up in front of the loud speaker and stood there with bristling hair and fiery eyes. His whole body trembled with rage as he sent back an answering growl. It was quite some time before I could convince him that someone was imposing on his good nature.

"The dog, I am sure, has never seen a lion nor heard one roar, and it made me wonder as I sat there studying his quivering body, bared fangs and bloodshot eyes: 'Do animals have a language, even as men?'"

## Remove the Unfit

SHOULD college broadcast stations be permitted to send out programs of entertainment as well as educational subjects? Should they be permitted to operate in the evening as well as during the day?

These two questions are intriguing the Federal Radio Commission now that that body has decided to wield the well-known ax in an effort to solve the broadcast tangle.

It seems to me the answer lies in the basic policy laid down in the radio law itself. In that enactment it is decreed: "Public necessity and convenience" shall be the guiding factors in deciding the existence, wave-length assignment and hours of operation of any station. College stations should be judged individually according to the service they render. Some colleges operate broadcast stations that are far better equipped to give musical entertainment than many of the metropolitan stations.

In deciding which stations should be thrown off the air all that is necessary is a common-sense interpretation of the phrase "public necessity and convenience." Once this determination has been arrived at the commission should issue its orders eliminating every station failing to meet the requirements and then let nature take its course.

## They're Dead Anyway

EVEN though sufficient time has gone by for the most persistent New Year resolution to have been reverently laid away among other abandoned hopes, let us sincerely trust the Federal Radio Commission will not break its New Year

resolve to inter 300 surplus stations in the cemetery of eternal oblivion.

This is one paving stone I do not wish to see in Hades.

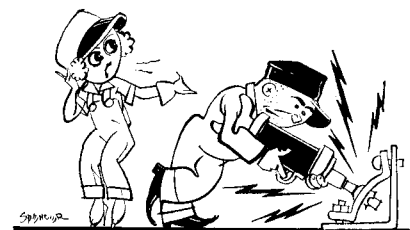
## The Right to Use Power

"WOULDN'T the broadcast problem be solved if the Radio Commission reduced the power used by stations?" asks George Harrison, who then continues: "My recollection goes back to the time when 500 watts was the limit allowed. Now they are talking about 100,000 watts for some stations. What is the reason for this?"

There is only one solution of the main problem, George, and I have been preaching it here for over a year. Reducing the power will not help at all. Reducing the number of stations by at least 300 is the only answer.

There are a great many reasons for the use of high power. The principal advantages are that it delivers good programs to receiving antennae with sufficient strength to be heard clearly above the general static noise level, and it prevents, within the normal service area, that peculiar type of distortion which accompanies the phenomenon of fading.

Like everything else, George, there are limitations in radio to the efficient use of high power. The Radio Commission should only award it to stations giving programs which are consistently above the mediocre level. In addition there should be a sliding scale so arranged that maximum power is used in summer months and the minimum power in winter with assignments of intermediate amounts of power in the spring and fall months.



## WOMEN are not so DUMB

DEAN VIRGINIA GILDERSLLEEVE of Barnard College was on the air recently deploring the fact that the only occupation women had not yet engaged in was that of boiler maker.

Dean Virginia seems to forget it is very difficult to make oneself heard in a boiler factory.