Joseph Conrad

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Also in this issue: "Be a Boy Scout!" by William Almon Wolff; "Russia's Rough Riders—The Cossacks," by Nikoaliki P. Zarakilli; Editorials; Photographic Pages, etc.

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LONDON—The man was at the Charing Cross Station. He was sharp-featured, rather pinched in appearance, not quite warily 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 un-named 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 needed 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 Britisher 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-craved 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 bickering of peace go on and on.
and the word can't go back to its job. But the firmness of his mouth speaks of something in the British character which holds the British together and knows how to take on liberalism without taking on chaos.

For this reason, even the British we in America may have to thank our lucky stars before this doubtful blessing called peace has ceased to up world-dangers and before mad mobs stop running and before all these little new nations—set up by the principle of self-determination and multiplying the chances 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 character making much clatter about it, began to think of reconstruction the year after they were in the war; the British Government, as a government, is now doing 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 sought 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 this all-encompassing 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" that a regular, out-and-out ministry was created under Christopher Addison, the first Minister of Reconstruction. When the Coalition-Unionist government of 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; there are known in the music halls as "the pepper pair" because they are members of the "two-faced, driving, he-man" qualities of admirers, with whom they call them in our West, and shrink from publicity, like Burley and Schwab.

None of the history of the detailed discussions of the British Ministry of Reconstruction has a lesson for us. The British will erect the machinery of reconstruction which will work under their particular form of government. We might have done so too—no matter who is to rule over our failure—if we could have created our own in our own way. The real point is not the form of organization, but the fact that the British Government for three years has worked on reconstruction in harmony with the national idea of self-interest and perhaps with the idea also that a good kind of idealism begins where 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 grove 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. "You 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 craggy institutions of the countries which engage in it. As soon as 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 is not 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 it, but the Government 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 was ready for launching would have started an upheaval of discussion in the British Empire. There would have been a controversy filling every newspaper, demonstrations and perhaps riots would have taken place. But to-day this revolutionary measure, before Parliament passed it 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 would be in charge. Mr. Adoo, compared to this man, was an administrator whose hands were fettered. Under the plan of that diversified management of the railways, the slender traffic of the United Kingdom results in enormous waste of fuel and reduction 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 SuperTraffic 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, of itself, 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 "effete" and "direct" philosophy of the state which once had its paternal instinct in our country, 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 tell pamphlets on reconstruction in the streets of London or Manchester. 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 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 paying up 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 being 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 pleasuring 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 robe's egg blue pajamas and some new patent leather 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 thou-
sand?" 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 noth-
ing. "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 nillingly, 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 be-
fore," 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 encoun-
tered this Moses Lewis, who was a tall, feverish gentleman with a hooked nose and 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 enter-
prise as uncertain as bookmaking, but there is noth-
ing to be gained by arguing with Harmony Childs. At least, we never gained anything. It's like try-
ing 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 finan-
cial 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 com-
parative 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 dol-
ars and run them up to three million, or make the
attempt. Therein lies the marked difference be-
tween my two simple companions in crime.
We embarked upon this business enterprise with
Mr. Lewis, the skilled bookmaker, and the adven-
ture lasted exactly one week, including legal holi-
days. We guzzled chalking up prices in the
bull ring at Pergo Park on Monday afternoon, be-
fore the first race; and on Saturday afternoon, fol-
lowing the last race, Mr. Lewis washed off his slate,
pnt up his tin reticule, kicked his stool freely
aside, and announced in a voice devoid of passion
that we had founded 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.
Omar said solemnly.
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 bet 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
cratv 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 book-
maker. If you're a skillful bookmaker, I'm the King
of Bulgaria." Omar was openly insulting and con-
tinued 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, won-
dering why Hard Luck always had our name, ad-
dress, and office hours. Omar kept talking to him-
self in a low tone, now and then bursting into im-
passioned 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
someone for ready cash, and at first Omar de-
clined to consider the suggestion, even in the face of
a large hotel bill and nineteen dollars for laun-
dry. 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 threat-
eningly. "No one's getting 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 re-
proachfully.

"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 dis-
covered 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 trans-
fer 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 small-pox 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
4-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 Fran-
cisco 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 run 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 be-
lieve that on one occasion Gallops finished next to
last. That was the race in which Slippery Elm fell
down on his wishlist 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 Gal-
lops 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 suf-
fered some terrible tragedy in youth. He had pale
blue eyes and they protruded into space, giving him
a startled and

(Continued on page 21)
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 hardly a threat. The only states which feared 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 appetites. 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 flowers and a few tears 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 calcinated, ridiculed, and pooled 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 stabled to the heart refused to grow insensible and cold.

That persistent and almost unceasing 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 indelently 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 1848 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 sarcastic, parodical 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 "irresistible 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 was 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 Silesian 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 few years. The natural, unadulterated view of the economical and social necessities, and before all the ripening moral sense of the masses, wore 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 wondrously divided 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 policies possesses an almost unbelievable width 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 Polish 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 ineradicable.

From the same source, no doubt, there will flow in the future a poisoned stream of hints of a reconstructed 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 victims its inconvenient and almost incomprehensible existence alive. They have tried moral assassination before, and with some small measure of success, for indeed the Polish question, like all living reproaches, has 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
The Polish Legion Rises

When the war broke out there was something gruesomely emphatic in the proclamations of emperors and archdukes appealing to that invincible soul of a nation which, whatever its existence or moral worth they had been so arrogantly denying for more than a century, was really a part of the whole record of human transactions. There had been performances so brazen and so vile as the manifestoes of the Emperor of Germany and the Grand Duke of Austria, 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.

The war 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 quite as stupid as to be deceived for a single moment.

At that time, and for the first two months of the war, I lived in Poland, and I remember perfectly well that, when those precious documents came out, the confidence in the moral turpitude of mankind was even raised to a scornful smile on the lips of men whose most sacred feelings and dignity they outraged. They didn't deign to waste their breath in those days. 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 strangest, 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 dismaying the irremediable vitality of the nation would not accept a neutral attitude. I was told that even if there was no issue it was absolutely impossible to allow 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 nothing 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 may ask the question. Being there as a stranger in that tense atmosphere which was yet not unfamiliar to me, I was not very enthusiastic at first, but 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.

Out of the mental and moral trouble into which the grouping of the powers at the beginning of the war had thrown the colonies of Poland there emerged at last the decision of 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 Crimean 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 convened for years at the semiconcerted 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 gaily 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, for it was admitted that the conduct of the menaced governments carried with it no sufficient stimulus. It was, no doubt, neither the effect of courage nor fear, but of that peculiar kind from the average man to stand very still in the presence of a savage dog. It was a very picturesque attitude, and the more reprehensible since it seemed to arise from the cold regard of the human people's fortitude. On simple matters of life and death a people is always more lenient to leaders because a people can't argue itself as a whole into a sophisticated and kind of deferece 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 hand of others hanging by a hair above their heads.

"It Would Be All Right"

Perhaps a different attitude would have checked German self-assurance. A reborn militarism would have died from the excess of its own strength. When, on the other hand, it enabled 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 values leading to some other form of catastrophe; but it is certain that in no 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 inevitable result, longer experience, and a habit of meditation, refused to share that sentiment. He had gone begging for a word on Poland to England 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 the earth that turns quicker on its pivot than political idealism when touched by the breath of practical politics.

It would be good to award a prize opening before us that Polish independence, as embodied in a Polish state, is not the gift of any kind of journalism, neither is it by some particularly benevolent idea or of any clearly apprehended sense of right. I am speaking of what I know when I say that the idea of a polity formative idea in Europe was the idea of delivering the fate of Poland into the hands of Russian Tsarism. And let us remember that the same idea was even to be a victorious Tsarism, at that. It was an idea talked of openly, entertained seriously, presented as a benevolence with a触itatious and ghastly character. It was the idea delivering the victim with a kindly smile and the confident assurance that "it would be all right."

Perfectly unrepentant assassin who (Continued on page 38)
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 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 flora and fauna. 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 toned his lute to his audience. He could, being a Harvard man, out-Oxford a Bostonian. And he could make a Carolina 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 dashing, 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 em-

LOTUS SALAD

BY MILDRED CRAM

ILLUSTRATED BY F. C. YOHN

The 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 unenviable position of official gentleman of leisure in the American colony. He had borrowed money of every white man in the republic. Some hidden scripue held him from taking money from those cinnamon and bronze men who wore white linen clothes, silver rings, diamond scarphips, and who carried thin bamboo canes—half-breeds 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

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.

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Behind him, wide-eyed, silent, tense, a crowd of chocolate adventurers watched the play. The tropics had "got" him again
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 solid 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 Magellans' 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 catherine. He raised his eyes to barred windows and encountered the liquid gaze of pretty, sequestered Magellans women. He grinned at them, defying his tattered straw hat. But he did not linger. Straight across the dusty city to the Esplanade, straight to Luisa, the light-of-love from New Orleans, who was usually to be found in the dark sala of the Café de Amor; the café of the men, who was usually to be found in the dark sala of the Café de Amor; the café of the men, and establish the greasy, impassive Cammillario himself in that white-walled palace on the Piazza Independenza.

This was the exact state of affairs in Magella one sunny morning when Cavanaugh, the ex-fur merchant from Philadelphia, rose from his sun-lit table in the smart restaurant—such as it was in a small city and a small country—dressed in a tuxedo, and stretching his arms above his head, sat down in a dark little shop along the Via Nazionale. After one drink life seemed like a blank page, empty of all save failure and despair; the obsolete 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 Albon, sat down at one of the canopied tables, and plunged his gaze into the little glass of ruby-colored liquid. Presently someone took the opposite chair and called for wine. 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?"

"Phileadephian," Cavanaugh answered thickly but with a certain pride. The other man opened an elaborate cigarette case.

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

The consul stood at the head of the room with something like admiration. She had never crossed the threshold of the Consulate before. Of all those tact-comic words, it was the only one whose love of country did not include an in-satiable love of }

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"Por Dios!" she said, being more than half Spanish by this time. "You must be something of his old bragadocio, had straightened his shoulders and put strength into his shambling body. "Ten thousand dollars," he whispered, watching her narrowly, "a good day's work—oh, muchachita! And for nothing. A little thing, easily done."

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

Cavanaugh shook his head. Some half-forgetten Philadelphia propriety read him as a sheep-shearer's 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 Phila-delphia." (He said "Philadelphia.) "Yes, but as long as you can be so soon as I've kept my promise. I'm a man of honor. Swallowed. Oh, my God!"

He covered his face 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 President Diego, herself, and the famous agent—the slim-handed one—to bribe the leisurely soundred of a fur merchant with ten crisp one-thousand-dollar notes. Cavanaugh was to scale the wall of the palace, and drop into the tangled branches of one of the old live oaks in the garden. It was just as long as she could be to the Palace. Cammillario knew that Diego always received the American in the garden, and that he was expected to see into her suitor's eyes over a table set, in the European fashion, for the serving of tea. It was to fire point-blank at the President, throw his revolver at young Fairchild's feet and exclaim: "Ridding Magella of two evils—a Royalist ruler and an American who had threatened to dominate the post-office!"

"You know," Luisa told the Consul the morning after Cavanaugh whispered confession, "how popular that lad is! In the city they call him Si-gnor Pug. I'm telling you what Cavanaugh said that once every week because some one is going to get hurt besides Diego. I don't care how many presidents are killed—they come and go. Mug Fair-child is an Amer-ican. He's game."

The Consul stared at the head of the room with something like admiration. She had never crossed the threshold of the Consulate before. Of all those tact-comic words, it was the only one whose love of country did not include an in-satiable love of

(Continued on page 22)
“SAY, you fellows!” hailed the man with the copperal’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 boy!"
"Welcome to the Band of Blinks!"
"Yep. The colonel just read me my report. Right eye, zero. Left eye, ditts."
"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 makeweight 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 equally. "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?"
"Oh, that him. A gob. He’s down."
"Total!"
"Yep. And he can’t get used to it."
"Leave him alone," advised Zim, a strapping, upstanding, 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 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 stool." 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 Braile 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 gang 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 contracted 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 huskily.
"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 of 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 20)
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.

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.

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.

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

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

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

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

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 inno-
cent ardor with which eminent men of wealth tackle world prob-
lems 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 Bolshevist outcry against
democracy as a "government by capitalists"! It can be forgiven.
In human nature, even the most tolerant often breeds delusions of grandeur.
But what must be said of the shrewdness of candidates and their man-
gagers who accept such patronage and are content to let themselves
become part of the entourage of a patron whose method of accu-
mulating wealth is a typical case of the "prevailing unrest"? Un-
doubtedly they are fooled by the success of Mark Hanna in man-
aging William McKinley's campaign and of William C. Whitney
in leading the Democratic party into supporting Grover Cleve-
land. 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
Warricks 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 indi-
vidual; 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 which the armistice has had time and abundant opportunity to think,
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 impossi-
ble Europe. Everyone knows issues, because of the gaiety of battlefields, ice skat-
etc., but because of the mental attitude of the Europeans, their penchant for war
(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 ultralisibilist
is not unfounded, but—by 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 state-
ment, 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." Nar-
row? Perhaps, but a sincere feeling engendered by disgust. About all we get
for our aid ever 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 contemptu-
ous 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
opinion 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
work of life, there isn't which is a great 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 leads 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 triump
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 gal-
lantry 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 Leary, is: "A dog's
obeyed 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
get back to the work of life, there isn't which is a great thing,
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 out nor the coins filed down—it is merely that things
are more and dearer, money more plentiful than it was possible.
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. HOENZOLLEN 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 disdain 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 distasteful 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 is. Best of all, there is sleep, sleep unharrassed 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. The 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? STORFORD BROOKER 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 fil 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 PERE 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.
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 25,000 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 saluted 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 $280,391,806, and War Savings Stamps worth $42,851,031. They obtained 1,877,009 separate subscriptions to Liberty Bonds, and sold 2,158,625 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 25,000 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!"

**"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)
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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.

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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.

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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.

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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 Type Writers—The Reason and the Remedy," your de luxe catalog and further information.

Name...
Street Address...
City...

Occupation or Business...

State...
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 machinability. Science countenances no guesswork 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 several 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
Hartford

The First Commercial Drop Forging Plant in America

Hand Tools - Forgings
Forging Machinery
The Eclipse Handicap

The National Weekly

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 his noisy four thousand iron gentlemen, and he spurned his age, and it was popularly supposed that he dated back to the period when dressy gents stopped wearing detachable cuffs.

"Which is going to do us a lot of real good," Omar said bitterly, after we had discussed Gallops.

"He can't bear the weight of your 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 bear him myself."

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

This was it that we came to accept Gallops. Mr. Lewis and I, and in the course of the next few days Harmony, Omar, and I wandered out to the scenes of our undoing at our frequent poverty, drawing there some of the woe from the 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 modestly 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. The first time he talked, I was afraid it was his voice, and I went out to make sure it was he.

"Have you run him far?" Harmony demanded, and the boy announced that he had run him a reasonable distance, and that I was likely to be the only man to run him.

"'Boss, how he kin go?' said the boy admiringly. "Run him close, boss. He's a good horse."

"And do you forget to hurry him?"

"'All right,' said the jockey, "don't press him."

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

"'No 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? Then regular hoss eyes. No, sir. This is a penyed hoss, and he can't run in the daytime on account of them eyes. He hates darkness, 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 he won'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."

"I go East stripped bare"

"Gallops? You ain't making any mistake, are you? It's your horse, and I laied just as much as you did in the.ldays."

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

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

"'Course I did,' said the boy. "We was an' goin' it, wasn' we?"

He chuckled gently and stroked the snub-nosed beast.

"We climbed the beach and made a careful investigation. The lad was telling the truth. The horse was our own Gallops, probably one of the most famous in the country. We later learned that the youth in the particular group of stables infested with our gift horse, and it seems he derived his pleasure from taking our asset out and running him around the track after office hours."

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

Five days later, at three o'clock on the afternoon of a very rainy, miserable day, the door burst open and Harmony Childs rushed out. 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 excitement. 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 lack going unexpressed in this house."

"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."

"'Go East stripped bare'"
borrowing money. She was dishelved and tearful. Cavanaugh’s viso bianco had put a sort of yok 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 present?"

Luise wiped her eyes with a dinky 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. Luise 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, any-way. 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 American," 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 the last of the lotus.

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

As lunch he told his guest of Luise, 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 old Tommorrow, K. of K., Papa Joffre. Charlie—and Signor Pug! But you have still to know the soul of Magella. It is inconstant, admirable, 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. Carnambo!

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

And somewhere in this town there is a blasted 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 toe into the ground. You lay down, die, anrego, and neither your father’s name nor the gold in the Christians, nor that flag loving Magellans from shooting you full of holes in a strange world.

Pug glanced at the top 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 Cavanaugh’s going to shoot the President from the branches of an old oak tree in the garden. Bene! You can go across the roof 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 Luise 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 forsook music.

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 Christmas 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 paddled softly across the sea of glaring roofs to the reckoning.

Cavanaugh, in the meantime, had sobered himself with the help of his baleful 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 cob. 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—cat-footing along the top of the wall—caught sight of the obese assassin and dropped on him without ceremony. The face was covered in the soft, deep grass of the President’s garden and rolled over and over in locked in each other’s arms. Cavanaugh was weak with happiness and Viso 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. "Luise—" he managed to say.

"Not Luise 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 cheery sunlight touched her white dress. Her eyes were full of love and mischief. Signor Pug assisted theretched 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 apolitical fur merchant.


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, careless in spelling every 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 disruptive 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 grandpapa. Suddenly Cavanaugh became conscious of a burning in his heart. 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)
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.

NATIONAL MOTOR CAR & VEHICLE CORPORATION, INDIANAPOLIS

Nineteenth Successful Year

Six and Twelve Cylinder Models

Seven-Passenger Touring Car
Four-Passenger Roadster

Four-Passenger Phaeton
Seven-Passenger Convertible Sedan
PUT HIM ON

BY WILLIAM HERSCHELL

I'm 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 for a job—
What are you going to do?
—Put him on!

He's the fellow, please remember,
When the Hunas 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 heartbeat 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 landed, brown and pack?
Have you thrown his deeds in discard?
—Put his record on the rack?
Is it you who'll be a sleaver
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 for a job—
What are you going to do?
Yes, of course, it seems a problem,
May mean sacrifice for you;
But—remember Chauncy-Thierry?
He's been sacrificing, too;
—Put him on!

Now produced. Two million acres are available for timber planting. It is proposed that bounties shall be offered for re-planting and the expectation that the shortage of wood for war purposes (now the truth is out—a pinch that the British felt during the war) will continue the future emergency. How much would it cost? The investigating committee estimates a cost of less than two years' experience.

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 those engaged in agriculture.

The British are now willing to admit officially that at times the war appeared to turn on the "winning of a race between the plow and the same," 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-born 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. The British are not. The producers of forty-six million acres. In fact, the rate of production of foodstuffs, if the war would only furnish enough food in every week to last from Monday morning to Wednesday evening. It is said that the quantity of food 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-quarters were lost to the war. It was 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 months, while in Germany the average 100 acres fed about seventy-five months, it is becoming plainer to Government and taxpayer and food Engrossers that there is some interest in guaranteeing national safety in war that the farmer who turns grass land into arable land must face the risks of loss—risks coming from fluctuating and low prices combined with higher wages for labor—offset by some form of permanent price guarantees of government. The Corn Production Act did this to some extent, and 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 finances and better methods of trades over trade. I spent some time trying to find all the committees working on these subjects, and I do not believe that any of them is doing all that George has. There are some committees for specific trades, such as the chemical industry. A shipbuilding committee, the credit committee on the supply and allocation of raw materials; committees on financial facilities and on enemy debts; legal committees on new laws, such as that which permits the taking of private lands for public and reconstruction purposes, and those to regulate the industries. There are committees on colonial affairs, and there is a whole new structure of scientific and industrial research. The Ministry of Science has many of these in its basket, but others develop new departments of the Government, such as the War Office and the Board of Agriculture. 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 illuminated 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 us to.

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.

---

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 them. If he fails to do so, send us this coupon and we will pay you what he owes us.

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

Owner of Car ____________________
Address _______________________
Business _________________________
Car's License No. ___________________ Size of Lens ________________

---

$3.50 to $5.00 Per Set, According to Size
West of Rockies, 25c Per Pair Extra
Canadian Prices, $4.50 to $6.50

WARNER-PATTERSON CO., 907 So. Michigan Avenue, Chicago
“Collier’s
“Blinks”
Continued from page 12

“Then you can see. You’re joshing me,” whined the old bowler.

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 eyebrow, where a shell fragment had passed like a dressage. “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 “blinded blind” and the “sighted blind.”

The jacky slow, uncertain, shuffle, expression, in his humped shoulders, overhung chin, and unresponsive 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-tapping, an engineer with the top half of his face plowed and slammed 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 irrelevant 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. “I’ve got the ter-rrible 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 nose.”

“Get ‘em to take the hook off your nose while they’re at it.”

“Jew yourself!” retorted Mike, and truly, “What about your own sniffer?”

“Who’s got a better right 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 the true to its physical aspect, which they tend to magnify. They are prone to imagine that their wounds have made them monstrous, horrifying to the eye. One of the most piteous sights I have seen in any hospital is that of a blinded man, when he thinks he is unsighted, nervously fingered his scar, building up for himself Heaven knows what false picture of grotesque and hideous disfigurement. In forty-five years on the job, so eagerly go under the surgeon’s knife, even though the disfigurement is slight. Happily, the operation always satisfies them. After it is over and they have been supplied with tinted glasses, concerning the exact hue of which they are most particular that it may accord with hair and complexion—a touching and harmless operation. They would be equally so if they could see themselves, as reconstructed, in a mirror, for under the skilful modeling of the sculptress and the surgery of the experts, even the worst of the cases (and very few are badly marred) come out looking normal and unremarkable.

“I wish you people would only try to receive this 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 devoted is upon him and is carrying him, unflattering 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 humanity 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 chains of “Victory Stores” which has

(Continued on page 42)
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
...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.

FATIMA
A Sensible Cigarette
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.

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 cleanness, 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 re-refunded. If your dealer can’t supply you order direct, same price $3.50 per pair, any size, put up. Booklet upon request.

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

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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
Russia's Rough Riders—The Cossacks

They May Help to Restore Order in Russia

BY NIKOLAI P. ZAROvkii

RECENT reports coming out of the Russian front have listed the Ural Cossacks among the forces acting with Admiral Kolchak's Siberians and the other anti-Bolshevik units. I am sure the Cossacks—that picturesque body of warriors who so long ago, by their own volition, helped to form the foundation of the vast Russian Empire—will prove potent factors in the reestablishing order. For the Cossacks, though they have in the course of centuries lost most of their savage chiefs, still remain in all their ancient qualities. Through generations of constant turmoil and fighting, in which many a tribe was extinguished to the last man; through centuries of devastation, civil wars, Turks, Muscovites, Poles, or Swedes, the Cossacks have emerged a race of Cossacks, able to assimilate the culture offered by peaceful and settled times. They have, as it were, couplings the words "Cossacks" and "cavalry," and a vague belief in traditional tales of Cossack chivalry and horsemanship. They have exaggerated, one-sided reports written in an inflammatory and biased manner. But the Cossacks are as simple as the people as they exist to-day. But I have had an opportunity to live among the Cossacks for several years and have seen them in peace, war, and public order. I have seen the man who is called a Cossack and I know him as a humane, patient, peace-loving people, law-abiding and extremely loyal to their country.

Civilized Bandits

A LITTLE incident that occurred to me while visiting my sister and her husband in their summer residence on the Kuban Cossack district of North Caucasus, brought up my first acquaintance of this. They sent to the station to meet me with a Valassin, a troika (a two-wheeled carriage). Valessin and I were old friends, and for my previous visits I had often sat with him for hours by the fire, listening to his stories of the fights against the Tatars, the Chechens, the Kabardians, the Circassians, the Dagestani, and others, or of hunting trips for deer, boar, hares, or bear. His accounts were always exaggerated and his stories often inaccurate, but they were poetry and enthusiasm in his tales, and I had learned to value the tales he told.

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 shortshod, but he was Tatars' favorite and possessed extraordinary qualities. We were gradually entering the region, and Valessin went on explaining the intelligence of Mishka and the discipline of the other horses. "Why, in the middle horse should be bigger and trot while the side horses should be smallest to straddle the gallop with their heads bent low down and away from the rider," Valessin would say. "Tall three work," said Valessin, "but there is a leader who is responsible for the whole set, like a hetman, not the meliorat or leading horse..."

Rapt in this conversation, we saw, but too late, three men spring at us from behind the bush on the other side. One in front of the troika tried to hold back the horses, the other two others, grasping the reins themselves on the gnarled roots of the thick bushes, pointed their pistols at Valessin and me, but that thing to do, and that was—to surrender. Instead Valessin cried 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 bush. Afterwards Valessin explained to me that Mishka would never have responded but for his defective eyesight. But the Cossacks, whose very name, Kaaka, means "prince," are the last to conceive of being captured and the last to surrender.

I have never been able, however, to get the feeling of looking upon the Cossacks as an anachronism. They seem still to belong to the dark ages of Mongol invasions. They are fierce looking individuals, and one easily imagines them dragging off a mutilated man at the end of a rope (lance) or stabbing a Mongol with their spear. There is something in the panicacy in bearing a Cossack converse in excellent French or English on the most up-to-date topics and making 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 would sound enough for a candidate for mayor.

The Cossacks are of Velikoo-Russian, Malo-Russian, and Polish origin, with admixture of Lithuanian and Tatar blood, and are of the Greek Orthodox Church. Originally there were two types of 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 passing through the various types from the two groups were formed the present Cossack, Terek, Kuban, Donbass, and the Dnieper Cossacks. Fierce and predatory Cossacks, at the front of a military conflict, one fighting on their own terms, conquering with their own weapons, their power often 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 Dzhigitovka

IT will be, however, upon their justly celebrated skill as cavalry that the Cossacks will depend most in helping the government. For more the dzhigitovka will come into its own, and those Cossacks who for years have been riding the gallop will feel rewarded for their endless "review" of horse habits. The dzhigitovka is the logical outcome of the perfect mastery of the art of riding, and only in practicing as in the significant usefulness be completely revealed. I was discussing this point once with General Dragomirov, a Cossack himself, and he told me how, on the Viceroy of the Caucasus. To prove a point he invited me to attend a "review" or the corps of 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
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 porosity. 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.
Home Comfort Means Hot Water

Turn any hot-water faucet in your home—out comes water—piping hot—xi-instantly, any time, day or night, winter or summer, as long as you want it! Wonderful! It's all due to the Automatic Gas Water Heater. The Ruud Water Heater is always ready, always waiting, always willing to give you hot water, just where you want it—for the dishes, the laundry, the quick morning shave, the frequent bath—all the family can have hot water at once. No danger of using it up, for the Ruud Water Heater is keeping it piping hot just as long as you have the faucet turned on.

The Ruud Water Heater saves your time. Once installed, it requires practically no attention. The unlimited, instantaneous supply of hot water is all that reminds you that it is there.

AUTOMATIC GAS WATER HEATER

"Hot Water All Over the House"

The Ruud Water Heater is easily installed in any home. Turn any hot-water faucet in the house, and the gas-burning pilot-light leaps into a steady, hot flame concentrated on a copper coil through which the water passes. At once the water flows hot. A regulator governs the temperature of the water thus heated—never too hot—always hot enough. Turning off the faucet shuts off the gas, except for the tiny pilot-light that burns continually at trifling cost.

The Ruud Water Heater burns natural or artificial gas, and the daily cost of its operation is no more than the price of a "movie" show or a pack of cigarettes. Has proven practical and dependable for 22 years and is now in over 125,000 satisfied homes.

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

Any gas company, plumber, or gas appliance store can give information regarding a Ruud Water Heater in your home. Ask for Automatic Gas Water Heaters. Write for it.

One of the needs of the stimulation of new industries. The British intend to pick up some of the work which had been lost in Germany. To study the exact problems of the production of ships, machinery, etc., 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 source of which can act efficiently in procuring the proper supplies of raw materials and labor.

The D. O. T.

So also is the feeling as to the Government's function in the opening up of British trade. While many officials and manufacturers that, after all, we Americans have an eagerness of ideas for doing something 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 fight new fields. But, after all, we will not follow their work very closely. A manufacturer will go ahead on his own and the nature of business is to send his own representatives to China 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. It is the expression by Britain of a desire for new foreign markets, but before the Peace Congress it was a matter of Controlling the joint shipping control and the allocation of shipping department's hands are somewhat fettered. Nevertheless, it has engaged, rather quietly, at its own pace, in formulating plans, and its feeling is that these are being effective, touching the remote places of the earth. It has probably remain and grow as the third leg of a reconstruction tripod of
Need Help?—Not Much

Flat tires are merely an incident when there is a Detroit Crankshaft Tire Pump in the tool-box. Your "Free Air" Station is right with you all the time—it goes wherever the car goes—pressure is always up.

There are several important points to remember in regard to the

**DETROIT CRANK-SHAFT TIRE-PUMP**

Guaranteed for Life

Price Complete with 14-ft. Tube and Thumb Lock

$12.00

$12.50 West of the Rockies

In the first place it attaches to the right place on the car—the Crankshaft—where there is unlimited power—where there is no danger of interfering with the operation of the engine or the water pump, and where there is entire freedom from oil contamination of the air pumped.

In the second place it is built like the motor itself—strong, simple and serviceable.

And in the third place it is easily and instantly attached—fits nicely into the tool-box and is always ready for action—will outlast the car itself.

Small in Size—Big in Service

On Sale at Accessory Shops and Garages

**THE DETROIT ACCESSORIES CORPORATION, DETROIT, MICHIGAN**

Factory Branch Offices

MILLER-CAVE CORP. ASCH & CO., Inc. WRIGHT ACCESSORIES CORP. HUGHSON & MORTON J.B. LAWRENCE & COMPANY

122 So. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 16-24 West 1st St., New York City, N.Y. Atlanta, Ga. 77 O'Farrell St., San Francisco, Calif. Winnipeg, Canada.
**Super-Sized in Cord and Fabric**

STERLING Super-Size Tires are all cured on air-bags. The Cord (or regular woven fabric) is thoroughly impregnated and coated with pure rubber of highest quality. We use much more rubber in and between the layers, and more layers, than is usual. The plies (or layers) are built up one by one on iron cores; the pure gum cushion is added; then the "breakerstrip"; then more "cotton"; then the super-tough, long-wear Vacuum Bar Tread. When built, the tire is transferred to an air-bag of our own construction, placed in a mold and the bag forced full of highly compressed air. The molds go into steam vulcanizers for the long three and four hour "cure." Heat further expands the air in the bag inside the molds and the resulting tremendous pressure completely amalgamates all the layers.

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.

STERLING Tires are guaranteed 5000 miles, but double and triple that mileage is not at all surprising.

*If your dealer does not handle STERLINGs, he can get them for you from our nearest branch, or you can communicate directly with that branch.*

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**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 of 1919. The Ministry create a Ministry of Health. It has been its task to find out, as they have found out in the last month, that the birth rate of the civil population has passed by the death rate, and that 100,000 children die every year in spite of the fact that, under proper care, 50,000 can be saved. They are going to have a central national office to gather the statistics and to administer to functions concerning health which were under the Board of Education, the Local Government Board, the Home Office, the Insurance Commissioners, or in local government offices, and 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 is a national question to organic failing populations—comes up under the new Minister of Health, he will have the powers and the 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 British health. It has been the task to have been in the war; it will deal with health insurance. It will have a number of "categorical councils" of these six commissioned women, who will deal with the subjects of midwifery, nursing, hospital insurance, questions affecting motherhood, including pensions, relief, and protection for workers, old age, etc., as to national health insurance.

The next reconstruction measure which strikes fire upon an American mind is the British national plans for housing. It is a far cry from our present 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 sudden and immediate necessity to make the most of it. They are planning the housing of a nation anew. One of the most hopeful, I think, of the recent plans is the disclosure of the fact that Queen Mary has been a close student of the housing problem for several years. She said, "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 with the cooperation of the building societies, one which has reported on the extension of Government control of rents and mortgage interest, another, composed of women, has undertaken to find out what the working woman wants for a dwelling."

The number of persons living more than two miles from their work in 1911, before the war, was more than 5,000,000! In England and Wales more than half a million were living more than three in a county and more than half a million in rural districts, too, before the war so that men and women were being driven to the cities; in the country there was a lack of 125,000 dwellings. The shanty towns that industrial laborers' houses, due to the stopping of building during the war, it will mount to 175,000 dwellings. We can realize little of the British housing shortage in accordance with new and better dwelling design and workmanship, and the housing situation in the United States is right localities. This is the nation's business now, and in it the British shows how they are doing. The dilemma that landlords will not build houses when the cost of building is 50 percent above normal unless the Government subsidizes building. The objections to this are so many that the state itself has been advised to go into the house-building and renting business when 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 this gives for town planning," said the member of the committee to me. "The grant of aid by the state will give power to the city to break down congested architectures. The financial aid is sufficiently large to help but this Government control because if 300,000 houses must be built at once the state will be able to provide an 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 Committee has reported that the working women of the United Kingdom have asked for larger houses, with better frontages 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 children, with the simple system of hot and cold water supply should be provided, in separate rooms, that the health authorities should prevent a house designed for one family to be 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 housebuilders is indeed a gigantic task. But out of the emergency brought by war there is an opportunity of imagination as to the national welfare.

**“Quality” Knowledge**

THIS same quality of imagination has been exhibited in the “quantity” knowledge. The emphasis is not for the moment on the extension or reformation of the educational system 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 post to the educational and adult education." In the United States, the British have awakened to the fact that men and women need to know their jobs, and that there is not something to take, like the maule and the palate, out of childhood, but be immune for a lifetime.

Said Lord Haldane, who has led work of education committee: "From the working classes we hear of the requirements of a new mini major education, a standard of living. That is right. But there is a minimum quality as equal and that is a minimum of knowledge—not merely abstract knowledge, but knowledge that is to practical use in daily life. In the United States, the British plans for reconstruction there are some work for the special education of the agricultural worker, for special education of women in the textile factories, for the training of the children who have been
THE FRANKLIN CAR
A New National Average
14,500 Miles to the Set of Tires

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 motor- ing satisfaction approaching the ideal.

20 miles to the gallon of gasoline
14,500 miles to the set of tires
50% slower yearly depreciation

FRANKLIN AUTOMOBILE COMPANY, SYRACUSE, N. Y.
They're all the go! 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.

Every member of the family can wear Keds with thorough satisfaction in their quality and value. 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.

United States Rubber Company

The Crime of Partition

Continued from page 20... playing his “divine” (I have read the very word in an English newspaper of standing) and the great retreat, and Mr. Iwowsky 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 person has said that it is always the unexpected that happens, and on a calm and dispassionate survey the said does appear mainly to one as a scene of miracles. Out of Russia’s collapse emerged that forsooth which, the Polish independence, not as a venge...
News Indeed for the Young Man and his .22

Individual Shooters Recognized by N.R.A.—No need to join a Club

EVERY young American who owns a .22 will be glad of this new ruling by the National Rifle Association.

It means that any young rifleman (of 18 years or under) can now join the N. R. A. as an individual, and compete for National Honors as a Junior Marksman without having to join or form a club.

All he has to do is register his name with the National Rifle Association, Woodward Building, Washington, D. C., with the nominal membership fee of 50 cents.

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.

As you know this Junior Marksman Button is awarded with Government sanction. It is the only official decoration in America for Junior Riflemen—the incontestable mark of honors won by shooting right.

Write to the Service Department of Remington UMC about it. The time to write is today. The N. R. A. will have thousands of applications for individual membership. You want to get yours accepted early.

Then you can do some real worth-while target shooting during vacation. You should be able to qualify soon as Junior Marksman, and be well on your way toward still higher honors for rifle shooting.

Now, don’t hesitate to write us just because your rifle or ammunition is not Remington UMC. You don’t even have to tell us what make you do shoot—now. We’ll take a chance that you will come to Remington UMC as your skill develops and you become more critical about your arms and ammunition. This is a Service Department for every man and boy who is shooting right.

We will send you an application blank for Individual Membership in the N. R. A. and if you say the word, the four Remington Right Shooting Booklets—’’Four American Boys Who Are Famous Rifle Shots,’’ ’’Boy Scout Marksmanship,’’ ’’How a Boy Made the First Remington,’’ ’’Boys’’ Rifle Clubs.’’

No charge—just write.

The Remington Arms Union Metallic Cartridge Co., Inc.

Largest Manufacturers of Firearms and Ammunition in the World

Woodworth Building New York

Remington UMC of Canada, Ltd. Windsor, Ontario
ful figure, the reticent shadow of the Crime, but as something much 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 against the unbeknownst 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. If 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 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 hardworn as the sense of immeasurable indebtedness, of that gratitude which in a world so selfish and eternal, but which lies always at the mercy of weariness and is fatally condemned by the loss of all the ability of human sentiment to end in negation. Polish loyalty will be rooted in something much more sure 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, 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 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 forget the other emotions. A little more 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 on one of the courses of a far different nature. 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 large number of 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 human 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 idea, 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 comes to a point. We have neither lost our heads nor yet our moral sense."

"Absorption, never merely political but affecting social relation, family life, the deepest affections of human nature, and the very soul of natural emotions, has never made us vengeful. It is worthy of notice that with the active present in our emotional reactions we had no recourse to political assassination. Arms in hand, heart in hand, we have been, and always against immeasurable odds, we did affirm our right to 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 associated with no organization, representing no part of Polish opinion. The only effect in Poland was that of an accidental regret, not at the failure, but at the mere fact of the attempt. For, whatever our capacity is free from that stain; and whatever follies in the eyes of the world we may have committed, 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 simplest peaceful bond between Poland and her neighbors ever being formed in the future. The nearest course that remains to a reconstructed Poland is the elaboration, establishment, and preservation of the closest fact of political relations with neighbors to whom Poland's loyalty cannot be a humiliation and offense. Calmly considered, it is an appalling task, yet one may put one's trust that national temperament which is so completely free from aggressiveness and revenge."

Therein lie the foundations of all hope. The success of a revived Poland 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 in 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 German, the old hostility must remain unappeased, the fundamental antagonism must endure. As it comes. The Crime of the Partition was committed by autocratic governments which were the government of their time; but those governments were characterized in the passing years will be in the future, by their people's national traits, which remain utterly incompatable with Polish memory and Polish sentiment.

Both the German submissiveness (idealistic as it may be) and the Russian lawlessness (fed on the corruption of all the people) are utterly foreign to the Polish nation, whose qualities and defects are altogether of another kind tending to a certain ex-
How Miller Cords Outran 21 Prominent Makes

A Heroic Tire Contest on 17 Packard 'Buses, Going 78,000 Miles a Month

No more convincing proof of a tire's supremacy has ever been submitted to the court of public opinion. It comes from the private tests of the Eldorado Stage Company, Los Angeles, Cal. They're one of the largest users of tires in the world. To them it meant a huge sum of money to establish which tire carries a heavy load lightly, and runs the farthest.

Twenty-two leading makes of tires were tested on the Eldorado's seventeen 12-Passenger Packards. They travel an average of 153 miles daily—a combined distance of 936,000 miles a year. That's more than 37 times around the world.

Proof of Uniform Mileage

This is the "Service de Luxe" for which the Miller Tires competed and won. Their victory was based—not on exceptional mileage of a single casing—but on long distance uniformity, tire after tire.

Once the burro was the only transportation where today this grand fleet carries thousands of passengers between Los Angeles, Bakersfield and Taft. Here Nature has painted with lavish hand a wide panorama of peaks, canyons, rivers, verdant hills and valleys.

Parlor Car Comfort

Next time you visit California don't miss this enchanting trip—made in parlor car comfort in an Eldorado stage running on buoyant Miller Cord Tires.

All Millers are uniform because their workmanship is uniform. The Eldorado tests have reaffirmed it. You can get these championship tires—but only from the authorized Miller Dealer. If you don't know his name, write us.

THE MILLER RUBBER COMPANY, Dept. A153, Akron, Ohio
Makers of Miller Red and Gray Inner Tubes— the Team-Mates of Uniform Tires
Also Miller Surgeons Grade Rubber Goods—for Homes as Well as Hospitals
TO DEALERS: Your Territory may be open—write us
aggregation of individualism and, perhaps, to an extreme belief in the governing power of the free agent, the one political principle of all the older 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 such a factor as feudalist institutions or feudal quarrels. At the time when heads were falling on the sidewalks all over Europe there was only one political revolution in Poland—only one—and as to that there still exists a tradition that the great chancellor who demoralized Polish institutions and had to order it in pursuance of his political purpose, did 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. Contended with hardships, they left behind them no animesities 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 it at once. But they seem to have renewed political existence. The difficulty of the problem of that existence will be in the fact that some errors will be unavoidable, and one may be sure that the old was taken advantage of by its neighbors to discredit that living witness to a great historical Crime. If not the affair of frontiers, then the moral integrity of the new state is sure to be assailed before the eyes of Europe. Economic ennui will also come into play when the world's work is resumed after the long period of war. 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 are cloaked in coats of many colors, whereas, as is well known, truth has an advantage, and for that reason is often suppressed as not altogether proper for everyday purposes. It is often recognized, because it is not always fit to be seen.

Already there are innumerable 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 those minorities, should seek its prosperity in aggressive action or in moral violence against that part of its once fellow citizens who speak Russianian or Lithuanian. The only influence that cannot be restrained is simply the influence of time which engrosses truth from all facts with a merciless logic and compels over passing opinions, the changing impulses of men.

There can be no doubt that the moral impulses and the material interests of the new nation will be so strong as to play now the game of disintegration for the benefit of the world's enemies who will be the nearer to the end. Yes, the Poland of this war's creation, will unite for a moment, then have a spontaneous movement toward the state which had adopted and brought them in the development of the national culture—the offpring of the West.

"Blinks"

Continued from page 26

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 was to the blind man as an economic factor was to picture him as a piano tuner or perhaps a musician, or selling pencils or newspapers on a street corner to sympathetic employers.

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 or better than the average sighted man, or they won't waste their time teaching it to him at evergreen. Because when one faculty is lost the other intensifies itself and makes a move in the Government pension, which gives an annuity to those blinded in the service.

He will, unless carefully handled, become "fitted up" mentally and physically crammed within the walls of this or any 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 prepare themselves always as natural and normal participants in the activities of life. Hence 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
Modern Merchandising

How Motor Trucks Bring the Big-City Store to the Country

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

The city merchant—through the medium of truck deliveries—now offers the benefits of his big buying power to suburban residents as well.

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

FEDERAL MOTOR TRUCK COMPANY
DETROIT, MICHIGAN

"Shorten the Miles to Market—Build Better Roads"
and business pursuits. One of my blind friends had just completed his course in anatomy and was about to start work. If the man had wanted him, not from any sentimental or sympathetic feeling, but for the thoroughly practiced reason that he could do the work much better than a sighted assistant, he would have done it. The blind man would have been the better one. In any case, they need him in their practice!

The Victory Store Chain

THE most ambitious and far-reaching foundation projects at present being carried on are those of the Victory Store chain. The plan is backed by a body of business men as a business venture promising fair return on their investment, and the stores will be established to start, with a number of sites each one an eye to be under the management of a blind soldier or sailor with a stock interest in the concern and a share in the profits, besides his salary. Special business training was given him. He has a "sighted" assistant, preferably a cripple from one of the other reconstruction hospitals. There will be a central buying organization for all stores, enabling them to get the benefit of liberal discounts. But the local manager determines and is responsible for the policy and success of his own store. If he has a wife, fiancee, or sister who wishes to go into the business with him, he may be supplied with the necessary equipment. A special office of the Cross Institute for the blind in the larger cities and on the store management, bookkeeping, and salesmanship.

The stores will be standardized, so that a manager who has served his time in the model at Everett or in one of the two "proving grounds" in Baltimore will know his way about instantly and whatever his experience else where he is assigned. The stock will be standardized so far as possible; mainly package goods, cigars, tobacco, candy, newspapers and magazines, and a specialty in books and meats. Articles for the blind are handled by the guide at Everett and in other institutions. The general policy will be to handle nationally advertised articles, all-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 help. He wants a fair show. Above all, he wants to be regarded, not as a freak, not as 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 the jaunty slang as an element of bravado, a touch of bluster to pervert. But they did not interfere. It is the virtue and wisdom of the Everett 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 abhorrence of the "official" way of doing things. It implied something more than the mere loss of sight. Upon the initial "blended" blink devolved a pride of behavior. He must be cheerful, amenable, adventurous to try new experiences, confident of his place in the scheme of things, determined and optimistic.

It is in this cast mark not only to disregard his handicap, but to bear in mind that he shall have the same opportunities. Thus he justifies his statement. Sightless, he must fit himself to look the world in the face. To aid and inspire him in attaining this goal is the work of a remarkable and devoted staff has been gathered together by the combined Army Medical Department and the National Orthopedic Hospital. What it is they who are principally responsible for the wonderfully inspiring atmosphere of the place. Colonel Borgard, a 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 Ocular State School for the Blind; L. W. Wallace, one of the nation's leading ophthalmologists, whose special concern it is to plan out the placing of the men in the community; Dr. H. A. Usher, the head of the staff of the Johns Hopkins University, whose special enthusiasm for the handicap and who taught him into the work; James Conway, auditor of the Lighthouse for the Blind 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; a score of leading specialists and experts in such practical departments as silversmithing, Braille reading, making of 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 purposeful home-like country place, contributed by Mrs. T. Harrison Garrett of Baltimore to the work for the special educational purposes, with a gymnasium with swimming pool, schoolrooms, workshops, and on the result being an almost perfect plant.

And for when training of a mere handful of men. For, happily, the number of Americans who are blind is small and the total sacrifice of short of life itself is inconsiderable; less than two hundred, total. Economically so great are the personal efforts that are represented at the Cross Institute (where it is for the function, were the work to cease with the education and re-establishment of these few fishermen, it could be reasonably argued that an equal expenditure would be greater better to care for a much larger number along other lines, such as reclaiming consumptives in the early stages of the disease. It is intended that the scope of the work shall include the smaller men of the service. What each man, when he graduates to his place in the world of action, 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, the sightless, and those social and disregarded victims of blindness scattered about and pushed aside in every state and corner of the country.

Except in a few enlightened and progressive States, has mainly devoted to children, nothing has been done for the adult. 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 these cases without a thought. Beyond that we cannot be bothered thinking of them. No one thinks of them, except the kind of sentimentalists who make up the working force of Everett. They are now thinking into the future when all the present graduates of the class shall have completed their courses and have taken their place in the outer world. Then, automatically, the duties of the Surgeon General's officer will be transmitted to another Department and a new one will conclude. But the Red Cross can continue, and may 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 view, too, as to this matter of their less fortunate civil-ly. I am not quite fairly assumed to be expert opinion. The private who had been typing a "cheer-up" letter in Braille to respectively surprised blind lady at home whom he had said, "You do not know what is going on in the evening for comment and criticism. It started something. Was the lady do?" asked the marine.

"Don't! Nothin', I guess. What would you expect?"

"Just about that," returned the man

"I knew a real old lady," remarked
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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 a man who suddenly sees in visible form the 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 them. 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 tell the people in.

"Well, fellow blinkers" - 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 silent 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.
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 us 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 the track when it gets dark. He’s a small horse, and if this eclipse gets too darkened, 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 ease, and stored him away in the stable with a competent attendant, and then sat around to wait for three o’clock on the afternoon of Thursday, the 18th of August. When it became noisy 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 cold coins over Niagara Falls.

Harmony engaged a capable boy to give our pensive 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.

“Yes, but 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 genially, “is a partial obscurity of the sun, producing a semi-daylight condition, bordering on dusk. It is different

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Why doesn’t it occur to some car owners that “guesswork” is an ancient history around a motor car?

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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 a fast 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, 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 looking. 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. "I can't ride a horse, then nobody can. 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.

"Sure," Omar said a little 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 rings. Harmony went on. "Gallops is 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 for him to unlatch and share the money with us, so that we could spread it over the ring, he did so without protest. It was entirely unlike Omar.

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

"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 so, and not be charged anything for it."

The three of us watched the early races 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 sharls 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 pencil and a program and figured that we won forty-three thousand dollars.


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 have seen it.

"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 hateful," admitted Omar. "There is 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 checkers' 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 book, 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 unyielding 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 out of the home stretch like a Salvation Army Christmas tree. Around his neck there shone 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...
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 hit-up jockey coming home on an illuminated horse. I glanced over toward Harmony Childs and beheld a pitiﬁal 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 rushed into the crowd and when Schwartz began to talk to the judges, it was clear enough. He stated briskly 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.

"Boys, 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 as simple as though he had never run. They gave the Empire Handicap to a horse named Plocolian which had finished a block behind our实力 runner. Harmony had the blind staggerers 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 we were 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 dropping 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 23


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