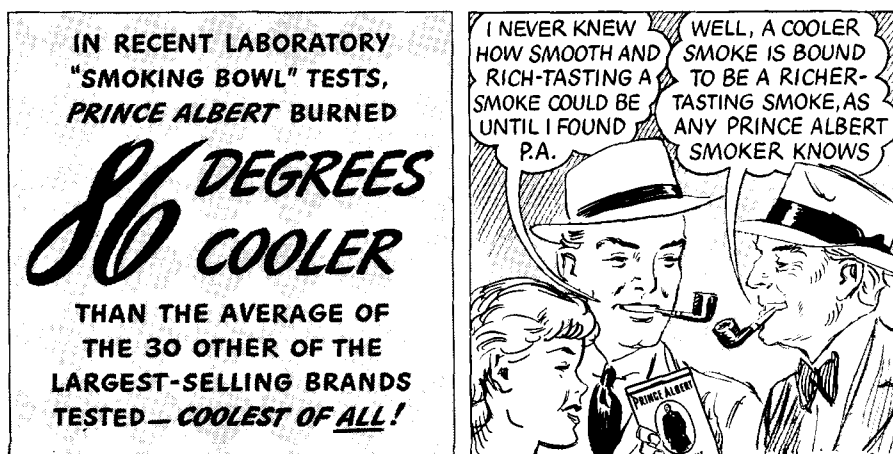


# OL' JUDGE ROBBINS



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## PRINCE ALBERT

THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE



## KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

Although a mammal, the hippopotamus is able to walk on the bottom of rivers and lakes and graze on the aquatic vegetation.

In the normal human blood stream, red corpuscles die and are replaced at the rate of about 150,000 a second.—By Dr. R. W. Adams, Newport Center, Vermont.

Several hours before a severe storm is expected to hit an area in either our Atlantic or Pacific coastal waters, United States Coast Guard seaplanes fly out and warn small freighters, fishing boats, yachts and other craft without radio by dropping on their decks a small wooden box containing the storm forecast.

The hottest man-made flame in existence is found in the atomic nitrogen electric arc and reaches a temperature of 18,300 degrees Fahrenheit. The heat is developed by the separation and recombination of the two atoms of each molecule of nitrogen as the gas flows through the arc at a pressure of 14,000 pounds per square inch.

Grand Coulee Dam in Washington furnished, this past season, the newest improvement in accommodations for "sidewalk superintendents," or those who like to watch construction work. It consisted of a grandstand of four hundred seats and a speaker who, using an amplifier, described each operation of the workmen.—By Mrs. I. M. Beadle, Washington, D. C.

A new typewriter has been invented for those who wish to write letters to blind persons in Braille. The keyboard is standard, but the keys instead of printing letters from a ribbon emboss the paper in Braille characters.

The traditional headgear of chimney sweepers, members of one of the world's sootiest professions, is a formal silk hat.

A sect of Moslems in the Punjab, India, never uses gongs because their sound is supposed to awaken the dead.—By Hazel Kinzie, Niagara Falls, New York.

One system of shorthand, invented only fifty-one years ago, has developed and spread more rapidly than any of the numerous forms of abbreviated writing, being employed today by more than fifty million persons in thirteen languages.

Armored truck companies carefully organize and superintend the daily work of their crews. Not only are they changed each day, but they never know where they are going next to pick up or deliver a large sum of money until they complete one job and open the successive sealed envelopes of instructions. When they are either fifteen minutes behind or twenty minutes ahead of their schedule, they have to report their location by telephone.

The New York Times and The Times of London are the only newspapers in the world that publish bound-volume indexes.—By William E. Casselberry, Asheville, North Carolina.

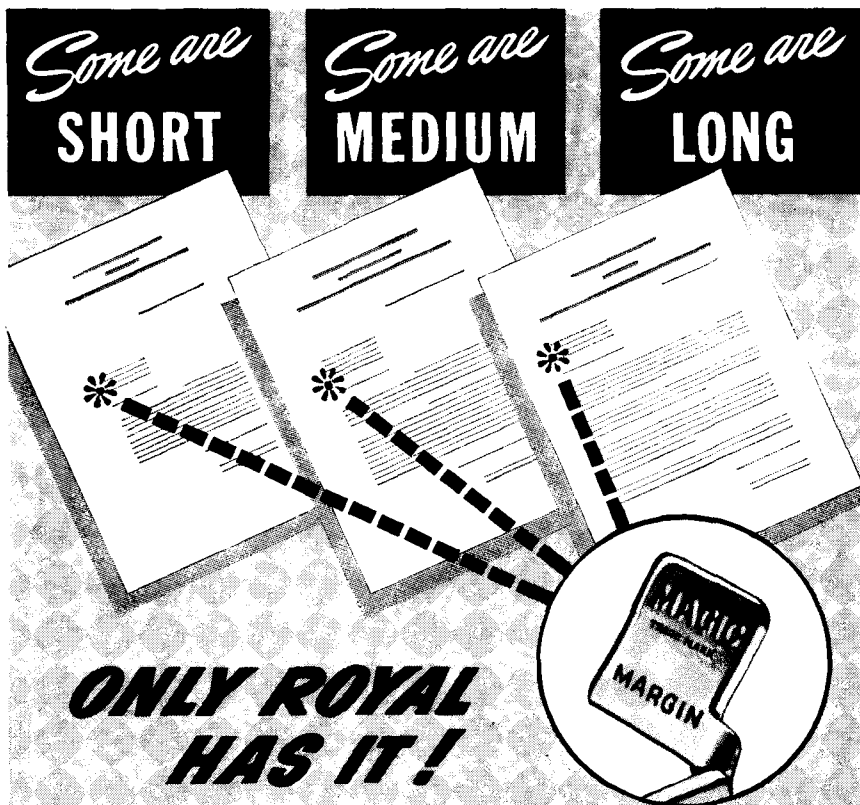
Aluminum wire, when made for delicate instruments such as gravimeters, is drawn so fine that twenty thousand miles of it would weigh only one pound and cost \$216,000,000.—By Robert L. Baker, Tampico, Illinois.

Albino horses are now bred successfully on several American ranches, the foremost being "White Horse Place" near Stuart, Nebraska. Incidentally, these animals, unlike all other horses, are foaled white.

The manufacture of explosives is so fraught with danger that the workmen are not even allowed to wear metal buttons for fear of a chance spark. Yet this industry, owing to its extreme safety precautions, has an accident frequency rate thirty-eight per cent below the average for all industries.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address: Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. This column is copyrighted by Collier's. The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher.

# SENSATIONAL IMPROVEMENT MAKES EVERY LETTER BETTER



***MAGIC<sup>\*</sup> Margin***  
***takes care of***  
***ALL letters INSTANTLY***

**BUSINESS AMERICA** has acclaimed MAGIC Margin as the most sensational improvement in typewriter history. *WHY?* What could business men know about the mechanics of typewriters? How could they realize what hand-set margins had meant to the typist—what time and energy were wasted in measuring of spaces, juggling for position, wrestling with stubborn “stops”?

These executives could only judge by results. And their enthusiasm sprang from the simple fact that MAGIC Margin—helped the operator make *every letter a better letter!*

It's an amazing success story! Royal engineers knew how operators would hail this new and exclusive patented device that sets margins

accurately, *automatically*, by the flick of a finger.

*But something more happened!*

By freeing the typist's hands from irksome margin-setting, MAGIC Margin freed her imagination. Letters took on a new character. At once the little lever on the carriage of the New Royal became an executive matter . . . and executives everywhere began to ask their secretaries about it—how it operated, exactly what it did.

THE DESK TEST answers every question. It costs nothing, demonstrates everything . . . MAGIC Margin, Locked Segment Shift Freedom, Time Saver Top, and all the many other exclusive Royal features. Ask for it . . . in your own office, no obligation.

**THE MARGIN** is a border of white space surrounding the body of every letter. It serves as a frame to give eye-appeal and pleasing emphasis.

With MAGIC Margin, the operator can instantly, automatically arrange both left and right margins to fit the size of the letter thus actually helping the clearness and effectiveness of the thoughts conveyed.

**MAGIC Margin has many other uses!**

But the uses of MAGIC Margin are far more varied than this simple “squaring off.” At the touch of the operator's finger, she can (1) indent paragraphs and quotations for special emphasis; (2) set up any

series of points in an attractive pattern; (3) set up and address the envelope.

**Saves time and effort  
... increases efficiency!**

Besides these advantages that “make every letter better,” MAGIC Margin makes short work of complex forms . . . invoices, briefs, envelopes, index cards. Offices everywhere report far greater efficiency!

**Compare the Work!**

Try the New Royal immediately. Judge its value in terms of actual results . . .

Royal Typewriter Company, Inc., 2 Park Ave., New York. In Canada, 7035 Park Ave., Montreal, Quebec. Factory: Hartford, Conn.



\*Trade-mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Office

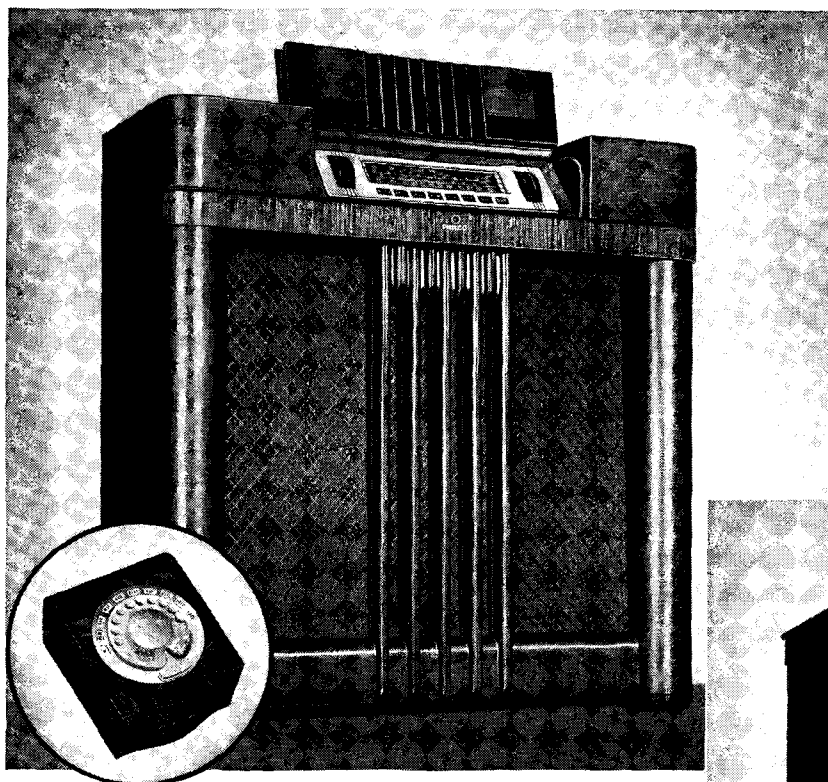
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**EASY-  
WRITING**

**ROYAL**

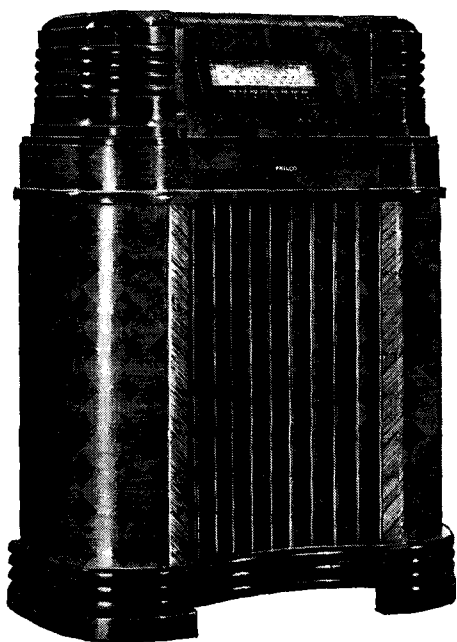
**WORLD'S NO. 1 TYPEWRITER**

# These new **PHILCO** radios offer you greater thrills ... at new, lower prices!



## PHILCO 217RX WITH WIRELESS REMOTE CONTROL

A new version of the world's most thrilling radio! 12 tubes, American and Foreign reception, Built-in Super Aerial System... *plus* Wireless Remote Control of favorite stations. You tune from any room in your home *without wires or connections to the radio!* Magnificent Inclined Sounding Board cabinet of costly Walnut woods, with folding lid that covers the Inclined Control Panel. Liberal trade-in allowance and easy terms.

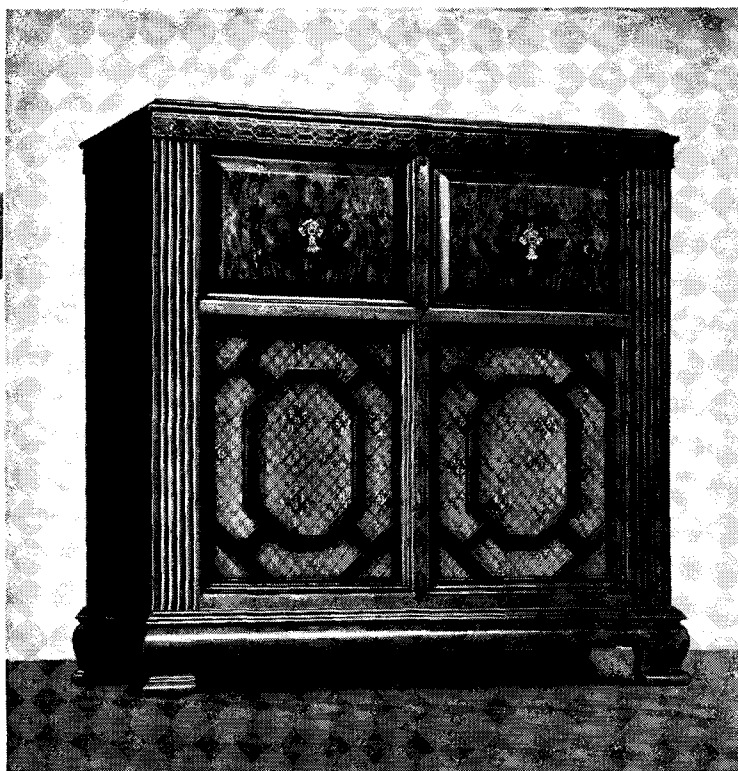


## PHILCO 180XF CONSOLE—VALUE SENSATION!

A great value in tone, performance and rich cabinet beauty. Has the new Philco Built-in Super Aerial System... place the radio anywhere, plug in and play. Gets American and Foreign reception. Electric Push-Button Tuning. Built to receive Television Sound—the *wireless way*. Large, impressive cabinet in richly finished, hand-rubbed Walnut. *Only \$6.95 down.* Many other consoles to choose from in a wide price range.

**T**HE pace of Philco progress never lags! Now, at Philco dealers everywhere, you see new Philco achievements, new triumphs of tone, performance, beauty... and value. For your own satisfaction, *investigate!* You cannot realize how much of today's broadcasting thrills an out-of-date radio misses until you hear one of these newest 1940 Philco models. The glorious richness of tone which makes fascinating domestic programs *live* with new beauty; the thrilling performance which brings you vivid foreign news and views *direct*, by short-wave; the lovely, smart, modern cabinets... all this, Philco, radio's acknowledged leader, brings you at amazing new low prices!

You'll be surprised how easily you may replace your present radio and enjoy the new and greater thrills of a 1940 Philco. Your Philco dealer now offers unusually liberal trade-in allowances. And even a modest budget can find room for the extremely easy monthly terms! See your favorite Philco dealer today—you'll find it well worth your while.

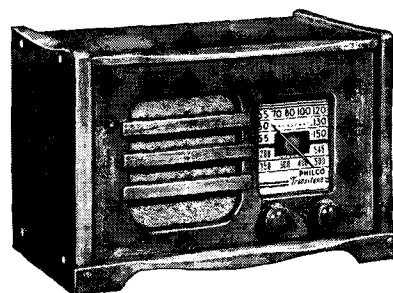


## PHILCO 515 RADIO-PHONOGRAPH

A brand new radio-phonograph of exquisite beauty and refinement. Authentic 18th Century Chippendale reproduction, in choice of richly finished, hand-rubbed Walnut or Mahogany... a masterpiece of furniture design to lend charm, grace and *dignity* to your home. Has new Philco *De Luxe Intermix Record Changer*; plays 14 ten and twelve inch records, intermixed in any order, at one loading... a full hour of continuous record music without attention. *Yours on easiest terms.*

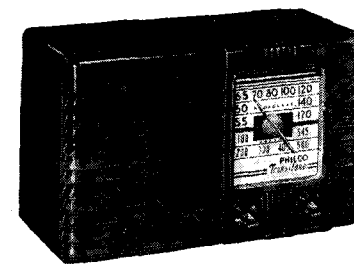
Philco offers a complete selection of Auto Radios from \$19.95 up. Also Philco Radio Tubes for replacement that fit any make radio and positively improve performance.

## HERE'S RADIO'S FINEST QUALITY AT A LOW PRICE!




## PHILCO TRANSITONE PT-50

Charming cabinet of authentic Early American design in solid, hand-rubbed golden Maple. Built-in Loop Aerial... just plug in anywhere and play! Powerful, fine-tuned. AC-DC operation, 5 *working* Loktal tubes, Automatic Volume Control. Underwriters' Approval—safe from fire and shock. Be sure to see it.



## PHILCO TRANSITONE PT-25

Radio's finest tone and performance in a compact *quality-built* radio at a low price. Attached Aerial—no ground needed. AC-DC Superheterodyne with 5 Loktal tubes... *all working!* Cabinet of richly figured brown plastic. Underwriters' Approval—safe from fire and shock. *Only \$9.95!*



Gregg's fingers closed on the man's wrist. That seemed to be the immediate idea, to keep this man from committing murder.

## Romance in Crimson

By Octavus Roy Cohen

ILLUSTRATED BY ELMORE BROWN

Beginning a new novel of the modern scene. It is the story of a love that was proof against murder, malice and slander

WHEN Gregg Stuart checked out of the party and said to his hostess, "Mrs. Stuart's little boy, Gregg, is on his way. He's had a marvelous evening, but needs some shut-eye," he meant just exactly what he said.

He walked uptown toward his bachelor apartment primarily because he enjoyed walking, and secondarily because the crisp, clear November night offered an opportunity to clear from his lungs the effects of the stuffy, smoke-laden atmosphere of the popular night club where the party had been given.

He was beset by no thoughts of consequence, nor any premonition that things might happen to disturb the tranquillity of his enviable existence. He was simply a tall, lithe, better-looking-than-average young man who had done well in life and expected to do better; who had, in his clear gray eyes, a vast tolerance and understanding born of a keen sense of humor.

He turned eastward from Fifth Avenue into a street of residences as proper as the dinner clothes he wore under his topcoat. It was a block of such ineluctable respectability that not even a policeman was to be seen. The main traffic arteries, Fifth and Madison avenues, hummed with automobiles, but this particular thoroughfare was as distant and aloof as though it were miles removed.

Gregg walked freely, with the stride of a man who knows how to enjoy walking, and is content with his own company. He had not been too bored by the evening's festivities, chiefly because he was too vitally alive to be bored by anything. Things interested him . . . even the little sedan that whirled

out of Fifth Avenue traffic into this eastbound street, and jerked to a halt—with a protesting scrape of brakes—against the curb not many yards ahead of Gregg.

Young Mr. Stuart glanced at the car casually. True, it was the only car on the block, and it had slued rather violently toward the curb before halting; but even at that moment there was nothing to mark it as anything other than an ordinary car containing ordinary people. Gregg, walking in the somber shadows of the rather austere street, was mildly interested—for a few moments.

Then his interest became less casual.

The front door on the right of the little car was flung open, and a young lady leaped out. Two things were instantly apparent to the young man who was approaching on the same side of the street: first, that the girl was unusually pretty; second, that she was in a highly emotional state. Gregg knew that from the way she jumped out of the car, by the haste with which she tried to get away from it, by something she said, sharply—he couldn't catch the words—to whomever it was she was leaving so abruptly.

Yes, she was pretty and she was young. Also, she was in evening clothes, which at first caused Gregg to think that she was headed for one of the mansions near by. But what happened immediately thereafter compelled him to change his ideas before they had a chance really to form.

The door by the driver's seat was flung open with greater violence than the young lady had shown in making her own exit from the car. The man who scrambled out of that side of the car was almost as