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February 23, 1924

Collier's

THE N… WEEKLY

The Question Mark by Octavus Roy Cohen

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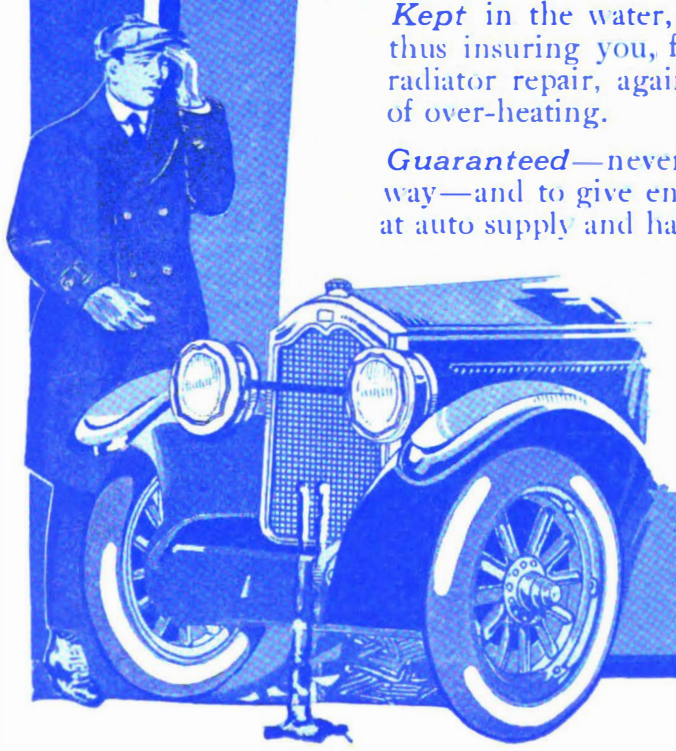
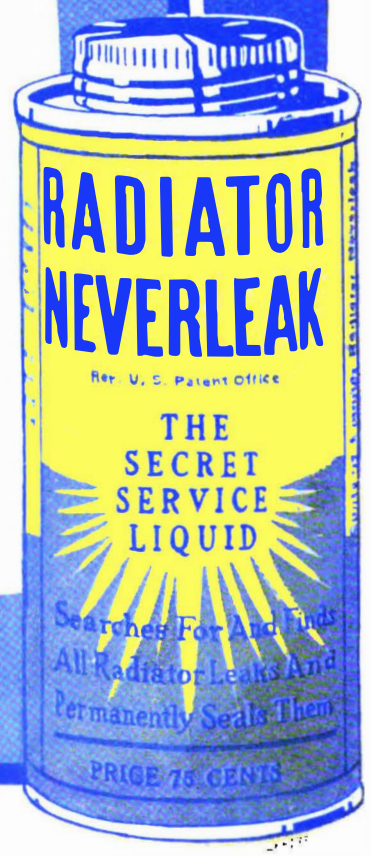




Are you a micawber?

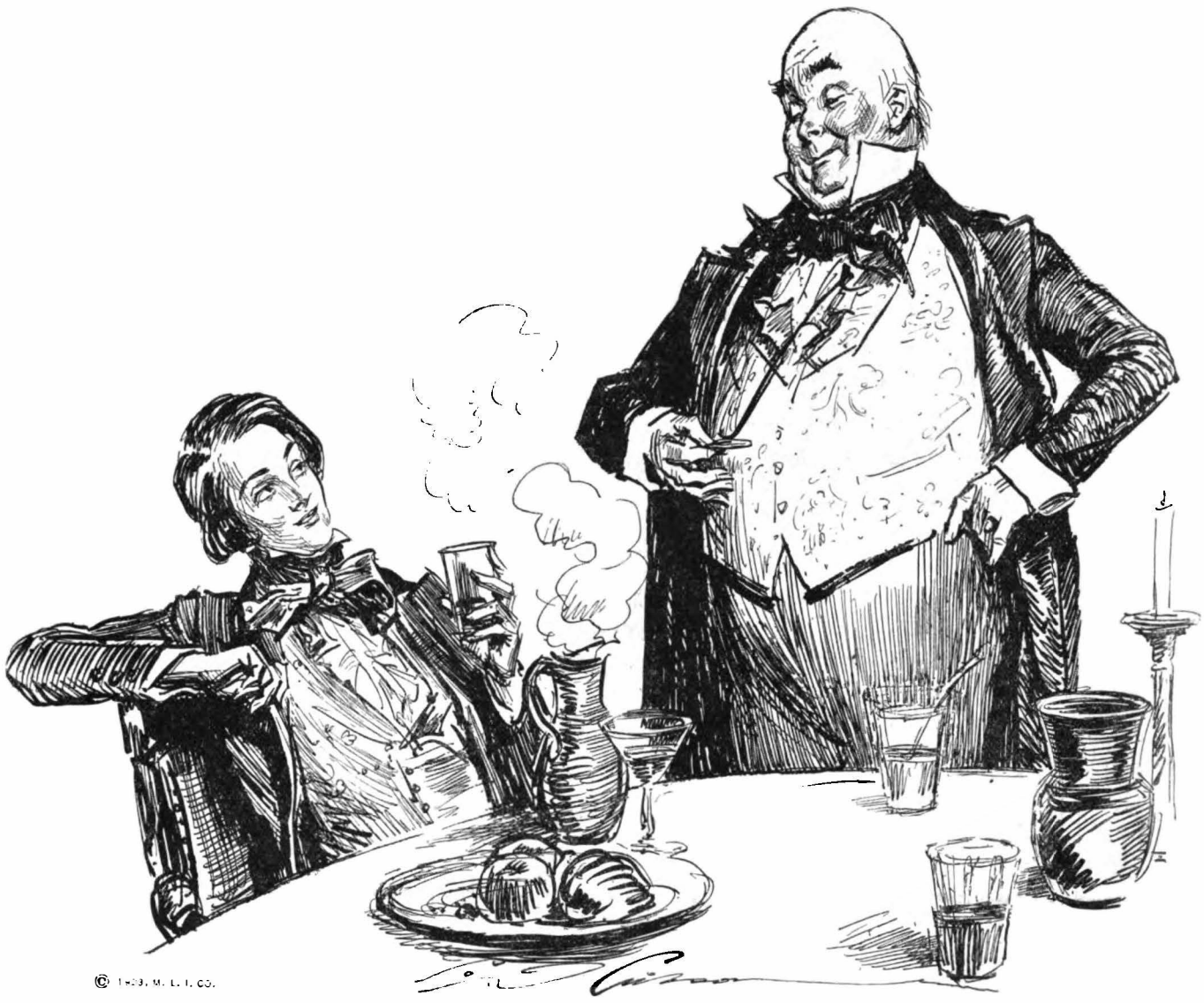
MEET an old friend—Mr. Wilkins Micawber! First introduced to you by Charles Dickens in "David Copperfield". Always procrastinating, always out of money, always "*waiting for something to turn up*". And yet such a good fellow in so many ways—devoted to his home, a loyal friend, the genial apostle of optimism.

Nevertheless your sympathy went out to his trusting, never-deserting wife and their five children. And today you have only to look about you in every city, town and village—in every office, shop or factory—to see how this little family has multiplied thousands and millions of times. You meet its descendants everywhere.

A micawber is the person who spends every penny as fast as it is made (or borrowed), who lives in expectation of unearned success, who fools only himself in putting up a front. A micawber is the person who hasn't a penny in the bank, a share in the building and loan association, an interest in any benefit fund or a dollar's worth of life insurance. A micawber is a person who hasn't saved a cent.

"He's a regular micawber!" Could anything else describe to the dot the hopelessly hopeful person who never arrives at success because he never starts?

He's a micawber who, in spite of his need and his common-sense, will have nothing to do with living on the definite basis of a family budget.



"My other piece of advice, Copperfield, you know. Annual income twenty pounds, annual expenditure, nineteen nineteen six, result happiness. Annual income twenty pounds, annual expenditure twenty pounds ought and six, result misery."

CHARLES DICKENS put the word, *micawber*, into the English language seventy-five years ago. Straight-thinking economists put the word, *budget*, into it eighty-eight years before that. There was no reason why Mr. Micawber could not have lived on a budget basis; but he didn't want to—micawbers never do.

Micawbers prefer to spend what they have and wait for "something to turn up". No limitations of a budget for them! Yet the strange part of it is this: It isn't a *budget* that holds your scale of living down; it's your *income*. Think that over. In fact, budgeting your expense is a real incentive to increase your income, as well as the best way to get the very most out of what you have now. It tells you just where your money is going, *before it goes instead of afterwards*. The difference between budgeting and accounting is that one looks ahead while the other looks back. Which way do you wish to look?

The minute you begin to run your expenses on a real business basis, on a budget basis, you see just what you are doing. You see exactly how to reduce certain items in order to increase others that are more desirable. You begin to choose intelligently whether you would rather have one thing or another—for not one of us can have everything.

Get on a budget basis and you will step up and out of the micawber family—if you are a member of it now. You will stop waiting for "something to turn up". You will begin to go ahead. You will begin to get your share of the good things that only savings can buy, including your financial independence in the years to come.

The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company has an intimate financial relationship with more than 20,000,000 policy-holders. In this friendly contact with one-sixth of the population of the U. S. and Canada, it has come to know how great a need exists for a definite, simple plan of saving.

Most people would like to save if they knew how. But the question usually is—"*How* can I save on *my* income?" To answer this question, the Metropolitan has worked out a simple, practical plan for budgeting one's income.

It is all in a pocket-size booklet which tells how to lay out your expenses in relation to your income; how to provide for saving without being miserly; how to keep track of your income and outgo. It shows practical budgets worked out for small, medium and generous incomes. And it tells the true and inspiring stories of many men and women who have learned to save—true stories that sound like fairy tales. Even though you are at present following a budget plan of your own, we believe you will find our suggestions useful.

On your request, we will mail you free of charge a copy of this booklet, "Let Budget Help".

HALEY FISKE, *President.*

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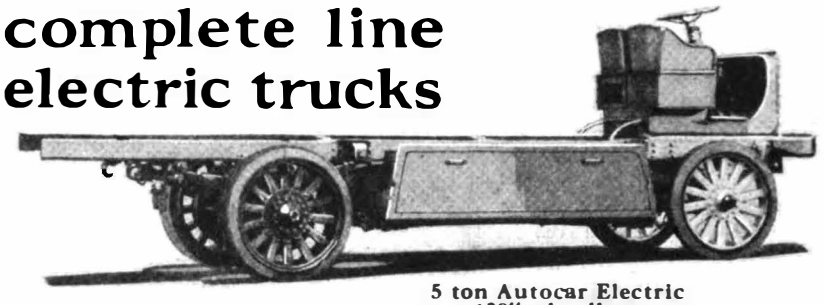

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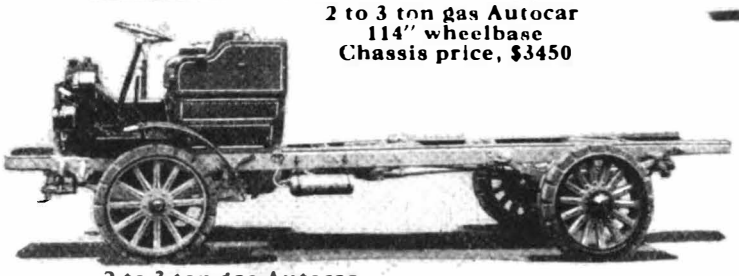

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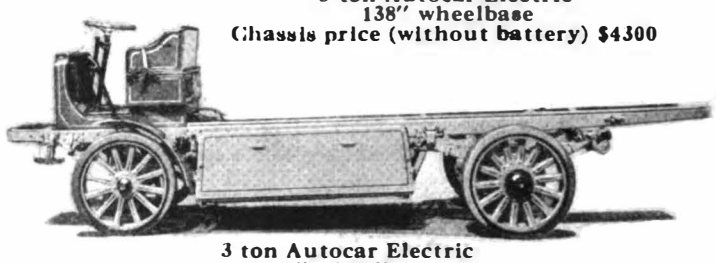

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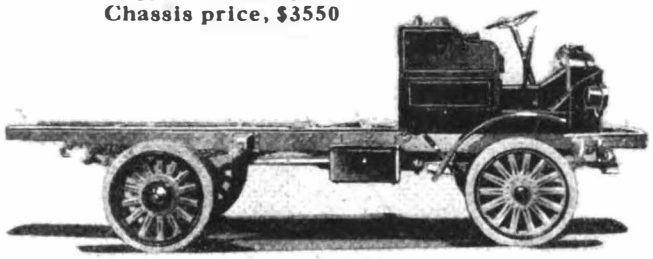

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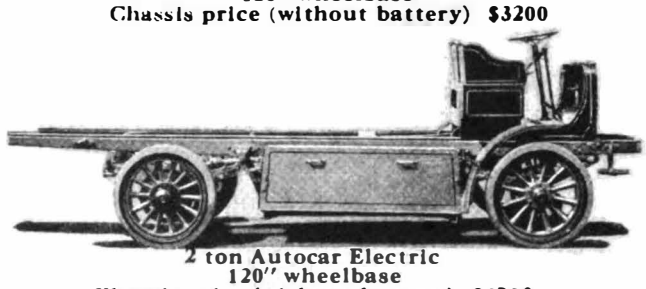

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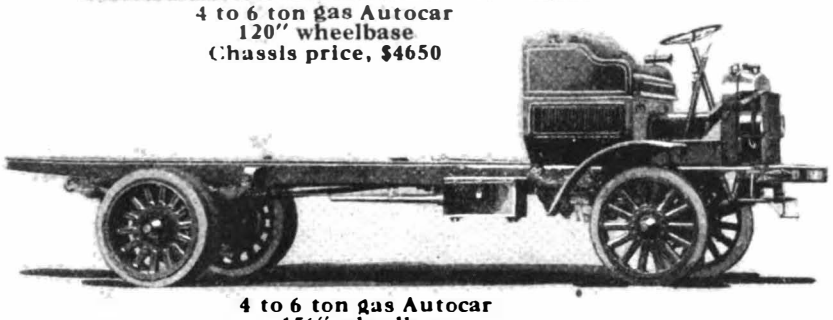

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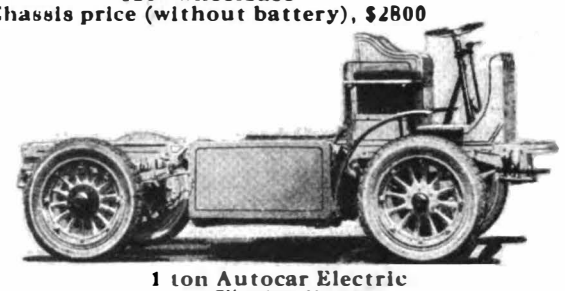

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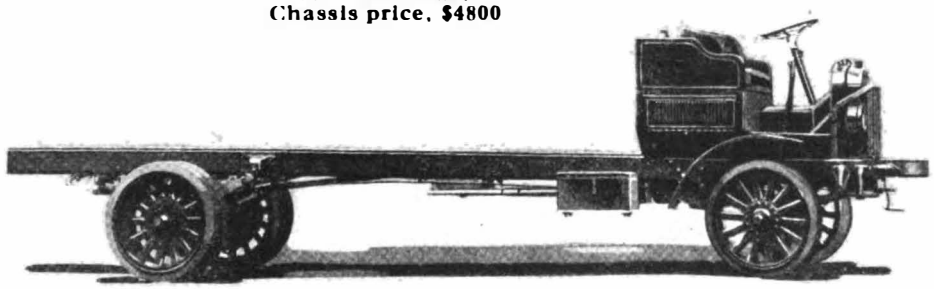

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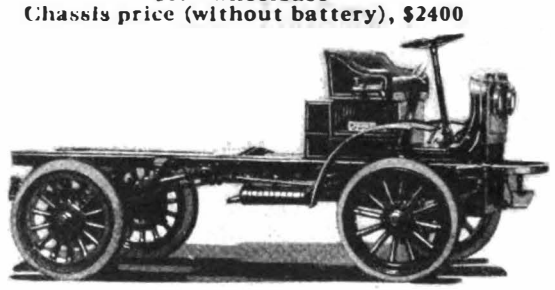

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THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

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The next morning, when the maid went into the living room of Morgan's apartment, she saw the huddled thing on the floor

The Question Mark

By Octavus Roy Cohen

Illustrated by E. F. Ward

IN one hand Walter McBride held a 38-caliber revolver; in the other, five cartridges. He placed the cartridges on the table, spun the cylinder of the revolver, and pulled the trigger five times on the empty chambers. Five sharp metallic clicks rewarded his efforts, and he nodded in grim satisfaction.

McBride was rather amazed at his freedom from emotion in view of the fact that within an hour he planned to take a human life. Two or three times in the past he had permitted his imagination to amuse him with speculation regarding his reactions should homicidal necessity ever arise, and until this stern moment he had firmly believed that his nerves would be jumpy, his heart action uneven, and himself thoroughly frightened.

Now, however, he found himself experiencing no particular internal seethe. His hand was steady, his thought processes crystal-clear, his brain normally receptive to impressions. Perhaps, he reflected, this condition was fathered by the fact that the homicide which he proposed to commit was ethically justifiable.

Walter McBride did not plan to do murder. He realized, of course, that a cold-blooded jury, reviewing the facts some months later, might decide that he had exceeded his authority as a citizen and a gentleman by ridding the earth of a person whose existence he knew to be a positive detriment to the community, but just at the moment McBride was not weighing consequences. Circumstances—and a rigid code of decency—had forced upon him the extremely distasteful rôle of executioner, and he completed his preparations with scrupulous attention to detail.

He replaced in the bathroom medicine cabinet the small bottle of machine oil which he had used in cleaning the revolver, threw into the wastebasket the piece of flannel which had been employed in the same task. He broke the weapon, slipped the freshly greased cartridges into their chambers, snapped the catch again, held the thing in his palm, and regarded it speculatively before slipping it unemotionally into his hip pocket. Then he donned hat and overcoat, stepped from his apartment into the elevator, and thence into the street, where he elected to walk the twelve blocks which separated his apartment house from that of the man whom he was about to kill.

THE little old man at the corner news stand greeted McBride cheerily, and received a smile and a nod in answer. And the little old man gazed rather affectionately after the trim, well-tailored figure, never dreaming that the young man was doing anything more portentous than indulging in an afternoon walk.

Certainly there was nothing in the appearance or demeanor of young McBride to indicate that the mission upon which he was bent was other than innocuous. Rather good to look upon, there was yet little in his physical appearance to differentiate him from scores of other successful young business men. He was of medium height, athletic in appearance, quietly and tastefully dressed, clean-shaven, and — altogether — absolutely without distinctiveness. His friends and associates knew that he possessed marked strength of character and decidedly individual characteristics; but to the casual observer of indifferent acquaintance he was merely another young American business man who was, perhaps, rather more idealistic than the run of his fellows, yet whose chief claim to distinction was his amazing normalcy. Born a gentleman, reared a gentleman—a good fellow withal—sought socially, member of the city's three best clubs, fairly prominent in the business world, single, popular . . . that was Walter McBride at thirty-two years of age; that was Walter McBride as he was this day when he set calmly out to kill Dennis Morgan.

He walked swiftly, with a free-hipped, swinging stride. He reached the rather ornate and pretentious apartment house in which Morgan maintained a bachelor suite. Morgan lived on the second floor; the elevator was not at the moment in evidence, so McBride mounted the stairs, tried the knob of Morgan's door, felt it give to the touch—and walked in.

He found Morgan in the rather too luxuriously furnished living room. At sight of the large, pudgy man in his flowered dressing gown, a cigarette held loosely between pursy lips, colorless eyes blinking at him over the top of an evening newspaper, McBride's original sensation of disgust and unappeasable outrage came again upon him, and he knew that he was glad he had undertaken the task immediately before him.

Morgan too was well-born; he too was a bachelor, a member of good clubs, but he was a thorough rotter. Men despised and women feared him. He was a lecher, a philanderer; a smooth, unctuous, obtrusive individual who was a disgrace to the family name, which stood well upon the city's social register.

Morgan was much given to friendships in the underworld; he claimed as intimates a score or more of men and women whose means of livelihood were exceedingly shady, and they fed upon him like leeches. He was a man utterly without morals of any sort, devoid of ethical standards, and for a year or more McBride had known that it was Dennis Morgan who supplied to a shrieking local scandal sheet some of its most unsavory morsels.

This publication—Blair's 'Spotlight'—was a particularly obnoxious thing; a stench in the nostrils of a decent community. Its publisher delighted to devastate and seldom resorted to blackmail or accepted hush money. And he was usually so nearly right in his presentation of facts and so diabolically clever in his skirting of the libel laws that his sheet flourished. It was Blair's boast that his nasty little magazine could be found in the city's best homes—and it was his boast, too, that he was the most feared man in the State.

MORGAN lowered his paper slowly. A slight pallor bleached his reddish complexion. His fishlike eyes blinked uncertainly beneath the level, uncompromising stare of his unannounced visitor. He fidgeted uncomfortably and struggled to make his greeting casual. "Hello, Mac."

McBride's head inclined slowly, but McBride's eyes did not waver. "Good evening, Morgan."

Then came a pregnant silence: once more the redness returned to Morgan's cheeks.

The heavy-set man seemed to feel the tensity of the situation; a peculiar chill pervaded the room.

"Have a seat," invited Morgan, with attempted casualness. McBride shook his head slowly. "No. I didn't come for that."

"What—what did you come for?"

Walter McBride's lips pressed against each other to the point of physical pain. He became conscious of the fact that his astounding calm was deserting him now that the moment for action had come. He realized that his heart was thumping like that of a runner at the end of a long, heartbreaking grind, that his eyes were curtained and that it was necessary to spread his legs slightly to control the swaying tendency of his body.

That was all: beyond that he gave evidence of no emotion; he seemed calm and unperturbed and rather deadly. Nor was there any instinct to turn back or to reconsider the step which he was about to take. Mere sight of the beet-faced man in the easy-chair fanned the flames of his bitter hatred and unquenchable contempt; a sense of righteousness pervaded him and, quite unconsciously, he hunched his shoulders slightly and thrust his head forward the merest fraction of an inch.

"I've read to-day's issue of the 'Spotlight,'" he announced in a voice curiously flat and even.

Again the color drained from Morgan's cheeks. "Well," he said with a pallid attempt at belligerence: "What of it?"

"They are carrying a story about Mary and Dick Bonham: it is a rotten, putrid thing."

"I don't know what you're talking about."

"That's a lie—and you know I know it's a lie. The circumstances were peculiar: very. On that sort of evidence Mary hasn't a chance. And, Morgan, aside from Mary and Bonham, there are only two persons in the world who knew of that perfectly innocent occurrence: one is myself and the other is you."

"I?"

"Yes—you. It was you and I who stumbled across them in the hotel where they had been driven by a storm and a puncture. I was rather amused; you were apparently not interested. But the story in the 'Spotlight' details absolutely what you and I saw. Mary's reputation is a choice morsel on the tongue of every scandalmonger in the city this afternoon. Everybody who knows her knows that the thing is a lie. But that does not deter them from mouthing it around. The fact that there is not a scintilla of truth behind the rotten innuendo makes no difference."

Walter McBride paused. Beads of perspiration stood out on his forehead, and he felt his nerves jumping like electric wires.

"Before I go any farther let me tell you that the minute the story appeared Bonham went to Mary and asked her to marry him. She refused. Less than an hour later I asked her to marry me. Again she refused. It may interest you to know also that Mary and I have been engaged secretly for more than six months. But she refused to marry me to-day because she thought my renewed proposal was a desperate attempt to save some shred of her reputation. I'm merely telling you about our engagement so you will understand that I have come to you to-day as a matter of duty and of right."

Dennis Morgan cleared his throat—his question came weakly and through dry lips. "I really don't see, Walter, what I have to do with all of this."

"That too is a lie. I have known for some time that you were the source of a great many of the particularly rotten stories which the 'Spotlight' printed: why, God only knows. You have money and position. It's probably just that nasty, perverted twist to your mind. And if that alone had not been sufficient to arouse my suspicion, you forget that you—and only you—in addition to myself, knew the circumstances published in the 'Spotlight.' We saw Bonham in Mary's room—and we both knew that there was nothing in the situation that there should not be. You're a rotter, Dennis; a worse rotter and a more contemptible coward than I ever believed a man could be. Now, tell me: why did you pass that story over to the 'Spotlight?'"

"I haven't admitted that I did."

"That isn't necessary."

Morgan rose slowly from his chair. He was not a physical coward—couldn't, as a matter of fact, understand why he had been so excessively nervous since McBride's entrance. His fat lips curled back into a sneer. "Well, if you're so damned wise—"

"You passed that story along to Blair, didn't you?"

"You say that I did."

"Are you afraid to admit it?"

Anger mounted in Morgan's breast. His face grew purplish with a sudden fury which was more confounding because it was unaccountably late in coming. "I'm not afraid to admit anything, Walter. It's none of your damned business what I did or what I do. Yes, I saw Mary down there with Bonham; and yes, I gave the facts to Blair. Blair printed nothing but the facts: he left it to the public to draw its own conclusions. I have no doubt Mary was deliciously innocent, but it didn't look that way. And now"—he poked his head forward as he fired the question—"what in hell are you going to do about it?"

McBride stared amazedly. It was inconceivable that even consuming anger could drive the man to such an admission. His voice was quite steady as he answered Morgan's question. "I'm going to kill you," he said evenly.

Morgan laughed. "Don't make me sick," he sneered. "You talk like a dime novel. Going to kill me! . . ." Then his eyes opened wide and he stepped away in sudden horror. "Put that damned gun away, Mac. Put it away!"

THE eyes of the two men met, and at the message which Dennis Morgan read he cringed; slumped like a wet towel which has been flung in the corner.

"Wait—Mac! For God's sake! Think of the consequences."

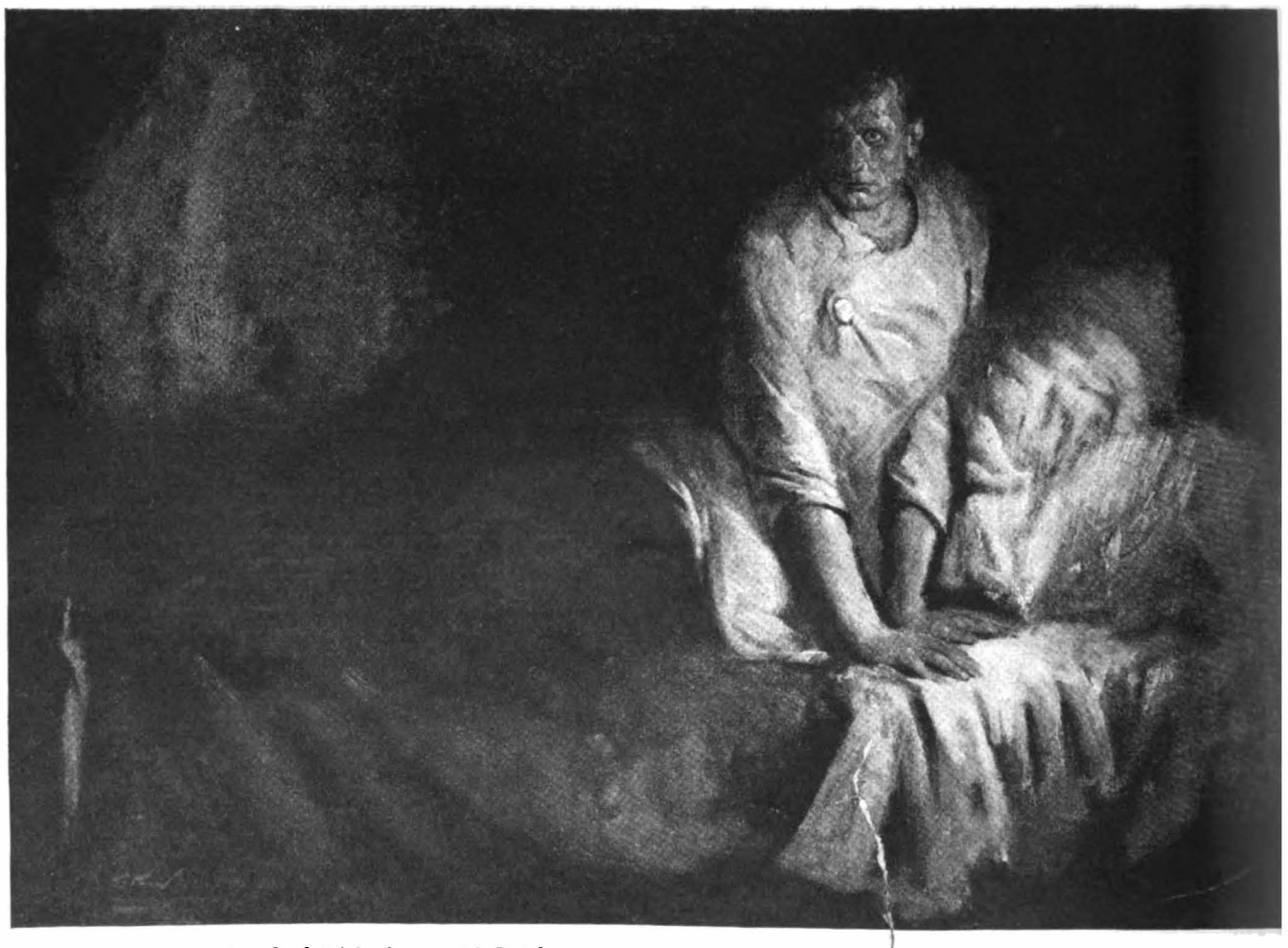
"I've thought of them: I don't care."

"But, Mac—" . . .

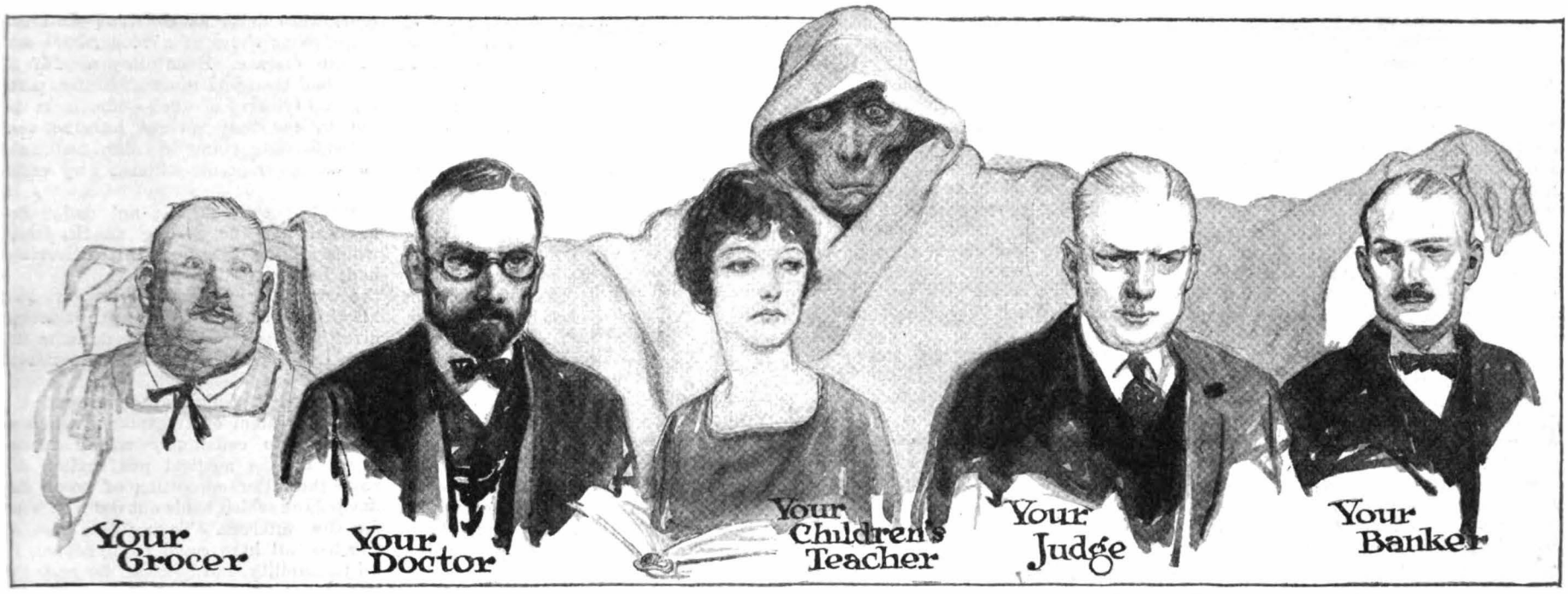
Walter McBride was very much surprised that the revolver made no greater noise: he had expected a terrific amount of reverberation in such a small room. And he remembered long afterward the expression of surprise on the face of Dennis Morgan as he turned slowly and then pitched forward. He remembered too—remembered vividly—the pungent odor of gunpowder—and then he found himself staring at the gun and wondering what to do with it.

He decided to place it on the table, then changed his mind and slipped it back into his hip pocket.

Peculiar that (*Continued on page* 33)



In stark hours of wakeful blackness, McBride experienced all the terrible apprehension of a haunted man



No one in any walk of life is safe from the dangers of drugs, and the idea that a drug addict is degenerate is all wrong

The Cruel Tragedy of "Dope"

By Samuel Hopkins Adams

In every 100 people you know, there is no doubt one drug addict. There are more than a million of them, in all walks of life, in the United States. They are not "fiends," not criminals, not degenerates. They are sufferers from a disease. They don't get pleasure from dope; they get relief. And our brutal laws thrust them deeper into misery. The only way to help them is for Congress to get at the scientific truth. But the bill calling for action has lain in committee since 1922. This is the first of a series of articles by Mr. Adams.

DO you personally know any opium slaves? At first thought this may seem to you, if you are the ordinary reputable citizen of regulated life, a sensational, even a melodramatic question, and you will perhaps begin to search your memory for chance contacts with the underworld of criminals and human wreckage.

Look nearer home, among your own friends and acquaintances. For if you number only one hundred persons in your social circle, the chances are that at least one of them is in the toils of a narcotic drug.

It is a conservative reckoning to say that there are a million people in the United States (many observers believe that there are double that number) who suffer from this addiction, whether the particular drug be opium itself or, more probably, one of its derivatives, morphine, heroin, or codein. (Cocaine and hashish, aspirin and other coal-tar drugs may form a habit, but do not cause addiction, as do the opiates, by producing a definite disease: they are rather in the category with alcohol.)

Every social stratum has its well-distributed quota of opiate-addiction examples, who go about the business of life undetected.

The honored and upright judge on the bench may be one of them. I know a judicial officer of the highest character who for twenty haunted years has been enslaved.

Your representative in Congress is possibly an addict; one of the most luminous political careers of recent years was that of a morphine user.

For all you know, the minister in your pulpit is a sad and helpless self-poisoner; I once knew an eminent divine, a man whose life was one long record of service and devotion, who for a quarter of a century before his death lived in the fetters of that secret slavery.

The Obscure Chain Gang

THE physician who looks after your health, the policeman who guards your house, your favorite actress, the general who leads your nation's armies (think of the five greatest names in American military history: one of them is that of a narcotic drug addict), the professor who instructs your children, the beauty whose picture you admire in the newspaper society columns, the owner or editor of that very newspaper—all of these perhaps travel their painful way in that obscure chain gang. There are notable examples in all these and a hundred other walks of life.

Undiscovered criminals? Degenerates? Shameful panders to their own unbridled appetites?

There could be no more terribly mistaken assumption than the long-implanted idea that narcotic drug addiction is in itself criminal or degenerate, or in any sense a mark of moral or mental obliquity.

It is purely and simply a disease, as definitely a disease as cancer or smallpox or pneumonia, and one for which the patient is in 95 per cent of the cases no more responsible or blamable. Its victims go about the pursuits of life—as a "walking typhoid" might—in spite of the physical handicap, adequately in the majority of cases so long as they are unmolested, but always in dread of the unmerited shame of disclosure. In recent years, because of the restrictions and uncertainties of a well-intentioned but brutally stupid law, they have lived under the shadow of blackmail from the criminal drug venders who have a practical monopoly of the supply, and in continual terror of arrest and imprisonment. They are the helpless victims of a popular and legalized error as inhumane as that which, a few centuries ago, cast the insane into chains as possessed of the devil; the error of making a disease a crime.

To understand the plight of the morphine addict, it is necessary to clear the mind of the rubbish of preconceived notions about "dope" and "dope fiends."

The case is, scientifically, simple. When morphine (I am taking this as typical of all the opium derivatives because it is the most widely used) is administered over a period of time, varying with the individual, the body resists the poison by generating a poison of its own, much as it cures itself of pneumonia or diphtheria by manufacturing its own antitoxin. This counter-poison balances the morphine. But it does not at once die out when the use of morphine is stopped. It remains.

In thus remaining it sets up a condition which is practically a disease so definite and profound that the very blood cells change their structure under its influence, and the entire mechanism of the body is altered, nerves, glands, digestion, and other processes. The only antidote for this disease is more of the drug, which throws the mechanism back again into balance. Without the morphine, the morphine-generated antipoison takes possession of the whole body, becomes a systemic disease; the agonized body protests through symptoms known as "withdrawal symptoms," in that form of exigence which is called the "craving," and, if denied, suffers a collapse which often ends fatally.

This purely physical and logical demand, not moral depravity or mental abnormality, is why drug addicts must and will have their drug. As long as they get it they are to all outward appearances, and for all practical purposes, normal: the general leads his armies, the actress delights her audiences, the physician devotes himself to his cases, the judge presides over his court with unimpaired character and ability. It is only when deprived of the drug that the average addict becomes potentially or actually a criminal, but even that is a normal and not an abnormal criminality incited only by the need of the drug. If I am dying of thirst, and there is water within reach which is withheld from me, I will, in order to get it, lie or steal or even kill when the agony of my delirium drives me. Similarly the narcotic addict will disregard all laws in the savage outcry of his body for the essential drug. For the sufferings of a man dying of thirst are not more unendurable than those of a man dying of drug deprivation. And to attempt to cure a man of addiction by arbitrarily withdrawing his drug is as absurd and cruel as trying to cure a man of thirst by refusing him water.

They Couldn't Start Younger

THE parallel cannot be carried to the limit, however, which would imply that narcotic addiction, once established, is ineradicable. This is not true. It is arrestable—the experts prefer not to use the much-abused word "cure"—and a great majority of the cases which come into the hands of expert practitioners are successfully handled, but not by old-time "dope cure" methods.

Scientific proof of the theory of drug disease as opposed to that of drug habit is plentiful, though for the most part highly technical. Two established facts, however, will serve to support the main contention. *A baby born of a morphine-using mother is born a morphine addict.* It at once exhibits the exact "withdrawal symptoms" which

an addict shows when his supply is cut off, thus proving that the craving—that is, the poison—is in its system. As soon as the infant begins to nurse, the symptoms are allayed because it gets its supply of the drug through the mother's milk, and the balance between the two poisons is restored. Bottle-fed infant "addicts" die at once unless morphine is administered. Until this was determined the mortality of bottle-fed infants of an addicted mother was 100 per cent, because the frail bodies could not withstand the unbalanced, noncounteracted poison transmitted to them before birth.

The Hopeless Football Giant

EQUALLY convincing is the experiment made by a foreign physiologist with a dog to which morphine was administered until it showed the signs of addiction with its changed blood-cell structure. Blood of this animal was then injected into a healthy dog. At once the second animal developed the unmistakable withdrawal symptoms; clear evidence that the blood of the addict dog had carried its poison with it. Upon administration of morphine to the second dog, its symptoms were allayed. It had become a narcotic addict without ever having taken any narcotic drug, just as the baby had, though through a different process of the introduction of the disease.

Long before such definite experimentation had convinced the more progressive students, Dr. Ernest S. Bishop, then resident physician to the Alcoholic and Narcotic Ward of Bellevue Hospital, had satisfied himself by observation of thousands of cases that the old, accepted treatment of narcotic addiction was mostly useless and fundamentally wrong. Dr. Bishop was afterward clinical professor of medicine in the New York Polyclinic Medical School, is author of "The Narcotic Problem," and the foremost American authority on narcotic addiction. He is now under indictment for violation of the Harrison Narcotic Act because he dared to treat his patients according to his best judgment—which is another story, and an ugly one, of official persecution. The accepted treatment was based upon the unchallenged theory that narcotism was a "habit" subject to the will of the "dope fiend," that its slaves acquired it for their own pleasure, and stuck to it not of necessity but because they derived depraved and perverse delights and illusions from it (the hoary old De Quincey fiction still taught as scientific in some of our medical institutions), and that the proper method was to say "Stop it!" and shut off the drug at once.

Accordingly Dr. Bishop, then young and orthodox, said "Stop it!" and shut the drug off from his imprisoned patients. When they tried to tell him that they couldn't do without it, begged for graduated doses on the ground that they could conquer it little by little, he disregarded them in the set belief that all drug "fiends" are constitutional liars and degenerates, and that they were only trying to fool him for the satisfaction of their own vicious appetites.

When they died in collapse, worn out by their agonies, or attempted suicide by jumping out of the windows, he was disappointed but not disillusioned. When others improved and grew fat and rosy and well-conditioned under the careful regimen and good food and treatment upon which he insisted when in charge of the ward, he congratulated himself—until he found that all these "good" cases were having their drug smuggled in to them by nurses or guards. As soon as he put an end to that practice, the good cases became bad cases with discouraging promptness: they agonized and collapsed and died, and some tried suicide. It was quite decidedly disheartening.

About this time there came under his care the wreck of a once superb physical specimen whose face, ravaged as it was, was vaguely familiar, though the name that he gave was not. Like most victims, he was ready to do and endure anything to escape from his enslavement. Perceiving that he was craving. In answer to questions only did he detail his symptoms, the dreadful feeling of oppression, the constant vague apprehension, the sensation of having his leg muscles torn apart with red-hot pincers. There were other typical evidences that needed no recital, the recurrent gape of morphinism known as the "yen yawn," the uncontrollable tremors, the profuse sweats, the increasing diarrhea and deadly retching, and presently the pallid skin and irregular heart action of collapse. Dr. Bishop's ideal subject was dying before his eyes, a death of slow torture. He appreciated his own condition, but still he made no complaint or plea. One day, however, he asked a question:

"I'm not coming through, am I?"

"Your condition isn't encouraging. I can't guarantee anything," was the physician's frank reply.

"If I die, send word to this address. If I get well, forget it."

The name gave Dr. Bishop the shock of his life. It stimulated memory and identified the patient as a famous football player of years before, against whom Bishop, as tackle on the Brown University team, had repeatedly played, a man of bulldog grit and determination and of the highest character as well.

Then and there began the young physician's disillusionment as to the efficacy of the human will as an antidote to narcotic addiction. If a man of the athletic star's character and caliber could not win his struggle when deprived of the drug, it was because morphine, instead of being an indulgence, was an absolute necessity of life in such cases. The patient was put back upon the drug, his life was saved, though a man of intelligence and education, Dr. Bishop took a special interest in his case. Here, surely, was the kind of patient whose will power, social standards, and desire to be cured would carry him through if there was any virtue in human endeavor to prevail against the drug. Dr. Bishop got him into as good physical condition as possible, and then took away his morphine.

For days the giant lay in his bed uncomplaining, fighting in silence and with set jaws the torments of his barely, and he was sent out uncured and hopeless. Concomitantly Dr. Bishop's faith in the recognized system of treatment was totally wrecked.

Now, Bishop is, by instinct and training, eminently the clinician, the observer, of sharpened and apprehensive faculties. He began to study his cases from their own point of view, whereas the accepted practice had been to regard everything that a "dope fiend" said as a lie. Certain symptoms, he noted, were universal, and these symptoms were quite as constant and impressive as those of a recognized and definite disease. Even allowing for all that had been told him about the feigning and trickery of drug addicts, he did not believe that several hundreds of patients were going to feign and fake the same symptoms without any collusion.

He began to suspect not only that he was on the wrong track, upon which all the other medical authorities had been confidently traveling amid the wreckage of human lives, but that all this evidence led in quite another direction, the direction of a definite disease for which the patient was not to blame.

From that point he developed the rational system of treatment which is coming into constantly wider recognition by the medical profession, despite the bitter opposition of some elements, and which holds out definite hope for the sufferers. To-day the case of the football hero could be arrested, in all probability, and he could be restored to his place in the world, practically normal for all professional and social purposes, by being medically "trained" to a condition in which the narcotic drug was no longer a necessity to him, and his craving for it was eliminated.

This is achieved not by any hard-and-fast system, substitution of other drugs, or patent or secret "cure." Every case must be handled according to its individual idiosyncrasies, for no two are exactly alike. But the method, as practiced by Dr. Bishop and those who follow his teachings, is fundamentally the same in all cases, being based upon the recognition of narcotic drug addiction as a disease which must be combated as such, not a habit which can be thrown off at will.

The problem of the patient thus becomes one of building up the strength of the body until it can, by its own processes, overcome the poison and win back to normal or approximately normal condition. This cannot be done while the sufferer is subjected to the racking agonies of abrupt withdrawal, for then all his vitality is exhausted in the mere effort to endure his torments, leaving none to fight the disease poison, and frequently not enough to keep him alive. By carefully maintaining the balance, however, and by manipulating the intervals at which the drug is taken, it is feasible to reduce the dosage and at a determinable time to stop it entirely without any severe suffering.

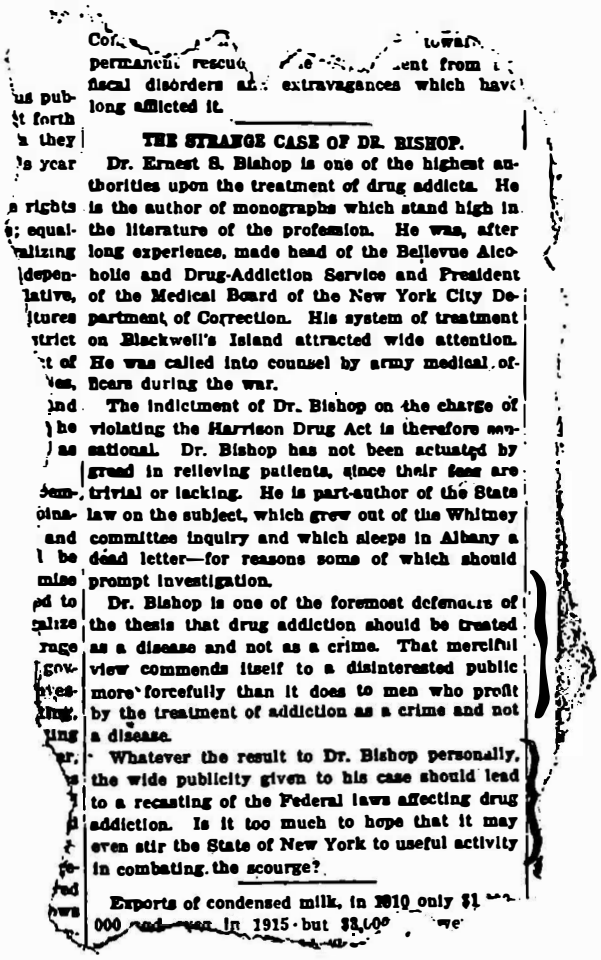
They Don't Call It a "Cure"

I HAVE recently talked with a man of national reputation in his own line who went through a successful course of treatment with an unguarded bottle of morphine beside his bed. He effectually dispelled for me the old superstition that the addict always retains a wistful desire for the sensations produced by his drug and abstains only by a continuous effort of will.

"Want the stuff?" said he. "Absolute nonsense! What you most want in the world is freedom from it. *I never in my life got any pleasure from morphine; nothing but relief.* When a man goes back to it it isn't because he wants to, but because he's got to." And he told me of a terrible and dramatic episode in his own career as a "hophead."

He had been, as he thought, cured, and had undertaken an arduous piece of work on the Pacific Coast, involving severe mental and nervous strain. At the climax of the task, when he had been without sufficient sleep for several nights, he went to bed exhausted and woke up (*Continued on page* 32)

A Martyr to Mercy



Co... ...toward permanent rescue ... ...ent from ... fiscal disorders ... extravagances which have long afflicted it.

THE STRANGE CASE OF DR. BISHOP.

Dr. Ernest S. Bishop is one of the highest authorities upon the treatment of drug addicts. He is the author of monographs which stand high in the literature of the profession. He was, after long experience, made head of the Bellevue Alcoholic and Drug-Addiction Service and President of the Medical Board of the New York City Department of Correction. His system of treatment on Blackwell's Island attracted wide attention. He was called into counsel by army medical officers during the war.

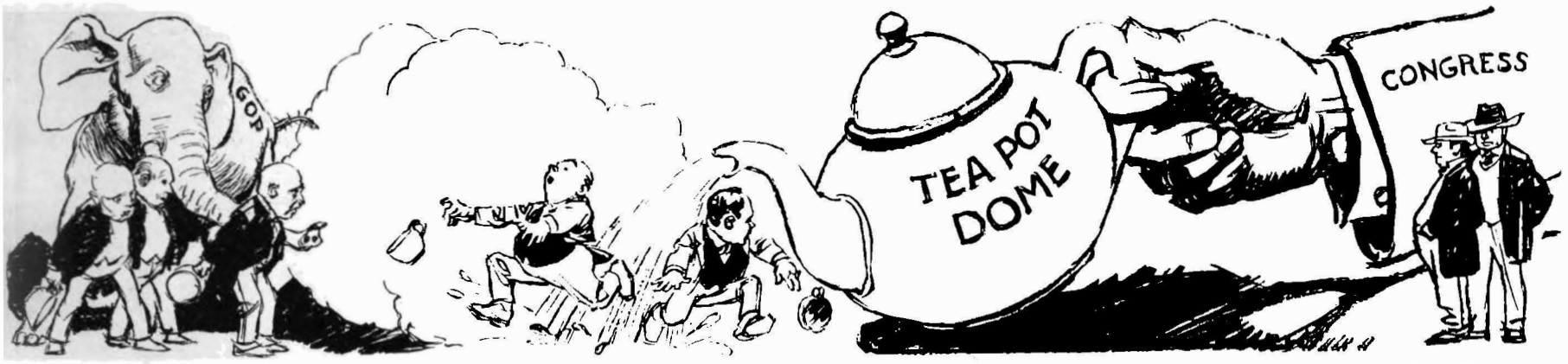
The indictment of Dr. Bishop on the charge of violating the Harrison Drug Act is therefore sensational. Dr. Bishop has not been actuated by greed in relieving patients, since their fees are trivial or lacking. He is part-author of the State law on the subject, which grew out of the Whitney committee inquiry and which sleeps in Albany a dead letter—for reasons some of which should prompt investigation.

Dr. Bishop is one of the foremost defenders of the thesis that drug addiction should be treated as a disease and not as a crime. That merciful view commends itself to a disinterested public more forcefully than it does to men who profit by the treatment of addiction as a crime and not a disease.

Whatever the result to Dr. Bishop personally, the wide publicity given to his case should lead to a recasting of the Federal laws affecting drug addiction. Is it too much to hope that it may even stir the State of New York to useful activity in combating the scourge?

Exports of condensed milk, in 1910 only $1 ... 000 ... year in 1915 but $3,00... ...we

This clipping, from the New York "World" of February 17, 1920, refers to the foremost authority in the United States on narcotic addiction. Dr. Bishop is guilty of conscientiously practicing medicine. He was arrested in 1920. His house has been rifled, his wires tapped, his papers stolen. The flimsy indictment against him is never pressed, but whenever he is invited to present his theory of narcotic addiction before medical or legislative bodies, he is notified that he must be at the court's call. Four years of persecution have broken his health. He is now bedridden, but full of fight



Washington is flooded with gossip of corruption, graft, political blackguardism. The Senate's investigation has brought all the talk to a head

When Oil Gums the Machine

By Edward G. Lowry

I SEEK to set down here in plain and simple terms a tentative and provisional estimate of the situation and condition at Washington that have been brought about by the disclosures and revelations in connection with the naval reserve oil-lease scandals. I have never known Washington to be so flooded with gossip, hints, stories, reports—confirmed and unconfirmed—of corruption, graft, political blackguardism, and unsavory inferences about the motives that animated Federal public servants.

For more than a year people about Washington have been saying, one to another, that the morale of the public service had sunk to a low estate. Usually there isn't much talk of corruption at Washington. The Ballinger case in the Taft Administration was the last great notorious transaction that aroused alarm and indignation. But now the investigation of the Senate Committee on Public Lands has brought to a head all the whisperings and talk that have been going on in Washington. A beginning has been made toward finding out the truth. Whither it will lead it is too early to say.

The basic outlines are clear and can be set down with assurance. The naval oil reserves were created in pursuance of a considered and matured policy in the national interest. President Roosevelt laid the groundwork through the Geological Survey, which he directed to make a report on such oil lands within the public domain as might advantageously be set aside for the navy's needs. President Taft created in 1912 two naval oil reserves in California. President Wilson in 1915 set aside the third naval oil reserve in Wyoming, known as Teapot Dome. Congress, fully approving everything that had been done by three administrations, two Republican and one Democratic, transferred control over the naval oil reserves to the Secretary of the Navy.

As soon as he came into office Secretary Fall set about securing the transfer of the oil reserves to the Interior Department. Within a month he had had his way and in May the executive order was signed that reversed the policy of Roosevelt, Taft, and Wilson. What Fall did with the reserves is now known. Sinclair and Doheny got them. Leaving aside the question of fraud and corruption for the courts to determine, we must decide whether we want in power that element in politics that is so closely associated and so mindful of big interests. Here apparently we have a clear case.

Both branches of Congress, after prolonged public debate, have declared by joint resolution that the leases "were executed under conditions indicating fraud and corruption." Congress has gone further and asserted that "the leases and contract were entered into without authority on the part of the officers purporting to act . . . for the United States and in violation of the laws of Congress." Speaking as the national trustee, the Senate and House have gone on to say that the leases "were made in defiance of the settled policy of the Government, adhered to through three successive administrations"; that they are "against the public interest," and that the naval reserve oil lands should be recovered "and held for the purpose to which they were dedicated."

To bring about this desirable end President Coolidge has been authorized and directed by Congress to bring suit and prosecution in the courts, and to employ special counsel outside of the Department of Justice to conduct the cases. At midnight on the day before this resolution was brought into the Senate Mr. Coolidge conceded and confessed the lack of popular confidence in Attorney General Daugherty by announcing that he would employ private counsel to conduct the case for the Government in the courts.

A Ripe Time for Scandal

THAT, in briefest compass, is the solid, factual basis on which rests the present public outcry, concern, and indignation. Had the result of the long, patient, and intelligent investigation conducted by Senator Walsh of Montana come to a crisis in an off year politically, public discussion would have been narrowed to Fall and Denby and Doheny and Sinclair and the other figures directly involved in the oil-lease transactions. But, coming as it does within three months or so of the national conventions, those who call for discussion or consideration of the clean-up of this scandal without political bias are wasting words, and they know it. A political scandal of such magnitude cannot fail to be a political issue. Of course, Mr. Coolidge, as a candidate for president, will seek to disassociate himself from any responsibility through negligence or inattention for lack of knowledge or understanding of what was going on while he sat in the Cabinet as Vice President. His supporters will assist him. His opponents for the nomination and the Democrats will equally attempt to influence public opinion against him.

The whole scandal has already had a profound political effect. What impress the exposés will make on Mr. Coolidge's fortunes is yet to be measured and discerned. No one, of course, hints at his complicity in any fraud, but the same criticism has been leveled at him as at Secretary Denby and Assistant Secretary Roosevelt of the Navy Department: that they didn't know what was going on about them and that they should have known. None of them, apparently, ever heard the eager buzz of gossip about the transaction that has been audible in Washington for more than a year. It was not until the disclosures came to a head and the revelations about Fall commanded country-wide attention that Mr. Coolidge betrayed any public interest in the oil-lease scandal investigation.

In the beginning only the Republicans felt the adverse political effects of the scandal, but when Mr. Doheny was recalled as a witness at the end of January the Democrats became involved. It was brought out that Mr. McAdoo, conceded to be the leading Democratic aspirant for the presidential nomination, was at that moment receiving a retainer of $50,000 a year from the Doheny interests and that T. W. Gregory, formerly attorney general in the Wilson Cabinet, had subsequent to his retirement from public life also been employed by Doheny in association with other oil interests. This changed the whole political aspect of the scandal and made it more confused and complex. Gregory's appointment as one of the special counsel to investigate the oil leases was at once canceled.

We must impose upon ourselves the duty of making rigid discriminations as this unsavory tale continues to unfold. Fall and Doheny and Sinclair are charged with wrongdoing. Denby is charged with inattention, laxness, and negligence. But politics and "availability" for the presidency are not concerned with facts or legal procedure or justice. Men are hurt or helped in politics by the sway and color and movement of public opinion.

Mr. Coolidge and Mr. McAdoo are not charged with corruption or wrongdoing. Yet every competent observer and public man realizes and publicly concedes that their chances to be nominated by their respective parties have been materially affected. The March and April primaries should indicate the drift of the popular verdict. They are near at hand and can be awaited without any attempt at prophecy. But it may be noted that all the informed comment agrees that the Democratic candidates against McAdoo have improved their position and that Johnson, or some other Republican, will have a better chance against Coolidge.

But there is a long view to be taken of this whole present upheaval. For so evil a sore there must be a deep-seated cause. It is for us to find it and isolate it. We have all known for a long time that in the Republican party were at least two groups or elements commonly and roughly identified as the "Old Guard" or "reactionaries" and the "Progressives" or "insurgents." So long ago as 1910 in the revolt against Cannon and Cannonism in the House of Representatives the insurgents rose up against the Old Guard, threw them out and declared them unfit to manage party affairs and the public business. The movement here begun developed into the three-cornered campaign that resulted in Wilson's election. The formidable Republican national machine, that Mark Hanna had brought to such a state of perfection in 1896 with its close alliance between big business and politics, was now temporarily disabled and wrecked. This was brought about not wholly by political opponents but primarily by the party associates of the men who were retired.

Is It the Same Old Gang?

IN 1916 Charles E. Hughes, who had been the notably successful "reform governor" of New York, was persuaded to come from the Supreme Court and make the race for president. His eminent respectability was desired as an asset. But he too was defeated by Wilson. Then began at once a systematic effort to recover the lost ground. Will Hays was made chairman of the Republican National Committee. He made such a thorough job of discrediting Wilson and the Wilson Administration that by 1920 it was thought perfectly safe to nominate Harding, a conservative, a reactionary, and an adherent of the Old Guard. This confidence was justified by the great vote Harding received.

I have set up this background and recited this brief paragraph of political history because the present scandal had its origins in the return to power of an element in our national politics that had been twice rebuked and rejected by its own party associates.

It wrecked Mr. Taft's Administration. Now the same element is responsible for the present mess and the cloud of foul black whispered talk at Washington.

It is time for a thorough housecleaning. A clean administration in the public interest must be our answer to the disclosures that have been made. These shabby, furtive figures in our national household have disgraced us. They must go.

"Shut up your yapping," Peter Zinn greeted his wife. "Shut up and take care of this pup. He's my kind of a dog"

BULLDOG

By Max Brand

Illustrated by Will Foster

WHEN Zinn came home from prison, no one was at the station to meet him except the constable, Tom Frejus, who laid a hand on his shoulder and said: "Now, Zinn, let this here be a lesson to you. Give me a chance to treat you white. I ain't going to hound you. Just remember that because you're stronger than other folks you ain't got any reason to beat them up."

Zinn looked down upon him from a height. Every day of the year during which he had swung his sledge hammer to break rocks for the State roads, he had told himself that one good purpose was served: his muscles grew harder, the fat dropped from his waist and shoulders, the iron square of his chin thrust out as in his youth, and when he came back to town he would use that strength to wreak upon the constable his old hate. For manifestly Tom Frejus was his archenemy. When he first came to Sioux Crossing and fought the three men in Joe Riley's saloon—oh, famous and happy night!—Constable Frejus gave him a warning. When he fought the Gandil brothers and beat them both senseless, Frejus arrested him. When his old horse, Fidgety, balked in the back lot and Zinn tore a rail from the fence in lieu of a club, Tom Frejus arrested him for cruelty to dumb beasts. This was a crowning torment, for, as Zinn told the judge, he'd bought that old skate with good money and he had a right to do what he wanted with it. But the judge, as always, agreed with Tom Frejus. These incidents were only items in a long list which culminated when Zinn drank deep of bootleg whisky and then beat up the constable himself. The constable, at the trial, pleaded for clemency on account, he said, of Zinn's wife and three children; but Zinn knew, of course, that Frejus wanted him back only that the old persecution might begin. On this day, therefore the ex-convict, in pure excess of rage, smiled down on the constable.

"Keep out of my way, Frejus," he said, "and you'll keep a whole skin. But some day I'll get you alone, and then I'll bust you in two—like this!"

He made an eloquent gesture; then he strode off up the street. As the sawmill had just closed, a crowd of returning workers swarmed on the sidewalks, and Zinn took off his cap so that they could see his cropped head. In his heart of hearts he hoped that some one would jibe, but the crowd split away before him and passed with cautiously averted eyes. Most of them were big, rough fellows and their fear was pleasant balm for his savage heart. He went on with his hands a little tensed to feel the strength of his arms.

THE dusk was closing early on this autumn day with a chill whirl of snowflakes borne on a wind that had been iced in crossing the heads of the white mountains, but Zinn did not feel the cold. He looked up to the black ranks of the pine forest which climbed the sides of Sandoval Mountain, scattering toward the top and pausing where the sheeted masses of snow began. Life was like that—a struggle, an eternal fight, but never a victory on the mountaintop which all the world could see and admire. When the judge sentenced him he said: "If you lived in the days of armor, you might have been a hero, Zinn; but in these times you are a waster and an enemy of society." He had grasped dimly at the meaning of this. Through his life he had always aimed at something which would set him apart from and above his fellows; now, at the age of forty, he felt in his hands an undiminished authority of might, but still those hands had not given him the victory. If he beat and routed four men in a huge conflict, society, instead of applauding, raised the club of the law and struck him down. It had always done so, but, though the majority voted against him, his tigerish spirit groped after and clung to this truth: to be strong is to be glorious!

He reached the hilltop and looked down to his home in the hollow. A vague wonder and sorrow came upon him to find that all had been held together in spite of his absence. There was even a new coat of paint upon the woodshed and a hedge of young firs was growing neatly around the front yard. In fact, the homestead seemed to be prospering as though his strength were not needed! He digested this reflection with an oath and looked sullenly about him. On the corner a little white dog watched him with lowered ears and a tail curved under its belly.

"Get out, cur!" snarled Zinn. He picked up a rock and threw it with such good aim that it missed the dog by a mere inch or two, but the puppy merely pricked its ears and straightened its tail.

"It's silly with the cold," said Zinn himself, chuckling. "This time I'll smear it."

He pried from the roadway a stone of three or four pounds, took good aim, and hurled it as lightly as a pebble flies from the sling. Too late the white dog leaped to the side, for the flying missile caught it a glancing blow that tumbled it over and over. Zinn, muttering with pleasure, scooped up another stone, but when he raised it this time the stone fell from his hand, so great was his surprise. The white dog, with a line of red along its side where a ragged edge of the stone had torn the skin, had gained its feet and now was driving silently straight at the big man. Indeed, Zinn had barely time to aim a kick at the little brute, which it dodged as a rabbit turns from the jaws of the hound. Then two rows of small, sharp teeth pierced his trousers and sank into the flesh of his leg. He uttered a yell of surprise rather than pain. He kicked the swaying, tugging creature, but still it clung, working the puppy teeth deeper with intent devotion. He picked up the fallen stone and brought it down heavily with a blow that laid open the skull and brought a gush of blood, but though the body of the little savage grew limp, the jaws were locked. He had to pry them apart with all his strength. Then he swung the loose, senseless body into the air by the hind legs.

What stopped him he could not tell. Most of all it was the stabbing pain in his leg and the marvel that so small a dog could have dared so much. But at last he tucked it under his arm, regardless of the blood that trickled over his coat. He went down the hill, kicked open the front door, and threw down his burden. Mrs. Zinn was coming from the kitchen with a shrill cry that sounded more like fear than like a welcome to Zinn.

"Peter! (*Continued on page 26*)

But Your Child Is Different

By John Amid

"READING and writing and arithmetic," a young man named Studebaker told me, "will be learned, sooner or later, by practically every school child, in one way or another, to at least a reasonable degree; but then what? What will a child do with this knowledge, when he has it? Will he know how to read a newspaper intelligently? Will he make a good citizen? Should a youngster start in to learn plumbing, say, as soon as he's finished the eighth grade—learning it before he's had a chance first to develop further, and find out whether or not he's going to make a better plumber than anything else? I think not."

I found J. W. Studebaker at Des Moines, Iowa. He is superintendent of schools there. He is a quick, small, intense, active man, alert in mind and body. He handles his school system with the generalship of a varsity quarterback driving his football team toward a rival goal—watching the whole field, snapping out his signals and patting his big huskies on the back as he sends 'em into the line.

"You must first make a child *want* to learn," says Studebaker. "There's where one of the great weaknesses of our schools lies. School work must be diversified and made interesting. When the desire to learn has been aroused, it is the function of the school to supervise the child's study, guiding him along lines that will lead to his own particular good—his own widest and best development."

Like all of those who work close to the greatest single movement in the present general educational advance, individual instruction, Studebaker sees each child as a separate individual problem. He stresses not so much the method as the result—not so much *how they get there* as *where they are going*.

He has elaborated a course that he calls "Household Mechanics," in which a youngster learns how to lay a carpet, cut a new door through a partition, put up a clothesline, repair a leaky faucet. He gets a bird's-eye view of half a dozen different trades, at the same time that he's acquiring practical knowledge that will be of use to him as a householder.

"Industrial Arts" is another new course that Studebaker lays stress on. In "Industrial Arts" children get an idea of the correlation of different branches of knowledge. They get a chance to putter with modeling clay in connection with Greek history. They learn something of carpentry, perhaps, while being taught the rudiments of construction and architecture.

School Finances Made Easy

NEITHER of these courses originated with Studebaker. But Studebaker has taken them and elaborated and emphasized them to serve his purpose in making, by "Supervised Study," a well-developed, all-around youngster of each child.

Studebaker's own training was unusual. He came of a long line of teachers and intended to be a teacher himself. When the time came for him to get out and hustle for the college education he wanted, he joined the bricklayers' union and went to work. He laid bricks. He built houses. He got a point of view few school-teachers have. Combined with the theories of the trained teacher, he had practical knowledge of competitive life. He can think with his hands as well as his head. He knows values—the satisfaction of work well done.

The average intelligent American is from Missouri. The school board represents the community, and it "wants to be shown"

It is this knowledge, this competence, this satisfaction, that, Studebaker says, the schools should, and can, pass on to your children and mine.

To get a school system that would first make children want to learn, and then, through supervised study, make them into useful, intelligent, energetic citizens, Studebaker began at the bottom. His first problem was to get better school buildings, with more spacious playgrounds.

Teachers were working under the handicap of old and inadequate schoolrooms, in temporary buildings, in basements, in churches. There was on the books, when he became superintendent, a deficit of $391,000. That was in 1920. In two years it was wiped out and at the end of the third year a balance of $240,000 substituted for it.

School superintendents often complain that they can't get money enough to make improvements. But Studebaker is one of those who are showing that the biggest educational improvements are coming through the use of brains and energy, rather than more money.

"It's just as important for a school system as for an individual," says Studebaker, "to keep inside its income. Make your money go as far as it will—and don't spend any more. Then, if the schools really need more, you can go to your board and show 'em."

When, after the new budget system and various economies had gone into effect, Studebaker went to his school board with a clean balance sheet and asked for more money for new buildings, the results were surprising.

He had been sick. Convalescing from a siege of pneumonia, he worked out five different plans for new and more central school sites, with greater playgrounds, new buildings, better equipment. Of the five, the board selected, and the voters later approved and bonded, *the most expensive*. It called for an outlay of over six millions for new school buildings, in a city of less than 150,000. This, exclusive of the *new* sites.

But, at that, the new Des Moines schools cost hardly more than the old ones. Two mills—that's all the Des Moines school tax has been raised. The cost of education is limited there by law to an average of $90 per pupil; it runs from about $64 for some of the elementary schools to a high-school peak of around $140.

Studebaker's next step was to get better teachers. He knew that no school system or method of teaching is any stronger than the teachers who operate it. He worked out a new salary schedule, already widely copied. *Incentive* was provided for all teachers to become proficiently trained. The figures were planned so that a teacher could drop out a year, borrow money for an additional year of study, and come back at the amount she would have had if she had continued teaching steadily, plus enough additional to pay interest on her year's "investment." With the additional training, her rate of salary advance, each year, would be greater.

Five hundred out of nine hundred Des Moines teachers went to summer school the year after the new salary schedules went into effect. The percentage of college-trained elementary school-teachers started up with a bound. There was an inrush of new ideas, new information, new enthusiasm.

Studebaker's method of getting the cooperation of his school board is simple and energetic.

"A school board," he explained to me, "wants to be shown. It represents the community. To get the people of an American city, as represented by the board they have elected, behind him, a school superintendent has to demonstrate. The average intelligent American is from Missouri: he wants to be shown."

When Studebaker wanted an improved physical training system, he had his pupils take off their shoes and stockings and make imprints of their bare feet. Those imprints showed many broken arches. Classes were organized to take scientific exercises for broken arches. When, at the end of the course of proper exercises, second imprints were taken, there was a big improvement. The two sets of imprints told the story. Studebaker showed them to his school board, and asked them to back him in his plan for improved physical supervision. Instead of the one salaried physician he'd started out to get, he got three. To-day there are physical classes for round-shouldered children, for incorrect posture, for weak hearts. Last year, for the first time in their lives, five thousand youngsters had their teeth properly and scientifically cleaned, free, by the school dentist.

I went to look at one of the elementary schools that were to help make possible supervised study through making children like to learn. It was typical of some twenty new buildings already begun or completed. It was built in the shape of a letter "L," fronting on two streets. The entire block behind it has been purchased for playground space.

There was an airy gymnasium of the new type, to be used like a classroom: Billy Jones gets his gymnasium work, and his shower after it, just as regularly as he gets his arithmetic.

English is studied in an attractive library. Classroom size, but no desks. Great tables instead, and bookshelves built solidly along the walls. A comfortable, informal room, almost enough in itself to make children like books.

When I thought of the almost obsolete buildings, the old lockstep teaching methods, the underpaid, discouraged teachers of some of the Eastern cities, they seemed by comparison to belong close to the Dark Ages.

Wouldn't You Have Liked This?

I SAW the unique Industrial Arts room, fitted with Studebaker-patented combination table-desk-and-work-benches, each equipped with an adjustable drawing board, a vise, drawers for materials and places for tools. Tin-lined vats along the walls for modeling clay, and moisture-proof little compartments for storing partially completed work.

Say, would Billy Jones mind working in that room—puttering with clay, or drawing, or carpentering? *Would* he? I know what my own 12-year-old would say if he got a chance at it: *Hot dog!*

There was a little auditorium, classroom size. Motion-picture booth and projection machine. There was a nature-study room with a big aquarium. Extensive window boxes for growing plants. Tables and chairs instead of desks. There was a kindergarten room, with blocks big enough to build "real" houses for six-year-olds to play in!

Just two regular classrooms, out of eight!

We went on to other buildings—the new "Roosevelt High," and the "Lincoln High," going up at a cost of a million and a quarter each. Five junior high schools, at a total of $2,700,000. No one of them inferior to the rest.

Each building, and the details of each room in each building, planned by principals and committees of teachers who will use them, before being put into the hands of architects to execute.

But all this work is only preliminary.

"We've made a beginning," says Studebaker. "Now we can go on. Educational guidance is what we're working for—supervised study. Teachers must be diagnosticians—able to discover the mental and moral and physical needs of their pupils. We want to fit each child for his own environment and life work, by arousing his instinct to learn and then guiding him to the knowledge that will help him most."

It's a big vision—but practicable.

The Lover and the Deep Blue Sea

By Charles Divine

Illustrated by Robert E. Johnston

Alice too thrilled to ships. She also thrilled to Perry. But this she never told him

You should have seen, man cannot tell to you
The beauty of the ships of that my city.
—JOHN MASEFIELD.

THIS story begins with the above quotation because it was Perry's favorite—Perry Holcomb Anderson, whose grandfather, "Clipper" Anderson, once sailed stately ships, and whose grandfather's grandson now sold bathtubs! . . . From the sublime to the ridiculous? Well, maybe; at least that's what Perry often told himself—and yet he had a living to make in the most lived in city in the world.

Ships! Ships on dazzling waters. Ships with white hulls and red-striped funnels. Ships going down the Hudson with their decks aglow in the sunshine. Down the Hudson to New York Bay. And from the bay to the sea, and from the sea to the many ports at the other side of the world. Ships! There was romance there. . . . And here, in the stale yellow light of the morning subway train that took him downtown to his office, was Perry Holcomb Anderson, cramped and cabined in the underground car with the rest of the human cargo, trying to read his newspaper at a difficult angle and dreaming of the ships of "this his city." He saw them pass his window: ships that passed in the day, ships that took him with them—though he had never set foot on one!

He turned, as usual, to the back part of the newspaper this morning:

Outgoing Steamers. Sail To-day. Zeeland—Southampton, 10 a. m. La France—Havre, 11 a. m. Vedric—Cherbourg, 12 m. Alvania—Naples, 3 p. m.

Out came his penknife, and he removed the half column in a ragged clipping.

When he reached the office of Aldridge & Company, on the fourteenth marble floor of the West Street building, he picked his way through the vast, desk-littered room and went at once to his own corner behind the wall of filing cabinets. He was grateful for the barricade. It gave him sanctuary from the rest of the office. It afforded, at least on one side, a certain sacred privacy in this corner with his window.

Clerks and stenographers were just arriving. Perry still had five minutes before nine o'clock, five minutes before his time would be at the disposal of Aldridge & Company's ledgers and letter files, five minutes before Mr. Aldridge himself would stride through the room to his private office behind the ground-glass partition. In those five minutes he could do much. And he did.

He put his newspaper clipping of the day's ship sailings in with the other memoranda that filled his private cardboard book labeled "Outgoing Steamers." Then he gazed out the window over the river.

Now, this window was only an ordinary thing of plate glass and pine, brown-stained sash, but to Perry it was a casement opening on fairy seas forlorn. His tall, slim figure stood outlined against it, facing the soapy atmosphere beyond. The misty April day was beginning to be saturated with the morning sun, which fell in glistening patches on the river, where boats were plying. Little ribbons of white foam streamed past their bows. On the other side, like a stage set, stood the violet background of New Jersey factories. Their chimneys wrote silhouettes on the sky with smudgy fingers.

Perry was a plain-looking young man, you might have thought, until he looked at a ship. Then something came into his eyes, as it did now, that warmed their brown depths to a lively hue and lighted his whole face. It made him almost handsome. The same glow took place when he was in the presence of Alice Sutton. That was probably one reason why she liked him. There were other reasons too, of course.

IT was only a cargo boat, this time, which Perry watched—only a tramp steamer with her sides sea-worn and the paint knocked off in great jagged scars, but it made his eyes glow just the same. Some day, perhaps, he would cross the ocean on some kind of boat himself. Some day when plugging at Aldrich & Company had brought more than its own reward! Meanwhile the grandson of Clipper Anderson could only gaze at a ship and never go.

He heard a rippling voice behind him, and, turning from the window, found his corner invaded by Betty Howard, a young bobbed-haired thing who was known as "the office clown." Her face was always full of animation and chewing gum. In spite of this, she was attractive. Perry felt he had a friend in her. It was she who had caught him one day examining a boat from the window with a pair of field glasses. "Say, you're cuckoo over them boats, ain't you?" she said. "I'd like to take a trip on one of them myself. Gimme a look." She was a privileged character. She was the only one who dared sit on people's desks and swing her feet in the conventional decorum of the Aldridge office.

Now she pointed to the three filing books which stood on a special corner of his desk and were so important to him.

"Listen, dearie"—the "dearie" was colloquial rather than compromising—"what's all this ship stuff got to do with Aldridge bathtubs?"

"Nothing, I'm afraid," admitted Perry.

The ships went to Cairo in Egypt and Constantinople in Turkey. The bathtubs went to Akron in Ohio and Oshkosh in Michigan. His window overlooking the river was compensation for the six years he had worked for the bathtubs without great increase in salary. Aldrich & Company, so Mr. Aldridge himself had said, with a proud straightening of his shoulders, was a place where you had to plug. Perry plugged, but nothing happened. Yet there was his window overlooking the Hudson. He always had that. In a ship you could float from one end of the world to the other, but where could you go in a stationary bathtub?

Betty was still wondering. "Where does it get you?"

"Don't ask riddles," replied Perry.

"At that, I think you're right, dearie. It's more interesting than keeping movie actresses' photographs or ball players' batting averages. That's all the rest of this office force seems to do. They're hipped on it! Me, I got a hobby too. I collect poetry for my scrap book. Yeah, I ain't such a dumb-bell as I look. See you later, Mr. Anderson. I gotta run along. There's Mr. Aldridge exposing his bald spot at the door."

Perry turned his attention to a sheaf of factory reports, fresh from Long Island City, and copies of orders from the huge domestic market which Aldrich & Company flooded with their tubs. At noon he went out to lunch and hurried back so that he would have a half hour to himself at his window.

He returned in time to see the Vedric glide down the river. Along the rail he saw black and white specks which were passengers taking their last look at New York's sky line. The ship's white hull glistened marvelously in the sunlight. "I'll be darned! She's changed the color on her stacks. Red and white!"

This was something to tell Alice when he got home at night.

He took down one of his personal files labeled "Ports," for his interest in ships had led him to learn their destinations. Such details as the fact that the President boats—President Roosevelt, President Harding, and so on—belonged to the United States Lines, and the "ic" ships—Majestic, Olympic, and so on—to the White Star Line, and the "ia" to the Cunard, were elementary things beyond which he had long since progressed. Not only did he know the tonnage of all the liners, their movements and their histories, but also the cities visited by smaller boats and the lands to which they took cargoes and from which they returned. The ships had led him to distant ports, and the ports to history and travel books. He had traveled farther and higher than half the men who had crossed the ocean a dozen times or probably all the men who rode up and down the West Street building's elevators.

In mid-afternoon he remembered to look out of the window for a moment to catch a glimpse of the Alvania at her three o'clock sailing for Naples.

"She's going down without a tug!"

This was another thing he would have to tell Alice when night came.

And when night did come, and he returned by the subway to the house where he lived on the upper West Side, not far from the Hudson, he stopped at Alice's door to say good evening and remind her that she had a dinner date with him. And when they were installed at a table in a near-by restaurant, and she sat facing him with her little brown toque low over her level eyes, and her small, exquisitely chiseled face lifted eagerly, he told her the events of the day.

He was in love with her, but his was a strange wooing. He wooed her with ship news, with outgoing and incoming steamers.

"The Vedric went out to-day with a new color on her stacks—red and white like her hull. She looked beautiful going down the river."

This was what he said when another man might have told her: "You are lovely, Alice; I adore you."

And where another young woman might have flushed and breathed quicker, Alice Sutton flushed and breathed quicker and replied: "Oh, weren't you lucky! I saw in the paper that Lord and Lady Beowulfstone were sailing."

Alice too thrilled to ships. It was in her blood, perhaps, as it was in Perry's. Her grandfather, Stephen Sutton, had once taken a ship around the Horn. So that Alice and Perry, you might say, had been brought together by their granddads! . . . Since the day, a year ago, when she had come to the same house to live, Perry had seen much of her. She was a young business woman, alert and romantic, since she thrilled to ships. She also thrilled to the line of Perry's back, the way his coat fitted from neck to shoulder blade. But this she never told him.

A CASUAL observer might have thought that Perry's heart was ruled by his shipping intelligence. Even so, he had been on the verge of breaking through this nautical reserve once and asking Alice to marry him, but something disheartening had happened. Seeing her pay envelope that Saturday, inadvertently, he had made a discovery that dismayed him. She was getting five dollars more a week than he was! It was like a dash of cold water in his face. Somehow, he couldn't ask her to marry him after that, not until he got another raise at Aldridge & Company. Marriage ought to be at least on a fifty-fifty basis. "I guess I must be old-fashioned," he thought. Unfortunately, the raise at Aldridge & Company never came. Perry was supposed to keep on plugging.

He reached in his pocket and handed a clipping across the table to Alice. "Here's a list of notables sailing on the Paris to-morrow." He said it as another man might have told her: "You're the dearest thing in the world. See, I bring you violets."

And where another woman might have replied: "How sweet of you, Perry; you know I love flowers!" she took the list of famous names and said: "How thoughtful of you, Perry. You really are a wonder!"

She did wish, however, that some day he would make a frank avowal without a tow line attached.

After dinner they walked to Riverside Drive, and, strolling along the bank above the river in the warm spring evening, they stopped at length at a bench under the trees and sat down. Before them the lights of various craft moved about on the black stream, and the Jersey hills provided a necklace of lamps in the distance. A steamboat passed like a floating palace of jewels.

Under the spell of such an environment Perry could tell Alice strange things. He did. He told her what line of ships plied to Java, what company had organized motor tours along the North African coast, what days of the week they had bull fights in Seville, and what was the special charm of St. Mark's in Venice.

"If I ever go there, by the way, I promise never to come back with a photograph of myself feeding the pigeons!"

"Thanks, Perry. I could never stand that."

He talked on about the Mediterranean. "Think of a blue sea, a sea as blue as if it were painted. And palm trees by the shore and gleaming, white-walled towns—and at night large ample moons."

He stopped abruptly, as if perhaps he had gone too far. Alice, however, didn't want him to cease talking at that point. She was listening with slightly parted lips, eagerly, waiting for him to go on, hoping that he would slip from moonlight to personalities. Finally he did go on.

"They've just converted La France into an oil burner."

There was a stir of gossip in the office the next morning when Perry walked in and went to his usual corner. A new man, Mr. Fulkerson, had come from the factory to help handle "the selling end." Soon he was visibly occupied visiting the various clerks' desks and checking up on sales. They hadn't been going very well of late. For some reason or other, the great Middle West had stopped buying; they probably still bathed out there, but not in Aldridge bathtubs. Mr. Fulkerson was here to see if he could find out the reason.

Shortly after ten o'clock, just when the Majestic was dropping down the river with her freshly painted superstructure lacing the sky, Perry was confronted by Betty, the office clown. "I've got bad news for you, dearie. Mr. Aldridge wants you to take your things over to a desk in the middle of the room."

Perry thought at first she was joking. When he saw that she wasn't, he looked at her, astonished. Had Mr. Aldridge seen him looking out of the window too often? No, that couldn't be, for his interest in the ships had never caused his work to slacken; on the contrary, it had led him to make a special effort to keep his books beyond criticism.

"What's the idea?" he asked, wondering.

Betty showed him an order in Mr. Aldridge's handwriting.

"This is for the carpenters. Mr. Fulkerson's going to have your corner. They're going to build a partition here for a private office."

Perry's heart sank. "You—you mean it's for good?"

Betty nodded.

He said nothing more. He sat still, feeling a choking sensation in his throat.

"Gee!" remarked Betty, sensing what was the trouble. "This knocks you for a goal, don't it? You think a lot of this view from the window."

Think a lot of it! It was everything. He hadn't realized before what it would mean to lose those great liners and those little cargo boats plying eternally up and down the river in a romantic haze. Six years—and now to lose it.

He was still sitting dazed when Mr. Fulkerson appeared at his desk. Mr. Fulkerson was a pompous little man with black, beady eyes. "The carpenters will be here in a few minutes," he announced. "Sorry to disturb you."

Perry nodded, slowly gathered his bookkeeping paraphernalia into an armful, and followed Betty to the place in the big room far removed from the window where he was to work the rest of the day. He saw the carpenter and his assistant arrive and take possession of his old corner with lumber and tools and a great deal of racket. He had had his last look through that window at the slate-blue river with its darting tugs and its slowly sliding barges, and all the little puffs of smoke that floated away from their stacks like wisps of cotton wool.

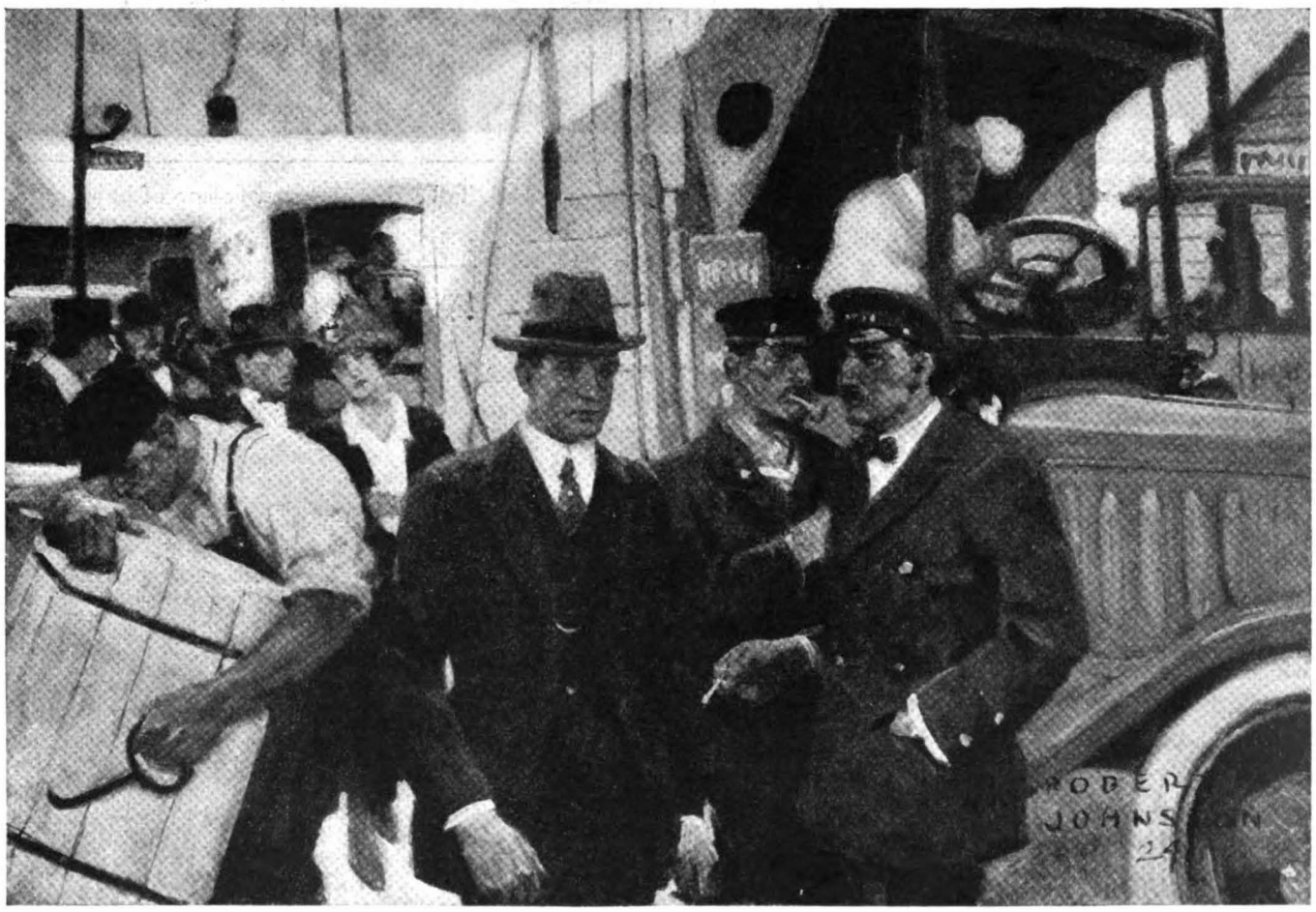
When noon came he descended to the street, but had little heart for lunch. After a sandwich and a cup of coffee at a soda fountain, he walked down to West Street into the rumble of waterfront traffic. There was no reason for hurrying back to the office to-day. The America would sail downstream without him!

He walked along sadly, lost in thought. What would he say to Alice? Without that window he would have no more first-hand reports of passing ships to give her in the evening. He scarcely heard the trucks rattling over the cobblestones or saw the seafaring men with whom he sometimes talked now ambling along the sidewalk with corncob pipes in their mouths.

NOW and then, through an unencumbered slip opposite, there was a view of the river beyond, a thin line of luminous water, a momentary ship, and the Jersey shore, a picture set in a black, wooden frame, a gloomy frame. Over the docks drifted steamboat whistles, long-drawn-out, plaintive cries. They echoed in his heart. He shouldn't let Mr. Aldridge deprive him of his window! But what could he do? Quit the company? And be without a job? Go hunt another? "Sir, I'll take a job with you if you'll give me a window overlooking the river." That would sound pretty to a hard-boiled business man!

He emerged into Battery Park at a point where a noonday orator in his undershirt was talking to a crowd of half a hundred men from the back of an automobile, pleading with his listeners to look at his muscles and see what the right kind of training would do. "I shouldn't be pleading. I should be overwhelmed with applications. I want to teach you how to build the body and maintain it."

Perry passed (*Continued on page* 35)



There was no reason for hurrying back to the office. The America would sail without him!

I dragged my horse to the edge and gazed at the El Dorado where some of us were to find fortune

Youth Rides West

By Will Irwin

Illustrated by Herbert M. Stoops

Chapter II

THE stage driver's directions for finding and following the old Ute trail proved accurate enough, so that Buck did not lose his way again; yet we gained, after all, only a doubtful advantage.

The interruption of the stage robbery took most of our morning. By dusk we had advanced only ten weary miles, for now we were really climbing. While I unsaddled, cut down a dead pine for wood, built a fire on a course of rocks peeping above the snow and started supper, Buck went ahead in the dying light and reconnoitered. He returned in his native state of cynical pessimism. Only a mile ahead, the trail ran into the Cottonwood road. So far as he could see, it never left the road again, and there wasn't a chance, Buck declared, of any further short-cut. We would be in luck if we made Cottonwood in two days. As for the chance at a claim, Buck revealed his pessimism on that score by a series of speculations concerning miner's wages in Cottonwood.

At this point the snow lay in irregular pitted patches, wherever the trees grew thick, or wherever the northern slope of a hollow gave it protection from the spring sun. Already it was crusting with the cold of a mountain night. After supper, dog tired though we were, we had still more work. By the light of our candle-lantern I cut a pile of fresh boughs to alleviate the hardness of our bed. Buck, in directing me to do this, apologized to himself for his effeminacy by remarking that we had our hardest day coming.

The stars were fading and a shrill dawn wind was blowing down the gorge when we finished our coffee next morning, gave the last touch to our packs by adding our tin cups and plates, saddled our horses, mounted. As I tied the straps of my cinches, I noticed that they drew a full two inches tighter than they had yesterday; before my very eyes my valiant little roan was growing lean and drawn.

"To-day," remarked Buck, turning back in his saddle, "we tend to business—understand me!" For a twisted mile our train scrambled from ledge to ledge, then slid into the main road. We rounded a pinnacle of rock. Above us the road carried for a mile or so straight up a 12 per cent grade; and I saw that we were at the tail of a procession. Bulky wagons like those of the freighters, and a lone boiler outfit, drawn by a sixteen-mule team, blocked it absolutely. But here and there the irregularities of the hill afforded a small stretch of level ground at the roadside, or a passing constructed to accommodate down-coming traffic, of which at present there was none. All the morning Buck, leading our train, was taking advantage of these places—as now. His hand went up, beckoning frantically. I urged our train into a trot, into an awkward, constrained gallop. We emerged into an open space before the sixteen-mule team, trotted fifty yards and pulled up at the tailboard of a heavy emigrant wagon.

We grapevined through the press. On one of our detours, we ran into a soft spot. The burros, freeing themselves by a series of hysterical flops and struggles, pulled out their feet with a noise like that of a popping cork; but this time it was my own roan that floundered and bade fair to stick. I threw myself out of the saddle, dragged him somehow on to firm earth; and Buck, taking no further chances, drove the train with sinister cracks of his blacksnake whip back to a space between two standing freight wagons. For the column was now halted; there was some kind of a jam ahead. I threw a leg over the saddle horn, scraped the mud from my caked boots, and waited. I noticed that I was still panting from the exertion of dismounting and pulling out my horse. We must be getting pretty high up, I reflected. Twice or thrice I looked upward, trying to trace the higher contours of the range. Each time I must needs turn my eyes away; the morning sun on that wilderness of melting snow was bright beyond endurance. But I did glimpse a peak with a splash of gray cliff along its side peeping out above the universal whiteness; and at one place, where the range made a definite, dazzling line against the indigo sky, I could see a notch. That must be our pass.

Buck, perceiving that the line showed no signs of movement, dismounted by way of easing his horse. He too had been sweeping his eye over the vision above.

"Meltin' weather," he remarked. "Above timber line, it will be all snow—and hell!"

THE line moved at last; we found a side trail running across smooth rock, and avoided for the time being a jam which grew thicker and thicker as we advanced. And now, both our trail and the main road spilled out upon a small basin in the mountainside.

Here, so newly built that the ends of the logs still showed the bright white cuts of the ax, was the first human habitation we had beheld for two days—a half-finished double cabin. Its windows stared sashless at the mountain sky, and stitched gunnysacks served it for doors; yet its surroundings were already garnished and gardened with heaps of rusting tin cans. Behind it stood a substantial pole corral, in whose far corner a blacksmith toiled at an open-air forge.

The larger side of this structure bore the sign: "Stage Transfer Station"; the smaller: "Saloon. Wines, Liquors, and Cigars." These legends were lettered on rough pieces of board, half the "n's" and "s's" turned the wrong way.

In the little park before it, not only the stage but a score of other vehicles had come to a halt, as though getting wind for the supreme effort. All, like us, had camped and waited until morning for the final dash. And, as by common consent, all seemed to have stopped here to make an early luncheon. None had delayed to light a fire. There was no real need; for beside the shack stood a smoking kettle, from which a man in overalls and jumper was ladling hot coffee into tin cups.

"We'd better wait to eat until we make the pass," said Buck. "Your wind will be better on an empty stummick. But we might as well git a shot of that."

We rounded up the jack train, eased the saddles of our perspiring horses, and drew nearer the cabin. On our way we curved about a covered emigrant wagon from which four children, bundled in ragged clothes to their very

cars, gazed on us with bright and curious eyes as they munched great slabs of camp bread. Behind them, a flat outline in the shadows of the cover, a broad-shouldered, broad-breasted woman was nursing a baby; and at the tailboard a big, red-and-white milch cow pulled with lowered head at the tether about her long horns. Next stood a huge freight wagon, its driver and assistant lunching atop the canvas tarpaulin from a miner's dinner pail; and next, just before the impermanent door of the log cabin, the stage.

Hostlers had unharnessed its four horses, were rubbing down and feeding in the corral. The passengers sat on the steps or leaned against the wheels exchanging hard-boiled eggs and ham sandwiches from the lunch boxes put up that morning in the stage station above Denver. And all that hollow of the mountains reverberated with laughter, with chatter gay almost to hysteria, which seemed to reach its diapason in that cabin labeled "Saloon." This raucous clamor drew me; after I had paid my quarter and carried away a pint cup of a steaming hot liquid compounded of condensed milk, brown sugar, and a dyestuff which passed for coffee, I strayed over to the door while I drank.

THE bar, constructed from a rough board set on a cradle of logs, was almost indistinguishable behind a row of bent backs in frieze ulsters, in buffalo coats and in broadcloth. One, indeed, was that of a woman in wine-colored silk, above which drooped the ostrich feathers of a hat wholly inappropriate to hard travel; as I looked she turned, revealing a set of blond frizzes now degenerating into wisps, a hard but bright eye, a loose mouth, and pledged the man next her with a full glass of whisky. She dashed it off, then threw her arm about his neck and whispered into his ear something which set him off into roars of extravagant laughter.

In a corner stood a table, the bark still on the rough poles which served it for legs. There sat three men, playing stud poker with actual gold and silver coins for chips. One of these, very dapper in spite of his mud stains, I classified by his air of affected carelessness as a professional gambler, already beginning his harvest.

Buck, stirring his coffee, had also strolled over to this focus of social interest.

"Hell of a lot of 'em will never make it," he remarked, wiping coffee stains from his beard with the back of his hand. "Red-eye whisky and altitude has got away with better men than there are in this outfit."

And, as though to make his prophecy instantly true, one of those figures at the bar suddenly slouched rather than fell to the floor, sat for an instant, then toppled limply. Instantly he was surrounded by stooping, clutching figures; out of the babble of sound I heard: "His heart!"—"Give him air!"—"Git some cold water!"—"Git a doctor!"

The woman in the loud wine-colored dress pushed through the press, throwing men left and right, settled her silken skirts on to the filth of the floor, took his head on her lap. His eyes were staring; his lips opened round, gasping like those of a hooked fish.

Past me brushed a man as bearded and rough as any of us. He carried a little black valise, and he was saying quietly, but with authority: "Let me through. I am a doctor."

Scarcely had he passed when a woman with a shawl over her head and a pair of heavy man's boots on her feet detached herself from the curious crowd about the door, gave a scream which tore my every separate nerve, and threw herself down beside the huddle on the floor.

The doctor was rummaging through his bag. He spared just a moment to thrust her firmly aside, saying: "You're his wife, aren't you? Well, he'll be all right if you let me attend to him; but he won't by any means if you interfere." The woman controlled her voice to spasmodic, choked sobs.

The doctor was filling a hypodermic syringe. He looked up just long enough to say: "Some one clear this room. We need air!"

Subdued to unquestioning obedience, we filed or crowded outside, exchanged news and speculation. The man, it appeared, was a sign painter from Plested's. Learning that wages were good in the new camp, and having no money ahead, he and his young wife had elected to "tramp it."

Just then an outburst of the woman within set the last line to the story. "I told him his heart wouldn't stand it!" she wailed.

The doctor emerged, evidently going back to his buckboard for some drug or implement which he had forgotten.

"How 'bout it, doc?" called some one from the crowd.

"He'll pull through this time, I guess," called back the doctor over his shoulder, "but he must get down out of here as quickly as he can."

Immediately the session turned into a town meeting, discussing ways and means for sending the invalid to lower levels. The agent of the stage company, keeping close to his own door lest anyone attempt to rob his till, settled that.

"Of course we'll take 'em back," he said. "Half our eastward traffic is busted tenderfeet that can't stand altitude."

The episode seemed closed; the town meeting was adjourning to its various luncheons when Buck spoke sharply from beside me.

"Well, and is that all?" he inquired. "How's he goin' to live in Plested's till he gets well? Somebody pass the hat." His eye stopped on a cheery-faced woman who had been doing most of the talking; his voice passed from commanding to respectful, deferential. "'Spose you do it, missus," he said. "Here's a five to start you."

Buck Hayden's boast was that he knew these mountains about as well as anyone

A freighter produced from his load a tin pie plate. Before silver cartwheels and gold half-eagles had ceased to ring on its bottom, Buck had drawn me away.

"Losin' time," he remarked. "Won't make it before to-morrow night best we can do."

So we tightened cinches and packs, and as we swung into the saddle Buck pronounced the final line to this episode. "Lost out before he even got thar," said Buck.

I had wondered why the stage waited so long; why it did not harness up fresh horses and dash on. Also I had noticed in the small park a flock of heavy freight wagons standing covered, but with the mules unhitched. As we bunched the burros, sent them slipping and plopping forward in the ooze of the road, Buck explained.

"Thar comes the stage-sled," he remarked.

"The stage-sled?" said I.

"Sure. Stage only runs to the station. They skid 'em over the pass, and pick 'em up with another rig on the other side. Same with the company freight in them wagons. Rest of us have got to root hog or die. Going to be a hell of a morning," he added pessimistically.

Now the sleigh—piled with buffalo robes, drawn by four horses—had passed us. We traversed without accident the muddy stretch of road; our burros were struggling for footing in packed snow which amounted to ice.

Buck and I dismounted, leading our horses. Yet twice my roan—though he had been newly rough-shod at Plested's—slipped, fell, and lay waiting dumbly inert until I pulled him to his feet. Even this exertion made me pant until my lungs seemed about to burst my chest. It had grown colder; and now shrill spurts of wind came cutting down from the peaks; yet my skin was sticky with a weak, cool perspiration.

A WIDENING of the road, built so that teams might pass, gave us a chance to advance two places in line and to wriggle in behind a light buckboard carrying what I took to be a pair of gamblers.

One of our burros dropped, causing a jam, so we had to pack our stuff and get out of the way. The buckboard went on, revealing a hundred yards ahead a cleft in the hillside down which, when the snows began really to melt, a stream would tumble across the road. There we assembled our jacks and our horses. When Buck had loaded himself to capacity there were left only the pack saddle, a shovel, and an ax. Possessing myself of these, I staggered stride by stride behind Buck for at least ten yards.

Although I was young and full of foolish pride in my own strength, I could keep up with him no longer than that. As it was, I straggled into the creek bed far behind, dumped my load, and dropped myself across it in the last stage of exhaustion. However, even the mountain-inured Buck, I noticed with satisfaction, was fain to squat on his heels and rest himself for a minute.

Now a white ridge rose just above and beyond us. Already I had absorbed enough mountain lore to know that summits are illusory: forever you are climbing across what appears to be the supreme point only to perceive greater heights beyond. Yet common sense and experience could not down hope, for I could not get my breath back, and above everything else I wanted at that moment a chance to sit down and just pant.

My hopes were half fulfilled. Beyond lay not indeed the summit, but a round, wide and gentle slope which stretched a glittering white expanse to the sky line. Across this half-level ground ran a dozen trails, beaten hard, where pack trains and pedestrians had found footing. We turned into one of these.

Buck mounted, and I, with more relief than I can tell, followed his example. He did not need to inform me that this was the final dash to the pass, for which we had been harboring the strength of our horses. With menacing cracks of his blacksnake whip, Buck kept our burros climbing at a fast walk. And now we passed a low ridge and I saw that the line of the horizon no more made a sharp cleft between dazzling white and deep blue. It was slashed with the black silhouettes of men, horses, wagons. The men, I perceived at a second glance, all stood with their backs toward us.

"Thar she be, I guess," remarked Buck. He himself had a catch in his breath. In those days none had measured this quarter of the Rockies, but I know now that we were much more than eleven thousand feet above sea level. We pulled up beside a freight wagon, and—

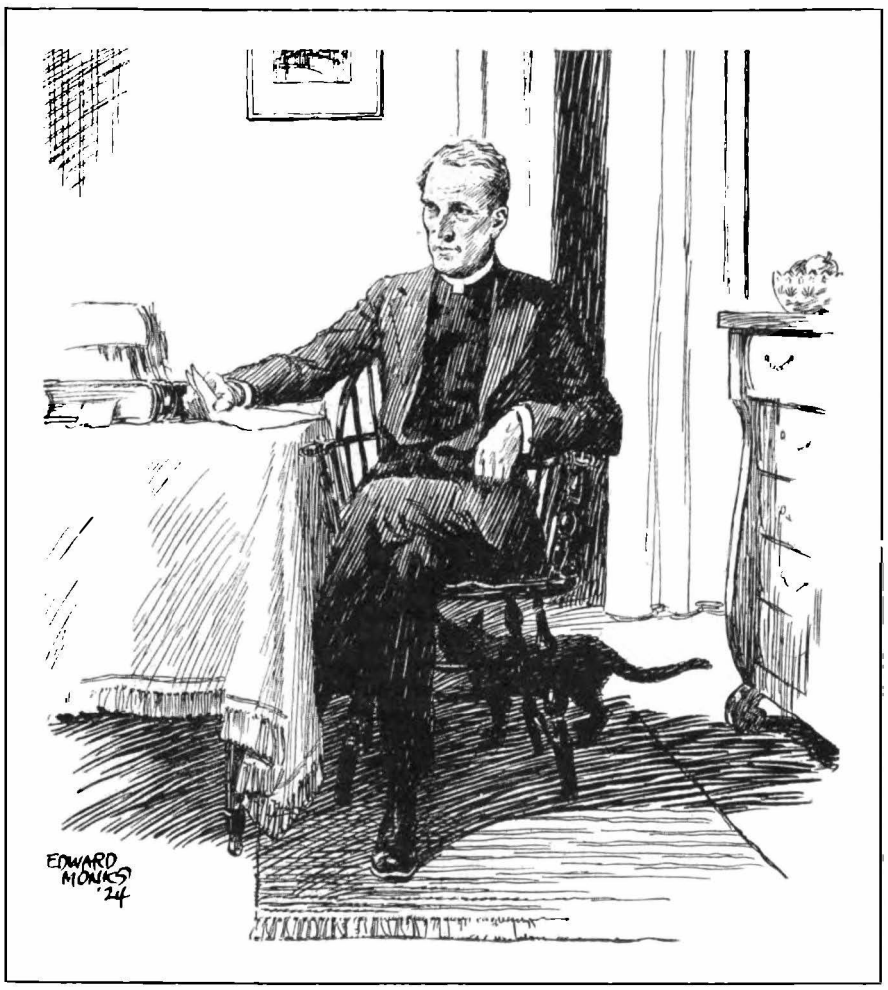
The view burst all at once, without preliminary glimpses. I had come out at the top of a cliff which fell away for three hundred feet below my feet. I was fronting a valley of such magnificent amplitude as I had never seen before, even in the Rockies. Across lay the white Mother of Ranges. It seemed an immeasurable distance away; yet it seemed also to fill a third of the heavens. Along its middle the forests slashed a line of dull green; above that was only white, which stretched, glittering fold on glittering fold, from infinity to infinity. Only sheer white, unstained by man or beast—and yet what color! Though the sun was now past its zenith, still the pink alpine glow radiated from the shadows behind those points and spurs whose composite whole formed the greater peaks. Above the timber line a pale reflection of the forests spread across the white expanse an impalpable tint of Nile green, which became pale gold in the hollows. And, softening the abrupt line between range and sky, rose the phantom of a mauve mist.

In the warmer valley below the snows had melted; its bottoms ran through the landscape a line of greenish brown, from which glittered here and there the golden folds and turns of a polluted river. Far to the right, the range which we

(*Continued on page* 30)

A Prophet on $800 a Year

By Charles Merz



Forty-five and worn. Yet to his wife he is Galahad in shining armor

"PARSON" is what the village calls him. And the village asks a lot. Nothing less than that he should prove himself God's prophet on a salary no bricklayer would consider worth a minute's thought.

There is a white board church in Centerville from whose short steeple hangs a high-voiced bell. Beside it, fenced off by a hedge, is the parsonage where this disciple makes his home. It is a low-roofed house, a patchwork of small rooms tacked on at different levels. The dining room ascends three steps above the kitchen; the parlor plunges down a precipice to make the hall. Hot in summer, cold in winter—one quality it preserves the whole year round: at all seasons it is a perfect model of what homes were like before the entering wedge of sanitation.

This is the house, together with a salary of $800 annually, that the Rev. Anson Todd receives as shepherd of his flock. Eight hundred has its limits. It would buy shoes and clothing for the family if no one in the house had need for food. Or it would buy chops and gravy if no one needed clothes. The answer, as Parson Todd has worked it out, is that you put food first—and when your boys need shoes you dine six evenings running at your neighbors'.

To be sure, eight hundred and a home are not all that Centerville bestows upon its pastor. There is a barn behind the house. The parson is entitled to make use of that and the rusty carriage that inhabits it. But since he can't afford to buy a horse, neither barn nor carriage is of much service. The barn's chief use is storing antiquated bookshelves—which might in turn be useful if Mr. Todd had money to buy books.

Hard times sat heavily upon the small estate that molders in the shadow of the church. Hard times sit heavily upon the shoulders of its persevering tenant. He is about the man you might expect to find at the short end of a stiff financial problem. In one respect he looks a little like the small-town parson in the story books: his lean face is something of a hatchet with the blade along his nose, as if too often he had wedged it deep in his beloved Scriptures. But the eyes are friendly eyes, the lips ready for a smile.

Five-and-forty is still young. That is about the mark that Anson Todd has reached to-day; but with the wrinkles he has won he looks a good deal more like sixty. Slow, cautious, contemplative—not many of his flock would call him forceful; yet there is one admirer to whom he seems a Galahad in shining armor. That is his wife—a flurried little lady, some years his junior, who prefaces the slightest comment on her own score with the byword: "As my husband says—" Well liked is Mrs. Anson Todd—despite a faculty for timing her few calls in Centerville society precisely at those rare moments when the stage is set to drink a home-brew cocktail.

Ben Massey's Foot Slips

FOR Mrs. Todd it is a tragedy, perhaps, that the ministry is a calling draped in dignity. Otherwise she could afford to take in washing. She is a frail woman. The work would tire her. But, after all, there is a house to run—and four Todd youngsters to be educated, clothed, and fed. A lame back in the laundry might be better, in the end, than the strain of "keeping up appearances" when "appearances" have so clearly broken down. Broken down? The reason why this family of Todds lives on the brink of bankruptcy may be because we're overstocked with our denominations—Centerville has five churches when it could take much better care of two; or it may simply be because we're willing to take advantage, not for the first time in history, of the crusader's zeal.

In either case, if the devil should take Anson Todd up the mountain, what he'd show him would be a valley full of clothing, books, and meals.

Sunday morning. The pews are filled with worshipers in holiday regalia. Four vestrymen, in shoes that creak like locomotive brakes applied in haste at Dead Man's Curve, are grouped around the door that leads in from the vestibule. Having closed the windows twice, and opened them again, they wait impatiently for their next appearance on the scene—the collection.

Stained windows throw a red-and-yellow light upon the walls. In the heavy summer air the church is quiet. A pew clicks as some communicant endeavors stealthily to stretch his legs. A bumblebee drones sleepily above the daisies in the summer hats. Now and then Ben Massey's foot slips—and the organ at whose bench he sits emits a peal of protest.

You have slipped in, perhaps, and found an empty pew back near the door. The choir sings its way through "Rock of Ages," with the shrill soprano of Marcella Watrous—who took voice-culture lessons once upon a time in Kansas City and feels it up to her to make the most of it in public—standing out above the rest. In the lull that follows, Anson Todd advances to the pulpit. "Brethren, I have chosen as my text to-day—"

He lifts his eyes from the book before him, and sends one look around the congregation—a gentle reminder to Fred Hoskins to stop coughing, and Mrs. Wilbur Matthews to have done with rustling in her seat and settle down.

"I have chosen as my text to-day the forty-first verse of the thirty-second chapter of Deuteronomy.

" 'If I whet my glittering sword, and mine hand take hold on judgment; I will render vengeance to mine enemies, and will reward them that hate me.' "

It is a favorite text. And a fiery sermon. Anson Todd invokes the Lord of Hosts, the God of Vengeance, the perils of hell fire and damnation. He whets the glittering sword, and waves it—when it's words. But the fact is that if you put the steel between his hands he'd beat it to a plowshare.

There is a gulf, you see, between these more vindictive passages of the Old Testament and life as Anson Todd himself is living it, here and now, from day to day. That does not prevent him from reaching back to these same passages for sermons; it is characteristic of his faith, in fact, to find him there.

For Todd's faith is like his younger children's trousers: a venerable cloth retailored at the seams. To certain simple concepts he adheres instinctively. He believes that there is no section of the Scriptures which is not meant to be accepted literally; that miracles are not parable, but fact—not contrary to nature, but superior to it; that man was modeled in the image of his Maker, but brought succeeding generations to disaster when he sold his birthright for an apple. "In Adam's fall we sinned all."

More specifically, and in some ways a more decisive matter for his congregation, he is opposed to Sunday baseball, modern novels, and all games of chance; opposed to cards in any form when played for money, though not for funds invested in a "prize."

As for that vast controversy between science and religion which has roiled far wider seas: distant eddies ripple into Centerville. Anson Todd regrets the issue; but if the issue should be forced he takes his stand unhesitatingly where his fathers stood before him. Religion would mean less to him if he gave up Jonah and the whale. He is a sincere admirer of science, but he wishes it would stick to phonographs and electric-light bulbs—not venture so remotely from its field.

A man who likes to feel that he is right—he does a lot of thinking on this score. More thinking, probably, than most of his communicants. Their attitude is simpler; no use arguing about religion—you simply start a quarrel.

And it sometimes seems as if Parson Todd were more at home at picnics, chicken suppers, and plays by the ladies of the Choir Club than in his pulpit. In his pulpit he is struggling with thoughts too big for any man to master in an hour—he is talking a foreign tongue, with his attempts to disentangle Hebrew metaphor—he is battling both with drowsiness and that "lecture attitude" in which his congregation settles down—he is carrying out a ritual alone and single-handed, with no attempt to share the burden with his crowd.

But at another ceremony—let's say an ice-cream social. There you have a different story! The lawn around the church is a fairyland of paper lanterns, dripping candle wax on appetizing dishes down below, and it looks as if all Centerville had come to supper.

The Heart of the Party

ICE-CREAM bricks—paper napkins—folding chairs. The fragile soda wafers. A sharp salt taste in every dish that comes from ice-cream-freezer brine; young lovers eating with one spoon; the little girl who won't eat the green, and trades it with the little boy who doesn't like vanilla. The hordes of summer bugs that circle around the lights—to plunge at last, half stupefied, to frozen death in saucers.

It is all there. This is a night of gladness. The ladies of the Choir Club, with gentlemen escorts at the freezers, rush busily across the flaming lawn to wait on hungry tables. Real figures—not just idle watchers in the pews—but thoroughly at home in action. Behind all that, because this is a church affair, a radiant if somewhat hazy sense of service to a Cause.

And Parson Todd? The heart and center of the party. Welcoming each guest as he arrives; encouraging the waitresses with a word of cheer; helping churn the freezer; imparting his condolences where condolences are due; congratulations for the lucky; hunting for the missing spoon; ministering to the aged and infirm; rescuing a saucer from the baby.

Seeming to bless with his enthusiasm all this egg and milk that turns to cream, he too appears at home to-night—amid these foreign lanterns. . . .

The church, behind the shadow of a hedge, has caught the friendly gleam.

Truth Is Stranger Than Congress

Uncle Henry Says It's a Dull Investigation That Doesn't Cut Two Ways

"YOU can't beat Congress!" exclaimed Uncle Henry in fervent admiration.

"Well, I certainly would like to," morosely muttered the News-Stand Man. "Of all the—"

"A fox isn't any more resourceful," Uncle Henry continued with his usual gay disregard for interruptions. "When they convened back there in December, the plight of our lawmakers was what you might call desperate. The whole country was up on its hind legs, bayin' for tax reduction, an' it didn't seem possible for Congress to get out of doin' something. *'Action!'* yelled a maddened people, worn out by tax burdens that put shoulder blades in violent contact with the hips. *'Action!'*

"New members were panic-stricken an' even scarred veterans like Lodge an' Brandegee—heroes of a hundred hard-fought adjournments—were heard to admit that things looked bad. Democrats an' Republicans, brought together by the common peril, huddled in groups, feverishly discussin' schemes for dodgin' an' delayin' so that the proud record of Congress could be kept clean from stain of intelligent activity. Reed of Missouri was so agitated that he couldn't utter more than one word at a time, an' Smoot of Utah sank so low he lost interest in new sugar tariffs.

They've Bought Up the Barbers

"BRILLIANT leadership, however, evolved a dispute over rules in the House—some technical point in connection with cuspidors—an' this fight, adroitly prolonged, carried 'em through December an' over the Christmas vacations. Convenin' again, two or three days were gained by debate as to whether the capital restaurant should quit servin' hot soup or buy rubber thumb guards for the waiters, after which there was spirited discussion with respect to the grass on the White House lawn, the radicals stoutly insistin' that it was too close to the ground.

"A bitter battle as to who should be chairman of the Committee on Interstate Commerce also helped delay things until the latter part of January, an' then Magnus Johnson conceived his idea of milkin' contests. The idea took fine, but the vaudeville people got out an injunction, an' in a little while popular clamor renewed. 'Action!' came the cry. 'We want action!'

"'Have Daugherty get out an injunction!' suggested Jim Couzens, lookin' up from his fiftieth open letter to Secretary Mellon.

"'You forget,' murmured Norris, 'Harry's specialty is pardons.'

"Suddenly Jim Reed sprang to his feet with a glad cry. 'I've got it!' he shouted. 'Propaganda!'

"'That's it!' exclaimed Magnus Johnson. 'I've been tryin' to think of that darned word for the last two days. *Propaganda!* Yessir, that's jes' what it is!'

"'I heard 'em under my window last night,' said Brookhart. 'Profiteers! Wolves of Wall Street! Shufflin' an' prowlin'.'

"'Only yesterday,' cried La Follette, 'I received a letter from a constituent in Wausau, sayin' that he'd had to quit shavin' because the barber kept talkin' about the Mellon plan. I'll bet you they've bought up every barber.'

"'Don't forget all this outcry against a bonus for our soldier boys,' urged Walsh. 'Can't you jes' *smell* the propaganda?'

"'An' what about this here Bok peace plan?' cried King of Utah. 'He's gettin' so much publicity that my speeches haven't been next to readin' matter for weeks.'

"'European gold!' whispered Hi Johnson. 'The Black Hand of Old World diplomacy. As I said last week in my speech to the people of Dakota, or was it Florida, we live under the menace of—'

Jim Reed sprang to his feet with a glad cry. "I've got it," he shouted. "Propaganda!"

Viewed with Alarm

"'LET'S make it good while we are at it,' interrupted Moses. 'We'll investigate 'em all. How's this for a resolution:

"'Whereas, a sudden and violent clamor has broken out, with intent to force Congress to take action in the matter of tax reduction, and,

"'Whereas, action of any kind would be violative of every congressional precedent, entailing humiliation, shame, and mental anguish, and,

"Whereas, the people of the United States have hitherto accepted the inactivity of Congress without complaint, making it obvious at all times that they expected nothing and would be satisfied with less, and,

"Whereas, so sudden a change argues conspiracy of the deepest, darkest kind, undoubtedly European, and,

"'Whereas, a certain Edward W. Bok, trading upon a name that recalls one of America's dearest and most hallowed memories, has aroused national interest by a so-called peace plan, and,

"'Whereas, thousands of our constituents are writing letters in violent opposition to the soldiers' bonus,

"'Be it resolved, that committees shall undertake instant, that is to say, within ninety days, investigation into the causes responsible for this new, sudden, and alarming interest that is being shown in public affairs by the people of the United States, and,

"'Be it further resolved, that these committees shall have the power to summon witnesses such as will make affidavit that they know nothing of the matters to be investigated, and shall have the power to punish for contempt in event that any witness gives expression to his real feelings.'

A Grocer's Past

"THIS was genius, Barney, but the Teapot Dome investigation can't be regarded as anything but luck. It dropped out of a clear sky an' it was days before Congress realized what it had. But now they've got their teeth in, an' bankers an' dairy experts are bein' summoned to decide whether what Sinclair gave Fall was $68,000 or six or eight cows.

"No, sir, Barney, you can't beat Congress. Unless they've lost their cunnin', these investigations will last for weeks. In connection with the tax business alone, hundreds of citizens will be summoned, an' by the time they've called every member of the committee a liar, an' been called liars by every member of the committee, only Addison Sims of Seattle will remember what it's all about. Already the most enterprisin' papers are settin' up scareheads such as 'Reed Gruels Witness,' 'Shipstead Sees Capitalistic Plot,' an' 'Moses Scents Scandal,' so as to have 'em ready for quick use.

"I must confess to a sneakin' fondness for these here Senate investigations, Barney. They're almost as snappy as the 'Police Gazette.' Some grocer from Pocatello or Keokuk will get on the stand to tell why he's for tax reduction, an' inside five minutes he'll be tryin' to explain what he did in Atlantic City in 1912, the year his wife was sick, an' defendin' himself against a charge of changin' his name in 1876, the time he had to give up the pulpit on account of kissin' the contralto. The only man safe before a congressional committee is a bachelor who's never put foot on a train nor stopped at a hotel.

"Very likely they'll have to hold a special session for the Bok investigation all by itself, for I understand a hundred cipher experts have already been put to work to see if they can find a code in his letters, an' another army is collectin' his canceled postage stamps. Every piece of literature issued by the Bok committee is bein' scrutinized for messages in invisible ink. After the surface is rubbed with hair tonic an' dipped in hot water, it has to be held out of the window until it snows, an' then polished with a soft cloth.

"Even if these investigations don't hold out as they should, there are lots of others that can be taken up. For instance, they can always get Bryan to come forward an' demand an inquiry into the American Zoological Society to see whether it's puttin' up money for the Darwin theory. Then there's this dirigible flight to the North Pole that the navy's back of. They tell me it's very hard for explorers to keep from entanglin' alliances with the Eskimos. May it not be a cunnin' scheme to get us into the League before we know it?

The Dog-Meat Scandal

"THE White Hquse dogs are always rich in possibilities. What are they fed on? Is it true that they are receivin' meat when 23 per cent of the farmers of the great Northwest haven't had food for the last six months? An' the Japanese earthquake. Senator Norris has been heard to hint that Dave Griffith staged it under the direction of the League of Nations. An' when all else fails, there's Attorney General Daugherty to fall back on. However, investigatin' Harry an' the Department of Justice is like investigatin' Teapot Dome an' the Veterans' Bureau. There's always danger of developin' the truth. Anyway, it looks as if Congress has fixed things so they can hang out the 'busy' sign when people come round."

"It's fierce!" exclaimed Barney. "What's a congressman for, anyway?"

"Nobody knows," said Uncle Henry. "None of 'em ever leaves his body to science."

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FEBRUARY 23, 1924

The Old Guard Must Die

WE are wallowing in the most shameful scandal of our history. Each day brings new proof of graft and stupidity and blindness in high places, uncovers new bogs of waste and loss.

The mess cries to be cleaned up, and it will be. There are plenty of politicians eager to fan the public's anger. There are also sane and earnest statesmen who will see that the guilty are punished.

You can't turn your back on this as a political row. Of course it's political; when politics serves us by turning the light on dark deeds, we may thank our stars for politics. Collier's is nonpartisan. It has praised Coolidge for most of his acts as President, and has applauded the work of such members of the Administration as Mellon and Hoover. But the Republican party has been disgraced by the acts of certain men that it put in power. And certain leaders of the Democratic party have lost their political effectiveness and the public confidence.

If Coolidge is to keep the confidence of the people, he must do more than remove the incompetent and punish the grafters. He must cut loose from the crowd that gave those men their chance.

The Old Guard, they say, never surrenders. Therefore it must die. It is not possible to overlook that Senator Lodge said about Albert Fall when he was appointed:

> He is thoroughly upright and high-minded . . . utterly incapable of using his office for his own financial interests.

That was said in the face of openly expressed fears about Fall's integrity. It represents the solidarity of the Old Guard, its readiness to take a chance on "one of the boys." Whatever may or may not be proved against Fall and Daugherty and the lesser fry, we know enough now to be sure that the high carnival of the past two years was more than the audacity of a few choice souls. It came out of the cynical solidarity of a group the members of which knew one another only too well, and winked at one another's abuse of the public trust. It came out of the triumphant return of the Old Guard with all its greedy camp followers.

To sate the public hunger for revenge by punishing two or three spectacular sinners is not enough. Scourge out the whole horde of money-changers! It's a job for another Roosevelt. Will Coolidge be that man? If he is, more power to him! If not, he's through.

There's Something in It, Mr. Shakespeare

ANYHOW, former Secretary of the Interior Fall sported one of the most fitting and proper names that ever adorned the umbrageous annals of Washington, D. C. He had it, he was it and he is it.

George Washington Knew What Taxes Are

WASHINGTON led a revolution stirred up by the old country's clumsy use of the taxing power. As President he had to turn round and impose taxes many times heavier than anything dreamed of by the British Parliament. That policy stirred up armed rebellion in western Pennsylvania. Washington stuck to it because he faced facts, as Lecky puts it, "pursuing the course which he believed to be right, without fear or favor or fanaticism."

The new nation had to have sound money and resources. Washington had watched the speculation and poverty that followed on bad finance from 1776 to 1789. In his own State of Virginia certain politicians doped up a hocus-pocus tax on "commutables" which was to raise money without taking it out of business. Washington wrote James Madison a letter that killed the fake, saying:

> For sure I am it will be found a tax without a revenue. That the people will be burdened, the public expectation deceived, and a few speculators *only* enriched. Thus the matter will end.

That comment applies to-day to all sham schemes for impossible surtaxes on the rich. "A tax without a revenue." Washington and his great Secretary of the Treasury, Alexander Hamilton, were accused of favoring the few while taxing the many. All of the bunk of modern inflation, of 1924 tax-faking, was hurled against the President. He simply stood pat and kept down the cost of government by rigid economy and strict accounting. From his own bitter experience as a farmer in lean years Washington knew the burden of taxation and the need of cutting it down. In his Farewell Address we find "that no taxes can be devised which are not more or less inconvenient and unpleasant." It is part of the imperishable greatness of George Washington that his leadership in our problems of national taxation would stand the test to-day as it did 130 years ago.

What's a Fair Preparedness Price?

THE Federal Budget Bureau included in its latest estimates $314,190,650 for the War Department, and $311,020,050 for the Navy Department. An able general of the army, Hugh A. Drum, and an able admiral of the navy, W. A. Moffett, lately told the members of the National Republican Club that the country is drifting into unpreparedness again. Both officers made earnest and impressive pleas for preparedness. But both overlooked the preparedness question which civilian patriots wish to hear answered. What they wish to know is whether $625,000,000 a year—one-third of the ordinary Federal expenditures—is not enough to finance a preparedness program, and if not, what is the matter with the program?

The Man They Cannot Forget

NOW that he is gone, not only those who fought him, but those who feared to praise him, make haste to do him reverence. It is with melancholy pride that we recall that this paper spoke its best words of him while he still lived. "The Man They Cannot Forget" was printed on this page two years ago. The man himself read it, was grateful for it, and graciously said so. We reprint here, omitting sentences that spoke only of the living Wilson who is dead, those portions which tell of the living Wilson who will never die:

Woodrow Wilson means something to the people of the United States: something profound, something they cannot forget. People think of him now as the man who was behind the inspiration of their greatest moments; who stirred them to a fresh understanding of the meaning of words that had become mere patter on many tongues—"democracy," "union." He made them realities, personal, deep—showed them as the reason of all that is good in our present, all that is hopeful in our future, the working basis on which men may strive to liberty of soul and peaceful achievement. He made them literally things to die for, lifting all of our plain, humble thousands who never knew applause or wealth or the honor of office into the ranks of those who are willing to die for an ideal—the highest plane that humans reach.

People are thinking, also, of his work in that after-war period when the hate, revenge, and bitterness that war has loosed have none of the restraints that war compels, and we must, by reason and good will and patience, restore our controls—that terrible period we speak of as reconstruction. There too he kindled enthusiasms. "Now," he said, "let us do what men have long dreamed—give to each people its chance, cut down the foolish barriers of trade, limit our armaments, enter into a union of all nations pledged to cooperation and peace." . . .

He won—won with the peoples of the world, if not with all of their governments. They look to him as the man who drove that ideal so deep into the soul of the nations that no man or men can ever destroy it. It has become an asset of tormented humanity, a possible way out of slaughter and hate. Through all the future, men will be building upon it, adapting, expanding, as men have built on Washington's work, on Lincoln's work, knowing that their efforts rest on something essentially sound and secure.

They are simple people, remember, those thousands whose hearts he had enkindled. They are the people who do the work of the world, and their minds are easily bewildered. "He has deceived you," they were told. "He has given you dreams. Dreams are not for men." . . .

And the people withdrew—bewildered. But the shouting over, they remembered their long days of exaltation, of sacrifice, of freedom and boldness, of worthwhileness. Was it only a deception? Was all they had felt a mere magic of words on their untrained minds, the stir of a fleeting passion in their lives? . . . .

And so they seek him. He means something to them; they don't quite know what. He is a living link with their noblest phase.

It doesn't seem as though that's asking too much, and it might start things

Who Is the Best Workman?

TEST it in any field of human endeavor—art, manual labor, literature, agriculture, politics, manufacture, or what not—and it will always prove true, as Edmund Clarence Stedman once said. that "the best workman is he who adapts means to the noblest end."

Speaking of Rubes

THAT letter in our January 26 issue, kidding the typical New Yorker for being a rube, has brought this:

> I too am a New Yorker and I know I'm a rube—but I'm glad of it. We rubes are the fellows who enjoy existence. We have continual curiosity; we are frankly interested in what we see and hear, and we are not ashamed to feel wonder.
>
> The rube who contorts his neck to gaze up at the Woolworth Building experiences a thrill which the grinning passer-by might well envy. The rube who is moved to tears by the portrayal of human emotions on the stage has a freshness of heart which his dry-eyed, shrivel-spirited neighbor lacks utterly.
>
> Scientific experimenters and researchers are rubes—adventuring into the Unknown and Untried, sightseeing in the Realms of Mystery. So are painters and poets and sculptors and composers and philosophers. Millet's picture, "The Angelus" (spoken of in that letter), is an expression of genuine wonder at the mysteries of simple toil and simple faith. Modernist art and writing are the acme of rubeism; they betray sheer bewilderment. As for Heywood Broun, he is the Rube of Rubes, glorying in his evergreenness.
>
> Who gets the magic of the metropolis, and who is stirred by the splendor of a mountain sunset or the song of a thrush? The rube!

We gather that he'd rather be a rube and get stung occasionally than be smugly "wise" and have the world seem stale.

When Women Never Will Think

YOU are a woman leading two of your three small children down the street. One of the children breaks away and starts to cross the street just as a street car is passing. You may save the child without losing your life; or you both may be killed; you may stand still and hope that the child will escape; the child may be lost and you will escape, you may be lost and the child saved, and three children will be motherless. For an instant your problem is the square of the sum of Washington's problem at Valley Forge, Grant's before Vicksburg, and Wilson's at Versailles. In that instant, what do you think? Nothing. You mother the child, as Mrs. George Morning did in Indianapolis, and if, as she did, you push the child to safety, but lose your life—well, that's part of the business.

The Contentment of Pride in Your Job

FOR twenty years he's been working in the same chair at the same copy desk in the same newspaper office. He is telegraph editor. He has never been known to snap a nerve or bobble in a tight place. None of the 500 or more men who have worked hard under him in these years ever heard him speak in anger. How he does it was a mystery until the other day when, during a lull between editions, the question of newspaper work as a life job came up. "What would you be if you had your life to live over again?" a youngster fired up the table at him. And in the silence that followed he said, without looking up from his work: "Telegraph editor."

It's All in the Day's Work

TEN years ago the driver of a delivery wagon for a Cincinnati concern took the trouble to build a furnace fire for one of the concern's customers. She was duly appreciative, and called his employers to say so. A few weeks ago she died in another city, leaving a great fortune—no, not to this driver. He doesn't need it. He's vice president of the concern now.

"Keep Off the Air"

A WINTER night on the Atlantic; all the great radio stations of the East broadcasting tidal waves of dance music and lecturing and singing flung simultaneously into the air. Into this sizzling pandemonium of the ether comes a single "S. O. S." call—a ship in distress—no repeat—just one call. But that is enough. Almost instantly naval communications flash the peremptory "Q. R. T." signal—"Keep off the air"—and there is silence, absolute silence, while a hundred thousand operators from Bangor to Tampa listen tensely for the vessel and her position; absolute silence for one hour, while artists and orchestras and vocalists and lecturers wait silently on the call of humanity. Thus has the law of the sea become the law of the air as well.

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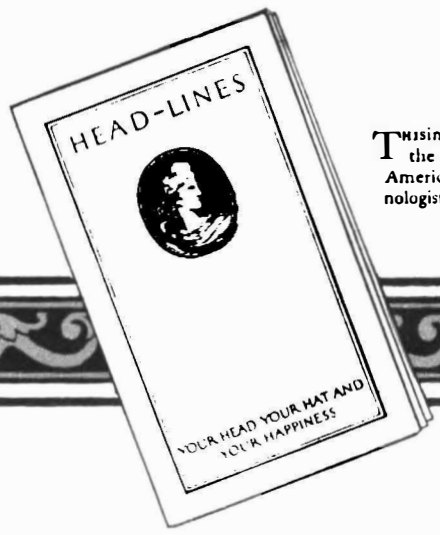

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Walter Camp's Sport Page

Green Section Saves Long Green

IT is always a matter of interest to me that the same golfer who howls with rage over the loss of an old ball will stand a stiff assessment from his House Committee without a murmur of protest. It is largely because of the indifference of these golfers that many American clubs do not subscribe to the monthly bulletins of the Green Section of the U. S. G. A. This organization is one of the most worthy bodies in golf and will in time decrease the cost of our golf maintenance by millions of dollars. Every American club should apply for membership in the Green Section.

Judge Landis's suggestion that the weaker teams in the major leagues be given the preference in securing players upon whom waivers have been asked is an excellent one. The fans are interested in stirring fights for a pennant. They are equally capable of working themselves into a great fever of indifference over pennant parades.

Mr. Fred Menther of Coleman, Mich., will be pardoned an extra inch or two of chest measurement this year. Mr. Menther is seventy-nine years old and the proud father of nine husky boys who make a whole team and have won two district baseball championships.

By imposing a stiff handicap the British have barred "rabbits" from their next amateur championship. "Rabbit" is the English term for duffer, but isn't the industrious animal known as the duffer more akin to the mole?

Balance of Power

Sam L. Olive of Augusta, Ga., sends an interesting suggestion relative to "the balance of power" between the larger and the smaller universities which now meet on the football field. Mr. Olive says:

"There should be a limit to the number of players allowed in any particular game. This would prevent the larger college from 'doubling up' on the smaller college. The game is really between two teams, not student bodies. Say sixteen players should be permitted to each side. This number would allow for sufficient substitutions in any one game. It would also bring out the full value of versatile players, the utility men. It is the only means of fairness to the team spirit. This year I saw Georgia Tech tie Florida by the 'doubling up' process. Florida had one eleven with few substitutes and would have won easily against any particular Tech eleven. Some years ago Georgia played Chicago and, because of the traveling allowance, was limited to twenty-two men, coaches, faculty members and players. My recollection is that Chicago used thirty-five to forty players in that game. Score, 19 to 0. It should be the spirit of athletics to test team skill, strength and endurance; not numerical or quantitative strength. Suppose the boxer should be required to meet a new man every two or three rounds?"

Do the "Ayes" or the "Noes" have it on the vote on Mr. Olive's resolution?

Wayland Dean, the star pitcher for Louisville last year, is now a Giant. Anyone overheard asserting that the Giants now have the Dean of National League pitchers will be— Well, something terrible should happen to him.

Bonar Law, the great man of England whose devotion to his country cost him his life, was an ardent golfer. On a visit to Rye, England, he was made the guest of honor at a dinner. In the afternoon he played golf. The dinner was to be served at seven o'clock, but at that hour Mr. Law had not arrived. Eight o'clock passed and still he was absent. The bells of the quaint old village were just announcing the hour of nine as he arrived, his eyes blazing and his face flushed.

"Mr. Law, what has happened?" his host asked anxiously.

"I have just spent three hours," the British Premier to be replied grimly, "in that infernal trap at the fourteenth hole."

Yet there are those who will insist that golf does not develop character!

Why Our Fighters Fight

Jack Dempsey is said to be worth $1,250,000; Benny Leonard, $800,000; Firpo, $500,000; Johnnie Dundee, $250,000, and Louis Tendler, $250,000.

Meantime those who have gone on the retired list are rated: Johnnie Kilbane, $300,000; Charlie White, $200,000; Joe Burman, $200,000; Joe Lynch, $100,000; Bill Brennan, $100,000; Tom Moore, $150,000. Other recent beneficiaries of the "mitt" game are: Mike O'Dowd, $100,000; Willie Ritchie, Tom Gibbons, and Mike Gibbons, each $100,000. And Tunney is already said to have saved $75,000! There is more than glory in the prize ring to-day.

A shock to the tradition of thrift is the news that Scotland wishes to share in the expense of sending a British Walker Cup team to this country next fall. One wonders if there will be many sea gulls following the ship that brings the team across.

"I would have been under 80 except for a 7 at the eighth and a 6 at the short twelfth." The remark is a common one in the alibi conservatories of locker rooms, but consider the sad case of C. W. Pedlar, an English pro attached to the Gerrards Cross Club, who had a 7 at the tenth and still returned a gross medal score of 65. His round included ten threes. Bobby Jones once knew such a miracle round on the East Lake course in Atlanta when the open champion turned in a 63 with all putts holed. Walter Hagen set up a world's competitive record on a Southern course last winter when he dazzled the onlookers with a 62. John Black, the dour Scotch granddaddy who finished only a stroke behind Gene Sarazen at Skokie, has an uncanny card of 59 laid away among his golf archives.

Opponents of the ribbed and punched-face club and the lively ball in golf lose sight of the fact that the man behind the club is the deciding factor no matter what his weapon or his ammunition may be. "Jock" Hutchison demonstrated this in a recent match at Miami when he played the entire round with only a putter, scored a 78 and won his match.

My Composite Baseball Star

It is conceivable that John McGraw has wished from time to time for the ability to make the sort of ball player he would like the most for a world's champion team. One of the first ingredients he would look for would be hands, and as the request was made Honus Wagner would amble forward on his bowed legs to offer a pair of hands basket-like in their size and having the acquisitive instincts of an octopus in their ability to gather in an object bent on escape.

Ty Cobb has demonstrated over a brilliant eighteen-year march that he has the endurance of a buffalo added to the speed of an antelope, and he could best offer these gifts to the mythical ball player who would never be benched by any manager. "Babe" Ruth has hammered the walls of enough stadiums with his home runs to be chosen as the donor of power at the bat. George Kelly or Bob Meusel would present their whiplike arms to speed a ball to the bases after Wagner's huge hands had gathered in an opposing wallop.

Given all this offensive strength, the perfect ball player would still need the direction of a keen brain to make the most of his physical assets. Will Christy Mathewson and John McGraw mind if we deprive them of their baseball knowledge so that this glittering star may achieve perfection? Both men plan their moves on the diamond with all the care and foresight of a master chess player, and carry out their plans with the certain speed of successful campaigners in the major-league battles.

I would bless this superball player with only one more gift, that of personality, and for this present I would call upon Frank Frisch. Frisch adds to his professional equipment the valiant spirit of the athlete trained as an amateur. That spirit gives him the power to do miraculous things when the hardest test challenges his spirit. His batting average of .375 for three world's series is proof of how well his spirit responds to such a challenge.

Are Football Reformers Fair?

Have the football reformers thought, I wonder, of the boy's side in their restriction of preseason training? The advantage of advanced physical condition when the season begins is obvious, but the reformers insist that this early training means that the boys are giving too much time on the game. Suppose, however, that a boy is spending his vacation at a summer resort. The life there is one of easy indulgence. If that boy is willing to give up the pleasures of such a life to submit himself voluntarily to the iron discipline and the rugged work demanded by a football coach shouldn't such fine quality of character be developed rather than checked?

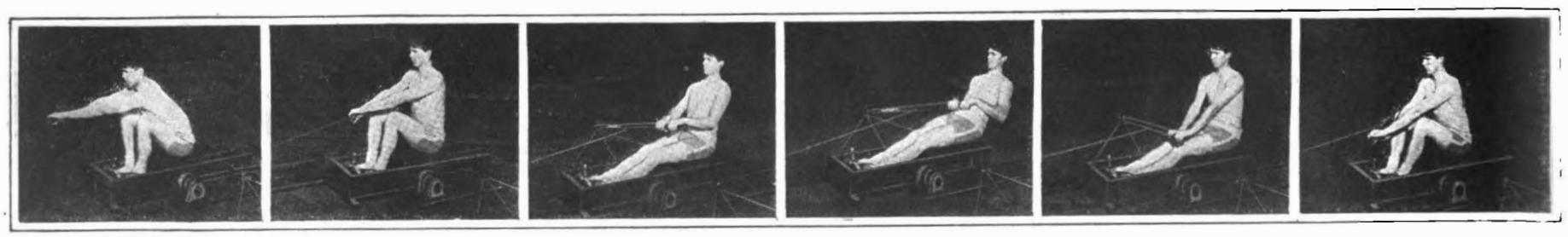
An ancient golfing man who had been absent from his home course for some time was recently observed taking divots in his old-time way. A friend inquired as to the reason for his absence.

"Just another attempt to give up this maddening game," the veteran replied sadly. "I find it impossible, for, like the murderer, I must always return to the scene of my crime."

New Coaches at Centre and Iowa

The gradual shifting in football coaches that has taken place the last two years is worthy of study by those who follow this great game. The two latest, that of Howard Jones leaving Iowa, and Moran leaving Centre, are provoking much discussion. It is said that Moran has left Centre for Centre's own benefit, since he believed there was a feeling among other colleges that Centre was not carrying out the principle of permanent all-the-year-around instructors in athletics. Also there was some criticism as to the amount of his salary, which really was not large compared with that of some other coaches. While no one has quite developed the real reason for Howard Jones's leaving Iowa, it is said that the new coach will have to be a permanent all-the-year-around athletic director as well. Roper of Princeton may be succeeded by a non-Princeton man. This would be a decided departure. At any rate, Roper has given the authorities plenty of time by announcement of his retirement while he continues with the team for 1924.

The move to help the pitchers by putting fewer balls into play is a good one. With a ball roughened and stained by batting and fielding the pitcher will have a more even break against the batter. Many pitchers last year complained because ambulances weren't always at hand when the opposition suddenly developed a batting streak.



This slow-motion picture shows Griswold of Columbia at the rowing machine in six positions from the start to the finish of the stroke

How an Actor Gets Into Your Heart

By Kenneth Macgowan

"People like to cry," David Warfield once said, "if they can cry sweet tears." Smiles and tears are the oldest theatrical formula in the world. But with Warfield it isn't a formula. His human sympathy is genuine and deep enough to know pathos as surely as it knows the comic. So Mr. Macgowan thinks Warfield's Shylock can be traced to the days when he played "sheeny peddlers" at Weber & Fields's Music Hall.

THERE ought to be a great story in David Warfield and his Shylock. Maybe there i[s] But it is not the romantic stor[y] of a racial ambition, nursed through a quarter century, which you—careless as well as gentle reader—will draw from the following picturesque facts:

Thirty-five years ago Warfield began his professional career by playing another rapacious Jew—Melter Moss in "The Ticket-of-Leave Man."

Twenty-five years ago he was creating the first of our comic stage Jews—"sheeny peddlers," we called them then—in a musical comedy at the Casino.

Twenty-three years ago David Belasco transferred this curbstone merchant to the legitimate stage in "The Auctioneer," and made Warfield over from a Weber & Fields comedian into a potential tragic star.

The chain of facts leads inevitably to this year, when a Jewish star, the richest, the most successful, and probably the best-loved actor on the American stage, is playing Shylock in an elaborate revival of Shakespeare's "The Merchant of Venice."

When Warfield was playing Jewish burlesque in one of the Casino musical shows of the late nineties, he said to C. M. S. McLellan: "Some day I am going to play Shylock," and McLellan got a funny story out of Warfield's ambition.

Here is a fine story indeed, as romantic as Warfield's rise. America's greatest Jewish actor spends a quarter of a century preparing to play the greatest Jewish character in all drama. He turns an East Side peddler into Shakespeare's tor[t]ured and torturing Shylock.

The only tro[u]ble with this story is that it is fiction. [Warfi]eld says it isn't true. His ambiti[on] a joke between himself and Mc[Le]nd he is playing Shylock to[day] artistic, not racial, reasons.

"It wasn't an [old] long-nourished racial pride that [ca]me at last to Shylock, Warfield to[ld] me. "It was just vanity. I have alwa[ys] thought I could play him as well as [any] actor in America and better than [I] could play any part in the drama of [the] world."

I took my mind's eye off the Jewish complex, and looked about Warfield's apartment. Over in the corner of the room was a silver altar cross. The antique furniture was mainly ecclesiastical. I sat on a chair with the letters I. H. S. brocaded on its back. And I recollected that the actor had won a Roman Catholic bride. Racial bigotry hardly fits into the picture. But racial sympathy, racial understanding—that is another matter.

Let us look a little closer at this man. Shylock is the last person he would suggest. He is short. He is quiet spoken. He is gentle. He has no accent. His nose is small and straight. Above all, he is patient. Sufferance may be the badge of all his race, but his is sufferance of others. He has spent twenty-three seasons entertaining the American public, and in all those years he has been content to play only six parts. (Five parts, to all intents, for he played in the failure, "Van der Decken," for only a short time, and never in New York.)

"The art of the actor," says Warfield, "is the art of repetition." Bowing to the desire of the public to see him in certain effective parts, Warfield has made repetition a fine art. In revival after revival, he has played Simon Levi in "The Auctioneer" for five seasons, Herr von Barwig in "The Music Master" probably ten, Wes' Bigelow in "A Grand Army Man" several seasons since 1907, and Peter Grimm at least four. With never a play of any serious pretensions behind him until now, except Belasco's own psychic drama, "The Return of Peter Grimm," Warfield has been seen by more playgoers than any other of our leading actors.

David Warfield at three stages of his brilliant career: (Above) the comic stage Jew at Weber & Fields's Music Hall, 1899; (circle) in "The Music Master"; (right) Shylock in "The Merchant of Venice," now playing in San Francisco

After such a task and such a training, Warfield finds a new part strangely difficult. He has not had one in six seasons. If, then, he were to study and develop a new rôle, and meet the extravagant expectations of critics and public, why should it be Shylock? That is a part which the greatest actors have played. Why should a unique actor court comparisons?

We come back, inevitably, to Warfield's life story—deny it though he will.

Even the Manager's Wife Cried

WARFIELD'S Shylock is built out of his past. It wouldn't be worth a plumber's curse if it weren't. The materials of an actor are his own body, his own temperament, and his own experience. When experience is attenuated into reading and hearsay, only genius can make art out of it.

But experience and sympathy are behind this Shylock. When Warfield came to New York from California in 1890, he saw Hester Street, Prince Street, the Bowery, black with dark little men selling shoe laces, hats, hand-me-downs. They wore four noteworthy articles of apparel: a derby hat pushed down to the ears, a Prince Albert coat almost touching the ground, a boiled shirt, and a collar button. No collar, but always a collar button. Here was where Warfield found his musical-comedy Jew, and I think he found his Shylock here too, in spite of all he may say. For he brought sympathy to Hester Street, and he took away a character that could make tears as well as laughter.

Warfield recalls how the wife of Joseph Grismer, a manager of the period, once told him after a performance at the Casino: "You were very, very funny; but after your scene was over I found there were tears in my eyes."

Grant, then, Warfield's acquaintance with the Jew of commerce. Grant a sympathy that could see pathos in him. Grant also a mimetic talent that could make such a figure live, and a voice that could show his suffering. What more is needed? Just one thing—a faith in Shylock as a sympathetic figure. Warfield had that faith. I think it is a pathetic faith, and therefore appropriate to Warfield.

Warfield believes that Shylock was a kindly and well-meaning man from the moment he made the bond with Antonio until the Christian Lorenzo stole his daughter Jessica. Shylock lent money to Antonio, lent it without interest, and stipulated only in jest what he called "a merry bond." (The Romans did the like a thousand years before.) With Warfield's Shylock this bond, which is so important in the plot, is merely an accident in his attempt to rid himself of the persecutions of Antonio, to buy him off.

Here, then, is a gentle, humble Shylock, suing for peace. Thus Warfield plays him. Until the Christian steals his daughter and his ducats, he has no thought of vengeance. Then madness and a blood thirst—a crazy man running about the streets screaming; sharpening a knife on his boot to hack open a man's chest in the court of justice.

It is a sympathetic picture—even the madness roused by the Christian. Tears might rise from it, as they did to eyes that watched "The Music Master" or the shabby little Jew peddler at the Casino. Tears do rise, for Warfield's voice has its old tug as it breaks on the list of Antonio's persecutions.

Smiles and tears—the oldest theatrical formula in the world—have made Warfield. Tears have done more for him on the stage of late years, but it was his electrifying smile that brought him the friendship of Belasco more than thirty-five years ago—the same smile with which he still welcomes a new acquaintance. In the story of how they met when both were boys in San Francisco, Belasco himself describes this smile and this man better than anyone else could hope to do it:

"There was an usher at the Bush Street Theatre—a bright little fellow with a most luminous smile. He is still small, and his smile is still luminous. I did not then know his name, but I had heard that among his family and friends he was quite an entertainer, being able to sing, to mimic, and to recite. One day I was at home, in my front room on the top floor, when I heard a voice on the street below. I leaned out, and there, on the corner, standing on a box which scarcely raised him above the gaping onlookers, was the little usher from the Bush Street Theatre, reciting to a curious crowd. I went down and stood near until he had finished. Then I went up to him and asked him his name. 'Dave Warfield,' said he, giving me the smile that lived long afterward in Herr von Barwig of 'The Music Master.' And that was our first real meeting."

They met again, these two men of broad smiles and small stature. One was a successful manager. The other was selling his smile—and his friend, the Hester Street Jew—to the patrons of that tiny and vivid home of burlesque, Weber & Fields's Music Hall.

Belasco saw the smile again and weighed its value. He saw pathos too in this actor, and he counted even more upon that than upon the smile. Soon Warfield was starring in "The Auctioneer." From the comedy of Hester Street to the pathos of "The Music Master" was a step that Belasco alone could show him how to take. To reach Shylock was a longer step, a step across many years, but still only a step for the two of them together.

Thus the Belasco-Warfield "Merchant of Venice" in its virtues and its faults is the seal on a long friendship between two of the most remarkable figures of our theatre. It goes back to the days when the actor Warfield wore a collar button instead of a gabardine. And my personal opinion is that this Shylock goes back with it.

Make Up the Plot as You Go Along

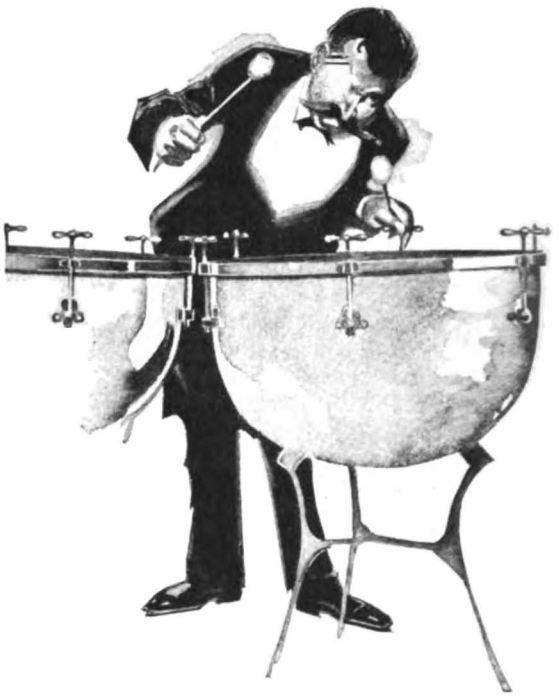
By Robert Haven Schauffler

Illustrated by Ray Rohn

NEXT time you hear an orchestra, don't sit back and defy 'em to make you like it. Use your imagination, and you can make a lot of fun for yourself. You don't need to know the plot of the piece, because you can make your own it you remember the dramatis·personae:

The King - - - -	Violin
A Fair Damsel - - -	Clarinet
A Mysterious Stranger -	Viola
The Romantic Hero -	Cello
The Lovable Villain -	Bass clarinet
Lightning - - - - -	Piccolo
An Artless Rustic - -	Oboe
A Clown - - - - -	Bassoon
A Puffing Fat Man - -	Bass tuba

You can pick them out by the sounds they make. With this line-up almost any able-bodied man, under the spell of good music, can weave a moving tale. This is the last of a series of articles by Mr. Schauffler.



AT a concert the late Samuel Butler once pointed out to a friend that an oboe was only a clarinet with a cold in the head and that a bassoon was the same with a cold on the chest. Now if learning to know the instruments were as easy as all this, there would be no need of writing about Who's Who in the orchestra. But Butler's remark shows that he ought to have read just such articles as these, and then played himself the phonograph disks mentioned in the previous article.

Cold or no cold, the bassoon does not sound like the clarinet. It is a large, complicated affair, played with a double reed, and called *fagotto* by the Italians because it looks surprisingly like a bundle of fagots hung about the player's neck by a cord. One of this instrument's leading rôles is clown of the orchestra—his dry, hard, rather strained, somewhat rank, seriocomic voice is irresistible when he begins to cut up his nimble antics. One of his best rôles is the fat old man acting the young lover—Falstaff trying to play Romeo.

In "Peer Gynt" Grieg represents through him the ungainly antics of the trolls and hobgoblins in the hall of the Mountain King. He has a dual personality, though. And the composers sometimes allow this burlesque Mr. Hyde to turn into the worthy Dr. Jekyll for a bit. Only it takes a superb performer to Jekyllize him convincingly.

The Rift Within the Toot

THERE is no use in saying anything about the double bassoon, which is so sparingly written for and so seldom played that a double-bassoonist once traveled from New York to Pittsburgh to perform a single note.

Although the French horn is made of brass, it is usually reckoned in with the wood-wind instruments, because with them its mellow, delicate, romantic tones blend better than with the more boisterous brasses. It is a graceful-looking circular affair with a large flaring bell and a very small mouthpiece, where, as in all horns, the lips are used instead of reeds to vibrate the air.

Descended in the direct line from the hunting horn, it has a round, golden, cheerful tone. In his poem "The Symphony" Sidney Lanier conceived of this instrument as a warrior of the days of chivalry. Notice how he adapted the sound to the sense:

> There thrust the bold straightforward horn
> To battle for that lady lorn,
> With heartsome voice of mellow scorn,
> Like any knight in knighthood's morn.

Playing an agreeable instrument like this would seem at first sight to be one of the jolliest of vocations. You simply sit back and let the others do all the disagreeable chores. Then, when they have worked the music up to the proper emotional pitch, you chip in with a golden view halloo, or with the full moon rising out of a Venetian lagoon, or with the prayer of the ecstatic pilgrim at the enchanted shrine, or with what he said to her at the crucial moment. (For the more romantic and mystical effects you stuff your right hand up the large end of the horn to soften and veil the sound.)

The bassoon is the clown

Ah, yes, there is "a little rift within the lute"—or rather, within the toot. The French horn is, unfortunately, one of the most ticklishly unreliable of all instruments. Even when filled with the breath of the master performer, you never can sit back comfortably and feel that it, and your ears, are quite out of danger. Without warning it will begin to sound like a man with a bad stutter whose hot coffee has gone down his windpipe. When tired of sputtering, it varies things by playing the wrong note.

There are certain passages so difficult for the French hornist that the very sight of the notes can give him chills and fever. As the fatal moment draws near for him to attempt one of these tunes, you can, if a close observer, see him fidgeting about in his chair and pulling himself together. A dark flush appears above his collar and moves rapidly to the roots of his hair. The latter stands on end, and his poor eyes protrude.

Then the conductor jabs the baton menacingly in his direction. Desperately he tries. His comrades give him the laugh, but with discreet subtlety so that the philistines in the audience may notice nothing. Yes, he is without doubt the goat of the orchestra.

One of the most fatal horn passages I know comes at the opening of Richard Strauss's tone poem "Tyll Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks." And Tyll himself, father of mischief that he was, never played a merrier prank than the one Richard played there on the wretched hornists. In my entire experience I have heard only one of them get through it alive. A still worse place, which I have never known to be correctly played, occurs in the simple-sounding trio of the scherzo of Beethoven's Heroic Symphony. Watch for it!

Why a Brass is Brassy

NOW for the brasses. It is a common superstition that brass instruments sound brassy because they are made of brass, and that a clarinet sounds the way a good brier pipe smokes because it is made of wood. Not at all. The material of which a wind instrument is made has nothing to do with its sound. Given exactly the same measurements and interior polish and resistance, you may make it of brass, zinc, wood, glass, papier maché, porcelain, or selenium from the Mountains of the Moon. Its sound will always be exactly the same. For the only sonorous thing about a wind instrument is the column of air inside it.

There is no need of wasting any words on the cornet. Everybody knows what it sounds like. True, the cornet has been thrown out of the modern symphony orchestra as too trivial, not to say vulgar, and its place has been taken by the snappier, more powerful, more silvery sounding trumpet. But, after all, a trumpet is only a cornet *de luxe*.

Slide trombones are known, along with fiddles, as the only perfect instruments of the orchestra, because they alone may always be played mathematically in tune at any pitch. The trombone is a truly noble horn. It is also one of the most versatile. While usually sounding like a majestic tenor or bass trumpet, it has courtly, mystic, and religious sides to its nature unknown to the smaller instrument. A trombone quartet, like the one at Bethlehem, Pa., when well played in a high place such as a church steeple, is a memorable delight.

The bass tuba completes the brass choir. It is a very fat horn, usually energized, at the imminent risk of apoplexy, by a very fat bald man with a neck three sizes larger than his head. The notes of the tuba are most of the time so deep down as to have no particular personality at all, except that they start with gr[illegible]ntness and resemble in rotu[illegible] instrument and player whence[illegible]roceed.

He must ha[illegible] shifting a baseball fan who christene[illegible]n place. percussion choir "The Battery." study [illegible]bitters of the orchestra, the s[illegible]ones[illegible]ers and catchers, the brass tacks [illegible]fasten home plate down to terra f[illegible]. Everybody recognizes the boom of the big bass drum and the nervous rattle and rat-tat-tat of the side drum; the clapping of castanets, the clash of cymbals, the mirthful clink of the triangle, the silvery jingle of the Chinese pagoda, the hollow clatter and thump of the tambourine, the jar of gongs, the chanting of chimes, the gloomy clump of the tom-tom, and the superficial merriment of the xylophone.

Somewhat harder to recognize are the chief instruments of this choir: the tympani or kettledrums. These are large copper kettles with heads of sheepskin stretched taut. Over them hovers a hard-headed materialist in an attitude of prayer. He spends most of his time tuning them. To do this, he bends low and taps them like a doctor percussing a pair of doubtful lungs, while making himself deaf to the surrounding hubbub. Then he turns the tuning handles around the rims and repeats the process.

To Do the Drum Justice

IN the phonograph you will recognize these as the drums that make the musical sounds. They are usually tuned to the first, fourth, and fifth notes of the scale, and their chief effect is a rapid roll played with softly padded drumsticks. It takes one of the best musicians in the orchestra to do them justice.

And now let me beg you to do three things: (1) With these articles fresh in your mind, play over to yourself, half a dozen times, those disks of sample instruments which are furnished by every phonograph firm. (2) Go and hear a large orchestra for the purpose of identifying each instrument as soon as it puts in its word. (3) Inform the editor of Collier's whether these things have increased your pleasure in listening to music.

HUDSON

A FINER COACH

On a New Super-Six Chassis

Impressive advancements in both chassis and body make the new Hudson Coach an even greater value than its forerunner.

Take an early opportunity to see it. In lines it is one of the most beautiful cars ever built by Hudson. More spacious seating, wider doors and longer body provide an even greater measure of passenger comfort.

With this finer body you get important improvements in a new Super-Six chassis. It retains the characteristic Hudson reliability and economy of maintenance and operation. And, beyond that, it brings a smoothness and riding ease that will impress even Hudson owners as strikingly new and delightful.

The Coach
$1475

New Models

Speedster	$1350
7-Pass. Phaeton	1425
Coach	1475
Sedan	1895

Freight and Tax Extra

HUDSON MOTOR CAR COMPANY
DETROIT, MICHIGAN

Bulldog

Continued from page 10

Peter!" she cried at him, clasping her hands together and staring.

"Shut up your yapping," said Peter Zinn. "Shut up and take care of this pup. He's my kind of a dog."

His three sons wedged into the doorway and gaped at him with round eyes and white faces.

"Look here," he said, pointing to his bleeding leg. "That damned pup done that. That's the way I want you kids to grow up. Fight anything. Fight a buzz saw. You don't need to go to no school for lessons. You can foller after Blondy, there."

So Blondy was christened; so he was given a home. Mrs. Zinn, who had been a trained nurse in her youth, nevertheless stood by with moans of sympathy while her husband took the necessary stitches in the head of Blondy.

"Keep still, fool," said Mr. Zinn. "Look at Blondy. He ain't even whining. Pain don't hurt nothing. Pain is the making of a dog—or a man! Look at there—if he ain't licking my hand! He knows his master!"

A horse kicked old Joe Harkness the next day, and Peter Zinn took charge of the blacksmith shop. He was greatly changed by his stay in the penitentiary, so that superficial observers in the town of Sioux Crossing declared that he had been reformed by punishment, inasmuch as he no longer blustered or hunted fights in the streets of the village. He attended to his work, and as everyone admitted that no farrier in the country could fit horseshoes better, or do a better job at welding, when Joe Harkness returned to his shop he kept Zinn as a partner. Neither did Peter Zinn waste time or money on bootleg whisky, but in spite of these new and manifold virtues some of the very observant declared that there was more to be feared from the silent and settled ferocity of his manner than from the boisterous ways which had been his in other days. Constable Tom Frejus was among the latter. And it was noted that he practiced half an hour every day with his revolver in the back of his lot.

Blondy, in the meantime, stepped into maturity in a few swift months. On his fore and hind quarters the big ropy muscles thrust out. His neck grew thicker and more arched, and in his dark brown eyes there appeared a wistful look of eagerness which never left him saving when Peter Zinn was near. The rest of the family he tolerated, but did not love. It was in vain that Mrs. Zinn, eager to please a husband whose transformation had filled her with wonder and with awe, lavished attentions upon Blondy and fed him with dainties twice a day. It was in vain that the three boys petted and fondled and talked kindly to Blondy. He endured these demonstrations, but did not return them. But when five o'clock came in the evening of the day, Blondy went out to the gate of the front yard and stood there like a white statue until a certain heavy step sounded on the wooden sidewalk up the hill. That noise changed Blondy into an ecstasy of impatience, and when the big man came through the gate, Blondy raced and leaped about him with such a muffled whine of joy, coming from such deeps of his heart, that his whole body trembled. At meals Blondy lay across the feet of the master. At night he curled into a warm circle at the foot of the bed.

THERE was only one trouble with Blondy. When people asked: "What sort of a dog is that?" Peter Zinn could never answer anything except: "A hell of a good fighting dog; you can lay to that." It was a stranger who finally gave them information, a lumber merchant who had come to Sioux Crossing to buy timber land. He stopped Peter Zinn on the street and crouched on his heels to admire Blondy.

"A real white one," said he. "As fine a bull terrier as I ever saw. What does he weigh?"

"Fifty-five pounds," said Zinn.

"I'll give you five dollars for every pound of him," said the stranger.

Peter Zinn was silent.

"Love him too much to part with him, eh?" asked the other, smiling up at the big blacksmith.

"Love him?" snorted Zinn. "Love a dog! I ain't no fool."

"Ah?" said the stranger. "Then what's your price?"

Peter Zinn scratched his head; then he scowled, for when he tried to translate Blondy into terms of money, his wits failed him.

"That's two hundred and seventy-five dollars," he said finally.

"I'll make it three hundred, even. And, mind you, my friend, this dog is useless for show purposes. You've let him fight too much, and he's covered with scars. No trimming can make that right ear presentable. However, he's a grand dog, and he'd be worth something in the stud."

Zinn hardly heard the last of this. He was considering that for three hundred dollars he could extend the blacksmith shop by one-half and get a full partnership with Harkness, or else he could buy that four-cylinder car which young Thompson wanted to sell. Yet even the showy grandeur of an automobile would hardly serve. He did not love Blondy. Love was an emotion which he scorned as beneath the dignity of a strong man. He had not married his wife because of love, but because he was tired of eating in restaurants and because other men had homes. The possession of an automobile would put the stamp upon his new prosperity, but could an automobile welcome him home at night or sleep at his feet?

"I dunno," he said at last. "I guess I ain't selling."

And he walked on. He did not feel more kindly toward Blondy after this. In fact, he never mentioned the circumstance, even in his home, but often when he felt the warmth of Blondy at his feet he was both baffled and relieved.

In the meantime Blondy had been making history in Sioux Crossing hardly less spectacular than that of Zinn. His idea of play was a battle; his conception of a perfect day embraced the killing of two or three dogs. Had he belonged to anyone other than Zinn, he would have been shot before his career was well started, but his owner was such a known man that guns were handled but not used when the white terror came near. It could be said in his behalf that he was not aggressive and, unless urged on, would not attack another. However, he was a most hearty and capable finisher of a fight if one were started.

He first took the eye of the town through a fracas with Bill Curry's brindled bulldog, Mixer. Blondy was seven or eight pounds short of his magnificent maturity when he encountered Mixer and touched noses with him; then the bulldog reached for Blondy's left foreleg, snapped his teeth in the empty air, and the fun began. As Harkness afterward put it: "Mixer was like thunder, but Blondy was lightning on wheels." Blondy drifted around the heavier dog for five minutes as illusive as a phantom. Then he slid in, closed the long, pointed, fighting jaw on Mixer's gullet, and was only pried loose from a dead dog.

After that the great Dane which had been brought to town by Mr. Henry Justice, the mill owner, took the liberty of snarling at the white dog and had his throat torn out in consequence. When Mr. Justice applied to the law for redress, the judge told him frankly that he had seen the fight and that he would sooner hang a man than hang Blondy. The rest of the town was of the same opinion. They feared but respected the white slayer, and it was pointed out that though he battled like a champion against odds, yet when little Harry Garcia took Blondy by the tail and tried to tie a knot in it, the great terrier merely pushed the little boy away with his forepaws and then went on his way.

HOWEVER, there was trouble in the air, and Charlie Kitchen brought it to a head. In his excursions to the north he had chanced upon a pack of hounds used indiscriminately to hunt and kill anything that walked on four legs, from wolves to mountain lions and grizzly bears. The leader of that pack was a hundred-and-fifty-pound monster—a cross between a gigantic timber wolf and a wolfhound. Charlie could not borrow that dog, but the owner himself made the trip to Sioux Crossing and brought Gray King, as the dog was called, along with him. Up to that time Sioux Crossing felt that the dog would never be born that could live fifteen minutes against Blondy, but when the northerner arrived with a large roll of money and his dog, the town looked at Gray King and pushed its money deeper into its pocket. For the King looked like a fighting demon, and in fact was one. Only Peter Zinn had the courage to bring out a hundred dollars and stake it on the result.

They met in the vacant lot next to the post office where the fence was loaded with spectators, and in this ample arena it was admitted that the wolf dog would have plenty of room to display all of his agility. As a matter of fact, it was expected that he would slash the heart out of Blondy in ten seconds. Slash Blondy he did, for there is nothing canine in the world that can escape the lightning flash of a wolf's side rip. A wolf fights by charges and retreats, coming in to slash with its great teeth and try to knock the foe down with the blow of its shoulder. The Gray King cut Blondy twenty times, but they were only glancing knife-edge strokes. They took the blood, but not the heart from Blondy, who, in the meantime, was placed too low and solidly on the ground to be knocked down. At the end of twenty minutes, as the Gray King leaped in, Blondy side-stepped like a dancing boxer, then dipped in and up after a fashion that Sioux Crossing knew of old, and set that long, punishing jaw in the throat of the King. The latter rolled, writhed, and gnashed the air, but fate had him by the windpipe, and in thirty seconds he was helpless. Then Peter Zinn, as a special favor, took Blondy off.

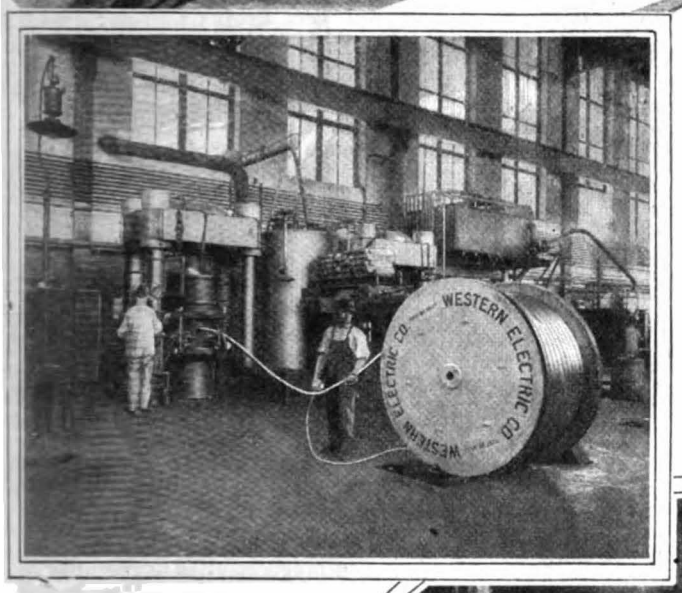
Afterward the big man from the north came to pay his bet, but Zinn.

(*Continued on page* 28)

Jeff Minster, yelling with pain and rage, caught out his hunting knife and raised it. He stabbed, but still Blondy clung

Then, a tug of war— now, a "reel" job

HEAVE, HO! In the old days, from eight to sixteen men were needed in the factory to pull a single telephone cable core into lead pipes—which, soldered together, formed the sheath. A slow and laborious task.

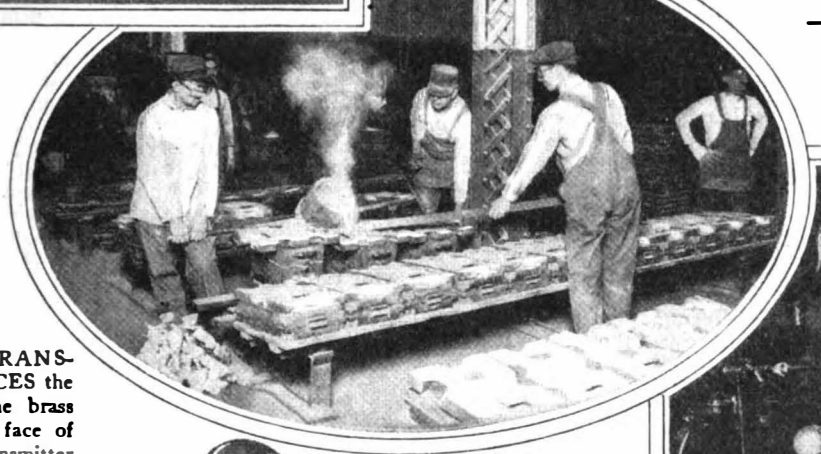


HOW IT'S DONE TODAY. Now two men can operate the machinery which applies molten lead to the cable core to form a continuous covering. These two men cover more cable than the sixteen did the old way—and what's more, they do it better.

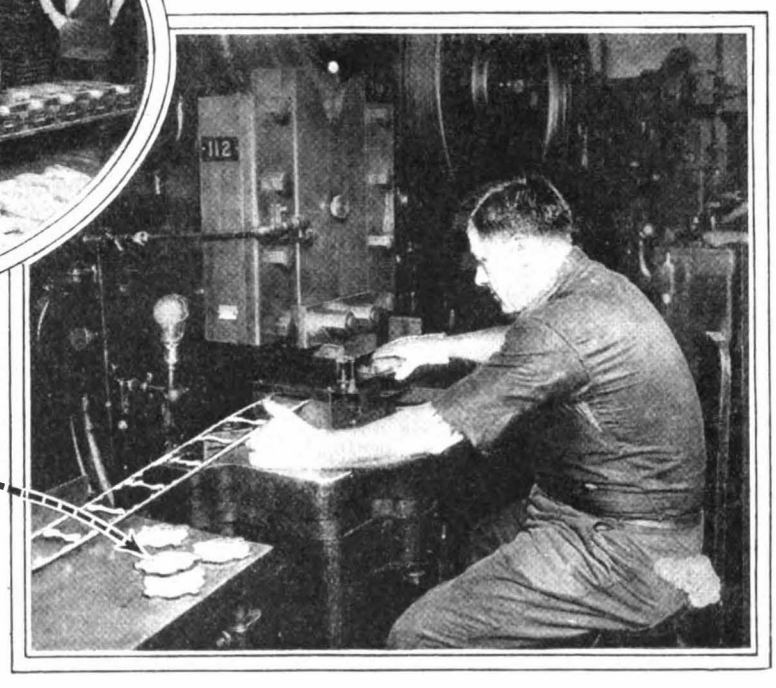
THE pictures show the old and the new way, as applied to two manufacturing processes of many thousands in our factory.

Better work, quicker work, and yet with fewer men needed for each job—progress like this marks the history of Western Electric as a maker of telephones.

Improvements of this kind have made possible lower costs of manufacture and vastly increased production, and here you have two reasons for the vast number of telephones in the United States—more than in all the rest of the world.



MOLDING TRANSMITTER FACES the old way. The brass (nickel-plated) face of the telephone transmitter was made as a casting. Another case of many men producing a small output—with much of it failing to meet the high standard required.



THE TRANSMITTER FACE TODAY. Now it is punched out of a brass strip. One man produces more than the crew of yesterday, and with a far higher percentage of perfect pieces.

Western Electric

SINCE 1869 MAKERS OF ELECTRICAL EQUIPMENT

looking up from his task of dressing the terrier's wounds, flung the money back in the face of the stranger.

"Dogs ain't the only things that fight in Sioux Crossing," he announced, and the stranger, pocketing his pride and his money at the same time, led his staggering dog away.

From that time forward Blondy was one of the sights of the town—like Sandoval Mountain. He was pointed out constantly and people said: "Good dog!" from a safe distance, but only Tom Frejus appreciated the truth. He said: "What keeps Zinn from getting fight-hungry? Because he has a dog that does the fighting for him. Every time Blondy sinks his teeth in the hide of another dog, he helps to keep Zinn out of jail. But some day Zinn will bust through!"

This was hardly a fair thing for the constable to say, but the nerves of honest Tom Frejus were wearing thin. He knew that sooner or later the blacksmith would attempt to execute his threat of breaking him in two, and the suspense lay heavily upon Tom. He was still practicing steadily with his guns; he was still as confident as ever of his own courage and skill; but when he passed on the street the gloomy face of the blacksmith, a chill of weakness entered his blood.

THAT dread, perhaps, had sharpened the perceptions of Frejus, for certainly he had looked into the truth, and while Peter Zinn bided his time the career of Blondy was a fierce comfort to him. The choicest morsel of enjoyment was delivered into his hands on a morning in September, the very day after Frejus had gained lasting fame by capturing the two Minster brothers, with enough robberies and murders to their credit to have hanged a dozen men.

The Zinns took breakfast in the kitchen this Thursday, so that the warmth of the cookstove might fight the frost out of the air, and Oliver, the oldest boy, announced from the window that old Gripper, the constable's dog, had come into the back yard. The blacksmith rose to make sure. He saw Gripper, a big black-and-tan sheep dog, nosing the top of the garbage can, and a grin of infinite satisfaction came to the face of Peter Zinn. First he cautioned the family to remain discreetly indoors. Then he stole out by the front way, came around to the rear of the tall fence which sealed his back yard, and closed and latched the gate. The trap was closed on Gripper, after which Zinn returned to the house and lifted Blondy to the kitchen window. The hair lifted along the back of Blondy's neck; a growl rumbled in the deeps of his powerful body. Yonder was his domain, his own yard, of which he knew each inch, the smell of every weed and rock; yonder was the spot where he had killed the stray chicken last July; near it was the tall, rank nettle, so terrible to an over-inquisitive nose; and behold a strange dog pawing at the very place where, only yesterday, he had buried a stout bone with rich store of marrow hidden within!

"Oh, Peter, you ain't—" began Mrs. Zinn.

Her husband silenced her with an ugly glance; then he opened the back door and tossed Blondy into the yard. The bull terrier landed lightly, and running. He turned into a white streak which crashed against Gripper, turned the latter head over heels, and tumbled the shepherd into a corner. Blondy wheeled to finish the good work, but Gripper lay at his feet, abject upon his belly, with ears lowered, head pressed between his paws, wagging a conciliatory tail and whining a confession of shame, fear, and humility. Blondy leaped at him with a stiff-legged jump and snapped his teeth at the very side of one of those drooped ears, but Gripper only melted a little closer to the ground. For, a scant ten days before, he had seen that formidable warrior, the Chippings' greyhound, throttled by the white destroyer. What chance would he have with his worn old teeth? He whined a sad petition through them and closing his eye he offered up a prayer to the god who watches over

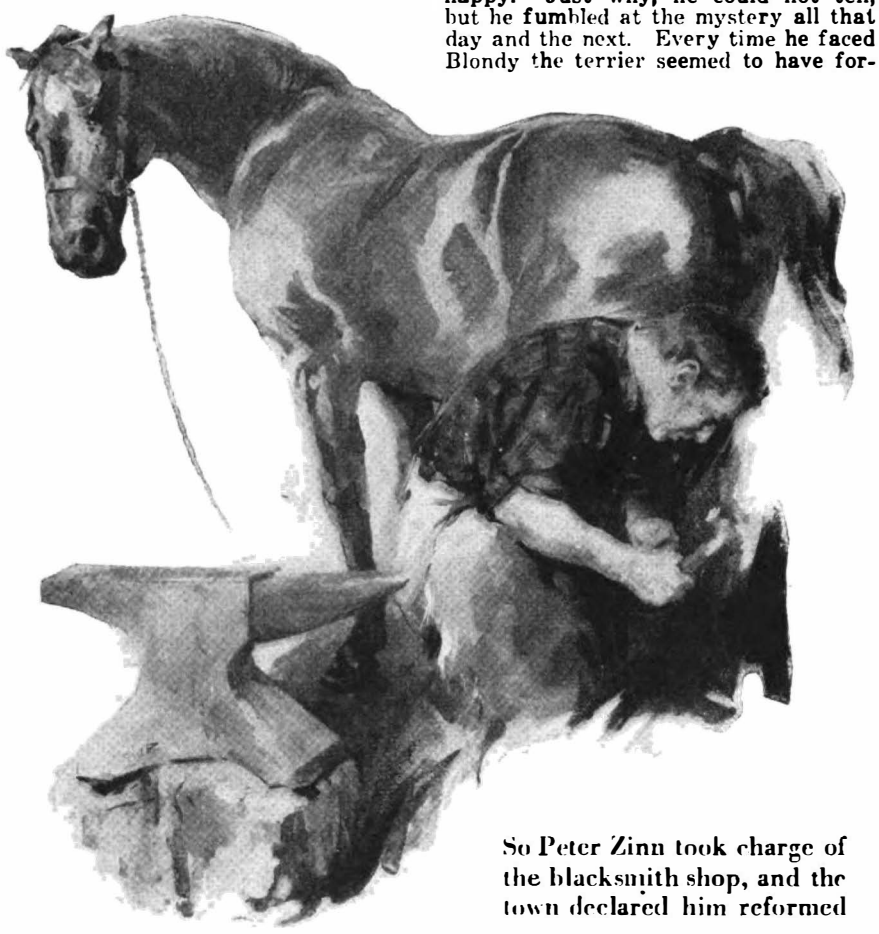
Bulldog

Continued from page 26

all good dogs: Never, never again would he rummage around a strange back yard if only this one sin were forgiven!

The door of the house slammed open; a terrible voice was shouting: "Take him, Blondy! Kill him, Blondy!"

Blondy, with a moan of battle joy, rushed in again; his teeth clipped over the neck of Gripper; but the dreadful jaws did not close. For, even in this extremity, Gripper only whined and



So Peter Zinn took charge of the blacksmith shop, and the town declared him reformed

wagged his tail the harder. Blondy danced back.

"You damn quitter!" yelled Peter Zinn. "Tear him to bits! Take him, Blondy!"

The tail of Blondy flipped from side to side to show that he had heard. He was shuddering with awful eagerness, but Gripper would not stir.

"Coward! Coward! Coward!" snarled Blondy. "Get up and fight. Here I am—half turned away—offering you the first hold—if you only dare to take it!"

Never was anything said more plainly in dog talk, saving the pitiful response of Gripper: "Here I lie; kill me if you will. I am an old, old man with worn-down teeth and a broken heart!"

Blondy stopped snarling and trembling. He came a bit nearer, and with his own touched the cold nose of Gripper. The old dog opened one eye.

"Get up," said Blondy very plainly. "But if you dare to come near my buried bone again, I'll murder you, you old rip!"

And he lay down above that hidden treasure, wrinkling his eyes and lolling out his tongue, which, as all dogs know, is a sign that a little gambol and play will not be amiss.

"Dad!" cried Oliver Zinn. "He won't touch old Gripper. Is he sick?"

"Come here!" thundered Zinn, and when Blondy came he kicked the dog across the kitchen and sent him crashing into the wall. "You yaller-hearted cur!" snarled Peter Zinn and strode out of the house to go to work.

His fury did not abate until he had delivered a shower of blows with a fourteen-pound sledge upon a bar of cold iron on his anvil, wielding the ponderous hammer with one capacious hand. After that he was able to try to think it out. It was very mysterious. For his own part, when he was enraged it mattered not what crossed his path—old and young, weak and strong, they were grist for the mill of his hands and he ground them small indeed. But Blondy, apparently, followed a different philosophy and would not harm those who were helpless.

Then Peter Zinn looked down to the foot which had kicked Blondy across the room. He was tremendously unhappy. Just why, he could not tell, but he fumbled at the mystery all that day and the next. Every time he faced Blondy the terrier seemed to have forgotten that brutal attack, but Peter Zinn was stabbed to the heart by a brand-new emotion—shame! And when he met Blondy at the gate on the second evening, something made him stoop and stroke the scarred head. It was the first caress. He looked up with a hasty pang of guilt and turned a dark red when he saw his wife watching from the window of the front bedroom. Yet when he went to sleep that night he felt that Blondy and he had been drawn closer together.

The very next day the crisis came. He was finishing his lunch when guns began to bark and rattle—reports with a metallic and clanging overtone which meant that rifles were in play; then a distant shouting rolled confusedly upon them. Peter Zinn called Blondy to his heels and went out to investigate.

The first surmise that jumped into his mind had been correct. Jeff and Lew Minster had broken from jail, been headed off in their flight, and had taken refuge in the post office. There they held the crowd at bay, Jeff taking the front of the building and Lew the rear. Vacant lots surrounded the old frame shack since the general merchandise store burned down three years before, and the rifles of two expert shots commanded this no-man's-land. It would be night before they could close on the building, but when night came the Minster boys would have an excellent chance of breaking away with darkness to cover them.

"What'll happen?" asked Tony Jeffreys of the blacksmith as they sat at the corner of the hotel where they could survey the whole scene.

"I dunno," said Peter Zinn, as he puffed at his pipe. "I guess it's up to the constable to show the town that he's a hero. There he is now!

The constable had suddenly dashed out of the door of Sam Donoghue's house, directly facing the post office, followed by four others, in the hope that he might take the defenders by surprise. But when men defend their lives they are more watchful than wolves in the hungry winter of the mountains. A Winchester spoke from a window of the post office the moment the forlorn hope appeared. The first bullet knocked the hat from the head of Harry Daniels and stopped him in his tracks. The second shot went wide. The third knocked the feet from under the constable and flattened him in the road. This was more than enough. The remnant of the party took to its heels and regained shelter safely before the dust raised by his fall had ceased curling above the prostrate body of the constable.

Tony Jeffrey had risen to his feet, repeating over and over an oath of his childhood: "Jimminy whiskers! Jimminy whiskers! Jimminy whiskers! They've killed poor Tom Frejus!" But Peter Zinn, holding the trembling, eager body of Blondy between his hands, jutted forth his head and grinned in a savage warmth of contentment.

"He's overdue!" was all he said.

But Tom Frejus was not dead. His leg had been broken between the knee and hip, but he now reared himself upon both hands and looked about him. He had covered the greater part of the road in his charge. It would be easier to escape from fire by crawling close under the shelter of the wall of the post office than by trying to get back to Donoghue's house. Accordingly, he began to drag himself forward. He had not covered a yard when the Winchester cracked again and Tom crumpled on his face, with both arms flung around his head.

PETER ZINN stood up with a gasp. Here was something quite different. The constable was beaten, broken, and he reminded Zinn of one thing only—old Gripper cowering against the fence with Blondy towering above, ready to kill. Blondy had been merciful, but the hearty marksman behind the window was still intent on murder. His next bullet raised a white furrow of dust near Frejus. Then a wild voice, made thin and high by the extremity of fear and pain, cleft through the air and smote the heart of Peter Zinn: "Help! For God's sake, mercy!"

Tom Frejus was crushed indeed, and begging as Gripper had begged. A hundred voices were shouting with horror, but no man dared venture out in the face of that cool-witted marksman. Then Peter Zinn knew the thing which he had been born to do, for which he had been granted strength of hand and courage of heart. He threw his long arms out before him as though he were running to embrace a bodiless thing; a great wordless voice swelled in his breast and tore his throat; and he raced out toward the fallen constable.

Some woman's voice was screaming: "Back! Go back, Peter! Oh, God, stop him! Stop him!"

Minster had already marked his victim. The rifle cracked, and a blow on the side of his head knocked Peter Zinn into utter blackness. A searing pain and the hot flow of blood down his face brought back his senses. He leaped to his feet again; he heard a yelp of joy as Blondy danced away before him; then he drove past the writhing body of Tom Frejus. The gun spoke again from the window; the red hot torment stabbed him again, he knew not where. Then he reached the door of the building and gave his shoulder to it.

It was a thing of paper that ripped open before him. He plunged through into the room beyond, where he saw the long, snarling face of the younger Minster in the shadow of a corner with the gleam of the leveled rifle barrel. He dodged as the gun spat fire, heard a brief and wicked humming beside his ear, then scooped up in one hand a heavy chair and flung it at the gunman

(*Continued on page* 30)

We See by the Papers

MR. GODDARD, a scientist of distinction, plans to shoot into space a great torpedo which he hopes will get as far as fifty miles. Seven miles is as far as man has ever shot anything or driven anything, to date. If a speed of six miles a second can be attained, Dr. Goddard says, it will free the rocket from the earth's attraction, and, once freed, it may go on until it hits the moon. Who wants a ride?

All of which reminds us of an advertisement Franklin P. Adams clipped from the Boston "Herald" a few weeks ago and published in his column in the New York "World":

SOMEWHAT BORED YOUNG MAN

Who has tried travel, study, literature, business, and love, seeks diverting employment; will undertake anything unusual; salary least important factor. Address A 8496, Herald Office.

If the Somewhat Bored Young Man is interested, the name is Dr. R. H. Goddard, and the address is c/o Department of Physics, Clark University, Worcester, Mass.

* * *

CHARLES KRUGER died in Brooklyn the other day. Kruger was the last living member of the Polaris expedition that set sail some fifty years ago to reach the pole.

Well up north of Baffin Bay, the Polaris expedition got as far as 82° 11'. That was "Farthest North" by ship—in those days. The ship was wrecked. Its crew was rescued from an ice floe, where they had drifted for weeks.

Farthest North in 1871. How do you suppose this man lived out the fifty years of life that fate decreed him afterward? Pilot on a ferryboat in New York City, running back and forth across the Hudson!

* * *

MR. ARTHUR S. VERNAY comes back from an expedition into the wilds of northern India, and the headlines report that he failed to find the long lost pink-headed duck.

The pink-headed duck, Mr. Vernay explains, is the size of an ordinary mallard. Seven members of the family adorn the walls of the National Museum, London, but no specimen has been seen for years. "It is easier to get a rhino than that bird," says Mr. Vernay. "I hunted for the duck; trained natives hunted; I offered a 200-rupee reward in the newspapers; a rajah sent out a man for a three weeks' trip in an effort to find it." Ducks of every age and color; every color except pink.

Mr. Vernay is going back to try again. He will start in Burma; beat his way through uncut jungle to Siam—temperature, in the cool spell, 117 degrees. Why this interest in a duck?

Presumably because nobody finds it. The pink-headed duck is like the top of Everest or the Northwest Passage to the Pole. Men chase things because they are scarce or far away.

* * *

A TRAVELER was motoring south from Lake Champlain when he found his highway led into Plymouth. Coolidge, Jr., was only Vice President at this time; but the traveler remembered that Plymouth was the Coolidge home, and stopped to pay a visit to the father.

He found a somewhat cautious host, but talked about the weather. Too much rain. Bad for the corn. Probably a hot spell coming. Yes, too much rain. Conversation lagged a little.

The traveler took out a box of cigarettes. "Will you have one, Mr. Coolidge?"

Mr. Coolidge shook his head. "No. Don't use 'em."

"Your son smokes, doesn't he?"

"Ye-e-s. Cal smokes. Smokes stogies. Pays a cent and a half for 'em. Used to pay a cent. Five years ago they raised the price on him."

Coolidge, Sr., cast a meditative eye upon the corn.

"Yes, they raised the price a half cent on him," he added. "One of the things he didn't like about the war."

* * *

FROM Nebraska, after six months' digging, Dr. Albert Thompson brings back to New York the finest assortment of prehistoric three-toed horses, giant pigs, and clawed and unclawed ungulates on record.

These fossils are a decidedly important find. For one thing, there is a tooth which proves that our Western prairies were once inhabited by monkeys. They claim this tooth may form another link in proving Darwin right.

In Nebraska, of all places! Can it be, in the battle of instinct versus evolution, that William Jennings Bryan will not carry his home State?

* * *

GEORGE GOMEZ staggered up the wharves of Providence a few days ago with two bunches of bananas on his shoulders. George had just arrived from Lisbon, Portugal. He explained to the reporters that everywhere in Lisbon he heard a song about our national shortage in this favored fruit.

George may have been a little credulous. But who of us is not? You can imagine an American counterpart of George Gomez coming up the wharves of Mandalay. On his shoulder is a wire net stuck on a pole. "What's that for?" they ask him. "To catch the flying fish," is his reply.

* * *

WE take this from a news report:

The robbers ran to a waiting car, parked at the curb with engine running, forced in the clutch, threw out the gears, and made their getaway—

It's a pity that so few writers know how to start an automobile. Fiction writers, particularly female fiction writers, never seem to know what to do in print with a clutch pedal and change-speed lever. We assume it is because writers are, ipso facto, too poor to ride in automobiles—let alone own them. We have seen many a beautiful heroine get out of a tight place via the motor-car route—but nary a one whose getaway was really convincing to us. We always had the feeling that they started on high with the emergency set and that the villain caught them with a stalled engine. We believe that more gears have been stripped in short stories in the last twenty years than by all the careless drivers in the world.

Bulldog

Continued from page 28

Minster went down with his legs and arms sprawled in an odd position, and Peter Zinn gave him not so much as another glance, for he knew that this part of his work was done.

"Lew! Lew!" cried a voice from the back of the building. "What's happened? What's up? D'you want help?"

"Ay!" shouted Peter Zinn. "He wants help. You damn' murderer, it's me—Peter Zinn! Peter Zinn!"

He kicked open the door beyond and ran full into the face of a lightning flash. It withered the strength from his body. He slumped down on the floor with his loose shoulders resting against the wall. In a twilight dimness he saw big Jeff Minster standing in a thin swirl of smoke with the rifle muzzle twitching down and steadying for the finishing shot, but a white streak leaped through the doorway, over his shoulder, and flew at Minster.

Before the sick eyes of Peter Zinn, the man and the dog whirled into a blur of darkness streaked with white. There passed two long, long seconds, thick with stampings, the wild curses of Jeff Minster, the deep and humming growl of Blondy. Moreover, out of the distance a great wave of voices was rising, sweeping toward the building.

The eyes of Peter cleared. He saw Blondy fastened to the right leg of Jeff Minster above the knee. The rifle had fallen to the floor and Jeff Minster, yelling with pain and rage, had caught out his hunting knife, had raised it. He stabbed. But still Blondy clung. "No, no!" screamed Peter Zinn.

"Your damned dog first—then you!" gasped Minster.

THE weakness struck Zinn again. His great head lolled back on his shoulders. "God," he moaned, "gimme strength! Don't let Blondy die!"

And strength poured hot upon his body, a strength so great that he could reach his hand to the rifle on the floor, gather it to him, put his finger on the trigger, and raise the muzzle, slowly, slowly as though it weighed a ton.

The knife had fallen again. It was a half crimson dog that still clung to the slayer. Feet beat, voices boomed like a waterfall in the next room. Then, as the knife rose again, Zinn pulled the trigger, blind to his target, and as the thick darkness brushed across his brain, saw something falling before him.

He seemed, after a time, to be walking down an avenue of utter blackness. Then a thin star ray of light glistened before him. It widened. A door of radiance opened through which he stepped and found himself—lying between cool sheets with the binding grip of bandages holding him in many places and wherever the bandages held, the deep, sickening ache of wounds. Dr. Burney leaned above him, squinting as though Peter Zinn were far away. Then Peter's big hand caught him.

"Doc," he said. "What's happened? Gimme the worst of it."

"If you lie quiet, my friend," said the doctor, "and husband your strength, and fight for yourself as bravely as you fought for Constable Frejus, you'll pull through well enough. You *have* to pull through, Zinn, because this town has a good deal to say that you ought to hear. Besides—"

"Hell, man," said Peter Zinn, the savage, "I mean the dog. I mean Blondy—how—what I mean to say is—"

But then a great foreknowledge came upon Peter Zinn. His own life having been spared, fate had taken another in exchange, and Blondy would never lie warm upon his feet again. He closed his eyes and whispered huskily: "Say yes or no, Doc. Quick!"

But the doctor was in so little haste that he turned away and walked to the door, where he spoke in a low voice.

"He's got to have help," said Peter Zinn to his own dark heart. "He's got to have help to tell me how a growed-up man killed a poor pup."

Footsteps entered. "The real work I've been doing," said the doctor, "hasn't been with you. Look up, Zinn!"

Peter Zinn looked up, and over the edge of the doctor's arm he saw a long, narrow white head, with a pair of brown-black eyes and a wistfully wrinkled forehead. Blondy, swathed in soft white linen, was laid upon the bed and crept up closer until the cold point of his nose, after his fashion, was hidden in the palm of the master's hand. Now big Peter beheld the doctor through a mist spangled with magnificent diamonds, and he saw that Burney had found it necessary to turn his head away. He essayed speech which twice failed, but at the third effort he managed to say in a voice strange to himself: "Take it by and large, doc, it's a damn good old world."

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were now traversing curved to meet the divide beyond. In that quarter, the whiteness was broken by the composite tints of cliffs and rocky walls too steep for the clinging snow; and over that hung a light, floating smoke cloud.

"Thet's it!"—a voice by my side brought my soaring thoughts back to earth. A freighter, his legs bound like puttees with gunnysacking against the cold and snow, was pointing; and the less experienced group beside him was straining its eyes. I followed the direction of his finger. That cloud, a day's journey away, rose from the fires of the camp, the El Dorado in which some of these Argonauts were to find fortune and some to leave their bones. All along the edge of the cliff, men and women stood talking in excited exclamations, broken suddenly with a catch of the breath. Buck, having taken one long look, rode back to round up the pack. I shirked and stayed, fascinated.

Down the immense slope below, glittering streams found a course in every hollow and crease. Across the gray rocks, which thrust themselves here and there above the surface of the snows, tumbled misty veils of cataract. The better to see this nearer slope, I advanced, dragging my horse to a place where the irregular edge of the cliff ran out to a little promontory.

A LONE traveler stood there, gazing He was a small man, clad in an enveloping frieze ulster and a battered black hat. As I approached he turned on me a bright gray eye. The nose under it was keen and sharpened too. A long, black mustache drooped between spare cheeks shaven only that morning—which was worthy of comment in those surroundings where most men wore beards varying in age from four days to thirty years. Even as he stood looking at me with the receptive air of a person ready to open a conversation, he radiated energy and alertness.

"Hello!" he remarked, "Well, what do you think of our West!"

At which I bristled within. I had been nearly a year in the man's country; I had just brought a jack train, alive and in good order, up Ludlow's Pass; I wondered how much longer I was to suffer the reproach of tender feet. But I managed to answer with what good-nature I could assume: "Considerable country."

He laughed pleasantly. "College-bred, too, I'm betting!" he commented. Somehow his friendly manner seemed to strip the offense from this dreadful insinuation.

"How did you penetrate behind my mask of ignorance and vulgarity?" I asked, falling into the spirit of the occasion.

"It's my business," said the stranger: "piercing and pentrating the masks and disguises of the human soul."

"Sounds to me like gambling," said I, matching his impudence with impertinence of my own, "What's your line? Three-card monte, or the little pea under the little shell?"

"I almost hate to tell you," said the stranger, "lest you shrink from me. It's the greatest gamble of all. And the most squalid and soul-destroying. That peaceful village yonder"—and he waved his hand to the smoke stain amid the whiteness to the north—"has hitherto proceeded on its simple, rustic way, hiding and concealing from prying eyes its microscopic peccadillos such as murder, highway robbery, brace faro boxes, and claim jumping. I come to destroy that golden age. In yon lumbering wain reposes the sinister tools of my craft—two fonts of nonpareil and seven boxes of assorted job type. Casting your eyes further to the eastward, you perceive an individual bearing all the marks and characteristics of a tramp printer, temporarily sober. He's convoying a second-hand flat-bed press, warranted not to register in any climate. What you behold, young but sapient sir, is the embryo of that great light-bearer, the Cottonwood 'Courier'." As suddenly as he had begun it, he dropped our old Western game of chaff and rhetoric, held out his hand. "My name's Marcus Handy," he said. "I've pulled up my newspaper by the roots from Quaker Creek, which is played out as a camp, and I'm locating in Cottonwood—if I get there!"

I introduced myself.

"You're mining, I suppose?" asked Marcus Handy, this ceremony over. "Didn't know," he added hastily, "but you were starting some kind of a business and might want to advertise. I've picked up a few ads along our primrose-dotted wayside."

"Already?" I asked.

"Oh, sure! You can't start too soon. There's a grocer, of course, and an assayer, and a brewer—he'll start up as soon as we get a railroad, which is maybe never! Until then I'll be running his preliminary announcement. And a half a dozen saloons. They're easiest of all," he added reflectively, "but sometimes it takes a sheriff and a gun to collect."

As we talked, we had turned our backs to a shrill, new wind blowing up from the immense depths below, and were facing the picturesque confusion at the summit of the pass. The crowd was growing—none so unimaginative as to grudge ten minutes for a look at the Valley of Fortune. But the earlier arrivals were now recinching, giving the last trim to loads or packs, and disappearing downward round a shoulder of rock. And as they passed from view, Marcus Handy, who had been busily gathering items for his first number, described them all with a short phrase or two. It seemed to me that he knew our impermanent caravan as one knows the town where he has dwelt all his life. That buckboard carried a new gambling outfit from Texas.

"From the way they stalled when I asked them questions, I guess they were run out of town," said Marcus Handy. "Have to keep my eye on them. They'll make stories!" A democrat wagon rounded the curve. Beside the driver sat a woman with the collar of her sealskin sacque drawn up about her ears. "Didn't solicit ads for her establishment," said Marcus. "This is a respectable family journal. But I expect that wagon there is loaded with cosmetics, face powder, and Mother Hubbard wrappers."

"Looks respectable enough," said I.

"Except for the sealskin," replied Marcus Handy. "Brand of great prosperity when you've made your stake. Can wear 'em to church. But coming in—brand of sin. Or what you'd call sin in the effete East. Here it sometimes takes a bishop to draw the line."

Now, outfits which we had passed even before we reached the stage station had attained the summit. Always the passengers dismounted and labored forward for a view of the promised land. A memory which I had been trying all day to seize came forward from the back of my mind—that passage in the Anabasis where Xenophon's weary Greeks reached a height and stood crying: "The sea! The sea!"

Latest of all these arrivals was the covered wagon carrying five children and trailing a cow, which we had seen at the stage station that morning. The elder children trudged in line behind their father; the woman came behind, carrying the baby bundled in an old plaid shawl.

"There's a funny one," commented Marcus Handy. "That outfit hasn't got the mining fever—not one little bit! They're homesteaders born and bred, native Missourians subsisting solely on roots, herbs, and berries. He's been living on what the grasshoppers left in bleeding Kansas, and he's figured that he can't do any worse up here. Thinks if he can locate a quartersection somewhere near Cottonwood he'll get rich selling garden truck and hay. Come to think of it," added Marcus Handy, "maybe they're a little less crazy than the rest of us. Go and talk with them. You could cut their Missouri dialect with a knife!"

HOWEVER, as I approached the group against the sky line, I could see that they were absorbed in intimate conversation and forebore to interrupt. But I did hear the man say: "Looks like a good, growin' country."

And the woman, making with her bundled baby a Madonnalike silhoutte against the sky line, answered decisively: "Paw, here we stay!"

Then came Buck's voice, calling. I knew that he had arranged the pack to his own minute satisfaction, and that the final dash to Cottonwood had begun. Sparing time only to wolf two sandwiches of camp bread and frizzled bacon, we rounded the rock. Below us the road zigzagged with many a hairpin turn down the mountainside. As it lost itself among the dwarf firs at timber line, its shadowy gray white turned to reddish yellow.

"There's mud down there," I remarked.

"Hell, yes!" replied Buck. "Mud's going to be our curse the rest of the way. Reminds me," continued Buck, "of that old frontier story. A tenderfoot hoofing it seen a hat in the road and kicked it. And he heard a voice out of the mud, saying: 'Go easy on that hat, pardner. There's a horse and saddle under me.'"

As we rounded the shoulder of rock, the view burst on us again. I turned in my saddle toward that distant gray mist which was Cottonwood Camp. And my imagination, as imagination will, flashed a picture of the town. Ridiculously at variance with Cottonwood as it was, it long persisted, even after I saw the reality. And in the foreground, regarding the sights of that rough mining camp with superior but understanding eyes walked—Mrs. Deane, the lady of the hold-up episode. Then, my mind shifting from imagination to speculation, I wondered what she really was doing. She had joined a husband, waiting for her in Cottonwood, doubtless. . . .

Did she know that I had just lived through the pure, magnificent experience of that view across the valley, as she must have lived through it two days before? Did she know that I had safely passed the summit and was coming down the long path of adventure?—I suddenly pulled myself up, cursed myself for a sentimental, egotistical young fool, and slapped to action a lagging burro. * * *

So intent had we been on the business of jamming our light outfit through the heavy traffic that I had until now only confused impressions of freighters geeing, hawing, tugging at jerk lines; of emigrant wagons, flashing here and there; the sunbonnet of a woman; of tents and log cabins by the way; of confused piles of boxes, bales, barrels; of forms digging along a creek bed; of hard work, bustle, optimism, suppressed excitement. Now I took time to look about me.

It was twilight—the tactics of our final dash had been to reach camp by night, spy out the land, and make our start for a claim at daybreak next morning. The limpid, brilliant stars were coming out overhead. We stood in a road—I cannot call it a street—curving along the edge of a mountain stream, which ran dark and polluted in the light of the stars. Crazily, as though strewn roughly along the stream line by a giant's hand, lay log cabins, some shingled, some roughly roofed with boughs; tents; even one or two rough, clapboarded shacks, showing that the region had already a sawmill.

THESE human habitations, I have said, bordered the road. But they did not run up to it, face it, as in our orderly Eastern streets. Each owner had set down his house solely with regard to the terrain; there had been no time to dig foundations; the doors, if doors there were, opened to all the points of the compass—for that matter, to all the half points. Mostly, there were no doors, but only curtains of gunnysacks, now hooked back and revealing the slender flames of lighted candles. Before the tents men, grouped about brisk fires, were cooking bacon and flapjacks. All about was chatter, punctuated with hearty male laughter.

Further on the street—or road, or whatever you might call it—rose almost gigantically by contrast into a two-story building. Before this a crowd babbled and drifted. Its chatter came to me punctuated with music—a wheezy cornet rendering "The New York Boarding House," an accordion accompanied by a husky, tinny male voice rendering "The Dying Cowboy" with a prolonged wail on the last notes where the doomed man admitted that he done wrong. Another voice too was rising above the babble at intervals—this one shouting monotonously. In a simultaneous rest of the cornet and the accordion, I caught the words, "Make your bets, gents!"

"Well, didja pay for passage in this here outfit?" came the voice of Buck. Properly rebuked, I woke from my reverie of observation and turned to my job. We were in a kind of public park formed by a bend of the stream, and described by the legend scrawled on a board: "Hitch here." About us, in bewildering confusion, stood freight wagons, strings of mules, promiscuous piles of boxes, bales, barrels. Except for a single horseman, arrived just ahead of us and now unsaddling in the shadow of a freight wagon, we were the only humans in the inclosure. As I rubbed down my little roan with the dry part of a gunnysack which Buck had rescued from the mud, I asked humbly:

"What's the program?"

"Git a regular supper of ham an' eggs from a sure enough restaurant," said Buck. "Guess it's comin' to us. An' look over the lay of the land. Don't look good. Too much folks."

"What are we going to do about the outfit?" I asked.

"Leave it here," said Buck.

"Unguarded?" I inquired.

"Sure," said Buck, swinging his saddle on to the irregular pile made by our pack saddles and their lowering burdens. He condescended then a few words of explanation: "They'd lynch a man quicker for sneakin' things out of a public corral then fur stealing a horse—in a new camp like this," he said.

When we had watered at the pool of an unpolluted brook, when we had judiciously distributed the last of our oats among the whole train, when we had blanketed our horses with tarpaulins from the pack, my impatient young feet were free to follow Buck's down the full-flowing street. It quivered with excitement, chatter, good-humor. That two-story building swung its doors wide open to the street. It revealed a rough room, the walls covered with newspapers. Along the whole further end ran a bar. It took a moment of inspection to tell that; the first glimpse showed only a long row of men, leaning on their elbows, their stalwart backs hunched. Nearer stood three tables fringed with card players, piled with gold pieces and buckskin sacks; about the players watched a silent, intent, standing border of spectators. Over all shone the brilliant light of one big kerosene lamp backed by a reflector and the soft, uncertain twinkling of candles, set row on row into boards. A crowd was incessantly climbing and descending the rough stairs to one side of the room. And from above I caught a voice bawling: "Place your bets, gents!" and the unmistakable whir of a roulette wheel.

Next stood a tent, its top rosy with a faint illumination, light leaking from under its canvas, from the crack in its flapping door. As we passed it, a babble of many tongues died to silence and a deep, male voice, unaccompanied, broke into the first notes of "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep." The flap lifted to admit a group of spectators. There, taking money at a table, sat the dude whom Buck had forced to dig a long three days before; on the platform, bawling sepulchrally that he rested secure upon the wave, performed the smooth-shaven dude, his partner.

A long, low shack next door emitted the tinkle of two guitars and a violin, a little hazy on their tune but sure of their cadences. Its two windows emitted an exceptional blaze of light. Within, ladies in very short skirts were whirling clumping partners in a waltz, and men were dancing in pairs. The door of this establishment also opened as I passed; I glimpsed a lady of whom my first impression was a knee-length skirt and a pair of red stockings, my second that she wore many frizzes and no make-up. She was holding the lapels of a fat man who rolled a little uncertainly on his feet; and I caught her words: "Just one lil' gold watch for—" The slamming of the door cut out the rest.

In a narrow alley running darkly up the hill were indications of even lower diversions. A very modest shack in the light of blazing windows across the street, bore the sign "Assay Office." The building next most pretentious to the two-story gambling house turned out to be a general store. It was open and doing a brisk business. Boxes, barrels, sacks of flour made a confusion within; loose canned goods were piled to the very ceiling. It had no counter, but mid space of the confusion three men in their shirt sleeves were scooping beans and oatmeal from barrels into paper bags, literally chucking cans to purchasers, and shoving into their trousers pockets the gold and silver chucked to them in return.

BELOW a high-set kerosene lantern, a man with a close-shaven, dark, hatchet face stood at a little three-legged table swiftly manipulating three cards and announcing to the crowd: "The quickness of the eye against the swiftness of the hand—who's next, gentlemen? A coward never made a fortune and a faint heart never won a fair lady!"

I saw a long, goose-faced fellow of about my own age sink a hand with an air of sudden determination into his trousers pocket. But Buck pulled me away before I could witness the parting of the fool and his money.

"What you want, kid, is interest and excitement," he said; "what I want is eggs."

Farther down the street a lantern swung from a pole before a tent, illuminating the sign:

GOLDEN EAGLE RESTAURANT
Meals at All Hours

As we edged through the crowd toward this objective, Buck, being very

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Youth Rides West

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hungry and low in spirits, voiced his pessimism.

"Startin' for a gold camp six months after the fall discovery an' a good month after the spring rush began," he said. "Was you the fool or was I?"

I had been feeling much the same thing, though with a less poignant disappointment, ever since we came out into Main Street. Professedly the rush across the peaks was for gold. Unless all the claims had been staked, all the possibilities exhausted, why were people running shops, dives, concert halls, gambling dens? I had yet to learn the law of mining camps and gold rushes, which is also the law of life.

Buck and I are in a big log cabin, the fresh mountain airs blowing through a chink of the mud daubed into the cracks. A long, board table bordered with benches runs down the center of the room, which is faintly illuminated by candles stuck into the necks of whisky bottles, and by the glare from the cracks and doors of a cookstove in the far corner. Over the stove bends a man in his shirt sleeves; a waiter, in a brilliant red shirt, is clearing away from the table tin cups and plates; a half dozen guests are still shoveling provisions into themselves, their elbows, planted on the table, serving like the fulcrum to a lever. Evidently Cottonwood dines early; the rush is over.

Buck, with a "Woof" of animal satisfaction, settled down to the bench, and addressed the waiter. "What I want is eggs," he said. "Ham and eggs."

THE waiter balanced his string of tin plates along his arm.

"Why, how-de-do, Commodore Vanderbilt," he said. "Pleased to see you transfer yer valuable patronage from the Astor House!" Having delivered himself in falsetto of this sarcasm, he dropped his voice to its natural note. "The last egg in this here camp," said he, "was et at six bits api e yesterday. What you'll git is venison steak, canned corn, and coffee."

"Where do you wash?" I asked.

Again the waiter put on his falsetto tone. "An' the deah Prince of Wales!" he said. "Honored, I'm suah, to see your Majesty in our poor abode. Wash—an' water a dollar and four bits a barrel! There's my leavin's out by the back door, if you want to take a chance."

Having dishonestly stolen a dipper of clean water from the barrel at the back door, having taken one look at the towel and dried myself on a handkerchief scarcely cleaner, I returned to hear and smell our venison steak fuming and sizzling on the cookstove, to see the waiter seated beside Buck in close conference. As I came within earshot, I caught the word "galena."

Buck looked up as I approached. "Been a new discovery while we was comin' up," said he. "They're stampedin' up the hill for silver-bearin' galena."

"I thought this was a gold camp," said I.

The waiter turned upon me a look which registered contempt for my tenderfoot ignorance.

"You'll strike anythin' in these here Rocky Mountains," he said. "Wouldn't be surprised at diamonds. Yep—" He turned to Buck, seemed to be resuming his narrative just where he left off. "But it gits out that Barney has got somethin' up there. Somebody or other—I ain't sayin' who—sneaks up and forks a specimen. Galena—assays a hundred and fifty to the ton. Somebody—I ain't sayin' who—can't keep his mouth shut. An' I'd like to see a diagram of the way the claims lay on the hill. Been some claim jumpin' too. Irishman named O'Neil caught one of 'em roostin' on his lot. He draws and wings him right under—"

"All staked out?" interrupted Buck, stopping at its climax a narrative which apparently bored him, but which I was all agog to hear.

"Sure!" replied the waiter. "But you can't tell nothin'. How'd you say this would assay?" He pulled from the pocket of his overalls a piece of gray rock with a glitter in it.

"Dunno," said Buck, after an inspection. "Looks pretty rich to me. Where d'yu git it?"

"Grubstake o' mine," said the waiter. "Got two Dutchmen diggin'. They brought this in to-night."

That word grubstake gave me a hint that this waiter was perhaps more than he seemed. The cook bawled from the stove: "All aboard!" indicating that our venison steaks had sizzled to sufficient hardness. And Buck shot a few words at me from the corner of his mouth.

"Want any galena in yours?" he asked. By virtue of the glimpses he had given me into his life, I knew how Buck's mind was working. He was a "free gold man." Years ago, in the Idaho diggings, he had staked a placer, struck a pocket, and came away with forty thousand dollars. This he had promptly sunk in a silver proposition—had virtually been cheated out of the money, he felt, as I felt too after I heard the story.

From that time forth Buck was a burnt child on anything which required investment for development. Moreover, gold, the aristocrat of the metals, refuses to marry with baser stuff. To even an inexpert eye it is known by its glittering specks. And Buck was in the university sense no mining expert. "Free gold's the only poor man's proposition," he said. "Anything else—and you're workin' for the Wall Street money devil."

And so I answered, as I would have been bound to answer in the end:

"Whatever you like."

The waiter stopped to collect from the rest of the guests, then assembled our tin plates of venison along his arm, hooked the handles of two tin coffee cups into the fingers of his spare hand, and returned with an expert professional swing. He slammed our provender before us, picked up half a loaf of bread from the debris at the other end of the table, struck it once or twice on the edge by way of dusting it off, and deposited it, uncut, between our plates. "I kin give you a dab of nice, snow-white butter for two bits extra," he said. That final luxury laid out, he settled himself again beside Buck, his elbows on the table; and when he resumed conversation he clove by accident near to the heart of the matter.

"Funny to see the way the boys was gettin' rid of gold claims a day or so ago," he said. "Ground that was yieldin' forty dollars a day to partners, let alone a chance at pockets, was goin' for a song."

"Did you git in on that?" asked Buck indifferently.

"Would 'a' if I'd had anybody to dig," replied the waiter. "This here's a better proposition."

"Oh, you own this place, then?" I asked, coming out frankly with my curiosity.

"Sure thing," replied the waiter. "Pioneer restaurant of the camp. Was workin' as a waiter in the Palmer House in Denver when I saw the chance."

"Suppose gold claims is goin' up?" remarked Buck casually.

"Yep. But they're still to be got. Feller was in here to-day. Said he'd sell out for a wagon outfit or jacks or anythin' to git up to the Frozen River country. He's got some sort of notion about that country."

"I know a feller that might do business with him," said Buck. He was looking down at his plate, ca ing mightily at his steak.

I SAW the waiter's eye fix itself upon Buck for a moment before he asked:

"Meanin' and signifyin' yourself, maybe?"

Buck looked up, met his eye coolly, and became utterly frank.

"Meanin' an' signifyin' me an' my partner here," he said. "We come for gold. I don't say I want your claim, an' I don't say I don't. I want to see the dirt first. I suppose you're the party that owns it?"

"You're smarter'n a whip, old hoss, but you got it wrong this time," replied the proprietor. "I ain't the party that owns it. But I'm his agent, sort of."

"How much percentage?" asked Buck.

"Seein's I ain't regular in the mine-swappin' business, I'll let you off for 5 per cent."

"How you goin' to figure 5 per cent of a swap, and why don't you stick the other man?" asked Buck.

The conversation drifted off to a debate about terms; I let my attention wander to the glimpses of the crowd surging past our door, to the muffled roar of a thousand cheerful conversations, to the spurts of distant music. When I returned my attention to business, Buck and the waiter had evidently reached some kind of agreement. Our host was donning his canvas coat, was calling to the cook, "Keep her goin' till I git back, Johnnie," and Buck was making his preliminary move toward any positive action—he was biting off the corner from a black piece of Climax Plug.

I followed, an unconsidered party to the bargain, out into the mushy, crowded road which served Cottonwood for a main street. And as we walked, the proprietor of the Golden Eagle expanded, grew confidential about his business. His name was Huffaker, he said—Jim Huffaker.

"She'll be Huffaker's Hotel soon's lumber comes down," he added. "I made the stake last winter. I hear's how a party from Plested's is comin' up with backin' for a new hotel. I ain't losin' any sleep. The camp's goin' to stand two hotels—an' with the start I've got—but I'll have to hustle. Jest this week an old stager of a lady from down below stakes out a miner's boardin' house. Funny thing," he added, "she was in the last stage holdup down below. Somebody drove off the bandits before they done me the favor of lifting her roll."

"I heard something about that holdup," I put in cautiously. "Did they get the bandits?"

"Nope. Made a chase just as usual an' didn't find hide or hair," said Huffaker. "Bet your bottom dollar I don't send none of my money out by stage." He swung back to his own business then—and touched near to the subject of my deepest curiosity.

"She brought in a beaut with her," he went on. "This Mrs. Barnaby, who's startin' to put me out of business, says she's jest a boarder, but if anybody asks me, I'll be answerin' and respondin' that she's the biscuit shooter. I don't know how I'm goin' to meet competition like that, less'n I send down to Denver for a biscuit shooter of my own. She's one of them blondes." he added, musing, "I guess I'll send for a brownette."

We were now edging through the crowd; progress was too difficult for conversation; and I had a moment with my own thoughts. His mention of Mrs. Barnaby had brought a slight jerk of my nerves, which even yet tingled in my cheeks. And when he coupled with this the mention of the unknown, a song which had been singing behind my heart for three days seemed to burst suddenly into full tune. Not until that moment, I think, did I even half realize how deeply the episode of the Cottonwood road had touched me; what was really troubling my inmost thoughts during all that hard journey up the trails. His phrase "biscuit shooter" I found, clenched my hands with a sudden resentment; and I waited for the insult which did not come.

(*To be continued next week*)

The Cruel Tragedy of "Dope"

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with horror to find himself obsessed by the old familiar feeling of oppression, his eyes running, his skin damp, and his jaws stretching repeatedly in the unmistakable "yen yawn."

The residue of the poison still remaining in his system had taken advantage of his depleted bodily resistance to reassert its sway. The mechanism of the body, unbalanced, had become a narcotic mechanism again. He completed his job on morphine; there was no other way; then returned to his physician to go through the slow processes of having his balance restored.

That was several years ago. Since then he has traveled in many parts of the world, carrying on his work, which is often very demanding, but has had no relapse. Probably he never will have. But his case explains why the experts reject the term "cure."

More patients revert through emergency administration of the drug than through exhaustion or strain. A distinguished university professor, who was supposedly a "cured" addict, was, some years after his treatment, taken to a hospital badly shattered by a railroad accident.

As he had always performed his university duties uninterruptedly, there was no reason for the hospital authorities to suppose him specially sensitive to morphine, and the drug was given to him as a matter of routine, until the worst of the pain from his wounds was over. It reestablished in his mechanism the dominance of the old disease poison; he left the hospital again an addict. But for the accident he would probably never have returned to his slavery. He is now, for the second time, an arrested case with no special further liability to relapse so long as he guards himself against the administration of any opiate.

These cases of arrestation are never identifiable—for that matter, the active addict is seldom identifiable even by an expert—and continue efficient in the various walks of life, taking their part in the world's activities, substantially as well and normal as if their conquered disease had been typhoid or tuberculosis.

Unhappily, just at this time, when enlightenment is spreading in a field hitherto one of the most obscure and least explored of medical science, the law steps in and attempts to assume control of what should be a purely scientific procedure. In succeeding articles I shall point out how the whole problem has been infinitely complicated by the interference of an ignorant officialdom on the theory that the narcotic addict is not a sick man but a wilful criminal.

This vital error is propagated in the public mind by such familiar catchwords as "dope fiend" and "drug habit," and the chances of recovery of the afflicted are notably lessened by the atmosphere of fear, shame, secrecy, and criminality in which the situation is steeped. What enlightened medical opinion is trying to make the public understand is that people become addicted to opiates, in the great majority of cases, through no fault of their own; that they remain addicts through no choice of their own, but through an imperative physical necessity; that they can be restored to social normality by the proper treatment of their disease, and that, finally and most important, the problem is one for the physician and the scientist, and not for the legislator and the policeman.

The Question Mark

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He was no more excited over the taking of a human life. He stood in the middle of the room waiting for the other residents of the apartment to come charging in. He was glad that it had been done this way: it would be better for them to take the revolver from him and summon the police.

He was a trifle ill in the presence of the body. Ill, but not regretful. Even yet he did not see that he could have done otherwise. The man on the floor was worse than a wrecker of homes: he was a destroyer of reputations, a man who had worked devastatingly from ambush.

And so Walter McBride awaited the coming of neighbors: waited for them with a peculiarly detached and impersonal curiosity. What would they say? What would they do? When they questioned him—well, he'd ask them to phone the police. Better tell the police about it—he was surprised to realize that he hadn't considered what he was going to tell the police. Rotten thing to bandy Mary's name around police headquarters. Filthy mess, anyway. But it was necessary, not for himself—to the devil with the consequences so far as he was concerned: he had appointed himself executioner and was indifferent to results. Morgan had merely gotten what was coming to him—just deserts, and all that sort of thing. But as to Mary—well, the public was talking, talking vilely, tearing the girl's reputation to pieces on the rack of circumstantial evidence. Better, perhaps, to tell what was what and insert a wedge of doubt in the bitter condemnation of the public. Only he and the dead man knew of the thing—barring only Bonham, and even Bonham didn't know that Dennis Morgan had been an underworld intimate of Blair's.

Now the neighbors were coming. . . . Why the devil didn't they come? McBride grew impatient. Five minutes—fifteen maybe—passed, and there was no commotion in the apartment building: no rapping at the door, no surge of excited witnesses into the room. A faint doubt assailed him. Was it possible that the shot had not been heard? No, that was impossible. It must have been heard.

Another five minutes. Ten. Fifteen. It was mighty awkward and uncomfortable in the room: one does not overly relish the society of the body of the man whom one has just killed—no matter how justifiable that killing. McBride found it necessary to take a grip upon his overwrought nerves. They were leaping and crawling—now that the thing was over.

So the neighbors had *not* heard. Perhaps he'd better tell them. No—that was silly: cheap. Thing to do was telephone the police. Hello—headquarters: this is Walter McBride—I've just shot Dennis Morgan. . . . He walked unsteadily across the room to the telephone, turning the words over in his mind. Wonder what police headquarters number is? Not necessary: book says just ask for police. He'd do that. Picked up the telephone; then without thought he put it down. Difficult to deliver oneself to the authorities. Quite all right for them to take him—he hadn't committed a moral crime, no matter what any jury might decide. But certainly it was not up to him to invite the police.

He determined that he would wait until the police came for him. It was inevitable that they would do so. Then he'd smile and admit the deed. Of course I killed him: somebody had to do it, and I did. Self-defense? No—just a plain execution. Why? Well, that was easily explained. . . .

He decided definitely he would wait for the police—but not here. The room was close and stifling and unbearable. Best thing to do: get out. No hiding—they'd find him all right enough. . . .

He walked down the hall, out of the door. He descended the stairs. The commonplace lobby was empty. He reached the street and turned homeward. Nobody anywhere around. Queer about that. Then he passed two men, but they didn't even glance his way. A policeman on the second corner apparently didn't know he was there. Funny! Seemed as though a policeman must know instinctively that he had just killed a man. He walked on, his thoughts chaotic; awfully queer the sense of relief which pervaded him: he had killed Dennis Morgan anticipating arrest and trial. Without pausing to weigh his chances of safety, he had yet realized that the possibility of conviction was slight, for juries are ever ready to applaud the man who acts as executioner under the unwritten law—and in this particular case the unwritten law came into play more forcibly than usual, for Mary was innocent: in a hotel room with Dick Bonham—seen there by Morgan and McBride—both Bonham and Mary so innocent of even the evil thought of others that they had laughed about it: automobile trip, rainstorm, puncture, hotel—and Bonham had gone to her room to see if she was ready for dinner.

A certain number of those facts printed starkly and insinuatingly in Blair's "Spotlight" had effectually robbed the girl of all shred of character. And Walter McBride had killed the man who was responsible.

He reached his apartment and sat stiffly in a chair. Thoughts were beginning to right themselves: to become ideas rather than impressions. He lighted a pipe. He reviewed again the details of the case and the impulse which had actuated him. As yet no tinge of regret had come: unwritten law or no unwritten law; conviction by jury or no conviction. As Mary's fiancé he had done only what he believed any man would have done.

Of course they would connect him with the case, and then he'd tell. Very simple. Or else the body would be found and some one suspected: he'd step forward then with the truth. But somehow, while he did not fear the consequences of his deed, the instinct of self-preservation deterred him from voluntarily handing himself over to the police.

He dined alone that night at the City Club. His favorite waiter hovered about solicitously until he irritably informed the man that he wasn't ill; merely not hungry. But he did take vast quantities of black coffee and he smoked innumerable cigars. He waited at the club until ten o'clock, when the morning newspaper issued its bulldog edition, and felt relieved and surprised that it contained no mention of the shooting.

He slept that night with the aid of an anodyne. He telephoned for his coffee and the regular morning edition. That too proved barren of news. He had slept late and on his way to the office he obtained a noon edition of one of the evening papers, and there, shrieking at him across eight columns of the first page, was the announcement of Dennis Morgan's death.

He bought a copy of the other evening paper and secluded himself in his private office, denying himself to visitors on plea of important business. And there he read the details.

Morgan's body had been discovered by the maid who was employed to keep his apartment and cook his meals. She let herself into the apartment at the usual time and proceeded directly to the kitchen. It was not until she went into the dining room to set the breakfast table that she had seen the huddled thing on the floor. . . .

The best detectives in the city were on the case, but already they confessed themselves baffled. Of course they had suspicions . . . . not ready to issue a statement yet. . . . Not suicide, of course; no weapon found. Besides, the shot had not been fired sufficiently

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close for the flame to scorch the clothing. As to the dead man, he was socially prominent and popular—if he had enemies, neither the newspapers nor the police department knew of them, or, if they did, made no mention of the fact.

They were convinced that the shooting had occurred during the early part of the night: that it had happened the previous afternoon did not suggest itself to them. There were no clues. The popular theory seemed to be that it was a meticulously prepared murder; certainly the absence of evidence was an indication of careful prearrangement.

READING and rereading the newspaper articles, Walter McBride marveled. So far from having planned for safety, the shooting had been done with the idea of attracting as much attention as possible. He realized now that his very indifference, his utter carelessness, was responsible for the lack of clues: he was unsuspected because he didn't care.

Of course he knew that he should go to the police and tell his story; but that, after all, seemed an unnecessary stepping into jeopardy. His position was unusual—highly puzzling: willing to face the consequences, having planned in advance to do so, he now found it unnecessary. He decided to wait and was amazed by the recognition of a well-defined hope that he would not be connected with Morgan's death.

The city buzzed with excitement. The shooting furnished excellent newspaper copy, both because of its mystery and because of the victim's prominence. Those who knew ill of the deceased did not speak it . . . no one connected his death with the recent scandal involving Mary Caveny and Dick Bonham. As a matter of fact, had either been suspected, the suspicions would have died a-bornin'; for both were able to account for every minute of their time during that twenty-four hours; each having been surrounded by friends who sought in the hour of trouble to prove their loyalty in the face of vicious gossip. Bonham had spent the night with friends: an intimate of Mary's had been with her.

But their perfect alibis were not needed, for no one—save the Gargantuan and filthy-minded proprietor of the "Spotlight"—knew of Morgan's connection with the sheet; and what Blair knew he kept to himself. Even he did not know that Walter McBride had been present on the occasion of the dead man's discovery of the suggested scandal.

Nor did anyone know that for six months Mary Caveny and Walter McBride had been engaged. She was one of the most popular girls in the younger set and, so far as their acquaintances knew, he was merely one of her many intimate friends.

The day the scandal was flung to the public, he asked her to marry him. Her refusal had been based upon the hypothesis that he was doing it to save some portion of her reputation. Then he asked that she permit their engagement to be made public, and that also she refused. She was a prideful girl, stunned by this calamity, not knowing whence the blow had been struck, but game enough to bear her cross alone.

The second day after the killing, McBride read in the morning paper that the maid in Morgan's apartment had been arrested on suspicion. He made ready to give himself up—but by the time the evening editions went to press the maid was free. And so Walter did nothing. Two men were held as suspicious characters, but they also cleared themselves without any particular difficulty, and within a week the police admitted they knew nothing and the newspapers had relegated the story to the inside pages—all save one of the evening dailies which was at war with the police department and used the killing as a weapon of ridicule: a police department unable to solve so simple and crude a crime as this! The newspaper made it gall and wormwood to the chief and the detective force—caused them to develop a bitter personal animosity against the murderer who had furnished their enemy newspaper with such destructive ammunition.

But they discovered nothing. As a matter of fact, the more deeply they probed into the affair, the greater grew their bewilderment. Within ten days the Police Department reluctantly threw up its hands and admitted the crime was unsolvable. But the members of the plain-clothes force received a scathing lecture from the chief. They were instructed to find out something, no matter how long their quest.

During that ten days Walter McBride lived in a mental turmoil which was a queer admixture of elation and depression. His relations with Mary Caveny were distinctly unnatural, but he was sure that no one noticed.

McBride proposed immediate marriage. "I can't do it, dear," Mary said

HE called frequently at her home, where he invariably found her surrounded by loyal friends who took this method of displaying their disbelief of the barrage of mud which was being flung at her by reason of the "Spotlight's" noisome publicity. They were seldom alone, and then only for a few minutes at a time. Frequently he renewed his proposal of immediate marriage. Without hesitation she refused.

"I can't do it, dear. Not now, at any rate. No one knows that we are engaged, and people would construe our sudden marriage as a confession on my part—and a wild flight to the absolution which marriage confers."

"That's rot, Mary. No one who knows you believes—"

"Perhaps not. But a good many who do not believe do enjoy talking as though they did. And there are thousands of people in town who don't know me and who do believe. I'd rather face this alone. Oh, how *could* anybody print such a vile thing?"

McBride scrupulously avoided mention of Dennis Morgan's death, save in the presence of others, and then he allowed himself to be drawn into its discussion only when silence might have been regarded as strange. Once or twice on such occasions he fancied that Mary's eyes were fixed speculatively upon him, but he discarded that idea as being the figment of an overwrought and hypersensitized imagination: of course he would think such a thing—and, besides, he was more than half sure that Mary knew that Dennis Morgan had been with him the night she had laughed over the humor of her plight in the hotel with Dick Bonham.

It was impossible, however, that Mary should suspect his complicity and make no mention of the fact. He found himself studying her more closely, wondering what was going on behind those big, serious brown eyes—knowing that she did not suspect, yet wondering.

Another week passed. McBride's nerves were becoming jumpy under the strain. He wished now that the neighbors had heard the lethal shot and that he had been arrested. Morally he had committed no criminal act, but he realized with something akin to horror that he was rapidly developing a criminal complex. He was free where he should not be free. The acrimony of the Police Department irritated and somewhat frightened him: he knew that things would not go smoothly with him should he be discovered now.

The prospect of facing the future under the burden of an eternal question mark was appalling. It was not the act he had committed which dismayed him, but the fact that it was hidden. It shouldn't have been hidden. He determined to interview the chief of police and make a clean breast of it. But quick and keen reflection showed him the impossibility of that. A man who avenges in the heat of passion and then delivers himself over to the police may be adequately protected by the unwritten law, but the man who shoots and then hides for three weeks loses the theatrical effect of the heroic gesture which can be made only immediately after the commission of the legal offense.

It was not that McBride feared punishment: he had killed Dennis Morgan in fine disregard of his own safety. But now he had barred the door behind himself—had made of himself a figure which was criminal *per se*, in that he had indicated the existence of something which demanded to be hidden.

Realization of his anomalous position brought with it a haunting fear: for the first time since the tragic day of his meeting with Morgan he began to be afraid of discovery. There was something appalling in the idea that he might at any moment be stopped on the street by a member of the police force and be taken into custody. A fine, cringing figure he'd cut then! Unwritten law! He envisioned the anathema which the enraged police department would hurl upon his head.

He took to brooding. Indecision—or rather the unwise decision which circumstances and a natural instinct had forced upon him—began to prey. Friends commented solicitously that he was not looking well, and he found that anodynes were becoming a nightly necessity. Once or twice he tried lying awake at night and decided definitely that the anodyne was preferable to the stark hours of wakeful blackness. He experienced all the terrible apprehension of a haunted man.

And then one morning a trifle less than a month after the killing of Dennis Morgan the telephone rang. The jangling of the bell excited a sympathetic response in his taut nerves. He fairly barked his "Hello" into the transmitter.

"Walter?"

"Yes." His face cleared as he recognized the voice. "Oh! It's you, Mary?"

"Yes. I want to see you for a few minutes. When can you come over?"

"Right away, dear." A pause, and then: "You don't know how good it is to hear your voice."

A HALF hour later they were together. She was sober-faced and unusually quiet. The past month had taken its toll of her spirits. Without the faintest suggestion of coquetry she came to the point. "About a month ago, Walter—when that article was published in the 'Spotlight'—you came to me and asked me to marry you."

"Yes."

"You have repeated that proposal several times since. Do you wish to ask me again?"

"Mary—of course!"

She rose. "Very well, dear. We will be married this morning."

He stood before her, hungry hands on her shoulders. And then doubt assailed him: what right had he to marry this girl with the cloud of uncertainty hovering over him? What right had he further to endanger her happiness? But the past month had taken from him the power of immediate and positive decision, and she left him alone in the room as she went to don coat and hat, and together they went to the courthouse, where they secured a marriage license. Less than two hours later they were married.

It was a rather somber affair. McBride was in a daze of uncertainty—until he realized suddenly that this girl was his wife and that he loved her—and in that moment he regained his powers of decision and knew that the cloud could not be permitted to hover always above them.

Eventually they were left alone, and it was then that he knew he must face the inevitable. He did not tell her where he was going or what he planned to do, and she accompanied him without question.

For the second time within the space of a few hours they went to the courthouse. He made his way to the office of the county solicitor, on the second floor, and sent in his card. Within five minutes they were bidden to enter.

It was a dingy office into which they were ushered; drab and ill-kept and somewhat decayed. It had been constructed years before, and ever since its building Roger Hardiman had been county solicitor.

As Hardiman rose from his desk to greet his visitors, the room lost its dingy drabness. He was tall and slender, with cameo features and hair which was impressively iron gray.

Roger Hardiman was an institution in the county: it was as though he held the office of county solicitor as an

inalienable right. For eighteen years he had been solicitor and, so far as political forecasters were able to determine, he would hold it until his death. Usually he was unopposed at election time, and those who did occasionally offer against him found bitter regret the day after election.

He was a picturesque character: a man without a party, bound by no rigid political affiliations. He stood for decency and justice and mercy. There were those who said that he controlled the entire system of criminal jurisprudence in the county—and they were not far wrong—but he was adored by his constituents.

He came forward slowly, one hand outstretched to each. He radiated human kindness. In his deep-set eyes there was a warm, humorous twinkle and intense gravity. He bade them be seated and assured them that his time was theirs.

Walter McBride sat close to his wife, his hand in hers. On the threshold of confession, his nerves were steadier than they had been for weeks. . . .

"In the first place, Mr. Hardiman," he stated simply, "Mary and I have just been married."

"Congratulations. I'm proud of you, young man."

"A month ago," she interjected—"the day that horrible story appeared in Blair's 'Spotlight'—he proposed. But I couldn't marry him—just then."

"I understand," Hardiman nodded slowly. "You young folks are too prone to let the head govern the heart."

"Not entirely." It was McBride speaking. "That is why I have come to you to-day, Mr. Hardiman. I have a story to tell, and I want you and Mary to hear me through to the end without interruption. It is a difficult thing."

"Go ahead, son—go right ahead. Take all the time you want."

McBride started. He started nearly a year before, with the day when he realized that he was in love with Mary Caveny: he told of their engagement; of the night when, with Dennis Morgan, they happened to seek shelter from the storm in the same hotel which had offered sanctuary to Dick Bonham and the girl; of seeing them come out of the same room together; of their laughter over the situation. . . .

He told of his knowledge of Morgan's astounding connection with Blair's "Spotlight"; of the instant connection of Morgan with the publication of facts which were incontrovertibly damning; of his decision to kill Morgan and then of Morgan's belligerent confession and of the shooting.

He told of his intention to surrender to the police and of the strange concatenation of circumstances which left him a free man . . . and of his mental processes in the face of that phenomenon . . and of how he found himself facing the knowledge that it was too late. Then of his realization that it was a condition which could not continue to prevail.

"And that, Mr. Hardiman, is the truth—and the whole truth. Here I am. My position to-day is distinctly the reverse of heroic, but no matter what happens, I feel better."

As he finished talking it seemed that there was no sound in the room—no sound save the ticking of the big wall clock. . . . Mary's fingers tightened in his. . . .

ROGER HARDIMAN nodded briefly as McBride ceased talking. Without removing his eyes from those of the younger man, he reached out long slender fingers for pipe and tobacco. He struck a match and exhaled a cloud of the fragrant smoke. And then his voice came, resonant and infinitely gentle. "Son," he said softly, "I'm all-fired glad to have heard this thing from your lips. It's a plumb interesting story."

He paused—then went on as though speaking to himself: "I've been solicitor in this county for going on nineteen years. Chances are I'll be here nineteen more. In all that time I've never knowingly prosecuted a man who didn't deserve to be prosecuted. I may have been wrong sometimes—everybody is. But I've tried mighty hard to be fair and merciful. And I've learned to recognize truth.

"As to your story, son—I believe it. I believe every word of it. And somehow I couldn't bring myself to ask the Grand Jury to indict you for killing Morgan. And even if you were indicted I'm afraid what I know would sort of influence me to assist the defense counsel considerably when the case came up for trial."

Again he paused. McBride and his wife were leaning forward eagerly.

"Yes, I'm glad you got this off your chest, Walter: it'll probably help you to sleep nights. Just try to forget it. I will."

"You—you mean I'm free? I'm not even to be arrested?"

"Just that, son. And I'll tell you something else. This is the second time in the space of a week that I've heard that story. Of course I got some details from you that I didn't hear before, but it's the second time I have heard that you killed Dennis Morgan."

"The second time?" Walter McBride bent forward in amazement. "Who in the world knew of it? Who told you the first time?"

And the solicitor smiled gravely as he designated the girl whose fingers were interlaced with McBride's. "Your wife," he explained simply.

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on. "How about the soul?" he felt like asking. "Who teaches you to build that and maintain it?"

He returned to the office and tried to go on with his work at the temporary desk in the midst of the other clerks.

At five o'clock he went home to meet Alice for dinner.

"What did the Majestic look like to-day when she went out?" asked Alice on the way back to the house late in the evening.

"The same as usual," replied Perry. It wasn't a natural answer for him.

They stopped in the dimly lighted hall outside Alice's door, and there he looked at her with a curious light in his eyes. He had lost the mental sustenance of the sight of ships. But he still had Alice.

SUDDENLY he stepped closer to her and his arms went around her. He held her in a tight embrace. He had lost the mental sustenance of ships, their wonder, their romance—he who had "followed some Helen for her gift of grief," as Masefield said. The loss turned him more eagerly, more desperately, to Alice. It freed his speech and made him seek an outlet in words that brought a thrill to both of them, as, standing in the faint glow of the lamp overhead, he whispered to her and pressed her madly against him.

When he released her she stepped back and studied his face.

"Oh, Perry, what has happened?" Her voice shook a little.

"Nothing—except that I love you."

"Yes, there has—something has happened—and you won't tell me."

She drew him down beside her on the hall bench.

"Well," he finally said, "they've taken my window away from me." And he told her what had occurred at the office.

"Oh, Perry, what a shame!" She knew all this meant to him. "But they'll give you another?"

"I don't know yet. . . . But I still have you—if you'll wait."

And he kissed her again.

When he arrived at the office the next morning he paused a moment to

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watch the carpenters fitting the last panels of the new partition. His old window was no longer visible. Then Betty spoke to him: "Mr. Aldridge wants me to show you your new room. It's across the hall."

He followed her out of the main office and into the corridor and through a doorway opposite.

"This is it, dearie. What do you think?"

His last hope died. There was a window, but it gave on to a narrow interior court. The only view was the brick wall opposite! Not only was there no ship to see here, no dazzling white hull or red funnel, but no sunlight, no sky. And after what he had had!

SUDDENLY he began to feel downright mad. This was an indignity he couldn't suffer.

"Where'll you have your desk, Mr. Anderson?"

"Dump it in the alley for all I care!"

He left her so abruptly that she stood open-mouthed, forgetful of her chewing gum.

He went directly to Mr. Aldridge's private office and faced the president across his glass-topped desk.

"Mr. Aldridge, I'm quitting."

"You're what?" Mr. Aldridge adjusted his shell-rimmed glasses as if for better comprehension.

"I'm quitting."

"How does that happen? Got a better offer?"

"No, I'm quitting because I don't want to stay here any longer."

Mr. Aldridge looked astonished. This time he removed his spectacles entirely and wiped his left thumb across the bridge of his nose, to rub away the red mark indented there and his perplexity at the same time.

"What's the matter? You've always been treated right, haven't you?"

"No. I've been moved. My desk's been taken away from that corner window."

"Oh, that's nothing. I had to give the order on account of Mr. Fulkerson. He wants the corner for his private office. He's going to be here for some time."

"Yes, but I've been in that corner for six years."

"Is it a raise in salary you want?"

"It's too late for that now. It was the window I wanted more than anything else."

"But you've got one in your new room. I don't see what you're kicking about."

"But not a window on the river, like that corner one, with all the shipping below."

"What's the shipping got to do with it?"

"Everything! I knew them all, those ships that go down the river. You don't understand what they mean—what, that is—what I mean to say is that with the ships passing back and forth all day long, with what I've learned of—of—" He suddenly realized that he couldn't explain this thing to Mr. Aldridge. It would sound queer. How could he tell their wonder or make known their magic? It was as Masefield said, as only a poet could point out—you had to see; man couldn't tell to you the beauty of the ships of that his city.

"What the devil are you driving at, Anderson?"

"Oh, I can't explain it—except the only reason I stayed here so long on such a salary was because of that window and those ships!"

"Well!" Mr. Aldridge was almost bowled over. "If that's the way you feel about it, then the sooner you leave the better."

"That's what I thought," replied Perry, and left Mr. Aldridge's presence.

He went back to the room with the view of the wall. He leaned against the desk and lit a cigarette and regarded the uninspiring wall. Well, he'd done it! What would Alice think when he told her? There would be no raise in salary now that would enable him to marry her. He was without a job.

The day dragged slowly along. Now and then Perry returned to the big room to get this or that memorandum. He made one of these trips just before five o'clock and found the office in a state of excitement. Mr. Aldridge had dashed out of his door waving a sheaf of telegrams and cablegrams and demanding all sorts of information at once from everybody. Nobody knew anything that helped him in his emergency.

"Try Baker & Brown, the shippers! You call 'em up, Jones. And Miss Tegland, get Bergson, the customs broker, on the phone." He tried to make himself heard above the carpenters' hammers in the corner. "The domestic market's gone stale on us, and here's a chance to sell five hundred bathtubs in a foreign territory if we can deliver them by the first of the month."

He ran over to the desk where Mr. Fulkerson had been trying to get a number on the telephone.

"Get 'em? Get 'em?" he demanded, greatly agitated.

"No. It's five o'clock. They've all gone home."

Two clerks came forward with a similar report.

"Something has happened," Alice said, "and you won't tell me." She drew Perry down beside her on the hall bench

"Don't any of you go home!" retorted Mr. Aldridge, shouting to the roomful of clerks, "not till we get this straightened out. We've got to arrange for this shipment to-night or we lose the sale. It's a chance in a thousand! Where the devil is this place, Bougie? Don't you know, Mr. Fulkerson?"

But Mr. Fulkerson, whose only recent travels, in body or spirit, had been in the vicinity of Long Island City, couldn't answer this question. Then a voice sounded. "Bougie is one of the coast towns of Algeria." It was Perry speaking.

Mr. Aldridge jumped. "Yes, you know ships, you said. What about it?"

"Bougie is a thriving little place occupying a unique situation on the side of a steep cliff diving straight down into the Mediterranean, with twelve thousand inhabitants and ambitions as a winter resort."

"How far away is it from New York, and how do you get there? Do ships go direct? What line is it? What kind of money do they use, and what's the rate of exchange with dollars and cents? And what are the customs duties—where can I find out these things in a hurry?"

"From me," said Perry, smiling.

Mr. Aldridge gasped and then grabbed him.

"Come into my office. You're not leaving me to-day!"

WHEN Perry came out of Mr. Aldridge's private office he not only had got back his window in the corner, but also had received a raise in salary as well as the boss's confidence.

Mr. Aldridge detained him at the door. "I've got to find a man who'll go to Bougie, to be there by the time the shipment arrives. Why don't you go, Anderson? Could you be ready to sail Friday?"

Into Perry's eyes came that strange light that warmed them when he saw a ship and her beauty went straight to his heart. At last he would sail on a ship through the blue Mediterranean!

"Yes, I could," he replied, and then paused as another thought crowded into his mind and emboldened him to add: "That is, if you'll let me make it a honeymoon too."

He began to blush very obviously.

Mr. Aldridge smiled. "Well, well! So that's it?" He studied the other's face a moment, and was evidently pleased. "My best wishes," he said, putting out his hand. "Book two tickets—with the company's compliments!"

Now, it so happens that the Providence of the Fabre Line is a ship with a white hull and red funnels. If you don't believe it, go down to the pier and look at it. . . . And when the Providence dropped down the bay toward the sea on the following Friday, Perry and Alice Anderson stood close together, leaning on the port rail. Sunlight flooded the decks. Happiness flooded their faces.

Perry leaned over the rail to look again.

"Careful, dear!" warned Alice. "Or you'll fall overboard on your first trip."

"I just wanted to make sure," he replied.

Then he looked up at the funnels. If it hadn't been daytime, you would have thought he was looking at the stars.

THE National Automobile Chamber of Commerce, after an exhaustive investigation, announces that we are getting $1.11 worth of automobile for every dollar we thus invest, as compared with prices in 1913. According to the chamber, the value of a dollar has shrunk to 51.8 cents for buying clothing, 60 cents for shoes, 45 cents for frame buildings, 73.5 cents for farm crops, 53.4 for furniture and house furnishings, 61.2 cents for rent, and 61.3 cents for cost of living generally.

We don't know whether or not the chamber's figures are absolutely correct, but we do know that in the United States you can get more automobile for less money than ever before or than in any other place in the world.

Organize the Walkers

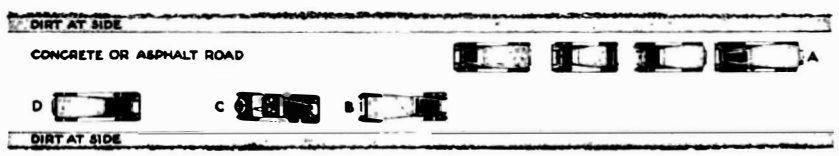
IF pedestrians were organized and supervised half as well as automobile drivers are, there would be a lot less trouble. On all of our popular highways, avenues and streets the motor traffic flows along in a more or less orderly manner with restrictions which are well understood by the majority of drivers. Pedestrians, on the other hand, scurry about like ants in most of our cities, running hither and yon, dashing across the motor traffic in the middle of blocks and even pouring across at intersections when signals are set against them. It seems to us that the reckless pedestrian is almost as bad as the reckless motorist and that a little more discipline imposed on walkers would keep more of them alive.

Tires Cost Money

WET rubber cuts more easily than dry rubber. This is one reason why winter motoring seems to be accompanied by an unusual number of punctures and blow-outs.

When He's Right He's Wrong

THE road hog is a queer animal. He can be right and wrong at the same time. Take a look at the cut below. It shows a narrow concrete or asphalt ribbon of road, with a bordering of good hard dirt at each side. The cars in the two opposing lines of traffic are in their proper position. It is B's "right" to stick to the hard road. But A is at the tail of a string of slow-moving cars. To get past he must crane his neck, wait for an opening in his own line and then spurt to make it. That's a dangerous stunt, made so because B, standing on his "rights," refuses to turn out on the dirt to let A pass. He can't ever be depended on to put his right wheel off the asphalt. And C and D naturally follow B's lead. Why shouldn't we all drive with a thought of the other fellow so that when A wants to move up he can count surely on B moving over? This kind of driving would help solve traffic problems. Driving as pictured in our diagram forces traffic into two long lines and cuts the efficiency of our roads in half. If the road hog sticks to his "rights," the only answer is wider roads and that means something to you, Mr. Taxpayer. Don't forget to send in your suggestions for ways to make driving pleasanter and safer.



Park Against the Wind

WHAT benefiteth it a man—or a woman—who closes the winter front on his car or piles blankets over the hood to retain the heat of the engine for easy starting if he parks his car in the same direction the wind is blowing? The answer is—nothing. For the drip pan forms a veritable windscoop to lead the icy breezes under, around, and over his engine, and vitiate all his carefulness. Always park *against* the wind, if possible.

Any Takers?

FOR an automobile weather forecast, we predict that within a short time a wave of "No Parking" ordinances will sweep over the country. As we write this we can look out on one of New York's busiest avenues. Four steady streams of cars are moving up and down the street, and on either side there is an almost unbroken line of machines parked without drivers at the curbs. Hundreds of thousands of motorists park their cars all day near their places of business, and each one thus takes daily possession of twenty or thirty square feet of public highway, for which he pays no rent and from which the rest of the public is excluded while his car is there. Of course the motorists of the country are the main contributors to the building and upkeep of our streets and roads, but these thoroughfares are maintained as aids to the mobility of the entire public, not for the inactive storage of individual vehicles.

Any city which now, to-day, buys one or more large spaces for the parking of the citizens' cars will save a tremendous amount of money in the long run and will be helping toward its solution of the traffic-congestion problem, which is bound to grow more complicated and aggravating as new millions of cars are put into use. What about the parkway problem in *your* town? Send in your suggestions.

The First Ten Minutes

PITY the motorist who, on a cold winter morning, races his engine to get it warm. The theory is perfect, but the practice of it spells ruination for any car. After a night in a cold garage the oil throughout a car is almost in solid form and for five or ten minutes after starting, the engine and its moving parts must, necessarily, work almost without lubrication, which is likely to spell their doom in a short time. It is a highly expensive process and the car owner who knows what he is doing starts his motor and runs it very slowly with retarded spark and some sort of cover over the radiator for a few minutes until it gets warm and the oil begins to flow naturally.

Our "Gas" sign is erected at a get-together corner for the owners of America's 14,000,000 automobiles. Since you folks can't be present in person, you'll have to say it with letters. Address GAS, Collier's, 416 West Thirteenth Street, New York. A stamped addressed envelope, if you want a reply, will win the gratitude of those who handle our correspondence.

THE Horizon's open forum on marriage is given an interesting change of direction by the letter that follows, from Mrs. J. McQ. T. of Boston. Undoubtedly the view of divorce which it expresses is shared in equal vehemence by many excellent people. The Horizon would welcome discussion of divorce from other viewpoints. We never hear the matter discussed without thinking of a quatrain written long ago by an Irish novelist, Samuel Lover:

Though marriage is made in heaven, they say,
Yet Hymen, who mischief oft hatches,
Sometimes cooks up a match t'other side of the way—
And there they make lucifer matches!

"Whom God Hath Joined"

To the Editor of Collier's:

I have enjoyed reading most of the letters you have published on the best age to marry for happiness, but I must tell you that some of these letters have affronted me and moved me to most earnest criticism. I refer to those that have stated or implied—perhaps the latter is fairer—that divorce is the right corrective for mistakes in marrying young.

I am not of any faith that formally interdicts divorce, nevertheless to me marriage is a bond never to be broken without sacrilege. Perhaps, in the most tragic cases of marital unhappiness, separation may be warranted, but divorce, never! The mistaken, though truly mistaken, should bear their crosses. It is their part to suffer for the common weal.

It surprised me that you should admit a letter from "A Divorcee" to your columns. If this seems to you a personal feeling of mine, I can only say that it is, and that it goes still deeper: I cannot but regard any advocacy of divorce as an attempt to desecrate the hallowed tie that has united me for many happy years to my dear husband.

MRS. J. McQ. T., Boston, Mass.

How Not to Be a "Scofflaw"

To the Editor of Collier's:

It might interest your readers to give them a concise résumé of the varied activities of a business man's life for a year:

Played tennis fifty times. Went fishing twice. Went hunting five times. Made ten trips from city. Performed in five shows and engaged in thirty rehearsals.

Elected church lay leader, supervising and planning all activities of laymen in the church. Attended church services 125 times. Made fifteen public addresses. Led in ten religious services. Attended choir practice twenty-five times. Elected district lay leader with jurisdiction over twenty charges. Appointed chairman educational fund and chairman of lay committee on centenary fund with the same jurisdiction as above.

Sang fifteen solos. Taught Sunday-school class six times. Played two ball games. Elected president of the Wesley Federation with jurisdiction over about six thousand classes.

Served one week on the jury. Elected president of an adult Bible class and adult superintendent in a Sunday school of about six hundred members. Attended 135 special meetings. Helped to take a religious census of the city. Elected vice president of the Business Men's Evangelistic Club. Elected chairman Board of Trustees of Public Schools.

All of which was done in addition to looking after my regular business, which required from nine to ten hours a day, and is submitted as a good preventive to all who are inclined to violate the Volstead Act.

L. F. VAUGHT, Bradentown, Fla.

JOHN AMID'S articles on the best American schools (another appears in this issue) are making steadily clearer the way by which all our schools might give every child his equal chance, fit him to do the thing at which he will be most useful. H. G. Wells quotes that great British schoolmaster, Sanderson of Oundle, as saying:

. . . Not a single boy exists who is not wanted for some particular work; to carry out your object every boy is fundamentally equal. One does this, one does that. Each boy has his place in the team, and in his place he is as important as any other boy. Placing them in order of merit does not work any more. . . .

The modern school's business is to impress into the service of man every branch of human knowledge we can get hold of. The modern method in the modern schools does not depend on any method of teaching. We hear a great deal about methods of teaching languages, mathematics, science; they are all trivial. The great purpose is to enlist the boys or girls in the service of man to-day and man to-morrow.

* * *

TO THIS, Wells himself adds the comment:

Unless there is a more abundant life before mankind, this scheme of space and time is a bad joke beyond our understanding, a flare of vulgarity, an empty laugh, braying across the mysteries. But we two shared the belief that latent in men and perceptible in men is a greater mankind, great enough to make every effort to realize it fully worth while and to make the whole business of living worth while.

At times like the present, when your faith in the integrity and wisdom of our present generation may be shaken, turn your mind to the new generation, and to the efforts that are afoot to make it a better one than ours.

Look into the future. It is charged with hope.

Have Zebras No Rights?

To the Editor of Collier's:

Overpopulation of this earth is one of the most remote things we have to confront. Two great continents remain largely undeveloped, Africa and South America. The masses of humanity know very little about either, yet Mr. Thompson, in his wonderful moving pictures of wild animal life in Africa, stated that it is estimated that there are forty million zebras feeding along the streams and on the plains of East Africa, along with countless thousands of other herbivorous animals. The big thought one gets from taking that moving-picture trip with Thompson is that there are in Africa, outside of the Sahara, immense areas of habitable lands, well watered and capable of sustaining the highest form of civilized life. There are similar vast stretches of uninhabited country upon the South American continent.

The 1,750,000,000 estimated population of the earth sounds immense, but the entire population at that estimate can be placed in Reno County, Kansas, situated in the geographical center of the United States—a county thirty miles wide and forty-two miles long, containing more than two square yards for each man, woman, and child in the world to stand upon.

There is work for countless future generations to do in "beating out" and perfecting our material world.

CARR W. TAYLOR, Hutchinson, Kan.

Aunt Maria's Name in Vain

To the Editor of Collier's:

Looks as though that efficient energetic red-tape cutting American Brigadier General Charles G. Dawes is traveling in Europe on a false reputation. "Hell and Maria" is not swearing according to my dictionary: "*Swear*—to utter the names of sacred things profanely." J. V. SHERMAN,
Somewhere in Kansas.

We are told it was really "Hell and *Aunt* Maria," the general said. But doubtless he'll do better in Europe if he learns to say "Name of a name!" or "Thunderweather!"

What's a "Reasonable Profit"?

To the Editor of Collier's:

Now that pretty nearly all the bunk about the Mellon income-tax-reduction plan has been spilled, and most of the 109,670,000 have been convinced that this bright little scheme is going to get them as much (in proportion, of course) as it will get the other 330,000, for whose special benefit the "plan" was launched—

Why wouldn't it be an excellent idea to run a little article speculating on what would happen to the bloody proletariat (who pay no income tax) if a bit of the wind should be taken out of the latest tariff act?

It is fair to suppose that the thing was loaded with at least $100,000,000 excess. Now when the tariff bill was in process I distinctly recall that many eminently qualified economists asserted that every dollar of import tax was boosted to about five dollars by the time it got to the consumer. Then here we have $500,000,000, relief from which would be felt by every man, woma and child in America.

I do not suggest a reduction that w remove genuine protection. I mere want to shave off the excess.

GEORGE H. COREY, Cleveland, Ohio.

Another Hip-Pocket Problem

To the Editor of Collier's:

I send you six advertisements of r volvers and automatics, taken from Sunday issue of a Chicago newspap No doubt numerous other newspape and magazines carry the same ads.

A number of States and cities pr hibit the sale of firearms by law, b there is no way to prevent the thug a the criminally inclined from purchasi firearms through these advertisemen

J. S. WHITNEY, Van Wirt, Ohio.

But if the manufacture and sale all firearms were prohibited to-morr by constitutional amendment, w doubts that the gunman would still able to arm himself? A United Stat senator is reported as talking abo making revolvers cost $100 and ca tridges a dollar apiece. It inspires with a touching vision of yeggs paw ing their wives' engagement rings purchase the tools of their trade.

Doesn't It? And Isn't It?

To the Editor of Collier's:

Senator Reed's investigation of Bol peace-plan contest seems childish. is certainly unfortunate for the count that so many members of Congress a enabled to keep in the limelight childishness at the taxpayers' expen

R. P. SNIDER, Wheeling, W. Va.

A Butterfly on the Wheel

To the Editor of Collier's:

We like Collier's, but we love Florid Read the inclosed from an editorial the Tampa "Morning Tribune."

S. K. D., Tampa, Fla.

"The inclosed" follows:

. . . E. W. Kemble, a cartoonist national fame, so far forgot himself permitted himself to be instructed as print, in Collier's Weekly, an infamou ly libelous cartoon about Florida . . tagged: "No, Golf in Florida is N Quite Like This." Notice the "quite It shows a golfer in the act of maki a drive. He is stretched across a na row stream. Around one leg coils rattlesnake in the act of striking t victim. Another rattler hangs from tree branch overhead. The ball is te on an alligator's uplifted tail. T 'gator holds the player's clubs in h capacious mouth. . . . The entire se ting is unattractive. The idea soug to be conveyed is obvious.

Florida has the best winter gc courses in the world. Golfers never s a snake or an alligator. They do not ha to wade through swamps to play. . . .

This cartoon is a malicious, lyin contemptible "knock" for Florida. T magazine that prints it ought to banished from Florida news stands a tabooed by Florida readers and adve tisers. The "Tribune" is not so great surprised at Collier's, but Mr. Kemb . . . has usually been above dirty prop ganda of this nature. . . .

Florida has no more devoted admire than Collier's and Mr. Kemble. Kemb has promised never to try to be fun again.

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The Fidelity and Casualty Company of New York.

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—	AMERICAN BOY, 24 iss.	2.50	1.00	2.50	INDEPENDENT	3.00	1.00	2.00	RADIO BROADCAST	3.00	2.00
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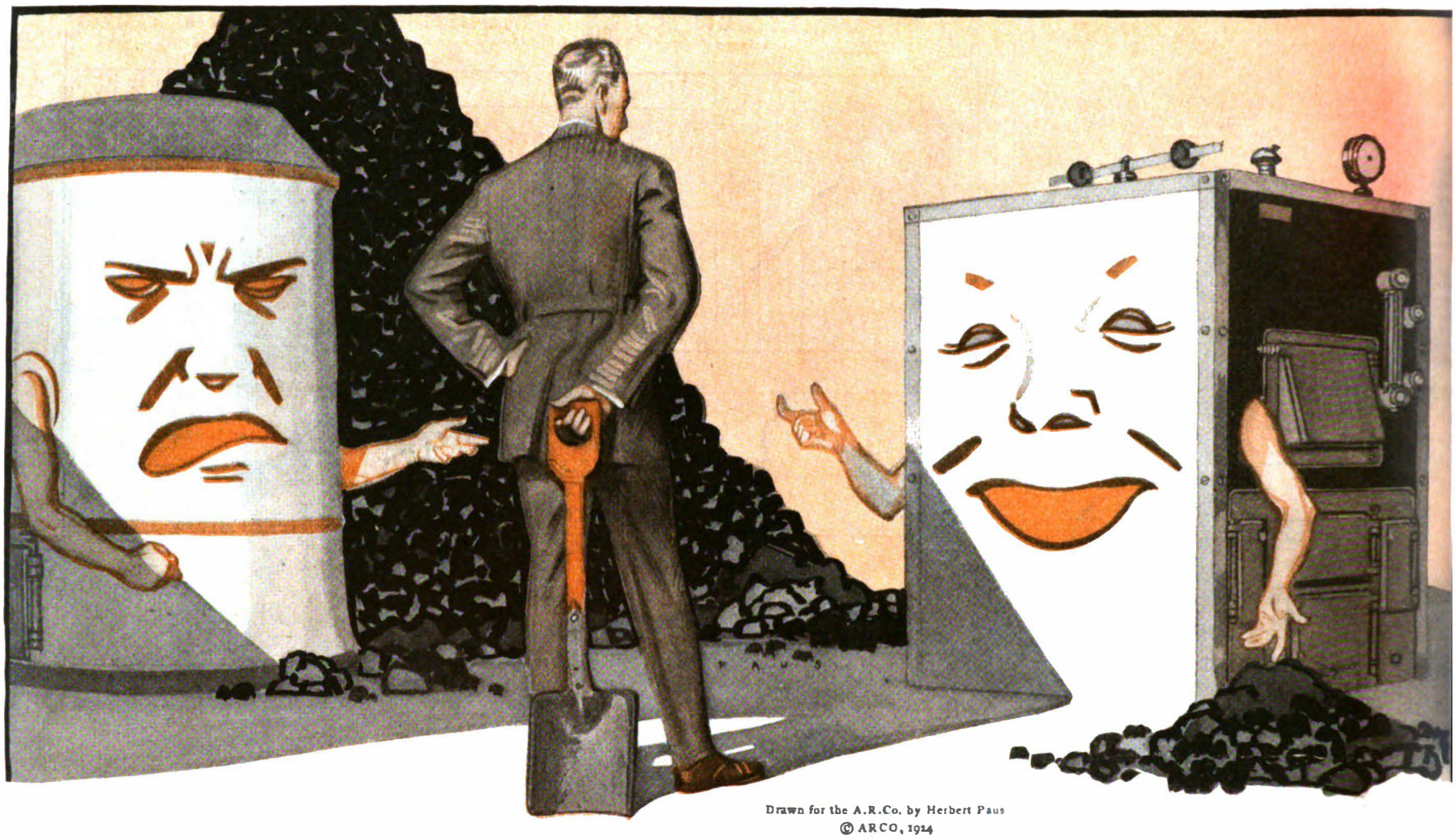

Drawn for the A.R.Co. by Herbert Paus

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