

A Wickersham Battle

By THE GENTLEMAN AT THE KEYHOLE

PROHIBITION flared up again when Senator Howell accused President Hoover of not doing his utmost to enforce the dry law in Washington, and the President retorted by asking Mr. Howell to furnish any evidence he had in his possession that the dry law was being violated in the national capital.

Senator Brookhart jumped into the fray with some evidence that on one occasion the dry law had been violated; to wit, at a dinner party given by a Wall Street business man. The Iowa crusader noticed one senator at the party, the distinguished dry senator from Utah, Mr. Smoot.

This is the nearest anyone in Washington has come to telling tales, actually snitching. Drinking and telling, or seeing somebody else drink, and telling, is on a par with kissing and telling in the existing ethical code. It is something no gentleman does.

But what one wonders is why any Wall Street business man old enough to be trusted alone on the streets should have given a wet party and invited to it only two of the driest members of the Senate. Weren't there any other senators or representatives at this feast? And if so, didn't some of them—?

I can't even finish the sentence!

Did any men in the Senate chamber tremble when Mr. Brookhart said, "I saw the senator from Utah there," waiting to see whether he would go on with other revelations more intimately concerning themselves?

What should a dry senator like Mr. Brookhart do under such circumstances? Walk out of the dining-room when he saw some amber-colored liquid being poured into tall glasses containing ice? Walk out and call the police? Or merely say that he saw at the party some dry senator whose excuse was that, being a gentleman, he thought disapproving guests didn't tell tales on their host?

The attack of two Republican senators on a Republican President shows how nasty a temper is developing over prohibition.

Postponed Till After Election

Mr. Hoover is content not to borrow trouble. Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof. As a device for obtaining a respite the appointment of the Wickersham commission was admirable. But one wonders if the respite will last until the Wickersham commission is ready to report.

The general expectation is that it will take the commission till after the congressional election in 1930 to find out all the facts and agree how to make pro-

hibition more of a reality than it is today. Certainly the Republican senators and representatives who will be up for reelection do not wish to talk to their constituents about the Wickersham prohibition plan. They don't want the prohibition issue projected into their campaigns.

The Danger of Revolt

Many think that Mr. Wickersham's personal suggestion that the nation throw part of the job of enforcing prohibition on the states, confining itself to preventing smuggling, manufacturing and shipping illicit beverages across state lines, has President Hoover's approval.

From the standpoint of a national administration there is a lot to be said for it. For every President from now on is going to be confronted by this dilemma if he does not successfully enforce the dry law. Attacks upon him, such as that Senator Howell made upon President Hoover, will grow in volume and violence. And if he does attempt enforcement he will make it bear so hard upon the individual citizen that there will be a revolt against him.

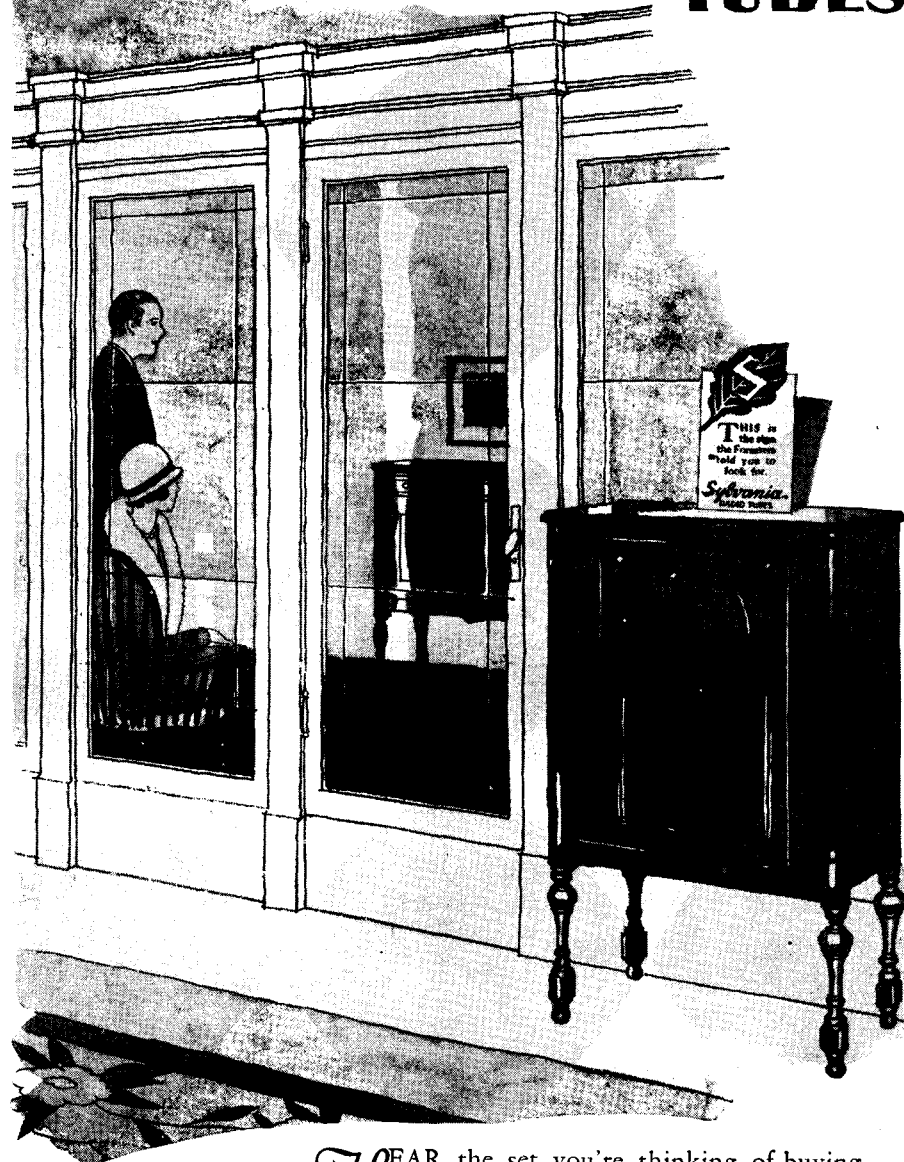
The hard part of enforcing prohibition is making it pinch the individual voter so that he will show his resentment at the polls. The individual does not care how vigorously the government goes after the bootlegger and the smuggler, believing that no matter what the government does he will still be able to obtain his supply. But he does not want to go to jail himself.

The element which drinks in spite of prohibition may be a small percentage of the population. But it constitutes an important minority of the electorate. And under a two-party system of government any considerable determined minority is more feared than the great inactive bulk of the population. It can usually get laws on the statute books. Or it can prevent the enforcement of laws that do not meet its favor.

Mr. Wickersham's plan would throw all the disagreeable and politically dangerous part of the dry law enforcement back on the states, and leave that part of enforcement to which the drinking public is comparatively indifferent to the Federal government.

It would also put a considerable burden of cost on the states. I don't think the gentlemen of the House and Senate, when they hear from the politicians back home, will vote for it. They will find a good reason in the word "concurrent," found in the Eighteenth Amendment, for saying that the Wickersham plan is not constitutional.

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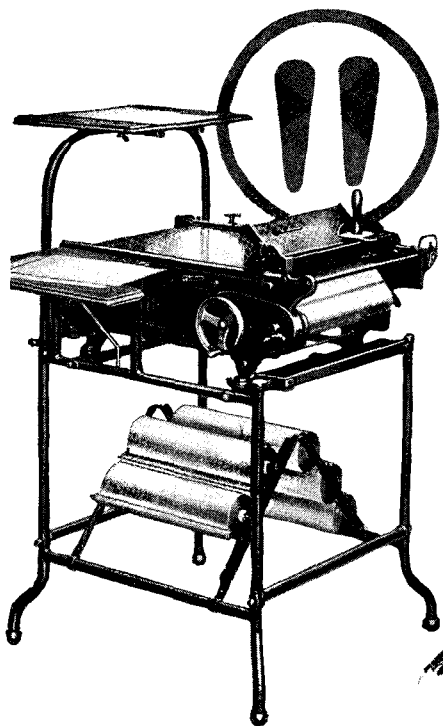


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The Age of Youth

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the master. This time he did not stay his hand; the torn pieces of the letter fluttered into the wastebasket.

Half an hour later he was closeted with the dour Magruder, making suggestions as to the reinvestment of certain funds, which suggestions were sourly received.

Magruder sugared no pills. He was junior partner in the ablest firm of estate lawyers in America. Mr. Granby could take his business elsewhere if he liked, but there'd be no damned nonsense about the estate funds so long as Magruder had charge of them. This was the impression Magruder conveyed, and the impression was the absolutely legitimate child of his intention and his conviction.

HIS client felt like a nine-year-old boy as he rode uptown. Damn it, the possessor of twenty millions was entitled to consideration. . . . Those twenty millions had been five, however, when Granby Senior had died. In less than a quarter of a century Magruder had quadrupled the estate.

No, it was best not to affect a foolish pride with Magruder. After all—he salvaged his ruffled feelings—investment was Magruder's excuse for being. He, Ran Granby, had life as his excuse for being. He was—er—an artist in living. He rather liked the phrase. An artist in living. The next time one of those pert women who seemed to think that dinner was a time for chatter instead of a time for eating, asked him what he did, he would tell her that he lived.

Not bad, what? And true, when you came right down to it. The social scene must have—er—scenery, masculine as well as feminine. The mob must have something to look at, to envy, to aspire to. Well, in New York, at Newport, in Paris, in London, the mob envied Ran Granby. An artist in living. . . .

But the salve was not soothing. Magruder made him feel what he really was, a pompous figurehead who could spend money but not earn it, a millionaire who could not even defend his own millions. Whatever he thought he did, someone else, in reality, did for him.

Only the war, when he had earned a commission at Plattsburg, had flattering memories. He hadn't done badly in the war. No medals, or anything like that, but—not badly.

For a vague moment he meditated going back to Magruder, demanding that everything be turned over to him. . . . Then he lifted his eyes and noted that his car had paused, in obedience to a traffic signal, at the exact corner of Fifth Avenue and Forty-seventh Street. An impulse whose origin he couldn't have discovered even had he tried, but which lay obscurely in his resentment against his fancied belittlement at the hands of Magruder, made him open the door of his car.

"Won't need you now, Meade," he said to his chauffeur. "Wait for me at the Mallet."

The driver touched his cap, and Granby joined the west-bound drift of pedestrian traffic. On the far side of Sixth Avenue he paused, a trifle disgusted with himself. After all, sordid adventure was not for him. He'd kept, for the most part, clear of such things. A cheap little hussy, whose asking-price was a thousand a month, but who, like all salesmen of things not in great demand, was doubtless prepared to take less. . . .

But she had appealed to him, to him whose life seemed to be directed by the

activities of others. Well, that wasn't so, really. In fact, it was an absurdity for him even to think that way. Petulance because the specialist he engaged insisted on performing his specialty, was childish. After all, living didn't consist in buying or selling stocks and bonds or real property. Living was a higher art, and he had recently told himself that he was an artist. Why not direct his artistry toward another individual?

Why not see Miss—what was the name? Donna Raynor, yes. Why not see her? After all, her letter didn't sound gold-diggerish. It was gold-diggerish, but it didn't read that way. No wasted words, no high-flown appeal, not even a promise to return. . . . A letter that took certain things for granted, as only a lady might.

But that was too preposterous. Ladies, well-bred girls, didn't write to strange men, suggesting that they be financed through a hoped-for marriage. The only girls who did that sort of thing were cheap little. . . . Well, it was rather undignified, even though no one knew what you were doing, to stand on the sidewalk calling soundless names at a girl you'd never seen. Acting upon a decision which he thought he had just reached, but which had really been arrived at the second time he read Miss Raynor's letter, he passed under the shabby iron framework that stretched from the door of the Hotel Mercat to the sidewalk, and entered the building.

A negro bell boy lounged at the desk, his color no apparent bar to social conversation with a pasty-faced clerk. Granby spoke twice before the clerk deigned to notice him.

"Yeah?" he finally inquired.

"Miss Donna Raynor," Granby repeated.

"Three sixty-one," said the clerk.

"Would you be good enough to announce me?" asked Granby.

The clerk stared at him with ill favor. Languidly he reached for a desk telephone.

"Gent to see Raynor, three sixty-one," he said.

He listened a moment, continuing his stare. Then,

"Go right up," he said.

THE caller shrugged faintly. So; not only could the hotel dispense with announcements of the names of visitors, but the occupants of the rooms stood on no formality. Distaste for the adventure almost overcame him. But he stepped into an elevator, alighted at the third floor, and a moment later was knocking at the door of room three sixty-one.

A voice, whose harsh modulations survived the muffling of the door between, answered and bade him enter. He turned the knob and entered the room.

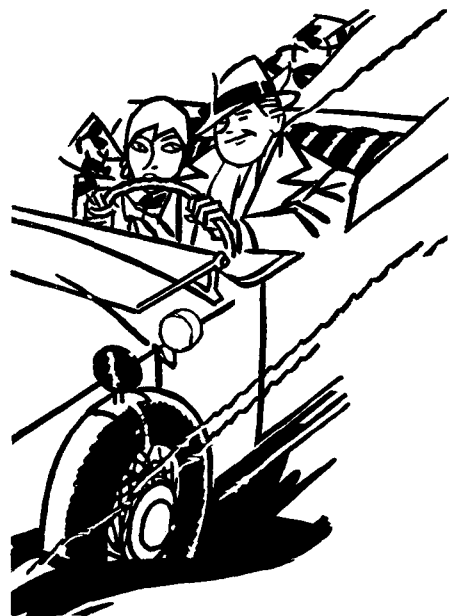
At a desk that had perhaps, in the days of the hotel's grandeur, been part of a lightly pretty French suite, but which was now as shabby as everything else in the place, sat a girl. She was everything, from exposed legs to frizzled hair, what Granby's first mental description of Donna Raynor had been.

A cheap, blatant, assertive, salable gold digger.

"Well, sweetie," she greeted him, "leave the bill on the table and tell your boss that Miss Raynor will give it her closest personal attention when her father's estate is settled."

"Are you Miss Raynor?" Granby asked.

"Who's asking me?" she inquired.



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"My name is Granby—Randolph Granby," he said.

As stupid a thing as he'd ever done. To give his name, his real name, to a person like this. . . .

The person like this leaned forward in her chair. Mouth agape, she stared at him.

"Well, for the love of Mike," she exclaimed. "So you fell for that—"

Like a cat she swung from the chair. Two round, hard and not altogether clean little fists dug into her hip bones.

"Say," she cried, "I didn't believe Donna'd do a thing like that. But it doesn't make any difference if she did. She ain't going through with it. You start picking them up and laying them down until you're out of here. Get me? O-U-T spells out. On your way."

Her voice rose stridently. Through the partly opened door that Granby sensed led to a bath came another voice. "Jinny, are you rehearsing? Or is someone there?"

The owner of the voice waited for no answer. Framed in the doorway was as pretty a girl as Granby had ever seen, and her charm was enhanced, rather than diminished, by the towel with which she rubbed at hair that had obviously just been washed.

"Miss Raynor," said Jinny in what she evidently considered a most overwhelming tone, "let me present Mr. Randolph Granby. And I hope you're ashamed of yourself, Donna Raynor," she cried.

Incontinently she fled the room.

AFTERWARD, reviewing the moment, Ran Granby decided that the situation could have been met in only one particular way, and that was the way this girl met it.

She giggled.

Now, there is no dignity in a giggle. But there is less dignity in appearing before a complete stranger, with a damp towel about obviously wet hair. Nor was the orthodoxy of the situation improved by the abrupt and disapproving departure of the girl called Jinny.

But to attempt dignity in an undignified position is to make a bad matter infinitely worse.

Amazingly, Granby found himself smiling. A moment ago he had felt that embarrassment which we feel at the humiliation of others. Not that this girl had been exactly humiliated, but he knew instinctively and instantly that she was of a different class, a different upbringing from the one called Jinny, and rebuke from inferiors is unpleasant.

"So—you answered my letter?" she said.

She sat down now. She let the towel fall upon the arm of her chair. Her bobbed hair, rumpled by recent ministrations, nevertheless was not too untidy. Granby noted that it was brown, verging on auburn, and that her candid eyes were of that hazel which seems gray. Her nose was tilted faintly, and her generous mouth was fashioned for laughter. Not a single feature, he later recalled, had beauty by itself, but the ensemble amounted to perfection. And her figure, not as frankly displayed as the other girl's, nevertheless was slim and delightful.

"Didn't you expect me to?" he asked.

She shook her head. "I don't know. I hoped so."

She reached for a cigarette upon a shabby table beside her. The movement, languid and graceful, oddly suggested strength, as though steel muscles animated the deceptively soft flesh in which they were clothed.

"Why were you doubtful? Had others failed you?" he inquired.

She looked at him appraisingly.

"I'd written no one else," she finally said.

"Why choose me?" he inquired.

"Because I'd seen you," she replied.

"Is that a compliment?"

"It might be that," she answered.

"Or it might easily be that I looked—er—amenable to advances?"

She slowly shook her head.

"There will be no advances."

She made the statement with a quiet calm, an indifference almost, that piqued him. He wanted no sordid adventure, but he didn't like to be told that adventure was not for him.

"You mean that the advance in your letter covered the situation?"

"I mean exactly that," she replied.

"And you expect me to give you a thousand dollars a month, for two years—"

"I don't expect you to do anything of the sort," she interrupted.

"But you wrote me—"

"I hope you will," she cut in.

"And you base your hope on—what?" he inquired.

"On desperation," she said.

And now the smile had gone from her lips, and there was no faint hint of gaiety in the wide eyes. Her right arm made a gesture which took in the room, but indicated more than that.

"I can't stand—this, any longer," she said.

"Other girls stand it," he said.

She made no answer to this, merely looked at him.

"You say you can't stand it—you mean—"

"I mean living meanly," she said. "I mean living in a place like this, wearing clothes like these."

Even his masculine eyes took in the fact that her clothes, well-fitting though they were, were of cheap material and showed signs of wear.

"And knowing the kind of people," she went on, "that girls living in the Hotel Mercat must necessarily meet. I want to escape from it all."

"Money isn't always a means of escape," he said.

She waved the age-old bromide remark aside.

"The only people who deride the ability of money to make life infinitely different are the people who have money," she said. "Ask any poor man—or woman—what difference money would make. Money doesn't merely mean more to eat, or more to wear, or more rooms to live in, or more entertainment. It means a different environment."

"But maybe no better," said Granby.

"Perhaps not," she conceded. "Perhaps not if you think in terms of soul-values. Maybe privation is good for the spirit. Maybe to live shabbily, to be on intimate terms with mean people—perhaps that makes for character. But I don't want any more of it."

"And I'm your way of escape, eh?" he inquired.

SHE shrugged, as though the question required no answer, or was impossible of answer by her.

"Your friend evidently thinks that some things are worse than—this," he said.

"Jinny and I think very differently," she said.

"And you think more wisely?" he asked.

She showed signs of impatience.

"It isn't a matter of wisdom, or of morality," she declared. "Jinny—well, Jinny is what she is. And make no mistake about what she is. She's what is known as a good girl. She's in the Frivolous chorus. The same chorus I was in until I gave it up. Jinny is ignorant, uneducated. The chorus is a far better place than a factory. The men she meets are superior—she thinks—to the shipping clerks she'd meet if she worked in a store. She will end by marrying

(Continued on page 68)

A Health and Protective Food— Sauerkraut



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(Continued from page 67)

someone connected with the theater. She will live on an income of five or six thousand a year. She will be happy. I would die."

"She didn't approve of your letter to me?" he ventured.

The girl giggled again.

"She came to see me yesterday as I was writing it. I let her see it. She was horrified. She thinks—but it's obvious what she thinks. And she's fond of me."

"You gave up the chorus?"

"Yesterday," she said. "My salary barely paid for my living. I have three hundred dollars in the bank. I decided to look for something else."

"Marriage?" he suggested.

She nodded assent.

"I thought the chorus afforded many opportunities for marriage," he said.

She shook her head.

"I'm not obviously beautiful. I don't look well from the front. Further, if I hadn't quit, I think I'd have been discharged. No, I'll be honest. I know I'd have been discharged. It—well, soothed my pride to resign before dismissal."

"And there's three hundred dollars between you and—what?" he asked.

"I'll cross that bridge when I come to it," she said.

"But you realize that the bridge is there?"

She nodded again.

"I realize everything, Mr. Granby, even the thought that is in your mind now."

He colored. "The thought in my mind?"

"Yes. Well, that's an alternative I shan't take, Mr. Granby."

"You also realize, of course, that such a thought would enter the mind of any man to whom you might apply for aid?"

SHE sat upright and crushed her cigarette in an ash tray.

"Mr. Granby, the world is filled with girls like myself. Girls of what is known as good family but small acquaintance. Girls who tire of the matrimonial limitations of a small town or city. For be certain that ninety per cent of the girls who come to New York to study or to work or to display what pitiful little talents they may possess, are really husband-hunters, seeking a well-to-do man to provide for them."

"My family is good. I was educated two years at my state university. I—have manners. I'm ambitious. Perhaps I'm lazy. But I don't really think so. I know that if I thought I had a chance for a theatrical or business success, I'd work for years. But I haven't. I'm not particularly bright. I've sense enough to realize my limitations. I can get married. Almost any girl can. I might even marry money."

She sank back in her chair again and lighted another cigarette. The corners of her mouth twisted whimsically.

"I'm poor, I'm hopeless, Mr. Granby. But—strangely, if you offered to marry me this minute, you with twenty millions, I'd refuse you. I want to love the man I marry, Mr. Granby. I don't want to marry merely to be supported. I think I would almost rather be kept less legitimately. And so I want opportunity to—well, look around, meet the kind of man that I could love—"

"You didn't mention love in your note," he reminded her.

"Would that have brought you here any sooner?" she countered. "If you wouldn't call because of what I did write, why should a few sentences more bring you?"

"But—to meet the kind of man you require—must he have social position too?"

"If possible," she laconically answered.

"How are you going to meet him?"

"You're thinking of the difficulties which will confront a girl who has no entrée?"

"Of course," he replied.

"I'll make myself the entrée, Mr. Granby. I guarantee that within six months after you give me the money I need, that you'll be taking me in to dinner at—well, you may name the house."

"How?" he asked.

She shrugged. "In any one of a dozen ways."

HE SMILED pityingly. "My dear young lady, a woman, alone, cannot possibly do it."

"I can," she confidently asserted. "But I'm not going to argue the matter with you, Mr. Granby. You've seen me. You've talked to me. Are you going to give me a thousand a month for two years?"

"Will you tell me why I should?" he demanded.

"If there were any reason why you should, you'd know it, and I wouldn't have to ask for it," she retorted.

"Usually, in matters like this, there is an—er—adequate return on the part of the lady," he ventured.

She nodded soberly.

"Of course, I might have expected that. As a matter of fact, I rather did expect it. But I thought you might understand. . . . Mr. Granby, if I wanted that, I need not have written to you."

"I'm still wondering why you did write to me—I mean to me especially."

"I told you it was because I had seen you. In a restaurant. You were pointed out to me. You looked—well, as though you might be interested in something as amusing as this."

"Amusing?"

"Isn't it rather amusing as an idea? Some of your friends spend hundreds of thousands to win a horse race. Well, this is a race. A friendless, unknown girl desires to know your friends, to marry one of them—"

"I couldn't sponsor you," he interrupted.

She laughed openly. "My dear man, I wouldn't let you. I don't ever expect you to call—won't permit you to call. If you meet me, you must meet me at the home of some friend of yours—"

"Then out of this amusing idea I get—exactly nothing?" he asked.

"Exactly nothing," she repeated. "Except what enjoyment the idea and its development afford you."

"And you really think you could make a go of it?" he asked. "Wouldn't friends like the girl who was just here—well, hamper you?"

"My friends, even Jinny, will never see me again," she said.

"Isn't that heartless?" he asked.

"Life is heartless," she answered.

He stared at her. She interested him, he decided, more than any girl he had ever met. Her irregular features that blended into a beautiful composite, the grace of her figure, her independence of thought, the gayety of her mouth and eyes. . . .

HE FOUND himself standing over her, bending down, holding her in his arms. His lips found hers and held them. He released her. Coolly she looked up at him.

"I'll give you," he gasped, "I'll give you—"

"I should have known, of course," she said. "I don't blame you. But—will you please leave? And never come back?"

He sat down. His face was white.

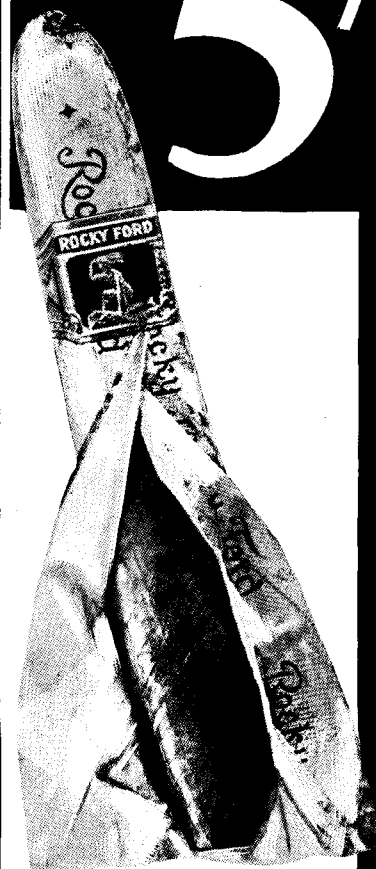
"I shall give you," he said, "a thousand a month for two years. And I shall never make any effort to see you unless you send for me."

(To be continued next week)

WHEN IT'S GOT
THE STUFF...A
NICKEL'S ENOUGH

Rocky Ford

5¢



IMPORTED Sumatra
I wrapper... finest domestic long filler. Match
ROCKY FORD against
any ten cent brand.
"When it's got the stuff
... a nickel's enough."

If you can't get ROCKY FORDS from your favorite tobacconist, send 25 cents to P. Lorillard Co., Inc., 119 West 40th St., New York, for a trial package of 5 cigars.

To DEALERS: If your local jobber cannot supply you with ROCKY FORDS, write us.

© P. LORILLARD CO., EST. 1760

Doughboys' Dough

Continued from page 11

A hair knows
more than we
do ~
when it comes
to this subject



A human hair can tell you, instantly and infallibly, whether a razor blade has the keenest edge steel will take.

So we employ the human hair test, among others, to test Enders Blades—because every blade for the new Enders Razor must prove itself super-keen before we sell it! . . . must be capable of cutting a sterilized human hair at any place along its edge!

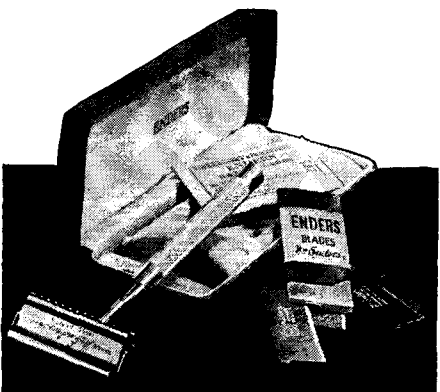
That's why over a million users of the beautifully balanced, perfectly designed Enders Razor are getting fine shaves every day of their lives! Try an Enders tomorrow morning.

ENDERS RAZOR CO., INC.
105 West 40th St., New York, N. Y.

The beautifully balanced new Enders Razor, with six super-keen blades \$1.00
Extra blades, 5 for35

NOTE: If unable to find the Enders Razor locally, write us.

Enders
RAZOR



need for extra money above his earnings—for "velvet"—never ought to be less, the insurance experts say, than it is now. In other words, the government has tried so to arrange payments of these certificates that they will be made to the veteran on that future day when his urgent need for extra money will be far greater than it is likely to be now.

Of course, in case of the veteran's death, the full face value of the policy is paid immediately to his beneficiary. But "rainy day" money or "pinch hit" money was what some very level and wise heads in the government have tried to provide for our veterans.

The Florida Veterans

For this reason, in a pinch, the veteran is not asked to wait twenty years until his policy comes due. After two years, he may borrow on his policy. For two years after January 1, 1925, which was the date borne by the first certificates, issued in May, 1925, no veteran was able to borrow on his policy. Even now he is not allowed to sell or assign it.

But on January 1, 1927, when, under the law, holders were allowed to deposit their certificates as security, and borrow certain sums of money on them, many veterans lost no time in doing so.

This privilege of borrowing on these certificates has been a godsend, of course, to many of these young men. For instance, after the West Indian hurricane last year, over 14,000 of these certificates were sent in by Porto Rican veterans or by veterans who had suffered financially in Porto Rico or Florida by the tremendous devastation.

The one million dollars which Porto Rican veterans were able to borrow was part of the first real cash that poured into that island after the catastrophe. Veterans hurt financially by the Mississippi flood quickly borrowed several millions. But many hundreds of thousands of the boys haven't needed a tropical hurricane or an overwhelming flood to tempt them into borrowing.

Right in the midst of the most prosperous times any nation on earth has ever experienced, over one-third of the three and one-half million holders of these certificates have yielded during the past three years to the temptation to cash in a part of their policies by taking loans on them. What Uncle Sam thought would be sort of an insurance business has been turned into an enormous loan agency, with these certificates as security instead of gold rings, watches or what have you.

The total loan value of the certificates, as of January 1, 1930, will be \$571,000,000. The fact that one third of these policies sent out to the veterans five years ago are now back in the offices of the Veterans' Bureau "in hock" is an unpleasant surprise to many of the men who put their heads together in Washington in an effort to protect the veterans' present and future finances.

And just the mere "pre-cashing" by veterans of some \$130,000,000 isn't the most unpleasant feature. These veterans must, of course, pay interest on their borrowings.

Wherefore, today, a small golden river of almost four million dollars a year is flowing in the form of interest on loans from the pockets of veterans to Uncle Sam. He uses it for the payment of dividends to holders of the regular life insurance policies. It wasn't intended that the money should flow in Uncle Sam's direction. This is the penalty of borrowing. It's a penalty that Uncle Sam cannot avoid imposing.

It's very plain that, if a veteran wants to borrow and spend in dribbles his "adjusted compensation" now instead of later on, that's his own business, as was the spending of that lump sum of \$60 he received after the war. What is important, however, is that the time will come, as age approaches, when he will need further help.

That he will get this further help as the years go on, there is no doubt.

Every session of Congress, with its increased benefits for veterans, proves this point. Not a session goes by that does not grant new privileges and spread a wider shelter over our veterans.

Up to now we have been talking only of merely rewarding or repaying those who were in the army and are still in active life and good health. But for the men who were actually disabled in the war or as a result of it we have acted on the principle that not one of them shall suffer alone or unaided. Financial atonement—if such a thing can be given for war injury—is quick and liberal.

For the man physically and more or less permanently hurt there is a fifth financial gesture from the government. Out-and-out compensation is what this harmed man is getting, has been getting and will continue to get until death ends his needs. His widow also receives compensation until her needs have vanished. His children receive compensation—over 30,000 of them are now on the list—until they are at least eighteen years of age.

Let's see exactly to what privileges or care a veteran who was even only partially disabled in the war is entitled.

He will be taken into any of the forty-nine hospitals of the Veterans' Bureau or certain other government hospitals. He may shift, if he is able to move and if it is advisable, from northern to southern hospitals, or vice versa, depending on the season. He may even be sent to a private hospital, at government expense, if proper government facilities are not available. At this moment of writing over 27,000 veterans are in hospitals.

Widows and Orphans

A veteran, while he is in hospital or while he is listed in the Bureau's books as "temporarily" disabled with "war-connected" illness or injury, will be paid a sum of from eight to eighty dollars a month. In addition to this, he doesn't lie in the hospital worrying about how his family is getting on, for all his actual dependents are receiving suitable compensation from the government.

For the veteran who was permanently disabled there is a benefit of from \$100 to \$250 a month. A man totally blinded receives a minimum of \$150 per month; one who lost both limbs is receiving a minimum of \$100 a month for the rest of his life. A veteran totally blind and with loss of a limb, or permanently helpless or bedridden receives \$200 per month, plus \$50 per month for an attendant when necessary. He may, if he carried a maximum of \$10,000 war risk insurance, receive an additional \$57.50 a month. Totally disabled veterans of the war receive the equivalent of our high range of wages.

Any veteran, if he dies without assets—disabled in the war or not—is entitled to government burial. Upon the death of a veteran who was only partially disabled by the war his widow and chil-

(Continued on page 70)



The Start of a Perfect
Day is the Finish of
a Perfect Shave!

Aqua Velva
for After-Shaving!

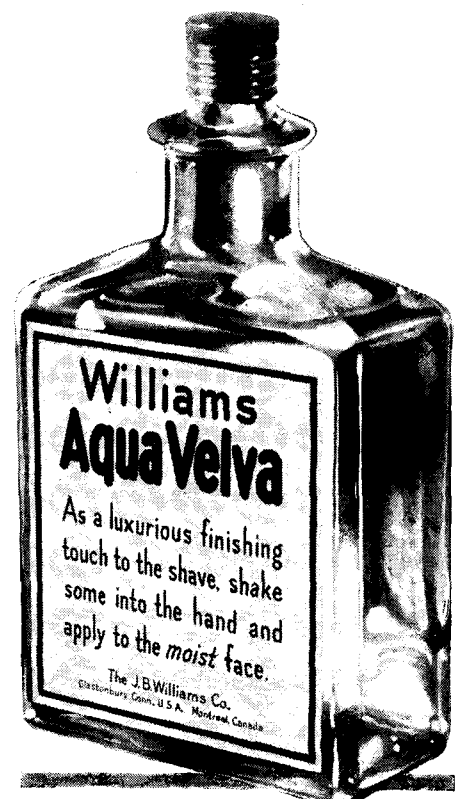
Aqua Velva has become of great importance to hosts of men who like to face the day with a Face that's Fit!

Aqua Velva completes the shave. Made just for that. First, it gives a very pleasant tingle that you'll look forward to, morning after morning. Livening, healthfully stimulating to the skin.

And before long you will discover how well it cares for tiny nicks and cuts . . . protects from dust and germs, wind and weather . . . helps, because of its mild astringent quality, toward firmness and away from flabbiness of skin texture.

Made by the makers of Williams Shaving Soaps, Aqua Velva keeps the skin all day as the Williams lather leaves it, flexible and Fit!

5-oz. bottle 50 cents at all dealers.
Or a Free Trial Size by addressing:
Dept. C-109, The J. B. Williams Co.,
Glastonbury, Conn. and Montreal, Can.





YOU  **know that**
California
is —
the ideal place
to spend the winter.
You may not know
the best way to
get there.

The Santa Fe operates six daily trains to California. THE CHIEF is the fastest and only extra fare train to Southern California. The California Limited and Grand Canyon Limited are fast exclusively first-class trains without extra fare. And then the Navajo, Scout and Missionary.

Fred Harvey dining service is another exclusive feature. Block signal safeguards, too.

Midwinter Escorted All-Expense Tours on certain days in January, February and March.

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W. J. Black, Pass. Traf. Mgr., Santa Fe Sys. Lines,
1208 Railway Exchange, Chicago, Ill.
Please mail picture-folders checked below:
☐ California Picture Book ☐ The Indian-detour
☐ Escorted all-expense Tours
☐ Grand Canyon Outings

(Continued from page 69)

dren receive compensation sufficient to pull the family through to adult years.

"Don't permit one single child of a war-injured veteran to leave school and go to work because of the father's death." This is a rule in the Veterans' Bureau. Boys and girls, in universities and colleges at the time of their father's death, have, under this rule, been helped on through the rest of the way by the Uncle Sam that Dad stood up for years ago. This extra provision for education may be continued even beyond the age of twenty-one, until graduation. Incidentally, speaking of education, over 160,000 veterans have themselves been given training in our schools and universities.

"War-Connected Injury"

But what about the veteran who was not injured in the war but who is sick and helpless now?

The fellow who was a soldier and came out of the war whole and sound is being more and more privileged in times of his illness and physical straits by each new Congress.

At first only the veteran hurt, sickened or weakened by the war was entitled to hospital care. But Congress in 1924 passed a law which gives any veteran the right to hospitalization whenever he is ill. Of 27,000 veteran patients in hospitals on this day of writing, over 11,000 are those whose illness is not connected with the war.

"Any attack of tuberculosis coming within two years after the end of war"—so ran, in gist, one law—"shall be considered as a war injury." The rule provided for free hospital service and compensation.

As time went on, of course, more and more veterans became victims of the white plague. Congress has consistently lengthened the time in which the disease might be considered "war-connected." Today, it works out in practice that any veteran who is found suffering from tuberculosis, if the disease were contracted even as recently as one or two years ago, is entitled to free hospital service and compensation, and may draw fifty dollars per month during the balance of his life, even after the disease becomes "arrested."

"Compensation" is the name that is given technically, in official Washington, to this aid which is being given and will continue to be given in growing volume to veterans suffering either from war-connected damages or otherwise or to their dependents. Almost two billion dollars has already been used in this direct compensation.

Incidentally, veterans of the Great War are entitled to enter our government soldiers' homes established after the Civil War. Only the old G. A. R. men at first inhabited these cheery places; then came the Spanish-American War veterans. And now almost one fifth of the 28,000 men in these homes are Great War veterans.

There's a thrill for any American who wants to "do right by our doughboys" in a sight of that great eleven-story Veterans' Bureau building in Washington. It's the beehive of the town; the busiest building there. Motor cars stand two deep before it. Your taxi must drop you out in the middle of the street. Throngs pass in and out.

There the ex-doughboy is made to feel as much at home as possible. General Frank T. Hines, director of the Veterans' Bureau, demands that his army of a staff shall bear that idea in mind.

"In this building," megaphoned a guide to a busload of people gathered from among the million tourists that visited Washington this past summer, "in this building we try to take care of our veterans."

"Oh, that's the Pension Bureau," spoke up a visitor.

"No! No!" corrected the guide. "Great War veterans don't get any pensions. This building is only for Great War veterans and it doesn't pay out any pensions."

We haven't come to pensions, yet, for the veterans of the Great War. There was one vague idea that the twenty-year endowment "bonus" might take the place of pensions. I must frankly say that a little investigation indicates that it will not serve this end. Pensions are coming.

As the number of our Great War veterans grows less, the needs of the aging survivors and their families and dependents will increase. Pensions are just as much a part of war as bullets; but they are more definitely inescapable.

"If anyone wants a lesson against war let him sit in this building for a few days," General Hines told me, "and look at the costs in careers, lives and money of the mere aftermath of war."

The sum of eight hundred and twenty-eight million dollars is to be spent in just one year for veterans of our wars. This is almost one fourth of our total government expense. It is almost one hundred million dollars more than the total cost of running the entire Federal government back in 1916! It is more than one half the cost of running the entire nation of France for one year. The total is almost equivalent to the annual cost of operating the navies of the United States, France and Japan, which is less than nine hundred million dollars.

The first "billion-dollar year" for our government amazed us all. It came in 1917. Now we are approaching a billion-dollar year for our veterans alone.

And I have not taken into consideration the sum of over \$300,000,000 which has already been expended in bonuses given by states, nor the expenditures which states will make in the future to give decent care to the dependents of Great War veterans.

The Cost of Peace

Taken all in all, Europe's war debt to us, gigantic as it appears to Europe, will not completely take care of our Great War doughboys. I refer you to this table from the government budget for the coming year of 1930:

(World War) Veterans' Bureau	
Salaries & Expenses.....	\$ 43,500,000.00
Printing & Binding.....	125,000.00
Military & Naval Compensation....	191,450,000.00
Medical & Hospital Services.....	31,650,000.00
Adjusted Service Certificate Fund	112,000,000.00
Military & Naval Insurance.....	115,250,000.00
Hospital Facilities & Services.....	6,000,000.00
U. S. Government Life Insurance Fund.....	97,400,000.00
Total	\$597,375,000.00

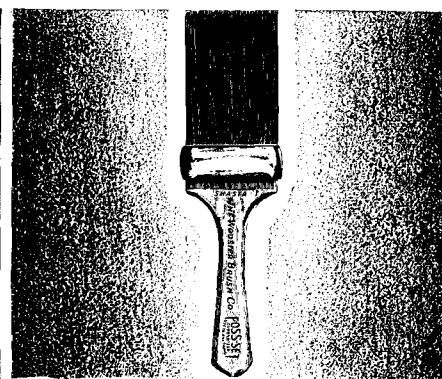
Pension Office	
Army & Navy Pensions.....	\$221,000,000.00
Salaries, Pension Office.....	1,225,000.00
Investigation Pension Census.....	105,000.00
Fees of Examining Surgeons.....	450,000.00
Total	\$222,780,000.00

United States Soldiers' Homes	
National Homes of Volunteer Disabled Soldiers.....	\$ 8,689,100.00
Grand Total	\$828,844,100.00

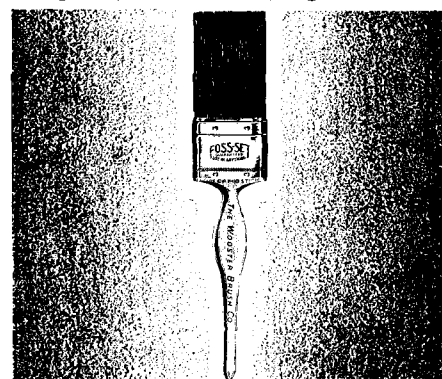
This grand total we spend next year, alone!

And every year, until the estimated peak in 1965, this yearly payment will grow in size.

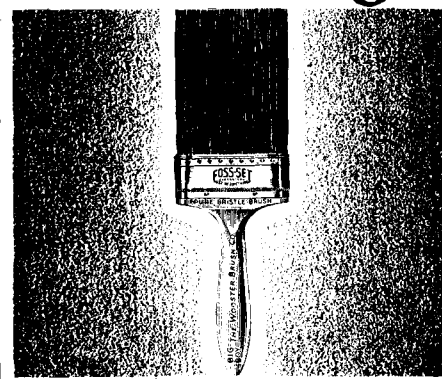
Paying for three peaces at one time—the Civil War peace, the Spanish-American War peace and the Great War peace—comes pretty high. Maybe, as a rich nation, we might be able to afford another war if we had to. But peaces cost more than wars, in terms of veterans. We can't very well afford a fourth peace until we get settled up for the three we already have on our hands.



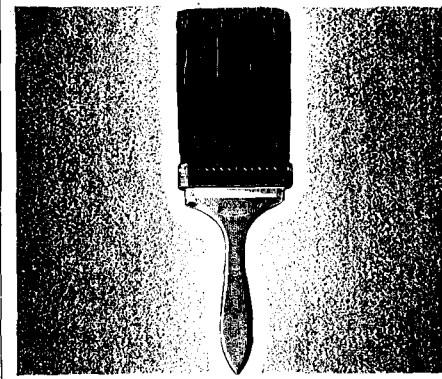
If it's worth



Painting



It's Worth a



WOOSTER BRUSH

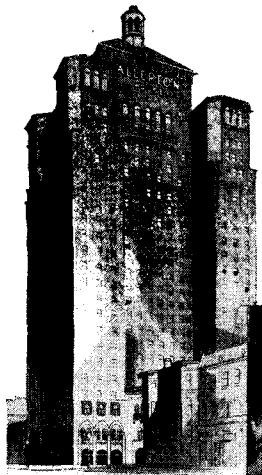


Look for this **FOSS-SET** trademark GUARANTEED USE IN ANYTHING to be sure of a **GOOD** brush

THE WOOSTER BRUSH COMPANY
Makers of good paint brushes for 78 years
Wooster, Ohio

RCA

Centralized Radio



Allerton House,
701 North Michigan Ave.
W. W. Dwyer,
General Manager



*-one of the big
service features at*

ALLERTON HOUSE

[CHICAGO]

Every guest at Allerton House, Chicago, has the convenience of the wonderful RCA Centralized Radio system. In each of the 1000 living rooms there is an RCA Loudspeaker connected with the central receiving apparatus, which picks up four radio broadcast programs simultaneously from the special antenna system on the roof.

By turning a switch on the loudspeaker panel set in the wall, the guest may choose whichever program he prefers, and turn instantly from one program to another.

RCA Centralized Radio is being adopted by hotel and apartment house builders as necessary equipment in modern residence construction. The system used in the Allerton House is being specified by many builders. The alternative RCA system allows the use of individual receiving sets in the rooms, plugged into a wall outlet.

RCA Centralized Radio equipment is specially built for hotel requirements—simple but flexible—no annoying aerial problems—not easily tampered with—no batteries—full socket power operation—volume control at the control panel, in the rooms, or both.

Descriptive pamphlets of these two systems and of the special apparatus designed for them, are available for architects, builders and building owners.

The Engineering Products Division, Radio-Victor Corporation of America, at any District Office named below, will answer inquiries, and prepare plans and estimates for installations of any kind.

ENGINEERING PRODUCTS DIVISION
RADIO-VICTOR CORPORATION
OF AMERICA

261 Fifth Ave., New York City
100 West Monroe St., Chicago, Ill. 235 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Cal.
Santa Fe Bldg., Dallas, Texas
101 Marietta St., Atlanta, Georgia

Tommy Gets the Breaks

Continued from page 13

Marine. Such dope, straight from the feed box, was sure-fire stuff.

Tommy took all his savings and went down to a broker's office. Having never speculated in the market before, he got all mixed up and bought American Motors instead of American Marine. Marine went down and Motors went up and Tommy found himself with a fortune on his hands—nearly a thousand dollars.

TOMMY had read about young men who suddenly found themselves rich and who could not decide what to do with all their money. In his case the situation called for no deep thought. He did not ponder, nor meditate, nor visit an astrologer. He went out and bought himself a membership in the Riverdale Golf Club, where several men in the office played.

Riverdale's most distinguished member was D. K. Ferguson, a gray-haired old fuss-budget who owned the Ferguson Sporting Goods Manufacturing Company, makers of golf clubs and golf balls. His golf was good, very good, and he admired tremendously any man who could beat him. Most of the men in his organization, it was said, got their jobs because they could trim the boss.

If you shot in the early eighties—which was his game—he called you Bill, and if you were regularly in the nineties he would address you as Smith. He would, that is, if your name happened to be Bill or Smith. If you shot over a hundred he would not speak to you at all, even though your name might be Herbert or Hoover.

With his rather steady performance of around eighty-five, Tommy would have been entitled to the rating of "Tom."

A member introduced Tommy to Mr. Ferguson one day and told Mr. Ferguson that here was the big advertising man who invented the Peterson chick slogan.

He said he was very glad indeed to meet Mr. Jenkinson and the conversation ended there. From time to time, as he met Mr. Ferguson at the club, Tommy would remark in passing that it was a great day for golf, or it wasn't, as the case might be, and the answer would be a surly grunt that indicated

that Mr. Ferguson had his own opinion regarding the weather and that it was not to be handed out to every Tom, Dick or Harry who happened along.

But everybody else at the Riverdale club was friendly and Tommy had no more to worry about than Mrs. Astor's cat. He had a darned good job, he was a member of a swell golf club, his putting touch was never better—and he had a magic push button that he wouldn't trade for Aladdin's lamp. One push and in came Arabella Mortimer. You couldn't beat that for service!

There was, of course, the disquieting fact that Arabella had no use for golf. She had never seen a golf game, and didn't want to see one. Golf was a pastime that made idiots out of otherwise sensible persons. Baseball—that was different. It was sort of like a show. A man could take a girl to a baseball game and they could enjoy it together. But golf! That was all she heard from the men around the shop—that is, all the men except Major Peterson. There was a man who understood a real game.

"Major Peterson!" Tommy exclaimed. "You don't mean he's been hanging around you!"

"Oh, not exactly hanging around," said Arabella, pleased with the effect she had produced. "But he stops at my desk now and then and we talk things over. He's a real fan."

"WHAT are you going to do Saturday afternoon?" Tommy asked, suddenly reaching a momentous decision. Saturday was the day after tomorrow.

"Nothing particular, I guess."

"Are the Yanks playing?"

She nodded. "Washington will be here," she answered, quickly.

"Let's go," he said.

"All right," she smiled.

"We'll have lunch together first."

"Whatever you say," she agreed and left the office.

"Gee," he complimented himself, not realizing that Arabella had been planning it for days, "it was good I thought of that." . . .

Outside at her desk, Arabella Mortimer powdered her nose with no little satisfaction. She liked Tommy better than any man she ever had known. If

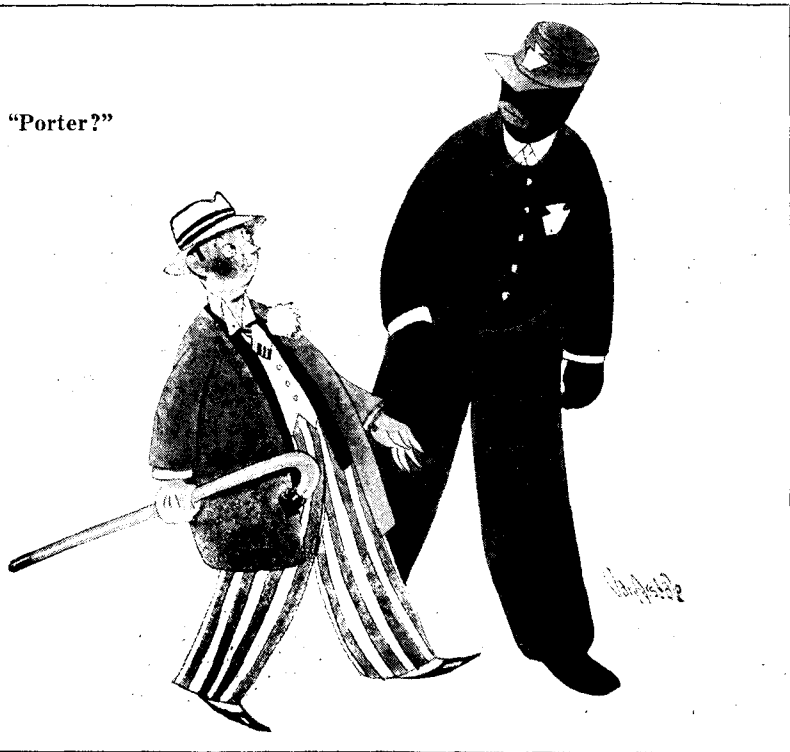
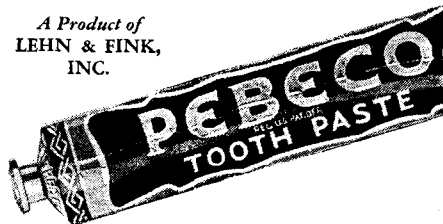
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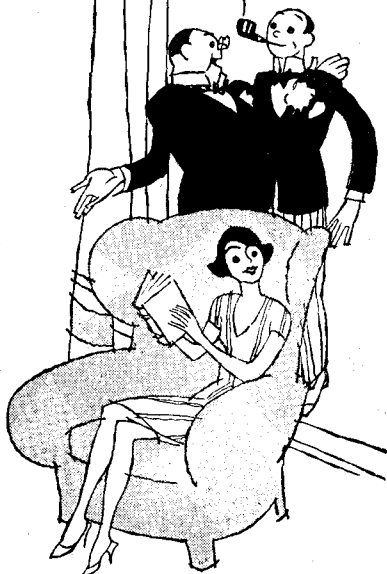
*When you envy
such beautiful teeth*

do you ever stop to think "How many of my 32 teeth are still sound?" How many have survived the mouth acids resulting from food fermentation...the acids which tear mildly yet savagely at the enamel until cavities start? It is not too late to check this destroyer! Your sound teeth will remain sound if you put Pebecco to work immediately. Pebecco stimulates the saliva flow, checking "acid-mouth" as it whitens the teeth. Try it one week...and you will realize its exceptional value.

A Product of
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Not all home wreckers are blondes



THERE'S that black, powerful pipe that you love so well, but perhaps not so wisely. A milder mixture would do a lot for that pipe, men, a lot for you, and a lot for your domestic peace and quiet. And that milder mixture is Sir Walter Raleigh. If you don't believe it, try a tin, *at our expense*. If you don't find your first pipeful a lot milder and mellower, a lot smoother and cooler than anything you ever smoked before—why, some few millions of pipe smokers are fooling themselves and having a most enjoyable time doing it!

If you don't know Sir Walter Raleigh, send us the name of your regular tobacco and we will see that you have a chance to get acquainted with this rich, milder tobacco.

Dept. 66, Brown and Williamson Tobacco Corporation, Louisville, Ky.



**SIR WALTER
RALEIGH**
Smoking Tobacco

It's



milder

(Continued from page 71)

she could just make him over a teeny-weeny bit, so that he would quit this golf nonsense, he'd be perfect, simply perfect.

Arabella gave an involuntary start, and did not know why. The reason was that she had been tapped for the League of American Women Who Have Tried to Make Men Give Up Golf. The membership now had reached 14,576,321 and was growing rapidly.

Arabella showed a mild interest the next day when he told her that he hoped to win the mid-summer matches at Riverdale. She was sitting beside his desk.

"The prize," he explained, "is a pair of beautiful solid silver candlesticks, and if I win they're yours."

This was a bit different.

"DO THEY give you things like that for playing golf?" she asked, wondering how long this had been going on. "You bet. Next Sunday I play the finals. And Monday, maybe, I'll bring you the candlesticks. Saturday," he added, "we're going to the ball game."

"So we are," she recalled.

"Arabella," he began. She rested a hand on one corner of his desk. "Arabella—you're—we—" he reached over and put a hand on hers. "Do you think—"

Her heart was pounding.

"Yes?" she encouraged him.

"I know I'm crazy to think of such a thing, but you are the most wonderful—"

The telephone bell rang peremptorily. He jumped and dropped her hand and reached for the instrument.

"Let it ring," Arabella pleaded.

But Tommy already was talking. It was a printer who delivered the news that a press had broken down.

"Gee whiz!" exclaimed Tommy as he slammed up the phone. He jumped up and dashed out of the office to convey the bad news to Mr. Barkinfelder. Arabella slowly gathered up her pencils and notebook and returned to her desk. But she was by no means broken-hearted. She knew now that Tommy loved her—and it was only a matter of time.

Then came Saturday—Black Saturday it should have been called. The gods who had been watching over Tommy Jenkinson relaxed their vigilance. The storm broke.

About noon, when Tommy was all set for luncheon and the ball game with Arabella, the telephone bell rang. It was D. K. Ferguson, owner of the Ferguson Sporting Goods Manufacturing Company, and Riverdale's most important member. Mr. Ferguson was to battle with Tommy Jenkinson for the silver candlesticks.

"I have to go to California tomorrow on business, Mr. Jenkinson," said Mr. Ferguson. "Can't we play our match this afternoon, instead of tomorrow?"

"Why, why—" Tommy stammered, "I have an engagement this afternoon. I couldn't very well break it."

"Then I'll have to default," Mr. Ferguson's tone betrayed irritation.

"Oh, I wouldn't want to win by default, Mr. Ferguson. No, let's see—maybe we can fix it. Let's see—" he was bewildered.

"All right," Mr. Ferguson said sharply. "Meet you at the club at two o'clock this afternoon."

"Wait. Let's see." But Mr. Ferguson had hung up.

All confused, he pressed the button on his desk. Arabella entered.

"I'm in a mess," he said. "I got to play golf this afternoon."

Arabella stiffened. "You're going to break your date with me?" Her voice was cold. "You'd rather play golf than take me to the game?" It was unbelievable.

"Now look—here's the way it is. Mr. Ferguson—"

"I'm glad I found out," she said bitterly. It was just as if, on her wedding eve, she had learned that her fiancé was none other than George W. Bluebeard.

"But here's the situation—wait—"

She was gone.

His telephone rang.

"Mr. Barkinfelder would like to see you," the operator said.

As Tommy threw open his office door, he saw that Major Peterson was standing beside Arabella's desk. Neither looked up as he passed. He heard Arabella say in a tone meant obviously for his ears, "Of course I'll go. I'll be delighted."

He entered Mr. Barkinfelder's office. "Sit down, please, Jenkinson," said Mr. Barkinfelder, quietly.

Tommy sat down uneasily. He sensed that something was wrong.

"I'm sorry," Mr. Barkinfelder began, "I'm sorry as I can be. But I have to ask for your resignation."

"Why—what—what have I done?" Tommy gasped.

"Major Peterson just brought this in," Mr. Barkinfelder tossed over a document. "He blames you for the slogan—charges that you, er, borrowed it."

Tommy stared at him wide-eyed. "You mean that I stole it—stole it from somebody else, Mr. Barkinfelder?"

Mr. Barkinfelder pointed to the document that Tommy held in trembling fingers.

"The Zutermeister Collar people have obtained an injunction restraining the Peterson Company from using the slogan. It seems that the Zutermeister folks have been using a similar phrase in their dealer copy—in the Men's Furnishing trade papers. That's why we never saw it. Zutermeister Collars Bring in the Dollars' is their line. I don't believe for a moment, Jenkinson, that you stole the line. It's just a coincidence. But unfortunately there is nothing I can do. Major Peterson demands your resignation and his father backs him up. Here," he handed Tommy a check, "is two weeks' salary."

IN THE locker-room at Riverdale he met Jack Ballard, who worked for a rival agency—the one that handled the Ferguson account.

"Here's hoping you mop up Old Man Ferguson," Ballard said, lowering his voice for fear the Old Man might be within hearing distance.

"Not much chance today," Tommy said. "Jack, do you know whether there are any jobs over at your place?"

"They're letting men go. Not a chance. Why?"

Tommy told him what had happened.

Jack Ballard sat down on the bench beside him. "That's tough," he said, sympathetically. "I don't know of a darn thing, anywhere. Say, here's a hunch! Old Man Ferguson has been raising the devil with his own advertising force. There might be a chance there."

"There's a chance that he might crack me over the head with a niblick," Tommy said glumly. "He's always acted as if he hated my looks—I don't know why."

"Go out and beat him and he'll be your friend for life. He's hired a lot of men just because they beat him. Go get him. You can do it."

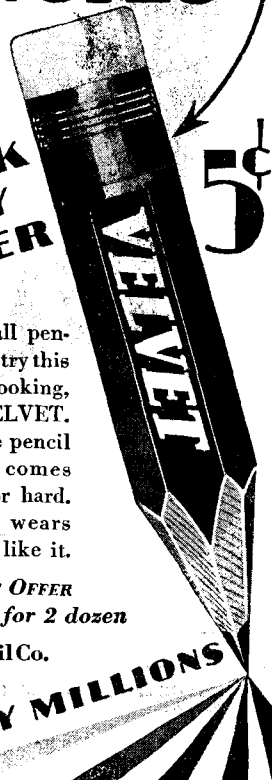
"I will," said Tommy calmly. Mr. Ferguson was waiting impatiently at the first tee.

"How are you?" he asked so pleasantly that Tommy answered that he was pretty good.

"I've been wanting to play you for a long time," Mr. Ferguson volunteered. "Go ahead and shoot."

Blue Band VELVET PENCILS

A
SOFT
BLACK
EASY
WRITER



If you think all pencils are alike, try this smooth, fine-looking, cedar finish VELVET. It's the favorite pencil of millions—comes soft, medium or hard. Writes black, wears well and you'll like it.

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A VENUS Pencil Factory Product

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Men or women can earn \$15 to \$25 weekly in spare time at home making display cards. Light, pleasant work. No canvassing. We instruct you and supply you with work. Write to-day for full particulars. The MENHETT COMPANY Limited 270 Dominion Bldg., Toronto, Can.

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Hangnails spoil the looks of your fingers and are annoying, painful, and a possible source of infection. Trim them neatly with Gem, the pocket manicure, and clean, trim and file your nails whenever they need it. Gem Jr. (35c), attaches to the watch chain. Gem (50c), slips in pocket or purse. At druggists everywhere.

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takes you on a

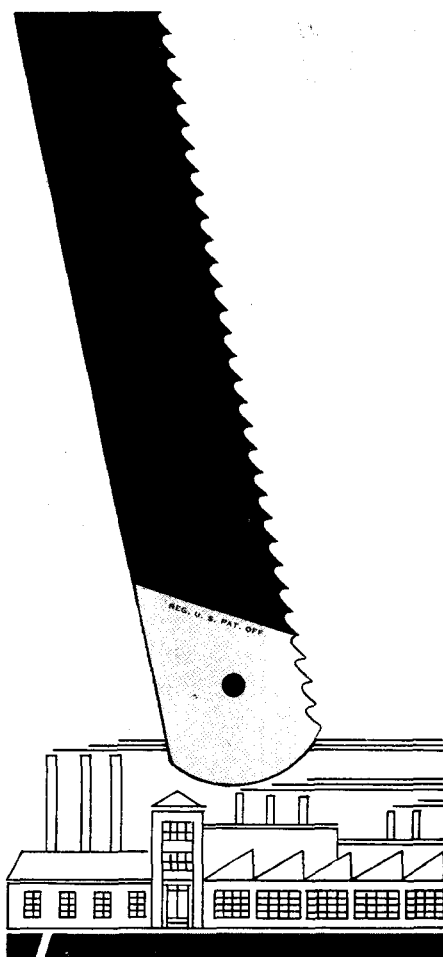


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Let "Red Streak" Hack Saws prove they out-perform any blade you've ever used.

WHEN you have a metal cutting job, you want it done as quickly and as easily as possible . . . you want the easiest and fastest cutting hack saw on the market.

You want "Red Streak" Hack Saw Blades!

Mechanics in all types of trades praise the improved cutting qualities in "Red Streak" Blades. Electric furnace steel makes "Red Streaks" wear-resisting. Evenly set teeth make the cut go straight. They're made for those who handle a hack saw roughly.

Test the "Red Streak" in your hack saw frame and you'll be a booster, too. Look for the blade with the red end.

SIMONDS
SAW AND STEEL COMPANY
FITCHBURG, MASS.

"RED STREAKS" "The Saw Makers"
Established 1832 cut like lightning!

Branch Offices and Service Shops in Principal Cities

Tommy's hand trembled as he placed his ball on a yellow tee.

"I've got to win! I've got to win!" he said to himself, which was the worst thing he could have done. He came back too fast with his swing, he lunged at the ball, trying to knock it a mile, and his shot landed in the rough, fifty yards down the course.

"Ha!" said Mr. Ferguson—and laid one 250 yards down the middle.

"How'd ja like that?" he demanded.

"Very fine," said Tommy.

"You're darned tootin' it's fine," Mr. Ferguson agreed and the match was under way.

Mr. Ferguson won the first hole with a birdie four. Tommy missed a two-foot putt for a seven.

IT WOULD be pleasant to tell how Tommy pulled himself together and, with indomitable courage, thereafter played the greatest golf of his career. But the mental load was too much. When he was not tight with determination to win the match and perhaps a job, his mind was jumping from Arabella, now at the ball game with Peterson, to Mr. Barkinfelder, who fired him.

They sat on the twelfth tee, waiting for another twosome to get out of range. "That makes you four down," said Mr. Ferguson cheerfully.

"Yes," said Tommy.

"And six to go."

"Yes."

"Looks like I'd win," Mr. Ferguson grinned.

"Yes."

"This is the happiest day of my life."

Tommy looked quickly at Mr. Ferguson.

"Why pick on me?"

"You invented that Peterson chick slogan, didn't you?"

"In a way, I did. You see—"

"That has ruined my home. I live on the Hudson, on a hill, overlooking the river. That incubator plant is right beneath me. It used to be all right—pretty place, vines and flowers, and I didn't mind. Then they put up that damn' yellow fence with the blue letters on it. Mile long, that fence is—looks that way anyway from my front veranda—and a mile high."

"But—"

"Used to have a fine view from my veranda. Now I haven't any more view than a rabbit. Took a hundred thousand dollars off the value of my property. It's one hell of a slogan. And you're the smart kid that thought it up."

"But—"

"So I wanted to beat the tar out of you."

"Listen, Mr. Ferguson," said Tommy angrily. "That slogan was an accident and—"

"It sure looks like one," Mr. Ferguson agreed. "A bad one!"

"—and that fence is coming down next week."

"Coming down!" he exclaimed.

"They're going to take that damn' yellow fence down? How? What happened?"

In despair, Tommy told him the entire story.

"It's your honor," he said, when he concluded. "Shoot." Under his breath he added, "You big stiff!"

"Well, I'll be darned," said Mr. Ferguson. "So they're going to take it down!" All cheered up, with his mind on the damn' yellow fence, he slapped out the worst shot he had made all day.

Mr. Ferguson became careless, overconfident of victory and buoyant.

Tommy, on the other hand, showed slight improvement and to the amazement of both of them they left the seventeenth green all square. Upon the result of this final hole depended the match. Perhaps, Tommy thought, perhaps, if he won—

The eighteenth tee is surrounded by trees and as Tommy came up to the tee his heart jumped and he yelled, "Arabella!"

"Tommy!" she cried and ran toward him and seized both his arms.

Mr. Ferguson scowled at the scene. The caddies grinned.

"Major Peterson told me," she said. "He even boasted how he had you fired."

"And you came out here?" Tommy said in amazement. "You're not mad at me? And you—you—"

"It's your honor," Mr. Ferguson snapped.

"Pardon me—er, Mr. Ferguson, this is Miss Mortimer."

Miss Mortimer bowed.

"Uh-huh," said Mr. Ferguson.

"Arabella," Tommy said, "you really—"

"If you don't want to shoot, Jenkinson, I will," Mr. Ferguson declared.

"Oh, yes, of course. Please do."

Tommy whispered to Arabella: "This is the last hole. If I win it, you get the candlesticks. And maybe—"

"Oh," breathed Arabella, "I hope you win." She added softly: "Not for the candlesticks. Beat him! I don't like him."

"He's not so bad," Tommy whispered and added "Umm!" as Mr. Ferguson's ball stopped six inches from the pin, on the green 175 yards away.

The eighteenth green at Riverdale is directly in front of the club house veranda. From the crowd on the veranda came applause for the perfect iron shot.

Mr. Ferguson waved a hand in acknowledgment.

"Beat that, young fellow," he exulted.

Arabella held her breath as Tommy teed up his ball. She did not know what it was all about but she gathered that Mr. Ferguson had done well. The club head came back. Now it started sweeping down.

"Sock it, Tommy!" she pleaded.

Tommy heard just as his iron hit the ball. He caught it on the toe of the club. It screamed off to the right, struck the side of a tree, sped on. It caromed off a huge rock, back toward the green and whizzed over the heads of the spectators on the club house veranda and crashed through one of the plate glass windows behind them.

Mr. Ferguson put his hands on his hips and cocked his head on one side as he surveyed Tommy Jenkinson.

Tommy grinned sheepishly.

"That, young fellow," said Mr. Ferguson, with a trace of admiration in his tone, "is the worst shot ever made by any golfer anywhere. Come here!"

TOMMY took a step toward Mr. Ferguson, who reached over and put a hand on his shoulder.

"How'd you like to go to work for me?"

Tommy's jaw dropped.

"Why—why—" he stammered.

"My advertising department is full of good golf players—too good. What I need is a man who plays rotten golf—who can write copy that will sell stuff to the dubs. A fellow like you ought to be just the thing—there are millions of golf players like you—how about it?"

"Why, why—"

"Certainly, Mr. Ferguson," Arabella spoke up. "But he always insists upon taking his secretary with him wherever he goes."

Mr. Ferguson grinned.

"Right," he said. "Report Monday morning. I'll leave word. Come on, boy," he called to his caddy.

Arabella snuggled up close to Tommy, who still was speechless from the shock.

"I think I'll like golf," she said. She glanced down the fairway to the club house. "You hit the ball just like Babe Ruth."

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THINK of winning \$2000 for solving six picture-puzzles. Just imagine all the things that you could do with this amount of money! Your chances in this contest are as good as anyone's for the rules are exceedingly simple.

What the judges are looking for are expressive and appropriate solutions to the six puzzles composing the contest. Each of these puzzles contains 16 pictures representing words which, when read from left to right, form a complete 16-word statement regarding one of the famous BOND Electric Products. No particular word or combination of words has been selected as being correct! All solutions will be judged on their merits after the contest is closed.

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To make it easy for you a little book has been prepared describing the various BOND Electric products on which the puzzles are based. This booklet contains all six of the puzzles, the Rules of the Contest, Instructions on How to Proceed, and the Official Entry Blank which contestants should use in submitting their solutions. It is obtainable without charge from any Authorized BOND dealer.

If it is not convenient for you to locate an Authorized BOND dealer, mail the coupon below and all information will be forwarded Free of Charge.

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Batteries—Storage and Dry Batteries
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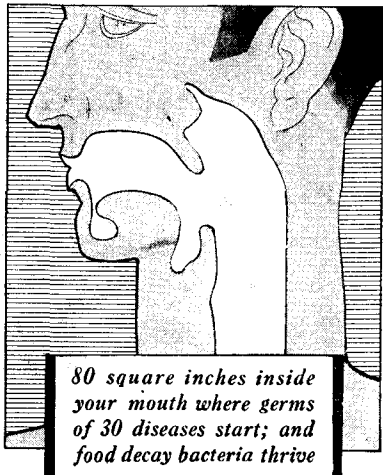
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(10 oz.)

65c

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size (20 oz.)

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A Bit of France for your Bathroom Shelf

Bob Right

Continued from page 32

Greta Garbo's famous semi-bob, said to be her own invention, is nothing more than the old Irene Castle bob tucked behind the ears—but what a difference that tucking makes! The head, instead of looking large and childlike, is small and slim.

Charles of the Ritz (who is also of the Gladstone, the plaza and the Ritz Towers) has created so many famous coiffures that to ask him to choose his favorite is a little like asking Rockefeller to name his favorite million.

"Whom shall we say?—Beatrice Lillie, Carlotta Monterey, Ina Claire, Fay Bainter, Elsie Ferguson, Irene Bordoni, Gertrude Lawrence, Ethel Barrymore, Claire Windsor, Peggy Joyce, Mrs. Esmond O'Brien? Each coiffure seems admirably suited to the type of woman who wears it—and how ridiculous all these lovely women would look if we should suddenly shift the coiffures about—clap Miss Monterey's coiffure on Miss Barrymore, and Miss Lillie's on Miss Ferguson!

Ladies Are Like That

"Carlotta Monterey—who recently married Eugene O'Neill of Strange Interlude fame—is an ideal type for the severely masculine haircut. I remember when Miss Monterey first came to me with her great mass of dark hair—so heavy, it seemed to bear back her head and gave her a rather fine lift of the chin. She was lovely, yes—but her head seemed too large for her body. I persuaded her to cut her hair off.

"What agonies we hairdressers go through with a lady during that first haircut! Actually, if they were having their precious little heads cut off, they couldn't feel worse. I have had them get up and leave when it was half cut. I have known them to weep before the operation—but never after it. They are as happy as though you had cut off ten birthdays—and usually you have. Almost always they begin by telling me that, although they have decided to have their hair cut, they wish to look exactly the same as before.

"Miss Monterey, however, soon came around to my way of thinking. I cut her hair as short as a man's and brushed it straight back from the forehead, exposing brow, neck, ears and cheeks without the least softening fringe or shadow of a wave. Straight and black as a crow's wing, it lies as flat and smooth as the crow's wing to her head.

"Miss Fay Bainter has what is called a long bob. It is dressed in a rather full pompadour and with its natural loose wave is very soft and feminine. Both she and Miss Elsie Ferguson changed their style of arranging the hair very little when they cut it. Miss Ferguson's hair has a short part but it is puffed out full on the sides and high on top and combed over in the back to look like long hair. The Elsie Ferguson pompadour was too famous in its day to be completely sacrificed to short hair. Two of the tricks of which we hairdressers must be masters are to make short hair look long and long hair look short. Ladies are like that.

"Miss Irene Bordoni's is another case of a coiffure that was so distinguished with long hair that she couldn't bear to sacrifice its individuality to the shingle. Although her hair is cut, it is slicked as tightly and shinily to her head as when she could pull it tightly back in a French twist. It looks more like a gleaming coat of black lacquer than like hair. And she still wears the flat fringe

of hair straight across her forehead that she wore with long hair—very extreme, French and chic.

"Peggy Joyce's coiffure is perfect for her—very soft and feminine in front, very masculine in back. Parted on one side, it lies flat on the top of the head, then swoops forward in a big wave on each cheek, leaving the ears visible from the back but not from the front. The ends in front, though fluffy, are well groomed but the back of the head might be a boy's. It is a coiffure we are frequently begged to copy.

"May Allison, the cinema star, has a little trick which gives that touch of oddity to a coiffure that makes it distinguished. Her blond hair is parted on the left side where it sweeps forward on the cheek in a little horn that points forward. On the other side the wave is turned back instead of forward, so that the two sides look quite different. The front hair is long, the back hair short.

"Gertrude Lawrence's coiffure is one of my favorites. It is curled in tight ringlets in the back, then brushed out, giving the effect of a child's natural short curls combed to a fluff."

It is amazing how many hairdressers claim the wind-blown coiffure as their own. The explanation is that each one has his own version. Robert Temper originated one version of it for Ruth Taylor as she wore it in Gentlemen Prefer Blondes. Perhaps it was as a compliment to its brunette author, Anita Loos, that this coiffure was used. Miss Loos' hair is a series of these black, straight strings or *mèches* blown irregularly forward on her forehead and cheeks—a very Bohemian affair. Miss Taylor's blond hair is a well-groomed version of this rather wild coiffure. It is parted but not waved. The uneven ends are laid flatly and smoothly on forehead and cheeks, each little end turned pertly up and forward. The blond hair fits the head like a neatly torn silk cap with all these little golden *mèches*, like the horns of a crescent moon, smacked flat on temples and cheeks.

Temperamental Doings

"However much we may approve of the sleek, well-groomed head, admitting its preëminent chic," said Temper, "we frequently encounter personalities that simply can't conform to its limitations. Mae Murray, for example. Miss Murray wished me to create a distinctive coiffure for her, and anyone with half an eye can see that Miss Murray simply couldn't be expressed by a masculine coiffure or one that was calm and sweet and well-behaved. No, it required something a little wild and disordered. So I arranged a coiffure that was a mass of short curls all over the head, very fluffy, a little mad, utterly beguiling.

"Helen Morgan, on the other hand, has the ideal head for the severest style of masculine haircut. Millions of men wear their hair like Miss Morgan's—very short, parted on one side, and brushed straight back—yet how many women could wear it?"

More recently Miss Morgan has been "scrambling" her hair, as shown in the photograph on the first page of this article.

The man who can conceive the style of coiffure that is appropriate for each type of face and personality, create innumerable variations of these styles, and then give the cut, wave and arrangement that will reveal all that is loveliest in the face and tone down any-



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thing that is detrimental to beauty, must be something of an artist. And coiffeurs—good coiffeurs—always have been artists in their way. Many are the stories of their moods, their temperamental doings, their racked nerves.

There was the great Champagne, the first man coiffeur, who demanded of his clients, at the end of the sitting, a kiss—even when that client was a queen; who, when dragged to Poland by Marie de Nevers (this was three hundred years ago) on her becoming Queen of Poland, fled in the night back to Paris, curling tongs in hand, unable to work in that unsympathetic, barbarous country. There was Doyé, who for many years refused to dress La Pompadour's hair because she was not of noble birth and who frequently killed a pair of horses driving to an appointment. And even today, our hair half-curbed, we may encounter the man who, flinging aside his irons, confronts us with goaded eyes and says, "Useless! I am not in a creative mood today."

Open Up

Dumas, of the Savoy-Plaza, is one of these artists. He is so much the artist that many of his clients consult him on questions of taste where most hairdressers would be lost.

"Dumas!" one of his clients will call over the telephone. "I am at my dressmaker's. Will you come right over, please, and tell me which evening gown you prefer? I know you are frightfully busy but this is so important! I'll pay you anything you like—only do come!"

And Dumas goes. Naturally the dressmaker is furious—until she sees that Dumas really does know just why

this line is becoming to Madame, why that color is impossible, why a bow just here or a drape just there makes all the difference between a masterpiece and a ghastly failure.

Although Dumas is so ardent a believer in individual coiffure for every woman, there are some rules that he maintains are universal. In the first place, no smart woman today has a marcel wave. The marcel wave is finished forever—and with this opinion any smart coiffeur will agree. A water or finger wave, either with or without a permanent wave as the basis, as the case demands, is the only permissible wave today. The marcel is too wooden and artificial.

Next, most women should show at least half of the ear; some should show it all. Most women should endeavor to achieve sleekness. The hair should usually be smooth, flat, close to the head. The great thing is to keep the head as small as possible. Only a few, only the little women whose type is sweet and pretty rather than excessively chic, should wear their hair fluffy.

Two waves (and they large and loose) are better than three, and one is better than two. A series of short, hard waves is unspeakably bad. The face should be "opened" by withdrawing the hair from it—not closed in by heavy curtains of hair. This gives the features a chance. Hair that is brought in close to the eyes submerges them. Open space around the eyes makes them appear larger.

From five to fifteen years can be subtracted from a woman's age by cutting off her hair. . . . Rush, Madame, to your hairdresser! He will clip the years from your age more swiftly than your beauty specialist!

Wild Parties

Continued from page 19

"The thing that saved me was the elephant's fear. After the first few minutes of the mud bath he had started to ponder that he was in a strange place and didn't know where to go. When I showed up, acting in a calm and natural manner, he was probably as glad to see me as a person who has been lost."

To the public the big cats are the most terrifying of all animals.

And yet you could take half the bolts out of the lion, tiger or leopard cages and they'd never know the difference. They are crafty enough to watch for an opening to sneak through, and they would take advantage of a good opening in a flash, but they are not continually fretting around, ransacking their cages for weak spots the way so many other animals are. I think the way to put it is that the lion and tiger are more sporting in their philosophy.

There are over a hundred controlling chains in our lion house, all leading to the sliding steel doors which divide the sleeping compartments of the animals from their exhibition cages. All these chains run through metal conduits and emerge hanging in rows in a wide alley beneath the cages. This alley is well lighted. In addition, to prevent any serious error, the alley is painted white with bold black stripes between each section of chains. Large numerals designate the cage and lions to which each chain belongs.

One morning a new keeper pulled the wrong chain! He made his fatal mistake during the routine washing that takes place every morning.

While this washing goes on each animal in turn is made to go into his sleeping den. If a lion or tiger hesitates or is stubborn he may get a squirt from the

hose to make him move on. As they all know this, a mere gesture toward the hose usually is enough to send the beast scuttling for his refuge. As each animal goes into its den, the man on the cage level shouts down to his assistant below who pulls the chain closing the den's sliding steel door. This shuts the animal in and the cleaner can enter safely and go on with his work.

When a cage is scrubbed the keeper tells his assistant in the alley to pull the chain marked "sleeping den" and let the lion or tiger amble out again.

The Center of Attention

On this particular morning the new assistant was down below closing den doors as each lion emerged, in order that the public would not be cheated by our charge sulking out of sight. "All right!" shouted the cleaner when he had finished number one and the lion had trotted out. In turn he reported two, three, four and five. When he finished six and went over into seven, the lion in six didn't come out right away. So while he was cleaning number seven he kept peeping through the small hole in the solid partition separating the two cages to see if number six lion had emerged so that its sleeping-den door could be closed.

The delay apparently confused the new keeper. So when he heard an "All right!" some minutes later he didn't close the door of den number six, but opened the sleeping door of den number seven, the cage in which the cleaner was at work!

The unfortunate keeper was happily scrubbing away in front of the cage

(Continued on page 76)

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(Continued from page 75)

when he happened to look up. Outside the bars stood an early visitor to the park, a fat squat man who wore a peculiar look on his face. This look so fascinated the keeper that he paused to enjoy it: it was a look of horror and bewilderment, just as if the visitor were about to have some sort of terrible fit.

Then, suddenly, the keeper realized that his look of horror was directed into the cage behind him. He whirled about and found himself face to face with Hannibal, our largest and fiercest lion.

When the keeper finally got control of his feelings he did the one thing that would save his life. He took the lion completely by surprise. He emitted a bloodcurdling yell, sprang into the air and with all his strength hurled his water-filled pail and his wet mop full in the face of the astonished beast.

Hannibal was so unnerved by this attack that he tried to beat a hasty retreat over the slippery floor. His feet flew out from under him and he turned an undignified somersault back into his sleeping den.

Poor Hannibal couldn't be persuaded to come out of his sleeping quarters for more than a week.

Bruin's Brains

Of course, among the bears there are a good many different kinds of temperament. Probably the polar bear is the worst customer in that he has plenty of courage and doesn't hesitate to be treacherous if it suits his fancy. The grizzly is less aggressive, but he is not to be trusted. A few years ago one attacked Ned Frost, a Wyoming guide, while he was asleep in his blankets, and would have killed him but for the bedding.

I saw a good example of bear brains while I was traveling with a circus some years ago. I had no official part in the show, merely being anxious to get some first-hand observations.

The brown bear cage had a ventilator two feet long and a foot wide near the top at the back of the wagon. The small slide covering it was opened from the outside by the keeper when he wanted to give the bears air.

One morning a hard spring rain made it necessary to confine most of the animals, lest they catch cold. However, the keeper thought a little wetting would do his bears good. So he left their ventilators wide open. Presently he saw the bear cage rocking to and fro as if the inmates were nervous. He peered in and found one big grandfather bear scraping away at the ventilator.

"All right, old man," he told the shaggy old fellow, "I'll close it if you don't like being wet."

Although the weather in the next town was dry and hot, a thunderstorm was threatening. The keeper was annoyed when he found the ventilators to the bear cage closed. He promptly opened them. But scarcely had he turned his back when he heard a scratching sound.

The grandfather bear was at work on the ventilator. He had got his claws through the bars, which were inside the ventilator, had hooked them into the wood and was gently but surely closing the slide. He was now not only able to protect himself from the rain, but apparently could forecast the weather!

A group of beavers were added to our collection at the Zoo not long ago. We put them in the big beaver enclosure containing a pond which made previous inmates very happy.

But the newcomers somehow didn't like their new neighborhood. They didn't complain or seem downhearted. They busily wandered about during the day examining the four-foot fence and the pile of brush and leaves that we had

put near the pond with which they were meant to build their winter quarters.

After dark that night they set to work. It would have taken a squad of good soldiers to have accomplished what they did before the keepers discovered them next morning.

First they had transported the branches to one point of the fence. On top of the branches they piled leaves, letting them sift down to fill the interstices. On the leaves, and mixed with them, they used sticky mud, all of which they carried between their paws and their chins. It was a fine ramp leading to the top of the fence. Had they been discovered an hour later the job would have been done and they all would have walked across it to freedom.

Another time we planned, for our beavers, to build a dam in a certain spot that would give a good view of their work from the visitors' fence. We laid a plank on edge across the little brook that ran through their place to indicate the site we had chosen. Plenty of sticks and logs and mud were made available. Water soon began to trickle over the top of the board. Surely the beavers would take the hint and build there.

Twenty-four hours later all the mud and sticks were piled against the fence, thirty feet away from our board.

We had the keepers bring all the material back to the vicinity of the board and left the beavers to their own devices. Again we found the building materials piled neatly down by the fence; and again we had it all brought back. We proposed to "fight it out on these lines if it took all summer."

On the third move the beavers politely submitted to our views and built a fine dam right where the board was laid.

As captives, deer and antelopes are the most stupid of animals. To be born and reared in captivity makes little difference in their relative intelligence, except that such specimens lose their fear of man and are really more dangerous than the wild kind.

I remember that our official photographer made a dummy keeper and put it into a cage. When he had his movie camera ready he turned a zebra in with the dummy.

Instantly the zebra caught sight of the helpless "keeper" and made a dash for it. Seizing it in his teeth he tore it loose, threw it down and trampled it to bits; not a pretty picture for the fellow who tended the creature.

Nervy Work

One of our staff was attacked by a full-grown buck deer. Luckily he realized his danger and did not lose his head. As the buck charged he waited. Usually in such a charge there is a brief pause just before the final thrust, in which the animal tosses its antlers as if to be sure of his aim. In this pause the man seized one antler and pulled himself around to the animal's side. Had he lost his footing he would probably have been quickly gored to death.

The battle was now more even. The deer pranced and the man held on for his life, pressing as much of his weight as possible on the animal's neck. Presently he was able to reach over and get hold of the deer's off foreleg. By lifting it he rendered the deer helpless.

If a hoofed animal gets an idea, it saturates the brain and crowds out all other ideas. A keeper may have years of trouble getting a giraffe to walk out of a stall into a fine sunny yard, because the giraffe was once in a circus and slipped in coming off a car with a steep gangway. It may never be willing to emerge from a door without a wild leap.

I think everyone, children especially, should deal with some kind of dumb animal—wild ones if possible. It is good for the soul.

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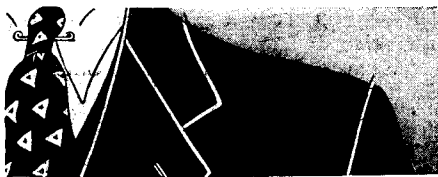
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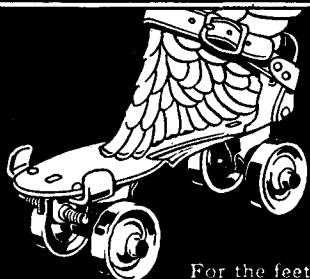
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The Troublesome Kingdom of Selm

Continued from page 16

She laughed softly.

"Then there is the spice for our conversation," she whispered, "for you are not a man to avoid danger. I shall wait for you in the salon, and you will come." . . .

An orderly made his appearance with the newspapers of two days before. Sir Robert rose to his feet, and snatched at them.

"Go and flirt with Mademoiselle Drasdaire," he enjoined. "I know she's waiting for you. Afterward come to my room, and we'll talk seriously, if there is anything serious to be said."

"Is Mademoiselle Drasdaire a very old friend of the house?" Slane asked, as they passed along the stone corridor.

"I think my wife has known her for some time," Sir Robert answered, a little wearily. "She comes, as I suppose you know, of one of the oldest families here, although, like everyone else, they have nothing but barren land to live on."

"She interests herself in the politics of the country?"

"There are no politics worth thinking of," was the somewhat bored reply. "The only question is whether Charles or Francis has the better right to the throne. Charles is in possession, so we back him. The other man's been lying low, but if ever he could raise enough money to pay the army, there's no doubt that he could walk back. Really I don't think at Downing Street they care much about it either way. All we want is our debt paid, without embroiling ourselves with any other creditor countries. Come into the library when you have finished."

LOUISE, after all, seemed to have very little battle left in her. She was seated alone in the salon when Slane entered, and she motioned him to her side with a gesture of almost mechanical courtesy.

"The others will be here in a few minutes," she said. "They have gone into the small room to listen to the wireless. Sit down, Jasper, please. I shall not trouble you much more."

"You never trouble me," he assured her.

"Let us speak plain words to each other," she begged. "Once when I knew you, you were a man. Now you seem to have turned into a machine. I weary myself with appeals to your kindness, to your heart. With that we have finished. You have made up your mind to back Charles, yes?"

"I am a machine," he reminded her, "because, in certain matters, I am a servant. You see how frank I am willing to be with you. I am, at the present moment, a government agent. That means that I have neither will nor initiative of my own. Any question I can answer, any help I could give to you which does not interfere with my mission, is yours. Otherwise, I am, as you would be, dumb."

"Very well," she sighed. "Have you cabled to England yet?"

"Not yet," he answered. "My report is written though—and under lock and key," he added dryly.

"Eh bien, there is still time then," she exclaimed more hopefully. "Supposing, Jasper, that Francis could guarantee the payment of your interest, on the bonds of the English loan, would that induce you to delay the sending of your report for a few days?"

"Not for an hour," he replied firmly. "You have no kindness, you have no heart!" she declared passionately.

"What has heart to do with it?" he rejoined. "I am out here with a com-

mission from my government. I must fulfill it, apart from any personal feeling I might have."

"You would talk like this if you were in love with me?" she demanded.

"With more regret, perhaps," he acknowledged, "but to the same effect."

They heard the wireless in the next room brought suddenly to a close. Louise rose to her feet. The color seemed to be drained from her cheeks.

"You are a hard man, Jasper," she complained bitterly. . . .

That night Slane slept with his door locked and bolted, and his seldom-used revolver by his side. Once, during the hours of darkness, he leaned forward in his bed, his candlestick in his hand, watching the door handle—turn—in vain. For the rest of the night he slept.

SELM, according to a certain section of the English press, was a moribund and a decadent country. Nevertheless, there is something impressive always about an ancient kingdom in which the machinery of State is still alive. It was scarcely an audience to which Slane was admitted in the great reception-room of the palace; it was almost a council.

The King, even in his brilliant uniform an unassuming and delicate figure, sat at the end of the oval table. On his right sat General Ferastor; on his left, his Chief of Staff; opposite, Prince Radwig, the Prime Minister. Sir Robert and Slane were offered high-backed chairs of great size a little removed from the table. The King, who had shaken hands warmly with Slane upon his presentation, opened the proceedings by introducing him to the others. The Prime Minister welcomed him in colorless fashion, but with a reasonable show of cordiality. The General and his Chief of Staff, on the other hand, were barely civil.

"Sir Jasper Slane," the King explained to his councilors, "is a special envoy from the Foreign Office in London, and arrived here to act in conjunction with our friend Sir Robert. He has, I believe, something to say to us."

Slane rose to his feet, and approached the table.

"Your Majesty," he began, "I can tell you all I have to say in very few words. A little more than a week ago, I was sent for by a high official in our Foreign Office, and, as an ex-member of its Intelligence Department, I was asked to investigate the presence in London, together with a small party of Russian financiers, of Prince Francis of Selm, Your Majesty's brother, and, I understand, the pretender to the throne."

Ferastor moved uneasily in his place. "The question of succession—"

The King held out his hand.

"It is our wish," he said, "that Sir Jasper is not interrupted."

"I came to the conclusion," Slane went on, "that Prince Francis, in collaboration with General Ferastor, and with the aid of a large grant of money from his foreign friends, was engaged in a plot to force Your Majesty to abdicate, and to obtain for himself the throne of Selm. I asked myself, naturally, what inducement he had been able to offer his associates to engage their aid, and I was sent here to find out. I entered your kingdom, Sir, from the north, and I have come through the regions of Kull and Terbesch."

"There was supposed to be oil there," the Prime Minister remarked. "Some Russians came and spent a fortune

(Continued on page 78)

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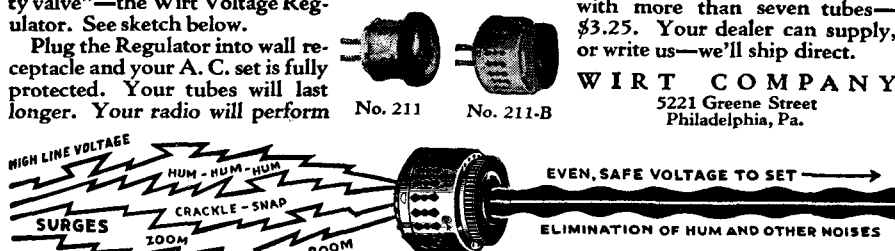
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Collier's Radio Hour

(Continued from page 77)
searching for it. They broke up their machinery, and went away in disgust."

"They did nothing of the sort," Slane replied coolly. "To use an American term, they bluffed. They hid their machinery, which is in perfectly good condition, and I have no doubt they have plenty more on the way. There is oil enough in the district to pay your debts—the debts of the country, I mean—ten times over."

"It is impossible!" the Prime Minister gasped.

"It is true," Jasper Slane reiterated, returning to his chair.

SIR ROBERT took his place.

"Your Majesty," he said, "our special envoy has explained his share in this business, and I shall now proceed to address you according to instructions received this morning from England. You are seriously in debt to my country, and the matter is one which has almost led to strained diplomatic relations. I make you this offer: Sign me an option upon these oil-producing lands according to the map which I shall, in due course, present to you. I am instructed by my government to tell you that according to the terms of the treaty, which, in anticipation of your reply, is now being drawn up, we shall exact from you simply the amount of your debt, the arrears of interest, and nothing more. The rest can go to your revenue, and, furthermore, my country will be willing to extend a payment of your debt until the oil wells are sunk, and everything is in order. The capital to run them will naturally be provided by us, and we will also advance the money owing to your Army and Ministers."

"What!" the General exclaimed, springing to his feet.

"What did you say?" the Chief of Staff demanded eagerly.

"My government is prepared to advance everything necessary to pay the debts owing to the officers of the State and Army, and to put your public services in proper shape, on the security of the options I shall ask for," Sir Robert declared. "Your Majesty, I beg you now for your earnest attention. Prince Francis is already on his way here. He is expecting the help of the Army, which he is proposing to bribe with the money produced from either selling outright or giving an absolute option upon these oil lands to a dangerous nation. Your Majesty, will you put it to General Ferastor, will you put it to his Chief of Staff, will you put it to your Prime Minister, with whom do they throw in their lot?"

There was a crash of fists upon the table. The General twirled his moustache fiercely.

"If Prince Francis crosses the frontier," he threatened, "he will cross it to find himself a prisoner."

The Chief of Staff was equally bombastic.

"The honor of the Army," he declared, wondering how long it would take him to telephone to the frontier—"is unswervingly pledged to Your Majesty's support."

That was the real end of Jasper Slane's mission to Selm, although technically it concluded a month later when the Gazette announced that His Majesty the King had given permission to Sir Jasper Slane, Bart., to accept from the King of Selm the Order of the Golden Cross of that country, for important services rendered.

Stop the Show!

Continued from page 34

household. Libby's brother made an indiscreet wisecrack and wore the fiddle as a crown. The bow was snapped across Libby's picturesque right knee.

"Now," her father reflected, settling back in his morris chair after the fracas, "there'll be no more nonsense. She'll go through for a degree in law and be useful surely, ornamental perhaps."

He had hardly uttered the words when sounds came from his older daughter's room. Libby was moaning low—singing a formless doggerel picked up in childhood wanderings among "nigger" shanties, listening to the morose minstrels of a light-hearted, light-headed race.

"That's all I could do," she declares, "with whatever music was in me—let it go in 'blues.'"

Her parents tolerated her song not as a gift but as an eccentricity. And as she kept her promise to go through to graduation Pa Holman took the sensible view that she could try her hand at shaping her own fate.

With a certified education, a month's board in hand, and the fare back to Cincinnati, minus Pullman, buried in her bosom as a last resource, she blazed a trail to Broadway.

The battle began, for her, in a working girls' club affiliated with the Y. W. C. A. Libby, who liked her cigarettes, had to forget about them and check in o' nights by ten-thirty.

"I had nothing practical to sell in New York but a college education," she says. "And in New York that's no asset unless you can typewrite, run an elevator, sell notions or have a good enough memory for faces to be hat-check hostess in a speakeasy."

"My mental torture was the thought of Mother back home in Cincinnati, expecting terrible things to happen to me. And they were. Not the terrible things she imagined. Mother feared that I might be caught in the net of wily white slavers who lie in wait for girls with A. B. degrees and put chloroform in their coffee."

A Ticklish Choice

She reached the point where she had to choose between using the last recourse—that fare home tucked in her bosom—for travel or for food. Libby, being hungrier than homesick, invested in meals, primped herself with her last few dollars, suspended ambition to be a singer and stormed a legitimate theater manager's office.

Channing Pollock was present. Mr. Pollock competes with Mr. Owen Davis as a playwright. Davis is two or three ahead of Pollock, but that was before lunch on the day these lines were being typed. Mr. Pollock has grateful regard for Cincinnati. His plays have always returned good royalties from there. So when he overheard a doleful maiden with an eager because hungry voice ask for a part in The Fool and give her home address as Cincinnati, he approved.

Libby got her first job. So elated was she that she wired Mamma about the opening night. When the piece got near enough to Cincinnati in its one-night jumps, friends went to see it. The worst was realized. Libby was the whining street-walker in that dramatized sermon.

So true was Libby's impersonation that in Hattiesburg, Mississippi, a fe-



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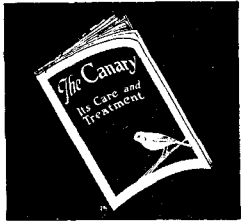
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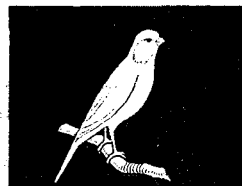
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FRENCH'S BIRD SEED



male leader of local morality marched in single file to her dressing-room and stormed the door with prayer when Libby refused to be preached at.

The Fool wilted on the road, despite Libby's very best efforts as a cut-rate siren.

But she had saved enough to get back to New York. Rebuffed in the roaring forties, she worked down-town towards the Garrick Gaieties—a fashionably semi-pro outfit presenting a smart-Alec revue.

Trains back to Cincinnati hooted through her mind during the run of the Gaieties; but she determined—if she had to go back—to go back with something more than she took away. Libby Holman, A. B., entered Columbia University as an aspirant for a Master's degree, electing French literature as her subject. Playing by night, classes by day, were her routine. But that decision was the spot of resolve that stimulated her to stick it out.

Warm weather closed the show and the school. She hopped steerage to Europe, sang and saw and returned broke to take a job singing one song in a McIntyre and Heath touring company. Stardom was still far away.

Finally, she struck Chicago and a place in the road outfit of Greenwich Village Follies, with a song called Hogan's Alley—wail of a corned-beef-and-cabbage Delilah. It stopped the show, but brought a questionable compliment when she was wired an offer from New York to take the lead in an all-colored revue called Rang Tang. Desperate as she was to show the world that Libby Holman's throat was the place where the blues begin, she turned down the offer, bolted to New York and squeezed into The Merry Whirl.

She plunged into feverish trial of her talents with new shows and hung up a record for appearing in more continuous flops than any actress of her weight or age in the United States.

A friend met her rushing down Broadway one evening.

"Whither bound?" he asked.

"To the Bijou," she answered.

"What's going on there—rehearsal?"

"No—I'm working."

"Not at the Bijou," said her friend.

"I passed it five minutes ago and it's dark."

A Mad Whirl

She became dizzy with openings and foldings-up. To tie her courage to something tangible she re-enrolled at Columbia and was one of a million-odd eager females to answer the call for talent for a mammoth production called Rainbow. This was a beautiful play and Libby cornered her spot—a super-sad piece of moaning with costume and limelight.

The production, as remarked, was extravagant. Too extravagant. The producers gave the critics a long, too long, seventh-inning stretch, exactly forty-five minutes elapsing as intermission between the two final acts. Rainbow folded and Libby Holman was once more out of a job.

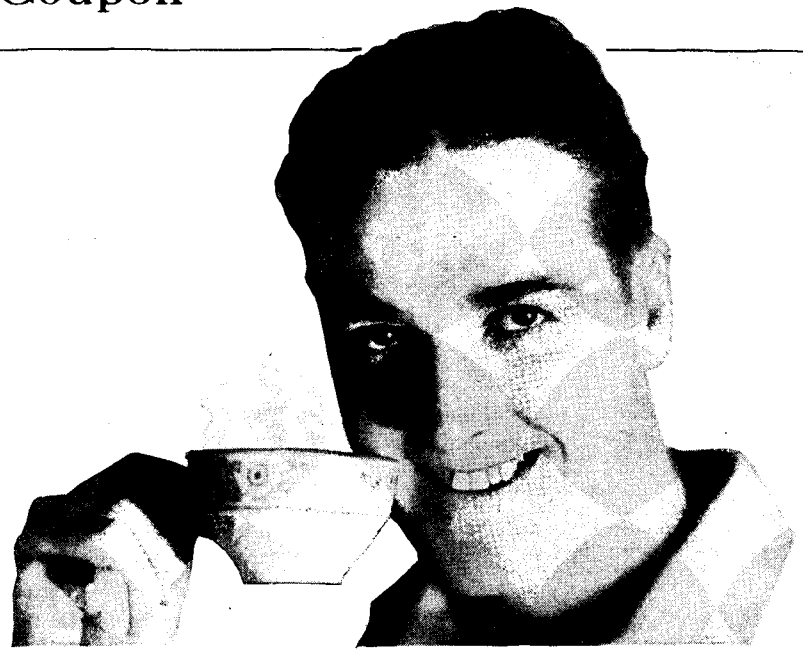
Loping down the street called unstraight, seeking what she could find in Broadway casting offices, she held her head high although her purse was flat. That head was held too high. It overlooked a manhole and down fell Libby. She came out of hospital limping, wearing cheaters; but determined as ever.

Ned Wayburn signed her for the Gambols, and before she could buy fresh silk underwear for a part that seemed to need it her manhole shock exacted penalty in the form of arthritis. She was practically paralyzed, couldn't dress herself. They planted her against a stage column and let her sing. So

(Continued on page 80)

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(Continued from page 79)

painful was her stroke that between matinées and night shows she couldn't change her costume. Poor, she had to go out for food and might one night have been left at the mercy of taxi jehus where she fell in the street, if a fashionable woman who had heard her sing hadn't recognized her. A doctor was summoned. Libby refused to quit the show. She needed money. The doctor sat through every performance, watching her, and he observed that when she sang most movingly she was suffering most exquisitely.

But that touch of technique couldn't save the Gambols. It went the way of all trash and Libby Holman was again at liberty.

The Birth of a New Note

People were beginning to talk about the seductive young woman whose throbbing notes stirred passion and pity. But managers were busy—so were streptococci. Libby, out of work, succumbed to sore throat. They took out her tonsils and the miracle happened. In removing them the surgeon was too thorough or not thorough enough. His scalpel invaded a column of her throat and nicked a piece out. Libby will show it to you without any charge for sight-seeing—and it is a sight.

In the hospital she observed the difference. Singing the moment nurses and adjoining patients would stand for it, she detected a new shade to her song—a prolonged vibrance that underscored low, full notes.

At her very first appearance in a manager's office the same quality aroused interest. They put her in The

Little Show, an unpretentious thing thrown on to keep a theater occupied against rent and taxes.

To wind up her part in the show, they gave her a lurid scene as a little Harlem cocotte singing Moanin' Low.

Under green lights she entered, swathed in silk. She sang. The mellow voice arrested every ear. Its music lingered, haunted. The audience rose. The show was stopped.

"You've got to do no less," says Libby, recounting the chapters of failure that climbed to an epilogue of triumph. "Five thousand young women are trying to break into stardom every season. One in a thousand gets there—by what? Hard work, talent, beauty. Those three are not enough."

At twenty-four, a star, with a carved throat that has twisted her palate, spoiled her sense of taste but made her voice unique and inimitable, Miss Holman has revived the Alger legend in terms of the feminine.

In a hallway leading to her dressing-room a line of suppliants formed on the right. All were businesslike, all left disappointed.

"Surely," I asked, "you're going to cash in on popularity—now?"

Heavily beaded eyelashes lifted over eyes brilliantly black, but agile with a knowledge of onions.

"I'm still a student," she said. "When I go back to Cincinnati it will be with that M. A. degree."

Her maid was informed that all dates were off. The time between matinée and night shows was to be spent in the public library searching for elusive folk songs to ring the change on Moanin' Low—and provide material for a thesis.

The Girl who Blushed

(Continued from page 22)

time to time to look at the living-room door for inspiration.

"Dear Ann," he wrote. "Be careful. He's been married three times at least and each time his wife left him. He's older than he looks. He—"

The letter was suddenly interrupted by the sound of a sharp report in the next room—such a sound, say, as is sometimes caused by an exploding paper bag—or even such a sound as might be made by an old-fashioned, rusty revolver when impulsively pulled by the trigger. One moment and Tony was on his feet, listening intently with his head on one side. The next moment and he had opened the living-room door.

Ann, pale and tense, was standing by the window seat, old John's ruddy weapon still grasped in her hand. And Mr. Bolingbroke, paler yet, was staring at her from the middle of the room, not at all with the glance which had made him justly famous. He was moving away from her, now and then snatching a nervous glance at a splintery wound in the floor near the window seat.

"Don't—don't hurt him, Tony," almost whispered Ann. "He—I shouldn't have let him come—"

Tony, though, entering with such momentum, couldn't be stopped so easily. There was a collision of two moving bodies, a grunt, a scuffle of feet—a struggling vortex which gradually worked its way through the open door. . . .

When Tony returned to the living-room a minute later, he found Ann sitting in the window, her face in her hands, sobbing away as if her eager young heart would break. He had entered, frowning, but he couldn't frown long in the presence of so much grief.

"You might have killed him!" he said,

trying to speak with appropriate sternness.

"Not—the way I aimed—at the floor," she sobbed. "Oh, Tony, please don't scold me. I—I was only trying to do—my third difficult thing—"

"You mean—you meant to shoot—even before he came in?" demanded Tony.

"Yes," she gulped. "But, please, only at the floor. I—I was pretty sure he'd need it. That's why I had Grandpa's gun ready—and asked you to wait for Dad. . . ."

Again Tony frowned, and again he found that he couldn't continue to frown. And partly perhaps because Ann made such an appealing young figure of woe, he presently found himself patting her shoulder even as, a few minutes before, she had been patting his.

"Don't cry," he said. "It was my fault—what I told you in the cab last night—"

SHE looked at him. It would have been a disturbing look even without the tears; and, throwing caution quite to the winds, Tony kissed her.

"Oh, Tony," she whispered. "Look at my cheeks. Am I blushing?"

"Well, y-e-s."

"Isn't it awful? Then we may have to try the old man and his watch after all."

"We will not!" said Tony. "I'll attend to your blushing after this."

Again they kissed.

"Be careful," she said with a glance at the door. "Dad may be coming any minute."

"Let him come," said Tony valiantly. "Does he think that he's the only one who's going to be married this June?"



"Station WXYZ—Stand-by, folks, for the big fight"

How would you play it?

By Milton C. Work

Author of Contract Bridge for All

North		East	
S.	9-4	S.	7-5-3-2
H.	6-5-3-2	H.	Q-10
D.	Q-10-9-8-3	D.	A-7-4
C.	K-2	C.	A-6-5-3
West		South	
S.	Q-J-10-8-6	S.	A-K
H.	K-J-9-8	H.	A-7-4
D.	5-2	D.	K-J-6
C.	8-4	C.	Q-J-10-9-7

THE above hand was given in last week's Collier's. At Auction Bridge the bidding would be: South, one No Trump, followed by three passes. It happened, however, that the hand was played at Contract and South, with a count of 18 and all four suits stopped, bid two No Trumps. West passed, and North bid three No Trumps, which won the contract. North did not have the count of 6 which is generally the minimum for jumping two No Trumps to three, but he had one of the hands counting 5 with which the jump should be made. These hands have either: (a) A King and Queen, immaterial whether of same or different suits. (b) An Ace and any one of three possible counts of one; viz., a Jack, two Tens, or a total of five cards in the Ace-suit.

The play would naturally be the same at both Auction or Contract.

The Play

The original lead was the Queen of Spades.

As soon as Declarer saw dummy he realized that he was sure of two Spade tricks and one Heart trick, and that in addition he had four tricks in Diamonds and four in Clubs as soon as the respective adverse Aces were dislodged. Six tricks from the two minors were necessary for the Declarer's game. He was exposed to the slight danger that when he established either of his minors, the adversaries would shift to Hearts, extract South's Ace of that suit and run three or more tricks in it when they won with their second minor Ace. But unless East held both minor Aces and long strong Hearts, the shift was not likely. The great danger was that the adversaries would establish their Spades after winning with the Ace the first trick of the first minor suit that the Declarer led. Then, although Declarer could run the remaining cards of his established suit and cash his Ace of Hearts, he still would be two tricks short of game and when he tried to establish his second minor suit the adversaries could win the first trick and run their Spades. As Declarer had but four Spades in his two hands, one adversary must have held at least five

originally; consequently it looked as if they surely would save the game with three Spade tricks and their two minor Aces.

The hand was played in a Duplicate Contract contest and all but one Declarer started to establish his Clubs after winning the first trick, figuring that the South hand would win whatever the enemy led and could surely run his own long suit. East won dummy's Club King with the Ace, and led a Spade. The Declarer then ran his four good Clubs, after which he led a Diamond. East won with his second Ace and led a third Spade which enabled West to run three Spades and gave the adversaries what looked like an unavoidable total of five tricks.

At one table, however, the Declarer's planning had amounted to something and he appreciated that his only chance of making game lay in inducing one of his adversaries to hold up the Diamond Ace twice. So the one crafty Declarer led the King of Diamonds to trick 2 and it won, East seeing that he surely could shut out North's long Diamonds and hold the Declarer to two tricks in that suit.

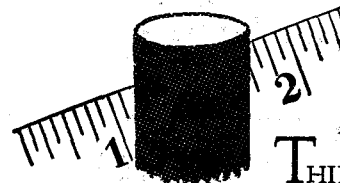
To trick 3, Declarer led the Jack of Diamonds, being careful not to overtake in dummy as that might suggest no more Diamonds in closed hand. When the Jack also won, Declarer promptly shifted to Clubs, playing the King from dummy. East won the trick and led a Spade; but he had held up too long and Declarer, after winning his second Spade trick, was able to take one Heart and four Clubs. This gave him nine tricks and game.

East could have avoided the catastrophe by winning either the first or second Diamond, establishing the Spades before South's Clubs were made up. In that way he would have saved game by winning one Club, one Diamond and three Spades. But East could not be blamed for not sizing up this situation accurately; he did not know that closed hand had five Clubs, four of which could be established by one lead, nor that closed hand had only one trick in Hearts.

Next week's hand is given below; make up your mind how you would bid and play it before you read next week's description.

North		East	
S.	4-2	S.	A-9-7-5
H.	A-K-10-9-4-2	H.	J-7
D.	9-6-5-2	D.	K-Q
C.	9	C.	Q-7-6-4-3
West		South	
S.	Q-J-10-8-6-3	S.	K
H.	Q-3	H.	8-6-5
D.	A-J-10-3	D.	8-7-4
C.	8	C.	A-K-J-10-5-2

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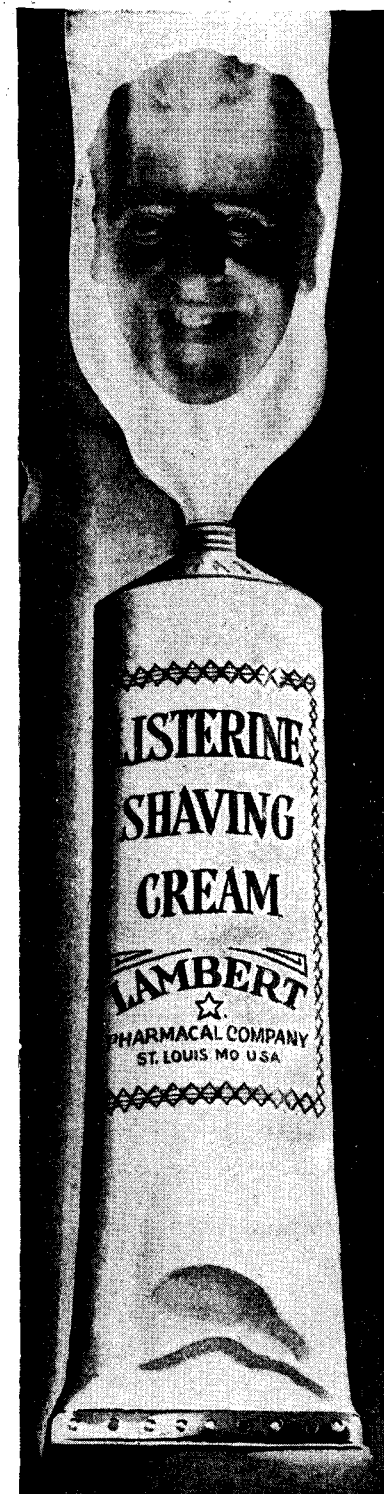
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