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THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

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JUNE 14, 1919 VOL. 63 NO. 24



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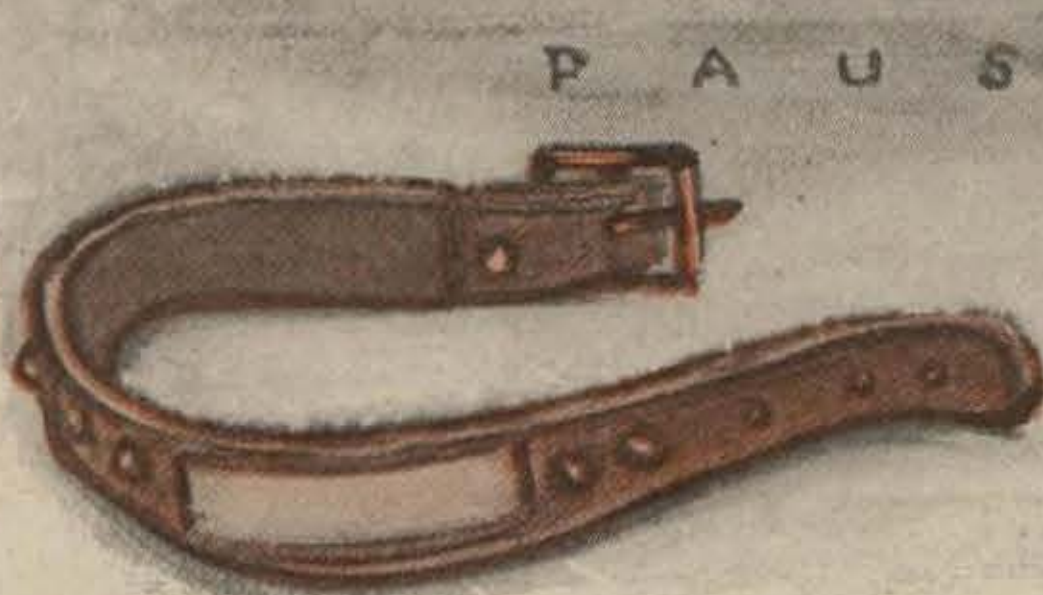
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More Than a Million a Week

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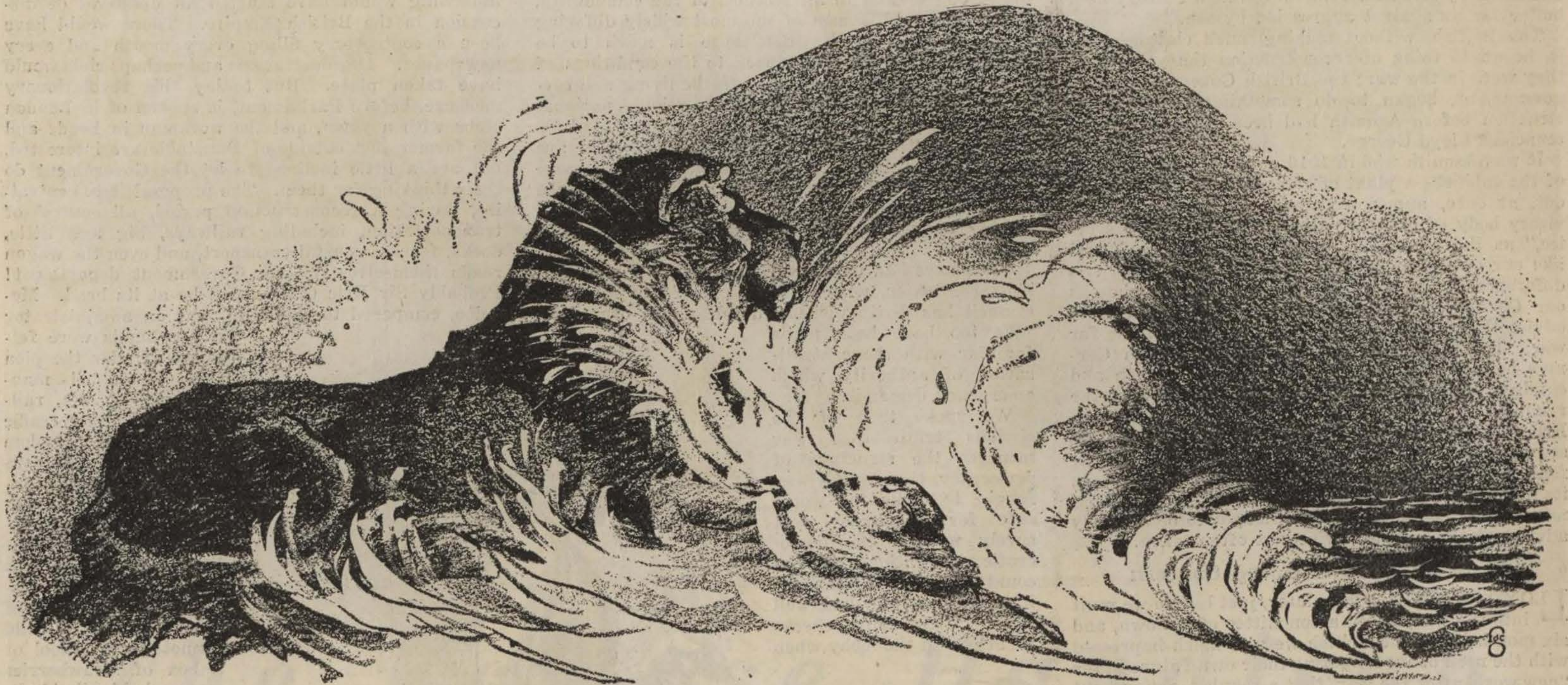
Collier's

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Great Britain Faces the Future

BY RICHARD WASHBURN CHILD

ILLUSTRATED BY F. G. COOPER

LONDON—The man was at the Charing Cross Station. He was sharp-featured, rather pinched in appearance, not quite warmly clad. He was getting into middle age, but wore upon the lapel of his coat a military service badge which indicated that he was a demobilized soldier. He probably was going home to a suburb after a day in London seeking to make a niche for himself in the life of peace. Five years is a long time to stand the strain of war. It is marked on the people's faces. It was marked on his.

He edged his way toward the stall where magazines and newspapers were sold and, putting down tuppence, he picked up a British Government publication issued by the Ministry of Reconstruction. This Government pamphlet, as one could see by looking over the Englishman's shoulder, was entitled "Housing in England and Wales." No doubt there will be exclamations and protests if it is said that perhaps the act of this man had more significance than the whole set of deliberations of the Peace Conference. Some one back home will want to know how it is possible to give standing to this suggestion.

All right. It can be done.

The purchase of the Government pamphlet—one of a series on reconstruction—indicated that this unnamed man, who a moment later was merged in the crowd like a pea mixed with a handful of peas, had been enlisted in peace. He was a voluntary recruit in reconstruction—a movement badly named because it suggests a repair of old conditions rather than a remaking to fit a revised world. He had been recruited by the British Government. He was a straw showing the way the wind is blowing in Great Britain. He gave the evidence that not only the Government from the top, but the people from the bottom, are trying to meet on a ground of common interest—that of wiping from their eyes the blood and sweat of these long years of desperation and of seeing the new world and of trying to "do something about it"—together.

In this spirit of cooperation for reconstruction there is a promise of the stability of the British. In its practicality and its tendency to lop off the falderal of visionaries there is an assurance that in Europe when others go a little off their sanity the British will not load their visions so heavily that their

visions spraddle out. On the other hand, in a national purpose to change the old tune which was played by them before the war came—in a new determination to open their eyes to the possibility that there is indeed something real in the existence of a new world spirit—there is a guaranty that the British will be able to stand fast against the madness of Europe and of Asia without failing to recognize and meet the world demand for social justice.

But, above all, when the nameless man going out to Hampstead buys with money out of his own pocket a Government publication, there is still deeper significance. It is this: The British are not merely talking about a new world. They are not idealists as to their neighbors' affairs. They are working together, reasonably well—as well as any nation, and perhaps better—to do something: at home.

It is not a bad idea for us in America to know what the British are doing. I have been spending some weeks talking with statesmen and with people representing all the threads from which the British national life is woven. Little by little two facts become clearer and clearer, as photographs are brought out on a plate by a strong developing fluid.

The first of these, whatever may be the incompleteness of the British reconstruction work, is that an American will have to squirm a little if a Brit-

isher says in good faith: "We always thought of you as commercial fellows. We've learned now that you are idealists. Tell me—what is being done by your Government on reconstruction for yourselves?"

The second is that the work of reconstruction in Great Britain is the best assurance that, however other peoples may shake themselves to pieces, the British will hold together. Holding together, they will be the bulwark against other European peoples, war-crazed and hungry and running in mobs after leadership which knows how to tempt unfortunate humanity to destroy itself, but not how to teach miserable mankind to rebuild.

For these reasons the man who bought the pamphlet did what may prove of more significance than the Peace Conference. His gloveless hands spoke of the cost of the war which has gone, his worried expression about his eyes of the perplexity of life at present while the bickerings of peace go on and on

Mr. Child went to England as a guest of the British Government to study its program of handling reconstruction problems—problems, as can well be imagined, infinitely more complex and intensified than ours. Britain has been compelled to adopt plans more ambitious than ours and to apply remedies more radical. In this, the first of Mr. Child's articles, it is shown, however, that America has much to learn from Great Britain's methods.—THE EDITOR.

and the world can't go back to its job. But the firmness of his mouth spoke of something in the British character which holds the British together and knows how to take on liberalism without taking on chaos.

For this characteristic in the British we in America may have to thank our lucky stars before this doubtful blessing called peace has ceased to belch up world-wide disorder and before mad mobs stop running and before all these little new nations—set up by the principle of self-determination and multiplying the causes for war—have taken their hands from each other's throats. Against the thing roundly called Bolshevism the British stand as our buffer against aggression by insanity, just as the British navy stood for something like a century as a buffer for us against aggression by sea.

The British, without making much clatter about it, began to think of reconstruction the year after they were in the war; the British Government, as a government, began to do something about reconstruction before Asquith had been replaced by the tenacious Lloyd George.

It was Asquith who in 1916 appointed a committee of the cabinet—a plant of reconstruction which shot out, at once, numerous branches. It was an advisory body of experts “drafted for volunteer service,” as the Irish might say. It was a good deal like our own Council of National Defense, with two differences. The first difference was that whereas our Council of National Defense was intended to advise the nation as to how to build a machine for war, Mr. Asquith's committee—formed when German bombs were being dropped on the women and children of London and long casualty lists were the reminders of conflict—was intended to advise the British nation how to build a machine for peace. The second difference was that the Council of National Defense was thought to be a body of authority, whereas its advice was seldom taken, and Mr. Asquith's Committee on Reconstruction was thought to be a purely advisory body, but its advice was often taken.

Reconstruction, a Going Concern

LOYD GEORGE, a year later, just before we went into the war, added a committee of his own, and six months later the British were so much impressed with the need of investigating their own future in the “new world after the war” that a regular, out-and-out ministry was created under Christopher Addison, the first Minister of Reconstruction. When the Coalition-Unionist election came last fall, the result was a shake-up which brought Sir Auckland Geddes into the Ministry of Reconstruction. Sir Auckland is a brother of Sir Eric; they are known in the music halls as “the pepper pair” because they have some of the “two-fisted, driving, he-man” qualities of administration, as they call them in our West, and shrink from publicity, like Hurley and Schwab.

None of the history of the detailed development of the British Ministry of Reconstruction has a vital interest or lesson for us. The British will erect the machinery for reconstruction which will work under their particular form of government. We might have done so too—no matter who is to blame for our failure—if we could have created our own in our own good way. The real point is not the form of organization, but the fact that the British Government for three years has worked on reconstruction—perhaps with the national idea of selfish interest and perhaps with the idea also that a good kind of idealism begins with work on the home grounds.

The truth of the matter is that the British, with their usual protestations of failure, have managed to produce the background of a real reconstruction,

and in this they have brought the Government and the people into a common cause. It has not been advertised outside of the United Kingdom, but the colonies are in on it, and it is working. Reconstruction is a going concern.

Not only is it working, but it is working in the groove of enlightenment. Says the Ministry of Reconstruction: “The idea of a return to prewar conditions has gradually been supplanted by the worthier ideal of a better world after the war. The experience through which the country has passed has enlarged its sense of what is possible and at the same time quickened its sense of what is fair and right. Reconstruction has to give shape and satisfaction to the strong feeling in all sections of the community, among men and women of the most widely differing opinions and outlook, that there is much to be ashamed of when we look back to the conditions of July, 1914, and that for justice to the living and reverence to the dead we are called to rebuild national life on a better and more enduring foundation.”

Many of the more thoughtful persons who are connected with British reconstruction have even gone deeper than this statement of purpose; they are weighing the possibility of the Government's becoming too paternal in its measures. War brings this danger.

“You have had it in the United States?” asked H. Eustace Davies, who as secretary of the Advisory Council has distinguished himself as an organizer.

“We too have been made familiar with the centralization of authority which emergency demands.”

We spoke then of the obvious truth that war menaces the structure of democracy, that even a war fought to make the world safe for democracy will surely menace the democratic institutions of the countries which engage in it. As some one has well said: “Citizenship checks its brains in the lobby when

community willingly give up their powers and their rights of self-expression. Democracy is suspended. In Great Britain to-day they say: “Let the Government do it,” just as we say in America: “Let Washington do it.” Citizenship comes out of war strong in spirit, but blind to the wounds suffered by democracy and the rights and duties of self-government. It may take years to restore the machinery which makes the government responsible to its citizens and the citizens active and able to express their will.

Material and Human Resources

FIVE years ago, for instance, one of the big measures of British reconstruction now ready for launching would have started an upheaval of discussion in the British Empire. There would have been a controversy filling every mouth and every newspaper. Demonstrations and perhaps riots would have taken place. But to-day this revolutionary measure, before Parliament, is spoken of in London clubs with a yawn, and the workman in Leeds and the farmer just outside of Dunstable are interested, but are a little inclined to let the Government do their thinking for them. The proposal is to centralize, during a reconstruction period, all control of transportation, including railways, big and little, docks, ferries, coastal transport, and even the wagon roads themselves, in one Government department! Probably Sir Eric Geddes will be at its head. McAdoo, compared to this man, was an administrator whose hands were fettered. Under the plea that diversified management of the railways and harbor traffic of the United Kingdom results in enormous waste, duplication of facilities, lack of standardization, and extravagant competition, the British propose to put their entire transportation into one pair of hands, so that a child cannot go to school or a box of strawberries move a half mile if one finger of this British King of Motion is raised. At about the time we are thinking of ending our centralized Railroad Administration, created for war, the British are trying to create for the first years of peace the Super-Traffic Officer of the world's history!

It must not be understood that the Transport Bill is the exclusive product of the Ministry of Reconstruction. That ministry is, after all, only an advisory body. Its permanence is a matter now in doubt, and it holds no monopoly of reconstruction ideas. Nor must it be understood that the Ministry of Reconstruction has taken a position in favor of reconstruction by the Government, with a fatherly interest and a centralized authority, dangerously like the “efficient, simple, and direct” philosophy of the state which once had its paternal nest in Berlin. On the contrary, as I look into the work which has been done, I am impressed with the fact that much effort, half-consciously given, has been made to saturate the British people with reconstruction interest, so that reconstruction may enlist the services of British men and women and that thus reconstruction may come up from the bottom. It is significant that the British Government is able to sell pamphlets on reconstruction in the streets of London or Manchester or Liverpool.

It is significant also that, if one keeps an eye for a time on the reconstruction plans of Great Britain, the grouping of these plans (Continued on page 24)



The tight little isle becomes the bright little isle

it goes to war.” The government—particularly the executive, as, for instance, the War Cabinet in England—becomes used to unfettered authority and likes it. To centralize everything is a simple device. During war people know that this is the short cut to emergency action. The individual and the local



The Eclipse Handicap

BY FRANK CONDON

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

FOR about a week it appeared daily in the newspapers of San Francisco. It read as follows: "O. G. Come home or let us know where you are. All is forgiven. Harmony and George. Queen Mary."

That jovial plea came out at the top of the Personal column for several days before it produced results, and then Omar Gill walked humbly into the sitting room of the Queen Mary Hotel in San Francisco, carrying the newspaper in his hand, and looking around timidly, as though he expected something to fall on him. He had just finished proving to us once again that he used his head to propagate hair and for nothing else, and he knew that we were low in our minds over him. Harmony and I arose, and the reunion that followed was touching, though with here and there a faint hint of asperity.

Until that moment we had not laid eyes on Omar for some four weeks, and there was a clear, natural cause for the separation. There was what you might term a justifiable *casus belli*, the said *casus* beginning down in Mexico and moving rapidly up into California, and it originated in Omar and his astounding mental processes.

TWO or three months before the advertisement appeared, requesting Omar to come out of his hiding place and rejoin us in amity, the three of us had settled down in San Francisco, surrounded by all the comforts of a large hotel, owners of a four-thousand-dollar mutual bank roll, an automobile, and other pleasing adjuncts to a life of calm content.

It was Omar's personal automobile. He had bought it with his private funds, owned it in fee simple, and drove it the same way. It looked a good deal like a highly magnified roller skate, but Omar was mad about it, and each morning he lured it out of the garage and bounded up and down the seven thousand hills of San Francisco, endangering human life and making noises like an enraged threshing machine.

After a month of luxurious loafing, Harmony ar-

rived one afternoon in a state of pleasant excitement. Omar and I were languidly arising, with that calm deliberation found only among rich people, and Omar came out in his robin's egg blue pajamas and some new patent lather and listened doubtfully to what followed. It appeared that through a lucky combination of circumstances Harmony had stumbled upon a way to invest our four thousand dollars.

"It's a fine chance to break into the bookmaking business," he said, beaming at us.

"No doubt," agreed Omar "but what do we know about publishing, the only book you ever look in being the telephone directory?"

"Not that kind of bookmaking," Harmony explained. "This is a gambling enterprise, with others doing the gambling. There is a hard-boiled guy named Moses Lewis, and what he don't know about horse racing, you could get into your left eye. He wants us to go in with him, agrees to do all the real work, because of his skill, and is willing to take us on as his clerks."

"You mean this man wants to use our four thousand?" I asked, somewhat tremulously.

"In a word, yes," said Harmony, with increasing gusto. "We furnish him with four thousand dollars, which is roughly the capital required. You can't be a bookmaker without a certain amount of capital."

"Put our money in the hands of a stranger?" Omar interrupted, rising to his full five feet nothing. "I knew you fell down that flight of stairs, but I didn't know you hit on your head."

"He is not a stranger," Harmony continued testily. "I know him. He is a skilled bookmaker, with years of experience, and he says that we can clean up a small fortune."

"If he's so good, why does he need us to start him?" Omar inquired. "Why does the gent wish to lean himself on our little four thousand bucks?"

Harmony grunted disgustedly, as though Omar was talking nonsense, which was not the truth.

"Does he guarantee us against loss?" I asked

mildly, being interested in the funds to the extent of one thousand three hundred and some odd dollars.

"You can't guarantee anything in the horse-racing game," Harmony continued coldly. "I should think even you would know that. In all real enterprises a person takes a chance. Look at Morgan and Rockefeller."

"Look at ham and eggs," said Omar. "Right now we are playing safe and I believe in sticking to it."

"This man Lewis knows all about how to trim the betting public," argued our leader. "He claims that we have a chance to make a killing, and to me it looks like a nice opening."

"I've sent my money down those nice openings before," Omar retorted, "and mostly the traffic was one way. Let's hang onto this modest competence and tell Lewis to pick on some one else."

LATER on, Harmony being insistent, we encountered this Moses Lewis, who was a tall, feverish gentleman with a hooked beak and a piercing eye. We opened the negotiations, and from the first word Omar Gill was unalterably opposed. He objected bitterly to investing our joint funds in any enterprise as uncertain as bookmaking, but there is nothing to be gained by arguing with Harmony Childs. At least, we never gained anything. It's like trying to throw a soap bubble through a stone wall. Harmony is, and always has been and will be, our respected leader, and many a time he has saved Omar and me from hunger, thirst, women, jail, and similar disasters. Personally I didn't burst into four ringing cheers over the knowledge that we were now going into race-track bookmaking, but this Moses Lewis had cast his fatal spell, and the night we met him at the hotel we had dinner and came to a financial understanding.

We agreed formally to let him run wild with our precious four thousand, which was all we had in the world, if you leave out Omar's automobile. Lewis agreed to set up in business at Pergo Park on the

following Monday, employing the three of us in minor capacities, and from then on the idea was to take large sums of American currency away from those misguided lunatics who bet upon the comparative speed of horses.

Omar moaned quietly throughout the preliminaries and plucked at the tablecloth. When he owns money, he likes to spend it in small sums and different places. Omar can take thirty cents and get half-way to China. Harmony prefers to take three dollars and run them up to three million, or make the attempt. Therein lies the marked difference between my two simple companions in crime.

We embarked upon this business enterprise with Mr. Lewis, the skilled bookmaker, and the adventure lasted exactly one week, including legal holidays. We gayly began chalking up prices in the bull ring at Pergo Park on Monday afternoon, before the first race; and on Saturday afternoon, following the last race, Mr. Lewis washed off his slate, packed up his tin reticule, kicked his stool fretfully aside, and announced in a voice devoid of passion that we had foundered at sea with all on board.

"Can you dig up some more coin by Monday?" he asked, looking into three startled countenances.

"No," said Omar hoarsely, before anyone else could speak. "Nor by Tuesday either. Why?"

"Then we're ruined," Lewis replied calmly. "The game has gone against us, and we're dead broke. The old sock is empty."

These were conditions of which we three were partially aware, because we had observed the trend of business during the week, and had seen the jolly old public beat us to a fine pulp, and cash in from Mr. Lewis with disgusting regularity. We dimly realized that we were going to hear unpleasant news, but we didn't know just how bad it was. Now we got the news, as a careless roadside hen gets a four-ton truck.

"Broke," repeated our Mr. Lewis, tying on his cravat with great care. "I'm not to blame either, because I made a perfectly balanced book all week. But the favorites won every day, and that hurt us."

"It particularly hurts me," Omar said grimly. "I'm hurt clear through, and I'm the one that wanted to keep away from this from the start. But no. Harmony knew that you were a skillful bookmaker. If you're a skillful bookmaker, I'm the King of Bulgaria." Omar was openly insulting and continued to be so, in a tense monotone.

"You mean we can't open up shop on Monday?" Harmony asked in a shocked voice.

"Not unless we get more working capital," Lewis said blandly. "We're through. I'm going East next week unless I can find fresh backing."

WE went sadly home that night to the Queen Mary and sat in the lee of the fireplace, wondering why Hard Luck always had our name, address, and office hours. Omar kept talking to himself in a low tone, now and then bursting into impassioned oratory concerning the throwing away of one's financial increment.

On the following morning Harmony and Omar held another warm debate and Omar lost it. It was Harmony's urgent desire that Omar take his self-propelling vehicle by the hand and sell it to some one for ready cash, and at first Omar declined to consider the suggestion, even in the face of a large hotel bill and nineteen dollars for laundry. I listened to the two of them until it palled on me and then sauntered into the open air. At noon Omar took his automobile for a last weepy ride. He sold it, as ordered, and when he returned to the hotel he had seven hundred dollars, which, as he stated with wrathful emphasis, was just half what it was worth.

"And maybe you two sharks think I'm going to split this seven hundred with you," he said threateningly. "I'll loan you a few dollars for food, but beyond that, nothing doing. I am going to hang onto this with both hands, because the future looks very sterile indeed."

"I always split with you," Harmony said reproachfully.

"I know," Omar admitted, "but this is one of those times when three into seven hundred don't go."

Meantime our former gambling partner had discovered that nobody else would back him, and he prepared to depart for the East. He blew into the hotel on Monday and stated that he was all through trying to make an honest living in California.

"I'm going back to New York," he grunted. "I did my best, but the luck was against us. You probably think I'm a false alarm, but I'm not, and to show that I feel sorry for losing your money, I'm going to turn over my assets to you."

"What are they?" Omar asked coldly.

"I have a trunkful of books," continued Mr. Lewis. "and some evening clothes, and a few shares of

mining stock worth about a dime, and some other household truck, all having no great value, but all yours. I go East stripped bare. I shall also transfer Gallops to you, showing that my heart is in the right place and my intentions good."

Harmony glanced up. "Gallops," he ruminated. "Giving us Gallops is far from good intentions. He's about as much of an asset as a used smallpox sign."

"Such as he is, you have him," Lewis went on cheerfully. "I'm doing my best to make up for the loss I caused. I told you I'd give you everything I own, and I so do."

Then he made out some papers and turned them over to Harmony, after which he said a few parting remarks and finally left us, just as though nothing much had happened. When he departed, Omar burst into song again, until quieted by Harmony.

THIS Gallops, which he referred to, was a race horse, according to a certain loose manner of speaking. Nobody ever denied that he was a horse, because he had four legs and a long tail and looked a good deal like the familiar equine of commerce. But, on the other hand, nobody around San Francisco was ever fooled into thinking he was a race horse. In California sporting circles Gallops was notorious, and his track history was a hissing and a byword.

Lewis had bought the poor old ruin from a needy friend, and had always cherished the insane notion that Gallops was a regular race horse and could run in competition with other animals. He entered the horse in half a dozen races within a year, and I believe that on one occasion Gallops finished next to last. That was the race in which Slippery Elm fell down on his wishbone about halfway through, and tangled himself up with the fence. When Slippery finally regained an upright position and resumed, the race was ending. That was the only time that Gallops finished next to last. The other times Gallops finished last, a good fair-and-square last, with about a city block between him and the contender ahead, so as not to confuse the judges.

In appearance, Gallops was a small, black-coated and unambitious beast, with a despondent look about him that made you believe he must have suffered some terrible tragedy in youth. He had pale blue eyes and they protruded into space, giving him a startled and

(Continued on page 21)



It went by like a six-inch shell. There was the rush of wind, the hum of a moving object and then silence



The Crime of Partition

BY JOSEPH CONRAD

ILLUSTRATED BY W. T. BENDA

IN the second half of the eighteenth century there were two centers of liberal ideas on the Continent of Europe. One was France and the other was Poland. On an impartial survey one may say without exaggeration that then France was relatively every bit as weak as Poland; even perhaps more so. But France's geographical position made her much less vulnerable. She had no powerful neighbors on her frontier; a decayed Spain in the south and a conglomeration of small German principalities on the east were her happy lot. The only states which dreaded the contamination of the new principles and had enough power to combat it were Prussia, Austria, and Russia, and they had another center of dangerous ideas to deal with in defenseless Poland, unprotected by nature and offering an immediate satisfaction to their cupidity. They made their choice, and the untold sufferings of a nation which would not die was the price exacted by fate for the triumph of revolutionary ideals.

Thus even a crime may become a moral agent by the lapse of time and the course of history. Progress leaves its dead by the way, for progress is only a great adventure, as its leaders and chiefs know very well in their hearts. It is a march into an undiscovered country, and in such an enterprise the victims don't count. As an emotional outlet for the oratory of freedom it was convenient enough to remember the Crime now and then; the Crime being the murder of a state and the carving of its body into three pieces. There was really nothing to do but to drop a few tears and a few flowers of rhetoric over the grave. But the spirit of the nation refused to rest therein. It haunted the territories of the old republic in the manner of a ghost haunting its ancestral mansion where strangers are making themselves at home: a calumniated, ridiculed, and pooh-poohed ghost, and yet never ceasing to inspire a sort of awe, a strange uneasiness in the hearts of the unlawful possessors.

The Polish Ghost

POLAND, deprived of its independence, of its historical continuity, and with its religion and language persecuted and repressed, became a mere geographical expression. And even that itself seemed strangely vague, had lost its definite character, was rendered doubtful by the theories and the claims of the spoliators who, by a strange effect of uneasy conscience, while strenuously denying the moral guilt of the transaction, were always trying to throw a veil of high rectitude over the Crime. What was most annoying to their righteousness was the fact that the nation stabbed to the heart refused to grow insensible and cold.

That persistent and almost uncanny vitality was sometimes very inconvenient to the rest of Europe also. It would intrude its irresistible claim into every problem of European politics, into the theory of European equilibrium, into the question of the near East, the Italian question, the question of Schleswig-Holstein, and into the doctrine of nationalities. That ghost, not content with making its

ancestral halls uncomfortable for the thieves, haunted also the cabinets of Europe, waved indecently its bloodstained robes in the solemn atmosphere of council rooms, where congresses and conferences sit with closed windows, and would not be exorcised by the brutal jeers of Bismarck and the fine railleries of Gorchakov. As a Polish friend observed to me some years ago: "Till the year '48 the Polish problem had been to a certain extent a convenient rallying point for all manifestations of liberalism. Since that time

There are many who believe Joseph Conrad to be the greatest living writer in English. The paradoxical part of this is that English is not his native tongue. His real name is Joseph Conrad Korzeniowski, and he is of Polish parentage. It was not until he was twenty-one that he arrived in England. In this article he pictures the "irrepressible vitality" of the Polish nation which has survived assassination, partition, and suppression.—THE EDITOR.

we have come to be regarded simply as a nuisance. It's very disagreeable." I agreed that it was, and he continued: "What are we to do? We did not create the situation by any outside action of ours. Through all the centuries of its existence Poland has never been a menace to anybody, not even to the Turks, to whom it has been merely an obstacle."

Nothing could be more true. The spirit of aggressiveness was absolutely foreign to the Polish temperament, to which the preservation of its institutions and its liberties was much more precious than any ideas of conquest. Polish wars were defensive, and they were mostly fought within Poland's own borders. And that those territories were often invaded was but a misfortune arising from Poland's geographical position. Territorial expansion was never the master thought of Polish statesmen.

The consolidation of the territories of the Serenissime Republic, which made of it a power of the first rank for a time, was not accomplished by force. It was not the consequence of successful aggression, but of a long and successful defense against the raiding neighbors from the East.

The lands of Lithuanian and Ruthenian speech were never conquered by Poland. These peoples were not compelled by a series of exhausting wars to seek safety in annexation. It was not the will of a prince or a political intrigue that brought about the union. Neither was it fear. The slowly matured view of the economical and social necessities, and before all the ripening moral sense of the masses, were the motives that induced the forty-three representatives of Lithuanian and Ruthenian provinces, led by their paramount prince, to enter in a political combination unique in the history of the world, a spontaneous and complete union of sovereign states choosing deliberately the way of peace. Never was strict truth better expressed in a political instrument than in the

preamble of the first union treaty (1413). It begins with the words: "This union being the outcome, not of hatred, but of love"—words that Poles have not heard addressed to them politically by any nation for the last 150 years.

This union, being an organic, living thing capable of growth and development, was later modified and confirmed by two other treaties which guaranteed to all the parties in a just and eternal union all their rights, liberties, and respective institutions. The Polish state offers a singular instance of an extremely liberal administrative federalism which in its parliamentary life as well as its international politics presented a complete unity of feeling and purpose. As an eminent French diplomatist remarked many years ago. "It is a very remarkable fact in the history of the Polish state, this invariable and unanimous consent of the populations, the more so that, the king being looked upon simply as the chief of the republic, there was no monarchical bond, no dynastic fidelity to control and guide the sentiment of the nations, and their union remained as a pure affirmation of the national will."

The Grand Duchy of Lithuania and its Ruthenian provinces retained their statutes, their own administration, and their own political institutions. That those institutions in the course of time tended to assimilation with the Polish form was not the result of any pressure, but simply of the superior character of the Polish civilization.

A Dangerous Silence

EVEN after Poland lost its independence this alliance and this union remained firm in spirit and fidelity. All the national movements toward liberation were initiated in the name of the whole mass of people inhabiting the limits of the old republic, and all the provinces took part in them with complete devotion. It is only in the last generation that efforts have been made to create a tendency toward separation, which would indeed serve no one but Poland's common enemies. And, strangely enough, it is the internationalists, men who professedly care nothing for race or country, who have set themselves this task of disruption, one can easily see for what sinister purpose. The ways of the internationalists may be dark, but they are not inscrutable.

From the same source, no doubt, there will flow in the future a poisoned stream of hints of a reconstituted Poland being a danger to the races once so closely associated within the territories of the old republic. The old partners in the Crime are not likely to forgive their victim its inconvenient and almost shocking obstinacy in keeping alive. They had tried moral assassination before, and with some small measure of success, for indeed the Polish question, like all living reproaches, had become a nuisance. Given the wrong and the apparent impossibility of righting it without running risks of a serious nature, some moral alleviation may be found in the belief that the victim had brought its misfortunes on its own head by its own sins. That theory too had been advanced about Poland (as if other

nations had known nothing of sin and folly), and it made some way in the world at different times, simply because good care was taken by the interested parties to stop the mouth of the accused. But it has never carried much conviction to honest minds. Somehow, in defiance of the cynical point of view as to the force of lies and against all the power of falsified evidence, truth often turns out to be stronger than calumny.

With the course of years, however, another danger sprang up, a danger arising naturally from the new political alliances dividing Europe into two armed camps. It was the danger of silence. Almost without exception the press of western Europe in the twentieth century refused to touch the Polish question in any shape or form whatever. Never was the fact of Polish vitality more embarrassing to European diplomacy than on the eve of Poland's resurrection.

The Polish Legion Rises

WHEN the war broke out there was something gruesomely comic in the proclamations of emperors and archdukes appealing to that invincible soul of a nation whose either existence or moral worth they had been so arrogantly denying for more than a century. Perhaps in the whole record of human transactions there have never been performances so brazen and so vile as the manifestoes of the Emperor of Germany and the Grand Duke Nicholas of Russia; and, I imagine, no more bitter insult has been offered to human heart and intelligence than the way in which those proclamations were flung into the face of historical truth. It was like a scene in a cynical and sinister farce, the absurdity of which became in some sort unfathomable by the reflection that nobody in the world could possibly be so abjectly stupid as to be deceived for a single moment.

At that time, and for the first two months of the war, I happened to be in Poland, and I remember perfectly well that, when those precious documents came out, the confidence in the moral turpitude of mankind they implied did not even raise a scornful smile on the lips of men whose most sacred feelings and dignity they outraged. They didn't deign to waste their contempt on them. In fact, the situation was too poignant and too involved for either hot scorn or a coldly rational discussion. For the Poles it was like being in a burning house in which all the issues were locked. There was nothing but sheer anguish under the strange, as if stony, calmness which in the utter absence of all hope falls on minds that are not constitutionally prone to despair.

Yet in this time of dismay the irrepressible vitality of the nation would not accept a neutral attitude. I was told that even if there was no issue it was absolutely necessary for the Poles to affirm their national existence. Passivity which could be regarded as a craven acceptance of all the material and moral horrors ready to fall upon the nation was not to be thought of for a moment. Therefore, it was explained to me, the Poles must act. Whether this was a counsel of wisdom or not, it is very difficult to say, but there are crises of the soul which are beyond the reach of wisdom. When there is apparently no issue visible to the eyes of reason, sentiment may yet find a way out, either toward salvation or to utter perdition, no one can tell—and the sentiment does not even ask the question. Being there as a stranger in that tense atmosphere which was yet not unfamiliar to me, I was not very anxious to parade my wisdom, especially after it had been pointed out in answer to my cautious arguments that if life has its values worth fighting for, death too has that in it which can make it worthy or unworthy.



Polish independence, as a Polish state, comes into the world morally free

Out of the mental and moral trouble into which the grouping of the powers at the beginning of the war had thrown the counsels of Poland there emerged at last the decision that the Polish Legion, a peace organization in Galicia directed by Pilsudski (afterward given the rank of general and now apparently the chief of the Government in Warsaw), should take the field against the Russians. In reality it did not matter against which partner in the Crime Polish resentment should be directed. There was little to choose between the methods of Russian barbarism, which was both crude and rotten, and the cultivated brutality, tinged with contempt, of Germany's superficial, grinding civilization. Both were hateful, and the direction of the Polish effort was naturally governed by Austria's tolerant attitude which had connived for years at the semisecret organization of the Polish Legion.

Against an Ally?

ONLY a very nice discrimination in evil would have hesitated as to the direction. Besides, the material possibility pointed only one way. That Poland should have turned at first against the ally of Western powers to whose moral support she had been looking for so many years is not a greater monstrosity than that alliance with Russia which had been entered into by England and France with rather less excuse and with a view to eventualities which could perhaps have been avoided by a firmer policy and by a greater resolution, in the face of what plainly appeared unavoidable.

For let the truth be spoken. The action of Germany, however cruel, sanguinary, and faithless, had nothing in the nature of a stab in the dark. The Germanic tribes had told the whole world in all possible tones carrying conviction, the gently persuasive, the coldly logical; in tones Hegelian, Nietzschean, warlike, pious, cynical, inspired, what they were going to do to the inferior races of the earth, so full of sin and all unworthiness; but with a strange similarity to the prophets of old (who were also great moralists and invokers of might) they seemed to be crying in a desert. Whatever might have been the

secret searching of hearts, the worthless ones would not take heed. It must also be admitted that the conduct of the menaced governments carried with it no suggestion of resistance. It was, no doubt, neither the effect of courage nor fear, but of that prudence which causes the average man to stand very still in the presence of a savage dog. It was not a very politic attitude, and the more reprehensible since it seemed to arise from the mistrust of their own people's fortitude. On simple matters of life and death a people is always better than its leaders because a people can't argue itself as a whole into a sophisticated state of mind out of deference for a mere doctrine or from an exaggerated sense of its own cleverness. I am speaking now of democracies whose chiefs resemble the tyrant of Syracuse in so far that their power is unlimited (for who can limit the will of a voting people?) and who always see the Damoclean sword hanging by a hair above their heads.

"It Would Be All Right"

PERHAPS a different attitude would have checked German self-confidence, and overgrown militarism would have died from the excess of its own strength. What would have been then the moral state of Europe it is difficult to say. Some other excess would probably have taken its place, excess of theory or excess of sentiment or an excess of the sense of security leading to some other form of catastrophe; but it is certain that in that case the Polish question would not have taken a concrete form for ages. Perhaps it would never have taken form! In this

world, where everything is transient, even the most reproachful ghosts end by vanishing out of old mansions, out of men's consciences. Progress of enlightenment, or decay of faith? In the years before the war the Polish ghost was becoming so thin that it was impossible to get for it the slightest mention in the papers.

A young Pole coming to me from Paris was extremely indignant, but I, indulging in that detachment which is the product of greater age, longer experience, and a habit of meditation, refused to share that sentiment. He had gone begging for a word on Poland to many influential people, and they had one and all told him that they were going to do no such thing. They were all men of ideas, and therefore might have been called idealists, but the idea most strongly anchored in their minds was the folly of touching a question which certainly had no merit of actuality and would have had the appalling effect of provoking the wrath of their old enemies, and at the same time offending the sensibilities of their new friends. It was an unanswerable argument. I couldn't share my young friend's surprise and indignation. My practice of reflection had also convinced me that there is nothing on earth that turns quicker on its pivot than political idealism when touched by the breath of practical politics.

It would be good to remember in the year opening before us that Polish independence, as embodied in a Polish state, is not the gift of any kind of journalism, neither is it the outcome even of some particularly benevolent idea or of any clearly apprehended sense of right. I am speaking of what I know when I say that the original and only formative idea in Europe was the idea of delivering the fate of Poland into the hands of Russian Tzarism. And let us remember it was assumed then to be a victorious Tzarism, at that. It was an idea talked of openly, entertained seriously, presented as a benevolence with a curious blindness to its grotesque and ghastly character. It was the idea delivering the victim with a kindly smile and the confident assurance that "it would be all right" to a perfectly unrepentant assassin who (Continued on page 38)

LOTUS SALAD

BY MILDRED CRAM

ILLUSTRATED BY F. C. JOHN

THE American colony at Magella was limited. The Fairchild Company, owners of the Christina and Marias mines, employed Magellans and Indians. The American railway, which already had penetrated beyond the mountains into the great plains of the interior, was being built by Magellans under the direction of American engineers. The engineers themselves lived on location, moving from camp to camp as the great road advanced, and coming into the city of Magella only when their thirst for amusement and civilization drove them to make the journey.

Magella had no American society to speak of. Those nephews and nieces of Uncle Sam who had drifted down the tropic seas to the sandy shores of the little republic were a sort of human flotsam and jetsam. The tide of life had caught them somewhere in the States, their hold on the native shore had weakened and they had floated away southward, to the land of easy promises and unpaid debts. The Consul knew them all by sight. Sooner or later each piece of human driftwood washed into the Consulate and tried to make believe that it had grounded on native soil. The Consul always played up. The hot sun of Magella had not dried the home-town essence of Uncle Sam's obscure representative. He spoke Spanish and Italian like a true bilingual Magellan, but his English was flavored with clipped syllables and a nasal twang when he wanted it to be. He tuned his lute to his audience. He could, being a Harvard man, out-Oxford a Bostonian. And he could make a Carolinian cracker feel at home. He had a decent sense of responsibility toward the feverish wanderers from his own land. Most of them longed for America. Few of them ever went back there. They starved, gambled, drank, dreamed, cheated, and died under the white-hot sky of a country they pretended to hate. And the Consul understood.

He understood because Magella had played the same tricks with his inner being. He wanted to go home, and he never had. He contemplated the dancing, deep-blue sea, and the fruit steamers cutting white paths out through the narrow jaws of the harbor and northward to New Orleans, Pensacola, Key West, Baltimore. Home! The Consul stood on the beach, his straw hat tipped over his eyes, a green umbrella held aloft, a cigarette in one corner of his mouth. And always he turned back to the Consulate with a sigh, and spent the rest of the day lying in a hammock in the courtyard, fanning himself with a defunct newspaper and whispering to his parrot: "I am a fool. Thrice a fool. I belong in the elm-

tree country. I ought to be pitching hay in an old red barn or teaching school at the Corners. I ought to be married to a blond woman who wears crisp gingham aprons. I long for the odor of fresh-baked cookies and steamed prunes."

Then he looked around the sunny courtyard with its wild-orange trees, blazing flowers, and patches of sunlight, and, yawning, reached for a tall glass of something cold. Thereafter the hammock swung lazily in the late afternoon breeze, the parrot shrieked, the fruit steamer sailed up the world toward home, and the Consul, with the newspaper over his face, slept the sleep of those who dream.

THERE were others in Magella, homeless ones who stared at the buoyant sea with envy and longing. Schreiber, the pharmacist, who had followed a female fortune teller from Butte to Magella and had lost her there, twenty years ago. Peterson, the banker, whose past was as enticing as a picture puzzle. McCarthy, the big red-headed Irish manager of the Christina mines. Luisa, a light-o'-love from New Orleans. And Cavanaugh.

There were not many, you see. McCarthy and Peterson were the aristocrats of the colony. Cavanaugh was easily the dregs. On the islands and along the Indian coast he would have been called a beachcomber. In Magella he was referred to as a gentleman of leisure. Leisure was his stock in trade, his fetish, the bride of his soul. Ten years before the beginning of this story he had arrived in Magella aboard the steamer *Libertà*, bringing three trunk loads of fur from Philadelphia. Some one had told him that the Magellans were a luxury-loving, money-spending people not unlike the Russians. Cavanaugh had figured on Magella being somewhere near the South Pole.

He arrived on a blistering-hot January day. He and his three trunks full of furs went ashore in a native boat piloted by naked Indians. The city was unbearably white. Behind it the towering peaks of the Santa Christina swam in a haze of wavering

heat fumes. The narrow streets were crowded with barefoot people in white linen, all wearing enormous straw sombreros with chocolate-cream crowns. Some of these people were cinnamon-colored, some were bronzed, black-haired, stony-eyed. There were Italians, Spaniards—flotsam and jetsam from all the world. They kept under the shop awnings or walked gravely in the middle of the cobbled streets, holding green umbrellas against the blistering sun. The air was heavy with the scent of tropical flowers.

"If this is Russia," Cavanaugh groaned, "I am the Little White Brother." He took out his handkerchief and wiped tears and perspiration away from his cheeks.

Then he sought the Consul. In those days the Consul was young and uninitiated; so far he had not tasted of the exotic fruit of dreams. So he listened to Cavanaugh's tale of woe, fitted him out with a horse, a pack mule, and a native guide, and sent him back into the untamed wilderness of the *campagna* to sell his stock of furs to the Tapadas—those sphinx-eyed Indians of frivolous taste. Cavanaugh departed. What happened to him no one ever found out. He came back to Magella, on foot, pallid, feverish, his eyes burning, his clothes in ribbons. He had some gold and no furs. Somewhere in that wild land of plain and forest he had drunk of the tropic sleeping potion. And thereafter he was no good.

TEN YEARS. To-day Cavanaugh filled the untenable position of official gentleman of leisure in the American colony. He had borrowed money of every white man in the republic. Some hidden scruple held him from taking money from those cinnamon and bronze men who wore white linen clothes, silver rings, diamond scarfpins, and who carried thin bamboo canes—half-breed politicians and trouble makers. Cavanaugh had his code. He never drank with an Indian, and he always wore shoes. He had been known to sell his honor for imported American footwear, yellow, polished, stub-toed, hideous. He was a tragic figure. He was perfectly bald and his round



Behind him, wide-eyed, silent, tense, a crowd of chocolate adventurers watched the play. The tropics had "got" him again

cranium shone like an ivory egg. His eyebrows and eyelashes were a fiery red. When he smiled there was a flash of gold from many expensively filled teeth—relics of that Philadelphian glory which obsessed him. He was a bum, a wretch, a degraded, senseless creature squatting in the enervating sun of a strange land, always drunk, always obscene. Yet Cavanaugh had a manner. Every time the Consul kicked him downstairs or lent him a dollar he thought sadly: "The fellow's decent—some-where. But the spark is far down—out of sight—if it's there at all."

There is a story about Cavanaugh. But before we tell it there must be a word spoken about political crazy quilts, ambition, gold, and love.

PRESIDENT DIEGO was the momentary dictator of Magella. He was a Royalist, a man of the old school, martial, proud, dark-skinned, with a crown of snowy hair and Kain-tucky Colonel whiskers twisted into points. American influence had put him in the palace; American dollars, poured into the Magellan treasury via the powerful Fairchild Company, kept him there. President Diego's seat was as insecure as a circus rider's. Anarchy, political corruption, envy, stupidity, all seethed around the white stuccoed walls of his palace. Would-be dictators strutted through the streets of the city, buttonholing would-be followers and bursting into skyrocket oratorical showers on the slightest provocation. One party, the Nationalists, had already been quenched by the Fairchild Company and a little army of American workmen from the mines. When the smoke of that eruption cleared, peace reigned again in Magella. Outwardly—that is. Beneath the placid surface the Nationalists were still seething, seeking another crater through which their red-hot anti-Royalism might escape in a shower of bullets and patriotism. Back in the *campagna* Diego's most crafty enemy, a half-breed called Cammarillo, went about from rancho to rancho, from village to village, gathering together cutthroats and adventurers, forming an army of sorts with which to attack Magella, destroy the American railway, take possession of the mines, and establish the greasy, impassive Cammarillo himself in that white-walled palace on the Piazza Indipendenza.

This was the exact state of affairs in Magella one sunny morning when Cavanaugh, the ex-fur merchant from Philadelphia, rose from his squatting position in the hot sands rimming the Esplanade, and, stretching his arms above his head, wandered off in search of a drink. He had a few copper pennies in his pocket—just enough for a glass of fiery, cheap wine sold in the black little shops along the Via Nazionale. After one drink life loomed like a blank page, empty of all save failure and despair, the elusive and eternal mirage of borrowed money, more drink, dreams, memories, ugliness. Finally, Cavanaugh knew, the damnable country would "get" him. He would die on the beach, loco, bitten by flies, thirsty, despised.

He went into the Café Albion, sat down at one of the cane-topped tables, and plunged his gaze into the little glass of ruby-colored liquid. Presently some one took the opposite chair and called for *vino bianco*. Cavanaugh, tipping back his head to let the flaming drops burn down his throat, met the bland eyes of a dapper Magellan in a silver-corded sombrero.

"You are an American, I believe?"

"Philadelphian," Cavanaugh answered thickly but with a certain pride.

The other man opened an elaborate cigarette case.

The beachcomber noticed that his hands were white and long, with pointed fingers. "I have never met an American," he said in an ingratiating voice, "who did not love liberty."

Cavanaugh eyed him out of one blue, red-lashed eye. The other was tightly closed. There was a sudden flash of his astounding gold teeth—capital, alas, which brought little income! "Liberty. I get you. There is a job for me. What is it that you want me to do? And how much?"

The Magellan's teeth flashed too, a white flash that was sinister and beautiful. He paid for both drinks and rose from the table. "Follow me," he said. . . .

An hour later Cavanaugh swaggered down the Via Nazionale with ten thousand dollars in his pocket. They had been paid into his broad palm by the lean fingers of the dapper Magellan. One by one, crisp, thousand-dollar American bank notes, he had accepted them, while his heart pounded and his blood coursed through his veins like galloping horses. Ten thousand dollars—to do a little thing for a man he had never seen and never would see. A very little thing.

He crossed the Piazza, feeling that he owned the town. He glanced at the black-haired Indian girls selling sweets in the glowing shadow of the cathedral. He raised his eyes to barred windows and encountered the liquid gaze of pretty, sequestered Magellan women. He grinned at them, doffing his tattered straw hat. But he did not linger. Straight across the dusty city to the Esplanade, straight to Luisa, the light-o'-love from New Orleans, who was usually to be found in the dark sala of the Café Nazionale. Cavanaugh knew his Magella. She was there, leaning her elbows on her favorite table, her eyes on space, or on some invisible tapestry of dreams. Except for Luisa, the room was empty. Two long shafts of white sunlight, like dagger thrusts, hurtled through the half-closed blinds and stabbed the floors.

"Hello," said Cavanaugh.

Luisa looked up. She had never forgotten New Orleans. The fashion of Carondelet Street, 1906,

moned Ignacio, the barefooted, doe-eyed master of ceremonies, and ordered drinks—not the consuming thimbleful of fiery *mozo* beverage, but true *vino bianco*. Luisa, opening her languid eyes, smiled at him.

"*Por Dios!*" she said, being more than half Spanish by this time. "You must have looted the American mines. You spend money like a Fairchild."

Cavanaugh's lips parted. He slapped his pockets and winked. Happiness had given him something of his old braggadocio, had straightened his shoulders and put strength into his shambling body. "Ten thousand dollars," he whispered, watching her narrowly, "a good day's work—eh, *muchachita?* And for nothing. A little thing, easily done."

Luisa did not answer. She waited until the two blinding shafts of sunlight had moved across the floor, had shortened, had turned a flaming red; until Cavanaugh, the fur merchant, had consumed enough *vino bianco* to float his dreams in the pure essence of mountain grape, a Dionysian sea of intoxication. Then she leaned across the narrow table and put her hand lightly over his. "That very little thing—so easily done—have you done it yet, *amigo?*"

Cavanaugh shook his head. Some half-forgotten Philadelphian propriety made him shake off her hand. "Not yet. But don't doubt me. I hate this country. It has swallowed me. Swallowed. Lost. I want to go home. You know what that means, don't you? Decent houses. Decent food. Decent women. Shoes. Everyone wears shoes in Philadelphia." (He said "Fildela.") "I'm going back. Just as soon as I've kept my promise. I'm a man of honor. Swallowed. Oh, my God!"

He covered his eyes with his hands and then looked at her again with haggard despair. "I'll tell you," he whispered.

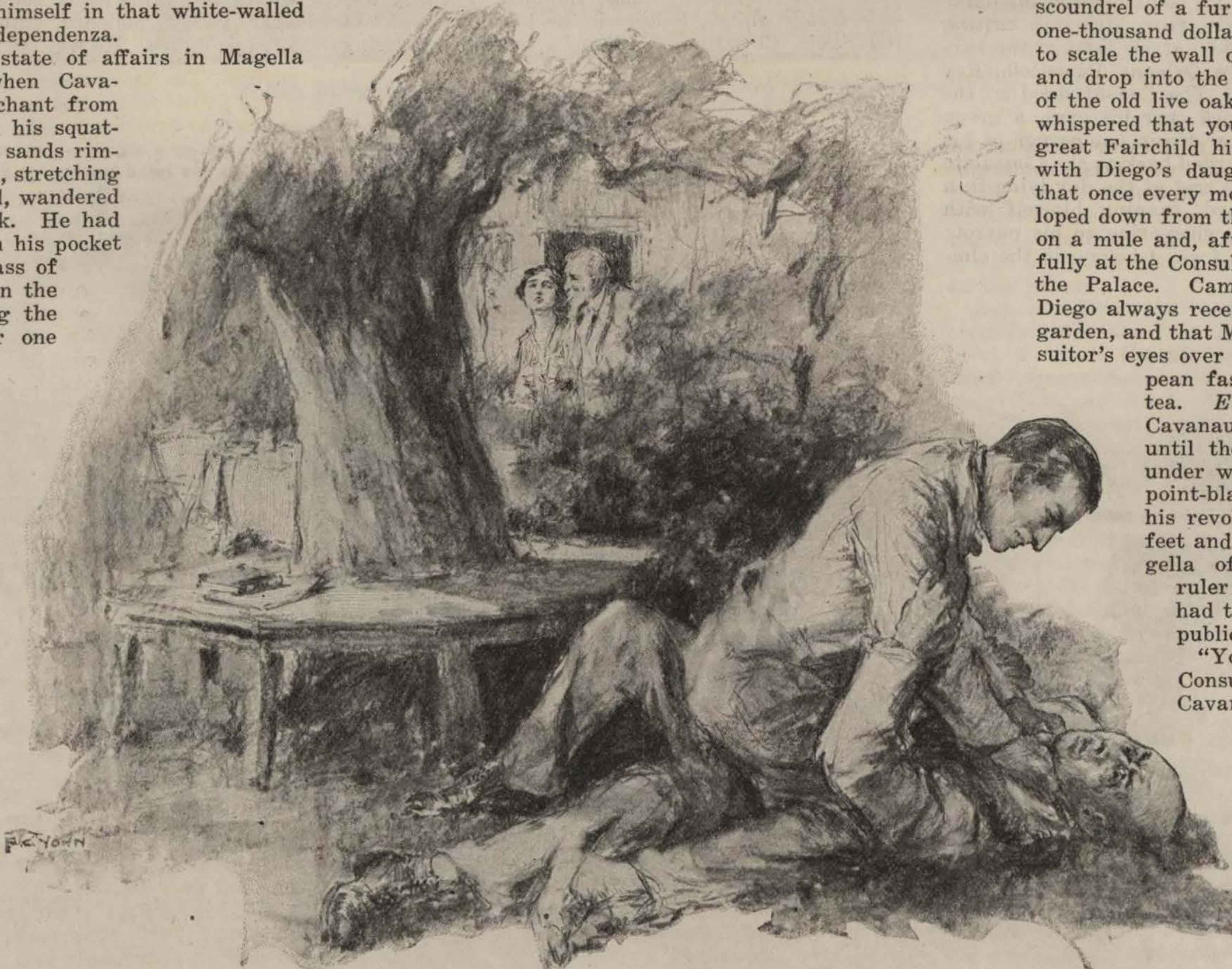
THAT is how Luisa heard of the little transaction which had taken place earlier in the day between Cavanaugh and the slim-fingered Magellan in the silver-corded sombrero. It seems that the sly half-breed, Cammarillo, longed to rid the world of President Diego. He had sent an agent—the slim-handed one—to bribe that leisurely scoundrel of a fur merchant with ten crisp one-thousand dollar notes. Cavanaugh was to scale the wall of the presidential palace and drop into the tangled branches of one of the old live oaks in the garden. It was whispered that young Fairchild, son of the great Fairchild himself, had fallen in love with Diego's daughter. Cammarillo knew that once every month the young American loped down from the railway camp mounted on a mule and, after shaving himself carefully at the Consulate, presented himself at the Palace. Cammarillo knew also that Diego always received the American in the garden, and that Miss Diego smiled into her suitor's eyes over a table set, in the Euro-

pean fashion, for the serving of tea. *Esta bueno! Benissimo!* Cavanaugh was to wait in the oak until the pretty scene was well under way. Then he was to fire point-blank at the President, throw his revolver at young Fairchild's feet and escape, thus ridding Magella of two evils—a Royalist ruler and an American who had threatened to dominate the public fancy.

"You know," Luisa told the Consul the morning after Cavanaugh's whispered confession, "how popular that lad is! In the city they call him Signor Pug. I'm telling you what Cavanaugh said because some one is going to get hurt besides Diego. I don't care how many presidents are killed—they come and go. But Pug Fairchild is an American. He's game."

The Consul stared at the light-o'-love from New Orleans with something like admiration. She had never crossed the threshold of the Consulate before. Of all those tragi-comic wanderers she was the only one whose love of country did not include an insatiable love of

(Continued on page 22)



"Your own tongue got you into trouble. Here comes the President. Get up and listen"

still clung to her plumed hat, her elaborate lace waist, her pointed shoes. But Magella had crept into her eyes. "Hello, yourself," she said.

Once upon a time, in a day of supreme degradation, Luisa had snubbed the ex-fur merchant. Today he patronized her. Clapping his hands, he sum-



The blind soon become expert—Various forms of finger training at Evergreen



"I've just written a letter on the Braille machine to a blind lady at home"

"BLINKS"

BY SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS

"SAY, you fellows!" hailed the man with the corporal's stripes, at the top of the broad stairs.

The uniformed group lounging at ease below, in the luxurious country-house room, gave answer variously.

"That you, Sid?"

"Come on down."

"Easy on the turn. They've moved the hatrack three feet to the left."

"What's the good word?"

The newcomer laid hold on the carved balustrade and tip-tapped his way down, with brisk, explorative movements of his cane. On the bottom step he paused and turned his face with its heavy, brownish eyeglasses toward his fellows. "I'm official," he announced, not without a touch of pride.

"No!"

"When did you get it?"

"Good old boy!"

"Welcome to the Band of Blinks!"

"Yep. The colonel just read me my report. Right eye, zero. Left eye, ditto."

"That settles it," came from the group. "Good for Sid!" There was a general murmur of assent.

It was a bewildering conversation for a layman to listen to. The members of the group below appeared to be congratulating the newcomer on having been declared stone blind. I turned to Campbell, my escort, himself born in a blind institution, and, though equipped with two perfectly efficient eyes, profoundest of experts in the psychology of the sightless. He answered my query:

"That's the way they feel about it. He knows where he stands now. He can go out after his place in life with certainty."

"Officially Blind"

BEFORE I visited Evergreen, that wonderful combination of hospital and training school in the environs of Baltimore, where the surgeon general's office of the War Department and the Red Cross have united in a reconstruction program for the blind, the reference to "his place in life" would have seemed the makeshift of a false hope. But already I had learned enough to have a glimmer of enlightenment upon the almost inconceivably ambitious, yet wholly practical program which the Government has laid out for these, the heaviest handicapped of all war victims. In this room, which we had fortunately happened into at a leisure hour, I was to learn more.

The newly "officially blind" man, eluding the displaced hatrack, made his way along the wall, and presently bumped into a chair containing a miserable huddle of humanity in sailor's uniform.

"Hello!" said he. "Who's this?"

From the chair came a mutter which might have been a curse.

"Oh, all right!" said Sid equably. "If you feel that way about it." And he joined the gathering in the middle of the room.

I could see, rather than hear, the low-spoken question which he put: "Who's the guy?"

"New man. A gob. He's down."

"Total?"

"Yep. And he can't get used to it."

"Leave him alone," advised Zim, a strapping, up-standing, fine-looking young sergeant, a "wise guy" in all that pertains to his condition and a power for morale among his fellows. "He thinks the game is up for him. He'll learn better after he's got used to us."

It was my good fortune to see developing then and

At Evergreen in the environs of Baltimore the Government is training with remarkable results the men blinded in war. As Mr. Adams shows us vividly in this article, it is not only teaching them how to make their own living but is restoring their morale and self-confidence. And the plan eventually is to extend these methods to the training of all the eighty thousand blind throughout the country.

there, at the hands of the experienced blind men, the schooling of that melancholy wreck. In fact, I am by no means sure that what followed was not, in part at least, a put-up job for the purpose of arresting his interest and establishing within his depressed soul the foundations of confidence. One of the group who had been sitting on the piano bench playing chords stood up.

"Guess I'll write to the folks," he observed. "Anybody seen my typewriter?" The normal blind man says "see" quite naturally, and means it, for he sees with his trained fingers.

"Buck had it," came the answer. "It's near the right-hand far corner."

"Don't get mine. You'll muss up my string foot shift." The warning came from a youth who had lost the use of one arm in addition to his sight, and therefore operated the capital shift key on his machine by means of a cord attached to his shoe.

"I've just written a letter on the Braille machine," remarked another, "to a blind lady at home that I don't even know. She'll have a fit when she gets it."

"That reminds me," said Buck. "I've got to clean up some correspondence to be ready for to-night."

"What's on for to-night?" inquired some one. "A dance?"

"No; that's to-morrow. Lecture to-night." Here Campbell nudged me, and nodded toward the sailor. That sad and torpid individual had lifted his head and was slightly craning his neck.

"Well, I'm for some exercise," observed a husky young fellow in the garb of the marines. "Let's go over to the gym and skate."

The sailor's sightless eyes blinked, and he set his hand to his head with a puzzled gesture.

"Good business," approved two others. "And a swim afterward. What?"

"Where's Jerry? Won't he go?"

"Can't," said Sergeant Zim. "He's taking some special instruction in store management to-day."

At this point the sailor turned his chair and hunched it perceptibly nearer.

"What about Jake?"

"I left him bowling a game with Max for the cigarettes," said the marine.

"A Sight for Sore Eyes"

CAMPBELL signaled me again to look at the Jacky—which I was doing, anyway. He had arisen and now painfully, with every muscle constricted in fear of contacts—quite the reverse of the easy, confident progress which Sid had exhibited—stumbled over to the talkers.

"Say, you guys," he began hoarsely.

"Well, go on; say it, gob. What's on your mind?"

"Are you guys—are you all—" He could not quite bring himself (being very new) to utter the direful word.

"Blind," supplied the corporal. "Don't be afraid of it. Sure. We're blinks."

"Blinks?" he repeated doubtfully.

"That's it. Officially blinks. And the sooner you get used to it, the more fun you'll have."

"Fun!" retorted the Jacky bitterly. "Where do you get that stuff? What's the good of living when you can't ever see—"

"Oh, cut it, gob! That line of guff won't get you anything. You'll never beat this game by sittin' on the seat o' your pants and grouchin'."

The neophyte turned this lesson over in his mind for a moment. "Do you, honest, have dances and go swimming and—and skate?"

"Sure! Why not?"

"About the bowling—that was a lie, wasn't it?"

Having felt rather that way about it myself, I awaited the answer with interest. It came from a plump-faced young artilleryman. "You call the number of any pin on the alley, and I'll knock it cold twice out of three tries." (Continued on page 26)

American Rhine Maidens

Y. W. C. A. secretaries at Coblenz guard the "home spirit" for the Army of Occupation as zealously as ever the Rhine Maidens of German mythology watched over the river's gold

All photographs from Gilliams Service



A typical home corner. American magazines and the opportunity to talk to an American woman



Over a thousand Americans are fed here daily. "Afternoon tea" and "chocolate time" bring many more



The Rhine is now the extreme frontier of the great pie belt—the pies being made by German cooks directed by an American sergeant

It's "Gangway, heads up" when a lady appears, otherwise everyone, private or officer, takes his turn



The Hostess House at Coblenz—a "converted saloon," which is a rarity in a country where most saloons have no fear of July the 1st



Is this what is meant by the Army of Occupation? Seems a pleasant occupation, at that



"Fraternizing?" But the adopted brothers with whom these Y. W. secretaries are visiting the great Ehrenbreitstein fort are Americans, not Germans



The shortest and quickest way home—in the back of an army truck with the rest of the supplies necessary for a complete Hostess House



Checking up to make sure that the Q.M. doesn't short-ration her big family



"First come, first served." Y. W. secretaries take turns getting to the freight yard before eight in the morning



JUNE 14, 1919

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



VOL. 63 NO. 24

Personally Conducted

NOTHING could be more refreshing to the jaded world than the inrush of our "successful business men" into political economy and national politics. It may be argued that the acquirement of a huge fortune does not involve, necessarily, any degree of aptitude for either pursuit—that political economy is something of a science and politics something of an art, and that to understand either, one must have had a certain amount of training and practice. But the innocent ardor with which eminent men of wealth tackle world problems or lightly propose to manage presidential candidacies is too humorous to be condemned. It implies a degree of self-satisfaction that is needed to enliven a world which events have made humble beyond reason. But it is curious to hear at this particular time that this or that group or clique of rich men is "running" this or that candidacy for the presidency. Sublime self-esteem that makes the quick compiler of a fortune imagine that he can successfully stand forth as patron of a candidate for president of the United States when all men of moderation everywhere are looking to this country to give a living answer to the Bolshevik outcry against democracy as a "government by capitalists"! It can be forgiven. In human nature success often breeds delusions of grandeur. But what must be said of the shrewdness of candidates and their managers who accept such patronage and are content to let themselves become part of the entourage of a patron whose method of accumulating wealth is a typical cause of the "prevailing unrest"? Undoubtedly they are fooled by the success of MARK HANNA in managing WILLIAM MCKINLEY'S campaign and of WILLIAM C. WHITNEY in leading the Democratic party into supporting GROVER CLEVELAND. But they forget that HANNA and WHITNEY were not merely rich men with a sudden political hobby. They were political leaders of long training, great statesmen in fact. Either of them would have been himself an admirable candidate for the presidency. There is as much difference between them and these extemporaneous Warwicks as there is between the homely character of MCKINLEY and CLEVELAND and the mild virtues of the hopefuls who accept this curious management. The successor to WOODROW WILSON will not be hand-picked. The necessities of practical politics will not let either party go before the public with a candidate who has been "syndicated." The demand is for a man who represents the people as a whole, not any class or clique; who will set his face against class restrictions, class hatreds, class privileges; whose character leaves him free from obligation to any selfish organization or individual; who will treat employer and employee, not according to their position in industrial life, but according to their rights as American citizens, and will hold to equal citizenship as the only safe road to sound government. Unless we are mistaken, the American public is as much out of patience with politicians who appeal to "organized business" as with those who appeal to "organized labor."

In Darkest Europe

AMONG the many letters from the army praising MARK SULLIVAN'S article "Back to America" the following is one of the most interesting:

I wish everyone could read and digest that article. In the months of pseudo-work since the armistice I have had time and abundant opportunity to think, to contrast life in the States with European life, to realize and really appreciate for the first time what *America* means. It is impossible for me to put into words the pride and love for that country of ours which has developed in my ten months of service over here—and especially in the last four months.

And it is not a chauvinistic patriotism; the shortcomings of our national life are not forgotten. But there is not a Yank who has failed to realize, I firmly believe, what a wonderful world our country is in comparison with this impossible Europe. I say "impossible" not because of the scarcity of bathtubs, ice cream, etc., but because of the mental attitude of the Europeans, their penchant for war (we thought these hideous four years would certainly show them that war is the most stupid and heartbreaking mistake it is in the power of man to make, and we enlisted to help end *this*, and therefore *all* wars, but now it seems that they never will learn better!), and because of their lack of a broad, tolerant outlook on life such as America possesses.

But to get back to your article. Your criticism of Wilson as an ultraidealist is not unfounded, but—my God, how these people need a little idealism! Yet it is plain that his idealism is over their heads. They do not understand him, as a people, any more than he fully understands them. It may be a broad statement, yet I'd say that these Continental Europeans aren't civilized, can't think altruistically, nor for themselves, but understand only authority, power, force. My own attitude is, I think, that of the doughboy: "Get me home; then these Europeans can fight among themselves as much and as long as they like." Narrow? Perhaps, but a sincere feeling engendered by disgust. About all we get for our aid over here is the suggestion that we "pay our share as if we had been in the war from the first day." With what indignation, mingled with contemptuous near-mirth, that expression of gratitude was received among our army men!

I favor sending every last Yank home and putting up a billboard on each coast with the Monroe Doctrine written on it in letters so big that they can be seen in every European and Asiatic capital. America is another world, *tout à fait*, in every way except astronomically.

This letter may not prove totally uninteresting to you because it expresses the opinions of an average member of the A. E. F. We read so much stuff in the magazines and papers, about the feeling in the A. E. F., with which we do not agree that it is a joy to see laid before the folks at home, in plain black and white, a few things we would like them to think about and act on.

A little wrong, but very right, this letter. It repeats the old grudge against the short-changing merchant, which is a small thing. But it tells us with a restrained fury that if the American soldier has to fight again he will want to know why, and that is a big thing. The description of Europe is not necessarily true. What is true is that most Americans think of Europe in some such terms. Our war was a crusade, and, like the Crusades, it did not win the Holy Land. The comparison holds one step further: our Crusaders have remained loyal to their faith.

The Rescue

FEW men can read their own obituaries with such imperial pride as HARRY HAWKER and Lieutenant Commander GRIEVE. They went out of this world on an adventure which deserved triumph or tragedy as its end. They were denied both. They got the all but final thrill. But they gave the world the breath of their gallantry to live by. It was one of the occasions when life fails to play up to its opportunities. Any imaginative writer would have done better. The happy accident which saved these men could not have been foreseen by an artist, strict in the logic of his theme. It was provided. And humanity, deprived of one vast satisfaction, rejoices in another manifestation of its two great mysteries: the courage of its own spirit and the unaccountable ways of Fate.

Authority

THE great image of authority, according to LEAR, is: "A dog's Tobeyed in office." For thousands of American citizens leather puttees and shoulder ornaments have been a symbol of power: obeyed, respected when understood, but always vaguely resented. To the German mind this resentment spells our ruin. Other Europeans weigh it with our other shortcomings in discipline. We refuse to be alarmed. We have, in our short years of war, gained something in discipline. We have escaped the worst evils of authority. In whatever form our army is perpetuated, we need to keep what we have gained, to be sure. But we need more to avoid what we have so far avoided.

Inflated Savings

WITH the world needing tools (capital) of all kinds in order to go back to the work of life, there is no good fooling ourselves as to the statistics of our savings. Putting a dollar in the bank nowadays is about what putting in sixty cents was five years ago. Not only that, but any money kept on deposit since 1915 is worth a lot less now than it was then. The till has not been tapped nor the safe blown nor the coins filed down—it is merely that things are scarcer and dearer, money more plentiful and less valuable. The thing to do is, therefore, to measure savings achieved and to plan savings intended by the existing scale of values. If it takes a dollar to buy what was sixty cents' worth, save the dollar.

A Ring at the Door

HOW agreeable it would be to know what books Count BENTINCK has on his library shelves at Amerongen! Of course Mr. HOHENZOLLERN probably spends most of his time with the daily papers and the Bible—though what consolation he can find in the latter we fail to see. We can't help wishing he might have a copy of SCHOPENHAUER'S "Aphorismen zur Lebensweisheit"—Aphorisms on the Conduct of Life—on his table. He would find so much there that would minister to his misery! For instance, where the acidulous SCHOPENHAUER remarks:

In my young days I was always pleased to hear a ring at my door: ah! thought I, now for something pleasant! But in later life my feelings on such occasions were rather akin to dismay than to pleasure; heaven help me! thought I, what am I to do?

One of these days there will come a ring at the door of the Amerongen mansion, and WILLIAM will think just that.

Possession

IN the new world (after the League of Nations is established) there will no doubt be a school of Manners, not limited to reluctant Bolsheviki. The chief item of instruction should be on the art of possession. False ideas prevail to-day. A man says "my office," but his clerks say "our office." Men and women assume possession with startling rapidity. An accident in "our car," or "in our street" acquires a world's significance, beside which the eruption of Stromboli is a small and dismal thing. Just as men take pride in Texas because they live in the largest State, so office boys are haughty if their building has more elevators than any other in the world. We think the socialists ought to supply us with an analysis of this fury to possess. As a starting point we offer the suggestion that humanity is all wrong—it is not the man who owns the office; the office could much more justly speak of "my man." In spite of our title deeds and rent receipts we are all men possessed, by property or by an idea or by those we love. The art of living is in choosing our possessions—and our possessors as well.

Sitting Down

MANY a man recently demobilized has a certain queer feeling of resurrection, that he has "become somebody," as the saying is. Home inspection is so unlike what he has been used to in the service. From being a plain private, regarded with care, suspicion, and qualified approval, he has become handsome, sinewy, distinguished-looking, improved by travel.

There is no more of that eternal lining up by the hundreds for drill, work, food, mail, leave, amusement, medical attention, etc., that endless, tiresome lining up! One man is now one man,

not a link in a human chain. One's feet come easily off the ground and light softly now that the hobnails are banished. Food is taken sitting, and there are various dishes to eat from and all day to do it in. Also, one can sit elsewhere than on the roadside or in the ditch, and sometimes there is a light handy by one's chair. No civilian can ever imagine what a stand-up game war is. Best of all, there is sleep, sleep unharassed by the rub of wool on your unwashed frame, sleep on something more sleepful than the earth, sleep till 7 a. m. if you want it and the top sergeant can go to blazes.

Mess call is when you are ready. Demobilization is right: get out of the mob and be somebody on your own account, and confusion to the rascal that tries to start another war.

Literature

WHAT is it that distinguishes literature from a mere gathering of words? STOPFORD BROOKE said it about as well as anyone:

Writing is not literature unless it gives the reader a pleasure which arises, not only from the things said, but from the way in which they are said, and that pleasure is only given when the words are carefully or curiously or beautifully put together.

Any of us might conceive the following thought and set it down in some agreeable form of words:

The blue sky is my tavern, where I drink my fill of air and dew. . . .

That, however, is merely writing. Then comes EMILY DICKINSON and makes it literature:

Inebriate of air am I,
And debauchee of dew,
Reeling, through endless summer days,
From inns of molten blue.

Denying America

IT is a little disappointing to find a liberal of Mr. FRANK BOHN'S quality talking seriously of a ten-year ban on immigration "until there is only one language in America." It is worse to hear Mr. BOHN'S cry of distress over the fact

that "the boys of the A. E. F. wrote letters home in forty-six different languages." Why not? In the name of COLUMBUS and the Pilgrim Fathers and Père MARQUETTE and Father Knickerbocker, why not? What did those boys say in their forty-six languages which was not faithful to America? Did they deny America with their gift of tongues, or is Mr. BOHN forgetful—in the best of English? The years will strengthen our yearning for a common tongue; just now it is not all-important for men who have had a common cause and have fought for it. Mr. BOHN misunderstands a little the nature of "These States." They are United, not unified, certainly not uniform. The advocates of restriction must face the alternative: to array America in regiments against the alien, or trust America to make Americans of those whom her faith and her freedom bring to her shores. The lesson of Babel cannot be taught from a textbook of English grammar.



The oblivious professor



Be a Boy Scout!

BY WILLIAM ALMON WOLFF

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN R. NEILL

When you are asked for your dollar this week—the dollar that entitles you to membership in the Boy Scouts of America—consider what these Scouts did during the war as explained briefly in this article. They certainly earned your cooperation. But the plans of the organization for the future are more important than anything pertaining to the past. There are ten million boys of Scout age in America and there are only about 375,000 enrolled Boy Scouts. The organization wants to reach more boys—more and more!—enroll them and make better citizens of them. That aim is worthy of your help!—THE EDITOR.

NOW the Boy Scouts are after you. They want you to join, the way you join the Red Cross each year at Christmas. And there is a pretty subtle quality to the appeal they are going to make to you from June 8 to June 14. Suppose you're a portly gentleman whose white waistcoat is prominent, and whose hair isn't what it once was. You're going to be rather pleased at being asked to become a Boy Scout, aren't you? You're going to think the joke is worth a dollar, anyway? Or suppose you're one of the young women who've always resented the fact that they weren't boys?

This idea of a sustaining membership, costing a dollar a year, is an entirely new thing with the Boy Scouts of America—although the idea itself, of course, is precisely the same as that of the Red Cross. The Red Cross has always insisted, during its great membership drives, that the dollar was relatively unimportant—that what it wanted, chiefly, was the cooperation of as many Americans as it could enlist. The Boy Scouts want your dollar, and need it—but they need you much more than they need your dollar.

The organization feels that too little is known and understood about it and its work. It thinks the part Scouts played during the war, for instance, hasn't been fully set forth—which is true. And so there is to be a National Boy Scout Week. The idea for that came from William G. McAdoo, former Secretary of the Treasury, who suggested, also, the idea of the sustaining membership. Mr. McAdoo hasn't anything to do with the organization; has never been one of its officers. He became interested in it during the first Liberty Loan.

He says that when he was going about the country, speaking in behalf of the four loans that were placed while he held office, he never got off a train without being assailed by a Scout trying to sell him a bond. They made him feel that the organization was decidedly wide awake. And then, he had access to the figures, and knew that

Scouts had sold, in four loans, bonds to the amount of \$280,391,800, and War Savings Stamps worth \$42,851,031. They obtained 1,877,909 separate subscriptions to Liberty Bonds, and sold 2,175,625 thrift cards or W. S. S. cards. That is, Scouts were responsible for getting more than four million individuals to invest in Government securities—figures which, to coin a phrase, certainly do speak for themselves!

So far as McAdoo is concerned, this National Boy Scout week represents, largely, an offering of thanks and a tribute to an organization that did some of the most valuable voluntary war work that was done during the whole war. He is at the head of a committee of citizens, not connected regularly with the Boy Scout organization, which has been working out the detailed plans for the week.

James E. West, the Chief Scout Executive, the man in active charge of the whole organization, is

not displeased, naturally, with this idea of a national tribute to his boys. But he is vastly more interested in what they are going to do, and what he thinks they can and should do, in the future, than in anything that lies behind. He's a discontented, restless man, and goes about bewailing the fact that there are ten million boys of Scout age in America, and that the Boy Scouts have only about 375,000 on their muster rolls.

"We've done pretty well," he says, in effect. "But think of what we could do if we had as many members as we should!"

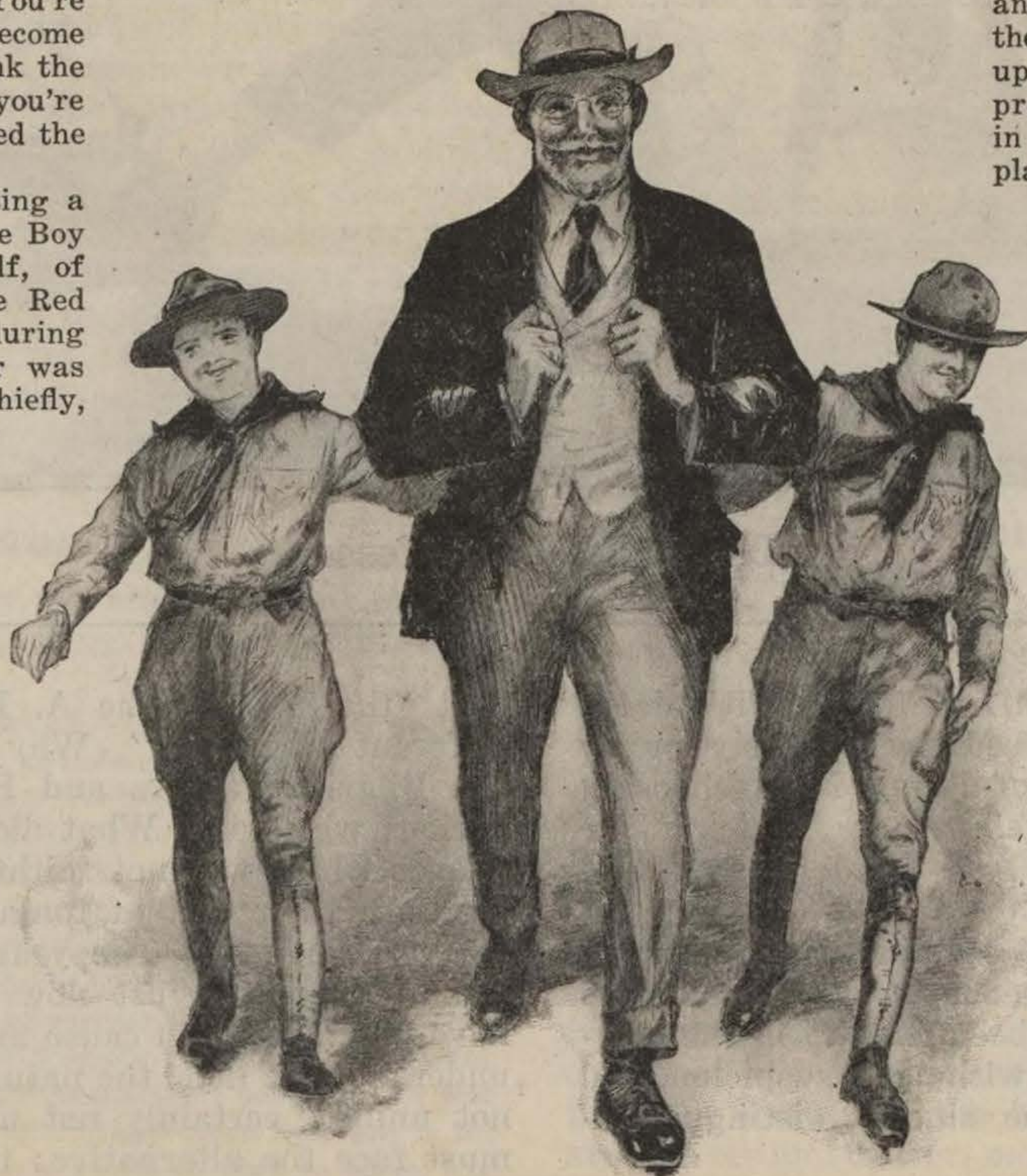
"Be Prepared"

OF course, West really is tremendously proud of what the Scouts did during the war. And they did make a remarkable record. They were ready, you see—they were ready on April 6, 1917. There were about 277,000 of them then, organized into troops and patrols, uniformed, mobilized. The motto of the Boy Scouts is "Be Prepared." And they live up to it. So they had no need to make extensive preparations. Word was flashed from headquarters in New York, and all over the country scoutmasters placed their troops at the disposal of the local authorities for any service that might be required.

The situation was without precedent; no one knew just what use could be made of the Scouts. But here was a uniformed, organized, disciplined force of boys larger than either the regular army or the National Guard at that time. And West and his associates knew that there was something it could do.

They were right. The first big job the Scouts did was in the first Liberty Loan. That established them; gave the Government an idea of their value. And immediately afterward the Navy Department appealed for help.

It isn't generally known, even now, but there was a good deal of nervousness in Washington about the Atlantic Coast. It wasn't properly patrolled; men for that service weren't available. No proper surveys had ever been made. If the Germans had planned submarine raids, as there was good reason to suppose they might have done, they might easily have arranged for beacons and signal stations. The Boy Scouts, working with the navy, made a survey that plotted, accurately, the location of telephones, buildings available for barracks and hospitals, etc., along the whole coast; plans were worked out for patrolling the whole line, from Maine to Florida, in case of need, with older Scouts. And a good deal of confidential work was (Continued on page 30)



Rather pleased at being asked to become a Boy Scout!

10 cents a day soon buys an Oliver Typewriter — Latest Model

FREE TRIAL

No Money Down

Used by
U. S. Steel Corporation,
Pennsylvania R. R., National City Bank of New York, Encyclopedia Britannica, New York Edison Co., Otis Elevator Co., Boston Elevated Railways, and other big concerns.

Was \$100

Let us send you the Oliver for Free Trial. The coupon brings it.

If you agree that it is the finest typewriter, regardless of price, pay for it at the rate of \$3 per month. We ask no partial payment in advance. You have over a year to pay. And you'll have the Oliver all that time. There is no need to wait until you have the full amount.

If, after trying it, you wish to return it, we even refund the outgoing transportation charges. So the trial does not cost you a cent. Nor does it place you under obligations to buy.

Our new plan has been a tremendous success. We are selling more Olivers this way than ever before. Over 700,000 Olivers have been sold! Oliver popularity is increasing daily.

This, the Oliver 9, has all the latest improvements. It is noted for its sturdiness, speed and fine workmanship. It is handsomely finished in olive enamel and polished nickel. If any typewriter is worth \$100, it is this Oliver, for which we now ask only \$57, after its being priced for years at \$100.

Mail the coupon for EITHER a free trial Oliver or further information. Be your own salesman and save \$43. This is your great opportunity.

Canadian Price, \$72

THE OLIVER TYPEWRITER COMPANY
1026 Oliver Typewriter Building, Chicago, Ill.

Before you realize it you have this splendid Oliver paid for. And you get to use it right away—while you pay.

To begin with, you save \$43 on the price, for we now sell the \$100 Oliver for \$57. It is our latest and best model, the No. 9. The finest product of our factories.

We are able to make this great saving for you through the economies we learned during the war. We found that it was unnecessary to have great numbers of traveling salesmen and numerous expensive branch houses through the country. We were also able to discontinue many other superfluous sales methods.

You may buy direct from us, via coupon. We even send the Oliver for five

days free trial, so that you may act as your own salesman. You may use it as if it were your own. You can be the sole judge, with no one to influence you.



Now \$57

This coupon brings you a Free Trial Oliver without your paying in advance. Decide yourself. Save \$43.

Or this coupon brings further information. Check which you wish.

THE OLIVER TYPEWRITER COMPANY
1026 Oliver Typewriter Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

Ship me a new Oliver Nine for five days free inspection. If I keep it, I will pay \$57 at the rate of \$3 per month. The title to remain in you until fully paid for.

My shipping point is.....

This does not place me under any obligation to buy. If I choose to return the Oliver, I will ship it back at your expense at the end of five days.

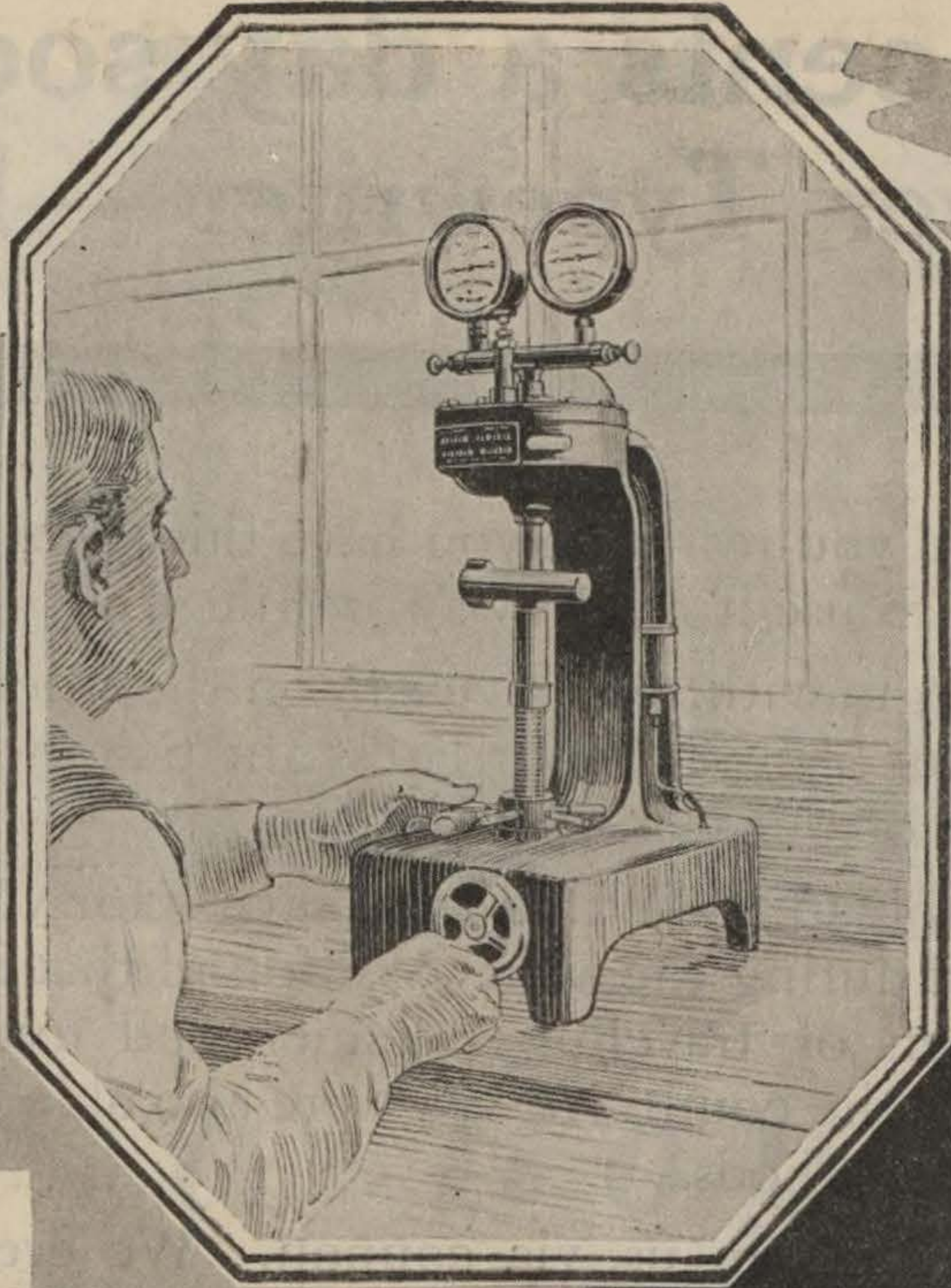
Do not send a machine until I order it. Mail me your book—"The High Cost of Typewriters—The Reason and the Remedy," your de luxe catalog and further information.

Name.....

Street Address.....

City..... State.....

Occupation or Business.....



A very hard steel ball is pressed into the surface of the forging, at regulated pressure and the indentation thus made varies in size according to the degree of hardness of the metal. This is the Brinell Machine, in connection with which indentations have been taken for every grade of steel in every condition of heat treatment so that it is possible to produce forgings to any desired degree of machineability. Science countenances no guesses or approximations in modern forge practice.

Round Shoulders

IN men and in nuts, round shoulders mean life has been too much for them.

To your upstanding workman, the scarred face of a round shouldered nut is a mark of disgrace.

So he demands a Billings & Spencer Triangle B wrench because his own reputation makes him value theirs.

You can safely take a workman's word for what is right in tools.

He will tell you the Triangle B wrench fits his hand as if it were glad to work with him—its steel is tough (not brittle) with a hidden something in its makeup which means honest years of service instead of dishonest months of trouble.

That hidden something took sev-

eral thousand men fifty years to make. It is the value behind the Triangle B trade-mark. On a tool, a drop forging or a great machine, it says "Rely on me," and it has said that to the world of industry since the days of the Civil War.

Remember the last time you worked over a difficult nut? Did your wrench slip just a little and make the hard job harder? Triangle B wrenches would have helped instead of hindering—they fit those hard-to-get-at nuts, cleanly, surely, without a slip.

Your hardware dealer or your garage accessory man will approve your judgment when you say Triangle B or Billings & Spencer.

He likes to sell satisfaction!

The

Billings & Spencer Co



"Rely on Me"

Hartford

The First Commercial
Drop Forging Plant in America

Hand Tools - Forgings
Forging Machinery

The National Weekly
The Eclipse Handicap

Continued from page 8

imbecile expression. He was worth about forty dollars for purposes of glue and other by-products and nobody knew his age, but it was popularly supposed that he dated back to the period when dressy gents stopped wearing detachable cuffs.

This was the sad-faced equine which Mr. Lewis now added to his alleged assets and turned over to us in lieu of our four thousand iron gentlemen.

"Which is going to do us a lot of real good," Omar said bitterly, after we had discussed Gallops. "He couldn't beat an old lady going home for her wooden leg. I saw him run once in a race, or at least he was supposed to be running. I could carry a couple of kitchen stoves under my arm and beat him myself."

"Well, we might sell him to some vegetable dealer or a livery stable," Harmony argued. "And anyhow, who are you to be throwing away our assets?"

THUS it was that we came to accept Gallops. Mr. Lewis departed for New York soon after, and in the course of the next few days Harmony, Omar, and I wandered out to the scenes of our undoing at Pergo Park. While we were there it occurred to Harmony to have a brief look at Gallops. We were directed to his boudoir at the end of a row of ramshackle stables and found the place in charge of a man ninety years old and partly deaf. He moodily opened a door and led us to the inner sanctum, where we found Gallops engaged in eating away the woodwork.

"So you own Gallops, do you?" the oldish person remarked after we had yelled at him a while. "Well, there's a thirty-dollar bill against him for oats. Somebody's got to pay it."

"Sure," said Omar. "I might have known."

Harmony and I gazed at our new possession without the slightest enthusiasm. He looked pessimistic and underfed, and you could see all his larger ribs and part way into his engine room. He had a high, proud head and a curly mane. Omar tried to look at his teeth and nearly lost two fingers.

"This being Gallops," he remarked bitterly, "he ought to be shot or given to some curio collector. I've been looking at horses all my life, and I know when to give them away."

"We didn't expect him to be good for much when we took him," Harmony reminded, running his hand up and down Gallops's centerboard. After a prolonged argument with the old man about the oats bill we returned to the Queen Mary and settled down in our new poverty, drawing small sums from the flinty-hearted Omar and listening to his never-ending reproaches.

A week later we made another pilgrimage to the track, but having no loose change, we refrained from speculation and spent the time talking to casual friends. The three of us lingered, and Harmony crowded himself into a two-bit crap game under the stand, where it took him some time to lose the little he had. Omar and I waited in impatience, and thus it was that we were late in leaving the park. The day's sport was ended and the racegoers had long since departed for the city. Harmony rejoined us and paused to light a cigarette, and we were standing there innocently, leaning against the railing in the semiobscurity of the late afternoon, when something passed on the other side. It went by like a six-inch shell. There was the rush of wind, the hum of a moving object and then silence.

"What was that?" Omar exclaimed, turning a startled eye on me.

"It sounded like a horse," I returned.

Harmony had lighted his match, and when it burned his fingers he dropped it.

"It sure sounded like a horse," Omar admitted, peering down the dim track.

"No horse lives that can go that fast," Harmony retorted. "They ain't no such horse."

We stood there in foolish debate, and finally climbed on the fence and sat there expectantly. Soon we discerned something coming toward us out of the gloom. It was an indistinct form at first, but it gradually took shape, and as it approached we saw that it was a horse, and perched on its back was a small figure. When the animal was opposite, Harmony shouted and the rider came over.

"What horse is that?" he demanded of the dim form.

"Gallops," said the voice.

I heard a noise, as of Omar falling off the fence, and when I looked he was picking himself up.

"Gallops?" Harmony repeated, with forced calm.

"Gallops? You ain't making any mistake, are you? You sure that's Gallops?"

"I ought to know, boss," said the voice. "I'm the exercise boy on this track, and I sleep in the same stable with this hoss."

"Did you go by us a few minutes ago?" Harmony inquired incredulously.

"I sure did go by you," said the boy. "We was agoin' it, wasn't we?"

He chuckled gently and stroked the surprising beast.

We climbed down on the track side and made a careful investigation. The lad was telling the truth. The horse was our own Gallops, popeyes and all. We later learned that the youth worked in the particular group of stables infested with our gift horse, and it seems he derived singular enjoyment from taking our asset out and running him around the track after office hours.

"Boss, how he kin go!" said the boy admiringly, and we felt of Gallops anew to make sure it was he.

"Have you run him far?" Harmony demanded, and the boy announced that he had merely jogged a fast quarter mile.

"Very good," said Harmony. "I'm Mr. Childs, and he's my horse. Run him clean around the track this time, and we'll hold a watch on him. And don't forget to hurry him."

"All right," said the jockey. "I didn't know this was your hoss."

"You had nothing on me," said Harmony, and the lad steered Gallops out to the center of the track and started.

There, in the gathering dusk, we timed our astonishing race horse. He got off like a Mauser bullet, we heard the departing thud of hoofs and a little

later the noise began coming from the opposite direction. Harmony and Omar both held their watches on the tryout, and I now forget what the time of that test was. Anyhow, if I did remember, and put it in, people would call me an infernal liar. Let it go with the truthful statement that it was faster than any horse ever traveled a mile in California up to this time. It was one of these miracle miles. The boy turned around and cantered back to us. Omar closed his watch.

"What's the matter with him?" he asked. "He never went that fast before in his life. What have you been doing to him?"

"Not a thing," grinned the boy. "The fact is, this here Gallops is a peculiar hoss, and I'm the only one knows it. See them funny eyes. Them ain't regular hoss eyes. No, sir. This is a popeyed hoss, and he can't run in the daytime on account of them eyes. He hates daylight and won't have nothin' to do with it. But give him a little darkness, like we're havin' now, and he's the dog-gone fastest race hoss in the world. He's what I calls a night runner, and they ain't nothin' on four legs that can beat him."

"That's funny," said Harmony in a calmer manner. "Take him back to the stable, and here's a dollar for your trouble."

OMAR painfully dug up the money, and the boy disappeared. Then the three of us walked thoughtfully away to catch the car for San Francisco.

"A night runner," said Omar reflectively. "There's something I never did hear tell of. We now own a horse which can only go in the evening. Won't it be sweet for us if they ever have horse races at night?"

"Yes," I agreed, "but they never did have night races, so I suppose we needn't bank much on that."

"Anyhow," said Harmony as we caught the car, "it was worth something to know this about Gallops."

"Yeah—worth a dollar," answered Omar, thinking of that same.

Five days later, at three o'clock on the afternoon of a very rainy, miserable day, the door burst open and Harmony Childs dashed in. One look at his flushed countenance assured me that he was coming down with an idea, because an attack of thought in Harmony is always accompanied by exterior changes. He waved a newspaper aloft, flung his hat into a corner, and dropped into a chair.

"It was bound to come," he said. "There's no such thing as the luck going one way all the time."

"What's up?" I asked.

"I've got a grand hunch," he continued. "This horse of ours, which has so far never won a race, is about to win one."

"You go and see a doctor," Omar snorted. "You got a fever."

"Listen," said Harmony. "You remember the other day when I said if we could ever get Gallops into a race under the proper lighting conditions, we would thereby win a race with him? Very good. The right condition is about to arrive. I am going to enter our mutual horse in the third race at Tia Juana on the afternoon of Thursday, the 12th of August, time about three o'clock."

"Which is down in Mexico," Omar returned in disgust. "We are up here in San Francisco and so is our horse. Why are you going down there and how are you going to get there?"

"In Tia Juana," Harmony continued impressively—"in Tia Juana on Thursday, the 12th of August, at three o'clock, there is to be an eclipse of the sun. It will likewise be elsewhere on the North American continent, but the path of greatest totality, so the paper says, runs across northern Mexico, and through Tia Juana. Because of this scientific fact, a crowd of astronomers are going down there, and

so are we. Does all this mean anything to you two mental giants?"

"Not a thing," Omar admitted, "unless you get a job carrying bags for some astronomers."

"Well, it means something to me," Harmony went on, with a triumphant note in his voice. "This eclipse will bring about a condition of partial darkness, which is meat for Gallops. He's going to find just enough murk for those popeyes of his, and thus we enter him in the three o'clock race and win it. That's plain, isn't it?"

"Yes," said Omar, "but if we send him down to Mexico, it means plenty of expenses; and how do we pay all those expenses?"

"With what remains of the seven hundred you got for your automobile," Harmony answered cheerfully. "You'll have just enough left to pay the preliminary bills and enough for the hasty betting which I intend to do."

"You're going to bet on Gallops?" Omar asked doubtfully.

"Everything you have left," Harmony answered. "The horse will be about a hundred to one, as he always is. We will take what is left of your fund, which ought to be about five hundred by that time, and lay it all at those sweet odds. We therefore clean up something like fifty thousand dollars."

"I regret to see that you are no longer partially insane," Omar remarked coldly. "You are now all insane."

"We win just about fifty thousand dollars," Harmony said, rolling the figures under his tongue like a sweet morsel. "This is not a gamble at all. This is what we term a mathematical certainty. We own a night runner that can beat any horse in the world, and at Tia Juana he will probably be running against a bunch of hounds. It is all over but banking the money."

(Continued on page 47)



"I go East stripped bare"

Lotus Salad

Continued from page 12

borrowing money. She was disheveled and tearful. Cavanaugh's *vino bianco* had put a sort of *vox humana* tremor in her voice. But the Consul knew that she was telling the truth.

"That's all right," he said kindly. "I'll warn Mr. Fairchild. He is coming in to-day. Cammarillo's man must have known that too. Is Cavanaugh sober?"

Luisa wiped her eyes with a dingy lace handkerchief and shook her head. "He has a flame in his bosom," she said. "A hate. Drink can't put it out."

The Consul laughed and went with her to the door, giving her his hand at parting. Luisa glanced above him at the American flag hanging in lazy folds over the entrance to the Consulate. But she said nothing. The Consul watched her picking her way down the narrow street, holding her velvet skirt away from the dusty cobblestones, the plumes on her hat attracting the hilarious attention of every passer-by. Then he went back to the cool patio and, climbing into the hammock, waited for Pug Fairchild to come down from the *campagna*.

AT noon he came. He was a big, reckless, gay American with an infectious grin and serious eyes. He never stood still or waited for things to happen. Wherever he was, things happened, anyway. He liked the world and the people in it; no one trifled with his faith without repenting. His father owned the Santa Christina mines behind Magella, but Pug Fairchild's vision was not clogged with gold.

He ran up the steps of the Consulate, saw that the Consul was still asleep in the patio, possessed himself of the tin bathtub in the kitchen, and was presently heard to splash and sing, while the Consul's Indian boy, beside himself with mirth, fried a dozen eggs for lunch.

"Oh, you Americano," the Consul said, waking to this serenade of soap, song, and frying pans. "Come here, I have news for thee."

Presently Pug appeared in the sunny courtyard, shining, clad in a suit of immaculate duck. He tipped the drowsy Consul out of the hammock. "You have eaten of the lotus," he said gravely.

The Consul sat up and rubbed his eyes. "You are the antidote," he laughed.

At lunch he told his guest of Luisa, her tearful story, and the brave intentions of one Cavanaugh in whose breast a hate was burning.

"Some day," he said, "you may grow to understand this country. The ways of it are passing strange. You have already seen a revolution. You have already acquired a nickname, which is only another synonym for immortality. There are others—Teddy, Old To-morrow, K. of K., Papa Joffre. Charlie—and Signor Pug! But you have still to know the soul of Magella. It is inconstant, adorable, and damnable. To-day you are a popular caballero. The sun

shines. Listen! You can hear the sea breaking on the Esplanade, the birds singing, the laughter of women and children. *Carrambos!*

By heck! You have had a bath and all is well with the world.

And somewhere in this town there is a bloated toad of a Yankee with a soul so black that he would kill your prospective papa-in-law and throw you into jail. Then all I

could do would be as useless as trying to stop the turning of the globe by sticking my toes into the ground. You would die, *amigo*, and neither your father's name nor the gold in the Christinas, nor that flag could stop these loving Magellans from shooting you full of holes. It is a strange world."

Pug glanced at the tip of his cigarette. Very deliberately he flicked the ashes into a bed of blazing flowers. "Haven't you got anything cheerful to say?" he queried.

The Consul smiled. "Much. Your enemy opened his heart to a lady. A lady from New Orleans. And she, being a woman of fine perception and honor, came to me with the scenario of the crime. Cavanaugh is going to shoot the President from the branches of an old oak tree in the garden. *Benel!* You can go across the roofs and spoil his aim."

They did not speak again of Cavanaugh. Instead they talked of many things—railways, mushrooms, comic opera, gold, primitive morality, ethnology, poker, and eggnog. The Consul was electrical with happiness. He had discarded the Creole drawl with which he had helped Luisa to eloquence and was back on his native soil—Tremont Street. The gay patio, the parrot, the square of purple sky faded into the gray luxury of the St. Botolph Club. For three hours twin spirals of cigarette smoke drifted lazily into the Magellan ether. And the Consul forgot.

At four Pug rose, yawned, loosened the revolver in the pocket of his white coat, and ran quickly up the flight of stone stairs that led to the roof of the Consulate. There he could see the harbor, where a single rusty fruit steamer rode at anchor, the giant Christina kindling in the glow of the setting sun, the flat roofs of the 'dobe city, and away to the south the square patch of rich green where Cavanaugh waited. Pug waved his hand to the Consul and padded softly across the sea of glaring roofs to the reckoning.

CAVANAUGH, in the meantime, had sobered himself a bit by holding his bald head under one of the jets of crystal water that leaps from the basin of the Fountain of Abundance in the Piazza. He climbed the stuccoed wall of the palace and, wriggling into the compact green of the oak, lay full length upon one of its twisted limbs, like a bloated cobra. Against his heart nine thousand eight hundred dollars and forty-three cents nestled warmly. Whenever his courage flagged he put his fingers on the inspiring wad and felt his heart swell to bursting. What was a president, or even two? The country had cheated him. Him—Cavanaugh—a proud Philadelphian. Swallowed. Like a snake swallowing a rabbit. For a moment the ex-fur merchant had tears of self-pity in his eyes.

Just then Signor Pug—catfooting along the top of the wall—caught sight of the obese assassin and dropped on him without ceremony. They landed in the soft, deep grass of the President's garden and rolled over and over locked in each other's arms. Cava-



"Ten thousand dollars, a good day's work—eh, *muchachita?*"

naugh was weak with happiness and *vino bianco*. Presently he lay on his back and gazed into the smiling face of Signor Pug.

"Leave me go," he whistled faintly, "or I'll shoot you dead."

"You can't," Pug laughed, "because I've got your gun. And a nice little gun it is too, with Cammarillo written on it in mother-o'-pearl."

Cavanaugh wriggled and fought for breath. "Luisa—" he managed to say.

"Not Luisa at all," Pug answered, digging his thumb into the fur merchant's windpipe with pleasurable sensations. "Your own tongue got you into trouble, Mr. Cavanaugh. Here comes the President. Get up and listen for your cues."

PRESIDENT DIEGO came down the garden path with Miss Diego on his arm. The checkered sunlight touched her white dress. Her eyes were full of love and mischief. Signor Pug assisted the wretched Cavanaugh to his feet and turned to greet father and daughter with a bow that a caballero might have envied. With a sweep of his arm he introduced the apoplectic fur merchant.

"Mr. Cavanaugh. A fellow countryman. A dear friend. Noted biologist. Fond of gymnastics."

President Diego bowed. Miss Diego, who had been educated in Pittsburgh, put out a friendly hand. And Cavanaugh, blindly, desperately, shook it. Whereupon he was invited to tea. The table was set in the very shadow of that murderous old oak. Pug and Miss Diego, sitting very close on one side of the table, contrived to touch each other's hands while they groped for the sugar tongs and assorted cups and saucers. Cavanaugh, balanced on the edge of a chair, found himself conversing with President Diego. Fine-looking old chap, now that you saw him close—a little dark, but not one of those chocolate fellows, after all. He had a careful English accent of which he seemed inordinately proud, caressing each word as if he had just taken it out of tissue-paper wrapping. He wore a frock coat made of linen, and a red necktie.

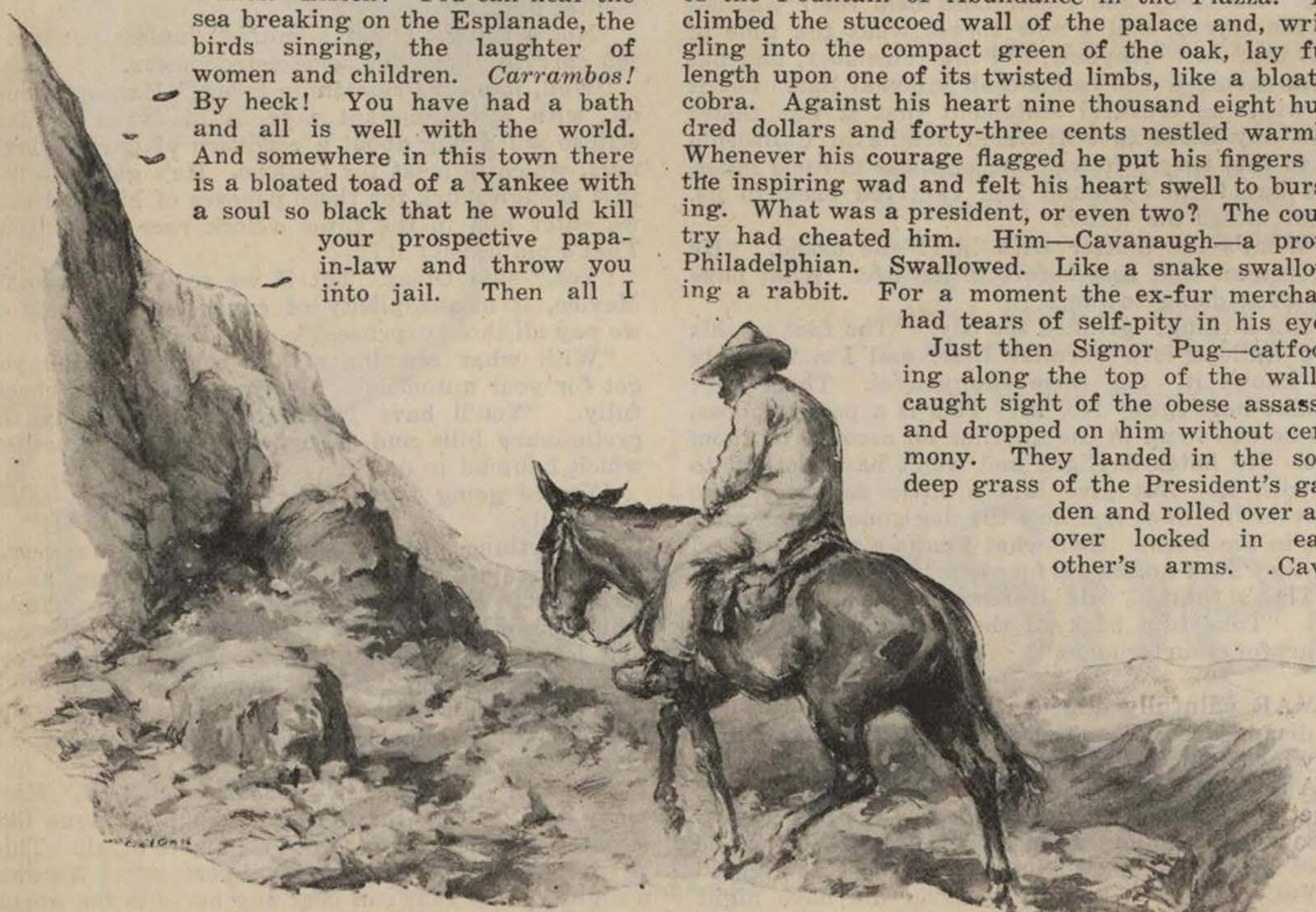
Cavanaugh, brushing the dust off his knees and pulling his own necktie toward the front of his disreputable collar, tried to grasp the terrible significance of the moment. He, Cavanaugh, was having tea with the man he had promised to shoot through the heart. Nice old boy too. Courteous. Liked Philadelphia. Not one of these contemptuous fancy soldiers. Regular old grandpop. Suddenly Cavanaugh became conscious of a burning in his breast. He put his fingers inside his coat and touched the thick roll of bank notes. He felt drops of perspiration on his forehead, an intolerable dryness in his mouth.

"And where," Diego asked, "do you live—in Magella, I mean?"

Cavanaugh glanced desperately at Pug. "On the Esplanade," he finally answered, having in mind his bed in the burning, crab-ridden sands.

Diego was impressed. He looked at Cavanaugh with admiration; a sort of deference crept into his voice. He began to talk of his political difficulties, his ambition for Magella. His resonant voice struck against Cavanaugh's heart like hammer blows against false

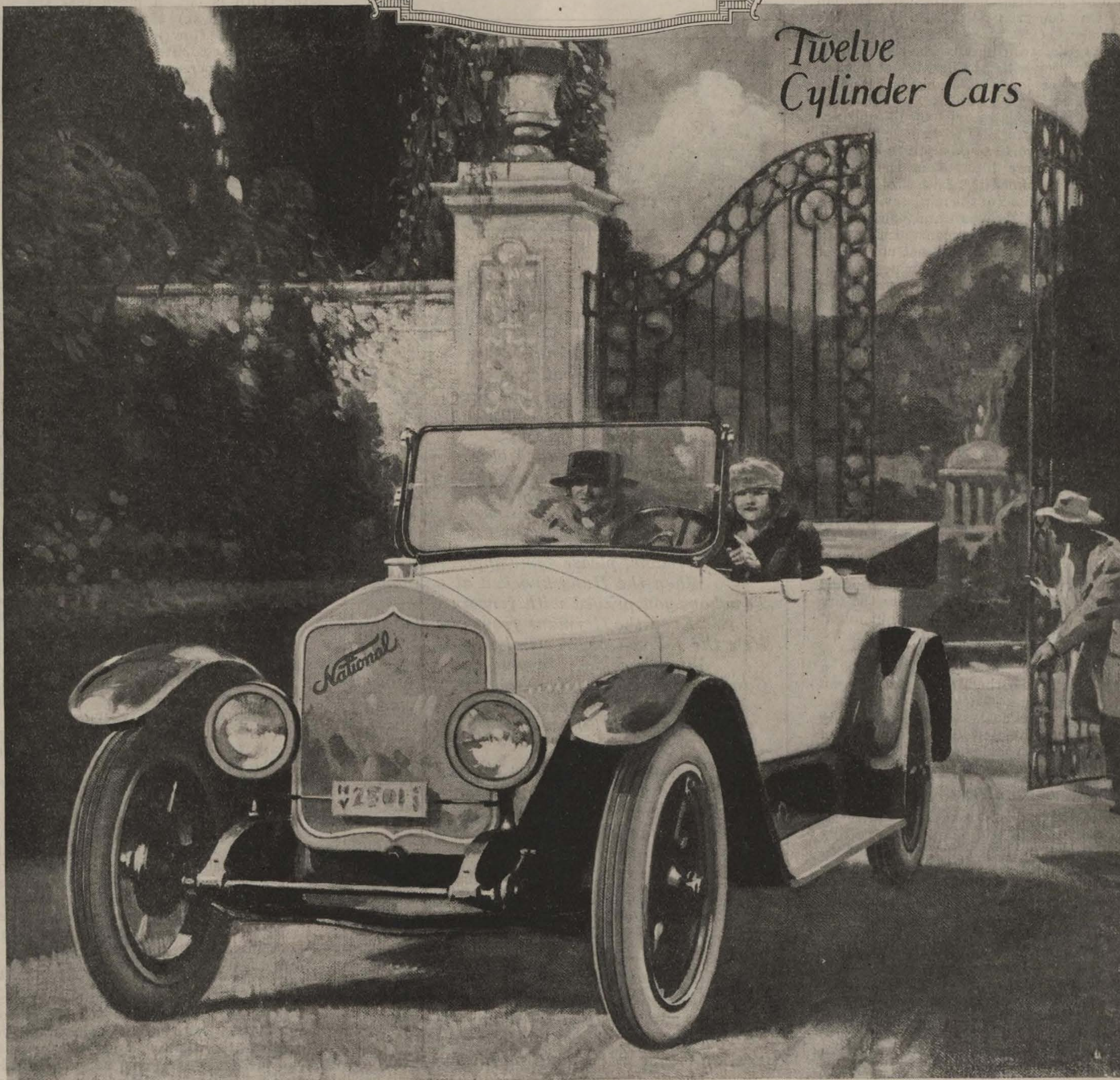
(Continued on page 50)



Now, a fallen angel, he traveled this path again

National

Twelve
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THE lines of this National Four Passenger Phaeton are expressive of the agility and fleetness of which the car is capable. It is built like a true National, sturdily. It is operated by a powerful engine, of either six or twelve cylinders as you prefer. It moves smoothly, tirelessly. It will serve you long and well.

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Seven-Passenger Touring Car
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Four-Passenger Phaeton
Seven-Passenger Convertible Sedan

Great Britain Faces the Future

Continued from page 6

under the Ministry of Reconstruction and in the Cabinet notebook gradually fades away, and there is left for all the world to see the fact that the British program can all be written down under two columns.

These two are Material Resources and Human Resources. One concerns itself with things, the other with men. One plans for conservation, finance, law, trade, transport, and scientific research; the other for better babies, better houses, better health, better jobs, better heads. And in the labor which has been given by the British to this second group there is promise of a better nation, an assurance of progress without explosions.

"The spirit of the world to-day causes our people to take much more interest in the second group, as you have defined it," I was told by the head of one of the divisions of the ministry. "Even our manufacturers and bankers and officials are more interested in our human reconstruction than in any other phase. But this does not mean that our economic reconstruction has been neglected."

No, it has not. A nation which has dropped some hundred and twenty-odd billions into the mouth of war, which turned its industries inside out to make things to throw at another people, has a good deal to do in order to harbor and develop new resources. A country which buried a large part of its coming generation of young men, who were to take on its economic leadership tomorrow, has much to do to fill in the gaps of men by wise provision as to material resources. A Government which is not at all sure that war is over—and which feels, as the people of Europe are feeling every day more and more, that new dangers are hanging over them in spite of the complacent assurance in America that permanent peace has come—has to conserve and stop all waste. Only the other day Lord Lansdowne was saying that instead of a possibility it was almost a probability that before the Peace Conference had opportunity to use its return-trip tickets the fire would break out again, that Great Britain might be forced to gather up her strength once more for policing or fighting. The end is not yet; and it still costs the Government about \$20,000,000 a day to foot its bills. So the British have begun a conservation campaign. They have three main purposes: saving their coal supply, reforesting the country, and reorganizing agriculture so that the islands may be as nearly as possible able to feed themselves in case of need.

The Need of Coal and Timber

HAVE the investigations brought out interesting facts? They have brought out startling facts. For instance, in the United Kingdom they consume 8,000,000 tons of coal for motive power alone. But this consumption of coal in transport and industry is under an industrial system which still leans upon man power. The use of motive power per laborer is found to be much less than in Germany and about one-half that applied, per laborer, in the United States. A coal-conservation committee has put under the nose of British industry once again the always forgotten fact that the United Kingdom is not yet a modern machine-producing country. As a manufacturer said to me: "In America, when you want to cut up a beef, a machine carries the carcass to first one butcher and then another, most of them using machinery. The completed work is the work of how many men? Well, here a beef is cut up by one man—a man who needs to be a very skilled man. If he walks out, that particular beef cannot be cut up. But your men are unskilled; you can pick them up anywhere." With the increased use of machinery will come the increased use of coal.

Therefore the British are boring to find new coal fields, they are conducting experiments in economies in mining, and they are planning a national distribution by electrical power of the energy derived from their coal. It is proposed to erect superplants for the generation of electric energy; to distribute this energy for manufacturing purposes in sixteen districts; to locate the generating stations near the coal mines, so that coal now wasted may be used and so that the transportation charges on moving coal may be saved; to unify the six hundred independent authorities now making and distributing electric energy, so that a national system of economy can be established.

Suddenly too the British have awakened to the

need of a timber supply. They have uncovered the fact that the yield in the United Kingdom is about one-third of what it should be if the proper care were to be given the growth upon the present forest



PUT HIM ON BY WILLIAM HERSCHELL

If a fellow clad in khaki,
Olive drab, or sailor blue
Walks in and asks to see The Boss—
And The Boss, of course, is you;
If a fellow clad in khaki,
Olive drab, or sailor blue
Walks in and asks you for a job—
What are you going to do?
—Put him on!

He's the fellow, please remember,
When the Huns knocked at our door,
To whom you prayed with fervor:
"Keep the Germans from our shore!"
He's the fellow—oh, remember!—
Who, knee-deep in mud and gore,
Gave your prayer a happy answer,
Made your hearthstone safe once more;
—Put him on!

When he marched away you cheered him;
Have you cheered him coming back?
Have you given him a welcome
Since he laid down gun and pack?
Have you thrown his deeds in discard?—
Put his record on the rack?
Is it you who'll be a slacker
To the boy who didn't slack?
—Put him on!

If a fellow clad in khaki,
Olive drab, or sailor blue
Walks in and asks you for a job—
What are you going to do?
Yes, of course, it seems a problem,
May mean sacrifice for you;
But—remember Château-Thierry!—
He's been sacrificing, too!
—Put him on!



land. But proper care of the present acreage is not enough. The British have just opened their eyes to the fact that wood is still an element in civilization. The lesson of denuded China and Korea has caused a shudder. The consumption of wood in the United Kingdom is more than ten times the wood

now produced. Two million acres are available for timber planting. It is proposed that bounties shall be offered for timber growing, so that the experience of a shortage of wood for war purposes (now the truth is out—a pinch that the British felt during the war) shall not come in any future emergency. How much would it cost? The investigating committee estimates a cost of less than two days' expenses of the war.

Reorganizing Agriculture

JUST as the primary consideration of national safety dominated the thought of those who reported on forestry, so also did it dominate the thought of the committee dealing with agriculture. The British now are willing to admit officially that at times the war appeared to turn on the "winning of a race between the plow and the submarine." Say the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty in a letter now permitted to be published: "The certain development of the submarine may render such vessels still more formidable as weapons against sea-borne commerce. Any measures which rendered the United Kingdom less dependent upon the importation of food-stuffs would add immensely to national security."

Forty-six million acres are under cultivation in the United Kingdom, but these do not furnish more than a fraction of the food supply of the forty-six million souls. In fact, the rate of production of food supply just before the war would only furnish enough food in every week to last from Monday morning to Wednesday evening. It is said that the supply of wheat always used to be only about six weeks ahead of the empty national bin.

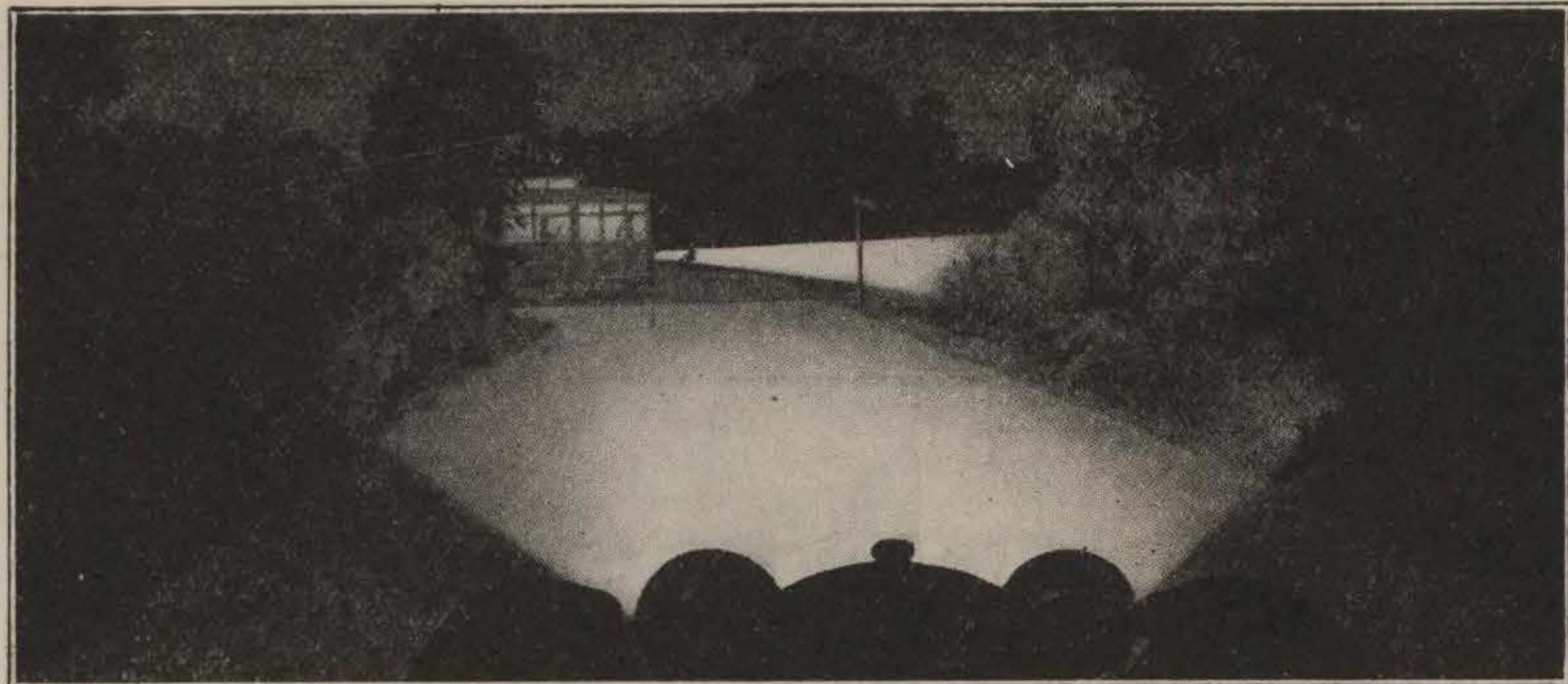
The war and the reconstruction committees have awakened the British to the fact that of the cultivated lands in the United Kingdom about three-fourths were growing grasses when the war came. In Germany about three-fourths of all cultivated land was growing cereals, vegetables, and fruits! The reason for this lies in the fact that a large proportion of British farmers find less risk, less labor cost, and a firmer policy in operating tillage land and turning grasses into meat. If the British are determined to change a condition under which the average cultivated 100 acres fed thirty-eight mouths, while in Germany the average 100 acres fed about seventy-five mouths, it is becoming plainer to Government and taxpayer and food consumer and those interested in guaranteeing national safety in war that the farmer who turns grass land into arable land must have the risks of loss—risks coming from fluctuating and low prices combined with higher wages for labor—offset by some form of permanent price guaranty by the government. The Corn Production Act did this as a war measure; the agricultural committees of British reconstruction are urging that the procedure be made a permanent policy.

For Science and Research

GOING on from reconstruction policy as applied to the natural resources of coal, wood, and soil, the British for more than two years have been working out the foundation for better industrial production, better carrying facilities and communication facilities, better arrangements of finance, and better methods of oversea trade.

I spent some time trying to find all the committees working on these subjects, and I do not believe that anyone to-day—even Lloyd George—has at hand a complete list. There are special committees for specific trades, such as the chemical industry, shipbuilding, and textiles; committees on the supply and allocation of raw materials; committees on financial facilities and on enemy debts; legal committees working out new laws, such as that which permits the taking of private lands for public and reconstruction purposes, and those to regulate combinations and trusts. There are committees on colonial affairs, and there is a whole new structure of scientific and industrial research. The Ministry of Reconstruction has many of these in its basket, but others develop in other departments of the Government, such as the War Office and the Board of Trade.

These committees are made up of several hundred experts, of capitalists, of laboring men, of persons who have become—(Continued on page 34)



A Flood-Light

Widespread, far-reaching, all-revealing. One's entire field of vision is illumined by diffused light, just as it is by day.



Legal Everywhere

Yet a light that's unrestricted, that is not held down, not dimmed. A ten-fold better light than the glare-light which a thousand laws forbid.

They Will Loan You A Pair of Warner-Lenz for a Week

Present the coupon below to any Warner-Lenz dealer. He will put a pair of Warner-Lenz in your car for a one-week test. Pay no money—just try them for a week. Then return them or buy them, as you choose.

Just find out, on your own car, that this lawful light is vastly better than forbidden light. Far and wide, high and low, it floods your whole field of vision. Yet there is no blinding glare. Your dealer will accept your verdict when you prove that out.

The Situation Is This:

The laws of 23 states and of countless communities now forbid the glare-light. The Golden Rule—a world-wide law—forbids them everywhere. Anything so dangerous and offensive has to go.

Dimmers are a makeshift and a nuisance. They quell the light too much for country roads.

The shaft-light, in addition, over-lights a narrow strip of road. It fails to light the nearby roadsides or your curves and turns. It pierces straight ahead. Searchlights are illogical on land.

Now On a Million Cars

Some sixty methods have been offered for creating legal light. But the Warner-

Lenz, from the start to now, has dominated in this no-glare field. Over a million motorists have adopted it. A long list of leading makers now equip every car with the Warner. It practically stands alone. But there are millions of others who need this ideal lawful lens, and we want them to learn what it means to them.

Reasons for Supremacy

The Warner-Lenz gives better light than any clear-glass lens. It scientifically combines 176 lenses in one and diffuses the light over a fan-shaped area.

It supplants a glare-light with a flood-light—a diffused light, such as daylight is.

It lights the road and roadsides, the curbs and ditches, the curves and turns.

It makes one's full light legal under every law without the use of dimmers.

As there are no direct beams, no glare rays, this light is not restricted to 42 inches high. So it lights the road signs, high and low, the upgrades and the downgrades.

Warner-Lenz light is not affected by rise and fall of the car, nor by turning of the lens in the lamp-rim. That is vitally important.

Enjoy Them for a Week

Now we ask you to try out this ideal lawful light. Compare it with your glare-lights or with other legal lenses. There will be no cost, no obligation. If the Warner-Lenz does not delight you, take them back.

Do this now. It is time to quit glare-lights if only for courtesy's sake. It is time to know the ideal light which a million have adopted. It is time to end the tenseness of night driving. It is time to have your car equipped like the cars we mention here.

Sign this coupon and present it to any Warner-Lenz dealer. These lenses are now handled by thousands of dealers in motor car accessories and in hardware stores. If your dealer can't supply you, send to us.

Let the dealer insert, for a one-week test, a pair of Warner-Lenz. Learn what they mean to you. At the end of a week, either pay the dealer for the Warner-Lenz, or ask him to put your former lenses back.

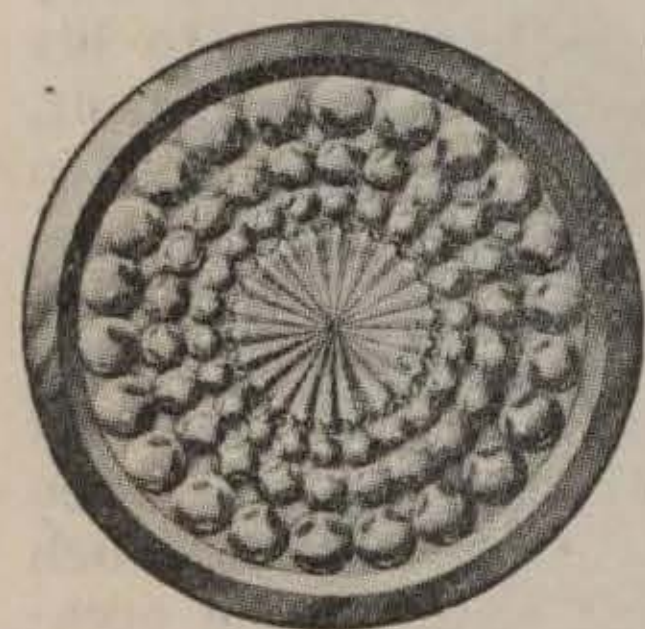
As a reminder, cut out this coupon now.

Standard Equipment On

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Stutz	Lenox	Daniels 8
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Motor Trucks

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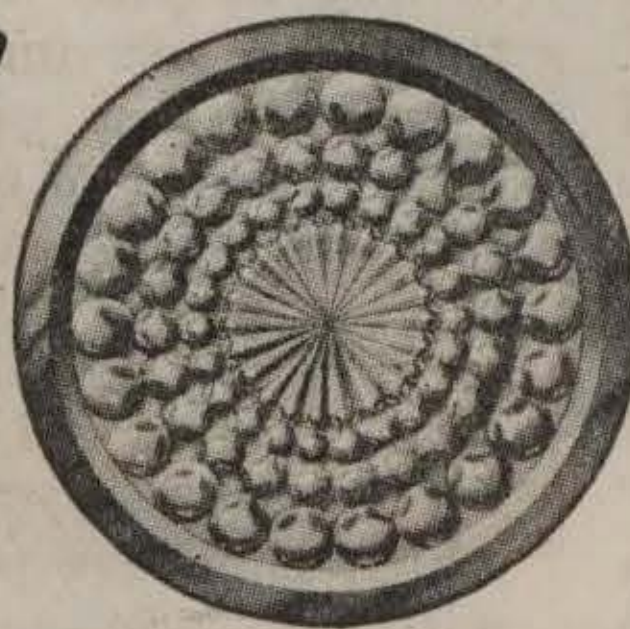
WARNER-LENZ

This is A. P. Warner of the Warner Auto-Meter Fame and Inventor of the Magnetic Speedometer

\$3.50 to \$5.00 Per Set, According to Size

West of Rockies, 25c Per Pair Extra

Canadian Prices, \$4.50 to \$6.50



To Any Dealer

As per our arrangement, please insert a pair of Warner-Lenz for the motorist who signs below. Let him use them for a week. At the end of a week he agrees to return them or pay you for the lenses. If he fails to do so, send us this coupon and we will pay you what the lenses cost.

Warner-Patterson Co., 907 So. Michigan Ave., Chicago

Owner of Car.....

Address.....

Business.....

Car's License No.....Size of Lens.....

WARNER-PATTERSON CO., 907 So. Michigan Avenue, Chicago

Continued from page 13

"Then you can see. You're joshing me," whined the gob.

For reply, the bowler (who later on beat me a game, rolling purely by sense of position and direction—though, to be sure, I am a poor hand at it) took the jacky's fingers and ran them beneath his own eyebrows, where a shell fragment had passed like a dredge. "If you can find an eye in my head, I'll give it to you," he offered generously.

Zim now judged that the psychological moment had arrived. "You come along with me and see the world," he invited, and the new man with a new light on his face went out arm in arm with the big fellow. When I met them afterward together, even my untrained eye was able to discern the contrast between the two types, what the experts at Evergreen call the "blind blind" and the "sighted blind"; the jacky slow, uncertain, shuffling, expressing in his slumped shoulders, overhung chin, and unresponsiveness the malaise of the spirit within; Zim upright, brisk, turning to look you square in the eye (such is the effect it gives) when speaking or spoken to, alert, interested, a man among men, who in half an hour's association makes you actually forget his disability.

As he and his companion went out, they passed, coming in with quick, expert cane-tappings, an engineer with the top half of his face plowed and seamed into twisted furrows. What remained of the group greeted him with the news about Sid.

"Sid's a blink. Official."

"I'm in luck too," the newcomer announced jubilantly. "They're going to give me the knife tomorrow."

"Sculp lady made you a new face?" This apparently irreverent reference was to Miss Cook, the sculptress who makes an individual study of each face to be restored, constructs a model, and turns it over to the surgeons of a hospital separate from Evergreen to build from, in flesh and tissue. The results are remarkably faithful to the original form of the face.

"Surest thing you know! Good as new or better."

"You'll be a picture, Mike."

"A sight for sore eyes."

"Oh, you lucky stiff!" sighed the artilleryman enviously, fingering the terrible scars where his eyes once were.

"Never mind, old sport!" the other comforted him. "You'll get your turn pretty quick now."

"Mike," said one of the youngsters seriously, "they tell me you got a Jew beak. Get 'em to take the hook off your nose while they're at it."

"Jew yourself!" retorted Mike, and truthfully. "What about your own smeller?"

"Who's got a better right



Evergreen, Guilford, Md., the secluded and beautiful hundred-acre country place contributed by Mrs. T. H. Garrett for the blind soldiers

to a Jew nose than a guy named Izzy?" returned the proprietor of that name. "But with Mike that kind don't go at all."

"Watch me when I come out," said the other exuberantly. "I'll go into the movies and push Mary Pickford right out of the spotlight."

He produced a cigarette, which he proceeded expertly to light by sense of touch. The action recalled a statement which I had

often heard made by smokers, that the pleasure of smoking is closely connected with seeing, and that a blindfolded man cannot tell whether his tobacco is alight or not. I mentioned this theory to Campbell, and expressed curiosity as to the blind smoker's view of it.

"Ask him," said Campbell.

"Won't he mind?"

"Why should he?"

"I'll have to suggest, or at least imply, his blindness."

"Don't suggest it. Speak it out."

So I did. Mike laughed. "I've heard that bunk before," he said. "Nothing to it. I get more taste out of tobacco than I ever did before."

"The Darn Thing Was Loaded"

THUS another superstition succumbs to expert testimony. Incidentally I had stumbled upon a point in the psychology of the newly blinded. They do not shrink from direct reference to their condition. What they feel and even resent is the clumsy and painful avoidance of the word "blind," which compels them to self-consciousness. One of the prized legends of Evergreen is Cal's response to a well-meaning but tactless woman visitor who, wishing to express interest in his misfortune, but fearing the matter-of-fact and obvious word, stumbled verbally about for a while and finally put it this way:

"Did the Germans—er—injure your—er—vision?"

"Oh, no, ma'am," said Cal with embarrassment. "I just happened to lean up against a barrage, and the darn thing was loaded."

Strange to say, while the sightless do not, once they have adjusted themselves, brood over their blindness, they are extremely, though often secretly,



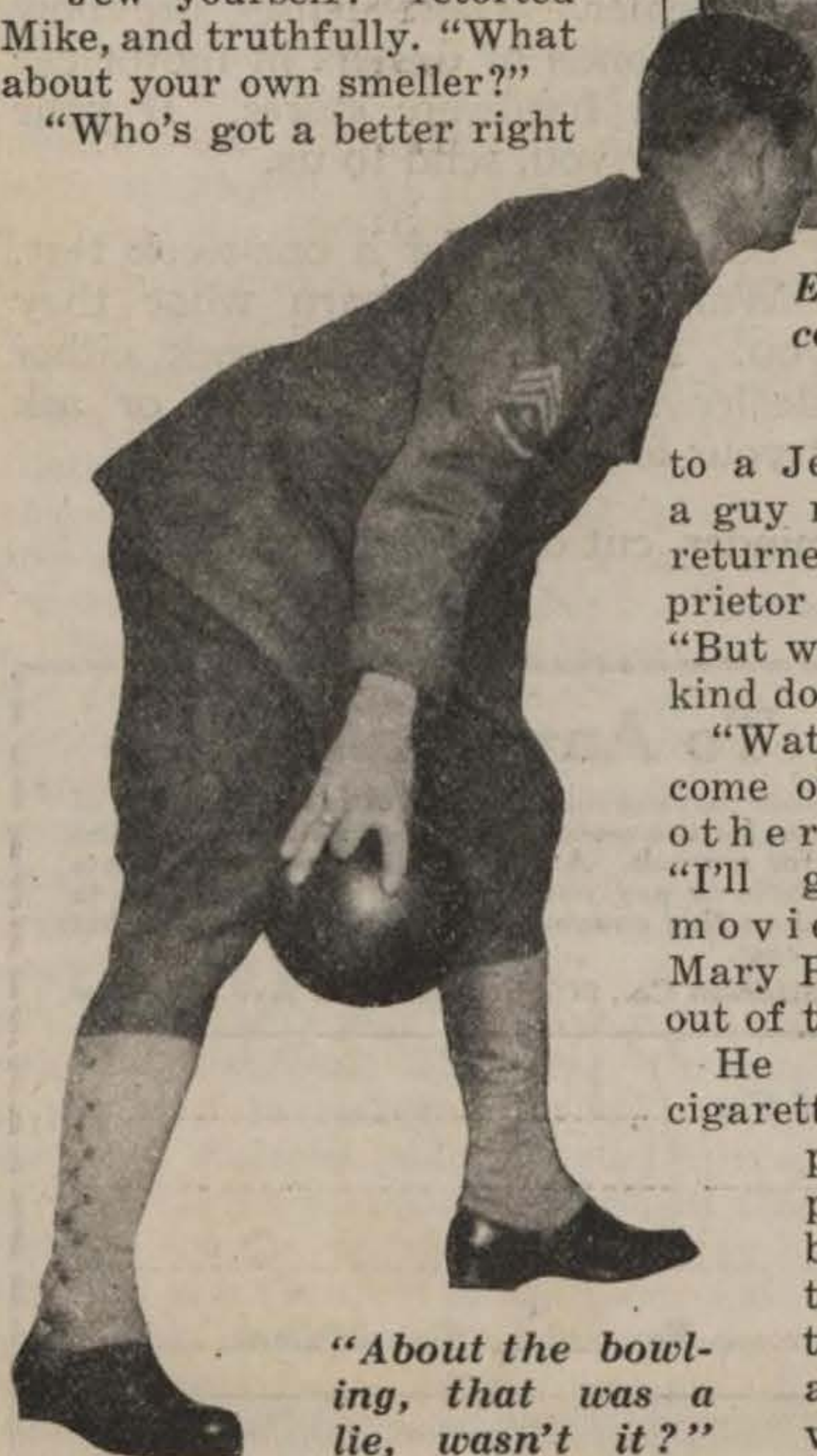
"I have got lots of things to be thankful for"

news and feel as I do about it," wrote Cal, announcing his blindness to his family, through a letter to his brother. "Break it as easily as you can to papa, and don't let him look at it in a gloomy way because I have got lots of things to be thankful for: two arms, two legs, and a . . . of a powerful stomach.

Don't let any of the home folks worry about me. Uncle Sam is going to train me so that I shall be about as useful as I was before I went over. I am well and happy. The best of care is being taken of us. Love to all the folks."

Cal represents one type of the blinded soldier. He is what the French call "un exalté." Naturally of an idealistic temperament, he has given to his country everything but life—more than life itself, it must have seemed to him at first—and the passion of the devotee is upon him and is carrying him, unflinching and triumphant, to his future of usefulness in the world. Courage, patience, determination, cheerfulness, all have been fused and made dynamic in the fire of that devotion. With it all there is no taint of pose or priggishness. Cal has too much humanness and humor for that: witness the occasion on which he "leaned up against a barrage" for the edification of the maladroit sympathizer. Since his arrival at Evergreen he has married a keen-witted and charming girl ("Do you think I'd pick anything that wasn't a good-looker?" says Cal), and they are to take charge of one of the chain of "Victory Stores" which has

(Continued on page 42)



"About the bowling, that was a lie, wasn't it?"

Columbia Grafonola

Take Music Wherever You Go

All the joys of vacation days are redoubled when Music is one of your merry party.

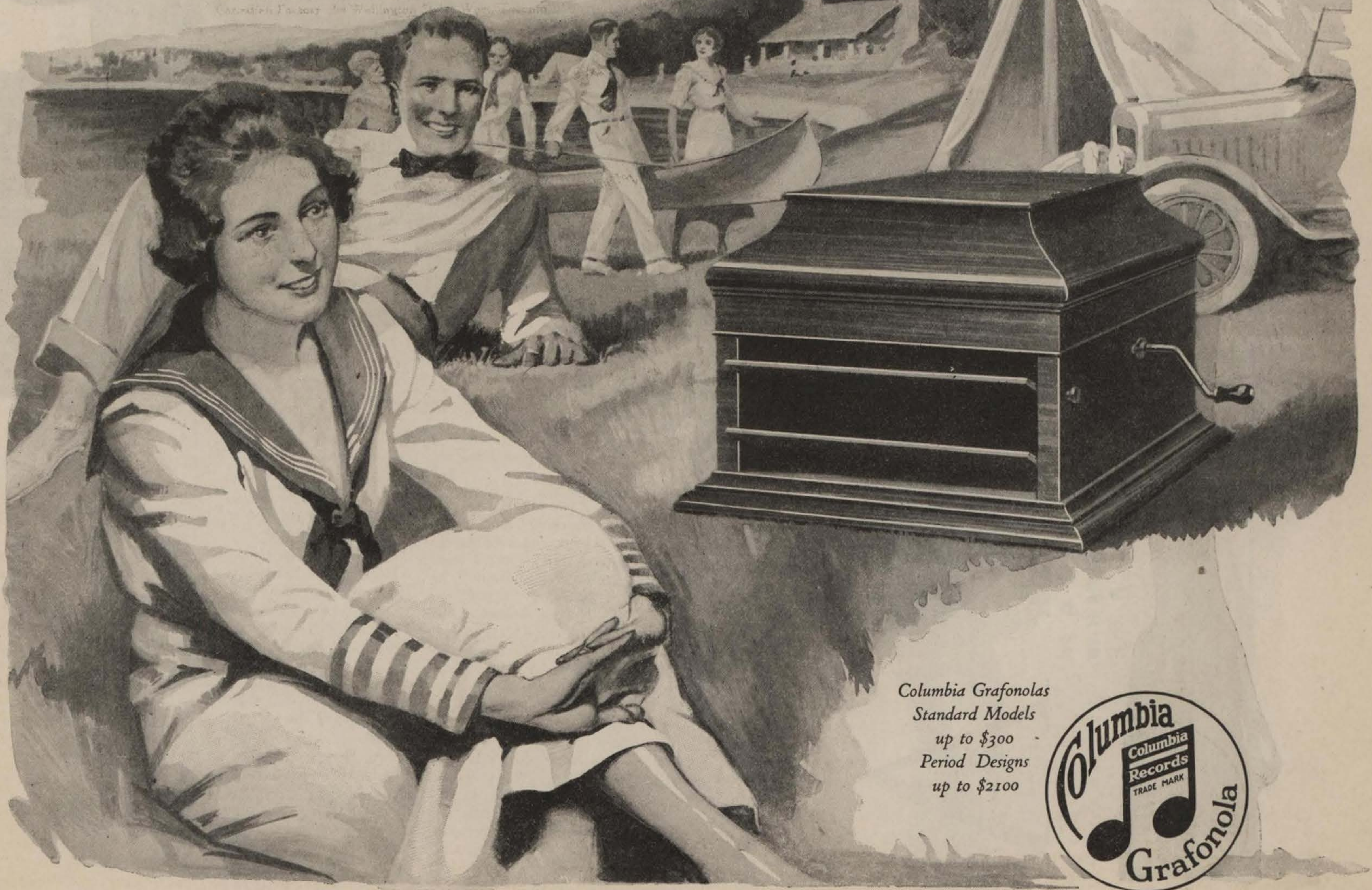
Light and compact in its traveling kit, with plenty of space for records, the Columbia Vacation Grafonola can be tucked away safely in any corner of your automobile, motor boat, or canoe. It is out of the way, except when you want it, and then any time, anywhere, you have all the latest successes of song-land, the best of the newest music for dancing.

Ask any Columbia dealer to show you the Vacation Model in its handy traveling kit. Hear the rich tone of this remarkable little instrument. See how easy it is to select from Columbia Records just the music you want for happy vacation days.

To make a good record great, play it on the Columbia Grafonola

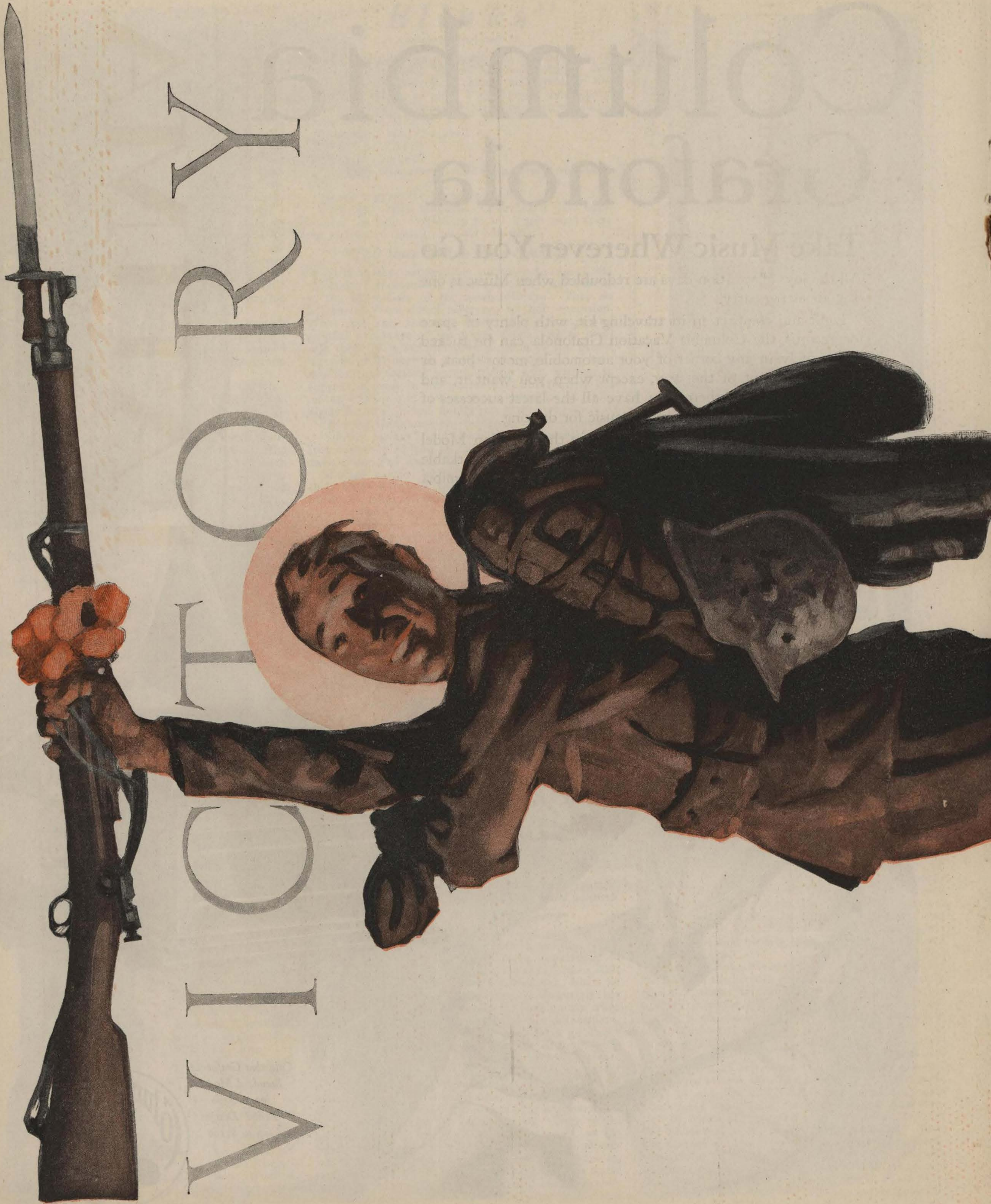
COLUMBIA GRAPHOPHONE COMPANY, New York

London Factory: 102 Clerkenwell Road, E. C.
Canadian Factory: 54 Wellington Street West, Toronto



Columbia Grafonolas
Standard Models
up to \$300
Period Designs
up to \$2100





WILCOX TOO RY

... and cigarettes helped to win it

What a part the cigarette played!

In those grim, tense moments, waiting for the word to "go"; in that blessed lull, hours afterward, just before the relief party came; in those other, sterner moments when his spirit fought to smile, what was the thing he wanted most?

A cigarette!

And now, with the big job done, what so much as the cigarette will help "keep him smiling" until he's home again?

A fact:

Over 740 million Fatimas have so far been shipped to our soldiers abroad. And more are constantly on the way for the boys who still are over there.

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

FATIMA

A Sensible Cigarette



WALTER
WHITEHEAD
1918



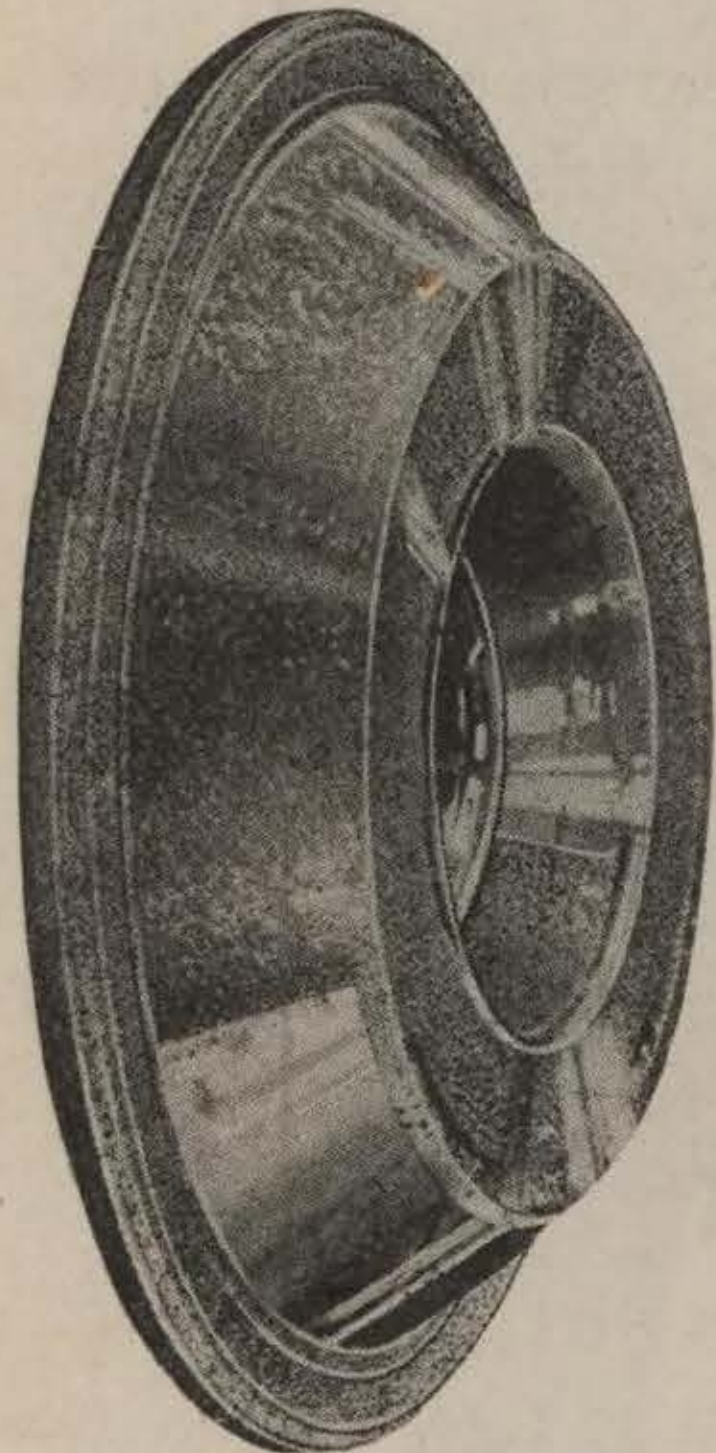
Guaranteed

So confident are we that you will like the big, safe light of the Dillon Multi-Vision Lens that with every pair sold we give a money-back guarantee.

That puts the proposition on a trial basis. The sale is not complete until you are satisfied.

But we have no fear as to the result of the trial.

After his initial ride behind the Dillon Lens, Mr. W. H. Evans of Ohio, wrote:
"It was the first time I ever felt at ease when driving at night."



\$3.50
 per pair
Any Size
 Anywhere in U.S.A.

In hundreds of cities and towns throughout the country the Dillon Lens is nightly demonstrating its superiority over all other lenses and headlight devices.

We believe that you will add your approval, not merely because the Dillon Lens is legal in all states, but more particularly because it gives a bigger, better and safer driving light.

More Road Illumination than from Clear Glass Lenses

The Dillon Lens gives more road illumination than you can get through clear glass lenses. It gives more light with bulbs of lower candle power than any other headlight device in the world.

There is no cutting down or dimming of the light. Moreover, Dillon light is always on the road whether you happen to be going up hill, down hill or on the level. It lights the whole roadway, close to the car, at both sides and far ahead.

Glareless and Safe

The Dillon Light is big, but glareless and safe. Driving behind it you see objects and obstacles far and near in almost daylight clearness, and you experience a sense of ease and confidence that adds immeasurably to the pleasure of night driving.

Get a pair from your dealer today. Try them on any dark night, and if not fully satisfied, return them and your money will be refunded. If your dealer can't supply you order direct, same price \$3.50 per pair, any size, postpaid. Booklet upon request.

DILLON LENS & MFG. CO., Dept. C, WHEELING, W. VA.

DEALERS AND JOBBERS CAN BE SUPPLIED PROMPTLY BY
PITTSBURGH PLATE GLASS CO.

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Be a Boy Scout!

Continued from page 18

done in cooperation with the Naval Intelligence Department.

When the need of speed in aircraft production was realized, one of the difficulties was to find walnut of the sort that is essential in making airplane propellers.

The Boy Scouts made a survey; they located 20,750,000 feet of standing walnut—the equivalent of 5,200 carloads, and more than enough for all needs. Moreover, they pledged every man who cut down a walnut tree to plant five seedlings in its place, or arranged to do that work themselves.

Learn by Doing

LATER, when commercial methods of gathering the fruit pits required in the making of gas masks broke down, Scouts gathered more than a hundred carloads of stones—enough for half a million masks.

They were used all over the country to gather books for camp libraries here and abroad; you may remember, if you sent a post card to your library to offer some of your spare books, seeing a Scout at your door the next day to collect them. They planted and cared for more than 12,000 war gardens.

The Committee on Public Information heard what the Scouts were doing, and drafted them forthwith. Scouts were responsible for distributing more than thirty million pieces of Government literature and propaganda—documents that explained why we were at war, that maintained morale, that offset the skillful and threatening propaganda of Germany and of pacifists and agitators who weren't even German.

The Food and Fuel Administrations both made extensive use of Boy Scouts in spreading their conservation appeals.

Scouts served as orderlies, as bicycle and motorcycle messengers and dispatch bearers. They worked in the making of surgical dressings, under the Red Cross.

When a survey of any particular locality was required, with information as to available telephones, lodgings, and so forth, Scouts were nearly always called upon to make it.

Boy Scouts did another unspectacular but infinitely valuable bit of war service. They turned themselves into office boys to meet the shortage that developed, during the war, in that sort of help.

In the great shipyard at Hog Island, for example, the most serious difficulties were encountered in finding boys to come out from Philadelphia to run errands and maintain relations between widely scattered offices. Boy Scouts volunteered and provided a complete staff. They did their work in uniform, without pay, and they had much to do with creating the morale that existed at Hog Island.

In Washington the Scouts made it possible for some of the most important of the new departments created for war service to keep going.

There are the concrete reasons for gratitude to the Boy Scouts as an organization. Mr. McAdoo's original impulse, to arrange a sort of testimonial in recognition of public service well and faithfully rendered, finds justification in the record. But his idea has grown beyond the recognition of its sponsor, almost.

"The best results of what the Scouts did during the war aren't evident yet," says James E. West. "Those boys are going to be better citizens because of what they did. Citizenship is going to have a real and vital meaning to them.

"In a time of grave emergency they learned how to function as valuable, working members of their Government. In them all the patriotic fervor, all the impulse to service that the war gave us all, was directed and disciplined. Their minds were turned into the right channel.

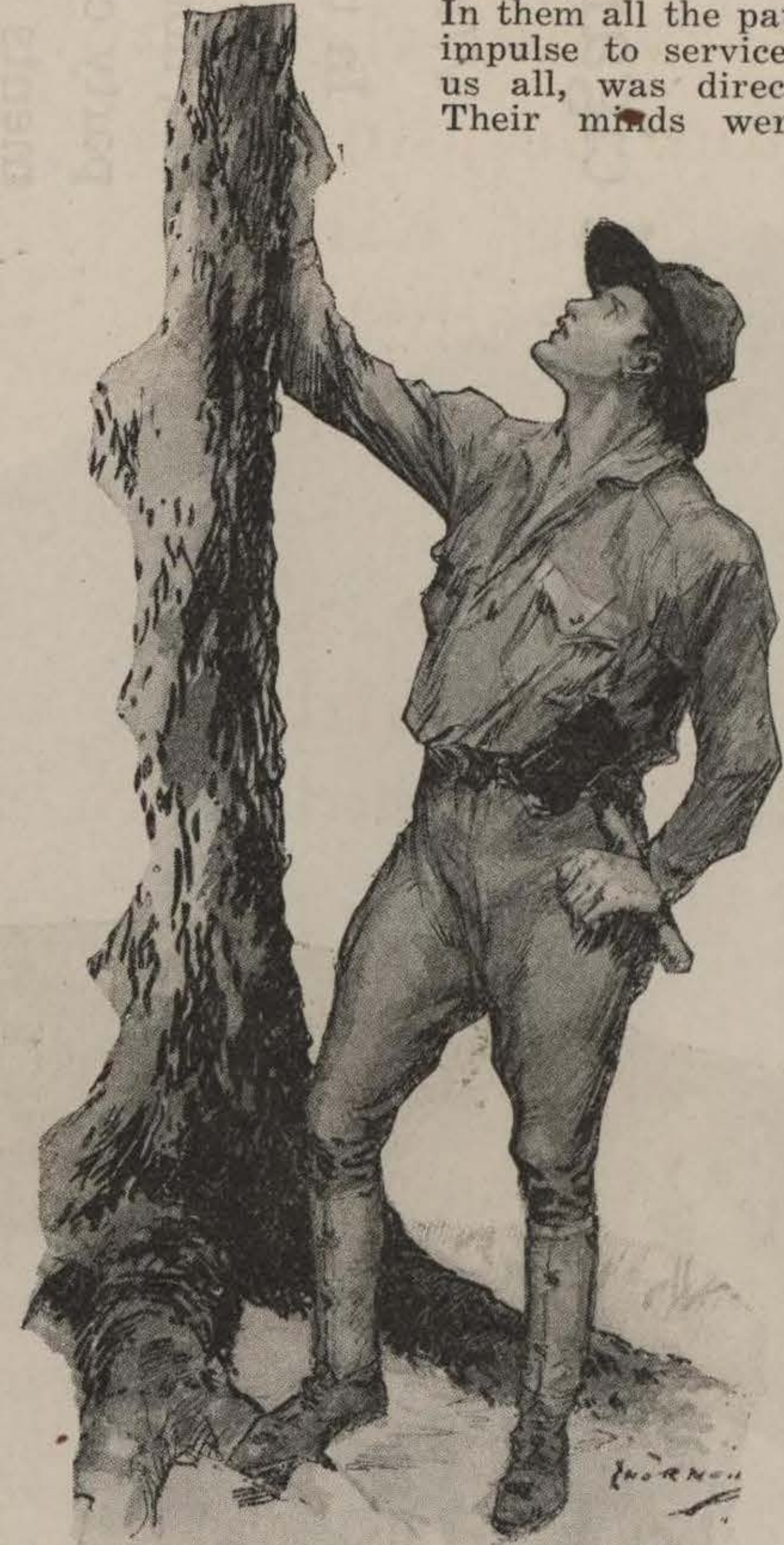
Thanks to the organization, they had the opportunity to do what all American boys wanted to do—to take an active part in the war.

"And now we want to reach more and more boys. The Boy Scouts aim to supplement church and home and school in building character. There isn't enough character building in American education. We are shamefully backward in education itself, too. A very small proportion of boys gets to high school—a much smaller one reaches college. The others go to work because they must earn money. They don't select their work; they drift into it. And so a great class of aimless, unambitious, floating workers is recruited constantly from our boys.

"The Boy Scouts attack that problem. We encourage boys to find the thing they can do, and like to do. We award merit badges for proficiency in almost every thinkable occupation. Scouts learn by doing—they grope about until they discover the thing for which they are best suited. We supply the incentive that is lacking in the schools to a boy's determination of a career, a life work."

Bring Them All In!

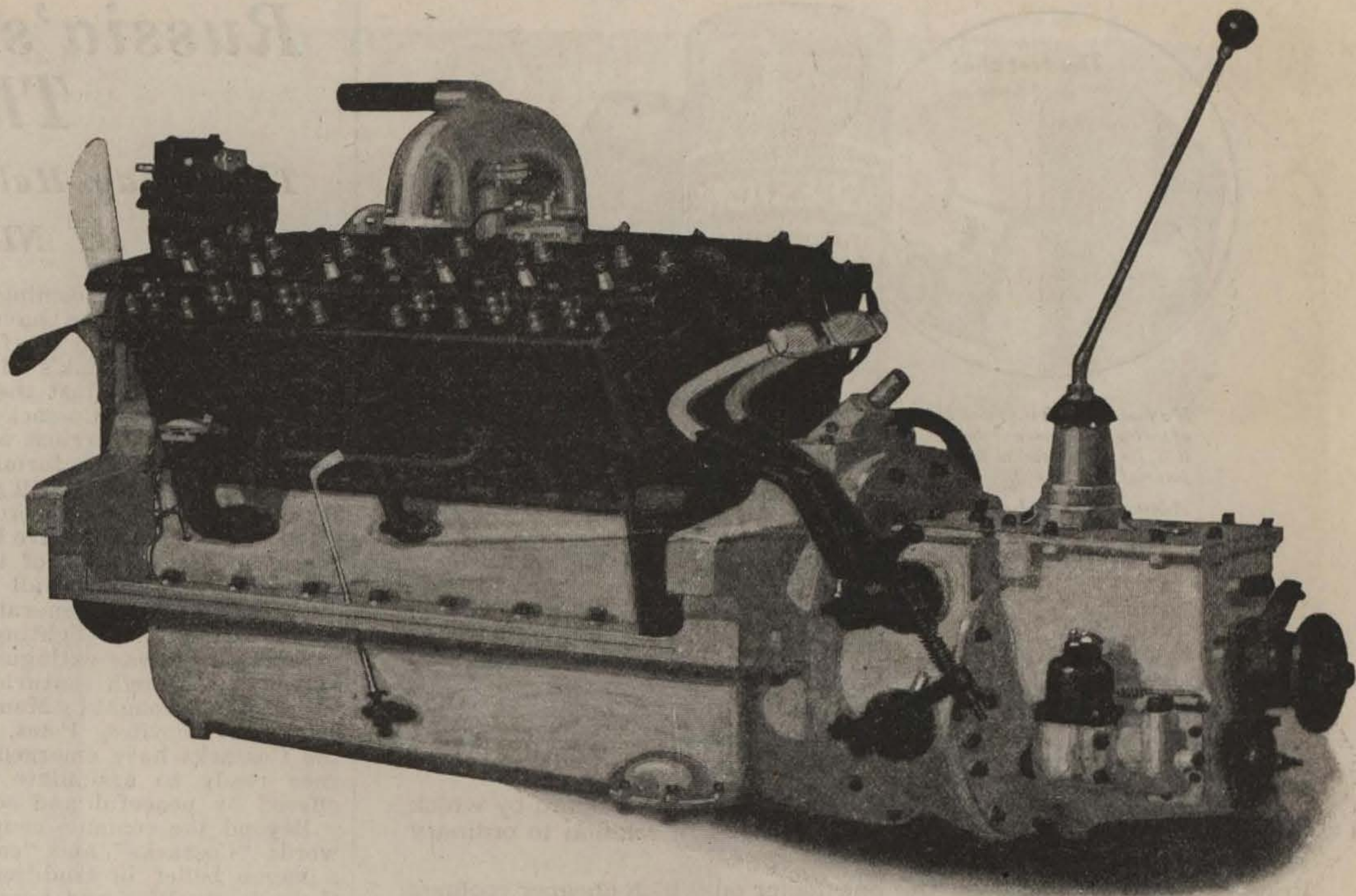
AND so this National Boy Scout Week, originating as a tribute, has acquired a greater significance. Its purpose now is to enlist you, personally, as a booster for the Boy Scouts—to induce you to do all you can to bring into the movement some of the millions of boys who would derive help and benefit from membership. It is designed to make the movement better known—known as a great and vital force in the molding of good citizens. And such emphasis as will be laid on the work the Scouts did during the war will be by way of proving the value of the movement to the country—a value which can be at least as great in time of peace as in a period of national emergency.



They located 20,750,000 feet of standing walnut—5,200 carloads—more than enough for all needs



For sound, practical reasons and the best use of your money, why not make an attempt to verify the facts before deciding whether you will spend two or three thousand dollars for an ordinary automobile, or invest in a Twin Six Packard with all that a Packard can give you.



Transportation facts are established



LEADING transportation expert has said that most automobiles are built on theory and bought on personal opinion.

Transportation is now a science. It is a science that applies to your own car whether it carries you across the Continent or merely from your home to your office or serves your family or friends in their daily activities.

It would astonish the average car owner to see a scientific test of his car in its relation to the whole question of transportation.

We say the *whole question* because advantages are claimed and economies cited for certain parts of a car or special phases of the question.

It is only by treating the problem *as a whole* that we get the facts.

For example, a man may have his eye filled by economy of gasoline and tires, and he may throw away more on engine tinkering than he saves on both these items.

He may get speed at the cost of vibration that racks and wrecks his car.

He may get lightness at the expense of safety or dragging weight at a heavy up-keep charge.

If he gets power when he wants it he may have to pay for it when he doesn't use it.

While passenger cars were bought as luxuries alone, it was difficult to get consideration for the facts.

Just as today the average automobile for family use is a compromise, an amateur job from the standpoint of scientific transportation; its advantage in one direction offset by loss in another.

When corporations buy Packard cars for the transport of their executives, there is something for the average car buyer to think about.

That is the result of expert analysis of all the factors. It is a matter of business.

When will the purchase of the family car be regarded as a business transaction?

The Packard people are transportation experts; they can tell you more on this subject than any other organization in the world. You can ask them to discuss your car problem without obligation. It is to your interest and profit to do so.



Ask the Man Who Owns One

PACKARD MOTOR CAR COMPANY • Detroit



Why we emphasize popular price in this roofing label

BECAUSE heretofore quality alone has been the standard by which Johns-Manville Roofings could be judged in relation to ordinary roofings.

Price or first cost has been the one factor on which cheaper roofings could rely and undoubtedly thousands of buyers have denied themselves the splendid durability of a Johns-Manville Asbestos Roofing because of its *apparent* expensiveness.

For years Johns-Manville has been working to produce an Asbestos roll roofing that would provide the weatherproof, fire retardent qualities that Asbestos alone can give, at a price that would meet the widest popular demand. The result is

Asbestone

Approved by Underwriters' Laboratories

A Johns-Manville roofing of Asbestos rock fibre, waterproofed with natural asphalts. Being all mineral, it cannot rot or disintegrate and therefore does not need painting or costly refinishing.

Stone Roofs Don't Burn

No other ready roofing can give you the fire-protection of Johns-Manville Asbestos. Asbestone is the only low-priced roofing that will stand the famous "blow-torch test." This fact alone has placed Asbestos Roofing on thousands of even temporary structures where fire meant big risk to production programs.

Furthermore, it does not dry out because the natural asphalts, bound between the asbestos felts (insuring a permanently waterproof and flexible roofing) are sealed and shielded from the sun's heat by the very insulating properties of the asbestos felts themselves. In Asbestone roofing, the felts protect the waterproofing.

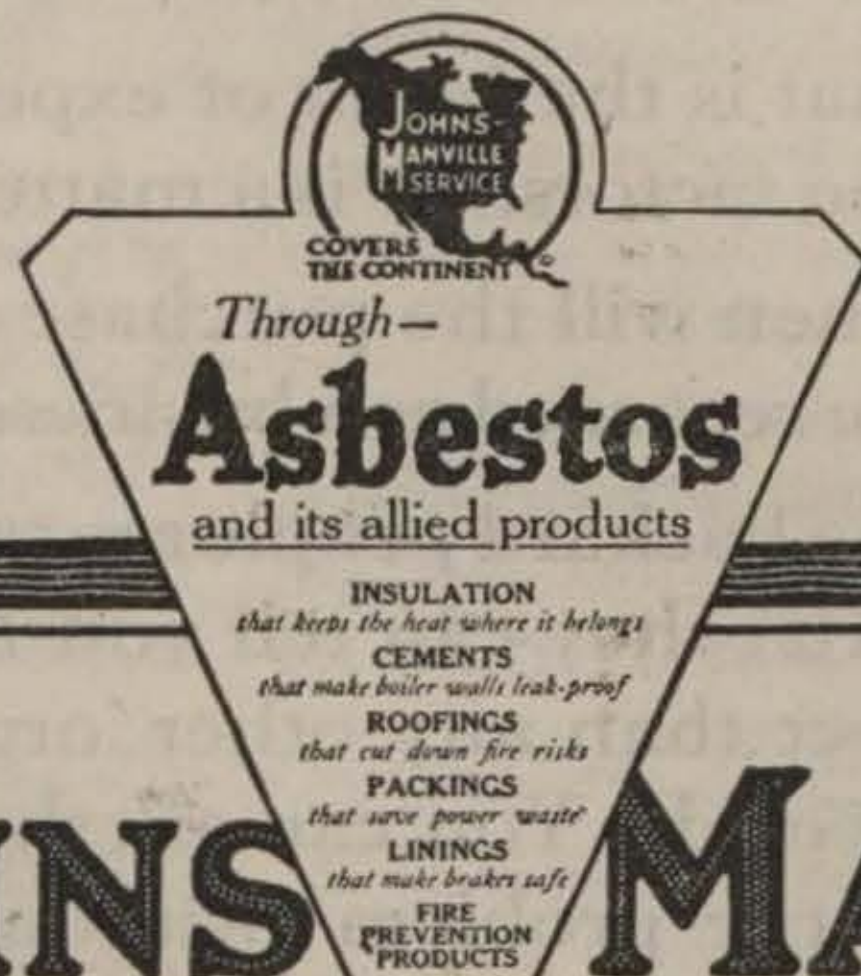
That is why Asbestone never needs coating or costly refinishing. Add to this, its qualities of weatherproof, permanent durability—and it is easy to see why Asbestone is fast becoming the most popular roofing in America.

Register Your Roof With Us

As with all other Johns-Manville roofings, our responsibility does not end with the sale. The registration blank in every roll invites you to record your roof with us and means that the Johns-Manville registration assures you of the service promised.

Write for our Asbestone booklet which tells real facts about ready roofings and how they are made.

H. W. JOHNS-MANVILLE CO.
New York City
10 Factories—Branches in 63 Large Cities



OTHER JOHNS-MANVILLE ROOFINGS: Johns-Manville Standard and Colorblende Asbestos Shingles. Johns-Manville Asbestos Ready Roofing. Johns-Manville Built-Up Asbestos Roofing. Johns-Manville Corrugated Asbestos Roofings.

JOHNS-MANVILLE

Serves in Conservation

Russia's Rough Riders— The Cossacks

They May Help to Restore Order in Russia

BY NIKOLAKI P. ZAROKILLI

RECENT reports coming out of the Russian confusion have listed the Ural Cossacks among the forces acting with Admiral Kolchak's Siberians and the Ukrainians against the Bolsheviki.

I am sure the Cossacks—that picturesque body of warriors who so largely contributed to the formation of the vast Russian Empire—will prove potent factors in reestablishing order. For the Cossacks, though they have in the course of centuries lost most of their savage characteristics, retain all their virile qualities. Through generations of constant turmoil and fighting, in which many a tribe was extinguished to the last man; through centuries of devastating wars wrought by Mongols, Tatars, Turks, Muscovites, Poles, or Swedes, the Cossacks have emerged a vigorous race ready to assimilate the culture offered by peaceful and settled times.

Beyond the common coupling of the words "Cossacks" and "cavalry," and a vague belief in traditional tales of Cossack cruelties and horrors (thanks to exaggerated, one-sided reports written invariably by people with a personal grievance against Russia and published largely for their sensational value), the general public has little idea of these people as they exist to-day. But I have had the good fortune to live among the Cossacks for several years and have seen them in peace, war, and worse than war—revolution—and I know them as a humane, patient, peace-loving people, law-abiding and extremely loyal to their country.

Civilized Bandits

ALITTLE incident that occurred while I was visiting my sister and her husband in their summer home, in the Kuban Cossack district of North Caucasus, brought me my first appreciation of this. They sent to the station to meet me Vasili, their Cossack coachman, with a troika (three-horse carriage). Vasili and I were old friends, for on my previous visits I had often sat with him for hours by the fire, listening to his stories of the fights against the Caucasian tribes, the Cherkesses, the Kabardians, Chechenzes, Daghestanis, and others; or of hunting trips for deer, boar, bison, or bear. His accounts were always exaggerated and his knowledge inaccurate, but there were poetry and enthusiasm in his tales, and I had learned to gauge their value. As we drove off in the troika he drifted into his favorite subject—horses—and began praising the three in front of us, calling them by name and with much the same deference one uses in referring to one's own kind. Mishka, the center horse, was getting rather old and shortsighted, but he was Vasili's favorite and possessed extraordinary qualities. We were gradually entering the woods as Vasili went on explaining the intelligence of Mishka and the discipline of the other horses and why the middle horse should be bigger and trot while the side horses should be smaller in size and gallop with their heads bent low down and away from the center one. "All three work," said Vasili, "but there is a leader who is responsible for the whole set, like a hetman and his aids."

Rapt in this conversation, we saw, but too late, three men spring at us from the thick bushes on either side. One in front of the troika tried to hold the horses, while the two others, steadying themselves on the gnarled roots of the thick bushes, pointed their pistols at us. There was but one thing to do, and that was—to surrender. Instead Vasili murmured something to the horses, and they plunged forward without stopping; the man in front of us fell to the ground, the troika capsized,

and in the turmoil we made our escape through the bushes. (Vasili afterward explained to me that Mishka would never have responded but for his defective eyesight!)

That same evening, however, five Cossacks of the neighborhood appeared at our home. They expressed their regret that such a thing should have happened in their district and asked us to come and identify the robbers, whom they had caught two hours after the news of the holdup had spread in the village. The robbers were turned over to the police that night. But this is not an uncommon occurrence. The Cossacks (whose very name, Kazak, springs from the word *quzzay*, of Tatar origin and meaning bandit) volunteer always to catch thieves and bandits in their own districts, and in such cases one may rest assured that the results are satisfactory.

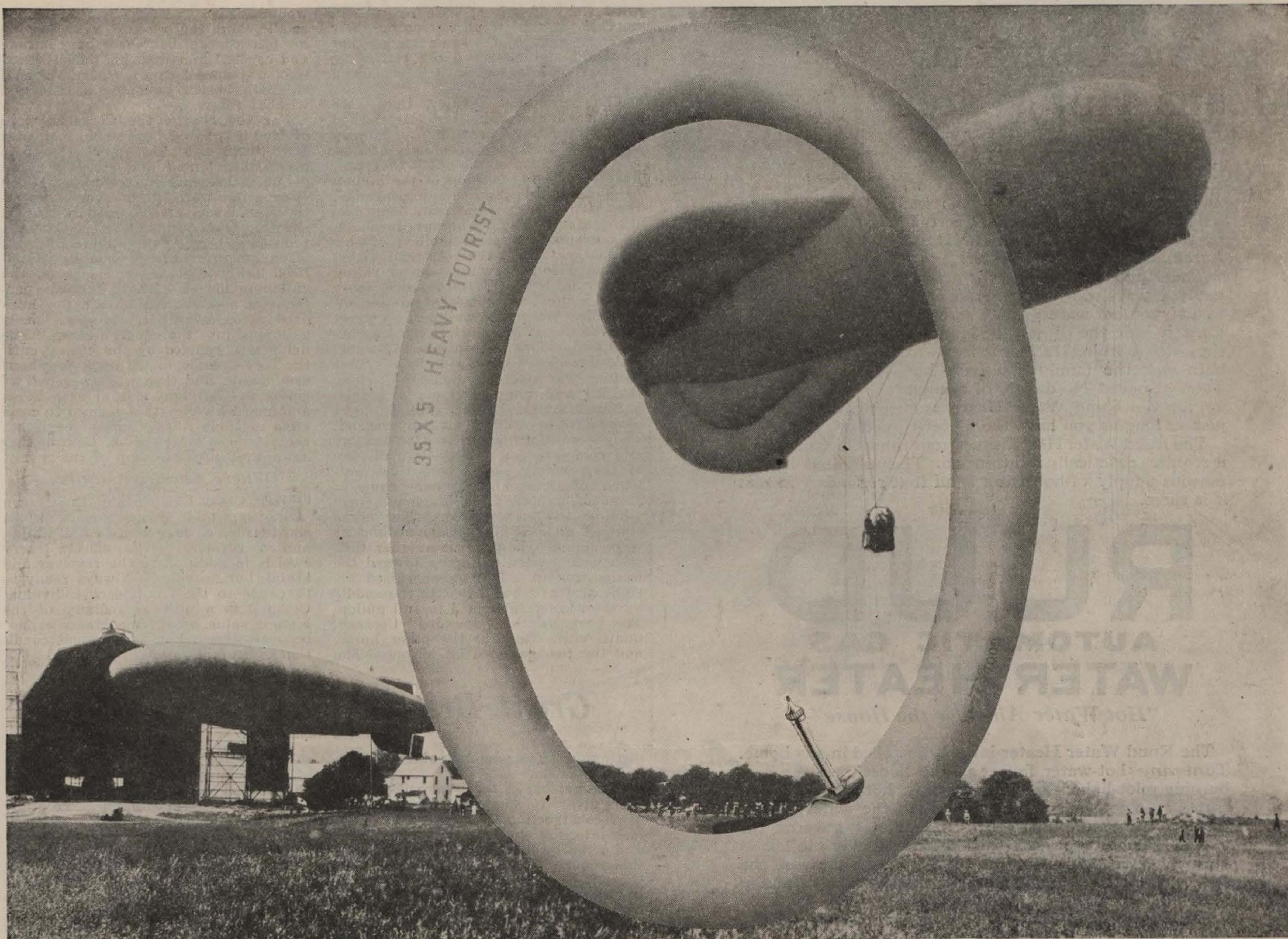
I have never been able, however, to overcome a feeling of looking upon the Cossacks as an anachronism. They seem still to belong to the dark ages of Mongol invasion—they are fierce-looking individuals, and one easily imagines them dragging off a mutilated man at the end of their arkan (lasso) or stabbing a Mongol with their spear. There is something almost uncanny in hearing a Cossack converse in excellent French or English on the most up-to-date topics and with manners a diplomat should envy. And I will never forget the astonishment of two Americans whom I introduced to a Cossack friend, one day in Tiflis, whose views on the municipal government of New York were sound enough for a candidate for mayor!

The Cossacks are of Veliko-Russian, Malo-Russian, and Polish origin, with an admixture of Lithuanian and Tatar blood, and are of the Greek Orthodox Church. Originally there were two groups, the Don Cossacks (who acknowledged the sovereignty of Russia in the days of Ivan the Terrible) and the Dnieper Cossacks. Gradually their limited occupations of piracy and pasturage developed into agriculture, and from the two groups were formed the Ural, Siberian, Volga, Terski, Grébentsi, Terek-Semeini, Kuban, Ukrainian, and Zaporozhian Cossacks. Fierce and brave, fighting in all directions, at first conquering land, joining Moscow and adding that domain to that of their sovereigns, rebelling and fleeing from their masters, and conquering new territories, they gravitated in the long run to the ever-increasing power of Russia, adding bit by bit to the land of the Tsars, and in the end became an integral part of the empire.

The Djigitovka

IT will be, however, upon their justly celebrated skill as cavalry that the Cossacks will depend most in helping to restore Russia. Once more the djigitovka will come into its own, and those Cossacks who for years have kept up the famous fancy riding will feel rewarded for their endless "reviews" and "exhibitions." The djigitovka is the logical outcome of the perfect mastery of the art of riding, and only in practice can its significant usefulness be completely revealed. I was discussing this point once with Colonel Dragomirov, the son of General Dragomirov, a Cossack himself, and at the head of the convoy of the Viceroy of the Caucasus. To prove a point he invited me to attend a "review" of the convoy held for the benefit of a few guests.

About one hundred Cossacks, clad in reddish uniforms and silver trappings, cartridge cases, belts, and saddle fittings, with soft, white, fur caps, topped



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Built-Up *Layer-Upon-Layer*

JUST how important is the *layer-upon-layer* construction which Goodyear employs in the manufacture of tubes?

Does it make them stronger—longer-lived—better containers of air?

Well, for nine years we have been building balloons and dirigibles, in the construction of which our first and most complex problem was that of inflation. For gas is volatile, much more elusive than air, harder to capture and hold.

It was finally demonstrated, however, that rubberized fabrics, built up *layer-upon-layer*, formed the most practical container for this gas.

Once this fact was established, it seemed quite logical that the same principle should prove even more successful when applied to tubes. For a tube's sole function is to hold air.

We thus evolved the Goodyear Heavy Tourist Tube, making

it of pure gum strips, building them up, *layer-upon-layer*, then curing them together, after which the valve-patch was vulcanized in.

The soundness of this method was immediately established.

The thin layers of rubber cured one upon the other, enabled the elimination of all defects, such as sand holes and porousness. This construction also gave the body of the tube a criss-cross grain which prevented splitting if punctured. Finally, by vulcanizing the valve-patch securely into the tube we prevented all leaks at this source.

There is an observable tendency among motorists everywhere to use Goodyear Heavy Tourist Tubes exclusively.

They have learned that the slightly added cost of these thick, grey tubes is more than justified by their longer life and by the protection which they undeniably give to casings.

More Goodyear Tubes are used than any other kind.

GOODYEAR  **AKRON**

Home Comfort Means Hot Water

Turn any hot-water faucet in your home—out comes water—piping hot—*instantly, any time, day or night, winter or summer, as long as you want it!* Wonderful? No. It's made certain by the unfailing service of the Ruud Automatic Gas Water Heater.

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RUUD

AUTOMATIC GAS WATER HEATER

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Honestly made throughout—the best grade of materials. Built to last year in and year out. Nothing complicated—it takes care of itself. Made in sizes suitable for any home.

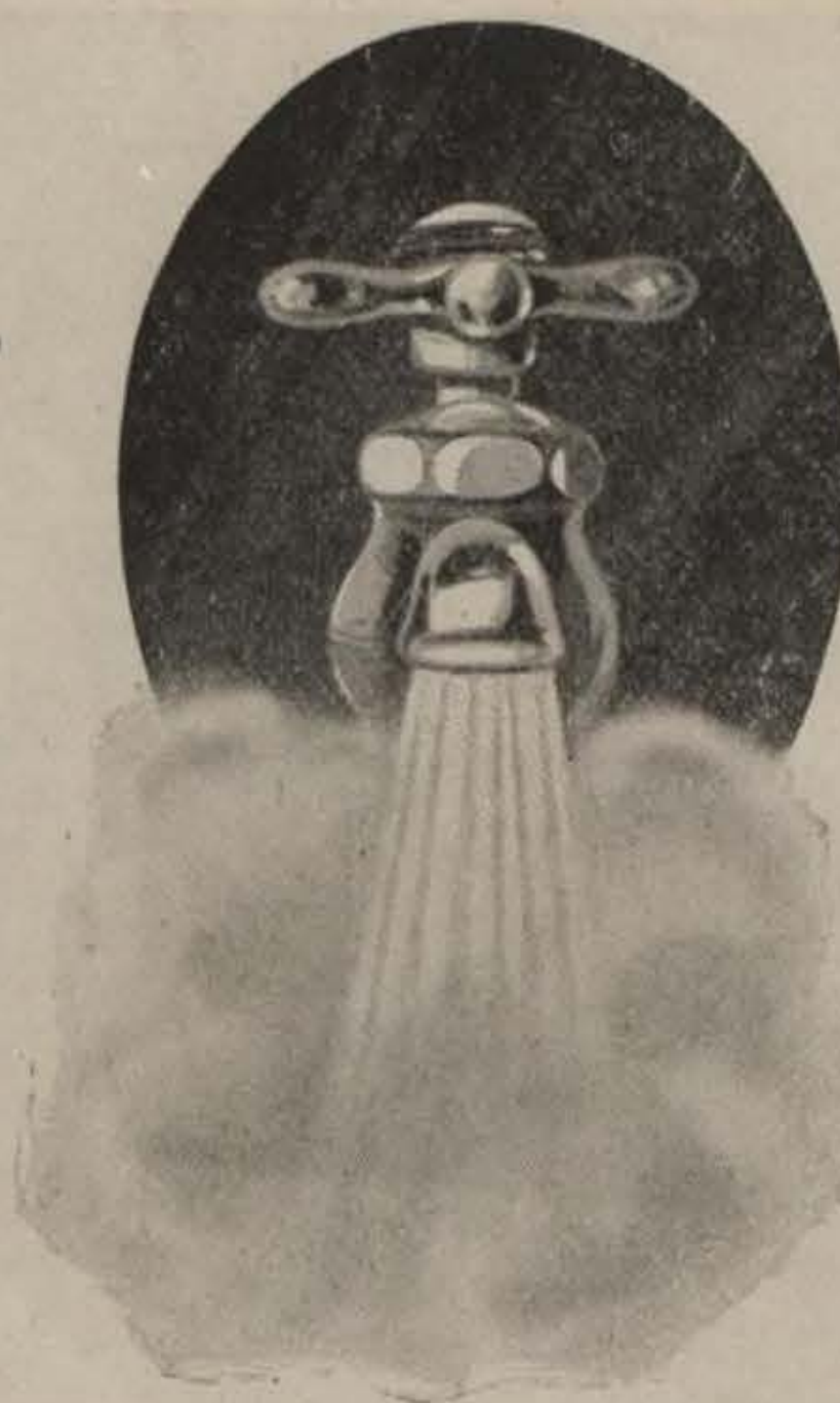
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Louisville	309 S. Third Street
Los Angeles	745 S. Broadway
Milwaukee	89 Biddle Street
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with red and silver, rode by us, six abreast, at a slow pace, singing their weird war songs—the same singing that harassed and unnerved the retreating armies of Napoleon until it became a nightmare to them.

Like any other cavalry, they were dignified and warlike, but they lacked the ultramilitary bearing of ordinary cavalry. They were absolutely at ease and unconscious of the effect they produced. There is nothing of the human being on horseback in their appearance; they seem rather a composite being like the Centaur of old. A hussar, an uhlan, or a dragoon suggests soldiery of this or that category, that one can vision walking into a drawing room or riding in parade, but a Cossack seems more like a man-on-horseback, absolutely indivisible. When seen walking in a street one feels as if he had left his legs behind, and one marvels that he can walk!

As I watched them ride by my first feeling was one of admiration; they thrilled and impressed me, and then I found myself hoping that I might never have to meet them as adversaries. They stopped a few hundred yards away and commenced a more active display of their riding skill. One rider galloped off alone, and when he came in front of us fell from his horse, pretending to be wounded. The horse stopped at once and looked around as if to summon help, until another Cossack was sighted galloping toward the wounded man. The latter raised his right arm and was lifted to the saddle by the second rider still in full gallop. The horse of the "wounded" Cossack, unattended, clung to the other horse, and the two galloped off as one. The

wounded man was stretched across the saddle, and the rescuer, standing on his left stirrup, bent over his comrade and covered him with his burka (raw-wool waterproof cape). Soon we could see both horses galloping as one and without riders.

For the charge the Cossacks were divided into two groups about one verst (two-thirds of a mile) apart. The first group dismounted and stood in front of us, representing the enemy. The other group were still one verst away—the signal was given and they started shooting from both sides. The Cossacks rode full speed against those in front of us, but after a little shooting we noticed fewer and fewer riders on the galloping horses. The effect was perfect, for soon we could see a few hundred yards away only riderless horses galloping into the enemy's camp. The firing was relaxed by the enemy until the horses came to within a few hundred yards, and then we saw a puff of smoke at the right side of each horse and heard a volley that seemed to come from invisible rifles. For the next shot the Cossacks were all on their horses again and into the camp of the enemy.

Where Cavalry Counts

THE Cossacks provide their own horses; their arms consist of a short rifle, a dagger called a kinjal, and a revolver. The officers carry swords in addition to the revolver and kinjal, but no rifles. Always ready to be called to the front, each individual Cossack is a unit of soldiery of the highest value, whose importance cannot be overestimated in the present condition of Russia.

Great Britain Faces the Future

Continued from page 24

distinguished as administrators, of men and of women.

"The number of these committees and their diversity suggest at first a fever of reconstruction," I was told. "But look into any one of them and you will find a real problem. For instance, take this report of a meeting—that of the Committee on Fisheries. It is brought out that in Scotland alone 25,000 fishermen went off to war, and the Admiralty converted to its own use more than 1,200 power craft used in the fishing industry. Does the reinstatement of this industry present a problem? And do you not see that it demands a separate and distinct committee to consider and solve it?"

There are three outstanding activities, however, which call for the interest of Americans. The first of these is the new development of the Department of Science and Research. War caught the British a little unprepared in the arts of destruction; the experience of their climb out of this hole by the aid of science and investigation—the taste for achievement, born of new methods and devices learned since war put pressure upon them—has resulted in a new national zeal to apply the same resourcefulness to the arts of construction when peace has come. Says the Commercial and Industrial Policy Committee: "We find that in long-established manufactures, with the important exception of the iron and steel trades, British industry had shown vitality and power of extension, but that in the rise and expansion of the more modern branches of industrial production the United Kingdom has taken only a limited share. Certain branches of production had come to be entirely or very largely under German control." The Department of Science and Research will play an important part in restoring British manufacturing versatility.

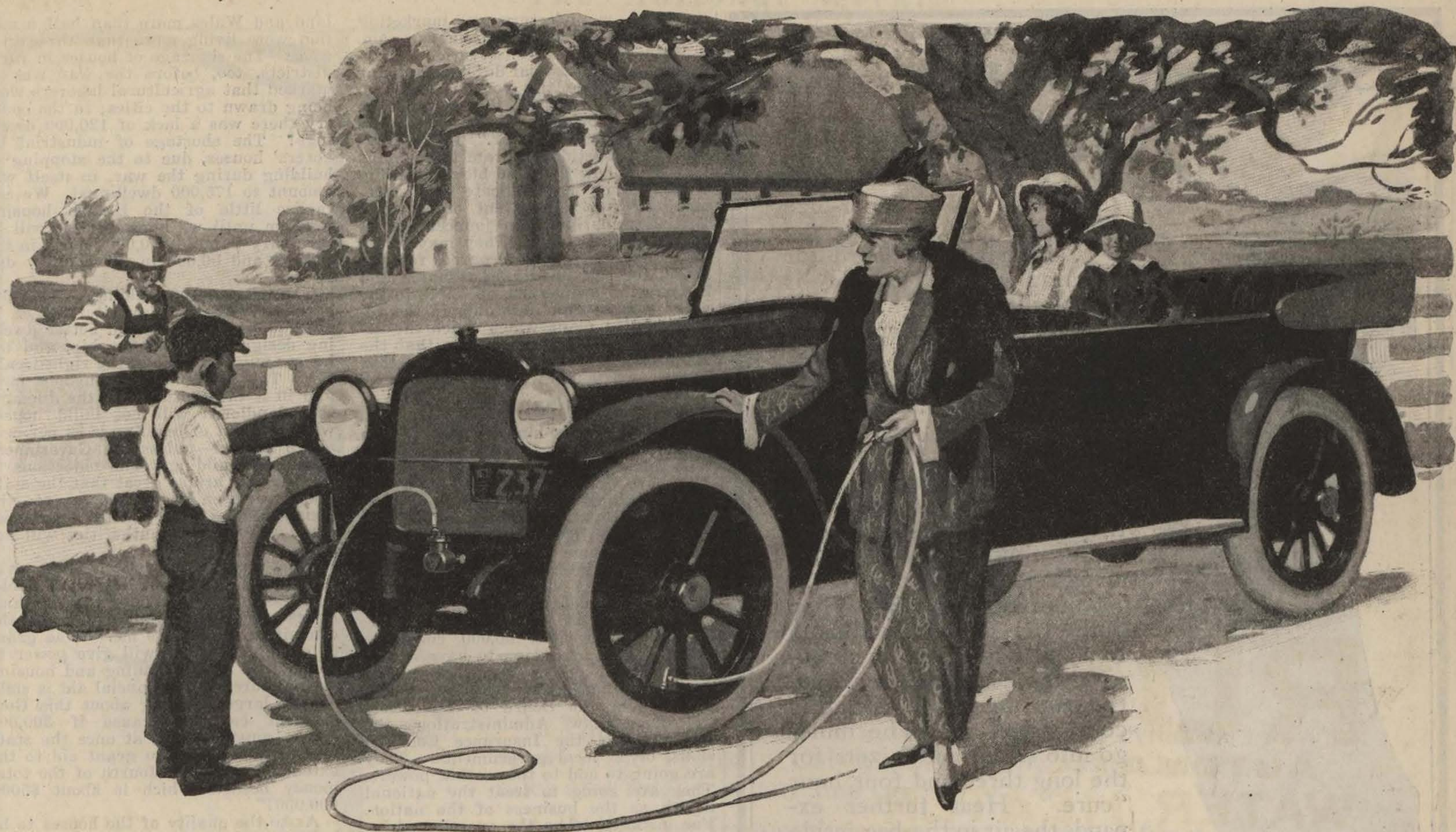
Those who have been working on industrial and commercial reconstruction all say that progress can be left no longer in the hands of private initiative; there must be cooperation under the Government's wing. The Department of Science and Research must put the blood of new ideas into the respectable, successful, unimaginative body of British industry.

One of the needs is the stimulation of new industries. The British intend to pick up some of the work which had been in German hands. To study the exact problems of the production of specific manufactures there are in existence already fifteen or twenty committees, among which those which deal with the chemical trades and with the conversion of the munition plants to new uses are the most important. Everywhere it is asserted that in this new development of industry the Government is the only agency which can act efficiently in procuring the proper supplies of raw materials.

The D. O. T.

SO also is the feeling as to the Government's function in the opening up of Britain's markets. I have been told by many officials and manufacturers that, after all, we Americans have an exaggerated idea of what is being done to stimulate British foreign trade. The old individualistic tendency still comes out, as when a member of one of England's most successful families said to me: "Oh, yes, the officials are going ahead. There was a feeling that the Foreign Office was not keeping a clear eye on our chances in the world's commerce. So it was arranged that the Board of Trade and the Foreign Office should have a joint department with a joint secretary to go out after new fields. But, after all, we will not follow their work very closely. A manufacturer will go on—just as human nature is built—to send his own representatives to China or South America to make his own investigations and his own deals."

The department to which he refers is called the Department of Overseas Trade—the D. O. T., familiarly. It is the expression by British of a desire for new foreign markets, but before the Peace Conference settles the untangling of the joint shipping control and the allocation of shipping, the department's hands are somewhat fettered. Nevertheless, it has engaged, rather quietly if you please, in a multitude of plans, and its feelers are reaching out, touching the remote places of the earth. It will probably remain and grow as the third leg of a reconstruction tripod of



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Independent laboratory tests show that the strain necessary to pull the STERLING layers apart is from double to several times as great as that called for in United States Government specifications. Adhesion of the layers is what mainly determines the life of a tire. And it is this adhesion and the extra thick, tough Vacuum Bar Tread that accounts for the remarkable mileage records we are receiving daily.

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invention, manufacture, and marketing for the new British commercial program.

With plans for conservation of resources, for industrial development, for finding markets, the world is familiar. They have none of the significance which is expressed in the phrase, "a new world after the war." In the British reconstruction program these plans may show how the wind blows with the British; they may indicate that something of the self-content of a stolid British trade has been jounced out of comfort by the war. They may speak of a nation better prepared for defense, for self-sustaining resource and for offering a diversity of wares to the outer world. But it is only in the reconstruction plans which touch the development of human resource that the American visiting the British catches the odor of "a new world after the war."

A Ministry of Health

FIRST, there is human health. The British have come to the conclusion that this is no longer a local business. They are going to treat it as a national business. They are going to create a Ministry of Health.

It has been a shock to them to find out, as they have found out in the last month, that the birth rate of the civil population has been passed by the death rate, and that 100,000 children die every year in spite of the fact that, under proper care, 50,000 could be saved. They are going to have a central national agency to gather up the functions concerning health which were under the Board of Education, the Poor Law Administration, the Home Office, the Insurance Commissions, or in local governments. They are going to add to them other powers. They are going to treat the national health as the business of the nation. For instance, when the question of infant mortality—a vital question to a fading population—comes up under the new Minister of Health, he will have the powers and functions described in the bill as "certain powers and duties of the Board of Education as to the health of expectant and nursing mothers and young children; of the powers and duties of the Privy Council in relation to midwives; and of the powers affecting infant life protection under the Children's Act of 1908." The Ministry of Health will deal with the questions of the health of the men who have been in the war; it will deal with health insurance. It will have a number of "consultative councils" of men and women, who will deal with the subjects of prevention of disease, cure of disease, questions affecting motherhood, including pensions, relief, and protection of working mothers, questions as to the national health insurance.

The next reconstruction measure which strikes fire upon an American is the British national plans for housing.

It is a far cry from our American attitude toward the housing of ourselves to the critical situation which exists in countries where for more than four years the building of living quarters has been stopped, the decay of old quarters has marched on, vast areas of dwellings have been destroyed by war, and the population has crowded into the centers. The British have faced a serious situation, and they are going to make the most of it! They are planning the housing of a nation anew. One of the interesting outcomes of their plans is the disclosure of the fact that Queen Mary has been a close student of the housing problem for several years.

"The solution of the housing problem has been undertaken by several committees," I was told. "There is an important body of experts who are working out the emergency problem brought on by the war; there is a committee which deals with the cooperative building societies, one which has reported on the extension of Government control of rents and mortgage interest, another, composed of women, which has undertaken to find out what the working woman wants for a dwelling."

The number of persons living more than two in a room in 1911, before the war, was more than 3,000,000! In Eng-

land and Wales more than half a million were living more than three in a room. The shortage of houses in rural districts, too, before the war was so marked that agricultural laborers were being drawn to the cities; in the country there was a lack of 120,000 dwellings! The shortage of industrial laborers' houses, due to the stopping of building during the war, in itself will amount to 175,000 dwellings! We can realize little of the British housing problem until we know that it will be necessary to build 250,000 houses in the centers and 50,000 in the country districts.

The program of building carried out must be without delay; it must be in accordance with new and better dwelling design and workmanship, and the houses must be built in the right localities. This is the nation's business now, and in it the British face the dilemma that landlords will not build houses when the cost of building is 50 per cent above normal—unless the Government subsidizes building. The objections to this subsidy are so great that the state itself has been advised to go into the house-building and renting business wherever the local authorities will not do so.

"One important benefit that will come from house building as a public business is the new opportunity which exists for town planning," said the committee member to me. "The grant of aid by the state will give power to insist upon town planning and housing architecture. The financial aid is sufficiently large to bring about this Government control because if 300,000 houses must be built at once the state will probably have to grant aid to the extent of about one-fourth of the total money needed—which is about \$500,000,000!"

As to the quality of the houses to be built, the Women's Housing Committee has reported that the working women of the United Kingdom have asked for larger houses, with a wider frontage to insure more light and air, situated in better surroundings, and that a parlor should be provided in addition to the living room where meals are served, and that bathrooms with a simple system of hot and cold water supply should be provided in separate inclosures, that the health authorities should prevent a house designed for one family being used by more persons than are in that family, that where there are no sewers, there should be no more than four dwellings to an acre.

The work which lies before the British to provide housing for the nation is indeed a gigantic task. But out of the emergency brought by war there is an awakening of the national imagination as to the national welfare.

"Quality" Knowledge

THIS same quality of imagination has arisen as to education. The emphasis is not for the moment on the extension or reformation of the education of the child. "We have just learned that education does not stop within the old conventional limits," the head of the largest trade-union organization said to me. "Out of the war has come a finger pointing to the need of vocational and adult education."

In other words, the British have awakened to the fact that men and women need to know their jobs, and, secondly, that education is not something to take, like the measles and, having made a recovery in childhood, be immune for a lifetime.

Said Lord Haldane, who has led work of educational reconstruction committees: "From the working classes we hear of the requirements of a new minimum wage and a minimum standard of living. That is right. But there is a minimum quite as important as either and that is a minimum of knowledge—not merely abstract knowledge, but the knowledge of quality."

In the British plans for reconstruction there are schemes for the special education of the agricultural worker, for special education of women in the work they are to undertake, for the training of the children who have been

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A NATION-WIDE investigation among Franklin owners has just been completed. It covered all types of the present model which have been driven day by day for over two years in every part of the country. The results show a delivery of over 14,500 miles to the complete set of tires.

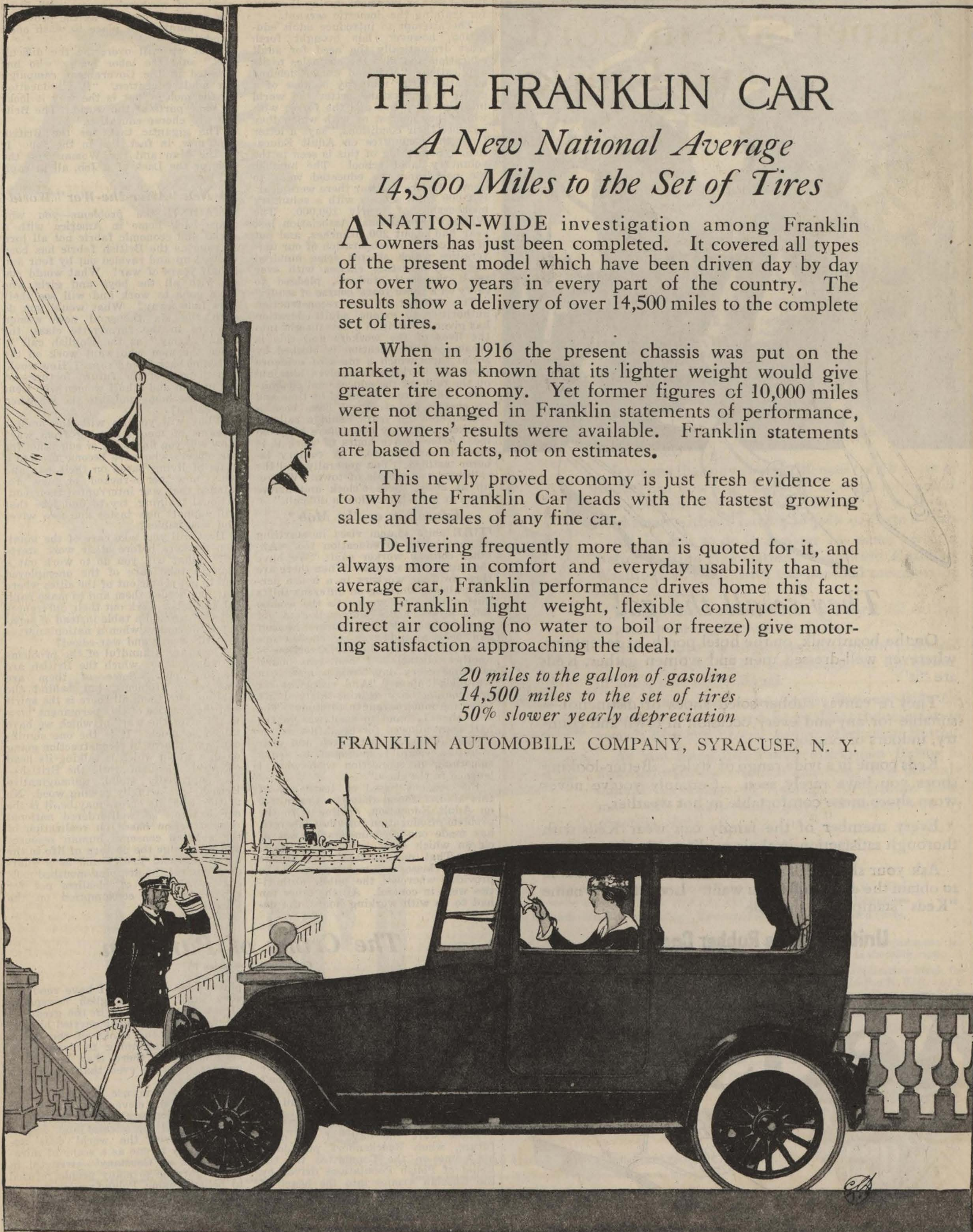
When in 1916 the present chassis was put on the market, it was known that its lighter weight would give greater tire economy. Yet former figures of 10,000 miles were not changed in Franklin statements of performance, until owners' results were available. Franklin statements are based on facts, not on estimates.

This newly proved economy is just fresh evidence as to why the Franklin Car leads with the fastest growing sales and resales of any fine car.

Delivering frequently more than is quoted for it, and always more in comfort and everyday usability than the average car, Franklin performance drives home this fact: only Franklin light weight, flexible construction and direct air cooling (no water to boil or freeze) give motoring satisfaction approaching the ideal.

*20 miles to the gallon of gasoline
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On the boardwalk, on the hotel porch, at receptions, wherever well-dressed men and women gather, Keds are "it".

They're canvas rubber-soled shoes of distinction—suitable for any and every occasion in town and country, indoors or outdoors.

Keds come in a wide range of styles. Better-looking shoes you have rarely seen. Certainly you've never worn shoes more comfortable in hot weather.

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Ask your shoe dealer for Keds. You should be able to obtain the exact style you want. Look for the name "Keds" stamped on the sole.

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Keds



forced into employment during the war, for training the domestic servant.

The attempt to introduce adult education, however, has brought forth most dramatically the need for adult education and also the obstacles to its application. "Men and women demand education after maturity because of a desire to understand better the world in which they live and the forces with which they contest or with which they advance their conditions," says a letter from the committee on Adult Education. "Something of this is seen in the voluntary labor school. The humble, the poor, and the educated want to know. Before the war there were nearly 2,000 adult schools with a voluntary membership of nearly 100,000. The Workers' Educational Association last year had about 200 branches, and out of this came the cooperation of our universities which started some hundred and fifty assisting classes with over three thousand students, pledged to carry on a three years' course of study."

The attempt of the reconstruction authorities to extend adult education has given the British a new insight into the lives of the workers and this is because adult education is blocked by social facts which a mass of evidence from the workers themselves has laid on the table of the educational committees. The picture is one of no time and no energy for study. "I have been a student for ten years," said a railway checker. "But my hours have hindered me. After twelve hours of work it is hard to concentrate." A colliery laborer testified: "You generally find the collieries are outside of town. We get up at about three o'clock and arrive home at six. Education is difficult."

Education or the Mob?

THE shift system rises in startling antagonism to education too. Another colliery worker said: "We have the three-shift system. When there are three or four workers in a house perhaps all are working on different shifts during the same week. So the women folks in the house simply live to get meals. And the shift worker himself can only attend evening classes one week out of every three." Overtime is another obstacle—"I had two hours' overtime every day," said a man in a white-lead plant. "And rising at six and coming back at nine-thirty didn't leave me much strength to study. The only time I found to read was in the half hour allowed for breakfast at the works. Under a dirty arch and near a refuse heap I managed to learn something in connection with what I learned in the class."

For reasons based on testimony of this kind, I found that the Committee on Adult Education, dealing with the problem of education for adult laborers, has made one recommendation out of eleven which dealt with education itself. That one advised that village halls for classes and meetings should be provided wherever the public authorities were in control. All the other ten had to do with working hours, the de-

pletion of workers' energy, with housing and such matters as the provision in all plants of a place to wash one's hands!

"But we will overcome the difficulties," said the labor leader who has enlisted in the Government campaign for adult education. "It is education or the mob. That is the way it looks in some parts of the world. The British will choose education."

The gigantic task for the British just now, in fact, lies in the Job. It is the Man and the Woman and the Job, or the Lack of a Job, all in capital letters.

A New "After-the-War" World

IMAGINE the problems—you who are back home in America with a social and economic fabric not all torn to rags as the British fabric has been chewed up and raveled out by four and a half years of war! What would you do with all the boys and girls who have gone to work and will see their jobs fade away? What would you do with the six thousand new women workers in the farmerette class, the "Land Army," as the English call it, when the men who want work on the soil came back from France? How would you dispose of the future fortunes of the million and a half women who went out of the home and into the job when war called?

What will you do with the endless streams of men returning from war? How will you find work or education for the officers who have become used to a scale of living based on their pay and who, now nerve-racked or now reminded that war interrupted their educational training, try to find jobs that will support new tastes and new wives and new babies?

How will you take care of the munition workers before other work starts up? What will you do to work out a plan to take care of the unemployed and to get people out of the cities where war has herded them and to make capital and labor work out their differences together around a table instead of separately in contest when a nation's nerves are still weary and war-edged?

These are a handful of the problems of human labor which the British are working out. Some of them are emergency problems, but behind the dealing with them all there is the spirit and the practice of this permanent "new world after the war" of which we have talked so much. It is the one significant experiment in reconstruction going on in a world which is talking its head off about idealism while the British—the supposedly stolid, unimaginative British—are actually sawing wood. No matter what its errors may be, it is the one example of well-ordered national reconstruction based on realization of the need to conserve human resource and rearrange the pattern of life in the name of social justice and as a guaranty against the dripping-mouthed mob.

It is a brand of idealism not for export but for consumption on the premises.

The Crime of Partition

Continued from page 10

after sawing furiously at its throat for a hundred years or so was expected to make friends suddenly and kiss it on both cheeks in the mystic Russian way.

It was a singularly nightmarish combination of international polity, and no whisper of any other would have been officially tolerated. Indeed, I don't think in the whole extent of western Europe there was anybody who had the slightest mind to whisper on that subject.

Those were the days of the dark future, when Benckendorf put down his name on the Committee for the Relief of Polish Populations driven by the Russian armies into the heart of Russia, when the Grand Duke Nicholas (the gentleman who advocated a St. Bartholomew's night for the suppression of Russian liberalism) was dis-

playing his "divine" (I have read the very word in an English newspaper of standing) strategy in the great retreat, and Mr. Iswolsky carried himself haughtily on the banks of the Seine, and it was beginning to dawn upon certain people there that he was a greater nuisance even than the Polish question.

But there is no use in talking about all that. Some clever person has said that it is always the unexpected that happens, and on a calm and dispassionate survey the world does appear mainly to one as a scene of miracles. Out of Germany's strength, in whose purpose so many people refused to believe, came Poland's opportunity, in which nobody could have been expected to believe. Out of Russia's collapse emerged that forbidden thing, the Polish independence, not as a venge-

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Then he can shoot at the standard .22 caliber targets under regulation conditions.

He can have his targets certified by the principal of his high school, his scout master or his father, or some rifle club official.

He submits his targets to the National Rifle Association, and as soon as he qualifies the association awards him the bronze Junior Marksman Button.

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You'll find the proportions of *Sealpax* just right—generously full, without awkward bagginess.

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Athletic Underwear

ful figure, the retributive shadow of the Crime, but as something much more solid and more difficult to get rid of—a political necessity and a moral solution.

Directly it appeared its practical usefulness became undeniable, and also the fact that, for better or worse, it was impossible to get rid of it again except by the unthinkable way of another carving, of another partition, of another crime.

Poland Reborn

THEREIN lies the strength and the future of the thing so strictly forbidden no farther back than two years or so, of Polish independence expressed in a Polish state. It comes into the world morally free, not in virtue of its sufferings, but in virtue of its miraculous rebirth and of its ancient claim for services rendered to Europe.

Not a single one of the combatants of all the fronts of the world had died consciously for Poland's freedom. That opportunity even was denied to Poland's children. And it is just as well! Providence in its inscrutable way had been merciful, for had it been otherwise the load of gratitude would have been too great, the sense of obligation too crushing, the joy of deliverance too fearful for mortals, common sinners with the rest of mankind before the eye of the Most High.

Those who died east and west, leaving so much anguish and so much pride behind them, died neither for the creation of states nor for empty words, nor yet the salvation of general ideas. They died neither for democracy, nor leagues, nor systems, and not even for abstract justice, which is an unfathomable mystery. They died for something too deep for words, too mighty for the common standard by which reason measures the advantages of life and death, too sacred for the vain discourses that come and go on the lips of dreamers, fanatics, humanitarians, and statesmen.

Poland's independence springs up from that great immolation, but Poland's loyalty will not be rooted in anything so trenchant and burdensome as the sense of immeasurable indebtedness, of that gratitude which in a worldly sense is sometimes called eternal, but which lies always at the mercy of weariness and is fatally condemned by the instability of human sentiment to end in negation. Polish loyalty will be rooted in something much more solid and enduring, something that could never be called eternal, but which is, in fact, life-enduring. It will be rooted in the national temperament which is about the only thing on earth that can be trusted.

Men may deteriorate, they may improve too, but they don't change. Misfortune is a hard school, which may either mature or spoil a national character, but it may be reasonably advanced that the long course of adversity of the most cruel kind has not injured the fundamental characteristics of that nation which has proved its vitality against the most demoralizing odds. The various phases of the Polish sense of self-preservation struggling among the menacing forces and the no less threatening chaos of the neighboring powers should be judged impartially.

I suggest impartiality and not indulgence simply because when appraising the Polish question it is not necessary to invoke the softer emotions. A little calm reflection on the past and the present is all that is necessary on the part of the Western world to judge the movements of a community whose ideals are the same but whose situation is unique.

This situation was brought vividly home to me in the course of an argument more than eighteen months ago. "Don't forget," I was told, "that Poland has got to live in contact with Germany and Russia to the end of time. Do you understand the force of that expression: 'to the end of time'? Facts must be taken into account, and especially facts such as this to which there is no

possible remedy on earth. For reasons which are, properly speaking, physiological, a prospect of friendship with Germans or Russians even in the most distant future is unthinkable. Any alliance of heart and mind would be a monstrous thing, and monsters, as you know, cannot live. You can't base conduct on a monstrous conception.

"We are either worth or not worth preserving, but the horrible psychology of the situation is enough to drive the national mind to distraction. Yet under a destructive pressure, of which western Europe can have no notion, of forces that were not only crushing but corrupting, we have preserved our sanity. Therefore there can be no fear of our losing our minds simply because the pressure is removed. We have neither lost our heads nor yet our moral sense.

"Oppression, not merely political but affecting social relation, family life, the deepest affections of human nature, and the very fount of natural emotions, has never made us vengeful. It is worthy of notice that with every incentive present in our emotional reactions we had no recourse to political assassination. Arms in hand, hopelessly or hopefully, and always against immeasurable odds, we did affirm ourselves and the justice of our cause; but 'wild justice' has never been a part of our conception of national manliness. In all the history of Polish oppression there was only one shot fired which was not in battle. Only one! And the man who fired it in Paris at the Emperor Alexander II was but an individual connected with no organization, representing no part of Polish opinion. The only effect in Poland was that of profound regret, not at the failure, but at the mere fact of the attempt. The history of our captivity is free from that stain; and whatever follies in the eyes of the world we may have perpetrated we have neither murdered our enemies nor acted treacherously against them, nor yet have been reduced to the point of cursing each other."

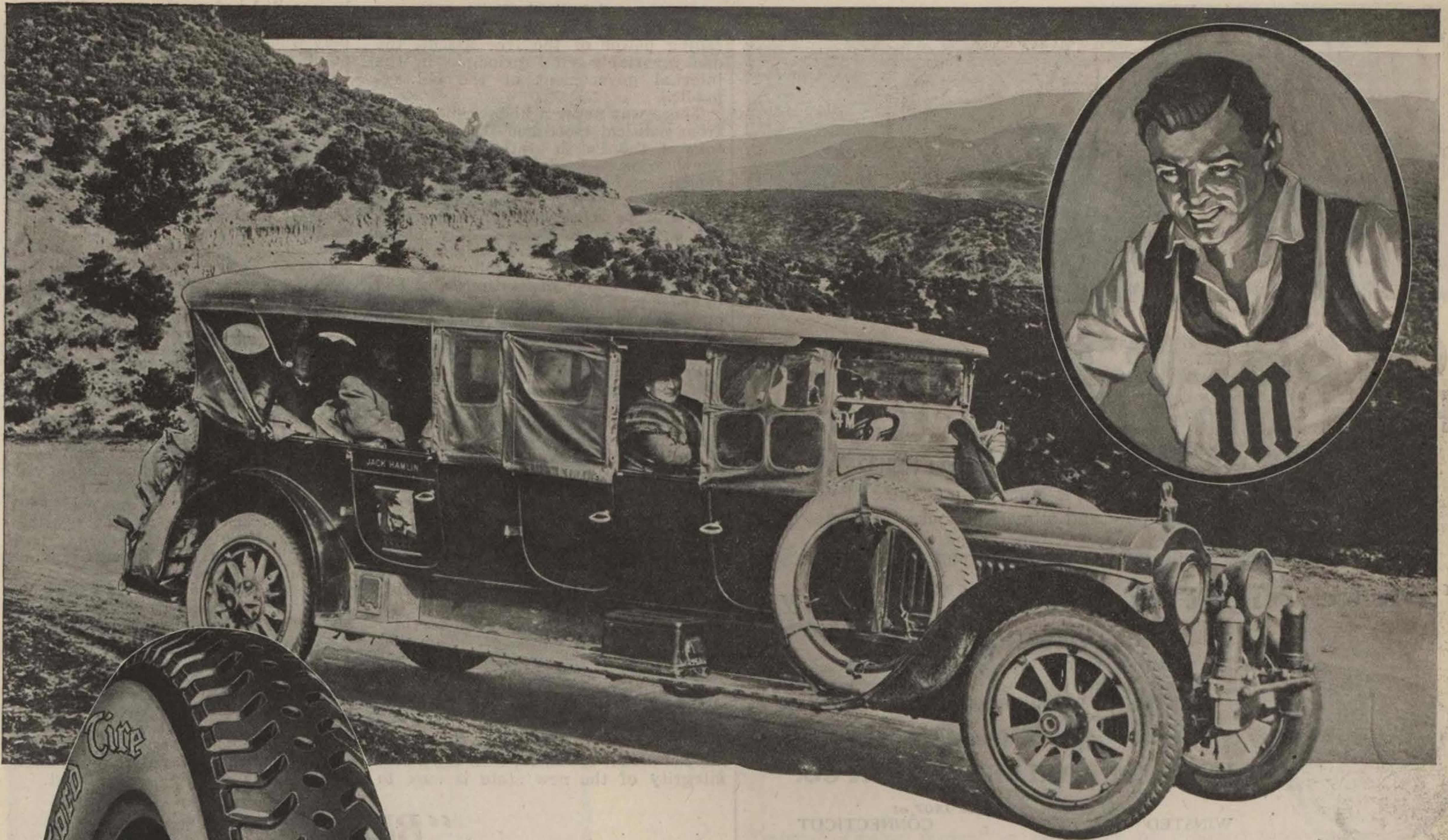
I could not gainsay the truth of that discourse. I saw as clearly as my interlocutor the impossibility of the faintest sympathetic bond between Poland and her neighbors ever being formed in the future. The only course that remains to a reconstituted Poland is the elaboration, establishment, and preservation of the most correct method of political relations with neighbors to whom Poland's existence is bound to be a humiliation and offense. Calmly considered, it is an appalling task, yet one may put one's trust in that national temperament which is so completely free from aggressiveness and revenge.

Therein lie the foundations of all hope. The success of renewed life for that nation whose fate is to remain in exile, ever isolated from the West among hostile surroundings, depends on the sympathetic understanding of its problems by its distant friends, the Western powers, which in their democratic development must recognize the moral and intellectual kinship of that distant outpost of their type of civilization, which was the only basis of Polish culture.

An Imperishable Individualism

WHATEVER may be the future of Russia and the final organization of Germany, the old hostility must remain unappeased, the fundamental antagonism must endure for years to come. The Crime of the Partition was committed by autocratic governments which were the governments of their time; but those governments were characterized in the past, as they will be in the future, by their people's national traits, which remain utterly incompatible with Polish mentality and Polish sentiment.

Both the German submissiveness (idealistic as it may be) and the Russian lawlessness (fed on the corruption of all the virtues) are utterly foreign to the Polish nation, whose qualities and defects are altogether of another kind tending to a certain ex-



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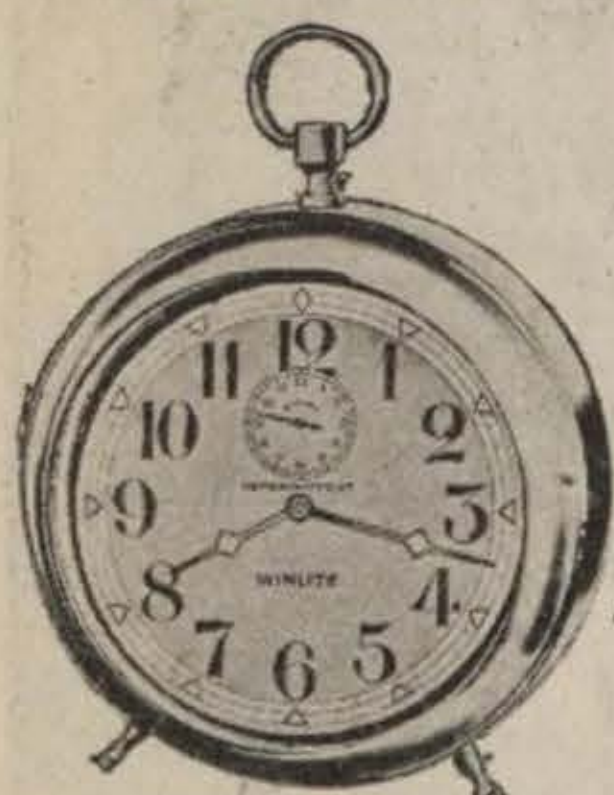


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aggeration of individualism and, perhaps, to an extreme belief in the governing power of the free assent, the one invariably vital principle in the internal government of the old republic.

There was never a history more free from political bloodshed than the history of the Polish state, which never knew either feudal institutions or feudal quarrels. At the time when heads were falling on the scaffolds all over Europe there was only one political execution in Poland—only one—and as to that there still exists a tradition that the great chancellor who democratized Polish institutions and had to order it in pursuance of his political purpose could not settle that matter with his conscience till the day of his death.

Poland too had its civil wars, but this can hardly be made a matter of reproach by the rest of the world. Conducted with humanity, they left behind them no animosities and no sense of repression and certainly no legacy of hatred. They were but an argument in a political discussion and tended always toward conciliation.

The Offspring of the West

I CAN'T imagine, in whatever form of democratic government Poland elaborates for itself, that either the nation or its leaders would do anything but welcome the closest scrutiny of their renewed political existence. The difficulty of the problem of that existence will be so great that some errors will be unavoidable, and one may be sure that they will be taken advantage of by its neighbors to discredit that living witness to a great historical Crime. If not the actual frontiers, then the moral integrity of the new state is sure to

be assailed before the eyes of Europe. Economic enmity will also come into play when the world's work is resumed again and competition asserts its power. Charges of aggression are certain to be made especially as related to the small states formed on the territories of the old republic. And everybody knows the power of lies which go about clothed in coats of many colors, whereas, as is well known, truth has no such advantage, and for that reason is often suppressed as not altogether proper for everyday purposes. It is not often recognized, because it is not always fit to be seen.

Already there are innuendoes, threats, hints thrown out, and even awful instances fabricated out of inadequate materials, but it is historically unthinkable, that the Poland of the future, with its sacred tradition of Poland and its hereditary sense of respect for the rights of individuals and states, should seek its prosperity in aggressive action or in moral violence against that part of its once fellow citizens who speak Ruthenian or Lithuanian. The only influence that cannot be restrained is simply the influence of time which disengages truth from all facts with a merciless logic and prevails over passing opinions, the changing impulses of men.

There can be no doubt that the moral impulses and the material interests of the new nationalities which seem to play now the game of disintegration for the benefit of the world's enemies will in the end bring them nearer to the Poland of this war's creation, will unite them sooner or later by a spontaneous movement toward the state which had adopted and brought them up in the development of its own humane culture—the offspring of the West.

"Blinks"

Continued from page 26

been established for the trained blind, and of which more hereafter.

At the opposite extreme from the exalté type is the man whose affliction has left him profoundly and bitterly depressed. With such cases it is a question of getting the subject in time, before he has slumped too far. In practically every instance this has been done.

The very atmosphere of Evergreen goes far to accomplish it, to pull the man out of his Slough of Despond by the mere influence of the prevalent pluck and optimism, and set him on firm ground almost without his realizing it, as the shrewd and helpful "blinks" did with the despairing gob in whom I witnessed the miracle of the rebirth of manhood. At the moment when the handicapped man begins to take an interest in life again, his start is made. From the time when he feels himself a part of the little community, with common interests and common enjoyments, he is on the upgrade. Once he sees ahead of him clearly a useful, productive place in the world, and sets to the task of fitting himself for it, he is safe.

Therein is the reason why "officially blind" means so much to these young fellows. It places them. In a sense it puts them to the test. It is the honor of their fraternity to make good in the world.

There is a third type, affording a more difficult problem; the patient who, recovered from the physical shock of his wounds, remains bewildered, anxious, timid, a helpless traveler in a strange land of which he knows neither the highways nor the customs of life. Here the danger is that he may fall into the apathy of self-distrust and become a mere inert, tragic dependent upon the Government pension, which gives an ample income to those blinded in the service.

He will, unless carefully handled, become "institutionalized," mentally and physically cramped within the walls of this or another refuge. But the whole trend of the Evergreen training is against this result. The blind men are subtly and constantly incited to look

out beyond the institution, to think and plan in terms of the outside world, and to prevision themselves always as natural and normal participants in the activities of life. Thence arises a paradox. The inmates are devoted to Evergreen; yet their keenest wish is to get through with it and out into the main current of life.

They Ask No Odds

WHAT do they expect to do there? In a word, they expect to work and be paid for it, to play and enjoy it, and to ask no odds of life in any respect. When I was asked to visit Evergreen the best that my imagination could do with the blind man as an economic factor was to picture him as a piano tuner or perhaps a "freak" musician, or selling pencils or newspapers on a street corner to sympathetic patrons.

The Evergreen graduates are not going to do a street-corner trade in pity, though some of the musically inclined may become expert tuners. There has been compiled at Evergreen a long and still growing list of gainful occupations practicable for the blind. And this does not include any job that the sightless man can do just as a makeshift and on sufferance. Either he can learn to do it as well as or better than the average sighted man, or they won't waste their time on his teaching it to him at Evergreen. Because when one faculty is lost the others intensify themselves automatically to compensate for it, blind people become naturally more expert than the sighted at certain pursuits; piano tuning, telephone receiving, and many forms of the more delicate manual labor where keen sense of touch comes into play. Under the guidance, sometimes of the staff, sometimes of the blind themselves, I saw the patients learning typewriting, taking dictation from the dictaphone, making furniture, testing and inspecting traction chains, adjusting electrical mechanism, making molds for small iron and aluminum castings, poultry raising, practicing horticulture, dairy farming, bookbinding, and busying themselves with a wide range of professional

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Modern transportation methods are carrying city advantages into the country districts.

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Federal trucks are carrying the Suburban Deliveries of Crowley, Milner & Co.—one of Detroit's leading department stores—to towns for thirty miles around.

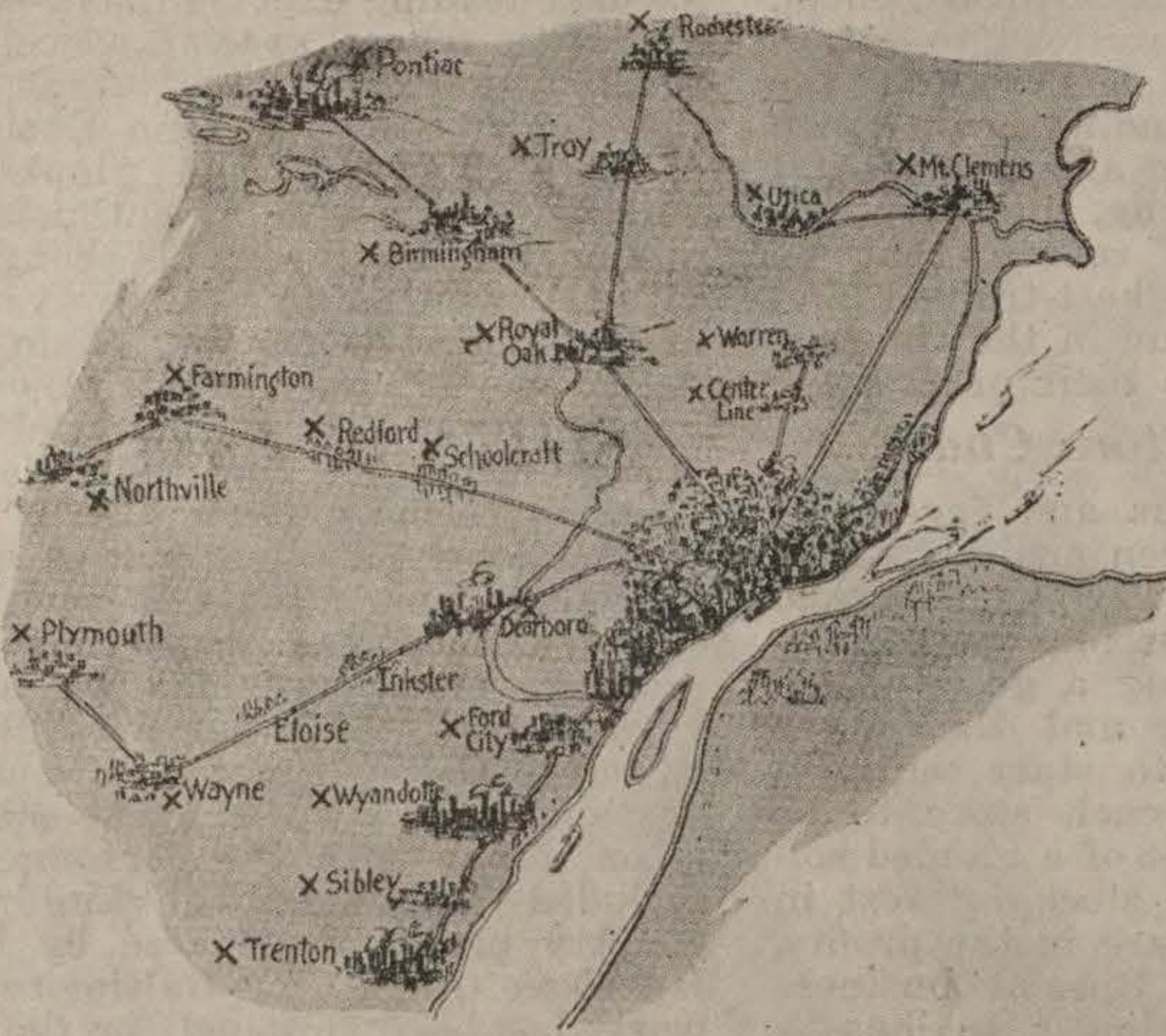
They haul loads of furniture and other household supplies—ensuring punctual delivery even to the outlying points.

A striking example, this, of how motor trucks—Federals in particular—have swept away the barriers of distance, and pushed the city-limits back to the suburbanite's very door.

"Federal Traffic News", a magazine of modern motor haulage, will be sent on request to responsible executives

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Suburban Deliveries —OF— Crowley, Milner & Co.

This store has established deliveries *throughout* the cities and *on* the roads indicated by the above map.

If you live beyond, or near, the cities indicated by crosses, you can arrange for delivery at some point within the city, and you can pick up your packages there, if you wish to do so.

We are glad to make deliveries on the indicated roads, but we cannot, for the present, make deliveries on any other roads. This is because the cost is tremendously increased when the delivery car must leave the paved roads indicated. Our idea is to sell goods as low as we possibly can. A too-liberal delivery system is very often a severe tax in increased prices on the customers of a store.

In the case of large purchases of household goods, we will extend the foregoing limits a little, figuring that the size of the purchase takes care of the delivery cost.

Will our Suburban customers please take care that the clerks get their names and addresses correctly—and with as much detail as necessary?

And will you be kind enough to tell your neighbors that we have instituted this service?

Crowley, Milner & Co.

GRAND TRUNK AVENUE AND LIBRARY AVENUE, WYANDOTTE, MICHIGAN
Saturday Nights the Men's Departments remain open until 9, the rest of the store closing at 8.



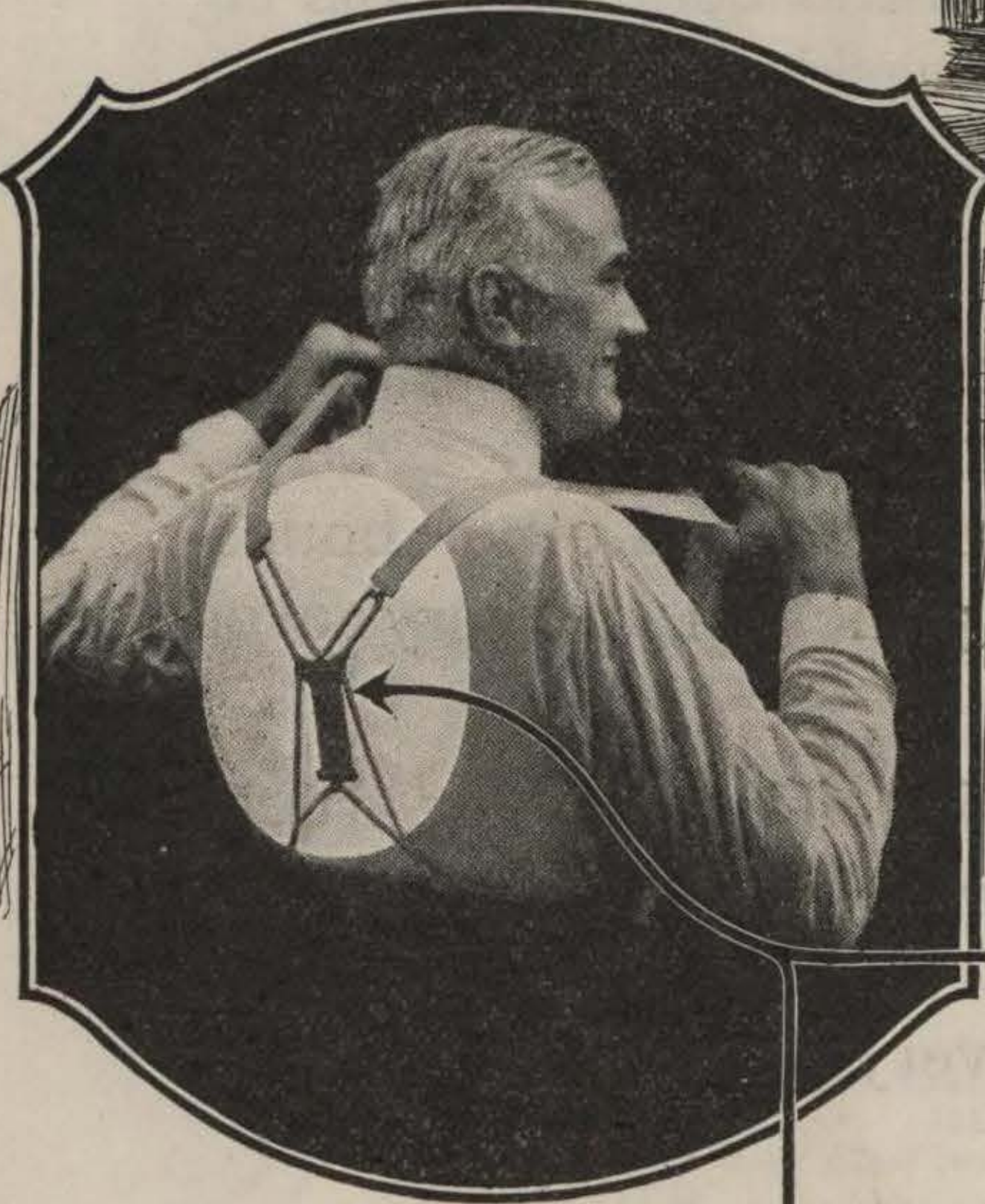
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One to Five Ton Capacities

YOU cannot know the satisfaction of being *comfortably* dressed until you put on Presidents.

A weight, web, width and length for either dress, business or rough wear. Some in fine mercerized lisle and silk-faced webbing. All with solid-brass trimmings warranted not to stain or rust. Demand the buckle-marked "President". Only such are guaranteed **ALL RIGHT ALL WAYS** —or money back. All dealers.

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Regular Length, 50c.
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and business pursuits. One of my blinded cicerones was at the time completing his course in anatomy and massage at Johns Hopkins Medical School, and already had invitations to establish himself in half a dozen of the larger cities, where leading medical men wanted him, not from any sentimental or sympathetic feeling, but for the thoroughly practical reason that he bids fair to be the best-trained and most scientific masseur in the country, and they need him in their practice!

The Victory Store Chain

THE most ambitious and far-reaching of the Evergreen projects is the Victory Store chain. The plan is backed by a body of business men as a business venture promising a good return on their investment, and the stores will be established, to start with, in a number of cities, each store to be under the management of a blinded soldier or sailor with a stock interest in the concern and a share in the profits, besides his salary. Special business training is given him. He has a "sighted" assistant, preferably a crippled man from one of the other reconstruction hospitals. There is to be a central buying organization for all the stores, enabling them to get the benefit of liberal discounts. But the local manager dictates and is responsible for the policy and success of his own store. If he has a wife, fiancée, or sister who wishes to go into the business with him, she may come to Evergreen and take a special course, at the expense of the Red Cross Institute for the Blind, in store management, bookkeeping, and salesmanship.

The stores will be standardized, so that a manager who has served his time in the model at Evergreen or one of the two "proving grounds" in Baltimore will know his way about instinctively to whatever store in whatever city he is assigned. The stock will be standardized so far as possible; mainly package goods, cigars, tobacco, candy, newspapers and magazines, stationery and specialties; also articles handmade by the blind at Evergreen and in other institutions. The general policy will be to handle nationally advertised articles, all-the-year-round goods, and stock making a quick turnover. Each store will be an object lesson to the public, a local proof of the fact that the blind man properly trained needs no pity and asks no odds. He wants only a fair show. Above all, he wants to be regarded, not as a freak, an abnormality, not as a "blind man," but as an ordinary human being who happens to be blind.

Setting the Example

"**BLINKS**" is the name they have given to themselves. At first the authorities were dubious about it; they suspected in the jaunty slang an element of bravado, a touch of bitterness. But they did not interfere. It is the virtue and wisdom of the Evergreen system not to interfere. Presently it developed that the term held for those who had made it their own a peculiar significance. It was an expression of solidarity, the shibboleth of the "officially blind." It implied something more than the mere loss of sight. Upon the full-fledged "blink" devolved a pride of behavior. He must be cheerful, amenable, adventurous to try new experiments, confident of his place in the scheme of things, determined and optimistic.

It is his caste mark not only to disregard his handicap, but so to bear himself that others shall forget it. Thus he justifies his sacrifice. Sightless, he must fit himself to look the world in the face.

To aid and inspire him in attaining this standard, a remarkable and devoted staff has been gathered together by the combined Army Medical Department and the Red Cross. It is they who are primarily responsible for the wonderfully inspiring atmosphere of the place. Colonel Bordley, an eye specialist of long experience and profound sympathy with the sightless; Charles F. F. Campbell (referred to in the early

part of this article), who volunteered for the work from the Ohio State School for the Blind; L. W. Wallace, one of the nation's leading exponents of vocational guidance, whose special concern it is to plan out the placing of the men in the economic world; John Earle Uhler of the staff of the Johns Hopkins University, whose special enthusiasm for aiding the handicapped brought him into the work; James Conway, auditor of the Liggett Company chain stores; A. B. Segur, the industrial engineer, whose survey of the industrial world's opportunities for the blind, deaf, and crippled forms a landmark in the advance along this line; and a score of specialists and experts in such practical departments as typewriting, Braille reading, music, gymnastics, and the various crafts: forming a faculty such as has probably never been equaled in any similar institution. The equipment is on a par with the personnel. The secluded and beautiful hundred-acre country place, contributed by Mrs. T. Harrison Garrett of Baltimore to the work, has been supplied for the special educational purposes, with a gymnasium with swimming pool, schoolrooms, workshops, and the like, the result being an almost perfect plant.

And for what? The training of a mere handful of men. For, happily, the number of Americans who made to the war cause the greatest sacrifice short of life itself is inconsiderable; less than two hundred, total. Economically so great an outlay of money and personal effort as that represented at Evergreen could hardly be justified were the work to cease with the education and reestablishment of these few sufferers, since it could be reasonably argued that an equal expenditure would achieve greater benefit to a much larger number along other lines, such as reclaiming consumptives in the early stages, for example. But it is not intended that the scope of the work should be limited to the blinded men of the service. What each man, when he graduates to his place in the world of action, will represent is not only the rehabilitation of the individual, but also an object lesson to the public and a proof that there is a chance in life for the most tragic class of helpless and joyless folk alive, the eighty thousand disregarded victims of blindness scattered about and pushed aside in forgotten nooks and corners of the country.

Except in a few enlightened and progressive State institutions, mainly devoted to children, nothing has been done for these sufferers. They may fiddle at country fairs and we will, of our charity, toss a dime in the cup. They may squat on city corners, and we will stop long enough to buy a pair of shoe laces which we do not want. Beyond that we cannot be bothered thinking of them. No one thinks of them, except the kind of practical idealists who make up the working force of Evergreen. They are now thinking into the future when all the present undergraduates of the place shall have completed their courses and have taken their place in the outer world. Then, automatically, the duties of the Surgeon General's office of the War Department will conclude. But the Red Cross can continue, and intends to continue, with those eighty thousand darkened lives to draw from for material.

"Curtains for Benny"

LET me get back to my "blinks." For they have their views, too, as to this matter of their less fortunate civilian fellows, views which may fairly be assumed to be expert opinion. The private who had been typing a "cheer-up" letter in Braille to the prospectively surprised blind lady at home whom he did not know, had brought down the epistle in the evening for comment and criticism. It started something.

"What does the lady do?" asked the marine.

"Do? Nothin', I guess. What'd you expect?"

"Just about that," returned the marine thoughtfully.

"I knew a real old lady," remarked

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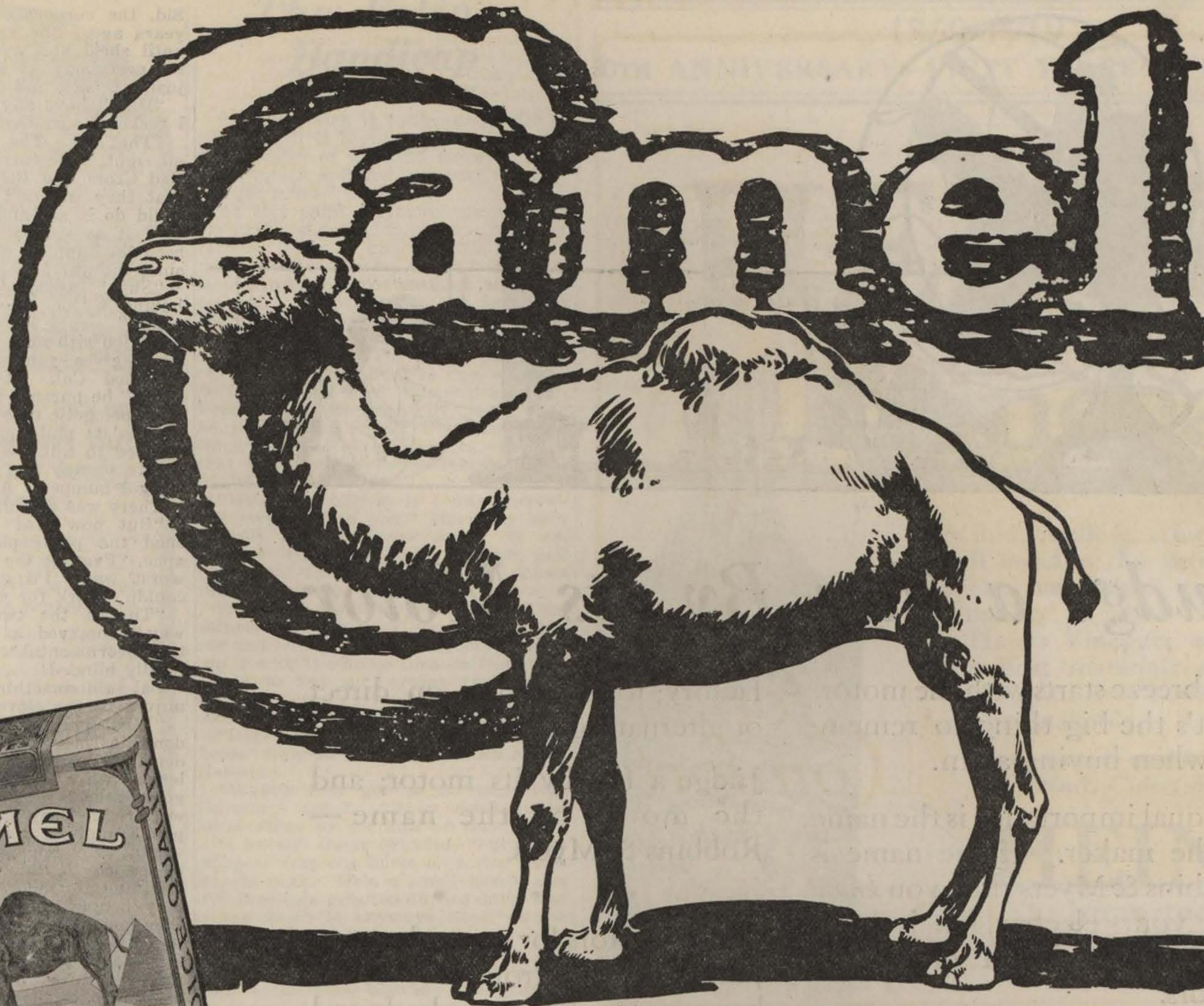
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You start right in on Camels as though you had been smoking and enjoying them for a year! *Your test will prove that!*

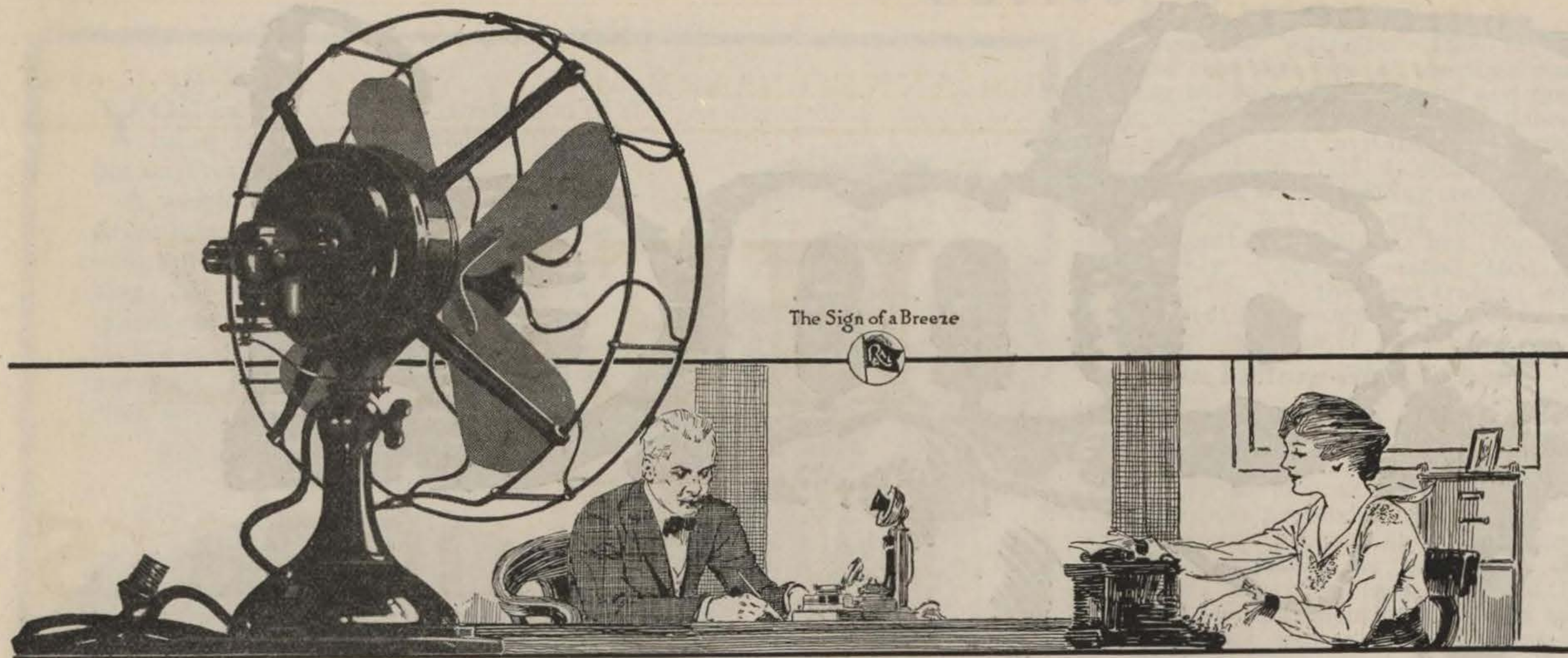
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When you have smoked a few Camels you'll realize the value is in the cigarettes and you will not look for or expect coupons, premiums or gifts. So confident are we that you will like Camels that we ask you to compare them with any cigarette in the world at any price!

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The breeze starts with the motor. That's the big thing to remember when buying a fan.

Of equal importance is the name of the maker. If the name is Robbins & Myers then you *know* that your electric fan is built throughout by a maker of motors.

Fan durability is a matter of motor excellence. A fan should last a lifetime—and it will if the motor is right.

So, for utmost comfort and economy, look for the R&M flag on the guard, a guarantee of the motor back of the blades.

An R&M Fan is a friend for years, for every Robbins & Myers Fan is warranted as to workmanship, performance and durability.

All sizes and styles: ceiling, desk, wall, oscillating, non-oscillating, ventilating; for home, office,

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Judge a fan by its motor; and the motor by the name—Robbins & Myers.

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R&M Motors for general power purposes range from 1-40 to 50 horsepower. They are also found on the better electrically equipped devices for factory, store, home and office.

A Robbins & Myers Motor on any such device is a guarantee of superior construction throughout, as well as of uninterrupted service.

Power users, electrical device makers and dealers find an unusual trustworthiness in the Robbins & Myers line, the result of 22 years' achievement in this one field.

The Robbins & Myers Company, Springfield, O.
For Twenty-two Years Makers of Quality Fans and Motors
Branches in All Principal Cities

Sid, the corporal, "a blink since ten years ago. She knit for seven years until she'd knit everything there was for everybody she knew, and then she just lay back and got ready to die."

"Didn't have anything to do but die, I reckon," surmised Sergeant Zim.

"That's it. The war saved her life, all right. She turned out stuff for the Red Cross and Belgian Relief so fast that they wouldn't believe one person could do it all, and so good that they used it as models to work by. She's been the happiest old girl you ever saw since the war."

"Sure!" assented the marine. "It's having a job to do that keeps you going."

"A job with some real use to it; that's what gives you a hold on things," amended Cal. "Did you guys ever think," he pursued in that hesitant and semiapologetic tone wherein youth propounds its philosophy, "that we never stopped to think whether we were going to be any use in the game before we got bumped. Anyway, I didn't."

There was a murmur of assent.

"But now that I'm a blink," pursued the philosopher, gaining assurance, "I've got the honest-toil bug the worst way. I'd go batty, sure, if I couldn't work for my living."

"There's the twenty-five per, anyway," observed a voice, referring to the governmental weekly pension to the totally blinded.

Cal said something violent and quite unjust to the Government's liberality.

"What good is it to you when you don't have the feel of working for it?" demanded Buck, and capped his challenge with a reminiscence. "I used to go to school with a gink whose folks were rich. They gave a Fourth of July picnic, and he was running the fireworks. He rubbered into a set piece to see why it didn't go off, and it did. Curtains for poor old Benny! Well, they bought him an automobile, and they bought him a sail boat, and they took him on trips, and they bought him a guide to trot him around, and they did everything for him but teach him a job. So, on his twenty-first birthday, he went up to the bathroom and got hold of the wrong bottle of tooth wash, and it happened to be a chloroform mixture, and I was a bearer at the funeral. It was an accidental death. The coroner said so."

"Of course," assented the group soberly.

"Now, if we could have had him here," commented the marine.

"Sure!" said Jake. "He wouldn't have made that mistake about the bottles—here."

Rounding Up the Blinks

THERE was a sound of hard breathing from the edge of the circle where sat the gob. I judged, from my vantage point in the conservatory, that he was thinking back a few hours, and that there were fear and shame and relief in his thought. His face was the face of one who suddenly sees in visible form the evil spirit that was cast out of him. "When I get home," announced Cal, "I'm going to round up all the blinks I can find and tell 'em about this place."

"What's the good?" asked Jake. "They won't take 'em here unless they're in the service. They can't."

"I'll bet they will," asserted Cal, "when we get out. They've got to. They aren't going to lay down on a big job like this when it's only just started. Anyway, this is my college and I'm going out to give the yell and toll the people in."

"Well, fellow blinks"—Zim got up and stretched his powerful, clean-built form preparatory to delivering himself of the inevitable and threadbare jest of the service, which is so much more than a jest because of the solid conviction underlying it—"it's a great life if you don't weaken."

They don't weaken; not the blinks. They are going out with a gospel for their afflicted fellows, a gospel of self-support, self-dependence, self-respect. For in this new dispensation, if the blind lead the blind, both shall come to the goal.

Robbins & Myers Fans



The Eclipse Handicap

Continued from page 21

"All of which is interesting," Omar said, "until it begins reaching out for the remains of my auto money. Then I get into it and you can hear me yelling for miles."

At this point Harmony encountered his first rough sledding, because Omar refused flatly to have anything to do with the Tia Juana enterprise. Our leader argued, threatened, cajoled, and pleaded. He pointed to the fact that the plan was an open-and-shut cinch, wherein we stood no chance to lose a cent. We entered our horse, put down our bets at a hundred to one, or maybe better, and then automatically collected our winnings. It took four hours. At the end of that time little Omar moaned piteously and signified that he would pay our expenses down to Tia Juana.

"Why, you talk as if I was borrowing money from you," Harmony said sharply, when it was over. "I am about to make a fortune for you, and you ought to be down on your knees thanking me."

Hurrying over the preliminaries, we shipped Gallops in a commodious box car and left Oakland in the same, sharing it with the horse because Omar declined to buy us regular transportation. On that trip Omar found another genuine worry.

"Did you ever think what a small horse Gallops is?" he demanded of Harmony.

"What's that got to do with it?" Harmony asked. "They don't judge horse races by the size of the horse."

"I know," Omar grunted, "but we're going to race our horse on a day when it gets dark. He's a small horse, and if this eclipse gets too darned dark, and if the finish is anyways close, maybe the judges won't be able to see him. Where would we be then, with my money up, hey? Suppose some large, high horse gets between the judge's stand and Gallops and it's pretty dark? What then?"

"You can certainly find a lot of original things to fret about," Harmony replied. "This is an eclipse we're talking about—not a midnight affair. Eclipses make things partly dark."

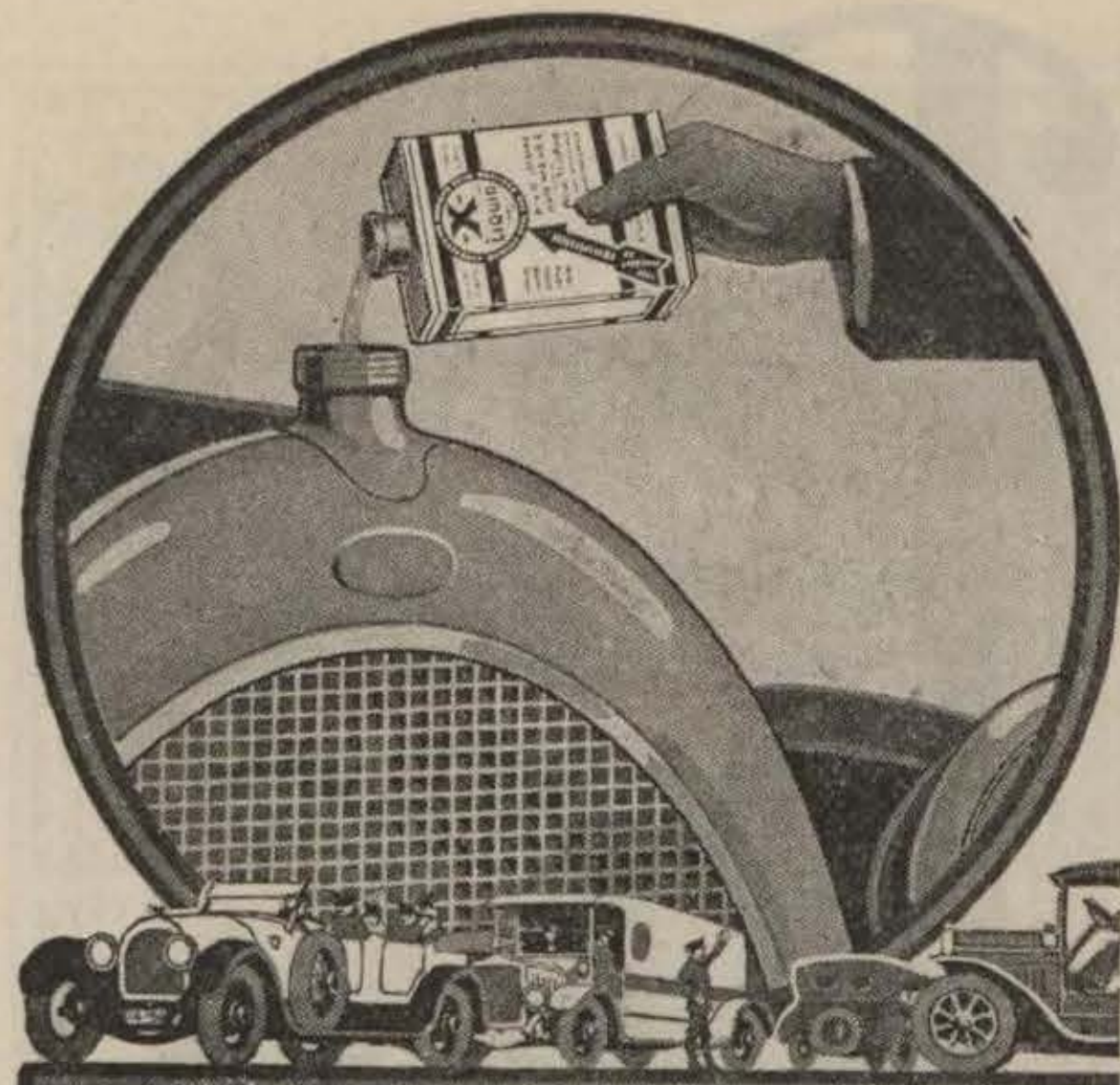
WE arrived in Tia Juana without adventure, unloaded Gallops with care, and stored him away in a stable with a competent attendant, and then sat around to wait for three o'clock on the afternoon of Thursday, the 12th of August. When it became noised abroad that Gallops was entered by H. Childs in the Empire Handicap, which was the official name of the race, the San Diego newspapers indulged in humorous comment and the race fans grinned derisively. Entering Gallops in a race was regarded as the equivalent to pouring gold coins over Niagara Falls.

Harmony engaged a capable boy to give our popeyed steed a daily workout, and as this occurred in broad daylight, there was no chance that our precious secret would leak out. Of the automobile money, Omar still had something over four hundred left. I remember that the races were largely attended that year, betting was heavy, and the ring was full of prosperous bookmakers. With everything looking bright and cheerful, Omar continued to fret. "Yeah, but just how dark will it be?" he asked Harmony repeatedly and nervously.

"Just like it gets at dusk," our leader replied. "What for do you keep on pestering me about that?"

"Because Gallops is so all-fired little," Omar insisted, "and likewise, because all this dough which we are about to wager is the sole remains of my automobile. I was fond of that automobile, and I'd like to buy it back some day."

"An eclipse," Harmony explained gently, "is a partial obscurity of the sun, producing a semi-daylight condition, bordering on dusk. It is different



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from nighttime. It will be just dark enough for Gallops to run one of his high-speed races, and that means we cash in without further ado. Now say no more."

"All right," Omar returned, but I could see that he was still anxious, in spite of repeated assurances.

"You know how it is, George," he confided to me, as the fateful 12th drew nigh. "It's all my money and it's all of it. If we lose that four hundred, we're cooked. I don't want that horse overlooked by any near-sighted judges in case the finish is a close one."

I added my solace to the words of Harmony, and so the situation drifted along, until Thursday morning was upon us.

OF course the previous racing record of our entry was known to the fraternity, and on Thursday we had to stand for fresh joshing. Also on Thursday morning, our first bit of hard luck dropped in for a call. The jockey employed by Harmony in the regular way to ride Gallops, fell off a stable roof and broke his leg. Harmony heard the news and started at once to locate another jockey, because if we failed to get Gallops into the three o'clock race we would have to wait for the next eclipse, and eclipses are none too plentiful anywhere.

I likewise hurried hither and yon looking for a rider, but it was Omar who trotted into the stable along toward noon, towing behind him a green jockey named Schwartz, whom he had dug up in San Diego. He was a dough-faced looking individual, but he was a jockey.

"Can you ride a horse?" Harmony asked, looking him over with a doubtful eye.

"Sure," said Schwartz complacently. "If I can't ride a horse, then nobody can't. I only weigh ninety-six pounds."

"And ninety-five of it is below your chin too," Harmony commented, staring hard at Omar's find. "However, we have got to have a jockey. Go in there and get acquainted with Gallops."

"I suppose," Omar said some time later, "that you want me to bet every dollar of the cash we have left."

"Certainly," said Harmony. "How much is there?"

"About four hundred and a quarter." "The three of us will split that and spread it thin over the ring," Harmony went on. "Gallops is always a hundred to one, so it makes between forty and fifty thousand we win."

"It's all right," said Omar, "only we've got to remember that Gallops is a mighty small horse. And this is my last four hundred. Remember that?"

"We got a fine chance of forgetting it," I said a little peevishly. "A fine chance."

I remember now that some time that morning, between nine and noon, Omar was mysteriously missing, and I searched for him in vain. He reappeared at lunch, and his nervousness seemed to have gone. He spoke of the approaching race with something akin to confidence, and when it came time for him to unbelt and share the money with us, so that we could spread it over the ring, he did so without a protest. It was entirely unlike Omar.

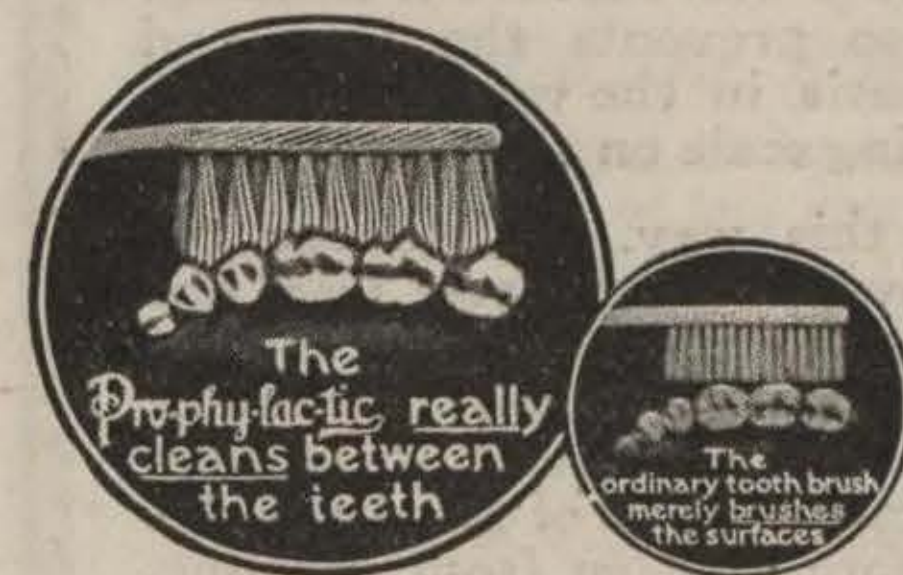
As for Harmony, that urbane gent was acting as though the race was already run and we were standing in line in some good bank, waiting for the man to change our fortune into large bills.

"There's a nice summer hotel up at Monterey that I've had my eye on for a long time," he said cheerfully. "We can buy that place for about twenty thousand dollars, and it's an established money maker. I'd like to go into the hotel business for a year or two."

"I'd like a home myself," Omar agreed. "My idea of heaven is to live in a room costing twelve dollars a day and not be charged anything for it."

THE three of us watched the early traces with but languid interest. Harmony gave the final instructions to Schwartz, and they were indeed simple and comprehensible to the most elemental natures. Schwartz was merely

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to sit on Gallops and hit him with the whip when the race began, sending him out in front of the other five horses and keeping him in that relative position for the entire mile and a quarter. There was no finesse or generalship demanded of Schwartz, which was a good thing.

"Hit him with the whip, and then keep on hitting him," was Harmony's parting command, and after Schwartz promised to do so the three of us descended upon the unsuspecting betting ring to take forty thousand dollars away from those sharks in human form.

The scheduled eclipse came along just as announced in the newspapers, and from noon on it grew darker steadily. It was that queer, unnatural darkness that is slightly like evening, but not quite, and it gave precisely the sort of lighting arrangement that suited our race horse. By the time the Empire Handicap came around you could just see from the ring up to the stands, and Harmony rubbed his hands with the joyous self-appreciation of a man who knows his worth.

On every book, poor old Gallops was a joke entry and his price was one hundred to one, except in a few cases where you were allowed to bet three or four bucks at two hundred to one. I hurried from book to book, laying my wagers and off in the distance I could see Harmony and Omar doing likewise. About five minutes before the horses stepped out to face the barrier, the three of us got together in the grand stand and, after discussing the figures with me and Omar, Harmony took a piece of lead pencil and a program and figured that we won forty-three thousand dollars.

"In cash," Harmony said gleefully. "That's the best of it. Real money to buy things with."

The barrier then went up suddenly. The race began, and there is no need for a painfully detailed description of it, because it worked out precisely as Harmony planned. When the six horses jumped away from the barrier, Gallops sort of volplaned into the air and when he landed on four feet, he was the seventh part of a mile out in front of those hounds and was already a winner. Anyone could see that.

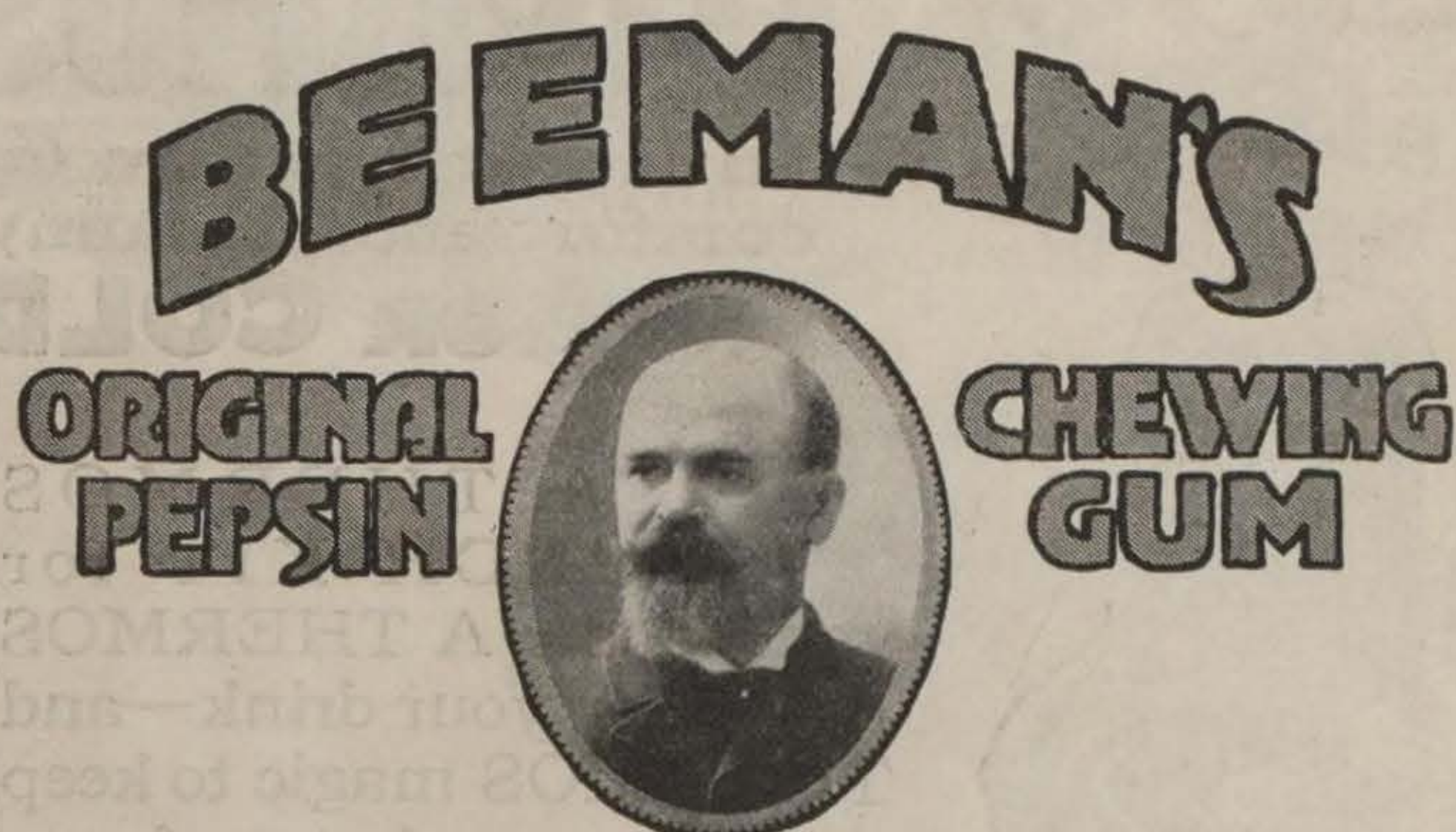
"Now," said Harmony, turning to Omar, "you can see for yourself that this eclipse isn't as dark as you feared. There is no chance that the judges will overlook Gallops."

"You said a hatful," admitted Omar. "There's one thing I am sure of."

WE watched the parade as it dashed by the grand stand, with our night-running wonder out in front, and going like a runaway comet. All around us were exclamations of surprise, with people asking each other if that was Gallops leading; and then the shocked answers in the affirmative. We saw the procession disappear into the murky turn, with our noble steed increasing his lead, and the other beetles bunched far behind.

In the betting ring, the Shylocks watched the miracle and we could hear their profane lamentations up in the stand. We waited patiently for the spectacle to emerge from the eclipse and dust into the home stretch, and when the runners once more appeared, I saw with glad content that Gallops was leading by the length of a rifle shot. It was all over.

Harmony freed himself of a joyous cheer, and Omar unbelted a yell of triumph. I was just on the point of making some noise on my own hook, when I turned and gazed down on the track. I then saw something that has never been beaten in the annals of American race tracks. With my mouth wide open in readiness for the unyelled yell, I saw that young Mr. Schwartz, our substitute jockey, had burst into flame, as it were. He was surrounded with an aura of light and came down the home stretch like a Salvation Army Christmas tree. Around his neck there glowed a row of electric bulbs, casting their radiance hither and yon, lighting up the scene most effectively, and calling the judges' attention to the fact



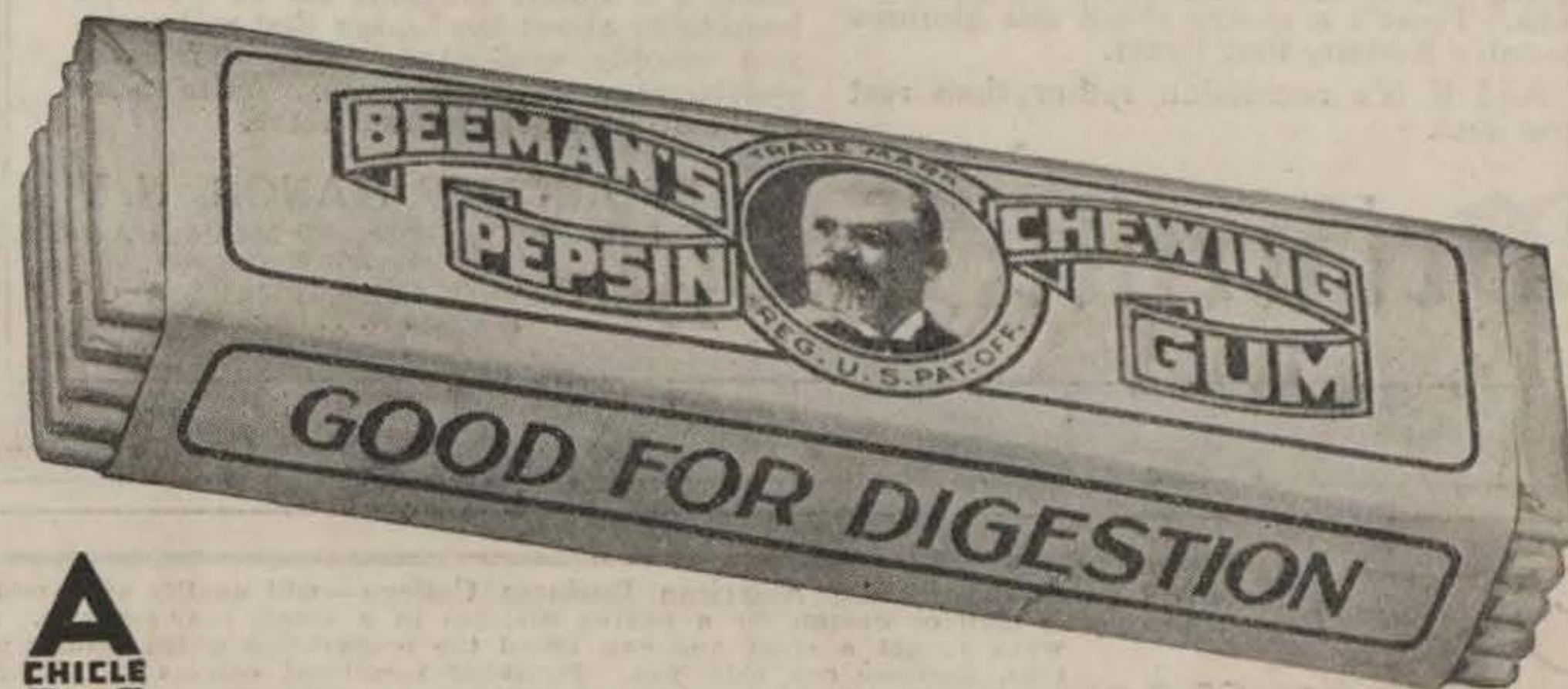
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that Schwartz and Gallops were now winning a horse race.

Gallops came down the stretch to the wire bedecked with twinkling lights and passed under the wire, ten good lengths in front of the second horse.

There was a surprised murmur in the stand, because none of those hard-boiled racegoers had ever before witnessed a lit-up jockey coming home on an illuminated horse. I glanced over toward Harmony Childs and beheld a pitiful sight. He was clinging weakly to a pillar and had turned the color of fresh ashes. A few seats off, Omar Gill arose with a glad, brisk smile, gave vent to a shriek of triumph and started down for the betting ring, intending to begin the collection of large sums of money.

There was a terrible shindy down on the track a moment later with attendants attacking Schwartz and dragging him from his mount. The astounded judges sent for our jockey and shrieked at him. Harmony and I crept into the crowd and when Schwartz began to talk to the judges, it was clear enough. He stated briefly that Mr. Gill, part owner of the horse, had ordered him to wear a wiring system and pocket battery and to turn on the juice coming down the stretch.

"What for?" yelled an astonished judge.

"So's you'd be sure to see me," said Schwartz, and then they pulled him off Gallops and disqualified him.

ON modern race tracks there is a strong prejudice against jockeys and horses carrying a full electric equipment, so the officials took about a minute to rule Gallops out of that race entirely. It was just the same as though he had never run. They gave the Empire Handicap to a skate named Phelopian which had finished a block behind our night runner. Harmony had the blind staggers at this point, and I led him around behind the stand and into the yard where the cars start for San Diego. Omar was nowhere. So was our forty-three thousand dollars.

On the way back to the hotel, where we owed quite a bill, Harmony slunk back in the corner of a seat, with an unlighted cigarette drooping from his lower lip. He looked as miserable as I felt.

"George," he said finally, as we approached town, "when Omar was a boy he fell off a high bridge. Nothing saved his life but the fact that he fell into the water, which was about nine feet deep. He hurt himself quite a bit. And it was too bad."

"Too bad he hurt himself?" I asked in surprise.

"No," said Harmony, "too bad there was any water in that river."

Then we got off the car and walked into the hotel, just three meals away from death by slow starvation.

Lotus Salad

Continued from page 22

metal. The garden was sleepy, powdered with dusty gold sunlight and sweet with the scent of flowers. There was a faint breath of air from the sea. Presently Signor Pug and Miss Diego wandered away and sat on the rim of an old fountain and splashed each other and laughed. Cavanaugh was left alone with his victim. Diego, drawing his chair closer, offered him a cigar and asked his advice—would it be better to ignore the revolutionary element, or did Mr. Cavanaugh think it wiser to attack Cammarillo before his army had assumed dangerous proportions? A ticklish business. And so much at stake—the prosperity of the country, many lives, foreign prestige.

"As a distinguished American," Diego said, "a man of science, a thinker—what do you advise?"

Cavanaugh groaned. "Strike!" he almost shouted. "Kill that dago before he kills you. He's dangerous. I know what I'm talking about."

He got to his feet and swayed, balanced on his trembling legs like a grotesque scarecrow. He had put his hand



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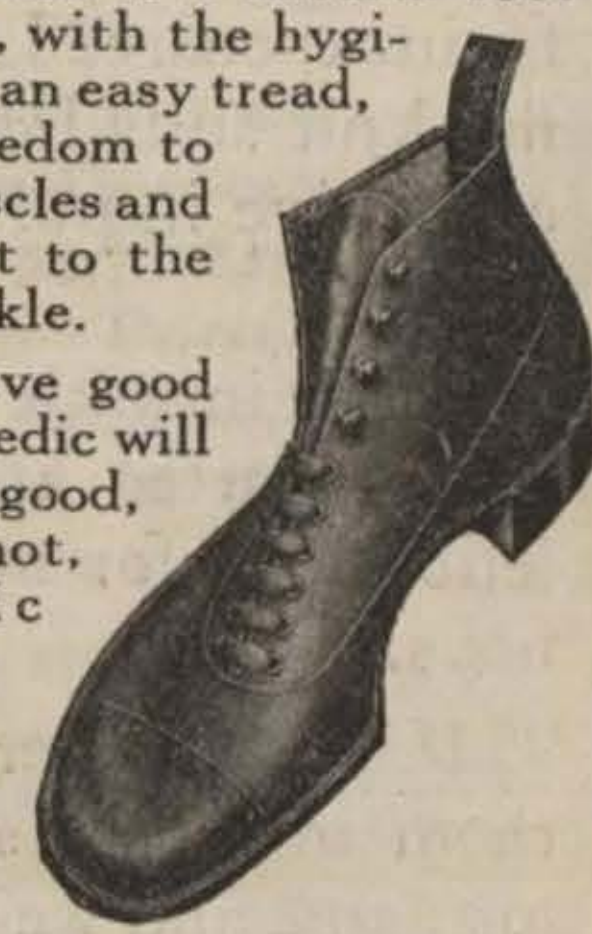
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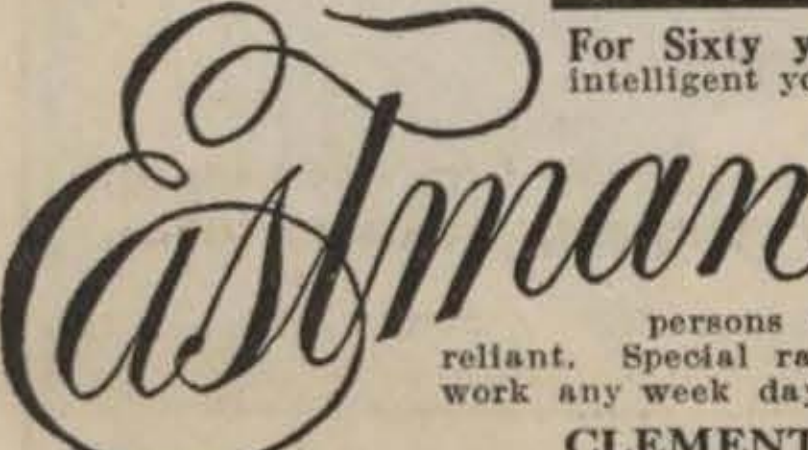
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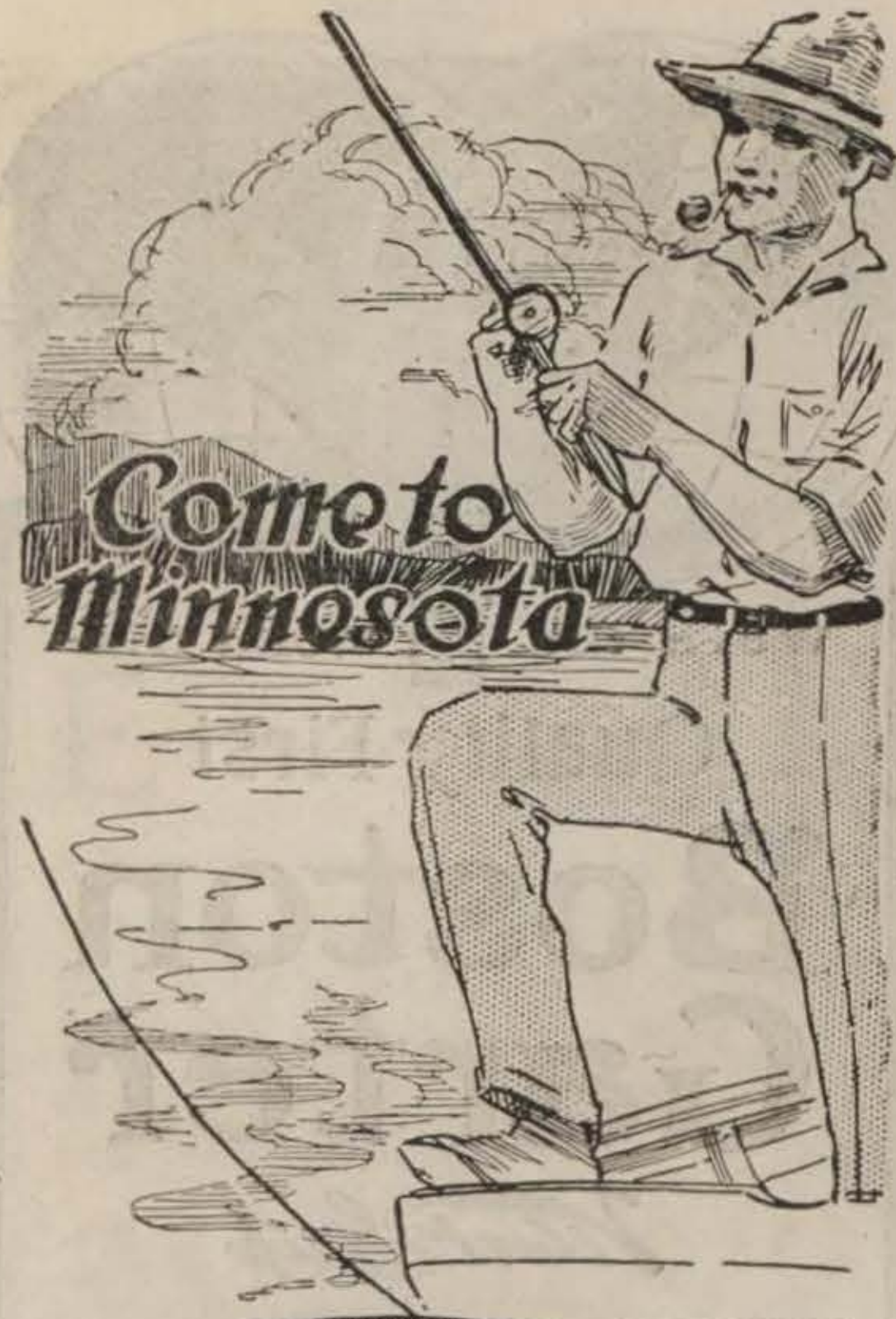
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in his coat pocket and had found that his revolver was still there! For an instant he saw the gracious, white-whiskered President through a mist. Signor Pug's back was turned. There was nothing to prevent the firing of the historical shot which would rid Magella of—a benevolent dictator. Nothing, that is, save a burning in Cavanaugh's breast.

Suddenly he shouted in a strangled voice: "Say! Let's get out of here. I'm sick."

PUG tore himself away from the fascinating Miss Diego and, running to the fur merchant's side, possessed himself of his arm. Very affectionately, murmuring excuses and sympathy, he steered Mr. Cavanaugh, biologist and athlete, through the garden, past the astonished, barefooted sentry at the palace gate and into the Piazza. Then he led him still more firmly to the Café Albion, haunt of sports and official faultfinders, and sat him down at a table, signaling instantly for two tall glasses of something cool.

"Cavanaugh," he said, "you are a genuine native son. I took a chance on you, being an amateur psychologist and a believer in the Yankee golden rule. Trust a man and you've chained him hand and foot. Now let me see the wad."

Cavanaugh put it on the table. "It's short one hundred dollars and fifty-seven cents. I bought passage on the *Libertà*, sailing to-morrow morning to Rio. I was going back to Philadelphia—out of this awful hole. I'm no dago. I'm a white man. This country has swallowed me. Swallowed me!"

Cavanaugh shoved the cool drink aside with a single violent gesture of his fat hand and burst into tears.

Signor Pug whistled softly. "Would you know Cammarillo's agent if you should see him again?"

Cavanaugh lifted his head and skillfully recovered the drink. "No. They all look alike to me, these patriots, these liberty-loving conspirators. I'm through. I've had enough of it. I'm sailing to-morrow—with the money."

"No, you're not. I'm going to fill the hole in that ten thousand, and you, Mr. Cavanaugh, are going to jog back-country and pay your debt to Cammarillo. You can tell him that there was some mistake. His agent took you for a half-breed—owing to your coat of tan and pleasant ways. You can tell him that Philadelphia gave you birth, that your middle name is O'Brien, and that your hair is red."

Cavanaugh rubbed his hand across his polished dome. "And who are you?" he demanded.

"My grandmother was born on Chestnut Street," Pug answered. "Have another?"

Which might have been the end of Cavanaugh's story if there were no truth in the proverb which explains the infinite possibilities of a cup's journey to the lips.

MOUNTED on a languid mule, Cavanaugh left Magella at nightfall, when the city lay wrapped in purple shadows, fireflies glittered in the gardens, and guitars and concertinas made sweet music in the narrow streets. He rode through the old Indian trail, where the brand-new rails of the American railway glowed like two platinum threads. Then up, toward the plateau of the Marias. His destination lay beyond the farthestmost railway camp, in the desolate reaches of the *campagna*.

For two days he rode steadily forward, leaving the sea behind. Ten thousand dollars nestled against his breast. He was clad in a decent suit of clothes and wore a pair of brand-new yellow shoes with high heels. On his head, sheltering his polished crown from the withering sun, he flaunted one of the Consul's American straw hats with a crimson band. In his vest pocket there was a ticket marked "Magella-Key West-Philadelphia." He sang as he traversed the road to redemption. Not Moody-Sankey hymns, but "There'll Be a Hot Time in the Old Town To-night" and "After the Ball." He was going

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to fool Magella. He was going back, when he had paid his debt.

On the evening of the third day there occurred the slip. Cavanaugh rode at dusk into the railway camp at Dora Riparia. It was Saturday, and the Fairchild Company's employees had poured into the camp from the mountains, from the plains, from the surveying party's farthest location, to celebrate, to get drunk, and to make the night hideous with song. The single street of the improvised town was trodden into a morass of mud by Indians, half-breeds, Italians, Portuguese, Yankees, slatternly women from the seaboard, black-haired urchins, strings of mules, and huge creaking carts driven by shouting *mozos*. In the engineers' quarters a tin-throated, canned McCormack sang "Mother Machree." Further along Cavanaugh passed a 'dobe house through whose open door he glimpsed various familiar, comforting, and tempting things—a bar, many men leaning on it in attitudes of relaxation, a table where there was card playing, and, at the back of the low, long, smoky room, a piano—a sure-enough, civilized, American piano.

"I stop here," he said.

He tied his languid mule to a Magellan hitching post made of bamboo poles, and propelled his fat self and Cammarillo's ten thousand dollars into that magnetic place. Within ten minutes he had stripped the wad of two crisp, brand-new notes, and was holding a handful of greasy cards in the widespread fingers of his fat hands. A cigar was fixed between his teeth. The Consul's hat hung on the farthest peak of his glistening head, and behind him, wide-eyed, silent, tense, a crowd of chocolate adventurers watched the play. The tropics had "got" him again.

THE next morning, when Signor Pug clattered into camp, the engineer in chief hailed him from the office door. There was an anxious line between his eyes. "More trouble," he explained briefly. "Another American. Fellow named Cavanaugh. Lost ten thousand dollars at the *Pace* last night, and then shot up the place."

"Where is he?"

The chief jerked his thumb over his shoulder. "Inside."

Cavanaugh was sprawled in the chief's desk chair, more dead than alive. He opened a blackened eye and groaned. "Swallowed," he said in explanation.

Pug smiled. "No," he answered, "it was the lotus. Where's the wad, Cavanaugh?"

"Gone."

He sat quite still for a moment, contemplating the tips of his yellow shoes. "Oh, Gawd!" he exploded suddenly. "What next? I can't go on and I can't go back. Both ways, I'm done for."

Pug sat down on the edge of the chief's desk and swung his feet. Quietly he contemplated Mr. Cavanaugh. And he saw, beneath that hairless, polished skull, a cherished vision of home-sweet-home—neat rows of red-brick houses with white doors, decorous streets, trolley cars, parks—Cavanaugh's promised land. "Well," he said suddenly, "I guess I can stake you again. This time I'll write a check, begging your pardon. I'm not suspicious—only cautious."

"No!" Cavanaugh shouted, waving his arms. "I'm not going to pay an imaginary debt to a half-breed lover of liberty like Cammarillo. No one's honest in this country. A true Magellan'd murder his mother for a dime. You can't break into society unless you've robbed a bank or cheated an orphan. And you're asking me to ride into Cammarillo's camp with a harp in one hand and a check for ten thousand dollars in the other!" Suddenly Cavanaugh spat through the open window. "You sound like Little Lord Fauntleroy," he said.

Pug laughed. "And you sound like a full-blooded, black-haired, shift-eyed greaser—no good. Sounds are deceiving. If they weren't, I'd be wearing curls and a red sash and you'd be sporting a stiletto up your sleeve. There are two good reasons why you'd better



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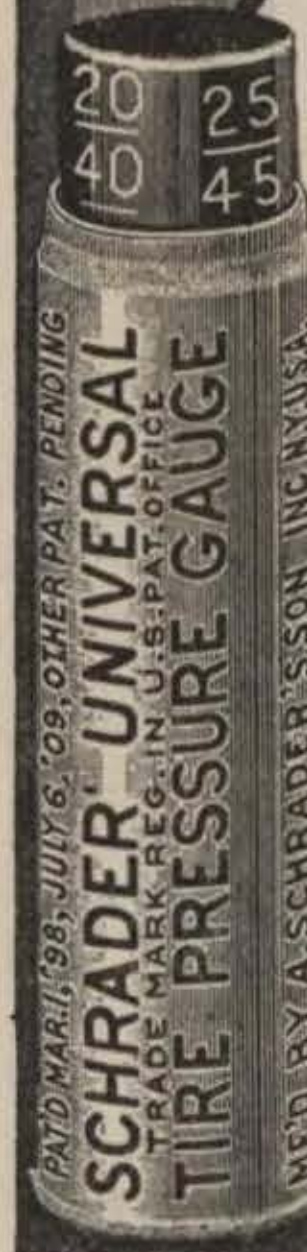
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"There's no bait," Cavanaugh demanded with suspicion, "other than that?"

"No."

"Then I'll go—because I'm afraid not to. You're finding it pretty expensive—making a purified saint out of H. E. Cavanaugh! You think there's something decent in me. You're beating the tambourine before the gates of heaven. You're howling a hallelujah. Saved! Me? I've forgotten how to play square. I'm done. Give me that check. Where's the mule?"

PUG offered Cavanaugh his hand, but the fur merchant refused it. He stuck his heels into the big mule's sides and clattered through the main street of Dora Riparia, out of the settlement and up the stony, treeless trail to the plateau. Cavanaugh knew his Magella. Years before, bearing that precious cargo of furs, he had taken this path into the savage interior. Now, a fallen angel, he traveled it again. And behind him there were ten years of bitter idleness, consuming sun, and devastating thirst. He had slept in the dirty sand of the Esplanade beach, like a homeless mongrel. He had begged, borrowed, stolen, and bribed. He had not dared to lift his eyes to the flag hanging above the Consulate. He had learned how to roll a cigarette with one hand and to curse in three languages—Italian, Spanish, and Tapadas. Beyond that his education had not progressed. He had been lonely. He had watched the burning days kindle into rose, flicker and fade into night. He had listened to the singing of a thousand love songs, the dull kerplunk of a million falling coconuts, the ceaseless hiss of tiny, fluted waves against the beach. Day was like day and night like night. And his hate had grown in him, burning like a flame in his bosom. Outcast. Failure. Exile. Swallowed.

He reached the plain and struck off toward the south, following a faint trail which led to Cammarillo's rancho. One night he slept in the bush grass, with his head on his saddle. He dreamed. He wore a Salvation Army bonnet and trod the sanctified macadam of the Quaker City. He woke, and found tears on his cheeks.

LATE that afternoon he spied the hacienda—a sun-baked place in a sparse grove of undernourished trees. A dozen peons ran out to meet him, but he galloped past them, straight into the courtyard of Cammarillo's house.

"The liberator!" he shouted. "Where is he?"

Cammarillo was asleep in the patio. He sat up with a start, instantly awake, like a cat. When he saw the fat American mounted on a mule his first thought was: "Ah! He wants more money. We shall see." He got slowly to his feet and went forward with a sly smile of greeting.

Cavanaugh grinned. For the moment he was looking down on the terrible revolutionist, the chocolate terror of Magella. He, Cavanaugh, had something to say. It would be unpleasant listening for that stone-eyed half-breed.

"Well?" Cammarillo asked. "Is it done, gringo?"

Then something happened to the soul of H. E. Cavanaugh. A sort of unholy pride welled up in him and suffocated him. He felt his heart bursting and his lungs shrieking for air. He saw stars. He smiled a twisted smile and, putting his hand into his breast pocket, drew out Pug Fairchild's check for ten thousand dollars.

"Payable to you, amigo," Cavanaugh said. "Did you think, you cross-eyed, unwashed, ignorant, evil-smelling, pie-faced mongrel of Satan, that you could bribe a Philadelphian?"

Cammarillo stepped back a pace. His eyes closed. A shiver passed down his body. Cavanaugh waited, erect and braced, with a look of profound ecstasy. Then quietly, almost lovingly, Cammarillo raised his arm, smiled, and shot Cavanaugh through the heart.



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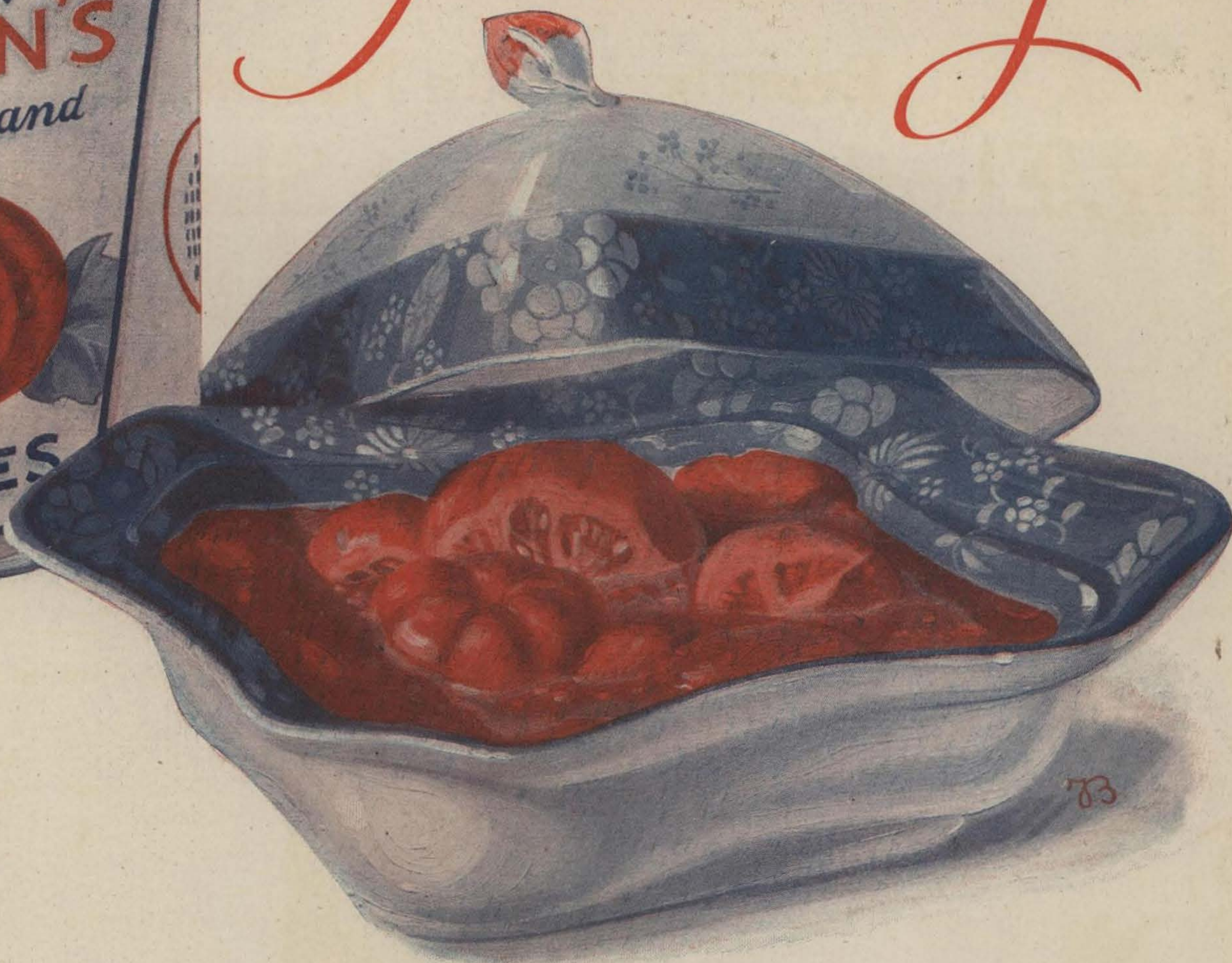
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