

# Ludendorff at Tannenberg

*Duped, not by strategy, but by uncertainty and misunderstanding in the German High Command, the Russian forces walk into the jaws of a trap. In this article, the second of a series about the crucial crises of the war, Mr. Churchill gives a dramatic picture of the battle of Tannenberg, the Cannae of the World War*

By Winston Churchill

WHILE all the perturbations, alarms and excursions described in the last article have been taking place on the German side, the Russian hosts have been toiling on. The tragic figure of Samsonov now flashes for its brief moment in the light of history. Cavalry leader in Manchuria, governor of Turkestan, on sick-leave in the Crimea at the outbreak of war, Samsonov on August 8th arrives at Bielos-tok to command the Second or Southern Russian Army. This army of more than five corps and five cavalry divisions is to march from the Bielos-tok-War-saw railway line northwest towards the Baltic. It will pass south of the chain of Masurian Lakes and strike the Germans more or less in the direction of Allenstein, and by so doing will cut off in flank and rear every German soldier opposing the advance of the First Russian Army under Rennenkampf.

Strategically it was a deadly thrust. It might have been much more deadly. Making al-

lowance for that sorry wisdom which judges after the event, it is indeed difficult to see why the Russian strategic plan should have contemplated an advance of two separate armies in spite of all the advantages which such a movement gave to the Germans with their breakwater of lakes and their network of railways, when all the time it was open to them to have had only one united army, advancing south of the lakes in exactly the same direction, but on a far broader and more strongly consistent front.

Nevertheless with their great preponderance the double Russian offensive was sufficiently formidable; and we find Samsonov striding forward with his five corps in this same menacing direction in conjunction with Rennenkampf's advance and crossing the German-Polish frontier on a broad front continuously during the 21st and 22d of August.

Let us look at the condition of this new Russian army at the moment it begins its invasion of Germany. The five army corps of which it consists have been marching without rest for eight or nine days along sandy tracks in the burning heat of August, through regions purposely kept desolate to guard against German invasion. Jilinsky in his eagerness to intervene in the general war drama at the earliest moment has set Samsonov's forces in movement before their transport arrangements have been completed. He has by repeated telegrams urged the weary columns forward. He has refused all appeals for a halt and in consequence these fourteen

divisions—a mass of over 200,000 men—are now about to come into contact with their German foe, reduced by sickness and straggling, wearied by many severe marches, weakened from scanty rations through trying to live on a barren country, with their regimental reserves of food already heavily drawn upon, and their communications so unorganized that no supplies can reach them from the rear. We may picture these brave troops already hungry, worn and footsore, their ardor checked by leaden fatigue, wandering forward through the immense landscape of somber pine forests, innumerable tawny lakes, infertile stubble fields with hamlets few and far between. They are about to encounter the best-trained troops in the world, local men fighting on their native soil, whose kith and kin are flying for safety under their very eyes, soldiers with hearth and home at their backs, and with all the terrors of scientific war at their command.

## Rennenkampf Delays

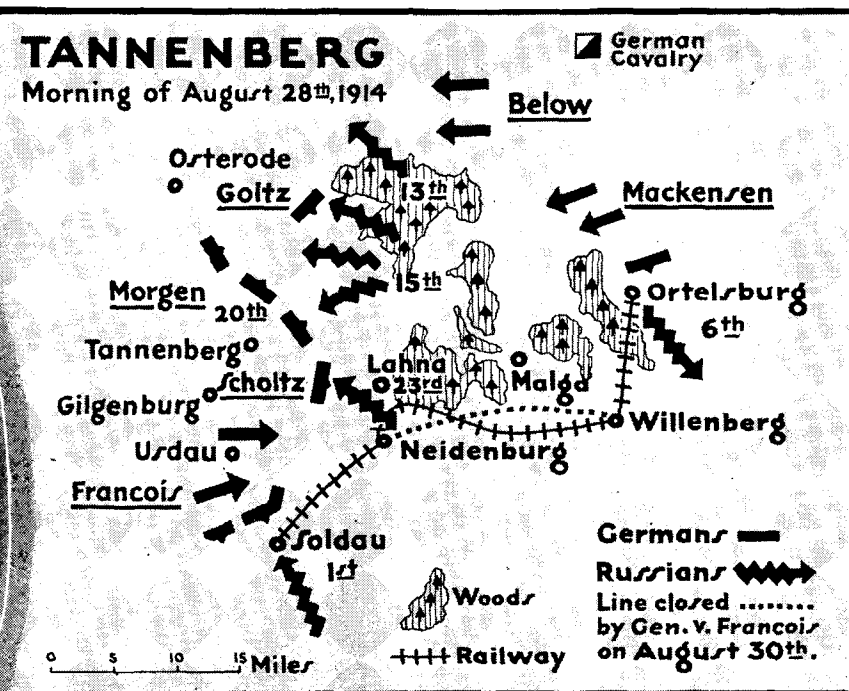
The Russians can hope to have on their side one advantage, and one advantage only—overwhelming numbers. If this is denied them, their ruin is certain. Will they have this advantage of overwhelming numbers? Only if they are united. But will they be? To learn this we must go back to the battlefield of Gumbinnen, where Rennenkampf is still rejoicing in his victory. General von Prittwitz' decision to break off the battle and the movements ordered by his staff on the night of the 20th had been executed with extraordinary celerity. When night fell seven German divisions were in contact with Rennenkampf's army. When morning broke they were nowhere to be seen. The 17th and 1st Reserve Corps are already fifteen miles away to the southwest. François with three divisions is already entraining twenty miles away, for the most part on the lengthy sidings near Königsberg. The day is fine and warm and the Russian chiefs who the night before were far from sure where the advantage of the battle lay, gave themselves up to optimism and rejoicing. It was not until the third day (the 23d) that the ponderous mass of the First Army got itself again into motion and by leisurely marches rolled forward westward along the Baltic shore.

What explanation can be offered for this? Hoffmann, chief of the Operations Section of the Eighth Army, can only suggest jealousy and personal spite. He recalls the old feud between Rennenkampf and Samsonov in the Manchurian war; Samsonov's complaint that Rennenkampf had not supported him at a critical moment, and their violent altercation on the railway platform at Mukden.

But Jilinsky has not been charged  
(Continued on page 84)

Von Moltke, Chief of the German General Staff, put Hindenburg and Ludendorff in command in East Prussia

Keystone



General von Mackensen, famous German commander, as he appeared on his 75th birthday, wearing the red uniform and death's head of the "Leib Husaren" regiment

"At dawn on the 28th the German army attacked. The decisive action took place upon the German right, and here again occurred one of François' grand disobediences"

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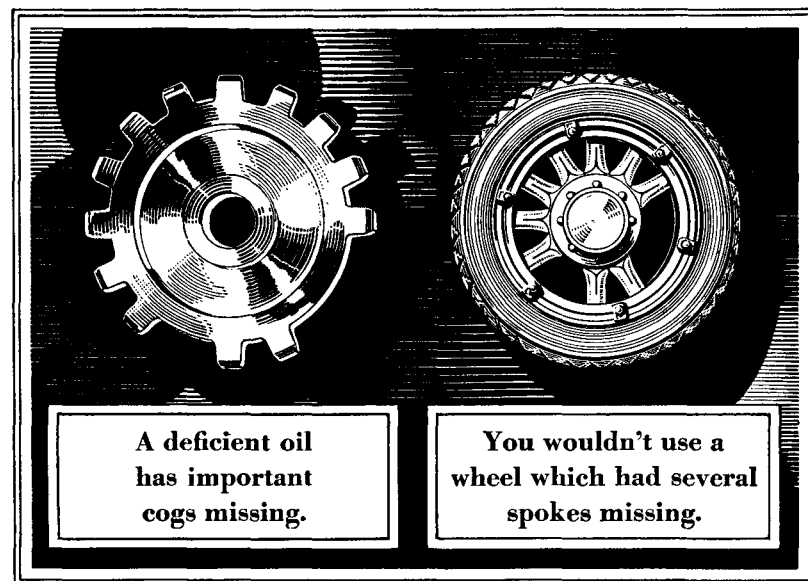
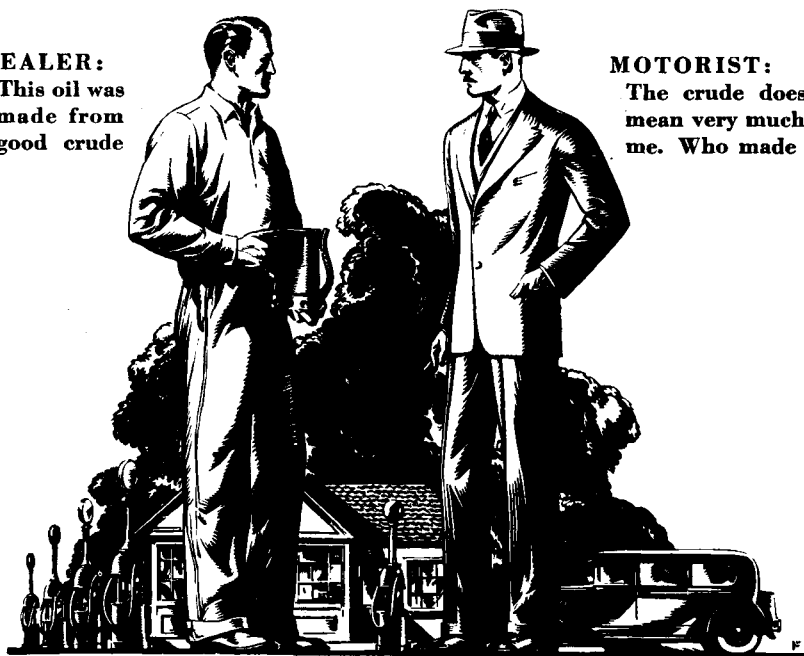
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He'd go back!

She got up. There was more talk. But Ginevra didn't wait to hear. She was on her feet striding across the room, running almost, although not knowing why, or where to.

She stumbled over her pumps and stopped running, staring at them. Dress, she told herself. Dress and get out until he's gone—back to his coronation and his queen.

She scooped up the heap of little silky things that only a few hours ago she'd taken off so slowly in front of the pier glass and thrust arms and legs into them willy-nilly till she was ready for the street.

Then she crept noiselessly down the hall, past his door, past the sound of the voices saying, "We knew you wouldn't fail us," past the top step where he'd slept waiting for her and on down the stairs they'd laughed away together—and into the pale approaching dawn.

She didn't know where to go. She didn't care, so long as it led away and she could keep moving. The faster she moved the easier it was to keep back the tears.

She was hungry and homeless too, until the Bill King person went away. She couldn't see him again. It would be too awful to have to listen to his excuses. She wondered what he would say. Something about another trip. And the promise to come back soon—and then the not coming back at all. And finally the reading in all the papers of the wedding of the Prince of Herzegovina or some such place and the little Swedish countess—

She shuddered and suddenly she realized that perhaps he didn't want to go after all. Perhaps he had meant what he said. But there was such a thing as duty. He'd run away from it all—and now he had to go back. A prince can't marry for love. That was an old line she'd read in books and comic operas.

Not so comic after all. She stopped being sorry for herself and began to feel sorry for him. And then the sun came out and quite suddenly the way opened very clearly and she saw the thing to do.

It was up to her to share his duty. To go back and tell him she loved him, and that it had all been the most wonderful experience of her life, but that she must release him—send him back to his destiny and his throne.

And only the last part would be a lie.

A TALL paunchy man was striding up and down the top hall when she got home. The door to the rear apartment was open and another man was sitting at the telephone, talking very rapidly into the transmitter.

The big man stopped his furious pace and saw her.

"Right here, madame," he called. He moved to the stairhead and gripped her elbow.

"You're the first one," he said. "Come right in."

Ginevra drew back. "There must be some mistake," she said.

The big man mopped his brow. "It's terrible," he answered.

He steered her quickly within the room and picked up a large photograph from the litter on the table. Across the top was printed, "Orville Gordon, the Great Lover of the Screen."

"That's him," he said. "We're getting some of her as quickly as possible but maybe you have some in your files." Ginevra disengaged her elbow.

"What are you talking about?" she demanded.

## The King Decides

Continued from page 19

The paunchy one stopped in amazement. "Good Lord," he said, "don't you know? I thought your city editor told you." He motioned toward the front apartment.

"Ginevra Lacy, the Shakespearean star, has disappeared."

"Well," said Ginevra, "what of it?"

The man at the telephone hung up and crossed to her side.

"Don't misunderstand," he said soothingly. "This is not a press-agent stunt."

"Lord, no," moaned the big one.

The smaller man went on, his voice taking on a very confidential tone.

"You see, Orville Gordon—and this is not for publication—decided to retire. He even ran away and hid. This morning he was to have married Miss Lacy and returned to make one more picture. But when we called for her she had vanished. Mr. Gordon is almost mad with worry. So we've called police and all you reporters to help—"

The big man moved suddenly and caught her arm.

"Hey," he demanded, "what's the matter?"

But Ginevra couldn't answer. She was laughing. Or crying. Or both.

"What the hell," said the man who was holding her.

"Hush," said the other, "it's hysterics."

There was a clatter of feet on the stairs. Someone burst into the room. Someone took her by the shoulders and twisted her around and held her tight. She could feel the ends of a great many

whiskers twining against her cheek. "We thought she was a reporter," said the big and little ones.

"She's no reporter," said the Bill King voice. "She's the bride."

Through a gap in the hedge she could see full length the photograph on the desk. Beneath the printed line at the top was a face, a very handsome face, and undeniably it was the Bill King face bereft of the Russian dressing.

And at the bottom another printed line "In his newest picture, The King of Broken Hearts."

THERE were more feet on the stairs and the big and little men seemed to part and dissolve into the distances of the hall and their voices came back in unison.

"Everything's all right," they said, "but we may have an important announcement for the papers in just a little while."

"Oh, Bill," she said, "why did you hide and why didn't you tell me?"

He shook her, first by one shoulder and then by the other, until her bobbed curls floated down and almost hid her eyes. But not even that, nor the veil that grew from one Bill King ear to the other and from the Bill King nose to Adam's apple could mask the smile of his lips.

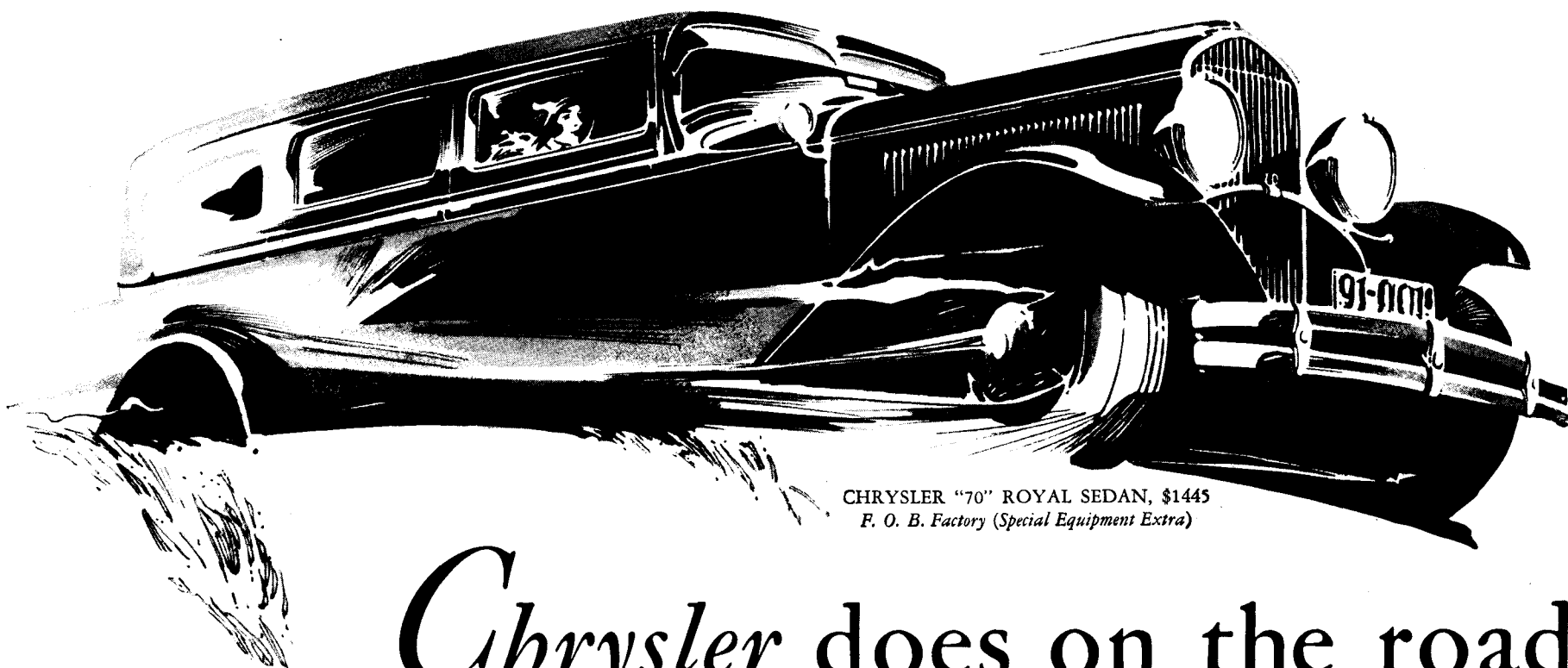
"Because," he said solemnly. "I was tired of being the great lover who'd never been in love—till now."

So she turned the picture over on its face and kissed him through the beard.



"What a gorgeous moon! Doesn't it fill your soul with poetry?"  
"Yeah, you said it."

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## Once a Bridge Man

Continued from page 15

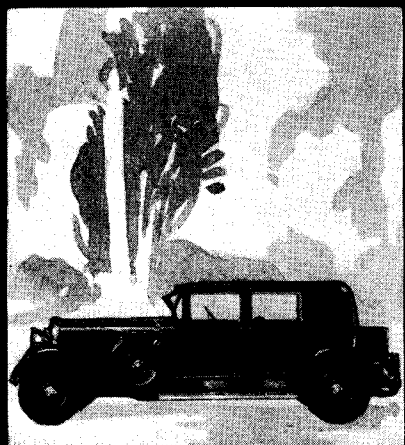


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nothin' but a plain heel today. Let's hire on with this Blackjack man. The Canyon Bridge is a big job and he can't lick all of us. Walk in on him tame and get hard when the time comes. That's my motto."

Reporting to Blackjack Flint at the Canyon Bridge job, "The office sent us out to be checkers in the material yard," Mike announced, looking Blackjack Flint squarely in the eye.

"What's your name?"

"My name is Bill Hudson," Pat replied. "My partner's name is Jim Blake."

"Well, Mister Bill Hudson and Mister Jim Blake, I'm runnin' this job, not the office. One riggin' crew is shy two men since a stagin' let go with 'em last week. You'll take that job or none."

THAT night, sizing up the future, "I felt funny the first ten minutes out on the front end, with nothing but five hundred feet of bracing mountain air between me and the rocks," Pat confessed to his partner.

"Boy, you've got nothing on me. When I walked out on that lousy plank, carrying that coil of rope, the sling at the far end was loose. When she took the strain, my stomach jumped a mile. . . . As a matter of fact, it looks to me like the nation has a fair chance of trading a couple of bright civil engineers for a pair of angels."

"This is a mighty hard outfit compared to Sundown's gang."

"It sure is. Most of 'em look like burglars."

"But they can handle the tonnage."

"They've got to do it. I heard a lot of wild English language on Sundown's jobs, but the worst of it was nothin' compared to Blackjack's line of talk. He's got 'em all bluffed. He's a driver."

"He's a killer probably. What do you say we quit before something quits us?"

"We've got to stick."

"I guess so. Come along—there's the chow gong. Let's go!"

Luck, diplomacy and superior mentality combined, enabled Pat and Mike to beat the game on the Canyon Bridge. After a month of it Blackjack Flint realized that he was licked. Without quite knowing how it happened he acknowledged, to himself only, that between them Pat and Mike had him outfoxed.

"What t'hell—I'll ship 'em," he resolved; and then, playing into his hands, came an opportunity for putting the skids under the trouble twins without running the risk of offending the home office.

Out of the snow country, heading for Hollywood, there appeared a movie caravan.

"We're half done with the gripping drama called Love's Labyrinth," the director explained to Blackjack while, at so much a head, the movie troupe enjoyed the courtesy of the cookhouse. "We're up against it for time. I'm under contract to deliver the first negative next month. There's a lot of construction scenes to be shot where the hero gets into trouble and rescues the girl from a derrick that's falling—or maybe it'll be a dam that breaks—and what I need is a good construction man to consult with about the lingo. It's a talkie, but the author is a woman and she never worked on any construction jobs. Our staff writers haven't had much luck picking up the real patter. I'd be glad if you'd let me have a first-class man from your crew for a month or so, one that knows all the roughneck talk and

everything about what construction men say while they're constructing."

Blackjack Flint frowned; then, inwardly congratulating himself, "I've got two of the hardest-boiled old-timers in the world and I'm goin' to let you have both of 'em. They look gentle, but you can't go by their looks."

Blackjack turned to his timekeeper. "Mix up an inky walk for Pat and Mike, and tell 'em they're done. They roll up pronto and they roll out with these movin' pitchur people."

Informed of Lady Luck's low trick, "What about it?" Pat asked his partner.

"Fair enough with me," Mike replied. "From rags to riches. Consulting engineers, dripping grammar for a griping drammer. . . . Well, come on while we begin saying yes to the director."

"Yass, suh—yass indeed, boss. Uh-huh. Ah, oui—"

"What th' hell?"

"I'm just practicing for a yes job. It's the highest-paid job in Hollywood."

"Yes indeed—we'd be glad to have the job," Pat and Mike declared, after the director of the movie outfit had explained the situation to them.

"Fair enough. Come along and demonstrate your sterling worth."

In Hollywood at the studio, after their first day, "It's a pipe," Pat confided to his partner.

"It's a pipe, all fair enough—but how much are we getting out of it?"

"We'll get as much as Blackjack paid us."

A scouting expedition disclosed that their pay was a hundred a week.

"Old Blackjack played sort of a joke on himself. We're making twice as much as he is."

"What title did they give you, Pat-sy?"

"They're calling me Mister."

"They're talking about you. I heard 'em call you an assistant director."

"Wait till we get the pay vouchers. Maybe they'll say what we are."

The first pay vouchers disclosed the fact that Mr. William Hudson and Mr. James Blake were assistant technical directors employed by the Mason Wasp unit of a subsidiary forming part of the Cosmos Amusement Company, a pyramid at whose apex, on a golden throne, sat a mythical character by the name of Milton Goldenbloom.

"Anyhow it's real money in spite of that," Mike acknowledged after he had cashed his check. "Not so bad for a couple of ramblin' wrecks from Stanford."

AT a preview of Love's Labyrinth tons of glory glittered on the shining armor worn by Mason Wasp. Then, after the English language had collapsed under its cargo of superlatives, "I told the old man to give you two guys a producing unit," Mason Wasp informed Pat and Mike. "You're there a million. He fell for it. He has to do what I tell him—I made his first ten millions. You go into production on the first of January. I've got a story all picked out for you. It's called The Death Murmur and it's a wow. All about a hydraulic pipe that collapses and pens up a little gal until the lad she sent overseas to his death comes back with an oxy-acetylene welding outfit and burns her out of her steel coffin with a torch like they use on street-car tracks. . . . You'll each draw half a grand a week. Make it right and it's a cinch that you're due for a bonus and a lot more contracts from the old man. . . . Don't thank me. It's all right. Hop to it and get famous."

Well, along in The Death Murmur the hero had to say, "Quick! Hand me my trusty oxy-acetylene torch!" but after he had said it half a dozen times in a distinctly foreign accent two or three of the technical men who ran the sound-recording plant blew up. "He can't say those words so anybody can understand him. Switch the patter to something else."

Pat and Mike enjoyed a hurried consultation with Mason Wasp. "We've got to change the lines in that scene."

"You can't change the lines in that scene. It's in the script, and the gal that wrote it is Little Bright-Eyes as far as the old man is concerned. Lay off that script if you know what's good for you."

"But Adolph can't speak the trusty oxy-acetylene torch words so they sound like anything."

"Well, maybe it would be all right—I tell you what you do. Change it to something complicated so the customers don't get wise too quick. Let him cut the girl out of the pipe with a diamond drill."

"They don't use diamond drills for that kind of work."

MASON WASP frowned until another alternative came to the surface in his sea of troubles. "Listen—I've got it. There's a big bunch of supers in that picture—two or three hundred carpenters and people like that. I'll tell you what to do. . . . Right at the crisis let Adolph rush out to the carpenter crew and call for volunteers. Twenty or thirty of 'em step up. They rush for their chisels and planes and saws. Adolph knocks down five or six men to show that he wants nothing but men with saws, and then they hop to it. . . . Can you imagine the scene? Ten men—twenty men—working on an almost impossible job, sawing a six-foot steel pipe in two with little hand saws that are made to cut wood with? They work furiously. They stagger around exhausted. A man saws as fast as he can for thirty seconds and falls back and some comrade picks him up. . . . It's a wow!"

"Only trouble is, it'd take half a day to dent the pipe, let alone cut it in two with hand saws," Mike objected.

"Well, then, what are you botherin' me for? . . . I'll give you one more idea. Let somebody that can talk English double for Adolph in that line. That leaves everybody happy."

"Fair enough," Pat conceded. "That's a grand idea. It's a lot quicker than teaching Adolph to talk English. 'Hand me my trusty oxy-acetylene torch!' goes as it lays. Much obliged, Mason."

"Don't mention it. When are you going to be in the clear?"

"About two weeks. So long."

Equipped with his trusty oxy-acetylene torch, Adolph rescued the girl; and at the première, following other notables into the theater, an announcer, burbling over a Pacific Coast network, recognized "the famous Mr. William Hudson and his equally famous co-director, Mr. James Blake. . . . To the genius of these gentlemen, as you know, folks, is due the creation of the super-spectacle which this famous and well-known audience is going into the theater to see in its première. . . . Mr. Hudson is smiling and shaking hands now with Mr. Goldenbloom. Mr. Blake is bowing a greeting to one of the world's greatest—

"—and transfer you to the lobby of the theater. Everyone is smiling—"

(Continued on page 36)

# BUILDING THE FORTRESSES OF HEALTH

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of the real reason for their excess poundage frequently undermine their health by depriving themselves of necessary, nourishing foods. And suddenly to undertake heavy exercise without medical advice may be a risky thing to do.

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Before anybody starts to reduce, he should consult his physician to determine: first, whether or not reduction is really desirable; second, if desirable, which particular line of treatment should be followed.

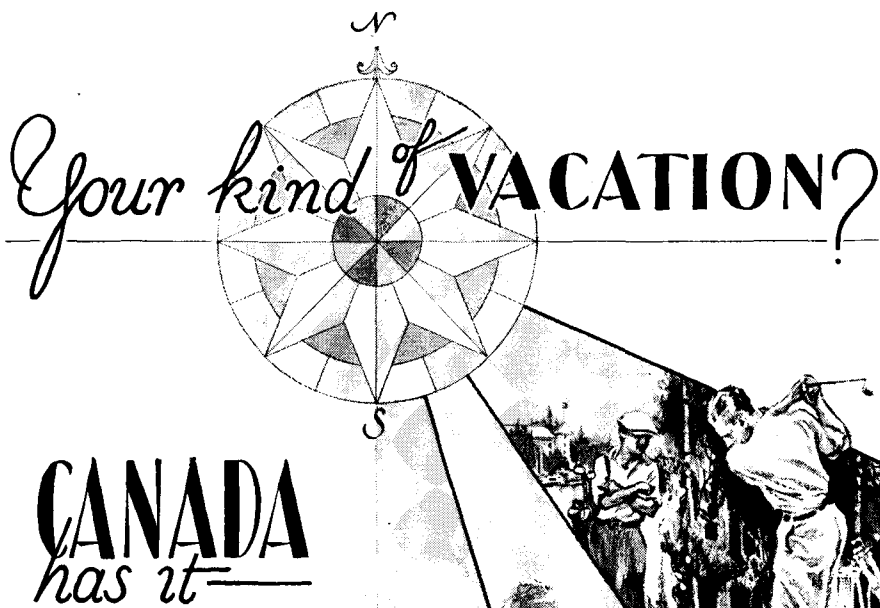
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## Once a Bridge Man

Continued from page 34

Away to the north, in the living-room of his residence, at this moment Wallace Hardy, hearing that Mr. Hudson and Mr. Blake were smiling, walked toward his twelve-tube set with murder in his eye. He seemed to take a fiendish delight in twirling a couple of dials and in choking the amplifier to death. "Dammit!" he exploded.

In a minute or two, somewhat calmer, "I wonder where old Sundown Walker is tonight?" he mused.

Next morning, "Get hold of Sundown Walker and ask him to come to San Francisco as soon as he can," he ordered. "I want to see him. You'll find Mr. Walker somewhere around Seattle or Portland. That's all."

For the next half hour the chief executive of the Corporate Construction Company looked fairly old and fairly tired.

When Sundown Walker answered, finally, from Seattle—"Drop everything and come on down here," Wallace Hardy invited. "I'm tired. We'll take a trip down through the Canal and on to Havana. . . . Never mind about that. To hell with that job. Let it ride. Come on down here. I'm tired and so are you. We need a vacation."

**T**HE Death Murmur under the direction of Pat and Mike clicked and went over heavy in spite of its absurdities. Within a month after its release the scouts of three rival producing companies opened up on the two directors. "Goldenbloom is a two-spot," was the theme song of the rival chorus. "The Cosmos Amusement Company is headed for the rocks. How about a nice little tie-up with us?"

One jump ahead of the opposition, Milton Goldenbloom fixed up a couple of new contracts for Pat and Mike. Summoned to the production manager's office, the new contracts, carrying big money, were handed to the pair. "Look these over," the second in command directed. "We've got a carload of authors headed West from New York and there'll be half a dozen good stories for you to work on."

"What do we get out of it?" Pat asked, glancing through the twenty-page document.

"We've left that open. It'll be double what you got on The Death Murmur, maybe more."

"We'll be back tomorrow," Pat said.

"We'll read 'em over tonight," Mike promised.

From a mob of extras milling around in front of the casting director's window a man who had been hired and fired stepped out toward Pat and Mike as they were leaving the Cosmos lot. "Hello, Mister Hudson. Hello, Mr. Blake," he said.

"Hello, Shorty. Where'd you come from?"

"Couldn't stand any more bridge work for Blackjack Flint. So I got me a job in the movies, too. I was a extry. I'm lookin' for another job."

"What else is news?"

"I don't know any news. I'm out of the runnin' as far as the bridge game goes. There's one thing, though—I seen old Sundown Walker comin' out of the Biltmore last night. Him and old man Hardy. Down here figgerin' a lot of new work, I suppose. Pretty soft for Sundown, runnin' around with the president of the company to Panama and New York and every place. I was a heater for him on the Snake River bridge fifteen years ago. He had to work in them days instead of loafin' around with the brassnecks."

"Do you suppose Sundown is stopping at the Biltmore?"

"I saw him comin' out of there. Him and old man Hardy would likely be stoppin' there."

When the pair got to their apartment Mike tossed the two Cosmos Amusement contracts upon the long table in the living-room. "I'm going to see if I can get hold of old Sundown," he said. "What'll we do—have him out here or go down there and give him a cheer?"

"Have him out here, of course," Pat advised. "We'd run into too many people we know at the hotel."

Along around nine o'clock that evening, stretched out in a big leather chair in front of the fireplace in the Pat and Mike apartment, Sundown Walker closed his eyes for a moment. "What about you fellers' college education?" he asked presently. "I guess that's all went haywire now, ain't it?"

"One way it has," Mike admitted. "We got a couple of A. B.'s when we graduated. Getting a C. E. takes another two years."

"What does 'A. B.' mean?"

"Bachelor of Arts."

Sundown smiled. "Well, you're still bachelors anyhow." Then, irrelevantly, "Slim got married to that girl that he met up there on the Bear River job. They got the best little house you ever seen, right outside of Dutch Flat. He's workin' for the power company up there on a steady job—makin' good wages. Got himself a little orchard back of the house and can go out and knock over a mess of trout any minute he feels like it."

Remembering the trout and the strawberries and a dozen other local items that had graced the Bear River rations, "We had fun on that job," Pat said.

"You'd of had fun on the job the old man picked up over in Idaho. All the huntin' and fishin' in the world for one thing, and on top of it one of the boys made a little gold strike that darn' near stampeded everybody off the works for a while. There was an old deserted town about five miles from there. One of the mining towns of the early days. Everybody had left it just as she laid. Bottles back of the bar in the saloon. Cards on the floor. Pictures on the wall, and the old planner in the dance hall with a whisky glass settin' on the high notes over at the right end. . . . Them towns quit sudden when they quit."

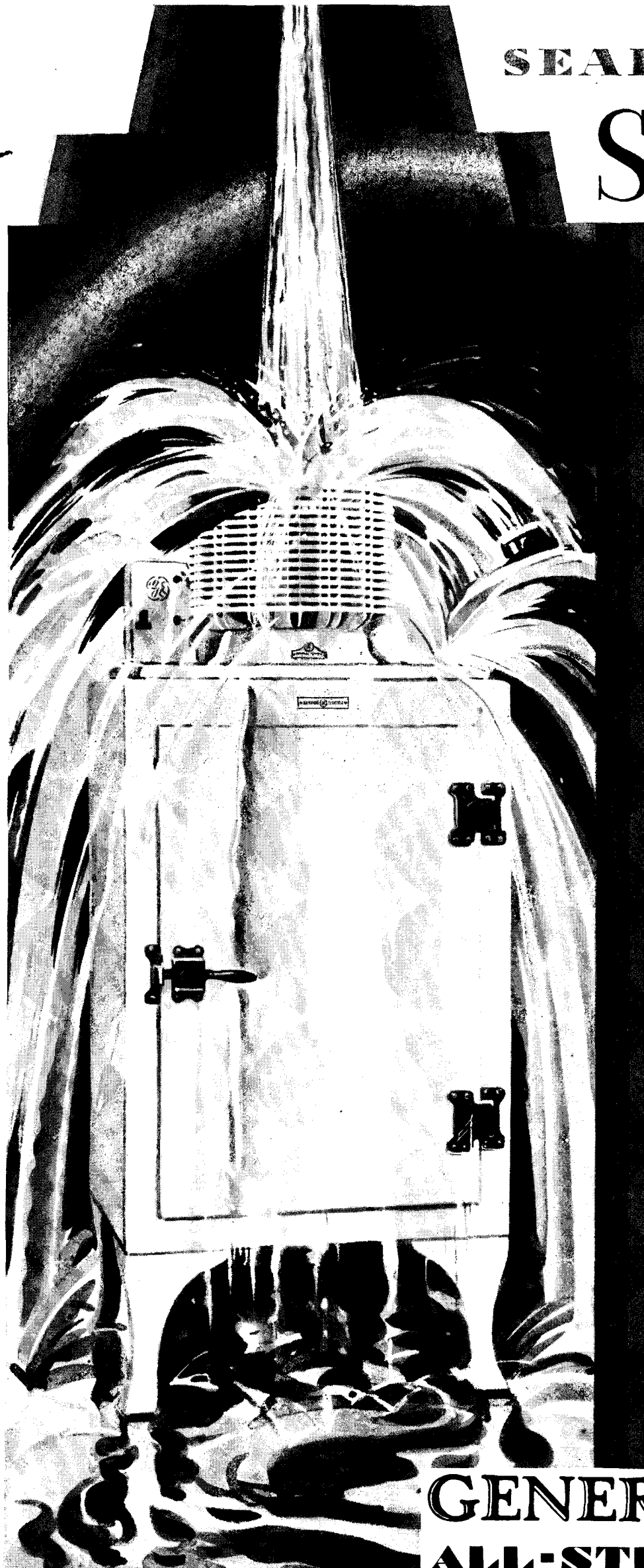
"Sounds like a mighty good ready-made setting for a gold rush film."

"**B**OY, there's a hundred of 'em scattered around up through there, loaded with relics. Speakin' of relics, I never run onto so doggone many in my life as I did when I went out to figure what ailed the boy that lost a bridge for us last year on Eel River. He got his false-work up and had a nice little three-hundred-foot span all set for swingin' when along come a little rain in the hills that cost the company somewhere around eighty thousand. That bridge is strung out all the way to the Pacific Ocean. Them rivers sure go hog wild when the time comes. We ain't monkeyin' with no false-work on the new span. It's as pretty a cantilever as you ever saw in your life. . . ."

"Trouble is nowadays gettin' any money out of them little jobs. Only reason the old man monkeys with 'em is that he started on a lot of that stuff and likes to gamble on 'em. . . . What I was goin' to say is that up there on that job we run into an old Indian

(Continued on page 38)





SEALED IN STEEL

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... it still runs on*

So TROUBLE-PROOF that of the  
hundreds of thousands of owners,  
*not one* has paid a cent for service

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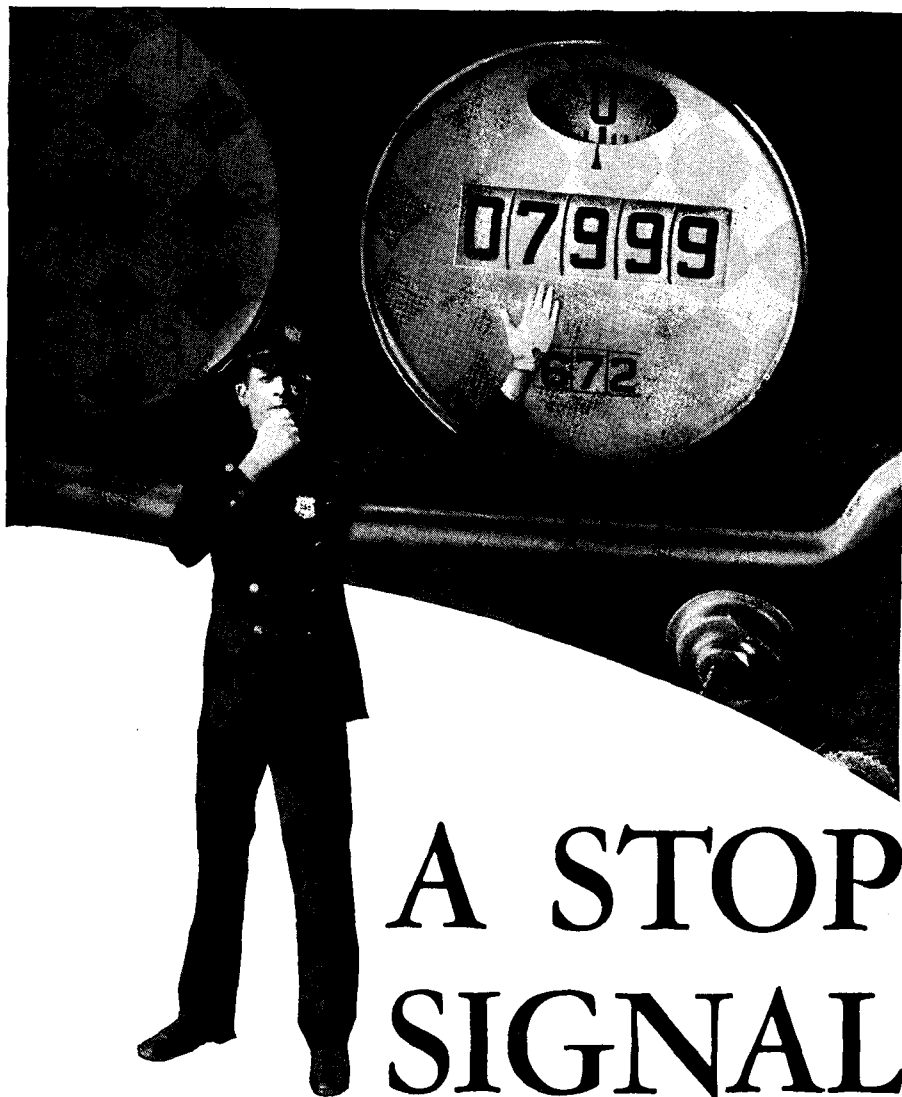
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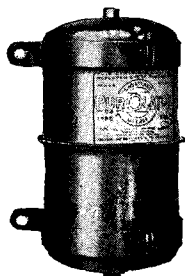
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Here are the most important figures your speedometer will ever register

8000 miles on your speedometer is a danger signal . . . a warning that you should not overlook if you want to avoid costly repair bills.

Grit, sand, metal particles and hard carbon are constantly working their way into the lubricating system of your car. If this harmful matter is allowed to circulate it turns even the best grade motor oil into a harsh abrasive that wears bearings, scores cylinders, wears out pistons and gears.

The Purolator filters every drop of crankcase oil. It catches and holds all foreign substances . . . prevents them from reaching and damaging the moving parts of your motor.



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This is a simple, inexpensive operation that takes but a few minutes. Simply drive to your nearest garage or service station and ask the service man to re-cartridge your Purolator.

He will remove the old housing and replace it with a new Purolator cartridge that provides your motor with clean, filtered lubricating oil for another 8000 miles of driving.

Your garage man will probably ask if you have re-cartridged your Purolator, for he, too, realizes the importance of replacing the cartridge. But don't depend on his reminding you. At 8000 miles, you remind him. Then drive off knowing that clean oil is keeping your motor purring sweetly. Motor Improvements, Inc., 354 Frelinghuysen Ave., Newark, N. J.

### PUROLATOR

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## Once a Bridge Man

Continued from page 36

buryin' ground. The boys must of got half a ton of relics out of that place. They was one funny-lookin' skull that looked like it might of been a white man, and alongside of it was an iron pot with a quart of silver money in it. Lot of old Spanish dollars, and some more funny-lookin' pieces that nobody could make head nor tail of.

"Reminded me of the time we headed up into the mountains back of Downieville and run onto that counterfeitin' plant. That was a long time back. The Gover'ment is about lettin' them fellers out of the jug by this time if they're still alive."

Pat shoved a tray of cigars toward Sundown Walker. "Light a fresh one," he said.

"Thanks. Them is mighty good cigars. We used to smoke cigars in the early days that tasted like the frazzled end of a rope sling. . . . Old man Hardy and I got some pretty good smokes down in Havana a while back. The cigars was fine, but the drinks come too fast to suit me, down there. I was mighty glad to get out of it. So was he, for that matter. . . . Well, I guess I'll be driftin' along. The boss and me is makin' an early start north tomorrow and I got to get me some sleep. He's got eight or ten jobs strung out between here and San Francisco that he wants to look at. There's a mighty big job comin' up next month. Biggest bridge in the world, I guess."

"You mean the one across the Golden Gate?"

"Yep."

"There'll be a lot of competition on that one," Mike suggested.

"There ain't goin' to be no competition at all," Sundown Walker corrected. "We'll get it at our own price. . . . Sonny, that's goin' to be a bridge! Biggest bridge in the whole doggone world."

There was mighty little conversation

for the first ten minutes after Sundown left. Mike sat in front of the fireplace. Pat walked up and down the long living-room of their apartment.

Every now and then, passing the table in the center of the room, he glanced down at the two folded contracts, one of which, when he signed it, would sell him down the river for another hitch with the talkies.

Presently, interrupting the silence, "You remember the day you dropped that wrench and came within a foot of busting old Sundown in the bean with it?" Pat asked. "And how he bawled you out?"

"Yep. 'Save the tools. They cost money,' is all he said."

"I bet he's lived through a thousand things like that."

"That and worse. He took a seventy-foot fall with a derrick car and came out of it, twenty years ago."

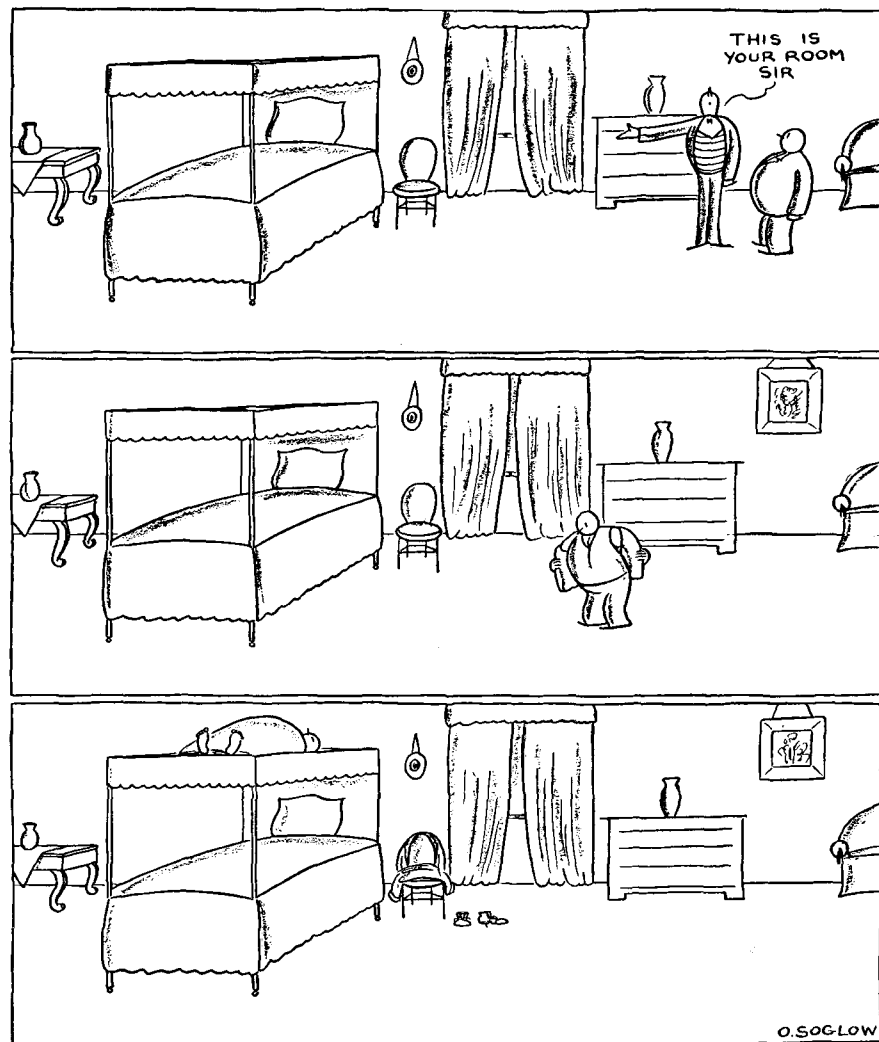
"A bridge man bounces when he falls."

"A bridge man bounces while the average guy lays dead. . . . Hand me my copy of that contract, will you?"

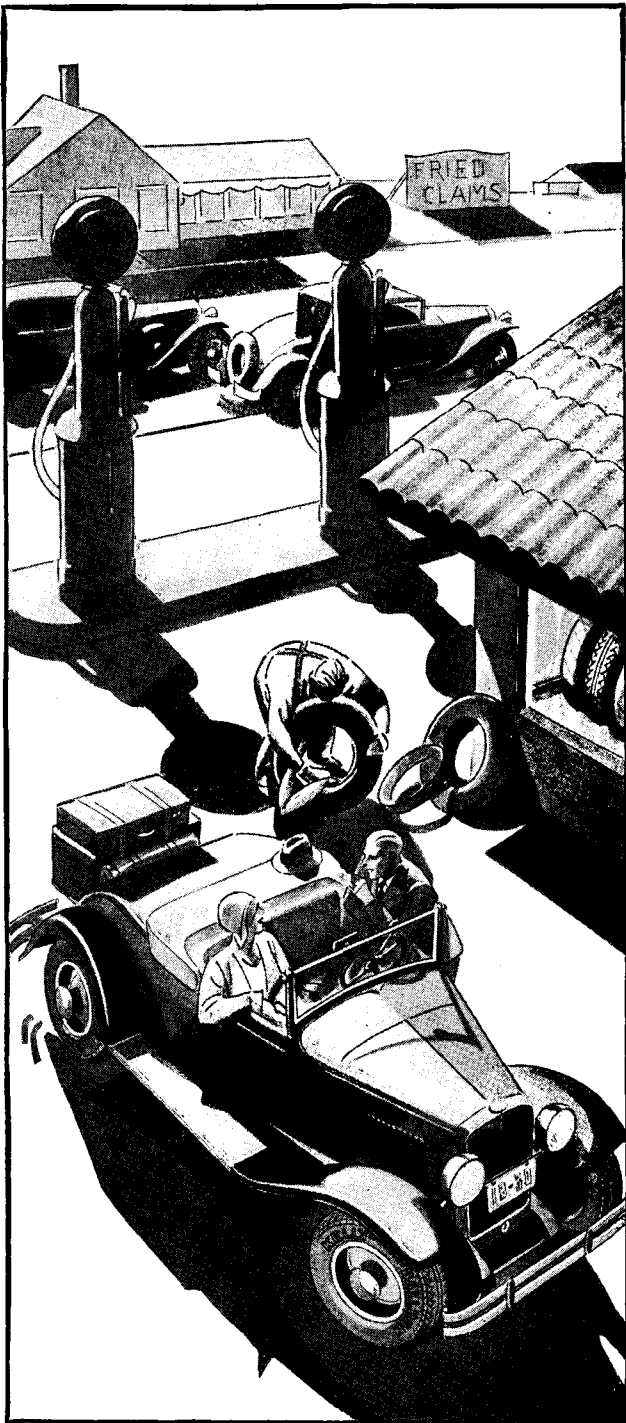
AT EASE in front of the fireplace, Mike glanced through a complicated paragraph of the document. "And furthermore," he orated, "it is hereby understood and agreed that a guy by the name of Mike, party of the first part, bids his admiring public a fond farewell."

He flipped the contract into the open fire. "That's that! A bridge man always bounces back, no matter how far he falls!"

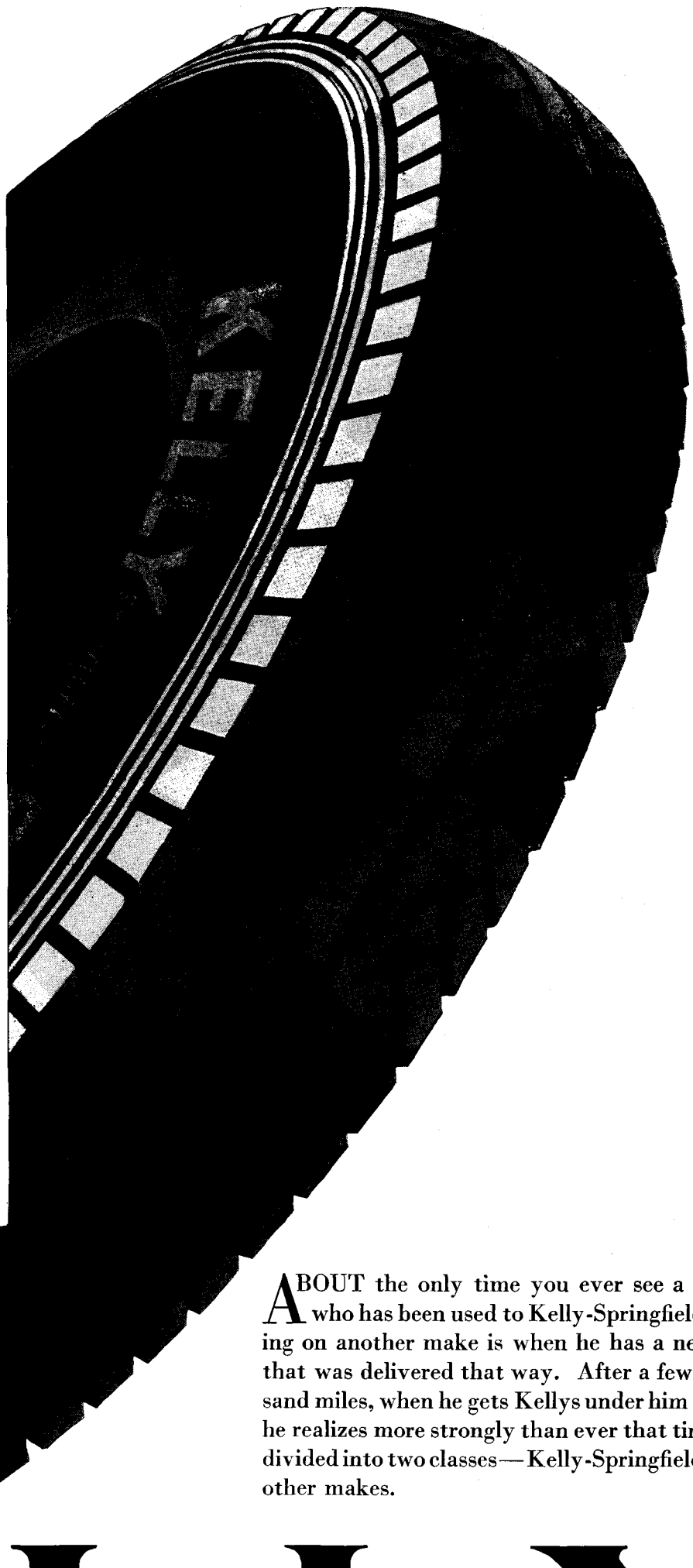
"Make it two," Pat echoed, adding another document to the flames. "If we can pack up and get out of here on the Lark tomorrow night we'll beat Sundown and the old man to the San Francisco office. I'll bet they'll be surprised to see us!"



O.S.O.G.L.O.W.



*"Well, thank goodness, we'll have Kellys on all four wheels now. We ought to be able to get some pleasure out of the rest of this trip."*



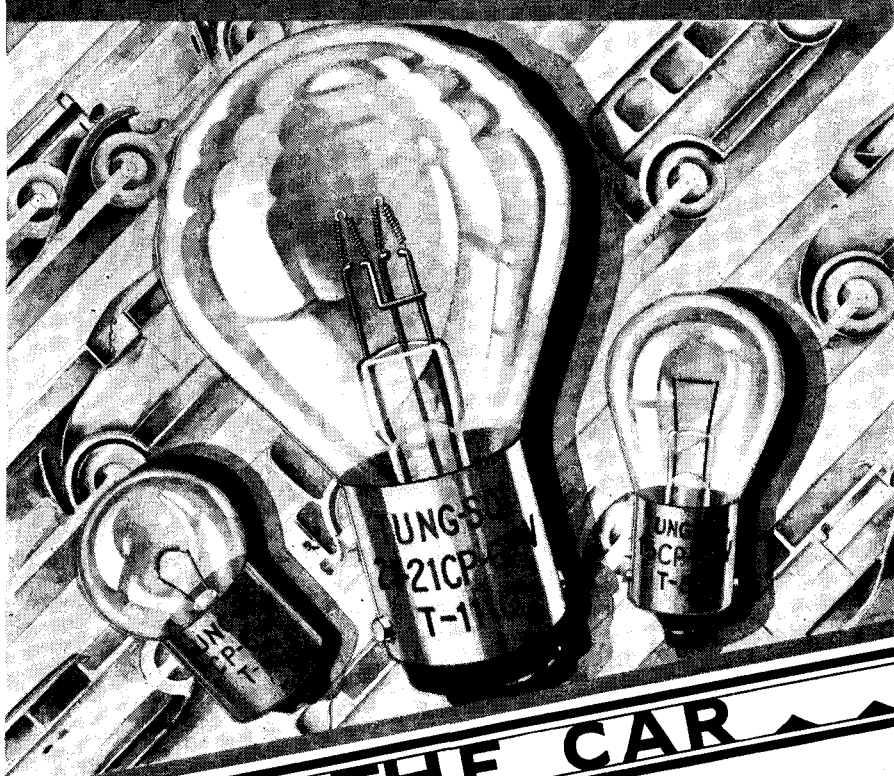
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## IN THE HOME



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*Made under R. C. A. Patents*

## A Day at the Zoo

*Continued from page 23*

animals, I at once decided that the trouble was as likely to be mental as physical.

"Let me see the hay," I said. Hay is the staple diet for all our elephants.

"A new batch just came in," was the grumbling reply. The keeper's tone meant: "These elephants are just too dang particular. They must have been spoiled before I came here!"

### When Elks Go Wrong

The fact that it was a new batch gave me my clue. I checked and found that the brand was exactly the same as the last, and that, to the eye, the quality of the shipment was the same.

"We've gone to all the trouble of unloading it," continued the keeper, "and piling it up in the shed. A whole half day's work."

"But it isn't the unloading and piling that gives food its flavor," I interjected as pleasantly as I could.

The keeper looked at me as if to say that a big lummock of an elephant shouldn't care what his food tastes like.

I smelled the hay. By experience I knew it was sweet and wholesome. But I at once detected a foreign odor in it which meant that there had been harvested at the same time some weed, the taste of which our elephants didn't like. Many such weeds or grasses may grow along with the timothy or clover in a meadow.

Naturally, the feed company which supplied us was indignant when they heard the elephants wouldn't eat their hay. They were inclined to blame us for being weak and imposed upon by our dumb charges. But if they could only have seen the wicked glances we received from the hippos as well as the elephants, they would have had a change of heart.

The upshot of the incident was that I got a truck and had all the hay taken to another part of the park and fed to animals with less discriminating tastes. Another rush load was ordered for the elephants. By supertime I found them contentedly munching away; but I thought they exchanged knowing looks when I appeared.

Curiously enough, those animals which are intrinsically most dangerous, such as the lion and tiger, usually give us the least trouble. There are two prime reasons for this: First, such beasts are particularly well caged and ordinarily cannot do any damage; second, I think they have sense enough not to stir up trouble on slight pretext since they realize it won't get them anywhere.

The elk is an example of the opposite kind of temperament. Elk are beautiful animals and seem gentle and kindly in captivity. Yet it was not out of the ordinary last year when our best male specimen began to treat his wife with vicious cruelty. He beat her and insulted her in every way at his command. With his splendid set of antlers, there was always danger that he do her permanent damage.

When nature removed the armament that gave Mr. Elk such an advantage over his spouse, he calmed down considerably. He still eyed his lady with uncooled rancor, but he made no attempt to bully her.

A few days later one of the keepers rushed into my office with his face working and his arms waving. As this was a usual sight for me, and meant anything from a new baby in the hippopotamus family to a riot in the bear cage, I grabbed my hat and prepared to follow to the scene of trouble.

"She's killin' him! She's killin' him!" were the only words that I could distinguish among the keeper's excited explanations.

Who "she" was I didn't know; but the fact that it was a "she" did lift my curiosity beyond my apprehension.

"She" turned out to be no other than the much-abused Mrs. Elk. When I reached the elk enclosure, it was smoky with the dust that the pair were kicking up. The lady was getting her revenge at last. And so effective were her blows that we had quickly to rescue the humiliated Mr. Elk and put him in another enclosure, to save his life!

We had just settled this domestic contretemps when we heard from the direction of the monkey house a clattering rumpus which at once suggested that several of our largest baboons had escaped from their cages and were settling old scores by throwing ash cans at one another.

Those of us who had been both divorce judge and jury for the elk family scurried away in the direction of the din. When we arrived all was peaceful.

We examined the enclosures carefully. Nothing seemed to be wrong. I went personally to look at Koko, our big orang-utan, who is something of a clown. But he only blinked at me stupidly as he sat with his hands behind and under him.

As I turned away from Koko the clatter suddenly rang in my ears with a loud fury that made me jump at least a foot in the air. It wouldn't have surprised me if the whole skylight had suddenly tumbled in and landed with a crash at my feet.

I whirled on Koko. "Did you do that—you devil?" I yelled at him. He still sat there staring and blinking. But I thought I detected a wicked glance in his little black eyes.

I stepped closer to the cage. Koko did not move. As he was still sitting on his hands I suspected that he might be hiding something from me.

"What is it?" I shouted so suddenly that I startled him into jumping up and whisking on three legs across the cage. Something clattered familiarly as he ran. It was a long white strip of tin which he carried in his fourth paw.

### A Stag Party

I then saw what had happened. Koko had managed to yank out of its holder the big metal label, fourteen by eighteen inches, which was fitted in front of his cage. On it was written his description for the benefit of visitors. Perhaps this description displeased Koko, for he had banged the label back and forth across the steel bars until the letters were literally hammered off. When I had rescued the label I sent it to the repair shop, while I returned to my office to catch up with my morning mail.

The first letter I picked up was from a New Yorker whose grandmother had migrated here from Russia. The gist of it was:

Dear Mr. Ditmars:

I have been suffering of late from rheumatism. The physician does not do me any good with his medicine. Now, I want you to help me. My grandmother cured her rheumatism with a medicine she made by boiling the hair from the neck of a Russian stag which her brother killed at home. If you have such an animal will you please help a suffering man by sending me some of its hair?

Well, it wasn't a question of sympathy.  
(Continued on page 45)



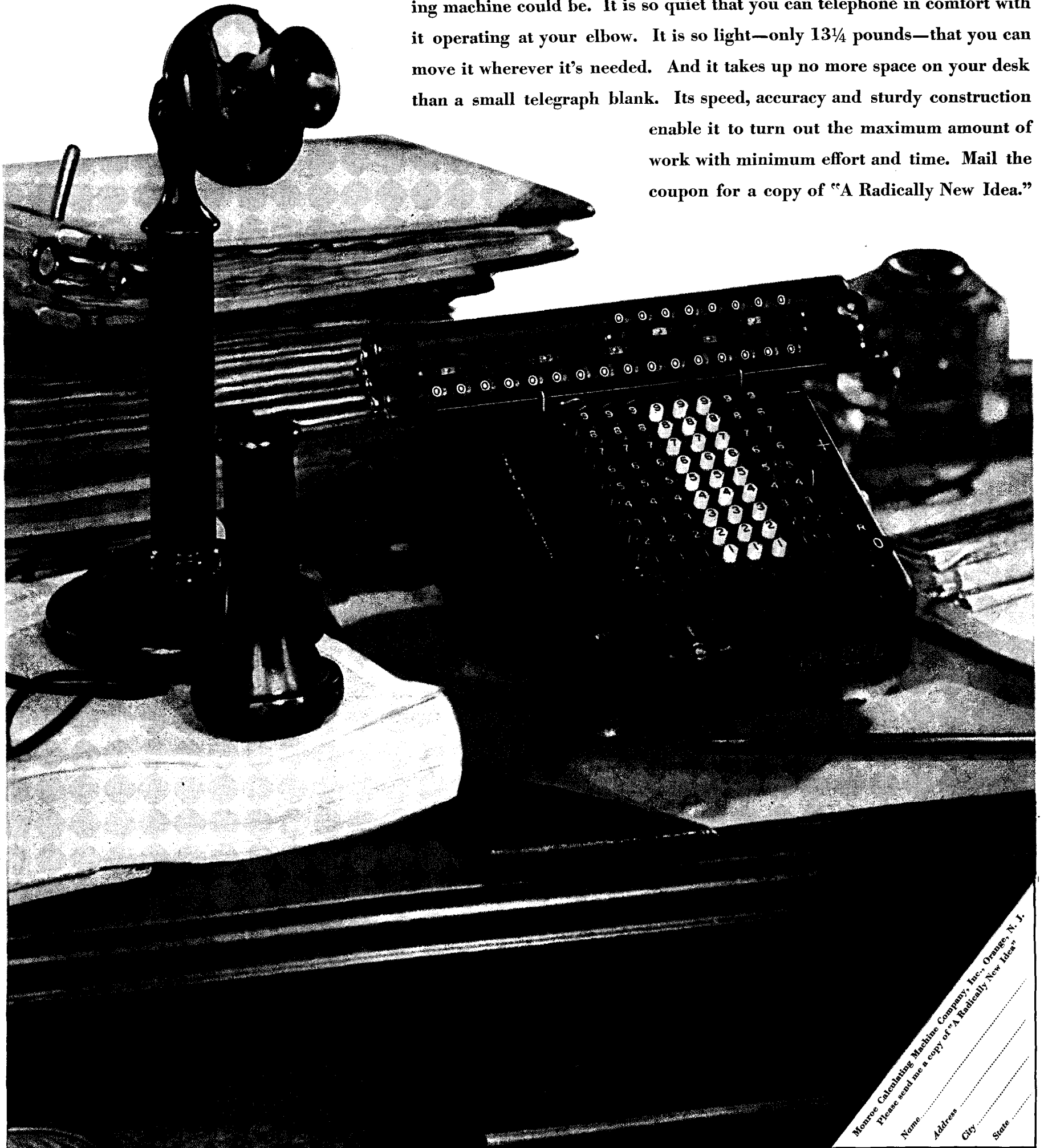
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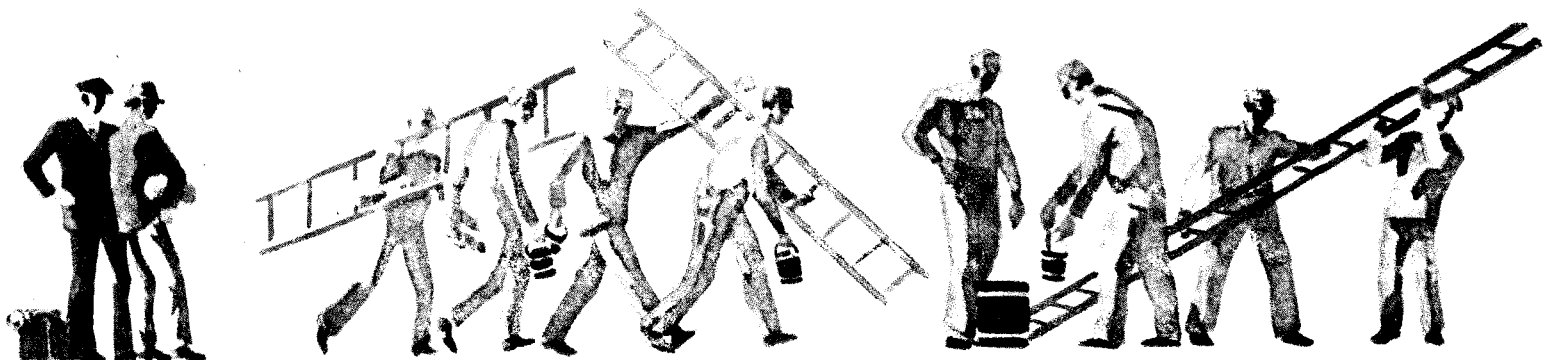
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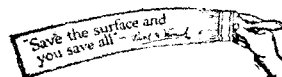


## NO ONE KNOWS PAINT LIKE A PAINTER

It is natural that you should give more thought to *painting* . . . than to paint . . . more thought to the *finished* paint job than to the means of attaining it. For after all, this matter of paint is a painter's job. No one knows paint like a painter + + And so when your painter recommends Dutch Boy . . . and eight out of ten painters use this pure white lead . . . he is thinking of the finished job . . . a *better* finished job that will retain its original beauty longer . . . that will give you exactly the tints and shades you like . . . that will provide a protective coating



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# ARROW TRUMP SHIRTS

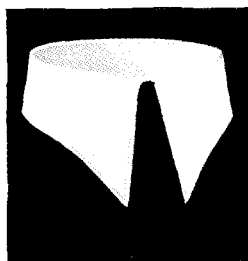
ARROW has discovered and patented a new process ("Sanforized") to take the "shrink" out of fine fabric. It absolutely guarantees for permanent fit your collar, your sleeves, and the length of your shirt. The "Sanforized" process is applied first to the Arrow Trump Shirt, of fine broadcloth. You can now buy your correct size, for Trump is *guaranteed for permanent fit*. This unqualified guarantee covers not only the brilliant white, but all new color shades—all of which, of course, have genuine Arrow Collars tailored on them. Trump *fits*—keeps on fitting, *perfectly*—or else you get your money back. At \$1.95 (for the white) and \$2.15 (for the colors) your shirt wardrobe can be as thrifty as it is varied. Only Arrow owns this process; only Arrow could make and keep so bold and flat a promise of fit; only Arrow could quote you so low a price for "so much shirt" as Trump. Arrow, in short, *earns* your confidence with *value* and holds it with performance and style.

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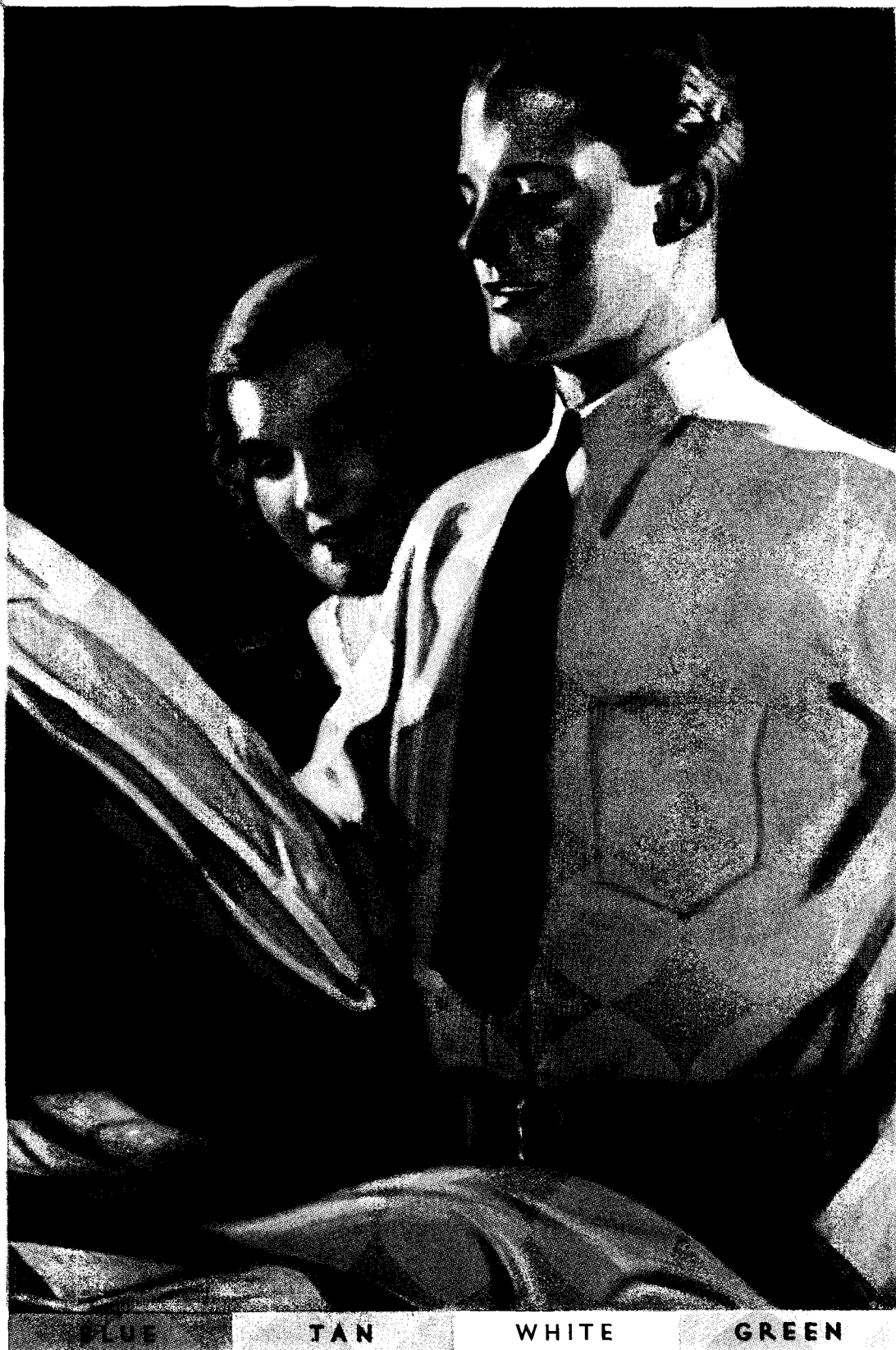
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BLUE

TAN

WHITE

GREEN

Only Arrow Shirts have Arrow Collars



## A Day at the Zoo

Continued from page 40

thy, or of having a Russian stag in our collection. My correspondent was safe on both points. But since our regulations prevent putting specimens in any way physically at the disposal of the public, I had to say no.

Such requests are not at all rare. There are plenty of superstitious people left in this so-called material age, and a goodly lot of their beliefs are tied up with animals.

### Pets and Pests

Many queries come to me for advice about unusual pets. It is really surprising how many people who have seafaring or much-traveled friends acquire a small menagerie of their own. A monkey and a parrot is a favorite combination. Even baby bears, wolves, wildcats and other undomestic creatures find their way into private families.

"What shall I do about my poor little monkey which is paralyzed?" is a very common complaint.

In such a case I am sorrier for the pet than I am for the owner. For it shows a pitifully ignorant love for the animal, a love that has overrun itself into improper diet and living conditions. Lack of sunshine and bone-nourishing food is usually the cause of the trouble.

"My bear is disturbing the whole neighborhood every night," complains another owner. "What shall I do with it?"

Investigation shows that the animal came into the family as a cub. While it was a little fellow it was brought into the house every night and fondled like a child. But when, to the dismay of the family, the pet grew out of all proportions to a civilized living-room it had to be kept in the back yard. Naturally, when the bear missed its coddling it began to complain, querulously at first, and then with deep-throated roars that were finally brought to the attention of the police.

Our duty is to intervene as far as we can, both with advice and with help. We point out that what at first may be just a nuisance may easily become a peril. A monkey reared to maturity, which is rare by the way, becomes jealous and dangerous, considering a neighbor's handshake a signal to attack. A leopard that was a cute ball of soft fur at the age of a few months, grows both powerful and treacherous in the passage of a year.

There are letters seeking information about fur farming. Some want nothing more than assurance about breeding such rare animals as chinchillas, for instance, in mere rabbit coops. Queries about the heights and weights of animals like elephants and giraffes, may come from writers of fiction who want to work such a creature into a tale and play safe from criticism. But a similar query may be from a railroad office wanting to know whether to provide a standard or a furniture car for transporting an oversize passenger.

I remember an elderly lady writing me to this effect: "I have a beautiful estate, and am trying to keep it old-fashioned. In my girlhood one of the things that appealed to me was the singing of the katydids. Wouldn't it be possible to establish these little insects on my place so that I could have their good old-fashioned music?"

Alligators and chameleons seem to worry their owners almost more than any other animals. The former get thoroughly numb by the dropping of house temperature at night. Also they won't eat at all in winter.

The only thing I can do is to suggest maintaining a temperature of about 70° in the vicinity of the alligator tank or pan. But in so doing I have a guilty feeling that I may be altering the laudable habit in many families of sleeping with bedroom windows open at night.

Feeding the chameleon is a more difficult problem to advise about. The most practical insect food obtainable for them, though I won't say the best, is what are called "mealworms." These are kept in stock by many of the larger bird and pet shops.

"But I can't buy any in my town," comes in the next mail in reply to my advice about mealworms. "Isn't there something else I can use?"

Yes, madam, there is: and I forthwith write her to give the starving chameleon some cockroaches which, I know, it will devour with gusto. Madam is shocked. Indeed, to think that she is the kind who has cockroaches in her house! And more—implying that just because I have cockroaches in my home I needn't think other people are as low.

"Dear madam:" I reply, "I am sorry you construed my letter the way you did. What I would suggest is that you take a cockroach trap to a small all-night restaurant and ask the proprietor to let you set it. If you explain that your pet is starving I feel sure that he will not be offended. And I feel equally sure that, if you hurry, your chameleon will not die of hunger."

All this may seem very trivial in contrast to the expense and dignity of our institution. But I have been answering such letters for thirty years and could not bring myself to be annoyed by them. After all, we are at the park to elucidate the ways of beasts and birds by properly exhibiting them and answering questions about their lives and habits.

### Resting in Peace

There are always plenty of questions in our open hours. Old Jake Cook, our veteran keeper of the monkey house in the Central Park Menagerie, got desperate some years ago over the way people pestered him for information. Now he takes his lunch and enjoys his holidays in a near-by cemetery, "where nary a person can ask me any fool questions," as he explains it.

Part of my routine work is extracting the poison from snakes. One day I work with rattlers, on another with copperheads. The idea is to provide venom for the preparation of snake-bite serum, now being made available all over the country.

All you have to do, to succeed in this ticklish job, is to press the snake's head down with a notched stick, and then grasp him firmly by the neck. The head keeper prepares a glass tumbler with a parchment tied over its top. You apply the serpent's jaws to the parchment; he bites, sending his fangs through, and several drops of amber poison fall into the glass. A scientific friend with whom I am working has us send him cobra poison, which is even more dangerous to get than the others.

Right in the middle of the poison job the telephone rings and word comes that a new bear has arrived. This may sound simple and indicate nothing more than turning the newcomer into one of the dens. But the transfer of a bear is fraught with serious consequences unless the greatest care is taken. It has been my privilege to invent a special apparatus for safely doing the job.

(Continued on page 46)

●  
But  
must  
my hair be dry  
after a permanent wave?



Joyfully, we tell you—it need NOT be! It is quite true that practically all systems of permanent waving do tend to dry the hair and make it brittle, but clever women know that an ounce of prevention and another ounce or so of cure will keep their hair normal and healthy in spite of the heat of wave machines.

The solution to the whole problem lies in the handy bottle of "Vaseline" Hair Tonic. It's so good for the hair. Before your shampoo, apply it directly to the scalp and massage it in well with the fingertips. Move the scalp—don't rub. This treatment cleanses the pores, supplies oil to the roots and stimulates circulation. Follow it by your usual shampoo. The hair will be soft and lustrous, your wave will look smooth and natural.

And "Vaseline" Hair Tonic is fine for setting your wave, too. Moisten the hair first with water. Then smooth a very little Tonic over it with the palm of your hand and with comb and fingers shape and pinch in the wave as you like it.

## Vaseline HAIR TONIC

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

© Chesebrough Mfg. Co., Cons'd, 1930

Whether you want to escape the drying effects of a permanent or just to keep your scalp healthy and your hair lovely, do try the "Vaseline" Hair Tonic Treatment. You can buy "Vaseline" Hair Tonic at any drug store, in bottles of two sizes with shaker-type tops. Made by the Chesebrough Mfg. Co., Cons'd, 17 State Street, New York, N. Y.





# California offers you Cool Summer Days



-and more-if  
you'll vacation  
close to  
San Francisco

CLOSE to San Francisco, close enough to share its mild, invigorating days and nights you'll find the world's most varied out-of-doors. Yosemite, and Lake Tahoe... the Redwood Empire... Del Monte, Carmel, Monterey... Russian River... Santa Cruz... Jack London's Valley of the Moon... and the gold-spent towns of '49. You'll find your favorite sport... and countless gorgeous spots where loafing seems to be a game.

San Francisco's many-sided fascination is a thing that all the world has sung. Her ships and hills, and Chinese streets... and the buoyant art of living that the city calls its own... these and many more are things to feed imagination on...



YACHTING ON SAN FRANCISCO BAY

But there's a figure—a cool, inviting fact—that has a lot to do with summer's pleasure. 59°. That's San Francisco's average summer temperature. Here California's sun is warm, but never hot; ocean breezes see to that... breezes from the bluest sea.

Come this summer! Make San Francisco your headquarters, and live for awhile the splendid life that brings thousands who come once to visit, back again forever.

**Economy.** Rates for hotel and camp and inn accommodations are varied as the things to see and do. Beginning May 15, low roundtrip excursion rates will be in effect to San Francisco and the Pacific Coast on all railroads.

The Victory and Lincoln highways will be in good condition. Or you can come by air, or by steamship via the Panama Canal.

## SAN FRANCISCO

IN CALIFORNIA—"WHERE LIFE IS BETTER"



Californians Inc., Dept. 2705, 703 Market St., San Francisco.  
Please send me the free book: "California Vacations."

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

(Continued from page 45)

When I get back to my office I find a rising young scientist with a flashlight and extra batteries.

"There are interesting data," he begins, clearing his throat impressively, "to be found by testing the eye reflex of wild animals. It is my wish, Dr. Dimars, to hold my light up to the eyes of different animals and time the contraction of their pupils."

### Tarantula Tantrums

He hands me a list, which contains specimens like the leopard, chimpanzee, buffalo, gnu and crocodile. It is useless to go into the details of the danger, but I feel it my duty to lay the facts before

him. I am tired by now and, for the moment, have no great zest for the work I love. What I really need is a rest.

At this moment comes suddenly the familiar jangle of the telephone and my secretary presently turns to me with the old story that only I can satisfy the person at the other end.

"Another cross-word puzzle?" I ask with a wry smile.

The secretary shakes her head. "No, I wish it were," she says. "It's a family over in Washington Heights who opened a bunch of bananas in the house and a huge tarantula jumped out. They've pretty nearly torn the apartment to pieces trying to find him. They want you to come right over and tell them what to do next!"

## Summer Settings

Continued from page 12

the house. But nowhere else do they make quite so great a difference as in the dining-room. If we could create the fiction that our personal restaurant was the coolest place in town, we'd be doing more for the family morale than could ever be put on paper.

Some of us have tables that are dark and shining, but we've never thought of laying them without cloth or doily to break the lustrous surface. Try it on the first hot night, and you'll be surprised to see how beautiful the china, glass and silver look, shining islands on a wine-dark sea. If the table top isn't good enough to stand such stark unveiling, we might follow the practice widely adopted in New York and have a piece of mirror cut to fit. Here we have the frostiest surface in the world and one that makes flowers doubly beautiful.

It may sound extravagant to question the advisability of using our winter china. But there is a plain, cream-white Wedgwood that is coolness and simplicity itself, and it costs surprisingly little. A Spode in green and white is lovely, too.

Glass, for this summer table, seems to look cooler in crystal than in color; if color must be used, let it be in the pastel range rather than in the more vivid jewel tones. Flowers are loveliest in pale tones—a red gladiolus that looks stunning in the garden isn't so good as a pink one that doesn't make a spot of fire in the middle of the table.

Food, more than ever, should be chosen for its decorative value as well as for its flavor. And the meal that contains a single surprise is much more of a triumph than the one made up of four or five expensive commonplaces.

Perhaps you're saying, "It all sounds very nice, but it's still a bit vague. My dining-room has blue walls, a henna rug, curtains of chintz with henna, blue, gold and green. My table isn't good enough to leave bare, and my china is blue and henna on cream. Where do I go from there?"

Well, how about this for a transformation in the interest of temperature? Take up the warm henna rug and put down one in cream—carpet, grass or Chinese matting. Hang curtains of gray glazed chintz and cover the chair seats in the same material. Have a mirror top for the table, use white china and get your flowers in mauve or pink.

If your dining-room is yellow, as so many seem to be, you might choose curtains of white sateen with chair seats to match, and have a pale pinky-gray rug. Let's hope the table is dark and well polished, and that you can use a creamy Wedgwood with a yellow band. Here, white flowers will be best.

If your living-room happens to have caught up with the vogue for white

walls, you're in luck. This would make the ideal setting for the white book muslin curtains with the wide ruffles, hung to the floor from gilt cornice boards and looped with tie-backs made of gilt leaves. In such a room the floor would be sure to be dark and well polished—let's hope it's parquet!—and we'd leave it bare. Slip covers could be of striped pink and white chintz, and lamp shades would be lovely in white paper with a gold embossed edge.

Most of us, however, haven't a white living-room; it's much more likely to be green. If this is a gray-green or a blue-green, we won't have much difficulty in making it look cool, but the yellow greens or the aggressive true greens aren't quite so happy. However, if we choose for the curtains a white-grounded chintz with flowers and big green leaves and make some of the slip covers of this, with a couple in plain green chintz or sateen, we'll have a good start. Since this chintz may be expensive, we can economize on the rug and get the thirty-three-cent Chinese matting, made up to cover the floor as nearly as possible. Lamp shades here would be inspired if we could find them in shell-pink paper with a scalloped edge.

### The Bedroom Scene

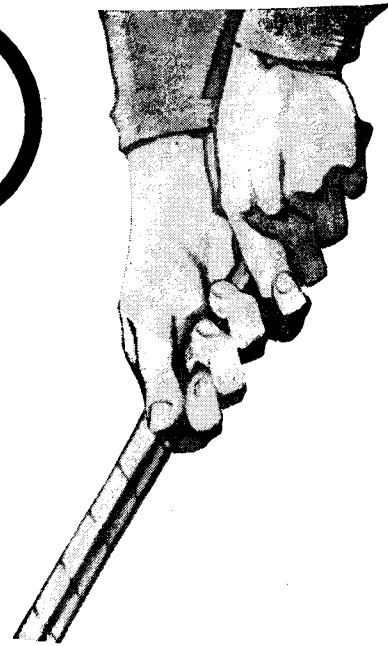
When we finally call it a day—a hot, hot day followed by one of those even hotter nights—suppose we retire to a bedroom which has pink walls. Instead of the rather elaborate taffeta curtains that hang here in the winter, well-made and properly lined, we've substituted plain unlined sea-green glazed chintz, hung straight to the floor. The dressing table that wears a taffeta petticoat has changed into one of white muslin with three wide ruffles at the bottom, and the lights have white paper shades with tiny bands of green and gold. The chairs are slip-covered in white. On the floor we have a single hooked rug in pink and green with a white ground.

If we have the bad but pleasant habit of reading in bed, we've bought several sheets of gay, cool-looking paper to make little covers for our favorite books and those that come from the library. These and a crystal water bottle with a glass on top sit on the bedside table. The bed itself has a plain white spread which may be the lowly candle-wick, or a more ambitious effort in ruffled muslin like the dressing table. Our negligees are pink, sea-green or white, whichever chances to be most becoming... And if we don't feel at least reasonably cool in such a room after a nice long tepid bath all full of bath salts—then it's because the neighbors' radios are hot with jazz.

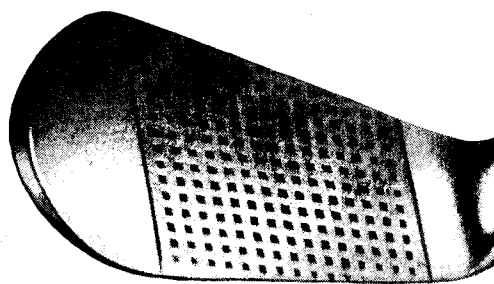
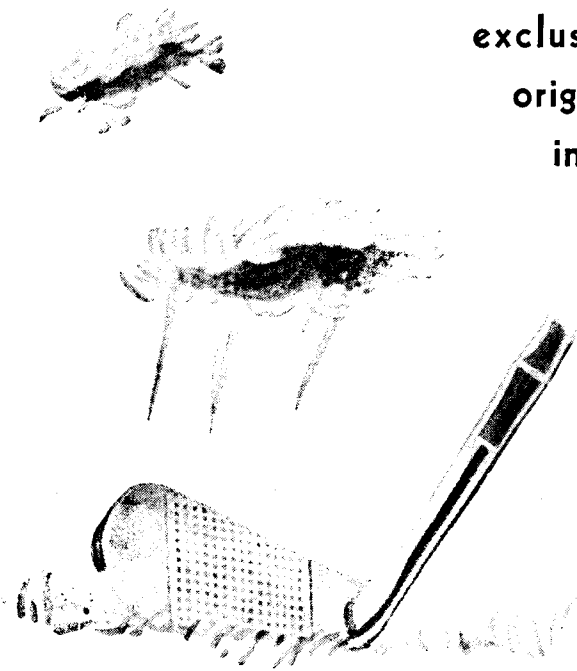
# PERFECTED

## TO REDUCE

# *Wrist Fatigue*



Those shots that you miss toward the end of the round—shots that ought to be easy—are the penalties exacted by wrist-fatigue ♡ ♡ penalties that hurt the crack golfer as well as the rank and file of the "once a week" army. ♡ ♡ Wilson has the cure. Entirely new. Entirely exclusive. Steel-shafted matched irons—with blades of stainless steel or rustless chromium plate ♡ ♡ graded to the ultimate fraction of correct pitch—perfectly matched in weight and balance. ♡ ♡ But to the known advantages of steel-shafted clubs, Wilson has added an ultra-modern improvement. It is a marvelous method of cushioning that keeps the wrists comfortable right through to the 36th hole. ♡ ♡ An exclusive Wilson feature does it—an original method of anchoring the shaft in the hosel through a protective bushing of balata. ♡ ♡ Ask your pro or dealer to show you.



{ STEEL SHAFT  
HICKORY SIZE

CHAMBER

CLOSE FRICTIONAL  
FIT

ANCHORING RIVET

RUBBER  
BUSHING



PATENT  
PENDING

# Wilson

## GOLF EQUIPMENT

WILSON-WESTERN SPORTING GOODS CO.

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



# 72 MILES



SEDAN DE LUXE \$850

WILLYS - OVERLAND, INC., TOLEDO, OHIO

WILLYS - OVERLAND SALES CO., LTD., TORONTO, CANADA



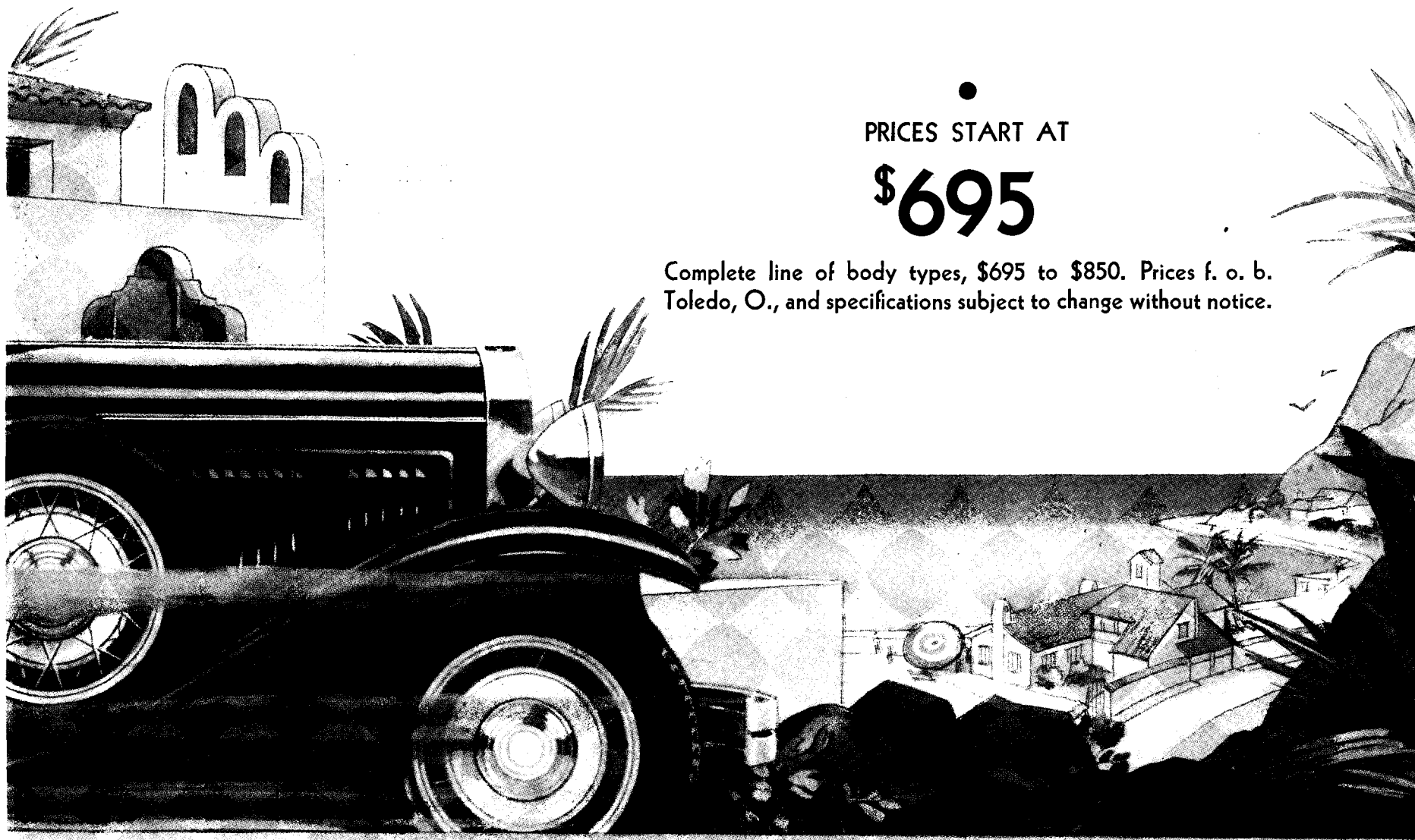
# IN AN HOUR

48 in second gear . . . 65 horsepower.  
Internal 4-wheel brakes . . . Rich broadcloth  
upholstery . . . 4 hydraulic two-way shock  
absorbers . . . Unusual gas economy at fast  
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Complete line of body types, \$695 to \$850. Prices f. o. b.  
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PERFORMANCE MUST BE EXPERIENCED TO BE BELIEVED

# WILLYS SIX



# See. *it's gone!*

...the little rivet, whose removal makes all the difference in the world in steel-shafted golf irons

ABOVE is a lifelike portrait of the rivet that has always joined the head to the shaft in irons.

In Spalding Cushion-neck Irons, that rivet loses its job! It's fired, banished, ousted, to make possible the first steel-shafted irons, and the *only* steel-shafted irons that combine the sweet feel of the finest hickory with the advantages of the steel shaft.

And if you are one of that great majority of golfers who are wedded to steel-shafted *woods*, you know what these advantages are.

## *Advantages of the Steel Shaft*

You know that the steel shaft, because it is lighter, puts greater swinging weight into the head where it belongs and where it aids controllability.

You know that the steel shaft, because it is thinner, has less wind resistance to contend with, and therefore makes every shot a wee bit cleaner cut.

You know that the steel shaft, because it is more uniform, permits more perfectly matched clubs. You know that the steel shaft can't warp.

Because of these virtues, a majority of golfers have used and liked the steel shaft—in *woods*. But despite these virtues, this same majority have shunned the steel shaft—in *irons*.

Because, in steel-shafted irons other than Cushion-necks, the metal-to-metal contact of steel head against steel shaft forms a perfect conductor that sends the shock of every shot scooting up the shaft and into the hands. This metal-to-metal contact, with its shock and its vibration, causes the harsh, unpleasant feel that has made steel-shafted irons so unsatisfactory to play.

But in the Spalding Cushion-necks, there is no such thing as metal-to-metal contact. The steel heads never touch the steel shafts.

For before each shaft is fitted into the hosel of the head, it is enclosed in a cushioning sleeve of lively rubber. Vibrations can no more pass through this rubber sleeve than can electric current pass through the rubber insulation on a wire.

© 1930, A. G. S. & B.

A great idea! But the rubber sleeve alone does not do the trick. For that rivet, small as it is, is big enough to nullify the good effects of a dozen rubber sleeves. With the metal rivet in there, touching both steel shaft and steel head, all the good of the shock-absorber is nullified—metal-to-metal contact still exists, and still gets in all its foul work.

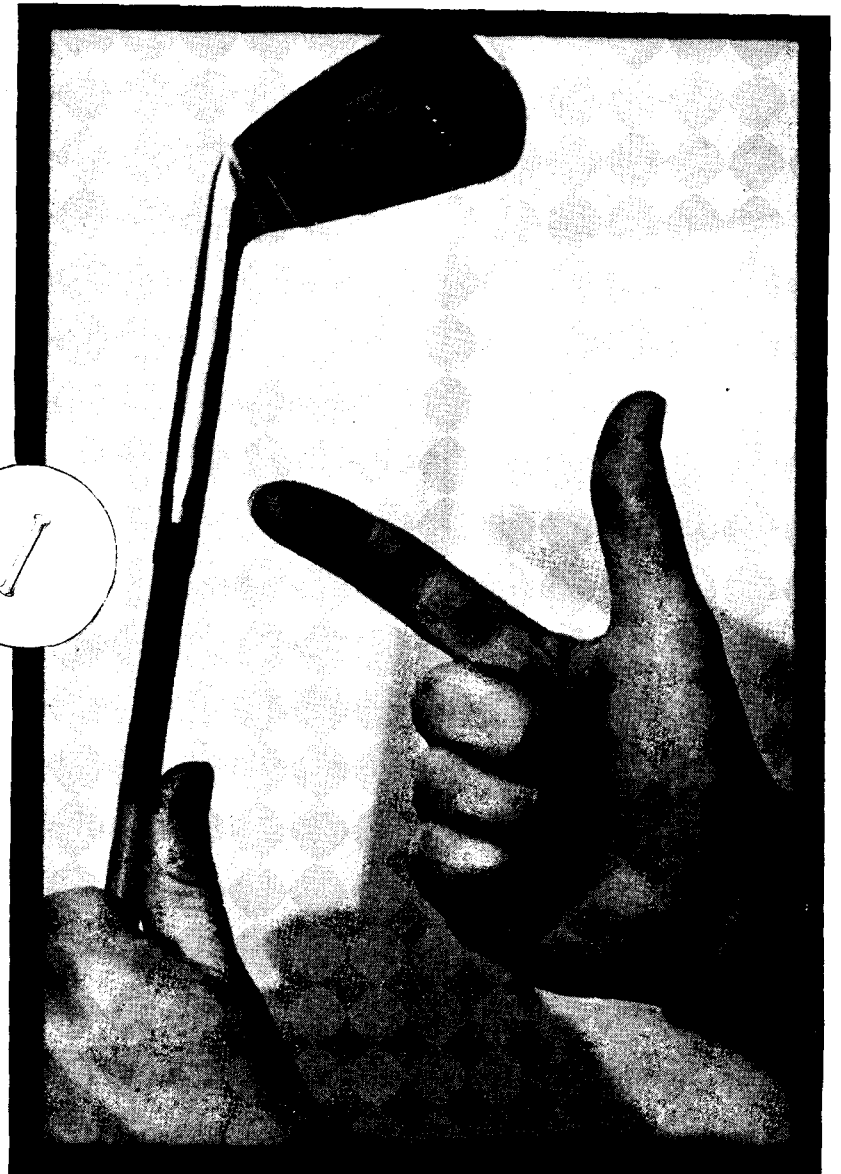
So the Spalding experts worked and experimented for two years. And once more justified their reputation as the world's greatest club-makers by working out an ingenious way of crimping the end of the hosel around the rubber so that no rivet is necessary!

That method of joining does more than eliminate the rivet! It also eliminates any possibility of the rubber losing its liveliness, for it seals out the air forever. No air means no oxidization. And no oxidization means that the rubber will stay lively throughout the long life of the club.

Other gadget-bedecked clubs will appear and optimistically claim shock-absorbing virtues. But only Spalding *can* offer steel-shafted irons that are absolutely free from shock, vibration, sour feel. For Spalding has the whole Cushion-neck principle so thoroughly protected that no other club can achieve the same sweet feel without transgressing Spalding patents.

Tell your Professional you want to try these marvelous Irons. Play the first set of Cushion-necks he can put into your hands. And prepare yourself for one of the biggest thrills this grand old game has ever given you!

**Spalding**  
**KRO-FLITE**  
CUSHION-NECK GOLF CLUBS



*In the world's most perfectly  
matched clubs*

The Cushion-neck construction comes in Kro-Flite Custom-Built Registered Irons, Kro-Flite Standard Registered Irons, and Kro-Flite Related Irons.

Every club in each set has exactly the same swinging weight as every other club. So, instead of trying to master six or nine different swings, you master one. That swing and that timing are right for every iron in your bag!

*Buy a Matched Set in either  
of these two ways*

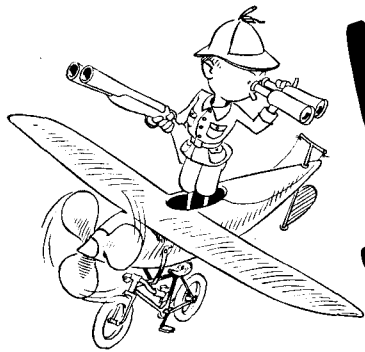
Kro-Flite Custom-Built Registered and Standard Registered Irons are sold in sets of six or nine only—never separately. A complete record of every Registered Club is kept by Spalding. Thus, any time a club is lost or broken, Spalding can make you up a duplicate that doesn't differ by so much as a hair.

Kro-Flite Related Irons are sold separately or in sets. By getting clubs of the same index you eventually have a perfectly matched set even if the clubs are bought months apart.

## *Prices of Kro-Flite Cushion-neck Irons*

Custom-Built Registered.....	Set of nine \$90
	Set of six 60
Standard Registered.....	Set of nine \$75
	Set of six 50
Related.....	Set of nine \$54
	Set of six 36
	Each 6

*Let your Professional outfit you. Spalding dealers  
also carry these clubs, as do all Spalding Stores.*



# WORD HUNT

In the English language there are twenty-one words (each having just five letters) that begin with the letters Q-U-I. One of them is QUICK. You supply the others.

1	Q	U	I	C	K	Alert; ready. Prompt or rapid. Hasty; impatient. Animate. Also, the sensitive living flesh, as the part of a finger or toe to which the nail is attached.
2	Q	U	I			In music, an organ stop. In piquet, a sequence of five cards of the same suit.
3	Q	U	I			Still; hushed; calm. Freedom from noise.
4	Q	U	I			Twenty-four (or twenty-five) sheets of paper.
5	Q	U	I			A quip. A peculiarity in manner or behavior.
6	Q	U	I			A kind of riding whip, common in Spanish American regions.
7	Q	U	I			Completely; entirely; really; truly.
8	Q	U	I			Tube of a feather.
9	Q	U	I			A warm bed covering.
10	Q	U	I			A small South American opossum.
11	Q	U	I			Variant of COIL.
12	Q	U	I			Quinine. Cinchona bark.
13	Q	U	I			Variant of QUIPU.
14	Q	U	I			(Dial. Eng.) A haycock.
15	Q	U	I			(Imitative) The common brant (any of several species of geese).
16	Q	U	I			Variant of QUERL. (Local, United States) Twirl; coil.
17	Q	U	I			(Bengal) The usual call for a servant. An Anglo-Indian.
18	Q	U	I			(Dial. Eng.) Variant of QUEEST. Ringdove.
19	Q	U	I			(Scot. and Dial. Eng.) Variant of QUEEST.
20	Q	U	I			Even with another, by having returned or repaid anything, good or evil.
21	Q	U	I			A contrivance employed by the ancient Peruvians for arithmetical purposes and as a device to register important facts and events.

An unabridged dictionary has been used in compiling Word Hunts. All proper nouns, obsolete words, words that would offend good taste, plurals formed by the addition of s or es, and verbs in the present tense, singular number, third person, have been excluded

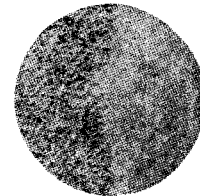
## Here are the answers to the Word Hunt published in last week's Collier's

- |          |          |           |
|----------|----------|-----------|
| 1. Slice | 5. Slimy | 9. Sline  |
| 2. Slime | 6. Slipe | 10. Slier |
| 3. Slink | 7. Slide | 11. Slich |
| 4. Slick | 8. Slily | 12. Sling |

Collier's will send you free, on request, a booklet containing 27 Word Hunts with their answers. Send for a copy today. Address Word Hunts, Collier's, the National Weekly, 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

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## America's Leading Motor Car Makers recommend No. 7 Duco Polish



\* TRAFFIC FILM is an accumulation of dust and grime particles, baked hard by the sun and heat, dulling your car's finish. Soap and water won't remove it. No. 7 Duco Polish will. The above photograph shows a surface partly covered with TRAFFIC FILM, the right side cleaned with No. 7 Duco Polish. Note the difference.

## This tells you why!

EVERY year hundreds upon hundreds of thousands of new car owners have the opportunity of learning for themselves how easy and simple it is to remove TRAFFIC FILM\* by means of No. 7 Duco Polish.

Because leading automobile manufacturers, eager to be of service to owners, put sample cans of No. 7 Duco Polish in the tool kits of their new cars and recommend its use in their instruction books.

It is logical that No. 7 Duco Polish should be so singled out. For it is the product of du Pont chemists, who created Duco and then developed No. 7 Duco Polish for use in cleaning and polishing Duco finish.

No. 7 Duco Polish is non-acid and free from harsh abrasives. It quickly penetrates and softens TRAFFIC FILM\*. With minimum effort you wipe away the accumulation, and a radiantly gleaming car returns.

You'll find No. 7 Duco Polish at good dealers' everywhere. Ask your garage or polishing station to use it on your car. If you would like a sample of No. 7 Duco Polish, as well as No. 7

Super-Lustre Cream and No. 7 Auto Top Finish, fill out the coupon below.

### Four other du Pont products to beautify your car

No. 7 Super-Lustre Cream is used after polishing to preserve the lustre and protect the finish against weathering. It is much easier to apply than ordinary waxes.

No. 7 Auto Top Finish waterproofs the top and restores its original lustre.

No. 7 Nickel Polish cleans and brightens radiator and lamps.

No. 7 Touch-up Black is for retouching scratches and worn spots on auto fenders.

### Send for the Sample Beauty Kit

Send us coupon below (with 10 cents to help cover mailing cost) and we'll send you the following: 1 sample can of No. 7 Duco Polish (enough for one polishing), 1 sample can of No. 7 Super-Lustre Cream (enough for the hood), 1 sample can of No. 7 Auto Top Finish (enough for a spare tire).

E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Company, Inc., Desk C-12, General Motors Bldg., Detroit, Mich.; Canadian Industries, Ltd., Paint & Varnish Div., Toronto 9, Canada.

Send me your Sample Beauty Kit for my auto. I am enclosing 10 cents (coin or stamps) to help pay the mailing cost. (Good only in U. S. and Canada.)

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