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THE Sales Manager who uses "Y and E" sales records has his entire organization in the "hollow of his hand." He knows the number of calls, the territory covered, the lost motion or the productivity of every man. A glance tells the whole story! He keeps control of every man in the field.

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**OFFICE
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STEEL AND WOOD FILES / STEEL SHELVING /
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rest didn't live long, but their fame did. Yet they wasn't any worse than the cattlemen and sheepmen who fought that war. I've never had a real honest job since."

Stone kicked a stick into the fire and watched it crackle and flame.

"An' thet fetches me down to this day an' the Hash Knife Outfit here," he went on. "There's a heap of difference between fact and rumor. Old Jim Traft knows we're rustlin' his stock, but he can't prove it—yet. Bambridge knows we're stealin' cattle, but he can't prove it because he's crooked himself. An' same with lesser cattlemen hereabouts. If I do say it myself I've run this outfit pretty slick. We've got a few thousand head of cattle wearin' our brand, most of which we jest roped out on the range an' branded. We knowed the mothers of these calves had Traft's brand or some other than ours."

"But no posse or court can ever prove thet unless they ketch us in the act. We're shore too old hands now to be ketched, at least at the brandin' game. But . . . an' men, here's the hell of it: we can't go on in the old comfortable way, if Traft sends thet Diamond Outfit down here. Yellowjacket belongs to him. An' don't you overlook this Diamond bunch if Slinger Dunn is on it. Slinger is even more of an Indian than a backwoodsman. I know him well. We used to hunt together. He's run a lot in the woods with Apaches, an' no outfit would be safe while he prowled around with a rifle."

"I'm tellin' you—if Slinger would ambush us—shoot us from cover like an Indian, he'd kill every damn' one of us. But I'll gamble Slinger wouldn't never do thet kind of fightin'. An' we want to bear thet in mind if it comes to a clash between the Diamond an' the Hash Knife."

"If," exploded Anderson, as the leader paused. "There ain't no ifs. Any kind of reasonin' would show you thet Traft has long had in mind workin' up this Yellowjacket. It'll run ten thousand head, easy, an' will be a fine ranch."

"WAL, then, we got to figger close. Let me make a few more points an' then I'll put it to a vote. Bambridge has been playin' a high hand lately. How many thousand unbranded calves an' yearlin's we've drove over to him I can't guess. But shore a lot. Anyway he's figgerin' to leave Arizony. Thet's my hunch. An' he'll likely try to drive some big deals before he goes. If he does you can bet he'll leave the Hash Knife to bear the brunt."

"Traft has come out in the open. He's on to Bambridge. There's no slicker cowman on the range than Traft's man, Ring Locke. They'll put the Diamond down here, not only to watch us but Bambridge too. . . . Wal, I reckon it'd be wise fer us to make one more drive, sell to Bambridge, an' clear out pronto."

"My Gawd!" croaked Malloy, in utter amaze.

"Boss, do I understand you to hint you'd leave the range your Hash Knife has run fer twenty years?" demanded Stoneface Carr.

And the Texan rustler Pecos asked a like question, drawing and sarcastic. "Men, I read the signs of the times," replied the leader, briefly, and not without heat. "I'll put it up to you one by one. . . . Anderson, shall we pull up stakes for a new range?"

"I reckon so. It ain't the way of a Hash Knife Outfit. But I advise it fer thet very reason."

The Yellowjacket Feud

Continued from page 9

Sonora, the sheep herder, leaned significantly and briefly to Stone's side, but the gambler was stone cold to the plan. Malloy only croaked a profane and scornful refusal. The others came out flat with derisive or affronted objections.

"Wal," said Stone, "it's settled. The Hash Knife stays until we are run out or wiped out."

That ultimatum seemed to be final. One by one the men unrolled their beds and turned in.

Jed Stone remained in the darkening shadow by the chimney, and thought of the past. He saw pictures in the glowing embers. . . . Twenty years ago he had been a cowboy riding the ranges, free, honest, liked, with all the future before him. . . .

He went back to unroll his bed near the fire, and he for one pulled off his boots. Throwing more chips and bits of bark on the coals he stretched his long length, feet to the warmth, and his head high, and watched the blaze rise and fall, the red glow pale, the ruddy embers darken and the shadows dim and die.

THAT same stormy night in early November, when the members of the Hash Knife gang had their fateful colloquy in the old log cabin on the Yellowjacket range, Jim Traft sat with his nephew in the spacious living-room of the big ranch house on the edge of Flag-erstown.

It was a bright warm room, doubly cozy owing to the whine of wind outside and the patter of sleet on the windowpanes. Old Traft had a fondness for lamps with rosy globes; and the roaring fire in the great stone fireplace attested to his years on the open range. A sleek wolfhound lay on the rug. Traft occupied an armchair that looked as ancient as the hills, and he sat back with a contented smile on his fine weather-beaten face, occasionally puffing his pipe.

"Dog-gone it, Jim, this is somethin' like home," he said. "You look so good to me these days. An' you've come through a Westerner. . . . An' the old house isn't lonesome any more."

He nodded his gray head toward the far end of the room where Molly Dunn curled in a big chair, her pretty gold-brown head bent over a book. Opposite Molly on the other side of the table sat

Mrs. Dunn, with an eager, expectant look of enchantment, as one who wanted to keep on dreaming.

Young Jim laughed. It looked more than something like home to him, and seldom was there a moment his eyes did not return to that brown head of Molly Dunn.

"Yes, Uncle," he drawled, in the lazy voice he affected on occasions. "You wouldn't think we're only a few weeks past that bloody fight. . . . Gosh, when I think! . . . Uncle, I've told you a hundred times how Molly saved my life. It seems like a dream. . . . Well, I'm back home—for this is home, Uncle. No work for weeks! No bossing that terrible bunch of cowboys! You so pleased with me—though for the life of me I can't see why. Molly here for the winter to go to school—and—and then to be my wife next spring. . . . And Slinger Dunn getting well of those awful bullet wounds so fast. . . . It's just too good to be true."

"Ahuh. I savvy how you feel, son," replied the old rancher. "It does seem that out here in the West the hard knocks and trials make the softer side of life—home an' folks—an' the girl of your heart—so much dearer an' sweeter. It ought to make you keen as a whip to beat the West—to stack cunnin' an' nerve against the wild life of the range, an' come through alive. I did. An' Jim, if I'd been a drinkin', roarin' cow-puncher I'd never have lasted, an' you wouldn't be here tonight, stealin' looks at your little Western girl."

"OH, UNCLE, that's the—the hell of it," exclaimed Jim. "I'm crucified when I realize it. Those weeks building the drift fence were great. Such fun—such misery! Then that fight in the cabin! Oh, Lord! I could have torn Hack Jocelyn to pieces with my hands. Then when Molly was fighting him for possession of his gun—hanging to him like grim death—with her teeth, mind you—when he lifted and swung her and beat her—I was an abject groveling wretch, paralyzed with horror. . . . Then when Slinger leaped past me round the cabin, as I sat there tied and helpless, and he yelled like an Indian at Jocelyn. . . . I thrill and shiver now, and my heart stops. . . . Only since I've been home do I realize what you mean about the

(Continued on page 50)

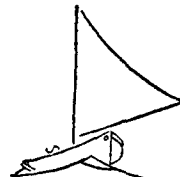
Nameographs

Self-expression is the order of the day. It's only fair that words should have a chance at it, too. Give some worthy word a helping hand! Let it show what it means.

We pay \$5 each for acceptable Nameographs. Send yours to Nameograph Editor, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.



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"Sailboat," by C. L. Shipperd, 412 South Alexandria St., Los Angeles, Cal.



"Female," by Earl P. Miller, 837 Fourth St., Lancaster, Penn.



"Goose," by Alden Hall, 520 Forrester St., San Francisco, Cal.

"Sandal," by E. Leith, 2242 35th Ave., Vancouver, B. C., Canada



Farm Trade Tips

Volume I

A Farm & Fireside Service to Small-City Dealers

Number 6

THESE 11 IDEAS INCREASED SALES FOR OTHERS

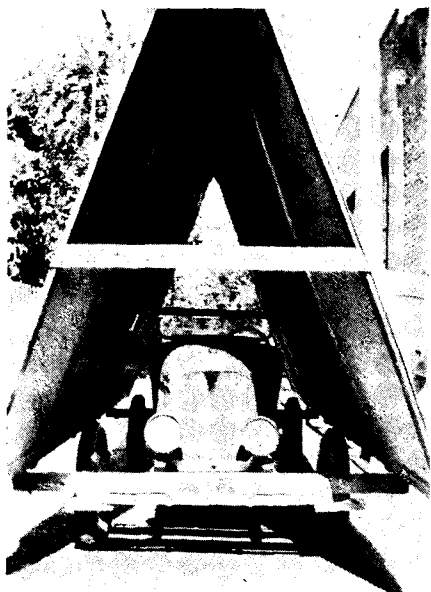
Soap Ship

A window contest idea that was successful in increasing sales of household supplies and other merchandise is the tip from the general store of Mrs. Geo. A. McNeil, Piggott, Ark. The first of April, the clean-up month, she built a miniature battleship out of bars of a nationally-advertised laundry soap. The guns were made of round cans of a widely advertised brand of cleanser. And a background of soap bars extended to the ceiling of the window. With every order of groceries the customer was allowed one guess as to the total number of soap bars used in the display. Lively interest in the contest increased business in all lines during the month. At the end of April the customer who had guessed nearest to the number of bars of soap on display (800) was awarded a box of 100 bars.

SELL THE TRADEMARKED BRANDS

Free Taxi

A Florida automobile dealer, agent for a low-priced popular car, wanted to introduce a new model in a new way. He ran an advertisement saying that one of the new cars would go into taxi service the following day free to the public. The "taxi" was chauffeured by one of the dealer's salesmen. Every ride was a demonstration. Seven new cars were sold in two weeks, says C. C. Belk of Washington, N. C.



Travelling Ad

Gordon Holford, manager of the Crescent Theatre of Garland, Texas, uses the travelling billboard shown above to advertise his motion picture offerings to farm people. He says farmers are too busy during crop seasons to come to town during daylight hours, and that therefore they miss seeing billboard advertisements. His travelling billboard has two advantages—striking appearance and low cost. An old car stripped down for the purpose cost him only \$40 and it more than paid for itself the first week. He thinks other merchants can use the idea with equal success. His display carries standard 24-sheet posters, 9 feet by 20 feet.



Courtesy of Hardware Age.

Presto — Change! Modernized Grocery Nets 25 Per Cent Sales Increase

THE above photographs show Grimm's Grocery, Louisville, Ky.—as it used to be—and as it is today. The store was modernized according to recommendations from the Domestic Commerce Division of the Department of Commerce, and for the first three months of operation shows a 25 per cent increase in net sales. Principal changes are—new cement sidewalk—removal of steps—tile trimmed window bases—floor level brought to sidewalk level—new pressed steel ceiling—new 7-ft. shelving around three sides of the room—redecorated walls reflecting more light—modern lighting system—and the use of plants and flowers to add to the atmosphere of charm and tastiness. The pictures tell the story—to the left the *old*—to the right the *new*!

More Attention

Walter Engard, London, O., suggests this idea to get better attention value for the store's local newspaper advertisements. Select two automobile license numbers—get them from the local registration bureau—and feature them in a display box in each advertisement. Offer a dollar in trade each to the owners of these license plates if they will call at the store during the week the ad appears. A lively interest in the store's advertising follows where this idea has been tried, he says.

STOCK NATIONALLY KNOWN LINES

Extra Sales

George Smedal says a Minnesota general merchant has a last-minute reminder on his wrapping counter that sells a good volume of extra sales each month. The glass top on the counter is removable. And each week a large piece of cardboard headed, "What have you forgotten?" is slipped under it. A dozen or more last minute suggestions are listed to catch the customer's eye while she is waiting for her purchases to be wrapped.

Garden Window

In a general store in Cimarron, N. M., early last spring, Margaret Ward installed a home-made hot-bed in the front display window. By the time the selling season on seeds and garden tools arrived she had ripe growing vegetables on display against a background of tools and packaged seeds. After the vegetables came nasturtiums. The store had its biggest year in sales of seeds and garden supplies.

TIE UP WITH NATIONAL ADVERTISING

Machine Talk

The Standard Mercantile Co., of Circle, Mont., finds that vivid, between-season display sells more farm implements. Recently they had a satisfied owner bring in his harvester-thresher for a ten-day exhibit on the lot adjoining the store. A big sign across the front of the machine read: "JUST FINISHED CUTTING 2000 ACRES. SEVENTY DAYS IN THE FIELD. LOOK ME OVER—I AM READY FOR NEXT SEASON."

—Harvester World.

Guess-Coupons

A county newspaper in Baker, Ore., runs weekly "guess-coupons" to draw farm trade to local stores, says F. L. Hubbard. The coupon carries a slogan previously featured in a local store's newspaper ads. Readers are invited to guess the name of the store from its slogan. All coupons are delivered in person at the newspaper office. Correct guesses are awarded gift cards which when presented at the store win prizes. A drug store whose slogan was thus featured had over two hundred callers bearing gift cards, most of them country people. The gift was an assorted package of samples of face powder, cream, etc., and a large bottle of hand lotion.

PUSH NATIONALLY ADVERTISED GOODS

Sell the Boy!

Start your tractor sale with the boy on the farm, advises O. L. Steensland, successful automotive dealer of Lake Andes, S. D. "As a rule," he says, "the man who has farmed with horses for years does not take kindly to the tractor, due to lack of expert mechanical knowledge and a natural love for horses through long association. The boy on the other hand has a keen interest in all things mechanical and is mighty quick to see into the care and repair of a tractor. Sell the boy on the idea of a tractor and he will sell his father as no other sales influence can."

PROFIT FROM NATIONAL ADVERTISING

Used Cars

Fenton E. Wright of Lodi, Cal., sells used cars through barber shops. He tells about it in *Motor*. He displays his list of used cars in frames like picture frames, 24 inches high by 16½ inches wide and open at the back so that strips of cardboard listing the cars can be slipped in and out. He has about twenty-five of these display frames in barber shops in surrounding small towns, offers the barber shop proprietor \$5 for every prospect sent in providing a sale is made within 30 days, and has found the plan a money maker. One barber in a town ten miles away sent in four sales in six months.

\$10 For Your Tip

We pay \$10 apiece for acceptable farm trade tips. Send in your idea. This is not a contest. Send in as many tips as you wish. We may use them all. You do not have to be an experienced writer. It's the idea that counts. The only requirement is that the tip must have brought in more farm trade or sold more goods.

Send your idea to Farm & Fireside, Department C-6, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.

"Farm Trade Tips" appears regularly in Collier's and The American Magazine as part of Farm & Fireside's service to national advertisers and their small-city dealers.

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"Cravenette"
**MALLORY
HATS**

The Yellowjacket Feud

Continued from page 48

West. It's wonderful, it's glorious, but terrible, too."

"You've had your eyeteeth cut, son," said Traft, grimly. "Now you must face the thing—you must fight. I've fought for forty years. An' it will still be years more before the range is free of the outlaw, the rustler, the crooked cattleman, the thieving cowboy."

"Uncle," called Molly, plaintively, "shore the West's not as wicked as you make out."

"Ha! Ha!" roared the rancher, rubbing his hands. "That's funny from Molly Dunn. My dear, if you hadn't had all the Western qualities I'm tryin' to inspire in Jim, where would he be now?"

Even across the room Jim saw her sweet face blanch and her big, dark eyes dilate; and these evidences shot an exquisite pleasure and happiness through him.

"Uncle, I'll answer that," he said. "I'd be in the Garden of Eden eating peaches."

"Maybe you would, Jim Traft," retorted Molly. "A little more bossin' the Diamond Outfit an' your chances for the Garden of Eden are shore slim."

Mrs. Dunn spoke up, exclaiming how strange and delightful it was to hear the sleet on the pane.

"Wal, this is high country, Mrs. Dunn," replied Traft. "Down on the Cibique where you live it's five thousand feet lower. There's seldom any winter in the Tonto. But she's shore settin' in here at Flag."

"Will there be snow on the ground tomorrow?" asked Molly, wonderingly.

"I reckon, a little. Couple of feet."

"How lovely! I can go to school in the snow."

"I'm sorry, Molly," interposed Jim. "Tomorrow is Saturday. No school. It will be very tame for you, I'm afraid. Only wading out to the corrals with me. A snowball fight or two. Then a sleigh ride into town."

"Jim!" she exclaimed ecstatically. "I never had a sleigh ride in all my life."

Her rapture was reflected in the old cattleman's face. Jim imagined it must be pure joy for his uncle to see and hear Molly. What a lonely hard life the old fellow had lived! And now he wanted young folk around, and the children that had been denied him. Jim's heart swelled with longing to make up to his uncle for all that he had missed.

LATER when the ladies had retired, Ring Locke came in with his quiet step and his intent eye. Since Jim's return from the disastrous failure of the drift fence (so he considered it, in contrast to his uncle's opinion) and the fight at the cabin below Cottonwood, he had seemed to be in the good graces of this Westerner, Ring Locke, a fact he hugged with great satisfaction. Locke was a keen, strong and efficient superintendent of the old cattleman's vast interests.

"Some mail an' some news," he announced, handing a packet of letters to Traft.

"How's the weather, Ring?" asked the rancher.

"Clearin' I reckon, but we won't see any green round Flag till spring."

"Early winter, eh? Wal, we got here first. . . . Son, letter for you from home—two. An' in a lady's fancy hand. You better look out Molly doesn't see them. . . . Ring, help yourself to a cigar an' set down."

Jim stared at the first letter. "By gosh, Gloriana has written me at last.

It's coming Christmas, the little devil. . . . And the other from Mother. Fine."

"Glory must be growed into quite a girl by now," remarked his uncle.

"Quite? Uncle, she's altogether," declared Jim with force.

"Wal, I hardly remember her, 'cept as a pretty little kid with curls an' big eyes. Favored your mother. She shore wasn't a Traft."

LOCKE lit a cigar. "Some of the Hash Knife Outfit been in town," he announced, calmly.

Jim forgot to open his letters. Old Traft bit at his cigar. "Nerve of 'em! Who was it, Ring?"

"Madden and a greaser whose name I've forgot, if I ever knowed it. Reckon there was another of the gang in town, but I couldn't find out who. They bought a lot of supplies an' left Thursday. Curly Prentis swears he saw Madden comin' out of Bambridge's, after dark Wednesday, he says."

"Funny, his comin' out of Bambridge's," growled Traft, and the bright blue eyes narrowed.

"Awful funny," agreed Locke. "Anyway, it started me off. An' the upshot of my nosin' around was to find out that the Hash Knife crowd are at Yellowjacket an' all of a sudden uncommon interested in you an' young Jim, an' the Diamond, an' Slinger Dunn."

"Ahuh. Wal, they'll be a heap more so by spring," replied Traft. "Funny about Bambridge."

"He bought all the forty-five caliber shells Babbitt's had in stock. An' a heap of the same kind, along with some forty-fours for rifles, at Davis'. He bought hardware, too. Some new guns. An' enough grub to feed an outfit for a year."

"Mebbe the Hash Knife are in for another war."

"It shore doesn't look like peaceful ranchin'," drawled Locke.

"Damn these low-down outfits anyway," growled the rancher. "I fought them when I rode the range years ago, an' now I'm fightin' them still. Locke, we'll be runnin' eighty thousand head of stock in a year or two."

"Eighty thousand! Then you can afford to lose some," replied Locke.

"Humph. I couldn't lose a calf's ear to those thievin' outfits without gettin' sore. They've kept me poor."

"Uncle, we appear to have the necessities of life around the ranch. Nice warm fires, and some luxury," remarked Jim, humorously.

"Just you wait," retorted his uncle. "Just you wait! You'll be a darn sight worse than me, pronto."

"Locke, who is this Madden?" asked Jim, quietly, with change of tone.

"One of Jed Stone's gang. Hard-ridin', hard-drinkin' an' shootin' hombre. Come up from the border a few years ago. The murder of Wilson, a rancher out of Holbrook, was laid to Madden. But that was only suspicion. In this country you have to catch a man at anythin' to prove it. Personally, though, I'd take a shot at Madden an' ask questions afterward."

"Tough outfit, Uncle tells me," went on Jim reflectively.

"Boy, the Cibique was a summer zephyr to the Hash Knife Outfit. Stone used to be a square-shootin' cowboy. Rode for your uncle once. That was before my day here. He's outlawed now, with crimes on his head. An intelligent, dangerous man. He's got a Texas gun-fighter in his outfit. Pecos something or other, an' I reckon he's most as bad as any of the killers out of Texas. Croak Malloy, though, is Stone's worst an' meanest hand. Then, there's Lang an' Anderson, who've been with him for years."

"Is Slinger Dunn the equal of any of these men?" queried Jim.

"Equal? I reckon. Yes, he's afraid of them in some ways," replied Locke, thoughtfully. "But Slinger is young, an' he has no crimes on his haid. That makes a difference. None of this Hash Knife Outfit could be arrested. They hang together an' you bet they'll die with their boots on."

"Then we're in for another fight," mused Jim, and though he sustained a wonderful thrill—cold as a chill—he did not like the prospect.

"TRAFT," said Locke, turning to the rancher, "strikes me queer that Stone hangs on in this part of Arizony. He's no fool. He shore knows he can't last forever. If the Diamond doesn't drive him out it'll break up his outfit. An' other riders will keep on his track."

"Wal, you know, Stone will never be run out of anywhere. But he's an Ari-

(Continued on page 52)



The Professor—"What is the question, please?"

Up 258 pages

TO COLLIER'S ADVERTISERS:

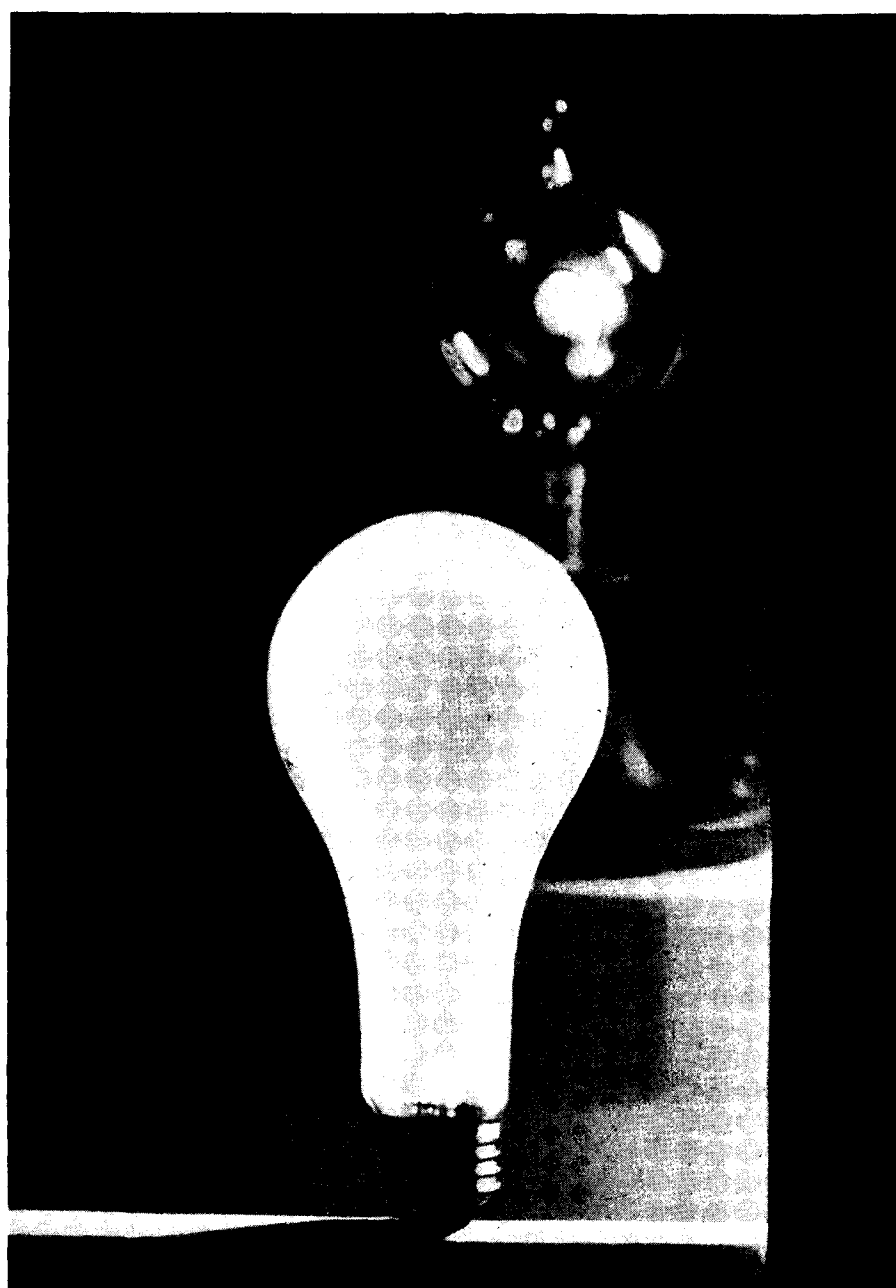
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National Lamp Works of General Electric Company
Nela Park, Cleveland, Ohio

*MAZDA—the mark of a Research Service


NATIONAL
MAZDA
LAMPS

The Yellowjacket Feud

Continued from page 50

zonian, an' this range is home, even if it has outlawed him. He's bitter an' hard, which is natural enough. Stone ought to be a rich cattleman now. I—I feel sorry for him, an' that's why I've let Yellowjacket alone."

Jim thought his uncle spoke rather feelingly.

"Wouldn't it be better to drive off what stock's left there, an' let the land go?" went on Locke.

"Better? Humph! It can't be done. We've got to organize against these rustlin' outlaws or they'll grow bolder an' ruin us. Take that case over in New Mexico when a big cattleman—crooked of course—hired Billy the Kid an' his outfit to steal cattle, an' he sold them to the government. That deal lasted for years. Everybody knew it, except the government officials. Wal, I'm inclined to think there's some ranchin' man backin' Stone."

"Ahuh. I know how you incline, Traft," returned Locke, dryly. "An' it's likely to get us into trouble."

"Wal, if Bambridge is buyin' in our stock we ought to find it out," said Traft, testily.

"SUPPOSE your suspicions reach Bambridge's ear. He *might* be honest. In any case he's liable to shoot you. An' I say this Yellowjacket isn't worth the risk."

"Ring, I don't like the man. I suspect him. We've clashed from the first. He was hoppin' mad when he found out I owned Yellowjacket an' had the range rights there. It'll be interestin' to see what move he makes."

"Like watchin' a game of checkers," rejoined Locke, with a laugh. "Reckon I'll go to bed. Good night."

In the silence that succeeded after he had gone, Jim slowly opened one of the letters he had been idly holding and read it.

"Good heavens!" he ejaculated, blankly.

"Son, I hope you've no bad news. Who's the letter from?"

"Mother," replied Jim, still blankly. "Wal?"

"Uncle, what do you think? Mother is sending my sister, Gloriana, out here to stay with us a while. Doctor's orders. Says Gloriana has a weak lung and must live a year or more in a high dry climate. . . . By gosh, Glory is on her way right now."

"Wal, wal. I'm shore sorry, Jim. But Arizony will cure her."

"Cure! . . . Cure nothing," snorted Jim. "Gloriana has no more lung trouble than I have. She's the healthiest girl alive. It's just a trick to get her out here."

"Wal, I reckon there ain't no need of tricks. We'll be darn glad to have her, won't we?"

"Uncle, you don't understand," replied Jim, in despair.

"Tell me, then."

"Gloriana will upset the ranch, and break the Diamond and drive me crazy."

"Haw! Haw! Haw!"

"It's no laughing matter."

"But, Jim, you've been away from home most a year. Your sister could have failed in health in much less time."

"That's so. . . . Oh, I hope not. . . . Of course, Uncle, I'll be glad to have her, if she's really sick. But . . ."

"Son, don't you care for this little sister?"

"Gosh, Uncle, I love her. That's the worst of it. I can't help but love her. Everybody loves her, in spite of the fact she's a perfect devil."

"Humph. How old is Gloriana?"

"She's eighteen. No, nearly nineteen. And she's the prettiest girl you ever saw in all your life."

"Shore then it'll be fine to have her," replied the rancher. "An' we'll never let her go back again. We'll marry her to some fine Westerner."

Jim felt it his turn to laugh. "Ha! Ha! Ha! . . . Uncle, there're not enough men in Arizona to marry Glory. And I'm afraid not one she'd wipe her feet on."

"Sort of stuck up, eh? Thet ain't a Traft trait."

"I wouldn't say she was stuck up. But she's certainly no plain everyday Traft, like you and I, or Dad or Mother. She's not conceited either. Glory is a puzzle. She changes each moon. I wonder what she's like now. . . . Jerusalem—suppose she doesn't take to Molly!"

"See heah, young man," spoke up Traft, gruffly. "Mebbe it'll be the other way round. Molly mightn't take to her."

"Molly? Why, Uncle, that adorable child would love anybody, if she had half a chance."

"Ahuh. Wal, that accounts fer her lovin' you. . . . Jim, it'll work out all right. Remember your first tenderfoot days. Would you go back East now to live?"

"Gosh, no."

"Wal, the West will do the same for Gloriana, if she has any red blood. It'll go tough, until she's broke in. An' if she's a high-steppin' Easterner, it'll be all the tougher. But she must have real stuff in her. She's a Traft, for all you say."

"Gloriana takes after Mother's side of the family, and some of them are awful."

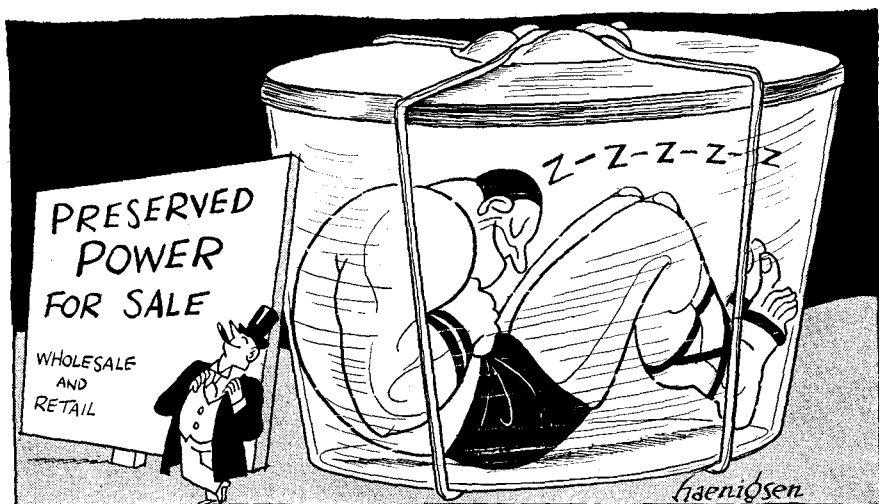
"She's got to have some Traft in her. An' we'll gamble on that. For my part I'm glad she's comin'. I hope she burns up the ranch. I've been so long without fun an' excitement an' deviltry around heah that I could stand a heap. Good night, son."

JIM slid down in his chair and eyed the fire. "Gosh! It's a good bet Uncle Jim will be apple pie for Glory. But if she really loves him why, I reckon, I'll be glad. And I might get along with her, in a pinch. But there's Molly. . . . Heigh-ho, I'd better dig into Glory's letter."

He opened it, held it to the dying glow of the fire and read:

Dear Brother Jim:
Don't let Mother's letter worry you I'm not very sick. I've planned to star West the day after I mail this letter, so you won't have time to wire me not to come. I'm just crazy about the West. Your letters have done it, Jim. I've devoured them. Dad is so proud of you he almost busts. But Mother thinks it's terrible. I'm sorry to spring this on you so sudden. I hope you will be glad to see me. It seems ages since you left. You'll never know your Gloriana May. Expect me on the Western Special November 7th, and meet me with bunch of cowboys, a string of horse and one of those tally-ho things you call a chuck-wagon. I'm starved to death.
Love,
GLORIANA.

Jim read the letter twice and the stared into the fire. "Sounds like Glory yet somehow it doesn't. . . . I wonder she is really ill. . . . Or in any kind of trouble. . . . It was Glory's affairs with boys that stuck in my craw. . . . We November the seventh. By jinks, it's Monday! What shall I say to Molly
(To be continued next week)



Catching up with the World

By Edwin E. Slosson

Director Science Service

THE electric current is the most convenient and cleanly means of conveying power. But it has one grievous fault. It is a current and has to keep running. And if the electric current is produced by a water current, then that has to be kept running, too. Either the unwanted water runs to waste over the weir, or, if it can be stored, the hydroelectric plant and its investment are idle much of the time. North American plants costing twenty billion dollars are marketing only about half the electricity they are capable of producing. Then there is all the wasted power of the winds and waves that might be utilized if there were any convenient and compact way of storing energy.

There is of course the familiar storage battery, convenient enough for flashlight or bell, but too bulky, heavy, expensive and non-durable where great power is employed. The most needed of inventions today is a cheap and convenient way of storing waste power.

Whenever this question comes up somebody suggests decomposing water.

But this is a cumbersome and expensive method of storing energy, for the gases produced take up nearly two thousand times the space of the water they come from, and to compress them by pumping them into steel cylinders for transportation requires the expenditure of yet more power.

Now enters a new factor in the old problem. Two German engineers, Paul Hausmeister and J. E. Noeggerath, have come forward with the announcement that it is cheaper to make compressed gas than gas under ordinary atmospheric pressure. This sounds absurd, but is in accordance with well-known physical principles, and it is obvious, when we think of it, that the gases expand from liquid water and shoving the air aside to make space for themselves, as in inflating a balloon, must use up a lot of energy which could be saved by releasing the gases from the water without letting them expand and then having to compress them afterward.

So these inventors dispense with a cornucopia of electrolytic cells for decomposing water, big tanks to hold the gases, pumps to compress them and tall heavy steel cylinders to ship them in, and substitute a single, small, steel vessel for the decomposition of the water and the storage of the gases. The walls of the retainer serve as one pole and an insulated electrode in the center forms the other. Between them is placed a diaphragm if it is desired to keep the two gases separate. But this is not always necessary, for—here is another

surprising thing—the mixed gases can be burned in a jet without exploding the reservoir.

This oxy-hydrogen mixture can be used directly for cutting or welding metals, or can be fed into the cylinder of an internal combustion engine to enrich its fuel. The addition of these gases makes it possible to use cheap and heavy fuel oil instead of gasoline in the engines of automobiles, trucks, busses, motor boats and airplanes. The engine itself makes the oxygen and hydrogen it needs from water as it runs.

The compact, portable apparatus can be conveyed to the spot where needed, and by simply attaching it to a direct-current electric light wire, either or both the gases can be turned out continuously under a pressure of 150 and 200 atmospheres in unlimited quantities. The gases are 99.5 per cent pure and suitable for manufacturing purposes; for instance, the hydrogen for converting cottonseed oil into fats for soap or margarine, or for making ammonia fertilizers.

Writing Speed Laws

The interpretation of the significance of handwriting is still shrouded in superstition, and fakirs in the field are not few. But by applying modern scientific methods of experimentation, especially the employment of the slow-motion camera, some facts have been established as to how we write and why we write that way. Certain of the speed laws of the new science of graphology are summed up by Dr. Robert Saudek in Science Progress.

Whenever you change the direction of your stroke, you stop the pen for a twelfth of a second or more. You change the speed of movement of your pen constantly during every stroke; you accelerate it during the first half of the stroke and retard it toward the end. You always write long strokes more rapidly than short ones.

In rapid writing you do not move your pen in a straight line from the end of one word to the beginning of the next, but in such a curve through the air as to start the direction of the first stroke before your pen strikes the paper. You can make more speed with less effort by a rhythmical alternation of thick and thin strokes than by an unvarying, even pressure of the pen. It takes more time to make a period than a comma. That is why, when you are in a hurry, your dots become dashes.

Writing with a slanting hand is more rapid and easy than with an upright or backward hand. The lower projections are written more easily than the upper; that is, g is more easily written than b.

ALEX SMITH tells Jim Henry



ALEX SMITH, veteran golf "pro" at Westchester-Biltmore Country Club, two time National Open Champion, tells Jim Henry, Mennen salesman, why he sticks to the good old Mennen, and gives Mennen Menthol-iced the go-by.

"D---!! your new Shaving Cream!"

"I'VE been a Mennen fan for fifteen years, so when I first read about your new Mennen Menthol-iced Shaving Cream, I had to give it a try-out. It's the same great Mennen shave, Jim, that you sold me years ago—but the lather's too cool to suit me. I see you call it the 'young man's' shave. Let the young fellows have it, Jim. I'll stick to the good old Mennen that I've used for years."

Funny thing about this new Mennen Menthol-iced. Either you like it better than any cream you ever used—or you don't like it at all. No half way about it. In fairness to your face, try Mennen Menthol-iced. Maybe you're missing

something. It gives a triple-cool tingle that is a brand new thrill for those who like a menthol lather.

Of course, if like Alex Smith you don't like menthol you don't have to keep on using it—for the good old Mennen without menthol in the familiar green stripe carton is still on the job... and always will be.

Both creams have *dermutation*—the exclusive Mennen process which softens the beard, lubricates the blade, and tones the skin. Oil-coats surrounding every hair are dissolved, so that whiskers wilt in no time. Your razor shaves close and clean. Then the fine soothing, healing emollients tone up and condition the skin for the day.

MENNEN SHAVING CREAMS

TWO KINDS—MENTHOL-ICED AND WITHOUT MENTHOL

For your Face and your Disposition



Here's the finest after-shave "tonic" I know of—Mennen Skin Balm—a cream-like lotion in a tube. No oil or grease in Skin Balm. Dries in a second.

It's really different—try Skin Balm just once is all I ask. Wow! What a bracing, million dollar tingle it gives your skin. Heals tiny razor nicks. Cleans out the pores, preventing pimples, blackheads, and blotches. Leaves your skin smooth, cool and comfortable.

Jim Henry
Mennen Salesman