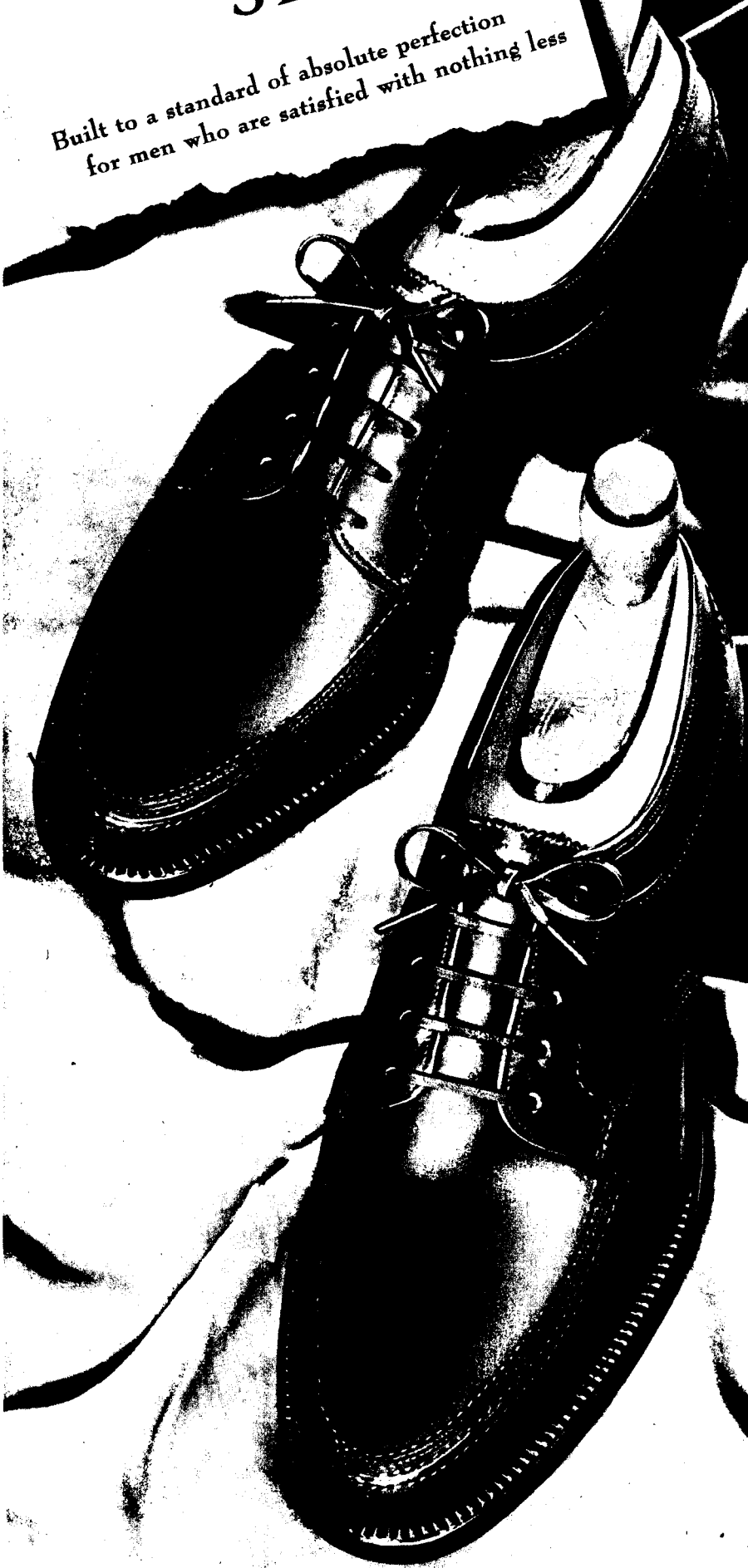




# FLORSHEIM SHOES

Built to a standard of absolute perfection  
for men who are satisfied with nothing less



THE FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY • CHICAGO • MAKERS OF FINE SHOES FOR MEN AND WOMEN

## KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD



GEORGE DE ZAYAS

### BY FRELING FOSTER

*Blushing* is not confined to the face and neck. Many members of primitive naked tribes often blush down to the waist, and some models, while posing in the nude, occasionally blush all over.

Some years ago at an auction of yearling thoroughbreds at Saratoga, a scrawny colt for which no one had bid was being led from the ring when a young man, for a gag, called out, "A dollar fifty!" and the auctioneer shouted back, "Sold!" The astonished bidder, having little money, turned the unwanted horse over to a trainer to keep and develop, for a half share in the animal. Botanic proved to be a consistent winner and his earnings and ultimate sale brought the two men a small fortune.

When informed that their King Sebastian had been killed in Morocco in 1578, the people of Portugal refused to believe it because they worshiped him as a god and considered him immortal. In fact, the conviction that he was alive and would come back some day was so deep-rooted that, after nine generations, many Portuguese still watched the night sky for his reappearance and incurred debts repayable "on the return of Sebastian."

Not long ago in New Jersey, a twelve-year-old girl died from drinking too much water. While playing "saloon" with other children, she consumed three quarts in 20 minutes, which proved fatal within 12 hours. So much of the water was absorbed by her blood stream that it filled her lungs and produced all the symptoms of actual drowning.—By Belden Bly, Winooski, Vt.

When the interurban electric railways were at the peak of their popularity about 1915, virtually every town in the northeastern section of this country could be reached by them. On these connecting trolleys some persons even traveled between New York and Chicago, although this particular one-way trip required them to change cars 976 times.—By Mary E. Barron, Zion, Ill.

Few hunting experiences are as incredible as the case in which the firing of a single bullet resulted in the death of three full-grown elephants, recorded and described in the 1925 Official Game Report of the Uganda Protectorate in East Africa. While standing on a steep slope, the first was shot, fell and started to slide downward. An instant later, the second stepped directly in the way and was swept off its feet. A few yards farther the second crashed into the third, and all three rolled to their death in the valley below.

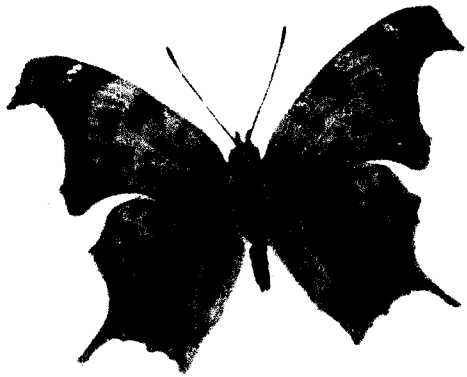
The greatest single contest ever presented to the people of the United States was held by a cigarette company in 1937 and required the entrant to solve a total of 90 pictorial puzzle that appeared in groups of six in 1 weekly advertisements. It attracted 2,000,000 contestants and the 1,000 cash awards ranged from \$10 to the grand prize of \$100,000.

The aurora borealis, or northern lights, may be seen on an average of 100 nights a year from the North Pole, on 243 nights from northern Canada, on 25 nights from Maine and on one night a year from Florida. Once in every ten years, the display is even visible from central Mexico.

Celebrities of the 19th century whose voices are preserved on phonograph records in the United States include Queen Victoria, Florence Nightingale, P. T. Barnum, Edwin Booth, William Gladstone, Benjamin Harrison, James Whitcomb Riley and Mark Twain.

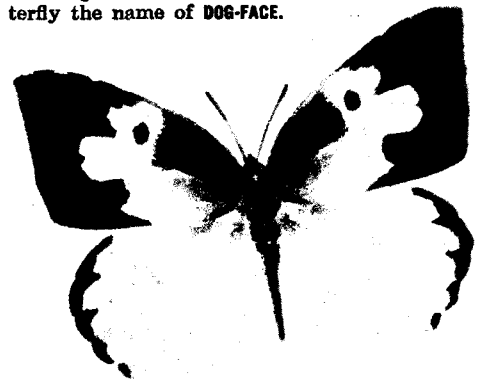
Few of man's most strenuous activities consume as much energy, in the same length of time, as walking upstairs. In calorie requirement, for example, it exceeds sawing wood by 158 per cent, running by 110 per cent and even swimming by 86 per cent.

Ten dollars will be paid for each fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by their source of information. Address Keep Up With the World, Collier's, 250 Park Ave., New York (17 N. Y.). This column is copyrighted and no items may be reproduced without permission.

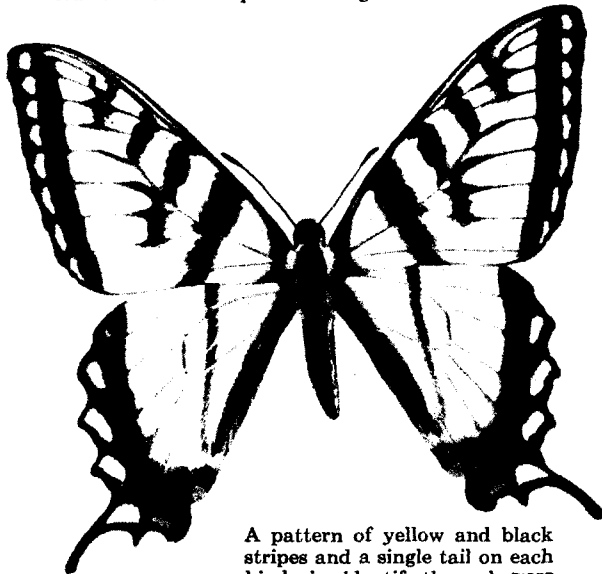


The female of the **TIGER SWALLOWTAIL** is sometimes black, margined with a row of yellow spots—but more often it is colored like the male shown at the left.

The characteristic pattern on the forewings has earned for this butterfly the name of **DOG-FACE**.

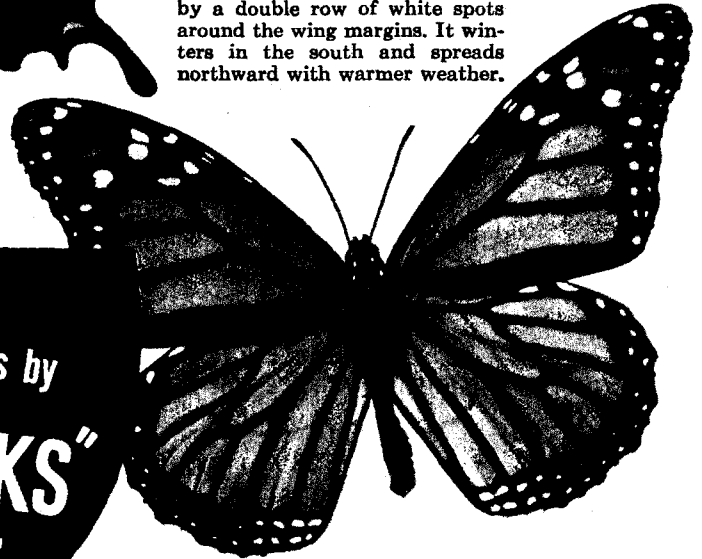


You can recognize an **ANGLE-WING** by the angles on the wing margins. With wings folded, an angle-wing resting on a tree trunk looks like a piece of rough bark.



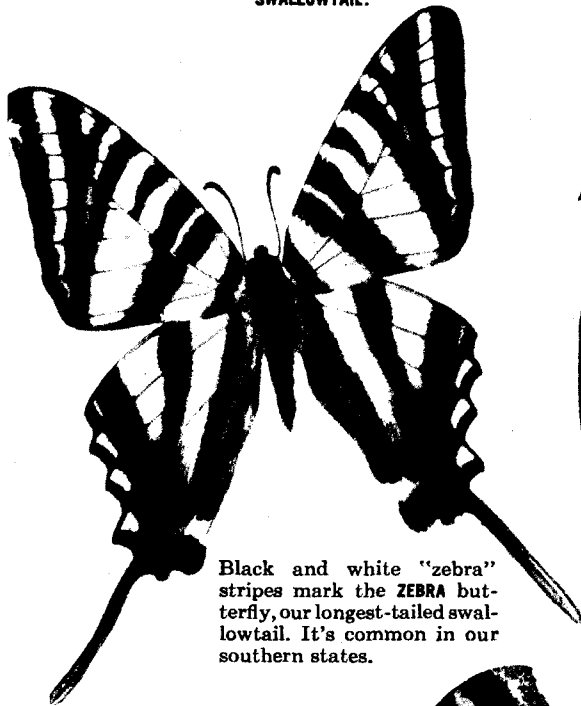
A pattern of yellow and black stripes and a single tail on each hind wing identify the male **TIGER SWALLOWTAIL**.

The **MONARCH**, our only regularly migratory butterfly, is identified by a double row of white spots around the wing margins. It winters in the south and spreads northward with warmer weather.

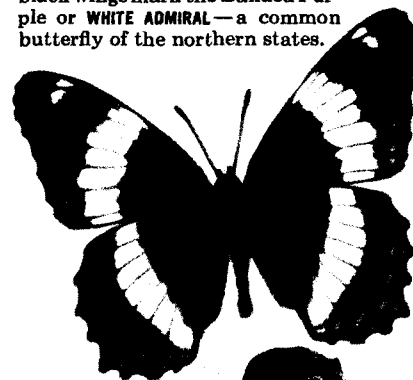


When a butterfly flutters by  
**THE "TRADE-MARKS"**  
**OF NATURE\***  
 identify its species

Broad white bands across blue-black wings mark the Banded Purple or **WHITE ADMIRAL**—a common butterfly of the northern states.



Black and white "zebra" stripes mark the **ZEBRA** butterfly, our longest-tailed swallowtail. It's common in our southern states.



When you buy gasoline  
**THE "TRADE-MARK"**  
**"ETHYL"**

identifies gasoline stepped up  
 with "Ethyl" antiknock fluid



The **MOURNING CLOAK** is distinguished by somber purplish wings edged with yellow. You'll see it earlier in the spring and later in the fall than most butterflies.

To get the best performance from your car, use high quality gasoline improved with "Ethyl" antiknock fluid—the famous ingredient that steps up power and performance.

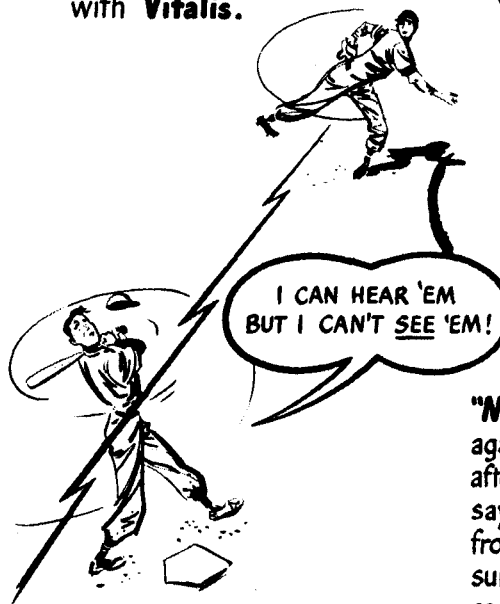
To show you their best gasoline contains "Ethyl" antiknock compound, oil companies display "Ethyl" trade-marks on their gasoline pumps. "Ethyl" fluid is made by *Ethyl Corporation, Chrysler Building, New York 17, New York.*



\*Prepared in cooperation with specialists of American Museum of Natural History, N. Y.

# Working Out with Bob Feller

"Rapid Robert"—fireballer and strikeout king. As a kid on dad's farm, learned control by pitching into barrel. Bob's ball park workouts under blistering sun are a threat to his hair... so he plays safe with **Vitalis**.



"My hair's got perfect control against scorching sun and showers after the **Vitalis** '60-Second Workout,'" says Bob Feller. Keep your hair from a weather-beating this summer. Give it the same smart care that leaders in every league do. Use **Vitalis** regularly.



here's how the

## Vitalis

### "60-Second Workout"

keeps hair summerproofed and handsome



Massaging **Vitalis**' pure vegetable oil on sun-baked scalp protects hair from harmful, drying effects of sun, wind, water. Routs loose dandruff. Helps check excessive falling hair.

Now hair is no longer dull, brittle, hard to handle. Looks **naturally** well-groomed. No greasy, "patent-leather" shine—**Vitalis** contains no mineral oil. For a complete summer hair-conditioning, use **Vitalis**!

**P.S.** Your barber is an expert. He knows how to keep your hair looking its best for summer. Ask him about **Vitalis** and the individual, sanitary Sealtube application.

*Vitalis and Sealtube are Bristol-Myers trade marks*



Lester Dent about to wing his way on a short story assignment

**A**T THE age of eight, Lester Dent spent several frustrated weeks on the banks of the same treacherous river that plays a villain in *River Crossing* (p. 25). The Dents had been ranching happily north of Gillette, Wyoming, and when a neighbor settled about ten miles away, they decided it was time to move to less overpopulated territory.

Whereupon they and little Lester's assorted uncles climbed into a covered wagon and pushed West. "In a few weeks (I made the same trip recently in about four hours) we came to the Big Powder River and its quicksand," relates Lester. "Various uncles rode in, were lassoed, and hauled out. During the fifth week a wool train arrived—several great wagons drawn by twelve-horse hitchers.

"The wool boss knew the way across, he said, and then he lost a wagon and five horses. You really get to know quicksand when you hear the sound a horse makes as he sinks out of sight in the stuff. The heck of it all," Dent mourns, "is I can't remember how we finally crossed."

However, free of quicksands, Dent in time became a telegrapher, pulp writer, and seeker of pirate treasure from a small schooner he owned. Right now he keeps and flies a light plane, has yet to make a forced landing. When he isn't grinding out whodunits, Dent acts as pix-snapper and negative-washer for an aerial photography venture he says started as a hobby and has turned into a small monster.

**AL SANTORO**, who recounts the fabulous Pot Shots of One Shot Ross (p. 24), became sports editor of the *Los Angeles Examiner* in a round-about way. A New York City boy, Al's family early migrated to San Francisco where Al went into the newspaper business. He sold papers on street corners. After graduating from business college, Al set out to make millions as a bookkeeper, but when he gummed up a trial balance, he returned hastily to journalism.

At this distinguished craft he bought ham on ryes (with mustard) for the manager, swept up, and valleted bundles of fresh-laid newspapers into waiting trucks—all for \$7.50 a week. But the ambitious Alger hero is not to be denied, and years and years and millions and millions of words later, Al finally wound up in his present position.

**ARTHUR MAYSE** writes 'em the *Hard Way*. Last fall, out experimenting for *The Logger* and the *Lady* (p. 22), he accepted a ride deadhead in the cab of a truck skinner named Mac, high in the Vancouver Island timber-

land. "We tilted downhill in front of fifty tons of fir, cedar and hemlock," Mr. Mayse tells us. "Down meant 10 miles of looping, twisting road inspired by a roller coaster, a drop of 2,000 feet to tidewater."

As brakes and transmission battle the law of gravity, Mayse and Mac discussed runaway trucks, failure to hook up the trailer air-brake hose, the prospect of jumping in event of trouble (they weren't good), being nudged from behind by a loose 4-foot log, and insurance rates for truckers. "When we finally rolled off to the booming grounds a few thousand thrills and chills later," relates Mr. Mayse, "I asked Mac if it didn't get his nerves. 'Some,' he told me 'after six months or so, you get staked. You lie awake thinking of the thing that might happen before you get those pay checks cashed. Then it's time you took yourself a little holiday.' For said holiday, see p. 22.

Incidentally, Mr. Mayse informs us, girl flunkies, camp tennis courts, and other softening influences haven't yet tamed the West Coast logger to the point that he's willing to be called lumberjack.

**MR. LOUIS PAUL**, who gives you *Plenty of Time for Love* (p. 17), has a complaint. Seems he's not a Typical Writer. "I'd give anything to wear rough tweeds and smoke a brier—but haven't the teeth for it," he mourns. "I'd love to tramp the moors with my wife and bird dog, raise prize dahlias and attend Connecticut town meetings conscientiously. But I'm never signed for Women's Club lectures; all young writers never send me impossible MSS. to criticize—no matter how famous I become. I don't lose weekends, or keep a secret diary someday to reveal the True Me, in the *Not* books of Louis Paul. No newspaper will send me to Russia.

"I realize this is negative but I simply lack human interest. My hobbies are polo and dancing but there's not the slightest chance of my ever actively doing either. As for *Plenty of Time for Love*," Mr. Paul admits sadly, "this delightful yarn came to me as a highly reflex response to need for money."

**This week's cover:** The Happiness Boys. The smiling laddies in the towing are Paul, seven, and Philip, five, Arsenault of Rochester, New York. They were photosnapped by their dad, J. W. Arsenault, just after a vacation swim at Sebago Lake, Maine, where their granddad has a place. Both the young tykes are all boy, and they swim enough to grow fins; Paul is mechanically inclined, and Philip loves crayons. . . .

TED SHANE