

By
JACK
BINNS

Broadcasting Jimmy

JIMMY WALKER, New York's debonair mayor, stood in the home of Dr. A. N. Goldsmith looking in blank astonishment at the flickering glow of a tiny orange-colored light. He was watching the voice of Jessica Dragonette. A few moments before he had listened to his own picture.

The occasion for this seeming paradox was the first actual transmission of pictures over a standard broadcast station using its regular wave length. Fifteen minutes previously the Hon. Jimmy, with a number of other notables, had been in the National Broadcasting studios on Fifth Avenue, where he had inaugurated the service with a typical Walkerian speech.

A mad rush through New York's traffic brought him to Dr. Goldsmith's home in time to see the reception of his own picture after the electric impulses carrying it had passed through the ether from the antenna of WEAJ twenty-five miles away. It was here that he dropped his mask of imperturbability and, turning to Dr. Ernst Alexander-son, the inventor, exclaimed: "Just the same, I don't believe it!"

Collective Insolvency

SHORTLY after the high lights of Miss Dragonette's voice had flickered out a page of signatures written by newspaper and magazine men came floating through the air with uncanny exactitude. Someone facetiously remarked the stunt might be hazardous to the bank accounts of the assembled journalists if a forger should happen to be tuned in.

All fears were allayed when a hasty survey revealed the scribes were mostly used to overdrawn accounts—financially and literary.

A Fast-Working Tube

THE success of television and the transmission of radio pictures rests to a great extent upon a new type of neon gas lamp developed by D. McFarlan Moore. This remarkable device passes from maximum brilliancy to complete darkness in one millionth of a second. It is the nearest approach to the complete elimination of inertia that science has

evolved, and, of course, conversely it is the closest to instantaneous action that any contrivance, fashioned by the hand of man, has ever reached.

It may be possible for nature to accomplish quite a lot in one millionth of a second, but it's a flying start for man no matter which way you look at it.

So This is Static!

EVERYONE present at the memorable demonstration was admiring the excellence of the reproduced picture of Mayor Walker. Even the Hon. Jimmy seemed pleased with the ethereally produced likeness of himself. He listened attentively while the congregation of scientists explained the details with all

the simplicity possible including mathematical equations. Suddenly he observed a faint streak of white across his mayoral physiognomy.

"What's that?" he asked.

"That's static," explained Dr. Goldsmith.

"Oh! I see," exclaimed Jimmy, "my speech must have become mixed up in the air with my picture."

Cheerio! Old Top

EVERY morning around the time most of us are struggling against the pull of pillow and blankets an enthusiastically pitched voice of tenor tone goes out over the Red Network of stations. Its avowed mission in the realm of broadcasting is to help less energetic souls to start their day right.

"One who calls himself Cheerio" is the owner of that infectious voice. During the year that his vogue has gradually widened in scope he has successfully utilized all the tricks of vocal showmanship. There is probably no other non-singing entertainer more popular with the radio fanettes than Cheerio. Undoubtedly his identity has caused more speculation than any of the unnamed singing artists.

Cheerio comes out of the Golden West, where men are men and the women love 'em. There he went through Stanford University and then edited a successful magazine for a number of years. He is tall and somewhat thin. Is he young? Well, he is by no means old. Among his associates he is extremely popular.

If a benefactor is one who succeeds in making two blades of grass grow where but one flourished before, surely he who draws a smile across a troubled face or brings cheer to a downcast spirit is entitled to the plaudit accorded Cheerio.

They Radiate Too Much

A FEW moments ago I was thumbing through an agricultural magazine and ran across this headline: "Save that good bull."

What splendid advice this would be for many of our broadcast announcers.

Promoting Patricio

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ical board sat on my case, and in the middle of the examination I suddenly discovered my identity. But it was too late. They quietly slipped me an S. C. D. and got rid of me. I went home to my folks, who have a rancho near Casas Grandes, and had a pleasant visit with them. Then I borrowed from my father the price of a railroad ticket to Camp Kearny and enlisted. And here I am."

"That's a very sound and convincing argument, Private Gradi, and I accept it as the truth, but what I can't understand is your action in going to all this trouble to get a free ride home. It's only sixteen miles to town, and you could have walked home, struck the reservation a mile below the M. P. outpost and hiked home across country through the chaparral. You can climb fences, can you not?"

"Oh, I didn't want to do that, sir. I was tired. Besides, I knew my scheme would work."

"Lazy, eh, like all Mexicans." Peep-sight commenced to chuckle, and his chuckle developed into a merry guffaw. "Well, clear out of my tent and try to get some sleep," he ordered presently. "You have done well, my son; in your campaign you remembered all of the military maxims but one. And that omission will, I fear, prove fatal. It must always be assumed that the enemy will act with discretion. You've given those two poultice-wallopers a thirty-two-mile ride and a lot of trouble in the middle of the night, and when they get to the base hospital and find the bird has flown the cage, it's my guess they're going to sit down and do some real hard thinking."

"They will even call in help—say their commanding officer! They'll be sore as boils. Consequently, some time tomorrow, after they've checked up with the M. P. at San Diego, they'll come to the conclusion that they have a duty to perform. Either there is a soldier in this artillery brigade who ought to have his appendix removed and held for observation as a mental defective, or there is a scoundrel who swindled the government out of a free ride in an ambulance under false pretenses, and for that they'll think he ought to be tried and given about three months in the division stockade. They'll work hard on both hypotheses."

"I figured they would, sir. I'm ready for them."

"If you are, you're smarter than I think you are."

"Yes, sir," said Patricio Gradi meekly.

WHEN the battery came in from drill at 11:30 next morning Sergeant Grady handed Peep-sight a regimental order directing him to parade every member of his command in company formation in the battery street and hold them there until he, the colonel, had inspected them. Peep-sight smiled the smile of the cat that has recently devoured the canary. "Where is Private Gradi today, Sergeant?" he queried.

"On K. P., sir."

"Well, boil the kitchen staff out and form 'em up with the Ninth Section, Sergeant."

"I've boiled 'em out, sir. Gradi in trouble, sir?"

"Not yet—but soon, Grady; you know what an order like this means. Some enlisted man—name, number, battery and regiment unknown—is being sought for identification. Gradi's the man they're after, but you and I are not telling on him, Grady. 'Let every man kill his own snakes,' is my motto."

That was like Peep-sight. He always protected his own!

"Anyhow," Peep-sight went on ruminatively, "I warned Gradi, and he said he was ready for whatever might occur. If he's a conceited man, a know-it-all, I'd just as lief see some of the conceit taken out of him. Here comes the old man now. He's got half a dozen M. P.'s and two medical corps men with him. I knew it! Battery! 'Tenshun!"

Peep-sight took his place in front of the battery, commanded, "Eyes, right!" in deference to the colonel, and then "Front!" The old man returned his salute. "Prepare for inspection!" Peep-sight barked. "Open ranks! Yow-w-w-w-w!"

The colonel and his enlisted escort walked down the rear of the front rank slowly. From time to time the party would pause, and the old man would order one of B Battery front and center. Having completed their inspection of the front rank, they swung around to the rear of the rear rank.

When they had completed their inspection seven men stood front and center—and every man Jack of them was red-haired! The M. P.'s and the two hospital corps privates gazed long and hungrily at the radiant seven and shook their heads.

"Not here, sir," said the corporal of the M. P.

"Captain," said the old man, "you may dismiss your battery. Come, Corporal, we'll try C Battery!"

BATTERY was dismissed. When it had been reformed again for retreat that night and after the massed bugles had sounded "Retreat" and "To the Colors" and the regimental band had played the national anthem while the flag fluttered slowly into the hands of the color guard, First Sergeant Grady brought the battery to attention.

"Tenshun to orders! Upon the recommendation of his battery commander Private First Class Patricio Diego Gradi, No. 643-765, is hereby promoted to the grade of corporal. He will be obeyed and respected accordingly. By order of Umble-bumble, colonel Hundred 'steenth Field Artillery, commanding; official, Bumble-umble, captain Hundred 'steenth Field Artillery, adjutant. Corporal Gradi will report at the orderly tent immediately. Dismissed!"

When Corporal Gradi reported at the orderly tent he found Peep-sight seated at his desk, gazing across at him admiringly. "You dyed your ingenious auburn hair with a bottle of black hair dye, provided very thoughtfully for that purpose, Corporal, but it was a stroke of genius to stain that ruddy face of yours with a light wash of tobacco juice," he began. "Attention to details is always to be commended. You were assigned a difficult operation which you carried through to a brilliant success. I'm proud of you. Here are your chevrons, son. Continue to wear them with the same distinction with which you wore the chevron of a private, first class, and you'll be a sergeant before you know it. And when you've been a noncommissioned officer three months I'm going to recommend you for the officers' training camp."

"Please, sir, don't do that. This war might end with me in a training camp in the United States."

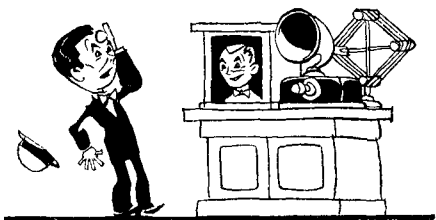
"You're the most belligerent Mexican I've ever known, Gradi. You're as ferocious as an Irishman."

Corporal Gradi smiled a thin, small smile. "I'm a Mexican citizen, of course, sir, and my father and grandfather are too, but, just between the captain and me, if I'd been born north of the Rio Grande I'd be Corporal Patrick Joseph Grady."

"I'm a blithering ass," Peep-sight mourned. "And I thought I knew men. I should have known—you shouldn't have had to tell me. I'm ashamed—humiliated." He glowered at some papers on his desk, then raised his glance to Corporal Gradi's swarthy countenance. Whereupon the latter, knowing he had been dismissed, raised his hand in a careless yet perfect salute.

"I thank the captain," he said, and about-faced.

"Not so fast," Peep-sight yelled after him. "You can keep that dark dappled brown horse you gentled for me. I'm a hard man and a devil for discipline, but I'm not low enough to rank you out of that horse."



Swedish Punch

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situation prevailed until we went back again to our normal distribution. Then drunkenness dropped to normal."

"How do you account for it?" I asked.

"Human nature," he smiled. "When people found out they could not get liquor they decided that they must have it at any price. They started to make it in the homes, to drink varnish, anything. Then bootlegging started up. All purely a question of the head. Then, when the head found it was available, the thirst immediately left."

"I recall one time when I tramped two miles in the mountains to get the makings for a smoke, and the next day in camp, with cigars, cigarettes, pipes and tobacco, I didn't smoke once."

No Drinking Before Noon

"THE trouble with the liquor question in the United States, and everywhere for that matter, is the 'on premises' sale. Saloons have always been the cause of the most violent criticism. Our system did away with the saloons. Only in restaurants is consumption on premises allowed."

"The system controls the sale of intoxicants at the low-priced restaurants, while the hotels and restaurants of higher standing are given their own control, bound by strict conditions. If the restaurant should find that it needs more liquor before the month is out, it can get that too, but only at the price at which it is allowed to sell at retail. Here again the profit incentive is removed and it is very unusual when a hotel asks for additional liquor."

Beer is the principal table drink of the Swedes. One can obtain almost as much beer as he desires. But the beer does not contain much alcohol—at most 3 per cent. Stronger beers cannot be imported or brewed in Sweden, except for medical and technical use. The small alcoholic content of the beer, the Swedes say, explains why it has been possible, without any great risk, to place it outside the system of quantitative restrictions.

The same is true of light wines. No limits are fixed in advance. The purchases of each individual are recorded, and if they exceed what is considered reasonable for the individual and the requirements of his household the corporation may impose restrictions.

In the corporation's shops you will find an extremely wide assortment of liquors and wines. Each shop has a large catalogue. In one of these I noted some 800 kinds of wines and 250 kinds of spirits. The prices are very moderate. Despite the fact that for the stronger spirits there is added a state tax amounting to 50 per cent, you can get a bottle of Swedish brandy, about two thirds of a quart, for 75 cents; of Hennessy Cognac, one-star, for \$2.50; of French brandy from \$1.00 to \$1.75; and the best whisky at \$2.50. A bottle of claret costs from 75 cents to \$5.00; French champagne—Pommery, for instance—costs \$2.75; Moselle, 50 cents; Port and Madeira, 65 cents; Sherry, 60 cents.

And here is an interesting fact: The consumption of light wine has decreased by 50 per cent, practically the same decrease that applies to stronger drinks.

No spirits can be served publicly anywhere before noon; before three in the afternoon only 7½ centiliters—rather less than 2½ fluid ounces. None at any time except in connection with meals. On dancing nights, which restaurants have twice a week, beverages are served up to one o'clock in the morning.

An underlying idea is that food neutralizes the bad effects of alcohol. Here are official results:

Consumption of Spirits in 1913, last year of the old régime, and in 1926:

SWEDEN		
Year	Liters*	Liters per inhab.
1913	44,500,000	7.9
1926	30,023,000	4.9

*A liter is slightly more than a quart (1.0567).

STOCKHOLM		
Year	Liters	Liters per inhab.
1913	8,541,048	24.4
1926	5,562,985	12.6

Arrests for drunkenness:

SWEDEN		
Year	Convictions	Per 1,000 inhab.
1913	58,909	10.5
1926	29,900 (about)	5.0

STOCKHOLM		
Year	Arrests	Per 1,000 inhab.
1913	17,696	50.42
1926	6,689	15.12

Deaths from chronic alcoholism:

SWEDEN		
Year	Cases	Per 100,000 inhab.
1913	110	1.95
1922*	16	0.27

*Figures of later years not yet available.

STOCKHOLM		
Year	Cases	Per 100,000 inhab.
1913	25	7.1
1926	3	0.7

Crimes of violence, officially reported:

SWEDEN		
Year	Cases	Per 10,000 inhab.
1913	3,106	5.54
1924*	1,776	2.96

*Figures of later years not yet available.

Score the fourth—and final—of Dr. Bratt's promises!

I asked particularly about the effect of prohibition in Sweden upon young men and women. The figures are interesting. Based on an index figure of 100 in 1912, crimes of violence in Stockholm, because of drunkenness by young men under twenty years of age, were reduced to 17 in 1926. For young women the figures are similarly impressive, reduction in crime representing a drop from 100 in 1912 to 26 in 1926.

Dr. Bratt would not give me a message for America but he did outline for me certain principles which have a direct application to conditions here.

"The way to meet the question is by education. The education of childhood is the task of the parents. The education of grown-ups is through public opinion, and that especially by the press. I don't know who is failing the more, the parents or the press, in this educational work."

"Legislation to help must primarily be educational. It must outline in a practical way the responsibility of the individual in the use of liquors. It should follow democratic principles; that is, there should be equality before the law."

"The primary value of any legislation lies in its power to educate the individual to his responsibility in relation to liquor."

"The secondary value of legislation is that of diminishing temptation."

"The third value of legislation rests in the degree to which it influences drinking habits in the direction of temperance."

Is the Fight Hopeless?

"REMEMBER this: The fight against human excesses in any field is difficult. The fight against profiteering alcohol traffic is difficult. THE FIGHT AGAINST THESE TWO POWERS COMBINED IS HOPELESS."

"Disinterested management is a necessary basis of all temperance reform."

"Finally, do not make excessive demands of human nature. Impose reasonable conditions and enforce them seriously and firmly. This has been done in Sweden, not without stout fighting, but still not without appreciable success. The control of liquor must be human, not superhuman: firm, not rigid; slow, not fast; democratic in aims, not in function."

Would the Swedish plan be a success in the United States? I don't know. But I can't help wondering what would be our situation today if some such plan as Dr. Bratt's had been tried out before the die for complete prohibition was cast.

WALK-OVER SHOES



There are Custom, Standard, Special Walk-Overs. Above is the Montfort (Standard grade) — \$12.

The built-in Main Spring* Arch is suspended at three points—two on a soft rubber pad at front—one firmly attached at the heel.

They pay big dividends in smartness and comfort

Men who know good investments are buying Walk-Over Shoes with the built-in Main Spring* Arch.

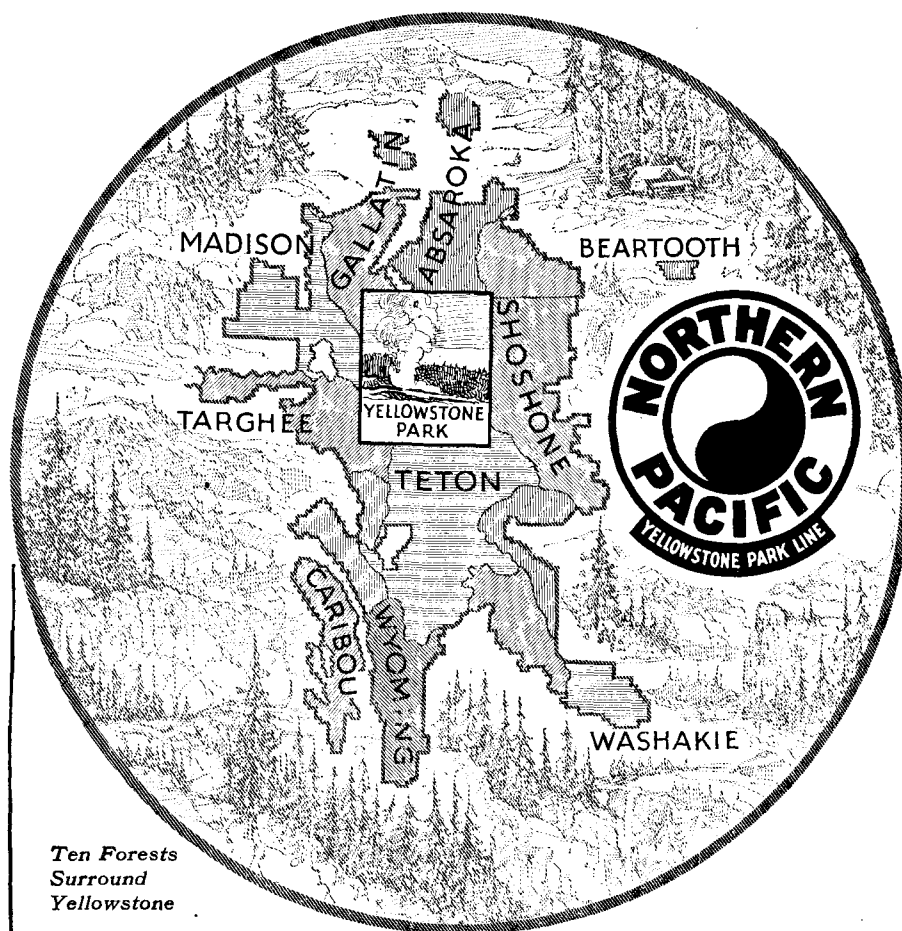
They have learned that no other shoe gives such comfort combined with trim smartness. For only Walk-Over Shoes have the Main Spring* Arch. It is rigid enough to support the arches properly, yet sufficiently flexible to make all twenty-six bones of your foot function—and it is built into the swankest models.

Send for a copy of "Watch Your Step—Your Feet May Be Causing the Trouble"—a new free booklet that gives some startling facts about feet, and illustrates smart new Walk-Overs with the built-in Main Spring* Arch.

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

GEO. E. KEITH COMPANY CAMPELLO, BROCKTON, MASS.

MAKERS OF FINE SHOES FOR MEN AND WOMEN



Ten Forests
Surround
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The Greatest Recreation Area in All the World Invites You

Fourteen Million Acres—Yellowstone Park in the Center—
Ten National Forests Surrounding.

In this vast, beautiful, mountain paradise there are today luxurious hotels, rustic mountain lodges and "Dude Ranches" where guests are hospitably welcomed.

Do you seek rest and inspiration in the mountains? Does outdoor adventuring and sight-seeing in the West appeal to you? Here one can find these things and more—Wonders of Yellowstone in the center—geysers, hot springs, boiling pools, cataracts, Grand Canyon—and grouped about are mountains, rivers, lakes and trails of *ten National Forests*.

Wilderness to explore—trout fishing—horseback riding—hiking—restful reading and inspiration if you prefer, or vigorous Western ranch life—beauty everywhere.

We will be glad to help you plan a trip to this greatest recreational region which you own and should take advantage of.

Northern Pacific Ry.

Mail this coupon to E. E. Nelson, P. T. M., 665 Northern Pacific Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.

I am interested in Yellowstone Park and the National Forests surrounding it. Please send descriptive booklets and rates for a (✓) Yellowstone ☐ or a National Forest Vacation ☐ or both ☐

Name _____

Address _____

My telephone number is _____

If student, state
school and grade _____



The "North Coast Limited" Sets the Pace Out West!

66

Old Bill

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one day Old Bill might be a performing elephant at the head of a herd which his accomplishments and drawing power would enable them to purchase. These hopes were dead now; Old Bill again was a potential menace; nor was it long before that potentiality became actuality.

The course of the little show was southward now, through Kansas. For a week the weather had been hot, cruelly so. Old Bill endured a torture all but maddening. Added to the oppression of the heat was the galling weight of chains which seemed to burn into his flesh and by their very presence add the last straw to a burden of nervous irritability that approached the breaking point.

THE sidewall rose, to admit Larry Lane, dragging behind him a heavy chain destined for attachment to the stake puller, which was being repaired at the opposite side of the menagerie tent. With sudden cognizance of Old Bill's distemper, he swerved and, the chain clanking behind him, moved close that he might examine the elephant's bonds for evidences of chafing. But Old Bill saw in the approach of the man only another chain to be added to his burden.

His eyes rolled wickedly, and, furling his trunk, he emitted a queer, shrieking blast of warning. Larry Lane did not heed; closer he came, the chain still in his grasp. Old Bill surged; he blasted again. As the man came within reach his heavy trunk swung in a vicious circle of offense; there was the smacking crackle of a terrific impact; a scream, high-pitched, piercing; the hurtling form of a man as it sped for a moment through the air, struck eerily, and then, with outflung arms and sprawling legs, rolled drunkenly a few feet before it settled to crumpled inanimation.

Then the men of the circus were before Old Bill again, menacing him with bull hooks, while with a cry of terror Judy Lane ran under the sidewall and, calling inarticulately, strove to raise the form of her unconscious husband in her arms.

"We'll go on," she said quietly, late that night, to the grizzled Tim Mullane, lot superintendent, canvas boss and master of properties. Her vivacity was gone, the bloom had departed from her cheeks; only a nervous opening and clenching of her white hands gave evidence that she was other than an automaton. Tim Mullane touched his cap.

"Right, ma'am," he said, and, turning, called the command that would begin the journey of the little show to the next town. Then facing Judy, he asked: "And Larry, ma'am, do they say he'll live?"

She nodded. "Yes, Tim; he'll live. But it'll be a long time before he can come back again. We've got to go on"—here she halted and pressed her knuckles against white lips—"some way, Tim, we've got to go on without him."

It was a grim aggregation which gave the performance upon the following day. Even Judy's act was listless.

In addition to the stakes which surrounded the elephant, there was now 'so an outer guard of heavy rope and which no person could pass save when Tim Mullane and his gang released Old Bill for his trip of the night or arranged his prison in the morning.

The crowds were slimmer now; the gloom which had settled over the entire circus bringing its natural reaction.

On Sunday afternoon, two weeks after the accident, Judy sat beside Larry's bed in the hospital.

"Judy," Larry had said quietly, "we've been too close for me not to know that you're trying to paint things different from what they really are. It would be better if I knew the truth. Is the show losing money?"

"No, Larry." Her tone assured him. "We'll be all right if we can keep on

as we are now. It's making a little—we'll come out of this without any debts if nothing happens."

He nodded gravely.

"That's what I've been thinking about, Judy—if nothing happens. Have you got any answers to the advertisement?"

"No, Larry."

He turned his head painfully in a nod toward the white enameled medicine table.

"You'll find a letter there," he said. "It's from the Natural History Department of Bonham University. I took a chance and had the nurse write them. They say they'll give us a hundred dollars and handle the execution in return for the carcass. That's worth considering."

Judy rubbed her wet palms.

"I wondered if you wouldn't feel that way about him," she said.

Larry tried to laugh, only to allow his features to lapse into an expression of agonized seriousness.

"I can't help it, Judy," he exclaimed. "It isn't that he's made me yellow for myself—I keep thinking about you and the show and what would happen if he should break out again. I keep wondering if they're able to get the chains on him in the morning or if they let him break past them when they loosen him up at night. I've always got the picture of him tearing through the countryside, wrecking everything, dooming the show." A weary hand passed over tired eyes. "It's a kind of nightmare," said Larry Lane.

The next day Judy stood thoughtfully before the circle of stakes which held Old Bill a prisoner. By and by Tim Mullane came beside her.

"When do we get to Bonham?" he asked.

"In two weeks, Tim. Don't let anybody take the slightest chance in the meanwhile."

It was Judy who broke her own rule. Three days had gone by, and each day she had found herself returning at odd moments to the roped-off space before Old Bill's prison. To her there seemed something humanly pathetic about the fact that this hulking prisoner must die. And Old Bill, harassed, weary from his chains, had chirruped at her approach and given evidence of the pleasure of a lonely beast grateful for the association of someone who had been his friend in the past and still assumed that rôle when all others had become his enemies. Now he stretched his trunk to her, begging for the offerings he had missed since the day of his outbreak, and Judy stood within the ropes feeding the demon an apple, talking to him, patting his trunk, but unable to understand his queer, plaintive chirrup of inexpressive longing.

A WEEK went by; the heat had passed now, giving way to days of steady rain which brought new difficulties to the little circus, but giving to Old Bill a solace known to none but him. Now the roads were deep in mud which brought extra exertion as he dragged his chains from town to town; sometimes in the depths of night, when the earth steamed and hot mists floated about him, as the caravan made its way along boggy corduroy or twined through the twisting avenue of a timber road, vague surges of happiness overcame the beast and he cooed into a giant ear; this was like a life he once had known—he who was doomed to die.

Happiness, however, was for Old Bill alone. In this weather was an element of danger; streams were rising, giving to bridges and culverts an added burden which might on any night bring disaster to the wandering caravan as it strove desperately to live up to its promises of the billboards and by so doing fight onward to better weather conditions and increased attendance. This was vital now.

"Tain't none of my business, ma'am," said Tim Mullane one morning, "but if I were you I'd kill that elephant myself and take a straight shot out of this

rain belt without trying to get to Bonham. He takes apples from you every morning; t'wouldn't be any trick at all to hollow one out and fill it with cyanide. He'd gulp it down, and the boys could dig a pit to bury him in."

Judy put a finger to her lips.

"But there's the hundred dollars we'd get from the university," she demurred. "That's a good deal just now, Tim."

"Sure it is," he said. "But you're liable to lose a lot more getting there. The other way we could switch our route and make a forced march of a couple of days into the dry belt. I don't like to camp along creek beds in this kind of weather."

ACROSS the heavy wooden bridge from town two teams of circus horses made their way, dragging behind them a pair of dirt scrapers which Tim Mullane ordered placed at the creek bank, where, a torrent of foamy chocolate, the ordinarily insignificant stream churned and whirled in muddy eddies, the driftwood writhing at its edges. Tim Mullane waved a hand.

"See how we're fixed here?" he asked with an expressive gesture which took in the entirety of the triangle of ground upon which the circus was pitched. Before them to the north and west a limestone bluff rose sheer for some 200 feet; against this the stream flowed, suddenly to veer to the right, running between cut banks and forming a division between the grounds and the little town. Behind them upon an embankment, rising some few feet above the grounds, a road leading from the bridge formed the third side of the triangle, cutting sharply downward just before it reached the bluff, and continuing along its edge toward the inland country.

"This lot could give us trouble, ma'am. I ain't sayin' that it'd wash us away; but if the water'd get high enough for drift to stick against that bridge there wouldn't be anything for us to do but to sit on this little island and wait. That's why I ordered them scrapers; they might come in handy if we had to throw up a dike. And—I wish you'd think that cyanide thing over, ma'am."

"I will, Tim." Judy Lane walked away toward the ring of stakes where Old Bill stood, straining at his bonds as with sidelong glances he looked without to where the seat planks were being carried from their wagon into the big top. Tim Mullane was right; this fretting could only lead to insurrection. There was only one remedy.

Judy quailed from the thought. She must be the executioner, taking advantage of the one redeeming quality of the beast, his apparent liking for and trust in her.

The woman was strangely pale and repressed when next she saw Tim Mullane.

"I've got hold of the agent by long-distance and ordered him to switch the route so we can start with Dodge City next Monday," she said. "We'll start the march tonight. I guess we can do that—that other, somewhere along the line."

"Sure, ma'am." Tim Mullane wiped a hand across a sweating forehead. "I wish this sun'd go under."

The wish was granted shortly after the little company made its entrance into the hippodrome track for the beginning of the matinée performance. The sky took on a hue of deepening black, concentrating at the horizon. Distant thunder rolled but the rain withheld and the performance went on.

When next Judy came from the big top, Tim Mullane awaited her, his features a study in apprehension.

"Better railroad the program," he said tersely. "The rain struck up in the hills about ten miles. Regular cloudburst, they say. The creek's starting to rise already."

Judy glanced apprehensively toward the bridge, now a bare eight feet above the churning water.

"Cut the show!" she commanded. "We've got to give the audience time to get over that bridge! You, Tim—begin to tear down. Have everything fixed so we can start pulling out as soon as possible after the crowd's gone."

"There's low ground below," she mut-

tered. "It'll spread out down there before it ever takes in this bank."

Into the ring she went and to her act, rushing through the feats of her equestrian number. But, half through, she summoned the equestrian director by a quick nod and called as he came to the ring curb.

"Tim Mullane, there at the back door," she called. "See what he wants!"

The director moved away, and swiftly returned.

"Cut it—quick!" he commanded as she swung past him. Then his whistle went to his lips, in warning to the band of a change in the routine. Judy Lane swung into the "leaps" by which she finished her act. Faster and faster the action became, finally to end. Immediately from the little band stand came the strains of The Star-Spangled Banner inciting the audience to rise, and once the throng was upon its feet:

"All-l-l-l out an' ovah-h-h-h," bawled the announcer. "Take your time, everaybody—ee! No rushing, no crowding! All out an' ovah-h-h-h."

Judy waited only until she had seen the surprised audience begin to move toward the entrance; then, with an excited half-running gait, she hurried for the flags and Tim Mullane.

"Look!" he announced in answer to her unasked question. "It came down all at once. And them trees ain't helping!"

Judy already had seen; the roaring, as of a waterfall, had pulled her attention immediately to the bridge, where now the waters were almost level, and the first of the matinée crowd was feeling its way as it started over the structure, against which uprooted trees had caught in the beginning of a dam of debris.

"Them trees!" said Tim Mullane again. "I seen 'em coming and sent men out there to try to fend 'em off. Wasn't any use; current too strong."

Judy turned for a crisp command.

"Tear down!"

"All tore down, ma'am. Menagerie tent, cookhouse, everything but the big top. Starting on that now."

The clattering of seats being hastily piled joined with the roaring of the waters, shortly to be mingled with still another sound—the trumpeting of an elephant! Judy moved swiftly to the edge of the tent, and a trembling hand went to her lips. Tim Mullane had said nothing of this; there was nothing to say. The position of Old Bill told his own story. In the low space where the menagerie tent had been, and where water was slowly beginning to rise, stood a giant being, alone, save for the ring of stakes which held him prisoner. Tim Mullane had taken advantage of misfortune. The menagerie had stood at a spot fully twelve feet lower than the bridge. Once the backwaters began to pour into the lower stretches of the circus grounds there would be no need for cyanide.

Judy Lane turned her head; after all, it was inevitable, and there now existed the crisis of saving that which must be kept alive—her circus.

THE workmen of the circus were at the bridge, striving in vain to fend off at least a part of the driftwood which now was banking against the railings of the heavy wooden structure, thereby bringing a threat not only to the circus but to the little town across the stream.

There, sloshing about in the water which now was flowing across the structure, was another gang of men, working feverishly, all with no result. Faintly there came the voice of Tim Mullane, shouting across the river:

"Got to have dynamite! Ain't you got any dynamite?"

"Aren't you going to try to get across?"

A crash answered the question, as, careening high upon the breast of the current, an uprooted tree swirled upward, then, scattering lesser driftwood in its impact, broke the railing of the bridge and slouched across, coming at last to a halt, a firmly wedged barrier surrounded by rushing waters. Again Tim Mullane roared his command:

"Got to use dynamite! This'll back up water for a mile."

(Continued on page 42)



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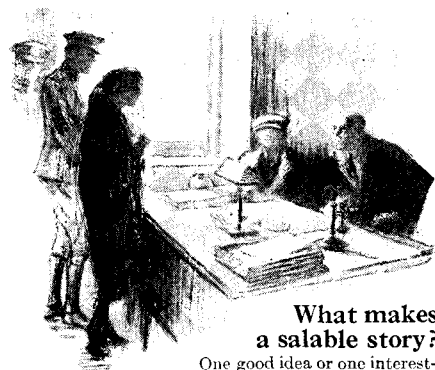
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"Haven't any dynamite," came the faint reply. "We've sent for a steel cable; maybe we can pull the bridge out."

"Not much chance—got to work against too much current. Can't pull downstream—ten feet of water on the other side of your embankment."

Then Tim Mullane turned hurriedly to the assembling of horses for the dirt scrapers; there was need for them now.

"We ain't got much chance if that bridge holds," he grumbled as Judy came beside him. "Hey, you!" he shouted to a circus teamster, moving to his labors with a dirt scraper, "start fillin' in on that lower side and build 'er up there. Got to pile up a wall of dirt a good eight feet to keep this water out—keep cutting in at the embankment to flow 'er over the road and bring the dirt here. Need every scraperful you can get!" Then suddenly he eyed Judy, as a shrieking bellow came from the lower ground where the menagerie had been. "Wonder if Old Bill knows what's cut out for him?"

The water was above his knees now.

"POOR old renegade," she said. Then, with a realization of her own plight: "Give me some men to finish tearing down on the big top and dressing tents. We'll have to restack everything as close as we can on the highest ground."

Tim Mullane obeyed, swinging hurriedly to shout across the river:

"You'll never be able to get 'er out with man power! Hook that cable on to the bridge and then tie a rock on another cable and throw 'er over. I'll put the horses on it and get a cross pull—it's our only chance!"

Presently a string of horses tugged and slipped and tugged again and again at the cable leading to the opposite side of the bridge, but all in vain.

Meantime Old Bill surged and floundered; at last to halt, panting with queer, plaintive cries. The water was above his shoulders now; his great neck had begun to ache with the strain of a steadily upraised head. He looked toward the higher ground, where worked the scrapers, the line of men with spades and shovels, laboring dully, and the tired horses, struggling against their singletrees, progressing not an inch in their whip-maddened plunges. The fight of the Top Notch Shows so far had been a losing one.

Higher came the muddy executioner about Old Bill; at last the bony protuberance of his back disappeared; the elephant, held down by his chains, struggled desperately, but succeeded only in keeping his eyes and mouth and trunk above water. Anew he fought against his bonds and the ring of stakes loosened once more. Then suddenly he forgot even his watery enemy in the sound of a human voice.

It was Judy Lane, white-faced, grim, the knowledge of disaster full upon her now, yielding at last to the temptation which had arisen, time and again, in spite of the desperation of other exigencies. Beyond, the men of the show were making a last move, hastily carrying the poles and other floatable material to be placed on top of sodden canvas and other more solid foundations. The tops of wagons were beginning to bear their human fruit; the horses attached to the cable were knee deep in water now; from far away came the voice of Tim Mullane, giving a desperate order:

"Hey, you! Grab two of them centerpoles and hook the big pulley on it. Sink the poles well. If it gets much worse, we'll have to rig up this cable for a life line to get over to the other side on. Yeh, I know," he added to a shouted assertion, "but it won't be as bad flooded there as it is here. We can at least wade through it to the hills. Nobody knows what's liable to happen here."

The new activities began. While down at the point of high land Judy Lane stood shoe-deep in water and

Old Bill

Continued from page 41

talked to the beast that was about to die.

"Poor old fellow!" she said for the twentieth time. "Poor old fellow!" Then with a choke in her voice as she watched the workmen begin the digging of the holes to support an "A frame" of centerpoles, designed to hold the cable that would carry the personnel of the circus to safety, "at least we can live."

Then slowly she turned, while behind her Old Bill, watching the departure of the one being in all the world who had been kind to him, surged in a delirium of effort.

The water swirled about him like a maelstrom as the great body went first to one side, then the other; his trumpet blasts shrieked until they drowned the roaring of the flood; beneath him a ring of stakes sagged in their pits, then suddenly gave way. A wild blast and the freed elephant headed for the point of land, his shrieks of joy sounding above the cries of Judy Lane and the shouting of frightened men, helpless before this new menace.

Wildly he fought to force himself up the embankment; a chain parted, another and another; at last, his final bond gone under the bulging pressure of muscles, drawn to their full strength for the first time since captivity, he surged up the bank, and with joyful cries, he ran for the woman whom he looked upon now as life itself.

There was no one to aid her: men, dogs—everything that had legs and liberty—made a wild break for safety. Judy Lane screamed again, then, faced by the alternative of the roaring stream, she turned desperately, hoping that she might dodge the pursuing beast, and gasped with the knowledge that he too had halted, that his trunk was in his ear, and he was cooling. In a perfect ecstasy of joy the great beast whirled, and seizing the centerpole which had been dropped by fleeing workmen, he raised it high over his head, and dropped it to the ground, only that he might raise it once more, and with mincing steps run with it a few feet, set it down again, and then, cooing anew, turn to his beloved mistress.

It was only an expression of joy, only the outpouring of a bestial heart, maddened by happiness into the performance of that which he knew best. But in that moment of activity a woman saw something more: something which a beast was telling her without even a knowledge of it. So this was the explanation of the longing in the eyes of Old Bill, this the thing she had seen so many times as he watched the men of the circus lot from beneath the rolling sidewall. She whirled, a woman in command.

"GET back there, you fools!" she shouted to the workmen, advancing under the gingerly command of Tim Mullane. "Get back there—put down those quarter poles. I'll handle him." Then, forgetful of all else, she turned anew to the elephant. "Bill!" she commanded, and, bending, touched the pole with her hand. The beast stared dully. "Bill!" she commanded again, and with a great effort raised the end of the pole slightly, only to let it fall. The beast trumpeted in understanding. His great trunk curled about the pole, and raising it he awaited her command. Judy Lane took a position before him, then moving a few steps, gave a new order. The beast understood only by actions, the words meant nothing to him. But he obeyed. The woman whirled.

"No wonder he's been bad," she cried hysterically. "Chained! When he should have been working. Fix him a place at the end of that cable!"

The minutes of preparation passed swiftly, at least to Judy Lane and an elephant who obeyed her again and again. By patting a bale of canvas she bade him seize it and follow her; by pretending to push a wagon she conveyed to the tremendous happily docile beast the understanding that he must push too. Minutes in which Judy's

throat swelled and the sobs came unhalting! Dreams could come true—dreams could come true!

"Stand by with that snub rope!" Tim Mullane gave the order, as three men with a hawser, leading to a loop in the cable, took a fresh hold about a stanch tree. "The minute there's an inch of slack, hold 'er. Can't take chances of everything going down the river."

For at the head of the string of horses Judy Lane was leading Old Bill into position, holding him docile there while frightened workmen ran a hastily made canvas-padded cable about his breast, fastened it over his back with ropes, then strung it to the cable proper. A moment of hesitation followed until teamsters could put their horses into readiness. Then, she stepped back. She held forth her hand. She called:

"Bill! Bill—come on, old fellow!"

He started toward her, putting slight pressure against the breast cable. It held him. He strained again. Then, with understanding, while horses plunged behind him, while his chains

Excitement and Company



In
Next
Week's
COLLIER'S

splashed in the mud, clanking dully, Old Bill threw all his strength into the task. He doubled, until his giant knees touched the mud. He trumpeted, as with defiance, against the enemy which held him. Then, his breath blasting and his rough skin grinding against the cable, he plunged again, and yet again in unquenchable energy.

At the tree a snub rope was pulled tighter, inch by inch. Across the river shouting watchers saw the driftwood quiver and shake. Then, with a muffled crash, the mass moved and a new roar was added to that of other noises—water pouring through a crevice! Again Judy Lane called, and again the men at the snub rope worked feverishly to take up slack. At the bridge a tree, loosened from its bonds of driftwood, rocked eerily, and, plunging loose, went down with the current. Another followed and a third. At last, with a booming roar, the bridge swung free, while the snub rope groaned with the strain upon it; horses plunged and twisted as they were momentarily jerked from their feet, and, a circus on one side, and a town on the other, the watchers of the flood screamed their deliverance as the bridge swung clear and men were working to cut the cable. But the woman who stood before Old Bill could only sob anew. Dreams could come true!

It was the next afternoon that a little circus made its way across a temporary bridge spanning a creek now flowing slowly and without threat. A long journey was ahead, out into the dry belt. But it would not be a hard one. There were extra horses, to relieve those which might tire on the tedious journey—horses available for the reason that in the van of the little calvacade where once an "eight-team" had been wont to labor was a gigantic elephant, trunk swinging in ecstatic delight, an elephant athrill with the joy of pulling the heaviest wagon.

Free, White and Female

Continued from page 21

the Blade family tradition of getting even for an injury which animated Mortimer.

Second, Mortimer and his father had found some method of working an injury to the Bundys.

Third, his father was seriously worried about his presence in America, and would make a financial return for his absence.

"Yes," he said to himself, "Mortimer does talk too much."

Unobserved he watched Mortimer's departure; then himself followed, after some fifteen minutes had been allowed to elapse, in a taxicab. He felt the expense justified. It was daylight when he was driven up to the old hotel, where he went at once to his room for a few hours' sleep. At 9:30 he breakfasted and went about his business—which was the observation of passing events in the neighborhood. Of pertinent facts he collected a number during the morning. He became aware that the Bundys had entered the real-estate field in a large way. He was informed of the

while. And there's the business. We're neglecting it."

"Drat the business," Martha said sharply.

Jerry shrugged her shoulders. "Just as you say," she said, "and then what?"

"I don't know."

"Hotels get a prejudice against girls who don't pay their bills."

"Let them throw us out," said Martha. "It would give us something to think about, anyhow."

"It would," said Jerry, and then she walked across to Martha. "You mustn't let this thing ride you," she said. "The beans are spilled, but so far none of them have slopped on your skirt. You're running yourself ragged."

MARTHA laughed unbecomingly. "Let's move," she said breathlessly. "Isn't it time?"

"It's always time to move," Jerry said. "Come along. They want to eat early and get out there before the jam."

The two girls walked to the building where they were to meet Banks Prouty and Elverson Ferris, who were to take them to the Yankee Stadium.

They dined early and took a taxicab which carried them northward at breakneck speed, the very reckless abandon of the driving welcome to Martha.

Then came the jam of traffic, the honking of thousands of horns, the grinding of brakes, the seemingly endless procession of plodding humanity driven by some abysmal, troglodytic urge to the place of combat. . . . Traffic officers, mounted police, a bridge jammed to suffocation with the tide of the Harlem swirling resistlessly underneath! Then the bulk of the stadium, the surging mob about the entrance, the jostle and elbowing and trampling as the solid mass of spectators surged and panted and perspired up the ramps to their seats high above the field normally devoted to a more peaceful pursuit.

Below spread a monstrous area of wooden benches reaching to the walls, and Martha took an impression as of a sea of pinkish faces moving in wavelike rhythm. . . . And in the center, inclosed by a packed mass of men whose duty it would be to describe to the world the events of the evening, stood out in almost blinding light the square platform upon which the young men were presently to pummel each other.

Then her eyes paused upon the back of the head of a gentleman in the adjoining box; some vague familiarity arrested her, and she continued to gaze curiously until he turned, to disclose the face of Roswell Blade. He was alone and appeared to be waiting someone, who arrived presently in the person of a largish man, furtive-eyed, with that chocolate skin which is one of the distinguishing marks of gentleman of the underworld. He sat beside Mr. Blade without shaking hands.

"You were recommended highly," said Mr. Blade affably.

"I deliver," said the man.

"The idea," said Mr. Blade, "is that I wish to give the man in question a distaste for America. I want, in short, to make it apparent to him that this is a most unpleasant country."

"I git you."

"Nothing unduly harsh, you understand."

"I git you."

"But frequent. He should be made to feel that the streets are inclement, if you follow me."

"Sure, beat him up every time he takes his mug for a walk."

"You put it trenchantly," said Mr. Blade. "He is here tonight. In Box 215. That will be to the right a short distance."

"Gimme a flash."

Mr. Blade stood erect and peered in the indicated direction. "Fifth box," he said. "The young gentleman leaning negligently upon the railing."

The man stood up to look. "I make him," he said. "Guess I'll ooze over there

(Continued on page 44)

Up rises that sweet and tantalizing fragrance—the hot, spicy aroma of Heinz *oven-baked* beans—browned in heat flooded ovens. Flavor baked into them—flavor baked through and through them—from tender, golden skin to juicy, tomato-saucy center. They *taste* baked. They *are* baked. They're Heinz.



Sometimes, in talking about flavor, we feel as if we're sitting down in your kitchen and exchanging recipes . . . Naturally, we start with the beans—selecting them, sorting them. In fact, every bean is picked over twice, by hand—and you know what *that* means.

Then we insist that the beans must be really baked—baked in the dry heat of ovens. For oven baking is the only way you can have them mealy, tender, golden-brown in color, with that real nut-like taste. And remember only beans that are *baked* can be labeled "baked".

Then, of course, for the sauce we *do* supervise the growing of our own tomatoes, and use them fresh from the garden. . .

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HEINZ OVEN-BAKED BEANS

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An
unusual
love
story



By
GEORGE
WESTON

dynamiting of their ditching machine and of sundry other minor misfortunes. He saw his father in conversation with the elder twins and watched them as they walked across the fields toward the courthouse. All of which gave him food for speculation and fired his curiosity.

After luncheon he proceeded to the courthouse and, by chatting with various attachés and hangers-on, was able to discover that Damon and Pythias had shown an interest in land records. After that it required a minimum of diplomacy to run down the object of their search.

Thereupon the matter became clear to him—when he added that transfer of mortgage to Mortimer's talk about removing the Bundys as neighbors. . . . It became clear to him what his father and brother were about—but it did not yet become clear to him what he would, could, or should do about what they were doing.

FOR days Martha lived from one newspaper to the next. The Colburn murder resolved itself into one of those mysteries so precious to the miasmic type of journal—and not altogether despised by the loftier family of papers which run eight columns to the page. The police promised disclosures; persons unnamed were being questioned and an arrest was guaranteed, but no arrest was made. There seemed nothing for the detective force to set its teeth in, and a week after the tragedy they appeared to possess no fact beyond the salient one that Colburn was dead and that some person unknown had killed him.

Martha lived more kaleidoscopically than before. She could not endure silence or inactivity but demanded of every minute that it should give her sixty seconds of eventfulness.

"But listen, dear," Jerry expostulated, "you've got to light once in a



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Free, White and Female

Continued from page 43

and give him the up and down so's not to make no mistake. You kin leave it to me. My boy friends is here."

"Very satisfactory," said Mr. Blade.

Martha, when the man had sidled away, got to her feet and stared. In the indicated box was, indeed, a young man who leaned negligently upon the rail. It was Richard Lane.

Before she could sit down again a voice, familiar in tone and style of diction, spoke behind her.

"It is," said the voice.

"It could be," said another.

"I never saw that hat," said a third.

"Now, Pa, what you know about hats?"

"Anyhow, it's her."

"Pa's just making an excuse to speak to a flapper."

"If it's her, we can all speak."

MARTHA was flushing; she turned her head in angry embarrassment to face her father and four brothers—whom she might well have expected to find in attendance at a promising fight.

"I knew it was," said Damon.

"And there's my girl too," said Mr. Bundy. "Maybe I'm not popular with my daughter."

"But you are with me, Mr. Bundy," said Jerry. "How do you all do?"

Ferris and Prouty had been Mr. Bundy's guests, but were unacquainted with the boys, so introductions followed.

"Girls," said Mr. Bundy, "didn't use to go to prize fights."

"We go to anything now," said Jerry.

"Pa," said Theron, "has been a widower till it's got to be a habit."

"I don't believe he ever was much of a husband," said Gelon.

"Not the way he drives a car," said Damon.

"He's a fender denter," said Pythias.

"I didn't come here to be sassed," said Mr. Bundy. "I came to see somebody get socked."

"They get bloodthirsty after fifty," said Gelon.

"How do you do, Mr. Blade?" said Theron suddenly.

"Did you see our new ditching machine?" asked Pythias. "It's a knockout."

"Good evening," said Mr. Blade affably.

"We didn't come away without leaving a watchman," said Damon.

"With a shotgun," said Theron.

"A wise precaution," said Mr. Blade.

"I always was proud of my sister," said Pythias.

"Snappy looker," said Gelon.

"We're betting on Dempsey," said Theron. "Family tip."

"Two reasons," said Damon. "If the night's clear, then Dempsey wins."

"And if it ain't clear," said Gelon, "any Dempsey can take a man named Cukoshay."

"Drop in and see us some week-end," invited Mr. Bundy.

"Sure," said Pythias, "just like you weren't a relative."

"Bring Jerry," added Mr. Bundy.

"My feet's tired. Let's sit."

They trooped away, the four young men protectively around their father to act as buffers against any jostling. Martha did not watch them, but Jerry saw them take seats in a box a hundred feet away.

"Some family," she said with enthusiasm.

"They appear remarkably cohesive," said Mr. Ferris.

Martha frowned and stared at the cube of light which was the ring. Martha felt her heart thumping against her breast; it was exciting, exhilarating. Even though she was no expert in such matters, she was thrilled at the spectacle of two big men, physically perfect, near the best in the world, engaging in their chosen means of livelihood. . . .

Round after round passed, rounds crowded with exciting matters which her untrained eyes could not follow. Then with appalling suddenness, Mr. Sharkey sprawled on the floor, writh-

ing; a man stood over him counting. . . . It seemed to her as if the fallen fighter suffered great pain in his middle as he struggled to lift himself with his arms, but vainly. . . .

A tornado of sound blasted the air; straw hats whirled upward by hundreds, sailing grotesquely! Her knees were weak, and she sat down, holding her hand to her throbbing heart. . . . Then the crowd commenced to disperse. Their party waited briefly and then sought to make their way out with the mob, and Martha was afraid as she felt that crushing pressure upon her from all sides. Then the pressure relaxed, and she found herself surrounded not only by her escorts but by five Bundys who set their shoulders to the matter and provided space and air for the girls.

"Can't have our sister squashed," said Pythias.

"Nor Jerry neither," said Mr. Bundy, panting but valiant.

"Damon! . . . Pythias! . . . Boys—there! There! They're killing him," Martha cried.

"It looks," said Damon, "like a fight."

"A crude street fight," said Gelon.

"Oh, help him. . . . Stop the—"

"We haven't been invited in," said Theron.

"It's Mr. Lane. . . . Oh, please. Do something."

"Friend of yours?" asked Pythias.

"Oh, yes! Yes!"

"Then," said Gelon, "I guess we better rally round."

"You stay put, Pa," said Damon.

"Like blazes," said Mr. Bundy.

Then they burst upon the little knot unexpectedly, scientifically, and with high efficiency. The resultant mêlée was brief but evidently enjoyable to the Bundys. Before one could have counted a hundred the gangsters had gathered themselves from various reclining postures and scuttled away, and the Bundys

The Soul of Wit

A GREAT many of the thousands of readers who write letters to Collier's each week say that they read the magazine from cover to cover. This tribute we ascribe, with humility, just as much to the brevity of our stories and articles, as to their quality.

It was Shakespeare who called brevity the soul of wit. Today it also is the soul of interest. Anyone trying to get the most out of the full life of America today has little time for long-spun tales. Today, we spend our leisure in so many interesting and profitable ways that our life of not so many years ago seems incredibly dull, by comparison. The automobile, the radio, the improved phonograph, the national popularity of sports—all these things and others take minutes from the reading hour. The time we give to books and magazines must yield a greater return in interest and information than ever before.

Therefore, brevity has become one of the cardinal rules in Collier's editorial offices. Our "short short" stories, Uncle Henry's and Grantland Rice's articles, the incisive wit of the Gentleman at the Keyhole and the shortness of every feature make Collier's the magazine for you whose time is too precious to be spent unprofitably.

Of course, brevity imposes its own difficulties. It would have been easier for Ring Lardner to make a longer story of the epoch-making golf game described on page 12. Peter B. Kyne would rather have told the story of Patricio in half again as many words, and Walter Davenport has perspired freely trying to tell about "The Dirt Disher" in the limited space we have given him.

But it can be done, and we shall continue to do it. As Collier's grows the number of its features, not their length, grow with it.

THE EDITOR.

They zigzagged down the ramps until at last they reached the earth and the open air. Here they forced their way through the crowd until they stood breathing heavily in an open space beside the towering wall of the stadium.

Martha leaned against the wall to compose herself. Then, fifty feet away, she caught a glimpse of Richard Lane. Without warning, the man who had conversed with Roswell Blade stepped toward him and jostled him deliberately. Lane turned his head and stared mildly.

"Easy with the whip," he said pleasantly.

THE man made some reply, evidently not in a friendly spirit, for Richard wheeled with a suddenness which quite astonished Martha and as evidently surprised the gangster, for he found himself on his back with the impact of Richard's knuckles upon his chin. He squawked. Half a dozen figures came darting; but Lane, quick to sense the situation, backed against the wall and did what seemed advisable. . . . But it was seven to one.

stood in a delighted group about Lane.

"Thank you, gentlemen," said he.

"The pleasure," said Gelon, "is ours."

"Look," said Theron, "at Pa's hat."

"Mashed," said Damon. "He won't fight fair. He always butts."

Martha came running forward eagerly and made her way to Lane's side.

"Mr. Lane," she cried, "it was planned. I heard it all."

"Ah, Miss Bundy," said Lane. "The earth seems to exude Bundys."

"I tell you I heard," said Martha.

"They were set on you. You're to be set on whenever you—go out on the street."

"So frequently as that!" Lane eyed her gravely.

"To—to drive you out of America," said Martha. "It was your—it was Mr. Blade. I heard him. . . . To drive you out of America."

"How extremely paternal!" said Mr. Lane. He turned from her to the Bundy men. "Again I thank you," he said, "and good evening."

With that he walked away rapidly until swallowed up in the crowd.

(To be continued next week)

You've Got to Know Life

Continued from page 18

"Spencer's give th' ring away—to a girl, I suppose. But, technic'ly speakin', such a thing is criminal. Never had title t' th' ring. Givin' it away, lettin' it go out o' his personal possession . . . it's illegal an' ugly."

"It was only to his sweetheart. How much has he paid?"

"First installment, fifteen dollars. Five others, five dollars each. That figgers t' forty. Two hundred an' sixty th' feller's still owin'."

"It'll seem a sort of tragedy for poor little Ellen to part with her ring, the first diamond she's owned and meaning so much. But I'm certain she'll do it to keep Sanford out of trouble. I'll speak to her about it—"

"Wait a minute, William. Point is, these Chicago folks don't want back th' diamint. They only want their money. Jonas figgers t' collec' or he don't make no commission—"

"They can't refuse to take the ring back."

"They's pleasanter persons in their dealin's than Jonas. An' he knows that Spencer's grandma has property. Lodgin' Spencer in jail—"

"See here, Amos—is it legally imperative for you to serve your warrant?"

"Tis if Spencer don't pay up."

"Wait here a moment but don't talk to Ellen. I'll go out back and see what Sanford says."

WHEN he realized his dilemma the boy went stone-white.

"I'm to be arrested!" he gasped. "The sheriff's got a warrant?"

"It looks rather nasty—with Wessel on your trail. Why didn't you answer those letters from Chicago—send them a little to keep the firm satisfied?"

"... Couldn't answer letters . . . had n-n-nothing but excuses . . . ran out of 'em finally . . . couldn't send 'em anything on account because nothing was left from my wages to send!"

"Tell you what I'll do, son. I'll take it upon myself to get a fortnight's grace. For two weeks I'll keep Amos from serving his warrant. And you scrape up the money or get back the diamond—"

"Bill . . . you wouldn't loan me the money and take five bucks each week from my wages?"

"I could, but I won't. It's only by writhing out of such a scrape yourself that you'll learn to steer clear from a second. But . . . I'll get you two weeks' grace."

He sank down on the sill behind his machine. He did not look like an author at that moment. But, then, few real writers ever look their vocation.

I went back to Crummett.

"Come with me, Amos," I ordered. "We'll go up together and talk with Jonas Wessel."

Sanford ate no supper that evening. In fact, he did not leave the composing-room. And Nicodemus Pott, again slightly drunken, came blundering in for another spell at "overtime."

"Cripes!" he cried, startled. "Wassa matter with you?"

"I'm in a sort of ugly fix, Nick. I've got caught in . . . a jam."

Now a jam to an operator could mean only one thing: physical mishap. . . .

"When'd it happen? How bad are you hurt?"

"Pretty bad, Nick."

"Where?"

"Inside. My pride, you might call it."

And then, because the besotted little compositor was the only person on earth to listen to his troubles, the boy poured them out.

It was hard to believe that so blowsy a derelict could give the boy sympathy. His thin hair looked moth-chewed; his blue eyes were watery. He had little red lines all over his nose like the silk threads in banknotes.

Yet the watery eyes soon lost their stupid blinking. His puckered mouth opened and showed his broken teeth.

"What was it you sez, 'bout th' editor not takin' your stories becuz you didn't know life?"

"Yes," groaned the boy, "and I see he was right. I thought I knew life. But all I've had is a few experiences with Gram'—and no-account people right here in Paris. Only twice in my life I've been outside Vermont—once to Boston, once to New York—cut-price excursion. Now I've got to have two hundred and sixty dollars quick or Jonas Wessel 'll put me in jail!"

"An' that—smashes—everything."

"Worst of all, if Ellen has to give up her ring it'll not only bust her heart into pieces but her brothers and sisters 'll guy her till it kills her. I can never show my face in the Perry house again. You haven't got two hundred and sixty you could loan me, have you, Nick?"

"Two hundred an' WHAT? Me? With bootleg lick at prevailin' prices? Gaud!"

"What'll I do? . . . Oh, what'll I d-d-do? I almost feel like k-k-killin' myself—"

"No, no, boy. First thing you know you might end up dead."

"Gram' owns her place, but it's mortgaged to the hilt. And nobody in this town 'll loan me two hundred an' sixty without proper security. I haven't a friend . . . not a friend in the world!"

"If they'd only take th' ring back—"

"They don't want the ring back. They want the cold cash. And I can't run away. That'd mean leavin' Ellen. Oh, oh, oh!"

"But why can't you write a good story, boy . . . like you planned t' in th' first place?"

"I can't tell you why, but somehow I haven't. Something seems lacking. I g-g-guess I haven't suffered—"

"Hey? What's 'at? You gotta suffer t' write pieces fer th' papers?"

"I think I've read it somewhere. Hang it all, Nick. I guess I haven't lived. I've just grown up, gone to school here, fallen in love with Ellen—"

"Yeah," said Nicodemus suddenly. "I do know what you mean!" His voice had altered. It was wheezily softened.

"I do know what you mean," the tramp printer repeated. "You mean you ain't had no tragedies, sort of . . . that busted your heart an' left life all blank."

It was quiet in the office—so quiet that Sanford could hear the music far up the street in the Olympic movie "palace."

"I got to dig up that money, Nicodemus. I got to dig it up or go to jail."

"I know a story . . . th' kind o' thing you mean. But it's worth lots more than two hundred an' . . . an' sixty."

"You know a story?"

"Yeah, I know a story. It . . . it happened t' me. But I never could write it. I couldn't. I couldn't!"

"What story do you know?"

"I loved . . . I loved . . . a female once, some'at like your Ellen. Down t' Baltimore, it was. She . . . she died!"

"The magazines don't want stories of death. I found that out."

"No?" The man looked up blankly.

"Go home, boy. Go home an' lemme think!"

IT WAS after ten when Sanford left the office. But he did not go home. He walked the streets of the town that night, his soul and his life a scrambled mess—or so he felt. It started raining between midnight and dawn, a nasty rain intermingled with snow.

Next day our plant was minus an operator.

Ellen came into the shop after lunch. Her eyes looked hunted—like those of a deer.

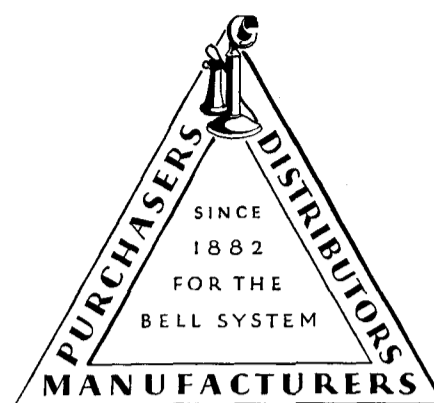
"Sanford's sick," she informed us. "I been out to his grandma's. She thinks he's getting worse."

"Huh?" cried Nicodemus Pott. He halted in the door, his hands dangling proofs.

"Some t-t-terrible thing is . . . is gnawing him." The hunted eyes filled. "And the worst of it is, for the first time since I've known him he won't t-t-tell me what it is."

Ellen was useless the ensuing after-

(Continued on page 46)



GOING HERCULES ONE BETTER ~ ~

It is not on record that among the labors of Hercules he faced any so hard as this:

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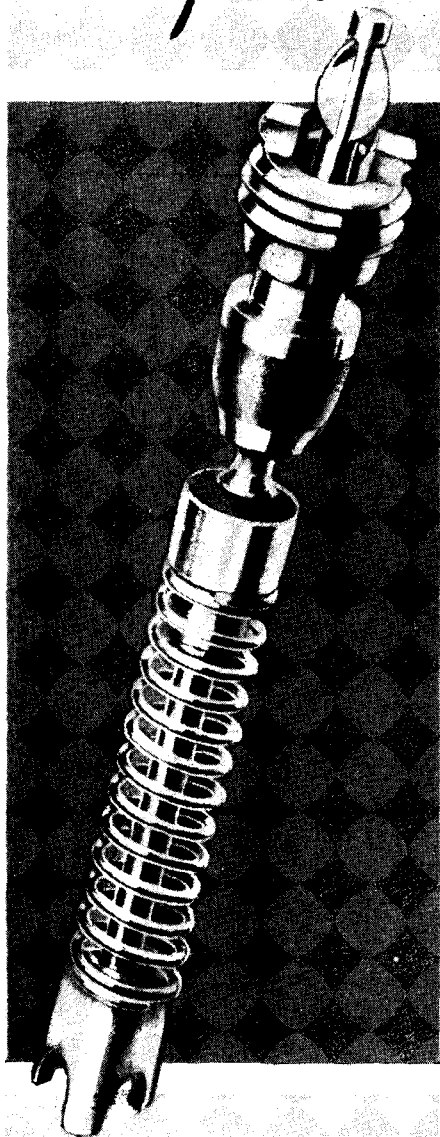


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TIRE VALVES—TIRE GAUGES

You've Got to Know Life

Continued from page 45

noon. At length we sent her home. Yet she did not go home. She fled to Sarah Spencer's. Through the long night that followed she "nursed" her addled colt. Maybe she did have the makings for an author's wife far more than we grasped....

Nicodemus did not report for work next morning—to which, however, we attached small importance. We assumed, as the office phrased it, he was "out on another souse." But Nicodemus was out on no souse. On reaching his "first floor front" which Mrs. Bass, in Union Street, rented him for five dollars a week, he snapped on the droplight that hung above his bed. The room was cold, for it was early morning and the house fires were low. Pulling up a chair, he sat down before a table.

After a time he took off his coat, which he should not have done. Chin in chest, he considered Love and the thing called Life....

HE WALKED into the office of Myrtle Byers, public stenographer, twelve hours later, as Myrtle was closing her place for the night.

"He looked like a walking corpse," Myrtle reported to Sam. "I want you should copy this," he says to me, 'and under the title leave space for a name.' And he gives me a thick pad of leaves that look torn from a ledger all covered over with his queer, crabbed writing. I glance them through and see it's a story. 'What's the matter, Mr. Pott? Are you ill?' I asks him. 'Dunno's I could tell you,' he says to me. 'I've writ a piece—a dam' good piece—an' somethin's flickered out o' me, somehow.'"

"You copied the manuscript?" asked Sam. "What was it?"

"A story, as I said. All the way through it I tried to decide whether or not I liked it. It was about a young fellow down in Baltimore, back in the eighties, who loved one of those stiff, overdrawn heroines so sugary good that she didn't seem real. Never in her life had she ever said ill of a single human soul; she always had a good word for every dumb creature. And yet one day she discovered a cancer was coming on her tongue. Just as though she'd been a vixen and her tongue was somehow molting in punishment. And the story was all about how the young man—a printer, I think he was—sat in front of a fire with her night after night, each night the girl able to say a little less, until finally she was speechless. And then I think she died. Some crazy thing he made up, probably, out of the hazes of an alcoholic brain."

Nicodemus went back to his room, and he slept. Or at least he tried to sleep. But the chill of a night and a day was upon him. Stimulants he had not taken while writing... and would not, under the circumstances. When he got out of doors again—to go after the manuscript—dozens of people saw him and chuckled. Old Pott had another bun on!

But this time the printer was not dizzy from alcohol. He got his manuscript from Myrtle, paid for it, and in our office, on the first sheet of his story, he typed out:

BY SANFORD CLAUDE SPENCER

Then the story went into an envelope, was sealed, and stamped with postage pilfered from my desk. With shaking hand, the printer wrote the address of a great New York magazine upon its front. He mailed the envelope in the post office on his return to Mrs. Bass'.

"I ain't feelin' so good," he told her, confronting her on the stairs. "I'm a mite played out. I guess I'll go t' bed."

"It's the weather," said the landlady. "I feel th' same m'self."

A week passed. On the eighth day about four in the afternoon, Mrs. Bass' oldest boy appeared in the office and sought out Ellen. Ellen read the note he brought and fled outward to Sanford.

"Nicky Pott's dying!" she cried in her panic. "He wants to see you, Sanford. Mrs. Bass sent a note."

Sanford dragged himself over to Union Street. He found the landlady pacing the hall. Dr. Johnson's roadster was in front. It had been there since morning....

The boy, who had expected to earn vast sums of money recording the heights and depths of life for posterity without even having seen a human soul prepare to go into starlight alone, crept fearfully up toward Nicky Pott's chamber.

"Flu," the doctor whispered. "Bad case. Sat up 'most a night and a day in a cold room writin' somethin'."

The youth, still in his overcoat, drew near the bed. He sank on a chair—the extreme edge—unconscious that he did so. Could this be Nicodemus Pott between the sheets? The little broken rum veins were no longer threads in bank notes. The hands on the quilt were like claws. He moaned and awakened after a while....

"Sanford," he whispered brokenly, "... shut off th' motor on your machine ... I wanna talk t' you. I writ a piece, Sanford ... a dam' good piece!"

The lad nodded and waited. There was nothing else to do. Then, in the final rally preceding the end, the compositor's brain grew clearer.

"Sanford," he resumed, "Pat Hurley was right ... it's time—I—went—home. An' I'm goin' home, Sanford. I wanted to tell you goo'-by. I allus liked you, Sanford. You went in fer literachoor. An' literachoor's hard!"

"You're not gonna die, Mr. Pott. You're—"

"—I've dumped my las' stick, Sanford. It's almos' quittin' time. I kin go then ... to where she's waitin' ... able t' speak now ... nothin' th' matter with her tongue no more. I'll hear her voice again, Sanford, stronger an' stronger jus' as it once grew weaker an' weaker ... once before a fireplace."

The boy hadn't the slightest idea what the old man was talking about. Sam had not told him what Myrtle had said.

"An' I know ... she's on th' lookout fer me, Sanford. She's expectin' me, boy. She'll be out at th' Gate ... I just know she will ... watchin' fer my face t' show up in th' crowd. Everybody's got someone watchin' fer 'em in that crowd, Sanford. No matter how much a bum they are t' th' world ... up there ... t' th' Gate o' Heaven ... they's someone lookin' an' lookin' anxiously ... t' run for'ard with a cry when we show up at las' ... t' stretch out their arms ... t' help us up th' las' few steps onto th' table-lands o' glory. I don't know how 'tis they get word that we're due, but somehow they know it ... they're on hand waitin'."

THE printer dozed for a time. His claw groped around till it found Sanford's hand.

"—An' if some of us ain't got a woman we loved, boy ... I kinda like t' think they's at least little dogs waitin' for 'em, t' leap an' yip with joy, Sanford. Dogs go t' heaven. I know 'cos once I had one. I bet he runs out from th' side o' Phyllis an' jus' about goes crazy when he sees me. There mus' be dogs in heaven, Sanford ... they know ... how t' love ... so much!"

The boy bit back a sob. A long time Nicodemus lay there, in pain yet not in pain. At length he mastered strength to come to life's last actuality.

"Sanford ... jus' tell me one thing more, an' then ... I'll be leavin'." How much they gonna give you fer th' piece I writ—th' piece 'bout Phyllis an' me?"

"What piece, Nicodemus?"

"The one I writ so's Ellen could keep her ring. I writ a dam' good piece, Sanford. It ought t' be worth a lot to 'em 'cos we lived it, Sanford—Phyllis an' me. How much you goin' t' get?"

The boy looked blankly about the chamber. Vaguely he sensed that Nico-

demus had done something big for him and awaited payment with optimistic news. He had to say something.

"A thousand dollars," he named at random, the most comforting figure his mind could conceive.

"A—thousand—dollars!" The dying man seemed to weigh the sum. He seemed a bit disappointed at first, yet anxious not to dishearten the boy. "That's fine, Sanford. You an' Ellen kin do a lot with that. I'll tell Phyllis about it. For, after all ... she c-c-contributed ... half!"

SANFORD SPENCER came back to the office.

He shut the street door and dragged his feet across to the counter where Ellen Perry was blindly counting pennies.

"Ellen," he whispered huskily, "Nicodemus Pott will never set another ad ... to go ... in this paper. ...!"

Ellen wept openly, for, after all, she was only a child.

"But that ain't all, Ellen. I've learned ... I'm to blame for his death ... in a way."

"You?"

"He caught cold writin' a story—somethin' he was sure would sell and make us some money so we could get married."

"What story? Where is it?"

"I dunno. I asked him before he died if he'd put his name and address on it, or inclosed return postage, but o' course he hadn't. So even if it was good—good as he seemed to think—the publishers wouldn't know who to buy it from. Still, that's not the point."

"No?"

"On my way back to the office I got to thinking of what Nicodemus tried to do for us and how much it cost him. It made me face facts. So I called into Bishop's jewelry. Ellen, I traded my watch—the fine one the basketball team gave me last year—for a diamond ring ... for you!"

"But I've got a diamond ring. I don't want two."

"Ellen, I want the big one I gave you. I want you to let me sell it."

"Sell it?"

He gripped his courage, being knocked askew by the expression in her eyes.

"Because, Ellen, it's a ring I c-c-couldn't afford to g-g-give you. Not yet a while, Ellen. And Mr. Bishop said he'd pay me two hundred and sixty dollars for it, if our trade on the watch and the smaller ring stands. I can hand it over for transfer to Chicago in less than fifteen minutes." He sank down in a chair and tortured his fingers. Eyes averted, he made his supreme penance. "You see, Ellen, I sort o' figured it isn't any story Nick tried to write for me that I ought to benefit from. It's the whole experience, bringing me down to earth. And I wanna begin ... by givin' you a smaller ring ... the sort ... I can really afford. See, Ellen. Lookit. Swap, will you?"

"Oh!" cried the girl at what Sanford proffered.

"Ellen, won't you wear it instead ... and think just as much of it ... as the big one I can't afford? Somehow I owe it to Nick. I can't tell just how. Yet somehow I do!"

Ellen held up her hand. She looked at the smaller stone—less pretentious, a wee mite of a brilliant beside the gorgeous pea she held in her palm.

Then, child though she was, a look of such bravery, such absorption, such sheer nobility came into her face that two elderly newspaper publishers, watching the scene from an inner office, felt they had looked on a transfiguration, that they had viewed something not of earthly romance; that the draperies of divine creation had been fleetingly parted and showed them the soul stuff from which God made true womanhood.

"It's lots prettier for my hand, Sanford," she said at last, richly. "It's so small ... and so dear ... and so much more appropriate!"



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The Hidden Herb

THERE never was a year in which politics was so full of snares as this. The Democrats outside New York solemnly mutter that the situation is ominous. And the Republicans gravely say that with Al Smith they are in for a hard fight, though having won two national elections in succession by 7,000,000 plurality they are hopeful of being able to squeak through. Governor Smith, only once defeated, is reported to be spoiling for a fight, though one does not see any signs of it. But beside Herbert Hoover Cautious Cal is audacity itself.

What troubles the Hoover partisans is a bad dream: a mental picture of Herbert on the stump heaving masses of statistics at the ribaldly grinning, rapidly gyrating figure of the pride of Cherry Hill. They are afraid of Al's footwork. They have visions of their Goliath going forth with all the bound volumes of the Department of Commerce in hand as weapons, to meet the David of the sidewalks of New York with his pebble and his sling.

But the Republican champion is so wrapped about with respectability that he probably can't be hit any more than Siegfried in his cloak of invisibility. Republicans are frightfully hard to hit. Only two of them in a generation have been, and one of them, Mr. Taft, was hit by another Republican, and the other one, Mr. Hughes, performed the incredible feat of hitting himself in the rear. And maybe the historic David's beaver on the ivory dome of the great Goliath was a chance shot after all.

Still, the thought of the Secretary of Commerce upon the stump fills one with a certain dismay. He is a great man and would no doubt, if elected, be as great a President as Calvin Coolidge himself.

Hoover—That's All

BUT Nature, who was generous to him in many ways, never meant him for a rear-platform orator. After all his experience he retains some of the bashfulness of youth. Many great men do. There is Mr. Mellon. Talk to him about business and he overwhelms you with a flood of information and ideas. But merely try to talk to him. With a fascinated eye you see him draw a circle on a piece of paper and equip it with radii! You back out bowing, wondering whether he is cold or whether he simply can't give expression to the friendliness welling up within him.

In other words, Mr. Hoover can put himself over as a mind, but he can't put himself over as a person. It is not, of course, a fatal defect; there was the silence of Mr. Coolidge, which was far from a fatal defect. Still, the strategists who surround the Republican champion think it is not good policy to project the contrast between their hero and the governor of New York on the national

screen. Moreover, it is regarded as wise politics not to let people see or hear too much of a candidate. There is an ominous similarity in the fate which has befallen most of the stumping candidates: Bryan, Hughes, Cox and Davis.

So the happy idea is being canvassed of having Mr. Hoover remain in the

By
THE
GENTLEMAN
AT
THE
KEYHOLE

Cabinet until he is elected.

The spectacle of a candidate for office so engrossed in the service of his country will, it is thought, be edifying. The office must not only seek the man but make an appointment with his secretary, wait in the anteroom and finally drag him forth from behind

his desk. I don't think this strategy has been finally decided upon. There was, of course, the case of the Chicagoan running for mayor who was invited by a rival to "shave off his beard and meet the people face to face." There is such a thing as being too retiring.

But the Corn Belt May Take Al

NOR am I sure that the contrast with Al Smith would be certain to be disadvantageous to Mr. Hoover. There is a certain advantage in not having too much facility, in being a little awkward and solid. Governor Smith will suffer from the handicap of being too much cracked up in the advance notices. A man becomes a character in his own territory: he knows the people he's talking to, and that fills him with confidence. None of this advantage exists when he steps before a strange and new audience.

Much of Governor Smith's effectiveness has been due to his extraordinary knowledge of the business of New York State. No man in the history of the state government has ever known it as he has known it. He can make a state budget seem like a romance when he talks about it.

Triumphs in debate were inevitable when he encountered a political rival. But he is a specialist. He does not know national questions as he knows state business.

Also he is a product of the city stepping before a rural audience when he becomes a national campaigner, the first of his kind to emerge as a candidate for President. As one Republican puts it, he is a city slicker who will make a wonderful appeal to the cities, but how about the hinterland?

The answer would be certain if the distinction between city and country were as great now as it was a score of years ago. But urban influences have penetrated everywhere. Urban ideals dominate. Syndicated humor, national magazines, movies and the radio have made the country people feel that the boundary between city and country has broken down. Still, you will not be able to tell before November how the New York governor will take with the country.

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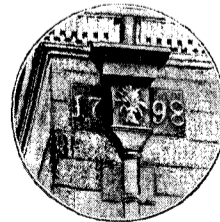


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