

American patrons surprise and pain French waiters

Be Guyed or Guided

Perhaps you've heard the story of the American lady touring Europe who turned to her daughter and said she was glad to be in Rome because it was so beautiful.

"But, Mother," said the daughter, "this isn't Rome, it's Florence."

"Oh," sighed the mother, deeply chagrined of course. "I was thinking this was Thursday."

Well, to save you who are going to Europe, or who are thinking of going this season, from making painful mistakes we are publishing this last word on how to see it with as few errors as possible

By William Francis

DURING the coming months untold thousands of Americans will close their desks, stop milk and morning paper, put the cat and canary out to board and, being provided by that department of our Federal government which specializes in diplomacy with documents proclaiming their honest-Injun age, the natural color of their hair and the location, by dead reckoning, of such distinguishing worries as wens and strawberry marks, will sail for Europe in search of recreation, relaxation or whatever the doctor might have ordered but didn't.

If you are among the number you will note that, upon the tactful official inventory of your personal charms known as a passport, nothing is said about the color of your money. Europe knows that to be good; in fact it is just the shade that Europeans seem to prefer and, in their desire to acquire it, they will go to great lengths—even to the length of giving you full value for it if you show any evidence of knowing what that value is. The return you get for the time and effort expended will depend upon how



Illustrated by Loren Stout

carefully you plan the trip.

Avoid doing more than the time at your disposal comfortably allows. You have planned, let us say, for a few days in London and you'd like to "do" Shakespeare's country before going to Paris for a week's shopping and sightseeing. The Riviera is scheduled next and then Florence, Rome and Venice, the Italian lakes and then Switzerland and Germany. You'd like to see Holland and the tulips on the way back but you've simply got to be home for Cousin Effie's wedding or the annual stocktaking. Anyway, two months away from your desk is the limit, you tell the clerk at the tourist agency. He suggests the air lines but the family is possibly



"Follow," orders the guide. "We'll now see Whistler's Mother"

not one hundred per cent air-minded, so he thumbs the time-tables and finally cheers everybody up by saying that your marathon can be done by train.

Sure, it can. It's amazing what those dinky European trains can do. I remember one that landed me in Warsaw after a similar race against time. For

days it had taken punishment over some of the worst track ever spiked. It had met with setback after setback and we who had borne with it in the heat of the day and long, dreary hours of the Polish night had practically given up all hope for it. But slowly, painfully it struggled on and when it finally faltered into Warsaw I couldn't help but give it credit. Honestly, it wasn't tired at all; it was just as calm and unruffled as Calvin Coolidge and, after a short rest, it started out and did the whole trip over again backwards.

I could hear it going as I lost consciousness in the nearest hotel in the Novy Swat, the Main Street of Warsaw, after threatening to swat anyone who called me back to it before Tuesday come Michaelmas. At least I thought I could. The house doctor called it delirium.

Don't be inveigled into any such marathon on the proposition that it can be done by train. You are not a train and the breaks are against you. Get yourself into a jam like that and there's no escape. Even the boon of death is denied you, for notices posted in all Continental trains explicitly forbid you to hang yourself outside and to do a satisfactory job inside is manifestly impossible in a crowded compartment.

How to Travel

Avoid all necessity of such drastic action by never biting off more mileage than you can chew. A good rule is to plan so that, exclusive of the time spent on ship-board going and coming, you devote one third of your time to actual travel and the rest to contacting something more satisfying than railroad upholstery.

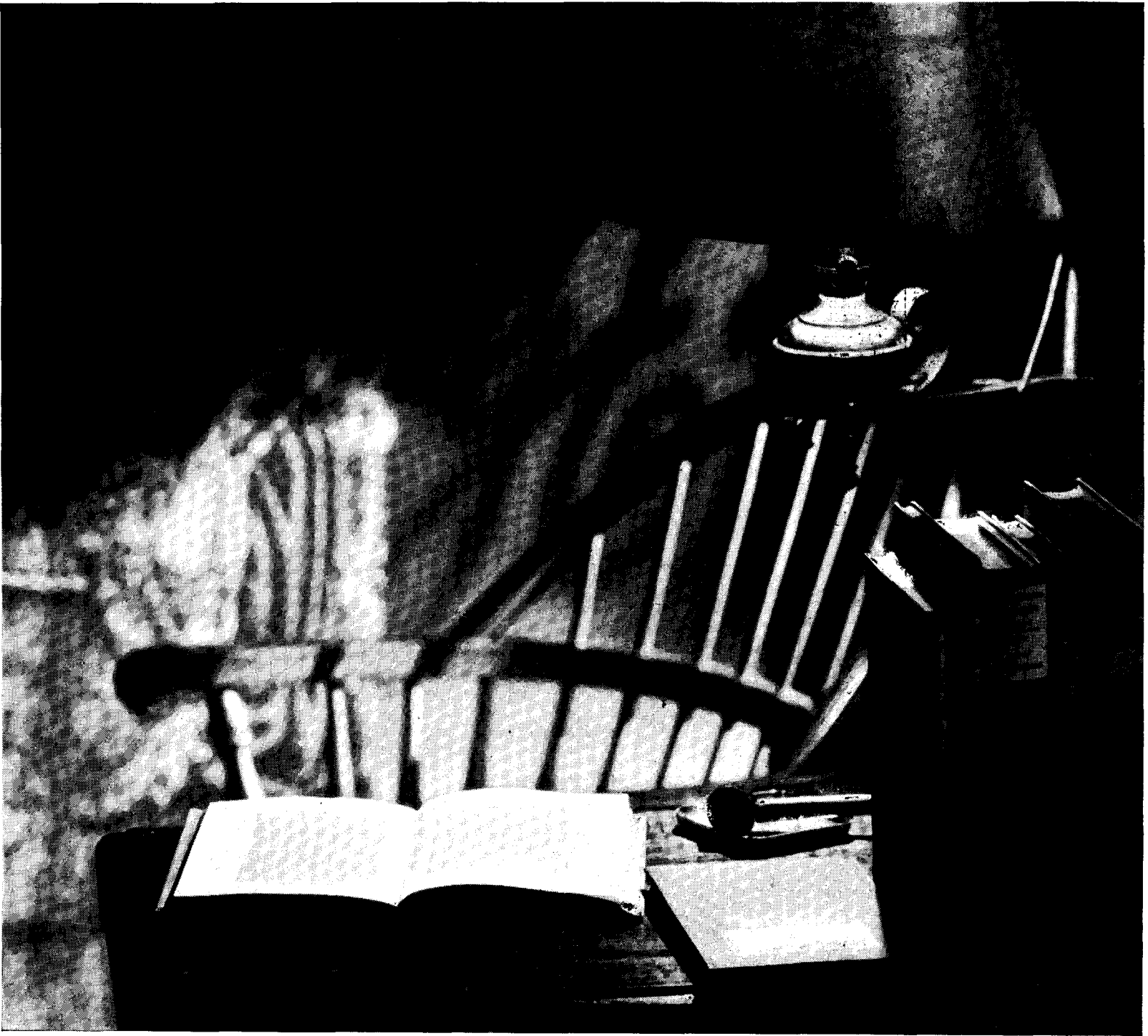
The ratio may be raised to allow a greater proportion of travel if you are doing Europe by automobile. And if there are five or six in the party the cost need be very little greater than that of first-class travel in the best trains. In England, France, Germany and Italy good cars may be hired for long trips, with chauffeur, from twenty-five cents a mile up and the rate includes everything except chauffeur's personal expenses. Taking your car with you is better still if you are planning an extended stay and lots of running. For \$50 the Automobile Club of America will get you the freedom of the roads in thirty countries, and, at further cost, arrange things so that you may drive on the boat on this side and off on the other with hardly more fuss than attaches to a ferry trip from Oakland to 'Frisco or from Staten Island to Manhattan.

No matter how he travels the wise tourist cuts baggage to a minimum. On all

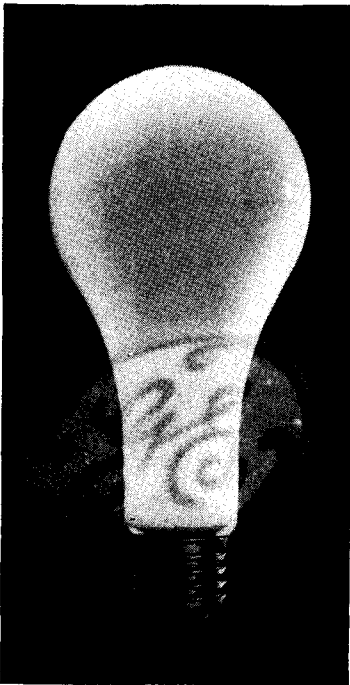
Continental railroads baggage allowances are very low and excess charges extremely high. And, outside of the question of expense, trunks are kill-joys, involving long waits at customs offices and exasperating delays in dreary inspection sheds at frontiers. Hand

(Continued on page 58)


MAZDA ✧ NOT THE NAME OF A THING BUT THE MARK OF A RESEARCH SERVICE



The LAMP to Lead by



THE cheapest, as well as the most profitable investment you can make in behalf of family eye conservation is a carton of 60 watt, inside-frosted General Electric MAZDA lamps. ¶ Place these lamps in every one of your reading lamp sockets. Arrange each lamp so that the light falls over the left shoulder of the person using it. Now you have the right light for reading! ¶ Now you have no more eye-stumbling across poorly lighted pages. No more jumping newsprint. No more squinting. Instead you have hour after hour of effortless enjoyment. School

tasks that don't wear out young eyes. More and better production from mother's sewing basket. ¶ Take home a carton of these eye-savers today! And to be sure that you are getting all the advantages of MAZDA Research and General Electric quality, look for this mark  on the tip of the bulb. You are also sure of getting G. E. MAZDA lamps when you buy them in the familiar blue carton. NATIONAL LAMP WORKS of General Electric Co., Nela Park, Cleveland, Ohio.

Join us in the General Electric Hour, broadcast every Saturday evening on a Nation-wide N. B. C. Network.

GENERAL ELECTRIC
MAZDA  LAMPS

The Singing Shave



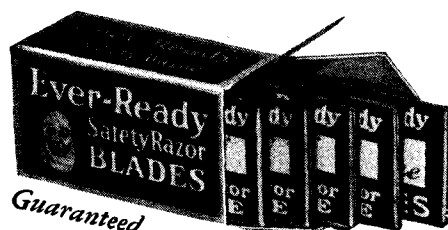
© A. S. R. Co., 1930

... a marching song for whiskers

Here, sir, is the sweetest chin music ever played—a blade so gentle, an edge so keen and long-lasting that you burst into song at the first luxurious shave. The toughest whiskers depart at the merest touch of an Ever-Ready Blade. Be a Singing Shaver. Every day enjoy that clean, cool feeling that formerly came only once in a blue moon.

Product of American Safety Razor Corp.

Ever-Ready BLADES



Fu Manchu's Daughter

Continued from page 22

Turning, we walked back to the Park Avenue Hotel. The journey was a short one, but long enough for me to tell Petrie of my encounter in the corridor. He stopped as we reached the corner of Berkeley Street, and:

"There's some very black business underlying all this, Greville," he said. "We've lost the best man of the lot already. Now it looks as though the arch-devil had taken personal charge. Where's Weymouth?"

"Gone to Victoria, I expect. Yale was with him."

Petrie nodded.

"If you weren't mistaken, Greville, it looks as though the danger to Swâzi Pasha is here, in London. If my wife isn't mistaken—it's a certainty! We can at least learn the name of the man you saw; because in dealing with Dr. Fu Manchu and his Burmans I don't believe in coincidences!"

WE CONSULTED the reception clerk and learned without difficulty that the room, of which I naturally remembered the number, was occupied by a Mr. Solkel, of Smyrna.

"Has he stayed here before?" Petrie asked.

No. It was Mr. Solkel's first visit.

"Thank you," said Petrie, and as we walked toward the lift:

"Mr. Solkel, of Smyrna," he mused. "I don't like the sound of him."

"I don't like the look of him!"

"Yet it is just possible you were wrong; and so . . . what can we do?"

We went up to Petrie's sitting-room, where his wife, apparently recovered, was waiting to receive us.

She smiled, her gaze set on Petrie's face; and I wondered if Rima would greet me with a smile like that. He simply shook his head and ran his fingers through her beautiful hair.

"I knew," she whispered; and although she continued bravely to smile, there was horror in her eyes. "He is so clever! But I was right!"

A nameless but chill foreboding possessed my mind. I believe the others shared it. I was thinking of the man who had gone out to meet this menace, and had come to his end, alone against many, in that damnable house in Khâr-ga. But Petrie now ringing for cocktails, we all tried to show a bold front to our troubles. Yet even as I raised my glass I seemed to detect, like a sort of patrol, the approach of something; not as a memory, but as words spoken eerily, to hear a bell-like voice:

"I am so lonely, Shan. . . ."

For days and nights, for weeks, I had lain in her power . . . the witch-woman; daughter of this fiend incarnate, Dr. Fu Manchu. "She is evil, evil. . . ." Rima had said. And I knew it for truth. Much as we had all suffered, I felt that worse was to come. I could hear the cheery, familiar roar of London's traffic beneath me; sometimes, dimly, I could catch snatches of conversation in the adjoining apartment, occupied by an American traveler and his wife.

Everything was so safe, so normal. Yet I knew, I could not venture to doubt, that some climax in the incredible business which had blotted out a month of my life, and had brought Sir Lionel Barton to the edge of eternity, was creeping upon us.

"THANK goodness that part of the business is over," said Weymouth. "There were no official formalities as the pasha is still indisposed. He was all silk mufflers and fur collar. He has only one secretary with him. The other

members of his suite are staying at the Platz over the way. He's safe indoors, anyway."

"Safe?" Mrs. Petrie echoed and laughed unhappily. "After what I have told you, Superintendent?"

Weymouth's kindly face looked very grim, and he exchanged a troubled glance with Petrie; then:

"She never used to be wrong, Doctor," he confessed. "Honestly, I don't know what to make of it. I sent a man around directly I got the news. But, of course, the shop was closed and locked. I don't know what to make of it," he repeated. "The woman was rapidly becoming a nightmare to me, but if the doctor in person has appeared on the scene . . ."

He spread his hands in a helpless gesture; and we were all silent for some time. Then Weymouth stood up:

"It's very nice of you, Mrs. Petrie," he said, "to ask me to dine with you. I have one or two little jobs to do downstairs, first—and I'm going to have another shot to get a look at Mr. Solkel! It isn't really my case." He smiled in the awkwardly boyish manner which made the man so lovable. "But I've been retained as a sort of specialist, and Yale is good enough to be glad."

"I suppose," said Petrie, as Weymouth made for the door, "there are detectives on duty in the hotel?"

"Five! with Fletcher in charge. That should be enough. But I'm worried about Mr. Solkel. His official description doesn't correspond with yours, Greville. For one thing, they tell me he

wears glasses, is in delicate health and keeps his room constantly. However—" He went out.

Petrie stared hard in my direction.

"There's absolutely no doubt," he said slowly, "that Madame Ingomar's campaign has opened well, for her. Her astonishing indiscretion I can only ascribe to . . ." he paused, smiling, and glanced at his wife . . . "a sudden and characteristically Oriental infatuation."

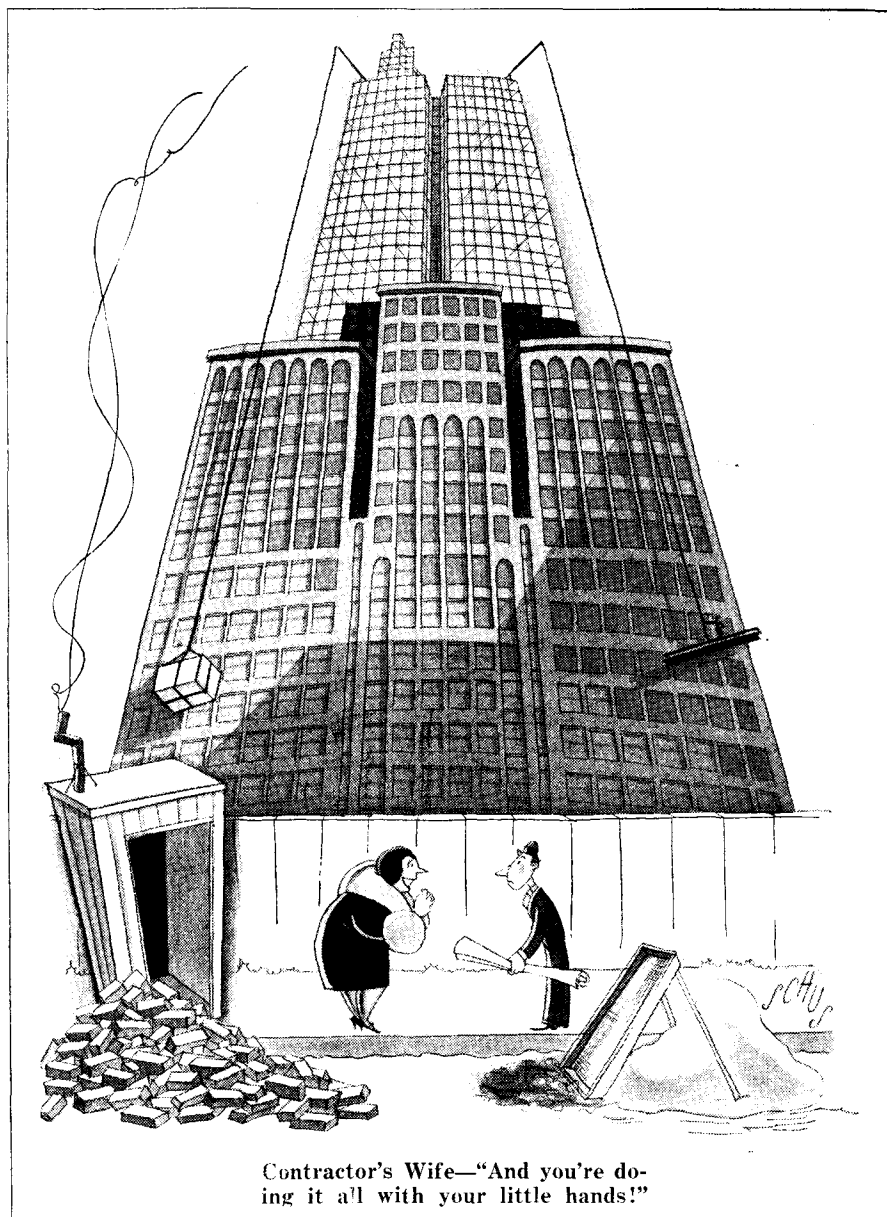
She flushed, glancing at him, and:

"Nayland Smith once said that about me!" she replied.






"I'M GLAD he did!" Petrie returned.

"But if the daughter is anything like the father, I confess even now I don't envy Swâzi Pasha's chances. Just check up on Madame's record, and you will see what I mean. Apart from certain mysterious movements, last year, in such widely divided places as Peking, Turkestan, Siberia and the northern provinces of India, we may take it for a fact that Professor Zeitland fell a victim to this Chinese she-devil. He stood in her way. He knew something about Lafleur's Tomb which she wanted to know. Having learned it, it became necessary that he should be blotted out. This was duly done, according to schedule. Barton was the next in her path. He served her purpose and escaped by a miracle. She got what she wanted—the contents of the tomb. If we could even guess the importance of these we might begin to understand why she stuck at nothing to achieve her end."

(Continued on page 40)



That something which makes a Chrysler a *Chrysler*!

THERE is a certain thrilling something about Chrysler performance that one never senses or enjoys in any other car.  It is "something" and yet somehow *everything*. It is the spirit and sure stride of Chrysler speed. It is the gliding sensation of Chrysler smoothness. It is the electric aliveness of Chrysler pick-up.  The answer, of course, is Chrysler engineering.  With new, roomier bodies of dreadnought construction; with new, bigger, more powerful high-compression engines—and, in the "77" and "70" with Down-Draft carburetion, together with the sensational Multi-Range 4-speed transmission and gear shift—these latest Chryslers further outdistance all attempts to equal Chrysler performance.  And besides, there is more style in Chrysler beauty, just as there is more *go* in Chrysler power and more *stop* in Chrysler brakes—internal-expanding, weatherproof hydraulics, the safest brakes known to automobile science.  Get a personal experience at the wheel—and you will realize with full conviction why a Chrysler inspires a pride all its own.

There is a Chrysler for every purse and every need from \$795 to \$3575

The "77"
9 body styles, \$1625 to \$1825

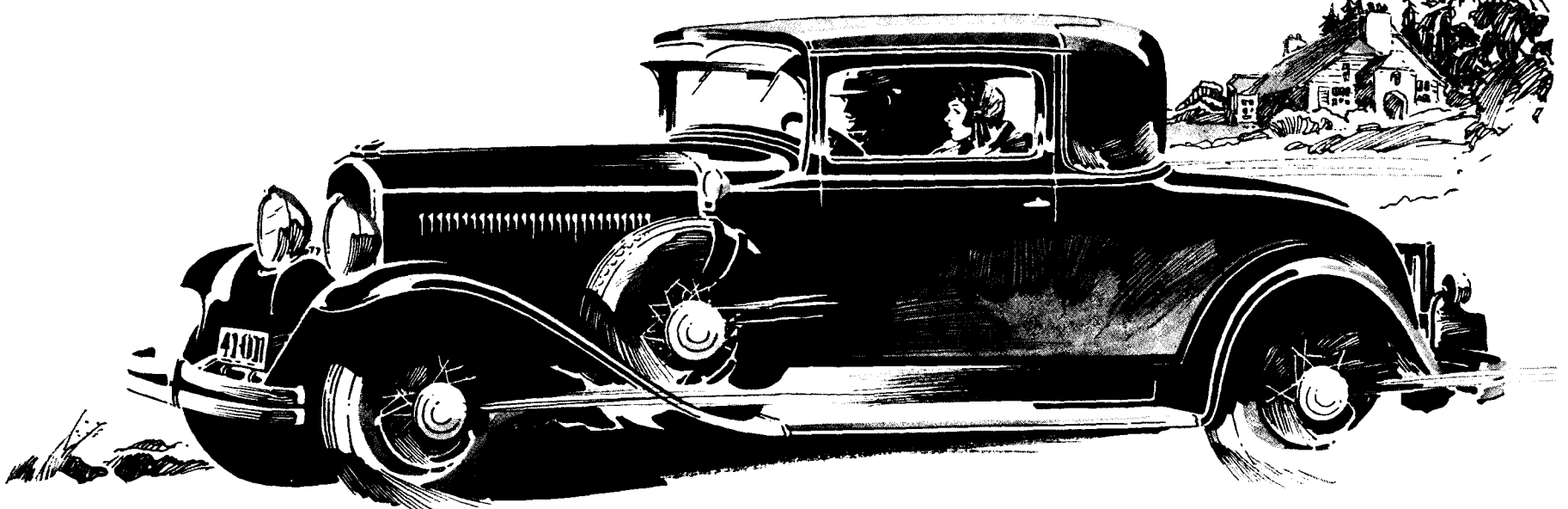
The "70"
7 body styles, \$1295 to \$1545

The "66"
6 body styles, \$995 to \$1095

New Chrysler Six
5 body styles, \$795 to \$845

The Imperial
8 body styles, \$2995 to \$3575

All prices f. o. b. factory



CHRYSLER "77" ROYAL COUPE

\$1725 F. O. B. Factory
(Special Equipment Extra)

CHRYSLER

C H R Y S L E R M O T O R S P R O D U C T

© 1930 by Chrysler Corporation

Fu Manchu's Daughter

Continued from page 38

Straight EIGHT
100 Horsepower
125" Wheelbase

\$1195

A
V
B
V
R
N

Straight EIGHT
125 Horsepower
130" Wheelbase

\$1495

Prices f. o. b. Auburn or Connersville, Indiana.
Equipment other than standard extra.

He paused to light a fresh cigarette, and then:

"I believe poor old Smith *knew*," he went on. "He was the one man in the world she had *really* to fear. And he . . ." the sentence remained unfinished.

"That she regarded Swazi Pasha as an obstruction," I said, "she was good enough to tell me herself. . . ."

Petrie glanced at his wife, whose expressive eyes registered a deep horror; then:

"I said a while ago," he added, "that I don't give very much for his chances. Selfishly, I can find it in my heart to wish that he had chosen another hotel. Karamanéh has lived in the storm center too long to want any further experiences."

This, then, was the atmosphere which surrounded us all that evening in a London hotel; this the shadow under which we lay.

During dinner, which was served in Petrie's sitting-room, for Weymouth had had no opportunity of dressing:

"I suppose," said I, "that Mr. Solkel is receiving suitable attention?"

Weymouth nodded.

"He hasn't gone out," he replied. "But I hear that a new wardrobe trunk was delivered and taken up to his room this afternoon. This suggests that he is leaving shortly. If he goes out he will be followed. If he rings for anything, the waiter will be a Scotland Yard man. . . ."

Weymouth had secured a small room right up under the roof, for London was packed. But I drew a great sense of security from his presence in the building. At his wife's request Petrie had abandoned a program for the evening, arranged earlier, and had decided to remain at home.

When we said good night to our host and hostess, Weymouth came along to my room. Pausing in the corridor, he stared at the door of Number 41; but not until we had entered my adjoining apartment and lighted our pipes did he speak; then:

"Swazi Pasha has canceled an engagement to dine with the Prime Minister tonight, owing to the delay in Paris," he said. "He's not going out and is receiving no one. Even the press have been refused. But Yale's job starts tomorrow. The pasha has four public appointments."

"You feel fairly confident, then, of his safety tonight?"

"Perfectly," Weymouth replied grimly. "I feel so confident about it that I'm going to patrol the hotel in person! You turn in, Greville. You're not really fit yet. Good night."

SLEEP was a difficult problem. Apart from a morbid and uncontrollable apprehension, I was intensely unstrung by reason of the fact that Rima was due in the morning. I tried reading, but simply couldn't concentrate upon the printed page.

The jade-green eyes of Fah Lo Suee began to haunt me, and in the dialogue of the story I was trying to read I seemed to hear her, speaking the lines in that bell-like, hypnotic voice.

I relived those ages of horror and torment in the green-gold room: I saw again the malignant dwarf—"a hashishin," Weymouth had told me. "They belong to the Old Man of the Mountain—Sheik Ismail." I heard the creature's dying shrieks; I saw the dacoit return carrying his bloody knife. . . .

Throwing down the magazine disgustedly, I began to pace my room. I

contemplated another whisky-and-soda, but realized in time that it would be a poor cure for insomnia. The after-the-rush was subsiding. Piccadilly was settling down into its nightly somnolence. That inner circle of small, expensive streets containing the exclusive dance clubs would be full of motor traffic now, for London's night life is highly centralized, the Bohemia of Soho impinging on the white-shirted gaiety of Mayfair; two tiny spots on the map; sleepless eyes in a sleeping world.

I WONDERED if Petrie and his wife were awake—and I wondered what Weymouth was doing. This curiosity about Weymouth grew so intense that I determined to ring and find out. It was at this moment that I first heard the sound.

It was difficult to identify. I stood still, listening—all those doubts and surmises centered now upon my mysterious neighbor, Mr. Solkel. What I heard was this:

A dim, metallic sound, which might have been made by someone slightly shaking a sheet of thin metal. Next, a faint sibilance, which oddly suggested paying out a line. Then silence. . . .

My brain was functioning at high pressure. Whereas, in the foggy stage that followed my dreadful experience I should have been incapable of thinking consistently about anything, now, a dozen theories sprang to my mind. I decided to stand still—and to listen.

The sound was renewed. It came from beyond the fireplace!

An electric radiator, which I had had no occasion to use, stood there. Stopping, I quietly placed it on the rug; and kneeling down I pressed my ear to the tiles of the recess in which it had rested.

Whispering!

And at this very moment a fact occurred to me . . . a startling fact:

My room was directly above Suite Number Five!

The connection defied me, but of one

thing I was sure: these strange noises, which had temporarily ceased, portended some attempt on Swazi Pasha's apartments below.

I came to a swift decision. Walking silently in my slippers, I crossed to the door, opened it cautiously and peeped out into the corridor. It was empty and dark save for one dim light at the end. Leaving my door ajar, I started for the staircase. . . .

A sense of urgency possessed me—I must find Weymouth or Fletcher! The fate not only of a Turkish statesman but perhaps of Europe depended upon promptitude.

Silence everywhere as I hurried along the corridor to the staircase. I raced down in semi-darkness. I reached the corridor below, lighted only by one dim lamp just above the elevator shaft. I looked right. The corridor was empty. I looked left. There was no one.

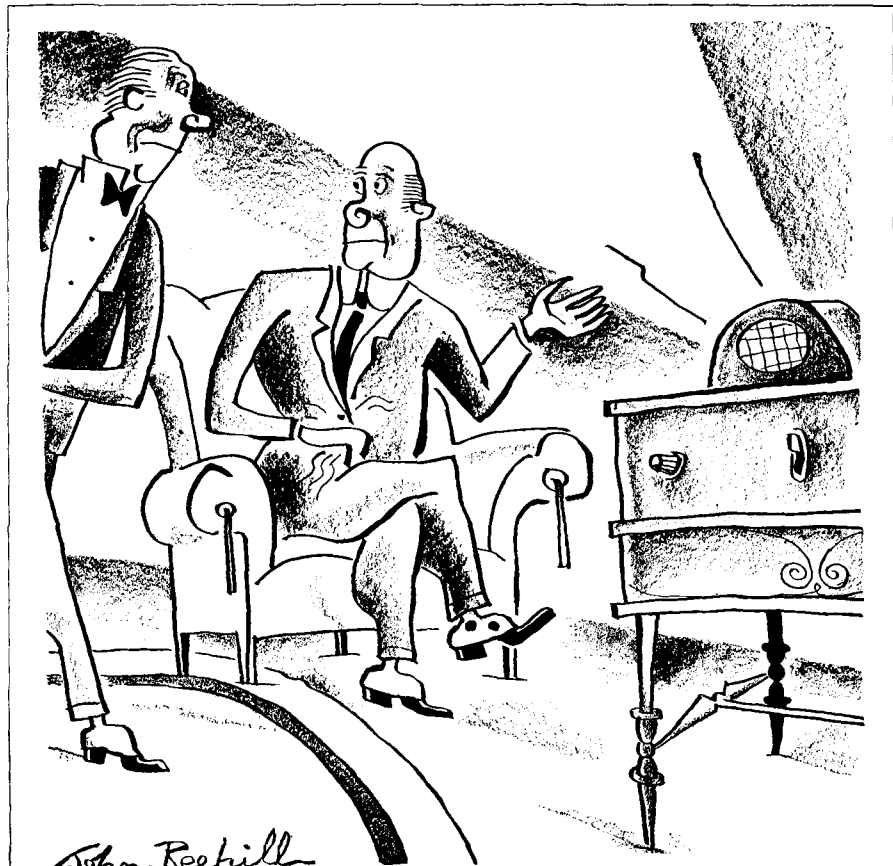
HESITANT, I stood debating my course. I might ring for the elevator man. I might race on down into the lobby and summon the night porter. The result would have been better accomplished had I used my own room telephone. No doubt I had counted too confidently on meeting Fletcher or Weymouth.

I determined to take the matter into my own hands. I turned left, and walked swiftly in the direction of the door of Suite Number Five.

Even at the moment that I reached it, I hesitated again. Of the fact that some deadly peril, urgent, instant, threatened Swazi Pasha, I seemed to have occult information. But I realized my facts were scanty. If I roused him, I might save his life. On the other hand, I might make myself ridiculous.

There was a bell-push outside the door, and my hand was raised to press it. Suddenly, silently, the door opened . . . and I found myself staring into the gaunt, angular face of Nayland Smith!

(To be continued next week)



"Shall we sail away on the Dream Boat with them or shall we just go to bed?"

HIS FOUR MESSAGES

flashed over the International System

by **RADIO** • *by* **WIRE** • *by* **CABLE**

*Postal Telegraph
is the only
American Telegraph
company offering
you coördinated
communications
service
over one system*



IN the course of a single day, a New York exporter had occasion to send messages to correspondents in London, Buenos Aires, Chicago and aboard a ship in mid-Pacific.

The four messages went over the International System . . . all the way to their destination.

The London cablegram sped across the ocean via Commercial Cables. All America Cables flashed the message to Buenos Aires.

The Chicago telegram raced over Postal Telegraph wires. And Mackay Radio swiftly found the ship at sea.

Each message pressed into service a different unit of the only American system of coördinated record communications.



THIS NEWLY OPENED *Postal Telegraph* office in Washington, D. C., shows us what the telegraph office of the future will be like . . . Comfortable chairs, desks, tables—in spacious, tastefully designed writing rooms.

The International System groups radio, telegraph, wire and cable at the instant service of American business. Often a single message races by wire, then by cable or over the air before it reaches its destination.

As the American nerve center of this vast system, Postal Telegraph not only serves as a feeder and distributor of world-wide service, but it also renders swift, courteous and accurate service to 70,000 points in the

United States and 8,000 points in Canada.

Today, Postal Telegraph is bringing to American Business the most modern telegraphic service—including the typing telegraph . . . counterless offices . . . emergency wire circuits which insure against interruptions by storms and wire breakdown . . . alert, smartly uniformed messengers . . . photograms . . . and coördination of telegraph, cable and radio service.

The next time you send a message to any part of the world, send it by Postal Telegraph. Take advantage of the world-wide facilities and service of the International System of coördinated communications.

Postal Telegraph

• **Commercial Cables** • **Mackay Radio** • **All America Cables** •

The Diamond Cleek

Continued from page 19



TREAT that corn promptly

Don't... don't wait till an evening's pleasure crashes down in ruins. Even at the last instant, Blue-jay, easily worn under your daintiest slippers, can ease the hurt and free your feet for dancing.

This sure and gentle treatment brings relief at once — by lifting the pressure from the torturous spot. Then, promptly, its mild medication starts its healing magic. . . . Soon your corn is banished, just as millions of others have been banished by Blue-jay — for thirty years and more.

Don't... don't wait! Blue-jay is the *safest* way. It is made by one of the foremost producers of surgical dressings. A clean, pleasant, bath-proof 3-day treatment. At every druggist's, 25 cents (in Canada 35 cents).

Blue-jay

CORN PLASTER

BAUER & BLACK

DIVISION OF THE KENDALL COMPANY
Chicago · New York · Toronto



"Fairly good," he says. "I shot the first nine in thirty-seven."

"And how many more?"

"Well," he says, "I thought once I had lost a ball, but I managed to find it."

"Ain't that nice? Did you have a ball in your pocket with the same marking as the one you lost?"

"Sure, Oscar. I certainly did."

"Where is it now, Vernon?"

"I really don't know," he answers. "I guess it must have been misplaced."

AT THE end of Wednesday's play Vernon is leading the field by two strokes with a 73. And when Thursday's round is over and Vernon turns in a 72 for a total of 145 and the next best score is 153, we agree that he has it hog-tied.

I had a few minutes alone with Vernon that night.

"How's your scheme?" I ask.

"What scheme?"

"For coping Mrs. Wilson's pearl necklace."

He looks kind of worried.

"Getting it is easy enough, Oscar. They keep it in a dinky little safe in his apartment, and I know just where he is all the time and where his valet is. But the more I see of that bird, the more I think I'd hate to have him miss the pearls and start hunting for them. In other words, Oscar, it narrows down to the problem of a hiding place. I wonder," he says thoughtfully, "whether you'd be willing to take charge of them after I did the stealing?"

"Not me! The recommendations I got this job on was all forged and the first thing that bird would do would be to check over his hired help . . . most likely starting with me. And then—baby kiss papa bye-bye!"

He is still worried.

"I've got to think of some safe hiding place. There ain't a lot of time left."

The next day he comes in off the golf course grinning.

"Oscar," he announces, "my partner today had lots of trouble and was off in the woods a lot, so I have a nifty 73 to add on to the other scores I have made. It begins to look as though the diamond cleek will be mine, and that gives me an idea."

"What sort?"

"Ask me no questions, Oscar, but some time tonight I will try to drift over to your shack and explain things."

About ten o'clock that night, while they were dancing on the big veranda, he finds me. I see right away that he has some news for me.

"Oscar," he says, "I am sitting pretty. I've got Mrs. Wilson's pearl necklace!"

Well, that was indeed a surprise and I remarked such.

"When did you borrow it, Vernon?"

"Tonight, just when everybody was starting in to play bridge and dance, and I knew the servants were below eating their dinner. And, Oscar, I will bet my share of that necklace against yours that you cannot guess where I have hidden it."

"You win, Vernon—and so I will not bet with you."

He gives me a broad smile.

"Have you ever seen that diamond cleek, Oscar?"

"Yes."

"You have noticed that it is a standard-size golf club of solid gold set with diamonds, haven't you?"

"Sure."

"And have you ever observed the case in which it lies?"

"You mean that blue velvet thing?"

"Not blue velvet, Oscar. It is purple plush. I have hidden the pearl necklace inside it!"

I suppose I looked at him like I thought he was crazy, which is exactly what I did think. But I could see that he did not agree with me.

"I carried that necklace into the room where the diamond cleek is on display. I very carefully lifted out the tray on which the trophy lays and placed the necklace in a corner of the large empty compartment underneath. I had it in a little pasteboard box which I attached to the hollow inside of that plush case so it could not rattle or move. Then I touched two corners of the tray with sealing wax, so it cannot be observed, but so I could tell right away whether anybody had tampered with it. At least, Oscar, I know that so long as those little spots of sealing wax are not broken my pearls are right in that case with the diamond cleek."

"But suppose they are stolen by some dirty crook?"

"Then I will have to make other plans. But don't worry—no one will ever suspect such a hiding place. Somebody might possibly steal the cleek, but even such a disreputable thief would take it from the case and not be bothered with that big, heavy thing. Am I not clever, Oscar?"

"Yes, I think you are—not. Frankly, Vernon, I do not see any sense at all in what you have done. What are you driving at?"

"Well, I have every detail laid out. In the first place, if Mrs. Wilson changed her plans and wanted to wear those pearls before Monday and so happened to miss them, they could search my things and never find them; isn't that so?"

"Yes."

"Furthermore, I am certain to win this golf tournament. I now have a thirteen-stroke lead with only eighteen more holes left to play. In addition to that I have arranged with Lemuel that you are to caddy for me tomorrow. Then if it so happens that I have a little bad luck like getting into poor lies in the rough or in divot holes, you can always use your educated toes to move my ball that essential inch or so which will always help. Besides, you will be supplied with extras so that it will be certain I do not lose any balls during the round."

"Cinch," I says. "You couldn't lose, anyway; but this way you ought to shoot about a 67."

"I am not that ambitious, Oscar. A 74 or 75 will suit me perfectly."

"All right," I says. "Let's agree that you have this tournament locked up. What then?"

"WELL," he says, "I have told my host and hostess that I have important business which requires that I must positively leave here immediately after the tournament. In fact, Oscar, I am departing on the four-fifteen tomorrow afternoon."

"And what does that get you?"

"A great deal. Of course they were planning to have a big dinner tomorrow night at which the cleek was to be given to the winner. But since it is certain that I will win, and as Lemuel Thaddeus Wilson wants to make a speech, he has fixed things to have the ceremony on number one tee at about half past three o'clock. He will then present me with that trophy, I will have my bags all ready, and I will then be driven to the station. Don't you see,

Oscar, Mr. Wilson will himself give me those pearls. Can you imagine anything simpler?"

"It's marvelous, Vernon. If I ever try to think of things like that I get a bad headache and become all confused."

"It has to be born in a man, Oscar."

"I guess so . . . And you are sure you will win the tournament?"

"That is the only chance I am taking. But with a 13-stroke lead and you for a caddy, I cannot figure that anybody else has a chance."

I had to agree that he was right and I'll say right here that I wasn't jealous of Vernon at all. When a guy can dope things out in advance that way, he deserves the breaks.

Well, the next morning dawned bright and clear, and those that still thought they had a chance in the tournament or otherwise wanted to play golf got going about nine o'clock. I had Vernon's bag and was standing on the first tee when he came up.

The little blond cutie was with him, and she wasn't hard to look at. Real nifty, and I was glad to be mixed up with a man who could pick wimmin like that, if any. He didn't look so rotten himself: white shirt, linen knickers, white stockings and white sport shoes. He nodded brightly to me and went on chatting with the other guests who had come out to see him shoot his last eighteen and win the diamond cleek. Of course they knew that nothing short of an earthquake could make him lose, and if they had of known about my interest in him they wouldn't of bet that an earthquake could.

VERNON and his partner started off: Vernon straight down the middle but not near as long as usual, which was a good sign because it meant that he was going to keep from pressing and count on his 13-stroke lead to bring him home in front. And you can bet that I wasn't afraid he would crack, because while I admit that a last round of medal play golf takes strong nerves, I don't think that it requires any more strength of character than confidence work or burgling, in both of which Vernon was a master.

Vernon gets one over par on number one, rams home a twelve-foot putt for a birdie on number two, pars number three in four and then, just when it seems everything is in the icebox, he slices into a nasty patch of underbrush off the tee on the 570-yard number four. That was where I first took part in the match and it was wonderful how when we found that ball it was lying nicely teed up on a little bunch of grass where he could use a brassie to put him neatly across the ditch.

He continues to play a game which I would call neat but not gaudy and turns in 39, which, with his lead, makes the tournament nothing but duck soup. He ain't taking a chance in the world. When he misses a shot and I don't get a chance to help, he lets that shot go and adds one to his idea of par on that hole. We hear that the babies in second and third place each did the first nine in 38, which means that Vernon has 12 strokes leeway on the easy nine. Figuring either of them gimmicks to go crazy and shoot 34 on the back nine, Vernon can allow himself a 45 and win.

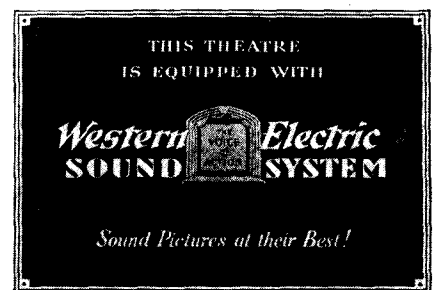
Except that I knew he was playing for a necklace worth more than two hundred thousand berries, there wouldn't of been anything exciting about that last nine at all. But of course when the

(Continued on page 44)

Select your theatre by **EAR TEST**



*Hear talking pictures that sound NATURAL
... in theatres which show this sign.*



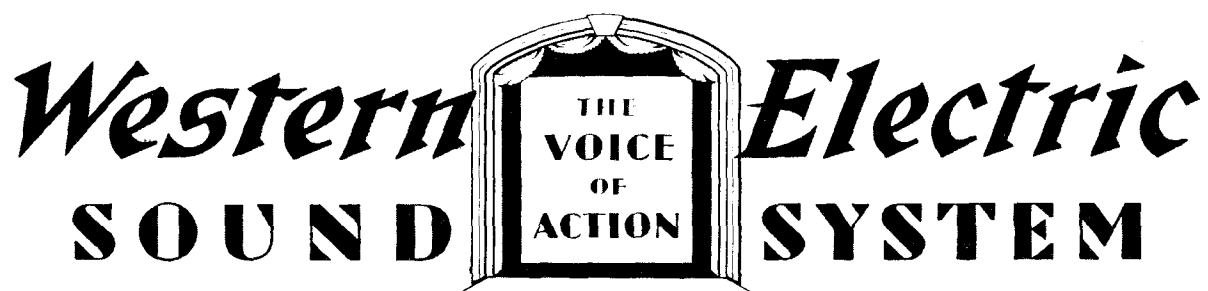
Nowadays it is not enough for a theatre to give you the best talking pictures.

It must reproduce dialogue and other sound with utmost clearness—in short, it must pass your EAR TEST.

Go to theatres equipped by Western Electric and you make sure of ear entertainment. This apparatus

gives its satisfying results because it was made by the world's leading experts in Sound transmission, the makers of your telephone.

Look for the Western Electric sign in the lobby. Enjoy the voices of your favorite stars reproduced with full justice to their personality and art. Hear talking pictures at their best.



MADE
BY THE MAKERS
OF YOUR
TELEPHONE

**LOWER THE
"PER-YEAR" COST
OF YOUR CLOTHES**

Measured by the satisfaction you get in them and the service you get out of them, Ed. V. Price & Co. tailored-to-order clothes are always a good investment.

Woolens—the pick of the season's patterns.

Workmanship—the product of the country's most clever clothes craftsmen.

An Ed. V. Price & Co. tailored-to-order suit is always a good suit. It will cost no more than ordinary clothes in the beginning, and certainly cost you less in the long run.

Our local dealer will gladly show you our splendid line of seasonable fabrics.



If you do not know his name, please write us.

Ed. V. Price & Co.
CHICAGO

LARGEST TAILORS IN THE WORLD OF
GOOD MADE-TO-ORDER CLOTHES

Who's Your Tailor?
REGISTERED IN U.S. PAT. OFF. 1906
BY ED. V. PRICE & CO.

The Diamond Cleek

Continued from page 42

ball looks like a big pearl and even the diamond-studded cleek seems as small as snipe seed, then a fellow can't help feeling his nerves.

Coming up to the eighteenth, it was a lock. Vernon had a par four for a 77. He hooked his drive out of bounds, then stopped and lit a cigarette, walked around the tee a minute and shot another ball. This one went straight up the course. His second was just short of the green, his run-up was three feet from the cup and he deliberately took two putts for a 6 on the hole and a 79 for the round.

Well, the gallery breaks loose with a lot of genteel congratulations and the blonde kissed him right there before everybody and Mrs. Lemuel asked him couldn't he change his mind and stay over for the dinner that night because having won the tournament he would be the guest of honor, but he says no, that he has important engagements elsewhere—which I know ain't no part of a lie.

On the way to the caddy house, I and him walk together.

"Pretty soft, ain't it, Oscar?"

"As mush," I says.

"I'm clever, ain't I?"

"You're a marvel."

"And I want to thank you for how you helped me on two or three of those holes. I was afraid you mightn't have a chance to assist me."

"Shuh, Vernon," I says. "You know good and well I wouldn't throw you down, although on one hole where you was lost in the woods I was scared for a minute that somebody might notice that the ball you shot into the thicket was mesh marked and the ball you shot out was dimpled."

He looks at me and shakes his head. "That is why you will never be very successful in your profession, Oscar. You are careless and you take too many chances. Now look at me. I got where I am today . . . a rich man, counting those pearls . . . by never leaving anything to chance. When I scheme something it cannot go wrong."

"I know," I answer miserably. "I am just a poor dub trying hard to make a dishonest living. But times ain't like they used to be. It seems like a fellow can't hardly get along nowadays unless he's got at least a business college education."

JUST as he was leaving me he makes another remark, only this ain't intimate because the pro is listening, also some others.

"Will you be at the presentation ceremony this afternoon?" he asks.

I look eager.

"May I, sir?"

"Certainly. You've been a fine caddy, and I'd like to have you there."

"That is very nice, sir. When will it be?"

"At three-thirty on the first tee. I will say good-by until then because I must now pack my things and eat lunch."

With that he was gone and the others—especially the dames—flocked around him, telling him he was grand and gorgeous, which was the truth, but even so they didn't get no argument out of him.

At three-twenty-five everybody starts hanging around the first tee. Of course Vernon is there, all dressed for traveling, and his suitcases are already in one of Mr. Wilson's cars which will carry him to the depot. Then comes Lemuel himself carrying the purple plush case and the first thing I notice when he opens it is that the little spots

of sealing wax have not been touched. Neither Mrs. Wilson hasn't let out a yell about missing her pearls, so I know that everything is jake and in a few minutes the slickest crook in the world will be riding for parts unknown with a lot of valuable ornaments.

When they're all present or accounted for, Mr. Wilson begins his speech, and from the beginning everybody can see that he has studied it out careful.

He tells first about how even though him and his wife are swell society folks they like to give others a good time, and he hopes that everybody enjoyed the house party, which he says was the best he knew how to give, and if there are any kicks please tell him or his housekeeper because they want all the guests to be satisfied.

Then he begins to talk about Mister Vernon Ramsay, the swell golfer who has just won the tournament. He almost describes every shot Vernon made in the 72 holes. And finally he lifts the big purple plush case in his arm and points to the diamond cleek.

"Here," he roars, "is the swellest and most expensive golf trophy in the world. It was made special by the best jeweler on the Pacific Coast and it is something which is going to be pictured in every rotogravure section of the country, or almost."

"As I said before, the first great Diamond Cleek Tournament has been won by our distinguished guest and friend, Mr. Vernon Ramsay, who we all think is one of the best golfers in this country."

LEMUEL then turns to the blushing Vernon. He reaches into his pocket and takes out a tiny package.

"And now it gives me great pleasure to present Mister Ramsay, as winner of this tournament, with a solid gold medal, properly inscribed. And furthermore, as you all know is customary in such tournaments as this, Mister Ramsay's name will be engraved on the Diamond Cleek. This gorgeous trophy will be immediately stored in my bank

vault and if Mister Ramsay should win it two more times it will become his personal property."

Well, sir, the only reason you could not hear a pin drop was because nobody thought of dropping one.

The guests all looked goofy and Vernon more so than any of the others. He acts like a man who has just been busted on that part of his jaw which is referred to as the button.

"Do you mean to tell me," he inquires, "that all this time I have been playing for a gold medal, and not for that fine trophy?"

"You express it wrong," retorts Lemuel pompously. "You have positively been playing for the diamond cleek, and if you win it two more times. . . ."

VERNON does not wait to hear no more, but just walks away. I trail along with him toward the car which is to take him to the station.

"Vernon," I says, "when do I get my ten per cent of that medal you just won?"

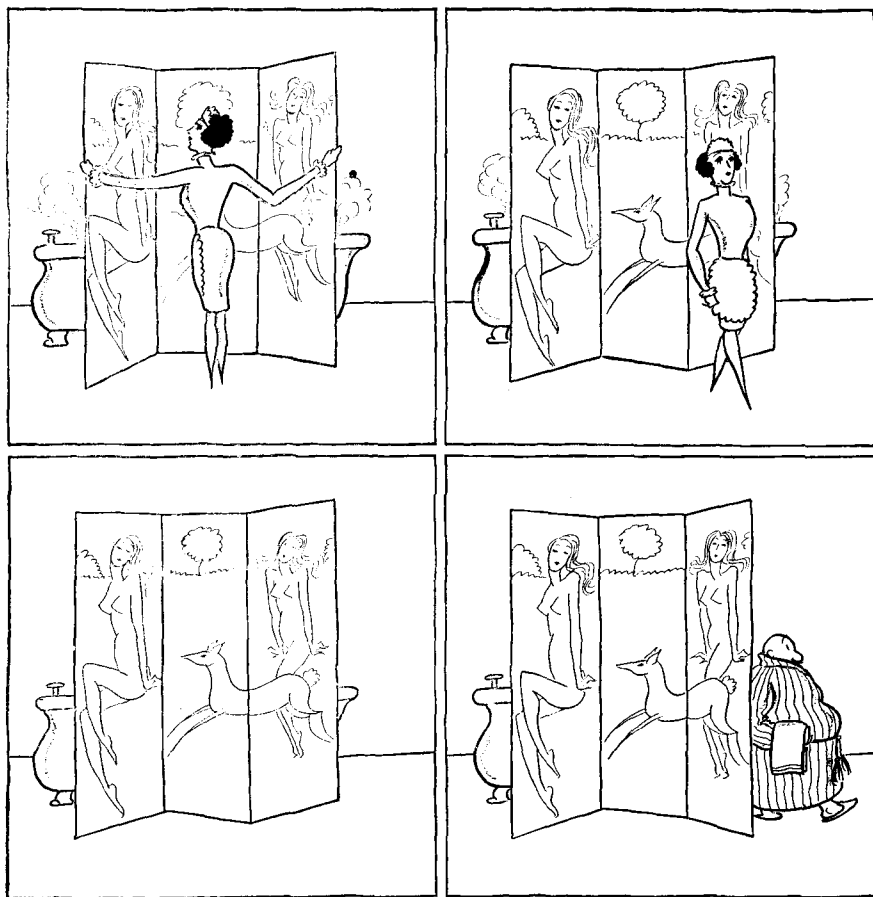
"Don't try to be funny, Oscar," he growls, "because in my present humor I am liable to bust in the nose anybody who kids me."

"I wouldn't kid you, Vernon. And it ain't kidding to say that I'm glad I ain't got as much brains as you. If you had been dumb like me, Vernon," I says, "you would have kept them pearls when you had them, and not went and hid them in no trophy case."

He looks at me real hard. "You got it all wrong, Oscar," he explains. "I admit I slipped, but not in the way you figure."

"Well," I ask, "how did you slip, then?"

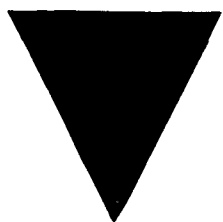
"It was a fatal mistake," Vernon says as he flings his bags in the car, "and it has taught me a bitter but valuable lesson. Never again, Oscar, will I attempt to steal from a man who is newly rich. Instead of that," he announces earnestly, "I will confine my operations to fine old families that know how to be robbed."



The new **HI SPOT** in Golf

"STANDARDIZED BY U.S.G.A.
PRODUCED BY WILSON"

From the impact of the first drive to the pleasing plunk as the last putt drops, this new 1.68 HOL-HI is golf's finest all-around performer ▼▼ dimple or mesh ▼▼ plain, or with Hi-Spots for identification and for easy detection in the rough. ▼▼ This new 1.68 HOL-HI sits up so your club-head can get at it ▼▼ takes the bad lies out of fairways ▼▼ takes the curse out of heel-prints. It gets up quickly for the long carry ▼▼ and hugs the groove from putter to cup. ▼▼ Play the HOL-HI this year. The new size is now legal for tournament play. In 1931 it will be obligatory. In the new size or old, for fast swinger or slow, the distance that's built in HOL-HI shows up on hole after hole.



HOL-HI

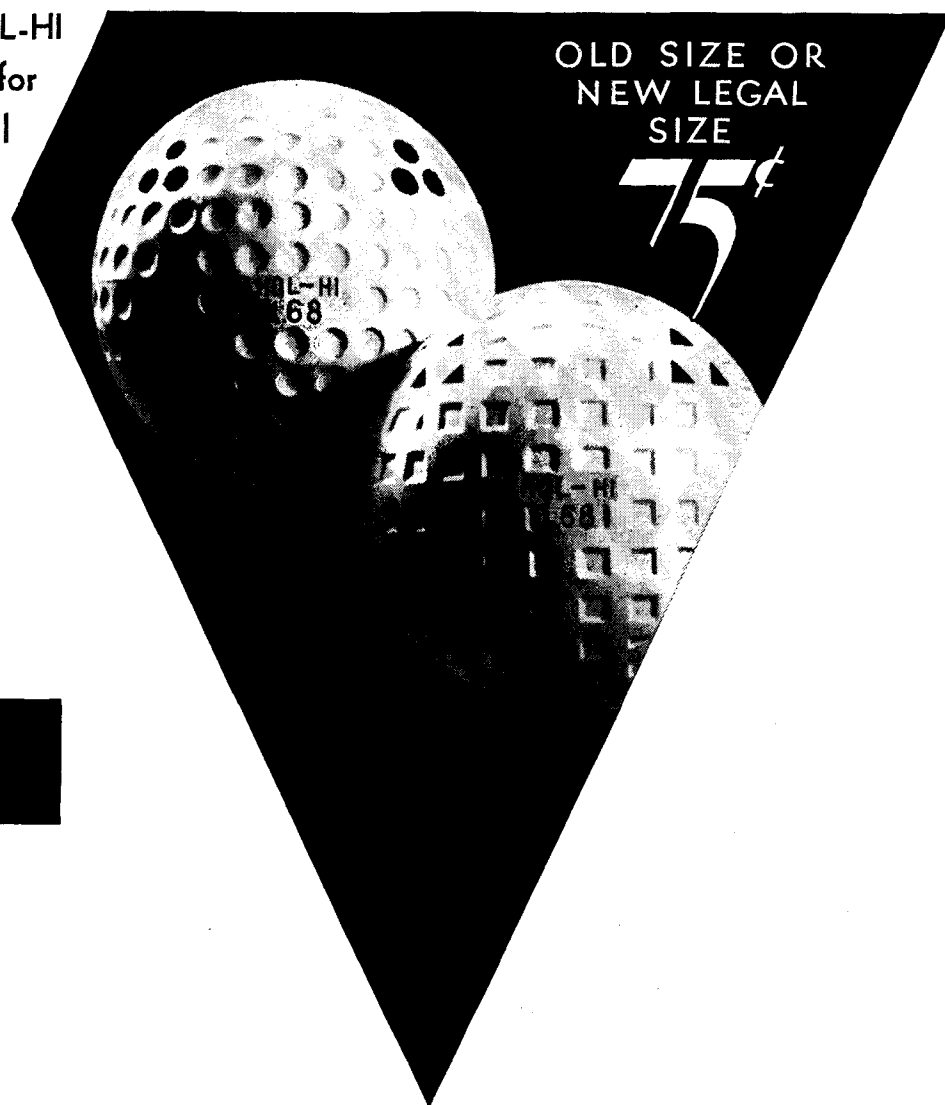
by

Wilson

GOLF EQUIPMENT

WILSON-WESTERN SPORTING GOODS CO.

FOOTBALL. . . BASEBALL. . . BASKETBALL. . . TENNIS



WATER makes hair come OUT



WATER, pouring from your bathroom tap, washes away your hair just as surely and steadily as the Mississippi wears its banks.

This habit of water to keep hair in place is insidious, because it's so easy. Slap, dash and it's done. Please . . . please . . . don't do it if you want to keep your hair.

WILDROOT keeps it in!



There's a safer, saner way of keeping your hair smart, and healthy, too. Douse on Wildroot Hair Tonic once a day. Massage a few seconds . . . comb while wet. You'll never have dandruff and you'll keep your hair years longer. Get Wildroot at your druggist, barber or department store.

P. S. Try Wildroot Coconut Oil Shampoo in the extra big bottle at your druggist.

WILDROOT Hair Tonic Coconut Oil Shampoo



Tune in on the Wildroot program, Wednesday mornings, 10:45, Eastern Daylight Saving Time, N. B. C. Red Network.

Won't you be William?

Continued from page 15

"Don't be silly," said Sylvia.

"All right," he said.

"If you knew," she went on, "how I have suffered! Why, I've been engaged to William ever since Newport. And I've exhausted my imagination, trying to invent reasons why he hasn't married me."

"He does seem a bit backward," said Dick. "Now if I were William—" He paused. Sylvia turned and looked at him.

"I wish you were," she said, musingly. "But I don't suppose you would be."

"Would be what?"

"Oh! I know it's ridiculous. Still, Aunt Jane's going to be here only a day or two."

"I don't get you," said Dick.

"I was thinking," said Sylvia, "that if she could go away still believing that you are William, it would give me the time I need to finish my novel. If I tell her the truth now she'll be furious. She'll stop my allowance, and I'll have to go home just when I'm in the mood for working, and— Oh, please, Mr. Ballard! You'll think I'm crazy, but— while my aunt's here—won't you be William?"

Mr. Ballard seemed to consider this momentous question.

"That's funny," he said. "I've just remembered that my first name is William."

"It isn't!"

"It is if I choose it to be."

Sylvia laughed, excitedly.

"Then you'll do it? Oh, I don't know how I can ever repay you!"

"As a gentleman," said Dick, looking into her eyes, "I should repudiate the idea of payment. I'm idle, rich, and a hopelessly frivolous person, so I'm grateful for possibilities. . . I suppose I'd better start calling you Sylvia?"

"Yes," she said.

"Hello, Sylvia!"

"Hello, William!"

They looked at each other and laughed.

"By the way," he asked. "What's this bird's last name?"

"You'll never guess," said Sylvia.

"Well?"

"The truth is, when Aunt Jane asked me that same question tonight I suddenly realized I'd never mentioned William's full name. In fact, I'd never even invented it. So I said the first name that popped into my mind, and it—oh, I hope you won't mind!—it happened to be Ballard!"

"My own name!" cried Dick.

"Yes. I'm sorry."

"But that was before we'd decided I was to be William!"

Sylvia smiled a sweet, misty smile.

"Well, yes," she said. "But perhaps I had a hunch you were going to be!"

"You're wonderful!" he said.

"I'm rather intuitive," admitted Sylvia. "And now, I think I'd better tell you something about William's character, and sort of rehearse you in your part."

"Fine!" said Dick. "Let's rehearse!"

The rehearsal lasted till midnight.

EARLY the next afternoon Dick arrived at Sylvia's cottage prepared, so he thought, for all eventualities. He greeted Sylvia by gracefully kissing her hand.

Then, sitting erect and indomitable on the living-room sofa, Aunt Jane advanced to the attack:

"Set down, William! Set down, Sylvia! I want to talk to you two!"

Dick and Sylvia sat down facing the sofa.

"Yes, Aunt Jane?"

"There!" said the old lady. "Now, I want to know the reason why you two don't get married like you'd ought to."

Dick looked at Sylvia, who returned his glance, with interest. Dick cleared his throat.

"It's very simple, Aunt Jane," he said. "You've noticed, haven't you, that Sylvia isn't wearing an engagement ring?"

"I noticed it right off."

"Well, I haven't given her a ring because I can't afford it. And we can't get married for the same reason. I'm a poor man, Aunt Jane."

"Poor!" exclaimed the spinster. "Poor?" She turned her steely glance on her niece. "I thought you wrote me, Sylvia, that William was a millionaire!"

SYLVIA swallowed quickly, and smiled and said: "I did—and he was!—till lately. But he—he got caught in the panic and lost everything, didn't you, William?"

"Everything! It was a terrible blow," said Dick. "I was absolutely stunned."

"You see, Aunt Jane? He's still sort of stunned. That's why he came down here to Virginia—to try to get over being—"

"Shucks!" said Aunt Jane. "If it's nothin' but money, there's no reason why we can't have the weddin' tomorrow, before I leave for Floridy. I got a million or so of my own. The bulk of it'll be Sylvia's some day, so you two might's well have the use of it now. You got pen and ink handy, Sylvie?"

"Pen and ink?" queried Sylvia, faintly.

"I want to write a check," said Aunt Jane, rising majestically from the sofa.

"But, Aunt Jane—!" gasped Sylvia.

"Aunt Jane—!" said Dick.

Aunt Jane ignored them. She had spotted Sylvia's writing desk in a corner of the room. She made for it with long strides, sat down at it, drew from some recess in her costume a checkbook and reached for Sylvia's pen; the pen that had got that young lady novelist into her present predicament.

Sylvia sat staring fixedly at Aunt Jane's back. Dick's gaze wandered to the end of the room where, over the fireplace, hung the shotgun which once had wounded him. It seemed, at the moment, the ominous symbol of his fate.

Aunt Jane rose.

"Here's a check," she said, "for fifty thousand dollars. I've made it out to you, William, so's you won't feel shy 'bout marryin' an heiress. It's my weddin' present to you, young man, and I'm sure you're welcome to it."

"But—good Lord!—I can't—"

"You take it this minute!" said Aunt Jane. She thrust the check into his nerveless fingers. "Now go and kiss Sylvie, and let me see if you mean it."

"Sylvia!" uttered Dick, choking slightly. "Sylvia—!"

"William!" faltered Sylvia.

He advanced, feeling dazed, and took her in his arms. Then something happened. A curious, quick joy possessed him. Involuntarily his arms tightened around her.

"Oh!" breathed Sylvia.

"I mean it," said Dick, and kissed her.

"Let me go!"

Aunt Jane stepped forward, chuckling.

"Glory!" she said. "We're goin' down t' the village, right now, to get your weddin' license—and you'll be married tomorrow!"

That night, in the spring-house on the mountainside, two worried young people met to confer upon the unusual problem that confronted them.

"What are we going to do?" asked Sylvia of the young man to whom she was so accidentally engaged.

"I don't know," he said. "Maybe we'd better rehearse some more?"

"No! We must think!"

"I'm thinking."

"Of what?"

"Of how bright your hair is. I've never seen such bright—"

"Oh, please," said Sylvia.

"Sorry, but ever since I kissed you this afternoon I've felt sort of—"

"Sort of what?"

"Vague," said Dick. He turned and looked at her. She had on a white evening gown. Her arms and shoulders were pale, her breast was pale in the moonlight. "I certainly feel vague," he repeated, sighing.

"But you can't, you mustn't! Don't you realize that we're supposed to be married tomorrow noon?"

"Yes, I do. Haven't I Aunt Jane's wedding present to remind me—?"

"What'll you do with that check?"

"Use it to found a home for wounded bachelors," said Dick.

"Oh, dear! You won't be serious!"

"I ought to be, with our marriage license in my pocket."

"Don't speak of it! That dreadful courthouse!" exclaimed Sylvia. "And that horrid, grinning clerk! Oh, it's all too ridiculous! I've a good mind to tell Aunt Jane the truth."

"WAIT a minute," said Dick. "If you're going to tell Aunt Jane the truth, I want at least a couple of hours in which to leave town. I have an idea that Aunt Jane would shoot to kill." "She probably would," agreed Sylvia. "But what else is there to do?"

"I know!" said Dick. "I've got it!" He put his hand over her arm. "Listen! I'll have an attack of something, and be too ill to marry you tomorrow. How's that?"

"It's not bad," said Sylvia, thoughtfully. "But what'll you have an attack of?"

"Well, let's see. . . . How about a nervous breakdown?"

"All right," said Sylvia.

"You approve?"

"Yes! I think a nervous breakdown would be all right."

"In that case," said Dick, "I'll start having it now. Would you mind kissing me?"

"Why should I?"

"Because victims of neurasthenia always need sympathy and affection. They—"

"No, I won't kiss you! You'd only get vague again! And, please, Dick, I don't feel like struggling."

"Then why struggle?" he said. His arm was around her shoulders. He drew her towards him. "Tomorrow," he argued, "I'll be shut up in my room in the hotel, having William's nervous breakdown. I'll probably never see you again."

"Yes, you will! I'll come to see you! I'll bring you flowers, I—"

"Sylvia!"

"No, because—"

"Because what?"

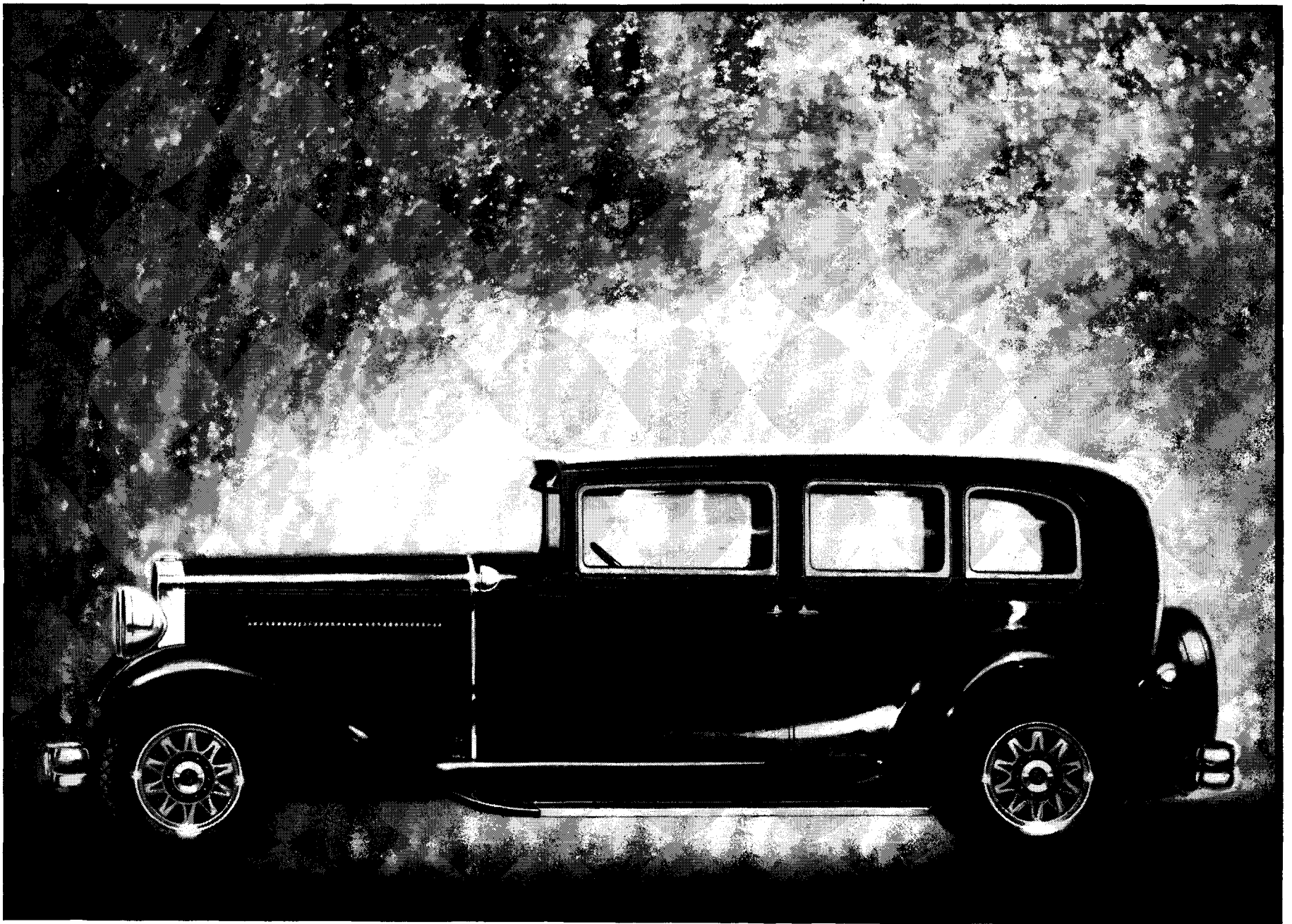
"Because nothing," said Sylvia.

He took away his arm. She sat silent, motionless, beside him.

"Oh!" she said. "I wish I'd never got into this mess!"

"I'll see you out of it," said Dick, shortly.

(Continued on page 48)

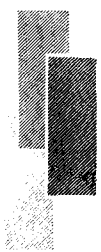


LEADER OF LEADERS—THE EIGHT OF EIGHTS

THERE is only one Twin-Ignition-motored straight eight in the Nash price field. ¶ There is only one straight eight in the Nash field with a high-compression, valve-in-head, straight-eight motor. Only one with a 9-bearing, integrally counterweighted, hollow-crankpin crankshaft. Only one with aluminum alloy connecting rods and pistons. And only one with a cable-operated system of brakes. ¶ Few have the convenience of Bijur

Centralized Chassis lubrication. ¶ The Nash Twin-Ignition Eight also offers you the priceless protection of Duplate non-shatterable plate glass at no extra cost, in all windows, doors and windshields of all models. ¶ It is simply impossible to duplicate Twin-Ignition Eight quality, value and attractiveness at the Twin-Ignition Eight price. ¶ Here is a masterpiece of motordom, a leader of leaders, the eight of eights. Drive it and you will know it instantly!

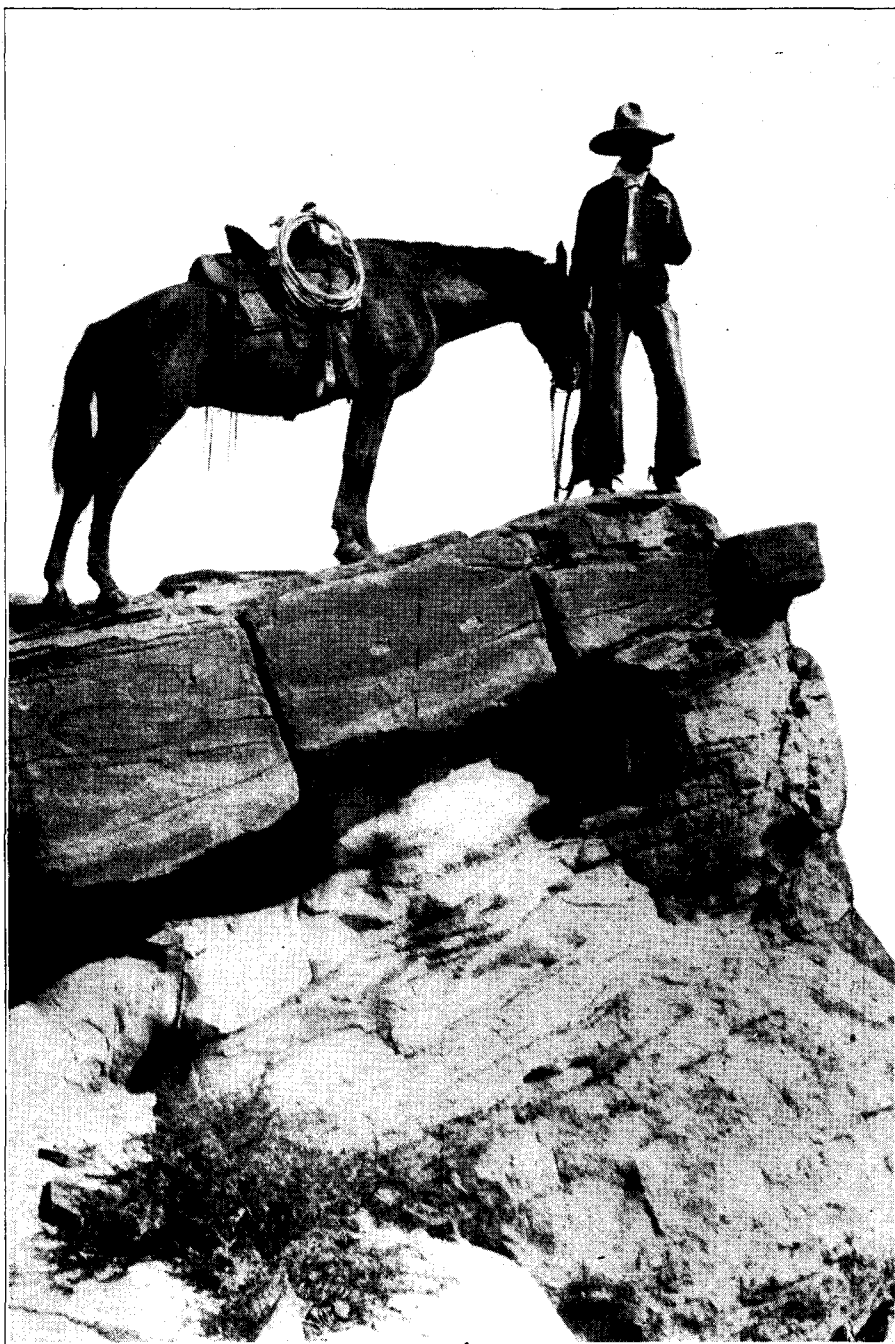
1776



NASH "400"

TWIN-IGNITION EIGHT





the Santa Fe Cuts the Cost to the Regions of Ranches and Roses

You can pack the pleasure of the Far West into two weeks.

You can take your fill of a vacation land fretted with painted caverns and canyons, racing streams, mountains and mesas.

You can visit dude ranches, National Parks, snow-capped ranges and take the Indian-detours.

You can go clear to California and back, on a Santa Fe Summer Xcursion ticket—at a fare so reasonable you can afford to take the whole family.

Our Escorted All-Expense Tours, weekly during June, July and August, include Colorado Springs, Old Santa Fe, Grand Canyon of Arizona, Los Angeles, San Diego, Agua Caliente (Old Mexico), Yosemite, San Francisco and Glacier or Yellowstone or Canadian Rockies, according to tour selected. Every detail cared for by experienced travel directors. Ask for booklet.



THE INDIAN-DETOUR GRAND CANYON LINE

Clip and Mail This Coupon

W. J. Black, Pass. Traf. Mgr., Santa Fe System Lines, 1265 Railway Exchange, Chicago, Ill.

Please mail folders checked below:

- ☐ California Picture Book ☐ The Indian-detours ☐ Colorado Summer
☐ Grand Canyon Outings ☐ Escorted All-expense Tours

Won't you be William?

Continued from page 46

Another silence. The moon had crept around the spring-house till now its light fell directly upon them. Sylvia shivered, as if the moon had made her cold. Then suddenly she straightened up, put her arms around Dick and kissed him.

"With sincere sympathy and thanks from Sylvia," she said; and jumping to her feet, ran out of the spring-house and down the path toward her cottage.

Dick sat as if hypnotized, staring intently at the moon.

AT TEN o'clock the next morning, after a hearty breakfast, young Mr. Ballard proceeded to have his nervous breakdown. He had it in Sylvia's cottage, whence he had gone for that express purpose, and his initial seizure was a great success. It consisted of a general feeling of depression, a severe pain in the head and a specific inclination toward suicide.

"I'm not good enough for Sylvia," declared the sufferer, in tragic tones. "I've decided to kill myself!"

He sank into a chair, and covered his face with his hands. Sylvia knelt hurriedly beside him. Aunt Jane stood staring in amazement at them both.

"My land!" she said. "Whatever's come over you, William?"

"Melancholia," said Sylvia. "He's been subject to it lately."

"Well, I never!" said Aunt Jane. "Brace up, William! You're goin' to be married in two hours. You got bridegroom's fever, that's what you got."

"Oh, no, Aunt Jane!" cried Sylvia. "It's much more serious than that. You see, William was so stunned by losing his fortune—"

"What he needs is a good stiff drink of whisky," declared Aunt Jane.

Dick lifted his head. His expression, though despairing, was noble.

"I'd rather die," he said, "than take a drink of whisky! Let me go. I want to end it all!"

He started unsteadily for the door. But Aunt Jane strode forward and clutched him.

"You ain't goin' out o' this house, William, with such loony thoughts in your head. Maybe you *are* sick. I don't know. But you'll stay right here with us, where we can look after you. Sylvie! Go turn down my bed. I'll move in with you, and William can have my room. We'll send up to the hotel for his things."

"But, Aunt Jane! You're leaving to-night for Florida!"

The spinster turned and confronted her niece. Her face was like chiseled granite.

"Stuff and nonsense!" said Aunt Jane. "Do you think I'm goin' to leave you here alone, with William all broken down on your hands? How long do these spells usually last, William?"

"Oh," said Dick, distractedly, "sometimes for weeks and weeks!"

"Well, that don't make no odds. I shall stay and nurse you till you're well again. Sylvie! You make him go right to bed!"

The adamant spinster stalked out of the living-room. Sylvia and Dick looked at each other.

"Why don't you run for it?" she said.

"I don't know! Somehow I can't see you explaining to Aunt Jane. And then, I've a certain sporting interest in the fate of William. Do you want me to go?"

She shook her head.

"No-o-o! I don't exactly *want* you to—!"

Dick grinned at her.

"In that case," he said, "will you kindly show me to my bed?"

The indisposition of William, né Richard, lasted for only a few days. But his convalescence extended over a period of two weeks. It became a kind of siege, with Aunt Jane in the rôle of the besieger, and Dick, assisted by Sylvia, in the rôle of the besieged. At the end of that time Aunt Jane was still firmly entrenched in her position, Sylvia looked paler and thinner (she had lost five pounds) and Dick looked rested to the point of exhaustion.

"See here," he said to Sylvia one morning as they were having breakfast on the porch of the cottage (Aunt Jane was out tramping the mountains), "I'm licked. I can't go on convalescing any longer. It's killing me."

"It's killing me, too," said Sylvia. "I don't know how we've kept it up so long."

"Sheer stubbornness," remarked Dick. "But I'm getting feeble. I—"

"Will you have some marmalade?"

"Thanks."

"Two whole weeks!" said Sylvia. "And I've still no idea what to do, unless you jilt me at the altar. I mean unless William jilts me—"

"No," said Dick. "William is a cad, but he isn't a heroic cad. When he got to the altar he'd act like any other man, and marry you in spite of his nobler instincts."

She flared up, suddenly, at that.

"You will make a joke of it!" she said. Her eyes were angry as she looked at him across the table.

"But—good Lord!" said Dick. "It is a joke, isn't it?"

"Yes, of course it is. I'm—sorry," she replied hastily.

He looked at her; and then off across the sunlit valley.

"I had a talk with Aunt Jane last night," he said. "She's still determined that I—meaning William—shall marry you."

"I know," said Sylvia. "I had a little talk with her myself last night."

"We can't put off the crisis another day," Dick said. "In fact, I demand a crisis, Sylvia!"

"So do I!" she asserted, in a voice as determined as his own.

THERE was a brief silence at the breakfast table.

"You know," said Dick, finally, "I've been thinking it might be amusing to complete the joke, and—"

"And what?"

"Get married just to fool Aunt Jane!" Sylvia laughed. It was rather a shaky laugh.

"To fool Aunt Jane? Yes, that would be awfully amusing! But what about fooling ourselves?"

"Oh, we wouldn't have to stay married," answered Dick. "I'd give you a divorce . . . whenever you wanted it."

"Whenever I—? And you think I'd accept such a sacrifice?"

Dick made a deprecatory gesture.

"It would be a pleasure," he said. "Then when your novel is published I can stick out my chest and say: 'I know that girl. I was once slightly married to her.'"

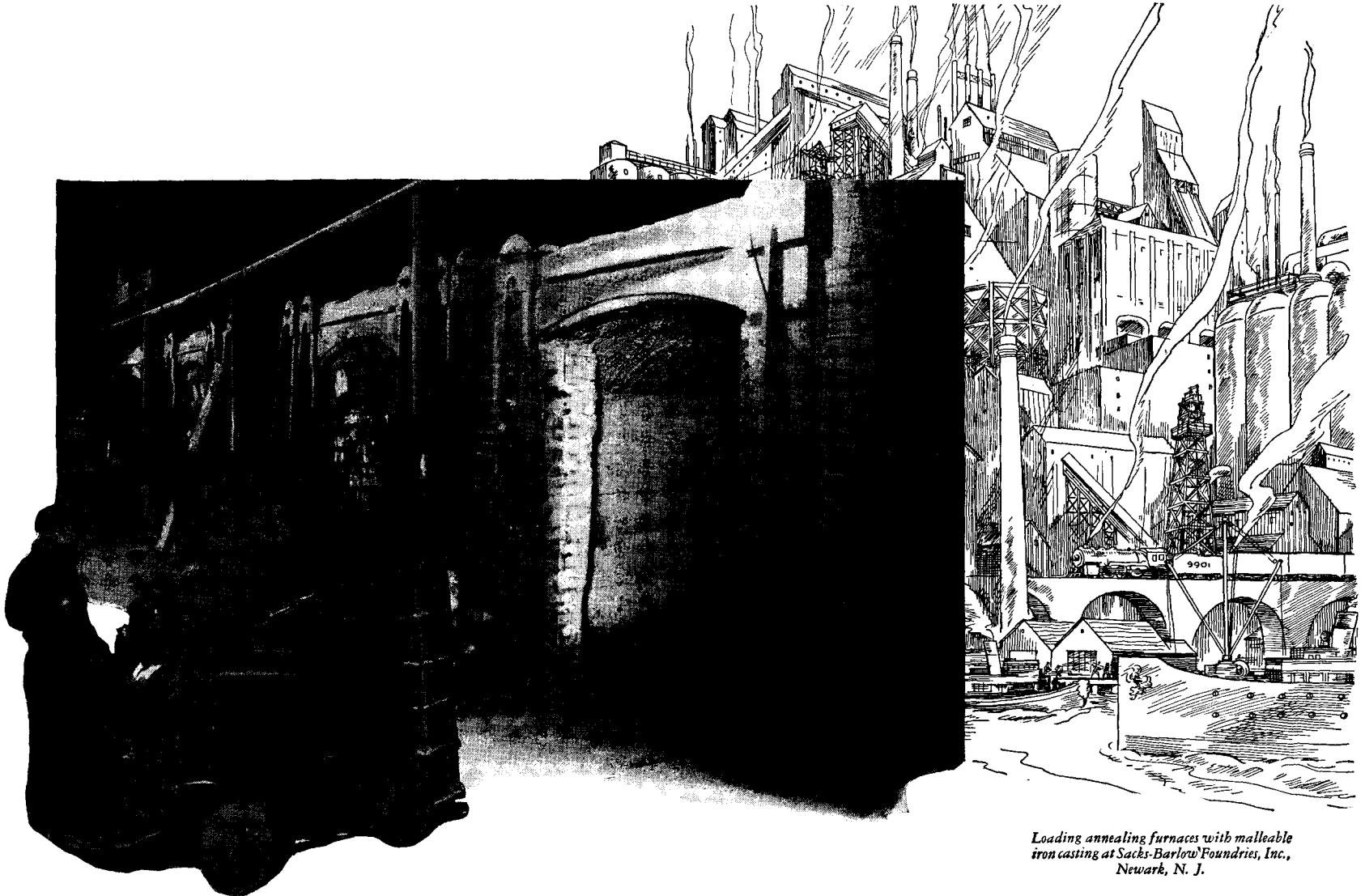
Sylvia leaned toward him and said quietly: "You really *are* a hopelessly frivolous person, aren't you?"

"I told you I was!" Dick's eyes had a gleam of anger in them now. "If you don't like that idea," he said, "I've got another one. You said you wanted to bring on a crisis, didn't you?"

"I did—and I do!"

(Continued on page 51)

J-M POWER CONSERVATION BRINGS LARGER PROFITS



Loading annealing furnaces with malleable iron casting at Sacks-Barlow Foundries, Inc., Newark, N. J.

In these Furnaces, J-M Insulations pay 114% yearly return on the investment

If You Use Heat, Johns-Manville Insulation Specialists Can Show You Similar Opportunities For Savings

YOU can enjoy astonishing cash savings by means of modern insulating materials, used in accordance with the latest engineering practice. These savings can be effected in your own business and we will be glad to show you how it can be done. We offer you a service based on 70 years' study of insulating materials and their applications.

Consider the case of the Sacks-Barlow Foundries of Newark, N. J. Here a combination of Johns-Manville insulating materials, installed after a recommendation by J-M Insulation specialists, are yielding a net annual return of 114 percent on the investment. Would you not welcome an improvement which would pay for itself with a handsome surplus every year? Such returns are not unusual in connection with the use of Johns-Manville's power conservation materials.

At the Sacks-Barlow Foundries, J-M insulating materials are used on annealing furnaces in which malleable iron castings are treated. The furnaces operate at 1600 degrees Fahrenheit, and the total firing time is approximately 100 hours per heat. Pulverized coal is used for fuel.

For several years, these annealing furnaces were operated without insulation. The fuel consumption averaged 6989 pounds of coal per heat per furnace. Then J-M insulation was applied to the arches of three furnaces and the average coal consumption dropped to 5619 pounds per heat, a reduction in fuel consumption of 19.6 percent. (This data was taken from carefully kept records of the coal consumption.) The saving in coal amounts to \$243.60 per furnace per year. The cost of insulating the arches, including labor, was \$193.64 per furnace, and the annual charges, including depreciation and interest, are only \$22.44 per year. The net annual saving amounts to \$221.16 on each furnace, a net annual return of 114 percent on the money invested in J-M insulations.

This remarkable saving is typical of the results accomplished daily by J-M Insulation Engineers in all kinds of plants that make use of heat in any way. This success is due to the fact that we make insulation for every purpose and hence can always select the right material for every type of service. May we not talk to you about the possibilities of insulation in your own establishment? This entails no obligation.

Transite, The Everlasting Material —Another J-M Product

In every industrial establishment, J-M Transite can be used to advantage. This fireproof, everlasting building material is furnished in flat or corrugated sheets made from asbestos fibres and cement. It is unaffected by time, weather or the usual industrial fumes or vapors.

The Johns-Manville trade mark is the stamp of quality, also, on Asbestos and Asphalt Shingles, heat insulations of every variety, Brake Lining for motor cars, and Asbestocel Insulation for heating systems.



Johns-Manville

INSULATIONS FROM 400° F. BELOW ZERO TO THE HIGHEST INDUSTRIAL TEMPERATURES
BARRIERS TO INDUSTRIAL WASTE

Address **JOHNS-MANVILLE** at nearest office listed below
New York Chicago Cleveland San Francisco Toronto
(Offices in all large cities)

Please have an Insulation Engineer arrange to see

Name

Address

1-16-4



Advertisers know the necessity of selling the WHOLE FAMILY

Country-wide investigations show family influence on buying. Surveys also prove The American Magazine the favorite of the family by 5 to 1

WATCH the national magazines if you want to witness the acceptance of a new and important trend in advertising today.

You'll see headline after headline like those shown above. Lines that say "family" . . . "home" . . . "father and mother" . . . "son" . . . "daughter" . . .

You'll find an increasing number of illustrations showing "family scenes." Families around the dining-room table. Families in the living room.

The fact is that advertisers — always with an "ear to the ground" for important news—have discovered that today the *whole family* influences buying.

So naturally advertisers now "tell and sell the **WHOLE FAMILY.**"

This family influence on buying was again

proved recently by 13 of the country's largest advertisers. They made 13 separate investigations, getting information from 7,257 typical families in all parts of the country.

They asked each family how their buying is done: "Does one person make the choice? Or do two or more members offer advice and opinions?"

More than 63% said, "We buy after *two or more* members of the family have expressed opinions."

And this proved true both for important purchases like pianos, automobiles and refrigerators, and for the small personal things like toilet soap, tooth paste, fountain pens or watches.

The same families were asked a second question:

"Which is the *favorite magazine* of your family as a whole? Which one would they vote to keep if only one magazine could come into the home?"

The American Magazine proved to be the overwhelming first choice. It led the magazine that was second by 5 to 1.

Thus, the national advertiser is shown again the way to reach the whole family at one advertising cost — through The American Magazine, which gets an *all-family* reading in 2,200,000 homes every month.

Advertisers who conducted the investigations:

American Face Brick Association
Campbell Soup Company
Dunlop Tire & Rubber Company
Frigidaire Corporation
General Foods Corporation
Gruen Watch Makers Guild
Kellogg Company
National Piano Manufacturers Association
W. A. Sheaffer Pen Company
E. R. Squibb & Sons, Inc.
Studebaker Corporation
Victor Talking Machine Company
Stephen F. Whitman & Son, Inc.

The **American Magazine**
First with all the FAMILY

THE CROWELL PUBLISHING COMPANY, 250 PARK AVENUE, NEW YORK

Won't you be William?

Continued from page 48

"All right. Then we must have a quarrel."

"A quarrel?"

"Yes. When Aunt Jane comes back from her walk, I'll be furiously packing my bags, and you'll be in your room, sobbing. You'll tell her I'm a cad and a scoundrel and—whatever you think I am. I'll rush out of the door shouting that you've destroyed my dearest illusions, and that I never want to see you again. And that," concluded Dick, with a slightly disturbed smile, "will be the end, the absolute finish, of William!"

"It sounds very nice and—and dramatic," said Sylvia.

Suddenly she rose and started across the porch.

"Where are you going?" asked Dick.

"Just into my room," said Sylvia, "to—to practice sobbing!"

SHE disappeared into the house. Dick sat still for a moment, puzzling over the queer note in her voice. Then he got up and followed her.

The door of her room was closed. He knocked on it.

"Sylvia!" he cried.

A muffled voice, hardly recognizable as Sylvia's, answered him.

"Go away! Please! I hate you!"

Dick stepped back from the door. He glanced indecisively around the living-room. On the wall over the mantel still hung Sylvia's shotgun. The sight of it galvanized him into action. He went into his own room, pulled his suitcase out from under the bed and began hurriedly to pack.

He had scarcely finished when a commanding voice called: "Sylvie! William!"

Dick picked up his bag and walked out into the living-room.

"Hello, Aunt Jane!" he said. "Back from your walk?"

Aunt Jane looked at him.

"William!" she said. "What are you doin' with that bag in your hand?"

"I'm leaving," said Dick. "I've recovered from my nervous breakdown, and I'm leaving."

"Leavin' what?"

"This house," said Dick. "And Sylvia!"

"No, you ain't," said the spinster, placidly. "You're goin' to stay right here and marry her."

"Aunt Jane, I can't! It's no use. I could never make Sylvia take me seriously. We've had a quarrel, and I'm a cad and a scoundrel—"

He stopped, aware of an ominous strategic movement on the part of Aunt Jane. Deliberately turning her back on him, she walked to the fireplace and took down from its pegs on the wall the fateful shotgun. A box of shells stood on the table. Quickly selecting two, she broke the gun and shoved the shells into place. Dick watched her, fascinated. There was a sharp click as the breech closed.

"William," said the daughter of the pioneers, facing her victim, "this is your wedding day, and you might as well know it. I've telephoned for a minister to come up here and marry you and Sylvie right away. He's bringin' his wife and mother-in-law for the witnesses. They'll be along any minute now, so you might as well get into a prayerful state of mind."

"But, Aunt Jane," pleaded Dick. "I'm really serious! I can't marry—"

"Young man," interrupted the hardy spinster, fingering the triggers of the gun, "I never thought I'd have to take a shotgun to you and Sylvie, but I've wrote the whole town of Belvidere,

Wisconsin, that she's goin' to marry you—and marry you she will, or my name ain't Jane Hammond!"

"Sorry! But I know you're only bluffing," said Dick; and started for the door.

In a flash Aunt Jane threw the gun to her shoulder.

"Halt, William!" she cried. "Or I'll shoot!"

"Oh, no!" implored a breathless voice from the door of Sylvia's bedroom. "Aunt Jane! Put down that gun! Dick! I mean William! Don't go any farther—please!"

Dick turned, and saw Sylvia standing on the threshold of the living-room. Her eyes were red. But they were also shining. "Sylvia!"

"Aunt Jane will shoot! She really will."

"I really will!" snapped Aunt Jane. "Oh, dear!" wailed Sylvia, coming forward, "I guess I'll just have to marry you, William!"

Dick drew himself up to his full height.

"Not at all," he said. "A gentleman at least knows how to die. Good-by, Sylvia! Good-by, Aunt—! My Lord! There's someone coming up the walk! A man—and two women!"

"I see them," said Sylvia, peering through the open doorway.

"It's the minister and his witnesses," announced Aunt Jane.

She dropped her gun to port arms, and looked triumphantly at the two young people.

"I'll just step into Sylvie's bedroom," she said, "where I can watch the ceremony without bein' seen. I'll stand back o' the door," added the ancient Amazon, looking steely-eyed at Dick, "with this fowlin'-piece in my hands. And don't you forget for one minute that I've got the drop on you, William!"

With which final warning Aunt Jane shouldered her gun and marched into the bedroom. Immediately there came a knock on the front door. Sylvia and Dick exchanged a startled glance. Then both moved forward, as one, to greet the minister who was to marry them.

LATE that evening Aunt Jane departed, in grim satisfaction, for Florida. Still later that evening Sylvia and Dick walked up the mountain to the spring-house. They sat down on the bench and looked at each other in the light of the waning moon.

"We're married," he said. "It's incredible, but we are."

"I know it," said Sylvia; and then: "Oh, Dick! I've got an awful confession to make to you. I haven't played fair! Last night, when I was talking to Aunt Jane, I did something dreadful."

"You told her," he guessed, "that I wasn't William?"

"No, I never told her that. I just told her I was so in love with you that I'd die if I couldn't have you—"

"Sylvia!"

"—but I didn't think you loved me. I mean really! So I—I begged Aunt Jane to find some way to get you to marry me! It was I who put her up to that ghastly shotgun wedding, and I'm so ashamed—!"

"Wait," said Dick. "Wait a minute. You say you put Aunt Jane up to that shotgun wedding of ours?"

"Yes, I did, I did!"

Dick took her face between his hands. He looked earnestly into her eyes. Then he put his arms around her, and laughed and kissed her.

"The hell you did," said Dick. "So did I!"



"If I were king, my pipe should be premier!"

— W. E. HENLEY



1 Cut for Pipes Only

2 Made by Wellman's Method . . . An 1870 Tobacco Secret

3 Big Flakes that Burn Slow and Cool

4 Sweet to the End No Soggy Heel

Sage, friendly advisor, in great matters or small...how perfectly a good pipe fills that role! And Granger is the royal touch that has raised thousands of pipes from the ranks!

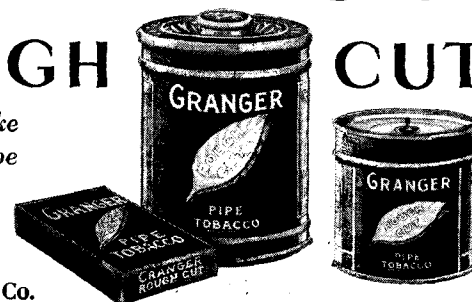
Really, it's surprising how much cooler, cleaner and sweeter a pipe becomes with Granger inside. Cooler and cleaner because of the slow-burning Rough Cut. Sweeter, because Wellman's secret method mellows this choice ripe Burley to a king's taste!

But there's no "royalty" for Granger's fragrant flavor; the handy soft foil package is ten cents. Also packed in half-pound vacuum tins and one-pound humidors.

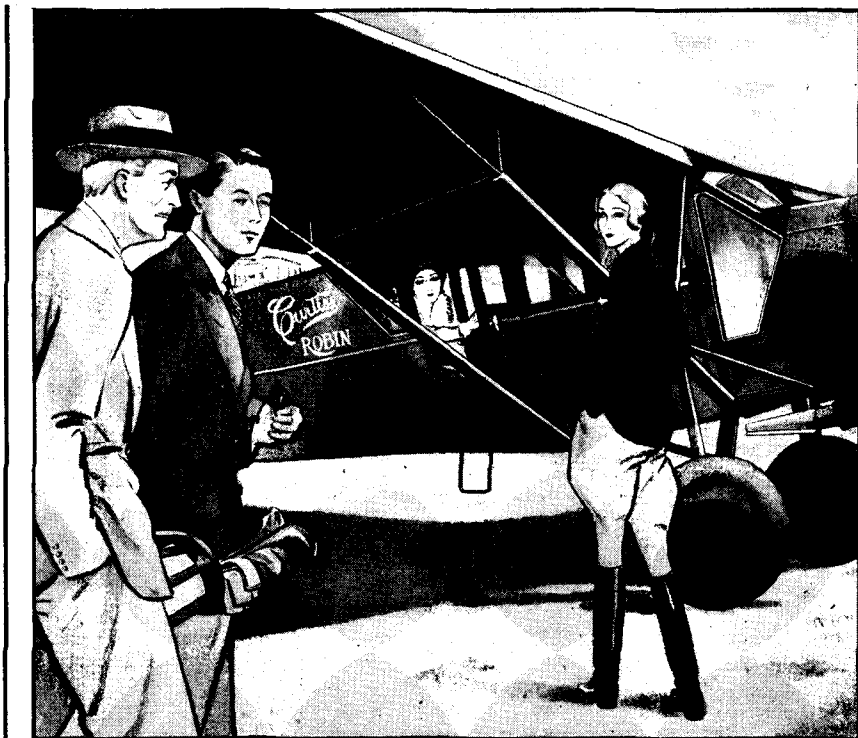
GRANGER

ROUGH CUT

A cooler smoke in a drier pipe



LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.



ONE *Plane* and FOUR *Aces*

JUNIOR started it. He attended ground school while still in High. Was crazy to fly—and did. Got a job one summer at Columbus Field. Saved up enough to take a course. Got his license. But it's one thing to fly and another to *own* a plane. And nothing less would do. But how?

One day it came to him, like a flash. Curtiss Robin—Round Robin. That was it—a joint affair. Instead of one plane, one pilot, why not one plane, four pilots. Share the plane, share the fun, share the expense. Four times the flying. One-fourth the overhead.

That's how he sold the idea to dad. Now the Bentleys own a Curtiss Robin. They all fly it. Their friends call them the four aces.

Dad is the ace of clubs—golf clubs. He thinks nothing of flying two hundred miles to his favorite course. In his Robin he makes it in two hours. Takes his foursome with him and they think he's a prince. Uses it in business too. Gets a great kick out of flying to sales conventions.

Mother's the ace of diamonds. Took up flying for social reasons. Flew her Robin and three dowagers to the last

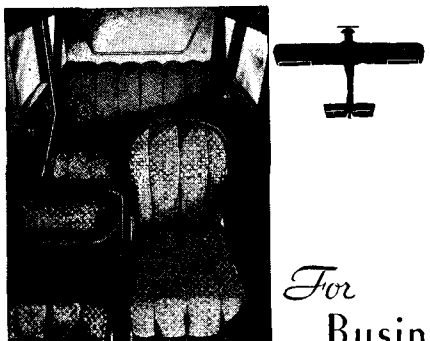
D. A. R. convention and landed right in the middle of the front page. Worried? Not a bit. She couldn't fly a safer plane. It almost flies itself—but of course the family don't tell her that.

Sister, you guessed it, is the ace of hearts. Insists on wearing one of those cute flying suits, though of course she does not need it in the snug cabin of her Robin. But, heavens, flying wouldn't be romance and admiring glances without smart flying clothes.

And Brother is the ace of spades, for it was he who dug up all the facts about one-family planes. Says he's going to write a book, "How to raise a family in a Robin." It was he who made Bentley Senior realize that a family Robin costs but little more to run than the family car, that all four members of the family could operate it, and that it could be bought on the installment plan just like their car.

The Robin is the plane that flew 17½ days at St. Louis and then had to be told to come down. It is produced in models to suit any family and purse. The 4-place, powered with 185 h. p. Challenger engine is \$7,995; the 3-place with 165 h. p. Wright Whirlwind, \$5,995, and the 3-place with the 80 h. p. Curtiss OX5, \$2,495.

Detailed literature about the Robin—America's family plane—will be sent you gladly if you will write Dept. R-10, Curtiss-Robertson Airplane Mfg. Co., Division of CURTISS-WRIGHT, 27 West 57th Street, New York.



For

Business • Pleasure • Instruction

CURTISS ROBIN

Reckless Cinderella

Continued from page 24

There had been none of those paragraphs in the press stating that . . . "Another lovely American who will be seen this season is Miss So-and-So, a niece of the well-known American hostess who took 1000 Park Lane from the Duke of Accorn last season and is vividly remembered for her original parties."

No, there was nothing to say about Ray Beaufort; nothing to discover. She adhered, when politely hunted down to facts, to the story of a childhood in an old white house in Virginia, but she evaded, as far as possible, any more claiming of the Alfred Poinsetters. Naively, she set herself to live in an ideal future where she hoped continually to tell the truth and nothing but the truth.

"THERE is just nothing to say about myself," she would protest in answer to Una's hinted questions. "But I didn't realize how little background I had till I came over here. Here you all 'belong' to such an extraordinary extent."

"Of course," said Una, with her languid appraising stare.

"You say, 'Of course' you do. So it's difficult for you to understand about me."

"We understand that you're a perfect love," said Una smoothly.

But, Ray ordered herself, there must be no more posing, and no more fairy tales—more truly called lies—because of Times.

Lord Times, so straight, so clean, so proud, so zestful a man! One must not lie. Subterfuges were unworthy. One must live—as one had always yearned to live—straight; proudly, and zestfully too. So the old days fell behind her; and it seemed as if she were racing from them, so dim they were in the memory. Westward had been very nearly right when, out of his wisdom, he had prophesied an early forgetfulness.

Times rode in the Park with her every morning. This had been another thing to conceal from him—her ignorance of horses and that particular form of recreation. She wished the concealment of so petty a problem had been unnecessary; but she had remembered in the nick of time her talk in New York of that Virginian stable. She must lay truth again upon the altar of expediency. So, those three weeks that she had been alone in Paris, except for the Delmontes and some friends of the d'Estells who had terrified her by calling, after Una and Times had returned to England she took riding lessons. Every day she had gone to the riding school, learned to sit, learned the mystic value of "hands," learned to take low fences. It had all been worth while. Now she rode with Times in the Row.

With Times—though never without Una, who contrived always to make up a party of three or four or more—she went to Hurlingham and Ranelagh; watched polo for the first time but dared not say so; dined on terraces looking out over flower gardens; felt stirring down to her very soul the magic of this beautiful leisured life where voices were pleasant, manners easy, environment so lovely that she wondered at it afresh every day.

She knew now what it was to be one of those women sheltered by money.

Sometimes, dancing with Times at some great house on an occasion of unimaginable splendor and importance, she thought of that evening with him in New York at the Ambassador Hotel, where the other women had looked at her, discovering her.

And here, often, she felt it, the clever look of the clever women; the brilliant social women; and the quiet know-all real aristocrats. That look would rest on her amiably, kindly, courteously . . . discovering her. Discovering some flaw in her, some irreparable rent in the perfection towards which she yearned. How much did they discover, those women? With their transatlantic travel, their Debretts, and their apparent knowledge of all that part of the cosmopolis that mattered, could they not find out anything; everything?

She said to Lord Times as the music wafted them over a faultless floor:

"It's very kind of you all to take me in."

"You've enchanted us all," said Times lightly and reassuringly.

She sighed. "Do you remember our 'good-by' in New York?" she asked suddenly.

"Yes."

"I'll tell you something."

"Now?"

"When the music stops."

"You'll have the next dance with me. We'll sit it out."

Soon they were on a quiet balcony seeming extraordinarily remote from the world. They sat down side by side on two little gilt chairs, leaned their arms on the balustrade, looked over an unexpected London garden, flooded with moonlight.

"Now," said Times, "what were you going to tell me?"

"Something absurd." She laughed. "When you had gone that night I cried myself nearly sick."

"My poor child!"

He was contrite and tender.

"But why?"

"Because I hadn't promised you to be good."

"Why didn't you promise?" he asked slowly. "It's a question I have wanted to ask you."

"Because I didn't trust myself."

SHE glanced at him and saw him frown. He was remembering that night sharply. And she was remembering sharply the half-regretful, half-contemptuous look of him as he had said "good-by" to her in Aunty's basement parlor.

"Why not, Ray?" he demanded.

It was the first time he had called her "Ray." There had been "Miss Beaufort," and "child," and occasionally "my dear." And he repeated it:

"Ray, I don't see why you could not trust yourself to promise then, if you can trust yourself to behave so perfectly now."

"It was all different," she murmured. "But how? You were the same Ray Beaufort."

"I . . . wasn't happy. There were circumstances—"

"I wish you would tell me."

"No," she said slowly. "I can't tell you exactly. Why do you want to know?"

He laid a hand over hers on the stone balustrade.

"Because I very much want to know all about you, Ray. I want it more than anything else on earth at the moment. And since you're such a stranger to us here—all I can do is to ask."

"Mine wasn't a very happy childhood. That's why I don't want to talk of it. Now, I'm twenty-one: I've got this money—"

She stopped, scared. A slip? Because she had always been the rich Miss Beaufort, hadn't she? And then she heard him saying:

"You had trustees, guardians, who

kept you strictly in hand, eh?" He laughed at her gently. "I don't blame 'em, little Ray. But now you're twenty-one, eh? Then when was the great birthday?"

One more little lie was not so much; she realized she must account for some of the inferences she was letting him make; and she told him: "The day after you left New York."

"And the first thing you did with complete freedom and control of your own fortune was to run off here!"

He laughed at her again. There was now relief in his laughter though. He felt her recklessness in New York, reprehensible as it was, to have been but the rebellious kicking of a young thing against the last spurs of just authority. She was a naughty child; but oh, so innocent! So transparent! So wistful with her little wisdom!

"Lord!" he cried. "What a responsibility you put on us! We'll have to take good care of you! I think I'll begin first. Thank Heaven for Una and Dukery."

SHE gave his hand a little squeeze; and she might have squeezed his heart, so ungovernably it beat.

"That reminds me, my Court dress has come! And it's too beautiful! Simply too beautiful! As lovely as a wedding dress!"

Then Times put the hand that he was still holding to his lips.

But just then Una came out upon the balcony, followed by her partner.

She made straight for them unerringly; and now Times thought to himself, releasing that hand: "Una's a bit too ubiquitous; though she doesn't mean it, of course." But Ray was woman, knowing woman, and she had divined, very soon after she had left Paris, the intention that lay beneath Lady Una's watchfulness. And she sat mute while the other woman came up to them.

Una leaned against the balustrade, tall and lean; a streak of silver against the background of night.

She had an irresistible way of taking command of situations, of dominating without appearing to do anything so unattractively definite. So now, lighting one of her incessant cigarettes from the lighter held by Times in preference to the lighter held by her own partner, she addressed Ray:

"Darling, how you hide yourself! Quite a dozen people seem to be looking for you; and Captain Welsh wants this tango with you."

Captain Welsh, agreeing with Una, though this was the first time he had heard of it, advanced. "May I, Miss Beaufort? I mean, if you're really not going to sit it out with Times?"

"She was going to sit it out with me," said Times coolly. But still Una dominated.

And Times found Una beside him, in Ray's vacated chair, while the music of the tango came to them through the opened windows.

As Una sat down she was thinking hard. The season was three weeks old, and she had seen so little of Times in spite of all her cautious arrangements. That is, she had seen him so seldom alone. She had seen him in groups, in restaurant parties, or playing polo. But, although she knew he had been alone a great deal with Ray Beaufort, she had not been able to sequester him herself. Absolutely not until tonight had they even so much as sat out a dance in quiet. This dim balcony was ideal for the reestablishment of that friendly, easy relationship which she considered had been theirs; which she had always considered would be the kind of friendship that would lead to engagement and marriage in a life so calm, so ordered, as Times'.

But here Una misunderstood. She

fell into the common error of a woman who, finding a man always calm in her presence, puts him down as essentially calm; laconic; cold.

For a moment she listened restlessly to the music. Max Welsh was a marvelous dancer, and the American girl was rather sensational too—"bad style; too good;" Una thought, "but someone will encore the thing for fun, to watch them." She might easily get ten minutes with Times. And, seeing him move also restively, obviously listening to the music of that dance, she began:

"Well, Edward, how's life?"

"Oh, as usual," said Lord Times.

"Haven't seen you for about a century."

"My darling, you had tea with me at Ranelagh the other day."

"I mean, to talk to," said Una. "I don't mean in a mob."

"Well, here we are, my dear," Times answered, but listening to the beat—beat—stamp! stamp! of that heady rhythm.

You could hear, besides the insidious music, the soft slide of the dancers' feet, for the night was very still.

"I want you to take me to the opera," said Una proprietorially. "Tristan. Next week."

"But of course! I'll be charmed. Let's see. . ."

"Don't look at your engagements. Break one."

"Well, I would for you, Una," Times smiled.

"What are your August plans, Edward?"

"Going north, I think."

"He's evading it," she thought. And she pursued:

"Haven't you let your moor?"

"I may shoot over it just the same. Or somewhere else. And you, my dear?"

"Deauville," Una said petulantly.

"However, there's time yet," said Times. "Why so forward-looking? I hate plans."

"Well, I want to know what my best friends are doing."

"Jolly nice of you to include me!"

Her famous temper flamed. But her famous temper had varying ways of expression. She choked it back, and became cold and icy within; particularly bland and good-natured without.

Yet her voice shook a little as she said: "Give me another cigarette. . . Thanks."

There was a restless silence between them. Then:

"You're looking awfully well, Una," he remarked banally.

"I'm feeling simply wonderful." Her voice jarred.

SHE sat there very close beside him, very tall and thin; an alluring woman, of her type. She had seen him kiss Ray Beaufort's hand—not a surprising gesture between dances out on this dim balcony piled with heavy-scented syringa. Only, never once had he kissed her hand, sought opportunity to make such a situation with her. And this contrast smote her very sharply as she sat there, attuned and alert.

"Well," she said lightly at last, "our little American is going down marvelously."

"Going down?"

"With everyone. Everyone's being very good about her."

"Why not?"

This query came to Una in the nature of a warning, and she took it; but went on, nevertheless, only with due care: "Oh, well, why not? Why not, indeed? Who bothers these days?"

"How do you mean, Una?"

"Well, dear old thing, I mean she's adorable, isn't she? And pots of money! And people don't seem to bother much about anything else."

(Continued on page 54)



BUILDING for the COMMONWEALTH

THE American citizen is the best served in the world. A quarter million public schools educate his children. An abundant supply of pure water comes into his home from carefully guarded sources. The streets of his community are brightly lighted for his convenience and protection. Surfaced highways totaling 660,000 miles enable him to travel swiftly and smoothly between cities.

Part of the cost of such projects, particularly for highway construction, has been paid directly from taxes. A very substantial part, however, has been raised through the sale of bonds issued by the states, counties, cities, and other taxing districts. Of the twelve billion dollars raised for public works in the past decade through bond financing, more than one-fourth was for streets, roads, and bridges, a fifth for schools, a twelfth for water supply. The rest provided sewers, parks, playgrounds, public buildings, harbor developments and other needed improvements.

The need for public works and the increased property valuations resulting from them, together with the recognized safety and tax-exemption of state and municipal obligations, have created a widespread demand for such bonds. Halsey, Stuart & Co. has provided this highly acceptable type of bond to thousands of investors, at the same time enabling citizens throughout the land to enjoy the many benefits accruing from public projects. Much information valuable to investors interested in tax-exempt securities is found in our pamphlet, *How to Judge Municipal Bonds*. A copy will be mailed on request.

HALSEY, STUART & CO.

INCORPORATED

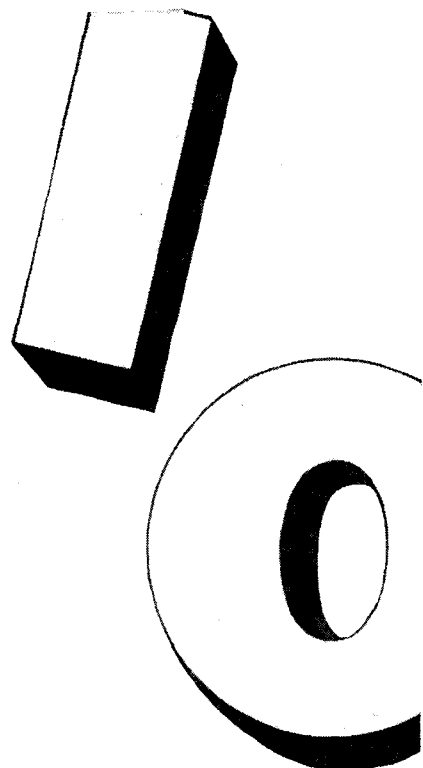
CHICAGO, 201 So. La Salle St. NEW YORK, 35 Wall St.
AND OTHER PRINCIPAL CITIES

THE PROGRAM THAT DOES MORE THAN ENTERTAIN



Every Wednesday evening you may increase your knowledge of sound investment by listening to the Old Counsellor on the Halsey, Stuart & Co. program. Broadcast over a Coast to Coast network of 36 stations associated with the National Broadcasting Company. Music by symphony orchestra.

8 P. M. Eastern Standard Time 6 P. M. Mountain Standard Time
7 P. M. Central Standard Time 5 P. M. Pacific Standard Time
Daylight Saving Time — one hour later



Whitens and Polishes Hard-to-Whiten Teeth to a Sparkling Lustre

Why? Because the Iodent formula brings to your own bathroom the safe, potent cleaning power of ingredients that *all* dentists use *every* day.

This doesn't mean that your teeth should not be cleaned professionally every six months . . . It *does* mean, however, that Iodent will keep them whiter, safer, and more brilliantly luminous *all the year 'round*.

And you will be delighted with the sparkling, tangy Iodent flavor—neither sweet nor medicinal—that both of the Iodents bring to your mouth every morning and every night.

Use Iodent No. 2 if your teeth are hard to whiten. Otherwise—and for the children—use Iodent No. 1. Iodent Chemical Company, Detroit.

FOR TEETH
HARD TO WHITEN ~ No. 2



No. 1 ~ FOR TEETH EASY
TO WHITEN —also ideally
adapted for
children's tiny teeth and tender gums

(Continued from page 53)

"They don't need to, I fancy," said Times rather coldly; and his coldness warned her again to increase her care. "After all—since these things still matter, to a certain extent, to some of us, I fear—she comes of very sound people. Good stable, I believe. If that's the sort of thing you feel you ought to know."

"Oh, yes. I forgot you knew all about her, Edward," said Una affectionately. "I might have remembered that and asked you before."

"Asked me what?"

"Why, all about her, because you knew it all. I've got quite fond of the creature. I'm so *interested*."

"You've been jolly sweet," said Times, and paused.

IN THE pause he felt Una's waiting attitude. And, all at once, searching his mind for what it knew of Ray Beaufort, he rediscovered that it knew remarkably little. His mind had not been conducting any real research on the subject. He had been looking forward, as Ray herself did. Eagerly and intently he had been going forward . . . to what? He wanted her; he wanted to set her in his fine houses; and to give her all that was his, money, and lands, and honor, and fortune, and name. All this—and he had never undervalued it, so proud he was, so determined on continuing the family immaculateness—for little Miss Beaufort from Virginia!

"She's a connection of the Poinsetters, who seem to be very well known over there," he said, still a little coldly. "She has a place in Virginia where she was brought up. She came into her fortune this year."

He spoke dispassionately; disinterestedly; with detachment.

"But I know all that!" said Una in a voice of light disappointment, almost chaffing. "Only Mrs. Van Dike was asking me all about her, and that's so little—I wanted more."

"You mean the woman who has taken Princess Charles' house?" Times muttered ungraciously.

"Yes. Really delightful. A wonderful hostess. And you know, my dear Edward, she knows the whole world."

"How exhausting!"

"My dear man! But so useful! Yes, she was asking me about Ray and I told her, but she—the Van Dike—knows the Poinsetter family fairly well, and she hadn't heard of any Beauforts of Virginia, so that didn't help much. She was surprised that there was so much money in any branch of the family, because she declares they are all poor, for Americans."

Times smiled.

"How you women gossip," he said, but rather elaborately. Una's sharp ears caught the inflection.

She put sincerity into her voice: "You know, Edward, I can't help thinking it would be so much better—I mean for her own sake—if the child just came bravely into the open and owned up that she really hadn't any relations, and the money came just from some five-and-ten-cent store or something hearty and common like that. Because it's not as though any of us would *mind*. Who cares? I mean, money's money, and she's such a *sweet*! But a pose, Edward, a pose is so damned difficult to keep up, especially when everybody knows so much about everybody, and it is all so easy to find out. Only she's so pathetically young that I don't suppose these little probabilities ever occurred to her."

And again there was a trenchant pause after Una's sympathetic voice had hesitated to a stop.

"You're making her out a liar, Una!" said Times, drastically; hard and quiet.

"Oh, my dear soul, for God's sake, now don't be serious."

"It is serious," said Times, staring out grimly into the garden. "To be just nobody as far as social assets count doesn't much matter after all. As you say 'Who cares?' Or, who cares much, anyway? But to be a coward and a liar—"

"Oh, my dear Edward, now don't—be—serious!"

"—to be a coward and a liar and an impostor does matter a lot. And that is how I know Miss Beaufort is all she has said—"

"But what has she said?" Una interpolated the murmur like a thrust.

Again, momentarily, this gave Times angry pause. "That is how I know that all she has let us believe is true," he continued very deliberately. "Because she is not a coward, or a liar. Una. She is just the truest, simplest thing in the world. And, Una, she is such a child. She is not yet sophisticated out of every pure thought. She is still pure; she is still sweet. She—"

Una touched his arm.

"Very well, Edward," she said with infinite kindness. But underneath how her famous temper tore at her! It had claws in her heart. It ran poison in her veins. But she managed that "Very well, Edward," in the tone of a friend, kind, and a little chaffing, and just sweetly amused.

Again Times realized himself.

Again Una knew that her little interruption had set him once more questioning himself and whither he was going. Once more he was self-examiner.

There came a burst of clapping from the ballroom.

"They're clapping that tango. Ray's so marvelous—almost professional standard," said Una casually. "I wonder where she learned to dance like that."

And she felt rather than saw—attuned as she was—the flicker that drew Times' brows together in a deep-set frown. So, feeling that this was the right moment to leave him to those meditations, she got up, said: "Well, good-by, Edward. It will be nice to hear *Tristan* together. I'm going on. Good-by."

SHE was gone almost before he could rise. He relapsed into his chair, and looking out over that orderly London garden, could see a great highway cut round the face of a mountain, dusk coming, and the figure of a girl all alone, crying imperatively, "Stop!" to the car containing two strangers.

Una had sent him back into the immediate past. She had impeded his swift visions of the future. Now he wanted most urgently to know more of the episode of the Storm King Highway. It became of prime importance. When Captain Welsh brought Ray back to the balcony, he got up at once and claimed her. It was a gesture that he could not have held himself from making; and it dismissed Welsh summarily. And he and she took the two gilt chairs in that shadowed corner again.

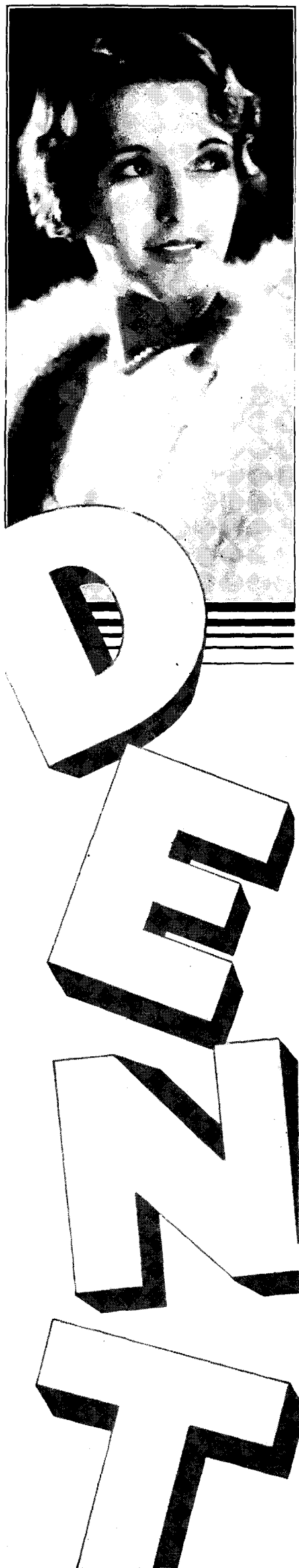
And he found that he could not ask her about the episode of the Storm King Highway any more. Who was he to examine, to judge?

Humility, as crushing as his pride was crushing, fell on him.

Yet the Times men always had examined and always had judged, before they crowned any woman queen of them. They were arrogant men; being stubborn-hearted as hot-headed, moving their own way, and not the light world's way. What had humility to do with him?

But humble he became suddenly, like all lovers.

So he and Ray just went on talking; and even as Una with her cleverness had sent him searching back along the



past, so the fairy girl with her shining eyes, and her thoughts that seemed so dear, drew him on along the road of the future. Their corner of the syringa-scented balcony might have been a desert. People left them alone. He knew that he was making tacit admission to all the surmises that were, doubtless, being made in the great house behind them. He knew that half London must be talking.

Indeed, that was the night when hostesses and others began to give Ray Beaufort a very definite place in their inquisitorial minds.

He said, abruptly yet softly: "I want you to see Times Manor. Let us get out of London for a few hours some day soon—by ourselves."

Ray Beaufort stood in her bedroom in the Queen Street house that night, and looked in a long glass, and saw herself informed with such happiness as had been unimaginable; and was almost unbearable. She sent Helène away, and undressed herself; and lay on her bed and wept with her happiness. And, just as Westward had said it would, the past fell far behind, dropped from sight, could no longer trail this new life, this gorgeous joyful life.

As Westward had thought she would, for this hour anyway she forgot.

CANCELING immaterial engagements—one of her astonishments was at the way that engagements multiplied, hospitality was extended, in this city of strangers—Ray was driven down to Sussex by Times in his open touring car. And, lightly as both of them entered upon this significant day, she knew what lay in his mind, and he knew—he must have known—the acquiescence in hers. Each knew the tentative significance.

"I wonder," said Times as they drove, "if you are going to like my home as well as your home near those Blue Ridge Mountains of yours! I want you to like it. I spend a good deal of time there."

Then they came within sight of the great gray house shrouded in a magnificently wooded park, and he thought as he always thought, approaching it, that it was a symbol to live for or to die for; most certainly a symbol to marry for, and to marry aright.

But the old home said to Times as he drove his lady up to it: "Hold back a while. Be faithful to me, my son."

They stood on the shallow and enormously wide flight of steps, looking out and down over the hill-and-valley of one of the finest deer parks in England.

"It is very beautiful," Ray said humbly. There were really no words that she could find for what she saw about her.

"We might see the gardens before lunch."

For the first time in her life Ray Beaufort entered a really and completely lovely garden of great spaces. Indeed, it seemed to her that they passed from garden to garden. There was the garden of the yew hedges and the lily pond—"where my mother used to sit a great deal," said Times. "She died when I was a boy. Often I think of her in that arbor." That was an arbor of stone, very old and very graceful. One could see the ladies of Times Manor there; medieval ladies in stiff rich stuffs; ladies of a more simply dressed mode and period in Josephine sort of gowns, high-waisted and meek; Watteauesque types of ladies, powdered, with panniered gowns of flowered silks, and fichus crossed on bosoms; Victorian crinolines and tambour-frames; early Edwardian beauties, bright and sophisticated; down to Times' own mother and aunts and sisters.

Ray made in her mind inaccurate pictures of all these bygone women of

Times Manor, dressing them hazily from the knowledge supplied by such books from the Poinsetter library as she had read to Aunty; and from "period" films seen at the Roxy. That stone arbor, over which a gnarled-footed wistaria climbed, had sheltered in the flesh such women as these. On summer days they had sat and looked at the lily pond.

"What are you thinking of?" Times asked.

"Powder and patches; and Josephine gowns, and crinolines," she said a little tremulously, but satisfactorily.

He gazed at her earnestly.

"We'll see the gallery after lunch if you like. They're all there."

Then there was the great walled garden with the glass houses, the fruit trees on the walls, the immense stretches of fertile earth on which fantastic numbers of gardeners were working. There was the rose garden, stretching from the lawns right down to the low stone wall that fenced it from the park. There were the spreading lawns with their beech trees near the house; and just in front of the house, running the length of it, beds and beds of radiant flowers. Sheets of orange wallflowers all massed in one row of beds made the lawns look aflame.

Luncheon alone with Times in the smaller dining-room overlooking the violet garden—"my mother was great on violets, and I've kept it up"—was strange and enchanting. One could never have thought that so many violets could grow all together. Violets—little isolated roots in hedges, or big bunches in the florists' shops, was how one thought of violets. This concentration of them sent the sweetest smell in the world through the wide-flung casements of the small dining-room. If one had bought all the violet essence in all the druggists' stores. . . .

That was not the way to think of the violets at Times Manor, though.

Times delighted in her. A nice fat butler was not obtrusive; was very little in the way. She would not have been a human girl if she had not thrilled to a beautiful wonder; if she had not faintly, divinely feared; expected. . . .

She was a human girl. She knew herself to be tempestuously human. But the Old Franks, the Heiners of road-house lunches, all the men who had jostled into her life, had never discovered the passionate woman in her. This passionate woman had been kept secret; pure. She was for Times.

ABOVE everything, Ray Beaufort knew this as she sat at that charming table, with this man, whom, right from the beginning, she had known to be different from all other men, more true, more gentle, more brave, more gallant than all other men. She knew that from the beginning she had thought of him—her inadequate thoughts that were so miraculously now flowering, maturing!—as lover.

She was not looking backward, the world ahead claiming her. Yet she could not help the acute, radiant consciousness that this was the first time. The first visit to a beautiful garden; the first time of a serenity so perfect as, surely, to be dangerous? The first time of being alone, in this particular happy way, with Times.

"So quickly it has all happened!" she thought. "Two months—not more." A miracle!

Times also said to himself with a queer simplicity for his thirty experienced years: "The first time. This is the first time, actually, of loving. I love her. There's no doubting." Although he knew—the old house spoke to him so candidly—that perhaps this

(Continued on page 56)

Drinkless

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

KAYWOODIE

THE ONLY PIPE



You can't get a
Drink from a
Drinkless
KAYWOODIE

YOU don't know pipe-smoking until you've smoked **Drinkless-KAYWOODIE**—the pipe smoked by more men than any other quality pipe in the world. Most praised; most respected. 100 models, imported bruyere, \$3.50 to \$7. Send for illustrated booklet.

KAUFMANN BROS. & BONDY, INC., Dept. CI, 120 Fifth Ave., New York—Est. 1851
In Canada, CIVIC COMPANY, Ltd., Montreal, P. Q. — In England, CIVIC COMPANY, Ltd., London



Why do men prefer pipes?

Smoke one, then you'll know!

PPIPE-SMOKING attracts men. Ask a smoker why, and hear him tell you that—

—*pipe-smoking is a sweet, smooth, inspiring way to relish all there is in good tobacco. Economical too.*

—*it gets first call on leaf and blend. Nothing but the best could get by with pipe-smokers. Pipes tell the truth about tobacco!*

—*it helps a man think calmly, deliberately, clearly, to the point.*

—*it wears well. A man can stick to pipes through all his years. They stay good friends.*

Pipe-smoking adds to a man's personality, helps through the tight places, belongs with success. You've surmised these other meanings—they're there.

Check up for yourself. Get a good pipe and enjoy a man's smoke. Make that first pipeful Edgeworth—good old Edgeworth, known around the world, always the same. Let us treat. Fill out the coupon, mail it and accept, with our greetings, a generous free packet of genuine Edgeworth.

Edgeworth is a combination of good tobaccos—selected carefully and blended especially for pipe-smoking. Its quality and flavor never change. Buy Edgeworth anywhere in two forms—"Ready Rubbed" and "Plug Slice." All sizes—15¢ pocket package to pound humidor tin.



EDGEWORTH

SMOKING TOBACCO

Tune in on
WRVA
the Edgeworth
Radio Station
270.1 meters
1110 kilocycles
Corn Cob
Pipe Club
every Wednesday
9:30 P. M.
Eastern Time

LARUS & BRO. CO.

100 S. 22d St., Richmond, Va.

I'll try your Edgeworth. And I'll try it in a good pipe.

My name _____

My street address _____

And the town and state _____

NOW LET THE EDGEWORTH COME!

H-20

(Continued from page 55)

love was to no avail. The old house whispered to him: "Remember that I must know my mistresses. Be very faithful to me, my son. No upstarts, no woman unworthy, here." Times heard the imperious old house, but for the moment shut his ears.

For here she was, looking at home at this table, so simple, so young, so untouched. Dukery had supplied what Paris calls a "sports suit"; a thin thing of lily-leaf green, with a chastity of white lingerie collar and cuffs about it; a contradictorily bizarre and arrogant buckle at the waist belt. "They've all got to love her," Times thought, thinking of those ladies on the walls of the gallery upstairs. Impeccable ladies as far as the world knew; unstained; untainted; women of fine stock and fine dignity, all of them. Not once had there been a falling off from grace in the pride of the Times men.

HHE SPOKE rather huskily, out of these reflections: "Tell me, what do you do when you're at home in Virginia?"

The purity of the moment was spoiled for Ray by that. Had she not promised herself, "No more lies. Because they aren't just dreams—and never were? They're lies. No more!"

She said almost piteously: "It's small; it is uninteresting compared with this. I would rather listen to you telling me about this place. Your family. All about you, you know."

"Come and see the portraits then, and I'll give you their histories," said Times still a little huskily. They had finished coffee. They went to the portrait gallery. For half an hour they wandered there, and Times talked. Lovely women, inscrutable women, looked down upon the interloper. And she felt that, like the living women she met in great houses, they knew. Silently, behind their level-gazing painted eyes they were thinking: "She is a little nobody. And not only is she a little nobody..."

They saw men behind her, these

women; the kind of men who would never be allowed to touch the hem of their garments. Ah! these sheltered women with their disdain!

"This is the first time I have been in anyone's portrait gallery," said Ray, speaking out, with a queer idea, wistfully defiant, that the women heard her. "Not many of us have enough ancestors for—this, you know." She gestured to the imposing row.

"Things are more interesting always when you're doing them for the first time," said Times. "I was thinking so at lunch."

"Oh! What were you doing then for the first time?"

"Loving," Times could have answered. "Loving you." But—not yet. No. Not yet. He said: "Watching you seeing all sorts of dull English things for the first time, I suppose. And hoping—" he paused, "—hoping you might like them. Any virgin experience... do you know that bit of Kipling?"

*'Parsons in pulpits, taxpayers in pews,
Kings on your throne, you know as well
as me*

*We've only one virginity to lose,
And where we lose it there our hearts
will be.'*

"I suppose, as the fond owner of all this during my time, I'd like to see you lose your heart to my house."

They sat down on a long cushioned seat in the center of the gallery. And after a while he turned to her, and said quietly: "You see, one has a trust imposed upon one. One day I must marry... I want to marry... But when I marry, it must be a girl who—who—will come worthily after these."

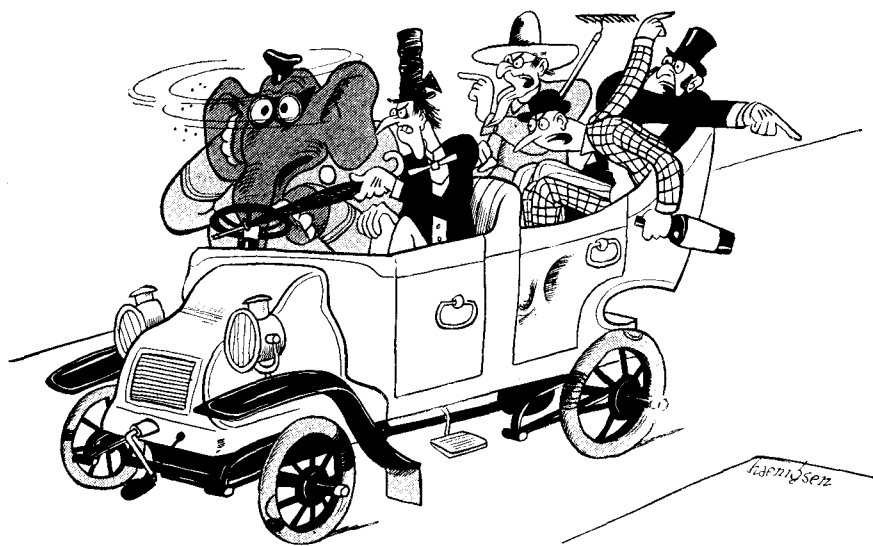
He lifted a hand towards the portraits of the Times ladies, and they all looked at Ray Beaufort, so little, so quiet, in her lily-leaf green.

Instead of crying out the cry that she could have cried, she struggled to remain composed with a composure like his own.

"Yes," she said.

(To be continued next week)





Split Three Ways

By THE GENTLEMAN AT THE KEYHOLE

ONE wonders just how the Democratic party is going to profit in 1932 by the discontent with Republican administration of national affairs. It is a question the Democrats ought to put their minds to, instead of burying their heads under the sand ostrich-wise and refusing to face realities.

The latest light on the public temper was shed in Massachusetts by the election of a Democratic congressman in an overwhelmingly Republican district. That election revealed two factors at work against the Republicans. One is the rising determination of the wets, in some states, at least, to make an end of prohibition. The other is discontent with the existing economic situation with its resultant unemployment.

The Democrats officially ignored the wet element, the largest element in their Massachusetts victory, and solemnly assured the country that only one factor contributed to the Massachusetts overturn—the business depression.

Another factor that might contribute to a Democratic victory in 1932 is the split between the agricultural Western Republicans and the industrial Eastern Republicans.

The Democrats met this situation by leaving the Progressive Republicans in the lurch in the Senate and giving enough votes to Grundy and the Eastern element in the Republican party to put the latter in control of tariff making. That treachery seemed to end the hopes of a Democratic-Progressive party in 1932.

Of the other two chances of success, the discontent of the country with economic conditions will hardly last long enough to give the Democrats any real hope of success in 1932. The panic was not a bad one and it is not likely that its effects will continue to be felt when we come to the election of another President.

The Wet Dry

There remains, then, the wet revolt. It was enough to turn Massachusetts and Rhode Island Democratic in 1928 and to cut the Republican majority to shreds in New York. It has grown in volume and intensity since then.

And all the Democrats do is to cover their faces with their hands to shut out the horrid sight of a movement that threatens to split parties. It is true that it endangers the Democratic party. But the Democratic party is fortunate in having its dry votes mainly in the South, which will probably stay Democratic even with a wet candidate for President.

One of the greatest dangers to the Democratic party if prohibition becomes the issue in 1932 is the obvious temptation to nominate Governor Roosevelt of New York for President. He is one of those persons so attractive to politicians, because he does not seem to be so wet that dries will refuse to support him nor so dry that wets will reject him.

Mr. Roosevelt used to be a very bold young man when, as a Democratic state senator in New York, he led a fight against Boss Murphy of Tammany Hall. He was an equally bold young man when he was Assistant Secretary of the Navy.

No Straddlers Need Apply

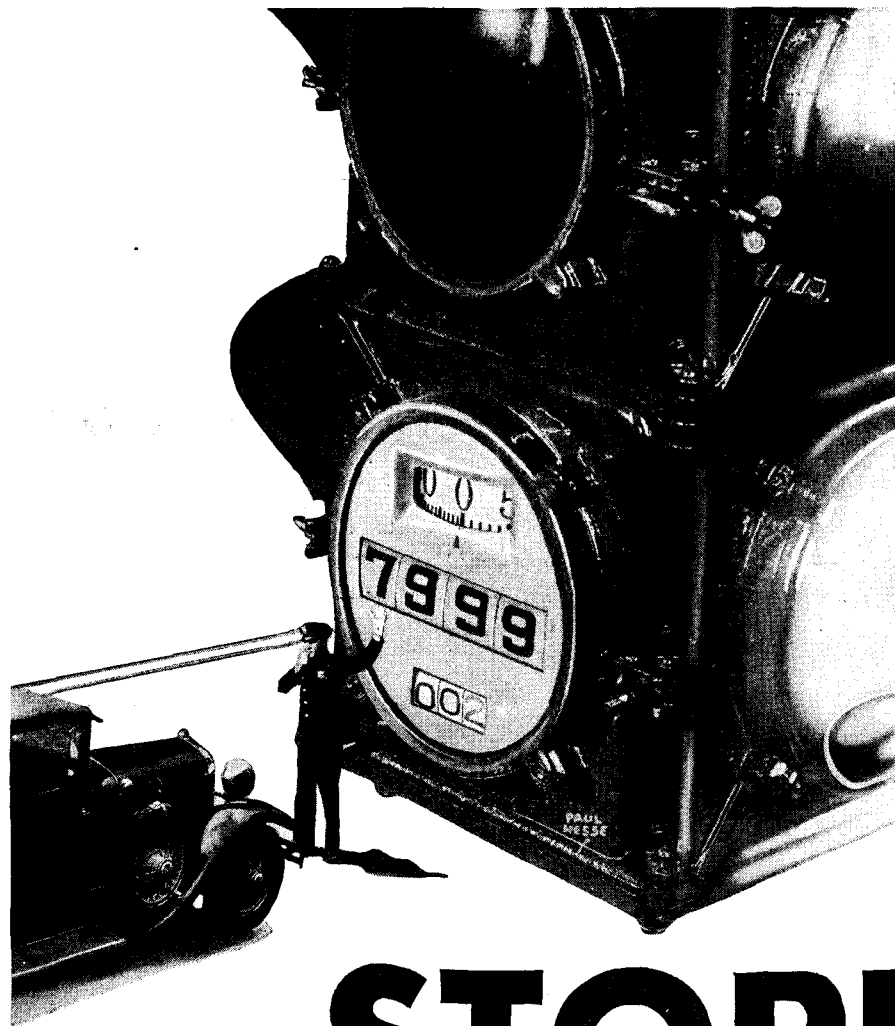
But, despite his firm stand on states' rights, he has been practically non-committal on national prohibition all through his year and more as governor of New York. "For better or for worse," is about as far as he ever goes on prohibition.

The threat of a third party, liberal and wet, hangs over the campaign of 1932. The wets have already called a convention to nominate a third candidate, one who is sure of his opinions on prohibition, as Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler is.

The wet party, if it comes into being, will have plenty of money and plenty of enthusiasm. And it will come into being if both parties put up dries or straddlers. If a wet candidate is nominated he will wreck the Democratic party by taking away from it all possibility of carrying the Northeastern states in which the Democrats have been making progress ever since prohibition hopelessly split the Republican party in that section of the country.

A wise thing for the wets to do would be to meet in Baltimore, where their convention is to be held, before either the Democrats or the Republicans hold their national convention in 1932, and declare their willingness to indorse the candidate of either party, provided he is a real wet—such a man as ex-Senator James W. Wadsworth of New York among the Republicans or Governor Albert C. Ritchie among the Democrats. They might further declare their intention to put their own ticket in the field in case the two parties nominate dries or straddlers.

If this fall's congressional elections result in important wet victories comparable to that in western Massachusetts, the wet convention in Baltimore can come pretty near to forcing the Democrats to nominate a wet for President in 1932.



STOP!

... a few minutes at 8000 miles
saves days and dollars later on

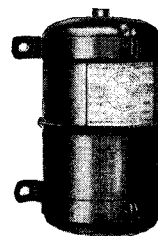
Don't run the risk of putting your car in the repair shop because of burned bearings or scored cylinders, when a simple attention at 8000 miles will keep you on the road with a quiet, smooth-running motor.

And don't blame the oil if repairs of this kind are necessary.

Motor oil you buy today was never more pure, more effective . . . but to stay effective it must be protected *after it is put in your car.*

It's the harmful foreign matter in the crank-case that does the damage . . . mixes with the oil and turns it into a harsh, abrasive substance that wears and tears every moving part of your engine.

The Purolator Oil Filter on your car guards against dirty oil for 8000 miles. The Purolator intercepts and holds all the harmful dirt, grit, bits of metal and hard carbon as the oil circulates through your engine. It provides for a constant supply of clean filtered lubricating oil that keeps your engine purring and your desk free of repair bills.



But after 8000 miles of driving, the Purolator is so full of the dirt it has kept out of your engine that it can hold no more. It might just as well be off your car.

After 8000 miles

it's time to re-cartridge your Purolator

This is a simple and inexpensive operation. Just stop at the nearest garage and ask a service man to "re-cartridge your Purolator." He'll be glad to do it while you wait. It only takes a few minutes. Then you drive off knowing your engine will receive clean, filtered lubricating oil for the next 8000 miles.

Your garage man will probably ask you about your Purolator, for he, too, realizes the importance of re-cartridging.

But if he doesn't ask you, remind him. This is too vital a matter to take a chance on. Delay may mean expensive garage bills and days wasted in the repair shop. Motor Improvements, Inc., 354 Frelinghuysen Ave., Newark, N. J.

PUROLATOR
THE OIL FILTER ON YOUR MOTOR CAR
LICENSED UNDER SWEETLAND PATENTS