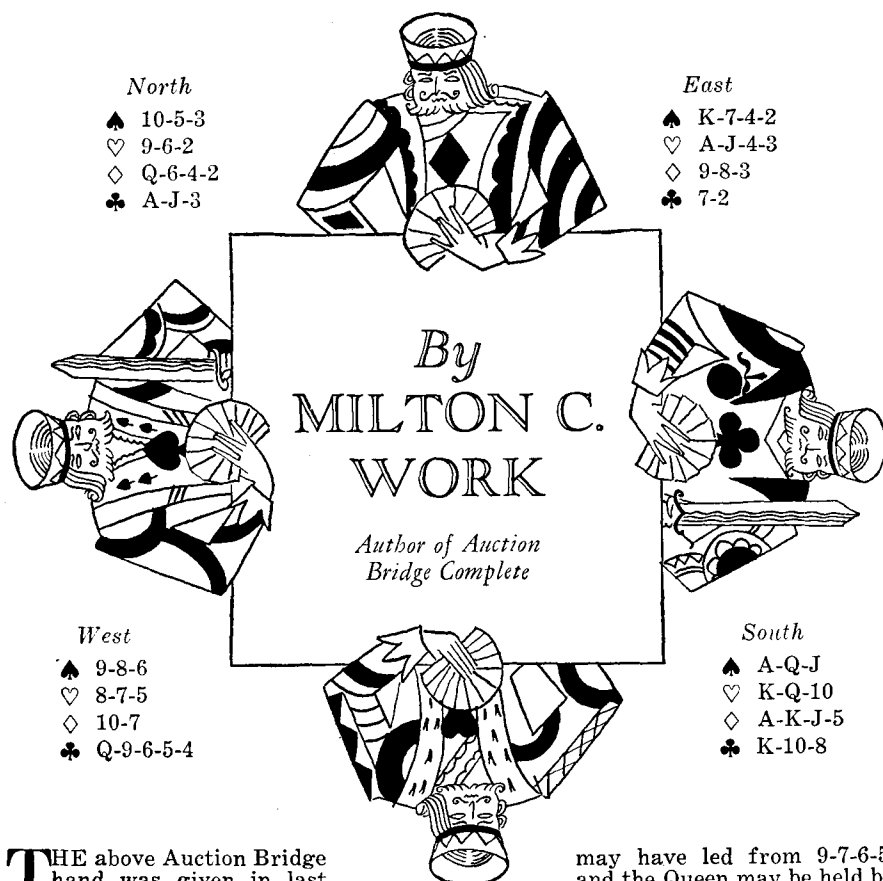


How would you play it?



THE above Auction Bridge hand was given in last week's Collier's; the description follows:

In this hand South naturally opened with a No Trump, and the other hands passed without hesitation.

In Auction Bridge, bidding very strong hands is not particularly interesting. When there is no competition, the only question to decide is the contract at which the hand should be played.

At Contract Bridge, however, it would be different. South would start by bidding at least three No Trumps, and there would be some question as to whether he should not start by bidding four. It would be a dangerous but in this hand an effective bid. The bid of one over the amount required for game would indicate Slam possibilities, and ask partner to jump if he had anything to make a Slam seem probable. North, with the Queen of Diamonds and Ace-Jack of Clubs, would be glad to respond to South's four No Trumps invitation by bidding five Clubs. That would show the Ace of Clubs and probably induce South, bold enough to start with four No Trumps, to bid a Small Slam at No Trumps.

The Play

OF COURSE in both Auction Bridge and Contract Bridge the play would be the same. West would start by leading the Five of Clubs, and as soon as the Dummy was exposed Declarer would see three Club tricks practically assured. But he should see more. He should see, by subtracting five from eleven, that there are six clubs higher than the Five not in the hand of the leader. Of these six, the Declarer has five; so East must have one. The novice might wonder why this is a matter of importance when Declarer is sure to take three Club tricks and can take no more; but it is of importance nevertheless because a number of entries are greatly needed in Dummy. Declarer will note that he may desire to lead Spades and Hearts twice each from Dummy. To accomplish this, it will be necessary to create in Dummy two entries in addition to the obvious Queen of Diamonds and Ace of Clubs. One entry probably can be created by making Dummy's Six of Diamonds a winner, and the other must be obtained in the Club suit. Playing the Jack of Clubs on the first trick probably would accomplish that purpose as the chances are that the lead has been from the Queen; but that is not certain. West

may have led from 9-7-6-5, and the Queen may be held by East. If this should be the case, the play of the Jack on the first trick would cost a

Club entry in the Dummy hand, but by playing the Trey on the first trick two Club entries probably will be created there. East almost surely will play the Queen of Clubs if he has it on the first trick (it may be a singleton), so the probable location of that card can be marked before Closed Hand plays to the first round.

East actually played the Seven after Dummy played the Trey, and Declarer at once marked West with the Q-9-6. Consequently Declarer won the trick with the King, not with the Eight, so as to give Dummy an extra Club entry. If South won with the Eight and subsequently led the Ten, West could shut out an entry in North by playing the Queen on the Ten.

Declarer's next effort was to produce two Diamond entries in Dummy. To tricks 2 and 3 he led the Ace and King of Diamonds and, when both adversaries followed suit, he led the Jack of Diamonds to trick 4, overtaking it with the Queen in Dummy. This made the extra Diamond entry without involving any risk because the last adverse Diamond must fall on this trick. Dummy being now in the lead, a Spade was led and the finesse taken with the Queen. When this won, the last Diamond was led from the Closed Hand and won in Dummy with the Six. This was Dummy's second entry. It was now time to take a chance on the Heart suit; so a small Heart was led from Dummy and, when East played small, Closed Hand played the King. When this won, Closed Hand led the Eight of Clubs and won with the Jack in Dummy. A second Spade led and a second Spade finesse was followed by a third Club lead, won in Dummy with the Ace; and then a second Heart lead from Dummy produced the desired Slam.

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

North	East
S. 8-5	S. 7-2
H. J-10-6	H. 8-4
D. K-Q-9-7-5	D. A-8-6
C. J-6-3	C. K-8-7-5-4-2
South	West
S. A-K-J-9-4	S. Q-10-6-3
H. A-K-9-7-3	H. Q-5-2
D. 10-2	D. J-4-3
C. Q	C. A-10-9

The Main Guy

Continued from page 39

hither and thither. A courier on horseback dashed down our line.

"All out except the women," he hallooed, "but the armed guard—stay with the ring stock!"

I pulled up my team, tied the reins to the handle of the seat, reached a footing on the front wheel and jumped lightly to the ground. I followed several drivers who were on the heels of Hickey. After we passed the line of baggage wagons the flares showed us huge trunks of trees, to be seen as far as the lights stabbed the darkness ahead, all felled directly across the roadway.

We were quickly shunted to a labor gang, and set to work, lifting, pushing, shoving and rolling the trees off the road.

A Show at Any Price

IT MUST have taken a long time to chop those trees. It sure took a long time to remove them! Sweat was dripping from my body, every muscle ached, and I cursed with dry lips as I tugged and lifted with that batch of razorbacks. I wasn't the only man who cursed; if old John Rutledge and his aggregation of toughs had come upon us then, there would have been murder to pay.

"He hates Yanks, this is just a start," rasped a man near me, bare from the waist up. "Rutledge was one of Mosby's guerrillas during the war, and he will stop at nothing, blast his hide." The job seemed endless, but at last a fellow in the distance lifted a flare over his head and showed the road finally cleared.

I needed both hands to help me haul myself back to the driver's seat, I was that worn out.

How I envied those guards who, while I was sweating with the razorbacks, loafed back with the ring stock. But their part was important. Though I didn't know the facts until long afterward, running off ring stock had been the means of crippling several circuses in opposition fights.

Performing horses could not be replaced readily. It took a long time even to train a horse to the measured pace of the ring, much less to do tricks. So Bramley knew his business in guarding his precious mounts, the backbone of his performance.

I thought our mishaps were over for the night. By order, no doubt, of the Main Guy to Hickey, the two sections now traveled as one: we kept right on the tail of the baggage train. Bramley wanted all his men kept together. Lots of time had been lost. Three hours, maybe. I struggled to keep awake and hold my team to its best effort.

Nodding with the sway of the wagon, in a weary haze that made me forget sore muscles, I was startled into quick wakefulness by a tremendous explosion.

In the distance I beheld an eruption of fire. Golden sparks showered in all directions. Harsh cries and oaths came from the front wagons. The caravan stopped again. The bridge spanning a stream we had to pass over had been dynamited!

By sheer luck on our part the man who had timed its destruction judged by the sound of the front wagons that they were in the act of crossing and let off the blast of flame twenty seconds before the advance guard reached the bridge.

The bridge had been a narrow wooden affair at best and bits of torn plankling whirled in the black water. Several men had been cut by flying splinters. Where the bridge had stood now was naught but a litter of smoking ruins. But investigation showed that most of the deep-sunk posts were still intact.

A circus owner had to have his wits about him in those days. Bramley ordered the tool chests broken open and called upon the canvas men and the rest of us to haul off the wagons the long planks we used for seats in the big top.

I stood waist deep in the stream, bracing planks over an upright bridge post while a husky canvas man knelt on them and drove in long iron spikes.

Level with one another and criss-cross the planks were laid—the result a rude affair at best. It was rough and perilous work in the darkness while a squad of our sharpshooters swept the farther shore with rifle shot. But many of the circus crew had been in the long war and knew the means of bracing and rendering practical bridges burned or dynamited by the enemy.

Dawn was peering with chill eyes before the last plank was reinforced by stakes and a heavy wagon sent across as a test. It reached the other side safely. Then, one at a time, other wagons followed.

Wet, hungry, thirsty, tired and miserable I managed to gain my driver's seat. Human endurance can go only just so far; then indifference sets in. I did not worry whether my wagon might burst through the planks or not. And I was more asleep than awake when we reached the show lot.

Bleary-eyed, I forced myself from my cramped seat and almost tumbled to the ground. This might be all in a night's work, but I wanted no more like the one that had just passed; it seemed like a nightmare with special trimmings.

I ate, stiff as a dummy. Likewise I helped in rubbing down and feeding the horses. Then I slunk off behind the wagon and threw myself down on a litter of hay—I immediately was dead to the world.

At noon I awoke. All around came the murmur of the early mob on hand to enjoy the greatest small-town holiday of the year.

I scrambled to my feet. "So this is what they call 'playing opposition,'" I thought, rubbing my aching muscles.

But I didn't then even know part of the meaning of those words to owners who had every cent of their fortune tied up in a show. The country was big, but filled with heat and hate. Rival shows insisted upon playing the same territory—and one or the other had to go under.

Directly after the war, in '65, Andrew Haight guided a small wagon show into Texas, opened up the South to amusement. As a reaction from the struggle the populace was hungry for entertainment, and he returned north with a goodly fortune.

Opposition War

LATER, with George W. De Haven and R. E. C. Miles, Haight organized the Great Eastern Circus and Menagerie. Almost from the start in Cincinnati they were in opposition to Phineas Taylor Barnum, who wanted to stand alone as the greatest of all showmen.

"We swam from the Ohio River to the St. Lawrence, and P. T. Barnum and his cohorts stood on the shore and stoned us," groaned Haight, after the dissolution of the show.

The show would reach a town to find that P. T. Barnum's opposition brigade had covered all their billing with that of "The Greatest Show on Earth," and that the latter had played the date on a lot just outside the township limits on the previous day. It was hardly worth while to put up the canvas, for the place had been cleaned of ready cash.

Bramley, my own big boss, was not one to take passively the attempts of Rutledge to wreck or stop his show.

Before another nightfall Hickey and I raced away on horseback on a wild attempt to beat ruthless old Rutledge at his own cutthroat game!

Only a few days with the circus, but I had been chosen by the Main Guy for a part in the most dangerous of all circus missions!

(To be concluded next week)

Tambourine

Continued from page 12

worthy life until he died in Boston fifteen years later.

"After a while," said Major Westbrook, "Commissioner Railton went out West to carry on the work, and 'e left us in New York, after renting a 'all which cost almost \$90 a month. It was some job to raise enough money to cover the rent and to feed us, let me tell you. Of course, we'd pass around a basket at every meeting, and sometimes they'd put in, but more often they'd take out. 'Owever, the Lord was good to us, and we always managed to pay expenses.

"We didn't always know, though, where our next meal was coming from. One Sunday night, I remember, after we had counted up our pennies and paid all the bills that were due, we didn't 'ave a cent left to buy something to eat with. As we were walking along I saw a two-dollar bill, frozen in the snow. I tore it getting it out but we pinned it together and bought supper and breakfast with it."

After New York had been started toward conversion the workers went to Philadelphia for a spell and then to Brooklyn.

"We 'ad a 'ard time getting the use of a 'all in Brooklyn. The landlord of the only one we 'ad a chance of getting was

know,' and 'e says, 'Oh, yes, they do. Oh, yes, they do—there's one of 'em stands in the doorway when you're going out, and she says, 'Come again. come again.'"

'Appy Charlie Sees the Light

AFTER some time in New York, Major Westbrook was ordered to duty in various other parts of the country. She held meetings in Massachusetts, Connecticut, Maryland, Virginia, Tennessee and other states.

"When we were down in Bristol, Tenn., there were two young ladies there, and they used to spend all their father's money putting clothes on their backs. But we converted them, we did—a very nice conversion too. And after we'd left Bristol, some time after, I got a letter from a woman there, and she wrote if we did nothing else but convert those two young ladies while we were there we would have been well repaid because one of them had just gone shouting 'ome to 'eaven.

"We 'ad a lot of very good conversions. There was 'Appy Charlie, the expressman, and Bob McMullin, that was so crazed from drink 'e couldn't go to bed with the lights out because 'e'd keep seeing things.

"At one meeting in Columbus, Ga., we 'ad 800 come up to the penitent form. Of course I don't know if they were all really converted, but they all came forward, for a fact.

"We don't get the sinners in now that we used to. The movies and the automobiles are taking them away from the churches, and as for the shop windows, 'ow can you 'elp looking into them nowadays? There's more means than ever being put forth for the salvation of the young people, especially, but it's 'arder than ever to get them in."

Major Westbrook has never seen a play, not even a movie. It's not that she condemns such attractions as they may offer, but that it requires so much time for the Lord's work that to be frittering away hours in a playhouse is a deliberate waste.

"The radio, now, I like. I like sermons over it when they're good ones. Jazz music? I don't know what that is."

The major went back to England in 1914 for the International Congress, and she's ready to go again any time. ("I wish they'd 'ave another one.") But not to live. She prefers living in America, where she finds the climate better for her health.

More than once in the early days of her pioneering, Major Westbrook was taken into custody, but she has never been in jail. Once when a group of Salvation Army workers were jailed in Peekskill, N. Y., for holding open-air meetings without permission, she was sent up there with a commissioner to bail them out. Adjutant Harry Kernochan had, it seems, unfortunately played the concertina in the courtroom.

"'E didn't exactly play it. 'E just let it go once or twice. Just a couple of toot-toots, like that, and they sent 'im to White Plains jail for twenty-one days for contempt. But we got 'im out in three days because the sentence was unfair.

"After they'd released the prisoners in Peekskill we weren't allowed to parade, of course, so we 'ad a palm-leaf march. We all got big palm-leaf fans and we marched around the town just as if we were out for a stroll, and we'd wave the fans and say, 'My, isn't it warm! Oh, my, isn't it warm!' So that way we weren't *parading*—but we 'ad our march and drew a lot of people to the 'all.

"Things are pretty quiet 'ere in Mount Vernon. It's a nice, sedate little community, and the people mind their own business and get along very well indeed. There aren't any sinners 'ere. They're all saved.

"Although Commissioner Brennan says 'e don't know as they *are* all saved. They stole 'is brief case the first night 'e was 'ere."



General William Booth, founder of the Salvation Army

prejudiced, or something. So we 'ad to go and see 'im in ordinary dress and without our hat bands to get 'im to sign the lease. 'E must have been fair surprised when 'e found out what 'e'd let 'imself in for. And, at that, it was over a stable."

After a while the Army began to recruit new members over here and reinforcements were sent from England. Conversions grew in number.

"I've seen a major come into a meeting with three drunkards 'anging onto 'im," recalled Major Westbrook. "One would be dragging from 'is right arm and one from 'is left, and a third 'anging onto 'is coat tails.

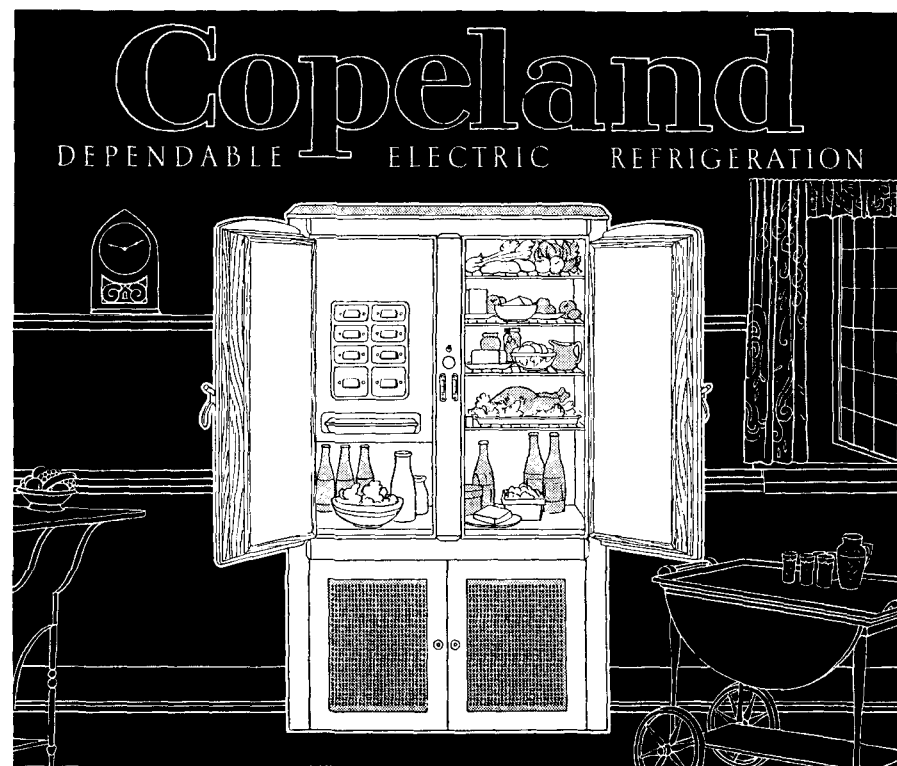
The Crowds Become Rowdy

THE crowds were beginning to get pretty rowdy. We weren't allowed to 'old open-air meetings in those days, but we 'ad no difficulty getting the crowds into the 'all. It was getting them out that was the problem. They'd overturn benches and tables and turn out the gas and have a free-for-all fight if they got 'alf a chance. I knew as much about police courts and lawyers in those days as I did about the Bible.

"There was one man came to our meeting over in Brooklyn with two sickles in 'is 'and. Right in the 'all he takes out a bottle and takes a drink of whisky. Right in the 'all! We 'ad to get together and push 'im out, and then we slammed the door in 'is face. And if he didn't break the windows with 'is sickles! We called the police, and they took their time coming, let me tell you.

"When 'e was before the judge the judge says, 'They don't arsk you to go to their Salvation Army meetings, you

FOR THOSE WHO WANT THE FINEST



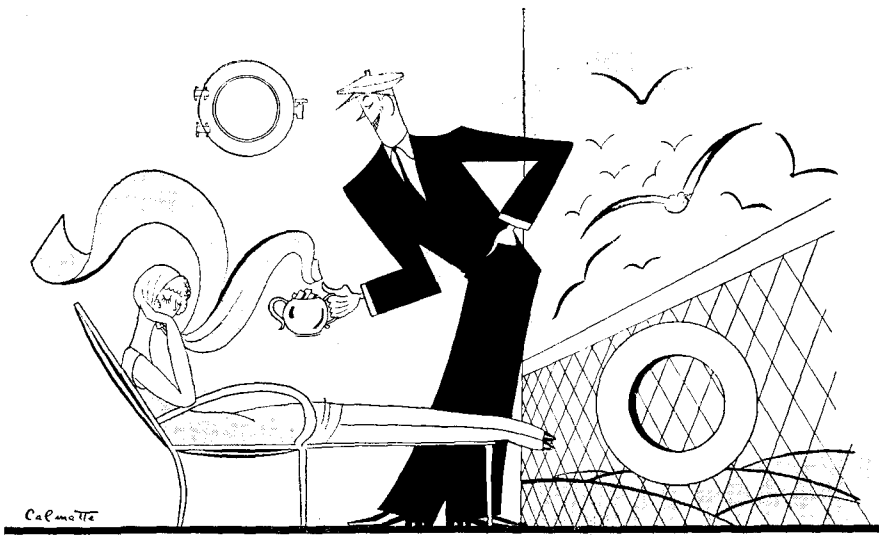
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New Cures for Seasickness

By EDWIN E. SLOSSON

Director Science Service

THE more refractory the disease the more frequently you hear of cures. Cancer cures turn up in the newspapers as regularly as assassinations in the Balkans or Mexico. If you sneeze in public, you are speedily recommended a remedy. And you cannot lie long in a steamer chair looking pale before some kind friend or stranger stops to tell you just what to do for it. But not the ship's doctor, unless you send for him. Curing seasickness is still an amateur sport, and professionals fight shy of it.

But this branch of medical practice cannot expect to keep its amateur status much longer. For the doctors are coming forward with more confidence than formerly with remedies for seasickness, although they quarrel as hotly as ever about its cause.

There are half a dozen rival explanations of seasickness in the field. Some place the blame for it in your stomach, some locate it lower, some lay it to your ear, and some say it is all in your mind. It is easier to account for seasickness than to cure it.

The two new remedies attracting most attention in the present tourist seasons are advocated for opposite reasons, but both are supported by experimental evidence. Dr. G. H. Oriel, late surgeon of the Canadian Pacific Steamships, does not believe that seasickness is due to dizziness, to the upsetting of the labyrinthine canals of the internal ear, which, like spirit levels, are supposed to keep our equilibrium. Nor does he subscribe to the fashionable fad of calling it autosuggestion. He holds instead that seasickness is a kind of acidosis, a sort of temporary diabetes, due to the disturbance of the balance of sugar in the blood, first too much and then too little. Consequently he prescribes sugar in the form of glucose (dextrose) in doses of three drams, and reports in the London Lancet, October 15, 1927, that he had used this simple remedy in more than a thousand cases and finds the effect much superior to such prescriptions as atropine, strychnine, belladonna, chloral, bromides, alkalies and various patent preparations. He says "that if passengers can be persuaded to eat plenty of fruit and carbohydrates and to avoid fats, they are never violently ill." It is a common error to avoid food altogether, which of course leads to early exhaustion of the sugar reserve in the liver, and leads to weakness and constant vomiting.

Similar success, though on a smaller scale, is reported in the Journal of the American Medical Association, April 14, 1928, by Drs. J. Frank Percy and Daniel Hayden of Chicago. They proceed on the opposite theory, that seasickness is due mostly to overstimulation of the vestibule of the middle ear. Accordingly they prescribe a familiar depressant, sodium nitrate. They found

that the administration of from three to five grains of sodium nitrate every two hours kept all their patients comfortable and able to obey the dinner gong.

But everybody has his own seasickness, so it is a good thing that we have so many remedies.

A Waterfall Heavenward

A SINK has been discovered in the Libyan Desert which it is hoped may supply sufficient water power to light the streets of Cairo and Alexandria, run trolley cars to the Pyramids, maintain factories and irrigate two million acres of waste land. There isn't any water in the sink yet, but the Mediterranean is only forty miles away, and a tunnel might be cut through the barricade of hills.

During the war, British troops passing through the desert near the Quattara spring thought the barometer they carried had gone crazy. According to the reading of their aneroid the soldiers were below the level of the sea, though their map showed the place high and dry.

After the war the director of desert surveys, Dr. John Ball, set out to solve the mystery, and when the area was triangulated the levels disclosed an unsuspected depression nearly 200 miles long and 75 miles wide in its broadest part, all below sea level and at one point at least 440 feet below. This gives a chance to create an artificial lake of some 7,000 square miles, about as large as Lake Ontario, which would no doubt ameliorate the climate of the surrounding region, and certainly provide electric power for centuries to come to a country which has no coal, oil or wood and has to pay a high price for all its fuel. For if turbines are put into a tunnel capable of carrying 40,000,000 tons per day from the sea to the sink with a fall of 160 feet, Dr. Ball calculates that a continuous output of 160,000 horsepower could be counted on.

But what would happen when the land-locked lake filled up? That's where the funny part comes in. The lake would never fill up! The water would be sucked up by the African sun as fast as it poured in from the Mediterranean, if we assume the low estimate for evaporation of a sixth of an inch a day. Of course the larger the area of the lake the greater may be the flow through the tunnel but the less the fall, so the lake will be adjusted at whatever level will give the most power.

This is certainly a daring engineering proposition: to make a synthetic sea in the midst of the desert, ranking in size with the great lakes of the world, feed it with the largest tunnel in the world, with a waterfall as high as Niagara, and drain the waste water away upward!

Flash Back

Continued from page 7

"This bird is slipping," remarked V. P. No. 1.

"I had hoped he would come through," said V. P. No. 2. "We gave him everything he asked. He's had the money and the opportunity."

"I don't know how you feel about it," commented No. 3, "but I think we ought to get rid of him. He's cost us two million dollars, and we have enough has-beens on the lot."

"That is my opinion too," added No. 4, and the gentlemen continued their discussion, each word being a nail in the coffin of a director who was strolling about the lot in his white sweater and funny hat. It was officially voted that it would be for the best interests of the Largest Company if Mr. Barry Nelson were elided from the future lists. He was so elided, and informed of the act on a little pink slip of paper no larger than a baby's hand.

THE deposed received word of his misfortune long in advance of the fact and was only mildly disturbed. In his time he had labored for many firms, and the strange vagaries of movie magnates amused him. He realized full well that he had been making pretty sad spectacles—unprofitable spectacles—but he blamed others for that, as directors sometimes will. The renewal of a contract or the death of the same meant nothing in particular, for the business was a peculiar one.

However, the growing belief that a man has reached the end of his rope is another and more serious matter. It never does a director good to have people discussing him as one whose day is over and whose methods are mildewed.

This was the situation confronting Mr. Nelson about the time Arnold Chadwick drew his lance and sallied forth to do or die for the girl he adored. Upon examining the bank account, which was not robust, Arnold saw he would have to borrow money, and he did so. He paid off the storage charges of years and took possession, in the name of Binney, of the ancient film known as Her First Job. He conferred with companies and individuals that buy state rights, and in a week he learned that the releasing of a film is as involved and painful as the manufacture of the same.

Being steadily short of cash to carry on, he took in as partner a hotel acquaintance named Harry Murch, a beak-nosed man, who put up three hundred dollars in a spirit of speculation. Mr. Murch was enthusiastic, knowing nothing about the movies. Willa Binney lost her remaining shreds of courage.

"Arnold," she said. "This is a mistake. I knew it was a mistake from the beginning. I wish you wouldn't go any farther with it."

"My dear girl," Arnold cried, "I am doing this only for you. It is your money that was squandered. Nelson swindled you and richly deserves the disgrace and ruin that will follow."

"I don't care," Willa persisted. "I hate to make trouble in the studio, and if the picture is released there will be nothing but trouble. I shall lose my job and you also will be dismissed. And no good will be accomplished."

Tears gathered in the lovely blue eyes, and Arnold Chadwick was a man who could never brook tears. He took her hand in his.

"Willa," he said, softening, "I suppose you know how fond I am of you."

"Yes, Arnold."

"I shall never do anything to cause you a moment's pain. If you wish me to call a halt, just as we are about to expose this ruffian, I shall do so."

"That's nice of you, Arnold. It is what I wish. I cannot bear the thought of being a trouble maker."

Mr. Chadwick therefore dropped his intelligent effort to ruin Mr. Director Nelson, who was already partly ruined by his own feeble efforts of three years. He gave up his plan of disclosing to a shocked public the shameful and worthless motion picture, made in jest, and

sufficiently bad to wreck forever any director, and bar him from respectable studios. Probably there would have been no more to the incident, but for the pernicious activities of one Harry Murch of the eagle nose, who had tossed three hundred of his dollars into the film business and who let out a howl of anguish heard afar.

Upon being informed by Arnold that the Nelson exposé was a dead project, Mr. Murch stated that if it was a dead project, then somebody was going to jail for obtaining money under false pretenses.

"I went into that Nelson picture in good faith," he said coldly, "and I'm going to have a run for my money or know the reason why. What do I care what she says about it? I gambled on a long shot, Mr. Chadwick, and you can't call anything off."

In fact, Mr. Murch stirred up such a furor that news leaked into the eager daily press, which announced that there was in prospect a new photodrama, coming from the talented hands of Mr. Barry Nelson. The Largest Company lifted its eyebrows, having heard nothing of any new picture from their slipping ace, good or bad.

Nelson himself, being in a morose mood, directed inquirers to go and hang themselves, and Mr. Murch conferred with people who made a business of thrusting pictures into the market. Arnold informed Willa that the thing had escaped from his hands and was in a mess. An independent releasing organization of no particular repute stepped into the tangled affairs of Chadwick, Binney and Murch, took a firm grasp on Her First Job, employed a smart-cracker to dress it in a suit of subtitles, gazed at it in sheer, open-mouthed wonderment and opined that it was so preposterous, so wild, so unconventional, unstandardized and generally mad that it might click. And as it was costing a comparative trifle, the independent firm wasted no time.

MR. NELSON cleaned up his desk in the studio of the Largest Company and walked forever from the place, leaving a few harsh words behind him. Wearing a determined expression, he strolled the following day into a strange studio and asked for a Mr. Corlear, who seemed to be running the place. Mr. Corlear appeared.

"I hear," said Nelson in his direct way, "that you are getting ready to release an old picture of mine called Her First Job."

"Who are you?"

"Barry Nelson."

"Oh. . . . Yes, we are."

"And it's got my name on it?"

"Certainly. You directed it, didn't you?"

"I did. . . . And listen to me: If you state on the picture itself, and in your advertising, that it is ten years old, you can leave my name on it. Understand? If you make that plain, all right. But if you release this junk as a brand-new picture of today, directed by me, I'll take your studio away from you and what money you've got in the bank and your shirt. Is that clear?"

"Yes," returned Mr. Corlear, "seems fairly clear."

"Then that's all," said Nelson and presently he departed. At once Mr. Corlear sent for Mr. Murch, who had got him into it and who cared little for details. They discussed the new situation.

"Well," said Murch, "what's the row? If this fellow don't want his name on it, take it off. What's a name amount to? Who ever notices a name?"

"We ought to have somebody's name on the film," Corlear reflected. "Pictures don't direct themselves."

"Put young Chadwick's name on it," Murch suggested cheerfully. "There's a nice boy, and, at that, he's a director of a sort. And he dug this up."

Mr. Corlear laughed and agreed that it would do Arnold Chadwick no particular harm, seeing the photodrama would