

BY THE
GENTLEMAN
AT THE
KEYHOLE



Suds from Sudbury

GOVERNOR AL SMITH is now as good as nominated for President. Two thirds of the delegates to the next Democratic National Convention will vote for him, not because two thirds of them really want him as a candidate but because some of them are determined to have him as a candidate and because the rest of them feel that no other course is open to them than to let him be the candidate.

There has never since the defeat of Davis in 1924 been any real alternative.

His fate as a candidate is going to depend upon the psychology of the country at the time it comes to vote. And that psychology, so far as one can judge from the indications nine months or more in advance of the election, is not favorable to him.

In the first place there is the unadventurous spirit in the body politic. Sudbury, Mass., receives the prize for silliness in the vote of the Republican leaders, business men and bankers, in favor of giving Mr. Coolidge a life term for President.

Nevertheless Sudbury is symptomatic of a strange un-American fear of change. With Mr. Coolidge for life, the feeling runs, the uncertain future would be arrested. A static America would be preserved.

And the election of Al Smith would be an adventure in democracy; some may think a salutary adventure, but still an adventure. To a lot of people the election of any Democrat to the Presidency is an adventure, one not to be lightly and frequently indulged in.

But the election of Al Smith is many times the adventure that the election of any usual Democratic candidate for President would be.

How'd You Like a Mussolini

IN THE first place, there is his religion. No man of his religion has ever been even nominated for the Presidency. To the majority of the country his religion is alien and dubious.

In the next place he is urban; he is the first product of the city streets to become a Presidential possibility, and a product, too, of the most alien and dubious city in the country.

Urban dominance in politics is an adventure. It is an adventure like the obstruction of the backwoods into the Presidency in the person of Andrew Jackson. But the country was young then and full of faith.

Is it so sure of itself today? Is it as ready for adventure? Silly Sudbury answers no and hysterically demands Coolidge for life.

When Henry Clay had been beaten a few times for the Presidency an old

biographer of his hazarded the explanation that his political opponents had stolen the best name with which to conjure votes out of the people—Democratic. Al Smith is democratic. But with the world abandoning its enthusiasm for democracy which it imitated from us, it is a question whether democracy is a word to conjure with. When Italy in the time of Mazzini was all for imitating the United States, some of the United States in the time of Mussolini is for imitating Italy!

It used to be said that the cure for the ills of democracy was more democracy. Mr. Hughes used to say it in the days of his ardent faith. Now the cure for the ills of democracy is more and more Coolidge.

Democracy or Dictatorship?

WHATEVER we may say of Sudbury the fact remains that if we do not always incline to kings for safety it is very natural to trust for governance to the ruling classes.

In a time of confusion and doubt it is an adventure to put our fate into the hands of one not of the ruling class. Some Democrats may get by as hardly distinguishable from members of the ruling class. But Al Smith is not one of these. His origin is humble. He did not go to college. His grammar is not always impeccable. He belongs to a political organization that is almost outcast. He is not a great banker like Mr. Dawes nor a great engineer and promoter like Mr. Hoover.

People speak of his rather lately and imperfectly acquired social fitness. And that is significant. His election means the coming up of something from the bottom of American political life, an overturning of traditions which once limited the Presidency to the ruling class of Virginia and Massachusetts and then were extended to include the ruling class of the frontier.

A self-confident democracy steadily widens its ruling class. But is this a self-confident democracy?

Here are the reasons why no one predicts the election of Governor Smith to the Presidency, although everyone admits that in him the Democratic party has produced its greatest figure in many years. Those who analyze the situation perceive that the greatest obstacle to his success is not in his religion nor in his wetness, but in the state of mind of the American people.

Those who think he may win believe that this state of mind is not so real as it seems, that down beneath the surface there is warmth and faith, the old desire for popular heroes, a preference for personality to graven images.

Welcome Home

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crook at heart—not about money: not any longer, anyhow, for he has all he can use—but, well, he's rather like a savage's idea of God: very kind and benevolent as long as everyone is suitably servile and admiring, but let disobedience, or, worse still, criticism raise its ugly head, and Ira becomes a cruel avenging devil. Adele thought he was just the simple, kindly, noble-hearted man he appeared, and she would marry him. For five years everything went well—pretty well. Adele's idea of marriage was to sit at home and wait breathlessly for the return of the adored one—and then to adore him.

"And your idea?"

"Is never, never to marry," she answered. "You know, you make it hard for me to tell you this story if you keep on with these trivial interruptions."

"I do not consider your attitude to marriage trivial."

"Irrelevant—at least to you."

"Bing!" said Bentham.

She did not notice him. "But, though sweet, my sister is not an idiot," she went on. "Though willing and eager to spend her life adoring her husband, she did expect him to continue to love her—or at least to enjoy being adored."

"No trouble about that, I should think—as you describe your sister."

"There was trouble, Mr. Bentham: there always is for a woman who gives up her whole life and will to a man—makes herself his doormat. Naturally he loses all interest in her."

"You, I take it, will never lose a man's interest in just that way."

She smiled. "I shall never care much whether I do or not, but Adele cared terribly, and as she felt him slipping from her she tried to regain him by greater and greater sweetness and subservience to him—she accepted his rudeness and his neglect . . . showing no spirit, no matter what I said to her . . . until at last the inevitable happened, and she found that he was carrying on a love affair with this other woman, this sultana, Mrs. Salvari, the widow of the violinist."

"When Adele found this out she lost her sweetness and began to make scenes—not nice, gentle scenes where she burst into tears and said he did not love her any more—Ira rather enjoyed that kind—but terrible scenes of contempt in which she held him up to ridicule and showed him to himself as she saw him: a deceiver, a liar. No one can destroy a man's self-respect like the woman who has once loved him. Ira couldn't stand it. He demanded that she give him a divorce. She refused—absolutely."

"Then for the first time Ira saw himself balked of something that he wanted—and balked by a creature whom he had been accustomed to control. Worse still, he cut a poor figure in the eyes of this other woman, to whom he had undoubtedly promised that all would be arranged in five minutes so that he and she could be married. He offered Adele half his fortune if she would get a divorce (at least he said it was half his fortune—that was so like Ira—it was a mere fraction). She refused."

THE girl paused, and Tom saw that she had put her hand to her chin to keep it from trembling.

"You hate him very much," he said. She nodded. "Wait till you hear what he did. He had a secretary, one of these neat, handsome, efficient little men—you know the kind. No one ever paid any more attention to Weekes than to a scullery maid. . . ."

"Exactly what is a scullery maid?" asked Bentham mildly.

"I really haven't any idea," said Miss Deane. "Adele had been kind to him, as she is to everyone. Of course he adored Adele—everyone does. Well, Ira decided to be free of his wife by the simple means of suing her for divorce in New York State and naming Weekes as the man. . . ."

"How is it possible for a man to do such a thing?"

"I will tell you," she returned. "I hate him so that I understand him perfectly. Ira's picture of himself is of a very good man—he sits on educational boards; he gives great sums to charity, and he has prospered in the affairs of this world; so that it is clear to him that heaven is always on his side. What a good man wants is right, therefore anyone who opposes him is wrong—is, in fact, villainous—and against villains you are justified in using any weapon. But of course the first thing he did was to persuade himself that it was true—and of course he persuaded other people. He used to have in all his important friends, one at a time—bishops and bank presidents and newspaper owners—and he would tell them his sad story in the strictest confidence: told them that his adored wife had been untrue to him, and cried like anything. . . ."

"Did he really cry?" asked Bentham.

"Yes, indeed, he cried. What is the use of my telling you this if you don't believe me? Ira cried whenever he wanted to—men cry a lot, you know—it's just an idea that they don't. He not only cried, but all the time. Even when he was alone, I dare say, he was busy acting the part of a devoted husband, injured in his highest ideals of a woman . . . never a word about his having wanted a divorce for his own purposes—oh, no. No one would believe you if you said that. Well, my poor sister was stunned at first—she couldn't understand what was going on. She began by thinking that he was jealous, and tried to explain to him that there was nothing in the idea. . . ."

SHE paused and turned to him. "I love my sister," she said, "better than anyone in the world, but she is a good deal of a worm. She was so broken-hearted at last that I believe she would have let Ira have his way without opposition, but I persuaded her she must have a lawyer and fight the case."

"But what about the secretary . . . what did he say?"

"We never shall know what he would have said under oath," answered Barbara. "But he seemed entirely under Ira's thumb. I have never thought, as Mr. Robinson did, that Weekes had been bribed, but I do think it occurred to him that he might be able to marry Adele . . . Adele went to a lawyer—a respected, honorable lawyer—several. . . ."

"Do you think that did her any good? It did not. They all began to behave at once as if they were Ira's lawyer—they advised her to compromise—they pointed out that to assume Mr. Carson would bring such an accusation unless he believed it to be true was to intimate that he was not a gentleman, and that nothing warranted their making such an assumption. In fact, in my opinion they stood together as men against a woman. But you'll probably say that they felt she had a weak case. At last someone told her to go to Robinson. I will say for him that he is not afraid—he didn't care about Ira's being rich and powerful and having great financial interests. He saw all the risks, and he got into action. He brought a counter suit, and named the lovely widow."

"Had he any evidence?" asked Tom. She shook her head. "Not a shred—that was the trouble, though it was perfectly well known. She had told all her friends—boasted, even, that she and Ira were having a love affair, and they had told a good many of their friends . . . but of course none of them could testify."

"And that's where you came in," said Tom gently.

She looked up over his head, staring, looking, he thought, uplifted and shining.

"It's a curious thing, Mr. Bentham," she said seriously, "what happens to you when you make up your mind to commit a crime."

(To be continued next week)

The Valley Girl

Continued from page 24

Christie's coat was on the ground beside Cole's before the words were fairly out. But two or three of the other men crowded between the belligerents.

"Leave him to us, chief!" begged one of them. "We'll—"

"You've got him with the goods," declared another in the same breath, but more loudly and insistently. "Don't spoil it by scrapping. You've been wanting proof that the Bett crowd are working sabotage on you. Now you've got your proof. We've caught this Cole cuss with the goods. All we've got to do is hold him here till we can phone the sheriff. He—"

"WHAT did you do to the feller on guard up there at the quarry?" yelled a third man, thrusting his raging face close to Gavin's. "He's my brother. And he don't go to sleep on no job neither. Nor yet you couldn't have downed him in clean fight. He never even gave the alarm. What'd you do to him? If you've—"

"Shut up, Lerner," commanded Jeff Christie, stemming the multiple torrent of words and hauling the speaker backward by the collar as he seemed about to launch himself on Cole. "If there's slugging to be done here, I'll do it. Chase up to the quarry and see what's happened to your brother. Come back quick and let me know. Perhaps he's been killed by this noble spy. Chase!"

With elaborate civility Christie addressed the raging Gavin:

"I'm afraid the examination must wait till Lerner comes back with his report," said he. "Killing or maiming a guard is not on the free list, even in this era of valley warfare. When you began your pleasant sabotage tactics, I set guards over some of my less sparable equipment. I didn't realize that you might add manslaughter or mayhem to your other manly pastimes."

The man's elephantine sarcasm was as hard-held as had been his earlier drawl. But it cooled Gavin's blind rage to a deadlier calm.

"One minute, please," he interposed, noting that four or five men had ranged themselves between Christie and himself as if to balk any further attempt of his at physical attack. "One minute. You can spend it in thinking up new wise cracks if you like. But there's something that even a muttonhead like yourself can see, if you'll only stop to think. It's this: if I was a mayhem fancier or cared to spend my day of rest in dabbling in manslaughter, I could have had my fill of both a few moments ago. I could have gotten off that runaway gondola—as I did get off it—and before I got off. I needn't have wasted good pistol shots in making you people turn around to see what was bearing down on you. If I had minded my own business, instead of giving that alarm, there might be crape on a few doors in the valley by tonight. Those of you who were in the pit down yonder could never have got out of the car's way before it landed on you, even if the men sitting on the buffer had seen the danger in time to sidestep. So much for that end of the argument."

He paused. One or two of the men glanced furtively at each other. Even Christie's white anger seemed to blend with a sudden perplexity. In the scurry and turmoil and shock of the past minute or so all of them had forgotten the pistol-shot warning which had enabled them to jump clear of the on-flying death machine.

"While you're explaining that away," continued Gavin, "here's another thing to think about: whoever started the gondola down the track must have known there were likely to be people loitering around the pit on Sundays. If he cared to give them a warning—which he didn't—would he have risked his own life by riding downhill on the car for the sake of firing alarm shots? If he would, then I'm the man who set your gondola in motion. Also, I'm the

man who discovered America. Think it over."

The first outburst of wrath was ebbing as his hearers mulled over his half-smiling words. Jeff Christie muttered to the man nearest him:

"I wonder if the brakes gave way of themselves. They were pretty old and—"

"No," broke in Gavin, overhearing, "they didn't. When you go down into the pit and take a look at the gondola you'll see they didn't. Both brake wheels were taken off, and the rods were bent with a hammer or a rock. The man who did the job made it so complete that nobody could climb aboard and stop the car after it got under way. I know, because that's what I tried to do."

"I saw it coming toward me before it had gone a hundred feet. It was moving slow enough for me to board it. I ran to put on the brakes. It was then I saw the wheels were gone. I slipped on the pile of stones she was loaded with. By the time I could get up we were going too fast for me to jump off."

"That's all, except that I was on a hike through the hills when I saw the car moving. I'm telling you this yarn for my own sake, not for yours. You don't believe it, and I'm not interested in making you believe it."

"Now, since you're too prudent to fight a man you've insulted and since your crowd is too many for me, I'll wait here quietly while you phone for the sheriff. Only, if any officious fool tries to make a hit with you by grabbing me, he's going to the hospital. Then you'll have a real mayhem charge to make against me with plenty of witnesses."

He walked over to an upturned keg and seated himself on it, beginning to study his own mangled palms and ignoring the men he had been haranguing.

A confusion of low-pitched voices broke in upon the instant's puzzled silence which followed his speech. But in the timbre of the various mingled tones, now, there was far more perplexity than anger.

CHRISTIE walked over to the edge of the foundation pit and stared down. Presently he returned to the others.

"Both the brake wheels are gone," he told them. "If they had been knocked off when the car hit the bottom, they'd be somewhere in sight."

"Mightn't be," urged another man. "Plenty of debris to cover them."

"Hold on," interposed another speaker—with the corner of his eye Cole could see he was one of the trio he had met beside the hand bridge—"Hold on. I've been figuring this out. I was coming back here with Rice and Dixon, from Woollet, just a little while ago. This man was just in front of us. He couldn't have got to the quarry, even if he'd run every step up the hill, and licked Pete Lerner to a standstill and then taken the brake wheels off the car and climbed aboard it. No, nor yet he couldn't have got there in time to boss the job if one of his men was doing it."

Christie was looking strangely at Cole. Suddenly Jeff's resolve was taken.

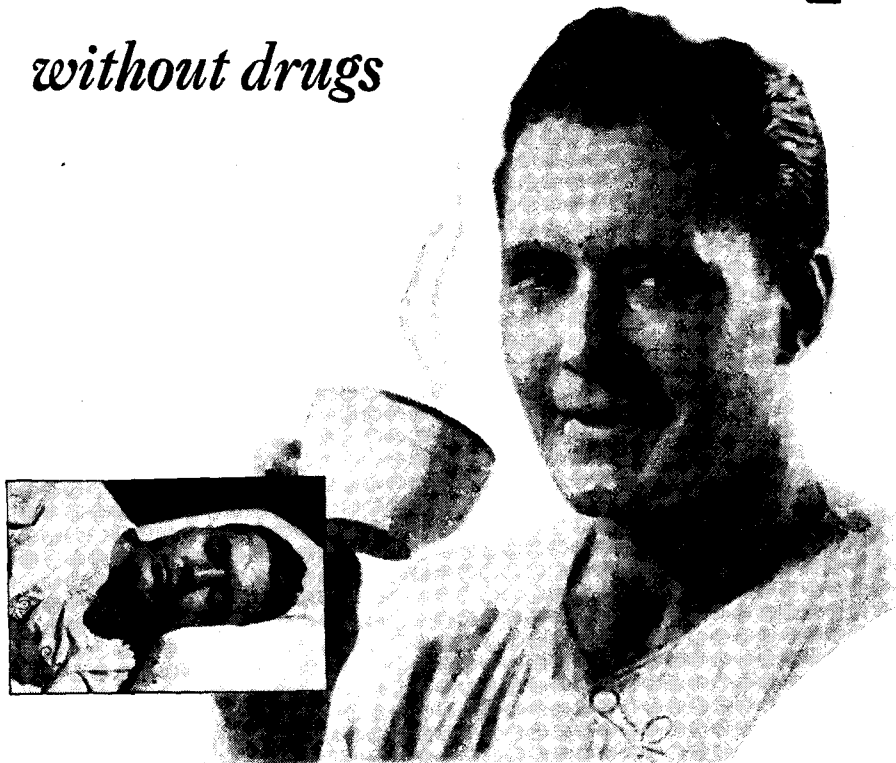
"Mr. Cole," he said stiffly, yet with no trace of his recent anger, "may I remind you that you are trespassing on posted ground, and ask you to take yourself off it as soon as you can? I owe you an apology for accusing you of wrecking my car. I was wrong. But I am not apologizing. You couldn't have committed this particular act of sabotage; but under your orders far worse things have been done to my equipment during the past month. I needn't cite the list. You're familiar with it. So please get back to your own land and your own kind of people without further talk."

"You ordered me off your land once before," returned Gavin, without getting up from his keg. "That time I went. I'm going today. But not till you have the squareness to explain to me what you've meant by saying I or our

(Continued on page 42)

Instant Sleep

without drugs



—and all-day energy!

Make This 3-Day Test!

From tonight on, you can be sure of getting instant, deep sleep—without the use of drugs. You will awaken each morning fairly tingling with healthy vigor.

No drug can ever refresh you in that way. For, while drugs may put you to sleep, they always leave you "logy" and befuddled when you awaken.

But science has developed a wonderful food-beverage that brings sound, restful sleep in a natural way. It is called Ovaltine. It puts you to sleep instantly. And as you sleep, its special food properties restore your tired mind and body—building up new vitality and energy.

Morning finds you a new man. Fresh, clear-eyed, buoyant. You have the energy to carry you right through the day and into the evening.

The 3-day test we offer here will prove all we claim. Note, most carefully, how good you feel when you get up in the morning.

Why Ovaltine brings restoring sleep

Authorities agree that digestive unrest is the main cause of sleeplessness. Ovaltine overcomes this condition in two ways:

FIRST—It digests very quickly itself. Even in cases of impaired digestion.

SECOND—It has the unusual power of digesting 4 to 5 times its weight of other foods you eat. Hence, it aids your digestion which goes on speedily and efficiently. Frayed nerves are soothed. Sound sleep follows.

And as you sleep, the special food properties of Ovaltine also help to restore your tired mind and body. (One cup of Ovaltine has actually more food value than 12 cups

of beef extract, 7 cups of cocoa, or 3 eggs.) That is why, after drinking a cup of hot Ovaltine at night, you awaken in the morning so completely refreshed—abounding with new-found vitality and tireless energy. Note the unsolicited testimonials below.

Hospitals and Doctors recommend it

Ovaltine has been in use in Switzerland for over 30 years. Now in universal use in England and her colonies. During the great war it was served as a standard ration to invalid soldiers.

A few years ago Ovaltine was introduced into this country. Today hundreds of hospitals use it. More than 20,000 doctors recommend it. Not only for sleeplessness, but because of its special dietetic properties, they also recommend it for nerve-strain, malnutrition, underweight and delicate children, nursing mothers and the aged.

Make this 3-day test

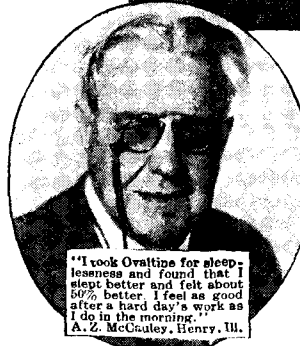
Just make a 3-day test of Ovaltine. Note the difference, not only in your sleep, but in your next day's energy. You tackle your work with greater vigor. You

"carry through" for the whole day. You aren't too tired to go out for the evening. There's a new zest to your work; to all your daily activities. It's truly a "pick-up" drink—for any time of the day.

All druggists sell Ovaltine in 4 sizes for home use. Or they can mix it for you at the soda fountain. But to let you try it, we will send a 3-day introductory package for 10c to cover cost of packing and mailing. Just send in coupon with 10c.



"Before using Ovaltine I used to be tired out after a day's work. Too tired even to sleep. But now, thanks to Ovaltine, I sleep soundly and awaken in the morning fresh, clear and full of energy for the day's work."
E. H. O'Connor, New York City



"I took Ovaltine for sleeplessness and found that I slept better and felt about 50% better. I feel as good after a hard day's work as I do in the morning."
A. Z. McCauley, Henry, Ill.



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I enclose 10 cents to cover cost of packing and mailing. Send me your 3-day test package of Ovaltine. Print name and address clearly.

Name _____

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City _____ State _____

One package to a person

OVALTINE

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Builds Body,
Brain and Nerves

Pipe-loving Doctor Re-discovers His Favorite Tobacco

**Tempted to change his brand,
one whiff from another's pipe
makes him stick to his good
old standby**

Just as the grass looks greener on the other side of the fence, smokers sometimes think the other man's tobacco smells sweeter than their own.

Recently a Charleston optometrist found himself enticed from the fold, only to discover that his old favorite had led him astray:

Charleston, W. Va.,
March 4, 1927

Larus & Bro. Co.,
Richmond, Va.

Gentlemen:

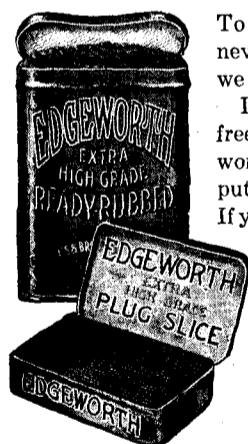
Recently I stopped in a little village that consisted of about nine houses and a small hotel, which I entered.

A little old man wearing a skull cap was seated in a rocking-chair smoking an enormous pipe. I had come to buy a can of Edgeworth, but when I caught a whiff of the tobacco he was smoking I changed my mind. The aroma of that tobacco was so delightful that I made up my mind right then and there that I wanted some of the same brand, regardless of the cost.

I began with: "I beg your pardon, sir, but I came in to buy a can of tobacco, and I would like the same brand you are smoking if you don't mind telling me." He looked at me for a moment, grasped his pipe with one hand and said: "I'm smoking Edgeworth. Would you like some?"

Of course I did, and I secured a supply from the old fellow. The joke, of course, was on me, but I went on my way rejoicing.

Yours very truly,
Dr. John R. Koch



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

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

Write your name and address to

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

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

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

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

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

men committed sabotage here. There is no sense in my giving my word where it won't be believed. Otherwise I'd give you my word of honor that I have not committed or ordered any sabotage or any other dirty act, and that to the best of my knowledge and honest belief none of our men have committed any."

Christie frowned, his lean face worriedly uncertain. One of his men laughed in elaborate derision at Cole's quietly worded statement.

"Shut up!" Jeff bade the mirthful one. "Even a cur doesn't usually pledge his word, unasked, to a lie. There's a mix-up here that I—"

"When you have been handling construction gangs as long as I have, Mr. Christie," suggested Cole, "you'll know that every time a careless drunkard leaves a tap running or leaves a lighted cigarette near a pile of waste or bungles a machine till it's out of gear, there's always a hoot of 'Sabotage!' Our outfit doesn't need to wreck your stuff, any more than we'd need to stack the cards in playing poker with a baby. We've got you licked, ten ways from the jack—you and the coily invisible interests behind you. You won't even get the traditional thirty pieces for betraying this valley of yours."

CHRISTIE went red and took a step forward. This time nobody interfered, for everybody was staring up the rail-ripped track. Christie, in mid-advance, stopped and stared with them.

Down the track was coming Lerner. Leaning heavily on him, and more carried than walking, was a man in khaki—a man whose head was swathed in two joined and dirty handkerchiefs, their grayish surfaces soaked in blood.

By the time he was in earshot Lerner began to shout his report to the men who hurried to meet him.

"There he was!" he yelled furiously. "There was poor old Pete, here, a-laying on the ground, under the quarry shed; clean knocked out. 'Twasn't till I dowsed a pail of water over him that he came to. Look at that swat somebody give him from behind!" he orated, jerking the handkerchief bandage away and revealing a fair-sized contusion at the back of the skull. "That's why Pete didn't stop the car from cutting loose. He was out."

Catching sight of Gavin Cole seated on the keg, he left his brother to the attention of the men who had crowded around them. Fists a-swing, Lerner strode truculently up to the seated man.

Gavin, deep in thought about this deliberate sabotage, scarcely noted his approach until the avenger was almost upon him.

Head down and arms flailing, Lerner rushed him. More by boxing instinct than conscious action, Gavin slipped from his keg seat, ducking a frantic swing and stepping out of reach.

Lerner checked his futile rush and charged afresh, hurling himself at Cole as the others yelled to him to desist and as they ran forward to lay hold of him.

They were not quick enough.

In plunged Lerner, bull-like in blind battle rage. Gavin set himself and struck, moving his head an inch or so to one side to miss the laborer's ham-like and whizzing right fist.

Cole's calmly planted blow caught Lerner neatly on the chin, perhaps an inch to the right of the unshaven jaw point. Lerner was lunging forward with his whole body at the time, thus doubling the blow's already tremendous impetus.

The laborer's toes lifted clean off the ground as Gavin's punch sounded sharp and murderous against his jaw. Lerner's knees turned to tallow. He slumped forward on his face and lay there twitching a little.

The other men reached the scene of brief warfare too late to interfere or even to catch the victim as he fell.

"This seems to be an off day for the Lerner brothers," commented Gavin as he surveyed his own barked knuckles and tensed his tingling left arm. "Mr.

Christie, I am sorry to have had to put this man out. But you saw for yourself it was he or I. I'm sorrier to believe you are right when you call this car business a piece of sabotage. I am going to carry the case to headquarters. I'm going to find out who has done this, and when I do I'm going to handle him a lot worse than I handled Lerner. After that I'm going to fire him. Good-by."

He walked through the knot of undecided and muttering men, close past Christie, and bent his steps toward Regin.

With homemade rod in hand, a Bett roustabout whom Cole recognized was lying on the river bank, fishing. Gavin

her in the dash to greet Gavin. Now across the little span Cole and she faced each other.

Wordlessly each was taking furtive note of the other. Faith saw with an unwilling constriction of heart that Cole was more gaunt and hollow-eyed than she remembered him; that he looked infinitely older and unhappy.

The grindingly endless work and responsibility and the sketchiness of rest hours were taking outward toll of his whalebone constitution. His boyishness had gone. He looked stern and half-sick beneath his almost African tan.

Gavin was making a like appraisal of the troubled little face at the bridge's far end. It was less softly full than he remembered it. There was a new sharpness of line to the prominent jaw. The level dark eyes were no longer joyously childlike in their outlook.

On queer impulse he strode across the bridge and up to her.

"Listen!" he exclaimed, his hands outstretched. "You and I are behaving like two cranky kids. We were good chums, and neither of us has done anything to make us less so. Suppose we do happen to be on different sides in this valley squabble. Why must it spoil our friendship? Please say it needn't. Won't you? It means such a lot to me."

Faith had been aptly prepared for this encounter. She knew it must come, soon or late. In the valley's lower end everyone was certain to meet everyone else some time or other. Indeed, it was strange that she and Cole had not happened to see each other again, somewhere on the road or in Regin or Woollet, long before now.

The girl had anticipated the meeting. In fact, she had formed a habit of putting herself to sleep at night by anticipating it. Again and again, on the borders of drowseland, she set the scene and devised and rehearsed the lines for it.

Sometimes in these rehearsals she passed Cole haughtily on the road, moving aside just a trifle farther than really was necessary and with an aspect of unseeing aloofness tinged just a little with distaste.

At other times Gavin would meet her and hold out his hand, a hypocritical smile on his face. Then Faith would ignore the hand, of course, and would repeat the performance of the passing-by scene, only with a negative inclination of the head.

Then there was a really strong scene, wherein Cole asked her why she seemed to avoid him. With a laugh as mirthless as it was icily cutting she would make any one of seven scathing replies.

As he shrank back from the civilly murderous retort she made the exit prepared for in Scene One.

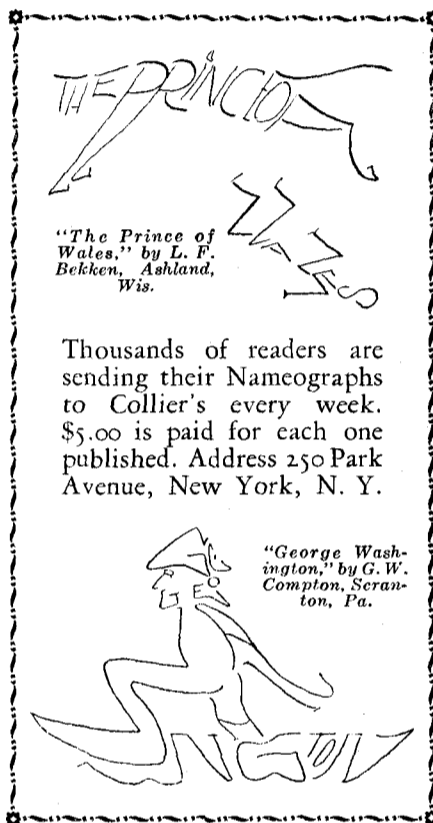
IN HER waking hours she would not let her mind dwell on him long enough for one of these rehearsals, nor for a single instant. But she was disgusted with herself because of her dire need to be on guard forever against the impertinent intrusion of his memory into her consciousness.

Here in real life she was meeting him at last. Nor was it a sudden encounter. She had seen him a furlong away as both of them were nearing the Regins-kill from opposite sides. For a panic instant she had longed to turn and flee.

Then she had rallied fiercely. She was on her own brother's land, on a Sunday walk with her own dog. It was not for her to sink back like a trespasser. No, she would go straight ahead. When he and she should come face to face, it would be a gorgeous time to profit by her bedtime rehearsals.

She tingled at the prospect. And yet—how wearily he walked and how depressed was every line and motion of his stocky body! Perhaps he was ill. Perhaps—

Then, collie fashion, Heather had spoiled everything by scampering forward in that idiotically welcoming way, as if to salute the dearest friend in the world. When the dog pushed past her



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tore a leaf from a pocketbook and scribbled thereon an order to the supply department to send a gondola car over to the Christie dam as soon as it could be got there: in sections if need be.

This he handed to the roustabout, with a dollar, bidding him take it at once to its destination. Then, head down, brooding perplexedly, Gavin made his way toward the hand bridge he had crossed less than an hour earlier.

Christie's anger had lighted his own wrath. But the very genuine scorn under Jeff's temper had cut him to the quick. It was not well that any man, rightfully or wrongfully, should be the target for such utter contempt.

In vain Cole reminded himself that Jeff Christie had forfeited the right to despise or sneer at anyone: he who, in the guise of a neighborhood benefactor, was selling his birth region to the water syndicate—the water crowd which aimed to destroy the whole valley. The sting remained, and it rankled the sorer as Gavin brooded over its cause.

Then he was at the hand bridge. Eyes down and head bent, he reached its northerly edge and stepped on the swaying span. There a sudden scampering something smote him amidships, all but upsetting him.

Cole grabbed the handrail to steady himself, aware for the first time that Heather had bounded across the bridge and was flinging himself upon his human friend with all a collie's bumptious effusiveness toward the very few people he likes.

He patted the gamboling dog, calling him by name, rumpling his fluffy ears. Then Cole's glance met Faith Christie's.

The girl had reached the far end of the bridge, on her walk across the sunny fields, when Heather had pushed past

at the bridge end she had some vague idea, from his impetuosity, that he might be going to hurl himself ragingly on the trespasser. If he did, naturally it would be her Christian duty to rescue the man.

She could follow her deed of mercy with some such cold interruption to his humble thanks as:

"I would have done the same thing for any tramp on the road."

But Heather did not give her the chance, even as she had been morbidly certain he would not. Still, there was ample time for her to move aside from the bridge end as Gavin hurried toward her. She could step back, as from some mildly loathsome creature. Indeed, she had moved backward an inch or two, when he blurted his appeal to her and stretched out impulsively both his arms in her general direction.

Too many rehearsals, even a too-perfect dress rehearsal, may mar the excellence of a performance. Perhaps Faith had rehearsed too often and too much to her own satisfaction. For, though she was perfect in her chosen rôle's lines and stage business, she found herself crying out as she caught the proffered hands in her own:

"Oh, your poor, poor hands! What on earth have you done to them? They must hurt horribly!"

GAVIN followed her anxiously sympathetic gaze down to his torn and skinned palms and barked knuckles. The hands were bleeding and were scored by furrows of ripped skin, and they were unspeakably dirty.

In a feeling of sudden shame he pulled them away from her adorably cool grasp and hid them behind his back. Then, too late, he yearned to kick himself for the instinctive withdrawal which had wrecked a heaven-sent chance. He had thrown away the only card he held or ever could hope to hold.

The keen sympathy still was lighting her tanned little face and brimming her big eyes. But now in those eager eyes of hers there was the first flicker of returning self-possession.

The man longed to reel weakly against the hand-rail or even to swoon at her feet—in fact, to do anything asinine and unmanly, to keep that first divine look in her dear eyes. But, manlike, he heard himself saying, confusedly:

"It isn't anything at all, Miss Christie. I—I stumbled and landed on my hands among some stones; the way we used to do when we were kids. Only there's more of me to land on them than there was then. That's why it looks so messy. Won't you forgive me for shoving such hideous things at you? I didn't think. You see, I was so glad to see you again—"

"Why?" she asked, very coolly, almost as correctly as in a rehearsal.

"Why was I glad to see you? I suppose I ought to stammer and then think up some clever answer. But I can't. I was glad to see you and I was knocked off my self-control, because—because it means more to me to see you than to see anyone else or everyone else there is. There, you have it. Though why I'm fool enough to say such a thing—"

"Yes," she told him evenly, "it is rather unnecessary, isn't it? I'm sorry about your hands, though. They ought to be attended to, at once, oughtn't they?"

She stepped aside, to give him room to pass her. Stupidly he looked down at his tortured palms and cut knuckles, then hid them once more behind him.

"I suppose so," said he. "But there's time enough for that. Can—can I walk on with you a little way? You know, even the fields aren't oversafe, nowadays."

"Yes," she made answer, wholly herself again. "I know it. All of us in the valley have the best reasons for knowing it. But here on my brother's own farm—"

"I wish I could tell you how horribly sorry I am that the Reginskill country is turned upside down like this," pleaded Gavin. "If I could stop it by giving up my job, I'd resign today, even if I'm getting better pay than ever before and even though it's my one chance. But it wouldn't do any good. In an hour they'd

have another man in my place, and the work would go right on. I—"

"I wouldn't dream of expecting you to give up your treasured job," said Faith. "I know how much it must mean to you. And what is the wrecking of just one or two harmless communities compared to your making a record salary and having the wonderful chance you've won for yourself? It—"

"Please!" he begged.

"Please, what?" she asked innocently. "Surely you've won the right to large salary and to your chance, as you call it. I remember how affectingly you told me of your quixotism in throwing over your whole future sooner than to help destroy a Catskill valley. It is only fair, when you've seen the error of your folly, to recoup your losses by helping to destroy a North Jersey valley."

"I am working night and day to save this valley of yours from being destroyed!" he flared hotly, stung out of his pleading mood. "And from being destroyed from within too. Some day you'll realize that. In the meantime I can't say anything to prove it to you. So—"

"No," she assented, "I'm afraid you can't."

"I haven't done anything to forfeit your liking," he declared as she made as though to move past him. "That's true whether you believe it or not. You pretend, even to yourself, that you don't believe me. But in your heart you do believe me. I don't know what your precious brother may have said to you about me. But if he said I wasn't as fit to be an acquaintance of yours as any man on earth, he lied. He—"

"I think," she reminded him, "it can't be good for your hurt hands to make so many violent gestures. And I suggest, when your hands are well, that you tell my brother, face to face, that he lies, instead of saying it to someone who can only resent it by asking you not to speak to her again. Now, if I may trouble you to move far enough to one side, I would like to cross the bridge and go on with my walk."

Yes, she had every reason to be proud of this only speech in her galaxy of oft-rehearsed scenes which she had been able to deliver with only trivial verbal changes. But somehow she could not feel proud of herself.

She could feel nothing, for the instant, but a crazy yearning to cry—this, coupled with a crazier yearning to soak her handkerchief in the cool water and sponge softly the grime and pebble points from the man's suffering hands.

Thoroughly ashamed of her own mushiness of heart, she took a step forward, laying her hand on the rustic bridge rail. Sulkily Gavin Cole moved aside to let her pass him. His own ex-coriated left hand gripped the rail scarcely twelve inches from her ungloved fingers.

AT THE same moment something jarred the thin rail as by a sharp kick. A flap of grayish bark and wood flew up midway between their two hands. A few tiny splinters danced in air.

Beneath the upflung flap of wood a narrow groove showed across the top of the rail.

Heather burst into frantically excited barking, his fanfare of racket half drowning a sharper cracking sound from the edge of the strip of forest beyond.

Gavin wheeled about to trace the direction of this telltale report. At an outjutting point of the woods hung momentarily a faint fluff of smoke.

"Get behind that tree!" ordered Cole, pointing to an oak at the side of the bridge. "He's not aiming at you. But at this range he may miss again, next time he fires. Put the tree between you and him. It's me he wants. And it's me he's due to get. Unless I get him first. That is what I'm going to do if I can."

He threw the words peremptorily at her over his shoulder. Already he was in motion, running at top speed toward the vanishing fluff of rifle smoke at the forest edge.

Not troubling to zigzag or otherwise to disturb the unseen marksman's aim, he charged headlong for his goal.

(To be continued next week)

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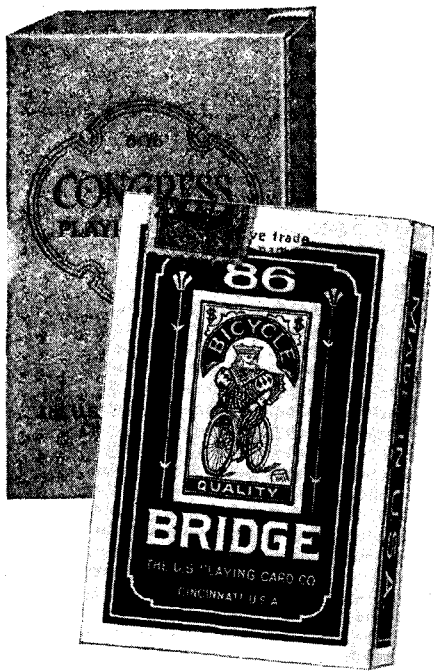
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and Navy building and be an army clerk until five in the evening.

One result of four years of desperate work was that in one day, June 12, 1922, Charlie C. McCall got four degrees—master of laws and master of diplomatic law from Georgetown; master of laws and master of patent law from the National University.

Head Over Heels in the Fight

HE EVENTUALLY accumulated two more degrees, bachelor of laws and master of laws in diplomacy.

"After I got out of the army," he told me, "I made up my mind that if ever I was going to get an education, here was my chance. I was sitting pretty, with all those universities around there. So I just jumped into it. Fact is I liked it so well, I suppose, it was kind of hard to stop."

With his degrees Charlie C. McCall went back home. It was about time, if he didn't want the home folks to forget him forever. He had gone off in 1917 as a soldier (Alabamians run to soldiering! They were conspicuous as well-trained men on the border in 1916; their regiments were conspicuous in the World War) but actually this young man of thirty-two had been away ten years.

He settled down in his chair while he told me about his homecoming and his successful campaign for the office of attorney general of the state. But first, in order to rest comfortably, he took a blue revolver, about as long as the diameter of an automobile steering wheel, from his hip pocket and placed it in a desk drawer.

"I joined right in with everything that was going when I came home," he said. "Everybody belonged to the Klan, and I joined that too. My father has been in politics here all his life. He's been state auditor ever since I can remember. That's one reason I use the somewhat undignified name of Charlie. Now that I'm in politics, I don't want Dad to have to add 'Senior' to his name."

"There are more than 2,000 cities, towns, villages and little settlements in Alabama. Well, I went to every one of them to speak. It took me over one solid year. I got acquainted with people everywhere. I told everybody I wanted to be the next attorney general of Alabama. And so I was elected."

And thus we see young Charlie C. McCall in the State Capitol, tall, lithe, slender, steady-eyed, slow-spoken, fast-moving, a bit rough in his way, with all his law diplomas snatched on the fly, as it were, started off at last in life—as they say in the universities.

And what a start! He had been hard-boiled with Charlie McCall; now he wasn't easy on lawbreaking. He's still head over heels in a desperate fight.

Alabama has had a dozen state attorneys general who took things as they were, served their terms quietly without hunting for any hard jobs to do, and went their ways into oblivion.

But you couldn't take things as they were in Alabama when Charlie McCall went into office—at least not if you were a good live American who had seen something of the outside world.

"That flogging business was too much for any white man to stand," Charlie McCall told me. "It wasn't civilized. What kind of man is it that whips human beings until they bleed? What kind of man is it that would whip even a dog that way? Why, here in Montgomery and up in Birmingham and down in Mobile they have been arresting men for beating horses and dogs and for being cruel to animals. That's only civilized. They do that in every American city. But no one was being arrested for beating men and women, boys and girls, white and black."

"I made up my mind to go after the first flogging case I heard of. A boy named Jeff Calloway was whipped for taking a drink of whisky near a church where a Ku-Klux Klan meeting was

being held. The state law enforcement department sent detectives to the town of Tarrant, where the case occurred, and we got the evidence.

"The jury convicted the whippers. A judge who felt that the situation was a disgrace sentenced two business men of the town to the penitentiary for a maximum term of ten years. As soon as these two were convicted the rest of them hurried to plead guilty. They were all sentenced to shorter terms in jail."

It was the Jeff Calloway case that broke the thrall of fear that hung over the people of Alabama. Floodgates broke; torrents of information came into the offices of county attorneys and into McCall's office.

There had been barbarism everywhere. Here is McCall's list of whip-

It was an astonishing story that Mrs. Fannie Clement Daniels told in the bleak little unfinished farmhouse near Luverne—unfinished because her father had died and left her and her mother alone on the thirty acres.

Crude paintings and crayons of ancestors, going back seventy-five years in the community, were pointed out to me on the walls.

"I was married to an elderly man in Birmingham," the pretty Mrs. Daniels said. "But we couldn't get along together. So I came back home here to Mother."

"One night about twenty men came here to our house and told me to stop going with a certain man. He has a farm about a mile down the road. They told me that night that I was going with him too much. But I hadn't."

"About six months later, while I was sleeping in one room and Mother in another, we heard a big noise outside. Men stamped up on the porch. They pounded on the back door and the front door at once. Mother went to the door and said, 'Who's there?'"

"The Klan," said the men. "Let us in!"

"There were two bars on the front door. Mother unlocked one, but before she could unlock the other the men crashed in and broke the lock. Mother told me to stay in bed, but the men came in and made me get up."

"They asked me first where the man was. There wasn't any man. Then they said, 'Well, you dress and we'll go to his house.' Mother was screaming, but I told her it wouldn't do any good."

"I got up and went into another room to dress, but the men came in too. So I had to hide behind a door while I was putting on my clothes."

"Just when I told them I was ready to go two of them grabbed me and threw me down on the bed, face down. They raised my clothes and whipped me. They kept saying, 'Will you admit you broke our orders? Will you admit you went with that man?' All I could do was cry. Mother was crying in the next room. Three men were holding her down in a chair."

"After the whipping they took me into the room where my mother was. They sort of stood around, and after a while I said to them, 'Well, no matter what you say I've done, I'm better than you are—whipping a woman like this.' One of the men slapped me in the face and told me to shut up. Then all of them went away in their cars."

They forcibly held the mother down while beating the girl. The mother didn't recognize any of the voices. Little wonder. Men who lived forty miles away were later indicted as a result of the flogging of this girl.

One of the indicted men was the Rev. L. A. Nalls. If he was present, he had traveled forty miles to take part in the whipping of a young woman whom he had never seen; whose offense, if she had committed any, came to him only by hearsay.

Look over these flogging stories and you discern six types of floggings.

The floggers first began whipping Negro men and then Negro women for alleged immorality.

They then began to whip white men for immorality, charges of bootlegging, family desertion, infidelity, drunkenness, etc.

The next step was to whip white women for alleged immorality. Thus you had the amazing spectacle of Nordic men, belonging to an order which insists on "Nordic supremacy," bleeding Nordic girls and women with whips.

You might think that the whipping of white women was the climax of boldness. But the whippers were not at the end of their devices. It is true that they had reached the limit, on the morality basis, when they whipped young girls, as they did. But they found a new basis for whipping. About eighteen months ago a new form of whipping appeared: WHIPPING TO CARRY OUT PERSONAL GRUDGES. Records show

Key to the pictures on pages 30 and 31

BIRDS	VEHICLES
Heron	Hansom
Auk	Ambulance
Raven	Roller skates
Ducks	Drashky
NOTED WOMEN	WATER CRAFT
Helene	House boat
Addams	Airplane carrier
Ross	Rotor ship
Daniels	Dhow

pings that state detectives have discovered in the county of Talladega alone:

White persons: M. C. Mathews, 1927; Clowson Wyatt, 1925; P. H. DeBardelaben, 1924; B. W. Price, 1925; W. C. Malone, 1925; J. V. Jones, 1925; Mrs. J. V. Jones, 1925; W. P. Germany, 1924; Lee H. Howell, 1927; a Greek, and his wife, name not given, 1925; John Hurt, 1926; Thomas Hicks, 1925; Tap Curtiss, 1926; Bill Kelly, 1925; L. P. Durden, 1926; T. P. Reaves, 1924. Mrs. Kate Easterling, 1924—again in 1925 and again in 1926; Ellery Easterling and Elbert Easterling, both 17 years of age, 1926; Dolphus Guy, 1925; Ernest Horner, 1927; Will Bone, 1926; Mr. Heath, initials not given, 1925; Charlie Daniel, 1925; Leonard Cooper, 1925; Fanin Gabriel, Rose Gabriel and Lucy Gabriel, 1925; Smyley Whiteside, 1925; Frank Hodge, 1925; Bill Hollingsworth, 1925; Therman Germany, 1925; Mrs. Pickett, initials not given, 1926; Mrs. Minnie Cox, 1926.

Negroes: Napoleon Bledsoe, 1925; Charlie Jackson, 1924; Willie Booker, 1924; Eli Garrett, 1925; Joe Isom, 1924; Carrie Isom, 1924; Pat Cooper, 1925; Lonnie Dobbs, 1925; Lon Hundle, 1924; Alex Whaley, 1924; Douglas McKenzie, Caesar McKenzie, 1925; Snap Ragland, 1925; Dr. Brunnett, 1924; Negro druggist, name not given, 1924; three Negro farm hands, names not given; another Negro man and a Negro woman, names not given, 1924.

"Most of the people who were whipped moved to other parts," McCall told me. "They were driven from their homes, like old settlers routed by scalp-hunting Indians."

I have gone through several hundreds of these stories. They show that, like dope fiends, the floggers were growing wilder with each dose of degenerate excitement they enjoyed. The whippers grew bolder; the victims graded upward in the social scale as the floggings continued. Three years brought the floggers to the doorways of the decent homes of white citizens.

that floggings increased tremendously as soon as "grudge" whippings appeared. "Grudge" whipping of Negroes was the beginning, white folks came next. All sorts of quarrels between Klansmen and citizens who were not Klansmen brought about floggings. In the town of Luverne, which I shall describe in my next article, a jealous heir-to-be was charged with whipping a joint heir-to-be in order to jeopardize the latter's interests. A Negro, Grant Lowery, was whipped because of jealousy shown by another Negro.

Whipping for criticizing the whippers came next in logical sequence. People had not often criticized the Klan for whipping immoral persons. But when it came to whipping persons who were merely critical of the Klan but not immoral, there were citizens who could not easily hold their tongues. So in whippings of this fifth type, for criticism, Negroes alone were the victims.

Whipping of the sixth type was further than many of the whippers dared to go. This was whipping white persons for MERE CRITICISM.

THE WHIPPERS, I DISCOVERED, WERE ON THE POINT, HOWEVER, OF TAKING THIS SIXTH STEP. I MET PROMINENT MEN IN SEVERAL TOWNS WHO HAD RECENTLY BEEN WARNED NOT TO SPEAK A WORD AGAINST THE KLAN AND ITS METHODS. Now that the Klan has won the right to whip in Alabama, I believe that the next step will be the whipping of white men and women for mere criticism. That will put a thrall of terror on the whole state.

I believe, indeed, that McCall in his fight against the Klan and its whippings received support from some quarters because of the simple fact that the Klan had whipped its way in the country districts almost up to the top of the social scale. People in the smaller towns who had not previously been fearful of the Klan, and who kept silent so long as whippings involved only the "lower orders," were glad enough in many cases to join indignantly with McCall in his anti-Klan fight because they themselves were being menaced by the floggers. What's to save them from the lash now that McCall has been thwarted, I don't know.

War Against the Rich

A SEVENTH form of whipping was possible in Alabama. Class-consciousness was beginning to appear. The whippers in later days were usually working men in small towns. A prominent physician, who was whipped in one of the southern counties, was a large holder of bank stocks in Luverne. Indicted whippers, especially in recent cases, have shown socialistic and even Bolshevistic tendencies; they were against the "well-to-do" or the rich. It is not impossible that some day soon in some of these Alabama towns we shall see rich-men-hating white-robed soviet of the lash. McCall, as I have said, was a member

of the Klan when he began his fight against floggings. That was not an unusual thing. Almost every state and county official was a Klansman.

I know the word Klan starts hate a-boiling in many breasts. But there was a time, in Alabama at least, when the Klan had high social standing.

IT WAS THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT ITSELF WHICH MADE THE KLAN STRONG IN ITS EARLY DAYS. THE KLAN WAS ORGANIZED BEFORE OUR ENTRY INTO THE WAR. DURING THE WAR THE GOVERNMENT GAVE IT AND SIMMONS, ITS ORGANIZER, GREAT SUPPORT. IT WAS USED, AS OTHER ORGANIZATIONS WERE USED, FOR PATRIOTIC PURPOSES IN THE SOUTH.

"Join the Klan and help win the war," was the watchword in hundreds of small towns. It was a slogan like "Buy Liberty Bonds." The man who didn't join the Klan in those war days was suspected of treachery. What the American Defense Society purports to be the Ku-Klux Klan purported to be in its early days. And now note this fact:

It was only the "best people" in the small cities and towns who were allowed to join the Klan. The village bankers, the lawyers, physicians, dentists, the leading merchants and other persons of prominence and leadership were the first members.

The Klan was a white-collar organization in its early days in Alabama towns. Working men, with horny hands—the village plumber, the carpenter, the village blacksmith, the garage man, men in overalls—were not taken in. They frequently looked upon the Klan with envy; to be elected to its selected membership was a mark of social altitude. It was no disgrace to have been a Klansman.

"But I had to quit it," one bright young dentist of good family told me. "An organizer came to our town to boost the Klan membership. He took in everybody. I went to meeting one night and saw a section hand presiding. After that I stayed away. So did lots of others. We didn't resign. We simply didn't pay our dues the next year and so we were dropped."

The fact is there have been two Klans in Alabama.

Klan No. 1 was the wartime Klan; it was made up of men who were leaders in their communities.

Klan No. 2, which is the Klan that has been doing the flogging, is made up of men who came into the Klan during the great drives for membership—\$10 each—which followed the war. This new blood drove out the old blood and left the Klan, at least so far as Alabama was concerned, an uncontrolled, undisciplined organization, directed largely by local politicians.

McCall resigned from the Klan in a rage only recently, and thereafter his war against flogging became even more desperate. Here's the story of his resignation:

Cecil Davis, politician-Klansman, with

the title of Grand Kligrath, was called to testify before a grand jury concerning Klan activities.

"I refuse to testify," he said in the grand-jury room.

"Why?" asked McCall.

"Because," he said, in gist, "I have taken an oath which prevents me from testifying concerning the Ku-Klux Klan."

"Do you mean to tell me," demanded McCall, "that you hold allegiance to a higher power than the state of Alabama and its courts?"

"That's exactly what I mean to say," was the effect of the answer.

Cecil Davis was haled before a judge for contempt of court. He was sent to jail for five days. This made him a hero in Klan circles; if there's a higher office than Kligrath he may run for it some day and get it.

"Why, the very organization to which this man was so loyal exists by charter of the state of Alabama," declared McCall. "The state of Alabama can revoke this charter whenever it pleases. This man is putting the Klan above the Stars and Stripes."

He Never Lost a Fight

McCALL, after Davis' display of "loyalty," publicly resigned. Here are portions of his statement of resignation, which he sent to The Exalted Cyclops, Klan No. 3, Province No. 2, Realm of Alabama, Invisible Empire, Knights of the Ku-Klux Klan, Montgomery, Alabama:

SIR:

Many of the leaders of the Klan, in my judgment, are responsible for the wave of lashings and floggings which have taken place in this state, and many members of the Klan are placed in fear of drastic action by its present state rulers, if they tell the truth in courts.

For my part, I regard my oath as an officer of the law superior to any private or fraternal obligation I can take, and I do not feel that I should follow longer behind the banner and under the leadership of those leaders in the Klan in Alabama, who, in my judgment, in many instances, in their religio-political and criminal connivings, are placing themselves at war with constituted authority. I will not be a follower under the leadership of men who denounce officers of the law for doing their duty. I will not be at the call or fraternal command of leaders of an organization which banishes its members for telling the truth in courts of justice. As presently dominated, governed and led, I am of the opinion, which opinion is based on a thorough investigation of crimes and activities of leaders, that the Klan in Alabama is the greatest menace to constituted authority.

I therefore submit to you my unconditional resignation therefrom.

(Signed) CHARLIE C. McCALL.

It wasn't floggers alone that McCall was seeking; he was attacking the Klan itself, as an organization, together with its leaders.

But he totes that gun which is as long as the diameter of a steering wheel because that's where he frequently carries it—right across his steering wheel. McCall is not a gentle individual, as I have shown. He's a tough man to cross. He is not unacquainted with the use of force.

McCall's enemies uncovered one thing in his past against him.

"McCall used to be a prize fighter," they announced one day. "He fought professionally under the name of Spider Kelley."

The reporters rushed to the Capitol to ask him about it. He gave answer: "That's right. I was in the prize ring. I'll admit that I fought under the name of Spider Kelley. Now, will you gentlemen please go back to your sporting editors and ask them to give you Spider Kelley's record?"

They went. They discovered that Spider Kelley, during two years of public appearances, had never lost a fight.

McCall is out of the ordinary, as his enemies say.

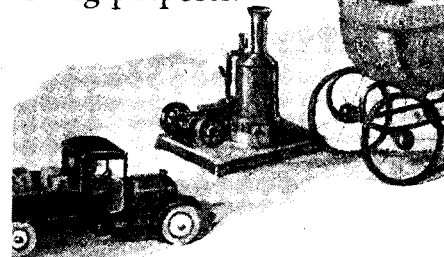
No ordinary man would be brave enough to try to kill the sort of idea that he hopes to choke to death in Alabama.

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The Third Lady

Continued from page 13

remarks about my handwriting had gone into my clothes. I dressed very carefully that day, putting on the beaded dress and a hat that flopped beautifully.

Against the background of a Louis XIV room I saw M. Jusserand advancing to say "How d'you do?" with his head on one side and his eyes brighter than anyone's. Mme. Jusserand moved beside him, and I noticed that she had a head for a coronet. Although her hair was worn perfectly plain, one felt a tiara there even in the daytime.

Pictorially—as one sees people at first—they were a beautiful couple; they matched so well. They made the good old institution of marriage authentic, for one couldn't miss the charm of relationship whose outer aspect was "M. and Mme. Jusserand," announced every night by livery over some Washington threshold.

Everyone Knew Charlie

M. JUSSEMAND had the endurance of a Lincoln or a Washington. No one ever saw him yawn or show a gleam of amusement at anyone else's expense.

Charlie, the chauffeur, had driven the car of the State Department for years. He was as much a part of it as the coat of arms on the door. Everyone in the city knew Charlie and smiled at him when he held up the traffic. With Charlie driving the car one knew one was going on the proper day to call on the proper people, for Charlie knew each embassy's reception day.

The British Embassy seemed very imposing and very ugly—probably built in the wrong period, which excuses most atrocities. It had a look of being steeped in London fogs, but inside it cheered up a bit.

To the right of the entrance a guard stood with an opossum muff on his head, and in the cloakroom a lady's maid was very hospitable with pins. Then one heard one's own name boomed forth with the title behind it, and one was walking into a nicely spaced room—a cheerful, ugly, cozy room. One felt that a series of Englishwomen had done their best to weed Queen Victoria out of the place.

Lady Geddes was very much a wife and mother, and one could see at a glance that the nursery and Sir Auckland's comfort held social life in its proper perspective.

As we sat at a small tea table, with the green of Washington foliage tapes trying the window screens behind her, I felt that she had coped with baby's colic and knew the value of a roast and didn't mind talking about it.

Sir Auckland dropped in to say good afternoon. He was a tall, imposing man who might have walked out of Dickens or addressed Parliament in the time of Fox—so British one could transmute him into any British century.

One can't leave Sir Auckland and Lady Geddes without mentioning their children. They were getting into the motor the day I first called. Frowsy-haired, fresh-skinned boys, they tumbled in like puppies, helter-skelter. The motor drove away chock-full of young faces and laughter.

Besides the official dinners, which are a matter of routine, current society entertains each newcomer with utter lack of prejudice. Added to the established hostesses are the floating climbers who seize upon any official they know as a magnet to gather a party.

The intimation, "Would you like to give a dinner on such and such a date?" comes through Mr. Cooke.

Eight o'clock is the dinner hour, and one has to be there on time.

Dressed in one's best, one walks over red velvet into a hall sure to have armor, tapestries, mirror, a palm tree or two, upstairs—to hear one's name, that will never be spoken softly again, one feels sure. One takes the plunge into a sea of glittering evanescence out of which emerges a hostess in velvet

and diamonds. Behind her are the state-ly ambassadors and a dash of royalty if one is lucky.

A flunky announces dinner, and in a precedence as regular as the Hindu law of caste the company moves into a dining-room to sit at a table set with fruit, with flowers, with silver, with crystal, where succulence in the form of soup, of birds, of desserts, of wines of all sorts, is passed.

Many pictures come back to memory: Mr. Oliver Wendell Holmes sitting next to a lady from Oshkosh. The Justice, who had the whole world to range in, adapted himself courteously to the back-yard area of her experience, so she never dreamed he had wandered outside the places they talked of...

M. Jusserand talking all evening to a lady, to whom English was unknown, about the movies...

Princess Bibesco looking and talking very much like one of her stories, with staccato sophistication.

Boris Bakhmeteff, last Russian ambassador, who knew more about music and pictures than anyone at the table, who was a scientist too, and brilliant in English, but such a discreet politician that he kept an impassive front at a first introduction.

"Washington is cold. Do you like the cold? I like the cold."

Mr. John Hays Hammond and his charming wife, who saved his life, which was very uncertain in England after the Johannesburg raid, and who lives with her husband now in luxury and security in a beautiful house. Like a fairy story: happy ever after...

General Pershing too, and Mrs. Harriman, dancing together at a ball, and their laughter, rich and sonorous, that floated by. Two veterans of life.

All these people come and go in one's mind.

Giving is more blessed than receiving, one is told, but when it comes to dinners the maxim doesn't hold.

Dinners, in Washington, presuppose linen and glass and silver, a butler to serve it, a chef to cook it—and vast decorations.

I sent for the florist.

Mr. Cooke had made a diagram of the function. It looked like stage directions. All the names were printed with finality. Japan was on my left, Spain on my right, and there was a great deal of South America about. It quite went to my head.

But one lives and learns. I nearly wept at that dinner. It was like a puzzle, selected with great care, where nothing fitted. The red candle shades didn't match the floral decorations, which were mauve sweet peas in a centerpiece that was a mound like a grave.

Across the mound I saw that the people were charming, and I noticed how buoyant a Washington party can be, the guests all responsively social, making it their business to be charming and leave the hostess herself unencumbered.

But that mound spoiled everything. All night afterward I dreamed that I was at a baby's funeral. Even after a cherub had taken its place, blowing kisses over old lace and Venetian glass, that mound was there, washed over the table like the ghost of my first failure.

The house was charming for a reception. There was the small pink room in front, where a fire always burned, and the reception-room opposite, hung with tapestries. At the end of the hall the dining-room, with its Adam sideboard and its table set for tea.

On reception days we stood in a large room, and a line that formed in the street moved slowly past us. A colored man from the State Department, mellowed as only a dandy who has been seasoned by distinguished masters can be, called out the names.

Down the line one would spy the red hat of the lovely wife of the senator from Rhode Island. Or a friend's face further on.

But mostly the visitors were people

from out of town who wanted to take back impressions: How the wife of a Secretary of State did her hair—never imagining that except for her trappings, the hostess was far simpler than they.

Sometimes they wanted to take away tangible things. One woman wanted to know if I could give her a sample of my dress, and I had the feeling that if I turned my back I was gone—so avid she looked. And there have been tales of furniture broken off for mementos. But only pink cakes and sandwiches ever left my house, and it was amusing to stand there, shaking hands, watching humanity reel by.

I always felt like explaining that, except for "official position," I wasn't worth the trouble of looking at, that most of my life had been different, and that my specialty had been the nursing and feeding of children. But I remembered, "It's the position that counts."

Which is all that society and sandwich men have to teach us.

And so we come to the White House, which has always meant Mr. Wilson to me, before, then and since, because it meant in his time a vision which made it the spiritual center of the world.

We were summoned to lunch. Once before I had been to the White House at a political dinner where I sat next to Mr. Wilson. He made me think of Emerson and other high Puritans, for there was a light behind his face, and no expediency there. "How he likes me!" I thought, for he was very agreeable, and I felt that he liked me especially, until I heard him talking to the lady on the other side just as kindly and with an air of careful listening. And so I saw he had what was better than liking—an impartial courtesy, deeply human.

The day we were summoned to luncheon Mr. John Davis and his wife were summoned too. Mr. Wilson was ill then, but the essentials of the man I had seen four years back were there—his kindness, his spirit, his humor. It's so far away now, it's not easy to remember a thing that was said. Only the happiness of being there remains, and Mr. Wilson's weakness, that brought out his dependence on Mrs. Wilson.

Like a Dream

MRS. WILSON was very beautiful: everyone noted this with pleasure. "She is so tactful!" everyone said also, and she was, not from a sense of behavior so much as from pure naturalness. She couldn't have been otherwise, one felt, and one felt grateful that there was no pride of position in her.

I remember her at a reception in a dress of spangled blue, looking very charming, and I told her so. She said she felt like a Christmas tree, which made the party successful for me.

Right behind me that day came Mrs. Sinclair Lewis, who said to the usher, "Call me Mrs. Main Street: it's so much better known."

The first time we saw Mrs. Wilson alone we were summoned to tea in a small reception-room. Multitudes had seen it and the pictures of Mr. and Mrs. Washington on the wall, but perhaps not as we did, with the windows and tables banked with flowers, and Mrs. Wilson in white—for it was a very hot day—behind a table covered with cakes, sandwiches and iced tea.

I don't remember a word that was said or anything except the charming simplicity of it and the kindness, for I was quite nervous then and not quite sure I could please the South Americans, whom, for some reason, it was important to please.

After tea we went out on the piazza. The lawn was very green. There were sheep grazing on it. There were flowers growing. The hustle of life was a droning in the distance. It was like a dream, and I remember thinking, "I am here who was there," just as I am thinking now, "I was there who am here," and one is as strange as the other.

At the Road House

Continued from page 12

Napoleon Bonaparte. For a moment this impression prevailed, then came complete darkness, until a point of red light suddenly broke it.

"H. Q.," said a singsong voice.

The man in the darkened room replied:

"Report of Zone Officer 2A."

"No report to hand."

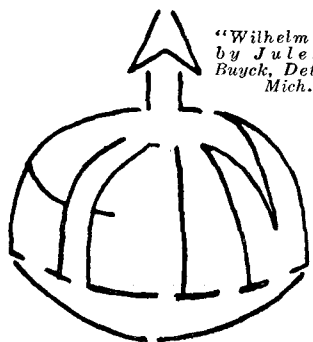
"Report of H. Q. Patrol covering."

"To hand," replied the singsong voice.

"Patrol reports that Zone Officer 2A escaped from the custody of Ned W. Regan at 3:48 A. M. It is believed that her escape was effected by Dr. Stopford, who left the Page Sutton home at the same time. H. Q. Patrol detailed three Firing Groups. Timed 4 A. M. Report ends."

"Report of Group Masters detailed," came the musical tones.

"Only one report to hand," was the answer. "Group Master 3 Sector 3A 3 reports Zone Officer 2A located at road house fifteen miles from home of Page Sutton, accompanied by Dr. Stopford. Group Master standing by. Awaits in-



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structions. This by X Radio. Timed 4:21. Report ends."

Five minutes passed in complete silence, then out of the darkness came crisp orders:

"Instruct Divisional Chief A to dispatch three more Firing Groups to hold all approaches to the road house. Zone Officer 3A to be put in charge. He is to endeavor at once to get in touch with Zone Officer 2A. File quarter-hourly reports. Move. Stand by for another order."

A moment of silence—then:

"Report of Zone Officer 1A covering the Page Sutton home," the musical voice resumed.

"Report to hand. Ned W. Regan left in his car headed for the city at 4:05 A. M. Group Master covering. Commander Drake Roscoe has not left. Operations unsuccessful. Zone Officer awaits instructions. Report ends."

"Report of Divisional Chief B."

Immediately came the reply:

"Report to hand. All A units have been successfully withdrawn, although every road is heavily patrolled by police. Report ends."

"Instruct Divisional Chief B," came the order, "to assemble all A units in Sector 3B 2 and to take personal charge. At the earliest moment he will hand over to Divisional Chief A. He will then stand by for instructions to intercept Commander Drake Roscoe in the event of his leaving the Page Sutton home. Directly contact is established with Zone Officer 2A, put her in touch with me. If Dr. Stopford endeavors to leave, he is to be intercepted."

The red light went out.

"THE reason I am so hopelessly in the power of Head Center," said Madame Czerna, "is that my husband, who died, was sentenced for a crime which he never committed. Three months after our marriage he was sent to Devil's Island.

"I succeeded, after two years of trying, in getting the French to consent to allow me to go out to Cayenne. This, of course, by their law, made me a convict too, and after the death of my husband I was forbidden to return. I was expected to remain in French Guiana. I should perhaps have remained in that awful place all my life had it not been for the help of the man we know as Head Center.

"His agents were engaged in a plot to get away two men who at some time had belonged to the Zone organization. One of them realized I might be of use, I suppose, and when the plans for escape were complete I was included.

"By means of this wonderful organization," Madame continued, "we all got away from Devil's Island—in my case, from Cayenne. I was given a passport bearing the name of 'Fée Czerna,' which is not my own—at least, the first name is but not the second—and what looked like my own photograph. Head Center's methods are unique—perfect.

"But he held me in his power. He knew my true record and could at any moment hand me over to France. I was finally brought to New York, and although I knew I was employed by a group enemy to the United States Government, I thought, until recently, it was political.

"I have no reason to love governments, and I did not scruple to work for Head Center. Only lately I have found out that the Zone Group is criminal—a murder gang! I have struggled like a rat in a trap to escape."

"Tell me," said Stopford eagerly, "do you know any point in New York from which it would be possible to locate the headquarters of these sportsmen?"

"I can tell you this," Madame Czerna replied. "It was a restaurant, bearing the extraordinary name of the Blue Barber. I was taken there one night after the restaurant was closed. I was led into a sort of office at the far end of the dining-room. I was blindfolded and led on upstairs and downstairs, along passages, and into elevators for what seemed an endless time. At last I found myself alone with Head Center in an indescribable black and gold room."

She shuddered and abruptly ceased speaking. Stopford was silent.

"He is terrible," she whispered. "His force of character is so great that one can feel it physically. I have never since been to the Blue Barber!"

"Twice again, once very recently, I have been called to Headquarters. But I have been taken a different way each time.

"I am glad I have had time to tell you so much."

IN a house fifteen miles distant Commander Drake Roscoe sat at a telephone. He was speaking to Ned W. Regan, America's most famous private detective, and the conversation doubtless would have interested Head Center.

"Yes," said Roscoe, every line of his tanned, square-cut features exhibiting eagerness, "you're in touch with the deputy commissioner in charge of the cordon, and you've doubled back. Where are you speaking from?"

"Police post," came the growling voice of Regan, "two miles south of you. There hasn't been a single arrest. All the gang concentrated on the Sutton home have slipped through the lines."

"Then we're all clear here?"

"I guess so," said Regan. "The police boys are pretty well in touch with you. Any minute they'll be there."

"Any news of Madame Czerna?"

"Sure thing. She passed a patrolman, headed south, with your English boy friend Stopford. They got by all right, but the cop took the number of the car, and it's out of the Page Sutton garage. That sailor doctor is a wise guy."

Roscoe laughed boyishly. "I'm glad," he declared. "She's safe enough while she's with him. A very

charming woman, Regan. I hated the thought of her in the Tombs."

"I hate the thought of her outside of it!" Regan growled. "She's the key to the mystery. There's bad trouble ahead of Mr. Stopford. They're hot on his tracks, and when they get him—he's for it!"

"You're shortsighted, Regan," Roscoe declared. "He'll have her turn state's evidence. His clever trick of getting her out of the house will bring us more of the information we want than any routine police methods could do."

"Glad you're happy," Regan returned. "You've a right to be—you escaped with your life. But the net's empty, Commander. We are no further into the puzzle of the Zones than we ever were."

"Oh, yes, we are," said Roscoe. "We're getting there slowly, but all the same we're getting. When we round up Stopford and Madame Czerna we shall be miles in front of where we are now. Keep in touch, because I'm afraid of one thing: If the Zone gang gets in first, Stopford will have a mighty thin time."

"They ought to be glad," said Ned Regan. "He got one of their mob away."

"True," Roscoe admitted, "but he knows too much now. It's urgent, Regan. They must be traced up quickly."

"Listen," Regan commanded—"I've just seen something. I've been eating my face since that duo got away—thinking you had 'em covered. It's just come to me that you could have stopped that elopement! Gee! It's clear as ice! ... You let 'em go!"

"You're right," said Roscoe grimly. "My way isn't always your way, Regan. This was my way ... and I'm responsible. But I want a report on them inside twenty minutes."

Ned W. Regan might quite plainly be heard breathing heavily; then:

"They'll be reported in quarter of an hour," said he, "because they were headed for nowhere, and the wires are humming all along their route. Inside of fifteen miles they must take cover, cut inland or drive into the sea. It's just routine. Good-by."

Roscoe replaced the receiver and turned as there came a rap at the door.

"Come in," said he.

A police captain entered.

"Anything to report?"

"Nothing. There hasn't been a single arrest."

"Clever staff work," said Roscoe bitterly. "Only one hope now. Stand by with every car you can muster."

IN a darkened room—a room which might be approached circuitously from the Blue Barber—a speck of red light glowed.

"H. Q.," said a monotonous voice.

"Report of Sector Captain 1A 1 in charge of party covering road house. Zone Officer 2A is still there, with Dr. Stopford. Zone Officer 3A is expected to take over immediately. Timed 5:05. Report ends."

"Report of Divisional Chief A."

"No report to hand."

"Report of H. Q. Patrol covering Sector Captain 1A 1."

"To hand. Patrol reports two Firing Groups with Group Masters stationed north and south of road house, with cars. Four more Groups standing by. Sector Captain has taken charge and made usual dispositions. Timed 5. Report ends."

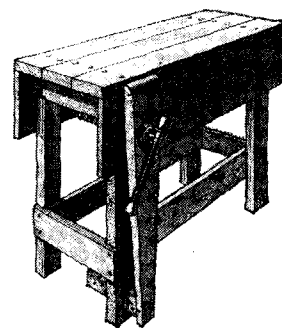
"Instruct Sector Captain in charge," came a crisp order, "to report instantly the arrival of Zone Officer 3A and put him through to me on X Radio. Get in touch with Divisional Chief A. This is vitally urgent. Reassemble dispersed units in their own Zones. All units will stand by. Move."

The red light went out.

From the darkness of a wall an illuminated map sprang suddenly into view. It was a map of New York City and its environs. It was covered with an intricate network of concentric circles,

(Continued on page 48)

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But even in this advanced age the agonized cry of the leper is raised, unheard, lost on the winds of the sea and stifled by the loneliness of far-off islands where millions of lepers this very hour are living a walking, breathing death. Actually, millions there are—men, women and helpless little children who never should feel the hand of leprosy. Thousands of these are under the American flag in the world's greatest leper colony at Culion in the Philippines.

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At the Road House

Continued from page 47

each split up into divisions and subdivisions. It was the much-sought Zone Map—the map for which more than one wealthy man would have sacrificed a big slice of his fortune. It showed, variously colored, the notorious Zones of the giant criminal group which enveloped New York . . . and it revealed what so many were seeking, the location of Head Center.

Presumably the formidable genius who had created and who controlled this dreadful and secret weapon against society was studying it from where he sat.

But there was no sound to indicate his presence. And suddenly the map disappeared as mysteriously as it had appeared.

"I AM sure there is someone moving about this house," said Madame Czerna.

Dawn was eerily creeping over the countryside. A wan, gray light began to be visible through the chinks of the shades. Stopford was at one of the windows, peering cautiously along the road, right and left.

"There is a car parked north just by the bend," he reported in a low voice—"and another south."

The woman laughed drearily.

"We are surrounded," she replied. "I know it. And some of them are inside! I am safe. I am one of them. But they will never let you go free, for they will not know what you may have learned. Listen! Don't you hear it?"

Out of an electric silence:

"Yes," Stopford admitted. "There is some bloke prowlin'! But it may be the house servants. Mornin' will soon be here. Don't panic."

"There is just one hope," Madame Czerna went on monotonously. "One of the men who got away with me from the penal settlement is now my superior officer in the Zones. Please do not misunderstand. But he is fond of me. I have never rewarded him. Yet I think he might help me."

"I'm not keen on his help," drawled Stopford.

"You are mad! Surely you have seen enough to know that your life would mean no more than"—she snapped her fingers—"if you stood in their way."

"Quite enough," Stopford admitted.

"But what's to do?"

"I must try to rouse someone. There is no all-night telephone service here. I can call the Divisional Chief. . . ."

"What! You know his number?"

"Yes."

"What about Head Center?"

"No one knows his number. Unless the Divisional Chiefs do. This I cannot say."

A dim, slenderly ghostly figure in the grayness, she crossed the room and took up the telephone. Sounds of furtive movements in the corridor became unmistakable.

"Quick," she said—"lock the door!"

Urgently she was banging the lever up and down.

Stopford locked the door.

Monotonously the lever banged up and down.

Someone turned the door handle, as: "Yes! Yes!" Madame Czerna whispered—"please connect me with the exchange! Thank you. . . ."

Faint footsteps receded in the corridor outside. It was growing rapidly lighter. Stopford could see Madame's slender fingers twitching nervously. He crossed to the window, then pulled up as:

"Exchange?" said the woman.

She asked for a Park number, of which Stopford made a careful mental note. Someone passed in the road, just below the window, walking slowly, then:

"Zone 2A," said Madame Czerna in a low, tense voice. "Please connect me with Divisional Chief. . . . What is that? . . . He is on service? . . . Get him by X at once and tell him to call—wait a moment—"

She put her hand over the mouthpiece and turned to Stopford:

"Your torch, quick!" she whispered.

"What is this number?"

A ray of light shone out. It showed the beautiful, pale face of a woman holding the instrument as she stooped to read the number. She nodded, and Stopford switched the light off.

Madame Czerna removed her hand from the mouthpiece and repeated the number twice.

"Yes," she said. "Is it clear? Get him at once and give him my message. Good-by."

She replaced the receiver.

"Did you understand?"

In the half light Stopford nodded.

"What's this bloke's job of work in the world—I mean, ostensibly?"

"Will you promise to keep my confidence if I tell you?" she asked.

"Yes. I suppose I must."

"My Divisional Chief in private life is a well-known member of the New York Stock Exchange."

"Good God!" Stopford murmured.

"No wonder poor old Roscoe has been so hard up against it! What a gang! And did I gather that the gentleman was out on business?"

"He is away on Zone work—yes."

"You mentioned 'X.' What, exactly, is 'X'?"

She hesitated, then:

"All the Officers above the rank of Group Master," she explained, dully, "are provided with a portable radio apparatus—a secret invention of Head Center. Mine was left behind when I ran away. It is in my manicure case."

"Then this midnight sportsman will be called up right away from his Divisional Headquarters?"

"Yes. He may communicate at any moment. . . ."

There came a loud bang on the door. Madame Czerna found herself in Stopford's arms. He stooped and kissed her.

"Open this door!" commanded a harsh voice—"or we'll break it in!"

But still Stopford held her fast. There ensued a crash on the woodwork. Madame Czerna thrust him from her.

"Open the door," she whispered brokenly. "It's hopeless to resist."

She switched up the light, turning swiftly away, conscious that she was disheveled and haggard after the long night of anxiety.

Stopford threw the door open.

Four men entered. All wore black half masks and carried repeaters. A fifth man came in behind the quartette. He looked toward Madame Czerna and drew aside the lapel of his topcoat. There was a glitter of diamonds. He dropped the lapel.

"There is a car waiting for you," he said tersely. "Head Center's orders."

Madame Czerna glanced despairingly at Stopford. There came a sudden outcry from below: it was suddenly and significantly silenced.

"Poor bloke!" Stopford murmured.

"That would be the night porter. Efficient but unpleasant."

The leader of the party crossed to the telephone.

IN THAT room which harbored the only existing copy of the Zone Map a spot of red light glowed.

"H. Q.," a voice announced. "Report of Zone Officer 3A in charge of party covering road house. He has obtained access in the usual manner, with a Firing Group. Group Master is covering night porter. Road held by Groups 3 and 4, Sector 3 A1. All in order. Dr. Stopford detained. Timed 5:20. Report ends."

"Report of Divisional Chief A."

"Report to hand. Chief A is proceeding to road house in accordance with instructions. This report by X radio. No time. Report ends."

"Report of H. Q. Patrol covering."

"To hand. Patrol reports that two Groups hold all approaches and that Zone Officer 3A with third Group has entered the road house. Divisional Chief has just arrived. Timed 5:28. Report ends."

Silence ensued for the space of a minute or more; then:

"Advise Divisional Chief," an order was rapped out clearly, "to bring Dr. Stopford direct to H. Q., entrance Seven. Zone Officer 2A will report to me here immediately. Instruct Zone Officer 3A to withdraw acting units to their Zones. All units standing by to be dismissed. Move."

The red light went out.

"VERY interestin'," said Stopford, as the masked man replaced the receiver. He glanced at Madame Czerna, and then addressed the leader of the group: "You have certainly 'obtained access,' although I don't know what the usual manner may be."

He stared through his monocle at the armed quartette silently standing by, and:

"I take it you're a 'Firin' Group'," he said, "and while I can't agree that 'all's in order,' it's painfully obvious that I'm detained!"

From some place below came a soft whistle. The man whom Stopford had addressed glanced toward the open door. Madame Czerna started.

A sixth masked man entered the room!

He wore evening kit under his top-coat. At his entrance four pistols covered him. He drew back a lapel of his coat. There was a rapid flash of diamonds.

"Get out!" he said tersely. "Stand by below."

"Divisional Chief!" exclaimed the man in charge.

A moment later the room was occupied only by the last arrival, Stopford and Madame Czerna. The latter closed

the door behind the departing gunmen. "Thank you!" she said fervently. "I counted on you—and you came just in time!"

"Don't count on me too much," was the reply. "I'm tied hand and foot, and I still don't see what I can do..."

He ceased speaking. From the roadway came a roaring of powerful engines... several shots... an outcry...

The masked man ran to the window. It was now daylight. Even as he drew the shade aside there was a scurrying of feet on the stair. A muffled shot from somewhere in the house! He turned as the door was thrown open.

Drake Roscoe burst in—half a dozen police at his heels!

"Roscoe!"

Stopford sprang forward.

"A haul at last!" cried Roscoe. His eyes were bright with triumph. "Three Group Masters, twelve gunmen, two Zone Officers, and"—he stared at the man in dress clothes—"if I'm not misinformed, a Divisional Chief."

Dr. Stopford turned to Madame Czerna. She avoided his glance, but silently his lips framed the words: "Thank God."

Another story in The Emperor of America series by Sax Rohmer will appear in an early issue

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The Solid South

IF YOU live in the rural South or West and think of New York, you are apt to picture a city run by the Tammany of "Boss" Tweed. You forget that Tweed died nearly a half century ago and that the Tammany and the city he ruled over are utterly changed.

If you live anywhere outside of Herrin, Illinois, you think of that pleasant city of homes, if you think of it at all, as the constant battle ground of murderous feudists. You probably never knew that a larger proportion of children play the violin in Herrin than in any other American community and that by many other tests the "capital of Egypt" is a desirable home. Murder is news but violin playing, except in the hands of genius, is too common to be remarked or remembered.

If you live North or West you think of the floggers of Georgia and Alabama or the anti-evolutionists of Tennessee and build your picture accordingly.

We cannot and we should not shut our eyes to the corruption of a Tweed or a Secretary Fall. We cannot ignore the cruelties of cowardly bands of floggers, and we ought not to, but we can be fairer and more understanding if we remember that crimes anywhere are abnormal and that if they were not we would seldom hear of them.

Picture, therefore, another and a more significant South than that brought into the headlines by Ku-Klux Klan violence. You hear talk of the Solid South, meaning a section dominantly Democratic as much of New England is solidly Republican.

The South is solid in other ways. It is solid in energy and enterprise and in achievement of the most valuable sort.

Throughout the South education and industry are advancing at prodigious rates. Factories are being built and enlarged. Motor roads are being built. Enormous sums are being spent for schools and for higher education.

Reporters who traveled the fifty miles from Montgomery to Luverne a month ago to attend the Klan flogging trials there passed over a roadway that was being widened and straightened and cut through giant hills, at a cost approaching three quarters of a million. In that very state of Alabama, where flogging has flourished, all convicts were taken out of the state's mines seven days ago so that 1928 might open without that blemish. They are to be set to road labor for which they will be paid.

Every town in North Carolina is connected with adjoining towns by cement roads costing a quarter of a billion dollars, to be paid off, by a gas tax, within thirty years. Children are carried along these roads in huge public busses ten or fifteen miles to and from union primary schools. The Greensboro state college for women has an attendance of not less than 2,000 Southern girls.

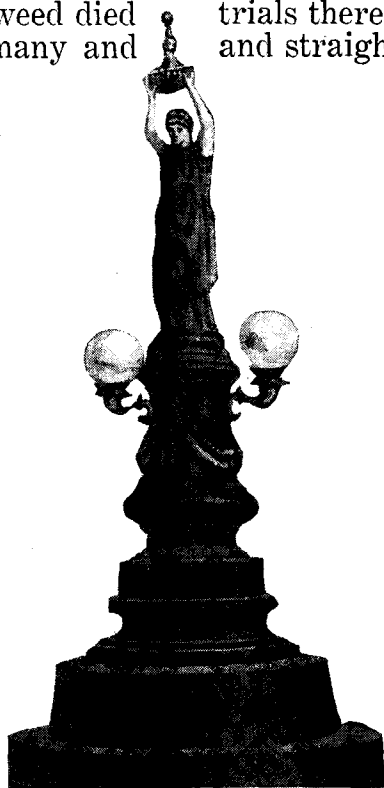
"Manufacturers' Avenue" is the name given the big road which stretches from Virginia through the Piedmont sections of North and South Carolina and Georgia to Atlanta. In North Carolina alone Ashmun Brown, a newspaper correspondent, counted 128 cotton mills on this great highway.

The standard of living for Negroes as well as whites is being lifted and a veritable revolution is being effected in the lives of people previously kept poor by unprofitable forms of agriculture. New mines are being

developed, water power is being put to work.

Horace Greeley sensed the opportunity in the West of gun fighters, Indian massacres, gold rushes and Vigilantes and he penned his famous line, "Go West, Young Man!"

The enterprising youth of today can find opportunities not less inviting to his best energies in that South which, oldest in time of actual settlement, is now once more young and virile in its challenge to ambition.



The devastating boll weevil forced the farmers into diversified farming. This monument to the boll weevil, "herald of prosperity," was erected by the citizens of Enterprise, Coffee County, Alabama

War Power Draft

FIRST on the American Legion's national legislative program is a demand that the Administration pass a war power draft bill that will equalize wages in and out of the armed forces during a war, and empower the government to seize money and other property as well as men.

There is an old saying that war impoverishes the poor and enriches the rich.

Exempting labor in essential war industries from military service and then paying exorbitant wages as if normal economic forces were at work is the height of injustice.

To take a fighting man's arm and only borrow a fireside man's money is less than just.

The Legion has challenged the nation to make sure now that if war is declared again, one man's money will go with another man's life on equal terms and that a rivet gunner in a shipyard shall work as long and as hard and for exactly the same money as a machine gunner at the front.

Referring to the Legion's bill as "the greatest peace measure of the men who fought in the last war," Hanford McNider, Assistant Secretary of War, declared that "it makes war so inclusive that no jingo will ever be able to make it popular." It will do more—it will take the guiding motive away from profiteers who would promote an unwise war, and it will make sure that this country can, in case war is forced upon it, strike the greatest blow in the quickest time of any nation on earth.

The New Co-ed

THE new-idea prize of the school year will probably go to an institution of higher and lower learning in a Chicago suburb. It is a kindergarten with a special department for the mothers who are turned over to child specialists. While Johnny is separating the red sticks from the green, his mother is in the next room dissecting the impulse that urged him, only the day before, to outrage his family by luring a stray, ill-smelling dog into the living-room. Toward spring Mother may even understand the workings of Johnny's mind so well that one balmy morning when the ground is being warmed for its summer work she and Johnny will act on a common impulse and chuck school.