

Read Hugh Fullerton's "Big Rabbit"

Radio Digest

EVERY
WEEK

111 PROGRAMS
ed

TEN
CENTS

Vol. XVII No. 3 Copyright
Radio Digest

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Dom. of Canada APRIL 24, 1926



Story of KMOX, St Louis; Ninth Installment "A Step On the Stairs"; Women's Programs; How to Build Super-Torodyne; Gold Cup Award Progress; Interference Reducing Aids

No. 5 OFFICIAL BALLOT

Announcers' Contest

RADIO DIGEST THIRD ANNUAL GOLD CUP AWARD

GOLD CUP AWARD Editor, Radio Digest,
510 North Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.

Please credit this ballot to:

..... of Station.....
(Announcer's Name) (Call Letters)

Signed.....

Address.....

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

4-24-26

COATS WITHDRAWS FROM CUP CONTEST

CANADIAN SATISFIED WITH 1925 SILVER TROPHY

One Hundred and Seventeen Announcers Nominated for Annual Radio Digest Gold Cup Award

Canada too joins the "single term" league for announcer's cup winners. D. R. P. Coats, who was presented with a beautiful silver loving cup last year in token of his being highest in the final standing among Canadian announcers in the Radio Digest Gold Cup Award, upon reading that George Hay and Graham McNamee would compete no longer in the awards, sent the following telegram to Radio Digest:

"Following the lead of McNamee and Hay, I withdraw from the Canadian cup contest. One cup is enough for anybody and my intention is to nominate and boost for Miss Lillian Shaw of CKY, Winnipeg, the finest little Radio announcer in the domain."

Of course that does not bar Mr. Coats from being awarded the solid, 14-carat gold cup for first place among all nominees, and the Gold Cup Award Editor would not like to have this popular Canadian to prevent himself so from having the honor of being the man to bring the gold cup to Canada for the first time in the history of the award.

Standing Appears Next Issue.

A record-breaking figure of thirty-nine nominations was made since last issue. At that time the total was seventy-eight. The total now rests at 117, two of which candidates have withdrawn from the gold cup race and one of whom has asked that the Canadian cup go elsewhere this year.

At this time the Gold Cup Award Editor wishes to make several corrections in the list which was published last issue. Director-announcer G. C. Arnoux, of KTTB, Hot Springs, Ark., was listed as of Station WGY, through a typographical error. Also, Gene Rouse and Gus Swanson were both listed as of Station WOAW, whereas neither are now associated with the Woodmen of the World broadcaster and should have been listed as ex-WOAW.

Watch for the next issue of Radio Digest which will contain the present standing of the leaders! Many votes are being cast, and a large influx has been caused by readers sending in the first four consecutive ballots and getting the bonus of eight votes, or a total count of twelve for their favorite voice. The complete bonus plan is explained below.

New Names in Race

Following is the list of thirty-nine new candidates entered in the third annual Gold Cup Award since last issue:

Arlio, H. W.	ex-KDKA	Nelson, Jack	WJJD
Baehner, Frank	KHQ	Old King Tut	WSB
Cannan, Miss Oriah	KMA	Pete Peterson	KTDM
Chappell, Ernest E.	WFBL	Pierre, Jennings	KGO
Coats, D. R. P. (out)	CKY	Reeves, Lewis	WIZ
Conis, Robert H.	ORNO	Reilly, J. A.	WBE
Corbett, V. W.	KPNE	Rodgers, F. G.	KDKA
Cummings, J. G.	WOAI	Ryan, Frank	WBZ
Fluhart, Harry	WLET	Sargent, Jess	WEE
Garland, Charlie	WBBI	Selsbury, Kenneth	WMAK
Grandlund, N. T.	WRN	Shaw, Lillian	CKY
Hager, Kolth D.	WLN	Shaw, Lillian	WGG
Hogner, Bert	OKCH	Stewart, Ray	WBAC
Jes, D. E.	WEAB	Stonger, John H.	WBAX
Johnson, Walter	WVH	Snyder, Ben	WOC
Kadman, L. L.	KDKA	Vanderlog, John	WBE
Kane, A. S.	KYME	Wellman, Charlie	KPWB
Lopez, Vincent	WEL	Weyman, Jerry	WCAE
Miholland, Howard	KGO	Wright, G. A.	CKRV
Mitter, Chester H.	WEAN		

If your favorite announcer's name is not in the list above or did not appear last issue, just send in his name as a candidate and get him into the running. Then SAVE your ballots for him. Don't miss a SINGLE ballot for when these are turned in to Radio Digest in a group of CONSECUTIVE numbers, a pleasing and worth while bonus of extra votes is allowed the announcer for whom you are voting.

The ballots, which appear weekly at the left top of this page, are numbered consecutively. They will appear every issue until the close of the contest. Each of these ballots will count for one vote when sent in separately.

But when held until you have four consecutively numbered ballots, and sent in at one time to Radio Digest, a bonus of eight votes, or a total of twelve votes, will be allowed the candidate for whom you are voting.

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Looking Ahead

A Tiger in a Rabbit's Skin—the most thrilling story Hugh Fullerton ever told and the name of it is BIG RABBIT. Opening chapters in this issue. A beautiful girl, love mad youth and a thrilling dash to the rescue. All exclusively told in Radio Digest. Miss Tomneson's note, next week.

You'll Be Surprised When You Get Next Week's Issue of Radio Digest and read the final episode of "A Step on the Stairs." We would like to give you a hint as to the real murderer, but that might make it too easy for the amateur sleuths who are sending in their solutions for the \$500 prize money Radio Digest is to award for the best answers.

Pictures of Radio Digest Mystery Play Players from WOR, Newark; WNAC, Boston; WRC, Washington; WGY, Schenectady; WMAQ, Chicago; WOC, Davenport; WHO, Des Moines; WOAW, Omaha; KOA, Denver and KGO, Oakland; will appear in the next Radio Digest.

One of the Most Interesting Pioneers of Radio Broadcasting is K. M. Turner of Los Angeles, father of the hollow carbon granule used in all microphones and patriarch of Radio Station KMTR, a "high-brow station" of the Pacific. In our next issue.

All the Dough Used in an Up-and-Going Broadcasting Station isn't kneaded exclusively for the up-keep and that's when they have Mrs. Dickey mixing it for pies, cakes and other interesting delicacies at WLS, Chicago. Home listeners will be given a treat in Mrs. Dickey's story.

Underground and Horizontal Aerials is the subject of a new series by the Technical Editor which will start next issue and will contain many suggestions that will be of interest to the experimenter.

Spring Cleaning—How to Get the Most Out of Your Radio receiver during the summer will be told in a series starting soon. The articles will enable the average fan to fix the little mishaps and ills as they occur.

Newsstands Don't Always Have One Left

Radio Digest

YOU WANT IT!

BE SURE OF YOUR WEEKLY COPY BY SUBSCRIBING NOW

POLE IN ONTARIO CITY PICKS UP RADIO MUSIC

Reproduces KDKA and Stumps Puzzled Engineers

PORT ARTHUR, Ont.—A "Radio Pole" on Simpson street in Port William from which, it is claimed, strains of music, and the announcement that it was emanating from Station KDKA at Pittsburgh, may be heard, presents a phenomenon that puzzles electrical men at the Head-of-the-Lakes.

Persons assert that while standing at the foot of the pole they have heard the music and announcements clearly on different occasions. The pole is situated in the business section of the city. It carries a network of wires to and from a step-down transformer. What's the solution? Write your own ticket!

The larger the number of consecutive ballots submitted, the greater is the bonus allowed. Eight consecutive ballots receive a bonus of twenty votes, or a total of twenty-eight votes. Twelve consecutive ballots receive a bonus of thirty votes, or a total of forty-two votes. And for a complete series of ballots, including one from each issue from March 27 to and including the last, which will appear in the September 1 issue, a bonus of fifty votes will be allowed.

Send in nominations or ballots to the GOLD CUP AWARD EDITOR, Radio Digest, 510 North Dearborn street, Chicago.

TERRELL HAS TOUGH DEBATE WITH MEAT

PROMISES WAVE TO STOCK RAISERS IF PRICE DROPS

Chief Radio Supervisor Counts and Finds Merely 500 Firms Waiting Chance to Broadcast

WASHINGTON, D. C.—Chief Radio Supervisor W. D. Terrell has a hard time of it attempting to explain to disappointed applicants why they cannot have a wave length or increase their power. Quite often he is told that his refusal means a hardship for some particular section of the country.

Recently an applicant from the Middle West wanted Mr. Terrell to grant a wave length for a high power station to disseminate market information to stock raisers. The licensing of the station would have resulted in increased interference. Mr. Terrell was told that with the new station the meat consumers of the country would benefit from a better distribution of cattle shipments.

"Terrell Wants Cheaper Meat" "It doesn't make any difference how many wave lengths you get, we're going to have to pay the same price for meat," retorted Mr. Terrell. "If you'll prove that we can get good meat at a cheaper price if you have this new station, the people of this country will see that you get it."

In connection with the continued applications which are being received by the supervisor for new licenses for the creation of broadcasting stations, he announces that there are now 500 applications on file in the department. In addition to these applications the department also has almost 50 applications for the increase in power of existing stations.

Broadcaster Briefs

Listen for KPVN, the "Royal Penn" station at Fairmont, Minn., during the last few nights of April or the first of May. Special tests, with prizes, will be conducted between 11 p. m. and 1 a. m. Central time. The wave length is 227 meters and the power, 50 watts.

Breaking its customary morning silence, KFI is now on the air with three morning exercise classes, "Early and Energetic" at 7:00, "Pop" at 7:30 and the "Lazy-bones" at 8 o'clock. Following the Lazy-bones class is a cheer-up talk for convalescents and others who are unable to take any kind of physical exercise.

WLS, Sears Roebuck Agricultural Foundation station of Chicago, celebrated its second birthday Saturday, April 10, with a special dinner party and dance at the Hotel Sherman. Friends and artists who have contributed to the upbuilding of WLS were present.

Another Chicago station to have a recent birthday was WMBB, Trianon ballroom, whose first year end was marked April 15. Director J. B. Lampe kept the 250-meter wave band full of diversified program bits for six hours of continuous broadcasting.

One of the most unusual gifts ever received at WHT, Chicago, recently arrived in the form of a popular song, "Pat and Al," written by Adalia Due of Racine, Wis. The song is dedicated to Pat Barnes, director of WHT, and Al Carney, station organist, whom she terms "the peerless pair." Musicians agree that the song has merit.

TWIN CITIES GIRL TOOK OPPORTUNITY

NO, THIS week's cover girl does not come from Hollywood. Surprised, aren't you? She is Twins—that is, she is a Twin Cities girl and may be heard regularly over the Gold Medal broadcasting station, WCCO, Minneapolis and St. Paul. Her name is Miss Jean Eatinger.

She started in playing piano accompaniments for the other artists. They came one of those inevitable blanks in the program when someone simply had to sing. "Eventually, why not now?" quoted Mr. Bellows, looking quizzically at Miss Eatinger. So Jean let her fingers wander over the keys and leaned toward the microphone, just scared enough to let one of those catchy little trembles come into her voice.

Jean Eatinger is only 18, but she is a regular blues singer and pianist at WCCO now.

SEND IN THE BLANK TODAY

Publisher Radio Digest,
510 N. Dearborn St.,
Chicago, Illinois.

Please find enclosed check No. 5 for Five Dollars (Five Dollars One Year's Subscription to Radio Digest, Illustrated).

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

STATIONS ASK FOR MUSIC RELIEF

HOOVER SPEAKS BUT PERHAPS TOO MUCH

WJAZ CHIEF SAYS HERB IS UNFAIR, WRONG, ETC.

E. F. McDonald, Jr., Reads Law to Commerce Secretary and Cites Him for Chaos Responsibility

CHICAGO.—Contradiction of a recent press statement of Secretary of Commerce Hoover by E. F. McDonald, Jr., of this city, who calls Mr. Hoover's statement "absolutely incorrect," is the latest development of the United States versus Station WJAZ controversy which has been going on since the Zenith broadcaster took the law into its own hands and commandeered the wave length of 329.5 meters.

"My attention has been directed," said Commander McDonald, "to an Associated Press dispatch from Washington quoting the Honorable Herbert Hoover, secretary of Commerce, in which Mr. Hoover says 'the future of Radio broadcasting on the American continent depends upon the outcome of the government test suit against the Zenith Radio corporation, and that a decision against the government will make \$600,000,000 worth of Radio receiving sets useless.'"

Asserts Hoover Is Unfair

"The secretary of commerce had his opportunity," the well-known Radio manufacturer continued, "to present the facts and argue the case before Judge Wilkerson when the case was on trial, and I believe that this attempt to retry the case in the newspapers before the decision is rendered, is eminently unfair to the public. In addition, Mr. Hoover's apparent attempt as a representative of the executive department of the government to influence public opinion in a pending federal court case, is reprehensible and establishes an extremely dangerous precedent."

"This statement attributed to Mr. Hoover is absolutely incorrect, and Mr. Hoover, or at least his attorneys, know that it is not correct. The only effect of the decision in this case will be the determining of the right of the secretary of commerce to place restrictions as to wave lengths on a certain limited class of broadcasting stations."

Quotes Law for Hoover

"Regulation No. 15, of the Radio communication laws, as enacted by congress in 1912, reads as follows:

"Fifteenth. No private or commercial station not engaged in the transaction of bona fide commercial business by Radio communication or in experimentation in connection with the development and manufacture of Radio apparatus for commercial purposes shall use a transmitting wave length exceeding two hundred meters, or a transformer input exceeding one kilowatt, except by special authority of the secretary of commerce contained in the license of the station."

"The only question raised in the test case here in Chicago," Mr. McDonald said, "is whether or not the secretary of commerce has the right to arbitrarily assign wave lengths and hours of operation to stations engaged in one of the two above described classes. The Zenith Radio corporation comes within the latter class. The great majority of stations are not in either class, and no broadcaster, other than those engaged in the two special classes described by congress can operate on a wave length in excess of 200 meters, without special authority from the department of commerce. No one has ever claimed otherwise, and the secretary's power in that respect is not being questioned in the Zenith case."

Lashes Secretary for Chaos

"I am surprised to read Mr. Hoover's statement to the effect that the present division of wave lengths is a voluntary one. This is directly opposite to the position taken by me, through my attorneys, at the hearing of the government case in Chicago. He then distinctly contended that he had absolute power to allocate wave lengths as to all broadcasting stations. The Zenith Radio corporation did not dispute his authority to do so, except in the case of broadcasting stations coming within the two limited classes above described by congress. The language of the Radio act of 1912, establishes these two classes definitely and is clear and unambiguous."

"Regardless of the decision in this case in Chicago, there will be no chaos as a result. If conditions do become more chaotic than they are at the present time, it will be because of Mr. Hoover's inequitable administration of the law. In conclusion I wish to say that the Zenith Radio corporation is opposed to wasting in any individual, the sole and arbitrary

MORTICIANS HEGIRA TO DARKEST AFRICA

DENVER.—Dr. Henry Rimmer, evangelist, scientist and author, who recently defended fundamentalism in a stirring evolution debate over Station KOA here, will head an anti-evolution expedition into dark Africa next year. Twenty-five scientists and explorers will make the trip. Embalmed bodies of gorillas will be brought back for anatomical comparison with the human body.

PETITION CONGRESS TO MAKE AMERICAN SOCIETY FIX FEES

Broadcasters Make Plea to Congressional Committee Holding Hearing on Dill-Vestal Copyright Law Amendment Bill—Troubles Aired

WASHINGTON, D. C.—Charges of monopoly against the American Society of Composers, Authors and Publishers were the order of the day when proponents of the Dill-Vestal Radio copyright bill appeared before the joint congressional committee on patents of which Senator Butler, of Massachusetts, is chairman. Following the appearance of those in favor of the bill, the hearings were adjourned to a later date at which time the opponents of the bill were to be heard.

Those appearing before the committee in favor of the bill included Paul E. Klugh, of the National Association of Broadcasters, and Judge H. Tuttle, counsel for the association; Powell Crosley, Jr., Radio manufacturer of Cincinnati; John Sheppard of Boston, Station WNAC; Elisha Hansen and William S. Hedges, for the American Newspaper Publishers association, and W. E. Harkness, assistant vice president of the American Telephone and Telegraph company in charge of Radio activities.

Bloom Apparently Pro-A. S. C. A. P.

The hearings were punctuated by remarks and interrogations by Representative Sol Bloom, of New York, at one time a music publisher, now a member of the house committee on patents, who was apparently an advocate of the American Society. Senator Butler had considerable difficulty during the course of the hearings in keeping Bloom from asking too many questions.

Mr. Klugh, on behalf of the broadcasters in his opening remarks told the committee that the bill represents at least one method of settling the copyright differences which have existed for several years between the broadcasters and the society. He said that his association is open minded and will accept any bill that is reasonably drawn to give at least some protection to the broadcasters of the country. He stressed the point that the broadcasters are perfectly willing to pay a reasonable amount for the use of music.

Varying Fees Are Shown

Mr. Harkness, on behalf of the telephone company pointed out the importance of Radio to the American public, an audience of approximately 25,000,000 people, and gave the following table for fees paid last year:

For stations of 500 watts, fees ran from \$100 to \$2,500 a year; with a cost of from 12c to \$1.60 per hour.

For stations of 1,000 watts power, fees ran from \$200 to \$1,000 per year; with a cost of from 12c to 69c per hour.

For stations of 1,500 watts power, fees were from \$500 to \$3,000 per year; with a cost of from 33c to \$1.92 per hour.

For stations of 5,000 watts power, fees were from \$300 to \$2,500 per year, with a cost of from 23c to \$1.16 per hour.

The broadcasters of the country, Judge Tuttle told the committee, are willing and anxious to pay for the use of copyrighted music, but they want equality, stability and fairness.

Judge Tuttle Asks Fairness

He disclosed during his talk that the broadcasters and the society at one time recently nearly reached an agreement, whereby the society was to get \$1,000,000 for three years out of Radio. The broadcasters, he said, were willing to pay this amount, but they wanted a three year contract while the society insisted on only a one year agreement. This would mean, he contended, that at the end of the one year the society would hold them up for more money.

Judge Tuttle took up in some detail, during the course of his argument, the outstanding features of the bill and particularly called attention to the fact that it offers practically a blank check to congress for it to fill in with what rates it considers reasonable. He told the committee that the broadcasters do not favor all of the sections of the bill as introduced, but they feel that the bill can very easily be made the basis of satisfactory legislation. In closing his remarks Judge Tuttle made a plea to the committee for some kind of relief from the intolerable music situation which exists at the present time.

IMPORTANT NOTICE TO OUR READERS

YOUR loyal support has made Radio Digest the leading Radio Magazine in the world, enjoying the largest circulation in its history. Over two hundred and twenty-five thousand copies of this issue were printed. Hitting this high mark it is only fitting that we acknowledge the debt of gratitude to you and the thousands of other readers who have made this possible.

Our consuming ambition has always been to give our readers the maximum service. At all times it has been our ideal to serve the Radio set owner in every possible way. We have tried to make Radio Digest invaluable to the broadcast listener—"The Eyes of the Radio Set." Our slogan is "Bigger and Better."

In conformity with this policy we announce, effective with (your next issue) May first issue, Radio Digest will be published twice each month, on the first and the fifteenth. The single copy price will be fifteen cents.

The size of the magazine will be increased to thirty-two full pages. Advance programs will start with the date of issue and run until the date of the next issue. This will give a half month's advance illustrated programs in each number. Programs will be supplemented with the usual Digest features and news in addition to the very best fiction obtainable from noted American writers. In all, the new Radio Digest will be a big buy for fifteen cents, twice-a-month.

Heretofore you news stand readers have been paying \$5.20 a year for the weekly Radio Digest. With the new plan you will pay only \$3.60, making a saving to you of \$1.60 a year for a better magazine.

Keep in mind that Radio Digest in the future will be out the first and the fifteenth of each month. You can buy it on the news stands the day preceding the date of issue, viz, the last day of the month preceding and the fourteenth.

To Those Who Receive Radio Digest by Mail:

To each one of our large family of mail subscribers we extend our hearty thanks. Your copy is mailed as each issue comes from the press and this regularity helps us very much in solving the many perplexing problems of the publishing business. To give you the very best, we are changing the frequency of issue.

Your next issue will be out May first and will be the first number of our new schedule. This issue will carry the advance Radio Programs from May first to fourteenth inclusive. No break in your programs, as each issue will carry the programs until the next issue. Your copies will be mailed for you to receive them at least one day before the programs begin.

All subscriptions will be extended. You will receive the same number of issues for which you have subscribed. All subscriptions now on file are based on fifty-two issues for one year and you will receive that number of issues on your annual subscription. The same ratio will apply if your present subscription is for a shorter period than a year. Accordingly your subscription will expire at a later date than that shown on the mailing stencil.

Effective May first, the regular subscription rate will be \$3.00 a year.

E. C. RAYNER,
Publisher, Radio Digest

power to administer the rights of broadcasting stations. This authority should be vested in an impartial commission and I sincerely hope that legislation will be passed to accomplish this."

Mike Stars to Convene

NEW YORK.—The first national convention of Radio artists and celebrities, at which will be present men and women whose voices are known to millions of Americans, will be held September 13-18 in

New York city, it was recently announced by G. Clayton Irwin, Jr., general manager of the Radio World's Fair, who is making arrangements for the gathering.

Radio Shortens Sickness

LONDON, England.—It has now been definitely established that in those hospitals which have been equipped with Radio receivers here, the average length of each patient's confinement has been reduced by nearly two days.

BIG RABBIT & by HUGH FULLERTON

CHAPTER I

Two News Hounds at Bay

DICK BORTON sat on a trunk, hugging his knees; his crown of black curly hair tousled; a cheerful, idiotic grin on his face. Borton has the most maddening grin of anyone in the world. And expressive—why, if he were deaf and dumb, he could talk in grins. The one thing I hate about Borton is that he always grins when a normally constituted man wants to swear and throw things.

"Cheer up, Wen," he said, chucking his chin with his kneecaps as he rocked back and forth and drummed on the side of the trunk with his heels. "We won't have to carry our trunks. The express company will hold them until we get there even if we have to walk."

"Get where?" I exploded, firing a shoe to the floor instead of at his grinning face as I was tempted to do. "Isn't it bad enough to be bilked out of a month's pay and left stranded a thousand miles or so from New York without having a laughing jackass of a partner pretending to think it is funny?"

"Is his 'litle feelin's hurted? Is him mad at his 'tittle playmate?" Borton taunted as I slammed apparel around the room, kicked shoes across the bed and raged at our luck, more particularly at Borton.

"Oh, chase the glooms, Wen," he resumed in a more serious mood. "You know all the success folks say you must keep smiling no matter what happens and that adversity is the finest university in the world."

"Yes, and I wish they had to attend it," I snorted.

"IT ISN'T so bad," Borton laughed; "there always is a job for a good newspaper man on some paper. We might try Cincinnati, or Pittsburgh, or some fresh field. We don't have to go to New York. We are not cubs."

I laughed in spite of my aggravation. The situation certainly was trying on the temper. Dick Borton and I were not, as he had just remarked, cubs, but we had fallen into the position too frequently occupied by fledgling newspaper men. We were broke and out of jobs.

"No, we are not cubs," I retorted, my sense of humor coming to the rescue; "we are a fine pair of experienced journalists! We fell for a fake that would not have landed the easiest mark on Broadway. Dick, the next thing you and I know, we will be trying to guess which shell the little pea is under. I wish some of the gang could see us now!"

Dicky grinned more under my sarcasm. He and I had been chums for five years; in fact, ever since we had come to New York from widely separated parts of the country to "break in" and had met day after day while making the rounds of the newspaper offices. We had been among the few who had hung on, fighting for an opening in the face of the monotonous reiteration of, "Nothing doing," from a dozen city editors. We had come to know each other; and when our funds ran low, we had doubled up in a hall bedroom, continuing the grim battle for a foothold. Borton, tall, handsome, always grinning, was first to land. He fed me for two months until I slipped into a minor job on the World. In half a year Borton was one of the fixtures, a star reporter, who could command position and a good salary anywhere. He had a marvelous knack of winning confidence and treating a story with that deft sympathy which reveals the master hand even in the coldest of newspaper recitals. His acquaintance was wide, and his popularity wider. My success was less brilliant but I had plodded along, rising steadily in salary until after five years of progress we had both become as near fixtures as newspaper men ever are.

THE craving for change had tempted us. Borton was a Southerner and we often had talked of venturing South; he, because of his love for the land of his birth; I, because I had never been there. We had received offers of large salaries, responsible positions and a chance for part ownership if we would join some ambitious politico-financial climbers who were striving to

THE FOLK TALES of the American negro vary in different sections of the country; because the slaves sold in those sections brought their tribal legends with them. Through all of the nine different tribes, however, one finds tales of animals and birds, snakes and alligators.

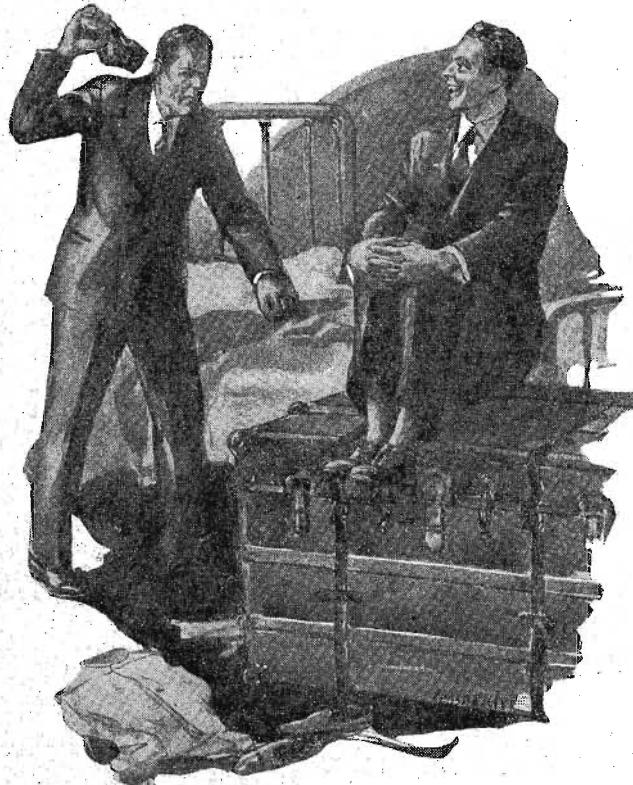
The negroes of southern Georgia and Florida are unlike those of other sections; a strange mixture of races. Many of these were Zulus; men of huge strength, giants among the blacks. Among them are the wildest, the strongest and most powerful, the ones who have borne the brunt of developing the pine and the turpentine of the swamp country.

Their traditions are more closely allied to those of the tribes from which they sprang than are those of the blacks who have lived in contact with the whites. The great zootheistic characters in their tales and traditions are the rabbit and the terrapin; animals their forefathers worshipped in Africa.

It is not strange that, among these blacks, oppressed ever since their forebears were captured like wild beasts and sold into slavery, there are those who claim to be chiefs. This king complex is found frequently among those blacks who have failed to keep pace with the general advance of the race in the United States. It is of these unknown peoples and their mysterious half-remembered gods that the background of this tale is formed.

launch a new morning paper in Atlanta. The promoters, seeking experienced newspaper men, found Borton who maneuvered me into a position to get an offer. We had been in Atlanta a little over a month, working hard to make the new paper a success; and so busy, so interested, and so flush (for us) with money that since the first week we had not tried to draw any of the promised money. We knew, of course, that time was required to get the business end of a newspaper into smooth-running order, and we paid little attention to the passing of salary days.

The preceding day I had heard of a disturbing rumor that the financier whose name was used as the backer of the enterprise had withdrawn his support. Borton and I had made a hasty effort to collect and had been put off until the following day. That day was the one on which Borton sat on the trunk and grinned. The promoter had disappeared. The sheriff was in charge. Borton and I were in Atlanta with less than twenty dollars cash, and the rent for our rooms was unpaid. "Let's go to one of the other offices and get work until we raise enough



"Get where?" I exploded, firing a shoe on the floor instead of at his grinning face as I was tempted to do.

cash to get back to the big pile of bricks," I suggested.

"See here, Wen, that isn't fair," grinned Borton. "There were four kids on the paper. We can get jobs, but if we do, they won't, and they need them worse than we do."

"Let's wire some of the fellows."

"And put the whole gang wise? Never."

"Well," I said sulkily, "what do you propose to do?"

"Escape from here the first thing," he laughed. "My native land has lost its charm."

"But how?"

"Something will turn up. It always does."

His careless prediction was fulfilled almost before the words were uttered. There was a knock on the door.

"Come in," called Borton cheerily. A young man entered, bowed rather stiffly and inquired:

"Which of you gentlemen is Mr. Wendell Phillips Lindsay?"

"I am," I replied as Borton grinned devilishly at the use of the name which my parents had chosen when they fondly believed I would become a great minister.

"If you are at liberty," the young man continued quietly. "Mr. Philip Kincaid desires to see you. I have his car below to take you to him at once if you are not engaged."

"Who the deuce is Mr. Philip Kincaid?" I inquired, rather rudely out from natural curiosity.

"Mr. Kincaid," the young man responded, his identity a bit ruffled by my ignorance, "is president of the Ninth Trust company, and one of the wealthiest and most influential men in the city."

"He's the fellow we played up as the Morgan of Georgia, Wen," prompted Borton, whose memory for names and newspaper features was better than mine.

"WELL," I laughed, "I didn't write it, so he can't blame me."

"Better trot along," urged Borton, "he may want to give you a railroad or two. You might hint to him," he added mischievously, "that, while not financially embarrassed, we might use a little additional capital in our business."

"I'm with you, Mr.—" I hesitated.

"I'm Mr. Kincaid's secretary, Hargrave," the young man prompted.

A few minutes later we were whirling down Peachtree street toward the business section in the banker's automobile. "What does he want?" I inquired as we slowed down at a crossing.

"I cannot say. He told me to find you, and, asking your pardon, it was a task. I had begun to fear you had already left the city."

Arriving at the bank entrance, I was escorted through the big marble-lined banking room into the mahogany-furnished office, detained there a few moments, then ushered into the private office of the president, reflecting as I entered that I had never before in all my newspaper experience made such good time in reaching a bank official. A small man, wearing handsome but much wrinkled black clothes sat at the big flat-topped desk. He looked up as I entered.

"Lindsay?" he inquired with rising inflection.

"Mr. Lindsay," I corrected stiffly.

"Humph! Sit down."

He finished signing some papers, shoved his chair back and, sliding low in it, held the tips of his fingers together, and asked:

"Newspaper man?"

"Yes."

"Out of work?"

"Yes."

"Want a job?"

"Yes."

"You the man who climbed seven stories up a fire escape, broke a window, and beat the police to the scene of that Stanager murder in New York?"

"Yes," I replied, astonished. "That was years ago, when I was a cub. How did you know?"

"Been looking you up for three days." He jerked out. "Able to keep your mouth shut?"

"Never betray a confidence" is the first law of the newspaper man."

"Don't like newspaper men," he snapped.
 "I don't like bankers either," I shot back at him.
 "Neither of us much to blame," he chuckled, not in the least offended. For the first time I began to warm toward him. He sat silent, drumming on his blotter pad with a pencil, evidently thinking quickly.

"LINDSAY," he said finally with a quick gesture of a man accustomed to deciding weighty matters, "I'm going to hire you." The matter is important. I've had you looked up. You seem all right. The main thing is to keep your mouth shut. It's a case I don't dare trust to a detective agency. There might be a leak and we can't afford that. I don't like reporters but, damme, I respect them. I'm going to trust you entirely in this matter."

He lapsed into silence and appeared to be thinking of the best way to begin.
 "You'll need help," he went on after a moment's thought. "Pick your own man, one you can trust. Don't spare any expense. Send to me for all the money you need and account for it afterwards; but remember one thing, don't come near me or let anyone know you are employed by me. If you do, I'll deny knowing you."

"I can settle the matter of help now," I responded, ignoring his insinuation. "Dick Barton, my chum, is with me. We are both out of work due to the suspension of our paper, and were getting ready to leave for New York when your messenger came, Barton's the man."

"Can you trust him?"
 "Better than I can myself. You may depend on him. He's

As I lifted my hat and started to give the animal back to its owner I raised my eyes and saw her . . . I handed her my hat instead of the dog. When she laughed, just a little ripple, and thanked me.

Atlanta, whose tall figure and bristling white mustache made him one of the easiest of men to recognize, who was a power in politics and a figure in finance, whose war record was a tradition, and whose mansion was a landmark, amused and rather vexed me. The serious frown on the face of the little banker and the incessant tapping of his pencil sobered me.

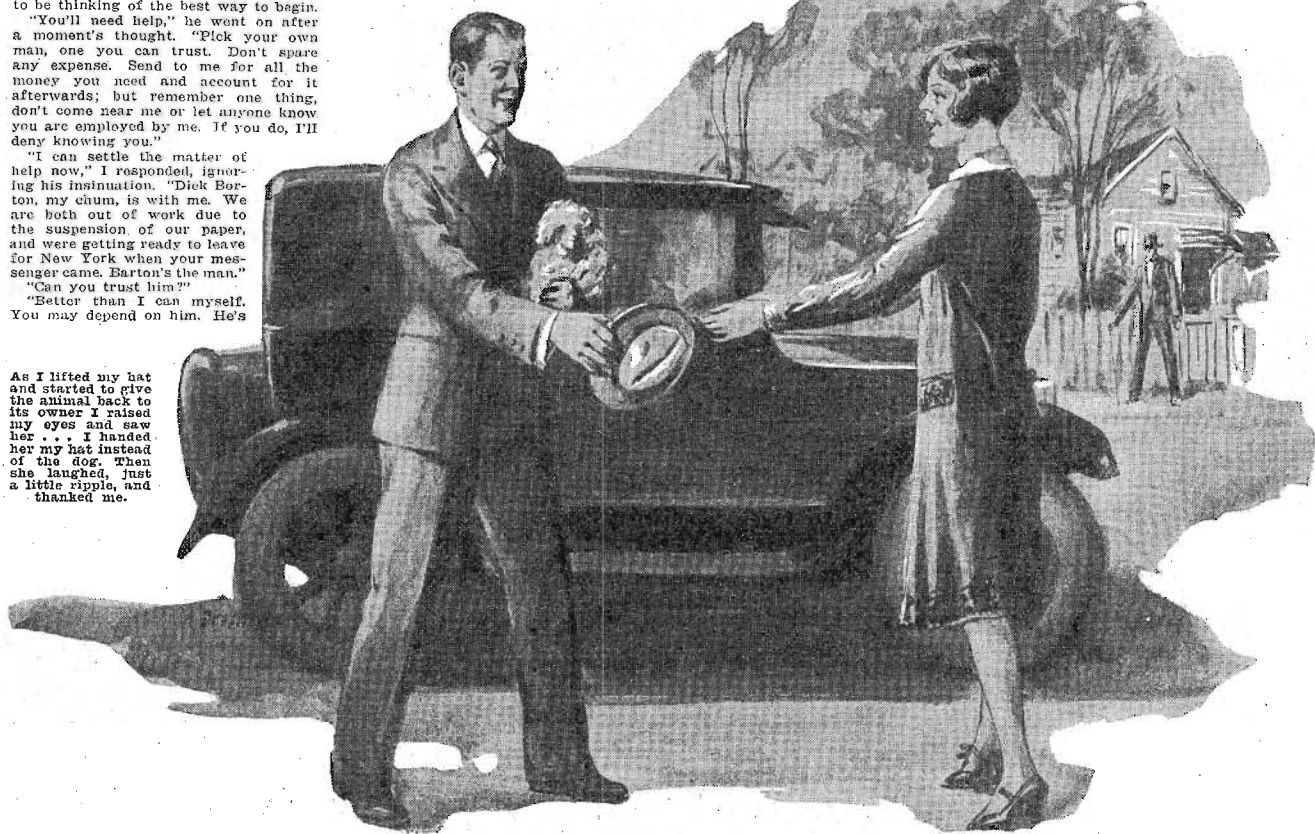
"Do you mean," I stammered, apologetically, "do you mean to say that Major Gaskill has disappeared?"

"Lindsay," responded the banker, leaning forward and lowering his voice, "I said this was serious. If you call up Major Gaskill's home, or go there, you will be informed that he is confined to his room by an attack of gout. He has had the gout almost two weeks but no man has seen him, and," he added significantly, "no one can get him to sign any papers."

I was so relieved to escape the first time that I permitted him to involve the companies deeper than ever. I was criminally negligent in allowing him to use the funds of his ward, Miss Roberta Lee Tomneson. He and I are the trustees. He was in deep before I knew it and I protected the estate with my own money.
 "Two years ago he smashed again. The amount was nearly \$100,000. He plunged and it was gone before I woke up. I called on him to settle. He had another attack of gout; nearly a month that time. Then he came in and settled. I decided to watch him. He wasn't gambling so far as I could discover. A year ago he plunged again, deeper than either of the other times. He owed the

No one loves a banker. You see how it stands. Are you ready to try it?"

THERE was an almost pathetic appeal in his last words and the feeling of aversion which at first I had felt passed away as I caught a glimpse of the human soul of the banker hidden under the veneer of hardness that constant association with money had laid upon him. I rose and extended my hand.
 "I'm with you. You may count on me and my partner, Barton, to do our best."
 "Thank you," he said, again dropping the mask of hardness. "You newspaper fellows are odd, quixotic. I trust you even if I don't like you."
 "Possibly you can give some facts that



the best reporter in New York . . .
 "Can he keep his mouth shut?" he snapped, cutting short my praise of my chum.
 "Yes."

"Get him," he ordered tersely. Then, after a moment of silence, he continued, "Lindsay, this is a big job. It may mean the fate of a couple of railroads and some small corporations. It may mean a heavy blow to this bank. I don't mind those things; but it means the fortune of a girl who is to me as a daughter. You appreciate the importance of the work I am trusting to you."

"I APPRECIATE it. I will do my best, and I promise the same for Barton," I answered, greatly impressed by the sudden flash of human feeling on the part of that flinty, hard appearing little man.

"Then," he said, "it is agreed."
 "What is the work, sir?"
 For an instant Mr. Kincaid made no response to my inquiry. He sat drumming with his pencil and looking toward the window absorbed in deep thought. Suddenly he turned to me and replied: "I want you to find Major Lucien Gaskill."

CHAPTER II

Major Gaskill's Gout

LAUGHEED.
 "Why don't you call him by phone yourself?" I asked.
 Mr. Kincaid frowned, but did not appear surprised at my behavior. The idea of being employed and of hiring one of the cleverest newspaper men in the country to assist me in finding a man known almost to everyone in

"He is hiding in his own home?" I suggested.

"He isn't there at all; hasn't been there," snapped Mr. Kincaid, plainly irritated. There is a mystery back of this and I want it solved. There are papers waiting to be signed. There are stocks and bonds to be turned over to secure margins. If they are not signed and delivered, fortunes will be swept away. If Gaskill recovers from his gout, all is well; if not—" A gesture, eloquent with despair, completed the sentence. It was plain the banker was both worried and alarmed.

"This is not the first time. It is the fourth time the same thing has happened. Each time Gaskill has disappeared he has been in deep financial difficulties. To my knowledge he has been plunging in stocks for six years, perhaps more. He is not the rich man he is supposed to be, and back of all this mystery lies the source of his income. Four years ago he became involved deeply. I felt it my duty to protect companies in which we were interested. I called on him to straighten out the accounts. The amount involved was something over \$50,000. He was indignant, declared he would settle immediately. The next day he disappeared; attack of gout. Three weeks later he stamped into this room, settled all accounts, and redeemed the stocks we had taken as security."

The little man frowned worriedly, and tapped nervously on the blotter.

"I WILL not try to conceal the fact that I'm partly to blame," he continued after some time. "The man had great influence over me. He's magnetic. I was not warned by experience.

bank and the estate over \$100,000 this time. He got it so quickly I couldn't stop him. I protected his margins, escaping with as light a loss as possible. I pushed him to explain and settle. Another attack of gout; three weeks. Then he paid again in full.

"You'd think I would have been warned. I'm not a careless man but Major Gaskill had me hypnotized, I thought he'd reformed. About a month ago he dived again. I had no hint of it until he had involved the companies and the Tomneson estate almost a quarter of a million. Market turned against him. Wiped out in two days on some of the stocks. I'm margining a lot of others to save what I can. I sent for Gaskill. He promised restitution at once. Another attack of gout. That was two weeks ago yesterday. I can't find a trace of him. The matter is pressing. I am carrying a lot of his crazy speculations trying to protect his ward. If he could be found to sign releases and close out, the loss would be covered by \$60,000. I'd pay it to get out. He has pledged bonds of the Tomneson estate and I have to hang on to recover them. If he isn't found—" Again the half-despairing, eloquent gesture completed the sentence.

"You understand what it means to me?" he demanded sharply after a short silence; "I'll tell you. I never speculate, either with my own or the bank's funds; but I've done things to protect the Tomneson estate that I would never do to save myself."

He leaned forward over the table and almost glared at me as he said:

"If the crash comes, Lindsay, I'll be the thief and Gaskill the martyr. His reputation and standing are unassailable. He is the most popular man in Atlanta.

will help me to start," I suggested. "Has Major Gaskill any private source of income which he could realize upon quickly?"

"None," the little banker replied thoughtfully. "There are three saw-mills in the South belonging to the Tomneson estate. There are shares of the Timber Belt railroad. Stock never paid. He put that up as collateral. He owns the old Gaskill place in Lowndes county, Alabama. Run down and leased to colored tenants. He hasn't sold the Tomneson mills and timber lands. He hasn't sold the Gaskill plantation. He couldn't realize ten thousand on the rest. He spends about \$15,000 a year on his living. His income, as far as I can learn, is less than \$2,000. He draws about \$4,000 a year, charged to Miss Tomneson's living and dress expenses."

"Where then can he raise fifty to a hundred thousand dollars in a few weeks?"

MR. KINCAID frowned and appeared worried. "Lindsay," he answered, "I've puzzled over it for weeks. Thought he was borrowing; he hasn't even tried it. Credit is good. Never has asked favors of his friends. Unless he has a gold mine hidden or is robbing trains I don't see where he has any source. The last time he settled I traced the money. Didn't press it hard. Afraid to rouse curiosity and suspicion. He deposited in four New York banks. Four different brokers made the deposits for him. He checked against them. The money deposited in New York was in checks paid to Gaskill by A. King, chiefly. Half a dozen other

(Continued on page 16)

Hark! The Voice of St. Louis!

RADIO Station KMOX Called One of Five Leading Broadcasters of America. Represents Sixteen Large Business Houses and Speaks for Wide Area Known as "Forty-ninth State."

By HAROLD P. BROWN

ninth State." The Globe-Democrat is affiliated with the KMOX station. The territory defined as the "Forty-ninth State" is embraced in a circular boundary drawn at a radius of about 150 miles from St. Louis.

IN MAKING a trip through Missouri not long ago I called on Mr. Joseph McAuliff, managing editor of the Globe-Democrat and he pointed out to me the wonderful future of this "Forty-ninth State," served by the Voice of St. Louis. Uncle Sam has, within the past few years, completed many miles of levees that have reclaimed hundreds of thousands of acres from the Mississippi overflow. I stopped at Cape Girardeau and Carruthersville, and saw prodigious crops from cotton and peanuts to corn and potatoes, all producing great wealth that finds its way to the metropolis. Some of these are the thoughts that come to mind when the DX listener tunes in KMOX, the Voice of St. Louis.

The station still is young although it is rather an old story now how Tom Convey, the managing director, brought it into being. He had a conviction that there should be a truly representative Radio broadcasting station with the sinews and blood of the thriving city in its composite. To speak with the Voice of St. Louis it must have the authority of those who do speak with the voice of St. Louis. He went about visiting the large business concerns and hammered this truth home to the big manufacturers and bankers.

He convinced them that he was right and welded sixteen of these firms into a unit to finance the institution in a way that they would not be ashamed to hear its voice on the air, speaking as the voice of the city. The enthusiasm, once the ball started rolling, was unbounded. It was hoped to have the station on the air in time to say "Merry Christmas," this last season.

Then came the old brick, that pernicious stumbling block over which many a hopeful young Radio station has stubbed its baby toe. There was no wave length. But Tom Convey had put in too many heart-breaking hours surmounting other difficulties to be overwhelmed at this obstacle. He found a powerful ally in Collin B. Kennedy, head of the Collin B. Kennedy Radio corporation of St. Louis. Together they journeyed down to Washington and stormed the ramparts of the secretary of commerce. Just what was said or done I do not know, only this, that they came marching home again victorious with a sure 'nuff wave length buckled up in their luggage and St. Louis got its voice.

The intended Christmas present to the people of St. Louis of a voice on the air was a trifle belated but none the less welcome when it did sing forth with a clarion call from the studio on the Hotel Mayfair.

(Continued on page 21)

Below are the famous Kimmel Kiddies who represent the children's Voice of St. Louis. The youngest is four and the oldest fifteen. They all sing collectively and individually. Some of them play musical instruments.



Rosita Forbes (above) relating some of her experiences through the KMOX microphone. She is an explorer and African lion hunter. Mrs. Frank Howard (right) mezzo-soprano, and Mrs. Mildred L. Kincaid (in circle), contralto. Both are regular entertainers who help vocalize St. Louis.



AS THE uses of Radio grow and expand, our interests grow and expand with them. We no longer are satisfied with the passing song and the chatter of the hour. There is a powerful fascination in bringing in the distant stations. They stir our thoughts. We like to imagine ourselves in the places where the voices originate. We dream of the city and wonder about it and the environment of the peoples who live there. This is a healthy curiosity. We are learning something. Our ears are open to the voices of these citizens. We enjoy the pride they feel in their communities and of the fine things their cities have done. It seems like unrealities becoming real. We always knew they were there, even if we had not traveled, and now we are almost like being there ourselves, right in the presence of the people who are broadcasting in the studio—and it isn't so far away after all.

Many people who never have seen the Mississippi river have heard the Voice of St. Louis, which is the Radio Station KMOX. To the people of the South it is a voice from the North, and from the North it is the voice of the South. This is equally true from the East and the West. But especially is it the voice of that vast area described by the St. Louis Globe-Democrat as the "Forty-



a STEP ON the STAIRS

CHAPTER SEVENTEEN

The Man in the Gray Coat

OPERATIVE Mitchell seemed little the worse for a two-hour incarceration in the cupboard. He was weakened a little and perspiring generously. But as he got up, shaky-kneed, from the floor and supported himself against the end of the table, his eyes appraised his surroundings with professional thoroughness.

"How did you get in there?" inquired Everett when the man had loosened his collar and slipped out of his heavy overcoat.

"Had to hide, Mr. Everett," Mitchell replied. "I ran into a storm on Pelican bay and so I didn't get over here as soon as I had expected. I got in through the front door—Carton told me how the trick latch worked—and I thought I'd have a clear field for investigation before they moved the party into this room. But they came in on me unexpectedly and I dived into the cupboard. The next thing I knew the door was locked and I was in a box. I didn't have room even to get out of my overcoat. All I could do was lift my feet up and down and tap out SOS."

"Did you hear all that went on in this room tonight?"

"I heard plenty of shrieking and screaming and cursing, if that's what you mean. Once I heard a pistol shot. But for a ring-side seat, my place at the party wasn't very good. I couldn't catch the plot of the piece at all. After I'd been sweated there for an hour or so I kind of lost interest anyway. If I hadn't been locked in I'd have quit the spirit tapping business and tried to kick out the panel. As it was I didn't know what might happen to me so I concluded I'd better stick tight for the finish."

During all his recital Mary Williams flushed a little and cast down her eyes. Attention taken from her as the detective was speaking came back to her suddenly as he finished.

"And you locked him in, young woman," Everett commented. "And just why did you do that?"

"I suppose it was impulse," the girl answered readily. "Just before dinner time I was standing near the cupboard and I saw the door open just a crack and close again. I caught just a fleeting glimpse of a gray overcoat and I remembered what Henry Mills, the caretaker, had said to Harl Singh about the man in the gray coat who came from the sea. It seemed to me that any man who had reason for hiding in a cupboard in this house had reason to stay there. So I slipped up and turned the key."

"YOU realize, of course, that you have wittingly or unwittingly obstructed a federal officer in the discharge of his duty?"

"I can't see that I have. If his duty was to hide himself in a cupboard I have helped him by insuring that he stayed right on the job."

"This is nothing to joke about, Miss Williams. You may have had the best of reasons for locking the cupboard door. But the circumstances are certainly suspicious. If you thought that this man had no right to be in this room why did you not tell Mr. Ardwyn of what you had done?"

"Some woman was working with these scoundrels all night," declared Aunt Helen Holmes with the air of a star witness. "If you should happen to ask me, all that row about her keepin' Henry Graves from gettin' out of this room has the look of a fallin' out among birds of a feather."

"You may have a chance to give your evidence a little later," stated Everett, with cold politeness. "I have asked Miss Williams a question."

"Well," said Mary Williams, "I'll tell you the truth. I didn't trust anybody in this house and that included Frederick Ardwyn. I thought his seance was going to be an elaborate hippodrome to cover up something. And so at first I decided to play my own hand alone. Later when I began to have some confidence in Mr. Ardwyn he had lost confidence in me . . . and so . . . Well, I just played the hand out."

"Well, lady," observed Mitchell, "another half hour and I'd have played my hand out, too. Next time you get set on childish pranks, lock me in a telephone booth where it's roomy and pleas-

By ROBERT J. CASEY

Radio Dramatization by FRED SMITH

Illustrations by HILMER C. OLSON



"Yes," returned Peleg Turner slowly. "I know that. But she did not commit that murder. I did it myself!"

ant. . . But tell me, where do you fit in this picture, anyway?"

"I am Mary Williams, distantly related to the Turners, and a guest in this house."

"It seems to me I've heard your voice oftener here tonight than anybody else's," Mitchell's air of levity had dropped from him and he was manifestly suspicious. "I agree with Mrs. Holmes that some woman was active—too active—in this room whenever these crooks started to work. I heard Ardwyn swear that a woman chewed his wrist just about the time somebody got away with the evidence that somebody else had just brought back from the broadcasting station where the fight occurred."

"There were two other women in the room at the time—even admitting for the sake of argument that Mr. Ardwyn might not have made a mistake in the dark."

"IT'S been my hunch since I got into this case that there would be a skirt in it somewhere. . . . Generally is in hop cases. . . . And I'll say without trying to get any prizes for telling what's wrong with this picture that for a distant relative and guest in a home you sure took a lot on yourself tonight."

"What do you mean?"

"Well, of course, as I say, I was cooped up in the cupboard and I couldn't see much. But I could hear a lot and it occurs to me that when anything was going on you were always looking for the double barreled alibi."

"Just what I said from the very first," broke in Aunt Helen Holmes approvingly. "My husband, dead and

gone these twenty years, always said that explanations was the weakness of the guilty."

"I have called your attention to the fact that there were two other women in this room," Mary Williams reminded the detective without paying any attention to the innuendo of Aunt Helen. "We may exclude Aunt Helen, who is the picture of righteousness. But before I am turned over to the inquisition I should like to suggest that you give a thought to the third lady—Miss Stanton. How she obtained an invitation to this seance I do not know. But I do know that she has no right to be here as a member of the family. I have seen her in Portsmouth. I have followed her here under suspicious circumstances, and I should think her story might be interesting."

Everett grinned.

"Miss Stanton," he said, "You have heard Miss Williams' accusation—or should I say implication? What have you to say about it?"

"I can say nothing that you do not know already, Mr. Everett," the red-haired girl replied. "But Miss Williams makes it plain that there are some things which should be said just to clear up the situation and save her from useless worry. Miss Williams, I shall admit that I am not a relative of the Turners—and I have every reason to thank heaven for it. I shall admit that I came here tonight under false pretenses, and further that I gained experiences that I had not bargained for."

"I am Hazel Stanton of the federal department of justice and I demand the arrest of Miss Mary Williams for the murder of Jeremiah Turner!"

CHAPTER EIGHTEEN

Back from the Grave

FOR a time there was silence. Mary Williams' face went white and she passed a drooping hand across her eyes. It seemed that she was going to faint and Ardwyn, Capt. Cass and Tolliver rushed forward to support her. But her weakness was only momentary. As if with great effort of will, she controlled herself and faced her accuser.

"I wish I had known of this before," she said. "But of course I had no hint—no warning."

"You flatter me, Miss Williams," Hazel Stanton told her. "I had not hoped that any little work would survive your critical eye."

"You have been charming at it, Miss Stanton," Mary Williams answered. "In every detail of poise, intelligence, and social comportment—the perfect policeman."

If Hazel Stanton caught a hint of irony in the compliment she gave no sign.

"Of course it didn't take so much intelligence to follow you through this," she said. "You are a pretty shrewd girl but you lack technique. . . . And now, most probably, you'll never get a chance to accuse one. . . . You left a wide trail."

"It grieves me to hear you say so."

"Oh don't be downhearted. Even the best of them slip up occasionally and I must say that your plan to put a smoke screen around me had the real professional touch. The only trouble with it, dearie, was that you should have tried to pin the crime on a detective. To get over your accusation against me you had to admit that you were in this neighborhood on the night of the murder. And that clinched the case."

"You are wonderful," breathed Mary Williams. "Thank heaven for trial by jury."

"And so it's all over and we can go home now," murmured Aunt Helen Holmes. "My poor dear husband, dead and gone these twenty years, always used to say that murder would out. He said it just that way. He said: 'Mark what I tell you, Nellie, murder will out.' And I for one am certainly glad that all these mysteries and shocks are over."

She interrupted her dissertation with a sudden shriek and fell back all atremble into the arms of Tolliver.

"WHAT'S the row?" demanded Everett a bit unnerved.

"The dead man," screamed Aunt Helen. "Peleg Turner. . . . Look at him. . . . He's opening his eyes."

"She's right," declared Captain Cass. "The corpse's eyes are opening."

"Well I'll be doggoned," commented Tolliver.

"His hand moved," reported Everett, who had leaned over the crumpled body. . . . "And his heart is beating. . . . He's not dead at all!"

A hollow spine-chilling groan came from the blue lips of Peleg Turner and then slowly the "dead" man sat up.

"You're not dead?" inquired Aunt Helen as if Peleg's disregard for the great convention of death was something that might never be forgiven. "You're not really dead?"

"No, Helen," replied Peleg, with another groan. "I'm not dead, although I feel as if I had been pretty close to it."

Everett assisted Mr. Turner, that these strangers here are federal officers," he said. "I think it is obvious that there should be some explanation of all this."

"I shall be glad to explain, sir," returned old Peleg with dignity. "It was to find some explanation that I played dead. It was for the same reason that I took a chance and came back to the house tonight."

"You didn't bring your brother Jeremiah with you, did you?" asked Everett.

"Jeremiah Turner is dead," said the old sea captain quietly. "I doubt the good taste in joking about it."

"Every man to his own idea," countered Everett. "Others of us might criticize the taste shown in a hoax that put twelve men and women in a night of terror and caused officers of the law to risk their lives on sea and on land."

I SHALL apologize for the hoax while explaining it. As for the fright my guests have received in my house, most of it was unforeseen. Before I went away I wrote and mailed to Frederick Ardwyn the memorandum which he read

(Continued on page 16)

\$500 in Gold!!!

FOR THE SOLUTION OF

"A STEP ON THE STAIRS"

Send
Your
Conclusion
Today

The Author's
Solution
Appears
Next Issue

YOU have read the next to the last installment of "A Step On the Stairs." Now write the solution. Tie the mysterious threads together in a logical conclusion and send your work to the Mystery Story Editor. Prizes totaling \$500 in gold await the best solutions.

You need not have writing experience to do this. Patience and imagination, aided by a careful reading of the past installments, are the important qualifications. Don't hesitate. Do it tonight. You may win a tidy sum which will help defray your summer vacation expenses.

THE PRIZES

The prizes are seventeen in number. First prize is \$250; second prize is \$100; third to seventeenth prizes inclusive, are \$10 each. In the event of a tie for any prize offered, a prize identical in all respects with that tied for will be awarded to each tying contestant.

HOW TO WIN A PRIZE

Nine installments of Mr. Casey's story have been published consecu-

tively each issue. The first appeared in the February 27 issue. His tenth and final installment will not appear until the prize winning solutions have been selected by the judges. The solution nearest correct, that is, nearest to unraveling the mystery accurately, will win. The method of preparing the solution—its neatness, legibility, etc.—shall be considered.

RULES OF CONTEST

1. Solutions must be received not later than midnight of Saturday, May 1. The ninth installment of the story appears in this issue. The author's intended and final chapter will appear next issue, and the announcement of the winners' names will be made in the May 15 issue of Radio Digest.

2. The contest is open to everyone except employees of Radio Digest and their families.

3. Contestants pay no fee and need not be subscribers to Radio Digest. Solutions, however, must be written upon one side of paper.

4. The decision of the judges will be final.

"A STEP ON THE STAIRS"

(Continued from page 7)

here tonight. As I said over the Radio, I hoped by collecting together the persons whom I suspected of having had a hand in the murder of my brother, I might produce a situation which would lead the killer to betray his hand. I had tapped the land line to Station FYX and hoped to get my message onto the air in the full between the time when they turn on their power and the time when the Portsmouth studio concert begins. But in the woods I ran into Teufel coming up from the bay. I suppose he was on his way here to warn his fellow crooks that the federal government was about to make a raid and that he mistook me for one of the narcotic squad. I had to make a run for it through the station and Teufel took a shot or two at me. He wounded an engineer.

"You dropped a letter as you went out through the battery shed."

"Yes—what of it?"

"Why should anyone wish to steal that letter?"

"I don't know, I'm sure. There was nothing in it. Of course it was written by John Carton in his own handwriting and it is possible. . . I am merely making the suggestion. . . That someone might have taken it to shield John."

"How do we know there was nothing of importance in that letter?"

"I can vouch for that," said Mary Williams. "Here is the letter." And as she spoke she drew it from beneath her waist and gravely handed it to Everett. The federal investigator gave her a quick look but returned without comment to his questioning of Peleg Turner.

"What did you do after the shooting?" he inquired.

"I came here," Peleg answered. "I hoped to get through this room somehow into some other part of the house. Teufel had given me a flesh wound and it was bleeding too much for comfort. But the crowd had been too much stirred up. I had to go out suddenly and I left my shoes behind me. Then I stole in again when I was half frozen and ran into somebody in the dark. After that I went back to the place where I had tapped the telephone line of Station FYX and sent my message as I had planned to do."

"YOU realize, of course, that you have laid yourself open to grave suspicion of having been accessory to the crimes of the cocaine smugglers who made your house their headquarters?"

"Yes. I am free to confess that. Perhaps I have acted foolishly. But the circumstances were peculiar. When trouble came to my house I did not know which way to turn. As you know I have followed the sea. I was seldom in Pelican Bay and that is why I turned over the house to my brother Jeremiah. I expected to be gone a long time—probably five years."

"Why did you come back ahead of schedule?"

"Hari Singh got a message to me at Port Said. He had just come back to the service of the family after a long

absence and he said that there were things going on around Pelican Bay that I ought to have a look at. So I came home."

"Whom do you suspect of having killed your brother?"

"I have no reason to suspect anyone." "You probably were conscious enough to hear the accusations made against Mary Williams. You know that we have evidence—her own confession—that she was in or near this house on the night when the shot was fired. You know that she stands charged with murder?"

"Yes," returned Peleg Turner slowly. "I know that. But she did not commit that murder. I did it myself!"

But after all, DID Peleg commit the murder? He says so, yet he contradicts his former statement in which he gives his reasons for assembling the dozen people in his hut room. Just why did Hari Singh call Peleg back from Port Said, and what does the Hindu know that we do not? Send in your solution by May 1.

"BIG RABBIT"

(Continued from page 5)

names on the paper. No one knows who the men were.

"Then Gaskill probably goes to New York when he disappears."

"I don't know. Might have been. Part was in checks against Atlanta, Charleston, Jacksonville, and Mobile banks. The only person we have been able to locate was Solomon Trimble. Previous to Gaskill's disappearance, Si Trimble, A. King, and Solomon Trimble appear—on paper. They also appear, as names, when he settles."

"I gather none of them has deposited in any Atlanta banks since Major Gaskill disappeared this time."

"No, but I know who, what and where Trimble is."

"Who is he?"

"You'll see him. He's the yellow buck nigger who guards Gaskill's house during his attacks of gout. He isn't there at any other times."

"You didn't connect Trimble with Major Gaskill previously?"

"No, not until we traced the securities."

"You think, then, Major Gaskill makes the deposits in the names of negroes or others to prevent tracing the funds?"

"Yes," snapped the little man rather sharply. "Now you know as much as I do. I'll explain why I chose you as the man to help me. Do you remember that two weeks ago last Tuesday you pulled a little white dog from under an automobile and returned it to a young woman?"

I stared at the little banker in astonishment. He must have observed the effect of his question, as he said "Humph" with much meaning.

DID I remember? From the moment I had mumbled a few incoherent words and handed the yipping little beast to its owner, the memory of the girl had obsessed me. I had been consciously or unconsciously looking for her in the shopping throngs every afternoon. I had found myself watching every auto-

mobile that passed, hoping to catch a glimpse of her. But how did Kincaid know?

I had been hurrying along the street when I heard a woman give a little scream. I saw the white puppy run in front of a slowly moving car. I jumped into the street, grabbed the ugly little beast, and stepped back to the sidewalk. As I lifted my hat and started to give the animal back to its owner, I raised my eyes and saw her. I stood staring at her. I am certain my lower jaw dropped. I handed her my hat instead of the dog. Then she laughed, just a little ripple, and thanked me. I managed to mumble some reply. I stood until she entered the waiting machine, then walked three blocks before I remembered to put on my hat. From that moment I had been dreaming of her both asleep and awake.

There isn't any use attempting to describe her. She was the daintiest, prettiest little piece of work in the world. She was gowned all in black, of some soft material that fitted her lithe, slender form closely. A small black toque surmounted the heavy mass of dark hair which framed the most exquisite face I ever had seen. Had I forgotten her?

"Humph!" repeated Mr. Kincaid, rousing me from my bewildered reverie. "Humph, I see you haven't forgotten."

"No, sir," I stammered, feeling my face flush under the close scrutiny of the banker. "I, ah, recall the incident."

"Humph!" repeated Kincaid more significantly as he watched my confusion. "Well, Lindsay, that was a lucky dog for us. I gave you the job, and it will give you some start in this case."

"How?" I inquired, astonished.

"THE dog belonged to Miss Tonneson, Major Gaskill's ward," he replied.

My heart gave a great leap of hope. I knew who she was. I would see her again.

"She has been looking for you ever since," the little man continued, smiling grimly. "It will give you an excuse to get into the house and talk with her. I'm afraid she isn't permitted to leave the house or to communicate with anyone because of, we shall say, the Major's gout. I've tried to talk to her on the phone without success."

"But," I protested, "I can't go to the young lady and tell her I've come to be there for an act that didn't amount to anything anyhow."

"Young man," snorted Mr. Kincaid, leaning forward and shaking his finger at me, "this is no time to let foolish pride interfere. You're working for me. Also, you're working for that girl. Don't forget it may mean her fortune. You'll serve her best by doing what I say."

His voice had become harsh and stern, the voice of a man accustomed to dealing determinedly with men and matters. "I'll go," I said hastily, and as I arose Mr. Kincaid smiled a little wryly.

"Don't let her turn your head," he ordered. "She's the worst little flirt in Atlanta. Don't let her make you forget what you're to do. Cash this as you go out. Don't make any reports of progress. The only report I want is that you've found him. Good day."

CHAPTER III

In the Mansion of Mystery

FIVE minutes later I was rushing up Peachtree street with a thousand dollars in bills of hundy denominations stowed into four different pockets. I was eager to attack the maze of mystery which had been unfolded to me by Mr. Kincaid. I cooled down somewhat after astounding the shoppers for five blocks by my reckless career along the sidewalk. Realizing that I had been bumping my way through the throng, heedless of others, and leaving a wake of angry, spluttering people who resented my method of progress, I walked more sedately, trying to revolve and fix in my mind the incidents of the odd case, and to outline some plan of action. Determining first of all to consult Borton, I looked at my watch, and, finding it was a few minutes past three, I caught a car and hastened to our apartments. Borton had completed the packing of his trunk and was propped up in bed reading an agricultural department report on the boll weevil. Borton always was farming even at the corner of Forty-second street and Broadway. I tossed a package containing \$500 to him.

"That's your share of the retainer," I remarked carelessly.

"Did you give him gas or merely shoot him?" inquired Dick as he counted the bills.

I laughed, and, sitting on the edge of the bed summarized the facts of the case as briefly as possible. Before I had talked two minutes, Borton had tossed the boll weevil report on the floor and was sitting up. His quiet nods of appreciation showed that he was deeply interested, and

that he was rapidly assimilating the facts. It was not until I had completed the array of facts and he had shaken his mop of unmanageable hair back from his forehead, that he spoke.

"I'm in, Wen," he said soberly. "It looks bigger than I thought. Every angle of it makes it look worse. We oughtn't to lose a minute. You telephone the Major's house right away. Whoever answers the phone, you must say that you are the man who saved Miss Tonneson's pup and that you understand she desires to see you. Say you'll be up at four o'clock. She will not answer the phone herself but that is all the better."

"I feel like a mucker for doing it," I grumbled.

"Meantime," he went on, "I'm going to slope up that way and get a look at that ducky. I have an idea I'll come to the back door about the time you get in the front."

I HAD seen Borton in pursuit of big newspaper stories. Once on the trail he is indefatigable. He started to unpack his trunk in great haste, throwing things over the room like a dog digging for a woodchuck. Finally he emerged from the tumbled mass of garments holding his day-off suit; so he called the disreputable clothing he wore on his infrequent holidays tramping in the country.

A voice, decidedly strong in negro accent, although the stilted words showed some education, responded to my call.

"May I speak to Miss Tonneson?" I inquired.

"Who is this addressing me?" asked the voice, loftily.

"I do not know that Miss Tonneson knows my name," I responded suavely, although stung by the insolence of the tone. "Tell her, please, that the man who was so fortunate as to rescue her dog has been informed she wishes to see him and will call at four o'clock if it is convenient to her."

"Miss Bob will see you," the man responded without even the pretense of consulting her wishes. "She has been desiring to meet you acquaintance."

"Although it was but a trivial thing I did, still I shall be delighted to receive the thanks of so charming a young lady." I answered, purposely burlesquing the rather florid style of some young Southerners. "Please inform her Mr. Wyeth will call." I added, taking the first name that flashed into my mind.

"I shall inform her, Mr. Wyeth," the voice returned.

"And to whom am I indebted for this favor?" I inquired, again with purposely exaggerated politeness.

"Mr. Trimble, at your service," he responded, verifying my suspicions.

"Well and cleverly done, old man," laughed Borton as I hung up the receiver. "You ought to make your home down here. You hit our line of con talk exactly."

"It was that man Trimble talking," I responded, rather heatedly. "I found out this much: That he is fresh and about half educated. At times he speaks well and uses high sounding words, but he forgets and drops back into dialect. He's feeling his oats for some reason and it is evident that he is guarding Miss Tonneson. He didn't even ask her whether she'd see me or not."

"Now, Wennie," cautioned Borton with his most exasperating tone and grin, "don't fuss yourself up because there's a skirt in it. You stay here and doll up for just thirty minutes. I'm going to trot out and get a look at Trimble. I'll send a taxi here at ten minutes to four."

I CONFESS that I spent more time arraying myself for that call than I have in many years for any occasion. My wardrobe seemed ridiculously shabby. I appropriated Dick's best scarf and pin, and later he libelously claimed that I used his best shirt to polish my shoes. I would have taken his afternoon long clothes, relics of more prosperous days, but Dick's safety from invasion in that line of wardrobe lay in the fact that he is about five inches taller than I am and several inches broader.

At length I was satisfied. I transferred my newly acquired wealth to my pockets and fretted for ten minutes waiting for the taxi. I was as nervous and excited as a debutante at her introduction to society. The thought of seeing the girl whose face had mingled with my dreams and of talking with her upset me entirely. It was something of a relief to hear the motor whirring at the door and to find myself spinning up Peachtree toward the mansion of Major Gaskill.

The cab rolled up to the door of a pretentious brick and stone mansion set far back from the beautiful boulevard in a smooth, well-groomed lawn. As I ascended the flight of stone steps leading to the colonial porch, the wide front doors opened and I saw before me perhaps the most magnificent physical animal I had ever beheld. Even before he spoke I knew he was Trimble. He was six feet two or three inches tall, and his little movements reminded me of a black panther. He was

(Continued on page 20)

AN EVENING AT HOME WITH THE LISTENER IN CENTRAL TIME.

Table with columns: Call, Location, Met., Saturday, Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday. Lists various radio stations and their broadcast times.

STATIONS IN ORDER OF WAVE LENGTHS

Table with columns: Meters, Call, Meters, Call, Meters, Call, Meters, Call, Meters, Call. Lists stations ordered by wavelength.

SHORT WAVES

By Marcella

(Continued from page 8) 5 feet, 3 inches tall, weighs 115 pounds, and is a cartoonist for the Chicago Post...

PLANNING SPACE TIME

(Continued from page 8)

Time may be saved by changing the method of preparation of the food so as to save utensils and work. Drop biscuits or emergency biscuit which can be made up more quickly than rolled biscuit is a good example.

PLANNING SPACE TIME

(Continued from page 8)

If you have a hot oven, many vegetables may be heated with butter or cream in the oven, where they do not require as much attention as if they were heated on top of the stove.

PLANNING SPACE TIME

(Continued from page 8)

I am indebted greatly to a well-known Radio announcer, who wishes me to keep his name a secret, for the following information regarding Mac Chran, which is authentic. Mac, the sartorial treat of Radio, has sung his way into the hearts of thousands of listeners from practically every station in the Middle West.

educated and, at the time he entered Radio, he was launched in the insurance business. He finally deserted insurance for songland and is now one of Chicago's favorites. Mac is not related to Phil Ohman, of which he says, "It is just too bad for me" Mac is a treat to the eye as he wears his fine foot seven into the studio, pulling his gay yellow spotted feet after him. Effervescing youth and ambition, he is always going elsewhere or coming back, and to hold conversation with him, one has to catch him in a corner. At present he is all enthusiastic over his latest song composition, "Maytime and You," which shortly will be released.

What deep secret would you like to know about your favorite broadcast star? Drop me a note, girls and boys, and I'll do my best to answer here. MARCELLA.

PLANNING SPACE TIME

(Continued from page 8)

Time may be saved by changing the method of preparation of the food so as to save utensils and work. Drop biscuits or emergency biscuit which can be made up more quickly than rolled biscuit is a good example. It takes less time to drop the biscuits than to roll and cut them, and you do not have the board and rolling pin to wash.

If you have a hot oven, many vegetables may be heated with butter or cream in the oven, where they do not require as much attention as if they were heated on top of the stove. Furthermore, they can be left in the oven until the last minute and so be piping hot to serve.

Breakfast is usually a hurried meal, but may be prepared with greater ease if careful plans are made the night before.

If the cereal is partially cooked the night before, it is not only more thoroughly cooked but time is saved in the morning.

We are all interested in making dishwashing easier. That is one job that any housekeeper would be glad to eliminate entirely. Have you learned that it is much easier to scrape and sort the dishes and place them in piles near the dish pan? The dishes are well scraped and perhaps even rinsed the time required for washing is lessened considerably.

It seems unnecessary to tell you that you would save a lot of time and work if you watch the food that is cooking, so that it does not burn or cook down dry in the pans. Such carelessness not only wastes food, but is poor housekeeping because you have to spend so much time scouring and scraping the burned utensils.

Any plan which serves as a short cut for the family of two may be useless in a family of twelve and vice versa. Likewise, one woman's plan for making work easier may make it more difficult for her neighbor. Each homemaker must work out her own individual problems.

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Announcing Is Disappearing

MORE than half of the mail received by the editor from readers consists in complaints that so-and-so isn't announcing their station sufficiently; that last night the program rolled on merrily for forty-five minutes before the identity of the broadcaster was made known. With such letters to form the basis for an editorial, it might seem logical that we should get behind the "lax" stations and prod their announcers with a few suggestions.

But we shall not.

In the majority of cases reported by listeners, the stations complained of were broadcasting continuity presentations whose illusions would have been severely and damagingly ruined had the call letters or other identifying phrases been broken in ever so often. We like these presentations when they are good. They are very entertaining when well planned, and one does not feel like shifting the dials around, once a good continuity program has been found.

So why announce the station every fifteen minutes or so?

Old-fashioned ideas regarding what constitutes a high quality broadcast program and modern thought in this direction do not coincide. The method of building programs has been and still is undergoing a great revolution. The shout for variety, variety and more variety, which was heard so often during the first several years of broadcasting, is being replaced by the call for better and bigger continuity presentations.

The complaining letters from fans, we feel, will gradually taper off to none as these listeners learn to like and appreciate a good continuity program. Of course, the presentation will probably not make itself felt so strongly among the lower power and less important broadcasters. It will be too costly for such stations to handle.

These stations, then will continue to announce every fifteen minutes or so, and thus satisfy, perhaps, the announcement fans who twist the dials from zero to one hundred unceasingly in the effort to hear some voice say, "This is Station BLAH, at Umptyumpty."

Announcing is disappearing from the select wave bands, and the invisible audience might well develop and change its tastes along with the rapid progress of the continuity presentation.

Slandering Over the Microphone

WBBM, Chicago station, much of whose time was leased to the North Side Realty company, recently made the headlines. The North Side Realty company announcer, in a cabaret where music was being picked up, unwisely told his listeners that State's Attorney Robert E. Crowe and Charles Barrett, co-workers in politics, were sitting at a front table in the cabaret.

Mr. Crowe was listening in at home to WBBM, heard the charges, caused a raid to be made on the cabaret and arrested the announcer. The state's attorney objected to the radio slander and punished it. The Stewart-Warner company as a result has cancelled its sublease to the North Side Realty company.

It does not pay to make a mistake or a lie over the microphone.

Roumania's Radio Troubles

HOW would American fans like to live in Roumania under existing conditions? Truly the hand of officialdom has pressed very hard upon the listener in that country. A bill has been put before the Roumanian parliament which prescribes that listeners must not only apply in person for a receiving license, but in addition to this they must also bring with them their baptismal certificate.

Further, this has to be accompanied by a reference from some responsible religious leader who shall certify to the good moral character of the applicant. The licenses are issued for one year only, and the costs of several inspectors' visits will have to be met before the apparatus may be touched. It is reported that broadcasting is not doing any too well.

RADIO INDI-GEST

Like Father—Like Son
"Son, I'd hate to think you're lying—
Didn't think my boy would lie!
But I don't think you got Cuba—
Look me right straight in the eye!
Tell me, now, did you get Cuba?
Are you sure 'twas Cuba, son?
Or did you just say it was Cuba—
When it was some other one?"

"Oh, you didn't hear him say so?
But you're pretty sure at that?
Son, our set won't get that distance—
You're just talking through your bat!
You exaggerate a whole lot!
Cut it out, son—cut it out!
Never say things 'till you're dead sure
You know what you're talkin' 'bout!"

AT THE OFFICE NEXT DAY:

"Well, Ed, we got Cuba last night!
—On that little set we've got!
Heard them plain as you could want to—
Say, their music sure was hot!"

CHARLES ALLEN BRNHAM

How He Could Sing

I listened to his sweet voice . . . over the Radio . . .
Oh Boy how I fell for him . . . No one can ever know . . .
Each time his voice . . . Came over the air . . .
I'd tune in just to catch . . . The accents of his soulful tones . . .
I had hoped to make a match . . .
But I have learned my lesson . . . I saw him one bright day . . .
I gazed upon his features . . .
And, well . . . He HAS got a lovely voice.
HAPPY

Franque's Filofoce

It's a Wise Station That Knows Its Own Wave Length.

Alma Mater

Here's to you—Old Indi, and the Drummer and George,
Also The Third Trombone,
And the Night Herd too, and the rest of your crew
That through the ether roam.
The stuff that you give us has pep and a kick—
It's He-Man stuff with a wow.
But by the shades of St. Pat, and the likes of all that,
Watenell are we coming to now?
With "Short Wave Marcella" and all of her bunk
And Betty giving the rule.
For flap jacks real flat and as black as your hat
Ye Gods . . . Is it cooking school?

OLD KING TUTT

Cause and Effect

Dear Indi: Please include Lot's wife in the Famous Fans club, because her "impulse" led her to be "detected" and "transformed."



"A FLOP ON THE STAIRS"

by THE THIRD TROMBONE PLAYER

Final Episode—The Fatal Leap

Synopsis—Albert Hoskins, a Radio dealer who made a million dollars through modest claims for his sets, has just paid the state of Wisconsin corporation tax and is wandering penniless down the railroad tracks. Be brave, go ahead.

HARK! What was that?

The scream of a woman in deadly fear wafted to Albert's ears. He rushed to the depot from whence the scream had come and looked in the window.

A Radio set was to be seen . . . And again that scream . . . It came from the loud speaker.

Merely the howl from some darn regenerative set. Only that and nothing more. And this was what caused all the trouble related to in the previous installments of this stirring serial.

Moral: Don't cause your set to howl. Then I won't write any serials any more.



Bedtime Rhymes

Twinkle, twinkle, little wave,
How I wish you would behave.
In the open where you are,
You WILL carry squeaks that jar.

JEAN McMICHAEL

Let's Hash This Over

Dear Indi: Last week Betty Crocker said that Meat Pie was an interesting dish. Who ever heard of a mystery containing an element of chance being uninteresting?

Yeh, but what if you haven't got a chance?

Sailor Beware

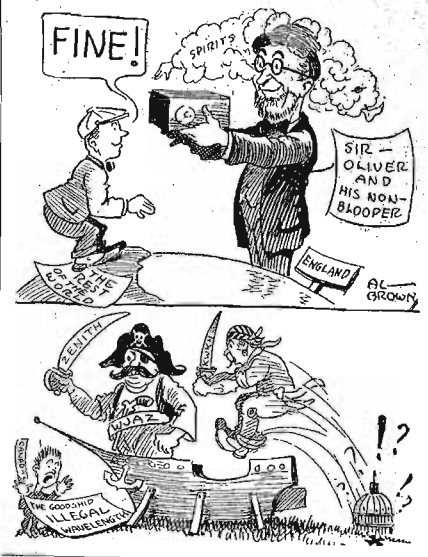
Dear Indi: I have recently purchased a tract of the Land of Youth, in common parlance, Florida, and would like to have you give me a recipe for an under-water aerial.

JAZBO

Sneak over and swipe a piece of the Atlantic cable and use this lengthwise. On both ends, equidistant from the center and each other, fasten two periscopes parallel to the ground wire. Even with this arrangement some of your programs may be drowned out, but the guy that sold you the land should convince you it is all right.

INDI

News of the Week



Condensed

BY DIELECTRIC

It is rather an imposing spectacle to view several hundred or a thousand singers on an auditorium stage, and thrilling to listen to their combined efforts. Broadcasting an oratorio robs us of the "sight" though not of its musical value. The oratorio of "The Messiah" was presented through Station WDAF, Kansas City, leaving those in the Radio audience impressed with having heard a sacred composition ably sung by choirs of balanced voices. Other oratorios might well be sung.

From the broadcasting studio of the New Arlington hotel in Hot Springs, Ark., come some of the most pleasing dance programs. That listened to recently was rendered by orchestra men under the spell of their own playing, who seemed to enjoy every minute of their work. Dr. Spaeth is said to have expressed a conviction that jazz would serve as the nucleus of real American folk music. Maybe so. Most are agreed that it will not continue in its present barbaric form at least. The program referred to was not of the extreme character.

Station WTAM, Cleveland, offered to its listeners recently a group of light opera selections which carried us back some twenty years to find they had not died musically at all—merely the public looks for something new all the time. The choruses were of a robust temperament, entering into their singing with zeal as though the numbers were quite up-to-date. Equally enjoyable was the singing of the soloists selected for the occasion. Not all that is old is trivial.

The appearance simultaneously of two American artists on the Atwater Kent program series had much to do with impressing your reviewer with the character of talent developed in the United States. Helen Stanley divided an excellent concert with Richard Bonelli and the diction of each was notably good. Miss Stanley showed her versatility, mature artistry and flexible voice to advantage in the songs chosen, while Mr. Bonelli's rich baritone shown to equal advantage in operatic or concert numbers.

Station KDKA, Pittsburgh, and a Teaberry chewing gum concert. This particular one was well above the average gum singing. For instance, the basso sang numbers calling for a range of voice that took him to fathoming the depths, while at the same time demanding intelligent expression to insure interest. A quartet's singing of "Now the Day Is Over" verified the announcement of each of the four being members of church choirs. A varied style of composition was evident throughout their work.

No doubt there were many in the Radio audience tuned to Station KOA, Denver, who enjoyed the Mikado male quartet in a concert of old numbers. They opened their part of the program with that familiar song, "Old Black Joe," but with an arrangement of it far more acceptable than ordinarily heard. Other numbers were given with equal attraction. If the four voices were not well harmonized, it is unlikely that feature detracted much—or at all—from the concert.

Station WGN, Chicago, is responsible for the broadcasting of a very good presentation of Gaudi's "Holy Grail" by a choir in which the male voices shown to better advantage. It is a work entailing the singing of sustained passages, which is not always successfully accomplished, and the fact of their doing this well deserves special mention. In addition, I wish to pay a compliment to the quality of voice and its control by the contralto soloist of the choir. A distinct feature.

Super-Torodyne: An Improved 8-Tube Super

Part III—Below Sub Panel Assembly and Wiring

By J. E. Owen, Univ. of Okla.

IT IS rather easy to understand why Formica was also chosen for the sub panel, when one goes over the complete wiring directions and notes there is much apparatus for it to support. It is impossible to cover all the wiring in this article, but all except that which is asso-

CORRECTION

In the first article on the construction of the Super-Torodyne, the Jefferson audio transformers were listed through error as Type AL 2 Shielded. The listing should have read: Type AL Sealed.

ciated with the Victoreen intermediates and binding post panel, will be given.

Each Amperite will be numbered according to the tube with which it is electrically associated. That is, Amperite No. 1 controls the filament current of the tube in socket No. 1 (see figure 7). The mounting directions for the Amperites will be given with the view from the front panel and from the top. The left mounting screw of tube socket No. 1 extends through the sub panel far enough to go through the mounting hole of Amperite No. 1, a tap then holding the Amperite in place. All Amperites except No. 2 are turned crosswise of the sub panel, that is, pointing towards the back and front. No. 2 is turned almost lengthwise of the sub panel, as is seen from figure 7. Each of the Amperites are held in place by the

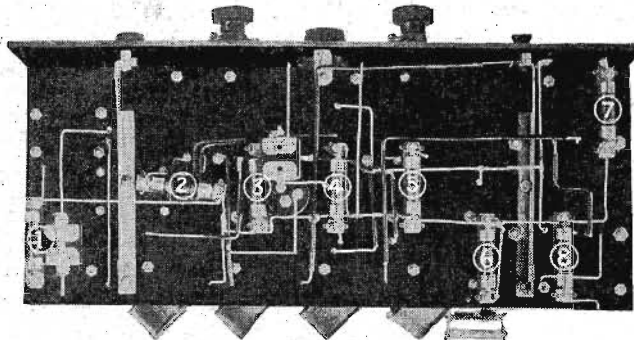


Figure 7

the circuit to be wired is the negative filament leads.

First operation: Run a wire from the front of Amperite No. 1 to the right of Amperite No. 2, then to the back of Amperite No. 3, and to the back of Amperite No. 5 (passing under the cartridge of Amperite No. 4), then to the front of Amperite No. 8 and to the back of Amperite No. 7.

Second: Run a wire from the front of Amperite No. 4 to the negative filament bus wire and solder it. Third: Run a wire from the back of Amperite No. 6 and solder to the negative filament bus. This connects the negative filament bus to each of the Amperites.

Fourth: Run a wire from the back of Amperite No. 1 around the end of the sub panel to the negative post on socket No. 1. Fifth: Drill a hole between the two connection screws on the left Tobe fixed condenser, running a wire from the left of Amperite No. 2 through this hole to the negative post on socket No. 2. Sixth: Drill a hole to the right of the front of Amperite No. 3, running a wire from the front of Amperite No. 3 up through this hole to the negative post on socket No. 3. Seventh: Drill through the sub panel just back of Amperite No. 4, running a wire from the back of this Amperite up through and to the positive post on socket No. 4. Notice that the positive post on socket No. 4 is used for the negative post.

Eighth: Drill a hole to the right of the front of Amperite No. 5 and run a wire from the front of Amperite No. 5 to the negative post on socket No. 5. Ninth: Drill just to the right and at the front of Amperite No. 6. Be careful that the drill does not strike the socket or the Jefferson transformer. Run a wire from the front of Amperite No. 6 through this hole to the negative filament post on socket No. 6. Tenth: A wire may now be connected between the back of Amperite No. 8 with the negative post on socket No. 8, and another from the front of Amperite No. 7 to the post marked positive on socket No. 7.

Positive Filament Circuit

We will now wire the positive portion of the filament circuit. Eleven: Drill to the right of left sub panel bracket and about 1 1/2 inches to the right of the positive post on socket No. 1. Run a piece of wire approximately 19 inches in length, through this hole, and fasten to the positive post on socket No. 1. Bend this wire, or positive bus, in such a manner that it extends to the right under the sub panel. Slip over this wire a 3 or 4-inch piece of spaghetti. Bend the bus toward the front at a point from the left end about even with the right mounting screw of socket No. 2.

Twelve: Drill a hole in the sub panel in front of the positive post on socket No. 2. Just below this point, bend the positive bus to the right and slip on a 1 1/2-inch length of spaghetti. Now run a short wire down through this hole and solder it to the positive bus. The other end goes to the positive post on socket No. 2. The point that this wire is soldered to is between the two pieces of spaghetti.

Thirteen: Just in front of the positive post on socket No. 3, drill another hole. Run a wire through this connecting the positive post on socket No. 3 with the positive bus. Slip on this bus a 2-inch piece of spaghetti. This positive bus runs under the cartridges of Amperites Nos. 3, 4, and 5.

Fourteen: Drill a hole just back of the negative post on socket No. 4. Run a wire from the negative post on socket No. 4 through this hole just drilled. Place a 1 1/2-inch piece of spaghetti over it and solder the end to the positive bus. Fifteen: Drill a hole to the right of the positive post of socket No. 5, running a wire

from this post through the hole, soldering to the positive bus. Sixteen: Drill a hole in front of the positive post on socket No. 6, between the socket and the Jefferson transformers. Run a wire from the positive post on socket No. 8 to the corresponding post on socket No. 6, then down through this hole toward the front and up between the front and sub panel, connecting it to the negative post on socket No. 7. Now cut the positive bus off to a suitable length and solder it to the wire we have just connected to the filament posts of sockets Nos. 6, 7, and 8.

between the sub panel and the terminals on the condensers in order that there will be no strain on the condenser terminals when the screw is tightened.

Eighteen: Drill a hole through the sub panel just back of the +B binding post on the left toroid coil. Run a wire from this binding post through the hole and down to the negative bus and solder.

On the frame of the Hammarlund condenser that is on the left, there are two holes that are intended for base mounting. Through the hole to the front, run a 3/8-inch machine screw. Using this as a connection to the rotor, run a wire from it down to the rotor connection on the midget condenser, and then bend it toward the back, connecting it to the binding post marked F on the left toroid. Nineteen: To the right of the post marked G on the left toroid, drill a hole through the sub panel. Run a wire from the front of the fixed grid condenser, mounted just under socket No. 1, straight toward the front, then bend it toward the right and bring it up through this hole just drilled. It must now connect with the terminal marked G on the left toroid and then, bending to the right, with the stator connection on the left Hammarlund condenser. Neither of these wires should interfere with the turning of the rotor of the midget condenser. Twenty: Drill a hole back of socket No. 1 and bring through it a wire connecting the other terminal of the grid condenser with the post on socket No. 1 marked G.

Twenty-one: Drill a hole to the right of the post on the left toroid marked F.

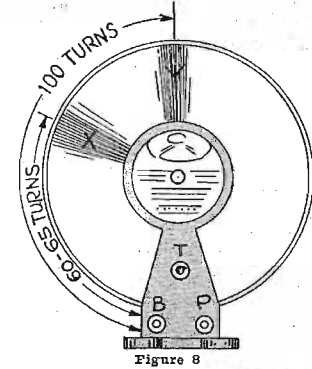


Figure 8

left mounting screws of their respective sockets except No. 7, it being held in place by the right mounting screw.

The grid condenser of the first detector is held in position by a machine screw that passes through the sub panel. The hole for this screw must be drilled through the round opening in the center of the tube socket No. 1. A similar hole drilled through the opening in the center of socket No. 2 allows a machine screw to hold in place the Bremer-Tully radio frequency choke, as may be seen in figure 7.

Have Condensers Clear

Single hole mounting was specified in the second article for the large Hammarlund condensers. Turn the dials to zero; that is, open the condensers to a minimum capacity, and note whether or not the rotors of these condensers clear the sub panel. Just below the potentiometer there is a hole in the front panel. A small brass angle fastened to the front panel at the hole on the inside and below the sub panel provides a means of adjusting the position of the sub panel in order that the condenser rotors will clear throughout their entire range. Drill a hole in the sub panel for a means of fastening the sub panel to the angle. It may be necessary to bend the angle slightly in order to get the right position of the sub-panel (figure 7). When the condensers are turned to a position of minimum capacity, the rotors may touch one of the Tobe condensers. If this happens, the condenser frame may be rotated in order to clear the Tobe condenser at all positions of the plates.

We are now ready to begin the wiring. Remove the Victoreen transformers, the binding post strip with its brackets, and the second, or oscillator toroid coil. The wiring diagram of figure 2, April 10 issue, will be followed, assuming the use of UX120 tubes in both audio stages. It is necessary to modify the wiring of the audio amplifier somewhat if a UX199 tube is to be used in the first audio stage. A UX120, however, enables the set to give remarkably pure tones at almost excessive volume, and without excessive B battery consumption. The first part of

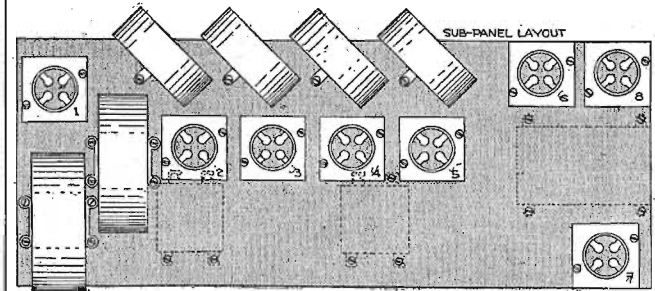


Figure 9

This completes the filament circuits for all tubes.

Use Washers or Taps

Seventeen: Under the sub panel run a wire from the screw, connecting the right terminal of the Tobe fixed condenser under the right Hammarlund condenser, to the negative bus about 2 inches back of it. Similarly, run a wire covered with spaghetti from the left terminal of the Tobe condenser under the cartridge of Amperite No. 2 and solder to the negative bus. Incidentally, the screws giving a connection to the terminals of the Tobe condensers should have washers or a tap

Bring a wire through this from the stator on the midget condenser. Drill a hole to the right of the post marked P on socket No. 1 and bring the wire up through this hole. Cut it off about 1 inch above the sub panel. The connection here will be made later.

Place Second Toroid

We may now place the second toroid on the sub panel. Twenty-two: On the first, or left toroid, and on its left side, select a wire at the point denoted in figure 8 by X.

(Continued on next page)



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WOAW AIDS FRIENDSHIP

(Continued from page 5)

This view of figure 3 is seen when one of the toroid coils is viewed from the left end of the receiver. From this wire scrape the insulation, in order that we may later solder to it. Rosin core solder, or its equivalent, must be used. Twenty-three: Run a wire from the P post on the right toroid coil straight to the left and then bend it up to the wire on the toroid coil we have just scraped. Solder it here. The second toroid coil must be tapped at the point marked Y in figure 3. Twenty-four: Solder a wire at this point and run it down to the post marked B+ on this toroid. Drill a hole to the left of this post and run a wire from it through the hole and solder to the negative lead just below it.

Twenty-five: Drill two holes to the right of the posts on the second toroid such that they will pass just back of Amperite No. 2. Drill two more holes close together just in front of Amperite No. 4, running an insulated wire from the second toroid post marked F to the rotor of the second .000375 condenser, and, similarly, one from the post marked G to the stator of this condenser, these two wires passing through the holes just drilled. A connection is made to the rotor here just as it was to the rotor of the other condenser, except it is made to the rear base mounting hole in place of the one near the front.

Twenty-six: Drill a hole to the left of Amperite No. 4, about even with the mounting screw, and run a wire from the post marked P on socket No. 4 through this hole to one of the screws on the Bremer-Tully choke. Slightly ream one of the holes in the mounting or soldering flanges of the 006 Dubilier condenser and place it on the screw before the wire from the plate of socket No. 4 is put in place. Now tighten the tap on the screw, using a very thin tap instead of the one furnished with the choke. Cut back part of the spaghetti on the wire that goes from G on the second toroid to the stator of the second .000375 condenser, and solder a wire here and to the free end of the .006 condenser. If the taps that are furnished with the choke are used, they will not clear the bottom of the cabinet, but there will be no danger if thin taps are used and the connecting screws cut off close to the taps.

Remove the screw from the second condenser that holds the pigtail support, or stake, in position, and discard the washer. In its place attach a wire that runs down to the post marked G on socket No. 4. Tighten the screw, taking care that the pigtail is not injured or bent.

Two wires are run between the front panel and the sub panel from the two resistance terminals of the potentiometer to the negative and positive filament leads, respectively. Twenty-seven: Drill a hole beneath the binding post marked P on the lower Jefferson transformer. Run a wire from this post through this hole and under the cartridge of Amperite No. 3, then to the right mounting screw of socket No. 6. At the top of this mounting screw, a wire is run to the post marked P on this same socket (No. 6). A hole is drilled to the left of the hole just previously drilled, and one is also drilled just back of the post marked G on socket No. 7.

A wire with a 4-inch piece of spaghetti on it is now run through these holes connecting the posts marked F on both Jefferson transformers. The wire from the post

G on the lower transformer goes to the one marked G on socket No. 7. The wire from the post P on the upper transformer goes to the post P on socket No. 7. The wire from the post G on the upper transformer goes to the post G on socket No. 8. (In his next and concluding article on the construction of the Super-Torodyne, Professor Owen will complete the wiring and assembly details and will include instructions for operating.—Editor's Note.)

"BIG RABBIT"

(Continued from page 16)

not black; he was not the yellow of the common cross-bred negro of the South. His skin had that fuzzy, satiny blackness that gives one an idea rather of the Malay or East Indian than of the negro. He had a certain dignity of carriage and of expression, mingled with the insolence of the "fresh" negro. I had seen the type of insolent negro in northern cities, but never before in Atlanta.

"Mr. Wyeth?" he asked. It was fortunate he did, for as he spoke it flashed through my mind that I had forgotten the name I had chosen.

"Yes," I responded. "Is Miss Tonneson expecting me?"

"She will see you in a moment," he replied, ushering me into the wide hallway which ran entirely through the center of the great house, the stairway rising at the rear in a long single flight.

"You are Trimble, with whom I was speaking?" I inquired.

"MR. TRIMBLE," he corrected calmly, with such a steady look that I felt myself become uncomfortably hot and angry. I knew that such a rebuff from a negro to a southern man could mean only open defiance and an assertion of equality. Yet, I was determined not to arouse his antagonism. "Pardon," I said as carelessly as possible. "I mistook you for one of the servants."

"I am Major Gaskill's companion and confidential man," he answered quietly. "Unfortunately, the Major is ill and cannot make you welcome to his home in person."

"I heard downtown he was suffering from gout," I replied with studied indifference, although I knew merely from his tone that he lied in both statements.

"Please present my respects to him and assure him that I hope to have the pleasure of seeing him fully recovered within a brief period."

"Major Gaskill will be charmed to make your acquaintance, I'm certain," he responded, evidently flattered at being spoken to as an equal. He turned as he spoke, at the slight rustle of a gown and announced: "Miss Tonneson."

I looked up and beheld a picture which will always remain in the gallery of my memory. The girl, small, slender, exquisite, was just starting down the long flight of stairs, her hand resting lightly on the slender balustrade.

The narrow, oblong window at the head of the stairs, lighted by the rays of the lowering sun, framed her more perfectly than any artist could have done. She was wearing a soft gown of moth gray which clung to her perfect form as she descended so gracefully that she scarcely seemed to be walking. Her wondrous hair was simply dressed. She came eagerly down the last few steps as gossamer and naturally as a child runs. Her face was alight with expectancy and although she

was not smiling her eyes seemed overflowing with a smile of welcome. I stood in awkward anticipation, waiting for her to speak, and it was like a blow to me when the negro, with a note in his voice that angered me, although I could not tell why, repeated "Miss Tonneson, Mr. Wyeth."

"I am glad you have come," she said simply, looking at me steadily. "I have wanted to see you to thank you for saving Gambetta."

I laughed, striving to murmur something deprecatory, and to express surprise at the name she gave the dog.

"IT MAY seem a huge name for such a small doggie," she rippled on, her voice thrilling me. "He has a big, brave spirit for such a little body, so I called him Gambetta. It was so brave of you to risk yourself to save him."

The negro stood a short distance away. His presence irritated me and I felt that he was a bar to conversation.

"Come into the library," the girl continued. "Uncle is so sick, and his room is just over the drawing room. Gout must be a ter-ri-ble thing. He cannot bear the slightest sound. I have even had my piano moved to the other side of the house. It is so terrible and they haven't even permitted me to see him for more than a week."

There seemed to be a faint hint of double meaning in the tone of her final sentence. I glanced at the negro as she rippled on, her soft southern notes too soft to be defined as the mildest dialect, and I could have sworn that a look of relief flitted across his face as the girl voted her belief that her guardian was in the house.

"I am compelled to receive my callers here while Uncle is sick," she went on as she led me into the big, book-lined library, beamed and panelled in dark polished red gum, and lighted from high windows. "It is a dismal old place. I always hated it, even when I was a little girl and papa brought me to this house."

She closed the door leading into the hallway as she spoke, and I felt relieved at the summary manner in which the negro had been eliminated.

"Sit here, please," she directed, indicating a chair at the table. "The chair is more comfortable. I want to thank you again. It was so noble, so brave of you."

I noticed with some surprise that Miss Tonneson had raised her voice, and in an instant, as I washed her, I

saw that she was doing it for a definite purpose. I gaped at her amazed. Her manner had changed to one of decision and energy. Still talking in a rather high tone, repeating again and again rapid words of thanks for my action in saving her pet, she ran softly around the big table, and while talking she was writing hurriedly on a tablet of paper. With a meaning glance she indicated a similar tablet and a pencil on the table near the chair she had directed me to occupy.

"It was so good of you to come and give me the opportunity to pay you my thanks," she continued, still writing as rapidly as possible, tearing off the sheets and passing them across to me as she finished. Chattering, laughing and piling praise and flattery upon me, she acted the dual role perfectly.

"Talk commonplace!" I read on the first slip she passed me. "Write your replies. He's listening. Keep talking and write."

I glanced across at the beautiful face and saw the anxious, harassed look, and vowed mentally to shield and protect her from the perils that seemed to threaten her.

"It is strange we have never met before, Miss Tonneson," I said, going to her aid in manufacturing conversation. "I shall give thanks to the doggie forever for risking his little life to bring us together."

"I have always lived in Atlanta," she responded, still scribbling. "Ever since I was a baby this has been my home. Major Gaskill has been so kind to me and has taken such good care of me that I call him uncle, although he really is not related to me." There was malice in the slight accents by which she deceived the eavesdropper while enlightening me. "Is this your home, Mr. Wyeth?"

"Yes, I have lived here all my life, except when I was away at school," I said while I wrote:

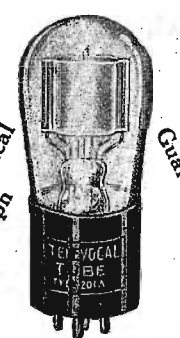
"Name is not Wyeth. It is Lindsay. Mr. Kincaid sent me. I'm to find Major Gaskill."

"Where did you attend college, Mr. Wyeth? I'm so interested in college men," she said as she passed me the slip of paper on which she had written:

"I WATCHED every minute. Major Gaskill is not in the house, but Trimble believes I accept his story of the gout. He went away nearly two weeks ago. Trimble is holding me practically a prisoner. I have tried to reach

(Continued on page 22)

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4-24-26

How to Stop Blooming and Man-Made Static

Part XI—Battery Charger Interference

By The Technical Staff

IT IS obvious that when seeking the cause of interference, the first essential should be that of ascertaining the condition of the receiver which is noting the interference, and its accessories. In many instances not only minor defects within the receiver but electrical devices within the home are the creators of noises which may send one to the four corners of the winds in search, only to return exhausted and to locate the trouble within the confines of one's abode. Within the receiving set, probably the most consistent creator of scratching noises which at times entirely obliterate reception, is the partial or total shorting of the variable condensers used for tuning.

It should be remembered that dust collects within the receiver. While, in general, such collection does not create any adverse condition, yet when this dust collection adheres to the plates of a condenser sufficiently to bridge the gap between the stator and rotor plates, the result will surely be a scratching noise as the condenser plates are rotated. At times the accumulation may be so great as to create a short circuit, causing the receiver to become inoperative at given points of dial rotation.

It is therefore timely advice in suggesting that a periodical inspection of condensers, and a dust cleaning of the total interior of all Radio receivers be placed upon our schedule of "Things I Must Do Today."

Another source of local interference (that which occurs within the home), which is not known to but possibly a few, and to them, the remedy is not apparent, is that caused by the use of battery chargers employing rectifying bulbs. Having like interests at heart, the Kodak Radio corporation instituted a series of most exhaustive tests in an attempt to discover, if possible, the phenomena which caused sudden surges or bursts of static. Their findings are of such general interest that we are repeating their report in part, for the benefit and help it offers not only to the individual, but to Radio clubs as an assistance in their club work.

"Radio interference" has been the subject of laboratory experiments in hundreds of laboratories throughout the coun-

try during the fall and winter months when Radio fans experienced more interference than ever before. This was apparent in a high degree during the recent international test week, when all American stations were off the air and still fans experienced the same interference as before. Engineers in our laboratory have been experimenting for months, this laboratory being located at our factory, where a great many battery chargers are constantly being tested.

"Throughout the tests, bursts of static constantly interrupted reception and after exhaustive search the theory was advanced that such static bursts were produced artificially, and evidently being created by the rectifying tubes used in the chargers. This unusual theory was slow in meeting acceptance and it was not until a multiple of tests had been made that sufficient evidence was accumulated to support the theory. In making these tests, considerable astonishment followed the discovery that the rectifying bulbs as used in the bulb type chargers were producing pronounced static charges at apparently regular intervals and creating an intermittent interference which affected the test sets used for the experiments.

Indiot Bulb Type Chargers

"Continued experimentation proved that all types of rectifying tubes as used in the bulb type battery chargers, transmitters, eliminators and power units, expelled a series of frequent crashes of artificially produced charges. The findings naturally caused our engineers to be firm in their belief that the number of rectifying tubes in use throughout the country in bulb type battery chargers, transmitters, battery eliminators and power units are sufficient to create an artificial static of sufficient volume to prove an annoyance to those owning Radio receivers.

"The theory—and it remains but a theory for further experimentation—has not progressed to the stage whereby a positive answer to the problem can be given, both as to the creative cause and its quantitative effect. However, the theory defined in the light of past research is that the electrons within the rectifying

tube, through friction, generate a sufficient power which cannot be dissipated until such force is accumulated that it breaks down the resistance barrier and explodes. This causes the artificial crashes of static, or something so similar in effect that the ear cannot distinguish the difference. Following each discharge, the electrons again begin to build up to the breaking point, and it is this continued 'spill' which wrecks havoc with one's ears. One might liken the cause and effect as identical with the loading and 'spilling' of a condenser.

Simple Test for Home

"In order that a simple test may be carried on in the home, in an attempt to hear the effect of artificial static as above described, a small wire may be stretched from the antenna post of a sensitive receiver, still leaving the antenna connected. This wire should reach to within a few inches of the bulb, and the bulb should be in operation. You may then turn on the receiver and listen, either with head phones or a loud speaker, the loud speaker being preferable, and you will hear at almost regular intervals the static bursts.

"Before determining the actual cause of the annoyance, our engineers sought and discovered a solution to the problem, which is not only simple of application, but entirely operative. The method thus employed was that of shielding the rectifying tube and grounding the shield to earth. Such an arrangement in effect causes the earth ground to act as one element or plate of a condenser, the opposed or remaining plate being the tube and its content, the ground plate acting as a by-pass to earth for the static discharge influence created. It is of further interest that with an arrangement such as noted above, the tendency is to drain the charges naturally and prior to such time as they would build up to a point wherein a crash would occur with the

break down or 'spill,' preventing noise. "It is anticipated that special processes will be available with which the exterior of the bulbs may be coated with silver, which in turn may be grounded and thereby materially assist, through correcting this now inferred trouble with bulb rectifiers, in adding our assistance toward interference elimination."

Vibrating rectifiers which show a spark when in operation as the contact is made or broken, constitute another source of annoyance, which is equally entitled to consideration and rectification. The remedy in such cases is obviously that of so adjusting the swing of the breaker as to eliminate any tendency for it to spark, and to replace contact points which have become worn or pitted.

In order that each may do their part toward assisting the composite listener enjoying an evening of non-interference entertainment, battery charging should preferably be done during the day when, quite likely, the least number of listeners would be affected from interfering surges or defective vibrator contacts.

KMOX IS VOICE OF CITY

(Continued from page 6)

Recently "Smiling" George Junkin, announcer of the WSWR Radio station in Chicago, has been signed up to the KMOX staff. George has been around some and knows all the announcers in the United States by their first names, so it is said (but not by George). If you want to know what "Smiling" George thinks about his new job we submit a quote from an interview in the Globe-Democrat.

"I consider KMOX one of the five leading broadcasters in America," he said. "Its financial condition, management, personnel, equipment, facilities and program material place it easily within this group. It has all that is necessary to build into a popular presentation of programs on the air. The chief idea of a broadcast station should be to work up a continuity in its presentations, and KMOX has the proper facilities to do this. The orchestra, carefully selected so that every individual is an artist on the instrument he

plays, is the essential background which can not only play symphonies, but light music as well."

And that is what "Smiling" George Junkin says. "The pictures herewith do not begin to represent the variety of talent and entertainers. There have been many celebrities including Rosita Forbes, famous explorer; John Phillip Sousa, Arturo Mondragon and others. Even talented children are heard, as the Kimmel Kiddie Prolifiers. The Voice of St. Louis is heartily recommended to Radio audiences, America over, as a voice well worth listening to."

Billy Spear's travelogues on "What to See in America" which are given every Wednesday evening on the Stewart-Warner Touring Bureau program through WBBM, are proving one of the most popular features at that station. Billy takes the entire studio staff on a Radio tour, by automobile, mixing humor, music and little travel novelties with an interesting view of the city visited.



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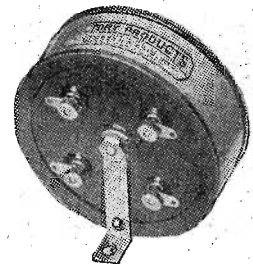
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