

Keep Up with the World !

By Freling Foster

A large number of the impregnable armored trucks transporting money through the streets of New York City are equipped not only with automatics and tear gas bombs, but also with machine guns which fire 22 .45-caliber bullets a second.

Commercial diamond smuggling into this country has declined considerably within the past few months, according to authorities, due to the 1930 reduction in the duty from 20% to 10%, which virtually rendered the practice unprofitable.

Of the 50,000 known species of flies in existence, one of the most fantastic is the Roe gadfly, which is called "the fly with the monkey's face" because its facial appearance, when enlarged photographically, is strikingly similar to that of a monkey.

The average normal adult heart pumps 50 gallons of blood an hour—or one every minute.

Cancer is more prevalent among women than men.

Pimlico Track, in Pimlico, Maryland, is the most popular race track, based on the annual attendance, in the United States today.

When you telephone from New York to San Francisco, your voice



must be "boosted," or increased in volume, 36 different times.

The song writers of Broadway will be glad to learn that a new compound has been produced which is 690 times sweeter than sugar.

The average annual salary paid our 49 state governors today is \$7,729, ranging from \$25,000 in New York State to \$3,000 in South Dakota.

Japanese waltzing mice react to carbon monoxide gas more quickly than canary birds, which have been used for this purpose in the underground passages of coal mines for many years.

Brazil is promoting successfully the use of a new motor fuel, made of alcohol and ether, which costs less than half the price of gasoline.

The natural-life span of a cat is 9 to 10 years, a dog 10 to 15 years, a canary 24 years, a lion 20 to 25 years, a horse 40 to 50 years and an elephant 150 to 200 years.

More than 150 different kinds of cheese are made today in the United States and Europe.

The average sound-picture cartoon, which runs only 7 minutes on the screen, requires 9,200 drawings on transparent celluloid, and a full day's work by a sizable orchestra to synchronize the music and sound effects.

Painting houses is required now by law in Santiago, Chile.

Today the average American eats 18 times as much sugar as the average Chinaman, which explains perhaps why manufacturers of reducing drugs grow fat in our country and starve to

death in the Celestial Empire.

The number of estates, for which banks and trust companies serve as trustees, is about 10 times larger today than in 1923, a development that is causing increased unemployment among stock swindlers and other financial racketeers.



Three of every ten radio sets are in operation sometime during the daylight hours, and two of every three are turned on sometime each night, with emphasis on the sometime.

Passports reveal that 30% of all Americans who go abroad are New Yorkers, that 37% have had previous passports, 9% go for business, 7% go for education and 68% give Western Europe as their destination.

The Hollywood Bowl sound reflector is so effective that a birdshot falling only one quarter of an inch can be heard in three quarters of the seats.

Cornstalks have been always our greatest crop waste, but now scientists have worked out about 200 industrial uses for them, chief among which is the manufacture of insulated wall-board.

Collier's will pay \$1 each for unusual, brief facts accepted for this column. Give source of information. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York.



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

"Gloomy care and fear
Vanish from our track, oh!
Fade and disappear—
Banished by tobacco."—ANON.

...no end
of reasons for Granger!

A COOLER smoke... a drier pipe... the sweetest, mellowest tobacco that ever packed a briar.

Try it for yourself: Load your pipe on the "installment plan;" pack the big shaggy flakes tight; light evenly, all around; draw deep of that full rich fragrance.

Smokers, that's a smoke—pipe tobacco, gentlemen, that IS pipe tobacco!

LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.

GRANGER

ROUGH CUT



A COOLER SMOKE AND A DRIER PIPE

The New **CHAMPIONS** make every engine *perform better*



Every engine becomes a better performing engine with a set of the new improved Champion Spark Plugs. No mere statement by us is one half as convincing as the demonstration itself—buy and install a set today



Change spark plugs every 10,000 miles
for better engine performance



CHAMPION SPARK PLUG COMPANY, TOLEDO, OHIO; WINDSOR, ONTARIO

A Money Lender is Converted

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that we could bring customers back to us again and again, but when we were that good we were not taking care of the smaller borrower who needed small sums. We were helping out only the homes that were able to give best collateral for larger sums; taking only the cream of the business.

"How many times have I seen a poor fellow come into an office and ask for a loan. The agent would ask him how much he needed. If the worried visitor had only been able to need several hundred dollars he would have gotten it without trouble. But if he timidly said, 'Why, only ten dollars,' he might as well have asked for a million."

Shark Hunting in Chicago

No doubt, in your town some newspaper, at one time or another, has attacked the "loan sharks." The Associated Charities, Better Business Bureaus, the Legal Aid Society, the city attorney, the county attorney, the chief of police, the sheriff, all the officials and all the forces of decency and justice jumped on the loan sharks at one time and perhaps drove them out of town—for a while. But they came back. This is proof of the statement of both personal finance operators and sociologists that the public must have the lawful, licensed, state-supervised personal finance company to fall back upon, just as the business man has his bank, to tide him over tight places, when the business of the home needs occasional sudden cash.

"Whenever they all turned on us," my informant told me, "there was only one thing for us to do and that was to get out as fast as we could with as little loss as possible. You don't know how it feels to have the entire public and all its machinery of indignation turned against you. If you had a warehouse full of seized furniture ready to sell at auction you let it lie there and eat its head off until the storm died down."

There's no wonder the public gets mad in city after city, time after time, as facts come to light. Here's an actual record of loans and payments from one city:

M. B. borrowed \$5 and paid back as interest \$61.

J. S. borrowed \$5 and paid back as interest \$54.

T. C. borrowed \$3.40 and paid back as interest \$45.20.

C. D. borrowed \$6 and paid back as interest, in two and one half years, \$46.

I. S. borrowed \$10 and paid back as interest \$138. She was only three years, one month and sixteen days paying the \$138 interest on the \$10.00 which she borrowed.

And here's something about the duties of a loan office collector; that is, a salaried employee of a small-sum lender of the vicious type:

It's his job to find borrowers of sums ranging from five to fifteen dollars. To do this he'll get one borrower to introduce him to a possible new customer. Or he may get some one employee in an office or perhaps a timekeeper or even a foreman in a factory to send customers to him.

He must get about two thousand dollars of his employer's money loaned out. That's about as much business as the individual, salaried small-loan collector of the \$10 to \$15 class can handle. But if he handles it well he will make a profit of \$650 a month on it. He may receive \$150 a month of this sum for himself; the \$500 per month profit goes to the man, in some dingy little office,

who is using several little "job lots" of \$2,000 each to make a handsome income for himself.

"About the roughest ride that money lenders ever got in this country," my informant told me, "was in the city of Chicago. Judge Kenesaw Mountain Landis, now the 'czar of baseball,' gave it to the sharks."

"A Chicago newspaper back in 1914 started a drive on money lenders. Thousands of people turned up with complaints against the loan offices. Where the interest was not exorbitant nothing was done but many cases turned up where borrowers had reached the end of their ropes."

"All of a sudden the idea filled the air that the thing for a harassed borrower to do was to go into bankruptcy, just as if he were a merchant, a factory owner or a railroad that had failed in business. There was a rush of civic-minded Chicago lawyers to accept such bankruptcy cases at very small fees, or, perhaps, at none."

"Judge Landis was sitting on the Federal bench. When this kind of a bankruptcy case came before him (and he had hundreds of them) he would say to the clerk of his court:

"Issue a bench warrant for the man who lent this money. Have him bring his records."

"The money lender would come into court, perhaps for the first time in all his business career. Judge Landis would growl at him:

"How much did you lend this man?" "The lender would tell the court what his record showed."

"How long ago?"

"When this question was answered from the money lender's record, the judge would snap out:

"How much has this man paid back to you?"

"The lender would name the sum. And then the judge would ask:

"What rate of interest is that?"

"Of course the money lender would hesitate. Usually the calculation would be too much for him to work out by mental arithmetic. He'd stutter or hesitate with embarrassment and then the judge would cap it all by shouting:

"Get off into that little side room there and take a pencil and paper and find out what rate of interest you've been charging this bankrupt. Then come back and tell me."

The Lender Ponders

"That was rough riding, let me tell you. The room would be full of reporters and of enemy onlookers. A lender would come back into the room, stammer, and try to evade the judge's direct question. That didn't help."

"The judge would look down at him and shout out his name as if the lender himself were a prisoner."

"John Jones, what rate of interest does your own record show you charged this bankrupt? What rate per year? That's what this court wants to know!"

"One hundred per cent," the lender might have to answer. "Three hundred per cent," was the answer of many. And plenty of them had to stand up in that Federal court before the busy reporters and say, 'Five hundred and eighty per cent.'

"And that would be the end of the case. The judge would declare the bankrupt free of his debt because of the illegal rate of interest. The lender would stand exposed. And one more fellow, perhaps with a nice family, who

(Continued on page 44)



Drink your own health in the Saline Cocktail

GO right on drinking your own health in tomato juice, clam juice, sauerkraut juice, fruit juice. These "health-cocktails" are a fine idea.

But for those 7 A. M.'s who climb out of bed half-sick, dull as Old Man Gloom—the best cocktail is the Saline Cocktail!

Today—get a bottle of Sal Hepatica from your druggist. And tomorrow morning, if you wake up sluggish, headache, depressed, pour a teaspoon or so of Sal Hepatica into a glass of cool, fresh water.

Drink it down—this bubbling, sparkling cocktail!

For Sal Hepatica cleanses the whole system. It combats acids, rids the in-

testinal tract of toxic wastes, and purifies the bloodstream. Constipation, headaches, colds, rheumatism, digestive disorders—all yield promptly to its saline action.

In Europe, year in and year out, the great spas are crowded with people of wealth and position; come to regain their health by drinking the saline waters. And Sal Hepatica is the efficient American equivalent of the famous European spas.

From your doctor, learn more about the saline method. Ask him about Sal Hepatica. And when your system is sluggish and toxic, try a saline cocktail each morning for a week. You will find your general tone rising with every day; your skin will clear; and you'll have a more optimistic view of life and humanity.

Sal Hepatica

At your druggist's 30¢, 60¢, and \$1.20



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Kindly send me the Free Booklet that explains the many benefits of Sal Hepatica.

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THE CIGARETTE IS MIGHTIER THAN THE PEN..

No thanks, Mr. Webster . . . no words today. OLD GOLD, the cigarette itself, tells its own story better than all the diction in the dictionary. One pack's worth more than a thousand words. 158 victories in 165 public *taste-tests* of the four leading brands showed how even a few puffs could tell OLD GOLD'S taste-winning, throat-thrilling story. Light up . . . and write up your own opinion.

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CIGARETTES
NOT A COUGH IN A CARLOAD

(Continued from page 43)

had been sneaking by, in society, by telling friends and acquaintances that he was in the 'real estate and loan business' would find himself branded a loan shark."

There came a time, about a dozen years ago, when some of the leading money lenders of the country began to discover something sickening to themselves in the state of their business.

The man who was telling me his story put it this way:

"We saw mass production growing. We saw mass distribution increasing. National advertising was used by all sorts of businesses to create and popularize national trade-marks and when these trade-marks were accepted by the public we saw that the firm that owned one was forced to keep its reputation established, by fair play, or lose the millions it had spent in buying public confidence.

According to Law

"Another thing we saw was that mass financing was needed by the public. It had come to stay. The big banks began to lend to the general public. Credit unions were spreading rapidly, and so were building and loan societies:

"The sociologists of the Russell Sage Foundation and of other institutions who were studying the question of how to save the masses from being bled by money lenders announced to the world that their studies showed small loans were necessary.

"Well, the whole world knew by that time that the American home, as a unit, was a good risk. The motor-car industry knew it. So did everyone else who sold on the installment system.

"We money lenders began to wonder if there wasn't some decent way of lending money to people without going against the law.

"But the trouble was, there wasn't any sensible law. State legislatures, all over the country, were passing foolish laws. Some of them even tried to abolish all industrial lending. One would say we couldn't charge more than seven per cent annual interest. Another would make it ten. Still another might make it three, only one half of what banks charge.

"Lots of us who were anxious to be decent tried establishing chains, just like chain stores.

"If we could only get these on a fair and decent basis, to meet the reasonable demand which even the reformers said existed for personal loan agencies, we knew our business would be better and that we might be finally accepted as one of the legitimate businesses of the nation.

"It was all a matter of getting the right arithmetic of the business of money lending.

"Just about this time sociologists of the Russell Sage Foundation and other institutions persuaded philanthropists of several kinds to put money into various semiphilanthropic loan agencies for the public. Their idea was to drive the high-rate loan agencies out of business by reducing the rate of interest.

"These experimenters found it desirable to pay a six per cent dividend to those who advanced them money for lending purposes, to say nothing of meeting business costs. These semiphilanthropic loan agencies were often supercautious: borrowers frequently found it difficult to secure money from them. Of course we professional lenders watched them closely as they experimented along.

"Some of them in their experimenting did such things as charging for the examination of the record of the borrower and if they decided not to make the loan the borrower still would have to pay the examination fee. Some of

them would charge twenty-five cents for a collection letter written by them. In some cases if they found it necessary to send a man out to the customer's house they charged for the carfare. They charged for all collection expenses, though their actual interest rates were only from one and one half to two per cent a month. The small borrower frequently did not receive loans. But these experiments made a demonstration of possible improvement in small-loan laws and were able to pay six per cent to several philanthropists who loaned the money. After their success they advocated the passage of certain laws.

"Several states began to pass these laws and the money lenders began to fight them.

"But, all of a sudden, an unexpected thing happened to us in the state of Michigan, right in Detroit, the home of mass production and of mass credit.

"Michigan passed a law, backed by the sociologists. It forced money lenders to take out a state license. It fixed a rate of interest that ran as high as two per cent a month.

"Well, we decided that we couldn't operate in Michigan at two per cent a month and made plans to get out. But no personal finance dealer can stop his business abruptly. He has too much outstanding money to collect. We figured that it would take us about one year to collect our debts.

"So we arranged to take out a state license and do a little short-time business on the two per cent a month basis under it while we were making our collections on our old high-rate loans. We didn't intend to lend out much money under the new low-rate law, not more than we could easily collect within the year.

"We openly advertised in the paper that we were licensed money lenders.

"We advertised the new, low rates, made legal under the new law. And our office immediately contained the most surprised set of executives you ever saw!

"The demand for loans instantly became greater. We could not afford to make the smaller loans of from five to a hundred dollars at the legal two per cent rate, but we found that larger sums at this rate yielded a satisfactory profit. There were more people who wanted money. They had been afraid of us. Now their fear was gone because our rates were low and we were legal. Under this cheap rate we found we were getting a greater demand, more money in the business, collections were easier, and losses were away down. The public appreciated it. We had standing, were licensed by the state and business was legalized. Yesterday they called us loan sharks; today we were licensed lenders.

Removing the Taint

"The only trouble with the new law was that the rate was too low and that some of its provisions were not fair to the borrower; they were hard for him to understand and to calculate.

"Well, there were so many of us personal loan dealers who liked the new law which we had once so desperately fought that we made up our minds to try to make peace with our enemies, the Russell Sage Foundation and other similar organizations, and try to come to terms with them.

"We sent a committee to the Sage Foundation in New York City. They had theory; we had actual experience.

"Let's agree on a law that will be good for all states and that will be fair to everybody," we suggested.

"All right," they said, "if it's a fair law."

"And so we worked it out, the Uni-

form State Law for personal finance companies.

"What punishment will you men agree to if you break this Uniform State Law?" the sociological experts asked us.

"Prison," we said.

"And that's the way it stands today." *Three and one-half per cent a month, interest, to be collected only on unpaid balances.* That's the rate the licensed small-loan dealers are allowed to charge under the uniform small-loan law which was devised in the conferences between the Sage Foundation and the money lenders themselves, something over ten years ago.

This law has the O. K. of all the sociologists who are experts on the subject of small loans and mass finance. It also has the O. K. of twenty-one states in the Union, which have accepted it with slight local variations. The chief benefit of the three and one-half per cent rate is that it enables the small borrowers to secure loans without loss to the lenders.

And the funny part of this practical American modernization of an ancient and generally disreputable business is that the licensed money lenders, in twenty-one states, are now fighting side by side with sociologists to pass the uniform small-loan law in the remaining states. States that have the law are: Arizona, Connecticut, Florida, Georgia, Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Louisiana, Maine, Maryland, Massachusetts, Michigan, New Hampshire, Ohio, Oregon, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, Tennessee, Utah, Virginia, Wisconsin. In the remaining states, for the most part, the old-fashioned, heartless, greedy, merciless, outside-the-law loan sharks are still making small loans, say of \$50 or less, at viciously high rates. Some still exist on the sly—they are called salary-buyers—in all the states.

Now It's Respectable

And now please do not conclude from what has been written above that personal borrowing has been made more justifiable for you as an individual.

"I never advise anyone to borrow money from a personal loan agency," said one of the leaders in the new movement. "I tell them not to, if they can help it. But I do tell them that, if they see a state license hung up in a loan office, and that if the rate of interest is three and one-half per cent a month or less on *unpaid* balances, up to \$300, and that if the husband and wife are both asked to sign the note, they may be sure that they are dealing with a money retailer who is reliable."

A few weeks ago a group of three hundred men held a three-day convention in the vast assembly hall of the national Chamber of Commerce in Washington. They represented an industry welcomed for the first time to the chamber; an industry that is today accepted by other industries in the chamber as being, with them, a part of the American machinery of business.

The organization is called The American Association of Personal Finance Companies. It is made up of business men who have been attracted recently to this field because the business in many states has been made decent, fair and legal by the uniform small-loan law.

"And some day," said one of the lenders at this convention, "after we have put the personal finance business on a sure and certain footing, it will become as respectable a thing for the head of a household to borrow money, when abrupt need arises, as it is for a business man to do so at his bank.

"The legal, licensed personal finance business will be as commonplace as a bank or a post-office."

A Mother's Kiss May Spread Disease



Newly discovered! Pepsodent Antiseptic Mouth Wash **3 to 11* times more powerful in killing germs than other** **leading antiseptics!! Checks bad breath far longer!!!**

THIS new and revolutionary discovery by Pepsodent proves how far science has advanced, in the past decade, in its fight against dangerous germs. Fifty years ago little was known about bacteria, hence little could be done in our effort to destroy them. Today, we stand far better equipped with the discovery of the powerful Pepsodent Antiseptic Mouth Wash."

Those are the words of a distinguished scientist after completing laboratory tests on this far-reaching new discovery. Some of America's leading bacteriological laboratories duplicate his work and find the same phenomenal results. That is impressive proof of its superiority.

From Pepsodent laboratories

This remarkable discovery is a new and powerful weapon in fighting germs. It combats bad breath immediately.

The formula comes from the Pepsodent

tooth paste laboratories, whose contribution to dental hygiene has won high recognition. Under the label of Pepsodent Antiseptic Mouth Wash it is being widely distributed in the public interest.

Cleanses—purifies the mouth

The active agent used in Pepsodent Mouth Wash, as determined by standard tests, is many times more potent than pure carbolic acid, for all time the standard germicide. Pepsodent Mouth Wash is non-poisonous, safe and soothing.

Immediately after you use it, 95% of the germs in the mouth are destroyed. Their number is still reduced 70% at the end of two hours' time—that is far longer acting than other leading mouth washes.

"We find," states one laboratory, "Pepsodent Mouth Wash kills the stubborn pus-producing germs (M. Aureus) in the fastest time it is possible for science to

record—faster than is even claimed for other leading mouth washes." Tests prove that it kills in the same time germs associated with pneumonia, diphtheria, typhoid fever, and many others.

Checks bad breath

With this revolutionary discovery comes a social safeguard: remarkable protection against offensive breath. A laboratory director states: "Tests prove conclusively that Pepsodent Mouth Wash overcomes bad breath 1 to 2 hours longer than many other leading antiseptic mouth washes."

At your druggist's—today

Your druggist has just received this new discovery. Go today and get a bottle. Secure this added protection to your family's health, plus this new and greater assurance of a pure, sweet breath.



Consult Your Dentist, Physician

In the opinion of some authorities, most breath odors come from such minor causes as neglected, unclean mouth, tooth decay, slight infections of nose and throat, excessive smoking. If, after using Pepsodent Mouth Wash, bad breath persists in returning, seek medical and dental advice to remove the cause.

*Most people add water before using a mouth wash. Hence, dilutions of Pepsodent Mouth Wash are compared with other antiseptics tested either at full strength or in the dilution recommended by the manufacturer. It goes many times as far as mouth washes which must be used FULL STRENGTH to be effective.

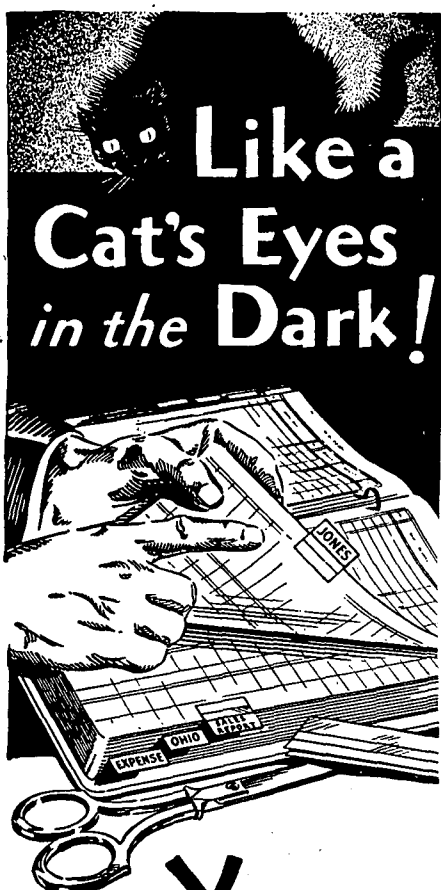
COSTS MUCH LESS

Pepsodent Antiseptic Mouth Wash

A revolutionary mouth wash just discovered by the Pepsodent tooth paste laboratories

His Brother's Keeper

Continued from page 11



Like a Cat's Eyes in the Dark!

YOU simply can't fail to see them -- they can't be hidden! You don't have to hunt! That's the way your reference records stand out when they are indexed with

RAND
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INDEX TABS

1. Type, write, or print label.



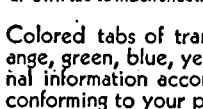
2. Insert label in strip of Mak-ur-own.



3. Cut Mak-ur-own strip to fit label--no waste.



4. Attach finished Mak-ur-own tab to index sheet.



Colored tabs of transparent celluloid, -- orange, green, blue, yellow, pink or clear -- signal information according to classifications -- conforming to your present system or creating system where there was none before.

Your stationer can supply you -- any quantity from six inches to a mile. Ask him.

To make at least six of your most important records as easy to see as a cat's eyes in the dark, mail the coupon.

THE VICTOR SAFE & EQUIPMENT CO.
Marietta, Ohio

Send FREE the Cat's Eyes--Advertised in Collier's March 21

Name

Address

"Thanks, Jack," he whispered. "Don't fret!"

The ex-warder's eyes were suddenly full of tears.

"Have a good time, Jimmy . . . I can stand it all right, Jimmy. There's forty pounds in the top left-hand drawer of my chest of drawers in my room. 'Tis all I got. Take it--and have a good holiday."

"Thanks--thanks, old man. Don't worry. I'll be back."

They exchanged a grip. That of the Judas was the more convincing. It always is.

The cell door closed and "Warder Smith" went angrily down the corridor to deal with the convict who was making forbidden noises. . . .

His heart stood still when he went off duty, for it chanced that the chief warder was present. And this one's heavy-lidded glance dwelt on him for a few seconds.

"You don't look quite yourself, Smith," he said. "Time you had a bit of leave."

Ex-661 pressed his hand to his stomach and half groaned as he answered:

"I've been suffering here, sir, last few days--something I et--" (Jack would have said "et"). "It'll be all right, sir!"

The chief warder nodded and ex-661 left the prison, walking tranquilly, without haste. He smiled and hummed a tune as he ransacked at his leisure his brother's quarters. If there was any cloud on his horizon it seemed in that moment of triumph to be so small that it was hardly a shadow--the shadow of Detective Inspector Tenbold.

At about midday he took the train to London.

EX-661--or, as he now called himself, John Wilson--proceeded to enjoy himself in London. But wallowing in the sheer gratification of his sensual needs was costly. At the end of ten days he was reduced to his last five pounds.

That meant he must see, next day, about working his way out of England. That did not worry him much. He had worked his way on ships before -- and he believed that Jack would not "panic" if he did not put in an appearance promptly.

"Still, I must get a move on," he told himself. "One more decent dinner to-night, now, and I'll get to work."

He turned into a restaurant, found a table and settled down to his last few pounds' worth of luxury.

The bottle of champagne he ordered charmed him into a mood of purring satisfaction. Except occasionally to regret that his brother had not saved a little more money, he had not a doubt nor a care in the world for, as he said, he "knew his way about."

Halfway through his meal it occurred remotely to his wine-lulled instincts of caution that something was wrong. It was a purely animal reaction--the instinct of a creature accustomed to be hunted.

Ex-661 went a little rigid. He did not know why. He put down, untouched, the third glass of wine he had been raising, and looked about him.

A few minutes of stealthy scrutiny of the people at neighboring tables satisfied him that no danger threatened from them.

Yet, by now, alarm bells were clanging in his very soul.

He searched the many wall mirrors about him--and at last understood the subtle panic that had gripped him.

Some distance away, behind him and to his right, was a small table for two, set near a big pillar.

The heavy, whitish face of a man was visible from behind this pillar.

This man was not eating. Instead, he was staring intently, with odd, rather close-set, curiously colorless eyes, at ex-661.

And, suddenly, the veins of ex-661 were choked with ice--for these were the eyes of his incubus, Detective Inspector Tenbold!

And Tenbold knew him.

He sensed it instantly . . . and as instantly was again the desperately wary and dangerously cunning wolf he had been on the day he left Brandmoor.

It was desperately difficult but he succeeded in refraining from looking at Tenbold again. And he ate his meal with every appearance of tranquillity to the very end, lingered a little over a cigarette, made a small joke when he paid the waiter, and presently strolled out to the street.

Within half an hour he knew he was being shadowed. And when he finally reached the house in which he had a room he was sure he had been tracked almost to the doorstep.

Yet he knew also that for an hour or so he was safe from interruption--for he judged correctly that Tenbold was doing even as he would have done himself; namely, telephoning to Brandmoor to ask if the convict Berris was safely in his cell.

He was quite cool now.

For he knew what Brandmoor would say to that.

Nevertheless he believed himself in danger, for he knew something of the extraordinary tenacity and intuition of Tenbold. No matter how promptly and adequately Brandmoor answered the detective's inquiry, ex-661 sensed that he would be shadowed for a time. Tenbold would want to know something about a man who looked so exactly like one who should be in jail for many years to come--and, with next to no money, ex-661 knew that he was going to find it difficult to avoid the detective long.

He sat down, rigidly steady, now and desperately cool, and began to think things out.

When presently he went to bed, his plans were complete--and as cruel and cold-blooded as they were complete.

EX-661 rose at dawn and wiped everything he had touched in that room carefully with a handkerchief soaked in whisky. For he knew that Tenbold would need only one glance at any clear fingerprint of his to spring on him like a tiger.

Then he had breakfast in his room, paid his bill and left. . . .

It took him an hour to shake off his shadow in the confusion of a big crowd at a sale at one of the huge West End emporiums.

Then he headed for Brandmoor, traveling partly by train, partly by bus, partly on foot. He called in at a dentist's and a chemist's as he passed through a small town. . . .

"So far, so good," he said, and made himself some tea. No more whisky for him--till Jack was dead and buried.

He reported for duty sharp on time. "Been in the wars, haven't you?" said the chief warder, eying the gap created by the two missing upper teeth.

"Yes, sir--a pickpocket in London. I grabbed him--a shrimp of a chap--but he could hit. Got these teeth and cut my cheek to the bone!"

The chief warder eyed the big criss-cross of sticking plaster.

"Huh! Bad cut?"

"The doctor said he reckoned I was scarred for life, sir!"

"Pity," said the chief warder. "Man get away?"

"Yes, sir."

"Huh! You want to be careful next time you go to town, Smith!" he said impassively, and passed on.

Ex-661 grinned deep down in his soul. He had hated savagely the necessity of having those teeth out and of incising that two-inch gash under the plaster--but it was worth it. . . .

HE WAS on night duty a few nights later and stole a minute with Jack.

The significance of the new marks did not occur at once to the pseudo-convict.

But ex-661 pointed them out softly, in a tone of bitter regret.

Then Jack saw.

He stared at his brother, horrified.

"But, Jim--Jim--how am I going to get back?" he asked. "I can't take on the uniform without a scar and two teeth missing--and you can't take on the prison clothes with a scar and two teeth missing! What--what can we do?"

Ex-661 slid a blue-clad arm around his brother's shoulder.

"Easy, boy, easy. Keep your head. I'll fix up something--give me a few days--a week or two. . . . False teeth--let the cut heal a bit--have an accident to your cheek in the quarry. I'll manage all right, Jack--stick it, boy, for a little bit longer. I'm working for you. . . ."

Jack nodded, staring dully, and the "warder" went out, marveling that so far his brother had not thought of the obvious thing--the fingerprints.

That was what he feared--the fingerprints! The fingerprints--they haunted his evil soul by day, by night. If Jack thought of that and, getting unbearably tired, requested an interview with the prison governor, told the truth and demanded a comparison of fingerprints, what would happen?

He would lose--he was lost. Twins or no twins, the fingerprints--he stopped short in the corridor at an idea that electrified him.

But--were their fingerprints different? Are the fingerprints of twins different?

He did not know--but he would soon find out.

If they were alike all was well. He would remain free, resign as soon as he could lay up enough money and clear out of the country, leaving Jack to convince the governor if he could.

If the fingerprints were not alike--why, so much the worse for Jack. For he, ex-661, was quite prepared to kill Jack, to kill anybody, even, in the last resort, himself, rather than return to the tomb from which, by a miracle of good fortune, he had contrived to resurrect himself.

His plastered face white and bitterly resolute, "Warder" James Smith prowled the corridors of Brandmoor like a beast of prey; while in his cell "Convict 661" sat staring at the stone wall.

Ex-661 was ingenious with the cruel and implacable ingenuity of desperation.

He reminded his brother, who was growing thinner and more lined, that if worst came to worst the fingerprints would always be ample proof.

(Continued on page 50)

There's a lot of shooting, too

... with fountain pens and order books!

IF YOU read the newspapers, you probably have the idea that a bandit's gun explodes at approximately 30-second intervals in Chicago. And as Mark Twain remarked about his prematurely reported death... "it's very much exaggerated."

But there is a lot of shooting of *another kind*! Hundreds of keen-eyed men are firing straight from their vest-pockets and brief cases... *with fountain pens and order books*. They're hitting their targets, too!

And it's interesting to observe how much fussier these marksmen are nowadays about keeping themselves in *fighting trim*.

Quite naturally, therefore, the Palmer House becomes an even greater feature in their Big City days. The Big City is a cramped sort of place at best... so the guest rooms at the Palmer House are commodious; long, broad and a bit high in the ceiling. A six-footer can be comfortable in the tubs... and he can just about get lost in the luxurious dimensions of the bath towels. He can unpack a wardrobe trunk in his clothes closet and take setting-up exercises in the bathroom.

Service comes into the guest rooms through the Servidors without the intrusion of servants; a happy thought for the man who is irritated by the American tip-system.

A gentleman may enjoy a song in his bath without fear of being heard through the walls. Showers perform their duties accurately, spraying needles of water into tubs; never at ceilings. Even the beds deserve a word or two, for someone exercised rare judgment on them. Soft mattresses atop deep springs seem to sing lullabies of sleep.

Of course it takes some courage to go hunting for business these days. There's "plenty doing" in Chicago, however, for the man who keeps himself in fighting trim. And you can do it at the Palmer House—"next door to everything"—where guest rooms may be had for as little as \$4, \$5 and \$6 a day.

WALTER L. GREGORY, *Manager*



"NEXT DOOR TO EVERYTHING"

FROM THE WOMAN'S VIEWPOINT

A floor exclusively for women
Floor clerks and reception parlors on
all floors

Two libraries. A hospital with nurses
and doctors always on duty

Children's open-air and enclosed
playrooms. Educational supervisors

Tea-time concerts in the Great Hall.
Dining rooms with dance or sym-
phony music—and also without music

Beauty parlors and fashion shops
right in the hotel

Expert women shoppers, to accom-
pany you or to do your shopping.

Send your name and address to the Palmer
House, Room 2368, for either (or both) of these
booklets: *Chef Amiet's 25 Favorite Recipes*, for
use in your home. *Chicago's Everyday "World's
Fair"*—a guide to things worth seeing.

Rates: \$4.00 and more; \$6.00 and more with twin
beds (for 2 guests). Every Room with Private Bath

STATE STREET, MONROE STREET AND WABASH AVENUE
C H I C A G O

Westinghouse Radio

A FULL-SIZE, FULL-TONE RADIO THAT TAKES

NOT JUST A NEW SET . . . NOT JUST A NEW IDEA . . . BUT
A WHOLE NEW TREND IN RADIO DESIGN . . . ALL THROUGH
A NEW AND EXCLUSIVE PRINCIPLE OF CONSTRUCTION

A FIVE-FOOT column of air! What is mysterious, what is magical about that? Nothing! And yet . . .

Through a five-foot column of air, Westinghouse engineers have vastly improved radio performance . . . and given radio an entirely new dress!

The result of their labors is the "Columaire"—newest Westinghouse Radio.

It is called "Columaire" because, like the pipe organ, it gets its tone quality through a slender, upright hollow cabinet of natural wood, five feet high, with the speaker at the upper end . . . Directing sound upward results in distributing sound evenly over the room. The pipe-organ effect provides better reception of low tones. A special acoustical harmonizer in speaker brings even greater clarity, more perfect articulation on voice reproduction.

But more radical than all this is the entirely new appearance it gives to radio!

The Westinghouse "Columaire" is a grace-

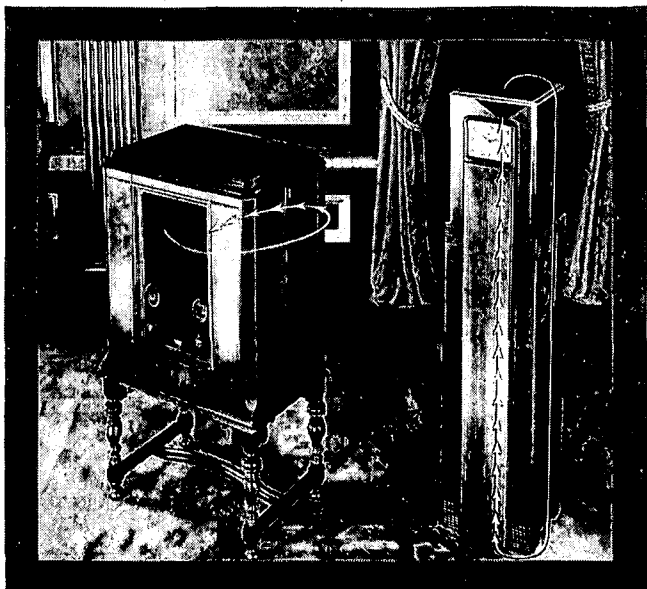
ful, 5-foot column that looks like no other piece of furniture. It occupies less than one square foot of floor space. It can go in a corner or against a wall.

The simple lines avoid all dust-catching. An electric clock makes it a dual-use instrument. Controls and dials are located at the side, out of sight . . . the speaker concealed in the top.

The set has a nine-tube super-heterodyne circuit with screen-grid amplifiers and detector, identical to those sets which have been so dramatically demonstrated in Westinghouse "tough-spot" tests. It is highly sensitive and selective over the entire broadcasting range. Local-distant switch and tone control are standard.

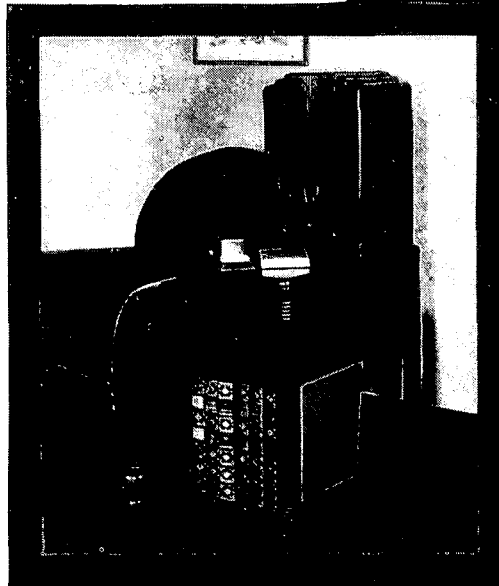
The cabinet is in original wood . . . simply carved and finished with a soft satin sheen.

Since the Westinghouse "Columaire" is essentially a custom-built radio, only a limited number are available. Your dealer has just a few. See them by all means today.



HERE'S THE LONG BAFFLE. Low and high frequencies travel the shortest distance from the speaker, around the baffle, to the speaker again. The shorter the distance, the fewer tones you hear. Notice the extra length of the baffle of the "Columaire" (right) as compared with the conventional cabinet (left). That's the reason for the "Columaire's" unique acoustical performance . . . its rare tone quality.

The New "Columette" (below) is first table model built with 8-tube super-heterodyne chassis using the "Columaire" acoustic principle. End Table Phonograph unit, shown with it, converts most radios into a radio-phonograph.



PRE-SHOWING IN NEW YORK! Here you see the New Westinghouse "Columaire," radical departure in radio design, being exhibited to a "First Night" audience in New York. Women particularly, were thrilled by its new design.

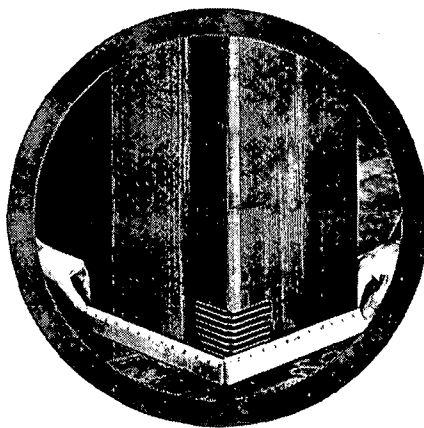
PIONEER OF

presents the "Columaire"

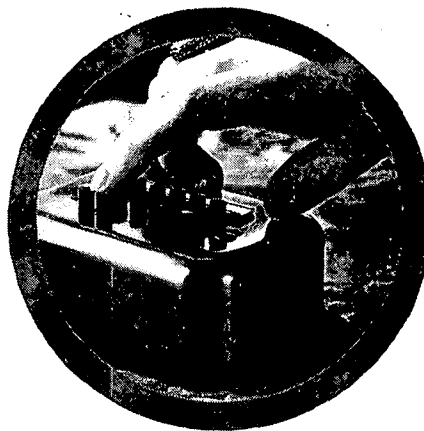
ONLY ONE SQUARE FOOT OF FLOOR SPACE



NEW FEATURES OF THE "COLUMAIRE"



ONE SQUARE FOOT! A handy foot rule shows what good news the "Columaire" brings to housewives to whom floor space is precious. It measures just 10 inches by 12½ inches—occupies less than one square foot! Yet it is a full-size full-grown radio in every sense of the word!



INSTANT, REMOTE CONTROL
... Press a button at your elbow, and automatically your choice of 6 stations comes in. That's remote control... automatic station selection at any distance from your set. You can sit in your favorite arm chair... and instantly, automatically select the station you want from the radio on the other side of the room. Other buttons control volume and turn the set off or on. Remote Control \$66.50 extra.



★ Trade-mark reg. applied for

© 1931, W. E. & Mfg. Co.

The price of the "Columaire" (shown above) is \$169.50. With remote control, \$236. The "Columette" (at left), an 8-tube, screen-grid set. Phonograph Pick-up End Table to go with "Columaire" or "Columette." Other models range from \$350, with remote control, to \$112.50. All prices are less Radiotrons.

RADIO IN THE HOME



Tune in the Westinghouse program every Sunday at 7 P. M., Eastern Standard Time, over KDKA, KYW, WBZ and other stations associated with the National Broadcasting Company.

Take 2 weeks out of life—for really Living



San Francisco's California offers you your best vacation

TAKE TWO WEEKS away from everyday to live and play in the glorious outdoorland that fascinating San Francisco centers.

On the famous Monterey Peninsula, with its gay Del Monte, Pebble Beach and lovely Carmel-by-the-Sea... in Yosemite and at Lake Tahoe, in the high Sierra mountains... in the evergreen forest of the ageless Redwoods... on Feather River and Russian River... in the storied ghost-towns of the days of '49... you'll find that California adds a thousand new sensations to your favorite sports and recreation.

San Francisco too, will thrill you as perhaps no other city ever has. Rising high on hills above the Golden Gate, gateway to Hawaii and the Orient, it is a marvelous sight to see... You'll walk through Chinatown and down along the waterfront, with its ships and men from far-off foreign ports. You'll dance and dine in great hotels and restaurants whose fame is heard around the world. You'll shop in brilliant modern stores



...Fishing in Lakes and Streams and in the Ocean...

and quaint old-world bazaars. You'll play in the Park and out on the ocean beach... And you'll learn a secret of living that you'll always thank San Francisco for.

Here old horizons broaden; and new experience enriches personality.

1931 is California's Fiesta Year and every week will see a splendid celebra-

Low Fares this Summer

Beginning May 15, low roundtrip fares will be in effect to San Francisco on all railroads. The Victory and Lincoln highways will be in good condition. Or you can come by air—or by steamship through the Panama Canal.

tion somewhere. So come this summer if you'd like some extra thrills.

Use the coupon to get a free illustrated book that tells you all about the things to see and do. Then you can start planning... for your best vacation.

Motoring through the Redwood Empire, a forest that has stood 2000 years.



SAN FRANCISCO
CENTER OF THE CALIFORNIA VACATIONLAND

CALIFORNIANS INC., Dept. 2703, 703 Market Street, San Francisco
Please send me the free illustrated book: "California Vacations"

NAME

STREET

CITY

STATE

His Brother's Keeper

Continued from page 46

"That is, if they are different—as they're bound to be. I suppose even twins' prints are different. But we'd better make sure!"

He got out the things he had in readiness, took a quick impression of Jack's fingers and hurried out of the cell.

At the next visit—a week later—he took with him two sets of his own, in duplicate, on one of which he had written "Jack's," on the other "Jim's."

One eager glance through the magnifying glass showed Jack that the sets were exactly identical.

He stared at his brother, a sudden real terror in his eyes.

"But, good God, Jim, I'm done for! If my prints are the same as yours, registered at Scotland Yard, and if anything happened to you, I'm here for nearly fifteen years!"

There was fear and horror in his voice.

"That won't happen, Jack," said ex-661 smoothly. "If they don't believe you—they'll believe me when I confess! Leave it to me, old man. Be patient. You shall be set free. I promise that, if necessary. But I've got a better idea. I can fix it so that neither of us ever sees the cell again. If you escape—ssh!—I'm fixing it—"

He listened, feigned to hear a sound, and went out.

Escape!

The word electrified the trapped man.

He slumped onto his bed, thinking, his eyes bright with hope. With a warder helping him—a warder as sharp-witted and clever as his brother Jim—escape might be possible!

And he knew the moor by heart. As a boy he had learned it for miles around—every nook and crevice and cranny of those gray rocks that encrusted it.

Yes—escape.

That was the solution.

There were great tears of relief rolling unnoticed down his flushed cheeks as he sat there thinking.

And because he was a man of simple heart he was faintly conscious of a sense of guilt—for once or twice there had flickered in on his consciousness a suspicion, ugly as the flickering tongue of a snake, that his brother intended to leave him where he was.

He was ashamed of that now. He ought to have known better. Jimmy loved him—had saved his life at the risk of his own... He crouched, abashed and ashamed, adoring his brother—that brother of the clever brain and generous heart—who was prowling the midnight corridors planning his perfect infamy...

"Warder" Smith's eye at the spy-hole, a little later, saw nothing more than the man called 661 kneeling, like a child, at his pallet.

SIX weeks later ex-661 conveyed to his brother the information that all was ready—except the opportunity.

"You understand now, Jack—when the chance comes I'll tell you in plain words—no signs. It will be when I'm nearest to you. When I say, 'Go for it,' don't wait, but go. Make for the five rocks they used to call the Monks in the Mist—remember 'em?"

"Yes, yes!"

"Under the middle one will be lying the remains of a dead sheep—drag it away and you'll find a few bits of wood over a hole—drag those away and you'll find some clothes wrapped in a waterproof sheet. You'll have start enough to get 'em on—then roll up the prison suit, put it in the hole, cover it with

the wood and the dead sheep and make for old Tom Penellen's farm. It's only a couple of miles.

"Young Tom—the old man's dead—will give you some money and carry you over as far as Exeter. There he'll hand you over to a man named Munstone, who will drive right away to Birmingham. In a fortnight you can be in Canada. Go right through to Vancouver—and call yourself Simms—Robert Simms. I'll join you there sooner or later. Can you remember all that, Jack?"

"Yes, yes!"

"Here, take this!"

A lump of tobacco slid into John Smith's trembling fingers.

"So long, boy!"

The "warder" was gone like a blue phantom.

IT WAS eleven months later and mid-winter when two convicts in charge of one warder were ordered out to clear a drain that was choked with an accumulation of semifrozen snow water.

It was a short and simple job, some three wide fields away from the prison.

"Warder" Smith was instructed to take Convicts 661 and 727 to do the work.

His scarred, gap-toothed face went grayish-white as he took his orders.

He marched his two men out ahead of him across the dazzling fields, heavily cloaked in newly fallen snow. He carried a rifle.

They came to the choked drain.

"Get to the lower end, 727," ordered the "warder." "Cut the snow out towards you and shovel it on the bank!... you take the top end, 661!"

He peered at the lower end.

"Get a move on, 727—sooner it's done the sooner you'll be in out of this weather!"

Convict 727 began to dig.

"Warder" James Smith slid his rifle "safe" off, and stepped back. He was on the knife edge of freedom—and knew it.

"Convict 661" waited—he too was on the knife edge of freedom.

Then the Judas whisper came like the hiss of a snake.

"Now, Jack—go for it!"

"Convict 661" dropped his shovel and ran, crouching a little as he ran.

Without a sound the "warder" half-wheeled, throwing his rifle to his shoulder.

Now—through the heart.

But he slipped in the deceptive snow as he turned, slithered, lost his balance and rolled, arms whirling, down the slight bank on which he had been standing. But he kept his grip on the rifle and he was up like a cat.

The running man was still an easy mark. "Warder" Smith dropped on one knee to make quite sure.

He did not hurry. He aimed steadily, searching for a heart shot—the shot which would forever free him from the slightest risk of serving his fifteen years.

He aimed with extreme care.

He was on it... no... yes... yes... yes!

His sights dead on his brother's heart, he pressed the trigger, for freedom.

Freedom it was. The rifle burst, for its barrel was choked with snow and mud, and the heavy bolt was driven clean out from its oily grooves straight through the eye of the man who fired, and the vile brain behind his eye.

With half his head blown away, "Warder" Smith slumped into the snow—and the freedom of death.

Convict 727 straightened up with a cry of horror. . . .

Warders poured out of the great gray prison.

And "661" ran for the Monks in the Mist.

Panting, he gained that place, made for the tall middle rock and—there was no sheep's body there, no fleece, no wood, nothing but the solid earth at the foot of each of those natural monoliths.

He hacked in frenzy with his heels at the ground at the base of each rock, realized that there never had been a hollow at either place, and so understood his brother at last. He groaned and faced the moor, plunging at random through the snowdrifts. Twenty minutes later he found himself staring at the muzzles of the rifles of two mounted warders.

He threw up his hands in a terrible gesture that was more like an appeal to the gray skies than a gesture of surrender . . . and presently marched back to the prison between the guards.

The governor of Brandmoor was, necessarily, a man of great patience, extreme acumen and enormous experience.

He listened to the frantic story of "661" in silence.

"Jimmy will tell you it's the truth, sir! Send for Jimmy—my brother—in charge of the party I escaped from—he's my brother—my twin brother, sir!" implored "661."

But the governor sent instead for certain old warders, long since pensioned, and, dismissing "661" temporarily, questioned them and other people about the past in the neighborhood of the prison, for a long time.

WHEN he sent them away he was convinced that many years ago there had been twin sons of a long-dead chief warder.

He had not forgotten an unusual night call received a long time ago from a detective at Scotland Yard—Detective Inspector Tenbold—asking whether the man convicted under the name of Berris was safely in his cell.

Now, he, in his turn, telephoned Scotland Yard and then recalled "661."

"Your story will be considered," he said. "And the fingerprints will show whether it is a true story. You understand that, 661? If your fingerprints are identical with those of the man booked in here and numbered 661—I warn you that almost certainly you will be assumed to be that man and will serve your term plus your punishment for an attempt to escape!"

"Convict 661" threw out his arms.

"But they are, sir! They're alike—Jim—my brother told me so!"

The governor's face was entirely impassive.

He made a sign to the chief warder—who moved to the desk.

"Steady, 661! Just do as you're told! Press your fingers here—yes—now here! Not too hard, man! Good . . . Attention!"

The chief warder stood back.

"But if you had Jimmy—Warder Smith—in, sir!" begged "661." "He could prove it."

"Warder Smith is dead!" said the governor. "But his fingerprints, too, have been taken. You have nothing to fear—if you are telling the truth!"

He thought for a moment longer, then dismissed the chief warder and "661." . . .

IT WAS all very simple to Detective-Inspector Tenbold, who arrived next day. He studied the fingerprints of the dead "warder." They matched microscopically with those of the man Berris and with those of the real 661.

Those of John Smith were totally unlike those of the real convict.

"There's no question about it, sir," Tenbold told the governor, presently, "the man's telling the truth. . . ."

In the end and after many days the governor sent for John Smith.

"Well, Smith," he said. "I have done my best for you . . . and you are free. I suppose there are penalties prescribed somewhere for what you did—but nobody in authority seems anxious to enforce them. . . . No. . . . So, you are free."

The governor stood up and, stiffly, John Smith rose, facing him.

"There's this . . ." said the governor.

"Don't be bitter about it, Smith. In the end all's well. I am not allowed to keep you here as warder any longer—you wouldn't care for that, in any case. If I can help you at any time, let me know. I'll do my best for you . . . you see, I understand. I, too, have had a brother. . . . Well, good luck to you!"

The governor offered his hand—and presently John Smith walked out of the prison, quietly, unhurrying, unscorted, in the manner of a private citizen.

He had long ago forgiven Jimmy. . . . He would never understand quite how Jimmy could have brought himself to doing and attempting to do the things that were now forever finished with. Perhaps the prison life had sent him mad. . . . Poor old Jimmy. . . . No use dwelling on it.

He went on like a man in a dream. But the dream was not intolerably unpleasant—and already his slow mind was beginning to plan, rather humbly, some sort of a future.

Darby and Jones

Continued from page 13

razorbacks is there that I've borrowed from the canvas boss to hold down the bag, and Boy-Joe has got his new green tights on. He's got his pants on over the lower part of 'em because there's a big crowd of yahoos gathered around, and I guess he feels bashful, sort of.

"I show the razorbacks how to hold the bottom of the bag out away from the fire pit, and then I crawl in underneath and start the fire. Pretty soon she gets good and hot inside and begins to swell out, so I crawl under the edge and take off my pants and shirt, and there I am in the old red tights with spangles on 'em that I uster wear, and white Roman gladiator sandals. Yes, and I looked pretty good for an old feller. "Didn't I, Ma?"

"Yair, you really did look fine, Joe," said Ma. "Fine. But it's lucky I'd darned 'em."

"I looked fine, anyway," declared Pa Darby, chuckling to himself. "Well, the new spieler is spiling, and the band is playing, and there's a couple thousand hicks around and, believe me, it's all pretty swell. I turn to Boy-Joe and kind of poke him in the ribs, and say, 'How about it, kid? Pretty swell, what?' But it don't get much of a rise.

"Well, the old smokebag is puffing out and swaying around like a big gray pig, so I lays out the two chutes side by side on the grass and makes sure that the shroud lines is all clear and the little knives is fastened just right with their

(Continued on page 52)

What's your name and address please?

We want you to shave with Palmolive Shaving Cream for 7 days at our expense. That's how we win new users.

GENTLEMEN: When we began Palmolive Shaving Cream, we made a great discovery. Men do business with the house that leans over backwards to be fair.

Then and there we set up a policy that has played a major part in our success. Men are asked *not* to buy our product until they've tried it first at our expense.

That's our request to you. Hold your money. Let us spend ours. The merit of our product wins as steady customers 86 of every 100 men who try it.

We let 1,000 men decide

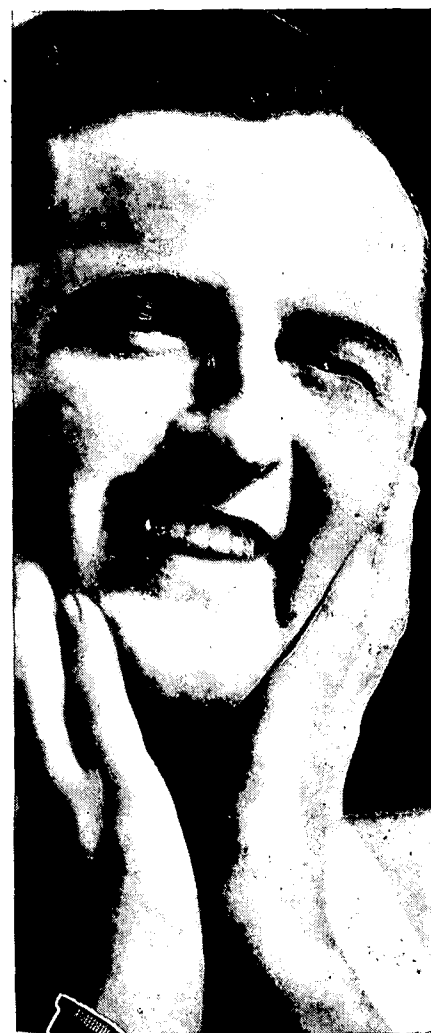
We had 1,000 men write down their ideas of a shaving cream. They told us where the others were at fault . . . what the one they wanted should be like. It took 129 attempts before we reached perfection—overcame the common evils and incorporated everyone's demands.

The olive oil principle, for the second time in this company's history, turned the trick. Five unique advantages were the result:

1. Multiplied itself in lather 250 times.
2. Softened the beard in one minute.
3. Maintained its creamy fullness for 10 minutes on the face.
4. Strong bubbles held the hairs erect for shaving.
5. Fine after-effects due to olive and palm oil content.

Please send the coupon

We want to repay you for your courtesy of giving us a trial. Accept this supply of shaving cream and see if you agree that it's entirely different from the rest. Your face deserves this much consideration. Please send the coupon.



New! Palmolive Shave Lotion

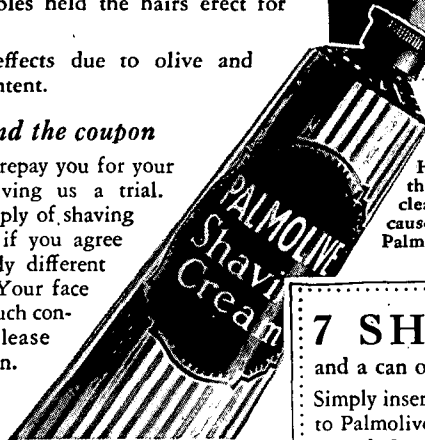
Here's a new way to leave the face tingling and fresh—clean and free of germs that cause infections. Try it! Also Palmolive After Shaving Talc.



7 SHAVES FREE

and a can of Palmolive After Shaving Talc. Simply insert your name and address and mail to Palmolive, Dept. M-1147, P. O. Box 375, Grand Central Post Office, New York City.

Name.....
Street.....
City..... State.....
(Please print your name and address)



6384

PALMOLIVE RADIO HOUR—Broadcast every Wednesday night—from 9:30 to 10:30 p. m., Eastern time; 8:30 to 9:30 p. m., Central time; 7:30 to 8:30 p. m., Mountain time; 6:30 to 7:30 p. m., Pacific Coast time—over WEA and 39 stations associated with The National Broadcasting Company.

30¢ Worth of Food-energy for your 5¢



Poached Eggs & Spinach 30¢
CALORIES 200

Bag PLANTERS Peanuts 5¢
CALORIES 208



When Planters says that Planters Peanuts are "The Nickel Lunch," it's getting down to real facts.

Two poached eggs on spinach (30c at most restaurants) has 200 calories against 208 calories for a nickel's worth of Planters Peanuts.

Nature has rammed and jammed Planters Peanuts full-to-bursting with vim and energy... made them a concentrated food that keeps you trim and fit.

But that's not half the story! Planters Peanuts are as tasty as they are wholesome. We see to that! First, only big Virginia Peanuts, top-notchers of the crop can bear the Planters Brand. Then, Planters has learned ways to toast and roast those whopping peanuts so as to bring out the last atom of flavor... learned how to keep them fresh and crisp... learned how to blanch and salt them to a Queen's taste.

Be sure you are buying Planters Peanuts. Look for "Mr. Peanut" on the familiar glassine bag. 5c everywhere. "The Nickel Lunch."



PLANTERS NUT & CHOCOLATE COMPANY
SUFFOLK, VIRGINIA
Wilkes-Barre, Pa. San Francisco, California Toronto, Canada

PLANTERS

PEANUTS

To get Mr. Peanut's paint book for the children, send us 10 empty Planters bags or 10 inside wrappers from Jumbo Block.



THE NICKEL
LUNCH

(Continued from page 51)

rubber bands so's we can cut loose with one yank. And then I take Boy-Joe to one side to give him the final earful.

"Kid," I says, putting my arm around him. "Kid, why, shucks, there won't be nothing to it! We got two thousand feet of sunshine before we get near the clouds, and we'll cut loose way down at one thousand. We don't want to wait till we're too near the clouds, because they'll cool the bag and down she'll come ker-swillow. I'll cut first, and when my chute opens up, you cut too. Just shut your eyes, kid, yank the knife-cord and hang on. And half an hour from now we'll be tearing into that plank steak, hey, how about it?"

"I look at him with the old magnetic smile all over my face, expecting to see likewise on him. But there ain't. I can tell from his look that he hasn't heard a word I've been saying.

"He moves his mouth a couple of times but no sound comes out. Then he takes a long breath and says, 'It's no use, Pa. I can't go through with it. I'm yellow, Pa. I'm yellow, just like you said, Pa.'

"Well, I don't know what to do, because in a minute or so the smokebag will be full and then we've either got to go up or she'll maybe catch fire. But I spot Ma over in the crowd, so I beckon at her and turn Boy-Joe over to her and walk away, because I know she can fix him up. But I look back at them and I see her talking to him very earnest, and suddenly she opens up the front of her shirtwaist a little and shows Boy-Joe what she's got on underneath. Didn't you, Ma?"

"Yes, God forgive me," said Ma. "I show him that I've got on my old spangled tights underneath, and I tell him either he goes up or I do. Yes, and I would of, too."

"Why, sure you would!" agreed Pa Darby. "But, of course, after that you didn't have to. Boy-Joe comes over to me and I can see he's walking in kind of a fog, he's that scared. But he says, 'Okay, Pop.' Yes, that's exactly what he says, 'Okay, Pop.'

"WELL, the bag is filled as tight as a drum and pulling hard, so we both step through our trapezes on our chutes, holding 'em up by the side ropes, and get ready to run hell-bent with the breeze until the bag lifts us off.

"I nod at the spieler, give the office to the band leader and yell, 'Leggo, gentlemen! All aboard for cloudland!'

"The four poles come down ker-thump! The spieler lets loose a yell, and the band busts into Hail, Columbia! The old bag jumps up, yanks the slack out of our chute shrouds, and in half a second we're shooting into the air. And it all seems so good to me and like it was yesterday, sort of, that I slide backwards on the bar and hang by my knees head down, same as I always useter."

"I'll say you did!" Ma testified. "You was behaving like a damned old fool."

"Ma!" said Joe Darby, severely. "Remember you ain't on the lot now."

"Excuse me," said Ma. "Er... go on, Joe. Er..."

"Er... well, yes, I will. But this is getting to be the tough part, kind of, on account of Boy-Joe. For when I clumb back on my trap, figuring that maybe what I'd done had pepped Boy-Joe up, I see him setting there on his bar with his arms gripped around the side ropes and his eyes tight shut. His face is really a bluish gray color like I have never seen on a live man's face before. . . ."

"Well, go on," said Ma Darby, after a pause.

"Yes, bluish gray," Pa continued, gulping audibly. "His lips is the same color too. He is only five foot six inches

away from me, so I can talk to him easy. I tell him to open his eyes, and ain't it fine, and look how pretty the country looks. He says 'Yes,' but very absent-minded like, and he doesn't open his eyes.

"Well, kid," I says to him finally, 'here we are at a thousand feet. I'm going to cut loose now, kid, and down I go. And when you see my chute open up, you cut loose too.'

"I yanked my cord and sw-o-o-sh! down I go! After what it seems like falling a mile, there's the usual jerk like it would bust every bone in your body, and my chute is all spread out above me like a big white flower. Say, it's a great feeling, and me swinging back and forth with the old breeze whooming through my shroud lines. I keep her swinging, too, because I want to see beyond the edge of the chute to watch when Boy-Joe cuts loose. But . . . he doesn't."

"No," said Ma, "he doesn't."

"HE WAS just setting there," said Pa. "Just setting there, and me yelling at him to cut. Only he didn't have the nerve to cut."

"I could hear you," said Ma. "Yes, I could hear you yelling, even above all the band and everything. I was trying to faint, but I couldn't."

"Well, I wish you had of, Nellie," said Pa, half reproachfully.

Ma Darby shrugged, and sniffed softly. "So do I. But even when he went into the clouds I didn't give up hope. I figured maybe the bag would cool off gradual and let him down easy. He was up in those clouds out of sight for I bet it was twenty minutes."

"Twenty minutes! Why, I bet it wasn't more than five," said Pa. "You'd really oughta know better than that how quick a smokebag cools off, Nellie."

"I bet it was twenty minutes," said Ma Darby stoutly. "All the sky was bright and blue except where them clouds was, and my Boy-Joe was up in them clouds. But suddenly I seen him coming out. . . ."

"Yes," said Pa Darby. "I was on the ground by now and I seen him too. The bag had cooled off and was flapping limp behind him like a rag, leaving a trail of black smoke. He was falling very fast. I bet he was falling a million miles an hour. He hit in a plowed field about a mile and a half on the other side of Bement, or Bismount, or whatever the name of that town was."

"Belmont," said Ma Darby.

"Yair, Belmont. That's right, Belmont. Well, Belmont was about six or eight towns back before we got to this burg. We stayed along with the show, but we didn't feel like doing much. We felt kind of tired all the time, didn't we, Ma? And this afternoon Shapiro let us out. We're living in a boarding house uptown, Ma and I, and everything's really very okay with us because we got a couple hunnerd bucks, haven't we, Ma?"

"A hunnerd and eight-five," she said proudly. "We're paid up on the room a week in advance, too. We're really sitting very, very pretty. And besides that, we'd oughter hear from our ad in The Billboard by Monday at latest. Show him that ad you sent in to The Billboard, Joe."

Pa Darby passed an envelope across the table. On the back of it I read:

"THAT PAIR WITH PERSONALITY"

The Silver-Throated Spieler and The Diamond-Voiced Lyric-Soprano, open for carnival, tent, med. shows, or what have you? All new spiels, and Joe in best voice. Little Nellie the same sweet ingénue as ever. This famous team just finished banner season with Sam Shapiro. Go anywheres, but send tickets. DARBY & JONES.

The Care and Feeding of Adults

Continued from page 21

expenditure of no matter how much trouble just what these magical rules are, he will never be sick.

Unfortunately, so far as adults are concerned, this idea is largely imaginary. The conditions of life change constantly. What would be a good thing to do today when you are well may be a very poor thing to do tomorrow when you are feverish or have indigestion.

Furthermore, individuals are different. There are about ninety million adults in the United States. Some are young, some are old, some are in between. Some are thin, some slender, some average in weight, some fat. Some think fast in the morning; some think fast at night. Some like hot weather; some like cold weather. Some are fated to high blood pressure, diabetes, baldness, dyspepsia, constipation, eczema, deafness, hay fever and chronic headaches.

How can you prescribe a certain diet, a certain amount of exercise, sleep, bathing, bed-clothes and medicine for all that conglomeration? You can't. After a lifetime of earnest and prayerful endeavor to find out what is best for even myself and my wife and my in-laws, I, as a trained clinical pathologist, hesitate to become the least dogmatic even about so small and select a group.

Two Certain Rules

Health, according to my observation, falls upon the just and the unjust, like mercy, with about an equal distinction. Think over your friends both sick and well and see if that is not correct.

Are there, then, no laws of health? Yes, and there are laws of disease, too. Disease is not unnatural. It is just as natural as the laws of gravitation. It is not a strange growth in a world planned to be perfect. Why it should be so I cannot answer, but I know that earthquakes, cancer and tornadoes are just as "natural" as sunshine and regular bowel movements, and he who faces life with any other philosophy is doomed to disappointment and despair.

Indeed, in the present state of our knowledge of medical science our control over the occurrence of disease in adults is very limited.

Well, if there are any rules of health for adults, let's have them. I can see the impatient and practical reader asking that right away. What he wants, quite properly, is results.

The first rule, I think, is to accept the philosophy I have just divulged. Which is not to burden yourself with too many duties connected with your health. Nor with too many rules of hygiene.

The idea has been broadcast in our day by all sorts of publicists that adults are very delicate. Really they are surprisingly tough. About the only things you can't do to them safely is to let them go for any considerable period of time without fresh food, or to put germs under the skin or in any of the absorptive cavities of their bodies. They have acquired their immunity to many of the infectious diseases. You can take an adult into places which would be reeking with danger to a child. You can hurl them under automobiles and drop them from moderately high buildings with far more impunity than you could a kitchen clock. Bones heal, clocks do not. Score one for bones.

If you want to come to a realization of what adults can eat without danger of immediate dissolution, go with open eyes to an office picnic or watch a crowd around a soda fountain. Many lively

citizens are going about who have been either shot or drowned or electrocuted or who got up in the night and picked out the bichloride bottle by mistake, thinking it was the aspirin.

Naturally, I am not recommending these experiences as a health program. You always remember their importance. You avoid, if possible, coming under gunfire. You do not try to breathe under water. You do not deliberately get tangled up in live wires. You switch on the light before you select your medicine. Those certainly are some of the rules of hygiene. They belong to the rules about care and feeding of adults. But they are catalogued among the exceptions—sometimes the unavoidable emergencies of life.

That is not what you want. You want rules for the quiet, placid, everyday existence. And of those I only know two certain ones. One is to eat some fresh food every day, so as to avoid the deficiency diseases such as scurvy and pellagra. The other is to be careful not to get germs under your skin or into any of the absorptive cavities of the body.

Those rules were not arrived at easily or lightly. They were not added to man's store of knowledge without some effort and turmoil. It required a voyage around the world to establish the first—when James Cook brought his ship to anchor without a case of scurvy on board. It required the united efforts of a Scotch surgeon, a Viennese obstetrician, a French chemist and the study of the sewerage system of the city of Carlisle to establish the second. But since its establishment I should say that the only one indispensable drug in your family medicine chest is a bottle of tincture of iodine or mercurchrome.

A Doctor of Your Own

All other rules are merely opinions. What follows are my opinions on the subject. Other people have different opinions. They probably are as good as mine. I do not think so, but I try to be broad-minded. My opinions will probably look queer to you. They are:

1. Get a doctor of your own.
2. Avoid cathartics as you would the appearance of evil.
3. Practice moderation.
4. Eat meat and salt.
5. Keep up your religious observances and cultivate the friendship of a wise clergyman.
6. Use rest as abundantly as you do exercise, the more so as the decades pass.
7. Do not expect a miracle—or that you will lift yourselves by your own bootstraps. Your arteries will not get softer as time goes on.

Let us examine some of these opinions of mine.

"Get a doctor of your own"—means to hint the flattering news that you are different from anybody else. You've often suspected that. Well, if it's true, a blanket rule will not fit you. You need an expert who knows all the rules and all the exceptions and who will fit them to your individual case.

It doesn't make much difference what kind of a doctor you get, so long as you get one you like and who suits you. My own choice would be for a general practitioner, but if you find another sort more agreeable, attach yourself to him—whether he is a skin specialist, or an oculist, or a gynecologist. The thing is

(Continued on page 54)

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Johnson & Johnson
NEW BRUNSWICK NEW JERSEY

(Continued from page 53)

to have "a personal physician"—not an institution—one who knows you, something of your habits, your family, your income—for all these enter into the advice he must give.

For most people it is advisable not to have too thorough a doctor. After you're forty, you know, if a fellow has enough instruments and works on you long enough he's almost certain to find something the matter with you. And when he does he has to do something about it. I know lots of people who take their teeth out every night and put them in a glass of water at the bedside, or who have three or four abdominal scars, or who never touch any of the delicacies of the season just because some annual health auditor was a good deal too thorough.

Do's for Don'ts

Then I should say, mildly, and in an almost inaudible voice, do not get a personal physician who is too much impressed by the brilliancies of modern medical appliances. Avoid those dazzled by the stellar performances of the boys who can take your gizzard out in five minutes. More lives have been saved by not having an operation than by having one. And one of the most important functions of your own personal physician is to save you unnecessary and harmful manipulations.

Fifty years ago it would have been unnecessary to dwell on this plainly common-sense proposal to employ your own doctor. But times have changed. The self-education of adults has made every man competent to advise himself. The case of the man who "walked off his cold" is one instance. The case of the man who had "a little indigestion" is another. He took a dose of Epsom salts for it: he ruptured his appendix. The case of the man who fell and "sprained his elbow" is another. He ordered himself some massage. Now he cannot bend his elbow.

More usual in our time, I acknowledge, is for an adult to go for a complete examination when he is not even sick. A "health audit," so called. When these regular physical examinations are made by your own doctor they do the least amount of harm. When done by a company or institution they are as seductively dangerous as an adder. Why anyone should think they are not sensible and beneficial seems to puzzle a great many people.

My reasons for so thinking are given just above—because a thorough examiner can find something the matter with nearly everybody. And having found it he has to try to fix it. Maybe it can be fixed and maybe it can't. Maybe when it's fixed you will feel better and maybe you will feel a lot worse. More harm is done by fussy meddling in medical practice today than by letting things alone. Your own doctor is likely to know this and likely to pass minor things over. The company or institute has to find something to justify its existence, and that is why it is dangerous.

To "practice moderation" nowadays is not so easy as it sounds. The trouble is that moderation implies to most people not doing something. But moderation also has a positive quality. Moderation consists in doing things that are proper, just as much as in not doing things that are improper. And since most advice on the subject of health offered to the public is a set of "don'ts," some moderation in the opposite direction may be a good thing.

It is just as immoderate, for instance, not to eat meat and salt as to eat nothing but nuts. Meat, all opinions to the contrary, is the most perfect and complete human food. Not only have all the warnings against meat resulted in

no good, but they have probably done actual harm. Not a few cases of deficiency diseases can probably be ascribed to such unfounded scareheads.

There is plenty of evidence that meat does *not* cause high blood pressure, rheumatism, kidney disease, etc. The human digestive tract and nutritive machinery are especially well adapted to its use.

The same thing can be said of the admonitions against salt. Salt is so necessary a part of the human diet that much of the history of early human warfare revolved around the possession of salt mines. Salt does not cause high blood pressure nor kidney disease nor hardening of the arteries. The body contains 100 grams of salt, mostly in the blood serum, and this amount is constantly being depleted. The most conservative estimate of the daily amount of salt the body actually demands is twenty grams.

It is just as immoderate to be a vegetarian as to be a drunkard. It is just as immoderate to exercise every fifteen minutes all day long, as I understand the employees in the office of a health magazine do, as it is to lie paralyzed in bed.

The natural question for the layman, of course, is "What is moderate? How am I to know which is what?" The natural answer is "Ask your personal physician." But even aside from that it is not so difficult. Anything that is plainly contrary to the most ordinary experience and observation is immoderate.

Thus the propagandists against tobacco have a hard row to hoe. It is difficult to maintain the position that the use of tobacco undermines all the bulwarks of the human constitution when the most ordinary observation shows the great mass of the population puffing away nonchalantly or reaching for this or that and still maintaining the utmost vigor and health.

Smoking women have proved that neither their morals nor their organs have been affected by the performance. Expectant mothers exhale clouds through their nostrils and bring forth healthy progeny. As for males, look at the striplings of eighty-six in club windows, holding in their fingers delicate torpedoes the first whiff of which would lay a sixteen-year-old boy low, and be convinced that tobacco has no influence on longevity. The only obvious and moderate conclusion an alert saunterer of our time can come to is that the tobacco habit can be indulged with perfect safety.

A Hymn to Rest

And finally we arrive at the recommendation of "Rest." How can one sufficiently hymn its praises in this day and age? What words can one conjure up to describe the great surge of health that floods through one's arteries during a Sunday morning in bed with the newspapers. It is the crown of kings and the glory of poets, the hallmark of all the urbane and lazy people of the earth.

I remember hearing a wise old practitioner answer the eternal question everybody is so willing to answer—"Doctor, what is good for a cold?"

"You wouldn't do it if I told you," he answered.

"Oh, yes, I would, Doctor. I'd do anything to get rid of this cold."

"Go to bed for three days, then."

This is an antidote to the eternal craze of our minute in the world's hysteria for exercise. Alone among the animals, man deliberately moves his body around for no purpose.

Against the fetish of exercise I set up the antidote of rest. Visions arise. There was the barrister we called Uncle Jimmie. The only strenuous exercise he took was to place his feet on top of his

desk, and take them down again. Before the days of enlightenment he could have been seen every afternoon at exactly four-thirty slowly pressing against the swinging doors at Otto's and shortly after emerging meditatively, wiping his mouth with his handkerchief. When he was eighty-five he confided to me that one thing he had to be thankful for was that he had always been blessed with perfect health.

And I contrast him with the spectacle of so many of my business friends, being awakened at six-thirty so they can ride in the park before breakfast. Then rushing to the office, and rushing all morning to gain time to play some handball at the club. Rushing back to the office to finish up so they can get in nine holes of golf before dinner. Then throwing down a couple (a couple?—and yet people say I indulge in overstatement) of cocktails in order to brace themselves for a dinner in a crowded restaurant with the orchestra playing Chinning and Chattering with May. Another highball, and the entrée comes on. A sudden thought. Duty calls. The bug-eyed blonde sitting next is invited to lope around the floor. At midnight or 1 A. M., the sheets. A few eructations arise on the night air to remind the owner of the stomach that the Scotch should have been aged longer, then sleep enfolds the health seeker until six-thirty the next morning.

These gentry sometimes confess to me that they believe a person feels tired all the time after forty and they venture to inquire whether I think they are getting enough vitamins in their diet. That's the stuff. *Vitamins! Diet! Exercise! Cold showers!*

The Ideal Prescription

Allow me to draw a contrasting picture and at the same time offer a prescription. You have announced that you will be damned if you go out to dinner. You therefore do not have to prepare yourself for any effort so you really drink only two cocktails. The radio is turned off. Fried chicken and lima beans. A big cup of hot coffee. A small glass of the old brandy you smuggled down from Canada. Then you can say you have a headache and need quiet. A perfectly enormous cigar. You sit smelling it as you consume it. Sometimes you just sit. You have a book—have you read Toby Tyler again lately? Or The Sign of the Four?

At eleven you say you have a sore toe and are not going to ride in the morning. You go to bed. When you wake up it is eight o'clock. You roll over and take another snooze. Then a hot bath very slowly. No cold water. Then a big breakfast. You are helped to the car on account of your toe. No walking! You just sit at your desk all morning. You go to the club and watch the others playing handball. It does you good to see so much energy displayed.

You go in to lunch and order soup, a steak, potatoes, salad, ice cream and coffee. You laze away the afternoon at the office. At about four you go out and sneak into a talkie, and stay there until five-thirty. On account of your toe you are driven home, instead of walking. You announce that you will be damned if you will go out to dinner tonight. You—you suddenly realize that you feel better than you have for years. It is curious how many more octogenarians there were in the old club that had davenport instead of handball courts.

But I must not annoy you any further with such contrary doctrines. Plainly such views are entirely out of place in the modern world. It is ridiculous that I should hold them at all. It is nothing short of criminal that I should be allowed to expound them in public!

Gunsight Trail

Continued from page 25



To the MAN who still has some Hair Left

A WARNING

IF you are bald at 35 you'll have no one to blame but yourself. For you are probably doing the one worst thing for your hair every day...slicking it down with water. It's not merely the drying effect of water...your hair needs a brisk daily brushing...massage...and the cleansing, stimulating effect of a good tonic.



Wet the hair with Wildroot Hair Tonic every morning. Massage the scalp vigorously, then brush briskly. In a month or less you'll see a decided change. No dandruff, no itching, no harsh dryness of scalp and hair.

For very dry scalps

A little Wildroot Hair Dress applied with Wildroot Hair Tonic a few times a week will aid in grooming the hair and will add the necessary healthful oil everyone's scalp needs. You can get this and other Wildroot products at drug stores, department stores, barbers or hair-dressers everywhere. Wildroot Company, Inc., Buffalo, N. Y.

P. S. Try Wildroot Shampoo.
You get more for your money.

WILDROOT Hair Tonic

SHAMPOO...WAVE SET...HAIR DRESS

Tune in on the Wildroot program, every Wednesday morning, 10:45, Eastern Standard time
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only the great distance between water holes held most of the Bar S stock upon the lower desert. Then, in the second year, Earl Shaw made a drive of it from round-up, moving his herds bodily into the better territory of the Lazy M.

Shaw began his drive northward without serving the Major brothers any notice of his purpose. Not until the drive was on the way did Oliver Major realize that their grasslands were about to be flooded with Bar S stock.

There was nothing timorous in the Major blood. The brothers swung into the saddle and rode out to meet the first of the Bar S herds.

EARL SHAW was not outriding that first herd; he was somewhere in the background, many miles to the rear—as, it seemed, he was always to be there after. As the Major brothers came up, the Bar S range boss, who was himself riding point, was joined by three or four more cowboys, who came up at a high lode to back their brand in whatever play was to be made. They were expecting trouble all right—and it came.

The Bar S range boss laughed in Sol Major's face when Sol warned him they could not let the northward drive go on. One word led to another, and before either side knew exactly how it had begun, the guns were out of their leather. It was the beginning of the Buckhorn feud.

Sol Major went down in that first crashing volley. Oliver Major caught his brother as he swayed from the saddle, dragged him clear of his stampered pony and held him upon the withers of his own horse. Firing across the body of his brother, Major downed the Bar S range boss; and another cowboy was downed and a third wounded before they let him ride clear.

That night, beside his brother's grave, Oliver Major raised clenched hands to the stars and pledged his last cowhide, his last ounce of powder, to the wiping out of Earl Shaw and the Bar S brand.

It was a hard, bitter struggle before the Bar S gave up. At one time the little Lazy M was carrying no less than fifteen riders, competent gun fighters brought at any cost from far away. Young Oliver Major, saddled-raised and trail-hardened, turned into an avenging fury; irresistibly he swept the valley of the Buckhorn clear. Many an unremembered rider went down before that first war was done. If it had happened a few years later it would have become one of the famous range wars of the West. But such feuds were common then.

Yet Oliver Major never accomplished quite all he had meant to do. He broke the Bar S brand and sent the remnants of it back to the Adobe Wells desert, where it stayed; but Earl Shaw himself he did not meet. The riders with whom the Lazy M men repeatedly clashed were only the employees of Earl Shaw, good, tough men who fought gamely for their brand, but who had had no more connection with the death of Oliver Major's brother than the ponies they rode. So Oliver Major sickened of it at last, and let peace return to the Buckhorn, while Earl Shaw himself still lived and retained the remnants of an outfit at Adobe Wells.

And there at Adobe Wells, Earl Shaw had hung on stubbornly. It was Shaw who had got the spur track which eventually ended at the loading corrals of Adobe Wells. Starting with this frustrated railroad and the Buckhorn's first saloon, Shaw had managed to gather about him the beginnings of a desert

town. It had even boomed a little, once, as the gold fever swept southward. And it remained a thorn in the side of Oliver Major that every head of his annual calf shipments paid a profit into the pocket of Earl Shaw.

The Buckhorn was still free range when Earl Shaw came up the valley the second time—with sheep. The blating gray tide came onto the grasslands, its dust clouds drawing nearer week by week; it left a new belt of desert behind it, as if it carried the curse of the dry land. The sheep cropped to the level of the soil, and their sharp hoofs cut to pieces the very roots of the feed. Long after the grass returned, the soil remained impregnated with the hated odor of the woolies, so that no horse or cow would graze where they had fed.

Earl Shaw had counted upon the law this time; but he learned that he had counted upon it too soon. The law of that country was still cattle law. Once more, unimpeded by outside interference, the cowboys of the Lazy M swept down upon the encroachers, and the coyotes grew fat on fresh-killed mutton. Once more Earl Shaw was driven back to Adobe Wells, hating the boss of the Buckhorn water as only a stubborn and defeated man can hate.

After that Oliver Major thought he had learned his lesson. He scoured the Southwest for government-land scrip, railroad scrip, any scrip; he bought it high and low, or at any price at all. Into it he poured all the gains of the past, and mortgaged his future as deep as the faith of money can go. He nearly broke himself; but in the end he made the upper Buckhorn his own.

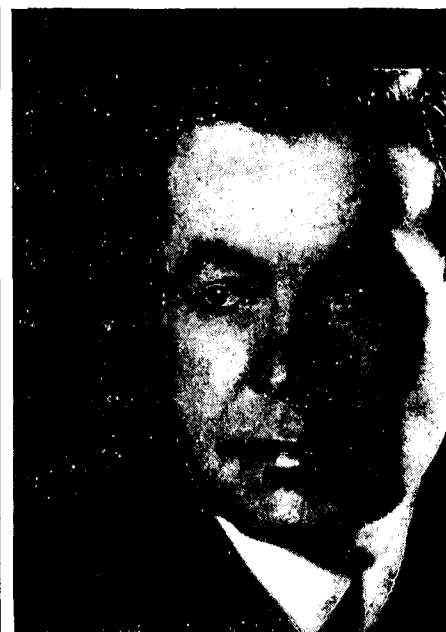
He had thought the battle was over then, that nothing remained except to develop the future of the Buckhorn valley. And the whole of the Buckhorn valley was embraced in his far-seeing dreams. Looking into the future, Oliver Major saw the ultimate impounding of the Buckhorn's annual spring torrent, and the final bringing to full fruition of the possibilities inherent in the Buckhorn water.

AND now, after all this time, Earl Shaw had turned his guns upon the Lazy M once more. This time they were a different sort of guns, treacherous and subtle; Earl Shaw at last was not only backed by the law, but was using the fabric of the law itself as an entrapping net. The new attack was from the rear; it struck at the very source of the Buckhorn water.

Oliver Major, ready at last to sink a fortune in the impounding of the Buckhorn's surplus flow—the project toward which the whole of his life had been built—had suddenly found his plans blocked on every side, and his project lost in an entanglement of legal complications as intricate as a snarled roll of barbed wire. Shaw had in truth made good the vacant desert years. Working steadily, always in the shadows, Earl Shaw had made himself the political boss of first a county, then a region; until, presently, he became a cog in the machine which governed the state.

Being a cog in that machine was worth something, for when the machine was running smoothly it pulled strong wires in certain departments of the national government itself. It was running smoothly now. Earl Shaw, the defeated, the man sentenced by his own stubbornness to the desert land, was now able to clamp Oliver Major's project in an iron grip.

Nor was this all. It was Shaw's plan
(Continued on page 56)



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"Old Town Boats"

(Continued from page 55)

now to seize the Buckhorn water in the hills at its source, and by a practicable engineering project divert the Buckhorn River from its own valley entirely, carrying it to water the Silverado desert on the other side of the range!

As an engineering feat it was well within reason; and, unexpectedly, the legal obstacles had proved surmountable too. Only a nominal trickle of water was to be left to the vast holdings of the Lazy M. The watering of the Silverado would enrich by many a million the instigators of this extraordinary scheme; while in the deprived valley of the Buckhorn the old cattleman would be left broken and hopeless in the dust of a withered domain.

It was a stupendous scheme, resolute and daring; and every technical blockade dissolved before the political influence of the machine of which Earl Shaw was a part. At the last only Oliver Major himself, the fighting old lord of the Buckhorn water, stood in the way.

YET, Oliver Major, once aroused and aware of his danger, was a formidable opponent still. That state was shot through with the drivers of the old trails, to whom Oliver Major's name had meant something since early days. Almost overnight Major brought to bear such a thrust of luridly expressed opinion that Shaw's allies were checked by a new fear for their own strength.

Thus the old man of the Buckhorn water now stood as stubbornly, back to the wall, as a run-down bear. Once Major's personal influence in the Southwest was broken down, ruin would roll over the Buckhorn like the herds of sheep which he had once turned back in another way.

As one scene after another fitted itself into the story, the great sweep and thrust of the Buckhorn feud seemed to loom before Hughes suddenly, as a gaunt mountain becomes visible behind fog, monstrous and terrible, yet with an elemental grandeur.

The exact significance of the death of Hugo Donnan, which had led to his own involvement, he did not at once see so clearly; but certainly old Oliver Major seemed to fear that the final fate of the Buckhorn water would turn upon this one killing. And though the feud was old, this much was new: Clay Hughes was now committed to it as a new factor. Overnight he had become a new card in Major's hand, another gun, a fresh impact of stubborn youth in this last conclusive chapter of the Buckhorn struggle.

He found himself eager for the half-understood conflict ahead; for with the face of Sally Major in his mind it seemed to him a privilege to bring horse, gun and wit unreservedly to the support of her people, careless of cost.

Oliver Major leaned forward, and his face twisted wryly as he gimleted Hughes with his acute old eyes.

"I ought to hustle you out of this; but I don't dast overlook the least bet. It'll come very hard," he said, "if it turns out that you, a youngster, a stranger in the Buckhorn, should turn out to be the only hope of the Buckhorn water." The old man raised a shaking fist above his head. "I tell you—"

The awaited step in the hallway was approaching the door at last. Oliver Major lowered his fist to the desk top, and the flame in his eyes burned lower as Sally Major came into the room, followed by a young man whom Hughes knew must be old Major's son.

"Hughes," said Major, "this is my boy, Dick."

Hughes thought that there was a dry irony in his voice as he spoke the words, "my boy." The two nodded without shaking hands and waited while the old man seemed to study his son.

"But I guess you know each other already," Major added, slowly.

"What do you mean by that?" Dick Major flared. He met his father's eyes squarely. Father and son were alike, and yet not alike. In Dick Major's face was no suggestion of any shrewdness of judgment, nor perhaps even any notable quickness of wit. Instead, it showed the marks of a reckless boldness, a fiery temper and an explosive defiance of all restraint. Still, the qualities that were lacking in the young man's face might perhaps have been those which age can bring; Hughes thought it quite possible that he was looking at a good duplicate of the old man in his young days. If so, the similarity had incurred no bond of sympathy between the two. Hughes knew that if he had ever seen a father and son who had behind them a lifetime of misunderstanding, he was looking at them now.

"If you two don't know each other," said old Major to his son, "what's your gun doing in this man's belt?"

Dick Major opened his mouth, but shut it again, as if momentarily at a loss. Sally spoke: "I got the gun from Dick and took it to Hughes. I gave it to him just after he was shot at. If he's going to be shot at here in your own house, I say he has the right to something to defend himself with."

Old Major hesitated, looking balked; then took a new angle. "Where have you been for the last couple of days?" he demanded of Dick.

"I told you I was going to ride long circle," Dick Major answered him.

"Looking for what?" said Major. There was a moment of silence, but Dick's stubborn, arrogant eyes did not waver from the old man's face. "A man," he said at last.

Old Major's face turned a shade more grim, if that were possible; but his words were quiet and slow: "Where were you hunting, son?"

"On the upper rim," Dick snapped.

Old Major drew a deep breath and dropped his eyes to his hands upon the desk before him. "All my life," he said, "I've worked toward one thing. And now in the end it had to be you to knock it out from under me. Oh, I'll get you off all right," he went on as Dick made a move to speak. "I'll get you out of it, and you'll ride clear, and be proud of your work too, I've got no doubt."

"But, Dad," Sally Major insisted, "he didn't do it. The only gun Dick ever carries is that .38"—she pointed to the star-marked black butt at Clay's belt—"and the empty shell that was found in the ashes up at Crazy Mule was a .45."

"HOW do you know that?" Major demanded instantly.

"You could hear Bart Holt shouting his story from any place in the house," Sally answered. "He sounded like he was rounding up stock."

"We don't even know that that shell was connected with the killing, yet," said Major.

"It's a dog-gone funny thing, just the same," Sally insisted. "But if you aren't going to believe what Dick says—"

"I didn't say I didn't believe him. He's never lied yet, so far as I know."

"Do you aim to believe me or not?" Dick demanded.

"Oh, I believe you all right."

"Then," said Dick Major, "I tell you I never killed Hugo Donnan. I heard he was somewhere up on the rim, but I couldn't even find him."

Old Major sat up, his eyes opening. "You mean to tell me that after you've let everybody hear you threaten to kill Donnan, you set out to get him, and went where he was—and failed?"

"Yes," said Dick.

Old Major stared at his son. "You might just as well have killed him as

to have stacked the cards against us like you have! I was hoping you'd been some place else, any place else but on the rim, so that you'd have an alibi. But as it is—" He made a gesture of futility.

"I—" began Dick.

"Why did you come sneaking in here without letting me know you were back?"

"I didn't come sneaking in here," Dick answered hotly.

"I talked him into staying out of your way for an hour, till you cooled off," was all," said Sally. "Enough things have gone wrong here already because you two always blow up at each other."

"What were you doing in the old gun-room where we had Hughes locked up?" Major pressed his son relentlessly.

"Now just a minute," Hughes put in sharply; but Sally signaled him to be silent, and he obeyed.

"I don't know what you're talking about," Dick answered. "I haven't been in any locked-up gun-room, with this man or anybody else."

"Then who was in it?" Major insisted.

"I tell you I don't know anything about it. I never set eyes on this man before tonight, in this room."

"What do you say to that, Hughes?" Major demanded.

Hughes had been listening for something that would tell him why Sally had first urged him to leave the ranch and then within an hour or two had changed her mind; and how it was that she had disappeared from the gun-room. Now, however, he was sorry that the question of the gun-room had come up.

"He's answered," said Clay flatly. "I wouldn't go against what he says, even if I knew different, which I don't."

"I didn't ask you to go against what he says. I'm putting it to you straight: Who was in that room? If you mean to—"

HE CHECKED. The door had opened softly, and Mona Major had stepped into the room. She started as she saw Hughes and immediately turned to withdraw again.

"Wait a minute, Mona! Come here," Oliver Major ordered; and once more Hughes was struck with the inept harshness of manner which the old man used toward his children. Perhaps he loved them so deeply that he tried to regulate every detail of their lives as he did his own, and unconsciously fell victim to a bitter resentment that they each insisted upon being as distinctly individual as himself. Certainly he took angry liberties with their pride which no cow hand would have stood for.

Mona hesitated, then closed the door and came forward listlessly. Her eyelids were inflamed, but the pale beauty of her face was apparent still; and Hughes noticed again the lazy grace of her walk.

"I hope you're satisfied," the old man told her brutally. "Dick's got no alibi."

"If you aim to jump her in front of this stranger—" Dick Major began, the red color coming into the bronze of his face again.

"If you want me to get out, say so," Hughes said.

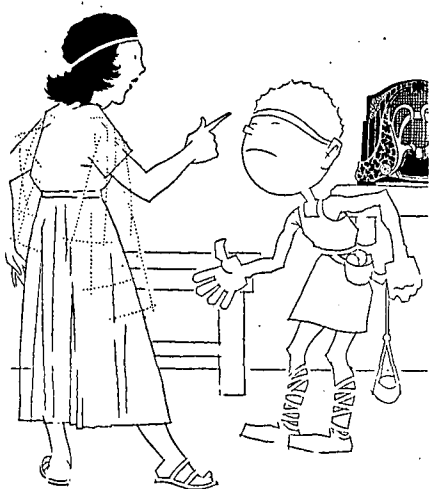
"Stay here," Major tossed at him. "This here is Clay Hughes," Major told Mona. "He's got hooked into this along with the rest of us through no fault of his own. You may as well know who he is, because it may be he'll turn out the only living man that can pull the Lazy M out of its box."

"Well, I know who he is."

"I'm generally the last one to find out anything around here," Major commented. "I suppose you know that your brother did not kill Donnan."

Mona's voice was very low and lifeless as she answered: "He meant to; it's the same thing."

Famous Anachronisms No. 2

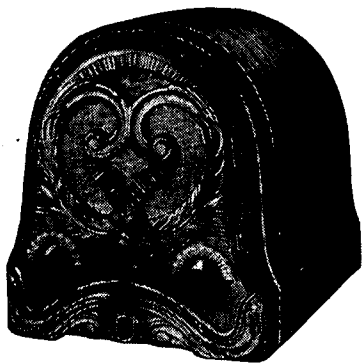


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"It's very far from the same thing. It pitches us into the same kind of trouble exactly; but maybe since somebody else done it, we can turn the tables by locating the hombre that did do it."

Mona's eyes lightened, and a note of interest came into her voice for the first time: "You think you can do that?"

"By heaven," said Major, his voice rising again, "we've got to! But first we've got to find out a little something about Donnan; and you, God help you, are the only one of us who had anything to do with him!"

"Now you be careful what you say," his son flamed at him. "What's past is past, and you've got no right to air it in front of a stranger. I tell you, I won't—"

"What difference does it make?" said Mona, in her lifeless voice. "I would have gone to the ends of the earth for Hugo Donnan—or with him. And I would have, too, if you hadn't stopped it. It doesn't make any difference who knows that now; for all I care the world can know it."

SO THAT, thought Hughes, was the reason that Dick Major went gunning for Hugo Donnan. . . . It seemed to him, suddenly, as if the lives of these people lay open before him in brutal cross-sections. Especially it seemed as if the emotions of this girl had been laid bare before him. He stirred restively; and Sally Major turned her clear gray eyes upon him in a look of apology, understanding and companionship in difficulty. It made him grateful to her, as if Sally and himself were the only ones there who remained clear-headed in the welter of blind loves and hates which had brought war back to the Buckhorn.

"Who would have been out gunning for Donnan except your brother?" Major demanded.

Mona shrugged faintly. "Anybody. I don't think he had a friend in the world except me. All the Earl Shaw people had turned against him because they thought he'd come over to our side, because—because of me."

"But who in particular?"

"I don't know."

"I suppose you realize," said Major, "that you're giving us no help at all?"

"I don't see that it matters," said Mona.

"You don't see that it matters!" Oliver Major exploded. "Good Lord, girl, do you realize that your brother may never come out of this alive?"

"They can't convict him," said Mona, listlessly.

"Convict him? I doubt if they'll ever try. Once in the hands of an Earl Shaw posse, do you suppose he'll ever live to see the jail?"

"These aren't the old gun-fighting days, Dad," said Mona without interest. "There's the law. . . ."

"The law," repeated Major, staring at her with an ironic hopelessness. "The law!" He seemed despairing of words with which to tell these youngsters that the machinery of the law itself, when owned and subverted to private ends, could become a weapon more ruthless than the six-gun had ever been; and so, in the end, clamp down so relentlessly upon a brand as to bring the six-gun back.

"I don't doubt he'll get out of it," said Mona.

"I mean that he shall," said Major, "but where do you think the Buckhorn water will be when we're done?"

"The Buckhorn water—?"

"Who do you think has been standing off Earl Shaw's Silverado project, that'll leave the Buckhorn dry as a last year's horned toad? What stands in the way of it but me, and me alone?" He crashed a fist upon the desk. "Once I'm discredited, once I'm shown as a renegade old gun fighter bucking the law, who's

going to block the water steal then? What stand will I be in to buck the politics of a state when Earl Shaw gets his own sheriff in again, and his posse is swarming up the valley trail to rope in Dick and Clay Hughes, and who knows how many of us more, on a charge of being mixed up in shooting a man from behind? What becomes of the Buckhorn water then? This is the time that Earl Shaw's been waiting for all his life—and my own flesh and blood has played me into his hands!"

Even the arrogant Dick Major seemed shaken to uncertainty by the old man's fury; but he spoke up briskly, "If you mean to quit without a fight—"

"Quit, hell!" said Major. "Bell that telephone! Get me the telegraph operator at Adobe Wells. They'll find there's a buck in the old longhorn yet!"

Dick Major stepped to the wall phone and twirled the handle.

"Sally, go to the storeroom and get Clay Hughes' gun belt for him. What's the matter, Dick?"

"There's no connection. The line's busted again some place."

"I expected that. It wasn't cattle that busted it this time, you can bet your bottom cent. Go get out the—"

He was interrupted by the squeal of brakes, as a car slid to a stop close outside. Major flung open the shutter. "Who's that?" he hailed.

"Jim Crawford," came the answer.

Old Major snapped his fingers with a pop like an exploding firecracker. "That does it! I was beginning to think they got him. Dick, rout out Bob Macumber and Bart Holt. Tell 'em gun belts and six-guns—no rifles this time. Hughes, Sally's gone to get you your gun—give Dick back his own. The rest of the boys are to stay in their bunks, Dick. Hump!"

Jim Crawford came clumping into the room, clean-shaven and competent-looking, but with an active worry in his green-gray eyes.

"Jim," Major told him without preface, "we're going back with you to Adobe Wells. Is Earl Shaw in town?"

"Yeah, I'm sure he is, Mr. Major."

"Then, if he's still to be found, I mean to have him in jail by sun-up, and his brother with him, and Dutch Pete too, if we can lay hands on him!"

"On what charge?" said Jim Crawford.

"Conspiracy to murder."

"You got any proof?" said Jim Crawford, uncertainly.

"Not a nickel's worth."

"Then, how can we—" began Crawford.

"You were first deputy, weren't you? That leaves you acting sheriff now, doesn't it?"

"Yes, but—"

"WE'LL try to grill something out of some of them or their gang, and little enough we'll get; but if we can bluff Shaw's weak-kneed board of supervisors into leaving you in office for a few days—even a few hours—that'll be something."

An anticipatory gleam came into Jim Crawford's eye. "I don't think," he said slowly, "that those fellers are going to leave us put 'em in the jail. Not if they see any kind of a break at all, Mr. Major. There's going to be gun talk before morning, I wouldn't be any surprised."

"We'll soon know; and, boy, I'm praying to God you're right!" The old man was strapping on his gun as he went striding out.

"Is Hughes going?" Sally called after him.

He grinned down at her as he took his gun belt from her hands. "Don't you think I'm good for anything at all, child?"

(To be continued next week)



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Continued from page 8

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its chaste literary style and, second, because of the restraint it discloses. We were generally informed that the time had come to drive the renegades out of the party and adopt the Soviet system in its fullness; that is, to exile all whose opinions were not considered as orthodox.

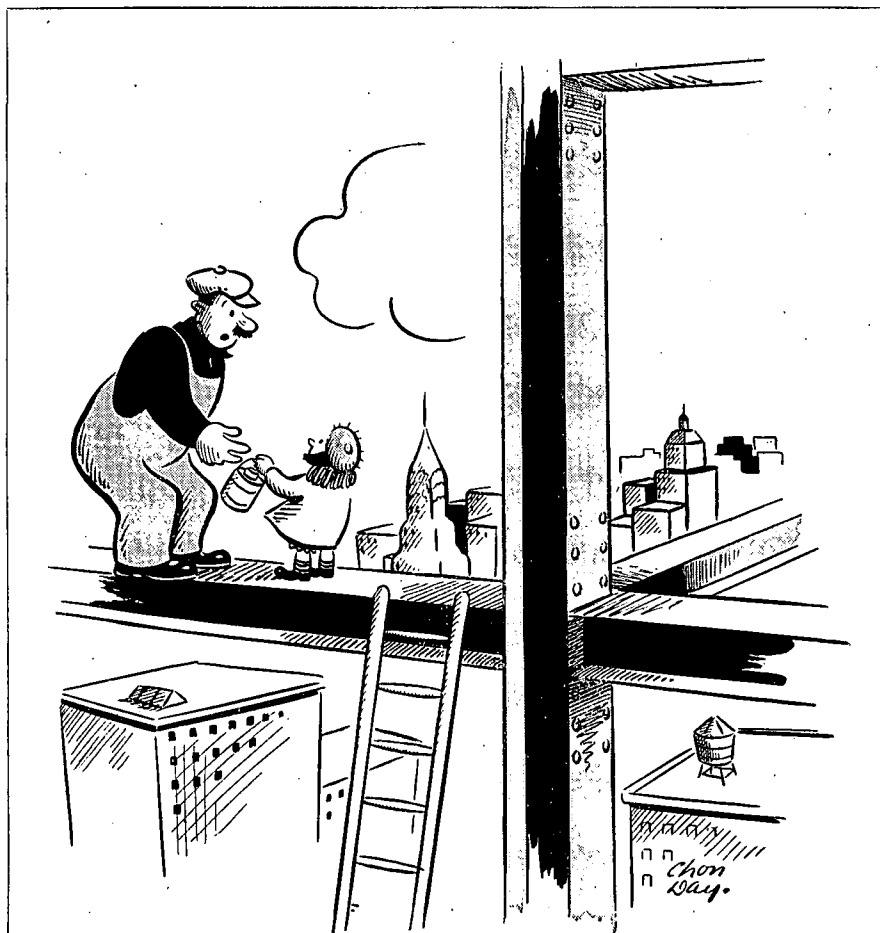
The men who were thus being denounced as renegades and traitors to the party hold their seats in the Senate by overwhelming majorities and from states overwhelmingly Republican. The further fact should not be forgotten that these men had advocated before their constituencies the same measures, the same policies, which they advocated in the Senate and for the advocacy of which in the Senate they were denounced. They had taken their votes on public measures, their records and their attitude upon public questions to their people. They were authorized to speak, therefore, by virtue of the highest authority known to the government—the mandate of the ballot box. What, therefore, should these senators do in order to be good party men? Were they to surrender their views and betray their constituents? That was clearly implied from the criticism so freely given. I answer on the contrary, that by being true to their constituents they were loyal to the party.

There must be room in party organizations, particularly in these times, for men to exercise their judgment and record their convictions unless we are to have a stunted band of political slaves; straddling, spineless political accidents professing to discharge the grave responsibility of legislators. These are rather troublesome times and we have rather involved and difficult problems, with no party program on three fourths of the questions which

arise in Congress. This being true, so-called party leaders and party organizations may just as well make up their minds that, under such circumstances, men are going to think out and work out their own policies and follow their own convictions. And if they do so and take their positions on public questions to their people and the people approve and call it Republicanism, who shall question their loyalty? If they take their positions and are willing to answer to their people for their positions taken, in what respect have they failed to meet the qualifications of faithful public servants—what has the party organization to say about it if the people approve? "Who art thou that judgest another man's servant? to his own master he standeth or falleth." Whether public men are to take their instructions from the people whom under the Constitution they represent or from a few individuals claiming to represent a party organization—an organization unknown to the government and answerable to no constituency—goes to the very heart of representative government.

When the People Differ

Those who have assigned to themselves the pleasant task of standardizing all political thinking within party lines and of reading out all who do not conform to the yardstick must be prepared, I would assume, to enter a wider field of action than that of dealing with individuals. Differences of views between senators may or may not be serious. But differences of views between constituents out yonder in the open where political parties are made and unmade are always serious. Division in the ranks among the men



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and women who are in politics for no other reason than their unselfish interests in the public welfare may mean defeat; it may even mean dissolution and death, as the story of the Whig party so vividly recalls.

Both the old parties have constituents as wide apart as Senator Dwight Morrow and Senator Arthur Capper, and Senator Wagner and Senator Sheppard are on the liquor problem. If there were no division out there among the voters any quarrel between a few public men might well be regarded as stage play. But there is division there, and upon several vital national problems. And what the ultimate line-up will be no man knows, and no party organization is sufficiently endowed with prophetic powers to foretell, or to advise men who are sworn and pledged to their task as to their duties and their obligations.

At the Base of Loyalty

Men who are entrusted with the affairs of the party organization—by no means an unimportant matter—may flatter themselves that they are authorized to, and can, label men as leaders, and by their decrees send men into political "Caucasus." But if they are not wise enough to weld together constituencies, if a program cannot be devised which will unite the voters, they may well conserve their time and energy—they will be uselessly expended. That is the present task of political leaders and political organizations. The questions which confront the American people at the present time are very real questions to them. And these divisions will, both among men and constituencies, rest upon realities. The people cannot avoid these questions or straddle them. They must deal with them in deepest sincerity. Power, prohibition, transportation, the farm problem, taxation, the administration of justice, almost every question which reaches down to the homes and the daily lives of the millions crowds in upon us. Until the great political parties are able and willing to outline and present a national constructive program in the interest of the whole people, they are estopped from denouncing men because of their lack of party loyalty. There must be something to which loyalty attaches—important as political parties are and essential as they are in political matters, yet always above party is the nation.

Individuals may err, yet they should be permitted unassailed to carry out their pledges to their constituents, particularly upon subjects upon which their party has no program.

No one can be very happy over the present political situation and political outlook in this country. No one can feel any great degree of assurance as to the developments of the future. One would be greatly discouraged were it not for the reserve, wisdom and patience of the people. More than once in our political history, when leaders have failed and parties have side-stepped, the people have pointed the way. When the Democratic party and the Whig party met in their respective conventions in 1852, both were confronted with a great question of human rights. But they had no program for its solution. They stood in the presence of this profound problem, apologetic, appalled and silent. They finally concluded, however, as many men seemed still to believe, that they could settle, whether they settled it right or wrong, a question of human rights by resolution in a political convention and by denouncing everybody as a traitor to his party who refused to abide by and support the party action.

Both parties, therefore, declared that

the slavery question had been settled for all time, that it was dead, and admonished all people to refrain from discussing or agitating it. The "little giant," Stephen A. Douglas, going home from the convention, is said to have declared he never expected to make another speech on the slavery question. Bless his brave soul, he was never permitted to discuss any other question. It was a noted exhibition of straddling. Webster had led out in this method on the seventh of March, 1850. Clay earlier had been on three sides of the question when the annexation of Texas was up for consideration. A grave problem cutting, deep and remorseless, into the life of the nation was believed amenable and subordinate to party expediency. But from the time of the holding of these conventions the people, in their respective communities, began their realignment. The compelling, driving, molding power of an aroused public opinion swept across party lines and swept aside men who were willing to exalt party above country and above human liberty. Ultimately, the true alignment was formed, an alignment based upon conviction and conscience—the only alignment which sends men into the trenches to fight for their party. The leaders of the old days did not care, they said, whether slavery was voted up or voted down. But there appeared in the political camp a strange figure from the prairies of Illinois with a new message, one who did care and who declared that right and justice were more to be coveted than political success.

We are scarcely less divided in these days, scarcely less devoid of any positive, constructive party program with reference to the vital questions with which the people are concerned and about which legislators must, in a more or less inadequate way, deal. It would seem that we have again come to the crossroads in our political and economic affairs. The people are restless and critical, not so much because they have ceased to believe in political parties or because they are less anxious to support political programs, but because they do not find their parties dealing with the questions which most deeply concern them. Old party slogans fall on restless ears.

We're Tired of Cowardice

Party appeals leave the audiences unmoved because they hear nothing of how they are to deal with the things which they want most to know about. They are deeply stirred about the things which they do not see in the party platform or hear on the hustings. They support no party out of enthusiasm but out of fear that the other will be worse.

The questions which meet the people every hour of the day in their struggle for success are sidestepped, straddled or ignored. The public prints are filled with explanations that leaders did not mean this or did not mean that. When Mr. Hoover was understood to have made a clear, positive declaration after the Wickersham report, a perfect yell of terror soon went up for fear that he had imperiled party success. To such a pass has party pusillanimity or expediency come that a President must have no convictions or no decided views on any great problem.

I venture to believe that the political party which in 1932 comes forward with a bold declaration upon the great, pressing problems of the day will sweep the country—and this will be true whether the people agree with the program in all particulars or not—they would like to vote once again for courage, the courage of a Jackson, for the vision and faith of a Lincoln.

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Jody Defies King Charles

Continued from page 17

Gold braid glittered on the cap of an officer in the yawl's prow, who called peremptorily, "Stand by! I am Don Rodrigo Yznaga."

"Howdy, Don," Cap'n Hezzy answered, and signaled for his crew to stop their sweeps. The barge drifted. The yawl drew alongside. Two Spanish sailors stood up and gripped the barge's gunwale, while a much-braided personage arose and asked, "Who commands this craft?"

"You're lookin' square at him," Hezzy replied. "That's me."

Don Rodrigo was a black-haired man with filigrees on cuffs and cap. "What cargo do you carry?" he demanded.

"Flour an' pelts an' tobacco from Ohio to Orleans."

Safe Conduct

The official glanced around Hezzy's deck, his eye glittered covetously at the costly furs that would bring many doubloons from European ladies. Barrels and barrels, too, of flour, which during the present scarcity of foodstuffs were worth their weight in gold at Orleans. Here was rich fruit, ripe for picking, so the official assumed his most austere expression and snapped:

"It is forbidden, under penalty, for you to navigate the King's river."

The braided Don might as well have used a whip and flicked Kentucky on the raw. Cap'n Hezzy felt the boy stiffen at his side and saw Jody's hand grope for the tomahawk. So Hezzy kicked Jody's shin behind the gunwale and kept him silent as the officer asked more questions.

"How did this contraband pass our upper forts without being stopped?"

The arrogant official now stood erect in his yawl, with two smartly earringed sailors. All three heads were within easy swing of Jody's hatchet, yet the boy restrained himself even when Don Rodrigo announced:

"It is my duty to arrest you and—"

"Afore you does that," Hezzy interrupted, "afore you gits yo' tail in a crack with Governor Miro, I figgers that you'd better read this here dockyment."

The flatboat captain took a soiled paper from his pocket, opening it for Don Rodrigo to read, saying, "Thar's the hand-write of all yo' commandants from New Madrid to Baton Rouge. Every one of 'em is passed this cargo, orderin' that Cap'n Hezekiah Dart, he's me, with his crew an' barge, is to be showed respect."

Jody Karr stood scowling while the Spaniard considered Hezzy's letter from the American general, James Wilkinson, addressed to Governor Miro, Wilkinson being known at New Orleans as a friend of Miro's. A lone barge might be confiscated on this river and never heard from again, but Don Rodrigo dared not plunder this one.

"Ah, Captain," he said with a bow, "I beg a thousand pardons for delaying your voyage."

"Pology accepted," Hezzy nodded, and the officer showed his teeth like a starving cur when a bigger dog has snatched away his bone. Then the don sat down limply, waving his oarsmen back to their schooner. . . .

The last long miles to Orleans. At the flatboat's crude unpainted prow Jody Karr stood erect in hunting shirt and moccasins and coontail cap, a barbaric figure that nevertheless typified the new civilization which was marching down this valley. The boy did not imagine himself as a forerunner of empire, but kept smiling with happy anticipations

as their clumsy barge labored around the very last of four hundred tortuous bends. In another hour he would see New Orleans.

With much creaking of sweeps and swearing of sweaty men they moved along and swung into such a noble sweep of river that Jody gasped as he exclaimed, "Orleans!"

"Sartin. Thar she be," Cap'n Hezzy nodded.

"Cap," the boy's eyes lighted, "our parson claims that thar's a heap o' sin in that settlement."

"Well," observed the philosophic Hezzy as he spat into the river, "depends on how you squints at a sin. Spanners an' Frenchies is a long-chance different from us. They thinks that Kaintucks is powerful wicked 'cause we raises so much hell all the time in a scrimmage an' occasional shootin'. But gamblin' an' theayters an' rooster-fights an' skylarkin' 'mongst the women—a Creole figgers that them pastimes is his domestic dooties. Dancin' too. Howsomer, lots o' church members claims that 'tain't no harm to dance, pervidin' you never crosses yo' legs. Son, some folks considers that virtue is stoppin' the other feller from doin' what he craves to do, when you ain't got no taste for that same thing yo'self."

The sun was almost down. Like a huge red ball it rested upon the top of a live oak just behind the city. Grim, gray fogs crept out from their morasses to shroud the town and veil the river in mystical illusions. At home Jody had heard folks talk of ships, especially his grandpap, who loved to brag about the transport that had brought him to Philadelphia as sergeant in His Majesty's redcoats who drove the French out of Canada. But the incredulous boy had jeered at old men's tales. Now he saw for himself, with two big bulging eyes, a whole flock of ships riding lazily at anchor—vague, blurry monsters, ghosts of the fog, bigger than any of Grandpap's wildest brags. Six or seven of them were standing hitched out there in the river.

"That's a Britisher." Cap'n Hezzy pointed his pipe at a crossbarred flag. "Thar's a Dutchman. Two Spanners. That'n's French."

Orleans! Orleans!

The lad's bright eyes popped wider at sight of a graceful brigantine that moved upstream without effort. Nobody was paddling her, yet the tall white phantom swam on against the current. Her towering piles of canvas, sail upon sail, bellied out beautifully in the breeze. Little boats darted around and Jody watched all of them at once, busier than a one-eyed boy at a three-ringed circus—Creole trappers in their pirogues; German farmers from the Côte des Allemands, who brought vegetables and milk; oyster schooners, shrimp-catchers, all sorts of curious folks.

Cap'n Hezzy's barge was now scraping against the embankment and Jody Karr leaped off with others of the crew, dragging their lines through the mud to make her fast at stem and stern. This was quickly done and their long journey from Ohio was at an end.

"Orleans! Orleans!" the dazed boy muttered again and again to convince himself. But he couldn't see a thing except rooftops and dingy gables. Lower stories of the houses were invisible from the river because of a solid earth embankment that shut off his view. The enormous ridge had trees growing on it at regular spaces and people were walk-

ing about. So Jody did what any other boy would have done; he climbed to the ridge's top and took one peep at the town.

The well-drained crest of the levee, built long ago by Governor Perier, tree-shaded and cool in river winds, was the popular promenade where fashion came to take the air—the one dry spot on which a slippered lady dared set her foot.

First the mountain boy observed two black slaves in fantastic livery who marched very grandly along the levee's top, bearing a canopied chair which they placed on a rug beneath a tree. It did not seem like the mere placing of a chair, for those blacks made it a courtly function. Behind them waddled a fat old yellow mammy, bringing cushions and fussing around to arrange the chair more comfortably.

Off for the Show

Next came a young Negro wench, intensely black, with gleaming white teeth, who assumed her position beside the chair to wield m'lady's fan. Soon the queen herself appeared—a girl not much older than Jody, mincing along in voluminous skirts of silk that scintillated with all manner of colors as she walked.

Two gentlemen proudly escorted her, one of them a gray-haired beau, who ought to have been ashamed of himself for exhibiting his skinny legs in a pair of knee pants. He wore garters and bright red stockings, and glittering buckles on his shoes. Huh! Jody gave a sniff of disgust.

The lady herself, when she sat down, resting an elbow on the arm of her chair and smiling from one to another of the men who crowded around her—the lady was very beautiful. Yet she might possibly be one of those painted Jezebels that Parson Tackett had preached against. If it were a sin to look at her, Jody loved the sin. Several times she looked at Jody.

A brace of tar-black Negro men, with striped rags around their heads and a plume at the front, stood like statues behind the lady's chair. Stiff as ramrods. Those Negroes didn't move, never batted an eye while the white men kept bowing and scraping.

"Oh, Jody! Jody!" Cap'n Hezzy shouted from the flatboat's deck. "Come git your vittles. You can't enj'y the sights on a empty stummick."

For once the healthy boy failed to hear a supper call. He couldn't stop to eat, not when a drum began to beat, rat-tat-tat, rat-tat-tat. Jody turned to stare with fascinated eyes upon the parade ground just below. The *place d'armes* was an oblong square, flat and dotted by puddles of water, for the land which was protected by the embankment lay much lower than the level of a flooded river. From the center of the square a tall flagpole flaunted the red-and-gold banner of Spain. A squad of soldiers came marching towards their flag in such brilliant trappings and with such accuracy of drill that the Kentucky lad forgot his hatred. Instead of tingling to wallop the insufferable Spanish officer who commanded them, Jody eyed the youngster with frank admiration as he led his guard of honor to the flagpole, clicked his heels together and drew his shining blade. A sunset cannon boomed along the river. The furling banner floated downward and was borne away by its reverent guard.

Never before had Jody Karr witnessed such pomp and panoply. A queer lump choked him. He didn't mean to desert the flatboat and run away from Captain Hezzy, but the rat-tat-tat of that drum lured him on to follow the soldiers.

Without being conscious of what he did, the tall young Kentuckian descended from the levee and moved diagonally

across the parade ground. A number of idle men were loafing about in front of what seemed to be a church—all sorts of fellows who spoke strange tongues.

Soon the Spanish officer and his squad passed out of sight and Jody had turned back again to Hezzy's barge when a sudden uproar burst out behind him. A hellish noise clamored outward from a street to the left of the church. High above the jangle of cowbells and the rattle of tin pans Jody's keen ear detected the blare of a single trumpet, the strong-armed pounding of a drum. Then he heard yells and human screams. An outcry like that in Kentucky always meant that Indians were attacking, and Jody glanced quickly at the groups of loafers. None of them seemed to be scared. Instead of showing alarm, everybody was grinning and a big unshaven fellow laughed as he said, in English, "Shivaree!"—that was the word, as near as Jody caught it, "shivaree." Immediately the whole crowd set off running in the direction of the fuss. Jody ran, too.

Colonial Creoles were born in mud, lived in mud, loved the mud. The rabble of mongrel fellows rushed pell-mell along Rue St. Peter, where they divided into two separate columns, each following a narrow footpath that was laid close beside the houses. These side-walks are called "banquettes," and Jody recognized that they were built of barge timbers placed end to end and about two feet wide. The roadway itself was an impassable boghole, a loblolly of sticky blue slush. As they ran, the young Kentuckian fell in line behind the Englishman and with a woodman's instinct noticed every landmark. At first they seemed to have struck a big road which led perfectly straight and was intersected every hundred yards by other straight roads with a house at each corner and whitewashed fences in between. Mountain folk had never seen anything like that. So many houses, at every crossroad, regular as ducks going barefooted.

In a one-mile dash fleet young Jody might have outstripped the field, but he had left his weapons on the flatboat and didn't know what sort of a scrimmage he might blunder into. Couldn't see a thing except people running from every direction.

The Center of Excitement

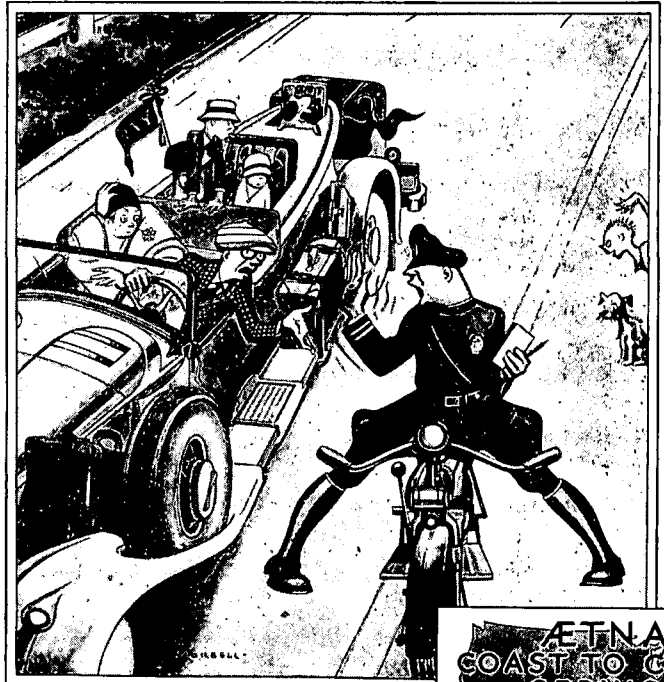
Ahead of him, somewhere to the right, the noises grew louder, a pandemonium of shrieks and shouts; the trumpet, the drum and a clatter of cowbells. Amidst all that racket Jody could hear folks laughing, even the high-pitched voices of women. The Frenchies must be holding some sort of a frolic and Jody wanted to see.

Two files of jostling men scurried like ants along the opposite banquettes. Sometimes a fellow toppled off and floundered in the mud that stuck like glue. Then everybody jeered. At the third corner, Rue Bourbon, their leaders whirled to the left and helped to swell a mob that had collected in front of a certain house. It was the finest house that Jody had ever laid eyes upon, built of smooth boards instead of hand-squared logs chinked with mud. It had glass windows, genuine glass. In fact there were two houses—a marvelous thing to Jody—one house perched on top of another house, and one gallery on top of another gallery. Long afterwards he learned that these were "two-story" houses. This one didn't have an inch of pasture in front, but was set on the big road, like a tavern. The door was painted blue, with a comical window just above it, shaped like a turkey-tail fan, and all lighted up from inside.

The hubbub came from this crowd. A

(Continued on page 62)

"I know all that but— you're in another state now!"



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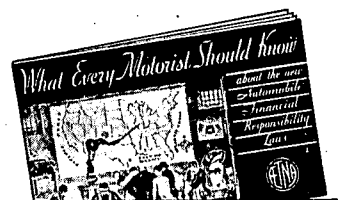
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(Continued from page 61)

swarm of folks jammed the road. People that didn't mind the mud massed themselves around the door, jangling their cowbells and beating on tin pans. Trumpeter and drummer made an ungodly racket. What was it all about? Jody listened and watched until the hullabaloo got so bad that the front door opened and a man appeared on the threshold, all dressed up, with a flower in his buttonhole and looking powerful happy. In the hall behind him were a lot of people wearing Sunday clothes, jabbering and laughing. They seemed to be having a shindig.

An Old French Custom

When the man of the house opened his door, Jody noticed that the Englishman shoved everybody else aside, pushed them right and left, clearing a gangway to the doorstep, where he planted one huge muddy foot. The drums and bells all hushed while the Frenchman made a speech and talked mighty nice. Jody couldn't understand a syllable of their lingo, and didn't know why the Frenchman took a handful of money from his pocket. But the Englishman knew, and fought off a dozen outstretched hands to grab the cash.

"Come along, ye bullies," the Englishman called out, and everybody cheered as they followed him around the corner. Most of them kept on the banquette, but some few splashed right along the street, through the mud.

Behind the Englishman a hundred pairs of muddy feet stamped and shuffled into a groggery, where Jody saw many small round tables and chairs ranged about on a sanded floor. The Englishman strode to the bar and emptied his fistful of money on the counter. Then the folks began jabbering, men and women together, calling for what they wanted to drink.

"What's it all about? What's it all about?" Jody asked the Englishman.

"Well, Mate, that Frenchie got married and forgot to invite us. So we 'tended his wedding anyhow an' took plenty music. That fellow wouldn't have a minute's peace from now till Christmas, him and his bride, unless he stood for drinks. Take another, Mate."

After taking one swig of a sour slop that didn't hit the spot like good "red licker," Jody sneaked out of the groggery and found that the streets were getting dark. At one corner he saw a man pulling on a rope which operated like a block-and-tackle to let down a suspended lamp. The man lighted the lamp and hoisted it again, then hurried away to another lamp and left the first one hanging across the street.

"Gee," Jody chuckled, "whoever heard of hanging a lamp outdoors? Pap ain't goin' to believe *that*."

On the night that Jody Karr arrived at New Orleans the great fire of 1788 had not yet cleared away a hodgepodge of plank houses with shingle roofs which then constituted the Creole city. Most of these dwellings were one-story cottages, rarely two-story, and each originally occupied a corner, four houses to a square, the open spaces between being planted in vegetables. Social life was an amazing paradox of hardship and luxury. Ladies came out from France bringing with them magnificent furnishings that would have adorned a lordly chateau, to place their gilded tables and splendid mirrors in what was little better than a hovel. Often a gorgeous, glittering chandelier was hung from a wooden beam and marvelous carpets covered a floor that still showed the rough-hewn scars of an adze. Madame served her wine with equal grace in a chalice of priceless crystal or in a pewter mug. Her plates might be of tin or of gold, yet madame herself was al-

ways the *grande dame*, whether she accepted a royal hospitality at Versailles or dispensed it in her frame shack on Rue Bourbon.

Through this medley of contradictions the young Kentuckian went rambling, with both eyes peeled for delicious sins. Salvation may be free, but sins cost money and Jody soon considered: "Shucks, I ain't got a 'thrip and can't talk to a human. Mought jest as well travel on to my supper an' the jug." Yes, he'd go back to the flatboat.

The banquette along which he picked his way was raised above an unspeakably muddy street. It tickled Jody to remember a saying of the folks back home that "bad roads an' fist fights made Kentucky what she is."

"Gee," he chuckled, "ef Spanners kin fight as good as their roads is bad, all hell can't lick 'em!"

Dark had settled down, the thick, misty, tepid night of New Orleans. The narrow sidewalk barely gave space for one pedestrian to pass another, and now Jody saw a lot of folks coming towards him, people with lanterns. So the boy chose a convenient stopping place and made himself small against the fence to let them get by.

The people walked in single file, led by a strapping Negro buck who was dressed in red knee breeches and striped turban with a plume; like those servants that stood behind the lady's chair on the levee. Most of the time this big Negro walked backwards and held his lantern very low against the banquette. Naturally Jody glanced down to where the light was shining and saw a pair of very small, very white feet. And part of a girl's legs. Powerful pretty legs. No shoes or stockings.

Carefully the slave edged past, and Jody flattened himself still flatter against the fence. A wave of bewildering perfume filled his nostrils when the lady came abreast. She was now almost touching him, inching along the slippery timbers lest she fall off in the mud.

At a pace behind her mistress an old yellow "maman" raised her lantern to light the stranger's face, so that Señora might assure herself. Many thieves beset the streets of New Orleans, and m'lady wore rich gems.

The Señora Smiles

The Señora halted. Her face was less than a foot from Jody's. He could see her breathe, could see the undulations of a snowy bosom on which tiny sparks of fire rose and fell. At first Donna Margharita gave him only an inquiring glance. No. The lad's face was too honest for a robber's, his eyes too clear. Then she smiled, and Jody recognized her. It was the lady of the chair.

Not in a million years could he forget the density of those midnight eyes that for one thrilled moment gleamed into his own. And the miracle of it was that she, too, remembered him. An instant her red lips parted with a "Gracias, Señor," then the most noble Donna Ysabel Margharita Dolores y Trastamara lowered her lashes, lifted her skirts and passed on.

Following the adorable Señora came the old Negress bearing the lantern, and then a fat old mulatto man, turbaned and starched-skirted, also bearing a lantern and waddling with such ponderous hips that she nigh overbalanced herself in squeezing around Jody. Next in that motley train tripped a likely black wench, carrying slippers and stockings and m'lady's fan. At the wench's heels came another dressed-up Negro buck, lighting the path for a file of barefoot blacks whose cotton pantaloons were rolled to their knees. Each pair of these Negro slaves carried a plank, eight bearers in all, and four planks, forming a lengthy retinue. Last of all a grinning

young ape bore the tail light of their procession.

Until everyone had squeezed past him, Jody held himself against the fence, then turned and followed. He was curious to know where they were going, and eager for one more squint at the lady of the chair. She a painted Jezebel? No, sirree. Parson Tackett had sholy over-preached himself.

Anyhow Jody Karr took back track and skirmished behind them twenty feet to the rear. When Donna Margharita reached the next corner she stopped. She was bound to stop, or wade through mud and get her pretty legs all gummed up. The barefoot Negroes knew their business and never waited for orders, but laid a gangway of planks end to end, stretching from banquette to banquette. A dressed-up slave led Señora, while two of the barefoots waded beside to steady her until she made the crossing with a swish of lingerie and a twinkle of ivory legs.

After the lady had passed over, her blacks picked up their planks to be laid down again at the next corner.

On Rue Burgundy, near St. Philip, Donna Margharita stopped in front of a rather imposing mansion, brilliantly lighted within and with two big lamps burning before its doors. The banquette here had been widened by a temporary platform to provide space for a couple of wooden tubs and two squatting Negro women.

"This is Our Port"

When the Señora arrived, Jody saw some men and ladies from the house who came out and made a great fuss over her, the men kissing Señora's hand as she stepped into a tub and the wench began to wash her feet. Such a jabber, such a powwow, and Donna Margharita must raise her skirts still higher, which was not objectionable to Jody. The worst of the mud being cleaned off, the Señora stepped out of the tub and fat old yellow man knelt down and put a pair of slippers on Señora's dainty feet so that she might lower her skirt and go inside the house.

"Gee! This is a *real* show," Jody grinned and took his seat on the opposite banquette, where he could spy into an open door. Donna Margharita entered, with men swarming round her. Then she went upstairs, stopping halfway to flash back a dazzling smile.

"Shucks!" Jody rose and said. "Town folks sho does give theirselves a heap o' worriment. Reckon I'll go back to the boat."

Cap'n Hezzy leaned against the gunwale of his barge and smoked a pipe. Pirates of every nation infested this waterfront and his cargo could not be left unguarded. So Hezzy himself remained and greeted Jody.

"Queer, ain't it, son?" he observed, with a jerk of his thumb towards the ship lights in the harbor. "Queer, ain't it how folks from all over the world comes to Orleans? But, son, they ain't started yit, cause our valley is bound to fill up with thousands o' settlers. An' this is *our* port. Mind you, son, I said *ours*. Ours— How'd you like the town?"

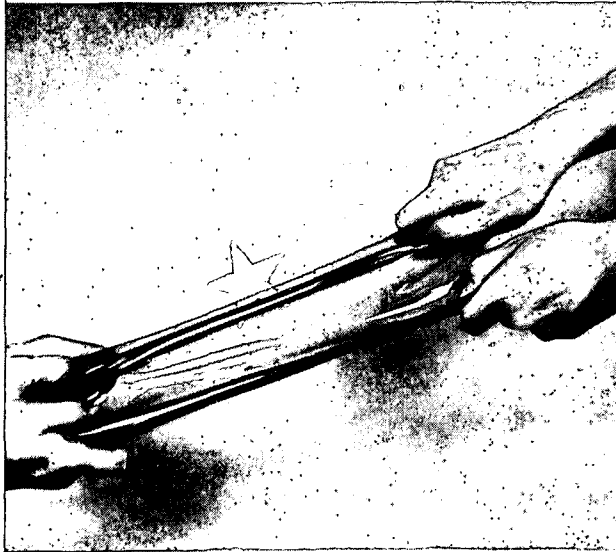
"Tol'able good," Jody answered as he sat down with a pan of supper on his lap. "I aims to sell my skins tomorrer an' stay here quite a spell."

"Sartin. Sartin. Stay here like all the rest of 'em till the gals gits yo' money. Then walk home. But you'll come back again. Ev'body comes back to Orleans."

"Yep. I'll come back soon with a gang of the boys an' grab this town. I likes Orleans."

Another article by Harris Dickson about the Port of Queer Cargoes will appear in an early issue of Collier's

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This shows a film of Valspar stretched between the hands,—what you would have if you could lift several coats of dry Valspar from a Valsparred surface. It can be stretched double its length.



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When you pour scalding water on a Valsparred surface covered with "dry ice," (more than 100° below zero), a terrific warfare between heat and cold goes on amongst clouds of steam. And even with an instantaneous temperature change of over 300 degrees, Valspar is unharmed!

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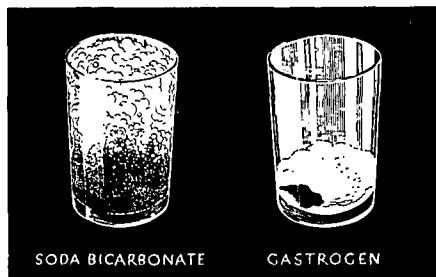
GET rid of that logy, fulsome feeling that follows your meals! Take two or three Gastrogen Tablets as soon as you leave the table. Acidity, heartburn and indigestion will quickly, quietly and comfortably disappear.

Gastrogen gives quick relief without the embarrassment of hiccups or gas that follows the use of soda. Nor can it alkalinize the stomach or retard digestion because, unlike "bi-carb", it contains only insoluble antacids.

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1. Pour a little vinegar into each of two tumblers. (The vinegar corresponds to the acid in your stomach.)
2. Into one tumbler drop 3 or 4 Gastrogen Tablets.
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Note the fizzing, the foaming and the seething in the tumbler with the soda. Note how little gas is released with Gastrogen—actually less than half as much, while neutralizing the same amount of acid. You see why soda disturbs and bloats the stomach—and why Gastrogen brings relief quietly without retarding or hampering normal digestion.

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Please send me your FREE introductory packet of 6 Gastrogen Tablets.

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The Deathless Miracle

Continued from page 28

"What, here in Walbrook? So do I," said John. "I say, will you . . . would you mind . . . what I mean is—please, what's your name?"

"Mary—Mary Willis."

"Thanks! Mine's John Martin. Perhaps we'll meet again?"

"If you like . . . perhaps," she murmured, and was gone.

"Determined! Me! Good Lord!" muttered John. Then, squaring his shoulders, he strode along the crowded pavement until, catching sight of a slim, young fellow, a little shabby yet very blithe and confident of air, he halted suddenly, amazed to see this was his own reflection cast by a mirror in a shop doorway.

ANGIER, the head clerk, greeted him with his usual matutinal scowl and the question:

"Well, what are you so dashed spry about this morning?"

"Old lad," answered John, setting his hat on its customary peg, "I'm thinking it's about time the boss gave me a raise."

"Have another think, then, my poor fish!" moaned Angier, climbing wearily upon his lofty stool.

John pulled down his cuffs, moistened and smoothed their rough edges, and two minutes later was gazing down upon that awesome object, to wit: the pink cranium of the Olympian—George Dale, Esquire, of Dale, Peek and Dale—just now spread-eagled above his morning correspondence.

"Wassmatter?" hissed this demigod, eyes cocked and a glare beneath shaggy, white eyebrows.

"Sir, it's about a—" John swallowed violently, squared his shoulders again and continued in voice a little louder, "a raise in my salary, sir."

"Eh—eh?" barked the Olympian. "Ha, damme, a raise? How long have you been with us?"

"Five years, sir."

"How many raises have you had?"

"None, sir."

"See me later! Tell cashier! G'tout!"

So came John's first step, and he in such fever to tell Mary that daily in his luncheon hour he haunted Walbrook and the vicinity until he espied her at last, and felt himself the more elated because of the glow in her brown eyes and murmurous commendation.

Within this narrow and busy thoroughfare is, or was, a small sedate teashop wherein moves a sedate and elderly waitress answering to the name of Sibyl; and here daily it became the custom for this ordinary young man to break bread with the Princess, who, though she filled the place with the magic of her gentle, inspiring presence, was for him only Mary Willis, especially when of a Saturday afternoon (and the time their own) she would pour his tea and listen with such glad sympathy, her wise brown eyes upon his preoccupied, commonplace features, while he told her of his failures or successes and discussed his problems, relying upon her quick judgment.

So time sped, bringing its changes as time must. John was greatly changed, his shoulders seemed broader, his eye bright and purposeful, his slouching step quick and firm; his clothes were no longer shabby, his small bedroom had burgeoned into a cozy flat, for John was climbing apace.

Though pressure of business kept him prisoned all the week or sent him traveling far and wide, yet every Saturday afternoon brought him to the humble little teashop and mere Mary. On this particular Saturday he was so

obsessed with momentous affairs that he was less aware than ever of the Princess and blind to the trouble in her gentle eyes.

"I'm glad you've succeeded, John. I knew you would!"

"But I haven't told you half yet. . . . Mary, they want me to go abroad. . . . Africa! To open a new branch!"

"Abroad, John! When?"

"At once! They're offering me . . . fifteen hundred a year!"

"Oh!" said she, very softly, but the teapot clattered as she set it down.

"Fifteen hundred isn't so bad to begin with, eh, Mary?"

"It's . . . wonderful!" she murmured.

"But Africa's a long way off and I don't like leaving old London . . . and you, of course. Besides, I hate change."

"It's good for us . . . sometimes," said she breathlessly. "And . . . you've changed . . . very much since we . . . first met."

"Well, I should hope so!" snorted John, glancing down at his immaculate person. "But about this offer? I've a good mind to let it go. What do you say, Mary?"

Dumbly she turned to glance across the little shop, empty now save for themselves and Sibyl crocheting demurely in her corner, and with head thus averted she whispered:

"Oh, why ask me?"

"Because you will advise me for the best. You always do, you always have."

Then, being the Princess, she answered, though with face still averted:

"You must go . . . of course! This is the chance you've worked for. . . . And now . . . I'll go home."

"Why so early today, Mary?"

"My head aches and I'm . . . rather tired."

"I wonder," said John as they stepped into the street, "why you are so different from other girls? Lord, Mary, I shall hate to leave London and—"

"You'll get used to it, John. Africa must be wonderful . . . and you'll be . . . settling down . . . getting married—"

"Too busy, Mary! Besides I've never met—her yet. I mean the only woman, the dream girl."

"No, I thought you hadn't, John. But you'll find her . . . in Africa perhaps. I wonder what she'll be like? Beautiful, of course."

"Well, naturally! Someone with yellow hair and blue eyes. And yet—I fancy I'm not the marrying sort—"

"And there's my bus, John . . . Good-by! No, don't come any farther . . . I'd rather be alone, my head's cracking! You'll try to see me before . . . you leave?"

"Good Lord, Mary, of course!" And when she and the bus had vanished, John hurried to his cozy flat, there to lay plans for his ever-brightening future, while Mary, locked within the solitude of her bare little room, wept long and bitterly because her eyes were brown.

ENSUED a harassing week for John. Nevertheless on Saturday afternoon he entered the teashop, bright-eyed and eager, to find it a wilderness holding no more than an aged man who champed a muffin and Sibyl busied with her never-ending crocheting; crossing this howling desolation, John questioned her in tone aggrieved:

"Where is she, Sibyl? Has she gone? Couldn't she wait?"

Sibyl sniffed.

"Sir," she answered, "if you mean Miss Mary, she ain't been here since Monday, she ain't well—"

"Eh, d'you mean she's ill?"

"And, what's more, she's lost her job!"

Ah, lost it three weeks ago, she did—"Three . . . weeks!" gasped John. "But . . . why didn't she tell me?"

"P'r'aps because you never asked her. You never do. And now she's ill, pining away! Ain't been herself for a long time, but you never noticed—not you."

"No, I didn't, Sibyl, I didn't . . . damn it, I never even guessed—"

"No, you ain't much of a guesser, Mr. John! Some folks may think you're smart, and others, that's me, thinks you're a chump and—what's more—"

Sibyl stopped, head cocked in romantic speculation for, with a sort of leap, John was off and away. He hailed a taxi and therein was whirled to a grim street of gloomy houses, into one of which he sped and, climbing many stairs, knocked upon a door, which had barely opened when:

"Mary!" said he.

"John!" she gasped.

"Why, Mary, how pale you look! May I come in? Are you ill? I never knew, never guessed—"

"Oh, I'm all right now," she answered breathlessly. "Do you mind sitting on the bed? And you . . . you've come to say good-by, of course—"

"Yes, Mary. But you see I didn't want to leave London and you, so I stuck the firm for another two hundred pounds and they agreed! So I simply must go, now."

"Yes . . . yes, of course you must."

"But I can't leave you like this . . . I mean out of a job. So I want you please to let me help you . . . I mean to say I'm going to lend you a hundred pounds—"

"THAT'S sweet of you, John, but there's no need. I found a situation yesterday. I'm going to begin on Monday."

"Fine!" cried he, clasping her nerveless hand. "I'm frightfully glad. Still, I'm going to lend you that hundred—"

"No, John—please, I'd rather not! Tell me, when do you sail?"

"Next Tuesday . . . I say, Mary, will you—I thought perhaps you'd let me take you out to dinner and a theater—"

"No—no, oh, I couldn't! I mean . . . I'm not quite up to it, John dear . . . but thank you all the same. And, John, I . . . always hate saying good-by—let's say it and have done." So John clasped her slim, cold hands, felt an impulse to kiss her, checked it, muttered, "Good-by!" and heard the door close behind him.

Having descended the many stairs he paused and stood irresolute, but this time, obeying impulses, went hurrying back for a last word. Receiving no answer to his knock he ventured to open the door. . . . She was kneeling by the open window, her slim body shaken by great sobs, her pale face agonized with bitter grief. Now as he stood, dumbstruck and aghast, he suddenly beheld this forlorn and woeful figure through a glitter of tears that burned and stung; and these tears being manly because they were so utterly unselfish wrought such magic that he visioned her truly at last, seeing not the grief-wrung features of poor, desolate Mary but the Princess radiant with a beauty imperishable, the very woman, his ideal and inspiration.

"Mary!" he cried; and, looking up, she saw commonplace John quite transformed by the new-born adoration of his eyes, the half-fearful entreaty of his eager, outstretched arms.

"My dear!" she whispered, "oh, my dear!"

Thus the Princess in her mercy went to him.

Hail a New Super-Air-Way



Hail New Standards of Perfection in an Electric Cleaner . . .

It remained for Air-Way to create a marvelous new type of electric cleaner to meet the greater modern demands for sanitation, safety, cleanliness and beauty

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Hundreds of thousands of women who will buy electric cleaners this spring will demand more efficiency, higher standards of safety, greater health protection and larger value in home cleaning services than ever before. These greater modern requirements are squarely met by the new Super-Air-Way which is a wholly new and different type of cleaning device. Every woman is invited to telephone her local Air-Way branch for a free demonstration of this new achievement in electric cleaners, and judge for herself the value of new exclusive and superior Air-Way features:

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2. An electric cleaner rightfully termed a Sanitary System because it offers protection from the dangers of infectious household dirt. Air-Way was the first to use the term Sanitary System in connection with a cleaning

device, because Air-Way was the first to emphasize the need for a cleaning system that would be both efficient and sanitary.

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6. Lightness—ease of operation—quick cleaning.

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THOMAS H. BECK
Editorial Director

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

WILLIAM L. CHENERY, Editor



CHARLES COLEBAUGH
Managing Editor

An Open Letter

Dear Sir:

Won't you clear up the confusion which still beclouds your prohibition report? So much of mystery surrounds your findings and your recommendations that your fellow citizens are unable to glean from your work that light and guidance which had been so confidently expected.

Your distinguished fellow citizen, Thomas Alva Edison, was quoted in the daily press as saying extravagantly that the prohibition report amounted to exactly nothing. Mr. Edison must have been speaking as a mathematician. Your "Yeses" and "Noes" do seem to cancel each other so that little remains, but actually there is more to your report than meets the hurried glance. You and your eminent associates evidently learned more during the nineteen months you devoted to the subject than you clearly admitted in your published statements.

Won't you answer plainly a few plain questions so that your fellow citizens may have the benefit of the experience you have gained as a public agent? Here are some of the things many would like to know:

First, how did you persuade a majority consisting of five men and one woman, each of whom filed an individual report recommending the revision of the Eighteenth Amendment, to join you in opposing the repeal of that amendment and in saying nothing jointly concerning its revision?

Why, specifically, did Colonel Henry W. Anderson say with you on page 145 that the Commission is opposed to the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment and say on his own behalf on page 173, "I am compelled to find that the Eighteenth Amendment and the National Prohibition Act will not be observed and cannot be enforced"?

What led Newton D. Baker to say on page 145 that the Commission is opposed to the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment and on page 197, "In my opinion the Eighteenth Amendment should be repealed and the whole question of policy and enforcement with regard to intoxicating liquors remitted to the states"?

Mr. Baker cannot at one and the same time both favor and oppose repeal.

How did it happen that President Ada L. Comstock of Radcliffe College joined you in silence concerning revision of the Eighteenth Amendment and yet in her separate report recommended its immediate change and revision?

to the Honorable

GEORGE W. WICKERSHAM

Chairman, National Commission on Law Observance and Enforcement, Washington, D. C.

How was Frank J. Loesch reconciled to opposing repeal on page 145 while saying on page 265, "I have come to the conclusion that effective national enforcement of the Eighteenth Amendment in its present form is unattainable; therefore, steps should be taken immediately to revise the amendment"?

How did Kenneth Mackintosh come to recommend revision on page 269 while joining with you in upholding the amendment on page 145?

How did it happen that Dean Roscoe Pound of Harvard permitted himself to be quoted as opposing Constitutional changes on page 145 while on page 280 he urged the revision of the amendment?

How, in plain words, were a solid majority of your organization induced to deny as a commission what they asserted as individuals?

Why were the misleading conclusions and recommendations issued to the press four hours before the report which qualified them was released?

Why did you permit your first statement

to appear to uphold the Eighteenth Amendment while actually a majority of your members strongly recommended change in the Constitution and in the law?

Your fellow citizens realize the difficulties which you faced in dealing with a question so vast in its relationships and so obscured by partisanship and passion. The unwillingness of politicians and of elected persons to speak frankly upon a matter so controversial was in fact the occasion for inviting you and your colleagues to make a prolonged and costly inquiry into the subject. You were entrusted with this grave responsibility because your courage and your intelligence were respected.

You were not asked to make a report based upon political expediency. Congress and the President must deal with politics.

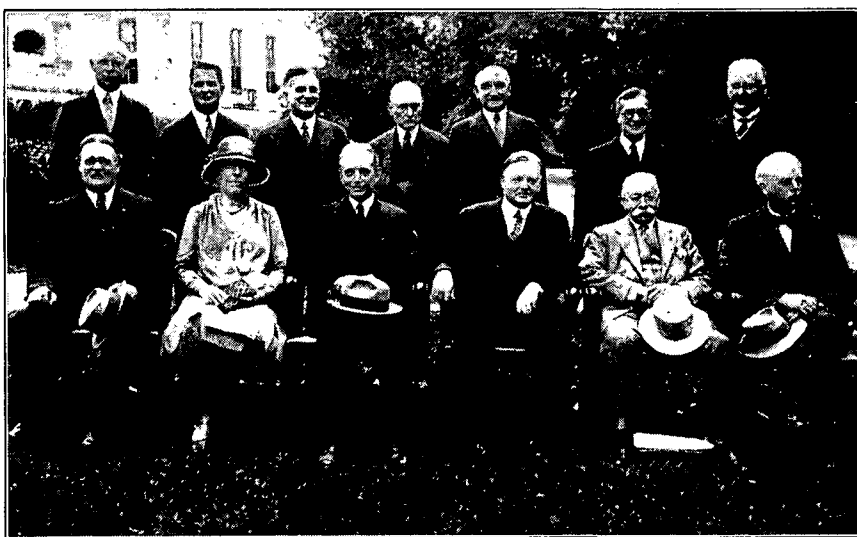
You were instructed by law to make "a thorough inquiry into the problem of the enforcement of prohibition under the provisions of the Eighteenth Amendment." Large sums of public money were put at your disposal. You were expected to report what you found.

Not one of your commission found satisfactory conditions. A minority of you asked individually that more time be given to prove the possibility of enforcing the Eighteenth Amendment. A clear majority reported as individuals their beliefs that the law as now constituted was neither enforced nor enforceable. Why was it necessary for you as a commission to obscure the judgment at which individually you arrived?

You very well realize, Mr. Chairman, the gravity of the evils which afflict this Republic because of the corruption and contempt for law bred by the nullification of the Eighteenth Amendment. Will you not deal frankly with the American people and rise to the opportunity put before you by President Hoover at your first meeting, May 28, 1929, when he said:

"It is my hope that the Commission shall secure an accurate determination of fact and cause, following them with constructive, courageous conclusions which will bring public understanding and command public support of its solutions."

Respectfully yours,



The President and the Wickersham Commission. Seated, left to right, are Roscoe Pound, Ada L. Comstock, Attorney-General Wm. D. Mitchell, President Hoover, George W. Wickersham and Wm. S. Kenyon. Standing: Kenneth R. Mackintosh, Monte M. Lemann, Paul J. McCormick, Wm. I. Grubb, Frank J. Loesch, Newton D. Baker and Henry W. Anderson

William L. Chenery
EDITOR