



TAKE THE TOBACCO FROM YOUR TEETH

Let your mouth wake up and live

A million men are chanting the praise of Listerine Tooth Paste

Why not start using Listerine Tooth Paste right now? We'll wager you will like it better than any you've ever used. A million men say here's a dentifrice with real action . . . real results. And real economy, too. Think of it! more than $\frac{1}{4}$ pound of first-rate dentifrice in the big 40¢ tube.

Fights smokers' teeth

Discover for yourself how easily it wipes from your teeth those ugly deposits stained by tobacco smoke. Your teeth stand revealed sturdy, white, and shining. Feel it wake up your mouth and gums. You never knew anything so stimulating as that won-

derful feeling of freshness it gives.

Your breath, sir

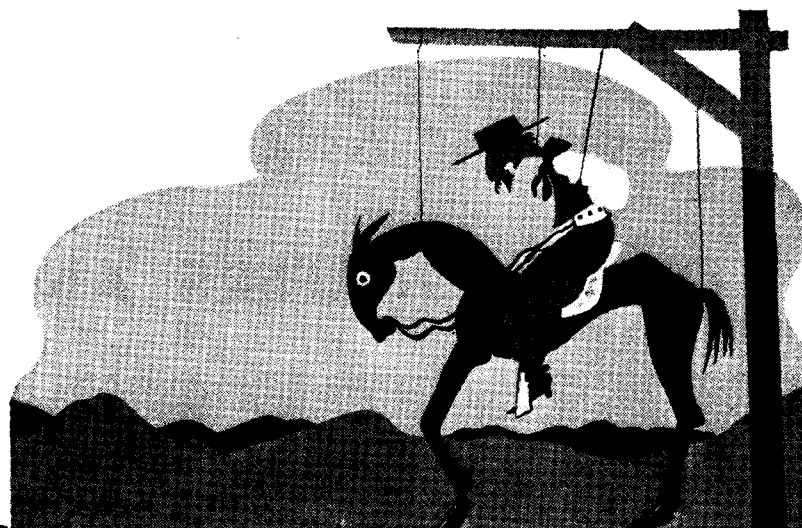
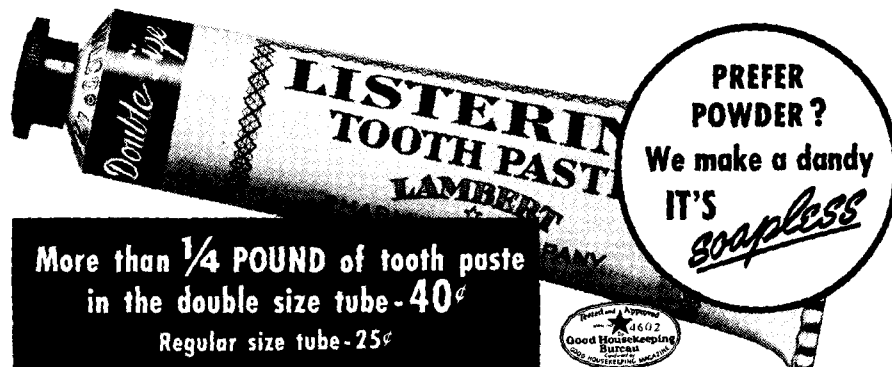
See how Listerine Tooth Paste combats breath odors that do you no good socially or in business. You'd expect such action, of course, from the name this tooth paste bears.

Ask your wife

Your wife probably knows about Listerine Tooth Paste; if she follows the news. It's a favorite of professional beauties of the New York studios who "live by their smiles"—girls who simply can't afford to risk the beauty of their teeth. Its results are so amazing that these glamour women actually call it their "beauty bath for teeth."

Get a tube from your druggist now. In two big economical sizes—double size 40¢, regular 25¢.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., St. Louis, Mo.



KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

Among the most gruesome warnings to bandits are the "equestrian statues" which dot the pampas of northern Chile today. Each consists of a mummified highwayman, astride his mummified horse, both held in an upright position by wires and wooden props.—By L. J. Vallet, Oak Park, Illinois.

During the past few years, movie publicity has made so many persons believe that every film personality is a millionaire that Hollywood receives more begging letters than any other city in the world. One motion-picture studio, which handles the fan mail of its players, recently calculated that the requests for money sent to them in a year amounted to more than \$150,000,000.

Although most monarchs of Christian countries have been crowned by the highest ecclesiastical head of their church, the czars of Russia always crowned themselves because they believed that no other mortal was worthy of the honor.

Aristocratic French women, shortly before the Revolution in 1789, vied with one another in decorating their headdresses. Their large wigs were adorned with such toy ornaments as windmills, ships, animals and houses. One of the oddest was the "Kitchen Coiffure" in which the headdress included a dishcloth, a bunch of onions, a knife and fork and a scrubbing brush.

Absolutely pure iron is rarer than gold, 100 per cent pure water is probably unknown and a perfectly pure white color is unattainable.—By Robert L. Bacon, Port Henry, New York.

Harvesters of sugar cane in the Hawaiian Islands start by deliberately setting fire to the cane field. This burns away the leaves and tassels, makes the cane easier to cut and destroys insects, rats and mongooses. The cane itself does not burn as it is heavily-laden with juice.

One of the greatest "scoops" in the newspaper history of the United States was published in Woodhull & Claflin's Weekly in New York on November 2, 1872. The story charged that the Reverend Henry Ward Beecher, America's famous preacher and theologian, had alienated the affections of the wife of a friend. News of the tale spread so rapidly that, by dusk, copies of the paper sold for \$40 apiece.—By Harry Neidich, Brooklyn, New York.

The quantity of cotton in different kinds of cotton materials varies considerably. When spun into yarns of the proper sizes, one pound of cotton will, for example, produce two yards of denim, four yards of bleached muslin, six yards of gingham, seven yards of calico or ten yards of lawn.—By Sarah Anne McKee, Camp Hill, Pennsylvania.

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At last — A Really Safe Tire!

DIFFERENT from any tire you have ever seen, the FISK SAFTI-FLIGHT realizes the ideal of motoring safety toward which tire technicians have been striving for years. Its flexible, insulated-cleat tread has amazingly greater road grip and braking power. To appreciate the advantages which this great new tire offers, you must examine its various scientific safety features in detail. See your FISK dealer today, or write for free Booklet "C".

THE FISK TIRE COMPANY, Inc., Chicopee Falls, Mass.

FISK SAFTI-FLIGHT

STOPS YOU FASTER Streamlined tread, made up of hundreds of independent rubber cleats insulated by ribbons of specially compounded white gum, gives maximum tread flexibility; adds amazingly to road-gripping qualities and braking power under all road conditions.

STARTS YOU FASTER The independently acting rubber cleats prevent "initial spin" and give instant traction.

ROLLS MORE QUIETLY The streamlined tread eliminates angles and pockets that cause "tire hum."

RIDES MORE SMOOTHLY The tread gives an unbroken contact with the road surface, insuring positive traction without "bumping action." The whole tire is so flexible that 6-ply SAFTI-FLIGHTS give the sensation of riding on 4-ply tires while affording the greater protection of two extra plies.

IS SAFER The flexible cleated tread responds more quickly to rapid acceleration or to rapid application of brakes. On any road surface you stop in a shorter distance—in a lesser time—IN A STRAIGHT LINE.

GIVES LONG MILEAGE Fisk's Anti-Friction Cord construction and Air-Flight principle of design, with the additional advantages of the Safti-Flight tread, insure long, safe, worry-free miles.

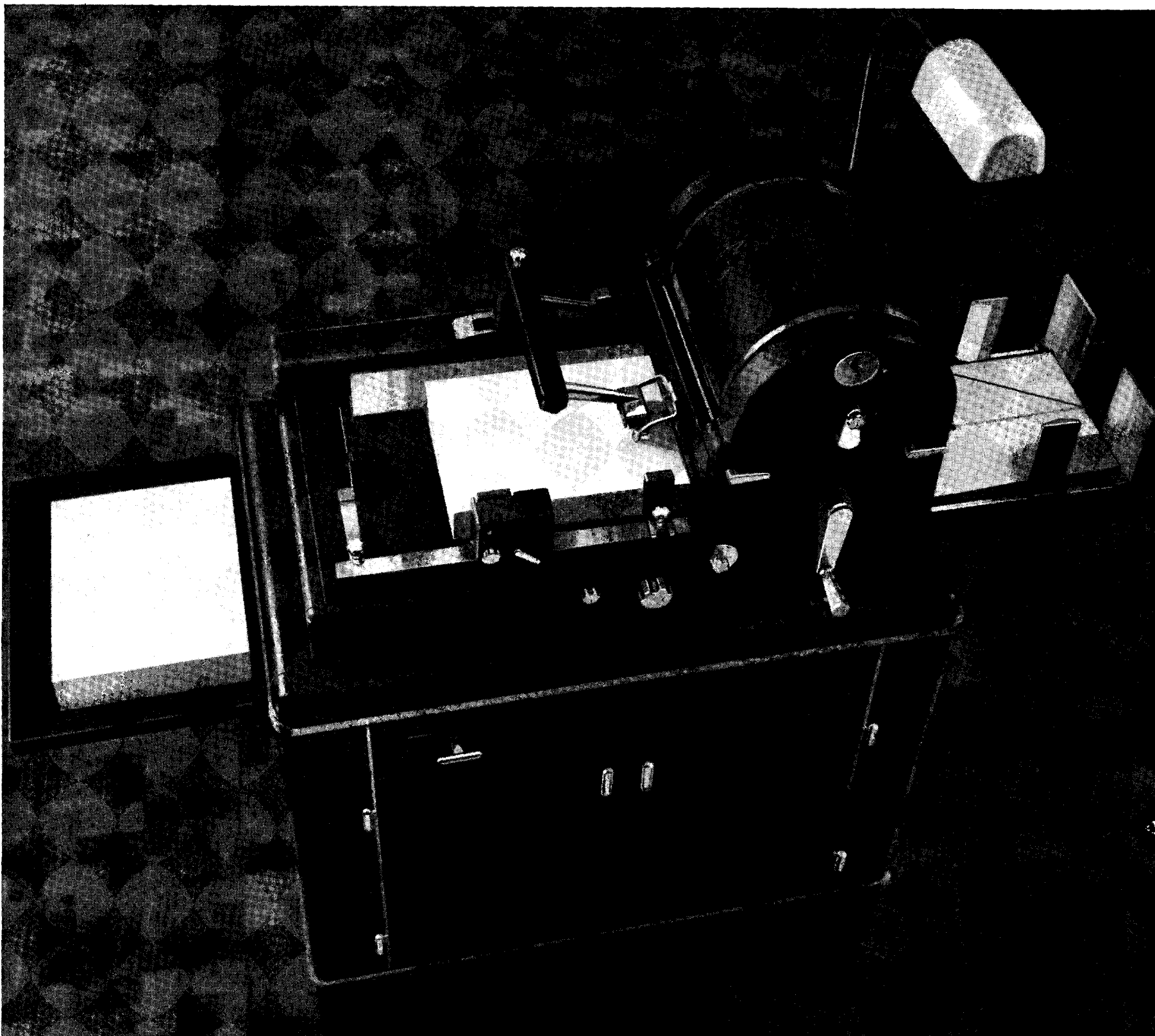
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FISK

TIME TO RE-TIRE

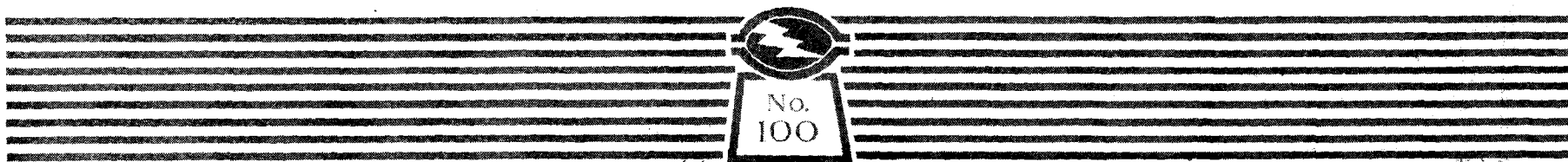
GET A FISK

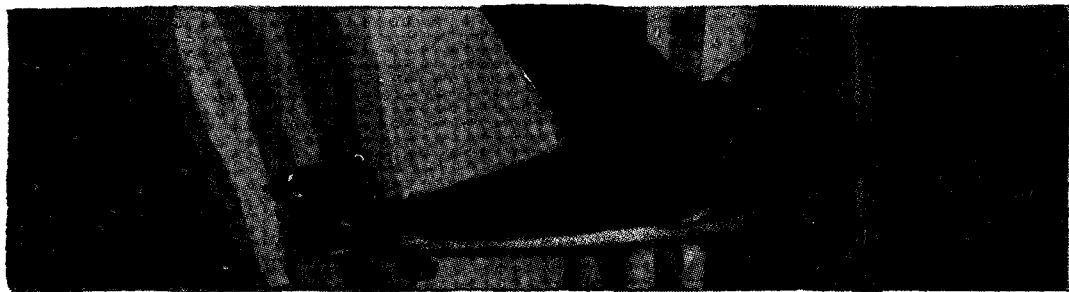
—and now, PLUS-Protection IN THE Skid ZONE, too



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THE NEW MIMEOGRAPH





Dangerous Young Man

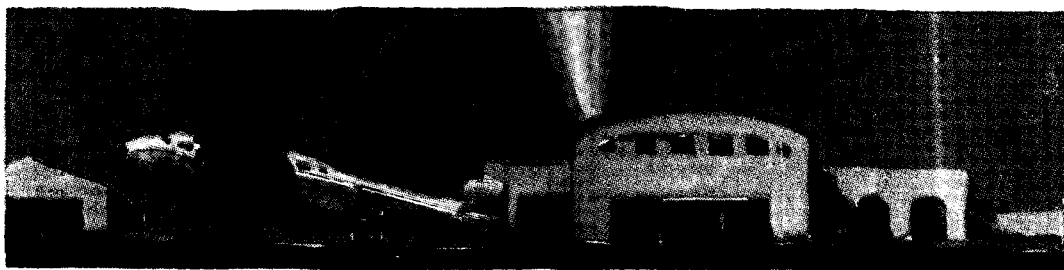
By George F. Worts

Beginning the adventures of Peter Banyard, who crashed a party to meet the girl who hated him. A story which shuttles between Park Avenue and the shadows of New York's sinister underworld

ILLUSTRATED BY JAY HYDE BARNUM



She stared at me. I couldn't see her eyes very well, on account of the flood-light, but I could see that look. And she said, "Is this an attempt at airy humor?"



THE girl in the mink coat puffed with slow rhythm at her cigarette and looked through the smoke at Mr. Merricka. He was a handsome man of forty, with a fine, straight nose and a lean, hard-looking jaw. Gray hair and a young, freshly pink face made him striking. He had charm, especially when he smiled.

"No," she said, watching him with her soft gray eyes, "I don't quite understand."

"I'll go over it again," Mr. Merricka said. "When you go into Lazarre's, one of our men will be there with the key. He will manage to give you this key. It will mean you're to go through with it."

"It seems unnecessary," the girl said.

"We may not have the key until the last minute. If he's there with it, then you are to get Miss Griffin away from the party immediately after the supper and take her to Penthouse A in the Sunrise Towers. Why is that so complicated?"

He smiled and Franziska Rilling smiled with him, but there was still doubt in her eyes.

She looked a little frightened. Since he had started talking, her coloring had diminished, and she was now rather pale. But pallor did not affect her loveliness; it only made her look more fragile. The long, tragic upper lip and the full, small under lip were pressed firmly together, not in a straight line, but in a slight arch, and this, with the way she carried her proud young head and the candor and directness of her eyes, gave her a gallant air. Her eyes, shadowed deeply by lashes, made the man think of evenings in June. The full effect of that slim, lovely face was one of the most appealing mystery.

She said: "Her bodyguard may complicate things."

Mr. Merricka shook his head. "No, Miss Rilling. Her bodyguard will be waiting in her car. It is certain that her grandfather will instruct her bodyguard not to let her leave the party."

"I suppose so. Yes."

"They certainly won't be expecting her to leave Lazarre's until the party is over, will they?"

"I suppose not."

"You will take a taxi with her to Roderico Hova's. That's all."

"How will I get her away from that party?"

Mr. Merricka smiled again. His blue eyes were as clear as Franziska Rilling's, but they were cold. "Can't we leave that to your inventiveness? Can't you say there's been an urgent telephone call from him, or something of the sort? You and Miss Griffin are good friends. You're a clever girl."

She watched him steadily through the screen of smoke from her cigarette.

"How about the police?"

"How can they possibly interfere?"

The gray-eyed girl crushed out her cigarette. She smiled and gave him a glimpse of a nature so gay that it made him sad. "All right, Mr. Merricka."

"When you've done it," he said, "be sure to get in touch with me. I'll be in my room at the Hotel Adlington from midnight on. If anything should go wrong, phone me there."

"All right," Miss Rilling said.

ONCE in a long while, Oliver Hooper was thinking, a man is born.

"I've got to meet her," the young man with sultry eyes said. "I've got to find out what it was I said or did, or what there is about me that made her hate me practically on sight. What is it, Mr. Hooper? I admit I am a desert rat with the sagebrush sticking out of my ears. But does that account for it? If you could have seen the icebergs in her eyes, Mr. Hooper—"

"Not 'Mr. Hooper,' sir; just 'Oliver.'"

The young man from the West smiled. The smile started at the left-hand corner of his mouth and traveled slowly across his lips, then upward to his eyes, which crinkled and seemed to sparkle.

"Okay, Oliver. Sit down," he said.

"No, thank you, Mr. Banyard."

"Sit down."

Oliver Hooper sat on the edge of a chair.

"You're going to ride herd on me."

"Sir?"

"You're going on the pay roll as my valet."

"I'm sorry, Mr. Banyard, but I retired five years