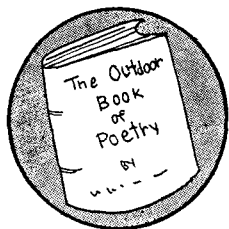


McGoofey's First Reader

By H. I. PHILLIPS

Illustrated by the Author

*This is Hattie.
Who is Hattie? Hattie is a wife.
What kind of a wife? About the
average.*

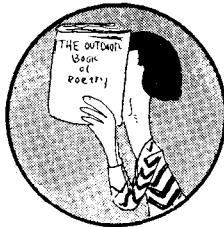


Lesson 2 What is this? This is a book.

What kind of a book? A book of nature poems.

Does Hattie see the book? Yes, Hattie sees the book.

Does Hattie want the book? Uh-huh.



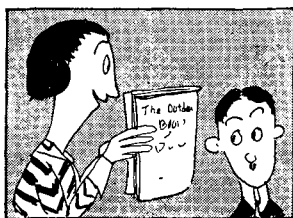
Lesson 3 What is Hattie doing? Hattie is reading the book of nature poems.

Are the poems good? Hattie thinks so. She just loves nature.

What poem is Hattie reading now? It is a little thing called "The Joy of the Open Road." It goes like this, approximately:

*Oh, for the peace of the countryside,
The spell of the fields and farm!
Oh, to be out in the spaces wide,
Sooth'd by all nature's charm!*

Not bad, is it? No, and not good.



Lesson 4 What is Hattie doing here? She is reading poetry like that aloud to Cedric.

Who is Cedric? Cedric is her husband.

She has selected a very special poem to read to him. It is called "Haleyon Trail." It is all about

the gentleness and unruffled calm of hill and dell. It sings of the beauties of nature "at our very doors if we do but embrace it." It is full of applesauce about the tranquillity of mind and soul to be found "if we but break away from the crowded places and hit the gypsy trails forever beckoning."

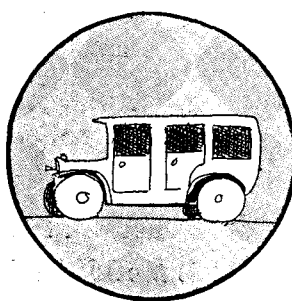
Who wrote the poem? Some automobile salesman.

Lesson 5 This is an automobile.

Whose automobile? Cedric's automobile. He just purchased it. In three years he will own it outright.

Why did Cedric buy the automobile? Because of the poetry.

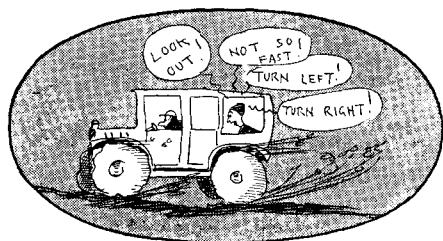
Lesson 6 What have we here? We have Cedric and Hattie out motoring in search of tranquillity, peace and charm.



Where is Cedric driving? He is driving to the nearest dock.

What will he do when he finds it? He will drive off into the ocean.

Why? Because he has found Hattie is one of those back-seat drivers!



Tennessee-Missouri

Continued from page 9

tactics. The Missouri Valley might not come out to the polls at all if enthusiasm is lacking.

He probably knows better than anybody else that if the Missouri Valley Democrats should ignore Al Smith in November, the wet counties in the Eastern part of the state will turn Missouri to Smith anyway.

I say this because I have been assured by Republicans in St. Louis that that city will be Smith's and so, too, will be St. Louis County, St. Charles County, Jefferson County and other Republican strongholds, because of their dislike for the Volstead Act. And Smith will get a large number of votes in the Kansas City sector which nobody who loves truth can call dry.

They Don't Need Beer

But it is in staunchly wet St. Louis that Governor Smith will get the great compliment of a large, trusting vote. Not that they believe that as President Smith can add a single glass of beer to the present supply, which is large if not quite adequate already.

"After all," I said to one of the most enthusiastic of Smith Republicans in St. Louis, a highly efficient ward leader, "Al by himself can't give St. Louis beer."

"Is that so?" he inquired. "He wouldn't have to. We ain't asking anybody to give us beer. We got beer. Have a bottle?"

Now in addition to all this to persuade me that Mr. Smith will find Missouri following him in November, comes Mr. Bill Hirth, the always-fighting editor of the Missouri Farmer. Mr. Hirth holds forth at Columbia, Mo. Not only is his journal the most widely circulated of farm papers in the state but its influence is greater among the farmers of Missouri, and perhaps Iowa, than that of any other printed sheet.

Mr. Hirth is for Al Smith. In a ringing editorial in his issue of July 15th, he said so. Moreover, he called upon his readers to vote for the engaging governor of New York.

Now Mr. Hirth, like the majority of his following, is a Dry, also he is a Protestant. Politically he is harder to define. But first and last Mr. Bill Hirth is a farmer—a slightly modified Cincinnati who has abandoned the plow for the pen. When the Hirth pen meets paper, virtually nothing is left to the imagination.

He says that he has at least fifty thousand farmers with him, that he has done the counting since he organized the Corn Belt Committee out of which sprouted George N. Peek's Committee of Twenty-two. He started toward this national election with Frank O. Lowden as his hero; but when all was said and done at Kansas City he announced that there was nothing for him to do but to await the declarations of the Democrats.

So now he's preaching this to his vigorous readers:

"We know we'll get no relief from Hoover; but we don't know that we won't get it from the Democrats. I think we will. Vote for Smith."

In my opinion—and I've looked Mr. Hirth over quite carefully—I think he is going to deliver a large number of dry, Protestant farmer votes over to Mr. Smith. He can't help doing it. Mr. Bill Hirth is an exceedingly delivering person. Anybody could see that, the way the Republican National Committee is trying, through emissaries, to calm him down. But the greater the number of emissaries, the hotter grows

Bill's pen against Herbert Hoover and the less he calms down.

I add to all these my own reasons why I think Missouri will give her eighteen electoral votes to Al Smith a few more which may be set forth very briefly:

St. Louis, nominally Republican, hugely German and overwhelmingly wet, is able to produce about twenty-five per cent of the whole vote of the state. Her vote is conceded to Al Smith even by Republicans who agree that above all St. Louis desires beer and proposes to vote for it even if she doesn't get it. And that doesn't mean that she isn't getting it.

Throughout St. Louis and her adjacent counties one hears Herbert Hoover referred to as Sir 'Erbert and believe me that title carries no honors with it in those populous precincts. I saw at least six fences chalked with "Sir 'Erbert says" and "Sir 'Erbert thinks" and here and there these signs were illustrated with caricatures of Mr. Hoover monocled and silk-hatted in a close huddle with a becworned individual tagged "The King, by God." St. Louis may be quite fed up with Jim Reed but the meat on which Senator Jim waxed so fat is still in the market.

St. Louis County is nearly forty per cent Catholic, and, shush the religious issue as loudly as you care to, the Catholic vote is extremely church-conscious now that, for the first time, a Catholic has a bright chance of gaining the White House. The Ku Klux Klan, never notable for strength in Missouri except around Kansas City, is defunct as an organization but the Klan spirit survives to make more politically homogeneous the Catholic vote.

In Tennessee the possible Catholic vote is negligible. There are thousands of Tennesseans who have never consciously seen a Romanist although they have very clear, not to say bizarre, conceptions of what one must necessarily look like.

Upon further examination of the quality of Tennessee's population you discover that not more than one per cent of its people are of foreign birth. More than ninety per cent of its population lives in the rural districts. In the August primaries these rural districts produced 180,000 votes as against 45,000 for the cities.

In more general terms, it is the rural vote of Tennessee that rules Tennessee.

This rural vote, like a considerable portion of the city vote, is quickly responsive to the exhortations of the evangelical pulpit and frankly submissive to the decisions of the Methodist and Baptist churches which, at this moment, are exercising their unquestioned prerogative to urge the defeat of the governor of New York.

"We are not attacking Governor Smith because he is a Catholic," a particularly popular Methodist preacher assured me. "We don't have to."

Not for Hoover—Against Smith

The Republican party in Tennessee will not turn the state into the Hoover column. They are not sufficiently numerous nor well organized. If (as I believe) Al Smith is rejected by that state the credit must be given to the dry, Protestant Democrats. It will not take so many of these dry Protestants to turn the trick, either.

If Tennessee does honor Mr. Hoover with her electoral vote, he will be indebted to the Rev. Horace Mellard Du

(Continued on page 44)

To Collier's *advertisers*

An Announcement by THE CROWELL PUBLISHING COMPANY

COLLIER'S circulation is now more than 1,650,000—a gain of 325,000 during the past year.

The weekly newsstand sales are steadily increasing—now more than 700,000.

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- avoid spectacular and temporary methods and build for permanence and stability
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Collier's is now entering upon a most brilliant and important editorial program—a definite assurance of continuing progress.

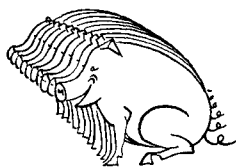
Collier's presents today the greatest per dollar value in the weekly field.



THE CROWELL PUBLISHING COMPANY ~ NEW YORK

Now You Tell One

By Jack Binns



THOSE Britishers who have been kicking at the dullness of their local programs may get some solace from the letter received by a Canadian railroad representative in London. The missive comes from Geoffrey Mitchiner, a young English lad who sailed from old Albion to seek his fame and fortune in Canada. From it we gain this sweet little bedtime story:

The trip across the great big ocean was stormy and fearsome, but in due course our young hero arrived safely and went to a place called Tyrone in Ontario. There he got himself a job with a local farmer and a radio set from a local dealer. He was just nicely settled down when the poor mother pig of the farm died, leaving ten little piggies unable to walk, let alone go to market. So Geoffrey and the farmer's son went into the great big barn and took the radio set with them, so that they could feed the little piggies every two hours and listen to the wonderful things that came out of the air. And now, children! What do you think? Those dear little piggies are all grown up, because they were properly nursed, and they were put to sleep each night by the sweet lullabies that kind Geoffrey picked up on his radio set from 2LO, London.

Corn-Belt Comparisons

Paul Jensen of Sioux Falls, S. D., sends me an advertisement out of the local newspaper wherein the most cogent reasons for acquiring a radio set are listed as: "Political speeches by Will Rogers, William Bulow, Charles Day and the latest quotations on alfalfa, mustard seed and spinach."

Oh, well, what's the difference, Paul?

On Parnassus!

Chamber music for breakfast! It sounds incongruous, but here are Olga, Elfrida and Anna, three little ladies who transport early-rising mortals to the heights of Parnassus each weekday morning over the WEAF chain. For more than a year they have melted morning grouches through the magic of their nimble fingers.

This delightful trio, organized by Olga Serlis, also plays for the afternoon listeners, but it is only in the morning that I have enjoyed their artistry, and lest you think I am one of those who arise with the first clarion call of the rooster let me hasten to say that I have a radio alongside my bed that is turned on each morning by an untiring and never-sleeping clock.

I mention this not because anybody cares but merely as a suggestion, so that if you are within range of any station radiating this program you

may start your day right by tuning in when the three girls tune up on the piano, violin and 'cello.

The Dragnetic Set

The manufacturer of a short-wave radio receiving set advertises its virtues in most glowing and superlative terms, and then guarantees it will reach halfway round the world and back.

In other words, it gets them coming and going.

Unfettered Competition

Will the chain system ultimately drive the independent stations off the air? That vital question embraces the great fear of many people, and it was undoubtedly the impelling motive back of the last radio law enacted by Congress. It is a fair question and one that requires attention. The present condition of overcrowding in the air is merely a temporary one even though it has caused the radio commissioners many sleepless nights. Harsh economic laws will soon compel many stations to sign off permanently, and then the question I have cited at the beginning of this paragraph will become an important one indeed. If the independent stations will take advantage of the possibilities that are available, they should survive.

In the first place, the chains will succeed just so long as they render an efficient service, which necessarily means programs of high quality and real merit. The degree of their success depends upon the competition confronting them from other chains or from independent stations. It is in this respect that the independent studio manager has his greatest opportunity. He is not confronted by the same circumstances nor the inhibitions of the chain system, and therefore he can show more initiative by developing unique presentations entirely free from the stereotypes that are rapidly becoming fixtures on the air.

He can go forward another step and fight the chains with their own weapon: that is, by going to the chief centers for his program material. The cost of doing this can be cut down through cooperation with other stations without actually tying up to the same program.

In this respect it will be interesting to watch the progress of the organization recently formed in New York to develop such facilities for independent broadcasters. There is no reason why similar central studios for a number of individual stations could not be profitably operated in other large cities of the country where first-class material is available.

Tennessee - Missouri

Continued from page 42

Bose, D. D., bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church South for Tennessee. With the existing issues as the boundaries of the national election battlefield, Bishop Du Bose is perhaps the most potent political figure in his domain. To his following, amongst which the Ku Klux Klan found so many eager recruits, Governor Smith means The Saloon, Tammany Hall and The Church of Rome. And they wouldn't vote for any one of them, much less the three.

Normally the Democratic supremacy in Tennessee is not more than 25,000 votes and while I am sure that there will be a number of wet Republicans who will vote for Smith, particularly in the eastern part of the state, which has of recent years achieved manufacturing prominence, such desertion from party ranks will in no perceptible proportion compare with the great number of Democrats who will vote anti-Smith.

I am assured of this by some of the most important of Tennessee's Democrats. I have adequate proof that so distinguished a man as Luke Lea, former United States senator, maker of governors, owner of three largely circulated newspapers, and so on and so forth, looks for—nay, longs for—the defeat of Smith; and that doesn't mean that he loves Herbert Hoover more. Mr. Lea is a politician and business man in about equal portions.

It is wholly possible that the radio will contribute largely to the anti-Smith vote in Tennessee. Considerably more than half the rural homes are radio-equipped and not fewer than a dozen of Tennessee's prominent evangelical preachers are speaking into the microphone every Sunday.

I talked to one of these clergymen who concluded an eloquent apostrophe to science (limited strictly to radio) by saying:

"When I think of my father rejoicing in that he had been heard from his pulpit by a congregation of two hundred, I have to ask God to keep me humble lest the knowledge that I speak weekly to thousands make me vain and puffed up. God sent the radio that we might uphold his cause in times of peril such as we now face. Through the radio the people of Tennessee have been called to arms against the saloon's candidate, Tammany Hall's candidate and—yes—the candidate of the Pope."

"Do you preach anti-Catholicism?" I asked him.

"Not as frankly as that, I will admit," he replied. "It isn't necessary here in Tennessee, although I understand that some of our great preachers do so. I don't."

"Do any of the Catholic pastors use the radio to broadcast their sermons?"

Little Tammany

"Not in Tennessee, not in Tennessee," he replied firmly. "I understand that the whole Catholic clergy in America has been ordered to maintain a politic silence on November's election although I have that on hearsay only. But I am sure none of the Catholic priests are broadcasting in Tennessee. It would be of no use in this state. We are more than 98 per cent Protestant."

There is a singular lack of variegated color in the situation in Tennessee, outside of Memphis.

Memphis, like Nashville, is preponderantly Democratic but where the Democrats in Nashville are a pliant lot, being quite willing to defer to expediencies, the Memphis crowd is professionally Democratic. Incidentally it

will be in Memphis that Al Smith will achieve his greatest group strength in Tennessee.

Luke Lea's newspapers—the Memphis Commercial Appeal, the Knoxville Journal and Tribune and the Nashville Tennessean—and their believers profess a deep disgust for the Memphis crowd. How deep this aversion is can be gathered from the name they have awarded to it—Little Tammany. And that is a pretty horrible label in Tennessee.

But the leader of this whole-souled collection of Democrats in Memphis—Edward H. Crump—affects no indignation. Ed Crump is a thoroughly practical politician who, if he predicts that his nice compact machine will turn out 25,000 votes, will surprise you by being just about correct. Among the appalling crimes of which he is accused is that he permits Negroes to vote.

A Three-Headed Monster

He and that faction of the state Democrats represented and largely influenced by Luke Lea fell to in terrific combat during the August primaries and Mr. Crump lost by something less than five thousand votes. Mr. Lea's side accomplished the nomination of Harry Horton for governor. Incidentally Mr. Lea will be remembered by some as the colonel of the American Expeditionary Forces who made a gallant and spectacular although futile attempt, after the armistice, to kidnap the absconded Kaiser Wilhelm. The plot came to nought because the colonel and his men could not locate their quarry.

But when Mr. Horton's victory was certain, Mr. Crump smiled the smile of the veteran to whom victory and defeat alike are simple incidents to be forgotten instantly. He called upon the Democrats of Tennessee to rally 'round that the autumnal total for Al Smith might be one to be proud of. From Knoxville came the assurance that her faith in the Democratic national ticket was pure and that Al Smith might expect at least seven thousand. But there was nothing even remotely suggestive of a general movement toward the national ticket.

Mr. Horton, who is almost certain to be governor, maintained a dignified, Luke Lea reticence although, when pressed, he admitted that as a Democrat he could not do less than hope that the Democrats won. Senator McKellar, being of Memphis and necessarily on cordial terms with Mr. Crump, to whom he is decidedly beholden, came forth boldly for the whole ticket from top to bottom, not omitting even the name of the Presidential nominee.

Congressman Cordell Hull is, of course, sturdy in his adherence to the platform and the ticket. Congressman Finis J. Garrett, whom Mr. McKellar defeated for the senatorial nomination, simply retired into a tired man's silence.

But it would require more than the mouths of the professional office holders, however exalted their posts, and more than the neat maneuvers of machine masters to raise the Al Smith chances to prominence in Tennessee today when powerful rural Tennessee is breaking all records for attendance at church and church societies, where the routine sameness of pre-convention days is no more because there is a foe at Tennessee's gates. A devouring monster with two hideous heads, Tammany Hall and the saloon.

Nay, the monster has three heads. . . . Anyway Tennessee is all set to slay the varmint.