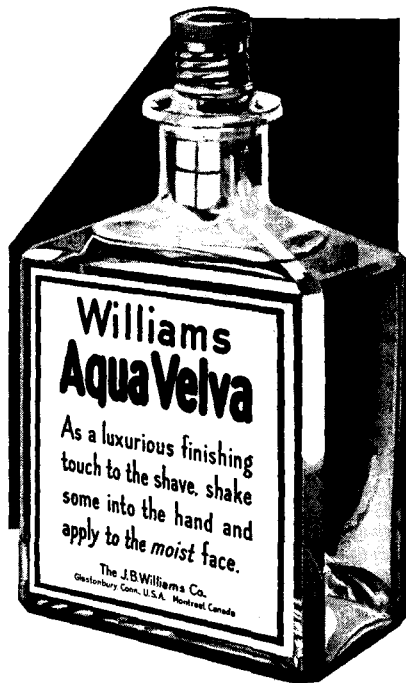


A Woman Looks at Hoover

Continued from page 9



All day Face Comfort!
All day Face Fitness!

Want them? Try
AQUA VELVA
for After-Shaving!

Splash on Aqua Velva when the lather is washed off. Feel your face respond to its stimulating tingle.

Made expressly for after-shaving, it is the result of 88 years of study to find what's best for beard and skin.

It wakes the skin and livens it. Cares for tiny nicks and scrapes. Helps the skin retain its needed natural moisture. Protects it. Helps to keep it as the Williams lather leaves it, youthful, flexible, Fit!

You know scores of men who use Aqua Velva. Ask some of them. Then see what a bottle will do for your face.

50 cents for a 5-oz. bottle
Or a Free Trial Size if you ask for it.
Address:
Dept. C 48, The J. B. Williams Co.,
Glastonbury, Conn. and Montreal, Can.

Williams
Aqua Velva
For use after shaving

he brings the trained mind of the engineer to stopping the gap. Hoover hates waste. It is strongly characteristic of everything he does that it is done compactly; that imagination and care are brought to the details. That feverish fear that the mere phrase "Administration at Washington" means to many men and women—that helpless feeling that graft, cheating, pilfering, privilege, misuse of funds generally are universal in high places—is as abhorrent to him as to them.

I heard the other day that Hoover summoned the wholesale makers of certain inexpensive household articles and suggested that they reduce their designs from several hundreds of types to a mere thirty or forty.

Standardizing is one of Hoover's hobbies. He takes home-making very seriously, as few politicians or executives do. He listed it as an occupation in the United States census for the first time.

Unlike most self-made men, he is cosmopolitan in his wide knowledge of men and affairs. He has lived in China and Russia and England. He speaks several European languages. He is qualified—if ever a man was—to judge between the nations, to understand them, and to interpret their actions and ambitions in terms that we in America can understand.

At this particular time it seems to me impossible to overestimate what this means in a chief executive. It has been my duty, during the past few years, when I have been making speeches about world peace, to read every book I could find upon the subject of war and peace, and especially the World War. I have yet to come upon any obstacle to friendly relationships between nations that could not have been removed in 1912 and 1913 and 1914 by the intelligent intervention of some one man in whom they all had confidence and who understood them.

America had confidence in Herbert Hoover. Europe and China and Russia know and respect him as well. It is impossible to imagine any serious international rupture under his administration, not because he is implacable and merciless in hate but because he has never yet failed to solve any problem with a measure of consideration, intelligence and humanity.

Bigger Than the Machine

ONE cannot picture Herbert Hoover as contriving a gas machine or planning a wholesale policy of submarine attacks. But one can confidently expect him to use his knowledge of our country and her resources, and his knowledge of other countries and their claims, to adjust even a serious international difference generously and without bloodshed.

And this not because of anything he says he will do, or because of party claims of what he will do, but upon the simple and open record of what he has already done and a consideration of the difficult circumstances under which he has done it.

It is natural to speak of "his party!" But the man is far bigger than the machine, and, judging from such political events as are shaping themselves as I write, it is only to be suspected that Election Day will prove that America's women believe him to be so.

The situation of woman at our polls presents a curious and interesting study. We were said to have been politically "still-born." For some years there was even a movement to retract the prerogative: a movement sponsored by women too. One influential man who was opposed to emancipation for women told me frankly that the quickest way to kill the "votes for women" agitation was to give women what they wanted, and see how fast they would forget it!

But this is not true. What was true was that for several years after their enfranchisement women did turn and turn about bewilderedly in their sudden

freedom. Their unwillingness to enroll themselves with one party or another was the subject of much joyous and contemptuous attack.

This has changed. Isolated women here and there have not only boldly captured outlying political positions, but they have arrived at the Capitol too and are entrenched there, watching the interests of home and children and school as well as the more formidable international and financial questions. They are ready to stand by their guns as soon as the issue is clear.

Women everywhere are awakening to the power of the vote—which is not at all to say that women are awakened to the power of the party.

Woman—Free and Independent

ON THE contrary, nine out of ten of our sex refuse to recognize in the mere words Democrat and Republican a force more potent than that in the words Issue or Man.

A fine man, a law-respecting, personally moral, tested public servant will carry a heavy feminine vote next November no matter which party nominates him. It cannot be otherwise. We were deprived of the privilege of voting during the years when the formation of the two great parties was in progress, and we have no reason to believe that wisdom has found her final resting place with either. The Republican party, the Democratic and Progressive parties, whose originators were enormously admired as patriots in their day, were all offshoots from the older party—were examples, indeed, of the same rebellion against the same dry-rot, deep-

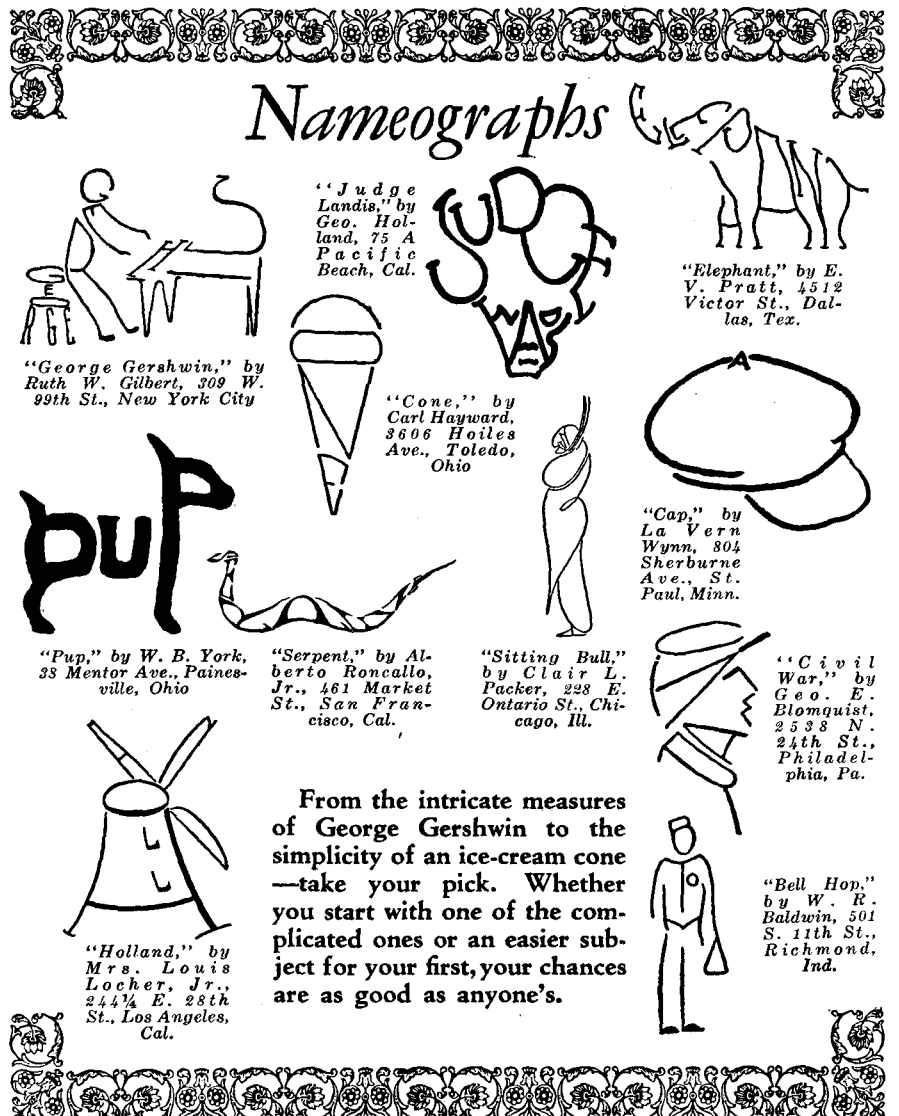
in-the-rut, mechanical type of blind party adhesion—I will not say loyalty—that America's awakening women discover in America today.

Herbert Hoover has sometimes been adversely criticized because some years ago, when another political flurry was in progress, he appeared to waver between the two big parties.

But it is an entirely comprehensible position to me as a woman voter!

There is no question in my own mind that the women of this country are preparing themselves, consciously or unconsciously, for something in the nature of concerted movement in this question of whether we are to have law or lawlessness in America: whether we are to be eternally put off with a glib assurance that legislation unpopular with a rebellious minority "cannot be enforced."

It would be a real satisfaction to me, as a Democrat, to have my own party successful at the polls next November and as a Catholic to see a Catholic in the White House, if only to prove to an unconvinced country how entirely normal, pacific and unsensational generally a Catholic executive can be. But if my own party, or either party, nominates at Houston or Kansas City a candidate who does not seem to stand for those heroic measures of which America is today in such urgent and bitter need, then it would not be a matter of apology with me, a matter of shame or hesitation or explanation—it would be the natural and honorable action to "scratch" him: to substitute the name of a man of high ideals and proven integrity, even though he had been nominated by the rival party.



From the intricate measures of George Gershwin to the simplicity of an ice-cream cone—take your pick. Whether you start with one of the complicated ones or an easier subject for your first, your chances are as good as anyone's.

We pay \$5 each for acceptable Nameographs. Send yours to Nameograph Editor, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.

For \$1.35 at your bookseller's you can obtain a volume of original and hitherto unpublished Nameographs. Or you can order from the publishers, Riley & Lee of Chicago.

The fresh snowy whiteness of Laundry-washed clothes

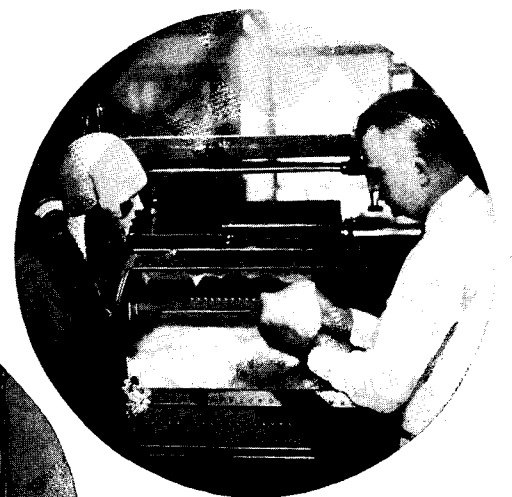


WHEN you turn back the snowy, spotless sheets that have come from your laundry, you know they not only look clean and feel clean, but *are* scientifically clean ♣ Yet modern laundry service is simple ♣ It is a story of unlimited quantities of filtered rainsoft water, plenty of pure soap, and scientific knowledge of how to use amazingly gentle equipment ♣ Your clothes are washed without rubbing, and are rinsed in many baths, until every particle of loosened dirt is definitely removed from the fabric ♣ There is a pronounced difference between professional and domestic laundering . . . a difference that strongly emphasizes the fact that laundry-washed clothes *must be cleaner, sweeter, and longer-wearing* ♣ Visit a modern laundry and see for yourself why millions of home managers depend upon such laundries for relief from irksome washday toil ♣

The LAUNDRY /
does it best

Keeping Faith with American Women

THE modern laundries which stand as sponsors for this series of informative advertisements belong to a great group of progressive institutions. Not only is this group endeavoring to tell you the illuminating facts about modern laundry service, but each modern laundry is earnestly striving to keep its methods on a level with the high standards and ideals reflected in these advertisements.



ABOVE—The heavy, rich suds which penetrates every fabric pore, gently softening and removing dirt, in a washer with glass-smooth inside surfaces. LEFT—How the hand of science helps protect your clothing . . . every laundry formula is worked out with prescription-like exactness.

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Modern laundries offer a variety of services to suit every family need. All-ironed work, partially-ironed work, and work which returns clothes damp for ironing, are but a few of the many *individualized* services available at laundries today. Phone a modern laundry now—let them help you decide which service is best suited to your needs.

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It's The Short Cut To Europe . . .

... financially speaking

Perhaps for years you've been planning dimly to go abroad . . . but each time you become slightly abashed before the actual cash outlay of such a trip!

Then why not the Cunard Travel Club way . . . another of those efficient modern gestures . . . like an electric refrigerator.

Cunard Travel Club helps you put aside a weekly sum . . . the amount of your own choosing. Before you can say "Jack Robinson" you've accumulated enough for your trip!

Cunard Travel Club not only helps you to save but acts as your travel adviser and visualizer. Experts tell you all the best ways of getting to all the places you want to see . . . and map out a complete expense account . . . a wonderful help.

And you are by no means limited to "conducted tours" where you travel with a set group. You may go as an individual . . . just like anyone else . . . but you have all the benefit of this pre-digested travel experience.

It's the gentlest, easiest way of wafting yourself to Europe that we know of.

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"The Cunard Budget Plan"

CUNARD TRAVEL CLUB

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25 Broadway, New York City
or Your Local Steamship Agent



P. S. . . . of course you may
pay cash for your trip.

Monkey Man

Continued from page 11

down de river," he continued, "but hit gits kind of tiresome and slow for a man goin' up de river." And approximately at this point Bugaboo's trick mind functioned. "Some time," he pressed, "I gits so tired er sleepin' to I can't hardly sleep. Jest ridin' and restin' and sleepin'."

"Elder," he resumed after what he considered an appropriate pause, "what you say I and you plays a few hands er seven-up to pass off de time betwixt hyar and Vicksburg?"

Elder stiffened. "Who, me?" he demanded. "You know I ain't no gamblin' man. Ain't I told you I's a elder and mighty nigh a preacher? Come hyar tawkin' gamblin' at me, and me jest waitin' to git me a church so's I kin quit workin' and go to preachin'."

Bugaboo considered himself a fairly good card player—nothing fancy; just fairly good—but good enough to win consistently over Elder, provided he could be inveigled into a game.

"Tain't gamblin'," he defended. "Jest a nickel on de cornders."

"I has to work for my nickels," Elder snorted. "I ain't layin' no nickels on de cornders for you to pick up."

"I lays mine down too," Bugaboo argued. "And you might pick mine up instid of I pickin' you'n. 'Course a nickel ain't much, win or lose, but do you win, you gits hit and don't has to work for hit."

A few more flourishes of gambler logic and Elder yielded. The two roustabouts seated themselves flat upon the deck of the boat, with a pack of well-thumbed cards, produced by Bugaboo, between them.

Elder was even easier than Bugaboo had hoped for. He was only vaguely familiar with the simple rules of the game, and the way he handled the cards when it was his turn to deal almost aroused Bugaboo's sympathy.

"Boy, why'n't you deal dem cyards and quit scatterin' 'em around?" he demanded when Elder dropped half of the pack from his awkward hands.

"I's doin' de best I kin," Elder whined, withdrawing a big handkerchief from his pocket and snorting into it. "I ain't used to handlin' cyards." And in his confusion he picked up the cards he had dropped and put them into his pocket and tried to shuffle the handkerchief with the remaining cards in his hands.

"Don't git rattled, son," Bugaboo encouraged, "you's gittin' on all O. K., only you ain't so much on dealin'."

Game followed game in rapid succession until five nickels from Elder's purse rested in the stack of Bugaboo's money. "You's nickelin' me to death," Elder complained. "I better quit."

BUGABOO knew it was the truth, and he hoped to keep it up until he could win enough from Elder to finance the fish-fry outing. He riffled the cards thoughtfully.

"De trouble wid you," he explained, "you don't rush yo' luck. You got fast luck and you's nickelin' hit all away. You ought to play mo'n a nickel on hit. What you want to do is play about six bits at a lick and make hit five-up instid er seven-up. Dat's de way to handle luck like you got."

"Six bits is a heap er money to lose at one lick."

"And hit's a heap to win too," Bugaboo rejoined.

Elder hesitated a little longer, but finally he gave in. "I tries one six-bits lick," he agreed.

"And five-up instid er seven-up?" Bugaboo asked.

"Five-up," Elder confirmed, and he drew a cankered half dollar and a slick quarter from his purse and placed the money by the side of Bugaboo's pile.

Bugaboo beamed confidence as he dealt cards alternately to his victim and himself, and with an exaggerated flourish he turned a final card from the deck for the trump. It was a small spade.

Elder looked miserable. He fumbled his cards, dropping them and picking

them up, and finally sticking some of them in his pocket instead of his purse. "A heap er money," he mumbled, trying to arrange the purse in his hands instead of the cards.

"Boy, why'n't you mind out what you doin'?" Bugaboo complained. "Git dat ole rusty pocketbook back in yo' pocket and play cyards."

Elder mumbled an apology and finally succeeded in getting the cards from his pocket and arranged in his hand. Bugaboo long since had booked his cards according to suit and was well satisfied to find the king and jack of trumps in his hand. He knew nothing of mathematical probabilities, but he knew that the king and jack of trumps in a two-

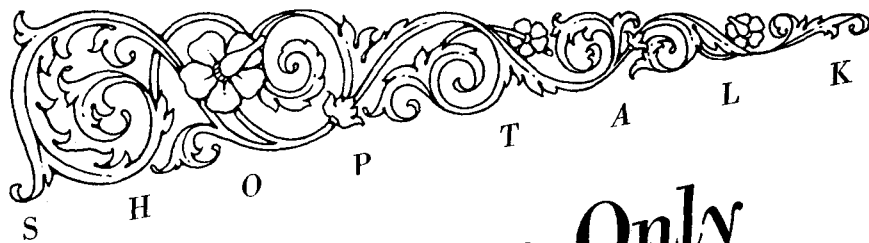
senting his opponent with a point as handicap.

Bugaboo studied his hand again. The king and jack looked powerfully good, and with Elder begging they looked considerably better. It was possible that Elder had no trump at all, in which case Bugaboo would make high, low, jack and the game in one hand.

"I gives," he announced. "Lead out."

ELDER fumbled his cards confusedly for a minute and finally extracted one which he placed, face up, in front of Bugaboo. It was nothing less than the ace of spades.

Bugaboo blinked his eyes several times before he could believe them.



For Women Only

IF MR. HOOVER receives the Republican Presidential nomination, he will get among others the vote of Mrs. Kathleen Norris, who is otherwise an ardent Democrat. In her forceful article on page 8 of this issue, while telling what she thinks of Hoover, Mrs. Norris makes out a strong case for the political independence of women. "Nine out of ten of our sex," she says, "refuse to recognize in the mere words 'Democrat' and 'Republican' a force more potent than that in the words 'issue' or 'man.'"

When woman suffrage was a fertile subject for the comic sheets, we were told that the cut of a candidate's clothes and the radiance of his countenance would be more potent than intelligence and ability. We should have had a keener sense of humor.

Now we know, as men have been learning slowly in every age, that the science of government is not a book closed to the feminine eye. Women are just as capable of straight thinking, independent action springing from high motives, as men are. Sometimes we suspect they are more capable than men, but, of course, that is merely a suspicion.

The lesson for us here is not too deeply concealed. Women are expert also in the science of living—which is why we try to make each issue of Collier's interesting to intelligent human beings of whatever persuasion. A few weeks ago we here quoted by the letters we receive. reports that revealed 12,732 women readers and 13,970 men readers in 9,321 homes visited.

And just as we go to press with this issue an appreciated letter comes from a tortured soul, "I am home with a sore jaw and am reading my wife's Collier's."

THE EDITOR.



handed game of five-up constituted a fairly good hand. Very likely the king would be high and the jack a "gentleman." That would be two points. Then, unless his opponent had an exceptionally good hand, he would capture "game" for an additional point. He was willing for his opponent to play the low card for the fourth point.

"What you doin', Funny Face?" he asked.

"I begs," Elder replied meekly.

By "begging" Elder indicated that his hand was not strong, and the dealer had the alternative of dealing three more cards and turning a new trump or pre-

"You beggin' wid de ace in you' hand, fool?" he demanded. "Dat ain't no way to do." And he sorrowfully dropped his king upon the ace.

Elder hazarded a timid grin. "And you played de king on my ace," he speculated. "Maybe you got a lonesome ole jack behind dat king." And he led back the queen.

"And you begged!" Bugaboo moaned. "And you gimme," Elder added. "You sho' was right about my luck bein' fast. I sat hyar and nickeled away two bits. And den I play six bits. And quick as you drap dat jack on my queen and I

(Continued on page 36)



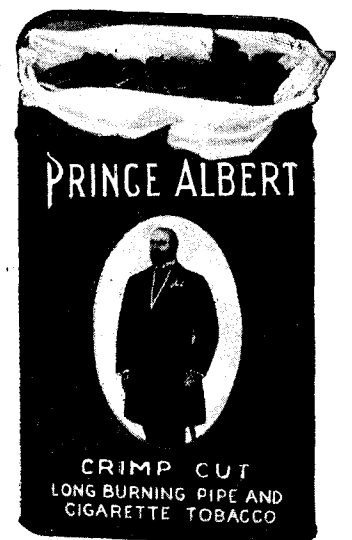
“All
the day
through”

YOU’LL always find P.A. and me together, following the sun around. But we differ from the fellow in the song. We’re *never* blue! No, *Sir!* P.A. and I joined hands when linen dusters were standard equipment for the Sunday drive. I’m still broadcasting my prescription for pipe-joy.

I like to lift the hatch on a tidy red tin and treat my detector to that Prince Albert aroma. Then I light up. . . . Cool as the click

of a taxi-meter. Sweet as the words: “This ride’s on *me*.” Mild and long-burning, with a rich, full-bodied flavor that’s just great!

From the first pull after the bacon-and-coffee till the house-slipper kick-off at the end of the day, P.A. hands me plenty of silver-lined smoke-clouds. No matter what your present program, pour some of the National Joy Smoke into your pipe. Then you’ll know I’m not just talking words.



This tin contains TWO full ounces of jimmy-pipe joy.

PRINCE ALBERT

—no other tobacco is like it!

Monkey Man

Continued from page 34

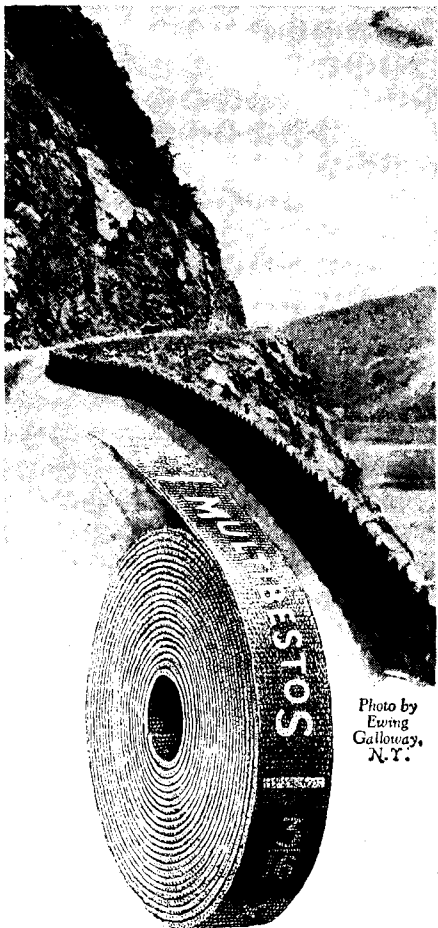


Photo by
Ewing
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The Safest Road

SEVEN hundred feet above the Hudson River winds steep Storm King Highway, one of the world's most beautiful motor roads. Sheer mountain on one side, deep flowing river the other. The motorist who travels this highway must have that freedom of mind which comes from knowing his car is fully equipped for safety. This freedom belongs to every motorist who knows his brakes are lined with Multibestos. For Multibestos is tempered—by an exclusive process called Pre-heating—against heat, wet and friction, giving it dependability and long life. Next time your brakes are re-lined specify—

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**The Safe
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leads dis yuther spade, I done made high, low, jack, gimme and de game at one lick. And out."

Bugaboo considered. The lone jack unquestionably was in his hand, and unless he could perform some sort of magic and make it disappear he would have to play it on Elder's queen. Bugaboo was no magician. He was a tricker, but he couldn't make a card disappear.

"Elder," he said piously, but with slight hopes of success, "hit's a sin to gamble."

"Drap dat jack," Elder urged.

Bugaboo laid his cards, face downward upon the floor. "A natchal sin," he continued. "I quit's gambliin' f'm now on." And he started to pick up half the money.

"Don't tech dat money," Elder warned in a razor-edge tone. "Play dat jack."

Bugaboo sorrowfully picked up his cards, dropped the jack on the queen and surrendered his hand. "I ain't got nothin' else," he declared. Elder's luck certainly had changed. And the change in luck had swept away all of Bugaboo's fish-frying money. Oh, well.

BUGABOO sprawled out on deck again, flat broke and without a worry in the world. A fish fry was a heap of fun, but it was a heap of worry too. Just as he was about to go to sleep, May Liza spoke to him. She was acting as nursemaid for the small son of one of the passengers, and she had brought him to the lower deck to wander around.

"Goin' to de fish fry, Bugaboo?" she asked.

Bugaboo sat up and blinked the sleep from his eyes.

"Is you?" he countered.

May Liza considered. "A lady can't go to a fish fry by herse'f," she reminded him, and she waited for Bugaboo's next bit of talk.

Bugaboo knew exactly what to say, but he lacked a dollar and fifty cents with which to say it.

"You's a good-lookin' brown," he evaded. "Come set yo' sweet se'f down on dis sack er sugar and turn hit into salt."

May Liza giggled. "Aw, ain't you runnin' off at de mouf!" she accused.

"Baby," he continued fondly, "I'm gonter dress myse'f up and take and trot you round at dat fish fry tonight. What you say?"

"Me and you, Big Boy," she agreed.

"Now, listen at me," Bugaboo continued. "I'm flat busted. I ain't even got a thin dime. But de white fo'ks tips you plenty."

May Liza was fast losing her enthusiasm, and Bugaboo continued hurriedly: "But I got a big pay day comin' soon. So you's gonter dig down in dat purty sock er yo'n and get me a dollar fo' bits, and come pay day I'm gonter pay you back."

May Liza considered. "You gonter pay me, or is Mister Sam gonter make a writin' so he kin pay me?" she asked.

"Anything you say, sugar," conceded Bugaboo. "He kin give you all my money do he want to. I don't need no money 'long as I got you."

"Well," agreed May Liza, "I'll see you on de gangplank, long about sundown." And she left in search of her charge, who had wandered sternward.

Once more Bugaboo lay back to rest his eyes. He was happy. It had been too easy to talk May Liza out of the money. He wondered why he hadn't thought of it before. Oh, well. His big trick on Elder had failed, but this was almost as good. Elder wouldn't get the two-for-one, anyway, and he'd go to the fish fry with May Liza.

Unloading at Vickburg kept the roustabouts busy until almost sundown, and when the last bundle of freight was carried ashore Bugaboo dived over the side of the boat, clothes and all, into the river. His bath and laundry accomplished, he climbed back on board, went

to a locker near the engine-room and changed into his "Sunday" clothes. And just as the brief twilight was turning into darkness he stationed himself at the head of the gangplank to await May Liza.

He did not have long to wait. Soon she came, a symphony in pink, from her pink shoes to her pink hat and including the purplish pink tint of red rouge over brown cheeks. There was no doubt that she would attract attention at the fish fry that night.

But something was wrong. There was a small dark shadow at her side. Buga-

his dislike was always passive. He had borrowed money from him, and paid him "two-for-one," which seemed fair enough to Bugaboo. Then he had inveigled the little money lender into a card game in hopes of tricking him out of some of his money. Bugaboo's conscience smote him for that. Money meant so much to Elder, and he was such a rotten card player. It was true that Elder finally won, but that was due to the fact that Bugaboo had unwittingly told him how to play his luck, and it in no way relieved his conscience.

"I'll say his luck was fast," Bugaboo moaned. "High, low, jack, gimme and de game." But the fact remained that Bugaboo had tried to trick him out of his money.

"And den I sings him out a 'monkey man,' when I aimed to sing him out a 'money man,'" he recalled in a further effort to acquire humility. But it wouldn't come. Instead the idea popped into his mind that Elder had exercised good judgment in leading the ace and following with the queen in that last hand. "I wonder is he a monkey man?"

A money man is a contemptuous thing among Negroes, friendless, distrusted, and generally despised. But a monkey man! Well, there is nothing lower than a monkey man. A monkey man is a man that is so low down and despicable that all other opprobrious terms one can think of will flatter him. A money man is nothing. A monkey man is worse than that.

"High low, jack, gimme and de game," Bugaboo repeated over and over. "And he looked so dirty when he cotched my jack."

That simmered in Bugaboo's mind for a long time, and the longer it simmered the less confidence he had in the theory that it was all simple luck. Elder had been awkward with the cards—too awkward. He dropped them all about and put them in his pocket.

"He might er jest been rattled," Bugaboo concluded, "but he wa'n't too rattled to lead back de queen and take my jack."


He sat several minutes trying to determine in his own mind whether Elder had been just lucky or had cheated. Then, unable to decide, he went to his clothes locker and began counting the cards in the deck. "Maybe he was jest rattled," he grumbled, "but he sho' rattled away wid my money!"

THINGS looked as though Elder and May Liza would get considerable more than their money's worth at the fish fry that night. The scene of the event was on a wooded bluff bank overlooking the river and inclosed by three strands of barbed wire which had been nailed to convenient trees. Two long tables stretched out side by side, and behind each table was a huge kettle of fat that was kept boiling by a roaring brushwood fire. Conveniently at hand men with knives and pliers skinned and slicked fat, yellow-bellied catfish that were continually being brought to them by half-grown children, who trotted up and down the bank between the "skinning" committee and the "catching" committee at the trot-lines. Around the kettles the women of the "frying" committee rolled the slices of fish in corn meal and dropped them into the boiling fat.

The tables were flanked on one end by tubs of ice and bottled soft drinks, and on the other by a small rostrum which forespoke oratory.

Church members not on the committees and others ambled about, chattering amiably among themselves and with the workers. With these, Elder and May Liza circulated. May Liza happily conscious of the admiring glances of the men and Elder exuding a refined sort of dignity as he strutted and nodded curtly or replied, "Tol'able, and you?" to the friendly salutations.

By the time the moon rose the last
(Continued on page 38)



EDSEL FORD
talks about
aviation in
an interview
By
**Commander
RICHARD E.
BYRD**
In next week's *COLLIER'S*

boon looked again to make certain. It was Elder, all right, and May Liza was swinging gracefully to his arm.

"Well, I be doggone," Bugaboo mumbled in disappointment. "Dat fool gal datin' wid me and wawkin' off wid dat money man." He couldn't understand it, and he looked at them stupidly as they strode past. He thought he noted a triumphant strut in Elder's walk, and there was no doubt that May Liza had looked squarely at him and then tilted her chin contemptuously. "And givin' me de razzle-dazzle wid de go by," he added to the already long incredible list of things that were happening.

Bugaboo knew that something had happened. He didn't know what, but whatever it was it made him mad. May Liza had dealt dishonestly with him, and Elder had—he didn't know what Elder had done, but he was mad at Elder. Unconsciously he put his feelings into a little song:

"Only one thing I can't stand,
Hit's a two-face woman and a monkey man."

May Liza and Elder had disappeared, but they plagued Bugaboo's mind.

"May Liza done me dirt," he reasoned, "but, shuh, she's a woman, and a woman is liable to do a man dirt any time." And he dismissed May Liza from his mind. But Elder—

"I don't see how come I hates him so good," he pondered. "He ain't never did me no dirt, much."

Dissatisfaction clung to Bugaboo's heart in spite of his conclusion, and he began a careful review of the whole thing. He never had liked Elder, but

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Drive to a pump which bears the "Ethyl" emblem, shown at the right. The price of Ethyl Gasoline will be merely the price of good motor gasoline, plus the few extra pennies the "Ethyl" ingredient costs. The small premium is insignificant when compared with the added performance.

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56 Church Street, Toronto, Ont., Can.

ETHYL GASOLINE



Another Pipe Smoker Voices Tobacco Joy in Flowery Verse

His love of certain tobacco
makes this New Jerseyite
break into philosophic poetry

When a man writes poetry it's a sure sign he's in love with someone—or something. Some men are inspired by beautiful womanhood, some by a gorgeous sunset. Here's a man inspired by his favorite smoking tobacco:

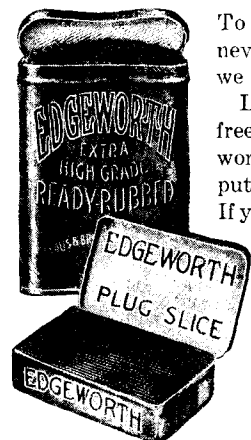
THE BLUE TIN CAN

I've tried the brands from every
clime;
Choice mixtures with Perique;
But long—oh, long ago! I learned
The only brand to seek.
Each day our useless worries mount,
Our evenings to provoke;
But through the alchemy of fire
They vanish into smoke.
They vanish when our spirit holds
No enmity toward man,
And smoke the sunshine bottled up
In Edgeworth's Blue Tin Can.
So smoke away! This loyal friend
Is void of bite or sting
For He is monarch of a world
Where Happiness is King.

Irving H. Walker,
Newark, N. J.
April 7, 1927

Just what makes Edgeworth inspire smokers this way is hard to tell. Some enthuse about the flavor, and some because it never varies in quality.

But whatever the reason is, they like to write their appreciation. And the makers of Edgeworth are always mighty glad to hear from Edgeworth smokers. The best way to learn what you like about this smoking tobacco is to put it in your pipe and smoke it.



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

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

Write your name and address to

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

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

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

Monkey Man

Continued from page 36

trot-line had been removed from the river, the last fish skinned and sliced, and the last brown morsel removed from the kettle. It was then that the Rev. Willie Chinn, pastor of Sharon, came to the fore. Huge, black and with a rumbling voice, he mounted the rostrum and held up a hand for silence.

"People," he said, "le's git this thing goin', and le's git hit goin' right. Let us pray."

"Amen!" It was Elder's squeaky voice that piped the approval, and the men and women exchanged glances. Elder was some kind of dignitary; that they could tell for certain now. He had acted like one all evening, and he had confirmed their belief by chiming in on the ceremony.

THE prayer was followed by a song, and then the formal address of welcome by the Rev. W. Chinn. The history of Sharon church was reviewed and the need for a new church bell stressed. The Scriptures were quoted to prove that fish was a fit diet for the multitude and that the Lord loved a cheerful giver. Further, while Sharon's pastor pointed out that the Scriptures were silent on the specific point, he believed, since the white merchants had donated the ice and the bottled drinks and that every nickel spent on this was to go to the church fund, the Lord also loved a cheerful spender. And finally the words of welcome were spoken.

"I'm glad to see so many er y'all Methodists out tonight," the Rev. Willie declared. "We might argy wid you about is a man got to git sprinkled or is he got to git ducked, but we ain't argy-in' about dis de way fried fish smells out in de open to a hongry man like me."

The speech was received with good-natured approval and as Sharon's pastor climbed down the Rev. Jim Wells, pastor of Old Zion A. M. E. church, mounted the rostrum. He announced that as soon as the moon got full again and enough hogs and calves could be acquired, Old Zion would have a benefit barbecue, and all were invited, Baptists the same as the rest.

"And dis tawk about duckin' and sprinklin'," he concluded, "sort of wearies me. De Lawd ain't gonter look to see is a man got his head wet or is he got his britches wet. De Lawd gonter look at a man's heart. And, ducked, sprinkled or dry, a sinner ain't nothin' but a sinner to de Lawd."

The pleasant exchange of doctrinal views placed the crowd in genuine good humor, and they were eager to begin the festivities. But as Old Zion's pastor stepped from the rostrum Elder bobbed up.

"Peoples," he said, "y'all is hyared Sharon's welcome, and y'all hyared Old Zion's response. Now y'all gonter hyar de response f'm de steamboatin' people."

The crowd gawped. It wasn't on the program, and the fish was getting cold. But at least their curiosity would be satisfied.

Elder was brief and to the point. He was, he told them, a Free Will preacher whose church had been washed away and whose congregation had been drowned by the big flood. Only he and his wife—he indicated May Liza, and she bowed sweetly—had escaped. Since the flood he and his faithful partner had been eking out an existence on the steamboats, slaving all day and spending the nights in a desperate and almost futile effort to save the souls of the naturally sinful rivermen.

"I ain't axin' for no money," he declared. "Not a copper. But do anybody want to pass de hat, hit would he'p a mighty good cause."

A half dozen willing hands started hats through the crowd, and Elder folded his arms and waited serenely.

But not for long. His serenity was interrupted by a bellow of rage and a yell of terror at the gate of the inclosure. And before the echo of the noise could be returned the gatekeeper, yell-

ing for help and praying for salvation, sailed into the crowd about the rostrum. At the gatekeeper's heels, with an opened razor in his hands, was Bugaboo Jones. Elder saw him first and slipped quietly from the rostrum and disappeared.

"Whar dat monkey man?" Bugaboo roared, "Whar is he at, whilst I whets dis slicer on his short ribs?"

The Rev. Willie Chinn seized Bugaboo's arm. "What de matter?" he demanded. "What you mean tryin' to bust up a church benefit wid a razor?"

"Whar is he?" Bugaboo roared again. "Whar is dat monkey man at?"

It was not until May Liza came forward that the outraged Bugaboo could make clear to the equally outraged minister what the trouble was.

"Dat scrawny nigger," she explained, "which been up yonder lyin' about he is a preacher and lyin' about me bein' his wife: his name is Elder." She turned her friendliest smile upon Bugaboo. "Did Elder done you some dirt, Bugaboo?" she asked.

"Yeah," confirmed Bugaboo. "Dat scound'el stealed de cyards f'm de pack. I found mighty nigh all de aces and face cyards hid in his yuther britches pockets."

"Been gamblin', huh?" accused the preacher.

"Gamblin'?" Bugaboo repeated. "I didn't git a chance. Us was playin' five-up and dat rogue begged me wid de ace and queen in his hand."

"Naw?" exclaimed the preacher.

"And," continued Bugaboo, "made high, low, jack, gimme and de game at one lick!"

"Well, I be doggoned," declared the Rev. Willie. "And come up hyar at my fish fry and beggin' for money to fight sin wid." He looked about the crowd. "Whar is dat monkey man gone to?"

A volunteer committee of the whole searched for Elder, and finally had to report to the pastor that he was "long gone."

"Well," concluded the minister, "de fish is gittin' cold. You men which passed de hats, bring 'em hyar to me so us kin git to dem fish." He turned to Bugaboo and May Liza, "Y'all pitch in and make yo'self at home."

Bugaboo whiffed the fishy odor, recalled that he had missed supper on the steamboat, and fidgeted nervously. "Rev'und," he said meekly, "I didn't pay no fo' bits at de gate when I comed in."

He paused embarrassedly and turned to May Liza with pleading eyes. "Elder paid fo bits at de gate," she recalled. "And he ain't hyar to eat no fish. You eat his'n."

AT THIS point the hats containing pennies, nickels and dimes were handed to the minister. The evident generosity of the crowd spread to him.

"And," he added, "scusin' how dis money was give to he'p out de river sinners which don't need hit, I donates hit to de church fund. And in lieu of same I don't see how come y'all can't have all de pop and stuff y'all kin swallow, free of charge."

The minister personally introduced Bugaboo to the chairman of the refreshment committee and explained the arrangement whereby Bugaboo was not to pay for his drinks.

"Two bottles er strawberry and two glasses er b'iled custard," Bugaboo ordered, while May Liza was arranging big slices of fish and bread into a pair of fish sandwiches. Bugaboo placed a bottle of pop and a glass of custard before her in exchange for one of the sandwiches. Then he whetted his throat with a swallow of pop, took a generous bite of sandwich, and washed it down with the custard. It tasted good all the way down, and he grinned satisfaction.

"Hod-do-mighty, May Liza," he exulted—"pop, catfish and b'iled custard!"

May Liza choked down a healthy bite and returned his smile.

"You said hit, Big Boy," she confirmed. "Me and you."



Tom Masson Says

"All I've aimed at," said the short skirt, "is the altitude record."

Bobby Jones, Jr., has been elected director in a trust company. For us golfers there's nothing like having a little business recreation.

Although the human race is a million years old, some fellows think a lifetime is long enough to correct all its mistakes.

In Hominy, Okla., they have a She-She Avenue. The men call it Uneasy Street.

Baby carriages have been barred from the business streets of Santa Cruz, Cal. It was feared that at any moment one of them might run down a motor car.

Mayor Walker of New York says he hasn't stopped drinking because of prohibition but because his doctor advised him to. He ought to have consulted a druggist.

"One hundred thousand dollars isn't a large sum of money from my point of view,"—Samuel Insull. But maybe you haven't been planning a new garden this spring.



A proposal has been made to broadcast the debates in the Senate. If this be liberty of speech, then give us death.

It's getting to be so that about the only way to achieve a reputation for statesmanship in the U. S. Senate is to keep quiet.

The idea of stopping war is all right but it ought to begin in the home.

The most enjoyable amateur theatricals are the ones where the worst actors are your best friends.



Epitaph over a jaywalker: He did not choose to run.