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5c. THE COPY
10c. in Canada

Susan Meriwether Boogher—Hugh MacNair Kahler—Sam Hellman
Albert J. Beveridge—Will Levington Comfort—Lucy Stone Terrill


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DOLLS

By SUSAN MERIWETHER BOOGHER

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

VIVIEN TOWERS lifted the mouthpiece of the speaking tube to her lips. "Drive home through the park," she directed, and turned her attention again to the traffic of Fifth Avenue, of which she was a part.

They were stalled now at Forty-second Street, waiting with innumerable other vehicles for the bronze traffic tower to flash its proper signal for starting. Vivien's eyes rested on the white library building at her left; its loveliness of proportion invariably filled her with joy. As her gaze lifted along its façade to the gracious roof her joy was as definite as physical sensation.

Then she saw a woman mounting the lower of the flights of steps. The woman was sweepingly tall, with something in her poise of a wind-blown swaying flower. The lift of her head, the curve of her body from shoulder to instep suggested the forever-moving maidens of the Parthenon frieze. For an instant their undying loveliness of contour and line was identical, in Vivien's mind, with the woman's flesh. And then she saw the signal had flashed and that her car slid forward into the panoramic traffic.

As they crossed Forty-second Street Vivien's eye was caught by the sunset colors flaring along the broader expanse of western sky. The vivid light intensified the cañonlike aspect of the street. Against the prismatic stain upon the west its massed buildings and spires were like figments of design in some vast cosmic tapestry.

Vivien found herself thrilling with an unquenchable delight in the sheer physical beauty of New York. This late afternoon hour, when intangibly the city shifted its occupation and its mood from work to play, held for her an especial magic. It was one with the relaxation and the interest she delighted to kindle in the eyes of men who sat next her at dinner. It was so New York—all great cities, she fancied, put on at dusk garments of fascination and forgetfulness.

"You Aren't to Worry," She Commanded, and Passed Through the Door

For a moment the ancient loveliness of forgotten cities beckoned her imagination. She thought of Athens and Alexandria, of Babylon and Rome. She thought of the men who made cities; of the women who made men. She found herself lingering in that thought—women who make men. A recollection of the exquisite floating figure she had glimpsed on the library steps crossed her mind's vision. She smiled faintly—a secret, odd little smile.

They were passing now a tremendous building in course of construction. Vivien raised her eyes to count the stories that reared themselves in the red steel she associated with her husband's work. But the stories were too many to count in the moment's passing of her motor.

The name, Roger Towers Construction and Engineering Company, caught the tail of her eye, persisted in her thought as the motor bore her swiftly by. She was conscious of a sensation of pleasure.

It was always so whenever she passed one of Roger's structures, whenever she saw the signs that bore his name.

Her eyes were lifted again at the next corner to another of his enterprises. This building was nearer completion than the other; its steel skeleton was beautifully faced with stone. There was a note of Renaissance richness in the elaboration of its design that fed Vivien's sense of magnificence. It occurred to her she was glad that Roger was an architect, a builder of cities.

An impulse moved her to call and see Roger. Before she had time to analyze it she was directing the chauffeur to take her to Roger's office. When they turned downtown again she interrogated her watch. There was barely time to visit Roger and keep her engagement with the masseuse. But it seemed absurd to countermand the order now.

She fell to wondering why she had been seized by such an impulse. Perhaps it was because Roger had appeared so unlike himself last night. That was it—she had been worried, she realized, all day; she had been wondering what was the matter with Roger.

He had come in very late, allowing himself barely time to change for dinner. Had they talked on the way to the Addingtons'? She was unable to remember anything about their drive down the Avenue except this impression that recurred to her consciously now for the first time—the impression of Roger's intense fatigue.

She found herself smiling wryly. The thought had come to her that she must take Roger for a trip and make him rest. The wryness of the smile was due to the memory of the last trip she had insisted upon his taking—a trip to South America, in which he had been terrifically disappointed and bored. But, of course, Roger was bored with any other place than New York.

She wondered how anyone could grow tired in New York; especially Roger, building buildings, building them higher and higher.

They were somewhere in the Thirties now, and she pressed her face against the windowpane, peering upward to count the stories of another structure Roger was erecting. Twenty-seven, twenty-eight ——

They had passed again before she could finish counting.

In a moment the machine had stopped at the entrance to Roger's offices. Vivien passed at once into the elevator, was lifted to the twenty-second floor. As she emerged, a white-haired man of great presence who sat at the information desk looked up and immediately relaxed to a smile. She returned his friendliness.

"How are you?" she asked. "And your wife?"

She was told Mrs. Mackey was suffering with rheumatics. Vivien was properly questioning as to what was being done; she even recommended a medicine she had heard well spoken of.

But he answered, "She tried that, Mrs. Towers. It really isn't very much good. Now what I think is this ——"

He was about, Vivien saw, to launch into a discussion of rheumatism in general, then bring up with his own and his wife's in particular.

She sensed the need for drastic action.

"I want very much to call and see your wife," she broke into his words. "Do you think she'll like to see me? There's a remedy I know of, only I shan't trust it to you. Men are far too busy and too occupied with big things to be reliable in matters of this sort."

She smiled at him with pretty flattery and passed quickly into the inner office. A boy recognized her with the glance of pleasure she was accustomed to, preceding her to the outer of Roger's private offices. Several typists looked up as she entered, making immediate note of her moleskin wrap, the perfection of her hat and gloves, the cut of her arched shoes. Vivien was smiling, a smile that included them all, and yet conveyed to each of them, as it were, some secret and personal message.

"May I see Miss Winters?" she questioned. And then with her invariable implication of flattery, "That is, if you think she's not too busy."

The typist nearest Roger's inner door rose at once.

"Certainly, Mrs. Towers; of course you may see Miss Winters."

Vivien smiled her thanks, passing through the door the typist held open for her. In the inner room Miss Winters, her husband's secretary, looked up, blinking slightly to see Vivien standing before her. In an instant she had risen to her feet. Vivien smiled.

"Please don't tell me Mr. Towers is too busy to see me," she said with childlike ingratiation.

Her hand touched the knob of Roger's door. Miss Winters moved hastily, managed to insinuate herself between Vivien and the door.

"He's engaged in an important directors' meeting," she said, and paused with what Vivien thought an odd significance.

"Oh, but I'm sure he'll see me," Vivien returned with an air of assured partiality; and then she added, "That is, if you ask him to."

Miss Winters regarded Vivien without speaking for the fraction of a second. She was realizing that it was impossible for her to be in Vivien's presence without the most conflicting sensations of pleasure and repugnance. Vivien was so beautiful, and so merciless. She was thinking of the terrific strain under which a man like Roger Towers labored; she was thinking that his wife was incapable of realizing his work, the meaning of his life, his genius. But she must, she told herself, conquer this repugnance. She did so in a distinct effort.

Vivien was quite aware of the impression she created upon Miss Winters; even she found an acid pleasure in the spectacle of the other's unconscious jealousy. She looked now at Miss Winters, struck with the fact that she was aging. Vivien made a rapid calculation—Miss Winters must have been Roger's secretary twenty years at least; twenty-five, Vivien decided. It was shortly after their marriage she had come to him. Lines were forming about her thin lips, wrinkles deepening between her eyes, habitually strained through thick spectacles; the hair at her temples had turned from gray to white.

As Vivien looked at her an impulse of pity stirred in her; she was smitten with the pitifulness of Miss Winters' position, the pitifulness of her relation to Roger. It came to Vivien that Roger through all these years Miss Winters had served him had never in all likelihood realized she was a woman. The thought evoked in Vivien's inmost consciousness an inarticulate but fervent prayer of thankfulness for her own beauty.

Then with a sudden little gesture, as if to cast off these fruitless thoughts, she said, "When do you go on a vacation, Miss Winters? There's my little place out at Westport; you might enjoy spending a week or two there. Mr. Towers says you're working far too hard."

The quotation from Roger was a sheer fabrication, but the sight of the other's physical deterioration was a thing not to be borne without palliation.

Miss Winters drew up her shoulders in a gesture of instinctive protestation; she was accustomed to Vivien's kindness, her generosity, her surprising gifts and attentions. But she did not like them. Vivien was leaning toward her with a pretty eagerness.

"Why don't you plan for a week there as soon as the weather seems settled? You've no idea how lovely it is. The forsythia alone is a thrilling thing ——" She broke off against the other's impenetrable mien. "Do think it over."

Miss Winters said, "It's very kind of you to suggest it. But I'm afraid you've no idea of the state of things in the office, Mrs. Towers."

"Why, There're People Who Don't Know Where Their Next Meal's Coming From, Whose Children are Sick, and They Haven't Car Fare Even to Take Them to a Clinic!"

Vivien recognized the thrust, smiled inwardly at her sense of invulnerability.

"I know they can't do without you," she answered. "Mr. Towers often says so."

Miss Winters, Vivien thought, colored slightly at this; for the fraction of a second her stiffness threatened to relax.

Vivien was conscious of a profound pity for Miss Winters. Then with an inaudible little sigh she told herself it wasn't her fault Miss Winters was ugly and growing uglier with years and work; it wasn't her fault Roger didn't love Miss Winters. With a trailing gesture, she allowed her wrap to slip off her shoulders. It said, more plainly than words, that she had come to stay until she saw Roger.

Miss Winters answered at once, "Perhaps you'd best let me announce you. I'm not certain whether all the directors have gone."

Vivien, with a gesture of careless patience, replied, "I wouldn't interrupt him for the world."

As she finished, Miss Winters' slight, shrunken figure slipped through Roger's half-opened door and vanished from her sight. She was amused and faintly annoyed that Miss Winters should halt her here on Roger's threshold. As she sat waiting she thought again of Miss Winters' pitifulness; of course, she must love the man with whom she was thrown in such close and constant contact. While Roger—a man like Roger —— She found herself thinking again of the pitifulness of women who serve men. Her reverie was interrupted by the sight of Roger himself in his wide-flung door. Vivien rose at once, passed through the door held open for her by Miss Winters' shrinking figure and found herself alone with her husband. For Vivien, her husband created always an impression of silk; one of the smooth, delicious-to-the-fingers sorts of silk. Her hand touched his sleeve in the little feeling shadow of a gesture. Now, as always when she looked at him, she saw the man of tremendous affairs, the man who was a factor in the world of men. She saw him so because it was so she thought of him.

Others, who did not view him with Vivien's eyes, might see in him the rather shrinking artist, the man so sensitized as to be timid and retiring. There was about him, except for the dignity he wore as kings wear ermine and trailing purple, something of the shy appeal of all artists, all who sense the beauty and the pain of life.

Today, beneath the dignity, beneath the outward air of the man of vast affairs, tremendous responsibilities, Vivien saw more startlingly than she had ever seen it the other side of Roger, the side she did not admit, the side she deliberately had submerged. For an instant she was conscious of a nagging pity; it was as if before her, uncloaked of ermine and purple, she saw the pitifulness that kings are. She found herself thinking, irrelevantly, that if she hadn't married Roger undoubtedly he would have been the painter that he had intended to be before she influenced him to shift to architecture and then to engineering.

An instinct of motherliness smote her with its stinging joy. The look in her eyes was as if she folded him in her arms, upon her breast. Roger smiled upon her. She knew at once that he was tired, that he had been through some unusual strain. Her instinct was to be as frivolous as possible, as amusing and as gay, and so dissipate the strain that hung in his eyes like mists of fog. For a few moments her conversation was a running sparkle of gossip.

"Roger," she said, "Nannette's decided to divorce Billy. Actually—think of it, after all these years! You see, she loves Truman and is going to marry him."

Roger frowned at the news, then smiled; he was regarding his wife with a quizzical squint.

Finally he said, "Well, what's so surprising? People do fall in love, you know."

Vivien made an outward gesture with her hands. And Roger said, "Of course, you don't know anything about it; your method is to let people love you."

The squint vanished from his eyelids as he finished speaking. Vivien was aware at once that he seemed less tired than when she first arrived, and was pleasingly grateful with herself for the impulse that had brought her here.

Then she said, obliquely, "Miss Winters looks tired and worn. And she's so valuable to you. I don't for a minute believe you could carry on your business without her. It occurred to me to offer her the Westport place for a vacation. You could manage, couldn't you?"

Roger said, "Not now."

As he spoke he moved his shoulders as if to shake off some imperceptible load. His eyes clung to Vivien's with something of submerged meaning in them. It was borne in on her again that things must have gone very wrong somewhere; when he was doing big things successfully Roger was never tired, no matter how hard the work. She wondered what the trouble could be. But she knew nothing of his affairs.

The high buildings that Roger built epitomized business for Vivien. To the details of finance she resolutely shut her ears. Once, when he lost a tremendous amount of money in a time of panic, Vivien remained thoroughly uninterested.

"But the building's there, twenty-five stories high. That's the main thing, isn't it, Roger? Anyway, how could you lose money on such a satisfactory building? Why, the closet space is wonderful!"

Something of this attitude crept now into her manner. She was thinking that even if things had gone wrong, she had passed just now building after building bearing Roger's name. But Roger was speaking. As he spoke a note of extreme diffidence crept into his voice. It was as if he had been guilty of some crime and came to her now to confess, to be absolved.

Regarding him with a sweet indulgence, Vivien said, "What is the matter?"

For answer Roger put his hand in an inner pocket, withdrew it holding a jeweler's box of delicate kid. She sensed at once that it contained the emerald she had been coveting at a Fifth Avenue jeweler's. But Roger held her away from the jewel, laughing now with complete loss of the fatigue that had strained his face and eyes.

Vivien pouted prettily. "Give it to me," she begged, trying to reach his upstretched hand.

When he had had enough of her pouting, his upstretched hand relaxed to her outstretched one, sprang open the lid of the box. Upon a cushion of velvet lay the gleaming emerald. A cry of delight escaped her lips. She lifted the ring from its cushion, held it against the light. Its setting was a miracle of delicate loveliness; the prongs that held it were incrusted with the most infinitesimal diamonds.

"You put it on, dear," Vivien said.

Roger took the bauble, waited a moment for her hand to be free of its long glove, then he slipped it on her finger. Vivien held it above her eyes, shifting it this way and that for the light to catch upon the emerald's facets.

"It's lovely! Lovelier than it was in the shop!" And then she said, "But, Roger, darling, ought you to have bought it? I thought the old unions were—what is it they do?—eating up all your profits." Her voice held a note of running laughter.

Roger answered, "That's the reason I bought it. For all I know, I'll be broke this time next week. It was a satisfaction to stop at the jeweler's and buy this."

Her arms flung round his neck at the words. It seemed to her this was the profoundest compliment she had ever had—that Roger should buy her an emerald because he was desperate about business.

"You like recklessness as much as I do!" she exclaimed with shining eyes. "Roger, I love the emerald!"

He smiled at her. But she noted, now the excitement of presenting his gift had passed, that the look of strain crept upon his face again.

"Come home with me," she commanded in a gently dictatorial manner, "and I'll give you tea."

Roger shook his head.

"I've an appointment." His hand was at his watch to consult the time. "Why, Vivien, it's five and after already! Perhaps you'd better go."

He regarded her with unseeing eyes. "Truth is, things are pretty badly smashed today. The building trades have made another demand, just as we acceded to the last, which was utterly exorbitant."

Vivien interrupted his words with a kiss.

"You aren't to worry," she commanded, and passed through the door.

As she did so she glanced back, to see Roger as he turned away from the opening give by a barely perceptible gesture of his head a signal to Miss Winters to join him. Vivien nodded good-by to Miss Winters, who was standing beside her desk.

"You won't forget about the Westport place," she reminded her, instinctively covering her hand on which the emerald shot its green and subtle flame; and then she had passed through the outer offices, by the typists, who were covering their hideous typewriters.

Vivien thought a typewriter the ugliest of all ugly things; the very noise it made sent cold shivers up and down her spine. For an instant, as she bowed to the girls, she was profoundly sorry for them. For an instant she was profoundly sorry for all the women in all the world who hadn't men to give them emeralds—to give them beauty.

As she entered the elevator she glanced covertly at her hand. It was a flawless emerald, worth a fortune, and the sight of it, the possession of it, afforded Vivien an intense joy. She was exceedingly fond of jewels, and, unlike most lovers of them, she wore them with the utmost fastidiousness. By the time the elevator had reached the ground floor she had decided she must have a gown of cloth of silver with which to wear the emerald. When one possessed an emerald like hers, Vivien decided, one must feature it. When she wore it, it would be her sole jewel. She was occupied with thoughts of the emerald throughout the drive uptown. Almost before she knew it they were at her door.

As she entered the house Squiers said to her, "Mr. Leighton is here, madam."

Vivien regarded the servant with surprised eyes.

"When did he come?"

She was thinking that Leighton must have decided very suddenly to run up from Washington; she had talked with him last night on the long-distance and he had not mentioned coming to New York.

"This afternoon at four," Squiers replied to her question; "he's in madam's sitting room."

Vivien nodded absently, still occupied in wondering what had brought the boy home. In her mind was the nagging thought of that dancing girl he was supposed to be showering attentions on.

As she paused in the door of her sitting room Leighton Towers turned from the embrasure of a deep window, where he had been looking into the street. Only a single lamp was lighted in the room, and in the gloom Vivien was conscious of straining her eyes to catch anything that might be written on the youth's face.

He came forward at once and took his beautiful mother in his arms.

"Surprised to see me, Vi?" he asked, laughing.

Vivien released herself from his arms.

"I'm never surprised, dear, at anything. What's up?"

The young man grinned at her in complete camaraderie. But almost immediately the grin vanished from his lips and a slightly harassed look crept into his eyes.

"The truth is, Vi ——" he began, and stopped.

Vivien crossed to the lounge and seated herself with indolent grace.

"Ring, will you?" she directed, drawing off her gloves. "I've had my hat on all afternoon – fearfully tired."

The maid entered immediately upon Leighton's ring and relieved Vivien of the small hat, the long gloves and moleskin wrap.

As she folded the cloak across her arm she whispered, "Madam's masseuse is waiting."

Vivien nodded, seating herself again in the depths of the cushioned couch. She extracted a tiny mirror from her vanity bag, and holding it before her eyes fluffed the nimbus of honey-colored hair that framed the perfection of her face. After a moment she lifted her eyes to the young man standing over her.

Leighton Towers was like his mother in an oddly different way. He was tall while she was very short, but his slimness was as pronounced as hers; the gray of his eyes as flicked with black, as flicked also with some other, intangible thing—determination possibly; his lips were like Vivien's, too, curving and finely chiseled as those of Greek statues.

But the harassed expression was growing in the eyes he bent upon his mother, an expression of remote and surprised chagrin, as if something had dawned upon him that he had had no reason in his experience to expect.

"Out with it!" Vivien said, sweetly indulgent, as was her way with this young son of hers, as was her way with all the problems that confronted her.

Leighton's eyes shifted from his mother's gaze; a faint flush mounted beneath the clear pallor of his skin.

"Truth is, Vi ——" he said, and sank suddenly beside his mother on the couch.

Vivien's hands reached out in their languid way and touched his knee, so close to hers, as he sat half facing her, half turned away.

"It can't be murder," she remarked.

Leighton squared his shoulders in an imperceptible gesture.

"Fact is, I need money, Vi."

His mother's hand continued to pat the knee so close to hers.

"Money!" she echoed.

Leighton coughed deprecatingly.

"Hate to come at you again so soon," he apologized.

Vivien removed the hand that had caressed his knee, lifted it to stifle the ghost of a yawn. She seemed entirely uninterested in the obvious chagrin of the young man.

"Money? Why, of course! How much, dear?"

Leighton rose to his feet; his fingers strayed to his collar as if to ease some choking sensation.

"Oh," he said with too definite casualness, "four or five thousand if it's convenient."

Vivien smoothed an invisible wrinkle in the crêpe of her skirt.

"I've no idea, you know, what's in my bank. I've never learned to balance my account." She lifted laughing eyes to Leighton's. "It's sometimes cramping to my expenditures—never knowing how much's there."

Leighton said, "I'll balance it for you now."

"It's in a fearful mess. Your father hasn't looked at it for months; he usually has it done for me." She rose as she finished speaking and put a hand on either of Leighton's shoulders, lifting her face to look squarely into his. "What's the money for?" she asked.

Leighton's hands raised themselves to cover Vivien's small ones.

"Don't ask, Vi."

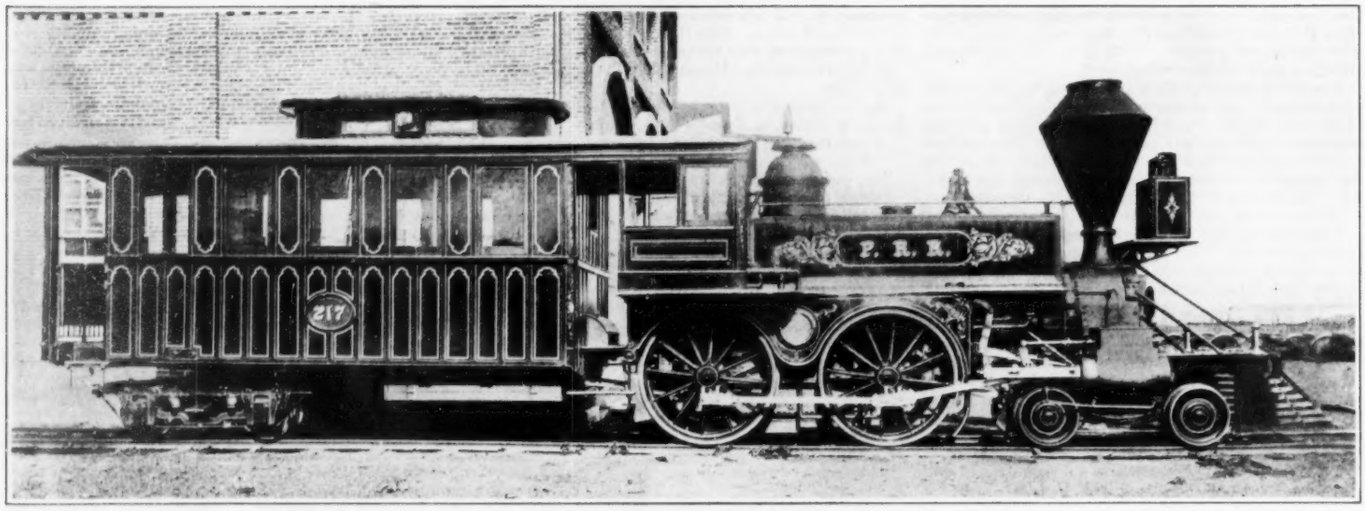
Vivien shrugged indifferently and lowered her hands.

"The trouble is," she said, "one hears things. I'm afraid a rising young diplomat like you can't—well, can't indulge a taste for the theater without setting the world to talking. And Caprice Dell is, you know, rather a prominent person."

(Continued on Page 90)

Presently the Sobs Subsided, Presently There Was Quiet Upon the Prone Figure Beside Her

STEADY AS SHE GOES



A Locomotive Built at Altoona in 1866

By Albert J. Beveridge

STEADY as she goes—that is the word of progress and wisdom in our handling of our railway problem. On the horizon are signs of fair weather. At last it begins to look as though we may be starting to make headway out of troubled waters.

We have entered a new phase in the evolution of American railways. We must go forward with it. The old methods do not fit present conditions, the old language and labels are out of date—mere patter of a bygone day, like the mumblings of some ancient about the wrongs or glories of the past.

This is 1924, not 1890 or 1900, nor yet 1910. We have advanced, are advancing, always will advance. When we stop we die. All this is true of our railway development, which is interwoven with our national growth, and upon which our individual and collective well-being depends more than upon any other single agency of progress.

Since, in the end, public opinion must settle the railway and every other question, let us, in a friendly and intelligent manner, talk over the outstanding and simpler elements of steam transportation. In considering the matter our state of mind is vitally important. If we take up a question with a fixed idea in our heads we might as well not take it up at all. So let us be fair-minded, intent only on truth and sound judgment, hopeful of finding wise solutions and determined to find them.

Mere handying of outworn catchwords, mere shouting of now meaningless slogans, mere quarreling over extinct conditions, mere denunciation of obsolete practices, mere abuse of men long since in their graves—all that sort of thing does not get us anywhere, but, instead, keeps us in the jungle of mutual suspicion, hatred, ill-being and reaction. So with eyes to the front and wholesome feeling of cordial coöperation in promoting the common good, let us consider what is the best course for us to take, the most promising policy for us to adopt in the matter of railway transportation.

Evolution

ALL of us will agree that railway transportation has been a matter of development, evolution, growth, progress. The railways were not suddenly created and placed where they are. Our present vast carrying system, though built swiftly, was built by degrees; and nearly all of it was constructed and reconstructed over and over and over again.

When Lincoln became President there were only 30,635 miles of railway in the entire United States, on the thin rails of which ran fewer than 100,000 light freight and passenger cars, drawn by 1000 or so feeble locomotives, the whole operated and maintained by about 150,000 men earning approximately $90,000,000 a year. Today there are, all told, in the neighborhood of 260,000 miles of main track, about 120,000 miles of side, passing and terminal track, more than 65,000 powerful locomotives, nearly 2,500,000 heavy freight and passenger cars, the newer ones of solid steel; and this system, nation-wide in extent, requires for its maintenance and operation not far from 2,000,000 employes earning approximately $3,000,000,000 every year.

One of the little locomotives that took Lincoln from Springfield to Washington in 1861 could not even move a loaded freight train of today, could not so much as jar it; and could not pull ten fully loaded cars even five miles an hour.

More freight is now hauled, more passengers now carried in a single week than were transported in an entire year by the embryo railways of the '60's.

These facts make plain the marvelous expansion of American railways and of the American people, too; yet they give but a faint idea of the innumerable, complicated and delicate phases of American railway transportation at present as contrasted with the few and simple elements of that subject when the Civil War broke out.

Luckily for us we do not have to confuse our minds with these perplexing details, gravely important as all of them are; that is work for our lawmakers. All that citizens need understand is the fundamentals of any problem in order to form a sound opinion about it and determine upon a sensible general policy. If busy people were required to go into the intricacies of almost any economic division of our amazingly complicated modern life, democracy would break down, because ordinary men and women, absorbed in their day's work, simply cannot do it; they have no time to do it. But the average person can easily comprehend the big plain outlines of any subject whatever; and in this basic fact are our safety and salvation.

Questionable Practices of the Past

THERE have been two distinct and clearly marked periods in American railway development, and we have now entered upon the third stage of this evolution. Each of these phases of progress was natural, inevitable and, in that sense, necessary; but in each of them evils grew up, as appears to be the way with human affairs.

Roughly speaking, the first era of railway development may be called the period of construction. It lasted more than a generation after the end of the Civil War. The supreme need of the country was quick and cheap transportation; and the building of railways was the passionate desire and demand of the people. Encouragement was the spirit of the times. So came decades of railway building such as the world never had seen and never can see again. Thus appeared the miracle of the peopling of a continent and the consolidation of a nation within the span of a single human lifetime.

But during these wonderful years of railway expansion, and especially in the latter part of them, certain methods were employed that the people began to question—excessive stock-watering, prodigious bond issues, daring capitalization of future possibilities, duplication of profits by the device of construction companies, rate wars, rebates, discriminations. These are of only academic interest to us today, since nothing of the kind is possible now without the violation of criminal

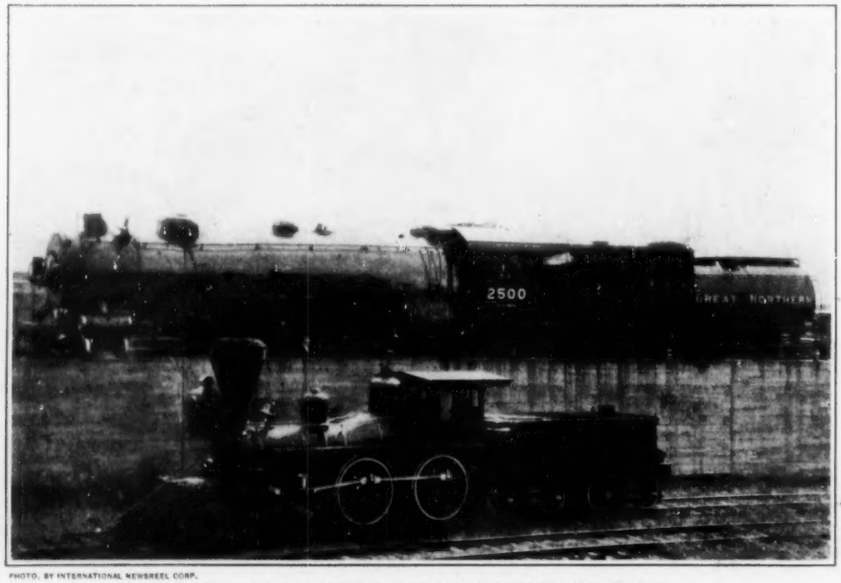


PHOTO. BY INTERNATIONAL NEWSREEL CORP.

The First and the Latest Locomotives of the Great Northern Railway

statutes; and mention is made of them merely to indicate the sources of the second period of American railway development.

Many students of the subject now believe that some of the things considered reprehensible today were useful and necessary during the period of construction. For instance, very great inducements were required to get men to put their money into railways at that time, particularly through unsettled or thinly populated regions the productivity of which was problematical at best. The risk was prodigious, the reward doubtful. It was all a matter of vision and of faith.

Our entire West from Iowa to the Pacific States was then believed by most to be fit for nothing but grazing. Only a rare seer, who usually was laughed at, foretold the population and productiveness of the Mississippi Valley itself—and generally even these prophets fell far short of the mark that we in our day have seen reached.

So men had to be given a great deal to get them to invest their cash in an enterprise so grandiose and uncertain as railway building then was. That fact was the cause of watered stock and overbonding; purchasers simply would not buy bonds except at a discount plus a heavy stock bonus. It was the same with construction companies and the like. In short, builders, promoters and investors—everybody, in fact—wanted to get all the profit in sight and out of sight.

Were they not taking the hazard? Were they not developing the country? In such fashion they reasoned and acted. And so the railways were laid down during the first part of the construction period of American railway development. And it is only just to admit frankly that the roads could not possibly have been built at that time had present-day legal restrictions then been in force and governmental interference then been practiced.

Popular Ownership

YET the greed, the insolence, the arrogance, the contempt of public feeling, the scornful disregard for the rights of the people shown by railway builders, managers and promoters changed the general good will into antagonism. "The public be damned," a Vanderbilt was reported as saying, thus voicing the sentiment of the kings of transportation. Sometimes wholesale scoundrelism was perpetrated. In such fashion the suspicion and even hatred of the community were set blazing—and political vote hunters fanned the flames. Then the final stupidity and wickedness: The railways went into politics! No doubt they did this in self-defense at first, but soon they corruptly manipulated political parties for immunity and power—a thing as shortsighted and foolish as it was undemocratic and inherently venal.

So came about the second stage of American railway evolution, which, speaking by and large, may be termed the period of railway regulation. Repressive and restrictive railway laws appeared on the statute books all over the country. Most of these curbed power, restrained abuses, prevented misdeeds; many of them were merely vindictive rather than remedial; some were stupid although well intended; and few if any were written by honest and capable railway men with first-hand and comprehensive knowledge of the subject.

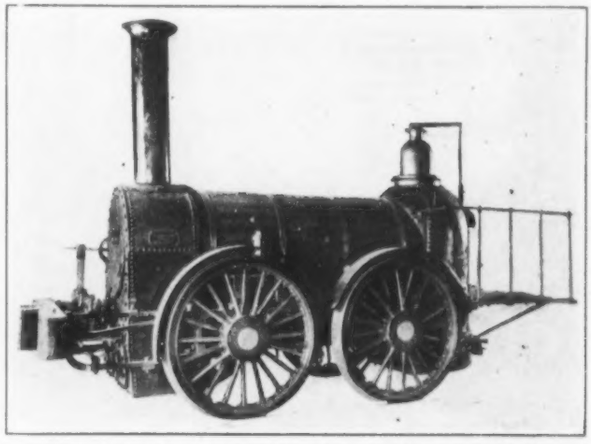
However, every one of these directive and punitive laws interfered with railway management and operation in one way or another; and a ramshackle, disconnected state and national government machinery was thrown together to make the railways conform to a vague but determined public notion of just dealing. It was hard on the railroads, but they had brought it on themselves. All things considered, the results were, on the whole, advantageous to the country in the long run; for out of this maze of hostile railway laws the broad and beneficent policy of public supervision of the nation's transportation has become a living part of America's institutions of orderly freedom. So we see that this second phase of our railway evolution was as natural and necessary as was the first phase—that this second phase grew out of the first, was produced by it indeed. And in both there was far more of good than there was of evil.

In like manner we have entered upon the third period of the development of American railway transportation. It, too, is a natural and necessary advance; it, too, was caused by the intemperance and excesses of the second period, just as that, in turn, was the product of the evils of the first. And this present stage in the growth of our railway system will be more inspiring and fruitful of good for all the people than either of those that went before. It will be known in history as the period of coöperation—the period of American railway systemization and establishment.

What is the existing situation? In the first place the railways are largely owned by the people—directly through stock and bond ownership, and indirectly through policies in insurance companies and deposits in trust companies, savings banks, and the like, a part of whose assets are invested in railway securities. The latest report of the Interstate Commerce Commission says that American railway stockholders now number 777,131; and Director General James C. Davis says that if the number of bondholders be added the total of direct owners of railway securities will probably aggregate 2,000,000, or about the number of railway employes. Including indirect owners, such as the policyholders and depositors referred to, the number of railway owners runs into many millions.

Moreover, the number of stockholders is rapidly increasing. For example, in 1913 the Pennsylvania had 86,212 stockholders, while in 1923 the number had increased to 141,433. Two years ago the Interstate Commerce Commission reported that whereas there were 154,610 stockholders in twenty principal railways in 1904, there were 627,890 stockholders in the same roads in 1921. Small investors have been buying old stock—comparatively little new stock having been issued during the period named—which, even of the best roads, has sunk to low prices compared with its former value. Obviously some former heavy owners of railway stock have been selling on a falling market. Perhaps high income surtaxes have made their investment unprofitable for them, as, in their eyes, hostile railway legislation has made railway stock unattractive and even unsafe. But the really important fact is the widely spread ownership of American railways and the large and steady increase in the number of railway stockholders.

In the next place the dray horse of the nation, as Director General Davis aptly and picturesquely describes our railway system, has been working on short financial rations for a long time. Not for fifteen years have even the most prosperous roads been able to get needed money by selling much new stock. This is vital because that is the best—in fact, the only thoroughly safe—way of raising funds for railway extension and improvement.



The Rocket, an Early Engine of the Philadelphia & Reading Railroad

New Capital Hard to Get

OF COURSE profits could well be devoted to that basic purpose, but, with some exceptions, profits have not been large enough to provide such betterments. Indeed, most roads have earned no profits at all for several years, and many have run at a loss. The favorite and wholly sound method of raising money for railway improvements and extensions accepted everywhere in the world is by the sale of new stock. This merely means getting men and women with money to invest, to put it into the railway business—the securing of new partners, as it were, in a continuous and continuing enterprise.

We must bear in mind that railways must have a great steady flow of fresh capital; the upkeep of roadbed, the building of new side, passing and terminal track, the extension of terminal facilities and, above all, the construction of additions and of spurs to main line, as well as the purchase of new cars, locomotives and other indispensable equipment, demand constant and vast expenditure. The part of this that cannot be taken care of out of earnings must be provided by selling stock—or by borrowing.

But people will not buy stock unless the railroads are allowed to make enough to pay dividends on that stock. The whole problem centers about this master element—the element of net earnings. The railways as a whole must be allowed to earn enough

(Continued on Page 60)

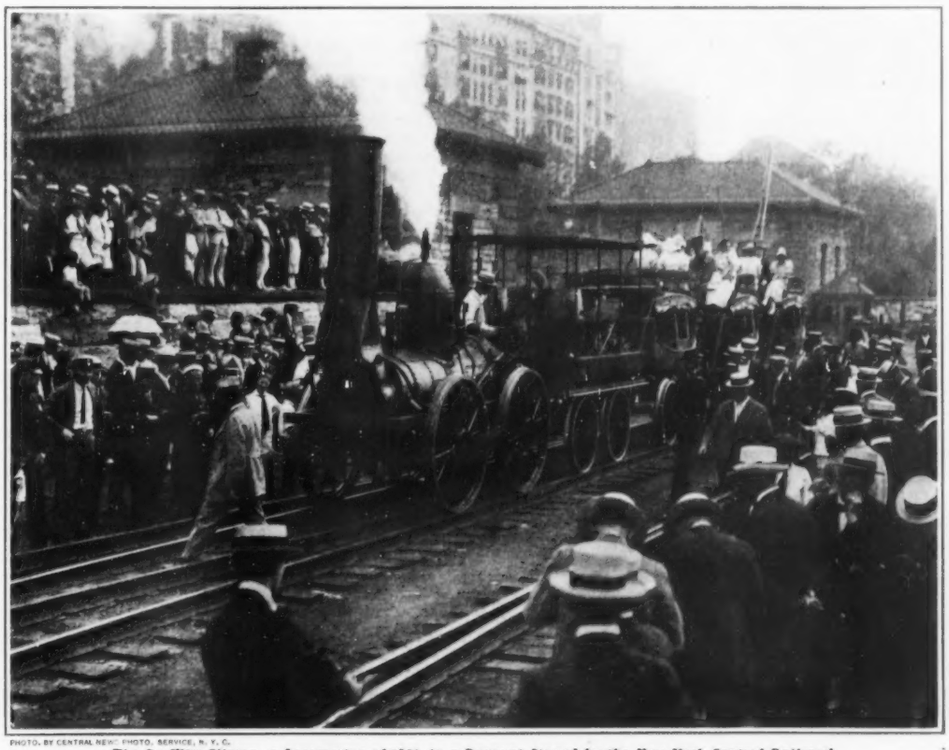


PHOTO. BY CENTRAL NEWS PHOTO SERVICE, N. Y. C.

The De Witt Clinton, a Locomotive of 1831, in a Pageant Staged by the New York Central Railroad

FACE

By LUCY STONE TERRILL

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE E. WOLFE

"I Had Such Faith in You—Such Perfectly Wonderful Faith, Because You're So Much Like——"

THREE men were watching the woman who looked like a hibiscus flower as her scarlet gown with its flaring five-scalloped skirt swirled petal-like about her. She was dancing with a stout young chap from the Dutch legation. They made one of the seven surviving couples on the roof of the Hotel de Pekin.

"It's three o'clock in the morning, we've danced the whole night through," lamented the music. It very nearly was, and they very nearly had. The orchestra—a mosaic of Latin, Slav and Anglo-Saxon—had played encore after encore; the old Russian pianist drooped wearily but willingly over the keys, his scraggly beard almost touching the board; the German cellist, sleepy and sullen, mechanically pulled forth his mercenary melody; likewise the dapper French master of the saxophone. Only the violin sang sweetly and serenely with all awareness of its part in life and love and pleasure. For the violinist, his face aflame with the ardor of old Italy, was watching the woman in the scarlet gown. He had flirted with her on the steamer between Hong-Kong and Shanghai several months before. And now, though her silver-slippered feet unerringly followed the erratic course of her stout partner, her eyes sent promises to the ardent Roman whose gaze pursued her with the undisturbed persistence of a bee seeking a wind-blown blossom.

The second man who watched her, however, she ignored with an obvious discrimination. He was a flushed young fellow sitting alone under the potted forest of palms at the end of the roof garden. His table was empty; the liquor-soiled cloth sprawled crookedly upon it, blown by the dry night wind, but the Chinese boy had departed hastily upon Trent's arrival for that which is indigenous to all tenanted tables in Peking. Larry Trent never ordered his drinks, anywhere. Every boy, everywhere, knew him and lost no time in procuring permanent Scotch-and-sodas for him. He usually sat at this same table at the far end of the dancing floor, and frequently the little scarlet-and-silver dancer who was swirling about in the arms of the hearty Hollander had companioned him. He watched her now contemptuously. He knew that she had seen him come to the table, though she pretended otherwise. He saw that she was flirting with the "wop" in the orchestra, and he sneered. He sat and waited; and drank, and watched her.

Douglas Allbright was watching her, too; but not because he had ever flirted with her or had ever seen her before. He watched her with uncharitable comprehension and in merciless comparison with Helen Castle, who was dancing with his host, Jimmie Craig. He could not get a clear view of her face, but she commanded his attention. And he resented any sort of compulsion.

"Damn it! What you doing?" he muttered, for no reason, to the Chinese boy, who was doing nothing. He was edgy; many men are, in Peking. He regretted now that he had not himself claimed Helen for this dance, but he had not wanted young Craig to surmise his tumult of emotions. He thought of Helen—who was to be his wife if her love lived through the thing that must be told her; he thought of Helen, whose kisses were less than an hour old on his lips—but he looked at the other woman. The other woman was no more like Helen Castle than a shiny thing is like a shining thing. She was as bright as a Christmas-tree ornament; the silver girdle glistered on her scarlet gown; her slippers glistened; so did her bright gray eyes—they shone like new silver under her black narrow brows. Her black hair was banded down smoothly in so new a fashion as to be startling. It was brilliant hair, like jet.

Helen Castle, too, had gray eyes and black hair; but her eyes were the cool soft gray of twilight clouds, and her hair was a dusky black, without luster. It had a loose natural wave which, though she twisted it in unstudied coils over her head, gave it the appearance of being carefully coiffured. She wore a sleeveless gray gown that fell straight and softly to the top of her gray slippers. She was taller than the girl in silver and scarlet, more stately but less graceful, older seeming.

"Jimmie, can't we compromise on a one-step?" she was protesting to her stalwart young partner. "Really, one-stepping would be easier than fox-trotting to this waltz."

"Well, confound it all, Helen, you know I can't waltz! What did you drag me out here for, anyway? We might have stayed put and had another cocktail."

"Oh, we've had plenty of cocktails. Besides, I wanted to—to get away for a minute."

This was acceptably comprehensive to Jimmie, as it is comprehensive to any man of thirty-one that all women should wish to escape the companionship of all other men for his own. Moreover, Jimmie, confident in his lifelong association with Helen Castle, considered himself her especially ordained chaperon and adviser during her uncle's absence from Peking, where romance offers as tangible temptations as do the streets of embroideries, coppers and cloisonnés. Her uncle, a legation attaché, had been unexpectedly called to Tokio, their steamers passing, and he had taken quarters for her at the Hotel de Pekin until his return.

Jimmie and Helen had always known each other. In their earliest association they had played Indian in serene old Ohio orchards; she had embarrassed him, when they grew older, by favoring him at spin-the-plate and winkum parties; with their high-school days she had opposed him in impassioned debates on fire or water, coal or iron, Lincoln or Washington; and as their years progressed she had competed closely in college scholarship, thereby terminating any glamour of sweethearting which might have developed otherwise; for, as a woman unconsciously demands an element of mystery in the man she loves, so does a man demand supremacy over his loved one. Jimmie preferred his sweethearts to be prettier than Helen and less scholastic. But sometimes when a girl grew dangerously dear in the ensuing years as he traveled all over creation for a great oil company, Jimmie would remember Helen with a queer poignant loyalty of admiration; and he had asked no girl to marry him.

He had been immensely satisfied to present Helen to his friends, though he had felt a little apologetic to both Helen and quiet old Douglas for bringing them so often together, since Allbright preferred anything to women, and Helen

liked youth and laughter. It was because of this that he had made so efficient a martyr of himself when she had insisted on dancing.

"Well, there's no need inflicting a mutual massacre just to get away for a minute," he decided, taking her from the dancing floor to the wall of the roof, where they looked out over the crouching city, asleep in the moonlight, its yellow-tiled roofs gleaming here and there among the many somber gray ones, and its narrow hutungs sending up occasional weird night chants of levitous homegoers. Communal consideration is not a characteristic of the Chinese.

"I know old Douglas does get tiresome with his hard-and-fast opinions about every subject under the sun," Jimmie wisely and wrongly translated her wish for getting away, "but he's so confoundedly sensitive and he's been such a darned good friend to me that I don't like to tell him it's more than time to go home. I don't know what's got into him; he seems bent on staying until the last dog's hung. Thinks he's doing us a favor, I suppose; he's going to drop me at my compound on his way home."

Helen, having left Douglas Allbright merely because their emotions were miring them in inarticulate discomfort, found Jimmie's blithe unobservance provocative.

"Aren't you uncomplimentary?" she developed it. "Here I've been thinking him really interested in me, and you go and spoil it all."

"Spoil nothing. He admires you, of course. How could he help it? But women just naturally don't register with him. He's peculiar; I admit it. Nobody's ever heard him laugh out loud. A lot of the fellows don't like him much—say he's got a queer streak. And he is a cold-blooded fish; but, by Jove! You'd never know it to look at him now! Who in the deuce —— Why, it's Larry's little widow—Breta Banning."

She turned, and with quick eyes followed Jimmie's gaze through the scattered dancers to Allbright's table on the other side. Allbright was leaning a little forward, black, bright eyes narrowed, his thin lips set in a tight crooked line, his pale face—always rather pale for so robust a man—resting on his right hand as he sat sideways at the table. He was absorbed, puzzled, eager. His square quiet face, usually untouched by emotion, was now vivid with it. Helen shivered. It was like looking at nakedness.

She followed his moving narrowed gaze. He was watching the woman who looked like a hibiscus flower, the little gay giddy glittering dancer. And mingled with his expression of amazed discovery was something of the same humility that had been in his eyes when, such a few minutes before, he had taken her, Helen, into his arms and kissed her. It had been during a moment when Jimmie ran back to the lobby and left them on the dim stairway together, standing in the shadow of a huge Buddhist statue which guarded the landing of the wide dim stairs. As they had kissed each other her eyes lifted to the grimacing face of the Chinese god. Her emotions had reacted quickly; she felt chilled—aware queerly and suddenly of being far from home and, even though sheltered in the arms of this man she so surely loved, strangely alone.

"Oh, very bad joss," she had said, half laughing; "look at this monster leering at us."

He had freed her slowly, and together they had looked up at the fat figure.

"Not at all," he had told her; "in China, think as the Chinese think. That's the Laughing Buddha—the Buddha of the Future. Best joss we could choose, you wonderful and beautiful girl."

And Jimmie had come bounding after them, amusingly apologetic for his desertion. Jimmie had been in Shanghai the last two weeks, and little suspected what romance had wrought in his absence.

But now, watching Douglas Allbright gaze at the gay little dancer, Helen wondered, with a little thrill of apprehension, if perhaps a Buddha of the Past might not better have blessed them. She remembered, stingingly, that several times Allbright had spoken of telling her something about himself. "Oh, sometime when the time seems right," he always evaded. She had not felt that his confidence was to be about a woman. Perhaps for that very reason it had easily left her mind.

But surely an incredibly revived memory lit the eyes that followed Breta Banning.

"Why, good Lord," Jimmie was marveling, "she must be a hypnotist or something; or perhaps she saw him murder somebody. It is Breta Banning he's looking at, isn't it?"

"It's the woman in the red dress, surely. Who is she? Hasn't he ever seen her before?"

"Why, I d'no—maybe not. She's been here for quite a while, but Douglas was up in Mongolia when she first came, and lately she's been batting around on a houseboat party with Larry Trent—up the Yangtse, some place. That's Larry over there; the mad-looking chap. He's been crazy about her. If that Dutchman doesn't look out he's going to get his head knocked off. Larry's a tiger when he's drunk. They've probably had a row."

"Who?" said Helen, her every thought engrossed with Allbright.

"Larry and his little widow; she's got a real hold on the wary Larry. He'd have married her, most likely, if she'd been a bit more discreet. But look at Allbright, would you? Oh, hello, Wong. How are you?"

A slender quiet-eyed Chinese had appeared on the other side of Helen, coming so noiselessly that Helen had given him her hand and greeted him before Jimmie noticed him. He might have been a youth of twenty-five, except that in his slightly slanting eyes dwelt a knowledge from forty years of the unparalleled experiences met by this generation of Chinese.

He was dressed in a long, perfectly tailored gray silk garment, buttoning to his chin and following his body so closely that he seemed taller and strangely unfamiliar. His feet were in soft Chinese slippers and his ankles were tightly wrapped, native fashion.

It was seldom that Doctor Wong wore Chinese clothes among foreigners, and he explained to the surprise on Helen's face, "I've been attending a private dinner downstairs, given for some government officials from Szechwan. Our guests desired to see the foreign dancing, so we came up a minute before going home." He indicated a group of Chinese in native dress who stood near the doorway impassively watching the dancers. "I saw you here, and since it is some days that I have not seen you, I allowed myself the pleasure of coming over." Then, including Jimmie in his greeting, "Good evening, Mr. Craig. I'm very well, thanks; a little tired. Chinese dinners, as you know, aren't what you Americans call peppy affairs. Our guests are very fine men, but very old-fashioned. We had to eat a very great deal in order to get a little talking done. Mr. Allbright is indeed interested in the young lady, isn't he?"

(Continued on Page 77)

"Douglas, I'm Going Into Your House and I'm Going to Stay Until You Explain This Mad Miserable Evening"

DOUBLE-RINGER

By SAM HELLMAN

ILLUSTRATED BY TONY SARG

PETEY BARNUM was all wrong. Suckers ain't borned every minute. They ain't borned a-tall; they gets that way from buying newspapers.

Third-degree a editor lad on the why he prints the kinda hurray-hop that gets about fifty thousand come-ons all yenned up into forking over twenty-five fish to see a coupla spoiled coal heavers throw wild fists at each other and he'll tell you it's on account of his readers wanting it. Yah! You might as well slip a buzz saw to a three-months-old squealer because it happened to yowl for it, and then claim the kid come with only two fingers.

It gives me the snicks to read on one page how careful folks should be investing their dough and then find in the sport columns a big smoke-up for a biff-frisk with even directions on how to get to the set-up. It reminds me of a dive-keep out in Chi I used to know. This baby hired a copper to watch his customers' hats and coats outside and rented the roll-and-sparkler-lifting privileges to a slick-digit inside. And it also reminds me of myselfs and the Bogota Bearcat and the piece we put on for a run.

While I ain't so proud of the lines I had in the sketch, I'm gonna tell you all about it just so you won't get no ideas from the cracks I has made about come-ons and set-ups that I'm one of them smug-uglies that holds up his mitts in holy horrors over a shrewd boy coming home from the bilking with a pail of cream. Such ain't so. I've smoked up a few juicy gates in my time and it ain't for me to throw glass at no stone houses.

Along in the '90's I was handling Hit Me Clancy, a pug that knew as much about boxing as a snake does about toe dancing, but, my dear ones, he could take it. Smacks on the jaw didn't mean no more to that kid than a kick on the shins would to a guy with wooden legs. A jolt in the kisser, that woulda had the ordinary biffer asking the nurse at the hospital what day of what month it was, didn't even annoy Clancy. One of his cute tricks was to fold his arms and invite the opposition to break their fists on him. That's how he got the Hit Me monniker.

We done pretty good all through the West, but in Frisco me and him has a row over the cut of the net—that cuckoo having the notion that brawns should split fifty-fifty with brains—and he beats it East. I'm sitting around talking over some new boys with Pete Taylor, a sorta pest agent and bubble blower I'd taken on a few days before for the puff stuff, when the door blams open and in shuffles a bird that looks like a hobo outta luck.

"Nix," says I, "this ain't the day we give hand-outs away. Blow, bo, blow."

"Don't you know me?" he whines.

I looks him over careful. I never seen a guy with a meaner map or a mussier one. Most of his front teeth is gone and his smeller is all squashed out; besides, he's so dark I'd 'a' taken him for a dinge if it ain't for his hair, which is kinda red. I don't give him a tumble a-tall and I figures he's just working the old I-knew-you-when stall.

"The feet seem familiar," I remarks. "I used to be acquainted with a lad that had two of 'em, but the rest of you is news to me."

He acts sorta scary about Taylor, but finally he leans over to me and whispers: "I'm Joe Travis."

"The devil!" I gasps, but a quick look at the right places gives me the tip-off that it's him sure enough. They ain't no chances of going wrong with that tin ear Kid Tebbets hung on him in Omaha.

"Where you been?" I asks.

"South America," he answers.

"Doing which?" I goes on.

"Cutting cane," says Travis, "and giving hell a chance to show me its stuff. He all right?" and he nods at Taylor.

You Shoulda Seen the Fuss Them South Americanos Made Over Joe

"Yeh," I tells him. "You can talk free in front of him. Joe," I explains to Pete, "used to fight for me a coupla years ago. Got into a jam with the John Laws and hadda hop it."

"I remember," says Taylor. "Carved a bimbo up over a frill, didn't you? Ain't you taking a chance coming back?"

"Not such a much," I cuts in. "If I couldn't make him, how the broad-toes gonna do it? You sure got yourselfs tanned up some, Joe."

"Two years in the cane fields," says Travis, "ain't gonna peroxide you none."

"How about the beezer," I inquires, "and the bicuspidors? They was all setting pretty the last time I seen 'em. Been doing any mill work?"

"Well," grins Joe, "them wops down there didn't understand no English so I hadda do mosta my talking with my fingers—bunched up."

"Maybe," says I, "they don't understand English so good, but from the looks of you they ain't so poor at reparty."

"Reading," comes back Travis, "is responsible for the busted beak and also the missing chewers."

"How do you mean?" I asks.

"I read some place," he explains, "that one Yank could lick twenty of them señors. It's a mistake. Eleven's the best I could do, and they happened to be twelve at the farewell party the lads give me. I'm flat, boss. How about some fatted calf?"

"I'll stake you for a coupla weeks," says I, "but what do you figure on doing?"

"I kinda had a idea," he answers, "that you could frame up a fuss or two for me under a phony name. The disguise that twelfth guy give me and the sunburn oughta steer the bulls off even if they is looking for me in this neck of the woods. Yeh?"

"What shape you in?" asks Taylor, who's been listening quiet.

"Fine," says Travis. "I ain't hit no hooch for more'n a year and I'm tougher'n barbed wire."

"Whereabouts in South America was you?" goes on Pete.

"Colombia, mostly," Joe tells him.

"How many people," inquires the pest agent, "knows you is back?"

"You two," is the answer. "I beat it up the coast on a lime-juicer and we just got in this morning. I seen in the paper where you was, and hotfooted it out pronto."

"What you been calling yourselfs?" I asks.

"Harry Smith," returns Joe.

"That ain't your name," says Taylor; "and Travis ain't neither."

"All right," smiles the biffer. "You call it."

"Pedro Castillo," answers Pete; "better known as the Bogota Bearcat. You can't speak no English——"

"Who says so?" cuts in Travis.

"This," says Taylor, dragging out a ten-case note, "and a lot of its little playmates. On?"

Joe never was dead in the dome. He shrugs his shoulders and puts on a blank look.

"*Si*," he mumbles finally.

"So," says Pete. "Go out and get yourselfs some chow and a wash, but not no haircut."

II

"NOW," shoots Taylor at me, when we is alone, "how good was this Travis baby when you was toting him around? Didn't he knock out Tebbets in Omaha?"

"I'll tell your aunt he did," says I. "Smacked him through the ropes with a wallop on the chin that lifted the Kid a foot off his dogs. Joe'd be the welter champ now if it wasn't for his habit of frolicking with frills that other boys had staked out. The lad's like Clancy when it comes to taking 'em, and besides is got a short right that tells a bedtime tale every time it connects. Anyways, he used to have."

"Off hands," inquires Pete, "what condition would you say he's in now?"

"Not bad," I tells him. "He's a little underweight and kinda drawn fine, but he looks huskier'n ever. Joe never was much on the redeye, and from what I can see the rough stuff he's been through ain't done him no harm. What you got on your mind, bo? I sorta get the idea, but——"

"Don't bother me when I'm hatching golden eggs," cuts in Taylor, "but answer me these. If we was to black the kid's hair how many guys is they that could take a long squint at Pedro Castillo and say 'Hello, Joe'?"

"Eighty-six and three-quarters less than none," I answers prompt.

"That squashed-in nose has changed Travis' map so his own mother'd sick the dog on him. You noticed that I didn't give him a rap when he busted in, and I practically slept with Joe for more'n a year."

"One more question," says Pete, "and the witness can get off the stand. Did he ever fight in California or out in this section?"

"Nope," I answers. "Omaha's as far West as I ever got with him."

"That settles it," snaps Taylor. "Fifteen per cent of the first five grand, twenty up to ten, and twenty-five after that. Fair enough?"

"On what, why and which?" I comes back. "What you trying to talk about?"

"The gate, little one," says Pete with a grin, "and my split especial. Ain't you noticed the mint Travis brung us back from Colombia?"

He Pulls a Wild-Man Skit by Busting the Camera Across the Head of a Cuckoo

"No, I ain't," I comes back short. "I knows what you got in your dome, but when you talk about five and ten grand take-ins, you're cuckoo. We might get a coupla scraps for Pedro, but they'd be ham-and-egg prelims. It'd take a year, anyways, to get him outta the bushes, and I ain't got no desires to waste that much time with a lad the coppers is liable to grab off any minute. Besides and which I ain't so wild about getting in Dutch myselfs by hiding Joe out."

"Dry them tears and can them fears," growls Taylor. "I admits it's gonna take real genius and a potful of brains to put this over pretty, but I got enough of both for the export trade. Do like I says and we'll have a jag of jack in a little while that'll make a century note in the roll feel like a plate of beans at a banquet. Will you climb on the sled with me?"

I hesitates some, but this boy Taylor's word walloping finally gets me for the count and I agrees to let him try his act out. It ain't that I ain't never been in no frames before, but I don't see the quick change in this skit like Pete does. I flops chiefly because Clancy's beating it has left me with nothing much to do.

I ain't no sooner said yes when Travis comes back. He's set hisself up to a wash behind the cauliflowers and a shave, but the sprinkling and the lawn mowing don't make him look no more like the old Joe than he done in the first place. Funny what a change it pulls in a guy's phiz to turn a Roman nose into a sniffer that goes roaming all over the face.

"Who are you?" snaps Taylor at him quick.

Travis ain't to be caught. He grins like a simp and spills something that sounds like "no comprapa."

"Good," says Pete. "Now listen, and I'll tell you something about yourselfs. You're Pedro Castillo and you ain't even here. You're in South America. You're the champ welter down there ——"

"I'm catching your stuff," cuts in Joe, "but maybe you should oughta know they ain't got no prize fighting ——"

"I know everything I should oughta know," interrupts Taylor. "You've cleaned up all the talent in South America, and in a coupla weeks you're coming to this country. This afternoon you're gonna be took to a place out in the hills back of town and you ain't got nothing to do excepting feed up and get yourselfs in shape until you hears from me. That right?" And he turns to me.

"Yeh," says I. "He's the doctor, Joe."

"Before you gets out," goes on Pete, "we're gonna have your hair blacked. Let it grow long; that'll help put over the Pedro Castillo wild-man stall. That's all you gotta know right now."

"Wild man, eh?" says Travis. "I'll play along, but I don't see where you're gonna get any important jack outta lad coming up from South America without no reputation."

"If you could," yelps Taylor, "you'd 'a' had brains enough to keep outta barroom cutting scrape. Stick to your fists, kid, and let me do my stuff. We is developed different, you below and me above the shoulders. Do like you're told and you'll have enough smackers in a year or so to have that guy you hamburgered back in Omaha indicted for attacking your knife with his ribs."

"How you gonna split with me?" asks Travis. The boy was always-kinda McTavish about dough, and his troubles ain't cured him none.

"Three ways," answers Taylor. "Me and the boss, of course, gets the long end of the gate receipts ——"

"Yeh," cuts in Joe. "Like the feller says—you gets the receipts and I gets the gate. I gotta make some dough quick."

"Don't worry," says I, soothing. "If Taylor's act goes over big, and I got a idea it maybe will, you'll be wearing diamond-studded shoe laces. Ain't I always treated you square?"

"All right," comes back Joe, "but without no reputation ——"

"Who," shoots Pete, "says you ain't got no reputation?"

"Joe Travis is got one," returns the pug, "but Pedro Castillo don't mean nothing."

"It didn't a hour ago," admits Taylor, "but as soon as the news gets to this country about what he done a month ago children will be crying for Castillo."

"What'd he do a month ago?" I inquires.

"Ain't you heard?" grins Pete. "Pedro didn't do nothing excepting knock out Joe Travis, the crack American welter, in one round at the Bogota Athletic Club."

"He did?" gasps Joe.

"Sure," I remarks, jerry quick to Taylor's bubble-blowing. "Don't you remember jolting yourselfs on the jaw for the count?"

"That's some snow-sniffing idea you got," says Travis, slow. "Think you can get away with anything that raw-raw?"

"Leave it to me, boy," comes back Pete. "I'll even fix it so you and Travis can hook up in a return bout in South America."

III

I TAKES Joe to a shack out in the dunes I been using for a training camp and leaves him there with a chink I got doing the cooking and such. In a coupla days I'm back in town and hunts up Taylor.

He looks happy.

"How's tricks, trickster?" I asks.

"Give it a read." And he hands me a clipping from off the desk.

They is a headline saying New Marvel K. O.'s Travis and under it a spiel by a lad named Luis Guiterrez, touted as the leading sportsman of South America, in the which he tells how Pedro Castillo made a bum outta Travis for a round and finished up the session by singing him to sleep with a lullaby on the jaw. From the rest of the interview I gets it that they ain't nobody in them parts that's got a look-in with Pedro, and the only way the lad's been able to get any action a-tall for the last year or so was to take on two or three guys in the ring at the same time. Oncet, I reads, he went on with four heavies and knocked 'em cold in less than ten minutes. The wheeze goes on to say that Castillo is coming to the United States and that I'm to handle him here. Guiterrez, it seems like, ain't got no interest in the lad outside of thinking he's a phenom; in facts, he thinks it so strong, according to the article, that he's left a thousand bucks with me to bet that Pedro wins the first fight he has in this country in less than three rounds and he's willing to let the Frisco sport editors pick the other guy.

"Whose thousand?" I inquires.

"Yours," answers Taylor. "If Travis is as good as you say, it'll be a cinch if they pick a ham to go against him.

"If they should shoot a top-notcher at Joe they'll be enough of a extra draw at the gate to make up the jack if you should happen to lose."

"Let it ride," says I. "How'd you get the papers to fall for that hop?"

"Choose your words, bo," growls Pete. "Choose your words. That ain't no hop. That's a real hot sport yarn these days when they ain't no baseball or nothing to keep the page going. I just happened to run into this lad Guiterrez over at the Palace. He tells me about this Castillo baby, and right away I thinks of my newspaper friends and fixes up a interview for 'em. They ain't done thanking me yet. It was lucky for them that I happened to meet up with Luis. He left for Paris right after talking to me. I got another good yarn for the boys tonight."

"What about?" I asks. "Gonna bet some more of my dough?"

"No," replies Taylor. "I'm gonna give 'em copies of the letter you got from Travis this morning."

"What does he say?" I wants to know.

"Read it tomorrow," returns Pete, "and see for yourselfs. I ain't wrote it yet."

All of the which is pretty slick, but just the same I wants Taylor to tell me if them sport editors ain't gonna wonder why they didn't hear about the fight the night it happened, and if they ain't liable to wire to Bogota for some dope on Castillo.

"Sleep easy," says the dream jobber. "I ain't been in the newspaper business ten years for nothing. Nobody don't pay no more attentions in this country to fights in South America than they does to amateur foot-race results in Northeastern Siberia. The chances is you couldn't cable down there if you wanted to, and if you could they wouldn't be nobody to send the stuff. Get something good to worry about."

"Such as?" I inquires.

"Well," says he, "you might stir around and find a mark for Joe to tumble. He'll be here in about two weeks."

"I thought," I remarks, "we was gonna let the sport editors name the boy."

"We could," returns Pete, "but it'd be better if you'd kinda suggest the lad they oughta get. Don't you know some flashy biffer that everybody around here thinks well of, but who ain't really got nothing? We oughta cop the first row quick."

"How about Jerry Mason?" I suggests.

"Ain't he too good?" comes back Taylor, dubious.

"No," I tells him. "He's just made for Joe. Always was a sucker against a rushing infighter that's willing to take two for one. Besides the which, I happens to know Jerry's been hitting the swinging doors hard lately, and the also-rans is got mosta his wad. He needs a stake and'll jump at the chance to grab off some soft cakes."

I drifts right out and hunts up Bill Melody, the bobo that's handling Mason. He's willing enough to talk scrap for his meal ticket, but offhand he don't see no heavy cush in a fuss between Jerry and Pedro Castillo.

"I seen where he bumped off Joe Travis," says Bill, "but that don't mean hardly nothing. I guess Joe was hog fat and outta ——"

"No, he ain't," I cuts in, without thinking.

"How do you know?" comes back Melody.

"I got a letter from him this morning," I recovers, "and he tells me he was in grand shape for the mill with Pedro. He says this Castillo baby's a bear. Listen here, Bill," I goes on:

"I ain't got no hot ideas the wop can lick Jerry, but them sports down in Colombia has put him in my hands and is willing to pay for a good smoke-up. I got Pete Taylor with me and you know what a mean pipe that bird puffs. I'll promise you a juicy gate, bo. Remember reading about that thousand Guiterrez left with me?"

"To bet Pedro'll cop in three rounds?" inquires Melody.

"The same," I tells him. "You might as well have it as anybody else. Want on?"

"Sure," he answers, eager. "I'll take a chance with you on the scrap. The town ain't had a milly for a long time

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"You Pedro Castillo?" He Snaps

Soledad Steve

By Will Levington Comfort

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

THE first time I saw Steve was at the bar of the Ultima Chanza. Later in the evening I saw him again, sitting across from a clerical and pallid dealer at a table of écarté in the back room of the Tivoli, and there were three stacks of silver dollars under his steady eyes, possibly thirty cases each. Then, very late, in the stillness up toward the Foreign Club, where I was lucky to get a room, the same figure was standing alone in the moonlight, looking away toward the Mexican hills that slept somehow differently from American hills in their moonlit haze.

I thought of a lone wolf; for a second I almost hit upon the key to the lean face and the steady untamable eyes. Here was loneliness, integrated, a bit magic in its isolation. You can cage an eagle, thought I, but you can't tame him. It was a face such as I had often pictured from reading a story, but never really met up with before.

Was this only one more fancy front with a fool back? I wondered. Life was moving with soft audacity in my veins that night, for I was mighty relieved to escape from the drum of the tom-toms of trade up in the States.

Still, I didn't have quite the nerve to brace the stranger. Gamblers like to be introduced. The race-track crowd was already piling in. Two days more, the long winter meet was scheduled to begin with a rodeo as a side attraction for the first three days. I had spent several months turning over a few deals in Los Angeles real estate and was glad to get home to the horses, the sounds and smells of Tia Juana relishable again.

"I am Miss Ritchie, the Nurse From San Diego"

Next morning I found an old acquaintance at the Cantina del Aquila, Walter Lightbody, picking up a few dollars back of the bar. As we talked, a messenger came in asking for Steve Darnton, and Walter directed the boy to the back room. After an interval, the stranger who had attracted me the night before strolled out with the yellow paper in his hand, and I heard his voice, quiet, slow:

"What do you think of that, Walter? Ninety dollars a day!"

Mr. Lightbody suddenly looked uneasy.

"Fine, fine! Fine stuff, Steve!" he said with nervous, laughing haste.

Darnton had taken one step back. He held the bartender in a slow, withering look. Much in that look for a watcher to catch—wintry stars, the look of a man hurt, hunted, hopeless, but altogether game. He backed out of the place; not a word. Whatever his views are, this chap eats them, I thought.

"Who's your friend?" said I.

"Why, that—that's Soledad Steve," said Walter, coming in from his abstraction.

In the next ten minutes, out of much talk, I recall the following sentences:

"Bad man, gunman, not the old sot sort; new breed, modern as an auto bandit. Steve uses a newfangled killer, they tell me—German-made gun, which the old-style six-shooter wouldn't recognize from a flash lamp. . . . Ropin', ridin' champion, here for the rodeo. . . . They want him in Tucson or Laramie, so Steve has to hug the border. Perhaps you've seen him in the movies ——"

But Walter did not speak of the telegram or the ninety dollars a day or of that inexplicable look at the last. My interest in Soledad Steve increased. From time to time through the dragging forenoon I caught a glimpse of him, always alone. At noon he sauntered into G. Yon's restaurant, The Hanging Ham, and there was a chair opposite which I took.

Before either Soledad Steve or I had ordered, the Chinese proprietor casually placed between us a cigarette tray, and on the tray was an oval seed pod about the size of a Lima bean, if it were not flattened, into which small wooden pegs were loosely stuck for head and legs and wings and tail. The thing looked like a child's attempt to make a winged pig with a pellet of mud and bits of matchwood. All very tiresome, except that as I watched one of the wings flickered. Glancing across at Darnton, I saw the skin of his cheek stretch straight from the corner of his eye to the corner of the lip.

Now the tail flicked. Soledad Steve's back straightened. Some sort of clockwork or ingenious use of a rubber band, thought I. Now the front leg toward Steve lifted and fluttered with curious fidelity to life, a pianistic rapidity. All this time I hardly looked across the table, and said no word. My companion's low, slow voice finally broke the spell:

"All I can see that we does, mister, is to gamble which peg will shiver next."

I leaned forward with grave impressiveness to whisper, "I recall hearing it said that Mr. Yon has some *tequila* made on honor and without haste ——"

"The which you recommends personal?" he inquired in true high-church ceremony.

I nodded, and G. Yon stood over us presently, telling how the brand had come to him, and how there could not possibly be its equal elsewhere in Baja California. Then, casually, Mr. Yon picked up his toy from the ash tray and pulled out the tail peg. Forth from the little hole where the peg had been walked an ordinary house fly, without haste. The face of the Chinese dampened with joy as he watched us.

"See," he exclaimed wetly, "li'l' fly not hurt. I feed him, see, so he haves to work for me. Plenty mole ——"

He pointed to the specked walls and ceilings.

"See, li'l' fly work for me, then I let him go and res' an' have his dinner."

The fly hopped around, straightening himself after the tight quarters among the loose peg ends. In the silence, Steve soberly suggested a further shot of *tequila*.

"I burns, but I can't feel it blister," he remarked; and added with engaging embarrassment, "I've been conjugating, mister, about this here little repast. I don't know you, and you don't know me a whole lot; at least ——"

Now I saw the wintry stars in his sudden look. I recalled Steve was said to be wanted. Perhaps there lurked in his mind a suspicion that I might be one of the far-flung sheriff nooses out to draw him in. However, he decided to take a further chance.

"A dinner as good as this hasn't no license to be paid for separate—a little flip of the coin—what do you say, mister?"

"Suits me."

He held a silver dollar and I found one, but failed to match him and so reached for the two checks. His hand, very cool and firm, pressed upon mine.

"But you won," said I.

"I shore did, and I'm bound to grant on most occasions the loser pays; but for this here little Orientil party, which I declares a success, the winner assumes the honor of payin'; perfectly correct, only just a little contrary to custom. And now," he added leisurely, "it bein' incorrek form to rush *tequila* to the limit after eatin', I ventures to inquire if you are here in Tia Juana in the interest of hosses somewhere?"

"My interests are catholic," said I.

Soledad Steve froze.

"Not seeing any frock or cravat to the contrary, I took you for a profane gent."

"I merely meant to say I'm interested variously in horses and men."

"Being brung up Protestant, I took you as havin' reservations sectarian ——"

"Not at all. I'm open for the afternoon, nothing more—unless it's the evening."

"Which is shore friendly as the prairie flowers," said Steve. "I was about to say there's a hen hoss named Weepin' Willow due to arrive today, which I'm honin' for to see, like a party from home."

"Running horse?"

"They do say. A runnin' hoss, yes. A thoroughbred, yes; pure alkali strain, out of cactus by greasewood; but not a race-hoss entry, I wouldn't say. She's a rodeo hoss."

"I figured to look in on the rodeo. Are you going to ride?"

This was a misstep for our delicate acquaintance. It hinted that I had heard something about him. Steve stiffened a second, but the soft warmth of the dinner still held good.

"The object of a rodeo is to ride," he said, looking away. "It shore is to ride, come to think of it, when the boys and girls get together."

We were in a jitney, crossing the bridge from the old town to the race track. Inside the oval we smelled the horsy turf, and Steve's step quickened. Now a voice from the corral gate:

"Hai thar! That you, Steve Darnton?"

I happened to see how my friend turned. The exact movement was not to be followed with the naked eye, any more than the sudden alarm of an antelope, which you catch first in profile, then head-on. A big-boned puncher of some years was coming forward, hand out.

"'Bout time. 'Bout time, you old goose twister. 'Bout time, I'm sayin' ——"

This proved to be Butler, the rodeo boss. Steve greeted further acquaintances.

These men handled him freer than I did, but I noted mysterious barriers never passed. As for the respect they gave him, it was clean strain.

"About a little gray roan named Weepin' Willow I've heard of," Steve began to Butler, as we stood at the gate of a makeshift corral. "Where do you keep that party—in the bunk house?"

The loose scarred lip of the rodeo boss leered in a way of its own.

"She's spechul. Thought of you the minute I laid eyes on her in action up Pendleton way. Been savin' her for you, Stevie. Come this way, as they say in the penitentiary."

In a yard of her own, a compact steely roan stood ankle deep in clean sawdust, the last horse you'd take anywhere for an outlaw.

Extended scrutiny in silence. Steve breathed at last, "Friendly as a mother cat who wants somethin'. Marks of a hoss on her—a femin-ine hoss," he went on. "An entertainin' domestic look, an' winsome."

Butler now observed, "She didn't kill nobody up at Pendleton. She don't halt her maneuvers none to stamp you to death after you leave the saddle, not invariable. She ain't what you'd call a man-killer."

They talked like Indians, spaces between sentences, no haste.

Steve said, "You say she's meant to sit on?"

"Exact, Stevie. We shipped her here with that general intrigue in view."

"And when does this here take place?"

"Last day. Wind-up. Whoever's not maimed too much by the third afternoon is to lace himself onto this Mrs. Willow and stay thirty seconds, which ain't been done as yet, not in Wyoming or Montana or Texas. I'm shore getting to be the talkin' ace. What was it you asked last, Stevie?"

"I didn't ask nothin' last, nor first, nor yesterday. What I said was she looks to have stifles and pasterns like a regular hoss. An' havin' seen what I came for, I'll just *pasear* back to the hotel and compose myself with a magazine."

Steve gave me a glance as he turned and we found the jitney together. Two or three times I must have chuckled on the way back to the old town. Finally he turned my way that long look that I saw when Yon's toy first flickered.

"Whatever's nudgin' you, mister?" he inquired indulgently.

"I'm just having a good time."

"You don't feel like adjournin' of it abrupt then?"

"Anything but that."

We found a table at the Turfmen's Exchange.

"Considerin' an indifferent start, as the race-track reporter states, this day is running along some steady and promissory," Steve said.

"Didn't you like the get-away?" I asked.

"Mister, when a man smashes his pet moril before nine in the morning, smashes it plumb hopeless, he ain't got anything to do as a rule but sit quiet in the ash heap until she heals. I say, as a rule. As she transpires," he added with a reserved smile, "I'm lured out of the depths by that orientil's irrepressible spirits, and appears to have put off hangin' myself with astonishin' ease."

"What happened before nine this morning?"

Steve's eyes held me like slowly penetrating frost.

"You ought to know, stranger, bein' there."

"You mean at the Aquila? I didn't know you saw me."

"The way I was drug up, I wouldn't have lived to shave without usin' my eyes. . . . Mister," he finally asked, "did you ever see a man drop quarters in one of them slot machines—nine-ten quarters—till he's shocked with the barren cruelty of fate, stampin' off from the machine in disgust?"

"Who hasn't?" said I.

"Right, who hasn't? And seen a bystander slip in and drop his quarter and rattle down a hatful. I was one of them bystanders over in Estiza one afternoon, and it appears I was playin' a gold machine erected straighter'n common. Funny, too, his name is Forn-crook."

Then I began to hear about the ninety dollars a day; how he had staked this chap named Forncrook to burros and grub packs, and how the miner had struck the luck of his life. The telegram this morning was Forncrook's final report of the sale of the mine, Steve's income for the present to amount to ninety dollars the day.

"What I haven't done for less money!" he mused. "Some things I don't care to speak of. Why, I've even played in the movies for less money than that!"

"It's what we're all looking for," said I. "It's about enough money for times like these."

"Yes, sir, you can put by a trifle on ninety dollars a day. You can go anywhere in reason, travelin' light. You can have any horse you want, any gun you want. You can gamble a little, playin' cautious, and lay off a few days to catch up."

"So that was the news you got this morning," I said reflectively.

"Some details as to papers bein' signed; a plumb legal relief, as you might say ——"

"I'd call that a rather rosy beginning for a day. I'd remember the date."

"Right, mister—only you'd get adjusted to the news temperamental, and not spill your glee overboard to a bartender who gets nervous for fear you're workin' a frame to cash a check or borrow money."

"Oh, that's what was the matter with Walter!"

"That's what, and I'm shore humiliated painful for makin' a break like that. I don't feel like I belong to real money when I lets that yeep out, not holdin' my game between my eyes as I should."

I began to see Steve's code. His picture of holding himself tight and compact in any sort of stress equaled the best I knew about modern business. I had liked him from the first, but best of all now for the contrition he suffered in blurting out the good news to Walter Lightbody at the Aquila.

Later Steve took me to his two little rooms on the upper floor of Corregan's Occidental. The windows of his quarters looked away over the Mexican hills, but directly down upon the tops of a pepper-tree clump. Steve confided with utmost sobriety that it was a bit risky to live so high as this, that he had never been so far from the ground overnight.

"Second floor, yes; but third floor, never before. I'm as virgin to these altitudes as a bull snake or a prairie dog."

My eye was captured at once by his saddle, the rail of the iron bed being in use for a rack. Steve chose to take it that I was staring at the bed itself.

"She ain't for sleepin' none; but as an experience she's a sinecure. If it wan't for that little saddle handy, so I can reach out and touch leather in the night, and the coyotes hollerin' over in the brush, I'd feel considerable unearthly in them irons."

Little saddle! I hadn't even seen past it. It looked to smother a truck horse—double-rigged, swell-forked, with an extra high cantle, giving brace to the rider when his knees were pulled up under the swells. No gold or silver *conchas;* not a stamp had ever been put on the rounded skirts; just leather, but creamy from wear and care. It held the eye, pulled the hand, a thing of virtue.

"Pert little saddle?" Steve inquired at last.

I touched the hard coil of hemp buckled high on the right fork, and the bridle reins, soft and clinging from much fondling. The whole thing breathed his ownership; it was as much Steve as himself.

Steve didn't get astride the first afternoon of the riding fête, but on the second I witnessed a bit of his engaging art. Now I don't know so much about the racing game as to be above dreams of avarice, but I know more about running than rodeo horses. Still, I saw enough in Steve's work to verify my theory that the top-class artist in every game is what he is because he has learned to take it easy and do nothing else at the time. Here was another thing I saw: That the riders themselves got more than anyone else out of Steve's work. Standing in their midst, it was like hearing poets talk about a master poem. To the uneducated eye, Steve's riding was apt to look a trifle too easy. I doubt if a slow-movement camera would have revealed a single broken line of grace.

There was a red-bay man-eater called Bloody Torrent. Steve didn't fight the monster, but became part of him; entered into the outlaw's particular game, anticipated the offerings of his frightful gamut one by one, gave him no resistance to brace himself against. That was likely what broke the tough and much-wronged old heart—to find the fight turned back on himself.

It was so with Gray Nurse when Steve was in the saddle. Perhaps no one else saw it quite the same, but to me it was her own violence, doubling back on her, that broke her down. From the toe that held the stirrup to the hand that held the bridle rein, Steve was all one thing, and that of consummate ease; every tendon coördinated, every set of muscles cushioning the next, and all cushioning the base of the brain, just the fraction of a second ahead of the impacts. For it is from sudden dark in the brain that a man is said to lose his seat, the light going out from shock.

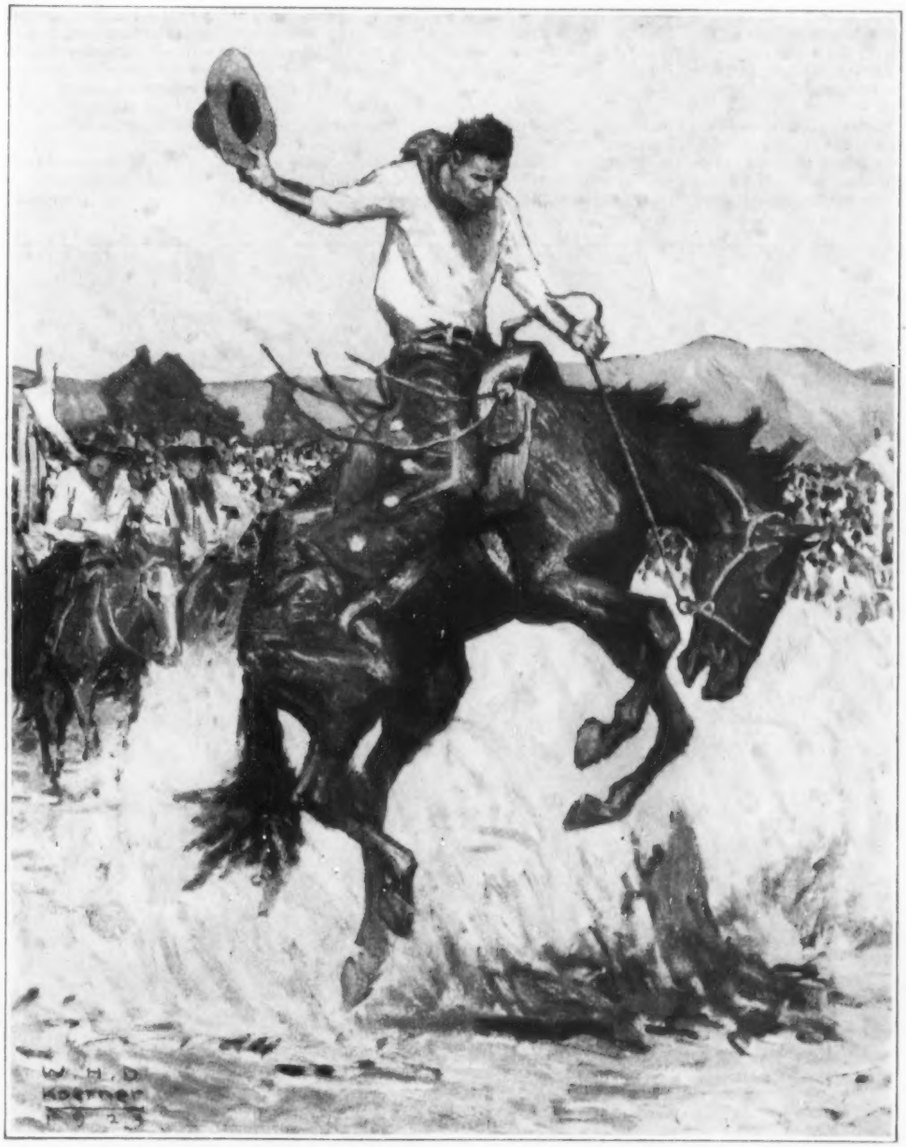
We sat together in the Foreign Club during the evening of that second day of the rodeo. Steve had little or no thought of what he had done with Bloody Torrent or Gray Nurse in the afternoon. These were mere matters of preliminary. Upon the last event tomorrow, however, his attention was focalized, and increasingly so. On the subject of the tidy steel roan, Weepin' Willow, he was full of gossip and enthusiasm.

"Butler didn't get her straight," he said. "I hear she was sincerely pawing the life out of Jerry Sullivan over in Douglas some weeks ago, when his gentlemen friends came to the rescue. Now I know Jerry, who sits pretty and is some chore to pile. I once sees friend Jerry, one humid day at Chowder, sit a maniac called Tarantula, as I hears the name. . . .

"Ever see them spiders jump? They leave the ground lookin' the other way and land lookin' straight at you. You only see 'em goin' and comin'; the rest's a blur. But Jerry was where he belonged when Tarantula restored himself to focus, by which I judges that Weepin' Willow, who unloads herself of Jerry in eight seconds, has a fit or two left for tomorrow."

It awed me that he seemed positively hopeful it would prove so. Further items in regard to Mrs. Willow were brought to record until I felt like stepping out into the night for another view of the feteful roan. Not a taint, in Steve's hopeful approval of these stories of her prowess, could I detect; the more devilish, the more his delight. I began to press him to get to his room for sleep, remarking that champions always leave the ballroom early on the eve of their final jousts.

"Marty," he said, "I wouldn't think of climbin' up to Corregan's top roost before the moon comes safely forth to light the



Call it Obsession, or What You Will, But I Still Carry the Opinion That Something Was Riding the Roan Mare Other Than Steve

way, though they do tell me she comes up later each night, after getting full in Mexico."

That was our fourth day together, but the first time he used my first name.

Steve let me in the ring with the cowboys for the climax of all rodeo affairs. The sunlight was like a world on fire and there were wisps and spirals and spurts of dust in the flaming air of the arena. Queerly enough, I had a distraction, a sizable bet—a semilong shot, Reddy Shores riding—down on the fourth race of the day, to be run presently. The rodeo itself wasn't my game, but in a way Steve was—increasingly so.

They had brought her out. The little, almost wistful bit of steel-gray horseflesh that I had seen standing by herself in clean sawdust was hardly recognizable now. They had her in a hackamore and stretched close to the horn of a saddle on a tame pony standing rigid as he could. She looked like a suckling, the way she pulled back, the whites of her eyes showing, hind quarters whipping around. The idea came to me that she'd be done for; that there wouldn't be much left for Steve to tackle.

A puncher stood holding each ear, by which a horse is said to handle if at all. One of the punchers bent and took her ear between his teeth, the idea being to introduce some little fear of God in her mad heart. Steve flopped his saddle over. She was threshing around without pain; turned demon, quite, from the man smell which meant rowel and quirt and choking noose.

Steve dropped into the saddle like a falling leaf.

Call it obsession, or what you will, but I still carry the opinion that something was riding the roan mare other than Steve; something that no optic nerve or even camera lens could catch. More than this, I'd hate to meet it alone. That she didn't look the same doesn't tell it. The pale sharkish look of that flung head had nothing to do with the mare I had seen in the yard a while back; her body wasn't the same shape. There was from her the feeling that came over me as a kid when I read of a phantom ship or footfalls in an empty house. The cowboys felt something of this. I heard them speak of it afterward.

What she herself endured in punishing Steve made me think of the dervishes who dance and howl themselves into a racing ecstasy said to resist the effects of poison, knife and fire. The front feet crashing down on the turf would have shivered the bone and torn the tendons loose if there had not been some superheat flaming up back of her strength.

I've heard of the fighters swapping ends; heard of the "rail fence" and the "sunfish," but these again are vague technicalities. One didn't need to know; only this, that a drop of water cannot stay on a grindstone if it gets to whirring too fast.

The bulge of her hips and the sucking spiderish indraw of her limbs in the air, the sledging of hoofs—that I felt in the turf under the soles of my shoes—and the scorpion look of her cold pale eye—with its hint that murder is the only craft worth while, the one heavenly satisfaction—these were branded on me before I saw that Steve's smile was freezing on his lips, the face of my friend going out or going down. I heard myself muttering trancelike, "Never again, never again," though what it was I should do no more I cannot tell. As I say, there was a door open somehow into that arena from back of the physical, and I shiver at times yet from the draft.

I saw her going straight from me, Steve's slim back, his shoulders, settling loose to meet her next jump; then she fetched up with incredible shock; not only that, but plucked herself out of the slide to leap to the left. Too short; she was down. Steve canted out to the right, but somehow pulled her to him and was back in the saddle as she gained her feet.

I expected nothing, could be astonished at nothing; yet I remember filing for reference the point that Steve's leg had been under her as she fell.

She had turned and was sprinting toward us. I saw Steve's lips like thin frosted ropes, daylight between him and the saddle, his narrow leather-cuffed forearms and slim fingers like a sleight-of-hand performer's, the reins falling from them. I watched the center of balance go out from him and the dummy look of his limbs in the slow heave of his body to the turf. I heard them shouting over in the grand stand. It seemed a mile away, and Butler was yelling at my ear "Nineteen seconds! Nineteen ——"

His right leg had been broken close to the hip during the mare's fall. He had regained his seat after that and actually kept it for several seconds. Then her violence had stunned him, combined with the shock of his hurt. We carried him to a car and over the bridge to the old town and to his room on the upper floor of Corregan's, where a surgeon and his assistant worked two hours, and I was mainly occupied in studying the way Steve refused to let the pain take him over. He kept it as a sort of side issue, severe as it was, reserving a part of himself free, as one would retire to a back room to escape a prolonged clamor from the streets. I saw him staring half humorously at the ceiling at the last, the same hopeless but altogether game look I had seen at first. It struck me that he was thinking how easy it would be for them to come and take him now, the people who wanted him in Tucson or Laramie.

"Tell Butler to send over my saddle," he mumbled. "It's about the only furniture up here I feel sure of. And say, Marty, don't tell him I want her, but ask Butler if the little roan is for sale."

"Shall I have him send her over with the saddle, if she is?" I asked. Did he really mean to ride her again?

Steve smiled. "I could pass a whole lot of time just lookin' at her, if she was handy," he said queerly.

They had given him something to ease the pain a bit. A nurse was on the way down from San Diego. The fact that Reddy Shores, riding Poncho, which gelding I had favored for the fourth race of this day, had done all that could be asked, relieved me from any particular need of haste in getting back north. I sat below in the dark near the hotel entrance a little later, reflecting on my findings so far in Soledad Steve.

Here was a man who could suffer pain with a grim smile; he could take a drink and not get unreliable or feverish about getting another; he could gamble and not be carried away by winning or become broken humored by a loss. I had seen him come into a sizable income without losing his head; in fact, without ceasing to mourn over his one break in blurting out the good news to Walter the morning of the telegram. He still talked about that. Moreover, here was an athlete, a champion in his game, without any temperamental inflation dragging him out of the reach of a friend. Conning these man affairs, gently it stole over me that Steve had been worth looking into. As to his being wanted ——

At this moment a slim dark figure came toward me.

"I am Miss Ritchie, the nurse from San Diego," she said.

"Yes, of course. I'm glad you've come," said I, and I took her into the light.

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"It's Like a Painting! The Colors All Softened in the Sunlight, and the Horses—Why, They Look as if They Love It!"

What Do They Do With All Their Money?—By Marian Spitzer

A FEW weeks ago, in the dramatic section of a New York paper, there was published a list of actresses who a score or more years ago occupied stellar, or at least prominent, positions on the American stage. Their incomes, though hardly comparable in actual figures to the incomes of present-day stars, were proportionately high. Players then, as now, received quite a lot of money for working, over and above study and rehearsals, three hours a day—six on Wednesdays and Saturdays—to keep the public more or less amused.

In this list of old-time favorites there were more than fifty names. None of them is actively engaged in the theater at the present time. About one-third, it appears from the list, which gave their present addresses, are married to men of wealth—in some cases men of millions, notably Eleanor Robson Belmont and Mary Anderson de Navarro. As for the rest, the address given for many of them was the Actors' Fund Home or some similar organization.

Every little while a sob sister unearths the spectacular story of a one-time famous actor or actress or pugilist or jockey—someone who in his or her prime was the favored of fortune—who is now selling cigars behind a hotel counter or peddling matches on the street or maybe even begging. Hardly a month passes that does not see a benefit performance given for some favorite of thirty years ago; someone who was a good guy while he had it, but who hasn't got it any more.

There is the Actors' Fund of America, to which people of all classes contribute—a fund for the protection of indigent members of the theatrical profession. And there is the National Vaudeville Artists' Club, which among other things takes care of any of its people who have fallen upon hard times. And though there are no definite organizations for the care of one-time wealthy baseball players or prize fighters, it is not at all infrequently that we hear of their present misfortune and the tender treatment they receive at the hands of their more fortunate brothers.

Of course, the movie industry is not old enough to have much of a past yet. Nearly everybody in the silent drama is still wealthy. But even there we hear of occasional has-beens, people who were in at the birth, so to speak, and who are now *passé*, with none of their easy money left.

Easy money!

What do they do with it?

You Must Remember That It Costs These People More to Live Than it Costs Other People Who Lead Entirely Private Lives

Overhead

ARE the makers of big money in a rather sensational way—actors, opera singers, movie people, pugilists, baseball players, and the like—congenitally improvident? Is it a prodigal instinct that makes them choose such occupations, or is it just that their big earnings develop in them a spendthrift quality—"easy come, easy go"?

According to tradition there is something in the temperament of many of the people who provide the world with amusement, whatever its medium, which makes it impossible for them to hold on to their enormous earnings. Actors are poor business men, so the story goes. So are musicians, so are all these people. If they weren't it seems that they should be able to retire from active work after about ten years of concentrated earning and live in luxurious ease for the rest of their lives. They often earn in a year as much as a fairly clever business man can amass in a lifetime of hard labor. What happens to it?

What do they do with all their money?

Ask an actor of today a question like that and get an ironic laugh in response. Say to a movie star in your most patronizing tones "Well, you ought to be able to retire next year," and see what happens.

If there's a custard pie handy you'll probably get it full in the face.

In the first place, you must remember that they don't get all their money. By that I mean they don't get all the money you hear about. Not that they don't get big salaries. They do. But a survey of the acting profession taken a short time ago by the Government revealed that actors work on an average of twenty-three weeks a year. So even if some players do get $1000 a week, which is a lot of money, they aren't making $52,000 a year at all, but only $23,000—less than half what they are credited with.

Acting and its allied occupations are the only ones judged by the public on the gross receipts to the individual instead of on the net. When a manufacturer's income is estimated by his acquaintances they do not base their estimate on the amount of business he does a year, but on the amount of profit he has when all his business expenses have been paid. Well, the same is true of the acting business. There are certain things that must be charged up to the business. A manufacturer must advertise; that is granted by everyone. A pretty husky appropriation is made annually for just that purpose. So must an actor advertise, in a variety of ways. He must not only spend a certain amount of money in the trade papers but he must advertise in other ways. He must always be well and expensively dressed. That's an ad. He must live at a good hotel or in a nice apartment house, or the managers will think he's poor and try to force his salary down.

Gouged

AN ACTRESS, regardless of how few her costume changes may be in a play, must have a maid, because if she hasn't it looks bad, and her commercial value will go down. Isn't that just like a business? Don't all those things deserve consideration when you talk about the big money made by show people? It isn't fair, really, to judge their incomes by their gross earnings, any more than it would be to judge the income of a manufacturer by the gross return of his plant. So then when you think about the big money made by these people, cut it about in half.

Even then, you say—and rightly—there are many show people whose net incomes are exceedingly high. And what do they do with their money? Of course, you must remember that it costs these people more to live than it costs other people who have the same amount of money but who lead entirely private lives. Show people—amusement purveyors of all kinds, to use an awkward but all-inclusive term—are known as easy marks, good spenders, poor business men and women. And so they are taken advantage of, not only by tradespeople but by parasites and grafters of all sorts. But the day of the amusement purveyor as a boob in money matters is rapidly passing. Of course, there are still spendthrifts among them, still gamblers, who lose everything they have in Wall Street or on the races, or in the pools run on board transatlantic vessels.

Broadway is perennially agog with stories about a certain young man who rose almost overnight to be the producer of one of the most successful revues in New York. Starting on the proverbial shoe string, he built his first show on a few thousand dollars of borrowed money, and cleaned up during his first season, only to drop every penny of his profits on the horses. He started the next season and the same thing happened. That has been going on now for several years, and he never knows whether he is worth several hundred thousand dollars or not a cent. However, his friends say that he is learning at last, and this season he has invested in another musical comedy which is making a great deal of money.

Then, too, there is another favorite Broadwayite who is reputed to be making $1,000,000 a year, although he emphatically denies this. He told me himself that he has spent practically everything, saving only enough to buy a ranch, which he has presented to his father as a home. The point is, however, that these men would be improvident no matter what their occupation. It is only because they are in the public eye that their improvidence and extravagance are given so much attention.

These show folk, all of them, are exceedingly generous, and a considerable amount of their money is given away. There are always people who, unable to earn a living for themselves, feel that one is owed to them by those who are able to earn a great deal. And the money-makers haven't

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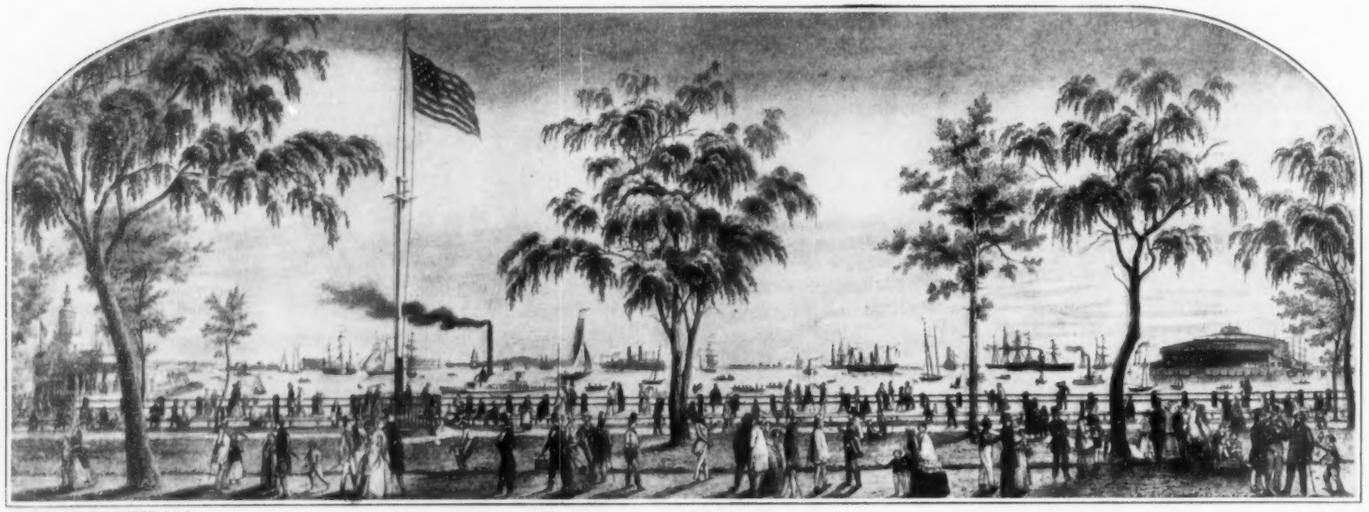
THE FABULOUS FORTIES



An Old Print of the Bay of New York, Showing Staten Island Ferry at the Left and Castle Garden at the Right

Select Society and the Boz Ball

By Meade Minnigerode

THEY gave tremendous parties in the 40's, at which apparently the thing to do was to install a quantity of enormous mirrors, touch off several thousand candles, provide a sufficiency of potted plants, gilded settees and wines at ten dollars a bottle, cover oneself with pink satin and diamonds and gyrate with great dignity for several hours in a brilliant pother of grandiloquent banality.

In vain the present age may strive to fill its social calendar with pagan routs and Oriental fêtes, adorn its festive halls with live canaries and distribute golden trinkets to its guests. It can never hope to equal the chaste magnificence, the virtuous splendor, the refined solemnity, the majestic elegance of those earlier functions. Nor can it ever aspire to have its entertainments so meticulously, so rapturously and so platitudinously reported in the public prints.

It is not so much the events themselves—a formal supper, a ball, a soirée, with a little decorous dancing of forgotten measures, some stately conversation, a considerable consumption of oyster stew and boned turkey and cranberries in crystal bowls, and, very probably, a great deal of delicate laughter, all in the shimmering clarity of a hundred chandeliers—as the manner of their journalistic appraisal which fills one with wonder, and with a certain regret for so much vanished simplicity of appreciation, so much satisfaction derived from such unremarkable marvels, so much conceit expended upon such normal virtues, so much pride taken in such trivial triumphs—and betrays the whole mentality of that perpetually amazed, shamelessly unreticent, innocently mercenary, hopelessly respectable period. Unless, indeed, one should suddenly discover it to have been merely one of helpless inanity, pathetic ostentation and paralyzing dullness—the age of magnificent bathos.

Castle Garden, New York, 1852

The Soul and Substance of the Period

ONE stumbles, for instance, with delighted incredulity upon the reported account of Miss C's splendid soirée at 473 Broadway, when "her father's elegant granite mansion was thrown open, in various ways," to a large company of his friends and acquaintances from different sections of the city—"yea, even from the surrounding country towns in Long Island and West Chester, to say nothing of New Jersey and Hoboken." From nine o'clock until ten the carriages rolled up rapidly to the door, while in the lower drawing-rooms "Mr. C's excellent lady—attended by her accomplished daughter, arrayed in a splendid white satin dress and holding in her fair hands a couple of beautiful bouquets—received the company, which soon increased to several hundreds of the very élite of society." And in case the fact should be overlooked in the presence of so many guests from surrounding country towns, one is gravely informed that "the circle of society of which Mr. C forms the centre is scientific, elegant, highly respectable, and probably one of the richest and purest in town."

The entire soul and substance of the 40's lies embalmed, sanctimoniously aromatic, in that chastely idiotic sentence. The choice of attributes, the very sequence in which they are set forth are a priceless and complete revelation of the spirit of that fatuously complacent, incorrigibly worldly community. A little culture, endowed with elegance, tempered by respectability, adorned with riches and sanctified by purity. These five, and the greatest of them was—but let the period speak for itself: "Probably at no recent soirée have so many fine fortunes and pretty women been present. At a fair valuation, about $4,500,000 of property in stocks and real estate at present prices were represented by the fair ones present."

For, among others, were not the three splendid Misses L, from Long Island, on view? Charlotte, Martha of the "splendid ringlets," and Rebecca, "a most neat-looking young woman with her hair *en classique*." Highly intellectual young ladies—none but men of talents could talk five minutes without feeling very small with Rebecca, who was there with her hair *en classique*—but modernized and accomplished. Large fortunes, too, equal to one hundred

thousand dollars apiece! And young Henry H, who figured so largely—nearly three times more largely than the three splendid Misses L from Long Island—for was he not "twenty-eight years old only, and worth $800,000"? Though one may be permitted occasionally to take for granted the elegance and respectability and purity of Mr. C's circle of society, never for a moment is one in danger of forgetting its material supremacy. One turns away from the account with the impression of having assisted at a public sale.

A Page From Godey's Lady's Book, From Which Society Selected its Fashions

Some Party!

AS FOR the soirée, it continued merrily from eight o'clock until two, the dancers occupying the two large apartments on the second floor, while the promenaders and talkers filled the lower rooms. At ten o'clock the library and one other chamber were opened as banqueting rooms, one for the ladies and one for the gentlemen, and they remained so—filled, needless to say, with choice wines and delicate viands—until the last carriage had rolled away. Everyone went to get refreshments at convenience, the gentlemen attending the ladies, and there was no squeeze, no crowd and no hurry.

A novel idea, it seems, for which the credit must go to the charming Miss C herself, who never shone so brilliantly as she did on that evening. One sees her standing in the doorway under a crystal chandelier, receiving the plaudits of her guests for her invention of the buffet supper, in her white satin dress covered with lace, her auburn hair brilliantly decorated with portions of the family jewelry, a personification of richly respectable purity, wondering what to do with those two bouquets in their sticky paper frills.

One is also permitted to see Mrs. Maria P, of Greenwich Street, interesting relict of Mr. P, as she passes through the banqueting room, "tall, graceful, beautiful, clear complexion, dark hair, dark blue eyes, arrayed in half mourning, white satin underdress, muslin tunic, black velvet bodice, band of pearls around her head—very neat, not gaudy, chastely correct."

There comes, in another New York season, a sound of violins playing Prince Albert waltzes and Amélie quadrilles, a popping of champagne corks, a "roll of private equipages made distinct to the ears of the families residing in the neighborhood," which, "towards the hour when the sad and sober are retiring for rest," draws one to the elegant mansion on Howard Street, where Madame F is giving that grand fancy-dress ball which passed into history as "one of the most superb and select soirées of the winter." The night, one is told, was intensely cold; but this was no obstacle to "the gay company that had the honor of an invitation to this recherché quadrille, and there perhaps was never a more brilliant and fashionable assemblage drawn together in the city."

Desdemona

THE characters were all in good taste and discretion. In fact it appears that a certain Desdemona in the company seemed to need the aid of a Moor, "but as Ethiopian characters are now considered *outré*, no one was so gross as to appear in such garb and visage," so that the sensibilities of the age which was destined shortly to contribute blackface minstrels to the national gayety were not offended on this occasion; "the utmost harmony and delight" prevailed throughout the evening—exemplified, no doubt, by that Miss Virginia W, of Carroll Place, who, "admired of all, created quite a sensation in the room, her company being a treat, so intelligent and bright, and distinguished by so clear a conception of the talents of those she selected as companions for her rational enjoyment," a characterization which leaves one slightly chilled, somehow; and lastly, the dresses were of the richest materials—let there be no hesitation in the mind on that point.

Respectability, elegance, purity—never in that day did they cease protesting.

And then Miss H, of Albion Place, was there, a magnificently pathetic figure, "moving majestically through the drawing-rooms, having retired from the ballroom." No, she was not a wallflower; her presence, on the contrary, was much in request; but since she was another's, "all her time was employed in listening to the pretty sentiments of her adorer." How chastely correct, but how monotonous for Miss H, unless her adorer was possessed of unusual powers of originality. It was not as though they were

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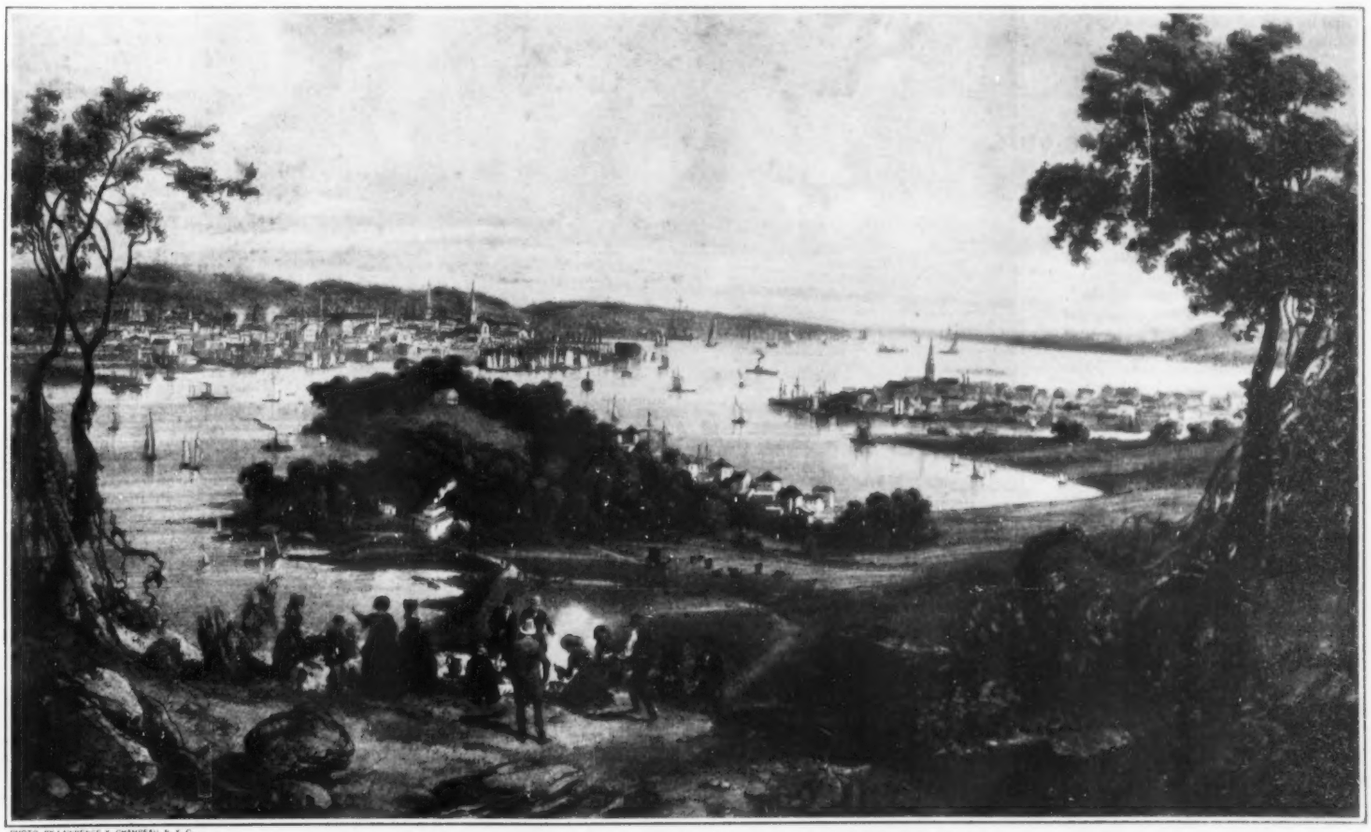

PHOTO. BY LAWRENCE K. CHAMPEAU, N. Y. C.

New York City and its Environs From the Heights of West Hoboken in the 40's

ANCIENT FIRES

By I. A. R. WYLIE

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

XIV

THE crane swung me off the deck like a head of cattle and deposited me on the floor of the lighter, rolling oilily in wait under the Arizona's rusty flank. Two other passengers had been similarly unloaded. There was Albert Finney, from West Ham, London, and a large unshaved ruffian with a pronounced German accent, whom for no reason that I could discover we called the baron. Both had been drunk when they came on at San Diego, and they were drunk now. They lay limp and subdued between bales of cargo—for neat whisky and the insidious sway of the lighter were combining to be disastrous—and had no answer for the bartender's facetious prophecies as to their immediate future. Captain Otto, stout and pink-faced, watched from the taffrail and flicked cigar ash over us by way of benediction.

"And remember," he adjured cynically, "when anyone is rude to you, Sir Euan, joost ring up ze British consul."

Two half-caste Indians sheered off and we came out from under the Arizona's shadow and began to lumber heavily shorewards. For five weeks I had wrestled with men and tides and time-tables—bribed and threatened my way from stage to stage towards this place until desire had invested it with an impossible importance. After all, San Roberto was just an open roadstead with a native village and a rickety iron pier stretching beyond the reach of the surf that had thundered in my ears all night. A badly handled boat, missing the pier steps, was doomed to be smashed to match wood, and what the breakers did not batter out of recognition the sharks would finish. So Captain Otto had assured us, adding with a heavy Teutonic humor, "Zem natives careless fellows."

To be first off had become a kind of habit. I stood forward in the prow of our clumsy craft and watched the lifting shore line with a tense impatience. It seemed almost familiar to me, as a dream country seems familiar. Last night, as we came to anchor under the blazing stars, I had seen it, encircled by a white band of foam like the plumed, crowned head of a dusky red-eyed god. And then in the early morning—for there had been no sleep for me that night—I had seen it rise out of the phosphorescent dark, an unearthly world over which the sun poured colors more ethereal than a fancy, rose upon sapphire, gold upon rose, until I had felt myself too gross—had wanted almost to turn away as from something unendurably beautiful. And between those hours of sunset and dawn there had been enchantment. The sea that guarded the shore with its roaring batteries lulled me gently. The ship was silent as a ghost. Somewhere in that velvet darkness Lisbeth lay asleep. She had been here, too, perhaps, and had watched as I did the night roll up its scroll and the silhouette of palms sharpen against the emerald light of morning. This paradise was hers. For it seemed a paradise in those hours. Reality had slipped away like the flying fish that leaped in showers of silver through the moonlight. I forgot why I had come.

But the spell was broken. A brutal sunlight stripped San Roberto of its vestments, color by color, leaving a dirty nakedness. The very water that ran beneath our bows, translucent as liquid sapphire, held a hint of some foul, rank life whose decay tainted the air and exuded from the thatched huts, tumbling between shore and jungle, like a pestilential breath. Beyond, welded by distance into a solid impassable barrier, the great Sierra Madre lifted a menacing shadow.

Finney buried his small freckled face in his hands.

"Oh, curse them movies!" he said bitterly and apparently unreasonably. Then he laughed, and discovering a cigarette end behind his ear sniffed it just to show there was some devil left in him. "I've 'ad my last drink," he added. "I takes my dying oath on that."

I Almost Fancied I Saw Him, Gazing From its Battlements Into the Distance

We blundered against the rusty pier steps. For a moment it seemed that we were going to shoot past them to destruction against the skeleton of iron girders, but a swarm of lean, fluttering brown hands laid hold of our gunwale, and amidst yells and execrations we were made fast. Then apathy descended again like a hot cloud. From the pier head a Quetzelangan official, clad in what appeared to be the remnants of several European uniforms, had watched our disembarkation. Now as we came up level with him he saluted gravely, and I saw his animal brown eyes rest on my empty sleeve with a glow of interest. He addressed the baron. That gentleman, very dirty, still drunk and very seasick, somehow managed to convey the impression of being a man of the world, at home in all places and circumstances. He could at least speak Spanish.

"The comandante wants to know if you're a soldado," he explained to me.

"I was one," I returned; "a very bad one. I'm a doctor now. Capacity fair."

The baron translated solemnly. The Quetzelangan made me another little salute, tolerant and patronizing.

"He says we shall need doctors, no doubt."

Another man had joined us. He was long and fair-skinned and very English. The spotless white clothes carried no visible sign of authority, but the drowsily buzzing swarm of native porters broke before him and the official's salute became impressive. The newcomer nodded to us. I noticed that he limped clumsily, like a man with an artificial foot which he hasn't learned to manage.

"My name's Anderson. Jefe politico to this salubrious district. Got your pasaportes? Right. Give them to the comandante, who is the monkey-faced gentleman on my right. That's what he's not paid for doing. All I want is your names."

"Albert Finney."

The German bowed from the waist and kept his balance by what was no doubt a feat of long practice.

"Baron Karl von Eisen."

"Euan Fitzroy."

The man Anderson referred from me to a typed list.

"Don't seem to have your name."

"I hardly see how you could hope to have it."

"That's all you know. Where are you bound for?"

"San Juan."

"Then you're a friend of the general's?" I suppose I looked blank enough. "Gen. John Smith," he added.

"No, I'm not going in that capacity. I know him. He wasn't a general in those days. I've got business with him."

"He didn't send for you."

"He doesn't know I'm coming."

"Where are you from?"

"England."

"You've come a mighty long way round."

"The quickest. There seems to be some sort of a hold-up on the Atlantic side."

A flicker of a smile went over the lean sun-withered face.

"That's so. You seem to have been in a hurry. Well, there's no hurry in these parts. Their blessed one-horse-power train went an hour ago. You'd have to wait till tomorrow anyhow. I'll telegraph to find out how badly you're needed."

"To the president?" I asked.

He lifted a quizzical eyebrow at me.

"No, not to the president," he said.

He turned away.

"You two are passed. There's accommodation at the Hotel Libertad. If you don't keep the drink out and the mosquitoes off you'll have fever tomorrow. I'll look you up later."

He hesitated as though he were still not quite easy on my account, and then with a curt nod limped off down the pier. We followed. A convoy of cargadores, like a flight of sparrows, fluttered about us, carrying our belongings, light stuff enough, yet seeming too much for their fleshless, fever-consumed bodies. I believe I instinctively made some movement to relieve my particular victim, but the baron waved me back firmly.

"Let zem alone, my vriend. Zey are used to it. Mustn't com-compromise white man's dignity."

He himself remained imperturbably dignified. Indeed, I believe his absolute assurance that whatever figure he cut must be noble because he cut it rescued our party from humiliation. Finney was frankly sick. I put my arm round him and we staggered along together under that deadly sunlight. If he was disgusting, he was also slightly pathetic.

"If it'd been honest English beer, me lord," he told me, "this would never 'ave 'appened."

Somehow we reached our Hotel Libertad—a shanty built Spanish fashion round an evil-smelling courtyard and consisting of a bar and a few guest rooms. The latter, with their torn gauze windows and canvas beds, whose dirty pillows were partially veiled under dubious-looking hand towels, offered small hope even of quiet. Finney and the baron gravitated inevitably to the bar. I could hear them arguing with the extraordinary solemnity of the very drunk. I escaped into the streets.

I don't know when it began to dawn on me that there was something queer about San Roberto. On the surface it was just a miserable native village, fleabitten, mosquito-ravaged, encircled by fever-breeding swamps and jungle. But underneath there was a sort of activity. It didn't concern the real inhabitants. Probably nothing had ever concerned them much. They were just pawns in someone else's game—pushed hither and thither till they had long since stopped asking why or by what right: a dark, sad-faced people with heaven knew how many conflicting strains of blood in their veins, but not a drop of hope.

"A paradise," Captain Otto had said. "Your food grows under your hand. And clothes—well, you don't need any."

But there was a misery here that made the slums from which I came seem splendid in their protesting ugliness. It gaped at you from the inch-deep sores of the overburdened mules, from between the starting ribs of the mongrels desperately nosing among the offal that filled the gutters of the unpaved streets. It seemed to plead from the eyes of the ugly, gentle iguanas, tied into grotesque and tortured attitudes beside the blowzy, indifferent saleswomen.

I remember, as somehow significant, the flock of buzzards, obscene and watchful, that rose out of my path with a heavy-winged insolence into the moist and lifeless air. I heard them drop behind me, and they were there when I came back. Their pretense of fear was insolent. They and the filth they lived on had always had the power between them.

And yet there was that human activity, too—somewhere. I fancied at last that it emanated from the tall white-clad Anderson, whom, at the close of that stifling day, I found counting over the extraordinary collection of crated goods which had formed the baron's chief luggage and which now stood piled up by the railway track for tomorrow's train.

He looked up at me. I gathered from his quick frown that I was still a problem.

He said casually, "No answer from San Juan yet. 'Fraid the general must be away on business."

"That's a pity."

"It is. No joke kicking one's heels in this bug-ridden spot."

"Well, I shall be off tomorrow."

"I'm afraid," he said, "you haven't got my meaning."

"Perhaps you've missed mine," I suggested.

He gave up his pretended casualness.

"Look here," he said, "I'm a fair judge of men and their ways by this time, and I have a feeling that you've brought a bone to pick with someone in these parts. Now there are so many bones to be picked—and juicy ones, at that—that another might cause trouble. I suggest to you that you rejoin the Arizona. She's going through the canal to New Orleans. It'll make a nice round trip for you."

"Since you know men so well," I said, "do you think I look like a man who traveled ten thousand miles in five weeks for nothing?"

He measured me frankly.

"No," he said. "Now I come to think of it—no."

He went back to his bales and I to my wanderings. I was jaded and restless. Night closed down suddenly, but it brought no relief from the fetid heat. Instead, an evil stench roused itself and prowled the streets like a malignant footpad. The bar of the Libertad stifled with a crowd of half-castes, dicing and drinking, and amidst the clink of glasses and the babble of an unfamiliar tongue I caught Finney's voice, shrill with anger. If there was a quarrel they would drag me into it, and I had a shrewd notion that nothing would please my friend Anderson better. I turned away. I went back to the shore, empty now save for two women, who, wrapped in their wide-swinging petticoats, bathed in the surf, wordless and unlaughing. With their slow antic gestures they might have been priestesses dancing before an unknown god. Presently they vanished, flitting noiselessly into the shadow of the jungle. It was as though their going had been a signal. An immemorial life stirred in its hiding place. Its advance guards, shrill-voiced and venomous mosquitoes, brushed past me fiercely. The surf roar had become louder. Its blows sent a shudder through the sand. Behind me the jungle seemed to move—to come gliding down the sloping shore like a thick green tide, swarming with monstrous life. So strong was the impression that I almost turned to meet it, to save my throat from the clinging, winding fingers. A moon had risen. Perhaps it was my mood that made its beauty and the glittering road it paved across the sea unwholesome and repellent. Its face was white and swollen—leprous looking. The surf threw up a phosphorescent image of itself like a formless specter rising out of a charnel house.

I thought of cloudy English skies and the gray cold Atlantic swept by its clean winds, and was torn by a fierce longing to escape from what lay before me. There rode the Arizona at anchor. It was like a long dark fish, swaying softly with the tide, its many eyes throwing warm signals across the water: "Come home! Get back to your work. You've no business here. You're the last man on earth for your errand. You know it. You'll break her heart and your own too."

A shadow came zigzagging against the white moving wall of surf. I recognized Finney by his very drunkenness. He was so forlornly, hopelessly drunk. He swayed hither and thither through the clogging, shifting sand and sang plaintively some ancient cockney ballad that hadn't meant to be plaintive at all:

"I'm 'Enery the Eight, I yam,
'Enery the Eight, I yam, I yam ——"

He almost fell over me, and let out a hoarse yell of horror as though he had stumbled over a corpse. Then, recognizing me, he collapsed.

"That agua-what-you-call-it is the devil!" he said. "They're fighting mad over there. I came away. I don't 'old with such goings on. Getting a bit shirty myself, to tell the truth. A fellow there—a greasy louse of a fellow—said you was a spy and the baron says you wasn't—knew you since you was a boy—brought up together—'it 'im over the 'ead with a whisky bottle—very nearly trouble. But the baron—'e 'as a way with 'im. A gen'leman, that's wot 'e is. 'E mayn't look it, but a gen'leman ——"

He brooded. He had drunk himself past the state of being either quarrelsome or tearful. He saw visions. He was temporarily possessed of a sixth sense so that he knew that the rapscallion Teuton was a gentleman. He even knew my thoughts.

"You're right," he said—"absolutely right. It's a beastly sea. It's a loose woman, you take my word for it. And that green choked-up place they call a jungle—you'd expect that to be decent, anyway—none of your stinking 'umans. But it's not—no, sir. Not at all. There are things in that there jungle which if my wife were 'ere with me I'd say, 'Don't you look, Mary. It ain't fit for a respectable woman.'" He turned himself round to stare at me with an immense solemnity. "Got a wife, you know. Yes, a nice, respectable body in West 'Am. Yes, respectable myself once." He hiccuped. "Before the war, you know."

"I know," I assented.

I don't know why I should have been comforted by his presence. I was glad just to hear his voice. The very twang had an honest, kindly sound.

"That there bloody war," he reflected. "I used to pray to Gawd, 'Get me out of this alive and I'll stay 'appy in West 'Am all me days.' Swore it, I did. And I got out of it alive and 'ere I am. Wotcher make of that, sir? Fact is, I couldn't stick it. Breakfast—dinner—tea—bed. Seeing the same old trousers waiting for you in the same old place where Mary would 'ang 'em, though I told 'er the sight of 'em made me sick. Same old thing every day of your blessed life, till you wondered wot it was all abaht." He wagged an impressive finger through the moonlight. "When a man's fighting for 'is life 'e don't worry wot 'e's alive for; that comes afterwards."

"I Suppose That's True; I Suppose That's Why I Wanted the Money"

(Continued on Page 66)

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PHILADELPHIA, JANUARY 26, 1924

The Four-Hour Day

IN THE course of a recent interview a famous scientist predicted that the development of electrical power would ultimately lead to a four-hour work day. He did not seem to feel, however, that this era of leisure ahead of the human race would be an unmixed blessing. Too much leisure, he intimated, would perhaps have a bad effect, particularly on the young.

He has presented the adverse side much too mildly. If the time ever comes when a four-hour day is the common lot, living conditions will be little short of deplorable. In the first place, the human mind and body need the stimulus of labor and it is impossible to keep the one keen and the other fit on a daily shift of four hours. It is not so much that four hours devoted to work would in themselves fail to keep the mind sharp and the muscles properly exercised. The difficulty would consist in the inability of the average person to make proper use of the twelve hours of leisure thus provided. Twelve hours of loafing or misdirected energy would steal from mind and body any benefits that might accrue from shortening the hours of work to four. Man has never been a good loafer. With nothing to do he either lets his powers atrophy or turns to pernicious activities. The society waster, the bored dilettante, the tramp, the beggar and the beachcomber are the common types created by idleness. Even the hardworking and successful man who finds it possible to retire soon shows the effects of an unwonted inactivity. He becomes heavy and lethargic in body and thoroughly miserable in mind and spirit; often, too, he fails to live out his allotted span and succumbs to some disease which might never have laid its grip upon him had he stayed in the harness. Any man worth his salt comes back from a vacation completely sated with idleness and with renewed zest for his work. Work is the salvation of the human race. It was a blessing, not a curse, that was laid on Adam and Eve when they were ejected from the Garden of Eden.

All work and no play may make Jack a dull boy, but all play and no work makes him the worst possible kind of citizen. The four-hour day would make man a twelve-hour loafer, and it would not be long before we should need twenty-four-hour theaters, amusement parks, traffic cops and jails. Roads would be black with flying flivvers at all hours of the day and night. Places of amusement would be continuously jammed, and all forms of vice would flourish.

An equally unsatisfactory feature would be the impossibility of making the short day general in any sense. Electrical power may some day partly replace brawn and give such aid to mechanical skill that a shorter day will become possible for the man who works with his hands. Electricity, however, will never take the place of thought. If civilization is to keep on functioning and advancing, the brain worker will never have it any easier than he does today. Responsibility can never be put on a four-hour basis. Leadership and supervision have always been twenty-four-hour propositions, and always will be, no matter how advanced our mechanical devices may become. We do not dare clip any shorter the hours of education unless illiteracy is to accompany leisure. Nor will it ever be possible for the housewife and mother to condense her labor and responsibilities into such a short daily schedule. What will the twelve-hour wife do with a four-hour husband hanging around the house?

The man who is most to be pitied is the one who is misplaced and cannot take pride and pleasure in his vocation. Scientists and inventors will do more for the race if, instead of bending their efforts to the shortening of hours of toil, they will discover for us means of reducing discomfort and monotony in many trades and tasks and thus make it possible for men in all occupations to approach their work with zest.

An Investment in Americanism

THERE could be no more striking proof of the vitality and soundness of the Boy Scout movement than the difficulty experienced by its leaders in keeping up with the demands made upon them. No young scout at the awkward age outgrows his clothes with more disconcerting regularity than the rank and file of this organization outgrow the supervisory arrangements made for them.

Just now there is a nation-wide shortage of scoutmasters. In every part of the country bright boys are being turned away by the local troops because there are not enough adult members to instruct them in scout lore and superintend their activities. New York City alone is in pressing need of a thousand more scoutmasters and is making an intensive effort to enroll that number within the next few days. It is important for the community at large that this attempt should succeed.

Teaching a boy the wigwag signal code and how to kindle a fire, Indian fashion, with a twirling stick is the smallest service scoutmasters render him. The important things they inculcate are honor and courage, loyalty and a lively sense of personal obligation, together with a wholesome and intelligent love of outdoor life. Health of mind and health of body are their stock in trade. It naturally follows that scoutmasters must be rather fine and upstanding men to qualify for the tasks expected of them. Those who volunteer for the work and who are deemed acceptable will find themselves in the best of company; for scout work is so constructive in its nature and is daily yielding such rich and certain returns in terms of good citizenship and wholesome American young manhood that it has already attracted an extraordinary number of active workers from the higher ranks of business, industry, banking and the professions.

We know of no sounder investment in Americanism than the time and money that public-spirited citizens are putting into the Boy Scout movement.

The Protection Issue in Britain

AFTER two years of unprecedented unemployment, with nearly a million and a half of workers unable to find jobs, it is not surprising that statesmen in England should be seeking remedies. Some propose the old-fashioned medicine of economy and reduced taxes. Others like Mr. M'Kenna, ex-Chancellor of the Exchequer and now a leading banker, have suggested a mild dose of inflation; but this proposal, which really means a debasement of the currency, has been turned down by the government, and indeed has found very little support. At the general election, a year ago, Mr. Bonar Law, in order to secure the support of moderate Conservatives and Free Traders, promised that if returned to power he would not disturb the existing fiscal system, which allows free imports of food, raw materials and manufactured goods with a comparatively small and trivial list of exceptions.

When the Conference of Colonial Premiers met in October it immediately began to press for a large extension of preferential duties, involving of course serious discrimination against Great Britain's foreign customers, who take about two-thirds of British exports. Mr. Baldwin admitted that he was bound by Mr. Bonar Law's pledge; though he thought that, while "strictly" adhering to it, he could give some slight extensions of existing preferences; for example, on raisins and currants. He recognized, however, that a full-fledged system of tariff reform with a real preferential and protective tariff could not be introduced until after the voters had been consulted at a general election, and the decision went against him.

It may be pointed out that a protective tariff for Britain is a very different thing from a protective tariff for the United States, because most of the staple industries in Great Britain—such as the cotton and woolen manufactures, boots and shoes, iron, steel and engineering—are largely dependent upon foreign markets which cannot be protected. They depend for their success upon a low cost of living and production. The same, of course, is true of shipping and shipbuilding, which must suffer from any reduction in overseas trade. Agriculture, again, in England cannot be benefited by a tariff, because no British Government dare venture to propose the taxation of food.

Poor Winners

CREDIT men know that prosperity is as direct and as frequent a factor in business failure as depression. When trade is booming, men are tempted to branch out, to overextend, to take on new lines, to stray from the business they understand into enterprises that are beyond their experience. Overconfidence, bred of prosperity, is the most dangerous of commercial diseases. It operates so insidiously that often it is not detected until affairs are hopelessly involved.

The same thing applies through all phases of life. Men crack from the disarming effects of success or the softening influences of acquired ease as often as from the blows of adversity. Defeat is a hardening and purifying process; success too frequently brings arrogance, indolence and flabbiness. It is much easier, in fact, to be a good loser than to be a good winner.

Success should be harder of attainment. After all, the zest is in the pursuit of the thing desired, not in the possession of it afterward. Only the really great can go up from rung to rung, retaining the qualities which make progress possible. The average man accepts the achievement of his first success as the ultimate goal and sinks into a coma of self-complacency. It is better to slip repeatedly down the ladder than to clutter the halfway steps.

One of the things the world most needs to learn is to win gracefully. What is true of the individual and the business concern applies with equal force to movements, parties, nations. Movements disintegrate, parties become corrupt, nations develop imperialistic frenzies as the result of victory. Selfishness unfortunately feeds on success. This inability to win well has helped to keep the world in turmoil since peace was declared. Business men refused to accept lower price levels and pocket partial losses, thereby precipitating a period of depression during which war profits were ruthlessly swallowed up. Labor strove to put the temporary advantages of wartime on a permanent basis. Governments have hung on to power by all manner of expedients. Nations have forgotten everything but their own selfish designs and the furtherance of their racial ambitions. Germany has been a poor loser; but history unfortunately will not be able to record that the Allies have been good winners.

Man, individually and collectively, finds success an intoxicating potion. Since no form of success prohibition is possible, we must school ourselves to more reasonable and moderate drinking.

Peasant Renovators of Russia

By ROBERT CROZIER LONG

RUSSIA is renewing her youth. Hero in the magic work of renovation is Ivan the Fool, the muzhik. He is toiler, creator, conqueror. City men, bureaucrats, are nowhere—at best mere spectators of the regenerative change, at worst impediments. From the muzhik, the forlorn and backward, the excessively despised and sometimes excessively glorified peasant on the plains between the White Sea and the Euxine, from the supposed shiftless boor who was the despair of practical reformers like Witte—and the ecstatic hope of idealists like Tolstoy—comes the restorative movement, full of youthful vigor and resolution, which is renovating crushed Russia today.

Building up is the muzhik's monopoly. Even those less obdurate Bolsheviks who have forsworn their economic heresies accomplish nothing with their hands. They have merely abandoned their losing gamble in economical revolution, and by permitting bourgeois enterprise and the reopening of banks, bourses and produce exchanges, have made possible a crude circulation system for industry and trade. But the only red blood so far pulsing through these sclerotic arteries has been pumped in by the muzhik. At all times the muzhik was Russia's producer, her farmer. In the new age he is taking the leading part in manufacturing industry, in internal and even in international trade. He embodies initiative, self-reliance, conflict. He brings one more proof that not state tutelage, and not outside patronage, is to be the arcanum of recovery in the war-tried lands of East and Central Europe—the arcanum is the compelling impulse to self-preservation.

Russia has an apologue which illustrates this well. Ivan the Fool's province, far in the south, was famine stricken. Honest men—a relief officer, a chemist and a bureaucrat—competed to help. They failed. The relief officer concentrated flour ten miles off, but for lack of transport could not move it; the chemist showed how eatable bread could be ground out of bark, but forgot that the famine lands were a treeless steppe; the bureaucrat, seeing that famine could not be relieved, compiled tables to prove there was no famine at all. Debating their ineffectual remedies, the philanthropists fell asleep. They woke up six months later and, conscience stricken, rushed from their council chamber, expecting to find the village dead. It was alive. Seeing their helpers' helplessness, the muzhiks had tightened their belts, and in the summer reaped a bumper crop.

That applies to Russia in her present crisis and her impending recovery. She is plagued with regulators, helpers, statisticians, quacks—national and international—who want to do everything, but do nothing. She is blessed with a host of predominantly healthy citizens, mostly peasants, who in the necessity to live have found the means of life. It is these living forces which have triumphed, these which are making the new Russia, which are consuming the dry bones of dead Bolshevism at a time when to undiscerning eyes Bolshevism is alive and enthroned.

Europe begins to see the facts. It began when it heard that Russia, as before the war, was delivering vast quantities of farm produce to Germany and England; and that obscure peasant associations were buying more farm machinery than all the buyers of the Soviets' Foreign Trade Commissariat. Europe's sharpest business men—Germans, naturally—first discerned the truth. Agriculture, not industry, they saw, was to be Russia's trump; for years the only Russian business worth doing would be on or associated with the land. Krupps, who could easily have got concessions to repair the cracked blast furnaces of Briansk and Hughesovka, chose as their first Russian deal a concession to farm land near the Black Sea. Next appeared the Russo-German Agrarian Corporation, which, working with the reopened Volga-Kama Bank, leased large tracts of farm land in the eastern provinces; and now England is—literally—in the field. The more pliant, more perspicacious Soviet magnates see what is coming. "We blundered," says Kalinine, Lenine's chief lieutenant and probable successor, "in not from the first understanding that our peasants, as chief producers, as the healthiest social element, must hold the ultimate power. We must now conform state policy to that overwhelming fact."

Europe, though realizing this now, was slow in realization. It knows little of any muzhik except Ivan the Fool, the pattern of abject obedience, who gulps down vodka, crosses himself ten times a day, and stands, cap in hand, at the roadside when his betters ride by. Even Europeans given to idealizing Russia see in the Fool Ivan only the passive virtues of the incipient mystic. Their attitude recalls the not yet extinct blunder of regarding Japan as the land of cherry blossoms. Yet since the age of the peasant lad Lomonosov, who at one stroke created

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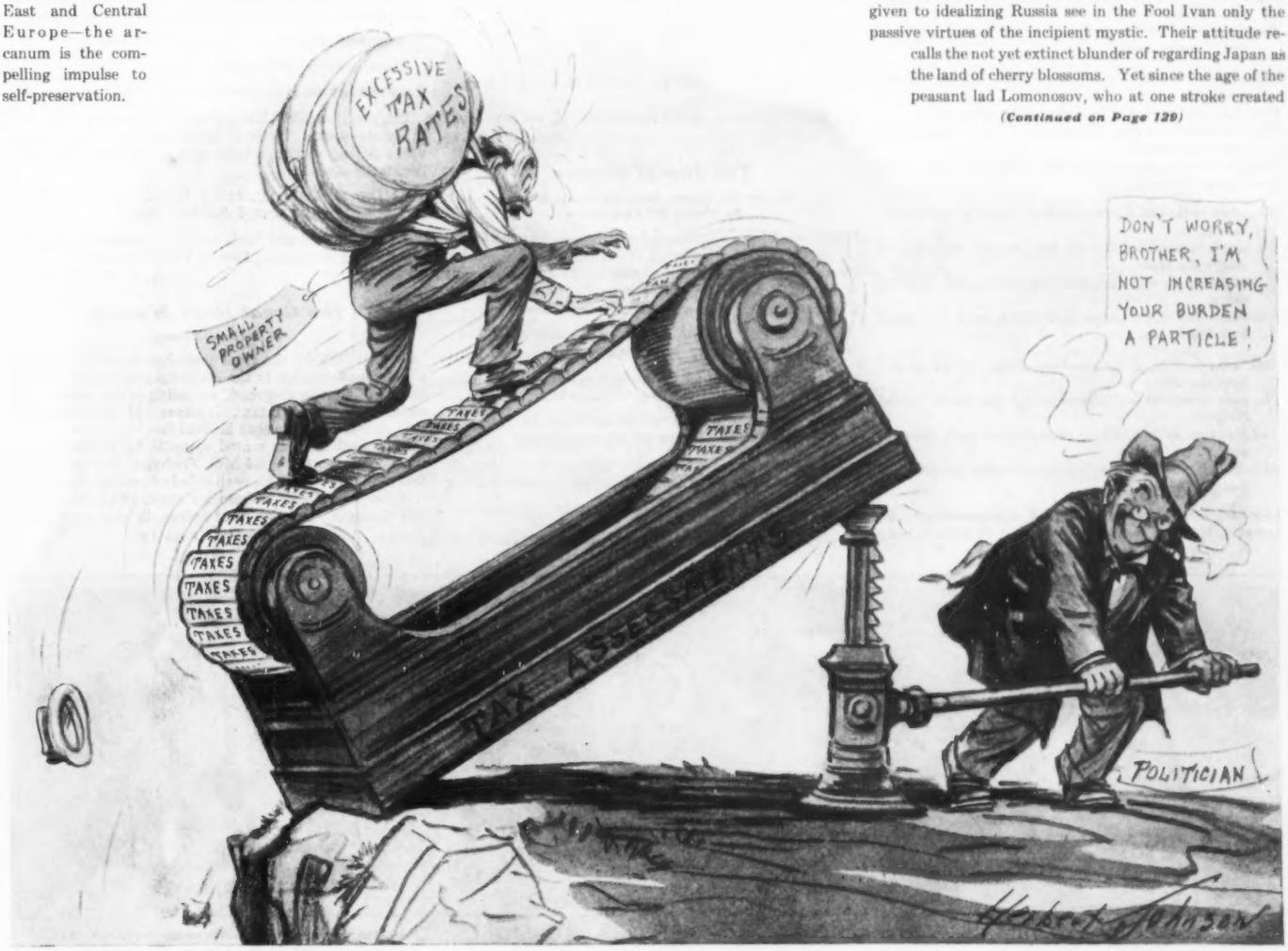


A DISTINCTION WITHOUT A DIFFERENCE

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

The Good Old Days

A Rimed Editorial

IT WAS five years after peace had been signed at the close of the next World War
That the Joneses went over to play some bridge with the Harrington Smiths next door.
But ere they started the rubber, of course, they chatted of this and that,
To get it out of the way, for bridge must not be profaned by chat.

So after the cocktails had gone around, the hostess said with a sigh,
"I don't know where we're going to end with everything priced so high!
I ordered my coal in yesterday—there'll be a shortage, I've heard—
And the price was sixty dollars a ton, I give you my sacred word.

"Why, I can remember before the war when we only paid thirty-eight;
When veal was only nine dollars a pound, and peaches forty a crate;
When eggs were seventy cents apiece, where now they're ninety-two,
And milk was only three-ten a quart. What are we going to do?"

"And that's not all," her spouse chipped in. "Just look at the price of socks!
They're ninety dollars a dozen, and that doesn't even include the box.
Then take a squint at this suit of clothes; it cost me four hundred bones.
Two-twenty-five was the prewar price." "And expensive at that!" swore Jones.

"Why, I can remember," continued Smith, "my grandfather telling me
How they used to roar at the prices of things in 1923,
When coal was seventeen dollars a ton! Say, wouldn't that make you laugh?
And for what we pay for a pound of veal you could pretty near get the calf!

"Why, fifty bucks took a suit of clothes as good as you'd want to buy,
Yet people complained that the war had sent the prices of things sky high!
If they could have only imagined then what it costs us to live today,
I wonder, after they'd caught their breath, what they would have had to say."

"Still, come to think of it," pondered Jones, "it always has been the same;
The poor consumer has always trailed two stacks behind the game,
And ten to one he'll be kicking when the next war's over and done,
At paying two thousand bucks for a suit whose prewar price was one.

"I see our grandchildren sitting around, exactly as we are now,
Laughing at us for complaining, yet raising the selfsame row;
And I see their grandchildren doing the same, and so will theirs anon,
And theirs and theirs and theirs and theirs, and so on and so on."

In case The Moral eludes the glance of the reader's curious eye,
It's this: Commodity prices now are entirely too darn high!

—*Baron Ireland.*

Flapper—"Gee, Ma, What Naïve Drivel!"

The Sins of Passion

(From the Poem, Paul Revere's Ride, By Henry W. Longfellow)

THE film opens with due acknowledgment to the Director, Assistant Director, Cinematographist, Scenarist, Continuitist and Art Titler, shown to the accompaniment of In the Gloaming on the orchestrelle. The rest of the titles, action and musical settings are as follows:

A SWEET PEACE HUNG OVER THE AGE-OLD FIELDS OF MIDDLESEX

Panoramic view of sheep meadow, Central Park, New York City, featuring the sheep. Swanee River.

PAUL AND PAULA WADED KNEE DEEP IN JUNE, UNAWARE OF THE GATHERING STORM

Long shot of hero and heroine walking slowly through tall grass in some other field. Close-up of Paula holding one of D. W. Griffith's trained doves. In the Good Old Summer Time.

CAME A DAY WHEN DREAD WAR GRIPPED THE COUNTRYSIDE

Flashes from wartime news reels, showing troops of the Allies marching in different directions. Marseillaise. Close-up of Paul and Paula registering love and anxiety. Good-by, Girls, I'm Through.

PAULA'S FATHER ENTERTAINS VISITORS

Interior of Alpine tavern, with crowd of soldiers singing and drinking. (The drinking scenes may be eliminated in Penn.) There is a Tavern in the Town.

THE CALL TO ARMS!

Drummer boy beating drum, silhouetted against sky. Soldiers rush around him. Bugle Calls, U. S. Army.

Scene changes to interior of stable. Paul enters with usual pause after opening door, and leads horse out of stall. He trips and falls, hitting his head against the wall. Limps towards door, rubbing his arm. Enter Paula. Situation is explained, and she indicates that she will ride in place of Paul. Gets on horse. Paul bids horse affectionate farewell. Tosti's Good-by.

"GOOD-BY, OLD PAL, YOU'VE GOT A MAN'S WORK TO DO TONIGHT"

Exit horse and Paula. Flash-backs, cut-ins, close-ups and long shots of horse galloping, soldiers marching, and Paul passed out on stable floor. Medley of Valkyrie's Ride, Turkish Patrol and Madelon.

THE HEART OF THE WORLD IS BROKEN

Miscellaneous battle scenes. Dixie.

PASS THE LITTLE HOURS AND LOVE ENTERS INTO ITS OWN

Interior of stable. Enter Paula. She nurses Paul back to consciousness. Victory. Great rejoicing. Paula looks up at ceiling, so that a baby spot can shine on her face. Soft-focus close-up.

"I DID IT, DARLING, AND I WOULD DO IT AGAIN BECAUSE I REVERE YOU"

Iris-out of Paul and Paula sitting on garden bench, with a police dog alongside. Men of Yale, Exit March.

—*A. C. M. Azoy, Jr.*

The Great Head Mystery

(A Detective Story)

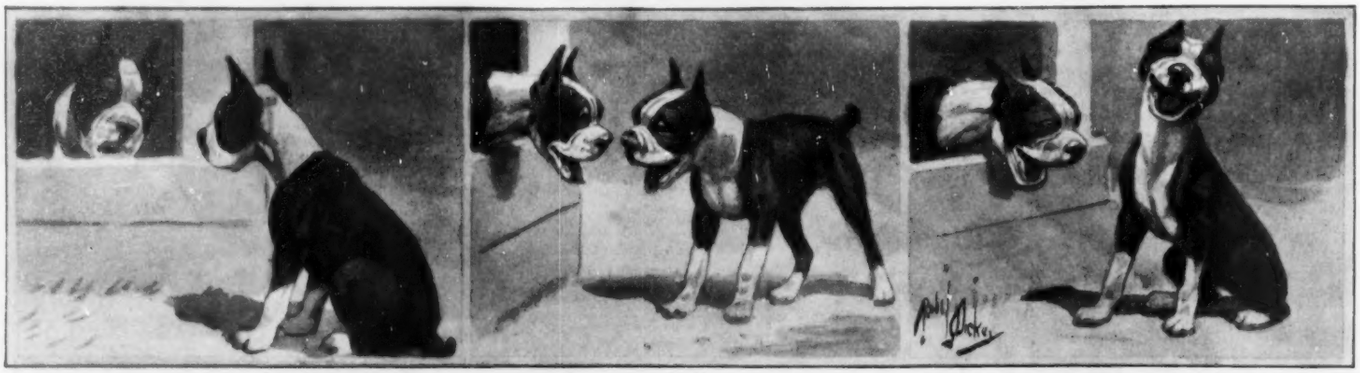
ABNER JONES, the great detective, sat at his desk and listened intently to the beautiful young widow opposite him. He was disguised, according to his custom, as a certified public accountant. It was said of the noted sleuth that no one had ever seen his real face.

"My husband was seated opposite me in the library, reading the paper," said Mrs. Frederick Peyton. "Suddenly he sneezed, and his head rolled off into the fireplace!"

Abner Jones started from his chair. The coincidence was uncanny. Only an hour before, in this very office,

(Continued on Page 121)

Mr. and Mrs. Beans



"Do I Understand, Beans, That Peter Pan Has Been Banished From the White House?"

"Yes; His Barking at Night Disturbs the President"

"Well, the Country Should Welcome the Precedent. There Will be Barking in the New Congress Over the Bonus and Tax Reduction That Will Disturb More Than His Nights"

Eat soup!

-with the meal -as the meal

-for the extra meal

Soup is food. Soup is an appetizer. Soup nourishes. Soup makes you more eager for your other food. Soup is a splendid aid to digestion. Eat soup freely—for health—for a varied enjoyment which no other one food can offer.

A luncheon or a supper made on Campbell's Vegetable Soup is a meal that has thirty-two different ingredients.

Fifteen tempting, succulent vegetables. Broth of fine beef to stimulate and strengthen. Cereals rich in sustaining food. Fresh herbs and delightful seasoning.

A hearty dish at a hearty dinner. And it's a great favorite for that extra meal many people find so beneficial during a busy day's work, or later in the evening

Never be without soup in your pantry

21 kinds
12 cents a can

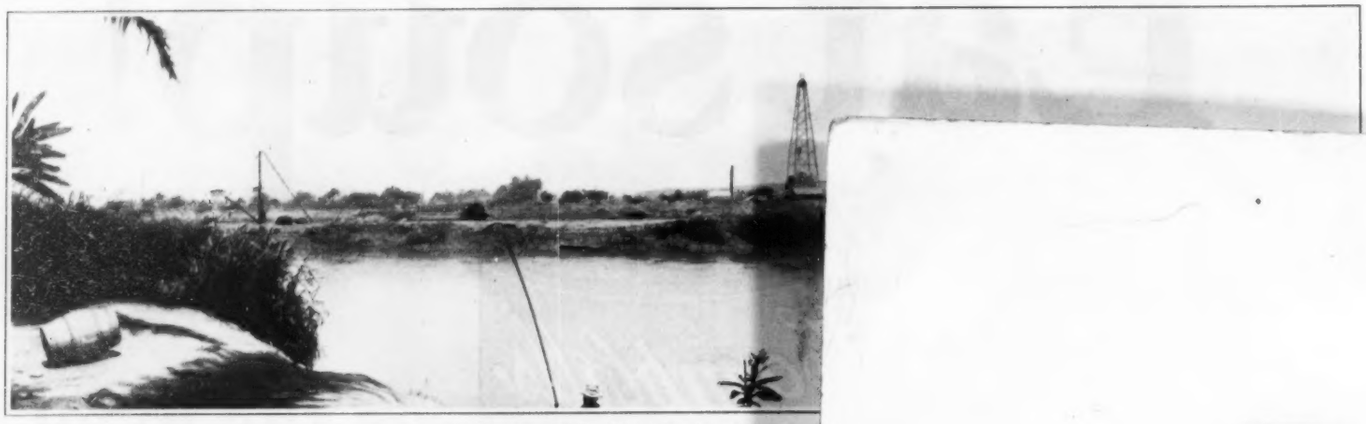
My figure is certainly neat,
At skating I surely am fleet.
The Campbell's I've eaten
Can never be beaten—
My motor's the soup that I eat!

Campbells' Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

887

The World Struggle for Oil



An American Oil Derrick at Angola on the West C

The American Off

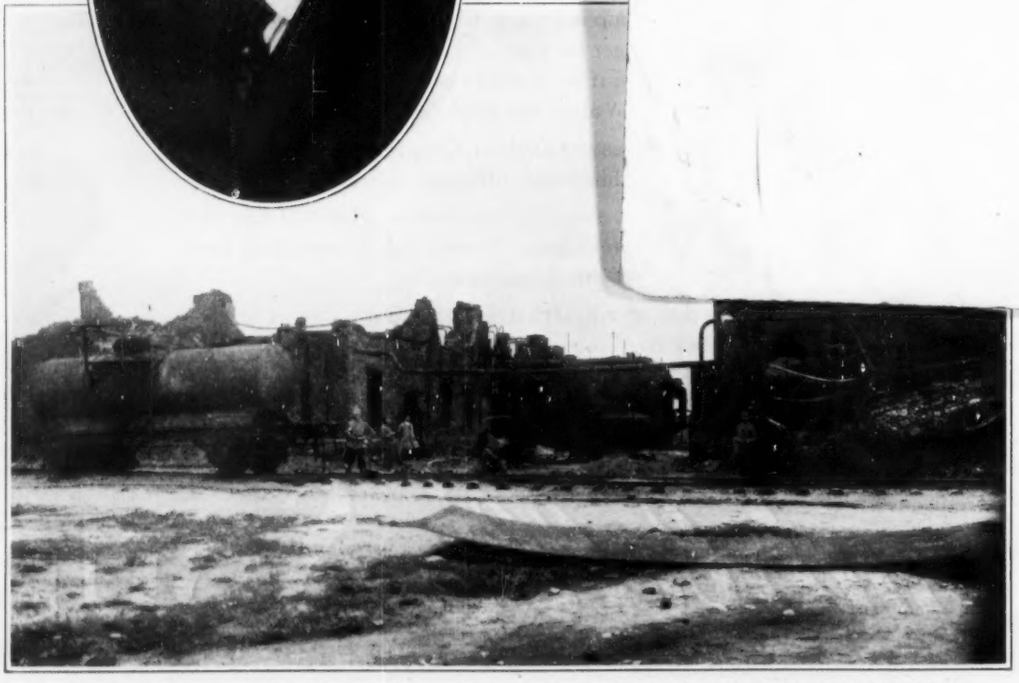
By Isaac F. Marc

IN THE preceding articles of this series the growing British and Dutch control of the major part of the potential and producing petroleum areas of the world, outside the United States and Mexico, was disclosed. We now reach the American phase of the world struggle for oil. What are we doing to take out some insurance against exhaustion of our supply, and how is it being done? That an American oil offensive overseas is not only necessary but imperative almost goes without saying. We are producing at the rate of 2,250,000 barrels a day, while our consumption, with exports, approximates 2,100,000 barrels a day. We have permitted our fields to be drained while other nations were conserving their stores, and at the same time setting up bars to keep out prospectors, including ourselves. Economic self-preservation dictates the widening of our field.

American oil penetration in alien lands on any kind of a large scale is a comparatively recent activity. I must except Mexico, of course, which is so near at hand that in the liberal conception of the term it is not considered foreign. Not only is the work new for Americans but they have suffered from three distinct handicaps. Each has its element of interest.

PHOTO. BY OLIVER LIPPINCOTT, N. Y. C.

With a foreign concession the procedure is and more difficult scale. You have to deal wit ment instead of an individual. Behind that go usually a parliament, and dominat liament is invariably a group of who have to be dealt with. M tween the institution of nege a concession and the gr signing of it, the gover change and the whole expensive performan gone through all ove nally the America upon to treat wit ments and perso are strange, and a language that h does not underst ways than one. occasionally



The Ruins of the American Oil Refinery, With German Troops in Charge, at Ploesci, Rumania. In the Oval—E. J. Sadler

Red Tape

THE first grows out of the fact that whereas the Englishman, the Hollander, the Frenchman and the Belgian are old hands at the concession game, we are practically novices. The petroleum industry offers an excellent illustration. In the United States the oil lease is a comparatively simple matter. There is a frank man-to-man negotiation, the documents involved are filed at the county courthouse and the matter is ended save for the payment of royalties or purchase price.

Rockefeller and Rogers millions. Being canny and cautious, these early oil barons preferred to let the other fellow assume all the hazards and anxieties of production. Besides, the fetish of the old Standard Oil Company before dissolution was that the world should be lighted with the American product. Oil had not entered so

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ability, ease of handling, and the positive safety of Cadillac Four Wheel Brakes make driving more pleasurable than ever before; the smoothness and quietness of the new harmonized and balanced V-Type eight-cylinder engine are without precedent or parallel even in Cadillac manufacture.

There has never been any question as to women's preference for the Cadillac, and now as their purchases show, this preference has been intensified by the quality of the New V-63.

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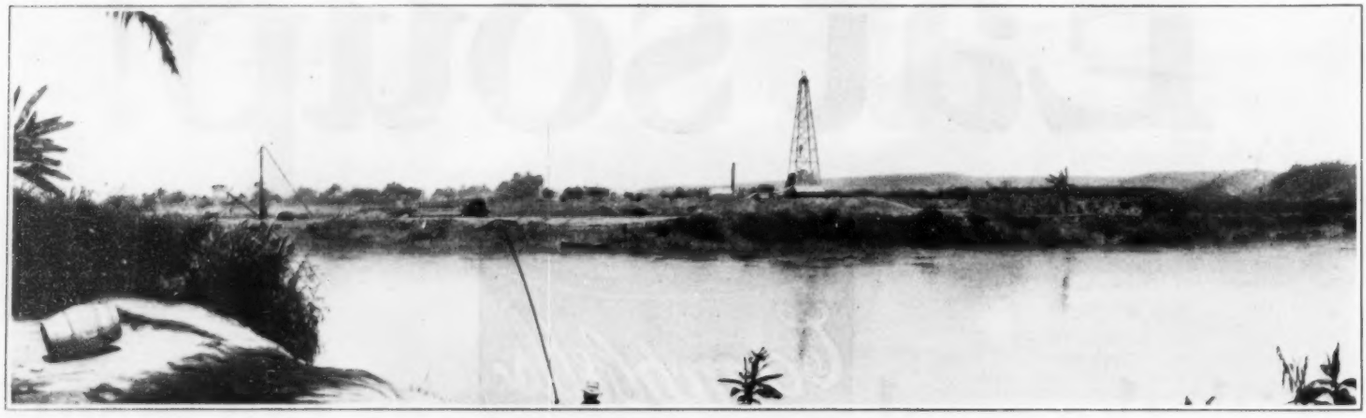
CADILLAC

V-63

The World Struggle for Oil



An American Oil Derrick at Angola on the West Coast of Africa

The American Offensive

By Isaac F. Marcosson

IN THE preceding articles of this series the growing British and Dutch control of the major part of the potential and producing petroleum areas of the world, outside the United States and Mexico, was disclosed. We now reach the American phase of the world struggle for oil. What are we doing to take out some insurance against exhaustion of our supply, and how is it being done? That an American oil offensive overseas is not only necessary but imperative almost goes without saying. We are producing at the rate of 2,250,000 barrels a day, while our consumption, with exports, approximates 2,100,000 barrels a day. We have permitted our fields to be drained while other nations were conserving their stores, and at the same time setting up bars to keep out prospectors, including ourselves. Economic self-preservation dictates the widening of our field.

American oil penetration in alien lands on any kind of a large scale is a comparatively recent activity. I must except Mexico, of course, which is so near at hand that in the liberal conception of the term it is not considered foreign. Not only is the work new for Americans but they have suffered from three distinct handicaps. Each has its element of interest.

Red Tape

THE first grows out of the fact that whereas the Englishman, the Hollander, the Frenchman and the Belgian are old hands at the concession game, we are practically novices. The petroleum industry offers an excellent illustration. In the United States the oil lease is a comparatively simple matter. There is a frank man-to-man negotiation, the documents involved are filed at the county courthouse and the matter is ended save for the payment of royalties or purchase price.

PHOTO. BY OLIVER LIPPINCOTT, N. Y. C.

With a foreign concession the procedure is on a larger and more difficult scale. You have to deal with a government instead of an individual. Behind that government is usually a parliament, and dominating the parliament is invariably a group of politicians who have to be dealt with. Moreover, between the institution of negotiations for a concession and the granting and signing of it, the government may change and the whole tedious and expensive performance must be gone through all over again. Finally the American is called upon to treat with temperaments and personalities that are strange, and wrestle with a language that he frequently does not understand in more ways than one. When we occasionally have an opportunity to plant the American flag in a potential area it is either frustrated by sharp competition—Northern Persia is only one of many cases in point—or by internal squabbles that defeat the purpose.

The second handicap is the lack of a consistent foreign policy by the American Government. Advocacy of the open door does not constitute the whole job. The real troubles of the concessionaire often begin after he has got past the portal. Our foreign economic attitude usually changes with every Administration, and its uncertainty is almost as bad as the instability of alien régimes.

Governmental Handicaps

THE third obstacle to our oil expansion lies in exclusion or discrimination. There are seventeen different countries with laws or regulations which hinder petroleum development by aliens. Some of the restrictions which have discouraged the American in the foreign petroleum field are prohibition of ownership or operation of oil-producing properties by foreigners; government participation in ownership and control of companies; prohibition of the transfer of shares in companies to other than nationals; proscription of nationals from selling their properties to foreigners; special and complicated government licenses; and repudiation of rights originally acquired in accordance with the law.

Behind our backwardness in the matter of foreign penetration lies still another reason. The original great American oil fortunes were made in refining and marketing oil, and not in producing it. This is particularly true of the Rockefeller and Rogers millions. Being canny and cautious, these early oil barons preferred to let the other fellow assume all the hazards and anxieties of production. Besides, the fetish of the old Standard Oil Company before dissolution was that the world should be lighted with the American product. Oil had not entered so

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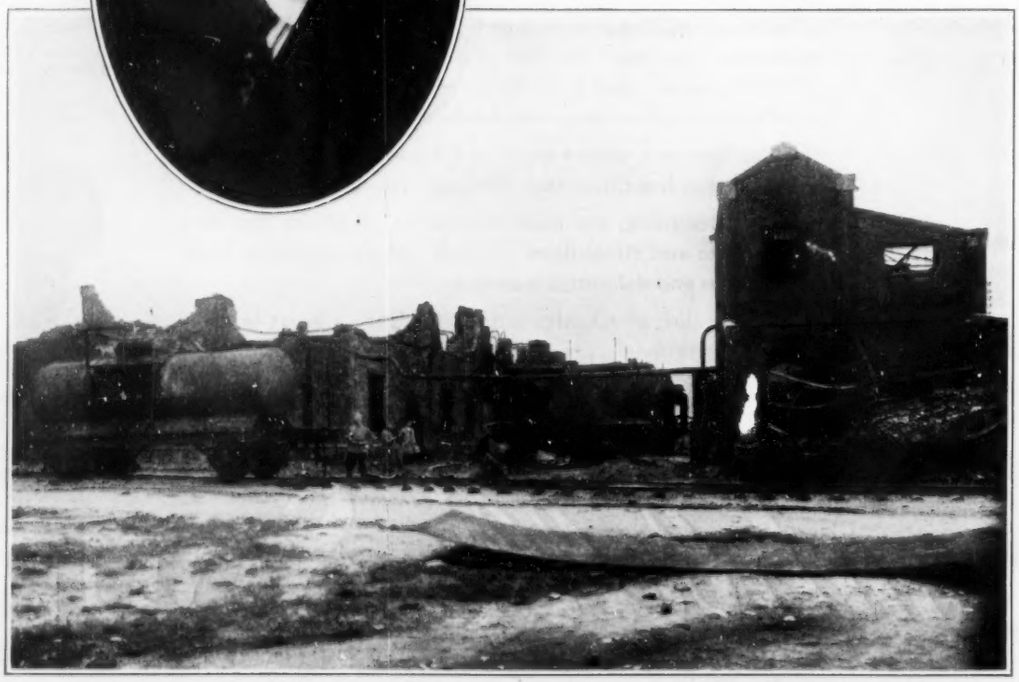

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For many years, women have expressed decided preference for the Cadillac.

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THE EXTRY KEY

By Hugh MacNair Kahler

ILLUSTRATED BY ERNEST FUHR

"No Use, Bixby. Can't Talk Money Outen My Pocket Without You Talk Some In First. Got My Last Cent, You Have"

ERECT and vigilant on the high seat of the van, Elmer held the reins and watched the proceedings on the porch with professional disapproval. He had argued against Uncle Clem's decision to drive up the steep lane to the Strafford place, and he resented the transactions which put him, unreasonably, in the wrong. It was plain that Dave Strafford had no money to spare for anything. There was something irritating in the ease with which Uncle Clem sold him things he couldn't possibly need—the two decks of cheap cards, for instance, those bent-wire puzzles, the patent fishhooks and the bottle of Magic Lure Bait merely aggravated Elmer's awareness of the things Dave Strafford ought to have bought instead. He took displeased note of the sagging doors and shutters, of the ruined paint peeling in great ugly blisters from the clapboards that had once been white, of the flattened tin cans that had been substituted for missing shingles in the low roof of the wing.

He observed that scrawny hens scratched at pleasure in the weedy garden beyond the broken fence and that last winter's hay stuck out through gaps in the barn like frowzy hair through a ragged cap. All these evidences found confirmation in Strafford himself—a huge, relaxed figure, sprawling in the shade and playing cards with his hired man at ten in the morning, lazily willing to stop the game and let Uncle Clem sell him playthings.

Elmer's contempt widened to include Hub Mettler, the farm hand, slouching against the wall and rubbing his red-bristled chin against his shoulder rather than take a hand from a pocket to scratch effectively. Nobody but Dave Strafford would have hired a sulky, shiftless little runt like Mettler, Elmer thought; and nobody but Mettler would have stood for Strafford's slipshod ways, working for his keep, which, Elmer guessed, was all the wage that Strafford could offer.

"No use, Bixby. Can't talk money outen my pocket without you talk some in first. Got my last cent, you have."

Strafford lifted his great arms in a deliberate comfortable yawn. Elmer clicked to the horses, impatient to get away, and Uncle Clem, in response to the summons, gathered up the unsold items from the table.

"Better stay for dinner, now you're here," said Strafford carelessly. "Hub'll shoot a chicken ——"

He jerked his head in the direction of the double-barreled shotgun that leaned in the corner of the porch. Elmer's disapproval deepened at this new proof of depravity; wasting powder and shot on a chicken to save yourself the trouble of catching it! And talking about dinner, too, when the morning hadn't more than well begun!

"Obliged to you, but I couldn't," said Uncle Clem. "Me and Elmer got to hustle these days to get a living out of the peddling business."

Strafford yawned again.

"Suit yourself, if you'd ruther hustle than take it easy like Hub and me. Might go shoot that there chicken, Hub, so's we can start in to boil it down tender."

Mettler swung up the gun without answering and shambled off toward the garden fence. The horses shied at the double roar of the report, and Elmer, soothing them with rein and word, spared another thought for the waste of that extra barrel. Two shots to kill a hen! Even Strafford objected to this. He lifted himself half erect, his huge hands on the arms of his chair, and shouted an angry rebuke.

"Mighty near outen powder, you dum' fool, Hub! Go wastin' two shots on a chicken!"

Mettler, returning with the quarry, snarled back at him, his teeth showing for an instant in the stubble of his beard. He disappeared beyond the corner of the house and Strafford turned to Uncle Clem.

"Got any powder, Bixby? Have to hang me up for it till next trip, but ——"

The peddler shook his head.

"Don't carry it, Dave." He hesitated. "Guess it ain't my business, but I'm bound to say it all the same. No sense to you living like this, so you got to ask credit for a mite of powder. If you was a-mind to, you could be as well off as any man in the glen. Ain't a better farm in the county if you'd use it right."

Elmer saw the big figure tighten and rise, head and shoulders above the wispy little peddler. For a moment he was afraid for Uncle Clem; Strafford could have broken him in his two hands. But the flash of anger winked out as quickly as it had come.

"Think I don't know it, Bixby? Think I let the place go to rack and ruin over my head because I want to? Think I live like a hog for choice?" He swung one big arm out in a wide gesture. "What else could I do? You can't work a place like this without money or credit, Bixby. You know that. Grandfather'd ought to've known it, too, but it looks 's if he didn't. Left me the farm for my lifetime and evened things between me and Laban by giving him the money in the bank and the stock and tools. You ever try to work six hundred acres without a plow or a team or a dollar to buy with? Try it!"

"That's how it was, eh?" Clem Bixby tilted his head thoughtfully. "Never heard the straight of it before. Couldn't borrow?"

"Only on crop mortgages—eat you alive with interest and bonuses. Couldn't get a cent from the bank. The way they figured it, I didn't own a thing. Took me two-three years to find out I was working myself crazy to earn interest for Labe."

"It was Labe 't loaned you on crop mortgage then?"

Uncle Clem slipped the question in quietly, and Elmer saw Strafford's face go hard and ugly at the word.

"You bet it was! Fooled me first off—rented me the tools and stock and let me have what ready money I needed, friendly's could be. Had me working nights and Sundays with my tongue hanging out, trying to catch up with his 10 or 12 per cent, all so I could keep up the place in nice shape—for him!"

He broke into a heavy, triumphant laughter.

"That's where I hit him, Bixby! Soon's I found out how I stood I started in to make Labe sick, I tell you! The way he looks at it, the place is just the same as his, and every time another shingle rots off the barn roof it's like a tooth outen Labe's jaw. Oh, I'm getting my turn now—paying him back for the way he worked me before I woke up! I got Labe begging me to take his money and keep up the farm, offering me wages to run it right. Drives him mighty near crazy to see it like this."

"Guess it would," said Uncle Clem mildly. "Kind of hate to see it myself." He rubbed his chin. "Strikes me you're kind of cutting off your nose to spite your face, though, Dave. Living like this, when you could ——"

"I can stand it." Strafford laughed again. "I got used to it now. Loafing around suits me better'n driving a plow, and it's kind of fun, too, watching Labe. Time he gets the

(Continued on Page 30)

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(Continued from Page 28)

place it won't do him much good, even if I don't make out to see him tucked away in that new vault he's been building for himself down to the Corners burying ground." His great shoulders rose and quivered in a soundless laugh. "I'm only eight years older'n Labe and I'm a sight tougher. Got him worried most to death about it."

Uncle Clem nodded slowly.

"Who gets the place after you, if you outlive Labe? Matt?"

"Not unless I take and will it to him. Grandfather fixed it up so I could will the place if I outlasted Labe, or he could will it if he got the best of me. Matt don't get a thing unless me or Labe gives it to him. Grandfather never got over John Strafford marrying Matt's mother. Guess Matt's kind of counting on heiring the farm off me or Labe—don't do him no harm to think so, anyhow."

Again he laughed in that queer, silent fashion, and Elmer felt a tingling little shiver run along his spine. He was glad that Uncle Clem's curiosity was satisfied at last, and moved over eagerly to make room on the seat as the peddler scrambled up over the wheel. From the tail of his eye he had a final glimpse of the huge, sagging figure sprawled in the broken chair and of the mean, sly face of the farm hand, who came past the corner of the house to watch the van turn. He drew a deep breath of relief when they passed the stone columns that had once held heavy gates across the lane. Uncle Clem seemed to understand how he felt.

"Kind of glad to get away from there myself," he admitted. "Bad comp'ny, those two."

"Told you it wouldn't pay to drive up, didn't I?" Elmer sniffed. "Just about wasted our time."

"Looks like it for a fact." Uncle Clem was always amiable under these rebukes. He seemed to reflect, chirruping to the team as the van clattered downhill over the water-channeled track. "Didn't make much cash profit," he added; "but we found out a sight of things, Elmer, and it's funny how handy it comes in, when you go to sell folks something, to know a mite about their business."

Elmer made no answer. He was familiar with this line of defense and had learned to let it pass in silence. It was just Uncle Clem's excuse for yielding to a weakness for local gossip instead of tending strictly to business, and Elmer's disapproval was aggravated by a secure belief that his uncle could sell almost anything to almost anybody without any help from neighborhood talk. Elmer's intuitive dislike for Dave Strafford and his hired man found justification in the spectacle of ruined snake fences that flanked the lane and the neglected, weed-grown fields beyond them. He knew enough of farm values to realize that Strafford's shiftlessness had wasted a fine estate, that it would need years of labor to bring these broad lands back to fertility and use. His sympathy lay heavily with Laban Strafford, who knew how to treat good land as it deserved, and who had to look on helplessly while those idle wasters up at the house let the fields go back to weeds and scrub to spite him.

They came down to the level floor of the glen and the loose planks of a rickety bridge rattled under the hoofs of the team. Uncle Clem stopped in the middle of the uncertain span, and Elmer, craning his neck, caught sight of a man at work, ankle-deep in the edge of the shrunken creek. He looked up, holding a heavy stone as if he did not feel its weight. Elmer observed a distant likeness to Dave Strafford in the width of shoulder and length of arm. He guessed that this must be Matt, who hoped to heir the place when the elder generation had done with it. He understood what the man was doing, and why. There was a fresh break in the soft bank, where the creek had undermined the subsoil, and Matthew Strafford had already protected the crumbling earth with a mat of branches, weighted down with bowlders from the bed of the stream. Elmer approved of this; it pleased him to discover that somebody took pains to stop the water from stealing any more of that deep rich loam, even though it yielded nothing better now than a noble crop of weeds.

"About done, Matt? Might ride back with us if you are—going right by your place."

Uncle Clem spoke cordially, and Matt Strafford, after a moment's hesitation, grinned and nodded. He chose a shrewd path up from the channel, sparing the caving earth, and slapped his hands dry against patched and faded overalls—a bigger man, Elmer decided, than Dave Strafford himself.

"Much obliged."

He hoisted his bulk up beside Elmer, crowding the roomy seat, although he let one leg dangle beside the footboard. Uncle Clem chirped at the team and the van clattered on over the rutted path. Matt Strafford seemed uneasy, Elmer thought; there was a hint of apology in his voice when he broke the silence after half a mile or more.

"Guess you wonder why I was patching up that cave-in," he said. "None of my business to do it, and I'd ought to be up in my mowing day like this, too; but I kind of hate to see the old place go down, even if it ain't apt to belong to me. Kind of silly."

"Looks like good sense to me," said Uncle Clem. "You ought to heir the land off Dave or Laban, no matter which of 'em lasts longest. Ain't either of 'em got any kin but you."

"Dave might will it to me if he ever gets to own it; but Laban won't, that's sure. I don't figure on it much, anyhow." His tone changed. "Just's lief you didn't say nothing about it up to the house, Mr. Bixby. Annie, she's kind of set against me wasting time on other folks' land when I got plenty to do to home. Good sense, too."

"Elmer and me won't tell her, long as she feels that way," said Uncle Clem; "but you got the right notion, Matt, all the same. Be a pity to leave the farm go down any worse 'n you can help."

Strafford made no answer. They drove in silence until a lane led back from the road to a small house, clumsily patched of wall and roof, where two-year-old twin boys sat on the doorstep, swinging bare feet in the dust of the path.

"Buster and Twister," said Strafford. "Ought to feel the heft of 'em, Mr. Bixby."

Elmer, again professional, disapproved inwardly of Uncle Clem's tribute. It was good business at some farmhouses to give those creeping-mouse toys to the children, but Elmer saw no compensating probability of profits in Matt Strafford's place, and his first glimpse of the woman who came to the door confirmed him in these forebodings. Not even Uncle Clem Bixby would sell her anything unless he cut his prices pretty well down to cost. Her greeting, indeed, took the form of an assertion that she didn't need anything today. Uncle Clem received it, as always, without debate; but Elmer had none of his usual faith in results of that device.

"Elmer and me had breakfast pretty early, Mis' Strafford. I was kind of figuring on getting dinner here, if you was a-mind to take it out in trade."

She wavered visibly.

"I guess I could do that, if you'll take what you get. It's too late to kill a chicken."

"Won't matter a mite to me and Elmer. You just treat us like home folks."

He began to unhitch the team and Elmer scrambled down to help. They watered the horses at a brook behind the barn and—again to Elmer's silent and puzzled disapproval—accepted measures of ground feed from Strafford,

(Continued on Page 103)

Elmer Heard the Sound of a Shotgun. Laban Strafford Swung His Great Body About in the Direction of the Report

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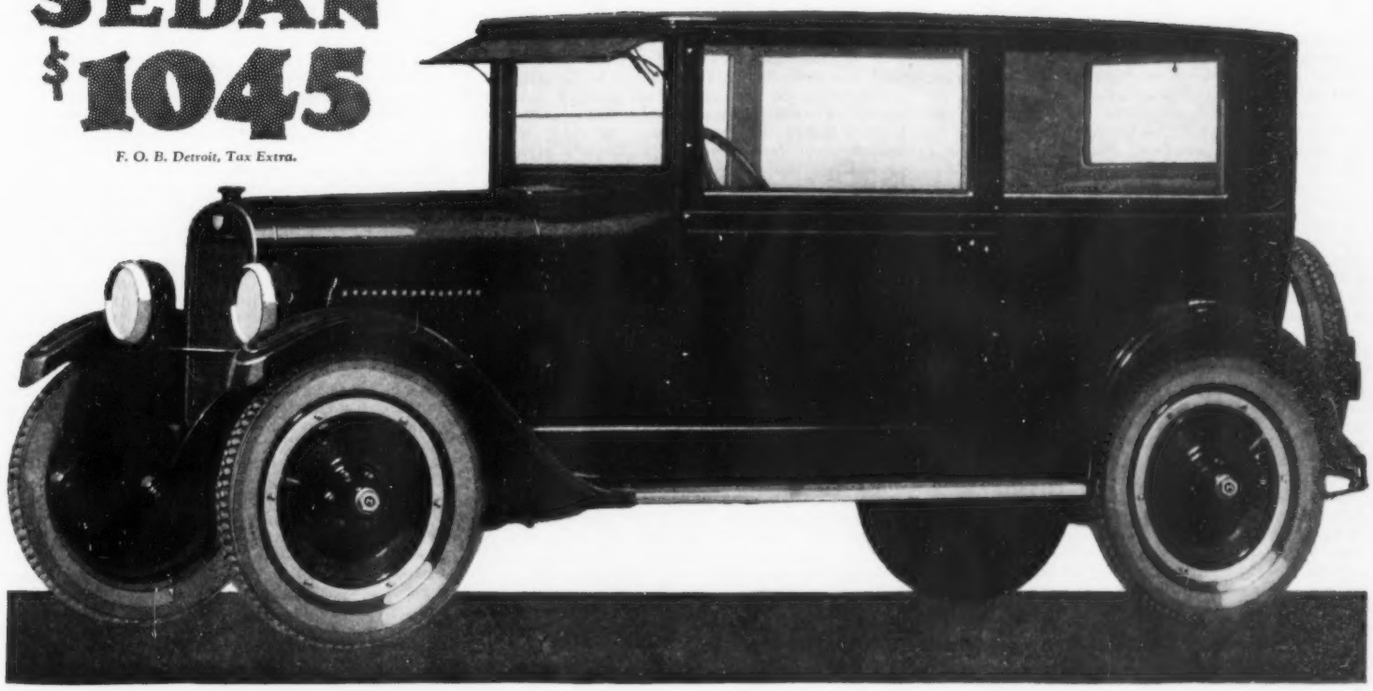

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The Good MAXWELL

Our Sentimental Criminal Law

By NEWMAN LEVY

GENTLEMEN of the jury," says the presiding judge, with a slight suggestion of pride in his voice, "one of the maxims of our criminal law is that it is better for ten guilty men to escape than for one innocent man to be convicted."

The jury is properly impressed by the beautiful humanity of our Anglo-Saxon institutions; the prosecuting attorney beams with virtuous self-satisfaction; even the defendant and his lawyer feel that all the rites have been properly performed, and that our national reputation for fair play has been preserved. Such is the power of a formula.

And yet, why is it better that ten guilty men should escape than one innocent man should be convicted? The ten guilty ones who escape constitute a social menace far in excess of their numerical strength. They are emboldened, by their success in cheating the law, to commit new and more daring crimes. The news of their good fortune circulates throughout the underworld. Other criminals hear of it and are encouraged.

Aside from its inevitable moral reaction upon the community, the sentimentality of our criminal procedure is disastrous as a business proposition. The following figures from the Journal of the American Institute of Criminal Law and Criminology—August, 1923—based upon the records of fidelity and insurance companies, police departments and business associations, indicate the economic cost of crime.

"William B. Joyce, chairman of the National Surety Company, estimates that burglars get $225,000,000 annually; bandits, $50,000,000; common thieves, $150,000,000. He figures that embezzlers get away with $125,000,000 per year. Fraudulent bankrupts and credit swindlers rake in $100,000,000. Merchants cash over $100,000,000 worth of bad checks per year, and forgers and raisers get them for $25,000,000 more. Stock and land fraud and confidence games are figured at $2,000,000,000 per year."

These astounding figures, a total of $2,775,000,000, do not include the millions made by bootleggers annually and the sums paid for political graft. Crime is one of America's leading industries, an industry that imposes its heavy burden upon each one of us.

Statistics show that there is more crime in the United States, in proportion to its population, than in any other civilized country on the face of the globe. It also appears to be the fact that criminal law is less effective in punishing and suppressing crime in the United States than elsewhere. A special committee, headed by former Governor Charles S. Whitman, of New York, was appointed by the American Bar Association to investigate the administration of criminal law in this country and to study conditions abroad. The following figures from the committee's report are enlightening.

Law-Abiding London

"THERE occurred seventeen so-called murders in London last year. Of these, three were committed by unfortunate girls who killed their newborn offspring; three by men who, in the attempt to commit suicide by the use of illuminating gas, caused the death of a child or other member of the family; two by insane persons; and nine by persons actuated by deeper guilt. In other words, there were only nine cases in the city of London last year where a trial for murder in the first degree could properly ensue. *There was not an unsolved murder in London last year.* [Italics ours.] During 1921 there were 260 murders in New York and 137 in Chicago. Throughout all England and Wales in 1921 there were 63 murders.

"In 1919 in New York County alone there were six convictions of murder in the first degree. In all of these cases the death penalty was imposed. Of the six convicted one was subsequently executed, two were subsequently declared insane, two sentences were commuted by the governor, one conviction was reversed, defendant afterwards discharged.

"In 1920 in New York County there was one conviction of murder in the first degree.

"In 1921 in New York County there were three convictions of murder in the first degree."

These are disquieting figures. They are depressing to every loyal American who takes pride in the efficiency of our institutions. Out of all the murders committed in New York County, in 1919, only one person paid the highest penalty for his crime. Just a few more figures from the same report:

"In 1921 in all England and Wales 113 defendants were put on trial for burglary and 105 convicted. Although the ratio of convictions in New York City is larger than in most of the other large cities in the United States, the record shows that in New York County, in 1921, there were 2660 burglaries reported, that there were 565 charged with burglary indicted and that there were 349 found guilty."

What is the reason for the ineffectiveness of our criminal law? For ineffective it unquestionably is. Leaving out of consideration the large number of unsolved crimes and crimes in which no arrests are made—for they are primarily a police matter—the fact remains that many criminals against whom there is sufficient evidence to warrant the grand jury in indicting escape punishment because of the weaknesses, the technicalities and the loopholes that exist in our criminal law.

The Rules of the Game

THEORETICALLY a criminal trial is an effort to ascertain the truth. Actually it is a game, played according to an elaborate and complicated set of rules. The truth may incidentally be disclosed, but the important thing is the game. The skillful and successful defendant's lawyer is one who can block his adversary's efforts to elicit any testimony that may damage his client, regardless of how much light it would throw upon the issue involved. The successful prosecutor is one who can follow the rules of the game and still break through his opponent's guard and demonstrate to the jury that the defendant committed the crime in question. And the presiding judge is the referee, whose chief function is to see that there is no hitting in clinches and no hitting below the belt. If the judge should happen to have any views as to the guilt or innocence of the defendant he may not, in some jurisdictions, express them, under penalty of reversal by a higher court.

During an important murder trial a few years ago one of the jurors asked a question that did not quite conform with the technical rules of evidence. The prosecutor promptly objected.

"But," pleaded the juror, "we ought to know all about this case."

"Quite right," suavely remarked counsel for the defense. The juror's question happened to be favorable to his client. "But apparently the district attorney doesn't want you to have this information, and I am powerless to help you."

The judge saw that the rules of the game were getting away from him.

He turned sternly to the inquiring juror.

"There are certain rules governing the trial of cases," he said, "which have been handed down to us through the centuries, and which we are bound to follow. The reason for them may not always be clear to the layman, but they are based upon long experience. The district attorney was quite right to object, and the court has no choice but to sustain his objection."

The juror, whose sole object in asking the question was to clear up some doubt in his mind concerning the problem he was ultimately to decide, no doubt thought the whole proceeding rather silly.

In another case in which the jury had just acquitted a beautiful young woman of the charge of murder—acquitting beautiful young women of murder is a popular pastime of our juries—the prosecutor who had tried the case called the jury into his office.

"There are certain facts about this case," he said, "and about the young woman you have just acquitted, that I think you ought to know."

He then proceeded to tell the jury a number of interesting biographical details about the defendant. It seems that she was not quite the virtuous, innocent angel that her clever lawyer had painted her.

"For heaven's sake," exclaimed the foreman of the jury, "why didn't we know of all this before?"

"The rules prevented me from bringing out these facts," said the prosecutor. "If I had offered evidence of them it would have caused a mistrial."

The rules of evidence are, for the most part, sensible and logical. Without them a judicial inquiry might wander far afield, and a trial might be protracted to an interminable length. But in the hands of a skillful advocate who knows when and how to object they often constitute an effective instrument for concealing the truth from a jury.

The tenants of a furnished-room house in New York were startled one day by the report of a pistol. Rushing to the room from which the sound came they saw a man lying dead upon the floor, with a bullet wound through his heart. The pistol, still smoking, lay on the floor near by. In the corner of the room stood a young and attractive woman. She was crying and wringing her hands in a half-hysterical condition.

The burns and the powder marks on the man's coat indicated that the pistol had been held close to his body. The case was either murder or suicide. And there was just one person in the entire world who could say which it was—the young and attractive woman sobbing in the corner.

Under any rational and intelligent system the young woman would have been asked how the shooting occurred. If she had refused to talk, the natural inference would have been that she had something to conceal. But as soon as the police arrived and placed her under arrest she became a defendant, entitled to the benefit of all the safeguards that our generous laws place about a person charged with having committed a crime. Under the protecting ægis of our Constitution she could not be compelled to be a witness against herself. She could remain mute, and no one might draw any inference adverse to her from that fact. To use the language of one of our national pastimes, she could sit tight and let the police and the district attorney worry as best they might how to clear up the mystery of the shooting.

When her case was brought to trial she was defended by an able and skillful lawyer. The district attorney tried to demonstrate by pistol experts, doctors, charts and diagrams how the shooting had occurred. He introduced testimony concerning the past life of the young woman and the dead man, to establish a possible motive. But still the young woman sat quiet and listened.

Under our benign procedure the prosecutor had no inkling of the young woman's defense. Her lawyer may have planned to show that the shooting was in self-defense, that the pistol went off accidentally, that she fired the shot during a period of insanity or that the dead man shot himself. She was not required to disclose her defense until the prosecutor had first established her guilt to a moral certainty. If he had failed to do that she could have walked out of the court, free, without ever uttering one word of explanation. We may mention in passing that the young woman did, however, take the witness stand and testify that the deceased committed suicide. The jury believed her and found her not guilty.

How the French System Works

THIS case is typical and illustrates some of the safeguards that we place about a person charged with having committed a crime. The defendant in a criminal trial not only has the right to refuse to testify, but it constitutes reversible error for the judge or the district attorney to allude, even remotely, to that fact. Furthermore, the judge must instruct the jury, if requested, that no inference can be drawn from the defendant's failure to be a witness. In some jurisdictions if the prosecutor had said, for instance, "We are groping in the dark. We are trying to piece together our case by circumstantial evidence. But there is one person who knows how this shooting occurred"—if the prosecutor had said this, or anything like it, it would have been the duty of the judge to declare a mistrial.

In a case very much like the one we have referred to, the appellate court reversed a verdict of guilty because the trial judge refused to charge the jury that they must commence their deliberations by presuming that the deceased had committed suicide.

Now a system which so carefully protects a defendant is fraught with grave dangers to the community. In France when a suspect is arrested he is taken before a magistrate, *Juge d'Instruction*, who subjects him to a rigid examination. The examination may take hours or it may take weeks. When the *Juge d'Instruction* is through with the defendant he has a fairly good idea of what the defendant knows about the case. It may be interesting to observe here that in 1919 in France there were 121 robberies, while in this country, under our boasted system of Anglo-Saxon jurisprudence, there were during the same year in San Francisco 258 robberies, Washington 323, Chicago 1862, Louisville 241, St. Louis 1087, New York 1428; and Cleveland, Ohio, had four times as many robberies as occurred in all the Republic of France. There can be no doubt that there is a definite connection between the prevalency of crime in this country and the leniency of our criminal procedure.

The rule against self-incrimination, the rule that says that no defendant can be compelled to give testimony against himself, has this pernicious effect: It gives the criminal breathing space, time to collect his thoughts, time to ascertain how much the authorities really know and time to invent a plausible explanation. The shortest time that elapses between the arrest of a defendant and his trial

(Continued on Page 34)

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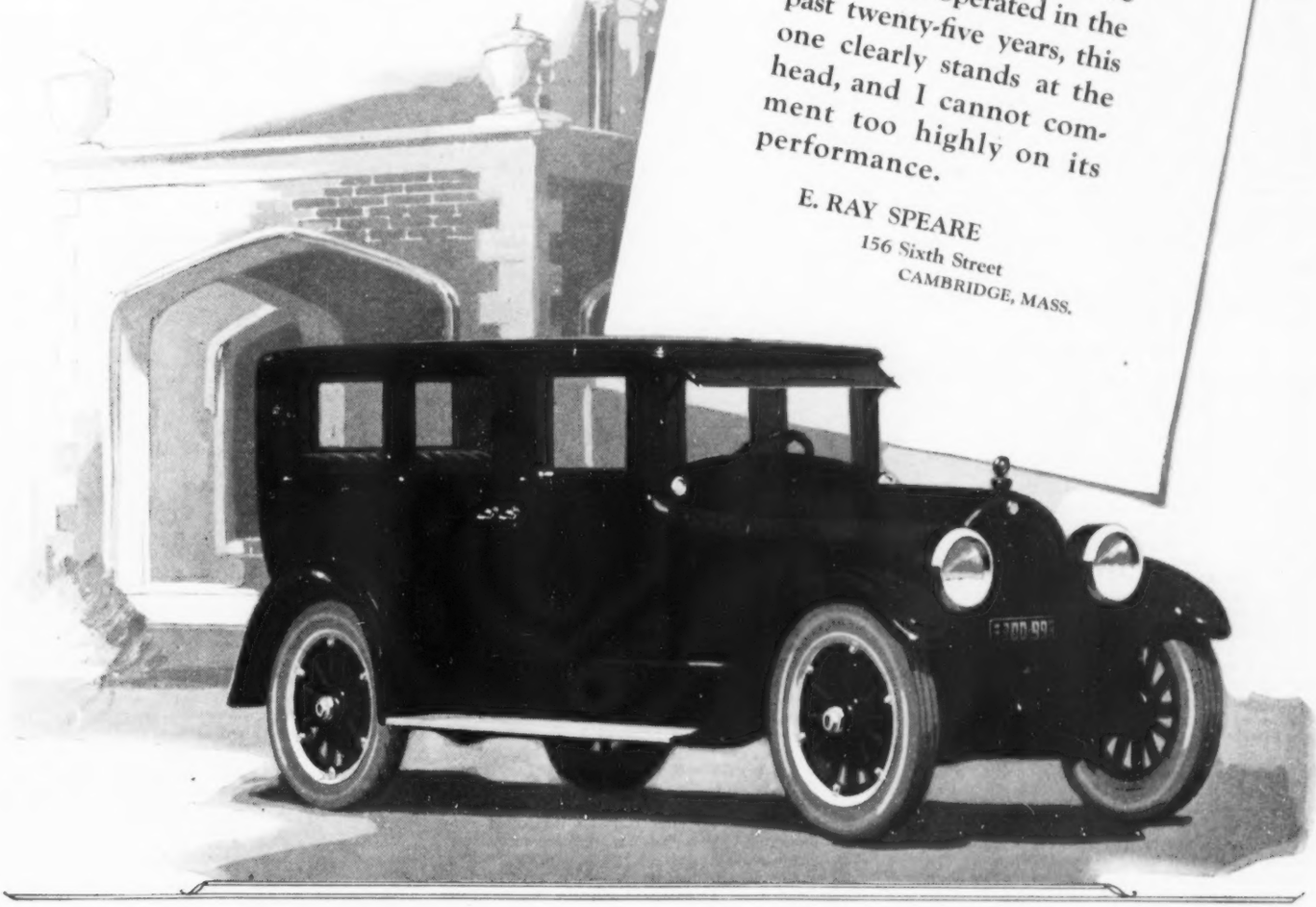

NO AMERICAN MOTOR CAR, REGARDLESS OF PRICE, EXCELS THE NEW PEERLESS EIGHT IN PERFORMANCE, DEPENDABILITY, BEAUTY AND COMFORT

(Continued from Page 32)

in New York County is about four weeks. Sometimes the defendant is not brought to trial for two years.

In New York City Prison there is an excellent school for witnesses. The faculty is composed of old offenders who have made a lifelong study of the various means of beating a criminal case. Their pupils are, as a rule, beginners in crime who are not familiar with court procedure and the technicalities of the law. The City Prison is not a penal institution; it is a place where men, presumed by law to be innocent, are held to await trial. Consequently, the discipline is less rigid and the restrictions are less exacting than in an institution where men are sent to be punished. The inmates have ample opportunity to discuss their cases, manufacture their defenses and to profit generally by each other's experiences.

Very often a prosecutor is surprised, after he has introduced all his evidence, to learn that the defendant intends to prove an alibi—that is, he intends to show that at the time the crime was committed he was somewhere else. An alibi is easily manufactured; it is difficult to disprove. At this late stage of the proceedings the prosecutor is powerless. He cannot interrupt the trial. He cannot send out detectives to check up the truth or falsity of an occurrence that may have taken place two years before. He is obliged to rely upon his skill as a cross-examiner, and upon luck.

If the defendant were required to announce his defense at the time he pleaded to the indictment this situation could be easily remedied. There could be no unfairness to the defendant, because if his defense were an honest one he would know it at the time of pleading as well as at the trial.

Several years ago two men were arrested and jointly indicted for robbery. The prosecutor, as usual, proceeded to trial without any definite knowledge as to the defense that was to be interposed. The evidence happened to be strong and convincing against one of the defendants, whom we shall call Brown, and rather weak against the other defendant, whom we shall call Black. At the conclusion of the state's case the lawyer who was defending both of them rose to his feet and asked the judge to direct the jury to acquit Black, on the ground that the evidence against him was insufficient. After some argument the judge granted the motion, and Black, now a free man, took his seat in the court room among the spectators.

The defense of the remaining defendant, Mr. Brown, then began.

"Mr. Black, take the stand!" said the lawyer, to the astonishment of everyone in the court room, and to the consternation of the district attorney.

The Third Degree

MR. BLACK calmly ascended the witness stand, and under the careful questioning of his attorney testified that he alone had committed the robbery in question. He described the crime in great and convincing detail and completely exonerated his friend Brown. The jury, believing his story, thereupon acquitted Brown, and the two of them walked out of court together. Under the constitutional provision that no one shall twice be put in jeopardy for the same offense, Black, having once been acquitted, was immune from further prosecution.

Brown and Black could not have known in advance, of course, how the trial would break. Had they been compelled to disclose their stories at the time of their arrest, or to have revealed their defenses at the time of their indictment, Black would not have dared to admit his guilt, and the judge and the jury would not have been treated to the delightful spectacle of a robber confessing his crime with absolute impunity on the witness stand.

The police and the public prosecutors recognize these weaknesses in our system, and they have instituted an extra-legal method of inquisition—a method not found in any of our codes or penal laws, but none the less effective. When a man suspected of having committed a crime is apprehended he is often not placed formally under arrest at once—that is, he is not taken to the desk in the station house, as he should be; and no entry, for the time being, is made in the police blotter. Instead the prisoner is taken to one of the small rooms in the station house, or police headquarters, where he is questioned by the officer who has arrested him. Sometimes the officer, assisted by other officers, aids the faltering memory of the prisoner by the judicious application of a night stick, or billy. But that is rare. A short piece of rubber hose is quite as efficacious and not so likely to inflict permanent injuries, so it is used occasionally. The inquisitorial officer is always careful not to inflict any blows upon the defendant's face, where the bruises would show. When the defendant's case is reached for trial, many months later, his bruises have healed, and all that remains is his so-called voluntary confession.

Of course, no police officer will admit that prisoners are ever beaten. One well-known police captain was asked on the witness stand about the third degree.

"Third degree?" said the captain. "What's that?"

"Don't you know?" said the lawyer.

The captain thought for a moment.

"It seems to me," he said reflectively, "that I once saw something of the sort in the movies."

Occasionally prisoners confess to crimes that they never committed, to save themselves from further punishment at the hands of the police, but this, curiously enough, happens rarely. Though these strong-arm methods may be crude and brutal, any policeman who can be persuaded to admit that they exist will justify them on the ground that they get results. And they will tell of many important crimes that would have gone unsolved without the application of these gentle coercive measures.

The method employed by the district attorney is more humane and intelligent. The chief objection to it is that it is not sanctioned by law. The function of the prosecutor is not, as a rule, to investigate crime, but to prosecute it. It is the duty of the police, in theory at any rate, to bring the completed case to the district attorney. Consequently, in New York County the district attorney seldom concerns himself with the preliminary investigation in any but homicide cases.

The Homicide Bureau of the district attorney's office is composed of five or six young assistant district attorneys, a stenographer, a medical expert and one or two detectives who are permanently assigned to it. One assistant is always on duty, day and night.

When a homicide is reported the assistant and the stenographer are at once notified, and they hasten to the scene. Everybody in the vicinity is promptly corralled and interrogated by the assistant, and the questions and answers are taken down by the stenographer.

Suggested Improvements

SO FAR, so good. Up to this point the procedure is quick, efficient and legal. If, however, an arrest is made the prisoner is at once subjected to the same searching and exhaustive questioning by the assistant district attorney as the other witnesses. He is told in a perfunctory way that he need not speak if he does not want to, and that anything he says will be used against him, but this caution is usually uttered for the benefit of the stenographer and the record, for future use upon the trial, and it seldom is understood by the prisoner. The absence of legal formality and the secrecy of the proceeding invariably afford astute counsel, later on, an opportunity to oppose, and sometimes successfully, the introduction in evidence of the prisoner's statement on the ground that his client's legal rights were not properly protected.

Too much credit cannot be given to the vigor and efficacy of the district attorney's Homicide Bureau. It may be necessary occasionally to bully and intimidate a recalcitrant witness, but no assistant district attorney has ever been accused of using physical violence upon a prisoner. Some of the most important murders of recent years owe their solution to the rapidity with which the assistant district attorney arrived at the scene of the crime and rounded up the witnesses.

It is a pity that the machinery employed by the district attorney's office cannot be embodied in our legal procedure. Juries have learned to view police confessions with suspicion. Many judges believe that they should be given only slight credence. Confessions made to the district attorney have a greater probative value, but even they are subject to attack and question. After all, the district attorney is an advocate, and a jury has a right to question his impartiality.

Every prisoner should be taken immediately upon his arrest before a magistrate. He should be compelled to testify under oath, somewhat after the French fashion. He should have, of course, the right to be represented by counsel in this preliminary examination. If this procedure were adopted it is safe to say that there would be fewer perversions of justice than at present.

Our criminal procedure is too technical, too involved, too intricate and too slow. A famous criminal lawyer once said, "Delay is the best witness for the defense." Every adjournment in a criminal case weakens the force of the prosecution and increases the chances of the defendant to escape punishment. Though no one urges that our criminal courts should be stampeded into departing from the orderly dignified administration of law, it must be apparent that the tardiness of our procedure not only creates a disrespect for the law but often serves to defeat justice.

In an important criminal case in New York, taking a week or more to try, it is not unusual for defendant's counsel to take a thousand or more objections to the rulings of the court. Each one of these objections thereupon becomes a potential ground for reversal by an appellate court, and, of course, a potential cause of further delay. It is true that our higher courts have tended in recent years to disregard technical errors, but in a trial lasting several weeks a judge would have to be superhuman not to fall into some substantial error. In England objections during the course of a trial are practically unheard of.

It is part of the professional equipment of every skillful lawyer to know how to delay. The unscrupulous lawyer knows that witnesses may be reached or spirited away, or that the mere effect of time upon the weak memory of the average witness will aid his client. The more ethical practitioner delays on general principles; in reliance upon the maxim, above quoted, that "Delay is the best witness for the defense."

There was once a lawyer who was determined not to try a certain case before a certain judge. The judge was equally determined that the case should be tried before him.

"This case will be tried tomorrow," he said. "You need not make any further applications for adjournments, for I shall not listen to you. This is final!"

However, it was not final. The following day the lawyer appeared in court without his client.

"I'm sorry, your honor," said the lawyer, "but my client was operated on last night at the Roosevelt Hospital for appendicitis."

The judge was angry and skeptical. He took a recess and sent his physician up to the hospital to examine the defendant. Sure enough, the doctor found that the defendant's appendix had been removed, and that he would be confined to his bed for several weeks. What he did not find was that a perfectly healthy appendix had been removed. The defendant was subsequently tried before another judge and acquitted.

"His appendix was no use to him," said the lawyer, telling the story, "and the adjournment was."

A more startling case occurred only recently. A defendant had used, without success, every means to avoid going to trial before a judge noted for the severity of his sentences. The evidence against the defendant was overwhelming, and when the prosecution finished its case, just before the noon adjournment, it was quite evident that the defendant would be convicted.

"There is a witness whom I wish to call," said the defendant's lawyer, "and my client is the only person who knows him. Will your honor continue his bail so that the defendant might go uptown and serve the witness with a subpœna?"

The judge graciously granted permission for the defendant to serve the subpœna. When court reconvened at two o'clock the defendant was not in court. The judge, the jury, the prosecutor and the lawyer waited until four o'clock, when it began to dawn upon them that the defendant had jumped his bail.

An International Contrast

THE defendant was rearrested a few weeks later. His case came on before a more lenient judge and he was acquitted. Under some technical rule of evidence the prosecutor was not permitted to inform the jury of the defendant's flight.

A peculiarity of our criminal trials that seems to serve no useful purpose other than to waste time and distract attention from the main issues in the case is our method of selecting a jury. The defendant is guaranteed by our laws and by our Constitution the right to a trial by a jury of his peers, by twelve men good and true who will hear the testimony fairly and impartially, and who will render an honest verdict upon the evidence. In an ordinary case about fifty talesmen are called, and from these fifty the twelve who are to try the case are selected. In important cases larger panels are drawn. In a recent murder case six hundred men were examined before twelve jurors could be found who were satisfactory to both sides. It is not uncommon in an important case—and in speaking of criminal cases the word "important" invariably means "attracting a lot of newspaper attention"—for the lawyers to take a week or even two weeks to select a jury.

Contrast this situation with the procedure that exists in England. The committee of the American Bar Association, whose report we have quoted above, went to England to study the administration of criminal law over there. They attended a sensational murder trial at the Old Bailey. The following is taken from their report:

> The jury was accepted within ten minutes. When the jury was called into the box there was no examination made in court as to their knowledge, qualification or fitness to try the particular case. In fact, not a single question was asked a juror by counsel on either side, although both sides have the right to do so. Only one challenge was exercised, and that in the case of the sole woman juror called, and she was excused. Officials informed us that women are thought to be more severe than men in criminal cases. We were informed by the judge that this single challenge was the only one which had occurred in his court in three years.

In a murder case in New York the defendant is allowed thirty peremptory challenges and any number of challenges for cause. The average criminal lawyer feels that he is poorly representing his client if he does not use up the most of his challenges.

The selection of a jury is supposed to be a great art. A lawyer will often exhaust challenge after challenge, in the hope that by a process of elimination some sympathetic looking individual he sees sitting in the court room will be called into the jury box. Usually the sympathetic individual turns out to be the bulwark of the prosecution, the one person on the jury most eager to convict the defendant. As Rufus Choate, one of the greatest lawyers America ever produced, once said, "God in His infinite wisdom knows

(Continued on Page 126)

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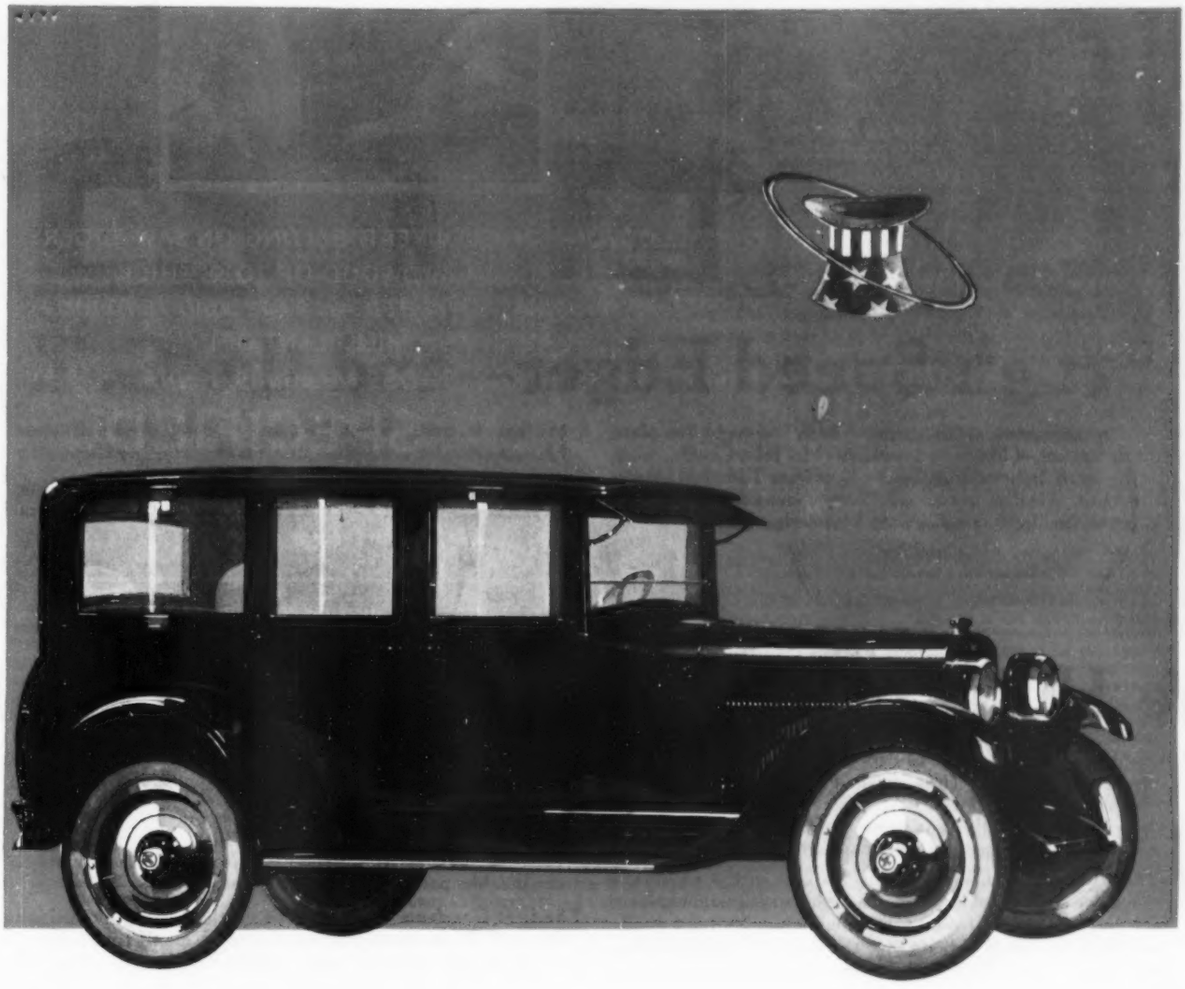

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¶ Having introduced some of the season's most noteworthy chassis refinements, the distinguished Rickenbacker now establishes the mode in fashionable closed models. ¶ The attractive new Sedan and Coupe are charming examples of the fine art in coach building. ¶ There's pride of ownership in their possession — and it will unmistakably and subtly reflect your good taste and good judgment. ¶ You will never be happy until you own a smart new Rickenbacker.

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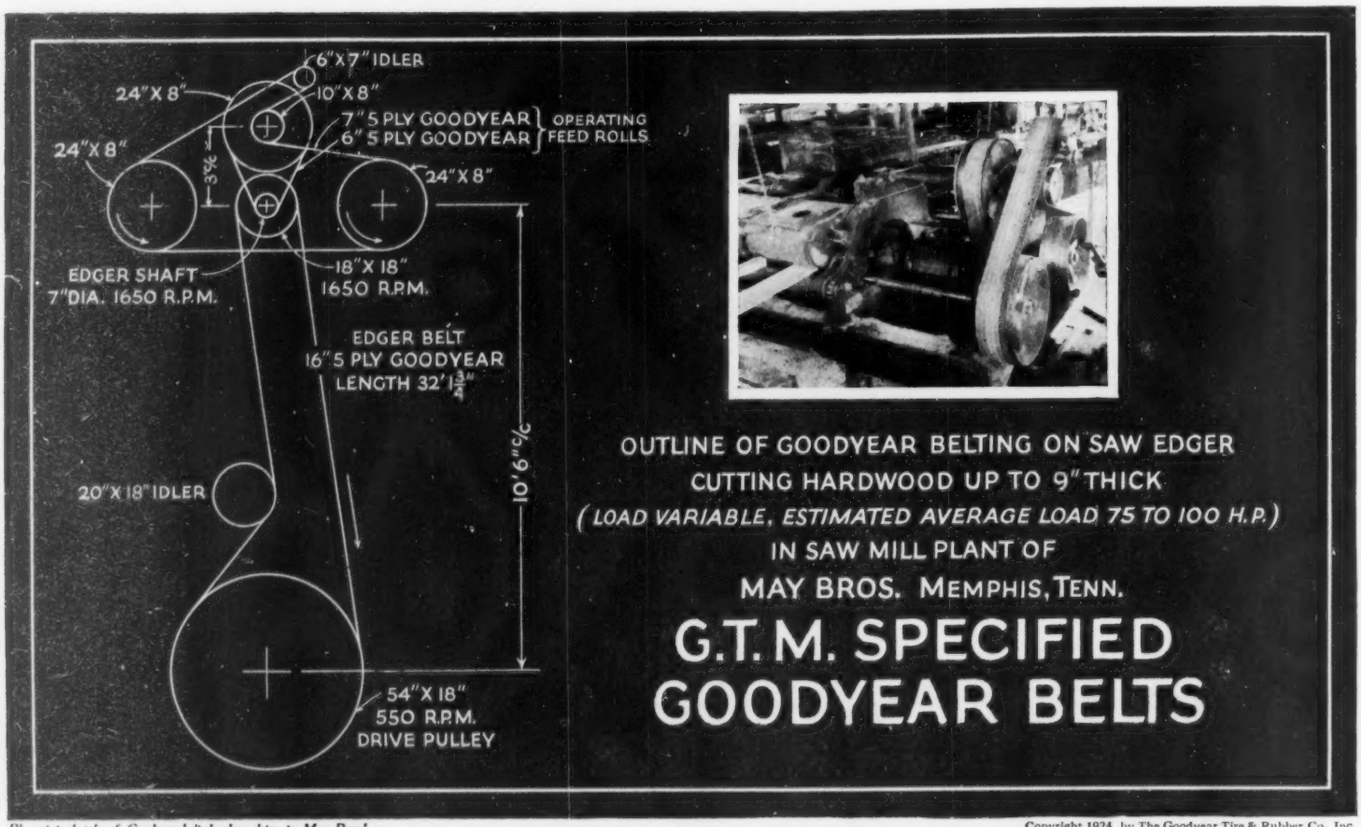

Blueprint sketch of Goodyear-belted edger drive in May Bros.' sawmill, Memphis, Tenn., with inset photograph of the edger

The High-Speed Edger—and the G. T. M.

"Another salesman with another belt," thought the plant superintendent of May Bros.' sawmill, Mr. John Chaflin, when first he heard there was a G. T. M.—Goodyear Technical Man—to see him. He didn't want to see any more salesmen, and he almost wished he'd never have to see another belt.

For here he was, superintendent of a mill with a reputation throughout the Memphis district for driving its edgers at top speed on heavy, tough stock of dimension oak and other hard woods, and the many kinds of belts that the many kinds of salesmen had brought him were filling his days and nights with trouble.

The best of them, he reflected, lasted only a few weeks to a few months—there had been one star that stayed 13 months but none like that any more—and on the edger feed rolls, well, he would be everlastingly surprised if he could get *any* endless belt to last more than two months.

But from the very first there was something so sound, so logical, so helpful in what this G. T. M. was saying, that he could not help being interested. Here was a man with a service—an idea—and not an order book. The whole principle he was urging was undeniably true—that a belt should be fit for the work required of it—designed and built and specified to its job.

"I'm game; go ahead!" said Mr. Chaflin, and he watched with interest the expert survey the G. T. M. made of those difficult drives. He saw the G. T. M. make careful computations of loads and speeds, pulley dimensions, and center-to-center distances. He answered a list of sensible questions about his way of operating.

Thus the Goodyear Analysis Plan was made the basis for a new kind of belt experience in May Bros.' mill—a service that the owners, Messrs. Ralph and Frank May, declare is economical, dependable, powerful and trouble-free.

The first Goodyear Belt installed on the edger in accord with the G. T. M. recommendations lasted 15 months, including 15 weeks of night-and-day work without let-up. The second was going at 20 months when an idler burst and ruined it. The third has just been replaced by a new Goodyear Belt after running 26 months, the last 9 of them despite an accident that had ripped a 3-inch strip entirely off one side. Equally good service of 7, 9 and 12 months has been given by the Goodyear Belts on the edger feed rolls.

Your hardest belt problems may yield to analysis by the G. T. M. The G. T. M. knows belting, and he is familiar with belt duty in many lines of industry. You can depend on his recommendation to be accurate, fair and helpful, and on any Goodyear Mechanical Rubber Goods—Transmission and Conveying Belts, Hose, Valves and Packing—to give you the utmost in efficient, economical service. To get in touch with the G. T. M., or for further information about the Goodyear Analysis Plan, write to Goodyear, Akron, Ohio, or Los Angeles, California.

GOODYEAR

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WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

A Stoic in the Right Place

VISITORS to the galleries of the United States Senate at periods when one of the distinguished senators is exercising his heaven-sent and inalienable right to talk interminably about nothing in particular in his most sleep-inducing manner, and when said distinguished senator has driven from the floor of the Senate and from the Senate Press Gallery all those persons whose duties require them to be present when anything of import to the people of the United States is toward—as the writers of super-English like to remark—will see, seated in a calm and relaxed posture in the upper right-hand section of the Republican side of the chamber, a walnut-colored senator with a benignant look, a Grover Cleveland mustache and a wart over his right eye.

This senator is none other than Charles Curtis, of Kansas; and Curtis, of Kansas, is entitled to call himself one of the original Americans about whom our British cousins occasionally rave, for his maternal grandmother was a Kaw Indian.

In the old days, when the Cheyennes got out their vanity cases, applied the kalsomine to their visages and took the warpath against the Kaws, as they frequently did, the Kaw Book of Etiquette required that a Kaw gentleman, on receiving a tomahawk just above the right ear, or on stopping a three-foot arrow with his floating ribs, should smile pleasantly and make a few offhand remarks about the weather. He was expected to be a glutton for punishment; and because of the fact that he dealt with Cheyennes, he hadn't much choice in the matter. It was absolutely essential that he be a glutton for punishment.

Thus, Curtis, of Kansas, has inherited an appearance of imperturbability beneath the bludgeonings of fate, and can seem placid and benignant when a Democratic senator has used up five valuable hours ranting against the wolves of Wall Street or some similarly fanciful and whimsical subject, and even when he signifies his intention of exercising his ranter on some high-powered ranting for another seven or eleven hours.

Only a person who has achieved the extreme heights of stoicism can bear to listen to the leading ranters of the Senate day after day and month after month and session after session; and Curtis, having the endurance of the Kaws in his veins, can do it. He is about the only senator that can; and possibly that is the reason why he has been made the Republican whip of the United States Senate and the assistant Republican floor leader of that same body—two positions which, if properly filled, require the constant attendance of the incumbent during all debates, arguments, proceedings, bickerings, filibusters and hot-air sessions.

Rounding Up Stray Senators

THE actual—or, as the senators like to say, titular—Republican floor leader of the Senate is Henry Cabot Lodge; but the refined Bostonian mind of Lodge shrinks in such distress from the mouthings of the more windy Solons that he prefers to spend most of his time, when the Senate is in session, brooding in the inner reaches of his offices on the Historical Significance of the Discovery of a Bottle-Nose Whale on the Beach at Manchester, Massachusetts, or something equally aloof and dignified.

Consequently, the leading that is done by the titular floor leader of the Senate is somewhat titular, in a manner of speaking; and Curtis, in spite of being the assistant floor leader, is as much of a leader as now exists in these trying legislative days, when so many of the so-called leaders of the House or the Senate are engaged in leading nobody but themselves, and scarcely that.

The duties of a whip in the Senate are about what he wants to make them; but if he knows what he ought to know and does what he ought to do, he is a walking compendium of knowledge on the subject of all senators on his side of the Senate.

He knows where they live and their telephone numbers and their peculiarities and habitats. He knows the moving-picture theaters that they frequent and the movie actors that intrigue their fancies, if any; he knows when, where and with whom they play poker, and on what nights. He knows that Senator Whoozus sits in the second row of a vaudeville theater on Friday nights and that Senator Blither is in the habit of taking a dish of tea with the charming Mrs. Fluff on Tuesday and Friday afternoons, and that Senator Yoick rides horseback in the park on Monday, Wednesday and Saturday mornings; and so on.

When senators go away from Washington—and so many of them are engaged in this activity so constantly that the Senate seems to be in a perpetual state of all going out and nothing coming in—then the whip knows where they are going and how long they are going to be there and where he can reach them by telephone.

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Senator Charles Curtis

He knows about every piece of legislation that is due to come before the Senate. He knows what is important and what isn't important, and when each measure is coming up for a vote. He knows exactly how each member stands on each measure—each member, that is, who knows anything at all about it. When a Senate committee or the Administration wants to find out how the Republican side of the Senate stands on measures in which they are interested, the Republican whip takes a poll of his side and determines whether the existing feeling is of a nature to permit the measure to be brought out on the Senate floor without being kicked brutally in the face. When important measures come up, the whip writes and telegraphs and telephones and sends messengers to the absent senators and suggests, urges, orders, entreats, implores and begs them to come on in and vote.

The business of absenteeism in the Senate, incidentally, has reached such proportions, and some senators have come so persistently to think that their elections give them the right to be anywhere except on the floor of the Senate attending to the business for which they were elected, that the person responsible for their presence in the Senate ought to have the restraint and self-control of an Indian brave to keep from going mad with rage—which makes it nice for Curtis.

A Monopoly of Big Jobs

SOMETIME the newspapers of this great and glorious but somewhat apathetic country will enter into an agreement or coöperative movement to print on their editorial pages a roll of the names of senators absent from the Senate whenever a vote is taken. When that movement begins, a great many senators will abandon their present program of perpetual and useless gadding, or get it where they deserve to receive it, which is in the neck.

Curtis, of Kansas, has not only inherited the ability of his ancestors to stand punishment without wincing but he has inherited their patience and their endurance and various other traits that must baffle the experts on heredity when they meditate on his position in the United States Senate.

In the entire history of the Senate, for example, there has never been a senator who held so many important jobs as Curtis. In the last session of Congress he was chairman of the Rules Committee, a member of the Appropriations Committee, the Finance Committee, the Indian Affairs Committee, the Committee on Committees and the Steering Committee, and on top of it all was Republican whip and assistant Republican floor leader. The only way in which a senator can ever beat Curtis' record is to hold, in addition to all of Curtis' appointments, the jobs of Senate page and doorkeeper. In other words, Curtis has probably established a record that will be about as easy to break as the record for the hundred-yard dash.

For the benefit of the heredity and environment sharks who crave to know how Curtis gets that way, it might be mentioned that his mother died when he was three years old, and that his father was in the Army, so that he went to school on the Kaw Indian reservation. When he was eight years old the Cheyennes got out their rouge boxes and their war whoops and started making life miserable for the Kaws according to their time-honored custom; and Charley set off on foot for Topeka, which was only fifty miles distant, to spread the glad tidings that the Cheyennes were on the warpath.

His Grandfather Curtis lived in Topeka and owned two or three race horses; and since the eight-year-old Charles tipped the beam at forty pounds and was as much at home on a horse's back as is a hound dog behind a stove, the grandfather promptly began to use him as a jockey to bring home the bacon.

He rode from 1868 to 1876 all through Kansas, Oklahoma, Missouri, Texas, Arkansas, Indian Territory, Nebraska and Colorado; and since his grandfather always instructed him to ride to win, and since he frequently won as instructed, his fame spread abroad in the land to such an extent that a contract was offered him by regular hoss-race fellers with plaid pants, roached hair and diamonds in their shirt fronts to ride regular race hosses at the Philadelphia Centennial. But before the precocious Charles had an opportunity to work up enough of a reputation to throw a scare into the Derby winner, his Indian grandmother got him off to one side and instructed him imperturbably to the effect that if he ever wanted to amount to anything in this world, he would have to stop pirouetting around with race hosses and go on back to his Grandfather Curtis' place in Topeka and get a little more book learning. And the precocious Charles, aged in the vicinity of fifteen and weighing all of a hundred and five pounds after a hearty feed, proceeded to do that little thing.

Commander of the Ark

NOT content with having been contaminated by the evil influences of race tracks and coarse men with brilliantine on their mustaches, the young Charles attempted to earn his clothes and keep and spending money at the Topeka High School by selling good Kansas apples to tourists when the noon train went through Topeka. The craving for Kansas apples on the part of transcontinental tourists in those days, however, was negligible; so the industrious Charles looked for other worlds to conquer. He found them—or it—in the shape of a dilapidated hack known in Topeka livery-stable circles as Noah's Ark. The owner of Noah's Ark readily agreed to furnish the hosses for the hack and the feed for the hosses if the boy Charles would drive the hack during that part of the evening when hacking was most remunerative and divide the proceeds equally with the hack owner.

So for upwards of two years young Charles piloted the sea-going hack through the dimly lighted highways and byways of Topeka. When he had been declared officially educated by the Topeka High School, he abandoned Noah's Ark and took to the study of law; and in 1881, after three years of studying, he was admitted to the bar at the advanced age of twenty-one. Three years later he was elected county attorney of Shawnee County.

He went to the House of Representatives in 1893, and moved his hatrack, water cooler and pencil sharpener over to the Senate in 1907. Even before he was the Republican whip, he had little or no use for absentee senators; and when he became whip in the Taft Administration, he developed an open dislike for them that is even greater than the average man's distaste for bread pudding. He has an equally powerful dislike for the fruitless and meaningless talk that is so frequently emitted by senators who are long on lungs but short on brains; and as chairman of the Rules Committee he tried to put over a rule whereby the Senate, by a three-fifths vote, could put a stop to windy debate. Most senators, however, were not brought up to ride a race, and he was never allowed to bring his rule out of committee and onto the floor of the Senate.

Ever and anon one hears talk of a school of statesmanship in the United States. If this ever develops, at least one department ought to be placed under the Kaw Indians.

DOUBLE-RINGER

(Continued from Page 11)

and maybe like you says the novelty of a North and South American debate will drag out the come-ons. When you wanna stage it?"

"How about three weeks?" I asks.

"Aw," says Bill, "give your boy a chance! Whatta you want him to do? Walk off the boat and into the ring? Raw work, feller, raw work. I don't want Jerry sent up for murder."

"He won't be," I returns. "They tells me Pedro's always in training, and besides he's working out every day on the way here. Anyways, they oughta be good smoke for Pete in the ideas of a guy getting in shape for a row on a ship. Ship-shape. Get it?"

Well, me and Melody finally gets together. We both agrees to make the sport editors of the burg think they has thunk up Mason as the right guy to send against Pedro, and we don't have no troubles a-tall. Taylor's a wolf at molding newspaper opinion, and before a week's over he's got all the rest of the hot-stove hoke backed off the page to make room for the doings of the Bogota Bearcat.

I ain't never seen nothing like it. They ain't no news direct from South America, but we gets all kinda letters with which Pete feeds the reporters.

He even gets some of his bunk printed under date lines; for examples, the yarn about the day of the fight being a legal holiday in Colombia, and the interview with some stuffed shirt down there telling how proud they is of Castillo and how the ruckus is gonna improve business relations between the two countries.

By the time Joe's due to arrive we got the newspaper boys camping around the office begging for stuff. The public's been tipped off on what Pedro likes for breakfast, what a bum he was in arithmetic when he was eight years old, and the reputation his sister's got for being the free-handed frijole champ of Eastern Bolivia. I drifts in one day to hear Taylor making this speech to the news hounds.

"Not a chance, boys. No pictures, no interviews. Them's my orders. You can see him work out next week, but nix on the snap boxes and the cross-exam. Castillo's a peculiar bird. On the low down, he's half savage, and he's likely to crown any of you lads that bothers him."

"What's the idea?" I asks Pete, when the gang fades. "Don't you want no more smoke?"

"All I can get," says he, "but I ain't taking no chances of having the bulls tumble to Travis through his mug in the papers, and I wouldn't trust his tongue outta my sight. Anyways, the notion of a glove swapper not wanting his face printed and not wanting to tell how good he is, is snappy publicity itself. Nothing'll drag the dough outta sucker's jeans quicker'n a mystery."

"When," I inquires, "does Pedro show?"

"Tomorrow," answers Taylor. "I've passed out the word Castillo's so shy that he don't want nobody excepting us two to meet him. That's how I stalled outta telling what boat he was coming on and when. Bring him in in the morning. How about staching him at Stone's gym for the workouts?"

"I got it all fixed," I tells him, "and I also got Mexican Moe Gomez to spar with him. I figured it'd help the game out to have a brown boy do the stuff with Travis."

"Good," says Taylor. "They must be something catching about brains."

"Maybe," I comes back, "but I hopes it ain't catching enough to get us caught."

I finds Joe in elegant condition. He's been training steady out in the hills and eating good chow and looks even better than he done in the old days.

"Ready to go on?" I queries.

"That's a swell question," returns Travis, with a grin, "to ask a guy that's used to knocking out four birds in one ring. That boy Taylor you got must be the lad that invented dreams."

On the way in I gives Joe his instructions about not talking and not letting nobody take no pictures of him. I tells him he is supposed to be savage, and just to snarl if anybody even gets near him.

He does his stuff perfect. The popeyes come out in flocks to see him at Stone's, but nobody don't get a word outta him. He even pulls a wild-man skit by busting the camera across the head of a cuckoo that tries to steal a snap offa him. The only scare we gets is the day before the fuss.

A little dark guy drifts into the office and introduces hisself as the consul from Colombia. I sees the fat sliding into the fire, but Pete just smiles sweet. It develops that the lad don't want nothing excepting twenty ducats for the fight, him and his friends from South America being all het up over the mill and keen to whoop it up for the native son. I'm so relieved I get reckless.

"Ever see him fight?" I asks.

"Many often in Bogota," comes back this cuckoo. "We proud Castillo. Him win easy."

"Beat that," I blurts after the consul back-bows hisself out. "He says he's seen Pedro fight."

"The powers of the press, my boy," says Pete. "Give me enough ink and I'll convince that baby that Castillo is his brother by his mother's third marriage. I'm glad these fellers is interested. It'll help wonderful in putting over that return match I'm framing for Travis and Castillo in South America."

"Aw," I growls, "can that, kid."

"I'm serious," comes back Taylor, and looks it.

"What do you mean?" I inquires. "About matching Travis to fight Travis? How you gonna do it?"

"Ain't I done it oncet?" snaps Pete. "I'll bet I can stage a row at Rio or one of them big towns down there that'll shake 'em for ten grand. Before we gets done here we'll have all South America talking Castillo and ——"

"It's impossible," I cuts in short.

"I've heard that word was in the dictionary," says Taylor, "but I wasn't never able to find it."

IV

THEY ain't much to be said about the scrap. The house is jammed to the rafters, but the come-ons don't get no run for their five and up spots. Joe walks out into the middle of the ring wearing tights instead of trunks, on account of his legs not being so tanned like the rest of him, and with a rag around his waist that the back of the dictionary says is the Colombian flag. He shakes Jerry's hand quick, steps back like a flash and jumps right into him. The local lad's caught flat-footed. Before he can call out the guard, Pedro's got a left buried in Mason's stomach and a six-inch right smeared on his jaw. And it's black curtains.

I guess they never was a shorter mill. Even the referee's so surprised he don't start counting for a while, but that don't make no difference. He coulda gone out, taken a bath and a haircut, played a coupla hands of chess, and still come back in plenty of time to give Jerry the one to ten inclusive.

You shoulda seen the fuss them South Americanos made over Joe. They bunches around and kisses and hugs the kid, but me and Pete's on the job. We hustles him outta the place, jams him into a cab and ducks right out for the shack in the hills. The less good long Looks the patrons of the frame get at Travis the better, Taylor figures.

Counting bets, the clean-up on the mill is fifteen grand, which was a first-degree killing in them days. In a week Pete's smoking up another row. In the '90's California was the hangout for the glove traders like New York is now, and they ain't no trouble getting business. A month after the Mason muss we sends Pedro Castillo against a guy named Cast Iron Cohn, and our boy calls it a day in the fourth. After this win we lets Mason have a return match, but after a coupla rounds Jerry gets sleepy and goes to bed.

That puts us right in line for Harry Watkins, the welter champ, but we don't have no luck getting him agitated. This bird's having a soft time in the East picking up and laying down set-ups, and don't show no desires to get clawed by the Bogota Bearcat. So we lays off for a while.

I ain't never quit worrying that something'll spill the con carne for us, like a yelp outta Colombia or some camera eye taking a tumble to Pedro, but Taylor goes on the even tennis of his way.

"Not a chance," says Pete. "It's two to one nobody in Colombia ain't never heard of what we been doing. You gotta remember they don't hardly read no newspapers down there. Suppose they does? How they gonna know Pedro Castillo ain't from there? Anyways, no country's denying it turns out winners.

"Tell me some more about Travis. I've nearly run outta dope."

For the last coupla months Taylor's been feeding the papers with yelps from Joe for a return fuss with Castillo. The kid, of course, is supposed to be in Bogota and Pete has been having me get letters from him right along. I ain't been taking none of that hop about Travis meeting Travis in South America serious, but I plays along just to humor the bubble-blower, figuring he'll forget all about it, with the gravy coming in so good up here. But he don't.

One day I reads in the paper a piece by Pedro in the which he says that Travis is the best boy he's ever met, and he wouldn't feel right unless he give him another chance. On the account of Joe not being able to come back to the States, Castillo claims he's willing to take him on in South America providing some club'll make it interesting enough.

For several weeks nothing don't happen. Then I gets a telegram that nearly knocks me over. It's from Rio and offers ten thousand fish for a twenty-round fight between Pedro Castillo and Joe Travis. I passes it over to Pete without no comment.

"Cable 'em yes," says he, without batting a eye, "and tell 'em to send along two thousand smacks for expenses."

"Come on," I growls, "the joke's gone far enough."

"Joke?" inquires Taylor, giving me the eyebrow.

"You've gone batty, ain't you?" I comes back. "Where you gonna get Travis? Who's gonna answer the telegram them Rio sports musta sent to Bogota? You know," I goes on, sarcastic, "it takes two managers to make a row."

"All's set," smiles Pete.

"How do you mean?" I asks. "Me and Joe can't be in both places, at oncet, can we?"

"Seen Mexican Moe Gomez lately?" he returns, casual.

"Stick to the subjects," I barks.

"I couldn't stick no closer," says Taylor. "Moe's been in Bogota for three months and ——"

I gasps.

"With Mike Graney," continues Pete. "Moe, like you knows, was born in California and talks good English. He's ——"

"You got me winging," I admits. "He's Travis, is he?"

"For the present," replies Taylor. "Yes."

"Well," says I, "tell me these. Ain't he supposed to have had a fight in Bogota with Castillo? How's he explaining that away?"

"He ain't," Pete tells me. "That was a mistake about the scrap having been pulled in Bogota. It was at La Paz where Travis was knocked out."

"Where's that?" I inquires.

"Bolivia," he answers.

"Ain't they a lotta guys in Colombia that knows Travis when they sees him?" I shoots.

"They is a few lads in the cane fields a hundred miles away from Bogota that knows Harry Smith, maybe," returns Taylor, "but they ain't nobody in the town that ever piped Joe."

"You sure's gone to a lotta trouble," I remarks.

"Genius, my boy," says Pete, "is the capacity for taking great pains."

"All you gonna get for them pains," I barks, "is another one. We ain't gone through with no cuckoo stunt like that. We can make enough dough playing around like we has."

"Maybe," admits Taylor, "but they is something artistic about the idea that calls for putting it over. Ringers has been used before in prize fights but the double-ringer act has been waiting for me—Peter Socrates Taylor."

About that time Joe comes in, and Pete tells him the lay. Travis is willing to sit in. He only asks two questions.

"Who's gonna win," he wants to know, "and who'm I going to be at Rio—Travis or Castillo?"

"We'll figure that out on the boat," says Taylor, calm.

"Any more frame-ups in this sketch?" I gasps. "I suppose I'm gonna be George Washington and ——"

"Don't worry," cuts in Pete. "Leave everything to me and my brains. It'll go through without a hitch."

We never has a chance to find out if it woulda. The door opens and in walks a mean-looking thick neck. He turns right to Joe.

"You Pedro Castillo?" he snaps.

Travis puts on his blank face. When the question's repeated he mumbles "*Si*" and nods.

The big visitor slaps back his coat and flashes the dick star.

"Come on," he growls. "You're wanted."

"What for?" asks Taylor. "Who does?"

"Colombia," answers the bull. "For murder."

"Murder!" yells Joe, forgetting his lines. "Who in hell did I murder?"

"Joe Travis," comes back the copper. "Let's go."

"Me murder Joe Travis?" shouts the kid, throwing all his stuff to the winds. "How could I? I'm Joe Travis myselfs."

"I thought so," grins the broad-toe, "but I wanted you to make it sure for me. They's a rattler in a coupla hours for Omaha, bo. Let's make it."

I'm too surprised to say anything, but Taylor's head works fast. He shakes a mean fist at Joe.

"You dirty crook," he yelps. "Making suckers outta us. Pedro Castillo! Huh!"

"Yeh," I edges in. "Putting it over on us, like that." But the dick ain't looking right at me just then, and I passes the wink to Travis.

"How'd you make the rap?" asks Joe, who acts kinda relieved.

"I seen you fight Mason both times, explains the fly cop.

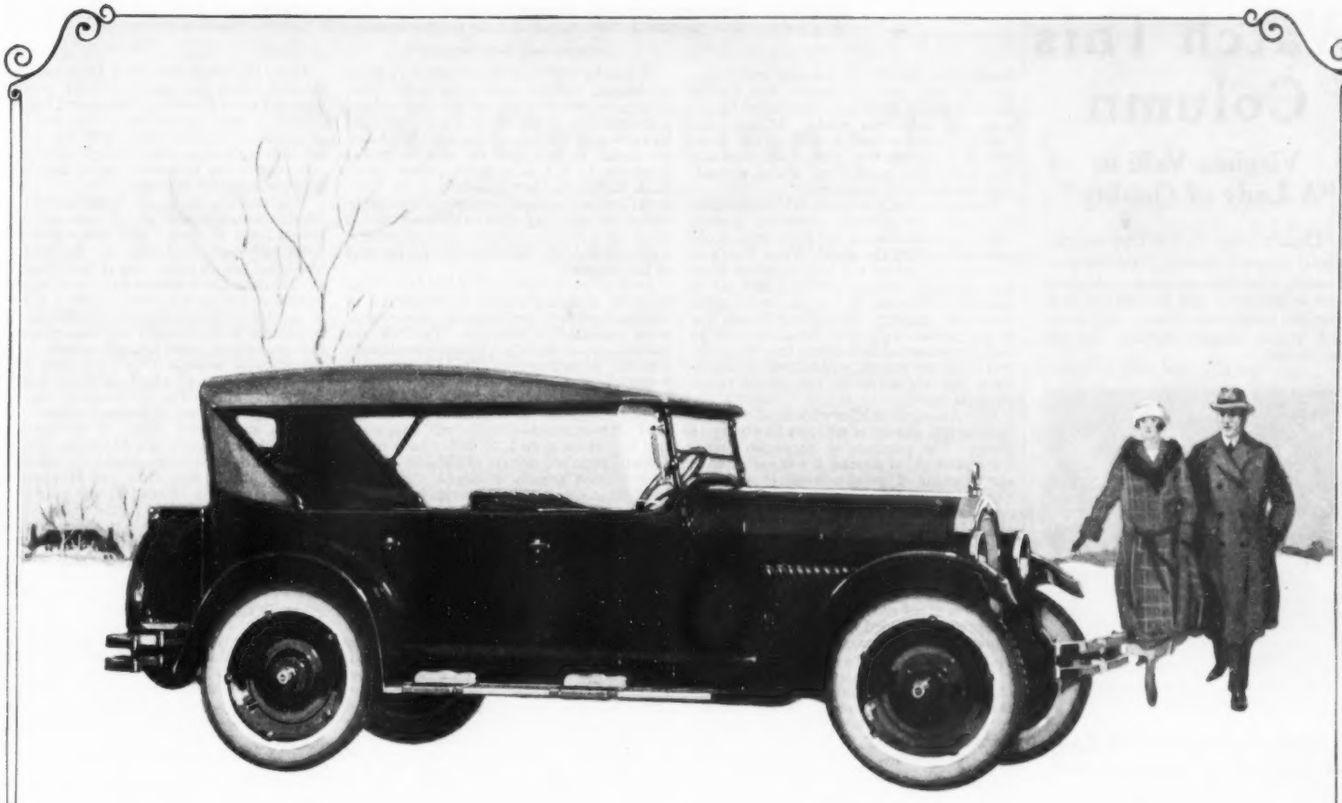
"My style tip you?" Travis inquires.

"No," says the detective. "You went out on a fadeaway. Tan ain't a fast color, kid, especially under the armpits."

And that's all. If you just gotta have a happy ending I don't mind slipping you the info that Joe beat the case in Omaha on the self-defense gag, but Taylor never was the same again.

"If I coulda only put on that row at Rio," he used to sigh. "A double-ringer!"

Gunsight Mountain, Glacier National Park, Montana



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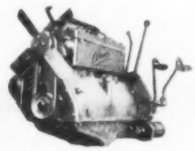

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THE WORLD STRUGGLE FOR OIL

(Continued from Page 24)

deeply into the life of industry and transport as now, and the areas in the United States seemed more than ample for all human and industrial needs. It was only through stern necessity, born of the prospect of a diminishing supply at home and the increasing control by aliens abroad, that we bestirred ourselves.

No attempt will be made in this article to deal with the efficient American system which has distributed our petroleum products throughout the world. From China to Turkey, the native not only uses our kerosene but finds the containers a first aid to his daily existence. In China, for example, there are exactly 250 different uses for empty Standard Oil tins. What concerns us here is production as it enters into the problem of future supply, and therefore constitutes the objective in the international struggle for oil.

The American soldier who went overseas to fight got plenty of action and plenty of glory. The pioneers of American petroleum production abroad are invested with the glamour of great adventure which is unheralded and unsung. They have penetrated the jungles and crossed the mountains of South America, trailed in the wake of the crusaders in the Holy Land, and ranged the shores of the Caribbean. Remote domains like Saghalin, off the Siberian mainland, have come into their ken. During the World War one of the most dauntless of these Argonauts shepherded his countrymen out of Rumania in the face of the advancing German hordes.

In exploring new worlds the Yankee petroleum expert did more than dramatize the desire for fresh fields. Ninety-five per cent of what might be called the technic of the industry today is American in origin and development. The American oil driller is a distinct type. You can spot him anywhere, whether he is knee-deep in Galician mud or emerging from the mist of the Slavic steppes. He has set up a little Texas, Oklahoma or California wherever he has gone, no matter how remote. His courage and character have been a credit to his country.

A Picturesque Oil Man

The American offensive for oil outside of the United States began in Mexico, and it is here that we will begin the narrative. Most people know that Edward L. Doheny blazed the way for his compatriots there, but not all are aware of the circumstances in which he began.

Doheny is one of the really picturesque figures in petroleum. Born in Wisconsin of poor South-of-Ireland parentage, the story of his rise to wealth ranks with that of D'Arcy, the patron saint of the Anglo-Persian Oil Company, and of Deterding, the master of Royal Dutch.

For nearly fifty years he was a prospector, beginning his quest for gold, silver and copper, and ending with the fluid in which he amassed a great fortune. He had discovered oil at Los Angeles and elsewhere in California in the early '90's and was a millionaire when he invaded Mexico. Curiously enough, he had prospected for gold in Mexico in the '70's. He was a mule driver for the Geological Survey in the boundary line between Arizona and New Mexico when he first went into the country that he was to annex to the states of oil.

It was in 1900 that the invasion of Mexico began. Several years prior to this time Doheny—always a bull on oil—had caused a locomotive on the Santa Fe Railroad to be converted into an oil burner, the first of its kind. It was used for demonstration purposes in a Los Angeles switch yard. A. A. Robinson, then president of the Mexican Central Railroad, became interested in oil for fuel and suggested to Doheny that he open up a field in Mexico, guaranteeing a contract with the Mexican Central for part of the product.

Doheny availed himself of Robinson's invitation and started his investigation in territory not far from Tampico, where there were considerable seepages. The railroad gave him every facility. Thus it came about that the American was able to prospect in a special train, which had never been done before. Doheny and his staff would ride for a few miles, stop the train and go into the field. It was prospecting de luxe, as it were, and it yielded a de luxe find. As a result Doheny acquired a tract of 250,000 acres—it has been greatly enlarged since—and brought in a well, the pioneer of the present Mexican production that in 1922 yielded 185,057,000 barrels, which has made Mexico the second-largest producing country.

Paving Work in Mexico

When he offered the first oil to the Mexican Central Railroad he was instructed by a new chairman of the board of directors that the fuel contract had been abrogated. Doheny was up against it for a market, because the Texas field was overproducing. Instead of bringing suit against the railroad he continued his oil development, including the construction of a refinery at Ebano. In order to earn his overhead he organized a paving company in the City of Mexico. He had oil, which means that he also had asphalt. Let me give the aftermath in Doheny's own words:

"As a result of the organization of the paving company we finally paved about 50 per cent of that part of the City of Mexico that is now paved, and also did all the paving done in the cities of Guadalajara, Morelia, Tampico, Durango, Puebla and Chihuahua. Thus failure to have a railway contract with the Mexican Central Railroad gave Mexico the best pavement on terms probably cheaper than any other country. These cities soon ranked among the best paved in the world. When payment for this work became due the engineer of the City of Mexico, for example, examined the work, and if it was good provided a certificate which was our voucher. The work had to be as good at the end of ten years as when it was accepted. It is almost needless to say that all our paving work was done under the Diaz administration."

From the start President Diaz was the staunch friend and ally of Doheny, just as he aided Lord Cowdray, the second big exploiter of Mexican oil lands. The troubles of oil men in Mexico began with the downfall of this dictator, who, though ruthless in rule, had a big economic vision and safeguarded business interests.

The endless chain of complications in Mexico which caused us to intervene with armed force at Vera Cruz, and which has practically paralyzed economic penetration by aliens, has all grown out of the failure of the Mexican Government to protect foreign capital and those who work in the interests of capital. Oil expansion is becoming increasingly more difficult because of many factors, one of them being a so-called nationalization scheme which has just been put into effect, and which, as is the case in Rumania, makes the government the arbiter and the owner of mineral rights.

In a subsequent series of articles the whole Mexican economic situation, involving oil and other large American interests in the light of recognition and revolution, will be explained. Hence we will only take up here the extent and scope of American oil in Mexico as it fits into our larger world offensive for a new supply.

The Doheny interests in Mexico are the largest single holdings—that is, when you appraise the Cowdray and Royal Dutch properties separately. The British and Dutch are now under Dutch ownership, but retain independent organizations. Doheny produces nearly 40 per cent of the total Mexican output. He controls more than 1,500,000 acres, with all necessary equipment, including a railway, tanker fleet, and a school for the native children.

E. J. Sadler's Career

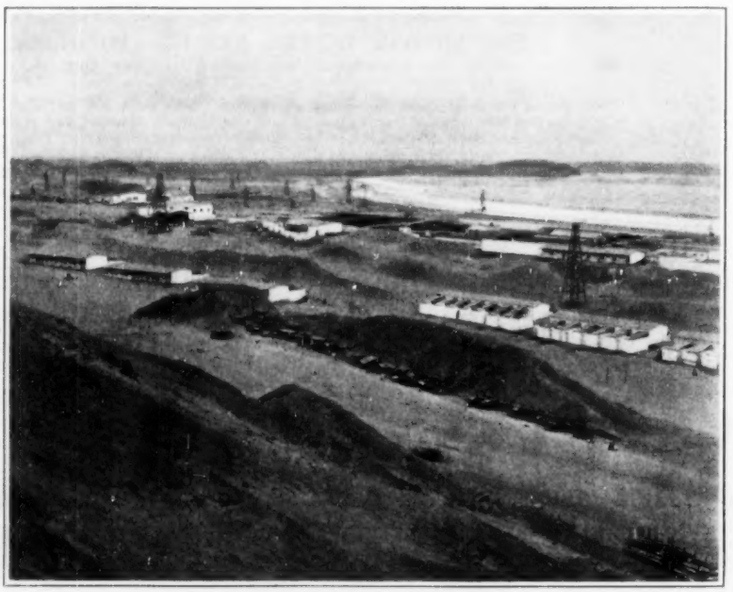
The second-largest American interest in Mexico is that of the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey. With this organization we not only arrive at the agency that has planted the American derrick in more varied and distant parts of the globe than any other but also encounter E. J. Sadler, whose adventures in oil are not surpassed in variety or drama by any American figure in the industry either at home or abroad. Since the record of the Standard of New Jersey is a considerable portion of the story of our petroleum campaign in other countries, and furthermore since Sadler has been a dominant factor in some of them, it is worth while to get his history in brief.

Sadler was graduated from the Naval Academy at Annapolis in 1898 in time to serve on the famous battleship Oregon throughout the Spanish-American War. He was one of her officers when she made her gallant dash around the Horn to the rescue of Sampson and Schley at Santiago. When he left the Navy in the early days of the twentieth century and joined the old Standard's forces, he was placed in charge of their development in Japan, which, after a sporadic attempt to secure oil in the Dutch East Indies, was the initial attempt by any American company to get petroleum overseas.

Japan proved a rather unfruitful field and the American interests were sold out to the Japanese, who now exclude all aliens from oil operations on their soil.

It was in Mexico, where he established

(Continued on Page 42)



A Group of Oil Wells at Negritos, Peru

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(Continued from Page 40)

the Standard of New Jersey, that Sadler first came to know the hazards and hardships of the oil game. The Tampico area, which is one of the largest producing fields, was wild and infested with bandits. Sadler literally had to fight both the country and the people. He was captured several times by guerrillas.

Upon one occasion he was taken prisoner while carrying a pay roll in gold. He had only $6000. His captors believed that he had $60,000 and they tortured him for several hours. He was then sentenced to death, and with bayonets pointed at his back was driven through the jungle to the place of execution. While resisting, his left wrist was broken and his right sprained. Eventually he escaped under cover of night, fell into a canal and was fished out more dead than alive. Incidents like these were his lot for more than a year, and until some degree of order and protection was established in the area.

Largely through Sadler's pluck and perseverance the Standard was able to intrench itself in Mexico and develop its properties to the point where they have a production of 150,000 barrels a day. Mexico, however, was only the prelude to the Sadler exploits overseas, as you shall presently see.

The third largest American interest in Mexico is that of the Sinclair Consolidated Oil Corporation, while the fourth is the Gulf, which is controlled by the Mellon family, which includes the present Secretary of the Treasury. Another group was originally led by John Hays Hammond, who has been conspicuous in the exploitation of other natural resources of the republic. To outline the remaining American properties would be to print a mere catalog of names of no particular national or international significance. As in the United States, the Mexican oil industry has not been without its wildcatters, and millions of dollars have been dropped into dry holes.

In the Trouble Belt

The point to be emphasized in relation to Mexico is that, figuratively, it is an important clause in the insurance policy that the American oil industry has taken out against the possible exhaustion of its supply. There is a wide divergence of opinion about the future of Mexican oil. It is not likely, however, that Mexico will soon lose her place as the second largest producing area. Her closest rival is Russia, which in its most expansive day produced only 72,801,110 barrels a year. At the moment the principal menace is not in the ground, but above it, in the shape of drastic legislation and costly impositions which may make production too irksome and expensive. The latest revolution, which began in December, is only one of many handicaps. In any event, Americans are controlling factors in the field.

To continue the American foreign oil offensive logically is to carry on straight down towards South America. We are in the trouble belt and we might as well remain there for the time being. I say "trouble," because foreign economic penetration in practically all the Latin-American countries is often at the mercy of unsound legislation. The difficulties of the American oil men in Mexico are on a par with the troubles of the alien producers in countries like Venezuela and the Argentine.

When you analyze what has happened to American oil pioneers in South America you find that most of the countries have followed a simple but effective formula. At the start they are hotfoot for foreign capital and all the modern improvements, as it were, that go with it. "Pan-America" is a glittering dream of amity and accord. No promise is too rosy to be held out. Once a company establishes a costly series of plants, and is ready to market its product, the adverse laws begin to rain thick and fast. Royalties are suddenly increased and measures imposed that eat up profits and frequently lead to bankruptcy or retirement.

To resume our journey: In Panama the American oil development is by the Sinclair, Mellon and Standard interests, while in Costa Rica the Sinclair people are alone. In both these countries the effort so far is confined to prospecting. It is when you reach Venezuela that you get into the first big oil-producing belt with Americans in the distinct minority. It is not their fault, however, as I shall now reveal.

What is known as the Maracaibo Basin of Venezuela—the district around Lake Maracaibo—is one of the richest petroleum domains of all South America, and it is no less rich in romance. The Caribbean Sea, which lies to the north, just beyond the Gulf of Venezuela, was the stamping ground of that band of buccaneers dear to every American boy's heart. Here flourished Morgan, Kidd and Hawkins, with their fascinating associations with buried treasure and the hard-fought Spanish Main.

South American Oil

As far back as 1910, American oil men, and particularly large asphalt companies, began to see the possibilities of production in the Venezuelan field and secured the most important concessions there. With the election of Woodrow Wilson as President in 1912, and the installation of William Jennings Bryan as Secretary of State, their anxieties began. Although Wilson had been elected on a platform guaranteeing protection to American interests abroad, Bryan got cold feet in translating this protection into actuality.

There is no need of going into the episode of so-called dollar diplomacy. Sufficient to say that the State Department served notice on all American nationals in alien countries that they had to go on their own. In a country like Venezuela the American oil man, for example, required the authority of his Government behind him. Since this was not forthcoming, the American interests in many valuable oil properties passed into the hands of the British and the Dutch. Today you find the Royal Dutch more strongly installed than any other company, with the Anglo-Persian and the British-controlled oil fields second.

Despite the handicap of a lax stewardship of interests by Washington, Americans, headed by the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey, have reëntered this field and begun to produce. Other American companies and syndicates, including the Mellons, have also gone in. Thanks to this combined initiative, the overseas American oil production will soon be considerably increased by the Venezuelan contribution.

In Colombia we are in the lead. Once more you have the Standard of New Jersey conspicuous as a pathfinder in the face of costly and irritating legislation and also excessive royalties. It is the usual South American restrictive game all over again. At one time it looked as if Colombia would be the main American area in all South America. In 1919 there was a big rush and forty-nine American companies had concessions. Now nearly all have quit.

In the Argentine you have the Standard of New Jersey flag unfurled over a prospecting campaign that extends as far south as Patagonia. This huge country is rapidly becoming a heavy consumer of petroleum products and has a growing production. Oil was discovered accidentally in 1907 and there are four extensive fields. One interesting feature is that the Germans, including Hugo Stinnes and the Deutsche Bank, are active in exploitation.

The Argentine Government owns all the subsoil rights, and many difficulties are encountered by alien companies in extracting a reasonable profit out of them. The Anglo-Persian Oil Company, for example, is just about to quit the country after having dropped something like £1,000,000. The strongest foreign company, as usual, is the Royal Dutch, which operates under an old oil concession that has so far resisted the inroads of the government.

The Yankee stronghold in South America is Peru, where the Standard of New Jersey is getting a production of fifteen thousand barrels a day. Peru has become the eighth country in volume of oil production, with an annual output of more than 5,000,000 barrels. The British have, however, the strongest hold on concessions. Here, as elsewhere, governmental cupidity is interfering with legitimate expansion. Among other amiable signs of national altruistic interest is a 10 per cent export tax which has lately been clapped down on petroleum and petroleum products. To round out the South American oil operations by Americans is to indicate that in Bolivia and Ecuador the Standard of New Jersey is alone in the field. No production, however, has been secured, although in the opinion of experts there are rich possibilities in these two countries.

Let us now turn from Latin-America and see what the American oil producer has done to increase his supply in Europe. The initial production, and it remains the largest, is in Rumania. After Russia, this country has the most extensive petroleum deposits on the Continent. They were one of the prizes in the World War and were fought over by the contending armies. Here, as in South America, the alien oil man, no matter what flag he flies, is up against the combination of governmental cupidity and eccentricity of legislation.

Oil Instead of Cash

Clearly to understand the perplexities of the Rumanian oil situation you must first know something about national characteristics. The big fact is that the Rumanians are Orientals without knowing it. Certainly they do not acknowledge it. Therefore they are evasive and, like the Turks, profit by the other fellow's discords and troubles. If the Rumanian Government enters into a negotiation that it wants to side-step, it enacts a law legalizing the change of mind and what is often something more material.

Oil for years has been a sort of national legal tender. When Rumania wants a loan from England, France or Holland, she peddles petroleum for it. A story will illustrate Rumanian jugglery with oil:

The government bought $31,000,000 worth of locomotives from a well-known American concern when the leu—the principal Rumanian money—was comparatively high, and gave notes. With the maturity of the notes, instead of paying cash it offered two-thirds of the amount outstanding in petroleum. The remainder was proffered in cash or bonds at the sadly depreciated market value of the leu. This meant that in actual money $12,000 was offered for a portion of the

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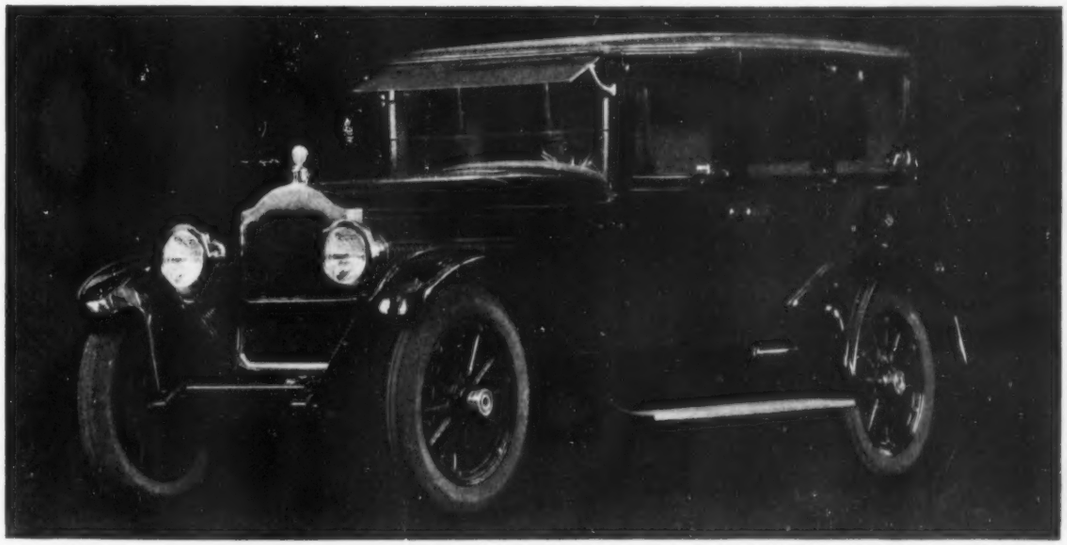
Natives Hauling American Material and Machinery for the Angola Oil Fields, West Africa



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Four-wheel service brakes; 2 additional rear wheel brakes—a total of 6—on all Packard cars

PACKARD

SINGLE-SIX

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE

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debt that aggregated twenty times this sum at par. Moreover, the American company found itself literally loaded up with oil, with no machinery for its sale or distribution.

This illustrates only one phase of the uncertainty of the Rumanian oil market. The government not only fixes prices but establishes one set of prices for oil sold at home and another for oil that goes abroad. The internal price is usually one-eighth the export price. There is a reason. The government obtains the oil that it uses in its financial transactions at the internal rate and pays its debts with it at the export scale. At one time the American oil company in Rumania was forced to accept three cents a gallon for gasoline within the confines of the country, when it could have shipped it outside and obtained twenty-six cents.

When I was investigating the oil situation in Rumania last summer the government was a sort of family affair conducted at the pleasure of the Bratiano brothers, who were frank about their operations. Jon was Premier and Vintella was Minister of Finance. One proposed and the other disposed. This teamwork ran the country.

The Moreni Field

I asked a well-known Rumanian how and why the people stood for the Bratiano syndicate. He shrugged his shoulders and replied, "We take the Bratianos like the weather. We grumble, but we cannot do anything about it."

Just before my arrival from Turkey, the Bratianos had put through a nationalization scheme for oil which made the subsoil the property of the government. It could not interfere, of course, with leases already in operation, but it put a serious obstacle in the way of legitimate expansion. When I say that there are 104 oil companies in Rumania you get some idea of the extent of the industry and the trouble ahead. In addition to nationalization, the government began to restrict exports until an almost top-heavy home quota was filled. The home quota was made excessive not because oil is the principal railroad and industrial fuel but because it gave the government more oil to manipulate.

With this bird's-eye view we can now find out what America has done, and also how she has been done, in Rumania. It was in 1903 that the old Standard Oil Company acquired leases and put down some wells in what is known as the Moreni field. Even at that early day progress was impeded by official obstructions. In 1910—the year before the government dissolved the old trust—the company was on the point of retiring when it reconsidered withdrawal at the instigation of Walter C. Teagle, then principal European representative and now president of the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey.

With dissolution, the Rumanian company—it is called the Romana Americana Societate de Petrol—came under the wing of the Standard of New Jersey, which launched an active campaign of expansion. Wells were drilled in the Baicoui and Bushtenari fields. A huge refinery was built at Ploesti, about sixty kilometers from Bukharest, and the plant harnessed to the oil fields by pipe lines.

Much of this expansion was under the direction of E. J. Sadler, who, having installed the Standard in Mexico, had taken charge in Rumania.

Adventure seemed to have marked this oilman for its own, for with the advent of the World War he once more became the central figure in a moving drama.

At the outbreak of hostilities in 1914 the three leading oil companies in Rumania—and they retain their authority—were the Astra Romana, which is the Royal Dutch; the Steaua Romana, which was German owned, with the Deutsche Bank as the chief stockholder; and the Romana Americana. Rumania did not enter the struggle until August, 1916. This meant that the Steaua Romana kept on producing until that time. The American company made large contracts with the German Government, which was regarded as was any customer. With Rumania in the war, the whole situation changed. The Steaua Romana was sequestered and the Germans eliminated as factors in production.

When General Mackensen, fresh from his triumphs in Poland and Serbia, was placed in command of the German forces for the thrust into Rumania in the autumn of 1916, the Allies began to get concerned about the oil fields. They realized that if the Germans conquered Rumania, as seemed likely, an immense store of one of the essentials to the conduct of war would fall into their hands. It had become a war of machinery, and gasoline stoked these machines. The Allies therefore set about devising some plan to confound the Germans. The result was the devastation of the Rumanian oil fields, the one premeditated piece of destruction carried out by the Allies in the whole course of the conflict. The way of it was this:

Upon the suggestion of Lloyd George, who was the dominating figure in the Allied War Council, Maj. John Norton-Griffiths—he is now Sir John—was sent to Rumania with full powers to put the oil fields out of commission. He was an engineer by profession and had served as sapper in the Boer War. He had easy sailing with the German and Dutch companies, but when it came to the American properties it was a different story. We were still a neutral nation and Sadler entered a vigorous protest. By that time the German armies were in Rumania, and Bukharest was being bombed every night. Practically all Sadler's negotiations with Griffiths—the head offices of the American concern are in Bukharest—were between midnight and dawn, in the dark, and when the German strafing had temporarily stopped.

The upshot of the matter was that upon Griffiths' written guaranty that the Allies would reimburse the Romana Americana for all losses incurred, their wells were plugged up with scrap iron, their tank farms dismantled and the machinery in the refinery at Ploesti destroyed. What was once a prosperous industrial community looked almost overnight like a town in Northern France after continuous bombardment.

Sadler's Trying Task

Sadler now faced the problem of getting his staff and their families out of Rumania. It was a task that bristled with dangers and difficulties and would have discouraged a man less courageous and venturesome. Egress from the south and west was out of the question for the reason that Bulgaria was a belligerent and the enemy was in Serbia. The only way to safety and America lay to the north through Russia. Even that route was hazardous and uncertain, because the Germans were drawing closer and closer, and the proposed journey lay through a land in the turmoil of war and where transport was at a premium.

Because of interruptions due to the war, the American force had been considerably reduced. In spite of the numerous and intermittent withdrawals during the preceding six months, Sadler was responsible for eighty-five persons, including women and children, and at least one child about to be born, when he set out on a journey that is one of the hitherto unwritten little epics of the war.

In the preliminaries Sadler displayed his usual resource. First of all, he had himself made an American vice consul by the American minister at Bukharest. This enabled him to give visas at will, and it also invested him with a near-diplomatic status. He also got a strong letter from the Russian minister at Bukharest. He had ample food and money. All this was comparatively easy. The big nut—transportation—now had to be cracked.

The Americans had been mobilized at Ploesti. The only railroad line open was a single track to Jassy, where there was a junction with the Russian railway that ran to Petrograd. This line had been seized by the Rumanian Government, but with the increasing advance of the Germans traffic was exceedingly uncertain.

A Man of Resource

Sadler found out that the Rumanian Government was about to run a bullion train to Jassy. Previously all the Rumanian gold had been shipped to Petrograd, but a considerable amount of silver, securities, archives and art treasures remained to be removed and they were to go on this train. It was the one and only chance and he determined to take advantage of it at all costs.

The bullion train was to start from Bukharest. Meanwhile Sadler seized three freight cars and had benches built in them. Into these cars he loaded his eighty-five charges. When the bullion train came along he had it stopped and hitched his box cars to the rear. Before starting Sadler made a speech to his crowd. To them he said in substance:

"You are about to start on a dangerous and difficult journey. You have your likes and your dislikes for each other, and you are going to live in pretty close and uncomfortable quarters for a good while. You must understand that from this time on everybody is equal and must take his share of the hardships. I am in charge and my word goes. If any one of you cannot subscribe to this creed you have ample time to remain behind and take your chances."

Needless to say everybody agreed. It was on December third that this strangest of all journeys to New York by way of Russia began. Bitter winter held Central and Northern Europe in its icy grasp. There was no heat in the cars, and practically all the food consumed had to be prepared in transit. Travel became a frigid joke, because only six kilometers were covered the first day. Everybody suffered, but there was not a word of complaint.

It took nearly two weeks to get to Jassy. Here the freight cars were abandoned because they were built for narrow-gauge tracks. Sadler practically bought three third-class Russian coaches, which are standard gauge. The second lap of the trip through Russia to Petrograd now began.

Every day bristled with anxieties. Only military trains were running, and Sadler had to coerce or coddle the authorities to carry his cars. Another difficulty was that though a dozen different languages, including Japanese, were spoken by members of his party, not one of them knew Russian. Most of the engineers spoke German, but German was forbidden. On Christmas Day, and exactly twenty-two days after leaving Ploesti, the party arrived in Petrograd to find every hotel crowded and no place to park except in the streets.

Once more Sadler rose to the occasion. He had left the party three days previously on a special military train that carried a Pullman in order to get the expectant mother to a Petrograd

(Continued on Page 46)

An American Oil-Prospecting Party in Saghalin, an Island Off Siberia

DODGE BROTHERS
TYPE-B SEDAN

Probably no closed car has ever been received with equal enthusiasm the nation over.

This is unquestionably due to the fact that in spite of its acknowledged beauty, and exceptional riding comfort, the Type-B Sedan is as sturdy as an open car—and costs but little more.

The price is $1250 f. o. b. Detroit

(Continued from Page 44)

hospital in time, and he succeeded. When he discovered the hotel situation he determined to move his people out of Petrograd without delay. At the American Embassy he was told that it would take two weeks to get the visas for the party. His answer was, "I am going to get them out in twelve hours."

With his letter from the Russian minister to Rumania, backed up by an embassy representation, he persuaded the Russian police to keep their passport office open all night. It was necessary for each member of the party to be photographed according to the Russian regulations. He therefore hired three photographers. On the arrival of his pilgrims he at once shepherded them at the Ministry of Police for the ordeal. Meanwhile he had arranged for a fresh supply of clothing for everybody.

In exactly twelve hours after they landed at Petrograd the oil refugees were on their way to America by way of Finland and Sweden. At Gothenburg passages were obtained on a ship for New York and their troubles were over. A little thing like a German submarine in the North Sea was lightly regarded after all that had gone before. Six weeks were required for the entire trip. The only casualty was the death at sea of an old woman who was ill when she started.

I have told the story of this stirring journey not only to show how American pluck and enterprise can overcome difficulties in any quarter of the world but to reveal again the romance and the adventure of the Yankee oil man in his work overseas.

All the Comforts of Home

It is typical of the tenacity of the American oil man that before the Armistice was signed—Rumania made a preliminary peace with Germany—Sadler and most of his comrades of the great journey were back on the job. They found a vast mess. With their conquest of Rumania, the Germans set to work to restore the oil fields. They needed gasoline badly, because the only other available source of supply was in Galicia, which had fallen into their hands. When they beat a hasty retreat the petroleum area once more suffered sabotage. The Germans not only burned the American refinery at Ploesci but carried away the bricks. Among the souvenirs left behind was the dead body of a German sharpshooter which Sadler's men found on the top of a derrick.

I visited the American section of the Rumanian oil fields last summer. After nearly two months in Constantinople and the wilds of Anatolia, it was like getting back to a little section of America again. At Ploesci, and in the Baicoui and Moreni areas, I met dozens of husky upstanding oil drillers from Texas, Oklahoma and California—you could never mistake their calling, for there is a distinct oil face and manner—who had all the comforts of home, including THE SATURDAY EVENING POST and a school for the children presided over by a Yankee schoolma'am. Here, as elsewhere throughout the world, THE POST is the first and best link with old associations.

Since the war the American production in Rumania has grown to be 5000 barrels a day and is the second largest in the country. The Astra ranks first. The Romana Americana has thirty good wells. Altogether 313 have been put down.

Expansion in a big way depends upon just how far governmental regulation will go. Under a new law a majority of stockholders, directors and workers in the oil industry must be Rumanian. Since the country is perilously near financial disintegration, where will the capital come from? A little thing like sound economics, to say nothing of uninterrupted production, seldom enters into the scheme of supervision-mad countries. It means, in a word, that there can be no real standardization of Rumanian oil production until there is an embargo on politicians, a European need, by the way, not entirely confined to the land of Carmen Sylva.

The political conditions that obstruct Rumanian oil developments are not a patch on the handicaps that beset development in Russia. With Russia we arrive at the most complicated, perhaps, of all world petroleum tangles, and it has a definite American end. Americans today are not only the sole alien producers in the Baku field but should the Slavic production ever become anything like normal again, they will have a conspicuous part, because the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey has acquired a large interest in the Nobel properties. If there is any lingering doubt in your mind about the economic inadequacy of the Soviet system, a brief summary of the oil situation will remove it.

With the overthrow of the Kerensky régime late in 1917, the Bolshevists seized all national property, including, of course, the oil fields, which are the richest in Europe. Then began the debauching of the area which was little less than criminal. Like most socialistic "reforms," the principal sufferers were those at home, because Russia consumes more oil than any other European country. The firm of Lenine, Trotzky & Co., having put humane administration out of commission, brought the oil industry practically to the same state of ruin. In other words, murder as a fine art extended to petroleum.

In June, 1918, the Russian petroleum industry was nationalized by a decree of the Soviet of People's Commissars. All petroleum properties were declared state property and trade in petroleum and its products made a state monopoly. Administration of the industry was confided to the Chief Naphtha Committee attached to the Fuel Department of the Supreme Soviet of People's Economy. Whatever their other shortcomings, the Bolshevists are not short on titles.

The government then tried to run the oil business, with disastrous results. From an annual output of 450,000,000 poods—a pood is 36.1 pounds—before the war, the production soon shrank to considerably less than half. Prior to 1914 there were 4000 flowing wells. Today there are scarcely 800. This tells the story of Soviet rule.

A decree of the All-Russian Central Executive Committee, promulgated in June, 1922, placed the administration of petroleum stores in the hands of the Chief Fuel Administration, which had complete charge of the sale of all products and stores. Local authorities were not allowed to interfere with the storage or disposal of petroleum products. If any misguided Russian sought to engage in oil merchandising he was compelled to pay Moscow 50 per cent of his profits. Here you have an interesting phase of commercialized altruism.

Incidentally it is worth noting that since many Soviet officials have their price, a considerable amount of bootlegging in oil began. The unscrupulous official and his no less venal comrade got together, extracted fuel from national stores and sold it surreptitiously in Germany, Finland or Poland.

An Oil-Oozing Conference

As time went on, the powers that be at Moscow began to realize that communism could not run the oil industry. They made efforts to lure foreign companies interested in the Russian oil industry into accepting some sort of agreement or concession, or to exploit the domain in conjunction with the Soviet Government. The usual proposition was to divide the profits on a fifty-fifty basis, the producer taking all the risks. No alien company could do business on this basis and the offers were politely but firmly turned down. Moreover, there was a little string tied to every offer of a concession which stipulated that the contract could be canceled by Moscow if the country of the person entering into the negotiation did not recognize the Soviet Government within five years.

The Bolshevists now began to break into the various European conferences, especially the one held at Genoa in April, 1922. This meeting fairly oozed oil. Previously Moscow had announced that it would deal with any foreign concession hunters at Genoa. The result was that scores of fancy-waistcoated lawyers from various parts of the United States flocked to the city where Columbus was born, eager to make oil deals. They buzzed around Tchitcherin and Krassin—the leading Russian delegates—with such a multitude of offers that the Bolshevists got an exaggerated idea of their importance.

The Allies had hoped that the reds would come to Genoa with some kind of chastened spirit. Instead, they got an attack of swelled head because of the scramble among Americans for oil rights in Russia. It all resulted in aimless negotiations, because nobody got anything.

When Russia went red in 1917 there were eighteen different foreign groups headed by the Royal Dutch-Shell and the Nobel Brothers, who owned or operated properties at Baku, Grosny and Emba, the three largest fields. After the Genoa fiasco they got together in Paris—their number had now been increased by the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey, which had acquired a portion of the Nobel holdings—and signed an agreement to present a solid front. They declared that "it was inadmissible that any of the interested parties should prejudice directly or indirectly existing interests and vested rights of other owners dispossessed by the Soviet Government."

Last July France closed her frontiers to all Russian commercial agents and forbade the use of French capital in Russian enterprises because the Soviet Government entered into a private deal with the Dutch-Shell interests for the sale of certain Russian oil properties. The French maintained that the Dutch-Shell group had broken the pact of Paris. Since they could not punish the Dutch oil men, they took it out on the Russians. Whether the Dutch acted in bad faith or not, they got the hook, so to speak, because Moscow sought to impose its usual fifty-fifty terms and in addition tried to compel the Dutch to repurchase property which they owned prior to 1917. It shows that the word "consistency" has been deleted from the Soviet vocabulary.

When I was in London last autumn I asked Sir Henri Deterding, head of the Royal Dutch, what he had done about his vast Russian oil properties. He shrugged his shoulders and replied, "For the present we have written them off our books."

Payment in Kind

As the Russian oil situation now stands there is no private oil property, and production and distribution remain in the hands of the government. A certain quantity of petroleum products refined at Baku is exported by the Export Administration of the Naphtha Syndicate, which is under the control of the People's Commissariat for Foreign Trade. This administration has agencies in Berlin and elsewhere, and all foreign firms seeking to buy Russian oil must operate through them.

The tragic consequences of the Soviet attempt to run the oil fields are best set forth in the following statement given to me by an observer on the spot. He said:

"Substitution of payment in kind for payment in cash prevails at Baku. The government has proved itself unable to solve the most formidable of all problems which at present disturbs the Russian oil industry—namely, labor. To check the incessant flight of workers from Baku, especially the skilled ones, a bonus of 15 per cent of the oil produced has been allocated to them, to be distributed by the provincial government in the form of goods. Even this has proved ineffective. Out of a former army of 35,000 workmen only 5600 remain in the Baku field. Misery has gripped the workers, transport is disorganized and what was once one of the great industrial communities of the world is now in chaos."

The one American organization that has broken into the old Russian oil field for actual operation is the International Barnsdall Corporation. The story of its entry is not without interest. In 1921 Mason Day, then general manager of an American trade corporation in Constantinople, made a trip to the Caucasus to sell cheap automobiles. Here he became interested in the Russian oil situation, and after a year of negotiation with the Moscow government secured a contract to drill wells in the Baku area on the usual Soviet terms. In this case he was to receive his 50 per cent in oil.

When I was in Constantinople last July a group of Day's engineers passed through on their way to Baku. The equipment followed soon after. By the time this article appears Americans will probably be producing oil. The Barnsdall deal, however, does not involve a concession. It is a contract pure and simple to produce petroleum for the Soviet Government and it is paid for in kind.

The most picturesque American oil penetration on Russian soil, and one which promises larger results, is the deal entered into by the Sinclair Consolidated Oil Corporation for the development of the island of Saghalin, which lies off Siberia. It was to conclude the final details of this transaction that Harry F. Sinclair and former Senator Fall went to Moscow last year. With the exception of the work of the Standard Oil of New York in Alaska, Saghalin will represent the farthest north of the American oil pioneer overseas.

(Continued on Page 48)

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This is because Champion is the better spark plug and always delivers the full spark to the firing points, giving more complete combustion.

It is the Double-Ribbed sillimanite core that makes Champion better—which has caused Champion to outsell throughout the world.

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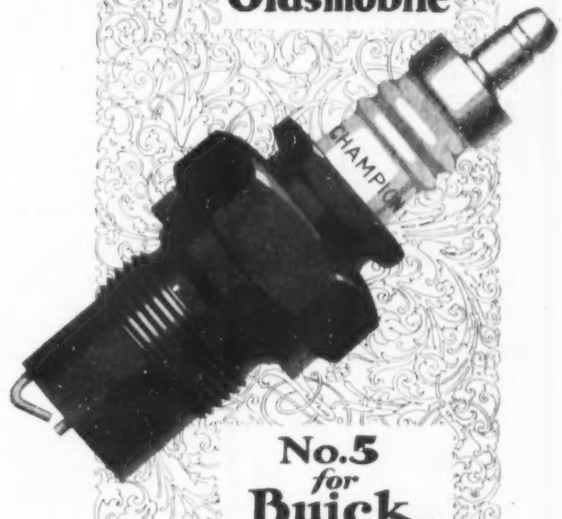

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Champion X is the standard spark plug for Ford cars and trucks and Fordson tractors. Recognized by dealers and owners for 12 years as the most economical and efficient spark plug. Sold by dealers everywhere

Eddie Hearne, speedway champion for 1923, says: "Champion Spark Plugs are the best I ever used."

CHAMPION

Dependable for Every Engine

(Continued from Page 46)

Saghalin once held the world's spotlight. Until the Russo-Japanese War it was all Russian. At the Portsmouth Peace Conference the Japanese got the southern part as one of the spoils of war. A wild and desolate region, it was originally used by the Imperial Russian Government as a penal settlement. It is rich in petroleum deposits, however, and has long been coveted by the Japanese. It was one of the real objectives of the Japanese expedition to Siberia which ended so ingloriously.

Before the war Lord Cowdray tried to secure the whole of Saghalin for his oil empire. One of his American engineers, Roderic Crandall, who is now a Sinclair expert, spent a year there prospecting and making surveys. With the advent of the Soviet rule Cowdray abandoned the Saghalin prospect. In those earlier red days Saghalin was under the jurisdiction of the Far Eastern Republic, whose capital is at Chita, and it was with this government that the Sinclair people first dealt. Upon the incorporation of the Far Eastern Republic as one of the United Soviet States, Moscow assumed control of all Russian and Siberian oil territory. The Sinclair concession for Saghalin is on the usual Soviet terms and attached to it is a supplemental political memorandum providing for cancellation in the event that the United States does not recognize the Moscow government within five years.

The northern part of Saghalin includes 15,000 acres of oil land. At the time I write a Sinclair expedition is on the way to do further prospecting and make surveys. It is expected that production here will begin this spring.

Activities in Angola

Saghalin seems destined to continue its rôle as political storm center. When the Japanese evacuated Siberia they left a contingent of troops in the northern portion of Saghalin. Upon the arrival of the first Sinclair prospectors they found these soldiers in control, and they interfered with operations. When Secretary Hughes made a formal protest to Japan, the Tokio Foreign Office declared that her forces were in Saghalin "in the interests of peace." They are still there, and a diplomatic complication may ensue before the American wells can be put down.

More picturesque than the Saghalin adventure is the Sinclair penetration in Angola, a Portuguese colony on the west coast of Africa. The concession covers 60,000 square miles, much of it on the coast. It was originally a part of the vast grant issued by the Belgian and Portuguese governments, largely at the instigation of the late King Leopold of Belgium, to a group of Belgian and American financiers. The latter included Thomas F. Ryan, the Guggenheims and John Hays Hammond. Angola is rich in oil and under American exploitation may develop into an extensive field. Four wells have already been drilled.

That American oil enterprise is searching out the remote ends of the earth is shown by the granting of concessions to Yankee companies for prospecting and operating in Abyssinia and Siam. In Palestine the Standard of New Jersey had a concession from the Turkish Government before the war, covering a considerable area between the Dead Sea and the Mediterranean. It had built a road south from Jerusalem for the transport of its machinery and material when Turkey entered the struggle. In the turmoil and confusion which have developed in that part of the world since the Armistice, all American operations were suspended. England now has the mandate for Palestine and it may interfere with the Standard plans, especially since the Anglo-Persian Oil Company has its eye on the Holy Land.

The most significant American participation in petroleum production overseas, however, is in Mesopotamia, which includes the historic Mosul and Bagdad fields. In the first article of this series I told the whole story of this negotiation. Summed up, it means that the Anglo-Persian Oil Company has offered half its 50 per cent interest in the Turkish Petroleum Company, which has the right to operate in Mesopotamia, to an American group consisting of the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey and six so-called independents such as the Doheny, Sinclair and Mellon interests. This offer was secured only after Washington had protested against the exclusion of America from the project at the San Remo Conference. A plan for American coöperation has been outlined, and when the concession is finally ratified by the Mesopotamian Government, operations will begin. The French and the Dutch are also in the Turkish Petroleum Company.

Outside the United States, Mexico and Russia, the largest oil fields in the world are in Persia. Here, too, the American oil penetrator is likely to set up shop.

As I have already pointed out in this series, the Anglo-Persian Oil Company, through the D'Arcy concession, controls the exploitation of all Persia except the five northern provinces. Originally a grant for the oil rights in these districts was obtained by a Georgian named Koshtaria, who sold it to the Anglo-Persian people. Persia, fearing British political as well as economic domination of her country, repudiated the concession and announced that she wanted Americans in the area outside the Anglo-Persian domain. Both the Standard Oil of New Jersey and the Sinclair interests then made offers. The Sinclair representative has been at Teheran for some months.

Recently the Persian Government announced that it will bestow the concession to Americans upon the condition that it can secure a $10,000,000 loan through American banks. This little string is almost as onerous as the stipulation in Soviet contracts which calls for recognition. Meanwhile the Anglo-Persian has invited the Standard to join it for a combined offensive to secure the debatable area. Whatever happens, it seems more than likely that Americans will get some kind of opportunity in Persia. The Persian Government looks with favor upon Yankee operations. At the present time the financial adviser of the Persian Government—he has little finance to advise—is Arthur C. Millspaugh, an American who was formerly connected with the State Department at Washington.

The Standard in Poland

China has not escaped the American oil net abroad. The Standard Oil Company of New Jersey spent nearly $5,000,000 on exploration work in the provinces of Chih-li, Yunnan and Shen-si. Petroleum in considerable quantities was discovered, but the problem of transport—a 1000-mile pipe line was one of the necessary details—was so forbidding that actual production was abandoned for the time being at least. When political order is established in the Yellow Republic and adequate railroads are built, the Standard plans to go into the field in a big way.

To round out the cycle of American petroleum penetration in alien lands I have only to add that the Standard of New Jersey is breaking into Poland, where the rich Galician fields, formerly under the Austrian flag, are located. As in Rumania, this area was bitterly fought over during the World War, and suffered especially during the great Russian retreat in 1915. Galician oil made more than one German offensive possible.

Thus in every part of the world the American oil man is making his impress, all to the end that our industry and transport can be stoked when the home fields go dry. It is a narrative of persistent and even heroic endeavor, for the Yankee petroleum pioneer has had to combat war, climate, circumstance and political intrigue. In the end he has more than held his own.

If this widening oil offensive, so vital to our economic well-being, is to march to its largest consummation, it must have the whole-hearted coöperation of the American Government, not only in the achievement of the open door but in firm support of our nationals once they are inside. One reason why the British and the Dutch have been able to fasten their grip on so many petroleum areas is that their foreign offices are squarely behind them. The oil urge has become so keen that nations, and not individuals, are in competition. Hence the vital need of official backing and encouragement. The trouble so far has been that while London and The Hague anticipate oil events and opportunities, Washington usually holds post-mortems.

Needed Coöperation

I can best state one of the fundamental needs of American oil pioneering abroad by quoting a veteran in the foreign field. He said:

"The first step in the standardization of the American oil campaign overseas is the clear enunciation and application of the doctrine that it is the purpose and intention of the State Department to safeguard American enterprise and investments everywhere. The widely disseminated talk that to protect our interests it is necessary to use armed force is merely clever and insidious propaganda of our commercial rivals who capitalize the well-known and rightful abhorrence of the United States to wage war for their own selfish purposes. A clever man does not always use fisticuffs to protect his rights."

A second need is coöperation instead of indiscriminate competition. There are many who believe that a militant American combine for prospecting and preliminary development work abroad is essential. Oil exploration is not only expensive but is usually a gamble. Such a syndicate could explore the field as a group, thus dividing the overhead cost. Once oil is proved, allocation is easy. The precedent has already been pointed in the organization of the American group for participation in the Turkish Petroleum Company concession in Mesopotamia.

What was said at the beginning of this series may now be emphasized at the conclusion. For more than a decade we have been pouring out our oil treasure for the benefit of mankind. We pioneered the industry, and at the moment are providing 60 per cent of all production, or more than the combined output of the rest of the globe. While we have been prodigal in the expenditure of petroleum, other nations have conserved their own supply and also sought to exclude us from fields which we had a legitimate right to exploit.

Happily we have at last awakened to the necessities of the situation. Our pioneers are in nearly every foreign field and they are not lacking in courage or capital. With 100 per cent government support we can make ourselves real factors in the world struggle for the fluid that has not only become a prize pawn in international diplomacy but constitutes the lifeblood of trade and transport.

Editor's Note—This is the last of a series of articles by Mr. Marcosson dealing with the world oil situation.

PHOTO. BY A. L. HANDY

View From Look Off Mountain, Nova Scotia

Published every other week. Inquiries which your theatre manager cannot answer regarding players and directors, will be answered by John Lincoln, Editor, 383 Madison Ave., N. Y. C.

News of First National Pictures

An Advertisement from Associated First National Pictures, Inc.

The purpose of this nation-wide cooperative organization of theatre-owners is to foster independent production, develop new talent and elevate the standards and art of the screen.

Colleen Moore Again

FOUR blocks away from fashionable Fifth Avenue lie the tenements of the East Side; Michigan Boulevard is within walking distance of Chicago's South Side. New York, Chicago—everywhere. Big cities and small have one thing in common—there's a "nice section" and there's a "wrong side of town." And the bridge that spans the gap is a bridge of hope, ambition, envy, longing. Drama is there, and comedy, too.

Here is the stuff that goes to make Colleen Moore's new picture, "Painted People," a delightful blend of drama and wholesome comedy. The Colleen of "Flaming Youth"—sophisticated, surfeited with worldly pleasures, seeker of new sensations, gives place to the Colleen of "Painted People"—an eager, active, hoydenish tomboy of the backlots in the "wrong side of town."

By what art I wonder can she make the metamorphosis so complete? Stepping from one rôle to another entirely different and still living the part! If you ask Colleen (as we did) she'll only tell you that four years of unceasing work in smaller rôles before accepting stardom may account for a whole lot.

"Painted People," by the way, marks the debut of Richard Connell as a screen writer, for it is his story "The Swamp Angel" from which the picture is adapted. Clarence Badger directed and the cast includes Ben Lyon, Anna Q. Nilsson, Russell Simpson, Mary Alden, Mary Carr, June Elvidge, Charlie Murray and Bull Montana.

"Painted People" stores more than the usual amount of entertainment and should win unusual popularity.

Wanted—Galley Slaves

Frank Lloyd needs a couple of hundred. For scenes in "The Sea Hawk," Sabatini's tale of sixteenth century warfare. To strain at the oar of a Spanish galleon to the beat of a tom-tom; with the whip cracking overhead and the sun pouring down on straining muscles. Applicants must be husky and used to hard work.

Search for Dirigible

BISKRA, ALGERIA: Dec. 28—All production work has been stopped by Edwin Carewe and company filming "A Son of the Sahara," to assist the French officials search for the lost dirigible, Dixmude. Cameleers, used as "extras," and their trains totalling eight hundred camels, are coöperating with cavalry patrols in scouring the desert south of Biskra where the Dixmude reported December 21.

"Lilies of the Field"

THERE'S one woman in a hundred, they say, born to the art of wearing clothes well. Let it be written then, that Corinne Griffith is among the fortunates. In "Lilies of the Field," in which she will appear with Conway Tearle, there's a display of Parisian finery that will dazzle the eye with its brilliance.

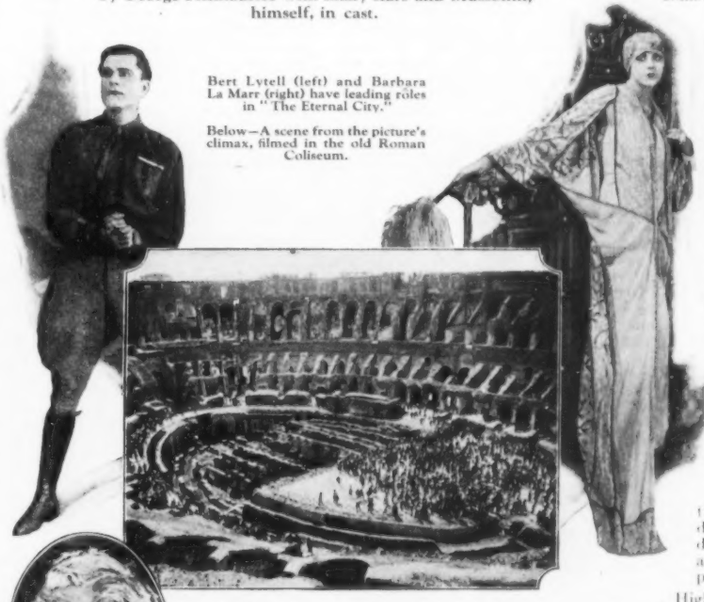
John Francis Dillon, who made "Flaming Youth," is bringing the stage success to the screen with its gripping drama intact.

* * * *

First National has purchased "Sailors Wives," the mysterious Warner Fabian's latest novel—and certain of success as wide as "Flaming Youth."

Caesars Built Sets for "The Eternal City"

Hall Caine's Romance splendidly screened in Rome by George Fitzmaurice with many stars and Mussolini, himself, in cast.



Bert Lytell (left) and Barbara La Marr (right) have leading rôles in "The Eternal City."

Below—A scene from the picture's climax, filmed in the old Roman Coliseum.

Richard Bennett as the Italian vagabond (in oval) and Lionel Barrymore, both prominent in the cast.

IF you're an old veteran movie fan who has watched the development of the screen story for the past eight years, you may remember the first picturization of Sir Hall Caine's "The Eternal City." It was a great picture in its day—but that day is gone. A new era of pictures is here, and a new "Eternal City" is the proof of it. To make the new "Eternal City" required the kind of generalship that wins battles. First Director George Fitzmaurice and Producer Samuel Goldwyn (no longer connected with Goldwyn Pictures) scan the film world for the cast. No easy job that—it may take six weeks to several months. Finally they are selected: Barbara La Marr, Bert Lytell, Lionel Barrymore, Richard Bennett and Montagu Love. Then to London. Sir Hall Caine is consulted on the screen adaptation and the story is modernized to fit the present political situation in Rome under his guidance.

Now to Rome, where joined by his quintet of American stars, Fitzmaurice films the stirring story in the ruins of the Coliseum, amid the stately pillars of the Forum, along the Via Appia, in a sleepy Roman garden in the shadow of the aqueduct of ancient Rome. Five thousand Fascisti fill the streets and a company of cavalry charge full force—while the camera grinds. This for three months and then back to New York for more studio scenes. Finally the titling and final revision, and "The Eternal City" is ready for you—the public.

Drama it has, and drama doubly interesting because it is alive with history of today. In the same spot where Roman orators swayed the wills of the people, the Fascisti of today shape the destiny of Italy. This is the background against which Sir Hall Caine's story moves.

There has been a halo of romance crowning the Seven Hills since the day of the mythical Romulus and Remus. I know of no better place for romance than the Eternal City—and no better romance than "The Eternal City."

Colleen Moore, "The Flaming Youth Girl," captivates Ben Lyon in "Painted People" just as effectively as she caught all America's fancy in "Flaming Youth."

Love isn't so blind, after all. Colleen Moore discovers a wonderful resemblance in Ben Lyon's Adam's apple—wherefore Ben just naturally has to come through in "Painted People."

"Torment"—The Thriller

THE crown jewels of Russia! Gone; disappeared; smuggled somewhere out of the country!

Opportunity for a thrilling adventure story here—and Maurice Tourneur was the one to seize it. "Torment," his newest production, mingles action with mystery in a fascinating story centering about the famous jewels. Watch for it—your favorites are in the cast: Owen Moore, Bessie Love, Maude George and Joseph Kilgour.

Old Mind—Young Body

IF you knew what you know now, at thirty, when you were a child of eight, how would you act?

If you had the knowledge of sixty years and were transformed in an instant to a woman of thirty, what would you do—and think?

Interesting? Of course! If it were not, Gertrude Atherton's "Black Oxen" would not have been the tremendous success it is. And on the screen, in Frank Lloyd's production, Corinne Griffith as Madame Zattiany and Conway Tearle as Lee Clavering make the theme pulsate with zestful interest.

Highlights in the filming of "Black Oxen" are: the manner in which Frank Lloyd has screened all the story; Corinne Griffith's unique impersonation of Countess Zattiany in both youth and age; and popular interest as expressed in crowded theatres wherever the picture appears.

Welcome Back!

BACK from the Northland; back from the land of the huskies and the deep snows! Re-enter Strongheart, the best known and most beloved dog in all the world.

Strongheart, the stalwart police dog movie star.

Under the ægis of Laurence Trimble and Jane Murfin, Strongheart begs to present, with a friendly bark and a wag of the tail, his next picture, "The Love Master." It's a different type of picture, we promise you—different from anything except his previous work, "The Silent Call" and "Brawn of the North."

Here we have Strongheart, the shaggy-haired, wistful-eyed, alert king of all dogdom as the central figure of a drama of the North, filmed amid the deep snows of the Canadian Rockies. The humans give place before him and upon his graceful shoulders falls the brunt of the acting. And how he can act! There's a light in his eye changing with every emotion; there's aristocracy in his walk and a suggestion of the fierce timber wolf in his angry bark. You'll find him more lovable than ever in "The Love Master," which will be at your theatre within a month.

* * * *

George Fitzmaurice has commenced production of Joseph Hergesheimer's "Cytherea." —*John Lincoln.*

THE FABULOUS FORTIES

(Continued from Page 17)

permitted to sit in some secluded and uninterrupted corner and talk to each other like human beings. They were obliged to move majestically through the drawing-rooms, like two goldfish in a bowl. And with Miss H, of Albion Place, a whole generation surely comes to life and moves majestically across the page in all the splendor of its suffocating decorum, its impeccable deportment, its ponderous domesticity.

And one word more, which sums it all up—"there were no parvenus there; all were of the oldest families in the city."

The subject was become of enormous importance in that season of 1841. The town was, it appears, filled with parvenus and pretenders to fashion, low persons who had sprung up within the century and who persisted in thrusting their unwelcome presence upon the *beau monde*, not to mention the *bon ton*, of New York society, so that finally it had become imperative to set in motion a new movement in fashionable life, and in fact, a "reorganization of the Old *Noblesse*," no less.

One seems to hear the echo of many a smart tilbury and cabriolet clattering over the paving stones from one splendid mansion to another—from Waverly Place to St. John's Park, from the Battery to East Broadway—conveying velvet-cloaked ladies in feathered bonnets to feverish conclaves of highly elegant dudgeon; to see august assemblages of blue-blooded dandies in tightly fitting checkered unmentionables, expectorating into the brass spittoons of the Astor House bar and pounding their tasseled canes on the floor in gin-flavored outbursts of virtuous and refined, though slightly befuddled, indignation.

The desired end was finally attained—one cannot help reproducing much of the actual mellifluous wording of the contemporary account—by one hundred and fifty young men about town—one had scarcely imagined the species to be so prolific—"representing the choicest and best blood of the city, who, animated ostensibly by a desire to reciprocate the politeness of many of the ladies of the Old *Noblesse* of whose elegant hospitality they had partaken during the winter, determined to give a magnificent ball at the City Hotel."

The Frontispiece of a Song Popular in the Forties

Priceless Young Prigs

They met in solemn council, these one hundred and fifty young men about town, representing the choicest and best blood of the city—and, in all likelihood, one of the largest collections of priceless young prigs ever assembled in one place—and, having subscribed each fifty dollars in a nonchalant manner, decided to extend invitations to all their female acquaintance, comprising, for their part, "all the youth, beauty, wealth and talent of the city." And then, in order to "give a peculiar kind of *éclat* to the whole concern, invitations were sent to all the surviving Knickerbockers who formed the fashionable society of the city at the beginning of the century." How peculiar an *éclat* no one today can begin to appreciate. One may be sure, however, that the Duchess of Broadway was near the top of the list.

Having done which, they probably retired to the chaste seclusion of the Union Club to exhibit their whiskers and expectorate, for a change, into the brass spittoons of that elegant institution, confident that the world was made safe for aristocracy. At all events they had successfully elbowed aside the parvenus and pretenders who were unable to go back farther than forty or fifty years without stumbling for an ancestor upon a butcher or a tailor or a cobbler, "or some other equally respectable mechanic."

As for the ball itself, it was, one learns, on the most splendid scale imaginable, and far surpassed anything of the kind that had taken place in New York since the Revolution. For three weeks prior to the event all of the female acquaintance of the one hundred and fifty young men about town had been busily preparing dresses and decorations and chandeliers—quantities of chandeliers—and mirrors and tapestries and ornaments of every description, with "truly brilliant" results. In fact, "the blaze of lights was too brilliant for description, and their arrangement was the most splendid ever seen, the chandeliers, girandoles, candelabras and bases being of the most magnificent character."

Indeed, this ball seems to have been the apotheosis of artificial illumination. Wherever one ventures one is met by the glare of a hundred lights, reflected by a thousand crystal pendants. In the ballroom, two thousand candles shone on the Duchess of Broadway's gold sprig velvet. In the suite of three rooms thrown open for supper, each of the thirty tables, furnished in the finest style, was provided with a magnificent light-shedding vase to supplement the large and beautiful chandelier hanging above it. One almost expects to find a light in the center of one's plate when one finally becomes sufficiently accustomed to the glitter to partake of the delicacies and rarities furnished by "the three states of New York, Pennsylvania and New Jersey, and a part of Great Britain and France," and to have one's glass turn into a candlestick when one attempts to sample those wines of the very first quality which made it possible for "this part of the ceremony to correspond with the elegant *tout ensemble*."

The dancing floor, one is told, "was painted with calamine paint in a very picturesque manner, and enormous mirrors were placed all around the room. All the green and hot houses of Long Island, the adjoining counties, and even Philadelphia" were ransacked—one has a vision of breathless young women making off with potted plants torn from the hands of defenseless horticulturists—"were ransacked for choice plants bearing fruits and flowers to decorate the ball and supper rooms, imparting beauty and odor to the scene. Around these, beautiful lights"—there is no escaping them—"candelabra and girandoles were displayed with great skill, giving the entrance to the suite of supper rooms the appearance of the entrance to a fairy palace; and the illusion was rendered the more nearly perfect by a number of live singing birds in cages, placed in the trees in such a manner that the cages were not seen, though the birds were"—an extremely fortunate arrangement for which someone, surely, deserves a tremendous amount of credit. Aside from that, the scene evoked puts one a little in mind of Nellie the Ragpicker's Daughter's idea of Heaven.

On Tick

Thus the most brilliant affair of the century went glittering on its airy, fairy way from nine until four o'clock, under the patronage of the one hundred and fifty young men about town, representing the choicest and best blood of the city; so that one is astonished to learn suddenly at the end that "much of this brilliancy was owing to the borrowing and credit system. The lights were borrowed, the plants were borrowed, the birds were borrowed, and some of the dresses and most of the jewels were borrowed. There were present in jewels and dresses about $500,000, of which $300,000 probably were obtained by credit and borrowing.

"Thus the great credit system goes on. The states borrow, the banks borrow, the merchants borrow, and we see no earthly reason why the ladies should not borrow if they think proper."

Perhaps the real objection to the parvenus and pretenders was that they were not obliged to borrow.

One is not to suppose that the panegyric style of reporting social events was confined to the columns of the penny newspapers, for the greedy consumption of the credulous proletariat. That the general public should have fattened and grown sleek on this smugly bombastic stuff speaks volumes for the dismal snobbery of the national mind and betrays the barbaric crudity of its conception of elegant manners and intelligent social intercourse; but that a personage of such unquestioned taste and refined respectability—the style is insidiously contagious—as Mr. Philips Hone, writing in his own personal diary for his own personal delectation, should have undertaken the flights of superlative verbiage which he exhibits is sufficient indication that a similar extravagant indelicacy and unsophistication were prevalent and accepted in all classes of the community—to say nothing of the richest and purest circles of society.

Returning, for instance, from Mrs. Brevoort's fancy-dress ball, that great affair which had occupied the minds of the people of all stations, ranks and employments—the words are Mr. Hone's—he remarks that the mansion of his entertainers was better

(Continued on Page 52)

A FINER HUDSON COACH

The Coach
$1475

New Models

Speedster	$1350
7-Pass. Phaeton	1425
Coach	1475
Sedan	1895

Freight and Tax Extra

On a New Super-Six Chassis

Impressive advancements in both chassis and body make the new Hudson Coach an even greater value than its forerunner.

Take an early opportunity to see it. In lines it is one of the most beautiful cars ever built by Hudson. More spacious seating, wider doors and longer body provide an even greater measure of passenger comfort.

With this finer body you get important improvements in a new Super-Six chassis. It retains the characteristic Hudson reliability and economy of maintenance and operation. And, beyond that, it brings a smoothness and riding ease that will impress even Hudson owners as strikingly new and delightful.

Hudson Motor Car Company
Detroit, Michigan

(Continued from Page 50)

calculated for such a display than any other in the city, and that everything which host and hostess could do in preparing and arranging, in receiving their guests, and making them "feel a full warrant and assurance of welcome was done to the topmost round of elegant hospitality." Never before had New York witnessed a fancy ball so splendidly got up, in better taste, or more successfully carried through, and the *coup d'ail* of which so dazzled the eyes and bewildered the imagination; and Mrs. Brevoort in particular, it seemed to him, "by her kind and courteous deportment, threw a charm over the splendid pageant which would have been incomplete without it." What surprises one is that Mr. Hone's account should have been incomplete without a reference to it.

One has already seen, in another extract, his "magnificent abode of costly luxury," applied to Mr. Ray's residence, on that occasion when, "from a scene of expensive hospitality," he was conveyed to "another more splendid and expensive entertainment, where the sparkling of diamonds, the reflection of splendid mirrors, the luster of silk and satins, and the rich gilding of tasteful furniture were flashed by the aid of innumerable lights upon the dazzled eyes of a thousand guests."

There is more restraint here, perhaps, than in the penny press, a more elegant rounding of periods, less blowing of bugles over the chandeliers and candelabra, less celebration of the normal attributes of polite society; but the same bland naïveté of spirit is evident, the same delight in purely sumptuary facts, the same emphasis laid on unquestioned virtues—all in a twitter of top-heavy adjectives.

A Concession to the Press

And under it all, under the elegantly rounded periods, under the glitter of the magnificent chandeliers shining on the richly gilded furniture, under the rigid veneer of all that pompous decorum—in the penny press and in the private diaries—one begins to see the gormandizing and wine spilling of that fashionably bloated and intoxicated era; the imposture of its imported deportment, to match the hypocrisy of its borrowed extravagance; the ungraceful nudity of its raffish passion for splendor; the gleam of its indispensable brass spittoons, which all its resplendent cut glass and silver can never conceal; the monumental anticlimax of its refined vulgarity.

One sees it—and one can only smile at its artlessness, delight in its incongruities, envy it its exuberance. A childish age, filled with fabulous marvels.

But Mr. Hone has other observations to make in connection with society, which, from the point of view of present-day conceptions of journalism, reveal an unexpected, however worthy and justified, attitude towards the press of the '40's, to say nothing of its own character. For it seems that Mrs. Brevoort's guests, on the occasion of her great fancy-dress ball, expressed considerable surprise at finding in their midst an individual, costumed prudently enough as a knight in armor, who turned out to be a certain Mr. A, "reporter and editor of an infamous penny paper"—and Mr. Hone proceeds to name one which appears to this day on many a New York breakfast table. This surprise on the part of the guests arose primarily from the fact that never before in the history of New York society—the ball took place early in 1840—had a reporter been permitted to be actually present at any social function. It developed, however, that the principal editor of this infamous penny paper had called upon Mr. Brevoort to obtain permission for this "person" to be present on this occasion in order to report in his paper an account of the ball. To this Mr. Brevoort, contrary to all precedent and presumably much against his will, had finally consented—"as by doing so a sort of obligation was imposed on the reporter to refrain from abusing the house, the people of the house, and their guests, which would have been done in case of a denial.

"But this is a hard alternative," Mr. Hone complains. "To submit to this kind of surveillance is getting to be intolerable, and nothing but the force of public opinion will correct the insolence—which, it is to be feared, will never be applied as long as gentlemen make this Mr. A hail fellow well met. . . . Whether the notice they took of him, and that which they extend to the principal editor when he shows his ugly face in Wall Street, may be considered approbatory of the daily slanders and unblushing impudence of the paper they conduct, the effect is equally mischievous. It affords them countenance and encouragement, and they find the more personalities they have in their paper the more papers they sell."

Even the most casual perusal of the "infamous penny paper" in question convinces one, certainly, that the spirit of contemporary journalism was not distinguished by any great degree of tactful delicacy; but Mr. Hone himself proves the pudding quite unconsciously by remarking on the following day that a long account of the ball was printed; but, as it was an implied condition of the reporter's admission that the account should be decent, it was consequently tame, flat and tasteless!

One understands more readily, however, after these illuminating comments, the elegant prospectus with which, on April 10, 1841, Mr. Greeley announced the appearance of the New York Tribune, price one cent.

"The Tribune," he insisted, "as its name imports, will labor to advance the interests of the People, and to promote their Moral, Social and Political well-being. The unmoral and degrading Police Reports, Advertisements, and other matters which have been allowed to disgrace the columns of our leading Penny Papers will be carefully excluded from this one, and no exertion spared to render it worthy of the hearty approval of the virtuous and refined, and a welcome visitant at the family fireside."

In September, 1841, Ferdinand, Prince de Joinville, third son of Louis Philippe—by the grace of circumstances King of the French—was sent to America in command of the frigate La Belle Poule, or The Beautiful Chicken, on one of those international sight-seeing publicity tours which royal families so frequently impose on their long-suffering progeny. Ferdinand was only twenty-four, of an engaging exterior and possessed of charming manners, and was the son of a king—a combination which republican America has always found irresistible. To be sure, America has always been fortunate in her princely visitors. This one was received with such loud outcries and social genuflections as might have been expected from the society of that era, which always rushed helter-skelter in its best gold sprig velvet to view any new marvel, whether it were a prince of the blood or, as advertised in that same season, "a very elegant giraffe recently caught in a trap, which will be exhibited next Sunday at his full length."

The Magnificent Motts

The prince, likewise, was exhibited at his full length in all of the important cities of the Atlantic Seaboard, and bandied about from one magnificent abode of costly luxury to another, in a series of brilliant and no doubt extremely expensive entertainments, culminating in Mrs. Mott's Magnificent Fête in New York.

"This splendid soirée, which had excited such a sensation in fashionable circles," was attended by three hundred guests—one fears that some of the one hundred and fifty young men about town were not invited—gathered together "in the superb suite of rooms in Dr. Mott's splendid mansion in Depeau Place, which was fitted up in a style of princely magnificence, and completely crowded with an array of fashion and loveliness such as had seldom been seen assembled on any occasion." Indeed, one is soon made aware of the fact that a more brilliant, recherché and magnificent entertainment had never been given in the city of New York.

In proof of which one is vouchsafed a glimpse of the "elegant suite of seven magnificent rooms" on the second floor, their walls ornamented with a very valuable and choice collection of paintings, and "filled with many evidences of the most refined taste in the costly furniture and *bijouterie* scattered around"—a picture, no doubt erroneous, of Mrs. Mott passing through the rooms at the last minute, flinging handfuls of superfluous diamonds about, arises instinctively before the mind. One enters the dining room, to the right of the vestibule on the ground floor, and gazes curiously at the supper table, "loaded with the choicest delicacies, ices, confectionaries, jellies, punches and wines of the most fastidious quality," around which, at three o'clock in the morning, "the prince and the gallant officers of his suite sat down to an elegant *soupé* in the company of their fair hostess and her family." One ascends the beautiful white marble staircase, tastefully decorated with a variety of choice greenhouse plants, to that principal salon where the fair hostess and Doctor Mott received the brilliant company in an "affable and courteous manner which was the theme of every tongue, and generally enhanced the enjoyment of the guests."

It would, indeed, have been too dreadful if Doctor Mott or the fair hostess had been feeling peevish that evening, and had made disagreeable remarks to their guests as they came trooping in! To hear them talk, in the '40's, one would imagine such a contingency to have been quite within the bounds of possibility.

One pauses finally for a moment in the doorway to blink at Mrs. Mott in a splendid robe of Damascus manufacture, of ruby-colored satin richly wrought in gold, a scarf of gold tissue from Constantinople about her classical shoulders, the corsage of her dress ornamented with diamonds to match a magnificent tiara of pure brilliants; to hold one's breath before Miss Mott, "the cynosure of all eyes, her lovely arms burdened with bouquets of the most beautiful japonicas and rare exotics presented by her numerous admirers—seeming, in the full bloom of her youth and radiant charms, to be an impersonation of Flora—attired in a rose colored crape over the same colored satin trimmed with *rouleaux* of a similar material, with a *volant* of the most costly Brussels lace, full half a yard in depth, tastefully looped up with bouquets of the most delicate flowers." And her snowy brow encircled by a wreath of roses—à la Victoria, no doubt—of which the center of each flower was a diamond.

Astor House Splendors

And then one tiptoes away from "that brilliant and animated scene ——"

But only for a few hours, since one cannot leave the Prince de Joinville without looking in at the Astor House the next evening on the magnificent farewell dinner tendered to him by the Corporation of New York City, at which event, for a change, one is given the opportunity of observing the municipality of the day in the discharge of its hospitable functions and of realizing, if necessary, that chandeliers and candelabra were by no means a prerogative of the idle aristocracy.

"No one who was not present," one is assured, "can form the faintest idea of the magnificence of the scene," but as the carriages were rolling up, and while the three hundred guests were assembling—including Lord Morpeth, another itinerant nobleman—even the hat boys in the lobby of the Astor House, and very probably the bartenders of that popular resort, must have known that it was a "grand dinner, long to be remembered in the annals of the city, and beyond a doubt the most brilliant affair ever given in this or any other country on the same scale."

The aspect alone of the dining room, bedizened and bedaubed for the occasion, would have been sufficient to convince them of these statements; and out in the kitchens and pantries the same impression must have obtained. For any hat boy whose curiosity moved him to poke his head around the dining-room door would have seen that "the most splendid room in the country" had been newly painted throughout, and embellished further with the coat of arms of each state, emblazoned above the blank spaces between the windows. He would have noticed, also, that the windows were all hung with rich red, white and blue draperies, while at each end of the room similar hangings filled the recesses between the "splendid pillars." Having assimilated these wonders, his attention would next have been drawn to the fact that at the east end of the room, immediately in front of the pillars, they had put in a raised platform for the German band which was destined to "furnish delightful music" during the entire evening. He would then unquestionably have stood for a long time before this band stand and allowed his eye to be gladdened by the sight of a beautiful painting placed in front of it, representing the river as viewed from the Battery and showing the two visiting French frigates, La Belle Poule and Le Cassard, lying at anchor in the stream. And, being a boy of the '40's, he would

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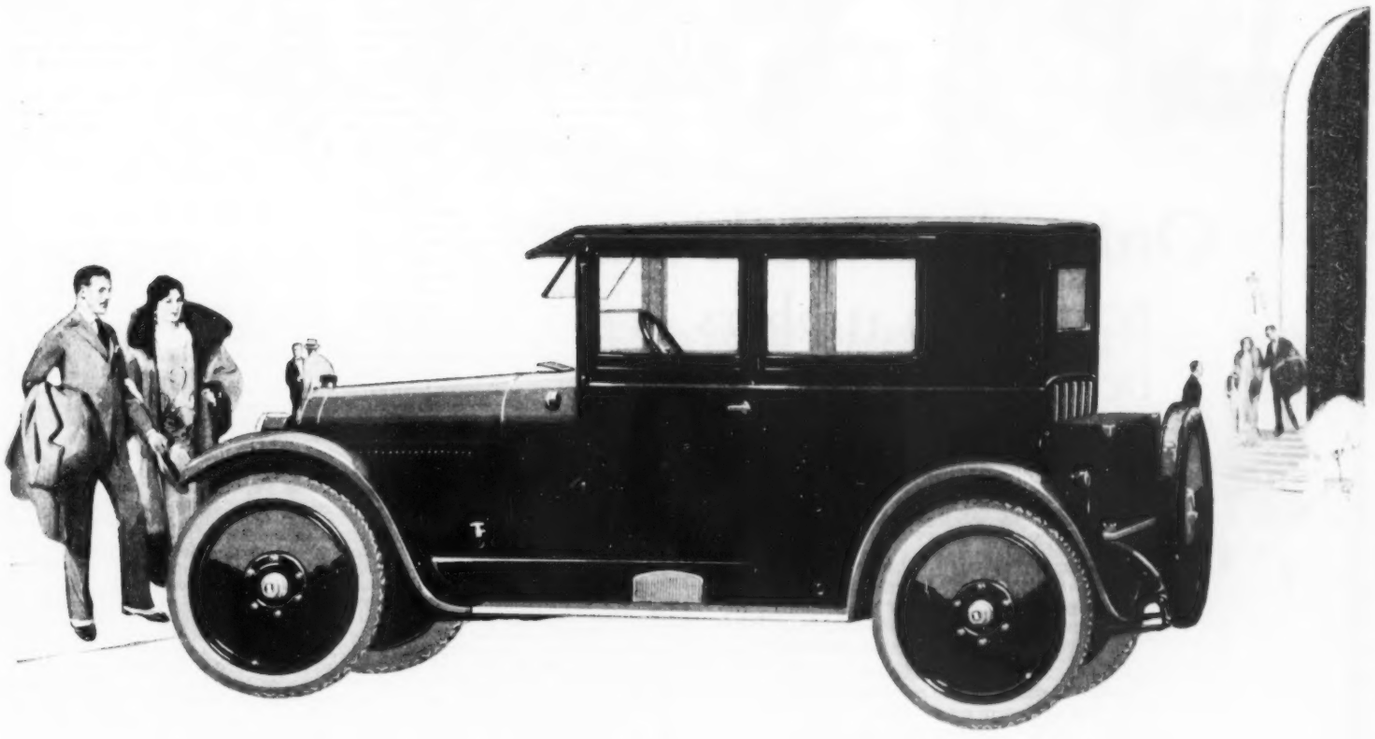
NASH



The Nash Four Carriole

The surest way correctly to calculate how far the Nash Four Carriole excels is to make direct contrasts.

You will find it a fact that in those basic essentials of motor and chassis that determine the true worth of any car this Nash model does offer pronounced superiorities.

The evidence confronts you in every phase of operation, during every mile you ride, throughout every test you employ.

And surmounting this splendid mechanism is an all-metal panel body that for craftsmanship, beauty, and in the quality of its appointments is unprecedented in its field.

Features and Appointments of Carriole—All-metal panel body. Spacious comfort for five full-grown passengers. Two restful parlor-car chairs in front. Commodious, strongly built, patent leather finish trunk mounted upon trunk rack at rear. Heavily nickel-plated guard bars at back of body. Silk curtains. Door pockets. Dome light. Door and side windows adjustable. Windshield wiper. Kick plates. Compact spark and gas control arrangement.

FOURS The Nash Motors Company, Kenosha, Wis. (2506) SIXES

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have cocked his eye at the frigates and examined them expertly for any possible nautical errors on the part of the artist.

On the other hand, it is quite conceivable that his attention might have remained riveted from the very first moment on the arrangement of the tables. In which case he would have seen that at the head of the center table stood two large golden candelabra, each containing seven wax candles of red, blue and white, while down—or to be exact, "adown"—each wing of the table six other golden candelabra were disposed, each holding five tricolored wax candles. Besides these, there were two "very large and splendid golden candelabras" placed on the floor—the municipality did nothing by halves—each ten feet high and holding fifteen wax candles apiece. In addition to which there were five "magnificent chandeliers, of the same pattern as those in the ballroom at Buckingham Palace"—a delicate compliment to Lord Morpeth, no doubt—containing each thirty-five tricolored wax lights. Which makes a grand total of five magnificent chandeliers, sixteen golden candelabra and two hundred and seventy-nine tricolored candles. The center table, moreover, was "profusely decorated and with the highest possible taste, containing every variety of fruit, fresh and preserved, that the earth affords"—one shudders at the thought of preserved figs as a possible feature of table decoration—"while behind the mayor's chair were placed two splendid golden temporary pillars, on which appeared glittering spears sustaining the Stars and Stripes and the tricolor."

Decidedly, there was nothing cheap about the Corporation of New York City in the '40's. One witnessed, it is true, at a recent municipal festival, an illuminated crystal pyramid and an arrangement of golden tripods bearing receptacles in which, no doubt, the City Fathers were to place their discarded personalia; but golden pillars behind the mayor's chair, and glittering spears and golden candelabra ten feet high—these belong to a vanished grandeur. And it is doubtful whether any civic banquet of the present day would entail such gastronomic perseverance, such digestive prowess, as that earlier feast. One look at the menu, since it was all set forth in the most appetizing culinary French, and one reaches instinctively for one's bottle of Elixir of Health.

The Pet Chicken

Two kinds of soup, two kinds of fish, five kinds of *relevés*, starting the banquet off modestly with such preliminary delicacies as turkey *à la perigord garni* and calf's head *en tortue à la moderne*. Then a few "cold set pieces," such as *pain de volaille à la reine historiée sur un socle*, which would seem to have been a queen of stuffed fowl standing on a pedestal. After which more solid business, in the form of nineteen varieties of *entrées*, in the midst of which one perishes of indecision before such succulent possibilities as *turbans de filet de volaille à la babilonne, filets de faisans farcis à la d'Artois sauce perigueux, pâté chaud d'ortolans dessossés à la Montebello*, and *aspic de filet de bass aux truffes*. And then, when everyone has had a chance to get seated and leave a little room for the waiters, roast beef, roast lamb, roast duck, roast turkey, roast chicken and roast goose, followed by an assortment of whole guinea hens, quails and partridges, with seven kinds of vegetables. And finally, to wind up, twelve different pastries and desserts, four kinds of cake and nine varieties of sweet *entremets*. And at the very end, more to be admired than tasted, the "mounted pieces"—a Roman helmet on a pedestal, a vase of *nougat* decorated with meringues, a pastry harp and an international trophy surmounted by the Goddess of Liberty.

One misses the blancmange heart pierced by a golden arrow.

With the coffee and liqueurs and toothpicks came the toasts. Thirteen regular toasts, including "The King of the French; Washington and Lafayette;" "Peace, the greatest of blessings when maintained with honor, but a curse if secured by the sacrifice of national dignity or independence," and "Woman, the mother of patriots, heroes and statesmen." And a large number of independent toasts, some of them in staggering poor taste, as, for instance, the following astonishing piece of national hysteria:

"The frigate La Belle Poule, the Pet Chicken of the French Navy. She has proved the coffin of a military hero, and may hereafter be the cradle of a naval one. We give her a hearty God speed; may she always be successful whenever her cause is just, but otherwise unsuccessful; but if ever she is opposed to an American ship may she be unsuccessful right or wrong. And I give you the United States; may she be always right, but always successful, right or wrong."

Prolonged applause. This sort of thing passed for very pretty wit in the '40's, and the good citizens of that era never hesitated to shout Yankee Doodle at the top of their lungs in every foreigner's ear. The world, moreover, must never be allowed to forget that England had twice inadvertently sat on an American tack.

Everyone went home finally—the Goddess of Liberty surmounting the international trophy having by this time entirely melted away—and some unfortunate flunky began blowing out the two hundred and seventy-nine tricolored candles.

Jackstraw Aristocracy

And the next morning, in their respective chambers, over their possibly somewhat bilous breakfasts, Lord Morpeth and the Prince de Joinville had the pleasure of perusing the following elegant editorial, in which the nasal voice of the great American people of that decade is heard, raised in a virtuously *sans-culotte* tirade which one does not hesitate to exhibit as a sample of contemporary journalism, a reflection of the manners of the time and an invaluable interpretation of the popular attitude. There is in it, certainly, all that the period has to offer in the way of patriotic clatter-whacking. It exemplifies, also, to a fascinating degree, the national passion for minding other people's business. And as a literary composition alone it is not without a certain charm:

"Our princely and noble visiters"—one preserves the original spelling—"from Europe, Prince de Joinville and Lord Morpeth. The succession of novel and interesting events which have taken place in this republican metropolis, and in her sister Atlantic cities, in connection with the visit to this country of his Royal Highness the Prince de Joinville, and of the Right Honorable Viscount Morpeth"—the titles come ringing out in true republican fashion—"produces probably some of the most curious, characteristic, novel and philosophical reflections that can fill the mind, or throw a gleam of light on the future history of the human race, in its progress towards political improvement and general liberty.

"His Royal Highness, the Prince, a son of His Majesty the King of thirty-five millions of French people, has been received with marked hospitality by the people and the public authorities of this country wherever he has gone. In New York, in Boston, and everywhere else, have these sentiments been expressed in the most splendid dinners, balls, parties, soirées, speeches and turnouts. . . .

"So also with the Right Honorable the Viscount Morpeth, the noble and lineal heir to all the best blood of the Howards, one of the oldest and one of the best shoots of the glorious but antique nobility of Imperial England. . . .

"But we beg—we entreat—we ask both these distinguished visiters not to misunderstand the meaning and bearing of these remarkable attentions. The Motts, the Livingstons, the Smiths, the Thompsons and the whole race of Jackstraw aristocracy of this wonderful land, may excel all their former efforts, and astonish the distinguished visiters themselves with a tolerable but tinsel imitation of royal and noble entertainments in Europe—but we tell them truly that the deep and settled sentiments of this country of seventeen millions, who double themselves every twenty-five years, have never been seen or heard or known or exhibited on any of these gay occasions. All the dinners, fêtes, balls, soirées—all the courtesies of the passing hour, were nothing—tell nothing—exhibit nothing but the frivolities of human life, and an artificial state of society of little influence and less power." So much for those scientific, elegant, respectable, rich and pure circles of society, those recherché assemblages of fashionable refinement.

"Let us explain ourselves by a single appeal to a plain and practical illustration.

"Suppose that tomorrow, or next day, one of Cunard's line of steamers were to bring us, through Boston, from London and

(Continued on Page 56)

These Pierce-Arrows *plow* 70 *miles* to reach snow-bound mountain towns

BLIZZARDS rage. Snow clogs the Berkshire roads—but, roads or no roads, food must reach the thousands of families living in the mountains.

And so, battling mile after mile of drifts, eighteen powerful Pierce-Arrow trucks break the blockade.

One thousand tons of food a week is their quota. They deliver it 52 weeks of the year. Some of these trucks are eight years old; some have traveled several hundred thousand miles. But they perform as reliably as their more modern, more powerful mates.

A letter from the owner of the fleet, Fogarty & Hendrickson, Inc., of Springfield, Mass., says:

"We doubt whether any fleet of trucks, anywhere, is given harder work to do, day in and day out, than these Pierce-Arrows of ours. In winter we are forced a great many times to plow our own roads through bleak, mountainous country for a distance sometimes of 70 miles. As an example, we enclose a photograph of one of our trucks equipped with a plow, ready for a 58-mile run over the Berkshire Mountains."

* * *

Such stamina, such dependability, lowers trucking costs in *any* line of business. Any Pierce-Arrow distributor will show you, without obligation, exactly what the silent, powerful Pierce-Arrow Dual-Valve Motor Truck will do in *your* business.

Do you know that you can buy Pierce-Arrow Trucks on the most liberal of terms?

Pierce-Arrow trucks, tractors and motor busses may be purchased, if desired, under liberal financing arrangements. Write us, or ask your nearest distributor for details.

Chassis Sizes:
2-ton 3-ton 4-ton 5-ton 6-ton 7½-ton
Tractors: 3-ton 5-ton 7½-ton

Chassis prices range from $3300 to $5400

6-cylinder Motor Bus chassis, $4600 and $4750

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Prices in Canada upon application

THE PIERCE-ARROW MOTOR CAR COMPANY
Buffalo, N. Y.

When in Buffalo visit the Pierce-Arrow factory. Capable guides will show you how Pierce-Arrow Trucks are built.

Pierce Arrow

Dual Valve
HEAVY DUTY MOTOR TRUCKS

357

(Continued from Page 54)

Paris, the astounding intelligence of a revolution in France—of the establishment of a republican government in that sunny land—also the news of a revolution in England and the establishment of a similar government in our holy and delicious 'fatherland'; suppose such intelligence were to be issued this blessed and glorious day, what do you imagine would be the feeling—the sensation—the sympathy—the tremendous exultation of the whole mass of the free people in this country? Can any person realize the deep tide of sentiment and sympathy that would rise, mountain high, and overwhelm, in one eternal Niagara rush, all the balls and dinners and soirées—with the Smiths and Thompsons and Livingstons and Jackstraws—that have been given both to His Royal Highness and the noble lord?

"We are delighted with the welcome which these distinguished visiters receive; but it is due to truth—to this country—to a free people—to all Europe, and the succeeding age, that these pretty things should be understood in their proper light. That is all."

At all of which Lord Morpeth and the Prince de Joinville probably exclaimed, each in his own dialect, "Fancy now!" As for all the Jackstraw aristocracy, Mr. Dickens was coming, and there were too many other things to think about, too many new chandeliers to prepare. The one hundred and fifty young men about town could not be bothered.

The great Boz ball, the great Boz ball
Comes off on Monday night;
The high, the low, the short and tall,
Are eager with delight. . . .

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Dickens arrived in New York in February, 1842, replete with New England dinners. For months in advance those unfortunates—if, indeed, there were any to be found—who had not already perused his works had been breathlessly correcting this neglect in order to be able to take part in any general conversation at all. For weeks elaborate preparations had been under way for the reception, in the metropolis, of "the literary guest of the nation." Gad's my eye! New York must not fall behind Boston in the impressiveness of its welcome to the visiting lion—that "small, bright-eyed, intelligent-looking young fellow," as Mr. Hone found him, "thirty years of age, somewhat of a dandy in his dress, with 'rings and things and fine array,' brisk in his manner, and of a lively conversation," accompanied by "a little fat English-looking woman, of an agreeable countenance, and," Mr. Hone is inclined to think, "a 'nice' person."

An Extraordinary Function

So they gave him a dinner, presided over by Washington Irving, at the City Hotel, or, to be exact, "a festive entertainment in a style not surpassed by any ever partaken of in New York," in which some eight hundred citizens, "embracing much of the Intellect, Social Eminence, Literary Character and Worth of the city," united in a tribute to "the distinguished Guest of the Country." This large and representative company assembled at about six o'clock, and "after an hour of social converse with their guest and with each other, sat down to four ranges of tables entirely filling the grand saloon of the hotel." Whereupon, "the blessing of Heaven having been invoked, two hours were then devoted to the discussion of the luxuries and delicacies bounteously provided by the hosts, at the conclusion of which the cloth was removed and the intellectual banquet opened."

There followed three hours of speeches and toasts, during the course of which someone remarked that one of the causes of the popularity in America of the writings of English genius was the strong manly sense of John Bull "which lies beneath his ostentatiously displayed prejudices"—a delicately tactful observation under the circumstances—while another gentleman arose to propose "The Pilgrims of Genius from other lands, bringing costly gems to enrich the foreign shrine, and gathering wild flowers to adorn the domestic altar"—a sentiment which is not without a certain primitive charm.

And then—it took place actually five days before the dinner—they gave Mr. Dickens a ball.

"The agony," as Mr. Hone called it; "the Boz ball, the greatest affair in modern times, the fullest libation ever poured upon the altar of the muses, the tallest compliment ever paid to a little man."

It was certainly a most extraordinary function, in which some three thousand persons—fortunate holders of tickets which five thousand other applicants had been unable to secure at any price—trod on one another's toes for several hours, milling and stramming about like a holiday crowd at the Zoo and in much the same spirit, and roared with laughter when the curtain went up, when the curtain came down, when the gong rang, when Mr. Dickens appeared, when Mr. Dickens did not appear, when Mr. Dickens finally did appear.

The Park Theater, displaying for the occasion an enormous quantity of green baize and furnished with chairs covered with white gold-fringed muslin, was the scene of this literary terpsichorean extravaganza. In this present day of national emblems hastily draped across the front of a visiting celebrity's box, with possibly an additional potted palm or two by way of adequate decoration, one ponders, almost open-mouthed, over the spectacle provided by the interior of old Drury on that memorable evening, and over the conception of magnificent and elegant ornamentation which it exemplifies. And suddenly one seems to recognize and trace to their exalted origin the garish illumination of countless modern ice-cream parlors, the cheap brilliance of endless native main streets, the bunting-festooned splendor of a host of amusement parks.

What We Did to Dickens

At all events, on the evening of February 14, 1842, the interior of the dome over the pit of the Park Theater was covered with festoons of bunting hanging from a central golden rosette. The entire gallery, also, was concealed by bunting, serving as a background for a series of statues representing Apollo and the Nine Muses, Cupid and Psyche, "and other ornaments," while in front of this tier were disposed portraits of all the Presidents down to Van Buren—there does not seem to have been room for Mr. Harrison or Mr. Tyler—with full-length figures of Washington and Jefferson, the latter personifying the literary genius of the Revolution, a fact which must have left Mr. Dickens quite cold. The famous—and at the time still infamous—third tier, for its part, displayed the arms of each state under a trophy of English and American flags.

But no one can have paid much attention to the third tier, for the eye would scarcely have wandered above the second, where each of the sixteen boxes was fitted up with red-striped drapery in the form of a tent, the curtains being of blue material ornamented with twenty-six stars. The pillars supporting these boxes were covered with gold-tissue-worked muslin, with gold slabs placed before each compartment. In addition to this, all along the front of this tier appeared garlanded medallions containing the titles of Mr. Dickens' works, interspersed with eight large stars surrounded with wreaths, while in the center hung a portrait of Boz, also surrounded by a wreath, and surmounted by a golden eagle holding a laurel crown in his beak. And, in order to leave no space unoccupied, there were also "interspersed around fourteen figures after the antique." Someone had evidently taken a great deal of trouble over this tier.

But there were further wonders. The pillars of the proscenium were wrapped in striped bunting and embellished with silk banners bearing "appropriate devices" and portraits of Boz. On top of the orchestra was a row of guitars and tamborines. Immediately in front of the orchestra were five somewhat incomprehensible "golden compartments festooned with wreaths"; and in the middle of all this stood "a large golden Maypole with an eagle on the top and wreaths pendent therefrom to two golden pillars at each extremity."

A "complete blaze" of five hundred lights, irrespective of those on the stage, shone on this glorified fire trap, derived from two chandeliers suspended above the pit by golden ropes, an astral lamp and two golden candelabra of twelve candles each, resting on golden columns at the entrance to every box, and six astral lamps hanging from the proscenium pillars. The wonder is that the entire establishment did not go up in a complete blaze; in fact "the committee deserved the lasting gratitude of the

(Continued on Page 58)

TO MEN IN INDUSTRY

The most expensive walk-out in the world —*the power strike*

Power is continually going on strike.

Up the chimney it goes, or dribbles away through packing leaks, bare, hot pipes and surfaces—or elsewhere throughout the plant.

Wasted power is wasted fuel.

And fuel is money—you know how much these days!

But this power can be saved.

That is what Johns-Manville does.

We have developed ways—sure ways—to keep your power at work.

Some of them are shown in the panel at your right.

Does your plant leak power? Is any of your money sifting through? If you are not sure, get a Johns-Manville power specialist into your plant. He will work with you and your engineers. He will show you how the various Johns-Manville materials can stop the power strike and save your power—your fuel—and your money.

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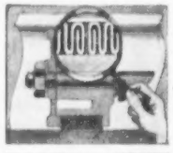
These materials save power

Packing—durable and efficient. There are only a few Johns-Manville Packings, yet they efficiently cover every packing need in your plant. For example: the diagram shows how Universal Piston Packing is folded so that only durable, rounded shoulders get the wear from the cylinder liners.



A trouble-proof Steam Trap. The Johns-Manville Steam Trap is so simply constructed that it cannot get out of order. The only moving part is the hollow copper ball. It discharges air with water without loss of steam.

Keeping B.T.U's out of the smoke stack. Johns-Manville Monolithic Baffle Walls are poured or moulded so that cracks and joints are eliminated and leakage of hot gases is prevented. Johns-Manville Refractory Cement for bonding fire-brick makes firebox settings tight and durable.

Insulation. Johns-Manville Asbesto-Sponge Felted Insulation has been proved both the strongest and the highest efficiency insulation. This means not only long service on your pipe lines, but continued efficiency over the whole period of its longer life.

JOHNS-MANVILLE

Trade Mark Registered
Asbestos
INSULATION
BRAKE LININGS
ROOFINGS
PACKINGS
CEMENTS
FIRE PROTECTION PRODUCTS

SAVES POWER

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whole community for their vigilance in looking after the lights, and when one considers that there were over three thousand persons present moving about amongst all this blaze of light, a majority of them in muslin dresses, with crêpe, lace, ribbons and gauze streaming about in all directions, it was next to a miracle and owing to the mercy of Providence that no accident occurred by fire." The mercy of Providence was fortunately always available in the '40's, but His patience must frequently have been severely strained. One does not envy those gentlemen of the committee, somehow.

Comparatively few people, from the floor, can have had more than a glimpse of what was taking place on it; but the stage itself furnished some of the most "chaste and beautiful" features of the evening. They had widened it to an extent of sixty feet and thrown it open all the way back to Theater Alley, and in this space they had erected a "splendid chamber of carved and gilded oak, with a magnificent ceiling to match, of the Elizabethan age, and very much like one of those gorgeous rooms in the Duke of Beaufort's mansion overlooking the Wye near Monmouth." Six golden chandeliers and sixteen equally golden bracket candelabra, besides one hundred and ten gaslights with glass shades, cast their perilous radiance upon the panels of this chamber, on which, suitably framed in "beautiful and appropriate" draperies, appeared a series of twenty "highly finished, graphic medallion tableaux" representing scenes from the works of Boz. Needless to say, Little Nell figured prominently in this gallery, at least four panels being devoted to her activities.

At the rear of the stage stood a platform concealed by a drop curtain, painted to imitate the frontispiece of Pickwick Papers and exhibiting all the characters in that work, which must doubtless have served for a long time to keep the audience amused and contented, picking out its favorites. Finally, to the sound of a large gong which seems to have delighted everyone, this drop curtain rose twelve times to reveal a succession of *tableaux vivants* depicting incidents in the novels, Washington Irving in England and Charles Dickens in America.

For some contagious reason—perhaps it was the gong—these tableaux were received with screams of merriment, culminating in an uproar of astonishing levity when, upon the appearance in one of them of a silly looking little short gentleman in a green velvet suit, someone cried out, "There he is! There's Boz!" The audience shrieked with laughter and saw nothing incongruous, apparently, in this ribald caricaturing of its guest of honor. It had paid to visit the monkey house and proposed to hoot as much as it pleased at the chief monkey, all in a spirit of the highest good humor. If he had been present at the moment, Mr. Dickens would have been expected to laugh as loudly as anyone.

What Dickens Did to Us

At last, shortly after nine o'clock, there came a louder and more persistent ringing of the gong. The crowd surged noisily forward towards the stage, and there was Mr. Dickens, escorted by the mayor and attended by Mr. Hone and a number of other perspiring gentlemen. The mayor made a speech to which nobody dreamed of listening. The committee presented "an elegant bouquet" to Mrs. Dickens, arranged according to the language of flowers, and containing amaranth for immortality, campanula for gratitude, daphiodiora for sweets to the sweet, volkamenica japonica for may you be happy, scarlet-flowered spoona for attachment, and a great many more sweet-smelling sentiments. Mr. Dickens "breathed heavily, and cast one look up at the house, partly curious, partly bewildered, partly satiric, and a good deal humorous." Mr. Hone stood in the center of the stage and scratched the end of his nose.

And then because Mr. Dickens was so short that two-thirds of the audience were unable to see him—and probably said so in loud and unmistakable tones—they paraded him around the dance floor. Three enterprising members of the committee plunged into the crush and cleared a precarious path for Mr. Dickens, escorting the mayoress, followed by Mrs. Dickens on the arm of the mayor, whereupon the entire assemblage fell in behind, whooping and cheering like a Sunday-school class at a picnic. A delightful scene betraying the exuberant good spirits underlying the deceptive formality of that paradoxical period.

Then they managed to dance for a few moments, somehow; one of those quadrilles or cotillons or waltzes which should have occurred between the tableaux. Or rather, Mr. Dickens hopped about with the mayoress while the rest looked on and giggled. When last seen, coming out of the twenty-two-hundred-dollar supper room, Mr. Dickens appeared slightly fatigued.

And then that horrid little man went home and wrote his dreadful American Notes, which do not seem so very dreadful now, even though he did remark that in the river-steamer dining saloons "those who help themselves several times usually suck their knives and forks meditatively until they have decided what to take next, then pull them out of their mouths, put them in the dish, help themselves, and fall to work again"; and that in all the public places in America the filthy custom of tobacco chewing and expectorating was recognized, it being often necessary to put up notices requesting that the spittoons invariably supplied be used in preference to the floor. But in November, 1842, so soon after the pleasant amenities of the Park Theater ball, the book aroused a tempest of resentment.

Angry Hosts

The first copy reached New York on the steamer Great Western at six o'clock on the afternoon of Sunday, November sixth. In nineteen hours the New York Herald had had the whole book reprinted. Fifty thousand copies were sold in the city during the next two days, while in Philadelphia the first consignment of three thousand copies was disposed of in half an hour.

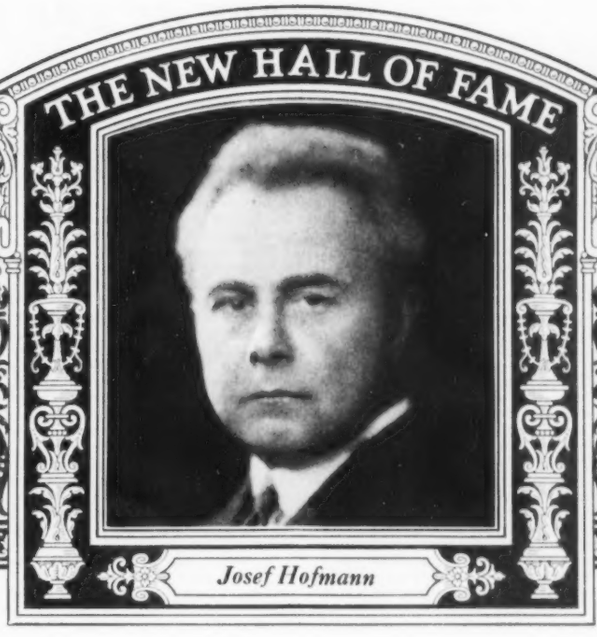
"It will cause a sensation throughout the United States," the Herald warned its readers on the morning of November seventh. "Don't burst, keep cool—be quiet!"

But the Herald itself, after printing extracts from "this singular and curious brochure" on its front page for two days, burst finally, on the second morning, in a fit of overheated rage, in which it observed editorially that these racy extracts comprised the principal portions of the Notes and the results drawn by Boz "from the facts, scenes, incidents and events with which that famous penny-a-liner became acquainted in this country." The rest was "All leather and prunella, hardly worth the trouble of perusal, and certainly not entitled to any further attention from any sensible man either American or European."

Whereupon, in a long article, the editor went on to describe Mr. Dickens' mind as "the most coarse, vulgar, impudent and superficial that ever had the courage to write about the ideas and institutions of this original and remarkable country," and to state the opinion that "his view of the fermentative character of this land is the view taken by a narrow-minded, conceited cockney." After which Mr. Dickens was dismissed with a paragraph of brilliant critical invective in which it developed that "of all the travelers that have ever visited this land he appears to have been the most flimsy, the most childish, the most trashy, the most contemptible. He has neither common grammar, sense, arrangement or generalisation. He seems to be the essence of balderdash, reduced to the last drop of silliness and inanity."

Oh, they were extremely angry—and all that good money gone for nothing on bunting and medallions of Boz and golden Maypoles!

Editor's Note—This is the second of three articles by Mr. Minnigerode. The third will appear in an early issue.



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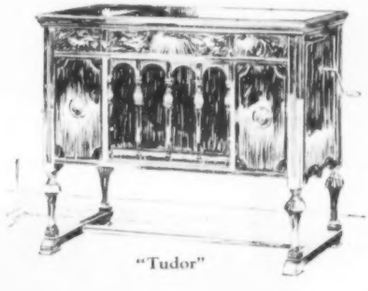
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Granada Theatre, San Francisco

Oriole Orchestra, Edgewater Beach Hotel, Chicago

The Cotton Pickers, private engagements, New York City

Bennie Krueger's Orchestra, private engagements, New York City

Carl Fenton's Orchestra, private engagements, New York City

Herb Wiedoeft's Cinderella Roof Orchestra, Cinderella Roof, Los Angeles

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PHONOGRAPHS AND RECORDS

STEADY AS SHE GOES

(Continued from Page 7)

to keep up with traffic demands. If they do not they cannot furnish adequate transportation. For a generation the ever-increasing tendency has been to reduce rates, regardless of costs, regardless of development, regardless of everything.

Even a well-known radical Washington correspondent was recently moved to declare in one of his news letters that "saving in nothing else we are determined to make up for it in one lump by saving on railroad rates." That states the case, does it not? If so, is such an attitude reasonable? Is it intelligent? Is it even in our own selfish interest? Is it not obvious that unless the railways are permitted to earn enough to keep going, government ownership and operation is the only possible alternative? And do we want that?—a question I shall presently consider.

The financial plight of American railways and the connection between that grave condition and the excess of restrictive railway legislation suggests an interesting and portentous circumstance. Even at the risk of digressing, mention of it must here be made: Other great industries are beginning to pull out of railway service its most capable and ambitious men. Though as yet this has happened only here and there, so competent and trustworthy an authority as Prof. William J. Cunningham, of Harvard, declares that "the tendency is unmistakable." Worse still, very few college men are now taking up railroading as their life work. Out of a postgraduate class in economics numbering 530 men from 175 colleges in one of our foremost universities, only ten are entering the railway field.

What Doctor Hadley Says

The same phenomenon is happening in every American institution of learning. Young men can advance faster and make more money in many other first-class industries than is possible in a railway career; initiative, enterprise, courage, ability, vision are given free play and rewarded as they cannot be at present in American railway service. As said recently by President Emeritus Arthur T. Hadley, of Yale, "railroad administration must be made an attractive career for men of brains. . . . Today the chances for independence are so curtailed that the career is ceasing to attract young men of the first rank."

Yet American transportation is by far the greatest business on earth, and the conduct of it requires more skill and resourcefulness than any other.

Moreover, under the rules and regulations to which railway managers must now submit, young workingmen of notable ability, force and ambition cannot be advanced according to their merits through the grades and degrees of service as was the case with our railway presidents, most of whom rose from the ranks of labor. Brakeman, clerk, shop apprentice, rodman, call boy, draftsman, telegraph operator, member of surveyor's party, messenger, section laborer, fireman, track workingman—such were the occupations of well-nigh every American railway president at the start.

For instance, Samuel Rea, president of the Pennsylvania, began as a rodman; C. H. Markham, of the Illinois Central, as a section hand; Daniel Willard, of the Baltimore and Ohio, as a track laborer; A. H. Smith, of the New York Central, as a messenger boy; the veteran Marvin Hughitt, of the Chicago and North Western, as a telegraph operator; and so on.

That cannot happen now. True, a young railway employe can be jumped to higher positions, but he cannot be promoted steadily as he must be to acquire the knowledge and experience indispensable to railway management. Thus a natural source of future railway executives is dried up.

Among the nearly 2,000,000 American railway employes are thousands of very young men who have in them the makings of railway presidents; but their qualities are bound and gagged by rules and regulations; no matter how worthy they are, swift promotion is impossible under the present system. This is a situation which organized labor can greatly if not entirely relieve; and in justice to its most capable young men as well as to the American people, organized labor ought to do it.

To return now to the methods of raising indispensable railway funds. What of railway borrowing? Up to a well-defined limit borrowing is all right, in fact an excellent method of getting money for the purposes named, since railway bonds furnish a safe security to those who prefer a sure if small return on an investment to taking a chance for a bigger but uncertain return which will fluctuate with the fortunes of the business and may fail entirely, as may be the case with railway or any other stock. But beyond a certain point—say 50 per cent at the very outside—established by the long experience of the business world, borrowing is an unsound and even dangerous practice.

Refunding Operations

Yet for many a long year American railways have had to borrow for purposes that should have been served by profits or by sales of new stock. They have been forced to buy even new and absolutely indispensable equipment—cars, locomotives, and so on—with borrowed money. The signs are abundant and unmistakable that the point is rapidly being reached where this can no longer be done except at a heavy loss; and pretty soon it cannot be done at all.

As I write these words the newspapers announce several new issues of railway bonds of excellent lines, all for refunding too—that is, for paying off outstanding and maturing bonds, old mortgage debts, in short. Yet every one of these new railway-bond issues is offered at far below par, whereas formerly such securities of these same roads were snapped up at a premium. Moreover, the same newspapers on the same pages announce new bond issues of manufacturing and other industrial concerns at par or nearly so.

That partly explains why railways find it so hard even to borrow money on favorable terms and why they cannot sell stock at all; they must compete with industrial bonds and stock, farm loans, local utility securities, and every other form of evidence of indebtedness used by productive enterprises of all kinds. None of these, except public utilities to a limited extent, is interfered with or regulated by the Government, or bound hand and foot by restrictive laws, or harassed by party politicians for election purposes, as the railways are.

But another and much more serious reason exists for the financial straits of American railways. Government interference with railway management, incessant political nagging of and attacks upon it, the resultant uncertainty as to the future, the instability of railway legislation and other things of the kind have scared the investing public and made railway securities less and less attractive to it.

The Handicap of High Prices

Unlike other businesses, railways do not control their income or, in large measure, their outlay. In practical effect railway rates and railway wages are fixed by the Government. Also whether they make a profit or lose money, the railways must keep going; they cannot shut down or quit business as other concerns can when forced to do so by hard times or long-continued deficits.

Moreover, railways suffer from high prices as much as any of us; more, indeed, because they are the largest buyers of commodities on earth. Their coal bill alone is stupendous, next in magnitude to their wage bill. Also the railways must keep in stock for instant use immense quantities of upwards of 70,000 different articles of well-nigh every conceivable kind. While the cost of all these things has been mounting during the last twenty years, railway earnings have not been permitted to keep pace with soaring expenses.

For example, everybody shared the swollen and abnormal war prosperity before we entered the conflict—except the railways. They had to pay war prices and war wages, but were not allowed to charge war prices or make war profits, although their earnings increased. This went on from the outbreak of hostilities in August, 1914, until our war declaration in April, 1917—almost three years.

The Government took over the railways as a wartime measure, and that twenty-six months of government operation was a desolating gap in railway business, heavily burdened as it had been. The desperate financial condition of the railways, brought about by the causes stated, was a weighty reason for government taking and operation. But an infinitely more important reason—a conclusive and determinative reason—was that the Government did not have to observe the thousands of restrictive railway laws, state and national, which

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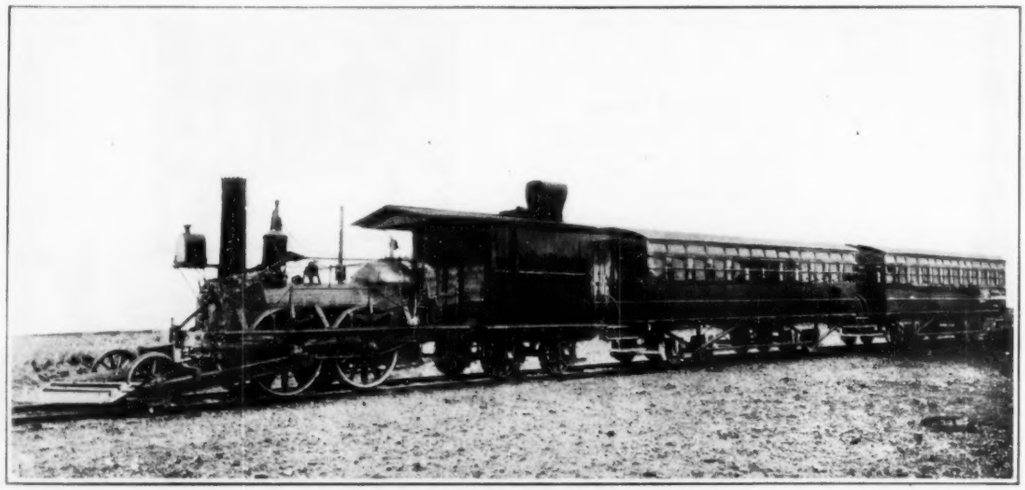
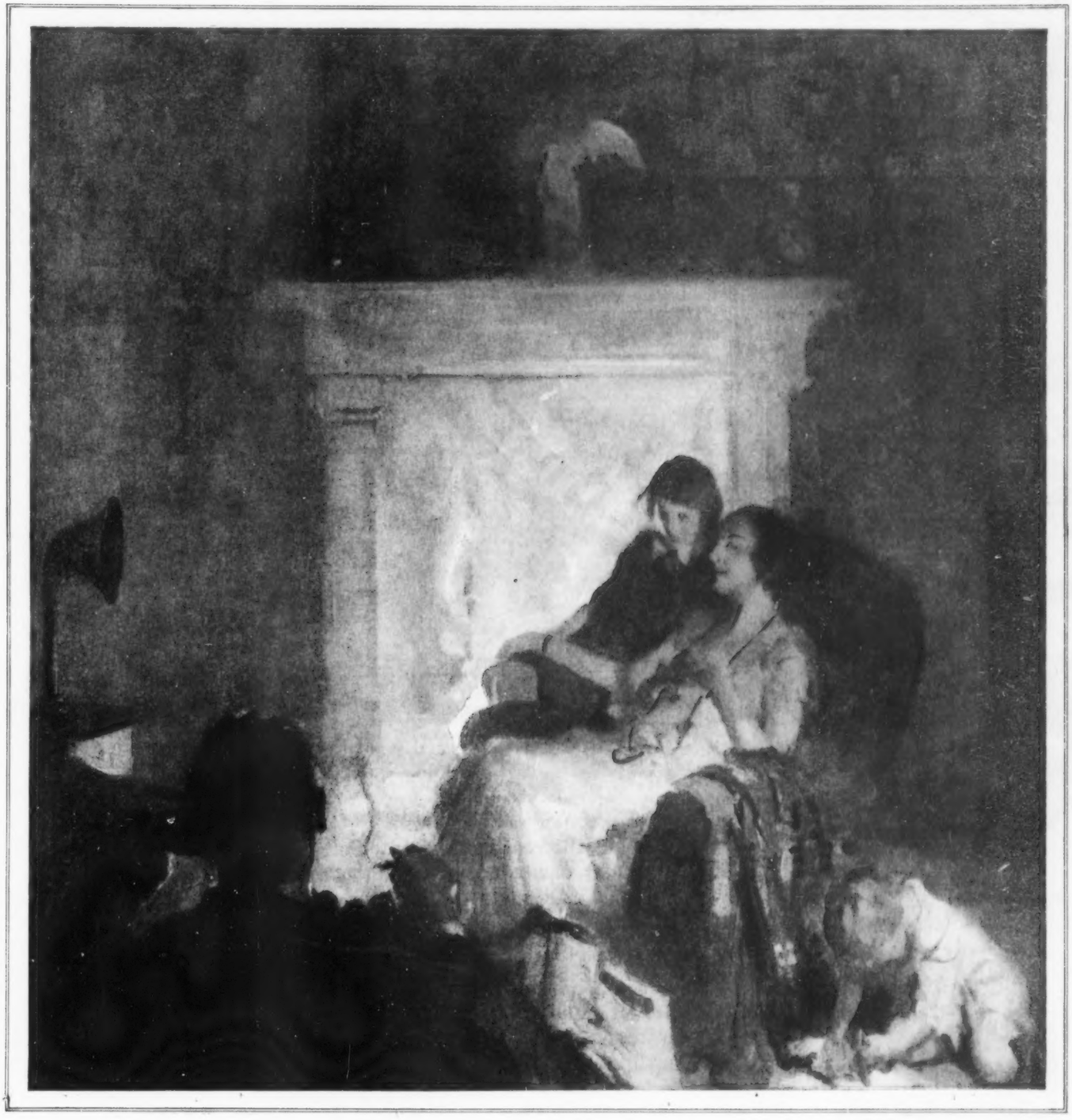


John Bull Engine and Train Built in England, 1847



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Radio is unselfish. It flashes through the air with the speed of light, eager to reach the ears of all who would listen—rich and poor, youth and age—for radio entertainment is practically free to all who provide themselves with receiving sets which reach into the air and take it.

That the infinite benefits of radio may be enjoyed by your family as well as yourself, a loud speaker should be provided. Then you may entertain with the program that most appeals. Your guests may dance to the music of some famous orchestra or may sit in rapt enjoyment of some classical aria sung by a favorite prima donna. The air is your theatre, your college, your newspaper, your library. You may hear as long and as often as you wish, at a cost that is surprisingly small. Your principal expense is the purchase of a radio receiving set, or the standard parts from which you can assemble one, if you prefer. But set or parts should be good—made by some manufacturer of repute whose product is known as *reliable*. The better the set, the better your reception of the many things in the air you shouldn't miss.

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NATIONAL CARBON COMPANY, Inc.
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New York San Francisco
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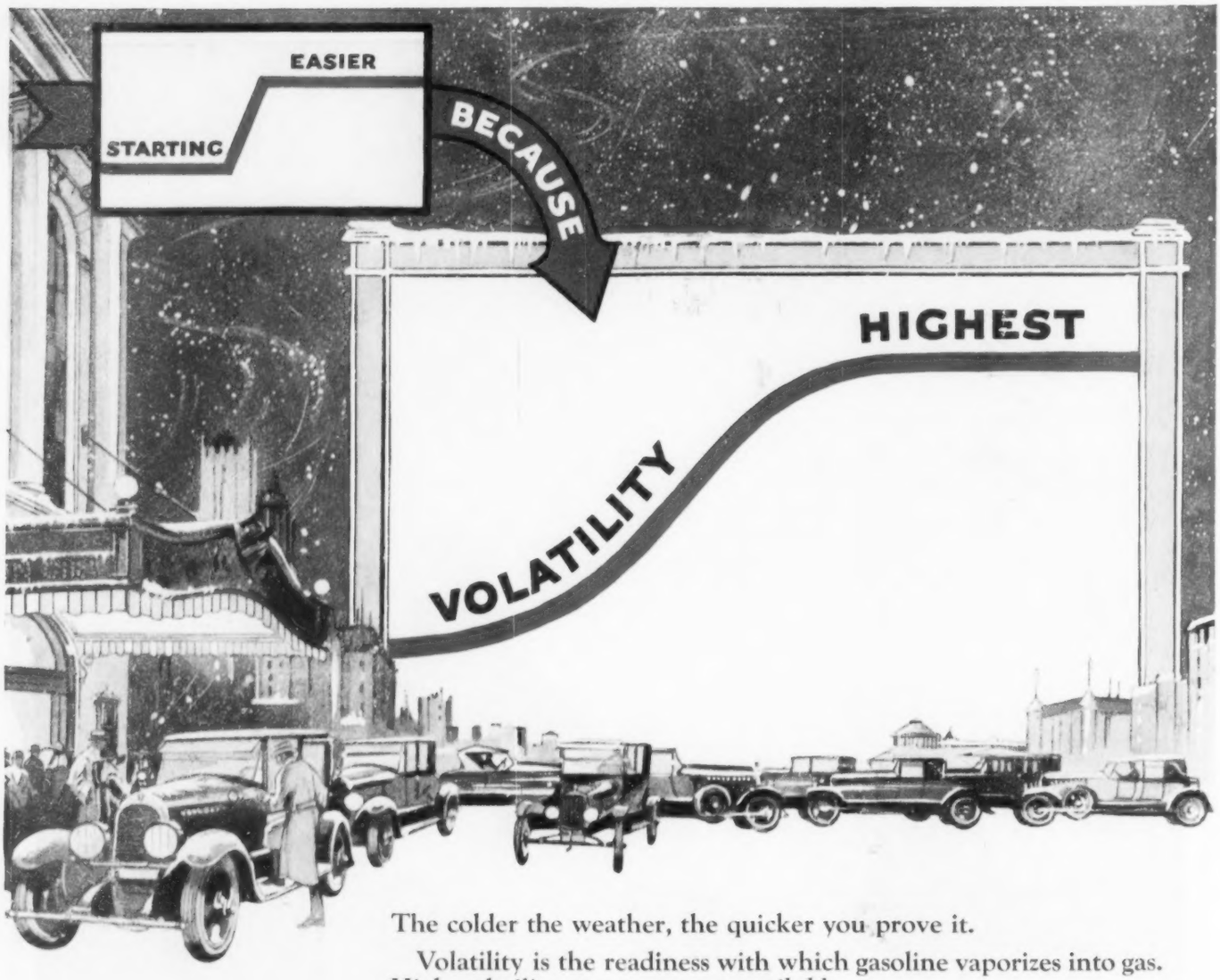

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Volatility is the readiness with which gasoline vaporizes into gas. High volatility means power *available.*

The higher the volatility the quicker the vaporization in the carburetor; a more active cloud of vapor in the manifold, and a more even distribution of a more explosive mixture in all cylinders.

High volatility, the prime requirement of an effective gasoline, is the chief quality of TEXACO Gasoline. Cold weather only emphasizes its value.

THE TEXAS COMPANY, U. S. A.
Texaco Petroleum Products

RUN IT WITH TEXACO GASOLINE SAVE IT WITH TEXACO MOTOR OIL

TEXACO

GASOLINE MOTOR OILS

(Continued from Page 60)

handicapped and interfered with private railway management. The obsolete and obstructive Sherman Law and all other legislation that in any manner stood in the way of free railway operation were ignored.

In its brief operation of the railways the Government scored a deficit of well-nigh $1,800,000,000. The roads were returned to their owners in a weakened condition, roadbed deteriorated, rolling stock and motive power impaired. No complaint is or should be made of all this, because the roads were run as a war necessity, and there was no more waste or extravagance in railway operation than in most other government efforts during the struggle—not so much as in some. It was no fair test of the efficiency or economy of government operation.

In this wise closed the second period in American railway evolution; this was the situation that attended the opening of the third period, a stage of railway progress, be it said again and again, as logical, natural and necessary as those that had gone before.

The altered conditions out of which grew this third epoch were recognized in the Railway Act of Congress of 1920. Few legislative measures have received more extended consideration than did that now celebrated statute. Moreover, Congress had the benefit and availed itself of the profoundest thought and ripest learning in the country outside the Capitol—important provisions of the law were framed and successfully urged by business men, as we shall presently see; and the committee was assisted by the foremost professors of economics in our great universities.

The Railway Act of 1920

Stating it in simple terms and in broad outline the new and constructive railway policy recognized by the Transportation Act of 1920 was this: American railways are a system—a national system—of transportation for a people, and therefore must be considered as such a system, interrelated, interdependent and mutually sustaining. The National Government is concerned not only in regulating individual railways but is also and equally—even more, indeed—intent on assuring adequate carrying service to the whole country and to all the people; this purpose can best be realized by private ownership and operation under government supervision; and since the National Government restrains, directs, controls and interferes with railway management and operation in very many vital particulars, it is not only just to railway owners but absolutely essential to adequate railway service for the country as a whole that the Government shall maintain an encouraging attitude toward railway transportation.

That policy originated in the brain of no one man; it grew out of conditions, was the child of a people's necessity, the offspring of natural forces. It is the new and constructive successor of the old and destructive practice of mere legislative hostility toward the railways and mere antagonistic interference with railway operation—unless, of course, we decide to abandon private ownership and operation altogether and adopt forever government ownership and operation, which is inevitable, at least for the poorer roads, if the present policy fails.

The most striking feature of the historic Railway Act of 1920 that expresses this new and advanced policy of securing adequate railway service by an interrelated, interdependent and mutually helpful national railway system is that which directs the Interstate Commerce Commission in fixing rates to include the element of a fair return on the value of the property—a standard uniformly maintained by the courts and here recognized in affirmative legislation—and to establish a limit of what is such fair return.

This is the famous Section 15-A of the law—the most talked about and the most misunderstood part of the statute, perhaps the most misunderstood legislation in American history.

For instance, it is commonly believed that this section was a scheme of the railways, whereas they were against it.

Section 15-A was the idea of the National Association of Owners of Railway Securities, an organization of insurance companies, savings banks, trust companies and other fiduciary concerns, billions of whose assets, as we have seen, are in the form of approved railway securities, principally bonds; and whose many millions of policyholders and depositors are vitally interested in the maintenance of the value of them.

Another popular misapprehension is that the fair return recognized by the law as a legitimate element of railway earnings is a guaranty, whereas it is a limited permission—or rather a permissive limitation or, to be more accurate still, a restriction on earnings. The railways, as a whole, are allowed to make 6 per cent profit if they can; if any or all of them earn less or run at a loss the Government does not make up the loss, or, except at the expense of other railways, help them in any way.

If any one railway earns more than 6 per cent over and above expenses of operation and maintenance, payment of taxes, rents, and so on, it cannot keep the excess, but must turn one-half over to the Government, retaining the other half in a special reserve fund which can be used only as the law directs, until this fund reaches the limit of 5 per cent of the value of the road's property, after which the railway may use its earnings beyond that limit in any lawful manner.

But the vital point and the one of interest to us just now is that half of the profits of any railway in excess of 6 per cent must be surrendered to the Government for the benefit of railway transportation in general. This is called the recapture clause of Section 15-A. So we see that instead of being a guaranty of profits this provision of the law is a limitation of income. Some of the richer railways would like to get rid of it and are now striving to overthrow it in the courts.

In ascertaining this permissive limit of earnings the commission must treat the railways as one great national system, dividing them into rate groups or territories; and it is all the railways in such rate division taken as a whole that, in the aggregate, may earn 6 per cent profit—not each road, mind you, but all of them in any one great railway division.

The average earnings of all roads in any rate group may reach 6 per cent for the group, but if the earnings of any one road exceed that limit, one-half of such excess must be turned over to the Government by the road earning it. Or to state it in another way, the limit of earnings for the group is based on the value of the railway group as a whole, while the limit for the purposes of dividing excess profits of any particular road is based on the value of that particular road.

The commission has established four of these rate groups—the Eastern, Southern, Western and Mountain-Pacific. As yet the combined railways of none of these divisions, taken as a whole, has earned profits up to the permissive limit, although several of the more prosperous individual roads have exceeded that limit.

Excess Profits

The policy of considering American railways as a national system which must give ample service to the whole country is many times expressed in this part of the law. For instance, in determining what is a fair return on the value of railway property the commission must take into account "the transportation needs of the country" and the "necessity of enlarging railway facilities in order to provide the people of the United States with adequate transportation."

This is the first time in our history that our National Government concerned itself affirmatively with seeing that the nation is provided with adequate railway service.

What is to be done with the excess railway profits which must be turned over to the Government? In the answer to that question is the culmination of the policy of securing abundant transportation by a national interdependent and interrelated railway system; for these excess profits above the permissive limit must be used by the Government "in furtherance of the public interest in transportation," by loaning money to railways for improvements and betterments or payment of debts made for such purposes or by buying railway equipment and leasing it to railways.

And here is the reason: Some railways run through thickly settled and highly productive regions, or have fortunate terminals, or are not loaded with expensive branches, or have other advantages—and so such railways are prosperous; whereas other railways run through thinly peopled sections having scanty productiveness, or are without good terminals, or have taken on branch lines which lose money, or are otherwise handicapped—and so such railways have to struggle to make both ends meet and often must run at a loss for long periods of time.

Yet these poorer roads cannot be abandoned, since they are vitally necessary to the people they serve, who would be ruined if these railways were destroyed. Also it is clear, is it not, that if the Interstate Commerce Commission fixes rates so that such poor roads can live, other roads in the same group will thereby make extravagant profits to the injury of the people they serve; and, conversely, if the commission fixes rates on which these prosperous roads could earn a fair return, the poorer roads will thereby be driven out of business, to the disaster of the people they serve.

This was the problem which, heretofore, always had defied solution, because American railways had not been treated as a national, interrelated and interdependent system of transportation and because the Government had not troubled itself with the upbuilding and maintenance of an adequate railway service for all the people. As we have seen, the Government, during the second period of our railway development, was principally occupied in preventing railway misdeeds; and this, carried to extremes, resulted in obstructive and destructive governmental interference with railway management and operation.

A Debatable Clause

To solve the hitherto insoluble problem just described, Section 15-A requires that one-half of all railway profits earned by any railway above the permissive limit of 6 per cent shall be taken by the Government and used to enable any or all railways "properly to meet the transportation needs of the public." The roads thus assisted by the Government, however, must pay 6 per cent interest on the borrowed money and safeguard the Government as to leases of equipment and otherwise satisfy the Government as to ability to repay.

While helping weaker roads with money earned by the stronger, the Government takes no chances of loss, but secures itself and charges interest equal to the permissive limit of profits.

It is this taking by the Government of one-half the excess profits of any railway earning over 6 per cent of the value of its property as described and the administration by the Government of the fund thus created for the benefit of railway transportation as a whole, that some of the strongest railways are now fighting in the Supreme Court.

Consider now the value of the property of the railways on which a fair return is estimated by the Interstate Commerce Commission. Some ten years ago Congress enacted that the commission should make a valuation of American railways. This was done because of incessant assertions that railway stocks and bonds were dropsical with water, and that the public was being robbed by means of excessive rates based on such fictitious values.

So came the physical valuation of American railways, far and away the greatest scientific appraisal ever made or attempted in the history of the world. It will be worth all it costs—$25,000,000 to the Government and nearly $60,000,000 to the railways—if it does no more than to set the public mind at rest on this fundamental matter.

As an example, by the way, of how actual expenses always exceed the confident estimate of those who wish the Government to embark on any project, it was sincerely believed and stated at the time of the passage of the valuation bill, by its advocates, that the cost to the Government would not exceed $2,500,000 and the same amount to the railways—$5,000,000 all told; which has now grown to more than $80,000,000, which, in the end, must be paid by the people of course.

For a full decade this physical valuation of American railways has been going on. A bureau of the Interstate Commerce Commission and the attention of one division of the commission have been devoted to that work. Hundreds—at one time nearly 2000—of expert civil engineers, accountants, appraisers, investigators and other necessary employes have been engaged in the systematic and thorough performance of the prodigious task. The entire commission is now actively considering valuation problems.

Many railways have earnestly protested against the tentative estimates thus made as being far below the actual value of their

(Continued on Page 65)

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(Continued from Page 63)

property. On the other hand, the governors and railway commissioners of the states have been given opportunity to object that the commission's valuation was too high, and that right has frequently been exercised. The states maintain at Washington a valuation solicitor and representatives who aggressively sustain the public interest. Seemingly nothing has been left undone to enable the commission to form as just and accurate an estimate as is humanly possible.

The commission has refused to accept as a basis of valuation earning power and the amount actually invested as shown by the books of the railways. Neither stocks, bonds nor any other forms of railway securities were taken into account. "We did not," said Edgar E. Clark, then chairman of the Interstate Commerce Commission, testifying in 1920 before the Senate committee in charge of the matter—"we did not regard their stocks or their bonds, and we declined to accept their book value as a basis."

One of the principal means of ascertaining the value of railway property was examination and appraisal of the physical property itself. Almost entirely prewar prices and wages were used, especially the five and ten year range of prices ending with June, 1914. Computation was thus made as to total costs of reproducing the railways at that time; and from the amount so ascertained was deducted a sum equal to the depreciation the structure had sustained. If the life of a bridge, for instance, is thirty years and the bridge had been used for ten years, one-third of the value of it, less allowance for salvage, was taken from the full value—and so on.

This often called forth angry remonstrance from the railways. For example, a certain road had extensive wharves which it had renewed from time to time. When the commission's engineers deducted as depreciation half the value of the wharves the railway officials were furious, because they said constant repairs made the wharves as serviceable as if newly constructed. Numerous objections of that kind were made to the commission's methods.

It is upon the value of railway property thus ascertained that the commission is required by the law to fix the permissive limit of a fair return, considering also the other elements already described; and it is upon this valuation that railway rates are based to some extent. The tentative estimate made by the commission as of December 31, 1919, measured by the valuation then completed, placed the value of the entire property of all American railways at $18,900,000,000. The amount is now larger, of course, to the extent of additions and betterments since made to the physical plant.

Objections to the Valuation

The basic valuation work of the commission will be finished this year, and it would seem probable that the final and definitive valuation may be well over $20,000,000,000. The book value of the railways themselves, which the commission rejected, shows that some $21,000,000,000 has been invested in their properties. Had the present scale of wages and prices been used by the commission in making its physical valuation the amount would have been much more—between $30,000,000,000 and $40,000,000,000.

Objection is now sometimes advanced by those unfriendly to the railways to the commission's basis of valuation—just as the railways themselves objected to the commission's methods on the grounds mentioned. These critics say that only the original cost of the railways should have been ascertained and that the railways are not entitled to the increased value created by population, production and other elements of our economic and social life. Does this appear to be reasonable and just?

If farm land is now condemned for right of way, is not and should not the value of that farm land be that of today rather than that when the ground was first broken fifty years or more ago? If the railway has increased in value because of the settlement and improvement of adjacent land, has not the adjacent land also increased in value because of the railway running near it? Would not the adjacent land lose most of its value if the railway were removed?

Moreover, with rare exceptions the original cost of the railways cannot now be ascertained. Most of them were first built between thirty and eighty years ago; no uniform method of keeping property accounts was required by law until 1907; and many early records do not now exist.

Another suggestion is that the value of railway property should be measured by the current market price of railway securities. Is this fair or practicable? Not so long ago American railway stocks and bonds were considered at home and abroad as among the best investments in the world, and the prices of them were correspondingly high; in late years they have been considered an uncertain, even precarious investment, and the prices of them have correspondingly fallen.

Would not valuation of the property by present market prices of these securities, therefore, result in practical confiscation? Does any American want that done? At the very best, would not such procedure surely lead to determined and long resistance in the courts? And can anybody doubt the outcome of such litigation?

Endless Attacks

Is the argument sound that the current price of railway securities is a just basis of value of railway property because the railways can actually be bought in the market at such depreciated prices? Does not everybody know that the moment such buying began prices would rise and keep on rising? Are not the present low prices caused by the fact that the demand for railway stocks is negligible and for railway bonds diminished?

Is it not strange that consideration of this very fact of depreciation in market value of railway securities was earnestly opposed when the valuation bill was before Congress in 1913 by those who now advocate this same security depreciation as the true basis of railway valuation?

So is it not obvious that the commission's plan of valuation was reasonable, just and scientific—in fact, the only possible method of making an accurate estimate such as the statute and economic law alike require? And if we cannot trust the findings of so upright, impartial, competent and experienced an official body as the Interstate Commerce Commission, is there any earthly agency whatever that can be trusted?

Are those who make unending attacks upon railways the only honorable and intelligent persons concerned in the solution of our railway problem? Of course they would make no such claim for themselves; but, heartily conceding their sincerity, is not that the position in which they place themselves? And do they really want to remain in that attitude?

The law says that in fixing railway rates and establishing a fair return the commission shall have in mind the "necessity of enlarging railway facilities." That is hardly second in importance to the maintenance itself of our present railway system. The country is constantly and rapidly growing in population and production. In former times the railways kept abreast of this human and economic advance—ahead of it indeed. But, for the reasons given, that railway expansion stopped many years ago, and since 1917 more miles of main track have been abandoned or torn up than have been constructed.

No graver economic situation ever confronted any country. It cannot be relieved unless money is forthcoming with which to renew railway building and improvement; and that money will not appear until the confidence of the investing public in railway stability is restored. There are signs of returning confidence, but it will come fully and permanently on only one condition—the stability of railway legislation and the steady increase of railway earnings.

The only possible alternative is government ownership and operation, which I shall examine, fairly I hope, in the next article on railways.

The new period of railway systemization and governmental encouragement is further recognized in the Act of 1920 by the legal sanction of railway consolidation with the approval of the Government. The Sherman Law is repealed so far as that medieval statute applies to railways, just as economic necessity has compelled the suspension of that out-of-date legislation in other cases. Thus some elasticity is restored to our transportation system, albeit under the watchful eye and restraining hand of the Government.

Editor's Note—This is the first of two articles by Mr. Beveridge dealing with the railroads. The second will appear in an early issue.

ANCIENT FIRES

(Continued from Page 19)

He leaned against me, his head on my shoulder like a coy girl, and I thought he had fallen asleep. But suddenly he sat up straight.

"Wot am I doing 'ere, cap'n?"

"I don't know," I said.

"Wot's anybody doing?"

"I know still less. No use worrying."

"That's right. No use. But it's 'ard to stop, once you've got started. Only thing to do is to do something. Keep moving. That's wot I did. 'Opped it. Ship's steward to New York. But them movies! Just a pack of lies like everything else. Propaganda! You'd think from them there was a 'old-up and a free fight at every street corner. Not a bit of it. Same old grind. Breakfast, tea and dinner, and lucky to get 'em. So when that one-eyed chap said to me, 'You look the right sort. 'Ow about money and a scrap?' I said, 'I'm on.' And 'ere I am—lieutenant in the noble Quetzel-something-or-other Army."

"A what?" I asked.

"Lieutenant. Yes, sir. And if you 'adn't lost your blessed arm I'd say you was a general. Queer, ain't it, 'ow generals never lose anything—except battles. . . . Oh, yes, there's a war coming on 'ere. Don't you tell no one I told you. But it's the truth. Them cases of the baron's—stuffed with munitions, you bet your boots. Why, I got a uniform myself somewhere! I'll show it you." I was alert enough now.

"What do you want—fighting for a lot of foreigners?"

"Foreigners? 'E's no foreigner. Wot—Smith? Never 'eard of Smith? Wot were you doing in the Great War, daddy?" He laughed. "Smith's all right."

He stood up presently and stood swaying about me like a reed in the wind.

"Not that I cares much for scenery, and that's the truth," he said. "Too many wriggly things in it. I'd better 'ave another of those little drinks before closing time or I'll get the fever. That's wot 'is almightiness said, ain't it? 'When you feels shiverylike 'ave another drink.' Come on, general."

I did not answer his invitation, and he was actually set towards Nicaragua until I turned him round. Then he remembered his real business with me.

"Knew there was something I 'ad to tell you. If you wants to get to San Juan you'll 'ave to foot it. They don't mean to let you go by the train tomorrow. They don't fancy the look of you. Thought you'd like to know, sir."

"Thank you," I said.

He saluted in mocking imitation of the comandante's best manner.

"Not at all, señor."

When he was set safely on his course I went back to my sand hill.

John Smith. I'd hardly thought of him—only of Lisbeth. By reason of the thing he had done he had dwindled to a mean, commonplace man whose evil might be irreparable, but whose self scarcely counted now.

Perhaps I had a touch of fever. Perhaps the light which magnified the shadows of the palm trees to the columns of a huge fallen temple magnified him too. Like a ruff and an old ballad, Aunt Geraldine had said. Like the figure of a legend, dim yet giantesque, he loomed up there behind me in that terrific fortress of mountains. I almost fancied I saw him, gazing from its battlements into the distance.

Tomorrow, perhaps, I should meet and challenge him—a drab, everyday fellow, maimed and not much of a fighter at the best of times. He would look at me with his quizzical smile.

"We're up against it, Fitzroy."

Only I doubted whether he would smile this time. He was on his own ground now. No light-hearted playing here. Besides, he would read in my eyes that, whatever my powerlessness, I meant mischief.

And then Lisbeth. At the thought of her, involuntarily I covered my face. My poor, my lovely, unhappy sweetheart!

XV

NO NEED to say much of the three intervening years. To the real Euan Fitzroy they were quite empty.

People generalize cheerfully about love and time and the human heart. But the net of their generalizations is too wide. Small fry like myself slip through and make exceptions—not very lucky exceptions, perhaps, judged by the ordinary standard of happiness.

I worked hard, though. I had my workshop in a poor mining district and mended some fair examples of human wreckage; and finished off a few, too, like the rest of my brethren. The best that I can say for myself is that I did not grow rich over it.

In a way, life had become a very simple business for me. I knew that I wasn't clever and I put aside the tormenting questions which men were asking themselves at the end of the war. That momentary revelation of the Market Place was answer enough: Not to hate—to have compassion. I clung to that scrap of dogma tenaciously; sometimes with teeth set and eyes shut, for it was not always easy. I remember in particular that night Richards came to my dispensary with his smashed hand. He was a great lout who thrashed his wife as regularly on Saturday night as he got drunk. She had come with him now—a slip of a woman, half starved, her lip bleeding and her pinched white face oddly shapeless, looking as though permanently disfigured by tears and blows. "It was that there lamp," she explained pitifully. "'E would throw it at me. I said, 'It ain't safe, Jim,' but when 'e's like that 'e won't listen. And the nasty thing busted in 'is 'and ——"

He sat crouched by my table, sullen and heavy like a stupid bulldog. It was certainly an ugly business. The broken glass had slashed the flesh to ribbons and its fragments were lodged deep in the wounds. I remember looking down at the bullet skull with the low receding forehead and thinking, "Well, it's your turn now," with a sort of thirsty satisfaction.

"You'll give 'im a whiff of something—something to make it easylike, won't you, doctor?"

At the same moment he lifted his eyes to mine—round, hazel eyes they were, tormented and baffled, and I seemed to be looking down through them into a jungle in which his poor deformed soul wrestled with God knew what instincts, what desires, what blind despair of himself and life. I turned to her. Her face pleaded for him.

After all, she was beautiful. In her own way she held the truth and could never be quite so beaten and broken as he was.

"Of course," I said.

I went back to Stoneborough as often as I could. My aunt, now that the secret objective of her life had gone, was slipping fast into old age, and to my love was added a sense of guilt. I knew that I had failed her. Yet I knew, too, that my coming made them happy. It brought back the old, suave, dignified days for us three to sit together in the faded drawing-room and gossip peacefully—and sometimes scandalously—about our neighbors. Or I told them of my work, and they would pretend gallantly that it was worthy of the last Fitzroy. (Continued on Page 71)

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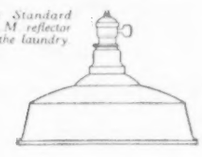

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(Continued from Page 66)

Of Lisbeth I heard only indirectly. The San Juan mine shares had become a marketable speculation. At any moment big developments might be expected. John Smith had sent over for recruits—mining experts and, indeed, anyone who was sound in wind and limb and wanted to take a shot at fortune. Our streets had been swept clean of our sullen, brooding young men.

Colonel Gay was a helpless cripple now. I did not go to see him. I knew that he did not want to see me.

But at the end of those three years he wrote, and on the same evening that I received his letter John Smith's wife walked into my dispensary.

XVI

I KNEW at once. I had the letter in my hand. It was a terrible letter—scarcely legible. Each sentence might have been torn out bleeding from that violent old heart. He had forgotten that he hated me. I was the one man on earth whom he could turn to in his frantic helplessness. I loved Lisbeth.

As to John Smith's wife—she saw the letter, too, and nodded a careless understanding.

"He sent me here," she explained. "He said you and I could settle things."

She sat on the other side of my table, under the light. I wish I could describe her adequately. Quite obviously she was what we call a bad woman, and would have been bad under the most favorable circumstances. It was written all over her face. Turbulent, sensual, without principle, carrying riot and disorder with her like a retinue—that was Paula Smith—*geborene* Schenke—from first to last. And yet I have a slinking conviction that if it ever comes to a general settlement, Paula won't show up so badly compared to the average human being who never does anything that matters anyway. At least she was large and vital and brave and recklessly extravagant—a compound which may not stand for either peace or respectability, but which seems to me nearer God than many of our orderly little virtues. Perhaps it is strange that I should write of her so tolerantly, seeing what she meant to Lisbeth; but she broke down my instinctive recoil from her as a high wind blows away a mist.

She was beautiful in a large, blond, untidy fashion which might but for her temperament have developed into coarseness. But her temperament rode her like a fury. There was something wan and rather appealingly tired about her, as though she would like to sit still and didn't know how it was done. The burning hazel eyes that met mine seemed to harbor a lurking tear and a lurking wink too.

After all, it wasn't her fault.

"I'd haf turned up before now," she explained with a faint, not unattractive accent, "but I haf been in prison—yes, three years. Passing bad money. As a matter of fact, I knew nozzing about it—nozzing whatefer. But George Ternel, he was a swine."

I took refuge in a desperately held incredulity. I didn't want her to see how badly hit I was. But from the first moment I hadn't a real doubt. More than that, I knew now that subconsciously I had always known. I had felt disaster loom like a black, shapeless cloud on the horizon, waiting to blow up with the first wind. For that matter, he made no secret of the wreckage he had left behind him. But he had been too sure that it was wreckage.

"It's some absurd mistake," I said. "Natural enough, of course. There are John Smiths like pebbles on the beach."

She smiled good-humoredly.

"There is only von John Smith."

She took a paper, from her bag and gave it me with what touched me as a rather naïve gesture of confidence.

"What you call my marriage lines," she explained.

I stared at the document, seeing nothing but a blur of print and clerkly writing. I felt I had to give myself time, and yet time didn't help me. It simply stripped the truth naked, and what I saw blew my poor little life's principle to the four winds. I would have killed John Smith. A rage boiled up in me that was as primitive as a tiger's lust. It was only when I saw beyond him to Lisbeth that that loathly red fog about my brain seemed to dissolve. It was then he became little and insignificant. I had no more concern with him, only with her. How to shield her, how to stand between her and this horror? My mind seemed to run hither and thither like a trapped animal, seeking an escape.

"Better tell me the whole business," I said roughly.

She shrugged her big shoulders.

"Why should I? I don't even know who you are or what you're doing in this *galère*."

"I'm a friend."

"Whose friend? The little girl he's gone away with?"

She must have seen something come into my face that checked her.

"Well," she said sullenly, "I married him—1914. What else?"

"You're not English."

"By marriage," she retorted.

"But before?"

"You ask a lot of questions."

"You'd better answer them."

"I haf got a question to ask too," she intimated grimly.

"That'll come later. We'd better both put our cards down, don't you think?"

The idea seemed to amuse her back into a good humor.

"Very well. Yes, I'm a Hun. Singing in a Viennese operetta when the war broke out. I was in with a tough lot of Germans and they'd haf deported me all right if John Smith hadn't come along. We were friends, you understand. When he saw the fix I was in he said, 'Marry me and they won't touch you.' Well, I don't usually marry people. But I did that time. And he was right. There was such a mix-up in those days. They lost track of me."

"What did you want—staying on in this country?"

She turned on me with a flare of resentment.

"That's my affair."

"Were you—a spy?"

"Not then."

"Well?"

"You're an obstinate young man." She made a shy and sulky gesture. "Well, I had a pal in the German hospital. I was finished with him; but he was dying—and I'd promised to see him through. You can shut up about that. It's not your affair. And you don't believe it anyhow."

"But I do," I said.

She looked at me quickly. From that moment I ceased to be an antagonist.

"Well, it's true. Stupid, but true."

"And Smith? What about his motive?"

She smiled at that. A curious smile. It expressed so much—tenderness, compassion, admiration, and a kind of scorn.

"Did you know him, doctor?"

"Yes."

"Then you know he'd do things like that—crazy things. He'd seem to risk everything. Marrying me, for instance—a Hun woman. And he meant to be a general. He said so. In those days he hadn't even joined up, and he was poor too! Another week and he'd haf been through his last pair of boots. *Aber—aber doch ein fesche Junge.*"

I knew a smattering of German, but even if I hadn't I should have read her face. Its haggardness was illuminated by an almost girlish look of remembering wonder at him. It made my heart contract. For I had seen that look before, transmuted by innocence, yet poignantly the same. It was as though he threw a spell over each different mind, calling up some image, some dream old as humanity itself.

"Well, we had our good times," she said.

"When did you see him last?"

"In Brussels. That was in 1916."

I suppose I looked incredulous, for she laughed out with a sudden full-blooded gayety.

"At the Brasserie Bruxelloise—under the nose of General von Eichen. There'd been a German victory and we were all as drunk as lords—except John Smith. He was just pretending, singing the Wacht am Rhein with the r-rottenest accent."

For an amazing moment the picture swept Lisbeth herself out of my mind. I saw him, sitting there, with his mug of beer on the round marble table, playing with life and death as a conjurer juggles with gay-colored balls. And under that reckless hilarity he had been cold as ice, alert as a panther. I saw, too, the woman opposite glow in her memory of that dangerous, splendid comradeship.

"He was in the secret service for a year," she explained, "and he got them to deport me. Easy enough. I was a German. I got a job at one of the cabarets in Brussels, and when my pals were tight I'd get things out of them and slip them through the lines. How and why he came to Brussels I don't know. He said it was to see me. But that wasn't true, of course. I didn't know for years after whether he got back. They arrested me the next morning. I'd haf been shot there and then, but there was a general—he'd been after me for weeks. For a price he'd get me off, he said. *Na*, I paid."

"So you were a spy—on your own people."

"Oh," she said scornfully, "I'd haf done worse than that for him. I did too. That general—well, I knew there were swine on this earth, but not that sort."

What she said seemed to alter her very appearance. Her wanness became a mask, covering unspeakable knowledge. I saw, too, for the first time how shabby she was. She had blinded me with her largeness—a kind of personal gorgeousness—but she was really down and out, a wreck kept afloat by sheer lust of living. She seemed to read my thoughts.

"You'd think it'd be an economy and rest," she said with a wry twist of the full, strong mouth, "being in prison. But it isn't."

"What do you want?" I asked.

"Money," she returned as briefly.

"That's why you went to Colonel Gay?"

"Of course. He don't seem to haf anything, poor devil!"

"So he sent you to me."

"Sir Euan Fitzroy sounded more hopeful," she admitted with a touch of her old cynicism. This was business now. She had put away her memories as a grown-up puts away a few childhood's toys, and was armed with a hard wisdom. "He wouldn't haf sent me to you if you hadn't a reason, too, for keeping me quiet," she added.

"It's blackmail."

"Of course."

"And useless. A thing like this can't be kept quiet. It'll come out sooner or later. And the later the more terrible it will be."

"For whom?"

"For the lady who believes—who has every right to believe—that she is his wife."

She looked at me keenly.

"It won't come out if I hold my tongue and go away."

"You won't go away. You'll go back to him."

We both stood up. She had grown suddenly very pale, and I was carried forward on the crest of an absolute conviction.

"You'd go back to him tomorrow," I said.

We remained silent, watching each other, absorbed in each other for a full minute. Then with a laugh she drew her wretched, moth-eaten furs closer about her shoulders.

"I suppose that's true; I suppose that's why I wanted the money."

So the struggle came to an abrupt end. I went with her down the narrow stairs to the door, and there was something about her as she went in front of me—something about the carriage of her shoulders or about the broken-down yet indomitable magnificence of her dress—that made me uncomfortable with pity. She was brave, and faithful, too, in her own way.

"Quetzelango's some journey," she said to me; "but I'll get there."

"I expect you will."

I held the door open. It was raining, and the dirty, wretched street was brushed backwards and forwards by a cold, fitful wind, as though an invisible, drunken ghost were trying to sweep the place clean. I had an insane desire to get her back to the fire, to give her a square meal, to talk with her as one decent human being to another. But I was clumsy with my own heartsickness.

"You've come a long way for nothing," I said. "I wish you'd let me help you."

I saw her eyes in the lamplight. For a fleeting second they were the eyes of a sad child, and then they were very old again.

"Thanks. It's good of you. But for a year or two longer I can manage—somehow. Good night."

She went on down the street with her head up, her poor feathers and furs flying in the wind like the last of a gallant and broken army.

Colonel Gay had pleaded with me. I think he had been so long and deeply concerned with himself that other men were unknown quantities to him. He thought he had to plead. And he didn't understand Lisbeth.

"Marry her, Fitzroy. Bring her back, for God's sake, and marry her."

Aunt Geraldine and Miss Cornelius were wiser. They were the only two who knew

(Continued on Page 73)

Truck History is the Key to Sound Buying

Be sure the maker of the truck you buy is going to stay in business. This was never more important than it is today.

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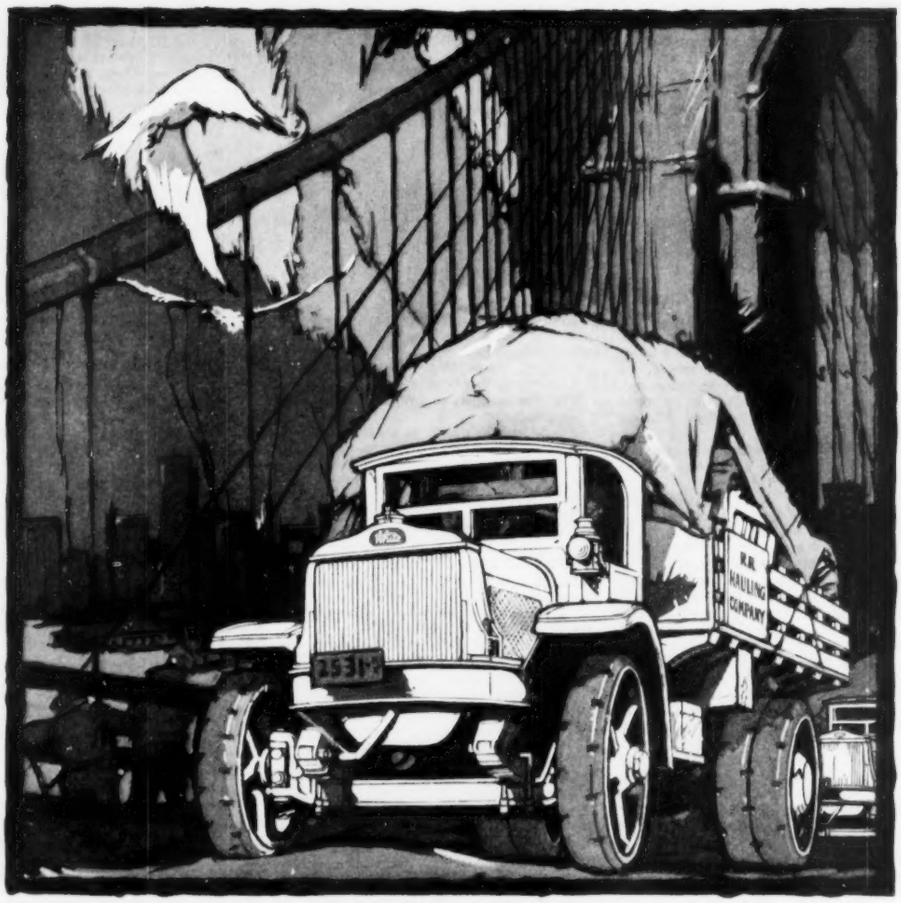

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WHITE TRUCKS

(Continued from Page 71)

why I had suddenly thrown my work overboard. They saw the situation as I saw it—as Lisbeth would see it—and it was at once much simpler and much sadder.

XVII

I GOT up, shaking myself free from the glittering sand and shivering a little. I was sick of thoughts and conjectures that led nowhere. It was of no use to prepare myself for a future which we three would build up out of our incalculable and various temperaments. What we should say to one another was unknown, but in the sense of its inevitability it was already said.

One thing I did know—she would not marry me. She would see no reason in such an act. The scandal and disgrace which loomed so largely in her father's vision would mean nothing to her. It wouldn't touch her. "Not the real me," she would say with that same simple and absolute pride. The real me would be shattered none the less beyond repair, because the man she had worshiped for his vast, heroic qualities was a mere cad who had thought of nothing but his own ends. What refuge could my name offer from such a knowledge? Why, if she loved me, then perhaps ——

Well, she didn't and never had—not in the only way that could have saved us both. Enough of that.

There remained a very straightforward difficulty to keep my mind from useless speculation. If there was anything in Finney's warning I shouldn't get to San Juan at all. It is sometimes pretty hard for an Englishman to realize just how far he has traveled from the nearest London policeman and all that reassuring figure stands for. But I knew enough, if only from Smith himself, to know that I had to depend on my remaining right arm for whatever security I wanted to enjoy. If what stood for authority in this place didn't mean me to travel by that train tomorrow I shouldn't travel. And if I made myself objectionable they were as likely to shoot me as to shut me up; and that telephone message to the British consul, so humorously prescribed by Captain Otto, would avail me just nothing at all. All the same, I was going to San Juan.

It must have been close on two o'clock when I got back to the Libertad. Finney needn't have worried about his last drink and early closing hours. The rest of the village slept darkly, or else it had poured all its feverish, objectless life into the stifling confines of the Libertad's bar. Several feuds seemed to be in the course of settlement, and I was in time to see my poor Finney flung out head first, followed by a crew of aguardiente-demented riffraff who proceeded down the village street, punctuating the deathly silence with wild revolver shots.

The baron came last. He was quite drunk, but after his own manner, which was a very calm and farseeing one. He knew better than to be in the van of such a procession. He made a peculiarly unprepossessing figure as he stood for a moment in the lighted doorway, mopping a very dirty and unshaven face with a very dirty handkerchief, and I have no idea what instinct made me trust him. Perhaps I had been rather touched by his defense of me with the empty whisky bottle—for it must have been empty; he was anything but rash or wasteful.

At any rate, I waylaid him.

"Is it true," I asked, "that they're not going to let me get to San Juan?"

"Quite true, my friend. I heard *ce beau jeune homme* Anderson give the order." When he was drunk the baron sprinkled his conversation with every language which came handiest. "And I guess his orders stand in this hole."

"I guess so too. But I'm going. What's to be done?"

"Dead set on it, *hein?*"

"Dead."

"Well, you won't manage it—not by train."

"How far is it?"

"Across country? About fifty miles. Hard going. There's a mule track across the mountains."

"I could walk it."

"*Por Dios!* You English!" He burst out into a big laugh. "Certainly! Walk it! There's a signpost at all the crossroads and a most excellent hotel."

"Shut up," I said. "I'm serious. I've got to get there, and I'm in a hurry."

"Who's after you? The police?"

"No one's after me. I'm racing someone, though."

"Who? The devil?"

I took a chance.

"A woman."

I saw his face alter. I had touched the adventurer in him—the seeker after change and strange and fairy happenings. He was a ruffian, but at that faint odor of romance he became grave and almost lofty in manner, like a knight called upon in some chivalrous quest.

"In that case—of course." His brown, bloodshot eyes flickered with a sudden humor. "You'll haf to travel fast, friend."

"Well, what am I to do?"

That flattered him.

"You've got a revolver, eh?"

"Yes."

"Can you use it?"

"Of course."

"I mean, will you? You can't afford sentiment in this place. I saw you with those niggers this morning, and it's you or them."

"Very well, I'll shoot anyone—you if necessary."

"*So ist recht.*" He tucked his big arm in mine. "Now pretend to be as drunk as I am."

Looking back on that scene, I can laugh now. I knew even then that we made an excruciatingly funny if alarming spectacle as we reeled down that empty street with the mouths of the tumbled, silent hovels gaping blackly at us. The baron sang—about his Liebchen—in a voice thick with aguardiente, and took casual shots at anything that caught his fancy, from the moon to a buzzard brooding heavily on the low edge of a roof. His little shining revolver was the only clean thing about him, and his aim was sober. Suddenly we lurched into what smelled like a stable yard. The lurch I guessed to be only apparently accidental. I reeled against the warm flank of a startled mule, and from a heap of straw wriggled out a human form whose terrified chattering was stopped with a quick hand to the throat. We three could scarcely see one another. The high adobe walls smothered us with shadow. But now and then some movement brought the baron's hand and the little white weapon into the moonlight. The baron spoke in Spanish, rapidly and quietly. The *mulatero* did not so much as answer. I dare say the principle of *force majeure* was too familiar to him. He began to scuffle backwards and forwards in the dark, and I heard the dull plump of a heavy Mexican saddle on a yielding, groaning back.

"You'll haf to travel light," the baron said softly. "No luggage. You can send for that—if you need it. You'll pass a pueblo or two. They won't catch you—not till you get there. It's only a mule track. Keep this fellow in front of you with your gun in his ribs. The natives are all right. They're too stupid to matter. But if you see anything in uniform shoot it on sight. You've got no permesso, and it's no use pretending you haf."

I wanted to protest that I had my passport and that I was a free British subject, but the memory of Captain Otto's ironic injunction choked me with a silent laugh. I swung myself into the saddle. The baron stood close to me, his hand on my arm. I think he was sorry to let me go.

"You haf the devil of a ride in front of you, friend."

"I don't mind that—so long as I get there."

"Don't let the sun catch you. Rest through the midday. Don't drink the water at the pueblos."

"Right."

"I'll stay here till you're well out. Not that this fellow matters. He'll be shot, anyway. Better shoot him yourself. They're accustomed to it."

"You old Hun!" I murmured.

"And if they offer you the choice of a firing squad and a few years in the *penitenciaria* choose the squad. They're damn bad shots, but the *penitenciarias* stink."

"I'll remember, baron."

"*Ebbene.* Good luck."

"Thanks."

His big hot hand fumbled into mine. A breath of aguardiente fanned my face. I heard him giggle.

"If there is one lady, there may be two. Give the prettiest my love."

I rode out into the empty moonlight street. My *mulatero* walked at my knee, with my empty revolver pressed softly against his ribs. The baron had resumed his song, and, mellowed by distance, his

voice brought a kind of aching beauty and sadness into the night:

"Wie bist du meine Königin ——"

So we turned eastward, towards the mountains.

XVIII

THERE are experiences which seem to be divided from the rest of one's life as if by a magic frontier. They may last only a moment, or they may cover a long period. Their reality is much deeper than that of everyday events, and yet the final impression is as of a dream.

I know the ride to San Juan was like that to me. Other things are forgotten or wear thin and colorless with much remembering; but whenever I turn back to those two nights and days it is with a sudden catch at the heart. I am plunged deep again into a sea of enchantment, half evil, half beautiful, but evil and beautiful beyond any words that I can find.

In part it may have been the sheer loneliness. And then again it may be that Miss Cornelius was right, and that some people are born young and stay young all their lives, and that at heart I was still the absurd boy, dreaming of dragons under Old Stoneborough's shadow. At times, lulled by weariness and silence, I fell into a kind of drowse, and it seemed to me that I was adventuring through a bewitched country up to the heights where my poor princess was held spellbound by her false happiness. Then some sound would startle me and I saw the ugly thing as it was, and myself, too, as a man damned to bring her fairy-tale castle down in ruins.

For the first hours our path cut through the jungle. It was like a passage hewed out of some slimy, yielding substance which had fallen into decay and become clogged with an evil fungus and foul with life. Things rustled underfoot and slid away into a green, smothering distance. They brushed my face with their clammy, unimaginable fingers. They swung hither and thither amidst the chaos of growth that hedged us in—that in its lawless energy threatened to close down upon us, suffocating us. The moist heat lulled one's senses, too, so that the fierce cries that would tear suddenly through those other hushed and furtive sounds seemed far off and unreal, like the clamor of a nightmare.

I have spoken of the loneliness. I mean that all this life was inimical and alien. If I had room for fear I should have been afraid of those invisible things that followed and that watched me pass with their lightless eyes. A sudden star blazing through a gap in the dense entangled foliage overhead was like a signal from another world—a lost world to which I belonged—and I remember the answering flash in my own heart and the profounder solitude that followed.

I had not yet seen the face of my companion. I had not even heard his voice. He was a ghost among ghosts.

Finney had been right. There was something obscene and beastly about the place. Only its beastliness had a kind of horrific quality. It wasn't the beastliness of men. It was as though the sheer element of growth had been set loose to spill itself in a senseless, will-less debauch.

We climbed steadily. I could feel the lift of the mule under me, and now and then a stone would roll away under the groping hoofs and slide down into some distant abyss of silence.

Then at last we were through. We had broken into clean space—stumbled upon the edge of the world. The moon had vanished. Dawn waited somewhere below the horizon and a chill and deathly suspense hung from the waning stars. Behind me lay the jungle like the tangled bed of a great receded sea whose dark shield glimmered in the distance. At my feet I felt the emptiness of a ravine, and beyond its incalculable depths were mountains, night-marish frozen waves that loomed over us, threatening to break. They seemed to await the morning, as for a signal.

It came—so suddenly that the effect was that of a violent clash of sound—as though some invisible god had beaten upon a gong and the whole universe had blazed into life. My guide turned to me. The dark features, hinting at heaven knew what far-off mingling of tyranny and serfdom, were set and expressionless. And yet I knew that he was moved by some emotion stronger than his fear of me, stronger even than native resignation.

"Agua," he said; and then, pointing farther south, "Fuego."

I remember stopping my mule short and dismounting and standing at the edge of the ravine as though to come closer to those two; they were the secret of this terrific world.

Amidst the towering masses of the Cordilleras, now changing from gray to amethyst, they remained black, permanent night shadows. Other peaks quivered, caught fire and glowed palely. Their ominous crests remained cold and still and inscrutable. Yet the neighboring mountains were dead and they lived. They seemed to hide within themselves a conscious, malevolent purpose.

Their heights were insignificant, but it was they that had torn the country across and across, disemboweling the earth in a witchlike fury that only slept. They stood alone, facing each other, divided by miles of hidden chasm and valley. And yet one knew that far beneath the surface, in the molten darkness, they communed together. From the twin horns of Fuego two thin and ghostly streams of smoke curled up into the quiet air. The cone-shaped, blunted Agua gave no sign.

"Muy malo," my guide murmured; *"muy malo."* And crossed himself, but without hope, probably without understanding.

I turned to look at him. He and his little mule stood close together. There was a sort of pathetic likeness between them—and some relation, too, between them both and these sinister shadows. They were victims, anyway—starved, ill treated, utterly resigned. They lived—they didn't know why—and one day they would be destroyed. According to the baron, one of them would be shot promptly for this night's work. Perhaps we should be shot together, for that matter, which seemed unnecessary. I slipped my revolver out of sight and instead held out a collection of dirty pesos and thrust them into the thin, bewildered hand.

"You go back," I said, "and give that animal and yourself a square meal. I'll get to San Juan faster without you both. If I don't I deserve all the trouble that's coming to me."

He could not have understood; but at least I wanted him to hear the friendliness of my voice. He stared at me. There was terror in his eyes. Was this some new, more subtle form of torment? I pointed back the way we had come, and at last he turned fearfully, incredulously, his fortune clasped tensely against his naked breast.

"Adiós!" I said in my best Spanish.

In the shadow of a flowering tree he looked back at me wistfully and I waved and laughed, thinking of the baron and of all the baron would have said.

My *mulatero* and his mule took to their heels, scampering for safety to the jungle.

XIX

HER home lay in the heart of a grove of palm trees. It was white and square built, Spanish fashion, with slits of windows heavily barred and above the height of a man's head.

On the west, where the trees had been cleared, was the entrance way, stone paved and cool, which led you into the patio. And what had at first seemed like a prison became a casket full of colored jewels. For there were orange trees with their fruit hanging like little golden lamps, and strange gorgeous flowers, and even English roses. A fountain played into a stone basin, and in the midst of the sheaf of softly falling water there stood a little grotesque gold figure, a native god perhaps, for in spite of its uncouth ugliness it had a sort of primitive dignity, and I knew instinctively that it was molded in pure metal.

The house was built on a great ledge jutting out from the face of a mountain. On the east a precipice sheltered it from the constant winds and on the west it looked across a deep, narrow valley towards Agua. There were two broad, well-graded roads, one twisting downwards and losing itself in the dank green of a coffee plantation, the other, by which I had come, climbing to the top of the ridge and petering out into a mule track.

I had seen the place suddenly, looking down on it from an open turn in the road. It was near the end of my second day and I was footsore and light-headed with hunger and a touch of fever. At the one wretched pueblo which I had passed a few oranges and tough tortillas had been all the food I had been able to buy from the gaunt-ribbed natives. The nights had been cold and I had nothing but the light tropical clothes in which I had left the Arizona. But the sun's rays had seemed to get inside my brain and burn there. I had disregarded the baron's wisdom and traveled steadily and stupidly fast, for pursuit had never really threatened. My friend Anderson, who was a practical person, would calmly order my arrest at San Juan—if I ever got there. But the habit of pushing on had got into my system. To rest meant to think—to realize, and I didn't want to do either. It was all too useless.

So that when I saw that white, shining home of Lisbeth's I didn't believe in it. It might have been an unsubstantial cloud which my fond fancy had molded into this shape. It seemed airy and unreal enough. For that matter, I didn't seem very real to myself. The little native soldier who had just gone scudding down the mountainside like a scared rabbit was already a confused memory. I didn't believe either in the uniformed, very much armed gentleman with his bodyguard of two who met me as I came down onto the plateau. I'm afraid I treated him flippantly. I was afraid of taking him too seriously.

"You're the fellow who bolted from San Roberto without a permesso," he informed me in pleasant English. "I've had orders to arrest you."

"I knew you had," I said. "But I didn't bolt. I shouldn't think any mule in these parts knew what the word means."

"Where is the animal? And I suppose you had a *mulatero* along with you—what have you done with them?"

"I shot them," I explained. "I was told it was the right thing to do."

He smiled unwillingly.

"Well, and there was a sentry posted on the road. Did you shoot him too?"

"No; I disarmed him. His rifle is somewhere in the bushes. I don't know where he is. He was running fast the last time I saw him."

"Well, he can run as fast as he likes—we'll catch him."

"I hope," I said, "that you'll treat him fairly. I took him by surprise, and though I have only one arm and am not in training, I am very strong. He hadn't a chance."

"No one gets more than one chance in this country," he retorted.

We stood looking at each other. One of the disadvantages of a slight touch of fever is that it is difficult to concentrate. I found my mind wandering. I felt sure I had seen this man before. No, not him, perhaps, but his brother.

"You know, I didn't serve in the Guards myself," I said; "but I fancy you did."

"Oxford?" he asked.

"Balliol."

"Well," he said, "I always said we turned out the best sportsmen. That was a stiff trek you made. When I had a phone message just now that your *mulatero* had come back I left you to the coyotes. You must be all in."

"Nearly."

"Under the circumstances, I shall send you back by the next train and tell Anderson to go gently with you for old time's sake. Of course I ought to shoot you. That's the order."

"That's a very drastic one—for a peaceful country."

"This isn't a peaceful country. The train goes down in an hour."

I was clear-headed enough now.

"You think me mad as a hatter," I said; "but I'm not so mad as all that. I've come here for a good reason. And first of all, I've got to see this general of yours—this John Smith."

"He's not here; and when he does come he won't be bothered."

"Oh, yes, he will! He knows me."

"Well, he's not here."

"Then his wife ——"

I thought the withered, lined young face changed—became suddenly perplexed.

"You see," I said, "I'm her oldest friend, and I've come from her father, who is dying. I've got to see her. It's serious."

He looked me up and down.

"She'll think I've brought her a beach comber," he said. "But I'll risk it. What's your name?"

"Euan Fitzroy."

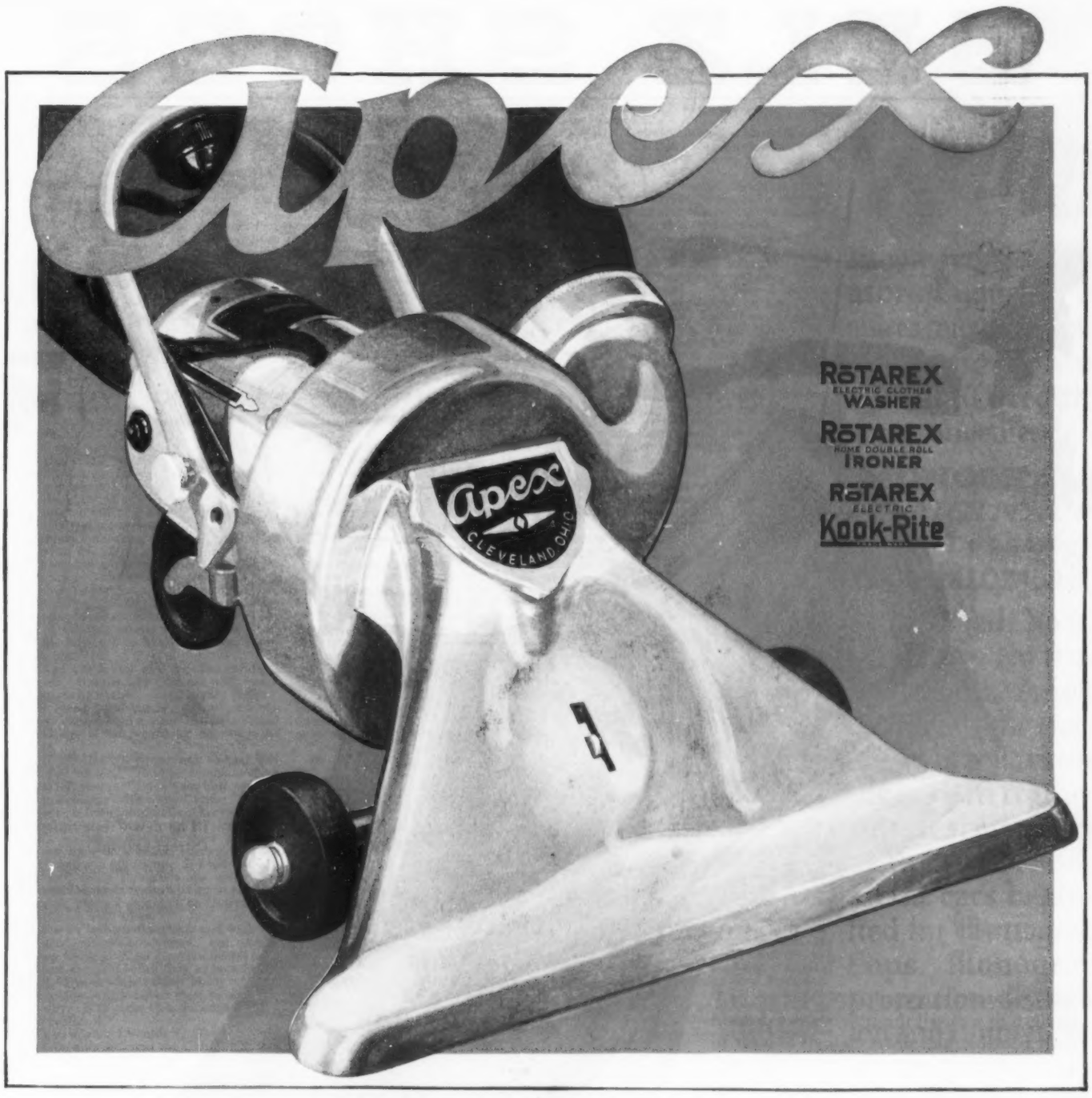
He smiled.

"You don't look it," he commented.

So we went together through the cool, shadowy porchway, past two sentries, who kept guard as over great treasure, into that secret garden.

And there was Lisbeth—and I at my journey's end.

(TO BE CONTINUED)



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FACE

(Continued from Page 9)

Helen started perceptibly at his quiet departure into her own thoughts. Her gaze had returned, while he had been talking, to Douglas Allbright. Jimmie answered him.

"I'll say he's interested! We were just speaking of it. Now you Chinese are uncanny wise, Doctor Wong. What do you think that expression of his means?"

"It merely means he's tremendously attracted by a pretty girl," said Helen in a careless metallic voice, for a wave of intuition, at once apprehensive and assuring, told her that Doctor Wong, whom she had known since his college days in America and whose sister was her closest Chinese friend, had come over to her because he had seen not only Allbright watching the girl in scarlet but had seen her watching Allbright.

"Be a funny thing if Douglas Allbright would fall for a breeze like that," Jimmie was half-admitting, "but the man's certainly seeing wonders in Breta Banning that aren't visible to me."

"He is seeing not her, but ghosts," the Chinese stated casually. "Now your young friend Trent there is seeing the lady herself."

"But she's not seeing him—a little bit," said Jimmie, peering round a potted palm for a more inclusive view. "Larry'll meet some real competition all right, if old Douglas enters the field. That Dutchman doesn't count. He's going to die in about five minutes or I miss my guess."

"Has Mr. Allbright such a reputation for success—with women?" asked Helen brightly and uninterestedly.

Jimmie, unhearing, continued his visual observations. Doctor Wong answered.

"I suppose so; since it is said that women have no success with him. He is very sure of others—that man; perhaps not so sure of himself. My sister tells me you and she are going to the summer palace in the morning. I will take you in my car if you like."

"Oh, indeed I do like. Will Mrs. Wong come too?"

"No; she is not able to; the children, you see. Besides, she does not walk easily for so many stairs. Good night, Helen."

He rarely used her first name, and she always experienced a queer little emotional knowledge of his regard for her when he did so.

"It rubs me the wrong way to hear him call you Helen," Jimmie complained as Wong left them. "I don't see how you can get so chummy with these Chinks."

Nervous from the muddle of her emotions, Helen retorted with irritating frankness, "He's no more a Chink than you're a bowery bum or a beach comber. He's a gentleman and my friend. If I felt the way you and most foreigners do about the Chinese I'd try to make a living in my own country, where I wouldn't be thrown into association with them."

"Phew!" whistled Jimmie and took her on good-naturedly. "Phew, but you're touchy tonight! Most temperamental fems feel just as you do until they've been here a while. But don't get bitter about it; they hate us just a little better than we do them, any day. If it came to a showdown you'd soon realize it."

"You might; I wouldn't. We get exactly what we give out, and the Chinese are too astute not to know exactly what is given out to them. But I'd trust my Chinese friends as deeply as any I have in the world. But let's go and say good night, Jimmie; really I'm both talked and tired out, and after all, you asked Mr. Allbright for dinner—not for breakfast."

"I guess he's forgotten he ever was with us," Jimmie blithely blundered on, as they started back through the maze of tables which the sleepy-eyed Chinese waiters were beginning to dismantle. "You know I can't help wishing, just for sport's sake, that he would give Larry a little competition. Larry's always appropriated anybody's favorite whom he took a fancy to, and got away with it. Old Douglas has still got his eye on her, and if I know anything about Peking symptoms, I'd say the old boy's hard hit."

Irritated beyond discretion by his garrulous speculation, Helen impulsively put an end to it. "Oh, Jimmie, really you're a total loss! I'm afraid it will upset your prophecies to know that Douglas Allbright and myself are engaged to be married."

It not only upset Jimmie's prophecies but it almost upset Jimmie. He clasped her arm in a grasp that made her wince, stumbled over a protruding chair, and backed her violently against a table which staggered perilously at their onslaught.

"Helen! No! Not—not —— Why, good Lord, you—you can't mean it!"

Jimmie's blue-eyed boyish face betrayed much more than impersonal astonishment. She was quickly sorry for her crude announcement, immensely surprised and embarrassed.

"But, Jimmie! Why—why not? I thought you approved of both of us. I——"

"Approve of you? What if I do? I approve of a lot of people, but I don't expect 'em to marry each other just on that account. Why—in the first place you're too young for him; he's as old as God, and gloomier than death. Oh, Helen!"

"Jimmie! Whatever makes you act like this? He's only twelve years older than I am. Please let go my arm. You're acting like a child."

"Oh, yes; I've turned into a child all of a sudden. Well, I've been a year older than you all of our lives, and I guess I still am." His real hurt was leaking out through his blustering indignation. "Why didn't you tell me? You—you know how I feel about you, and—and, I say, why didn't you tell me?"

"Stop, Jimmie! Do be decent. You're shaking me to pieces. I have told you—almost the minute you're back from Shanghai. Of course I know how you feel about me—just the same neighborly way you have for twenty years. I can't imagine why you should act like this—now. But see, the music has stopped. Douglas is waiting for us."

He turned, muttered, choked down a fullness in his throat, and they walked on toward Douglas Allbright, who had risen and was standing by their table at the edge of the dance floor. Tall, heavy-shouldered, his thick hair graying in a streak straight back from his forehead, he gave the impression of strength and ironic understanding.

"Shall I congratulate him?" mumbled Jimmie.

"Oh, no! Not now, please, Jimmie." She lifted her voice to Allbright. "We found that a waltz made poor fox-trotting, so we didn't finish it."

"No; quite right."

He smiled and put out his hand to her. But he was not thinking of her; he was thinking of the girl in scarlet, who at the moment was passing with her stout partner, when they were stopped by Larry Trent. The situation was instantly a scene.

"—— needn't think you can pull this sort of stuff with me."

Trent's belligerent declaration brought a reckless ripple of laughter from the girl, but the Hollander's indistinguishable low words were plainly conciliatory.

"Maybe you didn't understand. I don't give a damn whether you did or not; but she understood all right, all right; and that's not the half she's going to understand, either, take it from me!"

His voice was audible all over the roof. The Dutch diplomat, incoherent, very red, and apologizing profusely for an unintended intrusion, made his escape to the hall elevator, forgetting, gladly, his hat; and the girl, rapidly losing morale by reason of his prompt desertion, began an embarrassed attempt to placate Trent.

"Oh, Larry, behave yourself. It was just a joke. Good heavens! Why, of course he knew I expected to go home with you. I hadn't a thought of anything else. Why, good heavens ——"

"Well, you needn't think I'm going to take you home! You'd better catch up with your Dutchman! Or maybe this wop here that you've been flirting with ——"

But at his wide enraged gesture the Italian in question, out of decided preference for gentler and surreptitious romance, leaped from the orchestra platform in a manner amusingly oblivious and departed in the fleet footsteps of the Hollander.

"Ha, ha, Jezebel! Fine loyal friends you've got! Stick to you like virtue, don't they?" shouted the disheveled Trent, drowning her efforts to conciliate him. "Take you home? Not me! You can go in a ricksha or ride a camel for all of me! I'm done with you—savvy?—done!"

He leaned a little forward and leered at her in drunken fury. No deserting pride abandons one to a more wretched shame than the pride of popularity, and the victim of his attack withered before him in her feeble finery.

It had all happened so quickly that Helen's hand remained clasped tightly and unconsciously in Allbright's. Now with a firm close pressure and a low "Good night" he released it.

"And, Jimmie," he said in his quick quiet voice, "d'you mind taking a ricksha home? I'll look after this poor girl; her name is—Banning, isn't it?"

"Y-yes," said Jimmie, staring.

Allbright stepped to the girl's side and bowed, young Trent surveying him in open-mouthed laughable astonishment.

"I will be glad to drive you home, Mrs. Banning, if you will permit me," he said. "My name is Douglas Allbright, and I think I knew your family—at home."

"Oh—oh, thank you!" gasped the girl, and burst into smothered crying. "Oh, isn't he just terrible? I never was so treated in all of my life! Oh, it's just terrible!"

Trent had blustered up to Allbright, but at the older man's contemptuous "Go home, you drunken puppy!" he stood back, muttering.

Scattered groups of surprise-stricken people regained speech and motion. Allbright and Breta Banning went to the elevator, but Jimmie and Helen Castle walked silently down three flights of stairs to her room.

II

FACE is the great primeval preponderant social and economic status of China, and saving it is a universal activity. Less crudely and frankly achieved, face is the heart of subtlest culture the whole world over, and many masks mark sophistication, but in China the foreigner is apt, with total disregard of inward viewpoint, to consider it indigenous.

Perhaps of all foreigners in Peking no one needed fewer masks to save his face than Douglas Allbright. He was reputed as a man owing no one but owed by many. This was his pride—the serene unsmiling mask which passed for his face. Even the astute Chinese, to whom masks, even when greatly respected, are often transparent, said of him, "He is very sure of others; perhaps not so sure of himself."

Allbright would have cringed at this valuation, for the only man of his own race who knew this thing of him was one of the many brave men who died to end a war that, serpent-silent, goes creeping on forever through the destinies of thousands. But it is not easy to have no face with which to confront your own soul. And the dead have no price.

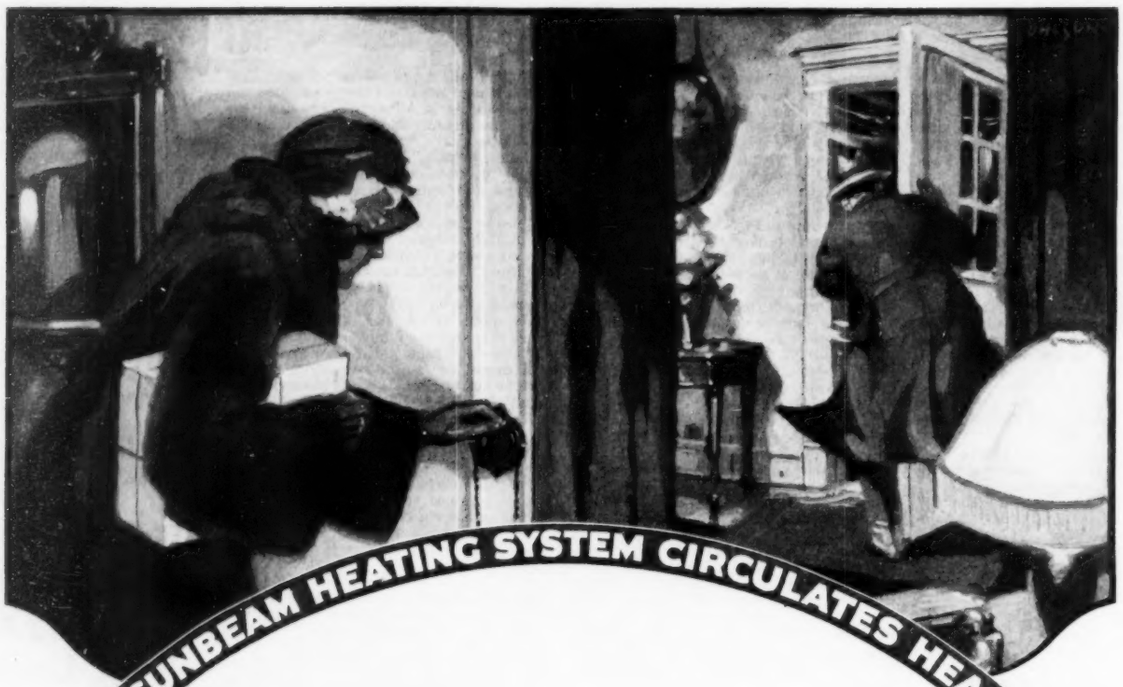
It was hard luck for Douglas Allbright that Breta Banning should sally into his life so closely on the heels of love—the hardest luck he could possibly have encountered. And since his was an existence wholly unacclimated to hard luck, he had developed no resources with which to combat it. He had thriven under a lucky star, the favored one of the ill wind. But the star had dimmed and the wind had sharpened when, there on the dance floor, Breta Banning had made alive in his memory the photographs which had once brightened the dingy walls of a billet he had shared in France. That was how he had known her name.

It took his car thirty minutes to unravel its way through the narrow winding hutungs to the small Chinese compound which Larry Trent's money had rented for her, and in that half hour, as simply and serenely as a swallow nests itself in any nook that offers, she transplanted her troubles from the garden of Trent's scorn to the one of Allbright's sympathy.

Hers was the story he expected—the same old ever-new never-ending bitterness against unjust convention, the comforts of whose thralldom become so precious when denied to a defier. He did not expect, however, that Fate had already exacted the utmost retribution for Breta Banning's defiance, and the raw candor of her revelations appalled him. At first he expostulated against hearing her confessions, but her hysterical outburst had to spend itself, so he waited quietly for ten minutes, saying nothing except—"There, there; yes, yes; of course, of course." He was overwhelmed at the manner in which she took his presence and gallantry for granted. He had offered his automobile and she had accepted him and all his resources with it.

"Larry's got to marry me, Mr. Allbright! He's just got to!"

(Continued on Page 79)



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(Continued from Page 77)

The very frenzy of her sobbed reiterations denied their possibility. When she had exhausted herself to a state permitting of reason, he began talking to her.

"Now this is all going to straighten itself out, Mrs. Banning. Really, I'm sure of it. Larry's too decent a chap, underneath, to allow anything else to happen. He's been jealous and drunk, and that's a bad combination. From what you tell me I'm sure he loves you, and when he gets hold of himself ——"

"Oh, but you don't know! He's always jealous and drunk! It's just terrible! He's treated me like a dog, I tell you, for months. And now—now—he wants me to go back to the United States, and die."

"But why, Mrs. Banning, if he's been so unbearable for months, did you go on—loving him?"

"Oh, there—there just didn't seem to be anything else to do; you don't know how awful it is when a woman's all alone with nobody to turn to; and besides I do love him when he acts like a human being. Of course I do, or things wouldn't be this way."

"Did you meet him when you first came to China?"

"Almost. I was in Shanghai a month. Oh, I wish I'd never seen China! This awful Orient is full of just terrible men! When I was in Yokohama I met a dreadful man who took all my money; I believed in him absolutely because he was so perfectly lovely to me and treated me with respect and—and everything, just like my husband did. Larry can't even understand that I wouldn't ever have trusted him and signed my securities over to him so he could make a lot of money for me if he hadn't been so much like Griffith was. My husband was a wonderful man; he was killed in the war because he dared to crawl out in front of his regiment to place a—a signal—or something, when he knew the shots would kill him. Oh, he was just perfectly wonderful, and he always treated me like an angel; so when this other man acted just like Griffith I just couldn't help but trust him."

Douglas Allbright felt the blood burning hotly in his head; it throbbed until it shut out her high hurrying words. Then again he heard her.

"But he wasn't in Shanghai, and I thought maybe I could find him here in Peking. Why, I was just about crazy; I didn't know what to do. All the money I had was my war insurance; just a little bit every month. And then I met Larry and he was nice to me and he loaned me some money; not to keep, but just until I could get some dancing classes and maybe teach French. I learned it perfectly in the convent, you see. But it was awfully hard to get classes, and—and ——"

Her obvious conclusion needed no words to clothe it. She was sobbing again.

"Mrs. Banning, if you had money now to go back to your family ——" Douglas began, and stopped. He knew so well that she had no family.

"I haven't got any," she said.

"But—your husband's family?"

"Huh!" Her bitter little ejaculation disposed of that possibility. "Griffith's mother would be glad if she knew about—this. Yes, she would—glad! She hates me, politely and properly and aristocratically; and oh, but don't I hate her, with her mean frozen beautiful old face!"

Again Allbright's mind passed beyond hearing as her thin shrill tones went bitterly on; it passed to the page of a letter he knew by heart, a proud brave sorrowing letter he had received from Griffith Banning's mother:

—— and my heart's whole gratitude is yours for your letter to Griffith's wife. You were right, we did want to know everything about his death. Surmising was far more terrible. I thank God his death was swift and unsuffering, and even in my grief I can be glad that one of two such supreme heroes was spared to those who love you.

Griffith's wife is here with us in Norfolk, prostrated by the shock. She will write you later, and if she should express any seeming bitterness that Griffith was the one taken, I beg you to forgive her. She is very young and ——

But Griffith Banning's widow had never written him. When her shock was over she had probably forgotten about it. Now a sudden questioning in her voice brought him back to the situation.

"Why, it must have been the Bannings you said you knew, back at the hotel. Was it?"

"I know Mrs. Banning slightly, and I'm sure she could never be glad over your misfortunes, for her son's sake, even if ——" She was not listening.

"Then did you know Griffith?" She clutched his arm with fingers that felt like stiff little sticks. It was evident by now that Allbright's name meant nothing in her memory.

"Yes, I knew him in—training camp."

The word "France" defied his utterance, but the locale of their acquaintance was nothing to Breta Banning; her voice livened with the hope of what might come from a friend of the man who had loved her.

"Oh! Wasn't he fine? Wasn't he wonderful?"

"Finer and more wonderful than any man I've ever known," he said steadily.

"Oh, then you will help me, won't you? You—you know I've felt all along—I really have, just as if Griffith had sent you to help me. You're like him, really you are."

He met this fiction, founded on a truth she little dreamed, with the ironic reminder, "But so was the man in Yokohama."

"O-oh, but—but it's different with you. You have been perfectly wonderful when you know I haven't any money and that I'm in trouble and miserable and ——" She leaned limply back into her own corner again. "Griffith would rather I'd have died than to know how things would turn out. I—I was just everything to him—really I was. I know he'd sooner have me dead."

"Yes, I think that is true," Allbright agreed heavily, supplementing his uncomforting words with a cheerful, "But don't worry; everything will straighten out tomorrow."

They had stopped before her compound gate, which her white-clad number-one boy was sleepily holding open. Allbright descended with dispatch.

"Oh, how I hate to go into this queer crazy house," she lamented, making no move to accept his offered assistance.

"That's only because you're tired and nervous. There's your amah waiting for you."

"You couldn't come in—just a lit-tle while?"

"Not tonight, I'm afraid; or that is, not this morning. It's near daylight."

She came grudgingly, leaning with real weariness on his assisting arm. Now that her spirit was utterly subdued, the outwardness of her seemed brighter and more glittery than ever. She shamed the soft light of the Chinese boy's lantern.

"What—what shall I do, Mr. Allbright? Will you see Larry for me?"

"Yes, I will. All you're to do is not to worry."

"Then I'll come to your office tomorrow afternoon and find out about it."

"Oh, no, don't do that." She really was a child, indiscreet, foolish and friendless. "I won't see Larry until afternoon; and the thing for you to do is to stay right here and rest and get your nerves in order. Either Larry or I will come in the evening. Don't be disappointed if it's Larry." His assuring laugh failed to assure her.

"It won't be," she said drearily.

And it wasn't. Larry Trent, sober, was of the same mind as when drunk. He was, as he had said, done with her.

It was a wretched day for Douglas Allbright, the worst—except for that one other which made this possible—of his life. When he got home that morning it was nearly four o'clock; the metallic clangings of the early vendors and the far-reaching screech of the water carts announced the new day.

"Get the Pekin Hotel—get Number 310 missee," he told his august number-one boy, who greeted him with sleepy unsurprise. "While I'm talking get me some Scotch—straight. No want bath; no go to bed; take shower by 'm by."

The voice of the 310 missee held no hint of sleep.

"Helen," he said, "I—I ——" What on earth did he have to say, now that he had called her?

"Yes, Douglas?" Her voice was quiet and steady, but frankly eager. "Your voice doesn't sound as if you've enjoyed your rescue party."

"You don't know how I hated to leave you as I did. I felt I must tell you."

"Surely, Douglas, it's all right. But I'm glad you called me. I hoped you would."

"I want to talk to you. May I come over and have breakfast with you about 9:30?"

"Oh, I'm sorry; Miss Wong's going to breakfast with me at nine, and her brother's going to drive us out to the summer palace."

"Then how about tiffin?"

"No can do. We're going from the palace to see some old jades and ivories that belong to a friend of Doctor Wong's and we're all having tiffin at the Western Hills Hotel."

"We-ell, dinner then?"

"Yes, Douglas; love to. Where?"

"I wish you could come here, but I don't want to have to ask anyone else. Suppose we have a quiet dinner there and then drive over and take a walk on the wall in the moonlight. But dinner's so far away. Isn't there any way I can see you, only a minute, before that?"

Oh, rich resourcefulness of love; Helen's solution was spontaneous and unpondered.

"Why, yes. I suppose I could have Doctor Wong stop a minute as we drive by your factory, and I'll run in with those two rug patterns; I'll suddenly be in a dreadful hurry about them. Could you manage to be there by ten?"

This bit of managing was the least difficult thing of his difficult day. Allbright's rug factory, where he added cleanliness and efficiency to the slow methods of an ancient art, was both his vocation and his avocation; he both prospered and delighted in it. In the center of his big tiled shed he had built his office, literally a rug office, for it was lined, roofed, curtained and carpeted with Chinese rugs.

At ten Helen Castle, flushed a little but unembarrassed, held aside the heavy blue hangings. She was straight and slender in a white sport dress and sun hat. At first they talked brightly about the rug patterns in distinct businesslike voices, but soon their tones sank strangely, until they were less loud than the footfalls of the soft-slipping Chinese coolies going busily about in the shed outside.

"This is terribly silly," she whispered, "but I couldn't resist seeing if last night's adventure has changed you."

She had come simply and directly into his arms; she was in a mood of merriment and elation; but Allbright's voice was desperately earnest.

"You're absolutely all and everything I want in my wife," he said. It was more nearly a plea than a statement.

"That's my very own opinion about you as a husband," she whispered.

And then there was silence indeed; a silence so blissfully occupied that it might happily have lasted forever. Helen bravely broke it with the brisk voice of a customer.

"—— and then I may see this pattern all worked out in color by next week?" she inquired in suddenly audible tones which made no impression on the soft-footed coolies outside. Silence or subtlety—it was all one to them. Human nature, love and work—just the same old life elements; the foreigners might have different methods, but the results were always the same—success or failure, death.

Nevertheless, unemotionally, unurged by any curiosity, every Chinese about the place knew, as unconcernedly as he knew it was daylight, not dark, that his master was in love and that he was strangely uncomforted by being so, because, after the departure of his young missee—a woman too tall for the gods to favor, and with feet hideously long—he sat at his great black table with his head bowed in his arms.

He sat there for a long while. When he raised his head he looked very tired. He sent a coolie for his manager—a sure-spoken unhesitant Cantonese, educated in America, and perhaps the only Chinese in Peking who was given the same salary and precisely the same confidence and respect that an American in his place would have been given.

It was Allbright's policy to be sure of other men. He was sure of Woo.

"Woo," he said, "do you know an American named Lawrence Trent? Sit down."

Woo, small of stature, great of understanding, and unsmiling, did know Larry Trent. He sat down on a pile of folded rugs, his beautiful hands crossed limply in front of him.

"Go ahead," said Allbright, watching him. "Character sketch—not economic; we don't need his money."

"The cousin by marriage of the brother of my first wife is his secretary." Woo began in perfect uninflected English in prefaced proof of what was to follow. "Trent is headstrong and undisciplined; his strength is his money; his weakness, pride; his greatest virtue is generosity, and his greatest vice is cowardice. He is ——"

"Never! Why, Woo, the fellow's a daredevil."

"Only with his body, Mr. Allbright; not with his mind. I mean—ah, how do you express it?—that he would let anybody down to save himself. For instance, there is no doubt but that he loves a young woman named Banning, but he is going to let her go to devils because he is ashamed to marry her."

Never before had Woo outstripped Allbright's expectations. He had now done so.

"How do you do it, Woo?" he asked frankly with a short laugh.

"You mean how have I surmised the reason back of your interest in Trent?"

"Yes."

"Not so mysteriously. I knew about the small affair of last night because your chauffeur and mine were talking just now in my presence, and then I remembered, of course, that the name of the man who lost his life in your heroic deed together—was Banning."

"You re-membered it? How?"

"Because it is no different with you than with other foreigners, Mr. Allbright. We learn what we can of you; and when I came into your employ I wrote to my friends in your country asking about you. They sent me some old newspapers with war news. I have always wanted to tell you my great esteem and honor of your courage."

Allbright was acutely glad that Woo, embarrassed by his own earnestness, kept his eyes on the floor—for the Chinese though superlatively superficial in politeness seldom express sincere admiration.

"I don't merit it, Woo," he said curtly. "It was a matter entirely due to circumstance. So much so that I—I hate to recall it. But since you seem omniscient I'll admit that your surmise is correct. I think Trent should marry this girl. If he does love her, as you think, it may be possible to—ah—influence him."

"I'm sorry, but I think most difficult. His love will but deepen his cowardice. But you are ill?" For Allbright had shivered perceptibly and his pale face flushed.

"Stomach's bad; had some rotten liquor last night. Go on. Why should love deepen his cowardice?"

"You see he has made her unacceptable in the eyes of all the people by whom he would want his wife accepted. There is no way now for him to save her face. No doubt he did not expect, at first, to love her."

"Yes, yes; to save her face. I see. I see. Woo!" His real concern burst out sharply. "Don't think I'm interested in this affair because of any feeling for Banning. I really believe the girl deserves better treatment."

He might as well have protested his motives to an ivory idol; of all races on earth the Chinese bow lowest to the tyranny of the dead.

"No doubt," said Woo doubtingly. "I think, however, you will find him difficult to convince because, unfortunately—or perhaps I should say, unwisely—the young lady has been almost universal with her—graciousness."

"She's merely what we call a flirt," Allbright shortly discounted his implication. He rose, smoothed back his already smooth streak of gray hair with an abrupt gesture and took his hat from the table. Without looking at Woo, he asked slowly, "If he remains adamant you don't know of any vulnerable spot in his career where a little pressure might be applied?"

Woo's inscrutable attention actually demobilized into surprise. This must indeed be a mighty matter when his employer stooped to such normal mediocre methods. It was Allbright's rare strategy always to know where pressure might be applied, but to refrain scrupulously from applying it. Thus he girded himself with all the excellency of the Giant's Strength but with none of its tyranny. And thus he comforted his sore soul.

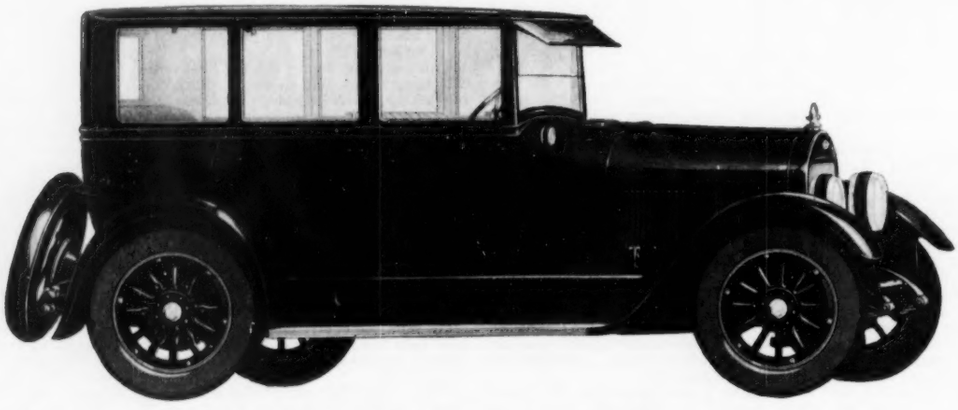
"I think," said Woo, "that Mr. Trent is, as I tell you, too much of a social coward to have ever risked laying himself open; but—I will make casual inquiry if you wish that I should."

"No; oh, no; it's not worth it." He yawned and took on his manner of ironic indifference. He had already divulged much more than he had intended. "Much obliged, though, for your pointers. I've never known anything about him at all; he never interested me. By the way, here are two designs, one to be black and yellow, and this one to be mulberry and mauve. Work 'em up right away."

(Continued on Page 82)

THE CAR THAT MADE STUTZ GOOD IN A DAY

The Sign of the Genuine



The Stutz Special Six Sedan (120-inch wheelbase). Another of the fourteen entrancing examples of 1924 Stutz craftsmanship. Powered, like every closed Stutz, for real open car agility

The Stutz Speedway Six Berline (130-inch wheelbase). Provided, also, without adjustable glass partition as THE SUBURBAN. *A regal concept in custom coach-building for seven passengers*

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(130-inch Wheelbase)

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Builders of the Original and Genuine Stutz Motor Cars

SIXES

(Continued from Page 79)

"For Miss Helen Castle," said Woo, reading the name under the sketched design.

"Yes; the young woman I am going to marry." The sound of the words was pleasant and the heaviness of his mood lightened for having said them.

It was too early to call on Trent, but he decided to do so, nevertheless, and have it over. It would be worse to go home and wait, and think and remember. He did not announce his coming by telephone or chit because either might well complicate matters.

Trent lived in an old temple; all foreigners in Peking live in ancient temples or in houses once occupied by princes or princesses or murdered concubines of emperors, and the historic local color of these atmospheric edifices loses nothing in the telling. Trent's low tiled house sprawled like a big spider in a courtyard of trees and flowers and statues and huge urns and stone dogs and dragons. Two gate boys admitted Allbright, another sped sedately ahead with his card, successively welcoming ones seemed to pop out from behind every shrub and big urn like Ali Baba's forty followers; Trent's number-two boy bowed him through the doorway; the number-three boy took his hat and stick, while the regal number-one boy carried the card to his master, and a number-something-else boy showed him into a great cool dark heavy-raftered room hung with tapestries and furnished with massive black chairs and chests and tables, whose hostility for the shining mahogany upright piano gave the room an irritated atmosphere which was immediately intensified by the entrance of Trent. Douglas Allbright knew at sight of him that he had been a fool for coming. Trent was in his bathrobe, freshly shaven, his brown wet hair as slick as bronze. Any evidence of gentle blood and breeding was thickly tarnished by years of indulgence and selfishness, but, at that, it was a boy's face that so defiantly confronted his caller. Ignoring Allbright's quiet "Good morning, Trent; very nice of you to see me so early," he disposed of polite preliminaries and stated his status belligerently, his head thrust forward and his hands jammed down in his big pockets.

"Mr. Allbright, I take it you've come to interfere in something that's none of your business. I'm aware of your reputation for getting what you please out of people, but you've overshot yourself this time. Last night you took something I threw away. I wish you joy of it. I know the dope she's filled you full of, but I'm no more concerned with it than half a dozen other men might be. And that's straight. Now you can stay here and talk till old Confucius walks off that pedestal and slaps you on the back, but that's all the good it'll do you. In fact, I'm surprised that you are fool enough to have come at all."

"You may well be." Allbright smiled at him. "I came in great error. I thought to find the scion of a fine family and a great college. I must admit that I am not equipped for bullyragging with a gutter product. I have hirelings to do that—when necessary. Good morning."

He spoke so casually, so almost pleasantly, that his words lost coherence by his manner and Trent hesitated a moment in order to go over them the second time. Allbright turned to the door and took his hat and stick from the bowing boy.

"What a nerve!" he heard Trent mutter. Then—"Say! If you think for a minute that I'm going to stand for ——" His voice choked with his chagrin, and his footsteps started rapidly across the floor, but Allbright went quietly and unhurriedly down the narrow winding walk, unfollowed. He had failed in a fool's errand and he felt he had deserved to. The best he could do was to make his failure look as much like success as possible.

And now—the long day ahead alone; for companionship can madden a man whose brain is beating with thoughts that must never leave it.

A shaming secret is a viper ages old; no one who has ever cherished one in his bosom looks with startled eyes upon the modern's revelations about repressed emotions. For the power of a cherished shame is sure as death; and the popularity of present-day inhibitions is only a green twig of the last spring's growing, on the eternal tree.

Allbright had realized his love for Helen Castle because of the blessed relief and confidence which invaded him in her presence, the comfort that at last he had found someone to whom he could tell the thing that made him aware and fearful of the certainty of his soul.

He cursed the casual circumstances which kept him away from her now, when he wanted her as he had never wanted any thing or person before.

"Drive around awhile," he told his boys.

They were new words—a new destination. The bewildered footman held hurried consultation with the bewildered chauffeur.

"Master no go homeside?" the footman clambered down to inquire shamefacedly.

"No! What did I say?" The boy's flinching gaze told Allbright he was yelling, but his voice would not be lowered. "Drive around, I tell you! All around; up street, down street; all over; any place; no stop; all time go; drive around!"

So he drove around. There was much for diversion—beggars, and babies, and street venders, and camel caravans, and a gay wedding procession, and a gayer funeral procession, and basketed pigs on their last long ride between two vicariously grunting coolies' shoulders, and rickshas carrying fat old merchants, thin young merchants, sedate slick matrons, singsong girls, hurrying foreigners, regalgrandmothers—everything. But the ear and eye—even the offended nose—cannot divert a mind which is thousands of miles away, wrestling with its troubled thoughts.

But diversion awaited him at his own compound gate, where his number-one boy met him with a phlegmatic message from Breta Banning's number-one boy to the effect that Mrs. Banning was tied tightly and securely to her bed, guarded by her amah, as a result of having been discovered by the amah in an incriminating position with a small revolver. Through mutual agreement between Mrs. Banning and her servants, it had been decided to send for Douglas Allbright. It was an hour before, that the message had come.

So it was that Allbright found matters—the amah sitting mutely by the bedside of her rescued victim, deaf to the threats which were descending upon her. It would have been poor business indeed to let such a source of income as her mistress kill itself. From the doorway Allbright simultaneously watched the amah's pantomimed version of the affair and listened to Breta's hysterical explanation of having been looking at the revolver and happening to have it pointed so she might see if the barrel were rusty.

"Now, my dear Mrs. Banning, things aren't so bad as all this," he began, fatherly fashion, after her freedom had been restored, the amah reassured, and they were sitting together in her garish little living room.

She wore a crumpled dress of henna-colored Canton crêpe, white stockings and Chinese slippers. She was shaken and drawn, the rouge on her cheeks making a grotesque decoration, but the gaze of her bright gray eyes was as sharp as silver arrows. She sat on a stool in front of him, her arms hugging her hunched-up knees.

"You surely don't believe that idiotic amah! Oh, I could shoot her, happily."

"I think your amah sincerely believed she was saving your life. So far as you are concerned, I think you were merely bluffing yourself. Why did you go to Trent's house?"

"Oh, I couldn't help it. I telephoned you and you weren't there. And it was too terrible—just sitting here—w-waiting." Allbright could comprehend this; and the sympathy in his face brightened her voice. "I went over in a ricksha, and I saw your car leaving just as I came around the corner of the hutung, so I prayed everything would be all right; I had such faith in you—such perfectly wonderful faith, because you're so much like ——"

"But I told you to stay here until I'd seen you!" he interrupted sharply. He could not bear to have her reiterate the fictional resemblance between himself and Griffith Banning. "You must do what I tell you if I'm to help you, Mrs. Banning. Can't you realize that?"

"Oh, I do; truly I do. And I will; truly I will. You're so wonderful and—and everything. It just seems as if God must have sent you to help me and I ——"

"In the first place I must ask you to answer some very direct questions," he hurried on. "Just why is Trent so bitter toward you?"

"Because he's so jealous, that's all. You see I loved him so—so soon after I met him and ——"

"You do love him, then?"

"Oh, now of course I hate him with all my heart and soul."

"How long have you been hating him?"

"W-why, nearly a month; ever since—since he said he'd never marry me."

"You had expected to marry him?"

"Why, of course I had."

"He had spoken of marrying you?"

"He says he never did. Of course I wasn't suspicious or anything because I just naturally supposed we'd be married. I just naturally trust people and expect them to ——"

She left off, uncertain of just what she expected. Allbright could have laughed if any laughter had been left in him, at the transparent nothingness of her. She was just an objective little trinket, adorning or cast off, at the mood of her wearer.

"But you haven't told me the explicit cause of his jealousy?" he reminded her.

"It wasn't anything really. One night—about a month ago—I went to the Western Hills Hotel for dinner with a friend from Shanghai. I wouldn't have gone if Larry hadn't been going to some dance at a friend's house where he wouldn't take me. But I was alone and—so I went. There wasn't any harm in it. We just had dinner and some cocktails. But Billy didn't know he had to get a pass to get into the city after ten o'clock, and I forgot all about it. And when we got to the wall the gate was locked and we couldn't get in. It wasn't late, just about eleven. And I felt sick; I guess the bumpy ride after the cocktails. Billy did everything he could; really he did. I actually was afraid he was going to kill the Chinese gatekeepers. But you know there just isn't any use. He telephoned the legation—and everything. They said go back to the hotel. So we did. Heaven knows I didn't want to. I was sick, and the roads are so awful. Why, Larry's been locked out himself! But he won't believe me. One of his catty society friends was at the hotel; if he'd ever been decent enough to introduce me to people I could have explained it to her. She'd seen us together once at the movies, and she asked Larry what sort of girls he'd been taking up lately and —— Oh, how I do wish I were dead!"

She swayed on the stool and her cheeks seemed to withdraw farther from the rouge. He thought she was going to faint, and of how he should hate to have to pick her up if she fell off the stool. But she smiled, to strengthen the quiver of her lips, and the unconscious effort at bravery drove off his distaste.

Seeing her, sick with her misery, he realized that life can hold terrors for women—even for shallow selfish women—beyond all suffering of men. His resolves fastened quickly upon him. If Griffith Banning had lived, this little beaten creature would probably have been a proud, respected mother, safe and serene in her husband's protection.

"What was the woman's name who saw you—do you remember?" he asked her quietly.

"Mrs. Kenton-Smith. Her husband's something or other at the legation."

"Yes; I know her very well."

"Do you?" she said blankly, helplessly. Mrs. Kenton-Smith, to her, seemed as distant as a dweller of another planet.

"I'll have you both over for tea. She'll be a good friend for you to have."

She looked frightened. "Oh, but she wouldn't—she wouldn't ——"

"She will regard you very differently when she understands matters," he said slowly and firmly. "When she realizes that you are my friend and that I know your family and esteem them highly, you will find her an agreeable and charming woman. I am sure she will be most charitable in understanding that"—he thought an instant—"your innocence has been easily taken advantage of. And she will see that you meet other women—the right kind of women—at once."

Hope, suddenly wrestling with despair, bewildered her utterly. "Oh, but I don't—I mean, I can't —— Don't you see it wouldn't do any good? I'm—I mean, don't you see that Larry is all that matters?" Her shrill voice broke, and ended in a whisper. "I don't want to know anybody—not anybody."

He leaned forward and loosened her stiff hands, which held her hunched-up knees. Her feet dropped to the floor like weights.

Holding her cold hands tightly he said, "Right from this minute I want you to put Larry out of your mind. Make yourself. For two weeks you will do exactly as I tell you; exactly, and then ——"

The silence was like glass between them; wonderment softened her sharp little face

(Continued on Page 85)

100 Years to a Day

HOW wonderful it would be if our bodies were like the "one-hoss shay" —if we kept on going until we just collapsed from old age! What joy to live a life free from pain and illness, filled with pleasant activities and followed by a *natural* passing away—just the simple stopping of a worn-out heart!

Heart *disease* is another matter. Today more people die from heart disease than from tuberculosis or cancer or pneumonia. And many of them die needlessly. Heart disease is so little understood and so greatly feared! There has always been a hush whenever the dread words were mentioned—always an air of awe and mystery. The person who had heart disease was supposed to be doomed—with the sword of Damocles hanging by a hair above his head.

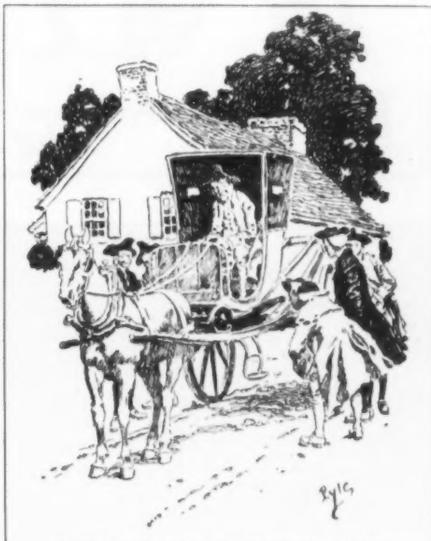
It was thought that nothing could be done about heart disease. Those who had it were afraid to exercise, afraid to work, afraid of this—afraid of that. Relatives watched with terror, ready to open the window or bring a glass of water.

But it need not be so. Heart disease is not the tragically incurable and unpreventable affliction it was thought to be.

Nature, in most cases, makes the heart strong enough to serve faithfully for a long life—there are few bad machines turned out of her work shop.

Day and night, year in and year out, this most wonderful machine in the world does its work. It has no rest, from the day you are born to the day you die. It has no time off for repairs—it knows no holidays and observes no union hours.

Steadily, steadfastly, second by second and minute by minute, this marvelous muscle contracts and expands—contracts and expands—pumping the blood all through your body. More than 30 million times a year this action is repeated.



"Have you heard of the wonderful one-hoss shay,
That was built in such a logical way
It ran a hundred years to a day,
And then, * * * * *

* * * *

All at once the horse stood still
—First a shiver, and then a thrill
Then something decidedly like a spill,—

* * * *

—What do you think the parson found,
When he got up and stared around?
The poor old chaise in a heap or mound
As if it had been to the mill and ground!
* * It went to pieces all at once,—
All at once, and nothing first,—
Just as bubbles do when they burst!"

We are grateful to Mrs. Howard Pyle and Houghton Mifflin Company for permission to reprint Howard Pyle's historic picture of Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes' wonderful "One-Hoss Shay."

Treat your heart fairly—protect it from the things that may injure it and you have little to fear. Heart disease has grown to such alarming figures as the greatest life destroyer in the United States, simply because people have not dealt intelligently with it.

Many damaged hearts can be made to do their work through proper rest and care. The heart has amazing recuperative powers and often will mend itself if given a chance. But even though you have some serious organic heart trouble, there is no reason why you should despair. Some of the busiest, most useful people in the world, are heart sufferers.

If you have heart disease do not lose hope. A noted heart specialist said: "The cases in which people drop dead from heart disease are comparatively few. If those with impaired hearts will follow the instructions of their physicians they can live practically normal lives—and will most likely die of something else."

Find out how to live so you will not over-tax your heart. Learn the kind of occupations that are safe for you. Let your doctor tell you what you may do and what you must not do. Exercise is often a part of the treatment of heart disease but your exercise must be directed by your physician.

A lot of people are suffering from imaginary heart disease. Don't try to decide for yourself. There is scarcely a sensation associated with heart disease which may not be caused by some other disorder. The most important thing is to live hygienically, to keep yourself strong and well, so that disease germs will have little chance to attack your body. When you are ill put yourself at once in your doctor's care and obey his orders.

Have your heart carefully examined after every attack of serious illness.

Aim for "*A hundred years to a day.*"

It has been estimated that 2% of the population of the United States, or more than 2,000,000 have organic heart disease.

Statistics show that one industrial worker in every fifty has a serious heart defect. And one out of every 13, so suffering, dies.

The annual death toll of heart disease in the United States is 150,000.

Prior to 1912 tuberculosis caused more deaths in the United States than any other disease. Since then, heart disease leads. The reason is that the death rate for tuberculosis has dropped, while the death rate for heart disease has remained almost stationary.

In the communities where people have learned how to fight tuberculosis, it becomes less of a menace each year.

As fast as people understand what can be done to prevent and relieve heart disease, there will be not only a decrease in the number of deaths, but also a splendid increase in the number of lives completely transformed—from dependence and anxiety to usefulness and happiness.

HALEY FISKE, *President.*

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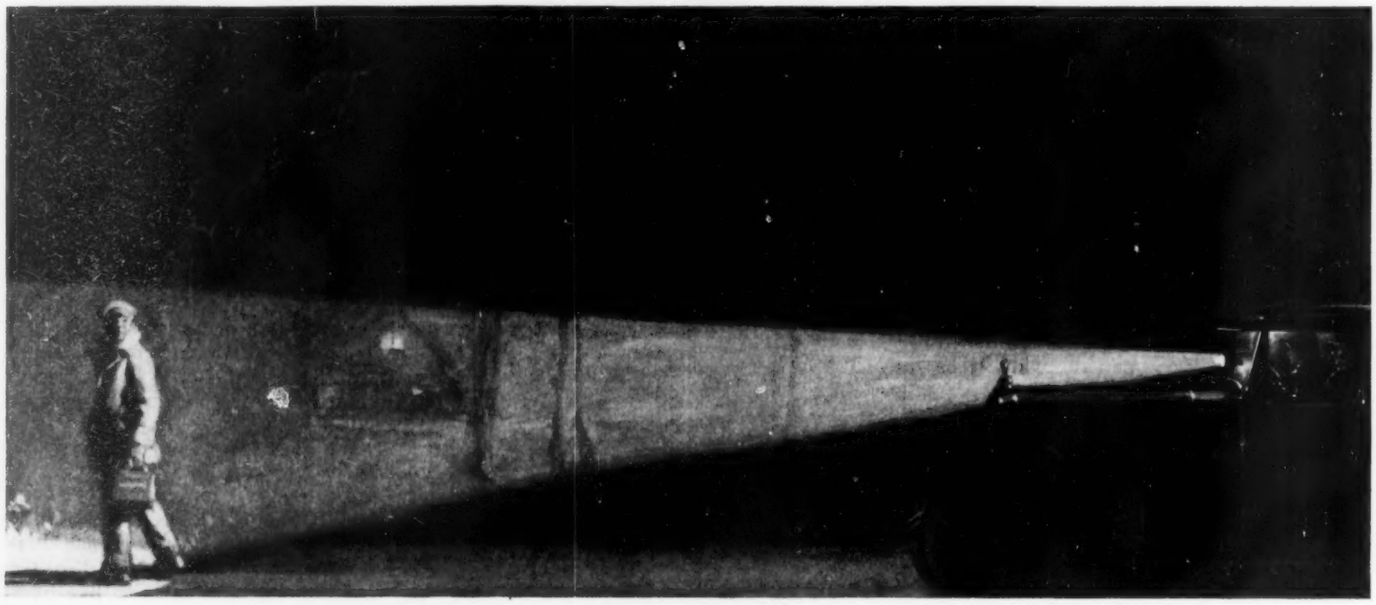

When the Moment Comes

A COUNTRY road—or darkened, sidewalkless street: who knows at what moment a pedestrian will be in your path? He does not realize how difficult he is to see—or that you may be blinded by oncoming headlights.

Many accidents occur this way. Most of them could be avoided through use of the Fyrac Night Guide. Trained over the right-hand road-edge, the Night Guide is a never-failing "eye" when otherwise you would "go it blind."

The Fyrac fits through your windshield glass—is controlled from within the car. Always in use—never hampered by curtains or closed windows. With the Gun Grip at your finger ends you can shoot its 1500-foot beam in any direction, and it "stays put," secure against road shocks.

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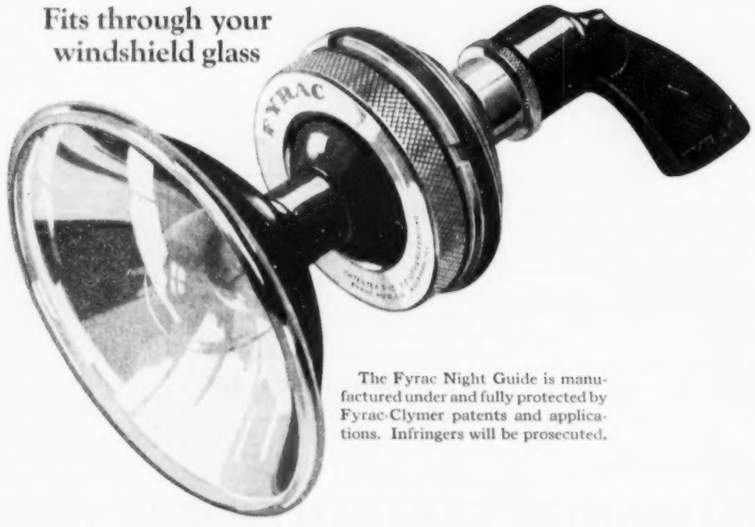

The Fyrac Night Guide is manufactured under and fully protected by Fyrac-Clymer patents and applications. Infringers will be prosecuted.

(Continued from Page 82)

and made it almost beautiful, reflecting, like a mirror, the sheer splendor on his.

"—— and then you and I will be married and go to England for perhaps a year."

"O-oh, dear God," she whispered; and he knew that, as believingly as in her convent childhood, she really spoke to God.

III

IF IT be true that the scandalized dead turn in their graves, Helen Castle's sedate ancestors must have put in a restless night on that tenth of June. For the representative of their traditions shattered her birthright of conventional behavior and went skylarking with scandal. Alone and uninvited, she visited the man she loved in his own house. She did not come until midnight, and she stayed more than two hours. And she went away with bitterness in her heart, and broken-spirited, for, like many another new dweller in the realm of love, she found herself tottering on the banks of Avernus because she had trusted herself to uncharted Elysian fields.

Douglas Allbright came out with his number-one boy, in a somewhat tardy response to her ricksha boy's prolonged ring at the outer gate of his compound. He still wore his dinner clothes, his tie evidencing a hasty readjustment, as if he had been about to undress. Helen knew from his expression that he had thought to find Breta Banning there and that he had intended to refuse to let her come in. His usually pale face showed a dull red flushed spot on each cheek bone. With a bewildered gesture he smoothed back the always smooth streak of gray hair and left his hand resting on his head.

"Helen?" he said. "Wh-why, Helen!"

She stepped down from her ricksha and drew her soft gray summer wrap close over her bare throat. The air was black and smelled of rain. She wore no hat and the wind had blown her dark hair into attractive disorder around her pale determined face.

"Will you drive me back in your car or shall I have Sing wait?" she asked quietly.

"Why—why, certainly. That is, send your boy home. I'll have 'em bring my car right round. Chan, get Lien; he probably isn't in bed yet; we're just home. Then get my hat, Chan. Helen, if you don't mind waiting here"—he gestured to a stone bench just inside the gateway—"Lien will have the car in a minute. *Oh, pourquoi avez-vous fait cela? Scandale va vite ici à Péking sur les pieds de ses gamins!*"

She went to him and took his arm; he tightened her hand involuntarily against his body, but quickly loosed it again.

"Douglas, I'm going into your house and I'm going to stay until you explain this mad miserable evening. Scandal can travel as fast as it likes, so long as I know what you meant by that chit. Sing, you can go homeside. Good night."

Sing's obedience was instantaneous, and the foreign missee would have had to change her mind with even unusual swiftness to have kept pace with the fleetness of his feet as he trotted down the dark hutung, the ricksha rattling merrily. With the departure of the ricksha lights there was total darkness, for Chan had taken his lantern.

"We can talk in the car, Helen. I'll have Lien drive slowly."

Allbright spoke in his characteristic without-argument manner, but Helen answered from a distance several paces nearer the house.

"I am going in the house; I have to be stationary when I really listen to anyone. I may never have my own way again, Douglas, but I'm going to have it now unless you sandbag me and drag me off like a bandit."

This ultimatum ended in a smothered little gasp, for Allbright overtook her as she hesitated on the unfamiliar path, and in the soft damp darkness caught her roughly to him in arms that hurt with their embrace. The first slow raindrops fell on their faces, like tears of a watching destiny, but their kisses banished everything in the world that did not solely belong to love.

Not until Chan's lantern came winking through the garden did reality intrude its perplexities. They stood apart then and waited for him, so emptied by emotion that neither found words. Chan shared his lantern light concernedly.

"Lien, he come very quick, sir; right away now he there. Rain he come very quick too."

Allbright cleared his throat, twice. "Thanks, Chan. Missee and I talk little while in library. You tell Lien wait."

The library was the smallest, least Oriental room in Allbright's convenient but unpretentious house, which competed with none of the audacious atmosphere of Lawrence Trent's. He had risked the fury of the gods and the entrance of hobgoblins by putting a small nine-terraced fireplace in the library and by cutting a window in the north wall. The room was lined with used books and full of comfortable heterogeneous furniture. A long lazy couch, backed by a reading table and a tall lamp with frayed fringe, and strewn with disordered newspapers, stretched in front of the fireplace. Helen cleared away the papers and they sat down together before the empty clean-swept grate. It was hard to think of careless words, after the things their silent lips had told each other in the darkness outside. Chan's footsteps lessened into silence. A little clock, somewhere, set up its homely placid chatter and was presently answered by the inquiring chirp of a cricket.

"Clocks and crickets—and love; just the same in China, Douglas, as in Paris or in Littleville, Ohio. Oh, Douglas, what is the matter? What did you mean by that absurd miserable chit? You surely didn't think I'd be thrust aside as casually as you invited me to the dinner party?"

The chit, which was now crumpled inside the front of her dress, had welcomed her at the hotel on her late return from the day's adventuring. Both of them reviewed it in their minds while she waited for him to speak.

Dear Helen: We can't go on together. That is all I can say until I see you alone, tomorrow; and even then I am able to tell you so little that you will feel only contempt and bitterness for me. Our dinner party for tonight—if you can find it in your heart to come merely because of my selfish desire to have you—now includes Major and Mrs. Kenton-Smith, Mrs. Banning and Jimmie Craig. *I love you.* DOUGLAS.

And what a dinner party!

The Kenton-Smiths perplexedly polite; Jimmie Craig near to bursting with curiosity, a flame of hope in his eyes; Breta Banning, unrouged, and almost winsome in the quietness of her convalescence from devouring fear; Douglas Allbright, just as always, but noticeably attentive to Mrs. Banning's every inconsequential little remark; while for Helen the dinner was nothing more than bewilderment for food and courage for cocktails. But, outwardly, the usual things—soup and fish and the unremitting little birds, chatter and laughter, Larry Trent at a neighboring table pretending oblivion of the only thing of which he was conscious, and after a while, mah jongg in the parlor downstairs, music, more laughter, and at last, homegoings.

Helen had tried conscientiously to make herself go to her room and go to bed. But it was impossible. Scorning comment she had taken a hotel ricksha to Allbright's house. Now, sitting beside him, his hand closed tightly over hers on the couch between them, she felt farther away than ever.

"Douglas," she said gently, "don't you suppose I've realized that whatever it is in your life which has made you seem as—as unhappy and remorseful as you sometimes do isn't a pleasant thing; isn't perhaps even an honorable thing? But, now that I love you, it can't possibly matter."

"Oh, Helen, Helen." His voice groped for words, and stopped. He was staring straight in front of him, his head turned from her so that she could not see his face.

"Yes, Douglas. Don't have so little faith in my love for you; nothing can hurt me so long as you love me."

His hand tightened over hers until she could have cried out from pain.

"It will hurt you, Helen; my love hasn't anything to do with it. O God, there's no easy way of telling you. I've got—I'm going to marry someone else."

Still his fingers kept their crushing grip, but left no pain.

"Marry?"

"Yes."

"N-not—her?"

"Yes; Mrs. Banning."

"But—but"—her mind raced over its small knowledge of the woman; he had introduced himself to her the night before—"but you haven't known her."

He shook his head, his face still turned away from her. She moved nearer him and, reaching up, turned his head so that his eyes, deep and unflinching, and so black that the pupils were without definite outline, looked into her lifted gray ones.

"Oh, my dearest," she whispered, a cry more of the spirit than of the flesh, for the thing that she saw was like that.

His face had lost its strange look of unhappiness, but it had lost, also, its life. It was like a dead face, newly content, having gained happiness only through death. Now she was afraid. She had not been, before—really afraid. But now she knew that this mystery which had attracted her to him was brutal enough to betray the love it had bred. She stared at him, her spirit surrendering. And slowly he lowered his face to hers and kissed her.

Then, shoulder to shoulder, cheek against cheek, staring together into the fireless clean-swept grate, he began telling her, in a low, unhesitating voice, the things he had mentally rehearsed hundreds and hundreds of times in the poor comfort of pretending he was sharing their burden with another's knowledge. She did not interrupt him; when he paused, her breathing followed his, in and out, in and out, waiting.

"It seemed to me this afternoon, Helen, that I'd be paying Banning off a little more cleanly if I didn't tell you—if I tried to make even you believe my love and faith in the woman. But nothing could make you. The pretense wouldn't pay for itself. First I must tell you about Griffith Banning. He was fine and wholesome, and boyish in his enthusiasms. He had a quality I miss—always giving credit to the other fellow, passing along the praise and sharing the blame. I think I must have resented this trait in him unconsciously; I've always felt my lack of it. I was born arrogant and demanding and uncharitable. As a kid I was never denied what I wanted; and later I took what I wanted as a matter of course. I didn't realize it was a kind of cowardice. I took pride in it." He laughed harshly, and startled her. "You're really the only thing I've ever wanted that I—am going to—give up."

"But you aren't," she murmured.

He did not hear her; in reality, he was talking to himself.

"Well, Banning was sent up for special work to our regiment; he was billeted with me in a dugout. He wasn't young; in fact he was old enough for love to play hell with him. He'd married a young girl—this girl—just out of a convent; and her innocence had blinded him like sunlight on snow; to him it meant virtue and chastity and goodness and purity and wonderful womanliness, and everything desirable on earth. You see he compared her with older, artful and sophisticated women.

"He had her pictures all over the place; there wasn't an inch of our dugout where she wasn't smiling or frowning or pouting. Why, he'd give me dozens to look at every time a mail came. And talk! All day long he talked about her, working, drilling, under fire; and most of the night, in his sleep. And because he was fine and generous and brave beyond believing, it never got to be a joke to anybody; in fact, it was more of a mascot; we depended on his ravings. The man didn't know fear. He was absolutely sure and certain of life—of going back to Heaven. That's what he called her—'Heaven.' I don't remember that anybody thought it absurd. Those were incredible days. But what was I saying? Oh, yes; how sure he was of living. Even with shrapnel flying around like sparrows he never gave death a passing thought. And he'd be alive today if I hadn't killed him."

He stopped, definitely bracing himself for an expression of shock, horror, revolt. His hand still covered hers, but loosely, unpossessingly; she slipped hers away and lifted his into her lap, holding it tightly in both her own. It was her only answer, but plainly it gave none of the comfort she had intended; he seemed to want horror from her. "One night—it was black as soot—we were sent out together. It was vital work; our line was planning a sudden offensive—to depend on our signal at a certain time. It was dark and wet; we crawled in the mud; we had to tap their wires; we got the dope we wanted; we kept up with the time allotted to us; on the way back he tried to tell me we were taking the wrong direction. But I've always been so sure I'm right—so sure that I can hypnotize others into my own belief. I knew I was right. I wasn't. Just an instant before the time to flash back the signal that the whole line was waiting for, I realized my mistake. From where we were our guns would finish us. Sure. Our own barrage. It wasn't a second, I suppose, but—well, that second was too much for me. If I'd known beforehand I was going to face death, I tell you, before God, Helen, I wouldn't have been a coward. I felt only pride in being sent out there where we might have been wiped out any minute. But I must have a craven streak in me that it takes thought to fortify. And there wasn't time. Banning sensed that I'd caved in; it was time for our signal. He whispered, 'We've got to!' That's all. Nothing about what I'd let us in for; just, 'We've got to!'

"I—I couldn't. He grabbed me. He was all over me, like an octopus; he got the key and sent back the buzzer signal; I was a flabby thing under him there in the mud; I don't even remember the guns, not a sound nor a flash of fire; I didn't feel anything except his blood running on my neck and face, and I didn't hear anything except what he said. 'You poor —— —— coward,' he said, and then right in my ear—his breath was hot like his blood on my face—he whispered, 'Good-by, little Heaven. God bless you.'

"Then—a week later—the poor —— —— coward came to in a hospital—a hero!"

In the long silence the little clock and the cricket again took up their conversation. Helen lifted his hand to her lips and held it there. Finally she said, in a voice that sounded startlingly quiet and strong following the thin tense suffering of his, though her tears wet his cheek where it pressed against hers, "It has been such a terrible thing to you, Douglas, that your own misery has eaten much of its horror away, for me."

"It's taken none away, for me. I'm never far away from it; never. At night when I wake up, at a dinner party, in the midst of a business talk—anywhere I'm likely to hear his voice say 'You poor —— —— coward.' It's like one word; like a name. And whenever it happens I feel my neck go hot where his blood ran."

"Oh, don't, dearest! He's had more than his revenge!"

"Revenge? Why, Helen, you don't understand. He was pitying me; pitying me! There wasn't a bitter or revengeful atom in Griffith Banning's body! I love him, I tell you. I love him, I suppose, in the way the sincerely orthodox love God. Why, he was sorry for me! So sorry for me that he tried to shield me with his own body to shut out as much of the horror of it as he could. He didn't expect to save my life, but he did even that."

When the silence grew unbearable Helen Castle said in a choked voice, "But why, Douglas, do you think he would want you to marry—his wife?"

"Because, now that I love you, I know how he would feel—about her. Nothing can be comparable to having the woman you love—in disgrace." And he told her all that had been between him and Breta Banning.

When he had finished she got up abruptly and walked about the room, fingering things on the table, fighting back her feelings.

"Douglas!" Her voice burst out sharply, protestingly; and it was with effort that she changed and softened it. "I think this thing—you are so close to it that you see it out of all proportion. He would surely want her to be happy as well as respected; and how can you, loving another woman, make her happy when she loves another man? You say yourself you are fastidious and demanding. How will you endure her, day after day, year after year? You can't make her happy! You'll be hating her."

He sat just as she had left him, gazing into the empty hearth—as empty and promiseless as the future which stretched before him. But his answer was firm and undoubting.

"I shall always regard her as the person she was to him, not what she is to me. She is not astute; comfort and safety will always content her."

A sound, turned by its bitterness from laughter into a sob, broke from her throat. "And what, I wonder, is to content me? Have you given even one thought to me, Douglas?"

He shook his bent head, as one might whose eyes were blinding. "No!" he said harshly. "I haven't! I haven't dared to." His voice lowered, softened with love. "I've given you my heart and my soul instead—but I can't go with them; they'd be a coward's if I did."

She went back to him quickly and knelt in front of him, encircled closely in his arms, her lips on his.

"Oh, my dearest, I will keep them always, always," she whispered, "until some day you can come back to them."

He drew her quickly closer and left his kisses in her soft black hair so that she

(Continued on Page 89)

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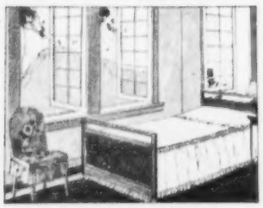

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Fenestra Basement Windows have made this great difference. With their narrower bars of steel and larger panes of glass they admit 80% more light. Surely you'll want a bright, cheerful and usable basement. When you buy or build *your* new home be sure it's equipped with Fenestra Basement Windows. They're sold by leading lumber and supply dealers everywhere.

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Fenestra
The name of the ORIGINAL steel WindoWall.
The symbol of superior QUALITY in material, patented design, workmanship and service.

(Continued from Page 86)

might not see his face, for he knew that in the relentless years there probably would be no returning. For a time they stayed so, unspeaking. Then she drew away and stood before him, looking down at him, smiling, with wet eyes.

"Time for the only thing you've ever given up, to go home," she said clearly.

And when they went out through the shower-freshened garden, moonlight had come again and a clean little breeze, sweet and mischievous as a newly bathed baby, blew pink peony petals into the lap of the fat-bellied Buddha of the Future, who sat on his pedestal by the gate, laughing at them, as they said good-by.

IV

WHEN people learned that Douglas Allbright was to marry the suddenly omnipresent Mrs. Banning, many things were said that were not said to him. But so surely did he plan each day of the few fourteen that, as he had told Helen Castle, his surety of result was hypnotic. Moreover, he had expedient reserves in waiting.

There were in Peking several prominent business men who were only too glad to smother their wives' apprehensions about Breta Banning, men on whom Douglas Allbright had scrupulously refrained from applying pressure; there were other men, army men, to whom his war record was a matter of such honor that they would have championed his choice had she been a Hottentot; and there was the woman who understood. Helen Castle did more than all the rest. For Breta Banning, with her witless chatter, had to be cautiously presented before the watchful women at the lunches and teas where no tolerant men were at hand. When, exposed to some unforeseen situation in Allbright's ceaseless coachings, she would have blundered and betrayed herself, the woman to whom he had given his heart and soul was closely by to save her.

"Who is this Mrs. Banning?" asked everyone.

From the first replies—that she was some girl with whom Larry Trent had carelessly terminated an affair—she swiftly advanced to "A poor little thing who was threatened with melancholia over the loss of her husband and who had been treated disgracefully by Larry Trent; that boy really ought to be cut by decent people"; and in less than a week gossip ran smoothly in defined grooves—"Why, she's a Virginia girl—dear little thing, isn't she? Such vivacity. The Bannings, you know, are one of the very best old Southern families. Too bad she had such an experience with that Larry Trent. They say he has a resemblance to her husband and the innocent little thing just instinctively believed and trusted him. Such a mistake for her to have been sent to China. Oh, not as it's turning out, of course, and you see her husband's people thought the trip might cure her despondency. But would you ever have thought Douglas Allbright would admire that type? This Miss Castle he'd been going about with seemed so much more what you'd think he'd admire. You know Miss Castle is a schoolmate of some relative of hers; sister, I think. No, I believe it was a cousin; or an aunt—something. Well, it's certainly doing marvels for Douglas Allbright. Have you ever seen such a change in a man?"

There was a change in Douglas Allbright. His face gained a light that made men mention it. One afternoon at the club he laughed aloud at the absurdity of some coolie; he did not know he had done something unusual, but to his friends it evidenced a transformation. Yes, he had changed. For a man's spirit can be greatly content when his heart is most sore.

But he paid his heart's debt dearly whenever he was alone, and more dearly still when in the companionship of the woman who was to be his wife. He contrasted her constantly with the woman he loved; her metallic animated voice with Helen's soft, even, deliberate one; her self-awareness—powdering her nose, adjusting the neck of her dress, patting her shining black hair—with Helen's entire absorption in things around her to the exclusion of any self-consciousness; her little pretenses and policies with Helen's candor and justice. Even Breta Banning's consuming virtue of honest, overwhelming, devouring gratitude scourged him to misery because it reminded him unceasingly that he deserved no gratitude.

He did not permit himself to see Helen Castle alone, again; she had offered her social assistance, casually, over the telephone, and he had been humble in accepting. But as the days relentlessly drew nearer and nearer to the one he dreaded, he failed his faith in himself. He could put her sternly and savagely out of his longings in the daytime, but in the few hours which sleep granted him he dreamed of her, his dreams making memories too vivid to be put aside.

On the night before his marriage he stretched himself on the couch in front of the fireplace. The evening was warm, but he had Chan lay a chattering little fire for the mere sake of its companionship. His packed trunks waited in the hall; Woo, his factory manager, had paid his last visit; Chan had received his last instructions for the year to come. The past was packed and ready for the future.

Three times he got up and went to the telephone desk, and three times he came back and threw himself on the couch again. The fourth time temptation took him. But there was no soft slow voice to greet him. If this were Mr. James Craig, the hotel telephone operator told him in difficult English, 310 missee had left a message for him.

A new emotion swept over him and left him trembling—an emotion he had not known for twenty years. Jealousy. Now he knew that he had expected Helen Castle to be there, alone, suffering as he was suffering. But casual engagements and ordinary affairs were occupying her. Unreasoning anger shook his jealousy.

Where was she? Leaving messages for Craig, and the hour near midnight?

His head and throat filled with a queer, long-forgotten sensation, pricking, suffocating. The coming of tears! The shock of realizing his weakness galvanized him.

"This is Craig," he lied loudly. "What's the message?"

"She say tell you she go house Mrs. Banning; maybe so she no can be here when people come in automobile; you no wait; she come Temple of Heaven by herself by 'm by. She bring sandwiches when she come. Go'-by."

Sweat covered Allbright. Any small hurt he might otherwise have felt at Helen's evident ease of diversion, in going to late moonlight picnics in the Temple of Heaven grounds, seemed infinitesimal before his sickening apprehension of what calamities Breta Banning might now be calling down upon them.

He could scarcely make his voice intelligible in trying to telephone Breta Banning's house; and then—only the amah to answer with an excited jargon from which he could gather only greater fear.

Then . . . the bell of the compound gate ringing long and loudly . . . the response of quick soft-padded feet. . . . He could only sit hunched at his desk, stupid and sick, waiting, his mind muddled with something like prayer; but a prayer addressed to Griffith Banning for courage and gentleness and wisdom to act.

Now—quicker feet, shoe-shod, hurrying.

But it was not Breta Banning, terror-burdened, who stood in the doorway. It was Helen, tall, pale, in a crumpled white dress, her gray eyes shining. A white rose petal from the garden wall had caught in her soft black hair. She stretched out her hands and came across the room to him, and her words stayed in the air like live things around her head. She was breathless.

"She—she married Larry Trent two hours ago. She sent for me. I didn't know what for. They've just gone on this train."

He stood up and took her in his arms.

"So the only thing you've ever given up has come back to you, dearest," she whispered. "Oh—my dearest."

DOLLS

(Continued from Page 5)

Leighton's shoulders jerked as if an excess of some nervous restraint had been unexpectedly set free. Vivien noted his eyes were hot, his lips pressed into a straight firm line, and that his face had paled to a dead white.

"Truth is," he was saying in a constrained voice, "I was never so shot to pieces in my life. It's got me by the throat."

He stopped abruptly, turning away his face that had flooded with color. Vivien regarded her son without speaking. The agony in his eyes, the suffering in his tight-pressed lips, the haggardness that dragged at his cheeks and mouth filled her with a profound unhappiness.

"Tell me," she said, and drew him with her down upon the couch.

Leighton buried his head in her lap, and now the sobs he had no power to control tore through him. Vivien put her hand upon his curling hair, stroked it gently and without words. And presently the sobs subsided, presently there was quiet upon the prone figure beside her. And then Leighton sprang to his feet.

"But this is absurd!" he exclaimed half angrily. "I never meant to carry on this way!" He was regarding his mother furiously.

"Tell me," Vivien said again.

Leighton's hand made the suggestion of a shrug.

"What do you know?"

Vivien smiled.

"They say she's very beautiful; but even so, you are engaged, Leighton."

Leighton's shoulder jerked abruptly; the eyes he bent upon his mother held an abjectness of misery stabbing in its quality.

"I never had it hit me this way," he said argumentatively, as if the words were merely the repetition of something over which he had gone and gone. "I swear, Vi, I never knew—love was like this."

His mother closed her eyes in an instinctive effort to shut out the misery she saw in his; an effort that was inherently a part of her philosophy of life—to avoid the unhappiness and harshness as much as possible.

"It can be—rather terrible," she acknowledged, and crossed abruptly from him to toy with a book lying open on the table.

Leighton remained with his back to her, moody eyes upon the cushions of the couch he did not see. He was too preoccupied with his own unhappiness to have a thought for what was passing in his mother's mind.

Finally Vivien came back to the figure of her son.

"I trust your discretion implicitly," she said, and forced with her will his eyes to hers.

Leighton shrugged impatiently.

"I'm almost beyond discretion," he replied.

Vivien lifted a hand to touch his cheek.

"I trust your discretion," she repeated in the same indolently casual tone. "You're engaged to Helen Warrener. Why, only yesterday I had a letter asking me for lists—she must be getting the invitations ready. You're to sail the twentieth, isn't it?"

The man's miserable eyes, under the utter casualness, the utter matter-of-factness of her voice, imperceptibly underwent an alteration. By the time she had finished speaking, some of their blankness of misery had vanished.

"Of course," he said in an almost vague tone as if, having spoken his inmost thought, it wore now to him the absurd impracticality of a dream or a midnight plan. Even he shook himself as if to throw off any of its lingering vestiges. "It's rather rotten for Helen," he added sheepishly.

Vivien shook her head vehemently.

"Helen's true straight through," she responded. "If she were older she'd understand—the English of her would help. But there's no necessity of her knowing, if you'll keep your head."

Leighton did not reply to his mother's words; he was staring past her moodily, as if he had come back somehow from a great distance. And Vivien spoke again:

"Is the girl discreet? That's usually the difficulty."

Leighton said, "God, if you knew how I love her!" Vivien nodded gently. And he continued: "The diplomatic service, my career, Helen—they don't exist! That is, they didn't until you—until now ——"

He regarded his mother with something of the incredulous amazement with which children see rabbits drawn from hats. Vivien laughed sweetly.

"I love you, dear," she said irrelevantly. "I wish we could dine together, just we two."

Leighton brightened.

"Can't we?" he demanded. "I'll take you somewhere."

But Vivien shook her head.

"I have people coming here—the ambassador to Great Britain." She laughed at the formality of the phrase, descriptive since last week of one of her warmest friends. "You'll dine with us, of course, and conduct yourself very prettily to your chief." She moved as she spoke toward her desk, continuing to speak as she busied herself with a pen. "I must hurry, too," she was murmuring. "There's the table to arrange." She looked up from the finished check. "I may not know how to balance my check book or read a timetable; but I do know how to place people at dinner."

Leighton had followed her across the room.

"I feel all sorts of a cad," he said shamelessly as he accepted the slip of paper from Vivien's fingers.

She rewarded him with a glance of affection.

"Discretion," she murmured. "In two months, my dear, you'll be a man of family and importance in the diplomatic world. There'll be no chance then to indulge a taste for the theater."

As she departed she stopped on the threshold to look back at Leighton. Her eyes met his for a moment; she smiled with mischievous gayety. He managed a return smile as mischievous and as gay.

It was then she said, "Have you heard your sister's flown our poor little nest—taken an apartment down in her beloved slums?"

"Vi!" Leighton exclaimed. "You don't mean you've allowed her ——"

Vivien lifted an expressive eyebrow.

"It's not a question of allowing Edwina to do things." Her voice underwent a subtle change, although her eyes maintained their look of entire innocence. "If she's decided she's a socialist, won't living the life of one be the quickest way of convincing her she isn't?"

The manner of her question was so childlike that Leighton burst out laughing. But Vivien had vanished through the door.

II

AS EDWINA TOWERS descended the steps of the hospital at five o'clock she decided there was time to call and see her mother before keeping her engagement with Doctor Sayman for the evening. She caught a Fifth Avenue bus at One Hundred and Tenth Street; but when they reached the Metropolitan Museum she was seized by a desire to walk the remainder of the distance to her mother's house. She chose the park side of the street and swung along at a brisk pace, enjoying the spring air after her day in the clinic.

But her thoughts were principally of the apartment in which she and Betty Parker had established themselves last week. She was glad, she told herself, that she had taken the step. If one had principles one should live them; if one deplored, distrusted the capitalistic system one had no right to be the beneficiary of it. And things were working out beautifully; the tiny apartment was quite adequate. As soon as she or Betty learned more about cooking they would be as comfortable as possible. Of course muddy coffee was a little hard to start the day on. She wondered irrelevantly how in the world one kept a percolator from boiling over, and determined to ask her mother's cook about it before she went up to Vivien's room.

There was the question of a smoothly made bed, too; but that was absurd. The secret of making a bed smoothly was to take off all the covers each morning and begin from the mattress. But if one was in a hurry, as she invariably was, it seemed the most sensible thing to smooth it up as quickly as possible.

A feeling of slight chagrin underlay her mood; the ghost of a most unwelcome thought was stalking her consciousness in a manner to cause her distinct fright. The thought was that the comforts of luxury are very delightful things. At the exact moment she brought into the light the ghost

(Continued on Page 93)

WORLD'S LARGEST Majestic Quality MAKERS OF COAL WINDOWS

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Majestic Underground Garbage Receivers—Milk and Package Receivers—All Metal Flower Boxes—All Metal Basement Windows—Fire-place Dampers—Ash Dumps—Flue Clean Out Doors.

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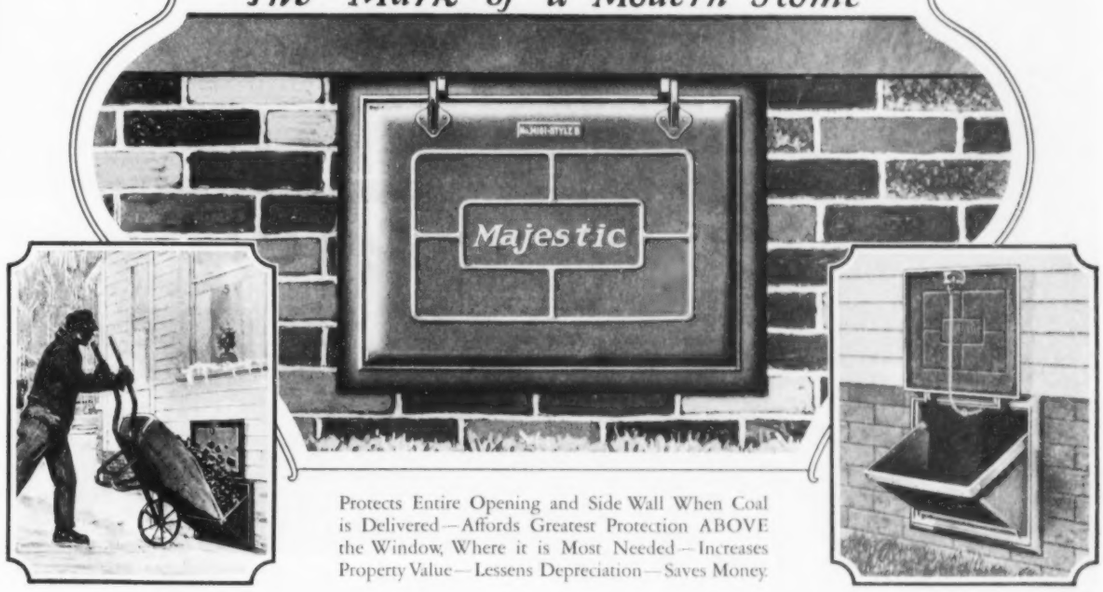

Protects Entire Opening and Side Wall When Coal is Delivered—Affords Greatest Protection ABOVE the Window, Where it is Most Needed—Increases Property Value—Lessens Depreciation—Saves Money.

Majestic leads the world in Coal Windows and sets the standard of quality—Certified Malleable Iron and Keystone Copper Steel Construction—Guaranteed break-proof—Superior in quality, design and workmanship at no additional cost.

There are eight different styles of Majestic Coal Windows and Coal Chutes—styles and sizes to meet every requirement in residences, stores, business buildings, apartments, etc. All styles are self-locking and burglar-proof. Residence styles have chain to latch for unlocking windows from any part of basement or from room above. The No. M-101 illustrated above sells for $12.00. Other styles as low as $9.00. (Slightly higher in far west.) Specify Majestic. Write for catalog and dealer's name.

Where is her Garbage Can?

Right where it ought to be—*underground*—yet convenient and accessible, at the kitchen door. Every housewife should know about this.

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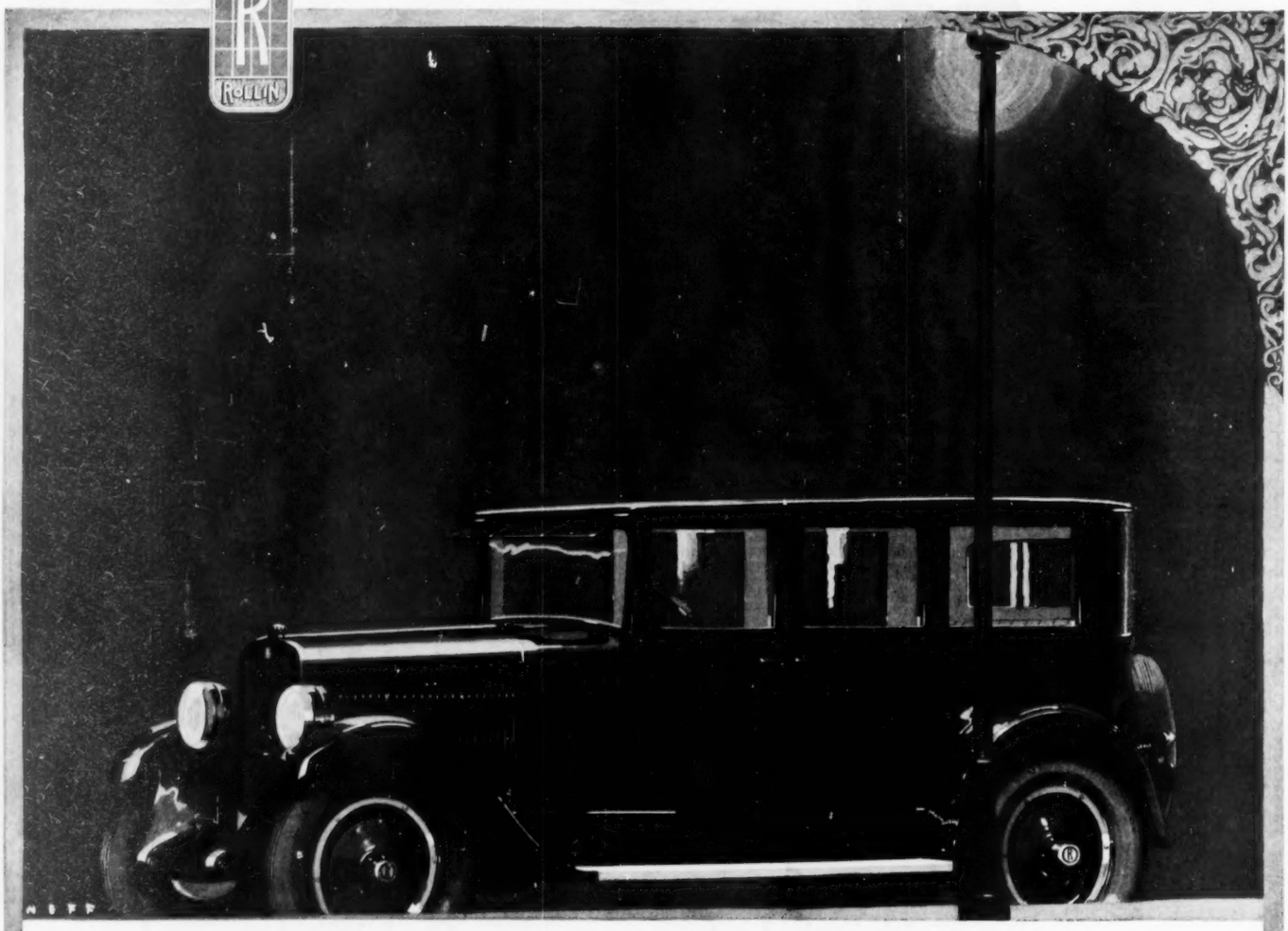

A Scientific Contribution to the Automobile Industry

As the Paris Salon, the Annual London Motor Car Classic, and the New York Automobile Show fade into the distance, it is interesting to summarize the noteworthy engineering refinements revealed at these three international events.

First, and probably foremost, was the almost universal acceptance of the light weight, small displacement, high compression motor.

This efficient power plant was found on the majority of the most costly European cars.

Rollin also has that identical type of power plant.

Next in importance was the almost complete acknowledgment of 4-wheel brakes. 95% of the motor cars at Paris were shown with brakes on all 4 wheels. The last to make its austere acknowledgment, at the London Show, was the stately Rolls-Royce.

Rollin also has the modern and safety providing system of 4-wheel brakes.

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Touring Car De Luxe	$ 975*
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*This same model with wood wheels, cord tires and 4-wheel brakes, but without De Luxe equipment, $895.

ROLLIN

THE ROLLIN MOTORS COMPANY, CLEVELAND, OHIO

(Continued from Page 90)

that had been skulking in her consciousness she saw on the pavement before her Scotson Howard.

"Hello," she said mechanically.

She was aware of the irony of meeting Scotson Howard at this precise moment. The thought of his millions was, for an instant, like a golden halo about him. Edwina blinked away her absurd illusion; and because she was angry and disappointed with herself, she determined to be very cruel to Scotson.

What in the world did he mean by interrupting her walk in this manner? It added to her anger to find that he had about-faced and was walking casually at her side, an absurd stick swinging from the crook of his arm. His eyes were upon her profile. It angered her for him to stare, as he always did, at her profile. She was aware of wishing she had looked at herself in the mirror at the clinic before she had left.

"Don't stare at me, Scotson," she said crossly.

Scotson removed his eyes from her offended profile, and keeping them straight ahead, answered, "I haven't seen your profile for so long I thought you mightn't mind if I took a real look."

"Well, you know how I feel about it," Edwina answered. "What brought you to the park?"

He replied, "I dropped in to see Vivien; she's criticizing some verse for me. But she was out, so I thought I'd stroll for an hour. Meeting you ——" He broke off, and finished, "Excuse me."

Edwina flashed him a grudgedly amused glance.

"I'm on my way to mother's now," she said. "Scotson, you've no idea what fun Betty and I are having with the apartment."

"Yes," Scotson said noncommittally.

"It's worlds of fun making our own beds and percolating the coffee."

Edwina was conscious of an amazed surprise at the prevarication implicit in her words.

But Scotson said, "Please, may I look at you when I'm speaking?" Edwina laughed for answer. And immediately he turned to her. "Perhaps you'll invite me to dinner some night."

"Oh," Edwina ejaculated, a little startled, "we aren't entertaining as yet. When we have friends in there're always those inexpensive Italian places, or the dearest little French café at the corner of Sixth Avenue."

Scotson touched her elbow to help her over a crossing; the contact with her arm set his pulses thrilling.

"Dine with me tomorrow," he whispered softly. She looked at him with instantaneous denial in her face. And he added hastily, "I promise you I won't ——"

But Edwina silenced him.

"I have a dinner engagement."

They had negotiated the crossing, and Scotson removed his fingers from the fabric of her sleeve with a lingering touch of regret.

Edwina looked at him an instant, then said, "How's mother since I left? I've meant to run in on her, but life's such a rush."

"I think she misses you," Scotson answered; "but of course Vivien's such a good sport she doesn't say anything about it."

"Yes," Edwina agreed. And then, "The real truth is, mother's so absorbed in parties she hasn't time for much else. It's wonderful, isn't it, to see a woman completely fill her life with frivolity as mother does? Why, Scotson, she's utterly unaware of the real world! Her life is—is stage play."

She regarded the young poet at her side with solemn eyes. Scotson shrugged his shoulders with the gesture bequeathed to him by a Gallic ancestor.

"I think," he said—and stopped while he said it, because it was a thing he had wanted for a long time to say to Edwina about her mother—"I think you underrate your mother."

"Underrate her?"

"There's an effect of stage play about her life," Scotson granted; "but the stage play's superficial."

He paused. Edwina, a step or two in advance of him, had stopped, too, and remained silent, waiting for him to elaborate his idea.

"Superficial?" she prompted as his silence lengthened unduly.

Scotson covered the distance that separated him from Edwina; he took her arm in his fingers again, propelled her forward in the impetus of the thought that had come to him about Vivien. With the cane held in his free hand, he pointed across the street to one of her father's tall buildings.

"Vivien, you know, is responsible for that—for your father."

"Responsible for father!" Edwina exclaimed, her spirit up in instant arms.

But Scotson continued ruthlessly: "She works through him; it's the purely feminine way to do it. And Vivien's all feminine. She'd have been an awful failure as a suffragist. Biologically, you know, she's much sounder in her technic than you active women. She gains her ends through indirection, passivity. She works by influencing men."

"But I don't agree with you that mother's responsible for father," Edwina threw into the maelstrom of his words.

"You're blind then," Scotson answered. "He's the artist type; if he hadn't married Vivien, or had some woman like her to influence him, he'd have wasted his life dreaming over the great things he would like to do instead of doing the things he can do." Scotson's cane lifted again to her father's structure soaring heavenward. "It's something to have built one of those—steel and stone, permanence. Cities are built of steel and stone, you know; worlds are—civilizations."

Edwina made no answer to his words; she was conscious of the feeling of slight absurdity with which Scotson's fancies invariably touched her. He was utterly whimsical, she told herself. But he was speaking again.

"For such a woman as Vivien, Pericles built his Athens to a dream of marble. For such women, men build palaces and Parthenons—cities—civilizations."

Edwina's consciousness of absurdity collapsed like a burst balloon with the exaggeration of Scotson's words—idea.

"You're an old goose," she answered him. "Mother has fascinated you by her feminine allure, as she fascinates all men. Freud calls it sex. As for me, I think she's pushed father in a direction that isn't his normal bent."

There was in her voice the hint of a tremendous aggrievement.

Scotson ignored it, or missed it. For he said again, with the prophecy of a poem in his voice, "Palaces and Parthenons, cities, civilizations."

Edwina recognized the symptoms in his voice.

"Make a poem of it," she said tauntingly. And then she heard herself saying, "Mother didn't take the slightest interest in the suffrage cause. Scotson, if only I'd been in the running then, I'd have picketed the Capitol at Washington—those old mossback senators—and gone to jail!"

Scotson looked at the girl beside him, but his eyes were not studying her profile. They didn't—she noted with an unaccountable note of chagrin—they didn't see her at all.

"Palaces and Parthenons," he repeated in the singsong of a gestating poem. "Cities and civilizations."

Edwina said, "Well, here we are." And because she was angry with him, she was rude. "You won't come in, will you?"

Before he had time to answer she held out her hand in good-by and fled from him up her father's steps. As she waited for Squiers to open the door she resolutely prevented her eyes from following Scotson's tall, slouching figure down the Avenue.

Palaces and Parthenons! The phrase repeated itself over and over in her mind. Her anger mounted in a sudden flame at the exact moment that Squiers bowed open the door. The smile of welcome in his old eyes served in some measure to appease her wrath.

"Is mother in?" she asked, after she had inquired as to the state of his health.

And when he answered in the affirmative she passed him and mounted the padded stairs to her mother's floor.

III

IN HER dressing room, Vivien had yielded herself to her masseuse's hands.

"I'm tired," she said; "see what you can do with me. I want to be particularly beautiful tonight."

"But it's every night madam wishes to look particularly beautiful," the masseuse returned, with a flicker in her eyes of the mirth Vivien found always exceedingly stimulating.

The woman was a Russian, tall and generous of proportion and big boned, with a slightly grim contraction to the corners of her mouth that belied the gayety in her eyes. Her own skin was coarse and pock-marked. But she, whose profession it was

to bring beauty to other women, gave never any hint of chagrin at her own lack of it.

Vivien seated herself at the dressing table, raised her arms above her head in a softly relaxing gesture that caused the sleeves of her peignoir to fall back in an instant's illusion of great wings. Near her the Russian was laying out innumerable little jars of lotions and creams and perfumes and powders. A delicate aroma arose from the little jars she uncovered; it blended with the scent of a milky liquid in a graceful and slender bottle and with the fragrance of lilacs that rose from the perfume she uncorked. She was very busy arranging into some impeccable military order the quite unmilitary array of unguents. Brooks was moving about in the background. Across the bed she spread the gown Vivien was to wear when these rites were accomplished. It was of pale-gold tissue, girdled in a sash of vivid purple. Beside it she placed the slender golden slippers, unrolled the cobweb stockings.

Vivien, acutely conscious of the maid's activities behind her in the softly lighted room, acutely conscious of the masseuse's preliminaries so close beside her in the stronger light, was yet half withdrawn in the dreamy state she cultivated each evening at this time. It induced, she thought, an invaluable perspective along which to see the matters that each night's dinner table must accomplish. For Vivien was a woman to whom society—the constant meeting and exchange of emotions and ideas—was an absorbing and serious affair. Now, especially after her conversation with Leighton, a particular importance attached to her thought of tonight's dinner. Leighton had received a very good appointment in the American Embassy at London. Vivien thought it an excellent opening of his career; she was particularly happy.

But the masseuse was beginning; she drenched her fingers in the smooth cream that smelled faintly of flowering almonds and began to massage the flesh beneath Vivien's chin. Vivien closed her eyes and endeavored to erase all thought from her mind. The pressure of the woman's fingers drenched in the soft and silky unguent, the faintly sweet perfume of flowering almonds, the soothing sensation the massage induced in her, together with the pleasantness of anticipation of what the evening held in store, sufficed to bring to Vivien a mood of dreamy delight. There was the thought, too, of the emerald.

She opened her eyes sleepily as the masseuse's fingers left her throat, and through half-closed, dream-entangled eyelashes Vivien saw her pour a handful of milky liquid from the slender bottle. She closed her eyes again to feel to the uttermost the softness of the astringent liquid applied to the flesh that had been soothed to a satiny softness with the fragrant creams. Again, when the astringent was absorbed, the masseuse used the creams, working upward from Vivien's chin, about her mouth, her cheeks and eyes.

Finally Vivien relaxed entirely under the magic of the woman's fingers, lost all count of time, of whether she used cream or astringent, or the contents of the other jars and bottles. She gave herself over to utter enjoyment of the purely sensual pleasure of touch and contact. The vibrant fingers in their unceasing movements across her face, the faint perfumes of the creams and unguents, the relaxing quality of the regular massage, induced in her a state bordering upon coma. But a sudden tingling cold across her face and the consciousness of a stabbingly strong perfume banished the coma.

Vivien realized the massage was nearing its last stage. The masseuse had filled the cup of her hand with the lavender perfume that smelled of lilacs and applied it to Vivien's face and neck. It was the shock of the cold and biting alcohol that renewed Vivien's waning consciousness. For an instant she struggled with a sensation of suffocation, then her eyes and senses cleared and she managed a smile to the face in the glass before her. Now the Russian was spreading an invisible film of softest powder across Vivien's face and throat. Brooks intruded as the last pat of the puff behind Vivien's ear was accomplished.

"Madam's bath is ready," she announced.

Vivien rose from her place before the flowerlike dressing table.

"I enjoy the treatments more each time," she said to the woman, who was absorbed now in packing away the little jars and bottles.

The Russian looked up for an instant at Vivien. If she sensed in the faintest degree the difference between them, her eyes were entirely guiltless of betraying it.

"You look better," she said with a slightly foreign accent; "but you needed me, madam." She was scrutinizing Vivien's beauty there before her in the strong light in which Vivien insisted upon dressing. "But you needed me. Your face was falling."

Vivien stiffened imperceptibly at the words, whose abrupt honesty shocked her insistence upon loveliness.

"Oh," she said, and managed a little laugh. "Oh, but you're so funny!"

Then she trailed across the room and passed through the bathroom door. The tub was filled with steaming water. Here, too, a faint perfume pervaded the atmosphere, like the incense raised to some goddess of beauty. Vivien let fall the lacy peignoir from about her, stood a moment poised at the side of the tub, trying the heat of the water with a slender and pink foot. Finally she stepped in, easing her body slowly into the still uncomfortably hot water. When she had achieved a complete submersion she stretched full length in the water, allowing it to wash up about her throat, and pillowed her head upon a patented contrivance across the back of the tub so that she might lie here the prescribed twenty minutes in complete relaxation and rest.

Brooks adjusted the patented contrivance, made sure it was the comfortable length, that the frilled little pillow she slipped beneath its ribbon harness was at the proper adjustment. Vivien smiled up into the maid's eyes as she lay there. She was thinking sleepily that twenty minutes of relaxation was as refreshing as long hours of ordinary slumber.

Then she fell to considering Leighton's affair, the anguish of his eyes as he told her of the love he bore the girl. What was her absurd name? Wasn't it Caprice Dell?

But Vivien knew him as too completely her son to have any real fear for his future. And besides, Helen Warrener was all a man could wish in a wife—lovely in her stark English way, and a duke's daughter.

For a moment Vivien beheld in her mind's eye the children that Helen Warrener would mother—curly-headed tots, fat legged and chubby; her grandchildren. The thought of them as her grandchildren sent a cold chill along her spine. It occurred to her that not until this minute had she realized that to have Leighton or Edwina married meant she was threatened with being called grandmother.

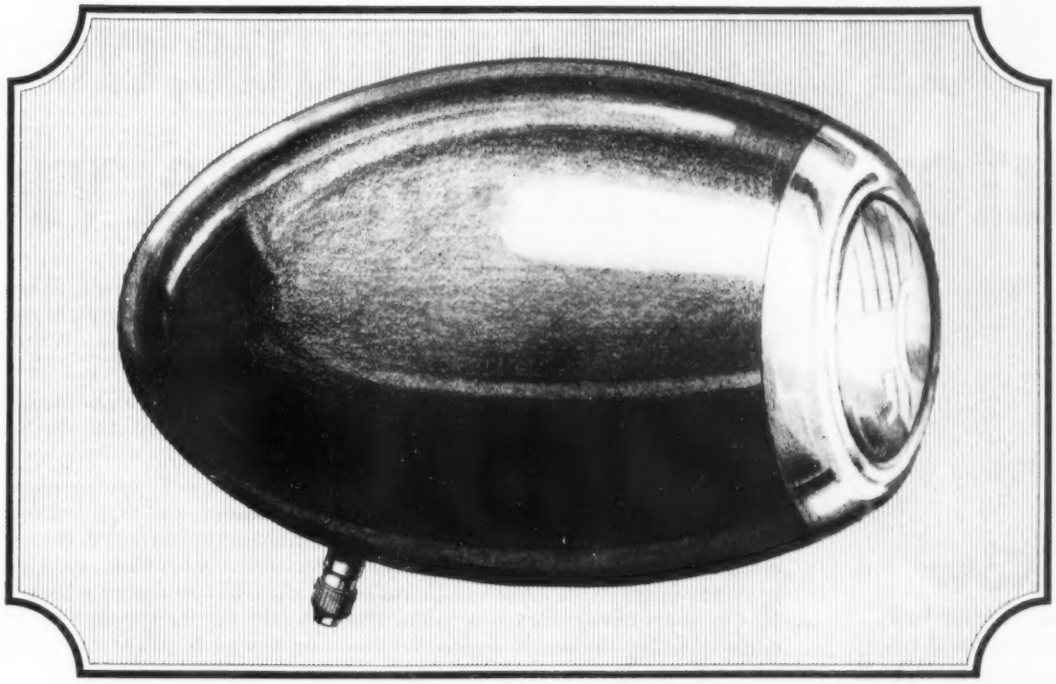
Lying there supine in her bath, she raised a faultless arm before her eyes, surveyed its tapering contour, its firm soft flesh. It was a beautiful arm, like a young girl's. But Vivien, who was vain and not conceited, was acutely aware that it was not a young girl's arm. She was acutely aware that although she created still the illusion of beauty, beauty itself was passing from her—and suddenly she wept. When the paroxysm passed she found herself strangely refreshed and cheered. Even she drifted off into delightfully vague fields of sleep; fields in which the spiraling steam from her bath somehow flowered in fragile blossoms.

But almost at once, it seemed to Vivien, Brooks interrupted her happiness in culling the fragile flowers; she was removing the frilled pillow from beneath Vivien's head, the water was emptying from the tub, and Vivien found herself precipitated into a sitting position. When the water had vanished Brooks lifted a shiny silver bucket filled with masses of crushed ice and poured the ice about Vivien's pink shoulders, whence it cascaded down about her body and half filled the tub. Little screams of shock and pain escaped Vivien's lips. She was laughing, too, and involuntarily struggling with Brooks to keep the ice off her rapidly cooling body. But Brooks, kneeling now beside the tub, reached in with both hands filled with the melting ice and roughly massaged Vivien from neck to toe. As she became accustomed to the icy massage, gradually her little screams, her breathlessness subsided. When finally the ice massage was finished Vivien stepped from her bath and Brooks wrapped the trifle of lace that was her peignoir about her shoulders. But Vivien was indifferent now.

"I'm hot as fire," she complained as she reëntered her bedroom and crossed to the chaise longue.

It was then she saw that Edwina was in the room. Momentarily the reminiscent

(Continued on Page 97)



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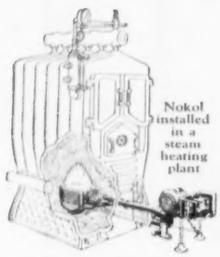

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AMERICAN NOKOL COMPANY
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Automatic Oil Heating for Homes

Tested and Listed as Standard by Underwriters' Laboratories

THE NOKOL GUARANTEE IS BONDED BY THE FIDELITY AND CASUALTY COMPANY OF NEW YORK

(Continued from Page 94)

giggles that had accompanied her entrance, giggles in which Brooks joined, were silenced. Vivien paused before her daughter and endeavored to adjust the peignoir to cover any nakedness that she had felt so careless of.

Edwina rose from the straight-backed chair at her mother's desk and came immediately to the chaise longue, where Brooks stood ready with a coverlet to submerge Vivien for the fifteen minutes' rest that succeeded the ice bath. Vivien smiled at her daughter.

"Darling," she said, "I've missed you so."

"Yes, mother," Edwina answered.

A moment's silence ensued, in which Edwina raised her hands and took off the stiff little hat she wore. Vivien made a tentative gesture to indicate the chaise longue, Brooks standing beside it, holding the coverlet.

"You won't mind?" her gesture seemed to say. And aloud, "You know I've been terribly rushed all day; you'll understand if I rest while we have our chat."

Edwina rose abruptly and crossed to her mother.

"Do rest," she replied. "I know what your rushes are." And then, "Mother, isn't that a new ring—the emerald?"

Her hand indicated the dressing table, where the emerald lay in its white kid box. Vivien smiled in the happiest way.

"Roger bought it for me just today. Isn't he too adorable?"

Her enthusiasm glanced sharply off the granite of Edwina's disapproval.

"But you have so many jewels! How can you want more? An emerald too! It must have cost a fortune!"

"I'm afraid it did," Vivien agreed in a little voice.

Edwina regarded her mother with hot eyes.

"If only you had some idea of poverty! Why, there're people who don't know where their next meal's coming from, whose children are sick, and they haven't car fare even to take them to a clinic! And you let father give you jewels—of no possible benefit to anyone!"

Vivien smiled deprecatingly at her rage.

"But perhaps," she murmured gently—"perhaps jewels are of some benefit. Weren't a queen's jewels responsible for the discovery of a new world?"

Edwina shrugged as if to say, "You're hopeless. What am I to do with you?"

Vivien, established now and covered carefully by Brooks' ministering hands, raised curious eyes to her daughter. She had never become accustomed to the surprise of Edwina; for her, Vivien, to have a daughter such as this seemed one of the most complete riddles. She scrutinized, lazily now, the girl who stood beside her.

Edwina was dressed in her accustomed sport suit, with its straight ungracious skirt and Norfolk coat. The shirt she wore was collared like a man's, with an upstanding cravat. But for all the severity of her clothes, the Norfolk suit and man's shirt and the hair drawn smoothly back from her forehead, Vivien's experienced eye dwelt with a keen appreciation on the beauty Edwina was unable totally to eclipse. A softness of cheek just touched with pink, the clarity of eyes blue and deep pupiled, lips as faultlessly cut as her own or Leighton's—these beauties, neglected, despised by Edwina, afforded to her mother now an acute pleasure. She was thinking as she regarded her daughter what a delight it would be to put Brooks to work on Edwina, wave her too straight hair, band it across her forehead to make her eyes seem shadowed. And then if only she would wear soft stuffs instead of these other fabrics she affected. Vivien enjoyed visualizing Edwina in crêpes the color of mists at dawn or the faint green of young leaves in spring. But she jerked her thoughts away from the always tantalizing possibility of her daughter's neglected beauty. After all, since she insisted on a social-service career, it was as well she had the intelligence to dress the part. Even Vivien, with all her love of beautiful clothes, fancied a slum was hardly the place to wear ravishing frocks.

But Edwina was speaking. Vivien lifted her face to the girl who bent above her.

"Mother, there's something I want to tell you."

Vivien smiled lazily at her daughter.

"You've had a hard day," she observed sympathetically.

Edwina nodded, a preoccupied frown growing between her brows.

"It's the hospital authorities," she said harassedly. "Did I tell you about the McCann family—you remember the typhoid infection that was traced to them?"

Vivien, across whose eyes a barely perceptible spasm of pain passed, forced her attention to the girl's words. It was an invariable ordeal for her to listen to the details of the distressing affairs that claimed Edwina's interest. Now the girl launched into an account that involved the criminal courts, clinical laboratories, the hospital. It was quite obvious, to hear her talk, that this was, indeed, a thing of vital and vivid interest to her. Vivien endeavored to keep her mind on the details of the sordid story her daughter recounted, but it was impossible for her to prevent her thoughts from wandering off upon the subject of Edwina's postponed début; her point-blank refusal to have anything to do with her mother's friends or interests.

"You're wearing yourself out, aren't you, dear?" Vivien murmured impulsively as Edwina looked up from the finish of the tribulations of the McCann family.

"Mother!" Edwina said in a reproving tone. She rose from her chair as if to fling out of the room.

Vivien, chagrined at her slip in the always delicate relations that existed between herself and Edwina, realized she must recover what ground she could. For an instant her thoughts whirled crazily, then the name Schultz flashed across her brain. She smiled inwardly.

"What did Mrs. Schultz do?" she asked. "You were telling me about her last week."

Edwina reseated herself, placated by the fact that her mother should ask about one of her cases.

"Oh, Mrs. Schultz is coming for treatments and bringing the baby too. It's a real victory for social service, because the depths of the woman's ignorance regarding hygiene are something beyond words. Think, mother, what these treatments will mean for the baby's future—health instead of disease—a normal life. Do you wonder I'm thrilled with the work?" Edwina's eyes glowed with an inward fire which Vivien thought very beautiful, very becoming. And then Edwina said, "I told you, didn't I, what she said to Doctor Sayman?"

"No," Vivien answered with flattering interest.

And Edwina began the story. During its recountal Vivien had another opportunity to watch Edwina. Undoubtedly the child was working too hard; there was almost a haggardness about her eyes.

"What does Doctor Sayman think of your work now?" she asked casually when Mrs. Schultz's story was told.

Edwina's eyes met her mother's in a swiftly averted glance. Not so swiftly, however, but that Vivien caught something in them that interested her profoundly. Her tone and eyes were even more casual when she continued her mention of the doctor in whose clinic Edwina's work lay.

"Oh," Edwina said, "I don't believe he's spoken of it lately." A shade of embarrassment flattened her voice.

"I think he's so attractive," Vivien said obliquely.

"Yes," Edwina agreed.

Vivien lifted the fingers of her left hand to inspect the manicure Brooks had given her; she decided the nail of her fourth finger needed further attention.

"Will you hand me my file, dear?"

Edwina complied at once and remained standing tentatively beside her mother's chaise longue. Vivien noted a certain unaccustomed diffidence in her manner and steeled herself to further casualness so as not to frighten off whatever impended.

"Mother ——" Edwina said, and stopped.

Vivien inspected the nails of her other hand.

"Mother ——" Edwina said again.

"Yes, dear."

Vivien gave at last her entire attention to her daughter. And now that the moment had come, Edwina said what she had to say, in a rush of words:

"It's this, mother: I want to tell you I've become engaged to Leonard Sayman."

Vivien did not move from the indolent grace of her supine position among the pillows of her chaise longue. But she was conscious of a toppling universe. Far off, she heard laughter—mocking laughter. Fate was striking her in the most vulnerable place—her daughter—the girl she had thought of as a belle, as filling a shining place in the glittering world.

Married to Sayman!

Her one meeting with the man recurred to her. He was in a surgeon's white clothes and he had some strange machine in his hand; he'd been making a blood test. Disease, of course! That was all hospital and social-service workers saw in a universe whose loveliness even now, with this disappointment like a physical blow between her eyes, she could not banish.

During a chaotic tumult of lightninglike impression Vivien at the same time managed somewhere deep in her mind to formulate she thought that things were not as yet irrevocable. Simultaneously came the conviction that hers was the responsibility; upon how she behaved now depended her power to avert this thing.

With surprise she realized that she had risen, had taken Edwina in her arms; with surprise she heard herself saying certain words—"Love is a very wonderful thing."

Edwina's eyes were filled with tears as her mother kissed her, as her mother spoke to her of love. Vivien was thinking, "She ought to be locked up till she comes to her senses. But I must be careful, careful." Aloud she said, "Tell me everything, darling."

Edwina, embarrassed, said, "Oh, there's not much to tell. We're congenial and we love each other and we think we'll marry—that's all. What else could there be?" She grinned with embarrassment.

To herself Vivien was thinking, "If I manage rightly this can be avoided—if I manage rightly." And she was conscious of an abject prayer for guidance in the path she must traverse.

"But Doctor Sayman will want to see your father, won't he?—and me?" Vivien said. "I'll let everything go, dear, to meet your fiancé."

Edwina shrugged.

"Leonard's terribly unconventional. I don't suppose it's entered his head to speak to father." And then, to the blankness of her mother's eyes, "But you're a good sport, mother, to take it this way." She interrogated her mother, hunting for the catch somewhere amid this unexpected pleasantness. "You're a good sport," she repeated. And then, in a sudden hurry, she gathered up her hat. "I'll be late," she explained. "I'm dining with him in the Village. Think I'll freshen up here. Some of my things are still upstairs."

Vivien was conscious of a faint nausea. "You mustn't be late, dear," she agreed. "When may I congratulate him?"

Edwina, from the hall, called "Sometime tomorrow. We're awfully unconventional, conventional my mother!"

When the girl had vanished Vivien stood a moment utterly motionless, thinking. A tremendous fatigue weighted her body, drew down the corners of her mouth.

"Madam will be late."

Brooks' voice recalled Vivien's wandering and bitter thoughts. With a determined step she threw off her preoccupation and gave herself to the task of dressing. When her hair was done she surveyed herself critically, tilting the little winglike mirrors at this angle and that to catch any slightest imperfection in Brooks' handiwork. Finally she rose from the dressing table, slipped the peignoir upon the floor and stood while Brooks lifted the golden-tissue gown about her form, hooked her into it. As Brooks finished, the butler entered, carrying a small tray on which was an individual cocktail shaker and one glass. Vivien smiled at him. Then, turning away from the mirror, she lifted the tray and crossed the room to Roger's door. She had decided she herself must tell him Edwina's news. And because he seemed worried over business, she determined he should not be harassed by this. She must manage to make him think she was pleased. As she entered she saw that he, too, was dressed and standing tentatively beside his drawing table, fingering a pencil. Vivien stole upon him, conscious anew of the delight his appearance gave her—the sensation as of silk. He turned as she deposited the tray. She was aware in his eyes of the day's fatigue.

"I've brought you a preliminary cocktail."

She poured the amber liquid into the glass, lifted it with both hands, like a chalice, to his lips. He drank it gratefully.

Then Vivien said, "You'll never guess my news!" Her voice held the implication of delightful things.

"News?" Roger echoed. Vivien regarded him happily.

"Edwina's fallen in love—really in love. Isn't it quaint? She wants to be married."

"But who's the man?"

The happiness deepened in Vivien's eyes.

"Leonard Sayman—Doctor Sayman, that brilliant research man she's been working with. You remember what Harvey Maccon said about him—the coming investigator."

"But do you know him?"

Vivien was aware it was only her assured determination to be pleased that prevented an explosion on Roger's part, and she was more than ever glad she had undertaken to present the news to him.

"Oh, yes, indeed," she prevaricated lightly. "But I haven't time to tell you any more. There's the table to arrange."

She left him and went at once to the dining room, was occupied some time in plotting the arrangement of her guests. When at last she was satisfied she crossed into the library, sending word to Leighton she wanted to talk to him before dinner.

As she paused before the logs smoldering in the great fireplace her eyes lifted where a mirror gave back through the softly lighted room the image of her golden figure. Even in her surprise and chagrin at Edwina's engagement she was capable of enjoying the graciousness of her reflection; she thought with pleasure of the art of her new dressmaker; really the drapery of this gown was consummately lovely.

Leighton's entrance banished her reverie. She took a step toward him, lifted her arms about his neck.

"Edwina's going to marry her slum doctor," she said.

"Vi!" he ejaculated.

"Oh, I'll do my poor best," Vivien hastened to add. "But it's ridiculous to pretend it's not a serious situation."

Leighton interjected, "I think she's crazy. I hope you forbade her to consider such a thing!" He jerked his cigarette case from his pocket with an angry gesture, selected a cigarette and lighted it with decisive determination, as if to say, "I'll settle the young lady! Just let her announce any such nonsensical plan to me!"

Beneath drooping eyelids Vivien allowed herself a sensation of amusement. It occurred to her how stupid a thing it is that throughout history men have delegated to themselves the posts of ambassadors; even, she fancied, in that fact lay an explanation of the world's innumerable and continuing wars. But she jerked herself up and focused her attention on Leighton.

"You're quite right, dear," she said in a completely acquiescing voice. "She's too absurd."

"Yes!" Leighton returned, soothed by his mother's acquiescence; perhaps prepared in the most shadowy way to retrace some of his vehemence.

"She is, indeed," Vivien was murmuring. "Whatever am I to do about it, Leighton?" She was thinking that this was rather an opportune time for Edwina's news to have come—a realization of his sister's ridiculous affair might throw into focus the ridiculousness of his own. But she must let no hint of this thought obtrude in her manner, her discussion with him.

Leighton had squared his shoulders pugnaciously. The thought in the background of his mind was that he must—he simply must—help his mother in this crisis with Edwina. She was so entirely helpless herself.

Vivien lifted innocent and troubled eyes to her magnificent son; even her hands raised themselves tentatively toward him, as if to beg his advice, support, guidance in this extremity she felt herself so inadequate to meet. Leighton captured the butterfly-like hovering hands.

"Don't worry, Vi," he said in a masterful tone. "Don't worry."

"I'm so glad you're here," Vivien replied.

"Yes, it's fortunate I ran up." He continued to stroke Vivien's hands, but after a moment it occurred to him that the situation demanded something more drastic than this. "What have you said to her?" he questioned finally. "What's been done so far?"

Vivien allowed tears to fill her eyes; just enough to make them more beautiful than they ordinarily were.

"Why, I told her she must do what she thought best. Was I wrong, Leighton?"

Leighton experienced a sensation of chagrin at his mother's words. If she had spoken so to Edwina things would be more serious than he had thought at first. Why were women so infernally weak? Why couldn't they take a firm line, demand obedience, issue ultimatums? He'd show Edwina what she must do!

(Continued on Page 100)

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(Continued from Page 98)

Aloud he said, "I'll talk to Edwina in the morning, mother, and see what I can do. She's an utterly ridiculous and willful girl. The very idea of refusing Scotson is pure madness, without this slum-doctor affair to complicate the situation."

He flung away from Vivien, to light another cigarette with a gesture of masterful anger. Vivien reached out for his hand.

"We must pretend to agree with her, mustn't we, Leighton? You see, Edwina's stubborn. You know she's stubborn, and if we provoke her stubbornness there's no telling to what lengths she'll go—just the way children do things against their own interests to spite others. You're so reasoning, Leighton. I've never had to discount stubbornness in you. You're always logical in your impulses—your life."

Leighton smiled at his pretty mother. It occurred to him he'd always realized Edwina's stubbornness more than anyone in the family. It was from him Vivien had learned of it really.

But Vivien had stopped talking of Edwina; she had stopped thinking of her. Her manner and voice were all tender sympathy and understanding sweetness.

"I want you to be happy, Leighton. Oh, I want you to be happy!"

Leighton said, "I'm all sorts of a cad to visit my troubles on you. Vi, will you forgive me?"

Vivien nodded, mute with sympathy. The sympathy in her eyes deepened Leighton's remorse; he told himself he was the veriest coward to let his mother suffer in his suffering, to let her know the depths of his misery. And telling himself this, he grew somehow less miserable, he forgot some bitter part of his acute despair. Almost an impression of strength, happiness, assailed him; he was a man, he told himself, and would bear this thing with a man's strength and a man's silence.

Vivien, from behind her lashes, saw something of the change she had caused to come upon Leighton and a consummate joy sang in her heart.

"You're so big and strong," she murmured in an awed voice. "I'm proud of you, Leighton. I'm proud of the career you're going to have—and Helen."

Her words evoked a warm glow in his heart. He was visualizing himself at the English court with Helen at his side. The thought of his fiancée stirred him unexpectedly to a sensation of joy; he was thinking of her clear English eyes, her clear English soul. And of a sudden the girl who held power to stir him with an intolerable physical excitement seemed vividly and unbearably common—repulsive.

And then he saw that the first of Vivien's guests were arriving. For an instant he held away, enjoying the spectacle of his mother's consummate grace.

It had been a delight to him always to stand thus aside and watch Vivien; the memory of a long-ago day she had visited his school and he had taken her for an inspection of the rooms recurred to him. The glow of pride he had felt at his mates' veiled admiration was his again tonight as she greeted her arriving guests.

Then he himself was drawn into a group. But the glow of his boyish pride in Vivien remained with him, like a shining secret that only he knew about.

When the men reëntered the drawing-room after dinner Scotson Howard crossed at once to Vivien, to stand above her chair in his faintly hesitant manner. She lifted her eyes to his, sensitive at once to any mood he might present. He made some bantering remark, laughing as he did so. But beneath the surface Vivien sensed the steel of a set purpose.

"I would have private converse with thee, golden goddess," he said in his indifferent manner.

Vivien rose. With the young poet at her side, she crossed the room, stopping several times to utter gay nothings to one or the other of her guests. Roger, she noted in passing, had appropriated the two most beautiful women besides herself and was talking to them at the far side of the room.

At last she and Scotson entered the library, where earlier in the evening she had had the talk with Leighton. They established themselves before the still smoldering embers of the afternoon fire.

"You're adorable, Scotson," Vivien said, and on an impulse she reached for his face with her two hands and drew it down to meet her lips.

Scotson said, "I like kissing you, Vivien."

But Vivien sighed.

"Alas, that's just the trouble; we like kissing far too many people."

As she spoke she waved him to a seat near her; but with a gesture of fatigue he sank upon the footstool at her feet. Vivien smiled at that, put out her hand to stroke his arm. Scotson lifted rather somber eyes to her bantering ones.

"You'll forgive me. I'm a fool, I know, to meddle with things Edwina has given me good cause to realize don't concern me. But ——"

Vivien withdrew her hand from caressing him, remained there beside him entirely motionless, acquiescent to any mood that might sweep him. She was thinking that if she were really clever she could manage things so Edwina would marry Scotson after all.

That Sayman person ——

If only she remembered not to put a single obstacle in Edwina's path. If only she could hold Roger from flaring into anger at the girl's affair. But Scotson was speaking.

"Florence says Edwina is with the research man—I can't remember his name—practically all the time since she moved downtown. He's the most awful bounder."

He broke off and regarded the empty air before him with fierce eyes. Vivien made a swift calculation. Was Scotson man enough to endure the truth? Or would his knowledge of the truth warp her plan in regard to Edwina? She hesitated so long before answering him that impatiently he repeated, "She's with him practically all the time—they dine together, lunch together ——"

As he spoke Vivien came to a decision. She would not confide Edwina's secret to Scotson. Men, all of them, were incapable of the subtleties of life; especially men in love. To know that Edwina contemplated an engagement with Doctor Sayman, to say nothing of the fact that she was already involved in one, might work irretrievable disaster.

Undoubtedly Scotson would flare into fierce anger, perhaps remove himself from the scene altogether. She could conceive of his immediate departure for the wilds of Africa, an absurd trip to Tibet ——

Her thought made her smile, but at once she realized that that might hurt Scotson, and her hand made an effort at conciliation. Scotson caught her caressing hand in his, held it a little absently, his eyes preoccupied and somber.

"I don't think you realize the seriousness of Edwina's seeing so much of that fellow," he said. "She's inordinately stubborn, you know. She may do something wild. Vivien, how has it come I've lost her?"

The anguish in his voice, the controlled pain, cut Vivien. She was conscious of an acute strong pity that leaped at the young poet in tenderness from her eyes.

"Oh, Scotson, Scotson!" she murmured softly, and unutterable sympathy crowded the syllables.

Scotson released her hand that he still held and rose from his place at her golden feet. When he had lighted the cigarette that was a blind for the emotion which set him moving in self-defense, he returned. Vivien remained as he had left her, head thrown back, eyelids lowered against the pain upon which she did not wish to enter.

PHOTO. BY P. W. WEST, JERSEY CITY, N. J.

A Norwegian Pine, Del Monte, California, said to be the Only Tree a Monkey Cannot Climb

Scotson said, "Edwina's been telling me about the apartment she's taken in some slum."

Vivien opened her eyes. Her inertia filled Scotson with fury.

"Vivien," he stormed, "Edwina's left home. It's no make-believe; she means to live there." He stared down at the golden woman as if to say, "Rise to this bombshell! You must rise to this!"

Vivien's eyes glanced acquiescence.

"Yes," she murmured after an interval of silence. "Yes, Edwina's left home."

Scotson's gesture was of incredible amazement tempered with disgust.

"And you can sit here and do nothing?" he ejaculated. "Why, she'll be down there all the time, entirely away from your influence, where that slum chap will have her all to himself!"

His words conjured up so hateful a picture that actually his lips were distorted with an incredible disgust.

Vivien roused herself at his vehemence. She was remembering Leighton's reaction, the similarity of his words, gestures, to Scotson's; her thoughts caused her a faint amusement.

"Scotson," she said—and it was characteristic of her that her statement was couched in the form of a question—"but won't living her ridiculous theories cure her of them?"

Scotson shot her a swift glance. In the depths of his consciousness the first gleam of happiness he had known since Edwina refused to marry him lifted a tender and opening bud.

"Vivien!" he exclaimed. But almost at once a soberer judgment warned him against optimism. "Oh," he conceded, "it may cure her of them if it doesn't destroy her in the process. What worries me is what may happen to her in the duration of the cure. Vivien, there are all manner of impossible people ready to prey on Edwina. She's so incredibly unworldly-wise!"

Vivien's glance was occupied with the point of her cigarette, which refused to draw. When Scotson had applied a fresh light she said, "But you see, Edwina puts us in the position of having to content ourselves with hope. Personally, I'm not too pessimistic. I've known Edwina longer than you have." She lifted eyes, in which mirth struggled with the tenderness wherewith she regarded all men. "And besides, I'm not in love with Edwina." Her hand reached out to his. "Won't you believe me when I say things aren't entirely hopeless? Just give us a little time. You see, Edwina's established in her slum, close to the doctor chap; she'll be seeing him all the time, meeting the life she thinks so fascinating on its own terms." She regarded Scotson with the light of a prophetic vision in her eyes. "By the way, dear," she murmured finally, "would you mind picking some friend of Edwina's and showing her rather marked attentions? There's Ethel Clark ——"

Vivien studied the young poet with her oblique glance. Scotson made an outraged gesture.

"Machiavelli!" he said. "I will not!"

Vivien shrugged.

"Well, I'll manage to convey the idea to Edwina anyway."

There was a deliberate lightness in her voice, and inevitably, as she knew he would, Scotson rose to meet it with a lightness of his own.

"If only you could guarantee me Edwina!" he said. "If only I could hit her in the head!"

Vivien allowed herself to laugh softly at his words.

"You're all alike, you men," she chided gently. "Forget yourself and your part in Edwina's life for these next few weeks, and if we're very, very wise, perhaps we'll win. At any rate, by the time she's lived three or four weeks in her slum we'll know whether we have a chance against socialism or not."

Scotson rose.

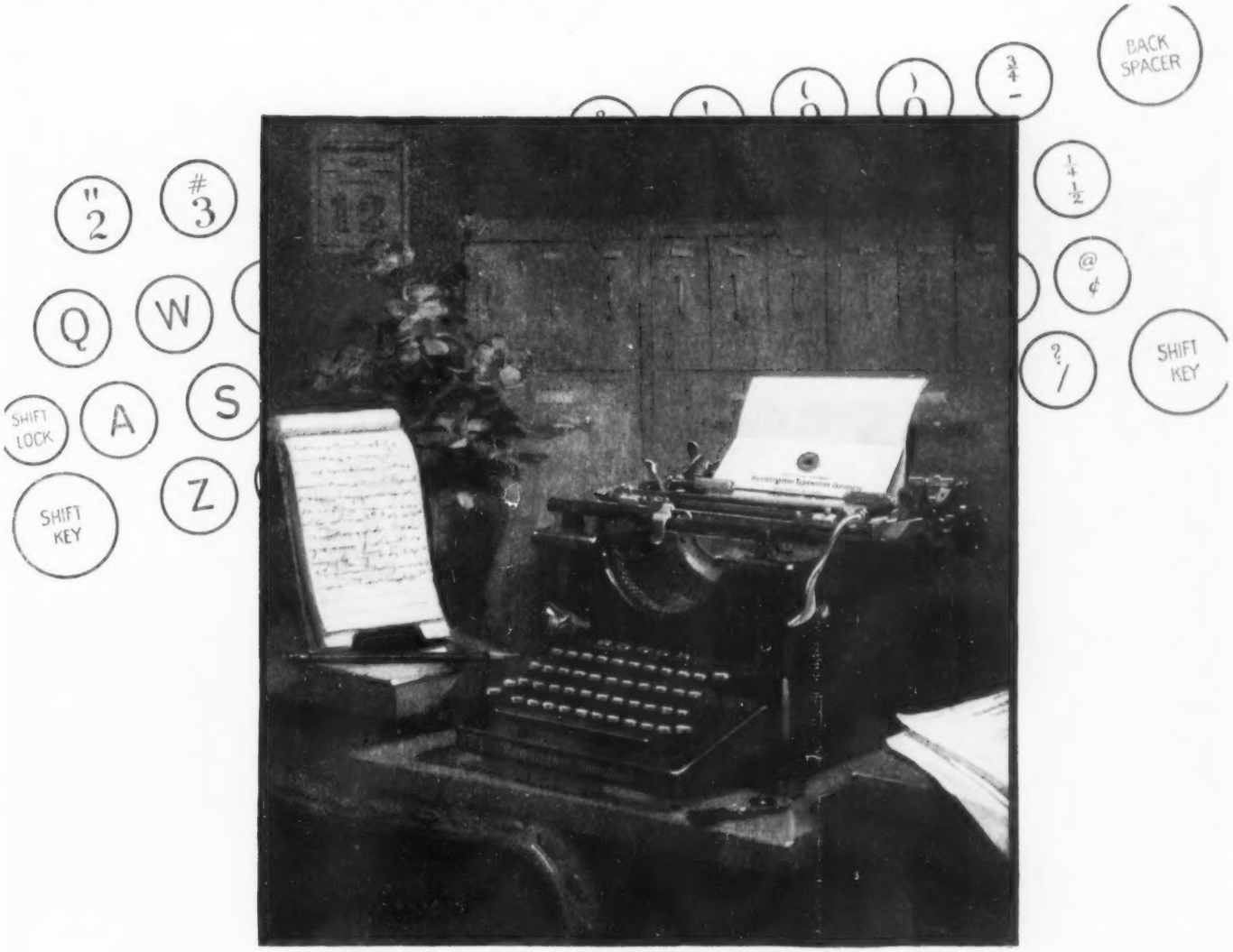
"You'll have to hold my hand—you will, Vi, during the whole time."

Vivien smiled at him, dropped her eyes in the way she had made famous. And then she held out her hand.

"If I were Edwina!" she said, and unutterable implication was in her voice. "Oh, if I were Edwina!"

Her flattery was so sweet that inevitably Scotson experienced a reaction of delight. As he followed her golden figure into the drawing-room the delight she evoked lingered like a warmth upon him.

(TO BE CONTINUED)



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THE EXTRY KEY

(Continued from Page 30)

instead of drawing on the bag of oats in the van. He was hungry enough to eat the boiled potatoes and beet greens which made up the dinner in the small hot kitchen; but he placed its value, in cash or trade, well below the figure at which Uncle Clem ignominiously allowed Mrs. Strafford to appraise it. Elmer managed to conceal his displeasure during the negotiations beside the van, where no less than three enamelware saucepans passed into Mrs. Strafford's possession, to say nothing of a five-yard remnant of good calico and an eight-ounce bottle of vanilla extract; he stared at the outrageous exchange of a pair of overalls for two feeds of chopped meal and exploded in aggrieved comment as soon as they were out of earshot of the house.

"We lost money on it, that's what we did! We could 'a' had dinner to a good hotel for less'n what you paid for just beet greens and potatoes!"

"Might be right, Elmer." Uncle Clem accepted the statement in good part. "Depends on how you figure. You c'n look at it two ways—how much a thing's wuth to you and me or how much it's wuth to the other feller. Sort of figured that there dinner was wuth more to Mis' Strafford 'n it might be to some folks. Guess it's pretty mean sledding for her and Matt, and them twins looked like hearty feeders too."

"You can't do business that way, though," persisted Elmer, horrified at this loose reasoning. "You got to sell goods according to what they cost you, not by how much other folks c'n afford to give."

"Most times, yes," Uncle Clem nodded. "You're abs'lutely c'rect, Elmer. But there's times when I figure it pays to charge according to how much the other feller wants what I got to sell and how much he c'n give f'r it. Might lose a mite sometimes, but I most gen'ly make out to get it back. Kind of eases down my conscience, I guess, so I feel all right when I h'ist the price a mite more'n I'd ought to."

Elmer sniffed. His conscience needed no such appeasements; it was never more at peace with him than when Uncle Clem emerged from a dicker without having yielded a penny of one of those h'isted prices. At their first stop he was relieved to observe that his uncle's conscience was also pacified. Several times during the afternoon Elmer was stirred to admiration. He was able to calculate, indeed, a substantial profit on that mysterious indulgence in upside-down arithmetic; if overpaying Mrs. Strafford for that dinner was responsible for his afternoon achievements, Uncle Clem had made a first-rate bargain.

Their route, fetching a wide curve, led them back through the glen at sundown and turned at the crossroads, where the road led over the hill toward the village, passing the northern side of Dave Strafford's farm. In the angle, inclosed by a low wall of shale, a narrow strip of pines and cedars shadowed the white stones of a graveyard; and Uncle Clem stopped the team at the wooden-slatted gate, opened wide enough to let a man pass. A light high-wheeled buggy drawn by a rawboned bay half blocked the passage, and Elmer, standing up to look above its lowered top, could see a black-coated figure at the far side of the inclosure.

"Guess we got a chance to see that there vault Dave Strafford was talking about," said Uncle Clem. "That's Laban in yonder." He paused. "Le's see, what'll we sell him this time?"

He stocked his pockets from the space before the seat and led the way along an overgrown path. Elmer, meeting Laban Strafford's eye, drew back a little. All the Straffords were big; but this one, in the heavy black broadcloth coat that hung to his knees, was bigger than either of the others, and more formidable. He greeted Uncle Clem with grave friendliness.

"Good afternoon, Bixby. Heard about this notion of mine, I see." He shrugged. "It doesn't take much to set tongues clacking. Might think a man had no right to make sure of decent burial—to hear the glen gabble."

He moved aside, and Elmer, sheltered behind his uncle, could see the solid wall of masonry inset in the steep bank, the heavy sheet-iron door it supported.

"Seems sensible enough to me," the heavy voice went on. "Only way I can count on respectable treatment is to tend to it myself. There's nobody left except Dave, and I couldn't look for much from him."

"Guess Matt would aim to do the right thing by you, Laban," said Uncle Clem. "Not that it ain't better to see to things yourself, of course."

Strafford wagged his head.

"There's bad blood in Matt. I don't take much stock in him. The Hornby tribe were a shiftless lot, and Matt's half Hornby." He repeated his headshake. "Rather take my chances on Dave."

Against the stillness, remote and yet distinct and unmistakable, Elmer heard the double pat-patting sound of a shotgun. Laban Strafford swung his great body about in the direction of the report and his face drew into tight deep-bitten lines. Uncle Clem chuckled softly.

"Guess Dave's going to have chicken for supper, too," he said. "Reminds me I clean forgot to show him this here patented novelty, Laban—pocketknife and pen and pencil combined in one handy tool, with thousands of uses. Thing nobody'd ought to be without."

Laban Strafford's face relaxed, but his eyes did not move from the hillside, where a gleam of dirty white revealed the old house behind the cedars.

"Probably that's all it was," he said. "Guess I'm a fool to worry about Dave the way I do. Never hear that gun go off without wondering whether Mettler's shot him. It ain't safe, the way Dave hammers that rat-faced little runt every time he gets drunk on the mean liquor he stills out for himself. That shotgun stands around loaded. One of these days ——"

"Hook for picking stones outen horses' feet, too," said Uncle Clem, demonstrating the knife. "Corkscrew and scissors and screw driver and a bradawl so you can punch a hole in a tug strap, Laban—whole kit of tools you can carry right in your pocket."

"Worried about Dave," said Laban Strafford, as if he had not heard. He turned back to the iron door and snapped the padlock. Uncle Clem pocketed the Thousand-In-One Knife, admitting defeat in the first skirmish, and returned instantly to the attack.

"Got a mighty poor lock on that door, Laban. Don't seem reas'nable to spend five-six hundred dollars building a vault and then putting a cheap padlock on the door. Anybody c'd take and twist it clean off if he was a-mind to. You just wait a minute and I'll show you something you'd ought to have, Laban."

He went back to the van at a skipping trot and returned with a big shining padlock. "Here you are—lock 't you'd have to dynamite off if you wanted in without the key."

He leaned forward and snapped the heavy jaw shut about the stout staple and ring. Elmer, watching with critical interest, nodded approval as he saw the unmistakable buying look appear in Strafford's face. The big man went through the motions of the skeptic, hefting the lock and shaking his head, but Elmer knew that he was sold. He watched Strafford fumble for a key and remove the flimsy lock, grinned at the unprotesting surrender of a soiled dollar bill in exchange for the two keys that Uncle Clem tendered.

"Cheapest thing in the world is a first-rate lock," said Mr. Bixby.

The sale seemed to satisfy him. He made only a half-hearted endeavor to interest Laban Strafford in the Perpetual Pocket Almanac and Diary, including Encyclopedia of Useful Knowledge, and allowed him to climb into his buggy with only a glance of rejection at the Twentieth Century Key Carrier. On the seat of the van he delayed to pencil a small tag and tie it carefully to a third key. Elmer, familiar with the process, doubted its value in the present instance.

"Guess he ain't the kind that loses keys, Uncle Clem. Might's well have given him that extry one."

"Might be right." Uncle Clem stowed the tagged key in the locker behind the seat and lifted the reins. "Funny, though, how many smart folks loses keys. Take it all in all, I guess I make more profit off these extry keys 'n what I make off the locks. Comp'ny throws 'em in with the locks, free and gratis, and it don't cost us nothing to keep 'em tagged and handy. First-rate profit every time we get a quarter for one, and the feller 't buys it feels like we'd done him a favor, too."

He encouraged the team with his cheerful chirping noise and slapped the reins on the fly-netted backs.

"Like I was telling you this noon, Elmer; there's times when it ain't the cost of a thing 't settles the price; it's how bad the other feller wants it 't counts."

II

ELMER'S attention came back to the handbill thumb-tacked to the grimy wall; there was a double appeal, a combination of adventure and profit, in the headlines: Wanted for Murder—Five Thousand Dollars Reward! Elmer was consoled by the big black type for a certain disappointment in Cal Tupper. A sheriff ought to be a lean, dangerous fellow in a flannel shirt, with a star on his breast pocket and big holstered six-guns slapping against his legs. Elmer felt that the fat, sleepy-faced man in wrinkled blue serge, squeezed into the swivel chair behind the oak desk, was in some sense a fraud.

"Guess you got about the straight of it, Bixby," Tupper was saying. "Dave was drinking pretty heavy—jug was 'most empty when we found him—and he was apt to be ugly when he got lickered up. Prob'ly started in to beat up Mettler and the gun was too handy. Laban was dead right—kep' eggin' me to run Mettler off the place so's this wouldn't happen."

"That's right," Uncle Clem nodded. "Told me the same thing last time I seen him." He paused. "Took it kind of hard, I expect—Laban did."

Elmer was puzzled by the quality of the voice. He had an uneasy resentful memory of the way his mother and her friends had talked sometimes over his head, making words carry some meaning that a small boy couldn't find in them.

"You can see how hard he took it." Tupper jerked a fat red hand toward the handbill. "That's Labe's offer, that is."

Uncle Clem moved over beside Elmer and read the handbill carefully. He drew in his breath.

"Sight of money to spend on a hanging, ain't it? Don't seem hardly wuth it, way I look at it, Cal."

"Guess Labe looks at it different." Tupper spoke deliberately, and again Elmer resented the feeling that he meant something more or less than the face value of the words. "Wouldn't wonder if he'd pay a mite more to have Hub Mettler safe in jail."

There was a silence, while Elmer glanced from one of the faces to the other.

"Ain't found any track of Hub, I expect."

"No." Tupper shifted his soft bulk and folded his hands across his stomach. "Folks figure he must've got across the hill to the railroad and jumped on a freight. Be kind of hard to track him, long as we ain't got a picture to send around to the city police."

"You figure he got away, Cal?"

"Might have. Bound to get him if he didn't. Couldn't stay hid around here very long, with five thousand waiting for the man 't finds him."

"That's so." Uncle Clem spoke thoughtfully. "You ain't got a notion where he might be hid, have you? Supposing he didn't get away, I mean."

Tupper chuckled.

"Want me to tell you how to c'lect that reward, do you? I could use it myself, Bixby, if I knew where to hunt."

"Expect so." Uncle Clem joined in the laugh. "Guess me and Elmer better stick to peddling a while longer, anyhow. Just sort of wondered if you had any notion, Cal. Don't know as I'd get much fun outen that money. Kind of hate the idea of hanging a man, I do. It looks like bad business, wasting him on a rope. Always seemed to me 't most any kind of a man had ought to be wuth more alive 'n what he'd fetch hung."

Tupper laughed again.

"No use telling me that, Bixby. Have to go talk to the assembly and get 'em to change the act. Didn't know that was what you was up to—coming in here to argue me outen cap'tal punishment."

"Oh, I didn't come in to do nothing like that," said Uncle Clem hastily. A little red-bound book appeared in his hand. "I come in here to s'ply you with this here

(Continued on Page 105)

The Tidbit package 1 and 2 pounds $1.25 a pound

$500.00 for the best suggestion

Huyler's announces another prize contest

Read the conditions carefully

THIS is the second birthday of Huyler's Tidbit Package and we are going to celebrate the event. In two years the Tidbit has become the second most popular package in the entire Huyler's line—second only to the famous "Token" box. No small achievement.

Popular as the Tidbit package is, we believe it can be made still more popular and that our customers and friends can assist us.

So we will pay $500 for the best suggestion relating to Huyler's Tidbit package.

Perhaps you can think of a better design for the box cover.

Perhaps you can suggest some more appealing assortment for the contents.

Your suggestion may concern the method of packing, the shape of the box or a slogan which describes the box—anything whatsoever which will help increase Tidbit's rapidly growing popularity.

In addition to the first prize of $500 we will give fifty additional prizes of 2 lb. Tidbit boxes for other good suggestions, reserving the right to make use of any suggestion for which a prize is awarded.

What to do

THE conditions of this contest are very simple:

[1] Any suggestion that will increase the popularity of the Tidbit box is acceptable.

[2] If your suggestion has to do with design it should be accompanied by a rough sketch.

[3] All suggestions must be written on Tidbit contest blanks which you can get at any Huyler's store or agency or which we will mail direct to you upon request.

[4] This contest may be entered by everyone except employees of Huyler's.

[5] It is not necessary to buy a Tidbit package to enter this contest. If you are not already familiar with this delicious assortment, you can see a box at any Huyler's store or agency.

[6] *Contest closes midnight, February 29, 1924.*

The judges' decision will be announced as promptly as possible after the close of the contest.

In case the winning suggestion is submitted by more than one person, each will be given the full amount of the prize—$500.

For St. Valentine's Day

Huyler's famous *Token* package

Assorted Chocolates and Bonbons and Chocolates in an appropriate Valentine Wrap

1 lb. $1.50
2 " 3.00
3 " 4.50
5 " 7.50

Orders filled by Huyler's direct if there is no Huyler's agent in your town.

Don't delay—Start your suggestions TODAY

The prize winners of the recent Token contest are unanimous in their praise of the fairness and speed by which it was decided. We believe those who enter this contest will be equally pleased.

Huyler's

18th Street & Irving Place
New York City

Make your desserts with Huyler's Cocoa and Chocolate

America's foremost fine candy

Frank DeKlyn Huyler, *President* — Coulter D. Huyler, *Sec'y & Treas.* — David Huyler, *Vice President*

(Continued from Page 103)

Perpetual Pocket Almanac 'n' Di'ry, including a condensed Encyclopedia 'f Useful Knowledge 't nobody'd ought to try to get along without. Five thousand distinct and sep'rate facts right at your finger tip, whenever you need 'em, and a first-rate indelible pencil throwed in free and gratis."

The sheriff's half-dollar clinked in his pocket as he and Elmer went down the scuffed stairs, but Elmer was not altogether convinced.

"You go up there just to sell him the almanac?" he demanded when they had reached the street.

"Hate to miss a chance at a real fat man," said Uncle Clem. "Ain't no better folks to peddle to. Funny, too, when you figure how hard it is for a feller like Cal Tupper to reach into his pants pocket."

"Pumped him," persisted Elmer. "What for? You think we got a chance to c'lect that reward?"

"Don't guess we want it, do we?" Uncle Clem fumbled with the hitching strap. "Plenty of goods we c'n peddle without starting in to sell a man's neck for money."

"You think we could get it if we wanted it?" Elmer refused to be put off. "Think we might find out where Hub Mettler's hid up?"

"Might." Uncle Clem lifted his foot to the hub. "You take a peddler 't likes the business and he's apt to find out a sight of things 't home folks don't notice, Elmer. You drive a spell. Guess I better study out some selling talk if I aim to peddle a new line 's afternoon."

"What line?"

Elmer took the reins eagerly, but his curiosity was not assuaged by the privilege. Uncle Clem's face hardened to unfamiliar sternness.

"That's just the p'int. I ain't sure what I got to peddle this time. Kind of hard to sell something when you don't know what it is nor how much it's wuth. You keep still and drive, Elmer. Got to do a sight of studying about this. Le's see, I'll say ——"

His lips moved silently and he waved his hands in rehearsal of persuasive gestures. Elmer gave his attention to the team, disturbed by his first real doubt of Uncle Clem's sagacity. He hadn't protested against swinging back over the route when they'd heard about the murder, although he knew that it didn't pay to cover the same ground twice within a month; but he'd expected Uncle Clem to do what business he could along the way, instead of driving right by farmhouse after farmhouse, as if they were on a pleasure trip. They'd covered fifty miles in less than three days, without making enough to buy horse feed, and now Uncle Clem refused to try for the reward that might have been regarded as a justification for this waste of good time. Elmer was troubled and resentful. The news of the crime, within ten days after their stop at Dave Strafford's house, had stirred his own interest and curiosity, to be sure, but he wouldn't have neglected business just to find out about it.

His frown deepened as Uncle Clem's gesture told him to drive in at Matt Strafford's lane. There wasn't any chance to do business here; it meant just more time wasted on talk about the murder.

He glowered at the big-boned young farmer who met them in the dooryard, and listened sullenly to question and answer that told him nothing new.

"Must 've happened Sunday night," said Strafford. "Annie and me heard the gunshots when we was going to bed. Noticed it p'tic'lar account of being so late, but we didn't pay much 'tention. Kind of used to hearing 'em shoot up yonder. Afterwards we figured it must 've been them two shots."

"They was two, eh?" Uncle Clem leaned forward in the seat. "Close together?"

"Couldn't rightly say how close. We wasn't noticing at the time, Annie and me, only afterwards we remembered they was two—far enough apart so's it didn't sound like an echo, seems like. Anyhow, both barrels was empty when they found the gun. Guess he aimed to make it good and sure."

"Guess he did." Uncle Clem meditated briefly. "Laban see to the fun'ral?"

"Yes; Laban's acted first rate, seeing how mean Dave always used him."

To Elmer's ear there was a changed quality in the voice, as if Matt had forced himself to the speech. Uncle Clem nodded approvingly.

"Laban always was a great hand for his kin," he said. "Kind of handy for him, having that there new vault finished just in time ——"

"Didn't use it, though. Buried Dave in the old family lot down next the road."

Uncle Clem nodded again.

"Expect he's fixing up the place considerable, now he's heired it."

Elmer saw Matt's face tighten.

"Yes; started in right after the fun'ral. Got a sight of work done already." He swallowed. "Glad to see somebody using the place right. Dave never treated the land fair when he had it."

"Makes it better for you," said Uncle Clem. "Farm'll be in good shape when you heir it off Laban."

"Ain't apt to will it to me." Again Strafford spoke with the effect of strain. "Laban ain't ever had much use for me."

"All the kin he's got left now, and Laban's a great hand for kin, Matt. Don't you go fretting about the place. Bound to get it one of these days."

Matt Strafford's eyes made Elmer think of a man who was hungry and was promised food, but he shook his head slowly.

"Guess not, Mr. Bixby. You c'n find Annie in the house, but I don't guess she needs anything today."

"Just drove in to pass the time o' day, Matt. Ain't peddling this trip."

Elmer turned the van in response to the gesture. The wheels jolted in the ruts of the lane. Uncle Clem slouched back in his corner and Elmer heard the mutter of the familiar phrase. "Le's see, I'll say ——"

Elmer's uneasiness deepened. Whatever it was that Uncle Clem hoped to sell, he'd better not look like this when he faced his customer. Elmer knew that a good peddler always ought to look friendly and cheerful, and Uncle Clem didn't now. Watching him with doubtful side glances, Elmer, for the first time in their acquaintance, was just a little afraid of him.

"Drive in."

Uncle Clem spoke abruptly as the team approached the end of the long lane that led up the hill to the old Strafford place. His voice sounded harsh and Elmer saw that his eyebrows were drawn together and his lips were flatly straight. He drove in troubled silence, observing that there were new planks in the flooring of the bridge and that two teams were plowing in the field beyond the mended fence. Here and there, in the worst places, loads of gravel had been spread on the road and the passage of many wheels had packed down a smooth hard track. New gates swung from the stone pillars. Between the evergreens that masked the house Elmer could see the golden warmth of a new-shingled roof and the gleam of fresh paint on walls and shutters. Bright yellow boards had closed the gaps in the barn; the overgrowth of weeds had been cut away.

Laban Strafford came toward them along a freshly graveled walk. Elmer was sorry for him; shock and grief had aged him visibly since that day in the cemetery; the heavy broadcloth coat hung loosely from the huge, gaunt shoulders that stooped forward as if under a great weight of years; the flesh sagged below the eyes and there were deep-bitten lines about the mouth.

"Well, Bixby?" The voice was unfriendly. "I suppose you got to stare and pry and gape like the rest. You ——"

"Guess there ain't much left to stare at by now." Uncle Clem shook his head. "Never was much of a hat.l for sightseeing, anyhow. Me and Elmer come up on business, Laban."

"Wasted your trouble then." Strafford's voice softened to complaint. "Think I got money to throw away on peddler's trash,

when half the county's got a hand in my pocket on these here repairs?"

"Heard you'd been spending considerable," said Uncle Clem, "and I seen them handbills, too—sight of money to spend on another dead man, five thousand dollars."

There was a brief silence, while Strafford's sunken eyes peered out over their sagging lower lids.

"Don't have to pay a cent if Mettler ain't caught alive," he said at last. "Reward's offered for information leading to arrest and conviction."

"That's what I meant," Uncle Clem put in. "Five thousand seems like an almighty steep price to pay f'r hanging a man, Laban, when they's so many live folks could use it."

"That's only how you look at it. I figure it's wuth that to hang Mettler. Feel 's if I owed it to Dave. Ain't nothing else I can do for him now."

"Guess that's so." Uncle Clem nodded slowly. "But there's live folks that's just as close kin as Dave was. Kind of struck me 't that there five thousand would do Matt a sight more good than hanging Mettler would do Dave."

Elmer saw Strafford's face tighten and the man's voice made him think of a dog's growl above a bone.

"Matt ain't no kin of mine, Bixby. Ain't going to do him any good to come meeching around me, waiting for dead men's shoes!"

"Bound to heir the place when you're done with it, ain't he?" said Uncle Clem evenly. "Ain't nobody else to will it to."

"Guess I can make out to find somebody. You better tend to your own business, Bixby. I don't need you to tell me what do with my prop'ty."

"Wasn't aiming to, Laban. Makes a difference. Always kind of liked Matt, and if the money was coming outen his pocket, like it would, if he was going to heir off you, me and Elmer wouldn't feel just right to go hunting for Mettler. Five thousand's a sight of money, but I'd kind of hate to take it away from Matt's folks. Long 's it ain't going to matter to him, me and Elmer can go right ahead and hunt."

Strafford's face cleared slowly, the angry flush dying down out of the drooping flesh of the cheeks. There was a touch of scorn in his question.

"You think Mettler's hid up somewheres out this way? Think he's fool enough to stay around where you c'd find him?"

"Wouldn't wonder," said Uncle Clem mildly. "Best place to hide is where folks figure you couldn't. Wouldn't surprise me a mite if Hub Mettler was right here in the glen." Strafford laughed.

"Think he could stay here going on three weeks and not get caught—with five thousand dollars offered for him?"

"Wouldn't wonder if he could stay longer'n that if he was hid up real good to start with."

Uncle Clem turned slowly and looked out over the slope of the hillside. Following his glance, Elmer noticed the white gleam of marble in the clumped evergreens beyond the new-turned furrows.

"Wouldn't think the burying ground was that near, would you? Must be a good two mile around by the road." He paused. "If Dave hadn't been so big it'd 've been handier to carry him down across lots, I guess, 'stead of driving all the way over that mean road."

In the silence Elmer saw that Strafford's hand reached out and closed on the felly of the front wheel; the big knuckle bones stood out under the whitening skin.

"Mighty big man, Dave was," the mild voice went on. "Used to handle Mettler easy when they got quarreling. Don't guess Mettler weighed much over a hundred."

"Weigh enough to stretch hemp." The words came from Strafford in a throaty creak.

"That's so. Seems sort of foolish, too, hanging him. Always looked to me 's if they'd ought to be some better use f'r a man 'n breaking his neck, Laban. If I had the say-so I'd take and study out some way to get some good outen him."

Strafford's voice creaked again.

"Wouldn't punish a murderer, eh? Leave a man go killing folks any time he had a-mind to?"

"Guess there'd ought to be some way to punish him so it'd pay," said Uncle Clem. "Don't look like good sense to kill a man; bound to be wuth more alive, way I figure it, no matter how mean he is." He turned slowly back to Strafford, and Elmer saw that his face wore the queer look he had seen there after their talk with Matt.

"Laban, you got most folks fooled about the way you feel about Matt, but you can't fool me. I been studying over this here case ever since I seen Cal Tupper down to the courthouse."

He hesitated and Elmer saw the big knuckles go dirty-white again.

"Yes, sir. I got a notion you ain't down on Matt, after all. Stands to reason a man 's old as you wouldn't go slathering out money fixing up this place this way, when you got a first-rate house and farm already. Wouldn't be wuth while, without you was doing it so's somebody else'd get the good of it when you was gone. Talk all you're a-mind to, but you can't tell me you ain't fixing to will the place to Matt."

Laban Strafford made an inarticulate noise in his throat. Uncle Clem nodded gravely, as if he had heard assent.

"Knowed that was the straight of it, Laban. Does you credit to look at it like that. But I got a better notion, I have. It'd be better to take and deed this here place over to Matt right now, 'stead of waiting till you're gone. Mighty hard work for Matt to scratch a living outen that rock patch of his, but he's a first-rate farmer, give him decent land to work. Tell you, Laban, you got your buggy hitched up and handy. Le's you and me and Elmer go to town right now and get Judge Gregg to fix up the deed. Then we c'n stop to Matt's on the way back and deliver it. Quicker Matt starts working this farm the better f'r the land."

"You crazy, Bixby?" Strafford found his voice. "You think I'm fool enough to give away a place like this here? Think I'm fool enough to ——"

"Guess we ain't neither of us crazy, Laban. Know I ain't, anyhow, and I got a notion you're a sight too smart to go fixing up an extry house just to have two places to die in. Yes, sir, a sight too smart to hang onto the land, seeing what I c'n trade you for it. Ain't asking you to give it away, free and gratis, Laban. Aim to pay you just what you give for it. Maybe more, by your figuring."

He twisted in the seat and fumbled in the locker behind it. Elmer saw him bring out a tagged key. Laban Strafford's big body swayed; he caught again at the wheel.

"Elmer and me most gen'ly keeps an extry key to every lock we sell," said Uncle Clem. "Beats all how many folks is glad to get 'em next time we stop. Sort of calc'lated to sell this here one to you, Laban. Hand it over soon's you sign that there deed, if the swap suits you."

He waited for an answer. Strafford clung to the wheel, speechless, his face a gray mask of fear.

"If it ain't wuth the price to you, Elmer and me was figuring on giving Cal Tupper the next chance," Uncle Clem went on. "You and Cal look at this hanging business the same, Laban. Cal figures they ain't nothing to do with a killer only hang him. Never looked sensible to me, but I might be wrong."

Strafford stretched out his hand.

"I'll sign," he croaked. "Give it to me."

"Minute the deed's fixed up, Laban. You go get your rig and we'll all drive down together right now. Have it all fixed up by sundown if we hurry."

Strafford stumbled away like a man stricken with blindness. Elmer drew a deep breath. "Was it him 't done it, Uncle Clem? You figure he killed the both of 'em and hid Mettler in that there vault so's folks would think he done it?"

Uncle Clem shook his head slowly.

"I quit figuring, Elmer. You and me don't need to know who done it, nor how. We're into the peddling business, Elmer, and we been making a trade f'r an extry key." He changed places with the boy and took the reins as Strafford's buggy appeared in the drive. "Beats all what a good price you c'n get f'r 'em, Elmer—if you go by how bad the other feller wants 'em."

WHAT DO THEY DO WITH ALL THEIR MONEY?

(Continued from Page 15)

yet learned to say no. They're always giving either their money or their services to something. Sometimes it is worthy, often it is not. A famous star of musical comedy and vaudeville who has recently returned to this country from England showed me a pile of letters she had received, asking her to appear at benefits of all sorts, for every conceivable purpose.

"What do we do with all our money?" she asked. "If I appeared at even half these benefits I wouldn't have time to work and earn my living. And if I refuse they think I'm mean, and it really hurts me with the public."

This particular actress has a rather unique way of spending whatever excess funds she may have. She adopts babies, taking them out of asylums and giving them a good home, education and the loving care of a mother. She has three children now, all adopted within the past few years, and intends to keep on adopting more. There is a separate fund for each one, so that they will be taken care of no matter what emergency may arise. And there is a country place for them, a nurse for the littlest one, a governess for the two older ones, and all the other expenses contingent upon raising a family. The name of this actress is Nora Bayes. A movie vamp of note has also taken to adopting babies as one means of spending her excess profits.

On the whole, the purveyor of amusements is learning to look out for a rainy day. In a large number of cases it can even pour and it won't matter. Let us consider those people who today are the most conspicuous money-makers in the world of amusement and see how they line up as business men and women.

The first to suggest themselves are movie people, because there are more of them making big money than in any other line. The first person who comes to mind is Charlie Chaplin, reputed to be a millionaire many times over. Then, of course, Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford. After that the Talmadges, Norma and Constance. There are many more, but these are the most obvious.

What do they do with their money?

They invest it. There is little danger that Charlie Chaplin will ever go over the hill to the poorhouse. He is known throughout the financial, as well as the film world, as the canniest, cleverest business man of the lot. There are those who say that he is in a class with Sir Harry Lauder when it comes to business matters. His early morning hours are given up to financial problems.

As for Mary and Doug, they are striking examples of the fact that charm and talent do not necessarily go hand in hand with stupidity and foolhardiness. Though they are the personification of kindness, and give lavishly to innumerable charities, they know how to make their money work for them.

They are not salaried picture stars, as they once were; they both head producing companies of their own, and any profit that is made accrues to them. And their profits are invested wisely, a share of it going back into the company for expansion, just as in all well-planned businesses, but a just proportion being invested in outside things, chiefly Liberty Bonds, of which they have enormous holdings, and real estate.

All filmdom, as a matter of fact, has the real-estate bug. One girl star, known mostly for her work in hair-raising serials, has gone into the real-estate business, and nearly everyone in Hollywood is buying land.

A short time ago I met an actor who had just returned from there, and he said, "You know, I looked for days before I could find anyone to talk shop with."

"What?" I exclaimed. "A whole town full of actors and nobody to talk shop with? Impossible! Actors never talk about anything else."

"That's what I thought, too," he replied, "until I got to Hollywood. Then I discovered that they're real-estate dealers first and actors after that."

Norma and Constance Talmadge are fortunate in having Joseph M. Schenck, who is the husband of Norma and the president of both the Norma Talmadge and the Constance Talmadge Film Companies, to advise them how to invest their money. These sisters also do not work on salaries but on a percentage basis, and

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528

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(Name of writer on request)

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consequently most of their earnings are reinvested in their own productions. However, their outside investments show a rare catholicity of taste.

Mr. Schenck is one of the owners of Palisades Park, the big amusement place just across the Hudson River from New York City, and Norma is somewhat financially interested in that. With her husband, she is also a heavy investor in a string of theaters on the Pacific Coast, known as the West Coast Theaters Company. They also own a share of the Music Box Revue, staged and largely owned by Irving Berlin, to whom I will refer again later.

Also, with her husband—they consider their joint fortunes as one—Norma Talmadge is affiliated with the Bank of Italy in Los Angeles, and has considerable real-estate holdings throughout California. Recently she has become interested in some oil wells in the West, and the ultimate extent of her fortune will depend somewhat upon the future of California. She is a heavy bond buyer, too, preferring Liberty Bonds and industrials. It does not look as though she will ever see the inside of a poorhouse unless she goes there some day to make a picture.

Constance, like Norma, puts her savings into bonds, oil wells and real estate; and Buster Keaton, the frozen-faced comedian who has joined the Talmadge family by marrying Natalie, the third sister, invests his money in much the same way.

While considering what these people do with their money, we must not overlook the homes that most of them have in California. These represent hundreds of thousands of dollars and, in the case of the above-mentioned stars, are among the most palatial in the world.

A Movie Star's Expenses

Just as with people on the speaking stage, they have certain expenses contingent upon their business. Take, for example, the matter of fan letters to be answered, of requests for autographed pictures. The number of people who write for pictures is almost unbelievable, and they almost never inclose stamps or self-addressed envelopes. At the Talmadge studios alone it requires the services of four young girls to do nothing but mail pictures to film fans. The pictures are ordered in lots of 50,000 at a time, and when one adds to the photographer's bill the cost of the photo mailers, the postage and the salaries of the four girls, it is easy to see why the Talmadge girls spend something like $28,000 a year on fan pictures. Similar amounts are spent in other studios.

You might say that is a legitimate business expense, and that it should be charged up to profit and loss. But is there any other type of business which has an item like that to cope with? It is really a personal thing and they must do it, for, again, if they refused to send their pictures they would lose a big part of their following. That is an item in the budget of every picture star, great or small.

A number of movie people have other businesses on the side. In addition to the serial star previously mentioned there are several other real-estate agents. One girl whose salary goes into four figures weekly augments her income by the proceeds of a garage which she bought not long ago. Another, equally well paid, has invested her savings in a steam laundry. That should be prosaic enough for anyone.

To revert for a moment to a subject that has been threshed out time and time again in the daily papers all over this country, and even now is not yet settled, you might be interested in an itemized account of his weekly expenditures submitted to the court by Rodolph Valentino in his battle with Famous Players. You recall, no doubt, that the sheik refused to fulfill the terms of a contract signed with the film company, according to which he was to receive a weekly salary of $1250 for a period of three years. After working a short time under this contract, Valentino declined to continue unless his salary was raised. He couldn't get along on this sum, he declared. Attention was drawn by editorial writers to the fact that a great many of the people whose patronage supplied Rodolph with that $1250 a week didn't earn much more than that in a whole year. However, "that is a different story," said the Italian heartbreaker, and in his affidavit he submitted the following figures, showing that his weekly expenses were just $65.50 more than his weekly income. You can draw your own conclusions. Here are the figures:

Weekly payment on home	$273.00
Weekly payment to company for advance on salary	250.00
Weekly payment to bank on loans	250.00
Salary to secretary	25.00
Wages to butler and cook	41.50
Household expenses	50.00
Gas and oil for car	15.00
Board of two riding horses	16.00
Foreign representative	25.00
Interest on property	30.00
Dresser	15.00
Commissions to agent	125.00
Cost of answering fan letters	200.00
Total	$1315.50
Salary	1250.00
Deficit	$65.50

A glance over the above figures reveals several things. One is that Mr. Valentino has managed to get his professional help—his secretary, his dresser and his foreign representative—at a very low rate. Another thing it reveals is that he must have considerable property if he has to pay thirty dollars a week interest on it. And both these revelations point, for me at least, to the fact that Mr. Valentino is not only a very good movie actor but also that he is a pretty fair business man.

Movie people, even more than the people of the speaking stage, because their public is so many times bigger, are besieged with begging letters. There seems to be no limit to the audacity of people, who write from all parts of the country, for any one of a score of reasons, letters asking for clothes worn in various pictures, asking for money to support aged parents—"you have so much you won't miss a few hundred dollars"—asking for money to put a younger brother or sister through college. These charity letters are often followed up and worthy cases are helped.

I spoke of the movie people first because their expenditures are necessarily the most spectacular, their field the broadest, their public the biggest and their earnings the most tremendous on the whole. Now let us regard the show people, the Broadwayites, and compare them with their colleagues of the screen. Of course they do not as a rule have such huge earnings to juggle with; still many of the stage stars share in the profits of their shows, and not a few are actor-managers. Mrs. Fiske, Margaret Anglin, David Warfield, Sothern and Marlowe, Henry Miller, Wallace Eddinger, are a few names in the legitimate theater with whom wealth made in the theater, but now more or less independent of it, is associated. Mrs. Fiske and Miss Anglin both have singularly wise husbands, who handle their business matters for them; but does it not show a keen business sense to hand one's affairs over to a good business man?

Big Money Makers

Mr. Eddinger is interested in two allied producing firms, and in addition to the money he makes from acting, he is gathering returns from such successful plays as Rain, Captain Applejack, The Nervous Wreck and several others of similar prosperity. And though the nature of his outside investments has not been revealed, it is considered along the Rialto that Wallie Eddinger is one of the best business men in or out of New York. There are several dramatic stars, men and women, who will not accept any part, no matter how good, or any salary, no matter how high, if the contract does not include a clause giving them a piece of the show.

These people, too, have their pet charities. They never refuse to help any cause or any individual they consider worth while. They give with the real spirit of giving. Mrs. Fiske is passionately devoted to the cause of animals and gives great sums to organizations in their behalf.

It is on the musical-comedy stage that the most money is made by stars, because they not only receive very large salaries, and in many cases a share in the profits, but frequently, if they are singers, they earn a great deal more through phonograph records, and also through getting a share of the profits of any popular song they happen to sing.

The biggest money makers in musical comedy are, offhand, Fred Stone, Al Jolson, Eddie Cantor and Fannie Brice. Mr. Cantor and Miss Brice, for the past few years, have alternated between vaudeville and revues, where they are equally popular and where they earn about the same amount of money. Mr. Stone and Mr. Jolson have made a practice of appearing in New York about once every three or four years with a new show, which they keep on Broadway for a season, and then taking it out on the road, where, no matter how poor business may be for other attractions, they invariably clean up for two or three seasons more. And they are all known today as among the best business heads on Broadway, although it wasn't many years ago that Eddie Cantor, by his own recounting, was the worst sap in the world as far as money matters were concerned.

The story of how he changed from a big earner, whose money slipped right through his fingers, to the man of property that he is today is highly amusing, but it is more than that. It is illuminating as well, and reveals an interesting angle of the theatrical profession and how it is becoming linked up with the world of finance.

Seven years ago Eddie Cantor was earning something well over $1000 a week and he wasn't saving a cent. Worse than that, he was constantly in debt.

"I couldn't hold on to a penny," Eddie confided to me. "Every Saturday night I'd leave the stage door of the New Amsterdam, where I was working at the time, and honestly, before I got out of the alley I'd hardly have enough money left to take a taxi home."

What Set Him Thinking

There were grafters no end, people with pathetic stories to tell, people who sent notes into his dressing room and waited outside for answers. The following letter is only one of hundreds like it he received all the time, with no more reason for asking help than the fundamental fact that the writers were poor and he wasn't:

MR. CANTOR,

Dear Sir: Please give this your careful consideration. I was just released from the N. J. State Prison, and learning you were playing here am appealing to you for a little aid to help give me a start. I am in ill health and as they just gave me my fare here I am without funds. Thanking you for anything you may do for me and wishing you would grant me an interview, I am, Respectfully, X. Y. Z.

P. S. I am at the stage door.

He invariably saw them and just as invariably helped them. Grafters got to know him for a softy. And then there were smooth-tongued men with skyrocket stock to sell, stock which he bought because he couldn't say no, and because he believed what the men told him about it, and because it was printed on such pretty paper.

"You wouldn't believe," he said, "that anyone could be such a fool. I have enough worthless stock at home to paper all my walls with. I used to buy it because I liked the color of the paper it was printed on. And I'd go home to my wife and tell her how rich we were going to be in a couple of weeks, and she'd say, 'Yes, I know, but how about some money for shoes for the children?' And I'd have to tell her I didn't have it because I had parted with my whole salary before I got twenty feet away from the theater."

Then one day Mr. Cantor was asked to appear at a benefit for a one-time-famous star, a man who had been one of the biggest money makers of his day. He appeared at the benefit, which netted a few thousand dollars—all this old man had between him and a public charity—about four weeks' worth of Eddie Cantor's salary. It gave him pause.

"I decided right then and there," he said, "that I didn't want them giving any benefits for me twenty years from now. But, gosh, I couldn't save my money! I just didn't know how. And I was thinking about it when the solution of my problem came and landed right in my lap."

Eddie told his sad story to a relative, a young man who was private secretary to the president of a big bank. The young man in turn told the story to his chief, who became interested and said he would like to help Eddie save his money. Soon the cousin brought about an introduction, and after a brief conference the solution was hit on.

An arrangement was made and put into immediate effect whereby the private secretary was to collect Mr. Cantor's salary every week, as well as any other money that was coming to him, and give it out again. It is deposited by him in the bank,

which acts as a personal representative, having complete charge of all his funds. Every week Eddie receives a check for his personal expenses. His wife receives another check, covering the cost of running the household, clothing herself and the children, and her personal expenses. The bank pays all bills, the taxes on the Cantor home, income tax, insurance premiums and all other expenses. When Eddie is out of town he signs all hotel bills and they are sent to the bank to be paid. Whatever is left is invested by the banker at his own discretion. Mr. Cantor does not wish to be consulted. As a matter of fact, he'd rather not know what is happening to his money. It is only upon the insistence of the bank president that he receives a quarterly accounting of his funds.

"I leave it all to him," he said. "The only thing I know about it is that he is taking very good care of me. Instead of being always broke now, the way I used to be, I am providing for my family and for my old age, thanks to this man's wise investments. No benefits for me!"

And there's not a thing to worry about, he points out; no responsibility at all. Nowadays if a man accosts him at the stage door and asks for money for old times' sake, Mr. Cantor just tells him to communicate with the banker, who investigates the claim and if he regards it as worthy he helps the man accordingly.

That's what another actor does with his money. He was so pleased at the result of the plan that he persuaded several of his theatrical friends to follow his example, and now this particular bank has a special department just for that purpose.

Fred Stone is known on Broadway as the best business man of them all, as well as one of the most generous and philanthropic. If he should never work again as long as he lives it wouldn't make much difference. Besides his justly famous ranch and farm at Amityville, Long Island, Mr. Stone is the owner of a skyscraper or two in the business section of New York.

From Bonds to Fine Arts

His decision about a year ago to give one-tenth of all his earnings to the church has been strictly adhered to, although that is by no means his only form of charity.

Real estate is one of the chief sources of investment of Fannie Brice, known as the highest-paid single woman in vaudeville or revue. Single in this case, as you doubtless know, does not mean unmarried; it merely means that the performer appears alone. At present Miss Brice is singing in the Ziegfeld Follies, where her salary runs way up in four figures. Exactly what it is I do not know, but I do know that in vaudeville she received more than $2000 a week. She, too, is a shrewd business woman, owning considerable property in and around New York in addition to her recently acquired residence on Riverside Drive, the former home of a perfume magnate. This house, a five-story building, is now divided in such a way that Miss Brice and her family occupy three floors, while the fourth and fifth floors are rented as apartments.

In addition to her property interest, Miss Brice is a strong believer in Liberty Bonds and also in endowment-insurance policies. She holds a great many Liberty Bonds and is heavily insured.

Until quite recently Miss Brice was half owner of a well-known modiste shop, where between performances and rehearsals and romps with her babies she was occasionally to be found. She designed a great many of the gowns herself, and sometimes cut and even sewed on them. This shop was a diversion to her as well as an investment; but lately she found that her theatrical duties and her home life occupied all her attention and time, so she sold her interest in the shop—needless to say, at a profit.

Al Jolson combines a sound business judgment with a love of the beautiful and a strong philanthropic sense. Real estate is his favorite form of investment, and he is known the world over as a collector of tapestries, rugs, paintings and all manner of rare and costly art objects. Although these things satisfy his æsthetic sense, they are also good investments, as they can always be sold for cash without taking a loss. He gives lavishly to charities of all kinds.

The people of the opera and concert are also especially known for their collecting propensities. One stellar contralto of the Metropolitan is said to have the finest collection of Sèvres china in the world. Another collects Japanese prints. Here again, incidentally, it must be pointed out that these people do not net what they gross. There is a profit and loss in the opera world just as there is in the commercial. For instance, there is the matter of the claque.

At every performance of the opera strange and vociferous applause can always be heard, massed together in different parts of the house. That is the claque at work. The system is so well organized that it is apparently impossible for even the opera authorities to break it up, hard though they may try. And the singers must pay whether they want to or not. It avails not for them to assure the leader of the claque that they are not interested in receiving such obviously hired applause. If they do not respond gracefully it will be noticed that their next performance is marked, somehow, by a series of accidental disturbances which usually manage to ruin the appearance. Eventually they all give in, and though there is a great deal of talk every season about the extermination of the claque, it still thrives beautifully. A person very close to the opera and all its people told me as an absolute fact that the opera stars, even some of the biggest ones, pay the claque.

Then, too, in the opera, particularly among the women, a great deal of money is spent on costumes, and advertising, which is a costly and unavoidable detail. Still, there are people in the musical world who are known to be very wealthy. Real estate seems to be the favored form of investment among them too.

Men in commercial activities are inclined to think of business only in their own terms, but actually the word can be applied to certain proceedings on the part of artists. One singer, for instance, an American barytone who was formerly in the Metropolitan, and who is now devoting himself exclusively to recital work, recently spent a large sum of money on a trip to England, which he took for the express purpose of giving two recitals there. He made little money at these recitals, but he did make many friends. When he returned home he was berated by a Wall Street friend for not investing those thousands in some safe bonds, but he assured the friend that from a strictly business angle the returns on his English visit would be many times greater than the returns on the same money put into bonds. And he has already been proved right. The sale of his phonograph records, which never went very well over there, has increased many times since he appeared personally, and the trip has been paid for many times over. That seems like pretty sound business judgment, doesn't it? His name is Reinald Werrenrath.

Just by the way, it might be of interest to you to note that a few weeks ago the estate of Enrico Caruso received some $587,000 as the record royalty for two years.

The Landowning Instinct

Probably the fastest money-making record in the world is held by Jack Dempsey, heavyweight champion of the world—to leap from a highbrow form of entertainment to a lowbrow one. For fighting exactly three minutes with Firpo last September he received about $500,000. His fight with Carpentier a couple of years ago brought him almost as much. It would not be surprising to learn that a man of his life and training spent every dollar he made, but it is not true of Dempsey. He is putting away plenty for a rainy day. He, too, is an investor in real estate. With his manager, Jack Kearns, he owns a big apartment house in Los Angeles. When they first bought it, some time ago, they floated a bond issue of several hundred thousand dollars, but after the Dempsey-Firpo fight the bonds were retired.

It was only a few days ago that Dempsey announced his intention of waging three more fistic battles, as the sporting writers call them, and retiring from the ring. He expects to make $500,000 out of each encounter, and then go into the real-estate business.

The landowning instinct seems to be the strongest of all. Also in Los Angeles is the Leach Cross apartment building, owned by the fighter of that name. And Bennie Leonard, lightweight champion, has considerable money invested in real estate in New York.

Babe Ruth, whose income is probably higher than that of any other man ever connected with baseball, not only makes his money with home runs but makes home runs with his money. That is to say, he turns it over to his pretty little wife, the business head of the family, to invest it for him. If ever the day comes when his batting average drops he won't have to worry. A nice little fortune will be right there to take care of him.

There are fortunes made and lost every year in the popular-song-writing game. The outstanding figure of that industry is Irving Berlin, whose romantic history and picturesque qualities are well known to everyone who reads the Sunday papers. Here is a man, still comparatively a youngster, who less than fifteen years ago was a singing waiter in a place on New York's East Side. He wrote a popular song, Alexander's Ragtime Band, which accomplished two things for him. It gave him his financial start and it won for him the title, Father of Jazz. Instead of spending all he made from his first hit, which would have been understandable enough under the circumstances, he saved and invested it. Today he is at the head of his own music-publishing business, has money invested in several theatrical enterprises and is half owner, with Sam Harris, of the Music Box Theater, one of the most valuable pieces of property in New York's theatrical district. Truly an American epic, the story of Irving Berlin.

Thespians in Trade

There is another song writer who collects rare manuscripts and who has a fortune invested in them. He recently paid nearly $10,000 for an autographed manuscript of a famous living author. A well-known writer of lyrics has ambitions to become a dramatist, and to that end has invested in innumerable books on the drama. He has what is considered one of the best dramatic libraries in America. In addition to the outstanding figures I have mentioned, to these people whose money-making faculties are nationally and internationally discussed, there are dozens, hundreds really, some fairly well known, some more or less obscure entertainers, who have managed to save something each year and have invested it in homes or in some business enterprise entirely outside the theater, giving heed to the future, when perhaps they will not be able to troupe any longer.

There is a couple, for instance, who have been touring vaudeville for twenty-five years. When they started they were $2000 in debt. Today they have a summer home in Vermont and a winter home in Florida, to say nothing of a very sizable bank account. They work only half of every year, although they could have fifty-two weeks' booking if they wanted it.

There is a dancer with a big reputation in vaudeville and musical comedy who is the owner of a flourishing hairdressing establishment on the upper West Side of New York. The business is in charge of the three young sisters of his wife, and about twenty girls are employed. The weekly income from this beauty parlor is almost as large as his income from the stage, and the business works fifty-two weeks a year, while the dancer works only forty. Several other dancers have their own schools, through which their stage incomes are appreciably augmented.

A young man who has for several seasons been featured as the juvenile lead of musical comedies saved up a few thousand dollars, and last year, in partnership with his Japanese valet, he bought one of the legion of tea rooms which spring up like mushrooms on the side streets of New York. The Japanese valet left off valeting to look after the tea room, and last reports were that people were being turned away at every meal.

Another young musical-comedy tenor, who is a big record seller as well, has money invested in a phonograph and record store. The two men of a fairly well-known comedy team bought a tumble-down old place on the Boston Post Road not far from Boston and converted it into a modern road house. They make more money every week from the tourists who drop into their road house than they do from the stage work. A prominent single woman in vaudeville owns a string of garages. A well-known monologuist is a partner in a Philadelphia construction firm. A blackface comedian owns an apartment house in a good neighborhood in New York. And so it goes.

Performers, whatever their medium, are people, and not nearly so different from the rest of humanity as the rest of humanity generally supposes. On the whole, it can be seen by a little observation that they spend their money, not too well, but wisely.

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SOLEDAD STEVE

(Continued from Page 14)

Right there I drew the impression you get first of all from a horse with a Roman nose. It doesn't impede his running any, if he feels like running, but he doesn't always feel as you do about the next thing to do. Too much horse, as a rule, to risk a bet on. Such was my judgment as I saw her put away in the little room upstairs next to Steve's, a bell rigged on the stand at his bedside.

"One less man-hater in San Diego tonight," I concluded on my way over to quarters at the Foreign Club, and kept recalling her look as she took off her little dark turban, the subtle swagger to her shoulders and the unceremonious way her hand dropped to Steve's cheek. She had the manner of having come to take over Tia Juana entire, not merely one crumpled outlaw.

"I may have to set her straight—what her duties are," I pondered. "It may devolve upon me to tone down Miss Administratrix, it being necessary to remind some people from time to time ——"

When I got to the darkened room next morning, Steve's eye fixed upon me as one who has a world to confide, but no hope of ever getting his friend alone—a sort of receding look that came up to me from the couch of pain.

Butler had already sent over the saddle.

I walked around the place in the manner of a man who had surrendered no authority whatsoever, nor intended to, gossiping to Steve of the day's racing card, but not missing the fact that he wasn't rightly attentive, the foreign element making us both unnatural. Suffering or shadows had altered the polar blue of his eyes. As I left, the nurse overtook me at the top of the stairs.

"He doesn't relax," she whispered. "Tell him I'm a trained nurse, here to take care of him. He seems to think I'm a hothouse pansy."

"Now I want to know!" said I.

Right there she gave me a look, and I started downstairs, having lost the last misgiving about her being able to take care of herself, a lone woman in Tia Juana. So far as I was concerned she was safe as an ice pick.

"But I want you to speak to him now," she repeated. Her right foot pressed hard on the upper stair—a movement that would turn into a stamp if aggravated. "I'll go downstairs while you set him straight."

"Yes, ma'am."

"Another thing—it's about that saddle. It isn't sanitary. It takes up lots of room ——"

"Start taking it away if you want to get in wrong with Steve."

I drew another slow look. . . .

"Is she gone?" Steve whispered.

"Yep."

Plainly he was still a bit fuddled. Drugs and pain and shock had given him a confused night; evidently he was using me now to get the articles sorted out on his brainpan.

"A little hen horse named Weepin' Willow, the object bein' to sit somewhere upside for thirty seconds, the which can't be done. Twenty seconds, yes—twenty seconds might be done, Marty, at least nineteen.

"Along about nineteen she spurns me to the ground, the same which I thinks I'm holdin' onto, when I really begins to wake up here, smellin' arsenic and lookin' out on the tops o' trees."

"You mean you didn't know how we got you across the bridge and up here?"

He shook his head gently, troubled at the interruption, his eyes looking steadily away.

"I don't get it straight where I am for some long time, only I begins to notice I ain't in the saddle just right, but back in this roost—and there she is, millin' around under her white bunnit, whether there's anything to do or not, attendin' to it busy."

"You mean this morning?" I asked.

His knuckle pressed my knee as if to request that I refrain from breaking in.

"So I takes to watchin' of her," the uncertain voice rambled on; "an' you think that makes her nervous? Not so's to cause action none. I allows gradual I'd like to know why she's here, and if a gent can take a *pasear* up and down outside. 'Under certain conditions, he can,' she tells me; 'but not when he goes and gets his laig broke for abusin' a hoss.'"

Steve laughed in a way that left me colder than before. It seemed to come from some fool's paradise that had nothing whatever to do with entrance of mine.

"But along she fetches the makins' 'fore I ask, and I lay here a-smokin', plumb miserable for abusin' that pore little roan mare."

In the silence I caught him listening for her to come back.

"By the way, mister, do another little trick for me."

"Sure, what's that?"

"Move the little saddle over into that tight room yonder and shut the door."

He indicated the clothes closet.

"She don't appear to care for it none, in stretchin' the covers out down yonder."

I heard bells, tolling bells.

I remember walking down the two flights of stairs at Corregan's and squinting at the brilliant sunlight through the open doors to the street.

I remember going out. That was it—down and out. I walked on, shaking myself to go, so to speak, as you would shake a watch with a cracked mainspring.

I kept seeing myself carrying Steve's saddle across the room to the clothes closet, hanging it on a hook by one stirrup and shutting the closet door. Only it wasn't a saddle. It was my own remains, so far as Steve was concerned. Some of them work fast, I thought. She had only come last night. Drink and gambling had never got him; supremacy in his game hadn't spoiled, the roan mare hadn't frightened him; nor ninety dollars a day turned his head; but Miss Ritchie, of San Diego, had snatched the pal out of Steve overnight.

Doubtless the sunlight was all right, but its life was burned out for me. I tried a touch of G. Yon's *tequila*, but the opaline lights had gone dead; it tasted like treason. Then I got to thinking of those firm lips and the calm look of her eyes, that Roman arch, and Steve listening for her step, his hard, icy look that I set such store by, summered down into a soft stare. Could it be that he liked 'em mean, like Weeping Willow, or had he never seen a woman in close-up before?

I decided to leave them as much alone as possible, but when I entered the upper room after twilight there was tension in Steve's eyes, and a funny look in hers that I didn't fathom at all, as she slipped into the next room and shut the door.

"I've been layin' here gettin' the lay of it accurate," said he in a low tone. "You see, a woman comin' down from such respectable precincts as San Diego, never havin' seen life like we maltreats her here in Tia Juana ——"

"Did she tell you the story of her life?" I interrupted.

"Nary a episode," said Steve.

"Looks to me as if she could take care of herself pretty well."

He glanced my way with a trace of the old cold look.

"Now, Marty, if you said put down a hundred on Coal Tar, or risk a little somethin' on Kalsomine for to show, I'd trust your judgment considerable. Hosses, yes, Marty; at least bangtail hosses; but women ——"

Steve sank into contemplation.

"Their curves is shore electrifyin'," he said at length. "Orientils is plumb devious, but compared to women their trails are ruts. Looks to be able to take care of herself, says Marty, never seein' the femin-ine flutters back of her nervy little front."

"What's on your mind, Steve?"

"It's this way: Here's a woman shut in a room, with no recreation but a man in a plaster cast. This here Occidental Hotel of Corregan's is a stag asylum which I don't care for none myself, and Tia Juana is a manhole in which there ain't enough general misunderstandin' as why women comes down here alone to make it safe. Out of which I now draws the sequel that you are protectorate and entertainment committee rolled into one."

I was also informed that nurses have certain hours of relief from duty by custom each day, and that these hours were between two and five in the present case.

Steve added, "I don't presume she could be drawn into speculatin' none to pass the time, but I hear her say she just loves the pretty horses."

(Continued on Page 115)

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for "balloon" tires

(Continued from Page 112)

"You mean I'm to take her over to the grand stand in the afternoon?"

"Bull's-eye," said Steve, "unless she'd prefer a walk in the country some days."

It looked like knee-deep ruin to me, but there we were, sitting together back of the judges' stand next afternoon. After a while I noted she didn't have on her uniform, but a soft white dress, with faint pink little dots through it, small and far apart, and the color of the dots was faded. It was like a fine shirt that you get to like all the better after it has been washed a few times. Walter Lightbody strolled by and I saw a diamond and an ivory-headed cane and white waistcoat in one flash, without missing the sudden blur or dazzle that crossed his eyes as he saw I wasn't alone. And somebody would say "Hello, Marty," at my side, or call "Hai, Marty!" from six or eight tiers above, as if it was the first day of a meet.

"Everybody knows you," said Miss Ritchie.

"Never noticed it before," said I.

"And isn't it such a lovely day! I never saw the hills like this, so hazy and carefree, as if you could walk and walk——"

This sounded ominous to me when I thought of what Steve had said about "some days." A field of horses took the track for the first race.

"It's like a painting!" she exclaimed. "The colors all softened in the sunlight, and the horses—why, they look as if they love it!"

"They get stage fright, some of them," I remarked.

"Really, do they?" And her low words trailed off into delighted points of view you'd never heard of, mixed in with what they all say. She was very still during the first running, which relieved me. The more I thought about it, the more I appreciated this one little point, though she was animation itself at other times. An extra interest hung around the third race in my case—a colt named Spring Running.

"I like one in this coming event," said I. "I don't suppose you'd care to take a little chance, just to make it more interesting."

"But I'm so interested right now."

"But if you won a little ——"

"I wouldn't know what to do with it. It wouldn't feel like mine."

Just talk, thought I. She wouldn't be at loss what to do with it if I took a twenty of hers and brought it back with eighty beside it.

"If you'll excuse me," I said, "I'll go down to the paddock for a few minutes. But I'd really like to get a present for you out of this race."

She caught up her bag and drew out a little folded bill. I didn't spread it open until a moment later down below. Just a five, but there was a feeling about it that I wasn't used to. It took her pretty nearly a whole day to earn one of these, and I recalled what she said about not being a hothouse pansy.

I didn't rightly get to look at Spring Running in the paddock. The bugle sounded a moment sooner than I expected. I put a little something with the five, just to keep my friend the bookmaker from referring me to the piker booths, and went back to the seat beside Miss Ritchie as the horses got away. In the next minute or two I had reason to recall that this was the winter racing season. Spring Running didn't even get into the money. Her eyes came round to mine with the question as the crowd resumed its seats.

"Did we win?"

"Couldn't escape," said I vaguely.

"Which horse was it?"

"There he is, receiving congratulations in front of the judges' stand."

"Doesn't he look proud, and the boy—it's just a child-faced boy in the saddle—a sick-room face!"

After getting her into the game, I didn't see how I could let her lose; but I had been caught in a sink hole of prevarication far from my liking. She hadn't heard the name Spring Running. There was no way of her knowing what I had done unless she asked to see my card. This is what I noticed: That she seemed to believe with her mind all right, but to entertain feelings to the contrary over which she had no control.

Walter Lightbody's voice sounded above. Jewel, cane, waistcoat—why, they didn't wear such things now! Suddenly, at this moment, I saw races, rum, all gambling forms and sensation-craving crowds as startlingly *passé*; I saw Tia Juana as a little sequestered hell making a great noise of its own, so it wouldn't hear that there had been a World War that changed everything. Queerest possible moment, as I slipped the rubber band from my day's package and handed her a twenty and five.

She looked a bit pinched around the nostrils, asking many questions, holding the money in her hands. Her attention gradually dulled to the races after that. I wished she would put the money into her purse and forget it.

Two days afterward I didn't take her to the races. We were walking south, on a roundabout road to the Mineral Springs, when she drew out the twenty from an envelope in her hand.

"I wish you would keep it, Mr. Marty."

"Want me to place another little bet for you?"

She shook her head.

"It doesn't seem to belong to me. I don't feel right ——"

I pushed the money back into her hand, but there was a blur, an uncertain feeling between us since I had sprung that betting deal on her.

Far back came the human roar from the grand stand—the third race running, as I figured. The shouts made me think of a great machine of American trade roaring back at the border. She had on the other dress; not the uniform, nor the soft one with faded pink dots. This was a cloth dress, the one she had come in. . . . She didn't think it out; she knew something was wrong about the twenty. I believe a straight winning wouldn't have troubled her, not for once.

"Isn't it restful—the haze on the hills?" she was saying. "If you look close, it's a different tint every hour. It never was so sweet as now in this stillness. One can almost smell the lavender haze."

Walking south, an occasional shout from the grand stand, tempered and softened in that sleepy, sunny air. I couldn't smell lavender, but I smelled the ocean less than a mile away, and the toasted hills. Also I kept thinking of Steve lying awake through the night, and her in the next room, but he wouldn't call.

"It would be easier for me if he would call," she said. "As it is, I have to keep watch myself. He doesn't rest from thinking out ways to save me steps, and I don't want to be saved steps."

I thought of a little girl I had heard of who wanted her dolls heavy so she could get tired over them as mothers do. . . . And Steve had sent us out here. . . . She carried her head like a girl wearing a water pitcher instead of a hat, and her strong straight shoulders. Her face, turned so steadily to the south, was warm tinted from the light. It was as if we had been given a world to play in and didn't know how to play. Sometimes she would pick up a wild flower, California poppies here and there, just as if the border hadn't been crossed. Her eyes held to the south, until the first darkening among the hills.

"I mustn't forget," she said, and turned around. Long after that, when we came within sight of Tia Juana town and track, she told me hastily, "It's been so much more wonderful than the races!"

I went up the stairs at Corregan's behind her, and noticed Steve's eyes as she entered. They found and held and followed her. It was not until she had lifted the shades to the twilight, and came forward to his bedside, that he was aware I stood in the doorway.

I had bought Weeping Willow for Steve, and this gave us something to talk about, for he asked about the roan every day. He was whitening out from confinement. One morning he broached a fresh idea, beginning this way:

"It sure bears down on me, Marty, that gents on this floor ain't house-broke proper, and don't take to spending their hours in the arms of Morpheus, as they should."

I bent forward and his voice eased:

"Now take it last night—stud poker and a banjo goin' on at the same time in the room next to hers; and by the sound of some of the voices that breaks into this room from across the hall, you feel the fellers are worryin' that we won't know they're drinkin'."

I began to see his idea.

"A girl like her has to have her rest, Marty."

"Of course."

"An' you'll tend to it for me?"

"How's that?"

"You'll get a room for her down street somewhere? You see, I haven't been needin' any attention spechul for several nights."

I sought Miss Ritchie with this word. She thought a minute before speaking.

"I think he'd rest better if I did," she said. "Yes, he'd really rather have it so, I am sure."

Five minutes' walk beyond the Palacio Gobernale, we stopped at a whitewashed porch with vines—the cottage of a Mexican woman, with only two girl children and a clean room. So that was fixed, and we walked on. . . . Always she knew a lot about the little flowers underfoot. Closer to the sea there was less grass, and closer still, a rolling waste of yellow-white; but she found little blooms I hadn't seen or heard of in the sand.

We rambled there among the dunes. One could stand in the hollows and see the unbroken rim of sky. Once she said she felt the great softly burning sun in her very veins, and I was afraid to look at her. More than once we left the road and followed a path to the sea. She would take off her shoes and stockings, to walk along the hard sand at low tide. Far to the south in the hazes was a great headland, "for giants to walk out on," she said.

"—— and it wasn't straight," I had blurted at last. "It wasn't any straighter than if I'd lied and took your money. Wanting to give you a present doesn't help it any. Our colt didn't win that race. That's why there was something you couldn't swallow about it."

"And this twenty is yours?"

"Yes."

"And the five—is what I lose?"

"Yes."

"I'm so glad that you couldn't—that you couldn't forget it." Her eyes held the headland; several moments afterward she repeated, "I'm so glad. It makes everything better."

And now it was as if a strong, fresh wind had blown some of the haze away, and I saw that Mabel Ritchie was straight grain. I certainly saw the headland clearer; and one thing more—that I was riding for the fall of my life. After this she walked closer, stood closer to me as we talked, spoke lower. It was more as if the world was on the outside of us when we were together, and not all on the outside of herself alone, as before.

Of course, Steve would never know; in fact, she would never know. But one night, standing beside her on the little whitewashed porch of the Mexican woman's, watching the thin blade of a new moon go down, it nailed me full force that I'd rather head south with this comrade, and keep on going, than with Steve himself. At least, she would never know until long after she was safely married to Steve. She was the sort who would wait to the end for a man if the authorities took him. But would Steve tell her he was wanted before anything of the kind happened, I kept wondering.

That night, after I had turned in at the Foreign Club, I tossed awhile, thinking that there were cases when it was an advantage to have a haze between a man and a woman. Something had better get between me and Mabel Ritchie, I thought; not only a haze but the headland itself; something had better happen to put a stop to these afternoons in old Mexico by the sea. Thus I thought, and had about concluded to be called north for a few days—when there was a sudden and different racket from the town. I was hurriedly dressing, when one of the house boys called through the hall that Corregan's Occidental was on fire.

No saving the old frame fire trap; that was clear the moment I stepped on the veranda at the Foreign Club. But had they got Steve out? I ran across to the crowd. Corregan was moving around, flinging his arms, something like a napkin fastened under his chin. I shook his shoulder, asking about Steve; but there was no more intelligence in his eyes than in his puffed lips. Suddenly in the midst of the racket I stopped short. An old deadly quiet took me over. There was nothing to do. Steve was either out already or burned to death. It was like a movie performance, except for the heat that cracked the window-panes across the street and kept driving us farther and farther back—sheets of crumpling flame, the upper window frames turning black under singing, dancing sheets of flame. And my mind crawled slowly with

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its burden: Could it be that there was no further complication about walking south with Mabel Ritchie? At the same time—if you can understand it—a man's heart being utterly emptied out at the thought of his friend done for. Then the anguished face of the girl was before me in the yellow-red firelight. No doubt in my mind that minute where her heart was looking.

"His room's on the other side," she said throatily. "Oh, come, we may be able to get closer if we go around to the other side of the building!"

And there we found him on the ground, a stretcher already being brought. She bent over him, then her face lifted and I heard the words: "He's alive, but unconscious. Hurry with the surgeon. We'll take him to my room."

Day was breaking through the vines on the whitewashed porch. A second time the surgeon and his assistant had gone, and the healing of the broken bone was all to do again. We were both sitting by his bedside in her room, when Steve's hand lifted from the coverlet and his thumb rubbed across the cushions of his first two fingers.

"He wants a cigarette," she said.

He smoked and watched us, the white smile around his lips. I knew his look as he worked to get things straight in his mind:

"Not for abusin' the little roan mare that time ——"

A silence, and then he began muttering about a dream:

"—— till along comes the time, in this here dream, when a chola was stranglin' me, an' I wakes up chokin' from the smoke, and hears runnin' in the halls, an' screamin' from below. Then I feels the timbers of the old frame a-nestlin', an' up the stairs it blows a lot blistery, so I'm forced to conclude from culminary evidence that this roost of Corregan's is took fire, which makes me thoughtful a whole lot, decidin' not to stay. Out o' bed I focuses onto the floor, from which landin' place I heaves myself out of the window onto the tops of them pepper trees, which ain't supposed to be done, they keep tellin' me now, by no gent in a plaster cast. I'm shore glad to get shed of Corregan's, but plumb locoed not to think of that saddle none. Pert little saddle too."

Silence. It had to be. We were both so warm to him that words would melt and run down if we ventured any. His voice rambled on at length:

"No, mister, nobody ought to trust himself in the upper tiers of a house none; nobody as careless as I am with his saddle. No, ma'am!"

Queer how rare it is we really see a person, and how one moment out of a thousand sticks in the memory, every detail. I came into the room one morning, more than a week after Steve was hurt the second time, and Mabel Ritchie was standing before the dresser, her back to me, her waist swayed out a little to the right, left foot in a neat white shoe just touching the floor, brown hair caught up under her cap. Then her head turned, a smile on the lips, as if she had known me from far back.

That was the moment of the knock-out, and Steve must have seen it too. Up to that instant, so to speak, I had been fighting at a stand-off, taking punishment, but having an even chance to win. What did for me was the thought at the time that I might struggle as long and as hard as I liked, and it would do no good; that no matter how important the man-to-man issues of my code were, they had no weight against woman's call. It wasn't that I wanted her merely. I could fight that off; even make good with Steve against that. It was the feeling that I hadn't anything to say about it.

She had left the room. Through the vines I saw her standing for a second on the whitewashed porch, and slowly walk out to the road. Then I heard Steve's voice:

"Near as I can picture, she isn't goin' to wait much longer ——"

"What's that?"

"Mean to tell me, Marty, you don't see that Miss Ritchie's sentenced you for life?"

Words got away from me before I could tone them down:

"Certainly have not—nothing like that! Where'd you ever get such an idea?"

Steve looked me over, and I noticed the faintly stretched look between the corner of his eye and the corner of his mouth.

"For the best-losin' ace of my experience, Marty, I'm sure surprised at this nervous heat of your appeals. . . . So Marty hasn't seen it comin'; Marty hasn't ——"

"What I saw coming from the very first day was that look of nest-building hovering over you two."

"Some poetical expressed," said Steve, and at this point his leg hurt him and he undertook to turn over.

Right there I fancied I understood why he held off. He had decided that no woman could be happy with a man hunted to the border line; he was too game to let her try.

That afternoon there was a more noteworthy running feature than usual—the fifth race, a pod of well-matched stake horses out to make something over mere stable money. Miss Ritchie didn't want to go, but walked with me across the great arroyo. We didn't take the bridge, but followed the sandy paths below. Something was gone from between us, something we had known since the day I squared myself about the Spring Running bet. That became dismally clear. She didn't walk so close; there was a heaviness upon the words we spoke together, a sense of needing to lift one's voice to cross a distance.

She couldn't possibly have heard what I had said to Steve—the bleakest kind of a lie, it was, about my never having thought of her turning seriously to me—but somehow in her feelings she sensed a division between us. As we neared the race track her steps dragged and at last she halted.

"Yes, I will be all right—oh, quite," she said. "I'll walk along the same paths back. Go now or you'll be late."

Another time that fifth event would have had me on my legs roaring at the horses, which happens only once or twice a meet with me. Seven strong runners, all aged animals, all in the high day of their particular performance, or at worst but a shade past. Strong runners. . . . And there had been room enough for Steve, or another, to walk between us as we crossed the great arroyo. I kept seeing her face, white against the horses. "I will be all right—oh, quite! I'll walk along the same paths back." . . . She couldn't exist in the atmosphere of any kind of a lie. I was sick of Tia Juana that day, sick of myself, out of square with her and Steve and myself.

Several mornings afterward I made the last stand, as soon as she left the room, breaking out to Steve that it was no secret to me how his heart hungered for Mabel Ritchie.

"Nothing really stands in your way. At least it's largely imaginary," I said. "You're making a game move, all right, but this wanted thing shadowing your name looks bigger to you than to anyone else. She's your one best bet." Steve's head was turned a little to the side. His eyes held me unblinkingly as he let me talk.

"Look here, Steve, she's the kind of girl who waits for a man. Go and meet these sheriff outfits, alleged to be after you—face the music, and then you'll be straight—to have and to hold, and all that."

Now there was a quick, curious gleam in his eyes, a flash of humor melting into wintry sadness. He started to speak, stopped, wiped a smile off his face with a slow move of his free hand, for the other was on my knee.

"You've sure said a little couplet right there," he began again; "just what I've been tryin' to think of for a long time—'one best bet.' That's her—that's a-goin' to live. . . . Oh, yes, she'd feel tender a lot about lettin' me off for them crimes of mine back yonder, and you shore feel tender, Marty. I can see that, an' hear you say, 'Go this time, Stevie, an' don't lemme see you sin no more.' But supposin' there's parties in Arizona and Wyoming that don't know the simple joys of waxin' tender, but believe in a hurry-up hangin' to purify society. But that's shore a pretty name for her—'one best bet.'"

"Steve," I said, dully resisting, "this isn't like you. Why, I saw you turn to her right at first, before she'd been here a day. Especially when you made me move the saddle."

"I shore did. Shore did turn to her, Marty—never havin' been crowded into a room with a woman before, and wishin' to show my bringin' up. I shore admired your ready manners, an' delicate, a plumb lot—never at a loss ——"

"Do you mean to tell me you haven't wanted to have this little girl all your own?"

"A man might want a book he couldn't read, or a horse he couldn't ride, but that wouldn't make 'em his."

"Have you asked her, Steve? I'll gamble you haven't!"

The pained look grew upon his face.

"Marty, I never heard you carry on so headstrong."

"But I'm ——"

"Yes, I know you're fightin' for your life, against her, against yourself; but it ain't no use. Haven't I seen her face when your step sounded on the stairs or on the porch here? Haven't I seen you goin' out together?"

"But I'm not a marrying ——"

"I'll grant that. Not a marryin' gent, not so far."

We heard her step.

"What's more, I'm not straight with her."

"Get straight, Marty," he finished quickly. "She's your one best bet."

Yet I didn't get straight with her, though days passed. Steve had begun to move about the room with a crutch and a cane; that is, when he was left alone. He refused to show off altogether, but Miss Ritchie said she heard him practicing the minute she left the room.

"There isn't need of me much longer," she said.

Our steps had turned toward the sea, strange and different today—the sky, always before brilliant with sunlight, now overcast with gray. That was the afternoon I saw for the first time the stark loneliness in the eyes of a gull—how cruel and crawling the white lines of foam can be. In a sort of aching silence we walked.

Then suddenly the torrent of words began—the story of a girl's fight alone against the city, against society and life itself; the fight of a girl in a man's world, against the dull, sullen hatred which formed in her own breast; the fight to hold her faith ——

"It was the last gasp—this call for a nurse to Tia Juana. It made me laugh! I was so desperate, so hopeless that afternoon when it came that I thought—well, that nothing could possibly matter to me. Then I found you and Steve. Steve and you ——"

I stood before her, watching, listening. Steve had looked deeper than I in the beginning, for he knew that back of the grim young woman I had fancied was the heart of a frightened child. Breathless almost, I watched her lips and eyes and hands—a woman under the gray sky—a woman in the moment of her one great outbreak in words—and behind her, on either side, as we stood close to the shore, I saw the white lines of surf spreading out, creeping in.

"I found men at last—and where one would look last! In Tia Juana, where they say the worst people of the Southwest drift. Why, in San Diego, when there was talk in the newspapers of repairing the highway down here, the churches asked in one voice, 'Why repair the road to hell?' . . . It was only because I was desperate, and life couldn't be worse, that I came at all, and I found men—two man friends—square to each other and to me. I found delicacy from rough men—oh, I don't mean you are rough, Mr. Marty, not that! I knew you from the first; but Steve, that boy—said to be a bad man, an outlaw, and ever on the watch to escape arrest—from such a man to learn the meaning of chivalry, of kindness, to know they are still in the world!"

"Don't make any mistake," I said. "They don't make them like Steve, only once in a great while. In stories, yes; but ever since I could read, I've looked around for the man alive, and Soledad Steve's the first ——"

"There it is again!" she cried, a glisten in her eyes that suddenly laughed. "Just as if he were talking! Oh, I've listened to him talking softly for hours—that he's been up and around a whole lot, and there isn't another like Marty! 'They only make one like Marty every long while!' Why can't women stick together that way?"

Quite a little moment to remember. It made it easier for me to keep still, since Steve felt that way. I don't know if you can understand; but after her story, watching her there in the gray loneliness—it seemed once as if all I had ever been looking for and all she had ever been looking for was one and the same thing. The hair pushed back from the temples and up under her cap, and eyes haggard for love ——

And then the morning when Mabel Ritchie called me early, saying Steve was gone.

"It must have been soon after I left him last night; and oh, he shouldn't have tried to go away so soon! He needed to be very quiet for a week at least yet."

"Strange for Steve to leave without a word to you or me."

"He didn't. There were two letters."

She drew one from her dress and gave it to me, continuing to speak:

"In his letter to me, he said for us—for me to make no attempt to hunt him up; that he had been sent for pronto, no time to explain; that he was headed south to the place where he got his name. Soledad means solitude, doesn't it?"

"Something of the kind."

"He said for us—for neither of us to make any attempt to hunt him up, but that he would find us one day. Oh, please, read your letter!"

Passing the Palacio Gobernale, I opened the envelope—round boyish writing that hinted trouble from old enemies and went on to say there was a date he meant to keep soon, and that One Best Bet mustn't be permitted to go back to San Diego alone.

And thus, each with a letter, we entered the room where he had been, and I saw her glance at the place where he had lain. Then she moved to the window and looked out through the vines, and I went to her saying, "You loved him very much?"

"Yes; for the clean boy I found living in a man's heart, I loved him; and because he was your friend and mine."

Now everything before that instant was one thing and everything afterward distinctly another. I saw the light of her eyes in the greenish shadows of the vines and the movements of her lips with words, and within surged up a great silent laughter at all my strivings and strugglings heretofore—no going on alone, not a step farther alone, and no going back ever again—as her arms opened; and I knew a deep delicious darkness, like that moment of darkness on a stage while scenes are shifted.

Finally we heard far voices of children in the street, and birds among the vines. Life was taking up its great story again, but no droning humdrum now—a zest in the air, a new loveliness in wind, light, dark—and the back of my hand was wet from a tear of hers.

We went to the corral together and found that Weeping Willow had been called for before midnight. Steve himself was in a carriage, sitting with his crutch, the stableman said, and a darky boy had walked behind, leading the roan outlaw. They had headed south.

"That's the date he means to keep—with the roan," I said as we walked back.

One night, months afterward, I was hurrying home to the little apartment hotel in Los Angeles, and there he was at the side door, his back toward me, looking out into the dark of the street, as I had seen him that first night in Tia Juana, near the Foreign Club, looking away toward the sleeping hills of Mexico. I felt his eyes again, the touch of his hands, and heard the low, slow tones that meant horses, the open, the spinning wheels of chance, the comrade, more than ever. He had run us down this far, he said.

"But, Mabel. She's upstairs—and you haven't been up."

"They gives down over to the writin' desk that you'd be in soon."

At the wheeze of the elevator springing windily upward, I saw the stretched look between the corner of his eye and the corner of his mouth, and the joy of the moment got away from me. "Somethin's shore a-nudgin' you, Marty," he said.

Upstairs we showed him a little extra room which we had kept against his coming.

"I might risk it—once," he told us; "but I'd shore never bring my saddle, not this high up, bein' too naturally careless."

Standing there at the door, he told us of the conquest of the roan; how her heart had to be broken all over again, like a bone that hadn't been set straight, before he could find the secret of her splendor, frightened out of her as a filly, by an ugly hand.

"But, Steve," I said at last, "you here, a hundred-odd miles from the border! What about the sheriff people?"

He looked me over slowly, then at Mabel, satisfying himself on a certain point before he spoke:

"Marty, I was movin' them days in a glory which I didn't rightly earn, bein' shore innocuous of them interestin' crimes."

"But everybody in Tia Juana ——"

"Yep, but only movin'-picture advertisin', Marty, the which one director starts and gets away with. Worth a lot of salary, that little dodge was, before the days I staked ole Forncrook and met up with you-all."

Then I really knew that he had made good to his friend in the hardest man test of all.

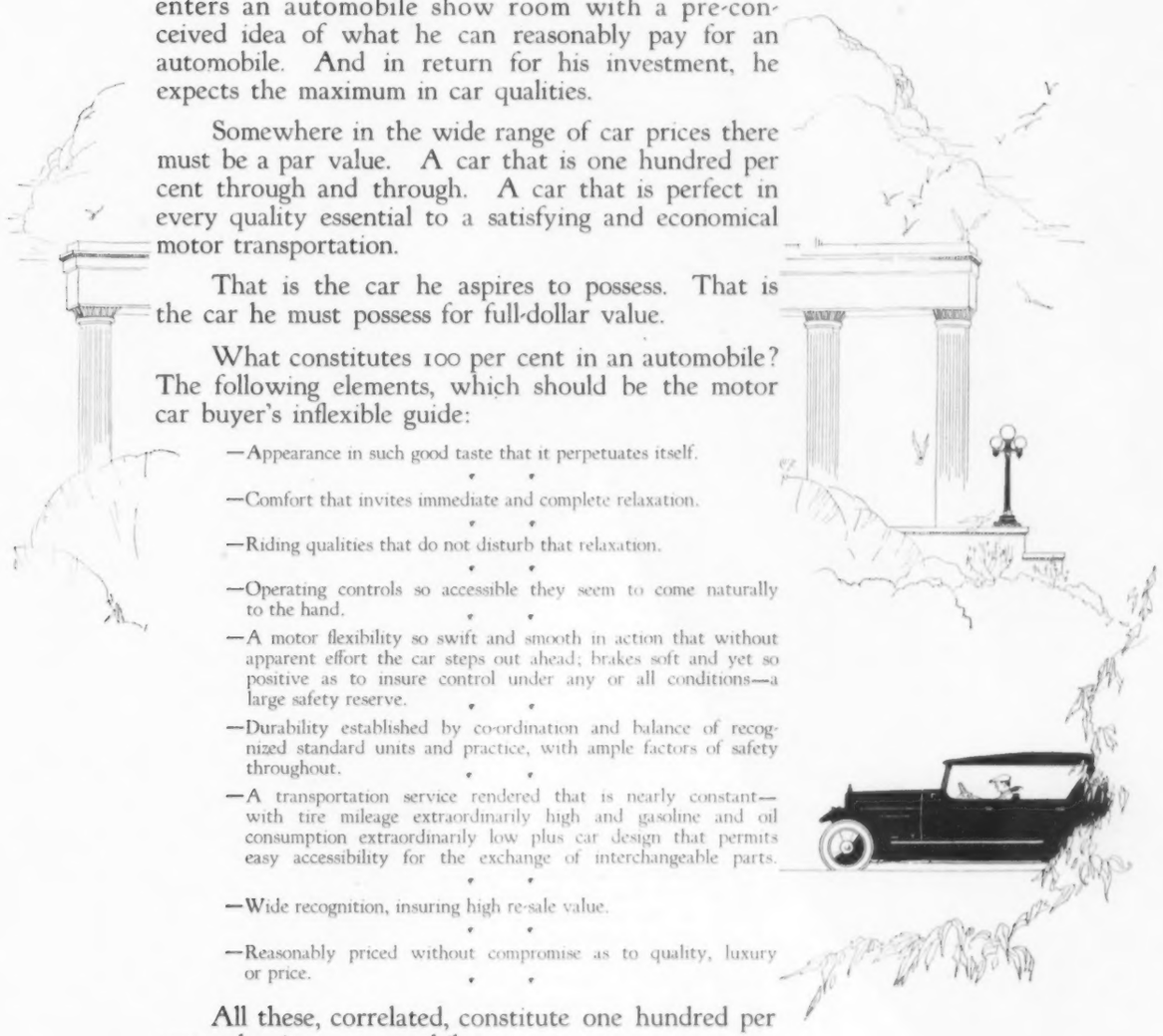
What the motor car owner has the right to expect for his money

Virtually every prospective motor car purchaser enters an automobile show room with a pre-conceived idea of what he can reasonably pay for an automobile. And in return for his investment, he expects the maximum in car qualities.

Somewhere in the wide range of car prices there must be a par value. A car that is one hundred per cent through and through. A car that is perfect in every quality essential to a satisfying and economical motor transportation.

That is the car he aspires to possess. That is the car he must possess for full-dollar value.

What constitutes 100 per cent in an automobile? The following elements, which should be the motor car buyer's inflexible guide:



—Appearance in such good taste that it perpetuates itself.

—Comfort that invites immediate and complete relaxation.

—Riding qualities that do not disturb that relaxation.

—Operating controls so accessible they seem to come naturally to the hand.

—A motor flexibility so swift and smooth in action that without apparent effort the car steps out ahead; brakes soft and yet so positive as to insure control under any or all conditions—a large safety reserve.

—Durability established by co-ordination and balance of recognized standard units and practice, with ample factors of safety throughout.

—A transportation service rendered that is nearly constant—with tire mileage extraordinarily high and gasoline and oil consumption extraordinarily low plus car design that permits easy accessibility for the exchange of interchangeable parts.

—Wide recognition, insuring high re-sale value.

—Reasonably priced without compromise as to quality, luxury or price.

All these, correlated, constitute one hundred per cent value in an automobile.

THE HAYNES AUTOMOBILE COMPANY, *Kokomo, Indiana*

I T P A Y S T O O W N A

HAYNES

AMERICA'S FIRST CAR

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 22)

Mrs. Steve Durant, the wife of the famous international banker, had said to him, "We were eating dinner. My husband leaned forward and his head fell into the soup."

"There is some mystery here," said the great detective. "Mark my words."

The bell rang, and he lifted the receiver from the telephone on his desk.

"This is the Metropolitan Opera House," said the voice at the other end of the wire. "We need you here right away. Something terrible has happened."

"What's up?" asked Jones.

"Judge Van Clief leaned over the edge of his box just now, and his head fell down into the orchestra!"

Jones crashed the receiver down.

"Come with me," he said to Mrs. Peyton. "We can talk in the taxicab on our way up to the opera house."

The great sleuth drew a false beard and a wig from the drawer of his desk, and with a few deft touches disguised himself as a retail hardware merchant. He slipped a revolver, a flash light and a pair of handcuffs into his pockets.

"Come. I'm ready!" he said quietly.

"Did your husband know Judge Van Clief?" Jones asked as they sped up Broadway.

"They were intimate friends," said Mrs. Peyton. "In fact, the day my husband died he had spent the afternoon with the judge at the Monopole Club ——"

"The Monopole Club? Steve Durant was a member, too, wasn't he?"

Mrs. Peyton nodded assent.

Jones leaned forward and rapped at the window of the taxicab.

"Never mind the opera house," he said to the chauffeur, his voice vibrant with excitement. "Drive to the Monopole Club. Quick!"

The great detective quickly removed his beard and mustache, and from his spacious overcoat pocket he drew a false gray mustache and a derby hat and quickly transformed himself into a retired cotton-goods manufacturer.

As Mrs. Peyton and Abner Jones entered the Monopole Club they were immediately surrounded by a group of agitated men.

"A ghastly tragedy has just occurred!" exclaimed Burns, the club steward. "Mr. Porter, one of our oldest members, just dropped his head on the floor of the barber shop!"

Abner Jones waved the excited crowd aside. He paced rapidly up and down the entrance hall of the club. The great detective was thinking.

"Ha, the barber shop," he murmured. "Who shaved Mr. Porter?" he asked abruptly.

The head barber was sent for.

"Luigi always shaved Mr. Porter," said the head barber.

"And Mr. Peyton?"

"Luigi."

"And Mr. Durant?"

"Luigi."

"And Judge Van Clief?"

"Luigi," whispered the head barber.

"Send for Luigi!" cried the detective, a ring of triumph in his voice.

A moment later a swarthy, white-coated Italian cringed in the doorway.

"This is Luigi," said Burns.

"Luigi," said Jones, drawing the handcuffs from his pocket, "you are under arrest, charged with murder."

The barber turned pale.

"Not yet!" he hissed. With a lightning gesture he drew a razor from his pocket, and slashed it across his throat. His head toppled to the floor with a crash.

"Of course the man was insane," Abner Jones explained later to the admiring crowd that gathered in his office.

"For years he had been drawing sharp-edged razors across the throats of his customers without ever cutting them. It preyed on his mind. Every barber has a strong impulse, now and then, to let the razor slip."

"But how did the head stay on?" someone asked.

"Luigi was an artist in his way," said Jones.

"The cut," he went on, "was so sharp and clean that it didn't even show. So long as the position of the head was undisturbed no one would notice it. And you know that if a cut is made by a sufficiently

DRAWN BY NELSON WHITE

"And You Can't Understand Why I Have Broke Off Our Engagement in Favor of Percy Doolittle!
I Guess You're Going to Tell Me Next That You Haven't Heard the Rumor About the Gorgeous Soda Fountain His Dad's Going to Install Around the Corner!"

sharp instrument, it's practically painless. A little talcum powder about the neck prevented the head from slipping. It was a most fascinating case."

—NEWMAN LEVY.

Identity

YOU'VE grown so strangely big and tall
I scarcely know you, dear, at all.
Your voice is husky when you speak,
A faintest down is on your cheek;
You swagger in with nonchalance
Demanding cash and grown-up pants,
And, "Who the heck has swiped my hat?
The game was kippy, beat 'em flat!"
I cannot rock or cuddle you,
Or comfort, as I used to do.
I'm only sure, dear, who you are,
Because you've robbed the cooky jar.

—*Nancy Lord.*

A Ballad of Farewell

OVER many a merry mile,
Down many a primrose way,
On many a blessed isle,
On many a jocund day,
In many a fragrant May,
In many a fair July
Our love has bloomed—but stay—
Good-by, my lover, good-by!

The days are a rosy file,
The nights are a flaming ray;
The days are a flowery pile,
The nights are a massed bouquet.
The sum of them all is gay,
And joyous they multiply.
They are gone. Let them go. Sing hey!
Good-by, my lover, good-by!

"Love, when you leave me, smile!"
Thus you were wont to pray,
"Singing a song the while."
Hark to my roundelay!
Love is a comic play,
Something to versify,
Enduring as silver spray.
Good-by, my lover, good-by!

L'Envoi

Love, how the world's gone gray;
Love, how the world's awry!
How can I ever say
"Good-by, my lover, good-by"?

—*Franklin P. Adams.*

The Passionate Paleontologist

(After Marlowe)

COME roam with me and be my love,
And we will all the pleasures prove,
That fossil fauna and the field
Of prehistoric reptiles yield.

We'll delve among Jurassic rocks,
And tabulate primordial shocks;
The trachodon and stegosaurus
Shall lay their secrets bare before us;
We'll learn, in farthest Karakoram,
About their bones, and how they wore 'em,
And muse on dark, cretaceous dramas—
'Twill be the glyptodon's pajamas!
I'll stir thy heart to glad delirium
With samples of baluchitherium,
And dig thee quaint chelonian legs
Or dinosaurian storage eggs.
I'll make thee pretty beads and lockets
Of teeth from brontosaurian sockets,
And carve thee gadgets from the bier
Of Eocene titanothere.
I'll feed thee choicely with the data
Compiled from Paleozoic strata,
And on the pterodactyl's knees
We'll build our own hypotheses.
So if these pleasures may thee move,
Come roam with me and be my love!

—*Corinne Rockwell Swain.*

Mosquito War Song

FROM stagnant waters foul and green
I come in mad career;
My super-treble, thin and keen,
Appalls the human ear.

On reckless youth and age I dart
My thirsty bayonet;
Like wise Ulysses, I am part
Of all that I have met.

The ankle trim, the rounded knee,
The nose that men adore,
The dimpled cheek or chin to me
Is food and nothing more.

But long before the day of Man
Our people held their feasts;
What wons knew our changeless clan,
What Brobdingnagian beasts!

Through sultry pre-diluvian nights
Along Cretacean shores
We put the bites in trilobites,
The sores on dinosaurs.

In every age, in every zone,
Unbounded sway we knew;
That braggart upstart Man alone
Denies our rightful due.

Then rouse ye, all, relentless brood
Of poisoned marsh and fen!
Renew the unforgotten feud
And wreak your wrath on men!

For if our raid have goodly hap,
Unbounded joy we'll quaff;
And if we fall—a sounding slap
Shall be our epitaph!

—*Arthur Guiterman.*

DRAWN BY G. B. INWOOD

"I Want to Tell You, Jim, the Situation in Europe is Worrying Me Sick"

35 cents is all you need pay for your records!

What is there different about **Cameo Records** at 35 cents?

Price! Not size, not quality, but *money*. Nothing else!

Because these records are sold with only a small retail profit. All the bad-pay losses *out*. All the slow-pay losses *out*. All the wasteful overhead *out*.

Cameo Records are sold direct to the merchants who serve you. Sold exclusively to well-known merchants who do a rapid business and pay on the dot. Merchants who are used to doing business on a close margin and who know how to buy as well as to sell. Look at this list of stores where you can buy your **Cameo Records** at 35 cents. No other class of business house can buy fast and close enough or sell fast and close enough, to do business on 35 cents per record.

Put your finger on the name of the store most convenient to you. *That's* the place to buy your records this month!

There is no mystery in the record business any more! This is all there is to it:

1—Get the hits out quick.

2—Engage only the most accomplished and most popular artists and musicians to do the recording.

3—Produce faultless originals—and reject any others.

4—The rest is simply manufacturing—not 2 minutes or 2 cents of waste in the wholesaling or retailing.

Buy any one of the records on this list. Take it home and play it on your talking machine. *You will never use any other than a* ***Cameo Record*** *again.* If there's no dealer near you, send 35 cents to us for each record you want, plus 2 cents for postage, and we will fill your order promptly.

40 cents West of Rockies and in Canada.

CAMEO RECORD CORP., 249 W. 34th St., N. Y. C.

FEBRUARY CAMEO RELEASES

Dance

438 — **When It's Night-Time In Italy It's Wednesday Over Here** *(Fox Trot)* ..... Arthur Lange's Orch.
You Can't Cry-Baby Me *(Fox Trot)* ..... Paul Van Loan's Orch.

440 — **Old Fashioned Love** from "Runnin' Wild" *(Fox Trot)* ..... Haring's Velvetone Orch.
I'd Be A Fool To Be Fooling With You *(Fox Trot)* ..... Arthur Lange's Orch.

441 — **Roses of Picardy** *(Waltz)* ..... Haring's Velvetone Orch.
Just A Little Song for You *(Fox Trot)* ..... Arthur Lange's Orch.

442 — **Open Your Heart** Intro.: "Love Bug" From "Runnin' Wild." *(Fox Trot)* ..... Haring's Velvetone Orch.
Roamin' to Wyomin' *(Fox Trot)* ..... Arthur Lange's Orch.

443 — **I'm Sitting Pretty** (In A Pretty Little City) *(Fox Trot)* .. Arthur Lange's Orch.
Paree *(Fox Trot)* ... Paul Van Loan's Orch.

444 — **Somebody Else Took You Out of My Arms** (But They Can't Take You Out of My Heart) *(Fox Trot)* ..... Jos. B. Franklin's Orch.
Take, Oh Take Those Lips Away From "Ziegfeld Follies of 1923." *(Fox Trot)* ..... Varsity Eight

445 — **Easy Melody** *(Fox Trot)* .. Varsity Eight
You Didn't Care When You Broke My Heart (So Why Should I Care Now) *(Waltz)* ..... Arthur Lange's Orch.

446 — **You Can't Make A Fool Out of Me** *(Fox Trot)* ..... Arthur Lange's Orch.
Foolish Child *(Fox Trot)* ..... Dan Gregory's Dance Orch.

447 — **Moonlight Kisses** From "Greenwich Village Follies" *(Fox Trot)* ..... Jos. Basile and his Velodrome Orch.
Mississippi Ripples *(Waltz)* ..... Cameo Dance Orch.

Vocal

448 — **My Lovey Came Back** ... *(Novelty Song)* ..... Martha Pryor
When Dixie Stars Are Playing Peek-a-Boo ..... Dixie Trio

449 — **I Can't Believe You're Gone** *(Tenor Solo)* ..... Frank Hughes
I'm Drifting Back to Dreamland *(Tenor Solo)* ..... William Robyn

450 — **Reckless Daddy** *(Vocal Blues)* ..... Lucille Hegamin
Piano acc. by J. Russel Robinson
Always Be Careful Mamma *(Vocal Blues)* ..... Lucille Hegamin
Piano acc. by J. Russel Robinson

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385 — **I'm Falling in Love With Someone** From "Naughty Marietta" *(Tenor Solo)* ..... William Robyn
On the Road to Mandalay *(Bass Solo)* ..... Harold Waldron

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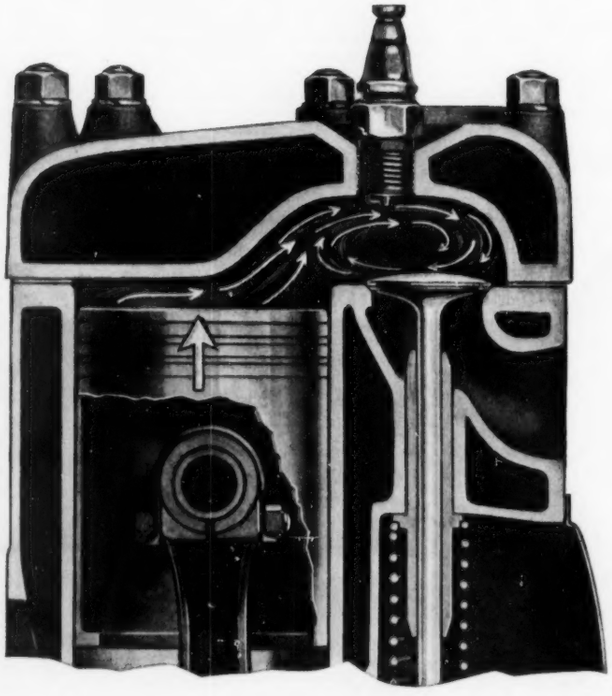

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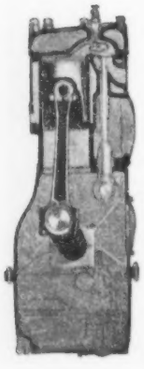


Waukesha Motor Company

New York *Aeolian Building*

Waukesha, Wis.

Detroit *Capitol Theatre Building*

THE DANGER OF EUROPE

(Continued from Page 26)

whole the German scientists were in advance of ours. They invented the poisonous mustard gas, which blinded men, burnt them where it touched their clothes, and put them out of action in great numbers. At the time the number of our casualties was hushed up, but there were certain days in 1917 when our front-line battalions and our gunners lost so heavily in these poisonous fumes that the safety of the line was jeopardized. I remember now the rows and rows of men in casualty clearing stations lying with their eyes bandaged and their lungs panting desperately for breath and their hearts beating feebly. The little hiss of the gas shells on a night of battle was not a pleasant sound, even though one had one's gas mask handy.

That gas used in the last war was like a lady's perfume compared with the poison that has been prepared for the next war. It is a fine powder that spreads imperceptibly over a wide area, blasting all life upon which it falls. There is no gas mask yet invented through which it does not penetrate.

It becomes a sluggish vapor, creeping down into cellars and underground places, lying there ready to choke any living being who comes within its reach. And it is very cheap! It is reckoned by military experts that three squadrons of aëroplanes could destroy all life in London at the cost of one hundred and seventy pounds.

It will be civilian populations that will be first attacked by this destroying power. The old distinction between combatants and noncombatants was obliterated in the last war when it was recognized that the heart of a nation's military strength was not in the army but in the arsenals, the factories, the food depots, the stores and the back streets, where men, women and children were working to provide their army with its means of life. Strike at them and the army is powerless.

Kill the morale of the nation and you destroy its fighting power. The Germans tried to do it with their aërial raids. It is useless to deny that they did immense damage and shook the nerve of city populations. But it was only a feeble experiment. In the next war it will be better to be in the front line of battle than in the crowded cities of civilian life. The first attack will be made there, and without a declaration of war. Suddenly, secretly and swiftly the thing will happen.

The Turks little knew what was being prepared for them at Chanak. When they surrounded the British, after the withdrawal of the French, and made faces through the wire at British Tommies, with insulting and contemptuous gestures, they did not know that if Harington had been ordered to declare war they would have been destroyed by a poison gas like lice in a flame jet. They had not a gas mask among them, and in any case the gas would have gone through any mask. Those Turks under Mustapha Kemal were lucky because England decided for peace and not for war.

Increased Range of Destruction

If another war comes the range of guns will be increased beyond all previous imagination. The German Big Berthas fired from the Somme to Paris. The French have long-range guns that reach far beyond Dover. The fire zone will no longer be restricted to twenty miles behind the lines. It will reach out to towns and villages and camps and billets in the back areas, with gas shells more deadly than high explosives. The armies will not march on foot across that enormous territory ravaged by this fire and death. They will go in supertanks and armored cars, with gun carriers and gas carriers. Their advance guards and patrols will not be cavalry, but aëroplanes carrying many men ready to occupy gas-stricken towns.

Meanwhile, at sea, the big battleship will be made impotent by swarms of submarines and mine-strewn seas, with supersubmarines acting as raiders and destroyers.

The science of destruction, highly elaborated since the last war, will spare neither women nor children in its cruelty and terror, among these nations, the most highly civilized, in which this new science has been developed. It is only among more primitive peoples in the outskirts of Europe that the older forms of low-grade warfare will be seen again.

Is it possible that the peoples of Europe will allow another international conflict on the great scale in which, without using any exaggeration of language, it is certain that the last flower of this civilization, all the priceless heritage of centuries, will be cut down and destroyed? Unless they are stricken with incurable madness they will prevent it. But it is possible that this madness is overtaking them. There are many signs that this raving lunacy is at work in their brains. It can be cured only by a great shock of fear revealing the appalling danger in Europe, or by a moral leadership bringing them back to sanity. It is for that reason that the truth of what will happen if war comes should be shouted on the housetops and not kept as a dark secret in chemical laboratories and the cold brains of military chiefs. If the people know that this war will be waged against their women and children, will penetrate to the cellars where they will be cowering for shelter, will depopulate great cities and kill the very wheat in the fields, surely, surely, their minds will revolt against such a frightful fate designed by the powers of evil for the overthrow of European civilization.

Preparations in France

I believe there will be this revolt before the next war comes. I believe that the masses of humble folk in the great nations will refuse their consent to such a devilish way of suicide. I believe that all men and women with any ideals higher than the brute, with any love of humanity, with any belief in God, will rise in their millions to defy this foul and monstrous specter which is hovering above the sick bed of Europe, waiting for death. My mind refuses to accept the inevitability of a mad, raging, destroying world. And yet I see clearly that unless there is a turn of the tide in the passions and politics of European peoples, quickly, the madness of one great power, some unprovoked attack or some rising of the little nations may lead to that general loss of reason.

"Those whom the gods wish to destroy they first make mad."

At the present time there is only one power in Europe perfectly equipped for another high-class war, with full command over the newest weapons of science. That is France. Her military chiefs have taken no chances on the permanence of peace, and for the past four years have developed their strength in aëroplanes, submarines, and long-range guns with ceaseless energy and determination. According to report, France has twenty-four hundred aëroplanes of fighting quality. Great Britain has hardly a tenth of that number available for home defense. The French are immensely strong in artillery and have recently increased the number and range of their coast batteries. They have been busy in the building of submarines, which in a night or two could make a mine field of the English Channel. On land they are supreme in Europe and beyond all present challenge.

England deliberately demobilized her national army after the war, scrapped an immense amount of arms and armaments, reduced her naval power to the bare minimum of the Washington agreement, and her regular army to a size hardly sufficient to police her imperial possessions and the Mother Country.

Germany was disarmed far more thoroughly than people imagine who read the newspaper reports of concealed arms and secret arming. I happen to know the officers appointed by the Interallied Commission to superintend the destruction of guns and the plant for making guns in the great arsenals of Krupp and other firms. I have seen their reports, the photographs of their work, and some of the destruction in progress. They have done their job thoroughly and ruthlessly. Not only did they superintend the breaking-up of immense parks of artillery, but they stood by while German mechanics, under their orders, smashed the vast plant, with all its wonderful and delicate machinery, which enabled the German Army to produce and repair the greatest mass of artillery ever created for human slaughter. The photographs of the wholesale wreckage are the most astounding pictures I have ever seen, and they satisfy any reasonable mind that at the present time the German people are incapable of reproducing that output of

guns, until with infinite labor they have rebuilt their plant.

I was an eyewitness of the abandonment and delivery of the German war machine after the downfall of the German Army in 1918, and according to the terms of the Armistice. For a hundred miles the roads were strewn with broken guns, gun carriages and aëroplanes. At every stage on the journey to the Rhine there were enormous dumps of howitzers, machine guns, trench mortars, and every kind of weapon, which were systematically destroyed. Beyond all doubt or argument the German nation was disarmed at least to the degree of being rendered incapable of resisting any advance of the Allied armies, and now of France alone.

It is, of course, true that they kept some weapons, according to the terms of the Armistice, which allowed them a limited number for police purposes; and concealed others for use in internal strife. It is also probable that they have been producing secretly certain quantities of machine guns, and perhaps even light artillery, in small arsenals that have evaded Allied inspection. But in my judgment it is ridiculous to believe, as France pretends to do, that there is at the present time any artillery in Germany sufficient for aggressive warfare outside the German frontiers. A year ago I asked a German expert how long it would take his people to re-create their war machine, if left at liberty to do so. He answered without hesitation, "Two years." But they have not begun to do so, as their greatest arsenals are in the hands of the French and British. They are armed only enough for civil war, which will be bloody enough without massed artillery.

Russia is in the same condition. The Red Army is strong in man power—sturdy, disciplined men—and well equipped with rifles and machine guns. But it is hopelessly weak in artillery for any campaign against the Poles, who have French batteries to stiffen their defense.

It will be seen, therefore, that there is no immediate prospect of a war on the scale and of the type of 1914 to 1918, when the hostile nations slashed at one another with groups of guns that were crowded behind the lines for hundreds of miles and pounded one another to death with a ceaseless hurricane of high explosives. If war comes between the great powers it will not be a fight with those weapons, and unarmed Germany will take to the sky rather than to the field, and to gas instead of guns.

That appalling "if" stares into the face of Europe with its urgent question. War will come if people do not listen to the voices of men like General Smuts, warning them. It will come if Germany thinks her only chance of life is by that tremendous risk of death. It will come if France relies utterly on force and not at all on world support for just and moral claims. It will come if all those vanquished nations of Europe lust for revenge and are denied a rectification of fantastic frontiers which divide them from their own folk. It will come if there is no leadership in Europe wise enough to see the danger and strong enough to rally the conscience of the world against its terrors. But it need not come. It is not the will of God, nor the unalterable, inescapable doom of Fate. By a little common sense, a little justice, a touch of Christian charity, a business settlement, an appeal to sanity, it can be prevented and the civilization of Europe may be saved by men and women of good will.

Editor's Note—This is the seventh of a series of articles by Sir Philip Gibbs. The views of Sir Philip Gibbs should not be confused with the opinions of the editors, which appear from week to week on our editorial page, but we believe that they do reflect the ideas of an important group of Englishmen.

OUR SENTIMENTAL CRIMINAL LAW

(Continued from Page 34)

all things except what a petit jury will do." And as Sol Friedman, a less distinguished legal light, but equally qualified to express an opinion, once put it, "There are two things you never can tell—whether it will be a boy or a girl, and what a jury is going to do."

Nevertheless, lawyers take up days and sometimes weeks in endeavoring to select an unbiased jury. Talesmen who have no interest in the case are questioned, hectored and badgered by the lawyers in an effort to ascertain whether or not they are biased. Often the unoffending business man, called to perform a patriotic duty as a juror, wonders whether or not the lawyers have mistaken him for the criminal.

After a jury has brought in a verdict of guilty the law is no longer quite so solicitous about the defendant's welfare—unless he happens to have money. In the case of a poor defendant the verdict of a jury is usually final. The trial may have been replete with the objections, exceptions and errors that are the pride and glory of our jurisprudence, but they are not for him. Appeals are expensive.

But in the case of a wealthy defendant a conviction by a jury is usually the prelude to a legal battle that may last several years. In the first place, the record on appeal must be printed. This means that the court stenographer must write out every word that was uttered during the course of the trial—often several thousand pages. For these minutes the defendant must pay. Then the exhibits are copied and sometimes photographed—also at the defendant's expense. When these preliminaries are concluded, the record must be printed in books—thirty copies, the type and paper of which are prescribed by law. The defendant also foots the printing bill. A thousand dollars is not an unusual sum to pay for the minutes and printing in a criminal case.

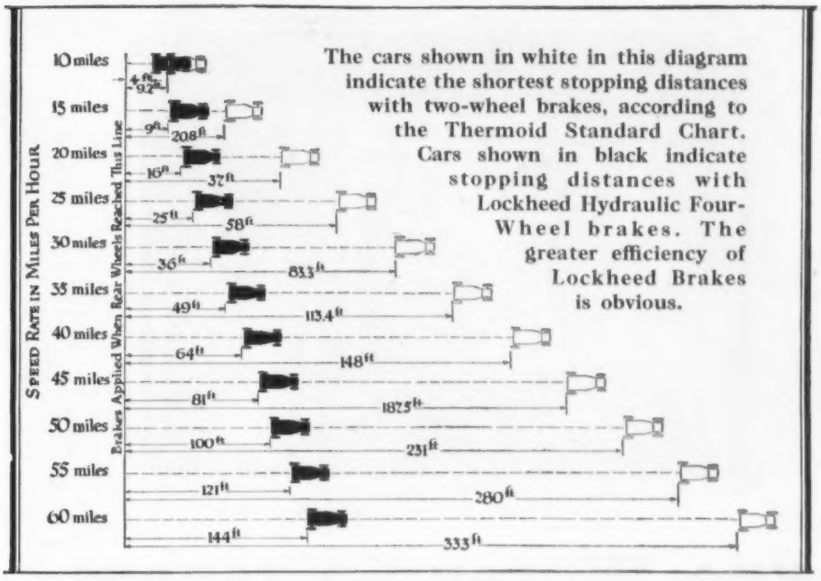
Usually, in New York, the defendant applies to the Supreme Court to be released on bail pending an appeal—for a certificate of reasonable doubt, as it is called. In the Federal courts bail pending an appeal is always granted, and we have the delightful spectacle of a man who has been found guilty by a jury of a heinous crime, walking out of court a free man almost immediately after his conviction. It must foster great respect for our laws for a lay juror, who cannot be expected to appreciate the beautiful subtleties of our jurisprudence so dear to lawyers, to meet in the street the man he has just found guilty.

In New York, before the minutes can be obtained, the record printed and the appeal brought on for argument, about six months to a year elapses. Sometimes it takes nearly two years for an appeal to be heard. If the conviction should then be affirmed the defendant may, in certain cases, appeal to a higher court—the Court of Appeals. If the conviction is then reversed—that is, if the trial lawyer happened to say "I object" at the right moment—the case is sent back to the lower court, and the whole business starts over again.

Even if a criminal ultimately pays the penalty for his crime, the lapse of time tends to weaken the force of his example to other offenders—one of the theories behind our penal system. Outraged public dignity is not appeased, and other offenders are not warned by a punishment inflicted two or three years after the commission of a crime. The facts of the crime have been forgotten, and public indignation has long subsided.

No one wants to revert to the harshness of the criminal law in England during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. No one wishes to bring back the Star Chamber or the Bloody Assizes. But it is possible to bring our criminal law, and especially our criminal procedure, up to date, and make it conform to the spirit of our times. There are many archaic laws and customs in existence today which, as Mr. Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes has pointed out, have outlived the reasons to which they owe their existence. Law reform has always been laggard. As Professor McDougall says in The Group Mind, "In any progressive, highly organized nation law and lawyers are always one or two more generations behind public opinion. The most progressive body of law formally embodies the public opinion of the past generations rather than of the generations living at the time."

Let us bring our criminal procedure up to date. We are being taxed billions of dollars annually because of the inefficiency of our methods of handling crime. And let us end the reproach of having more crime per capita than any other civilized nation on earth.



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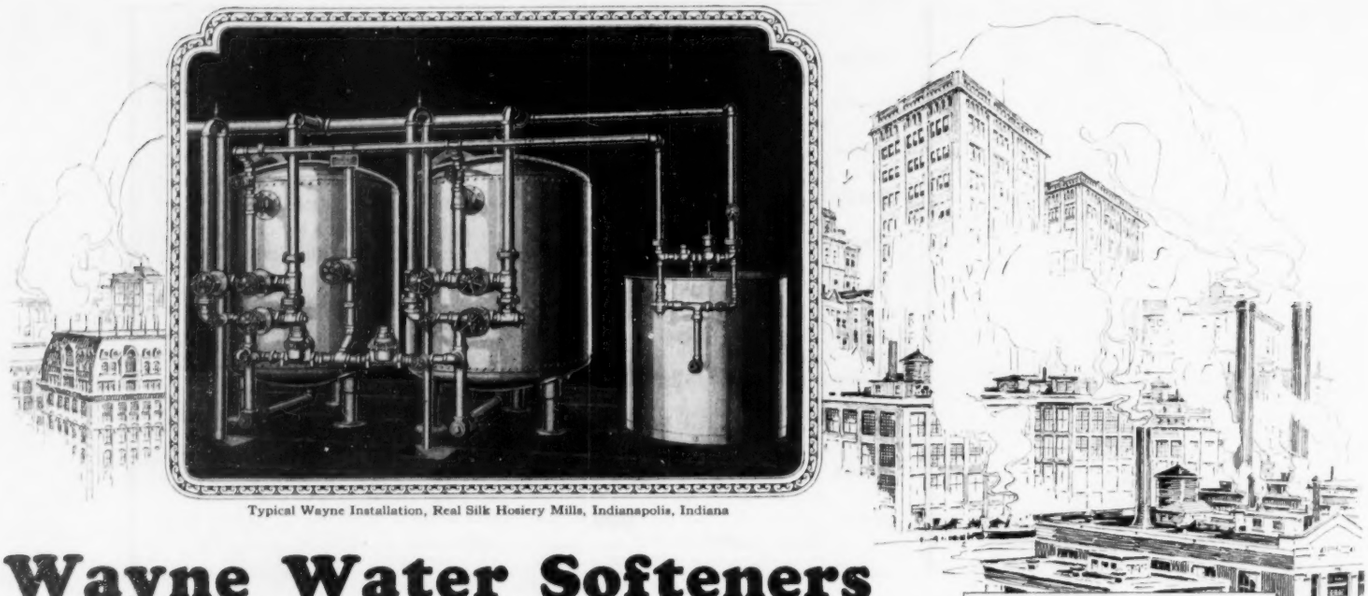

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Water Softeners for Household and Industrial Purposes

PEASANT RENOVATORS OF RUSSIA

(Continued from Page 21)

Russia's modern literature, her geography, astronomy, statistics and historical science, the sons and grandsons of muzhiks have played great rôles in all departments of practical and artistic life. They have played rôles—as the names Pobiedonostsef and Plehve proved—even in official politics. Prewar Moscow, as far as business was concerned, was a muzhik's city. Of its manufactures and trade three-fourths were in peasant or ex-peasant hands. Straight from the land without a kopeck to bless themselves came the founders of great merchant-prince families, the Morosoffs and Kuznetsoffs. As late as 1900 Moscow had peasant millionaires, living in palaces, who could not sign their names. Pushed into business without education or inherited qualifications, the raw man from the land showed so much enterprise and adaptability that the Slavophile writer Matveyeff pronounced the muzhik to be only by accident a peasant and farmer, but by temper and natural vocation a manufacturer and trader, "too often forced by unreasonable fate to languish as tiller of the soil."

In Russia's now beginning restoration the muzhik leads because he never lost his lead. His tenacity against destructive Bolshevism has been a marvel. Soviet laws and Soviet violence wiped from the face of the earth agriculture as it was practiced by nobles and country gentlemen. But peasant agriculture, sorely hit as it was, survived. No peasant institution perished. Russia's only private economic organization which can boast a continuous history since before the revolution is the peasant-controlled Zentrosoyuz, the All-Russian Association of Coöperative Societies. Bolshevism, copying Czarism, tried to crush this union. In 1921 it declared the Zentrosoyuz dissolved, and created a tame surrogate under control of the food commissariat. But the surrogate refused to flourish, and the Zentrosoyuz refused to be crushed, and kept up the fight until its chief man Tchintchuk became chief man in the commissariat. The suppressors were suppressed. Two years later the coöperatives were stronger than ever. Their internal trade in 1923 is estimated as worth $200,000,000, or 35 per cent more than all the trade done by nationalized industry. The muzhik producer had won.

History Repeating Itself

Antagonism between the productive land and sterile—where not openly destructive—Bolshevism is today as great as ever. Yet so far as Bolsheviks have recanted Bolshevism, the two interests are complementary. Only the will and muscles of the muzhik make possible the NEP, or New Economic Policy—the return to despised bourgeois paths to prosperity initiated by Lenine in early 1921. The inventors of the NEP are well aware that Russia must revive her foreign trade if she is to revive all round, and that if she is to be supplied from outside with necessary instruments of production she must deliver to the world the goods which it needs. They know that they must export copiously if the attempt, already made on a small scale, to reform their currency is not to fail. On the peasants, as the only abundant producers, falls the burden of providing backbone and substance for the NEP. As their country's only producers they only can export. In their own interest, naturally not in that of Bolshevism, they have begun. At a time when the soviet bureaucrats, having drawn up elaborate plans to restore river and canal communications, had done nothing at all, peasants established a dozen internal collecting centers for grain, leased the Esthonian Government's elevators at Reval, and began the construction of storage magazines for 3,000,000 tons of wheat.

Economic, like political, history repeats itself. Russia's present compulsion to export is a repetition of identical compulsion before the war. Every year then witnessed a large export surplus. Importing for only about $500,000,000, Russia exported for $750,000,000. This was at once testimony to her success in giving the outside world what it needed and a confession of her poverty in capital. The export surplus went to pay interest on her foreign debt, largely to France. In good years and bad years alike the tribute was paid. It was paid in face of the fact that the peasantry was chronically underfed. This was a sore point in Czarism's trade policy, the cause in particular of antagonism to the late Count Witte, who, attracting foreign capital, had necessarily to export the interest in shape of wheat. It is a still sorer point today, when the Soviet Republic is as a whole impoverished, and when some provinces even in good years produce no surplus of grain over the minimum necessary.

But it was and is inevitable. Before the war, heavy export resulted from Czarism's persistence in creating heavy armaments and in founding new naval stations like Port Arthur and Libau. Today heavy exporting is the consequence of Bolshevism's credit-killing repudiation policy, which involves immediate payment for all that Russia imports. Only Ivan the Fool can make possible the realization of this painful but, on the whole, indispensable and fructifying policy. Russian industry never exported, and never will export within visible time. In 1913 finishing industry provided only 3.9 per cent of all exports, only 5 per cent was provided by the raw-material producing industries, while 89.8 per cent was provided by farmers and foresters. When agricultural exports were valued at $598,000,000, and forestry exports at $75,500,000, the exports supplied by manufacturers were worth only $30,-000,000.

The Muzhik as Exporter

This condition is normal. But owing to the famine of 1921, to the collapse of internal transport, and to the relative prosperity of the oil export industry, the proportion of exports supplied by the land today is smaller than before the war. In 1922 agriculture and forestry together supplied 63.6 per cent of exports. The restoration of Russia as a great grain exporter began only with 1923, then with 4,000,000 tons of breadstuffs. In July, 1923, for the first time since 1913, more was exported than imported. In 1924 if things go well there will be an export surplus of $100,000,000. The realization of this estimate depends upon the muzhik. If the muzhik fails, the whole part of the NEP which is based upon the increase of exports will fail too.

The summons to the muzhik to become Russia's chief exporter is natural. Only the muzhik can become chief exporter because he only is a great producer. Owing to the collapse of nationalized industry, which is harder to restore than agriculture, his importance has increased. Before the revolution fifty European Russian provinces produced commodities worth $5,-952,000,000, and of this value $3,540,000,000 was yielded by the land. In 1922 production of all kinds fell to $2,527,500,000, and of this $2,185,000,000 came from the land. Though the muzhik's absolute production of wealth has declined, his production relatively to industry, including mining and oil, has enormously increased. The magnitude of this peasant achievement can be fully understood only if it is remembered that the best farms—those conducted by the nobles on intensive, scientific lines—have entirely disappeared. As a whole, agricultural production fell only 24 per cent, while industrial production fell 86 per cent. Even the best-preserved—and owing to its local concentration, easiest worked—industry, oil, fell by 49 per cent. How agriculture, classified separately as food producer and raw-materials producer, has flourished compared with the fate of the great industrial branches, can be shown by a table giving the percentage of output in 1922 to output in 1913:

	PER CENT
Metals	2.4
Chemicals	5.4
Sugar	7.5
Textiles	16.2
Matches	17.6
Food products	72.0
Agricultural raw materials	80.8

During five years of Bolshevism agriculture kept Russia alive. It kept the cities in existence, if hungry, and it got nothing in exchange. Those manufactured goods which the muzhik most wanted were

nearly all metal goods, and the production of metal goods was less than one-fortieth of that before the war, when also large quantities of metal and metal articles were imported. The countryside had no machines or tools, no new blood stock, no artificial fertilizers, no building materials. In such conditions only the fearful compulsion of hunger could have whetted muzhik brains to the sharpness necessary for survival. And brains were whetted. Deprived of all the auxiliaries necessary for his occupation and for his daily life, the peasant on the spot devised these auxiliaries—or tolerable substitutes.

He became his own manufacturer, his own salesman, ultimately his own industrial organizer. In the end he became even a sort of industrial capitalist and a supplier to the devastated cities of manufactured articles which they had ceased to produce for themselves.

This is the most surprising phase of the economic counter-revolution accompanying the collapse of Bolshevism. The rapid rise in a few years of the purely peasant manufacturing industry, on lines of free initiative, self-help, and nonregulation from outside, would hardly be credited were it not that it repeated the process by which the locally self-sufficient pastoral and agricultural Europe of the early Middle Ages was transformed into the manufacturing and trading Europe of today.

In Middle-Ages Europe this was a slow process. In ruined Russia necessity proved to be a quick-handed mother of invention. As manufacturer and industrial organizer the muzhik was, of course, nothing new. Not only Moscow but all other manufacturing centers before the war were run—so far as they were not run by foreigners—by men of peasant origin, character and traditions. That was the muzhikization of the towns. The new reciprocal process was the industrialization of the villages. For this transformation only one germ existed. This was the fact that the Russian industrial workman was not wholly a city man. He was a peasant, still owning a farm where his family lived; and to this farm, having worked in a mill as grass widower in the winter, he returned for summer work. Hundreds of thousands of Russians could handle a textile machine and a reaping machine equally well, or ill. The level of skill in this hybrid class was low; of miscellaneous manufacturing and of industrial organization the peasant mill hand had no notion. As a rule it was muzhiks without city experience who created the network of peasant manufacturing industries which are the novelty of Russia today, and which may prove her salvation.

In the Age of Serfdom

Economically Bolshevism brought first the Dark Ages and then the Middle Ages to Russia. In Russia, after 1917, the lack of communications determined trade, as it determined it in the old Europe, which had no good land communications and could trade efficiently only by sea. Then every district was almost self-sufficing. Food for city consumption was produced within range of the city itself; each small agricultural area, so far as it did not do its own manufacturing in the home, was supplied from the nearest city.

Only improved communications could make possible the interchange of goods between remote areas; and the coming of these communications, accompanied by specialization, created the big manufacturing towns and the purely agricultural country which we see today.

Russia, having gone through the last part of this process in the nineteenth century, went again through almost the whole of it in the last few years. In the age of serfdom—down to 1861—the Russian village was a self-contained economic unit. Village artisans made plows, tools, cloth, footwear, furniture. The villages even provided their own art; big nobles maintained opera troupes and *corps de ballet* recruited—that is, conscripted—from among their serfs. When railroads appeared, bringing cheap finished articles from the cities, peasant industry decayed. In the last prewar years it produced only artistic trifles, the embroidered tea cloths and lacquered stamp boxes sold to tourists. In general, prewar Russia had the specialized economic system of Western Europe and America.

Bolshevism killed this system. It destroyed communications, it suppressed banks and bourses, without which trade was impossible, and by its headlong plunge into communistic—later nationalized—production it killed city industry. Townspeople starved because, being unable to deliver to the country, they got little food in exchange; the country suffered almost as much from deprivation of manufactured goods. This deprivation was extreme. In six months of 1920, reported the Soviets' Supreme Council of National Industry, only twenty plows could be sold to provinces around Moscow with 9,000,000 inhabitants. Ivan the Fool had not only no manufactured goods, he had not even the hope of seeing a new ax, new cloth, new shoes, new lamps or new books for an indefinite number of dreary years.

Such conditions could not last. The peasant would have perished. The peasant was resolved not to perish. Under guidance of elementary instincts, and without suspecting that he was about to restore industry to his native country, the muzhik set to work to supply his own demand. He began precisely as his forefathers began before the division of labor was devised. First of all he needed plows, spades, axes, hammers, roofing iron, horseshoes, nails. He initiated his own Iron Age. Around him—with everything else lacking—was débris of iron and steel in abundance, the waste of war, of derelict mechanical industries, of ruined communications.

He toiled miserably, but he was able to pull along, and he no longer depended upon the idle towns. Reckoned in labor—the only standard of value in a country without currency—his products cost too much. But they were creative work.

Peasant Industries

That was the first crude stage. Simultaneously with the second and higher stage of efficient and finished production appeared a rude division of labor. Here, too, the historical process was repeated. The muzhik who gained a name by making the best plow for himself made plows later for his neighbors, taking cloth or shoes or cutlery made by the neighbors, in exchange. This primitive industrial organization brought the first political difficulties. The Soviet bureaucracy was jealous; the NEP had not yet come into being. In the south-central provinces—Orel, Kursk and Voronezh—the soviets tried in vain to prevent the peasants from manufacturing goods other than for themselves. In the first division of labor the soviet magnates rightly saw the germs of a big independent industry, and as bourgeois capitalism and counter-revolution that was condemned.

The muzhiks persisted. Soon many villages had their own specializing manufacturers, who at first supplied only fellow villagers, and found in them sufficient markets; Volga-side villages are as populous as small European towns. Trade between village and village first began when certain whole villages set themselves to specialize in production of particular manufactured articles. Lack of communications—in places even horses were extinct—placed limits to this development. Unable to invade villages at a great distance, the muzhiks sent their manufactured articles to the nearest town. To the towns they sold goods which the towns ought to have manufactured but did not. That supplied *reductio ad absurdum* of the whole Bolshevist system by showing that production was possible only where Bolshevism was not in control. Having no manufactured goods to give in exchange for food, the towns naturally could not pay in normal way for the muzhiks' manufactured goods; they sacrificed their last personal treasures—their jewelry, musical instruments, surplus furniture and works of art.

Peasant industry improved. It enlarged its scope. Having begun with hammers and nails, it now turns out articles requiring science and skill. It achieves this partly by developing its own wits, partly by attracting as helpers the skilled workmen, technologists and engineers whom hunger has forced to fly the towns. In the provinces south of Moscow peasant manufactures have reached a high standard of technical efficiency. Muzhik hands have provided whole villages with electric light and power. The machine tools necessary for turning out complicated apparatus are bought—sometimes they are stolen—from derelict city mills. Having begun as a dear producer, the muzhik—helped by the smallness of overhead charges—has ended by producing cheaply. Last spring the Supreme Council of Industry reported

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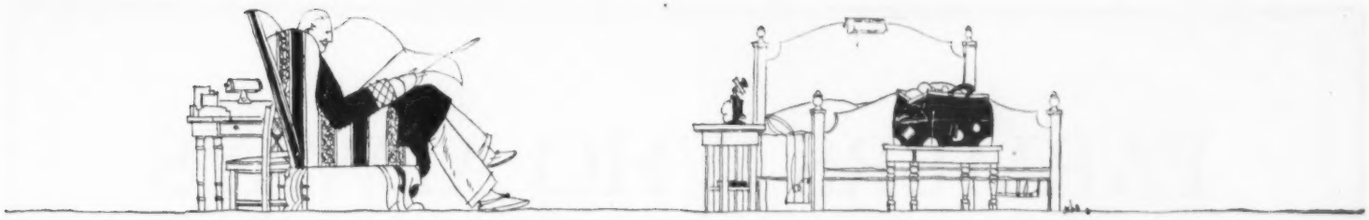

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There's the liberal supply of towels in your bathroom, for instance; and a properly-placed light to shave by; and plenty of clothes-hangers; and a pin cushion with needles, thread, buttons and so on that you find on your dresser. Nor does this foresight stop with equipment and routine; the same thoughtfulness, helpfulness, obtains in the *service of employees* in these hotels. Here is the

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Every room in these hotels has private bath and running ice-water; in every room is posted its rate, printed in plain figures.

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that agricultural machinery produced by a peasant *artel* association in Moscow Province was 42 per cent cheaper than the output of the nationalized shops. The comparison became comedy when the Central Textiles Trust of Moscow, which is a combine of nationalized mills, invited the peasant Muchanoff, organizer of textiles manufacturing in the province of Vladimir, to take charge of all nationalized mills in the Manchester of Russia, Ivanovo-Voznesensk.

This offer was rejected. Muchanoff was busy organizing a textiles combine embracing peasant concerns in three provinces. Muchanoff, who plays an ever more important rôle as peasants' representative, is a rough, hairy, almost illiterate muzhik, of fierce energy, wild habits, and a reputed capacity in matters alcoholic which is enough to explode Holy Russia's fame as prohibitionist land. While running industries Muchanoff became a sort of Muscovite Magnus Johnson. Owing to the big wheat and rye surplus this year, prices heavily fell. Muchanoff started a movement to compel the soviets to provide greater export facilities, in order that prices should rise. Otherwise, he threatened, the muzhik would grow only enough bread crops to feed himself. In this way a price question which had been plaguing the United States has begun to plague Russia. The origin of both questions—a superabundance of food which the hungry parts of Europe would gladly buy could they only pay for it—is the same.

Fusions in peasant industry, like that started by Muchanoff, were the last, inevitable stage; and again history was repeated; after division of labor came organization, then petty capitalism, then fusion and greater capitalism. At first the growth of peasant capitalism was sharply opposed by the soviets. Alone among leading soviet-ists Kalinine discountenanced the opposition; the rural anti-soviet sentiment would best, he affirmed, be checked by the growth of prosperity among the peasants themselves. Muchanoff's combine is not yet complete; but another peasant formed a corporation fusing all the rural hand-tool manufacturing concerns in his province; and this organization, incorporated later into a still larger concern, also mainly run by peasants, sold half a million plows in nine months of 1923.

The Bolshevik Confession of Failure

No Russian knows the exact value of peasant production of manufactured articles. But the value certainly exceeds that of nationalized industry, if the raw material and fuel producing nationalized branches are ignored. And peasant industry is going uphill, while nationalized industry is not. In April, 1923, nationalized industry produced goods worth $8,000,000; in September production was only $2,840,000. The production by peasant combines of horse plows alone is valued at $11,500,000 a year. In eastern provinces, where industry never flourished, peasants are turning out 95 per cent of all finished goods.

The proportion is growing, because ever more of the expropriated mills and workshops, leased under the NEP to private individuals, are in peasant hands. Leasing is one of Bolshevism's numerous practical admissions that communistic and nationalized industry has failed. Only the bigger concerns are still entirely nationalized; and the result appears in the fact that the great iron and steel works, all in the grips of nationalization, show a heavier decline in production than any other branch. For the smaller, isolated concerns, which in the aggregate are more important than the concentrated big concerns, the leasing system is general. The peasant, being the man with energy and often even with capital, gets most of the leases. Of 7449 mills or workshops leased out between July, 1922, and July, 1923, 5210 were leased to private individuals, and of these, 4150 to peasants. Here the astute Soviet commissaries pursue an intelligible aim. In exchange for leases certain rents and shares of profits go to the Soviet state.

Experience has shown that only the hard-headed muzhik conducts operations with the success which makes these payments possible. Out of 450 private citizens whose leases were canceled for failure to fulfill conditions since the leasing system began only thirty-eight were peasants. Many of the other failures were by men of the old capitalist class.

The muzhik's industrial triumphs are not achieved without pains. Individuals and interests associated with the state trusts are his foes. The trusting movement, an essential feature of the NEP, has developed rapidly. At the close of 1922 there were 430 trusts, embracing 4144 concerns in twelve different branches in existence; at present the estimated number of concerns is 5500. The trusts have been a success in that bureaucratic management has been replaced by business management. But, being petted by the state and supplied with unlimited working capital by the state banks, the trusts operate with less vigor than is shown by the industrial muzhiks. The trusts fear peasant competition. When the chief textiles trust, having more goods than, in view of its high prices, it could dispose of, started a selling campaign in the northeastern provinces, the redoubtable Muchanoff founded a peasants' counter-campaign, and fought so fiercely that he compelled the trust to withdraw. The trust's losses in six months were equal to 80 per cent of the value of its production. When it admitted defeat an association of peasant industrialists and coöperators offered to take over half of its mills; guaranteed that by cheaper management the 80 per cent loss would be turned into a profit within a year; and undertook to pay the Soviet Government the 20 per cent of profits which is the usual condition of trust contracts but which, there being no profits, no trust has paid so far.

Peasants Reaching Higher Levels

Through industry the muzhik is gaining in civilization. His creation of wealth means creation of new cultural needs; reciprocally, cultural institutions have made for the increase of wealth. The old-time muzhik manufacturers in the great cities liberally endowed technical and educational institutions. The famous Tretiakoff Picture Gallery, the Historical Museum and other Moscow collections were founded by Russian Rockefellers from the land. Leading Bolsheviki try to make out that the peasant has gained spiritually from the revolution less than other classes. "In his love of music," said the cynical Education Commissary Lunatcharsky, "the muzhik steals pianos, takes out the strings, and uses the frames as wardrobes." But in material comfort the peasant has certainly advanced.

One change is that owing to his freedom to hew trees on former nobles' lands, the immemorial one-roomed *izba* hut is making way for a four-roomed cabin.

In connection with his widening, ever more complicated, economical life the muzhik needs better technical and agricultural education. Here again, being helped from nowhere, he helps himself. Most progress has been made on the Middle and Lower Volga, the districts devastated by famine in 1921. Under leadership of a priest who once led revolts against Lenine and Trotzky, an organization for providing technical education was started. Offers of comfortable cabins, free food and free clothing drew expert teachers from the cities and practical farmers from the big Baltic Province estates which the Esthonian and Latvian Governments have carved up among their peasants. In a country where in five years and despite heavy outlay the Soviet Education Commissariat achieved nothing, thirty centrally situated schools of agriculture and industry were established by the peasants themselves.

The rural economical revival has surmounted its first difficulties, and it cannot be suppressed. It is still looked on with suspicion in some Moscow quarters. The case-hardened, unenlightened Soviet bureaucrat, the willing inheritor of Czarism's worst traditions, resents all forms of private social initiative, especially forms involving the association of large numbers of free-minded individuals. Such initiative, as under Nicholas II, is regarded as a threat to the powers that be. Lenine, though in general a progressive—or at least an astute and teachable—Bolshevik, is also unfriendly. Since youth he has kept his special enmity for the rich muzhik—the "kulak," or "fist"—who in innumerable Leninite pamphlets appears as a greater foe of the proletariat than even the city capitalist. But Lenine is a temporizer, and the case-hardened Soviet bureaucrat is beginning to yield to the logic of facts. The peasants have the open support of the Moscow Finance Commissariat, of the Bank of State, and of all official institutions into

which men of bourgeois tendencies have penetrated. These institutions act so because they know that without increased production of food, making plentiful export possible, and without increased production of manufactured goods, checking imports, the active foreign payment balance which is the condition precedent of a return to sound currency, cannot be dreamed of.

The partial return to sound currency is the one undoubted achievement of the NEP. The NEP has actually succeeded in creating a small amount of stable currency. Since December, 1922, the Bank of State has been issuing notes for *tchervontsi*—an old name for ducats—of ten gold rubles each. The issue is secured with 25 per cent of gold or high-currency foreign bills, and with 75 per cent of native gold commercial bills.

The *tchervonetz* has maintained stability; it has even in the last few months improved its relation to the dollar; and it is accepted in Scandinavia as being as good as gold. But the circulation is small; and the unstable, almost worthless paper ruble is still Soviet Russia's chief medium of exchange.

To increase the *tchervonetz* circulation is the chief aim of Soviet finance. That can be done only by increasing the total of the legal reserve. The Moscow Bank of State has managed to raise its gold reserve from a mere 184,591 *tchervontsi* in December, 1922, to about 8,000,000 *tchervontsi* today; and has been able, without weakening the security, to increase the note circulation from 200,000 to 23,746,000 *tchervontsi*. This is a considerable achievement; Germany with much greater resources did not even attempt to restore a stable currency until November, 1923. But the *tchervonetz* existing in such small quantity that it does not satisfy one-twentieth of the needs of trade is hardly a currency, but rather an experiment. If Russia is to have a universal sound currency, if the paper ruble is finally to disappear, an active foreign-trade balance must be attained. That can be done only by virtue of peasant production, creating an export surplus. If in 1924 the estimated $100,000,000 surplus of exports over imports is realized, the Bank of State will more than double its gold reserve, and the spread of the *tchervonetz* all over Russia will at last be brought into sight.

The credit for this will be the muzhik's. Thereby a complete economic counter-revolution will be brought about. Something like a political counter-revolution is bound to follow. Politics always goes on the heels of business. That was so in Russia before the war, when the small political party known as the Moscow Industrial Group—many of whose members were peasants by origin—played a rôle in domestic controversies far greater than seemed determined by its numerical strength. The peasants' Russia, which some day, by virtue of wealth, energy and creative intelligence, will replace the amorphous, cosmopolitan Russia of the Bolshevik, will in due time have politics of its own. This politics, though certainly differing widely from Bolshevist politics, will probably be no more palatable to the outside world. Peasant Russia will be nationalistic and ultra-patriotic; in religion it will be zealous and perhaps even obscurantist and intolerant. In business it will be incomparably pleasanter to deal with than Bolshevist Russia; in politics probably even less pleasant. Militaristic aggression, with a Pan-Slav banner and watchwords, will as likely as not be the leading feature.

As such a Russia, having flourishing industry and trade as bases of its material strength, will be powerful, the world will have to keep a sharp lookout.

The old Greater-Russia aspirations, backed by the new economic force, would revive many difficult questions which are now dormant. The real test of ability to survive for the fully detached states, Poland and the Baltic Provinces, and for the semidetached Ukraine, Azerbaijan and the Central Asian khanates, will then be supplied. Muzhik Russia in these matters will probably tread in the footsteps of Czarist Russia, and perhaps by a combination of business efficiency with chauvinistic politics provide some lively moments for the outside world.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million and a Quarter Weekly)

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January 26, 1924

Cover Design by Charles A. MacLellan

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MISCELLANY

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1923 Delco Records

The First Non-Stop Transcontinental Flight

On May 2, 1923, Lieutenants Macready and Kelly started from the flying field at Mineola, Long Island, and flew to Los Angeles, piloting the first airship that ever made a non-stop flight from ocean to ocean across America. This airship was equipped with Delco ignition.

First Gulf-to-Lakes Non-Stop Flight

On May 26th Lieutenant H. G. Crocker made the first non-stop flight ever accomplished from the Gulf of Mexico to Canada, starting from the Gulf and making his first stop near Gordon, Ontario, thence flying to Selfridge Field. This plane also had Delco equipment.

1923 Indianapolis 500-Mile Race

On May 30th, at the Automobile Race Classic held on the Indianapolis speedway, Tommy Milton's car, the winner, and seven of the ten winning cars were equipped with Delco ignition. This marked the fourth successive time that a Delco-equipped car had won this event.

Flight of the "Shenandoah"

On September 4th at Lakehurst, N. J., the Navy rigid airship "Shenandoah" made its first successful flight—the greatest airship of its kind ever built. Delco was the only ignition system able to pass rigid tests established for Electrical equipment of the ship's six special Packard engines.

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