THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Sept. 19
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5c.

Harry Leon Wilson—Harris Dickson—Octavus Roy Cohen—Wythe Williams
P. G. Wodehouse—Barney Oldfield—Arthur Stringer—Maude Parker Child

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that of

Senator Arthur Capper

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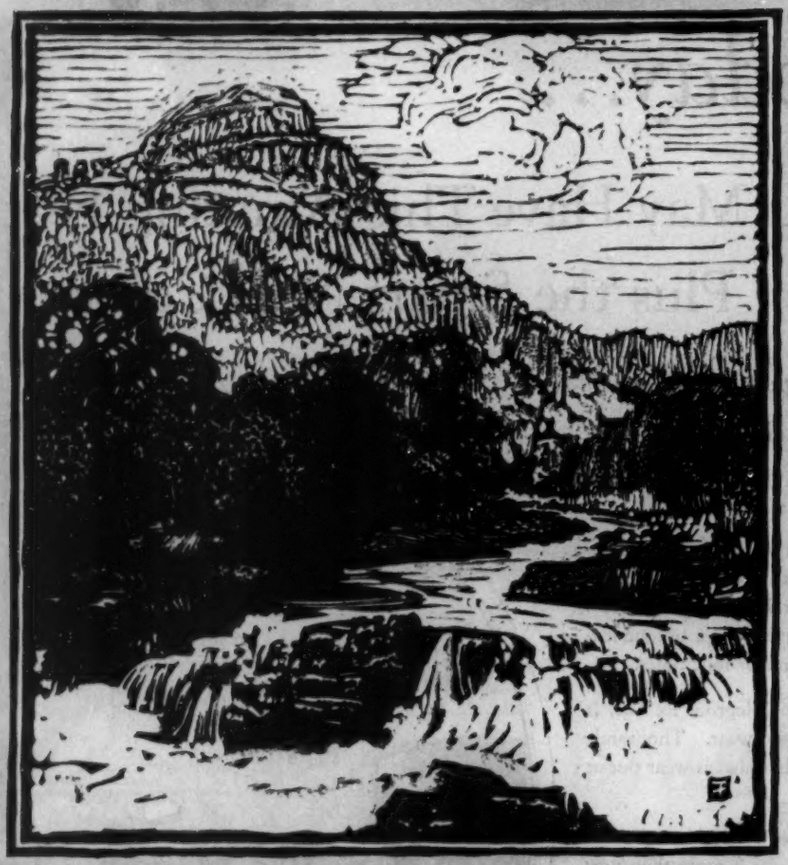

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Associate Editors

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COUSIN JANE

By HARRY LEON WILSON

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

"This Child Calls Herself Jane Starbird," Continued the Man, Still Twirling His Glass and Holding the Candle So That It Lighted Jane

JANE STARBIRD, early on a morning in 1900, and in her tenth year, was being taken—withdrawn, the head preferred to put it—from Miss Vrain's select school for girls under circumstances not wholly creditable to anyone concerned; Jane, the school itself, or the flashing and magnificent Wiley Tedmon, who, on two visits, had shown himself to be all that the most exacting could wish as sponsor for a child of wealth.

Conscious of her own innocence, Miss Vrain could not now avoid feeling that she had been imposed upon. That the reputed heiress to no mean portion of the Tedmon-Starbird millions should be compelled to leave her institution for the unseemly reason that not enough of those millions remained to pay her tuition fees was something she would rather not have published beyond her own intimate circle. Scarcely scandalous, perhaps; still, there was a taint—something not quite nice about it. Almost it seemed as if Jane had spent her three years under the Vrain ægis by reason of false pretenses. Not that she imputed these to Jane, a quiet, likable little girl, as earnest, studious and correct of manner as could have been wished; but someone must have known for a long time that the child was out of place in California's most notable institution of its kind; a school drawing its happy clientele from a class that had neither need nor disposition to consider tuition fees, or even extras. In short, this was a silly bit of awkwardness that—by someone—should not have been allowed to come about.

Yet the best must be made of an embarrassing situation, and Miss Vrain was making it with a skilled public manner born of past triumphs over situations seldom, it is true, as difficult as this, but often enough calling for the last refinements of tact. She was permitting, even encouraging, just a bit of flurry to precede Jane's actual departure—"for family reasons, my dears!" The girls were allowed to throng about Jane with prettily boisterous good-bys; she did not rebuke a raised voice here and there, or even a few giggles that commonly would have been frowned to silence. Rather she let herself seem to partake of the girlish bustle, contriving thus to give the regrettable affair a false air of triumph in which Jane and the institution somehow equally shared.

This effect was not too easily carried off, for the distressing reason that Jane had been come for by very much the wrong sort of person. It was perhaps to be expected that those who found Miss Vrain's entirely reasonable fees beyond their absurd means should also have failed to send a proper emissary—an undoubted governess; yet it did seem that even people in unconventional circumstances might have been thoughtful enough

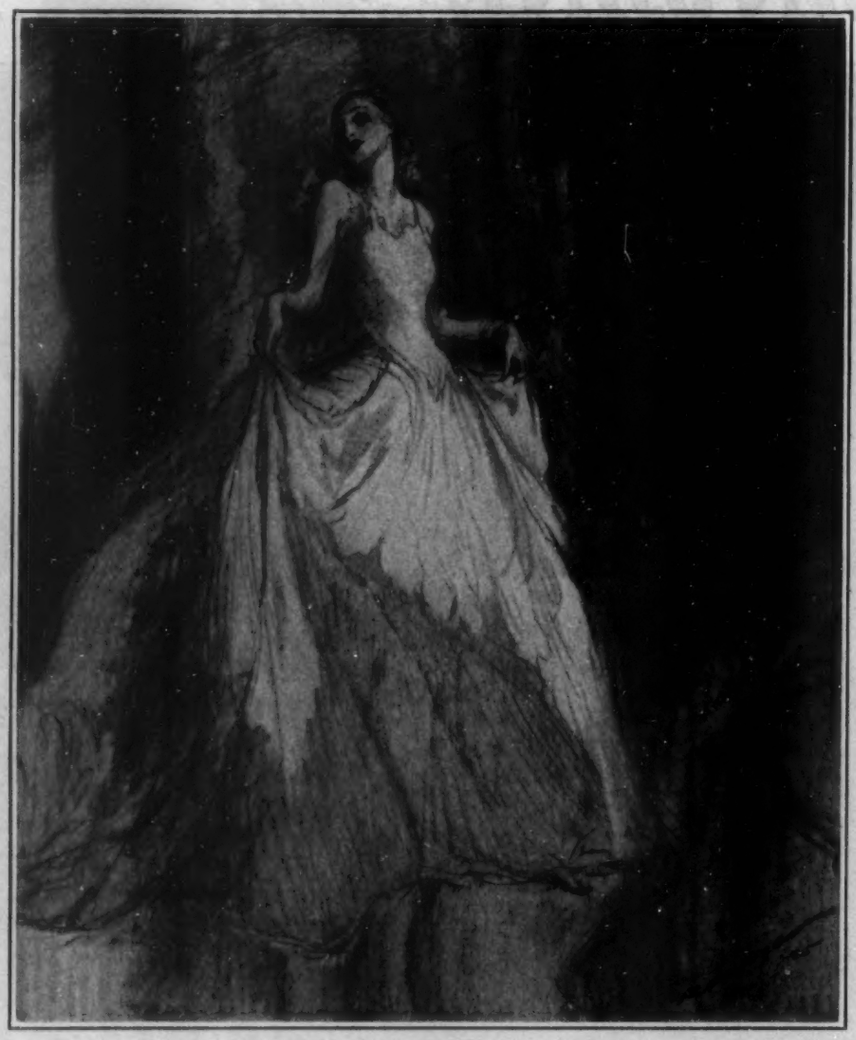
to manage for this occasion at least a correct, maidish-appearing woman in livery of decent black. This much consideration would have appreciably smoothed the way for the head's necessary diplomacy.

But instead there had come one asking for Jane Starbird who was not only a male but a middle-aged male of the obviously crude and undisciplined lower classes, disfigured by an untidy beard and lacking any homely polish of the servant. He had glanced warily, with frightened eyes, at Miss Vrain as he mumbled his errand; and he now hung painfully on the edge of a fragile settee in the little reception room, where at intervals he was agonized by girls who came singly or in pairs to inspect him coldly, with almost no pretense of not doing so, giggling openly as they turned away. When freed of this torture, he fixed an unseeing gaze on the Reading From Homer that graced the opposite wall and continuously revolved the hat he held on tensed knees. He was clad in black, but the suit was ill fitting and all too plainly he was not accustomed to its wear. A certain facial rigidity, combined with the agony revealed by his evasive eyes, left Miss Vrain with the monstrous conviction that he was chewing tobacco.

She controlled something that was almost panic and rose to a height. About to fetch Jane, she paused at the stairway to cow with a glance two girls who had turned from the door of the reception room and clasped each other as they giggled. She inclined her head with its high-built gray pompadour in a mute command for them to retire; and as they obeyed, slinkingly, she coldly informed them and two other of her charges who were carelessly sauntering toward this spot of reported entertainment: "Young ladies, that is Jane's wealthy uncle who has chosen to come for her—an eccentric millionaire. I trust I shall see him treated with every respect."

Instantly the word ran that this uncomfortably waiting person who writhed so delightfully when stared at through portières was Jane's eccentric rich uncle, and the respect Miss Vrain had bespoken for him was promptly shown. Eccentric rich uncles were known to make such wonderful presents.

From this point the formalities of Jane's withdrawal were expedited. While not exactly hustled in those last moments, it was so managed that the thing was quickly over. Happily, Jane's own demeanor—a docile, instantly obedient, passive little pawn—was flawless; and her attire, Miss Vrain was glad to note, gave no hint that she was being withdrawn under a cloud. This was merely a happily perturbed little girl in a silk dress and a richly velvet jacket, a bonnet with more velvet and pink rosebuds, and button boots that were glaringly expensive.



But This Was a Living Face, Rapt, Exalted, Joyous

And she was so flurried by the tumult of farewells at the open door that, with a little finesse, there was no observed greeting between Jane and the putative uncle. The latter, indeed, sidled awkwardly out, his face ghastly under a fixed smile, the moment the Vrain portal offered him release and while Jane submitted to the last adieus. Miss Vrain ignored this person as she kissed Jane's cheek, and so did the others who were still to kiss her, notably Miss Belding, the drawing teacher, who pressed a daintily wrapped luncheon into the girl's hands and whose worn blue eyes, Jane was appalled to notice, were dripping—positively dripping—though not publicly.

Less hidden were the tears of little Shirley Farren, the school's very youngest pupil, even a year younger than Jane. After a gallant effort at decorum and the speech prescribed for occasions like this, Shirley choked and threw off subterfuge. She was losing the only girl out of fifty who had betrayed a consciousness of human kinship with her, and her grief refused to be hampered by any silly stuff about how to behave yourself in the presence of others. Miss Vrain welcomed Shirley's whole-hearted outbreak, with all its violence, for it covered the final moment when Jane's escort, in spite of being rich, eccentric and an uncle, might well have aroused suspicion.

This dreadful person, safely in the open air, had spied before the steps, drawn up and waiting, the school's elegant light station wagon with its choicely accoutered span, the reins held by a properly garbed and motionless coachman, an outfit upholding in its last effulgent detail the prestige of the establishment. It was Miss Vrain alone, happily, who observed above the shoulders of her clustered girls that the eccentric rich uncle had been on the point of mounting to a seat beside the coachman, and was in fact deterred from this hideous *faux pas* only by the nicely revealed consternation of Thomas. It was no more than the sudden shift of pale-blue eyes under the brim of a high hat—the head of Thomas never moved—but the glance was eloquent with warning, and the uncouth creature had thereupon hastily turned away to sit beside Jane, when he had helped her to a seat. Farewells were again cried, hands waved, Jane's own hands incased in gloves of the yellowest kid; far within might be heard the diminishing wails of Shirley Farren. Thomas gently eased a pressure on his reins and the glossy span stepped nimbly down the graveled driveway between its borders of pale hydrangea and scarlet geraniums.

Miss Vrain was the last to stand in the doorway. She watched the wagon pass the monumental stone gateposts and turn stationward, to be lost presently in one of California's all-enveloping fogs. She had liked Jane, and in time she would have put upon her the unmistakable Vrain stamp; but since the child had to be withdrawn under such embarrassing circumstances, it was best that she be withdrawn into a fog that speedily shut her from view.

When they turned from the Vrain grounds into the highway, the horses trotted gayly for the statuelike Thomas, who had not even to lower his whip from the correct angle to liven them. As Jane looked back, the school was but a dim bulk, fast receding. The fog lay heavy over the flat land. The tall eucalyptus trees along the road were plainly outlined, though dripping with moisture; but in the fields beyond, all was opaquely gray, with only here and there the rounded shadowy mass of a live oak persisting.

"I hope you won't lose our way, Thomas," she said to the stiff expanse of whipcorded back before her; and Thomas, not relaxing from his stiffness, answered, "No fear, miss!"

It was only now that Jane began to consider her escort. In the flurry of farewells he had been but a vague note in the background. She had not even curtsied to him. Yet here he was beside her, to take her a wonderful journey lasting the whole day, and suddenly she remembered that one of the girls had said he was a rich uncle. She now gave him a side glance and saw that he was sitting in the stiff manner of Thomas, with eyes stubbornly ahead. He was, she thought, less companionable than other uncles she had met. Perhaps he was stern; perhaps he thought her too young for talk. She must show him again that she was a person not only thoughtful beyond her years but resourceful.

"I trust we shall not be late for the train, Thomas," she said in an excellent Vrain manner. And again the unmoving Thomas replied, "No fear, miss!"

"But if we were to be late, we should wait for the next train, shouldn't we, Thomas?"

"Yes, miss; but we shan't be late," said Thomas firmly.

Feeling that this mature discussion of affairs had proved a right to address her escort, Jane now turned to him.

"Which uncle of mine are you?" she asked in a way meant to be friendly.

He turned confused eyes upon her, clutching his ill-kept beard.

"No, miss"—he said it in the manner of Thomas—"I mean not any—I ain't any uncle of yours. Why, no, of course not!"

"Oh," said Jane brightly, with the air of one who clears up a mystery, "then you're a cousin. I know there are lots more cousins than uncles in our families. Are you a Starbird cousin or a Tedmon cousin?"

"Well, rightly speaking, I ain't neither one. I ain't a Starbird; I ain't even a Tedmon. I ain't any cousin at all, you might say."

"Oh," said Jane shortly. This was strange, indeed.

"My name's Hacker," volunteered the escort, after a short silence—"Seth Hacker. But I been associated with your families, man and boy, since a long time."

"Oh," said Jane again.

"Yes, miss"—this still in the Thomas manner.

Jane was puzzled and silent now. She understood cousins and knew how to approach uncles, but with unrelated persons one must not forget to be dignified. There was deportment to be remembered. She had many things she would like to say, but she only hummed lightly and affected a languid interest in the obscure landscape on either hand.

"Hadn't I best put this here robe over your silk dress?" asked her companion at last.

"Pray, do," said Jane, still in the best Vrain manner. She felt at once, though, that this was needlessly short—it was a pretty silk dress. "I feel so tingly," she ventured to add. "I'm going far away, but everyone else is staying right here. Thomas is staying here and that man plowing that field is staying here and all the girls are staying here, and Miss Vrain and Miss Belding. Everybody's staying here and I'm going away. That's why I feel all-over tingly."

"I felt tingly yesterday when I come down out of the hills," admitted her escort. "First time I been down since

about a dozen years and more. Stopped at the Palace Hotel and the bus drove right into the house through the front door. I been told that, but I never believed it till I seen it. The busses and hacks drive right into the house"—he paused, raising a gnarled brown hand impressively—"as if by a miracle," he concluded.

"Oh, I've been there," Jane told him. "Once we were taken there to lunch and then to a theater in the afternoon. Matinées they are called."

"I bet you didn't lunch where I did," responded the escort on a note of challenge. "You go into the barroom, or saloon, only it has tables all set for dinner; and after you buy a drink of spirits or something, they let you set down to one of the tables and give you all the lunch you can eat—free. Of course, you got to pay two bits the drink, and that's an item. But people around the tables didn't seem to care what it cost—scenes of rejoicing on every hand. And at night I went to a show."

"Did you see Romeo and Juliet?'

"Not that one. This was another piece—more like a variety show."

"I don't believe we were ever taken to one of those," said Jane.

"No; I didn't see any girls' schools at this one, neither. Of course, they may of been there and me not noticing."

Hereupon the speaker giggled as if in confidence to himself, and Jane companionably joined him. She was finding this person approachable, though not an uncle, nor even a Tedmon.

They entered a village now, and Thomas presently halted the shining yellow wagon at a station platform, pulling the span to rest with a masterly flourish. Jane's trunk was taken from the boot and checked, while she stood to watch the people who were waiting with her for a wonderful train. After all, she was not the only person going on a journey. The discovery left her feeling a bit less important and she was glad to remember that she had an escort. After a while came a warning whistle and a train thundered out of the mist to bear terrifically down on them. They were close by the tracks—much too close, Jane thought, though it was thrilling.

"The iron monster," remarked her escort, and waved an informing hand toward the train. He seemed wholly at ease, however, standing confidently where a slight deviation of the iron monster would surely destroy him. Jane wanted to step back, but instead she thrust her gloved hand into one of his and felt it instantly closed upon with an assuring pressure.

"All right, sissy, here we go," he said a moment later, then helped her up the steps and followed with her bag. Either because Thomas had left them or because her taking of his hand had shown her to be human, he did not again call her miss. They found a seat, with Jane next the window. Her companion at once began an anxious search for tickets, found them at last, and resting an elbow on the seat arm, held them up in readiness. It was a high moment for Jane, cheek-flushing, breath-shortening. She glanced down and became aware of the wrapped luncheon she had brought from the school.

"I dare say it's time for me to eat lunch," she said.

It seemed to her that to be eating on that train would heighten all the wonder of it. She unwrapped the paper, revealing sandwiches and two round cakes. She proffered refreshment to Mr. Hacker, but he declined.

"It ain't but 9:30 A.M.," he explained, "and I don't most generally eat before noon. Like as not I'll get me something on the ferryboat."

"I know it's early," Jane conceded; "but this morning I couldn't eat hardly any breakfast because I was so tingly on account of my going away to travel. Now I've started, I feel literally famished."

She had removed the yellow gloves, had blown into each one carefully, to puff out wrinkles, and was now munching a sandwich, her eyes on the fleeting landscape from which the mist was already lifting.

"Well, you're a bony tike—underfleshed, I'd say," observed Mr. Hacker critically. "So eat when you got it. I guess they didn't stuff you overly at that there educational establishment."

"Of course we weren't allowed to stuff," Jane admitted. "We have to be careful about our table manners."

"Well, eat pretty if you can, but eat aplenty at all events. What you want is to get them cheeks of yours filled out." He watched as she began the last of her sandwiches. "You got considerable of the Starbird look, I'd say," he continued after a pause in which Jane dusted her fingers of crumbs before taking up a cake. "I knew old Colonel Starbird, your grandpa, as common and pleasant as your own folks. I knew your pa, too, only he never come to the Hill but once. You got both their eyes, same kind of big gray eyes, only fitful and quick like a squirrel's."

Having had the high adventure of sandwiches on a moving train, Jane resumed her gloves and abandoned herself once more to the sensation of pure tingling. This increased as they neared the city, until, when they left the train, it caused her progress through the station to become almost a series of broken dance steps in the wake of her new friend. She was aware that Miss Vrain would have disapproved of this turbulence, but the sandwiches had been her last contact with that dictator of repressions. Now she was free. Her hand again wormed itself into the grasp of Mr. Hacker as they left the station to board the street car, so that he presently abandoned sissy as a form of address and called her Jane. This put her so much at ease that the ride up to Market Street and down to the Oakland ferry was vastly pleasant. In the course of it she even mounted to her knees on the seat, the better to observe the noisy traffic through which the car found a way. This was arrant flouting of all Vrain rules for the behavior of young ladies in public vehicles; the realization brought an added thrill. Her companion seemed oblivious to the rowdyism. He merely sat holding their fares in an uplifted hand, as he had held their tickets on the train long before the conductor came for them.

Soon they were on a wonderful ferryboat that was far more exciting than the train. A train merely rattled, but the boat throbbed mysteriously, somewhere away down below, and it ceaselessly reached up a great arm that caused them to race over the gray water. There were gulls that hung above on motionless white wings or sailed ahead only to turn back and await the boat with impatient, mournful cries. Jane would have been glad to stay outside and look—there was so much to see of water and birds and gray hills looming mistily in the distance; but Mr. Hacker said they would now have a genuine lunch, which they did, below stairs, the two sitting on lofty stools at a high counter, and eating to that important-sounding throb. Mr. Hacker seemed pleased that Jane was again able to eat, and Jane was pleased at wondering what Miss Vrain would say could she behold this performance that somehow seemed lawless.

While they yet lingered on their stools, the throbbing heart of the boat was all at once stilled. Jane was appalled by the ensuing silence; it seemed ominous. But nothing happened save that they presently walked off the boat in a throng of people who all appeared to be in a hurry, as if they, too, felt that going-away tingle. Then they were in a waiting room, with Jane on a seat and Mr. Hacker standing watchfully in a doorway. Trains moved noisily past; Jane sat, prim and sedate now as even Miss Vrain could have wished, but secretly alarmed because it seemed all too probable that they were missing their train. So many of them went past the door with complete disregard of the watchful Mr. Hacker.

(Continued on Page 96)

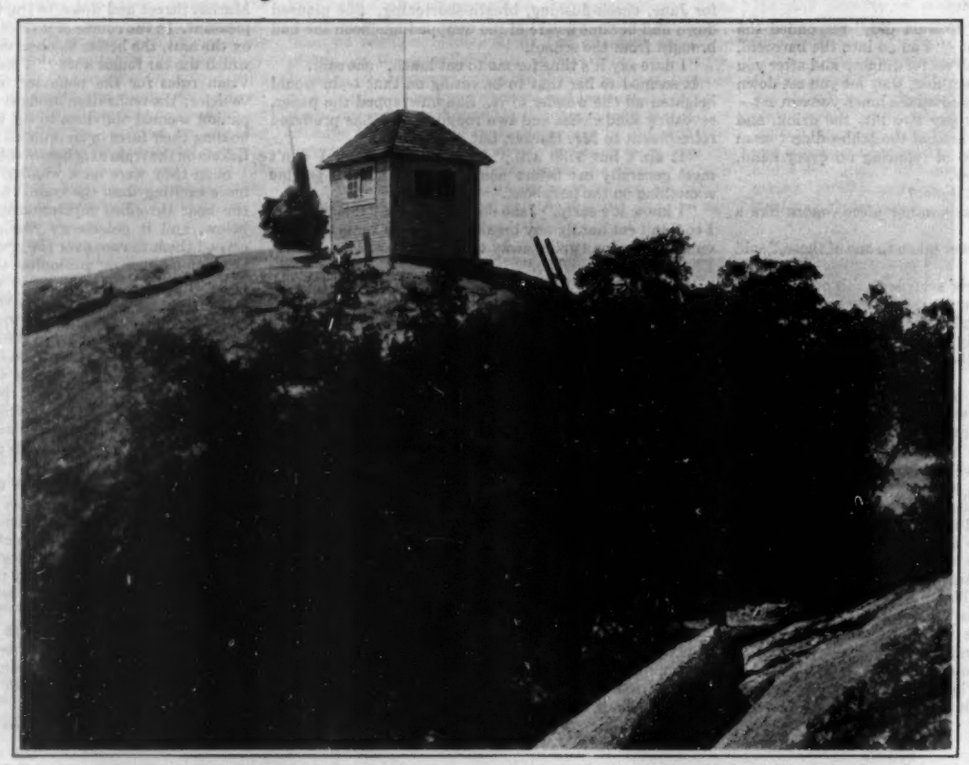
She Stood in the Aisle This Time and Repeated the Affecting Maritime Tragedy With Gestures, Receiving Much Applause and a Sack of Peanuts

Diary of a Forest Ranger's Wife

By WILL C. BARNES

IF YOU had been one of three or four forest officers snow-bound for a week in an isolated and little used forest ranger's cabin twenty miles from the nearest settlement and high up in the mountains of Northern Arizona, sans books, newspapers, phones and even a deck of worn playing cards, you would undoubtedly have done just what the man did who, while rummaging through a dark closet in search of some old magazines or other reading matter, ran across a blank book on a high shelf in which some ranger's wife, to him wholly unknown, had poured forth her inmost soul and called it a diary.

Having apparently abandoned the book to its fate, it naturally became public property, and as such, the man who found and read it with the utmost satisfaction and enjoyment makes no apologies to the unknown "she" for publishing such extracts from it as in his mind seem proper after some editing, deleting and revising. If she who wrote it should perchance see these extracts in print, I'm sure she will enjoy them as much as anyone—perhaps even more.



Ranger Bish's Lookout Station on Top of Bottle Peak, Cleveland National Forest

Judging from the more intimate details of the diary, the lady was a girl from a Middle Western state, musical and refined, who, after graduating at college, procured a job teaching school in a little Arizona hamlet near one of our national forests. There she met the Jim of her record. Jim was evidently a rough diamond with a fair education, a native of Arizona who drifted naturally from his job as cowboy foreman on a big cow ranch into the Forest Service in its early days:

MAY 25, 19—: My, but I was glad to get here last night! Those last ten miles up the cañon were very hard for me, who had not ridden for several months. I'm wondering who the guy was who located this ranger station anyhow. Jim thinks it was one of those chaps who were early in the service and had a romantic notion about getting back to Nature and all that sort of stuff. They certainly got back to Nature here all right, what with the cañon sides towering above us 2000 feet and the narrow bottom of the cañon so thick with willows you can't see fifty feet up or down it. Fine outlook for the lone girl who has to stay here this summer. Jim says he hopes I'll like it here in spite of everything. The supervisor promised to build us a new station next year over on the road, where things won't be so rough. I'm bound to try and like it for Jim's sake, but between you and me, old book, I'm not going to shed any tears when the time comes to leave it, and the sooner that time comes the better.

MAY 27, SUNDAY: Just as we were eating breakfast a Mexican sheep herder rode up and gave Jim a note from his boss asking him to come over and count two bands of sheep into the forest. Who said Sunday was a day of rest? He never knew the Forest Service or he would have added "except for forest rangers and sheep herders." Jim had promised to help me put up a couple of shelves today. Not a shelf in either of the two rooms in the cabin. Have to do it myself, I guess.

"Service first," Jim says.

I heard the Mexican say something to Jim about an "Oso grande." When I asked him what it meant he looked rather silly and tried to stall me off, but the Mexican, apparently proud of his English, blurted out, "Him beega silver teepa bear pass down cañon *en la noche*." Right then and there I decided to go with Jim to the sheep-counting corral. Me, I've lost no "beega silver teepa," nor any other kind of bear.

Forest Rangers Counting Cattle

Counting sheep is great sport. Jim asked me to help him by counting the lambs; said the Government wanted to keep track of the lamb crop this year. He showed me how to count them by twos; gave me a handful of pebbles and told me for every 100 to drop a pebble in my sweater pocket. I had twelve pebbles for one bunch and he had fifteen. He said 1200 lambs to 1500 ewes was a pretty fine lamb crop. We had early supper at the sheep camp and didn't get back to the cabin till pitch-black dark.

JUNE 1: Jim had the first fire of the season yesterday. The lookout phoned soon after we had washed the breakfast dishes. While Jim rustled the horses and the pack mule I got the bedding out, fixed up two or three days' grub and packed them all in the "kyaks" with the cooking outfit. Jim didn't want me to go—said it was too rough a trip for a woman. I told him it was my first fire and I wanted to see how a forest fire looked and how they put it out. Inside of forty minutes we were both on the trail headed for the fire, which the lookout said was not far from Granite Peak. We had a stiff climb out of the cañon over a very steep rough trail, with a switchback every twenty feet.

When we got there we found the fire in a little bunch of pines, an old dead one blazing clear to the top. Jim had a folding rake and shovel, a mattock and a good ax in the pack, and I helped him loosen up the diamond hitch and unpack so we could get the tools. Then, after hobbling out the animals so they could graze around and not run off and leave us, we went over to the fire and Jim sized up the situation. He decided the dead tree would have to be cut down to make a good job of things, and as I was crazy to help, he set me to work with the rake clearing off a bare trail on the side in the direction he meant to have the tree fall. I couldn't exactly see how he could tell where it would fall, but he had the nerve to drive a stake out about fifty feet from the foot of it and told me he would drop it right onto that stake.

Before he did anything, however, we scouted clear round the fire and Jim was able to locate its beginning, where an outfit of two men with a pack mule had evidently camped and left their camp fire burning. The origin was plain enough even for me. Jim followed their trail out a ways to make sure which way the party had gone, and then we flew at the work of controlling it. Jim showed me just how to use the rake and how wide to make the cleared trail. While I raked he chopped.

JUNE 5TH: Gee, but it's fine to be home and get cleaned up a bit! Three days of fire fighting makes you appreciate even this two-roomed log cabin.

After Jim cut down the burning snag he finished my fire line clear round the whole place, down

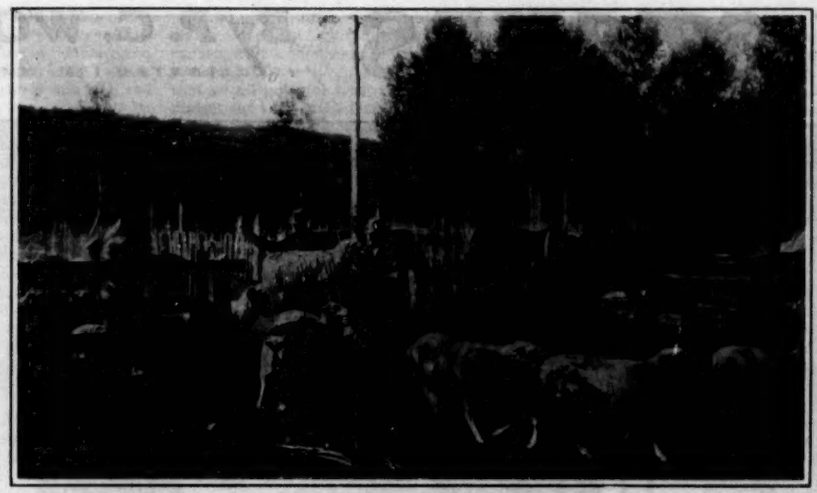
tree and all. Then we fixed up a camp under a wonderful big yellow pine and I spread out our blankets and blew up the air beds. While Jim cooked supper he made me take a nap.

After supper Jim left me to clear up things while he got the horses into camp. He saddled up old Rooster, and leading my horse and the pack mule rode off into the dark to water them at the creek about two miles away. He put the pack saddle on the mule to bring back a full bag of water. It was awfully still after the sound of the horse bell died out in the distance, and it certainly did make regular music in my ears when I heard its silvery tinkle-tinkle as he came nearer on the way back to camp.

After he had hobbled the stock out to graze, Jim took his ax and worked two hours chopping the burning snag into three pieces so he could handle it a little easier. It was ten o'clock when he came to camp and went to bed. Fourteen hours' straight work. Some full day, I'll say! I woke and asked Jim what about the eight-hour law. He said that law was for regular working folks and not for forest rangers.

The next morning we had breakfast at five o'clock and then Jim got the horses in, put my saddle on Curly Bill, my pony, and the pack on Monkey, the mule, and sent me off to the creek to water the animals and fill the water bag. By the time I got back he had dug a long trench by the side of two sections of the snag which were still burning away, mostly inside where he couldn't get at the fire. Then with a couple of saplings for levers and me to help we rolled them over into the trenches and with the shovel covered them both with the dirt, and as far as that fire was concerned, it was safe, according to Forest Service rules. The third section had gone out of its own accord and with a little help from Jim, who threw dirt onto the places where the fire was burning. He piled the black earth all over the two logs and patted it down till all they needed was a headstone to make them look like the graves of two giants.

Then we packed up and rode back to the station as fast as we could, for Jim was worrying over the possibility of other fires; but when he called up the supervisor's office and reported on his fire, everything was quiet.



Counting Sheep Into a National Forest in Utah

JUNE 8TH: Jim has been busy counting sheep for the last three days. I went over one day, but it's too dusty a job for me. The sheepman gave me a cunning little lamb the mother of which had died on the trail. Jim put it into a gunny sack, cut a hole in it so the lamb's head could stick out, tied the sack to the horn of his saddle and brought it home with us. It will be a condensed-milk lamb, for that is all the milk we have. Jim says his eldest sister raised her child on condensed milk and he never missed a meal. He fixed up a bottle, with a finger from a rubber glove for a nipple, and the little woolly thing very quickly learned how to get nourishment. Jim patched up the fence around the cabin so it can't get out of the yard and he thinks we can leave it alone when we go off for a day or two, for it will soon learn to eat grass, and there is plenty of that in the yard.

JUNE 9TH: Jim remarked the other night as he was fixing up his fire report that if I had been some wandering hobo he would have taken me to the fire and paid me fifty cents an hour and my board for the whole time we were gone.

"Sleeping time and all?" I asked.

"Surely," he said.

"Well then, how about me?" I demanded. "I didn't chop trees down, but I raked fire line till my hands were blistered and I went for water twice, taking the horses with me; helped you cook and wash dishes. I'll bet I earned anyway half as much as your old hobo would have."

"You sure did, and more; but it's not according to the traditions of the service for a ranger's wife to get pay for anything she does to help her hubby. It just isn't done in Forest Service circles," he exclaimed.

JUNE 15TH: Jim has been gone for four days now on a big fire. I wanted to go with him, but the lookout said it looked like a pretty big affair, and Jim thought I'd better stay here till he got the situation sized up and knew what he was up against. That afternoon a sheepman brought me a note from Jim, asking me to phone the supervisor to send at least twenty men, for he had a big fire in an old slashing, which, with a high wind, made it dangerous. He said he had four sheep herders helping him, but needed bedding, grub and tools. Long after midnight that night I heard a cowbell coming up the cañon, and later somebody called, "Hello, the station!"

I threw a wrapper around me; lighted the lamp and—my heart in my mouth—stepped out on the little porch, where in the dim light I made out the forms of a number of mounted men. The cheery voice of the supervisor reassured me. He dismounted and came inside the yard; said they had a mighty bad fire on their hands from all reports and it looked as if it would be advisable to run a line of field-phone wire from the station out to the spring behind the fire where Jim had established a camp. Would I help him out by relaying messages from the camp? Of course I said yes. I've been the busy little lady ever since.

The supervisor had about twenty pack animals loaded with fire-fighting material of all kinds. One mule had a full load of insulated phone wire on small spools. They fastened a field phone set all inclosed in an iron case to the cabin wall. Several pack horses carrying grub were unloaded and I turned my kitchen over to the cook who was a member of the party and he at once set to work to get a very early breakfast for the men. By the time they had eaten, it was growing light on top of the mountain above us and the men were started up the trail, the long string of pack animals following them. It was certainly an interesting sight to watch the outfit as it zigzagged up the mountainside. *(Continued on Page 218)*

Young Timber in a Forest Fire
At Left—Rangers on the Lookout for Signs of Fire
At Right—A Ranger's Wife and Her Tent

HIGH STAKES

By P. G. WODEHOUSE

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

THE summer day was drawing to a close. Over the terrace outside the clubhouse the chestnut trees threw long shadows, and such bees as still lingered in the flower beds had the air of tired business men who are about ready to shut up the office and go out to dinner and a musical comedy. The Oldest Member, stirring in his favorite chair, glanced at his watch and yawned.

As he did so, from the neighborhood of the eighteenth green, hidden from his view by the slope of the ground, there came suddenly a medley of shrill animal cries, and he deduced that some belated match must just have reached a finish. His surmise was correct.

The babble of voices drew nearer, and over the brow of the hill came a little group of men. Two, who appeared to be the ringleaders in the affair, were short and stout. One was cheerful, the other dejected. The rest of the company consisted of friends and adherents; and one of these, a young man who seemed to be amused, strolled to where the Oldest Member sat.

"What," inquired the sage, "was all the shouting for?"

A Voice Seemed to Whisper, "Why Not?"

The young man sank into a chair and lighted a cigarette.

"Perkins and Broster," he said, "were all square at the seventeenth, and they raised the stakes to five hundred dollars. They were both on the green in seven, and Perkins had a two-foot putt to halve the match. He missed it by six inches. They play pretty high, those two."

"It is a curious thing," said the Oldest Member, "that men whose golf is of a kind that makes hardened caddies wince always do. The more competent a player, the smaller the stake that contents him. It is only when you get down into the submerged tenth of the golfing world that you find the big gambling. However, I would not call five hundred dollars anything sensational in the case of two men like Perkins and Broster. They are both well provided with the world's goods. If you would care to hear the story ——"

The young man's jaw fell a couple of notches.

"I had no idea it was so late," he bleated. "I ought to be ——"

"—— of a man who played for really high stakes ——"

"—— I promised to ——"

"—— I will tell it to you," said the sage, affectionately attaching himself to the other's buttonhole.

"Look here," said the young man sullenly, "it isn't one of those stories about two men who fall in love with the same girl and play a match to decide which is to marry her, is it? Because, if so ——"

"The stake to which I allude," said the Oldest Member, "was something far higher and bigger than a woman's love. Shall I proceed?"

"All right," said the young man resignedly. "Snap into it."

It has been well said—I think by the man who wrote the subtitles for Cage Birds of Society—began the Oldest Member—that wealth does not always bring happiness. It was so with Bradbury Fisher, the hero of the story which I am about to relate. One of America's most prominent tainted millionaires, he had two sorrows in life—his handicap refused to stir from twenty-four and his wife disapproved of his collection of famous golf relics. Once, finding him crooning over the trousers in which Ouimet had won his historic replay against Vardon and Ray in the American Open, she had asked him why he did not collect something worth while, like old masters or first editions.

Worth while! Bradbury had forgiven, for he loved the woman, but he could not forget. For Bradbury Fisher, like so many men who have taken to the game in middle age after a youth misspent in the pursuits of commerce, was no half-hearted enthusiast. Although he still occasionally descended on Wall Street in order to pry the small investor loose from another couple of million, what he really lived for now was golf and his collection. He had begun the collection in his first year as a golfer, and he prized it dearly. And when he reflected that his wife had stopped him from purchasing J. H. Taylor's shirt stud, which he could have had for a few hundred pounds, the iron seemed to enter into his soul.

The distressing episode had occurred in London, and he was now on his way back to New York, having left his wife to continue her holiday in England. All through the voyage he remained moody and distrait; and at the ship's concert, at which he was forced to take the chair, he was heard to observe to the purser that if the alleged soprano, who had just sung My Little Gray Home in the West, had the immortal gall to take a second encore he hoped that she would trip over a high note and dislocate her neck.

Such was Bradbury Fisher's mood throughout the ocean journey, and it remained constant until he arrived at his palatial home at Goldenville, Long Island, where, as he sat smoking a moody after-dinner cigar in the Versailles drawing-room, Blizzard, his English butler, informed him that Mr. Gladstone Bott desired to speak to him on the telephone.

"Tell him to go and boil himself," said Bradbury.

"Very good, sir."

"No, I'll tell him myself," said Bradbury. He strode to the telephone. "Hello," he said curtly.

He was not fond of this Bott. There are certain men who seem fated to go through life as rivals. It was so with Bradbury Fisher and J. Gladstone Bott. Born in the same town within a few days of each other, they had come to New York in the same week; and from that moment their careers had run side by side. Fisher had made his first million two days before Bott, but Bott's first divorce had got half a column and two sticks more publicity than Fisher's.

At Sing Sing, where each had spent several happy years of early manhood, they had run neck and neck for the prizes which that institution has to offer. Fisher secured the position of catcher on the baseball nine in preference to Bott, but Bott just nosed Fisher out when it came to the choice of a tenor for the glee club. Bott was selected for the debating contest against Auburn, but Fisher got the last place on the cross-word puzzle team, with Bott merely first reserve.

They had taken up golf simultaneously, and their handicaps had remained level ever since. Between such men it is not surprising that there was little love lost.

"Hello," said Gladstone Bott. "So you're back? Say, listen, Fisher, I think I've got something that'll interest you; something you'll be glad to have in your golf collection."

Bradbury Fisher's mood softened. He disliked Bott, but that was no reason for not doing business with him. And though he had little faith in the man's judgment, it might be that he had stumbled upon some valuable antique. There crossed his mind the comforting thought that his wife was three thousand miles away and that he was no longer under her penetrating eye—that eye which, so to speak, was always "about his bath and about his bed and spying out all his ways."

"I've just returned from a trip down South," proceeded Bott, "and I have secured the authentic baffy used by Bobbie Jones in his first important contest—the Infants All-In Championship of Atlanta, Georgia, open to those of both sexes not yet having finished teething."

Bradbury gasped. He had heard rumors that this treasure was in existence, but he had never credited them.

"You're sure?" he cried. "You're positive it's genuine?"

"I have a written guaranty from Mr. Jones, Mrs. Jones and the nurse."

"How much, Bott, old man?" stammered Bradbury. "How much do you want for it, Gladstone, old top? I'll give you a hundred thousand dollars."

"Ha!"

"Five hundred thousand."

"Ha-ha!"

"A million."

"Ha-ha-ha!"

"Two million."

"Ha-ha-ha-ha!"

Bradbury Fisher's strong face twisted like that of a tortured fiend. He registered in quick succession rage, despair, hate, fury, anguish, pique and resentment. But when he spoke again his voice was soft and gentle.

"Gladdy," he said, "we have been friends for years."

"No, we haven't," said Gladstone Bott.

"Yes, we have."

"No, we haven't."

"Well, anyway, what about two million five hundred?"

"Nothing doing. Say, do you really want that baffy?"

"I do, Botty, old egg; I do, indeed."

"Then listen. I'll exchange it for Blizzard."

"For Blizzard?" quavered Fisher.

"For Blizzard."

It occurs to me that, when describing the closeness of the rivalry between these two men, I may have conveyed the impression that in no department of life could either claim a definite advantage over the other. If that is so, I erred. It is true that, in a general way, whatever one had, the other had something equally good to counterbalance it; but in just one matter Bradbury Fisher had triumphed completely over Gladstone Bott. Bradbury Fisher had the finest English butler on Long Island.

Blizzard stood alone. There is a regrettable tendency on the part of English butlers today to deviate more and more from the type which made their species famous. The modern butler has a nasty knack of being a lissom young man in perfect condition who looks like the son of the house. But Blizzard was of the fine old school. Before coming to the Fisher home he had been for fifteen years in the service of an earl, and his appearance suggested that throughout those fifteen years he had not let a day pass without its pint of port. He radiated port and pop-eyed dignity. He had splay feet and three chins, and when he walked his curving waistcoat preceded him like the advance guard of some royal procession.

From the first, Bradbury had been perfectly aware that Bott coveted Blizzard, and the knowledge had sweetened his life. But this was the first time he had come out into the open and admitted it.

"Blizzard?" whispered Fisher.

"Blizzard," said Bott firmly. "It's my wife's birthday next week, and I've been wondering what to give her."

Bradbury Fisher shuddered from head to foot, and his legs wabbled like asparagus stalks. Beads of perspiration stood out on his forehead. The serpent was tempting him—tempting him grievously.

"You're sure you won't take three million—or four—or something like that?"

"No; I want Blizzard."

Bradbury Fisher passed his handkerchief over his streaming brow.

"So be it," he said in a low voice.

The Jones baffy arrived that night, and for some hours Bradbury Fisher gloated over it with the unmixed joy of a collector who has secured the prize of a lifetime. Then, stealing gradually over him, came the realization of what he had done.

He was thinking of his wife and what she would say when she heard of this. Blizzard was Mrs. Fisher's pride and joy. She had never, like the poet, nursed a dear gazelle; but had she done so, her attitude toward it would have been identical with her attitude toward Blizzard. Although so far away, it was plain that her thoughts still lingered with the treasure she had left at home, for on his arrival Bradbury had found three cables awaiting him. The first ran:

"How is Blizzard? Reply."

The second:

"How is Blizzard's sciatica? Reply."

The third:

"Blizzard's hiccups. How are they? Suggest Doctor Murphy's Tonic Swamp Juice. Highly spoken of. Try for week and cable result."

It did not require a clairvoyant to tell Bradbury that if on her return she found that he had disposed of Blizzard in exchange for a child's cut-down baffy, she would certainly sue him for divorce. And there was not a jury in America that would not give their verdict in her favor without a dissentient voice. His first wife, he recalled, had divorced him on far flimsier grounds. So had his second, third and fourth. And Bradbury loved his wife. There had been a time in his life when, if he lost a wife, he had felt philosophically that there would be another along in a minute; but as a man grows older he tends to become set in his habits, and he could not contemplate existence without the company of the present incumbent.

What, therefore, to do? What, when you came right down to it, to do?

There seemed no way out of the dilemma. If he kept the Jones baffy, no other price would satisfy Bott's jealous greed. And to part with the baffy, now that it was actually in his possession, was unthinkable. And then, in the small hours of the morning, as he tossed sleeplessly on his Louis Quinze bed, his giant brain conceived a plan.

On the following afternoon he made his way to the clubhouse and was informed that Bott was out playing a round with another millionaire of his acquaintance. Bradbury waited, and presently his rival appeared.

"Hey!" said Gladstone Bott, in his abrupt, uncouth way. "When are you going to deliver that butler?"

"I will make the shipment at the earliest date."

"I was expecting him last night."

"You shall have him shortly."

"What do you feed him on?" asked Gladstone Bott.

"Oh, anything you have yourselves. Put sulphur in his port in the hot weather. . . . Tell me, how did your match go?"

"He beat me. I had rotten luck."

Bradbury Fisher's eyes gleamed. His moment had come.

"Luck?" he said. "What do you mean—luck? Luck has nothing to do with it. You're always beefing about your luck. The trouble with you is that you play rottenly."

"What?"

"It is no use trying to play golf unless you learn the first principles and do it properly. Look at the way you drive."

"What's wrong with my driving?"

"Nothing, except that you don't do anything right. In driving, as the club comes back in the swing, the weight should be shifted by degrees, quietly and gradually, until, when the club has reached its topmost point, the whole weight of the body is supported by the right leg, the left foot being turned at the time and the left knee bent in toward the right leg. But regardless of how much you perfect your style, you cannot develop any method which will not require you to keep your head still so that you can see your ball clearly."

"Hey?"

"It is obvious that it is impossible to introduce a jerk or a sudden violent effort into any part of the swing without disturbing the balance or moving the head. I want to drive home the fact that it is absolutely essential to ——"

"Hey!" cried Gladstone Bott.

The man was shaken to the core. From the local pro, and from scratch men of his acquaintance, he would gladly have listened to this sort of thing by the hour; but to hear these words from Bradbury Fisher, whose handicap was the same as his own and out of whom it was his unperishable conviction that he could hammer the tar any time he got out on the links, was too much.

"Where do you get off," he demanded heatedly, "trying to teach me golf?"

Bradbury Fisher chuckled to himself. Everything was working out as his subtle mind had foreseen.

"My dear fellow," he said, "I was only speaking for your good."

"I like your nerve! I can lick you any time we start."

"It's easy enough to talk."

"I trimmed you twice the week before you sailed to England."

"Naturally," said Bradbury Fisher, "in a friendly round, with only a few thousand dollars on the match, a man does not extend himself. You wouldn't dare to play me for anything that really mattered."

"I'll play you when you like for anything you like."

"Very well, I'll play you for Blizzard."

"Against what?"

"Oh, anything you please. How about a couple of railroads?"

"Make it three."

"Very well."

"Next Friday suit you?"

"Sure," said Bradbury Fisher.

It seemed to him that his troubles were over. Like all twenty-four-handicap men, he had the most perfect confidence in his ability to beat all other twenty-four-handicap men. As for Gladstone Bott, he knew that he could disembowel him any time he was able to lure him out of the clubhouse.

Nevertheless, as he breakfasted on the morning of the fateful match, Bradbury Fisher was conscious of an unwonted nervousness. He was no weakling. In Wall Street his phlegm in moments of stress was a byword. On the famous occasion

(Continued on Page 62)

"Where Do You Get Off," He Demanded Heatedly, "Trying to Teach Me Golf?"

WIDE OPEN ALL THE WAY

By Barney Oldfield—Reported by William F. Sturm

IN 1893, while Elwood Haynes was working on his first horseless carriage in Kokomo, Indiana, I was going to school in Toledo, Ohio, and was earning money passing papers for the Toledo Blade and the Toledo Bee. When the first automobile race in America was run in Chicago in 1895, with the winner covering the fifty-four-mile course in ten and a half hours, I was riding amateur bicycle races.

When Henry Ford made two racing cars in 1902 to advertise the fact that he was an automobile builder, I became associated with him as a general handy man, with a reputation for having plenty of nerve.

The Green Dragon in Action

A few years later I had managed to keep pace with him in fame, though not in dollars. Mr. Ford, by virtue of his building a car for the masses, had become leader of the automobile industry; I held the title of master driver of the world. There were many fellows who, like me, had started out with Henry Ford, but had not been able to keep up with him. But I have always thought I had as much or more fun chasing him than he had in keeping ahead of me. I would, of course, trade my modest means for Mr. Ford's millions; but I am not so sure that I would trade the fun I have had in trying to make enough to keep the wolf from scratching the varnish off my cabin door.

Early Years on the Farm

I HAVE retired definitely from the racing game—have been retired for several years. I began racing when an old rutty horse track was considered plenty good enough. I have lived to see specially constructed speedways built for automobile racing. I have lived to see the boys who ride with death at their elbow make more than 130 miles an hour on a mile-and-a-quarter board track, with twelve other drivers flitting around the course at the same time.

Looking backward from the sunny side of fifty, I can remember many of the details along the roaring road I traveled. Others are not so distinct. I raced in hundreds of cities of the United States. It would not be possible to mention them all, for I raced sometimes three times a week, every time in a different town. I am going to tell some of the high lights. It would be impossible to tell all of them. And I am going to be as careful with the truth as I can. Memory may be at fault in small details, but only in small details.

In my youth I didn't hang on our front fence watching automobiles whiz by and dream some day that I would be a great automobile racer. I didn't have time to dream except at night, and I can't recall that my dreams ever held a single automobile. I wasn't at all like the hero in the story who visioned the time when he would be sitting at the tiller bar—yes, that is correct—of a snorting racer, going at the terrific speed of fifty miles an hour! I didn't really point myself to the automobile racing game. Circumstances just worked me into it some way.

Earl Kiser (Holding Out His Hand) and Barney Oldfield (Standing by Wheel) at St. Paul in 1908

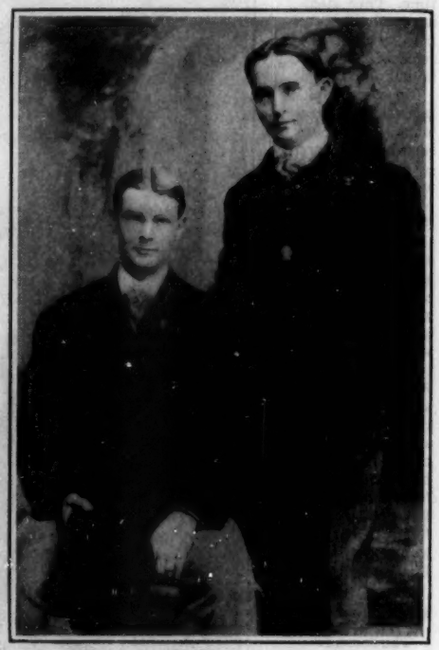
I was born near Wauseon, Ohio, on a farm, being christened Berny E. Oldfield. Old records show that the date was June 3, 1878. The house was of logs and the roof sagged under the weight of a husky mortgage. Father was a farmer, and mother was a farmer's daughter and, of course, a farmer's wife. I was a farmer's son. I don't recall how it came about, but when I was eleven years old we moved to Toledo. I went to school there for four years, carrying newspapers after school.

In 1892 I carried water for a section gang during my vacation, earning a dollar a day. I had a reason for working; I wanted an Advance solid-tired bicycle and the only way I could get it was to earn it. This bike shook me up quite a bit, but it didn't shake my determination to become a bicycle racer.

I think it was in the fall of 1893 that I left off school. I put my books behind the old bureau and never took them out again. My folks didn't want me to quit school, but I had made up my mind. I bought a white apron and went into the service of royal pretenders, waiting on table at the insane asylum.

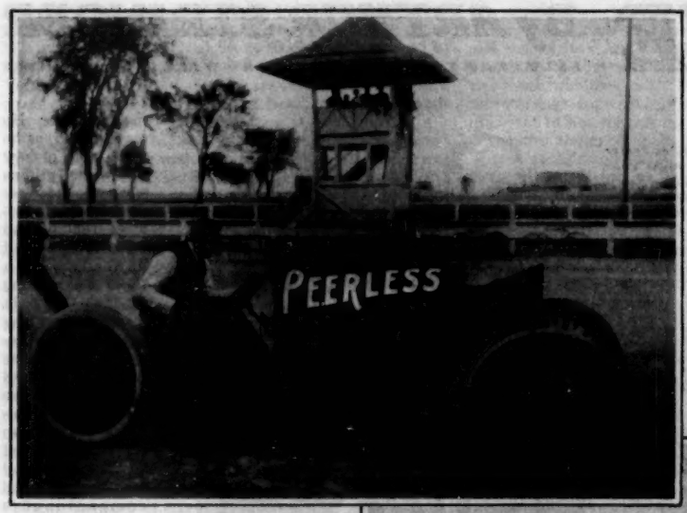
Cycling

I SOON got tired of hearing about the kings and queens and financiers who were only biding their time to come into their own, so I took off my apron and hopped into a bell boy's brass buttons for service at the old Boody House. I got a lot of fine leg work, but that got tiresome too. Looking about, I took my first chauffeur's job—driving the elevator in the Monticello Hotel.



Tom Cooper and Barney Oldfield

The bicycle-racing bug was still biting me, and I bought a pneumatic-tired Dauntless out of my savings. I was young and willing, but the old Dauntless soon wore me out; especially when I discovered that one of the hotel guests had a lightweight Cleveland bicycle which he kept in the basement. I am inclined to believe I got permission from the owner to ride it at night after he went to bed. Anyway, I hope I got permission. The one thing I am sure of is that I rode the bicycle to death at night after its owner had gone to bed.



The Green Dragon, Not Much for Looks, But a Very Fast Car Back in 1903-04-07. At Right—The Eight-Cylinder Bullet, With Which Oldfield Made the Record of a Mile in 45 Seconds at Daytona Beach, Florida

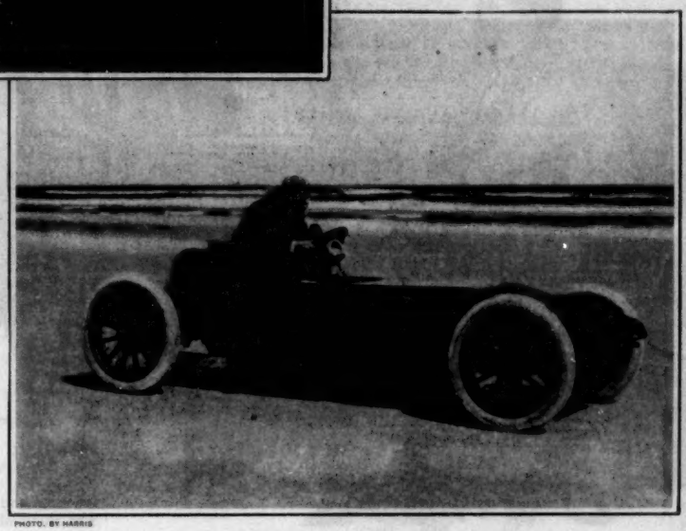


PHOTO. BY HARRIS

Deciding to go into racing for all I was worth, I borrowed a Royal Flush racing bicycle in the spring of 1894. I made my maiden start in an eighteen-mile amateur road race and finished second. I raced all that year against more experienced amateurs, taking some trophies and quite a few spills.

I spent the winter on the Monticello Hotel elevator, and in the spring the Dauntless Bicycle Company loaned me a racer and with it I won two silver medals and a gold watch. I knew what I was cut out for then—I belonged in the bicycle business. The local dealer for the Stearns bicycle took me on as a salesman and a repair man. About this time I got the idea that I could be a pugilist if I wanted to. I was big for my age, and Dan Bailiff, who was training for a bout with Yank Kenny, took a fancy to me and promised to make me into a good boxer. I went to Lima, Ohio, with Bailiff. I went back to Toledo with a case of typhoid fever. I got over the fighting fever about the time I got over the typhoid.

The Stearns factory invited me to race on its team in 1896 as a paid amateur. The League of American Wheelmen didn't like the idea and told me to turn out-and-out professional or it would blacklist me.

On The Track

WHILE acting as a traveling salesman for the Racycle factory, Fred Titus, Eastern representative for the same factory and later more famous as the husband of Edna May, joined forces with me and we formed the Racycle racing team. We hired Ed Tellum as our manager and rode out to conquer the country.

Fred and I did fairly well—if he didn't win, I did, and if I didn't win, he did.

The years that followed were not so eventful. I raced bicycles all over the country. In the spring of 1899 I won a twenty-three-mile road race from Blair, Nebraska, to Omaha, on a National chainless.

Up until 1902 I spent most of my time selling bicycles and racing, and managed to make my income just about equal my expenses, but little more than that. Then came the big break in my fortunes.

Tom Cooper, an old bicycle pal of mine, had given up the two-wheeler, which he used to race with considerable success, and had formed a sort of partnership with an electrician and mechanic in Detroit—Henry Ford by name—for the purpose of building two racing cars. Mr. Ford at that time wasn't so well known as he is now, being what you might say without much honor in his own town. He had experimented with a car back in the 90's. In 1899 he had become associated with a company as its engineer. This company, I think, was formed by the Lelands and it afterward became the Cadillac company. He left his position as engineer with the company in 1902 to form a company of his own. Knowing the value of advertising, he decided to attract attention by building two racing cars. I think he had driven an earlier car on the track, so he was not a stranger to the requirements.

At this time the gasoline car had come into its own. The electric car was being built and also being raced. The steam car was no stranger to gas and electricity, as it, too, was being raced. The Eastern millionaires had elevated automobile racing to a high plane as a sport. They had imported several of the better-known foreign cars and these foreign cars had shown themselves to be good automobiles.

Alexander Winton, a young millionaire, interested in the Winton Carriage Company, of Cleveland, had taken up the sport because he liked the thrill of it and possibly because he believed it was good advertising for his factory, which had begun making automobiles. So assiduously had Winton worked at automobile racing that he was regarded as the champion driver of America and had often declared publicly that the American automobile was the superior of any car from across the water.

But getting back to Henry Ford: He wasn't satisfied to have Winton the champion driver of America. Therefore Ford had decided to build the two high-powered racing cars for the express purpose of grooming them to wrest the championship from Winton. Note that word "high-powered." Whenever a bandit car or a racing machine is mentioned, it must always be high-powered.

Tom Cooper's Letter

WHILE Ford and Cooper were building these two potential championship racing cars, I borrowed Tom's old motorcycle racing tandem to take over to the board track at Salt Lake City, and spent the season on the Salt Lake track. I was head over heels in racing, when Tom Cooper wrote me the letter that changed my whole life. He offered me steady work and a chance to make a chunk of money. That last word was what attracted my attention. I didn't think anything of it at the time, but no doubt the real reason I got the letter from Cooper was because I had already earned a reputation for taking big chances. I think they figured they would need a big chance taker when they finished their two cars. But I was in for any adventure in those days that promised excitement or new pastures or a chance to fool with America's coming game—racing automobiles. All sorts of things popped into my head on reading Tom's letter. I made up my mind that sooner or later my chance to drive would come. All I needed was an opportunity. And there was the way open!

I was twenty-four years old. I had been racing bicycles so long and riding pacing motorcycles so long that the novelty had worn off. I had known Tom Cooper when we were competitors on the bicycle speed paths of the country. We had become fast friends. In the late 90's we had once quit the bicycle game and started into the mining business in Colorado. So you can see that I had faith in what Tom said.

My bell-boy days had made me an expert door

(Continued on Page 50)

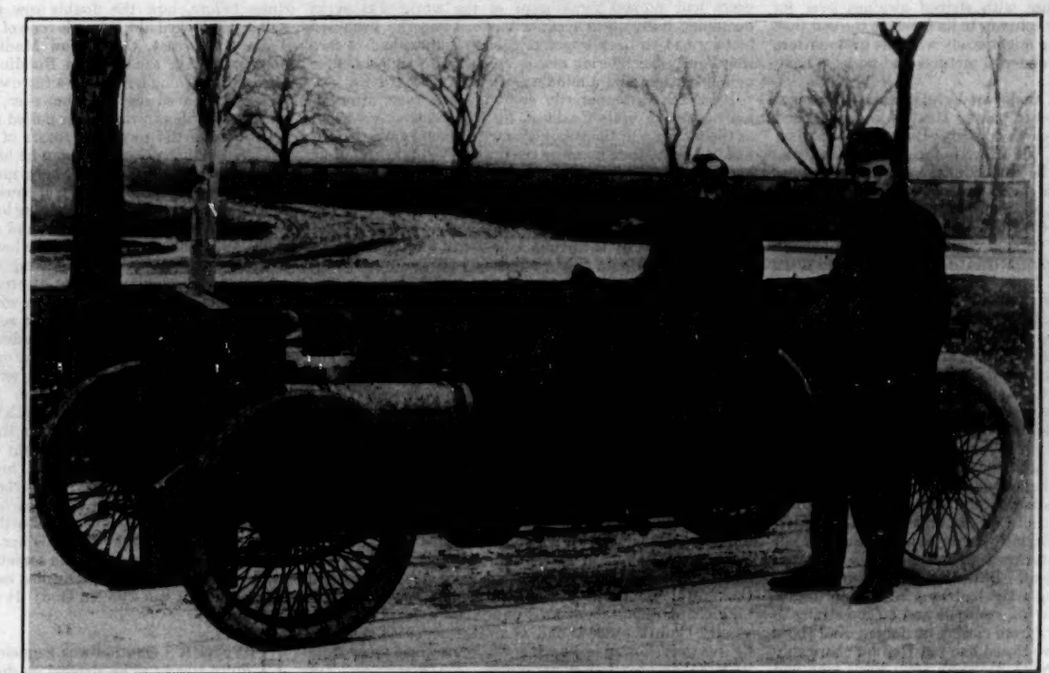


PHOTO. BY W. A. HUGHES

Oldfield at the Tiller Bar of the Original 999, With Henry Ford Standing Beside the First Auto in the World to Do 60 Miles an Hour on an Oval Track

FIFTH AVENUE

By ARTHUR STRINGER

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

"It's Wonderful to Think You've Somebody Willing to Help You Fight Your Battles," She Murmured, With a Small and Feminine Gesture of Feeling

HEFFNER loved the Avenue. He realized that as he turned southward where the Metropolitan Museum of Art threw its lengthening shadows across the tire-polished asphalt and the muffled evening traffic flowed down the long slope that seemed to end in the Plaza of Heroes. He loved it not only as a spectacle, as a stately and smooth-floored cañon housing an ever-changing panorama of life, but more because so much of his own existence was bound up with it.

He had been born on that Avenue, in the old brownstone front just below the house where Washington Irving once lived. He had trundled a hoop along its lower squares when coach horses still came stamping out of the stables of Macdougal Alley. He had watched the hansom cabs cruise up and down that golden-moted valley before the Dewey Arch threw its shadow across a curb where Mark Twain had once loitered and Henry James once strolled, where soldiers had marched up the long slope of Murray Hill and bands had played and banners had rippled above a tideway banked by human heads. He had listened to hurdy-gurdies in the twilight and heard a vesper sparrow sing from the garden of Grace Church. And he had hungered for it with the abysmal homesickness of boyhood when his mother, after his father's death, had carried him off to Florence.

His mother, he remembered, as he strolled past the Children's Gate in Central Park, had always winced when anyone referred to the Heffner button factory in Brooklyn, and had so wanted young Neil to be an artist that she sold the old Avenue home and saw it replaced, without regret, by an apartment house with striped awnings over its windows and porphyry columns in its foyer, to the end that her quiet-eyed offspring might study with the best masters and some day make wonderful pictures and perhaps hang in the Metropolitan.

But Heffner had not made wonderful pictures, and never would. He had wanted to paint. Heaven knows, he had wanted to paint! But earth bore little fruit of that passion. For the creative spirit, when face to face with canvas, was not in him. Nor was he greatly interested in the making of buttons, though on divers occasions in the Brooklyn factory so disdainfully mismanaged by his acidulous Uncle Ethan he had watched with secret delight the machines that so mysteriously turned vegetable ivory and cow's hoofs and clamshells from Muscatine into perforated disks that kept your clothes from falling apart.

Yet after his mother's unexpectedly abrupt death from pneumonia, young Heffner had dutifully carried out his promise and established himself in a studio, where he wore a Vandyke and a painter's smock and wasted many tubes of good paint on imitations of Monet and Cézanne. And it had been loyalty to the Avenue, he felt, that had prompted him to settle on the top floor of an old mansion between Eighteenth and Nineteenth Streets, where he enacted his *vie de Bohême* rôle, only too wistfully conscious that it was a rôle and nothing more.

Yet they had been happy days, those carefree days in the ramshackle old studio with the leaky roof. Life hadn't closed in on him, as a trail closes in on the jungle traveler, and friends were friends, in those days, and the absence of money in no way interfered with the endless talk on Matisse and neo-realism. But with the passing of his Uncle Ethan the young artist had been compelled to doff his painter's smock and his Vandyke and do something to keep the button factory from closing its doors. And those doors would surely have closed had not Heffner charitably given work to a saturnine Bavarian from Paris who had ranked sixty-seventh in a *concours de l'école* and turned from paint tubes to chemistry. This old friend from the *Quartier* worked out a process for manufacturing artificial clamshell by indurating and vitrifying ordinary limestone and making it so like the depleted product of the upper Mississippi that it was no easy matter to distinguish the artificial from the natural product. So before another five years had slipped away most of the world was again buttoning itself up in Heffner buttons and the Brooklyn factory had to be enlarged and Neil Heffner had to face the slightly bewildering discovery that he was headed for millionairedom and a middle age without hazard.

Hazard had temporarily crept in, it is true, after his marriage with Violo Coalfleet, for Violo was as vivacious as the manager of the Brooklyn button factory was sedate. She had asked for a home on the upper Avenue. So Heffner had built, not so far north of the Metropolitan where his mother had once expected him to hang, the five-story house of Indiana sandstone that may have looked disconcertingly like a fifteenth century French château somewhat elongated by the lemon squeezer of limited frontage, but stood a compact palace amazingly rich in the spoils of other and earlier civilizations. Heffner's wife, however, did not long vivify the solemn sandstone mansion on the upper Avenue, since that light-hearted and insurrectionary lady came to an untimely end, having been drowned by falling between the tender and the landing float while returning from a dinner party on a yacht to which her husband had forbidden her to go.

Heffner would have been the last to acknowledge that this tragedy had materially altered, much less scured, his life. But the fact remained that he became more self-immured, less anxious for the company of his kind. He was oddly alone in the world. He was alone even as he walked southward along the evening Avenue, conscious of the amorous couples strolling past him under the elms, of the belated horseback riders heading home from the Bridle Path, of the lovers in taxies quartering across the Plaza and vanishing into the park. He moved on, a solitary and thoughtful man in the midst of the Avenue's modified evening commotion. He passed under the walls of the University Club, as sedate and as well-groomed as were the figures that showed in its windows, yet a world away from its lethal and careless camaraderie.

Three blocks farther south he passed a graystone mansion being razed to the end that an office building might rise on its site. He remembered, as he made note of how the stone griffins were already removed from its cornices, that he had once dined and danced within those deliquescing walls. But it seemed very long ago. And he remembered how the Avenue had changed, how the army worm of commerce had crept up the flower stalk of social life and turned a quiet and companionable valley into an artery of trade. Even to live on the Avenue was no longer what it had been. They were selling off their homes all along the park to make room for the towering apartment houses of the coming generation. And to live there now in a private residence was a foolish extravagance, a blind and unreasoning luxury for which one got little return.

Yet Neil Heffner still lived on Fifth Avenue, and he felt that he would always live there. It was about all that he had left to be loyal to. But even this Avenue that he loved with a stubborn and instinctive love had in a way betrayed him. It had changed before his eyes—had changed below him and above him. They had turned it into a bazaar, into a tideway of shoppers. Yet as he passed the solemn tower of St. Thomas' and the cathedral bastioned in blue shadows and gazed down the gentle slope of Murray Hill he noticed, as he had noticed a hundred times before, how the double row of milk-white street lamps still looked like a double rope of pearls hanging down a woman's breast. And below Madison Square, he once more observed, the Flatiron Building still looked like a plowshare turning a furrow—a furrow that was Broadway. When he glanced eastward, however, he remembered that both the Garden tower and its poised Diana were gone, the tower where the forgotten toasts of the town once forgathered and the Garden where he had once seen his first horse show and thrilled to the band music of his first circus.

So stirring was the memory of those vanished things, so poignant was the sense of something lost out of his life, that he stopped short in the twilight and stared with unseeing eyes down the emptier vista of the lower Avenue. He was a quiet-eyed and sedate-appearing man of middle age, carrying all the outward signs of prosperity touched with contentment, apparently at peace with the world and his own soul. But he was, at heart, a solitary wanderer with nowhere to go, clinging to his midsummer city when he might have escaped to some cooler month in a mountain hotel or drowned the loneliest four weeks of his year in the color-spangled surf of the seashore. But both Maine and the Adirondacks were shadowed with the memory of Violo; nor was Narragansett, for much the same reason, any longer possible; just as the thought of Southampton had in some way become repugnant to him.

He was a man of wealth, free as the wind, with a month of idleness ahead of him. But as he stood there in the Avenue dusk his hands clenched with emotion and an incongruous prayer broke from his lips.

"Oh, God, You've got to do something about this!" he said, with an intensity that seemed as absurd as it was unexpected. "It can't go on, God! It simply can't go on!"

II

HEFFNER'S emotion was kenneled again and his step quite steady as he strolled on down the Avenue. He seemed merely an idler once more, lost in abstraction as he took the evening air. For he found it quieter toward the

lower end of the asphalted cañon. This quietness, in contrast with the massiveness of the structures towering above him, even carried with it an air of desertion. It seemed to suggest a battlefield finally and mysteriously evacuated. Yet here and there, between the tapering skyscrapers, still stood an incongruous brownstone front, almost as legendary as an arrowhead turned up by a tractor plow.

Heffner stopped before one of these old houses, scarred by time and sagging with neglect, remembering that it was the grave of his lost youth. Its earlier iron-railed steps had been shorn away and under its newer recessed entrance an Italian tailor now apparently pressed clothes and a Greek shoe shiner unmistakably polished shoes. But about the battered old doorway, the doorway that had shrunk inward as the mouth of an old man shrinks inward, still clustered the rusty mail boxes and the familiar and faded show cases. The one on his right, he remembered, had once announced the calling of the third-floor numismatist who had lived beneath him. Still later it had held the bilious prints of a struggling young commercial photographer, and still later again it had been preëmpted by a pale-faced stamp collector who heroically clung to his Fifth Avenue address because of its prestige in a mail-order business. Now, Heffner noticed, it was occupied by several samples of needle-point lace stitched to a background of parchment paper. And below the plaques of lace, printed in India ink, was the neatly lettered ensign: Barbara Pelham, Repairer of Rare Lace, Top Floor.

Heffner frowned over that announcement. It seemed to carry a reiterated note of the deterioration of a locale it was no longer worth while being loyal to. It was another example of commerce creeping in where art had once held sway. He had spent the happiest years of his life under that roof. In the old studio up under the eaves he had broiled his own chops and dreamed his carefree dreams. And a wistfulness came into his abstracted eyes as he stared through the door glass into the gloomy hallway with the broken tessellated flooring and the dark-wooded banister that went cascading up the deepening shadows. He nursed a hankering to climb those stairs and discover if the cracked monkey knocker still hung on the studio door and the cretonne he had tacked to the broken plaster still clung to the walls. But the "Barbara Pelham" deterred him. A woman was a woman; and sedentary old ladies who mend lace weren't likely to take kindly to intrusive strangers intent on poking about a studio and sentimentalizing over their lost youth.

Heffner, in his mind's eye, even tried to picture the studio as he would most assuredly find it, effeminized with engravings of hooped and gallooned ladies of a vanished era, with the misted silver of old daguerreotypes fading in black walnut frames, with a cat on the window seat and an aroma of orris root, and Victorian quiet in the room under the slanting skylight that always leaked when it rained. She would be faded and pinched and obviously out of place in a city that bought its lace machine-made, fresh from the factory. She would be narrow-shouldered and pallid-eyed and suspicious. And as like as not she would be boiling onions on the battered gas range that stood between the two back windows, with the bleak companionship of a parrot's cage, superseding the student songs that had once made the rafters ring, in the earlier days when more valorous males thumped their steins on the worktables. It seemed foolish and futile, that sign of Repairer of Rare Lace. It might just as well have been Mender of Snuff-boxes, so unmistakable were its evidences of pallid incompetency, of its divorce from modern life. And Heffner's recurring mental picture of her as a dehydrated spinster bent over a stretching frame proved so chilling that he backed away from the barrier door and went slowly down the steps.

Yet at the bottom of those steps he came to a pause, depressed by the remoteness of what once stood so intimate. Life had hardened him, he remembered; had shut him up in his shell of reserve, had made him afraid to reopen this grave of his past. And as he stood there, wondering why a great hunger for happiness should still confound his advancing years, he saw the house door open and a hard-jawed woman of middle age step out. He noticed her mannish serge skirt and flat heels and the grizzled bobbed hair under a felt hat as staid as a vicar's. But what most held his attention was the fact that she stopped on her way out to hide a door key behind one of the rusty mail boxes on the entry wall.

Heffner watched her, with the qualified satisfaction of beholding a dolorous prophecy definitely fulfilled, as she stalked past him and turned eastward along Nineteenth Street. He waited until she was out of sight. Then, with a sudden wave of resolution, he went up the house steps and unearthed the latchkey from its hiding place.

His heart was beating perceptibly faster as he let himself in and closed the door after him. His pulse steadied, however, as he climbed slowly upward into a region of oddly familiar odors—odors that wiped almost twenty years from the slate of time. When he came to the top floor and found the broken knocker still on the battered door, there was a ring of wistfulness in his laughter over the ludicrous familiarity of the thing. Before he quite knew it, in fact, he had tried the door and found it locked. This, however, did not disturb him, for his movements were mechanical as he stepped toward the small closet at the back of the hall, the closet that held the gas meters and the narrow iron ladder that led to the roof.

This ladder, he saw as he started to mount it, had not been used of late, for its rungs were dusty and its upper reaches were festooned with cobwebs. He had difficulty, too, in getting the narrow transom open. It toppled back on him in fact, knocking his hat from his head and sending it rolling gently to the edge of the roof, where it balanced for a moment and fell over into space. He looked after it listlessly, as he took off his coat to cool his heated body. He even tugged at his moist collar, grateful for the open air once more about him.

But his roof, he saw as he stared about in the uncertain light, had changed—had changed tremendously. The old wooden water tank was gone, and gone was the big bench he had once made from its unused cover boards. In its place was a meager attempt at a roof garden, a drooping canopy of burlap under which a hammock swung, a tenuous trellis of morning-glories flanked by a row of plants in wooden boxes, a sagging club chair of willow and a paint-stained pedestal table on which stood a number of fashion magazines and a palm-leaf fan. That top-floor studio, Heffner remembered, could be cruelly hot in summer. And this, he knew, was a forlornly courageous effort to battle against the August heat of the city. He could make out the hatched doorway that led to the studio stairs. And from a clothesline stretched between the door hatch and the back chimney pot swung a number of garments, undeniably feminine, flimsy and fragile looking. The thing that arrested the intruder, however, was the discovery that the hatch door at the studio stairhead stood open, and an impulse which he made no effort to combat prompted him to cross to that door.

It seemed so familiar an act, to step down the well-known narrow stairway, that the unseemliness of such an intrusion was unedged by the flooding memories it revived. The studio, he discovered as he descended, was in darkness. It wasn't until he reached the bottom of the stairs that he realized he was advancing into a stranger's living quarters, that he was advancing into them without a definitely formulated plan or even a decent excuse. And his mild and momentary surprise at this discovery was sharpened into sudden panic by the sound of a voice quite close to him in the darkness.

"Don't move!" this vibrant contralto voice was saying to him. "Don't dare to move!"

Heffner could feel little needles of consternation prickling his spine. He shrank back, nursing a forlorn idea of flight as he felt for the stair banister behind him, hoping against hope that he could in some way still get back to the open. But he was defeated in this intention by the sudden snap of a light switch. The darkness disappeared and he found himself gaping at a girl who held a pearl-handled revolver pointing directly at his shrinking body. It wasn't, after all, the mannish-looking woman with the iron jaw who confronted him. It was a slender-bodied but resolute-eyed girl in a pale rose negligée, a dusky-haired girl with an air of delicacy that went ill with the look of ferocity momentarily on her face.

Heffner's attention, however, was directed more toward the threatening revolver than toward the solemnly frowning face above it.

(Continued on Page 71)

"Did That Bounder Attempt to Speak to You?" He Demanded, His Face Flushing With an Anger He Couldn't Quite Control

THE TALKING BIRD

By Harris Dickson

ILLUSTRATED BY J. CLINTON SHEPHERD

"THEM green birds costs like hell." When Todge Farkas had emitted these six words, he rose from his haunches, took deliberate aim at a knot hole on the side of his shanty boat, spattered the bull's-eye with a jet of tobacco juice and squatted down again. The lantern-jawed fisherman to whom he spoke, a fellow named Rance Jelks, also squatted beside Darkwater River, and said nothing whatever, but continued to whittle on a peg while considering Todge's remark. Then Rance in turn stood up, and with the peg that he had whittled, pinned his single gallus to a pair of sagging pants. During the solicitous procedure, he ruminated and pondered over what Todge had said, before indicating his full comprehension by a grunt, "Yep." Then Rance squatted again beside his accomplice.

Thus did six words and a monosyllable give the lie to a certain French savant who announced that "speech is employed to conceal thought." Of course, old Frenchy merely applied his maxim to city folks, for woodsmen never wag their tongues all day and say nothing. Rance Jelks hadn't paddled up here with Dora, nine hot miles to Todge's shanty boat, for the purpose of saying nothing. Rance didn't like to paddle and Rance didn't like to talk. He had business with Todge Farkas—important business that would make them rich before morning. For an hour they had planned together on the muddy banks of Darkwater, talking little and meditating much, while two sympathetic minds flowed in the same channel.

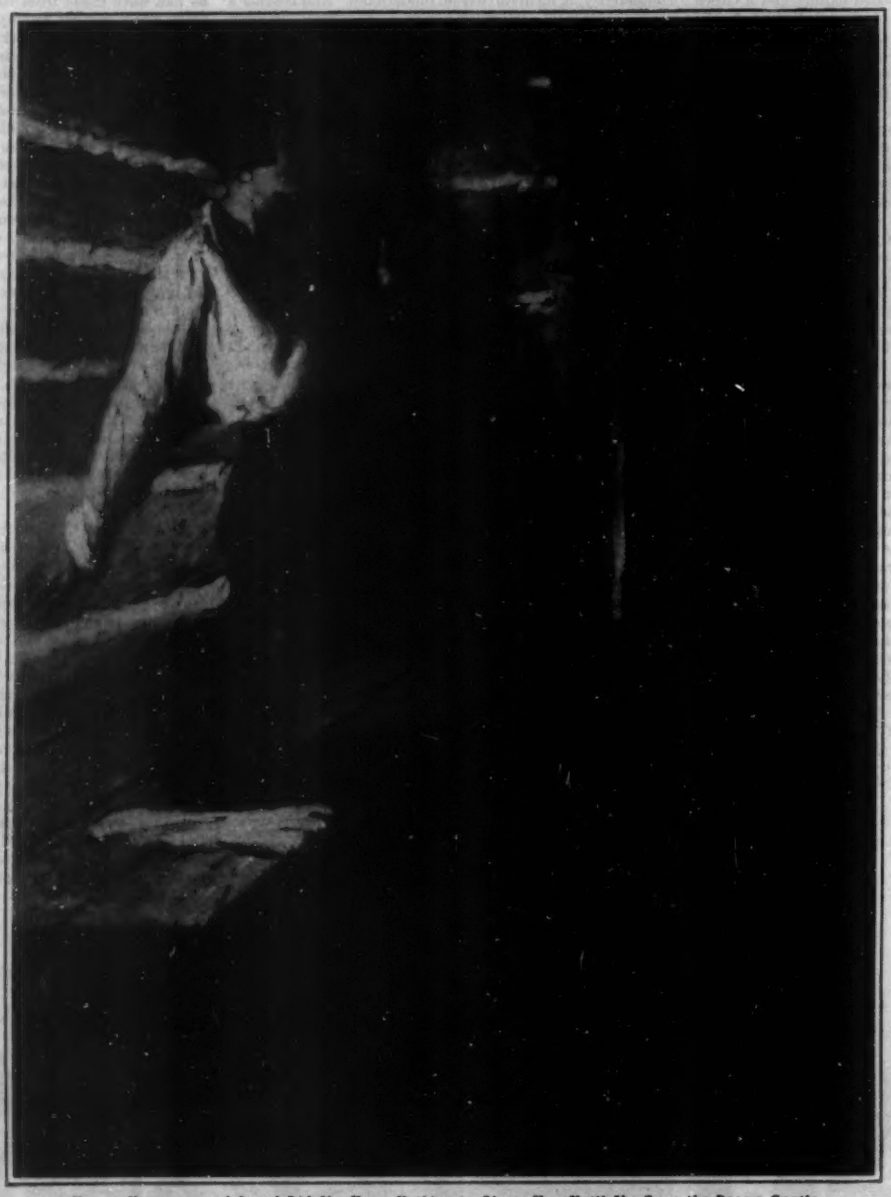
Speech is not a cloak to conceal thought. A word, a wink, a nod may open wide the door to unbounded vistas. So when Todge observed that green birds cost like hell, he laid their whole scheme before Rance Jelks. Green birds are expensive, particularly if they have red wings and can talk. Such a bird hung in his hoop against a tree near the front of Jason Badreau's cabin, dangling upside down by his claws, and chattering all day long. Jason must have paid as much as four or five dollars for him. Consequently Jason had money. No fool would spend five bucks on a bird that wasn't even fit to eat unless he had dollars to throw at mud turtles.

Furthermore, folks whispered that Jason had been a pirate. Didn't he walk with a sailorman's swagger and have holes in his ears where he used to wear rings? And it's a dead give-away when a fellow has double fishhooks tattooed on his arm. Besides, wasn't Jason forever jabbering some kind of foreign lingo to that bird? Of course he'd been a pirate. That's where he got his kegs of gold, and came up here to hide, same as plenty more folks were dodging about in these Darkwater swamps. Whatever cash Jason once had, he now had. For the tightwad never turned loose a nickel, except that day when he bought some ribbons for his girl at Raker's Store and paid Jim Raker a five-dollar gold piece. It wouldn't take more than a snuff can full of little gold shiners to put two fishermen on Easy Street—and Jason had a barrel of them. Today neither Todge nor Rance possessed a cent; tomorrow they'd be louay with coin.

This logical train of thought followed Todge's six-word locomotive that talking birds cost like hell.

Six syllables may suggest six million facts. Frenchy was wrong.

During a drought the river banks are high and the stream is low, stagnant, greenish, its surface mottled with pollen and a vegetation that resembles slime. The shanty-boat man and fisherman held their conference at the shore end of a plank whose other end reached the gunwale of Todge's drab and dingy craft. On top of the sloping bank behind them two women crouched beside a pot of simmering tar, in which Todge's horse-faced wife occasionally dipped his seine. The sallower and scrawnier woman, named Dora, had arrived an hour ago with Rance. These flat-chested slatterns chewed their snuff sticks and talked even more economically than the husbands. Yet the four of them came to an accurate agreement.



Not an Unaccustomed Sound Did She Hear, Nothing to Alarm Her, Until She Gave the Door a Gentle Push—and Failed to Budge It

While the men digested their conversation, Todge's wife got up from the tar pot and went slouching down the hill, crossing to her boat by a plank that slapped the water as she strode. She was going inside for a coffeepot, and paused as Todge observed to Rance, "I reckin 'tain't our play to kill him?"

The rawboned woman halted. Her gingham dress hung straight down, like that on a wooden figure out of Noah's ark, as she stopped, shifted the snuff stick in her mouth and sneered:

"Kill him? You'd have to kill his gal too. Then how'll we ever find his money?"

Having delivered herself of this finality, Hun—an abbreviation for Honey—went stooping through the doorway of her boat.

That squelched their argument. Neither man hazarded another word until Hun marched back along the plank, her left jaw showing its scarlet birthmark from ear to chin. As she passed, the husband said, "Hun's right. T'other way's best."

The men had risen. Rance yawned. "Everything's about settled?"

"Reckon so," Todge agreed. "We'll git to Jason's about a hour by sun, then fix it so we hit Raker's Store just as the eight o'clock train rolls by. That'll give folks a chance to see me an' you with Jason, so they won't suspicion us."

This alibi sounded perfect. Rance gave his head a twitch toward the women at the pot and asked, "Does Hun know exactly what to do?"

"Sholy. Hun! Oh, Hun!"

Inquiringly, Hun turned her eyes, yellowish eyes, the color of a garfish's belly. The birthmark showed angry red against a sallow skin. She held her tongue, munched her snuff stick, spat, and languidly stirred a cup of coffee with her finger.

"Hun," the husband called, "is you an' Dory laid off what to do tonight when me an' Rance is gone?"

"Yep."

"Got everything fixed?"

"Yep." And wearied by garrulousness, Hun gulped her coffee.

Nobody spoke again. The visiting couple settled flat in their dugout. Rance dipped his paddle. The slim black craft glided away, down the Darkwater.

At Jason Badreau's wharf even a blind man could see evidences of lavish wealth. Neither Rance nor Todge was blind, but kept both eyes peeled and saw everything. The wharf itself was constructed on floating logs and floored with cypress boards. Cypress costs money. It even had a special place for his girl's skiff—a skiff that was painted white, with green trimmings. Who ever heard of a poor man painting his skiff?

Rance nodded at Todge as they noted these prosperous facts, and climbed some wooden steps from the wharf to the level on which Jason's cabin stood. More luxury. No other fisherman had wooden steps. Mud banks were good enough for anybody.

Their cunning eyes took in Jason's clearing. He was the only fisherman that ever troubled himself to make a clearing, to cut away undergrowth instead of keeping drunk between hauls of his seine. His neat little cabin fronted Darkwater, thirty paces back from the edge of the bluff, and Rance hardly believed it to be the same tumble-down shack that he used to know. He well remembered the day when he first heard the boom of an ax at this place and crawled stealthily through the bushes to size up the stranger. The cabin then consisted of the debris of two rooms, long abandoned. Its roof had caved in, its chimneys fallen. Nobody would recognize it now—new roof, brick chimneys, a gallery in front, with a plank walk leading to the river. And Jason had tacked on two additional rooms at the rear. He was bound to be rich.

"Here he comes! Here he comes!" the green bird screamed at them, tumbling around in his hoop like a circus performer and squawking a lot of words that they couldn't understand. The swampers shuffled past him toward the house, with heads half turned, suspicious of the parrot's foreign jabber.

"Look!" Rance nudged his partner. "In that right-hand room!"

Two doors on the gallery stood open. The left room was Jason's kitchen. Through the outer door Todge saw what Rance had already glimpsed, and Todge's eyes bulged—a gold bed, gold, with thick white pillows and a tasseled quilt. That must be Estrella's room. And both men wondered anew whether she were actually Jason's daughter, or just his woman, as many folks contended. It did seem unlikely for a man to waste so much money on a daughter.

That incredible gold bed kept both the swampers squinting sideways, until Jason showed himself in the kitchen door, a heavier built man than either Rance or Todge, with kinky black hair and a jolly way about him.

"Hello, boys," he called, and sat down with them on the steps to discuss their job for the night.

Swamp lakes along the Mississippi are literally wriggling with fish, especially those that lie on the river side of the levees. Rising waters each year fill these depressions with trout, cats, perch, buffalo; and a falling river leaves them crowded together. Buffalo fish weighing twenty, forty, sixty pounds find a ready market on the lake bank at four cents.

Some lakes are protected by law, some are watched by the owners—which didn't hinder Jason. Tonight he meant to plunder the unguarded Bucktail Lake, with Rance and Todge to help draw his seine at ten dollars each. Before morning their clandestine haul would be made, the money collected and all hands innocently at home. Jason supposed this to be their entire program, without suspecting that his helpers had arranged a sinister variation.

"Better be moving." Todge shot a glance of hate at the parrot and rose to go. The devilish bird kept scrambling around in his hoop, jabbering that foreign lingo to Jason. It made Todge nervous. Those glittering beady eyes might see plumb through him and tell Jason. Then their night's job would fail. "Better start," Todge insisted, but Jason tarried with a smile as Estrella came out from her kitchen.

Unlike Hun or Dory, who were descended from English-speaking squatters, this girl drew her coal-black hair, her animation and vivid coloring from Latin maids who trod out grapes and listened to the guitars of dark-eyed lovers. There was no flat chest, no slouchiness about Jason's daughter as she danced toward them, snapping her fingers like castanets with all the grace of the tarantella. Grimly, Todge compared her with his angular and birthmarked wife.

"Never mind," he promised himself; "tomorrow she won't act so sassy."

The most credulous swamper would never have believed Todge Farkas on oath if Todge had told what he actually saw Estrella do.

Airily the girl came tripping along the gallery, caught up a cup of water from the wash shelf and went dancing down into the yard. That's where Todge witnessed her unaccountable behavior. She poured water on a white-handled contraption and began jabbing it into her mouth, back and forth, working like a bootblack; and she spit out soapsuds that smelled sweet. Todge saw this, saw it himself, with his own diluted blue eyes.

The green bird was having a conniption fit, dangling by one claw and squalling at Estrella.

"Yes, you greedy old Pedro," she laughed, "I'll feed you." And she went to stand underneath him with a sunflower seed between her lips, letting the bird peck it out. Todge wouldn't have trusted his jaw within forty feet of Pedro's wicked bill.

Jason glanced at the sun, took off his nice low-quarter shoes and put on the pair that he used for wading.

"All set, boys?" he asked.

"Yep."

Not a sign of gratification passed between the swampers as Jason made ready to leave, wearing no coat and carrying no weapon except his fisher's knife. The knife, however, wouldn't save his money if matters turned out as they intended.

"Well, daughter"—Jason bade her good-by—"I'll get home about daylight. Anything you want done?"

"Can't think of a thing."

The girl betrayed no timidity at being left alone, but waved farewell from the steps as the three men moved off together, and stood smiling to hear her father sing his same old song:

"Ye-ho, lads, we go across the sea ——"

Three heads disappeared downward behind the brink of the bluff; then Estrella heard their paddles dipping.

Next morning, when the coroner and wrathful citizens investigated that night's affair, the posse had not caught either Todge or Rance, though it was easy to trace every step that they took with Jason. First they had paddled their dugouts some four miles up Darkwater, and at 8:17 were drinking soda pop in Jim Raker's Store. Jim and his clerk swore to the exact time, because they remembered that the train had passed while all three men were there.

From the store the trio went north, left their dugouts and crossed on foot to a sand bar at the Mississippi River. There the Ida C, a gasoline boat which belonged to the Vicksburg fish merchant, was waiting with ice and barrels to take them aboard. On the Ida C they voyaged fourteen miles up the Mississippi to a point opposite Bucktail Lake, arriving about 10:30. From eleven o'clock until 1:30 Rance and Todge were helping to drag the seine, and remained continuously with Jason. By three A.M. their catch of fish was loaded on the boat and they were hurrying homeward. Almost exactly at four o'clock, Jason, Rance and Todge stepped ashore together at the point where the Ida C had picked them up. From this indisputable testimony it seemed impossible that either Rance or Todge could have been at Jason's cabin between sundown and 4:30 A.M.

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It Wouldn't Take More Than a Snuff Can Full of Little Gold Shiners to Put Two Fishermen on Easy Street

ADVENTURES IN PLANTING

Lessons Learned From an Old Nurseryman

By Robert Gordon Anderson

BY CHANCE one day I overheard a conversation between a nurseryman and the owner of a little house in the adjacent village.

The latter was a German who had made some money in the grocery business and who, to occupy his time after his retirement, had hit on speculative building. He had put up his first house, a simple but well-built and fairly attractive little dwelling of the Dutch colonial order, and, satisfied with its clean paint and good plumbing, had done nothing to make it more inviting beyond simple grading and the sowing of lawn seed. So for eight months he had awaited a buyer.

The nursery salesman, who drove by the place from time to time, noticed the sign gathering dust and one morning stopped his little flivver and approached the German.

"What you need," he told him, "is a few trees and shrubs. These can be placed so as to draw it out—make it look bigger and more attractive."

This was news to the German. A man was a *dummkopf* to think a tree could make a house bigger. Besides, he wasn't going to spend a nickel more on a place that had already proved that it wouldn't sell.

But the nurseryman persisted; not because of any possible profit—for he was at the time superintending the planting of some large estates—but simply through sheer love of his work. Like any other business, his, too, was a game.

"I won't stick you much," he argued. "Just allow me two hundred or a hundred and fifty dollars and you'll sell it in a week. If you don't, I'll give you half your money back."

Looking Across the Perennial Garden, Which is in its Second Season

At Left—The Tudor Doorway Guarded by a Serbian Spruce and a Japanese Yew

The Selling Power of Trees

THE offer, of course, should not be considered as a part of a nurseryman's usual tactics or policy. Many do guarantee to replace dead trees, and throw in with an order an extra mugho pine or a bundle of privet; still they can't, as the old song says, give "a baby away with a pound of tea" or guarantee your money refunded. This was merely a bet made in a morning's enthusiasm; and it worked.

But the point is that after a few evergreens, a small Norway maple and a few other trees and shrubs were brought and planted here and there as the nurseryman directed, to soften the bare outlines, or, as he said, "to bring out the house," the owner telephoned:

"You vin! I sold mein house; and it looked so nice I asked one tousand dollars more than I egspected—and, by gollies, I got it!"

It had been purchased by a couple who confessed that they had passed by it many times, but never before had it looked so charming. And when the nurseryman sent in his bill it called for only $125! By this item the owner had not only disposed of a long-idle house but had actually gained $875 more than his expected profit.

Now I didn't want to sell my place, but I did want to beautify it, so I stopped the nurseryman the next time he came up the hill. He agreed to draw a sketch and bring it the following week—this, after walking around our newly built house several times and studying it from different angles.

The grading work that we had done on our place had given us a really graceful and beautifully curving drive, though one a little difficult to negotiate with a car of 136 inches wheel base—as were those of some of our friends—and without a full flivver's length of drive to straighten out in before entering the door. Still, our first car, bought a little later, was only 120 inches between the hubs. After sloughing several doors off their hinges and hurdling the bank, we caught the trick, two times out of three, of cutting the S's like a fancy skater, and of finally crawling into the garage as a hedgehog into its burrow. So we could admire our skill with clutch and brake as much as the sinuosity of the drive—but not for long. Our repair bills grew so large that we did cut off one or two arcs and bulges; that is, of the drive now, not the garage, without appreciably destroying the symmetry of the former. The latter a couple of carpenters, working for a week, finally restored.

But there was no fault to be found with the curving of the lawns. These, on our insistence, had been shaped to conform with the natural slope of the hill. And that treatment on a naturally wild hilltop was much to be preferred by good landscape artists to more formal terraces, particularly since it added to the effectiveness of the lines of the house and, with the sense of age produced by the treatment of brick, plaster and half timber, made the house seem a part of its setting, not something set up there on stilted terraces. It looked, indeed, as if it had always been there.

The Main Doorway

SO MUCH done, we awaited the nurseryman and his sketch. When it came we found it quite in contrast with those furnished by other nursery salesmen. Their ornate layouts left a cluttered, or—to use the slang—a sort of Dutch impression. It appeared as if they were trying to unload their whole nursery on us. His was characterized by an economy that appealed to us artistically and financially.

We could, however, visualize the various pieces and ensemble more vividly when he pointed them out in their appointed places on the lawn than we could from the blue print; we realized then so vividly in fact that after a few questions we signed the order; and in a few days the trucks arrived, bearing our shade trees and evergreens neatly trussed up and sacked, also eight laborers and a foreman to attend to the planting. And with remarkable speed, during the following three days, holes were dug, beds spaded up, the trees set, watered, and, where necessary, wired.

To the main doorway he had given much thought. Like the shrine of a properly designed church, it is usually the focal point of the exterior of the house. As the altar is made the high light of the picture by arrangement of aisle and chancel, so the doorway must hold the eye by the proper approach of the walk and its framing of trees.

A winding pathway of broken flag, with grass growing through the interstices, led from the west up to ours; and on one side was placed a tall Serbian spruce with Christmas festoons through which the lantern—a replica, made to order, of Paul Revere's—shone at night, making each evening a festal occasion.

On the other side was placed a Japanese yew; not, as expected, of equal height, but just half as tall. To the right of the spruce and along the foundation were arranged, not in a straight but in a pleasingly broken line, smaller Japanese yews, and a large flat one, and at the end, a higher and rather rare Cephalonian fir, with a white fir at an obtuse angle and a little farther out. In between these pieces was a ground cover of euonymus vine which promised berries of a bittersweet hue in the fall. The left side was similarly arranged, with small yews, two small mugho pines, a broad flat juniper, and a white fir at the end, with the same ground cover in between the pieces, and also, a little

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STUNT FLYING—By Al Wilson

Part of the Day's Work

TO BEGIN with, I was born in Kentucky. My father had a string of race horses. I think I got my sporting blood from him. When I was a kid I had everything from snakes to squirrels and rabbits. I was always falling out of trees. I broke my arm three times while still a youngster, which was not ages ago, for I'm now only twenty-nine.

Back in 1912, when I was about sixteen years old, another young fellow and myself started building a plane in our back yard. That was before the days of many airships. To see one then was quite an event. We had no money; we hadn't much of a plan on which to build a plane—nothing more than a general idea of how one should be built. We got material of all kinds wherever we could scrape it up, which taxed our boyish invention and enterprise to the limit. Nevertheless, we finally got our plane built and ready to fly—all but the motor. In fact we had given small time and practically no worry to the matter of an engine.

Darius Greens

MOTORS in those days were very scarce, and in consequence very expensive. But we searched the country thereabouts and presently located one in Santa Monica. It was an old Robertson two-cycle, four-cylinder affair which its owner had been using as a wind machine. It had practically passed the period of its usefulness so far as he was concerned; but seeing a possible customer, he boosted the price. He said he would let us have it for $400. We were stumped. To us kids, $400 looked like four million.

Nevertheless, we took the owner of the motor down to see our plane and expatiated on the fortune we expected to make carrying passengers and doing exhibition work. Our talk seemed to impress him favorably—so favorably that he presently consented to take our note in exchange for his old engine.

Well, we got our plane together, put the motor in and tried it out a number of times. But the most we ever got out of it was about the height of a telegraph pole. Then down she would come. When I pointed her into the wind and started, it was all right. The wind would hold me up like a kite. But I couldn't keep on pointing that way all the time, and so as soon as I turned tail, down she'd come with a bump. Somehow we always managed to keep from getting hurt, which was a miracle. But we always wrecked the plane, and then it took a couple of months to rebuild it.

I fooled with it nearly all summer, then concluded the motor wasn't powerful enough. So, the time being up on our note, we went to the man from whom we'd bought the engine and told him that his motor was not much good; that we hadn't been able to do any exhibition work. We talked to him a long time to get him to relieve us of that debt.

Finally he said, "All right, I'll give you back your note and you give me back the motor."

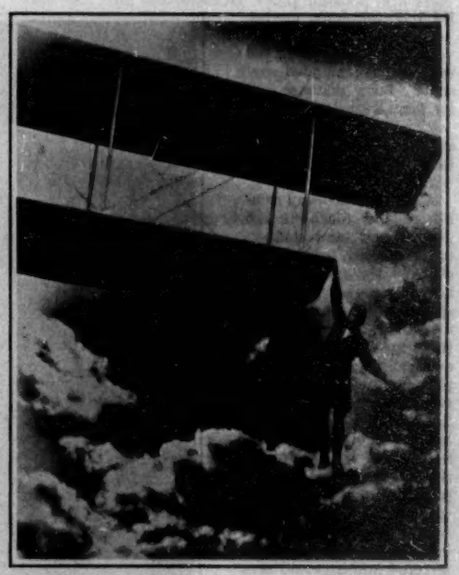
So that was the end of that little dream for a while.

It was probably a good thing the man did take the motor away from us, because if he hadn't we probably would have kept on experimenting and been killed. At least, that's the way it strikes me now as I look back on it.

The following winter I sold our old wrecked plane to a motion-picture company. They used to hang it up and take pictures of it.

Then I worked at the picture business for quite a little while and conceived the idea of making windstorms, rainstorms and sand storms artificially. I would take an abandoned motor from an automobile, remove the flywheel and replace it with an airplane propeller. This I would mount on a stand so high that the blades would clear the ground, start it up and make a zephyr or cyclone, according to demand. Should a company go on location and want a big sand storm—in which the sheik was to do a daring rescue of the American heiress—I would plant my machine back of the camera and turn on the power, while others would pour sand mixed with bran down in front of it.

I tell you, that would scatter it like everything. No one but an undaunted son of the desert would dare to face such blinding fury, even to succor an American heiress.



Giving the Audience a Thrill

I used to buy up automobile motors, as I said, put airplane propellers on them, doctor them up generally and rent them to various studios at twenty dollars apiece per day. When you consider that I got these motors from wrecked cars for little more than a song—and a darned poor song at that—you will realize that I was something of a business man. I had them bunked for fair. But that was small wonder, as it was before anyone knew much about aviation. Yes, I managed to sell them the idea that no one but an aeronaut could build those air pushers.

A Storm-Producing Specialist

MOTION-PICTURE men at that time were not good business men. But even so, after they had paid twenty dollars a day for a month or so for a machine which I had originally offered to sell them for $400, they awoke to the fact that it would be economical to own their own motors and have them for their very own for all time. In the course of time a wise mechanic got onto the fact that he could operate my scheme as well as I could. And so my special industry broadened and the profits dwindled. There is not a motion-picture company today that doesn't possess three or four fully equipped sand storm, rainstorm, zephyr or blizzard—as you will—producing engines.

My folks had all been in the jewelry business, my father and two brothers operating a large establishment in Los Angeles. They finally talked me into giving up my wind-promoting proposition and joining them. I worked about a year and a half in my brother's store. But I still had my motors. When a picture company wanted to provide a blizzard for the purpose

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Al Wilson Receiving a Package From a Railroad Train Without Landing

ROMANCE

By MAUDE PARKER CHILD

ILLUSTRATED BY H. J. MOWAT

THE telephone on her desk rang insistently.

"Mrs. Rutledge!" the operator commanded nasally. "Long distance call for Mrs. Rutledge."

"This is Mrs. Rutledge," said Molly, wondering who in the world it could be.

"Hold the wire!"

A series of far-away rumblings and disconnected phrases and faint sputterings followed. As Molly changed the receiver from her right to her left hand, she became more and more interested. For in spite of the large number of trivial annoyances which the telephone actually brought, it always seemed to her that it might some day be the instrument of fate. Its summons, like the postman's ring, still spoke to her of potential mystery and uncharted change.

But of all the things her imagination might have conjectured, nothing could have amazed her so much as the actual message which came.

"Here's your party," the operator announced at last. "Go ahead, Washington."

"Is that Mrs. R-Rutledge herself?" asked a man's voice with a delightful trace of foreign accent.

"Yes," answered the wondering Molly.

"The Mrs. R-Rutledge who was formerly Miss Mary Trevor?"

"Oh, yes, indeed!" said Molly, more and more curious, for it seemed a very long time indeed since she had been Miss Mary Trevor.

"I am Carlsen, attaché honorary to the ambassador," the voice went on. "Perhaps you do not remember me, but I had once the pleasure of dancing with you in my own country."

It Was as if Everything in the World Had Paused for This Moment

"I remember very well," said Molly. For was not that very program, dim and worn though it was, locked in the drawer of the Queen Anne desk at which she now sat?

"I was then attached to His Majesty."

"Yes, yes, I remember perfectly," said Molly, her heart pounding as remembrance surged back upon her.

The voice went on in its deliberate sentences:

"His Majesty has signified his intention of coming to this country for a visit. I have been intrusted with certain arrangements. His Majesty has particularly requested that I ascertain your address and extend to you an invitation to dine at the embassy. I have only today learned where you are. Of course, the ambassadress will write you formally."

Molly listened automatically to the rest of his conversation. She even turned over the pages of her engagement book and entered the date and hour of the dinner, weeks ahead. But she was filled with a tremendous, overpowering emotion which she wanted to be alone to enjoy.

As soon as she had hung up the receiver she turned off the switch so that the bell could not ring again in her room. The potential instrument of fate had now fulfilled its mission; she realized suddenly that this, after all, was the one message for which she had always been waiting. Her clear sweet soprano voice, as if of its own volition, soared into that song of Butterfly's. "Some day he'll come," she sang, as she gayly threw back into the closet the short skirt and blue coat she had laid out but a few minutes before for golf. She went to the house telephone and called her husband's study.

"I don't think I'll go to the club today, John," she said.

In spite of her desire to speak casually, her voice sounded exuberant.

He was plainly disappointed.

"What's the matter?"

"Nothing much. Only it's so crowded on Saturdays, and I slow down your game anyway."

"Oh, you play all right." He hated to have his plans upset. "I think you're just lazy."

She hung up on that, not that she cared in the least, but she was too happy to waste time in arguing with him.

A few minutes later she heard the sound of a starting motor, and looking out of her open window she saw John swinging around the gravel driveway. She smiled as she thought that even when a momentary impulse made him desire to drive recklessly, his steady conservative habits of mind and body kept him safely in the middle of the road.

Then she completed her plans for the undisturbed morning which her volcanic excitement demanded. On her way downstairs she called to the housemaid to go first into her room, then she went out into the clean white kitchen to speak to the cook. Usually these matutinal interviews had little to do with the planning of meals, over which the cook exercised, undisturbed, her own good judgment. There was apt to be an exchange of ideas, often regarding the cook's niece, who just wouldn't learn dressmaking, or about Molly's youngest girl, who refused point-blank, now that she was seven, to eat prunes unless they were disguised in that which Olga sympathetically called a w'ip.

This morning, however, Molly turned an inattentive and begrudging ear to the cook's comments on the ingratitude of relatives who looked down on those in domestic service.

"I suppose she wants romance," said Molly absent-mindedly.

Olga stared at her as if she had said something quite mad; then in order to bring her mistress back to reality, she declared that she needed a couple or three new sieves and some new covered dishes for the ice box.

Molly went in search of the butler, who was Olga's husband, and found him in her favorite place—the long, low-ceilinged drawing-room built out into the garden from the big central hall. Its apple-green paneled walls had been brought straight from an old English country house where she and John had found and coveted them on their honeymoon. Today she did not linger even here; she pointed out that the pink roses were faded and the brass andirons needed polishing; and having added that half a dozen people were expected for ten, she felt as if her household duties had been fulfilled. She went quickly up the broad staircase and into the welcome privacy of her own chintz-hung room. The maid had not finished cleaning, but Molly told her to leave.

"And I do not want to be disturbed," she added. "If anyone telephones say I am out."

When the girl in her crisp blue-and-white uniform had left, Molly closed and locked the doors. She went to the drawer of her desk and took out the faded program with its impressive gold crest and its penciled names, now almost undecipherable. She sat by the window and looked down at the great sprawled initials written there so many years ago. She heard again a young voice promising with that earnestness only youth can know, "I shall never forget you—never!"

Outside, the warm spring sun shone down upon the smooth green lawns and clipped hedges; and occasionally a robin perched upon the round white marble bird bath, then flew singing into a budding tree. The house was still; but had it been filled with a thousand voices, Molly would not have heard them. Piece by piece she was putting together the fabric of her romance, that beautiful garment she had hidden away in the remote corners of her heart, never to be forgotten, but never to be worn. Every detail of the picture came to her as vividly as though it had been only last night:

It seemed to the excited young girl a matter of endless hours during which she and Aunt Alice in their stuffy, impressive closed carriage drove through narrow winding streets on their way to the ball. As at last they drew near the embassy the crowds lining the little square were so great that their proud coachman had to crack his whip and call out sharp commands before they were able to pass. Every few yards a soldier in scarlet and gold came forward to peer into their window and look at their precious cards of admission. Finally the carriage entered the great portals, wound slowly through the driveway and halted to await its turn among the countless other equipages.

Molly looked out of the window as they waited. Her eager eyes saw one carriage after another roll up under the lofty porte-cochère and discharge men of all ages in all manner of uniforms and gold lace, escorting ladies of various sizes and forms. Each little group would move quickly toward the great opened doors and disappear; then the next carriage would take its place. At last their turn came. A magnificent flunky in plum-colored satin, with a three-cornered hat over his powdered wig, moved forward to open their carriage door. Molly got out first, and saw before her a majestic broad marble staircase brightly lighted with great yellow torches. Up the red velvet carpet moved the distinguished men and lovely ladies she had watched descending from their carriages.

She and Aunt Alice went up the great stairs side by side, without speaking. At the top they came into a vast

reception room crowded with guests and innumerable footmen in plum-colored satin with buff facings, one of whom gravely showed them into a dressing room, where their wraps were to be left.

For a few moments Molly stood in front of the full-length mirror on the pretext of arranging a leaf of the delicately wrought gold wreath which encircled her curling soft gold-brown hair. She adjusted the slim necklace of diamonds, which had been her mother's, so that its pendant fell on the folds of her exquisite new gown of pale green and gold.

To her amazement, Aunt Alice suddenly whispered, "You're beautiful, Molly!"

The color in the girl's cheeks deepened to rose, her wide gray eyes turned to the older woman in surprise and pleasure.

"No one will be more distinguished than you," she returned.

Aunt Alice was indeed splendid in her trailing black lace and the tiara which her grandmother had worn at court, and which she had providentially brought abroad with her and kept locked up in the hotel safe until this eventful occasion.

They made their way through the groups of women, young and old, short and tall, all of whom seemed to the girl's eyes to be dressed magnificently, with the most splendid pearls and diamonds and flashing jewels she had ever seen. More through instinct than direction, they perceived the opening of the doors into the reception rooms. They followed the line of people moving slowly through one handsome drawing-room into another. The hundreds of guests whose coming would ordinarily have been distributed over several hours had all come at once tonight. No one dared be late.

An extremely tall and impressive footman asked them their names. In another second they heard his loud announcement:

"Miss Trevor! Miss Mary Trevor!"

The ambassador shook hands warmly with them both.

"Ah, it's nice to see one's compatriots," he said.

He turned to his wife, whose splendid gown of shimmering silver cloth almost matched the electric, prematurely white hair which crowned her young and pretty face. She smiled at Molly in spontaneous pleasure.

"I shall be very proud of you," she declared.

Then they went on to attachés and secretaries and honorary aides and wives and daughters and so many pleasant and welcoming people that Molly almost forgot the purpose of all this splendor.

But just as half a dozen young men were all clamoring at one time for the privilege of writing their names on her program, a sudden hush came over the entire throng. Then a low murmur arose, and the hush again answered it. Everyone turned toward the great entrance doors. There was a moment of complete silence, while the ambassador and his military and naval aides went quickly out of the room. The crowds moved back toward the walls, making an irregular passageway through the center of the great drawing-room.

Molly stood on tiptoe at her place near a long-curtained window, to peer over the bare shoulder of the massive woman just in front of her. She felt a queer, fast beating of her heart as she saw the young prince, in full-dress uniform, even taller and more handsome than his photographs, advancing beside the ambassador.

Their brief walk could have taken but a few seconds, yet it partook of the nature of a ceremonial. Everyone was still, and everyone stared with admiring interest at the young royal highness. In spite of his erect carriage and his outward composure, the boy on whom all attention centered nevertheless betrayed by the heightened color in his cheeks the shyness he must have felt.

The ambassadress came forward and curtsied beautifully in her long slim gown of silver cloth. She extended her ungloved right hand to the prince, and as they stood chatting pleasantly the spectators too relaxed and began to talk again. In another second a great hum of conversation filled the rooms.

The young embassy secretary who stood beside Molly said, "You must take off your glove, you know, before you shake hands with royalty."

She started to remove the long wrinkled white glove on her right hand, then smiled as she put it back.

"I don't suppose I'll be presented."

"Oh, of course you will," he said. "Heavens, you can't expect him to spend all his time with the old dowagers!"

Molly decided that if by any miraculous chance she were given the opportunity, she would curtsy very slowly and not forget the backward movement as she rose. She watched one dignitary after another being taken up in rapid succession to the prince, and she regarded with admiration the way in which he seemed to be able to say something to each one that appeared to give them pleasure.

One very tall, self-conscious young duchess in a magnificent diamond tiara almost lost her balance as she sank down in a deep curtsy and gave her long train a backward kick with a large white slipper as she rose. The watching audience all pretended to be talking to one another so that they might conceal their smiles.

At last the orchestra in the distant ballroom could be heard. The prince turned to the ambassadress and they led the way through the two long salons into the large gold-and-white ballroom, made festive with masses of red roses and intertwined flags. Molly and the young secretary were not far behind.

"Thank heaven, the ice is broken!" he said. "Though I must say he makes it easier than most of them."

The seats around the walls were quickly filled with onlookers, who had eyes, however, for only one dancer.

Molly had never felt so light-hearted. She was scarcely conscious of her body as the music wove its spell; dancing seemed part of the rhythm of life itself.

When the music stopped, no one applauded until the young prince, smiling at his partner, clapped his white-gloved hands together. Instantly the music started again.

When the dance was finally concluded everyone stood back ceremoniously, waiting for the prince and the ambassadress to leave the room first. But even after they had gone, Molly's partner told her that they must await their turn.

"Almost everyone in the room's official; and as I'm in the embassy, I come last tonight," whispered the serious young diplomat. "It might ruin my whole career if we dashed out ahead of some minister or the *chef du cabinet*."

Molly was glad enough to watch the other dancers, although she saw the shimmer of their many-colored gowns and the sparkle of their jewels through a haze. Nothing seemed real to her except her own vivid sense of anticipation.

On the way back to Aunt Alice they were stopped in turn by four young men of various nationalities and

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He Put His Hands on Her Two Shoulders and Looked Straight Into Her Face. "You're Much Prettier"

A BOUNCE OF PREVENTION

By Octavus Roy Cohen

ILLUSTRATED BY J. J. GOULD

THERE was a sound of revelry by night. More than fifty couples from Birmingham's Darktown tripped the light fantastic in the Oasis Dance Emporium at a price of five cents per couple per trip. On a platform at the lower end of the hall sat Professor Alec Champagne's Jazzphony Orchestra. The night was cold, but the musicians were not. They tortured brass and string in the quest for jazz effects which were calculated to inspire the dancers with more profound enthusiasm for separating themselves from their nickels.

The occasion was not exactly formal. In all the crowd of more than one hundred persons only two samples of evening dress were to be seen. Near the musicians' platform stood a man and a woman. Cletus Moore, of hefty physique and not unpleasing mien, wore an open-faced shirt, swallow-tailed coat and strictly black trousers. By his side was a radiant creature of delicious curves and rich chocolate-cream complexion, who dazzled the room with a vermilion evening gown overlaid by a robe of golden sequins.

Miss Electra Scott was easy on the eyes and she was well aware of that fact. More than one swain in the semipublic gathering stared enviously at her gentleman friend. They all knew that Electra was officially the hostess at the Oasis, but they knew also that Cletus was the official bouncer and that, according to rumor, Cletus and Electra were pledged to commit matrimony together. And so no one dared interrupt the conference.

"Honey"—it was Cletus speaking—"has you made up yo' mind yet when us gits ma'ied?"

Electra dimpled.

"You Cletus! Always makin' talk 'bout ma'iage."

"Yeh, an' tha's all what I is doin'. Sholy they ain't no reason why us shoul'n't git wed right away."

She shook her head slowly.

"Reckon there ain't, Cletus—'cept I don't feel ready. Seems like us ought to save us some mo' money so's we can staht a dance hall of our own."

"Save up! Foolishment what you talks! Ain't I done saved up six hund'ed an' twenty-five dollars? An' ain't I turned ev'y cent of it over to you? An' ain't you got it in the bank in yo' own name?"

"Yeh, tha's true enough, Cletus. But I sets you, what is six hund'ed an' twenty-five dollars?"

Mr. Moore's jaw sagged somewhat. To him that was a colossal fortune, one to be spoken of reverently.

"Gal," he murmured, "you has suttinly got millionaire ideas. Now if you'll leave me suggest ——"

"I don't crave fo' you to git suggestive. All I desires is that us should staht ma'ied life right."

"Huh! Seems like what you aims to do is never staht-bein' ma'ied."

"If tha's how you feel about it, Mistuh Moore ——"

"It what's how who feels about which?"

"You about gettin' ma'ied to me."

"Listen, Electra, I ain't said ——"

"You has said plenty. I tol' you when us got engaged I di'n't want to be pestered all the time 'bout ma'iage talk. So if you insis's on doin' same, I guess our engagement better be broke."

"Aw, Electra, le's not do nothin' like that. Us has saved up ——"

"Just a few dimes!" she snapped. "Tha's all—just a few dimes."

And now anger surged within the deep chest of Mr. Moore. He could stand many things better than a derogatory reference to his hard-earned bank account. He drew himself up to his full five-seven of height and bestowed upon his lady love a frosty glare.

"Seems like you don't 'preciate me, Miss Scott."

"Well," she answered with exquisite sarcasm, "who is you?"

It was some time before a sufficiently cutting retort occurred to Cletus Moore. Then he gave vent to it.

"I'm me—tha's who!" he snapped grandly, and strode away.

"Daniel Goforth, You is Fixin' to Happen to a Terrible Accident"

But now the evening had been spoiled for Mr. Moore. This was his first open quarrel with the lady who had promised to share his better and worse, and he couldn't quite understand what it was all about or why. Reviewing the spat, it occurred to him that she had very unjustly sneered at the two things which had first attracted her to him; first, his bank account of more than six hundred dollars; second, the hefty muscles and square jaw which had enabled him to obtain and retain his job of official bouncer at the Oasis.

The Oasis was not a rough dance hall, but it was a public place where all who possessed nickels might dance, and there are times in the life of any such institution when unruly members of the general public drift in and insist on creating a disturbance. On these occasions a strong arm, a few persuasive words and a slight shove toward the door invariably did the work. It was, considered from every angle, a rather heroic occupation, fraught with potentialities of danger; and time and again Electra had declared passionately that she was just simply crazy about any man who held such a position. Tonight she had covertly sneered at that job. The idea of her asking, "Who is you?" Didn't she know good and well who and what he was?

The turnstile at the entrance clicked. Cletus never knew what prompted him to raise his eyes. But as he glanced across the room at the mammoth masculine figure which shouldered alone through the gate, a sixth sense sounded the warning of trouble.

The stranger was a big man—a man perhaps five inches taller than Cletus, certainly five inches broader, and possessed of more than two hundred pounds of muscular avoirdupois. In complexion he was a muddy brown, and the most distinctive thing about him was the frown which showed in deep vertical lines between narrow-set eyes. It was an aggressive, lowering frown that challenged the world and promised a whipping.

For perhaps three minutes the stranger stood alone, motionless save for a slight and graceful swaying of powerful shoulders as the jazzy strains from the platform spurted through the room. Then, slowly, deliberately and masterfully, this young giant moved toward a vermilion gown robed with golden sequins. The stranger bowed before Miss Electra Scott.

"My name," he vouchsafed, "is Daniel Goforth, an' I craves to dance."

"I'm much obliged to meet you, Mr. Goforth. My name is Miss Electra Scott. I hostesses heah."

Daniel's brawny arms went out and Electra stepped close. Their feet moved in unison with the orchestra and Cletus experienced his first twinge of jealousy, albeit it was only a slight one. But as the evening wore on, it became apparent not only that Daniel was paying assiduous attention to Electra but also that she was not averse to it. It also occurred to Cletus that Mr. Goforth did not fully comprehend the big red sign which warned all and sundry that they must—

BE LADIES AND GENTLEMEN
NO TOUGH DANCING ALLOWED.

Once, at about eleven o'clock, Cletus made a tactical blunder by remonstrating with Electra.

"Honey," he counseled, "was I you, I'd sho watch my step."

"Meanin' which?" she questioned with disarming friendliness.

"This heah big feller is dancin' awful rough with you."

"Oh, is that so? An' who is you that you should 'cuse me of dancin' rough? I guess you next is gwine be sayin' I ain't no lady. Now you listen to me ——"

"But, Electra, I di'n't mean you was doin' nothin'. I meant ——"

"Yeh, I know perzac'ly what you mean, an' I'll thank you in the future hereafter to keep yo' mouf out of my 'fairs. I dances with who I want how I desires."

Cletus retired to his corner. He had a well-founded suspicion that Electra informed her hefty cavalier of Cletus' comment, for that gentleman appeared deliberately to aggravate the offense which had caused Mr. Moore to writhe with jealousy.

But it was not until the next night, when Electra refused to accompany him to the Oasis and appeared later with Daniel Goforth, that Cletus wakened fully to the fact that a *tertium quid* had formally entered into his scheme of things. And Cletus started getting angry in earnest.

He was angry with Electra for her stubbornness and her deliberate trampling on his feelings; he was angry with Daniel Goforth for his actions and for the supercilious smile which decorated the broad lips; and he felt within him the sublime urge for physical combat. He was the bouncer in the Oasis and he craved to bounce Mr. Goforth.

All through the evening he watched that gentleman like a hawk, eager to detect a single lapse from the perfect

gentility which the Oasis demanded. It was not until two hours later that the golden opportunity presented itself. It came suddenly. A poor unfortunate little dancer collided with Daniel Goforth. Less than three seconds later he did it again. Both collisions were accidental; but when the second one occurred Daniel dropped a big hand on the little man's shoulder and swung him violently away from his partner.

"Who is you runnin' into?" he queried gutturally.

"S-s-s-scuse me, suh."

"Scuse nothin'! Reckon you ain't no dancer nohow. You get to thunder offen this floor!"

The little fellow turned docilely to obey. But before he had walked three steps another figure appeared on the scene. It was Cletus Moore, and the eyes of that gentleman were alight with the delicious prospect of battle with this hulking person who had so disrupted his tranquillity.

"Hol' on heah!" Cletus spoke suavely. "Wha's wrong?"

"None of yo' business," growled Daniel belligerently.

"Oh, it ain't, ain't it? Well, lemme see. Did I heah you tryin' to put this gen'leman off the floor?"

"Nos-suh. You di'n't heah me try nothin'. I done it!"

"Big boy"—Cletus posed before Mr. Goforth, hands on hips, head tilted insultingly on one side—"big boy, I reckon you don't know where you is at nor what doin'. Now I seen what happened an' it was yo' fault. So you better 'pologize an' do it mighty quick."

Mr. Goforth gasped. Dancers in the vicinity slowed their steps and watched fascinated. Cletus was far from unconscious of Electra hovering in the near background. Cletus knew that she was strong for red-blooded stuff and that her response to physical prowess was instant and unconditional. Mr. Goforth was stammering his amazement.

"S-s-s-says which?"

"You 'pologizes or gits out."

"Sufferin' tripe! Listen at this feller talk! I don't 'pologize an' ——"

"Then out you goes! Question is, does you do it peaceable or harsh?"

Daniel swaggered close. "Does I leave this place, runt, I does it 'cause I cain't he'p myse'f. Now if you is gwine staht somethin', heah's yo' chance."

Cletus did not hesitate. He stepped forward swiftly and wrapped strong fingers around Mr. Goforth's left biceps. It was a fearless and determined action, but unfortunately Mr. Goforth had obviously not been well rehearsed in the rôle of bouncee.

Daniel's right arm moved very much after the manner of an enraged rattlesnake. On the business end of the arm was a large and bony fist. The fist coincided with that portion of Cletus' jaw which is technically known as the button, and Cletus sat down very, very suddenly. For perhaps twenty seconds he continued to sit, principally because his muscles refused to function. The room was dancing, ebony faces appeared before him in a grinning smear.

Gamely enough he struggled to his feet. Within a split second a ten-ton truck backed up against his jaw, and when he came to, it was amid the odor of assorted liniments and the caress of many bandages. Dr. Elijah Atcherson hovered over his bed and the eyes of the little colored doctor were distended with amazement.

"Cletus," declared the eminent medico, "you certainly do possess an iron jaw."

"Man, you don't know nothin' 'bout iron. You ought to git kissed by that big feller's fist."

The doctor ran skillful fingers over the face of his patient.

"No fracture. No concussion. A few contusions ——"

"Oh, lawsy, if he'd on'y said somethin'! He just hauled off an' hit. But wait till I git better!"

Doctor Atcherson shook his head doubtfully.

"From the way you talk, Cletus, I ain't sure your brain ain't affected."

For three days Cletus Moore lay in Doctor Atcherson's private infirmary. The days were long and dreary. Friends dropped in to see him, but in all that long procession there was no sign of Electra Scott. Cletus' eyes focused on the grim oaken panels of the door early in the morning and remained there until sleep time at night, hoping against hope that Electra might appear, and eventually concluded that the sight of a bouncer getting thoroughly bounced had been too much even for her loyalty.

And so Cletus Moore lay idly and hungered for news. At length, when none came, he sent for his friend Florian Slappey. That elegantly haberdashed gentleman entered the sick room uncertainly and seated himself on the very edge of a wicker chair. It was quite plain that the usually debonair Florian was ill at ease.

"You don't seem yo' nachel self, Florian."

"Me? Oh, Ise myse'f all right."

Cletus dropped his voice.

"Florian," he whispered, "how's Electra?"

Mr. Slappey stared raptly through a window.

"She's all right, I reckon."

"I didn't know —— She ain't been aroun' to see me."

"Ain't she?"

"No. An' I wondered why."

"Goshamighty, cullud boy, don't ask me why wimmin don't do things—'specially Electra."

"Meanin' which?"

"Well, it ain't none of my business."

"What ain't?"

"You an' Electra."

"But you is a friend of ourn."

"Pff! Friend of yourn mebbe, but not of hern."

"Florian!" Cletus stared accusingly at his friend. "Why ain't you been aroun' heah to give me some news?"

Evasion was out of the question, therefore Mr. Slappey answered his friend with astonishing directness.

"Because," he responded, "all the news I knows is rotten news."

Cletus lay back and closed his eyes.

"Promulgate it, Florian; promulgate it."

"Well, in the first place, what is you gwine do when you leaves this hospital?"

"Me? Ise gwine back to work."

"Where?"

"At the Oasis, of course."

"Yes, you is—not. What would you say was I to tell you that immedjitly after he slammed you in the jaw that big, no-'count Daniel Goforth gotten him yo' job as bouncer?"

"He did?"

"It's the one thing he didn't do nothin' else but."

"Well, I'll be everlastin'ly kicked in the ribs!"

"Also I. He put it up to them that you wasn't no good bouncer else you woul'n't of got bounced yo'se'f. Anyhow, the on'y job which you has got left is none."

Cletus waited; he was obsessed by a profound hunch that the worst was yet to come.

"Go on," he ordered gamely.

"H'm!" Florian was hesitant. He paused to light a cigarette, then crossed to a window and stared down into the street. "Yo' job ain't all Daniel Goforth has got."

"No?"

"Nos-suh. Also he has got yo' gal."

"Evil tidings which you speaks!"

"I don't know is it so evil. If a gal di'n't think no mo' of me than to th'ow me over fo' the fust good-fo'-nothin', hard-hittin', slab-shouldered ——"

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The Fist Coincided With That Portion of Cletus' Jaw Which is Technically Known as the Button, and Cletus Sat Down Very, Very Suddenly

GOLDEN FRUIT — By Albert W. Atwood

HOWEVER the fluctuating fortunes of agriculture may veer first in one direction and then in another, the subject of farm profits cannot be downed. Why the farmer fares so ill at times, and what should be done about it—these are questions of perpetually absorbing interest.

To attempt directly and deliberately to contribute to this already overcrowded as well as endless discussion is not my purpose. But it is hoped that indirectly a little light may be shed upon the question by setting forth in the simplest possible terms what strikes an outsider upon encountering at close range a single branch of agriculture.

All my life I, like everyone else, have read and heard of orange groves. Although having had no more reason to be interested in oranges than in Lima beans or sweet potatoes, and having seen them growing only briefly and most casually in the course of short trips made for other purposes, I have been vaguely conscious, like everyone else, that there is something strangely alluring and fascinating about this particular branch of agriculture.

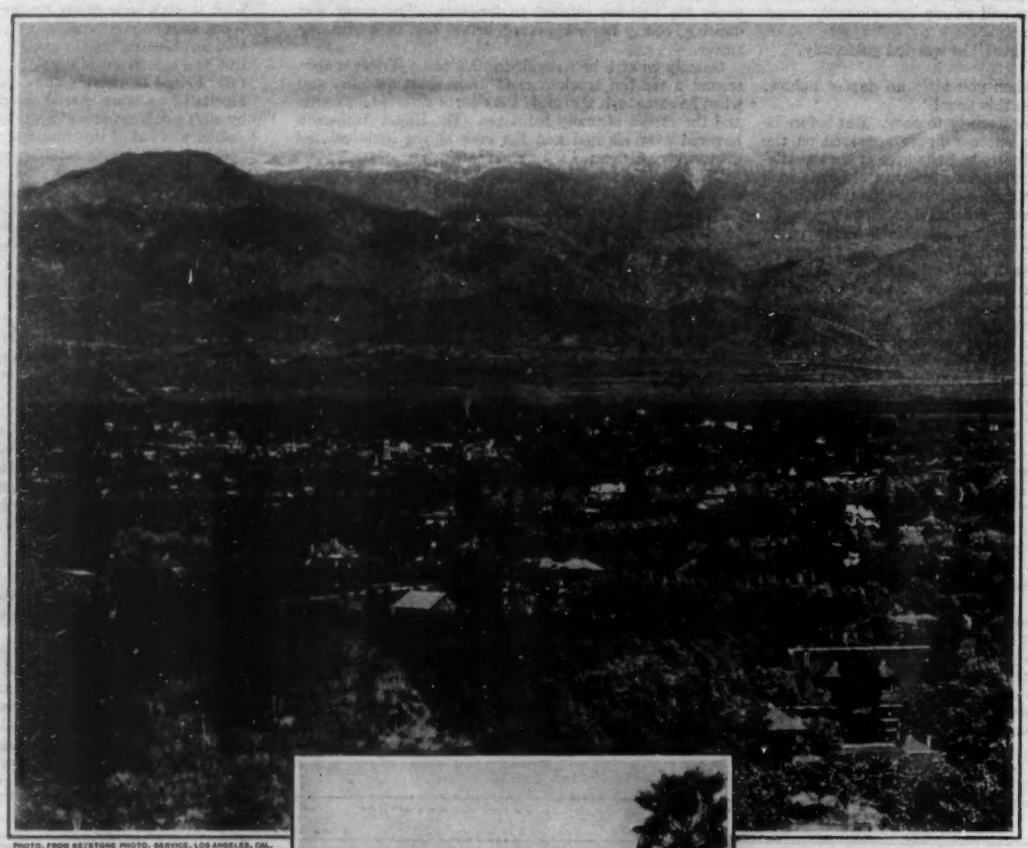


PHOTO. FROM KEYSTONE PHOTO. SERVICE, LOS ANGELES, CAL.

But now for eight months I have lived in the midst of orange groves. As these words are written, the overpowering scent of blossoms comes in through every window in the house. There are trees near at hand, within fifty feet of my desk, and trees far away. They stretch for miles through valley bottoms and over hillsides. Yet they never grow monotonous, because almost every grove and highway is bordered by stately palms and graceful peppers, and the perfume of countless roses vies with that of orange blossoms.

The weather is like the most beautiful of June days in the East and North. Yet hardly ten miles distant great mountain ranges guard the valley, their massive tops covered with snow so needful to irrigate the rich lands beneath. Here in one of the most famous of the world's citrus districts are to be found, if anywhere, the beauty and intoxication of the semitropics.

Scenery of the Citrus Industry

ALL this is true, and more. But agriculture, even at its best, is not a reciprocal of scenic descriptions or real-estate adjectives. It is governed by the stern realities of natural and economic law, among which by no means the least are the behavior and frailties of human nature.

All is charm and beauty on the face of the land. The thick, heavy, luscious green of the leaves, the gleaming golden glow of the fruit, the white blossoms and the snow-clad mountains in the background combine to make a picture that rests and permeates the troubled mind. Here is a soft, easy, languorous atmosphere that seems both to relax and yet mildly inebriate.

It is a picturesque, spectacular industry, is this business of raising oranges and lemons, with a curious gift for keeping itself in the public eye, despite the comparatively small value of its output and its rather slight economic importance, nationally considered. Also it was the first to strike out upon the path of coöperation, leading the way in the greatest of all marketing experiments.

PHOTO. FROM RIVERSIDE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE, RIVERSIDE, CALIFORNIA

Irrigation Near Riverside, California. Above—A City Built in the Orange Grove

But the scenery and stage trappings of an industry are easily torn away. Farmers cannot live on perfume, no matter how intoxicating, and even mountain scenery somehow fails to pay grocers' bills or loans at the bank, unless capitalized to attract the tourist.

In any branch of agriculture the stern actualities are such as land values, climate, frost, excessive heat, water, fertilization, insect pests, cultural methods, overproduction and markets, to name but a few. Into this complex of facts or forces, often but little understood by anyone, comes man with his abilities and inabilities, his resources and his poverty, his wisdom and his foolishness.

Now and then he wins; again, he loses. Always behind and beyond the smiling face of the cultivated areas are human satisfaction and human tragedy; the winner and the loser, the booster and the knocker, the professional and the amateur, the shrewd and the gullible.

What appears here will treat of the human factor, of the behavior of man, rather than of the amount and kind of fertilizer to use on a given acreage. Go no farther, reader, if you expect to find any technical information on raising oranges, although I hope that something will appear of the laws which govern business success and failure in general.

What follows is based solely upon observation in California; whether conditions are substantially the same in Florida, the other great citrus-growing state, the writer cannot say. In California the most unusual fact about the industry, aside from the extent of the coöperative movement, is the degree to which it has been developed by outsiders, and in a sense by amateurs.

Amateurs in Agriculture

"CALIFORNIA citrus culture, among all horticultural industries, is peculiar in that the people who have built it up have been, in many cases, retired business men or professional men from the New England and Central states," says Dr. J. Eliot Coit in his standard textbook on Citrus Fruits.

"Persons who have lost their health in the process of gaining wealth have bought and developed citrus properties, the management of which, by requiring a life in the open sunshine and dry air, has resulted in renewed health and steadied nerves. Citrus culture appeals to people of intelligence and refinement, and such are being drawn from many occupations."

Let no one gather from these statements any hasty or superficial inference that the newcomer, the outsider and the amateur necessarily prove unsuccessful or inefficient. They may show themselves quite the reverse. As Doctor Coit says, "These people brought to the industry much needed capital, commercial habits and business ability."

But, nevertheless, the facts as stated do produce, to an appreciable extent, peculiar and perhaps even extraordinary social, psychological and financial results. The industry is not, like many others, manned almost wholly by those who have been ambitious from their youth up to enter it, but rather by many who have embraced it later in life, quite often after having followed a long career in some other occupation. In other words, it cannot be gainsaid that the personnel of this industry is made up, at least to a considerable extent, of those who have entered it not solely, exclusively and wholly from commercial motives.

It is true, of course, that men of means in the East have their fancy stock or dairy farms, often as mere hobbies. Certainly the amateur spirit in agriculture is not confined to citrus fruits; consider the untold thousands of inexperienced persons who have ventured upon chicken farming. A considerable part of all the people who earn their living

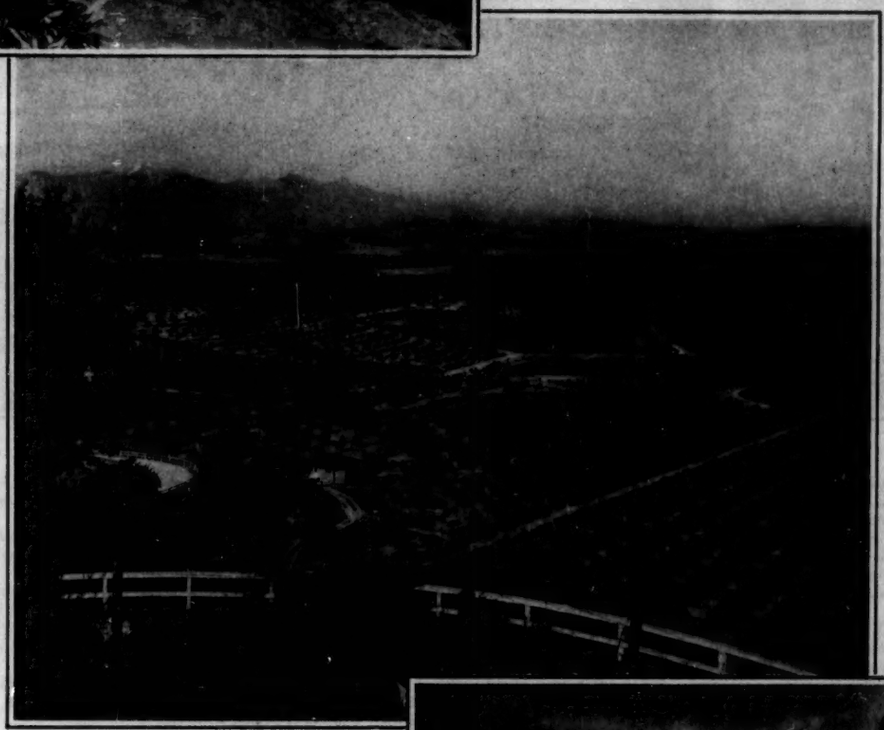
PHOTO. BY AVERY EDWIN FIELD, RIVERSIDE, CAL., FROM RIVERSIDE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE

There is Charm and Beauty in These Orange Groves and Mountains

in trade or industry have a lurking idea that some day they would like to own a farm.

Students of agriculture recognize in all seriousness three different forms of return or income from farming. There is first the speculative or investment return, consisting of a rise in land values. Operating revenue is the second class of income, and the third is social or psychic, which is just as real as the others. Farming often affords residential attractiveness and satisfies as well the love of the soil, of the beautiful, of security and of craftsmanship.

Nor, because an occasional rash and inexperienced Easterner makes an unwise purchase of an orange grove, does it follow that suckerism is confined to such investments. Losses from raising oranges are, indeed, insignificant in comparison with those sustained from the purchases of oil stocks and shares in new inventions.



KEYSTONE PHOTO. SERVICE, LOS ANGELES, CAL.

Orange Groves Stretching for Miles Through Valley Bottoms and Over Hillsides

What is peculiar about the citrus industry is its perfectly frank and open admission of the extent of the residential infusion, or intrusion, with the implication that profit seeking is not the sole motive. Francis Q. Story, an early president of the California Fruit Growers Exchange, in writing some years ago concerning the industry which he helped to found, said:

"Our ideal climate and the romance attending the growing of oranges and lemons have drawn into the ranks of citrus growers many cultivated and bright business men from all sections of the world."

The Settlers of the Seventies

WHAT are today the cities and towns of Southern California were originally settled as colonies from the East. The first of the citrus districts was Riverside, settled by a company organized by one J. W. North, who had previously founded a city in Minnesota and during the Civil War had served as associate justice of the territory of Nevada. In the original prospectus as of March 17, 1870, it was announced that 100 families were wanted to invest $1000 each, the idea being to organize a colony of people of means and intelligence.

Dr. James P. Greves, who went with the first party to hunt a site, reported later that the object had been to find a place, "first as a healthful resort and second for the raising of semitropical fruit." A few years after the colony was started it was described in a newspaper of that time as a place where everyone "had a piano and a top buggy."

Only a few months ago a very large tract of land in the same district, already planted to oranges, was released for subdivision. All the advertisements stressed the scenic attractions and spoke of the tract as being "in effect an immense and beautiful park." Speaking of this same citrus center, the current booklet of its chamber of commerce says:

"In its earlier development the prevailing purpose was to make it an arboreal city. There was enchantment in the thought that homes should be ensconced in the midst of orange groves, where the air was redolent with rich perfume and where golden globules hung in abundance in the foliage of deep green trees."

There seems no doubt that oranges can be grown commercially in suitable locations for a distance of 450 miles north and south in California, from Shasta County to San Diego. But the great bulk of the groves are in the southern sections only. It is also well known that the southern portions of the state have bid much more energetically and successfully for the Easterner about to retire than have those farther north. Thus the conclusion appears warranted that residential rather than agricultural and commercial considerations have determined to some extent the location of the citrus industry.

Although the commercial growth of oranges did not begin until the completion of the Southern Pacific to New Orleans in 1881, and received further impetus when the Santa Fe was built through in 1885, the first trees were taken to what is now our Southwest by the early mission fathers. The Franciscan monks who emigrated from Lower California in 1769 brought various semitropical fruits with them; and of twenty-one missions, it is said that all but three had gardens and orchards.

The Orange in History

THE orange was originally a native of India, South China or the Malay Archipelago. But its Hindu or Sanskrit name was long ago influenced by the Latin word "*aurum*," or the French "*or*," meaning gold; and the whole tradition of the orange, as it has come down to us, is through the medium of Moorish splendor and Spanish luxury.

The proud Spaniard did not carry apples with him on his conquests, but he did take the orange and the lemon. The former especially came to grace the festive board of grandees; and if at any time oranges were lacking at his fiestas, the fastest dispatch riders were sent to far-away missions to bring back the coveted fruit.

Now there is modern economic significance in this hastily sketched bit of history. Suppose a weary clerk, who has labored for years in an office in an Eastern or Northern city, dreams at his task of some day having a little place of his own in the warm sun of a semitropical climate. Or instead of a clerk, suppose it is a business man fairly prosperous but weary, a busy physician, a worn-out clergyman or a superannuated teacher.

Does such a man think of raising hay or potatoes? He is far more likely to dream of oranges. There is no flavor of romance about hay or potatoes. Yet the value

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PHOTO. FROM FAIRBANKS & FROST, REDLANDS, CAL.

The San Bernardino Mountains Form a Background for These Orange Groves

WONDERFUL MAN

By Roland Pertwee

ILLUSTRATED BY HARLEY ENNIS STIVERS

"My Arms," She Announced, "Are Quite Better Now. They Don't Feel at All any Longer"

THE last day of the holidays began very badly. This is not unusual with last days of holidays. But it was a pity. Harry was to blame, although in Harry's opinion the fault was Jill's.

The young are not remarkable for tact or generosity. They cannot always be relied upon to speak their minds; and as for speaking their hearts, that is the last thing to be looked for.

Given a grain of gumption, Jill must have known that Harry was jolly sorry their time together was over and the summer had sped. Had he not shunned all society but hers? George Wrankin, in whose close company preceding holidays had been spent, had been completely ignored—if giving an old friend a shove in the eye and telling him whenever he cared to fetch it he could have a shove in the other eye can properly be called ignored. George Wrankin asked for it and got it.

George had said, "Pretty thick, giving me the chuck and mooning off with a fool girl all day long."

Harry had said, "Better look out what names you call my young cousin."

George Wrankin replied, "Snibs! You're potty."

That's how he earned the shove in the eye.

Jill had been present at the scene, an admiring spectator, with grave expression, comfortably scratching one shin with the rubber sole of the plimsoll on her other foot.

George Wrankin departed blearily and muttering threats. Harry sped his departure with a few well-judged shots from his catapult. Thus was sacrificed an ancient friendship, and for what purpose? That he and Jill might start a new confederacy and together roam the woods in search of game, bait for crows with the liver of hedgehogs, and set artfully contrived snares for jays and magpies, having one way in and no way out; also that they might tickle trout in the brook, indulge in perilous Alpine climbs on the old castle walls, ride bareback on the shaggy forest ponies and tear along furiously on the motor bike. In short, that they might form an adventurous partnership.

At the time of the fight, Jill's worth was unproved. For all Harry knew to the contrary, she might disclose herself a complete washout. His action had been spontaneous, hazardous. He had risked the success of an entire holiday to satisfy a vague half-formed sense of chivalry for a girl he scarcely knew.

As George retreated out of range, rather tactlessly Jill had remarked, "Jolly good snibs for him."

To which Harry replied, "You shut up anyhow."

Because she continued to grin and betray evidence of satisfaction in the woe of the conquered, Harry had perforce to incarcerate her in the Little Ease.

The Little Ease was a fearsome place, situated high up in the roof of the old barn. It was accessible by a ladder and a trap door. When the ladder was removed it was no longer accessible. Within all was dark and frightening. One could not stand up because the roof was too low. When one moved about drifts of clinging cobweb ghosted across one's cheeks. The only light came from below, percolating upward through the warped tiles of Horsham shale and cracks in the floor. It was all wrong in the Little Ease. Bats hung from the joists upside down and their eyes were made of black-headed pins. There were horrid sounds, too, squeakings, rustlings and the worry of feathers. One had to sing in there and go mad.

Jill, who was a stranger to most fears, made acquaintance with claustrophobia in the hateful confinement of the Little Ease. But she did not scream to be let out. On rather a terrified vocal stratum, she sang every song she knew, interpolating lines in derogation of Harry and all his ways.

Harry, who had acquired his opinions of life in a hard school, gave her top marks for courage and endurance, and showed no resentment when, accidentally on purpose, she gave him a kick in the nose as they descended the ladder. The kick caused his nose to bleed profusely. Being a Spartan, Harry made no comment or complaint. Jill, being in embryo a woman, did not apologize, but she wiped his nose tenderly and effectively with a lump of wet moss. Neither of them was strong on handkerchiefs.

This being the first feminine attention he had received other than from his mother or members of the domestic staff, Harry made the most of it. He submitted obligingly to an order to lie flat on his back in a pool of oil drippings from the motor bike, and declared that in placing the huge rusty key from the barn door between his shoulder blades, Jill marked herself a first aider of no mean merit. As a further condescension, he allowed her the honor of handling the ferrets during the rat hunt which immediately followed. And when Lucy, a ferret of uncertain temper, bit Jill neatly through the ball of the third finger, Harry prized open the locked jaws and sucked the wound with vigor and enthusiasm, creating an aseptic vacuum that Nature must have adored.

"Sucking is the only thing for ferret bites," he explained, "but it's no good for snakes. For snakes, whisky is the only thing."

Harry was brimful of only things and only ways.

"You ever been bitten by a snake?" asked Jill, holding up her hand with its one clean finger.

"No; I've never tasted whisky," was the answer. "Look out! They're coming!"

Scurrying feet! An old brown rat peeped and darted. Harry smote it fair with a rusty mashie and holed out in one.

"You are a good cosher," said Jill admiringly. "That was a jolly fine cosh."

"D'you mind not using the word 'cosher'?" said Harry, addressing the dead rat professionally with the golf club. "Smiter, if you like, but not cosher. Don't mind my telling you, but cosher is so putridly kiddish."

Jill blushed and murmured, "Ver' well."

She always blushed at Harry's corrections; and as they were numerous, she was nearly always blushing.

"Matter of fact," he went on, improving the theme, "sayings like 'well played,' 'jolly fine' and 'good cosher' belong to the infant class, and are better cut out. Now if I wanted to hand pots to a chap for something he'd done, d'you know what I'd say?"

"What?"

"I'd say"—he seemed a trifle embarrassed—"I'd say, quite simply you know, 'Wonderful man!'"

"Would you?" said Jill.

"Yes; it's what they say at Oxford. A chap told me—a chap who knew. Wonderful man—see the idea? Like it?"

"Yes, I do," Jill nodded. "I do like it."

It was strange she had not said it without prompting. "Wonderful man" fitted Harry so perfectly. That's just what he was—a wonderful man. She looked at him and repeated the words in tones of the deepest reverence, hanging on each syllable and underlining it.

"Oh, cricky! Not like that," he pleaded; "but as if you didn't mean it—see?—with a nonkaylant drawl."

"But suppose one does mean it?"

(Continued on Page 122)

The Rooster Fite for the Benifit of Divine Implore

By Henry A. Shute

ILLUSTRATED BY LESLIE TURNER

MONDAY June 13, 186— i have got a black Spanish rooster. he is most as big as a brama rooster only he aint got fethers on his legs whitch a brama rooster has got on his legs and the black Spanish has got a awful big comb whitch is brite red and awful long gills whitch is brite red two and he has got a white face like a white kid glove. A brama rooster aint got a big comb or a big gills and has got a red face. i forgot to say that the black Spanish is black whitch the brama aint. so most ennyone can tell a black Spanish rooster from a brama rooster if he knows ennything at all. Ed Tole has got a rocky mountain rooster and he is going to bring him up to fite. i bet mine will lick his. what will you bet.

Tuesday June 14, 186— today it raned and Ed brougt up his rooster. i wanted Ed to put his rooster in my coop but Ed woodent. a rooster fites better in his own coop and Ed gnew it. i told Ed i woodent be so scart as he was for enny old rooster. Ed sed he wasent going to give me all the odds. so we put them in the barn lof. well my rooster was the bigest and i thougt Ed's wood get licked eesy and he went at Ed's rooster and nocked him into the corner and i thougt he was all rite but the first good crack Ed's rooster give him he squorked and stuck up the fethers on the back of his hed and Ed's rooster chased him up on a beem in the barn. Gosh i set out to cut his head off but i dident dass do that for if i had we wood have et him and i woodent have got ennything out of him but a good dinner. so i am going to try to swap him with sumone for a rooster whitch can lick Eds.

Wed June 15, 186— it taiks a prety good rooster to lick a rocky mountain rooster.

Thurs June 16, 186— J. Albert Clark has got a hen book and it says that they aint no sutch rooster as a rocky mountain rooster but it is a American Dommyneck. it is a English book, and i wood like to know what a English man knows about a rocky mountain rooster ennyway.

Friday June 17, 186— brite and fair. a rocky mountain rooster has got fethers all over him like the fethers on the brest of a hork. my 2 horks whitch i naimed Hork and Spit and whitch dide becaus they et a poizened rat whitch old Miss Dire give them had sutch fethers on their brest. peraps that is why the rocky mountain is so good a fiter.

Sat June 18, 186— referent mister Huggins whitch is the advent minister has got a red and black rooster sumthing like a game only it aint a game. today the minister and his wife all went off in a democrat wagon over sunday. he is going to preech in Hamton. so i got Ed to bring up his old rocky mountain rooster and we let out the ministers rooster and they had a ripping fite. they fit moar than ½ a hour and then the ministers rooster give up and squorked and run his head into a corner so we gnew he was licked. both his rooster and Eds rooster was prety well bunged up and there combs was toar and there fethers pulled out. but the ministers rooster was the wirst. i put the old red rooster back in the coop. i bet when the old minister comes back he will wonder what has been eeting his roosters fethers.

Sunday June 19, 186— it is hot as time today. we went to chirch and to sunday school. we are going to have a big sunday school concert in 2 weaks.

Monday June 20, 186— last nite the minister and his family come back at six oh clock. i wached him throug a hoal in the fense. he come out with a pan of corn to feed his hens and when he saw that rooster he sed for mersy sakes what has happened to that rooster and he called his wife and she come out and she sed for hevens sake whitch is wirse than he sed. then he sed sum execrible villin has been putting his rooster in to fite my rooster and has most killed him. then she sed i think that Shute boy must have did it for he is the wirst boy in the naborhood and he has got a rooster two. so the minister sed i will go over and see his rooster. if his rooster is ail toar to peaces like mine i will know who done it.

so he and his wife went back into the house and i went into my house. bimeby there was a gnock on the door and when i went to the door the old minister was there. when he see me he sed have you got a rooster whitch can fite, and i sed yes sir i have got one but i wood ruther not fite him sunday. cant you wate till tomorrow. he tirned awful red and sed can i see him and i sed yes sir. so we went out to the hen coop and he looked at my rooster and sed he aint the one and i sed what will you bet and he sed young man i dont bet and i dont fite roosters but some evil disposed rowdy has interdused a forrin rooster into my coop and he has neerly succeeded in destroying my rooster utterly. do you know ennything about it. i sed that is a pretty question to ask a feller. this black Spanish rooster is all the rooster i have got and ennyone can see that he aint been fiting for he isnt toar a bit and his comb and gills and his fethers are all shiny and smooth.

he looked at the rooster and sed i gess that is so but if i find out the perpitraiter of this outrage i will persecute him to the xtent of the law. it is about time sum of these vilaters of the law shood be brougt to jestice. then he waulked off without beging my parden for his cruil suspections.

after supper he called me to the fense and asted me what fellers had roosters and i told him the naims of all the sissy fellers i gnew. Willie Simpson and Johnny Wilson and Lewis Sanborn and Paul Emerson and fellers like that most of whitch go to his sunday school and told him where they

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Ed Got Scart and Wanted to Stop the Fite and Finish it Another Day. But Old John Sed the Fite Will Go on Till One Rooster Squorks and Gives Up

SPLENDID WITH SWORDS

"You Will Never Give Me a Lesson." He Took a Step Toward His Father. "I am Now the Champion, Not You"

By Wythe Williams

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

LOUIS MERIGNON sat on a three-legged stool in the corner of the Salle Merignon, maneuvering a tiny sword, a *fleuret*, which was at least a foot shorter than the regulation foil and weighed only a few ounces. He was half dressed for a fencing bout, in knee breeches and stockings; but wearing instead of his canvas vest, which was flung over a chair, only a sleeveless cotton shirt. He was giving a lesson to his son Norbert, a blond, curly-headed eight-year-old, who skipped before him on the rubber mat with another light foil made especially to fit his hand.

It was early morning, in the spring of the year 1881. The Third French Republic had risen definitely from the ashes of empire, and the French art of *escrime* was again luring pupils to the famous *salle* in the Rue Monsieur le Prince.

There the Merignon dynasty of swordsmen had ruled for three-quarters of a century, since the Great Emperor, who, as First Consul, lived around the corner at the Palais du Luxembourg, gave his exalted patronage to Pierre Merignon, the founder.

From that time new Merignons arrived in the world with the single purpose of equaling their forbears, if not excelling them, in sword craft. Every one had become a champion, and the name was renowned throughout Europe. Therefore it was entirely necessary that Norbert Merignon should thrust and parry with purpose. His father, sitting on the stool in order to equalize height and reach, fended him off, laughing, when, to encourage the child, he allowed himself to be touched, but with such keen professional interest that often he forced a repetition of the same exercise until the boy was exhausted.

Madame Merignon entered the *salle* unnoticed. Norbert continued darting back and forth on the *piste*. The father, with his great legs spread out from the stool, held the absurd weapon straight before him, demanding that the small pupil break down his guard. It was well enough, giving fencing lessons to a child—especially a Merignon child—but Père Merignon was entirely of steel and disregarded time. Therefore it was necessary often for the mother to visit the *salle*, literally to snatch the boy away. Holding to her hand on this morning was a little girl of four, with long brown curls and brown eyes that stared, frightened, as Louis Merignon's foil was dashed aside and Norbert, with a shrill triumphant cry, flashed his bright blade straight at the father's breast.

The bout halted as the child began to sob. Louis whirled about, then leaped from the stool and clasped her in his arms. He soothed her, roughly but adequately, holding his blade before her eyes and finally pushing it into her hands, assuring her that it would not hurt. The tears continued only a moment, then she began to smile as she scrambled down to the floor.

She was Laure St. Vincent, daughter of a professional fencer, also an old comrade in arms of Merignon throughout the war with Prussia, who, as the result of wounds received at Sedan, died shortly after the child's birth. His widow, with just enough money to live quietly, had then taken a small apartment in the Rue du Val de Grâce, to be near the Merignons, living in the same street, and that their children might play together in the gardens of the Luxembourg.

Laure ran toward the boy, brandishing the sword. He seized the blade with his free hand and jerked it to the floor.

"Look out, Laure," he said importantly; "that's dangerous for girls."

She again showed signs of tears, and he became more condescending, patting her on the head.

"You've never been here before. Come, I'll show it to you."

He took her arm, starting toward the end of the *salle*, though she hung back, attracted by the long rack of shining steel—rapiers, foils and sabers—that lined one wall. But he hauled her along, to a wide mantel, above which hung a portrait of Pierre Merignon.

"There is my great-grandfather, the first Merignon," Norbert said proudly. "Father says he watches us when we fight—all the Merignons."

His tradition even then had taught him that this ancestor must be the first introduced. He looked up solemnly to the old champion. The smaller child seemed impressed, but only for an instant.

"He's ugly," she avowed definitely. "Ugly old man."

Norbert, offended, drew her away. An autographed miniature, exquisitely framed, hung between windows. It showed a slim, elegant youth, in gorgeous uniform, covered with decorations.

"The prince imperial," the boy announced. "He came here before he had to go away to England. Father taught him." He hurried on to another painting, also of a slim, elegant young man, but wearing full fencing costume, and with a dueling *épée* in hand.

"That's Uncle Charles. He was killed at Wissembourg. Father says it was a shame and that he was a great man who never had a chance."

But Laure had gone back to look at the boy wearing the beautiful uniform and decorations. Norbert again had to tug at her arm.

"Come on," he said crossly. "Aren't you interested in us? You've got to be interested, you know, because when we grow up, you'll have to come here like mother, to get your little boy and take him away."

The child at that moment was looking at a bright rapier, with jeweled handle, hanging on the wall beside the miniature. She pointed without speaking.

"I was going to show that to you last of all," Norbert said. "That was the sword worn by the Duc de Guise when he was murdered. It belonged to great-grandfather."

He reached up and touched it lovingly. "Father won't let me take it down," he murmured regretfully.

He led her away, across the room, pointing at a large canvas hanging above the line of swords. It showed the half-length figure of a man wearing a dark leather fencing vest, almost velvet in the softness of the painted texture. The head was thrown back proudly and one hand was shown at the hilt of a sword.

"That's Dalyrac, the famous duelist of the Empire," the boy chanted, as though reciting a lesson. "Father is the only one who ever beat him, but father says he was great. He's dead too. He was killed in the war."

The little girl shuddered and backed away. Then she ran the length of the room, Norbert after her, to where hung a small daguerreotype of a baby.

"Nice baby," she said, kissing the picture delightedly. "Who is the nice baby?" The boy looked disgusted and made no reply. She turned and shook his arm, stamping her foot. "Who is it?" she demanded. "Tell Laure."

Louis Merignon was standing behind them.

"That is a picture of Norbert, *ma chère petite*," he said, stroking her curls. "Norbert, you know, is the hope of the Merignons—you don't understand—you are too little."

He smiled as he steered them toward the door where Madame Merignon was waiting.

"I understand, *père*," Norbert said, breaking away. He stood erect, and with the small foil that he still held gave his father the full fencing salute, that long ceremony which has in it all the stilted formality of a bygone epoch, but which every pupil that passed through the Salle Merignon learned before he was permitted to hold a sword on guard. Almost unconsciously, and solemnly, Louis Merignon picked up the other foil and returned his son's salute, while Laure, holding Madame Merignon's hand tightly, watched with shining eyes.

Madame Dorzial entered Larue's, overlooking the Place de la Madeleine, at a few minutes after midnight. At once the occupants of the red-and-gold supper room had a new interest, for if Madame Dorzial elected to visit Larue's on this particular evening in the late spring of the year 1901, then Norbert Merignon, champion fencer and latest favorite of *mondain* Paris, might arrive soon, even though Baron René Sapigny filled the rôle of official escort.

A dozen men scrambled hastily from their seats as the lady passed through the center aisle, the *maître d'hôtel* backing and bowing before her. Waiters leaped to draw back a table that had rigidly been held vacant all evening. The orchestra leader made obeisance while he continued directing. Madame Dorzial stood for a moment, negligently nodding return greetings. Her tall figure was dressed in black that admirably contrasted with her marble neck, arms and shoulders, against which no jewels challenged perfection. In her jet hair, piled high above a Greek profile, she wore diamonds, set an inch apart on a thin gold chain, that sparkled like raindrops when she moved her head.

"I am not hungry," she declared, sinking back upon the velvet wall divan. "Please, when Norbert comes, do go away. We can all meet later at the Pré Catelan."

Baron Sapigny, excellent *chef de cabinet* of his excellent political master, showed no annoyance as he signaled a waiter. He fixed a monocle and stared at his companion, tapping a gold cigarette case.

"My dear Fernande," he said finally, "you do use us, all of us, most admirably. Tonight, *par exemple*, I have the pleasure to sit beside you at the *cercle*, while your latest sensation, Monsieur Norbert Merignon, defeats the Italian, Niardi, and wins the international championship. Now, it appears, we are here only to await the hero."

Madame Dorzial smiled provokingly.

"Don't be absurd, *mon ami*. Naturally, you may not leave me before Norbert arrives. Naturally, then I do not wish you to remain."

The waiter arrived with champagne. The orchestra leader bowed before the table. Madame commanded a selection from the new opera Louise that had created such furor at the Comique.

The night was warm. Through the open windows and doors, the leaves in the tree-lined *place* gleamed under the arc lights. The majority of the crowd within had come from the *cercle d'escrime*, and the victory of Merignon was the chief topic.

There were practically no foreigners. Larue's made no effort to compete with the cosmopolitanism of the neighboring Maxim's, down the Rue Royale. Its excellent cuisine, splendid orchestra, its atmosphere of elegant peccability—were reserved almost exclusively, at the midnight supper hour, for Parisians.

The orchestra played Depuis le Jour, softly, lovingly. Madame Dorzial absorbed the music, meanwhile glancing at the tables, shrouded in rose light from tiny lamps and glittering with exquisite ware. A man wearing the rosette of the Legion of Honor bowed over her hand. She drew him toward her, leaning forward to whisper, smiling. The man nodded, almost imperceptibly, as he turned back to his table. Sapigny raised his glass.

"What is it this time?" he asked, slightly ironic. "The red ribbon for Norbert?"

"René, you annoy me—slightly. So—so I drink your health," she continued, smiling, a trifle insolently. "As a bureaucrat, even an unimportant one, you know the answer to your question quite as well as His Excellency. Besides, all the Merignons have had decorations. His father has a dozen. Come, be sensible. Listen to Charpentier's adorable music."

"But the Merignons won them," Sapigny commented dryly.

Madame Dorzial flushed slightly, then glanced impatiently and anxiously toward the entrance. Many women stared at her, but she did not mind that. It was still the epoch when the *femme du monde* rather than the jeweled manikin could set the fashion. Her position was reasonably secure. She was conveniently a widow and could appear in public as she liked. She was sufficiently wealthy to admire whom she chose, and still sufficiently under forty to have a succession of masculine devotees. Her long list numbered even cabinet ministers. She glanced, a trifle uneasily, at the man wearing the rosette, seated far down the room; and then, contemptuously, at Sapigny

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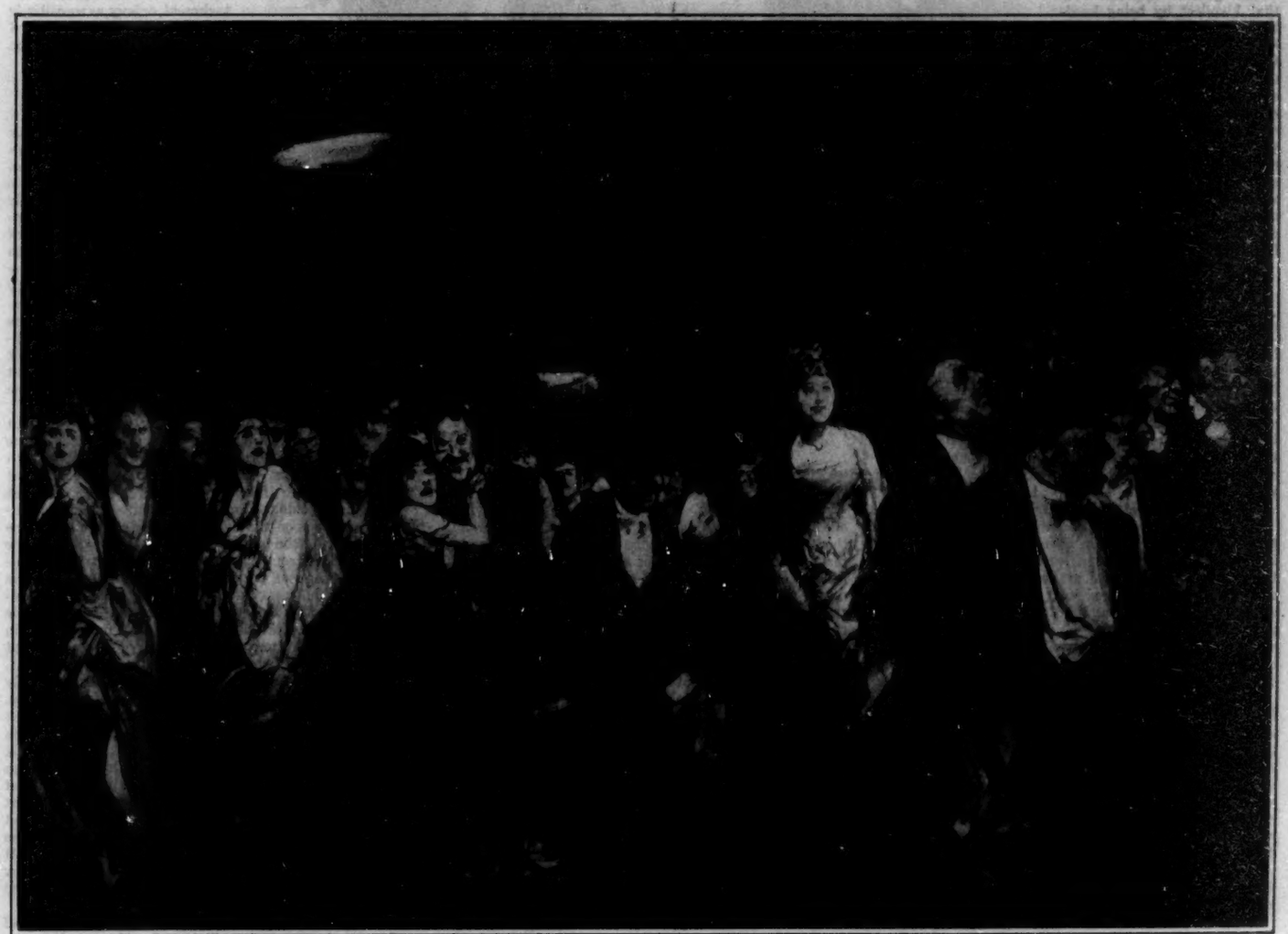

A Cry Burst Upon Him, a Deafening Shout, the Single Voice of the Mob. "Merignon!" it Screamed. "Merignon! Vive Merignon!"

Go-Getting the Rent Money

As Told to William A. McGarry

ILLUSTRATED BY H. WESTON TAYLOR

I AM the ultimate rent collector. Not the easy-going young man from the agent's office who says it will be all right if you bring it in tomorrow or mail a check. Not the stenographer who warns you by telephone that the landlord wants his money right away. Not the agent with the polite line about the steps he doesn't want to take. And not the bullyragging landlord, telling you and the neighborhood you're to pay or get out. My work starts when the landlord quits asking for it and decides to take what's coming to him. I'm the constable.

Nobody likes me—not even the property owner and the real-estate agent, who ought to be my best friends. I've had 'em kick, after hiring me to do my stuff, that my methods stir up a row and give the landlord a bad name! They can recite the laws under which I operate, but every time I collect they seem to think I've put something over. If I don't get all the money, not one landlord in a hundred will order me to go the limit. They'll compromise for whatever the tenant offers. Sometimes this is because the landlord wants to be decent, but other times it is because he won't believe I can really sell a man's furniture and get away with it.

The general impression is that I collect by being hard-boiled and by using rough-house tactics. I'll plead guilty to the first count, but not to the second. After fifteen years' experience as a constable, I count definitely on spending one week a year in the hospital. I've never figured it out exactly, but that's below my fifteen-year average. One year I had six weeks of it. I keep it lower now by taking no chances, even when the people seem to be law-abiding and peaceful.

A Constable's Powers

BUT even though I've learned to duck, I had two days' rest last week with a scalp wound that would have been a fractured skull if I hadn't side-stepped. It happened in a high-class residential district where we had a levy on a middle-aged man and his wife who had fallen behind in their rent and ignored all attempts to collect. The rate was $125 a month, and the man was evidently well able to pay. I don't know why he didn't. All I ever know in advance is that the rent is delinquent.

Then the Rich Man's Wife, Who Came of a Family That Had Been Wealthy for Generations, Lit Into My Deputy and Bawled Him Out Until He Got Mad

Anyhow, we were admitted without any trouble, and nobody made any objection when I started to write out an inventory. But just when I leaned over the library table the lady became hysterical, grabbed a bronze Venus by the arm stumps and crowned me. Then she took another swing and dropped my assistant. Meantime her husband just stood there and laughed. He was still laughing when we got up, but he stopped after we had the lady locked in a closet and got possession of the statue. The hospital got three customers, and he was one of them.

That was self-defense. We never get rough unless we have to. It doesn't pay. No matter what anybody may say about me, I'm a peace officer first, last and all the time. You may confuse me with the writ server and call me names for putting people out of their homes, but that only shows you haven't read the law. If you had you would know that the constable is the oldest and in many respects the most powerful agent for preserving the peace, with a direct warrant from the people by election, and authorities in common law older than the Norman Conquest. And even the name was derived, according to some of the legal historians, from the Roman *comes stabuli*, or master of the horse.

There's not much of that vanished glory to my job now, however. It's all rent collecting. I discovered after the first two or three years that it was the only function of the office showing any kind of regular income, and ever since then I've specialized in that one branch. For my own protection I've made a study of all the old laws relating to constables, and they give me so much power and so many duties—forgotten by nearly everybody, but still intact—that it makes me laugh. I keep in touch with new legislation and court decisions, wondering when a halt will be called. Efforts to limit police power are being made all the time, but the lawmakers seem to forget about the constable unless they want to add something to his powers.

Only a few years ago, for instance, the blue daisy was added to my collection of victims. Before that I was supposed to make landowners stamp out Canadian thistle and a few other weeds whenever I found them, and an old law provided that if any citizen notified me in writing about a patch of forbidden weeds, and I didn't compel the landowner to destroy them or do it myself, I could be dragged into court and fined $100. Under a group of laws running way back to the English common law, I have specific authority to do many things a policeman only gets away with by bluff. Police authority of any kind is second, third or even fourth hand, being passed along through a list of job holders under the elected officer. But mine is direct.

I'm the vermiform appendix of law enforcement. If you have paid your rent within a reasonable time of the due date, voted peacefully and cut down your own blue daisies, you probably have been only dimly aware of my existence. You would know as much about me in that event as the average man knows about his appendix. It is only when I begin to make trouble for them that people find out about my office. Even lawyers are generally in the dark about the powers and functions of a constable, and we have to tell 'em the law when we levy on their goods, as sometimes happens. I'm not bragging when I say I can stir up a lot of rumpus when I get started.

Take this matter of rent. Almost anywhere except in New York, where the new landlord-and-tenant acts have ruined the business of the constable, the lease signed by a tenant contains an automatic-judgment clause. If a man refuses to pay an ordinary bill you must start suit before a magistrate or in a higher court, depending on the amount. But under this rental clause, which no tenant ever reads, you agree over your own signature that if you fail to pay your rent when due the landlord may utilize the legal powers of a constable to enter your premises without a search warrant or other court order and attach your furniture and personal property, minus certain exempted articles. After the attachment, or levy, as we call it, is filed you are legally prohibited from making any disposal of the stuff until it is released.

Evictions

IF HE believes the property is not safe with you the constable may remove it at once. But the common practice is simply to plaster the levy—file a notice with the tenant containing a rough inventory of everything in sight—and then let it stand for five days. If he doesn't pay then, the property is taken away and put into storage. It is then the duty of the constable to post notices of public sale, and if settlement is not made in another five days he may sell the stuff at public auction, or enough of it to pay the overdue rental and his costs.

In practice, as I said before, it won't work out just that way in one case out of a hundred. If the furniture is worth anything the tenant settles with the landlord—often for half or a quarter of what he owes. If it isn't likely to bring much at public sale the landlord generally orders the constable to leave it on the sidewalk, being satisfied with the eviction of the delinquent tenant. Evictions of this type get us into more trouble than outright seizures of the furniture. When the stuff is worth taking to storage the owners can throw a bluff that they are moving. We have no uniform, and nobody except the tenant knows it is a levy if he keeps his mouth shut. But when three or four men begin to pile furniture in front of a house everybody knows what has happened, and sympathy is always with the tenant. We have to work fast then to avoid a fight, and we rarely get away without ducking a few eggs and soft vegetables.

It isn't always as easy as that, either. I've said a lot about the powers of the constable, but he has certain limitations. Before I can grab a man's furniture I must get into his house. And the law, upheld by court rulings and backed overwhelmingly by public sentiment, says that I must use peaceful means to gain entrance. To the expert in rent dodging that is as much as to say that I can't get into his house unless he lets me in, which is more or less true. The law says I must not break down a front door. It also says that once I get past the front door I can break any other door or lock in the house, including trunks, safes and other containers, if the owner refuses to open them.

Since this is the law, we get past the front door by bluff and persuasion or maybe a little rush. If we can't get in,

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Why We Will Marry the Next Man Who Asks Us, or What Have You?

By Katharine Dayton

ILLUSTRATED BY G. B. INWOOD

"It [marriage] happens as with cages—the birds without despair to get in, and those within despair of getting out." —MONTAIGNE.

IN JUSTICE to our public—raise your hands, please, both of you—we feel it is only fair to announce at once that the writer of this article is not one of those birds, to borrow M. Montaigne's slangy phrase, who wants to get out. On the contrary. Thoroughly fed up, to use the quaint argot of our English cousins, as someone once called them—behind their backs, of course—as we are by the avalanche of true and anything but snappy stories in current magazines entitled Why I Took My Husband Back—I Couldn't Exchange Him; How I Tried to Lose My Wife and Failed; and the like, we feel it is high time someone came forward to present the other side of this always burning question. For, we emphatically assure our readers—thank you, you may put them down now—there is another side! We know, for we are on it. And it is from that side—which is to say, the outside—and despite the gloomy word pictures painted today by our ungrateful little brothers and sisters of the pen who seem to forget that they owe the big money they are making right now to the unhappiness marriage has brought them, that we boldly, unflinchingly assert that it is Great Stuff. Yes, sir! And furthermore, so completely sold have we been on the proposition that for the first time in our lives we have determined to go in for the thing ourselves in a serious way.

Man a Necessary Evil

THIS conclusion we did not, as the saying goes, jump at. We arrived at it only after years and years of bitter experience, and it is the story of that experience which we are going to tell here, in the hope that it may help other girls. Goodness knows it probably won't help us. It is always a questionable policy to bare one's soul publicly—although, in the present state of the literary market, bared souls are bringing more on the hoof than they have ever brought—but to do it under such a title would seem to make it inevitable that any eligible man who is introduced to us within the next ten years, inclusive, should immediately upon hearing our name run and hide his head in his mother's skirts, or cower whimpering under sofas. Our better judgment wars with our altruism. Is it, we ask ourselves, up to us to warn our single sisters that, in this great country, where there are so many marriages per capita that they may practically be said to be ad lib, the sooner they say "I do" the better? On the other hand, aren't we getting paid for this? We pause for a reply.

Now go on with the story.

We were not always thus. Although we have always been more or less heartily in favor of man, arguing, as our best militarists do of war, that though he might have his unpleasant side civilization has not yet found anything to take his place; and although matrimony has had our unqualified approval ever since we were a big enough girl to wear our skirts very short, we always felt that it was just one of those things we were surely going to do some day when we had plenty of time—like putting tonic on our hair every night, or getting up ten minutes earlier mornings to take a cold shower. You know. No hurry about beginning it. We also believed, in common with the rest of our sex—which we are sure by this time our readers have guessed to be that so often laughed off by after-dinner speakers as the weaker—that the regulation mail-order catalogue Maiden's Dream No. 3892A of the Knight in Shining Armor, waving white plume, milk-white steed, et cetera, et cetera, f. o. b. as per invoice, would eventually materialize, so why worry now? As far as we could see, judging by the world about us, we had every bit as good a chance of getting married as of getting pyorrhea; and a four-to-one shot seemed fair enough odds to justify our policy of laissez faire, or waiting for George to ask us. Ah, how little did we wot!

We can't remember now the exact moment we began to wot, but looking back over it all we think the thing must have been coming to a head for a long, long time. Gradually, imperceptibly, our world had been changing. Whereas it had formerly been round and we had nearly lost our balance a hundred times a day, trying in our excitement to peek over the edge and see what was coming next, we now listlessly felt it to be perfectly flat. Somehow there seemed to be not nearly as many men in it as there used to be—attractive men, that is—and yet there were lots and lots and lots more women. Time was when we had gone to parties thrilling with expectations which if they were not quite realized that time we were sure would be the next. Now it dawned upon us that we never expected anything of a party any more. We didn't have to. We knew. If it was a luncheon, or any sort of strictly feminine affair, it was as certain to follow as the night the day that our sole contribution to the occasion would be to do a calvincoolidge through two hours of what, for lack of a better word, we will call conversation similar to the ensuing:

"—— said she wanted ten dollars a month extra if she made broth for the baby! Think of the nerve, my dear ——"

"—— every night, positively every night. So finally, when she got all through, I simply said as quietly and dignifiedly as I could, 'Very well, Helga, if that is the attitude you choose to take after all Mr. Rogers and I have done for you, you might just as well go now ——'"

"—— only two, but he wears a four-year-old size ——"

"—— a butler they'd had for four years, but every bottle, my dear, had been emptied and filled with ——"

"—— four dollars a day and carfare, and still they aren't satisfied unless you give them ——"

"—— and Doctor Wills said his ears must be punctured at once, so ——"

Straws That Point the Wind

EQUALLY certainly, if the nature of the function called for what some master word painter has described as "mixed company," it was inevitable that we should encounter society's Grim Reaper, bridge. Any pleasing deviation from this regular procedure was so much velvet, for we had ceased to expect it.

There were, too, other straws that should have shown us which way the wind was blowing. To begin with, little by little we became aware that we were not so young as we once were. If our readers are interested in the exact figures—keep your seats, please, and don't crowd—we don't mind in the least admitting that it is about eighteen months ago come Whitsuntide, as nearly as we can remember, when we first noticed that we had lost all interest in the beautiful youths in the collar advertisements, and were only attracted to billboards depicting those splendid, distinguished-looking, middle-aged Men Who Do Things, who are so evidently and happily discussing large business transactions or similar golf scores over their cigarettes. This vital statistic, if you double it, add ten to it and then take away what you first thought of, will give you a pretty accurate idea of what is really none of your business. Lastly, as far as looks went we had reached that stage where we could fool some of the time,

(Continued on Page 203)

Chairmen of Committees are Invariably Married Women Who are, Oh, So Unwillingly, Forced to Go to Palm Beach With Their Husbands

BRAZIL IN EVOLUTION

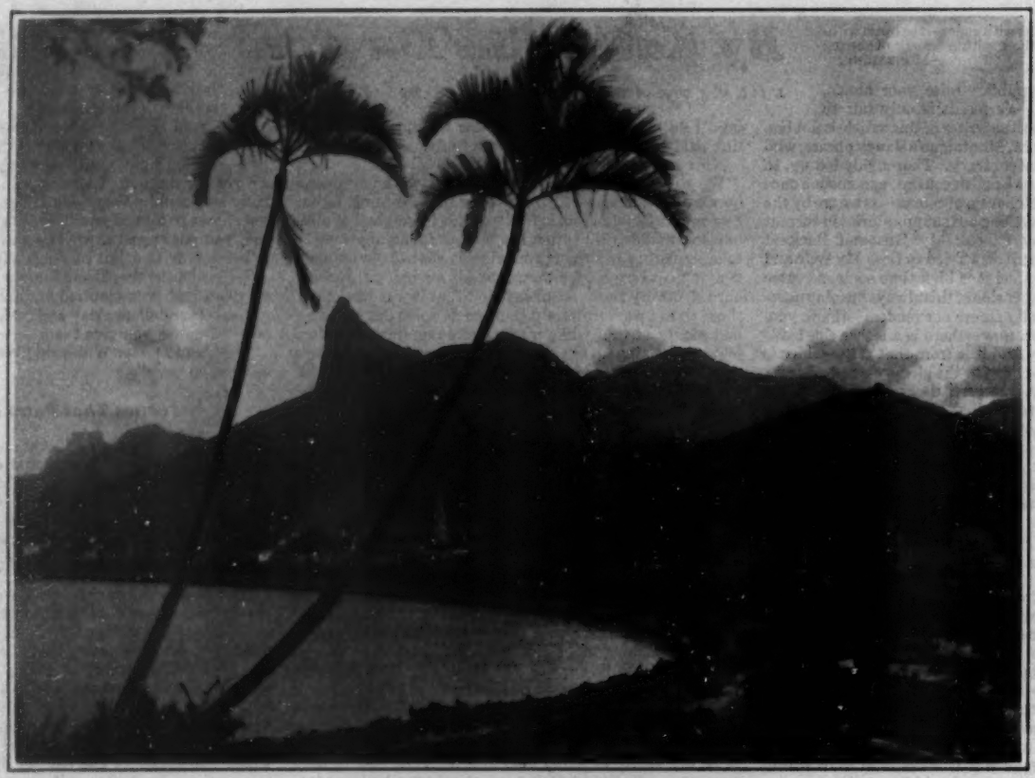
By ISAAC F. MARCOSSON

THE longer you travel in South America the more you appreciate the magnificence of distances and the spaciousness of empire. Nowhere are these more impressive than in Brazil, where we now halt for the last stop of the actual journey.

Here is a kinship with us that goes beyond extent of domain. The republic is officially called the United States of Brazil. Like our own land, it represents a mingling of races which include, among many others, the African negro, who contributed his hue to a varied color scheme. Here dwell the descendants of a colony of unreconstructed rebels who fled south of the equator in the dark days following our Civil War and set up a little Dixieland amid the stretches of São Paulo.

Romance lurks everywhere. Off the northern coast lies the island of Trinidad, not to be confounded with the British West Indian possession of the same name, which is supposed to be the original of Stevenson's Treasure Island. Over Brazil ruled the benevolent-looking Dom Pedro, the one imperial exile who left his benediction upon the land that cast him out. Somewhere in these jungle fastnesses lies El Dorado, the fabled Golconda which lured Spanish, Dutch, Portuguese and British adventurers to their undoing.

As in Argentina, bigness is the dominant note, but with a capital B. Brazil's area of about 3,275,510 square miles is greater than that of the United States when you exclude Alaska and insular possessions. She is not only the largest of the South American republics but ranks as the fourth country in size in the world. Through the northern part flows that mightiest mother of all inland waters, the Amazon, upon whose broad bosom ocean vessels ply for 2300 miles. The untapped vastness of forest wealth contains a vast supply of useful and ornamental timber as well as medicinal plants not found anywhere else. Rubber and diamonds are only two items in an assortment of natural riches almost unequaled.



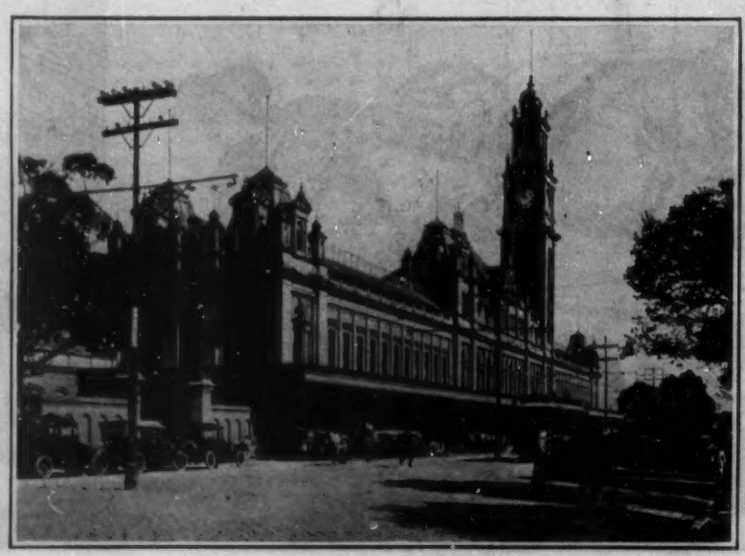
A Glimpse of the Rio De Janeiro Harbor

German Influence

IN BRAZIL we are back again in the unrest belt. Revolution is well-nigh synonymous with the name of the country. Like the republic itself, upheaval is on a big scale. Having no outsiders to fight, the Brazilians scrap among themselves, and it seems to be their favorite occupation. Since 1922 there have been two major civil wars, and the second is still going on. Here you have the reason why a land of immense possibilities for agricultural development is thirty years behind Argentina. The milreis, the unit of money in Brazil, is as badly shot up as some of the rebel ranks. The trouble is that in South America revolution and constructive evolution do not always go hand in hand.

Of wider interest is the fact that Brazil is the real German stronghold in South America. In the south lie three states—Parana, Santa Catharina and Rio Grande do Sul—which are Teutonic colonies in many respects. Last year Rio Grande do Sul celebrated the hundredth anniversary of the arrival of the first German immigrants. They bore to that part of Brazil something of the same relation that the Pilgrim Fathers did to New England, because they inaugurated an epoch of progress. As I pointed out in the first article of this series, there is little doubt that had the Germans won in the World War, they would have made every effort to make two of these colonies part of the empire. Curiously enough, the South American country with the largest German population was the only one to enter actively the great struggle against the Central Powers.

Many other features make Brazil somewhat unique among South American countries. Here the predominant influence and the language are Portuguese instead of Spanish. Here also is the only imperial tradition after the declaration of independence. The first Dom Pedro was sympathetic with the movement to break away from the mother country and was crowned emperor in 1822. It was not until 1889 that a republic was proclaimed.



A Railway Station in São Paulo, Brazil

Rio Harbor

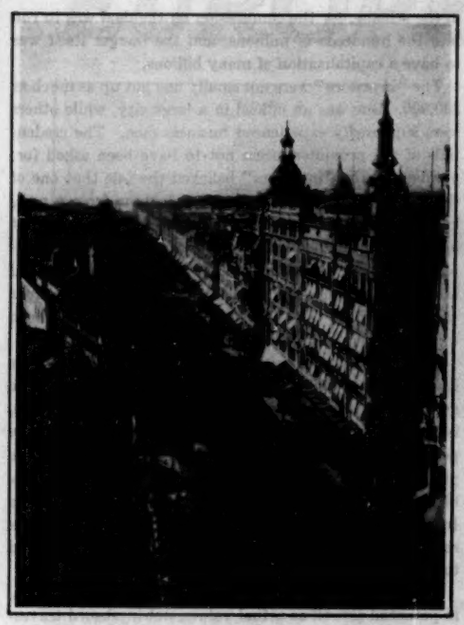
BRAZIL is the sole republic beyond Panama in which a single city does not dominate. In Argentina, for example, Buenos Aires is the whole works, so to speak. This is also true of Montevideo, which lords it over Uruguay; of Lima, which is the nerve center of Peru; and to a lesser degree, of Santiago and Chile.

In Brazil, on the other hand, you have, in addition to Rio de Janeiro, big communities like São Paulo, the alert capital of the state of that name; Pernambuco, Para, Santos, Bahia and Porto Alegre. Each of these municipalities has a personality all its own. São Paulo is the Chicago of South America, while Para is identified with rubber. Porte Alegre is more German than Portuguese. Santos is the greatest of all coffee ports.

Though there is a variety of cities, two states—São Paulo and Minas Geraes—dominate the country economically and politically. The former contributes 52 per cent of the federal income. This is largely because of her eminence as the world's greatest coffee producer. It is an almost unwritten law in Brazil that a president of the republic must come from one of these two sections.

For the United States, Brazil has peculiar economic interest. During 1924 we outstripped Great Britain as seller and are now first among the exporting nations. We also buy more products in Brazil than in any other South American country. In 1924 our purchases aggregated $179,334,668, or more than 40 per cent of the total. The bulk of this huge bill was for coffee, which comprises 75 per cent of the exports. In the state of São Paulo is produced 70 per cent of all the coffee grown. The coffee industry, with its many ramifications—they include a buyers' strike in the United States—will be dealt with in detail in the next article.

To the average man who knows the world only from what he reads, Brazil largely means Rio de Janeiro.



The Principal Business Street of Rio

A Residence Street in Rio

Every traveler raves about it and the enthusiasm is well founded. When you have seen this incomparable harbor, you become obsessed with its beauty. No matter what passes in review, before or after, on your South American travels, it stands out as the one place of enchanting, almost indescribable beauty. The best of Norway and Italy mingle, because there is a blending of picturesqueness of fiord with the charm of Como. The Taj-Mahal and the Milan Cathedral in the moonlight are entrancing, but they represent what might be termed peaks in the range of human achievement. Rio, as it is always called for short, with jewels of islands washed by azure waters and flanked by verdure-clad hills, is a product of Nature so bewitching in color effect as to have an element of unreality. You feel that it is a back drop on the stage and sooner or later must be rolled up.

The moment you reach Rio from Buenos Aires you sense contrast. Where the Argentine capital is alive with pep and bustle, the show city of Brazil is languorous under tropical heat. There is an illusion that winter sometimes comes to those parts, but few people have ever been able to discover it. Hence everything moves slowly except the taxicabs, which break all records.

Race Zones

THE second outstanding impression, and it bears on the commercial situation, grows out of contact with the by-products of the extraordinary mixture of races. In this respect Brazil is a rival of Argentina. Again you have the strong Italian influence. The city of São Paulo is dominated by Italians, who constitute nearly 40 per cent of the population and who help to make it one of the livest cities in all South America. The Stinnes of South America, Francisco Matarazzo, turned up in Santos—the port for São Paulo—half a century ago, a penniless immigrant boy. Today he is the merchant and manufacturing prince of the republic and he is only one of many of his countrymen who have risen from poverty to plutocracy.

As you study the Brazilian business map you find that it is divided into zones of nationality. In the north rule the Portuguese, who are direct descendants of the early discoverers and settlers. The aristocracy is composed of these Portuguese, who have not intermarried with other races. They are like the ruling caste in Argentina, Chile and Peru, in whom the Spanish strain remains uncrossed. In the central southern section the Italians are in control, while the extreme south is the German domain.

As in Argentina, the French also are factors. The beginnings of the Guinle family, now in the third generation and the richest in all Brazil, are typical of what has happened. The grandfather of the Guinles was a humble tailor who came over from France in 1848 and settled in Rio Grande do Sul. With him arrived a boyhood friend, Candide Gaffree, who hailed from Dunkirk. Their children became associated in what has grown to be the largest single Brazilian-owned enterprise in the country. I refer to the great piers at Santos, which still remain a family property and are among the most profitable in the world. It is only part of the Guinle holdings.

PHOTO. BY MUSSO, RIO DE JANEIRO

Arthur Bernardes, the President of Brazil

What makes the human element in Brazil distinct as compared with the population of all the other South American countries is that the negro is a factor. Hundreds of thousands of slaves were brought over from Africa to work in the forests and on plantations. Many have maintained their race integrity. You can see replicas of grizzled Virginia uncles and mammies in many sections, especially the northern. The negro blood has also been blended with that of the Portuguese and other races. In consequence there is really no color line, as we know it, in Brazil. Yet this matter of blood is a sensitive subject.

I asked a swarthy waiter in a Rio restaurant about his nationality and he answered quick as a flash, "There are only two races in me—Portuguese and Brazilian." He was eager to disclaim any negro influence.

The Lower Classes

IT IS difficult to define just what a Brazilian is. He is best described perhaps as a descendant of those original Portuguese, or a result of a race mixture in which the Portuguese and the Indian are the principal contributors. The numerous mulattoes, however, have negro blood. Of course, many Italians and Germans have intermarried with the old-line Portuguese as well as other lines, and their children and children's children are Brazilian subjects.

Although Brazil has the biggest economic possibilities of any South American country, her lower classes are in an appalling state. The farmer laborer is ignorant, inert, backward and slipshod. His problem is partly pathological, due to the wide prevalence of hookworm. Poverty is rampant and economic and other illiteracy the rule. A single shirt and a pair of pants serve the average male for a whole year. Practically all the shoes worn are made within the republic. Last year the output was about 10,000,000 pairs, yet the total population is more than 30,000,000. To achieve its destiny, Brazil must raise both the human and the productive standards.

Business is carried on in a wide area under primitive conditions. Outside the cities, checks drawn by the most reliable firms and individuals are looked

(Continued on Page 206)

The Harbor at Rio, Viewed From the Top of Mount Corcovado

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PHILADELPHIA, SEPTEMBER 19, 1925

National Dividends

THE excellent condition of the United States Treasury as of July first points unmistakably to a national dividend declaration in the shape of lower taxes. During the fiscal year ending June 30, 1925, a reduction took place in the country's gross debt of $734,619,102, and the surplus on July first was four times the estimate of last October, which is a type of financial figuring wholly to the country's liking. Mr. Mellon pointed out that this surplus already had been used for debt reduction and was therefore not available for tax reduction. Only the surplus to be expected in future years should be so employed, he said.

But debt reduction is only a slightly roundabout and delayed form of lowering taxes. The second inevitably follows the first, not always to exactly the same extent, but along the same general lines. There is such marked progress in the right direction that the taxpayer is fairly certain to find a lower schedule of rates in the return which he will make out sometime prior to March fifteenth next. That much we know. What is more, the prospect for a sane handling of the problem is brighter than ever before. Mr. Mellon's campaign of tax education is beginning to take effect. It is not to be denied that the election returns of last November had something to do with the process of fiscal conversion, of hasty and loudly articulate movements toward the band wagon.

Yet it does not pay to be too cynical. Extreme tax measures were bound in course of time to bring their own revulsion. To say the least, they are no longer needed, and with the passing of the original emergency they remain strictly punitive in nature.

Today the country is prosperous and the Treasury overflowing. The policy of rigid Federal economy started by President Harding, and pushed even farther by President Coolidge, has had its effect. The war has been left far enough behind for time to bring a considerable easing of the financial burden, assuming even a moderate capacity in fiscal administration, which we certainly have had. Except on the basis of a socialist theory, the occasion for penal income-tax rates has passed.

We trust there may never be another war emergency, with its national necessity for high taxes on income. But wars are not alone in imposing strains upon the Treasury. The future does not reveal itself, and a nation is indeed foolish that unnecessarily injures the basis for future revenue raising. As Senator Underwood, of Alabama, said recently:

"The genius of our development has come through the massing of our dollars on some great enterprise and buying the brains and the labor to put it through. This takes idle money looking for investment, and you will not find it at the appointed hour if you tax it to death."

It is futile, it is preposterous, to deny that wartime tax rates upon income carried into the days of peace have removed great sums from the tax base. It should be the policy of wise legislation to widen and never to narrow the basis upon which taxes are levied. Not only does government thus have more to draw upon when necessity arises but the burden is more equitably distributed among its citizens.

The slightest familiarity with the security markets of the country discloses a hundred graphic illustrations of the escape of wealth and income from the tax basis. Family after family, estate after estate, rich individuals without number, have withdrawn from business and gone into tax-exempt securities. Recently a banking syndicate paid millions for a silk-manufacturing concern previously owned by a family, and in the news of the transfer was included this item:

"The present owners, it was made clear, wished to continue ownership of a substantial interest in the business, but desired to lighten their holdings for two reasons: first, because of a desire eventually to retire from active business; and second, because of a desire to diversify their investments through the purchase of government and other tax-exempt bonds. Their action is in line with other industries."

When a Detroit automobile company, previously owned in its entirety by two widows, was sold recently to a banking syndicate the huge sum received by the two women was reinvested largely, according to Wall Street reports, in tax-exempt securities. Any broker or bond dealer will testify that such investments are eagerly sought by the rich. A tax system that thus narrows and limits its own base is not farsighted. This fact has been set forth clearly by Undersecretary of the Treasury Winston:

"The taxpayer looks at things from a personal or short-time viewpoint. He is interested in his own future. The Government, on the other hand, can afford to reckon on the long run of its more distant future. Taxation is the power of the Government to raise money that the Government may live today and every day. The purpose is not only to acquire a revenue this year but to keep the fields fertilized and plowed so that we may have an assurance of crops of revenue in years to come.

"The most important principle of taxation is, then, a taxing system that will preserve and not destroy the sources upon which it feeds. With estate taxes that confiscate forty per cent of the capital, we are over-cropping our land; with income taxes that reach forty-six per cent, we are not letting our crops come to maturity."

The Sincerest Flattery

PRESIDENT SIMMONS, of the New York Stock Exchange, declared in a recent address that it is not the small investor but the credulous investor in whose mind suspicion should be planted, and who should be taught to investigate before investing.

"There is a considerable proportion of all classes of investors," he said, "who are susceptible to flattery, too credulous or too gullible, who accept the word of the swindler and who lose their money. Let us not belittle the small investor . . . but rather realize that, proportionately, he is just as wise as the man with vastly more to invest."

This thoughtful distinction had a timely confirmation not long ago when the police and the district attorney of a Western city dropped down upon a group of promoters who had been doing a land-office business selling shares in their prospective commissions from a proposed merger. When the deal was completed the investors were to receive ten for one on the money put up. There was plenty of room in the scheme, for the commission on the deal was to run into the hundreds of millions, and the merger itself was to have a capitalization of many billions.

The "investors" were not small; one put up as much as $30,000. One was an official in a large city, while others were supposedly experienced business men. The credentials of the promoters seem not to have been asked for; numbers of the "investors" believed the tale that one of the schemers had inherited a great fortune from a well-known man who never had a fortune and who could not have bequeathed it because he was and is still living. Apparently no one questioned the tale that a great industrial leader had put up $100,000,000 to see that the merger went through, or that high government officials had been bribed to rush it to completion.

It is only too well confirmed in this and other similar instances that gullibility, credulity and sheer ignorance are not confined to those of small means. Imitation, of course, is the sincerest flattery. Great deals, gigantic mergers are pending in the financial world—have been effected in the past. Fortunes often grow from the rounding out of combinations of this nature. It is a matter of record before the Interstate Commerce Commission that if the ambitious railroad plans of the two Cleveland brothers are carried to fruition their own profits will be large.

But these men have attempted to deal in realities, in potential as well as actual values, not in absurd travesties. They may or may not deserve the profits which as yet have not been wholly realized, but they are giving the best years of their life to bringing together great properties which they presumably believe can be coördinated to advantage.

There is so much work to be done in the world of business and finance, so many realities to be brought into being, so much improvement required in the organization of our industrial life, that impatience is justified when grown men throw their money into obvious financial parodies and phantoms. Do they not know better or are they mentally of immature age, despite their often ample bank accounts? Alas, the answer is neither way. It is greed that blinds them, that sordid gluttony for money against which the frail structure of wisdom and experience topples into dust.

Business Depression in England

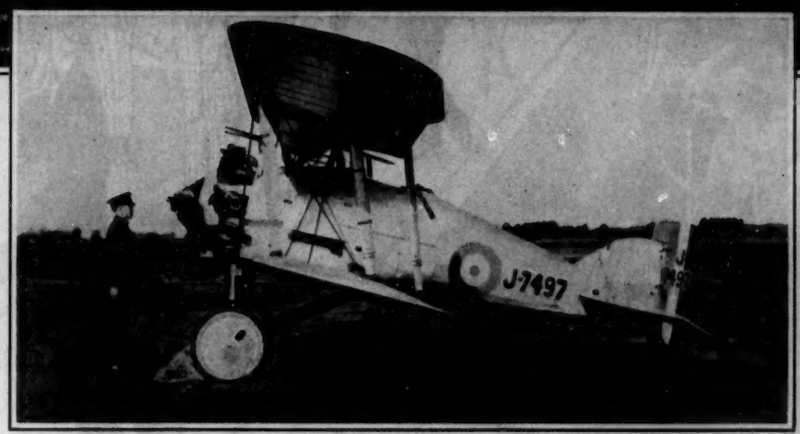
THE year 1925 has so far been one of bitter disappointment for British commerce and manufactures, and indeed for European business generally. It is true that employment has remained good in France and Italy, partly, no doubt, owing to the gradual rise of prices; but on the whole, instead of the steady improvement which was predicted, there has been some deterioration in the great staple manufacturing trades of the European Continent and of Great Britain.

To take the basic industry of iron and steel, British iron and steel prices declined on an average ten to fifteen per cent between January and midsummer. But reduced prices caused no expansion in consumption. In fact the number of furnaces in blast in Great Britain dwindled during the six months from 167 to 136. During the same period shipping freights declined, and the depression in the shipbuilding trade showed no signs of improvement. The leading textile industries of cotton, wool and worsted, which are mainly situated in Lancashire and the West Riding of Yorkshire, also lost ground after the New Year. Many mills have been closed, and many more are on short time.

But the worst feature of all has been the depression in the British coal trade for both home consumption and export. As coal and coke prices sank, the working of inferior mines became unprofitable and the owners were forced to close colliery after colliery in the Welsh and northern coal fields. It is true that among some comparatively minor industries, such as motor cars and artificial silk, business remained active and profitable. But the general results were sadly disappointing. At the end of June the great army of British unemployed, which has to be maintained out of rates, taxes and unemployment benefits, had risen to 1,300,000, a figure which exceeded by 285,000 the corresponding figure of 1924, and is about three times the normal.

EUROPE TAKES TO THE AIR

A Fleet of Junkers Machines Preparing to Start From Warsaw to Vienna



At Left—A British Fighting Aeroplane of the Latest Type

By F. BRITTEN AUSTIN

THE activities of the Deutsche Aero-Lloyd, dealt with in the previous article, cover only about half the amazing network of aerial routes reticulated over Germany. The other great organization, the Junkers Luftverkehr, A. G., is responsible for the rest; and it is the activities of the Junkers Company which inspire most of the apprehensions felt in other European countries with regard to Germany's enterprise in the air.

The Junkers combination was formed primarily to exploit the aircraft patents of Prof. Hugo Junkers, a member of an engineering firm well known for the manufacture of heating apparatus. These patents envisage a type of aircraft essentially different from all others; a type that may be summed up in the formula "nothing but wing"—that is, that motive power and accommodation are contained within the flying surface and are not extraneous to it. Since such an ideal necessarily connotes a machine of comparatively large dimensions, considerations of intrinsic strength lead logically to all-metal construction; and a corrugated duralumin fuselage and cantilever wing surface of thick section, with no exterior bracing whatever, are characteristic of the Junkers machines. They are, of course, all monoplanes. The idea of the all-metal cantilever machine has been adopted by a number of other German aircraft manufacturers, notably by the Dornier Company—really an offshoot of the Zeppelin Company; Herr Dornier was originally associated with Count Zeppelin—but the Junkers machine still remains as a very distinct type of its own.

Metal Planes

THE basic Junkers patent dates as far back as February, 1910; but not until 1915 was the first all-metal machine completed. This was an iron monoplane, built for the German army and delivered in some numbers during 1916. Iron, however, was found to be too heavy, and in 1917 duralumin was substituted. When the war ended, the Junkers factory turned its attention to commercial aircraft, and in 1919 produced a small all-metal unbraced machine which the Junkers Company claims to be the most widely disseminated commercial aeroplane in the world, even today. In 1920 the company commenced the construction of a new three-engined monoplane of very much larger type. This, while still uncompleted, was confiscated by the Allied Commission of Control. Subsequently, however, the Junkers Company was permitted to build this aeroplane—though with much lower and scarcely sufficient engine power—and it is now becoming their standard passenger type.

The constructional company is known as the Junkers Flugzeugwerke, A. G., a subsidiary of the original Junkers heating-apparatus company, and shares its works at Dessau, between Berlin and Leipzic. The operating company, the Junkers Luftverkehr, A. G., was founded in 1921 with a capital which is not disclosed, but which is somewhere between 3,000,000 and 10,000,000 gold marks. Its very enterprising directors are Gothard Sachsenberg—said to be the guiding brain—and Gottfried Kaumann.

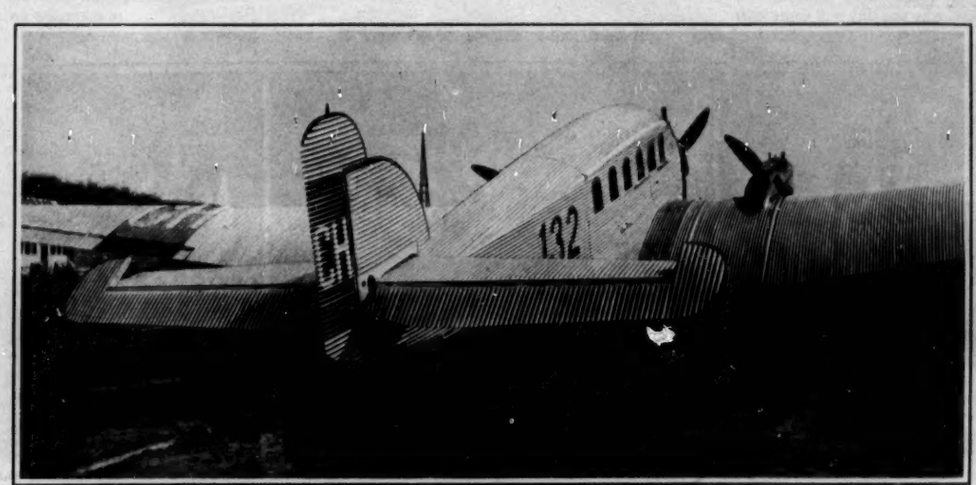
Junkers Routes

THE Junkers Luftverkehr operates a number of air routes under its own name, but it also owns and operates at least five other German air companies flying in the interior of Germany. Some of these routes duplicate the system of the Deutsche Aero-Lloyd between German towns, and there is a certain amount of rivalry between the two companies. Nevertheless they work in concert, and where there is a joint service the tickets of either company are valid upon the machines of the other. Altogether, the Junkers combination operates fifteen routes:

1. Berlin–Dantzic–Königsberg.
2. Königsberg–Memel–Riga–Reval–Helsingfors.
3. Berlin–Warnemünde–Karlshamn–Stockholm—night mail-service only.
4. Dresden–Berlin–Warnemünde–Copenhagen–Malmö—with air connection to Gothenburg and Oslo.
5. Hamburg–Bremen–Münster–Dorsten–Frankfort–Stuttgart–Zurich.
6. Berlin–Breslau–Gleiwitz.
7. Breslau–Görlitz–Dresden–Leipsic–Erfurt–Cassel–Dorsten.
8. Berlin–Leipsic–Erfurt–Frankfort.
9. Berlin–Leipsic–Fürth–Nuremberg–Munich–Innsbruck.
10. Frankfort–Fürth–Nuremberg–Munich.
11. Munich–Zurich–Lausanne–Geneva—in conjunction with Swiss Ad Astra Company.
12. Munich–Vienna–Budapest.
13. Berlin–Dorsten.
14. Bremen–Wangeroog–Norderney.
15. Bremen–Borkum.

Like the Aero-Lloyd route to Prague, a direct Berlin-Vienna service is waiting only

(Continued on Page 158)



The Type of Machine Used on the Swedish Aero-Transport Line, Malmö-Amsterdam

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

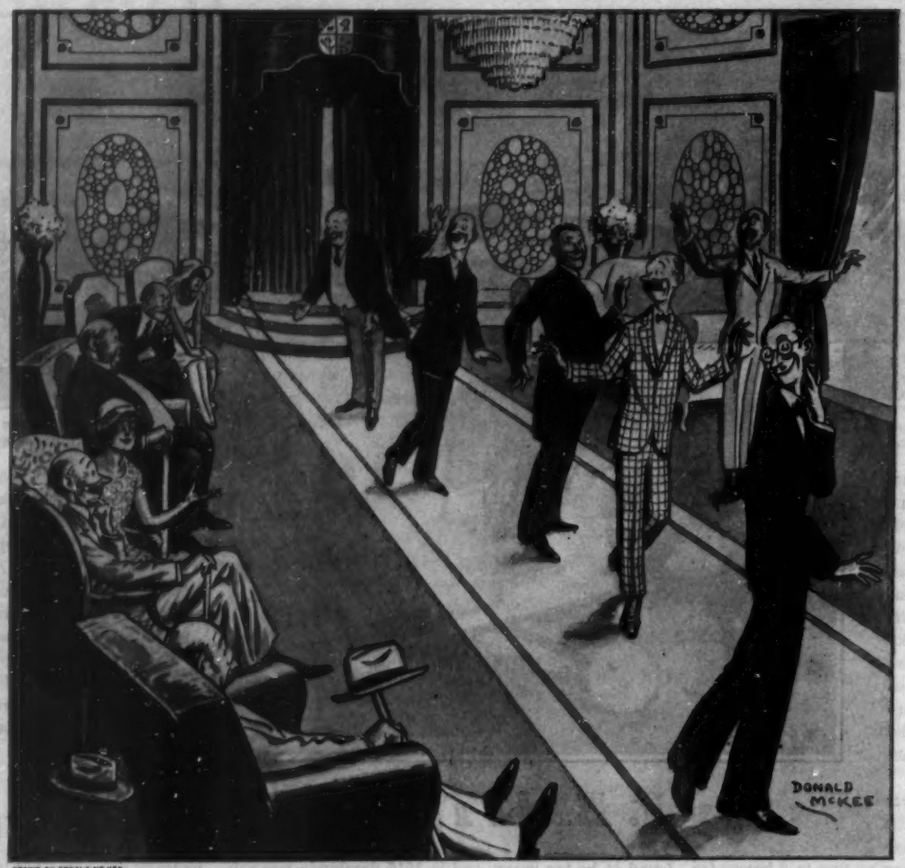
Sea Chantey for a Sail-Less Ship

HO! FOR a life on the ocean's wings,
For a life on the wind-swept sea,
With two or three of those rotor things
Where the mainsail used to be.
Slack off the jib and the flying jib,
The spinnaker, spanker und rest, ad lib.
Sing ho! Heave ho!
Let the topsails go—
We jolly well did that long ago.

Never a reason to swarm aloft,
Topgallant sails flap no more,
The horny hands of our crew grow soft;
They're proud of 'em now ashore.
Ho! for the staysail and taut lee shroud
And other canvas we never crowd.
Sing ho. Sing heigh!
Avast and belay—
And any sails that are left, give way.

Ho! for the spread of a snowy sheet
O'er each tar in his trim brass bed.
Ho! for the awning that's clewed so neat
Twixt the sun and the skipper's head.
. . . . . .
But come to think of this singing ho!
And sail-less sailing—well, I don't know.
Sails, stop short
Ere you cross the thwart.
Think of making a girl-less port!

—*Fairfax Downey.*



DRAWN BY DONALD McKEE

Why Don't the Men's Clothing Stores Have Models to Display Their Garments?

A Nursery Rime in Movie Time

LITTLE MISS MUFFET, an Inside Story of High Society, Where Wickedness and Intrigue Rub Shoulders With Youthful Innocence, Where Temptation Ever Stalks its Prey Along the Broad, Brilliant Highway of Opulence and Splendor, Yet Love Sometimes Conquers All.

The Cast:

Little Miss Muffet—Viola Violet, only daughter of Gridley Muffet, steel magnate, who one day will come into the Muffet billions in her own right, although she is innocent of all knowledge of life and steel mills, never having spoken to a man in all her life or even glanced at an ingot. But between her and the rich fulfillment of happiness falls the sinister shadow of

The Spider—Desmond Danzig, an international crook, outwardly unimpeachable but with a greedy, scheming mind and a heart that by comparison would make an arrowhead seem soft as a robin's breast. One of Nature's throwbacks to the days of the jungle code, when ripping claws and raking teeth made right, and the wages of helplessness were death. In the whole world there is but one foe The Spider fears and he is

Lieut. Breckenridge, U. S. A.—Concertino Allesandro, pride of the army intelligence service, whose keen, penetrating mind and noble heart make him feared and admired wherever the Stars and Stripes flutters its protectorate over the interests of its children.

Our story opens upon the magnificent ballroom of the Boozemore, gay haunt of the socially arrived.

It is the coming-out party of Marjorie Muffet, sweet sixteen, with wide-eyed eagerness for that which is new to her—life.

Jaded society ever in quest for something different has a new foible—the polite hostess serves a buffet of curds and whey.

Marjorie Muffet is seated all alone on a tuffet daintily partaking of her wholesome repast when The Spider approaches and sits down beside her.

Marjorie's first impulse was to run, but the disarming look in the eyes of this wolf in sheep's raiment reassured her and she ate another whey.

"What are you doing tomorrow night, Miss Muffet?" asked The Spider.

And Marjorie, the innocent debutante, much flattered by his interest, said "Nothing."

"Then I should be honored if you permitted me to call," said The Spider, eager to ingratiate himself quickly in the heart of this maid.

As the shadows lengthened into evening of the next day, a man in immaculate dress entered the home of Marjorie Muffet.

Marjorie's parents were at a wild studio party in Greenwich Village, and all the servants were bootlegging, so Marjorie was alone in fine.

The sleekly groomed caller was none other than he, The Spider. A yacht, under full steam, lay ready a few blocks away in the North River.

Too late Marjorie realized she had fallen into the trap of the international band known as The Web. Muffled screams were of no avail.

A short dash to the river front, a launch to the yacht, and then to sea and Monte Carlo and a billion-dollar ransom; for Gridley Muffet loved his daughter above all.

But The Spider recked without Lieut. Breckenridge, and so the high-powered car stalled at Seventy-sixth

(Continued on Page 134)

Timmie and Tattere

DRAWN BY ROBERT L. DICKEY

"Listen Here, Tattere! We've Simply Gotta Have a Lion for Our Circus

"I Heard Mr. Terhune Say Donald Was Goin' in the Dog Show Next Week. We'll Just Have Donald in Our Show First

"Wow! That's What I Call a Bully Lion. Mr. Terhune Oughta be Grateful for All the Trouble We've Took Gettin' Donald Ready"

"It would have been a wonderful dinner if—"

How often the hostess realizes with vexation that her dinner has been above all criticism except for some one shortcoming in it!

And how important it is that the soup course at the beginning shall not be the "if" which she tries so hard to avoid!

No doubt the enormous popularity of Campbell's Soups is due largely to this fact: Housewives realize that Campbell's are always to be depended on, that their splendid quality is uniform and always the same.

Every time you place Campbell's Tomato Soup on your table you are certain it will be a soup you are proud to serve—a puree of rich tomato juices and luscious tomato "meat" blended with golden butter and seasoned by chefs who know!

21 kinds
12 cents a can

With bubbling tone, my saxophone
Weaves spells of syncopation.
Add Campbell's pep, then how they step
With frisky jubilation!

Cream of Tomato!

Heat the contents of can of Campbell's Tomato Soup to the boiling point in a saucepan after adding a pinch of baking soda. Then heat SEPARATELY an equal quantity of milk or cream. Stir the hot soup INTO the hot milk or cream but do not boil. Serve immediately.

AS A WOMAN THINKS

VI

By Corra Harris

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

IT IS a queer experience to gaze into the crystal ball that your mind really is and behold there the image of the woman you were and are and ever shall be, in spite of everything you have done and can do to glorify her.

The life you live never reveals the person you are by nature; only the kind of person you have drifted into being or have been constrained to become. So your autobiography, however intimately written, is not the record of you, but of your feelings and performances under the circumstances; what happened to you by the day or by the year; what you lost and what you won. All of it is history manufactured by you in living, but not you. Some luminous dust of your trials and triumphs obscures your vision and makes the record shine at a time when no one who knew you then noticed the faintest rim of a halo above you.

It is your nature to put your best foot foremost if you can get so much as the toe of it in print, so you instinctively drop the curtain on this scene or that one in your life because one hint of it would give the reader a glimpse of you, not garnished for the moment by your good deeds or extolled by your rhetoric of these performances.

I do not suppose anyone who reads My Book and Heart will ever suspect what a commonplace person the author of that record really is. I was frequently moved to tears and laughter while I was writing the thing. Sometimes for whole days I felt translated into the good words and the noble ones I used to set down merely the things I had suffered and achieved.

But you have only to observe the impression you are making upon the people who see you every day and know your literal expression, your disposition, the cut of your eye, to have the soaring wings of your vanity as an autobiographer clipped. Very few of us would recognize one another by our scriptures, but we do it by the personal impression we make. For example, I have never felt that I should have been personally attracted to George Washington, although I respect and admire him as the Father of his Country. I do not think I would have invited him to a dinner party at my house even if I had been in a position to do so, because I have a very strong feeling that he would have been a short circuit socially. The conversation would have had to be adjusted to him. Our minds would have had to be the obsequious footmen to his outrageously noble soul. I do not believe tradition is responsible for this notion I have of him, but some intuition of the man which not even history can obscure.

On the other hand, I have a vaguely regretful feeling that I might have enjoyed dining with Abraham Lincoln. And I am certain that I should have felt comfortable and blessed on merely the rim of the presence of Robert E. Lee. He would not have missed me even if I had been a very plain and undistinguished person in the darkest corner of the room. He would have contributed a glance of simple human recognition. I have the feeling that if I looked very insignificant he might have made the space between us with a fine complimentary air of having just seen someone with whom he particularly wished to pass a few pleasant words. I have had that happen to me more than once in the course of my life.

When you never have learned to sit gracefully like a lady lyre in your chair with your draperies drawn close at exactly the right place; when you have a motionless countenance socially and a blunderbuss mind, and you are kept busy putting out the fuse of it lest the thing should go off with the explosion of an idea too loud for such an occasion—I do not know of any more gratifying experience than to be suddenly soothed by the recognition of a truly great man or woman who apparently does not suspect what an awkward person you are in that company. Such people are never moved by mere manners; they perform an act of social piety to you which springs from the gallantry of a kind heart.

I remember once, before I ever dreamed of such an extravagance as an afternoon frock, I received an invitation to a very fashionable garden party. I wore a shirt waist and skirt. The latter was long and trailed, I hoped, elegantly behind me. But getting one foot caught in it as I descended caused me actually to tumble from the hack in which I arrived directly upon the fluttering edge of that garden party.

This was an abrupt way of entering the social life of a large town where I had been a stranger for seven years. But I made it, due entirely to one circumstance. A lovely woman, distinguished for her social graces, caught sight of me sitting upon a bench pathetically removed from the gayety of the occasion. She said she had been looking for me. Had I had any punch? Innocent stuff, a kind of sublimated lemonade. Did I know many of these people?

I had had no refreshment, and I did not know any of these people. I might have added that my knees were still trembling from having fallen out of the hack, but I made out to accompany her. It was like walking in a rainbow of smiles and good will. Presently I came to my other self, a woman I had never been before, a social creature at ease. I had liberty, and remembered making several bright remarks, not droll, but neatly and prettily funny, at which everyone laughed and looked at me as if I were a pleasant surprise.

I caught the tune, even the step, of that occasion. I remember mincing from one group to another, holding up my skirt with an air, as conscious of the lace in the frill of my petticoat as any other woman present was of her rustling silk petticoats, accompanied through the whole afternoon by that gracious woman who anchored me with a look or a smile until my poor tight-fitting lid as a preacher's wife came off and I was near to being a song which was not a hymn. I may have been ridiculous for all I know, but I felt very light in my heart. Maybe this was happiness. If so, it was a long time ago, and I am by social functions now as literary critics are by a new novel. I am too learned in the things; I know too much about how they are made and what they cost in jealousies and competitions to enjoy them as I did that first garden party I attended in Nashville so many years ago.

But what I started out to prove was that as one person to another person we are not the same character we seem to be in history or even a conscientiously written autobiography.

When you get far down your slope of time, however, and care less than you used to care about being the heroine of your life dolled up in your best deeds, then you can take a look at yourself according to the mind you have now calmed and cooled by the years, and you may come into that last and greatest of all vanities—the boldness to portray the person you really are.

Most people think they do that when they confess their sins; the worse they are the better they are for this purpose. My notion about that is if you must boast, it is more polite to proclaim your virtues. I have always been very courteous to others about that. But the queer thing is that I have never felt that my virtues really belong to me. Lecky's History of European Morals knocked the last ray of conceit out of me. First one virtue and then another seems to have been thrust upon us according to the self-protecting instinct of men against frauds in paternity or some other economy for their comfort and peace of mind.

I am not complaining, you understand. It has all turned out for the best long ago; but I am just saying how queer I feel about having had decency and honor thrust upon us like foreordination by men, instead of choosing these distinctions for ourselves according to the word and will of God as we think we do. I have wondered if other women feel the same way about this. But I have never had the courage to ask the question point-blank. I have a sort of premonition that most of us are so ignorant of the processes by which we become virtue-bearing in an unvirtuous world that almost any woman might resent the question.

But I suppose our sins do actually belong to us. However, there is practically no originality about them. We can only commit two or three; the others are mere variations of the same perversities. My notion is that there is not much satisfaction to be had from exposing them. If you make an art, a literature or a science of your vices, the

(Continued on Page 38)

There is a Speech in the Wind That We Do Not Know. A Heroism in Nature That We Do Not Comprehend

"Best to buy for bake or fry"

This exclusive new "Silverleaf" carton saves you all the old bother of packing measuring cups and spoons. You just score the top of the lard as shown on the flap of the carton, and in a twinkling cut the **EXACT** *amount you need*

Devonshire Shortbread

Mix 1 cup of Swift's "Silverleaf" Brand Pure Lard with ⅔ cup of sugar, 4 cups of flour, 2 teaspoons of water and ½ teaspoon of salt. Roll, cut in diamond shapes and bake in a hot oven. Serve with cream cheese and jelly

In every kind of shortbread this delicate tempting flavor

All kinds of shortbreads—how you do enjoy them, when they have that prized flavor, that appetizing taste that makes you eat every last crumb and wish there were more!

It is to get this fine flavor that so many women are particular to use a certain shortening, a favorite everywhere for years—Swift's "Silverleaf" Brand Pure Lard.

Rendered sweet and pure from choice pork fat, this shortening makes everything taste so *extra* good—gives baked things the most delicate, tempting flavor!

"Silverleaf" is always creamy smooth, too; and of just the right consistency to mix with other ingredients. That means a delightful lightness and tenderness in all your baked foods.

Whether you use "Silverleaf" for shortening or for frying, you will always get the fine, appetizing taste you like. This pure lard comes in various quantities to suit your needs—in special 1-pound measuring cartons and in pails of 2, 4 and 8 pounds. Ask your dealer today for "Silverleaf" in one of these convenient forms.

Swift & Company

Swift's "Silverleaf" Brand Pure Lard

(Continued from Page 36)

result is some kind of puerile decadence, not entertaining to normal people.

In any case, I have been a very dull person along this line. To the best of my knowledge I have never committed an interesting sin, nor one that even held my own attention for longer than the moment it took to get rid of it by prayer and repentance. For this reason I am obliged to confine myself to the moderate activities of that narrow and monotonous existence already mentioned with becoming heat in these pages.

Looking back now through the mirror of my mind, the thing that astonishes me most is that nothing seems to have changed me. I made my little history of courage, honor and sacrifices, and from start to finish I can trace the silent, invincible child I was through all the women I have become in various periods of my life. I lived the whole of it with a curious mental reservation which was myself. I still love with a stronger passion the things that child loved—the earth, the sky, the living things that do not speak, but know and mean so much more than we can think or even tell with all our living or dead languages.

There is a speech in the wind that we do not know, a heroism in Nature that we do not comprehend, some wisdom of beauty in the grass and the faintest flowers that bloom which we shall never achieve, a kind of fearless liberty to live to which we shall never attain with all our ideals and declarations of independence. We only believe that all men are created free and equal and entitled to the pursuit of happiness, but it is something we have never experienced because our minds constrain us. These verdant boughs have no mind, so they live in perfect liberty without our poor fears and transient knowledges. The seeds of the grass that is cut down and withers today will spring green above our graves tomorrow with not one memory of pain or death. As a child, I could not have said what drew me to the earth, but it was this feeling of being closer there to life that neither fears nor perishes.

I am poorer in faith than that child was, but I still believe wearily in the same Providence in which she rejoiced. As she went silently about her affairs regardless, so have I gone on doing the thing I meant to do with a determination that will not be defeated. I made no appearance at this business, and do not now attract the least attention at working my will; only the thing accomplished is seen and read, not I. What I mean is that I am literally an unobtrusive person by nature. No one would recognize me except by name. I remember the same shyness as a child at being noticed. I have played my little tunes on the heart of the world, but I never craved to be identified by my strut with my works.

I love truth, although I shall die hating mere facts, because they are misleading. They are the weapons and defense of literalists, strangely mean-minded people in my opinion who have caused much trouble and strife in the world. But I have the same happy talent the child I was had for prevaricating. Let me have some wisdom of the truth even if it is no larger than a mustard seed, and the sensation inflates me: I cannot set it down in the little raw words of mere veracity. I must garnish it and spread it like a rainbow above my mind.

Some people would call this lying. I think they have done it, but I am not embarrassed or convinced. My notion is that it is a very precious kind of inebriation of the spirit. I remember lying myself into a state of happy intoxication as a child, even if I had to go out behind the house to do it where no one could hear me.

I think this is one reason I live concealed behind so many hills now. The occasional excursions I make into the world bring me face to face with so many confusing and depressing facts which I cannot endure and cannot deny. Here, there is nothing to deny. All is an affirmation of the old order of things as in the beginning. It is only my mind that travels. Sometimes then I see visions of the future like Cassandra. But I try to be sensible about this and remember that it is the weariness of the years which darkens the glass.

The world is not really whirling to destruction. It is we who are old and no longer able to keep pace with the times and who must pass away. Everything will go on as usual when we are out of it. And I shall not be scared up out of my grave, disheveled and demented by the din of some fearful battle going on above me. Such thoughts I do have for the moment, and am mastered by them as I used to be enchanted when I was young by a star-blossoming night. But presently I take a sort of recumbent comfort in the situation; nothing is really changed that should remain fixed by His almighty will—the same bright days, the same kind nights, the same seasons; only I have grown older. My tides are falling. I have no longer the mortal power to believe everything and hope everything. I must leave hopes now for those who need them more than I do.

When you are passing into the afternoon of your years it is wise to break the habit you used to have of planning for the future, because your future is behind you, as some Smart Aleck has said. It is sensible to economize in hopes, because they are depleting when you no longer have the power to achieve them. I have planted all my trees years ago. Presently I shall be obliged to sit beneath their shade and fold my hands. Even then I know I shall not be contented with just peace. I shall be looking and wishing for a little happiness.

When you are about to matriculate into old age you speculate a good deal about how you will feel then. I am thinking it would be a grand thing to live long enough to grow simple and full of faith and the artless happiness I had as a child. Old people do sometimes; they come again into that eager, snooping curiosity the very young have. They go about wondering and getting themselves happily deceived as we keep terrors and anxieties from little children. It is a sweet and blessed state.

Heaven preserve me from becoming a grand old woman and being obliged to keep my dignity and mind sitting up overwhelming others to the last! I should hate to pass out as one of my grandfathers did. He was very old, but he retained to the end an outrageously overbearing use of his faculties. All of us who were his meeker posterity had gathered respectfully about his bedside, not tearful, because he was intolerant of tears and we dared not weep. Presently he swept the whole bowed company with one glittering glance and commanded us to leave him alone.

"I will not be stared out of countenance at the very last!" he gasped.

So he died with all of us hidden behind the bed peeping at him.

I want someone to hold my hand then, and to hear many kind voices soothing me and praising me as if I had been a dear good old child for a long time. I want to be reduced to that innocency of the "such as" when I go hence, and maybe trailing some fragment of the same cloud of glory with which I came from God who was my home.

I suppose women are one of the essential provisions of Nature, but in our minds we have never been satisfied

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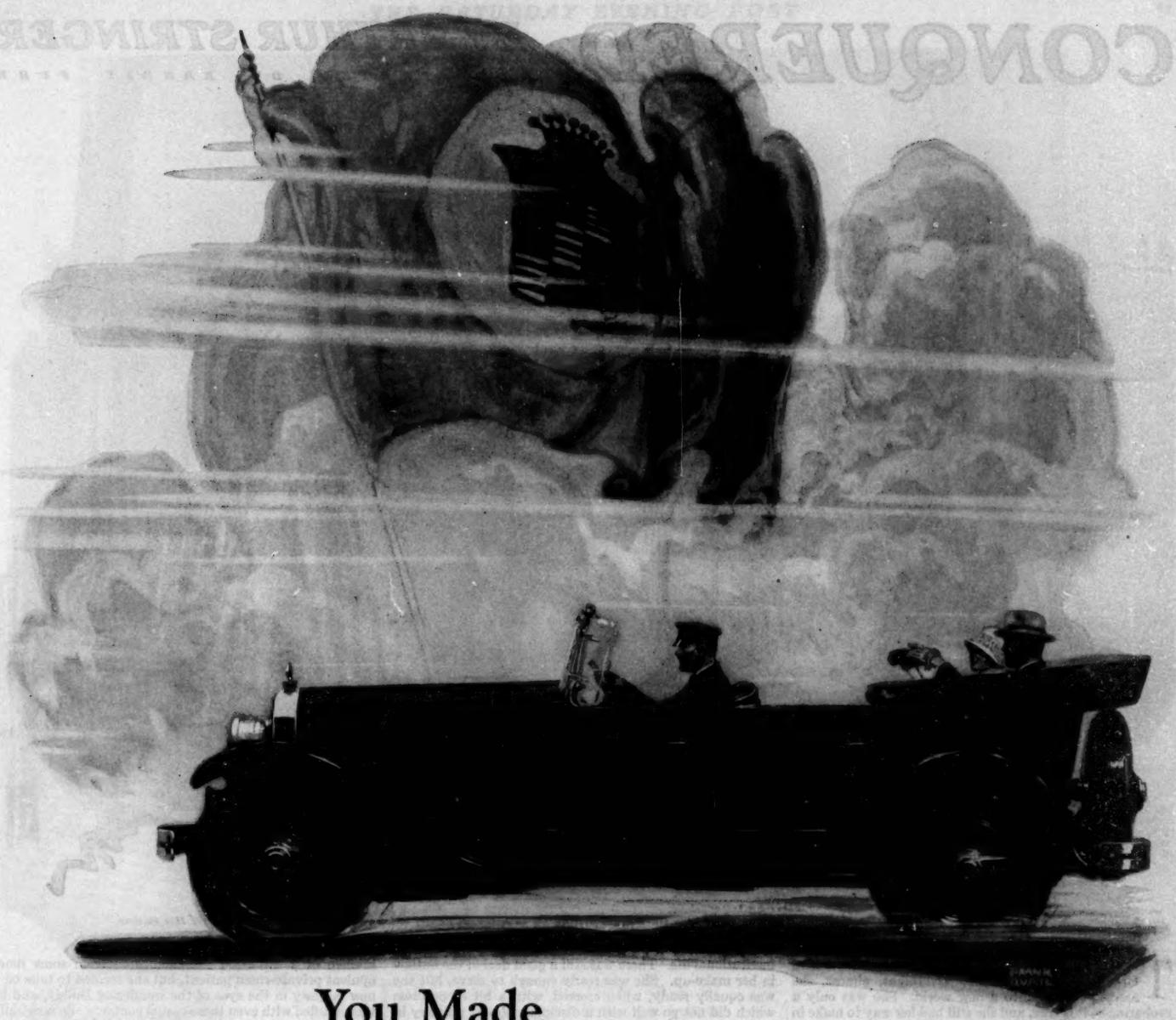
Getting One Foot Caught in My Shirt as I Descended Caused Me Actually to Tumble From the Hack in Which I Arrived Directly Upon the Fluttering Edge of That Garden Party



You Made These Lower Cadillac Prices

When all is said and done it is the public which has made possible these lower prices on the new 90-degree Cadillac.

If the Cadillac market had not grown steadily to its present large proportions over a period of years, it would be utterly impossible to produce and sell at the present prices such an ultra-fine car as the new Cadillac.

If the number of Cadillac buyers who can be securely counted upon year after year were curtailed by even so much as twenty-five per cent—the first cost of the Cadillac must of necessity be very much higher.

The whole world concedes Cadillac's capacity to build cars beyond compare—and Cadillac says of this new car:—

"With all the wonderful facilities of Cadillac and General Motors at our command, this is the very best car we can now build—but thanks to you good people who buy Cadillacs year after year, we have been able to bring the prices to a point where there is nothing in the world to compare with the new Cadillac, either in first cost or in after economy."

Standard Line

Five-Passenger Brougham, $2995; Two-Passenger Coupe, $3045; Four-Passenger Victoria, $3095; Five-Passenger Sedan, $3195; Seven-Passenger Sedan, $3295; Seven-Passenger Imperial, $3435.

Custom Line

Roadster, $3250; Touring Car, $3250; Phaeton, $3250; Five-Passenger Coupe, $4000; Five-Passenger Sedan, $4150; Seven-Passenger Suburban, $4285; Seven-Passenger Imperial, $4485.

All prices quoted F. O. B. Detroit. Tax to be added

The privilege of deferred payment, over a twelve months' period, is gladly given on any Cadillac car

CADILLAC

DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

General Motors Export Company, New York
Cadillac Motor Car Company of Canada, Ltd., Oshawa, Ontario

CONQUERED

By ARTHUR STRINGER

ILLUSTRATED BY ERNEST FUHR

Tiny, When Her Plans Had Matured and Wilbur Stone Was Once More Sitting Up in a Wheel Chair, Ushered Billy Into the Presence of His Father

IX

TINY'S admission to the hospital marked the second Great Divide of her life. Overnight, almost, she seemed to step into a new world. She was only a probationer, it is true, and she still had her way to make in that unknown new world. But she took courage from the thought that she was finally enlisted in the ranks of order and service. And if ever a girl stood anxious to prove her worth in these ranks it was Miss Tiny McCann.

Her uniform was not strictly a uniform as yet, but it was enough for Tiny. She loved to pipe-clay her shoes and put on her fresh apron and pass inspection and go marching off with the other girls to the devious duties that kept her day a full one. Her sleeping room in the nurses' residence was neither large nor luxurious, but it was her own, and once she had stowed her meager belongings away in the small dresser and hung her proudly framed picture of Florence Nightingale on the wall, she was proud of every inch of it. She heard much grumbling, at first, from the more finicky-minded members of her class, grumbling about jail cells and hard work and call bells and the hardship of cafeteria service in the dining room and the monotony of the diet. But in all this the smiling Tiny saw no grounds for complaint. She was faring considerably better, in fact, than she had ever fared before. She was abjuring scant luxuries and sacrificing few pleasures. She felt so lucky, in fact, that she stood in daily fear something might happen to end her dream. She was satisfied to be a part of that colossal machine which was still too intricate for her understanding, which absorbed her in its movement and organized her day and used up her energy and left her at night with throbbingly tired feet and a feeling that she was at last being of some use in the world. It was rather like being on a big steamer, to Tiny, a big steamer sailing for some pleasantly unknown land, very far away, a steamer so vast and so crowded that she had scant time to explore its different decks and thrust an inquisitive young nose into its more secret corners.

But learning to be a nurse was not all velvet to Tiny. She was ill suited, both by training and temperament, for institutional life. There was still a good deal of the outlaw in her make-up. She was ready enough to serve, but she was equally ready, when crossed, with a bit of pertness which did not go well with a discipline almost military in its exactions. Her heart, in fact, was apt to run away with her head. And, eager as she was to learn, there were many phases of life of which she stood dolorously ignorant.

This resulted in a certain condescension in her classmates and a good deal of ragging at the hands of her more experienced associates. The older floor girls, realizing her greenness, harvested much merriment from her hunger to be helpful. Tiny was sent to the supply department for utensils that never existed and for drugs that were unknown to the pharmacopœia. She was persuaded into attempting to take the temperature of a visiting clergyman waiting to see one of his sick parishioners, and she was solemnly directed to transfer "Boney," the articulated skeleton used in the classroom lectures on anatomy, from one dark closet to another. Tiny effected the transfer, though her hands were shaking as she did so. But fear, she found, could be overcome, once you make up your mind to ignore it. She found that she could handle a disarticulated bone, in time, without getting gooseflesh, and could inspect preserved organs and specimens without losing her color, and invade an operating room with a still ensanguined floor without having chills go up and down her back, and examine a case of shining surgical instruments without getting the once familiar tightness between the collarbones.

Her classwork during her first three months at the hospital, it is true, gave her only a limited amount of time in the wards and at actual bedside nursing, for one can't take instruction in anatomy and physiology and bacteriology and chemistry and materia medica and hygiene and sanitation and bandaging and dietetics, and at the same time loll about the children's roof garden where Buddy, as he grew stronger, sat in the yellow sunlight and listened to the East River boat whistles. So Tiny's visits to her beloved Buddy were mostly brief and surreptitious. She usually brought him, it is true, a titbit appropriated from the diet kitchen or a carnation commandeered from some more opulent private-room patient, but she seemed to take on a new majesty in the eyes of the wondering Buddy, and he was satisfied with even these casual contacts. So magically full was Tiny's day, in fact, that even Billy Stone's duly reported advent as an ambulance driver scaled down to a more or less trivial event. For there was much to be learned and still more to be forgotten.

Tiny, for example, prided herself on being a practical-minded young woman with a working knowledge of one's everyday domestic duties, but when it came to the matter of bed making she discovered that a process so apparently simple could take on complications undreamed of by the untrained. There was one way, and only one way, apparently, to make a hospital bed. It must be drum tight and tombstone smooth; it must be wrinkle-proof; every corner must be square; every sheet must be turned just so and every pillow must be precisely in place. But that was not all. For when a stern-eyed supervisor inspected the row of beds which Tiny had so dutifully made up one side of a ward, and found one at least two inches out of place in the line, she went down that line promptly undoing Tiny's work and commanding her to do it all over again.

It struck Tiny, whose feet ached from being on them so long, as so essentially unjust that she caught up a pillow and almost surrendered to the impulse of thumping that unperceiving supervisor over the head with it. But reason came to the young probationer in the nick of time, and she escaped disaster by pretending to stumble over her own foot.

"These waxed floors'll have me throwing a Brody," she said with a forced grin as she went dutifully to the end of the line and began her second round of the tumbled beds, "if I don't watch my step."

"I'd certainly advise you to watch your step," retorted Tiny's superior officer as she passed haughtily down the ward. And Tiny was denied the luxury of flinging a wise crack after her oppressor.

(Continued on Page 43)

This neat and extremely attractive small tile design is Gold Seal Inlaid, Universal Pattern No. 55-90.

Gold Seal Inlaid, Universal Pattern No. 56-93

NAIRN
Gold Seal
INLAID
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR YOUR MONEY BACK IF LAID ACCORDING TO DIRECTIONS ON BACK OF THE GOODS
REMOVE SEAL WITH DAMP CLOTH

Gold Seal Inlaid, Belflor Pattern No. 7104-6

Gold Seal Inlaid, Belflor Pattern No. 7103-8

Beautiful floors need not be expensive

THOUSANDS and thousands of women have proved this to their lasting satisfaction through buying *Gold Seal Inlaids*. They have proved that the beauty of this genuine inlaid linoleum is actually an economy, that here is a flooring for any room that combines good looks with low price and long life.

Nothing could be better suited to bathroom, kitchen, and pantry than a clean-cut inlaid pattern such as the floor illustrated above. Crisply outlined in clear, bright colors, this is one of the many *Gold Seal Inlaid* designs that look particularly well in rooms where immaculate freshness is the effect desired.

For the living and dining rooms, sun porch, and hall *Gold Seal Inlaids* offer you a variety of softly prismatic effects not found in any other flooring. The *Belflor* patterns reproduced at the left give an idea of the artistic blending of the tones and the richness of the shading.

Both these types of *Gold Seal Inlaids*—the clean cut and the new prismatic tile—preserve the high Nairn standard of quality and workmanship.

Every *Gold Seal Inlaid* floor, laid according to our directions, carries a guarantee of satisfaction or your money back.

When buying Inlaids look for the Gold Seal on the face of the goods, or the Nairn name stamped on the back.

Send for folder illustrated in color.

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Philadelphia	New York	Boston	Chicago
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NAIRN
GOLD SEAL
INLAIDS

Must a man turn miser at 31?

IT WAS INTENDED that men should enjoy life—should enjoy work, and have a surplus of energy left over for play. The men who get the most out of life ride on the top of their jobs, instead of being ridden by them. These men are masters of their fate.

Yet how many men are inferior even to the everyday demands—are the servants of their circumstances! How many men are defeated by the trivial cares which everyone must face! How many men strive ineffectually with the tasks to which their hands are turned, and arrive at the end of the day too exhausted to claim the rewards of leisure!

It is to be expected that every man shall feel his age some time, but the tragic fact is that so many men—the *average* man—grows old too soon. The man who is thirty can reasonably expect to live to be sixty. He is just entering "the prime of life." He should be able to look forward to a score or more of years untroubled by physical ills.

Growing old too soon

Yet the actual situation, shown by the United States Life Tables, is this: *The average man begins to lose his health at 31.*

He is on the down grade. He must begin to retrench. He must begin to spare himself—to favor his dwindling store of stamina. He must turn miser.

Science and common sense agree that the surest way to live fully, to live triumphantly, is to live a *natural* life. This means getting sufficient sleep each night to recharge the batteries of vital energy. It means exercising enough, in the open air, to keep the muscles oiled and resilient. It means selecting food that nourishes, without burdening the digestive organs. It means avoiding the use of artificial stimulants.

Perhaps the most widespread offender among artificial stimulants is caffein. It has no food value, but it *seems* to give new energy. It does this by deadening the sense of fatigue, and withdrawing vital energy from the body's reserve.

This reserve vitality is our guardian against disease. It is our real *life* insurance in emergencies.

One decided step toward right living is the avoidance of caffein. It is easy to do this—without sacrificing anything. Millions have taken this step, and profited, by changing to Postum.

Postum is made of whole wheat and bran, roasted to bring out the full, rich flavor. It contains no trace of any artificial stimulant. And every member of the family can enjoy it, every meal of the day, with no fear of the nervousness, sleeplessness, headache and indigestion which so often result from caffein.

You try Postum, too! Try it tonight. Make it your mealtime drink for thirty days—a long enough time to throw off the effects of caffein, and show results. Then, on the basis of this test, decide whether you ever want to go back to caffein!

Accept the offer of Carrie Blanchard, famous food demonstrator!

Carrie Blanchard's Offer

"I want you to make a thirty-day test of Postum. I will send you one week's supply, free, and my personal directions for preparing it. I will tell you about Iced Postum, too—and how to make Postum with hot milk for children.

"If you would rather begin the test today, get Postum at your grocer's. It costs much less—only one-half cent a cup.

"For the week's free supply, send me your name and address. Please indicate whether you want Instant Postum, made instantly in the cup, or Postum Cereal, the kind you boil."

FREE—MAIL THIS COUPON NOW!

S. E. P. 9-19-25

Postum Cereal Co., Inc., Battle Creek, Mich.
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(Continued from Page 40)

"It's a great life, doctor, if you don't weaken," she asserted when Doctor Beach stopped her in the hall and asked her how she was getting along. "It's a great life, if you only had an extra pair of feet."

"Your heart's still in the work?" he smilingly inquired.

"It's standing up better than my arches," she proclaimed as she moved on toward the chemical laboratory where for some unknown reason with nine other girls she was to create unique odors by the patient compounding of unnamable mixtures. There were times, in fact, when the sudden morass of science through which she was floundering seemed too deep for her. But Tiny was determined not to be conquered. When her classmates, in their time off, went shopping or sightseeing and of an evening regaled themselves at the movies, she shut herself in her room with her textbooks and struggled with the metric and apothecaries' system and fought with the principles of asepsis and fractional doses and patiently thumbed her medical dictionary to dig out the true meaning of distoma hepaticum and cardiac dilatation and hemiachromatopsia and the difference between peritoneum and perineum. The most important result of all this was that it finally impressed Tiny with a salutary idea of her own ignorance, just as the impersonal relationships of institutional life began to bring home to her the triviality of her own reactions as an unstable and emotional organism. It was, of course, no easy pill for a born individualist like Tiny to swallow. It even puzzled her, puzzled her much more than the incontinent amount of washing and cleaning up that fell to her lot. For there was, apparently, always something to be cleaned up. Tiny, it is true, never complained, for she had been a cleaner-up before she had even emerged from her romper age. But her methods did not always meet with official approval. Her fate even trembled in the balance when, after for the third time detecting egg yolk in the ample beard of a patriarchal old patient, she summarily removed this beard with a pair of surgical scissors and was later chased the full length of the ward by an indignant wife who had almost failed to recognize her sadly altered spouse.

Notwithstanding these occasional mistakes, however, Tiny was happiest at her bedside work. She preferred the human contacts there to the cold heights of science and the smell of the animal organs which they inspected in the physiology class. And she was popular with her patients. She was known, inside of three weeks, to every child in the pediatric ward. They watched for her sunny Celtic smile and waited for a cheery word from her glib young tongue. She may have been a trifle backward in her knowledge of microörganisms, but she possessed an almost clairvoyant knowledge of how a bed-tired invalid wanted a pillow turned and a restless sufferer would like a window shade lowered. When Doctor Beach resumed his interne work it was for Tiny he sent when he had trouble in making one of his little girl patients swallow her two pills.

"How'll we manage this kid?" he asked as his wandering eye noted the gardenialike creaminess of Tiny's skin.

"Watch me," proclaimed Tiny, consumed with sudden pride. So the two essential pills were carefully concealed in a dish of junket. "Eat your nice custard, honey," the sullen-eyed little patient was admonished.

The custard was duly eaten.

"It's all gone, isn't it?" Tiny triumphantly demanded. And she glowed at Doctor Beach's nod of qualified approval.

"It's all gone but the seeds," explained their stubborn patient, exhibiting the two fateful pellets that remained. And the eyes of the two older people met in a glance that was not as impersonal as it ought to be.

"I guess we're not as smart as we thought we were," observed the man in white. But Tiny refused to give up. She told the patient a story about a robber who tried to steal two priceless pearls, whereupon the princess who owned them put them in her mouth, but found herself unable to swallow them.

"It couldn't be done," proclaimed the doctor.

"It could," declared Tiny.

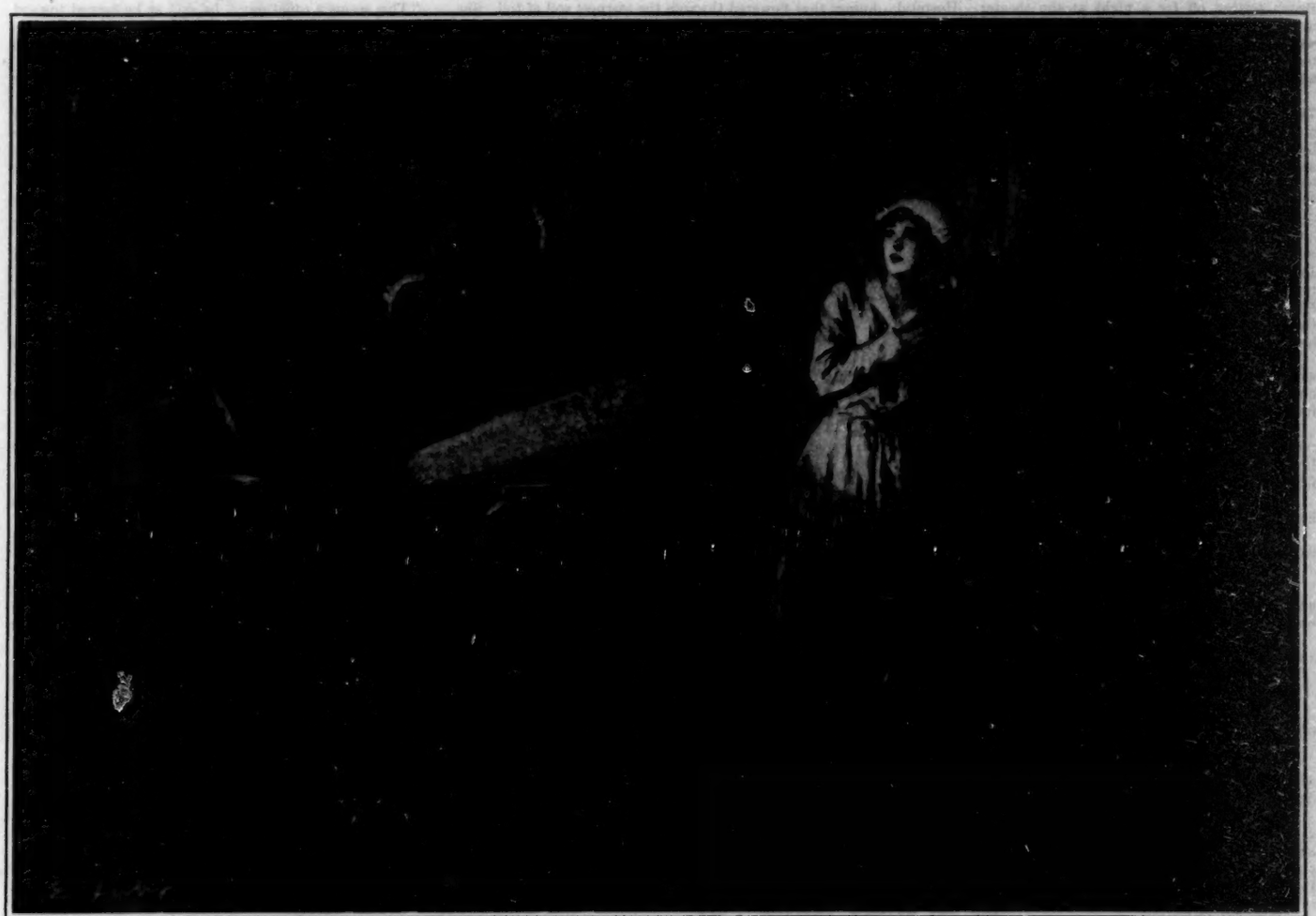
"Of course it could," agreed the small patient.

"Of course," pursued Tiny. "And we'll show you how!" And before the slightly indignant young lady on the bed quite realized it she had swallowed her pills, and Doctor Beach, when Miss Thrall happened along, was solemnly making an entry on the chart pad that hung at the foot of the bed.

But luck was not always with Miss McCann. A week later, when old Patsy McGuigan, who was given to slipping out of his ward bed and wandering about the floor, essayed an unauthorized promenade down the outer hall, Tiny on her way from the linen room light-heartedly linked arms with the old Irishman in the bob-tailed hospital shirt and wrung a burst of laughter from her fellow juniors by the absurdity of that parade. But the head nurse who appeared suddenly around the corner at the side of a visiting surgeon saw no humor in that exhibition. The offending probationer, in fact, was both severely lectured and deprived of her amusement time off for the month.

Yet Tiny, even with her precious time off gone, found quite enough inside those grim walls to keep her amused. She liked best of all the children's wards and hungered for the time when she could establish herself in the maternity wing and be as happy in a smother of babies as a seal is happy in a smother of foam. Next to that she liked the ward where the old men lay, the wary and hardened and dexterous old habituals, from Smiling Sam, the ex-fireman who had broken his back going down with a warehouse roof and would never walk again, to old Sergeant MacNair, who had survived three wars and insisted on exchanging salutes with Tiny every time she passed the foot of his bed. Tiny, it must be acknowledged, was not entirely professional in her attitude toward these blithe-spirited old sufferers who watched for her coming and lamented her going. She treated them, in fact, as a circle of children and even threatened to spank old Patsy McGuigan for refusing to be bathed, the lucky advent of a supervisor alone saving that unfortunate from his well-merited chastisement.

But, on the other hand, this girl with the quick tongue and the warm smile often enough smuggled them in apples and oranges, and not only solemnly blinked an open infraction of rules when they slipped out to the bathroom for a stolen puff or two on a community pipe, but stood on guard until the pipe was once more hidden away and the telltale fumes no longer floated in the air. These crafty old conspirators, it is true, often imposed on the new girl's good nature, wheedling her out of unprescribed bowls of beef tea and more alcohol and witch-hazel rubs than the regulations allowed. When a fire occurred, luckily it was not in her old men's ward, but down in the urological ward where Big Dutch Bolger, defying authority as he saw it embodied in a gray-eyed snip of a girl, insisted on smoking



A Ghostly Arm of Light Swung Out of the Darkness and Slapped Her Full in the Face. "Drop That Phone!" Cried a Voice

a cigarette in his bed. He promptly set this bed on fire, and in spite of the combined bullet wound and diabetes from which he was supposed to be suffering, beat a grotesquely prompt retreat, leaving Tiny to face the situation as best she could. And Tiny, rather than turn in a general alarm, personally fought and vanquished the fire with three chemical extinguishers, after considerable charring of the woodwork and a somewhat painful scorching of her forearms. So volubly did the rest of the ward attest to the new girl's heroism, however, that the Superintendent of Nurses, in making up her list of probationers duly accepted by the training school, overlooked Miss McCann's none too promising examination papers in bacteriology and materia medica and included her name among those deemed qualified to continue their course as accepted nurses in training.

"There's something in a girl who can keep a building from burning up," agreed Doctor Burkett of the lecturing staff.

"Even though she does occasionally make a bonfire of our house rules," admitted the kindly eyed superintendent, who had come to know life and character at the cost of her emotions.

x

TINY, when she got her stripes, took herself and her new blue-and-white uniform very seriously. She took herself so seriously, in fact, that a handful of her more hardened associates carried her off to an operating room, when the coast was clear, and in appropriated surgeons' gowns and specs solemnly placed her on the table and performed a mock laparotomy. Eleven sterile caps, unfortunately, were opened during the hilarity and an outraged surgery nurse complained to the superintendent, who, after due inquiry, sternly reprimanded both patient and surgeons and made the culprits pay for three tiles broken in the wall where the operating table had come into too violent collision with it.

Tiny worked hard to wipe out that early black mark. At night she bathed her tired feet with witch hazel and studied her textbooks and almost forgot to thank Billy Stone for the American Beauties which he had sent to commemorate her acceptance as a junior. Billy, indeed, saw much less of Tiny than he had counted on, and his happiness did not appreciably increase when he observed her and Doctor Beach setting off for a night at the theater. Hospital internes, under the newer régime of student government, were permitted to call at the training school and join the pupil nurses in their more decorous forms of social amusement.

But it seemed an oddly phantasmal world into which Tiny periodically emerged, a world grown misty and remote, where autumn darkened into winter and the shops became gay with Christmas and the days lengthened again and spring once more crept over the city and the strawberry peddlers once more yodeled along the cross streets. Most of Tiny's trips were made to the flat in Stanton Street, where Mrs. Rapp, oppressed by a new form of loneliness, kept Buddy close under her wing. She had even refused, after Tiny had taken the boy to the Hospital for Joint Diseases in upper Madison Avenue for an examination, either to agree to an operation or allow any son of hers to be cut up by a pack of human butchers, citing the failure of Tiny's hospital to effect a cure of the ailing hip as testimony to her reasonableness.

But Tiny did not give up. She promised Buddy that he would be running foot races before she got through with him, and made scurrying visits to his home, and arranged for old Schultz to teach him how to read.

It was after one of these visits, when spring was almost ready to ripen into summer, that the hard-lipped Spider Logan unexpectedly intercepted Tiny on her way down from the flat.

"We don't see much o' you these days," he ventured as he swung in beside her.

"I'm busy with my work," said Tiny, disturbed by the fixed sullenness of his face.

"Too busy for ol' friends," he scoffed.

"Then you're still a friend of mine?" she queried with a new-found fortitude. And she was able to smile as she said it.

"Ain't I fit for you?" he cried with sudden deliberated anger.

"Have you proved it?" asked Tiny.

"You was satisfied wit' me once," retorted Spider.

"Well, I'm not now," she proclaimed, resenting his possessive clutch at her sleeve.

"And you think you're through wit' me?" he demanded.

"There are certain things that I'm certainly through with," she said with a decisiveness that brought a dark flush to his face.

"All right, bozo!" he cried with a sudden reckless venom. "Go on wit' your grand dreams. But count me out if you can. Just try it. Turn as high and mighty as you want to, but remember that I'm goin' to get you yet. I'm goin' to swing you back here if I have to wait ten years to do it. I don't know how and I don't know when. But before I'm through wit' you, you're goin' to be back where you belong!"

Tiny compelled herself to laugh at the quiet and reptilious hate in his eyes.

"You can't scare me that way, Spider," was her calm retort. "D'you understand? You can't hold me up by cheap talk any more than you can stop a Subway train that way. I know what I'm trying to do. And you can't conquer me by threats any more than you can conquer life by crookedness!"

"The time'll come when you'll see how cheap that talk is," he said as he stood regarding her out of a narrowed eye.

"Well, I've had enough of it," she said as she stepped out to the car that stood at the street corner. And she saw, to her relief, that he was making no effort to follow her.

She did her best to forget the incident, letting the hospital once more swallow her up. And she felt, more than ever before, that an invulnerable protecting arm was about her. She lost herself in her work, and was vaguely conscious of the lengthening days and the relaxing heat of midsummer and the mistier mornings of early autumn again. And she realized, by that flimsily recorded flight of time, how immured she was in that newer world of her own, a world that stood self-complete, self-engrossed, intent on its own tragedies and comedies, absorbed in its own problems and passions. In that high-walled labyrinth of wards and rooms and corridors that shut her in she found a new pride and a new sense of importance. If some of the buildings were old and some of the equipment outmoded and some of the wards an apparent agglomeration of earth's misfits, a new and growing sense of loyalty to her hospital made her battle all the more energetically against those adverse conditions, prompting her to repeat the claim that it was the bad cases that made the good nurses. And the hospital got the worst that a tumultuous city of six millions could give that busy receiving station of the afflicted.

Tiny, as her training extended, no longer winced at the first stroke of a knife through the flesh of an etherized patient, though she had made it a practice, during her earlier weeks in the surgery, always to shut her eyes when that first disturbing incision was under way. She no longer quailed at dressings nor cringed at the cries of labor nor outwardly lost her calm before some of the more revolting emergencies that Billy Stone and his colleagues brought in. It was all part of the day's work, to be faced with fortitude and to be made endurable by the inconsequential humor that flowered through the sternest soil of toil. She had seen birth and watched death and fed prematures with a medicine dropper and administered *oleo resina* to a belligerent Turkish giant who threatened to cut her heart out. But always behind the thin façade of professional solemnity was the promise of some stabilizing human laughter, of the intruding comedy that relieved the strain and kept the heart sound. And Tiny had a casual and offhanded courage that was all her own. An offshoot of her crusader spirit was her ability to clown in the face of calamity, past or impending. She was a firm believer in the curative powers of laughter. She went to extremes occasionally, as a superior curtly pointed out to her when she was interrupted in the act of amusing a ward and stampeding a new orderly by converting herself into a ghost, with the help of a Kelly pad and a sheet. Nor was it altogether necessary for Tiny, when stationed to watch an operative slowly coming out of his anæsthetic, to encourage that brawny patient to talk about his best girl and explain the number of times and the manner in which he had kissed her. But those were the foolish little things that saved the day for Tiny, that kept her from taking her troubles too seriously.

Yet that casual valor was sometimes of service to more than Tiny herself. For when a delirious patient, who answered to the name of Giovanni Ferrarri, slipped out of bed and eluded his guard and proceeded to emulate a steeplejack by blithely climbing through an upper-story window that opened on the roof, it was Tiny who promptly climbed out on the roof after him. Seeing himself thus pursued, he pioneered farther along that dizzy height, pointedly proclaiming that he would toss her or any other would-be rescuer to the street the moment she came within reach. And Tiny must have known that he had the strength to do so. But she kept on her way along the sloping roof edge. She kept on her way until she came up to him, her trim blue-and-white skirt fluttering pennonlike in the breeze that blew up from the East River. Then, forgetting the faces, official and unofficial, that lined the windows behind her, she grasped the scowling Giovanni firmly by the neck of his hospital shirt, soundly boxed his ears, and commanded him to come straight back to bed.

And, oddly enough, Giovanni went back with her, docile step by step, while Tiny scolded him as an indignant schoolteacher might scold a wayward child. He stopped once to expostulate, but Tiny, clinging to her perch with one hand and to the hospital shirt with the other, shook him vigorously and tugged him on again. It was not until she got back to the open window and a dozen ready hands were waiting to take possession of the sullen-eyed fugitive that Giovanni seemed to awaken to the absurdity of his submission. And then he began to fight. Then, almost at the last moment, his convulsive struggles came within an ace of flinging Tiny over the weathered roof cornice and putting an untimely end to her quiet-lipped triumph. But two sturdy orderlies already had Giovanni's arms in chancery and with the help of an even stronger interne they dragged the delirious man in over the sill and carried him back to bed and did him up neatly under a restraining sheet, after which they all came and solemnly shook hands with Tiny, as though she were being congratulated on something fine and memorable instead of merely leading a nut patient in from a roof cornice. To add to her discomfiture, Miss Thrall presented her with a three-day holiday, just as though she were a tired night nurse after six weeks of ward duty. And the story went the rounds of the institution, ward by ward and floor by floor, until even Billy Stone, smoking a cigarette on his ambulance end as he waited for a call, heard of Tiny's valorous act and decided that he had tarried too meekly and too long for that preoccupied young lady to prove that she was still in the land of the living.

Tiny proved it more promptly than he expected, however, for his ambulance was still parked in the court below the office and he was still smoking his cigarette when that lady herself, with a light heart and three days of freedom on her hands, hurried past him on her way to the nurses' residence.

He intercepted her before she reached the gate.

"Couldn't I possibly shake hands with the heroine?" he said in a self-protective tone of banter. Yet his dark face flushed at her seeming reluctance to take his hand, for there was a foolish sort of social barrier, he remembered, between the staff and the ambulance drivers. A driver was little better than an orderly, and orderlies were usually down-and-outers marking time in the world.

"I'd rather not talk about that," said Tiny, a tinge of color coming to her thin cheek as her glance met his.

"You haven't wanted to talk about anything," complained Billy, still holding her hand.

"We're both so busy," she commented, her eyes widening as he led her back toward his ambulance.

"Get in," he commanded, motioning her toward the driver's seat. For Billy had come to a sudden and somewhat grim decision.

"What are you going to do?" she asked. And he did not answer her until he had climbed into the seat beside her.

"This seems a quiet day," he said as he turned toward the gateway, "and until I get found out I'm going to fulfill a prophecy of mine and steal this old misery wagon to go joy-riding."

"But you might lose your job for this," protested Tiny as they swung out into the street.

"Well, what if I do?" demanded the reckless-eyed driver beside her. "I'm going to have my hour, just the same!"

"But there's your duty to the hospital," objected the girl. "There'll be calls coming in."

"There are enough boys back there to take care of them," retorted Billy as he turned north and went careening up the wider avenue slopes of the city.

"But I don't see why you're doing it," said the still demurring Tiny.

"To be with you," was Billy's answer. "And this seems the only way I can ever work it out."

Tiny sat silent as they went clanging onward.

"These people think we're answering a call," she pointed out as a traffic policeman held back the crowded cars to let them pass.

"I am," proclaimed the reckless-spirited Billy. "And I only wish I could keep on going until my tires wore out and this town was a thousand miles behind us."

"One always has to go back," Tiny reminded him. If she spoke soberly she was nevertheless a trifle dizzy with the speed and a new-found sense of freedom and the laugh of recklessness that lurked about her seat mate's face.

"That doesn't mean one always wants to," contended the man at the wheel.

"But I've found out you always have to pay for your foolish little fights for freedom," asserted the young woman who had been getting acquainted with life. "We want to be free, of course, but there's always something that conquers us."

"Yes, I wanted to be that way," explained Billy as he turned into a park which was unknown to Tiny, "but you came along and stopped it."

She laughed defensively as she looked away.

"You seem to be pretty free," she said as they went careering onward again.

"Not the way you could make me," he corrected.

"But there's that big old building down on the East River we both have to remember," said Tiny with a searching glance up into his face.

"Then why couldn't we cut out the building?" suggested Billy.

"And where would that land us?" countered Tiny.

"In each other's arms," asserted the man at her side. He was making love to her, she knew, but it was not like the love making she had watched on the screen and read

(Continued on Page 136)

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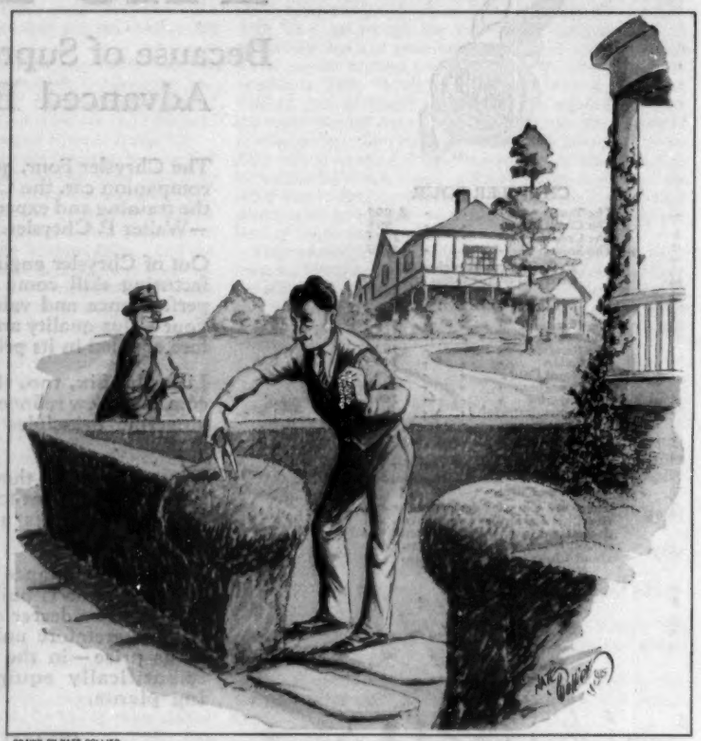
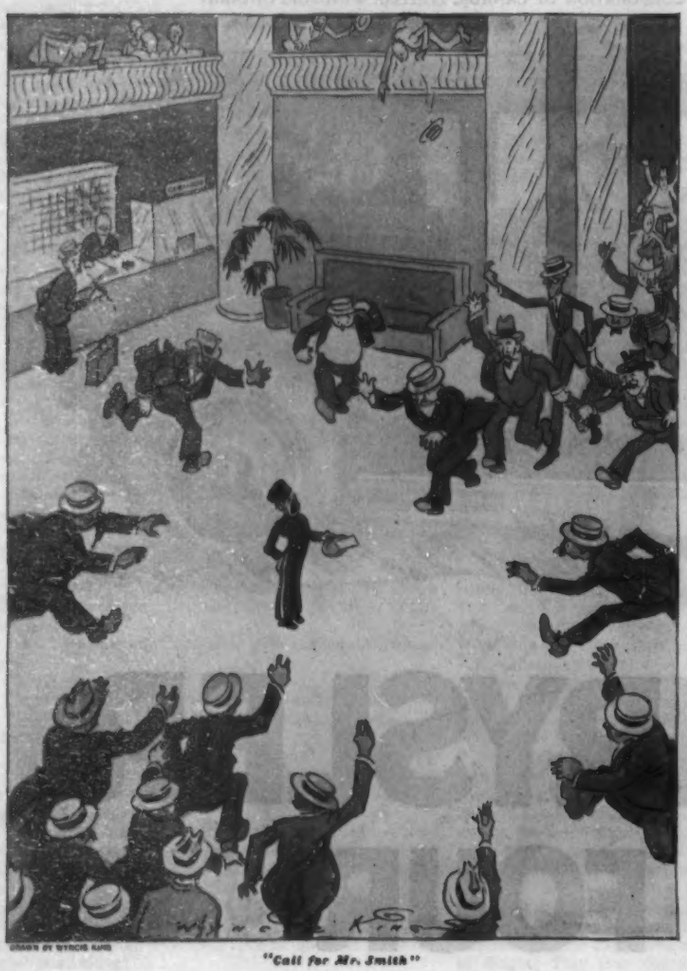
DRAWN BY DONALD MCKEE

Fight Fan: "Kill the Big Stiff!"



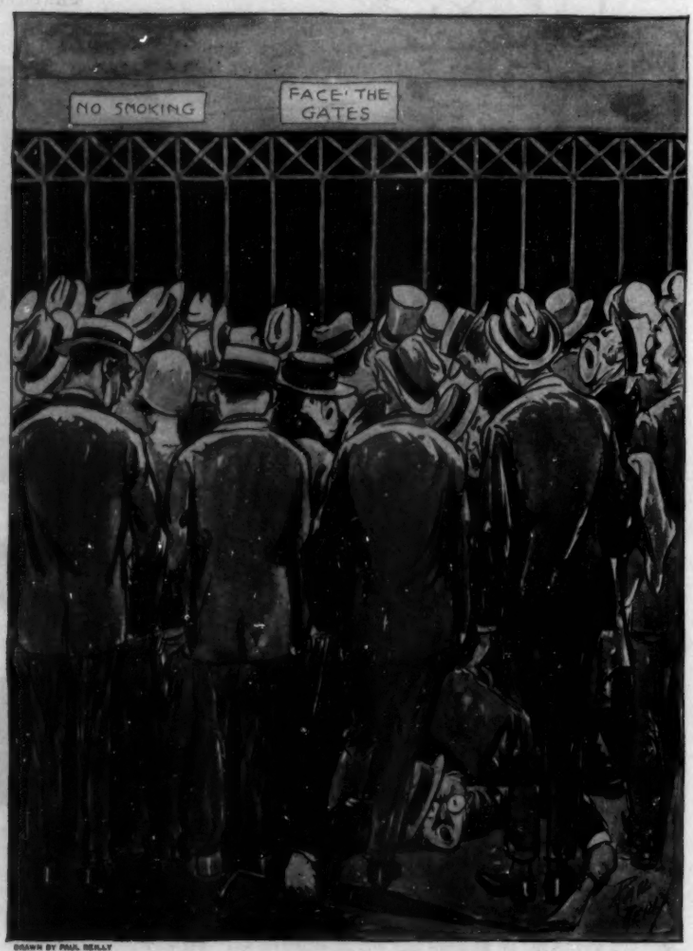
DRAWN BY NATE COLLIER

Absent-Minded Barber (Clipping Hedge): "Shampoo, Sir?"



DRAWN BY WYNCIE KING

"Call for Mr. Smith"



DRAWN BY PAUL REILLY

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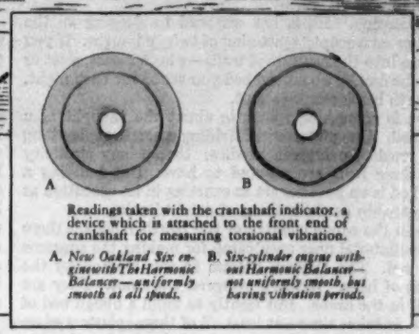
The Oakland Harmonic Balancer

This new and exclusive feature imparts an unmatched freedom from vibration to the Oakland Six engine, and in a manner that is simplicity itself. Torsional vibration in any automobile engine is caused by the twist of the crankshaft under repeated piston impulses. The Harmonic Balancer—built into the Oakland crankshaft—exerts an equal twisting force in the opposite direction, which counteracts the twist of the crankshaft, thus stopping vibration at its source. This means new thrills of motoring pleasure, longer car life.



Readings taken with the crankshaft indicator, a device which is attached to the front end of crankshaft for measuring torsional vibration.

A. *New Oakland Six engine with The Harmonic Balancer—uniformly smooth at all speeds.*

B. *Six-cylinder engine without Harmonic Balancer—not uniformly smooth, but having vibration periods.*

Everywhere—a great outpouring of good will for this new Oakland Six. *Everywhere*—genuine enthusiasm. *Everywhere*—a growing conviction that new and unmatched standards are established by its beauty, performance, freedom from vibration, and new prices—$70 to $350 lower.

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OAKLAND SIX

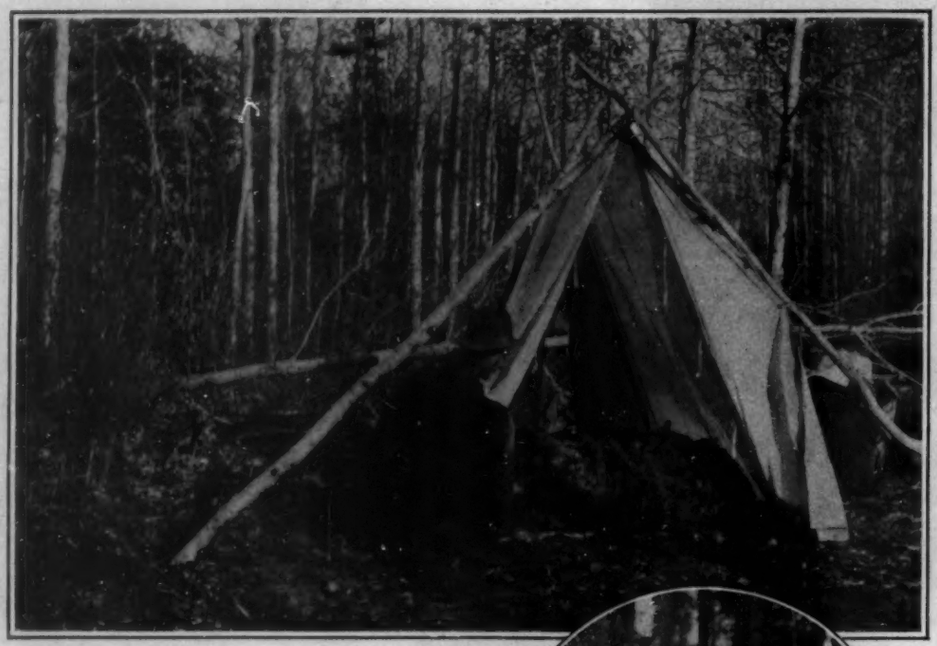
PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS

OUT-OF-DOORS

Beds in the Back Country

THE enjoyment of trips into the country beyond high-powered autos, railways and resort hotels with metropolitan service is very likely to be determined by the sort of bed that awaits your tired body at the end of the day. Even when travel takes you to some little out-of-the-way inn or ranch, the comfort of the night's rest, or lack of it, often fixes your humor of the next day.

Three needs must be met when traveling uncrowded trails—whether you are canoeing, packing with horses, or pegging along on your own power. These needs are food, shelter and a bed built for sleep. Even if the first two are not quite adequate, a good night's rest will compensate for a steady flap-jack diet and a tent that is too small. Particularly for the tenderfoot, the bed is a mighty important trail-trip institution. He is not seasoned to sleeping on the ground or on a scanty scattering of twiggy boughs. If you are going into the country of trails—whether east, west or north—be cranky about the bed you are to use each night. It is worth being cranky about.



A Well-Built Balsam Bed in the Superior National Forest. At Right—A Black Bear in Yellowstone Park

PHOTO. BY CARL ANDERSON

There is something romantic about the thought of a bough bed. One pictures its infolding ease; the spicy tang of the crushed evergreen needles; the springy elasticity which these beds are reputed to have. But building a bough bed is an outdoor art as exacting in its execution as marksmanship or the making of good biscuits.

Only in the canoe country of the North Woods is there suitable material near each camp for making the supreme bough bed. The Eastern balsam fir was created for the building of beds. Western evergreens are not. They are too stiff in the limbs. But rightly to build a bough bed of Eastern fir takes time—at least all of three-quarters of an hour for each bed—and most guides, being hardened to the business of sleeping curled up on a mixture of needles and twigs, with twigs predominating, will not spend this amount of time on bed making.

Using small twigs with the bow of the twigs up, the plumy tops of each layer covering the preceding layer, the bed can be made to possess all the resiliency of the best spring and mattress, and each jabbing twig will be covered, as shingles are lapped, by the feathery needle-covered tips of the sprigs. When in the canoe country of the North, plan to use balsam beds, but either make them yourself or be ready to cajole your guide into taking the time to make a good bough bed each night. A thin, light, tight tarp for spreading over the boughs is a desirable bit of bedding. It keeps the boughs in place and prevents moisture from crawling up into the bed.

Four seasons of living in the open, six months in a season, will bring many experiences with beds for trail camps. After sifting them all out, figuring compactness and comfort, none equals the blow-bed or pneumatic mattress. It can be deflated, rolled up in a small bundle, thrown on pack saddle, in pannier or even tied on the rear of the saddle itself, and when camp is reached, by doing a lusty bit of lung exercise, it can be crammed full of air-stuffing ready for the night. It can be thrown down on rocks, over twigs or on the rough boards of ranger-station sheds, cow camps or abandoned mine buildings. It is the same bed in every situation, and after one becomes accustomed to it, will be abandoned with regret when the country of regular springs and mattresses is reached.

Blow-beds are cold. Sleeping at timber line in October will soon demonstrate this. Even timber-line camps in summer will give such proof. A light pad, even an inch thick, of quilted feathers or of wool, placed under the bedding and over the mattress, will block much of this cold. Blankets to suit are needed for a blow-bed, unless such a bed is in the form of a sleeping bag with down bag or wool pocket already fitted in.

After trying all forms of sleeping arrangements, from patent cots to a mixture of rocks and stubby Western-spruce boughs that naturally do not have the spring of the Northern balsam, the vote will be unanimously for the blow-bed. It is easily packed and ready for use with but little effort; it may be inflated to different degrees for people of different weight or taste; it contains no jabbing twigs and does insure a comfortable place on which to lie in any sort of camp.

Probably the second-best bed equipment is built with a thin feather or wool pad for a mattress. Their bulk when packed is greater than the blow-bed, and they will not take up unevenness in the ground as will the pneumatic mattress. But there are many forest rangers and others who live quite constantly in the saddle and at trail camps, who claim for them virtues above all other light beds. Warmth when sleeping on cold ground or in cold situations is claimed for them. They are not subject to punctures which very occasionally come to the air mattress, and are perhaps longer lived. If for some reason air mattresses do not meet your individual requirements for a trail-bed equipment, consider the quilted feather or wool pad.

From this point trail beds slip into patent cots, bulky mattresses and other contrivances which will never go with you on a trail trip the second time—unless you are prepared to travel the trail with as much plunder as though you were moving house. In certain locations all these have their uses. But they are hardly the equipment an experienced trail tripper would buy.

Light woolly blankets are good bedclothes. Take an extra one. Cool nights will be more comfortable with it than if it was left out of the pack. A down or wool quilt is mighty soothing to a tired traveler sleeping in a trail camp. It will take the place of several blankets. This bedding part of your equipment is limited by your carrying capacity. Extra blankets are good sleep and comfort insurance.

Carrying a pair of heavy outing flannel pajamas, a knitted skull cap which pulls down over the ears, and an extra pair of heavy wool socks for night wear has brought many scornful laughs from tough old-timers. But this same outfit, with the addition of a knitted sleeveless sweater, has permitted the wearer to sleep comfortably, while aforesaid old-timers have been up war-dancing around an anæmic camp fire at three in the morning of a bleak October day, trying to recover from the chill which crept into the mock coziness of a sheepskin arctic sleeping bag. For timber-line camps or late season in the North Woods heavy flannelette pajamas with the other accessories mentioned are so much sleep-comfort insurance. Let 'em laugh, and be comfortable. You're a dude wherever you go when you're out of your own bailiwick, so why not be a dude in comfort?

Hunting trips and excursions into the mountains and woods during the glory of autumn can be made in comfort. Doing without the bed comfort is often torture and always dispiriting. Toting an adequate bed with you is one of the best guaranties of a successful trip into back country. Your weary bones and muscles will retain few next-day hang-overs if your bed is a good one, and each night will make you ready for the grind of the following day if your sleep is restful. Take it from one who has tried them all, a comfortable bed is indispensable for your back-country trip.

—*Arthur Hawthorne Carhart.*

Woodcraft

A FORD you can wade and a pond you can swim;
A brook you can cross on a plank or a log;
A ditch you can leap if your legs are in trim,
But all-the-way round is the way through a bog.

A fish you may take with a hook or a net;
A bear may be caught in a pit or a fall,
A fox in a trap if it's carefully set;
A hornet you'd better not bother at all.

A blaze is a guide in the heart of the wood;
A cairn is a guide over rubble and shale;
A stream is a guide that is everywhere good;
In mist or in darkness, hold fast to the trail.

A kitten you lift by the scruff of the neck,
A bun by his ears, and the 'possum so sly
You lift by the tail; but there's nothing on deck
To pick up a prickly old porcupine by.

—*Arthur Guiterman.*

When Boys Need Lessons in Wildcraft

WHEN boys are twelve or fifteen years of age they enter upon a period of eager desire to know wild life. Sometimes the longing comes at seven or eight years. Again the hard tests of overwork in school, at sixteen or eighteen, bring surging in the hearts of youths a wish to be away off yonder somewhere, creeping in the brush and bringing down game, catching fish and digging edible roots with their hands. Sometimes I see seven or eight youngsters trailing along in single file, hugging close to hedge and keeping shrubs and tree trunks between them and some ferocious cow or a genuinely nervous cat or dog, which is just sheer Indian instinct.

A parent in such a period of a boy's life needs to know his natural history to fill the mind of his child with the food for which he longs. To answer the questions of a lad in the period of his savage instincts, the lore required ranges from how snakes crawl to why do birds change their feathers in spring and autumn. And do birds ride on other birds' backs, and what birds are carried by wild geese from Canada to Argentina?

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Even in the rock-bound fastnesses of a metropolis the eyes of children turn to dogs, cats, sparrows, and some youngsters will sit waiting many hours for a chance to see a rat stick its head out of a hole, or a mouse go creeping along the baseboard trying to make the run from under the ice chest to the folding bed. When the right books, with adequate pictures, are put in the way of these wildcraft-hungry children they literally eat them up with their minds. They have only to learn the commonplaces of cougar, coyote, squirrel, moose, marten, pekan, otter and other wild-creature habits to transport themselves through the trails of the imagination into the realm of forests and fastnesses of deserts and mountain ranges. And facts thus accumulated are never forgotten.

The putty blower, the bean shooter, throw sticks, bows and arrows, sling shots, air guns and all the varied mechanical means of propelling missiles are the supreme joys of boys. There is a period in almost every lad's life when his whole being lusts for a firearm, if he is of one human species, or for a throw knife if he is of another type. And if the boy is given at this time thorough target practice with gun-handling precautions, he never forgets—and he is never careless; and if the boys who like sharp blades are, at the period of sword practice, taught the rules of the game, shown the high ideals of heroic men with adequate training, then life becomes ruled and regulated, instead of subject to evasions and clandestine practices so often leading to accidents and precocious crimes.

Given a fair chance, every boy is a gentleman, full of the pride and the dignity which made savage chieftains of the Iroquois, the Sioux, the African tribes and ancient Viking heroes so fascinating to the students of ethnology. Boys who have to gratify their longings for wildcraft by stealth and against the grain of their parents' scoldings are just sure to have a period of misunderstanding and sullen wretchedness.

Nothing quite equals the satisfaction of a boy or youth who is given a wilderness and personal responsibility for his own conduct therein. One eight-year-old lad in the heart of the green timber was shown the plain trail leading out of the woods to the clearings eight miles distant. He was shown a high hardwood ridge, another boundary; and then he was taken along the shore of a lake, and thus taught to recognize the limits of his own free-will domain, a balsam swamp of twenty or thirty big-woods acres. There all day long, with his own real rifle, he hunted alone, ate his own meals, saw his own red squirrels, hawks, weasels and other big-woods wild life. He knew he wasn't being fooled. He knew deer tracks, and even a bear track, were in those same woods with him.

Ten years afterward he said, "That week when I was alone all day in the big woods was the happiest I ever knew."

He loved the forest. He loved the loneliness. To think he was thus master of his own destiny, guardian of his own safety, gave him a feeling of exultant self-confidence which he never forgot. R. S. SPEARS.

The Acrobatic Tarpon

IN THE rotogravure supplements of the Sunday newspapers, and in the new page in the newspapers entitled Up-to-the-Minute News of Sports Told in Pictures, there have appeared recently any number of men and women photographed alongside of tarpon as long as themselves, giving a thrill to the reader who lives far away from the haunts of the acrobatic fish. The tarpon is the acrobat of the seas. As a warrior of the deep he has a record, for frequently there are perils in fishing for this silver king.

Angling is considered a gentle pastime, and it is that, except when men—and in these days women—fish for the big game fishes of the sea like the devilfish or manta, black sea bass or jewfish, broadbill swordfish, tuna and the tarpon.

That there are perils in tarpon fishing, let the story begin by telling of what happened to Mrs. Freda Solomonson, of Tampa, Florida, who was fishing in the waters of St. Petersburg, Florida.

She was angling in Johns Pass when she got a strike from a tarpon estimated to weigh more than 150 pounds. In her excitement to bring the fish in quickly, she failed to notice that her necktie had been caught in the reel until it was too late to tear it off. If the line had not broken by the tugging of the tarpon, undoubtedly death would have resulted.

In the Brazos River a negro boatman was sitting in the bow of a small skiff when a leaping tarpon struck him and knocked him over backward into the sea.

Some years ago an angler was found dead in the bottom of his boat. The coroner's verdict was that the man's neck was broken, and he attributed his death to the blow of the tarpon.

In the same river where the negro boatman was knocked overboard and drowned—the Brazos River—a tarpon in leaping jumped across a tugboat and struck an iron stanchion half an inch thick and knocked it out of plumb.

Doctor Green, of Naples, Florida, tells a story of Charley Cross, who had an alligator hunters' camp on the Gulf of Naples. At the end of the season in March, Charley, with a boatman, was taking the skins to Marco to dispose of them. On his return trip he had turned from that part of Marco Inlet known as Collier's Bay when, holding the rudder with his knee in order that he might light his pipe, he noticed a mullet leap from the water, darting across the stern of the boat.

Before he could move out of the way he saw a tarpon rise from the water, and the next moment the fish had struck him in the chest, knocking him overboard. His companion pulled the injured man back into the boat, and then he took a club to the tarpon, which lay in the bottom of the boat, and beat the fish to death. It was a silver king weighing 163 pounds.

From tragedy let us go back to comedy for a moment. A number of years ago, at Useppa Island, Florida, an Englishman had hooked a tarpon when it rushed under the boat. Suddenly the fish darted in the air, leaped across the bow and knocked the pipe out of the guide's mouth. The guide was uninjured, but the tarpon struck the boat so hard it broke its spine and died. The blow of the fish caused a small leak in the boat.

In Galveston Bay, Capt. C. C. Pettit, of Galveston, Texas, then a man sixty years old, but not a weakling, had the most unusual experience of his forty years' fishing. He was casting for shrimp in his twelve-foot skiff when a tarpon jumped into the boat, knocking the oars and the net overboard. The captain drew his knife and fought the fish for an hour, finally cutting the fish's spine. The tarpon weighed 170 pounds, ten pounds more than the captain.

Some years ago Louis E. Bates, of New York City, told me of an unusual experience he had in Bocagrande Pass, Useppa Island waters, Florida. The tarpon passed under Mr. Bates' boat, sprang in the air fifty feet away in its desire to throw the hook, and landed in another boat. This is how it happened, he afterward told me:

"I hooked into a tarpon, using crab bait in about thirty-five feet of water, while drifting, and the fish promptly took about 175 feet of line and then made a magnificent leap, putting at least twelve to fifteen feet of air between him and the water, and shook the wire leader viciously.

"When the tarpon fell back and got his proper depth, he sprang in the air again for some feet, but as the line was taut and the hook held, he took another tack, when he dropped below the surface and came straight for my boat like a race horse.

"He passed under it, and when near another boat, about fifty feet away, he sprang several feet above the water and landed in the boat. He struck a hand pump amidships, which split his right jaw from his mouth to his gills and smashed his gills on that side into a bleeding mass. The tarpon, after hitting the pump, fell against the side of the guide, who was sitting in the bottom of the boat with arms folded, resting against the engine box, looking aft.

"The tarpon straightened out across the legs of the guide and began to thrash furiously. The guide was uninjured and jumped up, and he and the angler, who was in the revolving chair astern, gave the tarpon complete command amidships. They yelled and laughed and enjoyed the fun, and the boats of the fleet that were near joined in.

"When the tarpon sprang the last time he flung my hook from his mouth and landed, a free fish, in the other boat. To have some fun with me, someone in the fleet yelled that I had lost the tarpon, as he belonged where he landed when free.

"Who was the rightful owner of the fish? Believing that possession was a strong point in law, we ran up alongside of the other boat and, while the fish was still thrashing, put a gaff in him and hauled him into our boat, where he continued his flopping around on and off for some minutes.

"He weighed eighty-eight and a half pounds and was five feet ten inches long and thirty-two and a half inches in girth. Tarpon don't often jump into boats, but when they do they are bad weights to get hit with, head on."

And now a story by A. W. Dimock, who has probably unloosed more tarpon and returned them to the waters than any other individual. The story concerns how high a tarpon will leap, and it is a good story to end up with concerning the acrobatic tarpon, particularly as so much has been told of the perils of the fishing. Says Mr. Dimock:

"I was fishing in the pass with fifty feet of line, and the bait was directly under the canoe, when a tarpon struck fiercely, quickly carried away a hundred more feet of line and then swam so swiftly toward us that I feared, from the loosened line, that he had escaped.

"Then, fifty feet from the canoe, there shot into the air a giant tarpon, measuring, as we learned afterward, an even seven feet. Up, up, up he rose, until the camera seemed to be pointed at the zenith, and before the rattled camera man could get his aim, the silver king had turned gracefully in the air and was plunging downward. The captain swears that he saw, swinging clear of the water, the ribbon which marked twenty-five feet on the line as it hung plumb down from the tarpon.

"Once I gave my own estimate of the height of the jump to a group of friends, and after a glance at their grieved expressions, appealed to the one most experienced with the tarpon. After a single moment of hesitation he remarked firmly, 'We fishermen must stand together. I believe the story.'" ALEXANDER STODDART.

WIDE OPEN ALL THE WAY

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opener, so when Opportunity knocked in that letter from Cooper I jerked the door open so quickly that she almost fell on her nose in the middle of the room. I reached Detroit with a big appetite and not much money.

Together, Ford, Cooper, Spider Huff and I labored over the two racing cars, one of which at least was to win the crown of American champion. When folks talk of Henry Ford's stupendous business acumen and nerve today, I always think of the beginning of the twentieth century, when he decided to defeat Winton, a power in the automobile world, though Ford himself was an unsung builder of homemade racing cars.

The cars were in the last stages of completion when I got on the job. This isn't intended as an alibi for what happened. One was painted yellow and had the legend "Tom Cooper" painted on the side of the seat. The other was painted red and had the name "Henry Ford" painted on the side of its seat.

I might add that these two cars didn't make Mr. Ford or Mr. Cooper famous overnight. Instead, they missed the mark by a good margin. They didn't resemble the present-day automobile much in construction.

As I recall it, they had no transmission or differential, as we know them today. They had a wooden-block clutch inside the flywheel, thus locking the main drive shaft to the crank shaft. This clutch was much like the clutch used on the belt shafts in a machine shop today. We didn't have any reverse gear in the car, of course, since we had no selective transmission. We had only one speed forward, for the same reason. Further, the cars were innocent of any springs in the rear.

For a carburetor, we had what is known as a mixer; that is, the gasoline was forced through a fine screen to vaporize it. At first we had a separate suction pump fastened to each cylinder for the purpose of forcing the gas into that particular cylinder. I have always thought that Ford's idea on this was the first application of one carburetor per cylinder, which became universal racing practice in 1922 and 1923, only to give way to one carburetor when the supercharger came on the scene in 1924. We had a vertical steering post on which was a twenty-eight-inch cross arm with short vertical handles on each end. This was the car which was to startle the world before the year 1902 came to a close.

Our radiator, or cooler, as it was often called, was stuck up on the front of the car, in the same relative position as it is today, except that it was a huge affair, higher than it was wide and it was entirely exposed to the air instead of being inclosed in a radiator shell. The oil of the present-day car is all carried in the crank case, which is directly under the motor. The oiling is all done mechanically or automatically, either by the forced-feed system or by the splash system.

But we did things differently in those days. I forgot to mention that our cars were four-cylinder, with a seven-inch bore and a seven-inch stroke, which Ford said

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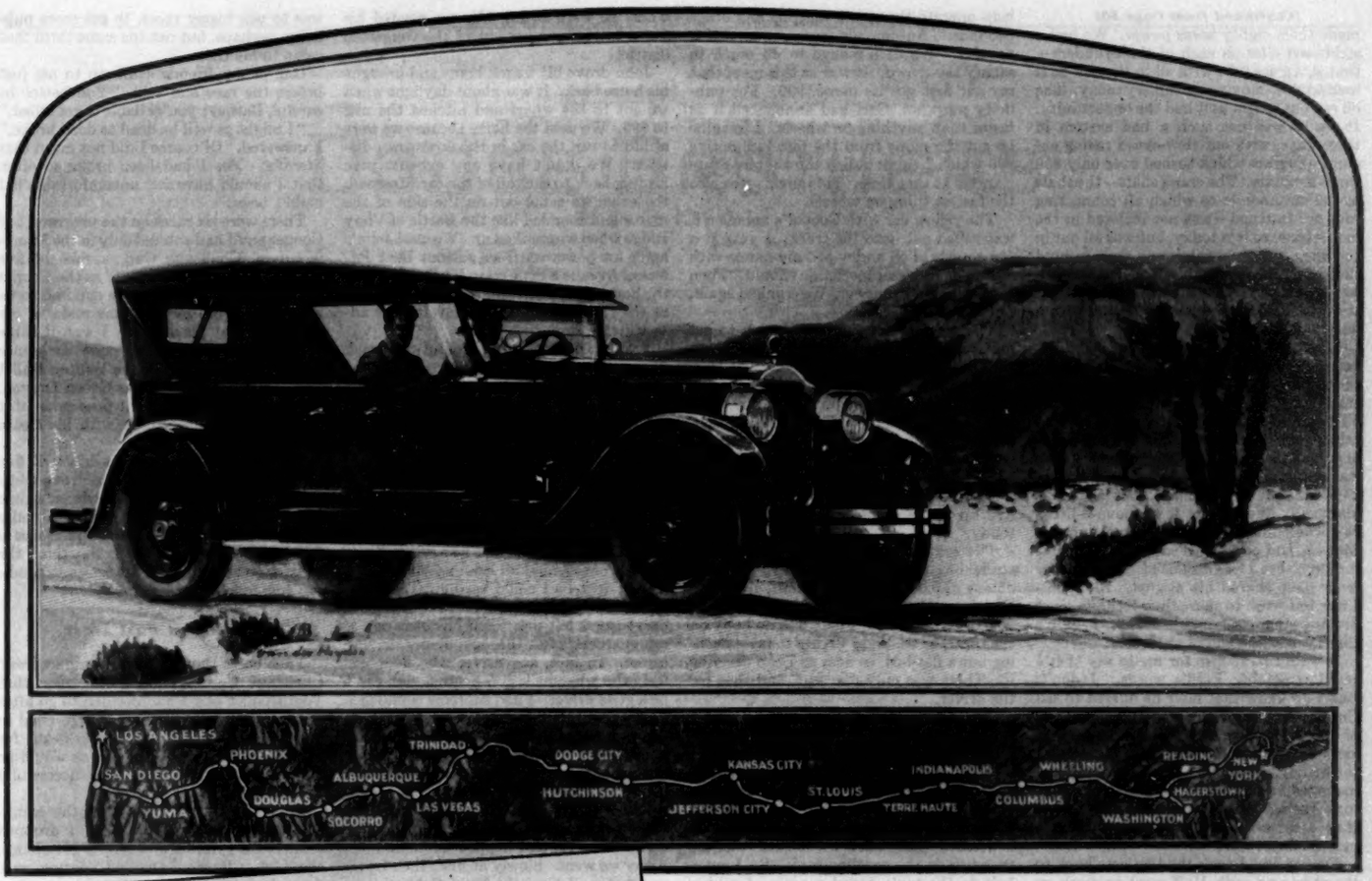

—from Lieutenant Wade's Letter to Alvan Macauley, President Packard Motor Car Co.

New York, N. Y.,

**** I would never have attempted such a trip in any other car but the Packard Eight, for I know that the Packard is the only car equipped with the chassis lubricator and the motor oil rectifier.

**** These devices enabled us to drive the entire 3,965 miles without once changing oil or leaving the driver's seat to lubricate the chassis. To them, and the wonderful Packard Eight motor which never faltered in the 165 hours and 50 minutes continuous driving, I attribute the success of the run.

**** We have suffered no after effects from strain. This is a real tribute to the ease with which the car was handled and its riding qualities. ****

The car came through with a perfect score. We had no mechanical difficulties of any kind. I believe we could have turned right around and driven back to Los Angeles without stopping either car or motor.

Leigh Wade

SEVEN DAYS *Without a Stop!*

Lieutenant Leigh Wade, round-the-world flier, accompanied by Linton Wells, his "aerial stowaway" on the flight, recently drove his own Packard Eight from Los Angeles to New York, 3,965 miles, *without once allowing either the motor or the car to come to a stop.*

The mileage covered was eight times as great as any ordinary car should be driven without change of motor oil. Yet thanks to the motor oil rectifier an analysis of the oil at the finish showed 98% pure lubricant.

The chassis was thoroughly lubricated *while the car was in motion* by the mere pull of a plunger every hundred miles.

Wade's spectacular trip impresses what the owners of 20,000 new series Packard cars already know—that the chassis lubricator and the oil rectifier mean longer life of parts, smooth, quiet operation and uninterrupted service.

The PACKARD EIGHT — Ask the man who owns one

PACKARD

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE

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made them eighty horse power. We had a sight-feed oiler on each of the cylinders—that is, a glass tube with oil in it, such as is seen on slow-moving machinery today. The oil ran out as fast as it had the opportunity. It really was not such a bad system in those days, with our slow-speed racing engines—engines which turned over only 850 times a minute. The crank shaft—the shaft in the automobile to which all connecting rods are fastened—was not inclosed in the motor base, as it is today, but was all out in the open, ready to catch any dust or mud that might be in the air. We oiled the motor just as the locomotive engineer oils his steed today—by squirting oil on it with a long-snouted oil can.

When we got ready to try out our product, Ford, Cooper, Huff and I towed one of them out to the Grosse Pointe mile racing track, to the east of Detroit. I got out the oil can and squirted the crank shaft and other parts. I filled the sight-feed oilers, as any good mechanic and general handy man was supposed to do. Then I cranked up. The car spit a few times, but that was about all. We did get it to move a little. My whole life might have been changed if that car had performed satisfactorily. But it didn't. Ford was disgusted. Tom Cooper must have shared his disgust. But me—I was too green to share their feelings. Just because the car wouldn't run, I didn't think it was the end of the world.

It would be foolish for me to say that I could remember Ford's words. I don't. But I do know that later he offered to sell Cooper the two cars for something like $600 or $800. I believe if he had said twice that amount I would have tried to get hold of the money. Tom and I hurried around and managed to borrow it. These two prehistoric racing cars cost us very little more than a set of eight connecting rods for a present-day racer.

Cooper and I took the two cars back to the shop and with Huff went to work on them. While busy on this job we got word from two old bicycle-racing friends of ours, Carl Fisher, down at Indianapolis, and Earl Kiser, of Dayton, Ohio, that they were putting on a racing exhibition at Dayton and we could get in on 25 per cent of the receipts if we would come down.

The Fastest Thing on Wheels

This is the same Carl Fisher who today is a great financial genius. At that time Carl was just getting interested in the automobile business. He was a born promoter. He had the promoter's make-up that permitted him to take a long chance to gain an end. A few years later, in company with James A. Allison, F. H. Wheeler and A. C. Newby, he opened a small factory in Indianapolis for the manufacture of the gas confined in tanks, which changed automobile lighting from coal oil to gas. In 1909 he and his friends had another great vision and they built the Indianapolis motor speedway. They were a little better fixed financially when they built the speedway, but they took an awful chance. But it was a great success, just as the gas-making plant was.

After making the speedway popular Fisher became interested in good roads. He was one of the original sponsors of the Lincoln Highway, giving heavily of his time and money. After he wore out Indianapolis promotion possibilities, he went down to Miami, Florida. He bought a big tract of land along the beach—in reality a low-lying peninsula, covered with a mangrove swamp infested with mosquitoes, bears, rattlesnakes, alligators and wildcats. His friends began to make plans to put him into the bughouse. The idea of buying a mangrove swamp along the ocean! To make a long story very short, Carl cut the mangroves, got dredges and sucked the sand from the ocean to fill over the mangrove stubs. The result is Miami Beach. Carl wasn't so foolish, after all.

We shipped our two cars down to Dayton. Spider Huff was to drive, and I believe Cooper was going to ride with him to help operate the spark controls and other doodads. Automobile racing was still a novelty. We didn't have to do much to satisfy the crowd. It was at this meet that my car first got its name, 999. For publicity purposes, Carl had announced it as faster than anything on wheels. I imagine he got the name from the fast locomotive 999 which I think pulled the Empire State Express at that time. This engine was also the fastest thing on wheels.

The yellow car with Cooper's name on it was rolled out onto the track. I gave it a few squirts of oil and wiped my hands with waste, as any real mechanic should. Then we cranked. No answer. We cranked again. Ditto.

The promoter of the meet began to get nervous. He came around to Tom, who was the boss of the outfit.

"Tom," he said, "I don't want to give these people their money back, but I am going to if we can't give them an exhibition. Maybe if this car won't run, the red car will."

Tom turned to Huff and me.

"Boys," he said, "that old 999 has to live up to its name. It just has to run today."

The red car didn't look much like the streamline racing cars of today. The big oblong radiator stood up in front, obscuring the view of everything except the wheels, which were of wire. There was no body on the racer, as we know bodies today—nothing but a flat bed, as near as I can describe it. There was only one seat, and that for the driver.

My First Driving

We cranked up and the red car sputtered a couple of times and then quit cold. We couldn't get the gasoline to the mixer fast enough. As head mechanic, self-appointed, I decided that what we needed was air pressure on the gasoline tank. So I cut a hole in the tank, taped a piece of rubber hose in the hole and got busy. I was glad then that I had developed my lungs by riding a bicycle, for I needed plenty of bellows.

The three of us got aboard the car, Huff in the driver's seat, Cooper hanging on to the right of him and me behind them. I stuck the hose in my mouth and blew. The old girl perked up considerably when she got the gas fast enough. Around the track we sailed, with me blowing like a cyclone to keep the air pressure up, Spider Huff at the tiller bar and Tom fumbling around the various controls.

The meet wasn't a howling success, but we made Henry Ford's racing car run more than it ever had run before. That blowing scheme of mine, I think, was really the advance guard of the air-pressure gasoline feed which is used on many high-grade cars of today. It is an absolute necessity on racing cars.

I can't imagine that the promoters were overjoyed at the meet. Cooper and I made about fifteen or twenty dollars.

The two cars were loaded onto a flat car and shipped to Toledo, my home town. I wasn't a bit proud, and I borrowed a vacant storeroom from a friend of mine and we went to work. With the help of a coppersmith, we redesigned an old intake manifold and the mixing pot, which I have explained was the ancestor of the present carburetor.

While we were getting the cars in shape we heard of a big race meet that was to be held at the Grosse Pointe track at Detroit. We decided that since we were in the automobile racing game, we would enter. We didn't know our cars would run, but we sent in our entry just the same. The meet was to be a two-day affair. We shipped the 999 by boat. Cooper was tired and went to bed as soon as we got into Detroit. Huff and I got the racer off the boat and then looked up Hot-Dog John's lunch wagon. We had known John for quite a while; in fact, we had borrowed a great many sandwiches from John in the days we had spent in Detroit. We ate a couple of sandwiches while we were telling him we needed his horse to tow our car out of the congested district.

John drove his wagon home and brought his horse back. It was about daylight when we got to the wharf and hitched the nag to 999. We used the horse because we were afraid to run the car in the downtown district. We didn't have any exhaust pipe leading back to the tail of the car. Instead, the exhausts came out on the side of the motor and sounded like the Battle of Vimy Ridge when we cranked up. We used John's horse for power until we got out East Jefferson Avenue a little way. Then we turned the horse loose and cranked up. We arrived at the race track without any further adventure.

I watched Huff drive around the track a few times. I made up my mind it was about time for me to try my hand, since I had a working interest in the car. Up to the present time I had never known the thrill of holding the tiller bar as the car moved under its own power.

"Why don't you let me drive the car?" I asked Huff. "I believe I can drive it. I've been round it enough to know how to do it."

"All right," he told me. "I don't know what Cooper will say, but he's asleep."

I got out the old oil can and oiled up. I was so nervous I could hardly get into the seat! But the minute I got settled all my nervousness left me. That has been one of my characteristics throughout my driving career. In fact, any driver who does not feel calm when he is going into action can't be a good driver. I had supreme confidence in my ability. I had come by this confidence through my bicycle and motorcycle racing, for in the good old days of hooking handle bars on the small board tracks it behooved every rider to believe that he was just a little bit smarter and had a little more nerve than the other fellow. Huff cranked the car and hopped on behind me. Away we went. Slowly at first, then faster and faster. I liked the heart-tightening as I came to the curve of the track and leaned over, as I used to lean in my bicycle days and on the motorcycle racing tandem at Salt Lake City. This was the life!

When I stopped the car and got off I knew that I could handle the car better than Huff or Cooper. That wasn't egotism; for Cooper, who had arrived at the track, said, "Take her out again, Barney. I believe you can get more speed out of her than either of us; and if we're going to beat Winton and his Bullet this afternoon in that match race, you're the boy to do it."

A Red-Letter Day

We had entered in the Manufacturers' Challenge Cup race, but in Tom's mind and mine the race was a match affair against the world's champion driver. There might be others in the race, but Alexander Winton was the undisputed champion of the dirt tracks, and he was the man we were going to try to beat. So I practiced some more. The more rounds of the mile track I made, the more I was convinced that I was the master of the 999.

Alexander Winton was a great amateur sportsman. The automobile world owes a lot to him. He was part of the advance guard of the racing clan as it is today. He had money to spend on a hobby and he did it to advertise the automobile company of the same name.

William Metzger, one of the promoters of the meet, came to us with a proposition that if we drove a mile faster than Winton he would give us $200 in cash in addition to any cups we might win. Metzger at that time owned an automobile store and garage in Detroit. Later he became one of the moving spirits in the Everitt-Metzger-Flanders corporation.

That $200 was a lot of money. I made up my mind that there was nothing I would not do to help win it. It meant a fortune to Cooper and me. What couldn't we do with all that cash?

The afternoon of October 23, 1902, will be my red-letter day forever. Later on I was to win bigger races, to get more publicity, perhaps, but not the same thrill that came to me then.

One of my friends came up to me just before the race and said, "You better be careful, Barney; you're liable to get killed."

"I might as well be dead as dead broke," I answered. Of course I did not mean that literally. For I had been broke so often that I should have felt uncomfortable if I hadn't been.

There were six races on the program, but Cooper and I had entered only in the Manufacturers' Challenge Cup, a race of five miles. Our car was spoken of as the Cooper Arrow, or Special, 999. The cup had to be won three times by the same make of car for permanent possession. I won it three times, but not with the same car—once with the 999, once with the Winton Bullet and once with the Peerless Green Dragon. Webb Jay took permanent possession of it by winning it three times with his steam car, Whistling Billy.

The first race was for machines of five horse power. The contestants drove Oldsmobiles and Elmores and the winner's time was seven minutes fifty seconds—really very good time. The second race was a five-mile owners' handicap, the third the race for steam cars, and the ten-mile handicap was fourth.

Getting a Fast Start

Then came the five-mile Manufacturers' Challenge Cup. Henry Ford knew that Tom Cooper and I had decided to go after the race right from the start. He tried to persuade me that it was certain death for me to attempt to drive as fast as would be necessary in order to compete successfully against Winton.

While he talked I anointed the crankshaft bearings with oil. Then I dropped some in the cylinder oil cups. I got up into the seat. Barney Oldfield, daring race driver! Barney Oldfield in a race against world's champion Alexander Winton! My heart was pumping like a fire engine on the third alarm. I admit it. My chest was swelled tight, but a tight chest wouldn't do me any good when I got going. I'm trying to tell you that I knew that too.

I felt for my spark lever down at the right of the seat. It was there all right. Then I fingered the thumbscrew on the left side that regulated the gasoline flow; it was still there too. The clutch pedal wasn't a pedal at all but a long iron hand lever, and we got under way by letting the clutch slip, just as a person would have to do today if he started his car in high gear. As soon as we got up a little speed we quit slipping the clutch, and we were all set.

The crowd began to yell for the race. So we lined up—Alexander Winton, in his Winton Bullet; Shanks, Winton Pup; Bucknam, Geneva steamer; White, White steamer; and I at the tiller bar of the 999. We got under way with a short rolling start.

I had the outside and I knew that to defeat Winton I should have to drive for all I was worth. So I started fast. The starter called us back, but I went around the track for two miles before I knew what he wanted. We lined up again and I did better in getting away.

The rest of the cars forged ahead of me in the short run we were making before we reached the starting tape. I speeded up in order to reach the tape at the same time they did. Furthermore, though I hadn't done it purposely, I had had to put on so much speed to catch up with the field that when we all crossed the tape together I was moving much faster than anyone else. That gave me a better start. I used that plan scores of times afterward, before any starter caught on to what an advantage it gave me. When they discovered it they used to make us all start over again. The other drivers soon learned of it and more than once they got away with it. Sometimes I profited by it and sometimes it was someone else.

(Continued on Page 54)

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Assuring years of dependable service, and then—a resale value which bears unanswerable witness to the car's intrinsic worth.

Price Reductions Recently Announced

(Continued from Page 52)

I hit the first turn at a rapid clip. The regular procedure on coming to a turn had always been to shut off. I knew that. So I decided not to do it. Instead, I opened my throttle as wide as it would go. I wasn't exactly sure what was going to happen, but I knew I had to go faster than Winton. I had won a lot of bicycle races by taking a chance, so I decided to do the same here.

Put yourself in my place. I didn't know anything about automobile racing. I managed to get in the middle of the track and I stayed there throughout the race. I slid all the way around the first turn, the 999 trying to jerk away from me and go straight ahead through the outside fence. The rear wheels insisted on getting ahead of the front ones. I used to stop skids on the bicycle by turning the front wheel in the direction of the skid, so I jerked the tiller bar of my racer so as to point the front wheels toward the outer fence. The idea worked! I showed that bunch of wood and iron where to head in! I got out of the curve and into the back stretch.

Helping to Make Mr. Ford

When I reached the second turn I went right on into it, using the same tactics I had on the first one. I certainly got a few thrills jerking that car around and putting her nose where I wanted it. No bunch of iron and wood was going to tell me to unload! I kept this up for five miles. I really had got so interested in getting around the corners that I didn't pay much attention to anyone else on the track. Some of my friends told me afterward that I scared the other participants and the spectators half to death by my crazy driving.

I finished a half mile ahead of Winton; though in justice to him, I don't believe his car was running as well as it should have. But the way I felt that day I hardly believe he could have beaten me, regardless of how his car was running. Some people might call this conceit. I call it self-confidence. You don't get far with conceit in any game; but with self-confidence to back up nerve and ability you will always get some place. I am not boasting, but in one of these "I" stories you have to use a good many thin personal pronouns.

Mr. Ford rushed out on the track at the conclusion of the race. Coming over to me he shouted, "I'll build another car for you, Barney, and we'll challenge the world with it!"

The crowd rushed out on the track and made much of my victory. As for me, naturally I felt pretty good about it.

Years after this first race a salesman called on Ford to sell him some parts. The salesman didn't get the order, and he wanted to rub something in on him, so in the conversation he said, "Mr. Ford, don't you think that Barney Oldfield helped to make you?"

Mr. Ford replied, "Yes, Barney helped to make me and I helped to make Barney Oldfield."

The salesman afterward told me the story. When I saw Ford I said to him, "Henry, that is very nice of you to tell people that I helped make you and you helped make me; and if it is a fact I want to tell you that I did a much better job of making than you did."

There I was at twenty-four. I had made a good start in the automobile racing business by defeating America's best-known driver.

I immediately began to get record hungry. Why couldn't I better Winton's world's mile record of 1.02⅛ on a mile dirt track? The more Cooper and I discussed it, the surer I was that it could be done. I knew that the Grosse Pointe track at Detroit was too soft at the turns to make the record possible then, so we decided to wait until the ground was frozen.

November 28, 1902, was the date decided on; but the officials' automobile got stuck on the way out and the sun was up when they arrived. They did get there in time to see me hit a turn at full speed, lose all control of the car and spin around like a top three or four times. F. E. Castle, who was present, asked me the next day if he and a group of friends could take out some life insurance on me, provided they gave 25 per cent of the proceeds to my estate. I said that I didn't care. They had figured I was sure to get killed when I tried for the record. The insurance company was figuring the same way, too, so they didn't get the insurance. I didn't try any more that day, however, as the track was too soft.

Meantime Cooper told me I ought to try for the straightaway record, which was then held by Fournier, the Frenchman, I believe. We made the attempt outside of Detroit, but the best I could do was a mile in 52⅕ seconds, against Fournier's record of 51⅕, also made in this country.

The track looked right for our second attempt on Winton's record on December first. The day before, Bill Perrett, Detroit representative for a tire company, came to me with a proposition.

"I'll tell you what I'll do, Barney," he said. "Our factory can get a lot of good advertising out of the fact that you used our tires—if you break Winton's record. If you do, I'll give you $250; if you don't, you won't get a red cent."

That sounded fine to me, and I told him I would accept his proposition.

We got the officials together before daylight the morning of December first and went out to the track. They had been appointed by the American Automobile Association, in order to make the trials official.

Cooper and I dumped the gasoline in 999, oiled her up and made a preliminary lap to see how conditions were. The track was smooth and frozen hard. The air was very cold, and I knew this would have some effect on the carburetors. We took torches and heated them up just before we started. I decided to go for the five-mile record first. I got away with a flying start and finished in five minutes twenty-one seconds, seven seconds faster than the record I had established in October. Then I tried it again and the timers caught me in five minutes twenty seconds. My first mile was clocked in 1.01⅛, which was a world's record, though it was not allowed by the American Automobile Association for some reason I have forgotten now. I wanted to try for the ten-mile record, but the sun had come up and the track was getting soft, so we decided against the attempt.

A Two-Dollar-a-Day Job

The first thing I did when I got back to town was to remind Bill Perrett of that $250. But he refused to pay until the records were given an O. K. by the American Automobile Association. I wanted to go back to Toledo for the winter. I borrowed twenty dollars from Tom Cooper, paid $1.50 for my railroad ticket and went home, paid a grocery bill and was once more broke.

By this time I had learned a powerful lesson in finance. That was that a smart driver could get appearance money, bonuses and various other items, not a part of the prize list, if he knew how to do it. I confess that in after years I was an adept on that score. Without these perquisites, indeed, I don't know how I should ever have made the financial grade.

George Trout, superintendent of the Yale Automobile Company, in Toledo, told me I could have a job in his assembling room, but that he could not give me $2.50 a day, which he paid only for skilled mechanics. He could, however, pay me two dollars a day. The world's automobile record holder working for two dollars a day! That sounds like a fine joke now. If someone today were to attempt to employ any one of twenty automobile race drivers I might name he would have to start talking wages at ten times my pay. But I took the job. I rode one of my racing bicycles to work, with a dinner pail clanking from my handlebars. Evidently I wasn't very high-hatty in those days!

My hands began to itch for the tiller bar, and early in the spring of 1903 I went to Detroit to talk things over with Billy Hurlburt, something of an automobile engineer. Together we designed a new mixing pot, which we copied from the one-cylinder Cadillac of that period. If I may be pardoned, I want to tell what we did to improve the 999. It will interest those who know automobiles.

We did away with the suction intake valves and put on valves that worked mechanically. We did this by using two sets of bevel gears, attaching one set to the crank shaft in front of the motor and running another short shaft up to the top of the motor, where we had another set of bevel gears that attached to an overhead cam shaft. These bevel gears were of the cheapest kind, being of cast iron. The brackets to hold the gears and the shafting also were made of cast iron.

Daring Chauffeurs

We governed the speed of the engine by moving the cam shaft back and forth, the cams being cut on a bevel, which would permit of the inlet valves being opened or closed according to the speed desired. The mixing pot, or what is now known as the carburetor, had a fixed opening, and there was no throttle valve, as in present cars. This overhead valve equipment made the cars much faster. We changed our ignition system, installing a stronger battery, and put on two commutators, one a secondary and one a primary; we advanced and retarded our spark through the primary commutator. I went back to Toledo, convinced that we had put a lot more hop into the car.

Cooper and I went back to Detroit in April of 1903 to get ready for the racing season. We fixed Cooper's original yellow car up just as we did my 999. Resolved to get all out of racing there was in it, we engaged Glenn Stuart, the Kalamazoo celery king, as our manager. He immediately demonstrated his worth by signing a contract for me to appear at the Empire City track, Yonkers, New York, on Memorial Day, while Cooper was billed to appear at Indianapolis in a meet promoted by Carl Fisher. It runs in my mind that the paint scheme was changed on Cooper's car and that Stuart then renamed it the Red Devil, which was the title under which it raced from then on.

Charles Wridgeway, formerly of London, driving a Peerless racing car, was to be my opposition at Yonkers. His car was one of two made by the Peerless company for entrance in the James Gordon Bennett Cup race in Ireland. It was said to be of eighty horse power. My 999 was of about the same power.

The newspapers were full of press-agent stories before the race telling how the daring chauffeurs would risk their necks in an effort to win applause and cash. They always called us chauffeurs in those days.

The match race between Wridgeway and myself was to be in three heats. The New York papers, in instancing how much interest there was in the race, stated that by actual count there were 219 automobiles on the grounds!

I won the first two heats, which were of five miles, so the third heat was not run. Incidentally, my manager, Stuart, had made a good contract for me. I was to receive 25 per cent of the receipts. There were said to have been 6000 spectators, which was quite a crowd in those days; but a lot of them must have come in on passes, for my share was something like $1300. But I did get a fine silver cup.

It was in the second mile of the second heat that I circled the track in 1.01⅘. This record, though not so good as the one I made in Detroit in December, was still a world's record, and especially good since it was made in competition. Wridgeway and I had been placed a half mile apart on the track in order that we might not endanger each other in starting or on the turns! Today twelve of America's fast flying little racers, all capable of more than 100 miles an hour, rush around the dirt tracks of the country. My best time for the five miles against Wridgeway was 5.31, not the equal of my previous five-mile record made in Detroit, but still pretty fair time. Here is the way the New York Herald of the day following described my driving:

"Down the stretch to the grand stand he came with such velocity that his car bounded, even on the floor-like track, and threw him many times several inches into the air from the seat to which he crouched. As he passed the massed spectators, grasping his lever with a hand of iron, staring straight ahead through the big black dust goggles, his dark hair streaming out behind him and his pale face set, he was as one frozen dead with terror, a grotesquely masked corpse with eyes fixed on some terrifying object that had stopped the beating of his heart.

"A mighty cheer went up as he passed. Stiff, unyielding, while his machine bounded and plunged across the track to the outside fence, as though to dash itself and its daring driver to pieces, skillfully the rigid man guided his mighty car, so that it all but touched the white fence, and then skimmed along to the point where unerring judgment told him he must make his cut across the turn. The slightest mistake in guiding the mechanism meant death, and the man was watched by thousands of fascinated eyes, while the speculation on the nerve and skill that must be his to carry him to the end of his heartbreaking contest was high in every mind."

This race was notable because of the participation in it of a young man, Glenn Curtiss, on a motorcycle of his own manufacture. Curtiss later went into aviation and furnished airplanes for the United States during the World War and in the years that have followed.

While we raced at the Empire City track it was raining in Indianapolis, and the meet at the fair grounds there was postponed to a later date. Fisher sent me an invitation to be present on the postponed date, and I went. On the way out there I stopped off at Toledo with some of the proceeds of the Empire track meet and paid off a $600 mortgage which father had had on his house for years.

A New Record for Indiana

The postponed meet at Indianapolis finally was held on June nineteenth and twentieth. I was to have plenty of competition, judging by the field entered. There was Tom Cooper and his Red Devil; Earl Kiser, who was one of the promoters and helped out his partner, Fisher, to the extent of participating, thus keeping the prize money in the family by driving the Pirate II; E. V. Dixon, of Cleveland, driving the General Scow; P. L. Thompson, of Lansing, Michigan, driving the Pirate I, a car belonging to the Oldsmobile factory which had made many records at Ormond Beach, Florida, in the spring of the year.

If the reader will recall that Carl was a great promoter he won't be surprised at the good luck I had at this race meet. I was fiddling around with my car when he came up to me.

"Barney," he said, "why don't you try to bust a world's record right here in Indianapolis? We have record corn and wheat crops and record everything else; I don't see why you can't give us a dirt-track record."

"Well, Carl," I said, "I like to make records. You like to have records, so the world will know what a great little promoter you are."

Then I stopped talking for a while. Carl came to bat right away.

"There's $250 in it for you if you circle this track in less than a minute," he told me.

(Continued on Page 56)

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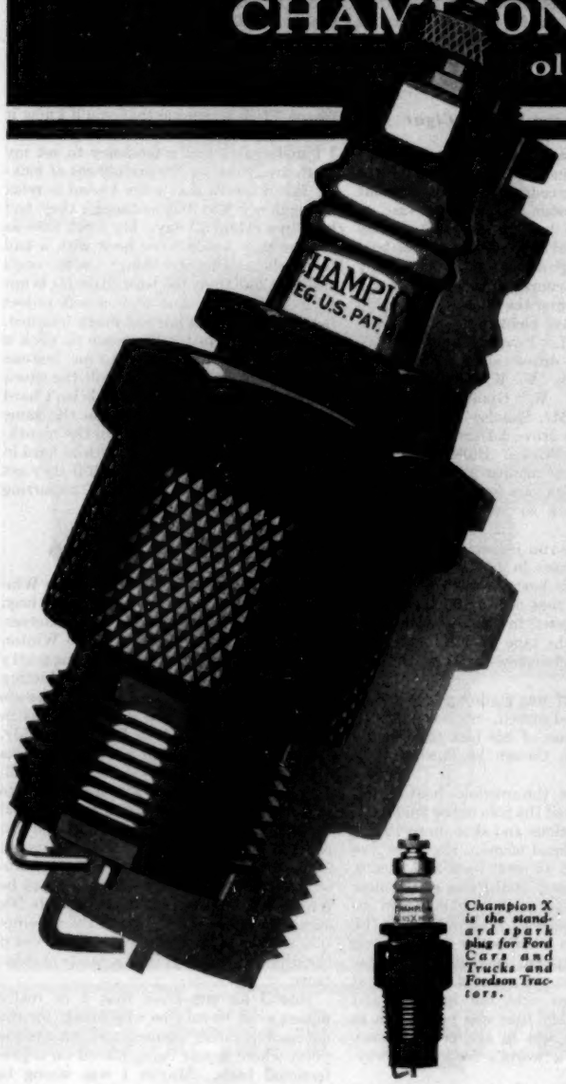

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CHAMPION

Dependable for Every Engine

(Continued from Page 54)

"Just get hold of that $250 and hang it on the fence right down past the finish wire and I'll bet I collect it," was my answer to the bait.

Fisher went up into the judges' stand or the grand stand or some place and collected the money. I had never really let old 999 do her stuff under the proper conditions, but I felt that the day was about right and I decided to shoot the works.

I warmed my old record breaker up for a lap, and as I came into the home stretch I held up my hand as a signal that I was all set. I was wide open when I hit the starting tape and the fence on the turn jumped right out of the distance and rushed at me better than a mile a minute. I wasn't real sure I was going to make that first turn. I swung wide to the outside of the track as I got close, in order to give me a lot of room for making the turn. Cutting the tiller sharply to the left as soon as I got the car's nose into the turn, I pulled the car right through a big cloud of dust. Coming into the back stretch, with all hold-back removed when I got her straightened out, the old girl actually jumped ahead.

New Records With the 999

The second turn at the Indianapolis fair grounds isn't so good as the first one. I still ran wide open. I started to skid about as soon as I hit the turn and the dust rose in such a cloud that I really couldn't see very much. I couldn't see the outside fence, of course. I knew about where it ought to be and I figured that I was about due to smack it. I grabbed the tiller a little tighter and held on for the crash. But it didn't come. Before I knew it I was scooting down the home stretch, the dust was all behind me and I thundered over the finish line. I didn't need anyone to tell me how fast I had gone. I had been judging speed for months and I had a pretty good idea that I had made the lap under a minute. I made another slow lap and stopped at the wire.

Fisher rushed out with the money in a sack.

"There's your dough, Barney!" he yelled. "We got a world's record and you got $250. The time was 59⅘ seconds."

Speaking of money, I might add that this meet netted Cooper and me less than $1000. Doesn't sound like so much in these days, but it was plenty of money then.

On July twenty-fifth at the Empire City track I managed to cut my Indianapolis time to 55⅘ seconds.

I had been giving racing a good deal of thought and I finally decided that I could make more money if I made a connection with some big factory instead of playing the lone-wolf rôle. That way I could get rid of the heavy expense. There were several factories that had begun to see the value and possibilities of racing. Among them were Winton, Oldsmobile, Peerless, Stearns, Packard, Locomobile, Rambler, Knox, to mention only some of them. Alexander Winton offered me a proposition that had possibilities in it. I was to drive for the Winton factory, my mount being Winton Bullet No. 2.

According to the terms of my contract, I was to receive a salary of $2500 a year, the Winton Company was to furnish me with the car and a mechanic and keep the car in repair. The factory also was to pay all transportation expenses. I was to pay my personal expenses and keep all the money I made in race-meet participation. It was a good contract for me. I couldn't see any reason on earth why I couldn't make as much money as the President of the United States.

I hated to part company with Tom Cooper, but I did it. He took my 999 and the Red Devil and went back to Henry Ford. I recall that I drove a match race against Cooper at the Grosse Pointe track, Detroit, later that summer. He drove one of our old cars and I drove the Winton Baby Bullet. Frank Day was obtained to drive the Red Devil for Cooper. He went through the fence with it at Milwaukee a few months later, killing himself and wrecking the car so that it was shipped back to the Ford factory and thrown on the junk pile. That was the end of Tom Cooper's original yellow car, or his Red Devil, as it afterward was called. There may have been a Red Devil racer after that, but it was not the original Red Devil.

So many people have asked me what became of the old 999 that I think this is a good place to tell its history to the best of my recollection. It got out of Cooper's hands some way and Lou Hausman came into possession of it, and Lou and I raced against each other in several match races through the South in 1904. In the fall of 1904, while I was driving at Salt Lake, I met Bill Pickens, who owned the 999 at that time. Bill and I made a deal whereby he was to manage me. He shipped the old car to Los Angeles ahead of us. When we arrived we went down to the freight house to get the car out and found that the charges were $165. We decided that perhaps it would be a good idea to let the railroad company keep the car. So we did it. Later, when it was sold to pay charges, the mayor of Venice, California, whose name was Dana Burke, bought it and hired Bruno Seibel, a well-known coast race driver, to repair it. One of the cylinders was broken. Seibel repaired it and took it to Pismo Beach to make some records, but failed. He campaigned it for a while, but it never did run satisfactorily. Bert Fuller drove it a while too. But the old car wasn't working any better for Bert, and finally it found its way back into Mayor Burke's barn.

Later on a fellow by the name of William Hughson bought it, after it had been stowed away in the barn for about three years. I remember this, because Hughson asked me to help him make it look like the 999 in its prime. I brought some photographs along and tried to help him. My recollection is that little more than the front and rear axles and the frame were left for Hughson to build around. I don't know what became of it after he dolled it all up.

I got a little ahead of my story in following the fortunes of my old record maker. My match race with Cooper, my old team mate, was in September of 1903. A tire on my Baby Bullet let go. It was a new experience with me—the first time that it had happened, in fact. I didn't distinguish anything different above the noise of my motor until the car let down on the corner all at once. The next instant I had crashed through the fence, killing a young chap by the name of Shearer. It was the first time I had figured in an accident of that kind, I knew it wasn't my fault, but I couldn't get it off my mind. At first I decided to quit racing. But I didn't quit, and the accident didn't affect my nerve, as they so often do.

Florida Beach Racing

Notice the newspapers after every race meet where a driver is killed or kills someone else. Immediately there is a report that this or that driver says it is his last race. But usually it isn't. I think the drivers really mean it at the time they say it. But the effect wears off. Racing gets in the blood. Drivers don't want to stop or don't seem able to stop. I'll wager I have decided to sell my cars and quit the track forever at least twenty times, but never have really quit under that impulse, for the reason above mentioned.

If I had been using my regular car, the Bullet No. 2, I do not believe the accident would have happened. But the big Bullet was in the shop for repairs, so I had to use the little four-cylinder job. I think I have failed to mention that Bullet No. 2 was an eight-cylinder-in-a-row job. I believe it was the second eight-in-a-row built in America, the Bullet No. 1 which Alexander Winton drove to so many records being the first.

In those early days millionaire drivers used to play with their cars a great deal down on the Florida beaches during the winter. They had set up quite a fine assortment of straightaway beach records and some records with a course that extended for ten miles up and down the beach, thus having a turn at each end. American cars had not yet taken the fancy of these beach habitués. I got the idea in my head that it would be a good advertisement for Winton and not a bad idea for Barney Oldfield's publicity agent if I could slip down there and knock the foreign cars for a row of shark's teeth, or whatever the expression in that period was that denoted the same thing.

I talked the matter over with Winton and he liked the idea.

I got all set and went down in the early spring or late winter of 1904. I think it was in February. The date isn't so important. There were to be races of from one to fifty miles. Beach racing was all new to me, and I had a lot to learn. For instance, racing is possible only at low tide. When I used to think of sand, I imagined it was always soft. But those who frequent the Florida and other beaches know that as the tide goes out it packs the beach so hard that it makes a perfect course, even for heavy cars. The only limit to a car's speed is its power.

The Reason for My Cigar

W. K. Vanderbilt made the mile time trial in thirty-nine seconds with his ninety horse-power Mercedes. This figures about 92.31 miles an hour and was very fast, as may be known by the fact that it was posted as a world's record. In a time trial the contestants go out one at a time, so they have the whole course to themselves.

I decided to enter the mile championship and I was to have plenty of real live competition. H. L. Bowden and Sam S. Stevens both drove sixty horse-power Mercedes racers. W. K. Vanderbilt had his Mercedes; W. Gould Brokaw, a Renault; and Mr. Shanley, a Decauville. Frank LaRoche drove a Darracq. There I was with the Winton Bullet, the only American entrant against a field of six of the fastest foreign cars in the world. That didn't worry me so much. I was still young.

The race was run in heats. Vanderbilt took the first heat in 48⅘ seconds. The two others in his heat, Bowden and Shanley, finished in that order. With Stevens, Brokaw and myself in the second heat, I slipped across the tape first in forty-three seconds. Stevens came next and Brokaw was third.

The final heat was made up of Vanderbilt, Stevens and myself. Stevens got into this heat because of his fast time in his own heat, even though he finished only second.

As I had won the previous heat in the fastest time, I had the pole in the final heat. Stevens got anxious and shot down to the starting tape ahead of me. The start was not allowed and we went back and tried it again. On the next trial I was a little slow in getting under way, but managed to gather enough speed to come down to the starting line on even terms with Stevens and Vanderbilt; and traveling at greater speed than they because of my delayed start, I stepped right out in front and stayed there. My time was not so fast in this heat as it was in the previous one, when I made a world's record of forty-three seconds.

I started in a heat of the five-mile championship, but before I finished I broke my crank shaft. I was traveling at a fast clip, however, and managed to coast across the finish line a winner of the heat. When I did not line up for the final heat there was considerable comment, no one believing that I had broken my crank shaft. But the technical committee examined my car that night and afterward posted a notice on the bulletin at the Ormond Hotel saying that my crank shaft really was broken.

That broken shaft put me out of all further competition, and I hated it, too, for I was pretty sure that I could have taken at least another event.

Vanderbilt won the fifty-mile championship in 40.49⅘; the ten-mile American championship and the ten-mile gentlemen's invitational.

Joe Tracey, one of the old-line American race drivers, was down at the beach with an eighty horse-power Peerless. I was much impressed with the car and decided that one day I would drive one.

I almost forgot to tell that as a reward for winning the world's straightaway championship I received a sterling silver stein, which I understood cost the donor $104. At that particular time I wished I had been a millionaire so that prizes would mean nothing in my young life.

Someone asked me the other day how I came to adopt the mannerism of carrying a cigar constantly in the southwest corner of my mouth. That cigar was always a great advertisement for me; but that wasn't the real reason I carried it there—at least it wasn't the primary reason. Of course, when I found that the newspapers began to take it up and comment on it, explaining all about it, I did all I could to make it more prominent by being sure that whenever I appeared in public, there the cigar was also.

But I'll let the readers in on the real reason. It is so simple that you'll know it is the real one. Early in the racing business I found that I had a tendency to set my teeth firmly during the excitement of making fast miles, so that when I tried to relax at night my jaws felt as though they had been in a clamp all day. My teeth were as sore as they would have been with a bad toothache. Another thing: with one's teeth set like that, the least little jar is apt to loosen them. But with a soft object between them this jar was much lessened. If I happened to hit the fence or click a hub cap of the driver next to me, instead of my teeth taking an awful jolt the shock was absorbed by the cigar. This isn't hard to understand. The boxers do the same thing with the rubber buffer in the mouth. It saves them setting their teeth so hard in training and it also saves them if they get a nasty clip from the glove of a sparring partner.

A Sport for Professionals

In the late spring of 1904 Alexander Winton and I had a disagreement. I had been growing pretty cocky with my success. While I was in the employ of the Winton Company, in reality I had been doing pretty much as I pleased. I had been conducting my racing in the way that would make me the most money. There wasn't a driver in America doing as well as I was. But Mr. Winton, gentleman that he was, kept his contract with me and paid me for a full year. Then, in order to soften the blow to my pride, so far as it related to published reports, he gave out the word that he had concluded that professional racing should be discontinued and amateur racing substituted for it, as he believed the latter to be for the best interests of the factory. He felt sure that the best interests of the automobile industry as a whole would be served if the driving were kept in the hands of amateurs.

Now I for one knew that if he really meant what he said he was wrong, for the automobile racing business had come to the point where it was being placed on a professional basis. Maybe I was wrong in assuming this, from the standpoint of preserving the pure atmosphere of racing as a sport; I don't know. But I believe that I had only advanced the time when it would become wholly professional; I had not in reality started it on a path that it would not have had to follow sooner or later, even had I not been in the game. Had I not been one of the first to demand money instead of cups, someone else would have come along and done so.

In looking ahead I had come to see also that automobile racing, to be successful,

(Continued on Page 61)

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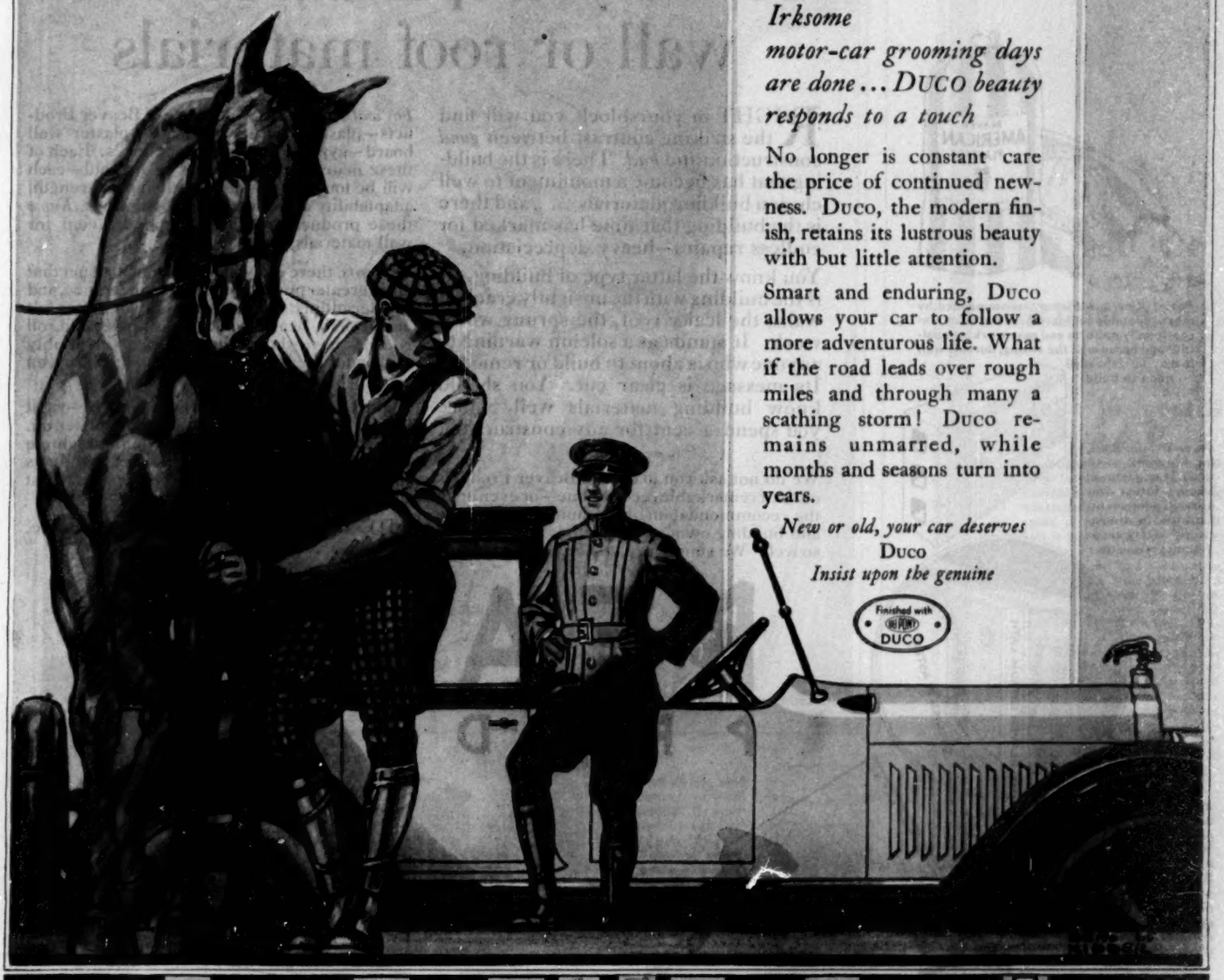

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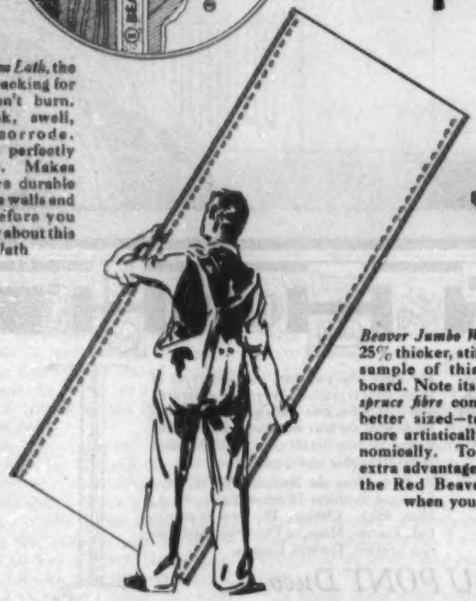

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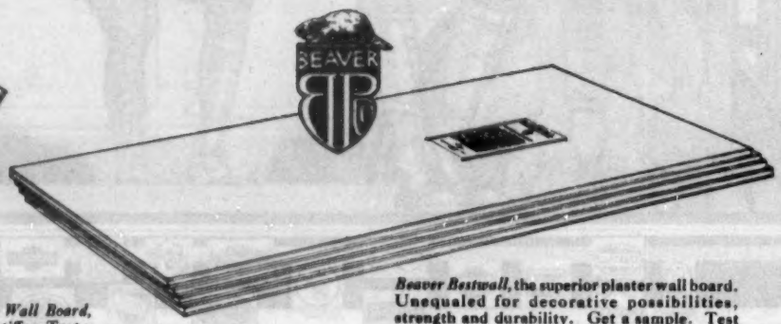

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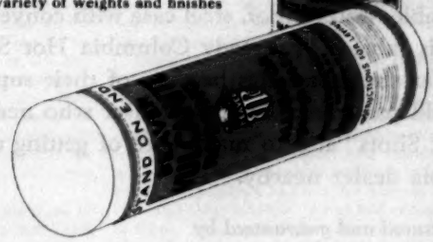

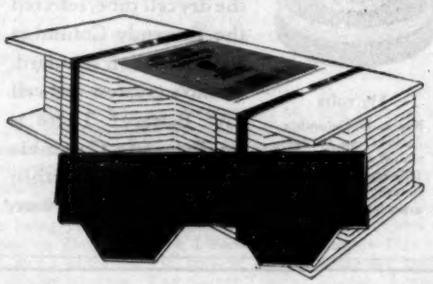

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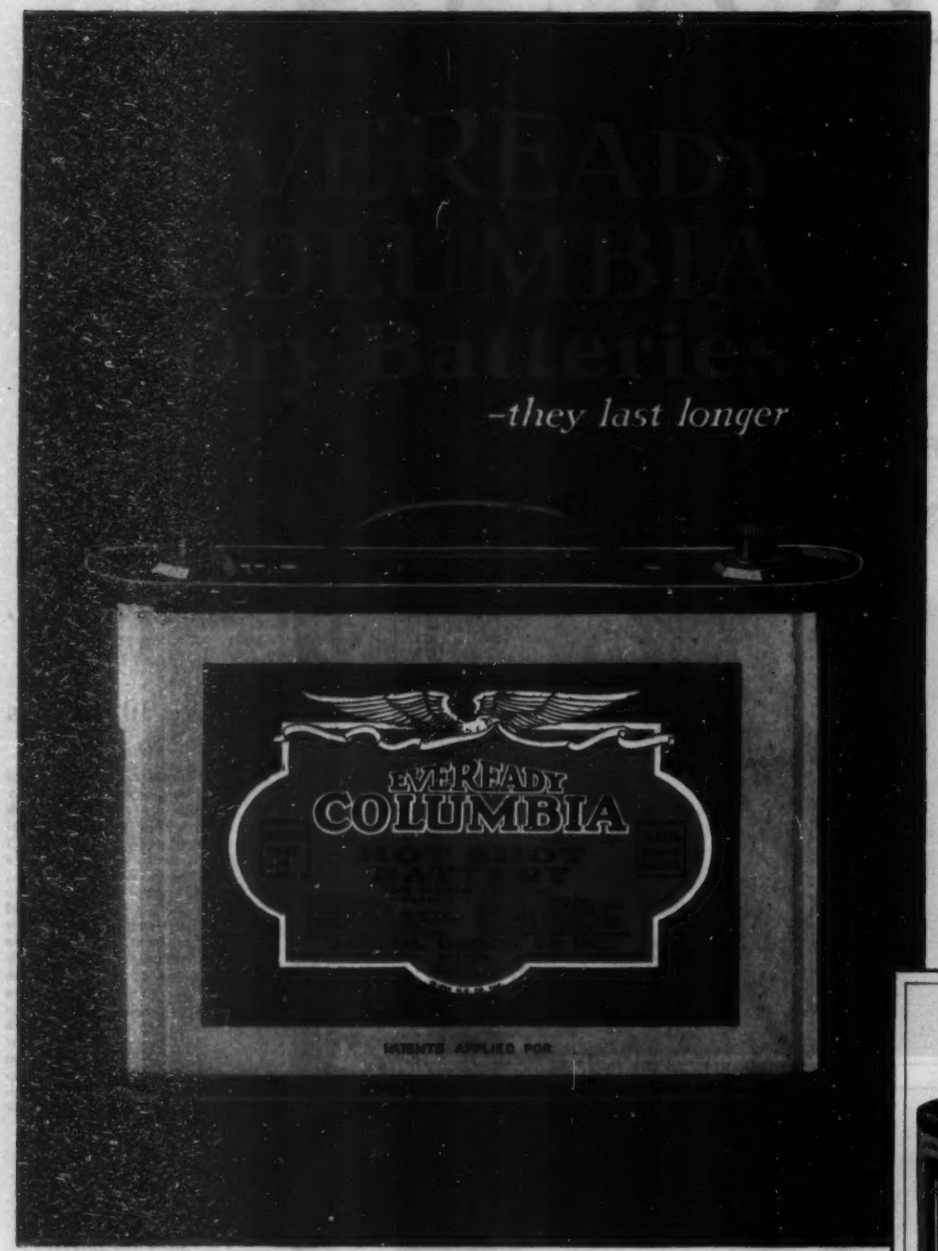

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(Continued from Page 56)

must be conducted on tracks especially built for it. Even the dirt tracks, normally used for horse racing only, must be put in better shape if they were to be used for automobile racing. The ordinary mile and half-mile dirt tracks were well enough at first, but so fast had automobile speed increased that the tracks had not kept pace. However, it was to be some time before tracks built especially for the automobile were to be built, and the first of these was built in Los Angeles, the Playa del Rey wooden saucer.

The Peerless company was looking for someone to exploit its product, so I did not want for a job. I made arrangements with the Peerless maker on much the same basis as my contract with Winton. I was to have a fairly lightweight car that would develop around 100 horse power. Until the car could be built, I was to be tendered the old James Gordon Bennett Cup racer, Green Dragon. It had to be remodeled for track work. The motor position was exceptionally low, the flywheel clearing the ground by only three inches. The Dragon was painted green, with a black fore part, so that it looked in truth like a dragon, with its low-hung body and torpedo-like hood.

My Green Leather Suit

The Dragon was even more of a racing car in appearance than was the Winton Bullet. That is, it more nearly approached present-day car lines. It had a small radiator in front of the hood, but outside of the hood. The hood, low and rakish, covered a four-cylinder motor. My steering wheel had more of a tilt to it than did that of the old Bullet, and my seat position was thus much lower. I used wooden-spoke wheels covered with disks of tin. I still sat high enough in the air to cause the wind to sweep over the hood and hit me down as low as halfway between my shoulders and my waist.

Resolving to set myself apart, I decided to do all my driving in a suit of green leather to match the color of my car. I got a good many laughs and comments from spectators, who said I was trying to bring the customs of the running-horse track to the automobile business. They were doing just what I wanted them to do—notice me. Whenever anyone saw a green car and a green-suited driver they didn't have any doubt as to what outfit it was—it had to be Barney Oldfield and his Peerless Green Dragon.

Shortly after I became associated with the Peerless I received my first of a long series of suspensions from the American Automobile Association. That meant I could not race on any of the sanctioned tracks until I was reinstated. Some of my friends and well-wishers came to me with the tale that the reason I was suspended was because some of the millionaire sportsmen were jealous of me as a professional racer and one who was ruining their sport. I did not take a great deal of stock in that. And I couldn't hold it against them, even if the millionaires did not like the commercialization of their sport. Without them to give it its early impetus, there might not have been a racing game for me to profit by. Others told me that I had been putting on too many airs and it was time I was disciplined.

The real reason I was suspended from the A. A. A. was because, along with various other drivers, I had flouted the rigid rules of the Three-A by participating in unsanctioned meets, or by promising two promoters at widely varying points that I would race for them on the same day. I recall once I made the mistake of promising to race both at Pittsburgh and at Chicago. As a matter of fact, I expected to decide the matter by taking the better offer. I raced at Pittsburgh, and Chicago had me suspended and fined $100.

On being reinstated I took my Green Dragon to Detroit, where I raced Earl Kiser and Charlie Gorndt, both of whom were driving Wintons. Earl was the Toledo agent for the Winton at that time and was becoming a thorn in my side so far as speed was concerned. I managed to win four out of the five events from these two and that made me feel pretty good.

In those days, when tracks were not properly prepared, heavy dust was one of our greatest troubles on the dirt tracks. I had one of the worst accidents of my career at St. Louis on August 28, 1904. The race was the Louisiana Purchase Trophy, being part of a special world's fair program. There were five or six of us entered, two of whom, I remember, were Webb Jay in a steamer and Alonzo Webb in a Pope-Toledo. We lined up and started down to the tape for a flying start. Although the starter didn't give us the signal, Webb and I thought he did. I shot ahead and tore into the first turn, Webb following me. On the back stretch he gave his big Pope-Toledo everything he had and passed me, going into the second turn ahead of me. I wasn't going to be left behind, so I opened up and was closing up on him. But the dust thrown by his machine was so heavy that I could not tell where I was going. I tried to make the turn by instinct. It didn't work. There was a terrific crash, the old Dragon shot through the fence, tearing the boards in splinters for a distance of 100 feet. Then I went right into the crowd at that point. Two men were killed and several were injured. My car hit a tree and I kept right on going, fetching up finally, feeling pretty much as though I had been run through a stone crusher. But I got up and walked back to the clubhouse, where it was found that I had three broken ribs and a few other items not so bad, but bad enough to keep me out of racing for some time. My crash through and smash into a tree made scrap iron out of my Dragon. It was in such shape that it could not be repaired.

By the time I was ready to race again, Louis Mooers, engineer of the Peerless company, had finished the second Green Dragon for me. This car looked much like the old one, except that the radiator was built into the hood in the conventional manner. To make the car look racier, Mooers had designed it so that the radiator came to a point in front. The car, being underslung, had a low center of gravity. The engine, gasoline tank and all were in front of me. My seat was directly over the rear axle. I liked the layout of the car much better than the old Winton Bullet, and better even than the first Dragon.

Dewey Backs an American

On October eighth the Vanderbilt Cup race had been run, with Heath, an American, driving a foreign Panhard, the winner. Considerable discussion had been aroused as to the relative merits of the American-made and the foreign cars. I felt the Dragon had a chance to defeat any car in the world. That thought led me to one of the finest Waterloos I ever attended in all my years of racing.

The race meet was held at the Brighton Beach track, outside of New York City. It was a heat affair. I defeated Wridgeway in our trial heat and earned the right to drive in the final heat. Bernin, the Frenchman, in a Renault owned by W. Gould Brokaw, won his heat; and Paul Sartori, the Italian, in a Fiat owned by Alfred Vanderbilt won his heat by default.

We lined up for the final heat of five miles. I had the pole position, Bernin the second place and Sartori was on the outside. I shot into the lead at the get-away, with Sartori second and Bernin third. Then Bernin passed Sartori, then he passed me and kept right on going. I finished a poor third. I came in for a lot of panning in the press. A popular hero was supposed to win all the time, I guess.

On October twenty-ninth I managed to get back to the pinnacle from which I had fallen. There was a big return meet at the Empire City track. That track was in a great deal better shape than the Brighton course. I was a little peeved also. The day was ideal for racing. We had a big crowd, in spite of the counter attraction of a football game.

Sartori, with Vanderbilt's ninety horse power Fiat, won his heat from Leon Thery, European road champion, who was driving an eighty horse Richardson-Brasier. In the second heat Bernin, driving Brokaw's Renault, lined up with me in my sixty horse Green Dragon No. 2. Bernin had the pole. He was a heavy favorite. But I managed to beat him badly, though he made me travel fast enough to break the world's standing-start records from one to ten miles to do it.

When the final heat was called Alfred Vanderbilt went around betting on Sartori. I think this got Admiral George Dewey, who was quite a race fan, somewhat riled. He said an American driver and an American car were good enough for him, so he put his wagers on me. It was a big contrast in machines, Sartori's big black Fiat, cumbersome looking, but fast, and my frail-looking Dragon. I stepped right out and beat Sartori badly, doing the ten miles in nine minutes and twelve seconds, a world's record with a standing start.

Records for 1904

The West Coast called me and I went, spending the waning weeks of 1904 driving the various tracks, of which there were several good ones. At Fresno I went fifty miles in forty-eight minutes forty seconds; I put the mile record at fifty-three seconds in my last exhibition at Los Angeles.

I had stopped at the Overland track in Denver on the way out and broke a number of records there, so that when I shipped the Dragon back to Cleveland for overhauling during the winter I had annexed every record from one to fifty miles during my racing career. In the three years I had been driving I had broken the mile mark on six occasions—four times with the 999 and once each with the Winton Bullet and the Green Dragon.

Later I was to circle a mile dirt track in forty-three seconds. But that time had not arrived. The following records made in 1904 with my Green Dragon may be of interest as showing the top speed at that time:

1 mile	.51⅕
5 miles	4.30
10 miles	9.12
15 miles	14.05
20 miles	18.45⅖
25 miles	23.38⅘
30 miles	28.38⅘
35 miles	33.36⅗
40 miles	38.31⅘
45 miles	43.29
50 miles	48.39⅕

Though I had started racing when there were very few in it and done much to make the game, so to speak, I was not to have the field to myself. There had even thus early arisen a crop of young drivers who were destined to make life miserable for me. Four of these were Earl Kiser, in a Winton; Webb Jay, White steamer; Herb Lytle, Pope-Toledo; Charlie Burman, Peerless Blue Streak. As the years rolled on, these ranks were added to. Bob Burman, wild Bob Burman, who was to startle the world, had not been heard of. Louis Chevrolet, who had come to this country in 1900 and allied himself with the Fiat Import Company, was little known. But later on Louis was to take my measure perhaps oftener than anyone else.

More and more factories were getting into racing. At this point the peak of the rich men's private ownership of racing cars had about been reached. Now were beginning to appear the young mechanics from factories, factory salesmen and dealers, who were as willing to drive for glory as for gold. Personally, I had lost my interest in cups and other trophies. I had had enough of them. I had settled down to make auto racing a business, pure and simple, just as a banker makes banking his business.

Editor's Note—This is the first of two articles by Mr. Oldfield. The next will appear in an early issue.

HIGH STAKES

(Continued from Page 9)

when the B. & G. crowd had attacked C. & D., and in order to keep control of L. & M. he had been compelled to buy so largely of S. & T., he had not turned a hair. And yet this morning, in endeavoring to prong up segments of bacon, he twice missed the plate altogether and on a third occasion speared himself in the cheek with his fork. The spectacle of Blizzard, so calm, so competent, so supremely the perfect butler, unnerved him.

"I am jumpy today, Blizzard," he said, forcing a laugh.

"Yes, sir. You do, indeed, appear to have the willies."

"Yes; I am playing a very important golf match this morning."

"Indeed, sir?"

"I must pull myself together, Blizzard."

"Yes, sir. And if I may respectfully make the suggestion, you should endeavor, when in action, to keep the head down and the eye rigidly upon the ball."

"I will, Blizzard, I will," said Bradbury Fisher, his keen eyes clouding under a sudden mist of tears. "Thank you, Blizzard, for the advice."

"Not at all, sir."

"How is your sciatica, Blizzard?"

"A trifle improved, I thank you, sir."

"And your hiccups?"

"I am conscious of a slight though possibly only a temporary relief, sir."

"Good!" said Bradbury Fisher.

He left the room with a firm step; and proceeding to his library, read for a while portions of that grand chapter in James Braid's Advanced Golf which deals with driving into the wind. It was a fair and cloudless morning, but it was as well to be prepared for emergencies. Then, feeling that he had done all that could be done, he ordered the car and was taken to the links.

Gladstone Bott was awaiting him on the first tee, in company with two caddies. A curt greeting, a spin of the coin, and Gladstone Bott, securing the honor, stepped out to begin the contest.

Although there are, of course, endless subspecies in their ranks, not all of which have yet been classified by science, twenty-four-handicap golfers may be stated broadly to fall into two classes—the dashing and the cautious; those, that is to say, who endeavor to do every hole in a brilliant one and those who are content to win with a steady nine. Gladstone Bott was one of the cautious brigade. He fussed about for a few moments like a hen scratching gravel, then with a stiff quarter swing sent his ball straight down the fairway for a matter of seventy yards, and it was Bradbury Fisher's turn to drive.

Now, normally, Bradbury Fisher was essentially a dasher. It was his habit, as a rule, to raise his left foot some six inches from the ground, and having swayed forcefully back onto his right leg, to sway sharply forward again and lash out with sickening violence in the general direction of the ball. It was a method which at times produced excellent results, though it had the flaw that it was somewhat uncertain. Bradbury Fisher was the only member of the club, with the exception of the club champion, who had ever carried the second green with his drive; but, on the other hand, he was also the only member who had ever laid his drive on the eleventh dead to the pin of the sixteenth.

But today the magnitude of the issues at stake had wrought a change in him. Planted firmly on both feet, he fiddled at the ball in the manner of one playing spillikins. When he swung, it was with a swing resembling that of Gladstone Bott; and, like Bott, he achieved a nice, steady, rainbow-shaped drive of some seventy yards straight down the middle. Bott replied with an eighty-yard brassy shot. Bradbury held him with another. And so, working their way cautiously across the prairie, they came to the green, where Bradbury, laying his third putt dead, halved the hole.

The second was a repetition of the first, the third and fourth repetitions of the second. But on the fifth green the fortunes of the match began to change. Here, Gladstone Bott, faced with a fifteen-foot putt to win, smote his ball firmly off the line, as had been his practice at each of the preceding holes, and the ball, hitting a worm cast and bounding off to the left, ran on a couple of yards, hit another worm cast, bounded to the right, and finally, bumping into a twig, leaped to the left again and clattered into the tin.

"One up," said Gladstone Bott. "Tricky, some of these greens are. You have to gauge the angles to a nicety."

At the sixth a donkey in an adjoining field uttered a raucous bray just as Bott was addressing his ball with a mashie niblick on the edge of the green. He started violently and, jerking his club with a spasmodic reflex action of the forearm, holed out.

"Nice work," said Gladstone Bott.

The seventh was a short hole, guarded by two large bunkers between which ran a narrow footpath of turf. Gladstone Bott's mashie shot, falling short, ran over the rough, peered for a moment into the depths to the left, then, winding up the path, trickled onto the green, struck a fortunate slope, acquired momentum, ran on and dropped into the hole.

"Nearly missed it," said Gladstone Bott, drawing a deep breath.

Bradbury Fisher looked out upon a world that swam and danced before his eyes. He had not been prepared for this sort of thing. The way things were shaping, he felt that it would hardly surprise him now if the cups were to start jumping up and snapping at Bott's ball like starving dogs.

"Three up," said Gladstone Bott.

With a strong effort Bradbury Fisher mastered his feelings. His mouth set grimly. Matters, he perceived, had reached a crisis. He saw now that he had made a mistake in allowing himself to be intimidated by the importance of the occasion into being scientific. Nature had never intended him for a scientific golfer, and up till now he had been behaving like an animated illustration out of a book by Vardon. He had taken his club back along and near the turf, allowing it to trend around the legs as far as was permitted by the movement of the arms. He had kept his right elbow close to the side, this action coming into operation before the club was allowed to describe a section of a circle in an upward direction, whence it was carried by means of a slow, steady, swinging movement. He had pivoted, he had pronated the wrists, and he had been careful about the lateral hip shift.

And it had all been wrong. That sort of stuff might suit some people, but not him. He was a biffer, a swatter and a slosher; and it flashed upon him now that only by biffing, swatting and sloshing as he had never biffed, swatted and sloshed before could he hope to recover the ground he had lost.

Gladstone Bott was not one of those players who grow careless with success. His drive at the eighth was just as steady and short as ever. But this time Bradbury Fisher made no attempt to imitate him. For seven holes he had been checking his natural instincts, and now he drove with all the banked-up fury that comes with release from long suppression.

For an instant he remained poised on one leg like a stork; then there was a whistle and a crack, and the ball, smitten squarely in the midriff, flew down the course, and soaring over the bunkers, hit the turf and gamboled to within twenty yards of the green.

He straightened out the kinks in his spine with a grim smile. Allowing himself the regulation three putts, he would be down in five, and only a miracle could give Gladstone Bott anything better than a seven.

"Two down," he said some minutes later, and Gladstone Bott nodded sullenly.

It was not often that Bradbury Fisher kept on the fairway with two consecutive drives, but strange things were happening today. Not only was his drive at the ninth a full two hundred and forty yards but it was also perfectly straight.

"One down," said Bradbury Fisher, and Bott nodded even more sullenly than before.

There are few things more demoralizing than to be consistently outdriven; and when he is outdriven by a hundred and seventy yards at two consecutive holes, the bravest man is apt to be shaken. Gladstone Bott was only human. It was with a sinking heart that he watched his opponent heave and sway on the tenth tee; and when the ball once more flew straight and far down the course a strange weakness seemed to come over him. For the first time he lost his morale and topped. The ball trickled into the long grass, and after three fruitless stabs at it with a niblick he picked up and the match was squared.

At the eleventh Bradbury Fisher also topped, and his tee shot, though nice and straight, traveled only a couple of feet. He had to scramble to halve in eight.

The twelfth was another short hole; and Bradbury, unable to curb the fine, careless rapture which had crept into his game, had the misfortune to overshoot the green by some sixty yards, thus enabling his opponent to take the lead once more.

The thirteenth and fourteenth were halved; but Bradbury, driving another long ball, won the fifteenth, squaring the match.

It seemed to Bradbury Fisher as he took his stand on the sixteenth tee that he now had the situation well in hand. At the thirteenth and fourteenth his drive had flickered, but on the fifteenth it had come back in all its glorious vigor and there appeared to be no reason to suppose that it had not come to stay. He recollected exactly how he had done that last colossal slosh, and he now prepared to reproduce the movements precisely as before. The great thing to remember was to hold the breath on the back swing and not to release it before the moment of impact. Also the eyes should not be closed until late in the down swing. All great golfers have their little secrets, and that was Bradbury's.

With these aids to success firmly fixed in his mind, Bradbury Fisher prepared to give the ball the nastiest bang that a golf ball had ever had since Edward Blackwell was in his prime. He drew in his breath, and with lungs expanded to their fullest capacity heaved back onto his large flat right foot. Then, clenching his teeth, he lashed out. When he opened his eyes they fell upon a horrid spectacle. Either he had closed those eyes too soon or else he had breathed too precipitately. Whatever the cause, the ball, which should have gone due south, was traveling with great speed sou'-sou'-east. And even as he gazed it curved to earth and fell into as uninviting a bit of rough as he had ever penetrated, and he was a man who had spent much time in many roughs.

Leaving Gladstone Bott to continue his imitation of a spavined octogenarian rolling peanuts with a toothpick, Bradbury Fisher, followed by his caddie, set out on the long trail into the jungle.

Hope did not altogether desert him as he walked. In spite of its erratic direction, the ball had been so shrewdly smitten that it was not far from the green. Provided luck was with him and the lie not too desperate, a mashie would put him on the carpet. It was only when he reached the rough and saw what had happened that his heart sank. There the ball lay, half hidden in the grass, while above it waved the straggling tentacle of some tough-looking shrub. Behind it was a stone, and behind the stone, at just the elevation required to catch the back swing of the club, was a tree. And by an ironical stroke of fate which drew from Bradbury a hollow, bitter laugh, only a few feet to the right was a beautiful smooth piece of turf from which it would have been a pleasure to play one's second.

Dully, Bradbury looked round to see how Bott was getting on. And then suddenly, as he found that Bott was completely invisible behind the belt of bushes through which he had just passed, a voice seemed to whisper to him, "Why not?"

Bradbury Fisher, remember, had spent thirty years in Wall Street.

(Continued on Page 66)

Trees at Night

DRAWN BY ART YOUNG

The Stubborn Cypress

Here is the new easy way to save repairs and reduce operating costs

This expert lubricating service that is saving fleet owners 1¾c per mile now available to every motorist

THERE'S a man in your town you ought to know. He offers you a way to save 1c to 1¾c per mile in the operation of your car. Gasoline, oil and tires are not your greatest expense. Repairs and depreciation on the average car cost more than all these combined. This man will save you these hidden costs. Using the same method used by large fleet owners. Expert Alemite Lubrication.

Cause of repairs

80% of repairs on moving parts of your car can be traced to one cause—faulty lubrication. Your engine doesn't suffer. You take care of it. It's the vital, dust-exposed bearings on your chassis that you neglect. Here's the source of repairs that often amount to $50 or $150 in 10,000 miles of driving. Neglect of these bearings is also the cause of low resale values. Used car merchants tell us they allow $100 to $150 less on a standard $1500 car that has suffered this way.

An expert service

This man in your town can save these losses for you. He is an Alemite Lubricating expert.

If you will drive your car on his rack every 500 miles for Alemite lubrication you'll never have another big chassis repair bill. Expert lubrication will save you at least 1¾c per mile in operating costs. It saves not only in repairs. But also in easier riding—longer tire wear—lessened strain on other parts of your car—lower depreciation. Fleet owners have proved this repeatedly.

Most cars now come equipped with Alemite High Pressure Lubrication. (In use on over 7,000,000 cars.) If you have Alemite use it every 500 miles. That's the way to get full value from your car.

If your car is not equipped with Alemite, it will pay you to have it installed. The cost is low—$5.00 to $20.00. (Overland, $5.67; Alemite-Zerk for Fords, $6.50. *Prices in Canada and west of Rockies slightly higher.*) THE BASSICK MANUFACTURING COMPANY, 2660 North Crawford Avenue, Chicago, Illinois. Canadian Factory: Alemite Products Co. of Canada, Ltd., Belleville, Ontario.

ALEMITE

Products of
The BASSICK MANUFACTURING COMPANY

ALEMITE-ZERK

Service for cars with either system at any Alemite Station.

ALEMITE

"Reg. U. S. Pat. Off."

High Pressure Lubrication

1,560,000 pairs of clean hands

Mothers!

Now *you* can carry on at home the Lifebuoy Clean Hands Campaign started in 39,000 schools—

to guard health

Is there a soap-shy boy or girl in your home? Quite a problem, isn't it? The Lifebuoy Wash-Up Chart makes a jolly game of keeping clean; fascinates the children; actually makes them want to wash; leads them into lasting habits of cleanliness.

A teacher writes: "It makes washing-up a game—each child eager to be the cleanest—protection to class health is priceless."

"The change is amazing," writes a mother, "I never have to nag—Edward left in the middle of lunch and rushed to the wash bowl—he'd forgotten his 'before lunch' wash-up."

Your children can play this fascinating health game, too. We'll send a Lifebuoy Wash-Up Chart for each one.

In orange-red color of palm-fruit oil assures its purity. Its clean, wholesome odor tells of priceless protection.

Such a boon to mothers

—this new, health-guarding cleanness

YOUR tousled, rollicking youngsters—how can you keep them well? Bruised knees, smudged faces, little hands all grimy, sticky, so sure to come in contact with mouth, nose or food.

Think of the dirt they get into—the much-handled things they touch. Children *must* get dirty—they *can* be safeguarded. Don't worry—*give them Lifebuoy protection.*

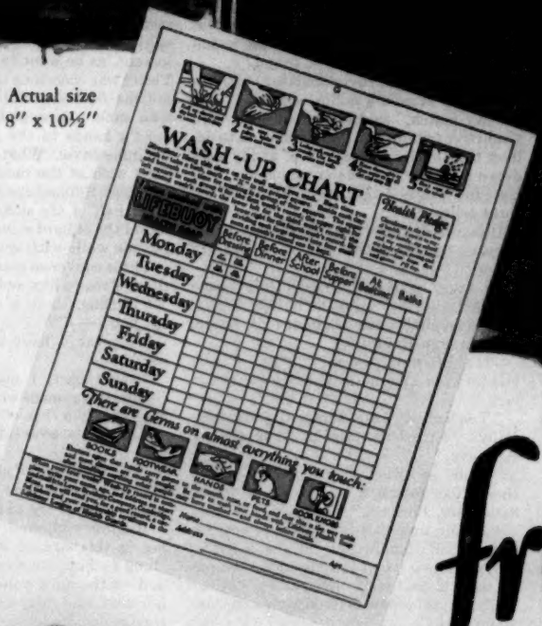
Know that all the sticky, clogging, dangerous dirt has been flooded from pores—precious health safeguarded.

Makes children "self-washing"

Youngsters always like the bubbling, foamy, spirited Lifebuoy lather. Little noses,

in 39,000 schools

Actual size
8" x 10½"



unused to artificial perfumes, love Lifebuoy's clean, antiseptic smell—the odor of purity—which vanishes the instant it has done its health-guarding duty.

So good for the skin—this new cleanness

You can actually *feel* it—a sparkling, zest ful, wide-awake, tingling cleanness. The skin lives—grows softer—smoother day by day—radiant color—the beauty only health can give.

Send for Wash-Up Chart

Kept in the bathroom. Child marks cross for each wash-up and bath. It makes a jolly game of keeping clean—forms lasting habits. Teachers and mothers say it is a wonderful aid. We will gladly send one for each of your children—free. Use the coupon.

The Health Doctor

free!

One for every child in the United States. *Clip the coupon*

Mail to
LEVER BROS. CO., 60 Burleigh Street, Cambridge, Mass.

I have.....children. Please send a free Lifebuoy Wash-Up Chart for each.
Our present family toilet soap is.....

We have used Lifebuoy { regularly☐ / occasionally☐ / never☐

Name.....
[PRINT NAME]

Address.....

(Continued from Page 62)

It was at this moment that he realized that he was not alone. His caddie was standing at his side.

Bradbury Fisher gazed upon the caddie, whom until now he had not had any occasion to observe with any closeness. The caddie was not a boy. He was a man, apparently in the middle forties, with bushy eyebrows and a walrus mustache; and there was something about his appearance which suggested to Bradbury that here was a kindred spirit. He reminded Bradbury a little of Spike Huggins, the safe blower, who had been a fresher with him at Sing Sing. It seemed to him that this caddie could be trusted in a delicate matter involving secrecy and silence. Had he been some babbling urchin the risk might have been too great.

"Caddie!" said Bradbury.

"Sir?" said the caddie.

"Yours is an ill-paid job," said Bradbury.

"It is, indeed, sir," said the caddie.

"Would you like to earn fifty dollars?"

"I would prefer to earn a hundred."

"I meant a hundred." said Bradbury.

He produced a roll of bills from his pocket and peeled off one of that value. Then, stooping, he picked up his ball and placed it on the little oasis of turf. The caddie bowed intelligently.

"You mean to say," cried Gladstone Bott, a few moments later, "that you were out with your second? With your second!"

"I had a stroke of luck."

"You're sure it wasn't about six strokes of luck?"

"My ball was right out in the open in an excellent lie."

"Oh!" said Gladstone Bott shortly.

"I have four for it, I think."

"One down," said Gladstone Bott.

"And two to play," trilled Bradbury.

It was with a light heart that Bradbury Fisher teed up on the seventeenth. The match, he felt, was as good as over. The whole essence of golf is to discover a way of getting out of the rough without losing strokes; and with this sensible, broad-minded man of the world caddying for him, he seemed to have discovered the ideal way.

It cost him scarcely a pang when he saw his drive slice away into a tangle of long grass, but for the sake of appearances he affected a little chagrin.

"Tut-tut!" he said.

"I shouldn't worry," said Gladstone Bott. "You will probably find it sitting up on an India-rubber tee which someone has dropped there."

He spoke sardonically, and Bradbury did not like his manner. But then, he never had liked Gladstone Bott's manner, so what of that? He made his way to where the ball had fallen. It was lying under a bush.

"Caddie!" said Bradbury.

"Sir?" said the caddie.

"A hundred?"

"And fifty."

"And fifty," said Bradbury Fisher.

Gladstone Bott was still toiling along the fairway when Bradbury reached the green.

"How many?" he asked, eventually winning to the goal.

"On in two," said Bradbury. "And you?"

"Playing seven."

"Then let me see. If you take two putts which is most unlikely, I shall have six for the hole and match."

A minute later Bradbury had picked his ball out of the cup. He stood there, basking in the sunshine, his heart glowing with quiet happiness. It seemed to him that he had never seen the countryside looking so beautiful. The birds appeared to be singing as they had never sung before. The trees and the rolling turf had taken on a charm beyond anything he had ever encountered. Even Gladstone Bott looked almost bearable.

"A very pleasant match," he said cordially, "conducted throughout in the most sporting spirit. At one time I thought you were going to pull it off, old man, but there—class will tell."

"I will now make my report," said the caddie with the walrus mustache.

"Do so," said Gladstone Bott briefly.

Bradbury Fisher stared at the man with blanched cheeks. The sun had ceased to shine, the birds had stopped singing. The trees and the rolling turf looked pretty rotten, and Gladstone Bott perfectly foul. His heart was leaden with a hideous dread.

"Your report? Your—your report? What do you mean?"

"You don't suppose," said Gladstone Bott, "that I would play you an important match unless I had detectives watching you, do you? This gentleman is from the Quick Results Agency. What have you to report?" he said, turning to the caddie.

The caddie removed his bushy eyebrows, and with a quick gesture swept off his mustache.

"On the twelfth inst.," he began in a monotonous, singsong voice, "acting upon instructions received, I made my way to the Goldenville Golf Links in order to observe the movements of the man Fisher. I had adopted for the occasion the Number Three Disguise and ——"

"All right, all right," said Gladstone Bott impatiently; "you can skip all that. Come down to what happened at the sixteenth."

The caddie looked wounded, but he bowed deferentially.

"At the sixteenth hole the man Fisher moved his ball into what—from his actions and furtive manner—I deduced to be a more favorable position."

"Ah!" said Gladstone Bott.

"On the seventeenth, the man Fisher picked up his ball and threw it with a movement of the wrist onto the green."

"It's a lie—a foul and contemptible lie!" shouted Bradbury Fisher.

"Realizing that the man Fisher might adopt this attitude, sir," said the caddie, "I took the precaution of snapshotting him in the act with my miniature wrist-watch camera, the detective's best friend."

Bradbury Fisher covered his face with his hands and uttered a hollow groan.

"My match," said Gladstone Bott with vindictive triumph. "I'll trouble you to deliver that butler to me f. o. b. at my residence not later than noon tomorrow. Oh, yes, and I was forgetting. You owe me three railroads."

Blizzard, dignified but kindly, met Bradbury in the Byzantine hall on his return home.

"I trust your golf match terminated satisfactorily, sir," said the butler.

A pang, almost too poignant to be borne, shot through Bradbury.

"No, Blizzard," he said; "no. Thank you for your kind inquiry, but I was not in luck."

"Too bad, sir," said Blizzard sympathetically. "I trust the prize at stake was not excessive."

"Well—er—well, it was rather big. I should like to speak to you about that a little later, Blizzard."

"At any time that is suitable to you, sir. If you will ring for one of the assistant underfootmen when you desire to see me, sir, he will find me in my pantry. Meanwhile, sir, this cable arrived for you a short while back."

Bradbury took the envelope listlessly. He had been expecting a communication from his London agents announcing that they had bought Kent and Sussex, for which he had instructed them to make a firm offer just before he left England. No doubt this was their cable.

He opened the envelope and started as if it had contained a scorpion. It was from his wife. It ran:

"Returning immediately Aquitania. Docking Friday night. Meet without fail."

Bradbury stared at the words, frozen to the marrow. Although he had been in a sort of trance ever since that dreadful moment on the seventeenth green, his great brain had not altogether ceased to function; and while driving home in the car, he had sketched out roughly a plan of action which, he felt, might meet the crisis. Assuming that Mrs. Fisher was to remain abroad for another month, he had practically decided to buy a daily paper, insert in it a front-page story announcing the death of Blizzard, forward the clipping to his wife and then sell his house and move to another neighborhood. In this way it might be that she would never learn of what had occurred. But if she was due back next Friday, the scheme fell through and exposure was inevitable.

He wondered dully what had caused her change of plans, and came to the conclusion that some feminine sixth sense must have warned her of peril threatening Blizzard. With a good deal of peevishness, he wished that Providence had never endowed women with this sixth sense. A woman with merely five took quite enough handling.

"Sweet suffering soup spoons!" groaned Bradbury.

"Sir?" said Blizzard.

"Nothing," said Bradbury.

"Very good, sir," said Blizzard.

For a man with anything on his mind, any little trouble calculated to affect the *joie de vivre*, there are few spots less cheering than the customs sheds of New York. Drafts whistle dismally there, now to, now fro. Strange noises are heard. Customs officials chew gum and lurk grimly in the shadows like tigers awaiting the luncheon gong. It is not surprising that Bradbury's spirits, low when he reached the place, should have sunk to zero long before the gangplank was lowered and the passengers began to stream down it.

His wife was among the first to land. How beautiful she looked, thought Bradbury, as he watched her. And, alas, how intimidating! His tastes had always lain in the direction of spirited women. His first wife had been spirited. So had his second, third and fourth. And the one at the moment holding office was perhaps the most spirited of the whole platoon. For one long instant, as he went to meet her, Bradbury Fisher was conscious of a regret that he had not married one of those meek, mild girls who suffer uncomplainingly at their husband's hands in the more hectic type of feminine novel. What he felt he could have done with at the moment was the sort of wife who thinks herself dashed lucky if the other half of the sketch does not drag her round the billiard room by her hair, kicking her the while with spiked shoes.

Three conversational openings presented themselves to him as he approached her.

"Darling, there is something I want to tell you ——"

"Dearest, I have a small confession to make ——"

"Sweetheart, I don't know if by any chance you remember Blizzard, our butler. Well, it's like this ——"

But, in the event, it was she who spoke first.

"Oh, Bradbury," she cried, rushing into his arms, "I've done the most awful thing and you must try to forgive me!"

Bradbury blinked. He had never seen her in this strange mood before. As she clung to him she seemed timid, fluttering and—although a woman who weighed a full hundred and fifty-seven pounds—almost fragile.

"What is it?" he inquired tenderly. "Has somebody stolen your jewels?"

"No, no."

"Have you been losing money at bridge?"

"No, no; worse than that."

Bradbury started.

"You didn't sing My Little Gray Home in the West at the ship's concert?" he demanded, eying her closely.

"No, no! Ah, how can I tell you? Bradbury, look! You see that man over there?"

Bradbury followed her pointing finger. Standing in an attitude of negligent dignity beside a pile of trunks under the letter V was a tall, stout, ambassadorial man, at the very sight of whom, even at this distance, Bradbury Fisher felt an odd sense of inferiority. His pendulous cheeks, his curving waistcoat, his protruding eyes and the sequence of rolling chins combined to produce in Bradbury that instinctive feeling of being in the presence of a superior which we experience when meeting scratch golfers, head waiters of fashionable restaurants and traffic policemen. A sudden pang of suspicion pierced him.

"Well," he said hoarsely, "what of him?"

"Bradbury, you must not judge me too harshly. We were thrown together and I was tempted."

"Woman," thundered Bradbury Fisher, "who is this man?"

"His name is Vosper."

"And what is there between you and him, and when did it start, and why and how and where?"

Mrs. Fisher dabbed at her eyes with her handkerchief.

"It was at the Duke of Bootle's, Bradbury. I was invited there for the week-end."

"And this man was there?"

"Yes."

"Ha! Proceed!"

"The moment I set eyes on him, something seemed to go all over me."

"Indeed!"

"At first it was his mere appearance. I felt that I had dreamed of such a man all my life and that for all these wasted years I had been putting up with the second best."

"Oh, you did, eh? Really? Is that so? You did, did you?" snorted Bradbury Fisher.

"I couldn't help it, Bradbury. I know I have always seemed so devoted to Blizzard, and so I was. But honestly, there is no comparison between them—really there isn't. You should see the way Vosper stood behind the duke's chair. Like a high priest presiding over some mystic religious ceremony. And his voice when he asks you if you will have sherry or hock! Like the music of some wonderful organ. I couldn't resist him. I approached him delicately and found that he was willing to come to America. He had been eighteen years with the duke and he told me he couldn't stand the sight of the back of his head any longer. So ——"

Bradbury Fisher reeled.

"This man—this Vosper—who is he?"

"Why, I'm telling you, honey. He was the duke's butler, and now he's ours. Oh, you know how impulsive I am! Honestly, it wasn't till we were halfway across the Atlantic that I suddenly said to myself, 'What about Blizzard?' What am I to do, Bradbury? I simply haven't the nerve to fire Blizzard. And yet what will happen when he walks into his pantry and finds Vosper there? Oh, think, Bradbury, think!"

Bradbury Fisher was thinking—and for the first time in a week without agony.

"Evangeline," he said gravely, "this is awkward."

"I know."

"Extremely awkward."

"I know, I know. But surely you can think of some way out of the muddle."

"I may. I cannot promise, but I may." He pondered deeply. "Ha! I have it! It is just possible that I may be able to induce Gladstone Bott to take on Blizzard."

"Do you really think he would?"

"He may—if I play my cards carefully. At any rate, I will try to persuade him. For the moment, you and Vosper had better remain in New York, while I go home and put the negotiations in train. If I am successful, I will let you know."

"Do try your very hardest."

"I think I shall be able to manage it. Gladstone and I are old friends, and he would stretch a point to oblige me. But let this be a lesson to you, Evangeline."

"Oh, I will!"

"By the way," said Bradbury Fisher, "I am cabling my London agents today to instruct them to buy J. H. Taylor's shirt stud for my collection."

"Quite right, Bradbury darling. And anything else you want in that way you will get, won't you?"

"I will," said Bradbury Fisher.

In your Ford, Veedol Forzol will end transmission band chatter—and give you eight definite economies in operation.

To end the chatter about Ford chatter VEEDOL FORZOL *was put to this brutal test!*

On the dash was installed a sensitive thermometer with a tube leading down into the engine crankcase.

Numerous Oils are now being sold for Fords on the sole basis that they stop chatter. Veedol Forzol eliminates chatter—but that is only *one* of the eight economies in operation that it gives Ford owners.

But to end the chatter about Ford chatter, Veedol Forzol was put to this brutal test.

* * *

A Ford sedan in good condition was selected for the test. On the dash was installed a sensitive thermometer with a tube leading down into the crankcase. The old oil was drained out and the crankcase refilled with a brand of engine oil recommended and sold for Fords. A smooth stretch of road was marked off.

Start, stop, reverse

Back and forth, back and forth the Ford was mercilessly driven. Start, go forward 100 feet, stop. Reverse for 100 feet, stop; start again; and repeat the operation many times a minute.

One of the test engineers kept his eyes glued on the tell-tale thermometer. His ears strained for the familiar sound of chatter. Slowly, at first, then rapidly, the thermometer mounted. Heat and friction were getting in their deadly work!

At 125° F.—ordinary crankcase temperature—the Ford began to chatter. It chattered so that the tires skidded along the dry road!

The first oil was drained out and the crankcase refilled—this time with a medium body high quality oil, *not* made for Fords, but of the type that so many Ford owners mistakenly buy. Again the test started—back and forth—start, stop and reverse. At 160° F. chatter developed.

How Veedol Forzol conquered

The second oil was drained out and the crankcase refilled—this time with Veedol Forzol, the economy oil made for Fords exclusively. Again the test started, but this time there was a different story. *After forcing the crankcase temperature up to the extreme and abnormal figure of 250° F., the engineers gave up. Absolutely no sign of chatter could be developed with Veedol Forzol. The engine functioned perfectly; its power was undiminished.*

To cap the climax, the Veedol Forzol was quickly drained and the crankcase again filled with a fresh supply of the *first* oil. Before the crankcase temperature could drop more than a few degrees, the test was started again.

Immediately the Ford began to chatter violently. Time after time, the engine stalled. Power fell off amazingly because the oil failed to hold its body and seal the piston rings. What helpless prey the motor now was to the attacks of heat and friction!

Only one of the "Eight Economies"

Stopping chatter is only *one* of the economies that Veedol Forzol gives you. There are eight in all—10 to 25% gasoline saving; eliminates costly chatter; 10 to 25% saving in oil; 10 to 25% saving in carbon; resists heat and friction; resists fuel dilution; gives increased ability to coast; reduces repair bills.

You can have the benefit of all eight economies, if you give Veedol Forzol a trial in your Ford.

Today drive to any dealer displaying the orange and black Veedol Forzol sign, or any one of several thousand authorized Ford agents. Have your crankcase drained and refilled with Veedol Forzol. Then make the same test of Veedol Forzol in your own Ford.

Tide Water Oil Sales Corporation, 11 Broadway, N. Y. Branches or warehouses in all principal cities.

START! STOP! REVERSE! Back and forth, back and forth, this Ford sedan was mercilessly driven over a 100 foot stretch of road. On the dash was a sensitive thermometer that told what was going on inside the motor.

VEEDOL FORZOL

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

The economy oil for Fords

THREE SILVERTOWNS, each distinctive in type and purpose, provide quality, economy and special features for motor car, bus and truck.

Silvertown Balloons for super comfort motoring . . . . . *Silvertown Standards* for sound economy and usefulness . . . And *Silvertown Heavy Dutys* for profitable commercial use on bus and truck.

THE B. F. GOODRICH RUBBER COMPANY, Akron, Ohio
Established 1870
In Canada: THE B. F. GOODRICH RUBBER COMPANY, Ltd., Kitchener, Ontario

Goodrich Silver

Balloon Cord

Standard Cord

Heavy Duty for Buses and Trucks

towns

The SIGN of SILENCE

If your motor is noisy it's probably—not always—a result of bad lubrication. When Ford "bands" chatter, it's generally the fault of the oil used.

We're making an oil that stops this chatter; but it does more—it lubricates perfectly and keeps the motor as silent as it possibly can be.

There's nothing added to Sunoco, the wholly distilled oil, that does any damage to the motor; no substance to degenerate into fatty acids which injure your magneto and pit your valves. Nothing to create hard carbon deposits.

Chat-R-Free is a pure oil, made to stop chatter; and it does it.

After you realize how much better it is, you won't use anything else.

Not every dealer carries Sunoco Chat-R-Free, but it's worth while finding those who do. They are not merely selling oil, they're selling lubrication.

Look for the Sunoco sign.

SUN OIL COMPANY, *Philadelphia*
SUN OIL COMPANY, Limited, *Montreal*
BRANCHES AND AGENTS IN PRINCIPAL CITIES

FIFTH AVENUE

(Continued from Page 13)

"Be careful with that thing," he said, almost peevishly; for the hand holding the firearm, he noticed, was trembling a little, and panicky people sometimes made rather awful mistakes with revolvers.

"You're the person to be careful," she warned him, compressing her lips. "Put up your hands—and keep them up."

Heffner did as she commanded, still watching the barrel end so disagreeably close to his floating ribs.

"Are you carrying a firearm, a pistol of any kind?" demanded the girl, with her first quick look up into his face.

"Of course not," retorted the intruder.

"Then turn around," she ordered, "so that I can see. And hand me your coat."

He did as she commanded, backing as far away again as the wall would permit. She began to be perplexed, apparently, by something about him.

"You're a burglar, of course," she triumphantly proclaimed.

"Do I look like one?" snapped Heffner, almost at the end of his patience.

"You certainly do," she surprised him by saying.

"My friends tell me," parried Heffner, "that I've rather an honest face."

"Which must be quite an asset to a man in your calling," proclaimed the dusky-skinned girl with the appraising eyes.

"Might I look at myself?" asked Heffner as he turned to the panel mirror on the wall beside him, and his eyes widened as he beheld his reflection in that mirror. For what he saw there was a somewhat crumpled-looking individual in his shirt sleeves, with his hair disordered and smudges of dirt across his face and sooty cobwebs maculating his moist linen.

"I heard you from the moment you first tried my door," proclaimed the girl. "I heard every move you made up on my roof, and I decided that this time you weren't going to get away."

"Ah, then there have been others before me?" said Heffner, with his first glance about the studio.

It looked homelike enough, but it did not seem to hold much to invite the predatory wanderer.

"That's why I kept this revolver," she said with a headshake of sagacity.

"And what are you going to do with me?" asked Heffner, awakening to a belated sense of her beauty.

"Hand you over to the police, of course," she announced as she backed thoughtfully away to the worktable on which a telephone instrument stood.

"Isn't that going a bit strong?" inquired Heffner, mopping his face with his soiled shirt sleeve.

"Women who live alone have to have some sort of protection," proclaimed the girl with the pearl-handled revolver.

"Yes, you'd need that," acquiesced the man, studying her face.

It was not the sort of face to go unremarked in a teeming metropolis, any more than a cornflower could be overlooked in a wheat field. It held valor, at the moment, but behind the valor was a sense of fragility, of slightly wind-blown frailty, suggestive of woodbine. A waywardly soft cadence in her voice prompted Heffner to assume that she came from somewhere south of the Mason and Dixon Line.

"What makes you do this sort of thing?" she was asking him, with a slight increase of color.

"It was an impulse," said Heffner, truthfully enough.

"But do such impulses pay?" she exacted.

"I find that they do not," he acknowledged, venturing for the first time to lower his tired arms; and his own color heightened a little as he saw the promptitude with which her hand went out to the revolver which she had rested on the table end.

"But what will you have to say for yourself when the officer comes?" she asked, seating herself so as to face him across the table.

"Have you already phoned for that officer?" cried Heffner, with an unpleasant feeling about the pit of his stomach.

"Kindly answer questions instead of asking them," she countered. "If you were a young man, you see, it would be altogether different. There'd be some hope for you."

"I had no intention of disturbing you," protested her captive.

"No, you'd naturally make a better haul without disturbing people. But I can't see why you'd waste your time on an attic studio like this."

He looked about, deliberately inspecting the room with the sloping ceiling. He noticed the easel and the pastel sketch thumb-tacked to a drawing board, the litter of black-and-whites that looked like fashion plates, the lappet of *point de Venise* lace preserved under *glace*, the two faded borders of old French needle point also *in vitro*, the gold-gallooned altar cloth that had pretty well fallen to pieces, the eruptive wing chair beside the worktable, the faded lacquer screen about the timeless gas range between the two back windows, the three Delft cups on the meager china shelf.

"You're an artist, aren't you?" he asked, letting his gaze come to a rest on her intently watching face.

"No, I'm not," she said with a touch of acid. "I'm a laundry worker."

It took Heffner a moment or two to digest that altogether unlooked-for information.

"Then why do you live in a place like this?" he demanded.

"To keep up appearances," she retorted, with the acidulous note still in her voice.

"But why are you a laundry worker?" he persisted, studying her with a narrowed eye as he guardedly seated himself on a near-by taboret.

"Because that seems to be the only way I can keep body and soul together in this city," she said, with candor tinged by bitterness.

"I thought you mended lace," he ventured, nodding a head toward the lappet of *point de Venise*.

"I thought so too—once. But there didn't seem to be anybody with lace to mend; and I couldn't sell any of my posters, and nobody wanted my dress designs."

"Your dress designs?" he echoed, frowning.

"Yes, I came up from Timmonsville, down in South Carolina, to be a designer. They all told me I was a genius at designing things. And I'd been taught needlework before I'd been taught to read. I even got prizes for my pillow lace at the state fair, and I expected New York to make me rich and famous inside of a year. But instead of designing opera cloaks for millionaires' wives, I'm doing the mending for a hand laundry down in Washington Square South. I'm still a wizard with the needle, but not in the way I expected."

"But can you live that way?" inquired Heffner.

"I have so far," was the reply from the girl, with the slightly embittered smile.

"But if you're a laundry worker, you must pay more than you should for this ramshackle old room simply because it's on the Avenue," Heffner reminded her.

"That's what my pride costs me," she quavered, with her first sign of self-pity. "I've got to have something left. And it's a sort of life line to my self-respect, knowing I'm still able to live on the greatest street in the world. You see, they think I'm a success, back home. They still believe in me. They sent me a local paper that announced I'd established an art emporium on Fifth Avenue. Behold the emporium!"

Heffner was far from happy. But, all things remembered, he found it no easy matter to express his regret. They were both pretty much in the same boat. They were both failures behind their valiant façades of success, and the girl apparently was paralleling his own line of thought.

"So art, you see, can sometimes be as uncomfortable as burglary," she said, her laugh a wintry one.

"I'd forgotten about being a burglar," acknowledged Heffner, so humbly that she once more fell to studying his face.

"Let me see your hands," she suddenly commanded him.

He held them out for her inspection. She studied them with the remote yet observant eye of the artist, apparently finding them perplexingly smooth and sensitive.

"They're more promising than your face," she was candid enough to proclaim.

"They've had at least three different chances of knocking that pistol out of your reach," he smilingly admitted.

"I'll see that they don't get a fourth," she said as she drew the weapon closer to her elbow.

"But they don't want to," he protested, and something in his voice brought her questioning eyes up to his face. Their glances were still locked in fact when steps sounded from the stairway outside.

"Is that your policeman?" demanded Heffner, looking about with a morose eye. Appearances, he had to admit, were still calamitously against him.

"And what do you expect me to tell him?" she asked as the steps came to a stop at the studio door.

"Send him away," answered Heffner, in a whisper hoarse with desperation. Her answering smile was cut short by the peremptory knock on the door. There was even a small frown on her forehead as her gaze once more met that of her captive, who stepped forward to reach for his coat.

She declined to surrender that crumpled hostage, however, though her frown disappeared as she made a small hand movement toward the darkened stairway that led to the roof. She was telling him to hide. This meant, Heffner realized as he tiptoed up into the welcoming darkness, that she was willing to give him his chance, that she had some foolish tatter of faith in him.

He did not care to add to the ignominy of his position by eavesdropping, vital as was his interest in the encounter taking place in the lighted studio beneath him. But he came to a stop at the stairhead, dimly aware of the contending voices below, dimly disturbed by the dialogue that was so disheartenningly prolonging itself. And as he hesitated there he heard a scream, a short but unmistakable scream of horror, from the girl in the studio.

Heffner's reaction to that sound was automatic. He went down the narrow treads two steps at a time. Yet when he reached the studio he stopped short, momentarily arrested by the unexpectedness of the tableau confronting him. For instead of encountering a burly bluecoat and a scene of violence, he found himself staring at a tall and immaculately dressed young man who stood with his arms about the girl in the pale rose negligee, absorbed in the grim purpose of kissing her upturned face.

The thing that awakened the startled Heffner, however, was the discovery that the girl herself was an involuntary participant in these activities. The Apollo with the leonine locks in fact held this girl a prisoner, with one arm crushed to her side and his long fingers clamped about the other at the wrist. There was a quiet smile of mastery on his face, strangely different from the shrinking horror on the colorless face so close to his own.

He must have heard Heffner as the newcomer strode forward, for the younger man, with his arms still about the cringing rose-clad body, half turned an inquiring face toward the intruder. That gave Heffner the exact chance he was looking for. Without further waste of time, he drove a moist and tightly clenched fist against the startled

seal-brown eye with the ardent lights still in its depths. This he followed up with a second blow against the smooth-shaven cheek, a blow so well planted that it sent the ardent Apollo staggering back a step or two. And before the dazed wooer could recover his balance, the panting and prickling Heffner had him by the throat, shaking him back and forth very much as a mastiff shakes a house rug.

"What d' you want me to do with him?" Heffner demanded of the staring girl a trifle thickly, as he finally backed his captive against the doorframe. It was twenty-odd years, he remembered, since he had mixed in an encounter involving physical violence. But contrary to his expectations, he was rather enjoying it.

"Anything you like," was the unexpectedly spirited answer from the young woman with the narrowed eyes.

Heffner, taking her at her word, swung open the studio door with one hand and tightened his grip on the still struggling Apollo's coat collar with the other. Piloting him to the head of the stairs, he projected him, without hesitation, down that steep and narrow causeway.

"And if you come back," he vehemently proclaimed, "you'll get it over again!"

Yet he made an effort to appear casual as he stepped back into the studio. His movements were deliberate as he picked up the outcast's Malacca cane and creased panama hat. The hat in fact he tried on his own head. Finding that it fitted him, he put it down on the chair where his folded coat lay The cane, however, he carried to the head of the stairs and flung down at the figure so uncertainly struggling to its feet. It was a gesture of finality that seemed to give the needed selvage to the scene.

"Who is that bounder?" demanded Heffner as he strode back into the studio.

"That's Alan Trainor," was the slightly tremulous answer. "And he'll come back!"

"Why will he come back?" challenged Heffner, with his shoulders squared.

"Because he's been persecuting me for weeks and weeks," she reluctantly admitted.

"Why?" interrogated Heffner.

"Because he knows I'm alone here," she explained. "That's—that's one of the reasons why I've kept this revolver to protect myself."

Heffner would have found it hard to explain just why the color slowly mounted to his face.

"Has the man any claim on you?" he found himself asking, to bridge a silence that was becoming uncomfortable.

"Of course he hasn't," was the prompt and indignant response. "He's a poster artist who said he'd help me with my pastel work. And when he made—made his efforts too personal, I did my best to show him I wanted to be left alone. But he keeps annoying me, and he knows I've absolutely no one here to protect me."

"But you have," protested Heffner, trying to brush the dirt marks from his shirt sleeves. "It so happens that I'm going to take a hand in that myself."

She was able to smile at his solemnity.

"But it would run so contrary to your calling," she reminded him.

Heffner both remembered and winced.

"Well," he finally said, "I want to make amends."

"Why?" asked the girl, and that gave Heffner something to think over.

"Because," he said, "before I descended to my present sordid calling I was an artist myself. I did terrible things in oils."

"Yes, there's so much art that's really worse than burglary," she ruminated aloud.

"But I couldn't make a go of it," continued Heffner, "so I gave it up."

"I know the feeling," said the girl with a nod of understanding.

Heffner, however, seemed to wring no joy out of her comprehension.

"Is there an empty studio in this building?" he startled her by asking.

"Yes; on the floor below this. But surely you don't propose abandoning the skeleton key for the brush again?"

Heffner could afford to ignore her levity.

"I don't intend to be an artist," was his sober-noted reply. "I'm going to be a runner for a lace mender, on a 10 per cent commission."

"I don't quite understand," demurred the somewhat amazed young woman confronting him.

"It's a perfectly simple business proposition," protested Heffner. "You're an expert mender of old lace and you're wasting your time patching up things for a cheap laundry. There's obviously good money in repairing rare lace, if you can once get the lace; and I propose to get it."

"Through the activities of your present profession?" she was heartless enough to suggest.

"No," Heffner solemnly retorted; "more as a person who's at last found a real interest in life."

"And what assurance would I have of your honesty?"

"The proof of the pudding," asserted Heffner, "is in the eating. If I do one thing that's questionable, or that's annoying to you, you can very promptly hand me over to the police."

"What's your name?" she suddenly asked him.

"What's yours?" inquired Heffner, fencing for time.

"It's Barbara Pelham, as you probably saw from my show case downstairs. And yours?"

"My name is Neil, Miss Pelham," he told her; and to cover his confusion over that attenuated half truth, he spelled it out for her.

"Well, Mr. Neil, you're certainly starting off very briskly," she said as she watched him cross to his coat and take it up.

"I intend to make good," he asserted as he shook out his coat with all the deliberation that he could command.

Her laugh was low and musical.

"You know, of course, that I never expect to clap eyes on you again," she said, as she watched him first soberly inspect his coat and then struggle into it.

"That's where you're making the mistake of your life," he averred, as he took up the panama hat from the chair beside him.

"And we're to be neighbors?" she demanded, arrested by his solemnity.

"I won't have that Trainor chap annoying you again," he said with a vague gesture of repugnance.

"And you're going to bring me lace to mend?" she asked, an odd new light in her eyes.

"Tomorrow being Monday," asserted Heffner, "will make a good day to begin. I'll be around with enough damaged lace to keep you busy for the rest of the week."

She studied him for a full moment of silence.

"You're very clever," she finally observed.

"I propose to show you," he said with palpably deepened color, "that I can also be reliable."

"Aren't you making rather a bad start?" she asked, as she watched him cross with dignity to the still-open door.

"Why?" he queried, noting the dusky oval of her face in the modifying light of the imitation Moorish lantern.

"Because at the moment you happen to be carrying off Alan Trainor's panama hat," was her triumphant reply.

"Well, I rather need it," acknowledged Heffner, as he paused in the doorway. "And you mustn't expect too much of a reform in one night, you know."

III

HEFFNER was very businesslike about it all. He went through the oppressively opulent house on the upper Avenue, room by room and drawer by drawer, in his patient hunt for lace, and he was rewarded by a much bigger harvest than he had expected. He found a coverlet of early French needle-point reticella, a plaquette of *point d'Alençon* with buttonhole-stitched cordonnet, a drape decorated with insertions of early English flat needle point, and a couple of panels of *point de Venise* with a honeycomb background. From a Saratoga trunk that had remained locked for years, and had been left moth-proof by covering its keyhole with sealing wax, he unearthed a few borders of *réseau rosace* French needle point and an eighteenth-century Italian lappet of contrasting leaf and floral design, and three jabots of pillow-made Brussels, together with several specimens of seventeenth-century pillow guipure. Carefully sealed in wax paper, he found a *tablier* of still earlier Flemish needle point partly worked in relief, with a faded line inscribed on its container: "This was worn by Princess Maria Theresa."

He remembered, as he laid his finds carefully aside, that they had all once belonged to his mother and had been garnered in her restless wanderings about Europe. He even found something depressing in the faint aroma of mustiness that clung to their folds. They belonged too indubitably to the past—to the dead past. When he came to a larger package, carefully pinned up in oil paper, his pulse quickened a little, for he knew, as he drew the delicate folds of gossamer-threaded Venetian from its covering, that it was his mother's bridal veil he held in his hand. He stood for a ponderable length of time, quietly studying it, arrested by the faint yellow tone of its infinitely delicate garlands and sprays and blossoms, amazed by the incalculable toil and patience of forgotten hands, the inestimably tender care that had gone into its creation. But that, he decided as he carefully restored it to its covering, he would save for another occasion.

When he had accumulated his stock, he gathered it up and carried it to his study, where he spread an opened newspaper on the polished table top. Then he indulged in a series of strange and inexcusable vandalisms. He took up the *tablier* of delicate Flemish needle point and with the point of a knife deliberately cut a gash in its center. Against the filmy mesh of a *réseau rosace* border he calmly held a lighted cigarette end until a hole was burned in the cobwebby filaments. He ruthlessly tugged at the *point d'Alençon* plaquette until he tore a hole in it. He took a panel of *point de Venise*, placed it over his metal inkwell and pounded it with a paper weight until its honeycomb tissue was abraded away and a hole gaped in its center. And so he went on until violence had been done to each patiently perfected specimen, studiously crumpling and soiling the entire collection, cold-bloodedly polluting the snowy tissues with carbon from his match ends and dust from his ash receiver.

When he had completed his campaign of destruction, he carefully folded each piece of lace and inserted it in a manila envelope. Each of these envelopes he as carefully numbered and inscribed with a series of fictitious initials. And after he had tied these together and turned out the lights, he went to bed with a tired body and the inner satisfaction that comes of a perplexing task finaliy performed.

He went to bed with a wayward lightness of heart, as blandly content as a child nursing a secret that was incontestably and entirely his own.

But a disappointment awaited him the next morning, for when he arrived, as humbly attired as a workman and with his bag in his hand, at the lower Avenue studio he found no one there. Barbara Pelham obviously had not banked much on his promises. She had pursued the even tenor of her way, and even at that moment, Heffner assumed, was down at her laundry repairing torn neckbands and frugally restoring lost buttonholes. And she was probably sewing on buttons—buttons by the dozen, buttons by the hundred. A saddeningly high percentage of them, he recalled, would be buttons from the Brooklyn factory, Heffner buttons, buttons for which he was personally responsible. And he felt that he had amends to make, in that crime of busying a goldsmith with the breaking of road stones.

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News of First National Pictures

"The Pace That Thrills"

KNOW the life of a movie star—nights of despair—opportunity's sunrise—and the full glow of success in Hollywood's swirling eddies of emotions!

There's atmosphere. And a plot of ambition struggling against a cloud. Thrills galore with the speedway kings and "stunt" picture making. Ben Lyon and Mary Astor play the leads in this speedy story by Byron Morgan. Webster Campbell directed under Earl Hudson's supervision.

Ben Lyon at the wheel. Mary Astor (circle) and (upper right) Fritzi Brunette, whose mother role provides the motive for "The Pace That Thrills."

Corinne Griffith in "Classified"

CLOTHES may make the man; but woman makes the clothes. Always a vision of exotic beauty, ravishing Corinne Griffith uses the liquid flow of silks and satins to serve a new purpose in "Classified." It masks a heart oppressed by the fear of poverty and domestic drudgery. A newspaper office furnishes the background for this eternal struggle of show versus sincerity. In the end the woman who swore she'd never settle down—

But see it for yourself. You'll rave over Miss Griffith's latest picture. Jack Mulhall plays the male lead and Alfred Santell directed with June Mathis, editorial supervisor. Adapted from Edna Ferber's outstanding novel of the same name.

The "classified" girl's daily routine. Beautiful Corinne Griffith as Babs Comet.

"The Dark Angel"

MANY a dark angel has been turned into a goddess of light. In the adaptation of this play by H. B. Trevelyan an abiding love furnishes the weapon to overcome the unfortunate omens of destiny!

Ronald Colman (above), acclaimed the screen's ideal lover, has his best part. Playing opposite him is Vilma Banky, a beautiful, capable newcomer to screen fame. The picture has been produced by Samuel Goldwyn with all the lavish realism that has marked the former successes of George Fitzmaurice, the director, notably "A Thief in Paradise" and "His Supreme Moment."

(Continued from Page 73)

So Heffner, on the whole, had a rather busy day of it. Before the sweatshop workers were out for their noonday parade he had unearthed the landlord of the old Avenue house, had rented the third-floor back room with the undulatory ceiling and the sleeping alcove as narrow as a monk's cell, and had decided on just what furniture he would need for its occupancy. By five o'clock he had the floor scrubbed as clean as a yacht's deck, the furniture duly installed and an electric fan purring contentedly from the top of his new bookshelves of mahogany-tinted bamboo.

Yet it was seven o'clock before he heard the girl go up to her studio on the floor above him. Her step was slow, and under her arm she carried a paper parcel. If she glanced through his open door as she passed, she gave no sign that she had either seen him or made note of the transformed room in which he stood. Yet he was not unpleasantly stirred by the sound of her steps on the floor above him.

He waited for a full half hour before following her up the stairs and knocking on the scarred frame of her open door. He had to repeat the knock before she seemed to hear him.

"Come in," she said in a voice heavy with weariness. She was seated at one of the low front windows overlooking the Avenue, from which the diminished hum of the evening auto lines rose to the house top, punctuated now and then by the blast of a motor horn and the sharper shrill of a policeman's whistle shuttling traffic at a near-by street corner.

"You seem tired," he said, with a gentleness that brought her perplexed gaze slowly about to his face.

"It isn't so much the tiredness," she said, with her slightly barricading laugh, "as the thought of living on this Avenue and being a failure." Yet she seemed vital enough as she leaned out a little to look northward along the serrated sky line that was gathering vague shadows at its base. "It's such a street of splendor and spenders that the misfits have no right to spoil the picture."

"I don't think you'd spoil any street," he found the courage to proclaim.

"Well, I don't belong to it," she said, after a more pointed appraisal of his person, "any more than you do."

"But I happen to be living on it," he averred; and he told her how he had taken the room below her and had gathered up his first collection of old lace for repairing.

"You're a very bewildering person," she said, as she got up from her window seat and stood looking down at the array of manila envelopes which he spread out for her inspection. Yet he had the satisfaction of seeing her breath catch as she drew the panel of *point de Venise* from its container and studied it with slowly widening eyes. He stood watching her in fact, as she inspected his entire harvest piece by piece.

"You're not stealing this lace, are you?" she suddenly inquired, lifting her eyes from the *point d'Alençon* plaquette to look into his stubbornly impassive face.

"That question isn't fair to either of us," he said, with all the patience at his command.

"Then how did you get it?" she demanded.

"Directly from its owner, in every case," he announced. "And when it's properly repaired, it will be returned and the work will be promptly paid for."

"But this is almost priceless," she observed, as she drew the filmy mesh of a *réseau rosace* border slowly through her fingers.

"That's why you ought to make 'em pay a cracking good price for putting it into shape again," he contended as he counted over the envelopes. "And I'm expecting my 10 per cent, of course, for collections."

"But even here we've a couple of weeks of steady work," she said, as she glanced from piece to piece.

"And I'm on the trail of a lot more stuff up Park Avenue way," he proclaimed. "It means you'll have to give up your laundry work, of course. And by fall, with the right sort of advertising, you'll probably be having a steady stream coming in."

If he had expected some sign of elation from her, she disappointed him by the meditative sobriety of her stare.

"I've really got to know more about you," she declared, furrowing her brow with a small frown.

"I think, eventually, you'll be convinced of my honesty," he said, with a solemnity that made her frown deepen.

"But it's not what you're going to be," she contended. "It's what you've been that I'm so puzzled over."

"What do you think I've been?" he asked, with all the dignity at his command.

She hesitated for a moment.

"You're intelligent, and you've met the right sort of people," she conceded. "But you seem to be concealing something, as though there was some part of your past you wanted to live down. Your eyes are honest. But there's something you're not willing to talk about, something you're ashamed of."

"Perhaps it's my burglary work," he suggested, with his habitual slow smile.

"No, it's not that," she said, still meditative and grave. "But I wonder if I'm terribly wrong when I suspect that you've been a butler, or something like that?"

She could see the color flow up into his face. She had not counted on hurting him; she had not wanted to hurt him. But she saw from his embarrassment that she had put her finger on the tender spot in his pride.

"I'd rather not talk about that," was his inadequate retort.

"But wouldn't we have to talk about it?" she insisted.

"I don't see how it's going to help either of us," he contended. "We're two people who haven't been overly happy in this big city, and we've a chance of bettering ourselves. We can do that fairly and honestly, by pulling together in this thing; and perhaps we can also shake down a little of what life owes us."

She sat deep in thought, apparently turning this statement over and over in a momentarily perplexed mind.

"I surely couldn't go on much longer in the old way," she acknowledged, and he took courage from her small smile of surrender.

"Then have faith in me," he pleaded, with more feeling than he had intended.

"But what do you get out of it?" she challenged, bathing him in that mild and lunar gaze that could leave him a trifle dizzy.

"Much more than you imagine," he answered, reluctant to return her gaze.

"But it's almost like a partnership," she pointed out.

"That's what I want it to be," he retorted, a vague tremolo of emotion in his voice as he spoke.

"But it might turn out so unfair to you," she pursued.

"I'll take my chance on that," was his reply.

"But what is it you want?"

"I want to see you happy and successful," he told her. "I want to help you as I'd help my own daughter, if I had one."

It was her turn to color a little.

"I'm afraid you're not quite old enough to make that fatherly rôle ring true," she said, as she pushed back a coil of her thick hair.

"Well, I'm old enough to know there'll be none of that Alan Trainor nonsense about this arrangement," averred Heffner, with his heels well apart.

"I'd almost forgotten about him," murmured the girl. "But he was deceitful from the very first. He talked about being interested in my advance, when he was only thinking about his own advances. He even pretended he'd sold one of my fashion sketches, when he'd done nothing more than buy it with his own money."

Heffner gulped.

"He'd no business to do a thing like that," protested the man from the upper Avenue.

"It wasn't fair to me," concurred Barbara Pelham, absent-mindedly turning over one of the manila envelopes.

"Of course it wasn't," agreed Heffner. "And look how it ended!"

He colored a little before her prolonging stare.

"Has it ended?" she finally inquired.

"I intend to see that it has," he said, a little startled at his own audacity.

She sighed as she leaned back in the dark-shouldered wing chair.

"It's wonderful to think you've somebody willing to help you fight your battles," she murmured, with a small and feminine gesture of feeling.

"You may be helping me fight one of my own," her companion suggested, with a quietness that brought her questioning eyes back to his face.

"Against what?" she asked.

"Against the loneliness of life," he found himself saying.

She sat silent a moment, staring through the window that overlooked the murmurous Avenue.

"I know," she half whispered, with a slow head movement of comprehension.

IV

THE weeks that followed were, all things considered, about the happiest weeks in Neil Heffner's life. He seemed to have reclaimed, overnight, the lost world of his youth, the less complicated and lighter-hearted world where each day could be accepted for what it carried in its casual hands. He liked his straitened quarters in the overlooked old house between the sky-scrapers. He liked the companionable sounds that came down to him as he wakened of a morning in his monastic sleeping alcove with the charcoal life studies on the broken walls about him. He liked dining with Barbara Pelham in the little roof garden which in the face of her mild protests he recanopied and refurnished and reforested, stringing mild-toned electric bulbs between the tubbed evergreens and installing an oscillating fan to play over them when the evening was warm. But most of all he liked to watch his companion's quick yet apparently unhurried movements as she bent over her labor of lace mending. He never tired of watching the deft dip of the slightly curved fingers, the ceaseless play of the needle, the birdlike rise of the hand tightening the caught stitch into its coalescing design.

He had his troubles, it is true, which began with the matter of payment for her first piece of mending. He knew, as he handed her the check which he had so sagaciously instructed his cashier in the Brooklyn factory to make out and sign for him, that he stood on uncomfortably perilous ground. So his effort to be offhanded was an exceptional one.

"This check's made out to you personally, I notice," he explained. "After this I'll see that I'm paid directly, if you don't mind."

She looked at the blue slip, reading aloud, "Three hundred dollars and no cents." He could see the quaver that came to her hand and the quick rise and fall of her bosom.

"It can't be right!" she gasped.

"Oh, I get 10 per cent out of that, remember," he announced.

"But it's too much," she protested, rereading the inscription.

"Expert work is entitled to an expert fee," he proclaimed. "And there's not so much real lace in the world that this work can keep on forever."

For Heffner was experiencing increasing difficulty in obtaining fresh material for his repairer of old needle point. And the quickness with which she worked was a never-ending wonder to him. She was able to laugh in fact when he spoke of this.

"I was always quick with a needle," she said as she lovingly smoothed a fragment of *point de France* against the parchment on which she had resketched the obliterated design. "When I played with dolls, as a child, it was only to design clothes for them

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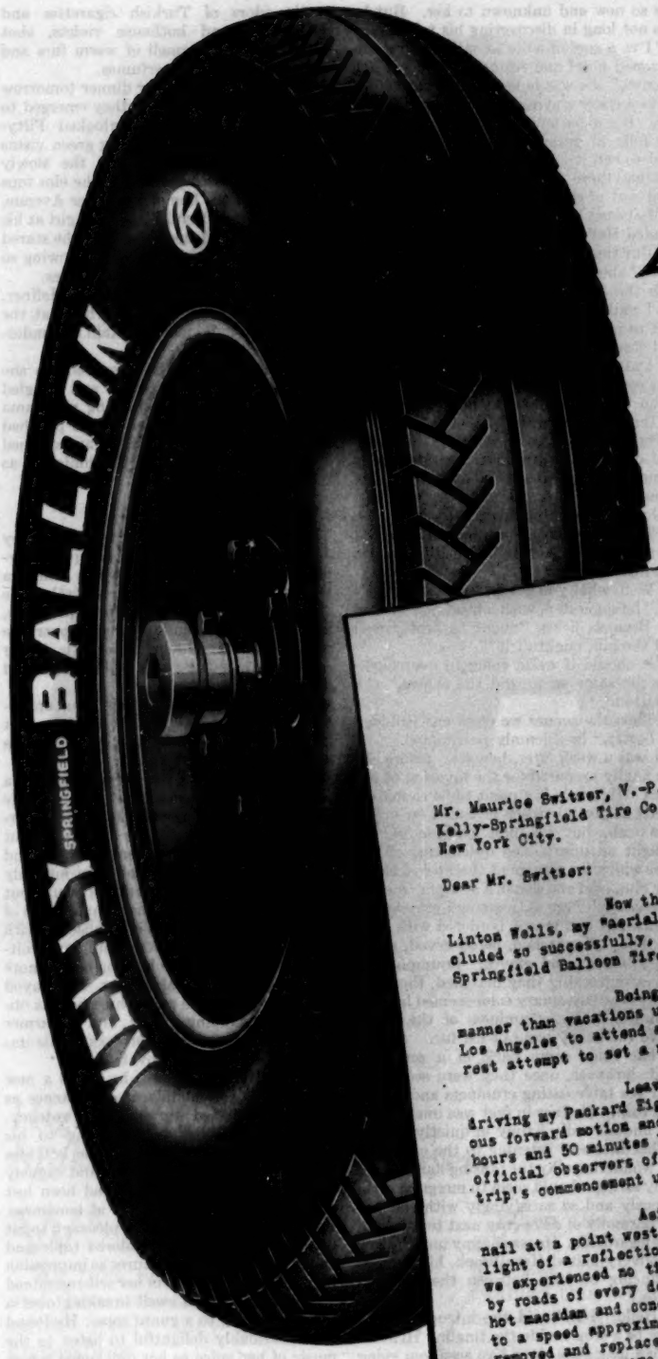


After his recent non-stop transcontinental run,

Lieut. Leigh Wade, famous U.S. Army around-the-world flier, relates his experience with Kellys

Linton Wells

THE AMBASSADOR NEW YORK

July 24, 1925.

Mr. Maurice Switzer, V.-P.,
Kelly-Springfield Tire Co.,
New York City.

Dear Mr. Switzer:

Now that the transcontinental non-stop wheel and motor drive which Linton Wells, my "aerial stowaway" on the world flight, and I attempted has been concluded so successfully, I believe you will be interested in learning how well Kelly-Springfield Balloon Tires bore up under the terrific strain to which they were subjected.

Being on vacation and desiring to spend the time in somewhat different manner than vacations usually are devoted to, I invited Mr. Wells to accompany me to Los Angeles to attend a reunion of members of the world flight, and after several weeks rest attempt to set a new automotive record.

Leaving Los Angeles at noon July 16, we set ourselves to the task of driving my Packard Eight to New York City within seven days, keeping the car in continuous forward motion and the motor running. This feat was performed successfully 165 hours and 50 minutes later, after 3965 weary miles had been covered, as attested by official observers of the American Automobile Association, who were present from the trip's commencement until its end.

Aside from a puncture in the left rear tire, caused by picking up a nail at a point west of Phoenix, Arizona, which certainly cannot be considered in the light of a reflection against the proved general excellence of Kelly-Springfield tires, we experienced no tire trouble. And this despite the fact that they were brutally treated by roads of every description—jagged rock, sand, loose gravel, adhesive slippery mud, hot macadam and concrete. Using a jack mounted on four wheels and slowing the car down to a speed approximating one mile an hour, being on a paved road slightly down grade, we removed and replaced the disc wheel upon which was mounted the punctured tire, and within forty minutes were speeding on our way.

An examination of the tires now that the trip has been concluded shows that four pounds of air was lost from each of the front tires and six pounds from those on the rear wheels, the left rear one having been run only from the point west of Phoenix, but filled at Los Angeles. The rubber appears hardly worn, and I intend to keep the tires on the car until they wear out in the natural course of events.

Mr. Wells and I have long been favorably inclined toward Kelly-Springfield tires, and we feel that the least we can do is inform you that our faith in them has been strengthened immeasurably by the test through which they came with flying colors.

With all personal well wishes to yourself and to Mr. Hurd,

Cordially yours,

Leigh Wade

The best tire KELLY ever built

(Continued from Page 74)

and dress them. And when they were properly clothed they'd lost their appeal for me."

"But you don't seem to care much about your own clothes," he blunderingly ventured, looking at the plain voile that clung to her stooping shoulders.

"Don't I?" she said with a sudden touch of color. "Just wait until I get a few hundred dollars between me and starvation! I'm only a woman, remember, and every reasonable and normal woman loves clothes."

She was the type of girl, Heffner inwardly remarked, who would make a wonderful showing in the right sort of clothes. And this discovery, as another week slipped away, started him on a new line of thought. For the lace business, he saw, could not be indefinitely continued. He had already ransacked the curio shops for genuine old needle point and had even descended to a few samples of machine-made doilies and centerpieces picked up in the department stores. Several times in fact he had hesitated over the bridal veil of old Venetian so gloomily entombed in the antiquated Saratoga trunk in the gloomy mansion at the upper end of the Avenue. But some undefined reluctance always held him back. In it were involved significances which could not be lightly overlooked. And only if the worst came to the worst, he decided, could he ever look upon that tender and time-yellowed shroud of lost emotions as the last shot in his locker.

It was one evening early in September while Barbara Pelham was working on a fichu of old Brussels which he had wheedled out of Hornibrook, his banker, that Heffner devoted himself to a more pointed study of her dress designs.

"These things of yours are wonderful," he acknowledged. "They're in good taste and they're effective. My only criticism of them, as a mere man of the world, is that they might be called slightly remote from the prevailing mode."

"That's because I've no chance of knowing just what the prevailing mode happens to be," she explained, a trace of wistfulness in her smile.

"Then that's a condition we ought to correct," he ventured, as he frowned defensively over the drawings in India ink. "If our lace-mending enterprise is going to peter out, it's only ordinary business precaution to exploit the next most promising line. And to do that we've got to see and know what's being worn by women of wealth."

"But instead of following the current fashion," she contended, "I'd rather be creative artist enough to anticipate the coming one."

"That," he somewhat ponderously concurred, "is a very laudable ideal, but it isn't going to lead to the sale of a beginner's drawings. And you've got to poke about gardens, you know, if you're going to paint flowers."

"You mean I ought to move only among the Four Hundred?" she asked with her lightly ironic laugh.

"The Four Hundred," asserted Heffner, "passed out of existence long before you left Timmonsville. I mean that it would be a tremendous business advantage if you could lunch and dine and dance and take tea where the best-dressed New Yorkers are on parade. That would give you the flair of the season, so to speak, the approved ideas to be elaborated in your own personal designs. I've heard of women who did that—clever women. They call them style snipers."

"It doesn't sound very honest," she demurred.

"It's merely the artist observing the effects of line and color in fabrics instead of in the fields," he contended. "So we may as well face the music. And I'd suggest that we do it by having tea at the Plaza tomorrow."

He thought at first that her prompt objection to that proposal was based on her personal reluctance to invade a field that was so new and unknown to her. But he was not long in discovering his mistake.

"I've a sort of ache to eat in every emblazoned hotel and restaurant along Fifth Avenue," she was honest enough to admit. "I've a crazy craving for that sort of splendor. It's a part of the Pelham make-up, our folly of grandeur, as my Uncle Elim used to call it. But you couldn't be comfortable there unless you're wearing the right sort of clothes."

"Let's get 'em!" suggested the practical-minded Heffner.

"But they have to be so unquestionably right," she pointed out. "I can fool men with the things I throw together myself, but I couldn't fool the woman I'd be sitting next to in the Plaza tea room."

Heffner nodded.

"I at last begin to understand the lady who confessed she got less spiritual consolation out of the book of prayer than out of the consciousness of being correctly gowned," he said, as he watched the dusky oval of her face bent over the stretching frame. "About what would the right sort of outfit cost?"

She sat silent a moment.

"That depends on how much of it I could do myself," she said, as her meditative eye met his.

"Well, what you get for this old banker's job," he suggested, with a head nod toward the Brussels fichu, "ought to pretty well foot the bill, oughtn't it?"

"It should if we're going to overcharge him the same as we did the others," she admitted.

"Then the sooner we cross our Rubicon the better," he solemnly proclaimed.

It was a week later, however, before she was finally prepared for the invasion of the Plaza. He made it a point to be as matter of fact as possible when he called for her in a taxicab, but his first glimpse of her brought an unexpected quickening of the pulse which for a moment threatened to betray him. For she was in a straight frock of dove-gray chiffon, with a small gray hat of French felt and a coat bordered with gray fox. They all matched, he observed, shoes and stockings and gloves. Triumphantly and incontestably they matched, though a little of the customary color seemed lacking from the dusky creaminess of the cheek above the heavy band of fox fur.

That color came back in a renewing flood, however, once they were seated at their tea table eating crumpets and cinnamon toast. Heffner in fact was unethically and undeservedly happy in quietly watching her face and listening to the orchestra and wondering why the pulsing harmony of many strings should seem to merge so mysteriously and so satisfyingly with the visible harmony of dove gray next to a skin of dusky gardenia. He was happy until he saw the silvery-haired Hornibrook, his banker, advancing on him between the crowded tables.

"Hello, Neil," said the intruder, as he came to a stop beside the tingling Heffner. "It's a long time since I've seen you going in for this sort of thing."

"Even the whale has to come up for air occasionally," sapiently observed the man with the cinnamon toast in his hand.

"May it prolong your life, my friend, as it does the whale's!" asserted Hornibrook, as he pushed on through the crowd; and it wasn't until he was lost to view that Heffner breathed easier.

When he found the courage to lift his eyes he saw that the girl across the table was studying him with her lucid and level stare.

"So your name's Neil, after all?" she quietly inquired.

"Why shouldn't it be?" he demanded, almost testily.

She seemed lost for a moment in one of her habitual periods of meditation.

"I'm glad it's that way," was all she said; and the matter was dropped, though Heffner remained phantasmally troubled in spirit as they sat watching the colorful and ever-shifting groups that moved about the great domed room with its mingling exotic odors of Turkish cigarettes and oolong tea and hothouse violets, shot through with the smell of warm furs and contending Parisian perfumes.

"We'll do the Ritz for dinner tomorrow night," he proclaimed, as they emerged to the broad steps that overlooked Fifty-ninth Street and the receding green vistas of Central Park flanked by the slowly ascending house façades over the elm tops that marked the line of the upper Avenue.

"Isn't it wonderful?" said the girl at his side, drawing a deeper breath as she stared at the flashing pageantry of life flowing so ceaselessly before the narrowed eyes.

"Isn't what wonderful?" asked Heffner, vaguely envious of a mood which, at the moment, he could neither attain nor understand.

"Fifth Avenue," she answered, as she settled back in her taxi seat and mingled with the flashing and shuttling panorama that moved southward along the polished black pavement, that pulsed on and stopped and pulsed on again as rhythmically as though it moved to music. "I love it!"

V

HEFFNER, the next night, when they dined at the Ritz, was slightly perplexed by the ease with which Barbara Pelham was slipping into her new rôle. She embarrassed him by no more questions, and betrayed no undue concern over the casualness with which he wore his dinner coat or the adeptness with which he ordered their meal.

She was willing to accept him, apparently, as impersonally as she might accept a sunny morning or the piloting signal of a street-crossing policeman.

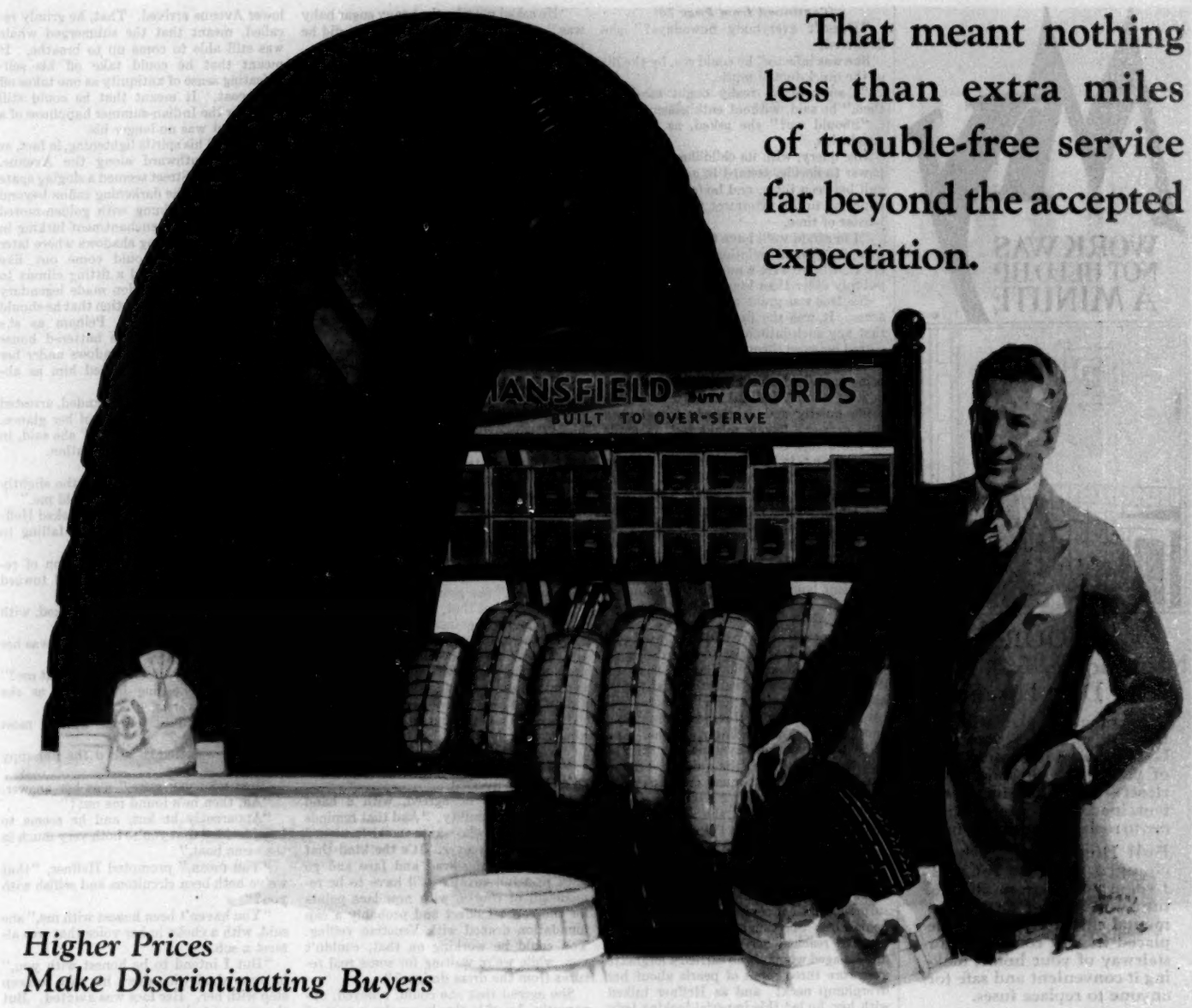
She carried along with her, it is true, a small pad and pencil with which she made lightninglike sketches of certain neighboring figures that arrested her attention. But she missed little of the wider movement and color about her. She drank it in not only with the eagerness and ardor of youth but with the quickness and the completeness of the artist. She was able to absorb, with something more than mere feminine adroitness, the poise and the bearing of the more sophisticated figures about her. She played up to her part—the part which he was obviously demanding of her, and a warmer light would come into her eyes at his unconscious smile of approval.

As for Heffner himself, he found a new joy in these commonplaces of existence as newly interpreted through her ardency. She restored color and meaning to his threadbare tapestry of life. She left him vaguely grateful for his wealth and vaguely regretful for the years that had been lost out of his pallid middle age of loneliness. For he found it wordlessly pleasant to sit opposite her at the rose-colored table and watch the play of her features as impression by impression broke over her self-restrained spirit like a ground swell breaking over a bather clinging to a guard rope. He found it indescribably delightful to listen to the music of her voice as her quickened senses sought that relief which comes through talk, talk that was as light-hearted and care-free as the caroling of morning birds. And he found a new consolation in the recurring thought of her nearness, of her dependency on his maturer strength and wisdom, of his power to stand between her and the assailing forces of life.

Yet later in the evening, when they moved on to a roof garden, he found her quieter, more thoughtful, as though some wave of emotion, mounting to its crest, had begun to recede. He made too mature a companion, he began to suspect, for that lighter-noted place of amusement. He had let himself grow old before his time and had lost touch with laughter. He was ill suited as a partner, he knew, in that pulsing arena of swaying couples.

"Do you dance?" he asked, depressed at the thought that their little drama of escape would sometime have to come to an end—to an end that he was still without the courage to contemplate.

(Continued on Page 78)



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Regular Cords *Fabric Tires*

Tire Manufacturers Extraordinary to the Hardware Trade

MANSFIELD

Hardware Stores Garages Motor Car Dealers Accessory Dealers

(Continued from Page 76)

"Doesn't everybody nowadays?" she answered.

She was infected, he could see, by the lilt of the quick-footed music.

"I suppose we really ought to dance then," he said, without enthusiasm.

"Should we?" she asked, as her eyes sought his.

Her query, with its childlike faith in his power to decide, seemed to accentuate the gulf between them, and he felt the need of opposing to the uttermost that estranging barrier of time.

"I'm afraid we'll have to," he answered, wringing grim consolation from the discovery that there were a number of men indisputably older than himself on the floor.

His face was grave as he took her in his arms. It was the first time, he recalled, that any such intimacy of contact had occurred between them; and he found it hard to rid himself of the thought that he was being appraised, that he was being weighed in some ghostly judicial hand, that he was being quietly and cautiously tested as a fruit grower's fingers might test an apple on the bough to make sure it was sound. His dancing, in fact, was undeniably old-fashioned and overstaid, and it did not apparently meet with his partner's approval.

"You must let yourself go a little," she said, as she smiled up into his face.

"Remember my years," was his serio-comic retort.

"Fiddlesticks!" she cried, with a kindly impatient laugh. "We're just as young in this game of living as we allow ourselves to be."

So he took her advice and let himself go a little. He realized, when he accorded more with her mood and movements, that she danced superlatively well, that her frailer body was even able to guide his more cumbersome frame from threatening impasses and aside from impending collisions. And there was something symbolic in this, he told himself, as his spirits quickened under the double lash of the music and the rhythmic movement.

"That's wonderful," she said, as they made their way back to their table.

Her color had heightened perceptibly and there was a small flame burning in the tawny darkness of her eyes. She turned to speak to him again, but she saw, to her surprise, that her companion was no longer behind her. She caught sight of him, when she had reached her seat, talking with a middle-aged woman who carried a lorgnette and wore three ropes of pearls about her overplump neck; and as Heffner talked with her, he led this imperial-looking lady slowly but stubbornly away from the table where the girl in dove-gray sat awaiting him.

The girl in dove-gray was still following him with her eyes when she became conscious of a second man carelessly seating himself in the unoccupied chair across the table from her. And it did not add to her happiness to discover that it was Alan Trainor smiling condoningly down at her dove-gray chiffon.

"The cocoon, I see, has burst," he said, with his half-mocking bow of approval. "Who is the happy godfather in our most up-to-date fairy tale?"

"Who is what?" asked the girl, with the sudden snap of fire in her eyes.

"Who is the heavy sugar baby?" he languidly inquired.

"I don't understand you," she said, the flush dying from her face.

"Then I'll explain," began Trainor, letting one long and languid arm rest on the table edge.

But he did not stop to explain. For a moment later, catching sight of Heffner as he piloted his way back to his partner, Trainor surrendered to a prompt and none too dignified impulse to retreat. Heffner, standing beside the vacated chair, watched the familiar enough figure as it melted away in the crowd.

"Did that bounder attempt to speak to you?" he demanded, his face flushing with an anger he couldn't quite control.

"He asked me who the heavy sugar baby was," said the girl in gray. "What did he mean by that?"

"He'll know who I am when I get my hands on him again," asserted the man with the shadowed face. "And if he asks you again, tell him I'm a burglar."

He could feel her lucid and lunar gaze enveloping him.

"You're not a burglar," she quietly contended, "and you know it."

"What am I?" he demanded, morosely audacious.

"I'm rather afraid to find out," she said, apparently not caring to let her eyes meet his. "I don't believe I even want to try."

"Why not?" he asked, making a belated effort to match her quietness by his own.

"Because it might mean the end of the fairy tale," she said, with the ghost of a sigh.

"Does it have to end?" he somewhat wistfully inquired.

"I don't believe they're able to live on this busy Avenue of ours," she said, after one of her habitual silences. "Fairies, I mean," she explained, as she rose to her feet. "And it's twelve o'clock, and that's the time even twentieth-century Cinderellas have to get back to their garrets."

"There are business reasons, of course," he solemnly asserted, as he seated himself in the taxicab beside her, "why we'll have to do this sort of thing over again, and quite a number of times."

"But I'm taking so much more than I'm able to give," she protested.

He laughed at that, thrilled by the lurch of her shoulder against his arm.

"I want to tell you something while I've the chance," he said. "You brought beauty and meaning and faith and the freshness of spring flowers into a life that was so empty I didn't see how it could go on."

"Are you making love to me?" she cried, almost sharply.

"Why?" he parried.

"Because love and business never seem to mix," she averred.

"Of course," he agreed, with a hand movement of humility. "And that reminds me I've a client who wants an old-fashioned bridal veil made over. It's the kind that used to cover the head and face and go back in a full sweep. It'll have to be remodeled, of course, with new lace points for the coronet effect and probably a cap foundation draped with Venetian veiling. You could be working on that, couldn't you, while we're waiting for some real returns from the dress designs?"

She agreed that she could, relieved, apparently, by this timely smoke screen of the commercial.

But another week slipped past, a week of carefully deliberated excursions into the upper world of fashion, before Heffner found the courage to carry the time-yellowed veiling of old Venetian down to her.

"Isn't it lovely?" she crooned, as she held its filmy cascades up to the light.

"It'll be lovelier, I fancy, when you've finished with it," ventured Heffner.

"Well, it's work that I don't intend to hurry," she asserted, as she let her finger tips stray appraisingly along the precious filaments from which a vague odor of orris and lavender arose.

VI

HEFFNER, with the coming of September, found it essential to return to his Brooklyn factory for at least three days out of the week. And if in going back to his neglected office he felt considerably like a truant returning to a classroom he had too unceremoniously deserted, this feeling was intensified when he was compelled to put in a daily though perfunctory appearance at his house on the upper Avenue.

Those emptier and more spacious rooms had the power of linking him up with his overfutile past; and well trained as his servants were, he seemed to read suspicion in their glances and veiled reproof in their silences. He found the huge house indeterminately depressing, in fact, and was glad enough when the hour for his escape to the lower Avenue arrived. That, he grimly recalled, meant that the submerged whale was still able to come up to breathe. It meant that he could take off his self-defeating sense of antiquity as one takes off a topcoat. It meant that he could still reach for the Indian-summer happiness of a youth that was no longer his.

He found his spirits lightening, in fact, as he fared southward along the Avenue. Twenty-third Street seemed a singing spate of revelry and the darkening cañon beyond it a garden overhung with golden-moted air, a garden with enchantment lurking in its slowly lengthening shadows where later the street lamps would come out like tulips. And it seemed a fitting climax to his advance into a region made legendary by his own wayward emotion that he should catch sight of Barbara Pelham as she stepped out through the battered house door. There were blue shadows under her eyes and her face impressed him as abstracted and austere.

"What's wrong?" he demanded, arrested by the challenging coldness of her glance.

"Alan Trainor's been here," she said, in a voice tremulous with indignation.

"And what did he do?"

"It isn't what he did," was the slightly retarded reply, "it's what he told me."

"And what did he tell you?" asked Heffner, with a sense of the world falling to pieces under his feet.

"Something I have no intention of repeating," she said, as she turned toward Washington Square.

"May I walk with you?" he asked, with suddenly achieved quietness.

"No, I'd rather you'd go away," was her almost listless reply.

"But what did that man say about me?" he persisted, keeping beside her as she walked southward.

"He declined to tell me what I most wanted to know."

"What was that?" asked the unhappy Heffner.

"Just who you were," was her answer.

"Ah, then he's found me out?"

"Apparently he has, and he seems to have decided that you're both very much in the same boat."

"You mean," prompted Heffner, "that we've both been circuitous and selfish with you?"

"You haven't been honest with me," she said, with a choke in her voice that was almost a sob.

"But I intend to be honest with you," he averred, slowing down his pace to keep step with her. Her face was averted. But she seemed to be crying.

"Can't you see it's too late?" she said, with a little gesture of hopelessness—"that it's all made impossible now—that it's all ended?"

"And what are you going to do?" he inadequately inquired.

"I want to go home," she said, as she came to a stop, and her face was still averted as she moved southward along the Avenue again.

But she didn't go home. She didn't go home, primarily, because the mannish-looking poster artist who lived on the second floor had decided that evening that she would dine on potato salad and jellied pigs' knuckles from a Sixth Avenue delicatessen store. And having put her kettle on the hot plate beside the studio window, she pulled on her broad-brimmed felt hat and strode forth to seek the essentials of that solitary meal. And a random breeze, blowing the orange-stenciled batik curtain in from the window sill, poised it for a moment over the blue point of the gas flame, where it turned from blue to yellow and ran lightly up the swaying fabric, hesitated for a moment, and then leaped to a companion curtain.

It was at the corner of Sixteenth Street that the somber Heffner held Barbara Pelham back while a hose reel and a ladder wagon came clanging into the Avenue. The unsuspecting couple paused for a moment to watch the flying red wheels and the swaying

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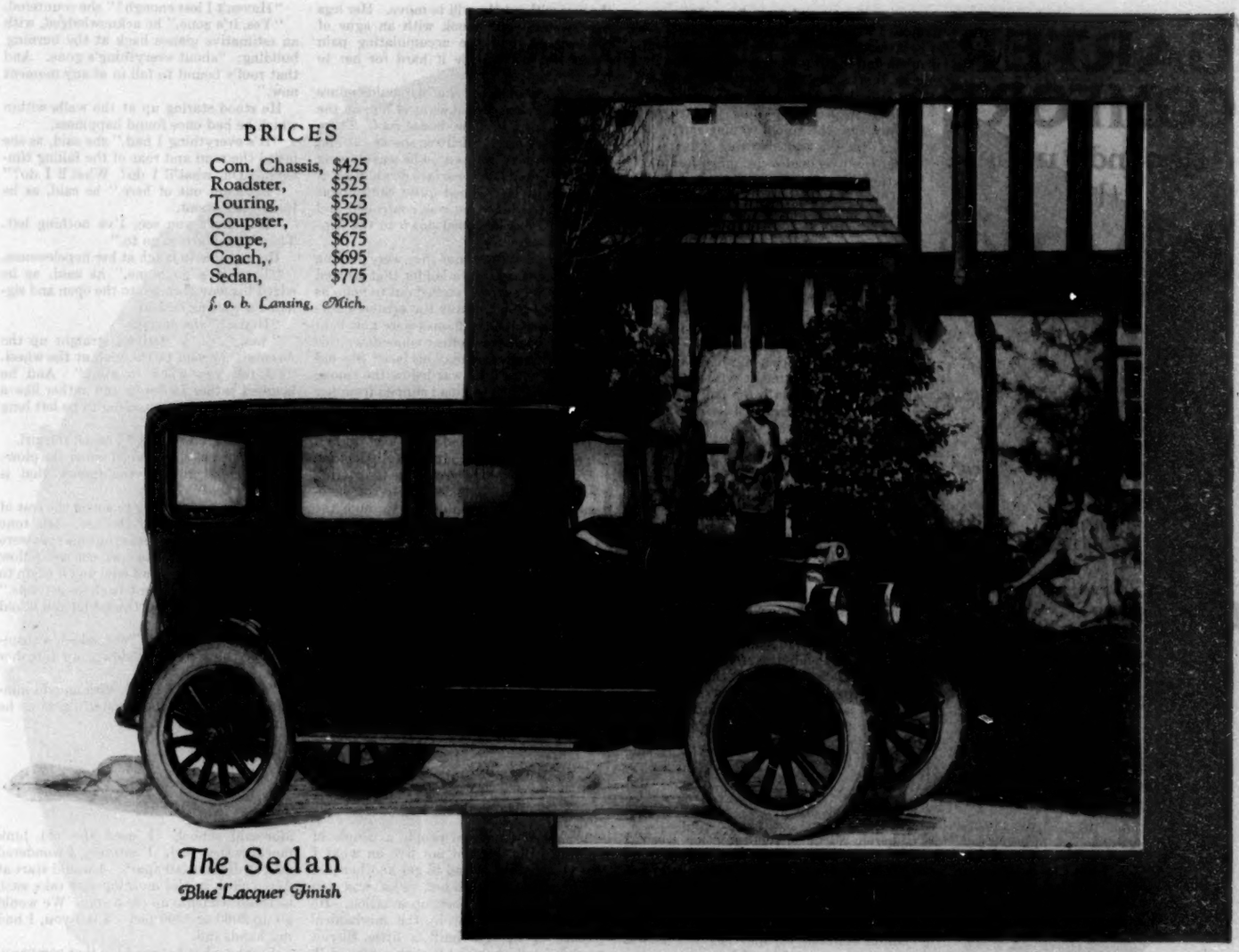

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(Continued from Page 78)

figures struggling into oil coats. They even saw these red wheels stop two blocks to the north and the draped figures struggle with a hose line that endlessly prolonged itself. But still they suspected nothing.

They suspected nothing in fact until Heffner saw the smoke coiling out of the upper windows and billowing skyward between the overshadowing office buildings, and then he understood.

"Quick!" he cried. "That's our studio building!"

She followed him, with one hand over her heart, asking what they could do. She was conscious of bumping into people, of being called after, of hearing Heffner say he wanted to make sure of saving just one thing. She had no idea what this was, just as she had no idea he would try to force his way into the burning building. She saw his brief colloquy with a policeman, his even more energetic argument with a fireman, and his quick dive into the hallway where a hose line had already been run. Her heart tightened when she realized he was fighting his way up through that blinding and billowing smoke. And suspense became horror as she saw this smoke take on a ruddier tinge and belch in angrier gusts from the broken windows. He was still in there, groping his foolish way about on some foolish errand. She heard the sound of axes, of calls and whistles, and a woman's voice behind her saying it was a good end for an old fire trap. That sent a wave of indignation through the white-faced girl, but thought stumbled on the words "fire trap." They were ugly words, and they seemed to be justifying themselves, for there was still no sign of Heffner. She felt that somebody must be told, that she must make some move to save him, that she must fight for this only friend that life had left her. But she was without the will to move. Her legs were water. She shook with an ague of helplessness, and the accumulating pain about her heart made it hard for her to breathe.

Then, when she felt that she could endure it no longer, she caught sight of him on the blistered cornice of the house roof. There were times when the drifting smoke cut him off, but when he reappeared he was stowing a yellow-tinted bundle of lace down in a wet pillow slip. He seemed quite calm about it all. Even his voice was controlled and businesslike as he called down to the deputy chief below.

Barbara could see that they were putting up a ladder for him—a ladder that seemed like a friendly arm stretched out to help, as it telescoped up towards the blistered cornice along which the flames were now licking. She could see Heffner come down this ladder, with one arm over his face. She did not breathe until he was below the smoke billows, and then the load slipped from her heart like accumulated snow from a pine bough.

He was safe. He had come back to her. He was in fact somewhat bashfully looking for cover, shrinking from the scattering cheer that greeted his descent to the pavement. He came shouldering through the crowd like a refugee trying to lose himself in underbrush. But when he caught sight of the white-faced girl awaiting him he forgot his own feelings and the fact that he was as soot-stained as a smoked herring. He found something so disturbing in her face that he placed a sustaining hand under her flexed elbow.

"I was afraid," she quavered, "you weren't ——"

But she found it impossible to finish.

"Would it have made any difference?" he asked.

"Haven't I lost enough?" she countered.

"Yes, it's gone," he acknowledged, with an estimative glance back at the burning building; "about everything's gone. And that roof's bound to fall in at any moment now."

He stood staring up at the walls within which he had once found happiness.

"It's everything I had," she said, as she heard the rend and roar of the falling timbers. "Oh, what'll I do? What'll I do?"

"Let's get out of here," he said, as he turned her about.

"But don't you see, I've nothing left. There's no place to go to."

He was able to laugh at her hopelessness.

"Then let's go home," he said, as he edged his way through to the open and signaled a waiting taxicab.

"Home?" she echoed.

"Yes. . . . Driver, straight up the Avenue," he said to the man at the wheel. "I'll tell you when to stop." And he laughed rather foolishly and rather like a boy hugging a secret too big to be left long unshared.

"Where are we going?" asked the girl.

He smiled as they passed under the plowshare forever turning the furrow that is Broadway.

"Where you're going to spend the rest of your life," proclaimed Heffner. His tone may have been possessive, but his eyes were tender as he stooped to open the wet pillow case on his knee. "And now you'll begin to understand why I went back to get this."

She looked down at the bridal veil of old Venetian lace.

"But what's it for?" she asked, a suspicion of color creeping slowly up into her face.

"It's for you," he said, with an odd mingling of humility and masterfulness as he took her hand in his.

STUNT FLYING

(Continued from Page 17)

of heroic rescue of some fainting Eliza, I sent a mechanic out with an engine to do the job. But it cost me a week's salary to pay him for one day's work. Clearly, there was no money in that game. Besides, I couldn't bear the idea of sticking behind the counter in a store when every bit of me was yearning for an outdoor life.

About that time they opened an aviation school in a small town in California, where they did a little exhibition flying. The method of instruction was primitive. The light machines would not carry two persons. The instructor—possibly he had never himself flown before—would have to do his instructing from the ground, so to speak. They would take one of those machines, which rested on three wheels, and put a check rope on the throttle so that it could not go too fast. To the control they would attach another rope so that the pupil could not take off—leave the ground. They would run it up and down the field until the pupil had learned to guide it. After that they would loosen the ropes so he could get a little more speed and take off a foot or so. After that all ropes were removed and the beginner could make a fifty-foot jump. When he had done a satisfactory number of jumps, he was permitted to go up and make a circle. And that was all there was to their method of instruction.

Getting My Pilot's License

I got acquainted with some of the boys—the instructors. They knew I had been fooling around planes quite a little and they gave me a job at seven dollars a week, with the privilege of using a machine to practice in. I had not yet learned to fly. About the second time I was in this machine I took it up some seventy-five feet—you see, I was not a raw recruit—and brought it down and landed. Next time I made a circle—a graduation stunt, you might say. That was the greatest event of my life.

I worked for those people a couple of months. But I could not live on what I was getting and so had to get another job.

Presently my brother, who was ten years older than I, took up aviation. He was much interested in the mechanical feature of it. He built a little Blériot machine and equipped it with a fifty H.P. rotary motor. When that was ready for demonstration purposes I got in it, although I had never flown that particular type before. I got up about 1500 feet—the highest I had ever been—circled around, played about a bit and came down successfully. We used to use this plane for picture work.

After I left the company where I was learning to fly—and getting seven dollars a week into the bargain—a manufacturer came out with a little type of biplane that was entirely different from any that I had ever flown. I decided that I must learn to fly it. The only place they had one was at Riverside. This was owned by Swede Meyerhoffer, who had flown for years and in all kinds of old junk machines. He'd had no end and variety of mishaps and his face was all scarred up. But heroic careers often have commonplace endings. Swede was starting a motor at San Francisco and the machine kicked back, striking him on the head and killing him.

Well, I went out to see Meyerhoffer and flew with him for about three weeks and learned the different controls of his ship. Then I went out one day alone, made a successful trip and got my pilot's license in the Aero Club of America.

Presently I went back. There was another company there now that had built one of the late-style machines. They had a school of about thirty students. I had only had about four hours' actual time in the air by myself. I had made little hops of a few minutes each. That was as far as I'd ever got. With that little experience, however, I got my first position as a regular aviator. I was made an instructor in the aforesaid school. I used the old junk machine they had. Positively, I wondered that it did not fall apart. I would start at five o'clock in the morning and take each of those students up for a spin. We would go up 2000 or 3000 feet. I tell you, I had my hands full.

I forget what happened to that company; but it went out of business, and I got a job as private flying instructor to Stanley Smith, a big Montana cattleman. After that I did some flying for pictures. I did a stunt in one called We Can't Have Everything, which C. B. De Mille was directing. De Mille was always interested in flying.

He said, "Wilson, some day I'm going to have you teach me to fly."

"Good!" said I. "Come down and I'll start you taking lessons."

He said, "Have you got a machine that you can start with now?"

Teaching De Mille to Fly

I had the old Blériot that would just about carry one person, but might, on a stretch, get up with two. Also, I had an old Curtiss pusher, or biplane.

I said to De Mille, "I've got a machine like the one I learned to fly in myself. You come down and I'll start you running up and down the ground with it. It's good enough for that. When you get so you can steer, I'll probably have another machine."

"Fine!" he said, and signed up for a course of instructions.

The cost at that time for a course was $250. It covered a period of possibly three weeks. The time it took persons to learn varied. Some picked it up very rapidly, as they do today. A person should be able to learn with about ten hours' actual time in the air.

Said De Mille, "I'll be down tomorrow afternoon and we'll begin."

I tore back to the field and got busy on the old machine, trying to get it into shape

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before he should arrive. Well, he came down as he'd promised, and I worked my head off at that motor trying to get it started. But do what I could, I couldn't get the darned thing to run. De Mille understood.

"I'll come down tomorrow," he said.

We worked all night and the next day, but no use.

In the meantime the cattleman, Stanley Smith, had gone back home on a trip, got into an automobile accident and was killed. But his plane was stored. Mrs. Smith had come back to the Coast just about the time I was trying to get the old junk machine to go. She sent for me and offered me the machine for $5000. I took her proposition to De Mille.

"I'll tell you what we'll do," said I. "You put up the money to buy the Smith plane and we will go into the aviation business. I'll carry passengers and do exhibition work and we'll split fifty-fifty. Furthermore, you'll have a good machine to learn to fly in."

De Mille agreed. The Smith machine was the first good one that I'd ever flown in. I was about twenty then. It was just like riding in a palace car. I gave Mr. De Mille instructions every day. He never missed a lesson, no matter how busy he was. He was the best student I ever had. Also, I used to do passenger work out there in the field. People would line up by the dozen to go up. I would take them up and circle over the field and then take them down—ten dollars a head per trip. Sometimes I would carry my passenger up 1500 feet. If he wanted to do a tail spin or a nose dive, it would cost him twenty-five dollars. A tail spin is where you point the nose of your machine down almost perpendicular. Believe me, it's a thriller to anyone but the initiated.

Once we'd reached a great height, I'd say, "Have a tail spin?" If he was a good sport, he'd say yes, for he'd want to get all there was in it. Then look out! I'd shut off the motor and wow, it would almost raise the hair off his head! Then we'd land and I'd collect the extra fifteen, and he was mighty glad to pay it and get away.

We sometimes took in $500 a day at that game.

Presently De Mille and I opened up a field in Hollywood, carrying passengers and running an aviation school. I did all the flying myself. Douglas Fairbanks, Sid Chaplin and others of the movie people came down and flew with us. I was charging $500 a course at that time. Sid Chaplin signed up and handed me a check for $500. But he didn't complete his course. He got interested in commercial aviation and went in with another man, named Rogers. They opened up a field right across from ours. But in a very short time Rogers was killed.

Aerial Barnstorming

After a time, we bought four more planes and incorporated as the Mercury Aviation Company. Mr. De Mille was president and I was vice president and general manager. Thus we operated for a few months, when I began figuring that it would be best for me to get out and really make a reputation as an exhibition flyer, which had always been my ambition. It was clear I couldn't do it while managing an aviation field. So I resigned from the company, bought a plane of my own and started barnstorming around the country, carrying passengers from place to place as I roamed about.

I had all the business I could do. In those days one could stop any old place, small town, little village or even hamlet—the smaller the better—and pick up the coins. Shopkeepers, clerks, farmers—everybody would come out to ride.

Well, I went down to the Imperial Valley, California, with a young fellow who was working for me. I got him so he could handle the machine. It was always pretty warm going from one town to another and I would go out and sit on the wing. That was how I started my exhibition work. I got used to sitting on the wing, so one day I thought I would sit on the top, and I got away with that all right. Then I figured I would like to try to change from one plane to another.

I got hold of another aviator who had a plane and asked him if he would like to try a plane change with me and he said he was game.

When I make a plane change I stand on the top of my own machine, and as the other aviator passes over me I catch the end of his wing and swing up. I have changed to the plane below, but it was very difficult.

At the time I speak of there had never been a plane change made without the aid of a rope ladder or some sort of safety device.

Well, this fellow and I started out. I climbed up to the top of my plane and he flew right over me. I caught the end of his wing—right over my head—and swung myself up. That was back in 1919. The feat was immediately put in all the papers. The Associated Press took pictures of it and distributed them broadly—that is, the next time I did it—and I got a vast deal of notoriety.

Presently a large fair booking company in the East wired out to know about signing up for the fairs. So we brought the two planes back and started on a tour of all the Western fairs, making the plane changes right along.

Changing Planes for a Smoke

In wet weather it was terrible. Sometimes I would be an hour making a change. At times I would be locked in between the wings. I have actually had them sit down on me, as they say, and lock me in. Again, the planes would get hooked together. At such times I would have to separate them or we would all have come down with a crash. There were times when the two planes would hug together with me in the middle. The main danger of that kind of work was that the air pockets would cause the planes to drop in such a way pilots couldn't control them. Sometimes the pilot overhead would bring his landing gear and propeller so close to me that I would have to duck out of the way as I was standing on the top of my plane. In fact two friends of mine were killed making plane changes through failing to get out of the way and being caught in the propeller of the other plane. Of course it took great muscular strength and agility to grab the edge of the plane overhead and swing up and on to it, but that is part of the game.

I did my stunt once a day. The tough part of it was that my season lasted only eight weeks. I was supposed to fly at three o'clock regardless of wind, rain or shine. And in the Middle West you're apt to get into some very bad weather. But I never missed a flight, though flying in heavy rainstorms is no cinch.

I always do three other stunts as well as changing planes. One of them is to swing from the end of one wing on a thin cable which is tied to the landing gear under the machine and up to the other end of the same wing. Also I do a parachute jump.

It is amusing to the layman how persons become accustomed to great dangers, cease to realize them, perhaps—in fact take them as a matter of course. Your fireman would not climb the mast of a ship, nor would your sailor dare to plunge into a fire, a thing a fireman wouldn't hesitate to do. Aviators become so accustomed to the dangers of the air that they do, every day, without realizing it, the most appalling stunts. I have been paid $1500 for making a plane change in the air. I have done the same thing for the price of a cigarette. Once when we were flying across country the aviator in the other plane lit a cigarette and started smoking. I decided I wanted one, so I signaled him and he came over and picked me up and I sat with him and had a smoke; then I signaled my own pilot and he came over and took me up again.

In fact the most dangerous stunts, when repeated from day to day, become commonplace; the doer becomes callous to the danger of them and feels that other persons—his audience—become callous to them too. So he is always on the lookout for new things to do—new thrillers. The following will illustrate my meaning:

Before I left the Coast to make my first tour I had never believed in fortune tellers. Some friends of mine said, "You go down and see a certain fortune teller." I saw the man and told him what I wanted. He said, "Listen, Wilson. To be perfectly frank with you I don't want to tell your fortune." I asked him why. He said, "I told Lincoln Beachey and I told Frank Stites," and he named others who had been flying and who had been killed. He said, "I like you, and I'm really afraid to tell your fortune." But I finally persuaded him to go ahead. He looked at my hand. "I'm certainly relieved," he said. "You are not going to be killed. You have not got in your hand what those aviators had in their hands. But I'll tell you, you're going to have a serious accident. If you are careful you're going to get out of it. It is going to happen while you are in the East."

At Des Moines I came as close to getting killed as I ever did. I had been doing the plane change, after which I would add a lot of other stunts, standing on my head and things like that. It was a thirty-minute exhibition. I had been trying to figure out how I could give them some more thrills. Ruth Law was flying there at the time.

I said to her, "I'm going to get something new to give them a thrill."

She laughed and said, "You are doing all that is necessary now to give them a thrill."

"No," I said, "I want to do something more."

So she said, "Stop kidding. I'll tell you what to do. You tie a rope around your waist, fasten it to your machine and make believe to fall off, then pull yourself up."

I said, "Gosh, that is a good stunt! That is a regular one."

The next morning I went to a shop and had a belt made that came up well under my arms, with rings on it. Then I got a stout twenty-five-foot rope with a steel snap at the end of it. I tied knots down the rope at regular intervals in order to give me a foothold in climbing back. But in this I reckoned without my host, as they say. The top end of the rope I made fast to the landing gear of my plane. Then I ran the rope up and along the outer edge of the lower wing so that no one could see it from the ground. The idea was that I would be on the other plane, make the change to my own, then fasten the snap at the end of the rope in the rings on my belt. Then we would fly down over the heads of the people and I would appear to lose my balance, struggle desperately to regain it and drop off, and they would think I was gone.

No Place to Go But Up

Well, I got up there and it was a very windy day. I had quite a job making the change, but I finally made it, snapping the hook into the rings of my belt as I had planned, and just as we were over the grand stand I turned loose. There were about 100 persons in the field who had gathered there just to see me fall. Many of them fainted. I didn't fetch up with a severe jerk, since it was a kind of swinging motion. But I got enough of a jolt, I can tell you.

Well, there I was, swinging at the end of the rope, the machine traveling sixty-five miles an hour—swinging not like a pendulum, back and forth, but all around, in a most terrifying manner. I wasn't afraid just then, for I knew the rope would hold. I got my first real scare a moment later when I tried to climb up to my plane. You see, all the time I'd been figuring out this stunt, before I had actually accomplished it, I had realized that the thing to do would be to leave the snap fastened in my belt until I had climbed back to the plane and was safe. Very good. With the rope just under my chin, and swinging madly in the

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air, I found it a most difficult stunt to climb back. The knots I had made to aid me had so tightened up under my weight, increased by the momentum of my fall, that they were too small to afford the foothold I had calculated on, so all the weight was on my hands.

However, hand over hand, I gradually succeeded in getting so close up to the landing gear of my machine that I could touch it. But the strain was terrific. And just then I got the wind from the propeller. Finally I summoned up all my strength, let loose with one hand and made a grab for the landing gear.

Just then something happened. My right arm just let go, that's all. I was helpless. I just fell—fell down the whole length of the rope and fetched up with a fearful shock. It knocked me completely out. I was the same as dead. My pilot was looking down, and he said it was such a terrific jerk that he thought I had broken my back. The color of my face was as if I was dead. But finally the color came back, he said, and he saw me smile. So he headed for the river, where I might drop in safety if I intended to drop at all. He kept signaling to me to know if I wanted to have him come down.

They saw the accident from the fair grounds and a crowd started for the river in automobiles, summoning an ambulance to pick me up. Well, we just flew up and down the river—I swinging about at the end of that rope. I looked down and saw all the people on the ground and in boats on the river, and the ambulance all prepared to pick me up. I started to climb up again and saw that I could not make it. Again my pilot signaled to know if I wanted to go down over the river. Just to show what crazy thoughts come into your mind, I thought that would be the bunk if I had to go back to the hotel all wet, and I said no.

And all the time I was swinging about in that terrifying manner, the fortune teller's words, "You will have a bad accident, but you won't get killed," kept running through my mind. You don't know how much courage those words, "You won't get killed," gave me. For I reckoned that so long as the first part of his prophecy, "You'll have a bad accident," came true, the rest of it would come true also.

A Thankless Thriller

Well, after sweeping up and down the river, swinging around, we flew back over the fair grounds and I signaled the other flyer to come up. He did so. You see, this time I was going to land on a plane underneath me. I figured that he would be there only for an instant. I would have to unhook the rope in my belt in order to be free. My hands were pretty lame. I saw all the crowd down there, wild. It seemed as though every time the aviator got in line with me the suction would make him swing in dangerously. I just missed having my foot taken off by his propeller. But finally, to end the agony, he managed to come in rather high. I stepped on his wing, let go the rope and sat down, holding on for dear life. I tell you I was all in. I had been forty-five minutes on that rope. My hands were absolutely paralyzed.

I confess I expected to get a heap of congratulations and much praise. But the manager of the fair simply said—when he could get his breath—"That is one stunt that you won't pull off any more, young man." And as a matter of fact, I did not do it again that year. The following year I booked the season myself at the state fairs for the same stunt. But I always carried a rope ladder, and after I had done the terrifying drop, the pilot would let the ladder down for me to climb up. For that kind of work I was paid from $1000 to $1500 a day. I had to pay my pilots and the overhead. Of course, we had passenger work that was profitable. That was my last exhibition stuff, but I had done pretty well. For when I started, the first money I made was seven dollars a week, as I said, and when I quit I was getting never less than $8000 a week.

I put in two years of exhibition work. It was very strenuous—a terrible strain. My friends were getting killed all around every day. Very few, if any, who went in for exhibition stunts got away with it for more than two weeks. I can name several fellows who were killed that way. I kept it up from 1919 to 1921 and probably made more than 200 plane changes. I was something of a fatalist; I felt that I could not get killed till my time should come. But when the news of an accident to another aviator was printed, everybody rushed to tell me all about it. It seems that they could not get it to me quick enough. I never could figure out what their motive was.

I had quite an experience at Milwaukee before I quit the exhibition game, and curiously it has a bearing on the fortune-telling business I mentioned. After the accident at Des Moines—the end of the season—I went back to see my fortune teller again. He comforted me with, "You may get hurt a little, but you won't get killed. Just watch yourself." Several months later I was in Milwaukee. I was booked to change from a racing auto to an aeroplane on the race track. I had my own plane there, and my own aviator.

Forced Landing in a Bad Place

I said to the racing driver, "Come around the track as fast as you can. Figure on coming into the home stretch just back of the plane. Don't get in front of it, because if you do we are going to get into trouble."

We circled around several times, but always in front of the plane. A fifteen-foot ladder was hanging from the plane for me to seize and mount. Well, finally we came around, reaching the grand stand only a second or two in front of the plane. I was standing up in the back of the car ready to grab the ladder. It happened that this car had an exhaust pipe sticking out in the back a little bit farther than I could reach. I made every effort to get back there to grab the ladder, for I saw that it was going to hook the exhaust pipe. Well, it did hook the exhaust pipe, right in front of the grand stand. It lifted the car and jerked it around to one side. The plane was turned completely around and landed in the grand stand. I was thrown to the ground flat and rolled like a barrel for many feet—it seemed a hundred. All my clothes were torn off. It's a miracle I wasn't killed. But again there kept running through my mind the words of the fortune teller, "You won't get killed."

The thing that saved the people in the grand stand from getting killed was that the machine swooped down into the boxes. The crowd saw it coming and scattered.

After the foregoing accidents, but not because of them, I quit flying for a year and a half. But one day an old flyer of mine, Fred Hoyt, came out to the Coast and we went over and visited an aviation field. We both took a flight and when we came down we decided that we would go back to Chicago and fly across the continent. We just couldn't help it; it was in the blood. We had a couple of planes in storage. We soon made our first test flight. The mechanician had put a new tire on one of my side wheels, but had neglected to put the bolt in tight. When I was up about 1500 feet the wheel dropped off.

As I descended I saw the mechanician running about with the wheel, trying to make me understand that something had happened. You understand, you can't see the wheels from where you sit in the machine. But I saw what the mechanician meant to convey and realized that I was due for a spill. So I came down as well as I could, shut off my motor and hit with the axle where the wheel was gone, bumped into the soft ground and rolled over. I did no damage to myself—only to the machine. In fact if I had landed on hard ground, I probably would have slid and done no damage at all.

Well, I got a new wheel and then we flew out to Tulsa, Oklahoma. My friend decided to stay there, so I went on alone. I had good luck until I got down to the Salton Sea, about seventy miles west of Fort Yuma, in the Imperial Valley. There I had motor trouble. I had left Yuma, Arizona, that morning, intending to make Los Angeles. But when I got motor trouble I had to land right on the edge of that terrible sea; I got stuck in the mud. The temperature was about 120 and not a pocket handkerchief's worth of shade as far as I could see. I had not figured on landing and so had neglected taking along enough drinking water for the journey. I got so thirsty that I had to drink the water from the radiator.

I worked for about three hours in the broiling sun, putting some broken boards and bits of lumber that I found, under the machine. I was stripped right down as much as possible to work. I had made my mistake in working on the machine so long without help, for no living human being could stand that broiling heat for long. Very well, there was nothing left for me to do but get out and make a search for help.

I saw what I thought was a ranch house not so very far away. I started out, and after walking a couple of hours came upon an old deserted house—no one there and not a drop of water. Then I turned in another direction—toward the railroad. I walked the balance of the day, every now and then seized with an awful desire to lie down and go to sleep. But I knew that if I did I would probably sleep from then on. So I kept plugging along. Presently I came to a section house on the railroad. There was an old Mexican woman there who could not speak English.

She did about the worst thing she could—she brought me a pitcher of cold water. I drank it all without stopping. Then the old woman brought me another pitcherful and I drank all that. Presently a trackman came along with one of those track motors and took me down to the nearest town, some thirty miles away. When I got there I proceeded to drink more water. I drank water until I was literally blue in the face.

Movie Aviator Stunts

Some boys there got an auto and we went back to the Salton Sea and pulled my plane out of the mud. Then we went to the town called Niland. I didn't feel so bad that night, but about three o'clock in the morning I woke up and experienced the most peculiar sickness I ever had in my life. I got up and dressed. It seemed as if I wanted to walk and walk—all the time. I stayed around in the morning for a while; but I was eager to start, for I thought I would be all right once I got into the air. The boys filled up my gas tanks. I tied my suitcase on my machine, got the motor ready to start and would probably have been in the air in about four minutes. Just then that sickness took me. I finally got away, however, and went on home. That was the only bad experience I had going across the continent.

After resting for a time, I got rather impatient. I had my plane on my hands and began to figure how I could get into some business to use it. I was offered a position with a film company as co-star in a picture. It was called The Eagle's Talons. I did the same old stunts, plane changing and the like, and I also jumped from a plane to the top of a train. You have no doubt seen a person on a rope ladder doing that stunt. It is always legitimate. Nevertheless it's dangerous. The same company had had someone else about a week before doing the stunt. The aviator brought him down too low and he smashed into the train. So when I went out to do the same act they were all worried.

I made three serials for the Universal Company. The Ghost City was one. I made an auto change to a plane and did a lot of other stunts, with the plane going eighty miles an hour. The aviator brought

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45 Broadway, New York City

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the rope ladder over the car. I reached out at the side and caught it. My weight in stepping onto the ladder caused the plane to settle. I landed smack down on the ground. But I managed to stick on until the plane lifted me free. If I had turned loose I'd have gone head over heels for goodness only knows how long, and probably broken my neck.

When I started to make that serial I think I had more close calls than in all the rest of my flying. On one occasion I was going down over a falls. They dragged me out just in time. Again, I was riding a horse and he fell down and rolled over on me and nearly paralyzed a leg. Then there were minor accidents which would appear too tame to mention compared with the ones I just described. But each one might have proved fatal.

Occasionally something comic happens in my business, but it's very rare. For example, I was stopping in Galesburg, Illinois, overhauling my plane in order to start in for the summer fairs. There was a young fellow about eighteen who used to come out and help me. He had never been up in the air and was very anxious to go. So I promised him, "Tomorrow when I test the plane out I will give you a ride." He was out next morning—long before I got there—and I put him in the front seat. Said I to myself, "This kid is helping me a good deal and I want to give him a good ride—a regular good time." After we'd been up a while I shut off the motor and hollered out to him, asking him if he wanted a little thrill, and he nodded his head, "Yes." But he didn't turn around so as I could see his face.

Well, I started in, gave him the ocean roll and then circled around a good deal. Presently I landed and asked him how he liked it. He didn't say a word. I leaned over and looked at him. He was just petrified. We took him down and he was that sick he couldn't stand up.

Said I, "I asked you if you wanted a thrill. If you had said no I would not have done that."

But he simply said, "I thought you asked me if I wanted to come down."

Obeying a Hunch

I've always been a great believer in hunches. If I get a hunch not to do a certain thing, I won't do it. For instance, a number of years ago I flew up at Bakersfield, California, which was about the first place where they ever carried passengers. Some fellow came along and suggested that I take him over to Taft, about forty miles away. I asked him what kind of landing place they had over there.

He said, "They have a nice wide street—no wires."

He asked me how much I would charge. I told him seventy-five dollars. He agreed to this and we started. Up to that time they had never had an aeroplane over at Taft. A message was telephoned over that we were going there. When I reached the place I looked down. It didn't look good. There was no landing that seemed inviting. But I thought that rather than disappoint the crowd I'd make a landing anyway. There were two telephone wires in the street I purposed landing in, and in order to get by I had to duck down under one and shoot up over the other. I shut down the motor and, looking out, saw a lone telephone pole. I managed to miss that, just taking off a chip of the wing. Then I made for another street that was better, I thought, and found a landing there.

Well, everybody in the town wanted to go up—even at ten and fifteen dollars a throw. There were a lot of high-tension wires in that street and to avoid them I had a devil of a time. I made a few trips safely, but every time I did, something kept saying, "You'd better lay off, old man. You'd better lay off." Presently this impressed me so I just couldn't go up again.

When the next passenger was ready I said, "No; no use. If the motor stops up there, it's curtain. By that I mean the end of everything."

So we gave back the money to the people who had not gone up. Next morning I flew up and took off by myself for Los Angeles and my motor stopped. The crank shaft and the cam shaft had broken right off. But I managed to land safely. If I had made about two more trips from the street with the passenger and my motor had stopped, I would have gone right into those high-tension wires and it would have been all up with yours truly. Yes, I always obey those hunches. I was going to cross the mountains, coming to Bakersfield to Los Angeles. I was up about 9000 feet, just ready to go into the mountains in fact. Right there is a stretch of some thirty miles where you can't land at all. If your motor quits, it is just too bad. So before entering upon that stretch I thought I would make just one more little circle. Very good. Right then my motor quit and I dropped into the flat country and repaired it. If I had started across that vast space a few minutes before, the motor would have quit and I would not have had a place to land. I would not have had a chance in the world.

A String of Accidents

I hate to talk of tragic experiences, but they are a very large part of the game, unfortunately. It was back in 1916 that Thomas Hill, flying a little Blériot monoplane, such as I had, was up looping. He went into his second loop, when one of the wings broke—just folded up—and he came right down straight. We jumped into a car and started over for the place where he had landed. Everything was all smashed up. He had hit so hard that the soles of his shoes were driven off his feet.

Also in 1916 I experienced an awful parachute accident. A friend of mine wanted to go up and make a jump with his parachute. I was carrying passengers at the time. I kept putting him off, but he persisted. Finally some of his friends interceded.

"All right," said I, after a while, "get ready and I'll take you up next trip." He sat there by the fuselage with his parachute, waiting. I said, "I'll give you the signal when to jump."

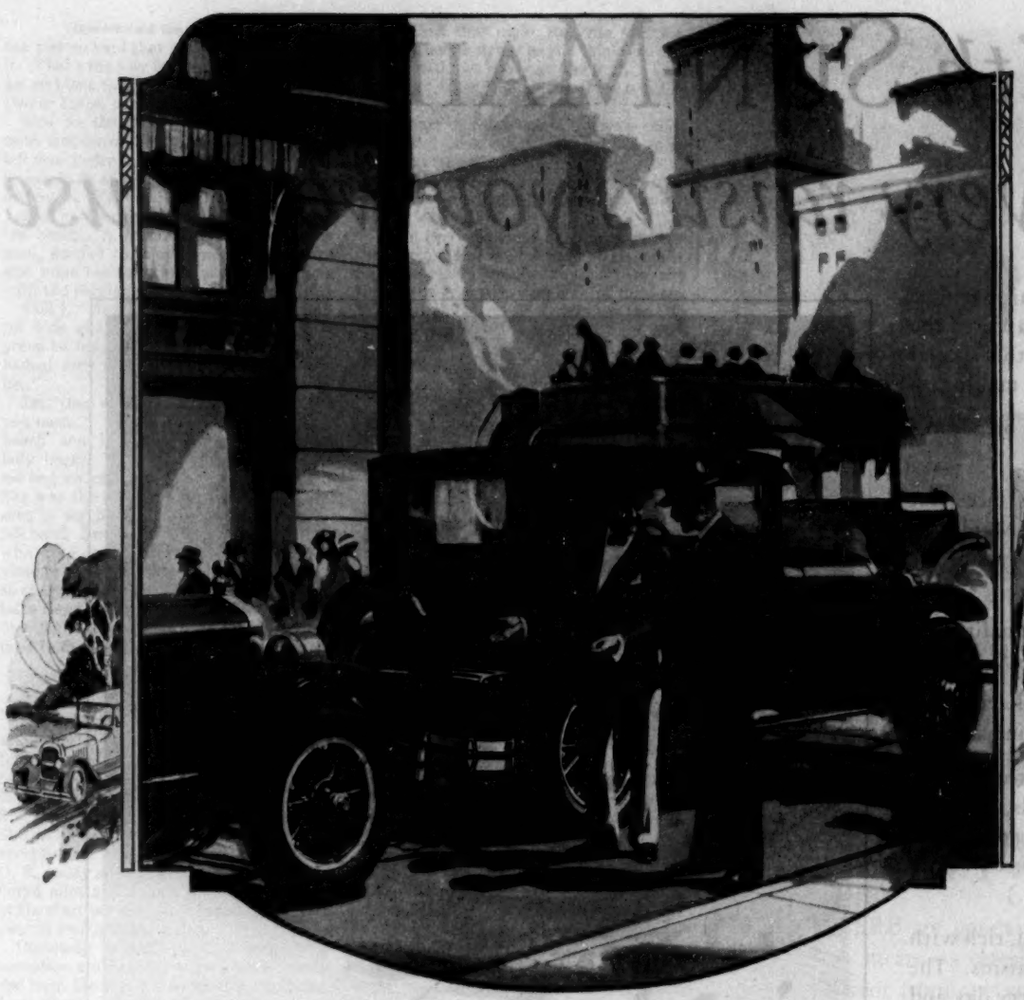
We were about 2500 feet and he was standing opposite the cockpit waiting for the word. Presently I said, "All right, go ahead." He looked at me, smiling, said "Good-by," and jumped. The very second he jumped I could see that his parachute was not going to open. Instinctively I made a quick turn and dived down after him, hoping to get under him. This may sound irrational. But I had pursued the falling man with such speed that I was only seventy-five feet above him when he struck the ground. If I'd been 10,000 feet in the air when the unfortunate man jumped I might have caught him. A year later I took another man up with his parachute and he made the drop successfully.

My brother was killed about two years ago in a flying boat. He was up about 100 feet when his motor quit. He went into a tail spin and it just pushed him under the water, drowning him.

It seems that accidents run in series. One will come right on the heels of the other; then we may have no more for several years.

About two years ago we had quite a line of disasters. Two very good friends of mine went up in a machine and threw a wing off. They came straight down into the ground and were smashed up something frightful. My brother and I went to the funerals. The following week two more were killed. Again we went to the funerals, wondering who would be next. The following Sunday my brother and his partner were killed, and still a week later an aviator who used to be one of my students in my early flying days answered the roll call and crossed the great divide. Something happened to his plane when he was 1000 feet in the air. He hit

(Continued on Page 89)



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"Everything O. K." is the Answer when Stewart-Warner Bumpers Meet—

The front car had to stop short. The driver of the car behind did the very best he could, but the inevitable happened—they bumped. Both drivers got out—found everything O. K.—smiled—and were on their way. No delay—no argument—no damages to pay.

Car owners can thank dealers who sell cars equipped with bumpers ready for the road.

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No matter what make of car a dealer handles, there is a Stewart-Warner Bumper designed exactly for it. The weight of the bumper and the fittings, that hold it firmly in place, are engineered to give the greatest service and protection to that exact weight and frame.

This makes the Stewart-Warner the logical bumper for both dealer and customer. The customer can ALWAYS secure spare parts, quickly, should they ever be necessary.

The dealer is never caught with a stock of obsolete bumpers or fittings when he handles Stewart-Warner, for the service of this great organization keeps his stock right up to the minute.

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the very raisins you would use

JUST BREAD with raisins in it could never have captured the nation's taste like this special loaf that bakers are making.

Here is a real treat—bakers' best bread *filled with Sun-Maid raisins.*

The better bakers, the most successful ones everywhere, are using Sun-Maid even though they can buy inferior raisins for less money.

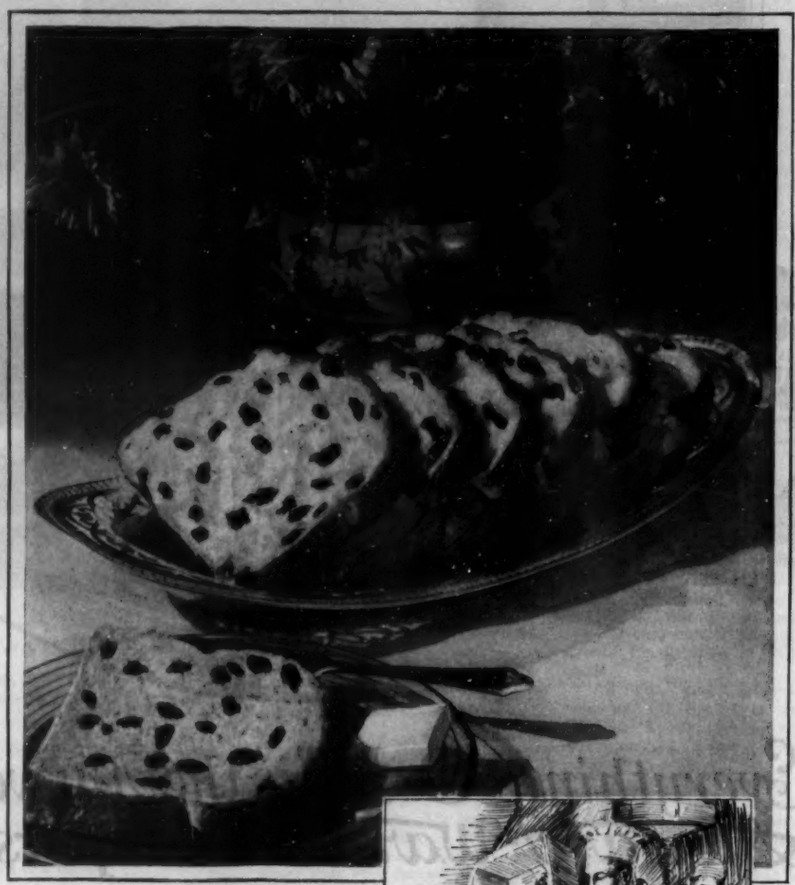
Sun-Maid, they know, is the quality you would use; it makes finer bread.

There is extra sweetness and flavor from grapes nurtured in well-kept vineyards.

And uniform goodness that is assured by Sun-Maid's exclusive methods, by Sun-Maid's equipment for converting the poorer grades of raisins into by-products. (Only Sun-Maid has such equipment.)

Try a loaf of this Raisin Bread, rich with plump and tender Sun-Maid raisins. The better bakers are making it every day and *special* for Wednesdays.

Millions of women serve it on Wednesdays now—a special mid-week treat that's wonderfully good yet inexpensive. Give your baker or grocer a standing order.



To make their Raisin Bread supremely good, the better bakers everywhere are using Sun-Maid raisins and lots of them

From the finest vineyards in California come the Sun-Maid raisins your baker uses in this bread—the sweetest, tenderest grapes dried in the sun

Sun-Maid raisins are cleaned and packed with utmost care. This Sun-Maid plant is the largest and finest of its kind in the world

RAISIN BREAD *Special* on Wednesdays

(Continued from Page 86)

the pier so hard that he went right through it. That's the way it goes. Once they have an accident they're almost certain to have two or three, one right after the other.

Now for the grand romance. Surely the most wonderful flight I've had was this. I left San Pedro in a flying boat, flew up to Ocean Park and landed there on a Sunday afternoon. There was a large crowd there. I came in through the breakers and up onto the beach. A friend of mine, a publicity man, wanted to take some pictures of me and some beautiful girls and all that goes with the regular beach atmosphere.

Said I, "Now listen. I saw a very beautiful little girl here a few minutes ago in a green bathing suit. She had long curls and looked very sweet. See if you can't find her."

Just then a kid spoke up, "I know who you mean." And so they chased down the beach and brought the required young lady back. Well, they introduced her to me and we had our pictures taken together. She was the sweetest little girl I had ever seen in my life. I certainly fell for her—fell hard. I met her father and her mother, who were down there with her. I was invited to go out to their house and I did, and so the romance started. Then I invited her folks down to the field and they took their first flight with me. The little girl and I used to fly quite a bit together.

A Sure-Fire Proposal

The first time I had her up in the air I asked her if she was going to marry me. She said no. Then I let the plane drop 1000 feet and she said yes, and that settled it. My wife has flown with me a great deal. She has flown all over the country in fact. She is an enthusiastic aviator—with the exception of stunts. But stunt flying is O. K. today so long as you have an experienced pilot and a good machine, although at the start my very dear friends gave me a year in which to get killed.

Curiously, as much as I've been doing aeroplane stunts it gives me a scare to look out from the top of a seven-story building. I get dizzy. At times I sit on the top of a plane with my leading ladies, to whom the wife says she has no objections as it is part of the business, and that's how I get away with it.

I had a particularly sad experience about six months ago. I'd been in bed with the flu for some ten days. I was just able to get about. A certain picture company wanted me to do a stunt—climb down a rope ladder and fly along close to the ground. I agreed to do it. But that night the wife told me, "You're not as strong as you think you are. You'd better let someone else do it."

I said, "It isn't much of a stunt and I'm going to do it."

But next morning one of the boys called me up and asked me if I wanted him to do this stunt for me.

I answered, "If you don't hear from me about it within half an hour you'll know it's all off."

When the time came they went up and the young man fooled around all the morning. They were supposed to come over with the camera where we were waiting for them. Presently the plane appeared over the hills and approached us. But we didn't see the ladder come down.

Finally the pilot landed and came over to where we were standing.

"I lost Dick," he said.

I said, "Don't kid me like that."

He said, "No fooling; I lost him somewhere."

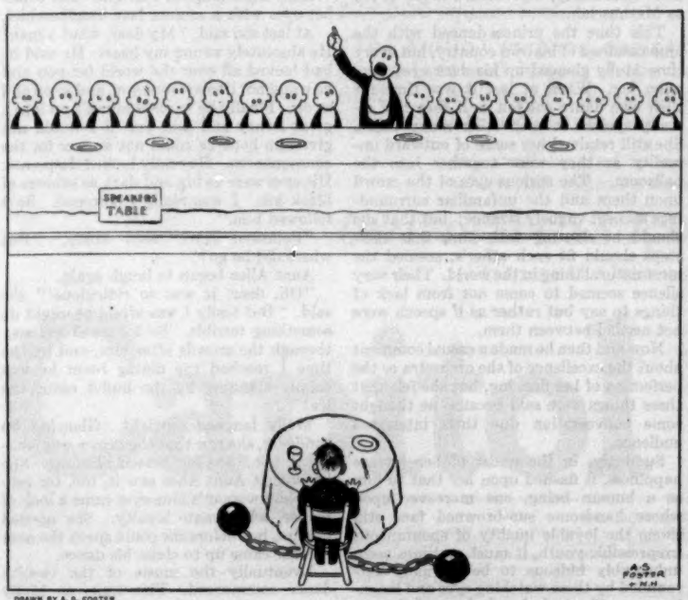
A Slight Oversight

We didn't know where he'd fallen. But we started out a posse of cowboys and presently they found poor old Dick. He had fallen about 600 feet and was all smashed up. He was one of my very good friends. I wish I had had a hunch not to let him go up.

When I was working at the Universal I always had the desire to have my own company and produce my own pictures. I am very fond of the production end, although I do the flying and acting in the pictures. I am now about to realize my desire. The Air Hawk and The Cloud Rider were two of my aviation pictures. I wrote both stories and had the scenario man put them into continuity form. In one picture I staged a fight up in the air on the wing of the plane. A fellow went up with me and we just scrambled all around. It was a knock-out.

In the other we have two planes. We have a girl up in the air and she drops a wheel off. I'm on the ground and see what has happened. I take another wheel, tied to my back, and a pair of pliers and a bolt and go up and put the wheel on and bring the other plane down. The first time this was ever done we had a camera in another plane to photograph it. I was watching to see if the cameraman got it all, as I didn't want to do it over again.

When we came down, however, the cameraman looked at his machine in dismay and exclaimed, "By jingo, the camera has gone on the bum!" So we had to go up and do the stunt all over again.



DRAWN BY A. B. FOSTER

Horrible Nightmare of a Man Who Never Stays for the Speeches

ROMANCE

(Continued from Page 19)

various ranks, who clamored for dances with Molly. She smiled at each one and let them scrawl their names on her program, but this, too, seemed unreal.

She found the ambassador talking to her aunt. To her surprise he said as she came up, "I would like to present you to His Royal Highness."

Her first thought was of her glove; she quickly drew it off as she walked across the room with the ambassador, feeling as if everyone must be conscious of her palpitating excitement. They reached the recess at the end of the room, where the prince and his aides and the ambassadress and the embassy attachés formed a colorful and impressive group.

The prince smiled at her as the ambassador said her name, and she curtsied quickly and not very low, and she quite forgot the graceful backward movement she had planned as she rose.

"You have just come?" said the prince.

"Yes, Your Highness, only a few days ago."

"Then you, too, must be busy with sightseeing," he said. "But unfortunately I leave tomorrow, after less than a week here."

Molly remembered the young secretary's statement that the prince while at home was of necessity occupied with serious and rather dull affairs. She could think of nothing to say that seemed worth saying. The ambassadress interposed.

"The next time you have a holiday you must come to our country."

The prince looked at her, then at Molly.

"I should most certainly like to do so. Some day perhaps I shall."

He turned to his aide.

"Have you my program, Carlaen?"

"Yes, Your Highness."

The prince looked down at the card.

"May I have the fourth from now?"

Molly glanced at her own card in dismay. She had just promised this dance to the assistant naval attaché of a South American country. Then, as she was about to say so, she caught the friendly glance of the ambassadress and realized intuitively that this would not be the proper procedure.

Instead she said, "With pleasure."

The ambassador rejoined them, accompanied by a round red-faced woman whose splendid tiara of diamonds and sapphires was pushed far back on her untidy gray hair. Molly made a slightly deeper curtsy as she left. The music started again and she was claimed by her new partner, a man more than thirty, who seemed to her as old as Methuselah.

This time the prince danced with the ambassadress of his own country, but every time Molly glanced up his dark eyes were upon her. When at last it was time for their own dance she felt as if they had already spoken to each other many times. She still retained her sense of outward unreality as they went together into the ballroom. The curious eyes of the crowd upon them and the unfamiliar surroundings seemed vaguely strange; but that she should be dancing with him, that their steps should fit each other's, seemed the most natural thing in the world. Their very silence seemed to come not from lack of things to say but rather as if speech were not needed between them.

Now and then he made a casual comment about the excellence of the orchestra or the perfection of her dancing, but she felt that these things were said because he thought some conversation due their interested audience.

Suddenly, in the midst of her intense happiness, it flashed upon her that to him as a human being, one moreover upon whose handsome sun-browned face still shone the lovable quality of spontaneous irrepressible youth, it must at times seem unbearably hideous to be eternally surrounded by these watching eyes and listening ears. She had already learned that no unconsidered word of his was too trivial, and no action was too slight, to furnish food for conjecture and gossip to the myriad onlookers.

Finally the dance was over, although for the first time, at the request of the prince, the orchestra had played two encores.

"It was perfect!" he said, so low that no one but Molly could hear. "Perfect!"

He gave her his arm and they led the way out of the ballroom. As they passed various anxious mothers with pretty daughters Molly felt sorry for them all.

She glanced up as the prince said earnestly, "Do let me have another dance."

He signaled to his aide. When he had consulted the program which Carlaen presented, he turned again to Molly.

"The twelfth and thirteenth?" he said.

"Yes," she answered. Afterward she remembered that she had not once called him by his proper title.

She saw the ambassador coming toward them accompanied by several distinguished-looking middle-aged men. The prince saw them at the same time, and a line of annoyance came between his straight dark eyebrows, making him appear very young indeed.

"I wanted to talk to you," he said. But as they approached, Molly prepared to leave. He said reluctantly, "Then au revoir."

Carlaen escorted her back to Aunt Alice and stayed with them until the next dance. They were joined by one young man after another. The fact that the prince had singled her out ahead of all the charming girls of official importance made Molly even more sought after. Everyone wanted to be presented; she held a little court of her own, dividing dances and bestowing favors with happy indifference. Afterward she could recall scarcely anything that was said during all the intervening time before she danced again with the prince. She supposed that she had talked and laughed a good deal; she remembered vaguely that one excitable foreigner who had had to share a dance with an attaché of another country had used the few minutes' intermission to whisper an impassioned proposal of marriage to her.

"I shall talk further to madame your chaperon," he had declared as her new partner claimed her.

When the encore was over she had hurried back to Aunt Alice.

"Did Captain Guardo come to you?" she asked.

Aunt Alice laughed outright. She wiped her eyes with a minute lace handkerchief.

At last she said, "My dear, what a man! He absolutely wrung my heart. He said he had looked all over the world for you and he could not live without you, and so on and so on. Finally he worked himself up into a great frenzy and said that if I would not give him hope he could not answer for the consequences. He really looked desperate. His eyes were as big and dark as saucers of black ink. I was really frightened. So I followed him."

"Followed him?" said Molly. "But where did he go?"

Aunt Alice began to laugh again.

"Oh, dear, it was so ridiculous!" she said. "But really I was afraid he might do something terrible. So I pushed my way through the crowds after him, and by the time I reached the dining room he was calmly standing by the buffet eating an ice!"

Molly laughed outright. Glancing up suddenly, she saw that the prince was looking at her. She felt herself blushing. She knew that Aunt Alice saw it, too, for into the older woman's blue eyes came a look of tender, affectionate loyalty. She opened her lips, but before she could speak the next partner came up to claim his dance.

Eventually the music of the twelfth dance commenced. This time, as Molly

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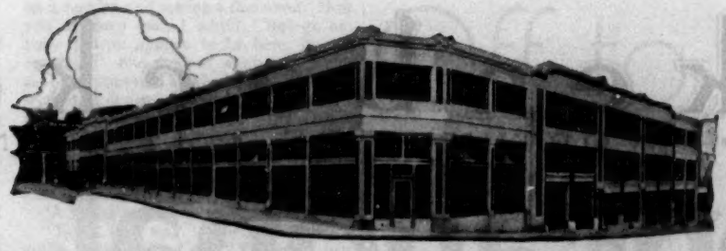

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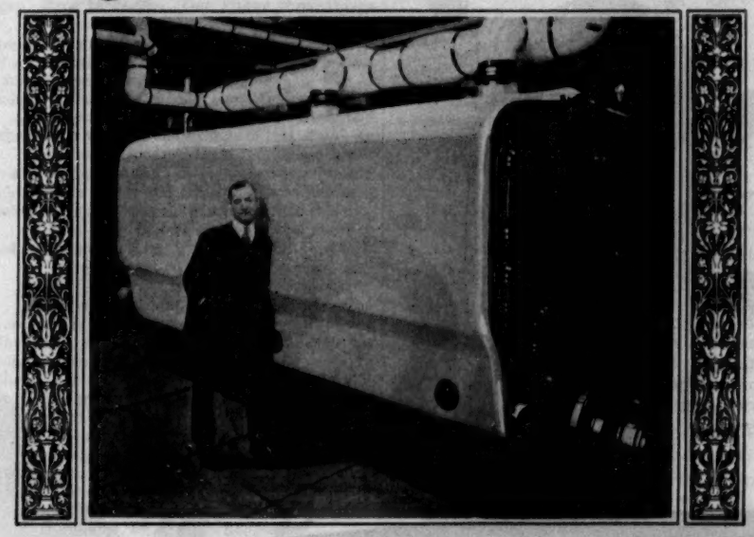

These are the words of Mr. John W. Kelly of the Alaska Plumbing and Heating Company of Portland, Oregon. He refers specifically to the Capitol steam boiler installed by his organization in the Multnomah Block Automotive Building of Portland.

"When we put on the first test," says Mr. Kelly, "the farthest radiator from the boiler was warm in twenty-six minutes from the time the fire was started. This is remarkable performance for a low pressure heating plant carried on one boiler in a building of 228,000 square feet.

"The Austin Company, engineers and builders, believe it to be one of the best and largest single boiler installations of the kind ever made. This Capitol continues to do wonderful work with surprisingly small fuel consumption."

We shall be glad to send you an illustrated booklet which fully explains the modern idea in house heating.

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General Offices, Detroit, Michigan

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8

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You must see these new Rickenbackers—the trade-models for the coming season.

Rickenbacker Motor Company, Detroit, Michigan

(Continued from Page 90)

went toward the ballroom with the prince, she was scarcely conscious of the sea of interested faces turned toward them. Nothing seemed of consequence except that again they were dancing together.

"You and your aunt were laughing," he said.

She told him the story and it seemed to her that almost imperceptibly he held her closer.

"Do many men act like that?" he said gravely—"speak to you in such a way?"

"Not like that," she answered, surprised at his serious tone. "But in my country, of course, girls are allowed a good deal of freedom."

"It is a mistake, if I may say so." He looked down at her intently. "You should never be subjected to such things—such men."

She did not want this evening of fairy-tale beauty to be marred by earnestness. She spoke of something else.

When they had finished dancing, the prince said, "Shall we go into the supper room?"

There were not many people in the dining room, and they stood at one end of a long table, from which obsequious servants in buff-colored livery helped them to salads and ices.

"But even here one can't talk," said the prince.

As he took a cigarette from an open silver box three footmen sprang forward to light it for him. He glanced at Molly as if their eagerness had justified his complaint.

"You know there's a garden," he said, "and a moon."

She smiled up at him.

"Where are they?"

So they went together through a door on the far side of the dining room, through the ambassador's study, and out long French windows into the fresh darkness of the night.

"But it seems miles away!" she said.

The noise and lights and faces had all disappeared; they stood on a wide stone terrace thrown out over the garden below. High up in the dark blue sky the half moon shone down upon them. In the distance the twinkling lights of the city appeared as infinitesimal as the powdery stars in the vast sky.

The scent of orange trees, of roses and mimosa came to them before, in the shadows, they could see the vague outlines of the flowers.

"It's magic!" the girl exclaimed as they stood side by side at the marble balustrade, looking down at the splashing fountains of the formal garden below.

"Of course it's magic," he answered, "being here with you. I wonder if it isn't only a dream, though, after all? Do you really exist?"

"I'm not sure," she said.

"I think that I just made you up." His smile was whimsical as he looked down at her. "I think that I dreamed that as I came in tonight I saw the girl who has always been in my mind but whom my eyes had never seen before."

Far off, through the closed doors, they heard the strains of the Tales of Hoffmann waltz.

"This is my dance," he said.

Molly felt as if she could not bear to go back into the glare and the stuffiness of the house. The prince motioned toward two chairs.

"Let's stay out here," he suggested. "Will you be warm enough?"

"Oh, yes."

They talked little until he said, "Tell me about yourself, won't you?"

"There's nothing much of interest to tell. I am an orphan and I live with my aunt; and sometimes I've thought I'd like to be really ambitious and study for grand opera, and at other times I've thought I'd rather be a tennis champion. But, of course, I won't ever do either."

"Well, I should hope not!" He laughed, but his words were evidently sincere. "I suppose I've always thought of you sitting on a cushion and sewing a fine seam. Now you do seem real, I admit. But go on. How do you happen to be here, in this country?" She did not want to tell him that. It appeared suddenly so trivial. He seemed to divine her reluctance. "Tell me why are you here?"

"Well, I—we ——"

With anyone else she might have temporized, but she felt as if she could not tell him anything but the complete truth.

"A young man!" he said suddenly.

"Y-yes, in a way." She felt strangely guilty as she hurried on. "You see, I just couldn't make up my mind. So we came over here—my aunt and I—hoping that I might be able to decide."

"Your aunt wants you to marry him!" His voice was almost sharp.

"Yes; but how do you know? It's uncanny."

"She has no right to urge you!" he declared. In his earnestness all traces of his habitual shyness disappeared. "If you had cared for him you would not have to take time to decide. One knows these things immediately. When I came in tonight and saw you, I knew."

He stopped as if astonished that he had so freely uttered his thoughts.

Neither of them spoke. Against the luminous sky two giant cypress trees stabbed their way into the clusters of tiny stars. As she stared out at their motionless black outlines Molly felt as if her heart would never go on beating. It was as if everything in the world had paused for this moment—this perfect moment in an eternity of imperfection.

She yearned to say, "And when I saw you I knew." But she could not speak. She looked at him, seated so near to her, as if she must remember every feature of his face so that forever she could keep his image in her heart.

"Never shall I forget you!" he said. "I am grateful to the good God for having given me so much."

Years afterwards, she was to waken in the night to wonder why she had said nothing to him of all that she felt. But a terrible numbness was upon her which she could not lift. She was weighed down, almost frightened, by so much happiness.

It seemed to her as if they were two lonely travelers on a vast sea, and that the balcony was an improvised craft on which they had met for a moment. When they would separate, each of them would go alone always, to the end of the long voyage. Tears came into her eyes.

She realized that the music had stopped some time before. She got up.

"We must go in," she said. "I am cold."

Her voice sounded unnatural. He stood facing her, his dark eyes upon her in farewell.

"Oh, my dear, my dear!" he cried. He took her hand in his and pressed it to his lips. He looked down at her solemnly. "I shall never forget you—never!"

He kissed the palm of her hand, then very gently he released it. He opened the door for her to pass through.

Many times during the long and distressing months which followed, Molly thought that she must have dreamed the entire thing. But even after she and Aunt Alice had gone home and she had taken up the days of numerous pleasures and occasional duties demanded by her normal twenty-year-old existence, she would awaken sometimes in the night and live again every moment they had had together.

She grew more and more restless, more and more dissatisfied with ordinary humdrum affairs. The most pressing of these was the persistent, matter-of-fact courtship of John Rutledge. He seemed to have held, ever since she could remember, the same unswerving desire to marry her.

When he asked her about her trip and she showed him, among other souvenirs, her dance card with the initials of the prince on it three times, he had seemed quite pleased.

"He seems to have good taste, for royalty," he said with democratic fairness.

"I suppose your grandchildren will prize that program."

Molly blushed furiously and almost snatched the card from his hand. From that time on no one else ever saw it.

It was almost a year after the ball when Molly, sitting at the breakfast table, saw a photograph of the prince staring up at her from the morning newspaper. Next to it was the picture of a royal princess; the headlines announced their betrothal and imminent marriage. Details of the dispatch stated that the prince's father was not well and it was understood he had long favored this union, towards which for some reason the young prince had been lukewarm. But now that the question of succession was imminent, His Highness could, of course, think only of his duty as a future monarch.

Molly pushed the paper over to Aunt Alice without a word, then got up and left the table without eating anything.

She played tennis that day as she had never played before, with a concentrated, fighting aggressiveness, an almost furious quickness, which surprised her opponent into losing the requisite sets. When at last she was presented with the silver cup Molly accepted it with a vague feeling that she had somehow won it under false pretenses. But she was sufficiently herself to smile at John when he insisted, even before he congratulated her, that she must wrap herself up warmly. She looked up into his hazel eyes as he stood holding out her big white coat, and a wave of gratitude and warmth came over her.

She said involuntarily, "Dear John!"

His face crimsoned; for the first time in all the years she had known him he seemed to lose his composure.

On the way home in his roadster he asked her again if she would marry him. His face showed such distress, such unaccustomed insecurity, that she was deeply moved.

"If you really want me to—yes, John," she said at last.

"Really want you! Oh, Molly, I've always wanted you—ever since that first day when you came to dancing school with a red ribbon on your hair."

She sat motionless beside the window, seeing and hearing only those things which had happened almost twenty years before, until suddenly the house seemed to become an alive and clamorous personality, resenting her withdrawal and demanding her attention. As she came out of her reverie, much the way she might have put aside an absorbing novel, Molly became conscious of noises everywhere. Distant bells were ringing, voices of children were raised in dispute, the butler seemed to be shouting into the telephone in the upstairs hall, and as she looked out of the window two motor cars came racing toward the house. She remembered that she had forgotten to tell cook that Mary and two school friends of hers would be at luncheon. She hurriedly locked the faded program in the drawer of her desk and went downstairs.

The weeks that intervened before the dinner in Washington were eventful in their way. Little Mary, as they still called their tall seventeen-year-old daughter, took her college board examinations, young John sprained his ankle playing baseball at boarding school and Alice appeared to be developing whooping cough. Olga's niece gave up dressmaking and came into the household as a parlor maid. John played golf three afternoons a week instead of two and declared that his game was steadily worse.

But during all her busy routine days Molly retained a secret sense of deep elation. She spoke to no one of the message from Carlaen; when the formal invitation arrived she showed it to John without comment.

"Well, I won't go!" he declared.

She motored up to New York that very day to order a new gown. She took with her the tiara which had belonged to Aunt Alice, so that it might be properly cleaned.

The box from the dressmaker and the jewels arrived the evening before the embassy dinner. She found them in her bedroom when she went up rather early, after telling John good night downstairs. She planned to take the train to Washington after luncheon the next day, so that she would have enough time to dress carefully at the hotel. It occurred to her, however, that perhaps it would be wise to try on her costume now in order to make sure that everything was all right.

She put down the evening paper, which she had brought up to read in bed, and untied the cords of the huge box with its folds and folds of white tissue paper. She held up her gown of handsome green-and-gold brocade with a slight feeling of disappointment. Perhaps she should have followed her dressmaker's advice and chosen a deeper color. She took off the tea gown of black chiffon which she had worn at dinner and slipped the new gown over her head. She undid the numerous red seals on the jeweler's box and drew out the splendid tiara. She tried arranging her hair in a new way so that the band of diamonds would be becoming, but for some reason it persisted in looking absurd.

At last she stood before the full-length mirror, dressed as she intended to be dressed for the king's dinner. She tried to see herself as she would seem to him after all these years.

But in place of the slim and lovely girl of twenty, whose hair of warm gold brown had curled around her young face, there stood a woman rather short, rather stout, approaching middle age. Her hair was brown now, and gray had begun to replace the glints of bronze. Her eyes were still wide and gray and honest, but they disclosed to her as she stood gazing into the glass a person totally new and strange. What had this matronly figure in its unbecoming gown of stiff brocade to do with that carefree girl of long ago?

She realized now, as she never had before, how large a part of her emotional life had been centered in those memories. Now, without a second's warning, every shred of glamour, every bit of magic was swept away from her. She began to feel a terrible sense of desolation.

Quickly she took off the jewels and the dress and put them back into their boxes. She had told her maid to pack them in this way. As she thought of packing she visualized herself arriving at the embassy, and she bit her lip to keep from crying out. No, it was not she that he remembered. He had said that he would never forget her, but he had not meant that he would remember this middle-aged and dumpy woman who had replaced the girl he had known.

He must not see her! As she put on a loose dressing gown of deep-blue silk, she determined to find some way to prevent it. In the morning she would think of some excuse. But she felt that she could not sleep that night unless it were settled now. She went to the telephone. She would tell Carlaen that she was unavoidably prevented from leaving. She told the operator to call Washington. As she put down the receiver John came in from the adjoining room.

"I thought I heard you," he said. "Is everything all right?"

He looked down at her with such concern in his hazel eyes that she longed to tell him everything that she had been going through. Then, realizing that it would be impossible, she turned to the dressing table and began brushing out her long thick hair.

"How pretty you look like that!" he said suddenly. As he sat down he glanced at the half-open boxes. "Oh, new clothes?" he asked.

"Um-yes," she answered rather self-consciously. "I thought I'd wear them at the dinner in Washington, but I've decided not to go after all."

"Well, I must say I'm glad." He got up, knocking the ashes out of his pipe into the palm of his hand. "I may as well confess that I've hated the thought of you going, Molly. I've never been jealous of anybody in my life except that man, and I'm ashamed to say I couldn't bear the thought of you seeing him again."

"But, John, I'm middle-aged now."

"Middle-aged fiddlesticks!" he exclaimed. "You're as young and pretty as you were the day I married you." He put his hands on her two shoulders and looked straight into her face. "You're much prettier."

She looked up at him as if she were seeing him for the first time.

"Why, John," she said, "I didn't dream you felt like that!"

"I've loved you more every day," he declared. "You are infinitely dearer now than you ever were."

She put her arms up and around his neck. This then was the ultimate magic. What did it matter if her hair turned gray and her figure was no longer slim? If by some miracle the actual youth of twenty could have been retained throughout these full years, it would not have been so remarkable as that now through John's love she should seem always young, always desirable. She held him tightly.

"And you are dearer to me."

"Oh, I'm just a romantic old fool," he said, stroking her hair with an awkward loving hand.

The telephone rang shrilly.

"It's Washington. You answer, John," she urged. "Say I'm awfully sorry, but make some excuse."

As he sat down at her desk and picked up the receiver, she laid a kiss very lightly on the top of his head where the hair was beginning to be a little thin.

Glen Lake, Michigan

CANDY FOR CHILDREN should be simple, pure and attractive. WONDERBOX has become a household word because it delights both the sweets-loving child and the careful parent. In a colorful picture package are clear barley sugar sticks and shapes, sweet chocolate moulded into animals, birds and butterflies.

Whitman's Wonderbox — for Children

An ideal gift for each little guest to carry home from the children's party. Sold singly, or packed in cartons of twelve, with twelve different designs. Supplied by the nearby store that is the agency for Whitman's.

STEPHEN F. WHITMAN & SON, Inc., PHILADELPHIA

NEW YORK CHICAGO SAN FRANCISCO

COUSIN JANE

(Continued from Page 5)

But when he sauntered over to her and calmly said they had half an hour to wait, she lost her alarm and found entertainment in observing her fellow travelers. There were not only travelers going away but travelers coming back, and they were all excited about it—quite pardonably, Jane thought. She watched with quick eyes the greetings of those who came and the farewells of those who left. There were kisses, embraces. When Mr. Hacker came to sit beside her, Jane told him of things she had seen.

"Those ladies are so funny," she confided. "Sometimes they lift up their veils to be kissed and sometimes they don't take the least trouble, and just kiss someone right through a veil. And some look very sad about it and take a long time, and some do it quick. I guess probably those that take a long time and lift up their veils are going a long journey, thousands of miles maybe, and those that are in a hurry are coming back day after tomorrow. And some look kind of ashamed when they say good-by."

"And maybe some are glad to get away and don't care if they never come back," suggested Mr. Hacker, somewhat cynically.

"Oh, I dare say," replied Jane, reverting to her Vrain manner.

Then, when she was certain their train must have gone without them, Mr. Hacker took her bag and sauntered out to find it waiting for them. From miss to sissy and from sissy to Jane, he had now progressed to pardner, which Jane thought nice of him.

"I'll tell you, pardner," he said, as they walked the train's length, "you and me will get right up in the smoking car, where you can see all the sights and be next to the boy with pop corn and peanuts and candy and figs and all like that, in case you should become literally famished again before we get to the Hill."

The smoking car proved quite as delectable a place as Mr. Hacker had made it sound. It was not only already dense with beautiful blue clouds of smoke but its occupants, all male except Jane, were quickly achieving an unvrainish but winning informality of dress, posture and talk. Many removed their coats. Some of them threw seats together and sprawled luxuriously on their shoulders, feet on the plush seat before them. Four men in one of these double seats began a merry and noisy game of cards. One man with a beard like Seth Hacker's groaningly removed a very new pair of boots and ecstatically flexed his stockinged feet on the cushion in front. There were hearty calls from one seat to another; one happy-appearing man produced a large bottle with a prettily pictured label from which he drank liquor of some sort in a gurgling manner, thereafter hospitably passing the bottle to the card players and himself bursting into song.

"Every daisy in the dell knows my secret, knows it well," he sang in a high, distressed tenor that captivated Jane.

And, true to his promise, Seth Hacker found them a seat the very next to the train boy, who was, for a boy, small enough but very old, Jane thought, wearing a scanty gray mustache and being quite bald. But he possessed choice treasures of refreshment which he vended briskly; Jane was almost at once in possession of a brick of pinkish pop corn and a bottle of scarlet soda to be cleverly ingested through a straw. She tingled newly when the train pulled out, being not only in company which would shock Miss Vrain but indulging flagrantly in forbidden delights.

The noise of the train pleasantly dulled the talk and laughter and the winding whine of the still-troubled vocalist. Jane ate her pop corn between pulls at the straw. The stinging liquid low in the bottle, she became blasé and began to blow the remainder into bubbles, straining her eyes to watch their iridescence when the sun lighted them. She knew instinctively that this was something a nice little girl shouldn't do, but she had risen above law. There was only Seth Hacker to please, and a side glance revealed that he was not being offended.

Indeed, Seth's attention was elsewhere. He had turned to lean on the back of their seat and was haranguing the two men he faced. There was a strange fervor in his tone. She had not seen her companion this way before. His eyes glowed; his words were hot with conviction; his manner recalled to Jane the clergyman to whose preaching the Vrain girls listened each Sabbath. At once attentive, she learned that the subject of discourse was turkeys, and noted with resentment that his two listeners were restive under the talk and wholly skeptic.

"Most folks will tell you turkeys is a woman's job," Seth was saying. "That's one of them theories that's been believed for untold centuries, but ain't so and never was so. Of course, a woman can handle a small batch here and there, but that ain't what I mean. When I say turkeys I mean turkeys. I mean thousands, like you could make your independent fortune out of."

"Shucks!" exclaimed one of the audience. "Ain't that been tried time and time again? Ain't I seen ——"

"Just watch me try it once more then," broke in the evangelist. "I tell you it's a man's-size job, and just as soon as I get on my feet again —— Why, look how near I was to a big winning with that herd I got me over back of Barn Top Mountain only three winters ago. Everything was coming along fine and I was just ready to take the herd out ——"

"Yes, and then the coyotes threw in with you," interrupted the doubter coldly.

"No such thing—at least not at first. It was a deep snow that come six weeks earlier than anow had ever been known to fall there since the memory of mortal man. How was I to fend that? It was afterward the coyotes threw in. And me caught there without feed. I like to didn't get out myself. I was shut up in that shack for four months. Nothing to do but watch my herd diminish; not a thing. I'd lie mornings in the bunk till I was afraid of getting bedsores; then I'd get up and make me a little sop and eat that and go back to bed. Yes, sir, four months before I ever got down to a post office. Four months without any mail!"

"Did you find any mail when you did get down?" asked the skeptic; and with increasing displeasure, Jane saw him wink at his fellow doubter.

"No, I didn't—not even a medicine circular; but that's neither here nor there. It ain't any way to live, where you can't get to a post office only every four months. But watch me next time. Turkeys take a man, and I'm him all right. You watch!"

"We'll sure watch," said both skeptics, and this time each winked at the other. Jane was indignant. If Mr. Hacker said turkeys took a man, then turkeys did take a man.

She felt it was due her to make common cause with Seth, and she demanded warmly, "How would you like to be four months and not get even a medicine circular at the post office?"

"Listen to the kid!" said one of them, and grinned at Jane.

But Jane turned coldly away from them and smiled upon Mr. Hacker, who was intermittently talking to himself, with emphatic nods of his head. Turkeys was too involved for women. He'd show them.

Then Jane formed the acquaintance of the train boy in the course of buying some needed chocolate bars. He proved to be warmly human after he had taken off his uniform cap and coat and lighted one of his own cigars. He wished to be told all about Jane and she obliged him. He presently knew as much about the Vrain school as she did, and knew some things about Miss Vrain which that lady herself was far from suspecting to be common knowledge, such as her method of producing the effect of a great deal of hair with surprisingly little. When informed that Jane was going to her guardian and cousin, Wiley Tedmon, the train boy said this was a small world, for didn't he himself know that gentleman as well as he knew his own brother?—having often had dealings with him on this same train, only Wiley Tedmon always rode back in the Pullman—in a drawing-room, at that. He was a prancer, that's what he was—a genuine prancer. They used to call him Cupid. And now he'd had a stroke. Tough luck that was, and him right in his prime. And the house he lived in—a palace with gold door knobs, solid gold! There was talk that a lot of Tedmon money had been lost in the stock market, but you couldn't be bone-poor—not with gold door knobs.

The train boy presently had to leave on one of his selling expeditions; but he gave Jane a box of figs and also made her free of his stock of periodicals, with which she entertained herself during his absence. To repay these courtesies, when he came back she recited to him The Wreck of the Hesperus, which not only impressed him but attracted the admiring attention of Seth Hacker and the two men who disbelieved in turkeys, so that the elocutionist was induced to say it all over again. She stood in the aisle this time and repeated the affecting maritime tragedy with gestures, receiving much applause and a sack of peanuts from one of the men playing cards.

Warmed by so much approval, she revealed another talent by taking the cards and telling the fortunes of these men, something she had learned behind locked doors at school. They gave her rapt attention; the one she warned to beware of a dark woman seemed distinctly troubled, though the others laughed at him.

After these triumphs, Jane rested beside Seth Hacker, dallying with her peanuts and another bottle of the scarlet soda. She asked about Cousin Wiley Tedmon; was he a prancer, as the train boy said? Yes, he had done a lot of prancing, Seth conceded, jetting up and down and around the town with the bloods. In fact he had pranced through an independent fortune just like it was water. And then he'd had his stroke. A stroke, Jane learned, was something that kept you from prancing. Cousin Wiley was now bedfast, and complaining a lot because his brother Marcy would sometimes forget to look after him, especially if there had been a flurry on the stock exchange. They had bitter quarrels over what stock they would buy if only they had money, and then they'd look the next day to see how much they'd have won.

"But they have gold door knobs," said Jane.

"Only silver," Seth told her. She was disappointed. Still, even silver door knobs are not usual.

"Your poor Cousin Wiley," said Seth, "he had quite a little touch of the liquor habit. But still and all, ladies was his real curse."

"Ladies?" repeated Jane.

"Oh, flirting and all such," he told her. "And your Cousin Sarah Tedmon, she hectors him considerable. She runs the mansion, and she's right vexed with him for losing everyone's money—yours and hers and his; and she don't like being shut off in the hills, as she calls it. There she is, right in the midst of America's scenic wonders, but complains that she ain't invited out social. Always wanting more life, she says. You'll be company for her."

The train had climbed for a long time. At first there had been hills sparsely timbered with oak and manzanita; but now they were actually in the mountains, with their dense pine forests. Before this Jane had seen mountains only from a distance that softened their lines. Being close to them this way made her rather afraid. Even the train often seemed helpless and none too safe as it panted up a stiff grade, or crossed a mere webbing of a trestle, or steamed dangerously close to the edge of a chasm down which huge rocks appeared to be tumbling. Once she thought they were falling from a trestle—she could see a slender stream far below, miles, she thought—but just in time the train recovered itself and Jane swallowed her panic, merely inquiring, with a gulp, "Do any fishes live in that river down there?"

She was relieved when they stopped at a station where they were to leave the train.

"Here we are at Creston, pardner," said Seth briskly, and helped her on with her velvet jacket. "Now we burrow a little further into the hills, then we hole up."

There was a stage beside the track; and Seth, after lifting her to one of its seats, went to get her trunk, which she was surprised to see projected from a baggage car. It seemed remarkable to her that this trunk which she had last seen in her room that morning, so long, long ago, had unerringly traveled with her all this time. The stage driver lent a hand with the trunk. He was no larger than the train boy, and much older, with a ragged white beard and pale tired eyes showing under the drooping rim of a shapeless dusty hat. Dust lay thickly even in his beard and over his somewhat tattered garments.

"She another Tedmon?" he demanded of Seth, jerking a dusty thumb toward Jane. It caused her to feel somehow that she was not there—or, at least, not a person.

"Starbird," said Seth.

"Humph!" The driver noncommittally mounted his seat and released the brake. Then his face lighted as he turned back to Seth. "Well, I suppose you done arranged for nine thousand turkey gobblers, but I didn't see none on this train. They must of forgot to put 'em off."

On this he cackled what must have been intended for a laugh and slapped his thigh, causing a dust cloud to rise.

"That's all right about turkeys!" The retort was sullen.

"Nine thousand turkeys," repeated the driver. "That's a good one, by cripes!"

Mr. Hacker regarded him stonily, but in silence, and the vehicle moved off. Jane thoroughly disliked this man; she would dislike anyone who spoke to Mr. Hacker about turkeys in that curious way.

"I dare say we shall soon be there," she remarked formally to her companion, meaning to show the driver that he was being ignored by his superiors.

The stage crossed a bridge and toiled laboriously up a red gash in the side of a mountain. At the height of this ascent it turned sharply to plunge into a wooded cañon in whose clear depths she could see birds swimming the air still far above the lowest tree tops. She was thinking now that the train must have been safer, after all. The driver apparently gave no attention to his horses, but slashed with his whip at green things along the roadside, never even glancing into the abyss they so narrowly skirted. But Seth Hacker seemed to have no sense of their peril, either, so she kept her hand in his and waited. More and more alarming in his negligence of wayside perils, the driver faced around toward Jane, while the unguided horses rounded a sharp turn, and indicated with his whip a frowning promontory across the cañon.

"That's called Lover's Leap, sister," he explained, and waited, expectant.

Jane wished he would turn back to his horses, and she resented "sister"; but she also wished to know why this towering rock was so romantically named.

"Why?" she asked.

The driver's face became radiant.

(Continued on Page 101)

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Three New Special Feature Styles

Allen A silk stockings—at new prices

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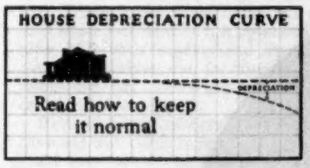
You dream of achievement when you build

Some facts and figures to help you

Building is one of the great episodes of your life. It should give you the pride of achievement. It should give you lasting satisfaction which comes with accomplishment. You *should* enjoy what you build and never have your satisfaction marred by heavy, unnecessary repair bills. Yet many people seem always to be paying out money for repairs, and home ownership brings disappointment rather than satisfaction. When you build, you need never look back with regret to what might have been. One simple rule will avoid this—a principle which the Lehigh Portland Cement Company suggests as sure protection against any danger in your path as a builder. Seek permanent satisfaction. Secure ① Dependable Materials and ② Competent Workmanship.

The surest doom to satisfaction is the continual payment of repair bills that were never anticipated—$200 to keep water out of the cellar or $50 to replace a cinder walk that has been



washed away. Satisfaction can't exist in company with frequent repair expenses, or where the rate of depreciation is high instead of reasonable. Disappointing jobs can usually be avoided at little or no extra expense if you will insist on getting permanent satisfaction through ① Dependable Materials and ② Competent Workmanship.

Strength like this keeps repair expense low

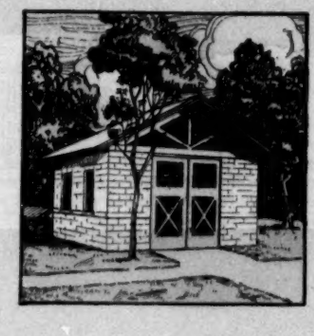
Most materials grow weaker each year, others hold their strength for a limited time, but good concrete made with Lehigh Cement actually *grows stronger year by year.* That is one reason for the amazing sweep of concrete road development throughout the country. The highway pictured below replaced a road on which many thousand dollars of tax-payers' money were spent for repairs. The new road costs little for maintenance. Instead of wearing out, it actually grows stronger year after year and will not reach its *full strength* for years to come.

Put strength like that into everything you build and every construction project you are interested in. Help your community get permanent satisfaction in public improvements. Insist on ① Dependable Materials, ② Competent Workmanship—*not one, but both.*

This type of garage repays all it costs

A garage on your own property not only adds to your convenience, but it saves rent, a fact which quickly wipes out the first cost. A popular type of garage today is of concrete block or tile, frequently covered with stucco. This construction reduces fire hazard, eliminates costly paint and repair bills, and is built rapidly.

Many other improvements, economically made, turn discontent into satisfaction and add surprisingly to resale value. The list at the right contains suggestions, such as, stuccoing which adds warmth and beauty, concrete steps which save paint and repair bills, or concrete driveways which add attractiveness and permanence. When you put money into improvements remember that satisfaction depends on: ① Dependable Materials, ② Competent Workmanship.



How to get *permanent satisfaction,* whatever you build

① GET DEPENDABLE MATERIALS

Reputation for dependability has made Lehigh Cement the largest-selling cement in the world. Last year, contractors, engineers, architects and owners used over 68 million sacks.

In buying building materials remember this point:

The dealer who insists on carrying Lehigh for you, often does so in the face of constant pressure to offer you the "just as good" brand. Is it not reasonable to expect such a dealer to protect your interests in other ways also by handling a line of thoroughly dependable materials? Let the Blue-and-White Lehigh Sign guide you to a reliable dealer.

② GET COMPETENT WORKMANSHIP

Even with the best materials you can get poor results unless you secure competent workmanship.

A good contractor will save you money through skillful building economies. He will put quality both where it can be seen at the start and also where it will be noticed for its low repair expenses in the years to come.

A point to remember *in choosing a contractor:*

The contractor who insists on dependable materials is likely to hire competent help and to put skill and dependability into all that he does.

Lehigh Portland Cement Company

Allentown, Pa.; Birmingham; Chicago; Spokane
New York; Buffalo; Kansas City; Newcastle, Pa.; Boston; Philadelphia; Mason City, Iowa; Omaha; Pittsburgh; Richmond; Minneapolis

Make Concrete of LEHIGH CEMENT *for permanent satisfaction*

Alleys—*to clean up eye-sores*
Barns—*for low upkeep*
Benches and sun dials—*for beauty*
Cellar floors—*to keep dry, clean*
Cisterns—*to keep water pure and soft*
Clothespole posts—*to prevent rot*
Coal pockets and storage elevators—*for low upkeep and insurance*
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Fountains—*for attractive appearance*
Garages—*for greater fire safety*
Garage floors—*for highest utility*
Gate posts—*to avoid repairs*
Gutters—*for better drainage*
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Homes—*(ask for our special Home Book)*
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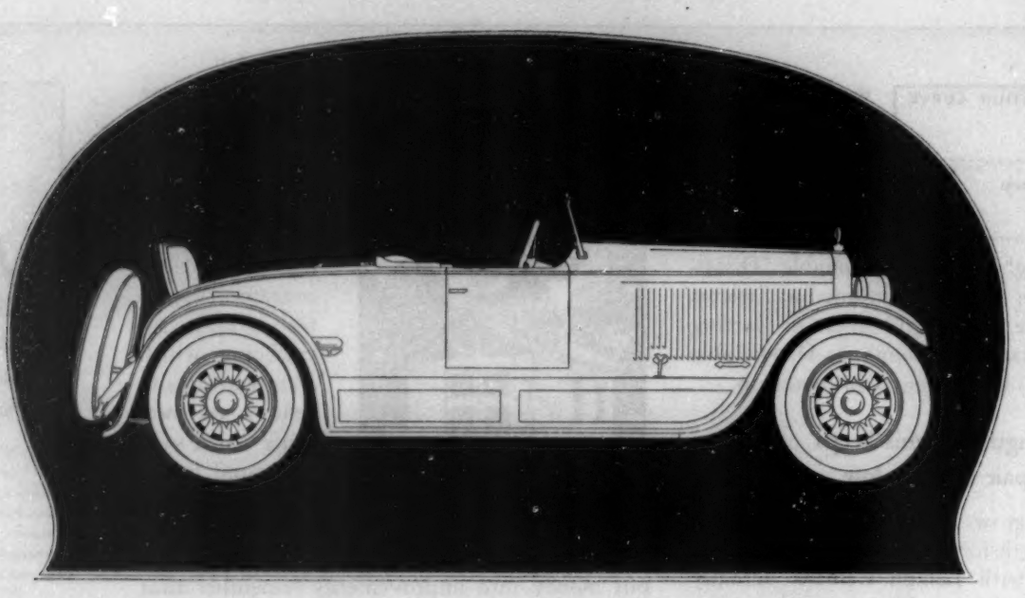

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Everybody knows that the Jordan Playboy started the roadster craze all over again in this country.

It was built for red blooded Americans who never grow old.

It dominated its field—and of course was imitated.

But there has always been something distinctive about the Playboy—something in its lines—something in its charm—something in the way it carries itself along the road which makes it the leader among the style sport cars in America.

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A little smaller. A little more compact. Easier to handle. Easier to park. Turn around on a dime.

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And now the price is $1695.

Of course there won't be nearly enough of them to go 'round.

JORDAN MOTOR CAR COMPANY, *Inc.*, CLEVELAND, OHIO

JORDAN

Something about September sets the gypsy blood astir. It's the growing scarlet in the hills—crisp nights in the great outdoors—a longing to be somewhere else—a friendly pilot—and a night we hope may never end.

(Continued from Page 98)

"It's called Lover's Leap because old Milt Turner's two wives found out about each other just back of it a piece and went after Milt both together and chased him over it. Nothing else for him to do but jump—no, sir. Lover's Leap it's been called ever since."

He cackled loud merriment at this, though Jane did not think it funny, even if men could have two wives, which she doubted. It was thrilling rather than funny.

Seth Hacker spoke in pitying tones.

"The poor old hill-billy tells that chestnut to every person he carries. It's his sole delight. You'd think he might find a new one. He would if he wasn't so half-witted." He turned from Jane to the anecdotist. "You better tend your knitting and keep them mangy old skates in the road, before you butter us all over the grade."

"Pray do," added Jane.

He was not abashed.

"Nine million turkeys!" he gibed, and again made the cañon echo with his senseless laugh. But Jane was glad to see that he did turn back to his horses.

"That's all right about turkeys," Seth repeated his formula.

An hour passed, and at last they were, happily for Jane, on the cañon's lower levels, where the stage made a creaking progress over the bowlder-littered road that ran beside a foaming stream. Then the walls, dense with madrones, bay and the taller pines, all at once widened to a valley toward the west, and Seth Hacker pointed.

"There's Union Hill," he said.

Jane could see, far below them, only a clump of tall trees; nothing that looked like a hill. She thought it might be the mountain that towered far beyond this; its peak was white with snow and the fallen sun had left upon it a golden glow.

The floor of the valley and the hills that formed its sides were curiously scarred. Great gashes had seemingly been washed in the slopes, leaving an unsightly ruin of bare gray bowlders; they passed abandoned shafts, tunnel mouths, rotted timber flumes and caved-in ditches. At intervals in the noisy stream were dams built of small stones, as if a race of giant children had once played there. They came to a row of dismantled cabins fronting the stream and backed by the scarred gray hills. Jane saw that no one could live in these. Their roofs sagged, their doors hung crazily awry and their windows were empty. Sometimes nothing was left but a few rotting timbers and a stone chimney. She began to feel uncomfortable without knowing why.

"This isn't Union Hill—all these benty-roofed old houses," she said to Seth, and was cheered by his assurance.

"I should say not. This here is just Shanty Town where the first diggings used to be before the rich pay crack was found by the Starbirds and the Tedmons of them days. No, sir! Union Hill is some place! Of course it ain't too lively now. Me, I come here when I wasn't knee high to a grasshopper, but I still remember. It had ten thousand people then, and about a hundred saloons and the like number of dance halls and faro banks; you take it of a night, with every one of these dives and fandangos going full swing and lighted up with a million lights that shone out—why, the scene was like fairyland."

"How many people are there now?" demanded Jane.

Seth deliberated.

"Well, some claims there's over two hundred. I ain't counted up lately, but I guess a round hundred and fifty souls would be about right."

Jane reflected. The soul was what you heard about in church. She tried to picture round souls, and was having difficulty with this when they entered Union Hill itself. The town had been hidden in the clump of tall trees she had seen from far up the valley. The tall trees were poplars, lining a street of low buildings with wooden awnings extending out over the sidewalk. Most of the buildings were of wood, but here and there was one of faded brick. The windows of many of them were tightly boarded, giving them a blank look.

Only a few of the souls were abroad in the street, and these all seemed old and curiously unobservant. They did not pause to look at the stage, but went, unhurried, upon their missions. It occurred to Jane that they were really like souls—like ghosts. She shivered a little.

They stopped where a sign said Post Office, and the driver threw out a sack of mail, which lay unregarded on the rickety wooden sidewalk. No one betrayed any interest in it. But Jane was aroused to interest, while the stage halted, by the sight of her own name on a sign across the street. It was before one of the buildings of faded brick and read Starbird & Tedmon, Banking. This made the town seem actual to her—not so ghostly.

She looked back to watch the sign as long as she could. The stage went on down the street beneath the rows of marching poplars. The buildings dwindled in size, the sidewalks ceased.

There was a turn in the rutted, dusty road, a stretch of it running between little weathered old houses set back in gardens; and then came what she knew must be the Tedmon mansion, bursting quite astonishingly on her after the smaller buildings of the Hill. The front was too muffled by trees for her to take in its full dimensions, but she saw that it was large and richly ornamented, many-spired, many-gabled, its multitude of windows all with drawn curtains. The stage turned into a driveway that curved through a tangled mass of shrubbery and unkempt flower beds to an ornate lofty portico, where Jane thought it would stop to let her out. But it kept on past this splendid entrance and halted before a plainer doorway at the side. Here, too, there were many windows with drawn curtains, and Jane had the thought that this house was fast asleep—perhaps not even alive.

Then, as she stared, the high, narrow-peaked gable above her became a human face, sour-looking, sullen. It had two windows side by side, and these she saw as eyes, the curtain of one half drawn so that the effect was a wink full of malice. It was like the wink of the man back on the train who didn't believe in turkeys, and Jane became instantly afraid. The house was a mean thing, and it was exulting because it knew something she didn't know—something bad.

She quickly lowered her eyes from this disquieting illusion. She was afraid to look up again. When Seth and the driver had taken her trunk from the boot and helped her down she still felt afraid, but covered it with a laugh, and only said, "This old house is making a funny face and winking. It thinks it knows a joke about me."

II

TAKING up her bag, Seth pushed the door back and admitted Jane to a shadowed hall.

"It's like going into a cave," she thought. The dusk revealed dark walls, a high ceiling and a stairway. The railing of this was polished wood that caught gleams of light from the open door. Seth mounted the stairs, and she quickly followed him, putting a hand out, however, to touch the smooth side of a tall clock that stood near the foot of the stairs.

It was a real clock, and all else in the cavernous hall seemed unreal. She noticed, though, that the clock was not going. It had stopped sometime at a quarter to ten—long ago, she thought it must have been. Halfway up, the stairs turned abruptly and the dusk deepened. She would have liked Seth Hacker's hand again in these heavy shadows; but was ashamed to seem afraid, so she merely kept close on his heels. At the top of the stairs, facing them from a dark wall, was another clock. This too was still, though she was unable to see the hour it had stopped. She did not put out her hand to touch this one. It seemed so dead.

Seth went along the hallway to open the door of a room where light from the west still lingered. She followed him swiftly and stood in the doorway as he put down her bag. It was a large room and all its furniture was large; the bed, dresser and chairs, large and dark. The heavy carpet dimly revealed a pattern of immense roses. She thought they were roses.

"Here we be, pardner, snug as a bug in a rug," said Seth.

"What big furniture!" said Jane, thinking all at once of her small white bed in the small room she had had at school with Shirley Farren. Her eyes went fearsomely over the immense bed—and suppose she would sometime need to move one of those great chairs. Seth considered.

"Yes, it may be a mite oversize for you now; but remember, you're going to grow, sister. You'll soon grow up to this size. Now you wait here and I'll go down and drag up that trunk of yours; then you can get settled."

An instant later she wished she had thought to go with him—she might have offered to help with the trunk. She knew it would never do for a girl almost ten to be afraid, but the still vacancy of this big room unnerved her. She laughed, to show herself she was not afraid, and went gingerly to feel one of the fat pillows on that spreading dark bed.

Then she looked over at the two windows. One of them had its curtain half drawn and she felt a pang of recognition. This was the window that had winked at her so terribly; the ceiling went up to follow the peak of the gable she had seen from below. The narrow human face had turned inside to wink again, a fiery wink from the afterglow that lingered out in the west. Jane promptly moved to the open door, stepped through it and stood in the shadowy hall. There were friendly winks, she knew; jolly, laughing winks; but this was another kind. And the darkened hall wasn't much better, because everything here was still too. It seemed to her there should have been many sounds in so big a house, especially a house that had been expecting her.

Down the hall by the head of the stairs she followed the obscure lines of the second tall clock. It was mute as ever. Her ears searched for a sound, an understandable noise that would reassure, but the house seemed to have stopped with those clocks. She saw a hurrying picture of it with hands like a clock, stopped forever at some funny wrong hour. She was having trouble with her breathing now, but just when she would have dashed for the stairway she heard Seth mounting it with her trunk. He was making noise enough for the moment and she rejoiced in it. She would always love Seth Hacker for that.

She seemed to be waiting cheerfully for him when he at last reached the top of the steps and from there drew the trunk by one handle along to her room. He had taken off his coat and his black hat, and wiped beads of sweat from his forehead when he had the trunk in place.

"That window is winking at me," said Jane, pointing. "Will you please make it stop? And does it always have to be dark here?"

He stepped over to draw the curtains of both windows, then lighted two candles that Jane had not noticed on the dresser.

"There you be, pardner. The curtains down, and now you can wink at yourself in that grand looking-glass, when you prink and powder and make yourself look like a grown lady."

"I don't care for houses to wink at me when I'm all alone," said Jane.

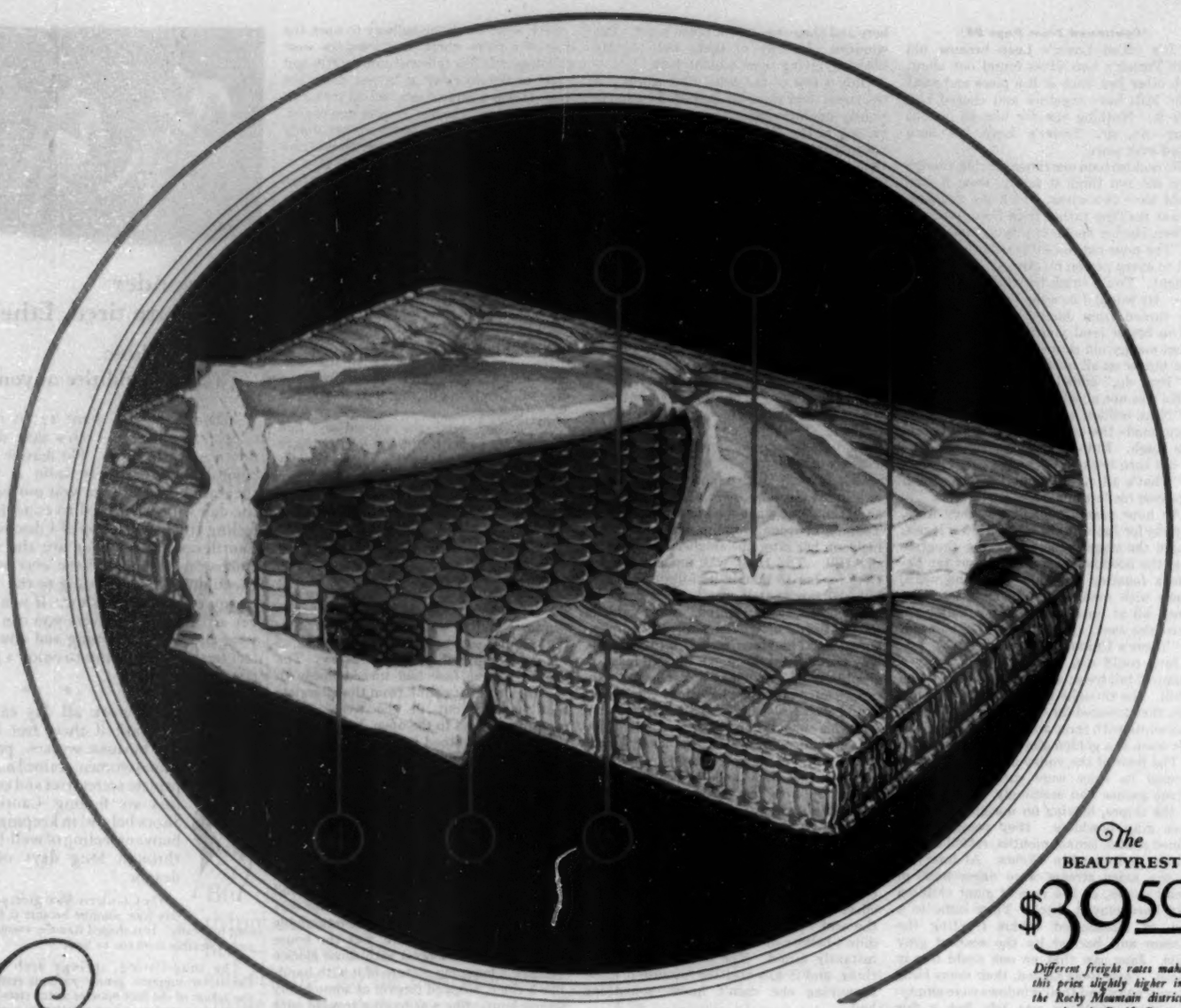
"Shoo!" said Seth, puzzled.

"Not when I'm outside of them and not when I'm inside of them," she insisted.

"All right, all right," he soothed her. "Now I'll go down and let Sarah know we got here all safe. I ain't seen a soul yet."

"Maybe I better go with you," she suggested. "Maybe this house has stopped—like those old dead clocks. Maybe there isn't anyone but us."

(Continued on Page 103)



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$39.50

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Give your tired brain and body this chance to renew their energy *every night*

Renewed health and vigor from more restful sleep can now be yours at half their former price. The new Simmons *Beautyrest* brings the most luxurious and expensive type of mattress within reach of every purse. Never was so fine a mattress priced so low.

Within a surrounding layer of new, felted cotton, 676 sensitive coil springs are bound side by side. Each acts separately, silently, in its own fabric pocket, yielding to the lower curves of your body, supporting the higher curves. Automatic ventilation keeps the *Beautyrest* always fresh and sweet.

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Yet the *Beautyrest* costs dollars less than a hair mattress that does not approach its lasting luxury. Huge production in the world's largest bedding factories makes possible the lowest price at which so fine a mattress has ever been offered.

Your merchant shows the *Beautyrest* or can quickly get it for you. See it. Compare it for comfort and generous value. Then you will not want to do without its comfort another night. The Simmons Company, 666 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago.

How this new mattress provides luxurious & restful sleep —for less than a cent a day.

1. Gentle, yielding support is given your body by 676 small buoyant springs, enclosed in separate fabric pockets. Each spring acts independently—conforms to body curves—carries its own load.

2. Deep, soft upholstery of excellent quality felted cotton forms a luxurious cushion, giving added comfort. Heavy canvas cover prevents stretching.

3. Eight ventilators, at the sides and ends, keep the interior of the mattress fresh and sweet and clean.

4. Open view of fabric pockets shows how tempered springs are coiled to give greatest resiliency.

5. Sides and ends of same fine construction as top and bottom. Canvas-bound to prevent bulging.

6. Durable cover made for hard wear. Edge has a generous roll which dresses the bed when made.

SIMMONS *Beds · Mattresses · Springs and Bedroom Furniture*

Beautyrest Mattress

NATURE'S SWEET RESTORER

SIMMONS COMPANY TRADE MARK

Remember:
One-third of your life is spent in bed

(Continued from Page 101)

She laughed uneasily, meaning it to seem as if she derided her own silly speech. Seth laughed with her.

"You're a great one for jokes," he said. "Go on now and get some of the dust off you; then it'll be time to come down to dinner. Mr. Marcy Tedmon calls it that. You see, he's traveled largely in foreign climes. Sarah she just calls it supper when he ain't around." He stood at the door now.

"So that's one of the silver door knobs," said Jane, trying to sound eager. The door knob wasn't exciting, but she would detain her friend as long as she could.

"Absolutely plumb solid silver," he assured her, fondling the knob. "Sarah Tedmon, when she first come here, she went all through the house and counted them. I forget how many she said there was. I always tell her they'll be something to fall back on when the pork barrel ain't got nothing left in it but brine and splinters. Pretty yourself up now so Sarah and Mr. Marcy can have a nice look at you when you come down."

He was off, closing the door after him. Jane waited a moment, then softly opened it a little way. If she must be alone in this big strange room—the candle flames made it alarmingly alive with shadows—she preferred to have a ready exit, not needing to turn a silver door knob that might stick at the wrong moment. Then she cautiously removed her velvet jacket, hung it in a closet that was almost a cave of itself, poured water into a bowl from a pitcher on a stand and quickly washed her face and hands. It was a perfunctory washing; she had to be glancing back over her shoulder so often. She smoothed her hair, retied the pink ribbon at the end of her braid, and with a brush from her bag dusted her dress of plaid silk and the buttoned boots. After this she stood at the door to listen, but the house now had not even Seth Hacker to stir its silence. She had a monstrous fear that he, too, might have stopped like a clock the moment he left her.

But—resolutely she recalled the Vrain formula—a lady was always self-possessed. Only last night at the dancing lesson she had watched Ellabelle Heath, a tall, awkward girl, being taught how to enter a ballroom. Ellabelle had been compelled to enter half a dozen times before the dancing teacher quit sending her back. Jane had already known how to enter a ballroom.

"It's mere child's play," she thought now, and nerved herself for an ordeal of dark halls and still clocks. She blew out one of her candles and carried the other, holding it up before her as she gained the hall. She paused at the top of the first stairway, peering down into a bottomless well of darkness and silence. This was not inviting, even to someone who knew how to enter a ballroom, so she continued softly over a thick carpet down the long hall, turning out for the clock that seemed to watch her grimly as she passed.

She came soon to a crossroad, the hall leading two ways. She studied one that led up three steps, then took the other, passing doors that were closed and yet somehow eloquent of bad jokes, like the winking gable. Again the hall turned, and this turn she took, only to be brought up short by a door that gleamed stolidly in the light of her candle. She knew she must go back; she was in what Seth Hacker had called a box cañon.

In turning quickly her arm struck the wall and her candle fell from its holder. Before she could recover it the flame had gone out, and she must now feel her way in the dark. At this moment she unhappily recalled the story of a haunted castle that she and Shirley Farren had read. This was exactly what had happened to the guest in the East Wing, only his candle had been extinguished by a mysterious draft and a moment later he had been stricken by the sight of the ——

Jane gasped, then froze, for there, around the corner to which she had felt her way, faintly illumined by a mysterious light, stood the figure of a man. And, indeed, he looked like the ghost of a murdered earl, which is what the victim in the story had seen. He was in evening dress, not in armor, but still too ghostlike. He stood, with head slightly bent to listen, in a spot Jane had passed but a second before. She shrank against the wall, waiting. The figure turned a little toward her, coughed, then seemed to Jane to fade backward into the wall.

The hall was dark again. But she went forward boldly now. She had read of more than one ghost and was certain they practically never coughed. Besides, this figure hadn't really faded into the wall; she had heard a door close. Yes, here it was; she passed it swiftly and came again to the turn of the hall that led upward, made a cautious progress up these steps, presently reached a little downward flight, and so found her way to another faint illumination that showed her a very important-looking stairway flanked by polished railings that led to the floor below.

Relieved by this discovery, she descended halfway to a landing, pausing there to note a clock, a gilt thing high on the wall and still as all the others. She gave it but a glance and turned to finish the descent. As she went slowly, her feet searching out each step, she became aware of a light on her left; a door at the foot of the stairs was open, giving a glimpse of a softly illumined room, and as she halted in the silence there came a faint strain of music, a tinkling strain of tiny high notes, quick little ripples composing a lively air, but so faint it made her think again of ghosts. If ghosts did have music it would be like this.

While she waited uncertainly there came into the lighted space beyond the open door the tall figure of a woman dressed all in white, with dark hair smoothed low about her head. This figure advanced with a curious stately tread, arms at its sides, then whirled slowly, retreated, whirled again and advanced once more to make a sweeping bow. It was dancing to that faint, pleasing tinkle of music, bowing to an invisible partner, turning, stepping forward, retreating, then sinking almost to the polished floor that seemed like a liquid pool in the candlelight as the trickle of tiny notes thinned to a sudden stop.

But this was a living face, rapt, exalted, joyous, until the funny little music stopped; then it seemed instantly to become haggard, empty of life. She still waited, not liking to intrude on the strange dancer, when behind her at the top of the stairs she noted candlelight again, and an upward glance showed her, softly descending, the figure that had frightened her a moment before. The candle held before him made his face pallid; he looked more than ever like the ghost of a murdered earl, only he was humming, and Jane also believed that ghosts didn't hum.

She quickly went down the remaining steps and crossed to the open door, where the light must reveal her. She wanted no more surprises that night, nor did she wish to cause any. The man stopped at the foot of the stairs, held his candle aloft to observe her sharply, then came forward with some hesitation.

"I'm Jane," she told him hastily, to remove any doubt from his mind that she was human.

"Jane?" he queried blankly, fixing sharp little eyes on her, holding the glare of the candle away from them.

"Jane Starbird," she insisted. She still knew that much, despite all the troubling uncertainties of this strange, vague house.

"Jane Starbird," he repeated, and gracefully fixed in a staring eye the single glass that dangled at the end of a thin cord. She stolidly endured the scrutiny. She had said all that seemed required of her. "Very well, very well," he said at last, and removed the glass to twirl it on the end of its cord and stare past her at the lighted doorway, rather helplessly, Jane thought.

"Cousin Sarah!" he called.

Jane turned. The doorway framed the tall figure of the woman who had danced alone. Her face was in shadow, but Jane could feel her eyes.

"This child calls herself Jane Starbird," continued the man, still twirling his glass and holding the candle so that it lighted Jane.

"Of course she is." The woman took a step toward Jane as if to greet her, then paused awkwardly. "This is your Cousin Marcy Tedmon," she said, "and I am your Cousin Sarah Tedmon."

Jane curtsied to each in turn.

"Prettily done," applauded Marcy Tedmon, and again fixed his glass upon her. "The Starbirds had class—I've never denied it."

"Was it today we were expecting you?" demanded Sarah Tedmon. She came close at this, smoothed out Jane's collar of lace, patted the folds of her silk dress and carefully examined the tiny locket pendent from the gold chain about her neck. "Was it today?" she repeated.

Jane wanted to laugh—these people were both so queer. How could they not know she was expected after the long day of travel she'd had? But she knew the laugh would not be polite—perhaps the stopped clocks were to blame—so she began at once to tell them all about the wonderful day, her leaving the school, the gulls above the ferryboat, the delightful men in the smoking car, the very old train boy who knew about Tedmons and gave her peanuts. In her relief at having found humans in this still house—even if they did seem queer—she continued to talk, conscious that both listeners stared curiously at her.

"It's a lovely bit of silk," said Sarah Tedmon, again fingering Jane's dress when the narrative slowed.

Jane had much more to tell, having merely paused for breath; but she now saw that she had probably talked too much, especially as neither of her listeners seemed excited by her adventures.

"And I have the loveliest velvet coat and a hat with velvet and pink rosebuds," she ventured. "Shall I show them to you now?"

"A true Starbird!" Marcy Tedmon nodded slowly.

"Afterward, child—our dinner will be ready," said the woman.

"Wonderful!" said the man. "Here we have attained Nirvana, yet we dine."

A soft chime of bells sounded far off and they moved down the hall to a door which Marcy Tedmon opened upon a bright dining room. He stood aside and bowed as Sarah and Jane entered. Here was light in plenty at last, and Jane's long-drooping spirit stiffened again. It was good not to feel any longer that you were exploring a cave where strange faintly illumined figures suddenly stood out to scare you. It was an immense high-ceilinged room, heavily carpeted in red, with a mammoth sideboard of dark wood almost filling one wall. There were many mirrors in this, with little shelves and balconies in front of them, some of these holding glassware of delicate shapes and many hues. Depending from the lofty ceiling above the round table was a splendid chandelier of crystals. Jane was dazzled by this magnificence and resolved to be so correct in her table manners that Miss Vrain herself might be compelled to applaud.

They were served soup by an aged Chinese in a white jacket, and as Jane was without any desire for food, she had no excuse for the least lapse in deportment. She was conscious as she trifled with the soup that Sarah Tedmon constantly stared at her. Marcy Tedmon seemed less interested, though he chatted lightly when the plates had gone, remarking to Jane, "You came through Tadmor in the Wilderness."

"I don't remember," she told him. Seth Hacker had not named such a place.

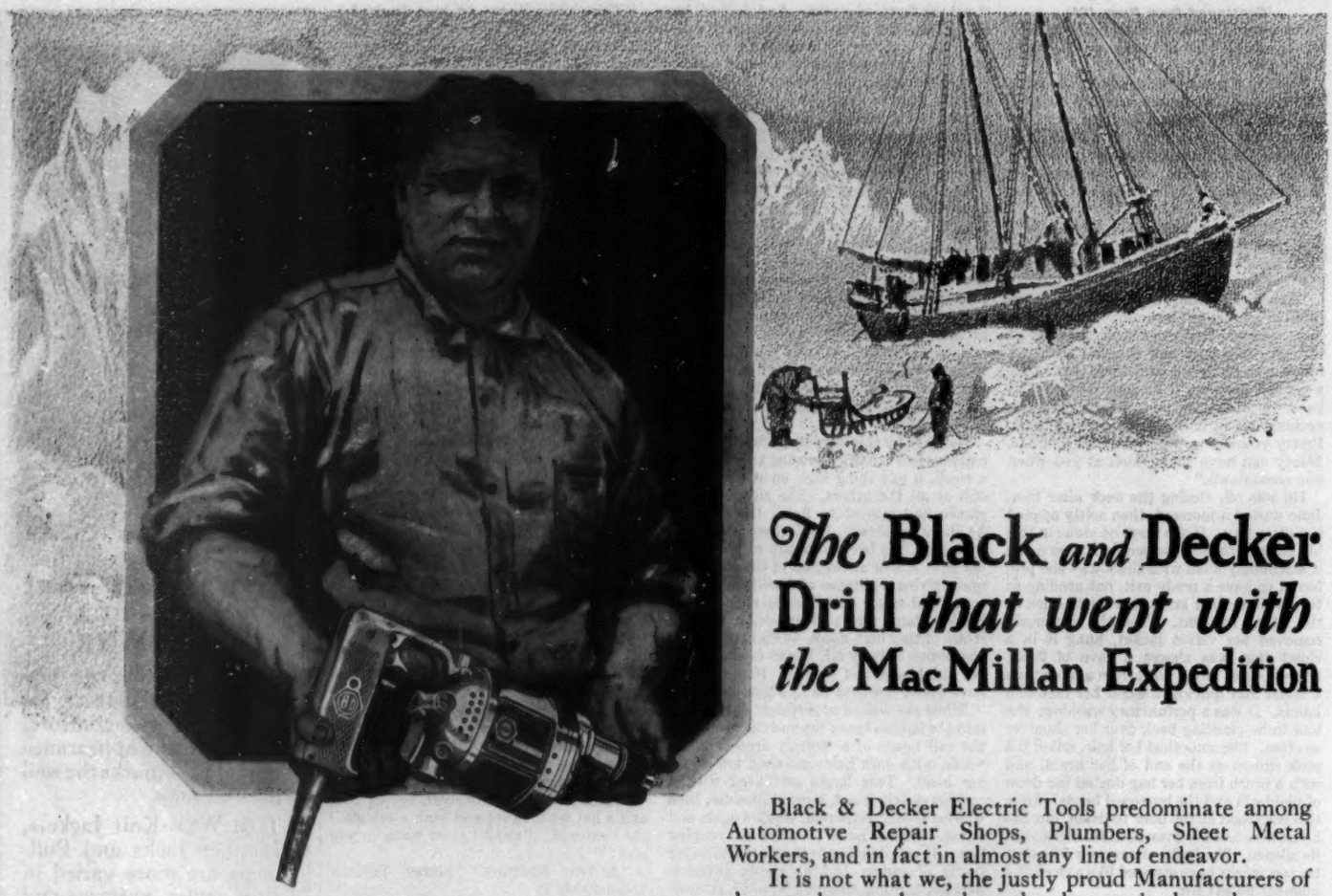
"You did, though," he persisted. "Its other name is Union Hill."

Jane knew he must be joking.

"Such a funny old town," she said.

"It is, it is. Old enough, and funny; funny in spots. Did you happen to notice the hotel? A ruinous structure, but with its signboard still gallantly swinging—the

(Continued on Page 105)



The Black and Decker Drill that went with the MacMillan Expedition

"For want of a nail the shoe was lost; for want of a shoe the horse was lost; and for want of a horse the rider was lost; being overtaken and slain by the enemy, all for want of care about a horse-shoe nail."

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN—*Poor Richard's Almanac.*

THIS probably expresses the ideas of every one connected with the MacMillan Expedition.

One faulty detail, no matter how small, might condemn the MacMillan Arctic Exploration Trip to failure.

It is significant that when the Chief Engineer of the S. S. Peary, mother ship of the expedition, laid in new tool equipment at Charlestown Navy Yard among the tools selected was a Black & Decker Quarter-Inch Portable Electric Drill.

It is quite possible that the accomplishing of great things, and even the lives of men, might depend upon the proper operation of this drill.

Efficiency and dependability are built into all Black & Decker Electric Tools, and you will find them waging battles against time in almost every conceivable kind of human enterprise.

In the great automobile centers of this country there are Manufacturers who are using thousands of Black & Decker Electric Tools for quantity production work.

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Black & Decker Electric Tools predominate among Automotive Repair Shops, Plumbers, Sheet Metal Workers, and in fact in almost any line of endeavor.

It is not what we, the justly proud Manufacturers of these tools, say about them that has made them the most popular tools of this class.

It is the verdict of hundreds of thousands of satisfied users telling others of their experience, and it is obvious that the tremendous prestige which has accrued to the name Black & Decker must be the result of demonstrated superiority.

You can secure BLACK & DECKER Portable Electric Drills, Electric Screw Drivers, Electric Socket Wrenches, Electric Tappers and Electric Grinders from the leading Mill Supply, Machinery, Plumbing, Sheet Metal, Automotive and Electrical Supply Houses.

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BLACK & DECKER

"With the Pistol Grip and Trigger Switch"

(Continued from Page 103)

International Hotel. There were poets to name hotels in those days."

Jane was lost in this, but Cousin Marcy seemed to be talking mostly to himself, so she merely looked interested.

"And this curious structure that shelters us," he was saying next—"don't you find it awfully amusing?" She wanted to tell him that it had winked at her spitefully and that she had not found it amusing, but he waited for no answer. "It's quite perfect in its way. The architect did everything he could to it. He must have been an ardent spirit, entirely without prejudice so long as he could be paltry in an expensive manner. Gothic and Tudor and Renaissance and jig-saw and spindles—all caviar to him. Yes, he must have been a rare soul. And those dear dead-and-gone Tedmons did him credit in the way they furnished and bedizened his creation. Go through the rooms tomorrow and shudder as you have never shuddered. Plush! Red plush, blue plush! Horsehair! Black walnut! Chromos, albums, gilded chairs, junk, incredible junk, sanctified junk!" The speaker shuddered poignantly himself.

"It's a trap!" suddenly put in Sarah Tedmon, who had seemed to give the other no attention.

"Possibly, possibly." Marcy Tedmon flourished his glass in assent. "It may have trapped us all, but I prefer to regard it as a superb monument to the flamboyance of the 70's—a museum of its bad taste with not a specimen lacking."

"Now it has trapped that young thing," said Sarah, and Jane was alarmed to feel herself indicated. Marcy Tedmon raised his fine thin brows whimsically.

"Say, rather," he suggested, "that she is the final cousin—I believe she is final—come to take her niche in this superb Tedmon valhalla."

He beamed upon Jane. Sarah Tedmon merely shrugged and was silent.

Jane was feeling a little uneasy with this pair. Why couldn't they talk humanly, as Seth Hacker did? She studied them sidelong, wondering what made them so queer. When from the dark stairway she had overlooked that dance to the funny little music, Sarah Tedmon had seemed so young and happy, with a glad face. Now her face was empty of any gladness, nor was it even animated, except for the dark eyes that would flash excitingly when she spoke. Jane thought her very beautiful, but stern. Her coloring above the white gown was warm and there was a red rose in her dark hair; but her mouth, that had smiled in that solitary dance, was set and hard.

"She has a good stiff expression," thought Jane, and wondered why she should still feel that the woman was friendly in spite of her sternness and apparent lack of interest in the newcomer.

She wondered, too, about Marcy Tedmon as she covertly watched him with his food. He ate in what would, at the Vrain school, be called a refined manner, displaying to advantage his delicately beautiful white hands. He was much older than Sarah, Jane knew. His light hair, almost as light as her own, was thin, but rather prettily arranged above his high white forehead; his face was narrow, tapering to a pointed chin, and his mouth was small. Sometimes he smiled engagingly, showing white teeth like a child's, and then Jane liked him; at other times he merely drew his lips away from his teeth in the motions of a smile, and then she felt that she didn't like him—at least not more than nice people were actually obliged to like a cousin. And he talked so—"distantly," Jane put it. Why did he call the funny little town Tadmor in the Wilderness?

"I saw my own name in—in Union Hill," she announced, recalling the faded sign.

Marcy Tedmon smiled, engagingly this time.

"Another bit of the town's frightful humor. You saw our sign, of course. It meant a lot when it was put there forty years ago. Now it's a hideous survival, a taunting mockery—'banking.' I go in the old place sometimes to chasten my spirit. I commune with its ghosts."

"Ghosts!" echoed Jane with sudden interest.

"Oh, in abundance," he assured her. "Ghosts of the old plenty. Ashes of gold! Embers of fortune! In there, I become a ghost myself—a convinced ghost. Even when I come out, I see clearly for a moment that life is no more than a good working illusion."

"Yes, sir," agreed Jane absently. She had heard the voice of Seth Hacker in the kitchen and was swept by a sudden longing to hold his hand.

"There were giants in those days," continued Marcy Tedmon; "such splendid, careless giants. But now"—he sighed with a curious relish—"observe how piteously the stock has dwindled; how timid, how puny we are." He fixed his glass to appraise Sarah Tedmon and Jane with a grimace of acid humor. "We dwindled because the land exhausted itself. Only today I read in the queer old diary of our lamented Grandfather Tedmon, who was safely raising esculents in the first years after his toilsome march across the plains—before the devil let him find much gold. He is so prideful, so naïve; he records a watermelon weighing one hundred and thirty-one pounds, a turnip that fitted into a barrel, a cabbage thirteen feet six inches in circumference, a potato larger than his hat. He appears to take all the credit to himself for these monstrosities. He writes like a proud father. Excusable, perhaps, remembering the girth of our present vegetables. An entertaining old chap he must have been. And not so old, either. At the end of his journal his son has copied the choice epitaph that one can barely read today on his headstone—'Captain Phineas Tedmon, a good man and true, of a graceful person, a humane disposition, his deportment open and generous, his conversation social and free, his life spirited and active, his death sudden and unexpected.' Smug but rather jolly, don't you think? And wouldn't he be shocked today if he were let to see the degeneracy of melons and cabbages and turnips and Tedmons? Wouldn't his comments be 'social and free'? I warrant you!"

"You're boring the child," said Sarah Tedmon in her colorless voice.

The speaker shrugged delicately and made the bare motion of smiling which Jane had remarked.

"No, indeed I am not bored," she protested. "I like to hear about such big vegetable products; we have two of the biggest geese at school, and some funny goslings, all fluffy, that can swim as good as their parents, and all day they aquawk, 'Charlie, Charlie!' Charlie is the chore boy and they like him very much, and follow him; Charlie says it's a wonderful feeling to be looked up to."

"All-too-human Charles! How we cherish our goosy tributes!" murmured Marcy.

"And do you look like your grandfather?" concluded Jane.

"Would you think it from that eloquent epitaph?" he demanded, shrugging again the narrow shoulders. "No, my child, I look so different that once no expense was spared to render me not a true Tedmon. It doesn't become me, of course, to appraise the results. Tomorrow, though, you shall behold grandfather in the person of my dear brother Wiley. The resemblance is marked."

"Oh, I've seen Cousin Wiley," she told him. "When I first went to school he came in a big shiny carriage ——"

"He would, he would—a genius for effulgence!"

Cousin Marcy said this almost to himself, so Jane took no notice.

"—— and he brought me such a lot of wonderful presents and all the girls thought he was stunning and Miss Vrain told Miss Belding he was rather magnificent, and that nice little old train boy today knew him and said he was a prancer. I wonder what a prancer is?"

"You'll see tomorrow. My afflicted brother prances even now. He has a gift for

it—the only man I've known who could swagger lying in bed."

Again he smiled in the way that made Jane not like him. The thin lips framed a smile, but the eyes were cold and aloof. It was then that Jane felt that Sarah Tedmon wasn't liking Cousin Marcy at any time. She had spoken but seldom during the meal and she seemed to hold herself away from him. Jane wondered about this. Sarah, she considered, was queer enough, without disliking this other amiable cousin who spoke so delightfully even if much of his talk did prove to be "distant."

Cousin Marcy finished his coffee, which Sarah had poured from a silver urn, and the meal came to an end. Jane was glad of this, because her mind was playing tricks. Listening to Marcy Tedmon, she would all at once be back on the ferryboat, or on the train, and her head would nod. They arose and Marcy said good night to them.

"I shall go to tell poor Wiley that he'll have a fresh young caller tomorrow—one who last saw him in all his panoply of magnificence."

"Pray do," said Jane, feeling that formality was demanded of her.

When he had gone, Jane saw Sarah Tedmon relax from the curious severity of bearing she had maintained.

"Come, my dear, you've had a hard day and you're half asleep. I'll go up with you."

It gave Jane a queer feeling to have Sarah call her "my dear," and she wondered why, and why she felt too shy to take Sarah's hand as they mounted the stairs and traversed the long hall. In the room, Sarah opened her trunk, found a nightdress, then made Jane sit in one of the big chairs while she knelt to unbutton the glossy boots.

"I'm frightfully sorry," she said, suddenly looking up from this task, and Jane was startled to note that her eyes had blinked tiny drops out on the long lashes.

"Sorry for what?" asked Jane, beginning to be inexplicably sorry herself.

But Sarah bowed her head again and finished her removal of the boots.

Then she said, "You must keep these. Some day they'll mean a lot to you."

"They mean a lot to me now," insisted Jane. "I think they're lovely."

Sarah stood up and became brisk.

"Off with your things and into bed," she directed. But then, while Jane was half undressed, Sarah held her again in a musing regard. "I do wish you were older or younger," she said. "You are too old for a baby, but not old enough to understand."

"To understand what?" demanded Jane.

"Oh, things—things!" Sarah flung out her arms in a sweep of desperation.

"Miss Vrain said I did very well in my studies," protested Jane.

"I'm glad," said Sarah. Then, as she turned to go, "Keep that memory to treasure with your beautiful shoes. Life—oh, life is shutting in all around you. Such things, little remembered things, will help you to keep windows in it—loopholes to look out of."

"Yes, I'm sure," agreed Jane, wondering what she was sure of. She thought Sarah lovely as she stood by the door; the candle she held made a play of light and shadow over her set face, her dark hair with the red rose tucked there and her trailing white dress.

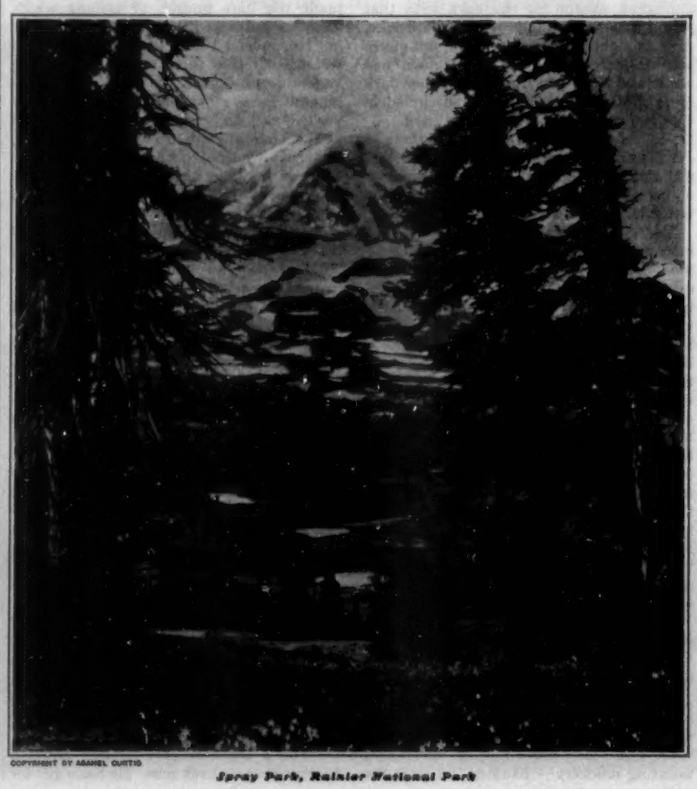
"Good night," said Sarah, and went quickly.

"Funny, funny," said Jane to herself. "Everyone is funny here."

Then she realized with an unpleasant shock that she was alone. Between her and even funny humans there stretched miles and miles of dark hallway along which people—any people—could walk without making a sound, along which she would have to run if anything terrible should happen. She bounced out of bed and drew the door a little open. And she mustn't forget which way to run if that became needful. As she stood a moment by the opened door, there came the faintest tinkle of far-away music. That funny Sarah Tedmon, she decided, was dancing again, advancing, turning, smiling joyously as she curtsied to the polished floor.

This banished Jane's fears. Nothing would happen now. She was in bed again, relaxed. The house began to throb like a ferryboat with deep, rhythmic pulsations, then there was the dulled rattle of the train. Presently the little old train boy was offering her enormous melons which, somehow, he carried in a small basket before him.

(TO BE CONTINUED)



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SPLENDID WITH SWORDS

(Continued from Page 27)

opposite. Norbert Merignon was the last on that list, and he was to come to her tonight, as soon as he escaped from the crowd that thronged his dressing room when the fight was over. It was getting late. She fidgeted. The orchestra played a love waltz.

Several men at the table next to Madame Dorzial were talking of the victory over the formidable Italian which gave Norbert the title of European champion.

In the present hour he was the idol of his Paris, and the Paris of the fencing champion was one of the best clubs and gayest society. The city, both in its leisure and its luster, still held a few fast-fading souvenirs of the brilliance of the Empire.

Two years earlier, when Norbert was twenty-six, his father, old Louis Merignon—"the greatest Merignon of them all," he was called—retired. He was more than sixty. For half his lifetime he had been an undefeated fencing champion; also victor in a dozen duels. He was strong as ever, but craved a diet of old Burgundy and red meat rather than constant training fare. Norbert then built up a record almost as brilliant, and was acknowledged as the French champion *hors de classe*, both with foils and *épée*. He still lacked some of his father's finesse, but a fencer develops gradually, and rarely reaches his prime until the late thirties.

Madame Dorzial moved slowly along the divan and listened.

"But I tell you that old Père Merignon was not pleased. He thought the score was ridiculous—for a Merignon."

"*Mais oui.* Several *maîtres d'armes* thought the same—that Niardi outfought him at the beginning, and only went to pieces at the end through nerves. Hostile crowd. Same thing might have happened to Norbert had the bout been in Rome."

"That's true," the first man agreed. "A score of ten to eight is not decisive, especially for a Merignon. If the old one had fought probably it would have been different."

Madame Dorzial sat upright. Then her attention was taken by a commotion at the door. Her own arrival at Larue's had been a success, but that of Norbert Merignon was a triumph. He passed quickly through the room to her table, handing an opera hat to one eager waiter, his long evening cape to another, while a ripple of applause swelled to acclamation.

Norbert Merignon had grown to manhood, retaining his handsome fairness. His features were regular and his gray eyes were set wide apart. Unlike most Frenchmen of the period, he was clean shaven. His figure was strong and inclined to be stocky. He had typical Merignon hands, large and white, with long, powerful but tapering fingers that were only apparently delicate.

His hand reached to that of Madame Dorzial, raising it to his lips. She leaned forward, eagerly and anxiously, noticing that his face was pale, that his smile was strained, as he made a stiff half salute in response to the ovation.

"Sorry I couldn't come earlier, Fernande." He bent toward her, speaking in low tones. "My father wanted to see me."

"What is it, *mon ami?*" She looked full into his face.

He shrugged his shoulders. Sapigny arose from his chair, excusing himself. A pressure on the hand brought Norbert back to the question.

"Never mind now." He held a champagne glass to the waiter. "I'm thirsty. The bout was long." He laughed nervously. "But I suppose I may drink now."

"Norbert, what is it?"

She seized his arm, regardless that people stared at them.

"I hate to spoil the party, Fernande," he said, "but we must leave early. I cannot remain out all night."

"Must I again repeat my question?" she demanded.

"No, *ma chère*," he replied slowly. "Tomorrow morning I go to the Salle Merignon to take—to take a fencing lesson."

The words wrenched themselves from him and he began to laugh nervously.

"You—take a fencing lesson—you—the champion ——"

"It is an order," he interrupted. "It is an order from my father. He said that my victory was unworthy of us."

"But you have beaten Duprez, Berthier—all the French; the Dutchman, Willmetz; the Belgians, Austrians, Hungarians—everybody. Yes, I know, Niardi defeated them too; but tonight you conquered him. Cheer up, Norbert, I won't have you this way." She smiled, pushing the glass toward him, continuing: "It isn't fair. Your father was the great champion, but you are the champion. You can beat Niardi again. You can beat anyone in the world. Can't you?" She hurled the question at him.

"Why—why, of course," he stammered; "anyone in the world." He again began to laugh. "Let them all come. I'll tell that to my father."

"But you will not take the fencing lesson?" she questioned sharply.

He arose, beckoning the *vestiaire*. He bowed before her and again kissed her hand, smiling. The orchestra continued the love waltz. Parties at several tables raised their glasses as the pair passed out. They stepped into Madame Dorzial's victoria, waiting at the curb. They drove slowly through Elysian fields, where lights, lining heavy verdured walks, gleamed like jewels. Then under starlit heavens, they came to the Bois and passed into its perfumed silence.

Precisely at nine o'clock the following morning, Louis Merignon turned from the Boulevard St.-Michel into the Rue Monsieur le Prince, an ancient street that ambles across the Quartier Latin to the Carrefour de l'Odéon, managing somehow to keep the freshness of historic memories. The appointment with his son was for an hour later, but he was restless at the apartment, where, since the death of his wife a few years before, he lived with only Baptiste, an old servant. Norbert then preferred to take a *garçonnière* across the river, near a popular fencing club of which he was a member. Both the apartment and the Salle Merignon were old-fashioned, with no modern conveniences.

The old man was still in the ill temper of the night before. He wore no hat, from habit. His close-cropped white hair stood straight up and he gnawed at his heavy mustache, as he strode along, balancing and half thrusting, as though it were a rapier, the light cane that he carried. Every inch of his powerful body was as challenging and impressive as the illustrious swordsmen, plumed and spurred, who trod that same street centuries before—all the great heroes of Dumas *père*, Athos and d'Artagnan, arm in arm, with clanking blades, hurrying to a favorite tavern; the elusive Aramis slipping from a darkened courtyard at dawn; or the elegant Porthos, there recounting mighty deeds of valor or admitting minor villainies.

He came to the wide gloomy doorway, over which, stamped in ancient brass, was the name Merignon. Above the name a pair of crossed foils were attached with rusty rivets to the gray wall. The swords had been replaced from time to time, but the name had remained since it was first placed there by Pierre Merignon, nearly a hundred years before. He passed through a dark gallery into a wide flagged court, then through a narrower, darker passage into a smaller court, one entire side of which, on the ground floor, was the *salle d'armes*.

Even though Louis Merignon had retired from public bouts, he still kept the *salle* open for the benefit of a few intimate friends, fencers who were growing old like himself. Sometimes younger men would drop in and beg for a tryout with the famous master. After allowing himself to be touched several times, often he would attack with the ferocity of a panther, his blade a living thing that no eye could follow. Then he would laugh uproariously, until he shook.

"These youngsters," he would explain, indicating an opponent who might be only a few years younger than himself, "for them to be great fencers, they must have the fighting heart."

He would demonstrate that the psychology of *escrime* is such that technic—even when perfect—is not sufficient when the entire body is defended by a pin point, held at the sword's length. In practice, with mask, glove, canvas vest and buttoned foil, fencing is not dangerous except when a blade breaks. But Louis always fenced as though there were no button over the deadly point. He often talked of his dead brother Charles, who, he declared, was the greatest man with foils that ever lived, so delicate and accurate was his play. But he could never beat Louis, although his technic was perhaps greater.

"You are too gentle. You must be rough and terrible, like me," Louis would tell him, then rushing in brutally and with lightning speed beating down the other's blade.

He always used this illustration when giving lessons to Norbert, and so impressed the youth that the pair unconsciously became duelists rather than fencers whenever they crossed swords. The father was thinking now of the prowess of the son as he advanced to the glass doorway of the *salle*, meanwhile continuing to slash about with his cane. He stopped short, his frown fading, as Laure St. Vincent arose from the stone step where she had been sitting waiting for him.

At twenty-four, Laure was almost as tall as the average man, proportionately wide-shouldered, full-chested and with the same dark eyes and curling hair of infancy. She wore a light summer frock, and a big straw hat that almost concealed her face. Her mother, now an invalid, took much of her attention; but she also considered it part of her daily duty, and her pleasure, to see "Père Merignon," as she always called him. In fact, since Norbert had gone away, she accompanied him at night to all the fencing bouts that he insisted upon attending and where he often served either as referee or judge. She walked quickly to him, before he reached the door, put her arms about his neck and kissed him on both cheeks.

"What is it, *père?*" she asked. "Norbert didn't speak to me last night, and you were silent all the way home."

"I've ordered him here," the old man replied. He smiled at the girl, but his voice was harsh. "I have things to say and to teach him."

He thrust the key into the lock, kicking at the door. She followed him into the *salle*, watched him stride across the worn rubber mats that divided the stained parquetry and fling his stick and coat on the leather bench, used by spectators, that lined the wall underneath the long racks of swords. She stood on the mat, the same from which she had first seen Norbert with sword in hand twenty years before. She hesitated, then ran to him, as he was taking a foil from its hook on the wall, and placed a hand on his arm.

"Don't be too hard on him, *père*. After all, he did win."

Louis Merignon turned away and began parrying against a stationary foil, the hilt of which was fixed in the wall. The girl wandered up and down the room, beside the sword racks, reading the names of the owners written above each pair of blades. Many names were of men who made France famous during both Republic and Empire. She stopped before the name of a great statesman of a dozen years before. She remembered the incident of that man's visits to the *salle* that resulted in Louis Merignon's promotion from *chevalier* to *officier* of the Legion of Honor. She was very young, but she remembered reading about the duel fought by the statesman, where Merignon had acted as a second. The statesman was wounded, and somehow the quarrel then turned upon the second.

Merignon, although nearly fifty, gladly accepted the challenge, and the pair arranged to fight at the Parc des Princes the following morning at dawn. The matter became so public, with a cabinet minister incapacitated, that they were warned not to draw anywhere in France. Italy and Belgium issued similar warnings, but the neutral state of Monaco didn't quite realize what was happening until the affair was over, when Merignon telegraphed to the anxious statesman:

"We went on guard. I lunged and it was finished."

Convenient friends, with speedy horses, rushed Merignon into the again friendly French territory and his opponent into a hospital, where he languished, but eventually recovered.

Laure smiled pensively, as again she turned toward the fencer, slashing away at the fixed blade, and again seized his arm.

"You said yourself, six months ago, when he beat Berthier, that he was a real champion. You were proud of him then."

"But you saw him last night." The old man's voice was harsher than before. "Niardi almost had him beaten, and might have won, if the crowd hadn't jeered so that he went to pieces. Norbert's style—my style—is faultless and the crowd didn't know. But I know. There was no force in him. It was his name and reputation that won, not himself."

"What was the trouble?" the girl asked gloomily, as she looked at the other, their eyes almost on the same level.

"The trouble!" Louis laughed bitterly. "That woman in the front row, beside Sapigny. The one who threw the *sacré* violets. She always throws violets."

"You mean Madame Fernande Dorzial?"

"*Par bleu*, I suppose she has a name. I mean the black woman—the snake woman. He is with her always."

"But Madame Dorzial is a *grande dame*, and very beautiful. She might help him in many ways."

"He is a fool."

The old man turned away, making savage passes with his foil, while the girl wandered listlessly across the room and sat on the bench, her eyes half closed. She looked up, startled, as someone took her hand.

It was Norbert. The door of the *salle* had been left open and his feet made no sound on the rubber mats.

"*Bonjour*, Laure," he said softly, raising her fingers to his lips.

"Why do you do that, Norbert?" She drew her hand away. "You never kissed my hand before. Always you kiss me on the cheek, since we were children."

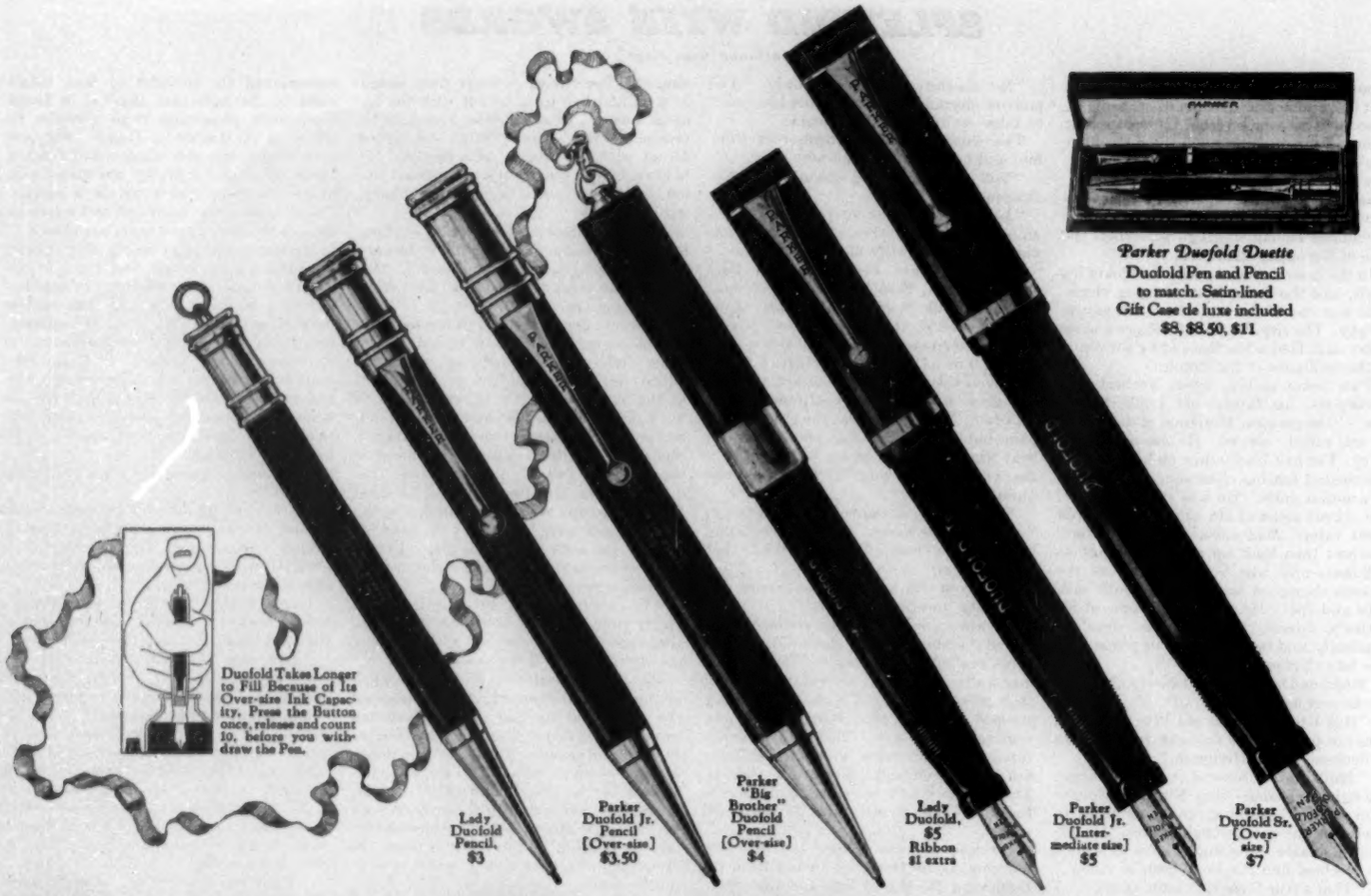
"It's his new way," the voice of Louis rasped behind them.

The young man turned nervously. The girl started to rise, but Louis gestured for her to remain where she was.

"*Bonjour, mon père.*" Norbert's voice sounded smothered and he attempted to laugh. In one hand he carried a straw hat with gay-colored ribbon. In the other was a silk handkerchief with which he wiped moisture from his flushed forehead. "I've come, because you ordered me, father." He tried visibly to check his nervousness. "But I am not going to be shamed." His laugh became reckless as he turned to the girl. "Laure, he wants to give me a fencing lesson. Well, I won't have it." He again faced his father, defiant.

"*Oui, mon enfant!*" Despite the words, the voice of Louis was a lash. "I will give

(Continued on Page 113)



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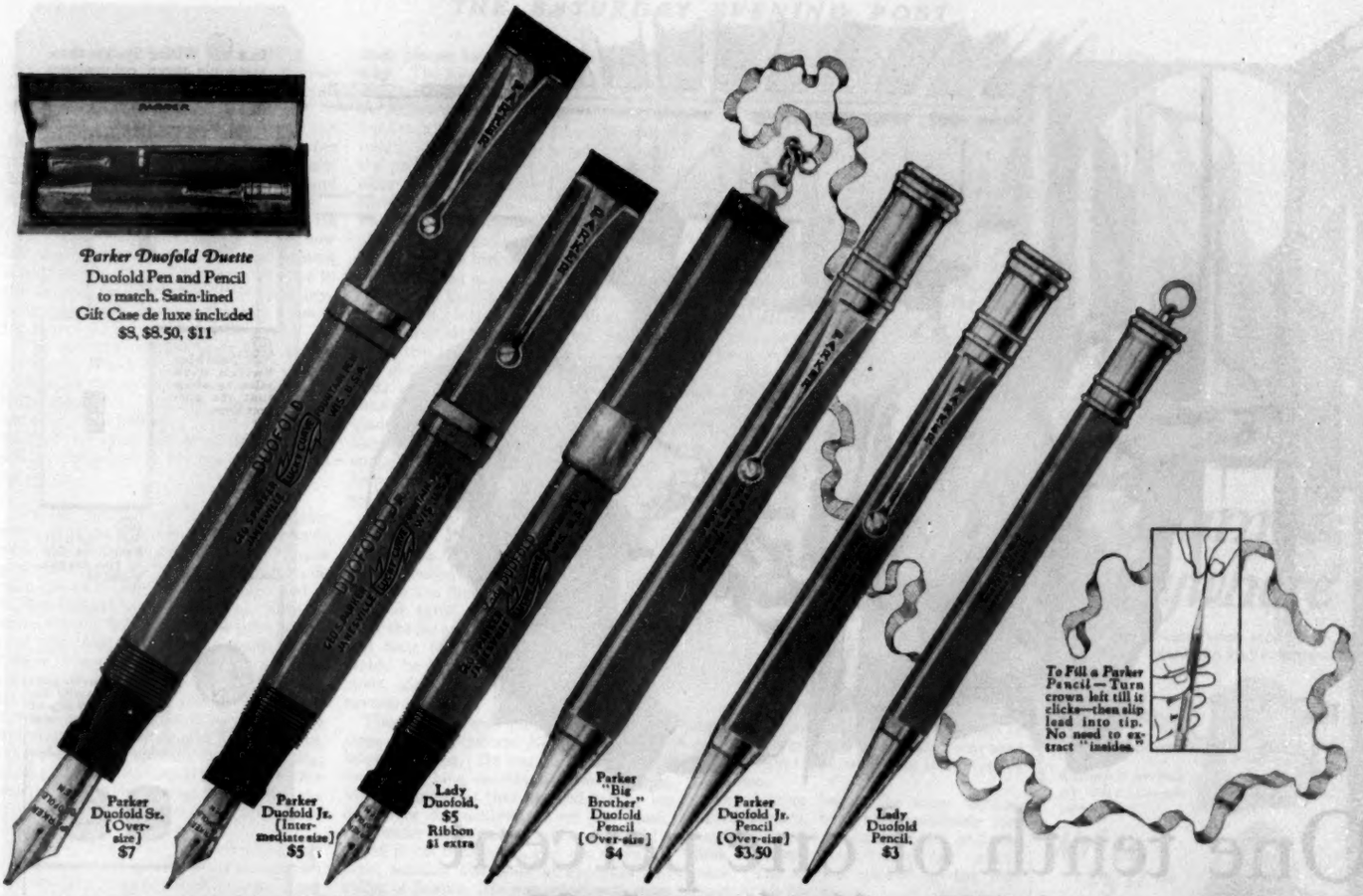

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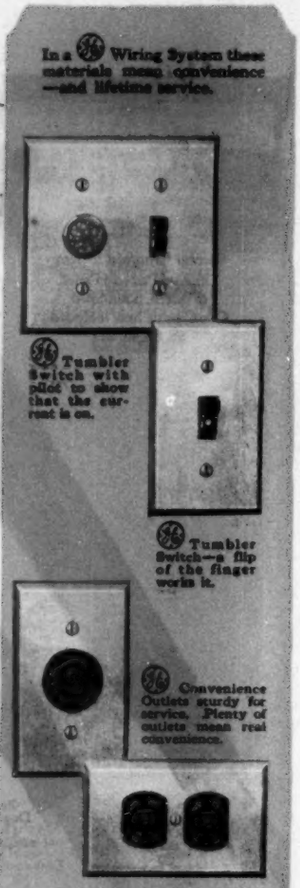

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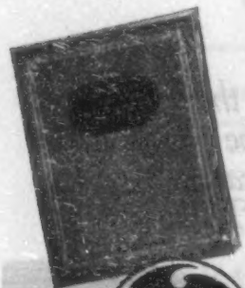

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GENERAL ELECTRIC

(Continued from Page 109)

you a lesson, but not now. Look at yourself—how your hand shakes. You couldn't properly hold a sword."

Norbert opened his lips to reply, but Laure suddenly arose, and he found her pushing at his shoulder, almost caressingly. He stared at her, then shook off her hand angrily.

"You will never give me a lesson." He took a step toward his father. "I am now the champion, not you." His voice became a trifle shrill. "I have just sent a notice to the Journal de Sport that I will meet anybody—anybody that qualifies with them—for the world title; not just Europe."

The old man whirled upon him, angry, terrifying, sword in hand. They glared at each other for seconds, their eyes blazing, then steel-cold. No one spoke. Laure watched, frightened. Norbert finally dropped his eyes. He went slowly to the door, fumbling with his hat as he passed outside.

On the sultry night two months later when Norbert Merignon crossed swords with Monsieur Renard, in the old Cirque near the Champ de Mars, more thousands were present than had ever attended a fencing combat up to that time. Many of them still tell what happened there whenever the talk is of steel meeting steel. Nearly every celebrated swordsman was present. They came from Belgium, Italy, Spain, Austria, even Russia. Cavaliere Strompini, who introduced fencing to Latin America, came from Buenos Aires. Wurtz, the Swiss, closed his *salle* in Mexico City, to be on hand. Society returned from the seaside, so that the contest ranked with the Prix des Drags at Auteuil in the calendar of the season.

Norbert Merignon, when making his challenge, left all details to the newspaper. Fencers did not argue for fat purses. They considered that they made a gentleman's living from the lessons given in their *salles*.

There were some who questioned whether Monsieur Renard was of the caliber to meet the formidable champion. He was unknown and had no record that anyone could discover. They were silenced by Jean Dubois, editor of the Journal de Sport, who admitted that Monsieur Renard wished to keep an incognito until after the match, but that he himself would answer for both his integrity and ability. He announced that he alone knew Renard's identity; that he was a Latin and had been a fencer for many years. Norbert Merignon, taken with the idea that he should risk his title fighting with an unknown, quickly agreed. Then he went to Trouville, the resort on the Norman coast that had just become popular and where Madame Dorzial had installed a villa. There he thought little of the affair, except to await the date and wish it well over.

A wooden runway, the fencing *piste*, two yards wide and five feet high, was built diametrically across the circus ring, a flight of steps at one end, leading from the dressing rooms. At the sides of the platform were the places for the distinguished visitors and the press. Just above the ring level were the boxes, and then tiers of seats rising to the roof. The entire circle above the boxes, which were filled with fashionables, jeweled, decorated and uniformed, was reserved by the cadets of St. Cyr and the cavalry school at Saumur, where *escrime* was the popular pastime, and Norbert Merignon the hero.

There was great speculation as to the identity of Monsieur Renard. Many believed that he would prove to be Aldo Niardi, who had heatedly declared his right to another chance. But the young Italian had promptly issued a statement that he knew nothing of Renard. He appeared at the match as a spectator, seated in the front row. Madame Dorzial came in late with Sapigny to reserved places at the edge of the *piste*. Opposite her, but several rows back and alone, was Laure St. Vincent.

The judges, all well-known *maîtres d'armes*, strolled in at ten o'clock and took their places, two on each side of the runway. The referee was Rosny, the famous emeritus professional from the army school at Joinville-le-Pont and a ferocious left-hander in his day. He was hard-faced and rough, and the only person there, except the proletariat in the upper galleries, not either in evening dress or uniform. He scowled at the crowd with disfavor, even when it recognized him and began to applaud. Rosny was easily the best referee in Paris, and the business is admittedly difficult. Fencing is as intricate as chess, but allows only the fraction of a second for the next move, instead of unlimited leisure. There are four judges, because each fencer needs two pairs of eyes, one pair on each side of the *piste*, watching every part of his body. Even so, the play is so fast that in championship bouts the buttons on the blades are equipped with *points d'arrêt*, tiny projecting points of steel, not long enough to wound, but to tear the vest and help establish proof that a touch has been made.

Rosny climbed upon a high stool at the side of the *piste* and announced that the contest was to be fought with the *épée*, and for six touches to the winner. He decreed that for the first period, or until one man secured three touches, Merignon would have the far end of the *piste* and Renard the end near the entrance stairway. There would be a two-minute rest between periods, after which the antagonists would reverse positions.

The waiting was tense. Then up the steps to the platform Norbert Merignon leaped, smiling. He was all in white. His low shoes, long stockings, knee breeches, vest and gauntlet that reached half up his arm were immaculate. Even the mask, held under one arm, was white. He held a sword in his right hand, and ran down the *piste*, saluting the blast of applause and volley of flowers. He was pelted with roses from the boxes, and the cheers increased when Madame Dorzial, smiling into his eyes, held up, with both hands, a bouquet of pale violets. He was forced to kneel in order to reach them. He was clumsy, embarrassed with both mask and sword, and almost dropped them. Finally he put the mask on his head, upturned, leaving the face free, and held in place at the back of the neck by the padded clasp, so that it resembled a white helmet perched on his blond hair.

Monsieur Renard appeared on the platform almost unnoticed, mask down and features invisible. He was a contrast to Merignon in all particulars but one. The height was about the same, but he was heavier than the champion, a more powerful frame and with none of the young man's elegance. He was in black, including the mask. Through the close meshes it was evident to near observers that he wore a head covering that left only the eyes and mouth free. His right hand dangled a sword negligently, the button scraping the floor. The left hand was doubled on his hip. He waited, motionless, watching.

Norbert Merignon was in the act of picking up a flower that landed on the *piste*, when he brought himself standing with a jerk. The crowd, watching Merignon, realized the presence of the unknown. There was a long cheer, then complete silence. The men stood as though cast in molds, Renard with head thrust slightly forward, legs spread apart, left hand still on the hip.

Something sardonic, ominous, about the black, bulky figure, increased the tension. It was broken by Rosny asking if they were ready.

Renard slowly, without otherwise changing position, raised his sword to salute. Norbert, embarrassed, was forced to place the bouquet on the floor. But he quickly recovered poise, slipped the mask over his face, wheeled about, his sword held out from the body and above his head. Rosny leaned from the high stool over the runway, both fencers presenting their blades, while he examined the *points d'arrêt*. Laconically he ordered, "*En garde!*"

The tips of the swords tapped against each other for only the fraction of a second. Both blades then whirled over heads in a lightning salute that seared the air, and both men had sprung backward to size each other from a safe distance.

Norbert was in a beautiful fencing position. His legs were well apart, one before the other. His left, balancing arm was far behind him in exact alignment, his right elbow crooked into the body, his hand completely covered by the *coquille* of the sword, the point of which swayed ever so slightly in a menacing circle, darting a few inches in and out, threatening as a snake's tongue.

Monsieur Renard, in his leap, apparently moved on springs, landing in exactly the same position as when first on guard, the left hand, negligent, it seemed, on his hip, body three-quarters turned toward his opponent, masked head thrust forward carelessly, insolently.

Merignon moved slowly, forward then back, a dancing step, his bright blade shooting out wickedly, always revolving in a thin circle. Renard came forward a pace, his weapon held straight from a rigid forearm, after the Italian school. Norbert gave ground, then quickly lunged. The unknown dropped both body and sword point toward the floor, missing Merignon's foot by the fraction of an inch, as the other's blade scraped the side of his mask. The crowd applauded as the fencers halted and the judges consulted. Rosny waved them back. It was quite evident that Merignon has touched the other only with the flat of the blade, whereas it is only the point that counts. But the crowd began to banter the unknown.

The fencers began the same tactics. Again Renard, with head recklessly forward, played for Merignon's foot, and this time Norbert's point landed fair on the mask. The scorers marked up the first touch in his favor.

The young man pushed up the mask, smiled at the galleries and saluted in the direction of Madame Dorzial.

"Bravo, Norbert!" she called.

"You've got him!" was the roar of the crowd.

The third time, "*En garde!*" and Norbert lunged so quickly that scarcely anyone realized he had made a second touch, full on the body. It was the old simple but successful trick often used by his father in duels, a straight thrust, so fast that the other had no time to parry. Rosny called the score of two points against Renard, who, as before, remained motionless at his end of the *piste*, mask down.

Norbert tried to repeat the coup, but this time Renard turned the blade over his shoulder. However, he attempted no *riposte*, even though Merignon nearly slipped in his rapid retreat. The blades crossed in the first real passage of arms. Merignon then lunged in the lower line. His blade was met by a parry *en seconde*, so strong and sure that his arm tingled, and he was forced to give ground. But Renard again failed to follow the advantage. For the third time he tried for the foot, and the speedy Norbert again caught him in the mask.

The score was now three to nothing. Rosny ordered the interval and reversal of positions. The audience became caustic. They had seen only a few minutes of fighting, counting time out between touches. Aside from the Merignon speed, the performance had not been of championship caliber. There were signs of displeasure for the unknown, who remained quietly at his new position on the runway. Norbert chatted with Madame Dorzial and Sapigny, called a greeting to Rosny and smiled at the crowd. Once he caught sight of Laure and started to salute with his sword, but then he could not find her.

Rosny called time and the fencers again advanced to the center of the *piste*. They saluted with the same speed as at the beginning. Renard began the tactics that marked his earlier failures, only this time he did not wait for the other's showy shadow fencing, but stooped and lunged so quickly

that the *point d'arrêt* tore a hole in Merignon's shoe. Rosny signaled a halt; the scorers gave the unknown his first point, while Norbert, wincing, nursed the foot with his hand.

Again the adversaries were on guard. As the blades touched, Renard gave a low chuckle, the first sound he had uttered. It did not reach the judges, but Norbert heard plainly. He felt as though something icy had touched him. Then sweat broke out afresh. Suddenly he knew. He realized that the man before him was a great swordsman, and that his own earlier scores meant little. He remembered the powerful parry that almost numbed his arm a few minutes before. The eyes of the satanic figure gleamed through the black meshes of the mask. Norbert's hand shook slightly as he forced himself to position.

Renard's point then flicked under his pommel, lightly as a breeze ripples a lake. The young man gave a nervous salute to the judges, acknowledging the touch that made the score but one up in favor of himself. But he was not a champion to take the situation badly. He came up for the next tilt cautiously, but alert as ever, and full of fight.

Renard also came up warily, with the wariness of an Indian. He had changed entirely from the first period. He still crouched, but his head was thrown back. His blade was held in against the body, after the French school, his left hand out in balance instead of idle on the hip. He crept forward inch by inch. Then he would spring back, only to lunge in what was almost part of the same leap. He might have been the human embodiment of Bagheera, the jungle panther, black as the pit, terrible as the demon, with agility, stealth and grace.

The blades moved so fast that the judges could not follow them. They were living, leaping flames, crackling, hissing, as they rasped, clanged, slithered in furious thrusts, parries and *ripostes*. Except for the sound of steel on steel, the amphitheater was silent. Such swordplay had never before been seen. One of the greatest chapters of fencing history was in the making.

The crowd was cataleptic. The St.-Cyrians, in their gallery, looked like bright painted wooden soldiers all bent forward at the same angle from the waist, their eyes round, fixed, staring. Society in the circle of boxes resembled a waxworks, gorgeous, immovable. The proletariat hung like a motionless black cloud in its upper universe.

For minutes the furious fight raged up and down the runway. Time after time each man's blade would slide off the other's body. Then they would bore in with *ripostes* so savage that the two sweating forms would meet breast to breast, the pommels ringing as they touched—ringing like bells.

Merignon brought into play everything that he knew, every trick, simple and intricate, that his father had taught him since he was a child. He heard Renard's diabolic chuckle a second time. He was tiring, and his opponent was a man of steel who came on and on. Lights flashed before his eyes and he was drowning in the sweat that poured from him, until the thick vest was saturated.

The professionals in the rows near the *piste* were clinging to the edges of their chairs. Niardi's usually dark countenance was bloodless and his eyes burned. Laure St. Vincent had crowded front. She crouched behind and clung to the referee's stool, hatless, her hair wet, white face turned up. Old Rosny sat hunched forward and with a petrified smile. Madame Dorzial was lifeless, with broken bits of a fan on her knees.

Norbert leaped far back for a half-second reprieve, then came on, desperate. He attempted a complicated and almost obsolete play with the *épée* that he had learned from his father, followed by a vicious lunge *en seconde*. His opponent met everything as though he had announced his intentions, and with uncanny calculation, parrying the final thrust with a blow that nearly disarmed him. He might have saved himself had he dropped the weapon, for under the rules Renard must have waited until he was again on guard. But he clung to it, nerve-racked. Renard, easily, as though fencing with a child, picked out the spot just over his heart and there delicately placed the point.

The scorers marked up the tie. The house now in an uproar, excited judges jumping along the sides of the *piste*, half the crowd standing or climbing into better places.

Norbert looked about dully. He saw Laure regarding him somberly, half frightened. He signaled to her, but again her face faded in the crowd. Madame Dorzial spoke to him, but he did not hear. Rosny again called time.

Renard, although steaming, was fresh and strong as when he began. Norbert was now nervous and exhausted. As soon as the blades touched, Renard lunged more quickly than time could record, then disarming the champion, using the same terrible *coup en seconde*, the most deadly parry in fencing. Norbert's sword bounced off the runway, falling almost at the feet of Madame Dorzial. A judge handed it up. It swayed in Norbert's hand and his attack was wide and wild. Renard again flicked him, daintily, on the glove, and was within a single point of victory.

Norbert tried desperately to pull himself together. He became very cautious, retreating so near to the end of the *piste* that the judges called out a warning. He tried to fight his way back, but the sinister black figure gave no mercy. Norbert's skill, even in despair, might have left a mark upon any other fencer living, but this opponent beat him down by brute strength. Renard ended the spectacle, hurling his point to the mask with such ferocity that Norbert's teeth were jarred.

Rosny scrambled from his high stool to the platform, held up Renard's arm as winner, calling upon him to unmask. That gloved hand fumbled—it seemed forever—with the black disguise. Norbert dropped his sword, tore his mask off with both hands and with a forearm wiped the sweat that poured over his eyes. No one spoke to him. No one paid any attention. He wondered vaguely why they did not. Then a cry burst upon him, a deafening shout, the single voice of the mob.

"Merignon!" it screamed. "Merignon! *Vive* Merignon!"

He looked up dazedly, then wildly. Hundreds, thousands were flinging themselves toward the *piste*, upsetting benches, breaking the aisle railings. They swarmed over the runway. He saw Fernande Dorzial clinging to Sapigny in a frenzy, her dress torn almost away. He saw the tall form of Laure St. Vincent standing on the referee's stool, laughing and crying. High up, on the shoulders of the crowd, that was led by Rosny, who laughed as at a good joke, he saw, borne in triumph—his father.

Aldo Niardi had no long fencing traditions like the Merignons. He did not spring, full-armed, into the arena of champions. He was the son of peasants, cast into the city as a riddance, but where he managed to get a job cleaning the *salle d'armes* of Strompini, the great Florentine *maître*.

About the age of fifteen he began playing with foils. One day Strompini carelessly gave him a lesson. Ten years later he was almost as accomplished as the master, so when Strompini sailed away to amass a fortune in the Argentine, he left the young man in charge of the *salle* at Florence, allowing him a percentage of receipts. The business did not flourish at first. The name "Niardi" was not a lure to pupils until after the sensational conquest of Europe, marred only by the fight with Norbert Merignon.

The Niardi villa was on the outskirts of the city, beyond the toll gates and fringing factories, at the beginning of the long, twisting, dusty road to Fiesole. The owner

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RELAX!

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WATSON STABILATORS

Tension tears us down — Relaxation builds us up

(Continued from Page 114)

was still but thirty years old, therefore young for a professional *maître d'armes*. But like most young Italians, he possessed a wife and growing family.

In private bouts at the *salle d'armes*, or in the garden behind the villa, where he installed a canvas *piste*, Aldo Niardi was one of the most classic fencers that ever lived. He was long, lithe, agile as Harlequin. His body was a springy steel rod, so slender that when on guard he offered a very narrow surface where a sword point could land. His reach was tremendous, and his arm also was of tempered steel. As an exponent of Italian fencing, with the sword pommel strapped tight to the wrist, Niardi was invincible. But in public bouts he was never the same. Born of the lower orders, he vainly tried to acquire the *sang-froid* of the *noblesse*. His scores were never so convincing as they should have been, even when the applause was with him. In his bout with Norbert Merignon he broke the Frenchman's guard time after time, and yet the final points scored against him were ridiculously easy. He returned to Florence, gloomy, chagrined, and, peasantlike, loudly expostulatory concerning his rights to a return match. Strompini dissuaded him, by cable, from replying to the rash challenge that was taken up by Renard, but later accompanied him to Paris for the purpose of watching the international champion in action.

The morning after the Merignon against Merignon sensation, Niardi sent a challenge to old Louis, who accepted promptly, the Italian being the cause of the estrangement from his son. Louis stipulated that he would fight only after his summer vacation in the Jura Mountains, also that the match be but for three touches in all. Even the man of iron, at the age of nearly sixty-two, could not stand another such grueling contest as that with his son.

Strompini returned with Niardi to Florence. The weather was hot, so they closed the *salle d'armes* and went into training at the villa. The small white-plaster house fronted direct on the road, but from the small garden and fruit grove there was a delightful view of the city, extending beyond the Duomo and across the River Arno. The fencing *piste* was laid between rows of orange trees. There the two men worked daily, in the late afternoons when the shade gave relief from the heat.

"You are perfection," Strompini declared at the end of a bout. "You are perfection itself. But I can always beat you. You are always afraid of me."

Niardi flushed. He knew the cavaliere spoke the truth. He could make any other *maître d'armes* in Italy appear like a beginner, using the same methods; but Strompini always gained the decision. The old man railed at him day after day. They had gone over every detail of the fight in Paris. Time after time Strompini tried, secretly, to let Niardi win. The pupil quickly realized this maneuver and became more nervous than before. But never until this day had Strompini declared that he was afraid. Fear? He did not know fear! If only he could conquer his jumpy nerves! Strompini poured out a glass of white Chianti from a *fiasco* that the housewife had placed on a small table, and continued speaking:

"You have never fought a duel, Aldo. You should fight a duel. It might give you courage. In my youth I fought many—I bear scars. But certain gentlemen of Florence, and some in Rome and Venice, carry deeper scars."

He drank the wine and sighed vastly, meanwhile eying the young man narrowly. Niardi stopped short in the act of pouring out wine for himself. Nervously, he dug a toe into the dust. Gentlemen—gentlemen of Florence and elsewhere—duels—afraid. He shattered the glass against a young orange tree and faced Strompini, his face pale but his manner resolute.

"Afraid! You say that I am afraid! Well, let us see. Let us fight again. There is still plenty of light. Let us fight without buttons! Let it—let it be a duel!"

The old cavaliere looked him over fully half a minute; then, without a word, walked slowly into the house. He returned a moment later, carrying a pair of dueling rapiers, a part of the equipment of every *maître d'armes*, who is often called upon to supply weapons in affairs of honor. Strompini, ponderously slow and methodical, as though giving the young man a chance to change his mind, finally held out one of the swords, presenting it hilt first. Niardi seized it eagerly and swung about, leading the way to the *piste*.

"You will put on a mask," Strompini said solemnly. "There is no reason to lose an eye."

But Niardi only smiled strangely, began tearing off his long gauntlet, hurling it into the bushes and unbuttoning his canvas vest.

"So be it," was Strompini's curt comment; and a minute later he faced the other on the narrow pathway.

Unmasked and with naked blades, with bodies naked to the waist, they fought. Strompini was cautious, retreating slowly, until he was beyond the mat, his feet then sending up clouds of dust. He taunted Niardi constantly, until the young man fought with sullen fury, his eyes half shut, but gleaming savagely. The shadows deepened. The sweat poured off them. Twice Strompini's blade grazed flesh, but did not break it.

"You are fighting Merignon," he grunted, as he came on again. "Louis Merignon—Strompini fought him a dozen years ago, the only time Strompini was ever beaten."

Aldo laughed, lunging furiously, his blade glancing off the other's shoulder. Strompini parried deftly and kept up the inflaming conversation.

"Merignon, you know, is never afraid. They all fear Merignon. His name makes them tremble. Often they are beaten before they begin. You, Aldo, are afraid of Merignon."

The young man gave a cry of rage. The light was going. Only a few dying rays of sun reflected on the swift moving blades. He charged down the *piste*, driving Strompini before him. The cavaliere gave a mighty backward leap, crying, "Halt!" at the same time dropping his sword. Blood poured from a gash in the forearm. Niardi stood for a moment dazed, then dropping his weapon, ran to the old man, throwing both arms about him.

"What have I done? What has happened?" he cried, drawing Strompini into a wicker chair. He seized a shirt from the ground and began winding it about the other's arm. "Why, I might have run you through! I was crazy! I intended to kill you!"

"But you were not afraid!" The old man smiled and sighed. "You were not afraid, even of the naked point of Strompini." He stood up, shaking off Niardi's arm. "This wound is nothing. I can take care of it myself. Come, lad, get rid of the blood or your wife will see it. Women never like blood."

He shuffled about, kicking dust over the dark stains.

They finished dressing just as the evening meal was announced. Afterward they sat in the garden, smoking cigarettes, sipping coffee. The Niardi children were taken away to bed. The men remained watching the lights of Florence.

"Aldo, the fight is a month off, but your training is finished. You must now rest." Strompini lighted a fresh cigarette.

"You think I may overtrain?" Niardi asked.

"I don't mean physical training at all. But mentally, psychologically, you must remain as you were at the moment you pinked me on the arm. Don't interrupt. I dogged you into that. It was what I wanted. The bare point makes men more equal. You are a champion, but I have never been satisfied with you before. Now you are not afraid—even of Louis Merignon."

"No, I am not afraid," Niardi whispered, smiling in the dark.

"Never underestimate him," Strompini went on; "never underestimate any Merignon. But greater even than his fencing is his diabolic ability to inspire fear. Even I trembled when I fought him. But today when I said you were afraid, I didn't mean fear of man, but fear of name, fear of class. Now I believe that you will win."

Niardi seized the old man's hand. They smoked, saying nothing for several minutes, then Strompini spoke again:

"Louis broke his son's nerve, just as the son broke your nerve. But he is an old man. The son will come back. He is really the greatest of them all. You must still beat Norbert Merignon."

"Do you believe I can do that?" Niardi asked simply.

"I do not know. When you fight him, I hope to be there. Even if you lose, you will have glory."

The old man arose abruptly, tossed his cigarette on the path and disappeared into the house.

Norbert Merignon, the day after the defeat administered by his father, disappeared from Paris and from his world. He was reported in London, and later word came that he had gone to Russia. It was certain that he had not been fencing. The news of any bout in which he figured would circulate quickly. He had plenty of money, and unfounded rumor circulated that he was spending it. Madame Dorzial had taken over Sapigny rather publicly. She was seen with him nightly in the *salle de baccara* at Trouville, and openly expressed a lack of interest in *escrime*.

As the summer waned and the date approached for the Louis Merignon-Niardi contest, popular interest mounted, even though society, in the absence of its favorite, held back. Officialdom sponsored the affair to a degree greater than for any sporting event held up to that time. The government felt that such a sensational representative as Louis Merignon would prove good propaganda in answer to whispers already heard across the Rhine concerning the strength and virility of the French.

The contest was held in the circus arena near the Champ de Mars. Professional swordsmen again came from all countries. The military schools bought up the same galleries. Strompini was at the side of the *piste* as one of Niardi's judges. Rosny again served as referee, and, for once in a good humor, escorted the Italian to the platform, briefly introducing him.

Niardi was dressed just as Norbert Merignon had been when he appeared on that same runway, all in white, except for a black mask. Old Merignon wore his all-black. He strode quickly to the center, sizing up the crowd from under his bushy eyebrows. He had admitted to intimates that he was exhausted for an entire month after the fight with Norbert, but he was again apparently in splendid condition. His face was tanned. His heavy figure did not show an ounce of fat. His tremendous leg muscles seemed almost to burst the tight breeches and stockings. Niardi's long legs, incased in thin silk stockings, through which the flesh showed, seemed fragile in comparison.

Merignon advanced upon the Italian, right hand outstretched. They looked into each other's eyes, hands clasped, Merignon smiling, but staring hard as though to make the other look down. But the young man held his eyes level, until the old one grunted and turned away. Then Niardi smiled.

The Frenchman made curt gestures to the crowd, leaned over the side of the *piste*, offering his gloved hand to Strompini. Rosny interrupted, calling time. A moment later the antagonists were taking each other's measure, swords in play.

The old man moved forward and back along the *piste* lightly as a professional dancer, his great bulk hurling itself in full lunges apparently without the slightest effort. Niardi fought with great caution, his white body retreating constantly, always on the defensive; but Merignon finally lured him out, and by a clever *dérobement*, touched him on the shoulder.

It was too easy, according to the crowd. The touch had been made in less than a minute, and the bout was for only three points. There were signs of hostility for the Florentine, who raised his mask during the respite. His face was chalk white. Then he caught the eyes of Strompini, literally boring into his own. He stared, fascinated, over the side of the runway, his face turning red, then pale again. Strompini's lips moved silently. Niardi's eyes flashed, as Rosny called, "*En garde!*"

This time Merignon rushed like a fighting bull terrier, eager for prey; so Niardi again went on the defensive, but with his long arm thrust rigidly, straight out. Merignon tried vainly to break down that steel guard. A dozen times he leaped back, holding out the lure for Niardi to attack. The twelfth time Niardi obliged so quickly that the audience did not realize it, but left a mark on Merignon's glove just above the line of the sword pommel.

The last period of the last public bout ever fought by Louis Merignon was the longest and in many ways the greatest of his glorious career. It was as dramatic even as the climax of the battle with his son. Not a dozen times but fifty times the old champion of champions launched the attack and always met that same baffling guard, the tiny steel *point d'arrêt* at the end of the bright blade, extending from the long, strong arm.

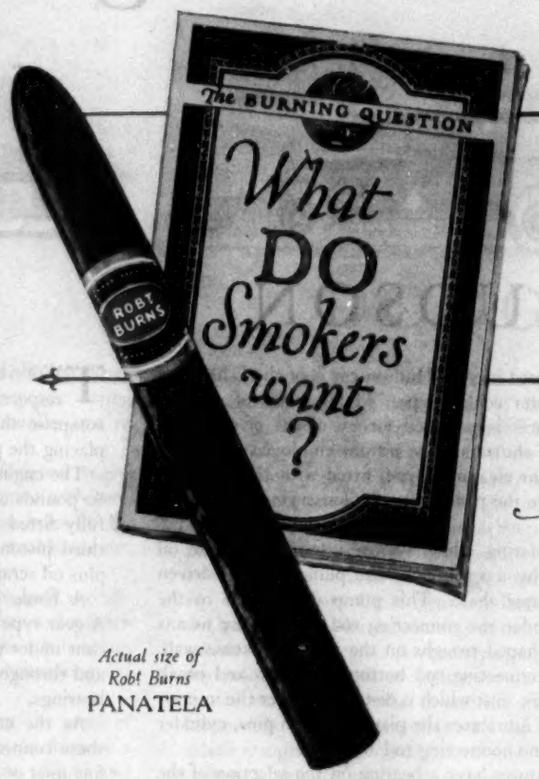
Niardi simply would not attack. Merignon changed from the dancer into a stealthy panther, then into a ferocious tiger, leaping in furiously, to claw in vain. He gave a roar of rage and a lion had taken the tiger's place. But Niardi only took a quick step back, his arm as strong and his body as elusive as ever. Not once was he lured into any other strategy. Youth waited simply until age played itself out, and the great old fighter cracked at last. His strength ebbed slowly and his rushes lost their fury. Finally, without giving a chance even to parry, Niardi lunged, quick and sure, striking him full on the breast.

It was over. The crowd was stunned. The idol had fallen, but they could not grasp the fact. Both men stood still, with masks fallen beside them on the runway. Niardi looked at the old man and his eyes filled with pity. Then, shifting the sword into his other hand, he stepped forward. Merignon gave him the left hand limply, letting it fall again to his side. He looked dazedly at the sword in his other hand. Laure St. Vincent ran up the steps behind him, seized his arm and dragged him back. Strompini climbed to the *piste* and embraced his pupil with Latin enthusiasm. The crowd finally gave a perfunctory cheer and filed out.

In the top gallery a pale young man, wearing clothes that were slightly disordered, and whose hands trembled, sat staring at the runway until almost the last person had gone, and a custodian came, suggesting that he move. But he paid no attention, and continued staring into the arena, meanwhile wiping away sweat that stood in big drops on his forehead. The custodian finally took his arm and gave him a slight push. Then Norbert Merignon buttoned his coat with fingers that shook as though he had a chill, and stumbled to the stairs. Outside, he quickly took shelter in a darkened doorway, as Laure St. Vincent helped a feeble old man into a cab.

On a rainy winter night, Louis Merignon returned to Paris from a village in the Midi where he had gone alone, immediately after his defeat. He returned in response to a telegram from Laure, who declared that the need for him was most urgent. He arrived at his apartment unannounced, and found that the servant had gone out. Depositing his valise in the loge of the concierge, he went to the St. Vincent apartment, only to find, there also, that no one was at home. So finally he arrived at the Salle Merignon.

(Continued on Page 121)



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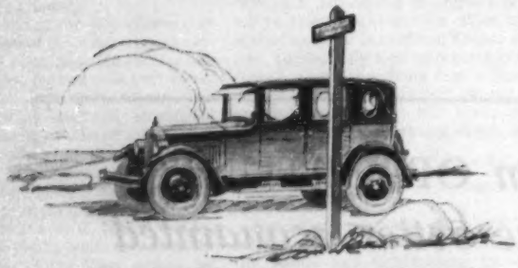


OAKLAND

IN the Oakland model 6-54 we have an example of the high power, high speed, six cylinder, water cooled, L-head type of engine, developing well over 40 H. P. at 2600 revolutions per minute.

Except for the first few engines in which aluminum alloy pistons were used, all engines of this model are equipped with semi-steel pistons fitted with three piston rings above the piston pin. The bottom ring is designed to scrape the surplus oil from the cylinder wall and return it to the crankcase through twelve small holes provided in the bottom of the ring groove for this purpose.

The force feed type of lubricating system is employed in Oakland engines. A gear pump, located in the bottom of the oil reservoir, forces oil to the crankshaft bearings and through drillings in the crankshaft webs to the connecting rod bearings. The camshaft bearings are also pressure lubricated. The cylinder walls, pistons, piston rings and piston pin bearings receive their oil supply from the spray thrown by the connecting rod bearings.

Being of the high speed, high compression type, the operating temperatures of these engines are moderately high; hence, a fairly rich lubricating oil is desirable. The system of lubrication employed insures effective distribution of such an oil under summer operating temperatures.

As the pistons and connecting rod bearings are designed to prevent surplus oil from reaching the combustion chambers, an oil rich in lubricating value can be used without liability of detrimental carbon deposits.

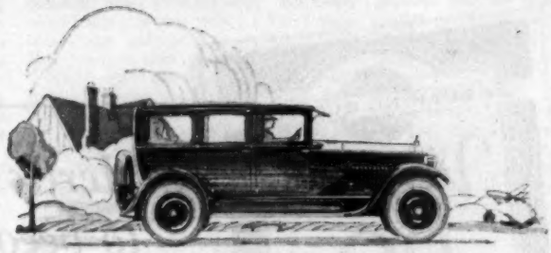
With the piston ring equipment of these engines, such an oil will effectively seal the rings against blow-by.

Because it is particularly suited to these conditions, Gargoyle Mobiloil "A" is recommended for model 6-54 Oakland engines when operated in summer.

During cold weather, due to the connecting rod bearings of these engines being designed to avoid excess oil being thrown from them, an oil that is fluid at low temperatures should be used, in order to insure an adequate supply to the cylinder walls when the oil is chilled.

To meet this winter condition Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic is recommended for the period when freezing temperatures may be experienced.

For Oakland engines of the earlier valve-in-head type, Gargoyle Mobiloil "A" is recommended both summer and winter, except for temperatures below zero when Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic should be used.



HUDSON

THE engine used in your Hudson car is of the L-head six cylinder, water cooled type. Maintenance of efficient engine temperatures is provided for by means of manually operated radiator shutters. The pistons employed are of the aluminum constant clearance type, fitted with three narrow piston rings above the piston pin, the lower ring acting as a scraper ring.

A splash circulating oiling system is employed, the oil being circulated by a variable stroke plunger pump driven from the distributor shaft. This pump delivers oil to the splash troughs under the connecting rod bearings by means of a series of V-shaped troughs on the inner crankcase wall. Dippers on the connecting rod bottoms dip into and break up the oil into a fine mist which is distributed over the interior of the engine and lubricates the pistons, piston pins, cylinder walls, camshaft and connecting rod bearings.

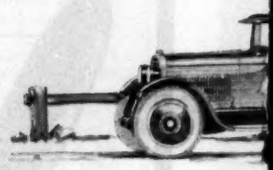
All of these features have a bearing on the selection of the correct oil for Hudson engines. With oil distributed by splash, it is essential that the oil be of the proper body to atomize freely under the action of the connecting rod dippers. The tendency for carbon deposits to develop in an engine is influenced largely by the quantity of oil entering the combustion chambers. In Hudson engines the variable stroke pump, the close clearance and design of the constant clearance aluminum pistons and the effectiveness of the bottom piston ring in preventing over-oiling of the cylinder walls, are features which minimize oil pumping tendencies and permit the use of a fairly rich lubricating oil under summer operating conditions.

To meet the requirements of Hudson engines, we recommend the use of Gargoyle Mobiloil "A" during summer weather in cars produced during 1923, 1924, and 1925. For those manufactured previous to 1923 and not equipped with aluminum pistons, Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic is recommended. When freezing temperatures are encountered, however, Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic should be used in all models in order to assure reliable distribution of the oil when chilled and to effect ease of starting.

General Instructions

YOUR engine will operate at its best if the level of the oil in the crankcase reservoir is maintained in accordance with manufacturer's instructions. Replenish oil frequently as required. Never fill above full mark on indicator. With a 5-gallon can or 15- or 30-gallon drum of the correct grade of Gargoyle Mobiloil on hand you will always be ready to give your car this valuable attention.

Crankcase oil should be entirely drained at least every 1000 miles in summer and every 500 miles in winter unless manufacturer's instructions are to the contrary. When draining the oil, the oil strainer screen (if your car has one) should also be removed and cleaned. Draw off the old oil when the engine is warm, as the oil then flows more freely and tends to wash out any foreign matter. (Never flush the crankcase with kerosene.) Then refill with the correct grade of Gargoyle Mobiloil.



NA

TWO six cylinder models, respectively 46 and 6c comprise the 1925 series of placing the previous four cyli

The engines are of the val 80 pounds compression press fully fitted cast iron pistons third piston-ring groove for plus oil scraped from the cyli

A Force Feed lubricating A gear-type oil pump, subme cant under pressure to the ca and through passages in the bearings.

As the crankshaft revolv these connecting rod bearing fine mist or spray which lubr piston-pins.

The close fitting pistons e sure an effectual sealing of th the compression and power dency toward carbon format fairly rich lubricating oil in su

During cold weather an oi to assure positive oil circul facilitate starting.

To meet summer and win goyle Mobiloil "A" is recom cars during summer weather during winter weather.

On all models of Nash ca either four or six cylinders, be used for summer and wint

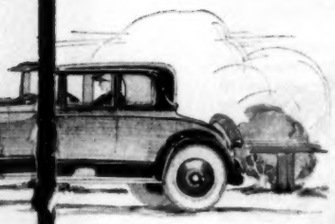
Ask for a

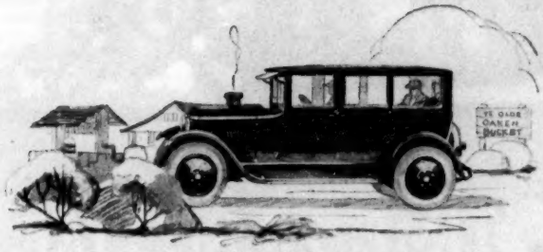
5

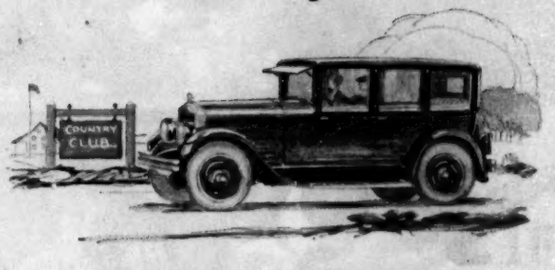
gallon can

VACUUM OI

analysis shows about your







ASH

the SPECIAL and the ADVANCED, maximum horsepower rating, Nash cars, the smaller one re- nder car.

ve-in-head type designed to give ure and are equipped with care- , having oil drain holes in the returning to the crankcase sur- nder walls.

system is used on both models. rged in the oil, forces the lubri- mshaft and crankshaft bearings rankwebs to the connecting rod

s, oil forced from the ends of is thrown off in the form of a cates the cylinders, pistons and

quipped with efficient rings, in- pistons against blow-by during strokes, and minimize the ten- on. This permits the use of a mmer.

of greater fluidity is required ation and distribution and to

ter operating conditions, Gar- mended for use in 1925 Nash and Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic

s from 1921 to 1924 inclusive, Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic should r operation.

. . .

DODGE

THE engine in your Dodge car is noted for its exceptional performance and dependability. It is of the four cylinder, vertical, L-head type, being 3⅜" bore and 4½" stroke and employing pump circulation of the cooling water. The compression pressure is approximately 65 pounds per sq. in.

Alloy constant clearance type pistons are now employed and these are fitted with four piston rings, all above the piston pin. The bottom ring serves to scrape any surplus oil from cylinder walls, returning it to the crankcase through slots cut in the piston. Close clearance limits are maintained in the piston fits. The lubricating system employed is of the splash circulating type. A vane type pump at the front of the engine delivers the oil to wells over the crankshaft bearings and to troughs under the connecting rods. Dippers on the lower ends of the connecting rods dip into the oil in the splash troughs and generate an oil mist which lubricates the cylinders, also the camshaft, connecting rod and piston pin bearings. Dodge piston design and construction tend to prevent over-lubrication and the consequent formation of carbon deposits. In addition the use of aluminum as a piston material has a marked tendency to reduce knocking or pinging. Consequently a rich lubricating oil may be used to advantage. Such an oil will afford very effective sealing of the rings and will be distributed perfectly by the lubricating system during warm weather. When freezing temperatures are encountered a more fluid oil is required to insure distribution.

For best results in Dodge engines in summer, Gargoyle Mobiloil "A" should be used for all cars produced since 1923. For those manufactured previous to 1923 and having cast iron pistons, Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic is recommended. In winter Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic should be used in all models.

MAKE THIS CHART YOUR GUIDE

THE correct grades of Gargoyle Mobiloil for engine lubrication of prominent passenger cars are specified below.

The grades of Gargoyle Mobiloil are indicated by the letters shown below. "Arc" means Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic.

If your car is not listed here, see the complete Chart at your dealer's.

NAMES OF PASSENGER CARS	1925		1924		1923		1922	
	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter
Buick	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc
Cadillac	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A	A	A
Chandler	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc
Chevrolet FB							A	Aw
" (other mod'ls.)	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Chrysler	A	A	A	A				
Dodge Brothers	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc
Durant 4	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Essex	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Ford	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E
Franklin	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB
Hudson Super 6	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc
Hupmobile	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Jewett	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Maxwell	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Nash	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Oakland	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A	A	A
Oldsmobile 4					A	Arc	A	Arc
Oldsmobile 6	A	Arc	A	Arc			A	A
Overland	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Reo	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Rickenbacker 6	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Rickenbacker 8	A	Arc	A	Arc				
Star	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc		
Studebaker	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Willys-Knight 4	B	Arc	B	Arc	B	Arc	B	Arc
Willys-Knight 6	A	Arc						

FRANKLIN

YOUR Franklin car is unique in its use of an air-cooled engine, the present design being the result of prolonged development of this type. The engine is a "Six" with cylinders of the valve-in-head type, the bore and stroke being 3¼" and 4" respectively.

Each cylinder is cast as a unit with a series of vertical copper ribs, these being so shaped that they for a number of closed passages along the cylinder wall. Cooling is effected by a blower which forces a current of air over the valve mechanism and then vertically downward through the spaces between the ribs.

The constant clearance, aluminum pistons of Franklin engines are equipped with four piston rings above the piston pin. Slots are cut in the piston skirt through which the oil scraped from the cylinder walls by the lower ring is returned to the crankcase. This construction effectively controls oil pumping and thereby reduces the possibilities for detrimental carbon deposits.

The Franklin lubricating system is especially designed to distribute heavy bodied oils under all operating conditions. It is of the force feed type, employing a gear pump, so designed that while making one revolution, it delivers under high pressure a measured jet of oil to each of the seven crankshaft bearings. From these the oil is led through drillings in the crankshaft to the connecting rod bearings. The oil thrown from these lubricates the camshaft bearings, cylinder walls, piston rings and piston pins.

The operating temperature of the Franklin engine is somewhat higher than normally encountered, consequently a heavier bodied and richer lubricant than commonly used is preferred in order to provide adequate lubrication under all conditions of service. In the Franklin design the possibilities for detrimental carbon deposits are minimized by the very effective oil control. The amount of oil thrown to the cylinders is definitely regulated by the metered pump feed; while the constant clearance design of the aluminum pistons permits close clearances and affords a very effective oil return through the slots below the piston rings.

To meet these and other lubricating requirements of the Franklin engine, we advise the use of Gargoyle Mobiloil "BB" in the 1922 and subsequent models for both summer and winter operation. For models prior to 1922 use Gargoyle Mobiloil "A" in summer and winter. When temperatures below zero are encountered Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic should be used in all models.

L COMPANY

Branches in principal cities.
Address: New York, Chicago, or Kansas City

(Continued from Page 116)

He lighted the gas lamps, fumbled about, making a coal fire in the tiny stove, and then sat moodily before it on a three-legged stool—the same that he had used years before giving fencing lessons to his son. But now Louis Merignon was through with the sword.

The lamps flickered and made dancing shadows on the walls. The old man poked at the fire occasionally, hunching forward on the stool, then looking gloomily about the place. Above the mantel his grandfather, Pierre Merignon, looked down, smiling, and then faintly sneering, it seemed, as the shadows played on the canvas. Across the *salle*, above the line of swords, the eyes of Dalyrac, the great duelist, regarded him whimsically in the light of the decrepit lamps. He stirred uneasily. It would have been better had he gone to the Café Voltaire in the Place de l'Odéon. Abruptly he shifted the stool, and gazed at the picture of his brother Charles, that superelegant Merignon who died too soon. It hung between the miniature of the Prince Imperial and the rapier that had belonged to the Duc de Guise. Again he shifted the stool, but this time he saw a daguerreotype of a baby, his son Norbert. Below the picture were a pair of crossed foils, tiny weapons, much under regulation length and weight. They were the swords he had made for Norbert, as a little boy, just learning the art of *escrime*. The old man closed his eyes.

The door whisked open, letting in a gust of rain and wind that almost put out the lights. Laure St. Vincent, dropping her wet cape to the floor, threw both arms about him.

"*Père, cher père!*" she half sobbed, half laughed. "They told me at the loge that you had come, so I knew you would be here. I went to the train to meet you, but got there too late." She kissed him on the cheeks, then she stood back and he noticed that she carried a packet of letters, papers and telegrams. She began to smile. "Père Merignon," she said, almost gayly, so that he wondered, "you didn't even ask for your letters at the loge."

"The concierge tried to give them to me," he replied, shrugging his shoulders, "but they didn't interest me."

"Well, I am glad they didn't then," she said, dancing off in front of him, "because I just had to be with you first. I was foolish not to take them when I started for the station." She began laughing, nervously. "It would have been terrible if you had got them."

The old man looked at her with a flash of interest, and at the packet which she held away from him.

"What time is it?" she asked, apropos of nothing.

He informed her that it was nine o'clock. She glanced at the door.

"What is it, *ma petite?*" With a return of his old brusque manner, he thrust out his hand. "Give them to me. They seem important to you, whatever they are. Are they the reason you telegraphed?"

"Yes, Père Merignon. And they are important; but for you, not for me."

The old man shook his head, smiling, and turned away from her toward the fire. He had lost interest. She placed one hand on his shoulder and with the other held the night edition of the Journal de Sport under his eyes. In black letters, across the entire page, were the words: "Triumph of Merignon."

The old man, huddled on the stool, for a moment did not see. Then, almost rudely, he tore the paper from her, springing to his feet, reading.

Triumph of Merignon—Norbert—Niardi—Milan—Niardi beaten—decisively. He dropped the paper from fingers that had no life. His body swayed slightly, but his eyes gleamed. The girl ran to him.

"Yes, *père*, Norbert was there the night you fought Niardi. I saw him, but he made me swear not to tell. Then he challenged Niardi, and Strompini made Niardi accept at once. They fought last night in Milan. All Italy was there"—the girl was laughing hysterically—"there to see Norbert win. Norbert is coming home—tonight."

The old man held her tightly. She twisted away, unfolding the sheaf of telegrams and letters.

"Here is one from Rosny—this one from Duprez—and Jean Dubois—Wurtz telegraphed from Switzerland. *Père*, you have been away from the world!"

She forced him back on the stool, crouched at his knees, reading aloud, while he sat in a dream. He leaped to his feet when she had finished and mechanically walked about the *salle*, turning up the lamps into an even more flickering blaze. She placed the messages in his hand and he read them, every one, holding them close under a gas jet. When he again turned to her he was smiling.

"You have another telegram, there in your hand," he said, pointing. "What is it?"

"It is addressed to me," she replied, and then, quite simply, went close to him, holding it so they could read together:

"Tell father that Niardi was wonderful, but that I had a better fencing master. Tell him also that I am coming home for another lesson. And love to you both.

"NORBERT."

They were rereading it, and smiling at each other, when the door again opened and Norbert Merignon was in the room. He had come direct from the *gare* and was carrying a valise. He was rain-soaked, for he had walked a long way, searching for a *fiacre*. His face was glowing and his eyes were brilliant.

The men looked at each other a moment; then Norbert, dropping his valise, flung himself across the room, seizing Louis Merignon in his arms.

"I didn't go to the flat, *père*. I knew you would be here with Laure." He crossed over to the girl and took her hand. "I've come back, *père*, you see"—his voice broke a trifle, but he looked at his father, straight in the eyes—"I've come back for my fencing lesson." He smiled.

The old man fumbled along the wall until his hand touched the beautifully inlaid and jeweled rapier that had belonged once to the Duc de Guise, and had become the priceless possession of the Merignons. Without a word, he extended the blade toward Norbert, hilt first. Suddenly dropping it, he folded his great arms about the youth.

"Give you a fencing lesson?" he said. "My son, you are now the greatest Merignon!" He stooped and picked the blade from the floor. "See, I give you this." With the sword in hand, he recovered the mastery of himself. "See how splendid it is."

He thrust the point in the parquetry, bending the blade almost double before letting it spring back.

Almost unconsciously, Norbert placed an arm about Laure's waist. Side by side they watched.

Louis Merignon was wearing a rough traveling suit and heavy mud-crusted shoes. His linen was travel stained and his mustache had not been clipped in weeks. He continued flicking the sword point into the parquetry as though testing the steel. He balanced the pommel idly in his hand, letting it lie pliant, then shooting it out until he held it with only the tips of his long, strong fingers.

Still slipping the pommel in and out of the hand, he sauntered down the room, halting before the practice blade that was fixed in the wall. He threw himself on guard and made a slight parry *en tierce* against the dummy antagonist.

The gas lamp at that end of the *salle* was unlighted, so that he was half in shadow. The flickering lights from the jets at his back made him seem unreal. Laure and Norbert, his arm drawn more tightly about her, were spellbound. The old man danced in and out, then lunged. They no longer saw his old mussed clothes. He was wearing the wonderful black leather vest that he used on great public occasions. His legs were in knee breeches and stockings, through which the muscles rippled and swelled. He lunged again, after executing a *dégagement*, timed like a flash of light. He gave a chuckle of victory. With a ferocious *coup*, he beat the fixed blade into the lower fencing line, his own sword whirling in bright circles, reflecting the crazy dancing gas flames. Pierre Merignon all the dead and gone Merignons, Dalyrac and the heroes of the fencing *piste* for more than a hundred years, watched with eyes smiling under the wavy lights, while the blade of the great champion shivered the other blade, literally tearing it from the wall, the broken bits flying to a far corner.

The old man turned, facing his son, who remained transfixed. Solemnly he went through the long formal fencing salute of a bygone epoch, his blade shining like a fiery wand.

Norbert released the girl, and, still under the spell, walked slowly to the tiny foils that hung beneath the childhood picture of himself. With the little blade, the first that he ever held in his hand, with the precision of a pupil making his debut before a jury of *maîtres d'armes*, and with all the stilted formality of a former age, Norbert returned the salute.

Laure watched, trembling, her eyes shining through tears. She brushed a hand across her face mechanically. Concrete objects were changing. The Merignons were no longer of the twentieth century. They wore tunics of golden tissue interwoven with lustrous silks. The painted figures on canvas were living gladiators in gleaming armor. The dark-brown walls fused into imperial purple canopies. The dingy *salle*, in the back courtyard of a side street, spread out and out until it became an arena "ringed round with a flame of fair faces, and splendid with swords." And the younger champion held out to her his jeweled hilt.

WONDERFUL MAN

(Continued from Page 24)

"Well, one mustn't show it—criminy! Pretty filthy to show what one feels, I mean to say."

Jill hadn't thought of that. It explained much that was mysterious in friendship.

"Suppose you liked me," she asked, "what would you do?"

Harry colored a threatening red.

"I suppose you don't want to go back to the Little Ease, do you?" Most devoutly she did not. "Very well then, just shut up and —— Hullo! There you are! Missed him!" He shook his head as a rat tail whipped out of reach under the fagot pile. "George Wrankin would never have bossed that one." Jill scowled.

"Better see if he won't come back then if he's such a wonderful man." Her voice rang with contempt.

Harry seized her wrist and the nape of her neck in the approved constabulary style.

"Take that back or into the nettles you go—quickly now!"

Jill wrenched herself free.

"That for your old nettles!" she said, and bathed her bare arms in them. "Would your wonderful George do that?"

Harry knew quite well he would not. George Wrankin was funky of nettles and gorse and things that pricked and stung. This Jill was no funk, but was he to stand for insubordination? No, no!

"Better pick yourself some dock leaves," he advised coldly. "They are the only things for nettles."

"Don't want to, thanks."

Already whitish bumps framed in angry pink were appearing on the insolently folded forearms.

"Oh, well," said Harry. Rather gracelessly he tore a handful of leaves from a patch of sorrel near by. "Hold 'em out. May smart a bit."

He rubbed her arms with the leaves until they were dyed a greenish brown. As he rubbed he wondered at himself—wondered why, because she was a girl, he was doing things he would never have dreamed of doing had she not been a girl. Jill seemed to find the operation quite pleasant.

To excuse himself from any charge of sentiment, Harry observed, "If you're going to play the malingering ox like this, we might as well chuck the idea of ratting."

"Then don't taunt anyone," she answered.

"Who's taunting?"

"You did."

"I wasn't."

"If you want your old George, you can have him, and I'll go away on my own."

"Look here, if I'd wanted him, would I have given him a bung in the eye?"

The argument was sound—perfect almost.

"Thought you might be sorry you had."

"Well, I'm not, now then! So dry up." Jill smiled.

"My arms," she announced, "are quite better now. They don't feel at all any longer."

After that they got on with the business—the glorious tireless business of being young. And the holidays rolled along and away as good times will, and the last morning came and it started badly enough, which was Harry's fault, although Jill thought otherwise.

Harry's father began it over a folded copy of the Times, propped against the marmalade jar.

"Back to school tomorrow, old man. How do you feel about it?"

Harry did not care to be reminded. He looked across the breakfast table at Jill and marked with horror that her face was all soppy. She who had wrung the neck of many a rabbit, who but yesterday had taken a leading part in skinning the snake, who with her own hands had torn apart Leader and Ruff, the two Airedales, when engaged in mortal combat. This Diana—this Amazon—her face was soppy. He felt let down, degraded. By this sudden treachery of sentiment their partnership was betrayed.

"Eh?" said his father.

"I'll be jolly glad to be with some decent chaps again," said Harry off the ice.

Jill's face disappeared into the huge circumference of her coffee cup. It reappeared glowing, case-hardened.

"It'll be nice to be with some girls again and hear some sense," said she.

Harry's father, wise in the ways of the young, said nothing. Breakfast was concluded in silence.

In the sunlight Harry and Jill looked at each other. Then she produced a book, sat down and began to pretend to read.

Harry said, "I'm going to pack."

"I should," said Jill. "You've only packed three times in the last two days."

"I'll pack twenty more times if I want to," was the mettlesome reply. Jill said nothing. "After that I may look up George Wrankin. He wasn't a bad fool."

Jill said nothing. And so the morning was wasted. Midday dinner was impressive. There was a good deal of rather heavy politeness and the passing of condiments to and fro. After dinner they met accidentally in the stable yard, which by common consent had been the jumping-off ground for most of their adventurous flights. But nothing adventurous suggested itself. They went, but without enthusiasm, to look at Harry's motor bike, an entertainment usually reserved for wet afternoons. They stood and stared at it in a kind of silent hostility mingled with a desire to make friends.

Then Harry said, "Bet you've forgotten the four strokes of an internal-combustion engine." It was true; she had. "Then I swear," said Harry, "you're not fit to live."

Jill cheered up at that. It argued that he was recovering his normal self. Nothing like a good row to clear the air. Not that she wanted a row—she was feeling a little pathetic for some reason unknown—but it would be good to clear the air for their last afternoon together.

"You've often told me, but the words won't stick, Harry."

"Look here," he said with sudden magnanimity, "I'll tell you once more; but if you get it wrong after that it'll mean the Little Ease."

"Oh, not the Little Ease—not today."

"Yes, the Little Ease," he repeated.

"Very well—only say them slowly."

Harry took a deep breath and looked important. He was rightly proud of his engineering knowledge. Moreover, the phrase was of high-sounding quality.

"One, induction; two, compression; three, explosion"—he made full use of the sound of the word to illustrate its force—"four, exhaust. Now then!"

"Oh, dear," said Jill, "need I?"

"You know what'll happen if you don't."

"I shall only get it wrong."

"Go on, I tell you."

Why must he persecute her when her heart was full of kindness? Why need anyone bother about the four strokes of an infernal combustion engine so long as it went along the road all right? She looked at Harry piteously. Already he was hooking to the bar the rough ladder that led to the Little Ease. Jill shut her eyes and attacked the problem wildly. She would have given anything to have avoided being a disappointment.

"Induction — corruption — confusion and—and—retort."

Harry's expression was untinged with pity of any kind.

"I'll retort you!" he cried. "I swear you did it wrong on purpose."

"I swear not, solemnly."

"That makes it all the worse."

"You only asked, knowing I'd get it wrong."

(Continued on Page 124)

To her

NORRIS

Variety Box

OF EXQUISITE GIFT CANDIES

SWEETHEART, wife, hostess—she is always flattered by unprompted thoughtfulness.

Make thoughtfulness a habit by taking or sending to her each week-end a Norris Variety Box of Exquisite Candies.

Where else can she find such altogether delightful pieces as Almond Truffles, Grape Mallows, Chocolate Sirrons, Almond Butter Brittle, Apricot Soufflé, Lemon Roll, Bitter Sweet Mousse? A wonderful assortment of more than twenty different kinds, of which her whimsical taste will never tire.

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The chocolate is ground and re-ground steadily for three days and nights, to make it finer, smoother, more delicate.

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Nuts are brought whole from the countries that produce them, and are shelled just as they are dipped, thereby insuring absolute freshness.

The pineapple comes from far-off Siam, because Siamese pineapple is free from the coarse fibre of the more common commercial varieties.

The cherries are imported from Italy to obtain the finest-flavored and most succulent variety of this favored fruit.

Apricots from France, full-ripened in sunny Provence, are used in making Apricot Soufflé.

The mint leaves from which Norris peppermint flavor is made are hand-picked to prevent weeds becoming mixed with them.

Pure, sweet cream and fresh country butter are used to produce the smooth, rich caramels that melt in the mouth.

(Continued from Page 122)

"I asked, hoping you'd show a bit of sense about something that does matter. But you've only shown what an idiot you are."

"Well, I'm not," said Jill, pouting.

"I said you were and that makes you one," was the unanswerable retort.

"It doesn't."

Hot blood was rising.

"All girls are idiots," Harry added, "but you're the biggest."

It was then Jill struck a blow for the honor of all girls.

"If I'm an idiot," she said, "you're an assifine fool."

"I'm what?"

"An assifine fool."

"Ho! I'm that, am I?" said Harry.

"Yes, you are."

But even as she said it, remorse stabbed her in the side. It was terrible that hard occasion should drive her to abuse. There had never been such a wonderful man as Harry. Who but he could lead so unerringly to the thrushes' nest where the cuckoo's egg was laid—to the Fritillary glades in the forest and the haunts of the Purple Hairstreak and the Purple Emperor? Who could compare with him in contriving a snare, in handling a ferret, a catapult, an air gun or a motor bike? The answer was none. And at the manly sport of fists, where was his peer? Unborn! The fond heart of Jill ached as she spoke the words.

And Harry was shocked too—shocked to the roots of his pride. His hands shook as he straightened the ladder and jerked a thumb aloft.

"Up you go!"

His voice was the voice of an executioner.

"No, please not—not the Little Ease. I'm sorry, I ——"

"Go up," he repeated.

"No, I won't."

"If I have to carry you up, you'll be there all the longer."

Jill stood her ground solidly.

"All right," said Harry, and moved toward her.

Then it was something caught fire in Jill's breast—caught and blazed.

"Touch me and I'll kill you!" she cried.

It was a definite challenge. He shot out an arm. The pony's shoe, snatched from the floor and hurled at his head, was certainly not thrown for luck. It struck its mark with a hearty sonk.

"Cricky!" he yelled, and dived at her.

Jill screamed "Demon!" and fled. As she ran she continued screaming "Demon!" on a rising arpeggio.

At the corner of the yew hedge she paused an instant to drag the tennis-court marker across the path. Harry smashed into and over it before he could stop. The gravel cut his flannel bags to ribbons and flayed his open palms. A lump of whitening appeared as though by magic in his hand when he struggled to his feet. Jill was still running. It was a long shot, but he was a marksman born. The big sodden mass caught Jill a dull whack between the shoulder blades, knocking breath from body as she dived through the side door into the house. Sheer tenacious pluck supplied her with power to slam the door and slide the bolt. That done, she gasped, sobbed and flopped against the wall. The agony of empty lungs was as nothing to the agony of indignation. Yet even so, an admiration complex was at work. Wonderful Harry to have hit a running mark—wonderful, detestable and most loathsome Harry. Even now his fists were drumming against the panels and sulphurous threats percolated through the keyhole.

Harry Said, "I'm Going to Pack." "I Should," Said Jill. "You've Only Packed Three Times in the Last Two Days"

"Come out and be flayed alive!" he invited.

The female brain of Jill worked a fraction faster than his. She knew he would not waste long beating at the panel. An attack from the rear was imminent.

Even as she fled for the play room, the drumming ceased. Slamming and locking the door, she heard footsteps clattering up the kitchen corridor. Hearing the lock click, Harry did an about turn and was back in the garden again. Jill interpreted the move and latched the windows in the nick of time. A face, scarlet and impotent, appeared and disappeared. Jill shook her fist at it.

At the other end of the garden, Harry's father looked up shortsightedly from a work of Walter Pater's.

"Children," he said, and smiled. "What fun they have!"

Jill was thanking heaven for the iron casements and the diamond panes. She was safe at last—safe.

Ping—whir! A swan shot from Harry's catapult drilled a neat hole through one of the lower panes of one of the windows.

Jill laughed. There were plenty of corners in the play room; a sack of swan shot would not render the position untenable. Besides, broken windows carry war into the territory of grown-ups. She would have allies. Nothing happened—a breathing space. Then Harry again, this time with the nozzle of the garden hose in his hand. Swish! A jet of water penciled through the hole in the glass and smote her in the neck. Icy trickles ran inquiringly down her back.

"Aoh!" she squeaked, and backed a step. The water played upon her shoulders, face and breast. "Beast—fiend—assifine fool!" she cried.

In desperation she dragged the old oak settle from the wall and crouched behind it. But Harry was a master gunner. To him balusters held no mystery. With one foot on the rubber hose he checked the force of the flow and cocked up the nozzle. High-trajectory stuff, howitzer stuff. Low pressure. The waters described a perfect arc and fell upon Jill like rain. There was no escape. Her courage began to ebb, to melt into a saturated whimper.

"Come out!"

"I won't!"

It was then she saw his butterfly box—most precious of all possessions—white wood perfectly joined, air-tight, cork-lined and filled with the rarest treasures of his collection. Within was the swallowtail from the Cambridgeshire fens. The Large Copper, practically extinct; and, pride of a lepidopterist's heart, a pale clouded yellow. The toe of one of Jill's shoes reached out and drew the box toward her.

From the garden Harry could not see. The mind of the master gunner was fixed upon his task.

And now the box was upon Jill's sopping knees and the hooks that fastened the lid were released. But even in that moment of sublime revenge, she hesitated. So much of Harry's character reposed in that box, so much that set his fame above the rest of humanity. In spite of an exquisite desire for vengeance, the words came.

"If you don't leave off, you beast, you'll repent until you're dead."

Harry said, "I'm going to drown you."

There was no choice then. Almost she was glad there was no choice. The box would make a fine umbrella. Little cold fingers swung back the lid. A vision of brave colors, gay crimson of the burnet moth, the turquoise glory of an Adonis blue, yellows, scarlets, sulphurs and amber browns—a whole palette of pigments fading into gray and disorder beneath the falling waters. Quick, certain and utter was the work of destruction. The box filled and filled. Broken bodies and wings floated upon the troubled water. Like tiny spars from a wreck, legs and antennæ spun upon the surface.

Very slowly Jill raised head and shoulders above the back of the settle. The master gunner removed his foot from the hose and the waters lashed her straight and true.

"Look!" she said, and held out the box of drowned butterflies.

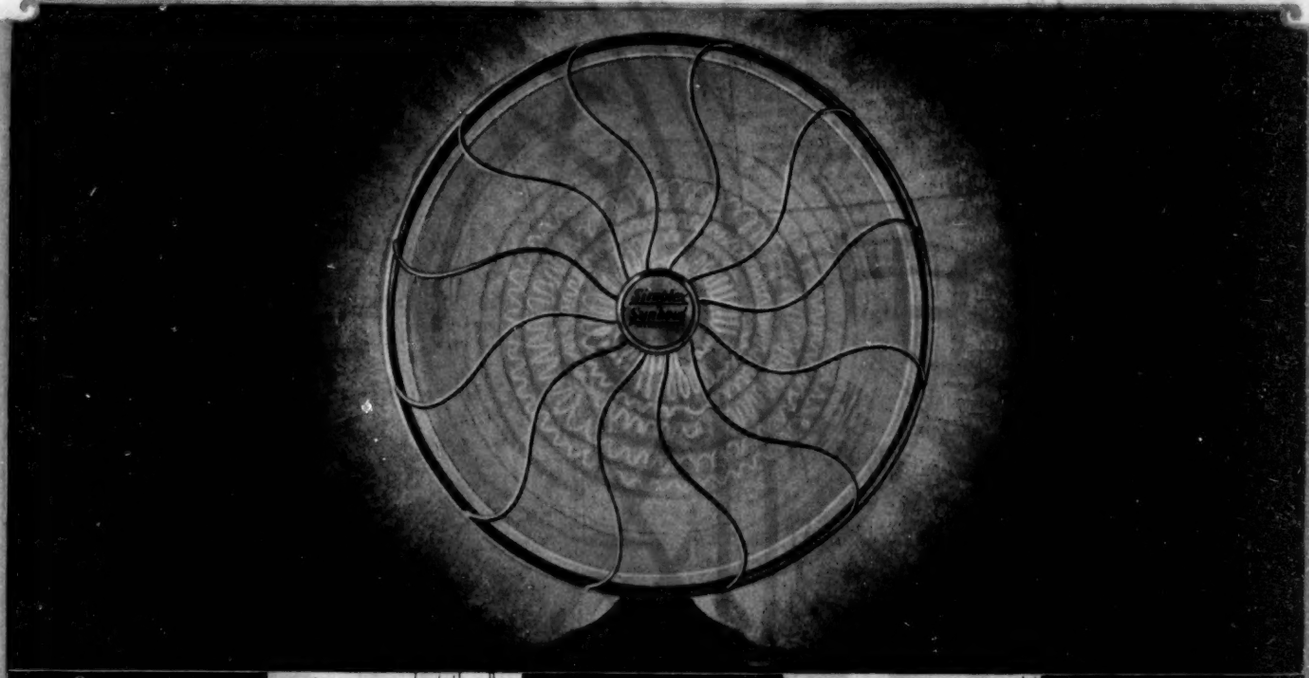
He stared, saw—and tottered in face of a calamity too immense to measure. The nozzle, slipping from his hand, turned inward, swilling him from head to foot. For one instant black fury transformed him, then he staggered away, a forearm pressed over his eyes.

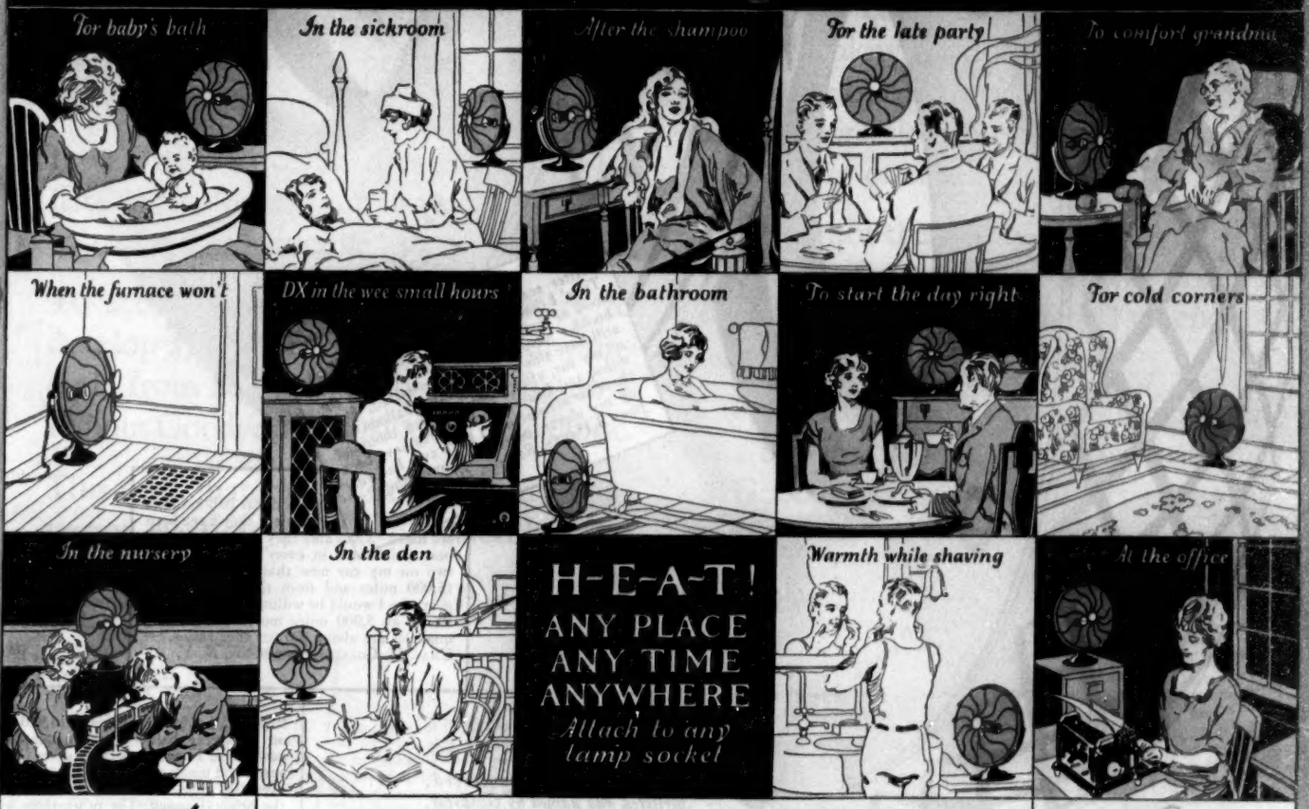
Jill sat down on the wet floor and with a scared face considered the nature of repentance. A quarter of an hour went by—half an hour—an hour, but there was still no sign of the enemy.

With singular abandonment to fate, she had unlocked the door and opened the casements. She understood now why wrongdoers sometimes confess, give themselves up to the higher powers. Dodging the inevitable was no good. It was better to face what was coming and get it over. Only once her anger against Harry revived, due, strangely enough, to his failure to get on

(Continued on Page 129)

BIGGEST BOWL – MOST HEAT





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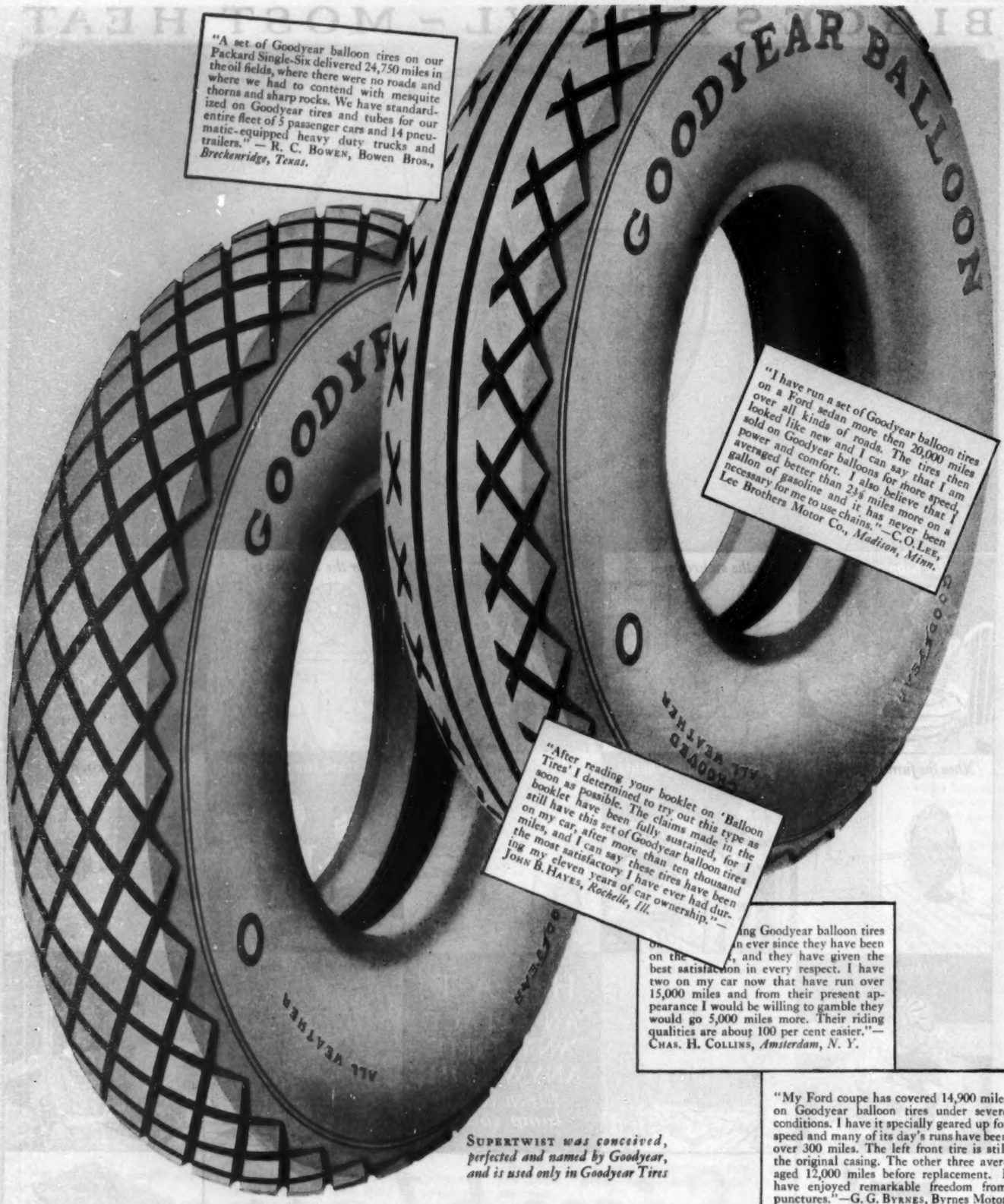

"A set of Goodyear balloon tires on our Packard Single-Six delivered 24,750 miles in the oil fields, where there were no roads and where we had to contend with mesquite thorns and sharp rocks. We have standardized on Goodyear tires and tubes for our entire fleet of 5 passenger cars and 14 pneumatic-equipped heavy duty trucks and trailers." — R. C. Bowen, Bowen Bros., *Breckenridge, Texas.*

"I have run a set of Goodyear balloon tires on a Ford sedan more than 20,000 miles over all kinds of roads. The tires then looked like new and I can say that I am sold on Goodyear balloons for more speed, power and comfort. I also believe that I averaged better than 2½ miles more on a gallon of gasoline and it has never been necessary for me to use chains."—C. O. Lee, Lee Brothers Motor Co., *Madison, Minn.*

"After reading your booklet on 'Balloon Tires' I determined to try out this type as soon as possible. The claims made in the booklet have been fully sustained, for I still have this set of Goodyear balloon tires on my car, after more than ten thousand miles, and I can say these tires have been the most satisfactory I have ever had during my eleven years of car ownership."—John B. Hayes, *Rochelle, Ill.*

...ng Goodyear balloon tires ...n ever since they have been ..., and they have given the best satisfaction in every respect. I have two on my car now that have run over 15,000 miles and from their present appearance I would be willing to gamble they would go 5,000 miles more. Their riding qualities are about 100 per cent easier."—Chas. H. Collins, *Amsterdam, N. Y.*

"My Ford coupe has covered 14,900 miles on Goodyear balloon tires under severe conditions. I have it specially geared up for speed and many of its day's runs have been over 300 miles. The left front tire is still the original casing. The other three averaged 12,000 miles before replacement. I have enjoyed remarkable freedom from punctures."—G. G. Byrnes, Byrnes Motor Co., *Springfield, Mass.*

Supertwist *was conceived, perfected and named by Goodyear, and is used only in Goodyear Tires*

GOODYEAR

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SUPERTWIST results furnish the answer

For a good many years, tire makers considered *strength* the most desirable attribute of an automobile tire.

Consequently they built and sold tires designed primarily to *resist* the shocks and blows of high-speed highway travel.

But the public was not entirely satisfied; it wanted durable tires, but it wanted more comfort along with such durability.

Goodyear had experimented for years with tires at low air pressure to provide the comfort desired.

It was easy to make tires larger and inflate them lower, but it was a problem to make them durable.

To accomplish this it was necessary to develop a new material differing in principle from any previously used, the now famous Goodyear SUPERTWIST cord fabric.

This new material is distinguished by superior elasticity; it far outstretches the breaking point of standard cord fabric.

Like the new-type tire itself, it is made to *absorb* shock through a stout springiness, rather than to *resist* it purely through strength.

When a Goodyear Tire made of SUPERTWIST strikes a stone, the elastic cords give to the impact—yield, stretch and recover—like rubber bands.

More cords come into play to take the strain, the blow is smothered in resilience, any chance of cord breakage is minimized; utmost protection thus is afforded against stone bruise or similar damage.

These are not theoretical advantages; the actual experience of users shows today's Goodyear Tire to be a marvel of endurance and economy.

You can *insure* these qualities from your own tire investment merely by insisting on Goodyears—and Goodyears cost you no more.

Good tires deserve good tubes—
Goodyear Tubes

"I have run my Buick 12,000 miles, over the roughest roads, on Goodyear balloon tires, and the wear is hardly noticeable on them. Goodyear balloons absorb small bumps and abrupt shocks on railroad crossings, small stones, etc. My car pulls better in sand beds and in mud, because of the wonderful All-Weather Tread traction. I believe these tires will run 25,000 miles."—B. W. MONCRIEF, *Prattville, Ala.*

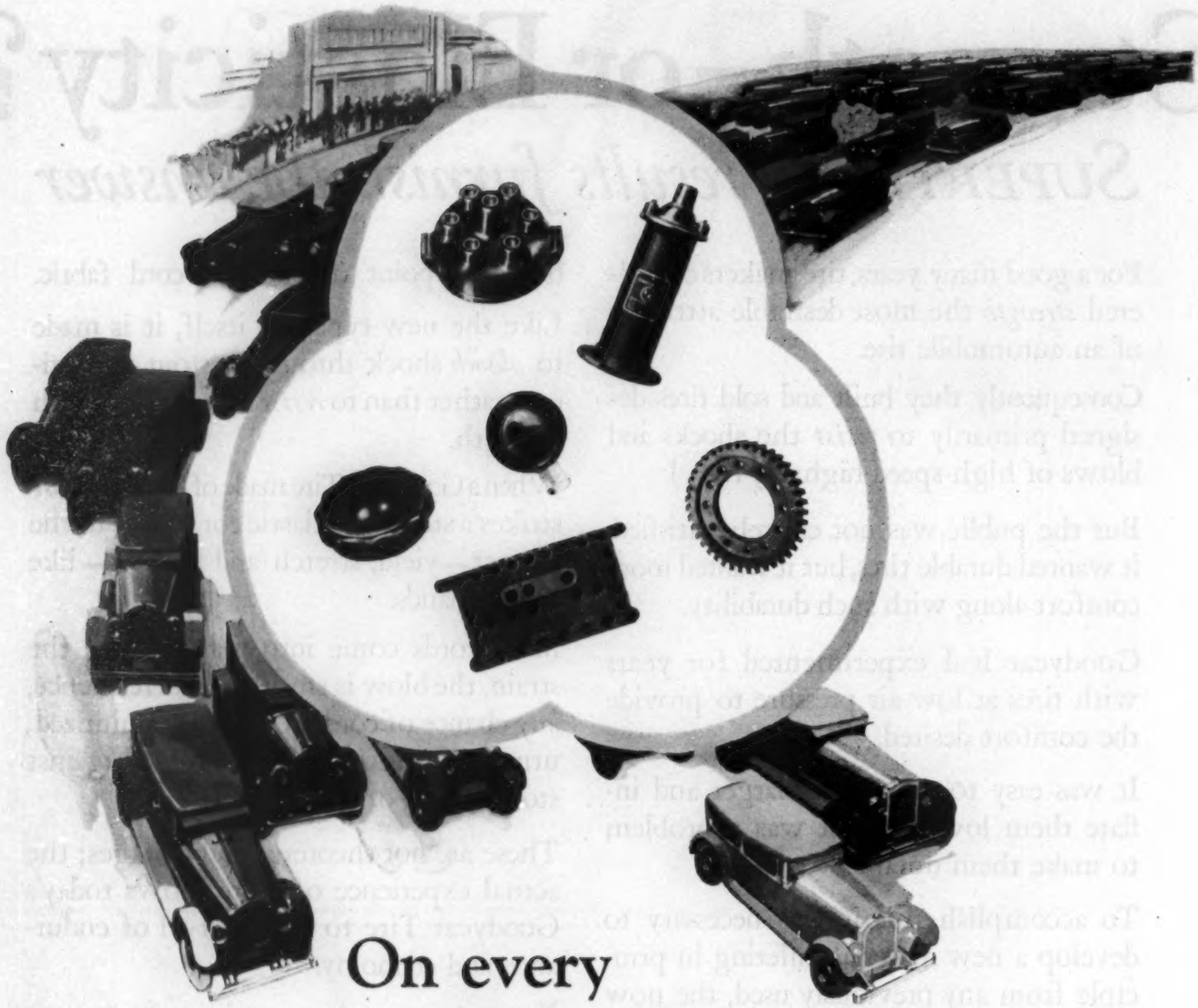
"Just a word of thanks to you for selling me the idea of using Goodyear balloon tires in traveling. I have traveled at least six thousand miles with this set of tires and have no complaint to make whatsoever. They have given wonderful service. You can pass this on to others who travel a great deal. They will make no mistake in purchasing Goodyear balloon tires."—E. C. HOCHENDEL, *Lake Charles, La.*

"My Ford sedan equipped with Goodyear balloon tires ran more than 12,000 miles on the same tires without a blowout and only four punctures. In a trade for new Goodyears I received half the cost of the new set. Three months later I saw those old Goodyear balloons and they were still in service and still in excellent condition, after 13 months of constant wear."—I. S. HINSHAW, *Supt. of City Schools, Checotah, Okla.*

"Goodyear balloon tires on my Franklin sedan have gone over 15,000 miles to date and look good for about 7,000 miles more. While a Franklin is not a hard riding car, these tires improved the riding comfort immensely, and I find I have much greater road traction and freedom from skidding. I am glad to report this good tire service."—ARTHUR E. SHANE, HUELSENBECK & SHANE, *Newark, N. J.*

BALLOONS

Made with SUPERTWIST



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THE MATERIAL OF A THOUSAND USES

(Continued from Page 124)

with the job and hit her. For the rest her heart ached for him, and when she thought of the butterflies she wept.

She was weeping when his approaching footsteps sounded in the hall. He walked in briskly. His face, although grim, bore no traces of grief. Jill was surprised at that, and further surprised that he made no attempt to rush at her.

"You goin' to stop here all day?" he asked.

Nor a word about the butterflies. With lower lip stuck out, she pointed at the box.

"Well, what about it?"

"L-look!"

It was agony, this coldness.

"I see. What about it?"

"They're done for—all of them."

Harry smiled—a nasty, curly, supercilious smile, like that Marquis de Something in the Chums story.

"You don't expect anyone to get into a bate over a little thing like that, do you?"

The reply was so unexpected, so utterly callous, that Jill's temper flamed up anew. Springing to her feet, she gave the box a great kick.

"That's right," said Harry, "let's take it outside and kick it to bits."

"Fiend incarmine!" she cried.

Harry actually lit a cigarette—true, he coughed a bit, but his wet shirt might have accounted for that.

"Dad wants me to slip over to Cannonby on the motor bike. Care to ride on the bracket?"

Jill gasped. This was carrying nonchalance too far.

"You wouldn't have me."

"All right."

He walked out. Not another word. In sheer dismay, she followed.

Presently they were pounding along the white strip of road. Still nothing had been said. Jill's arms were round his waist, her cheek was pressed against his broad shoulders. Wind rushed in her ears. Chickens cackled and fluttered for safety, a double stream of hedges floated past. And not a word. The roar of an open exhaust, that was all. Could it be that she was forgiven? Impossible! Yet was anything impossible in one so noble?

She hugged him tight and pressed cold lips to his coat. Oh, those butterflies!

"Piff! Pop, pop! Qurrugh, qurragh!" went the engine.

From forty miles an hour they slowed to a stop.

Harry said, "Get off. Water in the jet."

She got off and stood a little apart, waiting for it. Harry turned the motor bike round and stooped over the handle bar.

"Got a pin?" She hadn't. "Then get me a thorn off that gorse bush."

Oh, kind! Oh, generous—to give her a job. How—how to prove her gratitude? An inspiration. She stood tense. A miracle of memory rushed through her brain.

"Induction, confession, explosion, exhaust."

She cried the words exultantly. Harry looked at her over his shoulder.

"That thorn," was all he said.

Jill raced to the gorse bush, black legs flying.

"Pop—pur-r-r-r!"

She wheeled about. Oh, treachery! In the saddle, bent double over the handle bar, Harry was tearing down the road in a smother of dust. Above the clamor of the engine came a triumphant yell.

"Eight miles—walk!"

The roar dwined to a hum, insect loud, and died away.

"Where's Jill?" asked Harry's father.

"Gone for a walk somewhere."

"Pity not to make the most of each other's society, isn't it?"

"Dunno," said Harry.

He mouched off to the stable and back to the house again, mouched into the swilling play room and looked sullenly at the broken box that had held so much of time and treasure. Its side was staved in where she had kicked it. Harry stared and stared.

"Only a lot of old butterflies," he mumbled. "A lot of old rubbishy butterflies."

Then his mind began to play tricks. Eight miles' walk for a lot of old butterflies.

Serve her jolly well right.

She was leaving tomorrow.

Good job too.

Have the place to himself next hols.

Good job.

Rotter, she was.

Stinking trick, though, to heave lumps of whitening even at a rotten girl—and swill water at her.

Who cares for a lot of silly butterflies?

Stumping along that road—eight miles.

Not very big legs either! Spindly legs. Shanks.

And what about tramps?

"Oh, I say!"

And gypsies!

And going away tomorrow. P'r'aps a year before he'd see her again. Wasn't as if she was a bad sort!

Harry fairly screamed the motor bike along on the return journey. A distant speck became Jill. She was striding along, pink with passion, gray with dust. He swerved and skidded the motor bike to a standstill at her side.

And then it was impossible to speak. At last, "It's not confession, it's compression," he said.

Jill said, "Oh, compression."

Then before he knew what he was doing, Harry threw a clumsy arm round her neck and gave her a great kiss. For a moment they clung to each other, two hot, dusty faces crushed together. Next instant Harry was tearing down the road again—alone. There was nothing else he could do after making such a fool of himself—such an assifine fool.

But Jill didn't mind—didn't mind a bit. She was happy. The length of the walk home did not appall her. What is distance, space or time to a woman, even though she be only a child?

A woman's eyes are fixed on posterity; an extra mile or two, year or two, is a matter of no concern.

THE ROOSTER FITE FOR THE BENIFIT OF DIVINE IMPLORE

(Continued from Page 25)

lived. and i dident ly about it eether becaus they have all got roosters at there houses and hens two only they dont fit them i meen the roosters. But then he dident ask me that but only if they had got roosters.

Tuesday June 21, 186—John Adams has got the hansomest rooster i ever see. It is a bolton gray. he is white with a green and black tale and sum speckled marks under his wings. he is a little rooster but he is awful hansum and a awful fiter. he licked Jo Greenleefs big brama eesy. i am going to see if John will swop.

Wednesday June 22, 186—me and John have swopped. i have got his bolton gray and he has got my black spanish. he sed the bolton gray licked evry rooster in the naborhood and kep him in hot water all the time. he sed he dident want a rooster whitch cood fite. as long as the hens coodent lick him it was all rite. so he is satisfide and i am two. it was a good swop.

Thursday June 23, 186—it has been brite and fair all this week. i have been in swiming evry day 2 or 3 times. John Adams says my bolton gray can lick Eds rocky mountain. i bet he can.

Friday June 24, 186—brite and fair. the gardens will all be spoilt if we dont have rane. i bet Ed will be girprized.

Sunday June 26, 186— father says the advent minister is going to another place. he went round to see all the fellers whitch i told him had roosters and sum of them roosters had been fiting and he sed they had been putting their roosters in his coop and their fathers and mothers and aunts and uncles got mad with him and he is going to resine. father says the church is all toar up about it and it is tuff on the minister. ennyway he hadent augt to suspect me as he done. so i dont care. it shows that a minister hadent augt to be mixing into things he dont know ennything about.

Monday June 27, 186— we all went to a lecture last nite in the congrigation chirch vestry. Keene and Cele sung a duet and the quire sung and there was a missionary spoke. he sed in china the chinees killed all the girl babys and he wanted all the chirches to give all the money they cood to stop it. he sed they killed them by tiing a cord round there throtes and then a chinee at eech end pulled until she was ded. he sed there was a butifull chinee girl whitch was going to be killed that way unless the chirches rased enuf money to by her. he told sum awful sad storis that got evrybody crying and then he told sum stories that made evry feller wish he cood get a ax and go gunning for them chinees.

he sed the chirches was all going to rase money for her and he sed that the feller or girl whitch rased the most money wood be given presents of books and they cood chooze the books.

then the missionery prayed for the chinee girl and then he asted us all to stand up and sing a himm. the himm was about her and it sed o wach and fite and pray the battel neer give oar renew it boldly day by day and help Divine Implore. you can jest bet we will help Divine Implore. after the meating was over i went up with a lot of peeple and shook hands with the missionery. i gnew a good deel about the chinees becaus onct my father had shown me a live chinee in a tea store in Boston and another time father had took me to see a lot of chinees whitch came from China with a man naimed Birlingaim. so i told him about it and he sed i was prety well poasted. then i told him we wood all help Divine Implore and he sed he hoped we wood evry day on our gnees. he sed he was glad to meet a boy like me whitch had the spirrit of trew religion in me. Beany and Tommy Tomson and sum of the other fellers was kind of mad becaus i gnew so mutch about the chinees and had saw so many live chinees and not wooden ones whitch can nod their heads like the one in old Natt Weak's grocery store. but they all went up and sed they wood help Divine Implore wether they done it on their gnees or on their hine legs, the missionery looked kind of funny when they sed that but he sed all rite my dear yung frends only dont forget that nothing is good whitch dont spring from the spirit of trew religion. and they all sed yes sir.

Tuesday June 28, 186—yesterday up to the swimming hole we talked about the missionery and the prizes. the Chadwicks is going to have a prize fite in their barn between Puz and Bug. tickets are $.10 cents apeace. i am going. i bet they will rase a lot of mony for Divine Implore. Whack is manager. Whack sed the missionery sed we must fite for Divine Implore and the best way to fite was to prize fite becaus you can charg admsion.

Herb Moses is going to ketch a lot of pickerel and sell them to Mager Blake of the Swamscott Hotel. he knows where there is some old lunkers.

Tommy Tomson and Hendy Hicky is to get up a nigger minstril show; i cant go to boath and so i am going to the prize fite. i havent desided what to do.

Wednesday June 29, 186— all the fellers is going to save their mony and not by enny firecrackers or rockits. we have never been so sterred up over ennything as we have over Divine Implore. i havent desided what to do.

June 30, 186—last nite before i went to sleep i desided what to do. it come to me all of a sudden. it is the best thing yet. i bet i will get ferst prize. if i do i shall chooze Master Man Reddy or Snarly-yow i dont know whitch. me and Ed Tole will have a rooster fite. i will charge $.15 cents and as mutch more as peeple will pay. if i can beat Eds rooster i gess he wont say so mutch. jest becaus Eds old rocky mountain has licked evry rooster he has fit with Ed thinks he can lick a gristly bear. there is one rooster whitch Eds aint fit yet and that is mine.

Friday July 1, 186— brite and fair. Ed has agreed to bring up his rooster and to bet haff of the mony we get. we are going to have it behine the barn a weak from tomorrer afternoon. the high fense is on one side and the barn on the other. old John Dooly of the club stable is going to be the empire. he has fit roosters and knows all about it.

Saturday July 2, 186— Tommy Tomson had his nigger Ministril show today. i dident go. i had ruther go to the prize fite. so i went in swimming only once today. first i went in with Pewt and Beany and staid in a hour and jest as we had got ready to come out Bob Bruce and Jack Melvin and the twin Browns come down and we went in with them and staid in about 2 hours. then we got ready to come out when the Chadwicks and Zee Smith come down and we went in with them and staid until supper time. tonite father asted me how many times i went in and i sed only one time. whitch was the trooth. gosh i am tired tonite.

Sunday July 3, 186— tonite we went to a sunday school meating to deside what to do about the presents. the minister sed thet nex sunday evening there wood be a meating in the chirch and everybody which had rased enny money shood bring it in a envelop with his name on it and shood seel the envelop up tite. that he wood call the naims and open the envelops and as eech feller or girl was called he was to tell how he or she rased the money. tomorrow is the 4th of July. i dont care mutch. we can go down town and see the fites and we can go up to the Eddy and see the school picknick. they are going to have tubs of lemonaid and races and pluging base balls at niggers heads stuck throug a hole in a sheet and fireworks and a concert by the band. so we fellers are going to hang round and if ennybody asks us to have sum lemonaid we will taik it evry time.

Monday July 4th, 186—i had a prety good time today even if i dident have enny fire crackers. at half past five they had the horibles and they was bully. hardly ennybody will speek to ennybody elce for weaks after a parade of horibles. after the horibles was over i saw 3 good fites down on the street. then after dinner i went up to the Eddy. i had a bully time. all the lemonaid i cood drink and ice cream two. i saw the bulliest fite. they got Mike Cassidy to black up his face and be a african doger becaus they coodent find a nigger. so Mike done it and he was as good as a nigger and looked jest like one. he got hit 2 or 3 times but he dident mind it. bimeby sum fellers from Epping began to plug him and coodent hit him althoug one feller cood plug awful hard. bimeby Mike begun to let them hit him once in a while becaus he dident cair and he made awful faces and pertended it hurt him awful and evryone hollered and laffed and had a good time. bimeby the Epping feller whitch cood plug the hardest found a round rock and let ding at Mike as hard as he cood and Mike thinking it was a base ball and woodent hirt him let it hit him rite in the head. well when Mike felt that rock hit him he dident wait to pull his head out of the hole but he come rite throug the sheet like a circus rider gumping throug a paper hoop and he piched into that Epping feller. well the fellers

(Continued on Page 133)

BEAUTY-COMFORT

Ford

Today's High Peak *in* Motor Car Value

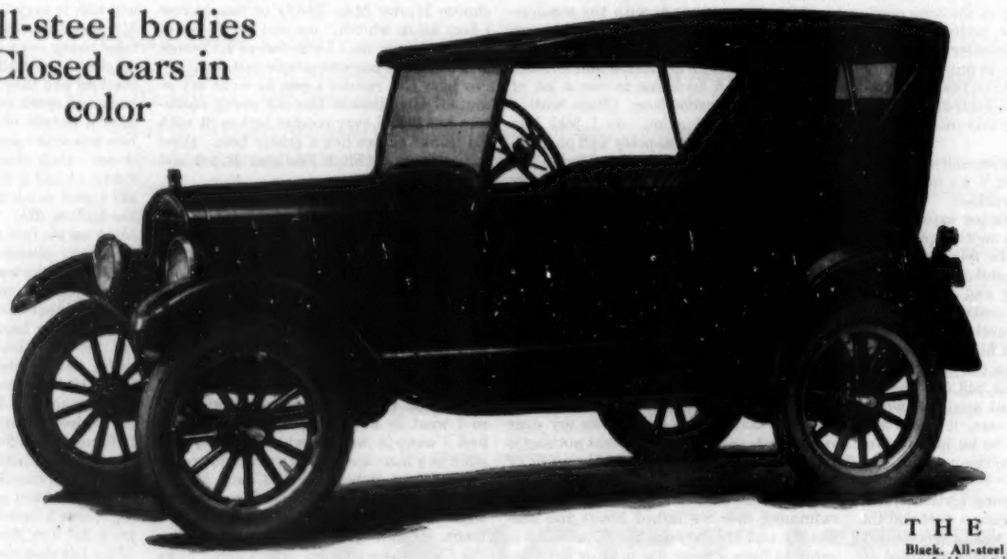
DISPLAY rooms of all Authorized Ford Dealers are thronged with those eager to see the latest Ford body types. Admiration for these attractive cars is expressed everywhere. The low stream-line bodies, the increased roominess, the greater riding comfort and the many convenient new features are advantages which are widely welcomed and appreciated.

The fact that all this has been accomplished without raise in price is even more impressive. Ford value, for years holding unchallenged leadership in the motor car market, now reaches a new high peak, through Ford production—its volume and economy of manufacturing methods.

Demand for Ford cars has exceeded all previous records during summer months. Now it is sure to outstrip even the huge production Ford facilities permit.

FORD MOTOR COMPANY DETROIT

All-steel bodies
Closed cars in
color



THE TOURING

Black. All-steel body. One-man top. Weatherproof side curtains opening with all four doors. Four cord tires, nickeled head lamp rims, windshield wiper. Starter and demountable rims $85 extra. Balloon tires $25 extra. *Price f. o. b. Detroit*

$290

CONVENIENCE-UTILITY

for BEAUTY

Chassis has been lowered; bodies have also been lowered and lengthened. This stream-line effect is further emphasized by the raising of radiator and head lamps.

Closed bodies in color are unusually pleasing; the Fordor Sedan comes in a rich Windsor Maroon, while the Coupe and Tudor Sedan are finished in deep Channel Green; new and finer upholstery gives an artistic harmony to the whole car.

Bright nickeled radiator and head lamp rims feature closed cars. On open cars, head lamp rims are also nickeled.

Fenders are larger, longer and more attractive, conforming to stream-line treatment. The hood also is longer; louvres on sides are re-designed and increased in number.

Rear deck of both the Coupe and Runabout has a full sweep of line which greatly improves these cars' appearance.

for COMFORT

Seats are set further back, lowered and re-designed to permit easy relaxation.

Lowering of the car's center of gravity tends to give greater sense of security and to in-crease roadability.

Improvement in both the transmission and rear wheel brakes, with wider drums and bands, makes braking smoother and more positive.

One-piece ventilating windshields in the Tudor Sedan and Coupe give greater visibility.

Running boards are wider and nearer the ground; doors are designed for easier entrance and exit.

for CONVENIENCE

In the Tudor Sedan, Coupe and open cars, gasoline tank is under the cowl and may be filled from the outside.

Brake and clutch pedals are wider and more conveniently spaced. Steering wheel is larger and lower.

Coil box and gasoline sediment bulb are placed under hood, where they may be more conveniently reached. Improved fan bracket simplifies adjustment of fan belt.

for UTILITY

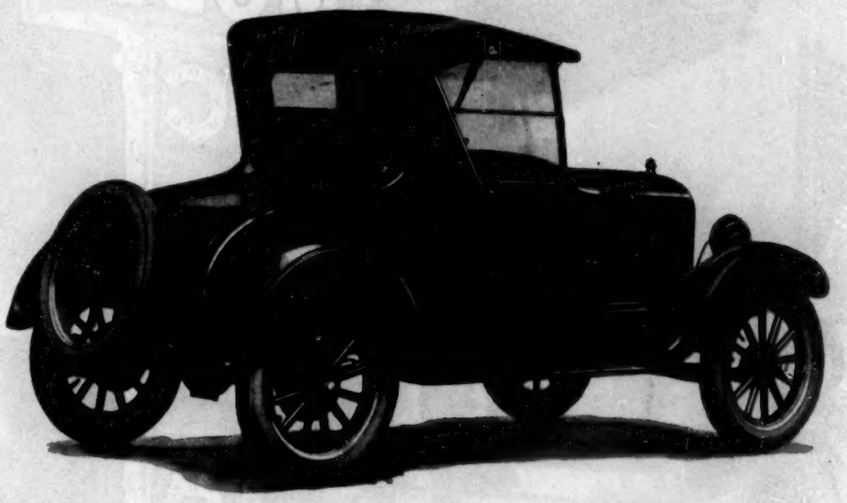
Bodies of all-steel construction mean longer wear and lower upkeep.

The Touring Car and Runabout have re-movable storm-curtains opening with all doors.

Compartment space under the rear deck of the Coupe and Runabout has been greatly increased.

There is added capacity in the gasoline tank of the Tudor Sedan, Coupe and open cars.

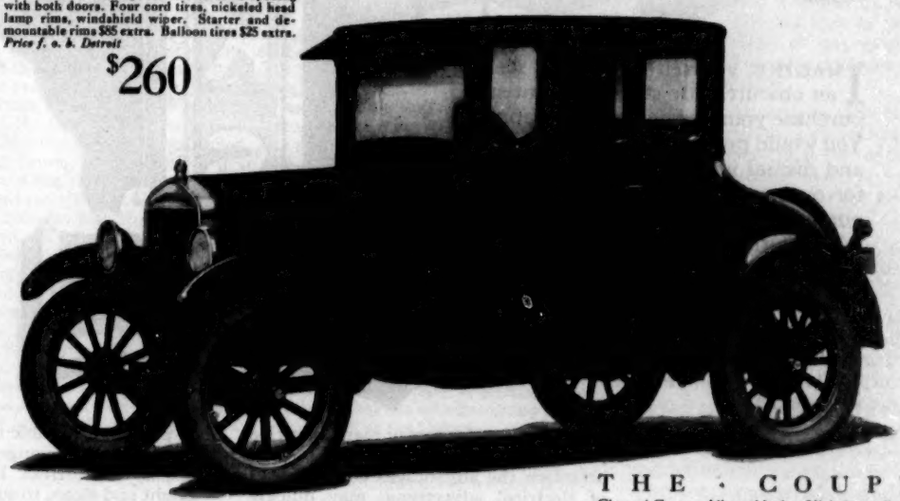
No increase in prices



THE RUNABOUT

Black. All-steel body. Large compartment under rear deck. Weatherproof side curtains opening with both doors. Four cord tires, nickeled head lamp rims, windshield wiper. Starter and de-mountable rims $85 extra. Balloon tires $25 extra. *Price f. o. b. Detroit*

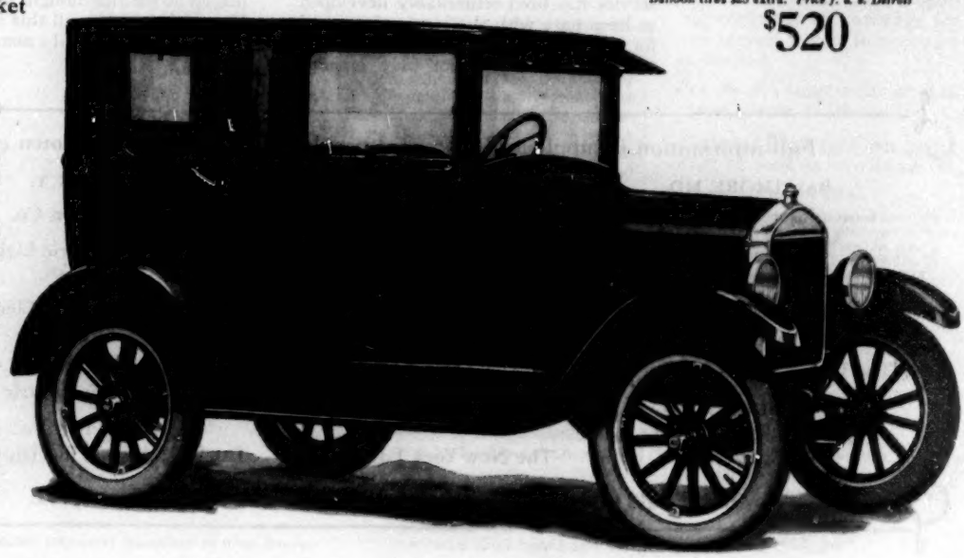
$260



THE COUPE

Channel Green. All-steel body. Nickeled radiator and head lamp rims. Large compartment under rear deck. Starter, four cord tires, demountable rims, windshield wiper, rear view mirror and dash lamp. Balloon tires $25 extra. *Price f. o. b. Detroit*

$520

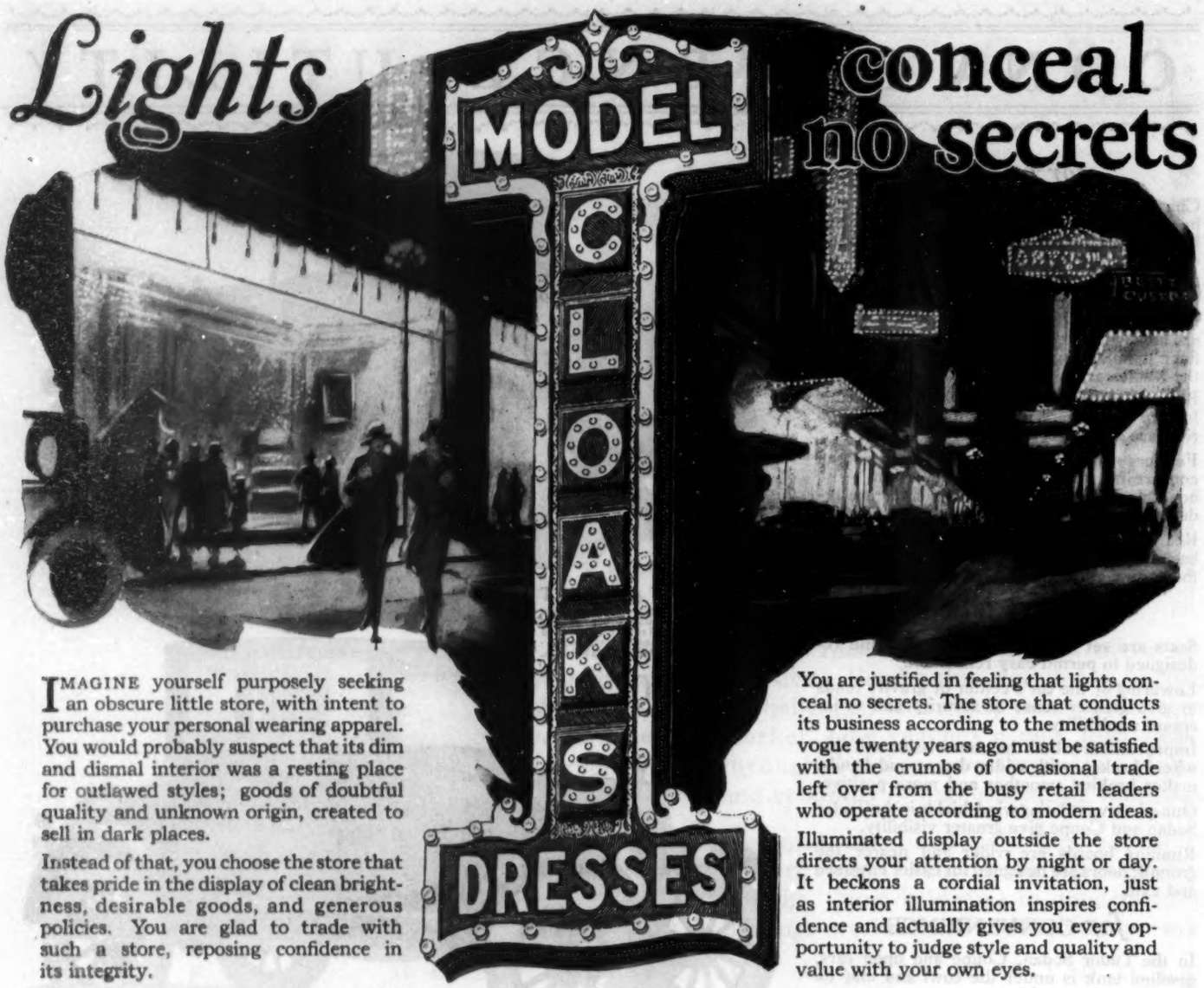


THE TUDOR SEDAN

Channel Green. All-steel body. Nickeled radiator and head lamp rims. Starter, demountable rims, four cord tires, windshield wiper, rear view mirror and dash lamp. Balloon tires $25 extra. *Price f. o. b. Detroit*

$580

Lights conceal no secrets



IMAGINE yourself purposely seeking an obscure little store, with intent to purchase your personal wearing apparel. You would probably suspect that its dim and dismal interior was a resting place for outlawed styles; goods of doubtful quality and unknown origin, created to sell in dark places.

Instead of that, you choose the store that takes pride in the display of clean brightness, desirable goods, and generous policies. You are glad to trade with such a store, reposing confidence in its integrity.

You are justified in feeling that lights conceal no secrets. The store that conducts its business according to the methods in vogue twenty years ago must be satisfied with the crumbs of occasional trade left over from the busy retail leaders who operate according to modern ideas.

Illuminated display outside the store directs your attention by night or day. It beckons a cordial invitation, just as interior illumination inspires confidence and actually gives you every opportunity to judge style and quality and value with your own eyes.

Owners of retail stores or manufacturing plants, who have not had called to their attention the advantages and economy of electrical advertising, may quickly obtain full information by calling up the nearest lighting company. This type of service has been remarkably developed to keep pace with the service furnished for other purposes. Many of the electric companies will not only arrange to provide a suitable individual display, but will also arrange to maintain the display with fresh lamps, keeping it bright and clean, to supply electricity at very low prices and to take care of the taxes and insurance. After your order is placed no further thought need be given. Your only cost for all this is an original partial investment and a nominal monthly charge.

Full information is supplied to interested people by any of the well known electric lighting companies

BALTIMORE, MD.
Consolidated Gas, Electric Light & Power Co.

CHICAGO, ILL.
Commonwealth Edison Co.

CINCINNATI, OHIO
The Union Gas & Electric Co.

KANSAS CITY, MO.
Kansas City Power & Light Company

MILWAUKEE, WIS.
The Milwaukee Electric Railway & Light Co.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.
Northern States Power Co.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.
New Orleans Public Service, Inc.

NEW YORK, N. Y.
The New York Edison Co.

NEW YORK, N. Y.
Brooklyn Edison Co.

The United Electric Light & Power Co.

New York & Queens Electric Light & Power Co.

OKLAHOMA CITY, OKLA.
Oklahoma Gas & Electric Co.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.
The Philadelphia Electric Co.

ST. PAUL, MINN.
Northern States Power Co.

SAN DIEGO, CAL.
San Diego Consolidated Gas & Electric Co.

PUEBLO, COLO.
Southern Colorado Power Co.

STOCKTON, CAL.
Western States Gas & Electric Co.

SALINAS, CAL.
Coast Valleys Gas & Electric Co.

"AN ELECTRIC SIGN IS NO BETTER THAN THE SERVICE IT GETS"

(Continued from Page 129)

made a ring and you never see sutch a fite in your life. they wood stand rite up and lam eech other in the mug and onct in a while one of the fellers wood get gnocked heels over head and wood gump up and lam time out of the other feller. they were about even. the Exeter fellers were all hollering paist the head off him Mike and the Epping and Newmarket fellers was hollering gnock his face into shape Bill, bust in his slats Bill. bimeby a Exeter feller stuck out his leg and triped Bill up and a Epping feller give the Exeter feller a lam in the snoot and another Exeter feller hit the Epping feller whitch give the Exeter feller a lam in the snoot, a gosh walloper in the ey and a Newmarket feller give the Exeter feller whitch give the Epping feller a gosh wolloper in the ey becaus he give the Exeter feller a lam in the snoot becaus he triped Bill up a side winder in the ear and in 2 seconts evrybody was piching in and hollering whoop hooroo and lamming round for all they was wirth and hollering punch him Patsy, lam him Terry, gnock his nose off Bill, smash hel out of him Jimmy. they tipped over the tables and gnocked a barrel of plaits and glasses and the women begun to screem and hold onto there fellers coat tails. we fellers clim trees where we wood be out of dainger and cood see the fite.

i dont know how long they wood have fit but when they was all mixed up together fiting hard as they cood fite the Exeter teacher and the Epping teacher and the Newmarket teacher whitch had been waulking in the woods come running back as fast as they cood run and they rushed rite into the fite and begun yanking fellers out by the neck and they gawed them terible and in 2 minits they stoped the fite.

then the Newmarket teacher gawed the Newmarket fellers and the Exeter teacher gawed the Exeter fellers and the Epping teacher gawed the Epping fellers and all the fellers shook hands and sed they had the best time they ever had in their lifes and then they set down to dinner after they had washed their faces in the river and they sent us home. ennyway we had all the lemonaid we cood drink and ice creem two and saw the best fite we ever saw. so we had a good time and the day wasent waisted.

Tuesday July 5, 186— i wonder whitch wood have licked Mike or the Epping Feller if they had fit it out.

Wensday July 6, 186— Keene and Cele are going to have a concert to rase mony for Divine Implore. they are going to have it in our parlor thursday nite. Keene sings 2 songs and Cele 2. then Keene and Cele sing 10 duets. then Cele plays 5 peaces on the piano and Keene and Cele plays 5 duets on the piano. they is practising all the time.

Thursday July 7, 186— my rooster is a wheeler. a wheeler is a rooster that keeps tirning and running and doging about. when the other rooster gets tuckered out a wheeler licks him eesy. i told John about it so he wont stop the fite when my rooster runs. John sed o ho if he is a nateral wheeler he will lick ennything but a game cock.

this afternoon i went to the Chadwicks prize fite. it was a ripper. it was to be a fite to a finish and Bug and Puz had fit 12 rounds even when old Miss Finton the house keeper stoped the fite. we fellers tride to get our mony back but Whack sed 12 rounds like them rounds was wirth the mony and he woodent give it back.

tonite we had the concert. mother had made Keene and Cele agree to sing only 2 solos apeace and 2 duets apeace and play only 2 duets. she sed peeple wood go to sleep if they plaid or sung two mutch. ennyway nobody came and father give them $.50 cents each and sed it was wirth $1. doller each. mother she sed she wasent sirprized for father had made them play and sing for evrybody whitch wanted them to and of coarse nobody wood pay for what they cood get free. father he sed, gosh Joey, he calls mother Joey you know. i gess you are rite. Keene was mad and Cele cried she was so mottifide. ennyway they have got $1. doller for Divine Implore whitch is pretty good. i asted the Chadwicks how mutch they got for the prize fite and they woodent tell. they think they will get the prize for the Secont Chirch.

Friday July 8, 186— clowdy but no rane. tomorrow is the rooster fite. Ed dont know my bolton gray rooster is a wheeler. when he sees my rooster tirn round and run he will think he is licked. then when my rooster tirns round and gnocks the stuffing out of his old rocky mountain rooster i gess he wont feal so smart. what if my rooster dosent stop running. gosh. i gess i will feal prety sick. i hoap it wont rane tomorrow. roosters will fite in the rane jest as good but peeple wont pay mony to see a fite in the rane. sum peeple wont. me and Ed wood you bet.

Saterday July 9, 186— Ed Tole feals prety sick tonite. his old rocky mountain feals prety sick and looks prety sick two. i have got my pocket full of mony. it was in my pocket but i have put it in my desk in my room. i never see so good a fite. my rooster licked Eds. i never felt so good in my life. it is a long story but i will wright it down jest as it happened before i go to bed. gosh i have got a elegant rooster.

well this afternoon lots of fellers come to the fite. mother and aunt Sarah had went down town shoping and had taken Frankie and the baby and Keene and Cele and Georgie had went to see sum girls and had took Annie. evrybody come. Fatty Gilman and the twin Browns and Flunk Ham and Chick Randall and Newt Crummet, Skinny Bruce, Tady Finton all the Chadwicks and Bug had a black ey and Puz a swole lip and one of his thums out of goint from their prize fite and Tim Feeny and Mike Connell and Lubbin Smith and lots of other fellers. old John Dooly was the empire. sum of the fellers give $.25 cents and when me and Ed counted up we had $3. dollers and $.60 cents or $1. and $.80 cents apeace. so we bet our shares and old John took the money until the fite had been fit out.

Well Ed brougt up his old rocky mountain under his arm and i went in and got my rooster. old John sed drop your birds and we put them down one in one side of the yard and the other in the other side. well you know how roosters pick round sideways and kind of slow before they begin to fite. well Eds rooster was picking round sideways my rooster sort of folded up his tale and shrunk up his fethers until he dident look bigger than a bantum and then he ran strait at Eds rooster and gnocked him heels over head. then they went at it and evry time they came together my rooster gnocked him back most a yard. well they fit that way for 5 minits and my rooster had the best of it. evry time he hit Eds rooster he wood make the fethers fly. well when they got close together Eds rooster was so mutch taller and hevier that mine wheeled round and run with Eds rooster after him. well Ed hollered Plupys rooster is licked and all the other fellers whitch dident know mutch about rooster fiting hollered two and Ed was going to grab up his rooster but old John sed let him alone a rooster aint licked till he squorks and gives up.

well my rooster run and doged and Eds chased him. when he wood ketch him my rooster wood tirn and hit him quick cracks that snaped like a whip then Eds rooster wood begin to pound him and mine wood break away and run. he wood fold his tale and tuck in his wings and run jest as eesy but Eds rooster was getting tuckered and kind of wobbly and his beek was wide open. so Ed got scart and wanted to stop the fite and finish it another day. but old John sed the fite will go on till one rooster squorks and gives up. bimeby Eds rooster woodent chase mine enny more and mine wood come back and lam him. bimeby Eds rooster run and stuck his head into a corner and squorked and mine was paisting him good and old John told me to ketch my rooster and told Ed to ketch his and we done it. then old John told us to put them down in the center of the yard and we done it and when we let go of our roosters Eds squorked and run and stuck his head in a corner and mine paisted him good. so old John told me to taik up my rooster and sed that my rooster had licked Eds and he give me $3. dollers and $.60 cents. they had fit ½ a hour and i tell you Ed felt pretty sick.

so that is all and tomorrow i am going to get first prize in Sunday school. i dont beleeve ennybody has rased so mutch mony. i never xpected to taik a prize in sunday school. i bet the old minister will be pleazed. i gess i wont go to the Unitarial sunday school enny moar. they will have to get along without me. they will have to do the best they can with Beany and Pewt. it will be tuff on the Unitarials. that is all tonite.

Sunday July 10, 186— well the thing is over. i rased moar money for Divine Implore than ennybody and the old minister woodent give me the prize and kep the mony.

well it is a verry sad story. i dident supose a minister cood be so meen. but this shows they can.

well tonite we all went to the chirch father and mother and Keene and Cele and Georgie and aunt Sarah. aunt Clark come in to look after the children. Keene and Cele were going to sing a duet but after nobody went to there concert and father had pade them $.50 cents eech he sed if peeple were two cussid meen to pay ten cents to hear a good concert they coodent hear them for nothing.

well evrybody was there and the chirch was full. the minister read the scriptures and the quire sung and then the minister prayed for all the peeple and specially for the chinees. then he sed we will now open the envelops and see what our jenerus little frends have ernt for the cause and how they done it. then he took up a envelop and called out Lucy Watson and Lucy she got up and the minister he sed $.35 cents and rote on a black board and sed

He Sed for Mersy Sakes What Has Happened to That Rooster

very good indeed Lucy and how did you ern so mutch. then Lucy sed washing dishes for the lady next door, and Lucy set down fealing prety good. then he opened a envelop and called $.28 cents Mary Emerson and rote it down and sed very good Mary not quite so good as Lucy but very credible. then Mary whitch cood scarcly talk she was crying so hard becaus Lucy beat her and sed she had taken cair of Mrs. Carrolls baby. then she set down with her hankerchif to her face and the minister called Herbert Moses one $1. and $.20 cents and lots of fellers looked mad and wispered that Herb was a Baptis and hadent enny rite there. well Herb sed he had caugt 6 strings of perch and pickerel and sold them. most all the fellers but me was mad at Herb.

then the minister called Cornelia Shute that is Keene you know and rote down .50 cents and Lucy Watson tirned red and run her tung out at Keene when Keene stood up. then the minister asted Keene how she ernt so mutch mony and Keene sed she and her sister Cele had a concirt and the minister sed o yes you and your sister are the girls that sing so butiful and were to sing tonite. why did you chainge your mind. and Keene sed after nobody come to our concert father give us $.50 cents apeace and sed if the peeple of the chirch was two cussid meen to come to a ten cent apeace concert for a good cause they were two meen to hear a concert for nothing. well when she sed that father and mother and aunt Sarah tirned so red that it neerly set their necktys afire, and old Natt Jewell and old E. O. Loverin and old Natt Weaks coffed so that they had to go out with their handkerchiefs to their faces. then the minister sed it showed a deploorible spirit to talk so.

then after the peeple stoped sneezing and coffing the minister called Celia Shute $.50 cents and Cele stood up and sed concirt and set down and the minister looked glad she dident say ennything moar. then he called Sarah Lamprey sixty $.60 cents and 4 or 5 more girls begun to cry. but Cele and Keene dident cry but set up and looked as if they dident cair a darn whitch jest about the way they felt. then the minister called Willie Simpson one $1. doller and $.25 cents and Herb Moses and all the other fellers looked mad enuf to bite Willie and when he sed he had hemmed a table cloth and a dozen gnapkins for his mother 2 or 3 fellers sed aw rite out and evry feller sed to himself that he wood lick Willie tomorrow. so i pity willie. well there wasent mutch fun after that becaus evrybody but me and willie Simpson and Sarah Lamprey was mad. peeple kind of laffed when Tomtit Tomson got $.65 cents for a nigger ministril show and Hendy Hicky got $.66 for frogs hine legs.

then the minister called me and sed $3. dollers and $.60 cents and then he sed a most jenerus and remarkible sum and that i must be a yung man of grate enterprize and bisiness sagasity and he sed how did you ern this princly sum Harry and i sed rite out loud so that evrybody cood hear me. i ernt $1. doller and $.80 cents for having a rooster fite and $1. doller and $.80 cents for betting on it. $1. and $.80 and $1. doller and $.80 maiks $3. dollers and $.60 cents. well when i sed that the ministers eys neerly fell out and he stood with his mouth open then he sed what 3 times and then i told him again. well father neerly gumped over the phew and then he begun to coff and grab for his handkerchif and mother grabed for hers and aunt Sarah grabed for hers and they hid their faces and their shoulders shook and 2 or 3 moar got up and went out coffin and choaking terible.

then the minister sed do you meen to say that any puppil of this sabath school did so wicked sinful and crimminal ack as to let 2 of Gods creatures fite and tear eech other to peaces and bet on the result and i sed yes sir you told us to.

then the minister sed what 5 times eech one louder than the last. then he sed do not add falshood to your crime. then father stoped laffing and started to get up but mother pulled him back. then i sed to the minister you told us to ern mony enny way we cood and to fite for it and you maid us sing a himm about waching and fiting and praying. then father took to his hankerchif again and 2 or 3 moar men got up and went out choking most to deth then the minister sed i am deeply greeved and paned that my innosent word shood be so misunderstood. i hope it was done with no evil intent but at all events even if his ack was moar mistaken than wicked it was an ack that cannot intitle him to credit or to a chance at the prize book. so i dident get the book and the old minister kep the mony. i looked over to father and he winked and waived his hand and mother smiled at me and Keene shook her fist at the minister so i gnew i was all rite with them. well after Willie Simpson had got the boys prize and Sarah Lamprey the girls prize the minister maid a prayer and evrybody went out. most evrybody was mad but father laffed and slaped me on the back and give me a quarter. mother and Aunt Sarah and Keene and Georgie went ahead and father and me and Cele behine. well 3 or 4 old women come up and asted father if he wasent going to punish me severely for what i had did and father sed yes ladies he had augt to be punished and so i will punish him sum moar and he give me anuther quarter. then they sed we think Mister Shute you shood be ashamed to set sutch an xample to this dear little girl and then Cele made a awful face at them and run out her tung and sed bla 3 times and then she begun to cry and run home as fast as she cood.

well then the old women went off mad and father laffed all the way home. i asted father if he was going to punish Cele for being impudent to the old women and he sed hel no they desirved it for not minding their bizziness.

we have desided to go back to the Unitarial chirch.

Editor's Note—This is the fifth of a series of sketches by Mr. Shute. The next will appear in an early issue.

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 34)

Street for want of honest gasoline, and Marjorie and her dad's billion were saved.

LIEUT. BRECKENRIDGE: "I only did my duty, little woman."

MARJORIE: "Yes, and you have spoiled a perfectly thrilling yacht trip to Europe. The Spider was such an interesting man."

LIEUT. BRECKENRIDGE: "But I love you and would take you around the world in my airplane, away from all this."

MARJORIE: "Brooklyn, too?"

LIEUT. B.: "Yes, even Brooklyn, for your sake."

—*John Forbes.*

A Particular Party Call

I'D HATE to be a voter
In a European state.
I'd feel just like a rotor
As I clutched my giddy pate;
And I'd need to take a motor
If I didn't ballot straight,
For with all the various candidates, both regular and dark,
Each ballot must be larger than a lawn in Central Park.

There are Centrists (with Eccentrists and Concentrists and Percentrists),
Rationals and Nationals and also Irredentrists,
Radicals and Fadicals and Common People's Rights,
Liberals and Gliberals and Wild-Eyed Fly-By-Nights;
There are Democratic Socialists and Social Democrats,
Monarchists and Anarchists and Stand-Forever-Pats.

With the various coalitions,
Their partitions and divisions,
A mathematic marvel cannot figure who's ahead.
After all your wild additions,
When you've made your nice decisions
The party that you voted for rolls over and plays dead.

In every clan and every faction
Every man is full of action,
Scheming for a fusion that will bring him power and pork.
Every legislative session
Swells with flatulent digression,
Egocentric windiness that Satan couldn't cork.

I'd hate to be a voter in a European state;
I know just what I'd do a little later—
I'd bounce a shiny ax upon each addled statesman's pate
And accept a nomination as dictator.

—*Jerome B. Barry.*

Vocabulary

BYRON, Browning, Kipling, Keats,
Chaucer, Landor, Shelley, Yeats,
Hood and Lang and Thomas Gray,
Goldsmith, Kingsley, Pope and Gay,
Shakspere, Henley, Dryden, Hunt,
Howells, Swinburne, Dobson, Blunt,
Raleigh, Lyly, Beaumont, Fletcher,
Lovelace, Suckling, Bunyan, Dekker,
Herrick, Jonson, Johnson, Ayton,
Milton, Marlowe, Congreve,
Drayton,
Kilmer, Carman, Whitman, Poe,
And twenty other bards I know
Spent their lives devising ways
To write in clever paraphrase
An age-old vow that's ever new,
The simple sentence "I love you!"

—*John P. Waters.*

Canine Cantos

At the Shore

THE Pekingese is very brave!
He barks at each advancing wave
And, as crestfallen they recede,
Believes his barking did the deed.

Likes and Dislikes

These be the things that pups like best:
A clean bedspread on which to rest,
A pair of brand-new boots to chew,
A garbage can to rummage through,
A bone to crunch, a ball to catch,
A seeded flower plot to scratch.

These be the things that pups like least:
A cat—that most ungracious beast
Who spits and claws when wagging tail
Suggests a game—the soap and pail
Predicting baths are near, and, more
Than anything, the pup next door!

At Golf

My puppy loves to chase his tail
Around and round without avail;
I smile the while I watch him try—
And wonder why.

But when along the links I trail,
Pursuing pill o'er hill and dale,
He follows me with puzzled eye—
And wonders why.

With Enemies

When my dog meets a cat and I'm right in the rear,
His demeanor's denunciatory;
But if he meets a cat and there's nobody near,
I suspect that's a different story.

—*John Hanlon.*

CONQUERED

(Continued from Page 44)

about in novels. It seemed casual and oblique and without the glamour and grandeur of true passion. And he was demanding, apparently, much more than he could offer. For it came home to her of a sudden that she knew practically nothing of this reckless-eyed man who had made no startling success of life.

"Let's be getting back," said the practical-minded Tiny.

"Back to earth?" queried Billy, with his slightly bitter smile.

"Back to the hospital," corrected the runaway girl. For she was more afraid of herself, she began to feel, than she was of him. It was dangerous ground, this untrodden field of the emotions. And Tiny was too alone in the world, too homeless and unattached, to toy safely with such luxuries.

"And that's all you can say to me?" demanded Billy, with a quick side glance into her eyes.

"Let's can the zooing bug!" said Tiny, reverting to the argot of her youth, for she was a little uncertain of Billy and his power to ruffle her peace of mind.

"What are you afraid of?" asked Billy. But Tiny sagely surrounded herself with a small smoke screen of laughter.

"That isn't fear you see on my face," she informed him. "It's just common everyday hunger."

"Then we'll see what we can do for it," her courier announced as he drew up beside a corner drug store. "For I'm sure going to save a life by coming out of there with two double-size ice-cream cones."

But Billy, instead of coming out with two ice-cream cones in his hand, came out with a hardened line about his lip and an altogether altered face.

"We've a case in here," he announced as he reached out to help Tiny down from her seat. "Would you mind coming in?"

"What is it?" asked Tiny, disturbed by his sudden solemnity.

"It's an old man who seems to have hurt his hip," explained the driver as he led her in past the soda fountain and the incongruous show cases piled high with confectionery and cheap fiction. "I'm afraid it's broken."

On a leather couch in the crowded little dispensary Tiny saw a sharp-nosed old man with singularly bright eyes—a faded and shriveled old man who obviously was suffering considerable pain, for the language with which he addressed those about him was both acrimonious and ingeniously profane.

"I won't have a ne'er-do-well like that near me," he exclaimed with a venomous glance toward the reddening Billy. "Don't touch me, you waster! And don't stare at me, either, you profligate-souled young good-for-nothing!"

"I'll get the stretcher," said Billy as he retreated toward the door.

"What seems to be wrong, sir?" asked Tiny, stooping over the couch.

"What business is that of yours, Miss Monkey Face?" snapped out the old sufferer.

"I'm a nurse," explained Tiny. "And if I can't help your disposition I might be able to help you in another way."

"You leave me and my disposition alone," was the old weasel's acrimonious retort. "Keep away from me, the whole pack of you, or I'll shy these weigh scales at you."

"But you can't stay here, you know," the disconcerted druggist reminded the old man.

"Then do something about getting me to a decent hospital," barked out the old tyrant on the couch.

"We're taking you there," explained Tiny, with placatory gentleness.

"Will it be an expensive one?" demanded the old man with the singularly bright eyes.

"It won't cost you a cent," announced Tiny as she made room for Billy and his stretcher. And the volley of abuse was renewed as they shifted him to the stretcher and carried him out to the waiting ambulance.

"Don't put your hands on me, you putty-souled young spendthrift," the patient stormed at Billy as he was lifted aboard. "And don't gloat so openly about seeing me suffer. It hurts more to see your weakling face than it does to ride in this jumping rattletrap."

"He doesn't seem to like you," ventured Tiny after a glance into her companion's barricaded eye. "Do you know him?"

"I ought to," acknowledged Billy as they got under way.

"Who is he?" asked Tiny, pretending not to hear the solo of blasphemous abuse that still filled the air about them.

"He happens to be my father," was Billy Stone's altogether unexpected reply.

XI

OLD Wilbur Stone was a hard nut to crack. From that throne of pain known as a fracture bed he berated the powers that ruled the hospital, abused the internes, and threw dishes at the orderlies. He insisted on being taken out of a ward and being put in a private room, where he complained of the smells, objected to the view, and quarreled with the nurse who was supposed to look after his comfort. Then he commanded that his own family physician be sent for, and when that busy doctor put in an appearance five hours later he was roundly denounced as a human glacier of ingratitude and a selfish-minded old pill molder who thought more of a fee than an old friend in misfortune.

So Wilbur Stone was not unwillingly surrendered back to the tender mercies of the hospital staff, where he insisted on a silence pad over the door and quarreled with his first graduate nurse and was given a second, who survived until he threw his tray out the window and accused her of feeding him on hogwash. And when his third nurse took her departure in tears and the irascible old tyrant insisted that "Miss Monkey Face" be sent in to take care of him, there was some doubt as to the person denominated. But when it was discovered that by "Miss Monkey Face" he meant Miss Tiny McCann, the young lady in question was sought out by a perplexed head nurse and informed that she was about to be granted the privilege of "specialing" for a private-room patient.

Tiny's momentary feeling of triumph was modified by the discovery that her prospective charge was the exacting old termagant with the broken hip. But she had her reasons for accepting that case, once it was thrust upon her. So she entered upon her new duties with a wary eye and a will fortified by its own quiet intentions.

"I want this bed lowered a little," was the curt command that greeted her when, rustling in her fresh uniform, she stepped into the room.

"Then we'll lower it for you quicker 'n hell could scorch a feather," replied Tiny, intent on giving him a dose of his own medicine. And her grin, as she said it, was a determinedly audacious one.

"Say, Miss Monkey Face," essayed her patient as the lowering process was under way, "do you call that professional language?"

"Is it any worse than the line I heard you hand out?" was Tiny's counterquestion.

"I've had enough in my lifetime to make any man a cusser," said the old man, with a sigh of weariness.

"Well, if it's going to help any, cuss on," announced Tiny.

And her smiling unconcern brought the old boy's unnaturally bright eye around to a study of her face.

"You don't mind me calling you Monkey Face?" he queried. But Tiny merely smiled at his pretended cackle of malice.

"No, I rather like it," she acknowledged. "And I suppose you won't mind me calling you Old Vinegar Mug?"

He looked about, blinking, at that effrontery. But instead of angering him, oddly enough, it merely caused him to lie back with a repeated sigh of weariness.

"Wouldn't it sour you if you had a bit of money and everybody in the world was set on taking it away from you?" he demanded with a wistfulness that impressed her as childlike.

"Then you're a man of wealth?" she casually inquired.

"No, I'm not," was his tart rejoinder. "Don't run away with any fool idea like that. I've enough to worry along on, I suppose. But a dollar doesn't go as far as it used to. And a man has to be careful."

"I imagine you would be," said Tiny under her breath. "Have you a home?"

"Yes, of a sort," was the none too willing answer. "If those dog-lazy servants haven't eaten me out of it."

"Where is it?" asked Tiny.

"None of your business," was the other's acid retort. And Tiny straightway realized that she had been advancing a trifle too rapidly. So for the rest of the day she proceeded with more caution. She took on a spirit of meekness that was quite new to her, and swallowed insults, and smiled in the face of unmerited abuse, and worked as she had never worked before to make her patient comfortable. But she survived the day. She made herself necessary to the irascible old tyrant on the fracture bed. And the next morning, when she pointed out that he would look much nicer with a shave, he coolly suggested that she should undertake that barbering operation. So Tiny, putting her professional pride in her pocket, lathered the puckered old face and shaved it and bay-rummed it and powdered it with talcum and allowed Wilbur Stone to study himself in a hand mirror. But his satisfaction with the result, Tiny began to see, was trivial compared to his gratification at the thought that he was saving good money by not bringing in a barber.

"You'd make a very handsome man," suggested his nurse, "if you could only get a kinder look in your eyes."

"Would I now?" barked her patient. "Well, I've had enough to knock the kindness out of an archangel."

Tiny did not inquire as to the source of that persecution. She could afford to be patient. But she entered upon a deliberate and carefully contrived campaign to break down the will of that unsuspecting patient. No word of reproof escaped her when he broke her second thermometer. She merely left him alone for an hour or so after he had thrown a bowl of raspberry jelly at her head, though she brought him up short, after he refused to eat chicken stew because there were onions in it, by sitting down and coolly eating it herself. It is equally true that she solemnly threatened to send him down to the psychopathic ward when he refused to take his medicine, and scolded him with a rising note of authority when she realized that he could not get along very comfortably without her. There was, in fact, a silent and subterranean shifting of values in that narrow battleground about the fracture bed. The time came when Wilbur Stone resented Tiny's time off and somewhat wistfully watched the door for her return. He would even grunt appreciatively when that quick-handed nurse eased his pain by an adroit shift of position or soothed his unrest with her solemn prattle of ward history. And he acknowledged that she wasn't such a numskull as he had thought her when she not only gave him an alcohol rub but clipped his nails and trimmed his hair and announced that he'd be breaking every heart in the hospital if they made him much handsomer.

"I've had enough of women for one lifetime," he truculently proclaimed.

Tiny did not press him for details as to that calamitous experience. But when the time was ripe, as she had foreseen, he began to talk about himself and his troubles. And by proving a good listener and piecing two and two together she finally acquired much more information than Wilbur Stone imagined.

She learned, among other things, that this misanthropic and miserly old man had been soured on the world by an early marriage in which some unknown tragedy was involved. And his only son William had been a disappointment to him. He had been a wayward and quick-tempered child, an intractable and spendthrift youth, an ungrateful young puppy who idled about in a speed car and ran away from school and got into debt and showed no signs of ever settling down in the world. And like the rest of them, he was always asking for money, more money.

"And I suppose you gave it to him?" interrupted Tiny.

"A darned sight more than could do him any good," piped out the old man on the bed. "But I came to my senses after his second year in college. Then I gave the young jackanapes his last chance. And he didn't have the manhood to make good. He proved to me that he was nothing more than an empty-headed idler; and I washed my hands of him."

"And what did he say to that?" inquired the thoughtful-eyed Tiny.

"What did he say to that? Ha, he bit the hand that had fed him and said that I could rot under my dirty dollars! He called me a penurious old skinflint and said he'd make his own living in his own way, and stalked out of the house before I'd the satisfaction of informing him he was no longer a son of mine."

"He must have had a very happy home life," observed the girl with the far-away look in her eyes.

"He never asked for a happy home life," cried the bright-eyed man on the bed. "And he never will."

"He's at least made his own living," contended Tiny.

"And a fine kind of living it's been, roustabouting around wharves and driving trucks and martyrizing himself over the thought he was no longer dependent on the father he'd insulted."

"Perhaps," suggested Tiny, "he was born with a trace of his own father's spirit."

"Don't hold me responsible for that spineless young nincompoop's nonsense," snapped the other, lifting a birdlike head from his pillow. "He could have been a bigger man than his father if he'd only listened to reason."

"Perhaps life has left him a little wiser than he was," Tiny found the courage to venture.

"All I can say, then, is that life's certainly worked a miracle," was the acidulated retort.

"But if he's all you have left in the world I should think you'd like to see him and talk things over."

"I don't want to see hide nor hair of him," was the old misanthrope's prompt reply.

And Tiny, in her wisdom, deemed it expedient to let the matter rest there.

Two days later, however, she brought Buddy Rapp in to see her patient.

"What youngster is this?" demanded the old man, with a none too kindly glance at the intimidated Buddy, who betrayed a tendency to keep well to the windward of the girl in the uniform. And Tiny, having explained Buddy to her new patient, kissed his freshly scrubbed cheek and called him her True Love and the best kid that ever came out of the twelfth ward.

"So we're two of a kind," ruminated Wilbur Stone as he studied the boy leaning on his crutches. Then he turned to Tiny. "Why hasn't that leg of his ever been put right?"

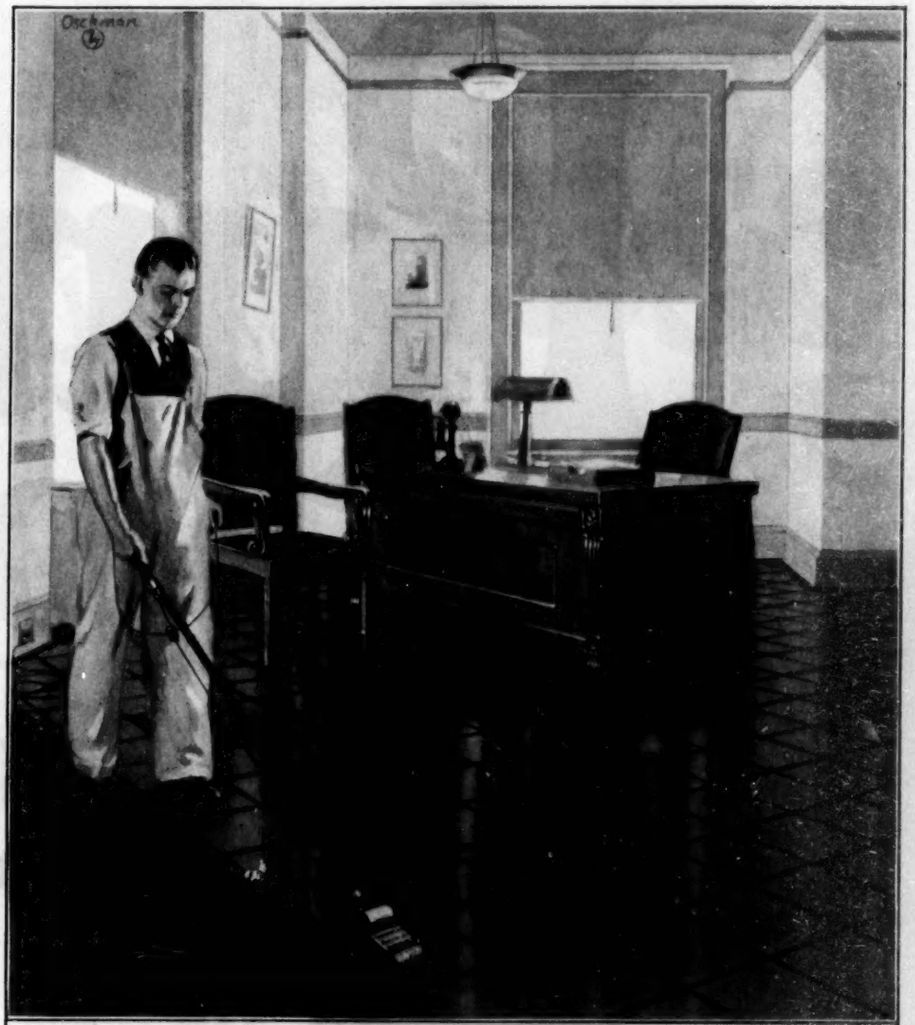
"It's a case for the specialists," explained Tiny. "And specialists cost money."

"Naturally," snarled the man on the bed. "Money, money, they're all after money." He lay silent a moment, with a frown on

(Continued on Page 141)

Keep floors clean and bright

This new, easy economical way



THE Johnson Wax treatment takes only a few minutes—there are no messy rags and pails—nor any stooping. And *afterwards* your floors can be kept in beautiful condition with half the care. Washing is seldom, if ever, necessary—a brush or dry mop quickly removes accumulated dust from the hard, smooth, dirt-repellent, waxed surface.

All you do is pour Johnson's Liquid Wax on a Lamb's-wool Mop and apply a thin, even coat. This cleans the floor and, at the same time, deposits a protecting film of Wax. Then a few easy strokes of the Weighted Brush or Electric Polisher will quickly bring the floor to a durable, easy-to-care-for polish.

Low Maintenance Cost

Records show that in one large telephone building the entire cleaning, waxing and labor cost on thousands of square feet of *waxed* linoleum averages but a quarter of a cent per square foot per month.

Here's what the Building Maintenance Manager of one of the largest corporations in America says: "*Once, as an experiment, we tried a floor without wax. Samples of waxed linoleum that had been down six years showed less wear than the unwaxed linoleum showed after six months.*"

Endorsed by Linoleum Manufacturers

All the leading manufacturers of linoleum recommend Johnson's Liquid Wax for polishing, preserving and protecting inlaid, plain and battleship linoleum. Read what one of these firms says about Wax for business floors: "*Wax is like armor for linoleum floors—tramping feet never actually touch the linoleum. And after a linoleum floor has been waxed the daily cleaning is simple. Wet mopping is entirely unnecessary. Every evening simply remove the surface dirt by sweeping. Re-waxing may be necessary on the main traveled areas once or twice a month. A scrubbing should be required not more than two, three or four times a year.*"

A Johnson Floor Polishing Outfit is all you need to keep the floors and linoleum of small offices in fine condition. This outfit includes Johnson's Liquid Wax—a Lamb's-wool Mop for applying the Wax—and a Weighted Brush for polishing.

$6.65 Floor Polishing Outfit—$5.00

This outfit is just the thing for waxing the floors and linoleum in homes and small offices. It consists of:

1 Quart of Johnson's Liquid Wax	$1.40
1 Johnson Lamb's-wool Wax Mop	1.50
1 Johnson Weighted Floor Polishing Brush	3.50
1 Johnson Book on Home Beautifying	.25
	$6.65

A Saving of $1.65!

This offer is good at department, drug, furniture, grocery, hardware and paint stores. It sells in Canada for the same price, $5.00.

For larger areas we recommend that floor polishing be done electrically with a

Johnson's Wax Electric Floor Polisher

This is a marvelous new machine that polishes floors ten times faster than other methods. Once over and your floors and linoleum possess a beautiful, hard, satiny finish.

A Johnson's Wax Electric Floor Polisher cuts floor maintenance costs in half. It is simple! Easy to operate! Light in weight! Nothing to get out of order! Runs from any light socket. Polishes under desks and other low furniture without moving them. Easy to carry from one office to another. Sturdily built to last a lifetime and guaranteed absolutely. Priced surprisingly low. For Sale or Rent at leading stores. Send for FREE folder.

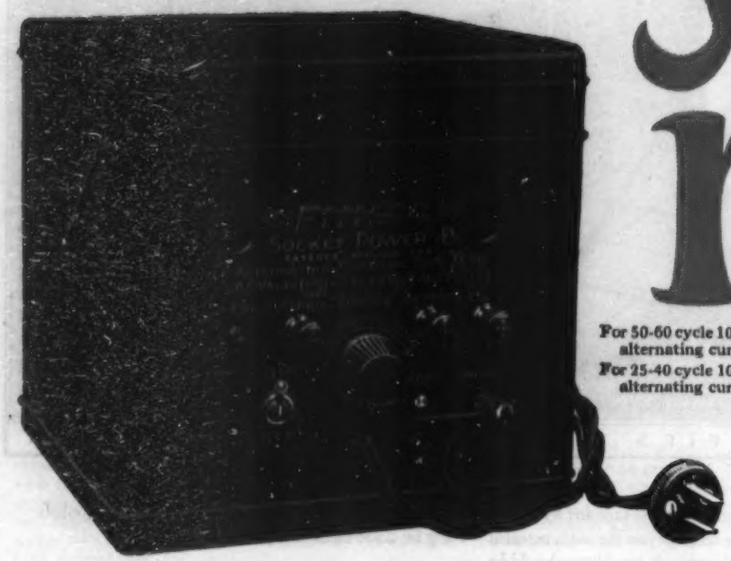
You can rent a Johnson's Wax Electric Floor Polisher by the day for a nominal sum from any store maintaining a Johnson Service Department.

S. C. JOHNSON & SON, Racine, Wisconsin

"*The Wood Finishing Authorities*"

JOHNSON'S LIQUID WAX

Run your radio



For 50-60 cycle 105-125 volt alternating current.....$47.50
For 25-40 cycle 105-125 volt alternating current.....$52.50

Philco Socket Power "B"—*eliminates your "B" batteries*

Thousands of radio owners have been asking—"Why can't we use our house current for radio power? Why can't we operate our radios as easily as we operate our electric lights?"

Now they can!

Philco Socket Power "A" and Philco Socket Power "B" are the answer. Used together they make radio operation so simple that ***a snap of one switch does everything***—turns on both "A" and "B" power and turns on your set. No more dry cells to buy. No more thought about battery charging.

Philco Socket Power "B" eliminates both dry cells and storage "B" batteries. It rectifies, filters and smooths out the house current. There's no hum—no distortion—no falling off in reception. ***Cost of operation less than ¼ cent per day.***

No filaments in it to burn out—no high-voltage transformers—no ground wires running to radiators or water-pipes—large enough to "work" next month as well as this month, and fits into the same space as 90 volts of large dry "B" battery. Assembled in attractive Adam-brown, metal case. ***Can be used on any set.***

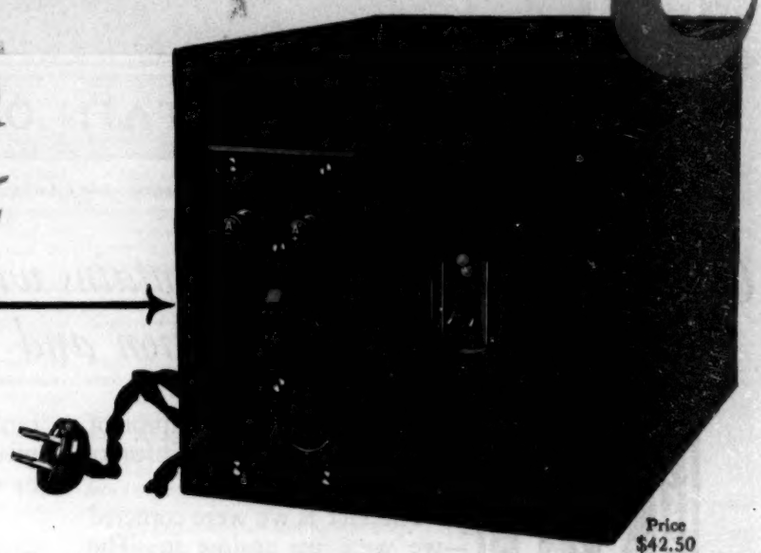
To avoid getting a stale battery, demand Philco Drynamic also for your automobile.

PHILCO

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

from your house current

Easy as turning on an electric light



Price $42.50
For 50-60 cycle 105-125 volt alternating current

Philco Socket Power "A"
—eliminates all thought of battery charging

Philco Socket Power "A" is a complete "A" power unit for storage battery tube sets. Plugs permanently into a light or wall socket. Eliminates dry-battery replacements—eliminates all thought about storage battery charging.

Snap the switch "ON" and you get a steady flow of power while your set is in operation. Snap it "OFF" and your power is shut off—your radio is silent—and current begins gently feeding back into the Socket Power from your lighting system.

Philco Socket Power "A" occupies less space than last season's storage battery and charger—looks better—costs little if any more—and is easier to use because everything is automatic.

Further, it provides for using Socket Power "B" in the simplest and most convenient manner imaginable. Simply insert "B" plug into the receptacle built in the "A". The one "A" switch then controls everything—"B" power as well as "A". You even leave the radio switch "ON" at all times. Nothing to think about but the one "A" switch.

Philco Socket Power "AB"
For Radiola Super-Heterodyne and other sets having 3-volt dry-cell tubes

Philco Socket Power "AB" is a combination of the "A" and "B" Power Units built into one case—*and also controlled by one switch.* Costs only one cent per day in average service. No hum. Reception at its best at all times. Eliminates dry cells and all thought of storage battery recharging. Automatic in operation. A touch of your finger turns it on or off.

For 50-60 cycle 105-125 volt alternating current . . . $65.00.
For 25-40 cycle 105-125 volt alternating current . . . $68.50.

PHILADELPHIA STORAGE BATTERY COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA

RADIO "A" AND "B" SOCKET POWER

Philco Dealers everywhere also have a complete line of Philco Drynamic Rechargeable Storage Batteries for radio.

Philco Standard "B" Battery—a complete Adam-brown, mahogany-finish replacement for 90 volts of dry cells, $19.85.

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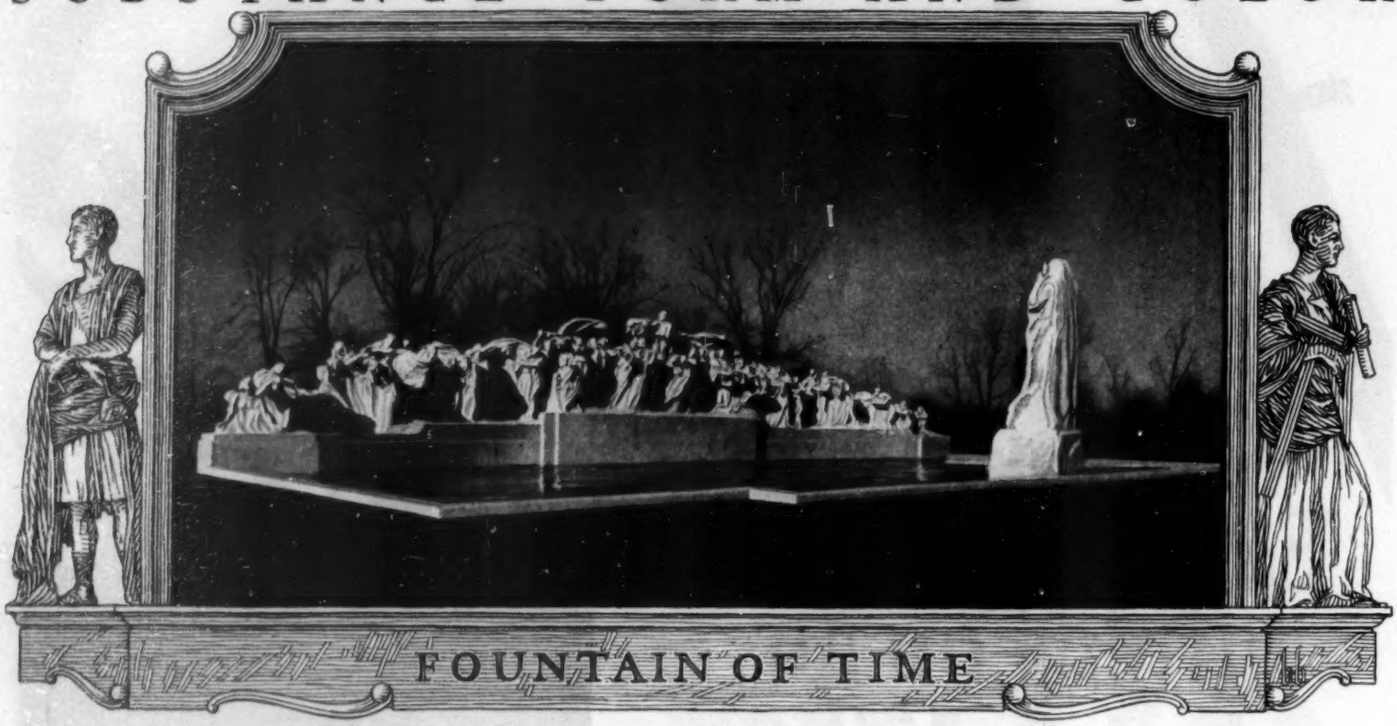

Lorado Taft, Sculptor -- John J. Earley, Architectural Sculptor

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MR. LORADO TAFT, sculptor of The Fountain of Time, Chicago, said:

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(Continued from Page 136)

his face. "But who's the best man to handle a case like that?"

"They say Lehmkuhl could do it. But he's one of the highest paid men in America."

"What would he charge?"

"I don't know," replied Tiny, with a slight loss of color.

"Find out," snapped the man on the bed.

"But why should I do that, when Lehmkuhl's so out of the question?"

"Why shouldn't you?"

"Why should I?"

"Don't ask questions. When you're on this case you're going to do what I tell you. Find out!"

"All right," said Tiny, with a sudden return of color. And Buddy, on the way down to the elevator, wondered why Tiny should so mysteriously take him in her arms and nearly squeeze the breath out of his body.

She even sought out Billy Stone, during her next free hour, and announced that his father was making a remarkably good recovery. "And he's recovering in more ways than one," she further amended.

"He needs to," was Billy's none too promising reply.

"I think you ought to go up and see him," she quietly suggested.

"What good would it do?" demanded the other.

"He's an old man," Tiny reminded him.

"And a bullheaded one," added Billy.

"But he's your father," persisted the solemn-eyed girl.

"Which we both seem to regret," asserted Billy.

"There's not much love in your make-up, apparently," challenged Tiny.

"There is where you're concerned," announced Billy, very tall and savage looking in his uniform.

"You take funny ways of showing it."

"You don't give me a chance to show it any other way," contended Billy.

"You don't know a chance when you see it," retorted Tiny, a little pinker than before.

"Where is it?" asked the man, studying her face.

"You've a chance to show a little charity and kindness to your own father," she reminded him, "and you won't take it."

"But it would be wasted."

"Not if it proved you were big enough to rise above all this foolish bickering and pride," said the girl with the solemn eyes.

"You mean you'd think more of me if I ate crow in the hope of consuming the fatted calf a little later?"

"You'd think more of yourself," parried Tiny.

Billy, after a second look into her eyes, stood for a full minute deep in thought.

"All right," he finally announced. "I'll do whatever you say. But I want you to remember that I'm doing it entirely for your sake."

"You'll find it's more for your own," contended Tiny, rewarding him with a smile that both made his heart beat a little faster and prompted him to protest that he'd face a saber-toothed tiger if she ordered it.

So Tiny, when her plans had matured and Wilbur Stone was once more sitting up in a wheel chair, finally ushered the abashed Billy into the presence of his father.

The old man's stare was as pointed and impersonal as that of a caged eagle. Tiny, watching him, could see his jaw muscles flex.

"I came to say I was sorry, sir," began the none too happy prodigal.

But he stopped short, arrested by the enmity in the over-bright eyes fixed on his face. Slowly those eyes slewed about to the young woman in the blue-and-white uniform.

"Take him out of here!" thundered the man in the wheel chair.

"But that's not fair," protested Tiny, moving a trifle closer to the younger man, without knowing she was doing so.

"Take him out of here!" repeated the lean-faced old fighter by the window, thumping his chair arm with a clenched fist.

And there seemed nothing to do but obey that command.

"You see," said Billy, outside the closed door. "It can't be done. We're only making ourselves ridiculous."

"We'll conquer him yet," proclaimed Tiny, with her small jaw shut tight.

XII

WHEN Wilbur Stone was able to leave the hospital and return to his home he insisted that Miss Tiny McCann should go with him. The lady in question was not as unwilling to do this as she may have pretended, still having, so to speak, a fish or two of her own to fry. And for several weeks yet, she knew, her patient would need the help of a nurse.

But Tiny was not altogether happy in the somber brownstone house on the upper avenue. She missed the movement and stir and casual daily contacts of hospital life. She missed her occasional glimpses of Billy and the quiet camaraderie of her fellow workers. She missed, too, the indefinite yet enduring sense of security which an institution, the hospital, had been able to throw about her.

For the Stone house, she soon found, was a strange one. There was a sullen tone about its shadows and a fixed air of somberness about its faded magnificence. She disliked the dead eye and the putty-colored obese face of Rinker, the morose English butler who regarded her as an intruder and chilled her with a spirit of secret opposition. She disliked Riggs, the second man, who seemed always lurking about the shadows and ready to apply an inquisitive eye to any neighboring keyhole. But most of all she disliked Ezra Blaine, the ferret-faced old attorney who was promptly called into conference and as promptly formed the habit of inspecting Tiny with a narrowed and inquisitorial eye.

"Who is this young person?" he asked during their first conference, with a head nod toward the girl so quietly sewing by the window. He knew old men. He knew what fools they sometimes made of themselves over a pretty face. It was not his intention to see his most combative client drift into any absurd Indian-summer season of happiness. For when a man is happy he is not so apt to be litigious. And it was on litigation that Ezra Blaine lived.

"That, sir, is my nurse," said Wilbur Stone as he put down a packet of papers beside him.

"There's something about her face I don't altogether like," announced the old attorney as he indulged in a dry wash by rubbing his bony knuckles together, and he made no effort to conceal his opinion by a considerate lowering of his voice.

"Well, Blaine, there's something about you I don't altogether like," retorted his eagle-eyed old client. "But if you can manage my business affairs as competently as she attends to my sick-bed requirements I'll be very well satisfied."

Blaine's cackled laugh was a condoning one.

"More than one man's had the wool pulled over his eyes by a pretty face," he observed as he adjusted his pince-nez. "How long are you keeping her?"

"As long as I need her," snapped the other.

"What do you know about her past?" inquired the man of the law, unperturbed by the obvious rancor of his client.

"I'm not thinking about her past," averred Wilbur Stone. "My attention has been directed more toward the fact that she can make me a damned sight more comfortable than the dead-eyed parasites around this house ever made me."

"It's to be hoped that she can continue to do so," purred Blaine, with a more prolonged and studious inspection of the girl bent over her sewing.

"Why shouldn't she?" demanded the man in the wheel chair.

"Yes, why shouldn't she?" concurred the old attorney, with another dry wash. "But I always believe in being on the safe side, in possessing intimate knowledge of the record of people with whom I have to be intimately associated."

"Fiddlesticks!" ejaculated Wilbur Stone, with a head movement that plainly indicated his impatience to get back to business.

But Ezra Blaine obviously regarded the matter as of more importance than fiddlesticks, for quietly, and after inquisitorial methods entirely his own, he essayed an investigation of the gray-eyed girl who was so disturbingly worming her way into the good graces of his oldest and most profitable client. And when his patient inquiries into the origin and community standing of Miss Tiny McCann brought him into contact with one James Logan, the disgruntled leader of the Gas House Gang was not unwilling to unearth a series of facts that proved unexpectedly palatable to the embattled guardian of peace and order.

So satisfying, indeed, was the information gleaned from Spider that Ezra Blaine decided to take the bull by the horns and confront his recalcitrant client with due evidence of the dangers impending. And Spider, soured with the knowledge that Tiny was climbing beyond his reach, was ready enough to play his part in that campaign of enlightenment.

When, accordingly, the watchful Riggs had duly reported the coast to be clear Ezra Blaine escorted the alert-eyed Spider to the home of Wilbur Stone, where the two old men closeted themselves with the dapper-figured adventurer from the East Side.

Spider's appearance was not altogether satisfying, but his story was coherent and his evidence was conclusive.

"And what was this young woman to you, at the time you refer to?" asked the narrow-eyed old man in the wheel chair.

"She was me steady," replied Spider, interrupting his task of tucking away certain mental notes regarding the house in which he stood.

"And what am I to imply from that?" demanded the other.

"Why, that she was me rib, the goil I went with," was Spider's wide-gestured reply.

"And what made you stop going with her?" snapped out Wilbur Stone. Whereupon Spider stood with his narrow brow wrinkled in thought.

"Why, she went blooey about gettin' into a hospital and bein' a noice," he finally explained.

"But why should her getting into hospital make you hate her?" persisted the old man in the wheel chair.

"Me? I don't hate the goil," protested the meek-eyed Spider.

"Then why are you working overtime to make her unhappy?"

"Hully gee, I don't want 'o make her unhappy," asserted the magnanimous Spider.

"Then what are you trying to do?" pursued the man who had been known as a misogynist, suppressing Ezra Blaine with a curt motion for silence.

"All I'm tryin' to do is save the goil from makin' a big mistake when she's knee deep in chances," was the slightly retarded reply.

The fierce little eyes studied Spider until he shifted his weight from one tan-colored shoe to the other. The flaccid old face deepened in color. The clenched bony hand suddenly smote the table beside the wheel chair.

"Take him away!" cried the householder in a burst of passion as unexpected as it was uncontrolled. "Get the yellow dog out of here or I'll throw him out with my own hands. I may be an old fool in some things, but I'm going to run my own affairs after this and run them in my own way."

And there was nothing for Spider and his indignant escort to do but take their departure, though the former, in doing so, registered a purely personal decision to return when the time was ripe for returning.

Tiny, when she got back, found Wilbur Stone still peevish and unsettled in spirit.

"Where have you been?" he demanded, regarding her with an eye which he did his best to make belligerent.

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"Walking around the Park reservoir with your son," replied Tiny, suddenly and grimly determined to be truthful.

"Doesn't that impress you as rather traitorous, all things considered?" barked out the lonely old man in the wheel chair.

"No, it was rather pleasant," replied the girl with the perceptibly heightened color.

"You seem to be very popular with the young men," taunted her patient, kicking aside a chair that stood in his way.

"Why do you say that?" asked Tiny. She spoke quietly, waywardly touched with pity for the flaccid and solitary figure silhouetted against the light from between the mulberry-colored curtains.

"Because while you've been consorting with the one I happened to disown I've been conversing with the one you happened to drop by the wayside," was the other's half-mocking reply.

"The one I dropped by the wayside?" repeated Tiny, not understanding him.

"You're no longer friends with Mr. James Logan, are you?" demanded the man in the wheel chair.

"Has Spider Logan been here?" was Tiny's quick inquiry.

"Spider! A good name, that! A most appropriate appellative, I'd venture to say. Yes, young lady, your friend Spider has been here. And having heard what Spider thinks of you, I'd like to know just what you think of Spider."

"I'd rather not discuss him," proclaimed Tiny, with a new light in her amber-gray eyes.

"Then tell me what you know about him," said her shrewd-eyed old patient.

"I'd rather not talk about him," maintained the girl in the uniform.

"He seemed willing enough to talk about you."

"You mean he said things that were not kind?"

"I wouldn't exactly call them flattering," retorted the other, his narrowed eyes fixed on her face.

"And you believed them?" asked Tiny, letting her gaze lock with the gaze of the man in the wheel chair.

Wilbur Stone laughed. It was a thin and cackling laugh, but somewhere about it was a newer note of kindliness.

"Oh, yes, I'd trust Spider!" was his ironic proclamation. "I'd trust him about as much as I'd trust a ball of she copperheads at the end of their brooding season!"

"But would you trust me?" persisted Tiny, with a quiet sort of ferocity that prompted her companion to sit studying her for a full minute of silence.

"Yes, by the great horn spoon, I would," he said with sudden decision. "And to show you how far I'd go along that line," he added as he wheeled his way back to the table, "I want you to take these securities and papers and lock them up in the safe in my study."

She watched him as he tamped the collection of papers together and tied them with a band of soiled red tape.

"Did you ever open a safe?" he asked as he tied his last knot in the tape.

"No," acknowledged the girl.

"Then this is how you do it," he explained as he gave her the combination and demonstrated how to turn the door dial and throw back the tumblers. "And it's worth remembering that you're the first woman who ever did that for Wilbur Stone."

Tiny's eye was a meditative one as she carried the banded package into the dark-wooded study and stooped in front of the safe flanked on either side by bookshelves filled with dusty volumes.

There was still an air of abstraction about her movements as she opened the safe, thrust in the package, and once more locked the steel door.

Wilbur Stone seemed to be waiting for her when she returned to the room where he sat beside the window draped by mulberry-colored curtains.

"Did you do it?" he asked with a matter-of-factness that held a latent note of challenge.

Tiny nodded, oppressed by some vague consciousness of conspiracies which she seemed unable either to combat or to define.

"What's troubling you?" asked the old misanthrope, with a shrewd side glance into her thoughtful face.

"I want you to have faith in me," she said as she came and stood by his side. She tried to say it quietly, but there was a tremor in her voice as she spoke.

"Pooh-pooh!" he scoffed dismissively, apparently disturbed by that deeper note of feeling in her voice. "Pooh-pooh!" he repeated as he backed away with a movement that seemed to imply the subject was an unpleasant one. But, probably without knowing it, his bony hand patted the small hand resting on the arm of his wheel chair.

Old Wilbur Stone, however, was not the emotionalist he might have appeared. For late that night when Tiny was safely tucked in her bed he surrendered to the accumulated promptings of a life-long cynicism by painfully and slowly arising from his four-poster, struggling into dressing gown and slippers, and with the help of a cane making his laborious way across the room. Then, after listening intently at the open door, he as slowly and painfully worked his way down the carpeted stairs, resting from time to time as he went and holding a hand against his aching hip when he reached the floor below. His jaw was grim and there was an unnatural radiance in his eye as he hobbled on to the study door, where he stopped still again to switch on the light.

His heart was beating ridiculously fast as he fought his way over to the safe front. His breathing became audible to his own ears as he stooped and spun the dial and swung open the small metal door.

He was no longer conscious of either his pulse or his respiration as his bony fingers explored the contents of the safe. He went over those stores methodically and slowly, making a mental tabulation of everything that came under his observation. And the tense lines about his mouth relaxed as he completed the task. He even chuckled audibly as he slowly swung the safe door shut again.

"It's all there," he said under his breath as he looked guardedly about to make sure he was still unobserved.

"I knew I could trust the little minx," he said with a sigh of relief. But his eyes hardened a trifle as he still hesitated before the closed strong box. Then, having been a much-thwarted man in his time, he suddenly decided to sacrifice sentiment on the altar of security. Stooping before the safe door, he carefully altered the combination, chuckling a second time as he thrust a penciled note of the new permutation into the pocket of his dressing gown.

XIII

TINY was troubled in spirit. And her trouble was a double-edged one, for twice in one week she had found the trodden roadway of the casual losing itself in the unexpected quagmires of the emotional.

Her first disturbing experience was involved with the unlooked-for call of Doctor Beach, who waited until she got into her street clothes and then guided her toward the straitened quietness of The Ramble in Central Park, where he explained to her that at the instigation and order of old Wilbur Stone the great Lehmkuhl had already performed an operation on Buddy Rapp, an operation that was as successful as Lehmkuhl always made them. And when Tiny had cried and laughed a little over that news, the young man of medicine, taking advantage of the combers of emotion that still swept over her, somewhat dolorously and none too hopefully asked if she couldn't in some fashion and at some time see her way clear to marry him.

Whereupon Tiny, growing shadowy-eyed as she remembered the past, was compelled to tell him that she liked him, that she liked him a lot, but that she couldn't dream of gypping his career and that she was too preoccupied with other things to think of giving up her work and settling down as a doctor's wife.

"I suppose one of those other things is Billy Stone," suggested the morose-eyed man at her side.

"Don't you think Billy's father ought to come first?" parried Tiny.

"Well, I'm willing to break a hip bone if it'll put me in his place," announced the young surgeon.

But Tiny, deluded into the belief that she was being oddly and uniquely original, protested that she had the warmest feeling in the world for Doctor Beach, that she remembered his kindness and valued his respect, and that she always wanted him as a friend. So they shook hands on it and parted without enmity. But some undefined trouble lay at the door of Tiny's conscience as she watched the thick-shouldered figure, still valorous in defeat, stalk stolidly off down the Avenue.

The second small seismic shock came to her peace of mind when Wilbur Stone, suddenly and arbitrarily insisting on making an inventory of his household belongings, absent-mindedly permitted her to enter a room which was customarily kept under lock and key.

This room, she saw as she looked questioningly about it, most unmistakably was the room of his son. The thing that both puzzled and disturbed her, however, was the discovery of how it had been preserved against change, as though a high-spirited and active-bodied youth had stepped out of it only the day before. Above a bookshelf laden with the dog-eared romances of the adolescent hung an abraded pair of boxing gloves and a pair of foils. Beside the mounted model of a schooner-rigged yacht stood a framed picture of a rowing group in shorts. Other parts of the wall were decorated with photographs of school friends, already made pallid by time, and with slightly faded college groups, alert and eager faces already taking on some vague air of the past. On one shelf stood a somewhat battered saxophone and on another the signed photograph of Gunboat Smith, the boxer. On the writing desk was a baseball, bearing an inscription in ink, and above the old-fashioned walnut dresser was a pony saddle and a bridle mounted in silver. In one corner stood tennis rackets and hockey sticks, and on a worktable, burned with acid stains and marked with ink, were a number of snakes preserved in alcohol, a stuffed gray squirrel and a stamp album with a gilt "W. S." embossed on its cover.

Tiny experienced a vague sadness in surveying these things that belonged so indubitably to the past, the dead past. But she also nursed a vague perplexity in remembering how rigorously they had been guarded and how unaltered they had been left. It was as if happy memories and hopes had been carefully locked away in that unchanged and unchanging room. And the thought that Billy's father, for all his parade of obduracy, had preserved this memorial of days more touched with happiness filled the wondering girl with a new faith in her patient's human craving for his own kind.

So impressed was Tiny by this discovery that she found the courage to resume her earlier campaign of conciliation in that rifted circle. Yet when she went to Wilbur Stone and beheld him brooding by himself with a wide unoccupied space about his wheel chair, he looked so like a wounded and neglected bird of prey blinking out at the light he was no longer able to cleave that she found it hard to take up the subject still warm in her heart. And he gave her such a fixed impression of being ruffled and lonely and shabby and small that she was still again startled by the acrimony of his retort when she finally broached the subject.

"Be so kind as to keep your nose out of my family affairs," he cried, all the old fire once more alight in his eyes.

But Tiny, instead of exhibiting any intention of keeping her nose out of his family affairs, promptly did her best to force an entrance through its opposing member. She sought out the none too enthusiastic Billy and asserted that as a final favor to her she

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Mother says your letter reminds her of a letter I once wrote her when we were engaged. She had put off the wedding until I had the little factory started. My first partner, Ashley, and I disagreed about the price to pay for a power saw and planer. I wrote her that he was extravagant. We must buy the best thirty-six-inch saw obtainable anywhere, he argued. That was Ashley all over; sported $4.00 underwear when mine cost only $2.00. We shouldn't, said he, buy a saw at the lowest price per inch or per pound or per anything but the feet of lumber it would saw in its lifetime. I just panned him to your mother for his extravagance.

Mother's answer was: Ask your washerwoman about underwear before deciding about the saw.

I took the hint, and Mrs. McGinty, with an outpouring of brogue, backed up by a clothes line full of exhibits, proved the case for Ashley's sturdy garments.

When we grew to be the biggest in our line, I had a motto printed and stuck around. You've seen it in the purchasing agent's office.

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I'm willing to bet you right now that the low bids are for a steam system and you'll find that pretty expensive underwear when you begin to pay the fuel bills. All the money I'm putting into this venture I've made out of McLaughlin's Heat Distributing Company. He can profitably sell heat as a commodity, just like light and electric power, due to the operating economies he effects by always using hot water. It seems ridiculous to see the money a father makes out of hot water heating lost year in and year out on his own son's steam heating system.

The best advice I can give you on a heating system, a power equipment or anything else is the basic principle McLaughlin has always used. Here it is:—"Buy plant equipment as if you had to make your living selling its performance against the performance of anything else that can be found on the market today!"

Think this over, too, Tom. A man can be an expert on just about one thing. Your forte is chemistry. Mine is lumber. Neither of us knows piping systems. That's why I always call on one company that does know. They've seen all kinds of piping systems and piping supplies go into the wash and come out of the wash since your grandfather was a young man. That's Grinnell Company. They guarantee performance. Better see them.

Well, anyway, it's your child, but since you asked me to the christening, I've got to say I'm against the name "Price." So long, boy. Good luck. Mother sends her love.

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wanted him to end a warfare that was both foolish and self-defeating.

"I've tried to end it," averred Billy, "and it didn't work."

"Then it's my turn to have a try," maintained Tiny.

"How?" asked the prodigal, smiling at her solemnity.

"I haven't found out how yet, but I know it can be done," was the meditative answer.

"And what part am I to play in that little drama?"

The mockery in his voice made her look up into the eyes that were not so happy as they might have been.

"You must at least remember that you're a man and no longer a boy," she said with a maternal sort of pity for his incompetencies.

"But I've also got to remember that I'm a man in love with a girl who doesn't seem to love him back," was his defensively flippant reply.

"That's not true," she cried, all her old humor suddenly gone glimmering. "But you've made such a muddle of your life, Billy, that I want some of it straightened out."

"Am I worth it?" asked Billy.

"I wouldn't be here if you weren't," she was honest enough to admit.

"Then what must I do?" he asked, sobered by the promptitude with which she shook his hand from her shoulder.

"I want you to be more of a fighter," was her answer.

"But I thought I'd been too much of that sort of thing," he demurred.

"Not a real fighter, Billy," she contended. "More of a sulky child who's nursed old grievances and let good chances go by. Instead of gaining ground, you've lost it. In one way you've lost about everything that life was ready to give you. And this world loves a winner."

If he was able to laugh at her ardor there was small merriment in it.

"I believe you're the little Irish fighter of this family," he proclaimed.

"I've had to be a fighter, for I started without anything. You had everything, and ——"

"Including a father who cut me off!" he interrupted.

"That father still loves you, Billy," she averred.

"He's taken a queer way of showing it," countered the other.

"He'll show it differently, I know, if we can make him do it without hurting his pride."

And she told him of her discovery of his boyhood room, so silently and yet so jealously guarded from the hand of time.

"I'd rather like to have a look at that old room," admitted the wistful-eyed Billy.

"That's what I was coming to," announced the masterful Miss McCann. "I want you to be in it, as you used to be. And I want your lonely old father to happen along when you're sitting there, and when ——"

"My father," interrupted Billy, "isn't as given to sentiment as you seem to be."

"But won't you leave that to me?" she exacted. "Won't you make this final effort, for my sake?"

"There isn't much I wouldn't do for your sake," he acknowledged, the older note of mockery entirely gone from his voice.

"What time are you free tomorrow night?" asked Tiny.

"I'm off duty after nine," he explained. "Or nine-thirty, perhaps, if I'm taken out on a call."

"Then I want you to come home tomorrow night. I want you to be there, back in your old room."

"But that house is dead to the world by ten o'clock. And they wouldn't let me in if I came. And Wellington nearly lost Waterloo, you know, because Blücher was late!"

But she refused to share in his levity.

"I'll attend to that," asserted the solemn-eyed girl. "I'll go down myself and unlock the door, so you can walk quietly in. And I'll see that your room is open and ready for you."

"Yes, general," said Billy, saluting. "But what good is it all going to do?"

"Oh, Billy, can't you be strong enough to be weak for once?" asked Tiny as her amber-gray eyes searched his face.

"But I can't see what you base your hope on," demurred Billy. "I've known my father, you understand, considerably longer than you have."

"Perhaps you have," acknowledged Tiny. "But there's more kindness in that old heart than you imagine."

"Why do you think so?"

"Because I've made a second discovery that's supposed to be a secret. You remember Buddy Rapp? Well, without a word to anybody your father has paid Lehmkuhl for the operation on his hip. And that operation has been successful. That poor kid's going to be able to walk as well as you can when he comes out of the hospital."

"And I s'pose Buddy's got you to thank for it all?"

"I had nothing to do with it," asserted the small-bodied young person with the faintly luminous eyes. But for the second time Billy was able to laugh at her solemnity.

"You're quite a little gate crasher, aren't you?" he suggested.

"You ought to help me," she demurred, "instead of calling me names."

"And what would you call me if I did?"

She stood off a little, the better to study his face. And some line of resolution about her small and rounded chin left him suddenly conscious of his own vacillating and purposeless career.

"Wouldn't it be wonderful," she said with a little intake of breath, "if I could some day call you William the Conqueror?"

XIV

ABOUT the time that the last window grew dark in the Wilbur Stone house, the following night, a narrow-shouldered and quietly moving figure passed along the square, paused at the corner, and again moved southward under the white-globed street lamps.

When the patrolling stranger came to the more ponderously grilled brownstone front already in darkness, he paused, glanced quickly north and south, and slipped into the shadowy area below the heavy brownstone steps. There, after unsuccessfully trying the iron-barred basement door under these steps, he stooped and quietly experimented with a number of small steel instruments. These efforts, apparently, were equally unsuccessful, for, watching his chance, he once more emerged to the street. There, after making sure his movements were unobserved, he indulged in a second furtive inspection of the house front. Then, quietly ascending the wide stone steps, he nursed the polished metal door knob in his hand and tested its resistance.

The stranger found, to his astonishment, that the door was unlatched and that he was able to swing it open. With luck thus incredibly in his favor and without further loss of time he pushed back the heavily metaled portal, sidled into the dark entrance hall, and closed the door behind him.

He stood there for a full minute, listening intently, and as intently peering into the blackness before him. With his eyes still straining into that well of darkness, he removed an automatic pistol from its especially designed resting place just under his floating ribs and dropped the weapon into the more accessible coat pocket at his side. From another pocket, with equal deliberation, he took out a small flashlight which he held in his left hand as he began to grope his way cautiously forward.

He made no use of this flashlight, however, until he came to a heavy newel post at the foot of the stairway, which he explored with questioning fingers. Then, after another long minute of intent listening, he switched on his pocket lamp and sent a shaft of light wavering about the hall with its undecipherable dark-wooded doors.

Shutting off his lamp again, he quietly investigated these doors, one by one, determined what they opened into, and as quietly withdrew.

It was not until he came to the last door on the left that he seemed in any way satisfied with his explorations. For here, after sniffing at the room air as questioningly as an animal sniffs at food, he stepped in through the partly opened door and silently closed it behind him. Then, after still another minute without movement, he switched on his battery lamp and sent an interrogative shaft of light fingering about the room. At its center he saw a mahogany table, a bronze reading lamp on one end of it and a telephone transmitter on the other. Beyond it stood a black-wooded desk cabinet with a disorderly row of books along its top, and to the right of that, he found, was a massive leather armchair overhung by a bridge lamp with a green-colored shade. Along the walls, to the right and left, were bookshelves lined with books, surmounted here and there by the pallid marble of a statuette or a figure of polished brass that flung diffusing arrows of light as the eyes of the intruder blinked up at them.

But it wasn't until these blinking eyes discerned the japanned black safe front, set between the tiers of musty-backed books, that he gave any evidence of being satisfied by his investigations. Then, with a sigh of relief, he advanced slowly across the room, his pencil of light targeting on the dialed metal door as he went. He even studied that door intently, point by point, testing its knob and turning its dial and still again giving his attention to the knob. His lack of success in this direction seemed in no wise to dispirit him, his knowledge of such things obviously persuading him that all such household strong boxes were more vulnerable than their deluded owners suspected. He put out his light, in fact, and extracting different portions of threaded steel from different portions of his clothing, proceeded in a businesslike way to combine these units into what was known to his world at large as a "can opener." Then, making sure by tactile sense alone that his instrument was both ready and steady, he once more flashed on his light, examined the safe, and decided on his point of attack.

Tiny, watching the clock that so depressingly marked the approach of midnight, realized that Blüchers could indeed be sometimes late for Waterloos. For her confederate had in some way failed her. Billy Stone, after all her carefully laid plans, had not been willing to play out his part, the part that might have meant so much to his future.

"Yet he gave his promise," repeated the girl with the troubled eyes. And Billy, she remembered, had always been a man of his word.

So she found the courage, after waiting another slow-dragging quarter of an hour, to creep to the telephone in the upper living room and call up the hospital.

An ammonia-plant explosion and fire in East Broadway, she was finally told, had kept all the ambulance drivers busy for the last two hours. But, on further inquiry, it was found that Mr. Stone had left the hospital only fifteen minutes before. And that, Tiny remembered, meant that he still might come, might come now at any moment.

She went to the stairhead and listened, wondering if by any mischance the street-door might have been relocked. A faint stir, something between a tremor and a sound, seemed to come up out of the well of darkness below.

She leaned forward, listening more intently. And the silence was again disturbed by a phantasmal small something which she could not define.

She assumed, as she started quietly down the stairway, that it was someone trying the front door, that it was Billy held back by the latch some other hand had restored to its place. And it might be well, all things considered, still to admit him.

But she was mistaken in her assumption about the door latch, she realized when she reached the ground floor, for those mysterious small sounds still assailing her sensitized ears were coming, not from the front of the house but from somewhere in its rear. And it was her duty, she felt, to determine their source.

She was not afraid. It was no worse, she knew, than a sleeping ward in the small hours of the night or that final watch by a bed with its isolating screen about it. Yet when she tiptoed to the back of the hall and stood leaning against a door lintel, listening, the silence that surrounded her seemed uncannily complete. She was on the point of creeping forward again, in fact, before the disquieting muffled noise once more assailed her. It sounded like the gnawing of a rat, deep in hidden timbers, interrupted by a more metallic clink or two, minute as a busy doctor's instruments dropped on a sterilized tray. And Tiny knew, as she continued to listen, that those betraying sounds were coming from Wilbur Stone's private study, the study that seemed to hold what he most prized in the world.

She promptly groped her way to this study door and opened it as quietly as she was able to. She intended to reach for the wall switch and throw on the lights. But she was arrested by a distinct small chink of metal against metal, followed by a floor tremor that sent a sudden tingling of nerve ends through her intent body.

"Is somebody in here?" she demanded, her voice as controlled as she could keep it.

But there was no answer to that challenge.

"Who's in here?" she cried, more sharply. And still she was not afraid. But she resented that engulfing and undecipherable darkness, just as she resented the ominously prolonging silence that followed her question. And she knew that this silence was not an empty one. She knew, as definitely as though she had seen the intruder with her own eyes, that someone was confronting her there in the darkness, was waiting there for her next move.

Her first impulse was to back away until she came to the room wall, where she would be able to find the light switch. But on second thought she groped her way silently forward, to where she knew the study telephone stood on the mahogany table. She reached the table end and after padding quickly about its surface found the telephone transmitter. But instead of seating herself beside the table she took the instrument up in her hand and backed slowly away, backed as far away as its insulated cord would permit.

The next moment a ghostly arm of light swung out of the darkness and slapped her full in the face. It seemed to flower out of nothingness, leaving her blinking into a blinding white disk.

"Drop that phone!" cried a voice, a voice husky with ferocity.

The startled girl knew that voice. She knew it even though she could not see the face behind the poised flashlight.

"Spider!" she gasped, moving forward a step or two.

"Drop that phone!" repeated the steely voice out of the darkness. She could see the dark-metaled pistol advanced into the widening beam of light. She could see the yellowish-tinted finger crooked over the blunt trigger end. Yet she knew she could never do what Spider was commanding. It was her duty, she remembered, to protect what he was assaulting, to protect it at any cost.

"I can't do it, Spider," she said with sudden guile, turning a little away from the light as though to shield her eyes from its glare. But it was the essential instrument in her hand that she was thinking of. For she knew that her final movement, when it came, would have to be quick.

"Drop it!" said the intent voice, so venomous in its quietness.

Instead of doing so, and instead of attempting to lift the receiver from its hook, she raised both hook and receiver with her thumb end.

"Send a policeman quick. You ——"

That was as far as she got.

Her voice was interrupted by the bark from the poised metal barrel. The bullet, striking the arm that held the transmitter in front of her, jerked it aside and sent her spinning in a ludicrous full circle before she fell to the floor. It was the telephone instrument, in falling, that made the only sound, until Spider Logan, coming out of his momentary stupor, stumbled over his fallen tools and ran for the door.

A shout sounded abovestairs as he sped gropingly through the hall and, letting himself out the entry door, sidled watchfully along the deserted midnight street and rounded a corner.

Lights flashed on throughout the startled house and Wilbur Stone came stumping and stumbling down the wide stairway, wheezing as he came.

"What's all this uproar?" he demanded of the silence as he went limping back to the study door. And there, having switched on the lights, he stood staring at the blood on the Saruk rug and the crumpled figure of Tiny McCann lying beside the fallen transmitter.

He thought it was Riggs who came striding into the room as he stooped over that prostrate figure. When he looked up, however, he saw his own son standing wide-eyed above him.

"Get a doctor, you numskull," he barked out as his fumbling fingers tried to tie a handkerchief about the white forearm dark with blood.

"I want her taken to the hospital," cried Billy as he caught up the fallen telephone.

"Hospital be damned!" shouted the old man in the frayed dressing gown. "She's going to stay right here in this house."

"I'd like her in the hospital sir," persisted Billy as he rattled the receiver hook.

"Does she belong to you?" demanded the older man as he attempted to lift her.

"She's going to," averred Billy, with sudden decision.

But Wilbur Stone did not hear him. For Tiny, as he tried to lift her into the wide-armed leather chair, moaned and opened her eyes.

"It's all right, my dear," he said with unexpected gentleness. "We'll have you all fixed up before you know it." Then, turning, he shouted over his shoulder, "Get that doctor, you dumb-bell!"

And while the younger man was busy at the phone Tiny moaned again and stared dazedly about the room.

"Where's Spider?" she whispered.

"Never mind about Spider," placated the old man as he held a tremulous arm about her. "Never mind about anything. Just a minute or two, my dear, and we'll have you all right."

But Tiny didn't seem to hear him. Her eyes, at the moment, were on Billy. She even tried to smile as he came and stooped over her.

"You won't go away, will you, Billy?" she asked in a voice rather like that of a frightened child.

"Do you know the first thing you're going to do when you get out of this bed?" said Billy, two weeks later.

"What's that?" asked Tiny, sitting up with her arm in a sling.

"You're going to marry me," announced Billy, with a masterful air quite new to him.

"How can I," queried Tiny with a little quaver in her voice, "when I've your father to look after?"

"He's old enough to look after himself," contended the young man who had taken possession of her free hand. "And he's even willing to swallow me, he says, if you can be the orange juice after the oil."

"I knew he would," proclaimed Tiny.

"So we all seem to be conquered," pursued Billy. But Tiny, apparently, didn't hear him. She was busy feeling her feet.

"What a rest it's given those arches," said that optimistic young lady as she leaned back against the banked pillows.

"But it ought to be a house wedding," continued the inapposite Billy.

"Then I want Buddy here," proclaimed Tiny. "And all the hospital kids they'll let us carry away from the wards."

"And we'll tie roses and pink ribbons on the old misery wagons," pursued the happy-eyed young ambulance driver, "and let 'em swim in ice cream."

"Hot dog!" cried Tiny, reverting to the argot of her youth. "Hot dog!" she repeated, giving Billy a one-armed hug that made his bones creak.

(THE END)

A Pack Train Crossing Snow Field at Top of Piute Pass

Mothers know what it means to keep them in shoes

Little girls like shoes that look well, but shoes surely have to stand a lot!

"Good gracious, child! What *have* you been doing to your shoes?" "Just playing."

Every mother has asked the question. Every child has answered it in much the same way.

They'll come home with a pair of shoes—new a week ago!—that look as if they'd been through a concrete mixer.

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Endicott-Johnson "Better shoes for less money."

* * * *

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We only wish you could see how *we* build shoes. How 17,000 trained E-J Workers—sharing in the responsibilities and rewards of the company—are sincerely interested in turning out *better* shoes.

How we test boys' and girls' shoes. Put them on hundreds of active little feet. Subject them to every torture a child can give. Watch the effects. Note what leathers, lasts, patterns and stitchings stand up best. Strive to make them still stronger and more durable.

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And how, by building millions and millions of pairs of shoes annually, we save you money in the price.

Endwell—A boyish type of walking Oxford for high school girls. Other styles for girls of all ages.

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Go to a store selling Endicott-Johnson shoes. Pick up a pair. Look for the E-J trade-mark on the sole. Note how well these shoes are made. Nothing skimped. Sturdy, fine-grained leather—tanned in our own tanneries in our own special way to give extra-long wear. Soles thick and tough. Linings strong. Extra-heavy thread.

Then take home a pair for each of the children and

Mark the day on the calendar

Keep a record of the wear of these shoes. See how they withstand the racing, climbing, kicking and grinding they're sure to face. Consider the longer wear and the lower price together and see what you save on your children's shoe budget.

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You can't expect a boy to stop and think about his shoes.

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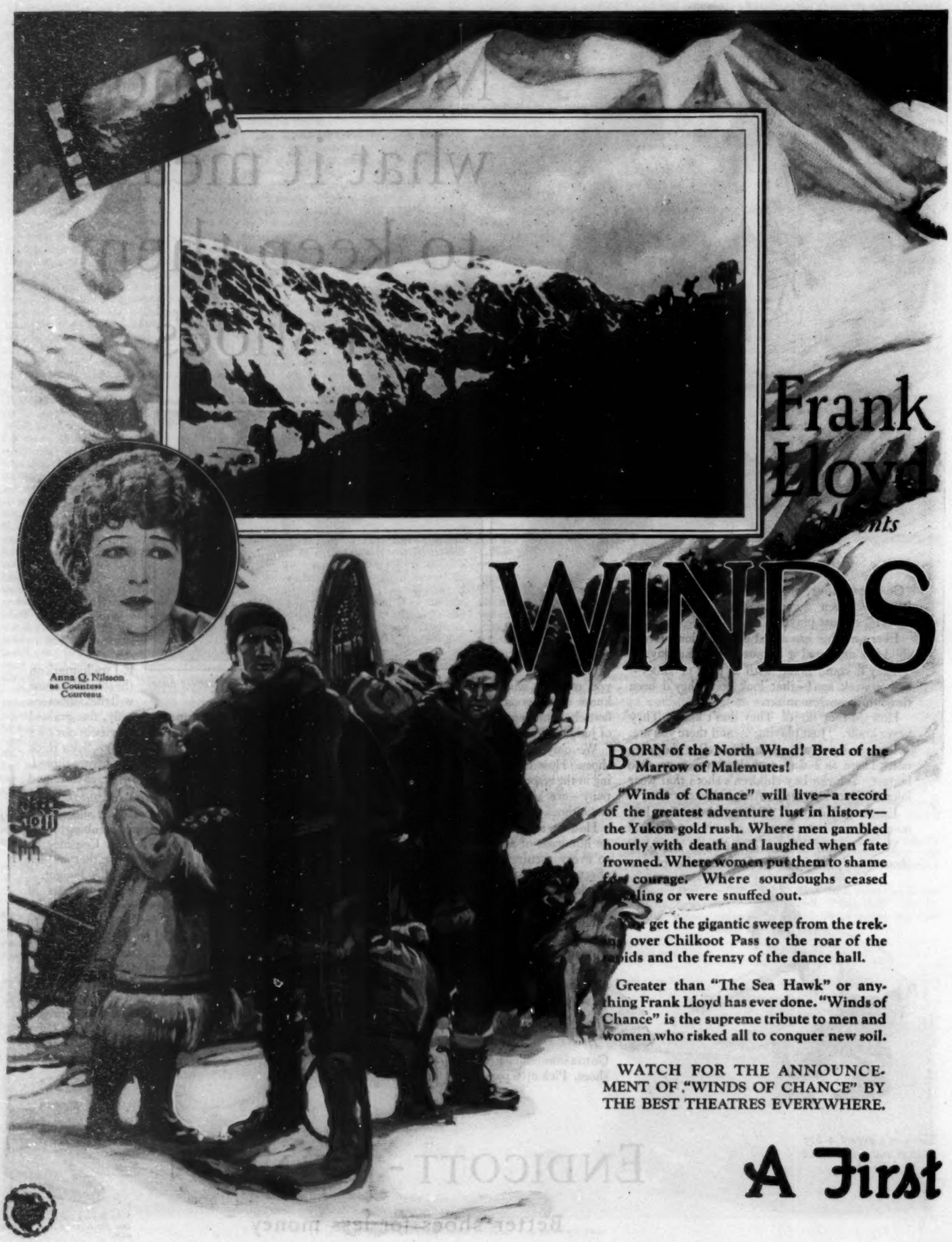

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with Anna Q Nilsson··Ben Lyon
Viola Dana *and* Victor McLaglen

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2. Frank Lloyd's masterly direction
3. The overwhelming background of Canadian mountain peaks
4. The featured players: Anna Q. Nilsson, Ben Lyon, Viola Dana and Victor McLaglen.
5. The splendid supporting cast: Dorothy Sebastian, Hobart Bosworth, Claude Gillingwater, Philo McCullough and John T. Murray
6. The romantic love drama between Anna Q. Nilsson (Countess Courteau) and Ben Lyon (Pierce Phillips)
7. The breath taking sequence of shooting the rapids*
8. The dazzling magnitude of mountain barriers*
9. The dramatic swirl of a gold rush, the overnight building of towns, the advent of lynch law, the race for Dawson and the dance hall fray
10. The consistent standard of production of all First National Pictures. "If it's a First National Picture, you're bound to enjoy it."

*Reproduced above from the actual film.

Top—Viola Dana (Rouletta); Hobart Bosworth as Sam Kirby;
Middle—Anna Q. Nilsson (Countess Courteau); and Ben Lyon as Pierce Phillips;
Bottom—the shell game at the "jumping off station."

Above—Dorothy Sebastian as Laure;
Below—Claude Gillingwater as Tom; Charles Crockett as Jerry; Victor McLaglen as Poleon Doret and Viola Dana as Rouletta

National Picture

GOLDEN FRUIT

(Continued from Page 23)

of the hay crop is larger, even in California, than that of oranges.

Even if in many instances an orange grove proves the finest of investments, financially speaking, no one will maintain that the original motive for purchase is always strictly commercial. To the health seeker, the business and professional man just retired, the Middle-Western farmer at last able to sell his holdings, and the idle rich looking for something to do, but not too much—to all these an orange grove has an irresistible attraction, a peculiar fascination.

As a rule, a house and lot in Southern California are more readily sold if there are a few orange trees in the yard or a few acres attached. In other words, many an orange grove is bought as a home, provided there is a house on the place, rather than as a horticultural proposition.

Nothing attracts the eye more readily than ripe oranges on the tree, for there are few more beautiful sights. The Easterner or Middle-Westerner who has just sold his business or wheat farm is bowled over by a powerful psychological influence. He knows oranges by personal contact in the East—at the rate of about sixty cents a dozen. If he buys a grove he can pick all he wants, for every grower keeps family trees for his own use. There will be also enough and more to give away to his less fortunate friends.

It would almost seem at times as if newcomers purchased groves more because they fell in love with oranges, with the golden apples of Hesperides, than through any liking for the business itself. There is something about an orange orchard that possesses the newcomer to own it. I asked an experienced grower and shipper if he believed this lure to be a real factor.

"Yes," he replied, "I've known lots of men who came out and said they would never buy, and inside of two years they owned a grove."

Another successful grower, one of the four or five largest in the state, speaking of the hundreds of men who have been farmers elsewhere and who go to California thinking they can raise oranges, said that "some of them do mighty well." Asked about the others, he thought a moment, and replied that the newcomer is inclined to lose his head just a bit when he first arrives.

"They would rather have a competence with these mountains and sunshine than affluence without. They become just a little intoxicated, and don't exercise the judgment they do back there."

"It's an ideal life all the same, and I'd like to own a grove myself," was the identical concluding remark of several residents of citrus districts, not themselves owners, who had regaled me with long criticisms of orange growing as a business.

The Piquant Minority

"This is what gets the Easterner," said my guide as he waved his arm, "coming out here at this season of the year when everything is frozen in the East and the fruit is just beginning to ripen."

We were driving in February through a section which might have been a park, an orchard, a fine residential district or a flower garden. In fact it was a combination of all four. It was on high undulating ground, with captivating views of distant mountains. There was serious commercial horticulture, no doubt, in those hundreds of lovely acres; but it was difficult for me to ask hard, serious business and economic questions in such soft and lovely surroundings. I would rather have sat on one of the wide porches of any one of the spacious ranch houses and looked at the view.

My companion, though comparatively young, was an experienced, practical, hard-working grower, a native engaged in citriculture for strict purposes of livelihood. Yet he too felt the spell.

Although the cause may in part be merely climatic, there is little question that the Easterner who goes to the Far West feels at first a certain lack of restraint, a heady freedom, to which he is not accustomed. Possibly he lets down a bit, and does things at first that he wouldn't do in his old home.

"The last fellow in the world to explain why he has bought an orange grove," said a leading agricultural expert, "is the man who has just bought one."

As a general proposition, no one likes to lose money. Yet among a certain class of orange growers there is much chaffing and jeering of one another in regard to the losses sustained. These are the idle rich, the remittance men and those who have retired from other occupations to take up citriculture, but not at all seriously. Such growers form a minority of the whole, but a piquant minority, to say the least. They rather freely describe themselves as suckers, and take a certain slightly bitter enjoyment in the fact.

"I'm glad I haven't a grove to support" is the chiding they receive from friends who have been successful in resisting the lure.

Country-Club Farmers

Then, too, there is usually a certain percentage of local business men, bankers, physicians, teachers, and the like, whose ownership of citrus property is of somewhat the same nature, not kept going by remittances from the East, but supported by their earnings in town.

Of course, if the remittance men are in poor health and show a certain slackness in attention to business, their case is easy to understand. Then there is the young man who throws out his chest and swaggers about as a farmer, but who in reality spends most of his time playing golf and bridge and dancing at the nearest country club. Ownership of a grove makes him think he has some interest in life, and he can watch the fruit ripen or give occasional orders to the lazy and inefficient Mexican who takes care of the property.

If the season is poor, it makes little difference, because a check will arrive on the first instant from an Eastern trust company, as usual. If returns are good, it will mean an extra trip East or to Europe. Many small or indifferent growers, those afflicted with disinterest, are well satisfied if they can pay their taxes in a good year from the grove.

But really to understand the lure of the orange we must dig considerably deeper than this. A bearing grove represents a high capitalization per acre. The retired Middle-Western farmer, storekeeper, professor or clergyman, with his competence of from $20,000 upward, can put it all into a grove and see every tree from his front porch. There is nothing like so much acreage as in general farming; there is less dirt to look after, and nearly always it is nearer the city.

Citriculture for the person of average means is a highly compact, concentrated proposition, always under the eye of the owner. On from ten to forty acres the same application of capital and ability will make profits equal to those on hundreds or even thousands of acres given over to less valuable crops.

A few years ago the statement was made that to get a gross return of $4000, ten acres of lemons would do the business as well as 400 of barley.

Then, too, it is literally true that manual labor on an orange grove is relatively slight. It is possible to be a farmer without the inconvenience of farming. Comparatively speaking, the orange grower can sit in the shade and take it easy while still calling himself a farmer. If he can make the same profit from perhaps twenty acres as he can from 160 in the Middle West, it is obvious that there will be less manual work to do.

But there are other reasons besides high crop values per acre for the relatively slight manual labor involved in orange growing. Nearly all growers either belong to a local coöperative association or sell their fruit to private organizations that perform substantially the same functions as coöperatives. These local associations relieve the owner of much of the drudgery associated with general farming. They pick the fruit, not even permitting the grower to pick it, and usually they do the fumigating. Also they will supply pruners, if requested. As a matter of course, they grade, pack, ship and sell the product.

Strange as it may seem, these advantages are quite largely due to the very fact that so many newcomers, outsiders and amateurs, as it were, have entered the citrus industry. Retired business and professional men have applied to their new vocation, or avocation, many of the same methods which have made them successful in their former occupations. They seem to coöperate much more easily than wheat or even dairy farmers.

The artificial heating of orchards started in one of the older citrus districts and has extended to apple-growing regions. Fumigation of scale pests, irrigation details, improved pruning methods and better machinery and processes for sorting and packing fruit have been worked out extensively in the same citrus district.

Many citrus growers, having come in from other occupations, are not dirt farmers by tradition; and therefore, it is said, have fewer iron-bound prejudices. In this connection Dr. A. D. Shamel, physiologist in charge of fruit improvement investigations for the United States Department of Agriculture in California and Hawaii, made the following statement:

"These improvements are largely the result and outgrowth of a fresh viewpoint of people who are not held down by prejudices and are not in a rut. The citrus grower faces new things without shudder or fear. It is a complex of newcomers and new conditions; together they produce an original viewpoint. I know of no place where the grower is so keen and active in taking up the little help which is the most that any of us in scientific work can give him."

Theoretically, the grower irrigates, cultivates and fertilizes. But irrigation does not involve much work, as the water comes from a company which supplies it only at certain stated intervals, the grower merely taking the run when it comes. Then there are innumerable small growers, professional farmers in other lines, and gardeners, who will take the cultivating and irrigating on contract. Many growers do not own a team of horses or a tractor, always being able to contract for such work. Thus nearly all the drudgery commonly associated with farming is eliminated.

Easy to Make a Small Success

The fact that so much of the work is done by the hired crews of local associations makes orange raising seem more business-like than general farming, with its dreary round of individual toil, to which the new settler is familiar either from personal experience or observation.

The new member is taken to a directors' meeting of the local association and feels somehow that he is now in a regular business and won't have to sweat the way he did back East on the farm. Nearly always there is a nice bungalow on the grove which the real-estate agent has induced him to buy. There is always electricity and usually gas. He is within less than two hours by electric car of a great metropolis, and the finest of paved highways passes his door.

"But isn't it true that those who have made a big success in this business have given it the closest of personal attention?" was the question asked of one of the largest growers in the state.

(Continued on Page 153)

The Big Three

of the shot-shell world

In the eyes of shooters, these three types of shot-shells stand supreme. The first is a powerful long-range shell for bringing down the high-fliers. The second is a high-grade, all-around shell that gives the shooter a choice of standard powders. The third is a quality shell at a low price. Each is the ultimate shot-shell in its particular class when it carries the US trade-mark—for more than half a century a guaranty of dependable ammunition. United States Cartridge Company, 111 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

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It Gets the Dirt

(Continued from Page 150)

"That depends on what you mean by 'success,'" was his reply. "A man may be just as successful on ten acres as on 1000. There is B, who came here from the East and bought ten acres. He has more now, but not enough to require much work. He goes away all summer, coming back only when he has an irrigation. He makes a success in a small way without doing much work himself. I don't believe he could do that on an Illinois farm. Citrus raising is a little nicer than some other things; it's a clean business.

"There is a man here whose people are in the machinery business in New England. He left his son behind to run the plant and bought ten acres of oranges here. I don't know what his means are. He helped the carpenter build his bungalow, but I know he has a new 1925 closed Bowls-Backard car. Each person has his own individual reason for coming here. I don't know what they all are. All I know is that this man and his wife seem to live very comfortably in their grove. Perhaps they bought it to slough off accumulated trouble."

"But," I persisted, "you don't mean to tell me that with your 750 acres you are able to take life easy? I don't believe that any man could build up a business like yours, with your packing houses, by-product factories and other interests, without the hardest kind of work."

"That is different," he said. "For the ten-acre man the local association carries much of the burden. When you get up in hundreds of acres it is a unit in itself. We have to run our own packing houses, fumigating plant and all the rest of it. The small growers really get a lot of work done for nothing. It is true they pay their managers, but the directors give their valuable time for nothing. If the association proves inefficient, the small grower simply leaves it and joins one that does the work better, without bothering overmuch himself to insure efficiency.

"But we can't take any chances on letting George do it. Our interests are too large for that. No one else can look after them; we have to do the work and take the responsibility ourselves."

Let no one suppose, however, that it lies within the laws of Nature or of man for a coöperative association to remove the risks and hazards inherent in citri-culture, or any other branch of agriculture.

The local association eliminates drudgery to a large degree, disseminates scientific information and markets the crop to the best of its ability. But it cannot repeal the hard fact that orange growing is in many respects a highly complex and technical branch of farming, with success usually dependent upon the proper adjustment and combination of eight or ten major factors, several of which are both difficult and variable in the highest degree.

Settling Too Fast

Those who arrive in a comparatively new country, especially of a semitropical nature, are inclined to bring with them a rosy dream. In view of the actual fascination of a full bearing or blooming orange grove, and the attractive living conditions, it is not strange that the dream should often take that form.

But if under these circumstances the newcomer does not weigh in every case as fully as he should the hazards of this new occupation, the risk which he most naturally overlooks is that involved in paying too high a price for the property. Reasonably low capitalization is, of course, one of the first essentials in the success of any enterprise, and when we talk of profits we almost presuppose a moderate capitalization. To load any business down with high initial cost is like asking a man to swim with a stone tied to his neck.

Unfortunately, it sometimes happens that a newcomer to the citrus game falls in love with a site. He finds just the location where he wants to live. The view is wonderful, the roads lined with trees and the site for a house is unsurpassed. People who move to a new country are prone, for some curious reason, never fully explained, to settle too fast. They are obsessed with the desire for a home, for a place.

It is not merely the influx of new people looking for homes that makes it possible for so many real-estate men to live; it is this curious urge to settle down at once, as though there would be no lots left if they waited a year or so.

The newcomer finds just the location that appeals to him. It is rather close to town, near the Elks Club or the Masonic Temple. It is not far for his children to go to high school and for his wife to go to the weekly attractions at the Woman's Club. But a couple of years later he changes his mind and tires of the location. Cousin Will or Brother Jim from Iowa has bought a place in the next county and touts its merits enthusiastically. Our purchaser wonders if he made such a wise choice after all. His wife would rather live near Brother Jim's wife.

Residential Capitalization

But when the original purchase was made the location seemed so ideal that an otherwise shrewd business man or retired farmer paid several thousand dollars more than it was worth as a strictly agricultural proposition, just to get the location, just because he wanted to live there. However, he has tried hard to earn interest on the whole investment, on the home element as well as on the farming element.

His inability to make the property earn on the total capitalization did not bother him much at first; but now that the residential feature no longer appeals, he is much more insistent that it should earn a larger profit so that he can sell without loss.

He begins to wonder why the coöperative association can't get a higher price for fruit in Eastern markets, and he has his doubts as to the ability of the managers. Naturally, he will become dissatisfied with the citrus game, unless he shortly sells out to a purchaser who values the location even more than he did. Carrying it on commercially on a residential capitalization is what hurts.

Numerous towns and cities have been built literally in the orange groves. As streets are cut through and the onward march of urban improvement encircles the orchards, land becomes so valuable for residential purposes that it is difficult to make any kind of farming pay. For one thing, taxes tend to rise.

On the other hand, when the point is reached where the orange grower can actually sell to the subdivision promoter, he is rescued from his plight. If oil is found near by, so much the better. Almost any excess of overcapitalization is validated when the Standard Oil Company presents a land owner with a certified check running into the hundreds of thousands of dollars as a mere bonus.

A Norwegian once purchased twenty acres of citrus land in Southern California and at the first opportunity bought more. His Old World land hunger kept him poor. No man could have worked harder than he, or struggled more courageously against a burden of debt. Just as profits began to come in from his oranges, oil was found on the land, and now he makes single gifts to charity of $40,000.

Real-estate men openly advertise what they describe as commercially successful orange orchards as having in addition a wonderful view and as being directly in the path of subdivision. Of course, certain districts are much more remote than others from the possibility of residential intrusion, but there are hopes in even the most remote. In one section, land that was worth $1000 an acre for oranges only a few years ago is now valued at $20,000 for residential use.

New citrus districts are opened about as fast as the older ones are subdivided, and the new grower who counts on such speculative possibilities may have a weary wait.

The rewards of land speculation, like lightning, do not always strike where expected. Unless cities actually grow to the orchardist's door, he may not be in the path of subdivision at all. Oranges will grow on large areas not now planted, and it is rather fantastic to assume that increasing population will demand the tearing up of all trees to make room for bungalows, even supposing that the growers can afford to wait that long.

One often hears it said in California that good orange groves rarely change hands, and if they do, are snapped up by local talent. The corollary is that Eastern greenhorns have only poor run-down orchards to choose from. But these statements are probably no truer of orange groves than they are of steel mills, newspapers, banks or any other class of enterprise. Nor are they any truer necessarily of California than of any other state.

What seems inexplicable to the writer is the readiness shown at times by outsiders and amateurs to invest large sums in such a complex and technical undertaking without the most painstaking and long-continued inquiry. This is particularly the case where the newcomer invests his entire savings in an orchard, an astounding performance that does sometimes occur. For a person without experience to enter a highly specialized business without adequate reserves to tide him over a series of bad years is sheer suicide. For the experienced professional to gamble, which is what growing oranges without large reserves amounts to, is bad enough. For the amateur to do it, is utterly inexcusable.

Too often the newcomer seeks advice concerning land only after, instead of before, he has bought it. He asks for help when no help can be given.

"I cannot say that a man is a fool because he buys an orange orchard, but I do say that he is sometimes fooled by extravagant statements," said one of the most experienced and successful growers.

In a carefully prepared bulletin on the subject of Suggestions to the Settler in California, the Agricultural Experiment Station of the state university urges would-be citrus growers to seek a probationary period of employment with an established grower before making purchases. This practice is occasionally followed, and the owner of one of the largest orange concerns told me that he had one wealthy young man from a foreign country where oranges are raised working at the most menial of tasks on his ranch, merely to learn the business.

Sound Advice

But I hardly need assure the reader that this is not the common custom. The retired business man or farmer in middle life from the East or Middle West, who has sold out on sufficiently favorable terms to enable him to live anywhere he wants, and who has from $20,000 to $50,000 to put into an orange grove, is not attracted to it by the prospect of making $3.50 for a hard day's labor at shoveling fertilizer for somebody else. If you believe that is what draws him toward oranges, you are gullible enough to believe anything. Yet the Agricultural Experiment Station, with the courage of its scientific convictions, keeps right on insisting as follows:

"Persons with no knowledge of farming are advised not to purchase farm lands in California until some months of experience have brought them into actual contact with conditions."

In the same bulletin it is pointed out that the buyer frequently does not deal with the owner, especially when purchasing into any sort of subdivision, or even in all cases with members of the real-estate firm which is handling the subdivision, but with salesmen who are at times irresponsible as well as itinerant. Their statements, the bulletin points out, should be confirmed from other sources.

Even if at times an ill-advised investment does result in loss to the individual, there is a gain to the community from an influx of new money. Such at least is the view one encounters at times. For years citrus growing was the chief industry of Southern California, and although of less relative importance since the oil development, it still brings a great sum into the state each year, provides the railroads with $30,000,000-odd in freight and is the mainstay of numerous communities.

An extensive and elaborate packing and shipping industry rests upon the basis of the individual grower; in single communities there are a dozen packing houses. In turn, there is the development of banks, real-estate firms and merchants. Local residents are not popular who question the value of citrus lands.

"For any citizen not to own at least half an acre of oranges is like the failure to buy Liberty Bonds during the war," said a resident of one such place.

Citrus communities are not alone in the desire for new capital. It is unfortunate if the new settler loses, but at least capital has come in. Besides, the fellow was probably destined to lose his money in something; it might as well come our way. Such is a local attitude by no means peculiar to orange districts; it may be found all over the country.

"From the first, I have said that the citrus industry needed two classes of immigrants—those who enjoy the soil and have a good day's work in them, and those with money who engage in it as a plaything," was the frank and cynical remark of an experienced and successful operator.

The Final Test of Value

Speaking rather generally, it also seems to the writer that local sentiment favors the breaking up of large holdings into small orchards. Such a process does not necessarily increase efficiency or add to production; often the contrary. But it means more population, more purchasers in the stores, more subscribers to local utilities and more deals through local real-estate firms. Also it means higher land values.

But however impenetrable may appear the air of optimism and enthusiasm due to the necessity, real or supposed, of sustaining local values, the newcomer can always find disinterested expert advice if he really seeks it. The county farm advisers will assist any grower, for they can always call upon the scientists attached to the state and Federal departments of agriculture for information which they themselves do not possess. Officers of packing houses and local growers' associations will furnish authoritative figures. Reliable outside experts, in no way connected with the local community in which the newcomer proposes to settle, can be employed to appraise land for a fee which is insignificant in comparison with the proposed investment.

"A school-teacher from Wisconsin who had been here a few days came in to see me once and said he had decided to go into the orange business," one of the scientific advisers told the writer. "There were two districts he wanted to know about. I quizzed him about his farm experience and it seemed he had been in the truck game to some extent back there.

"'Why don't you go into truck farming here?' I asked him. 'The Orientals are going out of it, and demand is increasing because of the growth of population. Besides, we are too far away for any other section to ship much produce in.'

"'No,' he replied, 'the stooping is hard on my heart. I am not in robust health.'

"I asked him if he had seen the packing-house returns on the grove which he proposed to buy—returns for a considerable period of years, of course—as a final test of its value. He said it was a good idea and went away. He came back soon on a second visit, after he had bought the grove, and I asked him about the packing-house returns.

"'Oh, I forgot to ask for them,' he said.

"Yet in the last few days, during the recent frost, that man, so apparently careless about his purchase, has phoned me as late as ten o'clock at night to ask my advice about saving his crop. He bought in one of the very coldest sections. He had only $7000 and I presume it is all gone now. If he had invested the $7000 in good bonds and gone to work for a grower until he learned the risks of the business, all this trouble could have been prevented. But, of course, he didn't want to work; that's the very reason he bought an orange grove.

"Then there is the case of a retired sea captain who paid $1000 an acre too much. He had the cash to buy outright, which is more than most purchasers have, and he wanted to get settled down. He insisted upon buying, although an agricultural expert for one of the larger chambers of commerce advised him against it. He bought at top prices, just before one of the periodical frosts, and his capital has been depleted about $5000. However, I think if he gets by this year without further losses he will be all right. He says himself that he has no sympathy whatever for growers who lose, for he thinks they deserve to lose."

In its circular on Suggestions to the Settler in California, the Agricultural Experiment Station points out that "The sale of land at prices which its adaptability does not justify has caused greater losses and misery than any other thing connected with land settlement. The fact that lands are valued at much higher prices when adapted to oranges, lemons or alfalfa than when adapted to grain has led to the placing on the market of a great deal of land for crops to which it is not suited. The land is good enough when used for the purpose to which it is adapted, but it is bad when the attempt is made to use it for some other purpose."

In other words, the goodness or badness of lands consists largely in their relation to the crops they are intended to grow.

There is a section famous the country-side over for its terrific winds. Here desert sand storms are found at their worst, and they are genuinely dreaded by motorists. Many a new car, fresh from the city, has had to go to the paint shop after its maiden trip across these desolate spaces, and many a top has been blown off here. Yet this section is so near, relatively speaking, to the heavily populated areas that it is a constant temptation to the developer.

Popular legend has it that peanuts were once grown here, but that such culture proved a failure when a large crop, which had been picked and placed in piles ready to move, was scattered beyond recall by a sudden gust of wind. The tale is perhaps apocryphal, but even to the layman's eye there appear certain disadvantages in citriculture, as well as in peanut culture, in such surroundings. Yet there are other crops but little injured by wind, and it is to these, of course, that the land is adapted.

Mr. Teague's Views

There is said to be considerable land on which young citrus trees grow well for a few years, but where actual fruit-bearing trees flourish not at all. Trees in such places make it easier to sell land, and it is possible now and then that a purchaser may buy an orchard planted more for the purpose of selling real estate than for growing trees.

In order to get as authoritative a statement as possible, I presented a number of these considerations in the form of an inquiry to Mr. C. C. Teague, president of the California Fruit Growers Exchange. Mr. Teague said, in part:

"When anyone in the East thinks of California, he usually conceives of it as a great semitropical country. It has, in fact, a wonderful diversity of soil and climate, but is semi-arid. I know I was fearfully disappointed when I first came out, for I had different impressions, gained in the East. Southern California is bordered on one side by a desert and mountains and on the other by the ocean, with many valleys between. Thus we have a shore and an inland climate and a great variety of soils.

"Lots of people ignorantly think you can plant anything and it will do well here. Promoters have encouraged this idea and have brought people out on wrong premises. One type of fruit is adapted to the hot inland climate and others to the moist coast climate. There are differences of soil in every locality. Some are well drained; others are low and cold; in places the water table is too close to the surface.

"Here comes a man from the East. The promoter may have planted trees in a spot so cold that frost is sure to settle there; or it may be a variety of tree unsuited to the place that causes trouble. The newcomer doesn't always understand these facts. An orchard is a highly specialized business, requiring knowledge of cultivation, irrigation, fertilization and insect control. Any intelligent man can usually accumulate the necessary information, but if he assumes that it is easy he is likely to do the wrong thing. Certainly every good business quality he possesses is required."

The Wide Range of Yield

"In every community there are valuable, profitable orchards which make money, and in the same places there are properties not worth owning. I wouldn't take them as gifts, because I couldn't make them pay. It is not surprising to me that some people say they have been taken in and are dissatisfied. Yet others in the same places have low costs resulting from high production, and consequently make money.

"Where any business is difficult, there is room at the top. But if it is too easy, there is not much chance for outstanding success.

"It is a bad thing for California that promoters of colonization projects should bring in people with little thought except to get them here, irrespective of their chances of success. Little is accomplished for the state by bringing the kind of people who come in a flivver with only three tires, for even if the potentialities of success are in them, they cannot be financed at the start."

Mr. Teague went on to say that though the average production of oranges per acre is about 150 boxes, there are growers who produce only 75 boxes, and naturally there is pressure upon a coöperative association to try to get a price which will keep the low producer in business. But some individual growers, he added, get 400 boxes an acre.

In warning prospective settlers that large yields obtained under very favorable conditions are not a true business guide, one of the publications of the Agricultural Experiment Station says that with 150 boxes an average, a safe estimate for business purposes is 225, that a good yield which competent men may hope to obtain is 300, that a yield not infrequently obtained under favorable circumstances is 450, and that a possible but extraordinary yield is 600.

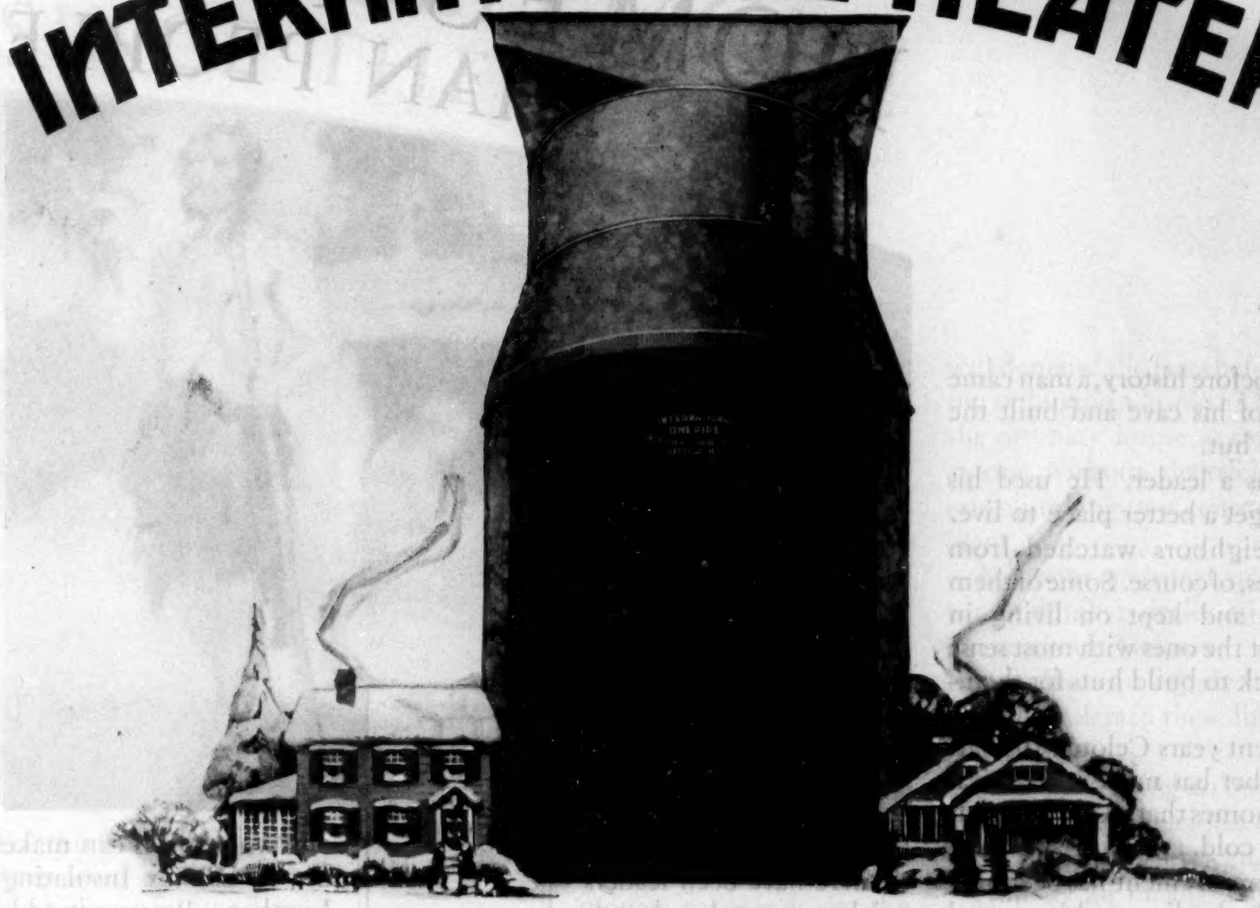
"Does production range from grower to grower?" repeated a shipper and packing-house owner to whom I had put the question. "I have seen it range from zero to twenty-seven packed boxes per tree. The average for one district I know is only 1.7 boxes, for another 2.7. Yet I know a large grower who once—only once—averaged twenty-seven boxes on quite a large acreage."

These figures should thoroughly dispel any inference which might otherwise be drawn from portions of this article to the effect that orange growing is never, or very rarely, a profitable business. Quite the contrary is true. To the grower who gets quantity and quality, there is always the possibility of a clean-up, the lure of a big killing. Considering the number of people who go into this highly specialized industry without knowing anything about it, the profits seem to the writer to be on the whole decidedly attractive.

Certainly nowhere else does the pursuit of commercial success carry with it a greater zest than in the raising of oranges.

Editor's Note—This is the first of two articles by Mr. Atwood. The second will appear in an early number.

INTERNATIONAL HEATERS



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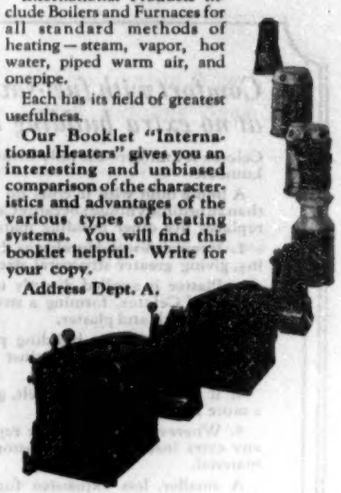

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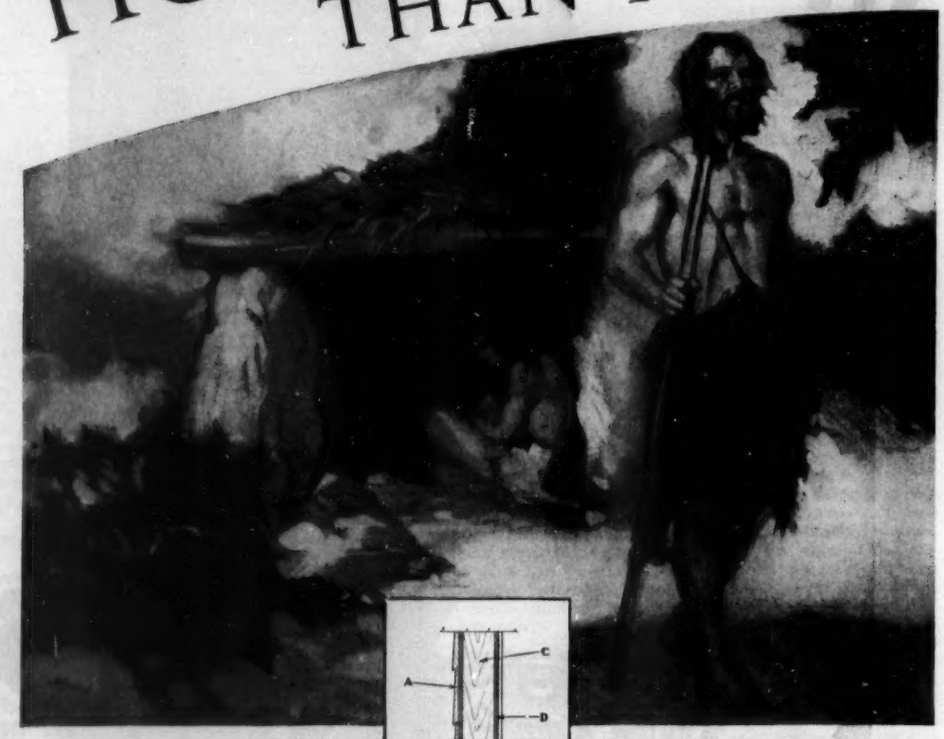
HOMES HAVE MORE THAN PEOPLE



LONG before history, a man came out of his cave and built the first rude hut.

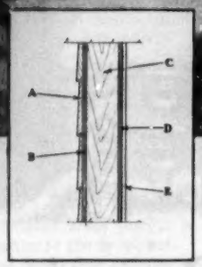
He was a leader. He used his brain to get a better place to live.

His neighbors watched from their caves, of course. Some of them grunted; and kept on living in caves. But the ones with most sense were quick to build huts for themselves.

In recent years Celotex Insulating Lumber has made it practical to build homes that really keep out heat and cold.

This improvement has been recognized by leading architects and builders as a great step forward in home building. But some will go on building as before.

Homes have changed far more than people since then.



A. Clapboards, brick or stucco
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C. Studding, or framework
D. Celotex Insulating Lumber
E. Plaster

Cross-section showing application of Celotex Insulating Lumber: (B) in outside walls as sheathing, where it replaces wood lumber and building paper, and (D) on inside walls, where plaster is applied directly to its surface.

In nearly every community there have been leaders quick to see and make use of this improvement in home comfort.

Two kinds of people Two kinds of homes

And everywhere a certain class of neighbors have accepted their discovery.

Over 60,000 families now enjoy a degree of living comfort not to be found in ordinary homes.

They are not all wealthy. Anyone who builds can make use of Celotex Insulating Lumber. Because it adds nothing to building cost.

It is not a matter of money. It is simply that some people see and hear and think. Others don't.

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Your own home, built with Celotex, will give you a wholly new idea of luxurious home comfort.

Comfort with fuel-saving at no extra building cost

Celotex is Lumber—the only Insulating Lumber.

A home built with it costs no more than an ordinary house; because Celotex replaces *five* other building materials.

1. It replaces wood lumber as sheathing, giving greater structural strength.

2. Plaster is applied directly to the surface of Celotex, forming a stronger wall than lath and plaster.

3. Celotex replaces building paper, giving better protection against wind and moisture.

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5. Wherever used, Celotex replaces any extra insulation or heat-stopping material.

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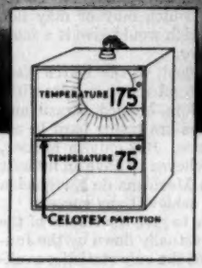

Note this actual test. A wooden box is divided in half by a layer of Celotex. The upper half is heated by an electric lamp.

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These are living improvements so vital that every progressive person will demand the facts before building or buying a home. They make the ordinary house as out-of-date as one without electricity, modern plumbing or a central heating plant.

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EUROPE TAKES TO THE AIR

(Continued from Page 33)

the solution of political difficulties with Czecho-Slovakia. All these services are daily services, with the exception of Sundays. The fares are universally the same as the first-class railway fare, as, of course, are the Aero-Lloyd fares also in the interior of Germany.

But the Junkers Luftverkehr has altogether more ambitious aims than the mere operation of these internal lines. It is not only an air-transport concern; it is a part of a great aircraft-manufacturing organization, desirous of selling the greatest possible number of its products. Its policy is to promote and to supply machines to air companies all over the north and east of Europe, receiving shares in payment, and either controlling or supervising the management; and then to combine all these companies into one interlocking association, called the Europa Union, which at its fullest development would give the Junkers interests a monopoly of air traffic from Scandinavia to the Black Sea, and even beyond. This great project became a fact in May of this year, and the Europa Union was launched as a company with a capital of 10,000,000 gold marks. It comprises the following formidable list of concerns:

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Junkers Luftverkehrs, A. G., Dessau.
Sachsische Luftverkehrs, A. G., Dresden.
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Sudwestdeutsche Luftverkehrs, A. G , Frankfort.
Rumpler Luftverkehrs, A. G., Munich.
Bayrische Luft Lloyd, Munich.
Oberschlesische Luftverkehrs, A. G., Gleiwitz.
Schlesische Luftverkehrs, A. G., Breslau.
Flugverkehr Halle, A. G., Halle.
Luftverkehrs Gesellschaft Ruhrgebiet, Essen.
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Ad Astra, A. G., Zurich.
Dansk-Lufttransport Aktieselskab, Copenhagen.
Aero-Transport, A. B., Stockholm.
Flygindustrie Aktiebolaget, Limhamn, Malmö, Sweden.
Aero O. Y., Helsingfors.
Aeronaut Coy, Reval.
Danziger Luftpost, Dantzic.
Lettland Air-Transport Co., Riga.

This is easily the biggest air-traffic combination in the world, and it is possible that the list of companies above is not complete. The Junkers Company undertakes to supply standard types of machines from its central works at Dessau, with repair or assemblage works at Berlin, Warsaw and Malmö, and to keep them in repair and immediately to replace those crashed. All insurance charges—a very heavy item to air-transport companies—are thereby eliminated. Generally speaking, the entire technical management is concentrated in the hands of Junkers, while the commercial management is left to the local company. This combination is not—as is the Deutsche Aero-Lloyd—a member of the International Air Traffic Association, and it is not too much to say that it is regarded with considerable dislike by the other aviation interests of Europe. They wonder, not unnaturally, whence the Junkers Company is financed for the supply of so many machines on credit.

Junkers in Russia

Nor are the ambitions of Junkers limited to the Europa Union. Early in 1923 they came to an agreement with the Soviet Government for the establishment of aircraft factories and air-traffic routes in Russia—another matter which has excited some apprehension and still more speculation outside Germany. Their operations in the Bolshevik paradise were and are shrouded in almost complete secrecy; but the Junkers factory at Fili, near Moscow, was supposed to be capable of turning out one complete Junkers machine a day.

During that year, 1923, they maintained a somewhat irregular service between Moscow and Tiflis. But apparently the usual quarrels with the Bolsheviks have occurred, and a considerable proportion of the Junkers staff is stated to have been withdrawn from the country. However, Junkers are today running a twice-weekly air service on the route Baku-Pehlevi-Teheran-Ispahan, and with the exception of the Deruluft Königsberg-Moscow line, which uses Fokker machines and is managed by the German Aero-Lloyd, all civilian—and certainly some military—flying in Russia is performed with Junkers aircraft, so it would be rash to assume that the Junkers influence is extinct.

Germany's Place in the Air

They also proposed to run a service from Berlin to Kabul in Afghanistan, via Moscow and Tashkend, in conjunction with the Russian Dobrolet Company, and an experimental flight was carried out in October, 1924. But possibly as a result of the alleged disagreement with the Soviet authorities, this project still remains a project. In Persia, the Junkers Company have recently applied for a twelve or eighteen months' concession for an air service from Enzeli to Bushire, but this also has not yet materialized. Nor, so far, have the Junkers interests succeeded in penetrating into Turkey, where they are actively in rivalry with the French Franco-Roumaine Company. Both companies have offered to establish aircraft factories and flying schools in Turkey, but up to date neither of them has prevailed, and the only definite result is that the French service is suspended. But the Junkers Company is planning a Black Sea route from Braila in Rumania to Trebizond in Turkey, which may or may not eventuate, but which would give it a foothold in the country.

Even farther afield, in the Dutch East Indies—where they offered to operate without subsidy—and in Mexico, Brazil and Argentina, Junkers are trying hard to extend their influence. But only in Mexico, where they are believed to have an interest in the Compania Mexicana de Navigacion Aera, have they achieved any success.

It is impossible to give the results of the air-traffic routes actually flown by the Junkers companies, as the only statistics available are for the total of all Junkers machines irrespective of the company owning them; and this would include, for example, some of the traffic already shown for the Deutsche Aero-Lloyd and other independent companies which use a few Junkers aeroplanes. But with all deductions, the totals are phenomenal:

YEAR	NO. OF MACHINES USED	LENGTH OF SYSTEM KILOMETERS	KILOMETERS FLOWN	PASSENGERS CARRIED	FREIGHT CARRIED KILOGRAMS
1921	11	1112	350,000	2,230	2,500
1922	25	3834	536,000	11,005	16,180
1923	60	6306	1,266,769	26,509	67,035
1924	78	7309	1,875,371	40,298	142,866

In 1925 the number of machines in regular service has increased to 150, and the total kilometerage scheduled to be flown is 2,141,577.

Despite the persistent bitter outcry in the German press that Germany's late enemies, and particularly France, are maintaining a ruthless strangle hold on German aviation, Germany would therefore not seem to be doing too badly in the air. On the showing of their own figures, the German Junkers Company and the German Aero-Lloyd between them carried 55,214 air passengers in 1924—which was fully two-thirds of the entire world traffic for that year.

Without a doubt, the control exercised by the Allied Commission since 1919 has seriously embarrassed and hampered the German aircraft industry. Free from interference, Germany would certainly possess a large number of aeroplanes at once bigger, more powerful and faster than those she has today. On the other hand, the unbiased historian of the future may record that the various restrictive measures imposed by the Allies upon German aviation were, like other temporary misfortunes, a blessing in disguise for the sufferer.

In the first place, by proceeding to a wholesale and thorough destruction of the German war stocks of planes and engines, the Allies redeemed Germany from that accumulation of obsolescent flying material which in their own countries had more or less to be used up, and which, until very recently, blocked the way to the construction of more modern and efficient types. The prohibition of flying over the Rhineland, although extremely exasperating to the Germans, has proved a very double-edged prohibition. Whatever the urgent military reasons which prompt the French General Staff to insist upon its maintenance, on the commercial side it has merely had the effect of making all Europe east of the Rhine and Alps a close preserve for the German air-transport and aircraft-manufacturing industries. And the chief result of the famous Nine Rules has been so to stimulate the ingenuity of German aircraft constructors that German aeroplanes are today probably the most aerodynamically efficient machines that there are in the world.

Revision of the Nine Rules

The various motorless gliding competitions, which were an expression of the German will to overcome the restrictions imposed on them, and which were a revelation in scientific aerodynamics that startled the rest of the world, gave them a large amount of data of the utmost value. When the scientific brain sets itself to defeat the formulas evolved by the bureaucrat—the improvement in British motor-engine design as the result of the British horse-power tax is another case in point—it generally succeeds. Even under the Nine Rules in their original and most severe form, German aircraft designers produced large, efficient and comfortable passenger machines—the nine-passenger all-metal Dornier Komet III and the twelve-passenger triple-engined all-metal Junkers are the most noteworthy—which just scraped through the specifications, but which were certainly not intended by the framers of those rules.

These Nine Rules have just been modified, as this article is being written, at the end of June, by the Council of Ambassadors in Paris, in a somewhat belated answer to a schedule of suggested revisions submitted by Germany fifteen months previously, in March, 1924.

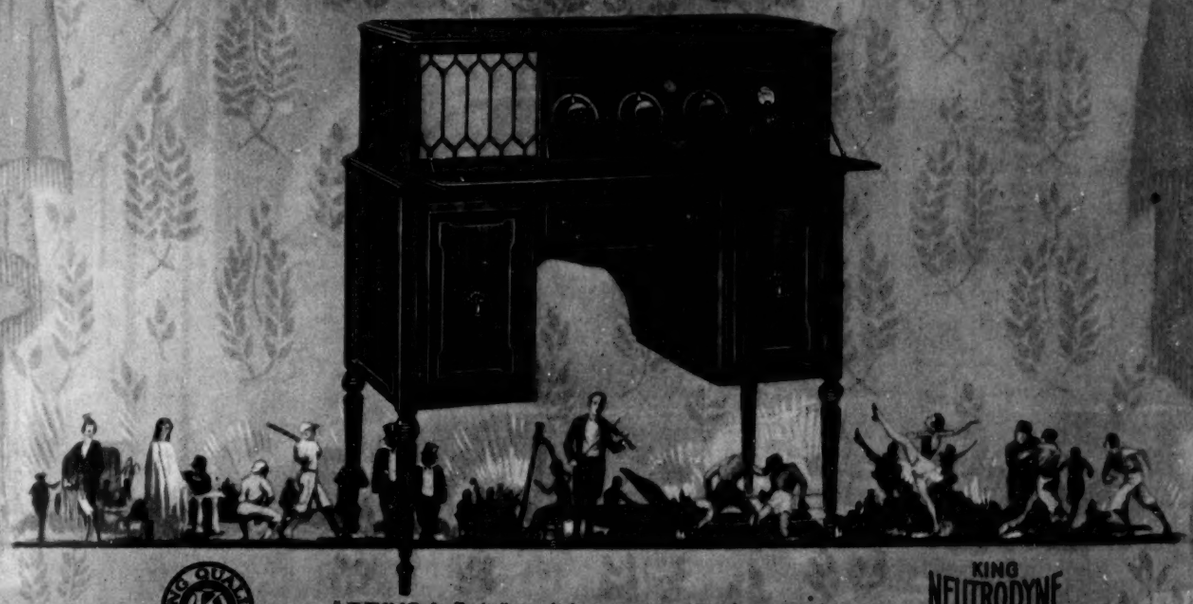
Germany is anything but satisfied with the alterations made, which, while certainly removing some of the disabilities of German commercial aviation, even more rigidly than before prevent—or are intended to prevent—the surreptitious creation of a military air force.

The principal concessions made are that the permissible speed of German aircraft flying at 2000 meters is increased from 170 kilometers to 180 kilometers an hour, and that the permissible useful load, including pilots and instruments, is increased from 600 kilograms to 900 kilograms. The prohibition of the manufacture of any aeroplane capable of attaining a greater height than 4000 meters still stands. A new and somewhat elastically worded rule prohibits every device that may facilitate the conversion of commercial aircraft to warlike purposes, and it is this rule which provokes the greatest indignation of the German press.

With the same object, a new Rule 8 empowers the Air Guaranty Committee to demand lists of German aircraft factories

(Continued on Page 161)

KING IN RADIO



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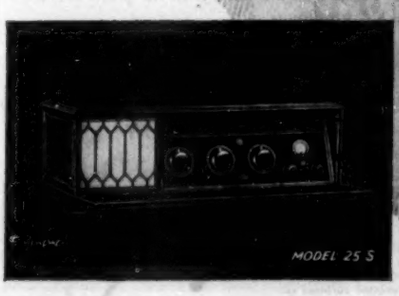

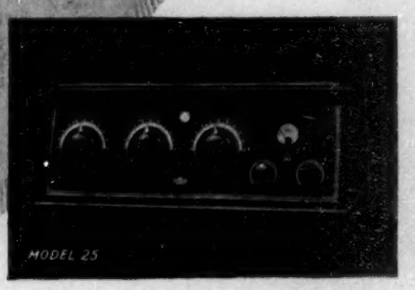

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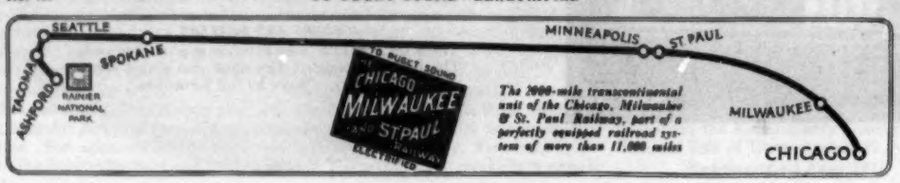


(Continued from Page 158)

and inventories of the aircraft material imported, exported or in transit over German territory. It also lays down that in future all new construction must be reported when it is begun, and that the sanction of the committee is necessary before aircraft engines can be manufactured, whereas previously German manufacturers had to ask permission for installation only. And a new Rule 9 lays down that the number of aeroplane engines and the quantity of stores and accessories, together with the number of flying pupils in the schools, must not exceed the ordinary requirements of commercial aviation in Germany as may be defined by the Air Guaranty Committee.

The nature of these rules shows clearly enough the apprehension with which France regards Germany's enterprise in the air. What will be the German reaction to them remains to be seen. The original German schedule of suggested modifications stated that Germany would be quite satisfied if she were allowed to construct aeroplanes equal to the commercial aircraft of other powers. The concessions made permit her to have aeroplanes roughly equivalent to the British De Haviland 34 commercial machine. These are now denounced as quite insufficient, and it is quite certain Germany—naturally enough—will not rest until she has procured the entire abolition of all restrictions upon her aerial activity.

The new Rule 8 implicitly aims at redressing one of the results of the original Nine Rules, the establishment of German aircraft factories abroad which, beyond interference, assemble into machines that would be prohibited in Germany aeroplane parts and engines of German design and manufacture.

This emigration of German aircraft factories to foreign countries has been a feature of the industry in the past few years. Fokker—a Dutchman, but originally a manufacturer in Germany—now builds exclusively in Holland. Junkers have factories in Russia, Sweden and Poland. The very important Rohrbach works have been transferred to the island of Amanger, near Copenhagen. The Caspar works are now likewise in Denmark. The Hansa Brandeburg factory has been installed in Finland, and the Dornier company has works both in Switzerland and Italy. All these factories are busily engaged in the production of aircraft which exceed the restrictions imposed by the Allies.

Getting Round Rule 9

The new Rule 9, which limits the number of flying pupils, indicates another matter on which French apprehensions are aroused. If Germany should ever reconstitute her military air force in a hurry, she will, of course, need a large number of pilots. With every year that passes, the total of surviving ex-war pilots steadily shrinks. The normal flying personnel of even such great organizations as the Aero-Lloyd and the Junkers combination would be quite inadequate for a war. Nor, of course, is there any army or navy organization which can officially train new pilots.

Germany, however, characteristically finds a way round. The flying schools and aerial sport clubs, energetically promoted all over the country by the German Government and the German municipalities, are her substitutes for the military flying schools of other countries. Precisely how many new pilots these organizations turn out per annum it is extremely difficult to ascertain—certainly some hundreds. Furthermore, it is believed that the air-transport companies—and particularly Junkers—put into the air, and therefore keep in training, a larger number of pilots than the normal commercial working of their concerns would justify. Certainly the machines flown by the foreign companies subsidiary to the Junkers Europa Union frequently if not invariably carry German pilots either alone or in company with a pilot of the nationality concerned. The big three-engined Junkers machines flown by the Swedish Aero-Transport Company carry a German pilot and a German mechanic in addition to a Swedish pilot and a Swedish mechanic, to give a typical instance. It is believed that these pilots are changed with abnormal frequency. For example, it is alleged that on one Baltic air route this summer in sixty consecutive flights there were no less than thirty-four different German pilots.

A Substitute for Spruce

Briefly, France suspects Germany of surreptitiously building up a flying personnel against the day when she will be permitted or will defiantly institute a military air force, and this new rule is intended to put a stop to it. But it is one thing to make rules; it is another thing to enforce them.

In one respect German aviation is distinctly hampered. There would appear to be a shortage of efficient German aircraft motors. The Aero-Lloyd Company, despite the fact that the terms of its subsidy nominally require it to use German engines, employs British Rolls-Royce engines in its Dornier planes and British Siddeley Pumas in its Fokkers. The only German engines in commercial use are the B. M. W.—Bayrische Motor Werke—motors mounted in the Junkers machines, and, generally speaking, these are below the horse power for which the machines are really designed. Doubtless, if the Allied restrictions were removed, German designers would very soon produce high-powered German engines; but it takes very much longer to bring an aircraft engine to practical efficiency than it does to build an aeroplane.

If in this one respect any sudden expansion of German air power would appear to be gravely hampered, in another respect the German potentiality is distinctly ahead of the rest of the world. German aircraft constructors have concentrated, as have the constructors of no other country, upon the all-metal aeroplane. There is already a world shortage of spruce wood—the only wood suitable for aircraft construction—and in the case of another big war, with its tremendous demand for new aeroplanes, that shortage would make itself very definitely manifest. The all-metal machine is plainly the machine of the future, and German constructors have far more experience than any others in its production.

To what extent Germany conceals warlike purposes behind the intensive development of her commercial aviation is a matter of controversy which can be settled only by the ultimate event; but there is no doubt whatever that the German people are being systematically educated to an enthusiasm for aviation which has no parallel in the world, and equally no doubt that immediately foreign control is removed Germany will leap to the first place among the European competitors for the utilization if not for the dominance of the air. What she has achieved under the greatest difficulties is not less than marvelous.

With the exception of Holland and Belgium, the story of commercial aviation among the smaller European states resolves itself really into a recapitulation of German and, in particular, Junkers enterprise. The one air-traffic company of Holland, the Koninklijke Luchtvaart-Maatschappij, was dealt with in the first article of this series. Belgium has equally only one air-transport company—a much smaller concern. This is the Société Anonyme Belge d'Exploitation de la Navigation Aérienne, succinctly known by its initials as Sabena, a company which was founded on May 23, 1923, chiefly by the principal Belgian banks and the Congo Company. It works only one line in Europe, the route Amsterdam-Rotterdam-Brussels-Basle, using the latest type three-engined fourteen-passenger Handley Page, constructed in Belgium under British license. In 1924, its machines flew a total of 257,803 kilometers and carried 691 passengers.

Subsidiaries of Junkers

This company does quite an important mail traffic between Switzerland and Belgium, carrying altogether 13,709 kilos last year. In addition to its European route, the Sabena company is organizing aerial routes in the Belgian Congo, of which one section—Kinshassa-Luebo—is actually in operation. The capital of the company is 6,000,000 francs, of which the state and the Congo colony subscribed half, and it receives a government subsidy limited to 3,100,000 francs a year, together with a guaranteed minimum of 1,500,000 from the colony of the Congo.

The air-transport companies of Switzerland, Austria, Hungary, Lithuania, Esthonia and Latvia are all merely subsidiaries of the German Junkers concern. Poland possesses two air companies—the Polski Aero Lloyd, which uses Junkers machines, and is to a considerable extent under German influence, though apparently not a member of the Europa Union, with routes Warsaw-Cracow, Warsaw-Dantzic, Warsaw-Lemberg, Warsaw-Vienna; and the Aero-Posnai, which uses French Farman machines and operates the route Warsaw-Posen.

Poland, considering its precarious political position, seems curiously weak in aviation. Certainly, the machines of the French Franco-Roumaine Company fly roundabout from Paris to Warsaw, and its protector France is presumably behind the small Aero-Posnai Company; but it would seem to have no indigenous activity in the air. The only reference book to international aviation sums up its aerial position in a couple of sentences: "The last information was that though the Polish army owned some aeroplanes, it neither knew how to maintain, fly nor use them. It is therefore to be supposed that flying is not done by Poles in Poland."

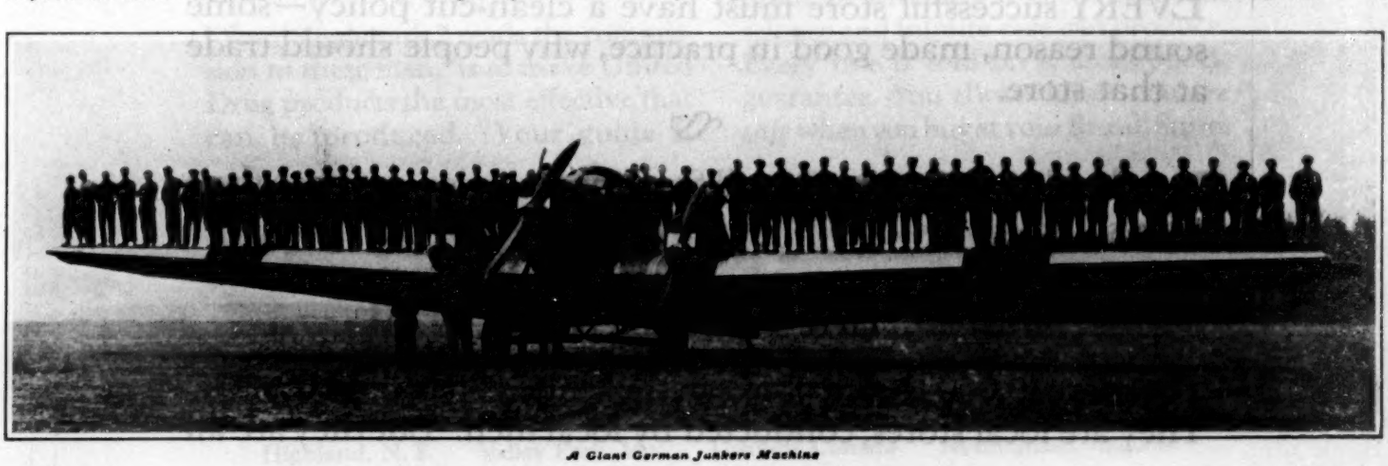
Scandinavian Air Activity

The Scandinavian countries, on the other hand, are most actively taking up commercial aviation. Denmark, for instance, possesses two air companies. One, the Dansk-Lufttransport, is a member of the Europa Union and consequently a subsidiary of Junkers, who are viewed with considerable suspicion by the Danes. This company coöperates with Junkers in the route Dresden-Berlin-Copenhagen-Gothenburg-Oslo. The other Danish company, the Dansk-Luftfartselskab, which was founded in 1923, is a member of the International Air Traffic Association, and has hitherto operated in conjunction with the German Aero-Lloyd. However, it is now undergoing some reconstruction which seems designed to free it entirely from German influence, and in future it will use French Farman Jabiru planes. A direct service Copenhagen-Amsterdam-Paris and perhaps London is to be flown, and since the new machines far exceed the Nine Rules, they will fly across the North Sea without touching German territory. The present route from Amsterdam to Copenhagen, worked in conjunction with the Dutch K. L. M. and the German Aero-Lloyd, is flown with Dutch or German machines and passes by way of Bremen and Hamburg.

Sweden has forestalled her neighbor in the establishment of a long-distance national air service. This is the route Malmö-Amsterdam, with air connections thence to London and Paris, which are reached in eleven and ten hours respectively. This constitutes a revolution in travel to and from the northern areas of Europe, and the service has been exceedingly well patronized from the day of its commencement. It is run by the Aero-Transport A-B, of Stockholm, a company that was founded by the brothers Florman in 1923, but which only commenced serious operations in May, 1925. It uses the new three-engined twelve-passenger Junkers aeroplane, and originally the Junkers Company held one-third of the share capital.

This year, however, as the result of pressure by the Swedish Government, a

(Continued on Page 165)



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(Continued from Page 161)

syndicate of Swedish banks and insurance companies bought out the Junkers interest. It now, therefore, purports to be a purely Swedish company. But as it is a member of the Europa Union, and the Florman brothers are coöperating with Junkers in the aircraft-construction factory near Malmö, it may be presumed that the ubiquitous Junkers interest has not been completely eliminated. However this may be, from the traveler's point of view it is a most comfortable, useful and well-run service, with a route that, passing over the Danish archipelago, is one of the most picturesque in Europe. In addition to this important line, the Aero-Transport company runs a daily service from Stockholm to Helsingfors, with air connection thence to Reval and Riga; and also a thrice-daily service from Malmö to Copenhagen. The company receives a subsidy of 1,000,000 kroner a year from the Swedish Government.

There is also another and smaller Swedish company, the Svenska-Lufttrafik, which, in conjunction with the German Aero-Lloyd, operates the Dornier flying-boat service from Dantzic to Stockholm.

The Junkers Company has also recently penetrated to Norway, where it has organized a new company called the Norsk Aero-Transport. This is the only Norwegian air company. It has not yet commenced to function, and perhaps will not ever function, as Norway shares the Danish dislike for the all-permeating Junkers interests.

Service and the Weather

Nor, to jump to the South of Europe, is there any air transport in Italy. An air company has been formed to run a Dornier flying-boat service from Brindisi via Athens to Constantinople, in which the German Aero-Lloyd would seem to be interested; but it has not yet commenced operations. Nor has the other Italian company, which proposes to make connection with the Deutsche Aero-Lloyd at Zurich and fly via Milan to Rome. An Italian Government department for civil aviation which was created at the time of the creation of the autonomous Italian air service, the Regia Aeronautica, in March, 1923, was abolished in October, 1924. It would not therefore appear that any great activity in commercial aviation is expected in Italy.

Spain formerly possessed two air-traffic companies, one that actually opened a route from Seville to Larache in Morocco in 1921, and another that proposed to fly from Barcelona to Palma de Mallorca; but both these companies are apparently extinct. The Zeppelin scheme of a giant-airship service between Cadiz and Buenos Aires, with a construction factory at Seville, is still alive, however, although in a state of suspended animation. The Moroccan war has taken all the Spanish directory's ready cash.

Portugal has no commercial air service whatever; and, with another jump across Europe to complete the list of countries, Czecho-Slovakia is likewise now without a national air-transport company of her own. In October, 1923, indeed, a Czecho-Slovak State Air-Line commenced operations with a route Prague-Bratislava-Uzhorod, but the company seems to have disappeared. Czecho-Slovakia, of course, owns an interest in and partially subsidizes the French Franco-Roumaine Company.

This completes the record of Europe's commercial activity in the air today—an activity which in Germany is startling to those who come in contact with it for the first time, and which in Great Britain, France and Holland is vigorous to say the least of it. Yet widespread and well patronized as it already is, air transport is still only in its embryonic stage. Its worst defect is a lack of regularity to time schedule, caused chiefly by bad weather or strong head winds, which, although they may not suspend the service, nevertheless impose such delays that connections are missed. It is gradually being realized that to be practical for passenger transport all machines must be multi-engined, so that the failure of one motor does not entail a forced landing, and capable of an average air speed of at least 140 miles an hour, so that even against serious head winds, an average ground speed of 100 miles an hour is maintained. These conditions are already attained by the French Jabiru machines, and there is no doubt that with the eventual removal of the restrictions which cannot be forever imposed on Germany, German machines will also realize them immediately.

The adoption of the British Handley Page slotted planes and Fairey flaps on commercial machines—which is coming in the near future—will immensely increase the safety factor. At any moment, too, some new invention—a practical heavy-oil aeroplane motor, or the new turbo-motor which is already rumored—may, by providing cheaper power, altogether revolutionize the industry. In its first six years, commercial aviation in Europe has been essentially experimental, and it has been hampered—and still is hampered—by all sorts of political difficulties. It is, however, already emerging from this period and revealing itself as a new factor in the life of humanity whose potentiality for good cannot yet be measured.

"Civilization is transportation," said Kipling; and the air companies of Europe, if not their respective governments, have already realized—are forced to realize every day—that under European conditions air transport is international transport and that national barriers, jealousies and fears are the antithesis to its successful functioning. If ever Europe realizes that still remote dream of its idealists and becomes a "United States," it will be because the air has no frontiers.

This millennium is not yet in sight, however—quite the contrary—and it is the converse potentiality of the air which today preoccupies all the European governments. Over all Europe hangs the shadow of another great war—a war that will be primarily a war in the air, and infinitely more terrible—to the civilian populations, at least—than any previous war. In every country—with the dubious exception of Germany, which is permitted no military air force—the amount spent on preparations for that war immensely exceeds that devoted to peaceful air transport.

Military Air Forces

Though every country—with the exception of Germany, Austria and Hungary—possesses some sort of military air force, the three great air powers are France, Britain and Italy. They alone are capable of sustained war in the air, and a sketch of their organizations really covers the entire field.

France alone among that trio has consistently kept her military air force at its Armistice strength and she is still the greatest air power in Europe. Nevertheless, she does not, as do Britain and Italy, envisage the air force as an independent and even primary arm; it is still regarded as an adjunct to the army and navy. This conception of the air arm is reflected in the fact that she possesses no Air Ministry—a subject over which there has been hot controversy.

The military, naval and colonial air forces are administered by their respective Ministries of War, Marine and the Colonies. More or less—chiefly less—coördinating them, there is a special section of the Conseil Supérieur de la Défense Nationale, on which all three, as well as the Sous-Sécrétariat d'État, which controls civil aviation, are represented.

The system is further complicated in that military aviation, at the Ministry of War, is under the supreme control of the army general staff and the immediate control of two distinct and independent services—l'Inspection Générale de l'Aéronautique Militaire, deriving its authority directly from the War Minister, and the Direction de l'Aéronautique Militaire, which, like the other "Directions" of the army, is directly responsible to the general staff. This "Direction" has six other aeronautical services attached to it. Military aviation in the colonies, moreover, comes under the control of the Minister for the Colonies and has a distinct and separate budget.

Naval aviation, under the direct control of the naval general staff, keeps itself jealously apart from the two other branches, and not infrequently marks its independence by announcing departmental decisions in flat contradiction to the policy of the others. This complication of control evokes not a little criticism in France, but at present there is no real sign of any simplification.

Nevertheless, whatever the effectiveness or otherwise of its administration, France possesses the strongest air fleet in the world today. She can put into the air a first-line force of about 1180 machines for the army alone, together with an almost immediately available reserve of approximately 100 per cent. This immense fleet is divided into 132 squadrons, of which eight are in Syria and twenty in North Africa. Formerly, a considerable section of it was grouped into an independent striking force whose specific mission was to bomb Germany if that country attempted to rise—also, on an occasion of diplomatic tension between Britain and France three years back, it was alleged that it was transferred to the neighborhood of the English Channel—but in January, 1924, this special section ceased to exist as a result of the general regrouping of the French military forces.

French Colonial Air Service

The total of its personnel is 34,000 all ranks, but this—as compared with the British or Italian air forces—is scarcely a full statement. Being an integral part of the French conscript army, the French military air force benefits by the ancillary services—commissariat, medical, and so on—of that army, and the personnel thus engaged is not shown as part of the air force as in the case of Great Britain. But although it is a part of a conscript army, the personnel of the air force is not a conscript personnel. It is almost equally divided into officers and long-service N. C. O's who correspond very nearly, both in pay and in social status, to the special short-service commissioned officer in the British air force. Actually in practice, about two-thirds of the flying pilots are these N. C. O's.

The colonial air service is a very small affair of only two squadrons, of which one is in Indo-China and the other in the neighborhood of Dakar, in West Africa. The naval air service is likewise at present comparatively small. It has a personnel of between 3500 and 4000—seconded from the navy on an eight-year period—and seventy-eight machines, of which sixty-two are distributed around the coasts of France and sixteen are at Bizerta. Last year, however, the Ministry of Marine put forward a program for the expansion of the naval air force to fifty squadrons—some 500 machines—of which thirty-five should be kept at full strength. This program, however, has been temporarily withdrawn in consequence of the reorganization of all the French fighting forces on a new basis which is now proceeding.

This reorganization is significant of an entirely new factor in French fighting strength. Whatever his patriotism, the French artisan and peasant has had enough of war to last him for his generation. Profiting by this reaction from militarism, the French parties of the Left, Socialist and quasi-Socialist, made themselves his champion in an outcry for reduced length of military service. Even though not actually in power, the Left parties were sufficiently formidable on the strength of this popular feeling to force the government to reduce the term of service from three years to eighteen months. But their full program was for a reduction to twelve months, and since the French political pendulum seems to have swung definitely to the Left, there

is little doubt but that one year will very shortly be the legal period.

This drastic reduction of immediately available man power has faced the French general staff with a very serious problem. It has had to regroup its units, and it has had to reorganize the entire fighting forces on the basis of replacing man power by mechanical power as far as possible. This reorganization, hampered as it is by the French financial position, has not yet been fully carried out, but is still in progress. The decision fully to reëquip the air force with machines of up-to-date design, arrived at some eighteen months ago, is part of it.

Embarrassed though the French finances are, nevertheless very large sums have regularly been voted for the maintenance of air power. For each of the years 1923 and 1924 there was allotted 414,250,000 francs to the military air force, 105,500,000 to the naval air force and 138,500,000 to the Sous-Sécrétariat d'État de l'Aéronautique. For the year 1925, however, there is at the moment a deadlock in constitutional procedure which is holding the final amount in abeyance.

The process in France is that a committee of the Chamber of Deputies first examines and frequently reduces the demands put forward by the respective ministries, and then submits them to the Chamber. The Chamber debates them and arrives at a figure which is submitted to the Senate. The Senate puts them through the same procedure of preliminary committee and subsequent debate, and arrives at a figure which may or may not be the same as that decided upon by the Chamber. The result is then sent back to the Chamber, and must be accepted by the lower house before it becomes constitutionally approved. This year the Chamber sent up to the Senate the figures of 544,500,000 francs for the military air force, 111,800,000 francs for the naval air force and 154,600,000 francs for the Sous-Sécrétariat de l'Aéronautique. The Senate reduced these estimates to 463,880,000 francs, 107,530,000 francs and 152,581,000 francs respectively—a total reduction of 86,959,000 francs.

The Chamber of Deputies, at the moment of writing, has flatly refused to accept these reductions, and the impasse is complete. However, it is improbable that these parliamentary squabbles will be allowed seriously to affect the settled French policy of maintaining an air force superior to any other in Europe.

Britain's Air Demobilization

The air policy of Great Britain is a contrast where it is not a complement to that of France. Since 1917, when the British Air Ministry was created and the Royal Flying Corps and the Royal Naval Air Service were amalgamated into the Royal Air Force, the air force has been regarded as in essence an independent arm—is, indeed, despite the natural opposition of the older services, coming gradually to be regarded as the primary arm—and is not a mere adjunct to the army and navy as in France.

The present strength of that force and its scheduled increase are a reflection of the French determination not to demobilize in the air.

In 1914, when the war broke out, the total strength of the British air force was eight squadrons—four Royal Flying Corps squadrons, one R. N. A. S. squadron, and three training squadrons. The total of its personnel was 2044—1244 in the R. F. C. and 800 in the R. N. A. S.—and it possessed altogether 272 machines of extremely various type and utility. At the Armistice, in November, 1918, it numbered 27,906 officers and 263,842 other ranks. There were in service on that date 200 squadrons, with a nominal establishment of eighteen machines to a squadron, and behind them in England were 199 training squadrons. It possessed altogether, in service and in reserve, 22,171 aeroplanes and 37,702 aircraft engines.

Immediately after the end of the war, England energetically set herself to demobilize her fighting forces, those of the air as well as those of land and sea. The air force was reduced to a point where quite clearly no European enemy was contemplated. Bed rock was reached about 1922, when the personnel came down to 29,000 and the total force was reduced to thirty-two and a half squadrons, all of which were allocated to auxiliary services with the army and navy, or for duty in the distant imperial possessions. There was no home-defense force whatever.

In its essence, this drastic cut was a gesture toward France, the only first-class military power left upon the Continent, inviting her to a similar demobilization. It was a gesture that was not responded to. The French air force remained stubbornly at the Armistice level. And—particularly when Franco-British relations became strained at the time of the Chanak incident in September, 1922—the British people suddenly woke up to the fact that they were virtually defenseless against aerial attack. At that time there were only three home-defense squadrons in the country.

The Air Ministry's Program

The government then decided, in answer to the public outcry, to increase the total of home-defense squadrons to eighteen, and in the summer of 1923—a Conservative government having succeeded to power—this total was further increased to a total of fifty-two by the authorization of an additional thirty-four squadrons. It is on this program that the British Air Ministry is still working. An air force cannot be created in five minutes, and in 1925 only the first fifteen of these new squadrons are in existence, making a total home-defense force of eighteen squadrons. Thirteen of the remaining thirty-four squadrons will be special reserve and auxiliary squadrons—these last on a basis similar to that of the territorial army, a volunteer force—and it is hoped to have seven of them ready by March, 1926, of which two will be regular squadrons. The full program will not be realized until 1928 or 1929, by which date the total personnel will number about 40,000 all ranks, including, of course, all those of the auxiliary services which in the French air force come under the schedule of "army." Its present establishment of all ranks is 36,000; and, unlike the French service, the flying pilots are all regular or special short-service commissioned officers.

The total strength of the British air force today is the equivalent of fifty-four squadrons, twenty-one flights of six machines each being allotted to the fleet air arm and under the control of the navy. The remainder are divided into four squadrons attached to the army and under military control for tactical and strategical purposes, three in general reserve and eighteen allotted to home defense. The balance is distributed in the strategic centers of the empire—six squadrons in India, eight in Mesopotamia, three and a third in Egypt, one and a third in Palestine. The squadrons of multi-engined bombers contain generally ten machines, and the single-engine-machine squadrons twelve. Behind all these there is a reserve of training squadrons amounting to about 100 per cent. The total air estimates for 1925–6 are £21,319,300—a large amount of which represents expenditure on new aerodromes for the scheduled expansion of the force—and is an increase of £652,000 over the previous year. This contrasts with the rock-bottom vote of 1922–3, of £10,895,000, before the answer to the undiminished French air power commenced.

It is highly improbable at the present moment that a war should break out between England and France, but the two air forces are obvious rivals to each other. Should such a calamity occur, the odds at the present moment are all in favor of France. The British system of organization is probably the better—the air staff has the control of at least eighteen home-defense squadrons uninterfered with by the army or navy general staffs, a circumstance which has no parallel in France—but the British pilots would be desperately outnumbered.

France, by scraping together every available machine, could probably put into the air immediately at least 2500 aircraft, while England, similarly using her training squadrons, certainly could not send up 1000. Moreover, the British machines are criticized as being slower and more heavily loaded with unnecessary gadgets than the French.

On the other hand, it is indisputable that the British are far more highly trained in formation fighting than the French, who are inclined to rely still on the old-fashioned individual dog-fight method of the war. The factor of reënforcement capacity would probably decide the issue—casualties in aerial warfare are officially estimated at 80 per cent per month—and in this respect the French have a distinct advantage. Even today, the French aircraft industry has a potential output of 3000 machines a year. The British aircraft industry has nothing like this potentiality. Per contra, the French aircraft factories are nearly all concentrated around Paris, and one big bombing attack might put them all out of action.

Conflicts of Authority

The Air Ministry in England is considerably criticized on the ground of being extravagantly expensive for what it provides, and there is no doubt that the two senior services would not grieve if it were abolished altogether. The navy particularly is perpetually in conflict with it over the question whether naval or air-force officers shall fly the planes of the fleet air arm, and the compromise that a certain number of marine-flying officers shall be purely naval officers attached to the air force seems to have satisfied neither party. Nevertheless it is improbable that the Air Ministry and the autonomous air force will ever disappear.

Whatever the defects and complications of the present system, the British public instinctively feels that they represent a correct appreciation of the unpleasant fact that the next war will be primarily an air war.

Italy, although, like Great Britain, she possesses an independent air force, has no Air Ministry proper. Her aviation is governed by a Commissariato per l'Aeronautica, which was originally a part of the Ministry of the Interior, but which since the advent of Mussolini, who is himself Commissioner for Aviation, has been given an independent and much more important position.

To Mussolini himself the whole of the recent increase in Italian air power is due. When he seized the reins of government there were not 100 effective aeroplanes in the country. One of his first acts was to make the air force an autonomous service, independent of the army or navy. This was effected in March, 1923, when the Comando Generale della Regia Aeronautica was created, coalescing the military and naval air forces into one. Although it does not derive from a Ministry, as do the army and navy, the executive chief of the air staff has been given an equal status to that of the chiefs of the military and naval staffs, and the three services are in all respects on a parity.

Mussolini's Air Force

Under Mussolini's energetic régime, the sums allotted to air power have been rapidly and phenomenally increased. For 1923–4, the first year of Fascist government, the air vote was 200,000,000 lire—nearly ten times the previous amount. For 1924–5, it was 449,000,000 lire. And for 1925–6 the amount demanded was 702,000,000 lire, which was, however, reduced by the Italian Chamber to 539,000,000 lire.

This financial effort has been reflected in the condition of the air arm. Practically in a state of collapse when Mussolini took it over, the Italian air force was more than trebled in strength during the first six months of the new order of things, a program of intense constructional activity was begun, and the dispersion of ex-war pilots and experienced personnel, which seemed almost to be maliciously delighted in by the previous governments, was stopped.

By 1924, the Italian air force had risen again from its ruins and numbered sixty squadrons. Today it has eighty squadrons, forty-two aerodromes, eighteen seaplane stations and eight airship stations. What its value would be in another great war is, of course, impossible to predict; but certainly some of the energy and enthusiasm with which it has been resuscitated has been communicated to its personnel, and from the aerial point of view it may safely be said to dominate the Eastern Mediterranean at the present time. Obviously, too, its expansion is not yet at an end.

If and when these three great aerial fleets are ever sent forth on their errands of destruction, there will be a distinctly nasty mess in some of the cities of Europe. If commercial aviation may some day establish the United States of Europe by the persuasion of universal convenience, military aviation—with its rain of giant high-explosive and gas bombs hurtling upon defenseless populations from the skies—is even more likely to produce that result by sheer terror. The time may come when it will be too dangerous for the rest to allow any European state to remain outside a continent-wide confederation. However this may be, with all its implications of immense benefit and even greater evil, Europe has definitely taken to the air—and its old-time fortified frontiers, though the fact is scarcely yet realized, have already vanished.

Editor's Note—This is the third and last of a series of articles by Mr. Austin.

DRAWN BY NATE COLLIER

She: "Eddie Dear, I Believe the Canoe Must be Leaking. My Feet Feel Damp"

As Fine as Science Can Produce

The comfortable thumb rest is only one of Hotpoint's superiorities.

There are 524 operations in the manufacture of a Hotpoint iron. There are 47 separate inspections. A little skimping here or there would never be noticed when new—might not be for months. But you will always find that Hotpoint appliances have an *extra* margin of quality. Repeated engineering tests prove the superior service given by Hotpoint's heating element, Hotpoint's terminals, Hotpoint's heavy nickel plate and the many other features embodied in Hotpoint construction.

Hotpoint leadership has been built on the good will of millions of women who know from years of *experience* the faithful, dependable, EVERLASTING service of Hotpoint appliances.

And back of every Hotpoint Servant are all the experience and engineering skill gained in nineteen years of *specializing* in the manufacture of electric heating appliances.

You can invariably tell a reliable dealer by his readiness to supply you with a *Hotpoint* iron or other Hotpoint appliance—without argument or an attempt to substitute his wish for yours.

As a result of many years of experience, we have compiled some simple rules for making ironing easier. Ask your dealer (or write us) for a copy of "There is a Right and Wrong Way to Iron." It will help save your strength.

Hotpoint Toast-Over Toaster

Turns the toast automatically. A handsome table decoration and daily appreciated Hotpoint Servant. Heavily nickeled to stay beautiful. Ebonized wood turn knobs. Non-scratching composition feet.

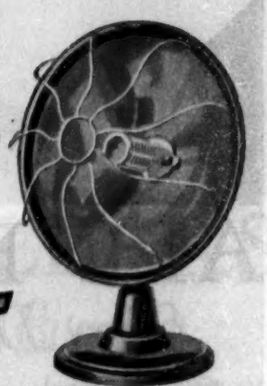
$8.00

EDISON ELECTRIC APPLIANCE CO., Inc.

Chicago · Boston · New York · Atlanta · Cleveland · St. Louis · Ontario, Calif. · Salt Lake City

In Canada: Canadian General Electric Company, Ltd., Toronto

Hotpoint SERVANTS



Hotpoint Hedlite Heater

Warmth just where and when you want it. On chilly mornings and evenings; for baby's bath. Convenient, clean, safe warmth anywhere at a moment's notice. Finished in harmonious mahogany lacquer.

$5.75

WORLD'S LARGEST MANUFACTURER OF HOUSEHOLD ELECTRIC HEATING APPLIANCES

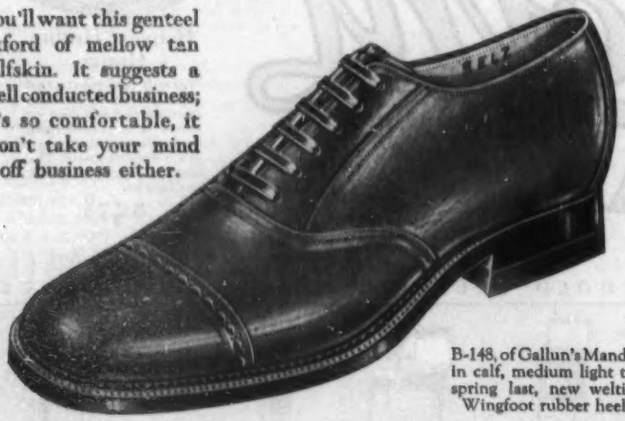
THERE'S A HOTPOINT ELECTRIC RANGE FOR EVERY PURSE AND PURPOSE

FOUR SHOES EVERY WELL

ALL FASHIONABLE MODELS

Every Day at Business

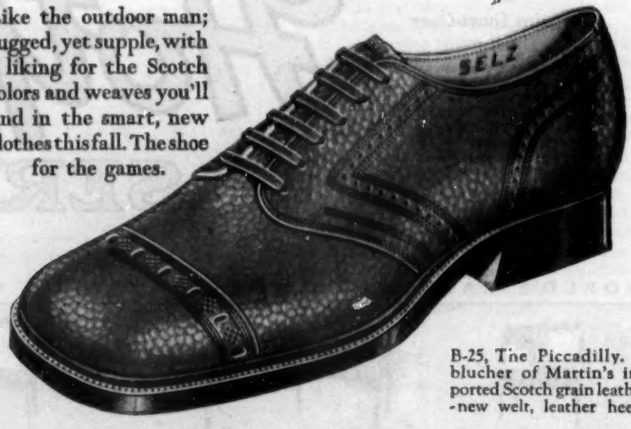
You'll want this genteel oxford of mellow tan calfskin. It suggests a well conducted business; it's so comfortable, it won't take your mind off business either.



B-148, of Gallun's Mandarin calf, medium light tan, spring last, new welting, Wingfoot rubber heels.

Heavy Weather and Sports

Like the outdoor man; rugged, yet supple, with a liking for the Scotch colors and weaves you'll find in the smart, new clothes this fall. The shoe for the games.



B-25, The Piccadilly. A blucher of Martin's imported Scotch grain leather - new welt, leather heels.

SELZ ORGANIZATION · PITTSBURGH · CHICAGO

DRESSED MAN SHOULD HAVE

BY SELZ · 6 TO 10 DOLLARS

After Six and Sundays

Many well turned out men change to blacks - they often seem better suited to the occasion. Nothing is in better taste - more complementary to good clothes.

B-540, of lustrous black imported calfskin, over the new spring last, Goodyear Wingfoot rubber heels.

The Formal Evening

This is the correct dress oxford, shapely and brilliant. It puts the edge on a well-tailored dinner coat and immaculate linen. The accepted last for the season.

B-302, The Tuxedo, a plain toe oxford of patent colt, all leather heels, dancing weight sole—a Selz $Six.

SHOEMAKERS FOR THREE GENERATIONS

MERCHANTS: THE SHOES ILLUSTRATED IN THIS ADVERTISEMENT ARE CARRIED IN STOCK

A BOUNCE OF PREVENTION

(Continued from Page 21)

"Tha's sufficient, Florian. I know you mean well, but I loves that gal just the same. On'y it does seem like kind of rubbin' it in. Leave me think, will you, Brother Slappey? I craves thoughtfulness."

"A'right, Cletus; tha's puffecly all right with me." Florian shuffled uneasily toward the bed. "I sholy hated to bring you all this bad news. But also I brung you a few magazines to read. I hope they prevents you fum thinkin' what a dirty deal you has been handed."

Mr. Slappey dumped on his friend's cot a handful of periodicals, waved a cheerless good-by and departed. For a long time the invalid lay miserably gazing at the door through which his friend had gone. The tidings had served completely to dissipate the ache of a swollen jaw and to substitute for it a very decided twinge beneath the fifth rib.

Cletus was fair to a fault. He knew that Electra was deserving of the severest censure, but he couldn't quite blame her entirely. If she had a weakness, it was her admiration for masculine strength and its display. That, Cletus knew, had served originally to attract her to him, and it was quite understandable that some of her abiding respect had departed when she saw him being used as a mop for the polished floor.

Immediately after Florian's departure another thought came to Cletus; something he had meant to inquire about—something of vital importance.

Cletus owned an overcoat which was, with the single exception of Electra, his dearest possession. It was an elegant thing of heavy, radiant blue, topped by a collar of soft warm catskin. It had been acquired by the expenditure of many, many dollars on the installment plan, and it imparted to its wearer a feeling of dignity and affluence as well as an appearance amazingly distinctive.

Cletus had worn this overcoat the night of his Waterloo. His last act before entering the dance hall had been to hang it tenderly on a hook in the gents' coat room. But when he had come to in the infirmary there was no sign of the coat. He worried about this for several minutes. But Electra was too prominently in his thoughts to be long in the background. There were things to be considered.

For perhaps two hours Cletus continued to think. His reflections were distinctly unhappy; so unhappy that he left his lunch tray virtually untouched. Later he dozed off briefly, and when he waked he turned in desperation to the magazines Florian had brought. He thumbed through them idly. Fiction held little of interest and fact even less. He was trying to escape from the grimness of the latter. But just as he would have tossed the last magazine aside an illustration caught his eye. It appeared in the very center of a full-page advertisement and vividly portrayed a small gentleman in the process of pulverizing a giant with a single blow of his fist. The caption riveted his attention, for it asked this single pertinent question: Can You Do This?

Cletus looked more closely. It seemed to his trouble-dimmed eyes that the heroic vertical figure was not unlike himself and it was easy to detect a striking resemblance between the prostrate form and Daniel Goforth. Cletus spelled out the rest of the advertisement.

It proclaimed the necessity for acquiring a punch and ability to use it. It stated that fortunes were being made in the prize ring, but earnestly advised those who were not considering pugilism as a profession to take this correspondence course in self-defense. It stated unequivocally that lack of size was no handicap—it was all a question of knowing how to deliver a blow and how to keep one's opponent from doing the same thing a trifle more quickly. It stated that after graduating from this school none but the most adept professional could lay a fist on the happy alumnus.

"Protect yourself from thugs and enemies!" it wound up. "Avenge insults! Right your wrongs with the power of your two fists! Easy! Simple! Cheap! Send four cents in stamps for our free illustrated catalogue!"

That evening a letter left Doctor Atcherson's infirmary addressed to the Acme Self-Defense and Pugilistic Studio, Chicago, Illinois. In it was eight cents in stamps and a pitiful plea from Cletus Moore for two of the free illustrated catalogues.

Five days later one catalogue arrived. It was filled with much deliciously descriptive printed matter. Within two hours Cletus had withdrawn from his tiny personal account at the bank twenty dollars to cover the cost of the entire course, and this he sent by money order to the Acme Self-Defense Studio. Then he waited.

Pending the arrival of his course in vengeance, Cletus was neither idle nor happy. His investigations bore much sour fruit. He verified Florian Slappey's statement that his job as bouncer was absolutely and completely gone. The proprietor was annoyingly logical.

"What good is a bouncer who cain't bounce?"

"Ain't I always bounced good befo'?"

"Yeh; but befo' ain't now. Heah comes this feller which knocks you on yo' ear an' wants the job. So there ain't nothin' to do but give it to him."

Cletus smiled inwardly. Thought came to him of the twenty-dollar correspondence course by which he was to be enabled to knock Daniel for a goal.

"An' if I ever licked that feller?" he inquired.

"Then," came the fair response, "you gits yo' job back. I ain't got nothin' against you, Cletus. In fack, I might say that you is pretty near the fondest man I is of. But any bouncer I hiahs has got to be able to strut his stuff."

"An' one other thing," suggested Cletus. "I craves my overcoat."

"Which overcoat?"

"My blue one with the catskin collar."

A peculiar look came into the eyes of the pudgy proprietor. He spread his hands defensively.

"I don't know nothin' 'bout yo' overcoat, Cletus."

"Huh? Ain't you seen me wearin' it lots of times?"

"Yeh; but I don't know nothin' 'bout it."

"Well, it's heah. I worn it heah the night I got punched."

"If it's heah you can have it."

But it wasn't there. Cletus more than suspected that the proprietor knew where it was; and he, too, had his own theories, but he was afraid to put them into words. However, if what he thought was true —— He departed mournfully; job gone, overcoat gone.

Cletus learned definitely that Daniel Goforth was paying ardent and assiduous court to the fair Electra. The tidings brought him misery; but when one day he passed them both on Eighteenth Street and Electra cut him dead while Daniel sneered covertly, a great and righteous wrath boiled within the bosom of the mistreated Cletus. He slammed one fist in the palm of the other hand.

"Ise a worm," he grated, "an' I has turned plumb over. Just watch!"

Cletus' plan was simple. He intended to fit himself for the great affray with Daniel. Victorious in that, he planned magnanimously to forgive Electra for her temporary perfidy.

No halfway measures for Cletus; it was to be all or nothing with him. There was only one single quiver of apprehension.

His thoughts turned toward the six hundred and twenty-five dollars of his which Electra was holding in escrow against the day when she would accompany him to the altar. He wondered whether that money was perfectly safe; then he cast the thought aside as unworthy.

The entire course of lessons arrived in one fell swoop, and during the two days which followed Cletus Moore courted headaches. He emerged from the prolonged siege of reading wiser and happier. He knew now that only a brief span of time stood between him and the complete solution of his problems. The lessons were written optimistically. Two courses were outlined. The first of these planned to make the student a world's champion pugilist. The second boasted only that after six weeks the student might avenge insults, right his wrongs with the power of his two fists, protect himself from thugs and enemies; easy, simple, cheap. This latter course Cletus dismissed disdainfully. He couldn't see the sense of doing things halfway; if he was going to learn to use his fists scientifically, he might as well make himself a pulverizer. Therefore he elected to study pugilism. Without informing his friend of what he intended, he did confide to Florian Slappey that stormy times were in the offing for Daniel Goforth.

"Ise gwine learn him aplenty, Florian."

"How come?"

"Nemmin' how. But I is. In about a month that man is gwine think he meets me on the street. But it ain't gwine be me; it's gwine be a rock crusher which he meets, an' when Ise th'oo with him they is gwine blow him away fo' dust."

Florian shook his head dubiously.

"You is a hawg fo' punishment, Cletus."

"Says which?"

"Daniel is too big an' strong fo' you."

"Fumadiddles! All what he has got is brute stren'th. Ise gwine right my wrongs by the power of my two fists. Ise gwine revenge his insults. An' Ise gwine do it easy, simple an' cheap."

Florian turned sadly away.

"If I had yo' courage an' my good sense, Cletus, I could live till I was a hund'ed yeahs ol' an' make a millium dollars."

But Mr. Slappey's doubt did not perturb Cletus. That gentleman was grimly determined. He fitted up one corner of his room as a gymnasium and started in on Lesson Number One. He learned quickly never to get his feet crossed and how to put his body behind a punch. For a half hour at a time he practiced the gentle art which is known as shadow boxing until he fancied that he was letter-perfect. At least he could move around quickly without falling over himself. Then he turned to the lesson marked Wind. In the Wind chapter was disclosed the necessity for acquiring a fine breathing apparatus.

"Too many important bouts are lost because the fighter has not got good wind," declared the author of the lessons. "Road work is the answer. Bundle up in heavy sweaters and do anywhere from five to fifteen miles every morning. This should be done at a dogtrot. Carry a small lead weight in each hand and practice shadow boxing occasionally as you run. This will not only give you good wind but also strengthen your legs and enable you to stand up under punishment."

The lead weights afforded him some thought. He didn't know how to go about getting lead weights, so he did the next best thing. When he started out on his first jog he selected a couple of nice new bricks from a near-by construction job and carried one of these in each hand.

Somehow Cletus didn't make fifteen miles that morning. Before he had traveled three blocks he had a profound hunch that fifteen miles might be too much to start with. He mentally cut it to ten. Two more blocks and he reduced the ten to five. Actually, he covered two miles before staggering into his room again completely and absolutely exhausted. But that was only the beginning. The following morning he added a few blocks to his task, and the day after that two or three blocks more. The progress was slower than he had anticipated, but it was progress, and Cletus possessed a set and single-track mind.

On the afternoon following his third morning of roadwork, Cletus met his overcoat. He met it on Eighteenth Street and he knew it instantly. There was the radiant blue of his cloth and the elegant catskin collar which had been so dear to his heart. But the crowning touch to the situation was that the coat encompassed the Brobdingnagian figure of Daniel Goforth.

This was too much for Cletus. He had stood it when Daniel whipped him, survived the shock of losing his job to Mr. Goforth, and even rallied from the calamity of having the big man acquire his best girl. But when it came to taking his one and only overcoat—and the coat with a catskin collar—Cletus went crazy. He perched himself belligerently in front of Mr. Goforth.

"Tha's my overcoat!" he accused.

Daniel grinned broadly.

"Hush yo' mouf, foolish! What if it is?"

"I crave it."

"Well, I kinder likes it my own se'f."

"Gimme!"

Daniel's jaw protruded aggressively.

"Take it!" he invited.

Cletus started forward. Then he paused. No need to precipitate matters. Thus far he had completed only three lessons of the pugilistic course which was to enable him to alter the contour of Mr. Goforth's face. Better wait. Whereupon Cletus permitted a delicate sneer to hover about his lips.

"Daniel Goforth," he declaimed, "you is fixin' to happen to a terrible accident."

"Piffle!"

"An' furthermo', I is gwine be in the neighborhood when that accident happens. Next time us fights, you is gwine be knocked so flat they is goin' to spread you on a piece of bread an' call it a cheese san'wich."

With which Parthian shot Cletus Moore turned on his heel and strode majestically away. For a few seconds Daniel stared after him; decidedly bewildered. There was much about Cletus' attitude which Daniel could not understand. Daniel had the uncomfortable hunch that Mr. Moore was being metamorphosed into a stick of human dynamite. Cletus' attitude proclaimed that he could have whipped Daniel then and there had he so desired, but that he merely preferred to wait until a more propitious time.

Daniel did a bit of plain and fancy thinking. It was a laborious process. At the conclusion Daniel decided that he had better watch his step. By all laws Cletus was due to be profoundly frightened, and it was patent that Cletus was nothing of the sort. Therefore the other man must be planning something decidedly terrible. Mr. Goforth shook his head uncertainly.

That night he found Electra unresponsive. Miss Scott was approaching a decision which was to inform her that she had erred in transferring her affections from the constant Cletus to the ponderous and egotistic Daniel. She even hinted as much to Mr. Goforth.

"You see," she explained, "we was engaged."

"To be ma'ied?"

"Well, no, not that. We was just engaged."

"That's diff'ent."

"But we was pretty soon gwine git engaged to be ma'ied. In fack," she confided, "I has got most of Cletus' savin's in my name at the bank."

"Oh!" There was a flicker of interest in Mr. Goforth's eyes. "Reckon he ain't got so much."

"Reckon ain't is!" she flared proudly. "Ise got six hund'ed an' twenty-five dollars of hian."

Daniel gasped. This was, indeed, a fortune. If he had only suspected that there was that much money reposing in the bank

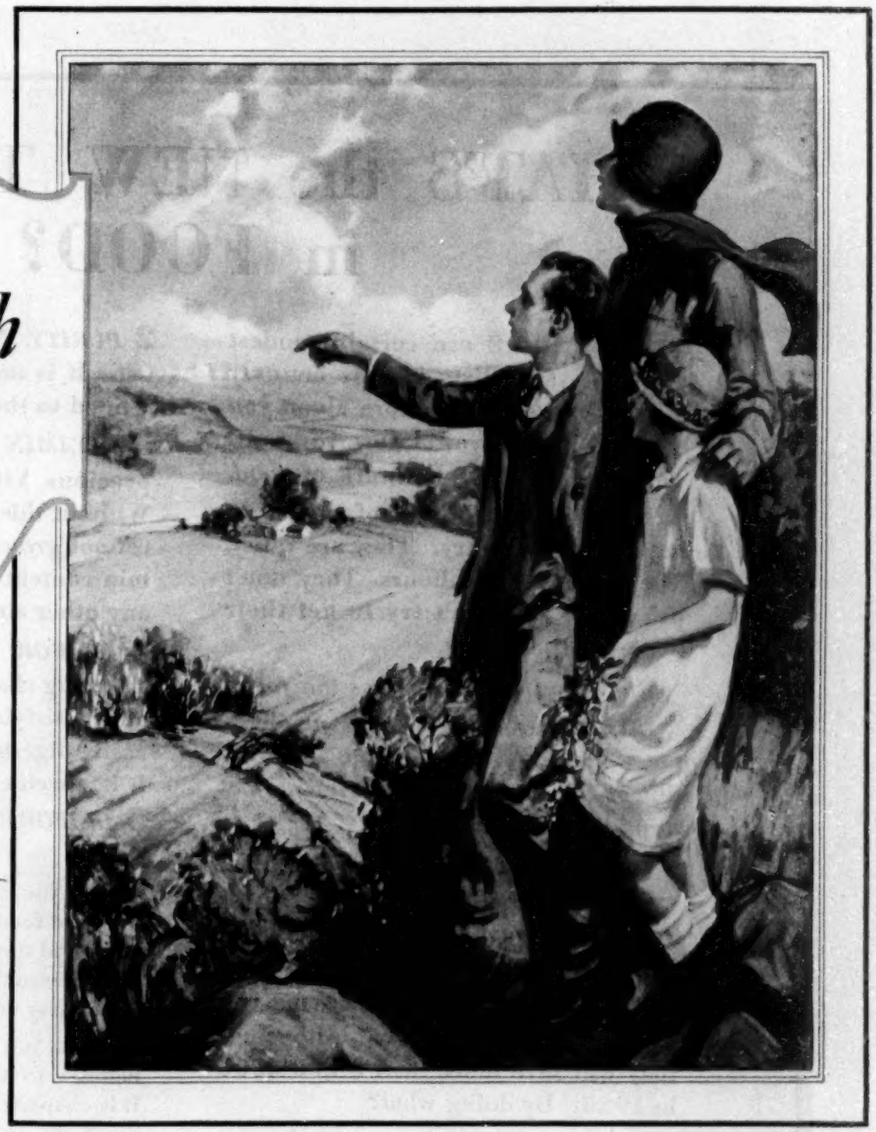
(Continued on Page 175)

The Road to High Adventure

A talk with mothers by

FRANCES PARKINSON KEYES

Author of "Letters from a Senator's Wife"



"By LIVING with her children, a mother can guide them safely to sturdy manhood and wholesome womanhood"

Mrs. Keyes and I sat talking together in the room where so many of her articles have been written; and I asked her how, with the many varied demands which life has made upon her, she has still found so much time to give to her children.

"The whole thing", she said, "can be summed up like this: During the period of babyhood, a child requires its mother's undivided attention. Its needs are largely physical, and she should neither entrust the responsibility for these needs to anyone else, nor allow other household cares to divert her too much from them. Then, during the next rapid stage of development, both physical and mental, she can exert enormous influence upon her children. By talking and reading with them, by going to the theatre and concerts with them, by pointing out the truths and beauties of life, in short, by *living* with her children, a mother can guide them safely to sturdy manhood and wholesome womanhood.

"After this comes a third period—a period when youth longs to start out on the road to high adventure, to see the world, to find its life work. Open fields, great cities, wide seas, distant ports, begin to beckon. And youth answers the call. But the half-grown men and women still cling to their mother. They want to fare forth; and still they do not want to leave her behind. Won't she come with them on the high adventure of life?

"Why don't more women do this? Simply because they 'haven't time'? Housework—that is their life. The washtub and ironing board, the kitchen range and sewing basket—these fill their days. Mothers do not see how they can devote more time to their children without neglecting their routine tasks. They often do not realize that today's world, while demanding more of a mother's time, has furnished many ways of securing more time. In practically every department of household work there are short cuts and new methods that reduce hours to minutes. The bread a woman used to bake herself can now often be delivered by a bakery. A touch of a switch and the floor is cleaned. A telephone call and the modern laundry takes the washing and ironing completely out of the home—and saves at least two full days each week. And all at a cost much less than the old-fashioned way—a cost that is within the reach of hundreds of thousands.

"If the women who 'haven't time' would only adopt these methods, how much happier their lives might be, and how much fuller their companionship with their children!"

WHAT'S the NEW THOUGHT in FOOD?

THERE are certain modest scientists in this country who know more about *you* than you know yourself. These men make a life-work of *food.*

They are a nice kind of people to have in our country. They are quiet. They work untold hours. They don't preach. They don't try to get their names in the papers.

But how they do dig out the facts!

All in all, probably 25 such men have put a hand and a brain into the creation of Nucoa. They made it the *perfect* thing it is.

Dr. Philip B. Hawk, for example, says that Nucoa is changing the "nutritional landscape." And thousands of housewives today *agree* with him.

These are the women who are making it the *style* to be thrifty. Altogether they will save more than $8,000,000 in 1925. By doing what?

By using Nucoa in the kitchen to prepare other foods—by using dainty little Nucoa Pats on the table with bread.

And what pleased them most about Nucoa?

1 *CLEANLINESS.* Nucoa is produced under model conditions of absolute sanitation with every modern appliance to keep human hands away from it.

2 *PURITY.* Nucoa is a vegetable product. It is *naturally* wholesome. It is refined to the point of delicacy.

3 *VITAMIN A.* Nucoa contains the precious Vitamin A in abundance. Without this Vitamin the human body cannot *grow.* And the amount of Vitamin content *varies less* in Nucoa than any other similar product.

4 *FLAVOR.* Nucoa is not exactly like anything else in flavor. It is individual and satisfying—and, by the way, so easily digested that hospitals prescribe it in specified cases.

5 *UNIFORMITY.* Nucoa is always the same.

Now you see why Nucoa has become a standard food. Why it is being talked about more and more. Why it is being served on the tables of those people who are "inclined to be fussy and get only the best."

Nucoa is a remarkable achievement. It belongs to this fast-progressing century. It is characteristic of an age in which folks don't do so much guessing about what they should eat.

It retails all over the United States for about 30 cents per pound. The low price used to be an argument against it.

But scientific facts have made this price all the more striking in the light of Nucoa's *great and proven food value.*

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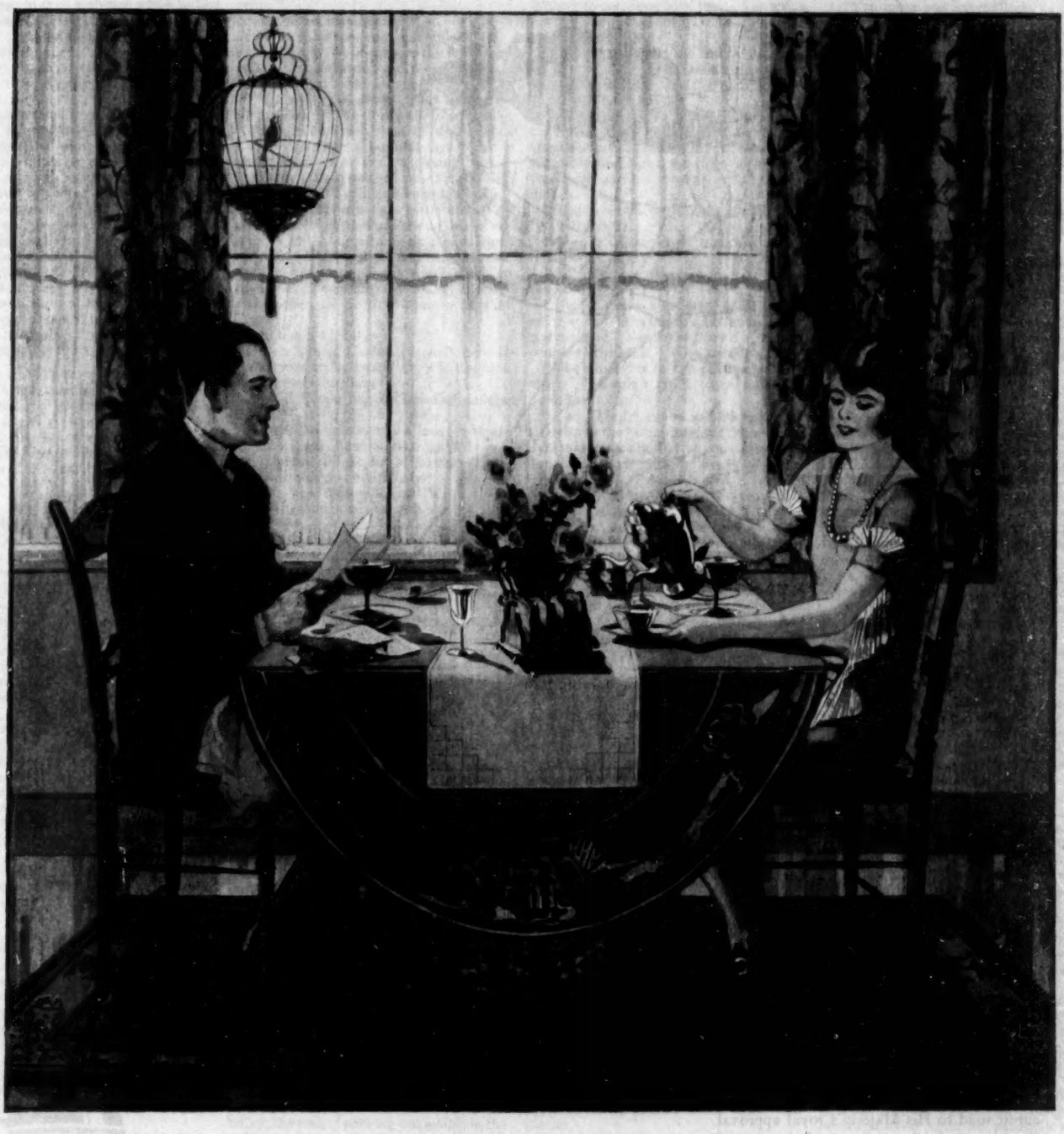


NUCOA is a natural pure white product made from delicious cocoanuts and milk. A color capsule approved by the Government of the United States is included with every package. You may color NUCOA any color you like, according to your desire, for table use, cooking or baking. NUCOA is obtainable at any of the best grocers' in your community.

"the FOOD of the FUTURE"

"Sharpen with cloyless sauce his appetite", wrote the poet. It was just another way of suggesting the surest road to His Majesty's royal approval. But be sure the "sauce" is Snider's—its rich tang and flavor will bring new relish to what He eats. Serve it on what you will, it adds to good digestion, health and appetite.

adds zest

Snider's TOMATO CATSUP

CHILI SAUCE - COCKTAIL SAUCE - TOMATO SOUP

(Continued from Page 170)

in her name —— Mr. Goforth was of an acquisitive disposition and the possession of much money was an ambition which he had never realized. The balance of the evening he spent ingratiating himself. When he went home it was to dream of somehow, some way, acquiring that six hundred dollars and then eloping with it from Birmingham.

Two days later Electra admitted that she had been fighting a losing battle. Daniel was all right, of course, and a fine two-fisted man; but after all there were other things to marriage besides fists, and the less Electra saw of Cletus the more desirable that gentleman appeared. Wherefore she sat down and wrote him a note which delicately conveyed the information that if Cletus cared to drop around his presence would not be entirely unwelcome. Then she dressed in her very best and waited.

But Cletus did not come. Instead, the little chocolate-colored lad who had carried the note returned with a written answer from Cletus:

dere Miss scott: you treated me bum but I ain't sore about that only I don't think us could git along so good until I beat up that no count daniel goforth. I plans to hand him sumthin in about one more wk. which if it don't get me sent to jale for murder I will be grateful to call on you.

Respt.
CLETUS MOORE.

At the Oasis that night Daniel inquired solicitously why Miss Scott seemed to be so miserable.

"Ise skeered," she confessed.

"Of which?"

"Cletus."

"How come?"

"Well, I tried to make up with him today, an' he won't. That is, not ontil ——"

She paused in embarrassment.

"Ontil which?"

She handed over Cletus' missive. Daniel perused it slowly and the feeling of apprehension which had been with him now for two days became more acute. He returned it with a pallid remark—"That guy coul'n't never whip me."

"You don't know Cletus. Anything that cullud man wants to do he does. Ise feelin' kind of sorry fo' you, Daniel. He's suttinly plannin' somethin'."

"Shuh! He cain't scare me."

Daniel was masking a growing fear behind brave words. Cletus not only could scare Daniel but he was doing it most impressively. Daniel was not afraid of a mere fist fight. But it seemed to him that Cletus was contemplating some dreadful procedure, and of a sudden the glory of Birmingham became drab and Daniel's thoughts were busy with memories of other cities where living was cheaper and safer. If only he could get hold of that six hundred dollars! He carried that idea around with him for three days before a possible solution presented itself. And even when the plan came, he did not put it into operation until he had satisfied himself that it was 200-proof.

When the Oasis closed at midnight Daniel invited Electra to take a little ride with him in a drive-it-yourself flivver. She demurred only long enough for him to explain that he wished to discuss with her a plan by which she might become reunited to Cletus Moore. A half hour later they were drifting purringly through Shades Valley, which was bathed in the radiant silver of a full moon.

"In the fust place," Daniel opened, "it's plumb foolish fo' Cletus ever to think he can lick me."

"It does seem thataway. But Cletus is a pow'ful determined feller, an' ——"

"So it seems that if my bein' with you gits his goat, the best thing would be fo' me to git a job I knows of in Chicago an' leave you an' him bofe alone."

"Daniel! Would you?"

"Sholy I would. I like you heaps, Electra, an' I ain't got nothin' against Cletus just 'cause he was foolish enough to try an' bounce me from the Oasis. There ain't but one reason why you an' him shoul'n't git together an' make ma'iage with each other."

She sighed rapturously.

"Wha's that one reason, Daniel?"

"Ise broke." He made the statement calmly and somewhat sadly.

"What you mean—broke?"

"I ain't got a dime. That is, not no ready cash." He frowned thoughtfully. "You see, I owns a thousan' dollars, but it's all tied up in a business deal which is gwine make me an extra thousan'."

"Golly! Then you got two thousan' dollars. I woul'n't call that bein' broke."

"It is so far as cash is concerned. You see, I cain't git that money fo' about six months, an' that means I cain't leave Bumminham fo' half a year; an' it means also that fo' that long Cletus won't make up with you. There ain't no tellin', Electra, what other gal he might marry in that time."

"You don't think ——"

"Men is men, Electra. I sholy hate to gum things up this way. On'y fo' the lack of six hund'ed dollars ——"

"What if you had six hund'ed dollars, Daniel?"

"Well, the pusson which loant it to me would make six hund'ed clear, an' I'd make my thousan' an' git out of Bumminham."

"How quick would that be?"

"Oh, just fo'-five days. Mebbe less. Say"—as though struck with a new idea—"ain't you got six hund'ed dollars of Cletus'?"

"Yeh?"

"Well, I'll be dawg-goned! S'posin' you was to call him up in about fo' days an' tell him to come an' see you 'cause I had depahted away fum Bumminham. An' s'pose when he got there you could say to him that you ain't got on'y his six hund'ed dollars but instead you has got twelve hund'ed—what you reckon he'd say?"

There flashed across Electra's mind a vision of early and affluent marriage.

"S'pose yo' deal went wrong, Daniel?"

"Shuh! It coul'n't. But I reckon you ain't intrusted in inwestin' Cletus' money."

"Uh-huh; Ise interested all right."

That was the signal for Daniel to unleash the full force of persuasive oratory; and when in search of cash Daniel was no mean declaimer. Also he appeared indifferent—this was a great personal favor which he was doing for Electra only because she desired him removed from Birmingham. Ordinarily he'd be glad to wait another six months. Only once did she hesitate.

"How is I gwine be shuah, Daniel?"

"I gives you my note," he explained, and she was satisfied.

At two o'clock in the morning Daniel returned the fair lady to her boarding house. Electra was almost convinced.

"Gimme till tomorrow night to think it over, Daniel. I craves anyhow twenty-four hours of thought befo' I agrees positive."

Daniel spent the following morning in plans for a sudden exodus from Birmingham. His wardrobe was modest and unbulky, the task of packing was simple in the extreme. If only Electra remained under the spell he had thrown over her! He could see readily enough why she had snapped at his glittering bait; in one fell swoop he was promising to make everything more than all right between her and the now aloof Cletus Moore.

Of course, it bothered Daniel not a bit that he was planning to invest her six hundred dollars in himself; that was a matter which she and Cletus could adjust later. All Daniel was interested in was putting a great deal of distance between himself and the unhappy couple.

All day long he kept his fingers crossed, believing and hoping that Electra's heart would rule over her sound judgment. If only she did as promised, Daniel could see himself leaving the Terminal Station on the Seminole Limited the next day at noon, Chicago-bound and cash-heavy.

As for Electra, she spent a sleepless night and a miserable day. In sheer desperation she made an attempt to see Cletus personally. He was in his room shadow-boxing when her message came upstairs that she desired to converse with him. For a moment he almost yielded; then sent a curt reply.

"Miss Scott," said the landlady, "Mistuh Moore says that he don't aim to talk to you so long as he ain't settled his affair with that other gemmun."

That was the touch which brought Electra to a definite decision. That night at the Oasis she called Daniel Goforth into a corner and handed him her savings-department pass book and her check for six hundred dollars.

"You is shuah ev'ything's gwine be all right, Daniel?"

"Gosh, Electra, cain't you look at my face an' tell that?"

"Uh-huh; you does appear kind of enthusiastic."

"I is. I makes a thousan' dollars quick an' you an' Cletus makes six hund'ed an' gits ma'ied." He glanced down at the papers which he held. "Wha's the book fo'?"

"The money is in the savings depahtment. You cain't git it out without the book."

"I see. Well, I draws it in the mawnin' an' returns the book prompt. Then just as soon as us cashes in, I gives you back twelve hund'ed dollars an' I gits out of Bumminham."

"I sholy hopes so, Mistuh Goforth. You know, things is gittin' terrible. I tried to see Cletus yestiddy an' he sent me word that he woul'n't talk to me until after he had beat you up."

"Shuh! Words what he utters!"

But Daniel was decidedly impressed. His hunch grew more and more profound that when least expected Cletus was going to land on him like a ton of bricks. The smaller man was so determined and confident and unafraid. Daniel was in a frame of mind where he was almost as happy at getting away from Cletus as he was in acquiring that gentleman's hard-earned savings.

At midnight Daniel left the Oasis and dropped in at Bud Peaglar's Barbecue Lunch Room & Billiard Parlor, where he surrounded a large bowl of Brunswick stew with himself. Then he went home and made final preparations for flight. He dropped into a deep untroubled slumber.

In her home Electra found herself in the grip of insomnia. Her instinct was at work, and it clarioned that she had made a mistake. Electra began to see things in the situation which had never occurred to her before. There was, for instance, the bare possibility that Daniel Goforth might not be as honest as he pretended. Of course that was an unworthy suspicion; but, after all, she was taking this chance with the worldly savings of the man she hoped to marry. More and more keenly she regretted entering into the deal, and at five o'clock in the morning definitely determined to demand the return of her check and pass book and notify Daniel that he could do as he pleased in his affair with Cletus.

She waked the son of her landlady and dispatched him to Daniel's boarding house with a note demanding that Daniel call upon her at once for a very important conference. Mr. Goforth called. He walked from his boarding house to hers. The morning was exceedingly chill and he incased his ponderous figure in a rich blue overcoat with a catskin collar, once the property of Cletus Moore. Somehow Electra seemed to notice that overcoat for the first time. It was a signal to her that she was more than probably right in ending things before the bank opened.

"Daniel," she volunteered as soon as he entered the parlor, "Ise altered my mind."

"You has which?"

"Altered my mind 'bout that deal."

"Shuh, Electra, it's too late now fo' that."

"What you mean—too late?"

"I done tol' that feller I was gwine th'oo with it today."

"Then you got to tell him you made a mistake."

"I cain't."

"You mean you won't?"

Daniel shrugged.

"Have it yo' own way. But when I gives my word, I does somethin'."

Electra argued, begged and pleaded, but to no avail. And finally, when she was sure that he did not intend to return her check, Electra grew frightened, and the air of the room became surcharged with bitterness. She even went so far as to accuse the gentleman of perfidious intent. Daniel drew himself to his full height.

"If tha's the way you feel about it ——"

Electra knew that she was fighting a losing battle and promptly acquired subtlety Her manner softened perceptibly.

"Now there ain't nothin' to git mad about, Daniel. If you has got to go th'oo with it, you has got to, an' there ain't no use talkin'."

"Hot ziggity dam! Electra, you has sho got sense in your haid."

"Tha's right. Now listen. Will you wait heah fo' about five minutes?"

"I won't do nothin' else."

"Fine! I'll be right back."

Electra left the house abruptly and turned west on Avenue F. She entered the corner grocery and begged permission to use the telephone. And then she called for the number of Cletus Moore's boarding house. Her intentions were simple. She intended to impress upon Cletus that the hour for action had arrived, even to the extent of telling the truth about what she had done.

At length she got her number; a woman's voice answered.

"Cletus? Lawsy, miss, that cullud boy just lef' heah all dressed up in a lot of sweaters."

The phone at the other end clicked, and just as Electra was about to hang up the receiver she turned, to see Daniel Goforth entering the store. Daniel, it appeared, had become suspicious, and instantly Electra acted. She turned back to the telephone, pretending that she had not seen Daniel, and spoke into the ears of an astonished telephone operator:

"Yeh, Cletus, tha's it exac'ly. . . . Uh-huh. . . . Right away. . . . But listen, honey chile; don't kill him absolute, 'cause jail ain't no nice place fo' no honeymoon."

Daniel chilled. The fear of Cletus which had been growing within him became very powerful indeed. It behooved him to be at the bank at nine o'clock sharp, get his six hundred dollars and shake the unfriendly dust of Birmingham forever from his feet. He joined Electra outside, pretending not to have overheard.

"Git what you want?" he inquired.

"I suttinly did!" she retorted with disturbing vehemence.

Meanwhile Mr. Cletus Moore was not inactive. He was up early and dutifully went through his setting-up exercises. Cletus was feeling fit these days; the course of rigorous training was having a decidedly beneficial effect upon his naturally excellent physique, and he was beginning to feel as though he could whip the world.

He donned baggy trousers, white sneakers, two heavy sweaters and a loudly checkered cap, which was pulled down over his eyes, imparting a somewhat sinister expression. Then he clicked his teeth together in the approved pugilistic manner, causing his jaw to protrude.

In the back yard he found two nice large bricks which served for the lead weights which the boxing course prescribed, and as he swung up Seventeenth Street he heard the telephone ringing in his boarding house. But Cletus was not interested in telephones just then, and he never suspected that it was a muchly troubled Electra calling him in her hour of dire distress.

He reached Avenue F and turned westward. He ran with an easy, space-eating stride; and occasionally, when he was quite sure that there was nobody watching, he practiced short, snappy hooks and

deadly uppercuts. Cletus was almost ready for battle.

Avenue F unrolled beneath his running feet. It was a matter of conceit with him to have selected this route for his daily road work, and he often wondered whether the fair Electra had seen these morning workouts. Chances were that she hadn't, working as she did until midnight and sleeping late; but he experienced a natural exultation every morning as he sped past her house in reflecting that he was doing all this for her.

As Cletus swung down the avenue Daniel Goforth and Electra Scott moved slowly up the same street in the opposite direction. Electra was formulating a plan whereby she might keep Daniel engaged in conversation until such time as she could get in touch with Cletus, and Daniel was planning to depart from her vicinity before the expected arrival of that vengeful gentleman.

Cletus was preying on Daniel's mind, and suddenly the latter raised his eyes and saw descending upon him the very person whom he most dreaded. He didn't know that Cletus had not yet seen him. He didn't know that this was a mere morning workout for Mr. Moore. All he knew was what he saw, and what he saw was terrifying aplenty. He saw a metamorphosed Cletus; a person swathed in sweaters, made brigandish by a checkered cap; a person who was descending upon him in a neverswerving, steady run; and in each of whose hands was a very large and very hard brick.

Electra gasped. Daniel stood motionless. At that moment Cletus saw them. A great and righteous rage boiled in the bosom of that well-trained and thoroughly outraged gentleman. There was his enemy. There was his girl with that enemy. And most unkindest cut of all, that enemy was wearing his very own catskin-collared overcoat.

Cletus did not stop. He knew that he would probably be whipped, but even that did not deter him. He emitted a large howl and increased his speed. Until that instant Daniel Goforth had been uncertain. Now uncertainty vanished. With instant and amazing agility Daniel streaked down Avenue F in front of his Nemesis.

Cletus couldn't understand. It had never occurred to him that Daniel would refuse to do battle; but as he saw his enemy running away he felt in his arms and legs the power to annihilate that gentleman absolutely and entirely. And as he flashed by Electra in hot pursuit the young lady threw him an ardent kiss.

Down Avenue F whirled the chase. Cletus was, for a few blocks, outdistanced, but that did not worry him. Training had taught him an even pace which he could maintain for an indefinite distance and he knew the distress that Daniel would soon begin to experience.

And Daniel, already feeling a strain on his lungs, prepared to shake hands with the hereafter.

Mr. Goforth was convinced that he had waited one day too long. If only Cletus had hesitated for a moment; if only he seemed less infernally sinister; if only he wasn't incased in sweaters and a checkered cap. And most important—if only he didn't carry those two bricks so suggestively.

Daniel considered stopping for a parley, but a single wild glance over his shoulder dissuaded him. Cletus was plodding on with a firm, rhythmic tread, lowering eyes focused upon the fleeing figure of the Oasis bouncer. The arms swung in tune with the legs and on the end of each arm was a brick. Daniel sprinted.

Then it occurred to him that he was running a losing race. He remembered Electra's telephone call from the corner grocery—recalled her plea to Cletus against manslaughter. Undoubtedly Cletus had mentioned something about exterminating Daniel, and it did not occur to the flying Mr. Goforth that Cletus had never received that call. Of course, Daniel knew what it was all about. Electra had told Cletus about the pass book and check for six hundred dollars. And now stark fear gripped Mr. Goforth and the money dwindled in importance.

Cletus, pursuing, focused his eyes on one thing. He was thinking only of his luscious blue overcoat with the catskin collar. And as they approached Elmwood Cemetery Mr. Moore called a demand.

"Daniel," he yelled, "gimme it!"

Daniel heard—and thought he understood. It was the check which Cletus desired. Mr. Goforth did not hesitate. Six hundred dollars wasn't much money to a dead man, and his only thought at the moment was for his own hide. He probed into a coat pocket and obtained pass book and Electra's check. He tossed them over his shoulder.

"Yonder they are, Cletus!" he howled. "Yonder they are!"

Cletus saw and heard. But he didn't understand. Almost without missing a stride, he picked up the pass book and check and slipped them into his trousers pocket. And he kept right on coming. Daniel reached Elmwood Cemetery. He turned right. The fear that he had felt before was as nothing to the terror which now possessed him. Cletus had his money and his bank book, but Cletus continued to pursue. Then came Mr. Moore's voice again:

"Gimme that overcoat!"

Without hesitation Daniel shed the noble garment, and again Cletus swept it up from the ground without slacking pace—and the race went on. They were speeding northward now. Cletus had both check and overcoat, but Cletus did not cease to chase. Mr. Goforth wasted some very valuable breath in prayer.

They thundered toward the A. G. S. railroad crossing. Cletus was running easily; Daniel's lungs were bursting, his feet leaden. He knew he couldn't hold out much longer, and that if he quit running now he was too exhausted to put up even the semblance of a battle.

A long slow-moving freight train appeared, headed south. Daniel prayerfully sized up the situation; if only he could cross in front of the train and so block off his pursuer. He put the last ounce of strength into that final spurt—and he failed!

Twenty feet short of the track, the locomotive roared by. He was securely trapped; fences to right of him, fences to left of him, while off in front of him a slow freight volleyed and thundered.

There was only one thing to do and he did it. With a wild eerie shriek he leaped. One big hand clutched the handrail of a box car, one large foot curled in the step—and Daniel was on the train, sobbing for breath, pallid with terror. Cletus stood motionless. He glanced at the overcoat on his arm and at the wilted figure of his one-time enemy. And then Mr. Moore smiled.

"I got a hunch," he reflected, "that all I is gwine see of Mistuh Goforth fum now on is nothin'—or even less than that."

The sun was smiling gayly as Cletus turned back along the cemetery border and swung eventually into Avenue F. He had his overcoat and he more than fancied that Electra and his job were both his for the asking. An idea came to him—that mysterious something which the terrified Daniel had cast his way. He opened the pass book and saw Electra's check for six hundred dollars made out to the order of Daniel Goforth. For an instant he was furious, then the humor of the situation struck him and he smiled. Every trump in the deck was in his hand.

Electra was waiting outside her house as the triumphant Cletus Moore returned. She eyed him hungrily, and when he opened his arms she slid happily into them, murmuring her gratitude and perpetual affection. Cletus was magnanimous in victory, and the subject of the financial near-disaster did not come up until Electra herself explained. Cletus, flushed with victory shrugged indifferently.

"Shuh! Sweetness, ev'ything's all right now. Don't you go worryin' yo' haid about that check. I'll fix it up fine."

And an hour later, in the solitude of his own room, Cletus indited a letter to the cashier of the bank where his savings reposed in Electra's name. In that letter he inclosed Electra's check. The letter was brief and businesslike:

dere Mr. Cashier: enclosed find check for $600. please stop payment on this at your earliest convenience and oblige.

CLETUS MOORE.

AS A WOMAN THINKS

(Continued from Page 38)

with the arrangement. We feel that there is some kind of imposition connected with it. We were simply thought of afterwards; we were not an inspiration of creation, but we were created to meet a necessity afterwards. This makes a difference. We are not quite normal as men are. We still have a futile instinct to escape from what we are. Thousands and thousands of years have not made us contented and at home in ourselves. No man ever wished himself a woman, but ask any one of us and if she is in a truthful mood she will admit that she wishes she were a man. I have no doubt Eve regretted she was not Adam.

Circumstances have favored us. From winning privileges, protections and perquisites as we came up through the ages, we are at last getting some queer advantages of the situation one way or another. But this makes no difference. If we obtain the balance of power we seek, live the lives men live and do the things they do, we shall still be women, subject as usual to fits of nerves and tears on account of the long strain of not being quite normal and at home in ourselves.

But when you have been a woman a long time, and have grown accustomed, you may say by defeat, to the sensations of being one, you may look back through your mind, which is quite different from looking back through your history, and pick up much strange information about yourself which you would never discover except in the retrospect.

For example, seeing the woman I used to be more clearly than I could possibly have seen and measured her then, it occurs to me that I may have been a kind of idiot, femininely speaking. What I mean is that I seem to have been almost totally devoid of that engaging self-consciousness which makes women noticeable and attractive to men. I am embarrassed lest my husband may have found me delinquent in the mere airs of femininity. I do not recall ever being coquettish or feeling attractive; merely honest, kind, devoted, and at times freakishly witty or gravely intelligent.

Maybe this was due to the fact that I was not pretty as men see prettiness, and knew it, although I always felt beautiful, and must have been absurdly contented with this inward conviction. Still I have known many a homely woman who was amazingly attractive, like that heroine in one of Madame de Staël's novels to whose "bright dark homeliness" she refers so flatteringly. That is the point—if you must be homely it is better to be dark about it. With black hair, black eyes and even a swarthy skin you have only to turn on your light from within to glow. I am too fair, not enough contrast between my blondness and any brightness of expression I could turn on. Besides, I have what would be called a lofty brow in a man, which gives me a damnably noble look so far as beauty is concerned. During the thin years of my earlier womanhood it was out of all sweetly feminine proportion to the lower part of my face.

I am only suggesting a probable explanation, you understand; not that I believe it myself, but hope someone else will. The feeling I have now is that I missed part of my conduct as a woman at a time when it might have contributed some to that happiness which I have also missed. What I should like to know is whether women who have flown their banners in many men's hearts during their youth have memories of happiness that I have not got. Do they recall those episodes with pleasure? Or do they recall them at all? I have a queer, ruthless feeling that I could have forgotten many men, and remembered forever only one. I wish I knew what so many other women know about this. Maybe it is idle curiosity, but it feels like lines I failed to recite in living.

At this late day I wonder what Lundy really thought of me. I have observed this—that very few wives know what their husbands think of them. I even wonder sometimes with the gravest trepidations what he would think of me now. I have grown so sensible. I have almost lost the gift of doing anything foolish and sweetly feminine, if I ever had it. And yet the woman I never have been sits and looks through this bright veil of mysteries, as we sometimes gaze reverently at the masterpiece we never could have painted.

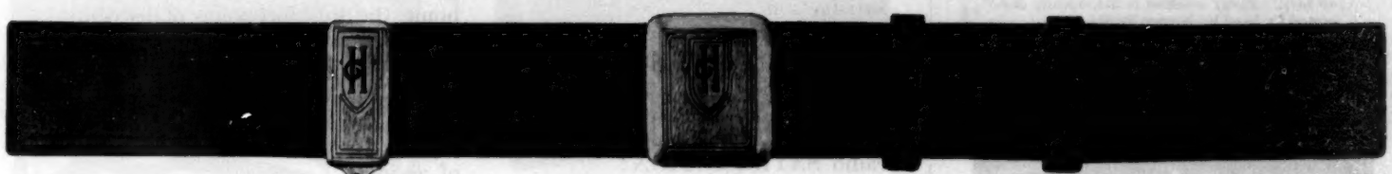
The only consolation I get in such a mood is a mean one. The women I have known who enjoyed all these benefits do not impress me as being eased by their experiences. I can think of a dozen who were belles in their youth, who were happily married, who enjoyed all the distinctions society and wealth can confer upon charming women. And now, at my age, they have a curious, beautifully painted bankrupt expression, as if they had lost several fortunes and were facing the direst poverty in their old age. I may be mistaken about this. They may have acquired that restless, frantic look characteristic of them from habit on account of doing things instead of sitting for years thinking things as I have done.

Still, I feel like a stranger among them, as if they had practiced some kind of feminine wit and dexterity in living that I do not know. I believe it is something they learned of themselves which I cannot learn. They know how to make an attraction of their modesty.

Now I have often wondered whether modesty is a cultivated virtue or a quality of femininity. If it is a virtue to be attained by taking thought, I have lacked it through the whole of my life. For I have never been consciously modest, nor even felt the need of protecting myself anywhere, nor the least anxiety about remaining neatly folded and decent to the last.

One of the mysteries of feminine consciousness which I have never fathomed is why so many women feel in some vague danger from men. Why do they look under the bed to make sure no man is there? Years ago I was going to prayer meeting one evening in a city accompanied by a spinster. She was a dear good soul, but you may say almost conscientiously homely. This was during that period when we wore broad black leather belts to gear in our shirt waists and skirts. We were stepping primly around the corner to the church when my companion leaped into the air and screamed. Clinging to me in the wildest terror, she vowed that a man had seized her by the belt from behind. It was no use to ask her if she was sure it was a man; they always know it is a man if anything happens to them. He alone is the

(Continued on Page 181)



More than "Just a Belt"

YOUTH dictates style in the wearing apparel of men of all ages. No man wants to look old. Belts by their very nature are youthful. But "just a belt" does not satisfy. Quality of leather, distinction in design of buckle, expert craftsmanship and the name HICKOK are essential to the creation of all that men demand in a real good, youthful-looking belt.

The exquisite Buckle and Beltogram designs illustrated are of the new and fascinating HICKOK Plate, beautifully hammered and strikingly embellished with inlaid blue enamel ornamentation and initials and with highly burnished borders. There are many other equally smart designs in HICKOK Plate and Sterling Silver. The Blue Belt featured is one of an assortment of the striking colors which are so popular this season—in genuine calfskin or cowhide.

The name HICKOK *on a Belt and Buckle, like "Sterling" on silverware, is your assurance of the best that money can buy.*

Prices $1.00; 2.00; 3.00; 4.00; 5.00; and up.

COMPLETE HICKOK ASSORTMENTS *will be found at all stores that sell the better dressed men and boys of your city*

HICKOK MANUFACTURING COMPANY, ROCHESTER, N.Y., U.S.A.
Branches in NEW YORK CITY, CHICAGO *and* TORONTO

BELT STYLE CHART

Suit	*Buckle & Beltogram*	*Belt*
Blue	Silver or Hickok Bronze	Black, Blue or Tan
Black	Silver or Gold	Black
Light Gray	Silver or Hickok Bronze	Tan, Blue or Gray
Dark Gray	Silver or Hickok Bronze	Black, Tan or Gray
Light Brown	Silver or Hickok Bronze	Tan, Blue or Cordovan
Dark Brown	Silver or Hickok Bronze	Cordovan, Blue or Tan
White or very Light	Silver or Hickok Bronze	Light Tan Leather or Colored Silk

You should have a different belt for every suit. Belt width is a matter of taste.

DRESS WELL *and* SUCCEED

HICKOK

BELTS BUCKLES BELTOGRAMS

SPLITDORF

What Splitdorf offers you in radio refinement

Splitdorf hand-decorated Japanese creations

The finish of these special Splitdorf receivers represents the highest expression of Japanese artistry. Every creation is individually decorated by hand by Nippon artists.

The Mikado

The Mikado includes console table which has compartments for all batteries, charger, etc. Receiver—a five-tube, inherently neutralized, electric-lighted enclosed dial, built-in speaker model—is encased in special drop-front, double-door cabinet of Japanese design. When desired, receiver may be lifted from console table. *Price, $425.*

DURING the seventy years in which the Splitdorf Electrical Company has manufactured electrical devices, the Splitdorf trademark has grown to be more than a means of identifying a good product. It has become a symbol of service and satisfaction.

On a radio receiver, the name SPLITDORF not only indicates a good receiving set. It is an assurance of SERVICE, of radio reception that is simple, dependable, certain—of radio SATISFACTION!

The receivers shown in this advertisement are simple to operate. They will bring in distance if that is your pleasure. They will give you great volume if you want it. Above all, you will be assured of the supreme tone-quality that authorities on vocal and instrumental music everywhere have found inherent in all Splitdorf Receivers.

But the receiver itself is only a part of Splitdorf Radio Reception. To make certain Splitdorf Receivers will give absolute satisfaction in your home, the Splitdorf policy of distribution was adopted.

The Sales and Service Merchant who sells you a Splitdorf Receiver will see to it that you get the satisfactory reception that the receiver is capable of giving.

—

SPLITDORF ELECTRICAL COMPANY
Newark, New Jersey
Subsidiary of
Splitdorf-Bethlehem Electrical Company

The Geisha

A five-tube, inherently neutralized receiver. Encased in special two-door creation of Japanese design. Doors conceal the tuning controls. Each receiver individually decorated by hand in Japanese rendering. *Price, $110.*

"OLD TIMERS"

RADIO RECEPTION

At the shows – **Splitdorf will exhibit at the Radio shows as follows:**

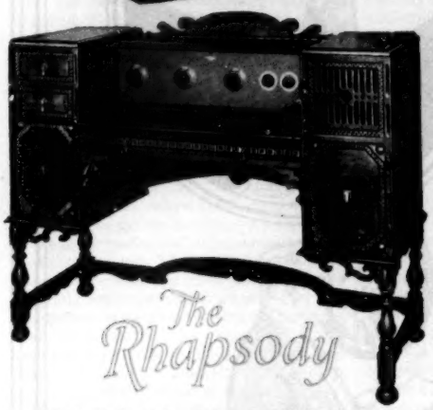
4th Annual Radio Show, Grand Central Palace, New York City, September 12th to 19th.

Radio World's Fair, 258th Field Artillery Armory, New York City, September 14th to 19th.

4th Annual Radio Show, Coliseum, Chicago, November 17th to 22nd.

The Polonaise

FIVE tubes. Inherently neutralized. Designed and built to give the utmost in radio reception. Metal panel richly done in new crackle finish. Encased in attractive, hinged-top cabinet finished in the latest two-tone effect—dark Walnut and light natural grain. Battery cable. *Price, $75.* The Grande Speaker, illustrated with set, *$22.50 extra.*



The Rhapsody

A five-tube, inherently neutralized receiver. New electric-lighted tuning controls. Desk type console made of solid American Walnut, matched and carved and exquisitely finished. Built-in speaker. Ample space for all batteries and charger. *Price, $410.*

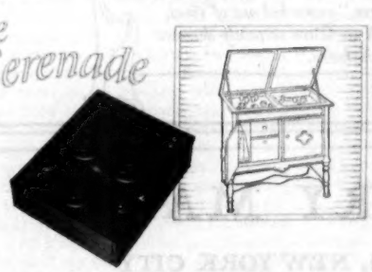
The Nocturne

Five tubes, inherently neutralized. New electric-lighted, enclosed dial panel. Built-in speaker. Space for all batteries. American Walnut cabinet beautifully matched and paneled, natural finish. *Price, $150.*

The Sonata

Four tubes. Inherently neutralized. A moderate-priced receiver that will give good distance and volume. Cabinet finished in dark brown mahogany. All connections made from rear. *Price, $60.*

The Serenade



A five-tube, inherently neutralized receiver designed for installation in console type phonographs. Completely enclosed. Operation requires phonograph unit, which attaches to phonograph tone-arm. *Price, $75.* Phonograph unit, *$7.50 extra.*

The Grande

A large bell, swan throat speaker of exceptional tonal quality. Equipped with adjustment for controlling volume and tone. Satin black finish. *Price, $22.50.*

The Cello

A high-grade, curved throat, composition bell speaker. Large metal base. Adjustment feature permits of regulating tone and volume. Black finish. *Price, $10.*

TRADE SPLITDORF MARK

VAN HEUSEN

Patented

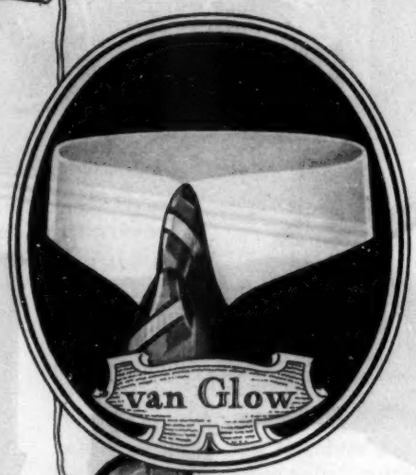
the World's Smartest COLLAR

The plump and popular Mr. Chubleigh keeps an extra dozen of Van Nords *in his locker at the club—along with other refreshing articles.*

The dashing youth finds himself exceedingly easy to look at since he charged three dozen cool, long-pointed Van Turos *to the guv'nor.*

VAN HEUSEN COLLARS *will not wilt. They are made of one single piece of smooth, strong, multi-ply fabric. Nothing sewed together, no need for starch. The loom has woven the fold in, woven a faultless curve in, woven comfort and smartness in. For all occasions it is the World's Smartest, most comfortable, most economical Collar*

Ask your dealer for VAN CRAFT, *the new Shirt with the* VAN HEUSEN COLLAR *attached.*



Some weeks ago Capt. Ponsonby-Poole tried the medium height Van Kent. *Now he considers that trig style his private property. "Suits my style of beauty, by gad!"*

"If they ever put bank presidents into uniform," remarked one of them, "the Van Glow *certainly deserves to be included."*

THERE'S ONE FOR EVERY MAN

12 VAN HEUSEN STYLES, 50 ¢ EACH PHILLIPS-JONES, NEW YORK CITY

(Continued from Page 176)

plausible explanation. It was a fact that she had lost her belt. The buckle had slipped and it lay directly behind us on the pavement. Now why did she do that? One might be tempted to suspect some indelicate lesion of the imagination if it were not for the fact that good women, pure enough in heart to see God, are subject to these vagaries.

When I had been living alone in this old cabin for ten years, without ever suspecting it of having a man concealed in it, a friend came to spend a month with me. She was seven years my senior, and you may say the very pincushion of every feminine virtue, very modest. Nevertheless, every evening before she retired she would take her candle and go man-hunting through the house, upstairs, downstairs, and even into both basements—just to make sure no man was in it.

Sometimes in the deeper, darker hours of the night she would appear like a ghost in my room to whisper excitedly that she was sure she had heard a man in the house. Then we would start forth to find this wraith of her imagination, two elderly women buttoned to the chin in our plain middle-aged nighties, her gray hair and my thin hair skewed so tightly that it left nothing to be revealed concerning our faded faces—terrible looking, but harmless creatures, bearing our quaking candles, thrusting them into such corners and places as burglars only inhabit in the feminine imagination. If we had actually discovered one it would not have been we but the burglar who must have fainted at the sight of us.

She could never realize the absurdity of these fruitless adventures, but I always felt embarrassed and apologetic to mankind in general. A woman must have more presumption than I have ever felt to imagine herself in any kind of danger from men.

But that is my point. They are the more womanly women, and the dearer kind to men. The telepathy of terror they experience toward this imaginary man is none the less telepathy when they are not alarmed if they are in social sight and distance of men. I suppose in the dark or when they are alone and unprotected their fears are due to the survival of a primitive instinct, out of date now, like the appendix in the human body, but brought up with them from that far time when women were in real danger of being seized and borne off by some marauding knight on his saddlebow.

I suppose in the daytime, in the parlor or on the street, when these same women are armed to the teeth with every charm, it is the same instinct of self-consciousness in a victorious mood. They are on the offensive then and more or less irresistible. For men certainly are more easily attracted by the self-conscious woman, whether she is shrinkingly or boldly so, than they are by one who sleeps soundly unmindful of them and who goes about her business the next day with no animated sense of them.

What I mean is that modesty of this kind is the fine art of self-consciousness, and to be without it is to be femininely stupid, no matter how much other sense you have. At my age, I suppose no woman with a proper sense of dignity would want romantic attention. It would come to the same thing as being caricatured. Even at that, I do get tired sometimes of seeing in every man's eye with whom I deal that I have come to do business with him or that he has come to do business with me. I feel the need of a little more versatility of manners between us. I should like to take a pleasant feminine shot at him as I see other women do, but so far as I know I have never capered one such glancing remark at a man, even if I met him upon my own copy grounds, much less in a business way. And I have wished for compliments, not aimed at my brains or my diligence, as other women wish much more fortunately, but no man ever lies in that beautiful way to me.

I am not regretting the dignity of my conduct, nor the awful dignity with which I am treated; but I am merely intimating that it is dry stuff being a woman when some dull wisdom in you keeps you from acting altogether like one. It is a tearful thing to know that you will go down to your grave loved and honored for the good you have done and not for the sweetness and loveliness of the woman you were or might, could or would have been if you had used your mind less and your talents more.

It would be interesting to know how the modern woman is coming out at this point. They are bolder than we were. I read of one lately who left her husband listening on the front porch while she went back in the dark house and shot the burglar whom he was too sensible to face. And it is absolutely amazing to me how many of them kill their own husbands upon provocations that formerly drew only a few tears from a wife. To slay your husband, no matter what kind of husband he is, seems to me a frightful kind of suicide. Formerly only men killed their wives. Now they flunk and desert them. They have lost some power of endurance they used to have with all their faults in the married relation. As near as I can make out, two people who marry now are not one in the sense we used to be, because from the start they contemplate no such involving unity. We are founding a precarious domestic life upon the grounds of mutual intolerance.

I do not know how they have managed it, but it is perfectly clear to an observing person that modern men are shy of modern women, not as fellow sports but as prospective husbands. Maybe it is because so many women sue for alimony, when they used to give up and do the best they could, according to their marriage vows. Maybe it is because so many young women now will bring suit for damages on account of a breach of promise and prove the latter by the signature of a love letter.

In my day, if a girl was jilted she died of a broken heart, or became an old maid, or married better, and nothing was said of that earlier affair. Getting damages evens matters up, but it does seem strangely gross and unwomanly to do such a thing, as if the victress sold self-respect to herself in the open court for so many thousand dollars. Can the definition of self-respect change with the changing times with a woman? I have often wondered how they feel when they win such a suit.

The effect of all this courage in women is to develop the bump of matrimonial caution in the best men to the point of absurdity. I remember very well the first hero we had in American fiction who dared not write letters like Saint Paul, with his own hand, to his lady love, lest these should be used as evidence against him. This was Annixter in Frank Norris' novel, The Octopus. We thought at the time that this was a false note in the story. Now the world is teeming with these discreet young bachelors.

The fashion of what we are is changing. Women do seem to have a better working knowledge of men than they had even a dozen years ago. But I am wondering how it will turn out. If you are by nature the weaker vessel, it is a dangerous thing to break too many of the stronger vessels. We need them. The safest and wisest way of getting the better of a man if you are a woman is by sticking to him.

If you had only one lover when you were a girl, and married him, and if you lived very quietly with him until death parted you, not taking in more than the spiritual edges of the world, you do not know men; you know only one man. As to the rest, you know them by their reputations—some good, some not good; some who will lead in prayer.

The great majority are beyond your ken because they will not lead in prayer, nor contribute to foreign missions, nor even to the pastor's salary. If you have been a preacher's wife for nearly a quarter of a century, you entertain a vague suspicion of such men without having any information about their real characters.

This is what happened to me as long as Lundy lived. A man was a sheep or a goat, and that was the limit of my powers of classification; a very remote way of thinking about them.

I do not know how it may be with other widows. I suppose if they have a competency, and can afford to employ an agent to look after their affairs, they frequently retain their social and romantic ideals of these wonderful beings and remain peacefully ignorant of their sterner manifestations. But if you must earn your own livelihood and manage your own affairs, you will discover that you come face to face and hand to hand with men every day in every way upon a totally different basis. You cannot practice the arts and policies which made you so successful in managing your dear husband, not if you mean to be an honest, upstanding widow. Your mourning veil may appeal to their compassion, but it will have practically no effect upon loosening up their business sense in your favor. What is more to the point, it is a sly, unfair way of playing upon their sex or your sex to expect concessions in your favor.

My idea of a "widow indeed" is somewhat broader and more practical than Saint Paul's. I am not objecting to his requirements—that she shall have washed the saint's feet, if her piety takes this form, and if she can find the saint; but I do not see why she should be more diligent than any other woman in "following every good work," unless, as I suspect was the case with the widows in Timothy's church at Macedonia, she was a charge upon the charity of that church and repaid in humble service to the brethren. The modern widow is not so reduced in circumstances, even if she is left without means. She can usually earn a living, though it may not be so good a living as her husband provided. In any case, a self-respecting "widow indeed" now is one who takes a job instead of charity and performs it with valor instead of tears. The pith of honor in such a woman is not to play the feminine rôle to any man for largess or advantage in her affairs. Even on this basis she is apt to get more than is coming to her if she deals with the right man. The great majority of honest men actually shrink from the responsibility of handling widows' funds lest some unavoidable loss may occur.

On the other hand, there is an average, I should say, of at least ten mite collectors for every widow in existence. They are easily recognized, however, by the noble and vicarious disposition they show for being her financial savior or her Aladdin genius in a get-rich-quick scheme. Not long ago I had a letter from such a victim. She is a stranger to me in the flesh, but I should recognize her in paradise—an elderly widow, religious, full of kindness, always protected, whose creed is faith in the goodness, honesty and kindness of others.

She wrote to tell me that she had just invested all she could spare in an oil well. And she asked me to pray that this money might bring her ten or even a hundred fold in return. Imagine the Lord dabbling in wildcat oil speculations to answer even two widows' prayers! Teach us some sense by not answering such prayers—which is a thing many people wiser than widows do not know about the functioning of the Almighty toward prayers. Maybe in time we shall learn that the Maker of all laws will not break one natural or moral law to save us from either death or bankruptcy. It is no use to call upon God like a fool to save you when He has endowed you with the wit to save yourself if you will only use it.

The last I heard of this widow she was the poor dear shorn lamb of those oil speculators. Where one wins her golden fleece, a thousand are clipped clean of their honest wool.

After the death of my husband I suffered for the first time in my life from the inferiority complex. I was left not merely a widow but strangely benighted, like a foreigner who is totally ignorant of the manners and customs of the people with whom he is to deal. I suppose many

women have had this experience, and may think it is grief. It is terror and uncertainty. If she survives it honorably, with her head up and her banners flying, she will be obliged to shed her widow's veil and be born again mentally no matter how soundly she may have been converted previously to the wisdom of spiritual things. She will be obliged to study something besides the Scriptures, and get stout secular doctrines for dealing with a vastly competitive and acquisitive world. Clinging to the cross is nothing to the way she must cling to her own good sense. The Lord encourages us to cling to that symbol of faith, but it is no use clinging to the world that way. She must step around in it with a firm tread and do business with her spectacles properly adjusted.

Therefore I am recording it as truth here, hardly earned, that an up-and-doing widow's mind is one of the most remarkable mental phenomena in existence; and I defy the ablest metaphysician to analyze the thing. It is made up of feminine faculties, stiffened, sharpened, sweetened, soured and tempered to any emergency, and she has ten emergencies where a man has one, because everyone with whom she deals perceives that she is a woman and proceeds upon that basis. She is much more of one than the average woman ever learns to be, but, good heavens, what a furtive, brave, serpentine, dove-good use she has got of her little old knitting-needle faculties!

I spent three years after the death of my husband walking softly beneath my widow's veil, studying the situation which the world was to me. I worked hard, made no investments and suffered from one long nightmare of terror and grief. I know exactly how it feels to have lost my right hand for achieving life, to get up cured of the wound, but with only my left hand to support me, when I had never been obliged to support myself at all.

Widows deal with men if they earn a living, or even if they do not. The thing which alarmed me was the discovery that I knew nothing about men, and that they are mysterious. Their mental processes are different from those of women, although emotionally and every other way the family resemblance between us is so strong as to be misleading. They have a different way of planning and accomplishing their purposes. They have a conscience, probably a better and more scrupulous conscience than we have about a few things, but theirs has a wide-open loose end, through which they can pass out to achieve without a qualm some great deed that we would never pay the price in piety to accomplish.

I perceived with a sort of terror how able and uncanny they are, due chiefly to this circumstance. They have by nature more liberty of action than we can afford to exercise. This is one reason why many modern women look so queer and out of drawing. They are making the experiment. The result is a parody. No originality, they are aping men, as a feebler race imitates a stronger race. If I am any judge of the real moral greatness of women, they will suffer a revulsion of sensibility presently and take to their heels. It is safe and honorable to associate intimately with one's husband, sons and father, and discreetly with one's Christian brethren in the church, though I am wary about that; but my notion is that it is dangerous, indelicate, frequently degrading to what we are, to associate too intimately with men in their political, professional and other manifestations.

I may be wrong about this. My opinion may spring like hypocrisy from cowardice, because I have not the courage to risk the losses these women sustain. My only excuse is that I came up in a different age and had my morals and sense of womanhood formed under different influences. If the modern woman does hold fast, and win and prove herself an asset instead of a liability in this civilization, I hope to bow my old gray head to her and take off my shoes before her in reverent recognition of the fact that she will have become the greatest pioneer of the ages, against the greatest odds, with the noblest courage.

In the meantime I am wearing my shoes, holding my neck stiff and regarding her over the top of my spectacles like a harsh, narrow-minded old mother who would like to snatch her daughters from a dangerous maelstrom and set them to the tasks at home that would make men instead of bandits of their sons, and proper maidens instead of adventurous flappers of their daughters. The best mother I ever knew never cast a ballot, but she established her sons in the way they should go. She has been dead for years, but she is still voting these men in every election.

Maybe I should have omitted these reflections. When you have survived your own world, and are now merely the spectator of another world in the making, you cannot be qualified to pass judgment upon it. I let that go with this polite apology and return to the problems which faced me so many years ago when I became a widow.

The only man I had ever known was, as it happened, different from other men. He desired above all things to be meekly and truly blameless before the Lord. God was his public opinion. I was amazed, you may say, to the point of fainting spiritually to discover that men in general have no such instinct for piety. In his heart I do believe the veriest saint among them would shrink from a too notorious reputation for being merely good and entirely virtuous, although the least and meanest one of them wishes to appear great, if it is only to one woman, no matter how short he is in personal virtues.

I believe they are all more spiritually inclined than we are; but heavens, what unscrupulous spirituality! It is a sort of noble side line they carry. They crave as we never do the sensations of power, exaltation. This, I believe, is the psychological explanation of why many men take to intoxicants before they feel the need of artificial stimulants which the hard pressure of this swiftly moving age now brings. They want to feel like gods, they wish to enjoy the sensations of being hard-boiled, when by nature they are polite, timid little fellows. They wish to feel for a moment the power in their heel to kick the world around, though as a rule they remain sufficiently sober not to lift a foot in the actual experiment.

The fool wants to be witty. The Smart Aleck wishes to light all his candles at once and watch himself shine. The man with a bad conscience longs for the false courage to swank about like a supervillain and rejoice in his iniquities. And there are those who drink to drown their sorrows, although my observation is that they will do it before they have any griefs or legitimate depressions from weariness or hardship to overcome. They are really suffering from that masculine embarrassment in sobriety of knowing how limited they are in power and other godlikenesses which all men perpetually crave.

They have not made good as gods in spite of these divine retchings, but they have built a magnificent world. I will warrant there is nothing comparable to their achievements on any of the other planets of our solar system. But you will not find the mark of one feminine finger upon the architecture of this one and very few traces of the feminine imagination in these great accomplishments. We have our good points, but they are not architecturally or literally constructive. We are, I should say, at best the patient conservators of what men make, win and produce. This is the reason why dissipation is far less excusable in women than men. They have their vanities and virtues, but no such boundless egotism to keep up and satisfy. When we are forever physically incapable of being the builders and achievers that men are, I do think it is regrettable that we should imitate that vice in them which is merely the mortal weakness of a sublime quality.

We have our feminine deceits, ten thousand, but obvious and appealing. Men have another kind, which also spring from their passion for augmenting themselves, not endearing themselves. The vainest woman who ever lived does not crave the admiration of men as men crave that of women. They want it whether they want her or her love or even her property, whether she is young, old or blind. This is why they cannot be truthful or quite honest in their relation to us. It is not the desire to deceive, but to shine, to rule and overcome us with their minds and their wills.

I do not think any exercise of our recent rights as citizens will ever overcome this handicap. The fact is it is fatal to do so. The moment a man perceives himself diminished to his true proportions in a woman's eyes, she becomes offensive and repugnant to him; and he is right about that. She was originally designed by her Maker to be the complimentary mirror in which Adam might gaze to spur himself to greater endeavors.

When I found out all these things about men it had a queer effect upon me. I distinctly recall facing about, thinking Lundy up out of his dust and reviewing him in the light of this new information. Had I ever really understood my husband? I never shall know. That perfect illusion which love is, still clothed him, and I could make nothing of all my remembered evidence beyond the kindness and patience and prayers of our life together. I remember still with pleasure how grand and superior he used to look when he flared into flames of fine eloquence that put my light out. But just let any man try that now! I can see the difference every time between the mere man of him and his eloquence. I am not moved. I simply regard him with a listening eye while I divide the light of his words from his own darkness, whether real or potential. If I should be won by his eloquence or his arguments, he has the advantage. Presently I shall be taking his advice or adopting his opinions against my own woman's judgment, which is bad business, if you know what I mean.

As near as I can tell the truth from memory, it was this instinct of inferiority which led me to earn my life and my living in strict retirement after my husband's death. I perceived that the training I had had with him in the scriptural simplicities of living was no adequate preparation for competing with men in any way. I might hold a candle to them, but I'd never hold my own with them. And trying to get a working knowledge of them at the age I was then would have been like trying to learn a foreign language after you are forty when you were born with a lisping, stammering tongue.

There was another consideration that influenced me. As a wife I had practiced the habits of obedience. My husband laid the scenes of our life and controlled our destiny. I simply helped him do that. I had been confirmed in the womanly attribute of being guided by his stronger will. What I discovered at the end of these three years' thoughtfulness is that every man's will is stronger than any woman's. She may outwit him, but she cannot outwill him. It was not my idea to dizzy around as a widow, being guided by this man or that one in my affairs. The best thing I could do was to break the entail of that beautiful attribute of obedience I had as a wife, tear it up like a scrap of paper, and retreat to a safe distance. I meant to lay a few scenes of my own devising and to become the captain of my own fate, let the Lord do as He saw fit about my soul.

I was near to being tired of my soul by this time from worrying with it and straining spiritually for so many years to the exclusion of all earthly profits. Later I did resume intimate relations with it, because once you have adopted the ideals of a spiritual life you are meanly impoverished without them. You are degraded in your own consciousness as bitter, worm-eaten dust without this sublime reservation held by faith, that there is eternal life no matter what griefs you have had or what happiness you have missed or what an ordinary person you have been all your life.

I feel these limitations keenly, and have always been extremely anxious to find out for sure that I really am extraordinary and immortal and worthy of my own admiration at the very last. I wish to die proud.

This is something that can only happen to us in the next world, where I hope to forget my mortal limitations and some of the ridiculous as well as tragic mistakes I have made here that caricature me now to myself. For the same reason I am not inclined to interpret too literally and painfully those Scriptures which intimate that our memories will be resuscitated with us. I do hope this is not obligatory. For I should need no memory to recognize Lundy or Faith. I should know them as one comes again in full possession of his mind and heart after a long sleep. My idea of a happy resurrection would be to rise from my dust cleansed from every embarrassing and diminishing recollection, because this is the only way to be as prideful as one expects to be in heaven.

Grief, however poignant, is like a wound; if you are not by nature infirm, but a normal person with a strong mental constitution, you recover from it as you would from any other wound or sickness. So I recovered from the death of my husband. The health of my spirit returned, and the idea of happiness began to freshen in my mind.

Faith was married by this time. I was alone and free to live that life of mine which I had wished for as saints long for immortality. My feeling has always been that happiness lies somewhere in Genesis, in those first scenes of man. For this reason I set out for the hills behind the world in Georgia, where the days come and go much as they did in the beginning, where human speech is such a rare sound that the dogs bark when they hear it in this valley, and where the song of birds is the real language one hears. It is a place where there is no wealth, no learning, and much natural wisdom of the woods, the hills and streams. There are a few people, but I know them only as one knows a little prose, a little poetry and a few Scriptures, not personally nor intimately.

I have written at some length in My Book and Heart of this old cabin and the surroundings, but I am setting down now the real reason for coming here. It was to escape the mind and will of the world, to practice my own will and mind in living and so find happiness—that animation of the mortal spirit which is far more refreshing than peace.

It was my way of laying claim to my own life. I am now in a position to say that I very much doubt whether there is such a thing as a human life which belongs exclusively to one person. It is something we borrow from other men, from books, from a thousand sources, and something we spend or lend likewise; but life does not belong to us as it does to other living creatures, nor even to the grass. We are the most dependent of all God's creatures, not only upon one another but upon the beasts of the fields and upon everything that lives. And nothing we win, even if it is everything, can possibly satisfy us. I suppose this is one of those terrific provisions of Providence to keep us doing and moving toward some far-off divine event.

What follows is the record of my adventures in this business. Galahad looking for the Holy Grail never traveled farther or endured greater hardships than I have in this narrow valley looking for happiness. I have worn all my virtues to a frazzle and I am about to grow old in sorrowful defeats without attaining even the bright rim of the cup of happiness. And now, when maybe it is too late, I have discovered the mistake I made. This is scarcely reason enough to go on with these annals, because when at the end I prove it and set it down in plain words, not one who reads this tale can avoid making it. We are the perpetual victims of an illusion. We may as well take what comes, whether it is happiness or not, and avoid the struggle.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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There is the fact that seventeen hundred different colors enter into consideration in the making of Beauvais Rugs. And the fact that these colors enter into a wide range of designs. And that no matter what may be the color of your walls or hangings or furnishings, there is some richly beautiful coloring and design in a Beauvais Rug to harmonize with it.

There is the fact of the astonishing wear of the Beauvais—fifteen, twenty, twenty-five years are on record; though such wear is not at all astonishing when the materials and the workmanship that go into the Beauvais are considered. Its pile is of pure wool, and nothing but wool—and that means wear. It is of closely woven wool—and that means wear. It is of long, resilient wool that springs back under the foot-tread—and that means added wear and added luxuriousness too.

Further, these rugs are seamless, and therefore without seam edges for wear to commence on. And both the surface and the back are firm and closely woven. That means a wrinkle-proof, floor-clinging rug.

There is the fact that the Sanford Beauvais Rug actually outsells any other wool rug made. It is also a fact that in addition to all these advantages its price is astonishingly moderate. It is considered by many retail salesmen to be the best rug value on the market. Visit a number of stores and ask the salesmen themselves.

Ask to see the Oriental or the Chinese designs, the two-tone effects, the many exclusive designs inspired by rare and ancient motifs. Among these you will get an idea of the scope and beauty of the colorings for your selection.

The Beauvais comes in sizes from 12 feet by 15 feet down to scatter rugs, including hall-runners—the 9 foot by 12 foot size being the most popular. All may be had in matching patterns—all are seamless. The name Beauvais (pronounced Bovay) is stamped on the back. Look for it.

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Beauvais Rugs

LOOK FOR THE NAME ON THE BACK

THE TALKING BIRD

(Continued from Page 15)

What occurred meanwhile with Estrella had to be gathered from the statements of survivors, and from the position of the bodies, which lay where they fell.

After Jason had gone, Estrella did not at first feel lonely, certainly not afraid. The girl loved these woods and streams, finding a companionship in the vast silences that surrounded her. Every bearded cypress that fringed the river, every tangle of swamp vines along the shore to her were homes of friendly birds and squirrels. And when dusk came slinking among these glades, when a twilight haze overhung the river, they seemed more mystically glamorous under their veil.

The green bird chattered, clamoring for notice. She dallied with Pedro a while, then strolled down to sit upon the wharf and watch the river shadows deepen. This was the dreamy hour that she loved.

Darkwater had turned to leaden gray when Estrella rose, climbed the steps and took Pedro on her finger—"Come, old fellow; bedtime."

There's something uncanny about a dark and empty house, a habitation in which men have lived and died, and from which deserted shell the human presence has been withdrawn. Estrella didn't think of that, but went slowly into her kitchen and set the sleepy Pedro on a chair until she could light a lamp. Her lamp was a plain glass globe, with unshaded chimney.

"Now, Pedro, go to sleep."

The bird muttered drowsily as his mistress placed him on his perch for the night, blinked a time or two, ruffled his feathers and dozed off.

The remains of supper still lay on the oilcloth-covered table. Estrella did not clear it away, but settled idly into Jason's rocking-chair and drew the lamp toward her. Maybe she would read a little, or maybe sit with hands folded in her lap. It was good to be alone and think. Presently she thought of locking her bedroom door, which now stood open. Not because she dreaded a prowler—anyway, she'd go and lock it. By a connecting door she passed from one room to the other.

It was no hysterical habit of Estrella Badreau's to fancy that she heard things at night; yet she halted at the door of her own dark room and listened. A trifle that she should stop to listen, a trifle that grows bigger as panic magnifies it. Yes, she did hear something, and quickly locked her door. Tried to bolt it. The bolt caught. With shaky fingers she jammed it into the socket and hurried back to the kitchen. There she stood listening.

The wooden steps leading up from the wharf began to creak; one of them, the middle one, had an individual squeak of its own. She could not be mistaken. Hastily Estrella closed the kitchen door, all except a crack, and peered through. A shapeless bulk lifted itself clumsily above the crest of the bluff, an amorphous object, unlike any creature that roamed the woods by day or night. Yet she could see the thing, outlined against the dimmer darkness of the river.

For one moment the singular shape stood still, then came a voice calling, "Hello! Hello, Jason!"

It was the peddler. The peddler—that's all Estrella knew about him. Nobody knew more; people called him by no special name, only Ped. This itinerant trader had twice spent the night at their house, and she recognized his voice. So few strangers came that way that none were forgotten.

"Hello!" Ped shouted again. It was dangerous to approach any house on Darkwater without calling and being answered. "Hello! Oh, Jason! Jason!"

Although it seemed queer, Estrella felt a chill of fright, an intangible premonition that evil would be linked with that voice. Her impulse was to order him off by saying that her father had gone away for the night and Ped couldn't stay. Every finger itched to slam the door and lock it. No; that would be telling the peddler that she was unprotected.

"I'm a fool, a fool!" By one resolute effort Estrella stepped out on the gallery and said, "Come in, Ped; come in."

To the man there seemed no delay about her answer. It came promptly. He had barely paused, and now stumbled on again. Estrella met him at the steps, a laden beast of burden, bending under the weight of his merchandise, who backed against the gallery, eased down his bundle and loosed the straps from his shoulders.

"How's business, Ped?" she asked, striving to appear natural.

"Rotten." Ped gave his thumb a disgusted jerk toward the north. "Up yonder way the corn's all burnt out, and cotton ain't doin' much better. People got no money."

"That's bad," Estrella sympathized.

"Yes," he nodded; "I'm working down to the sugar country."

Without stepping up on the gallery, Ped went to the wash shelf, reached a tin cup from its nail and drank—drank twice. Observing him warily, Estrella couldn't be sure whether he were an American or a foreigner; certainly no Syrian or Greek, though dark as a mulatto from sunburn. He appeared undersized and wiry, yet the peddler's neck was thick from the constant carrying of a pack.

After drinking copiously, Ped turned with his face in the light. Nobody expects a peddler to look frank and innocent like a baby. They have a more or less furtive, sneaky and secretive air from dodging through bushes, evading landlords and selling worthless gewgaws to negroes on the sly. Town merchants abuse them for stealing their trade. Planters chase them off the property because they traffic with tenants who should buy at the plantation store. A precarious calling; where he makes money or carries valuable goods, Ped runs a perpetual risk of being shot from ambush. And if he kills in his own defense, he kills a man who has friends, while the vagrant is always friendless. For every robbery along his route, for every citizen that may be held up, this rover catches the blame. And it all shows in his face.

Perhaps Estrella weighed these extenuations; maybe she only felt a woman's warning that something terrible would be connected with his coming. Yet she had mastered herself and was ready with an answer when Ped glanced around to inquire, "Where's Jason?"

"Oh, father?" Estrella replied, also glancing around as though she had but this moment noticed Jason's absence. "Wasn't father at the wharf when you landed?"

"No, I didn't see him."

"Oh, well, he'll be back in a minute"—a lie by which she confessed her fear.

"I want to stay all night," the peddler said.

"Very good. You can sleep in the shed room."

Having foreseen that he would ask a lodging, Estrella considered it safer to agree without hesitation; so Ped took up his bundle and she suggested, "Wait until father comes. He'll help you carry it inside."

"Never mind."

Ped already had the bulky package in his arms, and Estrella held the lamp while he passed through her kitchen to the small shed room at the rear. This tiny pen had not been part of the original cabin—just tacked on later as a storage space for Jason's nets in winter. On one side was a homemade bunk, a shuck mattress, where an occasional helper slept. Ped knew the room. Twice before he had occupied it. So he dropped his bale and returned to the kitchen.

"Hungry?" Estrella inquired, standing beside the table with uplifted lamp.

"Hungry as a wolf." He had sharp white teeth—like a wolf's.

"Sit down. I'll fix your supper."

The peddler sank wearily into a chair and looked on with dull eyes while Estrella raked some chunks together on the hearth and set her spider-legged oven where it must soon get warm beside the coffeepot. Into the skillet she flung several slices of bacon, and the famished man sniffed at their appetizing odors. When all was ready his hostess laid before him a clean plate, with corn bread, molasses, sizzling bacon and a cup of coffee.

"Ugh!" Ped grunted. "That smells good." And he fell upon it and devoured it.

Neither of them talked, from which reticent habit of the swamp no inferences could be drawn. Silently Estrella sat watching the man, then raised her head and listened. Ped heard no sound. Neither had Estrella, yet she darted to the doorway and gazed out.

"Thought I heard father," she explained, keeping up the pretense.

Ped ate slowly, as though his jaws were tired, yet he ate completely, to the very last crumb, pushed back his chair and twisted round to the fire without a word. His eyes gradually closed, and Estrella might have believed he'd dropped off to sleep, but her tense faculties imagined him measuring her through his lashes.

"Shucks"—she tossed her head impatiently—"I won't be such a fool!"

Without being aware of it, Estrella had spoken aloud and roused the peddler, who glanced up, smiling apologetically.

"Scuse me, Miss Strella. I'm wore out."

"Better turn in then."

"Thank y', ma'am."

Ped did not wait to be urged, but leaned forward in his chair and commenced unlacing a pair of strong thick-soled shoes, with grayish tops that reached midway the calf of Ped's legs. Estrella noticed the shoes. Her sensitized mind saw every detail.

Having got their strings undone and shoes ready to slip off, Ped nodded good night and went tramping into the rear room. The door between he left ajar for light. Estrella also noticed that. She heard his bunk creak as Ped sat heavily upon it; then a thump on the floor and a second thump when he kicked off one shoe after another. The shuck mattress rustled. Now Ped must be stretching out. For a time she heard nothing.

Nor did Estrella break the kitchen's quiet. She kept utterly still, while through the outer door came the hoot of owls, the croak of frogs, all the familiar noises of the night. Although sitting with her head half turned away, Estrella's nimble imagination visualized the door through which Ped had vanished. The log wall between them was not thoroughly chinked; mud had fallen out in sections, and one could see into the kitchen. Ped might easily lie in his bunk and spy upon her through a crack.

This sensation made the girl so uncomfortable that she rose with an overdisplay of nonchalance and bolted the door. The window? That window had originally opened to the outer air, before Jason built his shed room. Now it opened into that room; not a glazed window, but a mere loophole through the logs, about two feet square, and closed by a wooden shutter on hinges. This shutter she could not make secure. Its flimsy fastening was no more than a cord hooked over a nail. However, the window was breast high. A man must scramble through head first, and her shotgun would stop him. For a well-balanced young person, Estrella had got pretty badly upset.

Apparently the peddler went straight to sleep. Through the chinks she heard his laborious breathing and jeered at herself for having borrowed a bunch of worriment. All she need do was to bolt the outer door, take the shotgun and barricade herself in

(Continued on Page 189)

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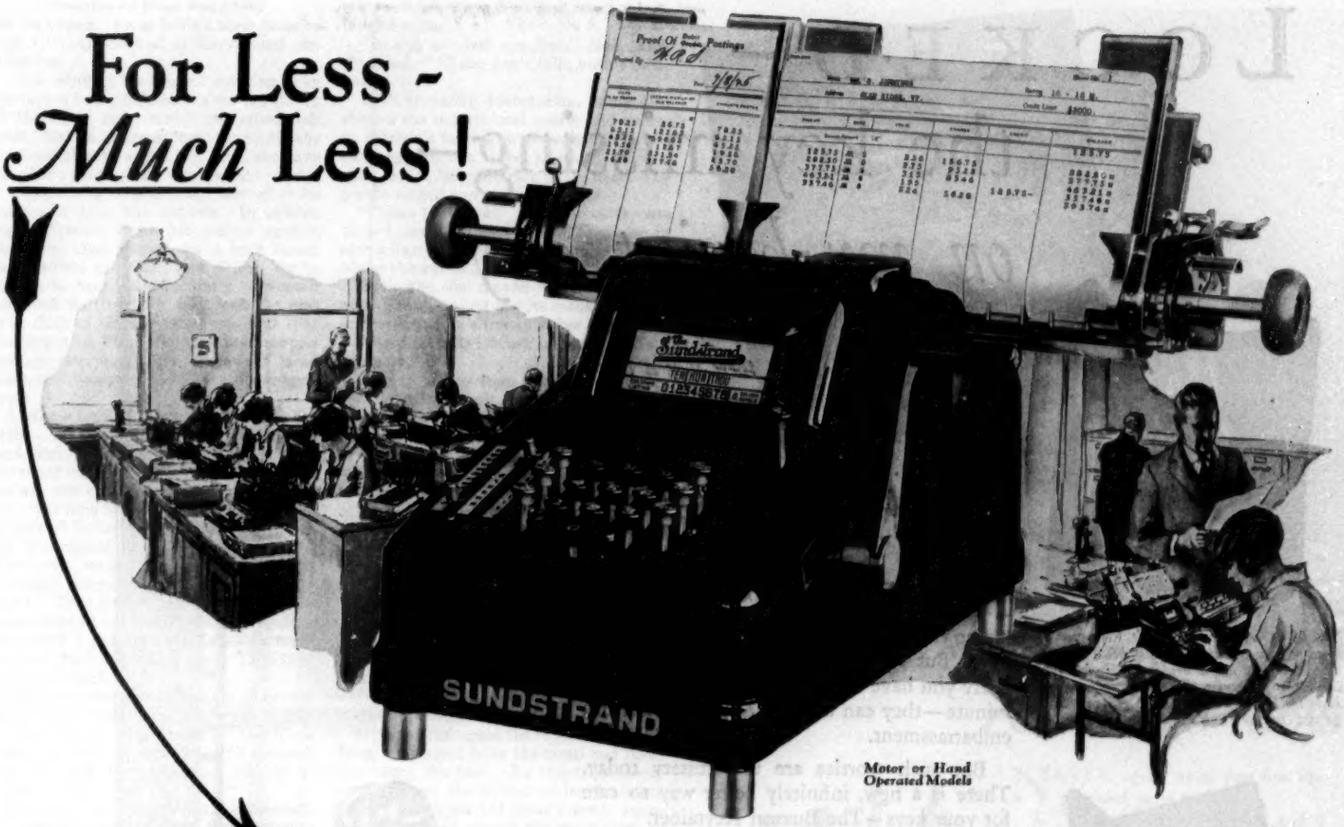

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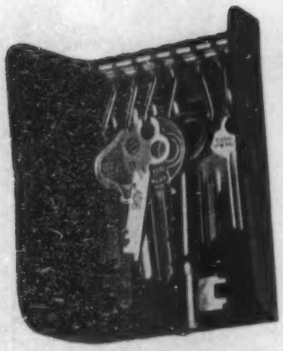

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THERE *was a jagged hole in his pocket, the important key he needed now gone.*

BUXTON KEY·TAINER

(Continued from Page 186)

her own room. From behind these massive logs, nothing short of artillery could dislodge her.

After banking the fire and stacking away her dishes in a pan, Estrella turned slowly to the outer door, which yet stood half open. Not an unaccustomed sound did she hear, nothing to alarm her, until she gave the door a gentle push—and failed to budge it. Something or somebody seemed to be holding it from the outside. In sudden fright Estrella threw her weight against the knob, then gasped, for a boot thrust itself within the room and a long leg in cottonade breeches effectually prevented her from shutting the door. At the first swift flash of thought she suspected that this might be Ped, who'd sneaked around through the yard. No, Ped wore laced shoes, and these were boots—leather-topped boots.

A characteristic change swept over Estrella. When no tangible danger threatened, she had felt uneasy; now, when a marauder was actually trying to break in, she was not conscious of fear. In fact she had scant time to consider what she felt, for in spite of her efforts the door burst open and two masked figures grappled her. The taller one, wearing a bandanna mask, promptly clapped a rough hand over her mouth. This booted and red-masked intruder gripped her wrists, while the smaller one forced a gag between Estrella's teeth and knotted it behind her neck. Then they bound her tight.

The thing was done. Neither of her assailants had uttered a syllable until they got Estrella gagged and bound. Red Mask locked the door by which they'd entered, then clutched her arm and whispered, "Show us the money!"

Their coup had been thoroughly planned, and Estrella stood helpless. Only her eyes were free, snapping back and forth from one to the other. The taller of the two, the booted one, wore a railroad cap of greasy cloth with patent-leather brim; while the slighter desperado wore an army hat and brown jean breeches. From excessive caution they had muffled their entire heads, which wholly disguised them both. Whoever these persons might be, they had come for business.

"Show us Jason's money!" Red Mask repeated.

Being gagged, their victim could not speak; could only shake her head to indicate either that Jason kept no money in the house or that she refused to give it up.

"Won't tell, huh?" Red Mask threw her into the rocking-chair, where Army Hat tied her arms and legs. The ropes cut hard; she winced and struggled. It was no use.

From their orderly and systematic procedure it seemed evident that stubbornness was an obstacle which the outlaws were prepared to overcome. Without a word, Army Hat drew a long knife, at sight of which Estrella made signs toward a cigar box on the mantelshelf. This, the Army Hat pounced upon and opened. It contained nothing except two pipes, some matches and a can of tobacco—Jason's smoking outfit.

"No money here." Army Hat was about to throw down the box when Estrella signed for him to lift its tray. There lay Jason's cash—one dollar and eighty cents in silver. They must have been cheap thieves to pocket that, and Red Mask demanded, "Where's the *gold?* If we untie your legs, will you show us the gold money?"

Frantically Estrella shook her head, trying to convince her captors that Jason had no more cash in the house. Again Army Hat drew the knife, and to conquer a pretty woman, used their most ingeniously effective weapon.

"Spile her beauty," suggested Red Mask, who acted as leader, and arranged to hold Estrella, while Army Hat applied persuasion. Now Red Mask glanced toward the hearth and said, "Try a chunk o' fire."

A sweat of terror dabbled Estrella's forehead as she watched the crouching bandit stir amongst the embers and select a half-burned stick.

"Scorch her left eye first," Red Mask chuckled. "Ef she don't talk, burn t'other one."

With torturing deliberation, Army Hat shoved the red-hot coal nearer and nearer to Estrella's face; convulsively she jerked back against the table, knocking down a glass, which fell clattering to the floor. The parrot waked and squawked.

"Damn that bird!" Both the cutthroats turned, and Red Mask said, "Don't be in sech a hurry. Nobody in ten miles o' here. Make the gal talk."

Again the coal moved closer and closer, until Estrella could feel its menacing heat, and wrenched in a frenzy at her bonds.

"Hold it!" Red Mask ordered. "She'll talk now."

Glaring at her from beneath the army hat, Estrella shrank from those blue, malicious eyes. Even the parrot hushed. The room was most intensely still, yet all three of them were so engrossed that no one heard the wooden shutter or saw a rigid arm that stiffened through the window.

Army Hat was bending over, within a foot of Estrella's face, when a roar filled the room and a level streak of fire went darting across it, direct to Army Hat. One moment the figure rose upright, swayed, dropped the brand and pitched forward. The falling body struck Estrella's chair and she flinched away from the corpse that tumbled in a flabby heap. Red Mask stood amazed and staring at the window, then whirled, overthrew table and lamp together in a stampede to escape.

For one brief space the room went dark. Then oil gurgled from the lamp and flickered along the floor. By this treacherous light Ped saw the booted robber fumbling at the lock. Again the pistol roared; again the level streak crossed the room, just as Red Mask snatched open the door. A third shot. The booted figure threw up a hand and went blindly plunging into darkness. Outside, a crash from the broken wash shelf—a rattle of the tin basin and cup as they fell on the ground.

Inside the kitchen the oil blazed higher; the burning pool spread. The parrot screamed and screamed, fluttering from his perch. Then through the shuttered window Estrella saw the peddler diving head first in his underclothes. Like an athlete, he caught upon his hands, turned an awkward somersault, grabbed the flaming lamp and hurled it out of doors. It struck the ground and exploded, making a great flare to which the peddler gave no heed. Fire in the yard wouldn't harm Estrella, but that threatening puddle on the floor must be attended to at once.

Ped rushed into the girl's room, rushed back and smothered it with a blanket. Not until then did the barefoot and swift moving man turn to Estrella, who was wrenching at her ropes. With a slash of his knife the peddler cut them. She sprang up, stumbling over the corpse, while Ped leaped to the kitchen door and slammed it. Now, by the flicker of sparks from the fireplace, she could see his vague white figure groping its way toward her. Suddenly he stopped with a sharp exclamation of pain and held up one foot.

"Ped, are you hurt?"

"Hot coals—this fellow dropped 'em."

"Stand still," she warned him. "You'll cut your feet on the glass. Lemme get another light."

"Don't—that man outside—he'll shoot! Draw the curtains!"

When Estrella had shrouded both windows, Ped knelt down and struck a match. Its glimmer showed the upset table and a huddled figure lying beside it, face downward.

"Dead as a herring! Better leave him be for the sheriff."

Then, as if the thought had just come to him, the peddler inquired, "Jason—hasn't got home yet?"

"No," Estrella answered guiltily; "he won't be here till morning. He's seining Bucktail Lake with Rance and Todge."

"Todge Farkas?" Another thought occurred to Ped. "That fellow who got away—he might be Todge. I saw Todge once wearing a red handkerchief like that."

"Couldn't be Todge," Estrella contradicted. "He and Rance are both with father."

"But ——"

The peddler started to suggest something, and hushed—that Todge might have given Jason the slip and come back to rob his house. Ped kept pondering, and when he spoke again it was not of Todge's bandanna.

"Miss Strella," he said slowly, "you said your father would come home any minute—was you skeered o' me?"

"Yes."

There was the truth between them in that black room, across the stiffening body of the dead; and after a peculiar silence, the peddler said, "Miss Strella, we're bound to stay here together. I can't leave you to go for help."

"No, no! You mustn't leave me."

"Then go into your room—take the shotgun—lock your door. I'll set here. Maybe I'd better put on some clothes." And Ped smiled faintly.

In her own dark room Estrella kept vigil until dawn, yet she did not lock the door between them, or even close it. Twice during the night she called out gently, "Ped!" And his answer came, "Yes." She knew that Ped was sitting there, and knew what lay on the floor beside him.

Slowly the heavens lighted. The longest night cannot last forever. At dawn, without warning, the green bird gabbled, "Here he comes! Here he comes!"

The wharf steps creaked; Estrella sprang to her feet as Jason's song rang out:

"And every day, when I'm away, she prays for me ——"

"Oh, father! Father!"

Muddy to his waist from drawing a seine, with water sloshing in his shoes, Jason came along the plank walk a little in advance of Todge, with Rance Jelks lagging behind. The swampers eyed Estrella with intense anxiety. Just as they had expected, she came flying out, screaming and excited. Rance Jelks halted. Todge, the bolder, marched on with Jason. As she ran, with eyes only for her father, Estrella did not see a booted body that sprawled in the yard to her left—Red Mask, face upward, dead.

Behind Estrella, in the kitchen doorway, stood the peddler, stupid and soggy from loss of sleep, and clutching his pistol. During that interminable night his gripping fingers had become a part of that weapon, had grown undivorcibly to its handle. Now he did not realize that he held it.

Estrella dashed out, down the front steps, passing within ten feet of the corpse, but looking only at Jason.

"Oh, father!" she called. "Two men came here—last night—to rob us."

"Rob you?" Todge Farkas expressed his violent indignation before the startled Jason spoke.

"Yes, yes!" Estrella's voice rose shrilly, "They broke in! Ped shot one!"

"Shot one?" Rance yelled from his safe position at the rear. "Did he kill her?"

Nobody heard Rance Jelks, who dropped backward and disappeared over the bluff; for Jason now caught sight of the other figure lying on the ground.

"What's this?" he asked, and stooped.

Estrella glanced downward, surprised and for the moment dumb. Red Mask lay almost within reach of her foot.

"One's dead in there!" the overwrought girl shrieked out. "We thought this one had got away."

In lone cabins along Darkwater this detail of that night's gruesome occurrence is still whispered, to prove the callous composure of Todge Farkas. He and Jason were standing almost shoulder to shoulder when they saw the booted corpse lying on its back, arms and legs outspread. Todge must have instantly recognized those blue cottonade breeches, the cap and handkerchief.

Yet he gave no sign when Jason asked, "Estrella, do you know who this man is?"

"No."

"I'll see."

There was no reason for Todge Farkas to take a second look, nor to wait and see what face would be uncovered when Jason lifted the mask. So, as Jason bent over, Todge stepped backward, noiseless as a cat, dodged around the house and ran for the woods. Jason did not see him; he was peering down at the corpse. Estrella did not see him; she was watching her father as he stooped to pull away the handkerchief. Beneath the mask, at first it seemed that the outlaw's cheek was smeared with blood. Then Jason drew the bandanna a little more aside and leaped up with a cry of horror.

"My God, Estrella! It's a woman!"

"Woman? A woman?"

Staring upward with glassy eyes, they recognized the scarlet birthmark and horse-faced countenance of Todge's wife.

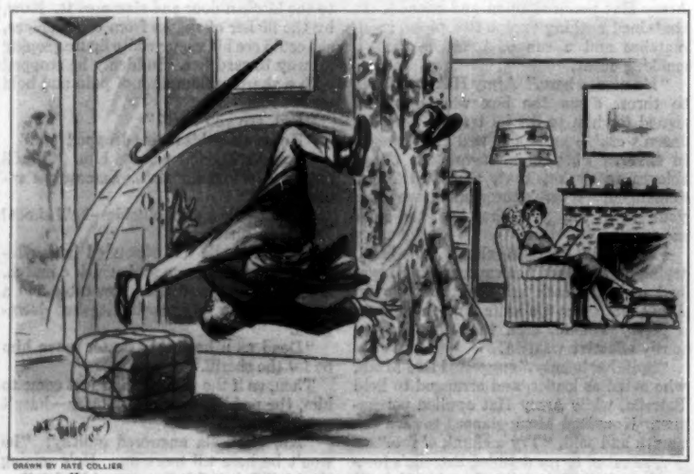
Like a flash, Jason comprehended their whole scheme, and whirled with fingers tingling to throttle Todge.

But Todge Farkas was gone. So was Rance—both gone.

After making sure that his late companions had fled, Jason went bounding along the gallery, brushed past the peddler in the kitchen doorway, ran inside and darted out again.

"Estrella," he shouted, "this one is Rance's wife. Mighty smart play o' theirs, to keep with me all night, and not be suspected, while their wives did this job. Ped! Oh, Ped!"

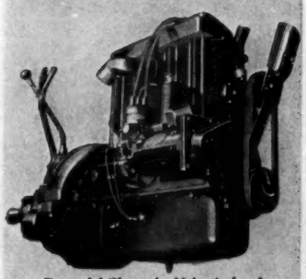
The peddler made no reply. Jason bent down and shook him. He was sitting on the floor, head against the door facing. On the perch above him, the green bird kept screaming. Ped had gone to sleep.



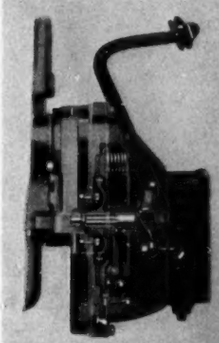
DRAWN BY NATE COLLIER

Wife: "Oh, Thomas, Did You See the Package the Postman Left in the Hall for You?"

Features of the New Chevrolet One-Ton Truck



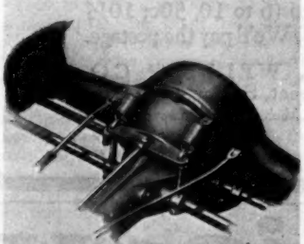
Powerful Chevrolet Valve-in-head motor equipped with oil and water pumps, vacuum tank and Remy starting and ignition.



Chevrolet single plate dry disc clutch completely enclosed against dirt and water — easy to operate; requires no lubrication.

Heavy front axle and semi-elliptic springs for strength and easy driving.

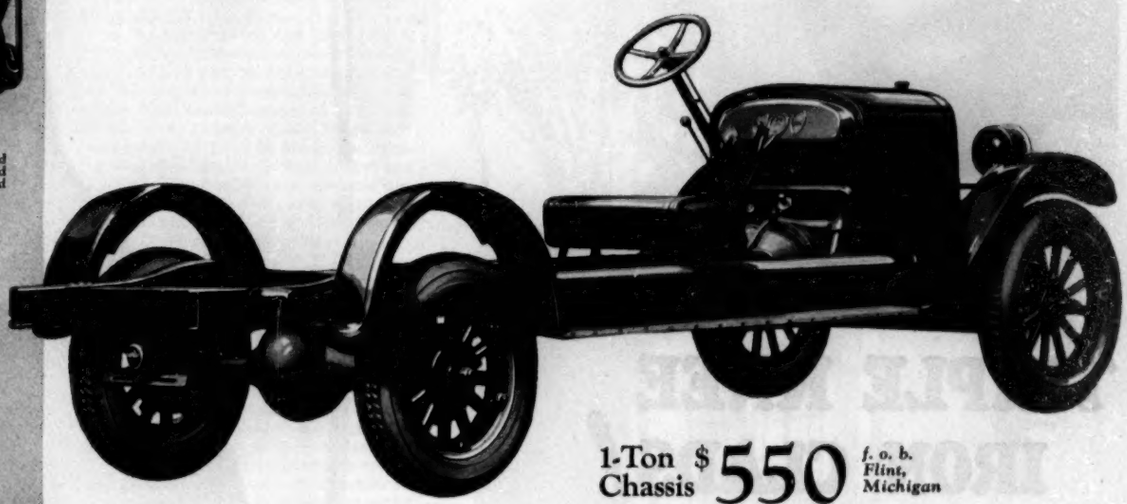
Extra heavy 6 inch channel steel frame hung low over axles for easy loading.



New heavy truck type rear axle; one piece pressed steel housing; extra heavy special cut driving gears; large spring seats; brake equalizers.

CHEVROLET

for Economical Transportation



1-Ton Chassis $550 f. o. b. Flint, Michigan

Outstanding Features of the New One-Ton Truck

Outstanding features of this new Chevrolet one-ton truck provide strength, power, reliability and economy that make it unusually well adapted for economical transportation.

This truck of fine appearance has all principal chassis units—frame, motor, transmission, axles, wheels—designed for truck service, oversize for strength and built of selected materials to stand up under heavy work.

Chevrolet is an economical truck to operate. The frame is hung low for ease of loading.

A flexible, three-speed transmission makes it possible to operate at economical engine speeds regardless of road conditions.

In addition, it has full running boards, front and rear fenders, complete Remy electric starting and ignition system, vacuum fuel feed, semi-reversible steering gear—quality features that you would expect to find only on higher priced trucks.

Ask your nearest Chevrolet dealer to show you how you can lower your haulage costs with this new Chevrolet truck.

CHEVROLET MOTOR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

Division of General Motors Corporation

Any style body for any industry can be adapted to this chassis. 30" x 5" tires for front wheels may be had for only $35 additional. For light delivery purposes up to ½ ton capacity, there is the commercial chassis priced at $425.00 f. o. b. Flint, Mich.

QUALITY AT LOW COST

ADVENTURES IN PLANTING

(Continued from Page 16)

farther out in the lawn and at an angle to the main line, a Douglas spruce.

And since lawns should have an effect of as much freedom and spaciousness as possible, sentineled perhaps by an occasional shapely tree, but unmarred by the old-fashioned circular flower beds, which are cluttering and inartistic, we discarded the latter and chose for the left center a Ginkgo tree. But this, later, was also discarded, for a red oak, eight inches at the butt, taller than the house and with branches that would gracefully drape it as soon as its now-pruned foliage spread out.

The front line of the lawn was marked by a barberry hedge; the east side, in this and successive plantings, by a background of privet, with weigela, deutzia, flowering quince and cherry, and a variety of bushes in front set in a border, not rectangular but of pleasingly sweeping curves, and the east foundation by English holly, hemlock and arrowwood, with violets in the nooks of the walls.

The west side was set out with a long-curving border of similar shrubs, with dogwoods here and there, growing out of the shrubs, and annuals—we planted these ourselves—in between; and the west foundation of the house with a blue and yellow garden.

Against the south foundation we planted tall hollyhocks, iris, honeysuckle and chrysanthemums; and in the left center of the rear lawn an apple tree.

The back line was similarly marked by a hedge of arrowwood, spiræa, forsythia and lilacs, with other smaller shrubs, and dogwoods here, too, growing out of them; and in the southwest corner was arranged an old-fashioned garden of phlox, sweet Williams, asters, lupine, coriopsis, delphinium, and the like, with a broken-flag pathway leading to the bird bath, my wife's pet idea, in the center.

And it was wonderful to see, when the planting was nearly complete, how much it added not only to the appearance but seemingly to the dimensions of the house, to say nothing of the actual cash value. The large oak made it seem taller, the flanking firs and spruces longer, while the green of the foundation planting softened the tones and increased the look of age of the dark half timber, the red and blue bricks and the graying plaster.

Plant Thick and Thin Quick

All these details were not the result of one week's but of two years' planning on the part of the nurseryman and ourselves. And naturally there were changes from time to time to complete the layout just described, for Plant Thick and Thin Quick is a very good motto. But the foundation design had to be right fundamentally at the time to insure a later complete harmony; and it is for this as well as the quality of the stock that we are indebted to the nurseryman.

And it did require much thought. For example, for a long time we had wanted a copper beech. Its foliage would have harmonized beautifully with certain tones in the brick façade and the timbers. But it was decided that the winds from the hill would whip its branches and crack its foliage. And these fissures in the leaves would turn brown, marring its lovely mass of color. The silver and swamp maples were rejected for similar reasons, also because they needed so much moisture. But the red oak would stand up well; its sturdy leaf was proof against winds, would furnish a deep rich green in summer and a magnificent pageantry of crimson in the fall, and it had consistency, long life and a noble outline.

Some things, though, we discovered ourselves, for we did some planting on our own, sowing all our annuals, picking up perennials here and there, and even trying a fourteen-foot dogwood and a red oak of similar height, both of which we transferred from the woods. The oak turned out beautifully, flourishing sturdily, and is now destined, it would seem, to grow into a mighty tree. But we pruned and manured it properly. With the dogwood—always a tricky tree—we neglected to take this care; and though we did dissever all the roots from the surrounding soil, we did not bring home with them that ball of earth which is indispensable for the successful planting of most trees.

In consequence the tree had neither blossoms nor berries during the succeeding year, and half the branches died; and later we had to prune it more ruthlessly than would have been necessary at the start. However, this major operation resulted fortunately, for the new foliage has come out even more luxuriantly than that of any dogwood in the wild; and this and the sawed-off branches have a gnarled Japanese-like effect that could not have been better if it had been deliberately planned.

Matters of Detail

This all took, as we discovered, much time and pains, not only in the original planting but in the labor afterward. In the first process one must be careful not to choose a tree growing under conditions totally different from those that prevail on your plot; also one not too large to be carried in your car or on the shoulders of as many good-natured neighbors as can be mobilized. Then a trench should be dug around the tree in a circle covering the main spread of the roots, which can be roughly calculated as paralleling the spread of the foliage; the roots carefully dissevered, and as large a ball of the native soil as possible packed in with the roots in sacking. Then the branches can be pruned to preserve an even balance with the roots if it is a shade tree—with evergreens, it is usually unnecessary—and all looped back to prevent scarring, and the load is ready. After a few hours, if you have not gone too far afield, the tree will be placed in its pit, which should previously have been made ready and should also match in circumference and depth the hole from which the transplant has just been taken. And it should be set so that the trunk will meet the earth, when the hole is filled in, at precisely the same point at which it met the earth in its old home.

A flowing hose should now be brought to wash down the particles of soil into a compact mass that will adhere to the roots, and the stream must be kept flowing until the whole root mass is thoroughly drenched. Tamping with bar or pole should meanwhile assist in the process; and if the soil is poor, shovelfuls of topsoil and perhaps a little manure appropriate for the particular tree thrown in from time to time. But great care should be taken and some advice sought so as not to make the soil too sour or too rich; the tree's setting should duplicate as nearly as possible that to which it is native.

The loose earth now thrown in, a ridge can be left around the outer edge to form a bowl to hold the water, and perhaps a light mulch of straw or dead leaves and light manure thrown on to retain the moisture. Wires for support will probably not be needed, since any tree transported by amateurs will probably stand of itself. However, if the winds are strong and it inclines from the vertical, wires slipped through pieces of rubber hosing, to prevent barking the tree, can be attached to stakes set on three sides and sunk below the ground and covered with pieces of sod and all tautened by twisting sticks between the strands.

As for watering, only observation can tell the proper time. Soils and the amount of shade will differ in various localities. An auger boring down to a depth, in the case of fair-sized trees, of eighteen inches

will disclose the condition. Sometimes the surface will be moist when the earth by the roots is dry; and if the soil there does not cling moistly to the bit, and does not cohere sufficiently for packing like a snowball, the tree needs a drink. Fill the bowl—at evening preferably—from a slow-running hose and drench it thoroughly three times. And above all, watch for the signs in drought. If not properly cared for, the likeliest trees, even those of the best stock, will sicken and go back, if not die altogether.

A day or two after a drenching by hose or heaven, aerate thoroughly—that is, loosen the soil all around the tree. It will prevent drying up and cracking of the surface and give the tree needed air. The shrubs likewise must be so tended. In fact they must be cultivated very often and, like evergreens, cannot be watered too frequently, at least in a sandy soil, through which the water percolates quickly. Of course in a locality where clay predominates watering can be overdone; too great a supply will rot the roots of shrubs and particularly of some shade trees. Evergreens have a hair-like multiplicity of roots that swiftly soak up the moisture; oaks, for instance, have not nearly so complex a system and can be more easily satisfied.

A Lesson From Nature

At first we were inclined, in our desire to have things shipshape, to make the spaces immediately around the trees too neat. When we learned to realize their usefulness, we left all the dead foliage and vines. A humus of fallen leaves, of pine needles, of straw or manure, particularly during the first summers of our planting, conserved the moisture and enriched the soil. So we compromised on sprucing up a bit by neatly banking the bowls and by occasionally digging the humus in, and meantime preserved a general appearance of neatness by trimming the lawns, edging the flower beds and clipping the hedges. Even after the trees had become used to their surroundings, we did not touch the ground covers around the evergreens—the bit of wildness enhanced the charm—and mulch and manure were occasionally added to the soil around the shade trees when we aerated. One has only to walk in the woods where trees flourish at their best and see the rich carpet which Nature lays down around them and leaves undisturbed, to realize the importance of this caution.

In fertilizing, which one must do from time to time—more particularly in the fall before the snow comes—we found sheep manure excellent for a quick growth of lawn, and a handful of bone meal thrown in around each shrub helpful; also cow and horse manure on the flower gardens and as a mulch for the shade trees. With the advent of the automobile, many chemical fertilizers have been concocted that are excellent substitutes for horse manure. But these cannot be used indiscriminately, and in choosing them it is best to seek advice from catalogues, reliable seedsmen or nurserymen.

The Chestnut Blight

Before our first summer was over we had, too, our first experience with pests. Their number is legion, for each tree and plant has its particular foe. Not that each of ours was actually threatened, but a number were, and all were liable at any time to attack. But these dangers must not be considered too grave or the coping with them too difficult. Nature herself has antidotes for most. The red spider in the red cedar we found utterly vanquished by a two days' rain; the aphis—plant lice—on pear trees was soon washed off by a steady downpour; while the tent worms which breed in the wild cherries in the woods back of us, and sometimes affected the apple trees, disappeared in time and the foliage came back again.

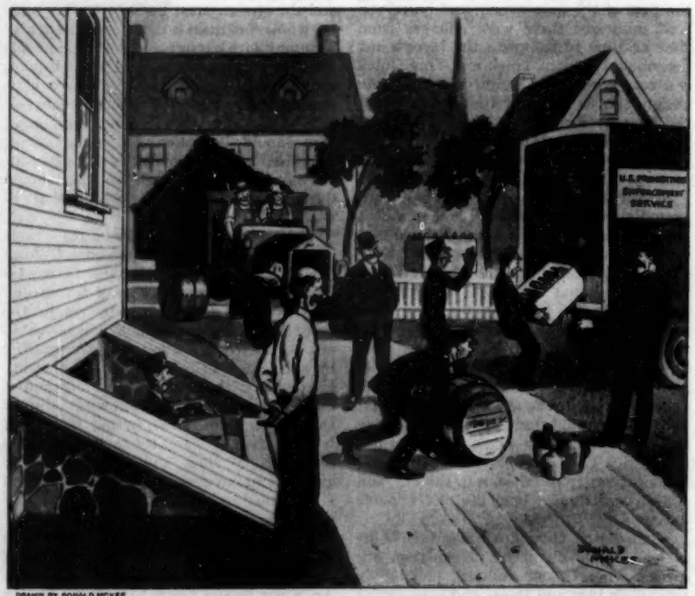
But one could not be idle; that aphis on the pears had to be sprayed and these tent worms fought, sometimes with arsenic spraying, several times in a season; better still, by hunting up the cocoons and destroying them before the moths had time to lay their larvæ, and, in a pinch, by cutting down a useless if somewhat decorative wild cherry.

But every so often in a period of years, perhaps once in a generation, there will appear a plague that is really devastating—as dangerous to trees as the boll weevil to cotton. Such was the blight which killed all the chestnuts—noble trees, too, most of them—in the neighboring grove; and as yet no offset has been discovered for it. Starting in New England some years back, it swept over the Hudson like an invisible prairie fire and so on to the West, making our American chestnut almost as extinct as the dodo; it will probably vanish quite as completely within the next seventy-five years.

Still, as we discovered on inquiry at the nursery, there is a tree to take its place—the Chinese variety.

It is much like the American, though its fruit is not quite so sweet; and it is

(Continued on Page 197)



DRAWN BY DONALD MCKEE

Optimist: "Well, There'll be Plenty of Room for the Coal Anyway"

Star-Points of the Finest Tea Kettle

No ordinary handle could match such a kettle. You will like this handle's classic shape, its rich, dull finish, and its firm grip, locked against turning.

☆

Most cover knobs are weakened by rivet holes. This kettle's rivetless knob holds tight, won't split, and refuses to burn.

☆

The broad, flat handle-bail holds the kettle steady when pouring. Slots control the position and never let the handle touch the sides.

☆

There's a little projection on the handle ear to keep the cover on when you tilt the kettle.

☆

The design is Colonial—appropriate to a craftsmanship which our forefathers would have been proud to claim.

☆

The extra-wide bottom saves fuel by keeping the flame where it belongs—on the bottom.

STARS! The stars point to the surpassing beauty, usefulness, and solid permanence which make Mirro not only "The Finest Aluminum," but also the *most economical.* Mirro costs only a little more. And it pays you back, with interest, through years and years of wear. Why miss the satisfaction of owning and using Mirro? You can have the best and still be saving money all the while.

ALUMINUM GOODS MANUFACTURING COMPANY
General Offices: Manitowoc, Wis., U. S. A.
Makers of Everything in Aluminum

Star-Points of the Finest Tea Kettle

The spout—a perfect job of welding—has a wide mouth. You can fill the kettle through it without bothering to take off the lid.

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The uncommon thickness and hardness of the pure Mirro aluminum bestow upon this kettle long endurance and lasting beauty.

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The mirror-polished Mirro finish is made possible by hard, dense metal which resists denting and scratching and is always easy to clean.

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Underneath is the Mirro trade mark—sign of a utensil guaranteed for a long and useful career by the world's largest manufacturers of aluminum wares.

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And the cost of this finest tea kettle, in the 5-quart size, is only $3.95 (a little more in the far West and Southwest). Thirty-nine and a half cents a year for the first ten years—nothing after that!—is all you pay for the satisfaction of owning the best.

Better Appearance

Restore to your car its bright, lustrous appearance with *Whiz* Auto Body Polish. Use it on all painted or varnished surfaces. It removes dullness, streaks, smoky blue cast, prevents cracking and produces a high, long-lasting gloss. Rubs clean and dry with little effort.

Whiz Wax Auto Finish restores the lustre to Duco or other lacquer-finished cars.

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Whiz Auto Top Dressing will add years of service to your car's top. It will not only waterproof it but will give it a certain snap of appearance that will enhance the beauty of the whole car. Easily applied; dries thoroughly over night. There's a kind for leather, Pantasote and imitation leather and a kind for khaki.

It preserves, waterproofs and beautifies.

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Whiz High Pressure Chassis Lubricant is less trouble to use because it comes in handy plunger cans from which high pressure guns may be filled without soiling the hands. It saves all kinds of bearing troubles because it insures efficient, dependable lubrication at all times. It clings to the bearing surfaces under the severest operating conditions. Use it on all high pressure connections, compression cups, axles, ball and roller bearings, differential joints, etc.

And Smoother Riding

Springs that are stiff and squeaky, from lack of proper lubrication, can be made resilient again with *Whiz* Anti-Squeak Spring Compound. It penetrates, dissolves rust and deposits an oily film of graphite between the leaves. The results are easier riding, a saving of tire mileage and less racking of the car body.

Prepare Your Car for Stormy Weather — Do it with Whiz Products

Rain and mud will ruin a car's appearance if it isn't properly protected and cared for, but stormy weather does not mean that you need have a shabby car.

A *Whiz-kept* car always looks well and runs well.

Here are some of the many uses for which *Whiz Products* are made: to weather-proof, preserve and mend tops; to cover rust spots; to polish tarnished metal; to restore and preserve the lustre of the body; to protect the tires and, of course, *Whiz Oil Auto Soap* to wash the car after every rain.

103,761 dealers sold more than 41 million packages of *Whiz Products* last year. They must be good. Get *Whiz Products* from your dealer.

THE R. M. HOLLINGSHEAD CO.
General Office and Factories, Camden, New Jersey, U. S. A.
BRANCHES IN 42 PRINCIPAL CITIES

Whiz

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

98 QUALITY PRODUCTS

(Continued from Page 194)

immune to the blight, showing traces of having fought it, too, hundreds of years ago, and later growing immune, somewhat as the pitch pine by its incrustations has proofed itself against forest fires. And this experience of its foreign cousin gives at least a faint hope for the preservation of our own chestnut. Even now, here and there, we have found roots of dead chestnuts on the east slope of our hill still alive and sending out green shoots around the decaying trunks. Despite their scars, which are like those on the Chinese specimens and give ground to the theory, they still keep on growing, and so may later fight off the plague and in time grow immune.

It is, by the way, the craze for these Oriental trees and plants, particularly those from China and Japan, that is responsible for many of our plant ills. Sometimes on the packing, often on the plants themselves, have been brought in blights and insects which have long been prevalent abroad and which descended on us before we knew, as the Orientals do, how to cope with them. A dealer in a certain state, for instance, innocently imported with some iris a green beetle—at least it is believed it came in that way. And it is a handsome insect, too, but most destructive, devouring leaf and bud—in fact, everything. So this dealer and others in the vicinity were for a long time quarantined and allowed only to sell small plants in guaranteed and fumigated earth.

It is this fad, too, which discounted the charm of American varieties of certain trees and favored the Oriental cousins. These relatives are much alike, for the climatic conditions in China and Japan are similar to ours; and oaks imported under the name of golden or weeping oak were for a time so popular that we quite lost sight of the loveliness, to say nothing of the sturdiness, of our own red, scarlet, pin and chestnut varieties. Fortunately it is to these latter that the wiser nurserymen are now returning, the native products being quite as lovely from a decorative standpoint and twice as practicable.

Fighting the Pests

And this general rule applies even to varieties transplanted from one section of our country to another. In our community, for example, the locust may be found in great quantities, yet with fully 30 per cent of them dying at the top. It was introduced here in 1860 by a Captain Sands, who, on going ashore in Virginia to mend a broken boom, found and admired a particularly lacy and handsome specimen. He brought it north with several others in his sloop, and the tree throve and multiplied rapidly, only to be attacked, a few years later, by the miner worm and borer, this tree's particular pests, which have been at it steadily since, disfiguring whole groves throughout the island.

But this recital of difficulties to be met with in planting should not discourage beginners as it has a friend of mine who recently bought a place eighteen miles to the south. There is, it seems, but one man of all work in the village and all the residents are fighting for his services. And my friend himself is a very busy man, engaged in building up a business in the big city, with little time to spend on his place cutside of an occasional daylight-saving hour.

"I swear," he complained, "I'll root out every hedge and shrub and leave only lawn. No sooner do I pick off all the little bugs from one bush than they jump on another. I clip a part of the hedge one night and when I get around to the next the first part has grown up again."

But he doesn't quite mean it—he's new at the game; and, besides, it's not so bad as all that. In fact, there is only a reasonable and by no means overwhelming set of odds. The tussle but adds to the fun. And then, too, none of the troubles just mentioned, if given a fair amount of attention, will really disfigure your orchards or gardens, at least in the ensemble. For that matter, even the detailed damage is not noticeably so great, and the trees may live without any fight at all on your part, though they will never flourish quite so luxuriantly or symmetrically.

We ourselves found that the labor and time expended did add considerably to the fun. It was a practical experience that made more vivid, more really our own, the beauty and æsthetic charm of the place.

Through all these seasons we found that the advice of the nursery salesman saved us many sad experiences. He was a most unusual nurseryman, to be sure; but even so, it was strange that he could have found so much time to spend on our small place when there were so many larger estates placing orders. I think he made the time partly because we let him have so much free play and partly because he found in us that appreciative and sympathetic audience artists must have. And he was an artist, though he was utterly unconscious of any pictorial quality in himself and considered himself quite inarticulate.

"I know what I mean," he would say, "but I can't explain it."

Still, all at once he would find, as he did the right effect, the vivid phrase that would make us see his object very clearly. And it was really a delight to watch him grow enthusiastic as he explained his ideas. He cared so much more for the job in hand than for any pay or preferment and he was never so happy as when dabbling in the soil. Indeed, he seemed to have gathered something from it—something more than a clear eye and sunburn quite agreeable to look at, or mere suppleness and strength. In that he was like a sturdy young tree, for we do grow to resemble the objects on which we focus our attention. And as he walked through his own groves, placing his hand on this trunk or that twig, from oak to oak, he himself looked not unlike one. But, as I say, it was something more magical than these things, or even his love for and understanding of trees, which was somehow infectious; it was probably that deeper and more fundamental poise of a human being perfectly functioning—functioning as all of us should and will, in a lesser degree perhaps, if we take up planting, since we are sprung of a common mother and rooted deep in her soil, far deeper sometimes than we know.

All of which is not so much beside the mark, since it is the by-products that are always the most valuable. And if the average citizen will only go back to the soil for a short hour or so before twilight, he will find in it something that is quite like magic—life and a renewal of youth that are more important than the main object of making a home decorative and attractive.

I know, for instance, a playwright who, when a play fails, recovers from the disappointment and the strain incident to long rehearsals by digging common grubby potatoes; and that is not quite so ridiculous as in the moment it may seem.

Spraying the Newly-Planted Apple Tree for Aphis

A World of Beauty

We found more of these by-products, as well as much information about growing things, when we visited the nursery, as we did from time to time. Any intimate insight into, or getting behind the scenes, of any business is an adventure. And it is particularly so when the business is one we knew but vaguely to exist. This had its world of beauty in field after field of peonies, pink azaleas and banked masses of mountain laurel; its far-flung rows of other richly hued flowers; the groves of every native species of tree made vocal with every variety of warbler; and its regiments of evergreens ranging from the four-inch seedlings up through the intermediate growths to magnificent specimens of pine with dusky plumes etched on the blue sky; and it had its history, drama and suspense, its hazards and losses, and even its humor and argot, with stories racy of the soil and native to the business as well.

There was the lady, for instance, decisive and self-important, who hustled into the yard, and pointing her parasol at two magnificent ninety-year-old pines, declared, "I'll take that and that."

When informed that they would cost her five thousand dollars, she was, as she would have described it, flabbergasted.

"Why," she retorted as she put her foot on the phaeton, "I thought they were about fifty dollars apiece."

There was no need of explaining that there were good trees she could get for fifty dollars—she had flown.

And there was the assistant foreman, a thick-set Bohemian, brown as the loam he worked in, who rung a refreshing change on the old story I've so often heard in variety halls and based on the thrift of two races, from the second of which I happen to be descended. Stones, he told me, which kept the soil under them richer and more moist than that exposed to the sun were called Jewish manure—the larger ones Scotch.

Also he had just completed a deal, over which he chuckled, with a negro who all his life had wanted to own a horse. The Bohemian had one which he worked only a few days out of the month, with keep at two dollars a day. However, on those days he needed him badly. So the proposition was this: The negro was to have the horse and own him, but the Bohemian was to

have the call whenever he wanted him. The bargain was struck; the old owner requisitioned the nag whenever he wanted him—for nothing a year—while the colored boy drove proudly around town, evenings and Sundays, at a toll of $730 a year. And he never discovered his kinsman of the woodpile! The history of this particular nursery went, so we found, almost eighty years back; in fact almost to the beginning of nurseries in this country. The owner, a refreshing combination of Quaker farmer, scholar and big heart, and the friend of Roosevelt, Pinchot and other notable figures, told me his grandfather had started it by throwing into his wagons a few shrubs such as spiræa and forsythia and selling them as he distributed his milk along the route.

Up to that time the experiment of transplanting fair-size trees had rarely been tried. True, there are on record instances of the removal from churchyards of big yews, boxed up and rolled like houses, 400 years ago. And I saw in the office old steel engravings of an assemblage of men, enough for a county hunt, all curiously attired in long coats and silk hats and stiffly posed with bars and picks about a tree they were supposed to transplant. But despite this quaint evidence, there was little understood about the art until 1870, and not so much then. Before that, nurserymen had contented themselves with small shrubs, seedlings and fruit saplings, which, if not sold by the time they were six or seven years old, were pulled up and burned. But by the year just mentioned, the business began to develop, and when the first millionaires began to buy up old farms on Long Island and transform them into estates, the nurserymen conceived the idea of transplanting big trees to the bare hilltops on which, for sake of view or vista, the mansions were invariably pitched.

But how to get the big trees up those hilltops was the question. Most, even of the small or medium-size trees, so far transplanted had been taken up with roots fairly intact but free of soil, or else had been trenched and chopped out in winter and transported, before the thaw, in a heavy frozen mass. Not further back than 1912 the commissioner of certain upstate parks advocated this latter method, with a loss as high as 80 per cent.

Moving a Full-Grown Tree

Still, some of the wiser authorities had long considered a ball of earth essential in most cases. Expert opinion now accepts it as absolutely necessary for evergreens, no matter when planted; also for the deciduous trees, excepting a few moist-ground ones, such as the elm and maple, which can be removed without the ball, but only in the dormant season. To meet this need, the nurseryman told me with pride his grandfather evolved a device that not only enabled them to transplant pines and elms eighty years old and twenty inches in diameter at the butts—a specimen of which we saw at the moment being moved up the road—but to reduce their losses to a bare 2 per cent.

We were, of course, curious to see the device, and he led the way to a grove where the process was then in operation. The laborers had already dug around the tree the usual trench, which varies almost as the spread of the foliage, had carefully dissevered the outlying roots from the soil, and were now working with bar and shovel to separate the main mass of roots from the earth beneath. This operation finished, canvas was worked under the desired ball, much as a nurse slides a sheet under an invalid; then folded back about the ball, thus securing the main mass of the roots with a plentiful supply of earth attached to them. The laborers now secured the canvas with ropes looped through eyeholes and laced and tautened by a process which Gifford Pinchot on a recent visit to this nursery declared was not unlike, though more complicated, the diamond hitch with which he tied pack mules out in Colorado.

Within this sack the roots were now secure, though in the cases of some trees a few of the roots project over and beyond it. Meanwhile the laborers had tied back such roots, and other hands had climbed the tree with feet cushioned in gunny sacking and pruned and looped back the branches, thus reducing the spread of foliage for planting and also for protection against wires and low bridges which form the chief menace these days to long-distance transplanting. The tree was now ready for the movable platform, which was placed under it; and block and tackle pulled it over, then up the skids to the waiting truck.

The nurseryman would, of course, have greater difficulty in removing from the woods trees of dimensions equal to those of the beech we had been looking at, for roots sometimes travel to great distances; but in the nursery they are prepared for the process by root pruning each year. This is done either by hand with a sharp spade or, more swiftly, by an ingenious horse-drawn cultivator with a U-shaped blade that goes down the rows, clipping off the taproot and the ends of the other roots that extend on one side beyond the desired circumference. The next year the roots on the other side are treated in the same manner. And this system not only cuts down the cubic area against the time of removal but insures a sturdy system of rootage for the new home, since pruned roots multiply very rapidly within the required circumference.

For Every Tree a Home

Another advantage resulting from all these discoveries was the lengthening of the nurseryman's season, which once was limited to a short few weeks in the spring and again in the fall. Now transplanting can be safely attempted at almost any time of the year, if the proper precautions are taken. During the last holiday season our junior nurseryman could not decorate his own Christmas tree because he was off planting live ones for others.

Naturally, the skilled professional can achieve better results than an amateur, but even for him, the older nurseryman assured me, the chances are good. He even added to my list a number of items that would be safe for me to experiment with on my hillside plot—shadbush, azaleas, arrowwood, the ink, choke and bay berries, for example, also fairly sizable liquid ambers, pink and white dogwood, pines, birches, rhododendrons, mountain laurel and pin, chestnut and red oaks.

He seemed rather unselfish about this, seeming rather concerned with the planting of trees than where the trees came from. It was all to him a sort of battle, and since the reforestation of timber districts is but a fifth of their destruction, each tree planted was a foot of territory gained from the foe. Indeed, I think he took more delight in seeing someone bring home a tree from the woods and planting it than he did in sending to Henry Ford those ten carloads of cedars or those big twenty-inch elms to the Marshall Field estate. Every Man to a Quarter Acre and Plant Some Yourself were his battle slogans; and he had, too, a more peaceful one—For Every Tree a Home!

Finding this home was one of the perplexities of his profession, also one of the joys. What was right for one tree was not right for another; and the only things that would solve the problem were experiment and the study of climatic conditions and of soils. And there were hazards enough. Even then, in the yards, we saw awaiting shipment dozens of crates of Japanese azaleas, $10,000 worth of which he had imported from Japan. These had been pronounced hardy; but he had found that they wouldn't flourish here even under glass, and the surviving plants had to be sold at a huge sacrifice to a dealer in the South.

Even the woods which we now approached showed a practical loss. They had been planted forty years before, when millionaires were buying up the island, and were meant to supply those estates. But buyers hadn't come fast enough and the trees had outgrown the millionaires, entailing a charge for labor and upkeep, in thinning out to prevent crowding, that offset the profits of sales.

And there were other discoveries equally discouraging. He had experimented with sycamores—they winterkilled every twenty years; he planted lindens, much more favorable for the city than the silver maple, yet town authorities would call for the latter, though its branches rotted easily and cluttered the streets.

And, too, customers took so much for granted—expected merely to order trees, have them planted, yet give them no care, even in droughts. If the tree died or went back, they grew indignant—wanted their money refunded. Like a vase put on the mantel and forgotten, it should have remained without any attention, as beautiful as when first stuck in the ground! The greatest trick of his trade was in making trees, like automobiles, foolproof.

But there were the triumphs—the making trees happy; the persuading of small-place owners to enrich their homes—and the surprises, like that of finding, miles away, the wild woods festooned for acres with Japanese honeysuckle, the offspring of a few plants brought to their farm by a friend of the family while the owner of the nursery was still a boy. The seeds had been dropped in the utmost sylvan recesses of the island by wandering birds.

Those yews planted in front of our house had, too, like other trees, a history and an element of mystery. These were the fruit of seeds taken from a few mother trees which he had once pollinated on Charles A. Dana's estate on the North Shore, then sown on his farm; while that wonderful screen of trees one sees on the Belmont race track was ordered from the nursery many years ago by Mr. Widener at an expense of $24,000, not for any decorative purposes but to prevent clockers from timing the speed trials of the race horses.

And there was Roosevelt's grave, with the little cones of box at the foot, and the two tall cedars, as classic in outline as the simplicity of the headstone they flanked, and rippling grass and blue myrtle growing over the illustrious dust. Those cedars my friend the nurseryman too had planted.

Now it must not be supposed from the citing of such famous names that beautiful trees cannot be had by the average man. The thought of prices need not frighten him. For twenty-five cents one can get, in our community, a four-inch-high Japanese maple that in four years will be three feet high and in color quite as rich as the larger ones you buy at the nursery; for eight dollars you can secure a pin oak two inches in thickness and fourteen feet high; and for forty dollars a sugar maple as thick through as the width of your palm and as tall as the ceiling of your second story—all these prices being calculated on the best stock, and not including the usual 25 per cent charged for a long guaranty and planting.

Buying Them Young and Cheap

We purchased for twenty dollars, only two years ago, a small Serbian spruce that is now fourteen feet high, beautifully filled out and worth, with planting, fully eighty dollars; for ten dollars a choice flat yew, one by three, that is now seven feet long and four in width and which could not be replaced under fifty dollars.

Your purse, of course, determines the time you must wait for full maturity. If you have the means, you can achieve at once the effect of tall groves around the châteaus of the Loire; if not, you can have considerable immediate loveliness and the fun of watching things grow old with you.

The increment in dimensions and cost value goes on unnoticed, but so rapidly that it will surprise you when you come to take stock. And you cannot figure the worth of the ensemble by simply totaling the present value of each tree and shrub. The planting, if properly done, will add to the place, through an æsthetic completion of the house and grounds, far more than the cost plus its increment. An expenditure of $500 will in time, often at once, enable you to sell your place for $1000 to $1500 more than you can get for it unplanted. And I have seen an expenditure of $2000 bring in an additional $5000 profit.

Only yesterday a builder of the town, who had put up for speculation a house that wouldn't sell, suddenly took it into his head that what the place needed was a little planting. He bought a few pines, cedars and rhododendrons and transported them himself in his car to the building. He was in the very act of tamping down the earth around the last shrub when a couple called, looked at the green, then the house, walked in, inspected the rooms, then looked over the trees and shrubbery from a new angle, and laid down the deposit.

And it is really wonderful what love for growing things and no money can do. I know of a garden owned by a colored boy who has achieved a very pretty, if somewhat naïve, effect in a fourteen-foot dooryard simply with stones and shells, lavender phlox, bluet and orange wallflower; and another place which you would never guess had been supplied by an old baby carriage and a rickety wheelbarrow, so beautifully has it been designed for mass and coloring. There is a pink corner of it, for instance, with flowers of every tint of that color, and pink dogwood growing up out of mountain laurel; and a blue corner with ragged sailors, lilacs, lavender tulips and iris; and both—the pink and the blue corners—against a quaint background of hazel bushes and cedars so ranged as to give a play of elusive light and shadow that is quite as charming as the variety of color.

A Nurseryman's Advice

Still, while one should by all means plant a few things himself, it will repay the average man to employ a nurseryman for the major work on his lawns and gardens, just as he does an architect for his house. It is insurance of good stock and planting and of design, for if he be one of reputation, you will find him an authority, too, on landscaping, and his free advice alone will repay you for fully half his charges. In the long run it is money in, if for nothing else as security against loss of stock. Some of our neighbors, relying on their own efforts, have lost as high as 40 per cent. Our loss in trees and shrubs is just 1 per cent, and our soil at the start was none too rich. And our small place, which, simply because I know it better than any other, has been chosen to serve as a modest example of what a little money and pains can do, I think you would admit, if we had here a water color, is worth far more than it cost.

That there is at least a serenity and charm about it, all the travelers who climb our hill to sun themselves on our bowlders seem to agree: charm in the red and blue tones of the bricks, the browns of its half timbers, its Tudor arches and open casements, in the green fringe of the foundation planting which softens it all; in the yews and spruces and friendly firs; the masses of waving color that glorify the flower borders; and, finally, a serenity and utter peacefulness in the setting of dark forests to east and north and south, and the long telescopic view over fields and towns and many waters to the towers that rise like a fantastic and phantom city in the red heart of the west.

But, after all, it is the by-products of the adventure that count most—the fun of mulching, hoeing and spraying your own growing things, of seeing the flowering of the pink and white dogwoods, the unfolding of firs in new straw-yellow needles, the spruces in sage-green; above all, I sometimes think, in watching our young friend, browned, supple and erect, walking from tree to tree, placing his hand in love and understanding, now on this beech, again on that oak, and himself, all the time, not unlike one,

"There goes," I say to my wife—not so enviously now—"a man who knows how to be happy."

Starting
Next Monday, Sept. 21st

Keep this page for reference
Read details below

FREE *to* WOMEN!

Famous GOLD MEDAL "Kitchen-Tested" Recipes by Radio—*three times each week*

In our own model kitchen—conducted by home economics teachers and cooking experts—we are constantly studying and working on the food problems that worry housewives.

For many years we have been sending to women throughout the country the results of our experiments; for example, household helps, balanced menus, and the famous Gold Medal "kitchen-tested" recipes for the handy Gold Medal Recipe Box.

So great has been the response that we have continually sought ways and means to bring this service into more direct contact with all of you who have been so appreciative of our efforts.

We have found at last, we believe, the ideal way: *the radio!*

And so we are happy to announce that starting next Monday, September 21st, you can now tune in: three times each week on the "Betty Crocker, Gold Medal Flour, Home Service Talks".

Every Monday—Wednesday—and Friday. At approximately 10:45 in the morning. Check the stations at the side and tune in Monday on your favorite station. We know you will like it. Thousands of women have proved this to us by their letters of appreciation to the Gold Medal Station.

Send today for your free booklet—giving full program for 29 weeks. Just send name and address. A postcard will do.

WASHBURN CROSBY COMPANY, Minneapolis, Minnesota

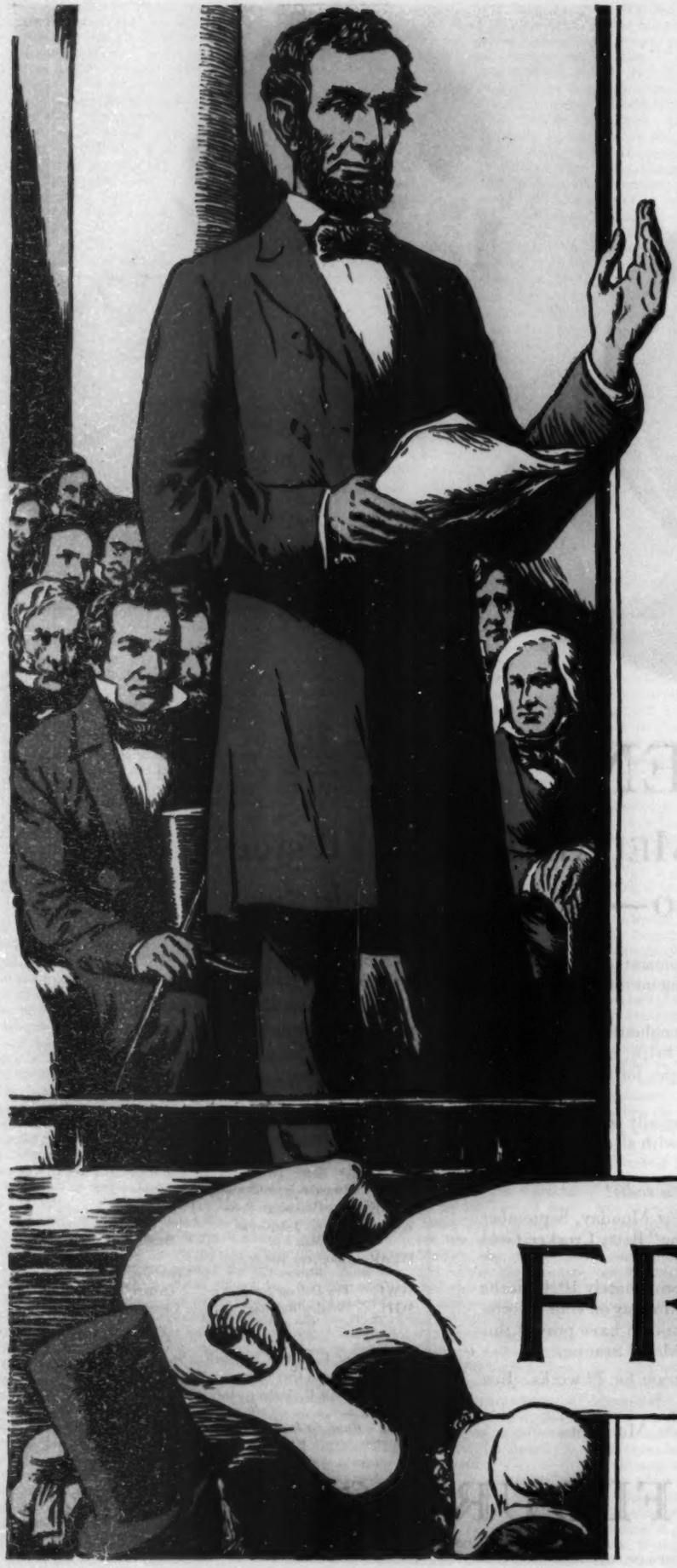
At approximately 10:45 a. m.—every Monday, Wednesday and Friday—these 12 big stations will broadcast the "Betty Crocker, Gold Medal Flour, Home Service Talks".

Station		*City*
WEEI	Edison Electric Illuminating Co.	Boston
WEAF	American Tel. & Tel. Co.	New York
WFI	Strawbridge & Clothier	Philadelphia
WCAE	The Pittsburgh Press	Pittsburgh
WGR	Federal Telephone Mfg. Co.	Buffalo
WEAR	Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co.	Cleveland
WWJ	The Detroit News	Detroit
WHT	Wrigley Building	Chicago
WCCO	GOLD MEDAL Station	St. Paul-Minneapolis
KSD	St. Louis Post-Dispatch	St. Louis
WDAF	Kansas City Star	Kansas City
KFI	Earle C. Anthony, Inc.	Los Angeles

Watch for local announcements

GOLD MEDAL FLOUR—*Kitchen-tested*

MILLED BY WASHBURN CROSBY COMPANY, MINNEAPOLIS, MINN., ALSO CREATORS OF WASHBURN'S PANCAKE FLOUR, GOLD MEDAL CAKE FLOUR, WHEATIES AND PURIFIED BRAN



"—by the judgment of this great tribunal of American people" —LINCOLN

IT was Lincoln's faith that the judgment of this tribunal is right. And so through the years it has proved to be—not only in the great matters of State, but in the thousand choices of daily life. Out of the multitude of things offered to them, the American people have given their marked preference to but a few—and to those few only because they *deserve* it.

Last year, the American public made known its preference in Radio. The most striking feature of its choice is the *continued preference* given to *one* set—the FREED-EISEMANN. Although competing with thirteen other manufacturers of Neutrodyne Receivers, the volume of FREED-EISEMANN sales was more than half of *all* the others *combined*. Today, FREED-EISEMANN is by far the largest manufacturer of Neutrodyne sets in the world.

We asked 10,000 *people why they had chosen* FREED-EISEMANN

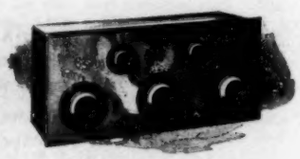
We knew there was some underlying reason for the marked trend towards the FREED-EISEMANN, because its success was all out of proportion to the limited amount of advertising we had done.

From the answers that came back, we soon saw that we had been given, in great volume, the most powerful of all kinds of advertising—*word-of-mouth recommendation from friend to friend.*

By the thousands, people wrote us," I bought a FREED-EISEMANN because a friend who had one told me it was the best set to buy."

Each FREED-EISEMANN user, it seems, has made other users—and so on in an endless chain.

NEW! FE-18
A new five-tube self-contained dry cell receiver, licensed and manufactured under a group of the Latour patents, $90.00.



NEW! FE-15
A new five-tube storage battery receiver, licensed and manufactured under a group of the Latour patents, $75.00.

FREED-

Mastery

This diagram, based on official figures, proves FREED-EISEMANN to be, by a wide margin, the largest Neutrodyne manufacturer in the world.

A personal message
FROM
Joseph D. R. Freed

"When you select your radio, insure yourself against disappointment by choosing a set made by one of the few great, financially sound companies with established reputation as RADIO *manufacturers."*

Mr. Joseph D. R. Freed has written a booklet called "Some Friendly Advice on How to Buy a Radio." Write for a copy.

The REASONS *for the widespread recommendation of the* FREED-EISEMANN

TONE, say the lovers of good music. FREED-EISEMANN has the kind of tone that keeps music *musical.*

BEAUTY, say many of the women. "It is in keeping with the well furnished home."

DISTANCE AND SELECTIVITY, say radio fans who have had the thrill of international listening with their FREED-EISEMANN.

EASY OPERATION, say the non-mechanical, who don't know a thing about the FREED-EISEMANN mechanism except that it *works.*

Trust FREED-EISEMANN *on* PERSONAL *Responsibility*

Mr. Joseph D. R. Freed, Mr. Alexander Eisemann and Mr. Arthur Freed feel personally responsible to you for the performance of their radio set. They have inspired every man in their great plant with the same uncompromising vigilance; the same devotion to an ideal.

You will know at the first turn of the dials, at the first strain of music, that your FREED-EISEMANN has been built by clever, trained, unhurried hands to give you pleasure—now and for years to come.

You can have a home demonstration without cost or obligation

Telephone the FREED-EISEMANN *dealer today!*

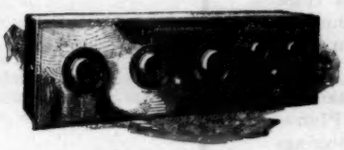
A large number of dealers have eagerly sought the right to sell the FREED-EISEMANN, but we have given it to only a limited number, whom we have *selected* for their ability to satisfy your needs promptly and helpfully.

Our dealers are so sure of the performance of the FREED-EISEMANN that they will gladly install a set in your home *without obligation*—so that you may learn at first hand the joys it will give you.

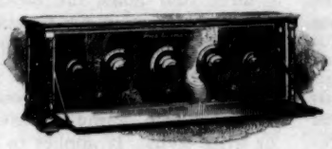
Telephone or visit the FREED-EISEMANN *dealer nearest you without delay—before his limited supply of sets for demonstration is exhausted.*

Freed-Eisemann

FREED-EISEMANN RADIO CORPORATION
MANHATTAN BRIDGE PLAZA, BROOKLYN, N. Y.



NEW! NR-7
A six-tube licensed Neutrodyne receiver embodying an improved method of audio-frequency amplification,* $110.00.

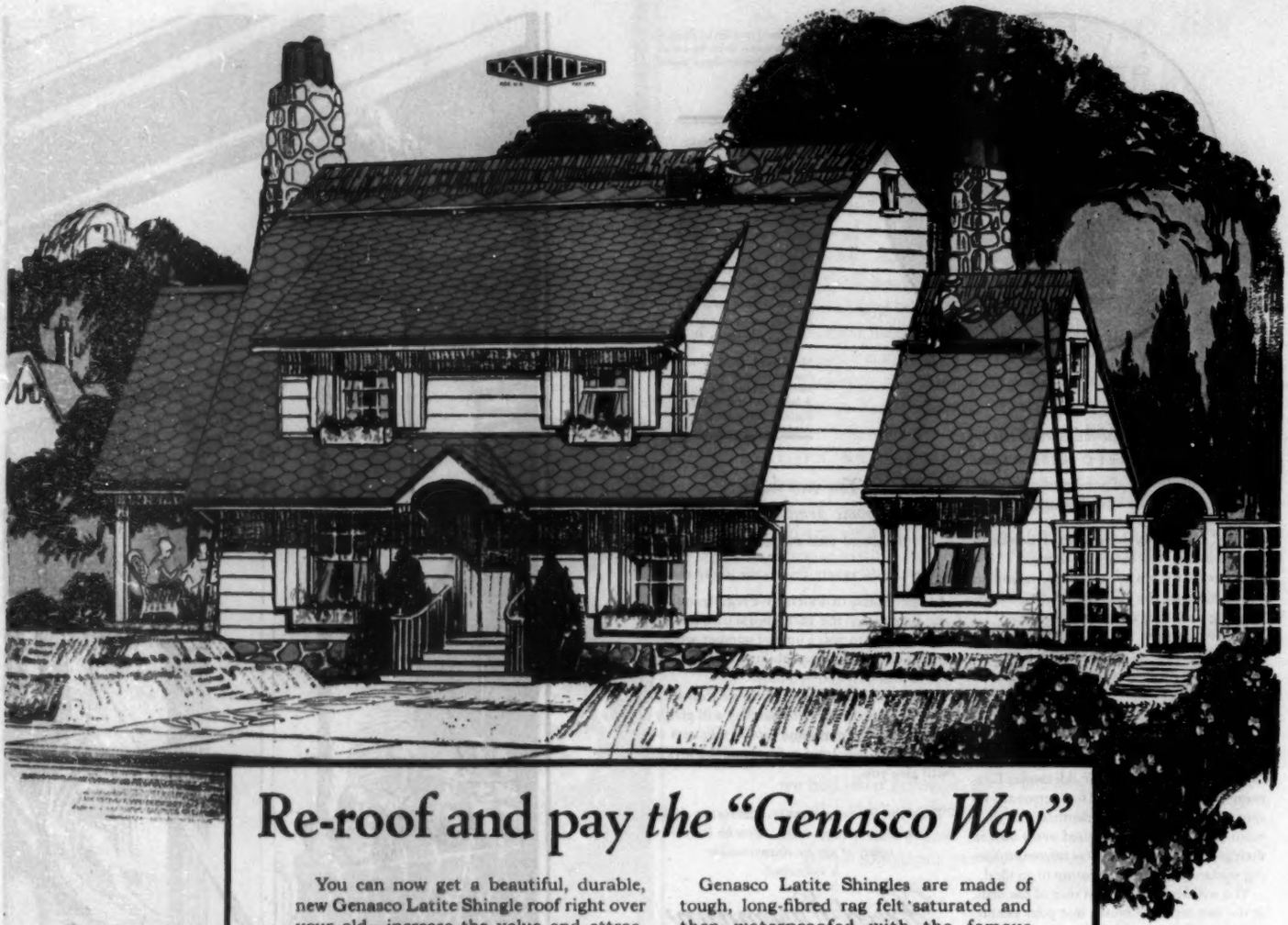


The famous Model NR-20
A licensed Neutrodyne receiver, encased in a handsome cabinet of African mahogany, in Adam Brown finish,* $175.00.

*Licensed by Independent Radio Mfrs., Inc., under Hazeltine pats. Nos. 1450080, 1489228, 1533858.

EISEMANN

in Radio



Re-roof and pay *the "Genasco Way"*

You can now get a beautiful, durable, new Genasco Latite Shingle roof right over your old—increase the value and attractiveness of your home—and pay for the improvement in ten months.

By re-roofing the "Genasco Way"—*right over your old roof*—you avoid the expense, dirt, nuisance and risk of tearing off the old wood shingles. Your old roof is not disturbed.

By paying the "Genasco Way"—*in ten easy monthly installments*—you avoid drawing on your savings or disturbing profitable investments. *You can pay out of current income.*

Genasco Latite Shingles are made of tough, long-fibred rag felt saturated and then waterproofed with the famous Trinidad Lake Asphalt Cement. That's why they are so long in life—therefore so low in cost per year of service.

Give your home the benefit of these durable, attractive, fire-resisting shingles. They're just as economical for your barn, stable or garage.

Your roofer will give you details of the Genasco Time-Payment Plan—or write to us. It applies to all roofings of the Genasco Line. Also to Genasco Stucco Base.

The Barber Asphalt Company

New York Pittsburgh Chicago **Philadelphia** St. Louis Kansas City San Francisco

Front and back views of a Genasco Latite Shingle showing the "key"—*invisible on the completed roof*—that locks each shingle tightly to those underneath. This is the exclusive feature that makes Genasco Latite Shingles so well adapted for laying over old wood shingles. Made in three colors—red, green and blue-black.

Genasco Latite Shingles

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

The Barber Asphalt Company, Philadelphia

Sirs:—Please send me booklets describing the products I have checked:—

For Home and Farm		*For Industrial Uses*	
Genasco Latite Shingles	☐	Genasco Standard Trinidad Built-up Roofing	☐
Genasco Sealbac Shingles (Individual and Strip)	☐	Genasco Mastic Flooring	☐
Genasco Roll Roofing	☐	Genasco Asphaltic Paints	☐

Name _____

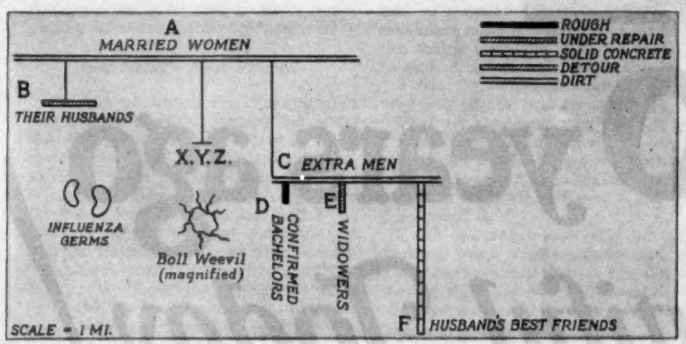
Street _____ Town _____ State _____

WHY WE WILL MARRY THE NEXT MAN WHO ASKS US, OR WHAT HAVE YOU?

(Continued from Page 29)

and some of the people some of the time, but we couldn't fool some of the people some of the time. And in between, there was no blinking it that the only knight in armor we had really seen in all these years was advertising a pool room on Sixth Avenue; while it was becoming more and more evident that every evening whether all alone or, as we have hinted before, in company, we were increasingly apt to be feeling—as the sweet psalmist of our modern Israel so gracefully yet tersely puts it—blue. All in all, the existing state of things was producing in us a lassitude dangerously tending toward general debility. In other words, it was making us very, very tired. Something was wrong—but what? Suddenly it flashed across us! Four out of every five had caught it—but we were the fifth! Practically everybody in the world, of our vintage, was married except us!

Once awakened, a careful analysis of the situation led us to the conclusion that, though all the above-mentioned straws played their part, the major reasons that forced us to the radical decision voiced in our title may be roughly divided—and heaven is our witness we hope they will be some day by more powerful hands than ours—into the groups indicated in the following diagram:



And now let us take up these reasons in the order of their appearance, and discuss first the largest, or parent reason—married women. A married woman is as large as anything we know of. In fact, we can't think of anything offhand that as completely fills a good-sized room as a married woman. Nothing, that is, except more than one, which is pretty terrible.

The Married Woman's Trump

For example, we defy any single woman to attempt to be the life of a party if a married woman has decided to run. How they get that way we don't know. We don't attempt to define the cause—we only know the effect. We have known the quietest, most unassuming girls who before marriage couldn't possibly have attracted attention upon entering a room unless they had tripped over a rug, unabashedly demand and secure the undivided interest of a dinner party through a fifteen-minute recital of what perfect treasures Ingot and Umlaut were if you just let them alone and didn't interfere, but the minute you said the least little thing—why, they simply got up on their ears and it didn't pay in the end, because even if it did mean running them in to the movies three nights a week in the station wagon, that surely was better than nothing, et cetera, et cetera. What good, we ask you, is it for us single women to read the newspapers and spend hours keeping abreast of the times, that might otherwise be more profitably employed in getting permanent waves or having our faces lifted, when the minute we start to tell where, in our opinion, the increasing tide of federalization is tending, some married woman—any married woman—is going to drown us out with the life history of Junior's tonsils, and how from the time he was a tiny baby he had always apparently breathed perfectly and never with his little mouth open or of course they would have noticed it, but the doctor said it wasn't the size of a tonsil so much as it was the poison, and here that brave little fellow all these years had just been fighting against —— Well, now do you see what we mean? Now do you see why, when it comes to married women, we'd rather be than hear one? Then maybe we'd get a chance to tell a couple of good ones ourselves—oh, not about the Riffs, or reparations, or dirt farmers or anything like that, but we're a good enough raconteuse to make a couple of hours' sport out of a little sewing woman we have who comes in by the day and really does wonders, although of course she doesn't know a thing about style and you have to stand over her every minute, but she copied a little Callot evening gown for us so you wouldn't know it, my dear. Oh, we could do it all right, if we were married! But now they won't listen.

And as for operations! Have you ever tried to tell married women about your operation? We had a really wonderful one for appendicitis—chronic for years, one of those long-drawn-out affairs with lots of complications toward the last and plenty of adhesions afterward—you know, the kind that makes a perfectly dandy story to tell. But will that married crowd listen? Will they? No, don't bother to answer—we were just asking. We give you our word we've never been able to get farther than the very beginning of our sensations on going under the ether when one or more of them crashes in with "Oh, but my dear, when baby came ——" And bang, bang! It's the end of another perfect day!

But the trump card of a married woman is her husband. (See diagram, Fig. B.) Now another woman's husband to us, or to any single woman, is less than the dust beneath our chariot wheel, as the fellow says. That is to say, socially. In business we prefer them to bachelors. The latter are always bending backward for fear a personal note may creep into the transaction, while the former should worry if it does. But speaking purely from the social viewpoint we should classify husbands simply as unimportant, if true. Indeed, sly old Noah Webster, with one of those inspirational flashes that make his well-known work such racy reading, goes so far as to place the word "husband" between "hurtless" and "hush," and we couldn't have done it better if we'd written it ourselves; for while it's a pretty dirty dig, you'll have to admit there's a lot of truth in it. Understand that we've nothing against husbands. It's only that to us they're like that piece of candied pineapple in the top layer of every candy box—you don't actively object to it, but you wouldn't dream of taking it if it was the last piece in the box, which it usually is. Contrary to the popular belief, single women don't want other women's husbands; it's only those burned children who still love the fire—that is, the bereaved and divorced of both sexes—who go around playing with other people's matches. But what we started to say was, a husband to a married woman is more than a husband—he's the perfect alibi. Which is one of the reasons we not only want but need one.

As an instance, take Clara and Alfred Wiblitzhauser. And my! How we wish you would, and as far as we're concerned do anything you like with them! Clara was the captain of practically everything when she was in college and could easily lick her weight in wildcats right now; while Alfred is as gentle a little white-collar man as ever locked and unlocked safe-deposit boxes in the vault of a trust company while waiting for eighty-seven men to die so he can be promoted to the ground floor.

But does anybody laugh when Clara says she can't do any active work in selling tickets for the Mi-Carême Disabled Taxi Drivers' Bazaar because—we warn you, don't read this if you're eating anything, or it will go down the wrong way—Alfred won't let her! Does she come out and tell the truth, that she's too fat to wear red or have her hair bobbed? No, she says Alfred won't let her!

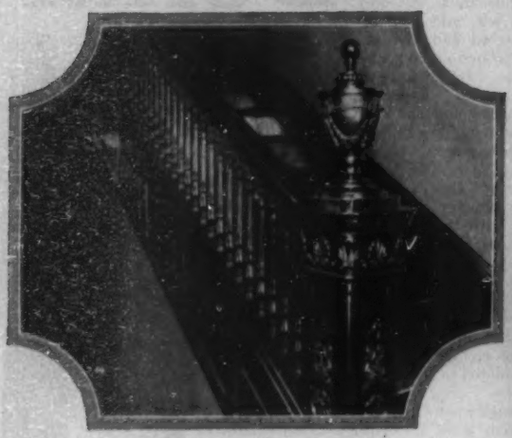
Rattling the Slave Chains

Or does she tell her cook flatly not to put so much soda in the peas? No, she says Mr. Wiblitzhauser doesn't like it! And she not only gets away with it—and she's only one of millions who are doing it every day—but she suggests our name for treasurer and corresponding secretary because we're not married and have plenty of time! It is words like these that try single women's souls, and give them hangnails, and make them pick feverishly at the coverlet. We've simply got to have a husband, even if it's just a very little one like Alfred Wiblitzhauser, if only to scare the crows away! It took four years of war to prove to us that chairmen of committees are invariably married women who are, oh, so unwillingly, forced to go to Palm Beach with their husbands, leaving us poor single boobs to do all the work, and returning just in time to be decorated by the French Ambassador for all that money they raised. At last we are awake to the fact that we can never be really free until we, too, have some slave chains to rattle at convenient moments. And, believe us, we'll rattle them! We can hardly wait to be able to say—with a perfectly straight face, we hope—the next time we are asked to take charge of the Odds and Ends Booth at the Portuguese Festa for the Wounded Rum Runners Relief Fund, "I'm sorry, but Harold—or Oswald, or Wainwright, or Gus, as the case may or may not be—won't let me!" With the whole world knowing that no one has ever even thought of Harold—or Oswald, or Wainwright, or Gus—as "master" since he was fourteen years old!

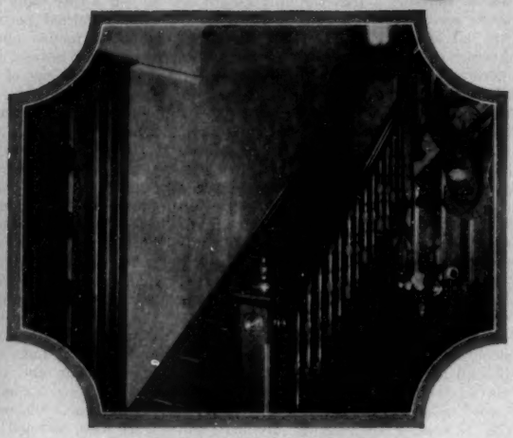
Leaving Reason B, or husbands, upon which we have touched so lightly, let us proceed to Reason C, or extra men. A glance at the diagram will show that extra men, like husbands, spring from the parent reason, or married women. This is because extra men can only be met through married women, which is one of the prime motivating forces behind what the psychoanalysts call *das gesundheit von edelweiss*, or our will to wed. We're sick and tired of the extra men that married women have forced, are forcing, and will force on us. We want to roll our own.

(Continued on Page 205)

Here's *Proof of the Pudding*·



Showing the Beautiful Staircase and (Right) the Reception Hall Floor in the Lancaster, Pennsylvania, Home of John B. Oblinger—Finished 30 Years Ago.



The White Oak Woodwork in the Flint, Michigan, Home of William Goodes Is in Perfect Condition after 27 Years of Service. "Liquid Granite Is More than Waterproof—It Wears."

Varnished 30 years ago ... *Beautiful Today!*

WHEN a gallon of varnish is worth $50 and can be bought for $5, the fact is worth knowing.

Read This—

In 1895 John B. Oblinger of Lancaster, Pennsylvania, built the finest residence in town. His architect selected magnificent specimens of walnut, mahogany, hazel, cherry and white oak for the interior trim. It was varnished with Berry Brothers' Luxeberry Wood Finish, the original Hard Oil, and rubbed.

Today there are few homes in America that have more beautiful woodwork than this one. In 30 years it has not been touched with a varnish brush. The finish is as perfect as it was in the days before the Spanish-American War.

The floors in this house were finished with Liquid Granite Floor Varnish. Some of them have been refinished in recent years. But the floor in the reception hall, as pictured above, has never been re-varnished and is in beautiful condition today!

Mr. Oblinger's experience with Berry Brothers' varnishes is neither unusual nor exceptional. There are thousands of home, apartment and building owners in all parts of the world who pay the price for Berry quality in order to save the tremendous accumulative expense of frequent refinishing.

Here Is Another Example—

William Goodes of Flint, Michigan, built his home in 1898 and finished the white oak woodwork with Liquid Granite. A view of the staircase is pictured above at the right. It shows the original varnish. Even the stair steps have never been refinished. Not a single hairline crack can be found anywhere. The finish is as beautiful today as when the painters completed their work 27 years ago!

Mr. Goodes writes: "Your advertisement which says, 'Liquid Granite is more than waterproof—it wears!' is certainly true!"

Figure it out for yourself. If Luxeberry Wood Finish and Liquid Granite give such service as this, you cannot afford to accept substitutes that sell for the same price or less.

BERRY BROTHERS INC.

Varnishes Enamels Stains

Detroit, Mich. Walkerville, Ont.

(Continued from Page 203)

Don't think that we don't appreciate the fact that the married woman's intentions are often of the best. For years we have tried to excuse them by kidding ourselves into believing it was the spirit in which the extra man was offered to us rather than himself, that we should think of, but lately we have come to feel that there is no use going on with this game any longer. The way we feel now, with this unprecedented hot weather and everything, we honestly don't think we could stand meeting another extra man.

The kindest thing we can say of most of them is that they do balance tables; but we have yet to meet one in which there wasn't some catch.

If you will study the diagram intently you will see that extra men, like dear old what's-its-name, are divided in three parts. The first two—Figs. D and E—may be dismissed with a brief word. There is no such animal as Fig. D, or the confirmed bachelor—the adjective is purely courtesy, but he gets lots of fun out of it. Our advice to single women is to let it alone. There are plenty of good little widow women to handle it, who've been all over the ground before, like the work, and don't mind beginning at the bottom of the ladder. The difference between Fig. E, or widowers, and confirmed bachelors is that the latter are frightened to death that someone will put salt on their tails, while the former will step right up to be petted. There is also quite a difference in their table manners.

Husband's Best Friends

And now we come to Fig. F, or husband's best friends, so-called because that is the way they are always introduced to us by married women. These poor dumb creatures are to us the amœbæ of the genus extra man—which in itself is very nearly the lowest form of animal life; and if you will take pencil and paper and figure out that the United States is so called because it has more marriages than England, New Jersey, the Malay States and one other place that we forget combined, and that each husband, according to what his wife produces for our entertainment, must have at least twenty-five best friends—well, you can see how they mount up. In our case alone, if all the husband's best friends we have met were laid end to end—and wouldn't it be jolly to try it sometime on a railroad track just as the Twentieth Century was due!—we hate to think, nor do we care, how far they would reach. But what we should like to know is, Why do married women, who apparently chose their own husbands by ear, insist on our taking solid worth? For that is what husband's best friends invariably are—at least the ones we meet. Splendid fellows, according to our hostesses, who all roomed with John at one time or another—we hope, for John's sake, it was another—and whose very special recommendation in most cases seems to be that they have never looked at a girl. We have added this phrase up several times, but we never have gotten a satisfactory answer. They are usually also the sole supports of widowed mothers and never less than three sisters; not a bit good-looking, but awfully nice faces; very shy, but doing very well at the office, and all they need is to be brought out—whatever that is—by some nice girl.

There are, of course, the husband's best friends that we never by any chance meet—the ones who have large incomes, snappy little Skidabout racing cars, and are apt to wear blue shirts and be what is vaguely known as just a little bit gay; in consequence of which the married woman heroically keeps them for herself. Isn't it sweet of her?

Is Yours the Lucky Number?

That's another wonderful thing about married women—they always know what's best for everybody. But even taking her word for it, we just can't see any of the husband's best friends she shows us against the background of a striped awning in front of Saint Thomas's. After dinner and bridge with them we can feel our feet getting flat, and our arches falling, our pulse weakens, our circulation gets poorer and poorer, our arteries harden and our respiration is something terrible—in short, they make us sick and, once and for all, we are through!

And last of all we have Fig. XYZ, which is a whole bunch of little reasons, none of them in itself amounting to very much, but taken together they make a burden that is very silly, girls, for us to try to bear. These include, among others:

1. He, she, or it, as the case may be and very generally is, who exclaims roguishly, "What are the young men thinking of!" There is only one fitting retort, but the poor things are usually too old to strike.

2. He, she, or it, who shakes a waggish forefinger and asks, "Haven't you anything to tell us?"

3. All married women who act as if marriage was a very exclusive club, and that there were only three or four out of a class of eight hundred and twenty-seven who were tapped—when everybody knows that all you need is two dollars.

4. Getting down to business, we know where we could get a very good price for a story on how unhappily married we are. But you see, it's got to be the real stuff, with pictures, and everything.

In conclusion may we say that any communications addressed to Box X, will be treated as strictly confidential? Letters should be accompanied by photographs, and should be in not later than July 15, 1927. Applicants should wear collars becoming to their individual geography, and should be able to take a joke on themselves, as you never can tell in a contest like this. So far only the editor and ourselves know the lucky numbers and we haven't told each other—but somebody's got to win.

Up to midnight, July 15, 1927, preference will be given almost anything over fat and bald men.

Or what have you?

PHOTO, BY GEORGE MILLER, JR.

The Hudson River, Near Oscawana, New York

BRAZIL IN EVOLUTION

(Continued from Page 31)

upon as just so many scraps of paper and invariably rejected. The manager of a large North American packing company whose establishment is at São Paulo told me that on his cattle-buying trips he is forced to carry huge sums of ready cash. Upon one occasion he made a purchase of livestock that aggregated the equivalent of $35,000 in our money.

He had to take it up into the interior in bills. The cattleman lived in a squalid hut with a mud floor. Hidden under that floor was a fortune of more than $500,000 gold.

In Brazil, our particular interest, as always, is the Yankee penetration. One reason why we have made satisfactory progress, although in a large way the surface is barely scraped on account of the immensity of the country itself, is that physical and social conditions in Brazil are more readily understood by a North American than by the average European.

For more than a decade Great Britain was in the van in the matter of exports to Brazil, with the United States second, Argentina third and Germany fourth. Argentine history, however, so far as John Bull's trade activities are concerned, is repeating itself in Brazil.

Slowly but surely the British are losing out and we are forging ahead.

The net result is that in 1924 we advanced to first place as alien purveyor of Brazil. Our exports reached a total of $65,939,944, as compared with $51,588,030 for the preceding year. Great Britain's exports in 1924 were $62,652,987. Though the margin in our favor is not excessive, it gives us premier position and the indications are that we shall hold it. No man can appraise the South American business situation without realizing that England has her work cut out for her abroad during the next five years. High costs of production, labor troubles, the enormous overhead due to wide unemployment, to say nothing of the increasing enterprises of the Yankee business man overseas, form a combination hard to beat.

American Enterprises in Brazil

Our principal exports to Brazil last year were automobiles and accessories—especially tires—flour, gasoline, naphtha, steam locomotives, barbed wire, leather, coal, cement, tin plate, iron and steel rails, adding and calculating machines, dyed cotton cloth and rosin. In motor cars we practically have the field to ourselves, because 95 per cent of the machines used are Yankee-made.

We have gone to first place as exporters to Brazil because we have learned to play the business game so as to meet local needs and peculiarities. By this time you will have discovered that each South American country requires a different selling formula. In Brazil, a variety of agencies may be employed, depending upon conditions.

A branch house, which means the formation of a separate Brazilian company, is only justifiable where the prospective volume of business is large. The demand for petroleum and electrical and steel products is big. Therefore you find the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey, the General Electric Company, the Westinghouse interests and the United States Steel Products Company with installations, but operating as Brazilian corporations.

The branch factory, usually an assembling establishment, has also been found to be advisable as well as successful. Hence such concerns as the General Electric Company, which manufactures its own lamps; the Middletown Car Company, the American Rolling Mills Company, the S. S. White Dental Manufacturing Company, the Ford Motor Company and General Motors also have large and growing plants.

These institutions enable the firms to enjoy certain privileges, because they are ranked as national industries. Manufacturing by alien concerns in Brazil is favored by a high protective tariff, low exchange, presence of large domestic supplies of raw material and cheap but inefficient labor. Other lines that could be developed in branch factories at profit are cotton textiles, shoes, furniture and other wood products, cigars and cigarettes, agricultural machinery for use in coffee and rice industries, rubber goods, canned fruits and vegetables, silk and woolen goods, soaps and drugs.

When a branch house or factory is not justified, the North American manufacturer establishes an agency in a local house, which buys direct for distribution to Brazilian retailers. This system has been followed by the Underwood Typewriter Company and the National Cash Register Company. Another procedure which has yielded satisfactory results is for the exporter to consign stocks of goods to a local house, which receives a commission on sales made. This, however, is more of a German than a Yankee practice. Then, too, there is the manufacturer's agent, or local representative, and also direct sales by the North American manufacturer or export jobbing house through salesmen who make periodical visits to the country.

German Trade Rivals

Analyze our competition in Brazil and you find that in some lines the Germans are pushing us much harder than the British. The Teutonic comeback is just as effective as in Argentina. The Germans were strongly intrenched before the war and many of their activities suffered little interruption during the period of hostilities. This was especially true of coffee and retail stores. The late coffee king of São Paulo, Francisco Schmidt, left Hamburg in the steerage and made himself a power in the land. One of the largest department stores in São Paulo is German-owned.

Not only have we held our own with the Germans, but in the case of electrical apparatus, insulators, wire, cable and lamps, we are well in the front. Between 1902 and 1914 we had 49 per cent of the trade, Germany 27 per cent, England 10 per cent. The remainder was divided principally between France and Italy. During the war, when German and British exports were dislocated, we did 78.5 per cent of the business. Last year—and we maintain this position at the time I write—our share was 56.5 per cent, while Germany had dropped back to 20 per cent.

On the other hand, German competition—and to a lesser extent Belgian—is the outstanding factor in the Brazilian iron and steel market. England is the largest exporter of tin plate. In machinery bought on a quality basis—and this feature must be reckoned with, because during the past twelve months the German-made article is showing signs of inferiority—we are rapidly gaining supremacy. We cannot always compete with the Germans in price despite the fact that on account of the Dawes Plan, high taxes and the stabilization of the mark, the German overhead at home has greatly increased. In order to hold their South American markets, the Teutons are selling at a loss. Of course, this cannot be kept up indefinitely, but at the moment it is giving them an advantage. The whole matter of the German in South America, however, will be dealt with in a subsequent article.

Since I have indicated some of the manufacturing opportunities available for the North American, it may be well to dwell for a moment upon investment openings, particularly since they will also disclose a phase of Brazilian character. Take railways. It seems well-nigh incredible that a country the size of Brazil should have only 18,315 miles of track. In this deficiency the situation is almost as bad as that which obtains

(Continued on Page 209)

When this lustrous white paint gets soiled you can *wash* it!

WASHING REMOVES THE DIRT BUT NOT THE PAINT

IMAGINE your white walls and woodwork painted with a beautiful, lustrous finish that *washes easily like tile!* A finish so satin-smooth it can't hold smudges or dust, and washing takes the place of repainting!

No wonder Barreled Sunlight, so easy to keep clean, is used for fine interiors everywhere today, replacing both ordinary white paints and the more expensive enamels.

Bathrooms finished with Barreled Sunlight retain their clean, sanitary whiteness for months and years—washable from floor to ceiling. Kitchens with this paint on the walls can be kept spotless, cheerful, inviting.

White woodwork everywhere has a lasting, lustrous beauty.

NOT only does the surface of Barreled Sunlight resist dirt, but the paint itself is *guaranteed to remain white longer than any gloss paint or enamel, domestic or foreign, applied under the same conditions.* A guarantee made possible by our exclusive Rice Process of manufacture.

Handsome as the finest enamel, Barreled Sunlight costs less, is easy to apply, and covers better. If a finish in color is desired, Barreled Sunlight may be tinted any shade by the simple addition of oil colors.

You can get Barreled Sunlight in cans from ½ pint to 5 gallons. Where more than one coat is required, use Barreled Sunlight Undercoat first.

Send the coupon for special information on the use of Barreled Sunlight for your type of interior. If sample is desired, enclose 10c for a can containing enough Barreled Sunlight to paint a bathroom cabinet, shelf, mirror-frame, etc.

U. S. Gutta Percha Paint Co., Factory and Main Offices, 46-A Dudley Street, Providence, R. I.—New York, 350 Madison Ave. —Chicago, 659 Washington Blvd. — San Francisco, 156 Eddy Street. Distributors in all principal cities. Dealers everywhere.

Handsome as Finest Enamel, yet Economical for the Largest Surfaces

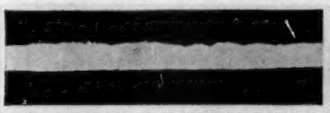
Scores of leading hotels, clubs, hospitals, industrial plants, etc., now use Barreled Sunlight for interior painting. Here are just a few prominent users:

Hotel Statler, of St. Louis
Grove Park Inn, of Asheville, N. C.
Liberty Building, of Philadelphia
Heckscher Memorial Hospital, of New York
Hudson Motor Car Co.
Belding Bros. Silk Mills
Otis Elevator Co.
Kellogg Co.

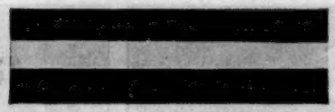
For large jobs Barreled Sunlight can be bought in 55-gallon and 30-gallon churn-equipped steel drums, at a very moderate initial cost. The labor cost of application is low because Barreled Sunlight (containing no varnish) flows on freely with brush or spray. It can be washed clean at any time, and repeated washings will not wear it away. This saves the annoyance and cost of frequent repainting.

Barreled Sunlight in quantities of 9 gallons or over is tinted on order, without extra charge.

The Microscope shows why!



ORDINARY FLAT FINISH WHITE PAINT



BARRELED SUNLIGHT

These photographs of cross-sections of paint surfaces were made through a powerful microscope. Each paint was magnified to the same high degree. The astonishing contrast shows why Barreled Sunlight is so easy to keep clean. Its surface is smooth, unbroken and non-porous. It resists dirt and washes like tile.

"Save the surface and you save all"

Barreled Sunlight

U. S. GUTTA PERCHA PAINT CO.
46-A Dudley Street, Providence, R. I.

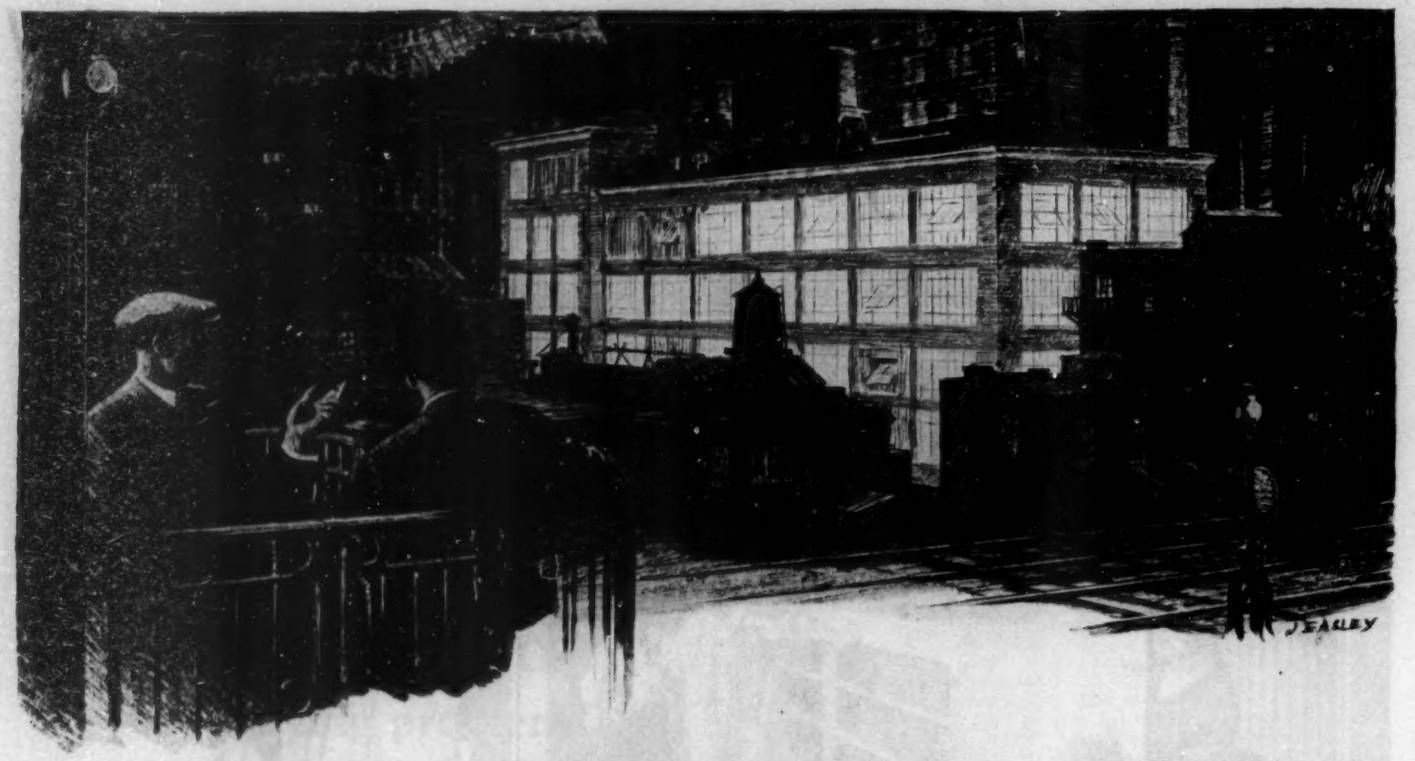
Please send me literature on the use of Barreled Sunlight in—

Check ☐ Homes ☐ Commercial Buildings ☐ Institutions ☐ Industrial Plants

Enclosed find ten cents for sample can of Barreled Sunlight to be mailed postpaid.

Name.....

Address.....



"Must be pulling into B———. I always remember that plant. Running full blast every night I come through here."

"They're doing a whale of a business. That's Leonard's finishing plant. Our firm designed it for him."

"You don't tell me! I'd like to go through it sometime. Why do they light it that way?"

"You know Leonard! Wants action for every dollar he invests. There wasn't a detail he wasn't on top of. Nothing we did counted heavier with him than our putting in that light."

"Peculiar light, isn't it? Kind of greenish. I notice it in a lot of places. What's the idea?"

"It's called Work-Light—made by the Cooper Hewitt people. It saved my bacon one time when Leonard caught me off my guard. I remember he called me in and said:

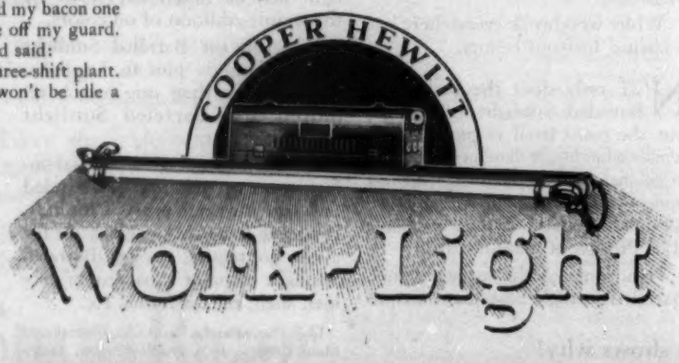
"'Bronson, I'm building a three-shift plant. Short of hell-n-high-water, it won't be idle a minute. Are you going to give me something real in lighting? Or are you just going to stick in plenty and then tell me about all the foot-candles I've got?'

"Believe me, I got busy! Must have personally inspected at least a hundred different installations. But it was always 'foot-candles this' and 'foot-candles that.' Finally I found that Cooper Hewitt had a light that helped men see easier and better than ordinary light and were willing to loan lamps to any plant to prove it. We put in a trial—30 lamps, I think—in Leonard's machine shop."

"You must have showed him something! That building back there stood out like a light-house in a fog!"

"Well, sir, that light gave him night production equal in quality and quantity to day production. It sold Leonard and the whole board. Why, they keep that light going all day on some of their precision operations where uniform light means everything. Leonard tells me his savings on spoilage and accidents alone paid for the installation inside of eighteen months."

"It's hard to believe! I'd like to see figures, but I like my own figures best. Why not put in a trial for us when you re-design our No. 2 Plant?".



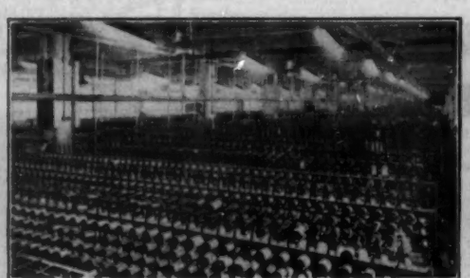
An open offer to every plant

Select the department that needs improvement the most and write us for enough Work-Light lamps to light it. There will be no obligation. If you act at once, you'll have the story before winter brings short days and long nights.

Show this offer to your foremen—or to the man you hold responsible for production in your plant.

Cooper Hewitt Electric Co.
125 River Street
Hoboken, N. J.

Night view of automatic machines under Work-Light in plant of Hudson Motor Car Co., Detroit. Used throughout the plant, this illumination makes Hudson's large production independent of daylight. Hudson has used Work-Light since 1916.



Work-Light illumination on silk spinners, Pen Argyl Silk Mills, Pen Argyl, Pa. "We are very happy about it," President Knowles says. "Our spinner boys say that for night work they must have the 'green light' or nothing."

The Stetson Shoe Company, South Weymouth, Mass., has found Work-Light to be ideal illumination for nearly every step in shoe-making. Picture shows Stetson's "No. 7 lasters." Absence of glare and shadows protects both quality and quantity of Stetson's output.

(Continued from Page 206)

in China, which has 8000 miles. Fortunately for transport, each of those huge countries has a vast network of rivers.

Two of the most pressing needs of Brazil are for increased mileage to open up important regions and for new equipment. Many industries, such as manganese in Minas Geraes, lumber in Parana and cotton in Pernambuco, are suffering from lack of cars. São Paulo is the only state with anything like an adequate system of roads and railways.

Government administration of steam transport is a failure, except the Sorocabana system operated by the state of São Paulo. The Central of Brazil, which is government operated, will illustrate. It has a chronic huge deficit and a poor service. Foreign investments in railways have not paid, with the exception of the famous São Paulo Railway, which is British owned. Because of its monopoly on the coffee haul to Santos, it is extremely prosperous. It is called the Road With the Golden Spikes.

The trouble with the government railways, and it applies to the coastwise shipping as well, is that they are run as political corporations. Politics, as you will soon see, is the curse of Brazil. A strong pull with the man higher up, and not efficiency, commands a job wherever any kind of plum is to be handed down. Brazilians are reluctant to invest in industrial enterprises and prefer to put their money in agricultural land, city property or government bonds.

This means that a large amount of alien capital could be well employed in a multitude of public-utility enterprises in Brazil. The British and Canadians are well established in heat, light and power in Rio de Janeiro and elsewhere; but the field is so big that it could be widely expanded. There can be no large flow of foreign capital into the country, however, until political stability is assured. With a revolution in progress nearly all the time, the investor, whether Yankee or otherwise, will watch his step before going in.

American Packers in Brazil

We can now take a brief look at some typical Yankee enterprises in Brazil. As in the case in Argentina, our packing interests head the list, with an investment of $35,000,000, which also includes the stake in Uruguay.

The development of the packing-house industry in Brazil is of comparatively recent date, and even now is largely restricted to the production of *xarque*, the sun-dried beef, which, with beans, comprises the staple food of the masses. Some canned meat is also produced. The difficulty is to procure suitable animals in sufficient quantity for refrigeration. The inferior quality of Brazilian cattle is largely due to lack of breeding.

An attempt was made to introduce the Indian cattle called zebus, with the idea that they would stand the climate better, and this strain is quite noticeable in many Brazilian herds. It was not until 1914 that any shipments of chilled beef went out of the country.

The Wilson interests were the first of the Yankees to acquire and develop a packing house in Brazil. They started operations near São Paulo early in 1914. Armour and Swift followed soon after. Both set up shop in the state of Rio Grande do Sul in beef-drying establishments, which were subsequently enlarged and converted into modern packing houses. Later the Armours erected a model packing plant at São Paulo, with a capacity considerably in excess of present needs, but designed to take care of a business that is expected to develop rapidly when the Brazilian farmers more fully realize the advantages of improving their herds. This Armour plant, by the way, is built on the site of one of the summer palaces of Dom Pedro II. The old imperial coach house still stands and is used as a garage. In one corner stands the wreck of a royal carriage.

The General Electric Company branch factory just outside of Rio is one of the striking answers that we are making to the German menace. Here you have a slice of Yankee efficiency transplanted to Brazil. It covers sixty acres of land and has a daily production of 10,000 incandescent lamps. What makes this establishment conspicuous is that a welfare department, including a restaurant, which also provides houses and gardens for employes, is in operation. Another striking feature is that this is the only factory in Brazil where the women, who constitute the great majority of workers, wear shoes. These details are emphasized, because living and working conditions in Brazil are almost shocking.

The Trail of the Oil Can

The Standard Oil unit which operates throughout Brazil is the Standard Oil Company of Brazil, a direct subsidiary of the Standard of New Jersey. You find Standard products far up at the headwaters of the Amazon, where navigation is dangerous. As in China, the empty Standard kerosene tins have entered intimately into the life of the country. They range in usage from stoves and baby carriages to coffins and houses. In China, exactly 120 uses are made of these cans. Brazil does not lag far behind. The more I travel, the more I realize that the used Yankee oil can, together with our movies and motors, has done more to enhance our prestige than almost all other agencies combined.

In Brazil is another link in our widening chain of wireless communications. The so-called A. E. F. G. Consortium, which includes the Radio Corporation of America and comprises the union of North American, English, French and German wireless interests in South America, operates here as the Companhia Radiotelegraphica Brazilera. It is constructing one of the largest of all sending stations at Santa Cruz, sixty kilometers from Rio, at a cost of $7,500,000. Twelve towers, each 828 feet high, will support the antenna wires.

The managing director of the Brazilian company is Capt. William Lush, a North American. A receiving station is being put up at Jacarapoqua just beyond the suburbs of Rio.

The consortium operates jointly only in long-distance telegraphic communication. In the broadcasting field the four companies act independently in the sale of receiving devices, thus creating an active competition among themselves. While the radio fan is increasing in Brazil, he is handicapped by lack of broadcasting facilities. The newspapers, following the example set by their Yankee colleagues, are beginning to establish stations and before long Brazil will be a fair market for our radio sets. The General Electric Company is specializing in this line and carrying on a campaign of education at Rio.

The significance of the Federal Express Company, organized at Rio by Thomas F. Stevenson in 1911, is that, among other things, it is a Yankee shipping and forwarding concern and a distinct first aid to our merchant marine. It represents the Munson Line, which operates Shipping Board passenger vessels between New York and South American ports, and the International Freighting Corporation, which runs cargo vessels of the board on the same route. I refer to this specific detail because in Buenos Aires, for example, some of our shipping interests are represented by aliens who naturally are not particularly enthusiastic about the advancement of the Stars and Stripes on the high seas. If we are to maintain our position in the shipping world, it can only be through an all North American personnel straight down the line.

Not only have we influenced the general commerce of Brazil, and especially stimulated exports through our immense consumption of her coffee but, in conjunction with the Canadians and the British, our capitalists and engineers have revolutionized life in many sections, notably at Rio and the city of São Paulo. The far-reaching

operations of the Brazilian Traction, Light and Power Company, Ltd., through its subsidiary companies, marks an epoch. Our money is invested in this ramified undertaking. Clarence Dillon, the New York banker, is one of the directors. Although the corporation is under Canadian charter, its principal executive and operating officials in Brazil are Yankees.

With the work of Light and Power, as the holding company is more commonly known at Rio, we touch the activities of one of the world's greatest engineers, Dr. Frederick S. Pearson, a native of Massachusetts. He lost his life when the Lusitania sank, but he left behind the impress of his genius and capacity in many lands. He laid down traction lines in Boston and Brooklyn; planned the hydraulic installation and electric development at Niagara Falls, and introduced light and power in Mexico and Spain. They represent only a part of his labors, for the whole world was his field. Nowhere did he achieve such striking results as in Brazil.

When he started his surveys less than twenty-five years ago, heat, light, power and telephone communication in Rio were archaic. The street cars were mule-hauled, illumination did not illumine, and one of the current jokes was that you could walk to a man more quickly than you could get him by telephone. Today in Rio, thanks to the efforts of the Rio de Janeiro Tramway, Light and Power Company, Ltd., a subsidiary of Light and Power, 260,000,000 people are carried each year over 257 miles of tramway. The brilliant electric illumination at night has given the capital the name of the Fairyland City. Nearly 80,000 telephones are in operation and the long-distance service has been extended throughout the republic.

This is only part of the work inaugurated by Doctor Pearson. At São Paulo a similar light and traction system has been installed. In addition, the rich water power of the state of São Paulo is being capitalized to drive machinery on the farms and in the factories. All this is done by the São Paulo Tramway, Light and Power Company, Ltd., a subsidiary of the Brazilian Traction, Light and Power Company, Ltd.

War on the Hookworm

That the North American engineer is widening his field in Brazil is evidenced in a unique contract entered into by Leonard Kennedy & Co. to raze Castle Hill, which is part of the harbor environment at Rio. It was made possible by a loan of $12,000,000 obtained through a New York bond house. Castle Hill has prevented the normal industrial growth of the capital, and though highly ornamental, has not been particularly useful. Its removal will provide a large new area for office buildings as well as a public park. The economic importance of the location can best be understood when I say that it bears the same relation to Rio that Battery Park does to the lower part of Manhattan Island.

All our endeavor is not in the line of material things. Two notable contributions to the social, physical, moral and national uplift of Brazil will serve to round out this section. The first is the work being accomplished by our naval mission, which is headed by Rear Admiral N. A. McCully. Under its direction the entire Brazilian Navy is being reorganized and put on an efficient basis.

This naval service brings to mind an episode which sheds further light on politics in Brazil. One of the most familiar sights in Rio harbor is afforded by the two Brazilian battleships, the São Paulo and the Minas Geraes. Travelers have seen them there inactive so long that they seem to have taken root. There was a reason for this permanency. These ships have never gone into action save as an aid in the revolutions that almost annually disturb the peace and disrupt the economic structure. So great was the hazard they represented that for a long time they were stripped of all ammunition except blank charges for salutes. In the last revolution—or rather the one that is still going on—the São Paulo had a spectacular part, but this is a later story.

The second phase is expressed in what the Rockefeller Foundation is doing to stamp out hookworm, yellow fever and malaria. Only the first named of these dread ills which ravage mankind in hot countries remains a menace, and it is on the wane. Beggars, cured of hookworm, have become self-respecting members of the community. The agricultural output is increased through the new life put into farm laborers. The Rockefeller Training School in Rio is educating women to act as district nurses. The first class was graduated last year, and its hygienic as well as moral influence has already been felt.

Brazil is so big and the possibilities for development so vast that, as is the case with China and to a lesser degree Russia, it is difficult to discriminate in a necessarily limited appraisal. A few of her products, especially those with worldwide significance that touch our productive scheme, must be cited. None is so important as rubber, which, like petroleum, enters the field of international politics.

The Wild Rubber Supply

Rubber is of peculiar interest to the United States, since we are by far the largest consumer. Three great industries, rubber manufacturing, automotive and oil through the motor car, are dependent upon the raw material. Four-fifths of our huge rubber imports—they are only exceeded in value by raw silk, sugar and coffee—is used for automobile tires. Our annual bill for the crude is near the $300,000,000 mark. Because of the shrinkage in the Brazilian output, we must depend mainly on British-owned sources of supply in Ceylon and the Malay States. In this English control lies the rub—or I should say the pull.

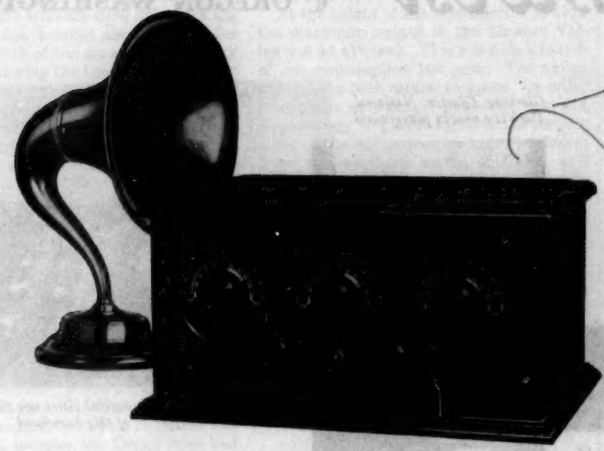
To comprehend fully the rubber crisis—it is being stretched almost to the breaking point—you must first get a brief glimpse of the rise and decline of the industry in Brazil, where it originated. For years the Amazon Valley, together with the Belgian Congo, provided the bulk of crude rubber. The South American area led by a good margin. The all-valuable product there is the so-called wild variety, since it is extracted from trees that grow wild. The principal rubber-bearing territory is the state of Para, whose port of the same name has become synonymous with the finest kind of raw material employed, especially where hardness is required.

The existence of rubber was first observed soon after the discovery of America. The early explorers noticed that certain Indian tribes of South America played with a ball composed of an elastic and resilient substance which was drawn out of a tree. Subsequently it was found that it possessed the power of erasing lead-pencil marks. Hence came the name Indian rubber. The rubber tree, however, was not scientifically identified until well into the eighteenth century.

If those early garnerers of rubber, notably in Brazil, had visioned the motor age of today they would have exercised more care in conserving the forests. This brings us to one reason for the near-collapse of the activity in South America. Gathering and preparing wild rubber is a laborious and health-wrecking process. Explained in a word, the rubber tree is tapped and gives forth a milky substance called latex, which is put on a paddle and cooked over a wood fire. The sticky, brownish-black, pliable residue which collects on the paddle is the much-desired rubber.

This sounds very simple, but the toil and hardship involved are great. The cups into which the latex flows must be emptied daily and the average laborer in the Amazon region watches from 70 to 125 trees a day. Moreover, during the cooking process he must stand over the fire, which means that he inhales the smoke. Labor therefore is a vital factor in the industry.

(Continued on Page 213)

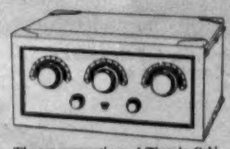


Thorola Loud Speakers with new burnished Bakelite horn and gold throat-band are even better in appearance and performance.

Thorola 4.....$25
Thorola Jr.....$15

Thorola Low-Loss Doughnut Coils installed in your present set will give you many of the greatest Thorola advantages.

Complete set (3) $12
Per coil.....$4



The very proportions of Thorola Cabinets suggest new internal design.

In smart Thorocco Cabinet the 5-tube Thorola Islodyne is.... $85

In stunning Buried Walnut Cabinet with Circassian top the 5-tube Thorola Islodyne is..... $115

ANNOUNCEMENT

This is of interest to opera-goers, to patrons of lectures and symphony concerts, as well as to the dancing set, and to those scientifically interested.

Artistic radio has come with Thorola Islodyne, the only receiver embodying the *Isolated Power* principle made possible by Thorola Low-Loss Doughnut Coils. They conquer the causes of interfering currents, "pick-up" of unwanted stations, wasteful "feed-back" of power, uncontrollable "oscillation," complicated and freak wiring, uncertain operation. Radio experimenters know what all this means. Radio listeners no longer need to know!

Islodyne action now keeps every set of radio impulses clear, free, separate. The one station you want is cleanly selected, even in the broadcasting centers. Utmost power, unscattered, is *isolated—focused*—on this one set of signals only. The delicate radio impulses do not conflict, neutralize, offset each other. Full tone, unmodified—full volume, full distance at last are possible, at all broadcasting wave lengths.

With the uncontrollable, temperamental factors of radio reception banished, Thorola Islodyne achieves uniformity of results. Every Thorola Islodyne is as good as the best one ever built. The same stations keep coming in the same. The set your dealer demonstrates tells you what your set will do.

Radio reception is unmistakably elevated to a new plane. What thousands had hoped for is accomplished. There is a complete Thorola receiver leading its field by far, just as Thorola excels in loud speakers and apparatus.

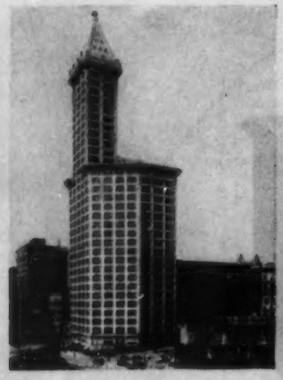
The Thorola name is surety of radio development which nothing will eclipse. The intense interest in the 5-tube Thorola Islodyne at every radio store will tell you where expert opinion centers today. Go and listen.

REICHMANN COMPANY, *CHICAGO*

Thorola
ISLODYNE

The Pacific Northwest { MONTANA WYOMING IDAHO OREGON WASHINGTON }

They're harvesting half the nation's commercial apple crop now
© By Reeves



Great skyscrapers tell the rapid progress of business (Seattle)

Glorious Glacier National Park is a nearby playground

© By Hileman

Clean, beautiful cities are the pride of this homeland

On the beach at Seaside, Oregon

Here the great lumber industry now centers

For *every one* - a better chance to get ahead

Many a prosperous poultry farmer in the Pacific Northwest left a "white collar" job back East.

Many a successful business man got his start out here in overalls.

You can follow the work you are in now, or you can make a fresh beginning at something new.

Whatever you undertake, you will find you have a larger chance to get ahead in the Pacific Northwest—if you are willing to work for success.

Grow with the country

Don't be misled; you will find that here, as elsewhere, hard work and plenty of it is the price of success. But you will find too that here, if anywhere, the rewards of working, planning and saving are rich and sure and lasting.

The Pacific Northwest will welcome you and give you a real chance because it needs more people to develop its enormous resources—its farms, its industries.

The country is growing with amazing swiftness. *You can grow with it.*

People who have succeeded

Thousands of families like yours have found a larger opportunity and greater happiness in the Pacific Northwest.

These people make a better living than the average. They have resources which provide 50 per cent more for the education of their children. More of them own homes and automobiles. In 10 years bank savings have trebled.

People of the Pacific Northwest have more of the things worth while—*and they enjoy life more.*

A beautiful homeland

They live in a natural wonderland. The most beautiful outdoors in the world is their daily playground. They enjoy a delightful climate, and their group of states is the healthiest in the country.

Pacific Northwest cities are clean and up-to-date and beautiful. Homes, schools, colleges, churches—all the advantages of modern American life—are found here at their best.

Send for this free book

We shall be glad to send you the free, illustrated booklet, "The Land of Opportunity Now," which tells you in detail the things you want to know about the states of Washington, Oregon, Idaho, Montana, and Wyoming. A copy is yours for the asking. Just sign and mail the coupon for it now.

FREE
Descriptive Booklet and Photo-Travelog

MAIL *this coupon for both*

Booklet contains 32 pages of interesting, authoritative information — fully illustrated. Photo-Travelog consists of scores of beautiful photographs—an absorbing pictorial tour of the Pacific Northwest. Mail the coupon to

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(Continued from Page 210)

During the high tide of Brazilian rubber output, inflation ruled. Scores of alien companies exploited the area in every sense. Fortunes were made through the sale of shares and the workers were driven to the limit. Manaos, located about 1000 miles from the mouth of the Amazon, was as gay and wicked during the height of the rubber boom as any frenzied mining town in Alaska, Australia or South Africa after a big strike. It was likewise an important diamond market. There was a saying that when you went into Manaos in those days you left your conscience and your character outside.

As automobile production expanded, the Brazilian rubber output did not keep pace with demand. The reason was that the workers rebelled against the conditions under which they were forced to toil. They resented foreign domination, and the Indians, who comprised a considerable portion of the labor, quit and went back to their villages. Besides, the process was primitive. Furthermore, whole forests had been destroyed because of lack of proper attention. The demand for rubber increased and new sources, because the Congo crop had also dwindled, had to be created.

The result was the introduction of so-called cultivated, or plantation, rubber in the East Indies by both the British and the Dutch, but mainly the former. The story goes that an Englishman went to Brazil and smuggled out seeds through Para on the pretense that he was procuring botanical specimens. Some of these seeds were planted at Kew, in England, and the slips, after sprouting, were shipped to Ceylon. This was the beginning of plantation rubber, which today rules the market and provides us with the major part of our crude supply. Where formerly Brazil shipped us nearly all the rubber we used, she now furnishes us only with a bare one-tenth, and even this is dwindling.

There would be no objection to our use of British-grown rubber, but our good cousins who live in the tight little island across the Atlantic have clamped down such a control of the product that at the moment I write we are paying through the nose. To save the rubber industry from collapse because of overproduction, Britain, at the instigation of the Colonial Office, inaugurated in 1923 what is known as the Stevenson Restriction Act. Under it exports of rubber are restricted by 60 per cent of the volume of 1920, with a sliding scale to meet emergency. In consequence, rubber has piled up in the London warehouses while we clamor for the material with which to keep our factories going.

Britain's Rubber Monopoly

The inevitable happened, because rubber jumped from 17¾ cents to $1.04 a pound. When you consider that we import nearly 200,000 tons a year you get some idea of the effect of John Bull's monopoly on our pocketbook. Unprecedented demand has helped, but the basic reason is in the system which prevents the natural flow of exports. In other words, rubber, as the Yankee buyer finds it, is far from elastic.

Unhappily, it is practically impossible for us to establish rubber-crop sources of our own, at least for a good many years. American rubber interests have started plantations in Sumatra and Java, but the acreage is not only small compared with the British but rubber is slow in development. The Dutch output is not a large factor. A more intensive Yankee effort to produce rubber is under way in the Philippines, where climatic conditions are favorable. We have also established experimental stations in Mexico and Florida. Meanwhile Britain rules the rubber roost, and incidentally her rubber companies are paying 40 per cent dividends.

The question naturally arises, why not put Brazilian rubber back on the map? Many difficulties lie in the way. Future production of wild rubber in the Amazon Valley will depend upon the price trend, which will in turn hinge upon the coming demand and the expansion of cultivated areas in the East. Wild rubber is no longer a determining factor in the course of the world market.

At the height of the boom period in 1912 the maximum output in the Amazon Valley was 49,416 tons. This was only a fourth of our consumption last year. The valley today lacks both capital and men. In order to increase production materially it would be necessary to gather together the surplus labor of the entire area, to import workers from the northern states of Ceará and Maranhao, and to locate and build supply stations and stores. Roads and trails would have to be cleared of jungle growth. Funds are not available to do this quickly, no matter how greatly the price rises. It would be done eventually out of profits, assuming good prices continued; but this requires time. Finally, what liquid capital is available for rubber is being employed on the East Indies plantations, where labor is cheap and abundant and ease and permanency of crop are assured.

Brazilian Diamonds

Linked with the decline in rubber is the kindred slump in diamonds, which were so long associated with the riches and the romance of Brazil. Here the shrinkage is proportionately greater. Half a century ago the diamonds of Brazil were rivaled only by the output of India, with her tradition of the real Golconda. They sparkled on the turbans of rajahs and in the crowns of kings and queens. Our importation was an important factor. Today they have almost ceased to figure in the market as compared with the output of other countries.

What cultivated rubber did to the wild article, the discovery of diamonds in South Africa and the Belgian Congo did to the Brazilian jewel. As with rubber, the South American yield could not compete with that of the rest of the world. Nearly everybody is interested in diamonds. Hence a few words about the break-up of the Brazilian field will not be amiss.

The Brazilian diamond belt is mainly in the state of Minas Geraes, where the discovery was made in interesting circumstances. This region had been rich in gold for centuries. The first diamonds—all the workings are in the open—were uncovered by the gold miners, who used them as counters in their games of chance.

Curiously enough, almost a similar incident led to the opening up of the great South African fields. The son of a Boer woman living near Hopetown, on the Orange River, used the stones that strewed the river bank as playthings. One of them sparkled and he gave it to his mother. It proved to be a rough diamond weighing nearly twenty-four carats. The famous rush to the Vaal followed soon after.

In the heyday of her diamond prosperity Brazil produced some famous stones. Associated with the Star of the South, as the most widely known of the South American jewels is called, is an interesting story. It was discovered by a slave negress, who received her freedom and a pension for life as a reward for finding it. It weighed 254½ carats and ultimately sold for $500,000. The largest stone ever found in Brazil—the Braganza—is said to have weighed 1680 carats. A smaller Brazilian diamond of purer quality, which is registered as the Regent of Portugal, is valued at more than $1,000,000.

Although Brazil has lost out both in rubber and in diamonds, she has other immense potentialities. Her cotton production, which ranks first in the South American output, with Peru second, is of moment to us because it is being largely encouraged by the British, who want to make themselves as independent of the United States staple as possible. At the cotton conference held at Rio de Janeiro in 1922 the British delegates stated that Great Britain would be willing to import 1,000,000 bales of Brazilian cotton, which is twice the present

crop. Cotton production in the north of Brazil, however, is likely to be slow because of the backwardness of the people. The English have high hopes of São Paulo as a cotton area, but it cannot compete with coffee, which is much more profitable.

One of the Brazilian stand-bys is cocoa. She produces 12 per cent of the world production and is only surpassed by the Gold Coast of Africa. One state—Bahia—provides 11 per cent of the entire Brazilian harvest. In the short space of fifteen years the world crop of cocoa bean has increased from 2,483,284 bags to 6,787,467 bags, or a gain roughly of 173 per cent. Consumption has kept pace, for it has grown 170 per cent. This is a record that tea and coffee cannot beat. The World War was a factor because it brought the realization that cocoa was more than a luxury.

One Brazilian product is unique. What tea is to the European, notably the Britisher, maté is to various South Americans, particularly the residents of Brazil, Argentina, Uruguay and Paraguay. In some places it rivals coffee in consumption. It is a nonalcoholic drink made from leaves that grow on a bush from twelve to twenty feet in height. Maté has useful medicinal qualities and is an excellent blood purifier. One reason why the Brazilians and Argentines can eat so much meat without suffering injurious effects is that they consume vast quantities of this drink. Most of the natives take it without sugar.

Sum up Brazil and you discover that the reason why her transport lags, and why her immense resources are not in a more advanced stage of development, is the chronic unrest expressed in almost continuous revolution. Alongside her, Peru is a piker. Though it is true that she needs population, that the climate in the north disarms energy and that most of the labor is inefficient, deep down, the real obstacle to progress is politics.

Another handicap little appreciated by the federal states grows out of the large powers bestowed by the federal constitution on the states, which number twenty. Each has its own president. Some are so isolated as to have as little direct relation with Rio de Janeiro as various remote Chinese provinces have with Peking. Others, such as São Paulo, are so rich and powerful that they comprise self-contained principalities within the larger republic.

State's Rights Disputes

São Paulo, for example, has its own army, is now buying a fleet of aeroplanes and concludes agreements with sovereign powers that have the virtual force of treaties. Many of the states are jealous of her power and prosperity. The Paulistas, as the citizens of the great coffee-growing commonwealth are called, in turn feel aggrieved because they pay a disproportionate share of the revenues of the federal government and therefore contribute to the support of weaker and less productive states. The secession of São Paulo is among the many possibilities for further dislocation in Brazil.

The tendency of the federal government is to reduce, or at least try to minimize, the importance of the states; but some of them, notably São Paulo and Rio Grande do Sul, are strong enough to resist successfully. This causes incessant friction. The national government can supplant a state régime by intervention as in Argentina. This has lately been done in the states of Rio de Janeiro and Amazonas.

Another perennial sore spot is the army, which has a long political pull. The idea of militarism prevails and a president, with the land forces at his back, is in a strong position. The navy is naturally jealous, which explains why the fleet is always mixing up in national affairs. The officers of the army are mainly recruited from the old Portuguese families, which means that they are proud and highly sensitive.

The natural result of all this interstate bicker is a conspicuous lack of administrative capacity. Finances have been in disorder for years. Deficit after deficit is met with emergency loans, because the line of least resistance is invariably followed. There is a preponderance of superfluous and underpaid officials. Public office is too often regarded as a private snap with many perquisites. Government in Brazil as a rule, and the first to admit it are the Brazilians themselves, is both corrupt and incompetent. This frank revelation is absolutely essential to an adequate comprehension of what is going on.

Now you can understand why Brazil is in continuous ferment. Almost from the day of the overthrow of the empire in 1889, revolt has stalked about. The first president, General Deodoro da Fonseca, who was overthrown, established the precedent, and comparatively few of his successors have served full terms. The navy has been a powerful agent in insurrection. It has got most of its practice by training its guns upon the national capital with hostile intent.

To write the history of Brazil under the republic therefore is to catalogue revolutions. What concerns us is the upheaval which began in July of last year and which continues sporadically in the south. It serves to introduce the president, Arthur Bernardes, who occupies a unique place among South American chief executives.

A Self-Made Brazilian

A country lawyer from the state of Minas Geraes, Bernardes is in every sense a self-made man. His first money was earned as clerk in a mercantile establishment. He saved enough to give himself a college education.

While pursuing his law studies, he worked as a newspaper reporter. Having an instinct for politics, he became successively deputy to the Federal Congress, Secretary of the Treasury of Minas Geraes—each of these Brazilian states has its own cabinet—and governor of the commonwealth. In 1922 he was elected president of Brazil. He was only forty-seven years old at the time.

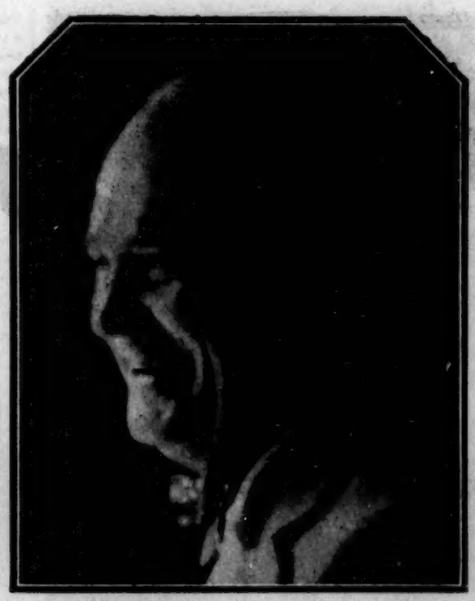
Bernardes has none of the arts that win popular favor, for he is plain and blunt. His is perhaps the best economic mind in the republic. At once he antagonized the old political guard by cutting down government expenses. This was bad enough, but he was also guilty of *lèse-majesté*. During his campaign for the presidency, a letter alleged to have been written by him, and published in a leading newspaper, cast aspersions on the military class. The army at once revolted, but this disorder was soon stamped out. The military caste has never forgiven him.

No sooner was Bernardes in power than he began to weed out officers unfriendly to the administration. The natural Brazilian thing happened. On July fifth last year revolution on a considerable scale broke out in the city of São Paulo. It was fomented by officers, antagonistic to the president, who seized the local barracks. Loyal government troops opposed them and for twenty-two days the center of the coffee world was a bloody battle ground. Bernardes sent an army down and the city was bombarded. On the night of July twenty-seventh the rebels retired to the south and government troops took possession.

This revolution had more significance than the ordinary civil war in Brazil. It expressed the general discontent with the present government, under which living costs have soared and unemployment has been general. In addition to officers inimical to Bernardes, it enlisted many Paulistas, who believed that Bernardes was planning legislation that discriminated against them.

The upheaval was planned to include the whole country, because disaffection is wide. As in most revolutions, somebody fumbled and it was pulled off ahead of schedule. Had the original scheme been carried out, there is little doubt that Bernardes would have been overthrown and a militaristic

(Continued on Page 217)



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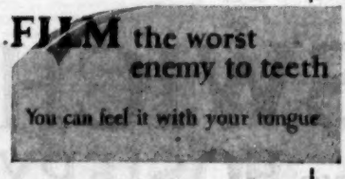

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(Continued from Page 214)

régime set up. Since the debacle at São Paulo the rebel leaders have carried on a guerrilla warfare in several of the southern states, especially Rio Grande do Sul, and it is costing the government $150,000 a day to keep them segregated. This is a drain on national finances, already overburdened.

One episode of the revolution must be detailed, because, among other revelations, it showed that at least part of the Brazilian navy continued to run true to form. When revolt let loose at São Paulo the leaders counted on the coöperation of the battleships São Paulo and Minas Geraes, then in the harbor of Rio, to take the initiative in the capture of the capital. On July fifth, six junior officers of the São Paulo rose against their superiors, took possession of the vessel, and opening fire on the fortresses that guarded the port, steamed out to sea. The sister ship was out of commission and could not attack the escaping vessel. Although the shore batteries blazed without intermission, not one of their shells took effect despite the fine target that the São Paulo offered.

The inference is that, knowing the short life of Brazilian revolutions, the officers had no desire to sink $3,000,000 worth of the national assets.

Be that as it may, the São Paulo soon found herself not only literally at sea but at odds in every way. It was impossible to coördinate with the rebels at São Paulo, discipline was none too good, so the ship headed for Montevideo. Here the mutineers were interned in care of the Salvation Army and the ship was restored to the Brazilian Navy. At Montevideo last April I saw the rebel sailors who had dashed out of Rio harbor with flags flying and guns booming, engaged in the prosaic task of stacking tin cans and loading barges for the West India Oil Company, the Uruguayan and Argentine subsidiary of the Standard of New Jersey. Their skins were safe and they had a meal ticket. The average Brazilian asks no more.

An Eleventh-Hour Interview

When I reached Rio in May, Bernardes was living the life of a hermit. It was generally believed that he was marked for assassination. The story was current that his wife not only purchased but cooked his food for him. He never left the presidential palace, which was strongly guarded. Motor cars were forbidden to pass within a block of the entrance. He had declined to receive General Pershing.

I realized that my visit to Brazil would be incomplete without an interview with the storm center of the country, but it seemed hopeless. Circumstance played into my hands. Although Rear Admiral McCully, head of our naval mission, had been in Rio four months, he had not been able to pay his respects to the president, because he had denied himself to everybody. I made a request for an audience through Ambassador Edwin V. Morgan, who, by the way, has held his post in Brazil for thirteen years. After I had been in Rio for a month and had despaired of seeing the president, I was informed through the embassy at the eleventh hour, for I was sailing in two days, that the chief executive would receive the admiral, his staff and myself.

On a Tuesday afternoon, when Rio was an inferno and when a morning coat felt like steel armor, we drove to the palace. I envied the naval men their cool white uniforms. There were troops and detectives in plain clothes everywhere. Never was a Russian czar more zealously protected. After a short wait, we were ushered into a long reception room, hung with portraits of former presidents, which gave on a lovely garden. A peace that was in sharp contrast with the political tumult that raged around the chief occupant of the chamber hung over the place.

I stood chatting with the master of ceremonies while Admiral McCully and his aides were introduced and had their brief say.

I was thus enabled to observe the president. He is of medium height, with pale face, and looks more like a provincial advocate than the head of a nation. His whole appearance is unprepossessing. He wore an ordinary business suit. What impressed me most was his harried look.

No Need for Reds

When my turn came he asked me to sit alongside the ambassador on a couch, and we indulged in the usual complimentary preliminaries. Bernardes speaks only Portuguese and Mr. Morgan therefore acted as interpreter. At the outset the president expressed his pleasure at my coming to Brazil, saying:

"It is only by seeing this great country of ours that your people can form any idea of its immense possibilities for development. We need your capital and hope to have much of it in the future. North Americans are always welcome here and I trust that many Brazilians will visit the United States of America."

That the president is not without a sense of humor is shown by his remark on the Brazilian exclusion of Bolsheviks. The ambassador had told him of my visit to Russia last year and I congratulated him on the measures he had taken to keep out the Reds. His comment was:

"We have, unfortunately, so much disorder in Brazil that we have no need or desire to import any."

In conclusion Bernardes said:

"We must have peace and order in Brazil and the way to them at the moment is difficult. The obstacles can and will be overcome, and especially those that impede our economic expansion. As I see them, both North and South America are in reality one America with a common destiny. Between your country and mine exists a traditional friendship and my great hope is that it will endure."

Whatever his other mistakes, Bernardes is sound economically, inspiring the impression that he has a sincere desire for fiscal and other reforms. He is almost powerless, because the political system which holds him in its toils has frustrated many of his progressive efforts so far. This is a national misfortune.

That Brazil is in process of change is obvious to the most casual observer. How will it end? Unless there is a drastic house cleaning all around she will not realize her destiny and Argentina will leave her even farther behind than now.

Bernardes' term will expire next year. There is a wide belief that he will be succeeded by Washington Luiz, a former president of the state of São Paulo and one of the strong men of the republic. If this happens, and the country can meanwhile survive the unrest which seems to be her chief heritage, an era of expansion will undoubtedly follow. With her size and her resources, Brazil could make herself mistress of that southern world.

Editor's Note—This is the sixth of a series of articles by Mr. Marcosson dealing with South America. The next will be devoted to coffee.

DIARY OF A FOREST RANGER'S WIFE

(Continued from Page 7)

After he had them all under way, the supervisor packed up the spools of wire on the mule and with two men rode up the trail after the rest. An hour later one of them on foot came into the yard carrying a big spool of wire on a round stick from which he had unrolled the wire down the cañon side from the top, it being much easier to run it out coming down than going up. He said another man was unrolling wire out from the top over a fairly level country. After hooking up the end of his wire to the iron field phone, he started back to join the men.

About two o'clock I answered a ring at the phone and it was the fire camp. They had run that insulated wire right along the ground and their voices were as clear as if it were an all-metallic circuit. Maybe they didn't keep me busy for the rest of the day. I had long-distance calls from the supervisor's office and felt myself quite an important person, if I do say it.

JUNE 20TH: Jim's back again from the big fire. Burned about 5000 acres and cost Uncle Sam about $1000 to stop it, to say nothing of the timber destroyed, which they haven't yet estimated. Jim thinks it started from lightning. Lightning causes about a third of all the forest fires, the fire-manual book says. Worst of all, they are often in the hardest possible places to reach. Ordinary man-caused fires naturally begin along roads or trails and the rangers can reach them with comparative ease. Also they can often discover the cause, and if it's a man fire, they get the man nine times out of ten. But lightning has a habit of striking most any old place, and often the boys have to chop trails through the underbrush or fight their way up and down tremendous cañons and over down timber where it's hard to take food and supplies.

Jim says there are certain mountains where lightning strikes ten times as often as it does elsewhere. It strikes on certain slopes much oftener than others; but he says that as far as they can make out, it makes no difference what kind of timber it is—pine, oak, spruce, fir or cottonwoods are all the same to lightning. Only thing is that the pines take fire easier than most any other kind of timber, but the lightning has no eyes, nor does it pick out certain kinds of trees in preference to others.

JUNE 21ST: Poor Jim was a sight when he got home. Can't say he looked any worse than the rest; but he's Jim, and that made all the difference in the world to me. His eyebrows were singed off, he had ten days' scraggly beard on his face, and where it wasn't hair it was black dirt smeared with pitch pine mixed with sweat. His eyes looked like burnt holes in a blanket and were red and bloodshot. The soles were burned off both his heavy boots where he walked along the fire line making sure it was all out before they left, and he had a dozen holes burned in his shirt and trousers. Looked like a singed cat, I told him, but I surely was glad to have him back once more.

Jim declared he was too far behind on sleep to stop to clean up, and inside of five minutes after the crowd left he was dead to the world, and we both slept the next morning until the sun was shining straight down the cañon and the little clock said it was almost noon. I didn't tell Jim; but as soon as he dropped off to sleep the night before, I cut the phone out, determined that he should not be bothered with the pesky thing ringing us up until he had caught up a little on sleep.

JUNE 24th: Jim's birthday. Celebrated by riding over to Jim Cart's sheep camp to see how his herder was handling the sheep. When we found the sheep they were on a hillside and about the prettiest sight I have ever seen. The herder and Jim talked considerably about the feed and how long it would last. The Basco said he had had a stampede yesterday, caused by a big black bear that suddenly appeared on a little rocky bluff above where the sheep were all lying down comfortably. The bear gave only one snort, but that was enough; and inside of ten seconds the whole band of 1500 ewes and 1300 lambs was tearing off down the side of the hill like crazy things. There was a narrow ditch in their path and into it they went pell-mell, the ditch quickly filling with sheep, to be trampled to death or smothered by the rest going over them. They ran about 300 yards farther, stopped, looked around, began to wonder what it was all about, then every ewe in the bunch set up a bawl for her lamb that was responded to by every lamb. Out of that little ditch the herder said he dragged twenty dead ewes. Took him and the camp tender all the rest of the day to skin them, pelts being worth three dollars each.

Herding sheep seems like a dreadfully monotonous, lonely life; but Jim says these Bascos would rather herd sheep than own a bank or do anything else in the world. We had dinner with the herder, who baked some of the best Dutch-oven biscuits I've ever eaten. Made them of sour dough. These, with fresh lamb chops, coffee so strong it would float an iron wedge, with pickles and "lick" for dessert made a royal good meal.

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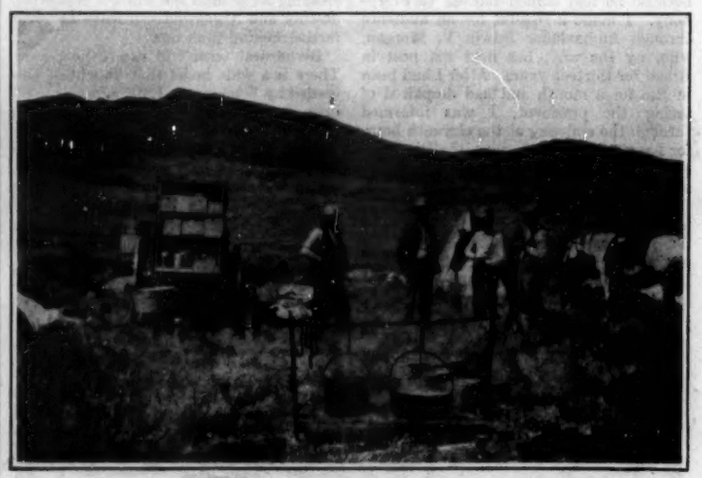

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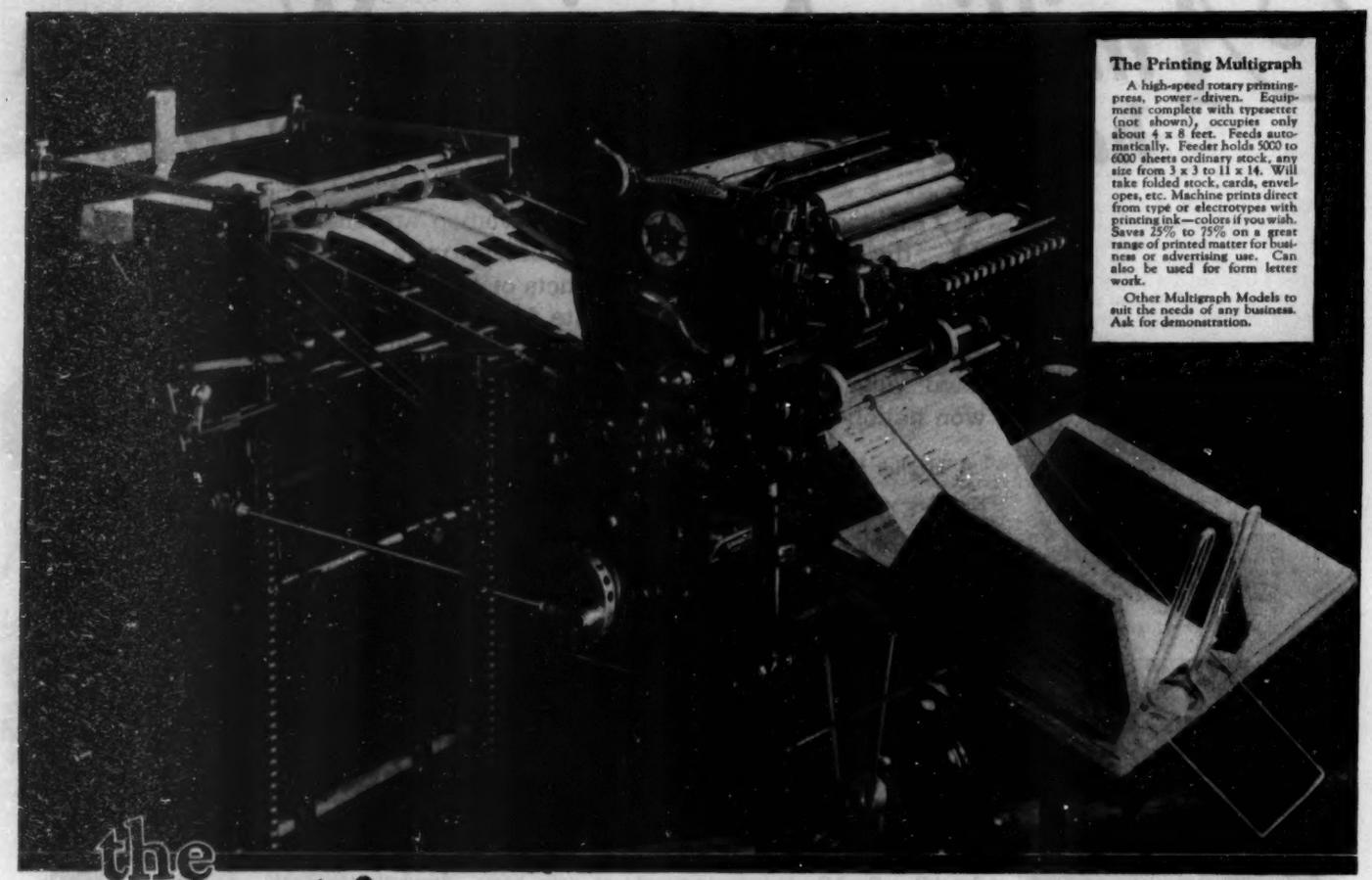

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(Continued from Page 218)

JUNE 25th: We stayed at the sheep camp last night, because Jim wanted to ride over to a spring about five miles from the camp to see about having it dug out and the water piped into a trough so the cattle can water more easily. Sometime during the night I was awakened by the sound as of distant thunder. Jim said it was the sheep running. Something had scared them—a coyote's howl; the swoop of some night bird down close over the herd as if to inspect them; perhaps a prowling bear—and away the whole bunch went in a wild, senseless race.

I heard the herder throw back the flaps of his tent and then came a deafening report, which gave me a frightful scare. It was the herder's rifle. When its echoes died away there was silence for a moment, then in the distance we heard the sheep bawling. Jim explained that the shot caused the sheep to stop running and listen to the new sound. The instant they stopped each ewe thought at once of her offspring and immediately began bawling for it. Each lamb also started to discover the whereabouts of its mother by the same means and pandemonium reigned for five minutes. Then each lamb having located its mother and procured a midnight supper, the whole band dropped down where they stood and in five minutes were again sound asleep.

JULY 5th: Jim wanted to go to town for the Fourth; but the fire situation was so bad that the supervisor didn't like to have him away from the station even for the two days it takes to go down and back, so we stayed at home all day long and answered phone calls. Fine way to celebrate the national birthday. Jim says it's all right however. This timber has got to be saved from fire and the men of the Forest Service can't go off to play during the fire season.

That's why I married Jim, I guess—just because he is doing work that is worth while and doing it for about half the pay a man should get for the kind of service these forest fellows give the Government.

JULY 15th: We have been away for a whole week on the Beaver Head round-up. My first experience with real cowboys. Jim had to go to check up the calf brandings so he can keep track of the number of cattle each man has on the range. Some of the cattle men like to fudge on the rangers and run more cattle than their permit allows them. Jim says they can add up the season's calf branding, multiply it by four and come pretty close to knowing how many animals, from yearlings up, the owner has. Each man has a permit allowing him to graze a definite number. If they catch him with more than that number on the forest, they penalize him with a good stiff fine. So the rangers follow the round-ups to get a check both on calves and grown cattle.

Jim just loves to chase cows, and, of course, as he is a first-class cowboy, they were glad of his help.

JULY 25th: Glory be, we are to move to a new ranger station over on the main highway. Jim's delighted on my account, because now I can see something and somebody instead of being shut in day after day in this deep cañon, where the sun never gets in till almost noon. He has gone over today to arrange for a team to come and move us.

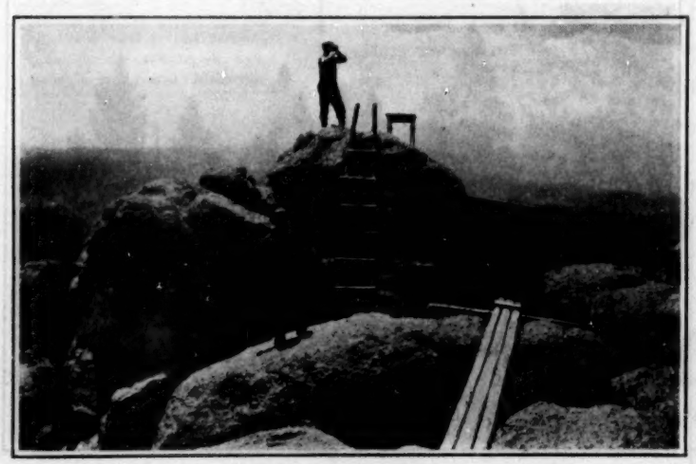
JULY 26th: My poor little lambkin. A wildcat or mountain lion killed him last night. He has always slept up on the porch, but it was a bright moonlight night and he was probably feeding around in the yard. I heard him cry out in one terrified "B-a-a-a," and then all was still. Jim got up and opened the door, his automatic in his hand. He caught sight of a big dark object just going over the fence. Said he guessed it was a lion. Poor lamby was gone the next morning and Jim later on found what was left of him up the cañon about 100 yards, where the lion had carried him.

AUGUST 2nd: After our experience in the old cabin, this place seems like a regular city home. There is a faucet over the kitchen sink, the water being piped in from a fine spring on the hillside back of the house. When I think of the buckets of water I drew from that old well at our other station I fairly gloat over the act of turning on the water in this kitchen.

The mail stage goes past every day and drops off our sack right at the gate. There's a lot of travel on the road, too, and some days I don't do much but entertain tourists, who stop in as if the place was theirs, stay as long as they like and keep me busy answering their fool questions about the road, the best camping places, where there is good fishing, and can they borrow some sugar, theirs is all gone. I bet I'm out a quarter in postage stamps loaned when I couldn't take two cents out of a dollar bill. How some of these people find their way this far from home is quite beyond me.

AUGUST 10th: More fires. Jim has been gone a week now and I'd be awfully lonesome if it wasn't for these human interrogation points called tourists.

AUGUST 12th: The new supervisor came along last night on his way to the fire. I cooked him two good meals, if I do say it. Had fried chicken for breakfast. He ate almost a whole chicken. Also he slept in a regular bed, with two clean white sheets and a pillowcase that I washed myself. Paid me fifty cents for each meal and the bed. Bet each meal cost us more than that. I know I wouldn't wash two sheets and a pillowcase and make a bed for fifty cents of



Devil's Head Lookout, Pike Forest, Colorado

anybody's money. He said that was the price the Government had established for such things. Wonder how they figured it out, anyhow.

AUGUST 15TH: Yesterday morning the lookout man on Baldy phoned that he could see a smoke rising in the thick timber about five miles east of the cabin. Said from the size and smoke he guessed it was a lightning fire; some old snag struck and burning all by itself. Jim saddled up and struck out for it, taking only an ax and a shovel, feeling sure he could handle it with those tools and not have to drag a pack mule all the way there and back.

AUGUST 16TH: Jim came home about sunset. When he first turned the corner of the horse pasture down the road I couldn't figure out just what was coming. Jim was in the lead on foot, while behind him came Rooster with a woman in the saddle; behind the horse was a strange man. They were certainly the most woebegone-looking couple you ever saw. While they went into our room to clean up, I bustled round and got supper. Luckily I had cooked a leg of lamb this morning, and with plenty of fresh eggs and milk I soon had it ready.

Jim told me he found the fire in the middle of a bunch of pines, with these two babes in the woods sitting under a tree watching it. They had been lost for two days. Came up on the motor stage and tried to walk across the country to a resort they had stopped at last year. Only about five miles, but they got off the trail and managed to lose themselves good and plenty. They had a lunch with them, and after tramping all over the country trying to locate the trail, night came on and they camped under a big tree. Man had exactly three matches and was afraid to use them for fear he might need them worse later on. All the next day they wandered through the woods. The man climbed half a dozen trees, hoping to locate a house or something human, but couldn't see anything but trees and more trees. Fortunately he had a little automatic with him and managed to shoot a couple of rabbits, which gave them plenty of food for the time being. They used one match to start a fire, over which they roasted both rabbits, eating only part of one that night.

"Such a long, weary, hungry night as that was," the poor woman told us.

About ten o'clock the next morning the woman, utterly worn out and half hysterical, threw herself down on the ground and declared she could go no farther. Leaving her, the man climbed to the top of a nearby cliff, or ledge, from which he hoped to get a look over the tops of the trees. He found he could see only in one direction, and that was along a sort of gap in the timber, through which he could see a huge granite peak. As he idly looked at the peak his eyes caught the gleam of something glittering in the bright sunlight. Suddenly it popped into his head that on top of that peak was the fire-lookout station and the glitter came from the sun striking the glass in its windows. The top of that peak was many weary miles away, but the man knew that in that lookout was a keen-eyed young woman who was ever on the alert for the slightest sign of smoke. Like a flash it came to him how they could be rescued.

Half crazy with joy, he tore down the cliff to his wife. In five minutes the two had gathered a great heap of dead pine limbs at the base of a dead pine that stood fairly by itself. A handful of dry pine needles offered a fine starting place for his proposed fire. Very carefully he struck one of the two remaining matches; eagerly they watched it burst into blaze, and after five minutes' nursing they had a fine bonfire.

As the cloud of black pitch-pine smoke rose skyward above the tree tops he knew they were saved, for that man on the peak would scarcely overlook such a plain signal. Their dead tree well on fire, the two finished the second rabbit and waited for help to come.

Jim found them about noon. They didn't have to tell him their story, for he sensed it the instant he saw them. Jim had to chop the tree down and cut it up into short lengths and then bury each section before he felt it would be safe to leave it, but with the man's help he did it in a couple of hours. Then, with the woman riding Rooster, they started for the station. Pretty cute way to get help, Jim thought, even if it did cost him a day's work.

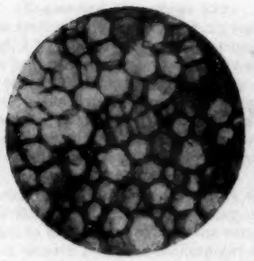
I'm gambling they won't try any more short cuts through the timber very soon.

AUGUST 18TH: Tomorrow we are to climb to the top of Coyote Peak to see the only lady lookout in this forest. Her station isn't in Jim's range district, but she keeps watch and ward over most of it, so he thinks it is his duty to pay her a visit. Mostly the men of the forest service don't get very much excited over her kind. Jim says they require too much waiting on. The district ranger has to see they have water and wood packed up to the lookout, where such things are scarce; also somebody has to pack all her grub up to her—things that the men lookouts attend to for themselves. Jim says, however, that the boys think this girl is a humdinger, able to take care of herself under all sorts of conditions and ask no favors of anybody. We start for the peak at daylight tomorrow, to be gone two days.

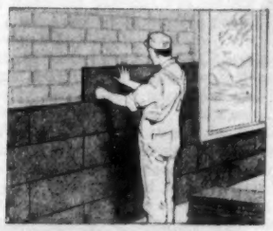
AUGUST 20TH: Coyote Peak is about 12,000 feet high, the last 200 a bold granite spire up which you make your way on rough ladders that at times are really terrifying in their opportunities for rude and sudden death.

(Continued on Page 225)

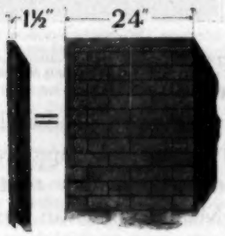
A Ranger Station in Wyoming



Cork is made up of millions of microscopic cells, each one containing a bit of air. These cells are so small and are so tightly sealed that the air in them is "dead," i. e., it cannot circulate. "Dead" air is the best heat insulation known except a vacuum.



Armstrong's Corkboard is strong, light and easy to handle. It is sawed like lumber. It is nailed against frame construction or put up in Portland cement mortar against brick, stone, concrete or hollow tile. Plaster is applied directly on the cork without lath.



One and one-half inches of Armstrong's Corkboard is equal in insulating value to a 24-inch brick wall. No expenditure will buy more comfort and economy than the investment in Armstrong's Corkboard Insulation.

Made in boards 12 inches by 32 or 36 inches—from 1 inch to 3 inches thick

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But in the house insulated with Armstrong's Corkboard, the attic is practically as comfortable as the rooms downstairs. Corkboard keeps summer heat out so effectively that even right under the roof it is much cooler than outside. And in winter the reverse is true; corkboard keeps furnace heat in. That's why the cork insulated house is easy to keep warm and comfortable with a smaller heating system and a quarter to a third less fuel. It is more uniformly heated too, upstairs and down, and freer from drafts.

If you are building a new home, be sure to line all exterior walls and the roof or second story ceiling with cork. The cost is not large and will soon be repaid in greater comfort and smaller fuel bills. If your house is already built, transform the attic into a livable part of your home by nailing Armstrong's Corkboard against the rafters and studding. You can thus add one or more comfortable, serviceable rooms at a moderate cost.

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S. E. P. 9

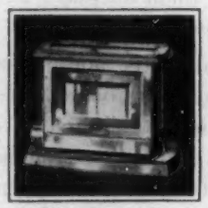
A Good Start

THAT breakfast hour—how it can wrench tempers already strained by hasty, sleepy rising! How easily this meal becomes sketchy, harried, without conversation or with only caustic comments! And yet how important it is that breakfast should be prepared and eaten with serenity and good nature—because breakfast often sets the pattern of the day! At breakfast time, of all times, the home-maker needs the assistance of those latest and most dependable aids to housekeeping—a Manning-Bowman percolator and a Manning-Bowman toaster.

Thus can the whole family get *a good start* on breakfast and the day! Set the breakfast table the night before, with percolator and toaster in place. While you are dressing, the percolator will be about its cheering, savory duty. When you are ready to sit down, your coffee will be ready for you—piping hot, richly amber, aromatic, just right in strength and flavor. The toaster, at the touch of a button, is ready to serve you delicious golden, crispy slices of toast.

Manning-Bowman electric waffle iron No. 1606. As practical as it is artistic. Price $15.00.

Many individual features prove that Manning-Bowman appliances are designed from the viewpoint of the woman who is to use them. On the percolators, for instance, is a safety fuse which automatically turns off the current in case you forget to do it yourself. The oven toasters average better than a slice a minute, for they toast both sides of the bread at once. The waffle irons make waffles of any desired thickness or crispness.



This Manning-Bowman oven type toaster toasts both sides of slice at once. Very handsome, too. No. 1227. Price $8.50.

Go to most any of the stores selling electrical appliances of the better kind and see these Manning-Bowman aids to modern housekeeping. You will find them so durably made and so handsome that you will welcome them as table appointments; so superbly finished that they will be easy to keep bright and attractive. They combine the most efficient electrical and mechanical improvements with the unusual beauty that has characterized Manning-Bowman products for more than seventy years.

Manning-Bowman electric percolators are made in both urn and pot types, and in a most pleasing variety of designs. This one is No. 31893, priced at $17.50.

While on the subject of breakfasts, let us mention that we've prepared an intensely interesting little suggestion booklet, "Bright Breakfasts." Send for a copy today. "Alluring Luncheons" is a companion booklet. We'll gladly send that, too, for the asking. Address Manning, Bowman & Co., Meriden, Connecticut.

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Household and Table Appointments, in nickel and silver plate. Hotakold Vacuum Bottles, Jugs, Carafes. You'll see them in the stores.

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Electric Appliances

(Continued from Page 222)

The trail up the mountain isn't bad, although I have seen better. About halfway up we heard a bell and around a turn of the trail came three burros with empty pack saddles. The lead burro on seeing us, stopped, threw up his head, swung his long ears into action and gave a loud snort.

"You, Jumbo," a voice from somewhere called, "what you stopping for?"

Through the air came a small rock which struck Brother Jumbo on the rump, causing him to start forward. At the same instant a slender youngish-looking girl came into sight. She was dressed in khaki riding breeches, olive-green shirt, long laced shoes, and on her head a broad-brimmed hat. If ever there was a picture, she was it, and a pretty picture at that. She was one grand surprise to me.

Jim dropped off his horse and as the three burros squeezed past us and on down the trail he introduced himself and me. She was very gracious; said she was Mrs. Wallace, and was on her way down to the halfway place on the trail, where she had a cache in which a freighter left her supplies once a week. Wouldn't we go on up to the top, where her husband was holding down the job for her while she was gone? Said she would be back by four.

At the foot of the real peak, there was a rough shed in which she kept supplies. Here we had to leave our horses and take to the ladders for the rest of the way.

We had speculated as to why her husband was sitting up there and letting his wife do the packing of supplies, but when we got to the top and stepped from the ladders onto the deck of the station we knew the answer. Her husband was a lunger, scarcely able to move round the little room. What a tragedy it all was! He invited us in, explaining his condition with a note of hope in his voice that he was much better and if he could get over a bad cold he had caught recently would soon be able to do his full share of the work.

AUGUST 21st: Last night Mrs. Wallace came back about sunset, after having loaded those three burros with supplies, driven them ahead of her up the trail, unpacked them at the shed 200 feet below and then climbed up those long ladders with a pack on her back weighing fifty pounds. Jim had gone down and packed up two bags of water for her. He said she had as good a diamond hitch on her packs as a professional packer could have done. They had two rooms in the station, one above the other. The upper one, reached by a stairway, was where they spent most of the day.

This room was hexagonal in shape, rimmed clear round by large windows which gave a wonderful view of the country in every direction. In the center of this room was a rough table on which was fixed a map of the forest, properly oriented. On this map was a celluloid overlay on which is a large circle divided on its perimeter into 360 points, or degrees. The center of this circle is exactly over the point on the map where the lookout station is located.

Over this celluloid sheet swings an alidade, balanced so it can be swung right round this circle. At one end of this alidade is a perpendicular range finder, or sight, with a small peephole near the top. The opposite end has a slender rod about the size of a lead pencil, which tapers to a sharp point on which is a small ball about the size of the head of a large pin. The whole affair looks very much like the sights of a fancy sharpshooter's rifle. When she saw a smoke she would sight through this peephole, swing the alidade round until the tip of the rod was in an exact line with the peephole and the smoke. She would then note the particular point or degree on the circle covered by the alidade and report it to the supervisor over the phone. Hanging on his office wall, that individual has a map exactly like the one under the alidade in the lookout, but showing the other lookouts on the forest or adjoining forests, each marked with a three-inch circle in red, with the 360 degrees on its outer rim beginning with zero at the north. In the center of each circle was a small hole through the map and the board behind it, out of which hung a light cord weighted at the long end.

If the girl phoned him she had a smoke bearing 320 degrees from her station, he drew out the cord from her station five or six inches and stuck a yellow-headed pin at its end. Five minutes later another lookout would phone he had a smoke bearing sixty degrees from his lookout. By pulling out the cord from this last station the supervisor could locate the fire at the exact point where the two cords crossed each other. There he stuck a red-headed pin which remained there during the rest of the season as a marker for each fire reported.

Jim tells me they can locate a fire to within a quarter of a mile by this clever system.

Below them, the whole world was spread out in a gigantic patchwork of hills, cañons, vast masses of dark-green timber, long yellow ribbons of roads, here and there a cleared field with the settlers' cabins snuggled away under the trees at one side of the clearing. Mrs. Wallace was crazy about her work and seemed to get a real thrill out of every little wisp of smoke that came up from beneath her. She could tell with almost unerring certainty the difference between the smoke rising from a train climbing over the pass twenty-four miles away or that which rose skyward from a sawmill hidden by the trees.

I couldn't resist asking her if she was not afraid when it stormed, especially of lightning. She frankly acknowledged she was, and that if she could do so in time, they invariably went down the ladder during a storm in daylight. But at night they simply "pulled the covers over their heads and prayed."

She was the bravest, prettiest, most undaunted girl-woman I have ever known. They were engaged while he was at college, and when he came home threatened with a breakdown she married him so she could give him the care and nursing the doctors told her he needed. Then they came West to live in the open for a year, and she, to help out their finances, applied for the job of lookout, a fairly new work for a woman. In their roughing it she had learned to pack, so she was able to take care of herself very handily, which did much to get her the job.

"Lonesome? My goodness, no! There's scarcely an hour of the day that some inquisitive tourists don't arrive at the top, all of whom must be entertained and fed."

Three or four times each night during the dangerous season she climbs up into the upper story and takes a sweep round the horizon with her glasses. Often a red glare shows up in the distance and she instantly calls up the supervisor far below her in town to tell him its bearings.

Late that night Jim and I crawled down that 200 feet of wabbly ladders and rough granite-bowlder steps to our camp below. Sometime during the night Jim pulled at the cover of my bed.

"Look up at the station," he said.

Away above us a brilliant starlike glow marked where, flashlight in hand, the lady lookout was standing on the deck looking out into the vast black abyss below her, on guard over Uncle Sam's wonderful forests. As I turned over to drop off to sleep my last thought was, "What devotion to a man and a cause!"

AUGUST 23rd: Jim has received a notice that his salary was raised $200 a year, beginning September first. Jim sort of swelled up about it, said something about his efficiency, good reports, and so on. I got into the game by asking if he didn't think the meal of fried chicken I furnished the super might have had something to do with it; also those clean white sheets and a clean pillowcase he slept in last time he honored us by his august presence.

AUGUST 25th: Jim and I were riding over the Wildcat Pass yesterday when we met

two men, both armed to the teeth. They saw Jim's badge and knew he was a ranger. Had he seen anybody passing through the country, driving six or eight head of horses, in the last two or three weeks?

"I'm the sheriff of Navajo County," he told Jim, "and we are trailing up two men who stole a bunch of saddle horses from a cow outfit down in the Verde Valley."

Now, one of the odd things each forest ranger and everybody else in the Forest Service from the forester down has to do is to keep a diary. Jim says it is the best training he ever had in all his life. They are supposed to put down all sorts of happenings—weather, where they rode that day, what they did, whom they met and all that kind of thing. Jim always carries his with him in his saddlebags, for he has so many memorandums in it he dare not leave it at home. Out it came. He turned over the pages.

"Yep," he says, stopping at one page. "Guess I met your man all right. Listen! 'August 13th, Monday: Over to Jim Bradshaw's to run the lines of his homestead for him. On the cut-off trail met two men, one white, one Mex, driving ten head good-looking horses. Two of them packed. Both men well armed. White man had one six-shooter on belt and another in holster swinging to saddle just back of his right leg. Just drop your hand at your side and it lit right on it and all hidden by your leg.'"

"That's our man," said the sheriff. "Did you see any brands on the horses?"

"Sure thing," says Jim, reading the descriptions noted in the diary.

"That's the very outfit we want to meet up with. What day was it?" asked the sheriff.

Jim told him the date and place and said the man asked him how far it was to Pleasant Valley. They were profuse in their thanks and rode on.

"That means I'll have to go to court most likely if they catch those chaps, for my diary will be mighty good evidence when it comes to convicting them of taking the horses out of the country," was Jim's comment as we left them.

My, I have a lot more respect for a diary than I ever had before! Jim said it was a very common thing for forest officers to be subpœnaed to court with their diaries to testify in all sorts of odd cases which they happened to put down in the record of a day's work on the forest.

AUGUST 28TH: Yesterday we went clear over to Spirit Lake. It's in the game refuge and Jim was suspicious that some of Jim Cart's sheep herders might be slipping over the line and stealing a few days' grass, for sheep grazing is prohibited on the refuge.

"Too many deer there now for the amount of feed that grows," so Jim said.

Funny, but I never thought about the wild animals—the deer, elk, antelope and mountain sheep—needing feed. Someway I had the idea they were like Elijah of old and were fed by Providence. Jim says they are, all right, but that Providence provides just about so much feed for the game in the way of grass, weeds, browse, and the like, and if it's all eaten off by the sheep and cattle the wild things go hungry and possibly starve.

The deer and elk don't live on air and scenery like most sentimentalists seem to imagine, but must have something to eat just like the sheep and cows. If they don't get it they simply starve to death. That's what these game refuges are for, in part—to save feed for the game.

We got home from the game refuge late last night, but it was a great day. We ran onto several bunches of elk; the old bulls with their grand horns are surely a wonderful sight. These elk were originally shipped down here from the Yellowstone country.

Once they had all kinds of elk here, but they went fast when the settlers began to come in, until not a single animal was left of the thousands that were here as late as 1880.

The Yellowstone shipment did well, however. Jim says there are more than 700 of them now, and if they don't allow an open season before many more years, and let hunters kill off a few, the range will be overstocked and some hard winter Mother Nature will balance things up with a general die-off. The elk cows were lovely in their rich brown coats. Some of the old bulls were almost the color of yellow gold.

AUGUST 31ST: Yesterday I helped Jim survey a homestead for a settler. The Forest Service allows settlers to locate on land that is capable of being farmed and the forest rangers have to survey it out for them. This place was in a little valley along a pretty creek. The man and his wife had been living there all summer, holding it down, while he worked at the sawmill about five miles away. Under a huge lone yellow pine near the creek they had a wall tent full of holes with a brush shelter above it, forming a roof and a porch. Here they had the cookstove, where the woman did all her cooking. A couple of packing boxes made them a cupboard, and at one side he had built a rough frame out of slabs from the mill, on which was their mattress so they could sleep out of doors in pleasant weather. He had a little patch of corn and potatoes fenced up with barbed wire, and a couple of calves were shut up in a little stockade corral. Their mothers furnished milk for the family. There were a number of good-looking Plymouth Rock hens too.

They had two children, and I felt so sorry for the mother; she had only been to town once this summer and up to the mill three or four times. She's a native, however, and seems to be content. Jim ran the lines with his compass and I helped him chain it out by carrying the pins.

What a lot of things a forest ranger does have to do! Jim says he learned to survey after he came into the service. The line was very irregular, because as far as possible the Government allows the settler to procure no more timber with his claim than can be avoided. He can get free of charge all the timber he needs to fence and build cabins, corrals and stables. Sometimes when a long finger of timber runs out into a valley they run the line straight across it and let him have the timber, but as far as possible the Government hangs onto the trees.

SEPTEMBER 1ST: Jim put in most of the day making a map of the homesteader's claim he surveyed yesterday and filling out a report to go with it. Says the man was very anxious to get his filing made and begin his occupation of the land according to law. Jim thinks it's too high to raise much of a crop except corn and potatoes, but that the man wants it as the basis for a grazing permit, for the Forest Service insists on every man who grazes cattle or sheep in a national forest owning a certain amount of agricultural land.

"Helps develop the country and makes more stable citizens," Jim explained.

SEPTEMBER 7TH: Jim and I have been gone a week over on the cattle range, where he bossed a lot of men hired to grub out larkspur. It's hard to believe the stories the cattlemen tell of the ravages done by this lovely purple flower that city people cultivate. They say that in certain larkspur years the cattlemen lose as high as 10 per cent of their herds from eating larkspur. I always thought animals had a sixth—or is it seventh?—sense that caused them to reject poisonous plants when they grazed; but Jim says that's a great mistake, for both cattle and sheep die every day on the range from poisonous plants. Apparently they do not know any difference.

SEPTEMBER 8TH: Our nearest neighbor, about five miles down the road, phoned that his dog had got mixed up with a porcupine, and wouldn't Jim come down to help him pull the quills out of his nose and mouth?

"It's a two-man job," he said.

(Continued on Page 229)

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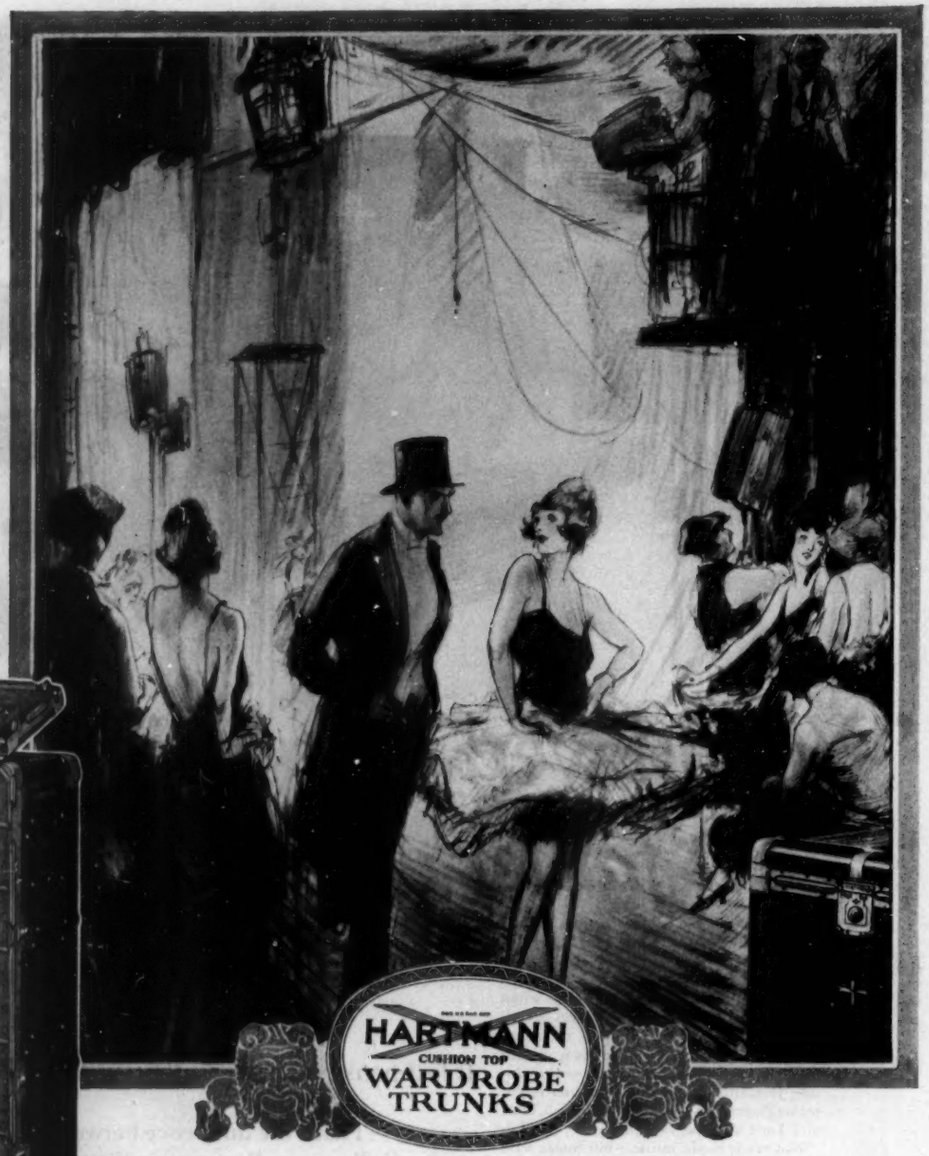

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BE SURE THE HARTMANN RED ✕ IS ON THE TRUNK YOU BUY

(Continued from Page 226)

We rode right down, and there was the poor dog, an Airedale, with his whole face fairly bristling with the quills.

"Looks like an old maid's pincushion," Jim commented.

The dog's mouth, tongue and lips were also full of the horrible things and he was so crazy with pain that it was dangerous to touch him. The man had been trying to pull them out with a pair of pincers. He and Jim put on heavy leather gloves, and as the dog was chained up, they had no great trouble in getting hold of him by the scruff of his neck, although he fought like a tiger. Then they slipped a heavy gunny sack over him so as to leave only his head out. In this way he could be more easily handled. Jim told the man to get him some penetrating oil and he brought a bottle of neat's-foot oil, which Jim said was just the thing. The man and I were both curious to know what the oil was for, but asked no questions. Jim poured a lot of it onto a soft rag and soaked the dog's whole head with the oil wherever there was one of those fierce little spears. The dog whined, but was reasonably quiet under the process.

"The oil will soften up the quills and they will come out with very little trouble after a few moments' soaking," Jim explained. "We will get them out of his head first, and then see what we can do with those in his mouth, lips and tongue."

Sure enough, in a very few moments they could pull out the quills with their fingers, the oil having followed the quill into the flesh, where it softened the cruel hook that comes onto each needlelike point as soon as it gets into the flesh and becomes a little damp. Ordinarily they have to tear each quill out by main strength. The dog rather objected to the oil in his mouth, but by being careful and patient they extracted most of them without much effort, although about a dozen had to be pulled with the pliers. I counted seventy-five in all, big and little. The man said he had learned a new trick for removing porky quills.

We had dinner at the ranch and then came back to the cabin by way of Indian Springs, where we found a cow lying on her back in the water trough. She had evidently been thrown into it by the horns of some stronger animal fighting her away from the water. Jim put one end of his rope on her hind legs and with the other end fast to his saddle horn turned her over and then dragged her out of the trough onto the ground. She was pretty stiff, for the water was cold and she had probably been in overnight; but she finally struggled to her feet and wandered off onto the range in search of grass. Jim's horse pulled at the saddle horn like an old work horse.

SEPTEMBER 9TH: Rode with Jim over to the sawmill to scale logs. Jim first has to mark the trees the men can cut, and then when they have the logs all banked up at the mill they can't saw them until he measures each log at both ends and stamps it with his marking hatchet, which has the letters U. S. on its head, about two inches long, raised high enough so that they can be stamped deep into the wood. Jim measured the logs and I set the figures down in his scale book, each log on a separate line. Then that night he had to make an exact copy of the record and send it in to the supervisor, and on that the mill man settles with the Government for the timber he cuts. Then we rode out over the cutting area and Jim checked over their stumps to see that the men had cut them at the proper height, about ten inches from the ground, and also to see that they had cut only those he had marked. The marking is done by blazing a spot as large as the palm of your hand close to the ground and stamping the U. S. onto it with the hatchet. Jim showed me an old cutting done before the Forest Service got onto the job, and the stumps were all from two to three feet high—a grand waste of the best part of the tree. I began to realize what could be done to save timber if you only tried.

SEPTEMBER 10TH: Just after we got back to the cabin day before yesterday the phone rang.

I heard Jim say, "When was she bitten?" and guessed it was a rattlesnake case. "I'll be right up in the car. Scarify the wound with a new razor blade—loosen the tourniquet for exactly thirty seconds and tighten it up again. Then have someone with perfectly sound lips suck the wound for ten minutes."

He hung up the receiver. Five minutes later we were flying up the road, Jim driving the car as hard as lizzie could go and I holding the case with the permanganate-of-potash outfit. At the lone ranch we found a dazed man and wife. Their only child, a girl of ten, was out in the pasture after a horse. A large rattler had struck her in the calf of the leg. She ran to the house screaming with fright. The man quickly tied a strip torn from a Red Cross bandage roll about the leg above the wound, passing it around twice and tying it rather loose; then with a stick he twisted it up until it sank deep into the soft flesh, stopping all circulation. Then they called Jim, who fortunately was at home. They had followed his hasty instructions. By loosing the tourniquet for a moment, a minute quantity of the venom would pass into the veins, which would be taken up in the blood, but so diluted as to be almost harmless. After the father had scarified the wound with a safety-razor blade, the mother had sucked it vigorously, as Jim had urged. He said the poison could be swallowed without danger, being harmful only when it reached the blood.

The child was in agony over the pain from the tourniquet and her leg was awfully swollen and almost purple. While Jim prepared the hypodermic for use he had me place another tourniquet about the leg above the knee in readiness to tighten when he gave the word. Then he drove the needle of the syringe three times deep into the leg close to the wound, injecting a certain amount of the liquid at each spot. He deftly loosened the lower tourniquet and after a full minute tightened the new one, which gave instant relief to the child.

Jim said if the tourniquet was kept at the same place it was very likely to end in a gangrenous condition due to the death of the tissues of the flesh from the coagulated blood in the veins. At the end of thirty minutes he gave the leg a second injection of the permanganate solution and every ten minutes he loosened the tourniquet for a full minute. In an hour he felt the tourniquet could safely be removed, and as it was dark we decided to stay overnight. It was too late to get Central in town, so we couldn't phone the doctor, but Jim felt sure he had done everything that a doctor could have done and we all tried to get some sleep. Early the next morning we got the doctor, but when Jim told him what steps he had taken he said there was nothing for him to do and that the child was undoubtedly out of danger.

I called up the ranch an hour ago and the mother said the child was suffering from pain in her whole leg, but that the swelling was much reduced and they felt she was safely over the danger point. My, but I'm proud of old Jim! This is the second case he has handled since he became a forest ranger. It seems the Government furnishes every ranger with a permanganate outfit for such emergencies. I wonder what people away off in these lonely parts did before they had forest rangers to call on for help and Forest Service phones to use free gratis for nothing. People back East think a ranger has nothing to do but ride around on a fine horse and pose for his picture at the summer resorts up in the mountains.

GO-GETTING THE RENT MONEY

(Continued from Page 28)

we can look through the front windows, make a rough guess at the contents of the house and draw up a blanket levy which at least prevents the removal of the stuff. A watchman is then placed near the house and if any attempt is made to take the furniture away we grab it. In most cases, after all this is explained, the tenant stands aside and we march in. I say we because no constable in his right mind ever works alone, even in the quietest and most law-abiding sections. The man with the levy is fair game, with a twelve-month open season.

One of my deputies is filling in now as a watchman. His left arm is in a sling. I sent him out to evict a colored tenant who had stopped paying rent two or three months ago. As a matter of fact, this deputy asked for the assignment when he learned that nobody else on the staff could get past the front door. It got to be a matter of personal pride with him, and he stopped at the house every day for a week whenever he could get in the neighborhood. He had duplicate keys, but the doors were all bolted from the inside, and his knocks and calls were ignored.

Finally the deputy began trying night visits. He reached the house at three o'clock one morning just in time to see the tenant coming out. The tenant also saw him and dodged back into the house, slamming the door. Mr. Deputy jumped up the steps and hollered to the man to open in the name of the law but nothing happened. Then, like a cautious constable, he looked up to be sure nobody dropped a brick on him from the second-story window. And just then the door was jerked open and the tenant took a vicious swing with a crowbar, breaking the deputy's arm as he threw it up to protect his head.

We didn't get that bird—this time. I sent three men out to lay for him until they lost interest. Get a warrant? Not much. Not while the juries in this fair land are being drawn from tenants. That's been tried before. All these powers I've been telling you about have been upheld by the highest courts, but they don't amount to a hill of beans before a jury. If that fellow had been arrested he'd have had nineteen witnesses to swear that he struck my man in self-defense after a wanton and brutal attack by a gang of us. I've learned to fight shy of juries, even though an old law book tells me of the constable that "if he shall be assaulted in the execution of his office, he need not go back to the wall as private persons are bound to do, and if, in the striving together, the constable kill the assailant, it is no felony; but if the constable is killed, it shall be considered premeditated murder." Maybe the attitude of jurors will explain why constables no longer attempt to enforce all their legal powers.

The Widow's Right

This point of view toward rent is a strange thing too. In the mind of the tenant there's no question of honesty involved. I don't mean all tenants. Doubtless most of them feel the same way about the landlord as they do about other creditors or there wouldn't be any houses for rent. But even these people seem to feel a sneaking sympathy for the tenant who beats his rent bill. I suppose it's a hang-over from the old days when our ancestors had to shell out to the barons. Even a property owner will often join in a verdict in favor of a tenant who is renting from some other fellow.

I've seen that spirit in operation. My office was handed a rent claim against a woman living in a small house in a congested industrial district. She was a widow, supporting herself by the washtub. That made good copy for the newspapers every time she had a battle. The reporters never saw her in action, and they overlooked the fact that she weighed 260 pounds. I knew all about her record. Whenever one constable met another with a black eye he would accuse him of calling on the widow. She had licked nearly every man in town.

Lots of poor insurance men and book agents had also felt the weight of the lady's right, being mistaken for constables. Her technic was simple. When she was far enough behind in the rent to expect a visit from a constable, and when there came a knock on the door, she would jerk it open suddenly with her left hand and swing the right. If the punch connected, the incident was closed so far as that constable and that day were concerned.

Well, I put three tough babies on the job and warned them if they got licked they'd also get fired. One of them rapped on the door with a blackjack, and then all three backed away, watching doors and windows. When the door opened they closed in, jacks and gats in evidence. The lady decided three were too many and pulled what looked like a perfect faint.

"Get the wagon," said one of the men, "we'll send her up."

"Not much, you won't!" said the lady, suddenly coming out of the faint.

By that time two of the men were in the house, and the tenant promptly borrowed the rent from the neighbors.

Now the point is that every other house in that block is owned by its occupant, and yet my men were nearly mobbed making their get-away!

Levying on the Wealthy

I've heard it said by old-timers that everybody is levied on if he lives long enough. That's an exaggeration, of course, but it's not so far wrong. Not all our work is in the poorer neighborhoods by any means. The most profitable end of it comes from wealthy occupants of exclusive apartment houses, who don't know any more about what's in their leases than the average workman. Nearly all these leases contain a clause providing that if the tenant attempts to move his furniture without the consent of the landlord or his agent all the rent for the unexpired part of the lease becomes due at once.

A certain multimillionaire got caught that way a few days ago. He and his wife took an apartment while they were rebuilding their own mansion, signing up for a year. One Saturday morning they took a notion to move to the seashore for the summer. There was no idea in their minds of dodging the rent. And if the owner of the apartment house had been within reach probably nothing would have happened. But he had recently changed agents, and the new man got panicky when someone notified him a truck had backed up to the door and was loading with furniture. He telephoned me. I told him the tenant was good for any sum, but it wasn't up to me to argue myself out of a commission. So we jumped out with a levy.

The man took it as a joke. He didn't have the thousand-odd dollars still due, in cash, and he didn't have a check book handy. It was after banking hours. My man suggested that he get a blank check. When that couldn't be done he wrote a check on a piece of note paper and my man accepted it. Then the rich man's wife, who came of a family that had been wealthy for generations, lit into my deputy and bawled him out until he got mad, tore up the check and started to seize the goods. Just where she got her animosity is more than I can figure. It took her influential husband a half hour to get her out of the way and smooth things over with the deputy.

Getting into trouble with the constable under those circumstances is rank carelessness. But the prize case of don't care is a certain noted professional man. I won't tell you what line he's in, but he has a national reputation and I suppose his income runs around $100,000 a year. He could easily buy the house he occupies as

(Continued on Page 232)

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(Continued from Page 230)

office and city home, but he prefers to rent at $175 a month. As far as I can figure out, his reason is that renting takes all the financial detail off his mind. He has a secretary, of course, and she could handle all the paper business attached to owning a home, but he won't even let her take care of the rent payments on time. He wants her mind free of detail so she can devote all her attention to his professional work.

Until a year and a half ago the real-estate agent was in a constant battle to collect the rent. If he telephoned, the secretary answered and the tenant refused to be bothered, and said so. If he sent a collector the man had to wait his turn and then get bawled out for annoying the tenant in the midst of his professional duties. Sometimes the check for one month was not paid until the next month fell due.

The landlord got tired of that after a time and eighteen months ago I was ordered to levy on the tenant's furniture. I went to the house and laid down the notice and inventory. The tenant was polite, but impatient. I explained that if he didn't pay in five days his stuff would be hauled away, and he thanked me for the information. When I asked why he didn't let me have a check for the amount then, plus expenses, he said he was much too busy. The whole thing seemed to strike him as a nuisance.

Five days later we drew up to his door with a truck. The man was busy with clients, but we insisted that the secretary notify him we were there to take his furniture. She did. Two minutes later she came out of the private office, drew up a check, took it back for his signature and paid us—with a smile. It was all done so quietly that a half dozen people in the outer office didn't know what it was all about.

Ever since then I've collected that man's rent by much the same process every month, only now he generally pays, rent and expenses, on the first visit. It all depends on his state of mind. If he is concentrating on some important bit of work he will stand there, cool as ice, and tell me to take the furniture. Several times he has run over the five-day period. I've taken the truck to his door as many as three times in one month, but I've never had any intention of taking his stuff. I know that once I get him with a free mind he will laugh, and pay me.

Professional Rent Dodgers

Most of the people I've talked about so far are either careless or occasionally indigent. I haven't said anything about the deliberate and perpetual rent dodger. This doesn't mean the type that will run out once or twice a year with a month or two owing, which is quite large. The losses from the occasional run-outs mount into surprising figures. But there's another type, and luckily it is not very numerous.

I've heard of two conspicuous examples, and one of them is now on my books. Both are women. One has the reputation of not having paid any rent for six years. The other hasn't paid for three years. Both of them have shifted all over the map, from one city and town to another, and both of them operate the same scheme.

In the case on my books the woman walks into a real-estate office with a newspaper advertisement of a house to rent, and asks for the key. Or she may see a rental notice in his window. House hunters are so careless about returning keys that most agents now demand a deposit, generally a dollar. The woman pays this and an hour later, if she likes the house, she moves in.

Sometimes a week passes before the agent hears about it. In busy offices it may be two or three weeks, or it may be only a day. The record shows that the key has not been returned, but the agent has duplicates. Generally he hears that his house is occupied when another house hunter puts down a dollar for a key and returns in a short time to tell him about it.

The case comes to the constable only after the agent and all his employes get tired hammering on the door. If the house has a bell, it is always disconnected the first thing. To my own knowledge this woman has succeeded in holding a house as long as six months, even when an order for her eviction had been turned over to another constable. She knows all about that front-door barrier, and the only way to get it open is to put a watchman on the house and have him rush the door when she is coming out or going in. Her furniture is carefully selected with an eye to her scheme. It is old unmatched stuff that wouldn't bring a week's rent.

When the constable can't get into the house the landlord is up against a tedious and expensive legal process through the courts, and of course he won't go into this while he thinks there is any hope of moving her by less expensive means. When he does start these steps the woman moves. Of course, she could be arrested for fraud; but that wouldn't give the landlord his lost rent. It would only add to his expense.

The New York Tenant Laws

In collecting through a constable, the landlord is not required to put up bond of any kind such as is required when he starts action through a court of record. He doesn't need anything but his lease. The new tenant laws in New York, as I said before, have blocked that avenue of collection. If a tenant refuses to pay in that city, the landlord may evict him by court proceedings, but he cannot compel payment of the rent by distress of the furniture through a constable. He may attach property only through regular civil-court procedure, putting up a bond for the value of what he has taken and suing out the amount.

That's the way all business claims are collected, and it is argued that the landlord is in a preferred position where he is still allowed to use the constable and the levy. That may be a good argument in some instances, but there's a lot to be said on the other side. Real estate is the basis of all taxation, and if you don't pay your taxes, sooner or later the county is down on your neck with a sheriff's sale. Rent is the only source of tax money. If the landlord can be forced to pay, why not the tenant?

From what I have said it may look like an arbitrary process. But the tenant has the same right of appeal as anybody else. That's the purpose of the first five-day wait. The law allows that period for the owner of levied property to replevy, which means that he takes an appeal from the automatic judgment of the lease and serves notice that he will fight out the claim in court. But to do that he must file a bond for the amount of the claim, and in some jurisdictions it is double the amount. The instant the bond is filed the lien on his furniture is lifted and he can do what he likes with it.

Most tenants don't know anything about that, of course, and I'm not helping my business any by having it published. For the constable is a commission man, a sort of free lance. He is paid only what he collects. The commission for collecting, which varies in different jurisdictions and is often on a private-deal basis between the constable and the real-estate agent, supplies only part of his income. More than half of it comes from the costs he is empowered to assess on the debtor. When the tenant takes an appeal the constable gets no costs, and since he hasn't collected, he gets no commission. Once in a while we run into a lay lawyer who knows all about this and harangues us about what he intends to do. But generally he changes his mind when faced with the cost of the bond and the fee of a lawyer, and finds it easier to settle with the landlord.

And while I'm on that point I want to clear up this charge that the landlord is a Shylock. It has been my experience that owners of real estate are just a little bit more reasonable in compromising claims than the average run of business man. They want what is coming to them, but

they won't fight quite so hard to get it as they would if they were in some other business. The psychology of that is simple enough. Every man wants to be considered fair in his business dealings, no matter what he may be getting away with. When you put him in a profiteer class, whether you are right or wrong, he is likely to go a little farther out of his way to get your good will than the fellow who hasn't been called any names. The fellow who goes the limit to collect every cent is the stubborn exception who can't be bullied into being thought easy-going.

There's one thing about real estate, however, that most people never seem to learn—most tenants, that is. They will move into a house before the repairs are made. I suppose 50 per cent of the claims collected through my office are due to disputes over repairs and alterations. The agent, or one of his young men, will make a blanket promise that everything will be put in first-class shape. On the strength of that the tenant signs the lease. Then the argument begins as to what is meant by "first-class shape."

Right here the constable earns his title as the oldest peace officer. He is in a position to act as go-between. Both sides will listen to him. My practice is always to bring about an amicable settlement where possible. First I convince the tenant that he will have a hard time enforcing any promise not written into the lease. If he seems to be a fair-minded fellow I tell him just what he must do to protect his furniture—put up a bond and fight it out in court. Then I go back and try to induce the agent to meet the tenant halfway on repairs.

Some modern real-estate agents will not rent a property until the tenant signs a separate statement in writing that its physical condition is satisfactory. Leases for small dwellings generally provide that the owner will make repairs, allowing for reasonable wear and tear. But in the case of larger properties the tenant most often agrees to pay for maintenance. The more careful real-estate agents are drawing up specific agreements covering the repairs to be made by tenant or landlord, instead of leaving it to the old wear-and-tear clause. Anybody who rents a house ought to insist either that the repairs be made before he moves in or pays any money except a binder, or that the agreement calling for specific jobs be written into the lease. A time limit also should be written in for the tenant's protection.

Who Owns a Piano?

Exemptions turn up some of the funniest cases I have to handle. Under the old common law a constable can't take dogs, cats or rabbits, and he is barred from levying on other livestock or articles while they are in service or use. He can't take a horse while the owner is riding or driving it, or while it is at a blacksmith's shop. Wool at the spinner's or cloth at the tailor's, wheat and other grains at the mill, and a long list of similar products which made good seizures in the early days are protected under certain circumstances. In addition, there is a favored group of manufacturers whose members have managed to get bills passed in some of the states exempting their products from levy if they have been sold on the lease-installment plan.

Pianos and soda fountains head this list. Furniture makers have made desperate efforts to get the same sort of bills passed to cover their products, but so far I haven't heard of any successes. Under the existing exemption clause, if a piano house sells an instrument on time to a renter, formal notice is served on the landlord or his agent, and a receipt therefor obtained, setting forth that the instrument is still the property of the piano house. These installment leases rent the instrument until all the payments are made, and then provide for the delivery of a bill of sale for one dollar. In event of default the seller can grab the instrument and hold title without proving it in court.

Once this notice is served on the landlord or real-estate agent, he is barred from levying on the particular article named. But that doesn't stop an occasional landlord from a little shakedown. A case of that kind was settled in my office the other day. I had been asked to levy on an apartment. The agent said nothing about the piano. Of course, I learned that it wasn't completely paid for. The furniture wasn't worth much, but the instrument was expensive. I called the facts to the attention of the agent, who told me to go ahead and mind my own business.

After I had the stuff in storage the piano people got on the job, hot under the collar. All I could do was to show them the order from the agent. It wasn't my levy. The lawyer for the piano house and the real-estate agent got together in my office and a neat little row ensued. It developed that the piano man had already collected $2000 on the instrument, the full price of which was $2500. If he could get the piano back, with his title already intact, he would be well ahead on the deal. But getting it back from the agent involved expense, even though the agent's seizure might have been illegal.

The agent, of course, denied that he had ever received any notice from the piano man, but finally admitted that a janitor might have had such a notice. The agent knew very well he could never get away with a public sale of the piano. He knew also that if he held onto it the piano man would have to spend some money to get it back. And finally the piano lawyer saw the light and did some figuring. He offered forty dollars for the transfer of the instrument. The agent tried to exact ninety dollars. They settled for fifty-odd dollars.

Political Duties

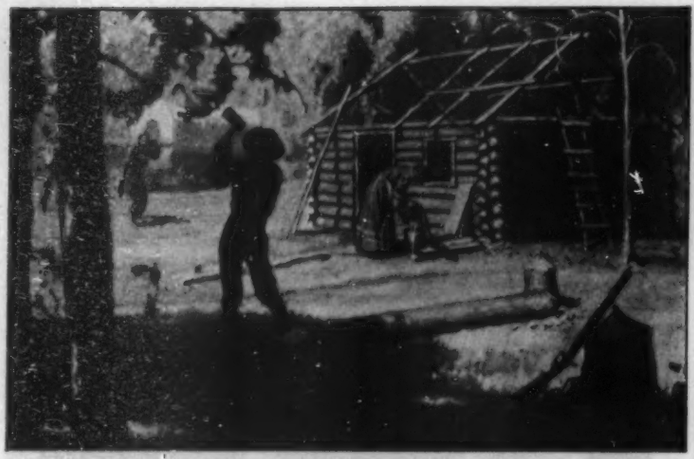
In addition to all this rent business, the constable is also the collection agent for suits instituted through a magistrate or justice of the peace, generally limited to small sums. In fact, under the law, the constable is also the agent of the court of record in a wide variety of cases. His authority is often equal to that of the sheriff within his own ward boundaries; the sheriff being a county official and the constable being elected in a ward or township or other smaller political division. Common and statute laws giving these authorities to the constable have never been repealed in most states, but they have fallen into disuse through the encroachment of more modern forms.

You never hear of a constable doing work for the courts in the big cities nowadays, although some of the country judges still use them. The law provides that the judge shall or may recognize a certain number of constables for the service of warrants, writs and other documents at the beginning of each term.

In olden days the constables seem to have had charge of juries. Special court officers and the sheriff have taken over most of this work, just as the police have grabbed the bulk of law enforcement.

In many districts, however, the constable is still the official charged with serving notice of election on the successful candidate for public office. For this he is given a fee of twenty cents. And in nearly all districts he is still charged with reporting to the courts after each election whether the balloting was peaceful. Also the constable has far more power than any police official in maintaining order around the polls. This is often abused by politicians who want to unseat election boards and can induce henchmen constables to take a chance on stretching their authority.

Nearly every commonwealth that has established a state-police force has recognized the wide legal authority of the constable by special acts making the state cops constables or deputy constables. That was first done in Pennsylvania and nearly all the other states have followed suit. That's one reason why the state trooper is able to accomplish more than the average



city cop. It is a question of responsibility. The constable's office is hedged about with a lot of restrictions. He must be a freeholder or give bond in varying sums, and while the law protects him in the honest discharge of his duties, it provides swift punishment if he overreaches.

That also helps to explain why the office is being superseded by more modern forms in which the law-enforcement officer carries less personal responsibility. Away back in Colonial days, and long before that in England, the office of constable got to be entirely too burdensome at times. This led to the passage of a lot of special laws designed to compel a man to serve after he had been elected or to provide a deputy. Under Edward I, a statute required every man to have in his house "harness for to keep the peace," and specified the kind of armor meant. It also provided that "in every hundred and franchise, two constables shall be elected to make the view of armor." In England the constable still has military duties when the militia is called out.

If American constables tried to enforce all their legal powers there'd be a revolution in no time. For example, I know of one statute that solemnly authorizes the constable to lock up a tenant or other creditor on whom a levy has been served if public sale of his property fails to pay the whole amount due, and to keep him in jail until the judgment is paid. That statute has never been repealed, and there are cases on record right here in the United States of men imprisoned for debt, if anybody wanted to look them up—recent cases, too, but rare, of course. As a rule the constable either doesn't know anything about things like this, or he takes the law with a grain of salt. Yet here's what you can find in Mack and Hale's Corpus Juris:

"The ordinary constable is the most ancient peace officer known, and was by various names, but substantially identical forms, the legal head of the community for the purpose of enforcing the peace. Until conservators of the peace were appointed, he had during most of the time nearly all the authority afterward conferred on them. The watchman and other persons from time to time provided for by statute, and now represented by the police, were usually legally subordinate and to some extent under his direction. Most arrests were made by him or under his supervision. The office was an onerous one, and in process of time became more troublesome than pleasant, and met with the treatment which all offices meet which deal with the handling of rogues and vagabonds, but it has never ceased to be important and responsible. And it is remarkable as the one office which, in all the mutations of prerogative, has continued since the times long prior to the Conquest an office filled by popular choice for the preservation of the peace in the territory of its constituents."

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September 19, 1925

Cover Design by Norman Rockwell

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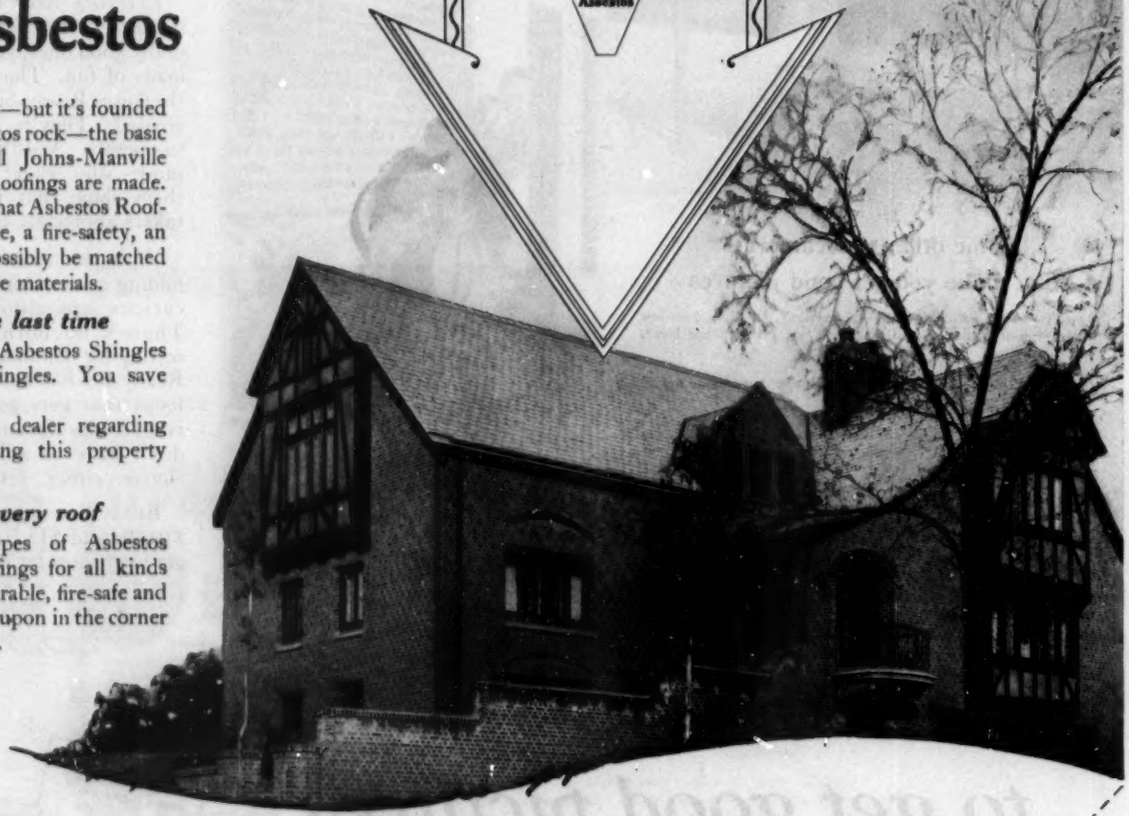

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