

## Equal Opportunities

By Jack Binns

**T**HERE has been always a vast difference between the advantages offered children in rural and urban communities, particularly in education.

Radio gives us the means to change this by equalizing opportunities throughout the country. The change can be accomplished by equipping every school

state-wide and has now narrowed down to a choice between the quail and the bluebird.

It looks now as if the quail would win out but if it does it will be over the votes of the realtors who naturally are solidly lined up behind the feathered symbol of happiness.

### A Pyrrhic Victory

**A**T THE time I write, most of the reports coming in with respect to the general rearrangement of broadcast stations which went into effect Armistice Day upon orders of the Federal Radio Commission are about equally divided between praise and blame. As an example Dr. H. A. Bellows, a former member of the commission, is quoted as reporting improvement in the Northwest and then suggesting the advisability of more clear channels. This is a polite way of saying the scheme is only partly successful.

There can be no permanent solution until all the wave-length channels are cleared. This is impossible with more than 600 broadcast stations, unless they are compelled to make drastic time-sharing arrangements. The latter plan is uneconomical and, moreover, entirely unfair. No broadcaster could build up his organization and arrange time contracts under such conditions. The public interest, convenience and necessity requires that fully 50 per cent of the present stations be completely removed from the air.

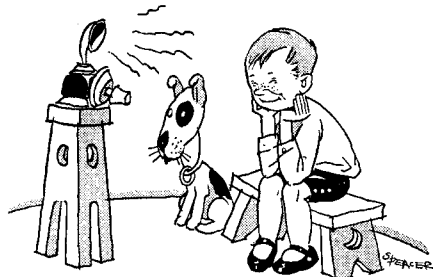
### He Plays Boom-Boom

**L**IKE all the other sciences or arts, music has its own technical terms and they are equally terrifying to the layman. For instance, there are the tympani—the name for percussion instruments. Of course you and I just call them drums and let it go at that, because, after all, no matter what we call them, they will always sound the same, except perhaps on some radio loud speakers.

In recognition of the latter possibility the tango orchestra that entertains us on the NBC chain obtains some novel effects by having the drummer use other things than regulation tympani. If by chance you should ever get into the New York studio when this aggregation is engaged in dispensing notes, do not be surprised at the antics of the musician, who may be scratching a dry gourd with a metal pick, rubbing two sheets of sandpaper together or shaking pebbles in a box. He is the tympanist.

### Quail California

**I**N CALIFORNIA everybody is up in the air over the choice of a wild bird to be regarded as "California's Own." The voting, started by KGO, became

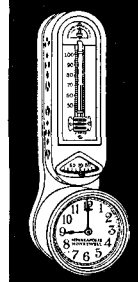


with an efficient radio receiver and loud speaker, no matter where the school may be located. The educational authorities of the various states could then arrange with the available broadcast stations in their commonwealths to set aside uniform periods each day for the transmission of educational features by leading experts.

Several communities have already shown enterprise in this matter. One of the conspicuous examples is that of the musical series undertaken by Walter Damrosch. Most of the installations for receiving this series have been made by parents' associations or local philanthropists. This is a start in the right direction.

An idea of the possibilities of centralized radio instruction is illustrated in the action taken by the authorities of Fort Bend County in Texas where a broadcast station has been erected by the county educational board. It serves thirty-six rural schools and four urban institutions. Every morning at nine o'clock all the schools tune in to this station and listen to the instruction given by Jess F. Ward, the county superintendent. It is planned to broadcast all worth-while educational lectures that are available. More than three thousand rural children are thus getting an opportunity to learn that was not available to their parents. There is no reason why every child should not have the same chance.

**LOOK—**  
for the Signals of  
**OVERHEATING**  
in your home



Perhaps in the homes of friends, you have noticed these very signs, with never a thought of their meaning. Guests yawning and nodding over a bridge game, though the evening is young. Frequent colds, some member of the family always below par—the housewife complaining that she tires easily, with her work only half done.

Look more closely for damage to your possessions and pocketbook. Fuel bills away out of line? An ugly plaster crack? And there is always the chance of a neglected fire seriously shortening the life of your heating plant. As to fire danger, that is a hazard you just don't like to think about.

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# Wings of Destiny

Continued from page 15

WIVES...  
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mild



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RALEIGH

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It's



milder

against the cushions, her eyes looking up through the trees at the distant stars.

"Mill," she said at last.

"Yes, dear?"

"I wish you'd give me Mitzi's address. Or let us drive around there; I want to leave a note for her."

If this was a trap, it was a clever one; and Delavan fell into it by hesitating before replying.

"I'm not sure where she lives," he said then. "It's hard to remember the names of these French streets. But I'll get her address, if you like, and mail it to you."

JOYCE turned her face away, and a few moments later he heard her crying, crying in deep, convulsive sobs as though her heart would break.

"Dear child!" murmured Delavan, hardly able to trust his own voice. "Please! Please don't cry."

"Don't," she brokenly sobbed as he took her hand.

"But you mustn't cry like this—on our last night together."

"Oh, Mill!" she choked; and suddenly turning, her head was on his shoulder, her arms around him. "I know they treated you cruelly, dear, but you shouldn't—you shouldn't—"

As well as he could, he comforted her, his right arm around her, his left hand stroking her hair. Should he tell her about Judge Henrichs? It might be fatal to the Judge's work—to say nothing of what it might mean to himself upon his return to Germany!

And what could he tell her about Mitzi?

If he admitted that Mitzi was working in the enemy's cause, it would not only weaken his own story, it might well lead to a short, sharp trial for the Baroness. No; confidences, once begun, would have to be stopped somewhere. It were better not to start them.

Gradually Joyce grew quiet, and the time-honored anticlimax took place. Sobs changed to snuffles, and those, in turn, to a good old-fashioned blowing of the nose.

"I don't know what you'll think of me," she said, gently releasing herself. "I suppose I've been working too hard—and seeing too many wounded. It gets you after a while."

They kissed when they parted; a solemn, rather tremulous affair. "Good-by, dear," she breathed. "I'm glad I'm going away tomorrow. And—be careful."

After she had disappeared into her hotel Dell told the coachman to drive to No. 37 rue de Barbonne. He didn't have the best of times with himself on the way over.

The new Chief in Paris was a middle-aged, spectacled man with prominent brown eyes, bald and professional; and having first looked at Delavan with large curiosity, he silently called his attention to the fact that the swords no longer hung on the wall beneath the picture of the bull-fight.

"I have orders for you," he said then. "You are to return to headquarters—at once."

Delavan didn't like the sound of that peremptory "at once."

"They seem to be in a hurry," he said. And glancing again toward the empty pews, he added, "Do you think I have a trial waiting for me?"

"I doubt it," said the other. "I saw the report which was sent to headquarters—and I knew Goya. Here; I'll show you what they say about your return—"

Dell read a short paragraph from a decoded message. It was laconic enough, but it could hardly be called grim. He was to return to Charleville at once.

"Myself," continued the other, "I think they are glad that Goya is gone. He had grown too overbearing, and he was always too fanatical. That charming idea of his, for instance, of assassinating the British Premier—it wouldn't sound entertaining in our own high places. There are such things as reprisals, both during and after a war. Oh, yes; Goya was rapidly becoming impossible. In fact, I have heard it hinted that you came down to remove him—a theory which will find support now that you are returning as soon as the deed is done."

Dell shrugged his shoulders. Among his other disillusionments was a theory that human nature would always prefer to follow the false idea rather than the true one.

"How am I to get back?" he asked.

"By the same method which brought you here—the same taxi—even the same taxi-driver. Here is a pass to the Neuilly field, if your uniform isn't enough. You are to be there at ten o'clock tomorrow. Between ten and ten-thirty you will see your bus arrive from the north. In you get, and off you go—in plenty of time for lunch at Charleville."

"Before you go," he concluded, "here is a letter for you. It was handed in a few moments before you came, and I promised that you should have it before leaving Paris."

As Delavan had expected, the handwriting was Mitzi's.

"Dear Mill: I didn't know Joyce was here. We must talk this over. Drop in and see me any time after ten this evening. Duty holds me fast till then. Meanwhile, as always, *Tout à vous. M.*"

The clock on St. Bernard's was striking nine when Dell left No. 37. A full day, already, in his pursuit of adventure, he told himself—to say nothing of the meeting still to come!

"I wish the Judge were here," he uneasily thought. "So much is happening that I can't write down—and besides, he might find some way of telling Joyce. . . ."

BUT the enemy line of communications into Paris: Dell wouldn't forget that in a hurry. Nor how their intelligence was secured—and transmitted. More than once he had considered writing his discoveries to Judge Henrichs, but with the system of censorship existing in Paris he knew that his letter would be opened and read before leaving the city—and would probably be acted upon a few hours later.

"Then neither the judge nor myself would get any credit," he thought. "And not only that, but if No. 37 has a representative in the censorship office—and I'm pretty sure they have—I know what would happen to me when I return to Charleville!"

He could understand Mitzi's concern at being seen by Joyce. Oh, but that had been a delicate minute! One false step, one wrong word, and fate might well have thrown its shadow on the wall. There had always been an indefinable rivalry between Joyce and Mitzi—that subtle antagonism which sometimes exists between the growth of youth and the settled charm of maturity.

"Yes, Joyce would have had things straightened out, if she had seen half a chance," thought Delavan. Might still

do it, for that matter, if she could describe Mitzi accurately enough to be recognized by the authorities.

"Unless she thought that her arrest might involve me, as well," he continued. "But at least the ice is getting thin for Mitzi. I'm glad we're going to talk things over."

But if Mitzi was concerned about the thinness of the ice beneath her graceful feet, she showed no sign of it when Dell appeared a few minutes past ten.

Her apartment was on the top floor of a residential hotel overlooking the Seine—an old, reconstructed palace where the stairway might have been designed by a Michelangelo and the walls were thick enough to withstand old-fashioned cannon.

"Dear boy, come in," said the Baroness, opening the door herself. And to the portress who had guided Delavan up the stairway and along the intricate corridor, "To anyone else this evening, Céleste, I am not at home."

THAT night had brought a chill with it. On the hearth of a carved stone mantelpiece a fire was crackling, its golden flame fretted with the dark shadows of the chimney behind. Mitzi was wearing a negligee of primrose colored silk. Before the fire, on a stool, stood a tray with cups and saucers.

"I'm betting on this," she said, "that you didn't stop at the Lanterne to finish your coffee tonight."

"You must think me stupid for taking Joyce to the Lanterne," said Dell, trying to talk as though he were only idly chatting while the coffee was being poured. "But I hadn't seen you since Monday; and when I telephoned at six o'clock they said you were out of town."

"With Major Morin," she explained. "He has been very trying today. Something important is about to happen, and he would only be mysterious with me. Two lumps, dear? I have been visiting friends near Amiens where the British General Staff sits every day and tells Foch 'No; we cannot do this' and 'No; we cannot do that.' Which Major Morin says is called the higher strategy, because if a French generalissimo fails, there may still be a Marlborough or a Wellington on the British staff."

Laughing a little, she stirred her coffee.

"But this morning," she continued, "something important happened, and the major was so mysterious that I finally said to him, 'You seem to think me a silly girl and not to be trusted. Very well, M'sieur, since apparently we have arrived at the time when we can no longer exchange those confidences of the soul without which friendship is but a guarded acquaintance, I am returning to Paris, *tout de suite*, and so good-by, forever!'"

"What did he say to that?" asked Dell.

"Why, he became more sensible," said Mitzi, as though slightly surprised by the question, "and, his leave not having expired yet, he returned to Paris with me this afternoon. The important news is something about the American army, and a visit which General Pershing made on the British staff. And just as I perceived that he was in the mood to tell me about it I walked into the Lanterne and found Joyce staring at me. So perceiving that she must either come to my table, or I must go to her, I tried to drop the major and accept the lesser of two evils. And, oh, Mill, you saw for yourself what a narrow escape it was!"

"I lived a few years myself when

Morin joined us," said Dell, "especially when I saw that Joyce wanted to speak to him."

"You think she suspects?"

"I don't think; I know."

"But only me, of course. She has no idea that you—"

"Hasn't she?"

"Mill! How did she guess it?"

"Partly, I'm afraid, because I didn't have the capacity for lying to her."

"That is a weakness," nodded Mitzi reflectively. "You ought to hear me talking to Morin. And yet—she was dining with you," she continued.

"Call it a friendly truce."

"Which extends to me?"

"I'm afraid not," Dell slowly answered. "She's going north tomorrow; but if I were you, I'd leave Paris for a few days."

"A mild indisposition, I think, would do as well," said Mitzi thoughtfully.

She poured coffee again.

"I never thought Joyce would be so dangerous," she said in a low voice.

DELL, who had been watching the fire, looked up at her with sudden intensity. Beneath the quietness of Mitzi's voice was a note of menace which apparently she wasn't even trying to conceal. . . .

Delavan curbed his quick protest—veiled his sharp glance.

"Oh, Joyce is all right," he said. "We'll all be friends again after the war."

"That's very pretty," said Mitzi in the same low voice. "But if I were arrested now, I might not live to see the end of the war. I therefore repeat that Joyce is dangerous."

"She's playing with me," thought Dell; and rather inelegantly added, "This is the way she works the major." But strive as he might, he could only see one way of answering the move which Mitzi had made—and that was precisely the move which she wanted him to make.

"You leave Joyce alone," he said, "and I think I can promise that she'll leave you alone."

"In other words," said Mitzi, smiling, "she will include me in her friendly truce?"

"I will see her in the morning about it."

"And you'll let me know, of course. If I don't hear from you, I shall know that she wants no truce."

When coffee was over, Mitzi took a guitar from the wall and seated herself in a chaise longue opposite Dell. First she played and sang Jocelyn's Berceuse:

"... Far from the noisy throng  
By song birds lulled to rest,  
Where rocked the branches high  
By breezes soft caressed.  
Softly the hours rolled on  
By sorrow all unharmed,  
Binding my fate to thee,  
A sweet existence charmed.  
Awake not yet from thy repose;  
A fair dream spirit hovers near thee,  
Weaving a web of golden rows  
To dreamland's happy isle to bear thee.  
Sleep on; it is not yet the dawn.  
Angels guard thee with love till morn. . . ."

Delavan abruptly arose and walked to the window.

"As soon as she's through playing this, I'll get away," he thought. But then another reflection made him pause. Mitzi's English major; what had he told her about the plans for the American army and Pershing's call on the staff?

"It may be something about a surprise attack," he thought, "but if the Germans know in advance that it's coming, the surprise is going to be on the wrong side."

When the song was over he said, "A

pretty thing, Mitzi, but dangerous. . . . Did you sing it to Major Morin just before he told you about Pershing?"

Mitzi smiled at him from under her sweeping lashes.

"No, dear," she said. "He hasn't told me yet. Tomorrow night is his last night before returning to duty. And that is the night—the last night—which I have always found best for the exchange of confidences. Besides, I wanted you here tonight." And in a gentle, lazy voice: "I hope you are not sorry?"

Drawing a deep breath, Delavan said to himself, "I must get away." And aloud: "The only thing I'm sorry about is this—I have an appointment at eleven o'clock tonight in the rue de Barbonne. I must run away now."

"Oh, break your appointment," she said in the same voice as before.

"I can't," he replied. And, imagination helping him, he cryptically added, "A message from the Chief. I'm going back to Charleville tomorrow morning."

And in truth he was glad to get away. Beginning with Mitzi's clever bargaining: "I never thought Joyce would be so dangerous," the whole evening had gradually fallen flat—not only flat but in some indefinable way, threatening.

"Perhaps she doesn't like it because I've been seeing Joyce," he thought, "and perhaps she doesn't like it because Joyce wouldn't tell on me, but might have been ready to make trouble for her." And while he was guessing these things, Mitzi's mind was not inactive. She, too, could probably sense that, for whatever cause, it was no longer the night for starlight and soft guitars.

"Well, good night, and good luck," she said when Delavan stood ready to go. "And don't forget—you're to write me in the morning about Joyce."

He thought she closed the door after him rather quickly.

"She may phone No. 37," he told himself, "so I'll drop in at eleven o'clock and ask if there are any further instructions."

As he strode along, gratefully breathing the cool air of the night, he found that his thoughts kept turning more and more to Major Morin and General Pershing's visit to the British General Staff.

"If there were only some way of warning the major not to tell—" he mused.

But for one thing he would first have to find Morin. And after he had found him, what then? Dell couldn't warn him about Mitzi without disastrous results not only for her but for himself as well. Even to hint that she was indiscreet might be fatal, for the major was evidently not particularly discreet himself and might easily tell Mitzi anything that Dell had said.

"And yet I can't get it out of my head that it's something important," he told himself. ". . . If there were only some way of putting the major out of business until his leave was up, and then shipping him back to headquarters. . . . Or kidnapping him and putting him on a vessel bound for England," he added with an incorrigible touch of his old romanticism.

NO. 37 was dark when he reached the rue de Barbonne, but the Café de la Lanterne was bright enough.

"The new Chief may be there," thought Dell. "I'll have a look."

He was walking slowly around among the tables when a friendly voice hailed him, "Er—Lieutenant. . . !"

Delavan turned, the thrill of premonition running over him. Yes! . . . It was Major Morin sitting at a table with another British officer—Major Morin, gray and graceful, his eyes already a bit too bright with the light which the Lanterne had brought him.

(To be continued next week)



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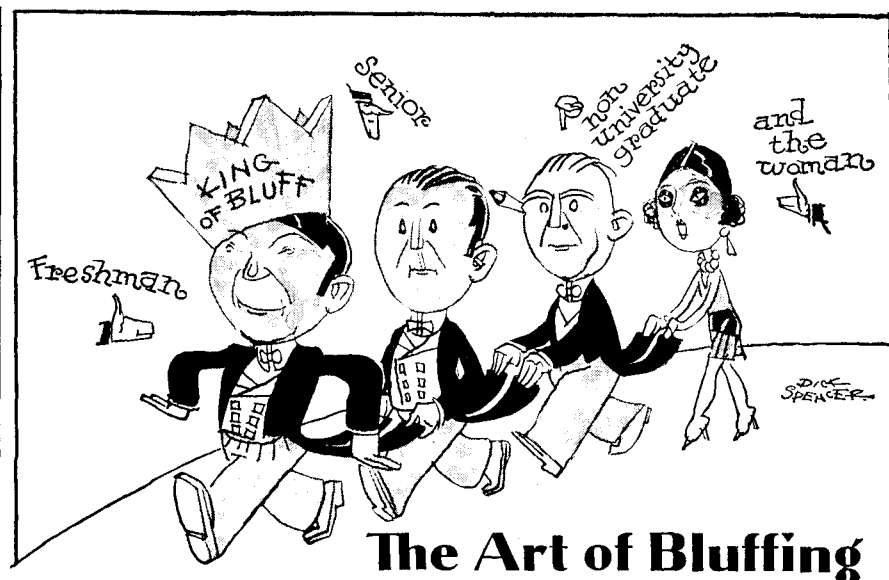
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## The Art of Bluffing

By Edwin E. Slosson

CAN you define "psychoterminality"? If you can't, you know more than 21 out of 29 students in the University of Pennsylvania, for when Professor S. W. Fernsberger asked a class in an examination to explain its meaning he got expositions of this nonexistent subject from more than two thirds of the students.

But the most thorough investigation of the extent of the fine art of bluffing has been made by Ernest F. Thelin and Paul C. Scott of the University of Cincinnati on 100 university and 47 high-school students, as well as on 58 persons who had not had the advantages of higher education.

The students were asked to underline the name of the character using alleged quotations from Macbeth and Hamlet, many of them fictitious. Or to designate the authors of certain unwritten books. Or in a vocabulary test to define certain words coined for the occasion.

Bluffing is defined by the investigators as "pretending to have greater knowledge than is actually possessed." The amount of bluffing done by different students varied from 5 to 81 per cent. Half the students bluffed 46.58 per cent or more. One fourth of them bluffed 60.97 per cent or more. Only one fourth of them bluffed 30.35 per cent or less. The freshmen bluffed most; seniors least. The men bluffed a little more than the women. The students who ranked highest academically averaged lowest scores in bluffing.

The non-university group, consisting of bookkeepers, toolmakers, chauffeurs, salesmen and laundrymen of about the same age, bluffed less than those who had had training in this art in college. Their average bluffing score was only 25.7 per cent. Four of the outsiders did no bluffing.

It appears from this that our educational system trains to dishonesty and pretentiousness, to false assumption of knowledge and concealment of ignorance, which is the opposite of what it is intended to do. For education has for its aim quite as much the defining of one's area of ignorance as the extending of one's area of knowledge.



I do not see that pretending to recognize Shakespearean quotations or professing to have read novels that have never been written will do any serious harm to anybody, but think of the danger of turning loose upon the world doctors and engineers who have for years indulged in the practice of asserting as known facts statements that are both false and fictitious!

### Which Race Do You Like Most?

AND let me tell you of another such investigation. The psychologist, now that he has learned how to use mathematics, does not hesitate to tackle the most intangible questions of the mind and of the emotions. At the University of Chicago, L. L. Thurstone has made a study of national preferences. He tested a group of 239 students, intentionally mixed in regard to racial antecedents and religion.

Each was asked to answer the question: "Which of these two nationalities or races would you in general prefer to associate with?" The 21 races or nationalities were presented in pairs such as American-Hindu, English-Swede, Japanese-Italian, etc. Then from the preferences between each pair, by a process of mathematical manipulation that I will not explain to the reader since I do not understand it myself, the investigator constructed a scale which gave the rank and order of the combined preferences of the group.

At the top stands naturally the American. Then at considerable distance below comes the Englishman. After another gap of social distance appear the Scotchman and Irishman, practically paired, and next the Frenchman and German, also nearly on a par. Then follow in close succession the Swede, South American, Italian, Spaniard, Jew, Russian, Pole, Greek, Armenian, Japanese, Mexican, Chinaman, Hindu and Negro.

No attempt is made by the investigator to ascertain the reasons, or rather the causes, of the choices. Probably they are at bottom more prejudices than preferences. Such unconscious feelings are best expressed by Tom Brown, who said:

"I do not love you, Dr. Fell.  
The reason why I cannot tell.  
But this alone I know full well  
I do not love you, Dr. Fell."

I am opportunely reminded by my radio that the same thing is true of likes as well as dislikes. I usually have my radio turned on when I write, and just now comes to me Victor Herbert's song from "The Red Mill": "I Know I Love You, Dear, Because You're You."