

*"And the tubes
are as fine
as the Programs"*



THE flashing S, on a green oak leaf which every Sylvania dealer's window wears—is not the only symbol of Sylvania excellence. The dealer's own enthusiastic comment is significant.

He understands the importance of the fifteen exacting tests through which Sylvania Tubes must pass before they come to market.

He knows from daily proving how carefully they are made—how unusually long they keep their first-day efficiency.

And the Sylvania Foresters program that introduces you and him, has served you best if you come to know Sylvania Radio Tubes.

Listen to the Sylvania Foresters Orchestra and Quartette every Wednesday Evening—Over stations affiliated with the National Broadcasting Company, including WJZ and KDKA and KWK and KYW and WBZ and WBZA and WBT and WHAM and WJR and WLW and WREN and WRVA.

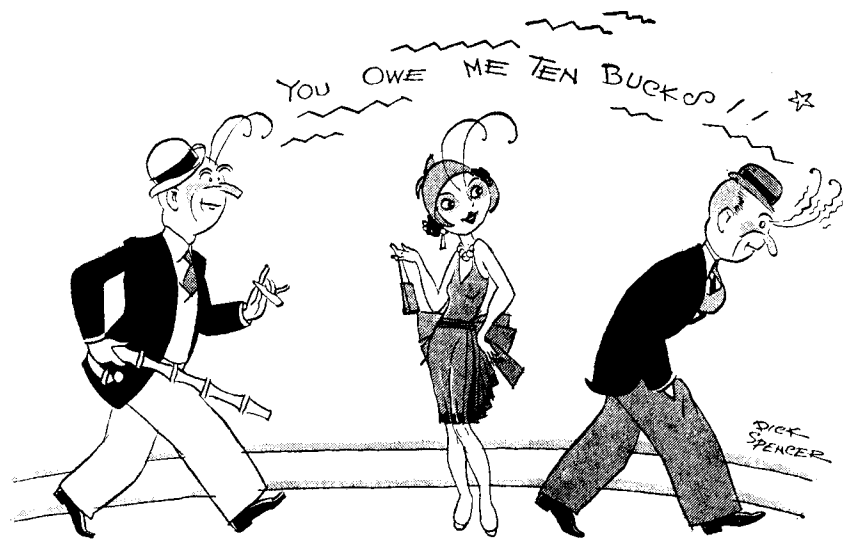
SYLVANIA PRODUCTS COMPANY
EMPORIUM, PENNSYLVANIA

Sylvania
RADIO TUBES

Visit the Dealer
Whose Window
Displays The
Flashing S, on a
Green Oak Leaf



LICENSED UNDER RCA PATENTS



Picked out of the Air

By Jack Binns

DUNNINGER, who has brought telepathy to radio, announces that fifty-five per cent of those who "listened" to his thoughts over their loud-speakers guessed at least one of the three thought-projections in the opening Ghost Hour program over the NBC network. The three thoughts were: "An American President," "A number of three digits" and "A geometrical figure."

Regarding the reported success of this test, Dunninger says: "It is extremely significant that it was with the aid of radio that the new record was established. No one is positive by what means radio waves reach the listener, and perhaps in its rays will be found a clue to the understanding of telepathy."

Possibly there are, within the congeries of atoms that comprise the human brain, means for generating ultra-high-frequency ether waves capable of conveying a mental picture or idea to some similarly attuned mind in another human being. If there are such means available, nobody has yet found the secret of voluntarily setting the waves into motion.

Even if someone did discover the secret, that would be only one step forward in utilizing the inherent power, if it is there. The next would be to discover some efficient means of radiating these waves into space. Of course it is scarcely needful to mention the necessity of getting our minds into a receptive condition to detect and reproduce these thought-waves.

Maybe evolution, in its normal course, will develop sensitive antennae on the heads of human beings—but I am afraid it will be a long time before you can concentrate on the guy who borrowed a ten-spot from you, and find his mind receptive.

Short-Skirt Waves

For the past year cops detailed to special automobile squads by the Chi-

cago police department have been having one awful time.

It is no fun to sit still while the loud-speaker in your automobile is saying, in high soprano tones: "No hat, no stockings, not even an anklet is needed to enhance the latest lovely bathing suit of Scotch plaid. It is Scotch all around judging by its design and cut, despite its Parisian birth."

It is pretty hard, too, for a two-fisted cop to remain silent when some hard-looking mug comes along and skittishly exclaims to him: "Oh, hello, Gertrude, have you heard about the lovely sale of stockings down at Marshall Field's today?"

The cops have had to stand this while the Chicago police department has been carrying on a series of experimental patrols in automobiles equipped with radio sets, in conjunction with station WGN.

In the course of these experiments the normal broadcast of WGN is interrupted whenever a crime is reported, in order to flash the news to the police automobiles which are located in certain specific sections of the city. Each of these automobiles carries at least three policemen fully armed.

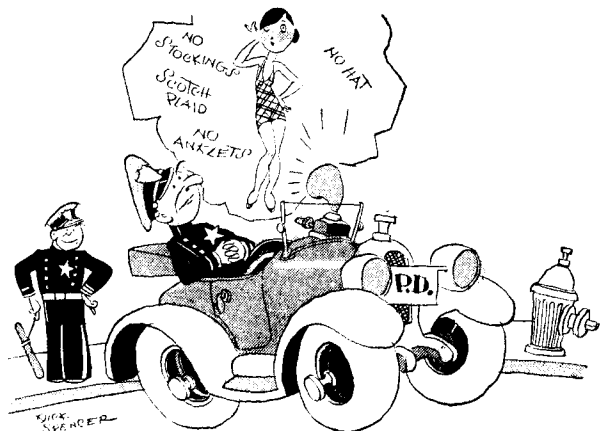
The period of experimentation has thoroughly justified the system. The figures already compiled show crime has been cut down one third as a result of the prompt actions of the auto squad.

It looks as though the troubles of the special squad would soon be over. The city has appropriated sufficient money to erect a short-wave transmitter for the service, and the cars will then be equipped with receivers that cannot respond to ordinary broadcasting, but will always be silent until an actual message comes from headquarters.

This short-wave service will also materially increase the efficiency of the system because it will not be so easy for criminals to cut in and be forewarned by the alarms, so that they can disappear before the automobiles arrive.

Every large city in the country should be equipped with such a service, and the state government should extend it to state police areas.

The pioneer city in this work was Detroit, which has also gone to short-wave lengths below the broadcast band to carry on the service. In Michigan a law has already been passed prohibiting the use of short-wave radio receivers in private automobiles.



Miss and Make-Up

Continued from page 34

green and pick the most successful for continued use, or, to speed up the process, get an expert's opinion on the question before she tries at all. If blue is worn in the evening, she should buy blue or black pencil and mascara, no matter if her eyes are sand color with purple dots.

Similarly, even the blue-eyed golden blonde who plans to wear brown must leave her pet blue shadow to sit at home disconsolate while she goes out and gets a brown one for her new costume. With such a chancy shade as green, brown, green or blue eye shadow may be demanded, according to the way the particular green in question reflects itself in the eyes. Thank heaven we've still got black and red to wear—two very important colors—in which we're told to match the eyes as is.

The Napoleon of the Powder Industry

Fortified with two of Madame's new lipsticks and a bottle of her artificial tan to use in case the home-grown article began to wear off in spots, we decided to go downtown and investigate that rumor about the biggest powder manufacturer in the world and his onslaught on the peaceful farms. He was the man who first came out, eight years ago, and told America to stop dipping its nose in the national flour barrel and match its powder to its complexion.

His was the first great name associated with the idea that rouge wasn't red but a whole series of shades. When he brought out an artificial tan this year, he sold two hundred thousand bottles in the first ten days. In short, in the world of beautifying he's a power of the most powerful sort.

Years ago, he was just a straight-backed and determined young Corsican with a single asset outside of his good looks—a marvelous rose jacqueminot perfume. Paris, of course, was the place to make his fortune. But he tramped from shop to shop without being able to sell a franc's worth. Perhaps the last man was a bit too superior—perhaps our future Napoleon of the powder industry was fed up with fate.

Anyhow, he didn't turn and walk out this time like a Christian martyr with a most exceptional profile. His eyes flashed, his arm swung up—and the precious bottle was a little heap of broken glass in a pool that widened slowly on the floor.

Next day a *parfumeur* was telephoning all over Paris. His customers, his clerks, his friends were clamoring to know why his shop smelled sweeter than the Elysian Fields. His wife gave him no peace; she threatened to take the children and go home to her mother if he couldn't produce that perfume. . . . Which proves, of course, that it's quite all right to lose your temper if you choose the perfect place.

When we went around to the vast pile that now houses his administrative offices in America, we ran into a salesmen's convention with an extra session in the wings where lovely models were being prepared to face the eagle-eyed inspection of those to whom a pretty girl hasn't begun to be pretty until her make-up is smart. The all-wise lady in charge had just come back from a transcontinental trip, and we wanted to know if our enlightened country still had sectional prejudices about beauty, or was it one and indivisible in its creed.

Where did they make up best? In New York, San Francisco and Dallas. Where did they use the most rouge?

In the South. What was the most conservative part of the country? New England, where they prefer liquid and paste rouges because these give a more natural effect, and most of the women won't buy lipsticks unless they are the invisible sort that adds the faintest possible color by changing on the lips, or the darker tones of which they use the merest touch.

As a rule, parts of the country that have the most sun—and therefore the darkest skins—like the lightest powders. Southern California is the shining exception. Hollywood took up suntan before anybody else except the Lido-Riviera-Palm Beach crowd in New York.

This authority says she hasn't noticed any falling off in the use of rouge; indeed she thinks an unrouged sunburned skin is simply too terrible. First an orange rouge—then your powder—then a dusting of the dry rouge you usually use—that's her recipe.

Outline your Cupid's bow in liquid rouge, making the mouth you'd have chosen if you could; let it dry on; then apply your lipstick. Put your eye shadow very close to the lashes, never on the ball of the eye. Elongate the eye itself by blending the shadow out.

With a suntan make-up, try brown eye shadow first, with blue on top. More brown should be used in the daytime, more blue at night. If you're wide and flat between the eyes, put the shadow close in beside the nose and under the brow. If you're too narrow there already, a lighter shade of powder used at this point will give you breadth.

From which it will be seen that, though our two authorities may differ on details, they agree in saying that no woman is well equipped unless she has two shades of eye shadow. With her street rouge, her lighter rouge for the evening and the exotic orange necessary for her suntan make-up and for certain shades in clothes, she has another trio of preparations to buy.

She can't get away with fewer than two lipsticks for day and evening wear. And she certainly needs four powders—two for day wear, two for artificial light. At times even the blondest blonde won't feel up to the dazzling mauve version of her complexion, so she'll be glad to have *naturelle* or cream on hand. The brunette who usually uses cream at night may find her skin a little pale and dead, in which case she'll be wise if she gives it life with ochre rose.

A Help to Their Husbands

Middle-aged women should always use two powders, even in the daytime—our authority is most convincing about this—an ochre rose dusted in well, followed by rachel number one or number two to lighten the effect.

"By the way," said the encyclopedic subject of our interview, "it may interest you to know that men like the sunburn vogue because it makes it practicable for them to steal their wives' face powders.

"The truth is, they love to use them, but they hate to buy them. They're just as vain as we are—and their wives know it—but they wouldn't have anyone else find it out for the world."

"Have you any idea how much of these things they do use?" we asked her.

"Oh, no," said our expert with the little smile that all women wear when they talk of men in general and think of one man only, "their wives all scold them. But they'd never tell."

THREE SCREEN GRID TUBES = LINEAR POWER
DETECTION = AUTOMATIC VOLUME CONTROL =
VISUAL TUNING METER = SILENT TUNING PUSH BUTTON



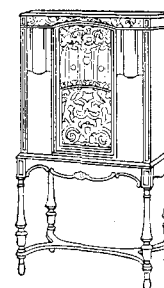
No. 846 Stromberg-Carlson. Uses a total of 10 tubes. Equipped with every practical development known to the radio art. New ease of operation. New brilliance of tone. Half-octagonal cabinet with famous Stromberg-Carlson Electro-Dynamic Speaker built-in. Price, without tubes. East of Rockies . . . \$347.50

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A STROMBERG-CARLSON was never an "ordinary" radio receiver. The first model ever built contained *all* the knowledge of radio then available—applied with the skill of 30 years experience in an allied art—fashioned by trained workmen—whose only ideal has always been to produce the best possible instrument regardless of cost, expediency or any other consideration.

Today, the new Screen Grid Stromberg-Carlsons fulfill this heritage. They are built to meet the conditions of present day broadcasting. They have 3 Screen Grid Tubes (totally shielded) affording high amplification. Their "Linear" Power Detector enables you to enjoy the high modulation broadcasting with a brilliant, sparkling tone. They have a new degree of selectivity and sensitivity.

A Stromberg-Carlson is a "quality", not a "quantity" Receiver. Radio knows no finer instrument.



No. 642 Stromberg-Carlson. Uses six tubes, three screen grid. Price, without tubes, East of Rockies \$247.50

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MAKERS OF VOICE TRANSMISSION AND VOICE RECEPTION APPARATUS FOR MORE THAN THIRTY-FIVE YEARS

There he goes!

a blizzard means
nothing to him



He has a NATIONAL

"There he goes! There he goes!" It's heard on all sides when the party breaks up... and it's 'way below zero... and the car's been standing for hours...and the oil acts like it's concrete!

For with a NATIONAL he's "first away" every time! Away and gone while others are c-r-a-n-k-i-n-g and c-r-a-n-k-i-n-g!

That's because the NATIONAL is built for cold weather starting... actually the finest battery in the world for that! Large, heavy plates crammed with *active material* produce the necessary kick to move any motor. And there's a reserve power that *follows through till the starting job's done!*

So trouble-free and cost-free is the NATIONAL that it's the only battery whose 12 or 18 or 30-month guarantee is backed by a surety bond of the National Surety Company.

Start the winter without "starting worries." See the NATIONAL dealer today. Ask about the BOND!

NATIONAL BATTERY COMPANY, General Offices, St. Paul, Minn., U.S.A., Branches: Chicago, Kansas City, Los Angeles, North Bergen, N. J., Oakland, Baltimore, Seattle, Atlanta, Dallas, Cincinnati, Portland, Detroit, St. Louis, Spokane, Boston, Birmingham, Chicago Heights, Houston, Denver, Albany.



NATIONAL BATTERIES

The Virginia Reel

Continued from page 13

hottest enemies did not question the Bishop's sincerity. Being in politics themselves they simply had to admire his genius for the game. He played it as they played it—with more shrewdness than they and with more ruthlessness. He had the cards and he played them to win. As who doesn't?

It is not so curious as it may at first seem that with the coming of national prohibition in 1920 the Bishop's power began to show signs of wear. It was far, far from weak; but it was quite apparent that the obedience to the Cannon command was not quite the instant thing it had been. And the good man began to hear the hateful word "no."

The Absentee Bishop

Several reasons are assigned. To begin with, there was a tendency on the part of certain church laymen of high visibility to consider that a continuation of the old high-pressure zeal for prohibition was unnecessary now that the holy cause had become a part of the national constitution. Furthermore, a feeling was thriving that the Bishop's love for padroning the legislature was making the relationship of the church with ward politics too intimate. Also these important, pew-holding money producers were getting a bit fed up with ecclesiastical rule in their temporal affairs. For example, when the Anti-Saloon League and kindred bodies began to shake long fingers at tobacco.

Then, too, Bishop Cannon had spent a great deal of time out of the state while lining up the nation for prohibition. And not even Bishop Cannon is immune to those managerial ills which absentee bosses contract. In other words, while he was out campaigning hither and yon in the land a few of his fences in Virginia rotted. Slick political jobs were done on him in his absence, you see.

Too, unity, peace and concord had failed now and then to mesh within the Anti-Saloon League machine and were giving off signs of wear. Mr. Wheeler and the Bishop, while outwardly calm, were not loving.

The point is that the Anti-Saloon League was developing body squeaks and a disconcertingly large number of riders were complaining that a new wagon wouldn't be a bad idea at all. The reason was clear, too. The Anti-Saloon League had got mired so deeply in politics that it was losing traction.

In 1925 proof came to the Bishop. He nominated Senator Mapp for governor against Harry Flood Byrd. Not that Mr. Byrd was not dry. He's as dry as the Bishop. But the Bishop owed a little something to the faithful Senator Mapp and, too, Mr. Mapp showed none of Mr. Byrd's disinclination to be dictated to.

The Bishop called upon all and sundry to come forth and elect the man in whose rectitude, aridity and stanchness in the faith he had utter confidence. A vote for Mr. Mapp would be a vote for Bishop Cannon, for prohibition enforcement, for morals and against the old machine. This old machine with which the Bishop was glad enough to align himself a few years since had become something to be destroyed. The old working agreement between the Bishop and the machine had somehow dissolved. At any rate it had bolted the Bishop and the Bishop had renounced it and it was now a wicked contraption which gobbled men's souls.

Whereat, to the sharp amazement of a considerable number of Virginia's smart politicians, the state elected Buck

Byrd amid what appears at this distance to have been a wholly unnecessary amount of rejoicing.

And there ended, temporarily at least, the dictatorship of Cannon in Virginia. There, too, began the Byrd-Cannon feud which is about to have a good airing.

The new governor, Buck Byrd, was not even subtle in informing the Bishop that during his four years of administering the state's affairs, he, Harry Flood Byrd, would be governor and that if the time came when the advice of Bishop Cannon was important, he, Governor Byrd, would send for him. And until that time—

Then came Al Smith seeking the Presidency. It is common knowledge that Bishop Cannon was responsible for the defection of Virginia from the Democratic column last year. It is more common knowledge that Bishop Cannon was largely responsible for Mr. Hoover's conquest of North Carolina and Tennessee. Maybe so. Maybe so. Old Common Knowledge is frequently a fraud—a gossiping godmother to well-founded rumor and other snares and delusions.

I have just come from Virginia, where preachers and politicians assured me that Virginia would have gone to Mr. Hoover or any other dry, Protestant opponent of a wet, Catholic candidate, Bishop Cannon or no Bishop Cannon. This is interesting if not particularly important.

But it would have been more interesting to know what might have happened in 1928 in Virginia had Governor Byrd and his smooth machine warmed up to Mr. Smith enough to have gone into the fray with the throttle wide open. Twice during the campaign Governor Byrd went to Governor Smith with prayer and warnings. He went first when Governor Smith sent his famous telegram to the expiring convention in Houston, and besought him to speak softly of that Southern darling, prohibition. I am unable to set down the exact words which passed between the two governors but I am assured that Buck Byrd exhorted Al Smith to desist from hammering on the beer barrel and that Al Smith told him that the country was athirst and was wild to prove it.

A Second Rebuff

Again Governor Byrd went to Governor Smith and advised against the selection of Mr. Raskob as chairman of the Democratic National Committee. Not, mind you, that Governor Byrd had objections to the person of Mr. Raskob. Far, far from it. It was northern capital such as Mr. Raskob represented that Governor Byrd had been fetching into Virginia and whereby he was lifting his state out of debt and into the surplus class.

But Mr. Raskob, too, was a Catholic and there were Democratic National Committeemen and women who were going to want to know whether they were about to become members of a Catholic National Committee. People will ask questions of that sort, you know.

But Governor Smith, strong in two great virtues—belief in his destiny and loyalty to his personal friends—bade Governor Byrd to be of stout heart and shed these small fears and that in November all would be well.

Governor Byrd returned to Richmond to report that twice Governor Smith had kicked fate and Virginia in the face and that, in his opinion, the Democratic party was about to take its customary

clubbing. In brief, the Virginia machine was all but conceding the state to Mr. Hoover before the middle of October.

You'd say offhand that all this left little ammunition for Bishop Cannon to enter the 1929 fight. But that merely indicates how little you know the man. Give the Bishop a good hard snowball and he'd have a go at the defenses of Hampton Roads. The man simply wallows in the fun of a no-quarter fight.

The Bishop was experiencing the agony of disloyalty in his own church. Methodists were getting out the Book of Discipline and turning to the section on "Of the Trial of a Bishop." Some of his most prominent laymen were talking of the warmth that was sure to characterize the next session of the General Conference to be held in Dallas in May, 1930. The Bishop had been caught at stock gambling—and had admitted it. And there was much talk about the Bishop's dealings in timber stumpage, real estate and foodstuffs.

In Shining Armor

Not that the Bishop's participation in any of these money-making projects was dishonest. And not that he hadn't done precisely what these very laymen had been doing—seeking money in legitimate tradings. But all of it had revealed the Bishop as exceedingly human and the possessor of a few common traits and desires. And to thousands Bishop Cannon had been above such mundane things, had been a god immune to gold's lure. Gods do well to remain aloof from worldly things. And Bishop Cannon hadn't.

History is crowded with the names of great politicians who took smaller reason than the Bishop has as their cue to retire to their estates. That is because these weaklings had guilty consciences, which the Bishop has not. They wanted courage. The Bishop has the courage of a thousand such. They had doubts of the righteousness of their cause. Bishop Cannon is as strong today in his beliefs and sincerity as he was when, twenty-five years ago, he entered Virginia's political tourney, his shining armor blinding all who beheld him.

So now to do or die, the Bishop is out with warnings of the horrors that will be ours if punishment is not meted out to all who voted for Al Smith. He called upon all those in Virginia who did not bolt the Democratic ticket last year to apologize publicly and make at least partial amends by overthrowing the Byrd machine and restoring him, Bishop Cannon, to power. That's the spirit of his call at any rate.

The trumpets had called to a holy war but filmy idealism did not glaze the Bishop's clear, farseeing eyes nor befog his swift mind. He formed an odd alliance with Campbell Bascom Slemph, boss of the Republicans in southwestern Virginia, former member of Congress and one-time secretary to Calvin Coolidge, and with Robert H. Angell, president of the Shenandoah Life Insurance Company and other wealth breeders, and Mr. Slemph's successor as Republican state chairman. A certain amount of criticism from within the old Cannon following was inevitable; but the general explanation was accepted that in politics one must fight with whatever weapons are available. Also, both Mr. Slemph and Mr. Angell are fascinatingly clever as well as rich.

The next stroke of the Cannoneers was deft. In Virginia a party may hold a primary or may not. Expediency dictates. To hold one supplies the opposition with an idea of one's strength, although it is well never to place too much trust in primary figures. The Byrd forces had to hold a primary be-

cause three candidates presented themselves for the nomination, one of them being Senator Mapp, who once had the favor of the Bishop but who voted for Al Smith and made a conservative speech or two in favor of the New Yorker. Mr. Mapp was soundly beaten by Mr. Pollard, but instantly announced his intention of carrying on vigorously for Mr. Pollard and against his erstwhile master.

But Bishop Cannon's party held no primary. It met in convention in Roanoke and nominated Mr. Brown, a high-minded amateur in politics. There was no opposition to Mr. Brown. Mr. Angell thereat nominated a Republican for lieutenant governor, R. Walter Dickenson, who all but ruined everything by making a speech of acceptance in which he boasted that his parents were Union sympathizers in the Civil War. Probably nothing Mr. Dickenson could have said would have been more inapt. After hooting Mr. Dickenson lustily, the Cannoneers ignored him, declining to accept him as their candidate for anything. And in brief time Mr. Dickenson resigned his nomination, leaving the allies to go on without anybody for lieutenant governor.

But there was no dissension over the alliance's ideals. The platform leaves nothing to the imagination—nothing at all. It was clearly set forth in the keynote speech delivered in good voice by Mr. Frank Lyon, one of the ablest of the Bishop's lieutenants. Here you have it in a few selected paragraphs:

"The doctrine proclaimed by Mr. Raskob as the militant leader of the Democracy of the nation is that Democracy must be reconstructed and set up as an organization proclaiming and following the liberalism of the foreign element in the densely populated cities, as represented by Tammany Hall.

"This word liberalism is one used freely by those who wish to gratify the coarser passions of men. . . . Since Governor Smith has been at the head of New York State the country has witnessed the repeal of all prohibition laws. It has witnessed the legalization of prize fights as a recognized Sunday diversion attended by the heads of Tammany Hall. It has witnessed the legalizing of common gambling at race tracks and it has witnessed the letting up of the enforcement of all laws which tend to restrain mankind in the indulgence of his passions. New York has been liberalized to measure to the standards of Mr. Raskob.

"A Party of Libertines"

"Under the plea of liberalism the Democratic party is to be reconstructed and the prize ring, the gambling establishment, the saloon and the bawdy house are to be sowed broadcast throughout the nation in conformity with the standards of New York City as represented by Governor Smith and the Tammany organization.

"Mr. Raskob has no Democratic forbears. He is a crude, money-making protectionist. . . . He contends the American people are not liberal because they will not license prize fighting, gambling and liquor drinking. Prize-fighting in the South at least has been prohibited. The liberty of paralyzing the conscience and will power by the use of drugs has been prohibited throughout the United States. After centuries of suffering the United States has definitely entered upon the experiment of doing away with the personal liberty of paralyzing the conscience by the use of alcohol. . . .

"These reforms are to be set aside by Mr. Raskob under the plea of liberalism and appeal is to be made to the baser passions of men, to the foreign, un-American sentiment as represented by

(Continued on page 64)

"What do you think of Cities Service Common stock?"

Question—"What do you think of Cities Service Common stock?"

Answer—"We think very well indeed of Cities Service Common stock."

"The holders of this stock have nothing to fear. It has made good over a long period of years and it pays liberally. Just because you have a profit on it cuts no figure. You bought it for investment; hold it for investment."

The above clipping is from one of America's great dailies, and is one of many in our files. Name of newspaper from which it was taken can be furnished on request.

"It pays liberally . . . hold it for investment," answered this authority

WHEN an investment editor gives his opinion of the character of a security, he measures it first by its *management* and then by its record of *earnings*.

When management and earnings have successfully withstood the test of time—have been tried in good times and bad—then the appraiser of an investment security knows that he can give it his unqualified approval. He also knows that, even though the market value of the stock has increased, it is wiser to hold for investment than to sell for immediate profit.

Cities Service Company, as the editor quoted in the above clipping advised the man who made the inquiry, has had a long record of good earnings.

This is because more than one hundred diversified subsidiary companies in the Cities Service organization are sound enterprises, operating in growing communities, providing essential services—and with good management.

More than 450,000 investors own Cities Service securities, including banks, insurance companies, trust companies and other institutions, as well as a great army of individuals.

An investment in Cities Service securities protects you against the risk of putting all your eggs in one basket. Your dividends come from the earnings of more than 100 Cities Service subsidiaries spread over 35 states and doing a day-and-night business in modern necessities—in electric light and power, manufactured and natural gas, and petroleum products.

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ON YOUR WAY TO FLORIDA . . . RESOLVE

TO SEE THIS RICH REGION

UNTIL you know these "key" cities, you cannot possibly have any idea of the remarkable development that has made Piedmont Carolinas such a vital competing element in many industries.

Progressive cities, thriving, growing and building wealth—alive with the vitality of an industrial awakening that has been pacemaking for the Nation—decide to see them this year on your way to Florida playgrounds.

1 See Greensboro, one of the most progressive cities in the country, remarkable for its thriving commercial, industrial, banking, insurance and mercantile interests.

2 Take a side trip to Winston-Salem, where the quiet dignity of an old Colonial settlement joins hands with wide-spread textile and tobacco manufacture.

3 Stop off in High Point, the center of the important Piedmont Carolinas' furniture industry, rapidly becoming a rich textile center.

4 Visit Salisbury, a town where active agriculture and developing industry are both sources of increasing wealth.

5 Spend time in Charlotte, an important distributing center for the Carolinas and a pivot point of wide-spread activity in many lines of manufacture.

6 Do not miss Spartanburg, where textile progress is speedily being supplemented by many other diversified interests.

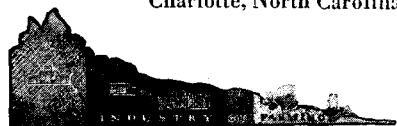
7 Include Greenville, a center of a wealthy agricultural region where in addition to other manufacture the textile industry has reached a high degree of development.

8 And be sure to visit Anderson with its spinning, weaving, knitting, dyeing and finishing, and other manufacturing activities.

Equal opportunities offer in such thriving, developing cities as Reidsville, Burlington, Thomasville, Hickory, Chester and many others—smaller, but alive with possibilities.

This present development will amaze you, but much more amazing will be opportunities still untouched. Come.

Meanwhile, send for "Piedmont Carolinas, Where Wealth Awaits You." And if on reading it, you want road maps or information about certain specific sections, write. We are here to serve you. Industrial Department, Room 332, Mercantile Building, Charlotte, North Carolina.



**DUKE POWER
COMPANY**

SOUTHERN PUBLIC UTILITIES COMPANY
AND OTHER ALLIED INTERESTS

(Continued from page 63)

Mr. Raskob. It is the belief of Mr. Raskob and his kind of people that he can turn the Democratic party from its moorings and make it a party of license, a party of libertines, controlled by its base passions."

There, in substance, is the platform of Bishop Cannon. That the Byrd Democrats, including Senators Glass and Swanson, have not publicly atoned by apology to the people of Virginia for voting for Al Smith is, he proclaims, proof that they are Raskobites and disciples of Raskobism.

And what, the Bishop demands, is Virginia going to do with such lovers of Raskobian morals?

There are other planks in the Cannon platform, of course. Mr. Brown dilates upon them at rather greater length than the more ardent anti-Raskobites think necessary. There are demands for protection and development of the sea-food industry, for a reduction in taxes, for better state banking laws and so on. The Byrd-Pollard ticket is for all that, too. Mr. Brown condemns "the despotism growing out of the doctrine which places party above principle." He "stands adamant against any social relations between the white and colored races." And so on and on.

But so is the machine's platform full of beliefs that the people of Virginia ought to have a pleasanter time. We may disregard such minor matters.

The fight is over unhappy Mr. Raskob, who, one feels sure as he travels around Virginia, must be overadvised by the Bishop. To listen to the Cannon orators one sees Mr. Raskob as a creature of Mr. Sax Rohmer or Mr. Oppenheim. The man just can't be that much of a menace, that's all. Nobody is.

And yet, in the lobby of the Law Building in Roanoke, I met a rather nice-looking man of forty or so who told me that Mr. Raskob had come to America in 1927 as the carefully selected agent of the Pope to act as Rome's fiscal agent in the great conspiracy to rush Al Smith into the White House; and that while Mr. Raskob could barely read and write English, employing secretaries and interpreters to do these minor offices for him, he had come to exterminate "American Protestantism." Just how, the gentleman didn't say.

Another Cannoneer told me that he

was most concerned with "burning the devil out of Virginia's schools," an ambition he felt sure could be gratified only if Bishop Cannon regained his mastery of the Virginia government. If the election should go in the Bishop's favor, state funds would be denied such haughty institutions as the University of Virginia where, said he, a heathenish rationalism is tolerated in thought and word.

And then there was the lawyer in Richmond who told me (his fury mounting as he talked) that Mr. Pollard would win, but only because President Hoover had betrayed the state of Virginia. What, he demanded, could you expect of a Republican, anyway, but treachery? Here Virginia gave him her electoral votes. And what does he do?

He permits Mrs. Hoover to entertain Mrs. Oscar De Priest of Chicago at tea in the White House, thereby damning everything Republican in Virginia and turning away from the Cannon ticket thousands of Democrats and the overwhelming majority of the state's Republicans who could not tolerate Mrs. Hoover's patent insult to the South.

The Bishop's Partner

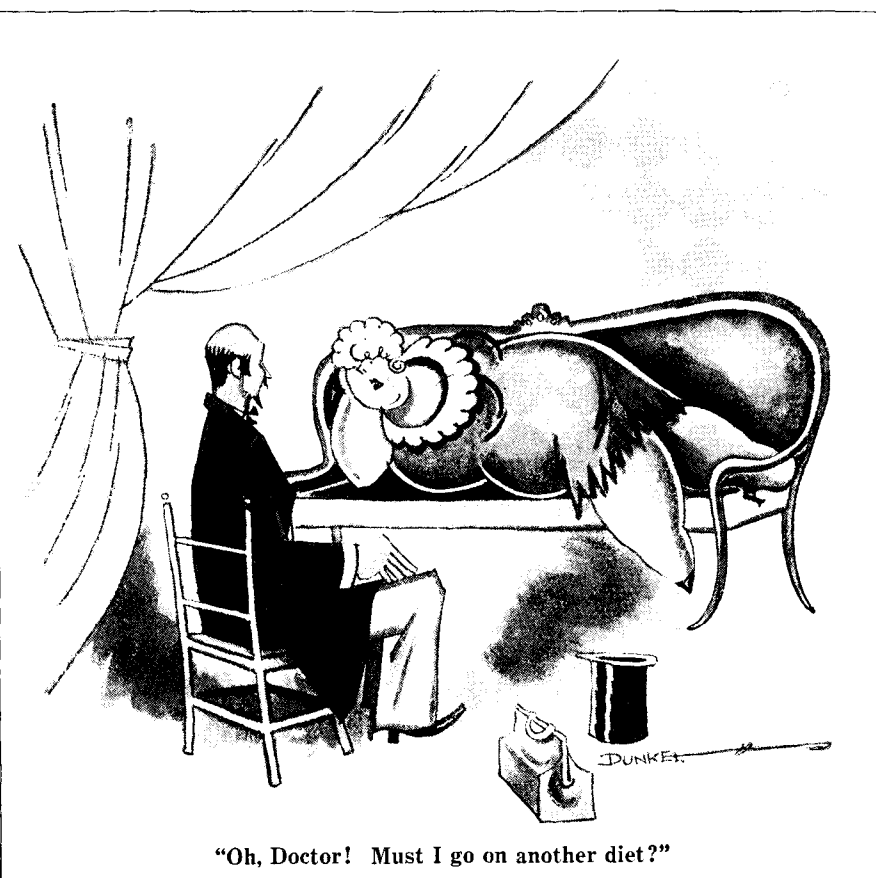
While nobody could be drier than Mr. Pollard, one of the country's most prominent Baptist laymen, news of his election would fetch much comfort to the opponents of the Eighteenth Amendment for no other reason than that it would reduce the potency and visibility of the most powerful intelligence in the great dry cause—James Cannon, Jr.

And with the rejection of Bishop Cannon by his own state would come the possibility that the country is preparing to consider prohibition as a social experiment instead of a religion.

I sought Bishop Cannon in the "Anti-Smith Campaign Headquarters" in Richmond. Two plump, white-haired gentlemen lolling comfortably in rocking-chairs greeted me. The Bishop was not there. They did not know where he was except that "he was about God's business."

"But these are his headquarters, aren't they?" I asked.

"No more than they are God's headquarters," replied the plumper of the two, solemnly.



"Oh, Doctor! Must I go on another diet?"

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Meddling Through

Continued from page 17



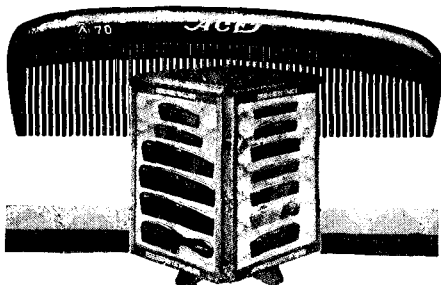
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They lifted him easily between them, carried him back to the kitchen and laid him down on the lumpy sofa under the low window. He lay very still, breathing slowly. The twins studied him briefly, glanced at each other, tiptoed out to the porch.

"Figure we got to do it?" said Bert. Clem's face went stubborn.

"We haven't got to do anything we don't choose to," he declared. "None of our business, man-catching."

"My notion, too," said Bert. "Way I look at it we'd be meddling, Clem—that's what. Meddling in a mean job we ain't cut out for."

Clem shook his head.

"Hate to meddle," he said. "We got to do it, fixing up that bridge, but I don't see how we got to meddle in this other thing. Plenty of our own work to keep you and me busy without poking our noses into other people's."

"Then we might's well get back to the bridge," said Bert. "Lost enough time, the way it is."

"Think it's all right to leave him in yonder, do you?"

Bert craned his neck at the doorway. "He'll sleep the clock clean round, by my guess, Clem. And what if he don't? Nothing in the house worth stealing, and if he's gone when we come back, so much the better."

They retreated, quietly, toward the barn. On the sofa Lou Gorton now allowed himself to go honestly and profoundly to sleep, a faint, down-curving smile at the corners of his thin-lipped mouth.

The twins had finished with the bridge by noon. The Binchester paper was waiting for them when they came back to the mail-box at the foot of the lane and Bert fumbled through it till he found a brief account of the escape. He read it aloud while Clem drove in toward the barn.

"Gritty," said Clem. "He ran a good risk of breaking his neck, jumping off a fast train, like that, handcuffed the way he was."

They unhitched, watered and fed the team in silence before Bert answered: "Maybe he'd sooner break his neck than spend three years in Stillburn Prison. I would, if it was me."

"Specially if he didn't know the check was bad," said Clem.

"He didn't lie to us about the rest of it. Told the same story that's in the paper."

THEY stopped at the kitchen door. Gorton had shifted his position. He lay on his side, one arm lifted and bent so that it shielded his eyes against the light and also concealed his mouth.

"Bushed clean out," whispered Clem. "He wouldn't get far if we turned him out."

"It'd be just the same as helping catch him," said Bert.

"That's right. It'd be meddling, when you come right down to it. What say we leave him stay a spell, Bert?"

"Only thing to do, the way I look at it."

"Settled, then," said Clem. "Let's get dinner."

They made as little noise about it as they could, but Gorton woke, presently, and sat up. His shoulders drooped and his face was dully hopeless.

"Rested any?" Clem asked him. He nodded.

"I'll beat it," he said, rising.

"No call to," said Clem. "Welcome to stay here a spell, if it suits you."

Gorton stared, as if he hardly dared to believe it.

"Bert and me," Clem told him, "figure it'd be the same thing as helping them catch you if we was to make you move on now."

"I guess that's about right," said Gorton. "I wouldn't get far. But—"

"We don't see where we got any call to meddle in it," Clem went on. "So it's all the same to us whether you get out or stay on a spell."

"You're white!" Gorton shook hands with them both. "I won't forget what you're doing for me."

"No call to thank us," said Bert. "All we're doing is keepin' hands off something 'tain't our business, one way or the other."

"Set down," said Clem, "and let's eat."

THE twins gave themselves to the task of eating exactly as if it had been any other job. They performed it in silence and with a smooth, efficient co-operation. Gorton, however, was moved to conversation:

"How about the neighbors? Hadn't we better frame up the story to tell them?"

"We don't have to tell 'em anything," said Bert shortly. "None of their business."

Gorton shook his head. "It won't do. If you don't tell 'em, they'll wonder, and pretty soon somebody'll guess."

"It'd be the same as meddling if we lied to 'em," said Clem, "and we can't tell 'em the truth."

"Why not? My name's Lou Gorton. I live in Syracuse. I'm boarding with you—and that's what I am doing, too, because I'll pay you for my keep out of the first money I get hold of. And it's certainly true that I'm here on account of my health." He chuckled grimly. "It's a whole lot healthier up in these hills than it'd be down in Stillburn. What's the matter with telling 'em that?"

The twins thought it over gravely, nodded assent.

"Won't many know you're here, anyhow," said Clem. "Belle Finlay saw you in the wagon, and her folks'll know, and she'd be apt to mention it to Ern Hubbard, but that's about all. Only two houses in this end of the glen."

Gorton's eyes narrowed. "Belle Finlay's the girl who was picking berries, is she? And Hubbard—he's the bird that's handing you the raw deal on that bridge. I heard you talking to him."

"He ain't behaving any too neighborly, Ern ain't," said Clem.

"It ain't Ern," said Bert, "so much as Jud Finlay. Jud put him up to it, I'll bet you, Clem. Jud's holding it up against us account of beating him in the lawsuit, and the way Ern's hanging around Belle it'd be easy for Jud to handle him. And Ern wouldn't know we got to start hauling, either, without Jud told him."

"That's the girl's father, is it?" Gorton's eyes were narrower than ever.

"Uncle," said Clem. "Lives with him, Belle does, since her pa died." He wagged his head. "Charges her board, too—his own brother's girl. Close, Jud is."

Bert pushed back his chair.

"No reason why Belle shouldn't pay board, way I look at it. She heired plenty. It'd be different if she couldn't afford to pay."

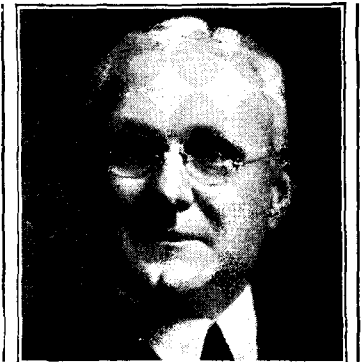
Gorton sat up slowly. His voice was careless, but his eyes came suddenly to life.

"Got money of her own, has she? Then why doesn't she beat it out of here?"

The twins seemed to meditate in chorus. (Continued on page 66)

MORE INTERESTING FACTS ABOUT Sauerkraut

A Broadcast Talk By
B. E. BABCOCK
President, National Kraut
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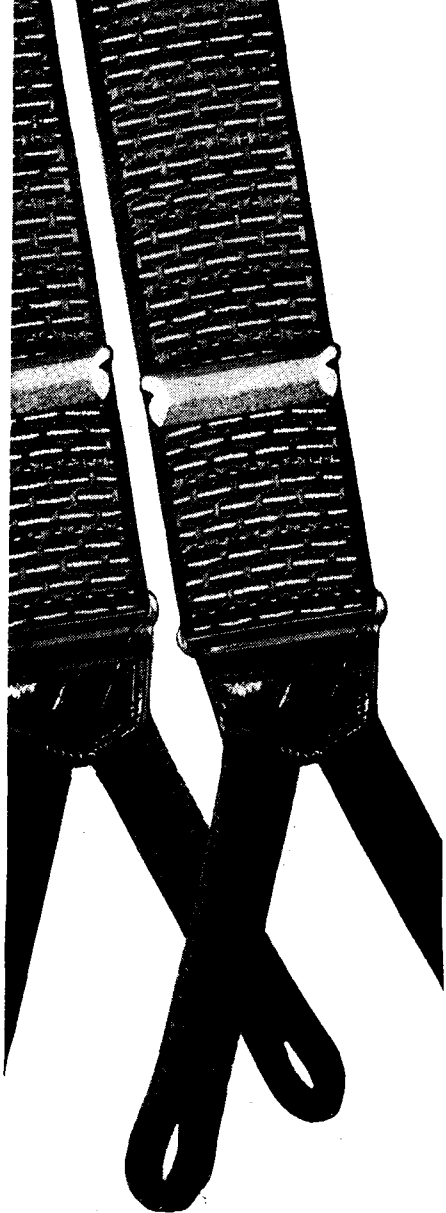
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(Continued from page 65)

"Maybe," said Clem, "it's account of Ern Hubbard. Maybe Belle's staying up here just waiting for Ern to make up his mind he wants to marry her."

"Don't see what else it could be," said Bert. He rose and set methodically about dishwashing. Clem helped him. Gorton, hands in pockets, stood staring out through the doorway toward a white house at the foot of the west hill.

A worm fence wriggled up the slope, a zigzag line blurred by blackberry thickets. A splash of pink moved along the edge of this green fringe and the sun glinted on a shining tin. Gorton's eyes half closed and his grin flattened back from white, short teeth, wide-spaced and sharp, like a dog's.

"I'd like to earn my keep," he said. "I guess I wouldn't be much use at heavy work just yet, but how'd it be if I picked some berries?"

The twins exchanged a glance of mutual approval.

"Berries'd go fine for supper," said Clem. "You feel able to go after 'em?"

Gorton laughed. "I feel fine," he said. "Where's a pail?"

"I'M SURE it's very sweet of you to take so much interest in my private affairs!"

Belle Finlay's voice made it evident that she did not think it was sweet at all. Her head lifted; the sudden deepening of color in her face and throat made her prettier than ever and increased by just so much the uneasiness which the Lebbeter twins felt in a woman's presence. They exchanged unhappy glances.

"We didn't aim to meddle, Belle," Clem spoke apologetically. "We only figured, Bert and me, that we ought to tell you—"

"I'm much obliged," said Belle. "It's real neighborly of you to help me pick out my friends!"

"We didn't figure on doing that, Belle. Bert and me only wanted to tell you that Lou Gorton—" he paused—"well, he ain't your kind, Belle."

"You mean that you don't happen to like him, and so you're taking it on yourselves to—"

"We meant it all right," said Clem. "Seems as though we went at it wrong, but—"

Belle laughed shortly. "If you ever find out the right way to meddle in other people's private affairs, you might try it again. In the meantime I'll thank you to let me tend to my own business, Clem Lebbeter."

She turned away and walked with dignity and decision into the little brick bank. The twins followed her with duplicate glances of rueful concern.

"I guess we only made things worse," said Bert. "Got the bit in her teeth, now. We must have gone at it wrong, Clem."

Clem shook his head. "Belle was right. There ain't any right way to meddle. We hadn't ought to have tried it."

He moved across the sidewalk and untied the hitching-ropes from the pipe-rail. Over opposite wheels the brothers clambered up to the spring seat. The wagon clacked soberly as the heavy team plodded past the row of stores and out into open country.

After a mile of silent meditation, Bert spoke:

"We got to do something, Clem."

"Guess so. We better have a talk with Lou. Tell him he's got to leave her alone. Hate to do it, kind of. Like hitting a man when he's down, but he'd ought to see for himself that it ain't fair for a man fixed the way he is to hang around a girl like Belle."

"Talk it over with him soon's we get home," Bert decided.

Gorton, however, was not at the house

when they arrived. They had finished with the chores and were sitting down to their bread-and-milk supper when they heard him coming. A fragment of song, lightly chanted, preceded him.

—walkin' with my sweetness down lovin' lane!

The twins frowned in chorus. Gorton came in gayly. He sailed his hat neatly across to the sofa, swung a nimble leg over the back of his chair.

"Well, boys, you've lost a boarder."

They stared at him, relief evident in their faces.

"You might try to look sorry," he said.

"You mean you're going away?" Clem asked.

"From here," said Gorton. He chuckled. "About time, too, eh? Belle says you had a little serious talk with her about me this afternoon."

The twins stared a little more blankly. Gorton laughed.

"I didn't think it of you. I thought you birds didn't believe in butting in, and here you are, trying to spoil a beautiful little friendship just when it's getting nice and chummy!"

"We just—" Clem paused to swallow—"we only wanted—"

"I know," Gorton nodded. "I'm on. Just felt you had to tip Belle off to watch her step. It never struck me that you took any interest in her or I'd have put you wise." He laughed indulgently. "I thought it would hand you a laugh if Ern Hubbard's sweetie gave him the fresh air, but as for wanting to grab the jane off for myself—oh, say, give me credit, will you?"

"Looked like you might be after her," said Clem. "They don't come any prettier'n Belle—"

"Nor any dumber," said Gorton. He grinned, however, as he attacked the big blue bowl of bread and milk, as if the thought of Belle Finlay's dumbness wasn't unpleasant.

"Belle ain't any too smart," Bert admitted. "When did you figure on leaving, Lou?"

"Tonight," Gorton's grin widened. "There's a train through around ten, isn't there?"

"Ten after," said Clem. "We'll hitch up and drive you down to the depot soon's we get done with supper."

"That'll be fine."

GORTON accepted the offer rather carelessly. He pushed back his chair, presently, lighted one of the cigarettes that Bert had bought for him and, tilted back, hands in pockets, watched Clem clearing the table. Bert took the lantern down from its hook beside the door, filled and lighted it and went out toward the barn.

"We can loan you some money for carfare, Lou," said Clem, arranging the chipped blue dishes primly on the cupboard shelf.

"I don't—" Gorton stopped. "That's mighty white of you. I'll shoot it back as soon as I get a break."

"No hurry," Clem fumbled at his hip pocket, brought out a wadded lump of bills. "Only got seventeen dollars, but Bert'll have some more."

"This is plenty. Much obliged," Gorton's fingers dealt mechanically with the bills, unfolding them, smoothing the creases, folding them lengthwise. He thrust them into a trousers pocket. Bert came in.

"Hitched up," he announced. "Might's well get started."

"Got any money on you, Bert? Lou'll need a little something."

"I was thinking about that too. I got ten." He brought out the bill. "We told Hub McWhorter we'd pay him for them hens tomorrow, Clem. You got six dollars left?"



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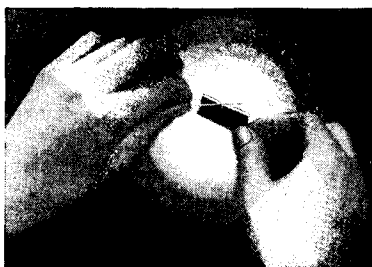


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"I just gave Lou all I had on me," said Clem. "I tell you what—you leave me have six of it back, Lou, and take Bert's ten. That'll give you four extra."

Gorton's hand came away from his pocket.

"Here you are." He stopped. His hand made a darting movement back to the pocket, but Clem had seen.

"That wasn't the money I gave you," he said slowly. "That was yellow-backs. Clean bills."

Gorton stood very still, his narrow eyes shifting from one sober face to the other.

"I was going to spring it on you down at the station," he said. "That's why I let you think I was going to take your seventeen, Clem. You boys didn't figure on getting paid for my board, did you? Well, guess again. Here's your seventeen back, and here's a dividend. Twenty apiece."

HE DROPPED the money on the table, the ragged fives and ones that Clem had given him and two bright new twenties slipped from the other fold. Neither of the twins moved.

"You've got a lot left," said Clem. "Where'd you get it?"

Again Gorton's eye jerked toward the door. Bert stood squarely in his path. He shrugged his shoulders.

"What do you care where I got it? It's good money."

"Where'd you get it?" repeated Clem, as if Gorton hadn't spoken.

"He got it off Belle," said Bert. "She went in the bank. He met her before he got home."

Gorton laughed. "All right. Say she gave it to me. What of it?"

"Hand it over," said Clem. He spoke so mildly that Gorton misunderstood.

"You've got twenty apiece already. That certainly ought to pay for my board."

"Hand it over," said Clem.

"I'll double it," Gorton offered.

"Forty more." He laughed. "That'll pay you for the timber and time you put into that bridge. It's coming out of Ern Hubbard, too. He'll get whatever Belle has left when he marries her. He'll be paying you for that bridge right out of his own pocket! Here—"

"Hand it all over, Gorton."

Gorton's grin vanished. His mouth twisted downward and his eyes glittered. He stopped in the act of thumbing two more twenties from the fold of bills, put the money back into his pocket.

"I won't hand over a cent," he said. "Get that! It goes! You had your chance and you passed it up. Now you don't get a jitney, see?"

He shifted his glance from one to the other.

"If you're goofy enough to string along with Hubbard and his dumb Dora, after the way you been gypped, go to it and see what it gets you!"

His right hand jerked. The twins stared at the muzzle of Bert's venerable revolver, covering them both.

"All set to strong-arm me, weren't you? Try and do it, suckers, try and do it!"

Without lowering his eyes he swept up the money from the table and stuffed it into his pocket.

"Now," he said, "you'll drive me down to the train and like it, see? And you'll keep your mouths shut. Because if anything slips and I go to Stillburn you two saps are going there with me. Get that through your domes, boys. You're in this with me. Helping a convict out of his handcuffs and hiding him for a couple of weeks—and you're the birds that don't believe in meddling too!"

The twins exchanged sober glances. "I guess maybe we did meddle, after

all," said Clem. "Didn't aim to, but—"

"Tell the judge you didn't aim to," Gorton cut in. "Tell him you sawed those bracelets off me by accident!"

Bert frowned. "Only one thing to do, Clem, far as I can see."

Clem nodded. Gorton chuckled at their grave, crestfallen faces. He lowered the muzzle of the ancient gun.

"Glad you've got sense enough to see that."

Thus far in his acquaintance with the Lebbeter twins neither had moved suddenly or swiftly, except on one occasion when a young hog escaped its pen and was making merry in the garden.

Even then the Lebbeters had seemed slow and awkward. There was no hint of haste in Bert's kneesprung shamble toward the sitting-room door, now, and Clem made no movement at all. Gorton watched Bert carelessly. Bert wasn't looking at him.

Then, as the gun went off and the explosion jarred it out of his relaxed fingers, as his shoulders crashed down on the footworn floor, as, helplessly, his leg kicked and jerked against the grip that held its ankle in the air, Gorton remembered what had happened to that unsuspecting pig.

He struggled furiously, just as the pig had struggled, and just as uselessly. Clem Lebbeter's arm yielded to the desperate thrashings of the captured leg as an angler plays a fighting fish, but the grip of his big hand on the ankle didn't loosen and when Gorton, snarling, drove at the fingers with the heel of his free foot, Clem's other hand closed calmly upon that ankle, too.

Gorton flung himself toward the gun, his arm straining for it. Clem backed a step or two, pulling him out of reach. Bert picked up the gun and pocketed it. Without words he went out to the woodshed and came back with a huge ball of wool-twine. Gorton's teeth snapped like a wolf's at the hand which fastened on his wrist.

"Hadn't better," said Bert. A large knee pressed admonishingly on Gorton's neck. Wool-twine, drawn tight and shrewdly knotted, bound his wrists together and his knees and ankles; he was lifted to his feet and more twine wrapped about his arms, holding them against his sides.

He began, now, to wheedle and implore, and presently to spit out threats and curses. A square of grain-sacking, firmly wadded between his jaws, interrupted these. The twins carried him out to the wagon. There was straw in the bed of it. They threw a tarpaulin over him and climbed to the seat.

THERE was silence between the twins as the wagon clacked placidly down the lane, but at the corner, where Clem turned the team toward the mended bridge and the road that twisted down out of the hills, Bert sat up and spoke:

"Where are you going, Clem? Got to take him down to Glenville jail, ain't we?"

Clem shook his head. "I been thinking, Bert. There's a sight of sense in what Lou said. It was somebody's job to take him down to Stillburn and you and me might get into trouble for meddling into it, if we just take him over to Glenville."

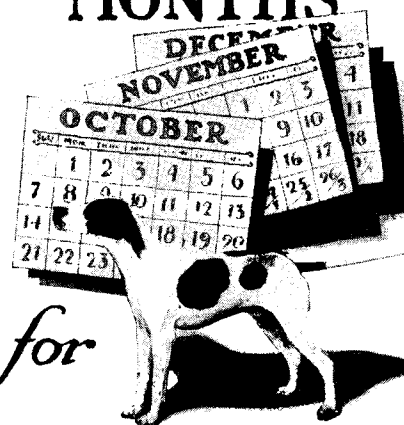
The new planking of the bridge rumbled pleasantly under hoofs and wheels.

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The Prince's Darling

Continued from page 22

his duty. "But you have seemed a man beyond that—who has made up his accounts even with God. What can I say or do? I have here my book—would you like me to pray with you? Or can I give you absolution?"

"Who can give me that?" smiled De Haverbeck. "I was at church two days ago. Let that pass. I have never been one to give much importance to forms, sir. I believe that I have run level with my conscience."

"It will be a bloody and cruel deed," muttered the clergyman, pacing up and down, "and a waste of a fine heroic man. Ah, sir, what has Your Excellency been involved in to come to such an ugly and untimely fate? What mischance brought you so low?"

"So low?" replied the soldier. "Why, I am high enough." He pulled out his watch: "I perceive that half an hour has already gone, and I must beg you, sir, to command yourself. I do not know what they intend. Be not, therefore, taken by surprise by what may occur."

"I CAN scarcely endure it," protested the clergyman desperately. "It should not have been put upon me."

He went to the heavy door and beat it with frantic, impotent hands.

"Hush!" commanded De Haverbeck, in a stern tone, turning round in his seat. "Leave that. It will avail us nothing."

He put his hand in his pocket, endeavoring to think of something to distract and calm the clergyman, and took out a rouleau of rix dollars.

"Take those, sir, for your poor; you must know those who will need them."

Shivering and yellow-pale, the wretched clergyman fumbled the paper money into his pocket.

"Command yourself," said the soldier, sternly. "It is but to see a man die—you must have been at many a death-bed?"

"But this is murder," muttered the clergyman.

"Therefore, I can the more easily compose myself," smiled De Haverbeck.

"Ah, God pity us!" exclaimed the clergyman in a harsh shriek, as the key turned in the lock, and he made to fling himself to De Haverbeck's side and catch him by the hand.

The soldier rose: "Control yourself," he said in a voice of flashing command, "nor disgrace this moment."

The heavy door swung on its hinges and four men entered in dark and shameful attire, wearing stained leather aprons and having bare arms.

Behind them was the quiet gray jailer, who motioned for the clergyman to leave.

"Remember my letters," said De Haverbeck, sternly, to him.

The clergyman would have resisted, would have clung to the prisoner, but the soldier severely commanded him to be gone, and the jailer pushed him, heaving, sick, out of the prison door.

The four men, as the door closed, remained under the yellow lamplight at a pause, and the soldier, standing the other side of the table, faced them, as if they were four criminals and he their judge. They were indeed overawed before his grace and dignity, his strength and serenity, and the magnificence of his appointments.

"Well, gentlemen," said De Haverbeck, coolly, "I dare say your part in this business is as disagreeable as my own. Shall we, then, bring it to a prompt conclusion?"

"It is to be swift and secret," mut-

tered the jailer, somberly. "All depends on your behavior, sir. No matter how it be done, if it be done quickly and privately."

De Haverbeck did not answer. He was absolutely convinced that this was the work of Madame Rocklitz. No man could have contrived so vile and so atrocious an end for a soldier. His eyes narrowed as he considered the filthy blood-stained hands of the men from the torture chamber touching him—hands that had but that very day been wrenching a woman's joints apart. Two of them held coils of rope. They waited, sullen, avoiding his eyes.

"She could not have realized it," De Haverbeck thought, trying to excuse her in his mind.

He asked:

"How is this murder intended? Am I to be dispatched here?"

He had himself completely under control, even now, though he faced far worse than death, and there was a grisly admiration and a mute applause in the gray jailer's look. The four ruffians shuffled and grimaced uneasily.

"The governor of the Königsberg," muttered the jailer, "is under his orders, as you, sir, being a soldier, will understand—and these are very positive. But he has done what he could. And maybe at cost to himself. Yet it seemed to him that you, being a brave, honorable gentleman—and a woman at the bottom of it—"

"Leave that!" interrupted De Haverbeck grimly.

"Well, sir, I was to tell you that—a woman in it—ordering it—designing it, you understand—"

So she wished him to know that he died at her command. De Haverbeck was consumed with pity, thinking of the remorse of Madelon. But there was no longer any time in which to think of Madelon.

"It seems," he said sternly to the jailer, "that you are the umpire of my fate—a task which weighs on you, as I think. You seem uneasy. Unburden yourself. I would be gone from this company."

"The governor of the Königsberg," muttered the overawed jailer, "bade me tell you that he was stretching his powers as far as this: I am to give you, sir, five minutes alone—there is the surgeon outside who will be in immediate attendance. And I am to return you this, sir, which was taken from you the night of your arrest." He brought out of his pocket the Saracen dagger, that De Haverbeck had picked up after the Turkish rout, and laid it on the table.

De Haverbeck's soul leaped to meet his fate.

"Why, this is easy—it is but to open an old wound!"

FRANÇOISE DE ROSNY crouched in a small cell in the Königsberg, and her mangled fingers painfully traced her signature to a long written paper; as they did so drops of blood trickled and fell on the document. She wore a straight shapeless robe of a harsh gray material; her hair had been roughly cut to the nape of her neck; her features were yellowed and furrowed; her face glistened with a horrid damp.

The examining judges, putting their heads close together and standing directly underneath a lamp braced by iron stanchions to the wall, read the confession, with eager yet terrified gaze.

In this Françoise de Rosny admitted having been a governess in the house of Rudolph von Neitschütz, now Field

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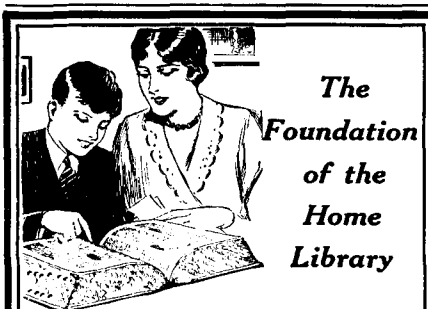
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Marshal of the Saxon Army, and that she had, together with him and his two sons, practiced witchcraft, spells and incantations, the object of which was to delude the Electoral Prince, now His Highness Johann Georg IV, Elector of Saxony, Arch Marshal of the Empire, into a marriage with Magdalena Sibylla von Neitschütz, now the Countess of Rocklitz.

She admitted that she had early sold and sealed the soul of the young girl to the devil; that they had on Walpurgis Night often enough attended the orgies and debauches of fiends; that the Elector, even as a boy, had been bemused with drinks and potions, the object of which was to attract him violently to Magdalena Sibylla, and when these machinations were defeated by the efforts of Count Ferdinand Stürm in marrying His Highness to the present Electress, still they had contrived to get the young man by their devilish wiles into their clutches again, and foist Magdalena Sibylla on him as a mistress.

SHE, Madame Rocklitz, the confession read, had confessed to her, Françoise de Rosny, that she had, the very first night the Elector had possession of her, given him a drug which bemused his senses. She had poured it out of a small green bottle into a small green glass which she kept among her ornaments on her toilet table. She had, ever since then, obtained domination of him by the same means.

She had frequently visited Madame de Rosny and received from her potions and philters by which she was to maintain her hold on the Elector's affections.

Further, Françoise de Rosny confessed that, the night before her own arrest, Madame Rocklitz had visited her in the guise of a young man dressed in plain traveling dress, and that with the greatest emotion and excitement she had demanded from her three separate concoctions—one, a philter to awaken love; one, a potion to bring sleep; and the third, a swift poison.

These, Françoise de Rosny, being entirely in the power of the devil and sealed against all conscience, had given her, and in return had received a golden egg of peculiar workmanship as an earnest, and later a string of diamonds, which Madame de Rocklitz had taken from the green vaults, of which the Elector, in his infatuation, had often given her the keys; both these objects she had surrendered when arrested.

Madame de Rosny further deposed that the Countess of Rocklitz, her father and brothers, also being aided and inspired by the devil, were in several schemes to declare the present marriage of the Elector null and void, and to trump up some show of the Countess of Rocklitz being his wife by the left hand, or precontracted to him. That there were schemes to put aside her present Highness the Electress and give the Countess of Rocklitz the station of a wife; it was true that a spell had been put on His Highness so that he could have no children by any woman save the Countess of Rocklitz; that was the meaning of the dead child in the tree at Flöha.

Françoise de Rosny further believed that there was some league or pact with the devil to keep the Countess of Rocklitz barren till she could call herself a wife, and to obtain the crown of Poland, so that the Countess of Rocklitz should at last die crowned a queen.

"She can say no more," murmured one of the judges, overawed and horrified by this terrible document.

"And it agrees with what the other witch said," whispered another, shaking his gray head, glancing with dread at the awful figure on the straw mattress; he thought he saw the shape of the devil behind her.

"Word for word it is the same matter and the same accusation—that is, to a point. For the other woman, the Baroness von Ilten, did not know so much about the house of Neitschütz; she was never in residence with them, nor so deep in their secrets."

"Besides," said the first judge, "she died before we could get any coherent statement from her. She took no more than four turns at the question."

All three turned and stared with a profound disgust and a frightful curiosity at the miserable creature who had now not much likeness to humanity, who lay and shuddered, and moaned and chattered on the straw mattress.

"It's enough for tonight," whispered one of the judges, holding tightly, but far from him, the terrible paper, lest it contaminate his person. "Let her be till morning, take her to her cell, and let the surgeon see her. This has been a hideous day's work."

He wiped the sweat from his viscid brow.

One of his colleagues, however, a young and more ambitious man, was anxious lest they had let fly some opportunity of gathering evidence against the Rocklitz. Stürm, who had given them careful instructions, had been insistent on that point. The sole object of the arrest and torture of the two women was to ruin the Elector's mistress; and surely it was a fine service to God and the State to rid His Highness of this rapacious, shameless woman and her insolent relatives and creatures who stopped the source of honor and favor, and who, as this confession showed, even dealt in magic and poison.

"See," said the earnest judge, "we have omitted the name of the man for whom the Rocklitz bought the love potion."

"That touches politics, eh? It was that of the Marshal de Haverbeck—best leave it out. He is not in the Elector's good graces."

"Nay, but should we not put it in—out of fairness to the gentleman? A woman does not buy a love potion for a willing gallant."

"Leave it—I have not heard that he is suspected. This is a paper to be put before the Elector!"

"We shall have the Rocklitz herself here tomorrow night."

"Will he part with her so easily? She has him bemused."

THE speaker turned to Françoise de Rosny, crouching on the mattress.

"How do you know that the Rocklitz bewitched His Highness with a draft in a green bottle the first night he had her person?"

"She told me," whispered the prisoner.

"Ah! Who thought of the devilish scheme to make the Electress barren?"

"Madelon Rocklitz."

"Why?"

"So that her husband might conceive a disgust for her—it was intended to make away with her presently."

"Who would do that murder?"

"Madelon Rocklitz."

The three judges glanced at each other.

"She then intended to marry the Elector?"

"Yes. And bring him over to the Papists and get the crown of Poland."

"Why did she not have a child herself? It was known to be the open desire of the Elector. The answer here is not satisfactory."

"Madelon Rocklitz," snarled the woman, "did not dare to have a child lest it should have a fiend's face—for she has had carnal knowledge of a demon since she was twelve years old."

Calling on the name of God, the three judges stepped back and the old woman gave a terrible laugh.

(Continued on page 70)

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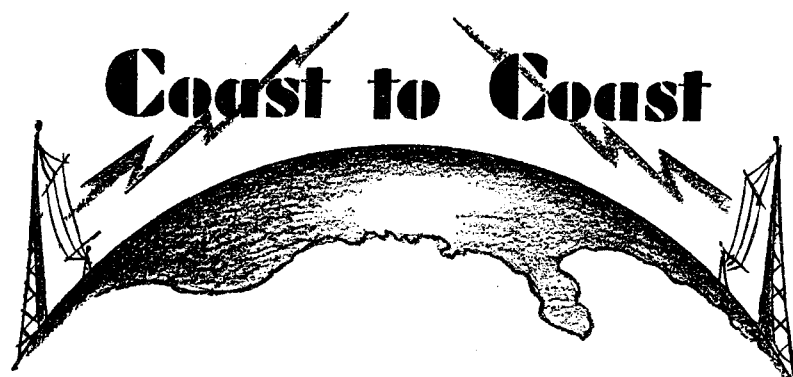
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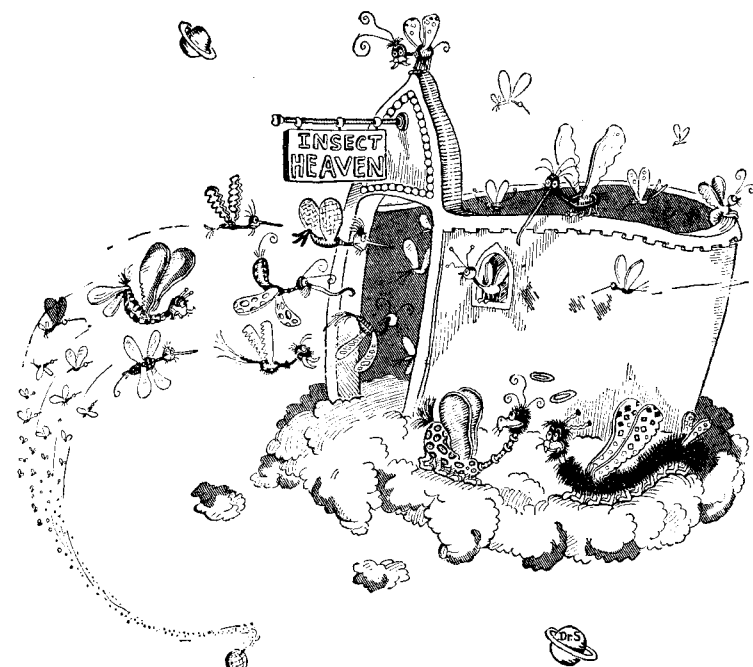
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(Continued from page 69)

"Is that enough for you? Men and devils were one to her, a lustful woman, even as a child. Now will her besotted fool turn her out of keeping?"

"This must be another deposition and signature," whispered one of the judges, much shaken. "Have it engrossed." He turned to the barber-surgeon now kneeling beside the prisoner. "Will she live till morning?"

"Yes, sir; her pulse is strong. She has got much vigor."

"Take her away. We will see her in the morning."

THE three judges left the narrow room (which was an antechamber to the torture chamber) whispering fearfully among themselves.

Françoise de Rosny was helped to her feet by the two jailers and escorted from the chamber into a long corridor lit by a smoky and tawny light from two small high-placed lamps; though neither her knees nor her ankles had been dis-jointed the barber-surgeon declared it was impossible for her to walk and the two men who were used to this work had to drag her along the corridor by locking their arms behind her back and allowing her hands to hang over their shoulders.

The bitter progress down the murky corridor, which was marked with drops of blood on the flagstones, and accompanied with groans from the tormented woman, was passed by another sinister cortège, four men who came slowly, carrying some heavy object on a rude bier, over which was thrown a blanket.

Françoise de Rosny knew it at once for a dead and murdered man, and shrieked; she saw a fine hand with ruffles and a braided cuff hanging out at the side. Under the coverlet she saw a cluster of dark hair appearing at the top. As the bier was carried past, one of the men supporting her, with a callous curiosity, twitched the blanket aside, and Françoise de Rosny looked down on a face that was very familiar to her indeed. She shifted her dry, cracked lips; she began to laugh.

"Well, it isn't only the devil who brings one down," she whispered. "What's the difference between us now, eh? For all his virtue!"

The four men passed down the corridor with their heavy burden. Françoise de Rosny, sagging between the jailers' arms, continued her agonized progress to her cell.

About this hour, while the four men walking heavily were carrying a dead man between them along the corridors of the Königsberg, the Elector broke into the apartments of Ferdinand Stürm in the Residenzschloss, clutched the minister's frail shoulders like a creature crazed, and demanded his instant help.

"I've had him murdered," he said; "it will be over by now."

"Murdered!" whispered Stürm.

"Marshal de Haverbeck," replied the Elector, with a strong shudder.

"Oh, God!" Ferdinand Stürm put his fingers to his chin. "In the Königsberg—you had him secretly dispatched there?"

"Tonight. It would not be," murmured the Elector, "more than half an hour ago. I—I commanded the governor. I realized, suddenly, you know, that I had that power of death. I sent a clergyman to him, then the four executioners, and he was not armed."

"A death like that," stammered Stürm, overawed for the first time in his life, "for a man like De Haverbeck!"

"It was intolerable," gasped the Elector. "I went to see him, and I could not move him at all. He would not say what was between them that night. He's dead. I could not endure that he should live—to laugh at me with her."

"This," exclaimed Stürm, "is a damnable horror, and the last thing that I intended. De Haverbeck was to have been released tomorrow. He was arrested merely to make it impossible for him to deny that he passed the night in Madame Rocklitz's house. I intended to see what Madame de Rosny knew and confront him with it. But this . . . Your Highness has overthrown everything."

"He's dead," said the Elector. "He's dead. I did not do it myself—I gave the order. I went to see the governor myself. I remembered that I was a prince. It is not murder if you are a prince. I am above the law—you told me so."

"What shall we tell the Emperor—Sir William Colt, and von Spanheim?"

"I don't know," replied the Elector, vaguely.

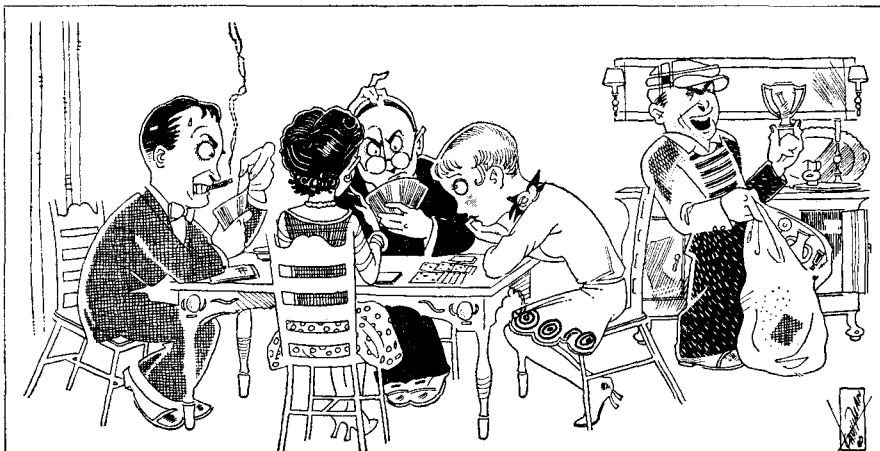
Stürm looked at him with the indifference of complete disdain.

"Why, I must manage this, as I suppose," he said in extreme distress. "I'll go down at once to the Königsberg; I'll see what can be done. I have had difficulty in keeping the gentleman's servants quiet. They believe he left suddenly last night on some intrigue—and that's not lightly believed of De Haverbeck—or that he visited his estates suddenly, and that's an incivility that goes down ill, too, with a man like him. His friends were waiting for him last night—this is a damnable coil."

"LISTEN," sobbed the Elector. He put out his unsteady hand and clutched Count Stürm's cuff. "There's worse than anything I've told you—"

"Worse! How could there be anything worse than murder?" cried Stürm bitterly.

"There's this: He thought she commanded it. I let him think that. I told him that she had betrayed him to me. Of course she does not even know that he was in prison. She, too, thinks that he has gone to his estates."



Society Note: Jimmy Lox, of Milwaukee, took all prizes at the Van Trumps' bridge party.

"That's diabolical. What made you imagine that De Haverbeck could believe she had done it—that would her motive have been? He never credited it!" he added, not guessing what good cause De Haverbeck had had to credit the random, frantic, foolish lie. "But it was a fearful thing to say—and out of character. She is a light but not a cruel woman."

"I wanted to ask him about the child," interrupted Johann Georg, "but could not. She visits it, you said? It is hers, you think?"

"No, on my soul, I do not," replied Stürm bitterly. "I am sorry I led you so far on that way. She is too young—and I believe she was innocent till you had her, sir. She visits the child from womanish sentiment—the mother was Carlotta Drezel, buried in the Marienkirche, on the Bächnitz road."

"YOU never told me this before," said the Elector, "and it was—was because of that I ordered him to be killed. You see—he and Madelon—who could have endured it? Because of the child—I have none. I would have killed the child, too, easily—then."

Stürm cursed himself. How stupid a mistake he had made in judging this boy by his own cold standards. What folly not to have remembered the havoc, the misery, that the hot blood of youth will cause! Stürm felt sick and shaken; he had always liked De Haverbeck.

"Leave me out of this," he said roughly, turning away, "I can't go any farther into these devilish lies. Your Highness has turned about in your character. . . ."

"The poisons she gave me!" cried the Elector, with a sudden shriek in his voice. "I had not done it if I had been in my senses. I'm only returning to my senses now. What was it she gave me? It was witchcraft. It was some devil's brew."

Ferdinand Stürm looked at him dryly. It was clear enough that the young man's courage and control were shattered, but whether this was by witchcraft, or drug, or passion, mattered but little to Stürm. He saw his whole country embroiled by an ugly and wanton crime, and he knew he would have to bring all his wits to bear upon the situation to extricate himself and Saxony from this difficult, shameful position.

"Your Highness has ordered this deed and, as I take it, your orders have been carried out. If you will but maintain your self-command, it may be that it can be hushed up and carried off yet." Then he brought himself to ask, though with a sick look and a faltering accent: "How—how was it done?"

"I don't know," whimpered the Elector. "I suppose they strangled him."

"Then I can do nothing," exclaimed Stürm, in tones of disgust. "You set four men on him, and, I suppose, he fought for his life. . . ."

The shuddering Elector cried out: "Will Christ forgive me? Will God forgive me?"

Ferdinand Stürm's patience, deference and control vanished before his anger; he shook off the heavy, distracted young man, and cried, fearfully, in a low tone:

"You doltish, whining, besotted boy, let me go! All our honors are on this." The Elector, without resentment, turned miserably away.

"Where's Madelon?" he asked. "Where's Madelon Rocklitz?"

"Aye," said Stürm, snatching and buttoning up his mantle, "you had best go to Madame Rocklitz!"

He left the Residenzschloss quickly and quietly, confronting with an admirable coolness and courage, which had never yet failed him in many an emergency, a vast menace to his own fortunes and those of Saxony.

He had his careful emissaries and, in

his own house, he interviewed several of these, brought on sudden summons. Arrangements were made, swiftly, adroitly; messages were sent to the Marshal de Haverbeck's lodgings, to his gentlemen and servants; then, having put these affairs swiftly in readiness, Stürm went directly to the Königsberg. Though it was the middle of the night, he was admitted at once to the presence of the governor, who, bowed and uneasy, was sitting over the stove, drinking. He appeared neither to have slept nor to be thinking of sleep that night.

"De Haverbeck," said the minister abruptly, "has been murdered here to-night."

The governor swore a quick oath.

"If the Elector had not come to me in person I would never have done it. He was resolute. I have his warrant for it."

"There is no blame on you," replied Stürm, grimly, "but it is a thing that touches us all close, and I have done my best to put some face on it. You have, as you say, your warrant and your signed order. The Elector was half insane, you might have noticed that, and held your hand. But I have not come to reproach you. Where is De Haverbeck?"

"In the chapel," replied the governor, then began, in a hurried manner, to excuse himself from the deed and its consequences.

Stürm cut him short.

"I have absolutely no time to listen to you now, my dear Governor. In the morning, perhaps. There are other measures that are imperative. How did Marshal de Haverbeck die?"

The governor rose and began to walk up and down the room.

"Upon my honor I believe the Elector meant he was to be strangled; but you know what that means—a man like De Haverbeck—and that cursed woman at the bottom of it all, as I suppose. . . ."

"Leave her," said Stürm, impatiently. "She's damned enough without our curses."

"His sword had been taken from him," continued the governor, in a low troubled voice. "He had besides a small dagger—a curious thing, something I believe he had gotten in the Turkish war. And I—I took it upon myself to wrap this in a handkerchief. I gave it to the jailer and sent him down with the four men. I told him to give it to Marshal de Haverbeck, and keep the men back until he had used it. To give him five minutes alone. You understand?"

"I understand," said Stürm with considerable relief. "And that was how it was done?"

"YES. I did not disobey the Elector."

The men were there if he had refused—or resisted. But he was very grateful. He said it was but to open an old wound. You know he had two balls in the breast in Hungary—when they returned he was at the table—he lived but a few moments. The surgeon told me that he was so healthy and so constant in his mind that he might have been saved had it been permitted to staunch the wound. He swooned several times, but recovered, as if he made a struggle for it. He thanked them all for their good offices and sent his watch to me and asked me to give one of his rings to the jailer. God!" broke out the coarse soldier, passionately, "I would your Elector had hanged himself before he put this work on me."

"There's a better man gone," said Stürm, "than ever you or I are likely to serve under, my dear Governor. For his honor and ours let us consider how to cover the matter over. I have given out to his people," continued the minister unsteadily, for his voice had been

(Continued on page 72)



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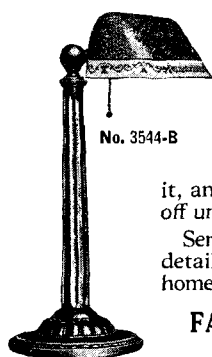
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(Continued from page 71)
moved and his eyes moist, "that he has been called to the Königsberg to take part in the examination of some prisoner. They will ask no more than that, knowing his mission to be vital and probably secret. He is supposed to have taken his leave of the Elector and to have seen his estates, and to be returning immediately to Vienna.

"HIS coach will be here in half an hour; and you and I, my dear Governor, must escort him into it. Captain Falaiseau, who is a man I can trust, will be his companion—his escort, as it were, to the frontier at Spandau. I have seen Marshal de Haverbeck's doctor, whom he had with him in his company. These people can all be bought or frightened.

This doctor will testify that the Marshal died on his journey of a sudden fit or seizure, following the breaking out of his old wound; he will also see that the body is properly embalmed at the first opportunity. And then, though one cannot stop comment, or gossip, or rumor, we shall have evaded an absolute, open scandal."

"Do you think that he would have wished that himself?" asked the governor, frowning.

"I think he would," replied Stürm, earnestly. "He was a very honorable and a very generous man, and I think he would have wished this himself—it was never his purpose to embroil anyone. And it's impossible for me to forgive myself."

(To be continued next week)

Hero Stuff

Continued from page 19

Congratulate yourself. You saw a master.

And if you wish a touch of variety to your denial that Pat O'Dea's drop-kick remains a college record, mention Payne of Dakota Wesleyan. Against Northwestern Normal, in 1915, Mr. Payne ruined the day for the opposition by drop-kicking a goal from the sixty-three yard line. But the O'Dea enthusiasts will contend that the physical conditions were all with Payne and George Gipp, the weather being fine, the field fast, the ball clean and dry and the opposition many degrees weaker than the Northwestern University that Pat faced. And you'll have to admit that.

A dangerous goal kicker is a marked man. Even if he isn't roughed a bit while doing his stuff he gets it in preceding and subsequent plays, the idea being to reduce his enthusiasm and physical store. Don't think for a moment that the opponents of Harvard didn't do their utmost to render B. W. Trafford impotent when he was kicking field goals with utter abandon for his Alma Mater forty years ago. Yet, against Cornell, Trafford dropped five field goals in a game while eleven strong lads from Ithaca were doing their utmost to deprive him of his legs.

And that was the record for quite a while. Presently a great football genius appears at Chicago—Walter Eckersall. This lad could do anything a coach could dream. His drop-kicking was devastating. About the only thing his opponents could be sure of was that he'd kick only one at a time.

In 1905 against Illinois he shot five drops. Against Nebraska in the following season he booted five more. He was accustomed to mix this sort of thing up with hundred-yard dashes for touchdowns too. But the greatest number of field goals ever made by one player in an intercollegiate game was seven. They were all placements. E. C. Robertson of Purdue kicked them and Rose Polytechnic was the victim. It happened in October, 1900.

Alex Moffat of Princeton weighed 130 pounds in days when individual tonnage was so highly thought of by coaches that any candidate for the team weighing less than 190 was likely to be called "Skinny." Against Harvard, in 1883, Alex drop-kicked four field goals—50, 48, 40 and 40 yards—but the notable feature was that he kicked two of them with his left foot and two with his right. The man had only two feet.

In 1906 the forward pass came into football and with it added reasons why the game has become the great popular spectacle.

Did you ever by any chance see Harold Muller of California take a ball in hand

and flip it? Well, I have and in the excitement that ensued I, who have seen forty years of football, all but swallowed my tongue. He was six feet tall, weighed 190 pounds and held the intercollegiate record for throwing the javelin.

It was against Ohio State one afternoon that Harold, whom you, perhaps, call Red, received the ball from his center via Sprott, California's left half. Dancing smartly this way and that to elude Ohio boys who would frustrate him, Red had retreated fifteen yards until seventy yards lay between him and Ohio's goal.

But all this time Stephens of California was galloping toward Ohio's goal. He passed Stinchcomb, Ohio's safety man, who made no particular effort to stop him, figuring perhaps that Stephens had gone a bit balmy and was laboring under the impression that he was making a touchdown without burdening himself with the ball.

A yard from Ohio's goal Stephens paused. And Red Muller let go. It was, as you will grant, a colossal heave. The ball sailed high over Stinchcomb's head, splitting the air like a javelin. Stephens didn't have to move. He snagged it shoulder-high and took a long step. California had another touchdown.

The Galloping Stein

And don't overlook Stephens' end of that marathon pass of Red Muller's. A ball that has traveled that far requires expert snatching. It has speed. It has probably developed a twist. Add to that the various ways a football can elude the best of them and you discover that pass receivers are born, not made. Jim Stone of Vanderbilt, for example. His pals called him Stein.

Well, one afternoon in 1907—it was Thanksgiving Day—Vanderbilt and Sewanee were having their annual trouble. As is always better in tales of this sort, Stein did his stuff just a few minutes before the end of the game with Sewanee leading 12 to 11. Naturally he won the game, as what player with half a chance wouldn't in those circumstances?

Vanderbilt had the ball in midfield. Stein bent over it, ready to pass. He snapped it to Potts, who got rid of it at once with a lateral pass to D. Blake, who promptly handed it to Bob Blake. Bob got rid of it too. He threw it down the field, high and to the right.

In the meantime, Stein had galloped down the field and a Sewanee man, naturally anxious that nothing happen to disturb the score, raced at his side. The ball caught up to them and passed them. You wouldn't have bet a dollar against

a half interest in the United States Government that any Vanderbilt man was going to take that pass. Particularly Jim Stein Stone.

But somehow (one doesn't explain things like this) he, the ball and the Sewanee man arrived at Sewanee's five-yard line simultaneously. And Jim leaped. . . . Down they went. Jim had the ball. And then two swift smashes and it was over.

There lives today in the modest town of Prague, Oklahoma, a broad, deep and otherwise robust red man named Thorpe—old Jim Thorpe of Carlisle.

Amongst his various accomplishments were touchdowns. He still holds the record for these. In 1912 he made twenty-five of them, scoring 198 points for the season. Jim was so good that he liked to amuse himself and his mates by telling an end or a tackle to get set because (said Jim) he was coming that way in a moment. And he'd do it.

The Great Keck

For general appeal to the football lover he has had rivals, at least in their own pet departments of the game. I mention Willie Heston of Michigan and Red Grange of Illinois and if I dismiss these great names thus briefly it is because their stories are all familiar.

All of these mighty runners have caught kick-offs and carried them to touchdowns. Perhaps you've seen them do it twice in the same game. But have you ever seen a man carry back kick-offs for touchdowns more than once in one game? Well, I have.

And he was not a back, either. He was a guard—and what a guard! Six feet two and two hundred and fifteen pounds and fast. He had to be fast and artful. His name was Bemis Pierce.

Pierce, a Seneca Indian, was one of the boys at Carlisle in 1894-5-6-7 and as such he played in an indoor game against Illinois in Chicago. Three times Illinois made the awful mistake of kicking off to Bemis. And each time he galloped straight through the dazed opposition without so much as hesitating. All three gallops ended in touchdowns. After that Illinois kicked so far out of Bemis' reach that he couldn't have caught the ball with a fisherman's net.

One of the greatest displays of runner-assistance the game has seen was that of Stanley Keck of Princeton in the game with Harvard in 1921. I've asked men who know and they agree. Gilroy of Princeton carried the ball. At Keck's heels he sped through the Harvard line and in front of him crouched a squad of the Crimson men.

Keck bowled one out of the way.

"Stick with me, Gil," roared Keck. "I'm coming," said Gilroy.

Keck cut down another Harvard lad and the field was clear except for Fitts. Now Fitts was good. He seldom missed tackles. He had a way of spilling or evading interference that had made him feared and famous.

"Go to it," yelled Keck. And he dived into Fitts. Gilroy left his huge one-man convoy as Stanley yelled. He did not stop until he was across Harvard's goal. You may see blocking like that again—but not often.

Neither have I ever witnessed mightier work in the line than Gus Ziegler of Penn produced against Cornell on Thanksgiving Day, 1906. Gus gave that day—everything he had. Gus stopped Cornell. Penn couldn't score but Gus saw to it that the Big Red Team didn't.

It was one of Cornell's greatest teams and Ziegler's opponent was the giant Thompson, justly celebrated as Big Thompson, an All-America guard. Gus was big enough, but Thompson topped him by fifty pounds.

For more than fifty minutes of battle Cornell had punished Penn, mauled her,

smashed her, reduced her. But there had been no score. And now Cornell had the ball on Penn's five-yard line and Penn was crumbling. Exhausted.

The entire Cornell backfield hurled itself into where Thompson should have made a great hole—bang! It piled up on Thompson's back. He hadn't moved an inch. Again Thompson led the assault on Gus. This time it gained a few feet. A third time the avalanche fell on Gus. When the pile was unscrambled, Gus, the last to arise because he was on the bottom, owned a bleeding nose and a cut scalp. The ball was a foot from Penn's goal.

"You boys are doing fine," roared Gus to Cornell. "Come to me again."

Cornell did. Gus and Thompson struck each other so hard that they fought standing, chest to chest. The rest of the two teams were heaped around them. Gus and Thompson couldn't fall. They were waist-deep in football players. But the ball was still a foot away from the line. Cornell had lost it on downs.

The stands were still roaring Gus' name when Bill Hollenbeck punted into the face of a sixty-mile gale. The ball flew high—too high. The wind took it and hurled it back. It went out of bounds on Penn's five-yard line. And then Ziegler and Thompson again.

Twice Thompson with the ball at his back charged Gus. Now both men were showing the gore of battle. Huge Thompson looked puzzled—possibly he was a little dazed. It was hard to believe that his opponent could stand this. Yet Gus was still there, grinning and calling upon Cornell to come to him. Cornell had made two yards.

On the third smash at Ziegler, Penn's center had interfered with Cornell's and Penn was penalized half the distance to the goal. The ball is put on Penn's eighteen-inch line and Cornell is given a first down. And then I beheld what I like to think was the finest defensive play that football could produce.

One Foot to Play

Three times Ziegler and Thompson clashed and three times Cornell was piled up at her great guard's back. Each time Gus held. Cornell hadn't gained an inch.

"You've got another chance, Cornell," roared Gus. "Give us everything you've got, Cornell. C-o-m-e o-n, Penn-syl-vaaaaaaniaaaaa!"

Every Pennsylvania player rushed at Gus. And every one of them grabbed his hand. Big Bill Hollenbeck hugged him.

"Can you do it again, Gus?" yelled Bill. "Just once more?"

"Till Christmas," replied Gus.

Walders, the Cornell fullback, took the ball. Thompson summoned every ounce of his great strength, lowered his head and charged. And Gus met him half-way. There Thompson stopped and fell. And Walders, smashing against the back of the giant, seemed to rise perpendicularly. Up he went. Down he came. And there he stopped.

The timekeeper's gun sounded. The game was over. The ball was just a foot from Penn's goal.

Thompson was the first to grab Gus. And there on the twilight field, with 50,000 men and women gone wild in the stands, Gus Ziegler and Big Thompson stood in a bear hug—patting each other on the back.

One could continue thus for pages without exhausting what he calls the greatest plays and the greatest players. But I stop here. You, doubtless, will be glad to supply the rest.

"Rough Humor," another football article by Mr. Heisman, will appear in next week's Collier's.

check little coughs before they grow big

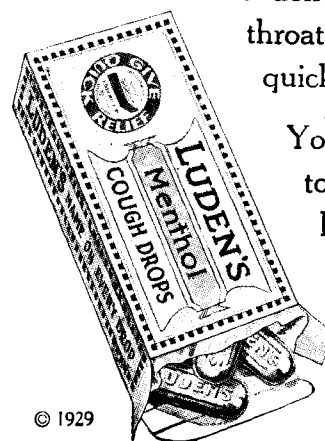


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Those busy statisticians that the Government puts to work finding out important things, have discovered that common coughs and colds keep more children out of school than any other sickness.

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This spectacular statement is an investment banker's way of picturing the new prosperity, distributed so widely, which has come to Americans.

We are, in fact, in the midst of an economic revolution more far-reaching in its consequences and deeper in its changes than anything ever before experienced anywhere. What has already happened would seem to be a miracle beyond reasonable hope if it were not history.

Fifteen years ago it was estimated that less than a half million Americans owned securities. Only one person in 190 was an investor.

Today, it is estimated, there are more than 15,000,000 investors in this country. One person in eight on the average is a buyer of securities.

Wealth has increased at a prodigious rate and even more rapidly it has been distributed. Our scale of living has moved upward. What were luxuries a few years ago are necessities now. The wage earner today has comforts which only millionaires could afford a few years back and still we have been thrifty.

Industry increasingly is owned by the many and not by the few.

The American Telephone and Telegraph Company has 420,982 stockholders. The Pennsylvania Railroad is owned by 154,137 shareholders. More than 100,000 stockholders own General Motors. The General Electric Company has about 80,000 owners.

The ability and the willingness of millions of small investors all over the country to provide the money required for our industrial development is a fact of the first importance. Twenty-five years ago we were still looking to the rich of Europe for some of the funds needed to finance American industry. Today the average American is the financier to whom both our own bankers and the European borrower must appeal. Bankers underwrite loans only when they are persuaded that the small investors will buy the securities to be offered. Not the rich, but Americans of modest means are the lenders and the arbiters of our destiny.



This has come about because savings have increased more rapidly than earnings. In 1919 the national income was fifty-five billions. Seven years later the income was ninety billions. Within those years the amounts invested in railroad, public utility, corporate and foreign securities were increased two and a half times.

During the five years from 1922 to 1928 American investors bought through regular banking channels 36,900 issues of securities for which nearly thirty-five billion dollars were paid.

Most encouraging of all the varied aspects of this colossal growth is the emphasis which investors have put upon safety.

We're Not Spendthrifts

We hear much of wild speculation and there has undoubtedly been quite enough folly on the part of those who expect much from little if not actually something from nothing. But the great majority have not been chasing moonbeams.

Nearly five sixths of this huge investment went into bonds. Only about three billion dollars bought preferred stock and less than that amount went into common stocks.

The same tale is told by savings banks. In 1914 there were 7,900,000 savings-bank depositors in this country. They had not quite nine billions on deposit. In 1929 more than eleven million depositors had stored upwards of twenty-six billions in savings banks.

Building and loan associations trebled their membership to more than ten million between 1914 and 1926, and increased their assets almost five times. Life insurance grew even more amazingly during these years.

By every available device men and women have thus been seeking through these fat years to safeguard their own future and the future of those dependent upon them.

Simultaneously we have been consuming new goods at a rate unheard of at any previous time. We have eaten better foods, worn more and better clothes, enjoyed more entertainment, given more lavishly, had better homes and more comforts.

Fortunate it is that we have spent while we saved. For savings, whether directly invested or put into banks or insurance, have provided the means whereby production increased. Water, oil, gas and coal have been coupled to machinery of ever-increasing efficiency. The result has been a Golconda of goods to be used.

Taking the large view, wise use has been made of the prosperity which has come to us as a people.

Of course not every American is free from financial anxiety. Men and women and children still live in poverty. Old age, disease, changes in industrial technique and many other factors take away jobs from willing workers. The fear of unemployment darkens many homes. Poverty still lingers. Problems of adjustment remain to be solved.

But what has already come about supplies the inspiration to accomplish even greater changes.

We are prosperous now because so many are sharing in the income of the nation.

We shall be more prosperous as the circle is widened and as more and more have enough for a comfortable life and for savings.