

Still Waters

Continued from page 7

got the sweetest racket there is. You don't need Aristides' ten-cent-store trade. You was to leave that to Meister. That was the lay, an' you know it. This damn' fool gunplay's gonna ditch you, Izzy. Just because you got a tough mob, you can't act like this was Tenth Avenue. You'll have them state troopers down on you if you don't lay off."

McGrogan's gaze was placidly deadly. "We'll get Meister," he promised. "You go tell him that from me."

Tucket spread his hands in resignation. "All right," he returned. "All right. Meister, hell! I'll tell the Works. You know how long you'll last then, Izzy. Bootleggin' ain't a battle no longer. It's a business."

McGrogan's fat face twitched and again was quiet. His voice hissed sulkily.

"We split the territory, didn't we?" he asked. "All right. Ask Meister who hi-jacked my truck last Thursday night and got away with a load after burnin' down two of my boys. Ask him. I know."

Tucket stared into his dire black eyes.

"Look," he stammered. "They's a mistake here somewheres. I'll bet that's all."

"There is, but it won't be long now," the other returned. "He tries to run a game like that on me. Me, Izzy McGrogan. The syndicate plays my game or his. It can write its own ticket."

TUCKET tipped back his derby with a desperate gesture. The plump man regarded him bleakly.

"A load," he reflected aloud, "of Canada goods, not even cut yet. And he hi-jacks me, the dough-faced, apple-knocking hick. Think I'm gonna set an' take that?"

His companion canted his hat to still another angle and spoke at last with the haste of resolution.

"Lay off," he begged. "Maybe I got an idea where that stuff is. Lemme take this up with the syndicate—"

The smile that twisted the other's red lips did not reach his impassive eyes.

"I know where it is," he returned. "And I'm gettin' it back. I got c'nections in Aristides, well as Meister."

"No," Tucket yelled. "Be nice, willya? Lemme see Meister first. One more break and you're through, Izzy. They won't stand for gunplay out here."

"Yeh, I know," McGrogan granted. "Meister sits pretty in Aristides where the troopers can't touch him, eh? And if I don't take it settin' down, he'll turn me in to them. He's told me that. All right, if he wants to play it that way—"

He blinked insolently. Tucket leaned forward, gripping the edge of the table in his earnestness.

"Will you do this?" he begged. "Will you sit tight till after I've seen Meister? Lemme have a chance to fix this up, willya?"

McGrogan hesitated and at last nodded. Almost as though he regretted the gesture, he added, and the words stumbled over his tongue with a hiss that was almost a lisp, "Let him send back that truckload and five grand each for Lew and Jake and pull out of Aristides himself. An' tell him to decide quick. Get me?"

SOMEONE knocked, and Richard York, seated miserably upon his bed's edge in the gathering twilight, said with faint acrimony: "Get out."

Lucius' voice wheedled: "Mr. Richard, if you feels able, Mr. Yawk like talk with you soon's you dressed, sir."

"Mr. York?" Richard stammered. "When did he get back?"

"Jes b'fo' noon," Lucius reported, cautiously opening the portal. "He's right anxious to see you, Mr. Richard."

"Oh, Lord," the other muttered.

"Coffee, Lucius. A pailful, black, hear?"

"Yassa," the Negro acclaimed, "an' mebbly a l'il poached aig, Mr. Richard?"

"No," York snarled. The door closed smartly and he began to dress with the deliberation of one who must hold his head level, lest it fall off. A half hour later, he appeared, shaven, spruce, faintly haggard, in the library doorway, and his uncle, looking up from his flat-topped desk, said, "Well, Dick?"

He half rose and dropped back into his chair, surveying his nephew with friendly, concerned eyes. He was one of the spare elderly men whom the years seem only to launder and starch more thoroughly.

"You got back?" Dick said stupidly.

"I did," Adrian returned. "Ahead of time, fortunately. If I'd stayed away another day, I might not have been able to find the town. As it was, there was a person in my bed, with his hat and shoes both on. You were *non compos* and I've spent most of the afternoon trying to placate the police department. Age should have certain privileges, Dick. I'm damned if I'm going to spend my remaining years chaperoning you."

"I don't blame you, Adrian," his nephew said with the wry shadow of a

smile. The uncle pressed his hard chin down upon his collar and regarded the younger man through black-ribbed nose glasses.

"You're twenty-eight, you poor goof," he said at last. "You have sense at times, only your chief aim in life seems to be to suppress it. I've sent the foundling you left in my bed to town. Just what was the celebration about?"

UNDER his kindly eyes, his nephew flushed a trifle.

"You're just about God's most prominent white man, Adrian," he began, but the other's gesture checked him.

"Never mind the soft soap. Go ahead with the confession. What was the celebration about?"

Dick rubbed his forehead with a clammy palm.

"It wasn't—exactly a celebration," he said slowly. "It was a—an anodyne, and a farewell rite. I tried to like the job you gave me. But banking isn't my strong point. I've been to New York, Adrian. I'm going back to Yucatan with Allan. I leave today—no," he corrected, consulting his watch, "tomorrow."

The elder York removed his glasses and tapped them against his big nose.

"I see," he said at last. "That is, always supposing Clow doesn't jail you. He says you took his gun away from him and knocked him out with it. That true?"

"Well, it is, in part anyway," Dick stammered. "You see, I'd been drinking—"

"Yes," the other admitted dryly, "that is perceptible. Since you can whip Clow, why Yucatan? Why not the prize ring? Come across, Dick."

The whimsical wrinkles deepened about his eyes and then faded away as he asked in an altered voice:

"Have you told Desire?"

The kindly concern upset the younger man. He turned away, steadying voice and features, before he replied with a bitter travesty of unconcern:

"It was all a mistake. She—she told me so, Adrian. We thrashed it out on the way back from the country club four days ago. I had a few drinks there. Just because I was so damned happy. Until last night I hadn't indulged my gift for liquor since I met her. You know that."

THE old man nodded agreement, his eyes steady upon his nephew's twitching face.

"I'm a dissipated dilettante," the latter continued in a brittle tone. "I'm a spineless waster and—other things. So—" he shrugged and in the voice of one reading aloud concluded:

"Henry Witherspoon Minot, district attorney of Gowanda County, New York, has announced that the engagement of his daughter, Miss Desire Minot, to Mr. Richard York has been terminated by mutual consent. That's all that remains to be done, now. When she meets her father in New York tomorrow, he'll do it right joyously. He never has liked me. And that, Adrian, is that. I've lost her."

He choked, swallowed loudly and turned away again. His uncle spoke in an elaborately bantering voice to cover the silence.

"I get you, son. My cue now is to say in a stern voice, 'You wine-bibbing scoundrel, leave my house. Never let me see your face again. I shall change my will the first thing tomorrow, b'gad, and cut ye off without a penny, sir. Without a penny.'"

Dick turned and there was gratitude on his face. He shook his head, grinned and found his voice.

"You threaten me," he replied in a faintly unsteady burlesque, "fore God, (Continued on page 44)

Moving Shadows

YOU'LL never know what astounding results you can get out of the little black Colliergraph pieces. You'll never know till you try. And then they won't be able to drag you away for meals or business or party calls.



Mrs. S. S. Bullen,
128 Croswan Terrace,
Rochester, N. Y.



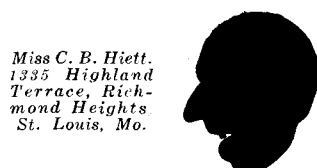
Helen A. Ziegenfuss, 327
Main St., Renton, Wash.



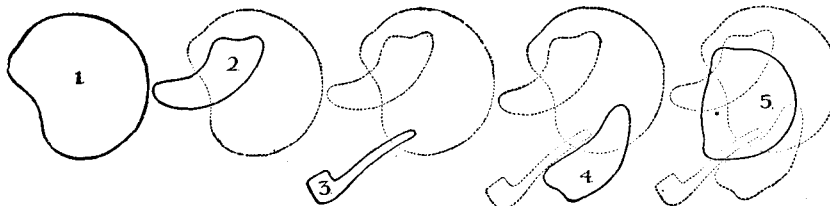
Betty Bruegger, Box
155, Culbertson, Mont.



Gertrude Butler,
218 S. 3d, Still-
water, Minn.



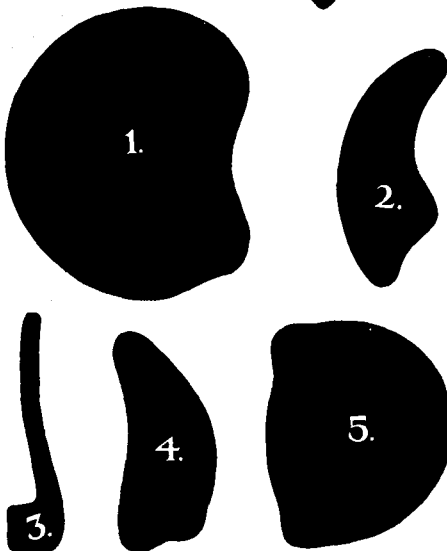
Miss C. B. Hiatt,
1335 Highland
Terrace, Rich-
mond Heights,
St. Louis, Mo.



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.

No. 5. Inside pictures of the General Motors Proving Ground



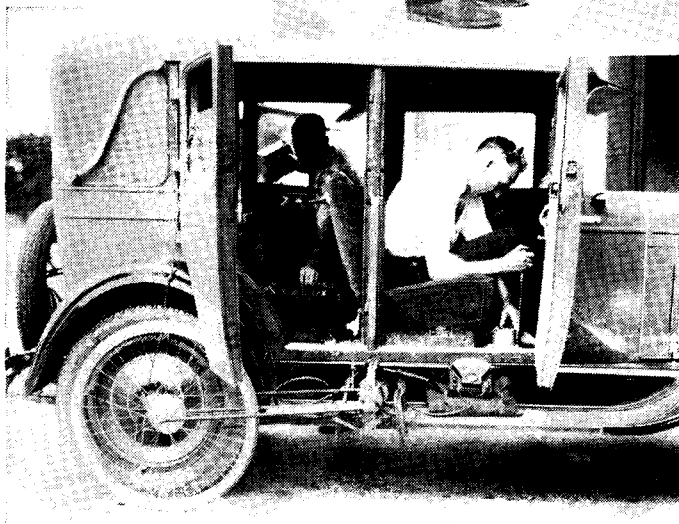
Above. The fuel consumption of a car is important to its owner. The Proving Ground device shown here measures this phase of performance—and so precisely that "miles per gallon" become virtually "drops per foot."



Below. This device is a telemeter, which measures vibration electrically and accurately. Another specially developed instrument, based on the principle of the microphone, measures noises within the car.



Above. This special instrument, developed by the Proving Ground engineers, measures clutch pedal pressure. Still other devices have been developed to record acceleration and deceleration to a degree of accuracy previously unknown.



Above. The large picture shows a group of Proving Ground engineers examining the precision device described at the upper right. The "fifth wheel," shown at the rear wheel of the car, is another specially developed instrument which measures exact speed.

Altogether more than 135 different tests are employed at the Proving Ground in the separation of fact from opinion and the proving of General Motors cars.



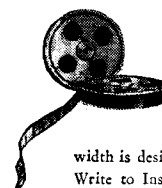
Below. Steering ease is another big factor in safety and driving comfort. Shown here is a "duplicate" steering wheel which the engineers have developed to measure steering effort.

"A car for every purse and purpose."

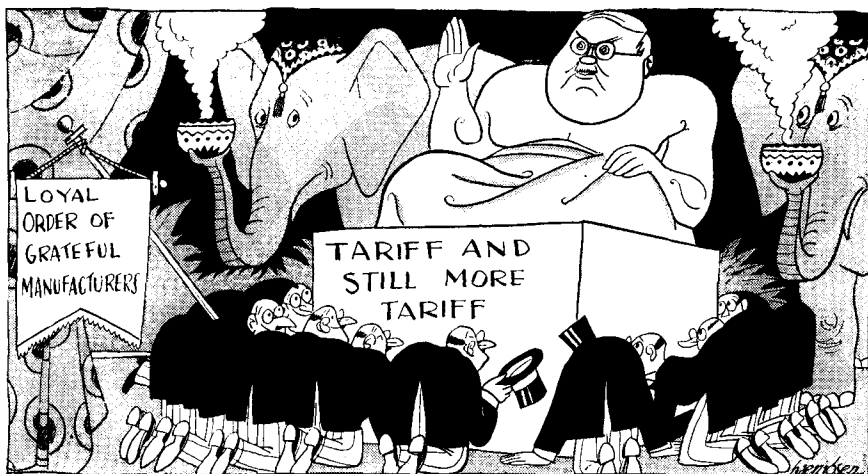
CHEVROLET · PONTIAC · OLDSMOBILE · MARQUETTE · OAKLAND
VIKING · BUICK · LASALLE · CADILLAC · *All with Body by Fisher*

GENERAL MOTORS TRUCKS · YELLOW CABS and COACHES · FRIGIDAIRE—*The Automatic Refrigerator* · DELCO-LIGHT *Electric Power and Light Plants* · *Water Systems* · GMAC *Plan of Credit Purchase*

TUNE IN—General Motors Family Radio Party. Every Monday evening, 8:30 Eastern Standard Time. WEA and 37 other stations associated with N. B. C.



A MOTION PICTURE showing the Proving Ground in actual operation is available in lengths of one, two, or four reels, free of all charges except the use of transportation. It may be borrowed by schools, clubs, churches, and other organizations. Please specify whether the 35 or 16mm width is desired and give several weeks' notice in advance of showings. Write to Institutional Advertising Department, General Motors, Detroit.



The Perfect Republican

By THE GENTLEMAN AT THE KEYHOLE

FOR this Hall of Fame this week I nominate Mr. Joseph Grundy of Pennsylvania, the perfect Republican.

If anybody thinks that the awarding of this title to the distinguished son of Pennsylvania, the most Republican state of the union, rather than to President Hoover, is a species of lese-majesty, all I can say is that many Republicans now remark privately that the admirable person in the White House has more in common with Woodrow Wilson, in whose war cabinet he used to be, than any Republican that they ever expected to see in the White House.

The two are the protagonists in the struggle over the tariff, upon which the fate of the Republican party may conceivably depend. The advantage in that struggle is with Mr. Hoover. He has the Presidency. The instruments of publicity are mainly on his side. All that Mr. Grundy has is an unassailable belief in the rightness of his opinions. Mr. Grundy is incapable of believing that he is wrong.

There was a railroad president not many years ago who was known as Divine Right Baer. Divine right was long ago yielded up as a prerogative of railroad presidents. Mr. Grundy represents perfectly the divine right of manufacturers, their divine right to make and sell everything that can possibly be bought in this country.

Mr. Hoover is suspected of a slight tolerance for foreign goods which the foreigners may be permitted to exchange over here for American goods. Therefore I say that Mr. Grundy is the perfect Republican. He has raised an outcry over the tariff bill which the House Republicans have prepared more or less to please Mr. Hoover. Under it Mr. Grundy finds that some few foreign goods would sift into this country.

An Admirable Weakness

I think it was George Moore who always insisted that the most sterling quality a man could have was freedom from a sense of shame. Mr. Grundy is singularly devoid of the weakness of looking into the mirror of other men's opinions, of having misgivings of how other men may regard him.

Beside Mr. Grundy, Mark Hanna, who used to be pictured a gross and brutal force in politics, was a philanthropist. Beside Mr. Grundy, Mr. Mellon, who to some is the personification of money in politics, is a patron of the arts. He is not as powerful and important a man as either of these two, perhaps just because he carries his idea that government exists for the benefit of those who have the wit to use it for their personal advantage, to its logical extreme.

This is not a world where logical ex-

tremes are profitable, except occasionally to a Mussolini, and Mr. Grundy has not the personal force, or perhaps he has not had the opportunity of a Mussolini. He is, let us say, the Mussolini of the American Manufacturers' Association. The qualification is important. But I know when I write this that I am writing something that Mr. Grundy would be glad to have used as his epitaph by his admirers among the protected industrialists of the United States.

Mr. Grundy, though the most perfect of Republicans, has never become the master of Pennsylvania. Perhaps he was born just too late, or perhaps he is too narrow, too uncompromising, too much a man of a single idea, too full of the belief that "God reigns and the National Manufacturers' Association still lives," ever to grasp in his hands the various forces that make up a modern commonwealth.

The Political Crusader

But at any rate while Penrose lived, Grundy was merely Penrose's collector. And by the time that Penrose died, banking had become more powerful in this country than manufacturing and the banking Mellons attained to more power than the manufacturing Grundys.

Still he is one of the three or four most powerful men in Pennsylvania. He has owned a governor or two, issued his orders to Pennsylvania legislators from the floor or the galleries, been rebuked for doing it, and gloried in the rebuke as one doing God's appointed work of preserving the government for the manufacturers.

I can't explain Mr. Grundy except on the theory that the tariff and its result, this great prosperous and highly civilized country of ours, are a religion with him.

A duty, in the tariff sense, is to him a duty in the religious sense. He is a national figure because he typifies this belief as no one else does. All the manufacturers obey the blast of his bugle horn. He is one of the great collectors of the Republican National party. He has all the ruthlessness of a fanatic. Perhaps he is the last of his kind, for we move forward to a new day, of which there is evidence enough in the terrible split in the Republican party over the tariff.

He might have been a great politician if he had only realized that the medium of politics is men. He has thought of men as mere automatons controlled for money. Still I do not withdraw from this Oliver Twist of the tariff the appellation, the Perfect Republican. Perfection is often achieved by a movement, an idea, a party, only in its autumn, when, perhaps, it is about to enter upon the winter of discontent.

Still Waters

Continued from page 42

sirrah, you go too far. Have a care. I am still your heir and if you drive me to it, I may slit your weasand ere you have a chance to change your will. I am a desperate man. I shall—"

A knock at the door checked him. At Adrian's word, the concerned face of Lucius peered in.

"Chief Clow's on the phone, Mr. Yawk," he reported. "He say—"

His employer interrupted him.

"Tell the Chief Mr. Richard will be in to see him presently," he instructed. "Say I'm busy now." Lucius withdrew and the old man faced his nephew again, fingertips gently chafing each other.

"You better drive in, Dick," he said at last, "and make your peace with Clow. You have his gun? Take it back to him. He'd rather let you go than have the story get out, but a police chief must preserve his dignity. Be humble and he'll let you off. I've seen to that." "I'm sorry," the younger man said inadequately, in a husky voice. His uncle looked at him with gentle, sympathetic eyes.

"History repeats itself," he mused aloud. "I was drunk once, Dick. Forty years ago. Did you know your mother and I were almost engaged once? When she decided, quite rightly, that your father was the better man, I was going to drink myself to death. It seemed a pleasant end, until I tried it. I felt worse next morning than you look now, son. Life seemed preferable after all. I suppose," he concluded slowly, "that's why you're so dear to me, Dick. You're so much the same sort of an idiot that I was."

Under the light above his desk, the finely drawn face grew wistful. The shadow that lay upon it constricted his nephew's throat. Instinctively, he sought lightness of speech to hide his own emotion and dim recollection supplied a topic.

"Adrian," he said with elaborate gravity, "what are you doing with enough Scotch to float a rowboat? Withdrawing it from circulation?"

The older man stared. "Will you please tell me," he asked, "what you're raving about now?"

"Innocence, Adrian," Dick said gravely, "doesn't impress me. I know you too well. The ice house under the old summerhouse is filled with Scotch. I saw it last night, or early this morning, rather."

"WHAT you saw early this morning wouldn't hold in a law court," the other grunted. "Are you serious, Dick?"

"I saw it," his nephew reflected aloud, "or thought I did. Mr. Ignatius Loyola Tucket, who wears his hat to bed, couldn't, though. He said I was drunk."

"Mr. Tucket," said his uncle dryly, "was an apt diagnostician. There hasn't been a drop of alcohol on this place in nine years, except what you bring inside or outside you. It's late, Dick. You better pacify Clow before he gets out a warrant for you."

He followed his nephew out upon the porch and waited until a car slid past, its headlights boring into the thickening gloom. Adrian York flung up his arm in a benedictive gesture and turned toward the open front door, hesitated an instant and walked forward to the porch steps.

"Young idiot," he muttered, "and I'm an old one even to go look."

He returned to the hall, slipped a flashlight into his pocket and went down the gravel walk.

The night was dark. Across the lake, lightning glowed duskily in a swelling cloud. Presently, the wind, sweeping

more swiftly through the darkness, brought the faint, multiplied mutter of thunder.

A louder rumble and the smell of oncoming rain in the breeze drew an exasperated exclamation from Richard York. The low, four-passenger car his uncle had bought for his nephew's use, ground to a halt and its driver, descending, wrestled wrathfully with the top. The first heavy drops spanked upon it before he had raised it completely and, by the time he slipped behind the steering wheel again, rain was landing more quickly through the golden cone of the headlights and bouncing on the road.

DICK sat down painfully on an obstacle and cursed again. Twisting about, he withdrew Clow's pistol from his pocket, laid it on the seat beside him, and drove on slowly, for the swarming drops clouded his windshield more rapidly than the wiper could banish them.

Lightning flared yellow and violet, illuminating for a split second the slick road, tree branches lashing wetly in the wind and, a few rods ahead, a black bulk in the ditch and the white faces of two men. As the thunder bellowed, York tramped on the brake and brought his machine to a skidding halt. The man who had stepped forward into the headlight's glare, with one arm raised, slopped to the side of the car.

"Bud," he whined, "how's chances for a lift?" His voice was nasal, with a faint trace of accent. His companion appeared beside him, shoulders hunched against the lash of the rain.

"Good," York returned, opening the car's rear door. "Smash-up?"

"Skidded," the second man reported, clambering in. "In the ditch and the front axle busted. A hell of a note."

As York eased in the clutch the man who had hailed him spoke, almost in his ear, with a wheedling, urgent strain in the foreign voice:

"Bud, take us far as the Reddickville crossroad, hey? Pay you. We can—catch a lift from there, eh Gus?" His companion mumbled assent.

"I'm going into town," York hesitated.

"That's a couple of miles out of my way. If it's important—"

"Boy," the other said fervently, "I'll say it is."

They drove on into the gust-jostled rain. Woodland gave way and the lightning revealed a house, set back from the road amid wind-bent poplars. York's eyes returned from it to the road and he applied the brake so suddenly that a yelp of alarm rose from the tonneau.

Full in the path of the headlights stood a girl, her blue sou'-wester and slicker shining with rain. Silent, with a heart that hammered painfully, York saw her step from the radiance and come quickly to the side of the car.

"I thought," she said crisply, "that you were never coming, Skeen. Drive me to the station, quick as you can."

DESIRE MINOT surveyed the strait, depersonalized orderliness of her father's living-room—the furniture, funereal in white dust-covers; the floors bare and freshly oiled; the shade-drawn windows, barren of curtains—and nodded satisfaction. She counted bills into the palm of the woman who had stood at her elbow and then hesitated.

"Everything looks all right, Mrs. Michaux," she said. "I'll write. Skeen is going to look out for the garden. Yes, I think that's all. Good-by. The front door, Mrs. Michaux. I've locked the back."

The woman departed and the girl ran