



## Keeping 'em down on the Farm

By Edwin E. Slosson

Director Science Service

ONE of the biggest land schemes ever projected has been undertaken by the government of Western Australia. It will open up eight million acres of wheat and sheep land, mostly lying between Southern Cross and Esperance on the south coast. Premier Collier calculates that constructing the necessary roads, harbors and waterworks will cost nearly \$50,000,000 and will require five years.

They do things on a large scale down in Australia. This means adding to the area of productive agriculture a domain the size of Maryland and larger than Belgium.

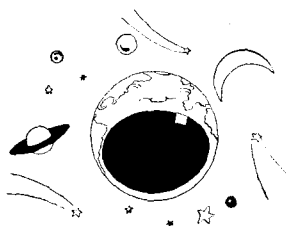
The first thought on reading of this new frontier is that here is a chance for the surplus population of old England, but a little figuring shows that such a hope is fallacious. For the land to be opened is expected to provide for only three thousand farms at the end of the five years of development, and the population of the mother country is increasing at the rate of 240,000 a year.

Under the Empire Settlement Act of 1922 the home government is assisting emigration to the dominions, and in 1926 the number so aided in moving to Australia was 21,344. But once there the emigrants tend to drift to the large cities instead of settling on the land where they are most wanted. Consequently the urban population of Australia gained 36 per cent in the decade 1911-21, while the increase in the rural population was less than 9 per cent. Australia has fewer "primary producers" in proportion to other classes than has Great Britain with her immense industries. After the Western Australian Government gets settlers on these 3,000 farms how is it going to keep them there?

### The End of the World

I heard over the radio one night that the end of the world is coming soon. On the other hand astronomers see no reason why the world should not last at least as long in the future as it has in the past, and that they calculate at some 2,000 million years. This gives us who are listening in considerable range of choice between the two estimates and whatever we may choose will make no difference with the date of the event.

Now the geologists figure out that the human race is only about 300,000 years old, a very short period compared with the age of the earth and with its undefinable



future. From the depths of rocks deposited in the sea and especially from the rate of the decomposition of the radio-active minerals in them, it is possible to form some idea of how long the crust of the earth has been in course of formation, but there is no way of determining how long it will continue habitable.

A million million years from now the world may be rolling on about as now. The year will be a little longer and the climate a little colder, but doubtless still endurable, for we may fairly anticipate better heaters than we have now.

### Time to Grow

But even allowing that the world may not last any longer in the future than it has in the past we see that humanity will still have time to grow. For if we call the 2,000 million years the equivalent of the three-score years and ten that are allotted by Scripture to the ordinary life, then humanity must be counted only three days old.

J. H. Jeans, secretary of the Royal Society, London, who makes these calculations, says:

"Looked at on the astronomical time-scale, humanity is at the very beginning of its existence—a newborn babe, with all the unexplored potentialities of babyhood; and until the last few moments its interest has been centered, absolutely and exclusively, on its cradle and feeding-bottle. It has just become conscious of the vast world existing outside itself and its cradle; it is learning to focus its eyes on distant objects, and its awakening brain is beginning to wonder, in a vague, dreamy way, what they are and what purpose they serve."

But this is assuming that man keeps on growing and developing for at least several million years. Man has certainly made wonderful progress in the last five thousand years but it is mainly, if not altogether, progress in education. He has learned more but it is doubtful if he has gained in native intelligence. Comparison of the present generation with the skull and stature of the skeletons of the cave dwellers of the glacial era does not give us any

grounds for believing that the human race, as a whole, has made any improvement mentally or physically in the last 25,000 years. Nor do we see any reason for thinking that the quality of the race is improving at present.

## Doorknobs

Continued from page 11

"She's a nice kid," said Lisha, a little awkwardly, and Kandy did not ask him who. "Brilliant, in a way." He paused. "You don't know her."

"Are you in love with her?" asked Kandy, in an even voice.

He shrugged. "I don't seem to fall much in love, Sis. It doesn't matter—she isn't in love with me. She's lonely, all at loose ends. I like her."

She continued to look at him wonderingly, her coffee growing cold. "It's—funny," she said, at last.

"It is funny," he answered. "Sometimes you wonder what it's all about. A girl like that—why, Kandy, she ought to be married and the mother of a couple of kids! But—" He smiled at her affectionately, and shrugged again. "I'm glad that you don't have love affairs, Sis!"

KANDY was surprised, unprepared for the anger which rose within her. "How do you know that I don't?" she demanded hotly.

Lisha stared. "Why—why, I suppose you'd tell me about it if you did!" he answered simply. Then he laughed. "Anyway, I'd like to see either of us get away with anything that the other doesn't know about here!"

She looked at him intently, still angry. "You knew that when you found me this studio!" she said defensively.

He was still surprised. "Why, of course I did," he answered mildly.

Kandy stared at her hands. The picture of him, with his arms about that beige-colored girl, his head bent, was still bitten deep in her memory. She had thought of how Lisha would kiss for twenty-one years—well, nearly twenty-one years—but she had never before actually seen him kissing anyone. Lisha, making love to someone else, someone whom he seemed to regard even more impersonally than he regarded her, if that were possible! It was such a waste, such a wicked waste! She wasn't jealous. Not really. Lisha was a man; she had never expected him to be any Galahad—never, oddly enough, even wanted him to be. But it was wrong, wrong that he should hold her as he did and give nothing in return. If only he would marry that girl, or any girl, and release her! If only he weren't so blind!

She moved into another studio the next week. Oddly, she felt nearer to Lisha now, when he had to walk three blocks to reach her, than when he had been living his so separate life just three feet away. He seemed hurt that she should desert him so, but the new studio was lovelier and more comfortable than the old, and he was not, he told her, a dog in the manger.

"Oh, aren't you, though!" she thought silently, hotly. "If you only knew!"

Yet she knew that he wasn't—really. It wasn't his fault!

In March he went up to New England, to supervise the building of a theater which he had designed, and Kandy was left in New York, with spring singing insistently in the air. Lisha had left her the key to his studio, in case she might want to borrow anything, and after a week in which she went there every day—moving about among his things, looking sidewise at the letters jumbled untidily on his desk and wishing that she weren't a woman of honor so that she might read them and know more about him, pressing her cheek against the pillow where his head had rested at night—she locked the door angrily, marched to the corner, and dropped the key down the sewer.

She was very lovely that evening, her head held high in proud anger at her own weakness, her eyes bright with restlessness and repressed emotion. Griffin Adrian, who also was at the dinner party, and who sat beside her, thought that he had never before seen anyone quite so lovely, and he took no pains to conceal his thought.

Adrian was a personage and a romantic, fascinating personality as well. He was an explorer and excavator, and his interests—almost one could add his explorations—were as broad as the earth itself. He was a shaggy man, his height rather lessened by his breadth, a man of bushy hair and bristling eyebrows, with mild eyes and a tender mouth that one did not discover—or expect—at first. His wit was quick and the words that clothed it slow and melodious. He could be almost irresistible to women when he chose—which was seldom—and he exchanged two phrases with Kandy and chose desperately.

Kandy was flattered and a little thrilled. Lisha lingered in New England, and soon she found that her impatience for his letters was no greater than her impatience for Griffin Adrian's frequent calls. He was so different, so gloriously, strikingly different, in every possible way, from Lisha! Comparing them would have been like comparing a mountain with the sea; they were each complete, ultimate.

When at last he took her into his arms and told her that he loved her, she thought of Lisha—who was so awfully nice, so perfect, in his way—and lifted her mouth again for Adrian's kiss.

"I love you!" she said.

They sat down side by side on the bench before the great studio window, and the afternoon sunlight poured in through the same yellow silk curtains, shedding a warm, luminous glow over them.

"It's going to be difficult, Katherine," he told her gravely, taking her hands in his and holding them tight.

She looked up at him radiantly. "Don't I know it?" she asked. "Here I've spent all my life being terribly in love with one man—you don't know what you've done to me!"

Griffin Adrian looked at her gently. "Tell me about him."

So she sat and told him about Lisha, stopping occasionally to kiss him, because she loved him and was happy, because he was so dear and understanding—and because he was so divinely different from Lisha Emory.

"You're very fond of him," he said quietly.

She nodded.

HE GOT up and walked across the room, and she waited.

"Then," he said, "there are my wife and children."

"Yes," said Kandy, and she tried vainly to visualize as tangible human beings Mrs. Griffin Adrian and her two sons—a colorless invalid lady who lived endlessly in southern California and raised roses.

"I owe her something," he said. "It was her money that sent me on my first expedition twenty—good Lord, Katherine, before you were born!"

She laughed at his dismay, as though years made any difference! And once seven years had been such an impenetrable barrier! Funny . . . funny . . .

"I don't know," she told him frankly, "whether I want to get married, anyway. I've been free—" She smiled, and corrected herself. "Been on my own for so long. Marriage—"

Adrian frowned. "You're so young, Katherine—but, God, I love you so! I'll be good to you!"

"I know that, Griffin." She nodded, meeting his so-tender eyes trustfully. It was lovely, that gentleness, that tenderness, which this great shaggy man had for her.

"Katherine!" He had risen and was still holding her hands in his tightly, drawing her to her feet. "I'm sailing for North Africa next month—in about seventeen days. I have to have a secretary—"

She curtsied, smiling mistily. "Do I get Sunday afternoons off—beloved?"

He crushed her in his arms. Then abruptly, he pushed back her hair from her forehead, looked down deeply into her eyes.

"Katherine—you must see this other man first," he told her almost sternly.

Her eyes did not waver. "I'm not afraid," she said.

LISHA, she realized now, had been right, after all, when he assumed so simply that she would tell him if she had a love affair. He was the only person she *could* tell! She sat down that evening and wrote him a long letter about Griffin Adrian. He'd heard of him, of course. As a matter of fact, hadn't Adrian given a series of lectures at Harvard when Li was there? He mustn't think that this was a light affair. It was really so little different from a marriage—only the ceremony omitted. It might be, she wrote, that she and Adrian would be together all their lives and eventually be laid in one grave! Which, she added, was more than could be said of most legal marriages. There was a mingling of humor and of drama in her signature. It was the first time that she had ever signed herself, to Lisha, Sis.

When the boy brought the telegram the next day, she thought that it was from Griffin. She opened it eagerly:

Do nothing until you see me. Arrive New York tonight. LISHA.

She stared at it. It was absurd; it was fantastic! *Do nothing until you see me . . .* what in the world was he talking about? Actually she did not grasp it until he came pounding down the corridor of her studio building and flung himself angrily into the room—until, even, nearly an hour after that.

"Kandy!"

"Oh, hello, Lisha!"

He was furious, brimming with angry excitement. He strode across the room almost threateningly and pulled her roughly to her feet.

"You little fool!" he cried passionately.

Kandy stared at him for an instant.

"Lisha!" she said sharply, and snatched her hand away from his grasp, glaring at him. "If you want to talk to me, you can do it quietly! Otherwise you can get out!"

She meant it, and it quieted him. "I'm sorry, but—Kandy, you don't know what you're doing! You're mad!" He flung his hat to a corner of the room and sat down on the bench.

"I know exactly what I'm doing," she retorted.

He stared at that. "Kandy—you haven't—you aren't—" His eyes implored her.

Kandy laughed. "Good Lord, Lisha!" She looked at him indulgently. "Since when have you put this high price on female virtue?"

He flushed, still staring at her as though he were trying to read her hidden thoughts. "You can't do it, Kandy! Go away with him, I mean. Why, it would ruin your whole life! Think of your mother! Think of—"

"You poor idiot, no one'll know un-

less you tell them! I haven't sent an announcement to the papers! They may speculate a bit—but speculation's a poor sport. North Africa's a long way away. And besides"—she met his eyes squarely—"I love him."

"Kandy, you can't!" He was on his feet again, facing her, his hands grasping her arms just above the elbows, his fingers pressed deep into her flesh, and she realized confusedly that his nearness troubled her.

She pulled away. "What's the idea, Li?" she asked coldly, but she was no longer cold. She was trembling, as she had always trembled, at his contact. "Am I to remain an old maid just because you never like any men I like?"

He had followed her in her retreat; again he had her hands in his, and her own were trembling. "Kandy, you can't! I won't let you!"

She began to cry softly, uncontrollably. Why, when for the first time in her life she was happy and in love could he still spoil it? Griffin Adrian was just as real, just as thrillingly real as ever—but so was Lisha Emory!

"You can't stop me!" she cried, and flung back her head and sniffed; two tears coursed down her flushed cheeks.

"I can stop you, Kandy!" He was near; so awfully near. His eyes were burning into hers. "I shall tell your mother!"

Her breath caught; her tears dried before the searing heat of her anger.

"You'll tell my mother!" she repeated, in a low voice that was so tense, so terrible, that he released her involuntarily. "Lish—you fool! You—blind idiot!"

After twenty-one years she was saying it aloud to him.

"Don't you know that all my life I've been in love with you? Don't you know that I could have cut the heart out of every woman you ever looked at—from Anne Davis, when I was fifteen, to that girl in the Ninth Street studio? You didn't care about them—but they had you!" It was she, now, who was clutching his arms. "Didn't it ever once enter your dull head that what you suffered through Irene Heland in China was nothing compared to what I suffered for you? And this year—when I might almost as well have been living with you—oh, you fool!"

HER eyes did not waver from his face. "Just like brother and sister, aren't we?" she demanded bitterly. "You've kept me from everything—kept me from knowing anything about love—by not giving it to me yourself! And now, when I have something offered to me that I can take—"

"Kandy! Stop!" She was crying violently, hysterically, staring at him with wide-open eyes. "Kandy!" Through her tears she could see his face, hurt, baffled, his blue eyes smoldering.

"I won't stop it!" she cried.

Astonishingly, he was beginning to smile.

"My God!" he said. And he looked at her. He held her off as though she had been a specimen impaled on a pin, and looked at her. Her tears stopped in her amazement before that look. "My God!" he repeated. And before she had time to think or wonder or say anything at all, he had drawn her to him as though she had no substance whatever, as though he were going to go on drawing her closer and closer, indefinitely, and his mouth was pressing down upon hers.

"Sister!" said Lisha, and he laughed. She had never seen his eyes so bright, never imagined his face so luminous. "Fool?" he repeated. Then: "Who's a fool? Why didn't you tell me this before?" And before she could protest or say anything at all her tottering consciousness was again smothered by his kiss.

# Menthol-iced lather cools the shave



*New!  
Faster!  
Creamier!*

Here's the new lather that banishes razor heat and friction—Mennen Menthol-iced. An even richer, creamier lather, positively cooled

with a dash of peppery menthol that tingles and invigorates the skin with its bracing, tonic touch. It's a new Mennen Shaving Cream, just developed by our laboratories. Quicker in action. Creamier consistency. Greater water holding capacity. A fast worker, too. Dermutation is speeded up, going into action instantly, softening the beard quicker than ever. More, cooler, smoother shaves per blade.

Dermutation, exclusively a Mennen process, softens the horny stiffening in the beard so the razor shaves square and close to the face. Dermutation levels the tiny skin mounds around the hairs, smoothing the way for the razor. No pulling. No nicking. No scraping or flaying. No rawness. Nothing in Mennen to smart or burn. Works in hard, cold water, too.

Revel in the tonic, bracing coolness of Mennen Menthol-iced lather. Ask your druggist for the new Mennen Shaving Cream, Menthol-iced (in the orange-striped carton). Also without menthol in the well-known green-striped carton. Either tube . . . 50c.

*Your shave is only as good as your lather*

## MENNEN

the dermutized shave

*Mennen Talcum for Men*

More men daily are getting additional comfort in their shaves by finishing off with a dash of Mennen Talcum for Men. Tones down that after-shave glitter. Neutral tinted, doesn't show. Feels good. 25c a tin. Also in stick form—50c.







## Writing for publication

**M**ANY people who *should* be writing never even try it because they just can't picture themselves making "big money." They are so awe-struck by the fabulous stories about millionaire authors that they overlook the fact that \$25, \$50 and \$100 or more can often be earned for material that takes little time to write—stories, articles on home or business management, travels, sports, recipes, etc.—things that can easily be turned out in spare time.

### If you would learn to write Start Writing

Almost every month you hear of some new author of whom it is said: "He used to be a newspaper man." Training in journalism has come to be a passport to literary opportunity.

That is why the Newspaper Institute of America bases its writing instruction on Journalism—continuous writing—the training that has produced so many successful authors.

Here you have a course of home study, prepared and taught by active New York newspaper editors, which gives you real writing experience of the kind gained by metropolitan newspaper workers to add to your present ability.

### Newspaper men teach you

Newspaper Institute training is based on the New York Copy-Desk Method. It starts and keeps you writing in your own home, on your own time. Week by week you receive actual assignments, just as if you were right at work on a great metropolitan daily. Your writing is *individually* corrected and constructively criticized. A group of men with 182 years of newspaper experience behind them are responsible for this instruction. Under such sympathetic guidance, you will find that (instead of vainly trying to copy some one else's writing tricks) you are rapidly developing your own distinctive, self-flavored style. You are learning to write by writing—acquiring the same experience to which nearly all well-known writers of short stories, novels, magazine articles, etc., attribute their success.

### How you start

To insure prospective student-members against wasting their time and money, we have prepared a unique Writing Aptitude Test. This tells you whether you possess the fundamental qualities necessary to successful writing—acute observation, dramatic instinct, creative imagination, etc. You'll enjoy taking this test. The coupon will bring it to you without obligation. Fill in and mail it now. Newspaper Institute of America, 1776 Broadway, New York.

Newspaper Institute of America  
1776 Broadway, New York  
James McAlpin Pyle, Pres.

Send me your free Writing Aptitude Test and further information on writing for profit, as promised in Collier's, November 10th.

Mr. \_\_\_\_\_  
Mrs. \_\_\_\_\_  
Miss \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

(All correspondence confidential. No salesmen will call on you.) 21K358

Miss Bori, with a half-sized sigh, "I have thought much of this matter of marriage. But I have always avoided the temptation to wed an artist like myself. Two artistic temperaments under one roof permanently will never do. And it never happens—permanently."

"Eef"—and she lengthened the word after the manner of ladies who use dialect, which she doesn't—"eef I should ever marry it would be a business man of the American pattern. That is all, I think, that one who has an art and works with other artists could endure in private life."

Her dog, which was very short and very Irish, gnawed angrily on a rug at a black rubber bone. She bent over him, a white rope of pearls against the rich red of her gown; the dog seemed to discover the imposition. He gave the phony bone a savage bite, then scorned it, and tried to tackle one of his mistress' pearls. He was tenderly smacked, and stalked off with the best imitation of high dudgeon that a small dog can give.

She chatted gayly about various adventures of this rather insignificant-looking dog, and I gathered that his diet and general conduct were of more concern to her than most things. She spoke of a predecessor of his—a young mastiff who made a mistake in identity, tackled a Fifth Avenue bus one bright morn and died on the field of battle.

### Tragedies—Little and Big

I found out how, in a career of what seemed glamorous success, she came to hold a wraith of sadness on her face.

"I had made a splendid tour of the United States and South America," she said. "And in Buenos Aires the people had been extremely kind. There happened a small crisis and a great crisis."

"In the second act of Manon Lescaut, where I entered the stage in crinolines, I wore the dress so tight that an accident happened. This crinoline ballooned from the waist. And as I bent my right knee something burst; it was like puncturing a huge bubble. Instantly a kind tenor—it was M. Grassi—pulled the screen about me. But when I reappeared it was in the slim, deflated skirts. That Argentine audience laughed, and I blushed. Then they applauded and all was well."

"When such minor accidents start a tour we of the profession know they are premonitions of greater trouble."

"On that same tour, when Signor Toscanini made his great triumph for continuous conducting—and the South Americans really know how to create a furor—we ran into a spell of bad luck that rarely afflicts operatic companies of the first class. Some climatic change, perhaps. But first Toscanini himself became miserably indisposed with rheumatism. This when he was to conduct Mefistofele. So he ordered all rehearsals held in his apartment, where he sat up in bed, his right arm being baked in poultices while he struggled to conduct with his left."

"It was 48 hours before the opera, when suddenly, in the middle of an aria, the soprano, Bona-Plata-Bau—who should surely have been one of the world's greatest—totally lost her voice."

"Toscanini sent for me. Curiously, I had not even heard a complete performance of Mefistofele. At six o'clock at night I went into that apartment where the disabled maestro summoned the principals, and we drilled, with Toscanini in stinging pain, for twelve hours. Then

we went to our rooms to rest; at least, the others did. I struggled to master the part, and at eight o'clock the next night the curtain went up. It was the worst ordeal I have ever experienced, and I think I survived only because I took courage from the example of Toscanini, sitting there in torture and conducting with splendid energy."

And not long after that came a crisis that eclipsed these two mishaps. Miss Bori was destined to suffer the anxiety that befell her sister soprano who lost her voice. For a malady that did not appear grave she submitted to a throat operation on her return to Europe. She emerged unable to sing.

"I know what it must feel like for an active man to be suddenly stricken with paralysis," she says simply.

To cling to the top tier of opera singers and then to become dumb overnight—that is tragedy. For six months she was commanded by specialists not to attempt speech, to make no use of her throat whatever except to swallow food.

She repaired to the mountains beyond Valencia, fearful at heart that she would never sing again. There, on four peaks that overlooked the bare, burnt countryside and the blue Mediterranean where Quixote and Sancho Panza rode on their ludicrous quests, she spent her days building three cottages and a chapel, riding muleback from crest to crest. (And Miss Bori gives a realistic and athletic imitation of what it means to ride Spanish mules up and down mountains.)

When she conversed it was with pencil and pad—even to the ordering of her simple and sensible meals.

She resigned herself to the idea that never again would the Metropolitan in New York thrill to the sweetly painful cadence of the deathbed scene in Traviata from the throat of Bori. The aria always moved her to tears when she sang it. Even when this writer introduced her to the unseen millions of the air tears trickled down her cheeks as she sang.

For six months, then, she uttered not a sound—a walking cloister of silence surrounded her. Then one morning, as she toiled up, bending and swaying on muleback, the beast slipped on a rock, and in the perilous moment that almost saw her flung headlong down in a stone-ribbed ravine, her voice loosened. It was back.

Instantly she repaired to the little chapel she had built, marveling and afraid. (The chapel still stands, although she ruefully relates how the natives have sabotaged her American-furnished cottages in her absences overseas.)

"I stayed there for hours, all through the dark and to the dawn, in prayerful wonder at what I deemed a miracle," she says.

### Patience and More Patience

Perhaps it was a miracle that a mule slid at that exact moment. More likely any serious shock would have awakened repaired chords or tissue.

And after breakfast, to the amazement of the household, she sang. Her father instantly warned her against undue effort of her returned voice. He was right. Almost immediately it left her again.

So for a solid year she remained in her native mountains, speaking never above a whisper, wondering and thankful. While the musical world of Europe and America wondered what had become of Lucrezia Bori the peasants of that

patch of Spain did not wonder, for to them Lucrezia Bori was not even a name. They saw the last of the Borgias recuperating from what they believed was a serious illness. They crossed themselves in gratitude that they were not similarly afflicted.

Patience and more patience. And a spring morning when she sang with a strength unmatched in all her career!

"I think," she can say gayly—and that gayety was earned by discipline to which few women could subject themselves—"that accident to my throat in Italy, much as I bemoaned it then, was for my good. It gave me a necessary hiatus, a rest period that benefited me tremendously in physique, for I was in hard country, leading a rugged life."

"But"—she tossed aside aftermaths with a gesture that would mean a fresh cigarette to a woman who smokes and Miss Bori never does—"but in my joy this brought a compensating misfortune."

"When I returned to sing in America, never revealing to a soul that I had lost my voice and found it, for that"—a shrewd smile—"would not have been what we call good business—when I returned, slimmer than usual, persons marveled."

"I take calisthenics, and I play golf terribly—and I always diet. Ah, there are people who will tell you that Lucrezia Bori is a strangely able golf player. That is another terrible misfortune."

### Why She Has Won

"It was in Chicago at a country club—there where they were having a championship round. Chick Evans, I think, and some other well-known golfers. I was on the green, trying to play with a mixed company. My ball went wide of the green. Many people sauntered on, and, in impatience, I putted the ball. It went straight and fell into the cup, and everybody remarked how quick and accurate was Lucrezia Bori. The papers printed yards about it. So I suffer from that reputation. It is all so very silly."

I wanted to ask a few earnest questions.

"Memory and voice," she summed up, "are what a singer must have. I am prouder of the fact that I could memorize a new rôle in less than twenty-four hours and perform it without a prompter than of anything else."

"And will you please write that my favorite part is always the part I played last. That will save a poor woman so much postage, which I cannot afford when I must pay two income taxes, one here and one in Spain."

A disciplined lady is the last of the Borgias. She declares that in America Gatti-Casazza rules his Metropolitan aviary with a firmer hand than any impresario in Europe, and of Bori they will tell you that she has never failed rehearsal or performance call.

Likewise an unaffected lady. "I love to sing over the radio," she says. "For two reasons: the audience is large, and I am well paid."

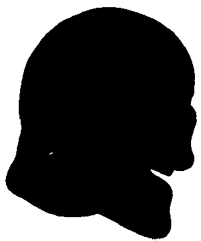
And a simple person. Once when she went to make records the recording studio was occupied by a jazz-singing lady. Stars have been known to storm. Executives, learning Bori was waiting, hurried matters.

"No, no," she insisted. "I enjoy that singing. Let me wait."

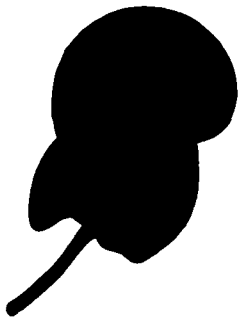
The last of the Borgias, from youth on, has always known how to wait. That is why she has won.

## Cutting Class

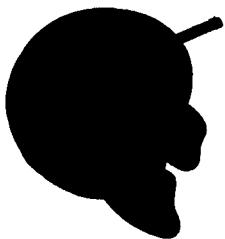
COLLIERGRAPHS are in order, gentlemen, and don't spare the scissors. Snip-snip! Juggle the pieces around a bit and you've created one. There are more detailed instructions below. Meanwhile here are some good ones—a good five dollars' worth:



Left: By H. V. Pettibone, Eastford Road, Auburn, Mass.



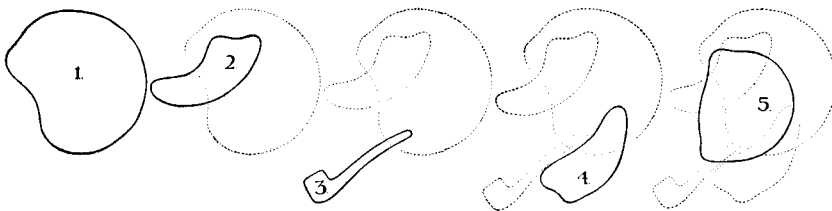
Right: By Richard F. Duggan, 529 West 180th Street, New York City



Left: By John Wm. Conner, 229 South Boulevard, McComb, Miss.



Right: By Robert Markland, 3037 N. 26th Street, Philadelphia, Pa.



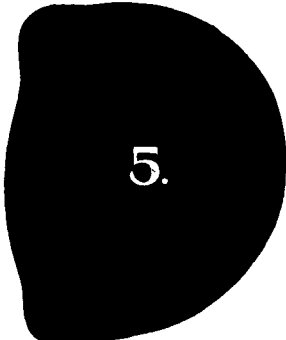
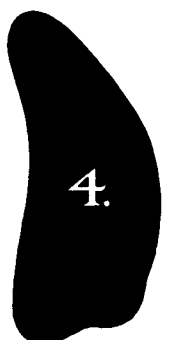
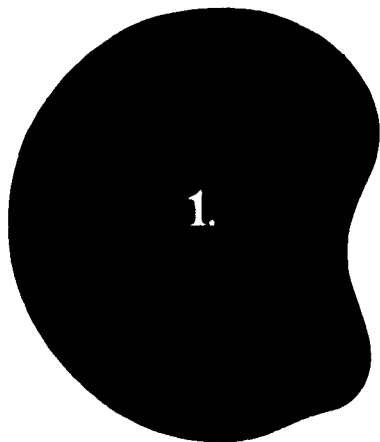
### How to Do It

Cut out the five black figures below. You might mount them on cardboard, separately. When you've laid them on top of one another,



shift them about until you have a portrait. Hold them down and with a pencil trace the outline. Remove the pieces and fill in the silhouette.

*Here are the pieces—cut them out*



**\$5.00 Each**  
**for Those Published**

When you've achieved a good Colliergraph send it to Colliergraphs Editor, Collier's, The National Weekly, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. If we think it's worth reproducing we'll send you a check for \$5.00.

## Isn't it worth a carpet tack?



LIKE a magic wand, an electric curling iron, plugged into a convenience outlet, deftly brings new loveliness to "woman's crowning glory" . . . and the current cost is only about that of an humble carpet tack!

Electricity! Faithful, inexpensive servant. Furnished by your power and light company, it is ready at the flick of a switch to wash and iron, cook and clean, and do many other important tasks any hour of the day, any day of the year.

Why not enjoy greater leisure by letting electricity do more work for you? Have more convenience outlets and more switches installed throughout your house!

There's a reliable electragist\* near you who will do this job quickly . . . and at surprisingly little cost!

\*Electragist—the modern name for electrical contractor.

Published  
in the  
interest of  
electrical  
development.  
No. 151

# GraybaR

ELECTRIC COMPANY  
SUCCESSOR TO SUPPLY DEPT

• Western Electric •

Executive Offices:

Graybar Building, Lexington Avenue and 43rd Street, New York