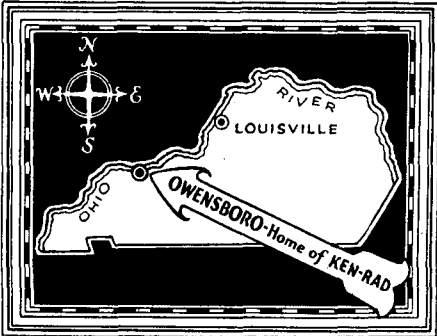


KEN-RAD TUBES



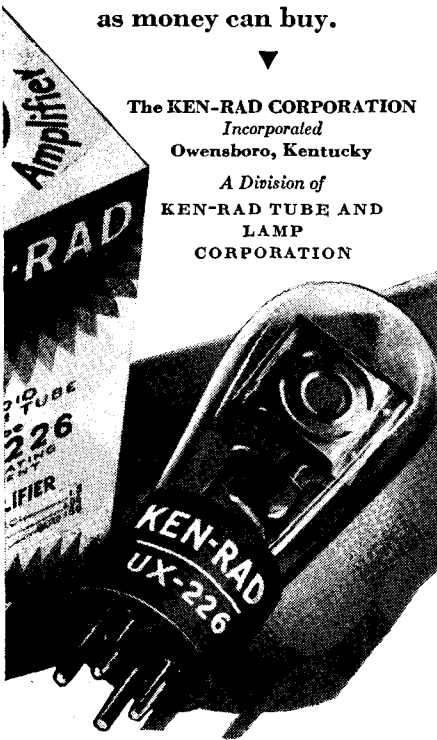
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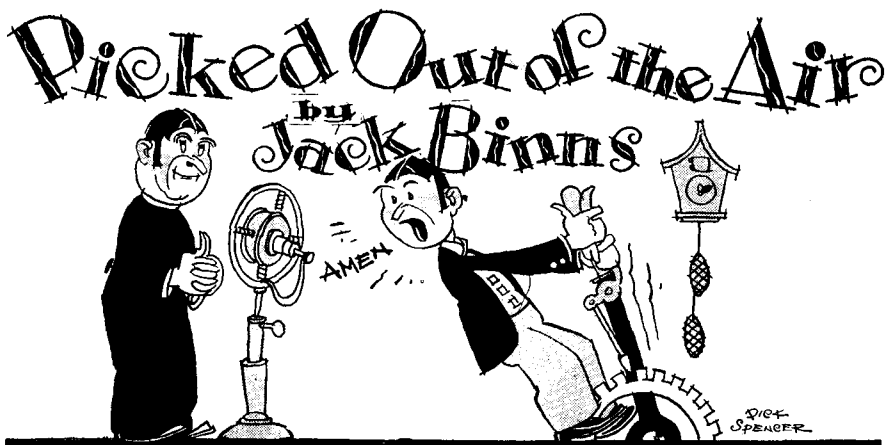


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Owensboro, Kentucky
A Division of
KEN-RAD TUBE AND
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CORPORATION

KEN-RAD RADIO TUBES

KEN-RAD BROADCASTING

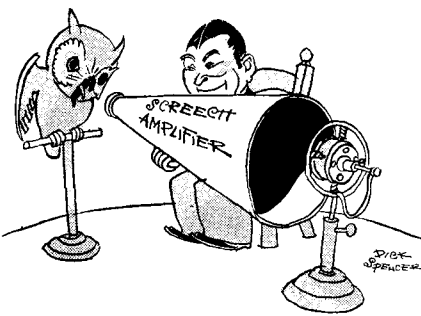
Ken-Rad is planning a series of unique radio programs that will reflect the spirit and traditions of Old Kentucky—the Land of Quality—where Ken-Rad tubes are made. Watch this publication for the details.



The Broken Prayer

THERE are some critics unkind enough to state that announcers are merely necessary encumbrances without any compensating degree of intelligence. Morris Hepler, a worthy scribe of Denver, rushes to the defense of the species with this little yarn:

Recently a religious program was scheduled to precede a chain feature over KOA. The preacher was warned to keep his eye on the clock. He promised to do so, but in the fervor of his exhortation he forgot. In fact he was in the midst of an earnest prayer when the chain program went on the trans-continental telephone wire. The announcer, with a nervous finger on the switch, mopped his brow. A moment later the preacher paused for breath, and in that brief second the announcer, with his mouth close to the microphone, uttered a most soul-relieving "Amen" and then threw the switch.



It Sounds That Way

MANY broadcast stations point with pride to the excellence of their equipment, especially that part of it known as the "speech amplifier." This is the portion that amplifies what the microphone picks up before it is put on the carrier wave for transmission to our radio receivers.

After listening to many of the stations who loudly demand a place in local ether I am convinced all they have is a "screech amplifier."

Vital Symbols

FIFTY-FOUR years ago the famous British physicist, Clerk Maxwell, published his mathematical treatise on Electricity and Magnetism. At that time there were probably very few men in the world who understood Professor Maxwell's paper, but it stirred scientists into new activity, especially to prove or disprove the theory disclosed. Among those who undertook the task was Professor Heinrich Hertz of Germany—whose researches culminated in a demonstration of "Hertzian waves" which subsequently led to the discovery of wireless telegraphy by Marconi, and then step by step to modern radio with all its wonders, including broadcasting.

Now comes Professor Einstein with his latest mathematical treatise contained in five pages of symbols charged

with scientific dynamite. Here again but few men can comprehend the treatise.

Whatever it may mean, there is no doubt it has stirred scientific minds all over the world as very few scientific works have. Who can tell what important discovery it may lead to, or what new utility may evolve out of it to make human life just so much better than it was in the past or is now?

Musical Notices

THE village of Boonville, N. Y., has adopted an ordinance prohibiting, within the village limits, the use of any electrical device liable to cause preventable interference with radio reception. The very reliable Associated Press, reporting this event, states: "The ordinance particularly listed such devices as flashing electric signs not equipped with condensers and electric pianos."

Let's hope the city fathers of New York do not see this. I hate to think of walking up the Great White Way when every flashing electric sign is equipped with an electric piano.

In Fact Quite Potent

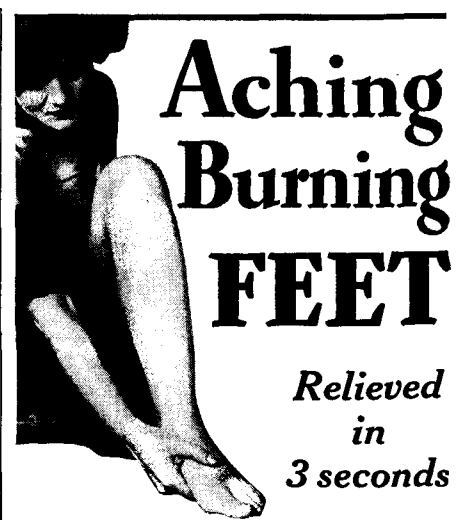
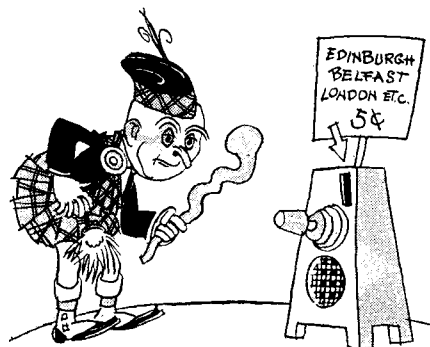
A FAIR reader of Waldron, Ark., realizing how difficult is my weekly chore, sends along this little item: "G. C. A. announcing over station KTHS: 'The fur market is given through the courtesy of —. The price of furs is holding up well. Skunk has shown unusual strength!'"

Ah! now, Mr. Arnoux, remember the slogan of your station. Really that announcement is no inducement for us to "Kum to Hot Springs."

It's a True One

THIS is the latest Scotch story: As you may know every radio fan in Great Britain has to pay the government an annual fee for the privilege of listening to radio programs. Recently the government changed the wave length of the station at Edinburgh. Consequently the Scottish fans had to buy new coils before they could get that station.

Now a lot of canny Scots have put in a claim against the government for a rebate of their listeners' fees on the ground they can no longer listen to the station they paid for.



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3 seconds

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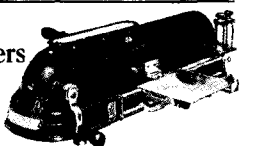
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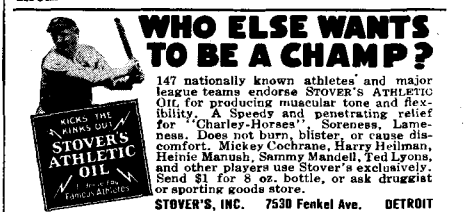
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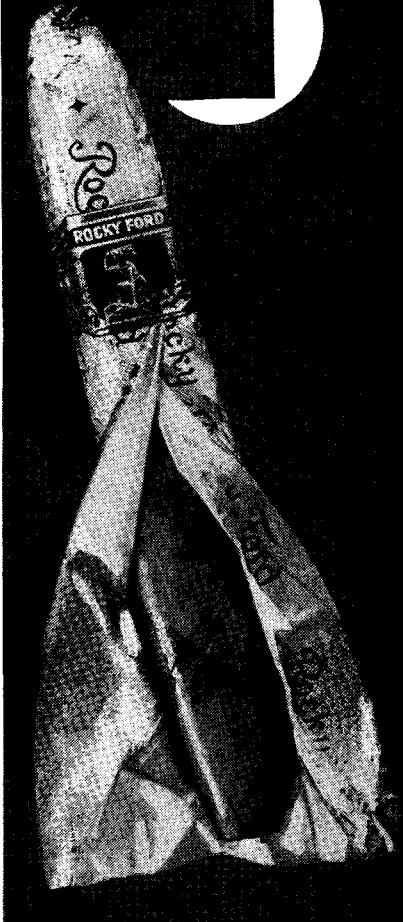
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Nothing up my Sleeve

Continued from page 13

bandaged my hands as carefully as he could. Big Jim held me, for I was still too weak to stand alone. My head was dizzy. Somehow I couldn't connect the precipice with the train. I had lost a link in the chain of events.

"Who fired the gun?" I asked, rubbing my forehead with a bandaged hand.

"Jim," Shorty explained. "Took a crack at the 'shack.'"

"Only wanted to frighten the big stiff," growled Jim.

"You're too fresh with that gun of yours," snapped his pal. "One of these days you'll swing for your foolishness."

"I didn't try to hit him," said Jim sulkily.

"You've queered the game," said Shorty. "We've got to drop off at the next grade and leg it into town."

A Leap in the Dark

"Train's going too fast for me," I said.

"It'll slow up when we hit a hill," said Shorty.

At the first grade, however, instead of slowing down, the speed increased. Shorty guessed the reason. "They're going to keep us on and pinch us at Davenport," he explained.

Sure enough, at the next town we saw the conductor toss a message to the station agent.

"That's to hold us up," said Shorty. "They'll telegraph the bulls at Davenport. We'll have to jump at the next grade sure."

I was afraid. I was only a youngster of fifteen, toughened and hardened, to be sure, by the life I had led since running away from home. But I was a boy, nevertheless, with all of a boy's emotions. The brutal attack of the brakeman had unnerved me, and I did not dare jump in the darkness. My hands throbbed with pain and my whole body ached.

"Buck up, old man," said Shorty. "We'll stick together."

The engineer must have let the throttle out another peg when we hit the second grade, for the three of us at once sensed the increase in speed.

"Twenty-five if she's going one," said Shorty. "But we've got to make it. Look there!" He pointed off to the right.

We were taking a long curve as he spoke, and far away we could see the clustered lights of a city.

"Davenport," he added. "You jump first, kid."

I hesitated.

"Go on—you won't hurt yourself." I climbed down onto the brake beam. "Don't be afraid," Shorty called. "I've got hold of you."

His voice seemed miles away, for the roar of the wheels and the infernal clatter of rods and chains deafened my ears.

"Lean back," said the voice, and it sounded very far away and detached.

"Swing out." I let go with one hand and swung out until it seemed as if I were lying on my back just above the earth, which I could feel rushing under me like a swift black flood.

"Let go!"

I struck the sand and rolled over and over down the bank. As I scrambled to my feet, Shorty and Big Jim plunged down to see if I was hurt. Shorty said that we were about three miles outside of Davenport. We struck off through a cornfield, and after an hour's tramping reached town. In a saloon we heard a story of two men and a boy holding up

a freight train. We did not linger in the saloon, or in the city, but made our way into the country, broke into a barn and climbed into the hayloft.

I was awakened by Big Jim's heavy voice heaving curses at somebody. This was before daylight; the owner of the barn had stuck a pitchfork into Big Jim while getting hay for the cattle. I believe that the big fellow would have killed the man if Shorty had not quieted him and squared things with the farmer. We went back to sleep again and did not awake until the farmer came in and invited us to breakfast.

"I guess we'll go now, neighbor," said Shorty after the meal.

"I reckon you won't go!" retorted the farmer, starting for the door.

Shorty had crooked, sneering lips and when he smiled his mouth gave an odd twist to the left. It was not a good thing to see, that smile, although it fitted in with the general plan of his face, the bony forehead, the sunken cheeks, the beak of a nose, and the steely eyes. He smiled now as he asked civilly enough why he could not go.

"Because you can't!" answered the farmer, slamming the door.

We followed him outside. A big bell was ringing at one of the farmhouses near by, and some men were hurrying down the road. Our host stood at the gate with a shotgun.

"Put up your hands." He waved the gun so as to cover the three of us. Neither Shorty nor Big Jim paid any attention to the command, and, of course, I followed their example.

"You wouldn't shoot a man, neighbor!" Shorty remonstrated mildly.

"Put up your hands!" said the farmer, drawing a bead on Shorty and cocking both barrels.

But Shorty never winked. He walked unconcernedly up to the man, grabbed the shotgun, discharged both barrels in the air, and then jerked the farmer bodily over the gate. It was all done more quickly than it takes to tell it. Leaping the fence we started on a run down the road.

Then the battle began. The farmers opened fire on us with shotguns, rifles, pistols and with ancient muskets, to judge from the sound and the way the buckshot scattered. The bullets kicked up the dust at our heels, and sang around our ears like bees. Suddenly Shorty slackened.

The Last Stand

"They've got me," he said coolly. His left arm hung limp at his side, but he kept on running. The farmers gave a great shout when they saw this and began shooting faster than ever. I was a good runner for my age, but I couldn't keep up with Shorty and Big Jim. Shorty reached back, caught my hand, and pulled me ahead of him.

"Let the kid go first," he called to Jim.

The big fellow slowed down and he and Shorty closed in behind me so as to protect me from the bullets. We ran on until we came to a fork in the road. Then we discovered that we were in a trap. Following us were a dozen men shooting at us every foot of the way. Coming toward us on the main road were several men on horseback. Up the road that forked to the left a buggy was coming, the horse at a gallop and the driver shouting and flourishing a whip. In the field on the right was a big stone pile.

"That's our only chance," said Shorty. (Continued on page 64)



POINTS THAT MARK THE MAN

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(Continued from page 63)

We climbed over the fence and scuttled for cover like rabbits. At the stone pile two big Colts suddenly appeared in Shorty's hands. He held one of them out to me.

"Here, kid, you may need this. Get away if you can. Don't shoot unless you have to."

I had never had much experience with revolvers and hardly knew how to handle one. But I felt a strange sensation as my fingers closed about the butt and I was as light-hearted as if I were on a lark instead of facing death.

"No gunplay if you can help it," Shorty said. "And don't either one of you shoot until I give the word."

The End of Big Jim

One of the farmers, an old man with long gray whiskers, climbed over the fence and advanced toward the stone pile. He was unarmed, but there were fifty men behind him armed with all kinds of weapons.

"Surrender in the name of the law!"

Shorty stepped out, gun in hand.

"We're willing to go on our way peaceable," he said coolly, "but we ain't done nothing and we don't give up our guns."

"I'm a justice of the peace," replied the old man. "Surrender or we fire." I was peeking over the top of the stone pile and it seemed as if every man was pointing his gun at me.

"If there's any shootin' goin' on," Shorty said, looking the man straight in the eye, "I know one man that'll go to hell first." And as he covered the justice with his gun we heard the clang of a heavy gong, and down the road, lurching in a swirling cloud of dust, came the patrol wagon. Shorty jerked the gun out of my hand. Then he went out to meet the police.

"Glad you came," he said coolly. "These fools were going to kill us." He handed over his guns and motioned Big Jim to do the same. Then, suddenly, the police had handcuffs on them both. Shorty protested.

"We ain't done nothing," he said.

"You ain't!" said a beefy, red-faced man in plain clothes, who was directing things. "I'd know that mug of yours in Jericho. As for you," he added, turning to Big Jim, "that saloon-keeper you shot in St. Louis last week died two days ago. You'll swing this time sure." Big Jim made no reply.

Shorty pointed to me. "The kid wasn't with us. Let him go."

"The kid was with you when you held up the train," said the detective.

"Held up nothing," retorted Shorty with scorn. "The kid was beating his way from Oskaloosa. That's on the square."

"That's right," growled Big Jim.

At that moment the farmer at whose house we had breakfasted came forward.

"I'll answer for the boy," he said, "and produce him any time you want him."

"All right," said the detective. "Come on."

They started for the patrol wagon. As he passed, Shorty took my hand and shook it, and to this day I believe there was a trace of tears in those hard eyes.

"Good-by, kid; take care of yourself," was all he said.

The farmer and his wife were tolerably kind to me, but the monotony of the life was unendurable. So one night I took French leave and within a week was back in St. Louis peddling papers in front of the Planters Hotel. While I was there Big Jim was brought from Davenport and tried on the charge of murder. As he had neither friends nor money he was sent to the gallows. I could not endure the thought of being

in the city when Big Jim was hanged, so a day or two before the execution I hit the "rattlers" again for the South. I joined the races and helped exercise the horses.

Then I caught a freight for Denison, Texas, where I met my old pal, Leggy, who had been working a "wheel of fortune" with the races.

Leggy and I set out for New Orleans where we joined the races and made a great deal of money selling programs. We followed this business in the South in winter and in the East and Middle West in spring and summer. I was sixteen years old now, and sold the official programs for the circuit, a privilege that cost me from \$150 to \$300 in each city.

When we reached Cincinnati I decided to chance the House of Correction and go home.

I had not been home long before the old love for magic returned stronger than ever, and almost all that winter I was in the house practicing sleight-of-hand. I think it was that as much as anything that brought mother and me together so closely. She was my audience and, as she had a quick, shrewd eye, was a capable critic. She enjoyed my tricks, largely, I suspect, because they kept me in the house with her.

I was happy that winter. Like Aladdin I possessed a lamp, only in my case the lamp was a book. It was called Modern Magic and for the first time, I, too, traveled in the realms of gold. Dear old "Professor Hoffman!" Years afterward, in London, I knew him, a serious, kindly-faced British barrister, white-haired and a bit bent with age, but in his eyes twinkled the unquenchable light of youth. I wonder how many of the friends and professional associates of Angelo Lewis knew of the different life he led under the pen name of "Professor Hoffman."

In the spring the races opened in Cleveland, and much against my mother's wishes I joined them and sold programs on the Eastern circuit. In Hoboken I became sick and the races went on to New Orleans, leaving me in New York. I had but little money. So I left my hotel and rented a cheap room in a Bowery lodging house.

There, a chance acquaintance brought me to the attention of Mr. W. M. F. Round, a noted philanthropist, who befriended me. Through him I joined the Mission Club and within a month after leaving the races, I was preaching from soapbox pulpits in the slums of New York. Of course, my mother was overjoyed. I wrote her daily during the early summer of 1886 and received loving letters from her in return. But on my seventeenth birthday, the 20th of July, she died. That was the first great sorrow of my life.

A Trick of Fate

In September, I entered the Mt. Hermon School, intending to become a medical missionary. For three years I was vice president of my class and secretary of the athletic club. I taught Indian-club swinging and being somewhat proficient at barbering I cut hair and shaved the boys on Saturday afternoons. Thus I earned enough to buy clothes.

I also applied myself to magic. I talked it, dreamed it and devoted every spare minute of my time to it.

In my fourth year at Mt. Hermon, I prepared myself to take the examination for the University of Pennsylvania.

I come now to the strangest incident in my life and the one that had the largest influence upon my career. Indeed, in looking back I realized how much I have been in the hands of Fate.

At Albany I saw a lithograph of Herrmann the Great; its appeal was

irresistible. I left the train and rushed to the Hermanus Bleecker Hall, where Herrmann was playing.

As I sat in the balcony I felt the thrills of enchantment that had captivated me in Columbus. I waited at the stage door, and followed my idol to the hotel, just as I had done when a boy of seven in Columbus, upon that other wonderful night.

Next day I suddenly thrilled to see Herrmann and Madame Herrmann at the train gate. I walked as near to the great magician as possible to take a last look. He was wearing a great fur coat and a slouch hat, with a big diamond pin in his shirt front, and carried a gold-headed cane.

I heard the guard say to Herrmann: "Syracuse—eight-twenty."

My train left for Philadelphia about the same time.

I went to the ticket window, laid down a twenty-dollar bill, and asked for a ticket to Philadelphia. I placed the ticket in my pocket and counted the change.

"You've made a mistake," I said to the agent. "The fare to Philadelphia is five dollars and twenty cents, and you have charged me only two dollars and eighty cents."

"You said Syracuse!" he replied.

I looked at the ticket—then at Herrmann, and said:

"All right, I'll go to Syracuse!"

In the Master's Presence

The conductor told me Herrmann was in a Pullman car, so I spent a dollar for a Pullman seat. Herrmann was in the smoking compartment puffing incessantly at cigarettes, lighting one from another.

Probably it was a dull ride for the great magician. But I was rolling through an enchanted country that morning.

That night I sat in the front row next to the run-board, hoping that Herrmann would pull a rabbit from my coat or use me as an assistant in some trick on the stage. But the magician did not even look my way throughout the performance.

Fate had thrown the die for me, and I felt it would be of no avail to try to thwart destiny. So I bought a ticket for Detroit, purposing to spend the winter with my father, and in the meantime prepare myself for a career of magic.

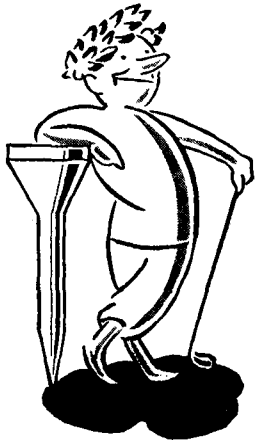
I practiced morning, noon and night, applying myself to the magic of small objects such as coins, cards and billiard balls, until I became skillful in the routine branches of the art. In the house or on the street I was eternally at it. My step-mother did not look with favor upon my magic. The more I practiced, the more strained our relations became. As I walked downtown one morning I formed acquaintance with a man selling potato peelers. He told me he averaged between five and six dollars a day. Instantly there flashed into my mind that I would combine conjuring with trade, to be merchant and magician too. Before night I had visited a hardware store and had begun making a hundred potato peelers. When they were finished I packed them in a satchel, along with a pack of cards and some rubber balls, all the magic apparatus I possessed, and went to my father. I told him that I had made up my mind to become a professional magician, and asked him to advance enough money to start me on my life's work.

He looked at me whimsically, not thinking that I really meant to go, and said:

"Here, my boy. Never let it be said your father didn't give you a start."

He handed me a quarter.

(To be continued next week)



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Consider the Lily

Continued from page 11

wouldn't delude you! Full of pep and no control and a serious menace to the peace of mind of the red-blooded Nordics, my appetizing young in-law *knew* she had a lot on the ball and that was what would be her downfall in my opinion. Just out of high school, where in these speedy days the scholars seems to learn far more than botany, for instance, Lily was getting a cold, wise look in her eyes and a hard-boiled edge to her chatter.

Now get me right, good people—the kid was as level as a pool table, mind you, but the raw books, plays, complexes and whatnot she talked about in open forum would of got me shipped to a reform school should I of mentioned 'em when I was a tot!

The next day Alex was going to rush Lily downtown in his new bus to seek a job, so I allowed him the pleasure of hauling me to the ball park at the same time. The fair Lily's routine was to get up at ten o'clock, shove off at eleven to look for work and be back in ample time for lunch at noon. Then she'd stake herself to a beauty sleep for the balance of the day, so's to be in shape for her nightly social activities.

After we delivered Lily outside a real estate office which craved a stenographer, Alex tells me his brand-new heap is speedway broke and guaranteed to do eighty miles per hour. To prove it, he steps on the gas, as soon as we're on Long Island. We hadn't gone two miles before John Law tailed us. Alex slowed down to about a mile a minute and the copper grimly uncorked his cannon. That argument won, colleagues, and in another half hour we're before His Honor.

"He was doin' sixty-five!" says the burly motorcycle constable.

"Sir," bellers Alex, "the man's crazy! I never took my eye off the speedometer and at no time did we exceed forty miles an hour."

"Humph!" remarks the bench. "You swear you were only doing forty?"

"Yes, sir," answers Alex firmly, holding up his hand, "I swear it!"

"Well I, for one, believe you," says

the judge laughingly. "Therefore, I'm going to fine you one hundred dollars or thirty days—the limit in that zone is twenty-five miles an hour!"

I liked to got thrown in the hoose-gow myself for hee-hawing!

All the way home I indulged in a luxury which I seldom get a taste of, to wit, a chance to get giggles at the expense of Mr. Alexander Hanley. I hope to tell you by the time we reached our domicile this lad was fit to be incarcerated and only the excitement inside prevented a open clash. As usual, Lily was the theme of the excitement. It seems that this real estate office called for her appearance there from nine to three and only paid the meager wage of forty bucks the week, so Lily couldn't be annoyed.

WHEN she come home the whole three of the girls had went to one of them ritzy fortune tellers, just for the ducks. "Of course, we don't *believe* in them, but—" Heh, heh, heh! The reader of palms told Eve she was going to take a journey and Eve exclaims that's wonderful forecasting as she really had to go downtown the next morning, a voyage of ten blocks. Alice asked how my ball team would finish the season and was gave the cheering information that we'd positively win every game we played in Detroit. Detroit's in the other league. But the pay-off was Lily—Lily was going to become a great author, according to this dizzy delver in the future. Oo la la!

"I'll bet Lily will write a best seller before the month's over!" says Eve.

"Absolutely!" agrees Alice. "I'll chase Joe out after dinner for a type-writer and paper and she can write a few chapters tonight."

"Yes—I suppose I might as well get started," murmurs Lily, like all they was to matters now was the manual labor.

"Well, Alex," I barks. "Here's a job for you! D'ye think you can turn her into a author?"

"If that's her gift—yes!" answers
(Continued on page 67)



"Some party! But the liquor tasted a bit queer, I thought."

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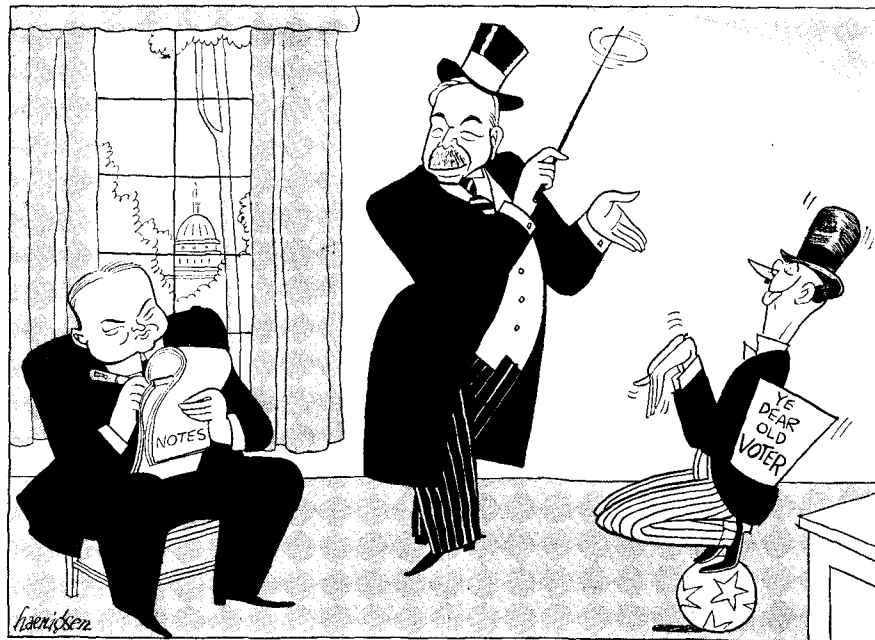
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Hoover's Politician

By THE GENTLEMAN AT THE KEYHOLE

JIM GOOD, Secretary of War, will be the political chief of the Hoover Administration. It may sadden Dr. Work, chairman of the Republican National Committee, to know that the President has another adviser at hand closer than he is and one who enjoys the confidence of the White House more than he does, but the fact is that the good doctor is, as they say in the college catalogues, emeritus.

Politically, the next Administration is Jim Good.

Now this is significant in the present Administration. Maybe when we write about the Administration we ought to rate Jim Good first in the Cabinet as Secretary extraordinary, outranking all the other high-ups because Jim Good is not only Secretary of War, a nice job in itself, but the political brains of the White House.

was born superior to all rules. He does what has always been done, not what no one ever thought of doing before.

The key to his nature is his industry. He works twice as hard as anyone else who is drawing a public salary, which is three times as hard as necessary. For example, he reads every letter that comes to him and answers every such letter himself. You can't conceive of his knowing intuitively what a letter contained by a glance at the paper, the postmark and the address. He lives in dread of betrayal by the wastebasket.

He brings to the Hoover Cabinet what nobody else brings to it: perfect understanding of the small town and the farm that elected Mr. Hoover, from moron up to—well, however high it goes.

Walter Brown, the other politician in the Hoover Cabinet, comes from a city, and what, pray, are the cities entitled to say about this Administration?

Good is the average man of the small town, with his wits sharpened to politics. He is the perfect barometer of that section of America which proved once more in November that in spite of the growth of cities and the industrialization of the country it remains dominant politically.

He was born at the corner of Main Street and Metropolis Avenue. Metropolis Avenue reminds one of the C. Z. and G. Railway (the Chicago, Ziegler and Gulf), which started at Ziegler and was to go to Chicago in one direction and to the Gulf in the other. It never went more than a few miles from Ziegler in either direction. It is a great advantage politically to have been born on so noble a street.

The Perfect Republican

And he is a Republican in whom there is no guile. I use this phrase in the same complimentary way in which it was used originally of something other than a Republican. There is not anything halfway about Jim Good politically. The greatest pleasure of his life is circumventing and circumscribing Democrats.

The way to get that way is to go to Congress, where Jim had a long and important career. That is where partisans are bred in this age of spinelessness. The little triumphs buried in the Congressional Record are worth a thousand Crécys and Agincourts. Well, that is Jim, swift and sure in his practiced offense and defense, as perfect as second nature can make a man.

A Misspent Youth

Mr. Hoover is not a politician. I know that I differ with many admirers of the President when I deny him the gift of divining how the people will jump. But all the same he isn't a politician. He is a great engineer, a great organizer, a great humanitarian, a man of marvelous vision, but just set him down beside a good ward boss and he is a child.

For a knowledge of politics is something that you don't pick up at fifty. You learn it, as you learn anything else, in the flexible years of youth. It is not anything against Mr. Hoover that he is not a politician. Someone said that skill in billiards was evidence of a misspent youth. So skill in politics may be evidence of a misspent youth.

Now it would not be important if a politician were a member of the Cabinet of a Theodore Roosevelt or an Al Smith, if Al had been elected. But the politician in the Administration of Herbert Hoover is important. So what kind of man is Jim Good?

Well, one might as well begin by admitting that he is not one of those heaven-sent geniuses in politics, few and far between. Even Tammany, looking for a leader, cannot find one. If Jim Good were one, he probably would not be another man's adviser. Jim is a perfectly good political mechanic.

He has learned the trade and learned it thoroughly. He is a slow, sure man, about as brilliant as highly polished lead. He knows the rules, knows them so that they are a part of his very nature. But he is not one of those who