

Illustrated by  
Milburn Rosser

"Another two minutes, Bob, old man!" said Major Grice, glancing at his wrist watch.  
"Absolutely!" nodded Captain Robert Finch

# Tomorrow

A Short Short Story complete on this page

By Jeffery Farnol

**D**AWN with a rolling mist and, to right and left of the muddy trench, long lines of spectral figures that shifted restlessly with glint of bayonet, or leaned inert peering in the one direction; and over all, a strained expectancy.

"Another two minutes, Bob, old man!" said Major Grice, glancing at his wrist watch.

"Absolutely!" nodded Captain Robert Finch, peering at his own watch. "To a dot! In another ninety secs it's hey for old Fritz. And, by the way, George, old bean, this makes the third time we've been over, you and I—"

"Not fergittin' y'r 'umble servant, sirs!" said a hoarse voice, and out of the mist rolled the squat figure of Tom Skeet, the major's ubiquitous batman. "And three times is lucky—leastways if it ain't all I says is—"

"What, are you there, Tom?" said the major, steady gaze on his watch dial, "you don't have to come, y' fool!"

"That's eggs-ackly why I'm a-going, sir," answered Tom, fixing his bayonet with elaborate care, "when you goes over, sirs, wot I says is—let 'em all come, 'specially me. And if we're lucky it'll be a blighty one for all three of us, and—"

The major raised his hand, Captain Finch blew his whistle, from behind came the crashing thunder of their supporting artillery; then was a confused scrambling, a clatter of accouterments, and officers and men were up and over the parapet.

"Good luck, Bobbie!" said the major.

"Same to you, George, old pal!" A quick meeting of hands that gripped hard, and the mist had swallowed each from the other's sight.

Captain Robert Finch trudged forward, revolver in hand, every sense alert, keen eyes glancing left and right

at the grim specters that plodded with him through squelching mire and over shapeless, ghastly bundles half buried in the dreadful mud. . . . A man cried suddenly in a shrill, strange voice . . . somebody groaned, but the thin khaki line, thinner now and thinning every moment, tramped doggedly forward, on and into a mist denser for the smoke and fume of bursting high explosive, a mist wherein uprose sudden vague shapes, dim-seen yet full of menace.

"Yo-ho, lads—bayonets all! Steady now—come on!" shouted Finch and began to run. Men all about him who strove together, gasping . . . staccato rifle shots with the thud and clink of bayoneted rifles in vicious thrust and parry . . . wild outcries, cheers . . . and the thin khaki line floundered on. . . . His revolver empty, Captain Finch snatched up a chance rifle and plunged forward; howling cheerily at his men, though rather breathlessly, he saw the earth yawn at his feet, felt a sudden shock and, tripping, plunged over and down. . . .

**CAPT. ROBERT FINCH**, or rather all that a German hospital and prison camp had left of him, stared at the crumpled five-pound note with haggard eyes but a twisted smile on his scarred face, and from this to the dress suit lying upon his small, dingy bed, carefully brushed to woo the pawnbroker's disparaging eye.

"Welcome, stranger!" quoth the captain, as he smoothed out the note. "They were cheerier days when I rammed you away in that old suit. Yes. Absolutely! Well, hail and farewell, kiss Uncle good-by—so! And now let us square our account with the Wiggins." Saying which, the captain struggled up from his one crazy chair and limping forth from the dingy room

descended many stairs to a dingier basement pervaded by an aroma of soap-suds and stewing linen, for it was washing day. Rapping smartly on a half-open door he was answered by a voice high-pitched and querulous:

"If them's the coals, shoot 'em in the yard. If it's the milk—no. If it's the baker—two, and crusty—"

"Mrs. Wiggins, 'tis your humble lodger—" The door swung open and the lady of the house appeared—tall, bony, bare-armed and damp.

"Lord!" exclaimed Mrs. Wiggins.

"Quite!" nodded the captain, "for I'm about to surprise you," and he tendered her the five-pound note. "With humble thanks for past forbearance."

"But, sir, I thought you tol' me you was—"

"Destitute? Mrs. Wiggins, I was, and therefore dug up my last asset, my dress suit—haven't worn it for years—and going through the pockets found this crumpled fiver and hasten to pay what I owe you. How much do I owe, by the bye?"

"One pound, eighteen shillin's an' tenpence 'alfpenny, sir, which is Gawd's gorspel truth, to be exact."

"Well, let's make it an even two pounds, Mrs. Wiggins."

"'Eavings forbid, sir! Don't go throwin' your money about so outrageous. I'll take me just due. Won't ye sit down while I get change? An' 'ow's your pore back today?"

"Thanks, no worse than usual," he answered, sinking gratefully upon the hard chair she proffered.

"Ain't you got no friends nowhere, sir?" she inquired, groping blindly in the dark cupboard, "never no friends at all? Nobody as might 'elp you a bit—and you so poorly and sick-like?"

"There was one man," answered the captain, smiling a little wistfully. "Yes, I had one friend who would have been only too jolly glad . . . regular pal . . . good old George! . . . But I fancy he must have been killed like so many others of the best."

"Why then, Cap'n Finch, wot abaht a nice cup o' tea? Kettle's on the b'il—an', say, a nice bit o' cold mutton?"

"Thanks awfully . . . but no, thanks! I'll toddle forth tonight and peep into a restaurant and perchance snatch a bone or so. . . ."

"It's a-goin' to be a nasty night, sir; look at them clouds!"

"Oh, I don't know; it may cheer up presently."

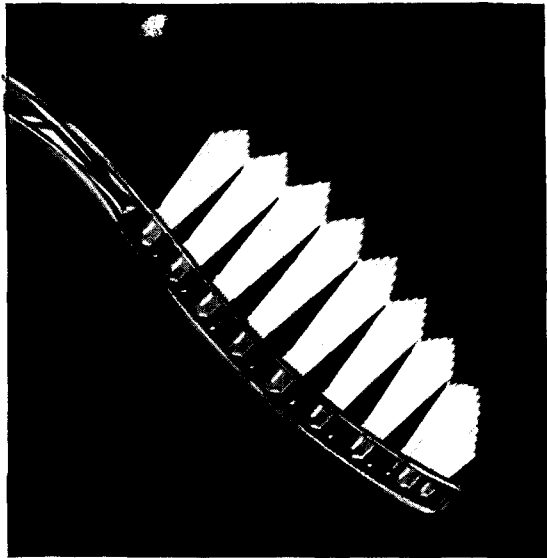
The captain smiled, nodded, buttoned his thin coat and with opera hat cocked at slightly defiant angle limped cheerily away. Reaching the haunt of taxis he hailed one and was driven westwards to a certain snug restaurant where he had been wont to see familiar faces in kinder days. But tonight it seemed larger, more imposing, and as he glanced wistfully around he felt himself a stranger, embarrassed by the air of opulence and gay chatter, ignored by the busy waiters until he ventured to accost one and was shown to a table in a remote corner.

A cocktail warmed him, dinner and a choice bottle comforted him. . . . And then he heard a well-known, chuckling laugh and starting round espied Major Grice—"old George" himself—not ten yards away!

Instinctively he rose and limped eagerly towards his boyhood friend, scarred face radiant. . . . Now at this moment the major's dinner companion was in deep converse with the wine steward . . . Captain Finch stumbled forward, hand outstretched, a hand thin and tremulous—and then "old George" glanced up, looked him in the eyes and turned away. . . .

The captain's outstretched hand dropped, the words of joyous greeting died upon his lips and, turning hastily, he limped blindly out and away—to be followed by a politely impertinent waiter with his bill and a staring attendant with his hat and coat.

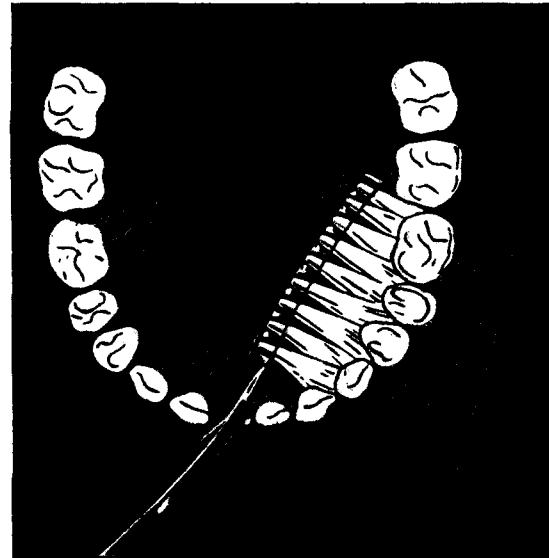
"**BLIMY!**" exclaimed Tom Skeet, valet and general factotum to Major Grice. "Crumbs!" said he, glancing from newspaper to his buxom wife. "Jest 'ark to this, old lady!" And he read as follows: "A inkwest was held upon the body of Captain Robert Finch, M. C., one of the Old Contemptibles, who was severely wounded during the advance beyond Wipers. Evidence showed the unfortun'ate man to have been in very needy circumstances. A verdict was returned of suicide while of unsound mind! . . . And 'twere me as taught 'im to ride—'im an' the major both, as lads! And now—Gawd! The major was only talkin' about 'im today and wonderin' wot 'ad become of 'im. They ain't never met since that mornin' as we went over together when Cap'n Bob got took prisoner and the major got blinded. . . . And now, suicide—Gawd!"



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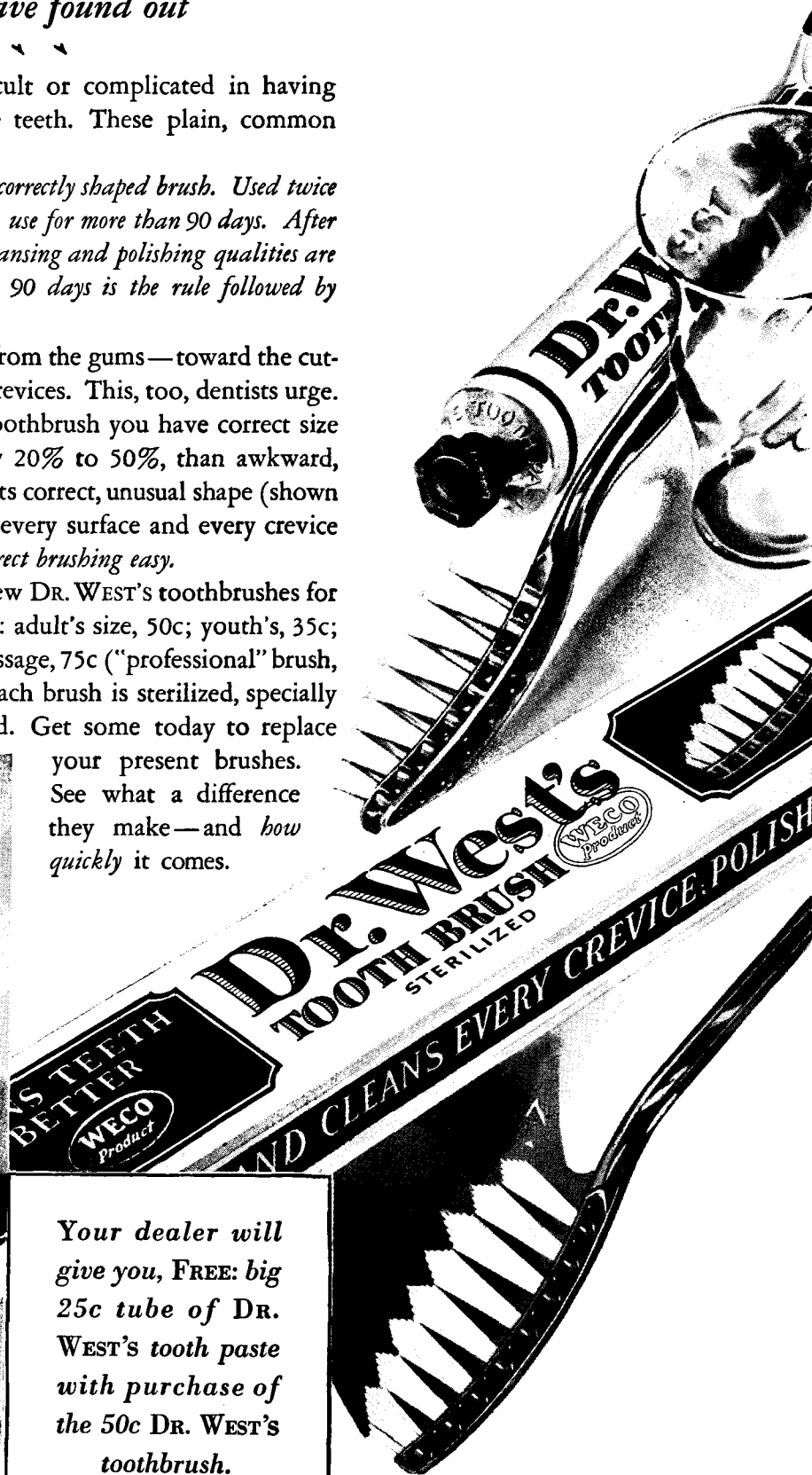
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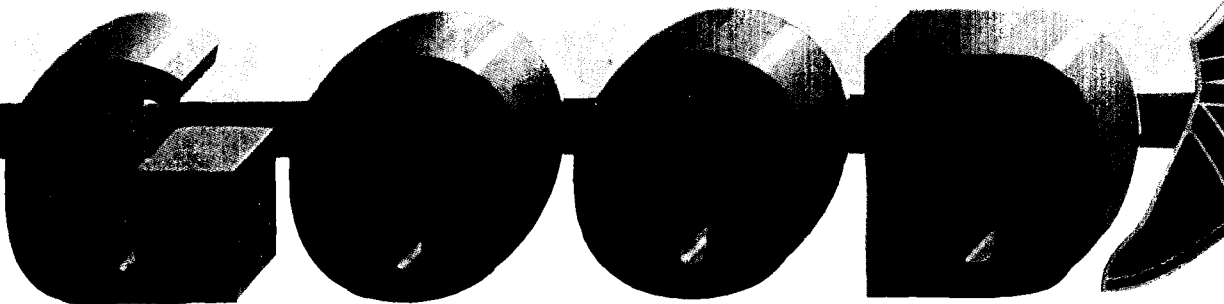
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# RESULT



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## Behind Closed Doors

Continued from page 13

said for a while in that room. A chair outside the door scraped with the shifting weight of a guard.

Over the weary men gathered slowly, but almost tangibly, an atmosphere of coalescence, tangling all but Williams. As the minutes passed, this atmosphere thickened. Evans gave it physical form by changing his seat to the opposite end of the room, leaving Williams alone—still slouched in his chair, somnolently indifferent to the others.

The solitaire-player tossed his cards into the middle of the table. He and two others went to the cooler for drinks, at which the dried-up clerk cracked:

"Say when!"

ROGERS appeared to be resting against an onslaught. His large head nodded drowsily. Across the table from him, where he had taken a chair at the end, one man sprawled, his face across his arms, and breathed deeply in slumber. The porcupine-haired man snored softly where he sat near Evans, whose eyes retained a vacant stare.

Suddenly Rogers jerked from his seat and stalked toward Williams.

"Shall we quit for the night?" he asked in a loud voice.

Williams opened pensive eyes, with an ease that betrayed pretense of sleep.

"As far as I'm concerned—yes," he said, quietly.

"What the hell!" growled a thick-set redhead, his chair grating as he pushed it behind him. "Let's finish tonight even if we're hung. I've got to get back to work."

He was supported by men around the table.

Rogers held up a warning hand. He drew a chair opposite to Williams and sat in it with the ponderous air of a physician about to examine a patient.

Williams' hollow eyes burned steadily, prepared for an offensive.

"How long have you lived in Chicago?" Rogers began—smoothly, almost genially.

"Nearly two years," said Williams.

"Where did you come from?" asked Rogers, aware that creaking chairs behind him indicated interest. "East or West?"

"California," said Williams. He rolled a cigarette and accepted Rogers' pocket lighter.

"Funny," mused Rogers. "Darnley came from California."

There were soft exclamations from the rear. Williams puffed his cigarette, almost languidly.

"Funny you weren't challenged on that point," Rogers added.

"What difference would it have made?" asked Williams. "I'd vote guilty if Darnley were my brother and I believed him guilty."

"Well," the thick-set man put in, "for heaven's sake tell us who you suspect if it isn't Darnley. That might get us somewhere."

"I don't suspect anybody," said Williams. "I'm just convinced Darnley isn't a murderer."

"Well," Rogers pursued, "Lawton was killed, Darnley was there, and Lawton didn't commit suicide."

"Maybe he thought it wasn't loaded," put in the dried-up clerk.

Rogers waved a fat hand behind him for silence.

"Just give us your theory, Williams," he invited, and sat back awaiting it.

"I have none," drawled Williams.

"What's the use?" put in the thick-set man.

Rogers sighed theatrically. He glanced over his shoulder to observe Evans gazing intently at Williams. A group of heads bent in a huddle over the table.

"Listen," said Rogers, pompous through force of his desire to be serious,

"we're all reasonable men, Williams. Although the vote stands eleven to one for conviction, I'll switch if you can give me any reasonable doubt of Darnley's connection with this killing, as an accomplice, anyway."

Murmurs arose behind the foreman. Williams stroked a long chin with a bony, uncertain hand.

"We're not trying Darnley as an accomplice, but as a man accused of murder."

"Ain't it the same thing?" blurted the thick-set man.

"Now," thrust in Rogers, brushing the thick-set man's objection aside with others, "nine of us were for conviction right off the bat. You and Evans and our friend over there"—he indicated the sleeping head of porcupine hair—"held out all afternoon and most of this evening. Evans and our friend, what's his name, Piltner, have come over. Nine to three is the tip-off on this case. Eleven to one cinches it." Murmurs behind

tering bristles, stuck out truculently. He moved noisily from his chair and went over to Williams. His voice cracked in a harsh demand:

"Honestly, Williams, are you a plant?"

"Don't be rough," Rogers barked imperiously. "I know how to attend to that when the time comes."

"The time's come," blared the redhead. "He can't hang this jury without me knowing why."

Impassive at this sudden assault, Williams glanced about like a man cornered, and thinking fast.

"What else is he but a plant?" the redhead clamored. "Holding us up as if we're a bunch of dubs with no jobs and no homes."

Williams surprised them by wriggling from his chair.

"I'm not going to be insulted," he said acidly. "I'll get out of here."

The redhead stood between him and the door. Rogers took them in hand.



"Well, since he's gone, I'll come in for a second but—don't forget I'm a Puritan father"

Rogers deepened to growls. "If you want an hour or two to think it over, we're willing to wait."

"The hell we are," came two voices, simultaneously.

Rogers frowned down protests. He detected symptoms of weakness in Williams' wavering gaze.

OUTSIDE gruff voices and shuffling feet indicated change of the guard. Rogers lit a fresh cigar and threw the old butt away disgustedly.

"Well," he proclaimed, rising, "I'm ready to wait up as long as anybody else."

He stalked to a window and watched quickening rain slide along glistening strips of car tracks.

For the first time those awake in the room seemed aware of an imprisoned clock striking the hour. Four of the jurors settled down to a game of poker. The others, including Evans, dozed—excepting the thick-set man with red hair. He studied Williams, and as he did so his chin, bright with tiny, glit-

"This won't do, boys," he said. "Listen, I'm willing to give up; but you've got to explain yourself, Williams."

"To whom and for what?" Williams sneered.

"To us," Rogers declared, his voice rising. The others edged behind him. The redhead stood his ground, blood-shot eyes fixed on Williams.

"I'm not making any charges," Rogers added pointedly. "But it does look damned suspicious."

Williams winced as if stung. His gaze was like dull fire as he scanned the face before him.

"I'm going to stick," he said, sullenly.

"Why?" barked Rogers, and the others echoed it, while the man with the porcupine hair, joining Evans midway down the table, asked sleepily what was going on. "You stand out against the rest of us and give no reason."

"He's a plant," the redhead taunted. "He's getting his."

Williams' fists clenched. "It looks damned queer," Rogers declared, spacing the words significantly.

Williams threw his head back and laughed sardonically.

"Queer?" he echoed. "Why don't you do more thinking and less bullying? Why couldn't somebody have got to Lawton's summer home by water, across the lake, killed him and got away?"

"Bosh," Rogers almost shouted. "He'd have been heard."

"The neighbors didn't hear the shot, did they?" Williams retorted.

"Why didn't the defense think of that alibi?" barked Rogers. "You're here to try Darnley on the evidence, not on what you think. If that's all that's bothering you, forget it. The cops would have spotted footprints."

"There's a concrete walk. Lawton was found on it, wasn't he?" Williams fired back.

"He'll drag that dame in yet," the redhead taunted.

Williams suddenly turned on the redhead, eyes blazing.

"Why not? If Lawton took her from one man why not from two?"

"Wait a minute," Rogers ordered. "What are you driving at?"

"Lawton was a cheater, a libertine, a woman-chaser," Williams' voice gathered passion. "That's what they proved. Didn't they show how he got in a jam in California with a woman? That's the kind of a cur he was!"

Rogers, face alight, pushed back craning men.

"You're sort of glad he's dead—is that it?" he probed.

"I'm damned glad he's dead," Williams exclaimed, hoarsely. His hearers eyed one another swiftly, returning their collective gaze eagerly at him, greedy to read his twitching face. He silenced the foreman's utterance with a burst of anger.

"How do you know what homes he broke up—gadding about and tempting women?" he shouted, gripping the top of the chair before him with straining hands. "Swine like Lawton always get theirs sooner or later. You don't know anything about that girl. She may have been a decent married woman seduced from her home by Lawton."

"Darnley didn't say so," put in Rogers.

This whipped Williams' anger.

"I say so," he shouted. "That's Lawton's kind. I think he got what was coming to him."

He paused, panting. The redhead taunted bitingly:

"Bunk. Dragged in the dame. Knew he would."

IN a flash, shaking with fury, Williams swung about. His mouth hung open as if utterance choked him.

"That's my answer," he threw out the words. "The woman. Lawton got his for what he did to her."

Rogers glanced apprehensively at the redhead. His cigar struck a cuspidor with a faint tinkle.

"You've overdrawn it, Williams," he said, with studied calm to lower the tension. "From the evidence I'd say she was just a company girl."

Williams' right-hand knuckles struck the wall with the force of his gesture. The man before him shuddered, even the redhead winced as his lean lips spat an answer:

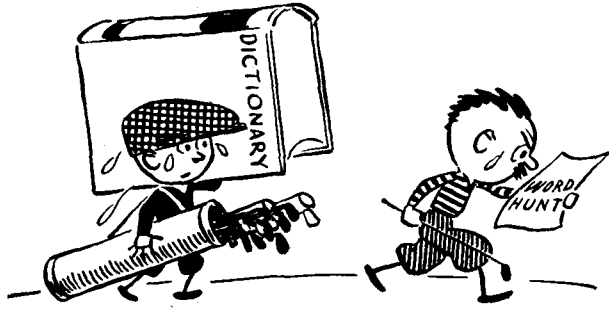
"You're a liar, Rogers. She's my wife."

There was a sudden silence. Men looked dumbly into one another's faces. Collapsed in a chair, Williams sobbed. The redhead moved clumsily out of Rogers' path as the foreman made for the door.

"Tell the judge," he bade a half-awake guard, "we'd like to see him again."

"All over?" the guard grinned sleepily.

"Just beginning," said Rogers.



# Word Hunt

(Trade Mark)

An unabridged dictionary has been used in compiling Word Hunts. All proper nouns, obsolete words, words that would offend good taste, plurals formed by the addition of s or es, and verbs in the present tense, singular number, third person, have been excluded.

In the English language there are

12

words (each having just five letters) that begin with the letters

—TRU—

One of them is TRUCE

(Temporary cessation of hostilities. Brief quiet)

You supply the others

- |               |  |
|---------------|--|
| 2. TRU _____  | A strong wagon. Open freight car. Small commodities—especially vegetables.                   |
| 3. TRU _____  | More accurate; more loyal, just, honest.   |
| 4. TRU _____  | Made true or accurate in adjustment.   |
| 5. TRU _____  | In reality; in fact. Sincerely; honestly; faithfully.  |
| 6. TRU _____  | A word used in card-playing.   |
| 7. TRU _____  | Main stem or body of a tree. Also, a box or chest.   |
| 8. TRU _____  | A rigid framework. Also, to bind, tie or fasten. In surgery: A kind of bandage or apparatus. |
| 9. TRU _____  | Confidence; faith. Also, credit given. Also, a business combination.                         |
| 10. TRU _____ | Veracity; genuineness; fact.   |
| 11. TRU _____ | The roe (used as food after salting and drying) of an East Indian fish. Also, the fish.      |
| 12. TRU _____ | A strumpet.  |

The answers to this Word Hunt will appear in next week's Collier's

Here are the answers to the Word Hunt which appeared in last week's issue

- |          |          |
|----------|----------|
| 1. Affix | 5. After |
| 2. Afire | 6. Aflow |
| 3. Afoot | 7. Afoam |
| 4. Afoul | 8. Afret |

Collier's will send you free, on request, a booklet containing 27 Word Hunts with their answers. Send for a copy today. Address Word Hunts, Collier's, The National Weekly, 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

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## Setting them up in Ohio

Continued from page 11

their families, settled alongside; and it is still the proud boast of the little town that once they were started the fires under its stills have never been banked.

This small Ohio village, though, with its one hundred per cent ability to resist the influence of Westerville, which is not very far distant, has little or nothing on the large cities in the state.

Take Cincinnati as an example. After I had visited several other cities in search of material for this article I drifted into Speaker Longworth's home town, gave its drinking habits the once over, and now I fear that I am not going to be able to do the place full justice. Of course I'm not. To do so I would have had to stay six months, work twelve hours every night, and even then the chances are that I would have missed a good many places which were worthy of mention.

### Beer Hostesses

Not being acquainted with the town, I called in the assistance of a couple of men who were. They assured me they knew all about it both ways from the middle, and suggested that they initiate me into the alcoholic mysteries of their metropolis. They did.

We began our excursion shortly after dark and as a starter we visited a joint up a gloomy alley in which a man could get anything he wanted in the way of alcoholic refreshment. The man who owned the place was as hard as any of his homemade product.

He was very courteous, though; he kept nothing up his sleeve, and after we had sampled his goods and I had told him who I was he took me back and showed me his plant. It wasn't very impressive in size, but as far as equipment went it seemed to me to be all there, and according to the owner, it will be all there for a long, long time to come. All the whisky sold in this place is made on the premises. I don't mean that he actually distills it all right there in his establishment, but he cuts it all, and my guess is that in the cutting process he uses sugar alcohol from a still which was cooking merrily when I saw it.

We left this place and went to another where nothing but beer was on tap. There were a lot of men in this joint; men in their shirt sleeves and with their collars open showing hair on their chests, and as there was also a lot of hilarity and fight in the air we didn't linger long. We took a "short beer" apiece and beat it out into the street.

The respite, though, was very short. Within two minutes by the watch we had found another place and were under cover again in another illegal establishment exactly like the one we had just left. It, too, was putting out nothing but beer, doing a steady business, and after that visit, for several hours, my companions and I did nothing except hop out of one place into the next.

They were all built on the same pattern; when a man has seen one beer flat in Cincinnati he has seen them all, and to me, because I suppose I am rather old-fashioned, they represent the most iniquitous and distressing form of the violation of the liquor laws I have seen anywhere. In all the places I visited the business was being handled exclusively by girls.

Whether these girls own the places themselves or operate them for men I don't know. But that makes no difference. The startling fact remains that in Cincinnati, and probably in a

good many other Ohio towns, the place of the old-time bartender is being taken by women, and under present conditions it's a hard job for a lady to handle.

To illustrate: Men with flasks on their hips come to these beer flats, mix their liquor and then mix up in a fight with each other. What can a girl do in a case like that? Having no legal standing herself, she can't very well call in the police, and having no bung-starter on hand, such as the old bartenders used to use in cases of emergency, she is powerless to meet the crisis. We ran into one mess like this and, at the solicitation of the proprietress, we persuaded the panting belligerents to take their quarrel down into the street and settle it where they could have room in which to operate.

I say "down into the street" because, with few exceptions, these Cincinnati beer dumps are located on or above the second floor in cheap apartment buildings, and they all consist, so far as the customer can see, of a large living-room where the beer is served, and a kitchen where it is manufactured. We went into three such places, one directly above the other, in one building, and in all that we visited I managed to penetrate into the kitchen. If they had time to spare, I talked to the proprietresses. They all seem to be entirely satisfied with the present lawless condition that prevails throughout the country; none of them complained about business being dull, and naturally their whole-hearted support, and that of many of their customers, who approve of the present arrangement, is back of prohibition.

Cincinnati not only drinks all the beer it wants but it drinks whisky also, and incidentally it gambles. When we had grown tired of visiting beer saloons conducted by ladies we went to another part of the city and encountered a more masculine atmosphere. We found a couple of places, and could have found many more, I suppose, where whisky was the favorite beverage and where, in side rooms but with no apparent effort at camouflage, several open games were being conducted.

### Well-Placed Confidence

According to the figures I have on hand Ohio spends more of its own money in the enforcement of the liquor laws than any state in the Union. It also receives its proportionate amount of help from the Federal government, and yet, although brewing vats and whisky stills are more numerous in the state than filling stations, and almost as openly operated, its record for seizures of apparatus of this kind is way down at the bottom of the list.

Georgia's record—for purposes of comparison, and Georgia doesn't spend a penny of its own money for enforcement—is that annually, over a period of five years, the seizures per 10,000 of the population have been: 79.4 pieces of liquor-making apparatus and 4,957 gallons of illicit liquor. Whereas in Ohio, over the same period and in the same ratio to the population, the corresponding figures read: 5 pieces of liquor-making apparatus and 153 gallons of illicit booze.

Can you account for this in any way except one? I cannot. To my mind there is only one answer to it: The men and women who are violating the liquor laws in Ohio are receiving a protection that is almost one hundred per cent efficient.