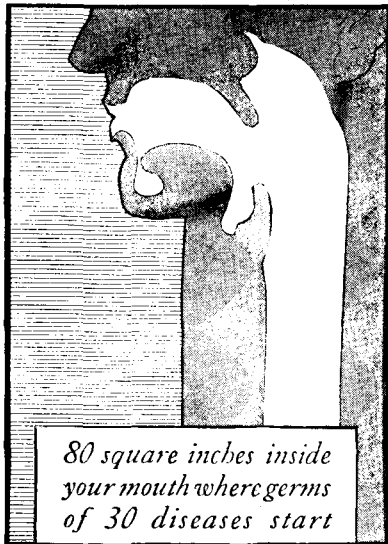


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strange choice to send from Vienna to Dresden with the Articles of the Alliance?"

He had the satisfaction of seeing his stroke tell at once on Johann Georg. The ingenious young man flushed and exclaimed:

"Marshal de Haverbeck! Who is sending him?"

"The Emperor," said Ferdinand Stürm, smoothly. "Spanheim tells me that he has a special request that he might be envoy and that the Emperor has acceded, and that the marshal is probably by now on the road."

"A special request from whom?" scowled Johann Georg.

And with infinite relish and a difficulty in keeping a note of exultation from his voice, Stürm replied:

"The Countess of Rocklitz."

Johann Georg scowled. He had to make a considerable effort not to show that he was shocked and startled. His heavy jaw set sullenly and the blood rushed to his blond face.

THE Elector went directly to the apartments of Madame de Rocklitz.

She had that morning coaxed out of him, and not for the first time, the keys to his great and immeasurable treasure, kept in the vaults beneath the Residenzschloss—the richest treasure owned by any prince in Europe and accumulated by the princes of the Aberline line for the last two centuries. So vast and so priceless was this collection of precious objects that it was commonly believed that many of them had been made by the Elector Johann Georg I out of magic gold which he had manufactured himself in his alchemist's laboratory.

The wealth of this prince had been so fabulous that the supposition was not absurd. His successors had been prudent and had conserved what his magic arts had produced. The House of Wettin owned, too, the largest silver mines in Europe, and there were few who could compete with them in the outward display of pomp and power. The treasures of the green vaults were supposed to outshine those of the Hofburg in Vienna. Arch-Marshall of the Empire, the Elector of Saxony had the right to carry the imperial sword at a coronation, and his display on those occasions of gold and silver plate, the parade of diamonds in habit and hat, his dress and cloak set with pearl and ruby, sapphire and emerald, had always been such as to outshine his peers and fellow princes.

Twice before the Rocklitz had coaxed out of her lover the keys of the famous vaults, and gone down there and selected for her own use and adornment some of the famous treasures at which the Electress had never even looked. And on this morning when she had glanced out of the window of their room on to the courtyard, wet and cold with melting snow, and seen the gray sky like a goose's breast, smooth and dull, overhead, she had turned into his arms again and asked for the key of the treasure-house to beguile the quiet winter day.

That gray sky of the early morning had now spread into the muffled gust of a storm.

Snow beat softly on the palace windows. As the Elector entered her room he saw at once that she had already visited the treasure vaults, and that her servants had brought up into her apartments vases of jasper, of serpentine, of onyx and heliotrope; statuettes from the antiques of bronze; jewels of Saxon

pearls, aigrets of diamonds, carvings in ivory, amber and coral and pale flower-decked porcelain, fine as a butterfly's wings, from his celebrated factory at Meissen. All these gorgeous and precious objects were set about on a soft shining Chinese carpet for her inspection.

Madelon reposed on a day-bed cushioned in gold brocade, wearing a coat of white fur, and cross-laced short stays with silver ribbon. She admired this and that, and ordered how they should be set out around her room, which was already replenished with silk and gold tapestry, with vases of bloodstone and alabaster, with rock-crystal lamps, with curtains and hangings of Utrecht velvet arranged with the skill and taste of men trained to the utmost fineness.

The Elector paused inside the door, feeling a certain sense of slight or insult, when he saw his peerless treasures thus scattered over a lady's boudoir, and viewed so carelessly, almost as much with disdain as with admiration. He would not have felt this, but would have been infatuate with love and delight at the thought that she might gain pleasure from anything that was his, if it had not been that Stürm had mentioned De Haverbeck. As it was, he violently told the servants to begone and stood sullen in the middle of the room, among the vases of bronze and the statuettes of silver. He looked at her uneasily, his pride of birth, of race, oddly offended. He decided that he would not easily give her his keys again.

"Why are you angry?" asked Madelon. She knew at once his moods and never tried to evade them.

Johann Georg being incapable of any guile, replied, bluntly:

"Why did you ask Spanheim to send De Haverbeck to Dresden?"

SHE had for days been prepared for that question, and had most carefully rehearsed her answer. Her lovely face was serene.

"Any woman would understand my motive, as I suppose. Delphicus de Haverbeck knew Magdalena Sibylla von Neitschütz. He does not know Madame de Rocklitz. I should like him to make her acquaintance."

"Why?" persisted the Elector, obstinately, and still with a lowering frown. "I last saw him riding from

Arnsdorf. Then, on a sudden, he threw up his commission and was gone from Dresden."

"Your Highness," smiled Madame de Rocklitz . . . she never failed on every possible occasion to give him his full title and all respect, to elevate him in his own eyes. "Your Highness, he could not endure to face the man who had had the fortune which he had missed."

"He was your suitor. I know," said Johann Georg, striding up and down between the bronze figures and the tall vases; the enameled figures of saints, the carved ivories of satyrs, gods, beasts, birds, dragons, the caskets and cabinets of black amber, sardonyx and chrysolith.

"And I refused him," said Madame de Rocklitz. "Once, twice, three times," she seemed to repeat the words with infinite pleasure, "he has been refused my hand."

"**W**ELL, why can't you let it go at that?" said Johann Georg, uneasily. And he added with youthful jealousy: "He's successful—a successful soldier—and that pleases the women, I know."

"You," smiled Madelon watching him, "will be a successful soldier. Let Your Highness but get into the field with your own men at your back, and you will return to me with armfuls of captured flags and laurel wreaths and *Te Deums* ringing in your ears." She turned round a pearl ring which was like a thick bubble on her finger, and added: "Delphicus de Haverbeck is but an adventurer, after all—a mercenary captain, a soldier of fortune."

"He does not so think himself, nor do his friends so describe him," objected Johann Georg obstinately. "He is, on his mother's side, of the house of Lunenburg, and they have helped him. He lodges with the Duke of Brunswick in Vienna. The Emperor has set him high. There is talk of an archduchess for his wife."

"Ah," cried Madame de Rocklitz, "an archduchess for his wife—I have not heard that talk."

The Elector paused heavily close to her couch where she leaned on cushions of sapphire silk.

"Why do you want him here?" he persisted, staring down with suspicious eyes behind the thick fair lashes.

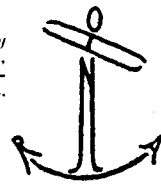
(Continued on page 52)

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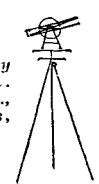
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She looked up and spoke with animation and a radiant sparkle:

"I have changed in these six months, and you, too, and the army of Saxony. Do you remember how he criticized it? That memorial he sent? He was right, but under my father's hands it has become a very efficient instrument. He never knew you, you know. You were a boy then, just a boy to him. But now, you are a prince indeed."

She added, a little wildly: "Don't you desire him to see that—that you have an army now, one of the best in Europe, and—and—a mistress whom he wished for a wife? Did he not hurt your pride a little in the old days? He hurt mine, sir."

"Ah, he hurt your pride," said Johann Georg, as if a new idea had entered his head, "and how was that?"

She answered, obliquely: "Did he not hurt yours a little, sir—a very successful, flaunting, arrogant man? Then let him come to Dresden and set such pomp and parade before him that he shall return to Vienna and say that Saxony is not to be despised."

"But you—you admire him?" objected the Elector, still doubtful, but hardly able to withstand her arts.

"If I had admired him I might have had him. You know where my choice fell."

She turned on him those clear, light-golden eyes, which never failed to exercise for him such a peculiar fascination, and added:

"If you wish, convey to the Emperor that another envoy would be more acceptable, but if you do I shall be disappointed, for I shall feel that you are not sure of yourself, sir, and that you do not wholly trust me."

"That is not true," muttered the young Elector uneasily.

"Why, then, show it," she smiled lightly, and yet with ardor. "Why should you be uneasy about a man like De Haverbeck? Need I remind you of what I have given you, Your Highness, and how I am placed? What more pledge do you want? Oh, my love, shall I never lift us above petty follies?"

Johann Georg was half-ashamed and wholly convinced. Her word, her look, her glance encouraged him to feel noble and great and strong, as if the two of them were set high above the world.

He sat beside her on the downy blue pillows of the couch, and taking her hand, asked her with trembling eagerness if, when he went to the war, to open the campaign in the spring, she would come with him.

She promised that she would, smiling gravely, and fondling his fair, flushed face with the tips of her fine fingers.

"I am a good soldier, too, my love. I shall enjoy the campaign."

HER infinite arts induced him to believe that in fulfilling her wishes he fulfilled his own. She was, he thought, so clever. Of course it would be a princely action to dazzle De Haverbeck; to show him that he was a man and a ruler.

Johann Georg gazed at the precious objects displayed before him. He thought there was something sinister in all these queer forms, old devils, gods, and sirens, peering and mouthing in hard, costly, glittering gold, silver, crystal heliotrope or marble.

"This is like the treasure hidden in the mountains where we rode near Lillenstein, Madelon."

He smiled uneasily and thought of the origin of much of this wealth, the magician's kitchen of Johann Georg I,

where, by his infernal arts, he was enabled to manufacture gold.

Madelon laughed and showed him some smaller treasures on the cushion beside her; a Nuremberg watch (an egg-like crystal) showing all the delicate works; four little busts of Cæsars in a venturine of yellow mica; another watch in the form of a cross that had belonged to an abbess; a reliquary with the monogram C. V. that had belonged to Charles Quint and showed in finest silver chiseling scenes from the Life and Passion of Jesus Christ.

Johann Georg flushed when he beheld this. It was not a plaything. She should not have handled it so lightly. He put it carefully aside.

"It is popish mummery," smiled Madelon.

SHE trifled with his Christmas gift to her: a golden egg which, opened, showed a coronet of pearls, diamonds and rubies mounted on a cornelian seal which showed a ship in tempest with the motto "*Constant malgré l'orage*." The crown could be detached to form a ring; the seal was hollow and filled with perfumes; inside, the egg was enameled with a flaming heart and the device "*Constant et fidèle*."

Johann Georg eyed her, still uneasily. Why must she mingle sacred emblems with heathenish profanities?

He began to talk of the tricks of the witches daily discovered in Saxony. He was going, now, he said, to hear the report of the commission which had lately come back from Chemnitz; they had arrested six people.

"I'll not hear of it," said Madelon, hotly. "It is cruel and stupid. It comes between me and my peace."

Johann Georg did not answer; he picked up a little figure in ivory crowned with Saxon amethyst—oh, a lovely face. "Who is this?"

"Leda. You see the swan at the side." He glanced at her oddly and dropped the jewel.

"Leda. That is what they call the picture—so like you, Madelon."

"Oh, yes. Is this like me?"

"No. She was a witch. She loved a demon. The swan was a devil." He rose. "It is horribly tedious here. We'll go by sledge to Moritzburg tomorrow."

He kissed her and left her suddenly. Madelon looked after him without regret. Ah, but she found it tedious, all amusing, coaxing, praising, soothing—and he so stupid, so dull and ignorant, poor youth. . . . She, too, would be glad to get to Moritzburg in the open air, anywhere.

Madelon picked up an ancient gold mirror with a handle in the form of a harlequin that sparkled with rubies, and looked at herself in the heavy, mellow light of the winter afternoon and studied the clear complexion that yet required no paint, no powder, that had no lines to efface; there were no shadows to defy, no pallor to amend in the visage of twenty-one. At present her beauty cost her no trouble, and would not for many years to come.

She put down the mirror indifferently and told her woman that Herr Knock was to be admitted the moment he came to her chamber. She added that the vases and statues and jewels were not to be moved.

Close and gentle the snow beat at the window and the sound of the distant storm was muffled in the closely scented sumptuous chamber as the Elector's mistress waited for the pastor.

Herr Knock was the President of the Consistory and therefore the head of

the Lutheran church in Saxony. He came into the presence of Madame de Rocklitz with apprehension and dismay, yet with no faltering of fortitude. He knew himself a ruined man, and had his resignation in his pocket. . . . He might, on this score, have excused himself from the audience to which she had peremptorily summoned him; but there were things to say to this young woman that few save he could say, and he was not the man to shirk a duty.

Madame de Rocklitz looked at him boldly. He was an elderly man of a robust habit—upright, honest and not censorious; generous in his dealings and incorruptible. Few such had been left in office during the reign of the House of Neitschütz.

She bid the clergyman sit down, and then she said, in her voice which had been carefully schooled to an expressionless tone:

"Both of the court divines have refused me absolution, sir; but I ask you, by the Elector's commands, to take off this ban."

"Madame de Rocklitz," he replied, quietly, "it is my purpose to resign from an office that has become odious to me. I have no doubt that you can find a successor who will be more compliant."

"But you have not resigned," objected the lady. "You are yet President of the Consistory. You have power to do as I request. Take off this ban on me."

"That I will not." He was firm. "When you repent, when you leave the Elector, you may have the absolution of the Church. No honest pastor could give it you before. If thou shalt confess within the month—thou shalt be saved."

"I AM not in the wrong," said Madame de Rocklitz. "I will not admit myself in the wrong. I was contracted to him before he was contracted to the Margravine of Anspach."

"Madame, I know that pretension."

"It is more than a pretension," said Madame de Rocklitz. "I hoped you had heard of it. I wish it made public."

"Madame," replied Dr. Knock, "everyone has heard of it. They know, they say, that you aim at a divorce, and setting aside this poor unhappy wronged lady, the Electress, and putting yourself in her place; and it may be done—with all the arts and influence you have. I do not say that it cannot be done in the eyes of man; but in the eyes of Heaven, never! They say, too, that you will endeavor to bring us all around to the idea of polygamy, that a prince may have two wives, that you are the righteous wife of the left hand. The Council of State has been approached with the idea of a morganatic union. In brief, madame, there are very strange consequences to be apprehended from your contention that there is nothing sinful in your connection with the Elector."

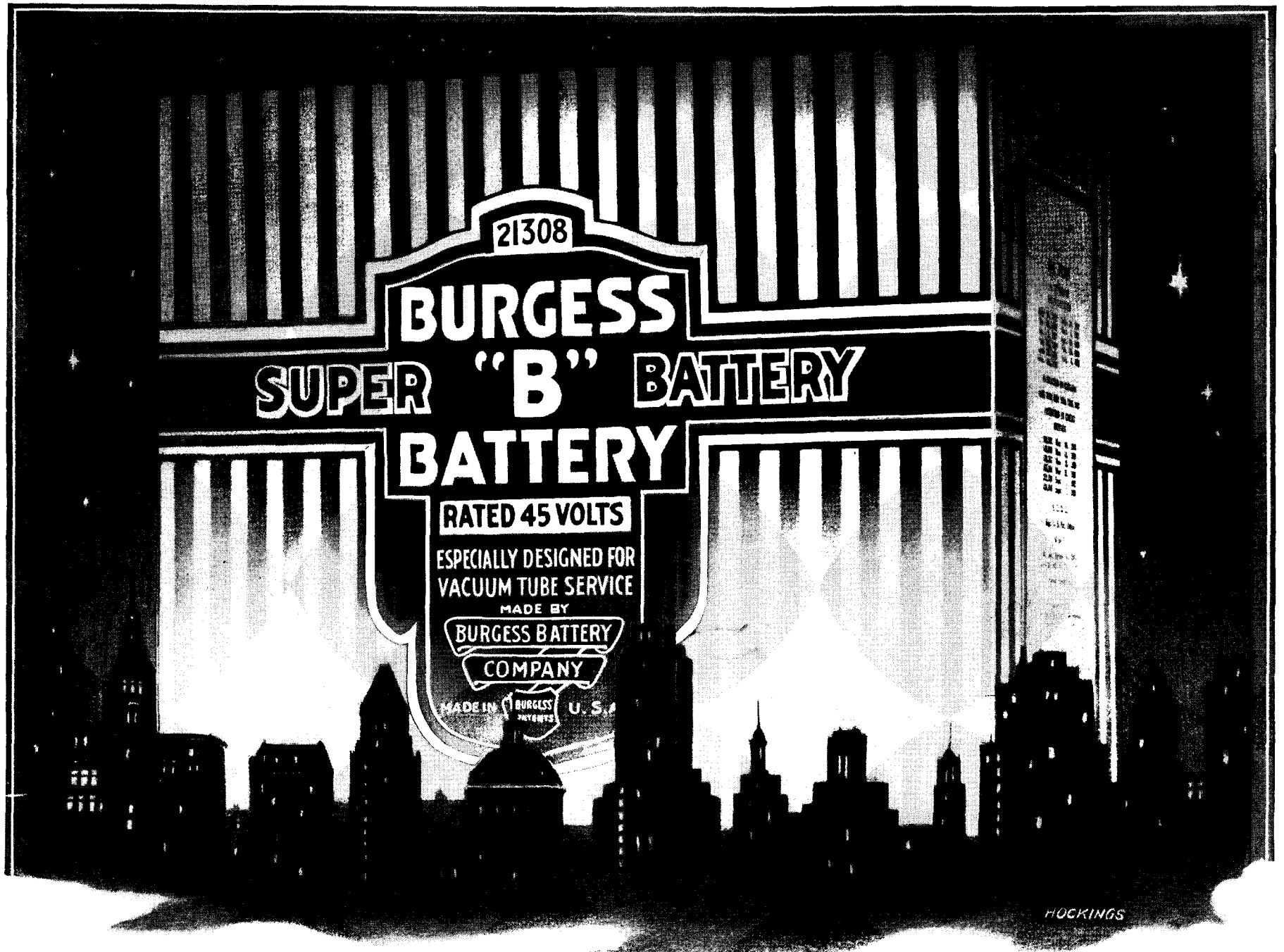
"There is nothing sinful," insisted Madame de Rocklitz.

She took from her bosom a paper which she handed to the pastor and bade him read it.

He cast his eye over this, which he believed, indeed almost knew, to be a forgery. It was dated a year ago, and signed by Johann Georg IV. In this paper the Elector declared that though no formal marriage had taken place between himself and Madame de Rocklitz, but only a mutual promise before witnesses, he still acknowledged and held this to be a valid and true marriage inasmuch as the usual ceremony was

(Continued on page 54)

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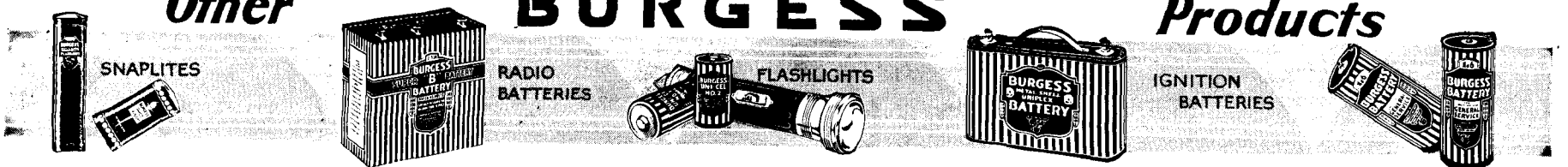
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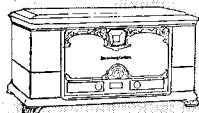
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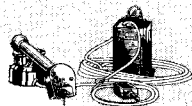
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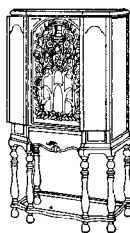
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The Prince's Darling

Continued from page 52

only an addition of the church, and what they had gone through was equivalent to it. He further declared that "although the children which might result from this marriage are lawfully born, yet they shall remain, to avoid difficulties, excluded from all rights, claims and pretensions to the Electorate or the land, but shall content themselves with the title of count," and such provision as he should make for them which should be honorable and worthy of the lady.

This professed declaration finished by the Elector declaring his intention of taking to himself a wife of equal rank to his own, "who is to bear the title of Electress and the children to succeed to the Electorate."

THE pastor handed back to the lady this fantastic document.

"This will not do, madame," he declared sternly, "upon my honor this will not do."

She looked at him steadily and he saw a little color creep into her clear skin.

"Your lover is the husband of the Electress," he added, "and none of your subtle sophistries will alter that. The wretched lady who is so neglected by her husband—"

"When he goes to her," smiled Madame de Rocklitz, defiantly, "it is because I send him. Every kindness she has, I give her."

The pastor, shaking his head somberly, said again: "This will not do, madame, this will not do. You live in sin and in adultery, and every man and woman in Saxony knows it. Your name is a shame and a by-word. You must have heard the shouts and seen the looks when you have driven abroad, while the Electress is loved and commiserated with. Your influence has been all for evil, for corruption and wantonness, and reckless extravagance. You are making a scandal and shame in high places which should be a black example to the country."

"Tell one of the court divines to give me absolution," said Madame de Rocklitz, "and if he will not, find me a third."

"I will do neither, madame, until you have left this other woman's husband and expressed contrition for your sins, for the great scandal of your sins, for the open wantonness and profligacy of your life."

"You have refused me," said Madame de Rocklitz, commanding herself, "and you must take the consequences. There will be a President of the Consistory who will see that I obtain absolution."

"And so you will mock God as you have mocked man," he replied, scornfully. "How do you think this will serve your conscience or your reputation? You must needs defile an altar to enable you to approach it, corrupt a pastor to force him to absolve you—where in this is your profit? And how do you save even your pride, for people laugh and mock at you, even when they mop and how to you?"

Madame de Rocklitz interrupted:

"You may believe that I have faith in myself, for all that. I counted all my hazards before I decided to play this game. I have made a man and a soldier of your prince, and I count him my husband."

"Then you amuse yourself with a lie," replied the pastor, sternly. "But I can tell you this, having some compassion for your extreme youth, and the evil of your bringing up, the foul com-

pany you kept with vicious brothers, and no mother. Ah, do not wince and turn from me, Madame de Rocklitz—all these things are known. You may be glad yet of a plain man's compassion."

"What is it you would tell me?" she demanded, haughtily, rising.

"I would tell you this: beware you do not push your influence over the Elector too far, nor flaunt it too boldly. You may be accused of bewitching him. . . . 'The Lord shall root out all deceitful lips and the tongue that speaketh proud things.'"

Now she was moved, now she paled, at that one word, as at none of the other words that he had spoken.

"Bewitching him?" she repeated.

"People do begin to murmur it," replied the pastor. "Now that they have seen you refused the offices of the Church, they do think of you as something evil, and, as for His Highness himself, he is yet tender in his conscience and honest in his heart. If this should come to his ears and he should once begin to suspect and fear you—"

"It will not be," interrupted Madame de Rocklitz, sternly. "It shall never be. And as for being refused the offices of the Church, I have said that is an insult I will not stand. Now you may go, sir, and send in your resignation."

He left her with no further word, or glance, or salutation; a ruined, an upright man.

"Help me, Lord, for there is not one godly man left."

MADAME DE ROCKLITZ stood alone among the treasures of the Elector of Saxony, not heeding them, nor the soft snow falling outside, tapping closely at the windowpane, nor the gray skies above Dresden, nor the muffled beat of the storm, thinking but of some half-forgotten incident of long ago. . . . long ago, or last year? When she had heard of a woman having been taken to the Königsberg for enchanting a man who was not her husband, who had perished on the rack in the bloody darkness of the dungeon gloom—they said her limbs were wrenched apart in the torture, and fell out of their sockets. . . . Madame de Rocklitz clasped her hand on her lovely bosom and peered round the splendid room. Refused absolution . . . driven out of the Church . . .

She had seen people shrink from her carriage as it passed through the streets. She had heard the names they had called after her and seen the mud thrown on the bearings of the House of Neitschütz as they laid on her carriage panels.

For the first time since she had come to Dresden she was afraid. "I must stop this persecution of the witches. I must turn his mind from that. Sturm must go, he fosters this. . . Oh, not that . . . he hated the Leda just now, he did not care to see me with the reliquary . . . Spanheim warned me."

She looked at the paper she had wrung out of Johann Georg and which Herr Knock had scorned . . . useless all these pretenses and glosses on her shame.

She felt lonely and eyed by a wide, watchful circle of enemies; she pushed aside her plunder of treasure with disgust. She would put all this out of her mind and think only of De Haverbeck; furtively she pulled from her bosom the little case that contained the scrap from the Gazette.

(To be continued next week)

TRY THIS BLADE

Built for Your Razor by **WADE & BUTCHER**
(Founded 1725)



3 times as thick
as a wafer blade.
Not an imitation—
a Patented Blade

A SAFETY RAZOR is only as good as its blade. Here at last is a safety razor blade made from a piece of steel three times as thick as the ordinary wafer blade—hollow ground—and oil tempered to the same degree of hardness as our famous Sheffield barber's razor. Made of Wade & Butcher's special CARBO-CHROME steel—carbon for toughness, chrome to resist rust. Curved to fit your safety, it can't crack.

Wade & Butcher Curved Blades' give you all the advantages of a straight razor edge in your safety.

Sharper Blades that Stay Sharp . . .

Rigid, individual inspection insures uniformly good blades in every package. With 200 years of experience back of them, surely such blades are worth a 10c trial.

Pkge. of Five 50c—Twelve \$1.00....at your Dealers

Wade & Butcher's 200 years of experience also assure the finest straight razors and Sheffield cutlery available today.

WADE & BUTCHER
SPECIAL
Curved Blades

WADE & BUTCHER CORPORATION, Jersey City, N. J.
Founded in 1725

Factories: Jersey City, Paris, Sheffield, Toronto



Trial Blade 10¢

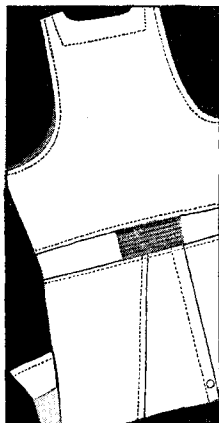
WADE & BUTCHER CORPORATION, Jersey City, N. J.
Canadian Address: 50 Pearl St., Toronto, Can.
Enclosed 10c for one Wade & Butcher Blade for my razor.

Name.....
Address.....

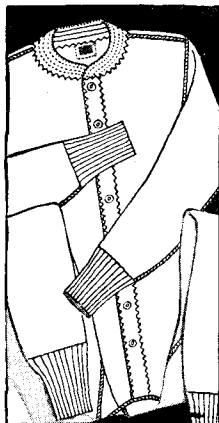
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DOLLAR FOR DOLLAR

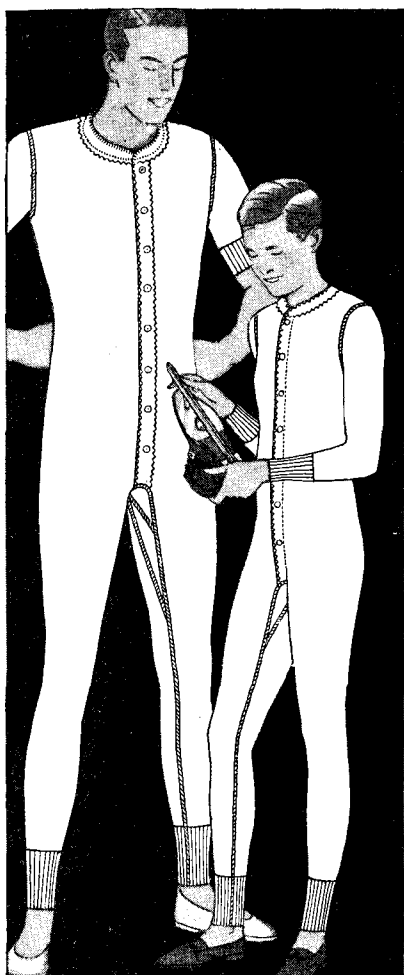
HANES OFFERS YOU
THE BIGGEST UNDERWEAR VALUES—
AND AN UNUSUAL STYLE RANGE



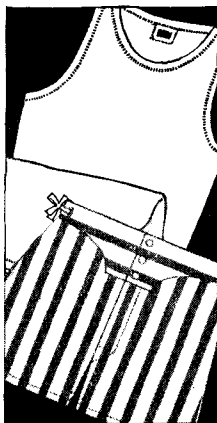
Hanes Samsonbak Athletic Union Suit of madras and broadcloth with patented belt. Only \$1.



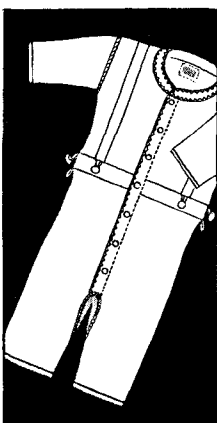
Red Label Elastic-knit Heavyweights, \$1.25 to \$1.50. Shirts and drawers, 75c to \$1.



Men's Gold Label Elastic-knit Lightweight. Short sleeves, three-quarter or ankle length. Remarkable value at \$1.50. Red Label Lightweight, \$1.00.



Hanes Shirts and Shorts in smart, new styles and colors. 50c, 75c, \$1. Wide choice, real comfort.



Merrichild Waist Suits for boys and girls, age 2 to 12, 85c. Boys', age 2 to 16, "heavies," 75c to \$1.

You can pay more than HANES costs, but you can't get more. There's no doubt about it, HANES offers the best underwear values. You can prove it yourself.

Take that union suit in the center illustration. It's the Gold Label Elastic-knit Lightweight. Luxurious—doesn't do it justice. Because in addition to soft materials and fine finish—it fits you as you were never fitted before. It is made to *trunk* as well as *chest* measurements. Like the heavyweight suits and every other HANES knitted garment, it is *knitted*, not cut, to size. Never bunches, binds or wrinkles.

Yet look at the price. Match that

value if you can. The same goes for every other type of HANES Underwear. The winter underwear! The summery athletic union suits—if they're your favorite, be sure to see the patented HANES SAMSONBAK. The smart shirts and shorts. The boys' and children's garments!

Wear HANES—you can't get more comfort and satisfaction or put your underwear dollars to better use. Your garment, whatever your preference may be—your size—and your price are waiting for you at the nearest HANES dealer. If your regular store can't show you the complete line, write to P. H. Hanes Knitting Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

HANES UNDERWEAR
FOR MEN AND BOYS



FOR EVERY SEASON

She'll Never Know

Continued from page 9

say they don't know you," she said. "I crashed the gate," he said. "I—I've been wanting to tell you for some time, but—I was afraid."

"Why?" she asked.

"Because I love you," he answered simply.

Oh, he hadn't meant to tell her. What could be more insane than to hope that Dinky Dolan could win a girl like Sallie Comerford? He was white as he looked at her.

"A lie," she was saying, "I can't forgive. This—going to a party to which you weren't asked—is harmless enough—but—what stands behind that?" She raised her hand to quell his interruption. "You've told me that you love me. I love you. But to love a man who wasn't truthful in the important things, who wasn't honest—that, if I ever found it out, would break my heart, would kill me. You're not—not really untruthful, are you?"

"You said yourself it was a harmless prank. I—did it for fun."

Her eyes held his. "I believe you," she said. "I trust you absolutely, because I love you. But, oh, never lie to me, never let me find that you aren't in every way honorable. Because I'd rather have you leave me now, never to see me again, than learn you weren't the man I thought you."

"My sweet," he said, "I'd die before I'd do anything that would destroy your faith in me."

She had an engagement after tea, and as he handed her into a taxi her eyes caressed him.

"You'll come tonight—see father—we'll tell them—" And then she was gone.

Slowly he walked to his apartment. He'd won her, and, by heaven, he'd keep her! He had a couple of hundred thousand dollars. He'd buy into some business—

Was he mad? Why, she didn't even know his right name. When she found out that he'd lied about his name . . . when she found out that his name was coupled with rumors of chicanery. . . . Why had he told her that he loved her? Why had he listened to her confession of love? How could he face her? He couldn't! He'd have to disappear from her life. Well, he would.

"YOU didn't hurry home from tea," a voice greeted him as he entered his living-room.

There was Lanehart, lolling in a big chair, smoking a rank cigar.

"How the hell did you get in here?" demanded Dinky.

"Rang the bell and showed your Jap my badge."

"Well, now that you've given my Jap a treat, suppose you beat it," suggested Dinky.

"Oh, we got matters to talk over," said Lanehart easily. "What were you doing with the Comerford girl at tea this afternoon? I almost dropped dead when I looked in Sherry's and saw you there with her. Flying high, ain't you? She's some chicken."

"Leave her out of this," said Dolan. "Too nice a girl for a John Law to mention, eh?"

"You said it," cried Dolan.

"Then maybe she's too nice for a crook to be taking tea with her," said Lanehart. "I'll have a little talk with her and tip her off—"

"You wouldn't do that, Lanehart," said Dolan.

His usual complete self-control was absent.

"Why wouldn't I?" asked the detec-

tive. "The daughter of one of the big swells, and you trailing around with her—"

"All right, I'll drop her," said Dink.

"You won't have to," jeered Lanehart. "When she finds out who you are—A girl like that is entitled to protection from a crook like you."

His gun flashed just in time. Hands clenched, Dolan stopped his spring.

"Why," laughed the detective, "I never knew you to get sore at any of our other little talks. Getting sensitive about my calling you a crook, eh?"

"I don't want you talking about Miss Comerford," said Dolan.

"Well, I'm not going to let you rob her."

"Good God!" cried the Dink. "Would I rob the woman I love? Lanehart, keep away from her. I'll keep away from her. I'd rather be dead than have that girl find out about me. I promise you—I'll leave town, leave the country. I'll never see her, never phone, never write—"

"She'll think that's damn' funny," said Lanehart.

"I'd rather have her think anything than know I'm a crook. Anyway, you can't prove it." Defiance flared in his voice.

"No, I admit that," said the detective. "But I'll tell her your reputation, how many times you've been arrested on suspicion. Oh, I'll make her believe me."

DOLAN stared at him. Other people had shrunk away from him because of a rumor, but—

"Lanehart, she loves me. It—it would just about kill her to find out what I am. If I never see her—can't you let her keep her faith—"

"She won't suffer so much as you think," the detective jeered.

"She will," cried Dolan. "She's the kind to be humiliated, heartbroken, to die, almost, if the man she loves proves unworthy."

"Well, I'll try her out to see how close she comes to dying," chuckled Lanehart.

"I'd pay fifty thousand to keep it from her," said Dolan.

"A second ago you were willing to pay your life," said the detective.

"I still am," said Dolan.

"How about giving five years—maybe ten—of that life?" asked Lanehart gently.

The Dink grew white.

"What do you mean?" he asked.

"If I don't get the Van Ingen pearls I'll be pounding the pavement again," said Lanehart. "You've got 'em—I know it. You're boasting how much you'd pay to keep the girl from finding out about you—well, come through with the Van Ingen pearls."

"Five years—maybe ten?" The Dink wet his lips with the top of his tongue. "You—you'll never let her know?"

"I'll never tell her," said Lanehart.

She'd never heard of Dink Dolan. If she read that he was convicted, sent to jail, she'd never connect the convict with the man who had made love to her.

To preserve her faith at the trifling cost of his own freedom. . . .

"I'll give you the Van Ingen pearls," said the Dink.

Step forth, Number 34298, once known as Dink Dolan, from the gray ranks of your fellow-convicts, and let your shoulder be struck by a shining blade. Friends, have I shown you a chevalier?

THE MAGNETIC POWER OF A SUCCESSFUL RECORD

In the brief time since the new executive group acquired control of Durant Motors, Inc., many prominent automobile dealers have made heavy capital investments in the Durant franchise.

These new Durant dealers are outstanding business leaders in their communities—and the communities represent practically every state in the Union, ranging from the great metropolitan centers to prosperous towns.

This trade trend towards Durant has great public significance, for it is one of the most emphatic endorsements Durant products could receive.

Men of this stamp do not transform their business and reinvest their capital without a powerful incentive.

In this instance, the incentive is not far to seek. It is found in a keen desire to

enjoy the competitive advantages of a 4-Forward-Speed Six priced under a thousand dollars—and to become associated with the men who now control Durant.

To the combined credit of these executives stands one of the greatest successes in automotive history. Through the aggressive application of time-honored ideals of integrity and fair dealing, they created one of the most valuable automobile properties in the world.

Now they are applying the same talents and the same ideals to the development of another great property—Durant Motors, Inc.

They are perpetuating a lifetime purpose to build good motor cars, to advertise them in honest language, and to sell them at prices that mean profit to the dealer and *value* to the purchaser.

DURANT MOTORS, INC., DETROIT, U. S. A.
 FACTORIES—LANSING, MICH., OAKLAND, CAL., LEASIDE, ONT.

THE SIX-SIXTY	109 in. wheelbase—\$685 to \$875
THE SIX-SIXTY THREE	112 in. wheelbase—\$845 to \$1025
THE SIX-SIXTY-SIX (4-Forward Speeds)	112 in. wheelbase—\$945 to \$1125
THE SIX-SEVENTY (4-Forward Speeds)	119 in. wheelbase—\$1195 to \$1425

All prices at factory—Lansing, Michigan

D U R A N T
 A G O O D C A R



"When your loud speaker complains that the tubes in your radio set need replacement — visit the dealer whose window displays the flashing S, on a green oak leaf."

MILTON J. CROSS
Announcer

AND the day Sylvania Tubes move in—tube troubles move out of your set.

Your receiver functions as its maker intended—and you begin to enjoy the *natural* reproduction of broadcast programs.

Sylvania Tubes don't last forever. But it often seems that way to those who enjoy their goodness.

Listen to the Sylvania Foresters Orchestra and Quartette every Wednesday Evening—Over wjz and KDKA and KWK and KYW and WBZ and WBZA and WBR and WHAM and WJR and WLW and WREN and WRVA.

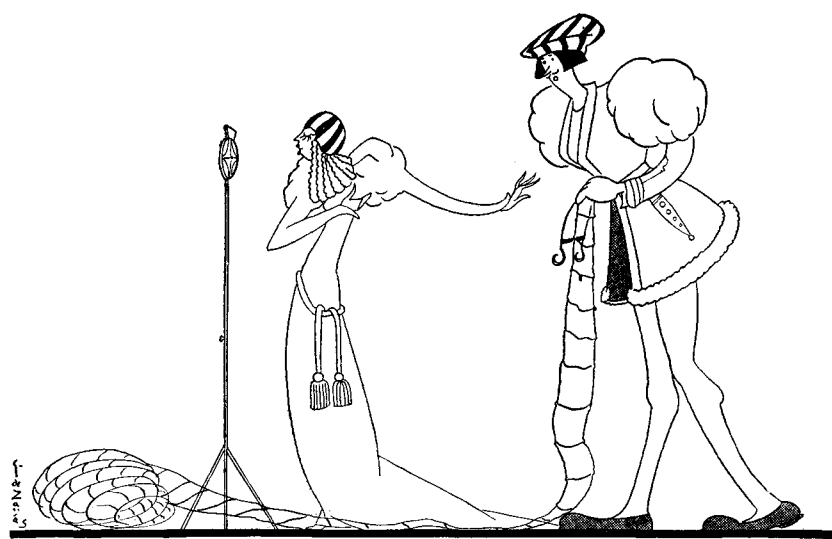
SYLVANIA PRODUCTS COMPANY
EMPORIUM, PENNSYLVANIA

Sylvania
RADIO TUBES

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



LICENSED UNDER RCA PATENTS



Picked out of the Air

By Jack Binns

THERE are few inanimate objects that have engendered fear in human hearts so spontaneously as the little round disk in a radio station that is known as a microphone. Most radio performers experience qualms the first few seconds they appear before the microphone at the beginning of each new program. One of the most interesting things in a broadcast studio is to watch the reactions of artists as they approach the dreaded instrument.

Take the case of Carlton Boxill, the tenor who sings each week with the Gold Spot orchestra. Just before the program goes on the air, Carlton marches up to the microphone in a most determined way, then backs away and repeats the performance several times before the "on the air" signal lights up. "It gives me confidence," he says.

Florence Malone always insists upon wearing something that will enable her to fit herself into the rôle she is about to speak, even though she knows full well her hearers cannot see her. Long tresses may be unfashionable, but in a recent presentation of Romeo and Juliet she donned a wig with curls that reached to her waist before she would appear in front of the microphone. "Somehow," she explained, "one cannot feel very Julietish without curls."

One of the most amusing things is to watch radio players at the end of a scene. It is then that the habits of a lifetime come to the surface. Although no audience sits before them, most of them step back a few paces and bow just as they would were they actually on a real stage.

Roy d'Arcy, a movie villain who recently appeared before the microphone, refused to part with his walking stick and stood before the "mike" leaning heavily upon it, as he would have done had he been talking to a friend on a street corner. The "feel" of that cane helped him overcome some of the trepidation caused by the unsympathetic "mike."

Orchestra conductors have their foibles too. Louis Katzman jumps around all over the place while conducting, not only beating every drum and tooting every horn in his orchestra, but singing every song as well. When a singer appears before the microphone with his orchestra, Louis' lips move silently, forming every word with the singer.

Hugo Mariani has a

pendant for multicolored shirts when broadcasting. This trait seems to have spread to Harold Sanford, the expert on Victor Herbert works. Harold recently appeared in the most dazzling creation ever seen in any studio. Among the colors vividly displayed in kaleidoscopic effect were green, yellow and purple. To top it off he wore a tie of white and yellow embossed with blue forget-me-nots.

If others follow his example it won't be long before some of the fear that exists in broadcast studios is transferred from the performers to the long-suffering "mike."

Joy Rules the Day

Along comes Rita Burgess Gould, one of the NBC artistes, with the observation that "radio has lifted itself to the heights because it tries to make people laugh rather than cry."

Thanks, Rita. Those of us who serve time at the loud-speaker end of radio have often wondered what the real intention behind the programs is. Now that you have told us, we may be able to restrain the sobs that often fill our throats.

What is Yours?

Some dreams are beautiful; mine are nightmares. Invariably I dream that studio managers with guns are forcing me before the "mike" to try to do the things I criticize in others. Here's a Chicago reader's dream:

"Dear Jack:

"Last night all the local stations were broadcasting jazz, so I shut off the radio, fell asleep and dreamed a beautiful dream. I thought I was the Radio Commission and WDFL had applied for a license, representing that never would they put on the air any jazz bands, saxophone players, whinnying sopranos, 'mammy' singers, or 'blues' shouters. I had just signed a permit granting this station leave to use five million watts twenty-four hours a day on any wave band it chose, when somebody turned on the radio and I awoke to hear a jazz band playing—I don't remember what. It doesn't matter anyway, because there is only one jazz tune in the world and all of them are it. Yours, "J. KENTNER ELLIOTT. "P. S. But wouldn't it be great if my dream came true?"

