

Catching up with the World

By Edwin E. Slosson

Director Science Service

WHEN I stepped upon the stage of the new auditorium in a western city, I thought it was the best-designed theater I had ever seen. But when I spoke I found that I had a most unruly auditorium to contend with. I was interrupted twice in my first sentence.

I began with: "What is most needed in America today—" I heard a sharp voice from the right as loud as my own inquiring "What?" I continued—"is such a system of education as will—" then came cries of "What!" "What?" from the upper gallery and back part of the hall in what seemed to me satirical and sneering tones. I looked down at my audience, 3,000 schoolma'ams, but they appeared peaceable and earnestly endeavoring to hear what I had to say in the confusion of voices repeating my words.

There is really no excuse for constructing echo caves as auditoriums nowadays, for much research work has been done of late on the reflecting and absorption of sound by various substances. The rapid rise of the "talkies" has suddenly made this a problem of practical importance involving millions of dollars.

It's curious that the best room to make music in is not the best room to hear music in. From the standpoint of the listener the best of all walls is no wall at all. The ancient Greek theater in the open air cannot be beaten. A listener one hundred feet from the speaker in the Hollywood Bowl can understand speech better than in the best Los Angeles theater.

But musicians complain of "hard playing" in a completely open space or in a room with deadened walls. They want a certain "come-back" from their efforts. To avoid all echo the early radio broadcasting rooms were muffled like the padded cells of a lunatic asylum, but later it was found better to allow a little reverberation. To get the best results in a concert room the orchestra stage should be boxed in on five sides with somewhat resounding surfaces, while the auditorium walls should be distant or non-existent or deadened by hangings or porous plaster.

If you were sitting in an auditorium lined with mirrors, you would see a dozen replicas of the singer or speaker gesticulating at you from all sides and the ceiling. This would not matter much, for the various images would come to you at the same instant, and, besides, you can focus your eyes on the one on the platform and ignore the rest. But you cannot focus your ears, and so you hear all that the duplicated orators shout at you from their various distances and directions.

You can tell roughly which wall cov-

ering is the best for absorbing sound by the simple method of bumping your head against it and seeing which hurts you the most. An open window is the least harmful (if you don't fall out of it). A layer of hair felt, an inch thick, is about half as good as nothing as a sound absorbent. Carpet, a quarter or less. Glass and hard plaster, about a fortieth as effective. Varnished wood, rather better. Concrete, the worst of all. Of course the padding material preferred by the performer is an auditorium packed with people. They soak in the sound in a most satisfactory manner.

Self-Seasoned Poultry

Modern man is not content with the simple savors of food in its natural state. So he searches all corners of the world for pungent and aromatic herbs with which to sauce his meat. He even makes the animals he eats season their own flesh. For instance, pigs are fed on beechnuts and poultry on curdled milk. But this scheme for seasoning food alive is limited because chickens, ducks and rabbits refuse to eat highly flavored condiments.

In France, where the desire for novel tastes is instigated and catered to, this obstacle has been overcome. Dr. Gauducheau, in collaboration with the Marquise de Noailles, has introduced what are called "intrasauces," which, it is claimed, are likely to revolutionize the art of cooking. The method consists in injecting the aromatic ingredient into the heart of the animal, which diffuses it quickly through the circulation of the blood and into all the flesh. Tomato, mustard, tarragon and pimento have been employed. A pure culture of yeast injected into the heart of a hen is said to impart a delicious cider flavor.



Evil Intent

Continued from page 20

smiled. "Come on, Stannard. It's not your fault if I'm crazy."

One of the obligations of being Muriel's fiancé was a passable ability on the dance floor. Gilbert could dance and Anita danced just enough as though she were not in his arms and enough as though she were. "I suppose all of you girls dance on Broadway," he suggested.

"Most of them do," she said. "I do my dancing as a model for Spangler Gowns, Inc., wholesalers, nine to five-thirty at twenty-seven fifty a week."

Oh yes, the old sob-stuff, working-girl line, eh! He could just imagine the "be your age" rejoinder that Bob Downs would have for that. But as the music stopped he made some perfunctory remark of sympathy and, when she looked up at him solemnly to read its meaning in his face, he kissed her.

She didn't mind, apparently. He suggested that they desert the crowd and sit by themselves on the landing of the broad stairway where there was a heavily carved, late-Georgian bench, and she acquiesced. He wondered if she realized he'd kissed her, he himself being still rather dizzy with it, and he kissed her again to find out. Apparently she realized it a bit more that time. "Do you mind, Anita? You are too adorable not to."

"It's all right," she said. "Don't they all? But not unless I let you, please, Stannard. You're a queer sort to find here. But then all you men are basically the same, the same toward us anyway. Do you come to Denmore's often?"

"Never before, Anita," he confessed reluctantly. "And you?"

"Never before, either." Then she laughed with a bitter clarity. "Every girl here has told one of your friends the same thing, Stannard. Thelma—she's the red-headed one who sang—Thelma has been urging me to come for a long time but I never came. Thelma rooms at the same place I do, or I did. She told me what a fool I was to work like that for so little and have no fun. Tonight I came."

He believed her. He couldn't help it. He was developing a protective feeling for the poor, sweet kid, and Muriel and Bob Downs could go to blazes. "You came and you don't like it, do you, Anita? I'm going to take you home."

"All right, if you want to," she said. "I don't care." He heard a couple of little warning sniffs and then she said, "Now don't get scared, Stannard. I'm going to cry but I'll promise to get over it quickly and be as gay as you want me to. Bend your shoulder down a little, Stannard."

HE COULD tell only by the tremors which passed through her that she was weeping; for she made no sound. After ten minutes of it he began to win monosyllabic answers to his questions and before another hour passed Gilbert had heard the whole story of Anita Forbes—or to quote Bob Downs' unkind comment when he eventually heard about it, her story as long as she stuck to it.

The details indicated a good but unpleasant family and a girls' school education, the school in Nashville and the family in Illinois. When Anita was twenty, which must have been yesterday, she ran away. Her parents had insisted she marry the fat son of the local plutocrat, and the violence of Anita's revolt took her as far as Terre Haute the first day. A forlorn and frequently stranded stock company in need of an ingénue took her the rest of the way, from Terre Haute to Texarkana and east again to Tuckahoe. She

approached that near New York without reaching it, although any number of gentlemen offered to take her there. None of them offered to send her.

In Saginaw, Michigan, by way of a convenient fire escape and to avoid becoming the love of the cave-man manager's life, she left the stock company to its precarious fate and pursued her own even more precarious one to Chicago. She was hungry there for six days until she discovered she could pose for illustrators. While she posed, the illustrators, three of them anyway, proposed. One of them proposed marriage. A published photograph and the influence of a girl friend finally brought Anita a chorus job in a New York revue.

She lost it, however, in two weeks, chiefly because she wept one night all through the Glad Rags number. Nine men waited for her at the stage door that night but they couldn't give her back her job. There were no more stage jobs, no more money, no more food. When it came down to no more food she began that lifetime of parading Spangler gowns before rows of dry-eyed buyers.

GILBERT, aware that the last part of the story, the New York part, wanted something in clearness and coherence, nevertheless was deeply moved. He kissed Anita very tenderly again just to show her that all men were not as she thought them.

It was an awkward moment for this gentle expression of his sympathy, however. When McKane and Bob Downs with the red-headed girl and the toe dancer swept down upon them, Gilbert knew they would misunderstand. A kiss was only a kiss to them. They probably never heard of a kiss of sympathy. "Here, you love birds," they shouted, "this is a party. Come on and join us. We'll restore you to each other's arms later on."

They all returned to the table. A champagne cork popped. McKane told a story which ended with: "I'd have done just as you did—" It all went on for a long time, a half hour, or maybe two hours. Through holes in the cigarette smoke he caught glimpses of that smooth, white little face and those wide-open eyes, now solemn, now smiling when they met his gaze.

Gilbert remembered that he'd offered to take her home and he found a chance to pass a roll of bills under the table to Bob Downs. "I'm leaving," he said. "Take care of my end of it, will you?"

Bob grinned. "Better save enough for cigarettes."

"Shut up," said Gilbert. "You'd suspect a winged angel." He took Anita away, ostensibly to dance, and they slipped down the stairway. "I think you and I have had enough of this. I'm going to take you home."

"Just as you wish, Stannard," she said.

Outside, waiting for a cab, he noticed her inadequate wrap, a cloth coat with an almost pathetic collar of cheap dyed fur. She had a somewhat battered suitcase also but he didn't think about that just then. He was thinking about the sort of wrap Anita would soon have—if she would accept it.

A cab drew in and he put her inside. "Where to, Anita? What address?"

Only her face showed, white in the gloomy interior of the cab. "What do you mean, Stannard? Don't you know where you live?"

They had arrived almost at Gilbert's apartment before he recovered from the

shock. What a sentimental ass he'd been! How Muriel would have laughed! And Bob! How true to form he'd run! When he'd asked to take her home, she'd simply taken it for granted that he meant his home. Why, the hard-boiled little devil had even brought her suitcase.

Well, he had started out with evil intentions, hadn't he? He ought to consider himself lucky. He did feel lucky, and excited, and relieved that he need feel no further responsibility. He ushered Anita into his apartment with all the *savoir faire* which he supposed a man with evil intentions would naturally command. "I hope you can smoke ordinary cigarettes, my dear. I'm all out of the Russian ones."

"I NEVER tried a Russian cigarette," she said, glancing uncertainly about. "It's—it's very nice here, Stannard." She allowed him to take her hat and coat and to arrange the pillows behind her on a low divan-couch. He kissed her, and after a moment she smiled, as if she'd just remembered that one ought to smile. "Yes, it's very nice, Stannard. Are you going to sit here?" He noticed that she was trembling.

"What's the matter? Are you cold? I'll ring and have Yohito bring us a little brandy."

Yohito appeared silently. Yohito, at least, was a man of the world. He placed two thimble glasses of brandy beside them without so much as the twitch of an eyebrow. That round and wrinkled little face of his was the face of an imp out of hell. Yohito should have carried a pitchfork. What he did carry, without comment or instruction, was Anita's battered suitcase into the other room. One might have imagined a slight disdain on his part toward that suitcase. One heard him in the bedroom, the soft plump of pillows, the whisk of fresh linen. Yohito may not have been Satan's pet imp but he was at least a man of the world, or a man of the world's man.

When he had disappeared in response to Gilbert's nod of dismissal, Gilbert found himself talking rather rapidly, as one does when he must think about something else. He asked Anita some more questions, about the New York part of her story, and several times he kissed her.

About the third time there was a faint warmth and rush of color as if she had felt an impulse to kiss him back. "You're really a sweet man, Stannard—if any men are sweet."

She refused the drop of brandy he poured for her. "What's the matter? Am I trembling again? Come on." She jumped up. "Aren't you going to show me the rest of your apartment?"

He followed her into the other room, puzzled. Perhaps a more experienced man would have known. The preparations for the night which that little brown demon of a Yohito had made seemed almost startling. He was glad Anita took no notice. She had gone to the foot of one of the beds where her suitcase lay spread open and ready for her. Over her shoulder he said: "Well, you have plenty of pretty things there, Anita."

She smiled back at him. "My best and only, Stannard."

"It's a regular trousseau, my dear."

Anita stiffened suddenly and the faint color left her face. She turned upon him almost angrily. "Why did you have to say that? If you'd said almost anything else—" As suddenly as her anger had come, it left. Weakness displaced it. Her knees seemed to give way. Then she collapsed limply over the open suitcase.

A faint half sigh, half moan came first and then a sob, deep sobs, not at all like her quiet weeping. Gilbert, re-

covering from his blank astonishment, saw her hands clenched into the soft pink and white of her "trousseau," her fingers groping for something. He moved the clothes aside and saw what it was. She clutched the leather-framed picture of a boy, a young man, and apparently as handsome, strong-willed and self-confident a young man as all young men should be.

His momentary feeling of distaste, at least in connection with Anita, for a young man who was so decidedly what young men should be, did not survive in his sympathy and alarm for her. When her sobbing quieted and she slipped exhausted to the floor with her forehead against the edge of the bed, he knelt down beside her. "Who is this, Anita?"

"Oh, it's just a boy." She let him take the picture. "Arthur Caulfield. You've heard of the Caulfields, haven't you? This is the boy I was supposed to marry tonight—"

"Tonight? But I don't understand—"

"Well, you see, his family objected of course, and we were going to run away. Everything was set—for tonight. This morning I gave up my job at Spangler's and my room. I was all packed. But Art didn't show up and—that red-headed girl, Thelma, did."

"And you took your little trousseau along with you to Denmore's," said Gilbert.

"I had to. There was no place to leave it. Please forgive my giving 'way like this, Stannard. It's not playing the game the way I meant to—"

"The game!" he interrupted. "We're talking about life, not games." The pieces of a picture puzzle, which was Anita, that contradiction of circumstance and character, began to fall into place: Denmore's, her luggage, her bitter impulse to hurt the boy who had failed her no matter what the consequence to herself. "Perhaps, Anita," he said, "for some good reason the boy couldn't show up."

"Couldn't?" She was scornful. "No, he backed out, that's all. He was always questioning and suspecting me anyway. Because I'd been on the stage and was a model, I suppose. He was so desperately afraid I might not be his idea of a good girl."

"But you still love this boy, don't you, Anita?"

SHE tried to meet his gaze with a denial, but before the words were out her chin sank and she said nothing.

"Of course you do." Gilbert answered for her. Then he lifted her up and led her back to the divan in the living-room. After a minute of silence, he said: "If you had a home, Anita, I could take you home. A hotel at this hour would be awkward. I think, everything considered—because all this is no longer a matter of your reputation, my dear—I think you'd better stay here. I'll go to a hotel."

She looked at him as though she didn't understand, and astonishment had not left her until, having watched his brief preparations, she saw him ready to depart at the door. Then she went across to him and put her hands up about his neck. She kissed him. "Because I never knew anyone just like you before, Stannard."

Bob Downs, pleasantly diverted next morning from the prosaic and impersonal correspondence on his desk, said, with an annoyingly knowing wink:

"What would I do, Gilbert my boy? Why, of course—I'd do just what you did—only I wouldn't—"

He got no farther. The frosted glass in the door of his private office was almost shattered by the impact. An invitation to the nether regions lingered in his ears.

(Continued on page 46)

GEORGE WHITE tells Jim Henry



GEORGE WHITE, famous producer of "The Scandals" and other musical shows, tells Jim Henry, Mennen salesman, why he likes the new Mennen Menthol-iced Shaving Cream.

"Fine for first-night nerves— those new triple-cool MENTHOL-ICED SHAVES"

PRODUCING elaborate musical shows isn't exactly the best thing in the world for one's temper. And so I try to save my nerves as much as I can. That's why I like your new Menthol-iced. It gives me a good quick shave. It's good for my disposition as well as my face. The cool tingle of the menthol is like a tonic—refreshing—bracing. Sets me up for the day."

Mennen Menthol-iced— THE YOUNG MAN'S SHAVE

Like George White, millions of men are turning to the new Mennen Menthol-iced Shaving Cream with the triple-cool lather. Triple-cool shaves suit young faces, young ideas and young standards of well-grooming.

And Menthol-iced really does something for your skin. Specialists find that it (1) tones tired facial nerves, (2) heals minute shaving abrasions, (3) protects the skin... Try this young man's shave! At any druggist!

2 TYPES OF MENNEN— with or without menthol

Mennen is the only manufacturer who makes two kinds of shaving cream. First, Mennen without menthol—for years the smooth shave standby of millions of men. Now—Menthol-iced for those who want the extra thrill of menthol—cooling. Both creams have *dermuration*—the exclusive Mennen process of softening the beard, lubricating the blade and toning the skin.

MENNEN SHAVING CREAMS

TWO KINDS—MENTHOL-ICED AND WITHOUT MENTHOL

TALC TALKS by Jim Henry

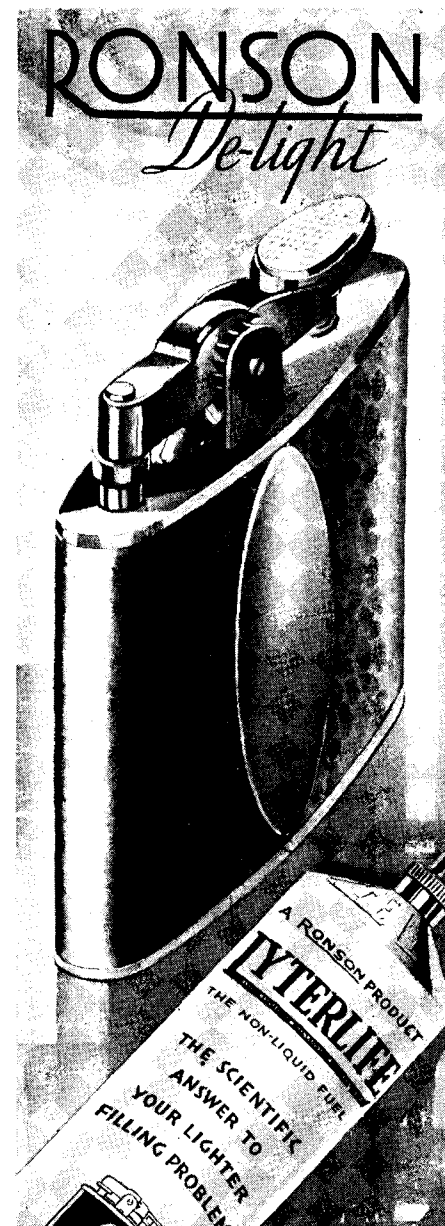


There are still a lot of he-men who think that talcum powder belongs only on feminine noses. They're all wrong. A man's skin needs talcum especially after a shave or after a bath. And I don't care how tough your hide is, brother, it needs protection against weather, before and after.

First of all Mennen for Men doesn't show. Neutral tint—that's why. It's soft, pure, slightly medicated too. Absorbs moisture and facial oils. Corrects "shiny skin." Cooling, soothing!

Big size can for a quarter—or, if you want a bargain, get the traveler's size free by buying the new Mennen After-Shave Special. Contains full 50c tube of Skin Balm with special size Talcum for Men, both for half-a-dollar. Jim Henry

THE WORLD'S GREATEST LIGHTER



BOTH RONSON the NON-STOP lighter the NON-LIQUID fuel

A Ronson always lights. And that's what you buy a lighter for. A flip and it's lit. Release—it's out. One motion. That's how Ronsons work. Various models and sizes. \$5 and upward. On sale everywhere. Write for information . . .

A new and revolutionary lighter fuel—Lyterlife, non-liquid. Comes in a tube. Handy and clean to use. Lasts six times longer than liquid fuel. 25c a tube. Art Metal Works, Inc., Aronson Square, Newark, N. J. In Canada: Dominion Art Metal Works, Ltd., 64-66 Princess St., Toronto, Ont.

Insist on genuine Ronson products
If your dealer can't supply you, write us.

A RONSON PRODUCT
LYTERLIFE
THE NON-LIQUID LIGHTER FUEL

(Continued from page 45)

Outside, Gilbert walked nine blocks in several directions while his temper cooled. He had an almost uncontrollable desire to punch Bob Downs and to strangle Muriel Devon. It is maddening to be understood by people. They took it for granted that he would go on idealizing to the end of his days. But he knew Anita Forbes was a special case. They didn't believe in special cases. Finally, since Bob had failed to come through with advice which he had absolutely counted upon, he now had to use his own judgment. And that was enough to put anybody in a temper.

His own judgment led him, after some inquiry, to another private office, downtown this time. The long ride in the subway hadn't improved his disposition and, as he remembered the pictured features of a young man who was so unpleasantly what young men should be and read the name, Arthur G. Caulfield, Jr., on the frosted glass door of the private office, he was in no mood to be diplomatic.

Arthur G. Caulfield, Jr., perfect in the rôle of the old man's son in the old man's business, sat behind his huge, empty, flat-topped mahogany desk and tried to look mature and impressive. He impressed Gilbert Stannard, however, merely with his youth and his dark good looks. He was like his picture only, if possible, more so. He was Anita's "Art." "Your card, Mr. Stannard," he said, "states that you are here on behalf of Anita Forbes. Won't you sit down? I expect you're going to tell me that you represent her legally and that you are going to sue me for breach of promise. If so—"

"Forget it," said Gilbert. "I represent nothing but a casual friend of Anita's who chances to know that you were going to run off and marry her last night. I'd like to be able to tell her why you didn't show up."

"DID she send you to ask? I don't recall her ever mentioning a friend named Stannard—although she probably knew a good many I never heard about. Oh, when it comes right down to it, Stannard, a fellow doesn't like to actually marry one of these Broadway girls."

"But Anita isn't 'one of these Broadway girls,'" said Gilbert, adding with just a dash of acid: "You, of course, are obviously rather a superlative young man or I should say she were a lot too good for you. If a girl that lovely were in love with me—"

Arthur G. Caulfield, Jr., without suspecting how near he was to being assaulted, regarded his visitor as though he could quite understand how anyone but a superlative young man might easily feel that way. "How long have you known Anita, Mr. Stannard?"

"I know her very well," said Gilbert with a certain malicious pleasure. "I think I know her much better than you do, Caulfield. I met her for the first time last night at eleven o'clock."

"Last night at eleven o'clock!" Anita's superlative young man flushed. "Where did you meet her?"

"I met her at Freddy Denmore's house in East Sixty-eighth Street."

"Denmore's, eh?" Young Caulfield jumped to his feet. His face was red as beef. "You mean to say she went there? And you expect me to marry the sort of girl who spends her nights at Denmore's?"

"Oh, she spent the night at my apartment," said Gilbert. "Now sit down, Caulfield. You might burst a blood vessel. At your age that would be deplorable. Sit down and I'll tell you why I think that you or any other superlative young man should consider himself fortunate to have the chance

to marry her. It's quite a long story and it's true as it is long."

It was long enough anyway to take the young man from Muriel Devon's farewell flirt of handkerchief to Anita's good-night kiss. There was much in it about people who were so crusted with suspicion that they wouldn't know good if they saw it. When it was over, Gilbert looked up hopefully and said: "Do you believe it? I don't claim any special credit. I feel sure, Caulfield, that in my position you would have done just what I did."

"Yes, I would," agreed that young man—"but I'd tell the truth about—"

Mr. Arthur G. Caulfield, Jr., was interrupted by a sudden and, from his point of view, unwarranted right hook to the chin and he reacted in the customary manner. His backward flight was arrested by the conveniently padded office chair. The glaze of utter bewilderment came into his eyes.


Gilbert Stannard in the meantime was too enraged to be gratified that his right hook after almost a decade of disuse was so singularly effective.

By the time he left the subway at Fifty-first Street, however, his anger had vanished, displaced by depression over his failure. He had set out de-

days that month. New York, close held in its clouds, was soft and wet and misty and splashed with the yellow of reflected lights. One spent one's whole time thinking about and discovering amusing, warm and cozy places. About the coziest of all was Gilbert's own apartment, now that it had been completely feminized. Gilbert's hotel room was not so cozy or pleasant, but one gets used to anything in time.

ONE evening a card was sent up to his hotel room, announcing that Mr. Arthur Garnsey Caulfield, Jr., would like to see him with reference to Anita Forbes. Gilbert pushed a table aside, cleared the room for action, and sent down word to show the gentleman up.

That superlative young man, however, was not belligerent in the least. Apparently he was not vengeance-bent and he quite openly offered his hand. "Accept my apology, Mr. Stannard, for the doubt with which I received your story when last we met," he said. "I know you wish only for Anita's and my happiness and that sock on the chin was enough to convince me of your sincerity. Your presence at this hotel, certain investigations of my own, and some things about Anita I learned from a



Meet—

GALLOPING PETE

An impetuous young-man-in-love who craved experience and got it by the bale—at a very fancy price, as usual.

By
**Thomas
McMorrow**

IN NEXT WEEK'S
COLLIER'S

termined to return that sweet youngster to the arms of her love. He must now return to the apartment and break her heart anew with the fact that her "Art" was out of her life forever. He must tell her that Art believed the worst and would never return.

Anita bore up amazingly well. What a little sport she was!

"Come on," she said, "don't talk about Art any more. We've got to get through luncheon and I've got to start this afternoon looking for a room and another job."

BUT it was almost a winter's evening before the luncheon dishes were taken away. It was almost time to begin thinking about what they would do that evening, and at one A. M., after their return from the theater and a moment at the Ambassador Grill, Anita locked her hands behind Gilbert's neck and kissed him good night as he once again departed for his hotel. "Plenty of time tomorrow," he said, "to find quarters for you, youngster. It's a job for a bright day."

Unfortunately there were no bright

red-headed girl who knew her, proved to me weeks ago that my suspicions wronged her. I want to make it up to her. I want to marry her."

"Well? Why don't you? What's holding you?" asked Gilbert. Somehow he failed to be as elated as he should have been.

"One reason I don't," said that splendid, handsome, vital young man, the more admirable for his present humility, "is that she won't let me. She won't even see me. I've been phoning, wiring, sending messages and pleas to her for three weeks—"

"You don't mean it! And she hasn't said a word to me about it. Why wouldn't she see you? I can't understand it."

"Because," said Anita, close to his ear that night as they stood in the apartment doorway and gave to each other what might have seemed to a practical mind a little more than was necessary for a good-night kiss—"because the world is overrun with men like him, Stannard, who are wise enough to be suspicious. I've met only one who knew enough to be blind."

Still Waters

Continued from page 15

they take his snow away from him? Longer'n you'd be, maybe, but not much."

"Hell," Jerry defied. "You're haulin' out of the Hole in the Wall tonight because a hick bull—"

So swiftly that to York the action was a blur, McGrogan stepped in and smote Jerry across the mouth. He yelped, staggered, recovered himself and crouched, his dead face working, a cut lip dribbling red. The chubby gang leader stood still, his eyes on the hand that crept inside Jerry's vest. His own were thrust into the pockets of his smooth coat.

"Pull it," he invited at last and York saw the bulge of something sharper-angled than a fist through the cloth. "Pull it, you coke-sniffin' son of a sow. Go on."

UNDER the menace of his purring voice, the hand of Jerry faltered and fell. McGrogan struck him again on his bruised mouth and launched a squalling burst of fury.

"Bad, ain'tcha?" he screeched. "Fulla hop an' cryin' for trouble, ain'tcha, eh? You snow louse, you will belch when I say something! I'll—"

He raised a hand, his jowls creased with fury. Jerry cowered, shielded his face with a crooked arm. McGrogan relaxed, sleek, impassive again save for his rapid breathing.

"Get that liquor out," he commanded. While his men carried out the remnant of the cache, Izzy considered York.

"So," McGrogan offered thoughtfully at length, "you're the guy that bumped his uncle, eh? I guess we'll take you along with us, Mister Richard York."

A man on either side half hauled, half supported Richard York through the torture of that twilight trail. Beyond the final pitch of the wood road, the pavement of the highway gleamed palely in the gathering darkness. Izzy whistled, and underbrush crackled. A squat simian shape forced itself through, an automatic pistol swinging in one paw.

"Nothing stirring, Benny?" McGrogan purred.

"He ain't showed," the other reported almost regretfully and thrust the weapon into a shoulder holster.

"Bring him along," Izzy bade York's conductors. "An' heave him in," he added as they reached the touring car parked at the roadside. York clamped his teeth against outcry and edged himself over to the far side of the tonneau. The others swarmed aboard, McGrogan plumping himself down between his prisoner and the seat's other occupant. Through his coat pocket he thrust an unyielding something against York's side.

"Now listen," he bade in his soft slurring speech as the car backed and turned. "We're going around the long way to the Hole in the Wall to keep from meeting that bull. One holler out of you and you've a hole through your gut. Get me?"

"If," York said with a wan smile, "I'd been going to holler, I'd have done it coming down the trail. You've got some very rough gentlemen working for you, McGrogan."

The gang leader looked at him suspiciously. Even in the half light, the weariness of recent agony was clear on his captive's face. Admiration, a sense of triumph and mounting excitement at thought of the work still ahead stirred McGrogan. He spoke almost considerately:

"You ain't yella, guy. I'll give you that. Act nice now an' no one'll jump

you. Listen," he added. "We blow tonight. You can ride the truck clear to New York, if you wanta."

"Thanks," York muttered equivocally. His lack of enthusiasm seemed to please the sleek little gang leader.

"You got guts, bimbo," he acknowledged.

The automobile jolted along for a time, then turned into a driveway bordered by whitewashed stones and stopped before a structure, black against the darkening sky. The sign that had once proclaimed its name was covered by a swath of white cloth, blazoned with hastily painted letters. "Closed," York read.

As the men clambered from the car McGrogan rapped:

"Gus, get at that truck. Rest of you start takin' down them stills. Jerry, help this guy into the house. Stick him in my room."

York sat, nursing his injured ankle, on the edge of an unmade bed. The squalor of the chamber, only half seen by the twilight ebbing through dusty panes, had restrained his first impulse to lie down. The air was hot and tainted, and the prisoner's nose wrinkled involuntarily as his glance strayed across the littered floor, to the incongruous spruceness of McGrogan's wardrobe, dangling from hangers against a wall, and returned to the restless figure of Jerry who shuffled on a strip of mouldy carpet, his back to the door.

"How about opening that window?" he suggested.

"Shut up," his guard retorted. "Much obliged," York replied. "Bootleggers never use water, do they?"

Jerry's snarl was overwhelmed by the reiterated peal of a telephone bell in the next room, clear through the thin wall. Presently it ceased and York heard McGrogan's silky voice offering monosyllables. After a pause it asked with a lilt of excitement: "That state cop back?"—"Keep him off me. Hear?"—"Yeh, by midnight"—"Kayo."

THE door was thrust open and McGrogan, entering, growled to Jerry, who retired. The gang leader lingered, peering through the dusk at the still figure on the bed's edge and spoke at last unwilling tribute:

"That bull, Clow's, done one good job, anyhow. He's got Meister."

"Eh?" York jerked incredulously. McGrogan's soft voice complained:

"They've nailed him for it too. Damn a break like that."

"Clow killed Meister?" the other asked, in bewilderment. "Who told you?"

McGrogan chuckled. "Ne'mind who," he replied. "I got my stool pigeon. Right under the nose of 'at tub Clow I had him. Meister's out an' Clow's out an' now we gotta blow because that damned state cop—"

He cursed the troopers in husky fury, and turned toward the door.

"We're blowin'," he offered, pausing, "we got too valuable an outfit here to risk a raid. Tomorra, guy, you'll be in little old—"

"Wait," York blundered, thinking fast, "if Clow— Leave me here when you go, McGrogan."

"Huh?" the other grunted with suspicion. York pursued:

"I'll take my chances if Clow isn't chief any longer. I'd—I'd rather fight it than run."

"Oh," McGrogan returned softly, squinting at him, "you would, eh?" His laugh was low and derisive. "You'll come with us. You know too much,

(Continued on page 48)

Remember this!!

It is the most important thing about brake lining

THERMOID IS

HYDRAULIC COMPRESSED

HYDRAULIC COMPRESSED

HYDRAULIC COMPRESSED

HYDRAULIC COMPRESSED

HYDRAULIC COMPRESSED

This means ---
SHORT STOPS-
LONG SERVICE
UNIFORM WEAR
Fewer Adjustments

Why Thermoid has met every test
That "Safety First" boosters suggest
We'll tell you in verse
At once truthful and terse—
"Thermoid's hydraulic compressed."

Thermoid
Brake Lining
Service

CONSULT A THERMOID "BRAKE-ANIC"

Thermoid

Hydraulic Compressed
BRAKE LINING
"For Short Stops and Long Service"

THERMOID RUBBER CO., *Factories and Main Offices* TRENTON, N. J.
Hydraulic Compressed—"F-M-L"—"C-A-L"—Interwoven—Brake Linings
Transmission Lining, Radiator Hose, Clutch Rings, Universal Joint Discs, Mechanical Rubber Goods

Announcing The New Bristol TORSION SHAFT

(Allan Lard Patent Pending)



THE FIRST STEEL SHAFT TO ACHIEVE THE "SWEET" CUSHIONED FEEL OF FINEST HICKORY BY ACTUALLY DUPLICATING HICKORY ACTION!

The new Bristol Torsion Shaft now makes it possible for you to own steel-shafted clubs having the exact feel of finest hickory, plus steel's proven advantages. Entirely different in principle and design, this new steel shaft represents a tremendous improvement over any steel shaft you have ever used before!

What a thrill you have in store when you first try an iron club fitted with the new Bristol Torsion Shaft! Vibration is absorbed by the shaft itself, just as in hickory, before the shock of impact has a chance to reach the hands. Hand-stinging shots are gone forever!

WRITE for a free copy of the latest "Bristolite", our newsy golf magazine, giving all details.

THE HORTON MANUFACTURING COMPANY
128-A Horton Street Bristol, Conn.

Feel the twist . . . identical in hickory and in the new Bristol Torsion Shaft . . . impossible in the old rigid steel-shafted clubs. This twist is torsion—secret of the "sweet", pliant feel of hickory and the Bristol Torsion shaft. Ask your golf "pro" or dealer. Identify this new shaft by its seam; look for the "Bristol Torsion" label.

BRISTOL
Torsion
STEEL
SHAFTS

(Continued from page 47)
Mister Richard York." He pronounced the name with a faintly jeering emphasis. "Turn yourself in for murder, eh? A fat chance."

Fifty miles away the car that bore the police chief jailward had slackened speed on a pitching downgrade at the bottom of which a long freight thundered when Clow, who had sat torpid during the ride, moved for the first time.

Beyond the crossing over which the box cars jolted, lay Altair. The panic that had smoldered in the big man for two hours burst into flame, made his leap amazingly swift and agile for one of so great a bulk.

Conway clutched vainly at a vision of flailing arms and teeth bared in a frenzied face. Clow fought him off, and as Minot and the trooper yelled together, flung a leg over the car's side. The district attorney and the fat sergeant reached for him. The head of the policeman snapped back as Clow's fist reached his jaw and the car, brake released, surged downhill and thrust itself against the moving train.

The smash of glass and metal rose in one raw burst of sound, ripped by a scream as the machine slewed, was dragged across the road and overturned in a ditch.

A brakeman screeched from the car top, but from the wreck at the roadside, for a long moment, neither movement or sound came through the slowly settling dust.

IN THE hall of her home, Desire Minot listened numbly to the rattle of Tarleton's voice at the telephone. She had dropped into the nearest chair, dazed by anxiety and the tumultuous speed with which the corporal had driven the police captain's car down from the hills toward Aristides. Its roar still lingered in her ears, confusing further her staggered mind. This had been the first telephone Tarleton could reach. They had halted before the unlighted house and he had fidgeted impatiently at her elbow while she had rung the bell vainly and then had fumbled with her latchkey. By the time she had snapped on the lights he was at the instrument.

She understood only dimly the purport of his excited speech. Fatigue had impelled her to seat herself but neither body nor mind would relax further. Her hands throbbed from their tight grip upon each other. She twisted them the more as though pain might clear her thought. That shot—and the long stretch of agony before Dick spoke—the tiny brutal voices and the shuffling feet below where she hid—the long, almost unendurable stillness before the corporal's match flared in that well of darkness beside which she crouched obedient to York's last admonition.

She wished for her father, yet accepted his absence without question. It was unbearable to sit here but her body rebelled against the impulse to rise. She regarded the straight back of the man at the telephone, envying him his strength, his decision.

"—the Hole in the Wall." His repetition of the name woke echo in her mind. The dully rasping voice had said—"hauling out of the Hole in the Wall tonight." It had stuck in her memory and had been the first thing she had told the corporal. He would stop them before they left. He would find Dick. She shrank at thought of the flagrant savagery of that shot, fired at the sound of his voice in the gloom.

Tarleton turned from the telephone. "Captain Dover's sending Cardigan and Hume but they can't reach here till after midnight. So," he shrugged, "it's up to me and the local police."

For the first time he seemed aware of the anxiety that burned in her eyes. He said clumsily:

"There's nothing to worry about, Miss Minot. Take it easy. They took your—Mr. York just to cover their trail. He'll be all right. We'll just go out and get them—and that'll be that."

"I know," she returned valiantly, and hesitated.

"When you do—see him," she said with difficulty, "will you give him a message for me? Just say that I told you—to tell him there—is a light in the window."

"A light in the window," he repeated. "Yes, I'll certainly tell him, Miss Minot. When you see your father, tell him what I—we—know. Good-by."

The radiator of the captain's automobile was spouting steam when the corporal drew up before the municipal building and ran up the steps into headquarters. At the desk, Wilgus held the telephone receiver to his ear, his dusky face still, his eyes intent slits.

"Got some men to spare?" Tarleton barked. Wilgus gave an admonishing jerk of his head, spoke briefly into the receiver and continued his taut attitude of attention.

"Listen," the trooper intruded, impatiently. "Cut it off just a minute. I—"

The captain clapped a palm over the mouthpiece. "Will you shut up?" he demanded, and said into the instrument: "Hello, Mr. Minot. I didn't get that."

Perforce, the corporal waited. Wilgus' eyes met his blankly, and across his dark face, emotion moved as an oil film stirs on a stagnant pool. After an interminable interval, he said, "Yes, sir. You can count on me, D. A. Absolutely," and restored the receiver to its hook.

"There's trouble," Tarleton snapped before he could speak. "When'll Conway be back?"

Excitement shone in the captain's faintly bleared gaze and his voice was acrimonious.

"He's in the Altair hospital with a busted shoulder. An'—"

"In Altair?" Tarleton interrupted. "In Altair—"

"I said that, didn't I?" Wilgus returned, relinquishing almost unwillingly his superior knowledge. "An' Sergeant Hook's got three busted ribs. Minot's the only one got away clean. That dirty crook Clow's gonna cheat the chair at that."

ASSUAGED by the blank astonishment on the face of his audience, he leaned back and told with acrid relish of Clow's attempted escape and the ensuing wreck. Momentarily Tarleton forgot his errand in the recital.

"He's gonna die in a hospital," Wilgus concluded, "'stead of the chair, where he's due. But the D. A. says," he added with a taint of satisfaction, "he was smashed up something horrible. Say," he ejaculated, with sudden recollection, "I thought you was bringin' in that York feller."

"I was," Tarleton admitted, "I—"

"Didn't get away from you too, did he?" Wilgus jeered with an evil snicker. "You said you was gonna—"

"I know where he is," the corporal said slowly and it seemed to him that the captain's congested visage grew suddenly a shade paler. "I've got to have help from you, Captain."

Wilgus stirred and regarded the trooper with hooded eyes.

"Have, eh?" he jeered.

"Know the Hole in the Wall?" Tarleton demanded. Wilgus inhaled with a throaty sound and for a moment stared at the gray-uniformed figure in lurking uneasiness.

"Sure," he admitted with a trace of defiance.

"He's there," Tarleton revealed. The police captain gave a yelping, derisive laugh.

"I hope he enjoys himself," he returned. "I ain't interested. You been chasin' the wrong man, sonny."

"Well," the corporal challenged the other's tantalizing reticence at length, "spill it. Who's the right man?"

Wilgus rubbed his flabby body about in his chair with a gleeful, wallowing motion.

"Clow," he confided with a leer. "Clow done it. He's confessed to the D. A. Him an' Meister was in a rum-running racket together. They was haulin' liquor outa Adrian's place when the old man butted in. They thought he was a hijacker an' both cut loose. Clow says he thinks 'twas Meister who hit him, but I'd bet 'twas him, himself. This department ain't interested in Richard York."

His ghoulish satisfaction angered Tarleton. He flung into the gleeful face:

"Or in rum-running either, eh, Wilgus?" It at once comforted and disturbed him to see the smirk vanish.

"Now what the hell do you mean by that?" the police captain retorted with carefully regulated bluster. The covert wariness in his tone checked Tarleton.

"I'll tell you later, maybe," he said over his shoulder, moving toward the jail corridor. "I want to talk to Skeen."

THE police captain sat motionless an instant, listening. Then cautiously, he thrust back his chair and rose.

In the pale dribble of light from a ceiling bulb, William Skeen sat on the edge of a dirty cot. Through the grimed hands on which his head rested, gray hair protruded, and Tarleton recalling its black luster felt pity stir. He cleared his throat. The beaten figure on the cot's edge did not move.

"Bill?" the corporal faltered. At his voice the prisoner looked up and the overhead light dealt cruelly with his sagging face. It twitched and gave a faded smile.

"Well," said Skeen and there was a hollow sound of mockery in his tired voice, "if it isn't Corporal John Tarleton of the gallopin' state police."

"Your mob, Bill," Tarleton said, "is on the skids."

Only a flicker of interest crossed the ravaged face Skeen raised. He hesitated and shook his head.

"Mob?" he echoed, "I don't know any mob, Johnny. I'm just a lousy truck driver."

"I know your mob. I know their hangout. I'm going to get them, tonight," the corporal insisted. He saw Skeen's eyes focus an instant. Slantwise, he regarded the trim, uniformed figure beyond the steel bars, rubbed his nose and spoke:

"You make a snappy-looking trooper, Johnny," he offered. "I always knew you would."

With an effort, Tarleton drove ahead. "McGrogan," he threatened, "and Izzy McGrogan's gang are all going to be behind bars in two hours from now, Bill. You know where that'll leave you?"

The ghost of Top Sergeant Skeen's debonair smile disturbed the corporal. Into the prisoner's voice crept a morbid humor.

"You can't put me in two jails, Johnny," he retorted, and rubbed his twitching nose again.

"Bill," Tarleton proposed, "you know a lot. Come through."

"I don't know anything," Skeen recited.

"No," the other retorted, his jeer hiding compassion he dared not show. "You knew this York lad didn't kill his uncle; you knew—"

"I didn't know," the prisoner returned, dully. "I just guessed that the shots I heard—"

"Clow's confessed he did it," Tarle-

ton revealed in the hope of spurring on the stalled voice. Skeen blinked.

"I made a good guess," he commented and said no more. The corporal plunged ahead:

"Meister and Clow were fighting your gang. I know that now as well as you do. You've got other dope I need—who they are, how many of them and how we can handle them best. Come through, Bill."

The other hesitated a second and then shook his head with sharp decision. When he spoke, his voice was alive, earnest, with an echo of homesickness:

"Johnny, who's riding old Homer now?"

"Lieutenant Delaney," the other responded involuntarily and resumed his persuasion. "Bill, you're in this up to your neck. If you'll—"

"Delaney, eh?" Skeen mused aloud, apparently deaf. "And a lieutenant? Delaney had hard hands and Homer's mouth was always tender as—"

"I'm trying to help you, Bill," the corporal interrupted angrily.

"Help me?" Skeen echoed and his face twisted in acknowledgment of a bitter jest. "How long you been a corporal, Johnny?"

"Have it your own way," Tarleton surrendered. "You're one of McGrogan's gang—a rum-runner, and I know it."

"I'm a truck driver," the other said stubbornly, "and what the truck carries is nobody's business—not even mine. I heard that Sam Peabody has been made a corporal too."

"IF YOU'RE so damned interested in the service," the trooper said in desperation, "you might—come across, Bill. I'm offering you an out. We'll raid that dump, the Hole in the Wall—didn't think I knew it, did you?—before midnight. You're only killing your own chances, Bill."

For a moment Skeen looked about the dim confines of the cell with a hunted expression that raised Tarleton's hope. Then he shook his head.

"I'm a bum," he confessed shamelessly. "I'm a souse. I'm a—let that go. But I'm not a rat yet, thanks just as much, Johnny."

He paused and his face twitched. "Besides," he went on slowly, "think how it'll tickle Lieutenant Daggett to see me in jail and—"

"Daggett's been out over a year," Tarleton cut in. "The major canned him."

"Did he?" the other asked and for a minute stared at the ceiling light. He shrugged and his laugh was like a splintering board.

"Well," he surrendered, "you gotta hand it to life, Johnny. Always some pretty little joke up its sleeve, eh? You were a rookie and I was top and—here we are."

The passive voice broke the corporal's failing patience.

"And here you'll stay, a long time," he rapped. "That Hole in the Wall gang's pulling out tonight. I'm stopping them."

"You and who else?" Skeen asked gravely.

"Me, if I can't get more help," Tarleton retorted. A shudder ran through Skeen's lax body. He rubbed his tormented nose.

"You want me to squeal?" he said at length. "All right. I'll tell you this much. Don't, Johnny. You're not enough, good as you are."

"Yes?" Tarleton scoffed. "I don't bluff that easy, Bill."

"I'm telling you," Skeen insisted with the vigor of sudden anxiety. "Don't try it. You can't handle those bozos solo. You don't know 'em. I do."

"What's the idea of that steer?" the corporal asked more gently. Skeen's

shrug was convulsive. He considered the trooper with tormented eyes and said at last with a ring of wistfulness in his voice:

"I don't know, Johnny. I was a top sergeant once. And a good one," he added with feeble defiance. "Once you've worn the uniform, the stain sticks to you. It's a good steer, Johnny. Take it."

He subsided into apologetic mumbblings and wiped his twitching face. Tarleton considered this ruin of a man, squatting in unconcealed misery on the cot's edge and ventured at last:

"Bill, I'm going to stop that truck at the crossroads. Your mob's making a getaway. I don't dare wait till Cardigan's patrol gets here. How many of them are there? If you're on the level about that tip, come clean the rest of the way."

His urgent voice seemed to exert an obscure strain upon Skeen. He gulped, twisted, shrieked with the stridor of breaking nerves, "Go to hell, damn you!" and flung himself face down on the cot. It squeaked rhythmically beneath his shaking body.

Stiff with anger, Tarleton tramped down the jail corridor, not heeding the faint delaying cry Skeen sent after him, and kicked wide the half-open door. It banged against the wall so violently that Wilgus, standing in the center of the room, flinched and gasped.

"Gawd," he crowed. "I thought 'twas a jail break." He observed the angry corporal with a careful composure.

"Get anything?"

"Nothing I didn't know," Tarleton snarled, and after scowling thoughtfully an instant shot at the captain: "How many men can you spare me?"

Wilgus hesitated. His eyes strayed from the trooper's face and glanced uneasily about the room.

"Spare," he echoed at length. "We ain't got none to spare, and that's a fact."

"Listen," the corporal urged, "I know where McGrogan and his mob are holed. You've heard of McGrogan."

"Mebby," Wilgus admitted stolidly.

"He and his gang," Tarleton pursued, "are beating it tonight. Soon. I've got to stop 'em and I want help. I'm going to raid the Hole in the Wall."

The captain's dark face was stagnant.

"The Hole in the Wall," he offered at length, "ain't in the city limits, Tarleton."

The corporal stared, anger rekindling. "You mean," he asked tensely, "that you'll let this gang get away clean and not raise a finger—"

WILGUS' tone was sodden with obstinacy. "I mean," he echoed, "that I ain't got a man to spare. Clow's out, Hook's in the hospital," he pursued, warming to his subject. "I got to run this department short-handed as 'tis. Think I'm gonna send the men I got goose-chasing all over the county? No, sir!"

"But it's McGrogan's mob," Tarleton begged, quelling his temper momentarily. "They'll get away clean if—"

"Run your own territory an' I'll run mine," Wilgus interposed woodenly. "Let 'em go, I say, an' good riddance."

In Tarleton's rigid face his eyes were fixed and bright. He bit off his words savagely—

"You yellow, time-serving rat. You—"

Wilgus' smile was ghastly. He invited:

"Use all the language you want, sonny. And then get outa here. I'm busy."

The trooper wheeled and departed, slamming the door. The police captain stood, listening intently until he heard the cough and sputter of the motorcycle. Then he leaped like a striking spider to the telephone.

(To be concluded next week)



So crisp it crackles out loud!

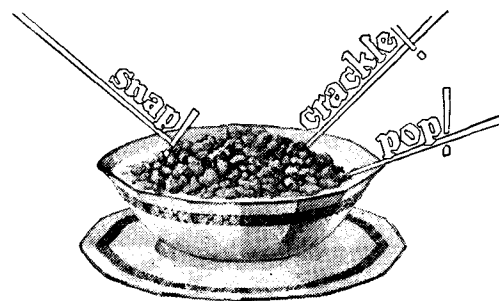
YOUR own ears will tell you how good Rice Krispies are before you even taste them. Those crisp rice bubbles just pop and crackle when you pour on the milk or cream!

And what a flavor! That toasted rice flavor—makes your spoon get busy!

Serve Rice Krispies for breakfast. Enjoy them for lunch with fruits or honey. And because they are so nourishing and easy to digest, they are ideal for the kiddies' supper.

Try them in soups. Make crunchy macaroons and candies. Eat them plain or butter and serve like pop corn. They're delicious dozens of ways.

Get a red-and-green package from your dealer today. Oven-fresh and tasty! Made by Kellogg in Battle Creek.



Kellogg's RICE KRISPIES





Aug 23 to Sept 7

51st Anniversary of the world's largest annual exposition. The show window of nations celebrating EMPIRE YEAR with an inspiring 14-day continuous program. Exhibits from every clime. Inspiring music daily by the Goldman and other famous Bands; 4 concerts by the renowned 2,000-voice Exhibition Chorus; Thaviu's Band and operatic ensemble—gigantic program of land and water sports headed by the world's premier sport spectacle, the

FOURTH WRIGLEY MARATHON SWIM

in two events—Friday, Aug. 23 and Wednesday, Aug. 28, for \$50,000 cash prizes and world championship laurels; U. S. vs. Canada in yachting, Outboard Motor Boat Racing and track athletics. Colossal military and naval presentation every evening by hundreds of performers on the world's largest stage; supreme display of horsemanship by the N. Y. State Troopers (by permission U. S. War Dep't.); \$125,000 Agricultural Prize List—First viewing of 1930 motor models in the new \$1,000,000 Automotive Building. National Aircraft Show, Carnival of the Clouds, and feature after feature during the entire two weeks of the Canadian National Exhibition. Arrange your vacation to be in Toronto, Canada, the last week of August and the first week of September.

Perfect highways. Reduced steamship and railroad rates. Ample accommodations. Send the coupon now for pictorial booklets and official free road map.



THOMAS BRADSHAW,
President
H. W. WATERS,
General Manager

Department of Publicity,
Canadian National Exhibition,
Toronto 2, Ontario, Canada.

Please send me free road map and booklets describing the Canadian National Exhibition.

Name.....

Address.....

C.

Twice in the Same Place

Continued from page 26

drunkard with it. Poor weakling, he was hurled a great distance and they found him in a field.

"Who's that?" demanded one of Peek's audience, pointing to a second figure lying near the defunct toper.

"That," said Peek, "is a farmer who took to the safest place within reach, the middle of a flat, treeless field. He flopped on his face and achieved thereby something very close to immunity. Had he stood up in the middle of the field, far from trees, he would have been safe enough. Not more than one chance in a hundred million of his being struck. But by lying down he multiplied his immunity by sixteen."

Comfort for the Suburbanite

A third attack upon the village ruined an isolated house which had stood in a grove upon a hilltop.

"A lightning rod properly placed and of right height might have saved it," said Peek, "although that's not a certainty. At least a rod would have gathered much of it in and conducted it harmlessly to the ground. However, I've been surprised that the other bolts didn't find that house which, being on a hilltop and therefore nearer the clouds than the rest of the village, is the most exposed of locations."

We pause to reassure the suburbanite who lives in a hilltop home surrounded by trees. Such a residence doesn't necessarily demand a lightning rod. It may not be in the path of storms. Many houses may have what amount to protective appurtenances, being equipped with plumbing and probably thoroughly wired for electric lighting. Lightning can strike such a house—possibly the chimney—and do no more harm than to dislodge a brick or two.

That attacked chimney of your suburban home, Peek shows us, is a poor conductor at best. Near by is the soil pipe poking its iron snout through the roof. Or not far away are the electric-wiring connections. Your lightning, forever a seeker after the easiest way—the path of least resistance—will leap to the soil pipe or the electric wiring and speed into the earth.

Also, your suburb of today is quite likely to contain a few apartment houses or a school or two and almost always these edifices will be of steel-frame construction—the suburb's lightning rods. Therefore, unless you are one of those who refuse to be happy unless worried, there is no reasonable excuse for your apprehension in electrical storms.

Peek's condenser-clouds were centered next upon that group of iron men who, we have presumed, were gathered together to discuss debentures. So absorbed are they that they are unmindful that the storm is upon them.

The bolt enters their confabulation, speaking at once the final word. Although the iron farmers had not been standing so closely bunched that the overthrow of one meant the fall of others, ten-pin-like, the entire gathering was prostrated. Several of the victims were undoubtedly dead.

"That one," I observed, "was about the most powerful bolt you've shown us. So many victims."

"Not necessarily," said Peek. "In fact it may have been just the reverse. Lightning has human characteristics. It is easy to predict what the average bolt will do under given conditions, but one can never be certain of the individual bolt when one has no definite knowledge of the conditions."

Then someone remembered that he had seen a somewhat similar disaster and went on, as if to astonish us, to tell of the left shoe being knocked off of one man and the right shoe off of another. He did not say that the shoe laces weren't even broken, for which we were grateful.

But that matter of the shoes was easily explained. You are struck by a bolt of intense heat, so intense that it instantly causes an expansion in the air space in the shoe. Thus the shoe is exploded off. The explosion might have torn both shoes off had it coursed down both legs, but lightning is usually a single-track traveler. A similar phenomenon takes place when wood is split by lightning. A tiny streak of wood is converted into gas under great pressure.

And that you might have a fuller comprehension of the magnitude of a single bolt of lightning keep this in mind: It represents a minimum voltage of one hundred million volts, a current of one hundred thousand amperes, four kilowatt hours of energy and a thousand billion horse power. Take that with the fact—the scientifically measured fact—that the time consumed by such a bolt in its course is a few millionths of a second at its slowest and you have something to feed your imagination on.

Now let us proceed with our laboratory demonstration. We move the clouds—the condensers—over the oil-tank farm. (A group of raw-oil reservoirs is known as a farm.) Here we have an opportunity to let lightning rods show off. Not however until we let the lightning play on the unprotected tank.

These miniature tanks are built to scale. The full-size reservoir is either circular or oval, in the former instance frequently 500 feet in diameter and in the latter 600 by 1,200 feet. Usually they are about thirty feet deep. Their capacities vary from 700,000 barrels to 3,000,000 barrels.

Safeguarding Oil

The safest repository for this oil is an all-metal tank but the cost of such containers is frequently prohibitive and concrete basins are commonest.

The first stroke of lightning hits near the center of the model tank. The second smashes the rim. Either shot would have started a conflagration which would have achieved the first pages of all the alert newspapers. At least ten million dollars' worth of oil would have gone on that farm.

But now three tall lightning rods are erected about the tank which, in this instance, is circular. Each rod or tower is the same distance from the center of the surface of the oil. Now play your lightning. One, two, three, four bolts. The tank is not disturbed. Oddly enough neither is the ground in the immediate vicinity.

In this manner the city sky-scraper, itself a huge lightning rod, affords protection to objects within a radius usually from two to four times its height. Here in the city we have what amounts to row after row of lightning rods, each sheltering its neighbor.

These laboratory experiments were borne out in a natural electrical storm over New York last August when the New York World building was struck, Mr. Peek explained. Had this building, which is approximately 350 feet high, been 200 feet nearer the Woolworth building so as to come totally within its protective cone this flash would undoubtedly have hit the Wool-

worth tower or some building at a greater distance, outside the area protected by it.

Mr. Peek produced a diagram of the skyline of lower Manhattan, showing the protected space around the Woolworth building to be within a cone, the point being at the top of the tower and its area a circle with a radius of 1,100 feet from the center of the base of the building. The New York World building, 900 feet from the Woolworth building, came within the protected cone, except for its dome, which extended about 100 feet outside. This, Mr. Peek said, was undoubtedly the reason it was struck.

And thus we explain, to those who are constantly marveling, why the city isn't the victim of the lightning as the farm hamlet is. Lightning dances along the city's skyline, a gorgeous picture, yet it seldom disturbs a tile. The steel frame is the best of rods.

Drafts are Harmless

"In fact," said Peek, "the safest place you can be in an electrical storm is in the steel-frame office building. Sit there in your office and gaze through your window at the beauty without."

"Even sit at the open window?" asked somebody. "In a draft?"

"If you choose," replied Peek. "Sit in the draft in the office building or in the farmhouse. It makes no difference in your chances of being hit. The draft has nothing to do with the direction lightning takes. Consider this: That flash of lightning from a cloud a thousand feet above the ground consumes about one millionth of a second to reach the earth whereas your best draft travels at a rate of a few miles an hour. Lightning isn't to be influenced by anything as poky as a draft."

"But if you are not in the city," was the next question. "Where, aside from the center of a treeless field, is the safest place? Out on the farm, for example?"

"Well," he replied, "I wouldn't advise lying out in the field in the rain. Personally I wouldn't do it. You would be as safe as you have any right to expect to be if you merely go into the house and sit down. Particularly if the house is equipped with a lightning rod. Even if it isn't so defended there is very little to be wrought up about as the probability of the house being struck is not great unless it is directly under the storm center. However, it would be well to keep away from chimneys and electric or other wires coming in from the outside."

"But would you advise a lightning rod?" I asked Mr. Peek.

"Yes," he replied. "Why not? The lightning rod is of real value in preventing or limiting damage when the building is struck. When lightning strikes the unprotected roof, or the chimney, the resistance is high and it may cause damage and explosive effects. When a rod is used the lightning is given rapid and unobstructed passage to the ground."

Field observations of natural lightning build a fascinating background for the laboratory tests. For example, to supply the world with its daily lightning would require the present developed power of Niagara operated continuously. Simplified, that means that there are visible from this earth three hundred thousand lightning strokes every hour of every day. If the total energy of these strokes were combined at the computed four kilowatt hours per

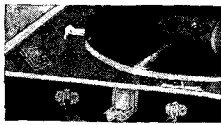


TAKE MUSIC WITH YOU this amazing Portable Victrola only \$35⁰⁰ List Price



After the first thrill of the trip has worn off, let music cast its spell over you . . . music golden and joyous . . . music that will transport you thousands of miles from dull monotony. Here's a Victrola that will do it . . . a portable Victrola . . . the finest portable that Victor ever built . . . at a sensationally low price—listing for only \$35. Its Orthophonic-type sound box gives you tone reproduction such as you can get from no other portable. Records stop automatically after playing—special winding feature makes it easy to wind anywhere. Carries 10 Victor records. Handy as an overnight bag . . . indestructible . . . smartly designed . . . ideal for small apartments . . . a Victrola as beautiful to behold as it is to listen to!

Victor Automatic Brake: The portable Victrola turns itself off after each record is played. The only portable that does!



Portable Victrola



VICTROLA NO. 2-55
LIST PRICE \$35

stroke they would represent 1,200,000 kilowatt hours per hour.

The great majority of these flashes occur in warmer temperatures, the arctic and antarctic regions being practically innocent of lightning. The reason (which sets forth why we have electrical storms in summer rather than in winter) is found in the insistence of the sun's warmth refracted from the earth to rise and carry to the skies the electricity stored in the atmosphere's moisture.

To clarify that we must analyze an electrical storm—expose its origin.

Lightning begins with a microscopic particle of moisture. A great number of these particles unite. In time a raindrop is formed. The falling raindrop is from one tenth to one fifth of an inch in diameter.

A Giant Condenser

Now there are two kinds of electricity—positive and negative. That raindrop at first contains equal amounts of both and is neutral. During a thunderstorm there are always upward air currents which break up the unstable, large raindrops. When a drop is broken by an air jet it retains an excess of positive electricity. The negative electricity is absorbed into the air.

Thus both the drops and the air are charged. The fragments of the broken drops are flung upward again by the rising air currents. Again, high above the earth, they unite. And once more they fall as drops only to be disintegrated all over again by the air currents and clouds are formed.

This process continues. Those drops which reach the ground carry positive electricity to the earth. The air continues to carry negative electricity to the clouds. These opposite charges attract each other and struggle to reunite. Electric pressure—voltage—is created.

The air we walk about in is nature's insulation. It exists between cloud and cloud and between cloud and earth. Presently one of these highly charged clouds attains such a voltage that it breaks down the insulation between itself and a passing cloud, or, having sagged low enough because of the tremendous weight of its moisture, between itself and the earth.

There is a flash—a short circuiting.

Lightning. The charges have united again. If that discharge of lightning or electricity is heavy enough the emitting cloud will have equalized itself to its surroundings and it does not discharge again until it has recharged. But frequently there is a second, a third, or a fourth discharge before stability is regained.

It is interesting thus to speculate upon the total voltage that a cloud may represent if, as we know, a single bolt represents upwards of two hundred million volts.

The lightning's flash is apparent in three forms. You see either forked lightning, sheet lightning or chain lightning. The first is a zig-zag flash which splits before reaching its objective. Sheet lightning is the glare you see from a flash below the horizon or at a great distance from the observer.

"You forget ball lightning," said one of Peek's audience. "The kind that rolls along the wires or along the window sills or the ridge pole."

"It is not certain that ball lightning is a reality," replied the engineer. "It is probably an optical illusion."

And that inaugurated a general assault upon popular beliefs about lightning. Some of our oldest legends were laid low.

For example, it is just so much wasted energy to bury yourself beneath a feather-bed during a lightning exhibition. You will be much more comfortable and just as secure if you sit at the window where you will be able to enjoy one of nature's grandest shows.

Don't hide in a closet. You may be then in the most dangerous position your house affords. Frequently the walls of the closet contain vertical iron plumbing pipes or wires. To stand between such virile conductors is to invite the fate of him who would jump between a pair of head-on locomotives. The chance that either will be charged or that the electricity will leap from one to the other may be remote; still why stand between them when there are so many safer and better-ventilated spots in the house?

Lie down if you must, but while your vulnerability is reduced sixteen times under what it will be if you are standing erect your chances of being struck while standing are so small that to reduce the ratio is really unnecessary.

She Dupes to Conquer

Continued from page 11

tripped down to the water to swim out to the float, but that was as far as they dared go till one day Lily got a break. Getting friendly with them noted violet and infra red rays on the beach, I happened to gaze out toward the diving raft and I seen a young husky pulling my pretty sister-in-law aboard. I nudged Alice and pointed out the romantic picture to her and without a word she goes in the house to tell the cook we'll have company for dinner.

Lily's latest prey, gentle readers, was a nice-looking youth answering politely to the name of George Milton. He come factory-equipped with horn-rimmed cheaters, wore a serious air and no hat and had little to say beyond agreeing with everything we said. One of them strong, silent babies, get me? He did confess that he'd rented a little bungalow near the beach for the humidity epidemic, assembled his own meals and commuted every day to town.

After dinner Lily drags Mr. Milton off to a squawkie and he brung her back safe, sound and giggling around eleven o'clock and fled without coming in to bid the rest of us sweet dreams.

"Well, gang, what do you think of him?" Lily greets us.

"He appears to be a very nice chap," remarks Alex. "Did he mention his income?"

"Listen!" snaps Lily. "The next time he comes around you can ask him all that yourself."

"I fully intend to," returns Alex calmly. "We can't be too careful where you are concerned."

"Horse-feathers!" smiles Lily and blowing us all a kiss she skips away to the pillows.

So much for that.

THE very next eve we're all out in the motorboat when a squall comes up and blows us all over the place in a stinging downpour of rain. Both the shower and our engine stopped at the same identical time and there we're stuck in the choppy waves two hundred yards from shore with the motor as dead as mah jong. Not so forty!

Me and Alex was both running a fever with the femmes giving us the usual back-seat advice, when we seen a guy

(Continued on page 52)

Where Rayon Goes



MAKERS of rayon yarn as well as every manufacturer who touches the textile industry have an interest in the survey just completed showing takings of rayon yarns by southern mills.

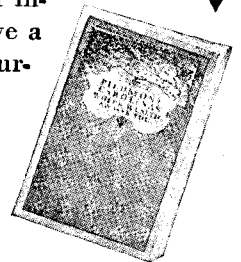
Of over 24,800,000 pounds of rayon used in all southern mills, over 18,000,000 are used within a radius of 150 miles of the heart of Piedmont Carolinas—a circle that just reaches to both extremities of that active textile region.

Since over 72% of all the rayon used in the South goes to Piedmont Carolinas' mills, less than 28% is used outside that section. That tells its own story of the development here of hosiery mills, underwear manufacture and the making of fancies and fine goods.

A Hungry Market

Makers of all kinds of goods find here the explanation of active sales in Piedmont Carolinas. Textile workers in the lines listed above make "good money" and buy heavily the things they want.

FACTS—do you want them? Send for this book. Address Industrial Department, Room 329, Mercantile Bldg., Charlotte, N. C. Your inquiry will receive a prompt and courteous answer.



DUKE POWER COMPANY

SOUTHERN PUBLIC UTILITIES COMPANY
AND OTHER ALLIED INTERESTS



MEN WHO COMMAND ATTENTION

SUCCESS is written all over some men—in their poise, in their clothes, in their fresh-shaven faces. They know how important the little points like shaving are. Invariably, they choose Squibb's Shaving Cream.

Try Squibb's yourself. Notice how it makes the razor swing easily along. How smoothly the blade slides into out-of-the-way nooks, zipping every hair with clean-cutting precision! The last stroke leaves you with a smooth, braced-up face that keeps trim and fit all day long.

Stop in any drug store and buy Squibb's Shaving Cream. The price is very reasonable, 40c for a large-size tube.

A SHAVING CREAM By SQUIBB



©1929 by E. R. Squibb & Sons

(Continued from page 51)
in a bathing suit pulling toward us in a rowboat.

"It's George!" cries Lily, clapping her hands. "And I'm afraid we're saved. Isn't it fearfully romantic? I'll put the whole thing right in my book!"

George it was, sure enough, and he quickly oared alongside, tied a rope to our stern and climbed aboard. He said he'd watched us from the shore during the storm and when we didn't put in for shelter he figured we needed help, so here he was. Fixing motorboats was right in his sun parlor, what I mean. He squirted a little oil here and there, cleaned the carburetor like a expert, filled it with gas and give the wheel a businesslike jerk. The motor immediately chug-chugged snappily.

"THANKS a million, old man," says Alex. "Lord knows *where* we might have drifted if you hadn't happened along. You seem quite at home with these engines."

"Oh, not particularly," George grins bashfully. "I'm sort of jack of all trades and master of none."

"Aha!" murmurs Alex thoughtfully, seeing before him legitimate game. "But you have a—ah—profession?"

"I suppose so," our hero sighs. "That is, I took my degree in law at college and I'm now a kind of glorified messenger boy for a big legal firm in New York. My salary is as scant as my opportunities and my liking for my profession less than either. To be frank, I loathe it!"

"Then why under the sun did you waste your time at college becoming a lawyer?" demands Alex.

"I had no choice," declares Georgie. "Both my parents died when I was quite young and a wealthy uncle of mine undertook my support with the proviso that I study law and thus follow in the footsteps of himself, my father and most of the males in my family. Well, I wanted an education, so I accepted my uncle's rather arbitrary terms, dutifully grinding away for the necessary years at a subject that was exceedingly distasteful to me. Upon my graduation, Uncle obtained my present connection for me, withdrawing his financial assistance, and being skilled at nothing else I've since been earning my bread at this infernal profession."

"A sad story, but by no means a new one!" exclaims Alex, shaking his head. "Our universities are teeming with young men squandering the precious formative years of their life by mechanically cramming their heads with subjects that merely irritate them. They're mostly interested in making hey-hey while the moon shines, in attaining the football team, the crew, and glee club or the ultra fraternity, when they might be making their way in the world and laying the foundation of their future life work. Well, no matter, young man, you're confessedly miscast as an attorney—well, what is your choice of vocations?"

But for the moment, my following, said young man's in an open-mouthed trance. Them torrid go-getter blasts of Alex's generally stupefy the helpless victim on the first application. At last, however, Lily's prompting cough brings George to life.

"Why—eh—why, I'll tell you, Mr. Hanley," he stammers. "The study of soil and rocks has fascinated me ever since I was a child. I've the darnedest collection of specimens in my room that you ever saw. I usually roam the countryside in my spare time, studying odd formations of earth crust. I—I suppose all this sounds vastly idiotic to you, but it's my only hobby."

"Hobby?" bellers our loud-speaker. "It should be your *profession* and that at once. You're not a lawyer, you're

a geologist—at least, I'm going to *make* you one forthwith!"

"Leave this be a warning to you, young-feller-me-lad," I says to the now dumbfounded George. "The next time you see a strange motorboat in distress, pass it up."

"The idea!" exclaims Lily. "Well, it's lucky for him he cuddled up to *this* one. A few moments ago he was only a lawyer and now he's a Big Rock and Soil Man, heh, heh!"

The freshly made geologist stares at us like he fears him he's being gave a royal push-around by some ingrates he just rescued from being rocked in the cradle of the deep and not by Joan Lowell, either.

"I—eh—really, this is too much," he blushes. "I thank you all for your flattering interest in my future, but I'm afraid you misunderstood my enthusiasm for what is merely a pet diversion of mine. You see—"

"I see that you're wonderful material for your new profession!" Alex coldly cuts him off. "Study all the books dealing with your *métier* that you can lay your hands on, attend lectures and enroll in the night classes at Columbia, for instance, and assiduously continue your explorations among the rocks and—eh—rills. By hook or crook obtain the knowledge you cheated yourself out of at college."

"Hurrah—three cheers for Alex, George and Geology!" yells the pretty ladies.

"By jove, I'll go you!" busts out the patient, hopped to the ears by Alex's fusillade of hoy. "I've a very good working knowledge of geology as it is and I'll proceed to supplement it without delay. I'll buckle down in earnest—there are splendid opportunities in my calling with mining corporations and so forth. I've been a day-dreaming fool, but now I'm awake. Law—pah!"

Well, boys and girls, egged on by Alex, Mr. George Milton tied into this geology thing with what I've often heard called a vim. His tempter plied him almost daily with huge volumes on the subject, buying 'em up wherever he could find 'em and personally seeing that George crashed an evening class at Columbia. On top of that, Alex collected samples of rock and dirt here and there and had his boy friend analyze 'em and they had the ground dug up around his bungalow till the natives got the idea they was looking for buried treasure and the cops made 'em quit on account of the crowds of guessers which collected daily.

The girls was all heated up about matters too and scurried up and down the beach to get strange rocks for Georgie to ponder over. I couldn't see no difference between 'em—what the Hades, a rock's a rock! No kidding, it was a yell. I was positive Monsieur Milton was a sap for the ages and if I didn't know Alex I'd of thought he was cuckoo. Being acquainted with him, I *knew* he was!

THEN one fine day Lily trips home all excited with a strange and mysterious case she'd been gave to investigate by her detective-agency boss. It sounded to me like a run-of-the-mill movie scenario and as Lily was still broke out with writer's rash I was a bit leary of her anecdote. This bed-time story went like thus—stop me if you heard it:

According to my accomplished sister-in-law, a middle-aged client of her agency named Walter Nelson and his only brother Ray hated each other's ears. Many years before they'd both lived with their brutally rich cousin on a farm near Salamanca, New York, a thriving hamlet of some ten thousand souls, and, I suppose, the usual number of heels. Now it seems Mr. Cousin was a eighty-six-carat miser which

thought banks was still too new a experiment to trust with his doubloons so he hoarded 'em somewhere about the farm, but he wasn't umpchay enough to tip off the two brothers where he'd stashed his pile. Well, Walter, the brother which Lily was fronting for got fed up with the cows and chickens and his miserly cousin, so he lammed, striking out to make his own fortune after bawling out his brother Ray for hanging around the dump like a buzzard waiting for the old geek to kiss off. They'd parted like a couple of preliminary boys breaking from a clinch.

About a year after Walter took off, his wealthy cousin fell head over heels over the side of a mountain for no reason whatsoever and immediately become a cadaver. His will was as queer as his habits, for he left farm and land to Ray and to Walter nothing but a map of the farm with some odd crosses marked on it. They wasn't a single, solitary word mentioned about the important jack both brothers knew he had. However, the brothers went in conference and not being crack pots they promptly figured that Walter's map showed where the money was buried on Ray's farm. This answer should of wound matters up, but they never could get together on how to divide the loot once they found it. Instead, after a series of battles they separated with the treasure untouched and that's the way it stood till a week ago, when Ray sold the farm to Walter for fifty thousand bucks and agreed to leave Walt excavate for the gold, with a clear title to all he uncovered.

NOW, waiting for Ray to move, Walter was satisfied he'd been foxed in some way by his loving brother and he wished he hadn't been so hasty in putting that fifty grand on the line for a pig in a poke. He also had a strong suspicion that the charming Ray had something to do with his cousin's sad demise, as his brother was with their unfortunate relative the day he took the nose dive off the mountain. Ray was always riding the gold-plated cousin for not staking him and many's the time had secretly ransacked the farm looking for the hidden dough. Once they were hunting ducks and a charge from Ray's shotgun almost blew dear cousin to pieces. This went for a wild pitch, but Walter and the target thought different. So now, Walter had hired Lily to go up to Salamanca and look over the situation, act dumb, interview Ray and try and get a rough idea of why he'd finally sold the farm when he knew they was a fortune buried on it.

Lily spent a week on the scene, tots, and then come back as full of news as the sporting final.

"Heavens, what a desolate place!" she says. "Honestly, I wouldn't live there on a bet. Well, I saw this Ray person and he's no bargain. I don't like him—he's—he's— Oh, I don't know, he just made me shiver! I think he uses some sort of drug. I had no trouble whatever getting him to talk, the hard part was trying to make him stop. I pretended to be interested in buying the place and he told me he'd just sold it at a very fine profit. When he said that he grinned and rubbed his hands together in a horrible fashion. Ugh, I can see him now—like an ugly old spider!"

"You shouldn't go to those places alone, Lily," exclaims Alice. "Suppose—"

"Pardon you—I wasn't alone," cuts in Lily, coolly. "I had a perfectly good automatic with me and I don't scream when one goes off any more, either! Well, to proceed—Ray's a firm believer in spiritualism and a medium up there has him thinking he has an Indian girl control through whom he can converse



THIS swift and sturdy bicycle is one of three hundred prizes you can get without spending a cent of your own money. How every boy in your neighborhood would envy you when you go sailing down the street on this bicycle which you can earn in your spare time.

How to Win Prizes

We need a boy in your neighborhood to deliver Collier's, The National Weekly, The American Magazine and Woman's Home Companion to regular customers. For doing this pleasant, part-time work, you will have an opportunity to earn cash commissions and such dandy prizes as a bicycle, radio, baseball equipment, watch, and many other things any fellow would be proud to own.

It's Easy to Start

Many other fellows have won bicycles as well as other prizes. What they have done you can do. It's easy to get started. Just sign your name and address on the coupon and mail it at once. This is the first step toward money and prizes.

Mr. Jim Thayer, Dept. C-49
The Crowell Publishing Co.
Springfield, Ohio

Dear Jim: I want to earn money and prizes.
Please start me off as a salesman.

My Name.....
Address.....
Town..... State.....

with the dead. Can you imagine anything more perverted? This Indian spirit's name is Wah-nee-go-ta and Ray is absolutely under its spell. Really, he simply won't make a move without consulting her—at fifty dollars a consult for the medium. I saw that clairvoyant too, and she's the bunk, of course."

"Good—so far," Alex comments. "What else did you find out?"

"Plenty!" says Lily. "My client will burn. His brother put over a fast one on him, for that farm up there is all shot and no more worth fifty thousand dollars than I am. A real-estate expert told me ten thousand would be a good price for it. But then, of course, that buried treasure is there somewhere."

"Quite so," Alex smiles. "Your client may be getting a marvelous bargain and then again—Lily, I'm going up there with you and have a chat with that medium! There's still an important point to be solved, remember?"

"Why—eh—why, what is it, Alex?" stammers Lily. "I thought I'd covered everything."

"Lily," says Alex, wagging a finger at her. "You should keep more accurate notes. Was the wealthy cousin's death an accident, or was he—"

"Murdered!" gasps Lily, her eyes a couple of saucers.

"That's what we must find out," returns Alex. "Never leave a job half finished, my dear. Your client wants to know whether or not his cousin's fatal fall was accidental. Very well, we shall enlighten him!"

"What in the Hades do you care, Alex?" I says. "It's no cream off your berries either way, is it?"

"My dear Joseph," smiles Alex, "these little problems are the very air I breathe. Think of the sensation Lily will cause when she returns from this assignment with the mystery solved."

"Suppose she flops?" I growls.

"With Alex helping her?" butts in Eve. "Don't be quaint!"

Cheez, what a family!

WELL, to get down to cases, as the bootlegger cracks, we was all in at the finish of this gag and I want to say to you this evening I'll never forget it if I live forever and a day. Alex picked that week-end for the trip to Salamanca, and the rising young geologist, Mr. George Milton, drove us up in my car. Five times we stopped while this egg chipped off pieces of rock here and there and Alex was the only one which didn't fume and fret at the delay. That bird just grinned and says leave his protegee alone, the stops was okay because they give him time to think out his plans.

Once on the scene, Alex went immediately to the medium which had brother Ray winging and he spent two hours with the ghosts' right-hand woman. When he come back he was all smiles and he told Lily to charge a hundred bucks on her expense account for "disbursements." That night a wire went to brother Walter asking him to come up a little quicker than at once, Lily and Alex going into a huddle on matters till two A. M. From then on, my dears, things moved!

With Alex at the helm, the medium sends for Ray and gives him the startling information that his dead cousin will talk to him at twelve that night in the barn, through the sister of Wah-nee-go-ta, his control. Scared speechless, Ray wants to duck, but the medium says if he's crazy enough to try and make a chump out of a ghost he'll be haunted like nobody's business for the rest of his natural life. So Mr. Ray shows up at midnight in the old rambling barn, feeling his trembling way by the light of a lantern under the hayloft, which at the moment is housing his brother Walter, me, Alex, Lily and a state trooper which we'd brung along

just in case. Ray never got a chance to get set, for Alex immediately nudged Lily, which in a hollow voice declares she's Wah-nee-go-ta's sister and will give him a message from his departed cousin. Here's the message wafted down to Ray from above:

"Why did you kill me?"

You'd be surprised how long you can hold your breath and that's what we all done, waiting for Ray's answer. Leaping tuna, it was the last gasp in thrills! Either the whole thing was horse collar, or we'd trapped a murderer. For instance, a common, ordinary everyday sneeze right then would of ended matters. But evidently even our noses was numbed by the kick of it, for it was Ray's harsh voice which finally broke the silence.

"You deserved to be killed!" he busts out, brandishing the lantern. "You hoarded the money that would have enabled me to live like a human being and not like a dog. I sacrificed my very manhood to get even a bare living from you. The day we went up Block Mountain I'd just learned how you'd lost everything in the stock market. There was no gold hidden on the farm, nothing to look forward to as payment for what you'd made me suffer. I saw red—I pushed you over the bluff—"

AT THIS critical point, we all tumbled out of the hayloft and just about ruined Ray's belief in spirits. His pan was a picture I'll never forget!

When the state trooper had left with the raving Ray, his brother turned to Lily and held out his hand.

"Thank you sounds pretty flat—but I'll say it," he sighs. "I've been bilked into paying fifty thousand dollars for this worthless place and according to my brother's confession my cousin died penniless. Therefore, the map he bequeathed me is meaningless and—"

"Hello, folks!" pipes up a familiar voice and Mr. George Milton eases into the barn. "Hope I'm not intruding. How did everything come out?"

"Terrible!" I grunts. "Walter's brother sold him this joint for fifty grand. It's worth about ten. They's no dough buried on the farm and all in all, Walt's been took for a sleigh ride."

"So?" murmurs George, taking a rock out of his pocket. "Look at this!"

Walter turns away impatiently and makes some crack to Alex, while Lily looks sorry for her goofy boy friend.

"Let's save the rocks for later, George," she whispers. "Walter feels pretty much upset about things and—"

"This rock, you see," George interrupts, "is right off the farm here and indicates the formation of—well, I think your client should know about it at once."

"What does the rock signify, George?" asks Alex quickly.

"Oil!" says George, in a quiet voice. "Oil!" yells everybody.

"Oil!" repeats George firmly. "I never saw a richer shale. You know, they're bringing in wells right adjoining here daily and the fifty thousand you paid for this property is the greatest bargain you ever drove in your life, sir!"

"Good Heavens, what a night!" gasps Walter, when he can talk at all. "I'd never in the world found that out if it hadn't been for you. I'm certain my unfortunate brother didn't know this was oil land and I doubt if my cousin did. I shall at once organize a company and begin drilling. I wish you would let me reward you—would you accept a block of stock?"

"He will!" exclaims Alex, beaming on his latest development.

"My—what a story all this would make!" gasps Lily, "if I only had time to write it."

Well, I took the time.

Why Young Men Are Switching to Pipes

Here are four good reasons

Some young men will tell you they have turned to a pipe because (1) it's one of the few manly rights they still can call their own. Some because (2) it's now the fashion on almost every college campus to smoke a pipe. Others because (3) a pipe seems to help their brains work better.

Whatever the reason—this fact remains: young men ARE switching to pipes because they are learning what science has always held: (4) the sweetest, purest form in which tobacco can be smoked is in a pipe!

The most economical, too! At least twenty to twenty-five ample pipefuls can be poured from a generous 15c tin of Edgeworth. And from the moment you strike a match until you blow the last glorious whiff you smoke ALL tobacco. Read what Author Felknor says about it. (His and all other letters from Edgeworth smokers are absolutely genuine—unpaid and unsolicited.)

511 Y. M. C. A.,
Nashville, Tenn.
March 4, 1929

Larus & Bro. Co.,
Richmond, Va.
Dear Sirs:

Some gentleman claims to have smoked Edgeworth for thirty years and that exceeds my age. But being a die-hard, I am retaliating in a mild way with some facts that I am positive that he and thousands of others will agree with me upon.

I have smoked Edgeworth for five years, trying other tobaccos until I have come to the conclusion that when better tobacco is offered, Edgeworth will offer it. A pipeful of Edgeworth means a smooth, fragrant smoke, a long-burning tobacco and smoking comfort to the nth degree. Bent over a typewriter and busy on an article or story, thought and expression come more clearly, and above all, I am not bothered with having to relight.

Most sincerely yours,
(Signed) Wm. Howard Felknor

Edgeworth is mild, surely; but the full-bodied character of its Burley blend almost invariably wins over a pipe-smoker on the first few puffs!

Won't you try some FREE?

Undoubtedly Mr. Felknor first met up with Edgeworth by writing for one of our generous FREE samples. Won't you do the same? Simply send your name and address to Larus and Brother Co., 5 S. 21st Street, Richmond, Va., and we will be

glad to send you enough Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed smoking tobacco for a number of smooth, cool, fragrant smokes.

Both Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed and Edgeworth Plug Slice come in various sizes, from small pocket packages to handsome pound humidors. Plug Slice Edgeworth is packed in thin slices, for pipe smokers who like to "rub up" their tobacco in the palm of the hand.

On your radio—tune in on WRVA, Richmond, Va.—the Edgeworth station. Wave length 270 meters. Frequency 1110 Kilocycles.—Special Feature: The "Edgeworth Club" Hour every Wednesday evening at 8:30 o'clock, Eastern Standard time.



Tender bleeding gums ... flash a warning!

THE dread, insidious danger—pyorrhea—is an ever-present menace to the teeth. It attacks the gums. If the gums bleed, become soft or tender, extraction of all the teeth is sometimes the end, no matter how perfect they are. Teeth in firm gums can usually be retained indefinitely. The gums are protectors of the teeth and their care is fully as important as care of the teeth.

Pyrozone Powder is medicated and sterilized, especially formulated for hardening gums. It contains Dentinol, used for many years by thousands of dentists. The wide use of Pyrozone for gum protection is largely the result of dentists' prescriptions. It should be brushed on the gums daily. While it is a superior tooth cleanser, you may use it in connection with your favorite tooth preparation if you wish.

Your druggist can supply Pyrozone. Its daily use costs only 4¢ a week. Mail coupon or a post card for free sample.

FREE SAMPLE

The Dentinol & Pyrozone Co., Inc. (Sole Distributors)
Dept. D-1, 1480 Broadway, New York City.

Mail free sample of Pyrozone Powder and booklet on care of the gums.

Name.....

Address.....

PYROZONE POWDER

Sell Tailoring Earn \$100 Weekly

Sell Gibson fine made-to-order all wool suits at \$23.50 and \$31.50, direct to wearer. Regular \$40 and \$55 values. Over hundred 6x3 cloth samples, all one price, furnished to ambitious men who want to earn \$100 weekly. Write. W. Z. Gibson, Inc. 500 Throop St., Dept. H-431, Chicago

COMPLEXION BEAUTY

depends on thorough but gentle skin cleansing. The safe soap to use is

Resinol

Clark's Famous Cruises MEDITERRANEAN CRUISE Jan. 29

New S. S. "Transylvania", 66 days, Madeira, Canary Islands, Morocco, Spain, Greece, Palestine, Egypt, Italy, etc. Hotels, fees, drives, etc., included. Frank C. Clark, Times Bldg., N. Y.

MONEY FOR YOU

Men or women can earn \$15 to \$25 weekly in spare time at home making display cards. Light, pleasant work. No canvassing. We instruct you and supply you with work. Write to-day for full particulars. The MENHENTT COMPANY Limited 270 Dominion Bldg., Toronto, Can.

Give Yourself A Chance

\$6,000 to \$10,000 a year is

Entirely Practical

as a link in our chain of

Wholesale Distributors

Times have changed—distribution systems have changed. Become a wholesale distributor from your own car or truck and make money. We have an especially attractive opportunity in every centrally located distributing point for someone of real ability and unquestioned integrity—Prove to us that you are qualified and we'll make you an Exclusive Wholesale Distributor; give you personal cooperation and start you on the way to an independent and profitable automotive product business of your own. Our leading distributors, now making up to \$10,000 a year and better, started in with but a few hundred dollars and grew with us. We are growing faster than ever before—advertising and giving the strongest cooperation ever given distributors. No one considered unless responsibility and the capacity to operate successfully is proved by a good business record. Write to Sales Director, Bowes "Seal-Fast" Corporation, Indianapolis, Ind.

his shoulders. "She hasn't got much, besides her looks," he said.

"Looks to me like she has everything," I said.

"Well, what the hell?" he said. "If you turned her loose at the front door how much bacon would she bring home? Could she earn herself cakes?"

"She's educated," I said. "Could she sell that education for a dime?" he asked. "Not knocking a friend of young Randall's, understand, but what the hell, girlie? I like a dame that's got something to offer a man besides her face and shape."

"She's a society girl," I said.

"What's that?" he said.

"It's someone who knows the right way to talk and knows the right people."

"I'd rather have someone that's got something to say and knows bright people," said Bill.

"I'm going to take lessons," I said.

"What kind of lessons?" asked Bill.

"Oh, how to talk, and maybe how to eat. Mr. Randall offered me a hundred grand to quit Phil. Then Phil talked to him, and it's all O. K. if I make a lady of myself."

"Did the old man get away with that to Phil?" asked Bill.

"Well, a son has to please his father," I said.

"Mine died when I was young," said Bill. "And I suppose the lad can't get married without the old man says it's jake, or there's a new will and everything."

I shook my head.

"Oh, no, Phil says we can get married all right. He says his father wouldn't let us starve. He says his father has too much pride."

"Who has too much pride?" asked Bill.

"His father," I answered.

"Oh," said Bill, "I thought I heard you wrong."

"No," I said, "you didn't hear me wrong."

"Well," said he, "I wish I had."

"So do I," I said.

"YOU shouldn't have asked Miss Durrant to dance, Bill," I said.

"Why not? She don't dance so bad," said Bill.

"You don't realize that you used to be a waiter, Bill," I said.

"I do keep forgetting that, Molly," he said.

"There are times when I honestly think you take pride in the fact that you began at the bottom, Bill," I said.

"I've heard you boast that you began in the chorus, Molly," he said.

"Low pippie, Bill," I said.

I grinned at him.

"Bill," I said, "if your father didn't want you to get married to a certain girl, and you didn't have any dough, what would you do?"

"Marry the girl and get some dough," he said.

"Have they gone yet?" I asked him. He went out and came back in a minute.

"They've gone," he said. "But the head waiter told me that young Randall said he'd be back."

"Bill," I said, "do you mind if I don't do any more numbers tonight?"

"Certainly I don't mind," he said. "What do you want to do?"

"I want to go home," I said, "and get down on my knees beside my bed, and say my prayers."

"It would make a swell Sunday story for our press agent," said Bill. "Golden Gaiters prima donna goes home for prayer. But we won't slip it to him."

He's My Man

Continued from page 7

He helped me on with my cloak.

"What you going to pray for, dearie?" he asked.

"I'm going to pray for my man. Going to pray that I get him," I said, "and that when he gets me he won't want me changed, won't be ashamed of me just as I am."

"Oh, young Randall ain't that bad, Molly," said Bill. "Be fair, girlie."

"I'm not going to pray for Randall, Bill," I said.

"Why, you keep saying he's your man," said Bill.

"I've stopped it," I said.

"You've stopped it?" he said.

"I've stopped it," I said.

Bill swallowed. "Say," he said, "if young Randall ain't your man, who the hell is your man?"

"Come home with me, Bill," I said, "and I'll let you listen outside my door as I pray to God to let me get my man. Then you'll know who my man is. And perhaps you'll give him to me."

"Oh, my God," said Bill.

JUST like that he said it. Low, frightened, kind of, and he was on his knees before me, reaching, groping, half-crying, and I looked down on his funny face, that was all kindness and sweetness. . . .

Yes, sir, Bill Jacot—he's my man.

One out of Five

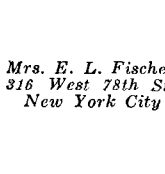
THAT is, one at a time. But you can make an infinite number of faces and figures, flowers and animals out of these five pieces. There's all the thrill of artistic creation in making Colliergraphs with none of the bother of learning how to draw. The instructions are printed below.



Mrs. H. C. Stearns,
91 East 73rd St.,
Portland, Ore.



Edith M. Hoffman,
4714 Windsor Ave.,
Philadelphia, Pa.



Mrs. E. L. Fischer,
316 West 78th St.,
New York City

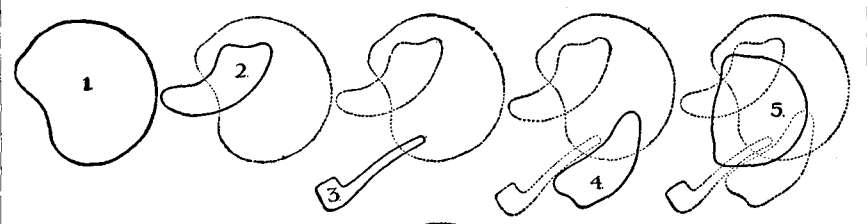


Grace Folsom,
Nauvoo, Ohio



Laura E. Christian-
sen, 104 South Avenue
66, Los Angeles, Cal.

Mrs. William Hendrix,
1315 South Washing-
ton, Bloomington, Ind.

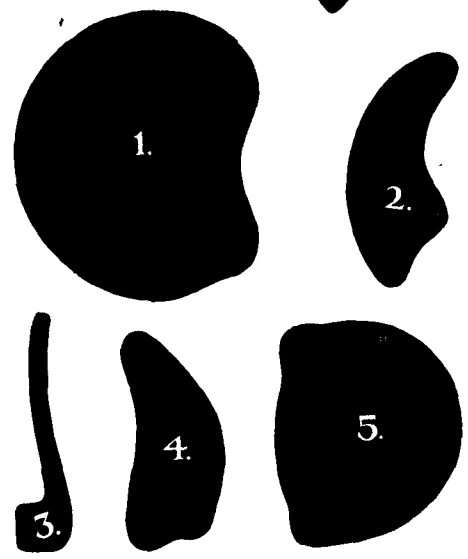


How to Do It

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. Then remove pieces and fill in the silhouette.



Here are the
pieces—
cut them out

\$5.00 Each
for Those Published

When you have achieved a good Colliergraph send it to Colliergraphs Editor, Collier's, The National Weekly, 250 Park Avenue, New York. Remember you must send in the separate pieces actually pasted to a sheet of paper. No Colliergraphs can be returned.