

## 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



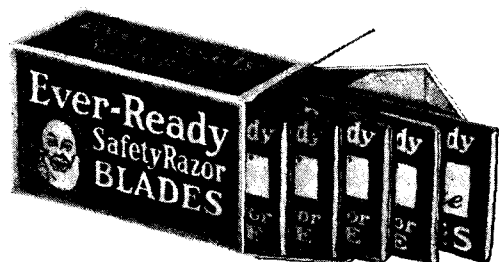
# The Singing Shave



the high note in shaving

Is your morning shave a trial? The Singing Shave will transform your day. For the Ever-Ready gives you a *clean* shave *comfortably*—and puts joy into your heart. It is so keen—one touch and the hair is off! It is so durable, each blade gives you *many* Singing Shaves. For a happier morning and a well-groomed day, buy yourself Ever-Ready Blades. At all dealers.

AMERICAN SAFETY RAZOR CORP., BROOKLYN, N. Y.



# Ever-Ready BLADES

## Mastering the Mike

Continued from page 18

fails to suffer the strain of self-selling. It is an instant test of mental elasticity, especially at a formal debut, and most emphatically when the speaker or singer wishes to improvise in any way. The endowed succeed; the unendowed flop.

The mild terror that strikes a man or woman when first confronted with the mike carries dangerous compensation. Meeting Jack Dempsey shortly after his radio appearance, we compared notes on his success. Jack was elated. His swart face split in an infectious grin.

"Glad I did it," he said. "It's proved something I never knew before."

"Namely?"

"I'm an actor. Belasco has just hired me to play in a show opposite my wife."

To such untoward ends may chance betray a man.

### Inaudible Jingoism

The late Eddie Foy prepared faithfully over a period of two weeks for his first radio appearance. He spouted a speech of his own composition, written with zeal and a brushy pen—rehearsed ten times a day in odd nooks of the Lambs' Club until the Lambs, who can occasionally turn with more vigor than worms, persuaded him that the acoustics of the cellar were more suitable to Foy's sprayed delivery.

Eddie came to the studio an hour ahead of time to try the mike. The real trial came when he hit the air. The sibilant Foy roar that rolled drolly over footlights was a problem for the men at the mixing panel in the control room. As Eddie progressed with his jerky biography, frequent alarms were sounded. He was far, far too loud. I whispered this to Eddie. He interrupted his talk to bawl, "Eh? What?" Finally—we didn't know he was partially deaf until afterwards—he interpreted prods in his ribs as intimations to talk louder. He did. The result was an asthmatic storm. Everybody in the studio was relieved when Eddie reached his final paragraph. But he didn't finish. Instead, he plucked a piece of paper from a vest pocket and announced to the radio audience that he had written a poem on Mexico and would recite it.

At that moment American relations with Mexico were far from cordial. What they would have been had Eddie been permitted to deliver his poem to millions of fellow-citizens, cannot be conjectured. He was fiercely Spanish-war-like in his jingoism. But only the first line reached the ether—a line about "sending some teasers to wallop the greasers." Eddie finished the poem in an ecstasy of ranting; but in a mike abruptly stricken dead.

This example can be profitably compared with perhaps the most conspicuously successful radio talk yet given, considering the circumstances. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., had agreed to make his formal radio debut in Collier's Hour, and Lincoln's Birthday was selected for the occasion. The day before, February 11th, Mr. Rockefeller had testified before a Senate committee in Washington during investigation of the notorious Continental Trading Company. His appearance at the studio the following evening was a matter of national interest.

Naturally he wanted to sit during a rather long speech. The stationary mike was too high. Functionaries dashed to and fro for cushions to elevate the multi-millionaire. None seemed available, and the young man who should have thought of such matters was rapidly graying when Mr. Rockefeller

himself walked quietly out of the room and walked quietly back bearing two plump telephone books. These he placed where they were most effective and so made his address.

Gushing compliments showered on him.

"Expert," pronounced a radio executive. "You talked, Mr. Rockefeller, as though you'd rehearsed for a month."

"More than a month," said Mr. Rockefeller. "I've been preparing for years, ever since I knew that by nature I was no public speaker and studied and labored to become one."

This calmness of poise during the ordeal of a national hook-up was equally apparent in a speaker more practiced, if not more prepared, than Mr. Rockefeller. When ex-Governor Alfred E. Smith of New York made his first bow in a formal radio address to the country he intimated that his address would be extemporaneous. His topic was "George Washington," and that seemed safe enough. But improvising before the mike is dangerous—even to a resourceful spellbinder. The suggestion was made to the ex-governor that it would be wiser to read from manuscript.

"I'll make notes on an envelope," he replied. "That'll do."

On the night of the broadcast a crew of mechanics installed machines in the executive mansion at Albany to "step-up" the ex-governor's voice for land wires that conveyed it to New Jersey for retransmission to the country over the air. The ex-governor sat quietly by, watching them work. When they were set and tuned-in with fifteen minutes to go on he pulled a wad of manuscript from his pocket. The speech was perfectly composed; perfectly typed.

Speakers devoid of headline fame receive proportionately the same favorable response when they know their stuff and do it well. No cleaner-cut radio success has been achieved than a single talk by Angelo Patri, the child psychologist. Mr. Patri is more at home with a visible audience, when his wide experience serves him well. He wanted to make his radio debut without benefit of script. At the last moment he changed his mind and insured success. Offsetting this, and providing the usual exception to the rule, was Mrs. Martin Johnson, the petite, brunette, big-game huntress. Mrs. Johnson pouted prettily and rebelled at the idea of reading a manuscript.

### The Worst Night Sound

"No," she declared. "I won't do it. It makes me sound like an amateur preacher reading a Bible lesson."

Yet for one who had shot roaring lions on the hoof, she approached the mike with trepidation. She began un- easily and swung into her stride, lost to the stuffy confines of the studio, where she began imitating sounds of wild life in the African jungle by night. Elated by amused attention on the faces of the orchestra before her, she had momentary inspiration, and concluded with what theatrical folk call a "wow."

"The worst night sound of all," she finished, "isn't made by wild life, but by my husband. Listen."

And she mimicked a robust, chortling snore.

Only a vivacious and witty woman can get away with impromptu "gags" and even then she must be so thorough familiar with her material that there is no painful pause for the next thing to say or to do.

Miss Anne Morgan, daughter of t



reat "J. P." Sr., exemplified the opposite extreme of overpreparedness. She was so familiar with her subject and delivered so frequently the same doctrine of organized social facilities for women wage-earners that phrases rolled from her masculine tongue with tantalizing speed. Nervousness, both played and accentuated by a score of cigarettes during her studio visit, gave her a dazzling tempo marvelous to those who heard her speech direct, but confusing to air-listeners.

Even the professional, habituated to technique, suffers when radio appearances are not scrupulously prepared. Maria Jeritza was saved from failure only by the floating charm of her higher registers when she arrived at the studio of WJZ too late for detailed dress rehearsal. With John McCormack she had been billed for one of the banner performances of the season. John's voice was affected by a foggy, drizzly day. He decided, just a few minutes before the concert was to start, not to sing. But he consented to make a speech. Indeed he insisted on it.

"A Frenchman or a German or an Italian can disappoint an audience, and they believe he's ill," he dryly explained just as the mikes were opening for the performance. "But when an Irishman fails to show up, everybody says he's drunk."

Madame Jeritza

Whereupon he proceeded to make the best two-minute talk of his career. Just as he finished and the writer was struggling through a difficult introduction of Giuseppe de Luca, dragged from his manner to substitute for McCormack's nor with his fine and fluent baritone voice, Madame Jeritza romped into the studio. She embraced McCormack and began waltzing in the narrow alley between orchestra and mikes, bumping into the announcer at every turn until McCormack halted proceedings. Then she stepped up and sang, but not effectively until she had composed herself, ordered the studios cleared and got down to the realization that entertaining her public was a serious job.

This was foremost in Amelita Galli-Curci's mind when she consented to broadcast. Three days before the scheduled evening, Madame Galli-Curci spent hours in the studios, acquainting herself with acoustics in a plaster-walled room whose ripples and echoes are deadened by draperies. She was in one room and Pablo Casals, the cellist, in another, twenty feet distant. The announcer had a rush between the two studios as one artist finished and the other began.

Galli-Curci had every motion perfected, every lift of phrase, every surge of song. She measured perfectly the stance between her mouth and the microphone, and paced exactly to the inch, back and forth, as she opened her throat—eyes closed fast, head thrown back, hands clasped over midriff, for the full strength of the finest living female voice. Her triumph was justified. During the course of a hectic hour, as intruders were crashing gates and being expelled, (with no concern to Galli-Curci) Pablo Casals, in the other studio, caused perturbation. From the moment he seated himself before the mike to the end of the hour, he played continuously, puffing steadily at one of four pipes, all loaded for the period. He required deftness to switch him off at the end of the number, and no small athletic prowess to bolt to the other studio and announce the end of a number by Casals and the beginning of another by Galli-Curci—for Casals, one of the world's greatest cellists, went on playing regardless of live mikes or dead. That was preparedness with a vengeance.

Preparedness not with a vengeance,

but with a virtuosity that gave radio something strikingly new, distinguished the work of three front-rank stars of opera—Lucrezia Bori, Beniamino Gigli and Giuseppe de Luca.

They had accepted the difficult assignment of singing Verdi's *La Traviata* in forty minutes—the remaining twenty being absorbed by overtures and narrative announcements of the opera's tearful story.

The three notables seemed daunted when they finished their final and fifth rehearsal. But the moment the music sounded they came to the mikes alive and eager.

Smoothly, their voices blended in duets and trios, dropping out and in with consummate ease for arias.

Emergencies that are rare with well-drilled professionals never mar the routine of a program because the fitness of practice offsets error. On a gala Victor Herbert night there was a fraction of a second when panic loomed. Through shuffling of numbers the announcer called a chorus out of turn. Sixty musicians and forty singers stared in amazement. The program had gone through to this climax without a hitch. Retraction by the announcer would have spoiled the record. Without a moment's pause Nat Shilkret, the conductor, swung his baton into the number announced, although the musicians didn't have the music before them, and the choristers were unkeyed to it. The orchestra watched the lips of the conductor as he leaned far over his stand to avoid the faintest whisper reaching the mikes. Their memories unanimously responded. The first bar brought the massed chorus into line and what might easily have been a scrambled mess became a magnificently vivid finale.

If persons, no matter what their fame, unfamiliar with radio would study the painstaking perseverance of those who combine talent and labor to reach professional status, there would be fewer failures in radio entertainment. Bad starts through lack of drilling mean bad endings, and unforeseen intrusions by accident can only be countered by quick wit, rarest of radio virtues. Don Marquis gave a timely display that saved his first appearance. He had taken Tom Daly, the poet, with him. Daly sat back in the studio while Marquis was being interviewed.

After a series of questions, quickly asked, quickly answered, Daly wearied of the performance. He and Marquis had had no dinner and, when the catechizing reached its end, Daly was ready to call it a night.

"When Do We Eat?"

"One more question, Mr. Marquis," said the interviewer, and Daly's bass boomed across the room:

"When do we eat, Mr. Marquis?"

Don blandly replied:

"I work steadily without letting meals intrude. I have to starve myself into submission before I can work at all."

Which made as good a conclusion as the program had called for. Many things are forgiven to humorists. Milt Gross, booked to appear before a visible audience of several thousand in Pittsburgh, watching a hook-up to the millions that forty stations comprise, dashed to the stage one minute before the dead-line to report that he had lost what he called his "act"—written with pain during an afternoon in a stuffy hotel room. He begged to be excused, but was rushed before the audience and the mike.

For a moment he shivered in agony. Habit saved him.

"I've been out muttering," he began, "and lost my speech." As the visible audience seemed puzzled, he interpreted:

(Continued on page 56)

# Eliminate Tobacco Yello

...the most harmful element in smoking



"TOBACCO YELLO"  
cigarette holder

Upset stomach? Feel groggy? No appetite? Do cigarettes taste "flat?" Nine chances out of ten you "lay off" smoking for awhile. *There's no need to*—you can smoke as much as you like with the Drinkless Cigarette Holder. It protects your mouth, lungs and stomach from Tobacco Yello, the brownish, staining substance carried by all cigarette smoke. Tobacco Yello upsets the stomach, kills appetite, makes cigarettes taste "flat." Ask your doctor, or

Write to us for an Authoritative, Convincing Booklet on Tobacco Yello—It's Free

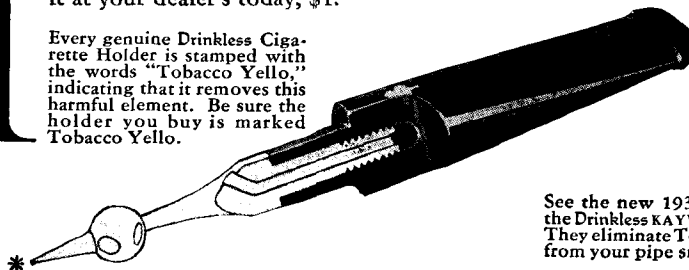
New evidence about smoking and health. What is "Tobacco Yello"? Chemical analysis proves the Drinkless "Tobacco Yello" holder takes harmful contents out of smoke.

Smoke As Much As You Like!

Smoke five cigarettes through this holder, then remove the mouthpiece and look at the "Drinkless" attachment. There it is—a moist, yellowish-brown coating. This is the Tobacco Yello that ordinarily enters your mouth, lungs and stomach. The Drinkless Cigarette holder is the only holder that has the new Drinkless Attachment,\* which removes Tobacco Yello from your smoke. You can smoke as much as you like through this holder. And it's a cooler, sweeter, pleasanter smoke—see it at your dealer's today, \$1.

\$1

Every genuine Drinkless Cigarette Holder is stamped with the words "Tobacco Yello," indicating that it removes this harmful element. Be sure the holder you buy is marked Tobacco Yello.



See the new 1930 models of the Drinkless KAYWOODIE pipe. They eliminate Tobacco Yello from your pipe smoke.

KAUFMANN BROS. & BONDY, INC.  
Established 1851 120 Fifth Ave., New York

## A modernized Reducer —of higher quality and lower price

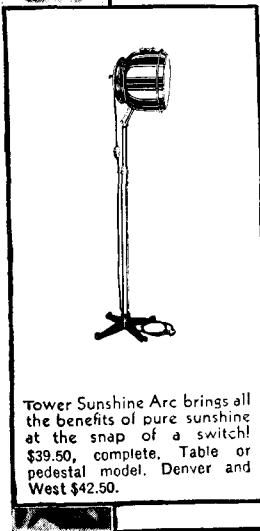


The Reducer that the more discriminating have waited for—new in design—a real innovation in exercisers—moderate in price. And now you can have it—a Tower Reducer—in a handsome console cabinet that you will be proud to own—complete in every detail—with wide and narrow belts—with Adjustable massage-stroke and variable speed for every form of vibratory massage. Compact, quiet, dependable. A Reducer that is truly modernized in quality—and at a price you can afford. \$59.50, complete. Set aside a few minutes today for your demonstration.

On sale by leading stores.  
Write for interesting booklet.

TOWER MANUFACTURING CORP.  
118 Brookline Ave.  
Boston, Mass.

**\$59.50**  
Complete



Tower Sunshine Arc brings all the benefits of pure sunshine at the snap of a switch! \$39.50, complete. Table or pedestal model. Denver and West \$42.50.

# Tower

## EXERCISER and REDUCER

Variable speed—Adjustable stroke

\*Denver and West \$64.50.  
110 volt 50-60 cycle only  
Other 110 V. motors  
\$5 extra.

(Continued from page 55)

"Muttering in mutter-car," and rippling laughter sent him on his way to success with impromptu gags.

That is dangerous for all but the nimble-minded. Two instances only among hundreds I have introduced to air audiences over a period of four years stand out as survivors of the cruelest of radio emergencies—the instantaneous cut-off. Anna Case, the soprano, had her song—a none-too-familiar song—to sing, when the clock allowed only two minutes for a four-minute number. Singers train their memories by ordered stanzas of lyrics. To drop verses is risky. Miss Case cut that song mercilessly, thinking fast as her voice and beauty betrayed no symptom of disturbance.

### Quick Editing

An editor showed that a mental blue pencil works as effectively as the actual, murderous article. William L. Chenery, editor of Collier's, entering the studio with a prepared five-minute talk was told that three minutes' worth must be dropped. The speech was nicely balanced for continuity. But without hesitation he stepped to the mike and by swift elision finished in two minutes

without breaking thread or sense of thought.

There is only one reason for success under adverse circumstances—mastery of matter or training in form.

William Wickwire, the deep-sea diver of the S-51 and S-4 disasters, summoned to the mike from the icy waters of Provincetown, galloped gloriously through his first job of broadcasting because he was so full of the terrible subject that sheer emotion gave him a precious sense of drama. Then, again, Thomas Nelson, the youngest U. S. air-mail pilot, with hundreds of thousands of air miles on his record—as steady as steel in his cockpit riding rains and storms, became dumb with fright on facing the mike only getting through his speech by sheer pluck. And Graham McNamee did the best bit in his brilliant career when at a moment's notice he stepped up to describe a fictional cestus-fight in the Coliseum at ancient Rome with the typewriter ink still damp on the pages. He was and is always in form.

Ranging through the roster of great and small, amateur and professional, who essay the ordeal of the tin ear that pours sound into millions of human ears, this is the unconditional requisite for a good job—to have something, to be prepared.

## Quitting Time

Continued from page 32

material were early dissipated in the eyes of the packed house that night. But most quickly in the eyes of his own father. In the powdery glare of the shaded central arc lights the boy's ability seemed ridiculously limited. His movements were slow, awkward, wavering, his punches weak and half-hearted. His little black opponent, vivacious, fast, clever, offered remarkable contrast. He kept pressing always, his fine set of teeth a confident, constant gleam in his jet countenance.

New York boxing law prohibits a father acting as second in his son's corner. Johnson, the trainer, and a stocky colored man were Buddy Smith's seconds that night. During the first round, Old Man Smith, writhing in his seat at the ringside, could be heard having what seemed to be a bitter quarrel with Johnson. Once he seized the breast of the trainer's shirt, as if about to strike him. And when the whistle blew just before the second-round bell, those near by heard Smith call to his son through clenched teeth:

"Damn you, get in there and fight. Get in there and fight, I say!"

The second round the story was the same. If anything, the white fighter's showing was even poorer than in the preceding round. One thing was evident: he couldn't take much more of that body punishment without wilting. The fans began to lose patience with Smith. He didn't seem to be trying. There were derisive cries. The gallery began their ominous, cadenced stamping.

And then, just before the bell, a short right to the jaw, a blow seen by few people, even at ringside, dropped Buddy precipitously. A chorus of boos greeted the knock-down. It seemed so palpably the white man was throwing the fight. Buddy levered himself to one knee and listened to the count. A man in a derby, seated near the boy's father, cried out loudly in disgust:

"Take him out. He's yellow! He don't want a fight!"

Before anyone could stop him, Old Man Smith had yanked the water bottle out of the pail at his feet, and jumping up, crashed it against the head of the

scoffer. For a moment a riot seemed imminent. But Barnes was on the spot immediately. A policeman stationed at ringside quickly escorted Smith from the building. The injured man's head was swabbed. Then he was quietly taken into Barnes' office, where Dr. Kennedy treated him and then sent him home in a taxi.

The bell rang for the third round on scheduled time, and the fight went on.

The next morning, while his lawyer was trying to arrange bail for Old Man Smith, Barnes dropped in at the West Forty-seventh Street station to talk to him. Smith had spent the night in the cell, and he was sitting on his cot, disheveled and bleary-eyed. Barnes sat down on a corner of the cot and observed the other through slitted eyes.

"I don't figure you, Smith," he said with some vehemence. "I don't get you at all. What the hell kind of a man are you anyway, sending your own son in when he's so sick he can hardly keep on his pins? And then flying off the handle and getting yourself pinched just when he needs you most!"

SMITH lowered his head and rubbed his knuckles across his forehead so savagely that they left a momentary white streak, like a brand of despair, behind.

"Oh, he wasn't sick," he spoke passionately but quietly, as though the words were wrung from him.

"The hell you say," began Barnes beligerently.

"He wasn't sick," repeated Smith with conviction. There was an anguished timbre in his voice. "I know my boy, and I know myself. Oh, I knew it was coming, Barnes. I felt it all the time. It had to happen."

"What the devil are you talking about?" said Barnes with impatience.

Smith shot his head around to face his visitor. His eyes held the wild light Barnes had seen in them the night before.

"Did you ever hear of Battling Smithers, Mr. Barnes?" he asked. "Probably not; it was a long time ago. But Colonel Reese did. Smithers fought for him in Nevada twenty years ago. Well, I'm



Battling Smithers. I thought Reese recognized me last night, but I guess he didn't. Battling Smithereens, they used to call me. I had a record of twenty-eight straight knockouts. Pretty good, eh? They called me a wonder. They said nothing would stop me from getting the championship. . . ."

He broke off and swallowed, then continued more quietly:

"But it did. I was yellow. Yellow, do you understand, yellow! I didn't know it myself till the crash came. But when it did . . . I was fighting in Baltimore. A practice fight, a fourth-rater. It was near the bell, first round. I'd put my man down twice for short counts, and was coming in after the second knockdown to finish him. I never knew what happened exactly, but I guess I was too sure and left myself wide open. I woke up stretched on the board in my dressing-room. Accident, you'll say. It was, but it finished me. It brought out my yellow streak."

"My next fight I lost to a guy I ought've put away in half a round. After that it was down, down, down. I got so scared of being hurt, I actually shivered while I sat in my corner waiting for the bell."

Barnes sat tearing a paper-backed pack of matches, waiting for Smith to go on.

"I WENT out to the coast after that," Smith continued. "I knew something of the machinist's trade, and I got a job easy enough. I got married, and then the boy was born. His mother died soon afterward. I never married again, and I brought him up myself. I never mentioned a word to him about my fighting."

"Well, the boy grew up. When he was fifteen he begged me to let him join a 'Y.' I let him, and he used to spend a lot of time in the gymnasium there. It was about two years later when he told me one night that the boxing instructor—it was Johnson, his trainer—wanted him to enter an amateur tournament."

"I spent a hell of a night tossing around in bed. I felt there was something I had to think out, and I nearly went crazy trying to do it, and the whole next day at my job. At supper I told him I'd see him in hell first. . . ."

"He went in and won the prize for his weight. He was only a 'fly' then. I sat there watching him, and every move he made reminded me of myself. Except he was better-looking."

"When he got through high school, I talked to him about college, but he didn't get at all excited with the idea. I asked him what he was going to do. He looked me in the eye and said, 'Fight.' I told him I'd see him in hell first. . . ."

"He won out in the end, of course. I knew Buddy cared for me a lot, but I was sure if I stood in his way, he'd leave me. I knew if he had his way he was doomed. Like father like son. He'd go along like a streak, and then it would happen."

"But I gave in. What could I do? And I hoped against hope. I thought if he was going to fight, there was nobody who could help him like his father. So I took him in hand. Johnson was willing to come along as trainer. I began to teach Buddy all the little tricks I knew. Was he surprised? He never quite got used to seeing me use my dukes so well. 'Gosh, Dad,' he'd say, 'where'd you ever learn it? You know more about fighting than I'll ever know.' 'Oh, I fooled around a little when I was a kid,' I'd say."

"Now I could see Buddy was a better man than I was. It looked like he had everything. Yes, everything. I knew it was too good to be true. He'd go along like a house afire, and then some fine night he'd go bang, and crack up for good."

" . . . Well, you know what happened. You know his record. Why, I myself was beginning to think all my worry was foolishness—that the boy was different from me. I began to think he was real honest-to-God fighting stuff. Three weeks ago he fought Tony Barberi in Frisco. You know Tony is a Class-A boy, a terrific body puncher. You know Buddy put him away in the eighth, but he took some awful wallops in the stomach."

"We came East and signed for the fight for you. This black lad has a reputation as a body punisher, we both knew that. But I didn't notice any signs in Buddy. When he weighed in yesterday afternoon he looked all right. You saw him. And the Doc said he was O. K. We went back to the hotel. I noticed he was fidgety and his color didn't look good. I made him lie down. He couldn't sleep. He was too nervous. I pretended not to see, but I saw all right. I had that feeling like ice on my heart."

"When he got up I asked him how he was feeling. He said all right, but he was trying not to look me in the eye. . . . Then just before the fight, when I was taping him, I saw his hands shake, just like mine used to. Johnson said the boy was sick. Yeah, he said he was sick, too. Sick! Yellow. A streak a mile wide! He was so scared of the little coon he could hardly lift his arms—" he broke off with a sob, and buried his head in the old blanket on the cot."

Barnes seized him by the shoulder and drew him up roughly, glaring at him angrily.

"Yellow! You're crazy, Smith. Your kid's the bravest little warrior I ever saw in action!"

"Cut it out, Barnes. Don't try to kid me. I'm too sick already."

"You cut it out," retorted Barnes. "You heard me. I say your kid's the gamest fighter I ever laid my eyes on. As far as my opinion goes, he's the next lightweight champion right now. Why, after last night's victory—"

"Victory? Do you mean to say Buddy won?" Smith's voice vibrated with unbelieving emotion.

"Sure he won. He knocked Bucky Payne kicking in the sixth round. You left early, you see—" he could not forbear to shoot this dart of sarcasm.

"Buddy came out for the third and from then on gave the black boy the boxing lesson of his life. And when he'd cut Payne down to scale—and man, he certainly did cut him—he flattened him with the prettiest uppercut I've seen in a flock of Tuesdays. I tell you, Smith, your boy's a wonder. Just think of him climbing in the ring sick as a dog, and doing to Payne what he did! He told me after the fight that when it started he was so logy he could hardly lift his gloves. He said it was that smash on the jaw that dropped him that really saved him. It cleared his head, started the circulation going right. He says he felt like a new man coming out for the third. I asked him why he didn't say anything about feeling sick before the fight. Do you know what he said? He said he didn't want to disappoint you!"

SMITH bent his head, moving it from side to side, and repeating piteously, "My God! My God!"

"Buck up," Barnes admonished him. "You've a son to be proud of. The Colonel wants to sign him on for a fight as soon's he's well again."

Smith looked up in alarm.

"Well? What's the matter with him? Where is he?" he cried breathlessly.

"In bed," said Barnes, laughing for the first time during that interview.

"The lad's coming down with the measles."

# To the man who is 35 and DISSATISFIED



you will not be unduly urged into anything. Now what can happen to a dissatisfied man who acts?

We wish we could answer that question by letting you read the letters that come to us in every mail. Here is one, for example—from Victor F. Stine, of Hagerstown, Md.: "I was floundering around without a definite goal," he says, "and was seriously considering a Civil Service appointment." (You can tell from that how hopeless he was. A Civil Service appointment means a few thousand dollars a year for life.)

"The study of your Course and Service was not a hardship," he continues, "rather it was a real pleasure, because it is so practical and inspiring thruout." (The method of the Institute makes it practical and inspiring. We teach business not alone thru study, but thru practice. You learn executive thinking by meeting executive problems and making executive decisions.) "Added self-confidence and increased vision gained from the Institute's work," says Mr. Stine, "enabled me to accept and discharge added responsibilities successfully."

He is Secretary now of the organization in which he was then a dissatisfied cog.

## "Forging Ahead in Business"

For a man like Mr. Stine we can achieve really great results. By learning the necessary fundamental principles of business, he insures his success. His judgment, his value, increase. The closed roads open. The worries disappear.

We attach a coupon to this advertisement. It is a little thing, but our experience proves that it separates out of every hundred readers the few who can act. If you are one of these let us mail you that wonderful little book, "Forging Ahead in Business." For thousands it has turned dissatisfaction into immediate progress. Mail the coupon today.

## Announcing Three New Management Courses

The rapid developments in modern business have brought increasing demand for an extension of Institute service.

To meet this demand the Institute now offers three new Management Courses in addition to its regular Modern Business Course and Service. These are a Course and Service in:

- 1—Marketing Management
- 2—Production Management
- 3—Finance Management

These new Courses are of particular interest to younger executives who want definite training in the management of the particular departments of business in which they are now engaged.

The details of this interesting development in business training are included with the booklet which the coupon will bring you. Send for it.

WE DELIBERATELY pass over a large proportion of the readers of this magazine in order to address this page directly to men in their thirties.

There is a powerful reason for this. The dissatisfied man of twenty-five is not usually in a difficult position. He has few responsibilities; he can move easily; he can take a chance.

But from thirty-five to forty is the age of crisis. In these years a man either marks out the course which leads to definite advancement or settles into permanent unhappiness. There are thousands who see the years passing with a feeling close to desperation.

They say, "I must make more money," but they have no plan for making more.

They say, "There is no future for me here," but they see no other opening.

"I am managing to scrape along now," they say, "but how in the world will I ever educate my children?"

To men whose minds are constantly—and often almost hopelessly—at work on such thoughts, this page is addressed. It is devoid of rhetoric. It is plain, blunt common sense.

Let us get one thing straight at the very start—

## We do not want you unless you want us

There is the dissatisfied man who will do something and the one who won't. We feel sorry for the latter, but we cannot afford to enrol him. We have a reputation for training men who—as a result of our training—earn large salaries and hold responsible positions. That reputation must be maintained. We can do much, but we cannot make a man succeed who will not help himself. So rest assured

# Alexander Hamilton Institute



ALEXANDER HAMILTON INSTITUTE, 895 Astor Place, New York City

In Canada: Address the Alexander Hamilton Institute, Limited, C. P. R. Bldg., Toronto.

Send me the latest edition of "Forging Ahead in Business," together with full information about the new Management Courses.

Signature .....

Business Address .....

Business Position .....

"This extra hour of sleep every morning makes me feel simply great!"

"Yes — and just think of all the drudgery our heat regulator saves me."



## This is the Age of Automatic Home Heating . . . founded on Automatic Heat Control ▲ ▲ ▲

The man of the house enjoys his extra sleep and those luxurious, lazy evenings free from janitor duty since the Minneapolis-Honeywell Heat Regulator took charge of the heating plant. But he gets even more satisfaction out of the magic this automatic age has worked in his wife. She has new color in her cheeks, new sparkle in her eyes, since the fire-tending responsibility was lifted from her shoulders. Now she is free to go visiting or shopping or to a matinee whenever she wishes, knowing that the house will be warm and comfortable—always 70 degrees—and safe from fire danger.

Your family can secure all the priceless advantages of automatic heat control . . . the foundation of automatic heating . . . in two ways . . . Install a heating plant burning coal, oil or gas automatically (the leading makes, you will find, depend on Minneapolis-Honeywell controls) . . . Or equip your present heater with a Minneapolis-Honeywell Heat Regulator, modest in cost but destined to give you a lifetime of faithful, automatic service . . . May be purchased on modern finance plan . . . Write for free booklet, "The High Cost of Overheating."

## MINNEAPOLIS-HONEYWELL HEAT REGULATOR

MINNEAPOLIS-HONEYWELL REGULATOR CO., (Also manufacturers of Jewell Temperature Regulators)  
Executive Offices: 2720 Fourth Avenue So., Minneapolis. Factories: Minneapolis, Minn., and Wabash, Ind. Branch offices and distributors in principal cities. Authorized factory-trained representatives in almost every city.

## The Prince's Darling

Continued from page 17

own loveliness woven into one. The wine had flushed her cheeks and lips and brought the luster dimmed by her unshed tears back into her lucent eyes.

They were both changed since they had last met, and changed by disillusion—he by his disillusion about her, and she by her disillusion about Delphicus de Haverbeck. Madelon advanced and spoke:

"Your Highness has just escaped the storm."

And he almost forgot her treachery, as she smiled on him with a gratitude, with a welcome that was not wholly feigned; for she honored him for his coming to Arnsdorf.

WHEN Johann Georg had first met Madelon such a delicious agony of enchantment had taken possession of him that he had nearly forgotten his schemes of hatred; they had nearly passed from him like a squib of wildfire. Yet when he had met the men—von Neitschütz, gloomy, sullen, yet fawning and servile, his two sons with their dissipated faces and profligate air, and their exaggerated courtesies—then the young man's resolves had flamed up again in his heart, and he became more resolute to put through what he had come to Arnsdorf to do.

This scheme now seemed to him noble and worthy of a great prince.

He sat at table with the woman and the four men; and more candles than the meager household could well afford had been lit to dispel the darkness of the stormy summer night. The thunder rolled in the distance and now and then a faint fork of lightning disturbed the purple-black where the window was open, for none could endure the shutters to be drawn, so intense was the airless heat.

The Elector was at the head of the table, and by his side Madelon in the white saracenet and the coral-colored ribbons and beads, the gaudy scarf over the exposed bosom and shoulders, too wanton for her rank and state. Either side, Casimir and Clement, and at the end, von Neitschütz, uneasy beneath his exultation and his cringing servility. Even now at the culmination and climax of his wishes he detested having to bow the knee and bend the head to this flushed youth, who tonight was so arrogant, sullen and cold.

The Elector scarcely touched his meat (too sick with love, thought Casimir, with a sneer), but he drank again and again from the green rummer filled with Rhenish wine.

"He has been drinking before he came," thought Clement, who remained the most sober of the four of them.

He drank and laughed and replied stupidly and shortly to the remarks made to him, and stared at Madelon, so near, so temptingly adorned, and drank again.

Clement pulled the bottles from without His Highness' reach.

"He'll be so drunk, we shall have to hold him up while they are marrying them."

But the heavy youth took his wine well. He seemed animated by some passion so intense that it resisted the fumes of the alcohol. He appeared not confused and overcome by what he had drunk, but rather exhilarated and inflamed.

He felt, indeed, remarkably clear-headed. He had perceived, on his first entry into the room, on a side table, a branch of candles, papers and an inkhorn, in casual readiness, no doubt, for the marriage contract. They were with-

in reach of his hand where he now lounged in his armchair at the head of the table.

They would spare him all trouble, no doubt; above the table, he observed the huge shield of wood, painted with the full achievements of the House of Neitschütz, displaying in haughty quarters all the insignia of honor and antiquity, all the emblems of an unblemished descent and an untainted integrity, crowned by the knightly helm and the flowing lambrequin of azure and ermine.

Johann Georg stared at this achievement where the bright, worn paints gleamed in the candlelight; he stared at it again and again, and, more than once, he caught von Neitschütz's sunken glance upon him.

"The thunder is coming nearer," breathed Madelon.

Johann Georg roused from his black thoughts to glance at her, and with eyes of a gross desire which he had never turned on any woman before.

"Nearer, eh, the thunder!" and leaning sideways, he pulled aside the enticing gauze about her bosom.

Madelon drew slightly away. Her watchful brothers sat still and alert in their places.

Johann Georg grinned: "Major-General von Neitschütz," he demanded, and his voice rose with a tone of command that seemed beyond his years, "do you know why I have come here tonight?"

The old man touched his harsh and haggard face with thick fingers and replied in as steady a voice as he could contrive:

"Because of the feelings Your Highness does me the honor to entertain for my daughter, Magdalena Sibylla."

"Precisely," grinned the Elector, "because of Magdalena Sibylla." And he picked up the inkhorn—

"So eager to sign!" thought von Neitschütz with a sneer. "I did well to have all in readiness."

The Elector raised the inkhorn, opened it, and cast the contents full at the escutcheon of the House of Neitschütz.

The ink, hurled with this deliberate force, made a hideous blot on those emblazoned honors, and dripped in black drops down the glittering achievements.

THE three men whose arms had been thus insultingly defiled, sat motionless, but Madelon moved a little and whispered:

"Your Highness has drunk too much. The wine is new and strong and the night dangerous."

Johann Georg rose to his great height. The other three men, rigid, kept their seats:

"I have not drunk enough, Madelon," he said, "to find oblivion in my cups. If I had, you might have had me yet." He glared at the three wincing, lowering faces.

"Up, I say, am I not your prince? To your feet, I say!"

They rose, stiffly; von Neitschütz leaned against the table stupidly.

They all waited for the young man to speak. He took from his breast pocket, fumbling underneath his stars and crosses and ribbons, the three letters, somewhat soiled now. He put them down before Madelon on the table; kept his finger on them and looked at her.

"Whatever it is," muttered von Neitschütz in broken tones, "it can be explained, I can assure you, Your Highness. I can assure Your Highness, it can be explained."



"No more explained than that!" cried the Elector, looking up. He pointed to the blot that he himself had cast on the achievement of von Neitschütz; the wood had soaked up the ink—a stern abatis on the blazon. "This is my letter to your daughter, and these two are hers to your son Casimir."

Casimir caught his head in his hands with a groan; he saw the whole disaster in the most ugly of flashes.

Madelon leaned toward the youth towering in his agonized rage, his outraged pride and vengeance, and, plucking at his sleeve, forced him to look at her beauty.

"Does this make any difference?" she asked. "If you want me, Johann Georg; I am not less the creature who has always pleased you, who knows how to please you always. . . ."

He considered her and the three wretched men waited, daring to hope that even now she might reëxercise her powerful seduction over his infatuate mind. The young man considered her. She was Leda—the goddess of the Italian picture, but a goddess uncrowned.

"YES, I want you, Madelon," he answered brutally, "but your value has sunk."

He turned to the father, to the brothers, and said in tones of the bitterest and most contemptuous insult:

"I am your prince, not your fool."

Then to the old man:

"Major-General von Neitschütz, send your daughter to my room within the hour, or look for no toleration from me."

"To your room?" stammered the old man, leaning heavily on the table. "I have not heard aright."

"You have heard well enough—I will have the room I had as a child sometimes, near the library—you remember it? If not, there are those who will show you the way. I think you are in a mire of difficulties—you and your two sons. You may sink and strangle in them if you keep Madelon from me tonight. Come, yours is not the first ancient house that has bred a harlot."

Major-General von Neitschütz leaned heavily on his hands which rested on the table; he seemed absorbed in an effort to hold himself upright. His eyes were cast down, and their sockets seemed blind and hollow. His two sons did not speak. The nearer grumbling of the thunder filled the room.

"You have not seen," added the Elector, "tonight's Gazette, I think? In it is the announcement of my marriage to the Margravine of Anspach—that will be by now concluded. My proxy left Dresden two days ago."

"Oh," said Major-General von Neitschütz. "Oh!"

Johann Georg stretched out his hand toward Madelon, who still remained mute and rigid, leaning toward him.

"Come to me, or let me come to you, within the hour—I give you one hour or tomorrow your father and your brothers will be cashiered. And you," he added with supreme bitterness, "you, Madelon, you must look to some other man to pay your price."

Even then she would have caught at his sleeve and endeavored to detain him. She tried to speak but he put her aside, and not gently. Sweat had broken out on his forehead and round his lips. He wiped it away, but the drops started again immediately. The brilliants on his stars sent out winking rays of malicious light.

"An hour," he repeated thickly, "an hour."

He passed her and strode away. Madelon did not look after him. As he left the room she fell into his empty chair and clutched at the tablecloth.

"Blast him!" muttered Casimir, as

the door shut somberly in the shadows. "Damn and blast him!"

General von Neitschütz, looking up, made a shaking gesture with an unsteady hand toward the blotched escutcheon.

"Take that off," he ordered. "Wipe that off—quick! Clement! Casimir! one of you—cleanse the achievement!"

Clement staggered round the table, snatched out his lace handkerchief, and fumbled it over the ink: the stain had laid there too long, it was already deeply ingrained into the wood where the paint was worn away.

With a trembling curse, Clement von Neitschütz poured some wine over his handkerchief and daubed that over the ink so that a vile smear of black and red mingled over the entire shield—the black and red together stained his own fingers and ruffles.

"It won't come off," he snarled, "it won't come off."

He returned to his place tearing at the handkerchief and wiping his fingers on a napkin. "What does that matter? Why do you think of that?"

"No," said the old man, "it won't come off."

He sat down, fingered his lips, stared round him. "What are we going to do?"

"Kill him," sobbed Casimir, wildly. "I'll do it. We have no one here except a few lackeys in the kitchens—they're shut away."

"Have you a mind to hang on the wheel?" demanded Clement, fiercely. "There was a man last week lived three days, broken, begging every passer-by to put him out of his agonies. Do you fancy that?"

"We've got to kill him," insisted Casimir. "There's no other way."

"The torture chamber in the Königsberg," replied Clement, "do you fancy that?"

Madelon spoke, in a strained, thin voice.

"Since you speak of killing, my brother, why did you not strike him down at once!"

"He is a big drunken animal," groaned Casimir.

"You couldn't face him," whispered Madelon. "You'd get him from behind, I suppose?"

"A pistol shot," breathed Casimir, "from the doorway—it might pass as an accident. . . . We need one of Madame de Rosny's philters." He pulled himself up sharply. "Don't stare at me like that, my father. It is not my fault."

THE old man broke into swift fury: "Whose fault is it then, you lying weakling, you boasting coward, you ruffling rake and puling fool? Who but you, you small-witted profligate, chambering in a gambling hell, would have thought of showing those letters to a trull like Fani von Ilten?"

"It was Count Stürm," protested the frantic young man, shuddering. "It was his devilish work. How was I to know? I was desperate. How do you expect a man to live in a city like Dresden?"

"Count Stürm," interrupted his father, stupidly, "yes, this is all the work of Count Stürm."

Clement broke into ferocious recriminations against his brother; he was still endeavoring, with frantic gestures, to cleanse his hands of the mingled ink and wine.

He began to spit out his agonized rage in reproaches against his brother, and gave foul glimpses of their common life. He recalled nauseous follies on Casimir's part, disgraceful entanglements, dishonorable debts. And Madelon listened.

She had guessed much of this, but much was new.

But the old man heard not a word of

(Continued on page 60)



**FINALLY—**  
*finish the job with*

**Aqua Velva**

*for*

**After-Shaving!**

When the razor is laid down, the lather washed off (and the face still moist) put on Aqua Velva. Then, the day's begun,—with a sparkle!

¶ Aqua Velva was made for after-shaving. Just for that. Many years of study and experiment are blended in its tingling coolness. It meets certain definite needs of the newly shaven skin; needs that our research makes us well aware of. And every skin is the better for its stimulating touch.

¶ Aqua Velva makes the skin feel awake, alive. It cares for tiny nicks and cuts (often there, though mostly unseen). Mildly and pleasantly astringent, it tends toward firmness, away from flabbiness. Guards against dust and germs. Conserves the skin's natural moisture, and so keeps it flexible, comfortable, Fit!

¶ The last touch in sensible good grooming for millions of men today, Aqua Velva deserves a place on your bathroom shelf. Take a bottle home tonight. Small chance you'll be without it again.



5-oz. bottle 50 cents at all dealers, or a Free Trial Size by addressing:  
Dept. C-89, The J. B. Williams Co., Glastonbury, Conn. and Montreal, Can.

**Williams Aqua Velva**  
*For use after shaving*





*"I knew  
you'd come back"*

**W**HEN I refilled your crankcase with Monogram I knew you'd see the difference. My customers all come back. It's such blamed good oil!"

The Monogram man speaks with conviction. His business is not controlled by any oil manufacturer. And he picks Monogram for his customers because he sees the wisdom of building repeat business in constantly growing volume of this quality oil.

Monogram gives extra-lubrication service. It is made from the highest grade premium crude. It is refined to develop the finest lubricating qualities. There is no lowering of standards for greater quantity and greater profit.

Have the Monogram man refill your car. And when you have seen the difference you too will buy your oil from real knowledge and conviction.

**NEW YORK LUBRICATING OIL COMPANY**

*Makers of Monogram—Estab. 1893*

**General Offices: 116 Broad Street, New York City**

*Jobbers and distributors in open territories  
are invited to communicate with us.*

*Stands Up!*

**MONOGRAM OIL**

(Continued from page 59)

what his elder son raved of; with closed eyes he peered into the blackness of unfathomable misfortune, every hope frustrated, every expectation laid low, the last and most intolerable of insults hurled at his head—in a moment when he had hoped for triumph. . . . Stürm's work!

Stürm's delight at this!

"He relied on me," thought Madelon. "All of them relied on me, and I have failed them: they spent their all on me for nothing."

THE door opened slowly, partially closed, and opened again, and a young Lutheran clergyman entered, and hesitated on the sill, dismayed and frightened by the scene before him—the tumbled cloth pulled awry, the four figures round it, sunk by some weight of woe, on their elbows and palms—for so they all held themselves, their faces in their hands, their arms on the table. The two young men in the gaudy uniforms—one green-faced, mottled, sick seeming; the other with a scar creeping purple across his cheek as if it had been fresh made; the old man huddled, gaunt, in his place, and the girl in the great chair of honor, small, frail, like a cowering child.

The pastor, contemplating this scene, did not dare move. He knew something of his errand; Major-General von Neitschütz had confided to him a wide hint of the importance of his mission. He had the marriage service by rote; he had done exactly as he was bid, disturbed no one, come through the open gates, the open door, straight to this imposing room: a little awed, a little excited, curious to see the Elector; apprehensive yet flattered by his interference in these secret State affairs. A thin, fair, earnest man of middle age and decent aspect, he stood on the threshold absorbed in his awed curiosity, forgetting even his errand, but merely gazing at those four figures.

"My lord, sir," began the minister—the words faded on his lips, he cleared his throat. Again he tried:

"Major-General von Neitschütz—"

It was Madelon who answered him. She turned in her chair, and, for the first time since he had entered the room, he beheld her face.

He had never seen her so close before, and until he died, many, many years afterward, he never forgot that lovely countenance, and often spoke of it—sometimes with compassion and sometimes with horror, but always with a trembling admiration.

Madelon looked over her shoulder and stared at him.

Her fairness was outlined against the bronze darkness of the candlelight; her scarf had fallen, and her shoulders and bosom were bare.

"We shall not need you tonight," she said quietly, "there has been some error—I am sorry."

The pastor bowed and backed from the room, but still stared at Madelon's face. As he did so he observed behind her, and above the branch of candles, the proud escutcheon of the House of Neitschütz, that he had so often admired and even humbly and distantly envied, and he remarked with horror how it was blurred and veiled with dark, and dripped with moisture, red and black—like soot and blood, like darkness and flame, like sin and death.

Her eyes impelled him to speak, though the three silent figures of the men filled him with terror and apprehension, and she seemed (and always in his recollection of her) like a fair creature doomed.

"It is a fearful night," he stammered. "A great storm comes up over the fields, but it does not rain."

"A fearful night," said Madelon.

He left them; he closed the door; he crept away, glad to return to his homely hearth through the thunderous dark.

The girl spoke down the table:

"Father, have we nothing that we can do? We have relied entirely on this?"

"We have nothing," he replied, hoarsely.

Madelon smiled slowly:

"What did he say, Father? Did you hear, my Father, what he said? 'Not the first harlot to come from an ancient house!'"

"O God, my God!" groaned von Neitschütz. "He must die, we must kill him, Casimir."

Madelon considered them all curiously.

"I believe," she thought, "I could bring them up to murder tonight—I believe I could bring myself to murder too. I am so changed. I could stand at the door and hold it while they did it—and afterward—the torture chamber in Königsberg . . . the rack, the wheel—"

"Let him live," she said aloud, "to serve our ends. Do you think he is free of me, even now? His torment is little less than ours while he waits."

"Do you still think," sneered Casimir, "that you will enchant him?"

"It is," whispered Madelon, "it is because he loves me that he is so furious."

Clement jerked toward her across the table, oversetting a rummer of red wine, of which neither of them took any heed.

"Perhaps, even now," he muttered, "you might, supposing his senses were stirred enough—"

"He is married," said Madelon. "Count Stürm has seen to that."

The three of them, even her father, were looking to her now, relying on her judgment and decision; she was the coolest of them all; like a little light of hope in a smoky darkness.

"Shut the window," she bade Casimir, "even if we choke and stifle in the heat; I'll not endure this lightning."

Casimir rose and clumsily clattered the shutters together; the candles were guttering, flaring with the stench of coarse fat.

"Despite it all," said Madelon, "his very heart's core aches for me."

"How to get out," snarled Clement, "how to get out of this?"

"There are no doors in hell," smiled Madelon.

"I'll shoot myself," swore Casimir, "before this story flies round Dresden. . . ."

THE hour for our deliberation goes fast," said Madelon. "Hush! we must be quiet and wise."

"We have nothing to deliberate," replied her father.

"No." Madelon rose, could rise, even from this. "I could so countermove that he, his wife, Count Stürm, and all their creatures, all who have brought this about and who have hated us, should be the subject for our mirth."

"How?" demanded von Neitschütz, hoarsely. "How, girl, how could you accomplish this?"

They all looked at her, waiting, half in expectation, half in horror.

"What have we left to save?" mused Madelon, as if she had not heard her father's harsh fierce question. "We are degraded from all worldly honor. He could not hold us lower than he does. After all, is not this the game I have been always taught? Are not these the very rules that I have learned so well?"

The thunder shook among them, the untended candles flared a ragged light on their intense and affrighted faces. The three men stared closer and closer at the girl who, standing, appeared to command them all.

"What do you mean?" whispered the old man, fearfully.

"He asked you to be your daughter's"



pander," said Madelon. "Ask him then a pander's price. Tell him to come to my room, and be you there to bargain with him."

Johann Georg endeavored to control himself by listening for the continual roll of the thunder, which came with but a few seconds' interval, yet with every clap was more hushed. He had opened his window on the sable melancholy, the deep menace of the night. The stifling heat had been somewhat relieved. The air, though still sultry, seemed to hold a large and fair expectancy of rain.

The curtains caddied inward from the open window in a sudden gust of rising wind, and steadily, through the more distant mutter of the thunder, came the patter of the rain on the leaves of the great trees without. Johann Georg picked up his watch which, shaped like an egg of silver and crystal and attached to a long ribbon of blue velvet, lay among his toilet appointments. It was nearly an hour since he had left those four figures round the disordered supper table beneath the stained escutcheon. For the first time in his life he noted how little time, as marked on clocks, mattered. If he had not glanced at the small silver dial he could not have said if the interval had been one hour, or two, or three, or all of night. The rain fell steadily into a blackness so complete that it seemed a void.

NOW there was someone at the door. a human, muffled step, a human, muffled knock.

The Elector, who had bidden all his servants keep away from him, opened the door and looked into the corridor, which was lit only by one small lamp.

A servant handed him a letter—a small piece of paper folded over and sealed.

The Elector took it, closed the door, and returned to the window, where the night air, now wild and wet with rain, rushed about his ears. The candles were flaring in this same melancholy gust, and by the light of them the Elector broke the seal.

"From Madelon! And I shall scarce be able to read it for the trembling of her hand."

But, no! it was written steadily with a precise and flying pen.

I am in my room now and waiting for you here. **MADOLON.**

So easy, after all! A von Neitschütz—and no more difficult than one of those creatures of whom Madame de Rosny had told him—creatures whom, in his passion for Madelon, he had scarcely known to exist. He stood amazed, ashamed.

At once, within the hour. . . .

The splashing of the rain had reminded him of the splashing of the water in that fountain long since dried up, where they had played together as children—the four of them: those two trim young men braced into their uniforms, their dissipated faces—they were little children then and pleasant playmates, but now vile, cold hypocrites, as she was. . . .

Here was her letter—steady, cool and clear. If he had married her, how soon would she have been sending such messages to other men?

Johann Georg closed the window against the dashing onslaught of the rain, put out the candles, and went into the corridor and, without hesitation to her chamber.

He heard no sound from either his servants or those of the house, but lights, mean and scarce, were put adroitly to illuminate his way.

At the door, before which he paused now, he had ventured once to lay flowers, when he was still young enough not

to be ashamed of such folly. He could remember the painful care with which he had made up the bouquet—little buds and bells and trumpets, fine leaves, exactly arranged in circles of color. Blue and yellow, white and rose. He glanced where the bouquet had lain, and turned the handle, and entered the room which had once been to him like a shrine.

It was brightly lit. There were candles on the bureau and on the mantel-shelf, and at the foot of the bed with the drawn curtains sat her father and her two brothers, their bare swords across their knees.

"Ah, murder!" the young Elector, exclaimed.

He closed the door, quite fearless, and glad of action, glad that he was to deal with the men who would arouse him from his hateful dreams into a robust passion of scorn and anger. He believed they meant to murder him, but it never occurred to him to leave the room or call for help.

"What hazard do I stand here?" he asked.

The two officers rose out of instinctive respect for their prisoner, and some fear in the presence of a brave man. They retained their bare swords in their unsteady hands.

The old von Neitschütz remained seated, with both his swollen and knotted hands on the guard of his weapon. He had taken off his heavy periwig and his hair shaven close, showed like a gleam of hoar frost on his large head. His yellow features were furrowed and shrunken, and his light brown eyes, that had once been of that gleaming golden hue, were but the ashes of extinguished fires. He had pulled his habit awry. His coat was open, his neckcloth undone. His massive bulk, at once huge and gaunt, obscured the bed curtains worked by Madelon's own hands, which hung directly behind him.

"You have demanded my daughter," said General von Neitschütz, thickly, "in such a way, as I think, no man's daughter was ever asked before."

"Do you resent it?" demanded the Elector, violently. "You who have spread birdlime for me, since I was in petticoats?"

HE WAS conscious, even as he spoke, of her room, defiled by this. The thought of this place had once been as sweet to him as open sunshine. He had envied the jasmine that waved at her window . . . the window from which she had often looked down at him, suppliant below for her smiles—

General von Neitschütz grinned, lifted his gaunt, shaven head. There seemed to be a cast or twist in one of his eyes, and a wryness on one side of his features. He looked like a man who had been paralyzed by a blow on the head or trepanned.

"I do not resent it," he stammered. "It is well known that this is the best fashion to catch the favor of princes . . . I, Your Highness, have always been very unfortunate. . . . You know my shameful poverty, my long trouble. As you say, I and my daughter and this house have been very long familiar to you. And," he added, with a ferocious wildness, "you ask me to give you my daughter. I tell you, Your Highness, she is for sale."

"We stoop lower than we need, all of us," replied the Elector, somberly. "You make this bargaining stink even in the devil's nostrils."

Clement von Neitschütz now spoke; it seemed indeed that his father was unable any longer to do so, for the old man swayed and groaned in his place.

"Why should we?" he sneered savagely, "when Your Highness has treated us as men without honor, friends or resources, behave in any manner grand  
(Continued on page 62)



*Distinguished*  
by **NATURAL**  
**TONE** . . . and



• • *delightfully*  
**RESPONSIVE**  
*performance* • •

Listeners marvel at the glorious tone of the new Day-Fan Radio.

Along with all the depth and the richness of music, this instrument presents another quality of the original—*Brilliance*.

Fidelity in the reproduction of silvery high notes . . . and the elusive overtones . . . distinguishes the performance.

Naturalness in Day-Fan Radio is achieved by detecting all the frequen-

cies and correctly amplifying them—without overemphasis—in the improved audio system.

This set responds! It is sensitive. It is powerful: capable of great volume amplification—without distortion. It is sharply selective.

Day-Fan Radio is modestly priced. In the beautiful walnut console as shown above, the 9-tube set (two 245's in push-pull) with matched electrodynamic speaker is \$175 less tubes (higher in Far West).

**Day-Fan**  
**RADIO**

DAY-FAN ELECTRIC CO., 2009 Wisconsin Blvd., Dayton, Ohio.  
Please send me descriptive literature on Day-Fan Radio.

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



*what a whale of a difference  
just a few buttons make*



**YES**  
*and what a whale of  
a difference just a  
few cents make*

A definite extra price  
for a definite extra  
tobacco-goodness

**Fatima**  
CIGARETTES

LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.

(Continued from page 61)  
and decorous? We are ruined, as you know, and we have nothing left to sell but this girl, and if you want her why should we lower the terms?"

"I will pay nothing—nothing!" cried the Elector, with rage. "All she will gain from me is that I shall leave you unmolested, blackguards that ye are."

"But life," cried Casimir, "is worth nothing to us on those terms. Perhaps your Highness does not realize what it is for a man to be desperate. Here are our terms."

He pulled some papers out of his laced pocket. "Until you sign them you do not get Madelon—even if we have to kill you where you stand."

Clement had, meanwhile, stepped adroitly behind the Elector and bolted the door.

The Elector arrogantly refused to take the papers from Casimir or to move his hand from his side; he stood erect, defying them.

WITH a bitter bow the younger von Neitschütz proceeded to read aloud the terms: Money, pensions, employment, precisely stated, quietly and clearly defined—a businesslike document.

"Who drew up those in so short a time?" demanded Johann Georg.

"Madelon herself, sir," replied Casimir. "She was the only one who had so clear a head, so steady a hand."

"Madelon!" cried the Elector, "Madelon! We are all drunk, or damned, or in a dream. . . ."

"We're all drunk," grinned Clement, from the door. "Who could put this through sober?"

"Drunk or sober, I'll be your sport no more," flared Johann Georg. "I refuse to sign; I will pay you no price. Tomorrow you can come and ask my favors."

General von Neitschütz spoke:

"These are our terms. Does your Highness expect niceness or delicacy? You have treated me like a dog," he repeated; "my God, like a dog!"

"My terms were stated first," cried the Elector in an open fury. "The woman tonight or tomorrow—ruin for all of you! I shall lift no hand against you, it will be sufficient to leave you to your own coils."

He turned his back on the two by the bed and made an arrogant gesture for Clement von Neitschütz to leave the door. He believed that they would all attack him—they were desperate to the point of murder, and he rejoiced that it might be so. He was willing to fight them all, and confident that he could defeat them all. . . . The old broken disabled man, who could hardly hold himself on his feet, who must sit there groaning and struggling for the breath with which to voice his infamous sentences—the two young men, soft and slack from vicious living, he could strive with them all. And more than this, he felt in himself something grand and generous that would sweep them all into the filth to which they belonged. He repeated his passionate order to Clement to step aside.

"Your Highness leaves?" said a woman's voice.

He turned swiftly.

The bed curtains had parted behind von Neitschütz's old, bowed figure, and there was Madelon, bright against the warm shadows, kneeling against the wooden bedpost, in a night rail of muslin, her hair fallen to its natural length.

"Do you go away, after all?" she asked.

She looked at him across the candlelight as if they were alone in the chamber; he was conscious of the sound of the rain, heavy, steady, without.

He took a step back toward the bed, and the three swords quivered in his direction, upward, toward his heart; even old von Neitschütz had got to his

feet now and stood there squarely and resolutely confronting him with the drawn weapon; the candlelight flickered on the blue steel.

"Unless you sign." . . . They all said together.

The young Elector looked without a tremor at the menacing faces and the threatening forms.

"I made my bargain downstairs," he replied hotly, and folded his arms across his breast.

"Am I worth so little?" asked Madelon; she pulled the curtains farther apart. "Ah, me, so little!"

"It is your infamy and my shame," broke in the Elector passionately, "that you are worth nothing, Madelon."

But he spoke in defiance of himself, for the ancient enchantment was returning.

She seemed so sweet, so cool, so infantile, so remote from all this squalid horror, this pitiful evil, that she seemed to flash him into other worlds, to lift his disgusted and outraged soul into peace—and this, though she was the cause of all the horror and the tumult.

"Am I not worth something to you even yet?" asked Madelon, in a still voice. "I who was once your young dear and your sweet darling? Give my father what he asks, and let them go."

The Elector stared at her appalled, as if this was some frightful madman's dream, enacted before him, through which he might in vain strive to touch cool sanities again.

Madelon stepped from the bed, half-unclothed and glowing in the candlelight; he had not known she was so beautiful. . . .

"The storm has passed," she smiled, looking at him as if the others were not there, "and tomorrow will be a fair day, fresh and pleasant after the rain."

THE young Elector was breathing heavily, unevenly. His face was hotly flushed. Again the sweat started on his brow and lip. He heard the level beat of the rain; sweet, monotonous, enchanting.

"I will sign nothing," he muttered desperately, "nothing; I will promise nothing."

His bright blue eyes, blood-injected, met the pallid, malign glance of Casimir, the cold and bitter fury of Clement, and, more deadly than either, the blank stare of the old man still seated at the end of the bed.

He thought they all looked insanely wicked, and evil, and terrible. He kept his arms folded above his breast, above his laboring heart; his was a splendid yet pitiful figure in his glittering silk and gleaming decorations, with his bright hair and candid good looks, so young, so strong, so powerful, so defeated and miserable.

"Come to me!"

Her voice was fine and delicate in the ugly din and confusion of his thoughts. He stared at the bed with the embroidered curtains—he could remember seeing her work them by the fountain and the fluted pillar with the urn; remembered her little basket of silks, and the neat cords knotted with all the niceties of a woman's minute labors.

She leaned against the bed board, her light garments falling open, and slipping from her shoulders, and made a little gesture of her hand forward, and then said to the three men, who appeared with a bitter, hard, desperate and cynical patience, to await her commands:

"Put up your swords and leave him to me."

"I can't move—I can't go," groaned General von Neitschütz. "I've had a stroke or a palsy. My legs won't move."

"Take him away," she said to her brothers. "He is well enough. It is but stress of mind."



The two young officers put their swords into their scabbards, without looking either at the Elector, who remained standing in the center of the floor, or at their sister, who remained leaning against the bed board.

They helped, half-dragging, half-supporting, their father from the room.

Casimir had left the papers which he had offered to the Elector on the bed coverlet. Madelon picked them up and slipped them under the pillow; moving easily, lightly, with bare feet.

"How violent the rain is!" she said, quietly.

They could hear nothing else but that steady sound beyond the window.

Relieved of the odious presence of the men, the young Elector drew an easier breath. With a stumbling step he crossed the room and, avoiding the chairs that had been occupied by the von Neitschützes—father and sons—he took a taboret by the dressing table, and sat down, pulling aside the curtains from the rainy night. The shutters had been set wide, and the atmosphere of the chamber was cool and sweet.

"You are perturbed," said Madelon, gently. "Tonight has overthrown all of us. But why need we be so changed one to the other?" She approached him. "See, I have sent them away—we are alone together. I make no bargains with you, I ask for nothing—we are entirely in your hands."

He looked at her—the Madelon of his long adoration—and the miserable becloudings of pain, of agonies, of rage and disillusion left his senses.

"WHAT has there been between you and me," she asked, "that you should wrong me as you did—what if I wrote desperately to a brother who tormented me with his misfortunes? Did you not set me rather too low in what you said tonight? I am still Madelon."

He became ashamed of his violence, of his brutality; as he gazed at her sorrowful, candid face, so pure in line, so radiant in coloring, with an expression of such resigned suffering, he wished to

go on his knees and ask her pardon for the wrong he had done her—the foul and unforgivable words with which he had branded her. He wished to wash away with tears all the frightful visions of this horrid night.

Madelon took from her dressing table which was set with flowers in tall glasses, a green flagon and a small runner, and poured him out some liquid and offered it to him. It was, she said, a cordial she had made herself—new wine and spices.

Johann Georg drank it. Through the fatigue of his emotions and his passions, the shapes of the flagon and the glass were impressed on his mind, the color and the line of them; the taste of the liquid seemed to him peculiar—but he dismissed the thought from his mind as swiftly as it had come.

He remembered, however, afterward and often enough.

THE drink which was both sweet and potent gave him back something of the composure that he had lost, when the three men had left the room and he had been relieved from the strain of facing them. He pulled Madelon down toward him. He asked himself why he had been so agonized—what had he wanted but Madelon? And she but him? It did not matter in what way or what fashion. The dream- maiden of his folly had vanished but the earthly woman remained; they could not take her from him. . . . Here was definite joy and repose and oblivion. . . . He had been cheated of everything else, but not of this.

He snatched her hands and kissed them, half weeping, and begged her never to leave him, to remain with him through everything. He could not tell her what she meant to him. Without her he was unhappy—with her he was happy. That was all! How express the felicity of her enchantment? He could not now believe that she was a hypocrite and traitor to him.

If she was, he scarcely cared.

(To be continued next week)

## April Escapade

Continued from page 37

"Mary—" Chris said.

She went over to him again, to take her old position, her shoulder against his, his arm halfway about her.

"It's just happened!" she told them. "I know that all that you say is true, I know that it isn't sensible. All the women of his world are the beauty-parlor, bridge-playing sort, who get divorces and drink cocktails and know all the restaurants in Paris. They'll despise me—his mother won't like me! But what of it?"

"Molly, Molly," Martin pleaded, "think what you're saying! You're crazy. Don't let his money—"

"Oh, Mart, hush up!" the girl commanded him, good-naturedly. "You don't think it's his money? You know it's not! That'd be like saying that I'd sell you and the girls and Pat and Tom for money!"

"Mary—" Chris said, hoarsely and gently, seeing nothing but the blue eyes that she raised to his, as he clasped her hands together, and lifted them to his heart, "do you mean it? Will you take a chance?"

"I have to!" she whispered.

"And you're not afraid, dear?"

"Yes," she said, with the first flash of natural laughter she had shown tonight, "I'm horribly afraid! I know I'll make mistakes, I'll be snubbed—"

"And after a few years, you may not love me any more than lots and lots of

men love their wives after a few years," she added, suddenly grave.

"But this thing," she said, her fingers in a clutching pressure, over her heart, "this thing has got—to be quieted. It is like a pain!"

He dropped her hands, and turned toward her mother; he was on one knee, beside the older woman's chair.

"Mrs. O'Hara," he said, "may I have her?"

THERE was a long pause, and in it Cass Keating slipped quietly from the kitchen, without anyone noting his going.

"How would you know your own heart?" Mrs. O'Hara said then, slowly, dubiously. But she had laid one hand upon the big square shoulder of the coat, just the same. "How would she know hers, and you and she strangers this fortnight ago?" she asked.

"I'll be very good to her, she'll be the most spoiled—the most loved woman, in the world," Chris promised humbly.

Suddenly Mrs. O'Hara's face quivered, and her eyes brimmed with tears.

"It'd be what Mary Kate wanted, in the long last!" she said, unsteadily. She got up and went into the bedroom that adjoined the kitchen.

Tom kissed his sister, laughed a raw, bewildered laugh and lumbered on his own way to bed.

(Continued on page 64)



## How to settle the shaving cream argument finally and forever

Never before have men been so deeply concerned about shaving creams as they are today. They want far greater comfort. They want speed. They want convenience. And manufacturers, quick to sense the situation, are pouring forth oceans of words in behalf of their own products.

**But Talk Means Little**—So, we urge that manufacturers dispense with talk as far as possible. Let each one merely offer his shaving cream free for a week's test. Let each product sell itself. That is our way. We are so sure of MOLLÉ, that we will send you a week's supply free.

**It's a Different Cream**—whether you choose MOLLÉ (*Mô-lay*) or not is a question for you, and you only, to decide—after testing it. One thing is certain, however; you'll find MOLLÉ different, *very* different, from all other shaving creams. MOLLÉ requires no brush. It makes no lather and no bubbles. It contains no soap, no alkali, no caustic, and no menthol.

**MOLLÉ Is Not a Chemist's Compound**—MOLLÉ was discovered by a learned physician—a skin specialist. MOLLÉ is a true emollient. After-lotions are never used. The discoverer of MOLLÉ sought to accomplish three things:

- 1—Gentle, easy shaving that would forever end razor-pull.
- 2—A positive beneficial effect upon the face instead of rough, burning, smarting, irritated skins.
- 3—Quicker, more convenient shaving.

How well he succeeded is not for us to tell you. A week's trial on your part will bring you the answer.

**Some Men Won't Send Coupons**—we hope you are not one of those men, because in your interest, as well as ours, we want you to get acquainted with this *different* shaving cream—MOLLÉ (*Mô-lay*). Our free trial offer has made us more than a million new customers.

However, if you never send coupons, and wish to try MOLLÉ *this very day*, do this: Go to your nearest druggist. Buy a regular 50c tube of MOLLÉ. Use it liberally for one week. If then you are not satisfied in every way, return the remainder to us and we will refund your purchase price.

**Here is the Free Coupon**—And equally convenient is a nearby druggist.

THE MOLLÉ COMPANY, Dept. 39, Cleveland, Ohio

For Shaving Tough Beards and Tender  
Skins Without Brush or Lather

A Whale of a Tube  
50c



THE MOLLÉ COMPANY, Dept. 39,  
Cleveland, Ohio

Please send me one week's supply of  
MOLLÉ without cost to me.

Name

Address



# Teeth

## HARD TO WHITEN ?



### Then Try This **SAFE** Way

IODENT No. 2 has a reputation for succeeding where all other means have failed.

It whitens teeth that have not flashed their original brilliance for years, and it achieves this miracle (which is really no miracle at all) by the simplest and *safest* of means.

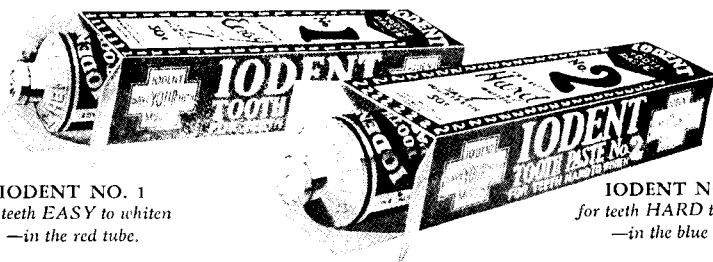
Squeeze out a brushful tomorrow morning and you'll understand. There'll be no explosion of froth in the mouth—no nerve-wracking grit—no hazardous chemical "bleaching." Iodent ingredients come out of the dentist's laboratory.

But you will perceive—*instantly*—the efficiency of the special No. 2 texture; the firm, wholesome body it maintains in the mouth; and the way it goes vigorously to work on every tiny enamel surface, clinging 'til it cleans, and producing, in due course, the whiteness of nature.

Try it. You'll like the Iodent flavor. You'll get swift results—*safely*. And your gums will respond to the well-known therapeutic values of calcium and potassium iodides contained in both Iodents. Iodent No. 1, for teeth Easy to Whiten, is specially recommended for children.

IODENT CHEMICAL COMPANY • IODENT BUILDING • DETROIT

# IODENT No 2



IODENT NO. 1  
for teeth EASY to whiten  
—in the red tube.

IODENT NO. 2  
for teeth HARD to whiten  
—in the blue tube.

(Continued from page 63)

"Don't you care, Molly!" he said.

"It's the darnedest break I ever saw!" Martin commented, from his chair. He gripped the chair-arm with his right hand, got to his feet, balancing himself carefully, because of the wounded arm. "I'm going in to talk to Mother," he explained.

Mary Kate, her sapphire eyes starry, was standing by the sink, watching the emptying room as a child watches a Christmas tree.

"Mother'll be all right," Martin predicted.

"Oh, yes, she'll be all right!" Mary Kate whispered back.

"She's worried about Uncle Robert. Wouldn't you know he'd choose Holy Week to die in!" Martin commented.

"Wouldn't you know it!"

But in her aching heart she thought: "It doesn't matter what Uncle Robert does now, or whether Regina writes her composition, or Lennihan has a grocery sale. It doesn't matter whether the Geary Street car is crowded or not, on a week-day morning. The rents of the new apartments don't matter to me any more. And my best slippers with the loose heel I was going to have fixed, and mother's new meat-chopper, and being in the play of the Church Dramatic Club—all gone! All gone!"

SHE and Chris were alone in the kitchen.

"Do you think it's the darnedest break you ever saw, too, Mary?" Chris asked.

"I'm a little—scared," she admitted, with a laugh.

He held her hands, and her bright hair fell back as she looked up at him.

"Are you scared, Chris?"

"I'm happy," he answered, simply.

"Yes. I'm terribly happy, too. I'm—"

Mary Kate turned away with a little shrug, despairing of expressing herself. "It had to be like this," she said.

From the pegs in the little passage she caught a loose brown coat, Tom's coat, as it happened, and slipped into it.

"Come out in the yard a minute," she said.

They went out into the narrow space between the shabby fences, where there were barrels, clotheslines, sheds, poles, and the children's scooters and coasters.

But millions of stars throbbed overhead, and the soft scarf of the Milky Way hung low and glittering, close to the warm spring world. The Banksia rose by the kitchen doorway, the great gnarled lilac by the fence, the "mock-orange" that, covered with creamy blooms, stood close to the porch steps, all helped to scent and make magical the April dark.

Chris and Mary Kate stood silent, breathing it in, their hands locked, her upflung head resting against his shoulder, for a long while.

"What are we going to do next, Chris?"

"Get married, aren't we?"

"I suppose so." Her voice was dreamily confident, like the voice of a protected child.

"Tomorrow, don't you think?"

"Tomorrow!"

"Well, why not? You see, the longer we delay, the more time there is for reporters and fuss and cablegrams and telegrams and whatnot—"

"Oh, horrors!" Mary Kate shuddered. "Ought you do anything about Keating?"

"About—?"

"Keating—Cass Keating."

"Oh—? Oh, yes; I ought to write him. I'll write him tonight."

"And tomorrow night we'll go to—where? Where do people go, here in California? Shall we go in the car?"

"Ha! We have a car." It amused her.

"You'll have your own car."

"I can drive it," she reflected aloud, simply.

"In summer you can. In winter you'll have to have a driver."

"Chris!"

"Don't you like that idea?"

It had silenced her. She was reflecting.

"Will I have to have a maid?"

"Oh, I think so, Mary."

"Ha!" she exclaimed again, this time with a sigh.

"What time do you think the City Hall opens?" Chris asked.

"Ten."

"Then I'll be here at quarter of ten. And if there's any special person you want to marry us—"

"There is."

"Then telephone him, and arrange it, will you?"

"Will your mother hate me?"

"She'll neither hate you nor like you. We'll visit her, and the count, in Paris. He'll like you, never fear. He's fifteen years younger than my mother. She'll want to talk clothes with you, any gossip you can pick up about persons she knows, and they'll take us to the races, and to dinner at some Russian place."

"And your father?"

"Dad's absorbed in Madeleine. She's about twenty-six, and rather large, and blond—regular Swede blond, and she lisps. She's the girl who—but you wouldn't remember that. She's the girl who sang Wouldn't You Choose the Blues to Lose your Heart To? two years ago. But you'll like Dad. He's very businesslike and square and all that."

"And I have a sweet old grandmother, who runs a cattle farm, over in New Jersey," Chris went on, with sudden enthusiasm. "You'll love them all—I mean the people who work for her, and the calves and the horses and everything! Your little sisters—we ought to get them on there, some time—"

FOR a long minute she was silent.

Then she asked: "Chris, are we crazy?"

"I am," he admitted. "I intend to remain so. I feel as if I was born again! I start fresh tomorrow. I'm going to do different things, go after different things. There's something to work for—I tell you I'm different. And besides, what do we care if they all fuss and talk and get photographs and rant around?" he demanded, courageously. "And what do you care if my mother and aunts like you or not?"

"Oh, but I do care!" Mary Kate answered promptly. "That's going to be part of—the fun," she predicted, youthfully. "I'm going in for all this—*tremendously*, Chris. I'm going to dress smartly—but plainly, you know. I'm going to speak French and German like a native—"

"French like a German native, and German like a French native—"

"Ah, well, you can be funny, but you wait and see! And I'm going to have a houseful of children—boys in linen suits, and girls in fuzzy hair and smocks, and a fat baby with a colored nurse—"

"Why colored? To save the child's eyes?"

They were both laughing, and for an instant his brown lean cheek touched her satin-smooth fair one, and her silky hair brushed his cheek.

"No, but because they're so kind to babies," she explained seriously. "We'll have a country place—"

"My grandmother Vreeland's place—"

"Well. And this troop of Irish-American roughnecks will be perfectly famous," Mary Kate continued. "And I'll be the sort of—oh, well, plainly dressed smart woman, you know, who knows all about books and plays and German and Italian—"



"It was French, a minute ago."  
 "Oh, well, French, too. And I'll study the operas, too, Chris. Do you like the opera? Do you go to the opera?"

"Sometimes. I like some of them."

"At the Metropolitan?"

"At the Metropolitan. The old man has a box."

"A box!"

"Certainly."

"At the Metropolitan Opera House?"

"Why not?"

"Oh, heavens!" Mary Kate said, on a gasp. "Should I have to wear evening dress?"

"You would. You could wear that thing you wore Friday night, and my Aunt Minnie's pearls."

"Oh, sure enough! Those pearls are yours, aren't they, Chris?"

"They are yours, now. I present them to you."

She gave a frightened laugh.

"Chris, we may have lots of fun!"

"We will have."

"We didn't think our adventure would turn out like this, did we?"

"Rather not! I didn't know," Chris added, "that there was ever a woman in the world like you."

"I have to go in," Mary Kate said. "My mother's going over to Aunt Julia's, and Mart'll need me to help him getting to bed."

Chris, tipped her head back, under the spring stars.

"I love you," he said. "I've never done anything to deserve you, and that country house full of kids, and those nights at the opera, and all the rest of it. But—"

He stopped, at a loss for words.

"I know you will!" she whispered, as if he had finished his thought.

THREE minutes later, shaken and breathless and bewildered, she heard the side gate click after him. Mary Kate took one more look at the blue dark sky and the stars and the rising tiers of golden apartment-house windows, and the powdery silver of the Milky Way, and drew one more great breath of the lilac and syringa scented night. Then she went into the kitchen. Her mother, once again bonneted and veiled, stood in the doorway between the bedroom and kitchen.

"Mr. Steynes went, did he, dear?"

"Yes'm."

"And you're sure of yourself, Mary Kate?"

"Oh, Mother!"

A long pause. The older woman sighed.

"Well, that's all I could ask," she said at last. "But it seems a far cry from the little room you were born in, in Brooklyn!"

"I know," Mary Kate said.

"Sleep in my room with Pat, dear. He's apt to wake, and I'll be up with Uncle Robert all night," Mrs. O'Hara said. "But I'll stop in at church at seven on my way home tomorrow."

"I'll set the alarm and meet you there, Mother. We'll have breakfast together."

She was alone again.

She sat on, at the red oilcloth kitchen table, staring into space, her arms crossed, her eyes narrowed, her lip bitten. The clock hands moved, the lamplight wavered in the kitchen.

Then suddenly she stood up, and pushed her chair back into place. She took the alarm clock, and busied herself with the little keys on its back, before locking the yard door, darkening the kitchen, and going to her mother's kitchen bedroom.

Little Pat, freckled and thin and tousled of hair, was sprawled half-covered, crosswise on the wide bed. Mary Kate straightened and covered him.

She went into the dining-room and

opened Tom's forgotten window. Kneeling beside him, she put her arms about him, mother-fashion, and he half roused, in his first deep sleep, and murmured to her:

"Gee, I'm crazy about you, Molly!"

MARY KATE mounted the stairs, and sat for a long time, in the dark back bedroom, lighted only by the rise and fall of the cigarette advertisement a block away. Little tawny-headed Regina was sleeping like a baby saint, her hair shaken into a halo on the pillow about her unconscious head; Tess had doubled herself, her covers, and her own pillow into a great snarl, and had to be dragged and pushed and pulled into comfort against her own sleepy resistance.

"A spider-web party—" she whispered clearly, as Mary Kate kissed her. The little girls, their big sister remembered, had been promised a spider-web party. They wouldn't have it—now.

Last of all she went into Martin's room. He was propped in pillows—he slept in a sitting position, these nights. As she came in he closed his book, and smiled at her, and she sat down on the edge of his bed, and linked her hand in his free one.

So she had sat, with this friend and confidant and confessor, many and many a time, in the days since her turbulent childhood. She remembered tears and laughter, rebellion, planning, argument—here in Mart's room at night. She remembered reading him her school compositions, here; discussing office affairs. It was here, one night not long after this same new year had begun, that, rosy and confused, she had talked to him about stunning Cass Keating, who was so clever and so successful, and who—well, certainly it looked that way anyway, was beginning to—well, to *like*, anyway, Mary Kate O'Hara.

"Hello, Sis."

"Hello, Mart."

"Put the lights out?"

"Yes. I'm sleeping downstairs with Pat."

"Happy, Molly?"

"I guess so, Mart."

"I know better than he does what he's getting," Mart said in a silence. The girl did not answer; she was moving her thumb back and forth across his big hand.

"It'll be funny here, without you."

"But you'll be in Germany, Mart?"

"Yep. Got to keep up with my rich sister, now!"

"Ah, Marty, don't joke about it!"

"I'm not joking about it. It'll be good for Tom to be king-pin for a while, and we'll pull the whole gang of them up, Molly."

"But not together any more, Mart!"

"No. Not together any more."

There was a silence. Then the girl asked:

"Member playing Indians in the old coal box in Brooklyn, Mart?"

"Do you remember Mother used to take us to church Saturday afternoons, and we used to play house in the pews?"

"Yes. And the day—but that was here—that I brought her home a plant, with my first money."

"A primrose."

"Yep."

"It's still growing in the front garden, Mart."

"I know it is."

"Remember the day the cop pretended to hit me, Mart, and you bit his hand?"

"I was five."

"You would have bitten an elephant, I think, if it had been mean to me!"

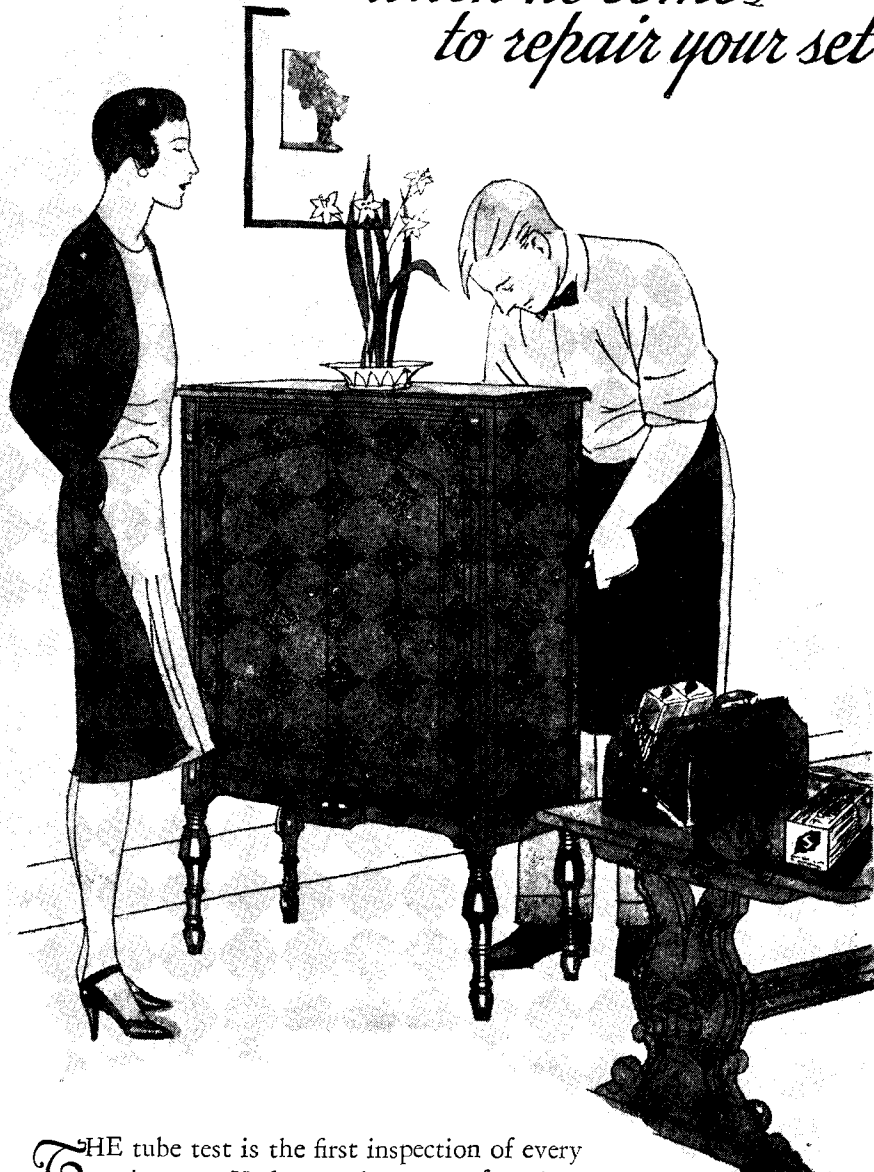
"I would have wanted to."

THEY were silent again, fingers linked. After a few moments, Martin felt something hot and wet fall on his hand.

THE END

# See that he brings SYLVANIA TUBES

*when he comes  
to repair your set*



THE tube test is the first inspection of every service man. He knows that most of receiver troubles are due to worn-out tubes.

When next your receiver seems out-of-sorts—and you 'phone for the service man—tell him that if it is tube trouble, you'll want Sylvania Tubes, and he'd better bring a few along.

Many thousands of dealers now prescribe Sylvania Tubes—just as thoughtful doctors insist on medicines they can trust.

It takes more care, more time, more money to make Sylvania Tubes. And you get more enjoyment, more efficiency, more service from their use.

Listen to the Sylvania Foresters Orchestra and Quartette every Wednesday Evening—Over WJZ and KDKA and WKW and KYW and WBZ and WBZA and WBT and WHAM and WJR and WLW and WREN and WRVA.

SYLVANIA PRODUCTS COMPANY  
EMPORIUM, PENNSYLVANIA

# Sylvania

RADIO TUBES

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



LICENSED UNDER RCA PATENTS



Rings aren't  
always  
binding



**B**E CAREFUL what sort of smoke rings you blow in the direction of the one and only woman. Why not let Sir Walter Raleigh make that too-powerful pipe of yours an *asset* instead of a home-wrecker? It's mild and fragrant — delightful to the fair one who is smoked at, and a boon to the pipe fan who wants a mixture mild enough to wear well all day long. That's Sir Walter—smooth—cool—mellow. It's the finest blend of choice tobacco—carefully aged and seasoned—that ever came out of the sunny South. Seeing's believing, so's smoking—try a tin.

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

Dept. 62, Brown and Williamson  
Tobacco Corporation, Louisville, Ky.



**SIR WALTER  
RALEIGH**  
Smoking Tobacco

It's



milder

## Who Laughs Last

Continued from page 11

Act as need arises; not one single change can be made in the Eighteenth Amendment, no matter how great the need for change may be, without the action of over 6,000 men in thirty-six different states.

This Eighteenth Amendment was created amid the same problems, uncertainties and tumult of war as the Volstead Act. It had to be gotten out of the way in the midst of wartime legislation so that the great River and Harbors bill, which was pending, and other imperatively important legislation could move along. Penrose's plan of putting it through, with the six-year clause hidden in it as a trick, seemed to him the easiest way of disposing of it.

### Years of Plotting

Congressmen, senators and prohibition leaders guessed about these new awesome 105 almost unchangeable words, just as Volstead's committeemen did about the thousands of easily changed words and phrases of the Volstead Act.

But it was the Anti-Saloon League, and not the legislators themselves, that actually made the Sheppard amendment as Sheppard presented it to Overman's committee.

Four years before the portentous conversation on the Senate floor between Penrose and Sheppard, the Anti-Saloon League had the amendment ready for whatever lawmaker they could persuade to present it.

For instance, here in almost the exact wording of the amendment is a portion of a resolution which was adopted at the annual convention of the Anti-Saloon League in 1913, to forever "prohibit the manufacture and sale and the importation, exportation and transportation of intoxicating liquors."

The actual words of the Eighteenth Amendment prohibit the "manufacture, sale, or transportation of intoxicating liquors within, the importation thereof into or the exportation thereof from the United States."

Tricks are buried in the Eighteenth Amendment. They were put there, not by congressmen nor by senators nor by the great wars of Anti-Saloon League members, but almost solely by Wayne B. Wheeler, the Anti-Saloon League lawyer. What was left out of Wayne B. Wheeler's Eighteenth Amendment is almost more significant than what's in it.

Years of plotting, planning, argument, and even quarreling occurred among the Anti-Saloon forces as to what to omit and what to put into the measure.

Wayne B. Wheeler was always on one side of the fence in these struggles. Most of the rest of the Anti-Saloon League officials were on the other. His power over his fellows was tremendous. They hated to fight him. He and Bishop James Cannon, Jr., were czars in the world of the Anti-Saloon League. Wheeler was heading toward the dictatorship over his fellow Drys which he finally reached. It is not necessary for this writer to point out the relentlessness of Wheeler's power over his associates. I have before me, as I write, a book entitled *Wayne B. Wheeler, Dry Boss*. It was written by Justin Steuart, who for many years sat in Wheeler's office as Wheeler's "secretary of publicity." Though the book with all its criticism of Wheeler was published in 1928, Mr. Steuart at this writing is still on the payroll of the Anti-Saloon League as assistant to Ernest Cherrington, director of the League's publicity.

From this book I take these extracts showing how members and officials of the Anti-Saloon League, his closest associates, looked upon the Wayne B. Wheeler who with his own deft hand froze a certain 105 words into our Constitution:

"Wayne B. Wheeler controlled six Congresses, dictated to two Presidents of the United States, directed legislation in most of the states of the Union, picked the candidates for the most important elective state and Federal offices, held the balance of power in both Republican and Democratic parties, distributed more patronage than any dozen other men, supervised a Federal bureau from outside without official authority, and was recognized by friend and foe alike as the most masterful and powerful single individual in the United States. . . .

"The advance of Wheeler to dictatorship of prohibition, including a voice in the appointment of enforcement officials, Federal judges, district attorneys, etc., in the opening year of the Harding administration, had been so rapid and so complete that he had a natural feeling that this could not last. In 1922 he sounds the only pessimistic note which he was ever known to utter. He knew how slight were the foundations on which his power rested. He was in conflict with some of the ablest men in the Anti-Saloon League, who objected to his plan for 'personally conducted enforcement' through Commissioner Haynes and, equally strenuously, objected to his part in the distribution of Federal patronage. That conflict was hidden but was perilous.

"Occasional hints at it crept into the public press, only to be strenuously denied. The League could not afford to be suspected of discord and division. In the words of one of its leaders, 'It is better to be united in a bad fight than divided in a good one.' The Democrats in the League felt that Wheeler's Republicanism was too robust. The Republicans in the organization felt that he was too dictatorial."

The legal tricks in the Eighteenth Amendment are hard to find, without the aid of those who helped Wayne B. Wheeler to put them there. They don't consist so much of what was put into the amendment as of what was left out. Wheeler proved a clever cutter. For example:

### An Important Omission

Senator Morris Sheppard and the Anti-Saloon League, as its very name indicates, were enemies not of drinkers but of the liquor traffic, the saloon, the brewer, the distiller. Senator Sheppard's proposed Eighteenth Amendment, until it fell into the hands of Wheeler, was not directed against the drinking or the making of liquor, except for commercial purposes.

Here's how Sheppard's original amendment, introduced in 1913 but shelved, put it:

"The sale, manufacture *for sale*, transportation *for sale*, importation *for sale*, and exportation *for sale* of intoxicating liquors for beverage purposes, etc., are hereby prohibited."

Senator Sheppard told me about the so-called "1913 Measure."

"I didn't intend to stop the making of liquor in homes," he said. "I didn't even have in mind the idea of preventing gifts of liquor, or the carrying of liquor from point to point, unless these things were done for commercial purposes. Private making of booze and

private drinking thereof were not aimed at."

It was Wayne B. Wheeler who, as czar over Anti-Saloon League members, "went the whole hog" and cut out the words "for sale." He wasn't content to go along with his associates in an effort to stop those who were commercializing liquor. He planned and shrewdly saw a chance, by the simple act of cutting out the two words "for sale," to try to stop all drinking of all alcoholic drinks by everybody within the nation.

Already that desperate effort of Wheeler, which was not approved of by many of his fellows, to reach into private homes or to endeavor to compensate for nature's disposition to create alcohol has, in the main, been set aside by many court decisions or even by regulations of the prohibition department itself, which do not hold it a crime for a man to brew his own liquor for consumption, but not for commercial purposes, on his own premises.

### "Purchase" and "Use"

Another cunning omission from the Eighteenth Amendment was that of the words "purchase, use." "They said," Senator Sheppard explained to me, speaking of the Anti-Saloon League forces, "that if we made the buyer of intoxicating liquor a criminal we would lose a witness against the seller. The idea was that the buyer would not give information against the seller if such information would brand the buyer as a fellow criminal with the seller."

If you have wondered why it is no crime for your fellow citizens in such goodly numbers to seek out bootleggers and buy hooch from them, here's your answer:

Wayne B. Wheeler, dry boss, cunningly decided to make it not a crime.

I don't say that Wheeler, and a few of his associates who stuck to him, didn't have something of a fight to sneak this evasion into our Federal Constitution. Both Wets and Drys fought him on the ground that it was dishonest not to make it a crime to buy liquor as well as to sell it. Four senators, on the eventful day that Sheppard's resolution was passed, voted to make it a crime to "purchase." One of these four was Warren G. Harding.

Sixty-two senators, many of them not caring one way or another because of believing with Boies Penrose that the measure would never become a law anyhow, voted to omit the word.

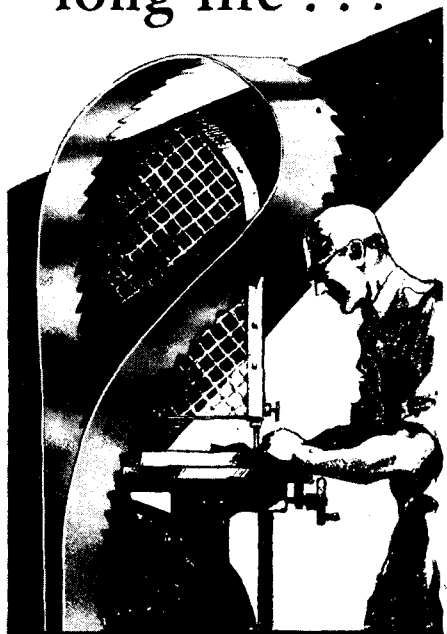
Another trick of the Wheeler school of legislation in the Eighteenth Amendment is the short seventeen-word second section. Wheeler knew, as did legislators who later were called upon to vote on the amendment, that the first section definitely took away from each state in the Union any right to regulate the liquor traffic. It killed local option in every town, in every county, in every state.

How could you take away power from states, from state legislators, from state officials and from millions of voters in that fashion without getting into trouble? Wheeler found a way. He made a gesture in the second section of preposterously giving to the states the power (which of course they already had if they wished to use it) of helping the Federal government to take their own power of regulating the liquor traffic away from them. The states couldn't regulate the liquor traffic. But they were given the power to prohibit it!

"The Congress and the Federal States shall have concurrent power to



**Tougher . . .  
Safer  
throughout a  
long life . . .**



**. . . that's  
why Industry  
prefers Simonds  
Band Saws**

**T**HE manufacture of Simonds Band Saws represents a distinct achievement in the production of superior cutting tools. The specially heat-treated alloy steel used in Simonds Band Saws is made in Simonds own steel mills . . . It is unusually strong, tough and flexible—a steel that holds its cutting edge under strenuous service . . . For safety, economy and dependability in saws it pays to specify Simonds.

SIMONDS SAW AND STEEL CO.  
FITCHBURG, MASS.

"The Saw Makers"

Established 1832

Branch Offices and Service Shops in Principal Cities

**SIMONDS**  
**SAWS** FILES KNIVES STEEL

enforce this (Section No. 1) by appropriate legislation."

"Make your liquor laws," said Wheeler to the states. "You've got the right to do so. But you must make them so that they will prevent all drinking."

By anything that I have written I do not intend to indicate that Senator Morris Sheppard is not satisfied with the Eighteenth Amendment as it was finally made and as it now stands. When he tells of the creation of the amendment, with its evasions, omissions, compromises and compensations, he does so with an obvious pride.

#### The Webb-Kenyon Act

He is the father of most of the prohibition laws that have been passed by the Senate since he entered it in 1913. His law made the District of Columbia dry during war times. When the great wartime agricultural bill came up in 1918, it was a Sheppard amendment to it that fixed wartime prohibition.

Ten days after the war ended, this wartime prohibition was in effect. It remained so until it was repealed. But Federal prohibition, under the amendment, was on the way. State legislatures, under war pressure, rapidly one after another had ratified the amendment.

It was on December 3, 1917, that Congress passed the Sheppard resolution. Within thirteen months and twenty-six days it had been buried, tricks, evasions and all, in the heart of our Constitution.

The session which passed that law was a special one. It had been called by President Wilson for the purpose of declaring war against Germany.

The amendment was passed at a time when eighty-five per cent of our territory "had outlawed the saloon." More than sixty per cent of our population resided in such territory. Only a few months before, the United States Supreme Court had upheld the Webb-Kenyon act, preventing shipment of liquor into dry states. Thus this once famous act was never given a fair trial at keeping dry local option districts really dry.

The Eighteenth Amendment might have been more soundly, honestly and less trickily made if some of the wisest and best legal minds in the United States Senate had not been misled by Boies Penrose and Warren G. Harding into believing that it never could become a law.

The Eighteenth Amendment was either one of the few good things that Boies Penrose, Republican boss, gave America, or else it was one of the worst mistakes of his years of political sagacity.

## Cafeteria Girl

Continued from page 13

cheeks the color of flowering quince—as deep a pink as that.

"Won't tell. But when I'd finished, the old girl said if that's the case she'd knock off five francs more!"

"Liar! But I love to hear you. You tell such lovely lies!"

A cafeteria, Anita said, was no fit place to open a present which came all the way from Le Havre. She would wait till they were in Central Park, sitting beneath a spreading tree, with lots of grass around them.

He went away then, returning at seven. But a change had come over Robert. He kept glancing behind him, a frown on his face, so that Anita, seeing that something was strange, asked him what was the matter.

"I think somebody's following me."

"A detective?" she gasped.

"I guess so."

But he did not seem to be frightened.

"Why, Robert? Why should a detective—?" She knew a sharp suspicion. "Have you been snuggling things?"

A quick smile came and as swiftly went. "Anita, I haven't done a thing that I need to be ashamed of. Do you believe me?"

"Of course I do."

That was all, but it seemed to the girl that a subtle tie had bound them. The mystery quickened her curiosity. She wanted so much to know who was following him . . . and why.

By the light of the moon she opened the present, a flaming silk shawl embroidered with patterns and hung with a heavy fringe of white. It clung to her shoulders like soft warm sunlight and made her want to dance on the grass to a gay, wild, pagan tune.

"Looks great on you, Nita. I knew it would. Just goes with your eyes and hair."

"Robert, you darling!"

"Darling, am I? Then I must have caught it from you."

He put his arm around her, and even better than the feel of the flaming shawl was the feel of his arm on her shoulder. He told her more wonders that he had

seen—and her comments delighted him. Once, he said, he had known a girl who would have yawned at him, bored to death, if he talked to her like that.

"Was she pretty?" Anita wondered and was vexed with herself for asking.

"Yes, pretty enough. But leave her out. You're much more interesting."

He told her how, when the ship was rolling, a star would seem to be moving around in a circle overhead. And, then quite abruptly, he was asking her if she would be his wife!

"But, Robert!"

"You . . . like me, don't you?"

"Like you! Much more than that."

"Well?"

"I haven't done anything but think about you all the time you were gone."

"Well?" What else, that one word seemed to ask her, could make her hesitate?

"I'd say 'yes' so quick, dear, if—"

She stopped.

"If what?"

MR. STOLP was hovering at her side; his words were in her ears.

"Don't you see? You don't make much money being a sailor, and you're away so much of the time. Oh, I'm not looking for a rich man. I'd rather have you than the richest man in all the world. But it's so hard being poor. I know; I've seen so many poor people, Robert. It makes me scared when I think of them. And—I guess you don't know—I've got a mother that I take care of. That makes it all the harder."

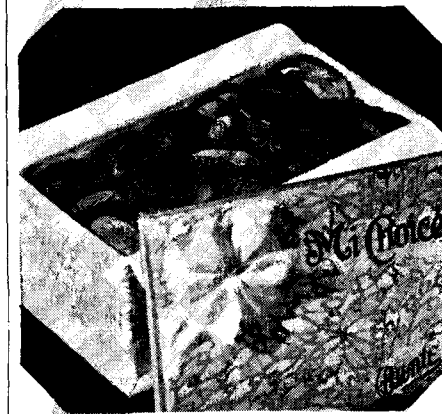
"But I'm bound to make good," he told her. "I'll be a quartermaster pretty soon, and then I'll get to be a deck officer. Anita, some day I'll have a ship of my own and you will go sailing with me."

It was pleasant to think of sailing with him, of steaming to far-off foreign ports, of watching a star as it moved in a circle high in the sky above them. "Wait until you come back again. You'll maybe want to change your mind."

"I'll not change," was his dogged an-

(Continued on page 68)

**Bunte**  
WORLD FAMOUS  
CANDIES



**T**HE REASON for the subtle smartness and delicious purity of the Mi Choice package need not concern you. You need only know that this "Gift of Gifts" is the perfect social passport . . . the symbol of your discriminating taste. Get acquainted. If your dealer does not have the Mi Choice package, use the coupon below. *Smartly packaged . . . one . . . two . . . three and five pounds.*

**Mi Choice**  
CHOCOLATES



BUNTE BROTHERS  
3327 Franklin Blvd.  
Chicago, Ill.

☐ Enclose \$1.50 for a one pound Mi Choice package.  
☐ Enclose 25c for the miniature Mi Choice sample package.

Name .....

Address ..... City .....

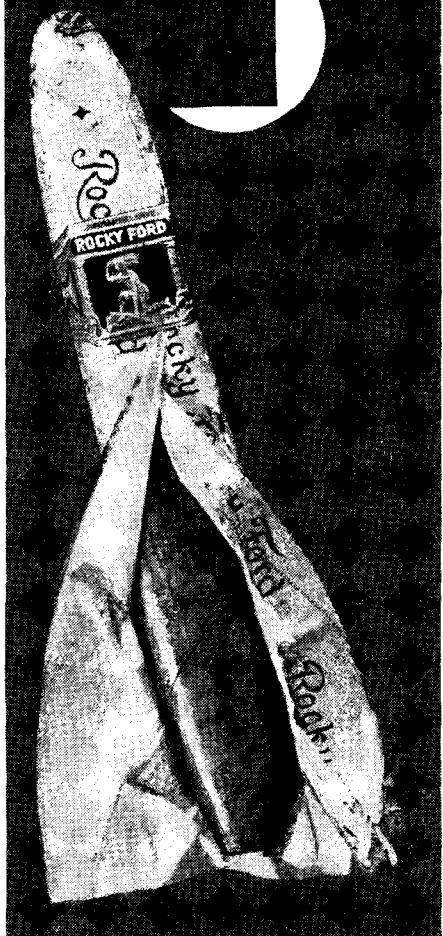
Dealer's Name .....



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

# Rocky Ford

# 5¢



**I**MPORTED Sumatra  
wrapper... finest do-  
mestic 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 tobacconist, send 25  
cents to P. Lorillard Co., Inc.,  
119 W. 40th St., New York, for  
trial package of 5 cigars.

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

© P. LORILLARD CO., EST. 1760

(Continued from page 67)

swer. "I know what I want, and I'll  
not change. You get a chance to think  
of things when you are out at sea."

"But you see I haven't had a chance  
to think of things—not yet. But by the  
time that you've returned, I'll promise  
to tell you, Robert."

He had been holding her close for  
many magic minutes. Then, abruptly,  
he rose from the bench and turned with  
an exclamation. Not half a score of  
yards away a man was standing, his  
hands in his pockets, watching them  
from behind their backs. Anita caught  
a glimpse of his face, an expressionless  
face beneath a flat straw hat. Then  
Robert started towards him, and the  
fellow, running, was lost among the  
shadowy trees and the rocks of Central  
Park.

He was lost but not forgotten. Again  
and often, sitting behind her cash-till,  
Anita thought of that man and won-  
dered. He disturbed her... and yet  
there remained the fact that he, not  
Robert, had run away, as though *his*  
were a guilty conscience.

**A** STRANGE thing happened the day  
after Robert's boat sailed. This  
same mysterious fellow entered the  
cafeteria, got a cup of coffee, and, in a  
moment when no one was near her coun-  
ter, approached to pay his nickel.

"Sa-a-ay," he said, leaning forward  
in a confidential fashion, "you want to  
go easy with that Robert Banning,  
girlie."

"Oh, I do! Why?"

"He's a bad one with women—that's  
why."

"Oh, he is! A bad one with men, if  
they didn't run away!"

The fellow seemed quite unperturbed  
at her gibe.

"You wasn't thinking of marrying  
him, was you?"

"Of all the crust! What business is  
that of yours?"

"Oh, nothing. But you're a nice-look-  
ing kid. I'd hate to see you get caught  
by Bob Banning—that's all."

She got angry and called Mr. Stolp,  
but the fellow did not linger. Some  
poison of doubt remained, however, and  
to it was added the daily acid of the  
manager's family story...

Robert Banning returned on a Thurs-  
day in June, swinging through the door  
from Eighth Avenue like a hero of some  
romance. His eyes were eager and  
very frank and thoroughly disarming.  
Another marvelous gift he had brought,  
a trophy seized in some Old World  
port and carried to her, like spoils of  
war to a lovely Spanish princess.  
Her last misgiving fled; she did not  
care, when she saw him then, if he  
were the poorest man on earth; she  
could have danced on the counter top,  
she felt so suddenly happy.

They were married in a little Con-  
necticut town overlooking the lazy  
Sound. They stayed two nights in a  
small hotel; then back they came on  
an early train to the city. He hurried  
at once to his ship on the Brooklyn  
dock front. Anita, smiling and bright  
of eye, took her place at the cashier's  
counter.

Mr. Stolp came over and cast an ap-  
praising eye on the stock of cigars.

"I better order some more of those  
Toms. Hey, what's that you got on  
your finger?"

"Souvenir," crooned Anita.

"Aha!" A light had dawned on Mr.  
Stolp. "So that's why your mother was  
sick in bed!... Well, what're you doing  
back here?"

"I love my job so much I hate to  
quit it!"

"So you went and married a bunch  
of pennies! After all the advice I gave  
you!"

She sat there and took the money from  
tiresome folk who live on food. Out-  
side, the sun was beating down on wilt-  
ing collars and bleached straw hats. It  
shone with dazzling brightness on a  
handsome machine which was backing  
into an all but inadequate space at the  
curb. Anita's eyes, admiring it, caught  
a glimpse of its "foreign" license. The  
car was from Pennsylvania.

A familiar figure emerged and peered  
at her through the window. She saw  
the same rather heavy, expressionless  
face beneath a flat straw hat. Another  
man appeared at his side, and together  
they passed through the entrance.  
Anita watched them with apprehension,  
a feeling of wondering dread. The sec-  
ond man looked so forbidding!

Then he abruptly lifted his chin, a  
characteristic movement, and in that  
moment Anita knew that this man was  
Robert's father.

They strode on past—straight on to  
Mr. Stolp himself, with whom they were  
now holding converse.

Then the manager looked at Anita.  
He ushered the men into his office; he  
seemed obsequious about it. A moment  
later he took her place at the cashier's  
desk, while Anita, puzzled and fright-  
ened, approached her unknown fate.  
Mr. Stolp's excited whisper was still dis-  
tinct in her ears:

"It's your father-in-law! It's Nelson  
Banning!" He might have said it was  
a hungry lion, for all the assurance he  
gave her.

She closed the door and faced the  
eyes of Robert's father. Once again  
she endured his cold, unfeeling, calcu-  
lating gaze—just as though she weren't  
a girl at all but a piece of merchandise.  
"Where is Robert?" he asked.

"On his boat. He sailed this morn-  
ing."

The younger man, the one who had  
spied on them in the park, nodded his  
head as though he would say, "See, it's  
just as I told you it was." Nelson Ban-  
ning's eyes never wavered.

"So you and Robert are married?"

"Yes, sir."

"I'm his father," came the curt ex-  
planation.

"Yes... you look like him... some."

**S**UDDENLY Anita wanted to cry. She  
had no father; she'd so much missed  
not having a father; and now, when she  
finally had one, he looked at her in  
such a cold, unfriendly sort of way!  
Fathers were not like that, she knew.  
Fathers took their daughters on their  
laps and patted their cheeks and lis-  
tened to their prattle.

"See here," said Nelson Banning, "my  
son has done a foolish thing for which  
he'll soon be sorry. I'll pay you twenty  
thousand dollars... and expenses...  
to go to California and leave no word  
where you've gone."

"Why—why?"

"Why! Because it's the easiest way  
out of this mess you two have gotten  
into."

"You mean by getting married?"

"Exactly—by getting married."

Anita stared at him in silence. In  
her mind she saw Robert, smiling and  
eager, just back from sea with a mar-  
velous gift, stride through the door and  
find in her stead a strange girl count-  
ing change. A sailor's first returning to  
his bride, and not a word to let him  
know where she had gone and why!  
This father, this Nelson Banning, did  
not know what he was asking.

"No, thank you. I'll stay right here."

"I thought so. I'll make it twenty-  
five thousand, and that's as high as I'll  
go."

"Keep it," she answered bitterly. "If  
you offer me twenty-five million—"

"Now keep your shirt on, girlie,"  
spoke up the man who had spied on

## LEADS THE FIELD



Put your money on Planters Salted  
Peanuts when you want a sure winner.  
These big, thoroughbred Peanuts  
from old Virginia put spurs to ap-  
petite. They take all the blue ribbons  
when it comes to genuine wholesome-  
ness and flavor. Crisp, whole-roasted,  
salted. Sold only in the glassine bag  
with MR. PEANUT on it. Buy a bag  
every day. 5 cents everywhere. "The  
Nickel Lunch."

PLANTERS NUT & CHOCOLATE COMPANY  
U. S. A. and Canada

## PLANTERS SALTED PEANUTS

# IRON GLUE



**Mends Picture Frames**  
Quick to stick—mends celluloid,  
toys, furniture, books, leather,  
brie-a-brac, etc. 10c & 15c sizes.  
Sold by 10c stores, hardware,  
drug and grocery stores, or 15c  
size by mail. Tubes and bottles.  
McCormick & Co., Baltimore, Md.

## COLLEGE COURSES at Home

Carry on your education. Develop power  
to initiate and achieve. Earn credit to-  
ward a Bachelor degree or Teaching  
Certificate by correspondence. Select  
from 450 courses in 45 subjects, including  
English, Mathematics, History, Educa-  
tion, Psychology, Economics, the  
Languages, etc. Write for catalog.

**The University of Chicago**  
417 ELLIS HALL CHICAGO, ILL.

**REWARD!** For a little of your spare time between  
now and Christmas. WRITE TODAY.  
Chief of Subscription Staff  
THE CROWELL PUBLISHING COMPANY  
250 Park Avenue, New York, Y. Y.

**DOUBLES  
SALARY**  
During Lunch Hours!

Stenographer made \$1000.00 in  
lunch hours; D. B. Quinn—\$2000;  
Mrs. E. Foss, housewife—\$800.  
Hundreds make \$50, \$75, \$100 weekly  
and even more in spare time. Taking Orders for  
**HERTEL'S PERSONAL CHRISTMAS GREETING  
CARDS.** No selling experience required. Hertel cards  
sell on sight. Here is the surest way of making big  
money quickly. Weekly Pay and monthly bonus  
checks. Write today! The John A. Hertel Co., 318 W.  
Washington Street, Dept. E-83, Chicago, Illinois.

**\$10.00 outfit FREE** to those able to  
give references!



# Corns

relief in 1 minute!



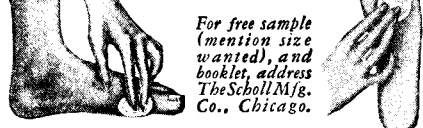
## Removes the cause

The instant you apply Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads corn pain ends.

Removing the cause—pressure of shoes and the healing medication—is the secret of their healing power. No other treatment acts on this natural principle. You avoid all danger of blood-poisoning as with cutting your corns; all risk of acid burn on the toes from using harsh liquids and plasters. Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads are thin, dainty, cushioning, protective; guaranteed safe, sure. Won't come off in bath.

## Bunions and Callouses

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads are also made in sizes for Bunions and Callouses. At all drug, shoe and dept. stores —35¢ box.



## Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads

Put one on—the pain is gone!

## Soft, Easy Fitting



140-Page Book of record-keeping forms, filled in to show you their uses. It answers problems of accounting for office, factory and professions. This Free Book describes and illustrates Moore's Security 4-Post Binders, the simplest, easiest handled on the market. To insert or remove sheets takes but a moment. Low in cost—long in life. Moore's Binders are Different.

Write on your business stationery for this Free Book on up-to-date Loose-Leaf equipment

# free

A great help toward simple and accurate record-keeping

Write for it today!

**JOHN C. MOORE CORP.** Est. 1839  
6025 STONE STREET ROCHESTER, N. Y.

them. He was tolerant, soothing, almost kindly, a philosopher who knew his world and would give a girl of his wisdom. "You know that twenty-five thousand dollars ain't money to throw away."

"Suppose you keep your mouth shut!" came Anita's tart suggestion.

Nelson Banning looked formidable as a thundercloud when, rising, he loomed above her.

"All right, then. But just bear this in mind, young lady; neither you nor Robert, either, will get a cent of help from me."

He stepped towards the door, but Anita stood before it. Her face was white and her eyes were bright and she was fighting angry.

"You look here, Mr. Banning. I'm going to tell you something. I've earned my living all my life, and I don't need to ask help from anybody. That's not all. I took Robert for a poor man, and if he never has a dollar but what he earns himself I . . . I won't be disappointed. It's all I expect. And you leave us alone!"

"Oh, all right," gasped Nelson Banning, and for the barest second a smile had chased all the sternness out of his face.

IT WAS amazing to see what a furore a simple marriage could raise. Reporters came and camera men, and the story was printed on all the first pages, with headlines, of course, in the tabloids. Anita read with amazement. The newspapers knew so much more than she did about the man she had married!

Another girl was mentioned, a society girl from a rich Philadelphia family. He had been engaged to marry this girl; but suddenly, the papers said, Robert had written a note to her and had vanished from the city. It came to Anita that she was the girl who would have been bored, would have yawned in his face, if he tried to tell her about the wonders one saw at sea and in ports abroad. So he had broken off their engagement.

One other note, the reporters learned, had been written to Robert's mother. It told her not to worry about him, because he was only going away to tackle the world as he wanted. He was tired of being a rich man's heir, of selling stuffy stocks and bonds, of being the son of his father. Dad had started with nothing at all; well, then, so could Robert.

But Mrs. Banning, his mother, was worried. She asked her husband to hire a detective and find what her boy was up to. The detective had done a thorough job . . . up to a certain point! Twenty-four hours too late he found the Connecticut marriage record.

And what did the Bannings think of their new daughter? Upon this point the father was terse and certainly not to be shaken. "Mrs. Banning and I have no comment to make," was all that the papers reported.

Mr. Stolp, a practical man, had feet on solid ground. After the first shock of learning that Robert Banning of the Social Register once worked for him as a bus boy, he was again the sage who uttered worldly wisdom.

"Now look here, Neets, you want to use your head. This is worth a hundred thousand to you if you only play your hand right. Get a good lawyer and have him go—"

"Oh, hush! You make me tired." Anita turned to contemplate the calendar on the wall. "Ten more days," she said. "Oh, dear, the time does pass so slowly!"

Aye . . . but, after all, it passed. The shipping list in the newspapers showed that his boat was due on this Monday.

Noon passed in a clatter of plates and cutlery, of banging trays and scrap-

ing chairs, of a check machine endlessly clanging . . . Mid-afternoon . . . and the smell of mop-water rose with the steam from slippery floors. Anita began to feel restive.

At three-thirty she phoned the steamship office. Yes, his boat had docked at ten o'clock. A suspicion, gray and terrible, came like a cloud to hover and, slowly growing, to threaten. Perhaps his father, Nelson Banning, had met him at the gangplank. Perhaps his father had even convinced him that marriage to a cafeteria girl was the height of youthful folly. Perhaps—she grew faint at thought of it—he had told him, that ruthless man of money, that Anita had already gone away and was lost in California.

Four-thirty. The first of the dinner crowd began to come, like weary cows returning home from pasture. Then something flashed in the sun outside. She saw a Pennsylvania license plate! The machine had stopped on the street-car track, for there was no place left to park. The door burst open as though from an inner explosion. A really violent explosion, indeed, for Robert catapulted out and came like a lusty cannon ball straight for the fly-screened entrance.

What followed caused a mild sensation among the weary cows at the manger. They paused in their munching, open-eyed, at the sight of such startling behavior. Mr. Stolp, for once in his life, was staggered. The service women, behind the counters, stopped as if suddenly petrified with their ladies caught in mid-motion.

"Get your hat and things," ordered Robert. "You're through!"

"But—what—?"

"You'll never work here again. You're through. Hurry up, dear; the car is waiting."

"Robert! I think—Oh, you've loosened this earring! Robert, but where are we going?"

He was too excited to answer. "You know what kept me so long? Oh, you couldn't guess; I'll tell you. The port captain had me up at his office. He said, if I pass the examinations—and I will; I know all about them—then he'll give me a junior officer's berth! Just think; I'll be standing a watch on the bridge!"

"Why, Robert! Oh, you're wonderful!"

IT WAS amazing how fast things were happening. There was Mr. Stolp shaking hands with them and looking sort of silly. There was Dorothy Walsh, who punched the checks, kissing Anita good-by. There was Mrs. Wollman, behind the soup pots, shedding a sentimental tear, which she wiped with a bit of her apron.

Then they were on the sidewalk, Anita still with her hat in her hand, and a fellow wearing a chauffeur's cap was saying, "Just around the corner, sir," as if Robert were a captain.

It was just like a grand moving picture! A lady smiled as she got in the car. The chauffeur stood with his hand on the door. Some people had stopped and were staring.

"Nita, this is Mother. She came up just to see you."

And then—a most amazing thing—the lady actually kissed her!

"My dear, what a pretty child you are! Though I knew you'd be. Robert is so particular."

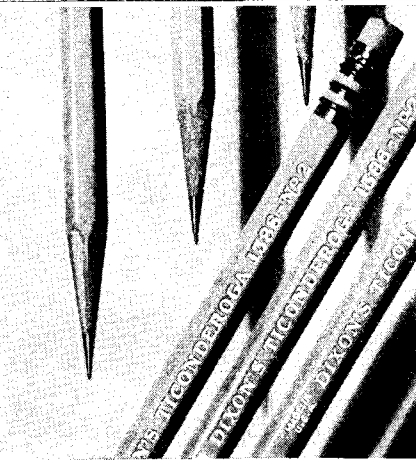
The door banged shut. The chauffeur took his place behind the wheel. The shining car moved forward.

She heard Robert's voice like a voice in a dream:

"Dad likes you, too. He thinks you're great. He told Mother, 'The little girl's got spunk.' And, say, maybe Dad's not particular!"



"FORT TICONDEROGA 1776"



© 1929

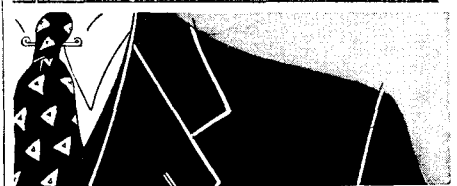
Like a bird taking wing, Dixon's "Ti-con-der-oga" starts smoothly across the page. Firmly, surely, easily, it writes its way—untiring to the end. It is America's favorite 5¢ pencil

**DIXON "TI-CON-DER-OGA"**  
An extraordinary five-cent pencil

Made in the U. S. A. by  
JOSEPH DIXON CRUCIBLE COMPANY  
PENCIL DEPT. 52-J JERSEY CITY, N. J.

## MONEY FOR YOU

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 MENHENITT COMPANY Limited 270 Dominion Bldg., Toronto, Can.



AFRAID TO WEAR A DARK SUIT?

## Why tolerate dandruff? It can be checked

Here's a simple, sane treatment—recommended by physicians for 60 years and proved effective by millions of men. It combines nature's two most effective remedies for dandruff: cleanliness and pine tar.

Wet your hair. Work the rich, tonic pine-tar lather of Packer's Tar Soap well into the scalp. Rinse. Again lather, massage and rinse thoroughly. (The final rinse should be cold to close the pores.) Dry thoroughly.

In severe cases, do this every other day until the scalp clears up. In milder cases, every 4 or 5 days. Then, to prevent recurrence, keep up regular weekly Packer shampoos. You can't reasonably expect now-and-then care to keep your scalp dandruff-free—and it won't! Sample cake and book on hair health —10¢. PACKER'S, Dept. 23-I, 101 W. 31st St., New York.



Send 10¢ for sample of

**PACKER'S Tar Soap**



School children  
write better  
with these  
pens!



THIS is one of the most popular school pens in the world—endorsed by writing supervisors everywhere. See that your child has the advantage of using fresh, smooth Esterbrook pen points!

**Esterbrook**

**PATENTS.** Write for Free Guide Book, "HOW TO OBTAIN A PATENT" and Record of Invention Blank. Send model or sketch and description of your invention for our Inspection and Advice Free. Terms Reasonable.

Victor J. Evans & Co., 631 Ninth, Washington, D. C.

**Clark's Famous Cruises**  
**MEDITERRANEAN CRUISE Jan. 29**  
**\$600—\$1750**  
New S. S. "Transylvania", 66 days, Madeira, Canary Islands, Morocco, Spain, Greece, Palestine, Egypt, Italy, etc. Hotels, fees, drives, etc., included.  
**Frank C. Clark, Times Bldg., N. Y.**



"Ask Your  
Garage Man"

Be Sure to  
Have your  
**Purolator** re-car-  
tridged every 8000  
miles. Your Garage  
or Service Station  
will do it.

**PUROLATOR**  
THE OIL FILTER ON YOUR MOTOR CAR  
Licensed under Sweetland Patents

## Ice-Cold Kisses

Continued from page 24

her, the bathing cap in her hand, and her long black hair flowing. I admired her as I would a picture in an art gallery.

Fifty feet away she recognized me, swerved and stood before me. My heart skipped a beat.

"May I sit down?" she asked, rather stiffly, I thought.

"Pleasure."

She seated herself beside me and then opened those great eyes and drenched me with their brilliancy.

"Mr. Torrence," she said in a low, hesitating voice, "why do you dislike me? Is it because of the incident when we were so young?"

"I—I don't dislike you," I stammered.

"I think you made it evident last night," she retorted with her old irritating manner.

"WELL, if you want to know, it's your air of superiority, your arrogance, your Boston indifference, your con-founded pride."

"You think I am proud?" she asked softly.

"And how!"

"I'm not. I'm uncomfortable with strangers. I suppose I'm shy. I have no small talk. I'm not interested in what people chatter about. I don't mean to be disagreeable. I guess I can't help it." She sighed. "I tried to talk to you last night and you were unkind."

"You didn't want to talk to me. You were trying to snub my friend, Dave Belham. And he likes you."

"He's rather good-looking but he seemed silly."

"He isn't. You floored him."

Without warning she smiled. Her eyes lit up, those superb teeth flashed and her transformation was magical. I was so thrilled I got gooseflesh, darned if I didn't. She reminded me of Geraldine Farrar when she made her entrance in Carmen, years ago. I wondered if that old grandmother of hers mightn't have been a gypsy.

"Absurd," she said.

"Dave Belham is the finest fellow I know. He is all wool and a yard wide. He's rapidly getting rich. When he isn't knocked goofy by you, he's swell company. Of course, he wouldn't fit in Boston. You've got to be born to bloom in that atmosphere, but if you think you could exist anywhere else—"

"I hate Boston," she said passionately. This was news and I got enthusiastic.

"Then here's your chance to move to a good town. Crook your finger and you can have Dave."

The light went out in her face, her head reared and her eyes narrowed. Her lips drew into a thin straight line and the look she threw me was baleful.

"Are you a marriage broker?" she asked contemptuously. "Is there a commission involved?"

If she had been male I would have struck her. I scrambled to my feet, returned her glance intensified, and walked off with as much dignity as a thin man in a bathing suit could muster. The nasty little vixen! Insulted me for trying to put in a good word for Dave. Just as I had begun to think that she was a nice girl after all. I was so angry I made a stupid job of dressing and it took me twenty minutes to complete the job, and then Dave tore in bubbling like a California gusher.

"What's the matter with you?" I asked sourly.

"I met Prudence, Pete. I'm in right. She asked me over to play tennis this afternoon."

"Congratulations. See you at the house."

So what I said had made an impression, I thought, as I drove home. Though she had snapped at me like a thankless cat, she proposed to take advantage of my proposition.

"We're invited to dinner at the Winslows' tonight," Aunt Dora informed me when I reached the house.

"I'm going to be excused, please. I feel like a solitary diner tonight."

She looked at me searchingly. "Have you quarreled with Prudence?"

"She gives me a pain."

Auntie sighed. "I hoped you'd like her. She is the sweetest girl I know."

"Ha, ha! Dave is raving about her. You and he should get together."

Aunt Dora wagged her head reproachfully and left me to my own devices.

About five-thirty Dave returned from the Winslows' and burst into my room where I was reading a good book. He was in a trance.

"She's a wonderful player. I had a hard time beating her," he declared. "Pete, I'm not worthy of her."

"Who is? Was she nice to you?"

"Charming. We didn't have much time to talk but we're all going to dinner with her tonight."

"All except me. I'm out of sorts and I'm not dining out."

"That's too bad," he said without any real sympathy. "I've got to go dress for dinner."

"Good riddance." His blather was getting on my nerves. I hoped he would win the girl and live unhappily ever after. A man who would be so fooled by a face and figure deserved no better fate.

I refused to go swimming next morning and told Dave I felt like golf. With what he expected to find on the beach, I knew I wouldn't be pestered by him on the links. About ten o'clock I teed off, made a nice drive and did the first hole in par. There was a balmy breeze blowing across the course and I began to feel a hundred per cent. I did the second and third holes at the top of my form, which isn't so wonderful, by the way, but I sliced my drive for the fourth and lost the ball in the rough.

WHILE I was trudging around looking for it I heard a faint halloo from behind and saw a woman a hundred yards back who wanted permission to play through. I waved and she came on. She was wearing a red tam and a blue sports suit which couldn't disguise the most wonderful figure in the world. Confound her. I thought she would be at the beach.

Apparently she recognized me at the same moment and approached me.

Although I was burning with resentment I had to admit that she was the best-looking Puritan who ever burned a witch.

She looked at me unsmiling and with expressionless eyes. I didn't speak.

"I thought you were bathing," she said in her cool even tones.

"I felt like golf," I answered sullenly.

Prudence sat down on a rock, dropped her bag of clubs and folded her hands in her lap.

"I didn't go swimming because I would probably meet you," she stated.

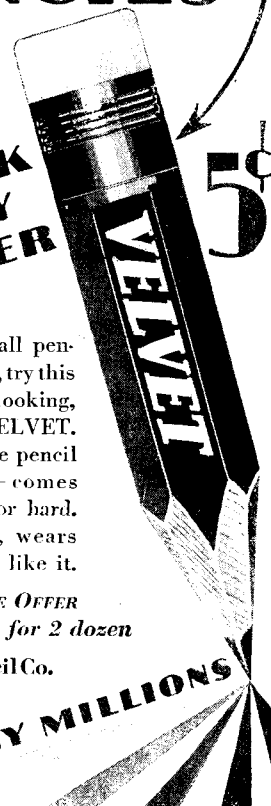
"I owed you an apology and I hate to apologize."

"Then let it pass."

"I tried to make amends by being nice to your friend. Did he tell you we played tennis?"

## 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.

SAMPLE OFFER

Send \$1.00 for 2 dozen

American Pencil Co.  
302 Venus Bldg.  
Hoboken  
N.J.

USED BY MILLIONS



## WANT MORE CASH?

Do you sometimes have a few spare hours which you would like to turn into Extra Cash? That is just the way Mr. Charles A. Pearson of South Carolina felt and he started in as our spare time subscription representative with so much success that he now devotes his full time to this pleasant and profitable work.

### Your Time is Money!

Even if you have only a few spare hours a week, you can easily increase your income by taking care of the local subscription interests of COLLIERS, THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE, WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION, THE MENTOR and FARM AND FIRE-SIDE.

Your profits start at once. Write for full information and free supplies, now!—today!

Chief of Subscription Staff, Desk 72  
The Crowell Publishing Company  
250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

How can I earn extra money?

Name.....

Address.....

Town.....

State.....



"He did."

"I hoped you would understand from that that I was sorry. I felt hurt that you refused to dine with us last night."

"I wasn't feeling well," I lied. She made me uncomfortable and she was too darned beautiful to be close to a fellow who was human.

"You hate me, don't you?" she said pensively.

"I don't hate anybody. I admire you; your beauty, your intellect, your—your—"

She lifted a protesting hand. "Please. You are still resentful. But you don't realize that you insulted me by assuming that I would crook my finger at a man to escape from Boston. You intimated that I am a designing woman."

"Well, aren't you? You went after Dave right away."

"I HAVE explained, I believe," she said calmly. "I don't know why I want to set myself right with you. You are a rather useless person. I understand you are not very successful in business. You are not athletic. You seem to have no ambition. Yet you led your class in college. I suppose the money you are coming into has had a deleterious effect on you."

"Thanks," I retorted hotly. "You might add that I am a freckled, stub-nosed, carrot-headed person of low birth and no breeding."

"No, I wouldn't say that. You rail about Boston but I happen to know that your grandmother was a Wentworth of Mount Vernon Street."

"I'm exposed. Take away your microscope."

Prudence showed me she could laugh. It had an elfin ring.

"I find myself able to talk freely to you," she explained. "With persons whose good opinion is important I am apt to be self-conscious and stiff but I am really at ease with you. Droll, isn't it?"

"Weird," I said tartly. "You always struck me as convinced of your superiority and puffed up with pride about your funny family. First time I saw you I said to myself, 'What a lovely Spanish girl,' and then I found you were just a Puritan in masquerade, stiff as a poker and quilly as a porcupine. You were standing on a pedestal and I had a small boy's mischievous notion of kicking it from under you. That's why I tried to kiss you."

"Oh!" she exclaimed. "You didn't want to kiss me?"

"Certainly not, when I found out you were a Winslow. No sane man would kiss a Winslow."

She bent her jet brows at me. "You're

not even halfway polite. I think your friend Mr. Belham would like to kiss me."

"Huh. He thinks you are a gay señorita from Seville, the poor gump. If you don't take a few lessons in kissing, the first one will deceive him."

I was conscious that I was being contemptible but the girl was so exasperating. I'd always wanted to tell her a few things but never expected she would give me the opportunity. To my surprise she didn't flare up at this but looked thoughtful.

"That isn't a bad idea," she said gravely. "I've never been kissed in my life and perhaps I need instruction. Can you recommend anybody?"

I grinned, but she kept a straight face. It was possible there was a sense of humor hidden there which nobody had ever suspected. The idea was to persuade me to volunteer as a professor and then to pulverize me.

"You see I feel kindly toward Mr. Belham. If he is in love with me he is the first man I have inspired with such a passion."

"Do you expect me to believe that?"

"One of the Winslow fetishes is truth, Mr. Torrence. I have had admiration but I don't think anybody has ever loved me."

"Well, Dave does. He's clean off his head about you, but you could never marry him."

"Why not, if I loved him?"

"You just couldn't. You're as far apart as the poles. He's a blatant New Yorker. He drinks. He is noisy. He's a go-getter, a glad-hander. He has red blood, not skimmed milk, in his veins. Your family would call him a Babbitt. The Winslows would say it was a *mesalliance*—"

I WAS interrupted. She had jumped up from the rock. Her bosom was heaving, her big eyes were blazing and her marble cheeks were pink. She clenched her hands and stamped her foot.

"Damn the Winslows!" she exclaimed, and then she picked up her golf bag and ran out on the course, leaving me paralyzed.

The incident disturbed me so much it threw me off my game and after piddling over two or three holes more I quit and went home.

Dave was a good skate and I don't know why I had belittled him to her as I did. I would have regretted it except that praise from me seemed to damn him in her eyes and abuse uplifted him. She was ready to condemn all the Winslows for him after a brief left-handed eulogy from me.

(Continued on page 72)

## 2<sup>c</sup> to insure used car satisfaction!

"HOW To Judge A Used Car"—a booklet written out of the experience of men who buy thousands of used cars for resale—shows you step by step how to pick a *good* used car at lower cost! Send the coupon now for your *free* copy. This booklet, coupled with the

famous Studebaker Pledge, provides the greatest safeguard you can find. The Studebaker Pledge, respected the country over for its fairness and honesty, gives you a five day driving trial on any used car you select, a 30-day guarantee on a Certified car, and all prices are plainly marked. A used car bought under the protection of the Studebaker Pledge is certain to give you satisfaction—because you *drive* the car *yourself* before you decide.

Read the free booklet, "How To Judge A Used Car"—then buy your used car where you see the famous Studebaker Pledge. Mail the coupon below—*today!*

THE STUDEBAKER CORP. OF AMERICA  
Dept. 129, South Bend, Ind.

Send me free booklet, "How to Judge a Used Car"

Name.....

Street.....

City..... State.....

### Pledge to the Public on Used Car Sales

- 1 Every used car is conspicuously marked with its lowest price in plain figures, and that price, just as the price of our new cars, is rigidly maintained.
- 2 All Studebaker automobiles which are sold as CERTIFIED CARS have been properly reconditioned, and carry a 30-day guarantee for replacement of defective parts and free service on adjustments.
- 3 Every purchaser of a used car may drive it for five days, and then, if not satisfied for any reason, turn it back and apply the money paid as a credit on the purchase of any other car in stock—new or used. (It is assumed that the car has not been damaged in the meantime.)

© 1928 The Studebaker Corporation of America

## STUDEBAKER

Builder of Champions



### SPARE TIME TRAINING THAT LEADS TO BIGGER PAY

Do you want a better position and a higher salary? You can have them if you can do the work. LaSalle experts will show you how, guide you step by step to success and help solve your personal business problems through the time-saving LaSalle Problem Method. Our salary-increasing plan enables you to prepare during your spare hours.

without interference with your present duties. Simply mark on the coupon the field in which you desire success, and we will mail you a valuable book describing the opportunities in that field, together with an outline of our salary-increasing plan. Also copy of "Ten Years' Promotion in One." There is no cost or obligation. Find out how the salary-increasing plan starts average men and women on the high road to success and financial independence. Check and mail the coupon NOW.

—Find Yourself Through LaSalle— The World's Largest Business Training Institution

LA SALLE EXTENSION UNIVERSITY, Dept. 940-R, CHICAGO

Tell me about your salary-increasing plan for my advancement in the business field checked.

Send also copy of "Ten Years' Promotion in One," all without obligation.

- |   |   |  |   |
|---|---|--|---|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Business Management  | <input type="checkbox"/> Commercial Law                 | <input type="checkbox"/> Expert Book-keeping | <input type="checkbox"/> C. P. A. Coaching                    |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Modern Salesmanship  | <input type="checkbox"/> Industrial Management          | <input type="checkbox"/> Business English    | <input type="checkbox"/> Effective Speaking                   |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Higher Accountancy   | <input type="checkbox"/> Banking and Finance            | <input type="checkbox"/> Commercial Spanish  | <input type="checkbox"/> Credit and Collection Correspondence |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Traffic Management   | <input type="checkbox"/> Modern Business Correspondence | <input type="checkbox"/> Telegraphy          |   |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Railway Station Mgmt | <input type="checkbox"/> Modern Foremanship             | <input type="checkbox"/> Stenotypy           |   |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Railway Accounting   | <input type="checkbox"/> Personnel Management           |  |   |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Law—Degree of LL. B. |   |  |   |

Name..... Present Position.....

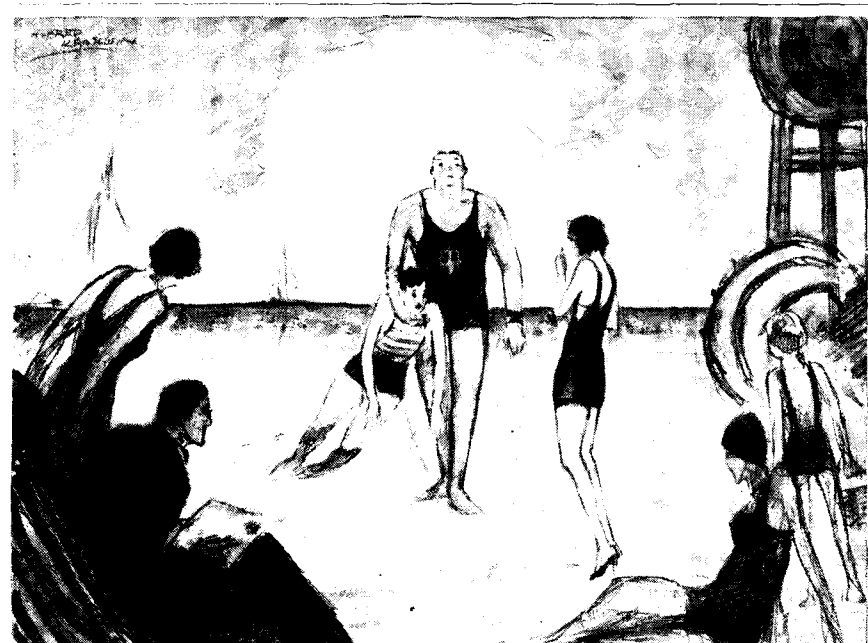
Address.....



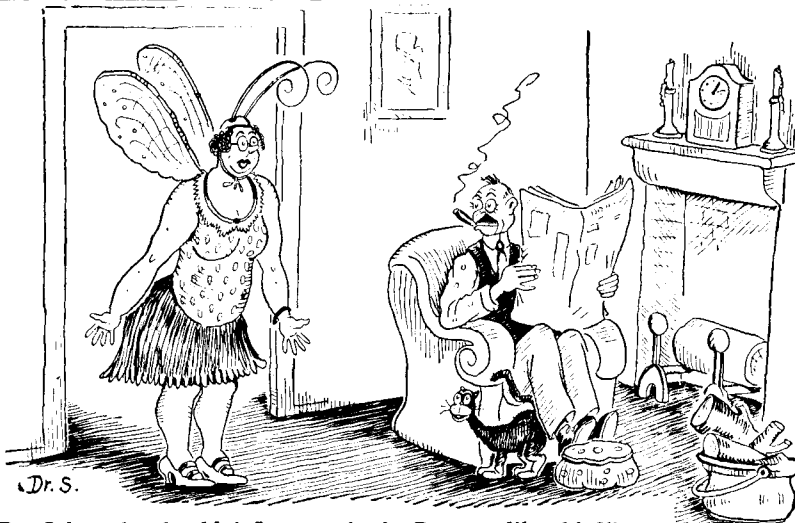
### 25% INTEREST On Big Cash Commissions!

That's what the special local subscription representatives of COLLIER'S and other Crowell publications receive for their spare time work between now and Christmas. There's an opening for YOU on our Staff. Outfit and instructions FREE. Write today.

Chief of Subscription Staff  
The Crowell Publishing Company 250 Park Ave., New York, N. Y.



"Yours, Madam?"



Dr. S.

"But John, why shouldn't I appear in the Pageant like this?"

"Why Woman, it would be suicide! The instant you came on, the entire audience would race right home for their Flit."

(Advertisement)



# H-i-s-s-t the Villain!

**T**HRILLS and shudders galore as the diabolic Voice from your loud speaker threatens hair-raising adventures to noble hero and lovely heroine... Collier's Radio Hour this season will introduce new and more villainous villains than the Emperor of America, the Master of Sinister House and Anubis, the Dwarf.

New music, new actors, novelties from all over the world—plus Collier's old favorites, the Love Story Girl, Uncle Henry, Professor Lucifer G. Butts and Mr. Editor—have been assembled to make radio's most original entertainment more enthralling than ever.

## Collier's Radio Hour

Tune in  
Every Sunday  
Evening

The new 1929-30 edition of Collier's Radio Hour also presents the most prominent guest speakers, including men and women of note in political, social and business life, athletes, scientists and explorers.

Tune in every Sunday evening and listen to your favorite stories and characters dramatized on the air from the current issue of Collier's.

### STATIONS

<b>East</b>	WJZ	WBZ	WHAM	KDKA	WBZA	WLW
<b>West</b>	WJR	KYW	KWK	WCCO	WREN	KOA

Stations associated with the National Broadcasting Company

### TIME

<b>Eastern</b>	<b>Central</b>	<b>Mountain</b>
Daylight Saving	Daylight Saving	Standard
8.15 P. M.	7.15 P. M.	5.15 P. M.

**Every Sunday Evening**

(Continued from page 71)

"I met your inamorata on the course, Dave," I told him.

"I wondered where she was. She didn't turn up at the beach."

I sat down beside him in a hammock. "I've been unfair to that girl," I confessed. "I had quite a chat with her and when you get to know her she is nice."

"Any fool who saw her would know that," he said ungratefully.

I laughed that off. "From something she said I think you've made a hit. Go in and win, soldier."

"Watch me. What did she say?" he demanded eagerly.

"As a tennis player you were a good swimmer."

"She did not. I'll go over right after lunch and ask her myself."

**A**PPARENTLY he got an encouraging reception, for he was over at Winslows' pretty steadily for the next few days. They played golf together and swam together and I kept away and gave the boy his chance.

I was getting dreadfully bored with Newport. There wasn't a girl in the place who mildly interested me and I was always being cornered by stupid old men who wanted to buy bonds and funny old ladies who knew my lamented grandmother Wentworth. I wondered how I could square myself with Aunt Dora if I left at the end of the week. Having brought Dave down with me to help me kill time he was no more use than a radio with its batteries dead.

Aunt Dora was a dear, fussy, generous old soul who was concerned because I didn't get married and was always slipping me a check in case I wasn't earning enough to pay my bills. I didn't want to discourage her in this practice by making an ungracious get-away.

We had arrived on a Saturday and this was Thursday. I was sitting in the library writing a letter to Bill Dickson asking him to send me a telegram calling me to New York on Monday. Dave was off somewhere, either with Prudence or lurking where she was expected to turn up. When he was around he was repulsively garrulous about his con-founded love affair. I doubted if we would ever be real chums again. Nothing like a week at a country house to get on to a person.

The footman interrupted me to tell me that I was wanted on the phone and I picked up the receiver of the library extension.

"Mr. Peter Torrence?" asked a voice that couldn't be mistaken.

"None other."

"I wondered if you could come right over to my house. I wouldn't bother you but it's something very important—to me, at least."

"Yes, I can come. I'll drive right over," I assured her. "No, it's not a bother. I'm just loafing."

I went out and jumped into one of the five or six cars Aunt kept in the driveway for the use of her guests and started for Winslows', which was about three quarters of a mile east. Of course I was curious.

Since the day on the links when she did my heart good by damning all the Winslows, I hadn't talked with her although I had seen her at the beach once or twice and she was at a dinner at the Welchs' which our outfit attended and was taken in by Dave.

It might be that Dave had proposed. I knew she hadn't accepted him because he would have broken down my door to tell the joyous news. She might be considering his proposal and wanted to ask me some questions about him in a canny Yankee way. If it wasn't that, I didn't know what it could be.

I ran up to the front door and disposed of my car and then asked a butler

who answered the bell to tell Miss Winslow that I had arrived.

"She is in the summer house in the woods, sir. She wishes you to join her there."

I lifted my eyebrows in what was supposed to be a whimsical expression, crossed the great hall, went out the back door and wandered down to the patch of woods. In the center of the grove was a screened-in summer house but it was empty. I looked about and a tinkling laugh came from behind me. Whirling around I saw Prudence Winslow coming from behind a tree.

She wore a Spanish lace dress with white stockings and quaint buckles on her shoes. Her blue-black hair was piled high on her head and there were round gold earrings in her pink-snow ears. She stood with her hands on her hips and laughed at my astonishment. The girl was actually merry. I pulled myself together.

"Why the masquerade?" I asked with as much indifference as I could assume. Prudence was so stunning she would have galvanized a cigar-store Indian.

She drew near, moving with the undulating gait the peasant girls of Spain acquire from carrying vases filled with water on their heads. She caught the sides of the voluminous lace skirt and made me a graceful courtesy.

"Who shall say which is the masquerade?" she asked in limpid syllables.

"I'll say. You can't fool me with those gold earrings. You are Prudence Winslow of Beacon Hill, daughter of the late Enoch Winslow of Boston, banker and broker."

Her smile faded. "You are so cocksure," she sighed. "Come into the summer house if you're not afraid to. I have something to say to you."

I followed her in and sat beside her on a bench. It was very hard to believe that I wasn't looking at a dancer in a cabaret in Madrid or Barcelona except there were no dancers in Spain so perfectly beautiful.

"You don't dislike me any more, do you?" she began.

"Of course not. I think I know you better now."

"I suppose you are the only man in the world I would dare to dress up for, like this, or to whom I could talk as frankly."

"Was the costume for me? Thanks. I appreciate it. But why do you feel that you can be frank with me?"

"I told you the other day. You don't matter. I don't bother to be Prudence Winslow with you. I'm myself. It's a comfortable feeling."

"It must be," I said acidly. "I have some personal vanity and I don't enjoy not mattering at all to a girl like you. I am not sexless entirely."

**B**UT you are so thoroughly convinced that I'm an unpleasant prude that I don't have to try to interest you because it's useless."

"Well, I admit nothing. But go on. What do you want to see me about?"

She bent her head and smoothed a fold in her skirt.

"It's Mr. Belham. I've been seeing a lot of him. He is very nice. He proposed last night."

"Good for Dave. Did you accept him?"

"No, not exactly. I asked for time to consider it."

"Well, Dave is my best friend. I don't think you two are suited to each other, but people in love want no advice. You're going to take him, aren't you?"

"Yes."

"Oh!" I had not expected that. All along I supposed that her cold common sense would guide her. "Then why didn't you tell him so and put him out of his misery?" I asked hotly.

She cocked her head on one side and



regarded me out of the corners of her eyes.

"Well, if we were engaged, he'd want to kiss me, wouldn't he?"

"He would."

"That was it. I remembered what you said. I don't know how to kiss. He would be disappointed."

I had to laugh at that. "Give him a chance. He'll be glad to show you how."

She shook her head slowly. "I am afraid. Honestly, Pete—er—Mr. Torrence. I want to make a good impression. I thought I might take lessons."

I looked at her incredulously. "You're not really as green as that."

She was crimson and she kept her face away. The profile was enough. A gush of compassion for the poor, proud, ignorant darling swept over me.

"You poor kid," I sighed.

"I thought, if I could find somebody with experience, somebody that was very indifferent to me so that it wouldn't matter, I thought maybe he would give me lessons."

"Try to find somebody like that," I muttered.

SHE turned those great lamps full on me.

"I have. I want you to do it."

I leaped to my feet. "What?" I yelled.

"Yes. I do want to make a good impression on Mr. Belham. Will you teach me how to kiss?"

I stared at her and then I grew so furious I wanted to hit her.

"I'll be hanged if I will. No, no, no!" I shouted. "Of all the rank, brazen impudence!"

"But why not?" she said softly. "Am I repulsive or something?"

"You know damn well you're not. But if you think I'm going to practice kissing with you so you can show a good time to that big bohunk of a Dave Belham, you're crazy."

She bent her head and her shoulders shook. I never could resist tears.

"But—but you claim to be his friend," she reproached.

"There are limits to friendship. No!"

She looked up and her lips were quivering. They were so full and ripe and luscious. I suddenly trembled with a mad desire to press my own against them.

"For my sake. Please?" she pleaded.

I yielded. It was that or having epilepsy. "All right," I said, trying to make it sound grudging. She gave me a dazzling smile. "Stand up," I commanded. "Come here. Now purse your lips."

I intended to touch them lightly but at their touch the blood rushed to my head and I pressed against them pas-

sionately. My arms were at my side and I forced them to stay there, but suddenly her right arm crept up and went over my left shoulder, and I felt the pressure returned. In a second my arms were around her, holding her tight and her left hand had the back of my head and it was forcing me to kiss her harder. What started as a strictly platonic first lesson ended in a passionate and lingering embrace.

I quit first because I had to say something.

"My darling! My beautiful darling!"

"Kiss me," commanded Prudence. Ice? All the bottled sunshine of Andalusia was in that kiss.

We came up for air. "You fraud," I said tenderly. "Teach you to kiss, indeed! If you suppose for a minute you're going to do this to Dave Belham—"

"Bother Dave Belham," she exclaimed. "I never liked the man."

I led her over to the bench and we sank on it, still entwined.

"How the deuce do you happen to be in love with me?" I wondered. "You have only seen me three or four times."

"Apparently you are in love with me."

"I only just found it out. I guess, though, I've been a goner since that first day at the beach but I had a weird idea of you—"

"I've been in love with you for five years," she said. "That day you tried to kiss me began it. Of course I repulsed you like a stupid prude but I never got you out of my mind. Pete, I've never stopped regretting that I didn't let you kiss me. And it was I who asked your aunt to invite you down. I asked her last year and the year before to invite you, but you never came. And when you did come I was so delighted. Then you began doing a John Alden for your friend Miles Standish and it infuriated me. I encouraged him just a little but it was to try to awaken your jealousy. This kissing lesson was my last hope."

"POOR Dave," I sighed. "He probably thinks he's engaged to you."

"Oh, he didn't propose last night. I wouldn't let him."

I looked at her sternly. "I thought all the Winslows spoke nothing but the truth."

"It's my Spanish blood," she said demurely.

"Thank God for it!" I exclaimed devoutly.

"Pete, you don't really think I am a proud, supercilious, prim, Puritan icicle?" she asked earnestly.

"After that kiss?" I laughed. "Your name isn't Prudence. It's Vesuvia."

She nodded. "And a good name, too."

*Please Accept—*

## 3 Nights' Restful Sleep

**This New Way Doctors Are Advising**

*Not a Medicine, But a Swiss Food-Drink  
That Brings Sleep Utterly Without Drugs*

—JUST SEND COUPON BELOW—

A Swiss food discovery that not only induces instant sleep but assures the restful sleep that brings you all-day energy tomorrow

**I**F you are troubled with restless nights, we urge you to accept the test offered here. Doing so has made a great difference in the lives of thousands of nervous people.

On doctors' advice, millions are employing this new way. For it is as free of drugs as the bread you eat or the milk you drink. And does far more than simply induce sleep! *It rebuilds your wasted tissues while you sleep.*

### What It Is

It is called Ovaltine; a scientific food-concentrate developed in Switzerland by a scientist of world-fame. You take it in a cup of warm milk at bedtime; a super-delicious drink.

First, it induces sleep; sound, natural sleep. The kind that rebuilds and rejuvenates.

Then, *while* you sleep, Ovaltine re-supplies your system with the energy lost the previous active day. For it contains practically every building element necessary to life and energy, in a form which the human system can easily absorb while you sleep.

You can take it night after night and not only not form a habit, as with drugs, but build up your health as well.

Do you wonder then, that people are flocking to its use? New to America, Ovaltine is being recommended by over 20,000 doctors.



Used for 30 years in Europe, its use has spread over 54 different nations. It marks one of the most important scientific findings of its time.

### Accept Test

Doctors urge it not only for sleeplessness, but for all nervous and run-down conditions.

They recommend it, too, for nervous, underweight children. Thousands of busy people take it during the day, to relieve fatigue and restore vitality. A few weeks' use will make an amazing difference in the way you feel.

Believe or not what people claim for Ovaltine. *Try it.* Obtain at any drug or grocery store today—or use coupon for special 3-day test.

### MAIL FOR 3-DAY SUPPLY

Make this experiment. Drink a cup of Hot Ovaltine before retiring, for three nights. Note how quickly you go to sleep; how refreshed you feel when you awaken; your unlimited energy next day. Mail coupon with 10c for a 3-day introductory package.



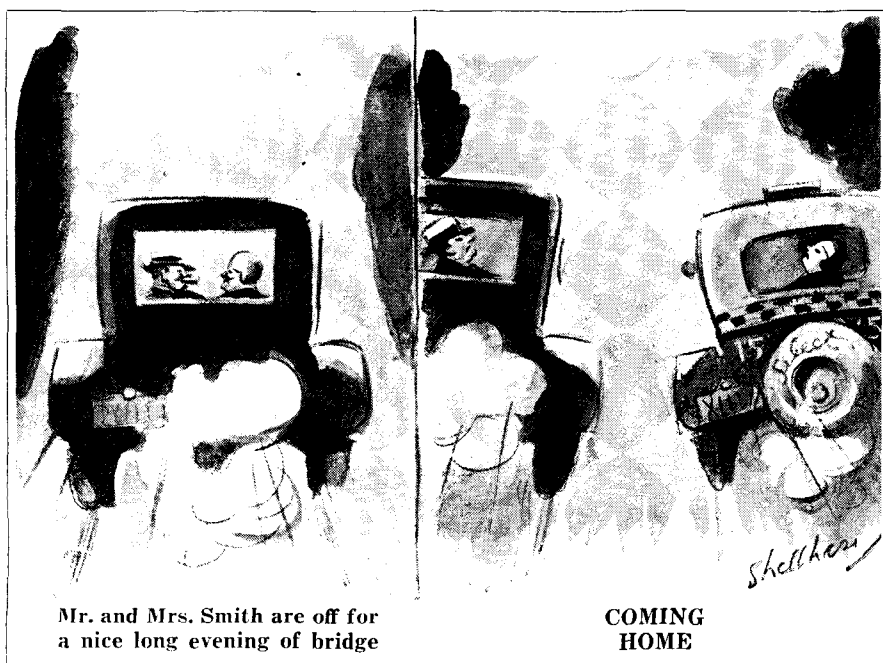
**OVALTINE**  
BUILDS BODY, BRAIN AND NERVES

THE WANDER COMPANY, DEPT. C-14 S  
180 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.  
I enclose 10c to cover cost of packing and mailing. Send me your 3-day test package of Ovaltine.

Name.....  
(Print name and address clearly)

Address.....

City.....State.....  
(One package to a person) 516-A







THOMAS H. BECK  
Editorial Director

# Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

WILLIAM L. CHENERY, Editor



CHARLES COLEBAUGH  
Managing Editor

## Drinking isn't Compulsory

"CERTAINLY it would be ridiculous for me to deny that liquor is sold in large and small quantities throughout the country and that practically anyone who possesses simultaneously a thirst and as much as a quarter or a half-dollar can partially assuage that thirst."

In these words Mrs. Mabel Walker Willebrandt, former United States Assistant Attorney-General in charge of prohibition cases, sums up her knowledge of the alcoholic traffic in the United States.

What Mrs. Willebrandt learned during her eight years in office is amply confirmed by the detailed observations made by our reporters in various parts of the country.

Mrs. Willebrandt thinks that this general disregard for the law is not an argument for its revision or repeal. Collier's Weekly differs.

We believe that a law ignored is worse than no law. We believe that where custom is contrary to the statute, history shows that custom prevails if enough people believe it to be good.

We think further that the experience of the last ten years makes the revision of the Eighteenth Amendment imperative if the dignity of the law is to be restored.

We have suggested concretely an amendment to the Eighteenth Amendment for the purpose of restoring to the states their proper responsibility for control of distribution of alcoholic beverages.

All this, however, is governmental. We expect, and we rightly expect, the government, national, state and local, to do its duty in these matters. We hope, furthermore, the government in all its branches, legislature to police, will in time exercise common sense in making rules and show firmness and fairness in their enforcement.

But whatever the law, the real responsibility is personal and not public. Whether saloons, bootleggers or public dispensaries actually sell booze, no one is compelled to buy and no one drinks except by his own choosing.

The really important opportunity at this time is to practice as well as to advocate temperance and sobriety.



We shall certainly never escape from the legislative mire so long as anger, prejudice and fanaticism are allowed to cloud the issue.

Calm, clear thinking, an open-minded and scientific effort to weigh all the facts, and an abandonment of partisan lines are the essential approach. We shall have to deal with the drink problem constructively and not negatively, in the spirit of the New Testament and not in bitterness, before we reach an ultimate solution.

### The Sober Man is Safe

We must be sober and temperate in our lawmaking if we are looking for laws which we may reasonably expect to promote temperance and sobriety.

Concede all this and then remember in good humor that in all likelihood national prohibition will neither be enforced nor repealed in the next twelve months. We shall undoubtedly be a long time working ourselves out of the constitutional mire into which we have wandered.

Meanwhile, drinking continues and excessive drinking is an unmitigated evil.

Whatever our opinions about Federal prohibition, every sane man and woman knows that immoderate drinking is a blight upon the drinker, his family and the community.

All can by act and by word stand against that. No one has to serve cocktails in his home or to buy beer in a speakeasy. Not even a man or a woman in active personal revolt against the Eighteenth Amendment has to drink highballs in order to give concrete evidence of the sincerity of his or her sentiments.

Beyond a minimum amount, alcohol is an admittedly poisonous intoxicant. No man or woman, intoxicated even slightly, has the moral right to drive a car, an airplane, a locomotive, or to handle any piece of complicated machinery. Ethyl fluid may be good for gas engines, but ethyl alcohol in the brain of a motorist is a sure invitation to disaster.

Yet the debate over prohibition has become so violent that vast numbers are now drinking

to excess merely to vent their views or to be fashionable.

In a mechanical age it is hard to conceive a greater folly.

Moderation is a good rule in all things. Sobriety is desirable in itself. Any man or woman, sober and in complete possession of mind and body, is happier than the same person drunk with liquor, or gorged with food, for that matter.

Remember these ancient fundamentals. Prohibition will be enforced, repealed or forgotten sometime, but during the interval lives must be lived and careers made or broken.

The best chance of happiness and of usefulness lies along the road toward temperance and sobriety.

Practice sobriety and advocate temperance and most of the evils we now find so irritating will vanish.

After all, we have the final responsibility for our own lives and nothing that the government, or any other agency does or fails to do, is in the long run so important as what we do ourselves.