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How would you play it?

North

- ♠ A-K-J-9-5
- ♥ 10-6
- ♦ 6-4
- ♣ 8-7-3-2

East

- ♠ Q-4
- ♥ 8-7-3
- ♦ 10-8-5-3
- ♣ K-Q-10-6

By
**MILTON
C.
WORK**
Author of Auction
Bridge Complete

West

- ♠ 8-7-6-3
- ♥ Q-9-5-4-2
- ♦ A-Q-9
- ♣ J

South

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

THE above Auction Bridge hand is a continuation of the series that has been appearing each week in Collier's. This Bridge hand embodies features of both offense and defense.

The Auction

THE bidding of this hand runs along the most approved conventional lines. South (Dealer) bid a No Trump with three suits thoroughly stopped and much better than average strength; upon the basis of the count (Ace 4, King 3, Queen 2, Jack 1), his hand counted 16, whereas 11 usually, and 12 always, is sufficient for a No Trump. Furthermore, it is a No Trump or pass for South because any suit bid would grossly deceive the partner as to the strength of the suit.

West passed, reasoning that if East had any Heart help the game probably would be saved. If East had no Heart help, bidding Hearts would either produce a disastrous loss or else North and South would rebid the No Trump and make it easily.

With a strong five-card Major, North bid two Spades, as it is always advisable to tell a No Trump bidding partner about it and let him elect whether to play at the Major or at the No Trump. In this case North's bid exactly suited South, and he therefore made a two No Trump bid with much more safety than his original one.

The Play

WEST'S opening lead of his longest suit ensured three Heart tricks for Declarer, who then could see, in addition, three more sure tricks—one Club and two Spades—a total of six. Of course there were other possibilities in Spades, Diamonds and Clubs. It seemed probable—although it would not have worked in this case—that by leading Clubs and conceding two tricks in the suit to the adversaries, an additional Club trick could be made. But that would not produce game. It was also possible that a Diamond trick could be made by leading Diamonds from Dummy; but that would be dangerous and might result disastrously if West should hold the high Diamonds. That left the Spade suit, which offered an excellent opportunity for gathering in the needed tricks.

If West held the Queen of Spades, five Spade tricks and game seemed to be a certainty. If East held the Queen of Spades, a trick in that suit would be lost and only four Spade tricks ob-

tained—but the discards on the Spades probably would point the way to the remaining trick needed for game. Consequently the

Declarer was quite correct in leading the Ten of Spades to trick 2 and finessing when West played the Trey. East reasoned thus:

South, having rebid No Trump over North's Spades, probably had exactly one more Spade; if he had held three originally, he probably would have let North's two Spades stand instead of rebidding his No Trump. Obviously South has another Spade or Dummy would not have played small on Closed Hand's Ten. It is reasonably safe to assume that if the first finesse work and the Ten of Spades win, South will continue with another Spade and finesse a second time. Of course if South can count a sure game by taking three Spade tricks, he may fear a trap and decline the second finesse, and in that case East's refusal to take the first Spade trick would cost a trick, but the chances are all the other way. There seems to be little chance from the Heart suit, so East figured that his best chance was to duck the first Spade, hoping in that way he would be able to shut out Dummy's long Spades and hold the Declarer to one trick in that suit. When the hand was played, that was exactly what happened. South, needing five Spade tricks in order to assure game, appreciated that East's ruse was a possibility but considered it an improbability and finessed the Spade on the second round. East of course won this trick and returned his partner's Heart. This play held South in the final reckoning to a total of five tricks—three Hearts, one Spade and one Club. He went down three, although his bidding and play were perfectly justified.

Here is next week's hand; make up your mind how you would bid and play it before you read next week's description.

North

- S. K-J-7-6
- H. 8-2
- D. 10-8
- C. J-9-8-7-4

East

- S. 10-9-8
- H. A-K-Q-J-10-9
- D. A-K-J-5
- C. None

South

- S. 5-4-3
- H. 8-7
- D. 7-6-2
- C. A-K-Q-5-3

West

- S. A-Q-2
- H. 6-5-4
- D. Q-9-4-3
- C. 10-6-2

The Rare, Rare Lily

Continued from page 20

noded, and without another word stood up and called:

"Roly! You're wanted! It's a question of rum cocktails. . . ."

A few moments later Eric turned the schooner over to his sailing master and went forward to where Fern Andre sat with her back against the galley hatch. He sat down beside her, facing the great white moon.

"Mrs. Andre!"

"Yes?"

"I shall probably leave Lord's Harbor in the morning. Before I go I want to ask you to marry me. I guess this is as good a time as any."

She turned her head to look at him.

"Mr. Gale, you don't strike me as a man who'd be particularly affected by moonlight."

"Not particularly—no."

"I thought not. Then I'm to assume that you're serious?"

"You know I'm serious."

"Let's see . . . you've known me just two weeks—"

"That's got nothing to do with it. I knew I was going to love you the first time I ever looked at you—that evening I walked up your hill and saw you standing there with that heathen image at your feet."

"It isn't only," he went on, with an intensity that caused her involuntarily to brace herself, "that you're the most beautiful woman I've ever known . . . it's because I feel that I've found something in you—something precious—that I've always been looking for. It was my luck that led me up your hill, Mrs. Andre! My luck! I told you I believed in that."

She spoke quickly but tranquilly in reply:

"And I told you I believed in what you call my heathen image . . . but the god in my garden is only a symbol. . . . What I really believe in is peace, Mr. Gale. Peace of mind, peace of soul . . . and the beauty that's to be had only from that peacefulness. You believe in the assertion of life," continued the sweet, cold voice of Mrs. Andre. "I believe in the negation of it. . . ."

"You don't think you could be sure of me?"

She answered instantly: "No! I could only be sure of having to give myself to you, completely and constantly."

"By George, Mrs. Andre!" he exclaimed, seizing her hand. "You've been thinking about this! You've known—you couldn't help but know!—that I love you. And you've been a little bit moved by it. Eh? You've been turning it over in your mind."

"No, no!"

"You have. . . . By God, I believe you love me at this minute, though you may not admit it—you may not even know it yourself."

HE FELT a little tremor in her hand before she snatched it away from him.

"You're wrong. You're utterly mistaken. What an egoist you are!"

"You love me," repeated the barbarian.

She laughed aloud. She looked at the clown-faced moon and laughed. "What do you know about love?" she said. "I've had a child. It died in my arms. Can't you understand that the very thought of love is a horror to me?"

"Still, you don't hate me," he said. "You'd like to, but you don't. You can't."

"No," said Fern slowly, "I don't hate you. . . . I'm not afraid to tell you the truth: You have a certain power over me. I admit that . . . you feel it. You must have felt it many times before."

"Yes. I've felt it before. But seldom with women. Never like this."

"Whatever it is," she said, "I'm conscious of it. I know too that it threatens me—it threatens the dream I live in. And so I've done something tonight to escape it."

"To escape—?"

"I've just told Roly I'd marry him."

The huge figure sitting beside her seemed to stiffen, to grow rigid.

"You've done—what!"

"I've promised Roland Durst I'd marry him in a month."

"Fern!"

"You think I'm inconsistent. Well! Let me tell you that our marriage is to be—what's the phrase?—in name only. . . . It's to be simply a conventional fiction. . . . We're to live under the same roof, and that's all."

"Your roof, I suppose."

"I suppose so . . . what difference does it make?"

"And this fellow—Durst! Does he agree? Is he satisfied with that sort of arrangement?"

"Perfectly satisfied," said Fern.

"Then he's not much of a man. Or else he's after your money."

"Oh!" she exclaimed breathlessly. "You would think that! You—you're insulting."

"Wait!" said Eric, putting his hand on her arm. "Don't get up just yet. I want you to listen to me a minute longer—"

HE BROKE off, aware of a sound in the west—a distant rumble of thunder. Mrs. Andre heard it too, and said rather vaguely, "It's going to rain."

"Yes. Maybe we'd better be putting back. . . . But first I want to get this all straight. You're marrying Durst in order to escape me—is that it?"

"I'm marrying Roly because he understands me. He understands what I want from life, and he thinks it important enough to help me attain it."

There was a sudden crash of thunder directly overhead. The wind flung a handful of chill raindrops against Fern Andre's face. She sprang to her feet, but Eric was up before her, his strong hands grasping her shoulders.

"Let me go! Don't touch me," she said in a low voice that curiously penetrated the sound in the sky and in the sea. "I hate you now . . . you've succeeded in making me hate you at last. And I'm grateful. Do you understand that? I'm grateful!"

He stood holding her for a moment, his vast bulk swaying to the movement of the vessel under his feet, to the rhythm of the waters under the schooner's keel. Mrs. Andre felt this rhythm possessing her also; it was seductive, vastly imperious—and vastly absurd.

"Let me go!" she cried again, and, freeing herself from his hands, stumbled aft along the slanting deck.

Eric the barbarian lifted his head, shook his red mane at the blotted moon and uttered words that fortunately were lost in the wind. Then he followed Mrs. Andre aft, took the wheel from the sailing master, and, putting the schooner about, headed back.

Half an hour later the party was safely ashore, but scarcely had they scrambled out of the two dinghies to the dock when the storm broke in earnest. Huddled under the pier-head shelter, Mrs. Andre, standing with Roland Durst's arm linked in hers, saw Eric Gale take from the hand of a messenger boy (who had appeared from nowhere) a yellow envelope. She watched him as he read the telegram. She saw him turn and speak to Mary Preston; then suddenly he was gone, swallowed up miraculously in the pouring blackness beyond the two dock lights.

They stood quietly for some time under the shelter, listening to the drumming of the rain and peering into the darkness of the harbor. . . . During flashes of lightning they could see the Storm King leap into life, into being; a beautiful shape momentarily revealed against the night. Then the apparition would vanish again. But once Mrs. Andre thought she saw the huge figure of Eric the viking standing erect and impassive at the schooner's wheel.

The history of American finance will

(Continued on page 42)



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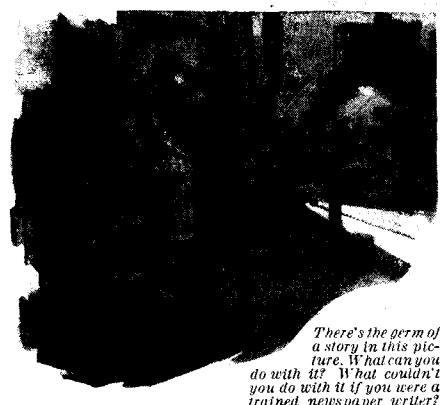
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The Rare, Rare Lily

Continued from page 41



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contain, no doubt, a full chapter on the famous so-called "Summer Market" which, that August, turned Wall Street into a parboiled bedlam and the New York Stock Exchange into a howling inferno. But I am writing the story of a robin—an itinerant robin—and a rare, rare lily. The more lurid chronicles of finance have no place in my gentle idyll—except as they serve, in a sense, to illuminate it.

TOWARD the last of that frenzied month of August Mrs. Keith Preston wrote to Eric Gale in New York as follows:

"When you're through riding the whirlwind and playing Samson among the skyscrapers and rescuing bank presidents from premature suicide, come back to Lord's Harbor. I'm sure the sea air will refresh you. Also I have rather an interesting bit of news for your ears. But you must return to Maine to hear it.

"Incidentally, Fern Andre's wedding is set for the first of September. I called on her last night, and thought she looked a trifle *fatigued*. But she told me she was happy. She has succeeded in growing one of her precious lilies—but one only. The rest died a-borning. However, she is pleased about the one, and we are all pleased for her. She had put her heart into raising that flower, you know.

"Why does one put one's heart into a flower? Why does one put one's heart into anything? I wonder whether you are one of those wise persons who keep their hearts for purely physiological purposes? But even Samson didn't, did he? And there are still ten days, and a slice of red moon, before the first of September.

"Yours most mysteriously,
"MARY PRESTON."

That night Gale, driving home late from the home of a banker whom he had just saved from premature suicide, looked up and saw the shaving of the moon in the sky. . . . Thirty-six hours later the schooner Storm King dropped anchor in Lord's Harbor, and an hour or so after that Eric the viking was in full possession of the interesting bit of news that Mrs. Preston had to tell him.

"Are you sure about this, Mary?" was all he said, when she had finished her brief recital.

"Quite. You know, Keith has connections with a certain brokerage house in Portland. . . . But we needn't go into that. You may take my word for it."

"I do. Yet you say she's determined to marry Durst just the same?"

"Fern Andre has her pride," answered his friend Mrs. Preston.

"Her pride? Say! That sort of pride isn't healthy!"

Mary laughed. "How like you, Eric, to use just that word! Healthy? No, perhaps it isn't. But why not go at once and tell her so?"

"I will," said Eric, and went.

He went quickly, alone, and on foot. Striding up her hill, the late afternoon sun caught him fairly in the face, emblazoning his red hair and partially dazzling him. He plunged up the path blindly; the sense of light was strong upon him and within him.

"Ah, please! Do be careful where you're walking!"

He stopped at the sound of her voice, and looked up and saw Mrs. Andre standing tall and slender and virginal among her tumbled rock gardens, with a stain of sunset on her white dress.

He called vigorously: "I'm coming up. I want to talk to you."

"Then do at least keep to the path."

He stared at her, nodded, and climbed carefully the flagstone steps up the slope to where she stood. This was a level spot, smoothed with gravel and provided with a stone seat so built as to command a view of the flowering

hillside. Or if one raised one's eyes one might look at the harbor and the sea.

But Mrs. Andre was looking at a single lily growing in the especially prepared garden where the little fat-bellied Buddha sat dreaming over the enigmatic soil. There was no other living thing in this garden but that one gorgeous, glowing lily.

"Mrs. Andre!" said Eric Gale.

She said, without turning her head: "I knew you'd come back. . . . I saw the schooner sail into the harbor this evening. It was a beautiful spectacle. . . . but why should you come here. . . . come up my hill and speak to me? . . . I don't know."

Her voice was distant, cold, utterly devoid of coquetry.

"I'll tell you," he said, when she was facing him, "why I came up here. It was to keep you from marrying the reckless idiot who's just managed to lose half your fortune for you!"

There was a long silence. Fern's face went slowly white; her pallor was like a translucent mask upon her face. For one startling instant he almost believed that she was a ghost. But her eyes were alive; they burned with a steady flame.

"I don't know," she said, "I can't imagine how you found out about my personal affairs. Nor do I care to imagine—anything! . . . Apparently you have a gift for intruding upon other people's privacy."

"Say! That hurts! But go on; I can stand it."

"I was only going to tell you that, as a matter of fact, Roland Durst didn't lose half my fortune for me. He lost nearly all of it, which makes a much better story, don't you think?"

"A better story! You mean you turned your money over to him, and he threw it away in this crazy summer market!"

"He bought certain stocks—in my name—that turned out badly."

"Threw it away, I tell you! Might as well have chucked it into the ocean. I guess I know! I told you the man was a fool!"

He saw her nostrils dilate, her mouth harden. Her thin white hands were tightly clenched at her sides.

"Roly is a gentleman—if you know what that means! He intends to support me, to work for me—Oh, but why should I humiliate myself by telling you this? I'm going to marry him a week from today!"

"You are, eh? Sure! I understand that. You're proud. Proud as hell. You're willing to marry him and live in misery the rest of your life just to prove that money had nothing to do with it."

"Oh!" she exclaimed breathlessly. "Of course you'd consider it misery—to live without money. Money is your god!"

"If it is," returned Eric, scowling because the sun was in his eyes, "it's a better one than your dead Buddha. But go on."

HE HAD a feeling she was holding herself firm by a great effort of will.

"Roly and I," she said, "will probably always be poor now. . . . But we have other resources. We have other treasures—haven't we, Roly?"

These last words were cried suddenly over Eric's shoulder. Gale turned around, and saw coming up the path the graceful figure of Roland Durst, immaculate in white flannels.

"I was saying," repeated Fern, still with the breathless note in her voice, "that we—you and I, Roly—have resources that this man knows nothing about!"

"My dear Fern," said Durst, standing still on the steps a little below them, "of course we have. But why the question? Why bother to discuss the point with our friend the barbarian?"

"Roly!" breathed Mrs. Andre, but the young man went on imperturbably:

"Isn't that what we decided he was—a barbarian?" He looked calmly at Eric. "I hope you understand, Gale, that this isn't rudeness. It's simply definition."

Eric the Viking grinned down at him. "You've said it, Durst. I'm a barbarian." Then to Fern: "So that's why I don't know what your other resources are, eh? You talk about having treasures I know nothing about. What are these treasures? Name me one of them!"

"There's my regal lily," she said, nodding toward the garden a few feet away. "You'd hardly believe that one lily could make a treasure. But it does. It makes mine."

"I came to tell you I'd found the vase to put it in," said Roland Durst, gravely addressing Fern.

"Have you, Roly? That's good. My one lily! Do you see it, Mr. Gale? Do you see how beautiful it is?" continued Mrs. Andre, in a curiously musing voice. It was as though she were speaking out of a dream. "I grew it, with the help of Buddha, in spite of everything. Nature was against me. Rain and wind and worms and the salt air. But there it is. Don't you see what a triumph it is? Don't you see—"

SHE stopped with a gasp. A sudden horror appeared in her eyes. Eric Gale, who had been staring at her, now looked toward the garden, and Roland Durst looked also.

A bird had alighted on the curved stem of Mrs. Andre's rare, rare lily. The bird was a robin, and the robin was fat. The fat robin was a common bird—a veritable winged barbarian—that apparently cared nothing for the exquisite rarity of Mrs. Andre's lily.

"Chirp!" said the robin, and began to sway happily to and fro on the long pliant stem of the flower. The Buddha sat indifferently dreaming below.

Mrs. Andre stood like a statue. The two men stood equally still. No one breathed. It was too utterly incredible.

"Chirp!" said the robin.

The lily snapped off short. The proud blossom hung dangling by a single fiber. The Buddha sat dreaming. The robin flew away.

"Now what," said Eric Gale simply, "do you know about that?"

Then Mrs. Andre began to laugh. She walked over to the stone bench and sat down and laughed till she cried. The sun went down behind the distant hills.

Roland Durst sprang to Mrs. Andre's side. He knelt at her feet and took her hands and kissed them. It was a graceful thing to do. But it wasn't particularly effective.

For as he knelt there Eric the barbarian strode over and stooped and lifted Fern Andre in his arms and started down the hill with her.

"Stop!" shouted Roland Durst dramatically.

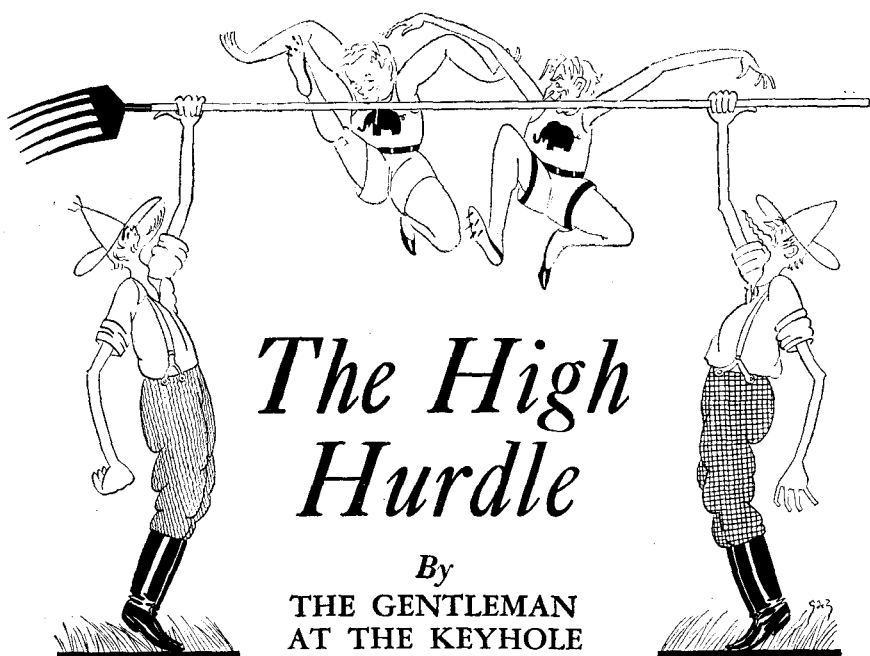
But Eric Gale didn't stop. His huge form descended steadily. He went on down the path with the last of the sunlight on his head and the slender white woman in his arms. . . .

When he reached the foot of the hill he put her down, and, standing with his arms around her waist, said: "I love you. Will you go with me now?"

And Mrs. Andre said: "Oh, don't spoil it by asking me to go *willingly*!"

"By God!" he cried, kissing her. "We'll have many a good laugh together, remembering that robin!" And then he said: "Come!" and took her arm in his, and she went with him down to the harbor, on the still waters of which the Storm King lay darkly and beautifully waiting. But she did not kiss him till the schooner was well past the headlands and reaching for the open sea.

And if you ask me how I know that this is exactly what happened I shall reply, with dignity, that a certain bird told me. Nor was it a little bird. It was, to be specific, a robin—a robin and a whopping big one.



WHEN the Republican National Convention meets in a few weeks there will probably be only two candidates of any importance before it: Secretary Herbert Hoover and ex-Governor Frank O. Lowden of Illinois. One of these two will be nominated.

The Republicans will choose Mr. Hoover unless they become convinced that his nomination will lose them most of the corn belt and thus the election. And if they become convinced that Mr. Hoover's nomination will imperil party success in November they will have to turn to Mr. Lowden. The Kansas City gathering has become a two-man affair.

The convention might be deadlocked if it were a three-man affair or if there were two leading candidates and a lot of favorite sons, but there are not three leading candidates, and there are not a lot of favorite sons. Either Mr. Hoover will win easily, or, if the party becomes afraid to nominate him, there is Mr. Lowden presenting the opposition to him so firmly and so fixedly that he cannot be brushed aside to make way for Mr. Dawes or any other third possibility.

Of course it may be said that at the moment of this writing there is not a sign that the Republicans will pay any attention to the Western threats to go Democratic. So it looks very much like an easy and quick nomination for Mr. Hoover.

But the seeds of panic are being sown. Western Republican leaders are writing to the party spokesmen of the big business East that Mr. Hoover, if nominated, will lose such states as North Dakota, Minnesota, Nebraska, Iowa and Wisconsin.

The argument for Mr. Lowden is that Mr. Hoover, if nominated, cannot be elected. It would be a powerful argument if the party generally believed it. The party does not believe it now. Maybe it won't believe it when the convention meets. Maybe it will. At any rate the argument is receiving more attention now as nominating time draws nearer and as the contest narrows to one between Mr. Hoover and Mr. Lowden, thus bringing corn-belt disaffection sharply into the picture.

Lowden Rock is Granite

PERHAPS before the convention meets President Coolidge may sign the McNary-Haugen bill and thus the farm relief issue may disappear. But nobody really believes that he will.

At any rate, the Republican party is forced to face a rather hard alternative: either to nominate an Administration candidate, Mr. Hoover, and face whatever unpopularity the Administration has in the farm states, or to nominate an anti-Administration candidate and face the loss of some of the strength the Administration has in the East. It has practically only two candidates available, one strong in the East, except perhaps in Wall Street, but weak in the West, and the other strong in the West

but weak in the East, which wants cheap food.

The situation illustrates how difficult it is for the Republican party to bridge the gulf which is widening between East and West. Mr. Dawes as a candidate might bridge it, but I am convinced that Mr. Dawes is now hardly more available than Julius Cæsar. Mr. Lowden cannot be got out of Mr. Dawes' way.

Mr. Lowden is the most immovable figure in the political landscape. He stands for something fundamental, and he stands for it like a rock.

You can't tell where political ambition begins and solid convictions end in the case of Mr. Lowden. One thinks of him as an amiable rich man who sought distinction which is not to be obtained through the possession of millions alone and who is a good fellow and enjoys the associations of politics. His popularity with the machine politicians and his record while he was in Congress makes one think there is not any iron in his make-up.

But some of it seems to have entered him when he became governor of Illinois, or it was there all the time and was revealed only then and since then. Something like a religious conversion took place in him. Is there such a thing as a political conversion? At any rate, he is the most uncompromising figure on the political stage. Let us consider the various attempts to buy him off.

The Republicans nominated him for Vice President in 1924. But he declined to become entangled with the Coolidge Administration. He was determined to remain the Western champion.

One or two Cabinet places and the ambassadorship to Great Britain have been offered him in the last eight years. He preferred his independence to any of them. So when the last ballot is cast at Kansas City you will find Lowden still supported by the corn belt whether that ballot nominates him or, as is more probable, Mr. Hoover.

Is Opportunity Knocking Off?

THIS corn-belt issue is only part of a larger issue. Is there, after eight years of Republican rule, a sense of lessening opportunity in this country? Do the farmers feel it sufficiently to break their old political habits? Does labor feel it as a result of improved processes of production? Does the small independent business man feel it as a result of improved processes of distribution?

The country voted in 1924 for enlarging opportunity. The Republicans can easily convince many people that four more years of their rule means still enlarging opportunity. But are there enough people who think that for them opportunity is lessening to turn the scale? If so, religion, oil, prohibition and all the other things we talk about won't make much difference in the result.



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