



## How would you play it?

No. 11

North ♠ 6 ♥ A-K-J-7-6-2  
♦ 8-6 ♣ Q-10-8-4

West  
♠ 10-5  
♥ Q-9-8  
♦ J  
♣ K-J-7-6-5-3-2

By MILTON C.  
WORK

Author of Auction Bridge Complete

East

♠ A-K-Q-8-7-4-3  
♥ 10-5-4  
♦ A-K-Q  
♣ None

South ♠ J-9-2 ♥ 3  
♦ 10-9-7-5-4-3-2 ♣ A-9

These hands were broadcast by Mr. Work on Tuesday evening, January 10th. Compare your playing of them with his complete description of the play given below:

### The Auction

**S**OUTH had no difficulty in deciding upon his first declaration. It was a clear case of insufficient strength for an initial bid.

West, with a seven-card suit headed by King-Jack, was in the same boat with South.

North, however, had ample strength for a bid, even in the Third Hand position. His Heart suit, headed by Ace-King-Jack (he bid one Heart), contained six cards, and he had a little Club strength as side support.

East, with a terrific hand, bid one Spade. He had ample strength to bid more than one, but the hand was seemingly good for four Spades and it was really too strong to justify preempting. East hoped that he would be forced up gradually to four Spades (a higher force did not seem probable), and he doubled by the adversaries.

On the second round South had a very close choice between passing and bidding two Diamonds, which he did.

West now had a chance to show his seven Clubs—he bid three.

North, who had shown his full strength on the first round, of course passed; and East rebid his Spades (three), which closed the auction.

### The Play

**S**OUTH started the ball by leading his singleton Trey of Hearts, his partner having bid that suit. Dummy played the Eight, North finessed the Jack, and, when that finesse won, led the King of Hearts, so that South could mark the suit as accurately as possible.

On the first trick East false-carded by playing the Ten, but that did not affect South's play, nor could it deceive North when South discarded the perfectly worthless Nine of Clubs. Dummy played the Nine of Hearts.

North, knowing that East held another Heart, now led the Ace of Hearts to take another trick and give South another discard. South could now see that, three tricks having been won, one

more would save game. His Ace of Clubs probably would produce that trick, and it was further perfectly possible that his Jack at the head of three Spades would take still another trick and defeat the contract. The Jack of Spades would be a winner if North led a fourth round of Hearts (compelling East to trump high and leave South's Jack guarded). North, not knowing the Spade distribution, would be apt to lead either a Diamond or a Club to trick 4. The Club lead, of course, would let the Ace of Clubs win provided East had a Club, but with East bidding as he did, it might be that he was Clubless (as actually was the case) and that a Club lead from North could be trumped cheaply by East and that South also would lose his Jack of Spades and fail to make even one trick. The saving of game would be an absolute certainty if South discarded his Ace of Clubs, and he did so appreciating that the first object of an adversary of the Declarer is to save game; setting an undoubted contract being distinctly a secondary consideration.

After South's discard of the Ace of Clubs it was quite inevitable that North would lead a Club; and East was then placed in a position in which any card he played would be wrong. He could be quite sure that South had no more Clubs, and if he trumped with a Seven or Eight he hardly could hope to shut out South. If he trumped with one of his honors, he might make a winner of the adverse Jack. The ruff with the honor, however, was his better guess, and he played the Queen. South ultimately won with his Jack of Spades and thus saved a game which would have been won by the Declarer had South kept his Ace of Clubs and had North led either a Club or a Diamond to trick 4.

In next week's issue Mr. Work will play the Collier's Radio Bridge Hands, to be broadcast Tuesday evening, January 17th, at ten o'clock Eastern Standard Time, through the following stations:

WEAF, New York; WEEL, Boston; WJAR, Providence; WTAG, Worcester; WTIC, Hartford; WGR, Buffalo; WFI, Philadelphia; WRC, Washington; WCSH, Portland, Me.; WSM, Nashville; WHAS, Louisville; WGY, Schenectady; WDAF, Kansas City; WCCO, Minneapolis-St. Paul; WCAE, Pittsburgh; WTAM, Cleveland; WWJ, Detroit; WSAI, Cincinnati; WGN, Chicago; KSD, St. Louis; WOC, Davenport; WSB, Atlanta; WMC, Memphis; WHO, Des Moines; WOW, Omaha; WTMJ, Milwaukee.

## Welcome Home

Continued from page 31

broke up with emotion, and as she refused to loose her hold of Tom's coat with either hand, he was privileged to see the whole spectacle of her tears. "Now that he can marry me, I am not good enough."

"I have never thought myself any better than you, Camilla," Carson returned in a deep, thrilling tone. "Unless repentance raises—"

"Repentance," she cried, "listen to him. He has always a fine sentiment to get him his own way. . . . Convenient repentances he has."

"But surely," said Bentham, "you don't want to marry him if he doesn't want to marry you?"

"Yes, I do; of course I do. That is silly—the way American women talk. I want to marry him, and I will. What else is left for me? He has ruined my name. Besides, I love him."

"Love," said Carson. "You do not know the meaning of the word."

"You did not always say that . . . Irrrrra. . . . You used to say that only I out of all the world. . . ." She stretched her hands toward him, and Tom made his escape.

Carson walked to the door with him, grasped his hand in farewell as if they had some secret understanding.

Tom took his hand away. What a detestable man! How ugly quarrels were. These two people had once imagined they loved each other . . . and now. . . . He wished that he had loved a noble, serene woman who would make life calm and dignified. Disgusted, disgusted? He did not want to begin that all over again.

He went back to the paper with his interview, and heard Smith had been asking for him.

"Look, look," cried the managing editor, kicking the door shut with one motion of his foot as Tom entered. "I have a line on where the Deane woman is hiding."

Not a muscle of the face of the Standard's best special-article writer moved, but the pupils of his rather light eyes slowly dilated until they seemed to fill the whole eye socket. "Really," he said very softly.

"Yes, yes; she's in Canada. The trouble is I don't know where within about fifty miles. I want you to take a fast car (you couldn't trust to hiring one up there), start tomorrow (don't suppose you could get off tonight), get an interview. I'm sure you can. . . ."

"So am I," said Tom.

Smith beamed. He liked ardent co-operative spirit in his subordinates. He even stooped to explain how the miracle had been performed. . . . it was by keeping track of Robinson. Robinson, it seemed, was contemplating a trip to Canada. . . . "He's going there to see his witness. I want you to see her first."

"Yes," said Tom.

**B**EFORE he left Tom recounted the incident of the dark lady at Carson's house. Smith nodded. "I knew it," he said. "Carson is arranging to marry someone else—someone who will rehabilitate him socially and morally—a duchess, or something. . . ."

"I thought nowadays duchesses just plunged you deeper," said Tom.

"Then a deaconess maybe," said Smith. "I'll let you know in the morning the time I want you to start. . . ."

Tom dined with the sporting editor and went to the first night of a long, dull play, during which he was able to work out the details of his trip—a much better and safer plan than letting her go with Robinson's old lady. . . . Suddenly toward the end of the last act a hideous possibility occurred to him. . . . For all he knew, she might be gone already. . . . Suppose Robinson had come back late in the afternoon and started at once for Canada. . . . Tom was gone from the theatre like a shadow.

In his own house everything was dark. . . . no trace of her in the library . . . no book . . . no sewing . . . no crumpled

handkerchief. . . . Good heavens, she was gone! Or was she quietly asleep on the top floor? He felt he must know the answer.

He took off his boots and tiptoed up the stair, keeping close to the wall to avoid making the stairs creak. No light under the door. Was the room empty? He crept nearer and nearer the door—one moment convinced she was there, the next that she had gone forever. . . . He stood still, losing all sense of space in the immense darkness. And then he heard a sigh—a long, gentle sigh. The sigh of a person grieving over her faults? The sigh of a person waking? He could not be sure . . . but he could be sure she was still there. And after a moment he crept downstairs again.

**H**E WAS waked the next morning by a determined knocking on his door—not the altruistic knock given for the good of the sleeper, but the selfish knock of one who needs the sleeper for his own purposes. The voice of Mrs. Huggins demanded word with him. He found on going to his door that a telegram was being thrust into his hands, and reading it he saw it was from Robinson directed to Mrs. Huggins, but evidently intended for other eyes. It said:

"Have had serious motor accident shall be detained here several days stop car and chauffeur so badly injured trip is abandoned."

His emotions came in layers: it was not their last day—joy! Her situation was more dangerous—sorrow! He alone would now take charge of her destiny and save her—joy! . . .

He said he'd be down in a minute, and in fifteen was actually in the library.

"Well," said Barbara, "what do you think of Robinson's getting himself smashed up at such a minute as this?"

He smiled. "I think it's very wrong of him."

"You're always criticizing me. Of course, I'm sorry if he's really hurt. . . ."

"Has the paper got it?"

The paper had it. It appeared that Mr. Robinson, in company with his elderly cousin, were actually on their way to New York, when, as they passed through the village of Southampton, a youth in a small car had darted out from behind a privet hedge and run squarely into them. The chauffeur's arm was broken and Robinson was suffering from "shock and contusions." A short résumé of his relation to the Carson case followed.

Not one word of apology—not one word of reconciliation—and yet in the twinkling of an eye everything was changed and they were better friends than ever.

They were sitting together on the sofa close enough to read the same paragraph at the same time, when Delia came in with breakfast, and Tom was delighted to see that Barbara was distinctly embarrassed. She plunged hastily into speech.

"Will you tell me why it is, Delia, that you always give Mr. Bentham the best peach?"

Mrs. Huggins explained glibly: "It's not better it is, Miss Barbara—it's only bigger it is."

"Why should he have the bigger peach, then?"

"You know how it is men are about their food."

"You're just an anti-feminist, Delia."

"Maybe I am, dearie, for I don't know what it is," said Mrs. Huggins, and left the room without inquiring.

"I don't suppose," said Tom, "that if I offered you my peach, you'd have the decency to refuse it."

"Let's see first if you have the decency to offer it," she answered, and in the pause that followed she rose and took it. Her teeth sank into it. "Hmmm," she said, making a face at him as she bit.

They were interrupted by a startling and unusual sound—the front-door bell.

(To be continued next week)

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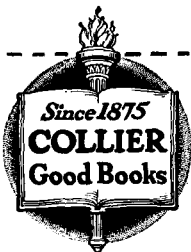
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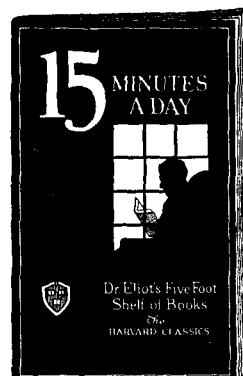
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## Dr. Eliot's Five-Foot Shelf of Books

(The Harvard Classics)

# Two Black Crows

Continued from page 13

shows were known then, so they flocked into tab shows and penny arcades. Sixteen shows a day, packing 'em in and pushing 'em out. Then people ask me if four shows a day vaudeville is a hardship!"

Naturally smart, Mack realized that as a solo act he wasn't so good. Diversion-hungry survivors of an earthquake would stand for almost anything; but when Charlie Mack moved eastward on a dime show circuit he found more critical audiences. He even quit acting for a while to try his talent as salesman. But his delayed delivery was a handicap. Irascible housewives had no patience with a back-door caller who waited for them to ask questions about a patent can opener before he'd divulge its merits.

"I got a summer vacation job on a farm. The food wasn't so good, but it was plentiful and steady. My job was to water the animals, which I did, outward and inward, giving them drink and baths. But there was a horse there that talked in its sleep, and the farmer said it got thirsty during the night, and part of my job was to get up and give it water. It seemed to me that sleep was more important for me than beverage for that horse. I quit farming."

## Fame Came Slowly

YET one can trace a line of direct descent from the farm in Kansas to the mythical farm in Rome. A spell at agriculture gave Charlie Mack time to ponder. In verbal jousts with other farm hands he learned that his slow enunciation, tinged with wit, had effectiveness. In his next drive on the tabloid drama known as vaudeville he had a partner. The partner asked questions and Mack answered—the same sharp questions he submits to now, with the same sort of droll replies.

He and his partner thrived, although it was yet to be some years until Charlie Mack flourished.

"Oh," Mack says, meeting queries about intervening years, "we went places, working, always working. I got married and had a baby girl, and met up with Moran."

For several seasons they traveled from state to state, Moran dragging from Mack his reluctant story of the farm in Rome.

Yet fame, possibly conforming to Mack's enunciatory method, delayed perching on their banner.

Perhaps the diffidence that marks their offstage conduct had something to do with it. Ordinarily, successful teams are prominent in the haunts of show business. One partner or the other is the "window" of the pair. Moran and Mack were in each other's company quite as much away from footlights as before them.

"Old George Moran," Mack explains it, "is a bachelor. And from the first year of our partnership he's appropriated my mother. Sometimes, I swear, she treats him more like a son than she treats me."

George Moran, in case you may not remember, sat on a trunk and nodded throughout this discourse.

"Aren't you the head man of this outfit?" he asked suddenly.

He relapsed into silence after Mack retorted:

"What's yo' idear in bringin' that up?"

To proceed: They toiled and spun and went fishing and golfing all over this fair land and another no less fair, Canada, without disturbing popular interest in Presidential election years. It was an apprenticeship to stardom.

The head man relit his chilled cigarette, and resumed:

"We were in no hurry for fame. It's cumulative, I think. We figured it would last longer if the managers found out about us instead of us dogging them."

A manager did. An English manager—Gillespie of the London Hippo-

drome. This Hippodrome really started as a hippodrome, which means a place for horses. It was a circus. Moran and Mack made it a rendezvous. Gentlemen of the blood repaired there to see the quaint Americans. Mack couldn't understand the promptness of the team's register in London. He inquired why they were so popular in London when night-club bound with a duke.

"Er-er," lisped his grace, "you fellows just strike our fancy, y'know. Jolly chaps, and—er-er—frightfully amusing."

Mack paused, suddenly struck with the impression that his grace was giving a bum imitation of himself.

"You sound like me," he said.

"Er-er, that's just it," said his grace. "You—er—you fellows have sort of got on to our style, so to speak, you know."

When they returned to America, after relieving the Old Lady of Threadneedle Street of much bulky sterling, Moran and Mack found fame all dressed up with a very definite place to go. Mr. Ziegfeld captured them and put them in the Follies. They were a modified riot. The Winter Garden saw them next, and then Earl Carroll got them.

Together they went to California, and the Sunshine State forgot film celebrities for many weeks. Theatres were jammed four times a day to hear them, and after a show, when the sidewalks filled up, managers called on them for extra appearances to satisfy demand.

Movie magnates made breathless offers. They turned down—I have seen the documents, and had them interpreted by statisticians—\$260,000 on one contract because something new happened under the sun. Oral comics who cannot sing suddenly broke all records for phonograph sales. Their first "Black Crows" piece, reproduced on disk, sold more than a million copies. The fourth of the series is being made as this is written, with orders piling high.

"Why go into the movies?" asks Mack.

"You're head man of this team," says Moran. "You should know why not."

"George Moran," Mack added in a mystifying diversion, "weighs 180 pounds and, if you've noticed, he's been sitting on the edge of that trunk for two hours."

He elucidated. In St. Louis, once, an Italian horse lifter was on the same bill. By that is meant a strong man—so strong that he had no ease of mind unless he had lifted at least one horse four times daily and in public. It was his habit, after lifting the horse, to stop in at the dressing-room where Moran and Mack were eating lunch off their trunk top. He'd sit on the trunk and talk passionately of his strength.

## Radio Riches

BUT trunks have, or had, their limitations. This one crumpled, and lunch and horse lifter were buried amid wigs, grease paint and billing matter. The accident led Mack to devise a new trunk. The strong man was billed with them for twenty weeks, and he wanted to be prepared. He devised a trunk with walls of steel netting. It works. By actual test the strong man stood on the trunk top and lifted a horse without casualties to man, horse or trunk. Now in Cleveland more scores of Mack trunks are made every week than we care to mention outside of the advertising columns.

Mr. Moran seemed a little impatient over all this, which necessitated demands on Mr. Mack's vocal resources.

"When do we eat?" he asked.

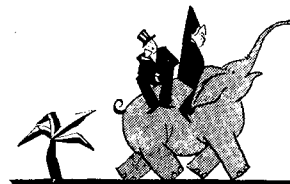
But Mr. Mack was answering an important question.

"Sixteen hundred dollars is what we get for our radio appearances," he said, and he paused. "Next time we're going to ask five thousand dollars."

In all innocence I inquired: "Think you'll get it?"

Mr. Mack looked injured. Said he: "What's yo' idear in bringin' that up?"

# Enough!



DON'T CHOOSE TO RUN

By THE GENTLEMAN AT THE KEYHOLE



ALMOST everyone who comes to Washington asks, "Why did President Coolidge decline to run again for President?" This is a question which no one can answer with certainty, because Mr. Coolidge has never told anyone why he did not choose to run. Even his most intimate friends have never ventured to ask him what considerations impelled him to retire from office at the end of his present term.

The strangest thing about the President is that he has no confidants, no one to whom he unbosoms himself. Almost everyone likes to explain himself, almost everyone requires the sympathy, the commendation, the understanding of a judicious friend.

Mr. Coolidge has done a very praiseworthy thing; he has put aside ambition. He has, in effect, whatever his intent was, refused to impair the tradition which has limited Presidents to eight years in office. It is human nature when one does this sort of thing to desire the approval and admiration of some intimates.

Almost everybody has the confessing instinct; especially when confession involves the disclosure of admirable qualities. Mr. Coolidge has not the confessing instinct. It is as much a breach of the chill decorum of the White House to discuss Mr. Coolidge's motives or nature in the presence of Mr. Coolidge as it was to mention the Queen of Spain's legs in the court at Madrid.

One may dismiss health as a factor influencing the President in his decision to quit the White House. Mr. Coolidge is still a young man, and his health is excellent. He takes perfect care of himself. An interesting story is told of the way he conserves his energies. "I have the reputation," he told one public man, "of being silent. I make the most of it. I have found that if you don't say anything when a man comes to see you he will talk himself out in ten minutes and you can get rid of him. I save myself a good deal in that way." This is an odd little side of the Coolidge economy.

Mr. Coolidge is reputed to have said that ten years, which comes near to being the length of time he would serve if he consented to be elected again, was "too long for any man to be President." Too long from a public or from a private point of view? Or from both? Nobody knows. But that one sentence throws all the light there is upon the President's reasons for choosing not to run again.

## Was It All Modesty?

SOME of the President's old friends who seem to have understood him were always of the opinion that he would not accept another nomination. So there must be something in Mr. Coolidge's nature which made it inevitable that he should decline a renomination. The nearest these observers of Mr. Coolidge came to indicating what that something was was to say that he was a modest man and a respecter of traditions and that therefore he would not see himself breaking the third-term tradition or serving in the Presidency longer than any of his great predecessors. And I dare say this had something to do with the decision not to seek the office again.

The decision to run again would have been a grave decision to make, all the consequences being taken into consider-

ation. And Mr. Coolidge makes negative decisions more easily than positive ones. He "lets things alone." The normal course was not to spend nearly ten years in the White House. To refuse to do so was to let things alone.

Now on the private and personal side. No one who has not a great love of power will desire to spend ten years in the White House, and Mr. Coolidge has little love of power; his inclination to make negative decisions, to "let things alone," shows that.

To give ten years of your life to the Presidency, the ten years from 51 to 61, is to give up the best part of it. And back of the Presidency is a long career in public office, as Vice President, as governor and lieutenant governor of Massachusetts, as a legislator.

## Popularity is Fleeting

THERE is a very natural desire for freedom. Almost everyone who has held important public office for a long time has it. He wishes to be somewhere where the eyes of everyone are not on him, to pursue some ambition or inclination whose satisfaction he has put off and put off. Almost everyone has something that he always meant to do. It must be pleasant to move about without a guard of Secret Service men, not to have to sit at a desk and welcome all the bores that intrude upon you as a public servant. Almost everybody is likely to desire some time while young enough to get something out of it to be on one's own.

Every President finds the pressure of the public upon him hard to bear. Many hazard the guess that Mr. Coolidge is tired of the people that he has to see, of their demands upon him, their misrepresentation of him after they have seen him. The story told above of his keeping silent to cut their visits short indicates the irksomeness of their visits. Here is another: Two Massachusetts men who knew Mr. Coolidge of old met in Washington. One asked the other if he had seen Mr. Coolidge since he became President.

"No," replied the other. "Well," said the first, "I am on my way to the White House to take some documents to the President. Why don't you come along?"

On the way the second man said, "Don't introduce me to Mr. Coolidge. I want to see if he remembers me."

The documents were delivered, and the President thanked the man who brought them but paid no attention to his friend.

The situation grew awkward. "Oh, Mr. President," said the man who had the appointment, "do you know this man here?"

"Yes," said Mr. Coolidge, "that's Judson—" without looking up.

That spoke volumes about the irksomeness of intrusions.

Then Mr. Coolidge had nothing to gain by four more years in the White House. He had achieved an extraordinary popularity, largely due to circumstances and not much due to his personality or to his accomplishments. It was the most negative popularity in history. People applauded him for what he was not, not for what he was.

Popularity is a fleeting thing. A Negro politician put it well: "Mr. Coolidge can't run again. He got himself up on a pedestal alongside of George Washington. He can't get off without falling off." The pedestal is dangerous.