

Friends of Mr. Hoover

By THE GENTLEMAN AT THE KEYHOLE

NO PRESIDENT ever brought so many friends to Washington as Herbert Hoover will or, better, was surrounded by so many friends in Washington. The fact is worth noting, for a President's friends arouse great curiosity—and in certain quarters some apprehension. And Mr. Hoover's friends are exceptional not only in their numbers but also for a certain quality which seems to set them apart from the rest of humanity at the Capital.

They seem like members of a sect with a cult all their own. I suspect them of having a secret grip and a pass word. There is a light in their eyes such as never was seen before. They are devotees. Theirs is a sort of religion. I haven't space for all of them. They date from the remote past when Mr. Hoover was a youth in college, for there is a curious quality of permanence about the Hoover friendships which suggests mutuality.

Some of them are of later acquirement; they and Mr. Hoover fed Europe during the great war and after it. Or later still, they date from the perception that he was a likely candidate for President. They are 100 per cent Hooverites. If there is jealousy among them, it is inconspicuous as yet. They seem to like each other for liking Mr. Hoover.

First on the list one should probably put Edward Richard. One knows little of Mr. Richard but one is aware that where Mr. Hoover is there is likely to be Mr. Richard. He was in college with Mr. Hoover. His business took him a great deal to London where Mr. Hoover's headquarters were. He was in relief work with Mr. Hoover. He is said to represent Mr. Hoover in business.

He Spread Mr. Hoover's Fame

He seems rather self-effacing, for one never heard of him until a few months ago. No one thinks of him as a candidate for any office. He may play an important part in the background of this coming Administration or he may not. Most politicians wish they knew.

Another is Julius Barnes, the grain operator who worked with Mr. Hoover in the Food Administration and afterward owned a newspaper in Washington in partnership with Mr. Hoover.

Another is Henry M. Robinson, a banker of Los Angeles, an attractive personality, with a talent for public affairs. He was a member of the Dawes Commission, reputed like several others to have been the real author of the Dawes plan. Later he was chairman of the American delegation to the Eco-

nomie Conference at Geneva. One may guess that it was Mr. Hoover's influence that put him in the Dawes Commission and sent him to the Economic Conference. He may be in the Cabinet.

Then there is a long list of magazine writers and newspaper men. One may begin with Will Irwin, who, like Mr. Richard, is from the same college as Mr. Hoover and has known him long. He, I suppose, did more to spread Mr. Hoover's fame when he was comparatively unknown as the Belgian relief administrator than anyone has done since.

He was Mr. Hoover's official biographer in this campaign.

Not the Least of Their Worries

And there is George Barr Baker, a former magazine writer, always at Mr. Hoover's elbow during the war, again at his side in the campaign, and with him on the trip to South America.

And there are William Hard and Mark Sullivan and half a dozen other newspaper men. No other President has had so many friends in the writing game.

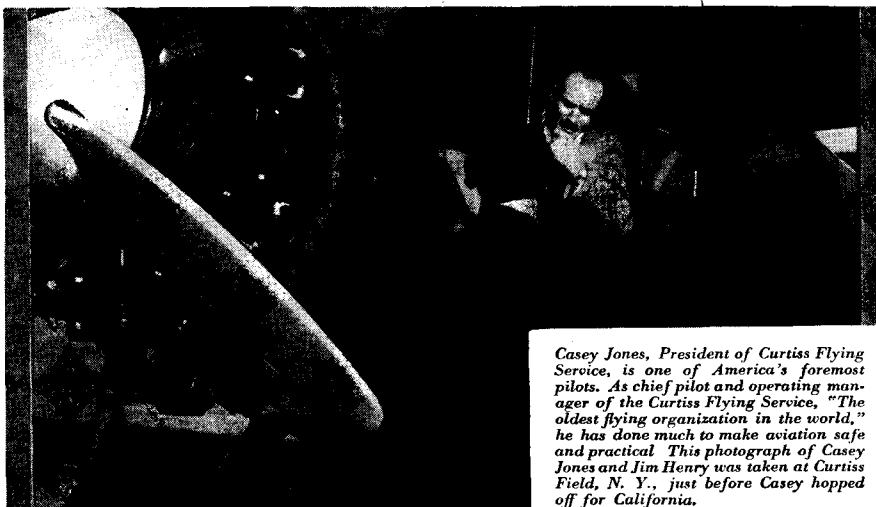
Then there are the politicians. Some of them, like Dr. Work and George Moses, did not quite last the campaign out. But there are Colonel William J. Donovan, and Congressman Franklin Fort of New Jersey, and Congressman Walter Newton of Minnesota, and old Senator Theodore Burton of Ohio, and ex-Governor James Goodrich of Indiana, to mention those whom Mr. Hoover trusts most.

President Coolidge has three friends, old Mr. Frank Stearns, Dwight Morrow, and ex-Senator William M. Butler; and a couple of satellites, Ted Clark and Jim White.

President Wilson, as one looks back on it, had two friends, Colonel House and his private secretary, Joseph P. Tumulty. He chose them to supplement him, Colonel House furnishing his contacts with the outside world, Mr. Tumulty furnishing a knowledge of practical politics.

Mr. Hoover's friendships are different. It is impossible to see now that he is supplementing himself with any one of them. There is an emotional give and take about his relations with men. He demands and gives an extraordinary degree of personal loyalty. It is impossible to conceive of him without his cordon of intimates about him. Some of them will powerfully affect his Administration. They are not the least of the politicians' worries.

CASEY JONES tells Jim Henry (Mennen Salesman)



Casey Jones, President of Curtiss Flying Service, is one of America's foremost pilots. As chief pilot and operating manager of the Curtiss Flying Service, "The oldest flying organization in the world," he has done much to make aviation safe and practical. This photograph of Casey Jones and Jim Henry was taken at Curtiss Field, N. Y., just before Casey hopped off for California.

"We flyers vote for cool heads and COOL SHAVES"

Jim Henry—famous Mennen Salesman—is interviewing some famous users of Mennen Shaving Cream. His reports will be published frequently in this magazine.

JIM HENRY: "Before you take off, Casey, I want to ask a question. What do you think of our new idea of Menthol-iced Shaving Cream?"

CASEY JONES: "Say, a flying field is certainly a good place to ask that question! A flyer is a crank on shaving and shaving cream. And there's a good reason for it. Out in all kinds of weather—flying every day—sometimes in an open cockpit where the wind hits you full in the face. Every morning my face feels grateful for the cooling, soothing feeling that I get from Mennen Menthol-iced and my whiskers come off without a yank. Mennen Menthol-iced gives me the coolest, smoothest shave I've ever had. I'm for it . . . every day."

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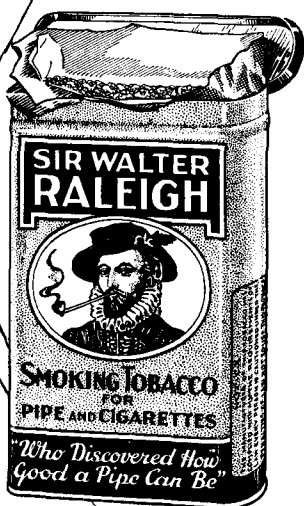
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SIR WALTER
RALEIGH

Who discovered how good a pipe can be

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milder

(Continued from page 50)
"It's a very strong basket," he said.
"It doesn't seem sensible to me," she said.

Unaccountably his temper was awakened by the remark.

"Perhaps you'd like to change your investment," he said.

"Perhaps I would," she agreed. "Is—I don't know much about these things, but—is the price high now?"

"Higher now than it's ever been," he said.

"A good time to sell then, isn't it?" she inquired.

"Some people do look a gift-horse in the mouth, don't they?" His voice was polite but his words and expression were not.

Nevertheless, she imperturbably went on:

"How could I sell them? What are they? Bonds?"

"There's a million in bonds, and a million and a half, par value, in stock. It's worth two million at the present market—"

"I want to sell the whole business," she interrupted. "Instantly."

He eyed her with a curious mixture of contempt and incredulity. She interpreted it as hostility.

"I may, mayn't I?" she asked.

"There are, to be sure, only matters of good taste involved," he said.

"What matters of good taste?" she inquired.

"Do I need to explain?" he parried.

"Perhaps you feel that if you explained you'd need to tell me that you hadn't really given me—what is it? The half of your fortune?"

"I've given it to you," he laconically assured her.

"But with strings tied to it," she charged.

"That isn't fair," he defended himself.

His expression changed to bewilderment.

"What do you want to buy in place of Rubber?" he asked.

"If the Rubber belongs to me, why can't I do what I like without being asked questions?" she demanded.

He shrugged. "You know, sometimes people possess things, but guardians are appointed to correct their mistakes, to prevent them, to anticipate them."

"You mean, if they show themselves mentally incapable?"

"Yes," he said.

"But you could hardly have thought me mentally incompetent, or you'd not—"

"Do what you like," he cried.

NOW he was definitely angered, but still there was more hurt than rage in his emotion.

"I hoped to," she replied coolly, "but—you'll have to help me."

"Help you make a fool of yourself?" he asked.

"That's rude, but—it would be returning what I did for you, wouldn't it? I helped you make a fool of yourself when I married you."

"It's gracious to remind me of it," he snapped.

"Rudeness for rudeness," she retorted. "Now—how do I sell the Rubber and buy government bonds?"

"You write—"

She interrupted with a headshake. "Writing takes too long. I want to cable."

"Look here, Joyce," he pleaded, "the stocks are yours. I can't take them back. They're yours. Exchanging them for something else won't make the something else any more yours than the Rubber is now. Why not let the stuff remain as it is—"

"Because I don't want to," she cut in. "Can't I wire the bank?"

He considered this. "Y-e-s," he re-

luctantly answered. "I'd have to wire old Bellows, too—"

"What for?"

"To confirm your order. Until you've met them, arranged a code with the Central, I'd need to confirm—"

She rose, provocative in her negligee but more provocative in her willfulness, and walked to a desk. She wrote out a cable and handed it to him. He read it.

"Will that do?"

HE SHRUGGED. "With my confirmation in Bellows' hands—yes, I guess so. But, Joyce, in God's name, why?"

"A gift," she told him, "is either that or isn't. Now, my dear husband, unless you are willing to let me do as I will, I'll give you back your gift."

"You may do," he said savagely, "exactly as you wish."

He turned and was at the door when she stopped him.

"What was your cable from your lawyers?" she asked.

"Simply to notify me that the last of the transfer to you has been effected."

"Came opportunely. Imagine how I'd have felt if I'd had to wait before selling," she said.

"I wouldn't have told you. I didn't tell you until all legal formalities had been complied with," he said. "Is that all?"

"I think so," she said. "Oh, Larry." He wheeled once again at the door.

"Well?"

"I want to thank you," she said.

"Thank me? When you immediately sell what I've given you!"

He turned abruptly on his heel and went through the door. He did not slam it upon his exit, but he closed it with a firmness that spoke volumes. Her eyes were suspiciously bright as she looked after him.

No man had ever shown contempt for her before. Men had pleaded with her, had threatened her, had become enraged. But none had ever shown contempt, because that was an attitude of mind which Joyce Carroll had never aroused in any man.

It had remained for marriage to bring to her a man who could feel that way toward her. Well, perhaps he would not

continue to feel that way forever. Wasn't it only last night that he had kissed Helen Wilson? And wasn't it five minutes later—no more surely—that he had found himself really enamored of the woman who bore his name?

Her eyes and mouth showed no resentment. After all, he supposed that she was acting upon a whim. He had every right to suppose this. She might have disabused him by a sentence, but—and her face now hardened a trifle—why explain anything? Perfect love required no explanations whatsoever.

Or was this really so? Wasn't it, perhaps, a poet's dream? Love could hardly be perfection, because people weren't perfect and nothing rose much higher than its source, save smoke, and smoke had no permanence.

No, love needed reassurance, so it must need explanations, need them all the time. . . . Oh, well, she wasn't going to worry over his attitude. Let him worry over hers. She smiled mischievously, with full recognition of her own cruelty.

But restlessness possessed her. The after-luncheon nap she'd planned, so necessary in the Biarritz sun, was no enticing prospect. She'd rather go to the Casino, do anything. . . . She knocked on Larry's door. She knocked again, then gently pushed it open. But he wasn't there.

THE maid, summoned, had seen him go out. No, Monsieur had not said where he was going. So Joyce, piqued, though not realizing the fact, dressed. On the street before the villa she found a cab, and five minutes later she entered the gambling rooms.

She bought some chips and approached the so-called big game. A man, looking up, caught her eyes. It was Billy Valdemagara, and he had been, until that minute, in rapid, though whispered conversation with Miss Novel, the American woman who had been supporting Paul Weedon.

"There, — her, there she is," cried the Novel woman stridently.

Joyce whitened. Her heart seemed physically to turn over in her bosom.

(To be continued next week)

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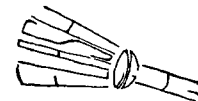
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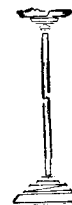
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