



The Elks

Magazine

JULY
1922



In this issue: Hon. Scott C. Bone, Richard Connell, Mildred Cram,
Richard Le Gallienne, P. G. Wodehouse, William Almon Wolff, and others

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NATIONAL PUBLICATION OF THE BENEVOLENT AND PROTECTIVE
ORDER OF ELKS OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

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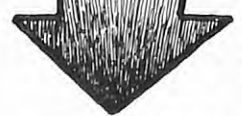
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Why Some People Are Never At Ease Among Strangers

PEOPLE of culture can be recognized at once. They are calm, well poised. They have a certain dignity about them, a certain calm assurance which makes people respect them. It is because they know exactly what to do and say on every occasion that they are able to mingle with the most highly cultivated people and yet be entirely at ease.

But there are some people who are never at ease among strangers. Because they do not know the right thing to do at the right time, they are awkward, self-conscious. They are afraid to accept invitations because they do not know what to wear, how to acknowledge introductions, how to make people like them. They are timid in the presence of celebrated people because they do not know when to rise and when to remain seated, when to speak and when to remain silent, when to offer one's chair and when not to. They are always uncomfortable and embarrassed when they are in the company of cultured men and women.

It is only by knowing definitely without the slightest doubt, what to do, say, write and wear on all occasions under all conditions, that one is able to be dignified, charming and well-poised at all times.

How Etiquette Gives Charm and Poise

Etiquette means good manners. It means knowing what to do at the right time, what to say at the right time. It consists of certain important little laws of good conduct that have been adopted by the best circles in Europe and America and which serve as a barrier to keep the uncultured and ill-bred out of the circles where they would be uncomfortable and embarrassed.

People with good manners, therefore, are people whose poise and dignity impress you immediately with a certain awe, a certain respect. Etiquette makes them graceful, confident. It enables them to mingle with the most cultured people and be perfectly at ease. It takes away their self-consciousness, their timidity. By knowing what is expected of them, what is the correct thing to do and say, they become calm, dignified and well poised—and they are welcomed and admired in the highest circles of business and society.

Here's the Way People Judge Us

Let us pretend that we are in the drawing-room and the hostess is serving tea. Numerous little questions of conduct confront us. If we know what to do we are happy, at ease. But if we do not know the correct and cultured thing to do, we are ill at ease. We know we are betraying ourselves. We know that those who are with us can tell immediately, simply by watching us and talking to us, if we are not cultured.

For instance, one must know how to eat cake correctly. Should it be taken up in the fingers or eaten with a fork? Should the napkin be entirely unfolded or should the center crease be allowed to remain? May lump sugar be taken up with the fingers?

There are other problems, too—many of them. Should the man rise when he accepts

a cup of tea from the hostess? Should he thank her? Who should be served first? Is it good form to accept a second cup? What is the secret of creating conversation and making people find you pleasant and agreeable?

It is so easy to commit embarrassing blunders, so easy to do what is wrong. But etiquette tells us just what is expected of us and guards us from all humiliation and discomfort.

Etiquette in Public

Here are some questions which will help you find out just how much you know about the etiquette that must be observed among strangers. See how many of them you can answer.

When a man and woman enter the theater together, who walks first down the aisle? When the usher points out the seats, does the man enter first or the woman?

There is nothing that so quickly reveals one's true station and breeding than awkward, poor manners at the table. Should the knife be held in the left hand or the right? Should olives be eaten with the finger or with a fork? How is lettuce eaten? What is the correct and cultured way to eat corn on the cob? Are the finger-tips of both hands placed into the finger-bowl at once, or just one at a time?

When a man walks in the street with two women, does he walk between them or next to the curb? Who enters the street-car first, the man or the woman? When does a man tip his hat? On what occasion is it considered bad form for him to pay a woman's fare? May a man on any occasion hold a woman's arm when they are walking together?

Some people learn all about etiquette and correct conduct by associating with cultured people and learning what to do and say at the expense of many embarrassing blunders. But most people are now learning quickly and easily through the famous Book of Etiquette—a splendid carefully compiled, authentic guide towards correct manners on all occasions.

The Book of Etiquette

The Book of Etiquette makes it possible for you to do, say, write and wear what is absolutely correct and in accord with the best form on every occasion—whether you are to be bridesmaid at a wedding or usher at a friend's private theater party. It covers everyday etiquette in all its phases. There are chapters on the etiquette of engagements, weddings, parties and all social

entertainments. There are interesting chapters on correspondence, invitations, calls and calling cards. New chapters on the etiquette in foreign countries have been added, and there are many helpful hints to the man or woman who travels.

With the Book of Etiquette to refer to, there can be no mistake, no embarrassment. One knows exactly what is correct and what is incorrect. And by knowing so definitely that one is perfect in the art of etiquette, a confident poise is developed which enables one to appear in the most elaborate drawing-room, among the most



Many embarrassing blunders can be made in a public restaurant. Should the young lady in the picture pick up the fork or leave it for the waiter to attend to? Or should one of them pick it up?

brilliant and highly cultured people, without feeling the least bit ill at ease.

Send No Money

To enable everyone, everywhere, to examine the famous Book of Etiquette, without obligation, we make this special offer to send the complete two-volume set free for 5 days to anyone requesting it. Entirely free—no money in advance. All that is necessary is your name and address on the coupon below and the Book of Etiquette will be sent to you at once at our expense. You have the privilege of examining it, reading it, and deciding for yourself, whether or not you want to keep it.

Send for the Book of Etiquette today. Read some of the interesting chapters. Surprise your friends and acquaintances with your knowledge of what to do, say, write and wear on all occasions. And when you have been fully convinced that etiquette widens your circle of friends, makes you admired, and respected, increases your knowledge of society and its requirements, gives you poise, self-confidence and charm—keep the set and send us \$3.50 in full payment. But if you are not utterly delighted after the 5-day trial, simply return the books and you won't be out a cent.

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Do You Know

How to introduce men and women correctly?

How to word invitations, announcements, acknowledgments?

How to register at a hotel?

How to take leave of the hostess after an entertainment?

How to plan home and church weddings?

How to use table silver in the proper way?

How to do at all times, under all conditions, the cultured, correct thing?



"To inculcate the principles of Charity, Justice, Brotherly Love and Fidelity; to promote the welfare and enhance the happiness of its members; to quicken the spirit of American patriotism; to cultivate good fellowship. . . ."

—From Preamble to the Constitution,
Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks

The Elks

Magazine

Volume One

Number Two

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Grand Exalted Ruler

Official Circular Number 3

West Toledo, Ohio, May 23, 1922

*To the Officers and Members of the
Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks:*

BROTHERS:

The official year 1921-22 is fast drawing to a close and we are preparing to render an account to the Grand Lodge of our stewardship.

The District Deputies, without exception, have not only given me their loyal, untiring support, but each one of them has accomplished splendid results in his district. Their reports are practically all in and show the Order to be in a fine, healthy condition.

Great efforts have been made by the District Deputies and by the officers of the subordinate lodges to make each lodge the real, American, law-abiding civic center of its community, and with the help of the New Membership and Social and Community Welfare Committees, the results have been far beyond our expectations.

The New Membership Committee, under the leadership of Colonel John P. Sullivan, has certainly accomplished a great work and, in spite of hard times, unemployment, special assessments and lapsations, the membership will show a good increase, and of the highest type of citizenship.

The Social and Community Welfare Committee, under the efficient leadership of Brother William T. Byrne, with the enthusiastic work of the other members, has made a most splendid record, and I am sure their report to the Grand Lodge will prove the wisdom of this committee's place in the Grand Lodge work.

The Memorial Headquarters Commission has been very busy in the purchase of property and selection of architects who are now working out the plans for the new memorial headquarters. It has also performed the almost impossible task of getting the first issue of the new Elks Magazine ready for distribution on June 1st. Both Brother Joseph T. Fanning, Executive Director, and Brother Robert W. Brown, Editor-in-Chief, deserve great credit for their achievements, and I am sure you are going to be greatly pleased with the results of their labor.

Deceased

It grieves me greatly to report the death of two of our Past Grand Exalted Rulers and one of our District Deputies since my last circular. Brother John Galvin, Past Grand Exalted Ruler, and formerly Mayor of Cincinnati, passed to the Great Beyond on March 1st, 1922; Brother Henry S. Sanderson, Past Grand Exalted Ruler of New York, on April 26th, 1922; and Brother Joseph F. Frillman, District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler, Columbus, Ohio, on January 6th, 1922.

Appointments

The changes in the official family since my last bulletin are as follows:

On the New Membership Committee, John Galvin, Past Grand Exalted Ruler, deceased; August Herrmann, Past Grand Exalted Ruler, appointed to fill the vacancy.

A. C. Sulser, District Deputy, Maysville, Ky., resigned; Clyde R. Levi, Ashland, Ky., appointed to fill the vacancy.

Joseph F. Frillman, District Deputy, Columbus, Ohio, deceased; James M. Hengst, Columbus, Ohio, appointed to fill the vacancy.

Henry M. Davidson, District Deputy, Marietta, Ohio, resigned; James F. Hart, Marietta, Ohio, appointed to fill the vacancy.

C. T. Robinson, District Deputy, Superior, Wis., resigned; F. A. Kiefer, Wausau, Wis., appointed to fill the vacancy.

Brother Charles A. White, Past Grand Treasurer, of Chicago, was appointed special representative of the Grand Exalted Ruler to visit the Canal Zone and makes a splendid report regarding the condition, spirit and growth of Balboa Lodge No. 1414.

Complaints

The greatest complaint that has come to the Grand Exalted Ruler this year has been from the neglect of Secretaries of the subordinate lodges failing to answer correspondence received from other



Official Circular from the Grand Exalted Ruler (Continued)

lodges regarding relief asked for members in good standing, in distress. This is a matter that should be given very serious consideration. Secretaries must in every instance answer correspondence of this character and do it promptly.

We have also experienced a good deal of trouble in getting some of the Secretaries to send in their lists of membership as of April 1st, 1922, to Grand Secretary Fred C. Robinson—these lists to be used for the distribution of the new Elks Magazine. It is my sincere hope that Secretaries will appreciate the importance of their office and the importance of the requests made upon them by Grand Lodge officials and that none of them will be found delinquent hereafter.

There has also been considerable complaint, upon the new officers being installed and taking their positions in the lodges, that they could not find the rituals. This is a matter that every lodge should be very particular about. Great care should be taken that copies of the ritual are not lost or carried home, loaned or become misplaced. We have had some sad experiences through neglect of proper care of rituals. They are not supposed to be taken from the lodge room, and each Secretary, at the conclusion of the lodge meeting, should see that they are properly taken care of. I hope this matter will not be overlooked again.

Junior Elks

There seems to be coming a very general request for the organization of a Junior Elks. Other great fraternities are paying particular attention to the organization and care of their boys, and I mention this at this time that you may give the matter consideration, as it is one that will probably come up at our next Grand Lodge meeting.

Relief

A call was sent out from Beardstown, Illinois, for help during the flood. We immediately granted dispensation to allow Beardstown Lodge to call on the other subordinate lodges in Illinois for help, and also called Judge John W. Yantis, District Deputy, who left the same night for the scene of disaster, with instructions to spend any part of five thousand dollars for relief. We also had a request from Brother John P. Sullivan, for relief for sufferers in Louisiana, which was immediately granted.

Grand Lodge Reunion

The Fifty-eighth Grand Lodge reunion will be held in Atlantic City beginning July 10th, 1922, and Grand Esquire, Harry Bacharach, has promised to make this the greatest meeting ever held by the Order. The Grand Lodge headquarters will be at the Hotel Traymore, and I shall be very greatly pleased to meet the representatives of the lodges and all other members of the Order at my headquarters.

The railroads are allowing us only one and one-half fare and certificates will have to be obtained through the Grand Secretary's office in order to purchase your tickets. I understand Brother Robinson, Grand Secretary, is issuing a circular giving full information. If anyone should fail to receive such, he may apply to him.

Conclusion

The new officers of subordinate lodges have been elected and installed and the new year is starting with a wonderful spirit of determination by them to make the lodges under their management the cleanest, most law-abiding, most respected institutions in the land.

The past year has been one of great experience, great pleasure and benefit to me. I want to take this opportunity to thank all the officers of the Grand Lodge, the District Deputies, and officers and members of the subordinate lodges for the splendid support and co-operation given me. I congratulate you all upon the results obtained, upon your resolve to uphold the high ideals of the Order, to teach the real meaning of Fraternity, and your determination to make every lodge such as to command the respect and confidence of every right-thinking American.

Sincerely and fraternally yours,

W. W. Mountain

Grand Exalted Ruler.

Attest:



Fred C. Robinson

Grand Secretary.

"The Faults of Our Brothers We Write Upon the Sands"



DECORATION BY FRANKLIN BOOTH

*"Some write their wrongs in marble, but he, more just,
Stooped down serene, and wrote them in the dust;
Trode under foot, the sport of every wind,
Swept from the earth, and blotted from the mind.
There, secret in the grave he bade them lie,
And grieved they could not 'scape the Almighty eye."*

THE name of the author of these lines has escaped the memory of the present writer. Whoever he was, and whensoever the lines were written, he was peculiarly eligible for the Order of the Elks. Indeed, it may have been he who inspired the beautiful phrase which is indelibly written on the heart of every Elk: the Faults of Our Brothers We Write Upon the Sands. So to speak, every Elk carries this motto tattooed upon his soul. It is an unconscious part of his spiritual being, so much a part of himself that he is hardly more aware of it than he is of the act of breathing. Otherwise he could not be an Elk. Some of us by an effort of the reason learn to "forgive and forget," but the Elk forgets that he has anything to forgive. In the words of an old English act of parliament, he has, so soon as he became an Elk, subscribed to an Act of Oblivion of the faults of his Brothers. He knows them no more, nor can he be reminded of them. They are gone on the wind, irrecoverably vanished as last year's snow. One cannot but be prejudiced in favor of a man so humanly constituted, and, should we have two callers in a busy hour, and have but time for one, were we told that one of them was an Elk, we confess that we should give that time to him—if for no other reason, because we should know that, unseen and ever silently at work he wore that amulet upon his heart: The Faults of Our Brothers We Write Upon the Sands.

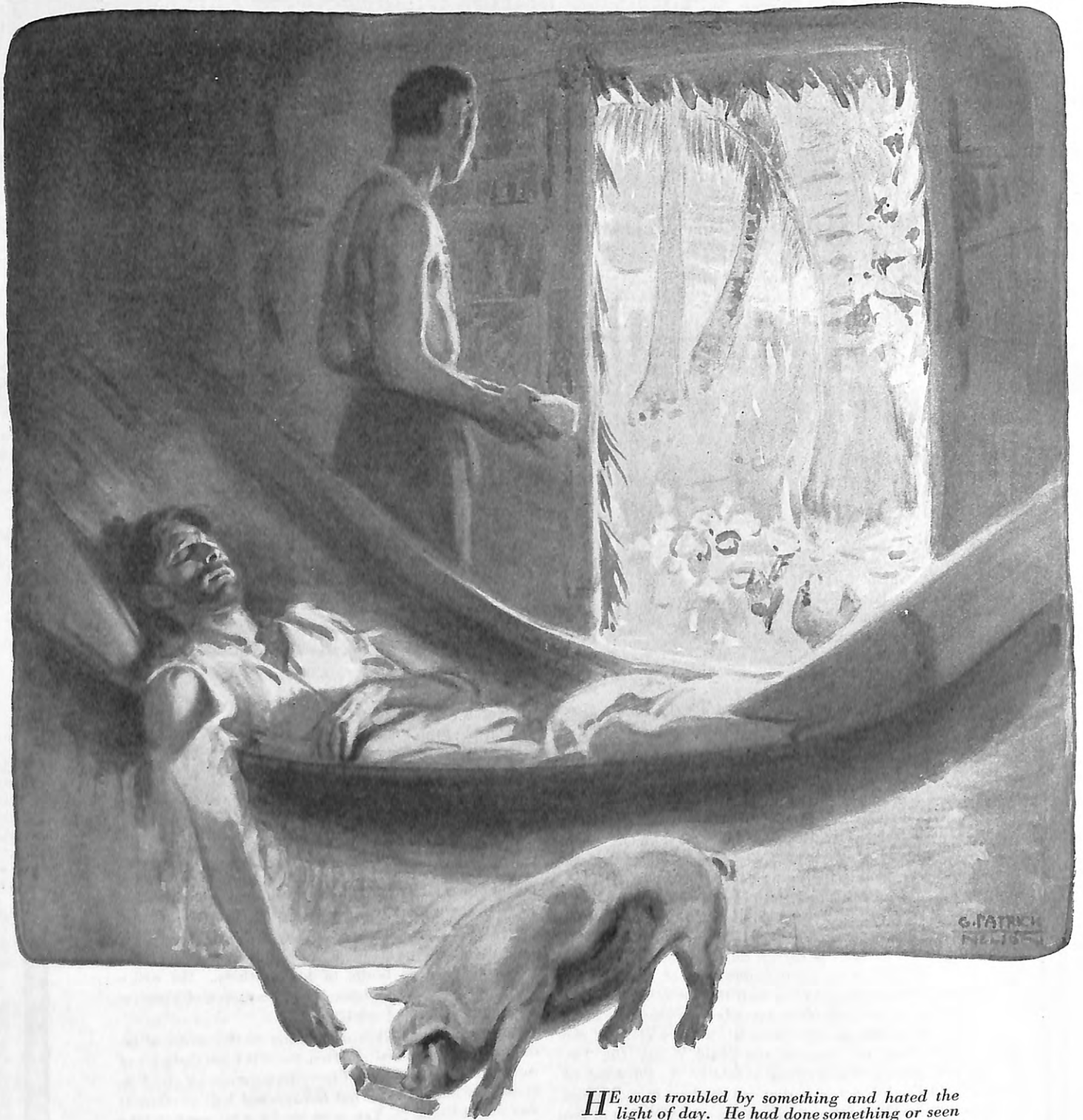
We have all stood on the margin of the hugely moving sea, and playfully written our names on the sand, names to which perhaps, humanly, we ourselves attached some importance and to which even, possibly, our contemporaries paid gratifying regard. We have

written them and watched the great rollers come nearer and nearer, the great gliding, up-running, foam-fringed mirrors of shoal-water advancing with a stealthy sweep, and retreating, and again sweeping nearer, and again retreating, then suddenly touching as with a tiger's paw the nearest letter of our name. Presently that letter has gone, and soon another, and then, in one huge green cataract of liquid crystal, the rollers have fallen with a long crashing roar upon the beach—and our name is no more, dragged down into oblivion with the grinding pebbles and the runnels of churning sand.

To such obliteration and everlasting oblivion the Elk consigns the faults of his brothers. He writes them on the sand, and the immense rollers of Forgiveness abolish them forever.

A certain witty Elk, commenting on this motto of his order, slyly remarked: "Often there is need for a lot of sand"; but, with the kindness characteristic of the Elk, he swiftly added: "but not always: not half so often as you might think." Yet, were we for a moment to take his jest seriously and acknowledge the need—Elks being above all things human—of a "lot of sand," we have but to visualize the picture involved in the phrase, to see that, vast as is the sweep of sand on the shores of the sea, the sweep of the mighty obliterating rollers is no less vast. Write all the sins of the world on the sand—with the next incoming tide it will be *tabula rasa*.

MOREOVER—and this is the wonder-working power of forgiveness—the Elk, by writing the faults of his brothers on the sands, not only obliterates them from his own memory, but abolishes the very faults from the souls of his brothers. The man who is so forgiven, in the way the Elk means by forgiveness, is little likely to need forgiveness again. Forgiveness is like radium—it kills the disease.



HE was troubled by something and hated the light of day. He had done something or seen something which drove him to darkness. . . . He spent most of his day sprawled in the hammock in a strange and terrible voluntary confinement. . . . The simple folk of Waululu called him the Yellow One. But his real name was Denny

He Was a Prisoner in His Own Skull—This Human Wreck They Called

The Yellow One

By Mildred Cram

Illustrated by G. Patrick Nelson

AT Waululu there was a white man, the only white man nearer than Pago-Pago, which was thirty miles across the warm sea, due south.

This man was tall and thin. By his look you would have said that he was always in pain. A thought dwelt behind his eyes—a screen between him and the world.

His world, what he saw of it, was beautiful enough to suit any dreamer of dreams. Coco-palms picketed the island about, and beyond, a coral reef foamed milk-white where the slow rollers broke. His house was not fifty feet from the lagoon where for the price of the mere desire there was swimming in water as clear and as green as liquid emeralds.

But this white man was queer. He never left his house except on the first day of every month, when he shambled to the beach, boarded his sailing-boat and vanished down the glittering sea toward Pago-Pago. He always went alone and returned alone, bringing a supply of canned goods, calico, beads, tinware and umbrellas. This was his "stock." Patiently, without enthusiasm, he carried it across the strip of blazing coral beach to his house and disappeared therein for another month.

He was storekeeper at Waululu. He had come in his sailing-boat—the *Miriam*—all the way from Meader, Massachusetts. So he said. Alone in a catboat on the open Pacific—God knows how he had made the traverse! He was burned nearly black by exposure to the sun and his hair was tow-color, stiff as hay, singed. His eyes were the only cold thing about him—they were ice-blue and had a curious diagonal streak through the centers, like twin moonstones set in copper.

He never explained himself. The natives came shyly down, with soft gossip and conjecture, to watch him land his sea-chest and a box of books. He indicated that he had come to stay. And when he had built his house—a single room and an out-shed—he painted the glass-paned window, glory of Waululu, black, to shut out any ray of sunlight that might try to enter his place of exile.

For it seems that he was troubled by something and hated the light of day. He had done something or had seen something which drove him to darkness. He slung a hammock indoors, made a trip to Pago-Pago for supplies and, setting up a few shelves and a rough counter, went into that strange and terrible voluntary confinement. He spent most of his day sprawled in the hammock, while through the open door barefooted

natives came and went, passing from the glare of sunshine into the damp shadows of the "store" and quickly out again. Chickens scratched and cackled on the sill and a pig usually runted in some dark corner, searching for empty tins flavored with sardines or cheap meats. The white man was motionless but not asleep. He was a fixture in that hammock. He had no friends and he seemed to have no enemies. No one knew whether he ate or drank. The simple folk of Waululu called

him the Yellow One. But his name was Denny.

This he confessed to Herz, who came over from Pago-Pago in a launch to find out for himself what manner of man it was who had set about committing suicide in Waululu, when he might have done it more expeditiously in Meader, Massachusetts.

Herz was curious but not sympathetic. He had seen too many tag-ends of life washed up on these pink beaches. Once upon a time he had gathered them up and set them on their frayed pins again—out of

his own pocket. But that was long ago, in Herz's youth, when a coconut-palm and a boozy beach-comber had spelled romance. Nothing was left except curiosity.

A tale had gone around through official and commercial circles at Pago-Pago, a very intriguing story indeed about a ghost of a 'Melican man in dirty duck who appeared in the streets on the first day of every month, who came in a catboat and departed again, without having uttered a word. This was neither natural nor proper. He was a white man and his boat was called the *Miriam* and hailed from Meader. Something decidedly queer about it, Herz thought.

ONE day he hopped into his shiny launch and pursued that peeling Massachusetts craft across thirty miles of purple sea.

Then he walked in on the stranger, with fifty naked natives gaping at his heels.

"Howdy," he said, polite, but on his guard.

Denny was stocking his shelves. He had a dozen or so soup and meat cans and a roll

of purplish calico. He arranged everything very neatly, as if he had heard nothing. Then he turned and stared at the intruder with those queer eyes of his. "I'd be obliged if you'd get out," he said.

He whispered, but there was a terrible ferocity behind his restraint.

Herz was accustomed to hysteria. "What's the idea? Fugitive? Suicide? Or nut?"

The Yellow One staggered over to his hammock—he was as weak as a boneless shad—and stretched himself full length



"It's perfect," said Miriam. And Denny, holding the copy at arm's length, felt an unholy joy welling up in himself

with his bare feet higher than his head and his two hands dragging on the floor. Herz thought he had died. But even death failed to move Herz. He went outside to question the natives. And to his surprise he found that the man from Massachusetts had made himself popular—the brown people spoke of him with soft voices, their great eyes liquid with love. The Yellow One was sad. He never laughed. He sat alone with his God. But he was kind. He was as a child. He never cheated. Or lied. Or raised his hand in anger . . .

HERZ went back into the dark store. He stood with legs straddled, puffing at a cigar, staring down at the wreck of a man in the hammock. He judged him to be thirty-five, not more. A face sensitive and humiliated, as if stamped with some unforgettable shame. A body emaciated, the color of a corpse. Dirty. Weak. A prisoner in his own skull. . . .

"I'll tell you what," Herz said suddenly. "If you'll come back to Pago-Pago I'll get a man's job for you. I don't trust you. I've seen your kind before. Some girl. Some love twist. Some damn fool sex notion. Your brain is addled like a bad egg. Get up. For God's sake, face the light of day, you coward! Nothing is so dirty it can't be washed clean if you leave it out in the rain or drop it in the ocean. How many years have you been playing mushroom in this cellar?"

"Three."

"You make me sick and ashamed for men. Think of the poor devils behind bars who'd give half a life for your chance!"

The Yellow One sat up. He made a clawing gesture with both hands and gasped for breath.

"I'm after a man. Some day he's coming here. He'll walk through that door. And I'll kill him. I'll kill him! By God, I'm only waiting."

Herz laughed. "Well, now I know. It's a nut you are, after all. That's the damndest confession I ever heard, and I've heard many."

Then Denny told him, as Herz knew he would, the whole story. Herz was a talented collector of such tales; he had hundreds on file in his memory—stories of cunning and failure, treachery, love, desperation and death, a saga of those bright seas and blazing coral strands of wanderers, adventurers, fools and saints.

This was a story of the weaker and stronger, the Friend plot, second only in pathos to the Cinderella theme. It was a story of two men.

It began at Meader, a town on the coast of New England, chill, prim and profane, a place of salt marshes and shipyards, flavored with a sticky saltiness and the odor of pitch. It was destined to finish at Waululu in the warm Pacific.

A long traverse.

These two men were born on the same day, and from the first raucous squawl of

release and beginning, they were destined, they were doomed to be friends.

They were born on a sultry day in August when great yellow thunderheads toppled on the horizon and the receding tide left ribbons of dirty foam along the shore. An



Hopper tried to grab Denny's portion, but Pifa was too quick

evil day when the roads were hot and trees wilted like uprooted weeds.

Denny was born frail with funny little blue hands, wrinkled, folded in, helpless. No one would have believed that he would one day do with them what he did do.

Hopper was born protesting. He kicked and struck out. Then they put him in a clothes basket and for a time forgot him, since his mother had just died.

As children they played together. As boys they adventured together. As young men they loved and hated together. Hopper was boss. He was that kind.

When he was no more than a baby he discovered that he had a secret way into Denny's imagination; he could torment

and delight him, he could dismay and disturb him, he could terrify him. He was Denny's god. Whatever he said, Denny believed. Whatever he did, Denny tried to do.

At eighteen, they had been in more mischief than any two boys in Meader. Hopper was one of those rascals who manage to get themselves loved for their rascality. He stood six foot three and weighed two hundred and twenty pounds. His smile was the kind to melt down hearts as a flame consumes a tallow candle.

Denny found him terrible and fascinating. He couldn't keep away from him. He had tried and he had failed.

There was only one place where Denny could be alone. He used to go by the marsh road to the beach, and pace the sand wrestling with his great trouble. The slippery kelp would tangle about his feet and his hair would be drenched with spray from the breakers that rode in like sea horses with flying manes.

Nature had set her mark upon him—he was a dreamer of dreams who fancied himself weak. But on the beach he stood upright, knotting his hands behind his back, fancying himself to be the spitting image of Hopper, a rascal, a devil of a fellow.

And then Hopper would come lounging across the marsh in pursuit, swinging his shoulders and bellying a song. "What you doing here, Denny? Come on back."

"Don't want to."

"The Weymans have got a visitor. Girl from Bedford. Purty as an apple. You wait and see. I'll take a bite out of her cheek before sundown."

Denny sagged like a body without a soul and went along, his feet dragging in the sand.

NO, Denny hadn't a soul of his own, only a sort of pseudo soul, a penetrating inner voice, a conscience. With this voice he conversed, holding himself up to ridicule, an object of his own contempt. Hopper was no good; Denny knew him for a blackguard doing what he pleased and hang the consequences. And if there was a failure, it was Denny, the shadow, who was blamed.

The case of the girl with cheeks like ripe apples was no different from the rest. Hopper was successful with women, perhaps because he cared nothing for any of them. He had a wide and impartial taste.

"Wait till you see her, Denny! Lovely. Round and ripe. And crazy about me already."

A shaft of disgust entered that part of Denny which was still himself. But he said nothing.

This girl was destined to run through the fabric of their lives like a bright thread across a dark tapestry. When Denny saw her, he loved her, and in the same breath surrendered her. But not before Hopper had noticed the quivering of Denny's lips, the flash of recognition in his eyes. He had waited and watched for this avowal.

Now, half of Miriam's beauty may have been her youth and half of it Denny may have put there out of his own queer imagina-



tion, his crooked, romantic, prisoned inner self, his jealous self no one ever saw or knew.

He sat on the Weymans' porch whittling a stick and not looking at her again, while Hopper made himself fascinating.

"Now here's Denny, and here's me," he said. "Denny's my friend. Share and share alike. Don't you calculate to fall in love with me, unless you calculate to include Denny!"

As he came through the brief shadow of the cocogrove, his huge self a target of targets, there was an unexpected spurt of flame from the door of the Yellow One's mud and straw house

She laughed. "I don't calculate to love either of you," she said.

"You'll love me. They all do!"

Denny's face was expressionless. He had a way of shutting himself off as if he closed a door upon an intruder. He whittled the stick into a smooth, round wand thick at one end, tapering at the other.

(Continued on page 50)

Alaska—Last of American Frontiers

Our Giant Potential Producer Lies Dormant for Lack of Public Knowledge of Its True Character

By Hon. Scott C. Bone

Governor of Alaska



AWAY off up in Alaska, five thousand miles from the Eastern Metropolis, I give greeting through The Elks Magazine to Brother Elks throughout the country, and bespeak their interest in this wonderful Northland.

Almost simultaneously with the purchase of Alaska from Russia by Secretary of State Seward, The Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks came into being, fifty-odd years ago. To be exact the purchase was made in 1867, whereas the Order was founded in 1868.

What a contrast the lapse of half a century of time reveals in the concurrent history of Alaska and The Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks! It is striking in the extreme. There is nothing of parallel in the record.

Alaska, after fifty-five years under the American flag, is still an unknown and unpeopled land, manifestly rich in resources, buoyant with hope and promise, but virtually a sealed territory because of its aloofness and the uniform neglect or inattention received at the hands of Uncle Sam.

Meanwhile, how The Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks has grown and thrived! Its record is antithetical of that of Alaska. Every year of the Order's history has been marked with progress, and its beneficent influences have permeated every part of the American domain and become impressed thereon for enduring good.

Alaska today has a population of approximately fifty-five thousand souls, whites and natives combined, and actually lost population in the last decade.

The Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks numbers upon its rolls eight hundred and fifty thousand members, and has gained tremendously in the decade.

Alaska has stood in need of the Elks' spirit all these years. It has not called for Charity, nor has it been lacking in Brotherly Love and Fidelity, but from it has been withheld, and to it has been denied, that other and prerequisite principle which the great Order has ever exemplified—Justice. Now Alaska is appealing for, aye, demanding, fair play, common-sense treatment, enlightened understanding and the square deal, all of which may be compressed and concentrated into that sound American principle defined in the word Justice. To the end that this principle may prevail and Alaska come into its own and take a fixed and definite place on the map, I hail the opportunity to present the case of the Territory to the vast army of whole-hearted, red-blooded, helpful, robust Americans who make up The Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks.

UNCLE SAM paid Russia \$7,200,000 for Alaska. Think of it! Only \$7,200,000 for this vast domain in the Northland whose dimensions are almost one-fifth the size of the United States! Daily transactions of that magnitude in governmental and busi-

ness life are today so common as to attract only passing attention. But the half century and more since that historical purchase has found Alaska in outer darkness, so to speak, and figuring in the national equation only in mistaken fancy as a country of glaciers and icebergs and polar bears. Yet in mineral wealth alone it has produced five



LA FINE STUDIO

WHAT do you know about Alaska—the real Alaska and its vast possibilities? In this article Governor Bone corrects many popular misconceptions and presents facts you and every other American ought to know

hundred millions, and in its fisheries an even greater amount. What a return on the original investment! These figures involve no hyperbole of statement. They are well within the facts. Alaska has done all this with but little aid from the Federal Government. It has overcome almost insurmountable obstacles. It has gone ahead under heavy handicaps, slowly, spasmodically, laboriously. Its reverses have been many, but with indomitable energy it has recovered and made progress. Never has the pioneer spirit of man been so strikingly exhibited as in Alaska.

Alaska, since a possession of the United States, has had divers forms of government, some passably good, but most of them manifestly indifferent, inadequate and unsuited to the country's needs. In the end Alaska has come to be dominated officially, in large measure, by a bureaucracy at Washington. Thirty-eight bureaus, many of them overlapping, have had a hand in the government of Alaska. What is the result? The one inevitable result of divided and conflicting authority. An impossible situation developed. It maimed, if it did not kill, the pioneer spirit, and robbed the Territory of that individual initiative which is essential

to the growth and development of any community, new or old, large or small.

The resources of Alaska have not been overestimated. Richness is here—mineral richness, oil richness, agricultural richness, fisheries, furs and forests of colossal importance. These have been in evidence for years, and scientific investigations bear out abundantly the most roseate dreams of early settlers. It is estimated, and the estimate is conservative, that one hundred thousand square miles of land in Alaska are susceptible of agricultural development. Wheat is grown in the Tanana Valley, and flour is today manufactured at Fairbanks. Home-grown vegetables of finest variety are to be had even within the Arctic Circle and grow in abundance along the coast. The vast forests and exceptional water-power offer splendid opportunities for the development of the wood pulp and paper industry which is already under way in the Northland, and which means so much to the newspapers of the United States.

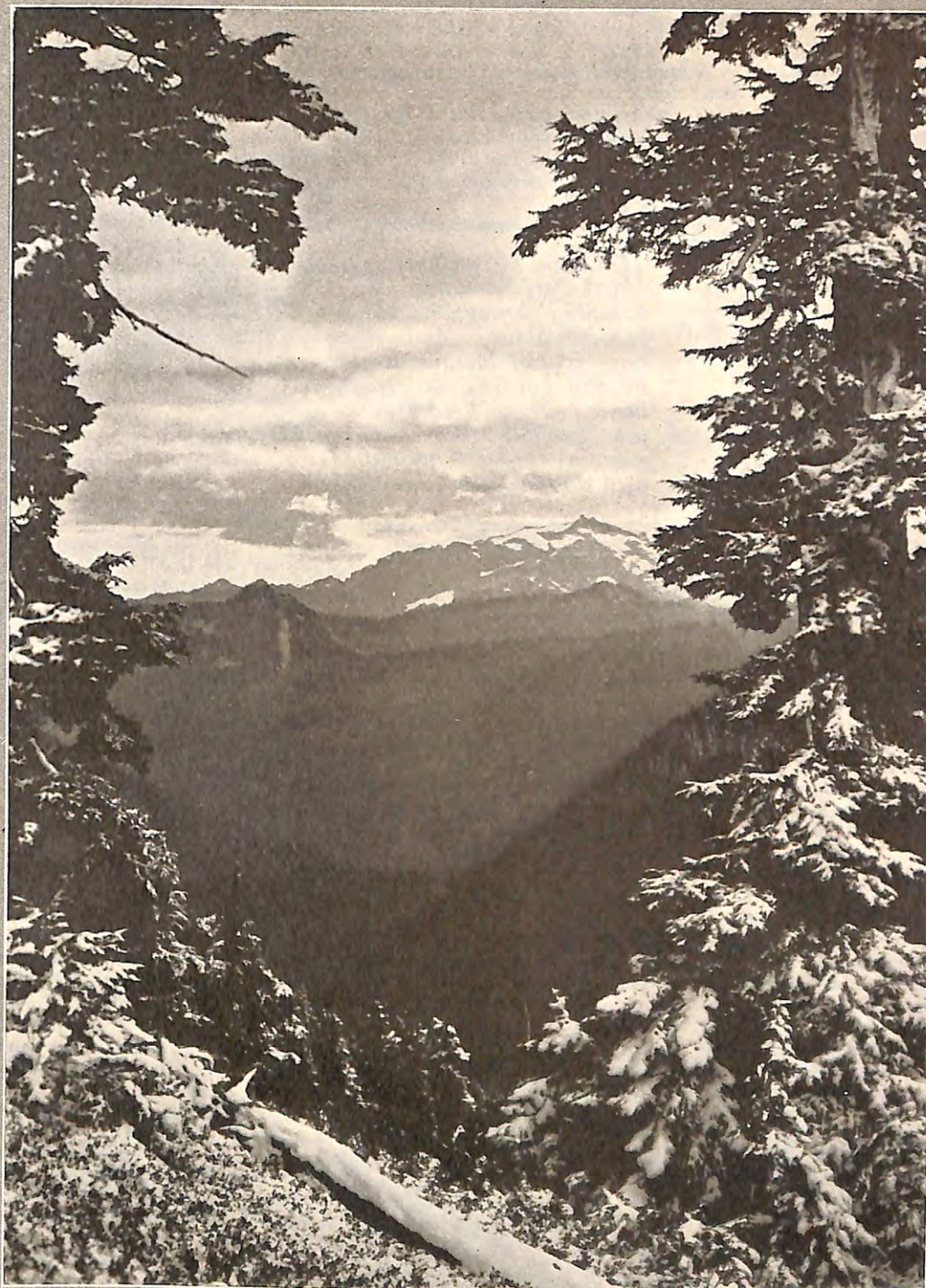
ALASKANS themselves, in major number, have seen little of Alaska. Eight out of ten of them have glimpsed only small sections of the Territory. The tourist who visits these shores is overwhelmed with the scenic beauties presented to the eye on every side, from Dixon's Entrance through the panoramic Inside Passage to Skagway at head of Lynn Canal, and, perchance, on over the White Pass, in the Yukon Territory, to Whitehorse. But, if his journey ends there, he does not know Alaska. He has seen only the beginning of Alaska. Alaska lies beyond.

As well may the tourist who sails along the Virginia and Jersey coasts and takes a Fall River steamer to Boston, and then proceeds to Portland, or Montreal, returning overland to New York, and ending his grand tour there, profess to know the United States.

The magnitude of Alaska, six hundred square miles, precludes in the unopened stage of the Territory the possibility of a general and intimate knowledge of Alaska.

So profound a statesman as Daniel Webster, who visioned America's future greatness, could see nothing worthy of consideration west of the Rocky Mountains. Therefore, one may be patient with a Twentieth Century denseness that still ignorantly visualizes Alaska as a country of ice and snow, its mountains and hills laden with precious metals and its glacial scenery unsurpassed, but really fitted for habitation only by polar bears.

Alaska is not a monumental iceberg or glacier. It is not snowbound and in the grip of bitter, biting elements. It is not cut off from the world. Its ports, save those in the region of the Arctic Circle, are open the year around. Its temperature in the interior in mid-winter is no more severe than in the Northern and far Western States. Its climate on the coast is generally mild and equable, with much rainfall, but comparable to the climate of Portland and Seattle. Blizzards such as rage in Minnesota, the Dakotas and Montana and occasionally in

BRUCE EDUCATIONAL
SCENICS

New York and the East, are sometimes experienced in the northernmost part of the Territory, but are uncommon, if not unknown, to coastal Alaska and Alaska as a whole.

Millions of people live happily and thrive in Norway and Sweden and in sections of our country under climatic conditions no more favorable, if not more severe, than the general climatic conditions of Alaska.

Alaska's summers are ideally pleasant and delightful on the coast and gloriously bright and beautiful and often hot in the interior. Temperature ranging from 80 to 90 degrees is frequently encountered in the Arctic Circle. Throughout the Territory flowers and berries grow in profusion. Long days and warm sunshine give sturdy growth to plant life. Fairbanks is a veritable floral bower in June, July and August.

If all Americans knew of Alaska's natural wonders fewer would go to Europe in quest of scenic beauty

The midnight sun on the Yukon is worth traveling thousands of miles to see, especially when it illuminates Mt. McKinley, the towering peak of the American continent. So, likewise, the aurora borealis with its columns of dancing lights which may be seen in Alaska in more magnificent display than anywhere else in the world.

How are the truths about Alaska to be firmly planted in the popular mind and the untruths and the half-truths forever eradicated? How is the real Alaska to be removed from the realm of fancy and established upon a fixed foundation of fact?

The job is up to Uncle Sam. He, and he alone, is equal to the task.

How is Uncle Sam to do it? By opening

Alaska to settlement; by inviting people to come in and making it easy for them to gain a foothold; by unlocking its resources and freeing the Territory from red-tape rule; by unreserving millions of acres of forest lands senselessly reserved; by silencing and shunting aside the visionaries and theorists who succeeded in bottling up Alaska and whose ideas have been expensively tried and clearly found wanting; by proceeding with the development of Alaska as a big business proposition; by dismissing the foolish, demagogical fear that any so-called predatory interests ever can or ever will gobble up so huge a land as Alaska or a material section thereof, and, finally, by tardily realizing that Alaska, unfettered and given an honest chance, will populate itself and go ahead and wax opulent and develop grandly and gloriously, just as the Western domain of the Union, in spite of Daniel Webster's obscure

vision and dark foreboding, progressed and prospered and grew into states and added bright Stars to Old Glory. Then, and not until then, will Alaska become known to the world and the truths about Alaska prevail undisputed and endure for all time.

As a first step toward all this Uncle Sam has just completed the construction of a railroad from the coast into the interior, from Seward to Fairbanks, at a cost of fifty-six millions—eight times the original purchase price of Alaska—and he is spending additional millions in the building of roads and trails. But the fund for road building is inadequate. Roads and roads and still more roads, all through the Territory, must constitute the major part of the development policy. This will mean the opening up of Alaska and that it will be no longer hermetically sealed.

Moreover, Uncle Sam must prevail upon Congress, and without delay, to substitute a workable system of administration in Alaska for the cumbersome, unworkable, halting, inefficient and utterly impossible system of bureaucratic government now fastened upon the Territory. He must not allow conservation politics to stand in the way of Alaska. Bending to his heavy and costly task and keeping at it, Uncle Sam will be duly rewarded as the years roll on.

President Harding is coming to Alaska. He is taking a deep interest in the Territory and determined to meet its administrative and constructive needs. He is manifesting the Elks' spirit toward Alaska and is committed to a policy of development. In this fact is to be found the most reassuring sign for the Northland. It is potent with substantial promise.

A TRUE Alaska greeting awaits the coming of Mr. Harding. His visit will be to this frontierland the most memorable and historic event since the Seward purchase. He will be the first President to set foot upon the soil of Alaska. This should mark the beginning of a new era for Alaska. A wonderful experience is in store for him. The magnitude of the land will overwhelm him. He will marvel at its vastness. The beauties of its mountains and waters will charm him. Its scenery along the coast, in the Inside Passage, and to the westward passing Mt. St. Elias, will hold him spell-bound, as it does all tourists, and he will realize that it is unsurpassed anywhere on earth. He will ask himself, no doubt, why Americans by the thousands go abroad annually to view the

wonders of Switzerland when their own land, in Alaska, presents scenic wonders eclipsing those of the Alps. Over the Coastal Range he will traverse agricultural valleys, unopened and sparsely cultivated, as rich in possibilities as were the far western and intermountain states forty years ago. He will inspect great coal fields that have been locked up and gone unused for half a century while Alaska and the Pacific Fleet, owing to governmental short-sightedness, have been com-

WE paid \$7,200,000 for Alaska. It has repaid us more than a billion through its mines and fisheries alone. And yet we ignore it and hamper its growth by bad government. Don't you know some one fired with the old-time pioneer spirit? Opportunity in Alaska is unlimited for men and women who will work

pelled to buy imported coal, transported from British Columbia or across the continent from the Pocahontas fields of West Virginia and even from Australia! But he will find, to his gratification, thanks to the building of the government railroad and its operation, that some of these coal fields, in the Matanuska district, are now opened and prepared to furnish fuel of quality for home consumption and shipment outside and for use by the Navy. Traveling over the railroad, he will grasp the construction difficulties that have been overcome and realize the splendid achievement of railroad-building off in the wilderness. He will see that the many millions expended upon the project have been well spent.

First-hand information about Alaska on the part of the President, a knowledge born of personal inspection of the Territory and acquaintance with Alaska and Alaskans, will be of incalculable and far-reaching benefit. He will know and understand. His visitation is tentatively scheduled for the first three weeks of August.

Upon reaching the first American port in Alaska, Ketchikan, President Harding, an Elk, will receive a fraternal welcome from Brother Elks and, during his stay, be shown the attractive, up-to-date club rooms maintained by the thriving lodge in that enterprising little city. At Juneau, the Terri-

torial Capital, and at Anchorage, the railroad base on Cook's Inlet, he will find the Order likewise well equipped. Thus and otherwise he will learn that the Elks of Alaska are keeping step with their Brother Elks throughout America and doing their full part as fine, helpful, country-loving Americans.

In conclusion, I reveal to you a few of the dreams I am dreaming about Alaska. Looking into the future, I see this Northland, not with uninhabited shores and scattered and straggling seacoast towns and villages, and the stupendous unpopulated interior with countless acres of uncultivated land—the whole melancholy in its silence and its grandeur—but, instead, a Northland of animated shores with permanent and thriving communities all along the seacoast, given prosperity by the fishing and mining industries, and the interior dotted with homesteads, with the fertile soil yielding forth its products and finding accessible markets for the abundance grown. I see in Ketchikan a Seattle of Alaska to come, with its hills cut away for the making of a city; in Juneau a possible Vancouver or Portland; in Fairbanks, toward the top of the world, a future Winnipeg, or Minneapolis of the interior; in Anchorage a Pittsburg of fast-coming time; in Seward a growing and important center and terminal; and in fair, picturesque Sitka, on Baranoff Island, where the Russians manufactured church bells a hundred years ago, I see the Victoria of Alaska, where beauty-loving tourists will come and linger and revel in its charms. I see, indeed, in all the towns advantageously located along the coast, cities of a generation now at hand, opulent of a country come into its own. I see great steamships plying the Alaskan waters, pressed to capacity in the handling of freight and passenger traffic, and the present government railroad as only the main line of a system, with branches extending in many directions and tonnage turning deficit into profit. In my dreams, I see the Alaska of tomorrow with a population of a million or more people—an Alaska no longer a Territory, but a state or two states, rich and dominant and adding strength and prestige to the Republic.

IN the work of bringing about a realization of these dreams I crave the aid of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks and The Elks Magazine. Especially do I crave this aid in spreading truth about Alaska and dispelling fiction as to climate and conditions.



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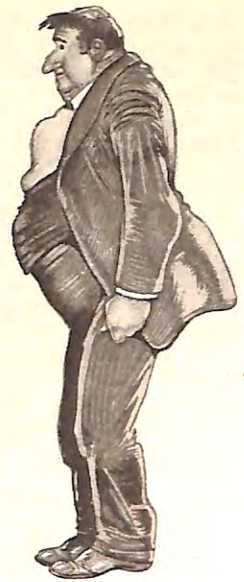


Cuthbert Unexpectedly Clicks

*Golf, the Great Leveler,
Rides Roughshod Over
Russian Literature*

By P. G. Wodehouse

Illustrated by Ray Rohn



THE young man flung his bag of clubs with a clatter on the floor of the smoking-room and sank moodily into an armchair. He pressed the bell.

"Waiter!"

"Sir?"

"You may have these clubs. Take them away. If you don't want them yourself, give them to one of the caddies."

Across the room the Oldest Member eyed him with a grave sadness through the smoke of his pipe. He was not unprepared for this attitude on the part of his young friend. From his eyrie on the terrace above the ninth green he had observed him start out on the afternoon's round and had seen him drop a couple of balls in the lake after doing the first hole in seven.

"You are giving up golf?" he said.

"Yes!" cried the young man fiercely.

"Yes! For ever, dammit! Footling game! Blanked infernal fat-headed silly ass of a game! Nothing but a waste of time."

The Sage winced.

"Don't say that, my boy."

"But I do say it. What good is golf? Life is stern and life is earnest. We live in a practical age. All round us we see Foreign Competition making itself unpleasant. Is golf any use? Can you name me a single case where devotion to this pestilential pastime has done a man any practical good?"

The Sage smiled gently.

"I could name a thousand."

"One will do."

"I will select," said the Sage, "from the innumerable memories that rush to my mind, the story of J. Cuthbert Banks."

"Never heard of him."

"Be of good cheer," said the Oldest Member. "You are going to hear of him now."

It was in the picturesque little settlement of Wood Hills (said the Oldest Member) that the incidents occurred which I am about to relate. Even if you have never been in Wood Hills, that Suburban Paradise is probably familiar to you by name. Situated at a convenient distance from the city, it combines in a notable manner the advantages of town life with the pleasant surroundings and healthful air of the country. Its inhabitants live in commodious houses, standing in their own grounds, and enjoy so many luxuries—such as gravel soil, main drainage, electric light, telephone, baths (h. and c.), and Company's own water, that you might be pardoned for imagining life to be so ideal for

them that no possible improvement could be added to their lot. Mrs. Willoughby Smethurst was under no such delusion. What Wood Hills needed to make it perfect, she realized, was Culture. Material comforts are all very well, but, if the *summum bonum* is to be achieved, the Soul also demands a look in, and it was Mrs. Smethurst's unfaltering resolve that never while she had her strength should the Soul be handed the loser's end. It was her intention to make Wood Hills a center of all that was most cultivated and refined, and golly! how she had succeeded. Under her presidency the Wood Hills Literary and Debating Society had tripled its membership.

But there is always a fly in the ointment, a caterpillar in the salad. The local golf club, an institution to which Mrs. Smethurst strongly objected, had also tripled its membership; and the division of the com-

munity into two rival camps, the Golfers and the Cultured, had become more marked than ever. This division, always acute, had attained now to the dimensions of a Schism. The rival sects treated one another with a cold hostility. Unfortunate episodes came to widen the breach. Mrs. Smethurst's house adjoined the links, standing to the right of the fourth tee: and, as the Literary Society was in the habit of entertaining visiting lecturers, many a golfer had fozzled his drive owing to sudden loud outbursts of applause coinciding with his down-swing. And not long before this story opens a sliced ball, whizzing in at the open window, had come within an ace of incapacitating Raymond Parsloe Devine, the rising young novelist (who rose at that moment a clear foot and a half) from any further exercise of his art. Two inches, indeed, to the right and Raymond must inevitably have handed in his dinner-pail.

To make matters worse, a ring at the front-door bell followed almost immediately, and the maid ushered in a young man of pleasing appearance in a sweater and baggy knickerbockers who apologetically but firmly insisted on playing his ball where it lay, and, what with the shock of the lecturer's narrow escape and the spectacle of the intruder standing on the table and working away with a niblick, the afternoon's session had to be classed as a complete frost. Mr. Devine's determination, from which no argument could swerve him, to deliver the rest of his lecture in the coal-cellar, gave the meeting a jolt from which it never recovered.

I have dwelt upon this incident, because it was the means of introducing Cuthbert Banks to Mrs. Smethurst's niece, Adeline. As Cuthbert, for it was he who had so nearly reduced the muster-roll of rising novelists by one, hopped down from the table after his strike, he was suddenly aware that a beautiful girl was looking at him intently. As a matter of fact, everyone in the room was looking at him intently, none more so than Raymond Parsloe Devine, but none of the others were beautiful girls. Long as the members of Wood Hills Literary Society were on brain, they were short on looks, and to Cuthbert's excited eye, Adeline Smethurst stood out like a jewel in a pile of coke. He had never seen her before, for she had only arrived at her aunt's house on the previous day, but he was perfectly certain that life, even when lived in the midst of gravel soil,



Raymond Parsloe Devine, badly shaken, hesitated for a moment and then slunk out of the room

main drainage, and Company's own water, was going to be a pretty poor affair if he did not see her again. Yes, Cuthbert was in love: and it is interesting to record, as showing the effect of the tender emotion on a man's game, that twenty minutes after he had met Adeline he did the short eleventh in one and as near as a toucher got a three on the four-hundred-yard twelfth.

I will skip lightly over the intermediate stages of Cuthbert's courtship and come to the moment when—at the annual ball in aid of the local Cottage Hospital, the only occasion during the year on which the lion, so to speak, lay down with the lamb and the Golfers and the Cultured met on terms of easy comradeship, their differences temporarily laid aside—he proposed to Adeline and was badly stymied.

THAT fair, soulful girl could not see him with a spy-glass.

"Mr. Banks," she said, "I will speak frankly."

"Charge right ahead," assented Cuthbert. "Deeply sensible as I am of . . ."

"I know. Of the honor and the compliment and all that. But, passing lightly over all that—er—guff, what seems to be the trouble? I love you to distraction. . . ."

"Love is not everything."

"You're wrong," said Cuthbert earnestly. "You're right off it. Love . . ." And he was about to dilate on the theme when she interrupted him.

"I am a girl of ambition."

"And very nice, too," said Cuthbert.

"I am a girl of ambition," repeated Adeline, "and I realize that the fulfilment of my ambitions must come through my husband. I am very ordinary myself. . . ."

"What!" cried Cuthbert. "You ordinary? Why, you are a pearl among women, the queen of your sex. You can't have been looking in a glass lately. You stand alone. Simply alone. You make the rest look like battered repaints."

"Well," said Adeline, softening a trifle, "I believe I am fairly good-looking. . . ."

"Anybody who was content to call you fairly good-looking would describe the Taj Mahal as a pretty nifty tomb."

"But that is not the point. What I mean is, if I marry a nonentity, I shall be a nonentity myself for ever. And I would sooner die than be a nonentity."

"And, if I follow your reasoning, you think that that lets me out?"

"Well, really, Mr. Banks, have you done anything or are you likely ever to do anything worth while?"

Cuthbert hesitated.

"It's true," he said, "I didn't finish in the first ten in the Open and I was knocked out in the semi-final of the Amateur, but I won the French Open last year."

"The—what?"

"The French Open Championship. Golf, you know."

"Golf! You waste all your time playing golf."

"Waste!" faltered Cuthbert.

"I admire a man who is more spiritual, more intellectual." A pang of jealousy rent Cuthbert's bosom.

"Like What's-his-name Devine?" he said sullenly.

"Mr. Devine," replied Adeline, blushing faintly, "is going to be a great man. Already he has achieved much. The critics say that he is more Russian than any other young American writer."

"And is that good?"

"Of course it's good."

"I should have thought the wheeze would be to be more American than any other young American writer."

"Nonsense! Who wants an American writer to be American? You've got to be Russian or Spanish or something to be a real success. The mantle of the great Russians has descended on Mr. Devine."

"From what I've heard of Russians, I should hate to have that happen to me."

"There is no danger of that," said Adeline scornfully.

"Oh! Well, let me tell you that there is a lot more in me than you think."

"That might easily be so."

"You think I'm not spiritual and intellectual," said Cuthbert, deeply moved. "Very well. Tomorrow I join the Literary Society."

Even as he spoke the words, his leg was itching to kick himself for being such a chump, but the sudden expression of pleasure on Adeline's face soothed him; and he went

say merely that J. Cuthbert Banks had a thin time. After attending eleven debates and fourteen lectures on vers libre poetry, the Seventeenth Century Essayists, the Neo-Scandinavian movement in Portuguese literature, and other subjects of a similar nature, he grew so enfeebled that, on the rare occasions when he had time for a visit to the links, he had to take a full iron for his mashie-shots.

It was not simply the oppressive nature of the debates and lectures that sapped his vitality. What really got right in amongst him was the torture of seeing Adeline's adoration of Raymond Parsloe Devine. The

After the intruder had played his ball from the library table, the afternoon session became a complete frost



man seemed to have made the deepest possible impression upon her plastic emotions. When he spoke, she leaned forward with

parted lips and looked at him. When he was not speaking—which was seldom—she leaned back and looked at him. And when he happened to take the next seat to her, she leaned sideways and looked at him. One glance at Mr. Devine would have been more than enough for Cuthbert; but Adeline found him a spectacle that never palled. She could not have gazed at him with a more rapturous intensity if she had been a small child and he a saucer of ice-cream. All this Cuthbert had to witness while still endeavoring to retain the possession of his faculties sufficiently to enable him to duck and back away if somebody suddenly asked him what he thought of the somber realism of Vladimir Brusiloff. It is little wonder that he tossed in bed, picking at the coverlet, through sleepless nights, and had to have all his waistcoats taken in three inches to keep them from sagging.

This Vladimir Brusiloff to whom I have referred was the famous Russian novelist, and owing to the fact of his being in the country on a lecturing tour at the moment

home that night with the feeling that he had taken on something rather attractive. It was only in the cold gray light of the morning that he realized what he had let himself in for.

I do not know if you have had any experience of suburban literary societies, but the one that flourished under the eye of Mrs. Willoughby Smethurst at Wood Hills was rather more so than the average. With my feeble powers of narrative, I cannot hope to make clear to you all that Cuthbert Banks endured in the next few weeks. And, even if I could, I doubt if I should do so. It is all very well to excite pity and terror, as Aristotle recommends, but there are limits. In the ancient Greek tragedies, it was an iron-clad rule that all the real rough stuff should take place off-stage, and I shall follow this admirable principle. It will suffice if I

there had been something of a boom in his works. The Wood Hills Literary Society had been studying them for weeks, and never since his first entrance into intellectual circles had Cuthbert Banks come nearer to throwing in the towel. Vladimir specialized in gray

"Dead?" said Cuthbert with a touch of hope.

"Dead? Of course not. Why should he be? No, Aunt Emily met his manager after his lecture at Carnegie Hall yesterday, and he has promised that Mr. Brusiloff shall come to her next Wednesday reception."

"Oh, ah?" said Cuthbert dully.

"I don't know how she managed it. I think she must have told him that Mr. Devine would be there to meet him."

"But you said he was coming," argued Cuthbert.

"I shall be very glad," said Raymond Devine, "of the opportunity of meeting Brusiloff."

"I'm sure," said Adeline, "he will be very glad of the opportunity of meeting you."

"Possibly," said Mr. Devine. "Possibly. Competent critics have said that my work

expression in them not unlike that of a cat in a strange backyard surrounded by small boys. The man looked forlorn and hopeless, and Cuthbert wondered whether he had had bad news from home.

This was not the case. The latest news which Vladimir Brusiloff had had from Russia had been particularly cheering. Three of his principal creditors had perished in the last massacre of the bourgeoisie, and a man whom he had owed for five years for a samovar and a pair of overshoes had fled the country and had not been heard of since. It was not bad news from home that was depressing Vladimir. What was wrong with him was the fact that this was the eighty-second suburban literary reception he had been compelled to attend since he had landed in America on his lecturing-tour, and he was sick to death of it. When his agent had first suggested the trip, he had signed on the dotted line without an instant's hesitation. Worked out in roubles, the fees offered had seemed just about right. But now, as he peered through the brushwood at the faces round him and realized that eight out of ten of those present had manuscripts of some sort concealed on their persons and were only waiting for an opportunity to whip them out and start reading, he wished that he had stayed at his quiet home in Nijni-Novgorod, where the worst thing that could happen to a fellow was a brace of bombs coming in through the window and mixing themselves up with his breakfast egg.

At this point in his meditations he was aware that his hostess was looming up before him with a pale young man in horn-rimmed spectacles at her side. There was in Mrs. Smethurst's demeanor something of the unctious of the master of ceremonies at the big fight who introduces the earnest gentleman who wishes to challenge the winner.

"Oh, Mr. Brusiloff," said Mrs. Smethurst, "I do so want you to meet Mr. Raymond Parsloe Devine, whose work I expect you know. He is one of our younger novelists."

The distinguished visitor peered in a wary and defensive manner through the shrubbery, but did not speak. Inwardly he was thinking how exactly like Mr. Devine was to the eighty-one other younger novelists to whom he had been introduced at various hamlets throughout the country. Raymond Parsloe Devine bowed courteously, while Cuthbert, wedged into his corner, glowered at him.

"The critics," said Mr. Devine, "have been kind enough to say that my poor efforts contain a good deal of the Russian spirit. I owe much to the great Russians. I have been greatly influenced by Sovietski."

Down in the forest something stirred. It was Vladimir Brusiloff's mouth opening, as he prepared to speak. He was not a man who prattled readily, especially in a foreign tongue. He gave the impression that each word was excavated from his interior by some up-to-date process of mining. He glared bleakly at Mr. Devine, and then allowed three words to drop out of him.

"Sovietski no good!"

HE paused for a moment, set the machinery working again, and delivered five more at the pit-head.

"I spit me of Sovietski!"

There was a painful sensation. The lot of a popular idol is in many ways an enviable one, but it has the drawback of uncertainty. Here today and gone tomorrow. Until this moment Raymond Parsloe Devine's stock had stood at something considerably over par in Wood Hill intellectual



closely resembles that of the Great Russian Masters."

"Your psychology is so deep."

"Yes, yes."

"And your atmosphere."

"Quite."

Cuthbert in a perfect agony of spirit prepared to withdraw from this love-feast. The sun was shining brightly, but the world was black to him. Birds sang in the tree-tops, but he did not hear them. He might have been a moujik for all the pleasure he found in life.

"You will be there, Mr. Banks?" said Adeline, as he turned away.

"Oh, all right," said Cuthbert.

When Cuthbert had entered the drawing-room on the following Wednesday and had taken his usual place in a distant corner where, while able to feast his gaze on Adeline, he had a sporting chance of being overlooked or mistaken for a piece of furniture, he perceived the great Russian thinker seated in the midst of a circle of admiring females. Raymond Parsloe Devine had not yet arrived.

His first glance at the novelist surprised Cuthbert. Doubtless with the best motives, Vladimir Brusiloff had permitted his face to become almost entirely concealed behind a dense zareba of hair, but his eyes were visible through the undergrowth, and it seemed to Cuthbert that there was an

studies of hopeless misery where nothing happened till page three hundred and eighty, when the moujik decided to commit suicide. It was tough going for a man whose deepest reading hitherto had been Varden on the Push-Shot, and there can be no greater proof of the magic of love than the fact that Cuthbert stuck it without a cry. But the strain was terrible, and I am inclined to think that he must have cracked, had it not been for the daily reports in the papers of the internecine strife which was proceeding so briskly in Russia. Cuthbert was an optimist at heart, and it seemed to him that, at the rate at which the inhabitants of that interesting country were murdering one another, the supply of Russian novelists must eventually give out.

One morning, as he tottered down the road for the short walk which was now almost the only exercise to which he was equal, Cuthbert met Adeline. A spasm of anguish flitted through all his nerve-centers as he saw that she was accompanied by Raymond Parsloe Devine.

"Good morning, Mr. Banks," said Adeline.

"Good morning," said Cuthbert hollowly.

"Such good news about Vladimir Brusiloff."

circles, but now there was a rapid slump. Hitherto he had been greatly admired for being influenced by Sovietski, but it appeared now that this was not a good thing to be. It was evidently a rotten thing to be. The law could not touch you for being influenced by Sovietski, but there is an ethical as well as a legal code, and this it was obvious that Raymond Parsloe Devine had transgressed. Women drew away from him slightly, holding their skirts. Men looked at him censoriously. Adeline Smethurst started violently and dropped a teacup. And Cuthbert Banks, doing his popular imitation of a sardine in his corner, felt for the first time that life held something of sunshine.

Raymond Parsloe Devine was plainly shaken, but he made an adroit attempt to recover his lost prestige.

"When I say I have been influenced by Sovietski, I mean of course, that I was once under his spell. A young writer commits many follies. I have long since passed through that phase. The false glamour of Sovietski has ceased to dazzle me. I now belong wholeheartedly to the school of Nastikoff."

There was a reaction. People nodded at one another sympathetically. After all, we cannot expect old heads on young shoulders, and a lapse at the outset of one's career should not be held against one who has eventually seen the light.

"Nastikoff no good," said Vladimir Brusiloff coldly. He paused, listening to the machinery.

"Nastikoff worse than Sovietski."

He paused again.

"I spit me of Nastikoff!" he said.

This time there was no doubt about it. The bottom had dropped out of the market, and Raymond Parsloe Devine Preferred was down in the cellar with no takers. It was clear to the entire assembled company that they had been all wrong about Mr. Raymond Parsloe Devine. They had allowed him to play on their innocence and sell them a pup. They had taken him at his own valuation and had been cheated into admiring him as a man who amounted to something, and all the while he had belonged to the school of Nastikoff. Mrs. Smethurst's guests were well-bred and there was, consequently, no violent demonstration, but you could see by their faces what they felt. Those nearest Raymond Parsloe jostled to get further away. Mrs. Smethurst eyed him stonily through a raised lorgnette. One or two low hisses were heard, and over at the other end of the room somebody opened the window in a marked manner.

Raymond Parsloe Devine hesitated for a moment, then,

realizing his situation, turned and slunk to the door. There was an audible sigh of relief as it closed behind him.

Vladimir Brusiloff proceeded to sum up.

"No novelists any good except me. Sovietski—yah! Nastikoff—bah! I spit me of zem all. No novelists anywhere any good except me. P. G. Wodehouse and Tolstoi not bad. Not good, but not bad. No novelists any good except me."

And, having uttered this dictum, the human violet removed a slab of cake from a nearby plate, steered it through the jungle, and began to champ.

It is too much to say that there was a dead silence. There could never be that in any room in which Vladimir Brusiloff was eating cake. But certainly what you might call the general chat-chat was pretty well down and out. Nobody liked to be the first to speak. The members of the Wood Hills Literary Society looked at one another timidly. Cuthbert, for his part, gazed at Adeline; and Adeline gazed into space. It was plain that the girl was deeply stirred. Her eyes were opened wide, a faint flush crimsoned her cheeks, and her breath was coming quickly.

Adeline's mind was in a whirl. She felt as if she had been walking gaily along a pleasant path and had stopped suddenly on the very brink of a precipice. It would be idle to deny that Raymond Parsloe Devine had attracted her extraordinarily. She had taken him at his own valuation as an extremely hot potato, and her hero-worship had gradually been turning into love. And now her hero had been shown to have feet of clay. It was hard, I consider, on Raymond Parsloe Devine, but that is how it goes in this world. You get a following as a celebrity, and then you run up against another bigger celebrity and your admirers desert you. One could moralize

on this at considerable length, but better not, perhaps. Enough to say that the glamour of Raymond Devine ceased abruptly in that moment for Adeline, and her most coherent thought at this juncture was the resolve, as soon as she got up to her room, to burn the three signed photographs he had sent her, and to give the autographed presentation set of his books to the ice-man.

Mrs. Smethurst, meanwhile, having rallied somewhat, was endeavoring to set the feast of reason and flow of soul going again.

"And how do you like America, Mr. Brusiloff?" she asked.

The celebrity paused in the act of lowering another segment of cake.

"Damn good," he replied cordially.

"I suppose you have traveled all over the country by this time?"

"You said it," agreed the Thinker.

"Have you met many of our great public men?"

"Yais . . . Yais. . . Quite a few of the nibs. . . The President. . . I meet him. . . But—" Beneath the matting a discontented expression came into his face, and his voice took on a peevish note—

"But I not meet your *real* great men . . . your Voltteragin, your Yarker Sheeson. . . I not meet them. That's what gives me the pipovitch. Have you ever met Voltteragin and Yarker Sheeson?"

A strained, anguished look came into Mrs. Smethurst's face and was reflected in the faces of the other members of the circle. The eminent Russian had sprung two entirely new ones on them, and they felt that their ignorance was about to be exposed. What would Vladimir Brusiloff think of the Wood Hills Literary Society? The reputation of the Wood Hills Literary Society was at stake, trembling in the balance, and coming up for the third time. In dumb agony Mrs. Smethurst rolled her eyes about the room, searching for some one capable of coming to the rescue. She drew blank.

And then, from a distant corner, there sounded a deprecating cough, and those nearest Cuthbert Banks saw that he had stopped twisting his right foot round his left ankle and his left foot round his right ankle and was sitting up with a light almost of human intelligence in his eyes.

"Er . . ." said Cuthbert, blushing as every eye in the room seemed to fix itself on him, "I think he means Walter Hagen and Jock Hutchison."

"Walter Hagen and Jock Hutchison?" repeated Mrs. Smethurst blankly. "I never heard of . . ."

"Yais! Yais! Most! Very!" shouted Vladimir Brusiloff enthusiastically. "Voltteragin and Yarker Sheeson. You know them, yes what, no, perhaps?"

"I've played with Walter Hagen often, and I was partnered with Jock Hutchison in last year's open."

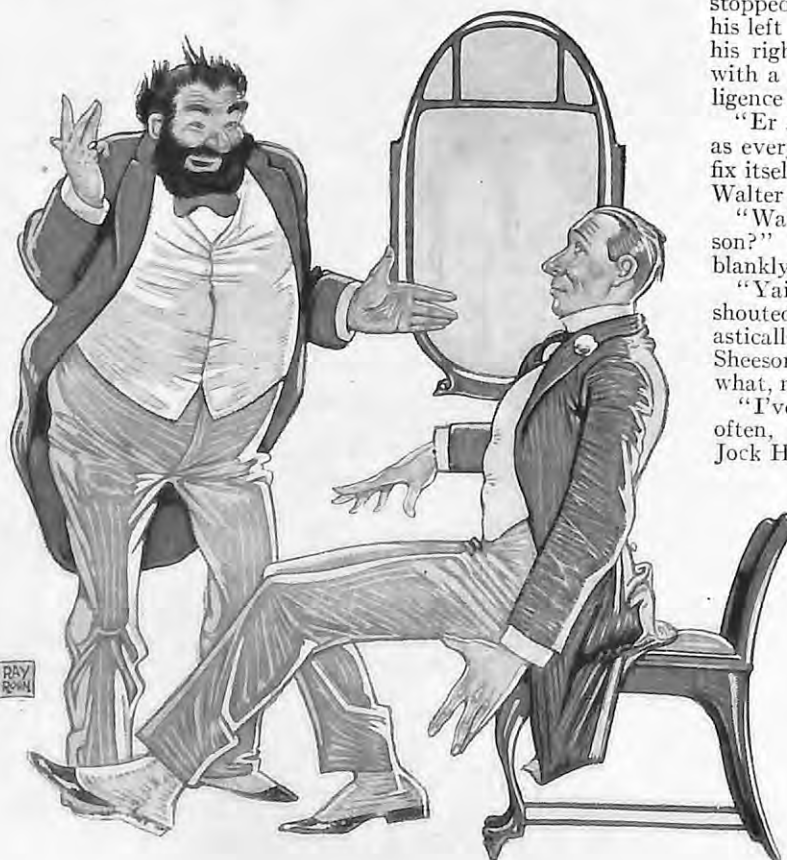
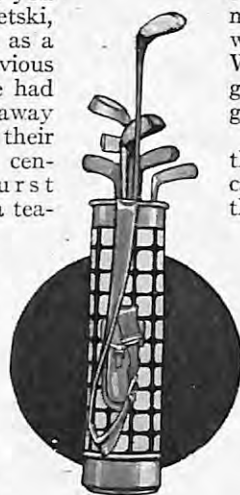
The great Russian uttered a cry that shook the chandelier.

"You play in ze Open? Why," he demanded reproachfully of Mrs. Smethurst, "was I not been introduced to this young man who plays in Opens?"

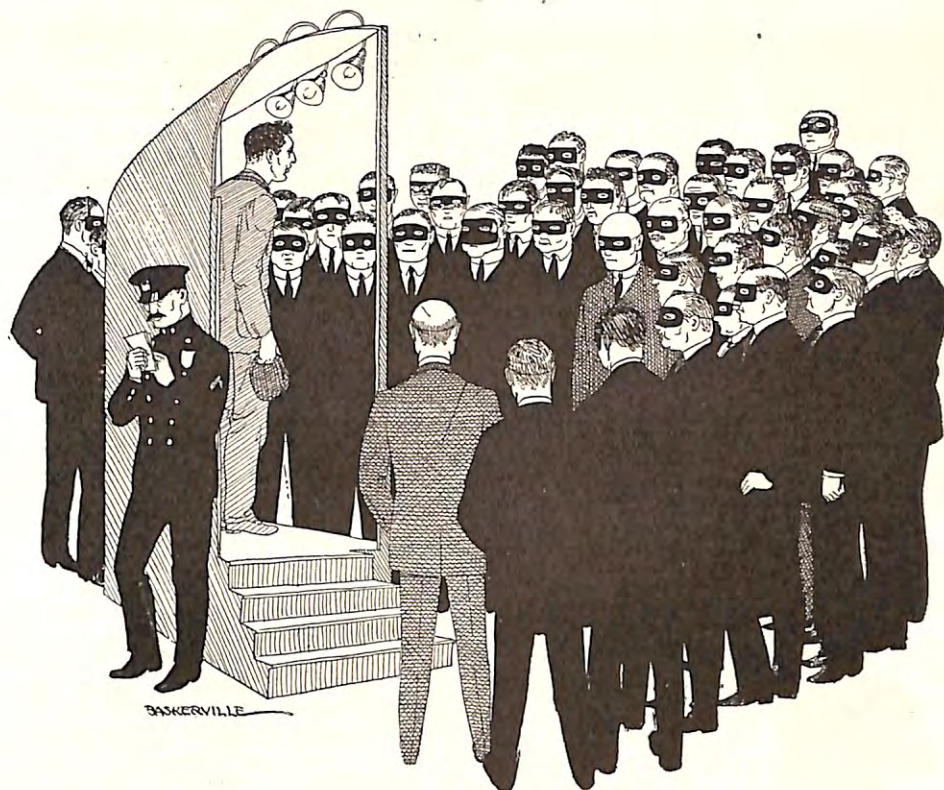
"Well, really," faltered Mrs. Smethurst. "Well, the fact is, Mr. Brusiloff. . ."

She broke off. She was unequal to the task.

(Continued on page 54)



"I saw you win ze French Open. Great! Great! Grand! Superb! Hot stuff—" exploded Brusiloff



The morning line-up at headquarters—a pleasant little masquerade to which are invited for identification overnight guests of the police.

HERE is a story. Not long ago a lady who lived all her life in Scotland had to plan a trip to Los Angeles, to join her son. Naturally, she tried to find out all she could about America. And in her newspapers she found a good deal to read about the United States. With this curious result—that she booked her passage in a vessel going through the Panama Canal. She told her friends why, too.

Take a chance on crossing the United States? With armed bandits parading the streets of New York and Chicago, and robbers plying their trade as they pleased, and murders and hold ups matters of daily, almost hourly, occurrence? With police so corrupt and incompetent that neither life nor property were safe, according to dozens of articles and editorial leaders in American papers that were reprinted in those she read? Not if she knew it!

Absurd, isn't it? It reminds you of the way they used to think, abroad, that red Indians scalped the palefaces on Broadway! Yes. But here's another story.

A couple of enterprising but rather inefficient burglars were caught red handed in New York the other night, and when the police asked the usual questions they got this answer, among others:

"Gee! We read de papers—see? And we seen how youse N'Yawk bulls wasn't no good and it was easy pickin' here. So we take a chance, see? And now we gets pinched! Hell—youse can't believe nuttin' youse reads in de papers these days!"

Well, as a matter of fact, you can't blame any crook for thinking New York a good place in which to go to work. The newspapers say so pretty continuously. And it has been the same in other cities. Column upon column about crime waves, carnivals of crime. And editorial after editorial on the inefficiency or the corruption of the police. That sort of thing has not been local. Witness "The Literary Digest," which simply reflects newspapers all over the United States, leading its issue for January

Help! Police!

*Know What Happens When That Cry Goes Up?
Every Crook Knows—You Should, Too*

By William Almon Wolff

Decorations by Charles Baskerville, Jr.

14, 1922, with an article headed "Thuggery in Our Cities" and beginning: "America's big cities seem to be the new battle ground of banditry, which popular thought formerly associated with Mexico and our own 'Wild West.'"

And that article went on to reproduce headlines from scores of newspapers about the wave of crime.

That sort of thing makes interesting reading. And, let it be understood, so far as the actual facts set forth go, the newspapers are accurate enough. They don't invent crimes; they simply play them up, lay stress upon them, give them importance through the way they are described. And, even though only facts are presented, their sum doesn't happen, in this instance, to add up to truth.

When Police Commissioner Enright, in New York, denies the existence of an abnormal amount of crime, and undertakes to defend his department, the newspapers scoff at him, and speak of him as the devil's advocate. They can't, and don't, say that, though, about Dr. James W. Inches, police commissioner of Detroit. And Dr. Inches, referring to that particular article in "The Literary Digest," remarks:

"As a matter of cold fact, crime is not increasing in our large cities."

He goes on to prove what he says, too, by figures, which he has carefully checked up, from Chicago, Cleveland, St. Louis, Philadelphia and New York. Detroit's figures concerning crime happen to be remarkable; an extraordinary reduction was achieved in 1921 over the 1920 figures. But while Dr. Inches thinks better police work had a good deal to do with making that

record, he knows that another factor counted heavily, too—and that was increased speed in bringing prisoners to trial and increased severity by the judges.

"Crooks found they couldn't stall here," he says, "and that once they were convicted they would get all that was coming to them. They don't consider

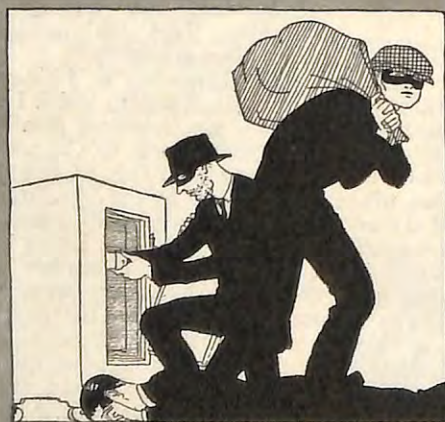
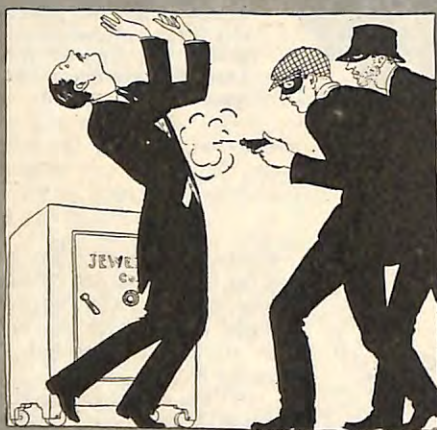
Detroit a healthy place any more."

The same thing happened in Chicago. There, too, the crime situation, which had become pretty bad, has improved greatly. Improved police work stands to Chicago's credit, too, but the Chicago Crime Commission, which was organized by the Association of Commerce to try to do something about a menacing state of affairs, and began by giving its attention almost altogether to bracing up the police, had, very soon, to turn to the prosecutor's office and the courts.

It must have made rather a nuisance of itself at first. It asked bothersome questions about the way criminal cases were continued—one man's trial for murder had hung fire for nine years! It looked into cases in which the fixing of absurdly low bail turned criminals loose. And it got results—and earned the good-will of a police department which, at first, had looked at it askance.

AND in New York the culmination of a long series of attacks on the police for permitting crime to go unchecked died down for lack of fuel when jammed criminal court calendars were relieved by legislative action and the District Attorney's office and the judges began really to put the fear of punishment into crooks who had accepted arrest as a mere incident in their busy lives.

"If we go wrong, if we make mistakes, if we're letting criminals get the upper hand, I want the newspapers to attack us," says Dr. Inches. "But I think it's unfair and mischievous for them to handle news as they very often do. To print the story of a crime conspicuously on the front page—and the story of its solution and the arrest of its



perpetrators in a paragraph or two on an inside page. I don't want the papers to suppress anything. But I think they should tell all the truth."

In Detroit newspaper excitement about a crime wave has died out. In other cities, notably in New York, it is still going on as I write. And all the important police officials with whom I have talked feel as does Dr. Inches. They think much of the press agitation about crime waves is disingenuous, inspired by political motives, and definitely harmful, in so far as it encourages crooks to think they can do as they please.

"WHY don't they, just once, tell people how we work, and some of the things we're up against?" one police chief asked me. "The public seems to know less about police work than almost any branch of the public service. And that makes it hard for us."

I think that's so, and this article represents an attempt to tell how a modern city is protected by its police. A really up-to-date police department is a good deal like an iceberg, most of which doesn't show above the surface of the water. A lot of its most important working parts aren't visible at all. And even the way the visible parts function isn't fully understood by most people.

You see, ordinarily, just two sorts of police work—the patrolling of the streets, and part, but only a part, of the police control of traffic. Those are important police activities; in one sense, the most important. But there are many more. New York's police department included 11,537 men the day I took the latest figures. Rather less than 7,500 of these are used in patrolling and in handling traffic, leaving more than 4,000 for activities of which almost nothing is known. And those proportions hold good in other cities—except that New York probably uses more men for patrol work than most towns. In Dayton, one day in 1916, exactly eight men were on duty as patrolmen—in a city of 150,000 people! Of approximately 5,000 police in Chicago 2,000 are available for patrol and traffic control takes about 400 men.

Now, with all the modern developments of police work it still remains true that patrolling the streets is the foundation of the whole system. That is so now, as it was in the days when police departments originated in a night watchman, going about with lantern and stick. A few cities, like Berkeley, California, and Kansas City, have motorized patrol work. But the old pavement pounder seems likely, on the whole, to survive for a long time yet, especially in metropolitan cities of dense population.

You see Officer Clancy, swinging along on his beat, and you may think Clancy's job is pretty easy, and doesn't make many drafts on his intelligence. If you do you're wrong. If Clancy is a good policeman, and the chances are that he is, he will grade quite a bit above the average in common sense, courage, power of observation, resourcefulness and tact.

In nearly every city every man in the uniformed force, and every detective, began his police career as a patrolman. Patrol work is the new man's first assignment. A few cities choose police detectives direct from civil life, but in most cases detectives are made from patrolmen who show special aptitude.

It's pretty safe to assume, nowadays, that the man you see on post has had a certain amount of special schooling for his work; almost all of the bigger cities, and many of the smaller ones, have established regular training schools. A few still train their recruits by sending them out with old timers.

But that method is passing fast. New York has, probably, the most elaborate school, with an intensive course of two months that includes lectures on police work and very stiff physical training, with military drill and instruction in Jiu Jitsu and marksmanship. Chicago, Detroit and a number of other cities have a thirty-day course.

The University of California has courses for the police of San Francisco, and, particularly, of Berkeley, and these courses are for experienced policemen and detectives as well as for recruits. Work of this sort is only beginning here, and Chief Vollmer, of Berkeley, a trained and scientific criminologist, is something of a pioneer in higher education of the police.

It isn't strange that policemen have to go to school. Do you know that in the average city the police, in theory at least, have 16,000 different laws, statutes and ordinances to enforce? That, of course, can't be done, but it isn't easy to make sure of knowing the laws that do have to be enforced.

Suppose we consider Officer Clancy's ordinary routine job; things he may have to do in an ordinary tour of duty. Assume that he has an average sort of post in a fairly well settled part of town, partly residential and partly devoted to business.

First of all, when he is assigned to a new beat, Clancy does certain things. He spots all fire-alarm boxes and all doctors' offices, so that he always knows the nearest one. He notes, and remembers, details about shops, so that, at night, he can assure himself by a glance, in passing, that everything is all right—the shopkeeper having left shades up and a light burning. At night Clancy makes it his business to get to know by sight people who get home late. He gets to know the cars that belong on his beat, or are often parked along it, and their owners—so that he can take action if an automobile thief tries to ply his trade.

As he goes along Clancy keeps an eye open for obstructions in the street, loose covers of manholes and coal holes, holes in the pavement—things likely to lead to accidents. He makes sure that builders have proper permits for material stored on sidewalks. He prevents improper parking of automobiles. He takes steps to abate the nuisance of refuse set out at forbidden hours. At night he tries all exposed doors and windows, at regular intervals. If any person or any vehicle arouses his suspicions he either keeps them under observation or asks questions at once.

He knows what houses and shops on his beat are temporarily vacant, and gives them special supervision. He is always looking for traces of fire, and, if he discovers one, turns in an alarm, and, before the firemen come, does what he can to save life and property.

Now, obviously, most of these routine activities are directed toward the prevention of crime, which is one of the three principal jobs of every police department. The others are maintaining order and arresting criminals.

BUT Clancy has other duties, too. If anyone dies, or is accidentally hurt, or is suddenly taken ill on his post the first responsibility is Clancy's. He takes charge of a body pending the arrival of the proper authorities; he calls an ambulance or other help in case of sickness or accident. He is responsible for the care of lost children. In fact, Clancy has a definite, fixed part to play whenever anything out of the ordinary occurs on his beat.

Naturally most citizens who are in trouble

of any sort make their first appeal to him. Sometimes they telephone for help, but the classic shout of "Murder! Help! Police!" still sounds in Clancy's ears from time to time. Very often Clancy is asked to arrest some one when that isn't at all the proper procedure. Then he has to be tactful, and, at the same time, firm. It is well to remember that Clancy's badge and uniform give him no freedom to do as he jolly well pleases in this matter of arrest. He can be sued civilly for false or malicious arrest, and is personally liable. (But he can, of course, arrest on suspicion that a crime has been committed, or even when he thinks one is about to be committed.)

NOW, suppose a crime actually is committed on Clancy's beat, and that he is called upon for help. What does he do?

He has to do several things immediately. Notify the station. That comes first, if possible. Then he goes to the scene of the crime, and takes charge. He must detain witnesses. And he must safeguard the evidence—a phrase that covers a great deal.

Sometimes, of course, Clancy is able to arrest the criminal, which simplifies matters a good deal. But more often he finds a place that has been visited by a burglar, or the victim of a murder.

That means that, in that particular case, the police have been unable to prevent crime. The task of arresting the criminal remains. And Clancy's part in furthering that is to make careful notes of everything he sees, to find out everything he can at once, and to see to it that nothing is moved or disturbed. Finger-prints may be about; Clancy must see to it that they aren't effaced or confused.

Now Clancy fades out of the picture and the detectives come in, having been sent to the scene of the crime upon Clancy's report. It is the detective's business to find and arrest the criminal.

The detective begins by asking two questions: Why was this done? Who did it?

In the case of a robbery the motive is plain, of course, as a rule—there are cases in which it isn't, although these occur more often in fiction than in actual police experience. But in the case of murder the discovery of the true motive frequently points unmistakably to the guilty person. Usually the district attorney and the coroner or medical examiner work with the detectives in ferreting out the truth.

Suppose, however, that questioning does nothing to reveal the criminal; that he must be identified through the traces he has left behind him. At once still another of the less conspicuous phases of police activity begins to function. Experts from the department of criminal identification go to work.

They look for finger-prints, and, if they find them, photograph them. Every circumstance, no matter how trivial it may seem to be, is taken into account, studied, and noted. Exact measurements are often useful; it is possible to find out a good deal about a criminal in this way. If forcible entry was had, the method used is discovered if possible, and the means of egress, too, are studied. Sometimes evidence is faked; doors and windows are forced when the crime was actually committed by some one inside the place. But the expert isn't readily fooled by such tricks. Often a good detective will be reasonably certain, from what he sees about the scene of a crime, that some particular crook is guilty—criminals have habits, often without realizing it, that

give them away, serving as a trade mark, as it were.

Criminal identification work is, usually, a branch of the detective bureau or division. Not always; it isn't in Chicago, for example. It is, as a matter of fact, the very heart of modern detective technique.

Go back to the criminal identification office after the crime. If finger-prints have been obtained the photographs are developed at once, and prints are made. Then it is learned whether those finger-prints are already on file. New York has half a million sets of such prints; Chicago 300,000; Philadelphia at least as many; numerous cities have more than 100,000. Yet, so complete is the method of classification, with its 1,024 major subdivisions and its tens of thousands of further subdivisions, beyond all counting, that the experts who do this comparison work never take more than five minutes or so to make their report.

Suppose the prints are found in the files. At once the problem of finding and arresting the guilty person is made vastly more simple. For that means that he has a police record. Photographs of him are at once available; so is a full description, and his name, and a list of his aliases. Moreover, if he has ever been arrested in that particular city, some of its detectives, at least, are sure to know him. The line up accounts for that—the device originated in New York, years ago, by Byrnes, which has been adopted all over the country. Every morning those who have been arrested on serious criminal charges are paraded before detectives, masked to prevent the criminal, in turn, from getting to know them.

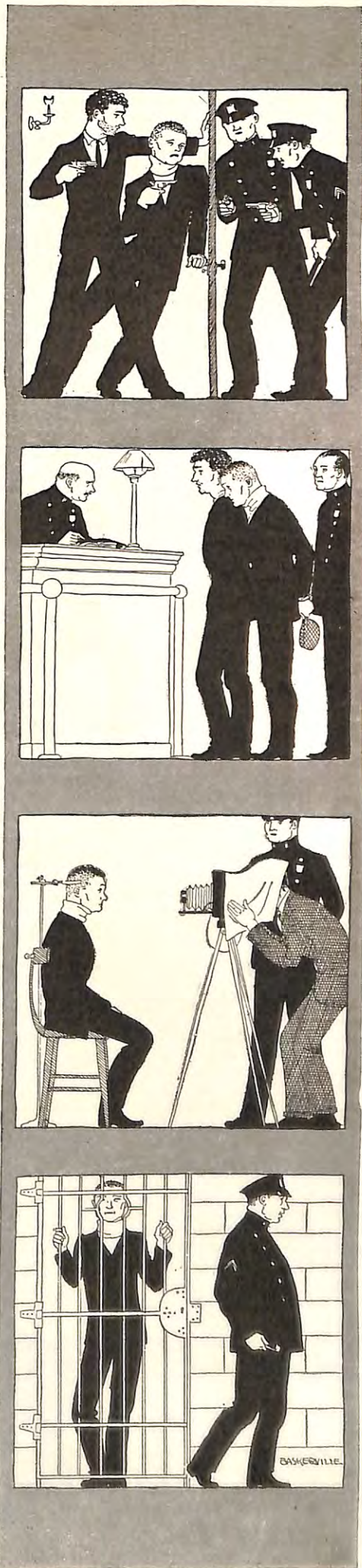
Once the identity of the criminal is thus established he is pretty sure to be caught, sooner or later—and usually sooner. A general alarm goes out for him; it is sent to all other cities, with his description and his finger-prints.

Even if the files don't contain the finger-prints the ones obtained at the scene of the crime may still be valuable. For they are sent out broadcast to other cities, if the crime is an important one, and it may turn out that the guilty man's record and his finger-prints are on file in one or more of these. Here, however, is the most serious weakness of the American police system.

At present nothing like a complete collection of criminal records exists in this country. All the great cities have complete records of their own arrests, and, to some extent, they exchange cards and information—but without system. What is needed, and what Congress is being asked to provide, is a central federal bureau of criminal identification, to which the finger-prints and description of every person arrested for felony would be sent immediately.

IT would be a simple matter then to discover whether the owner of a set of finger-prints had ever been arrested. Anyone, a country constable, the veriest layman, can take finger-prints after one lesson in the art, if he has the proper apparatus—a roller, a set of cards, and an inking pad. Only an expert, of course, can do the comparison work, and, as a result, a criminal who works in small towns often manages to conceal his record.

As things are now, New York, anxious to discover whether a set of finger-prints are those of a known criminal, may have to address a hundred inquiries to as many different cities. That offers too many openings for mistakes and carelessness. A central bureau would, in the judgment of Police Commissioner Enright, of New York, al-



most automatically double police efficiency in preventing crime. Every European country has such a system; so does Canada, where all criminal records are filed at Ottawa.

However, even if no finger-prints are found, or if they are not duplicated in any police files, the detectives are by no means at the end of their rope. It is often possible to make a shrewd guess from other evidences left behind by the criminal, as has been suggested.

Sometimes the victim of a murder cannot easily be identified, and there are times when that knowledge is essential to the establishment of a motive. Again finger-prints may be useful. Astonishing things have been done in identifying mutilated bodies, or bodies not found until long after the occurrence of the crime. Not long ago the papers were full of the work of Grant Williams, formerly head of the Bureau of Missing Persons in New York, who reconstructed the features of a dead girl, reduced to a skeleton when she was found, so successfully that her two sisters identified her.

STILL another subsurface police activity is called upon, very often, after a crime. Every modern police department has its own communications system, using telegraph or telephone, or both. Stationhouses are linked with one another and with headquarters; signal boxes enable patrolmen to keep in touch with their stations. In New York headquarters is constantly in touch with a big police boat by wireless, and requests for help from ships coming into the harbor are frequent. A beginning is being made in using the radiotelephone; the numbers and descriptions of stolen motor cars are broadcasted every day in Detroit. New York is working toward some simplification of sending apparatus, and hopes, if that is obtained, to make great use of radio.

Modern devices come into use both in crime and in its prevention and detection and punishment. The automobile and the motorcycle have changed the whole aspect of robbery, as a trade, in a few years. But the police are beginning to catch up with criminals in this respect.

What has been told of the patrolman's work explains why he has to stay on foot, as a rule. But a supplementary motor patrol has accomplished excellent results in a great many cities. Criminals don't advertise their intentions; when they use automobiles they can strike a blow and be far away long before the police can reach the scene. Necessarily the successes of motor patrolling in actually preventing crimes about to take place are largely accidental and due to a happy chance. And still it stands to reason that the law of averages will bring a careful of police along every so often just at the right moment, and that happens often enough to make the practice worth while, and one that will be followed more and more.

But there are other and more exact ways of actually preventing crime. Every city now assigns men to special squads, trained and expert in dealing with particular crimes.

Arson squads don't wait until there is a suspicious fire before they go to work. They

are in close touch with insurance companies, and they make careful studies of buildings in territories where suspicious fires often occur. They follow up and watch, with loving care, merchants and others with dubious records who carry more fire insurance than seems to be necessary. Many an enterprising gentleman has been collared just as he touched a match to a neatly prepared pile of oil-soaked waste!

Following the example of New York all the greater cities have assigned special men to the work of breaking up the traffic in narcotics. These squads probably do more actually to prevent crime than any others, for, while they deal, specifically, with the crime of selling or using illegal drugs, they deal, indirectly, with practically every crime in the calendar. Every drug addict is, for two reasons, a potential, if not an actual, criminal, aside from his habit. The use of drugs breaks down his moral fiber, for one thing; for another, once he is a real addict, he has to spend from eight to ten dollars a day for his drugs, and, as a rule, he can get that money only by stealing it.

Automobile thefts have special attention almost everywhere now, and one of the great police tasks is to try to teach owners to use ordinary care in safeguarding their machines.

Special local conditions in various cities dictate the formation of other special squads. Seaports have to police their harbors as well as their streets; some of the most picturesque police work is done in New York and San Francisco bays. San Francisco and Seattle have peculiar problems arising from the fact that they are the gateways to and from the Orient. The negro question keeps the police busy in the cities of the South. Great foreign speaking populations complicate police work in New York and Chicago, and many smaller cities.

The control of traffic has become a major police problem through the enormously increased use of automobiles. It is quite impossible to

describe fully here what has been done toward its solution; very few general statements, even, can be made. The basis of all traffic control, of course, is found in direction of streams of vehicles at intersecting points. That was begun in London. New York, only a few years ago, studied the London system and adopted it, with local modifications.

One or two high spots stand out. Detroit hit upon the idea of stationing men in towers; New York improved that device by installing lights in its towers, and so controlling traffic, in the case of one street, Fifth Avenue, for about two miles. Any number of other cities use this system now. Boston, years ago, introduced the one way street; it is appalling to think of the confusion there would be in New York and Philadelphia had that example not been followed.

TRAFFIC control in modern cities, however, is still in its first stages. The subject deserves a separate article, because no unsolved police problem is more important, and it must be worked out soon. The toll of life and the money loss, due to congestion of the streets, makes radical action of some sort imperative, and many able minds are at work on many plans.

That is not a complete statement of the work the police of a modern city do, but it does suggest the complexity of the problem. It isn't complete, because an article, certainly, and probably a good-sized book, could be written about each phase of up-to-date police work. You can see how intricate and sensitive the organization that meets such problems has to be, and how elastic. A good police force can't be rigid; it can't work according to a set formula. It has to be able to meet ever changing conditions; to be adaptable; to be so organized that it will never be taken by surprise.

Police organization, like any other, involves leadership and direction. And this, in America, and especially in most American cities, creates a whole set of problems that stand entirely apart from those arising from criminal activity and all the other conditions that threaten the peace and order the police exist to maintain.

In one sense politics have been driven out of American police work to a degree that seemed impossible only a few years ago. But in another nearly all police departments are still political, and seem likely to remain so.

In the old days, of course, the average police department was a part, and, usually, the most important part, of a political machine. The Hinky Dinks, the Bathhouse Johns, all the typical famous or infamous ward politicians, owed their power to their control of the police. Men were appointed to the force at their dictation. They owed promotion to them; (Continued on page 62)

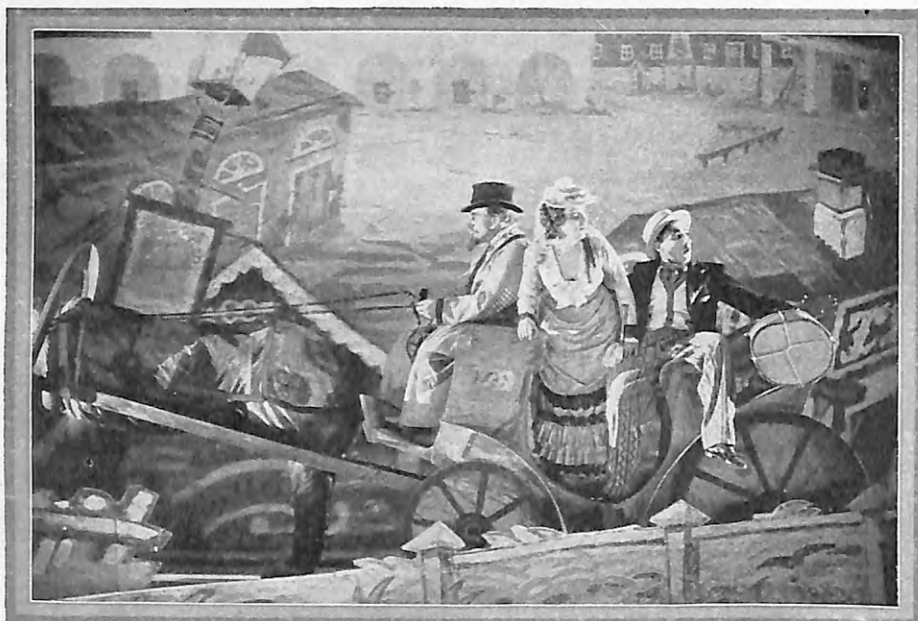




Mister Coogan

*A Hitherto Unpublished
Portrait by Abbe*

THERE is probably no other luminary of the screen who achieves his effects with more ease and spontaneity than Jackie Coogan. Certainly few adult actors or actresses can move their public to laughter or tears so readily as he, through the primitive devices of merely laughing or weeping himself. Where grown-up players need the justification of a story to earn your sympathy, Jackie receives it regardless of the plot. In *Oliver Twist*, in which he will be seen this autumn, he should be unusually appealing.



This is a droshky—which is Russian for sea-going hack. It was part of one of the varied numbers in "Chauve Souris," a Russian species of vaudeville that has outlived its original limited engagement and has recently opened for a summer run with a new bill on the Century Roof in New York



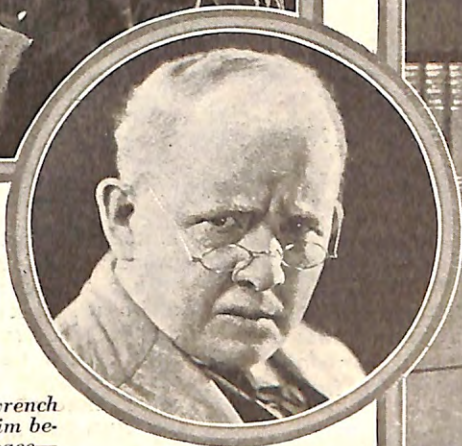
Louise Groody as the little milliner's drudge in the first act of "Good Morning Dearie." Miss Groody, Oscar Shaw, Harland Dixon and Marie Callahan have done much to make this one of the most successful musical shows of the season



Alice Weaver (below) is a highly decorative addition to the new generation of Winter Garden dancers. Eddie Cantor's new show, "Make It Snappy," is more than living up to Winter Garden standards



In "The Charlatan," Fania Marinoff, as the wife of a magician, is locked in this cabinet. When it is opened she is dead. After that you go mildly insane watching a district attorney's efforts to discover the murderer



The trio responsible for the writing as well as the acting of "Kempy." Ruth Nugent, J. C. Nugent and Elliot Nugent as "Kempy" James, a young plumber with architectural ambitions, armed with the wrench which eventually lands him before a Justice of the Peace—in search of a marriage license



Henry Hull and Sylvia Field in "The Cat and the Canary." Secret panels in a supposedly haunted house and the gropings of the sinister, clawlike hands of an escaped lunatic provide mystery, followed by thrills



EXCLUSIVE PHOTOGRAPHS BY ADAMS

Richard Bennett in Andrejev's tragedy, "He Who Gets Slapped." There is biting irony in Mr. Bennett's portrayal of the man who, betrayed and robbed of fame by his friend, turns circus clown and finds the public ready to shout with laughter over philosophy in motley

A new and unpublished picture of Frank Bacon as "Lightnin'" Bill Jones, that memorable character who once "drove a swarm of bees across the desert and never lost a bee." If you haven't yet seen "Lightnin'" you are bound to one of these days

How About Health in Your Town?

The Nation's Welfare Depends Upon Your Answer

By Robert A. Smith, M.D.

*"Where the city of the healthiest father stands,
Where the city of the best bodied mother stands,
There the greatest city stands."*

—Wall Whitman.

THIS not only applies to the city but to the village, state and nation. The great advances in prevention of disease have made our modern civilization possible through the agencies of the various Health Boards of the City, State and Nation, but personal application is lacking and the efforts of this department will be to put forth that knowledge which is valuable to the preservation of health, thereby furthering happiness and contentment.

The cost of illness is staggering in proportions. With a common-sense knowledge of health and its maintenance, and its practical application on the part of individuals working in co-operation with the legalized agencies, it is safe to say that our entire war debt could be saved long before the obligations are due.

Some idea of the economics of disease can be grasped from the fact that seventeen days per year for each individual is lost through sickness. Take also into consideration the loss of time, lack of efficiency and temporary incompetence resulting from such sickness, with its deaths, sorrow and actual monetary cost, and vaguely we comprehend the burden. Is it any wonder that the welcome and beneficial rays of modern preventive and curative medicine are being unceasingly sought by the multitudes?

The Panama Canal was made possible only by medical prevention, as evidenced by the thousands of lives and the millions of dollars hopelessly sacrificed by the French on the desolate mounds of failure. Likewise, Cuba, the hub of the yellow fever peril, where Havana alone annually enrolled 30,000 cases, and the tropical West Indies, Panama, etc., have eliminated the scourge and made their upbuilding and commercial progress possible through medical science. Who can estimate in lives and dollars the result of this achievement?

FOR centuries the medical man has been called and has acted on the negative side of health, administering for relief and cure, and the individual has given little thought and less action, in times of health, to utilize the knowledge of the skilled physician for its preservation. With the modern advances in medical science of the past few decades, slowly but surely the physician is assuming the positive rôle in his chosen field. His efforts are being more and more directed towards prevention rather than cure, fully realizing the natural limitations of the body to combat the destructive flame of disease once it has engulfed the human structure.

The great world war could never have been fought to a conclusion along the modern lines of warfare, had it not been for the same agencies of prevention. As one of the Generals of the late war aptly remarked to me—"Modern warfare is pre-eminently a medical proposition," and, "the Medical Department is the one department that measured up to the fullest expectations, and did not fall down on the job." The death

rate of the American Army from sickness at the front, under all the strain, privations, hardships and filth of the trenches, was equal to that of the healthiest city of our nation. This unprecedented record was made possible only by the strictest discipline and the control of the individual afforded in the

"MAN is just a basketful of pestilent corruption," said Mark Twain, "provided for the support and entertainment of microbes. He starts in as a child and lives on diseases to the end, as a regular diet." Far less exaggerated than it seems, this is almost as true today as when Mark Twain wrote it. How much longer must we cling to the costly, wasteful system of using doctors to restore our health? Why not practice conservation; begin now—all of us—as individuals and as a nation to use our doctors to preserve our health instead?"

military service under the extension of authority and guidance of the Medical Department. Were this same control possible in the daily life of the nation, the great menaces to health and life, such as typhoid fever, malaria, sleeping sickness, typhus, cholera, tuberculosis, scarlet fever, smallpox, diphtheria, and allied infections, would be practically eliminated in less than one generation, and many of them within a decade. Preventive medicine is to the nation what the fire department is to the great metropolitan city.

Incontrovertible evidence of the status of our physical standard was brought out by the recent war draft. This included those from 21 to 31 years of age, the period of greatest health and endurance, where the physical structure should measure the highest. Dividing our country into quarters, we find that one-half showed a 50 per cent. rejection; one-quarter 35 per cent. to 40 per cent. rejection, and one-quarter 25 per cent. This appalling condition, whereby so great a percentage of the flower of our youth could not measure up to military requirements, is an appalling object lesson of our deficiencies. While this does not imply a complete uselessness to this extent in civil life, yet it means a comparative loss of capacity in a sum total almost beyond comprehension. It calls for the correction and betterment of the processes and factors that are instrumental in producing such a situation. The gravity of it all is even more apparent when it is considered that the standard demanded was no higher than the average of physical expectancy. Neither were the mental qualifications taken into consideration to any great extent, and the degenerate types were only excluded when grossly apparent.

Barring the accidental disqualifications, let us consider that the great majority of these young men would have measured up to the average had proper medical inspection and supervision been available during their childhood and adolescence with adequate preventative and curative measures invoked.

By keeping the public intelligence abreast of the forward ranks, the uninformed, non-believer, charlatan, quack and agnostic will fall by the weight of their own incompetence. Of course this result largely depends upon public education, the demand for which is becoming more evident through the increasing number of newspapers and magazines that are instituting health departments for their patrons. Much will be accomplished along these lines by these efforts, but to be completely successful and afford each and every soul of our country the fullest measure of security and health, we must begin at the bottom and not the top. Therefore, the primary schools must be the fountain heads, with a simple, understandable, interesting and beneficial course of instruction in health and its allied subjects, increasing in scope as the high schools and universities are reached should the individual care for a more thorough and technical knowledge. We trust the day is fast approaching when all school commissioners or governmental bodies of all primary schools will institute compulsory courses in the appropriate grades, and thereby invest the youth with a knowledge even more valuable than any he may have possessed, and which increases as the years go by, to the conclusion that life will be ever happier, broader and more satisfactory.

IMPORTANT advances have been made in many cities through medical inspection, with a limited supervision of children in the grammar schools. Statistical information shows that from 50 to 75 per cent. of those in attendance in different localities are defective in a more or less degree, most of which defects are correctible, and when corrected in early life afford the child increased capacity for learning and enhance his future physical and mental development. It is needless to say that all growing children should be under medical supervision, and as the less responsive communities become more alive to their responsibilities to the child, a comprehensive medical inspection and supervision of their schools is instituted. This work, properly carried out, will never lose touch with the defective or incompetent child as he grows to maturity. As this work has been partly established it is time for its extension, and in view of present day criminality it is high time that progressive cities and states should conduct adequate medical supervision in our criminal courts, reformatory schools, etc. Proper boards for the physical, mental and psychiatric examinations of all suspects or prisoners should be instituted, and conditions dealt with according to the facts. When this is done, murderers will be fittingly punished, and the really insane and defective will be appropriately committed. Universal action along this line would do

(Continued on page 64)

"Look here," said the hotel detective severely to Mr. Dinsdale, "I want to tell you right now before we start—"

"If you go in after him like this, you'll spill the whole thing. You let me handle him—me and the others—"



Mrs. Proudfoot of Baltimore

The Adventure of a Nice, but Foolish, Flapper

By George Kibbe Turner

Illustrated by Frank Street

Part II

I

MR. HENRY W. DINSDALE, the former tinplate king, was a short, thick, selfmade man, with a short nose, short legs and short thumbs, who was accustomed by a habit of fifty years to having his own way.

"Where is she—that's all I ask you!" he was saying to his wife in the taxi-cab from the Grand Central Station after the arrival of the late train from Cleveland, their home. "Mrs. Hardhack writes and says she has started home. And she writes and says she has gone to the Dodmores in New York. And you don't know who the Dodmores are!"

"Don't know who the Dodmores are!" returned Mrs. Dinsdale, who was an exceedingly high-strung, nervous woman, whose patience and strength—after twenty-five years' residence with Mr. Dinsdale—were easily exhausted. "Don't be silly. Everybody knows who the Dodmores of New York are—even you!"

"Yes. But how many of them are there?"

"Two—that's all—that is on Fifth Avenue, where she wrote she was going. The Van Renssalaer Dodmores and the Stuyvesant Dodmores."

"All right, then—which one is she at?"

"Why talk that way, Henry?" pleaded his wife. "That's just what we don't know—what she forgot to tell us. We'll find her there at one or the others—all right, probably."

"And then, I suppose, you think, you'll go and call on her—if you get the chance."

What Has Happened So Far

LAURA DINSDALE, a spoiled but lovable flapper, who is being "finished" at Hardhack Hall on the Hudson, decides to spend her three days' vacation alone in New York. She telegraphs her parents in Cleveland that she is stopping with the Dodmores of New York. Posing as Mrs. Proudfoot of Baltimore, armed with a borrowed wedding ring, and a flimsy story of an impending husband detained at the last moment, Laura manages to secure an expensive suite at the Hotel McMulpin. By Sunday, no husband having appeared and the alleged Mrs. Proudfoot being by that time in financial difficulties over her hotel bill, Mr. Grant, the house detective, waylays her in the lobby to inform her that she must leave. Stephen Cahart, young, struggling but of excellent antecedents, enters the lobby just in time for Laura to cast herself into his arms with a whispered plea that he pose as the missing Mr. Proudfoot. Impressed by her air of youth and evident distress, Cahart decides to see her through. After dinner they elude the watchful Grant and slip away in a taxi to Cahart's boarding-house. Arrived, they discover that, Laura having dropped her purse en route, they cannot pay the taxi-driver. The irate driver fetches Grant and his henchmen, and the suspected couple, still posing as Mr. and Mrs. Proudfoot, are carried off as regular hotel crooks to the police station.

"I will, yes," replied Mrs. Dinsdale firmly. "If my daughter's friends—the friends she makes on here at Mrs. Hardhack's, wish to become acquainted with her mother, I see no objection to their doing so. Do you?"

"No. Not a bit. If we find her. If we find her!" repeated Mr. Dinsdale a little apprehensively. "But you can never tell about that kid—what she will do next."

"She's too much like her dad," said Mrs. Dinsdale—in a more diplomatic and conciliatory voice.

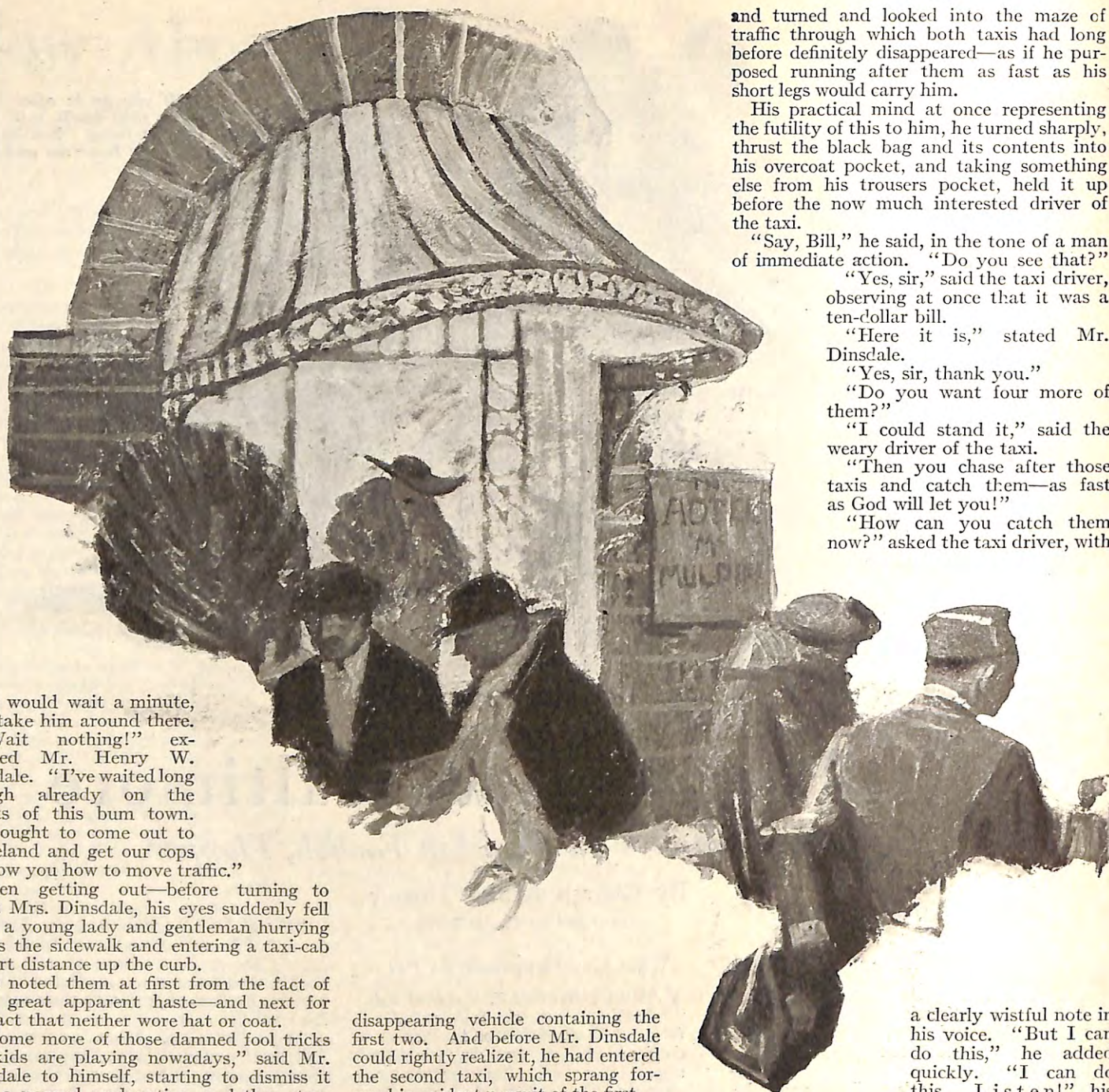
"That's right, too," said her husband, with an accent of but slightly hidden pride in his voice. For it was no secret in the family that next to having a boy he was best pleased by the fact that his only daughter favored him in temperament. "And I'll telephone them just as soon as I get there in the hotel!"

"What—at this time of night—Sunday!" inquired his wife.

"Oh, there'll be somebody up, probably—somewhere," said Mr. Dinsdale. "And anyhow I can't wait till morning. I've got to know where that kid is."

"You'll do what you think best, Henry W., no doubt," asserted his wife, lapsing into a hopeless calm. "So don't let's talk any more about it. My head's almost bursting now."

"Well, here we are anyhow—at the McMulpin!" replied Mr. Dinsdale—bouncing out the taxi door, without waiting for the driver to unhook it—before that celebrated New York hostelry. The street was crowded in front, the driver then told him.



If he would wait a minute, he'd take him around there.

"Wait nothing!" exclaimed Mr. Henry W. Dinsdale. "I've waited long enough already on the streets of this bum town. You ought to come out to Cleveland and get our cops to show you how to move traffic."

Then getting out—before turning to assist Mrs. Dinsdale, his eyes suddenly fell upon a young lady and gentleman hurrying across the sidewalk and entering a taxi-cab a short distance up the curb.

He noted them at first from the fact of their great apparent haste—and next for the fact that neither wore hat or coat.

"Some more of those damned fool tricks the kids are playing nowadays," said Mr. Dinsdale to himself, starting to dismiss it with a normal explanation, and then stopping, for there seemed to be something about the figure of the girl—oddly familiar. But then again he saw it could not be so. "If she wasn't in mourning," he said half aloud, "I'd have sworn—"

He stopped suddenly here—for as he was saying this the young lady whose back was continuously toward him—but whose figure was so strangely familiar, had dropped something black—a black silk bag upon the walk.

Springing forward to recover it and picking it from the walk, he found he was too late—for the taxi with an unusually sudden jump was off and away.

And now suddenly Mr. Dinsdale turned in the opposite direction, to the door—apparently a side door of the Mc-Mulpin restaurant, from which he thought he had seen the young couple first appear. For out of this came running a stern-faced man also without his coat, shouting to another taxi at the curb, and pointing at the now

disappearing vehicle containing the first two. And before Mr. Dinsdale could rightly realize it, he had entered the second taxi, which sprang forward in evident pursuit of the first.

"Look here! What's that?" Mr. Dinsdale inquired of his own driver, who also had been a silent but not incurious witness of the scene.

"It looks to me like a pinch."

"A pinch?" repeated Mr. Dinsdale with interest.

"It might be one of those liquor things, they're pulling off these days."

"Oh ho," said Mr. Dinsdale, who had, of course, read of them.

"But then, on the other hand, that was the house detective—that last one," said the taxi driver.

And as he said this, Mr. Dinsdale remembered the silk bag in his hand. Opening it, and reaching in, he extracted two one-dollar bills, some silver and then, with a start of extreme surprise, a valuable bracelet—which he gazed at fixedly; and then his hand fumbling on further, a small visiting card.

"My God!" cried Mr. Dinsdale quite loudly—

and turned and looked into the maze of traffic through which both taxis had long before definitely disappeared—as if he purposed running after them as fast as his short legs would carry him.

His practical mind at once representing the futility of this to him, he turned sharply, thrust the black bag and its contents into his overcoat pocket, and taking something else from his trousers pocket, held it up before the now much interested driver of the taxi.

"Say, Bill," he said, in the tone of a man of immediate action. "Do you see that?"

"Yes, sir," said the taxi driver, observing at once that it was a ten-dollar bill.

"Here it is," stated Mr. Dinsdale.

"Yes, sir, thank you."

"Do you want four more of them?"

"I could stand it," said the weary driver of the taxi.

"Then you chase after those taxis and catch them—as fast as God will let you!"

"How can you catch them now?" asked the taxi driver, with

a clearly wistful note in his voice. "But I can do this," he added quickly. "I can do this. Listen!" his thought formulating more definitely while

he talked. "Will you give me fifty dollars if I can get you to them in an hour?"

"How'll you get me to them?" demanded Henry W. Dinsdale. "If we don't chase them?"

"I know the taxi driver—and where their stand is."

"Where is it?"

"Here."

"All right. Go to it," said Henry W. Dinsdale, definitely binding the agreement.

"Where are you stopping?" the taxi driver reassured himself. "Here?"

"Right here—in this hotel!" replied Mr. Dinsdale, handing him a card. "Ask for this. They'll know me. No. Never mind! Hurry on. Get busy! I'll get into the hotel," he told him, and now helping out Mrs. Dinsdale—who, knowing Mr. Dinsdale's temperament, had early fallen back into the interior and was waiting patiently for him to finish up his business—no doubt a debate with the taxi driver—he sent the man on his way, and proceeded with Mrs. Dinsdale toward the entrance of the hotel.



"What was it, Henry?" asked Mrs. Dinsdale—now that she felt she could.

"Oh, nothing. Nothing, but some kids kicking up in the restaurant."

"Isn't it horrid the way they act here in New York," said Mrs. Dinsdale. "But what was it you picked up?" she added.

"Oh, just that kid's bag. I'll leave it at the hotel desk when I go in," said Mr. Dinsdale, quite apparently evading her questioning.

"What was in it?" inquired Mrs. Dinsdale, with a not unnatural interest.

"Oh, nothing much! What business is it of ours?" asked Mr. Dinsdale.

And Mrs. Dinsdale—seeing how he felt—that there was something he didn't want to talk about, kept still.

"Why how do do, how do do, Mr. Dinsdale," said the modishly-dressed hotel clerk, reaching far out to greet him, when he had left his wife and gone forward to the desk.

"How're you?" returned Mr. Dinsdale, rather briefly. "Look here. Has my daughter been stopping here?"

"Not to my knowledge," said the hotel clerk. "Of course I wouldn't know personally. But I'm quite sure I'd know if she was. I'll see if she's registered," he said, hastening to look.

"No, sir," he then reported.

"Or a Mr. or Mrs. Dodmore?"

"Of Cleveland?" asked the polite hotel clerk.

dale abruptly, but still hurriedly. And having signed the register—after a moment of hesitation—he was sent as quickly as possible, at his request, to his own room.

"Did you give them the bag you found?" asked Mrs. Dinsdale.

"Why—why—yes. Why not?" answered Mr. Dinsdale quite positively—toward the last.

"Did they know whose it was?"

"No. But they'll find out, probably," said Mr. Dinsdale.

"Do you know, Henry," said Mrs. Dinsdale, now grasping his arm. "You'll think it funny I suppose—awfully funny, but that girl—that girl that ran out into the taxi—out there! I'd have sworn it was Laura!"

"Laura! In mourning?" returned Henry W. Dinsdale.

"I know. That's it," said Mrs. Dinsdale. "But wasn't it funny?"

"It was funny. Funny as the devil!" said Mr. Dinsdale briefly. For naturally, knowing how excitable she was, he had no intention of getting her started there. "Now come along. Come along. Hurry."

"Hurry. Why?" asked Mrs. Dinsdale.

"I want to telephone from the room."

"You want to telephone—where?" asked Mrs. Dinsdale.

was clearly in one of his taciturn executive moods.

"Where to?" she next demanded.

"Those Dodmores."

"What, now?" asked Mrs. Dinsdale. "What will they think of us?"

"What do I care what they think of us," responded Mr. Dinsdale, a little harshly. For he was, beneath his determined manner, secretly under considerably of a strain.

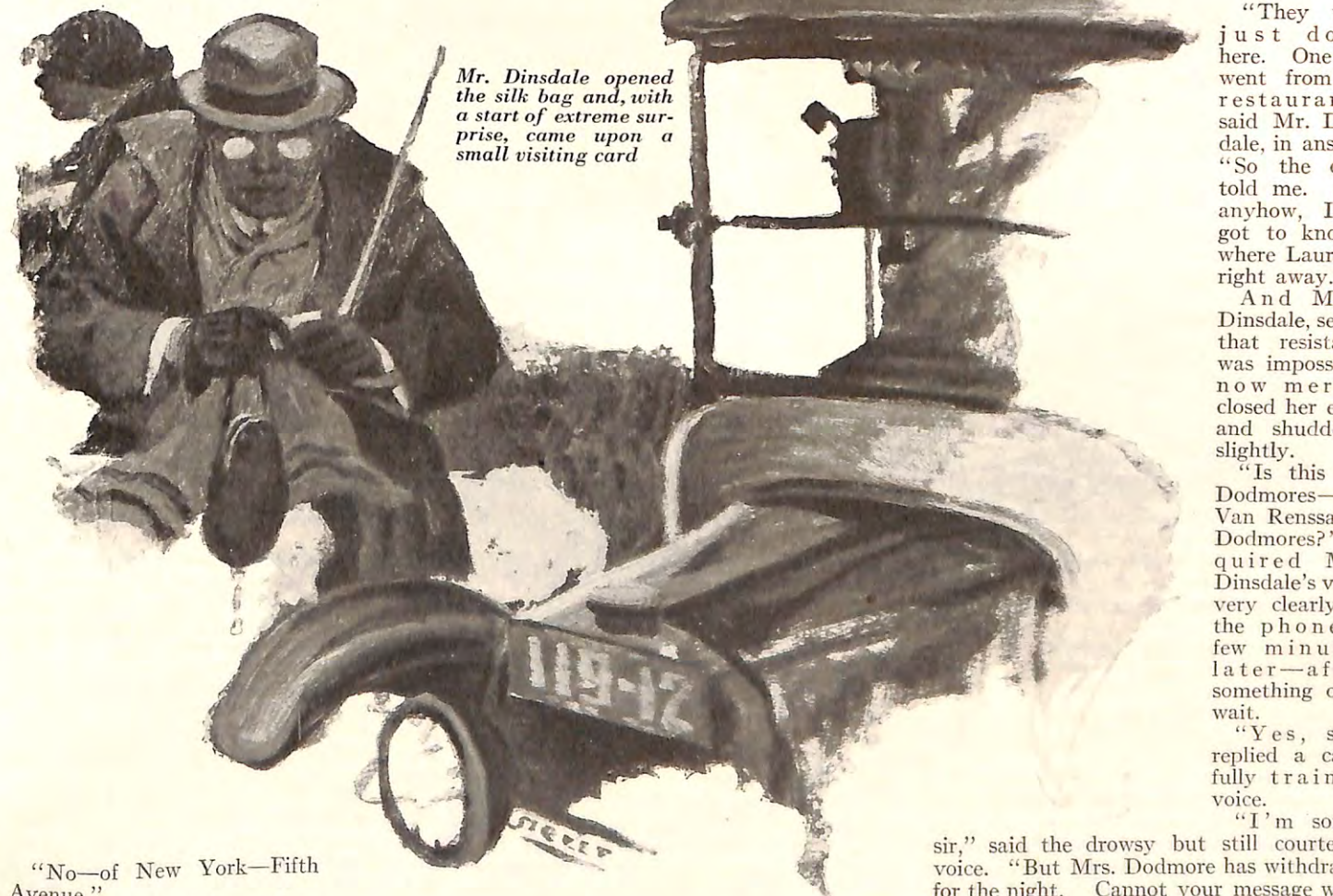
"But you don't even know what Dodmore to call!" said Mrs. Dinsdale—still expostulating.

"Well, we'll call them both then," stated Mr. Dinsdale.

"Oh, what will they think of us! What will they think of us!" cried Mrs. Dinsdale again, "this time of night!"

"They won't be in bed—at least one of them won't," said Mr. Dinsdale, reassuring her.

"How do you know that?"



Mr. Dinsdale opened the silk bag and, with a start of extreme surprise, came upon a small visiting card

"They were just down here. One just went from the restaurant," said Mr. Dinsdale, in answer. "So the clerk told me. And anyhow, I've got to know—where Laura is, right away."

And Mrs. Dinsdale, seeing that resistance was impossible, now merely closed her eyes, and shuddered slightly.

"Is this the Dodmores—the Van Renssalaer Dodmores?" inquired Mr. Dinsdale's voice very clearly at the phone a few minutes later—after something of a wait.

"Yes, sir," replied a carefully trained voice.

"I'm sorry,

sir," said the drowsy but still courteous voice. "But Mrs. Dodmore has withdrawn for the night. Cannot your message wait, sir?"

"No, sir, it cannot, sir!" returned Mr. Dinsdale, who all his life had been unaccustomed to successful opposition.

"Who is it speaking, if you please?" inquired the trained, defensive voice.

"My name is Henry W. Dinsdale of Cleveland."

"Yes, Mr. Dinsdale. Could I not take the message, sir?"

"No—of New York—Fifth Avenue."

"Oh, I wouldn't know that, Mr. Dinsdale," said the hotel clerk, smiling. "They wouldn't be in the hotel here, would they?"

"Of course not."

"They might very well be in the restaurant."

"Downstairs?"

"Downstairs, or upstairs either."

"Why, of course," said Henry W. Dins-

"What! Telephone at this time of night!" exclaimed Mrs. Dinsdale, beginning again in their room the debate which had been stifled upon their entering the elevator. For it was now about eleven o'clock.

"Uh-huh," responded Mr. Dinsdale, who



"I want to talk to Mrs. Dodmore herself!"
 "I'm afraid, sir," said the trained voice.
 "Who are you?" asked Mr. Dinsdale in his turn.

"I am—one of the household."

"One of the servants, huh?"

"Her secretary."

"How do you know she is in bed? Didn't I just see her down here at the Hotel McMulpin?"

"No, sir. You did not," replied the secretary, with a slight hardening of tone. "Mrs. Dodmore does not frequent the Hotel McMulpin. And now may I ask you for the last time, whether or not you have any message I could give to Mrs. Dodmore tomorrow?"

"What I want to know—" asked Mr. Dinsdale finally—"is my daughter stopping there. My daughter, Laura Dinsdale."

"As a guest?"

"Yes. How would she stop?"

"No, sir. I'm quite sure—"

"You don't know, then, for certain! Well, then, all right," exclaimed Mr. Dinsdale with a fresh burst of energy. "Let me

"He helped me and saved me and went to jail for me—and everything"

• speak to Mrs. Dodmore now! I can't wait—till morning. I won't!"

But at this point, Mr. Dinsdale stopped abruptly, for he observed he was talking into the cold inattention of an empty telephone. And the only sound he heard now was the voice of his own wife.

"Oh, what will they think of us? What will they think of us?" it was saying wildly.

"If you worried less about what they thought of you, and more about your daughter, you'd be doing something more to the point," replied Mr. Dinsdale unjustly, forgetting for the moment she did not possess all the incentives to anxiety concerning their daughter's whereabouts that he himself did.

"Now, what is it? What are you doing now?" his wife was asking in reply.

"What would I do?" responded Mr. Dinsdale. "I'm getting the other Dodmore's number."

"For—for heaven's sake, Henry," his

wife was pleading, "if you've got to ring all Fifth Avenue up—if you must talk to them at this time on Sunday night—don't insult them at least! You don't have to holler so. Don't! Don't!" she urged him, knowing that this was the best she could do now.

But he scarcely heard her, for he was now engaged in talking to the Stuyvesant Dodmore house—where Mr. Dinsdale could have little doubt now that his daughter was a guest.

"Is Mrs. Dodmore there?" asked Mr. Dinsdale, using a slightly louder and more penetrating voice—in response, no doubt, somewhat to the effect of his wife's rather irritating expostulations.

"Yes, sir. But she has withdrawn."

"Withdrawn? What? Gone to bed?" called Mr. Dinsdale.

"Yes."

"I doubt it. I doubt it," exclaimed Mr. Dinsdale, while Mrs. Dinsdale, with a faint, despairing ejaculation, now covered her ears with her hands. "Go and see anyhow!"

"Who is it speaking, please?" inquired (Continued on page 58)

The Martyr to Mystery

By Richard Connell

Illustrated by Everett Shinn

Nine grown people vanish—leaving no clue as to their fate! Was it murder? Or black magic? Look for the solution of this uncanny mystery in the August issue



MY FIRST encounter with Ernest Dawk was typical of the man. We were in the university together but I was not aware of his identity until one day I heard a faint but firm knock on my study door, and, opening it, found him standing there, wrapped in a

katydid green raincoat, his eyes so bright and flitting that had they turned out to be at the end of stalks, like a crab's, one would not have been greatly surprised. I instantly recalled having seen those eyes before; but never in a state of repose. They had hurried by me in the college yard, with a swift, sidelong survey, so quickly appraising, so critically penetrating that involuntarily I used to feel to see if all my buttons were buttoned. And now here were the eyes and their owner at my door. "My name is Dawk, Ernest Dawk," he said in his nervous voice. "I wonder if you'd mind answering a rather personal question?"

I was surprised at his words, and more so at the evident anxiety behind them.

"Come in," I said. "What is it?"

He crossed the threshold, his head in advance of his body, for Ernest Dawk had a remarkable neck which seemed capable of stretching out telescopically, and before he spoke he had run those agile eyes of his over every square inch of the room. For a fleeting second one eye lingered on a print that hung over my desk.

"French, isn't it?" he asked, with a jerk of his head.

"Yes."

"Where did you get it?"

"My aunt sent it to me from Paris."

His ears actually pricked up.

"Your aunt?" His voice was excited. "It was your aunt then?"

"Certainly. Why shouldn't my aunt send me a picture?"

"Oh, I didn't mean that," he said. "I meant about the arsenic."

"The arsenic?" I repeated.

"Yes. I really haven't been able to sleep a wink since I heard about it."

I stared at him.

"Heard about what?"

"The arsenic, of course."

My stare was more mystified.

"You see," he explained, somewhat abashed, "the other day you and another fellow passed me on the street. I couldn't help overhearing a scrap of your conversa-

tion. I distinctly heard you say, 'And then I had to give the poor old lady arsenic. My uncle felt terribly about it.' I tell you I haven't slept a wink since. I've worked out all sorts of theories about why you did it, but I can't be sure, I can't be sure!"

"Why I did what?" I demanded.

"Gave your aunt arsenic," said Ernest Dawk.

"Dawk," I said, sternly, "have you been drinking?"

"I never drink." His tone suggested that he was astounded at such an imputation. Then he added with a queer, querulous cajolery, "If you'll only tell me, I swear I won't tell the police or anybody."

"But I didn't poison my aunt," I protested.

"You didn't." His face fell. But an idea seemed to hit him, and he asked triumphantly, "Well, then, whom did you poison?"

I laughed.

"The poor old lady."

I said, "to whom you



heard me refer was a venerable pug-dog belonging to my uncle."

His face expressed disappointment, and yet a sense of relief.

"Thank you," he said, "thank you. A more logical hypothesis than my own, surely."



He wrapped his green raincoat around him and started to go, but paused to observe.

"Nice pipe you have there. Where did you get it?"

I told him.

"Mind telling me how much it cost?"

I told him.

"Say, what is the average rainfall in this town?"

I didn't know.

He sighed and stumped down the stairs.

When he was gone I examined the picture preserved in my mind. His eyes were uncommonly small, bright and active. His face was unusually thin, and seemed sharpened to a fine edge; his nose curved down like an interrogation point, and his mouth could not quite close, giving him an eager, interested look at all times. His hands, like his eyes, were never still; they were constantly pointing, waving, drumming or having their knuckles cracked. Of the fauna, Ernest Dawk suggested, more than anything else, the katydid.

Some weeks later I met him again. He was hurrying through the college yard with choppy, brisk steps as if his legs were trying to overtake his head, which had a comfortable lead, for it was pushed forward on his flexible wand of neck, the better to enable him to focus those eyes of his on every passer-by. He stopped me.

"Say," he began, abruptly, "how old was that pug-dog when you gave her arsenic?"

"Sixteen years. Why?"

"I was wondering. I figured she must be at least that. That's when pugs usually begin to go to pieces, although there is a case on record of a pug in Springfield that lived to be nineteen. I verified this, personally. Tell me,

was she mad?"

I recalled an ancient wheeze.

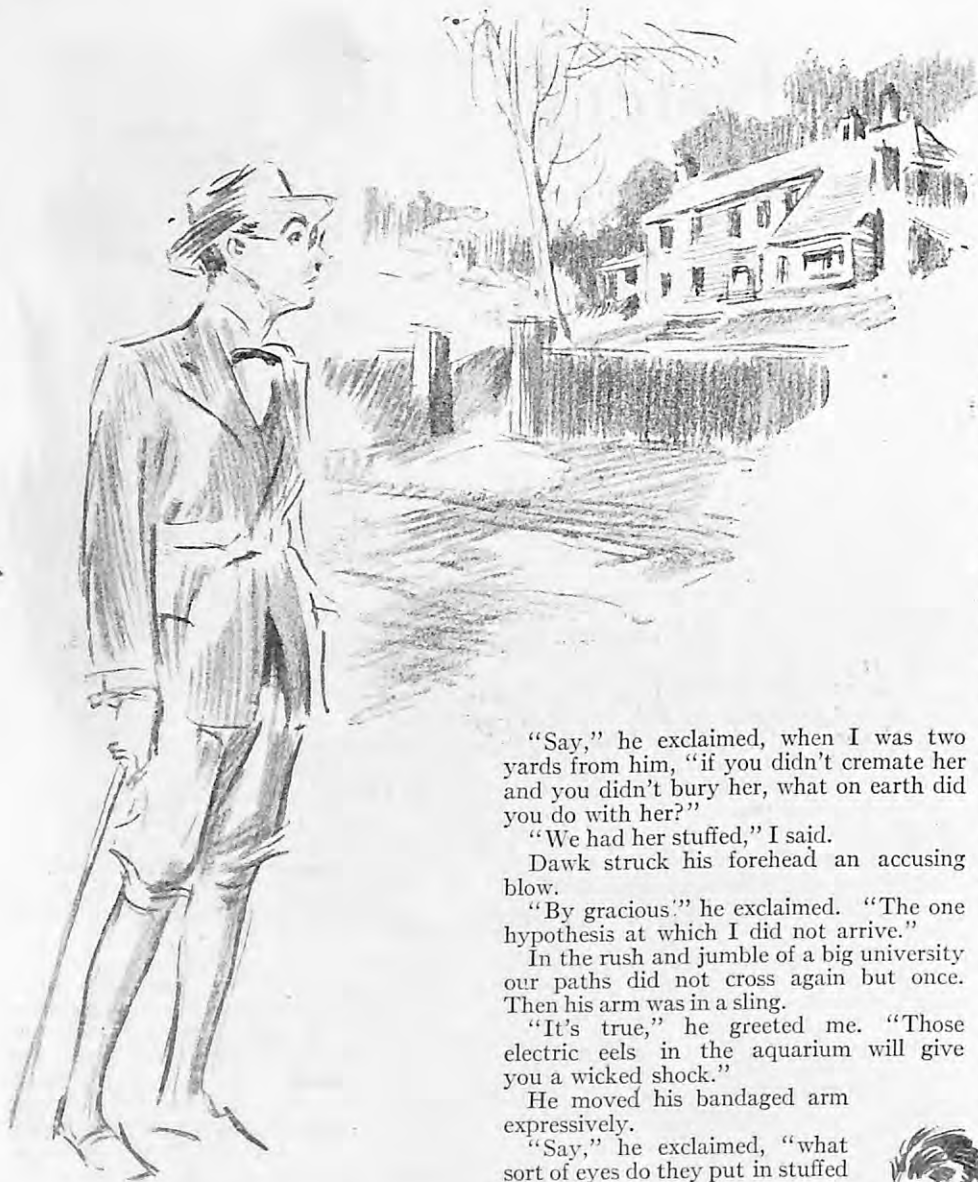
"She wasn't very pleased," I said.

He didn't smile. "I mean," he said, seriously, "did she have rabies?"

"No."

"What did she have?" His voice had risen.

"Senile debility."



He nodded his head gravely.
 "Exactly what I had concluded," he said.
 "Is that wrist watch of yours domestic or Swiss?"

"Swiss."
 "I thought so," said Ernest Dawk, and hurried away.

A few facts about him drifted to me in the months that followed. I learned, although he was most secretive about his own affairs, that he was an orphan and had a comfortable income of his own. I also heard that he was away somewhere recovering from the effects of an explosion he had caused while experimenting with forbidden chemicals in the laboratory. One day, late in spring, I felt someone urgently plucking me by the sleeve. I looked around.

"Say," said Ernest Dawk, without any preliminary, "how much arsenic did you have to give that pug-dog?"

"Three grains," I answered. "Why?"
 "Is that watch of yours platinum or white gold?" was his answer. "Did I understand you to say you cremated that pug-dog?"

"The watch is silver plated," I replied, "and we did not cremate the dog."

"Oh, you buried her then?"

"No. We did not bury her."

I was late for a class as it was, so, rather unceremoniously, I left Dawk standing there and sprinted into the lecture hall. An hour later I came out. Dawk was still standing there, waiting for me.

"Say," he exclaimed, when I was two yards from him, "if you didn't cremate her and you didn't bury her, what on earth did you do with her?"

"We had her stuffed," I said.

Dawk struck his forehead an accusing blow.

"By gracious!" he exclaimed. "The one hypothesis at which I did not arrive."

In the rush and jumble of a big university our paths did not cross again but once. Then his arm was in a sling.

"It's true," he greeted me. "Those electric eels in the aquarium will give you a wicked shock."

He moved his bandaged arm expressively.

"Say," he exclaimed, "what sort of eyes do they put in stuffed dogs?"

"China or glass."

"Which sort did you have put in that pug-dog you gave the arsenic to and your uncle felt so terribly about?"

"China."

"Just a minute, please. What did they stuff her with?"

"Stuffing, I think."

"Ah, just as I thought. Thanks very much."

He ran down the path after another man, his lips framing some query as he ran.

I came to New York to practice my profession, and did not see Dawk, or even hear of him again, for a number of years. One day I ran into him at the university club. I say I ran into him. More properly speaking, he came up to me as I sat writing a letter.

"Say," he began, as if continuing a conversation, "do you prefer a stub pen or a pointed one?"

"Stub."

I looked at his face, thinner than usual even, and tanned and weather-worn.

"Where have you been?" I asked.

"Thibet."

"Thibet? Why should you go to Thibet?"

"To see the Grand Lama."

"Friend of yours?"

"Of course not. When I say 'see' I mean 'look at.' And I did see him. It took me two years. But I saw him."

"You mean to say you went ten thousand miles to take one look at a Grand Lama?"

"Certainly." His tone implied that my question was absurd.

"But why, Dawk?"

"I got to wondering what he looked like," he answered.

"Well, what did he look like?"

"Not much," he said, sadly. "Say, don't you find those Scotch grain leather shoes give you better service than cordovan? Are you married? Is that uncle of yours that owned the pug-dog you gave the arsenic to, and later had stuffed and china eyes put in, still living?"

"Yes. No. Yes." I answered, categorically.

A couple of fellows, Parke and Hammond, as I remember, joined us just then. They were in earnest, even bitter debate and the question at issue seemed to be the color of Esquimo women's eyes. Parke, who rather fancies himself as an authority on the frozen north, maintained that they were black; Hammond stoutly insisted that they were blue, his theory being that the cold always turns things blue, so why not eyes? They referred the case to me and I thought the eyes were brown. Dawk said nothing, but I heard him cracking his knuckles like toy-pistols, a sure sign that his interest was aroused. I glanced in his direction: he was sitting on the extreme edge of his chair, his neck arched forward, his eyes shining.

"By George, I'd like to know," he said. "I certainly would like to know."

But we gave it up and talked about the stock market. Next day I learned that Ernest Dawk had left the club, with his bags, apparently in a great hurry.

Months drifted and sped by. I was reading an evening paper when I heard Ernest Dawk's nervous voice saying in my ear,

"Some are brown and some are black."

I found one blue pair but her father's name, I discovered, was O'Toole."

"What in the world are you talking about, Dawk?"

"Eyes," he replied, peering at me as if puzzled.

"Eyes, of course."

Esquimo women's eyes."

"Well, well, well," I laughed, "how did you find out all this?"

"I went up to within a few miles of the North Pole," he said, "and saw for myself. By the way,

what was that pug-dog's name?"

"Gertrude," I answered.

Not long after he dropped from sight and reports had him in Tasmania, Bulgaria and up the Amazon. I was in the writing room one evening trying to decide whether to spell "separate" with an "e" or an "a," when I noticed that someone was standing near me, and, I fear, permitting his eye to rove over the letter I was writing.

"Hello, Dawk. Where did you blow in from?" I greeted him.

"Been hunting," he said. His voice was vibrant. His straw-hued hair, usually neat, was rumpled; his necktie, usually tied with



finicky exactness, was askew; his eyes were glittering and his knuckles were popping like machine guns.

"I've got to tell somebody," he said, more to himself than to me. "I've got to tell somebody."

"What do you want to know now?" I asked.

He did not seem to hear this. He leaned forward and said in a low voice,

"You know I'm not in the habit of talking about myself. Well, tonight I'm going to tell you something about me. You'll swear you'll keep it confidential, won't you?"

I promised.

HE GLANCED around the deserted lounge, then said in the same guarded manner,

"Like many men, I've got a secret sin. It has plagued me all my life. I've fought it, but I can't beat it. With me it has become almost a mania."

I nodded, and looked sympathetic.

"My trouble," whispered Ernest Dawk, "is curiosity."

"No?" I cried.

"Yes. You wouldn't believe how it tortures me. I am infinitely inquisitive about everything. It doesn't matter how unimportant the thing may be in the eyes of other men, if there is an element of mystery about it, I am gripped by an unescapable fascination. Snake and bird, you know. An unanswered riddle puts me on the rack, really it does. I wish I could make you understand how an unanswered question affects me. Say, why do big game hunters go to Africa?"

"For big game—hippopotamuses, rhinoceroses, tigers, lions—"

"Do they need a hippopotamus?"

"No. Probably they give away his feet for umbrella jars."

"Ah," cried Dawk. "There you have it. The chase is the thing. And so it is with me. My big game is the mystery. It's no good to me when I solve it, but when I'm on its trail, I'm thrilled and happy."

He picked a tiny bit of lint from my coat, examined it, rolled it into a ball, flipped it into space and continued,

"But I suffer, oh, how I suffer! To scent a mystery, to track it to its lair, to be on the point of dragging it out into the light—I live for it—and yet it is at once delicious and painful."

"Painful?"

"Exactly. Was it Oscar Wilde or John the Baptist who said 'All men kill the things they love'? Well, I love a mystery, and yet I am compelled to kill it by solving it. They're too easy, they're too easy."

He groaned a little and then exploded, "But here's one that is the best I've ever encountered. A month ago I went to Chicago to see for myself if it is really windier there than in New York. It is. Just before the train started two men came skurrying aboard. They weren't ordinary men; I sensed that. Yet it would be hard

for me to put into words what was different about them. One was enormous, with fat shoulders and a head without a sprig of hair on it; the other was short, almost a dwarf, with a ferret face, and a habit of sniffing. They took the stateroom next to mine.

"As I sat speculating about them, their voices, which had a sharp, penetrating quality, cut through the thin board partition and reached my ears. To be frank, I eaves-

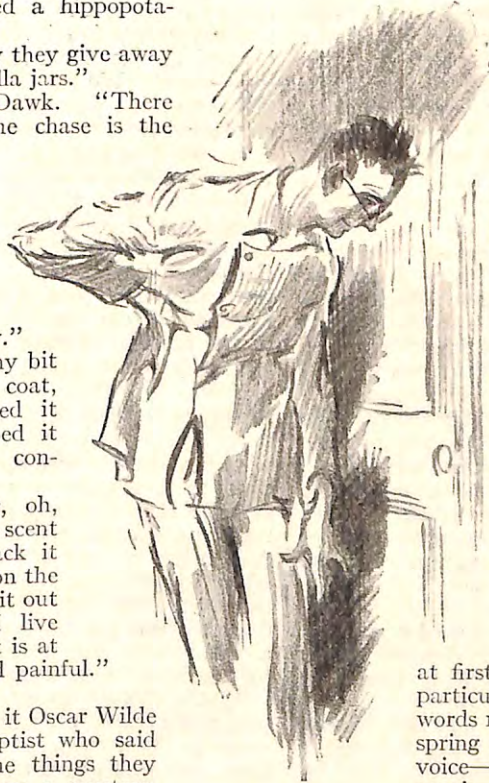
dropped. I know it is dishonorable, but one of the dreadful things about this curse of mine is that it is not checked by honor or anything else. I glued an ear to the partition and listened.

"I actually experienced acute sensations of pleasure as I crouched there, although the men were talking rather stuffily of golf and motor cars. But I was hearing something I wasn't meant to hear, and that always has given me a thrill.

"There was a lull for a time, and I settled back in my berth and began to work on a chess problem—I always carry one with me. Suddenly the voices started up again,

at first indistinctly. I paid no particular attention until some words reached me that made me spring to my listening post. A voice—I was sure it was the big man's—was saying—

"—smacks of black magic. The house was not far from mine in the country—a big, morose old place, buried among larch trees. It had been untenanted for years when they took it, furnished. There were six of them in the family—the father, an unsmiling, tanned man with gray hair, the mother, a woman past fifty but still handsome in a dark way, the son and daughter, both much too subdued, serious and frown-



ing for young people, the son's wife, a tall, pale girl with red hair, and the daughter's husband, a man of forty with buck teeth and a limp. There were three servants, a thin, gloomy looking cook and her thin, gloomy husband, and a thin, gloomy girl who might have been their daughter. I never spoke to any of them. It was clear they had no wish to be on familiar terms with their neighbors; they called on no one; no one called on them. They stayed in the house, mostly, coming out for a stroll through the grounds in the evening. One morning at daybreak I saw them—all six of them—playing croquet on their lawn. Such a game! It was as formal as a minuet and as solemn as a funeral. Naturally my interest was piqued by such strange folk, for I was their only near neighbor. But I'm not of the prying kind, so I let them alone.

"ONE NIGHT when I returned late from the theater, I noticed that the old house was ablaze with lights. At first I thought it was afire; then I perceived that every light from cellar to attic must be turned on. 'A party,' I thought. 'They've come out of their shell at last.' This was nearly a year after they had moved into the old house.

"The lights were still on next morning. The lights were still on when I returned in the evening. At two the following morning the lights were still on. 'Quite a lengthy

(Continued on page 66)

What the Women of All-America Are Working For

As Revealed at the Recent Pan-American Conference of the League of Women Voters

By Anne E. Mason

Decorations by Israel Daskow

"MEN have told me that the future of our relations with South America depends on the women. If the South American women can get the North American view-point and we can see eye to eye with them, it will help Pan-American doctrine more than anything else. We must get acquainted. Suffrage will not be emphasized very much in the sessions of this conference. These will be devoted to questions about which there is no controversy—child welfare, education, women in industry, traffic in women and girls and the civil status of women." In this statement Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt replied to the query "What was it all about?" the amazing meeting of the women of All-America at Baltimore, held recently by the National League of Women Voters.

It was not a political meeting, neither was it a suffrage convention nor a trade conference. It was rather a series of informal discussions as to how women may best help in the building of better nations.

The significance of the conference lay not so much in the program, devoted though it was to fundamental human interests, as in the fact that for the first time in the history of the world the women of a whole continent met together to discuss these interests.

There was the South American delegate, for example, who gave a sidelight on trade conditions in her country.

"I am, in South America, what you call a 'Yankee.' I am interested in the business of my husband—the export and the import. When I return to my country I will tell to my husband the many things I find here that I would like to see there. He will say that perhaps I do not understand how you pack so differently—and other things about the business arrangements. But I will say that I know the North ladies, and that they are interested also in the business of their men. So, if you will see that your husbands tie the packages the way our husbands like to have them, so they will arrive nicely, we will attend to the Latin-American men, to buy your goods."

This speech, made in careful English, was received with chuckles of appreciation by the large audience. It was followed by Lady Astor's crisp, incisive voice saying, "More friendliness between the nations means better trade conditions—and after all better business

is the first interest of all of us; isn't it? For if trade is good all the other things we desire are made possible."

The improvement of trade was undoubtedly the last thing the League of Women Voters thought of when they invited the women of All-America to come to their third annual conference. The first impulse was the desire for better acquaintance and increased friendliness, added to the fact that the topics mentioned for discussion would be as interesting and vital to the women of these other countries as to ourselves.

When the invitations were sent out unofficially through our State Department, Mrs. Maud Wood Park, President of the League, hoped for at least fifteen acceptances. When the roll was called thirty-two official delegates responded from twenty-one countries, and two hundred and twenty-one "foreign" delegates and visitors in all had arrived, to be greeted by over two thousand women from every state in our own union.

From Alaska to Argentina every country but the Guianas and San Salvador, the last of which was reported to be busy with its Spring revolution, was represented. The barriers of distance, language and custom were ignored and the ages-old Spanish tradition that "woman's place is in the home" was not only shaken but shattered.

Wives and daughters of ambassadors and ministers, with the diplomatic outlook, professors from the universities, normal and grade teachers with their direct contacts with all classes, physicians and lawyers and the wives of business men reflected the interests of almost every phase of human society. As the business woman and working girl are only just beginning to be realized as an economic force in the commercial life of Latin-America, these two groups were not directly represented.

"HOW did it happen," asked more than one member of the League, "that we have succeeded in getting this large group of foreign women here?"

The answer is a little bit of inside history concerning our State Department and a few leaders of the League.

When the suggestion was first made a consultation was held with Secretary Hughes, who took the matter up with President Harding. The President expressed his approval and the machinery of the State Department from then on was at the service of the League. Secretary Hughes conferred personally with the ambassadors and ministers from the South American countries to the United States and was assured that each South American government would be

delighted to further such a project. Invitations for the South American women to participate in an All-American conference were sent by Mr. Hughes to our own ministers stationed in Latin-America, who, in turn, presented them to the presidents of each country. In every instance they were received with enthusiasm and official delegates immediately appointed. Thus a further link was forged in the chain of Pan-American friendship.

THE announcements concerning the meeting stated that it was to be a series of round-table discussions, but the round table turned out to be the largest hall in Baltimore! The sessions, however, were in formal, and questions were very much in order. This plan gave a comprehensive and intimate picture in which each delegate held as prominent a place as she desired. When women in industry were under discussion, Canada, having the same industrial and many of the same International problems as our own country, urged the Latin-Americans to keep in mind that there is no real cleavage between the interests of men and women. It seemed important to emphasize this, as one of the Señoritas inquired naively, soon after her arrival, "Is North America run entirely by women?" We hated to have anyone get the impression that our men have been eliminated from our large affairs, so the idea of co-operation and equal privileges with men was emphasized as our motive.

It was agreed that the labor problems were "man-made," because men first took labor out of the home by inventing machinery. Consequently we have to regulate together the limitation of working hours, night work, wages and the extremely important question of the married woman employee with its maternity complication.

North American women who are still struggling in many states and provinces to provide six or at least three weeks' vacation with pay, before and after the birth of a child to a working woman, learned with surprise that Uruguay and Peru have already passed this sound and humane law. And more, no night work by women is allowed in these and other South American countries; eight hours is the legal working day and every factory is required to provide a well-lighted and well-ventilated nursery for the babies of nursing mothers.

As the discussions on work for women progressed, more than one woman present came to the conclusion that the principal feminine industry on the continent to the south of us seems to be raising large families. Fewer than six children is a calamity and twelve to twenty-four are considered a reasonable quota in most Latin-American countries.



Argentina



Brazil



Mexico



Chile



Uruguay



"THE world has reason to welcome every effort looking toward larger cooperations, better understanding, and the minimizing of differences and frictions. In this direction the women, with their fine sense of human values, their generous purposes and their unselfish aspiration for the betterment of the race, will be able to contribute much. . . ."

—From President Harding's Message to the Women's Pan-American Conference.



In Colombia it is fashionable to have "long" families; the Mexican woman likewise "propagates her species with great sanctity," hence the housewife at least has little time to bother with affairs outside of her home. One lady from South America felt that the slogan for that continent should be "Fewer and Better Babies." This was objected to with some heat by another visitor who said it would be insulting to the President of her country, who was a twenty-fourth child and was not only an ardent feminist but had written a powerful book on that subject, "and," she added, "his brothers and sisters are all bright, too."

EVERYONE agreed, however, that just keeping such large families fed and clothed, even in the tropics, was a business in itself. Nevertheless, it developed that the daughters of these families are eager to enter the business world, so the discussion of industrial problems was illuminating to our guests, whose countries are just in the transition from an agricultural and patriarchal era to the age of machinery.

Until very recently the industrial life of the women has been confined to embroidery and drawn work for export, stripping tobacco, making cigars and cigarettes, or less often working on the sugar, coffee and rubber plantations. The piece-work system of payment is general, for, as was explained, where one does not have to struggle for an existence one does not work with such regularity. Unions are rare.

Women and girls are beginning to appear in the clerical departments of commercial houses and governmental offices. The telephone and telegraph companies have opened training classes for feminine operators and some of the high schools now offer commercial courses, but the business woman as we know her, managing departments in banks, owning and running large stores and factories and holding executive positions of all sorts, has not yet developed on our sister continent.

While the discussions on women in industry and trade conditions were absorbing, the great outstanding question in which all were equally interested was child welfare, in which education and the civil status of women are involved. In the early sessions some of the delegates declared that the time was not ripe for South American women to take any active part in public affairs. All did not agree. "We need much education

first," said a delegate from Ecuador. "Our women are not interested in suffrage, and civil positions which are open to them are not claimed. Any rousing of the women should be done gradually so as not to

loosen the ties of sentiment and spirituality."

This naturally led to a spirited discussion. "We do pay more attention to cultivating the heart and not the head," was one response, "but we all want advantages for our children, which we can get if we have more power. I shall report to my government and write to the papers and speak to the women, and I feel that we will have the vote in my country *real soon*."

As in Canada and in our own country, the most important of our welfare laws were passed through the efforts of our women's organizations, so in Latin-America the countries which have similar organizations enjoy many of these benefits.

The first idea of any civic responsibility was roused in many men as well as women in South American cities when sanitary laws in regard to refuse, drainage and handling of milk were not only adopted but enforced. As a result of surveys made by the Rockefeller Foundation at the request of certain of the governments, notably Brazil, Public Health Departments were galvanized into action, where they were established but dormant, and new ones were organized where none had been before. Following this, district nurses were introduced and several hospitals opened.

Women of the West Indies and Central America, who, like women everywhere, were given an impetus by their Red Cross activities during the war, are applying many of the lessons then learned to their home communities and many of the larger towns are slowly adopting welfare measures. Progress is necessarily slow in country districts. The vast reaches of jungle and forest which make communication difficult and the tropical climate which encourages inertia, make improvement a matter of time and patience.

CO-OPERATION between North and South America, however, has not been confined to physical health measures alone. In Buenos Aires, for instance, through the Inter-American Association, a model school-room, completely equipped as in the best American schools, has been installed in the public library. This room is inspected and studied by parents as well as teachers from every part of Argentina and other countries of the continent.

The importance of education is not "news" to Latin-America, for when Señorita Margarita Conroy of Peru announced that her country had the distinction of possessing the oldest university on this continent, founded more than a century before Harvard, one after another the representatives from Cuba, Mexico and Colombia sprang up to announce that their countries claimed

that honor. As the question could not be settled on the floor of the Convention this delicate matter was left to the official interpreter, Mrs. James, who stated that "This controversy has never been settled, but there is a tacit understanding that as the University of Peru has never been closed for any reason since its foundation, the honor may be given to it."

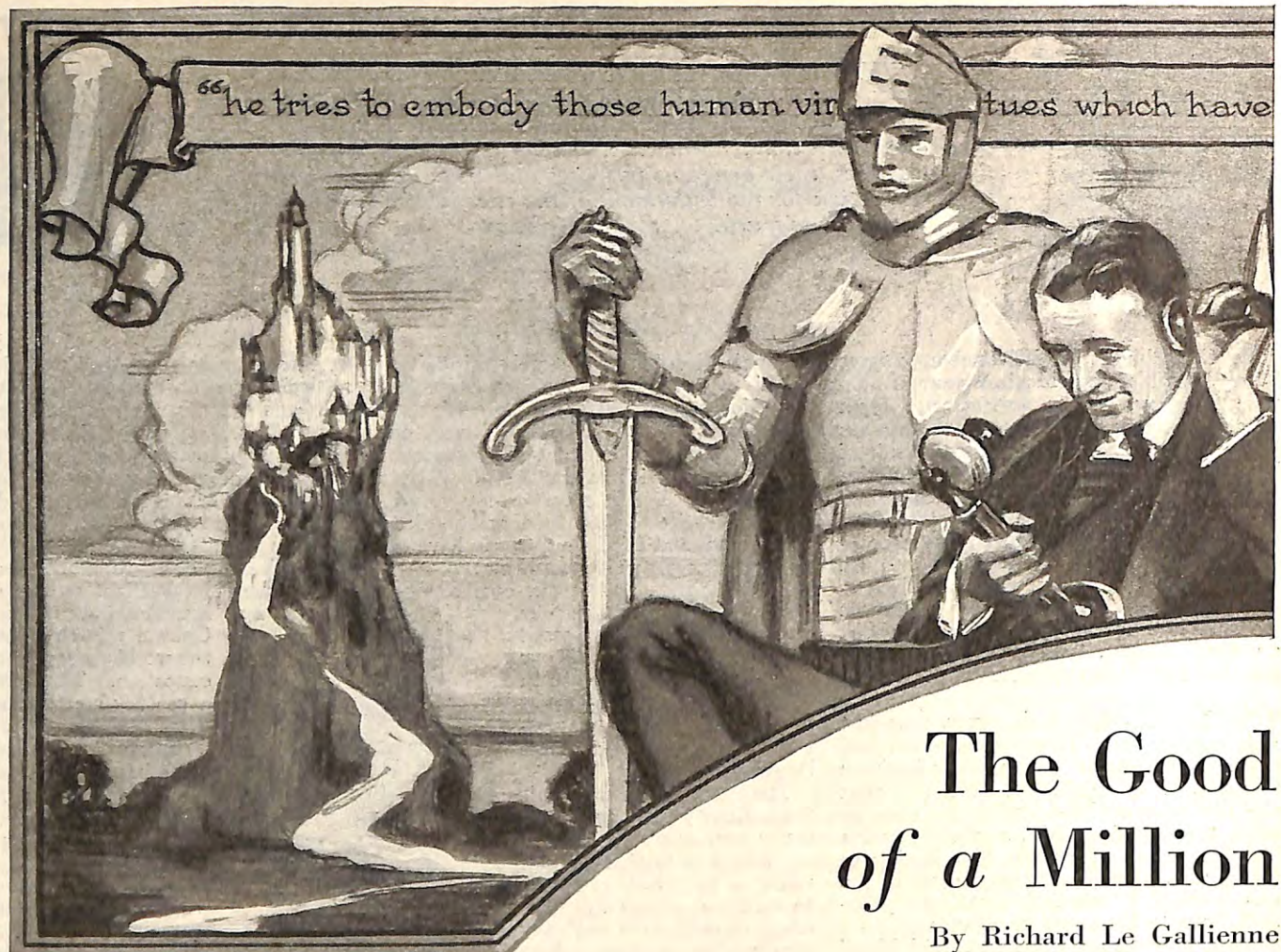
Señorita Graciella Mandujano of Chile, one of the most brilliant writers of South America, informed us that a Chilean was the first man in the world to urge compulsory education. That was nearly a century ago, but until two years ago his own country had no interest in his appeal. Now Chile has passed this law and the country has had free schools since the republic was established. There is a lack of equipment, trained teachers and money, but the people are waking up to these needs and many improvements are under way. Night schools have been opened in Santiago with volunteer teachers. European methods have been largely discarded in favor of those used in the United States, as many

Chileans attend colleges in the States and have become familiar with our ideas of teaching. Paraguay also has many welfare projects and the public-spirited men and women are struggling to improve the schools. Prominent members of Congress in this country are urging giving women the vote, as they say the standards of a country are raised where the women have suffrage. Intellectual equality is established and many women in Paraguay hold governmental positions.

In Uruguay the public schools are very far advanced. "We have three kinds," said Señora de Valeyra, the wife of the Uruguayan minister to the United States, "the kind where the strong, well children go, others for those who are mentally deficient, and a third group for those who are physically weak. The schools are near the country and poor children are taken to them free of charge on the cars. We have a school for the blind and many industrial classes and, most important, we have domestic science classes in many of our schools. At one of the schools which is near a factory, breakfast and lunch are provided for two cents a day. We also, through our Drop of Milk society, provide pure, clean milk for babies and school children."

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The Good of a Million

By Richard Le Gallienne

THE story of Abraham pleading before the Lord against the destruction of Sodom has always seemed to me one of the profoundest and most encouraging in the Bible. If only fifty righteous men could be found there, would the Lord spare the city? And then Abraham went on driving his altruistic bargain with the Lord, and at last the Judge of all the earth agreed that if only ten righteous men should be found there, he would spare the city for their sake. But alas! The ten could not be found, and Sodom went to its inevitable doom. Narrowly, this may be regarded as an illustrative fable of the power of civic virtue in a community; and more broadly of the power of goodness in the world at large. The power of Evil, particularly of recent years, has been too readily, one might say, flatteringly, admitted. Hence the influence of the philosophies of pessimism. We have been too ready to acquiesce in their negative deductions from the sorrow and sin in the world, and have, therefore, grown despairing of such apparently frail and gentle forces as those that dare to face the embattled powers of wrong. "Love thy neighbor as thyself" seems an almost childish counsel in a society which seems rather to be founded on getting the best of one's neighbor, by every form of trickery and oppression. Yet it is the power of evil that is the illusion, and the power of good the reality, and when Shakespeare made his familiar comparison of the far penetrating light of that little candle, to the shining of a good deed in a naughty world, his science was as true as his poetry. It is like the power of a grain of attar of roses, which, tiny as it is, can perfume a queen's wardrobe; or, as the almost magical force of radium, which perhaps more than any other

recent discoveries, shows how nearly related, perhaps indeed actually one, are the truths of so-called materialistic science and the truths of what Swinburne called "the Holy Spirit of Man."

Now when I speak of goodness, or good men, I am far from meaning goody-goodness, or those fanatical pietists or moralists who, obsessed with merely one aspect of the world and its needed betterment, would enforce their one-sided theories, forgetful of the fact that the world is inhabited by human beings, and not by mere abstract figures of good or evil.

Humanity needs a much more understanding treatment, and, with all due regard to the work of the saints, and the various professional agencies for regeneration and reform, I believe that such work in the end will be done more thoroughly through lay influences, and that, in short, human beings are best helped by human beings.

It is not the stern doctrine, but the kind word, the hand on the shoulder, the generous deed, the sense of human brotherhood, the recognition that we are all in the same boat, and none of us qualified to condemn or play the superior to the other, that are going to be the potent influences for goodness in the future. Hackneyed as it is, we cannot too often recall the moral of Leigh Hunt's "Abou Ben Adhem."

"I pray thee, then,
Write me as one that loves his fellow men";

and when, the next night, the angel brought him "the names of those who loved the Lord," from which at first his had been omitted, lo! to his surprise, "Ben Adhem's name led all the rest." It is not thunderings from the pulpit we are in need of, or perse-

cuting "reformers" whose first need is to reform themselves, it is the manly voice and handclasp of a friend, and fellow-sinner, a human being; as Wordsworth wrote—

"A creature not too bright or good
For human nature's daily good."

Wordsworth, of course, wrote this of a woman, and of a woman's divine way of bringing aid to suffering and striving humanity, there is not a man born of her but has his tale to tell. That, however, is not my present theme, which has to deal with that less radiant, but no less real "creature" man, and of the influence of a "brotherhood of man" which is not merely a rhetorical phrase for political gatherings, but a dynamic, humanizing force, wielded daily and hourly by an actual brotherhood of nearly a million men in this country known as the "Elks."

In the well-known story of "The Fifteen," Balzac dramatically illustrates the co-operative power for mutual defense, and offense, of fifteen men secretly banded together to help each other against the whole powerful social world of Paris. Their association was not for evil ends, nor was it either for ends definitely good. It was neither moral nor immoral. It was simply a brotherhood of men affiliated to back and stand by each other, and no one can read Balzac's story without feeling the power of such affiliation, whether the practical operation of the loyalty and fidelity of the members of that affiliation be approved or not by the reader. The power they were thus enabled to wield was at least indisputable. It enabled them, at all events, to fear nothing, and to gain their ends against all odds and all comers. They were but fifteen against all Paris.



Influence Good Men

Decoration by Charles S. Bigelow

If fifteen could do so much, consider the power of well-nigh a million men similarly affiliated, and consider how such power used for no merely selfish ends, but for the spread of good-fellowship in the world at large, the general practice, and silent promulgation of brotherly love, by example rather than precept, might well leaven by its quiet influence a whole community, a community far vaster than Paris or those republics of ancient Greece where the power of such brotherhoods was notoriously recognized as a practical influence by one of the most practical races in the world.

WHATEVER the faults of the religious orders in medieval and Renaissance Europe, no one with the slightest smattering of history, and unblinded by sectarian prejudice, can deny that by their thus being banded together they were enabled to keep the light of civilization burning in a world dark with ignorance, brutalized by sensual indulgence, and the unrestrained exercise of cruel strength. In those days there was no hope for the weak or for the poor except through that spiritual power of Christian charity, except for that lifted torch in the blackness, before which the most lawless and blood-stained baron bowed his head. Leaving all questions of religion aside, it was within the refuge of those old brotherhoods that humanity was kept alive, the arts and sciences fostered, the weak saved from the oppressor, and the poor fed. The only safe place in the world was within the monastery gates, and because of the influences of goodness, of brotherly love, that, in spite of all limitations, were kept alive by monks, often far from being religiously perfect, influences which mystically over-awed the world of

rapine outside. The power of the word "brother" is very curious. It is capable of soothing the most savage breast. There is something strangely winning and touching about it, something that opens the heart, and, by its merely being spoken, strikes immediate chords of sympathy and friendship between those superficially divided by arbitrary social distinctions, or even by previous antagonism. It is a genuine "Open Sesame" to the human heart, and instantly reveals the real brotherhood of humanity that is deeper than philosophic formulae, and before which the barriers of caste vanish in friendly laughter.

If I may be allowed a merely personal reference by way of illustration, I will recall my first experience of its influence, as some years ago I landed in America. I had come from a country where I had been accustomed to being addressed as "sir," accustomed to the salute of the touched hat, and I will confess to a certain surprise, when, asking my way of a Broadway policeman, I was answered by no such formalities. Instead, a kindly hand was laid on my shoulder, and a friendly voice said: "Brother . . . it is three blocks west"—and my newly found "Brother" went out of his way to make clear to me my destination by further directions.

At first, I say, it was a surprise, but almost immediately something in me responded—and I have never liked the word "sir" since. "Brother!"—why, of course, we were—and why not? and I cannot help but think that the general use of that word in America means more than we usually realize. It implies no mere political democracy, no mere "liberty, equality, and fraternity," but the deep brotherhood of the human heart, with its joys and its sorrows, its strength and its

weakness, its satisfactions and its needs, which are alike in us all, alike in the man who digs drains, the man who sells roasted chestnuts on cold nights, as in the corporation lawyer, the king on his throne, or the President at the White House.

NOW it was to practise and thus disseminate the principles behind that word "brother," to give them practical driving force, that the brotherhood of the "Elks" was founded. One significant sign of its reality as a brotherhood may first be mentioned. It includes on its roll-call members of every religion. The Jew is there side by side with the Catholic, the Quaker with the Presbyterian, the Baptist, so to say, lies down with the Episcopalian. Differences of creed that once divided men by hostile and even savage hatreds, are remarkably forgotten, and only their correspondences are remembered. It is the same with politics. The Elks are neither a religious nor a political organization. They preach no hard or fast creed. They have no cast-iron theories. Whatever private creed or theory each brother may hold, as an "Elk" he is only concerned with doing unto others as he would that others should do unto him. It is a simple tenet, but it needs little reflection to see how far-reaching and complex its results may be when sincerely applied. Naturally the Elks claim no patent for their homely gospel, a gospel as old as the world, as old at least as the first mysterious dawn of kindness and pity among men, a gospel preached by the most ancient philosophers, and the vitalizing spirit of all religions; a gospel, however, sometimes forgotten and subordinated to doctrines and theories less

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Under the Spreading Antlers

They Tell These Tales

Chicago Bonds Retired Ten Years Ahead of Time

CHICAGO LODGE has notified all holders of first mortgage bonds to present them for retirement on July 1, 1922. These bonds were originally issued for 15 years and are being retired ten years ahead of time. Chicago Trustees are endeavoring to dispose of the present Club House, looking forward to a new site somewhere within the "Loop" district, that will cost approximately \$2,500,000. Upon this, it is proposed to build and equip de luxe. Chicago's growth in membership has attained 5,500 and continues steadily to increase.

Grand Army Remnant Made Life Members

When the once famous Julius A. Pratt G. A. R. Post was discontinued at Kewanee, Ill., its muster roll contained only the names of R. L. Cherry, Isaac Cook, Washington Smith, Charles Meyer and Thomas Wilmarth. Originally its membership took in hundreds of the gallant. Inspired by patriotic emotions, Kewanee Elks have initiated as life members the remnant of the old boys who wore the blue. As the veterans approached the altar draped with the stars and stripes, five stalwart Elks, members of the American Legion, in military uniform, acted as escorts.

Twelve Thousand Miles from Home

Two Elks, believed to be farthest from home, are George L. Edwards and Frank Potter, life members of Kane (Pa.) Lodge. Ten years ago they became employees of the Burma Oil Company, at Yenaug Young, Upper Burma, India, over twelve thousand miles away. Both had been experts in the Pennsylvania oil fields. With the exception of four years, when he was Treasurer of McKenna County, Pa., Mr. Potter has devoted his attention to the oil industry. It has always been the sole occupation of Mr. Edwards.

Patriotism an Elk Ideal

Patriotism is an ideal of the Order of Elks. There is a heart-beat in the magic of the word—Patriotism. It spells love of native land and loyalty to principles. Particularly is this true of the Elk. A member must be one hundred per cent. American. It is the supreme test. Thus it will ever continue.

Pretending no exclusive franchise to wave the flag, that symbol yet rests in silken folds and as special distinguishment upon the altar of every Elk Lodge wherever established, and ripples amid sunshine and storm atop every Elk Home and Club. These devotions the Elk can never forget.

Because of its many social advantages, uniquely the Elk privilege and enjoyed whole-heartedly by the membership at large, there has always existed—and quite naturally that way—an ardent desire among Americans sojourning in foreign parts to "carry on" the establishment of Elk Lodges in these parts. At the same time, and solemnly mindful of patriotic proprieties, almost one million Elks rejoice that the mystic tie can never be extended beyond American confines.

Seven thousand miles southward from us is Buenos Aires, capital of the Argentine Republic. Temporarily, several members of the Order of Elks reside there. American to the heart's core, the spirit of the Order pulses in these Elks wherever they are. What more to be expected than their occasional foregatherings to tell the old stories and sing the old songs and invoke health and happiness for the friends left back in the old home, and to do and say the other remembering things while the band plays "America" and the glory of Red, White and Blue flutters in the breeze. Thus, the Elk habit to add to his store of happiness as he roams the wide world round. So it will be this coming July 4 when the Elks within call assemble in the Plaza Hotel in the South American city to celebrate with good fellowship and oratory and toast. The host will be Mr. E. J. Sullivan, 66 Broad Street, New York City. For 22 years Mr. Sullivan has engaged in business in Buenos Aires. His guests on this occasion will include H. E. Metcalf, of New York Lodge; Herbert Johnson, of Chicago Lodge; H. E. Watkins, of Houston, Texas, Lodge; Leo J. Ryan, of Watertown, South Dakota, Lodge; Harry Black, of Manila Lodge; and W. H. Davies, of South Bend, Indiana, Lodge. Mr. Sullivan is a member of Staten Island (New York) Lodge.

Montana Elks Own Summer Camping Ground

The Montana State Elks' Association is the owner of a great summer camping site on Flathead Lake. It has been beautified and equipped for the comfort of Elks, no matter how many journey there for a vacation.

Mother's Day on the Elk Calendar

Mother's Day is a fixed event upon the calendar of the Order of Elks. Annually it is observed on the second Sunday of the month of May. It was so ordered by the Grand Lodge in Atlantic City, at the meeting held in 1918. The author of the ritualistic ceremony is James Edward McCormick, blind Past Exalted Ruler of Modesto (California) Lodge, No. 1282. The ceremony was first used by Modesto Lodge. A little later, through the active interest of Grand Trustee Charles McCue, 22 Lodges in Massachusetts adopted it. After that, it was recommended to the Grand Lodge and enacted for the entire Order. Mr. McCormick's controlling thought was to impress a finer realization of our everlasting debt and gratitude for God's greatest gift, for the truest of all friends—



Mother. Mr. McCormick belongs to the newspaper profession. It is now ten years since he lost his sight as the result of a fall from a bicycle. Although plunged into shadow land, he has invariably maintained his optimism and good cheer, and takes a prominent part in the affairs of his Lodge and in every development that looks to civic betterment.

Omaha Elks' Rest Dedicated at Night

Impressive ceremonies marked the unveiling at Elks' Rest, in Forest Lawn Cemetery, Omaha. A special program was concluded with chimes and the Eleven o'clock toast by the Rev. George A. Beecher, followed by taps by members of the American Legion. When the exercises began at 10:20 o'clock at night, a vast audience had assembled. A cloudless sky was studded with stars. An Elk of bronze, nine feet, six inches from hoofs to antlers, standing on a boulder, was draped with flags and the colors of the Order. The introductory was "America," played by the Omaha Elks Band. After the invocation came the presentation of the monument by Thomas B. Dysart, Past Exalted Ruler. The unveiling was by Miss Dorothy Dahlman. The acceptance was by Herbert S. Daniel, Exalted Ruler. The Elks Quartette sang "The Vacant Chair," after which followed the recitation of "Thanatopsis." Mrs. Grant Williams recited "In God's Acre." The Elks band played "Auld Lang Syne."

The Order of Elks: Its Great Heart

It is the heart that loves its fellowmen and strives to relieve their suffering and bring into their lives the great warm sunshine of human happiness. It is the heart that responds to the orphan's plea and answers the call of the sick. It is the heart that holds in loving remembrance the memory of those who have gone before. It is the heart that goes out with unflinching remembrance to all wandering brothers at the sacred hour of Eleven. It is the heart that feels the depth of mother love and finds unmeasured joy in reverent observance of the day consecrated to her. It is the heart that beats strong with the red blood of patriotism, holding in respect virtue, love of home, of country and of flag dearer than the very pulse that gives life.—*Past Grand Exalted Ruler William M. Abbott.*

How They Joined The Elks

While James S. Bryan was Exalted Ruler of Rochester Lodge, he asked various Elks to tell why they are members. What follows has been excerpted from the replies:

Grand Exalted Ruler William W. Mountain says it was the constant Elk effort in civic development that caused him to join.

Grand Secretary Fred C. Robinson became an Elk because he saw the Order was progressive in promoting public welfare and personal happiness.

Past Grand Exalted Ruler Fred Harper (Lynchburg, Va.) became an Elk through the appeal of its fellowship and a desire to share in its good deeds. His initiation impressed him with the simon-pure patriotism of the Order.

Past Grand Exalted Ruler William M. Abbott: "I joined because an enthusiastic member, one who loved the Order and who believed in it, was anxious that his friend should enjoy with him the glorious association of red-blooded men."

James W. Wadsworth, Jr., United States Senator from New York State, liked its friendships and loyalty, its devotion to American institutions and the knowledge that in every community where an Elk Lodge exists, its members are leaders of thought and action.

William M. Calder, another New York United States Senator and an Elk for nearly 20 years, joined because of the good fellowship feature. A member of many organizations, he confesses that in none is there a finer spirit of comradeship than in the Elks.

James R. Nicholson, Past Grand Exalted Ruler (Boston, Mass.): "I was influenced by the good fellowship and sociability in the Order."

William J. O'Brien (Baltimore) became an Elk 35 years ago in appreciation of the great value of the Order to the public welfare.

John G. Price, Attorney-General of Ohio and member of the Grand Forum: "I was influenced to become an Elk because of the character of the men in Columbus Lodge. The big achievements of the Order also influenced me."

James F. Duffy, Grand Esteemed Leading Knight (Providence, R. I.): "Its patriotism, its charity without ostentation, its ritual and special services, its beautiful method of remembering members after death, made an Elk of me."

W. H. Atwell (Dallas, Texas): "The Order appealed to me because of its recognition of the Flag, the Home and the Bible."

John P. Sullivan, Past Grand Exalted Ruler (New Orleans): "I joined the Elks because, to my mind, they stood for the highest ideals of vibrant Americanism. I have seen Elksdom in peace and war. I have seen it extend its hand to smitten communities. I have seen it stop in its course to give aid to some poor man or woman, who otherwise would have been forgotten. It is the greatest fraternal brotherhood in all our nation's history."

Bruce A. Campbell, Past Grand Exalted Ruler (East St. Louis, Ill.): "There is no organization in the country, in my opinion, that a man can join, that will enable him to do more good for the nation and his community."

P. J. Brennan, Grand Treasurer (Denison, Texas): "The real Americanism of the Order brought me into its membership 30 years ago."

Game Sanctuary Proposed in Montana

In the matter of protecting the animal elk, the Order of Elks has established its position of leadership and proven as well that its members are alert in lending a helping hand wherever co-operation in the accomplishment of these humane purposes may be required. At this time, a bill, which has already received the endorsement of the Public Lands Committee, is pending before the Montana General Assembly. The bill has for its primary purpose, the creation of a game sanctuary, that may become the home of the elk, and where herds of them may roam and multiply without danger of molestation from the sportsman. P. N. Bernard, member of Kalispell Lodge, is chief sponsor. In explanation Mr. Bernard says:

"About 4 years ago, I first offered this resolution. It was adopted. My next

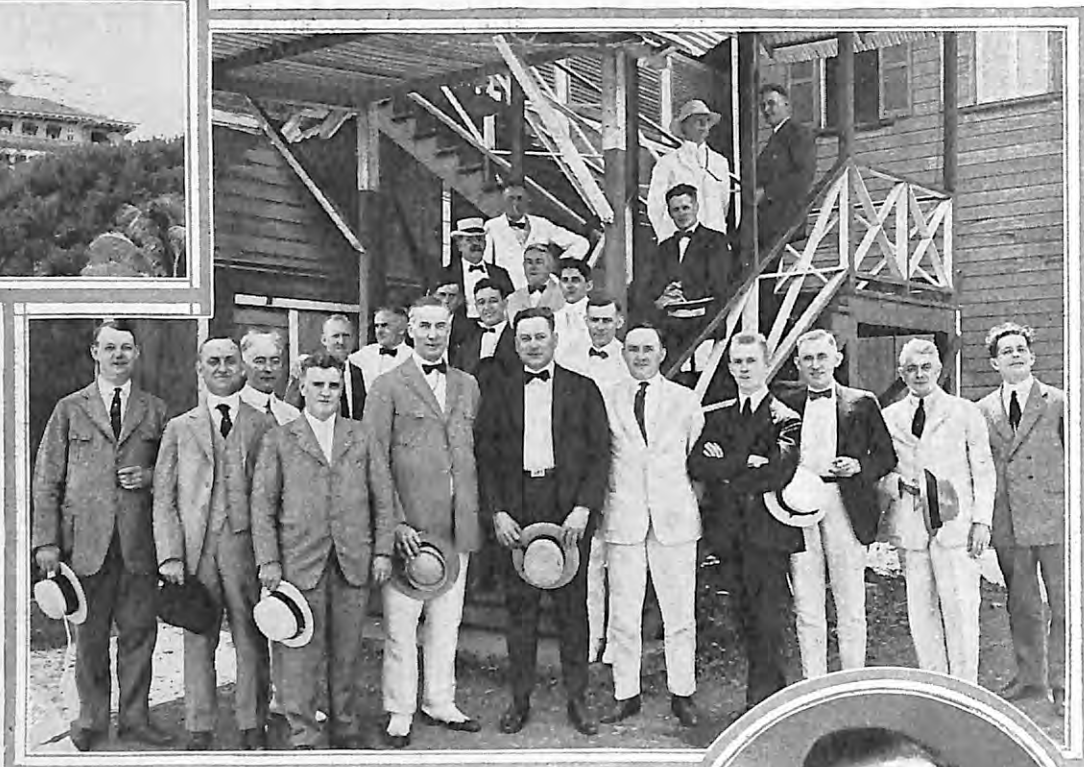
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Balboa Lodge, Panama Canal Zone, is housed in the old Administration Building. It was instituted there September 4th, 1921

Exalted Ruler Richard M. Davies, Past Grand Treasurer Charles A. White (front row, third and fourth from left) and members of Balboa Lodge in front of the Strangers' Club at Colon



Three Far Flung Lodges

Widely Separated by Geography—But Closely United in the Fraternal Bond

WHETHER it be far up in frozen Alaska, or down in the perpetual summertime of the tropics, or embosomed upon an Oriental isle beyond the Pacific, the Order of Elks follows and supports the American flag and is at home with the flag, wherever it is unfurled. Collectively, these widely scattered Lodges are attractive to read about. Wherever they are, the American flag is there with them. It is the happy fate of the Order and of the flag that they go everywhere together.

Where a Disappointment Turned Out to Be a Blessing

For more than four centuries, Panama has been the lure of the wandering spirit. First came Christopher Columbus, who explored the Isthmus in 1502. Years later, and after many others had played their parts, the American Elk appeared on the scene, and in his footsteps quickly followed "The Wandering Herd of Elks." To-day, in the Panama country, it is Balboa Lodge of Elks, No. 1414. Up until last year, "The Wandering Herd" had come and gone, as herds do, and remained homeless and unorganized, and with no legal status acquired. Then it was that William M. Abbott, while Grand Exalted Ruler, was persuaded to wave aside a few seeming technicalities and authorize a dispensation to institute a Lodge.

This happy dénouement was due to the untiring efforts of Richard M. Davies, originally a member of Chicago Lodge No. 4. Whatever glory attaches to the title of "Father of the Lodge" belongs to Mr. Davies. At the beginning, 28 members were enrolled. Since that time, the number has been increased to approximately 200. About one half of these are citizens of Colon, living on the Atlantic side of the Isthmus, 43.8

nautical miles from Balboa. As Anchorage Lodge is the farthest north, on the American continent, so Balboa is the extremest southern point so distinguished.

Balboa Lodge has plans to erect a Lodge building. When it gets ready to proceed, it is proposed to equalize accommodations and social advantages for members resident in Colon by putting up a clubhouse for their enjoyment. At present, the Lodge is quite handsomely housed on leased premises. An accompanying photo reveals the building and its tropical surroundings.

In personnel, Balboa Lodge represents American citizenship at its best. In the main, its members are the prominent of official life on the Isthmus. The present Exalted Ruler is Robert W. Glaw. Mr. Glaw is paymaster in Panama for the government. The secretary is Fred H. Sprecken.

On account of its isolated position, the Zone is practically a government within itself. The government owns and operates the large hotels, cold storage and packing plants, poultry and dairy farms, electric light and power systems, the railroads and the commissaries; the government also owns the largest coaling and dry docks in the world. On the fortifications on both the Atlantic and Pacific sides, are assembled divisions of the Army, Navy, Air and Hydroplane Service, Radio, Artillery, Batteries and Submarines.

Chicago Lodge is given credit for having inspired the thought that came to happy climax in Balboa Lodge itself. In March 1913, word was received by Elks on the Isthmus that Chicago members planned a trip to Panama. Mr. Davies immediately assembled 25 of his friends and outlined a program of entertainment. Among other things, a sightseeing train was chartered.



Boatswain John D. Walsh of Newport, R. I., who installed the Lodge on the Island of Guam

Circumstances prevented the Chicago visitors from arriving, but the Elks in Panama celebrated anyhow, and carried out every program detail as originally arranged for the Chicagoans. The event will always remain memorable on the Isthmus.

This pleasant experience strengthened "The Wandering Herd," until then more or less desultory, into an organization, which, winking obliquely at the law of the Order, preserved its strength of personality by restricting membership in the "Herd" to Elks in good standing in a Lodge back in the States. No regular Lodge formalities were attempted, but Club sessions so-called, were held, at which features of the Ritual were observed. Principally the social enjoyments were cultivated. Memorial Sunday and other calendar fixtures were given attention. Never was the eleven o'clock Toast forgotten. But the overshadowing event of "The Wandering Herd" was its annual outing.

After the organization of Balboa Lodge had been completed, a request was made of Grand Exalted Ruler Mountain to visit Panama. The Grand Exalted Ruler found it impossible to accept the invitation, and Charles A. White, Chicago banker and Past Grand Treasurer of the Order, was named to represent the Grand Exalted Ruler. Accompanied by Mrs. White, Mr. White arrived at Colon on Feb. 13 of this year.

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Program of the Grand Lodge Meeting

To Be Held in Atlantic City, Beginning July 9th

THE annual meeting of the Grand Lodge of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks, to be held in Atlantic City during the week of Sunday July 9—the 58th in numerical succession—will be attended by representatives of Subordinate Lodges, together with Past Exalted Rulers from all sections throughout the Elk jurisdiction, as well as Grand Lodge officers and Committee members, and Past Grand Exalted Rulers, all of them engaged in doing their combined best in evolving policies of wisdom that look to the higher interests and the general advancement of the Brotherhood.

The meeting promises to be notable, because of important legislative matters to be considered, and in point of attendance and social diversion to be provided for the vast throng of the rank and file of the Order and their ladies. The following program of the meeting has been officially approved:

Sunday—July 9th

RECEPTION OF LODGES:—Reception Committee, headed by James K. Carmack, P.E.R., with Uniformed Patrol and Bands will meet all Elks at the trains and escort them to their hotels.

REGISTRATION HEADQUARTERS:—Hotel Blackstone, Virginia Avenue and Boardwalk. All Brothers and their Ladies are requested to proceed directly to the BLACKSTONE IMMEDIATELY UPON ARRIVAL. Badges, programs and tickets for ALL events will be furnished upon REGISTRATION. LADIES' RECEPTION COMMITTEE in attendance.

Monday—July 10th

3:30 P.M. Breaking Ground for Atlantic City Lodge's New Home, Virginia Avenue.

OPENING EXERCISES 8 P.M. GRAND LODGE SESSION, STEEL PIER, VIRGINIA AVENUE AND BOARDWALK. BRO. GRAND ESQUIRE HARRY BACHARACH, Presiding.

- 1—Overture, Orchestra.
- 2—Invocation, Rev. John Dysart, Grand Chaplain.
- 3—Star Spangled Banner—Everybody.
- 4—Address of Welcome on Behalf of State of New Jersey by Hon. Edward I. Edwards, Governor of New Jersey.
- 5—Quartette or Columbus Chorus, Special Selection.

- 6—Address of Welcome, Hon. Edward L. Bader, Mayor of Atlantic City.
- 7—Address of Welcome, Jos. B. Corio, Exalted Ruler No. 276.
- 8—Solo, Selected.
- 9—Response on behalf Grand Lodge, Hon. William Wallace Mountain, Grand Exalted Ruler.
- 10—Solo, Selected.
- 11—America—Everybody.

Tuesday—July 11th

10 A.M.—GRAND LODGE SESSION, STEEL PIER. Bathing from 10 to 1 o'clock. Roller Chair Rides, Steeplechase Pier, All Day and Evening. FREE SPECIAL FEATURE—Milwaukee Prize Band, Drill Corps and Glee Club will entertain on Beach foot of South.

Corps, Mounted Guard and Choir will entertain on Beach foot of Massachusetts Avenue.

Yachting and Motor-Boating all Day FREE. Yachtmen's Wharf, Inlet—Take Trolley marked "INLET," Virginia Avenue & Boardwalk or Atlantic Avenue, Pacific Avenue, Jitneys or Roller Chairs.

Wednesday—July 12th

10 A.M.—GRAND LODGE SESSION, STEEL PIER.

Yachting and Motor-Boating all Day at Inlet, FREE.

General Attractions, Everywhere along Beachfront.

11 A.M.—Band Contest, Airport, Albany Avenue.

2 P.M.—PRIZE DRILLS—Airport.

Thursday—July 13th

Patriotic Day.

Grand National Prosperity Pageant and Patriotic Demonstration.

To be Reviewed by Grand Exalted Ruler Mountain, Grand Lodge Officials and Federal Representatives.

REVIEWING STAND—Park Place and Boardwalk.

40—PRIZES—40
All of a Patriotic Nature.

Friday—July 14th

10 A.M.—GRAND LODGE SESSION, STEEL PIER.

Social features, Bathing, Yachting, Golfing, Motoring, Aviation.

Saturday—July 15th

10 A.M.—GRAND LODGE SESSION, Final Meeting.

General Social Features.

This Program Subject to Change

NEW JERSEY ELKS STATE ASSOCIATION PROGRAM

Meeting Monday, July 10th, at 10 A.M., at Home of Atlantic Lodge No. 276, Maryland and Atlantic Avenues.

STATE ASSOCIATION HEADQUARTERS—HOTEL ALAMAC, July 9-10-11-12-13

Special Rates to Atlantic City

FOR all Elks and dependent members of their families only, who may visit Atlantic City, N. J., during the Grand Lodge Convention, which opens July 10, 1922, the railroads have made a rate of one and one-half fare for the round trip, with minimum of \$1.00 for the round trip, under the Identification Certificate Plan. Tickets will be good via the same route in both directions only. Children of five and under twelve years of age, when accompanied by parent or guardian, will under like conditions be charged one-half the fare for adults.

Tickets will be sold from July 6 to 12 and will be validated at Atlantic City by agents at the regular ticket offices of the lines over which tickets read into that city on any date after arrival, but must be used returning to reach original starting-point not later than midnight of July 22, 1922.

The railroads will permit no ticket agent to sell transportation under the foregoing rate unless the purchaser presents an *Identification Certificate* furnished him by the Secretary of his Lodge. It will not be necessary to furnish separate Certificates for dependent members of families, as such dependents may be listed on Certificate issued to the head of the household.

Some members may desire to purchase regular Summer Excursion Tickets, which carry a more liberal return date and a greater variety of routes. While these rates are higher than a fare and one-half from the eastern section of the country, a lower basis applies from the Pacific Coast and other far-Western points and therefore it would be more advantageous for those from the latter territory to purchase Summer Tourist tickets, which carry longer limits and privileges that those coming such long distances would naturally desire. Purchasers of regular Summer Tourist tickets will require no Identification Certificates.

Eleven O'Clock Toast

By William F. Kirk

Of Chippewa Falls, Wisconsin, Lodge 1326

NOW the clock has struck Eleven
In this hall of mirth and cheer
And a silence falls from Heaven
On the throng assembled here.
Slowly die the fire's last embers
And the night grows still, serene,
While we toast the Absent Members
Who have passed Beyond the Screen.

WE behold, with eyes grown older,
Eyes that have a magic scope,
Life's abandoned fires that smolder
On the distant Trail of Hope.
And when Memory is beguiling
And the lights are soft and low
We can see these brothers smiling
As they smiled long years ago.

FRIENDS of old! Departed brothers!
Raise your spirit hands on high
Toasting vernal Love eternal
That shall never, never die!
Something like to angels singing
Makes this magic hour divine
While the heavens above are ringing
With the strains of Auld Lang Syne!

Functions of the Board of Grand Trustees



Charles F. J. McCue
Member for the Home
Cambridge, Mass., No. 839



Patrick J. Powers, Chairman
Jersey City, N. J., No. 211



William S. Drislane
Vice-chairman
Albany, N. Y., No. 49



Robert A. Gordon
Secretary
Atlanta, Ga., No. 78



John Halpin
Approving Member
Kansas City, Mo., No. 26

IN ADMINISTRATIVE authority, next to the Grand Exalted Ruler, comes the Board of Grand Trustees. Five in number, one new member is elected annually. The term, under this regulation, is five years. A Grand Trustee automatically becomes ineligible to succeed himself. The Board of Grand Trustees is the general fiscal agent of the Grand Lodge, and except when otherwise provided by the Grand Lodge, has general authority over all funds and property belonging to the Grand Lodge. The Board of Grand Trustees is privileged to meet as often as necessary, but in each Grand Lodge year there must be at least two meetings, one of them held at the National Elks Home. The Grand Trustees dispose of all questions affecting Lodge charters and Lodges acting under dispensation. The Board divides the United States, its insular and other possessions, into districts. In an emergency, the Grand Exalted Ruler may call a session of the Grand Lodge, provided the Grand Trustees approve. The same method of approval applies in the event the Grand Exalted Ruler decides that the time or place of holding the ensuing annual meeting of the Grand Lodge shall be changed.

All In the Family . . . By Berton Braley

JIM HOOD was a mellow and genial fellow—
An Elk with an over-sized heart;
He needed no paging to aid in assuaging
The woes that cause tear-drops to start;
With sympathy, friendship and—frequently—
cash,
He'd keep some poor devil from going to smash
And cheer him in sorrow and pain;
And when people asked in bewilderment, "Why,
Oh, why did you trouble yourself for that guy?"
Jim Hood would succinctly explain:

"Well, I am an Elk, and being an Elk
Of course you can easily see
That what I might do for a chap who was blue
Was kind of expected of me!
So I did what I could—for I never feel good
To see any Brother repine;
And he was an Elk, or the son of an Elk,
Or the father or brother or friend of an Elk—
Well, anyway, he was as human as I,
And therefore a Brother of Mine!"

When folks proved ungrateful Jim didn't grow hateful
Or acrid and bitter of tongue,
"Oh, well," he would chortle, "we're all of us mortal
And sometimes, of course, we get stung!
We're bound to go wrong on a bet now and then
Because we're not dealing with angels, but men:
And as for the women—why, say,
Whenever I meet any woman I find
It's no more than wise to be gentle and kind,
For I sort of figure this way:

"Now I am an Elk, and being an Elk
The code of the order, you see,
Quite plainly directs that the feminine sex
Shall always be honored by me;
So each woman I meet I endeavor to treat
With a courtesy honest and fine,
For she may be the sweetheart or wife of an Elk—
Or the sister or daughter or friend of an Elk—
Or the mother or cousin or aunt of an Elk—
Well, anyway, she is a woman and so
Of course she's a Sister of Mine!"

"None But the Best—Rich or Poor"

With This Guiding Principle the Year's Membership Campaign Has Yielded a Healthy Increase

By Colonel John P. Sullivan

THROUGHOUT the year that has passed the Grand Lodge New Membership Committee has worked steadily, consistently and persistently toward a goal.

The achievement with which it has sought to mark the administration of William W. Mountain as Grand Exalted Ruler has been *One Million Elks*.

But in its efforts toward that goal the committee has always kept in mind the thought that a campaign for numbers alone must always be barred by the inherent nature of Elksdom itself.

From the beginning the committee announced that it was conducting a Selective Invitation Membership Campaign. Steadfastly it has held to that ideal and never has it relapsed from the fullest and most literal interpretation of the meaning of the words.

Always we have held that membership in the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks was a high personal privilege. We have not only deplored and deprecated "membership drives" and "drive methods"—we have fought against them with every power at our command.

And from hundreds on hundreds of Elksdom's lodges that dot this nation throughout its length and breadth, the response to our campaign has been hearteningly loyal and splendidly efficient, in large communities and small alike.

In the face of the greatest problems of post-war readjustment that ever confronted the United States of America—in the face of a nation-wide depression, agricultural, industrial, commercial and financial, such as this country has not known for years—our Order has not lost members. It has not even stood still.

We have grown.

By that growth and by close personal touch with thousands of Elk workers, both officers and brothers in the ranks we have confirmed what had always been an integral part of the belief that was born in us many years ago when first we entered this Order.

That belief is this: The Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks founded as it is on a brotherhood actuated by the four great cardinal principles of Charity—Justice—Brotherly Love—Fidelity—is not a fraternal luxury for Americans. It ranks almost as a necessity in our daily life.

THIS Order that has grown in fifty-four years from a membership of seventy-six to a membership of nearly a million: this Order that has made a record of patriotic, civic, charitable and humanitarian work known in every state of the union; this brotherhood of men selected from the population of their home communities by a careful culling and measured by the highest of standards; this Order has become one from which few loyal, upstanding, four-square Americans feel they can afford to be apart.

With the close of the Grand Lodge Convention of July, 1921, at Los Angeles, the New Membership Committee went to work. Since then it has through correspondence and personal visits been in touch with the

exalted rulers and members of practically every lodge in the Order. Above all, it has sought to impress upon the subordinate lodges the clear knowledge that the quality of our membership must never be sacrificed



Colonel John P. Sullivan, Chairman,
Grand Lodge Membership Committee

to the achievement of our goal of One Million Elks.

"None But the Best—Rich or Poor," has been the guiding principle of the year's activities.

First of all the tasks awaiting the committee was the compilation of the best thoughts developed by the Order's greatest lodges in their New Membership campaigns. These plans, every one of them tested and tried in the fire of actual experience were welded into one comprehensive textbook covering the entire operations of launching and carrying to a successful conclusion a Selective Invitation Membership Campaign.

These plans in their concise and printed form were sent to every subordinate lodge of the Order. The year's work was on.

It has been a year of new precedents, a year in which our lodges, singly and collectively, have been welded into closer communion, a year outstanding in our Order's annals.

William W. Mountain, our Grand Exalted Ruler, began his administration with the announcement of the policy: "Make

MEN in whom the Order of Elks can take pride are attracted to membership by the knowledge that being an Elk means rendering practical service to humanity in the concrete rather than lip service to humanity in the abstract.

every lodge in Elksdom the civic center of the community in which it makes its home."

His administration blazed a new trail, when, for the first time in Elksdom's history the Grand Exalted Ruler, in October, called his District Deputies to meet him so that his policies laid before them could be brought by them in person before the subordinate lodges. At that meeting in Chicago the full plans of the New Membership Committee were laid before the District Deputies with the Grand Exalted Ruler's endorsement and approval.

BACK to their jurisdictions went the District Deputies. In practically every state of the union state-wide or jurisdiction-wide meetings were called at which the District Deputies laid New Membership plans together with other policies for the good of the Order, before the Exalted Rulers, Secretaries and Chairmen of the Membership Committees of the subordinate lodges.

There, in open discussion questions were answered, problems were solved, policies made clear, and the leaders of the lodges went back to their homes with a new and unclouded conception of the duties and the privileges Elksdom gives.

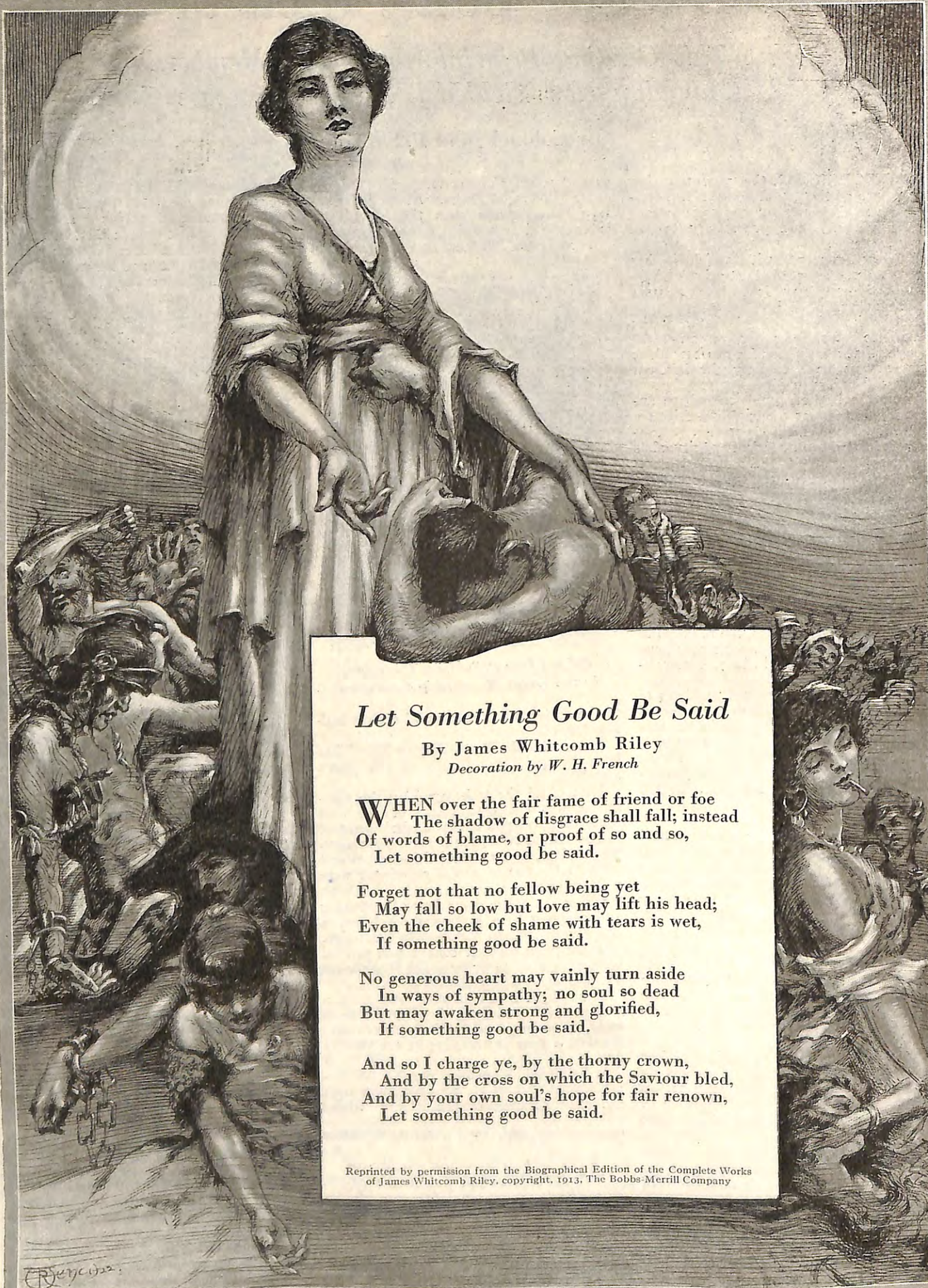
By scores and hundreds New Membership Campaigns were launched throughout the country. Elksdom's membership in the face of unprecedented conditions of general depression began to climb. It continues to climb.

If there has been any one point on which the New Membership Committee has worked as hard as it has worked to hold high the quality of Elk membership it has been the hammering home of the high ideal of service.

Experience has taught us that no lodge grows save as it comes to stand in its community for the highest type of service—civic and humanitarian. This service we have found is indissolubly linked with new membership work of the highest type. Lodge after lodge has reported to us that following its adoption of suggestions for community service its membership work has taken on new life, and men in whom Elksdom can take pride have been drawn into membership in a lodge and order whose ideals mean practical service to humanity in the concrete rather than lip service to humanity in the abstract.

IT HAS been a year of great and heartening experience for the members of this committee. Whether they will reach this year that goal of One Million Elks, no man can say as this is written.

But this much can be said. The year's work has shown beyond debate the tremendous potential force in fraternity, in charity, in civic and humanitarian work of nearly nine hundred thousand loyal Americans of the highest and most cleancut type linked together in the bonds of Charity, of Justice, of Brotherly Love and Fidelity, upon which, as cornerstones, the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks has grown in half a century from a little group of men to America's greatest fraternity.



Let Something Good Be Said

By James Whitcomb Riley

Decoration by W. H. French

WHEN over the fair fame of friend or foe
The shadow of disgrace shall fall; instead
Of words of blame, or proof of so and so,
Let something good be said.

Forget not that no fellow being yet
May fall so low but love may lift his head;
Even the cheek of shame with tears is wet,
If something good be said.

No generous heart may vainly turn aside
In ways of sympathy; no soul so dead
But may awaken strong and glorified,
If something good be said.

And so I charge ye, by the thorny crown,
And by the cross on which the Saviour bled,
And by your own soul's hope for fair renown,
Let something good be said.

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A Turn for the Boy Scouts

*Not Officially Connected, the Elks and the Scouts Are Joined
by Common Ideals of Service to All*

By Frank Brady

A MASS of snow, waist deep and thawing, proved too great a burden for the roof of the Knickerbocker Theater in Washington one evening last January, and it gave way. A rending, a roar and a crash, and more than a thousand people in the dark playhouse, who had been watching a romantic comedy on the screen, were face to face with tragedy. Ninety-nine lost their lives either from the blows of falling timbers, trampling, suffocation or exposure. The panic within the theater was hardly more ungovernable than that without. Police and the military were called out to rescue victims and control the anxious and curious and morbid horde that blackened streets for blocks around. And without being called upon, the Boy Scouts were there. They weren't called out. They somehow appeared automatically at the place where there was need of vital service.

The worth of their presence there is estimated in the communication of the War Department, through Brigadier-General H. H. Bandholtz:

"All reports indicate that the volunteer services rendered by the Boy Scouts during the Knickerbocker Theater disaster are worthy of the highest praise. The assistance given the officers and soldiers working at the scene of the catastrophe is greatly appreciated, and I wish to extend to you the grateful thanks of my entire command for your efficient and courageous assistance."

A visitor to Chinatown in New York, not so long ago, chatting with a little Mongolian boy, asked if he were a Christian or a Confucianist.

"Christianity is a religion," replied the boy, "and Confucianism a philosophy. Confucius was a teacher, not a prophet."

"Oh," said the visitor, "I thought Confucianism was a religion."

"No, it is not." The little boy's expression was one of great dignity and patience. "I thought all grown people knew that."

The Chinese youngster was a Boy Scout.

HIS informative conversation and the work of mercy done by the Scouts at the Washington disaster are given here as two evidences of the Boy Scout spirit. They were chosen at random, except that the selection was influenced to a degree by their divergence in the outward appearance of service rendered. There is no difference in the animating spirit.

This, the motivating idea behind the two instances of Boy Scout deeds, is familiar practically to everyone: "A Good Turn a Day." The boys in the national capital found put before them a big opportunity to

do a turn—to do many, in fact. Theirs was the chance to work shoulder to shoulder with the uniformed men of the army and the police, pulling with their own hands a beam

country's wealth in factories and on farms; who are going to be running the railroad trains and stringing the telephone wires; who are going to be inventing ways of doing things better than the best we now dream of. To list every worth-while Boy Scout service for any given week in the year would fill a twenty-page newspaper printed in the small type in which stock market reports are set. There are 410,000 Boy Scouts in the United States; and if you understand that every one of the 410,000 starts his day with an eye set for a chance to do the good turn, and that one a day is a minimum, you will comprehend how immeasurable is the extent of their influence for good.

That the Elks should be interested spontaneously in this gigantic group of youngsters is inevitable. The attitude of the Order toward the Scouts is a big-brother feeling, born of an instinctive affection for the American boy, whether organized or still to be. Added to that is hearty commendation of a body whose foundations are ideas tending to make of these boys the kind of citizens the Elks hold worthy of the country: possessed of a spontaneous loyalty to the flag, considerate of the rights of the other fellow, given to an immediate and unsolicited shouldering of responsibility in times of public need and distress,

fair-dealing and clean-living.

Already a number of lodges of the Order have entered into co-operation with the Boy Scouts. Lodge rooms have been tendered to the boys for their meetings, the Elks have reached for the change pocket when the time for camping out came around, many of the Elks are Scout Masters, their affiliations interlocking the lodge and the troop; and it is said that an effort may be made at the forthcoming session of the Grand Lodge in Atlantic City to bring the two organizations into still closer relationship.

IN the course of the work of Elks, on patriotic occasions, in times of flood and other disaster, members of the Order have found themselves so often pulling shoulder to shoulder with the Scouts, that doubtless they have speculated upon the motivating idea of the Scout organization, and the method by which theory has been harnessed to get concrete results.

The method is ingenious, and so simple that after one has taken a glance inside to see how the thing works, the verbal reaction is "Of course."

The idea is based upon the fact that a boy is a young animal, as amiable and healthy an animal, if given a chance to be,

(Continued on page 66)



THE "Good Turn a Day" to which every Scout is pledged may range from saving a life to merely giving information. The thing done varies with the opportunity offered. More valuable than any actual deed is the habit of mind developed in boys by the constant doing of things for others

from a prostrate, beaten form, to carry stretchers from the place of ruins to the ambulances. The Chinese Scout's opportunity—viewed at least from the occidental standpoint—was lesser, but it was one which came his way, and he took it. He did his turn that day when he set an ignorant visitor right upon the nature of Confucianism. Just as truly, though less heroically for want of opportunity, he lived up to the scout creed.

There could be mentioned hundreds of other incidents to illustrate the influence the Boy Scout idea is having upon the natives of this country who are going to be in long pants astoundingly soon, and electing mayors and governors and presidents; who are going to be sitting in private offices directing corporations; who are going to be doing their bit in contributing to the

The Elk at Work in His Community

Civic and Social Welfare Activities of Elks Lodges Everywhere

THIS story concerns a boy who, after service in the Great War, committed a felony, not only once, but twice. Saved from prison, through the intervention of Elks, the story of his reclamation is as complete as though the victim had been born again.

Seventeen years old, and doubtless controlled, and somewhat excused, by a patriotic spirit of adventure, the boy swore falsely in order that he might wear a soldier uniform. When the war was over, he was honorably discharged and returned to the little city in the middle West, where he had been raised. But there was no home to receive him. Never had he known a home.

Left fatherless at eleven, his mother unfortunately forgot her duty. The deserted boy just drifted—drifted into the habit of telling lies and other evil ways. No one had ever told him it was wrong to lie. No one had ever given him good advice. In time, his propensity to lie led him to steal. Next, he forged a check, trifling in amount. Because the amount was trifling, he escaped.

A mania to gamble developed. The boy lost and borrowed until the day came when he faced a charge for forgery. This time, the amount being larger, the law demanded its penalty. At the trial, the judge recalled the previous appearance of the boy. The chairman of an Elk's Committee on Social Welfare was in the court-room at the moment. He listened to the prisoner's plea of guilt. He heard the Court say: "This is the second time, my boy. I am sorry for you, but there is nothing else to do."

The sentence seemed to numb the boy. His face blanched. But his features betrayed no sign of regret. The Elk chairman recognized his opportunity and embraced it quickly. The judge understood the purpose of the Elk, and he also knew about the splendid welfare work the Elks were doing. From the bench, he announced that he welcomed such helpful co-operation. Thereupon he asked: "Will the Elks assume responsibility by adopting this boy?"

The eyes of the youth were riveted upon the Elk. Only an instant before, there had seemed no ray of hope. Now, it was different.

Addressing the Court, the Elk said he would assume responsibility for the prisoner. Like a flash, prison walls vanished from the boy's mind. A smile came to the boy's face. Soon after, he was newly clothed and shod from head to heels. The experience was strange. No wonder he blurted out:

"Mister, I am going to do better. This is the first time anybody was ever kind to me. Get me a job. I will prove I am all right."

The Elk and the boy visited an industrial plant. All the way there the boy had nothing to say. He appeared to be absorbed in thought. But when the boy met the superintendent, who was also an Elk, he brightened up and began telling his story without attempting to shield anything. The real self was speaking. With sudden earnestness, he exclaimed: "I will never steal again. I will never lie again." The worldly-wise superintendent felt, somehow, that the deter-

mination to do better and make a man of himself, was sincere in the boy. Very kindly, and yet firmly, he said: "Son, the slate is clean so far as you are concerned. A job is waiting for you. This is no time to talk about the past."

Every morning, the boy reports for duty at 6:30 o'clock. Recently, he was promoted for good service and good conduct. Out of his earnings, he has paid the checks he forged. Only the other day this is what he remarked to the Elk who rescued him from the court trial:

"I am sitting on the top of the world. I am doing the right thing. I go to Sunday school as the judge told me I ought to do. When the Elks told me they were behind me and for me, and that if I went wrong again, it would hurt the whole Order, right then and there I made up my mind that I was never going to hurt such true friends, if I could help it. The Elks are the making of me."

D. P. O. E.

At Anacortes (Wash.) three boys in jail, after having pledged their word to become good citizens, were paroled to the Elks. Each boy is making a deportment record. A committee headed by L. E. Brown, took from the State Training School a number of juveniles, placing each in a responsible position. It is pleasant to know that all are making good. The Lodge is also interested in a public athletic field.

D. P. O. E.

The Daytona (Fla.) Morning Journal says Daytona stands at all times with hat off in honor of the Elks of that city. The Elks there are extraordinarily active in civic uplift and welfare work. They provide everybody with free concerts.

D. P. O. E.

Butte (Mont.) Elks presented a silk flag to Boy Scouts.

D. P. O. E.

New Orleans Lodge of Elks, in aiding in the expansion of Tuoro Infirmary, donated the proceeds of the Elks' Hoorah, amounting to \$42,617.80. The check bore the names of H. F. Foster, Treasurer and John P. Sullivan, payable to E. V. Benjamin.

D. P. O. E.

Santa Barbara (Calif.) Lodge is establishing a record in boyhood development. Sponsoring 150 Boy Scouts, its Boy Club and recreation center reaches 380 youths of all classes and varying from 12 to 18 years. A sort of clearing house system prevents over-organization. Registration cards include each lad's history. If the boy does not go to school, the reason is ascertained. If he works, the information relates to the nature of the service, how much is earned, how it is expended and if any part is given to the family. The boy's ideals and expectations are a feature of inquiry. The Lodge has an athletic field equipped for its young charges. Santa Barbara Elks also give attention to the housing problem. In this connection the Lodge raises funds. The sum of \$4,200 was raised for a new hospital.

San Pedro (Calif.) Lodge is arranging to erect a home. Its members donated funds last year, also this year for the Boy Scouts and will repeat this generosity in 1923. San Pedro Elks recently beautified a school athletic field.

D. P. O. E.

Alexander (La.) Lodge has established Hope Haven Farm for wayward boys. Financial assistance is given the Community Club for Girls.

D. P. O. E.

Elks of Pasadena, Calif., have provided several thousand dollars for a stadium project.

D. P. O. E.

Nebraska City Lodge is a strong supporter of Boy Scouts.

D. P. O. E.

Clifton Forge Elks are identified with the welfare work of that city. Aided by Masons, many of whom are Elks, a fine hospital is maintained.

D. P. O. E.

Butte Elks not only look after all charitable cases in the city, but they see to it that residents of the poor asylum and dependent children in State institutions are not forgotten. Without ostentation, the Lodge looks after all social and welfare projects. Annually a minstrel performance is given to raise funds for a big Christmas celebration.

D. P. O. E.

In the Mile High City, Denver Lodge has surpassed all other fraternal organizations in aiding in caring for tubercular cases. Secretary W. H. Wheadon's personal energy in this cause has won the praise of thousands. The Lodge is assisting to build a hospital for Craig Colony to cost \$25,000. In 1909, Frank Craig, himself a tubercular victim, invited a stranger, penniless and dying, to share his tent. Craig bore the expenses of caring for this fellow-sufferer. Others similarly afflicted came to Craig's tent until the number was too great for his resources. When cold and hunger descended upon the fold, Denver Lodge of Elks went to the rescue.

D. P. O. E.

In the State of Washington, Centralia Lodge has started a movement to perpetuate the memories of the four former service men killed in that city on Armistice Day, 1919. The plan is to erect a memorial. For this purpose a fund is being established. Elk Lodges are contributing promptly and generously. Seattle, for instance, reached into its Lodge treasury and added \$500 to the sum total.

D. P. O. E.

The Lodge at Jerome, Ariz., has done great work in bringing to bear influence calculated to persuade the U. S. Forest Service to open Recreation Park.

Pittsburg Lodge of Elks gave 10,000 children of the Smoky City's poorer sections an outing at Idlewild Park, near Ligonier. Prominent people, among them Mayor W. A. Magee, Bishop Cortland Whitehead, Daniel Winters, President of the City Council, Judge Charles F. McKenna, James Francis Burke, John T. Clark, Dr. S. A. Aschom, Judge D. M. Miller, E. A. Peck and others, also the Salvation Army, aided in preparing for a day of feasting and joyous entertainment.

B. P. O. E.

Chehalis and Sandpoint Elk Lodges maintain several troops of Boy Scouts.

B. P. O. E.

Marion (Ind.) Lodge has committees actively at work under the following classification: Civic Work, General Charities, Detention Homes and Courts, Delinquents, Boy Scouts, Elks Field, Housing, Cripples and Unfortunates.

B. P. O. E.

Meriden (Conn.) Lodge is cultivating a wide field of activity in behalf of boys and girls in detention homes, relief for needy and crippled children, including all charitable demands. Meriden Elks have a company of Junior Elks. They are proud of the progress of the Boy Scouts maintained by the Order. The Lodge co-operates in playground activities, Americanization work and law and order enforcement.

B. P. O. E.

The Lodge at Portsmouth, Va., devotes personal aid and financial help in all charitable cases and uplift work. The Orphans' Home has found the Order a substantial supporter.

B. P. O. E.

Twin Falls Lodge of Elks is so interested in the Boy Scout movement that arrangements have been made to provide quarters for the boys in its new building. The Lodge co-operates with the Public Welfare Association and the Juvenile Court.

B. P. O. E.

At Fort Collins, Col., the courts, in handling criminal cases often appeal to Elks to throw out a life-line in a possibly worthy case. The Elks of Fort Collins do general relief work, look after delinquents and teach Americanization. When the new hospital is finished at Fort Collins, the Elks will maintain two of its best rooms.

B. P. O. E.

Poor children at Martinsburg, W. Va., hail the Elks of that city as wonderful, but the Elks think nothing of sending these tots for a long stay in the summer to a country camp directed by the Y. M. C. A. The children are not forgotten in movie show entertainment. All poor house inmates are remembered by the Elks.

B. P. O. E.

Marshalltown (Ia.) Elks donated \$4,500 to the Salvation Army budget.

B. P. O. E.

The Elks at Clarksburg, W. Va., help boys and girls in trouble, find homes for orphans, co-operate with the Juvenile Court, maintain two rooms in a hospital and provide nurses to attend the sick. The Lodges affiliate with the Red Cross, Ladies' Civic Club, and all other local organizations.

One thousand dollars has been contributed by Utica Elks, and members of the Lodge have given generously, in addition, toward the creation of a fund which shall appropriately recognize the services and sacrifices of all the men and women of Utica and of the country rendered in the World War. Expression will be given to this sacredly patriotic sentiment by the erection of some thing, or the dedication of some place, in the city of Utica that will constitute a suitable tribute to the living and a fitting memorial to the dead. This recognition and tribute will take such form as is consistent with the purposes, the dignity of the Order of Elks and the achievements and sacrifices of those whom the Elks would honor. In location, it will be convenient; in substance, enduring; in appearance, attractive, and it will be known as the tribute of Utica Lodge of Elks.

Action to this effect was taken by the Lodge after careful consideration had been given and after it became apparent that, unless the Elks assumed leadership and energized the project, possibly nothing would be done. Substantial headway can be reported.

B. P. O. E.

While other Lodges, of course, and quite a number of them, maintain athletic fields, Saratoga Springs Lodge is striving to provide the youth of its community, with the most completely appointed and the most attractive field possible for muscle-building pastimes. To begin with, Saratoga Springs Elks raised a fund of \$6,000. and made it sacred to this one purpose. They did this by

THE ELKS MAGAZINE EXTENDS GOOD WISHES

THE new succeeds the old; the great work goes valiantly, triumphantly, endlessly on.

And so, our compliments and congratulations are extended to the recently elected Exalted Rulers and associate officers of every Subordinate Lodge throughout the Order.

It is a glorious privilege to serve; to help in making a Lodge of Elks more than ever before the community center of civic helpfulness. Honors merely political are evanescent and unsatisfying in comparison with Elk honors.

Striving your best to achieve only your best, there should come a thrill and the impetus and encouragement transmitted by the stalwarts of the rank and file, solidly phalanxed behind you.

Be worthy of this loyal allegiance. In all things let there be team work, close co-ordination. Team work is at once a requisite to and a guarantee of successful leadership.

May the laurel of reward be earned and deserved at the end of your term. May the year that is passing realize in golden substance all your dreams and ambitions for larger and richer opportunities to do good deeds in the Elk name.

donating a large part of the money out of the Lodge treasury. The remainder they raised by subscription, ranging from one penny to one hundred dollars. A desirable tract of 20 acres was purchased for \$4,000. This left a sufficient working balance to provide necessary equipment and other essentials.

The playgrounds are spacious. For instance, there are two baseball diamonds, a football field, a quarter-mile cinder track, soccer grounds, tennis courts, general play-

grounds, a swimming pool and other accommodations. These Saratoga Elks, boast themselves pioneers in this splendid and necessary work.

Six years ago, James H. King, an ardent Elk, conceived the idea of organizing the boys of Saratoga Springs into ball clubs.

To-day there is a season of 42 schedule games in the School League. It opens April 1. Eligibility to play means that each boy must have a school record of 16 weeks prior to the start of the regular season. The motto is: "School work first; athletics next." Annually, the Saratogian awards a cup to the championship team. The Elks supply all the equipment and give prizes for the most runs and for fielding and batting leadership.

"It takes a real boy to be a real player," explains Mr. King. "I meet the club managers at the club house. We have heart-to-heart talks relative to discipline on and off the field. Good sportsmanship means good deportment. We have a new set of boys each year as the boys pass on to High School. We have for these players a paid coach. Of course the boys, during the season, get filled with rivalry and excitement. We never have fights and there is no profanity allowed. I am the umpire. There exists mutual friendliness. *I am their pal and the boys are my pals.* Practically the same discipline obtains with the other divisions of athletics. As the popularity increases, our facilities are gradually being increased. The real start was made in 1921 when 60 Elks held a meeting and arranged to establish our field."

B. P. O. E.

At Brookline, Mass., the activities of the Elk lodge are devoted to looking after unfortunates, aiding the Municipal League, Probation Court, securing employment not alone for war veterans, but all classes; helping the Anti-Tuberculosis Society, Friendly Society and churches. One boy was saved from penal servitude; many first offender cases were taken in charge by the Elks.

B. P. O. E.

Hugh C. Harris, of New Rochelle (N. Y.) Lodge of Elks, is a Probation Officer, appointed three years ago by Judge Samuel F. Swinburne of the City Court, serving at that time as Exalted Ruler. Mr. Harris was directed to represent his lodge in juvenile delinquency. The result has been gratifying. At present Mr. Harris has under supervision thirty-seven boys and two girls. In three years only three boys have been committed to institutions. One of the trio has since been released and is getting on well.

B. P. O. E.

Belleville, Ill., has a Community Service, non-sectarian and non-political, organized by business men. The purpose is to provide recreation for the people in general. Play grounds have been established. Belleville is a city of 25,000 inhabitants, 80 per cent. being thrifty Germans. Many organizations exist for the promotion of Americanization, the foremost being the Girls' Work Committee of Community Service, directed by thirty women who organize Girls' Community Clubs, having at this time a total membership of 350. This represents pupils, factory employees and girls residing at home. The local Elks are contributors to this work. The members of the lodge in Belleville proceed on the theory that through co-operation greater good may be accomplished without the possibility of misdirected effort or duplication. Financial aid is supplied through a Community Chest. The Belleville Elks aid in financing this.



What Books Are You Reading?

Comments on Some Recent Fiction

By C. W. F.

IF you've ever traveled in China, gone up one of those strange, busy rivers in a cargo-junk, you'll remember the "trackers"—that gang of tireless fellows, almost stripped, who drew the boat along from the river bank with strong ropes and cables, and, when the frequent rapids are met, double over and dig their very fingers in the sandy water edge in their efforts to hold the junk steady.

Rough work! And to keep them at it and somehow happy, there goes along the "sing-song man," who regales them as they trudge, with verse and story, chanted in various keys. If they don't like his professional offering, they tell him so distinctly; and if his song isn't quickening and inspiring, the trackers lag and then the junk captain gets after the unfortunate sing-song man. On the other hand, if his voice is clear and his tale enthralling—well, there's an extra piece of pork for supper.

All of which makes us wonder a bit—in an allegorical sort of way, you understand—if our own amazing sing-song men are helping keep us happy and ambitious, especially when we're digging our fingers in the sand to keep from being dragged into the rapids!

It's no small job, but it is a fair question to ask whether or not the makers of books, the sing-song men, are helping the rest of us trackers.

One Eye on the Novelists

MAY SINCLAIR says that the whole tendency of the modern novel is steadily toward a deeper psychology. We didn't have to be told this, but it is always a good idea to fasten the old phrase to some one. She denies that the novel is a "tract," but she does maintain that its long suit is contact with realities.

That's all right, Miss Sinclair, but all we say is that there are a lot of us who want a few nice realities in ours—and there are a few left.

Perhaps we should be content for a while with a book like "If Winter Comes," but, you see, when you have acquired a taste for that sort of thing it is difficult to find yourself choking over—*Cytherea*, for instance.

Oh, Mr. Hergesheimer!

Cytherea is a story of very human nature, told in a high key for good (and bad) trackers by Mr. Joseph Hergesheimer, who, not so long ago, made life a lot pleasanter and more exciting for many of us with a joy of a book called *Java Head*.

Cytherea is, without doubt, the most gorgeous writing that a sing-song man has put over in a long time. You positively feel sorry, though, for that iridescent, clear and perfect writing when you consider the company it keeps.

Here's a hero (heavens, what a word for him!) who, at a bit over forty-five, restless and all but knocked out with his obscure emotions, acts like the very dickens. The ladies, too, in this all too marvelously written novel, seethe. All but Fannie, the wife, a being typifying convention,

hypocritical modesty and corseted thought. It is impossible for her to understand the savage in husband and friend. Then there is Savina!

Our friends tell us that Savina is really the woman they all hope to meet, know, spend the rest of their lives with! Happiness in every moment! Well, Savina is certainly frank, and wonderful and tropical enough for any modern tracker to ponder on as he pulls along with his daily load. The forty-five (odd) passionate lover goes off with her and enjoys himself hugely, but confessed that, after all, this eternal male search for a sort of "celestial chorus girl" is never fully rewarded. The hero's idea of love is: "The wilder the better, if it's not delirious it's nothing."

That is the sort of thing you get in Mr. Hergesheimer's latest book. It is so brilliant in its telling, so rapier-keen in its characterizations, that it is a crime you can't take the writing out and throw the rest of the book away. Perhaps there will be a great number of trackers who can do this, and others who will find stimulation in the cocktail quality of the story.

However, if everyone on your street urges you in a delighted way to read *Cytherea*, go out and buy—*Java Head*.

Heat Lightning

IT'S too bad that we can't tell you to go out and buy an equally beautiful substitute book by Mr. F. Scott Fitzgerald when you're told by all your friends to read *The Beautiful and Damned*—but there ain't no such book. *This Side of Paradise* is better than *The Beautiful and Damned*, but is that high praise? Of course, this story of two very young people experimenting with matrimony is interesting and even thrilling, and you can't sit very far down on your backbone while you're reading it. The boy can write like mad. Quick tempo, heat lightning, terrifying emptiness and dizzy cliff edges of sensation! We have to give him that, but as Mr. Fitzgerald goes jazzing along, pouring out this tale, picture the poor, decent, hard-pulling trackers going around in circles trying to adjust their own standards of life to these two children, while the junk comes to grief.

No one wants to read of prudes. The race went out a long time ago, and life is very much life, and real men and women want to read of other very real men and women, their struggles and loves, their adventures and growth, their passions and drama—but not just their madness!

Dancers in the Dark

AMONG the other things that may amuse Mr. Fitzgerald in connection with his astonishing success, is the fact that he has paved the way, felt the nervous public pulse, fired off the gun for the *Dancers in the Dark*, by Dorothy Speare, which book takes the track to popularity with a bound and is in the lead just now, while thousands of "men" of nineteen, twenty and thereabouts, and "women" of sixteen to

twenty-two and thereabouts, shout from the grandstand and have a glad time of it!

Miss Speare has dedicated her book to "The Girl of Today." We have never heard of a book being dedicated to a person who publicly and with much spirit ever repudiated that dedication. It would be an interesting experience. Here's a chance for some girl of today who is at twenty-one, say, no one's great-aunt, no back number, who can play and work and flirt, who looks upon the world as a "grand place" to be happy in, who has cast off many of the dreadful and hideous inhibitions of a former generation, who doesn't, necessarily, sing in the village choir, who has been to college, knows a thing or two about the "boy of today," but who would still say: "Don't wish that book on me."

Dancers in the Dark was first published serially in a woman's magazine—but don't let that fool you. The magazine said, "We have published this novel of American young people of today, written by one of their own, because we hoped to shock parents into serious thought. Here they are—your children. Whatever they are, you, the older generation, have made them. Do you like the picture? What are you going to do about it?"

That's a very good reason for having published the serial. Some such motive may have animated George H. Doran Company in publishing it as a book. But is that why it is being avidly read? We think not!

They are reading it for the same reason that the young women and the young men in Miss Speare's book took long chances with realities, lead footless, foolish, dangerous days, and nights—excitement! Young without innocence, sophisticated without wisdom, supposedly the scions of gentle families, without manners or discrimination! These are large words to describe the set of young people, who, not yet started upon their real lives, tear through this book, trying to sample the joys of life in one swallow, but they seem the right words to us, somehow. These are the "Excitement Eaters." And the people who devour the book get, vicariously, almost as breathless a time out of it as *Joy and Jerry* and *Sarah* and the horde of college youths who feed their insatiable appetites for thrills. These are the Excitement Readers. They have found a new and highly seasoned food.

Some one says, "But it is a picture of life today."

It is not. Life is more than that. It may be a wild snap-shot of a year or two out of some young lives. Perhaps it won't hurt the large run of them, but it must do something to them. Can you imagine any of these people getting a thrill of any sort at fifty? And yet people have lived to fifty with most of their faculties intact and with a reserve capacity for enjoyment. They surprise you, sometimes, when you meet them!

There's no particular plot to the book, naturally. It is the record of a group of girls, one of whom is having her voice cultivated. They are all keenly alive to the fact that the world owes

them a lot of fun and gladness—no matter by what stupid and silly means they get it.

One of the girls, *Jerry*, comes mighty near being a real character. East Side waif, errand girl in a smart New York dress-making establishment, model, designer, diseuse, cabaret performer, camp entertainer, "prom" follower and lover of college pleasures, and all the while kept straight and rather fine by the love that a man, passing hastily across her life, left in her heart. Here's a cheer for Miss Speare for this girl, although you never really appreciate her until she tells her own story to her roommate.

What wouldn't Fanny Hurst have done with this character! She wouldn't have embedded her, for instance, in an utterly trivial mass of people. She would have blazed across a couple of hundred pages, a real personage, with the high purpose of her ideal burning the dross out of those who came in contact with her. If it had not been for her opportune though rather theatrical re-meeting with the man of her dreams, *Jerry* would have gone in and out of *Dancers in the Dark* with little vital influence on anyone. However, Miss Speare felt the flutter of eagle wings when she wrote of *Jerry*. But this hasn't softened us too much. We refuse to take the thing seriously. It was written, we feel sure, for the Excitement Readers. And in any gang of trackers there are bound to be a sufficient number to keep the sing-song man encouraged while he reels off this kind of thing.

"Open the Door! Open the Door!"

THERE'S a young man in England who is on such intimate terms with the only Sir James M. Barrie, that if he doesn't smoke Barrie's pipe, he at least helps himself to the tobacco of the creator of Peter Pan and other famous philosophers. This is Mr. Allen Alexander Milne, who reads the great little man his plays as he writes them, and receives Barrie's priceless criticism and suggestions—criticism that has resulted in Mr. Milne having had four plays on Broadway in two years—"Mr. Pim Passes By," "The Great Broxop," "The Dover Road" and "The Truth About Blayds."

We can hear Mr. Milne saying some little while ago: "It's all right, Sir James, you're doing your best to teach me to belong to the Barrie School and I flatter myself that I am an apt and industrious pupil. I'm tickled to death with the way I'm popping along, but, all the same, and shoot if you must, I'm going to write a story about a murder—dragged ponds—secret passages—dentists brought down from London to identify a dead man's teeth (shudders by Barrie)—a girl whose mother is trying to marry her to a villain—two altogether delightful young men, the kind you and I like, sir, who adopt amateur detective work on the spot."

And perhaps Barrie says: "Well, if you must do a thing like that, run along, but come back to your lessons soon."

Result: *The Red House Mystery*, a murder mystery in which the dripping blood has been eliminated but all the thrill left. And, if you ask, can it be done? all we can say is get the book and see. It is a novel by a sing-song man who designed it to please his father, who, he says, like all really nice people, has a weakness for detective stories. And here's where a lot of trackers, pulling up-stream all day, will have a couple of hours of complete enjoyment, and may, for the experience, pull all the better tomorrow. Some books are written for just such a simple reason.

Arthur Gillingham, one of those quiet, capable and yet whimsical gentlemen that we have been well educated in through Mr. Milne's plays, comes to call at a country house just as a shot is fired within it.

"And in the hall a man was banging at a locked door, and shouting, 'Open the door, I say; open the door!'"

"Hallo!" said Anthony in amazement.
"Cayley looked around suddenly at the voice.
"Can I help?" said Anthony politely.
"Something's happened," said Cayley. He was breathing quickly. "I heard a shot—it sounded like a shot—I was in the library. A loud bang—I didn't know what it was. And the door's locked." He rattled the handle again, and shook it. "Open the door!" he cried. "I say, Mark, what is it? Open the door!"
"But he must have locked the door on purpose," said Anthony. "So why should he open it just because you ask him to?"

That's Anthony's way—always asking the obvious question with a well of a meaning beneath it. At any rate, Anthony comes to call and stays to sleuth, and those trackers who like detective stories will like Anthony very much. It is a polite affair for a murder yarn, and the explanation of the mystery, while conceivable, is not what a died-in-the-wool lover of Arsène Lupin would hope for, but after all, by the time you get to the explanation (next to the last short chapter), you've had your pleasant evening, forgotten that you are more or less a slave and that you have to take hold of the ropes again in the morning. A little extra pork, we say, for Mr. Milne—but not too fat!

Joanna Godden

HAVE you had time to notice *Joanna Godden*, by Sheila Kaye-Smith, in your travels past the book-shelves? Let us talk a moment or two about it; it will cool our faces off a bit, though the world would say, we suppose, that Joanna was no better than Mr. Hergesheimer's Savina.

"... this morning the sun was not yet up, and the pale mist was drifting through the willows, thick and congealed above the watercourses, thinner on the grazing lands between them, so that one could see the dim shapes of the sheep moving through it."

Unforgettable and persistent as a Whistler sketch! Against this flat background of English marshland, Joanna Godden, who at twenty-three proceeds to run a great farm and a tempestuous life without giving the snap of her fingers what anyone may say as to methods, stamps herself, sharply cut as by the unerring chisel of Eden Phillpotts or, perhaps—Hardy, in the early days.

Big and barbaric, simple and gallant—here is a living woman.

"—good, common stuff. She was like some sterling homespun piece, strong and sweet-smelling."

Joanna, blindly but with clean fingers, crashing ahead arrogantly searching for the fulfilment of her life, is a being of strange pathos—mixed with iron. We might not like her in real life. Without the revealing analysis of Sheila Kaye-Smith to aid us in looking under the skin and seeing this woman's incentives, the reasons, always so simple, of her amazing processes, we stand a fifty-fifty chance of being repelled just as was, at first, Martin Trevor, a fascinating and lovable man, who dies all too soon in this splendid novel.

Martin, son of Sir Harry Trevor, discovers for himself, however, Joanna's paradoxical swagger and shyness. Their love story, so glowing, so wind-blown, so brief, shows Miss Kaye-Smith's insight, her art of simple episode, her generous use of words at their best. We go back and re-read of those days on the marsh, in the old church at New Romney, in the little countryside inns, with keen gratitude, there is such a deep element of beauty in them. Then, with only a faint gesture of warning—the catastrophe! Martin, the radiant lover, is swept away!

Although not half of Joanna's story is told up to this point, the charm of those passages colors all the rest of the book. When the memory of Martin grows slightly dim, we want to call out

to this soft, rough creature to recapture it, quickly!

But for Joanna a memory is not enough. She wants life; a brimming cup. Poor Jo! An outsider at almost every door of experience—when she attempts to open it. This she feels herself, as on the morning in the Trevor house, after Martin has passed away and they press a glass of wine upon her in the dining-room, a place quiet with thick carpet and aloof with fine mahogany and silver.

Still, it was the memory of Martin that drives Joanna at once to her doom—and her new life; a memory that betrays! For the utterly cheap and devastating Bertie Hill, met with promiscuously during a holiday at Marlingate, has, at first glance, Martin's hair, Martin's shoulders, Martin's way of telling her strange bits of England's history.

But the picture of the old lover, imposed upon the new, does not stand the test of Joanna's uncompromising and direct gaze. But we mustn't tell too much.

Here, indeed, is a book that makes the long day's work seem worth while—which, while it makes the tasks no easier, puts fiber in one—hardens the muscles, sets us rigidly forward!

WELL, the life of a book critic is a busy one these days. There's no end of material, and, thank heaven, a heap of it is good.

Reactions speak louder than words, and there's an idea abroad that all this brilliant and biologically emotional stuff is already beginning to make the trackers weary for just a few tales of resounding deeds, sword play, lustrous words, in fact—historical novels.

"Oh, Susannah," by Meade Minnigerode, is a yarn that begins about 1824, then goes back a little in a nice, casual way, and gives you some thrilling chapters of the raiders during the War of 1812, with Gamaliel Parsons as hero. Then on to China, and a black lacquer box that was brought a certain night out of one of those sweet-scented gardens, and within which lay a spray of flowers and a great secret! Ah Fung of Foo Chow, friend of the young Captain Parsons, took out the great secret and tucked it away in a little blue *Min Hsing* elephant and gave them both to Parsons with many mysterious predictions!

Then comes the time when Matthew, son of Gamaliel, goes to sea. "Handsome Mat" Parsons! They make him captain of the *Mandarin* and he's off to China, where he drops into a certain garden and completes a mysterious chapter of his father's life.

Back in New York he steers right into the Gold Fever of '49, and runs under full sail into the song "Oh, Susannah."

Oh, Susannah,
Don't you cry for me,
I'm off to California
With my wash-bowl on my knee!

Call it what you will, the thing is full of salt air and breathes the very spirit of the clipper ships that were being launched under the impetus given to the shipbuilders by the news from the gold region. Real ships—the ships whose pictures you've seen in many an old print-shop throughout the land. Mr. Minnigerode builds one of these beauties for Mat and sends him off to California, where, in pure gold dust, people pay the most fabulous prices for the simplest things, where the crews, bitten with the lust for gold, swim ashore when they get within smelling distance of the beach, and you have to empty the jail to get a gang for the return voyage.

Those were the days! Mutiny and piracy, a flowing sea, a flying ship, the ports of the world to choose from, a fine land to call one's own, and a sweetheart worth the winning!

Mary Johnston, of flashing "To Have and To Hold" fame, has answered the call with "The Silver Cross," which we'll talk about some other time, and there's "Bracegirdle," the story of a famous seventeenth century actress in England, by one Burris Jenkins. Do these, and other signs in the heavens, show a trend away from all that we have been trying to grasp about the male and female of the species?

Still, no matter what they write about, all we ask the sing-song men is that they help make our burden lighter, or our backs stronger, or our hearts happier. It would almost seem that such a thing was their mission, wouldn't it?

Books Reviewed

Cytherea, by Joseph Hergesheimer
(Alfred A. Knopf)

The Beautiful and Damned, by F. Scott Fitzgerald (Scribner's)

Dancers in the Dark, by Dorothy Speare (George H. Doran Company)

The Red House Mystery, by A. A. Milne (E. P. Dutton & Company)

Joanna Godden, by Sheila Kaye-Smith (E. P. Dutton & Company)

The Silver Cross, by Mary Johnston (Little, Brown & Co.)

Bracegirdle, by Burris Jenkins (J. B. Lippincott Co.)

Oh, Susannah, by Meade Minnigerode (G. P. Putnam's Sons)

The Yellow One

(Continued from page 9)

Now he set about carving an elaborate design, an intricate pattern of leaves, fruits and coiled snakes. He worked very fast; his fingers had a cunning, a precision, a frugal and crafty delicacy. He put his tongue in his cheek. You would have thought that he heard nothing. But he heard everything—Miriam's laughter, like a wren's, and Hopper's baritone guffaw. The battle that went on behind him, all for his benefit! He knew when Hopper possessed himself of Miriam's waist and when he bit softly at that round cheek with his big, white teeth. Denny broke the stick into three pieces.

He hated.

"What did I tell you?" Hopper demanded on their way home. "Mmm—sweet's an apple!"

Denny loved her. But he was the weaker. He grinned, and all the while he hated. He snickered, and all the while he itched to rub Hopper's face in the dust, to wipe out the flavor of that kiss in ignominy.

"Well, by gum, why didn't you?" Herz demanded.

The Yellow One flung his dirty duck-clad arms over his face.

He couldn't. He hadn't the nerve. Maybe he was hypnotized.

People pitied him because he was the weaker, and popular superstition had it that Hopper was charitable to boot—he permitted the dour Denny to bask in his own amazing popularity.

It couldn't be said of Hopper that he tried to keep Miriam to himself. Whenever he wooed her on the Weymans' porch, with laughter and loud talk and serene, bland looks out of his baby-blue eyes, Denny always sat near by whittling that everlasting stick of his.

Now here is where the story turns and something must be made clear.

Denny could do anything with his hands; they were strong as steel and facile as the hands of the devil. All his wit was in his finger-tips; all of his quaint, strangled dreams were translated into carvings and drawings; he could copy anything. But who knew this? No one but Hopper, who had the fat and helpless hands of a baby; characteristically, he ignored Denny's skill.

"I think Denny's wonderful," Miriam said one day, bending down so that Denny felt her breath warm on his cheek, and his heart leaped in his breast. "See what he's made—"

Hopper looked, scorn gathering in his eyes, his smile paternal. "Oh, Denny's always pottering around, wasting his time. Now what's that? Abraham Lincoln?"

"Why, it's perfect."

"Is it?"

Hopper flushed and Denny felt an unholy joy welling up in himself like a gorgeous spring of intoxicating liquor. He held the copy at arm's length and squinted at it, and Miriam's head almost touched his shoulder, she leaned so close to him.

"One thing I bet you can't do," Hopper said.

"What's that?"

"Bet you a hundred. That's fair."

"What, then?"

"Bet you can't copy a silver dollar—bet you can't make one—bet you can't fool old Doc Gordon with one. Bet you a hundred."

Denny turned his head. "But that's not honest."

"You're not going to use it. Are you? Are you?"

"Why, no."

"Then what's the harm? Now, see here—here's a silver dollar. Think you can make one?"

Denny turned the bright disc over and over in his palm, while Miriam leaned down, so near, so near! She was dark, and tinted a warm rose and soft as a bird, a little, fluttering bird warm and tremulous in your hand. He could hear her breath, short and sharp.

"Oh, Denny, do!"

He pocketed the coin and shut himself away from her with that sudden, contemptuous drop of his lids. "All right," he said.

Denny lived alone in a rickety, wooden house on a terrace behind the town. Three tall elms stood in a row before the door, like formal bouquets. The sheds and outhouses, storehouses for the miscellaneous and mysterious collections of

four generations, straggled up the slope in the rear; the furthestmost of these haughty sheds was Denny's workroom. Here, like an alchemist, he worked in a light that fell dimly through cracked panes festooned with webs and knotted strands of dead flies, moths and the dainty skeletons of many spiders, fragile, empty houses tangled in dust. All day there was a gnawing in the walls, and field mice made tentative excursions, sniffing, palpitating, noiseless as little velvet ghosts on runners. . . .

"I think you were a damn fool," Herz remarked, shooing a cackling fowl out into the white sunlight of Waululu.

The Yellow One spread out his arms and stared with those eyes full of pain and confusion.

"I've always been a damn fool," he answered. "I'm no good."

"You're welcome to the idea," Herz said cheerfully. "It's your own. I'd be the last one to contradict you. . . . Like to knife me, wouldn't you? Like to squeeze my windpipe till I choked black as a stove! That's a healthy emotion. Well, swallow your rage and go on. I'm interested. Did you make that dollar?"

He did. He had to. Not for the money, not to win the bet, but to recapture the triumph—oh, the fragile, slender, evanescent triumph!—of that moment on the Weymans' porch when Miriam had leaned her head down to whisper: "Oh, Denny, do!"

The poor soul of him was bedazzled; his conscience, which was all the brain he had, was dumb.

He worked day and night, carving his silver dollar. He did not stoop to make an imprint. This was to be no sleight of hand but a veritable copy, and eye for an eye, and eagle for an eagle, properly made in reverse, just deep enough, delicate and beautiful. He failed and tried again. In his forge, an iron pot thrust into a charcoal bed, he melted up all the silver he could find, spoons, teapots and trays, filched from an old treasure chest in the garret. Denny's mother had preferred hand-painted crockery and souvenir spoons to the aquiline remnants of the family's better day—what were sea captains' treasures to the hideous gleanings of Boston shops and her own wedding presents? Denny rifled the garret. He would not make one dollar but a dozen, to string into a necklace for Miriam. He could fancy it lying, cool and bright, on the warm brownness of her throat, lifted by her breath—his gift. At the thought, his face flushed and his lips trembled. He was clumsy! Confound the tools! Confound his fingers! How was it done?

When he went out, people questioned him: "Don't see you 'n' Hop together these days. Mad? Mad, are you?"

"No," he said shortly.

And then, one night, the work was done. Perfect, beautiful—twelve silver dollars! He slipped them through his fingers one by one, locked the door on his triumph, and took the old road to the beach. It was a night sultry and dark; fireflies flickered in the marsh grass. Down on the wet sand, packed smooth by the outgoing tide, he found Miriam—a white dress shining in the darkness with an incandescent, a phosphorescent glow, a white face, and white hands groping for his!

"Denny! Denny!"

They walked together, close to the water, away from the town, as if they had met by some tacit conspiracy. Denny was too startled to know how or why she had come there. As always, a subtle transformation had taken place in him—here, he was master of himself.

"I finished the dollar, Miriam."

She held out her hand. "Let me see."

"No. You wait till tomorrow. I've got a surprise for you."

"For me?"

"I love you, Miriam."

How had he come to say that?

She leaned against him, his arm went about her and they paced slowly through the warm darkness, little waves hissing at their feet, their footprints vanishing behind them.

"I didn't know, Denny," she said.

Then for a precious hour they made love, those two, and Denny promised her everything under

the shining sun. Finally and forever, he thought, he was done with Mr. Hopper of the baby-blue eyes, his very good friend. This was a dizzy sense of freedom and Denny boasted very loud. They would leave Meader forever and sail to Bedford in his catboat. Already he had painted out the name *Ariel* and had substituted the precious syllables: *Miriam*. Oh, they would be happy! And Hopper could go to the devil. . . .

"He's not so bad, Denny."

"You don't love him, Miriam?"

She shook her head. "I love you, Denny. You're my silly darling. My boy." She caught one of his hands and kissed the clever fingers.

Then they heard some one running behind them.

"Denny! Oh, Denny!"

Denny felt his heart grow cold. His knees sagged. His lips were dry. And his voice had no life in it; it was like a cracked bell.

"Hop! He's after me—"

"After you, Denny?"

Hopper appeared in the darkness, a blur, a shadow, with long arms that gesticulated.

"Reckon you'd better come back with me, Denny. They want you."

Then he saw Miriam and, reaching out, swung her to his side: "And I reckon you'd better stay with me. You don't want to be seen with Denny."

"Why not?" she pleaded. "Why not? What's Denny done?"

"Passed a bad dollar at Staples', this afternoon."

"That was the dollar you gave me!" Denny cried.

"My dollar? Hear him! It was one of the bad dollars he's been making. Staples got the sheriff and they fetched me and we've been up to Denny's place. Regular mint. Regular counterfeit plant. . . ." He broke off. "You'd better come back. They're after you."

"But you put him up to it!" Miriam cried.

"Denny, say something! It was a bet between him and you. I was there. A joke! A bet! Denny, why don't you say something?"

"I made them for Miriam," Denny explained, all the luster gone from his voice. He withdrew from them, there in the dark, and seemed to wander back, mysteriously, to hover, disembodied, featureless. . . .

"For Miriam! Silver dollars to give a girl! Covering up your own crookedness. . . . You'd better come."

"I'll come."

Suddenly, like a fury, Miriam tore away from Hopper and hurled herself at Denny; she clung to his arms, his shoulders, his neck, pulling his face down to her eager lips. She tried to give her own life to him.

"Denny, Denny. I'll tell the truth. They'll believe me."

"No," Denny said patiently, "they'll believe Hop! They always do." He got her fingers loose and pushed her away. It was Hopper's arm that caught and held her.

"Well," Herz said, after a pause, "what then?"

"Ten years in a stinking jail. Ten years away from the sea. Ten years behind bars. Ten years, hating and hating. Ten years planning to kill. It made rot of my soul."

"I thought you didn't have any."

"Get out, damn you," the Yellow One said petulantly, "I've told you enough."

"Not yet."

Herz flicked his cigar at a running pig. A shadow fell across the doorway and a naked brown native of Waululu stalked in with the graceful slow gait of his kind.

"One fella boat," he said. His great eyes shone in the shadows. He spoke the *bêche-de-mer* of other, distant islands. A chief's son, with a flower behind his ear. "One fella boat belong Pago-Pago come, mahster."

The Yellow One stiffened. He made a terrible effort and rolled sideways out of the hammock, somehow striking a precarious balance on his naked feet.

"Hopper," he said, in a sort of squeak.

Herz laughed. "Things like that don't happen."

He went to the door and squinted at the sea. A small white speck flecked the purple of that wide expanse. It was a mere dot in Herz's eye. But, unquestionably, a boat, a motor-launch

(Continued on page 52)



*"Well!" said the little Eskimo,
"I'll tell you all about it"*

Ginger Ale
Sarsaparilla
Birch Beer
Root Beer



"Long, long ago there was a King whose boast it was that he had the best feasts that men could devise or cooks could cook.

"He had a beautiful daughter, as all Kings of olden time had. When she was old enough the King announced that he would give his daughter's hand to him who would bring a new beverage that would be as beautiful as golden sunlight, would be icy-cold and hot at the same time, would sparkle and live through a whole feast, and which, while it quenched the thirst of the moment, would awaken desire for it in young and old, rich and poor, male and female.

"And in due time it came to pass that a handsome young Prince, aided by an old wizard, brought some roots from one island, some canes from another, and some fruits from a third. From below the ground, he drew the living waters of a magic spring. Then the old wizard blended the essence of the root and the

fruits, sweetened them to a nicety and infused the whole with the bubbles that gave it life. And at the next feast the Prince won the King's daughter with the wonderful new beverage, which fulfilled all the King's conditions.

"And what is the name of this beautiful golden liquid?" asked the King when the feast was over.

"But the Prince had walked into the garden with the King's daughter, and there was no answer.

"So, my dears, we must assume that then and there was discovered the universal beverage, Ginger Ale—the one of which we say, 'They all like it.'"

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headed for this island of Waululu, this dirty, beautiful little hoop of coral and coco-palms, this forgotten second-rate Paradise, this crust of loneliness and desolation . . . Herz wondered. . . . Behind him, he heard a miserable sniffling and chattering, as if the Yellow One had been seized with a chill.

"A boat, all right," Herz said.

"Hopper!"

"What makes you think so?"

Whereupon, sitting upright in his hammock, like a terrified skeleton, Denny finished his story.

It was brief enough. And as Herz listened he got the impression that he was hearing again the tale of Dr. Faustus and the devil, only that Denny had had no payment of any sort for his soul. He saw this man, this Hopper, fat, benign, smiling, genial and unctuous, with thick, wet lips and bland eyes, mild as a milk-fed god on Olympus. And Denny, starved and wolfish, thin as a slat, prowling down Meader's main street on his way home from prison. The prison pallor on his skin. The prison look in his eyes. Guilt and shame written there like a tattoo indelible and hideous. And the idea became an established fact, his weakness a screen between himself and the actual world. The world distorted, ugly—a place where human hearts withered and demons ruled. Sky empty. Flowers withered. Laughter mocking. No reason to live except to kill. . . .

He stood for a long moment at his own gate, the dust of the journey thick upon his shoulders. No good. No good. No good except to kill! He would kill that night and then get away in his boat—the *Miriam* blistered, peeling, leaky, but still afloat—through the Neck, over the bar and straight out to sea!

The empty house echoed and creaked as he moved about. He found a rope and fashioned a slip-knot. Then he went into the orchard (where the grass was knee-deep) and swung the lasso over branches, stumps, fence-posts, rocks. The sun was sullen in a whirl of hot vapors. The clover smelled sweet, heady as honey-wine. Oh, what a world! And Denny, with his tongue in his cheek, coiled and swung, coiled and swung, over and over, until the sweat rained down his cheeks, until dusk blurred the outline of things and the hour had come. He slipped the coil of rope under his jacket and went toward the town.

The marshes smelled flat and brinish; a pink moon floated up.

Who should he meet, of course, but Hopper in white ducks and a straw hat, swinging a cane! Coming to meet his enemy, on a dark road, with no gun, no knife, nothing, mind you, save his infernal nimbus, his halo of evil—the fires of damnation seemed to play about him as he swaggered forward, an unearthly glow of fireflies and sullen moonlight, while before him a swollen shadow capered and danced.

"Lo, Denny!"

Denny stood there shivering, and the rope came uncoiled from beneath his coat and wriggled down to his feet like a dead snake.

"What you got there?"

"A noose."

"To hang me with?"

His voice changed. "Well, why don't you?"

"I can't!"

And he couldn't. He turned and ran to the river anchorage, waded out to the *Miriam*, scrambled aboard and poled her over the bar out to sea.

Herz dropped his cigar and stepped on it. "This girl. . . . What became of her, you very bad egg?"

The Yellow One shivered. "She waited. She believed. She is still waiting, back there."

"And that wasn't enough? Oh, you blistering blighter. You solid streak of sanguinary ochre! So you ran away?"

Denny lifted his head; his face froze to attention. "Listen!"

In the lagoon a sharp *chug-chug* seemed to splinter the silence. A chorus of excited voices rose from the beach, and, as if startled by these detonations, a cackle and screaming of fowls and birds broke out like an explosion.

Herz went to the door and the Yellow One tottered after to stare with light-dazzled eyes over his shoulder.

A motor-boat, recognizable as a semi-official and private craft of Pago-Pago, approached the beach across the shining and polished surface of

the lagoon. A man stood upright in the bow, holding an open umbrella over his head. There was something in his attitude of the self-ordained monarch, a grotesque and pompous dignity. His girth was prodigious. And on his head he wore at a certain rakish angle the latest thing in straw hats.

"Hopper?" Herz inquired. "Is it your arch-demon, Denny? Does life work this way? And why? What's he doing here on this blister in mid-ocean?"

"Oh, my God," the Yellow One said. "Now I shall kill him."

Herz sat him down on the bench by the door and kindled another cigar. "Do so, Mr. Denny. I'm all attention. But how?"

Hopper landed and his boxes were put ashore after him. He looked about with a well-pleased air. The island lay in the sea, at that hour of sunset, like an open flower in a crystal bowl, scented and lovely. The simple savages made a lane for him as, with his umbrella still held aloft like a banner, he crossed the coral beach. Not such a rogue, to all appearances. He had a china-blue eye and a cheek as soft as a baby's. As he came through the brief shadow of the coco-grove, his huge self a target of targets, Herz winced away and aside from an unexpected spurt of flame from the door of the Yellow One's mud and straw house.

But the evil one came on, untouched.

"I am looking for a man called Denny," he said politely, and furling his umbrella, removed that dazzling straw hat to mop his brow.

"Right here," said Herz, holding his breath.

"Here?"

They both stared, Herz with a gingerly turn of his head, Hopper leaning forward, blinking his eyes.

The Yellow One lay crumpled on the sill. He had fainted away.

Herz lingered a while to talk to Hopper. He found him an abysmal fool. As a demon, he failed to register. But you never know.

"Now these natives," he said, wagging his fat hands. "Greasy niggers, I call 'em. Lower than the brutes. Look at 'em! Ding-blasted apes with posies in their ears!"

"Really," said Herz.

"Meaning, you don't agree with me? Quite so. Most white men lose their pride of race when they come down here. Next to going native, like my poor friend Denny, *thinking* native is as low as a civilized man can fall."

"Well, really—"

Hopper mopped his brow. "I intend to make them stand around. I've never failed to dominate. I *am* superior. I behave accordingly. And the inferior species crawls. Crawls."

"Why—" He glanced around at the silent circle of Waululans, children of the reefs, and all those brown bodies seemed to quiver as leaves shaken by a little wind. "These people will fetch and carry for me. Superior mentality. Superior nerve. Tomorrow, they will be my slaves."

"What do you expect to do?" Herz asked.

Hopper glanced over his shoulder at the huddled shape of Denny, the Yellow One.

"He is my friend. What should I do?"

This was beyond Herz.

He tried again: "How did you happen to know," he demanded, "that you would find him here?"

"An American sailor, fellow from Meader, had seen him in Pago-Pago. He wrote me. And I don't mind saying he described the ditch Denny had fallen into. Was it or was it not my duty to fetch him away?"

"Is it true—was he in prison?"

"Oh, yes. My friend is no good. But I do my best. Superior. Magnanimous."

"Well," Herz said briskly, "I'll be going."

He hurried away from there without a backward glance. Herz had long ago abandoned his desire to be philanthropic. Denny would have to take care of himself. And if he couldn't, better that he should be devil-ridden to the horrible day of his death. For it is given to men to win their own battles and if they are strong enough, desirous enough, persistent enough, of sufficient candor, simplicity and faith, they will win through to some substantial victory; whether it happens or no, makes little difference. But if they are flaccid, witless, frightened and sorry, if they weep for their own sins and apologize for their own mistakes, they will pass down and out

one way or the other. Only now and then are there miracles, when a miserable, skulking soul turns on itself in rage and scorn, shedding its skin like a wretched snake, with travail, forever.

Herz went back to Pago-Pago. The last he saw of Denny, he was sitting in a sort of stupid agony on the bench by the door, watching Hopper move in.

"Here you! You black swine! Get my boxes in! Hurry now! I'll bash your black heads in. . . ."

A file of upright brown bodies moved from the store to the beach, slowly, with reluctance.

In the shadow of the coco-palms, enormous, pompous, bellowing, Hopper took command of Denny and of his new kingdom.

Herz followed the official launch, Hopper's barge, down a streak of copper light, to Pago-Pago. Then, very patiently, with a wisdom born of many disappointments, he waited for the dénouement. He had seen the stage set, the curtain raised, the actors assembled. Some day, he knew, he would witness the finale. In anticipation, very often, he smacked his lips. Life was slow-moving in Pago-Pago and he could afford to wait.

The end came in a strange way.

One day of cloudless sky and white-hot sun, there was a clatter on Herz's veranda, a loud bang at the inner door and a bellowing voice that shouted:

"Herz! Anybody home?"

Herz had been asleep. He sat up, trying to link the voice to a half-forgotten impression. Then he padded in his stocking feet to the door.

The man outside was tall and blonde. He straddled and arched his chest. His arms, set athwart the door, were big around as mahogany branches.

"Yes?" said Herz politely, blinking.

"Hello. I'm Denny, from Waululu. Thought I'd stop by and say howdy. Also so long. I'm leaving tomorrow on the Ward Line steamer for San Francisco."

"Glad to see you—"

Herz said afterwards that he gasped for breath. He opened the screen and that sinewy giant strode by into the shadows of the room. He had a swagger. He made Herz feel like a timid woman.

"Gosh. Hot. Hot's Hades. Got anything to drink? I'm dry. Dry's a bone. Give us something cool and lively."

Herz said that he very nearly salaamed. He found his grass slippers and got into his coat in a terrible hurry. Then he sought a certain bottle and two tall glasses. All the while he was spying on his visitor out of one corner of his astonished eye. This, Denny? This cock o' the walk, the Yellow One? This— Words failed him.

He tendered the glass. And all at once his eyes met those of his guest and a look flashed between them, a look full of humor, appreciation and devout questioning.

Denny drank. He tipped back his head and the cool liquor gurgled down his throat. It would have singed the soul of a weak man. But Denny only licked his lips and asked for more.

"Over from Waululu today?" Herz ventured, obliging.

"Today. I'm scorched. I'm parched as a desert. Give us another."

"No," said Herz firmly, "not until you tell me, soberly, how you dished your demon, and where, and why. If you burn, so do I—of curiosity. Come now—I see you're Denny, but it's hard to believe."

"It is that." Denny set the glass aside, and doubling up his fists, looked with pride at the rippling muscles up and down his sunburned arms. "There's a thing in the Bible. How does it go? *As a man thinketh so is he.* . . ."

"I understand. But the change, the pivot, the beginning. . . . Did you kill Hopper?"

Denny laughed. And the laugh of him was full-throated, it came from deep springs of content, like a geyser.

"Just you listen," he said, wiping his mouth with the back of his hand, "and I'll tell you."

"You'd gone. I heard the launch *chug-chugging* out to sea. I was alone with him. He was riding my soul, same as ever."

"Think I'll stay awhile," said he. "I like the scenery. And I'm sick at heart for the state you're in. Demented. Poor Denny."

(Continued on page 54)

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The Yellow One

(Continued from page 52)

"Poor Denny!" he said. To me! Poor Denny! And him as fat and soft as a clam, only I didn't know it. And me as strong as a baby hippo, only I didn't know it. If the bird knew it could fly, would it let itself be swallowed by the noble anaconda, do you think? Not on your life!

"Well, I cried and tied myself into bow-knots, begging him to go away. But he moved in. Kicked the population in the seat of its pants—"

"Hypothetical," Herz interrupted.

"Any way you please," Denny agreed in his rough and ready manner. "The population was not flattered. There was no word said, but tears stood in the eyes of the Waululans and they looked to be terribly sorry for me. Now, they liked me. I was their Sick Man, their pet and favored Sorrow. Only I didn't know this, either. I had missed everything; I had been a dark and suffering fool. . . .

"But that's neither here nor there. Deep in me was that piece of myself I told you about—a spark, a chip, a primeval bug. Aeon? Atom? Planet? It was me! And it began to stir.

"That night Pifa—the big fellow with the hibiscus in his ear—came bringing food. Taro. Coconuts. A fowl. Some native messes served on leaves. He stood straight as a bamboo and his eyes were melting and running over. 'For you,' he said in the native lingo, 'what the right hand bears. For the other, the fat Devil, what the left hand bears. It is poisoned. I was kicked,' he explained, 'where I sit down. And I am the son of a son of a chief's son, and then some.'

"Thanks," I said, choosing carefully. The light broke. It flooded me. My shaking legs straightened out; my chest filled my shirt for the first time in fifteen years. 'Eat,' said I to Hopper, 'it's poisoned. And good appetite to you. I'll bury you at dawn, any style, embalmed, burned or bleach-boned. The chief is fond of long-pig. And if I say the word . . .'

"He sat there, staring at what Pifa put before him. A single candle flickered on the counter. Him and me danced on the ceiling like puppets on strings. The sweat stood on his brow, little cold drops that presently rolled off and down his nose.

"'Poisoned,' he remarked, trying to laugh. 'That's pretty!'

"Not at all," said I. 'You may not kick a Waululan in his seat of dignity.'

"Niggers," he said.

"Not so simple." And cracking a chicken wing I buried my teeth in it. 'Eat. Eat!' I said.

"But he tried to grab my portion. Pifa was quicker and caught his wrists. Later Hopper laughed and opened a can of sardines and sat him down to eat. 'Your simple savage,' he said, 'isn't too simple for me.'

"I hadn't thought of that. I lay on my face and cried. And Hopper slept that night in my hammock—slept and snored. And so must I, for in the morning the shelves were empty. Gone every blessed and beautiful tin! Every sick sardine and bloated bologna and resonant corned beef hash! Oh, man, I laughed.

"After that, he didn't dare to eat, unless he cracked his own copyrighted coconut with his own innocent hand. Before my eyes he grew famished and the fat fell on him in empty pouches. Oh, he was an ugly devil.

"But that wasn't all. The chief was holding a kava fest in the main tent and Hopper ran amuck and kicked over the ceremonial bowl. After that he was marked. Only I didn't know. I was slow to learn.

"Whenever he went out some one would pitch a knife at him or miss him by half an inch with a spear or lay a snare of vines to trip him up. They stole his shoes. His hat vanished. His umbrella moved down to the chief's house and became a throne-canopy.

"Nor was that all. They danced a dance of death and vengeance and all one night there was a shuffling of bare feet, a beat of drums, a clapping of palms, a hum, a wail, monotonous and threatening. It made me shiver. Even then I didn't know. I sat on the floor, watching Hopper. He'd jump as if bitten by a flea. He'd listen. He'd stare into space.

"What's all that tomfoolery? What are the greasy top-knots doing now, eh? What's their game? You'd better tell me.

"I didn't know.

"Isn't it strange how slowly a man will find himself?

"One dawn I caught him trying to steal away in the *Miriam*. She lay just off the beach in shallow water. And there was Hopper, a great hulk of white flesh, waist-deep, wading out. . . . Then it was I knew. He was afraid! I shouted: 'Sharks! Sharks, you fool!' And back he came, tossing up a foam, his face as gray as an oyster.

"Then I anchored the *Miriam* further out and cherished mine enemy. He slept no more in my hammock, but on the floor with the fowl. Where he belonged, not I. I was tasting new wine—the red, swift blood of me. It ran through my veins hot and electric. Look at me. There's life in me. Day by day I found it out, and day by day Hopper died, like an octopus that is hauled up on the reef and left in the sun. He dared not eat for fear of poison. He dared not drink. The grove was infested with evil brown children who laughed and tormented him. He bellowed. He threatened. He swaggered. But I was the core of his hate. As I grew stronger, he collapsed, like a balloon that is pricked with a pin.

"The day came when he had a fever; he was parched and terror-ridden. He came to me. I was whittling a god for the chief. Out of a thick vine trunk I made it, all twisted and horrible, a snake with Hopper's face atop. This was the demon of demons.

"What's that?" he asked, licking his lips.

"You," said I. 'Tonight there's a feast. They'll roast you on hot stones and put this on your cooking-place. In *Memoriam*. The simple savage,' I explained, 'is civilized in certain artless ways. He never leaves a grave unmarked.'

"Oh, then he went down on his knees, and he gave me back my soul. 'For God's sake. I'm your friend. We were born on the same day. For old time's sake, speak to these people and tell them I'm going away. Forever.'

"I'll tell them you're flavored with garlic and tough as shoe leather. Get up. Get up, you coward, you no-good, you slobbering liar—' I said more, but it's too hot for speech and my throat's parched. Give us another.'

Herz obliged.

"That girl—" he began.

"She's waiting."

Denny stretched himself and flexed his muscles. Then, with a jerk at his belt and a hitch of his shoulders, he went to the door.

"So long."

Herz said afterwards that he followed almost timidly. This was such a brave and eager fellow.

"Where," Herz asked, "is Hopper?"

The Yellow One jerked a thumb. "Oh, I left him at Waululu. He's valet to Chief Oku. Run and fetch. Day and night. For a coconut and a raw fish. . . ."

Cuthbert Unexpectedly Clicks

(Continued from page 16)

of explaining, without hurting anyone's feelings, that she had always regarded Cuthbert as a piece of cheese and a blot on the landscape.

"Introduce me!" thundered the Celebrity.

"Why, certainly, of course. This is Mr. —" She looked appealingly at Cuthbert.

"Banks," prompted Cuthbert.

"Banks!" cried Vladimir Brusiloff. "Not Cootaboot Banks?"

"Is your name Cootaboot?" asked Mrs. Smethurst faintly.

"Well, it's Cuthbert."

"Yais! Yais! Cootaboot!" There was a rush and swirl, as the effervescent Muscovite burst his way through the throng and rushed to where Cuthbert sat. He stood for a moment eying him excitedly, then, stooping swiftly, kissed him on both cheeks before Cuthbert could get his guard up. "My dear young man, I saw you win ze French Open. Great! Great! Grand! Superb! Hot stuff, and you can say I said so! Will you permit one who is but eighteen at Nijni-Novgorod to salute you once more?"

And he kissed Cuthbert again. Then, brushing aside one or two intellectuals who were in the way, he dragged up a chair and sat down.

"You are a great man!" he said.

"Oh, no," said Cuthbert modestly.

"Yais! Great. Most! Very! The way you lay your approach-putts dead from anywhere!" Mr. Brusiloff drew his chair closer.

"Let me tell you one vairy funny story about putting. It was one day I play at Nijni-Novgorod with the pro against Lenin and

Trotzky, and Trotzky had a two-inch putt for the hole. But, just as he addresses the ball, some one in the crowd he tries to assassinate Lenin with a revolver—you know that is our great national sport, trying to assassinate Lenin with revolvers—and the bang puts Trotzky off his stroke and he goes five yards past the hole, and then Lenin, who is rather shaken, you understand, he misses again himself, and we win the hole and match, and I clean up three hundred and ninety-six thousand roubles, or five dollars in your money. And now let me tell you one other vairy funny story. . . ."

Desultory conversation had begun in murmurs over the rest of the room, as the Wood Hills intellectuals politely endeavored to conceal the fact that they realized that they were about as much out of it at this reunion of twin souls as cats at a dog-show.

As for Adeline, how shall I describe her emotions? She was stunned. Before her very eyes the stone which the builders had rejected had become the main thing, the hundred-to-one shot had walked away with the race. A rush of tender admiration for Cuthbert Banks flooded her heart. She saw that she had been all wrong. Cuthbert, whom she had always treated with a patronizing superiority, was really a man to be looked up to and worshipped. A deep, dreamy sigh shook Adeline's fragile form.

Half an hour later Vladimir and Cuthbert Banks rose.

"Goot-a-by, Mrs. Smet-thirst," said the Celebrity. "Zank you for a most charming visit. My friend Cootaboot and me, we go now

to shoot a few holes. You will lend me clob, friend Cootaboot."

"Any you want."

"The niblicksky is what I use most. Goot-a-by, Mrs. Smet-thirst."

They were moving to the door, when Cuthbert felt a light touch on his arm. Adeline was looking up at him tenderly.

"May I come too and walk round with you?"

Cuthbert's bosom heaved.

"Oh," he said with a tremor in his voice, "that you would walk round with me for life!" Her eyes met his.

"Perhaps," she whispered softly, "it could be arranged."

"And so" (concluded the Oldest Member) "you see that Golf can be of the greatest practical assistance to a man in life's struggle. Raymond Parsloe Devine, who was no player, had to move out of the neighborhood immediately, and is now, I believe, writing scenarios out in California for the Flicker Film Company. Adeline is married to Cuthbert, and it was only his earnest pleading which prevented her from having their eldest son christened Jock Hutchison Rib-Faced Mashie Banks, for she is now as keen a devotee of the great game as her husband. Those who know them say that theirs is a union so devoted, so. . . ."

The Sage broke off abruptly, for the young man had rushed to the door and out into the passage. Through the open door he could hear him crying passionately to the waiter to bring back his clubs.

My New Way in Selling

How I Learned the One Great Secret of Salesmanship in Twelve Hours

"YOUNG man, my advice is, to get into the selling end of the game!"

"But—"

"No buts about it, if you want to go ahead—sell. It is salesmen we want to-day—Salesmen. If you can sell things you will never have to worry about securing a position, or demanding a good salary."

"But, Mr. Cranshaw, I have had no experience—know nothing about it, why—"

"Then learn, sir—you've asked my advice and help, and there it is."

Deeply puzzled, I left his office. Like so many other young fellows looking for their first job, I had no very definite aim. I didn't mind hard work or small pay, as long as I felt that the future held some opportunity. I had called upon my father's old friend, Mr. Cranshaw, to help me decide what calling he thought promised the most. The above conversation was the result.

Mr. Cranshaw is an experienced business man and I respected his opinions. With his aid I found a job—and a fairly good one as jobs go—with a large farm-machine manufacturing company.

As soon as I learned something about my product I went out on the road. The optimism of youth was with me. I had a tremendous amount of self-confidence. My product was a good one.

But I ran into a snag when I came in contact with the hard-headed men who till the soil.

They were of all types, keen, and shrewd progressive men, who wanted to see an actual gain—return for every penny spent; old-fashioned men who didn't take to new-fangled methods; big business men who ran immense farms as a side issue. Every one presented a knotty problem. It seemed to me in my early days, that each man had to be "sold" in a different way. I kept a separate "method of attack" for each individual.

But, I was not a success. I made few sales. Every now and then, I put over a fairly big order, but I was not a consistent seller. The firm was not satisfied and they said so. I was costing them more than my work was bringing in. In a very frank talk one morning, they told me that if something didn't happen at once, I would be called in from the road.

Well, needless to say, I was discouraged. I thought things over. The success of my brother salesmen and competitors puzzled me. I observed them closely and tried to learn what it was that brought them their big sales. I noticed, to my surprise, that the men whose totals were the largest were the ones who seemed to work the least. But I could find no one trick that any of them possessed which I had not tried.

One day I met a hardware salesman in the smoking room of a train. We talked about the usual things for a while, then we branched into selling methods. In the course of his conversation he told me how, after many years of mediocre success, he finally learned the one great secret of selling and what that secret is. It was simple as A. B. C.

It almost bowled me over. The simplic-

ity and practicality of this great basic rule of success dazzled me. My guardian angel must have been watching over me when I met that salesman.



"In the last nine weeks my sales have topped the list."

With impatient eagerness I started to put into practice my new-found knowledge. The startling suddenness of the results was almost uncanny. After my next turn on the road the senior member of the firm personally congratulated me. My sales on that one trip were larger than the total of my three previous efforts. In four short months I became the best salesman on the firm's roster. I was leading even the oldtimers. And from that time to this I have never once relinquished the lead.

Mr. Cranshaw's promise had come true—"Get into the selling game, if you want to go ahead," he had said—and I had.

But before I had found the all-comprising fundamental secret of salesmanship, I had been as near a failure as a man can be. The rapidity of my sensational rise seems almost unbelievable—even to myself.

Don't misunderstand me, I am not trying to pat myself on the back. I am not an unusual man in any way and do not claim to be. What I am driving at is this: If I, a young fellow who almost missed my chance, could, in the short space of four months, become a top-notch salesman, merely by the mastery of *this one principle*—others can do the same. And I must add my opinion to Mr. Cranshaw's, the selling game *does* hold the greatest promise of all for the future success.

This thing which so quickly placed me in my present highly-paid position of master-salesman was a knowledge of the One Great Secret in Selling, and its 100

Devices as told in *Arthur Newcomb's* astonishing 7-lessons course in Super-Salesmanship. This course, I firmly believe, is the nearest existing thing to a Royal Road to Success in Selling.

It is not, like so many other salesmanship courses, a theoretical treatise. It is old-fashioned common-sense brass-tacks. Like all other sciences, selling has for its foundation a certain bedrock law. Ignorance of this is the reason so many salesmen fail.

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man who ever sold anything. Consciously or unconsciously *every sale that has ever been made was made by the application of this one tremendous truth.*

But do not take anybody's word for it. You can be the judge yourself. It will not cost you one penny. Don't send any money. Merely mail the coupon or write a letter, and the complete course will be sent, all charges prepaid, at once, so that you may take advantage of the special price and save \$2. If you are not entirely satisfied, send it back any time within five days after you receive it and you will owe nothing.

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Dept. S-1937

22 West 19th St., New York

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Address.....

.....Elks Mag., 7-22

400,000

people have paid \$5 or \$7 for one of our Self-Improvement Courses—and remember no one was asked to pay until he had five days to examine the course in his own home.

Until the Independent Corporation published the "Roth Memory Course," "Paragon Shorthand," "Mastery of Speech," "Drawing Art and Cartooning," "Reading Character at Sight," "How to Write Stories," "Super-Salesmanship," and other personal development courses, where could anyone buy similar courses for less than \$15 to \$75?

Because we want to add two hundred thousand more names to our list of satisfied customers at an early date, we are making a

Special Price \$3
(Regular Price \$5)
Others sell from \$15 to \$75

Act quickly as this special opportunity may be open for only a short time. Many purchasers have written letters similar to Robert P. Downs, of Detroit, Mich., who recently wrote

"I can't see how you ask so little while others with far inferior courses get from \$20 to \$80 for theirs."

Three Far Flung Lodges

(Continued from page 40)

During their stay on the isthmus, Mr. and Mrs. White were accorded all the social honors.

Recalling the name of Balboa, in this fraternal association, history tells that the original Balboa was a subject of Spain, noble of birth, poor in purse, filled with ambition; and that he secreted himself in a barrel and was rolled aboard a vessel that he might join the fortunes of Martin Fernandez de Encisco in penetrating Cartagena, in 1500. After that, he settled in Darien in 1509, proclaiming himself Governor. From Darien, he undertook, with a handful of followers, a hazardous journey across the Isthmus of Panama. On September 25, 1513, he was the first to behold the Pacific Ocean. Three days' walk brought him to the water's edge. As he waded into the Pacific Balboa formally took possession of that mighty expanse including all countries near it, in the name of the Spanish kingdom.

Balboa's fame as discoverer of the Pacific Ocean, proved a means of his tragic undoing. He was of a type generous and overconfident. Pedarís Davila plotted against Balboa. As time ran on, Balboa suspected the Governor, who promptly allayed his distrust by giving to Balboa his prettiest daughter in marriage. Before the honeymoon was over, Balboa was accused of treason to his king. He was beheaded in his forty-second year.

The spirit of Balboa, symbolizing the gentle and the charitable, the protective and the courageous in his life, is believed by the native Panamanians to hover over the Canal Zone. Whether the spirit of Balboa continues to hover, or whether it be simply delusion, surely there is no delusion about the gentle and charitable and protective spirit that characterizes the Lodge of Elks that bears his name.

The Jinx that Almost Ruined Agana Lodge

AGANA LODGE, No. 1281, representing the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks in an obscure corner of the world. Roughly measured, Agana is 7,500 miles distant from the metropolitan centers of America. In round numbers, the Lodge membership is 200.

To fix our locations a bit more accurately, and to introduce Agana Lodge with greater geographical intimacy, the following particulars are set forth: Agana is located on the island of Guam, which island reverted to the United States as a war prize from Spain. The island is eight miles wide and thirty miles long. The location is 400 miles from Yap, 1,506 miles from Manila, 3,002 miles from Honolulu, and more than 5,000 miles from San Francisco. There are many people who have never heard of Agana, and would not know where to find Guam on the map of the world.

After a remarkable succession of misadventures, a Lodge of Elks was instituted there with a membership of 27. At the time of the institution, the population of Agana, which is the capital, was 10,000. By the census count to-day, there are 18,000 natives and 1,200 Americans. The language is Polynesian, but instruction in English is compulsory in the schools.

Notwithstanding its disadvantages and environment, Agana Lodge has proven itself an upstanding exemplar of fraternal and patriotic deportment. It participates in all public demonstrations for the common good, it ministers to public and private misfortune, and it is looked up to as the civic leader of the country. In honoring American holidays, it is foremost always. Its Flag Day celebrations and July 4 parades are stellar events. So much for the island and the Lodge. Now for the origin of Agana Lodge:

It was in October, 1911, that members of the Jagatna Civil Club, at a round table session, discussed the possibility of forming an Elk Lodge in Guam. In this assemblage of kindred spirits, were five members of the Order: Lieut. Whitehead, of Brooklyn (N. Y.) Lodge No. 22; Chief Boatswain John D. Walsh, of Newport, (R. I.) Lodge, No. 104; Chief Machinist Thormahlen, of Port Angeles (Wash.) Lodge, No. 353; Lieut. Schmidt, of Kearney, (Neb.) Lodge, No. 984; Hospital Steward Martin, of La Junta (Colo.) Lodge, No. 701. The formalities of application were complemented. Thirty-two names made up the charter member list.

With the official papers all sealed and signed and forwarded, there followed a period of long and weary waiting, until one day came a cablegram telling that the dispensation had been granted. More weary waiting, and then, after the lapse of almost a year, in July of 1912, to be exact, a letter arrived announcing that a trunk containing paraphernalia "had been shipped care Manila Lodge via New York." Hope fell with a dull thud, or like an outgoing tide. Shipment had been made by the wrong route. There would be interminable delay in delivery—perhaps disappearance of the trunk. Agana was in despair. To abbreviate the story, and without attempting to keep track of the wandering trunk, it was eight months before it reached Agana. The trunk had gone around the world to get there.

And the worst of the vexation was not yet. By the time the trunk at last arrived, every Elk but one, Chief Boatswain John D. Walsh, had quit the island, ordered away in the service of the government; and Walsh was daily expecting to go, too. There was panic among the men who had eagerly anticipated becoming members. A Grand Lodge regulation imposes that at least three members of the Order must participate in the ceremony when a Lodge is instituted, whereas on the whole island, there was just one Elk left, Boatswain Walsh, as above mentioned and the next nearest Elk was 1,506 miles distant and wet every step of the way. Then one bright morning, Gunner Evans arrived in Agana, and after that there were two Elks. Walsh cabled the Grand Exalted Ruler and recounted the dilemma. As a result, the Grand Lodge restriction was lifted; and one epochal night, Agana Lodge became an actuality.

As Elks understand, after dispensation and organization, comes the issuance of a charter. By some neglect, Manila Lodge had never been consulted or asked to consent. The Committee on Charters of the Grand Lodge rested upon its constitutional rights. Manila stood virtuously pat. The situation looked typhoonish. Yet, Agana Elks are resourceful and proved themselves so. Having overcome all other difficulties, the Lodge valiantly refused to surrender, and continued the good fight until its charter was ultimately issued and bestowed at the session in Denver in 1913. Since then, the flag on the altar and the stars and stripes rippling from the roof of the Elks building in Agana, indicate the place of greatest prestige and popularity on the island.

Building a City to Get a Lodge

THE Elk Lodge farthest North is at Anchorage, Alaska, and the story of its genesis and how it has expanded and prospered and the real good it has done and the splendid animations by which it is controlled is highly engaging.

It was early in the Spring of 1915 just after the first steamer arrived at Ship Creek, that several Elks from the States began, with older residents of Alaska, to plan and build the future Queen City of the North. At that time, Anchorage was just a tract of land bordering a great harbor. Yet even in those primal days, it was thrifty with tents and temporary business houses. The newly-arrived Elks, missing the familiar fellowship and good cheer, and feeling the need of something similarly stimulating to take its place, yearned for an Elk Lodge. There were privations and hardships to endure which they believed could be more easily endured if they were united as one man in the bonds of a Brotherhood all of them loved.

Accordingly, in July of 1915, this desire expressed itself in an open meeting called and presided over by A. J. Wender, who carried his card from Baker City, Oregon. There was a representative attendance. Everybody was intensely in earnest. Until they were better organized or legally chartered, it was resolved to call themselves "The Bill's Club." F. A. Martin, of Decatur, Indiana, acted as Secretary. Until there were funds in the treasury, a Mr. McCullough was granted the privilege of paying all bills.

They were bubbling with the Elk spirit, but apparently, there was an obstacle hidden some-

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where. It developed later that they were unable to meet the constitutional requirement of 5,000 bona fide population, as a condition precedent to an application for dispensation. Anchorage had to grow. However, two years later, and with no diminution whatever of their enthusiasm, these stalwarts were able to qualify with the necessary population statistics.

Meantime, and proceeding wholly unofficially, our comrades of the frozen North had not been remiss in inculcating the Elk sentiments, and carrying their Elk messages into the every-day life that surrounded them. They conducted club meetings and club dances and club smokers. At Christmas, they remembered the poor children and made them happy with gifts. Everybody roundabout became infected with the Elk spirit. In the midst of these things, a contract was let for a club building for "The Bills." Of course, the structure was to be of logs. So eager were our friends to see it completed, that they volunteered to assist, and sawed and hammered at such a lively rate that it was not long before the building took on the proportions of a miniature skyscraper, and had been equipped in the style of the country and was ready for occupancy. The historic date is March 12, 1916.

Still another historic date, as concerns Anchorage Lodge, is December 22, 1917, for it was on this date that notice was received that a dispensation had been issued to the Lodge. Subsequently, Charter No. 1351 was bestowed in its favor.

Anchorage picked its finest citizenship in the selection of its 50 charter members. Skagway conducted the ballot approval. The Lodge was instituted under the supervision of George W. Forrest, District Deputy, Grand Exalted Ruler, assisted by Elk representations from Seattle, Bremerton, Skagway, Juneau and San Francisco. The first Exalted Ruler was Samuel McDonald.

The present club building was completed during the régime of Exalted Ruler W. H. Howard. The building is outstanding and distinguished amid the architecture of the city; and it is modernly equipped. Anchorage Lodge, in raising funds for its new Home, hit upon a bright and novel idea. A friendly controversy arose among the members as to who should lift the first shovelful of earth from the foundation site. This suggested the appointment of a committee to raffle tickets and to conduct a sort of lottery to decide the honor, with a further condition that the individual holding the winning number, should become the permanent owner of the shovel used in this service. Tickets sold almost as rapidly as the city had grown in population. Little Miss Caroline David drew the lucky number, the duplicate being held by A. B. Johnson. Mr. Johnson, according to all reports, acquitted himself with "grace and dignity." The spading ceremony was turned into a jubilee event.

Through the courtesy of the Anchorage Daily Times, the Lodge issued a special illustrated number in three sections. It was printed purple on white and dated February 13, 1922, carrying the Associated Press news service. It contained stories of the Lodge, its struggles, its success. F. B. Camp, poet laureate of Anchorage Lodge, versified the glories of that place, to wit:

"Your beauty is silver and gold,
Your heart of the fruit and berries,
Your hair of the grain and hay
That grows through the nights of summer
And ripens throughout the day.
Your eyes are the mirrors of happiness
Found in this new Northwest;
Alaska has no city like you—
You're the youngest and the best.

"New blood will mingle with old blood,
And thousands will live in your arms,
And thousands will furnish you foodstuffs,
From thousands of dairies and farms.
The white men will always support you,
Till you prove to the world your worth.
And the Elks who live in this district
Are the very Best People on Earth."

Credit is ascribed to members of the Order for rendering great assistance in transforming a virgin land into an empire of homes, opening up vast agricultural, mineral and other industries, and for placing Anchorage in the forefront of Alaskan cities.



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Brunswick
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Mrs. Proudfoot of Baltimore

(Continued from page 28)

the trained voice of his listener—yielding no doubt to the tone of authority in his.

"Henry W. Dinsdale of Cleveland."

"Well, sir, may I suggest this," returned the punctilious voice. "I am quite sure that Mrs. Dodmore will not answer the telephone tonight herself. It is not her custom. But it is just possible that I may get a message to her."

"All right, then," conceded Mr. Dinsdale, after a moment's hesitation. "Ask her if my daughter—Miss Laura Dinsdale of Cleveland—is staying with her; visiting at her house."

And after some moments' waiting, he heard the highly trained voice again.

"Mrs. Dodmore," it said, "begs to state that she has not the honor of entertaining Miss Dinsdale."

"She is not there?"

"No, sir."

"Not there!" cried Mr. Dinsdale in a voice which penetrated easily through the defenses of Mrs. Dinsdale's ears. "Well, wait! Hold on! Ask her then—if she's too sick to come to the telephone herself—ask her if she knows where she is stopping!"

For naturally, now he saw that the girl had been in neither place, his apprehension and irritation were much increased.

"Not there!" exclaimed Mrs. Dinsdale springing up, with a sharp new interest in her eyes. "Not there!" And started grasping him by the lapels of his coat. An advance which he repelled by the angry shaking of the head of one at the telephone, intensely interested, who must not be interrupted until he obtained a most important message. He waited, planted firmly, staring fixedly into the telephone, breathing loudly until his answer came.

"Mrs. Dodmore," stated the voice on the telephone finally, still more courteously—"presents her compliments, and wishes to say that she neither knows Miss Dinsdale, nor has any expectation of knowing her. And now considers this conversation closed."

"All right. All right!" cried Mr. Dinsdale, all but fracturing the diaphragm in the telephone instrument. "Present the compliments of Henry W. Dinsdale to Mrs. Dodmore, tell her to go hang by her feet from the chandelier in her pink parlor, and to consider her husband kicked out of all six of the Dinsdale corporations in which he is now a director. With the compliments of Henry W. Dinsdale," he added as an afterthought. And found, as before, that he was again listening with one ear to a vacant telephone, and with the other to an almost hysterical wife.

"My child! My child!" cried Mrs. Dinsdale. "Where is she?"

"That's what I'm trying to find out for you—if you'll only let me!" stated her husband in a tone of unuffled wrath.

"Why? How? For what reason?"

"You saw that girl—coming out with that boy—who dropped that bag. The one you thought was Laura!"

"Yes?"

"That was Laura!"

"Laura!" cried the mother. "My child! Kidnapped! In mourning!"

Mr. Dinsdale attempting to divert her mind, was showing her the small bag he had found upon the walk—and trying to calm her to the point of more lucid conversation.

"My child! With a man! In mourning! Without me!" was as far as his wife had progressed in that direction when the telephone bell rang.

"Wait," said Mr. Dinsdale, breaking from her. "Here may be something now!" And going up to the wall, jerked down the receiver. "I'm license number 4532," said the voice.

"The taxi driver you promised that hundred dollars to."

"Well!" said Mr. Dinsdale, briefly, disregarding the mathematical error in the other's statement.

"I got your man for you."

"Which man?"

"The guy that knows all about this thing about your party. Will you come down? Or will we come up?"

"I'll be right down. I'll—wait!" said Mr. Dinsdale.

"And leave me here—in torture! And have the whole thing spread all over the hotel!" his wife was crying.

"Well, bring him up then. Bring him up to my room," directed Mr. Dinsdale. "And get a gait on!"

Closing the telephone, he spent the few intervening minutes bringing Mrs. Dinsdale as far as possible under control for their fast-approaching interview.

"But how—how could it happen?" she was asking shrilly. "How could it?"

"She's been away now—at that boarding school you insisted on—over a year," said Mr. Dinsdale harshly. "Except for vacations!"

"Yes."

"Anything could happen in a year!" stated Mr. Dinsdale. "In a place like that!"

"Was he young?" demanded his wife incoherently.

"Who young?"

"This man she was running away with?"

"What would he—have a long white beard?" inquired Mr. Dinsdale.

And just then came the expected knock upon the door.

3

"Are you Mr. Henry W. Dinsdale of Cleveland?" asked the hard-faced and finely groomed man, who came in after the taxi driver.

"I am. Yes," Mr. Dinsdale confirmed him.

"Who was looking after this Proudfoot man and his accomplice?"

"Who what?" asked Mr. Dinsdale sharply.

"Look," said the hard-faced man, slightly changing the conversation. "Did you ever see this before?" and he passed him a somewhat crumpled bank check.

"See it. Yes. I should say I had!" replied Mr. Dinsdale, grasping it. "Where'd you get it?"

"Is it your signature?" demanded the other.

"It is. Yes. Where'd you get it?" repeated Mr. Dinsdale.

"Oh, what is it? What is it?" cried Mrs. Dinsdale, clutching at his elbow.

"Oh, nothing. Nothing!" said Mr. Dinsdale, trying to shake her off—as one does women in the time of action.

"No. No! What is it?" she insisted wildly.

"It's my check to Laura—if you want to know!" replied Mr. Dinsdale. "Who are you. Where'd you get it?" he again asked the hard-faced man, who now looked back at him with sharp attention.

"I'm the house detective," said the man. "I took it off those two hotel crooks!"

"Hotel crooks!" repeated Mr. and Mrs. Dinsdale simultaneously.

"Exactly," said the severe-faced and very well-informed looking detective. And brought out now, as he spoke, a large and costly solitaire diamond ring.

"Where—where did you get that?" cried Mrs. Dinsdale still more shrilly.

"Do you recognize it?" inquired the hard emotional tones of the detective.

"Recognize it! Recognize it!" cried Mrs. Dinsdale. "It's Laura's. It's my daughter's!"

"Who had that?" broke in the sharp tones of her husband's voice.

"The same parties. These hotel crooks. These Proudfoots of Baltimore they call themselves."

"Proudfoots of Baltimore!" exclaimed both Mr. and Mrs. Dinsdale after him.

"That's what they call themselves," replied the house detective. "Did you ever hear of them?"

"No. No. Never!" cried Mrs. Dinsdale.

But now her husband held her back, asking her to wait—as if a thought had overpowered him.

"Look here," he sharply demanded of the detective. "What does she look like—the girl? Dark, chunky, black hair?"

"Yes, sir."

"Were they," inquired Mr. Dinsdale—evidently holding himself under rigid self-control—"Were they the two that jumped out the side

door of the restaurant downstairs about an hour ago?"

"They were—and me after them!" said the house detective.

And Mr. Dinsdale stared redder and redder—and Mrs. Dinsdale paler and more pale.

"And I got them, too," affirmed the house detective with hard pride in his voice.

"Where?"

"In the boarding house where they had their room together."

"Room together!" exclaimed Mr. and Mrs. Dinsdale. "Who?"

"This pair—these two hotel crooks," said the sharp-eyed detective. "But what beats me is where did they get this check of yours? You say it's yours?" he asked. "Well then, how'd he get it—this man Proudfoot—as he calls himself—and that diamond ring! Where'd he get these two things I took off him?"

"Off him!" exclaimed Mrs. Dinsdale. "Oh, my little girl! My baby!"

"Then you do know where he got it!" said the detective, eying her closely.

"Got it! I tell you how he got it," Mr. Dinsdale answered him. "He got it from my daughter."

"Your daughter!" said the house detective. "All right—how did he get it from your daughter?"

"Why you damned fool," said Henry W. Dinsdale. "Can't you see? That's my daughter he's with!"

"Your daughter!" said the house detective, losing for the moment the finished calm which was so characteristic of him.

"Why keep it to yourself? Why conceal it?" shouted Mr. Dinsdale to his wife. "You see what's happened. She's come to town here—from that damned foolish school—and met him—whoever he is! And if she has—if he is—" said Henry W. Dinsdale—"I'll—"

"Oh, this is indescribable. Indescribable!" cried Mrs. Dinsdale.

"But you don't have to tell the whole hotel if he is, Henry," she continued, recovering quickly. "Keep still! Oh, keep still! Do you want to kill me!"

"A lounge lizard, huh?" said the hard-faced detective—speaking less to them than to himself, during their excitement.

"A what?" demanded Mr. Dinsdale sharply, having overheard it.

"One of these fellows that hang around hotels here in New York victimizing young girls, I mean," explained the detective.

And then there was a general silence.

"You say his name is Proudfoot?" said Mr. Dinsdale, suddenly breaking it.

"No sir, I didn't. I don't know what his name is," said the detective. "The name he goes under at the boarding-house is another one—Cahart. He's a bad one—I'm afraid—an old hand. You can't tell what his real name is. But the name he married her under—or she was registered here under anyhow, was Proudfoot."

"Registered! Married!" shrieked Mrs. Dinsdale, now falling back into a chair.

"Married?" asked Mr. Dinsdale loudly.

"How'd you know they're married?"

"She told me so with her own lips—that's all I know!" replied the detective casually.

"Well—that's something anyhow!" said Mr. Dinsdale.

"Married!" his wife exclaimed faintly again—like a person in a trance. "Proudfoot!"

"Where are they?" demanded Mr. Dinsdale—his more normal executive mood now seizing him. "Where are they?"

"Over in the cells—in the District Police Station," replied the experienced detective, after a shade of hesitation.

"Come on. Come on, then!" said Mr. Dinsdale—disregarding Mrs. Dinsdale's stifled weeping. "Put on your hat and we'll go right over."

"All right, sir. All right," said the agreeable taxi man, now appearing from the background.

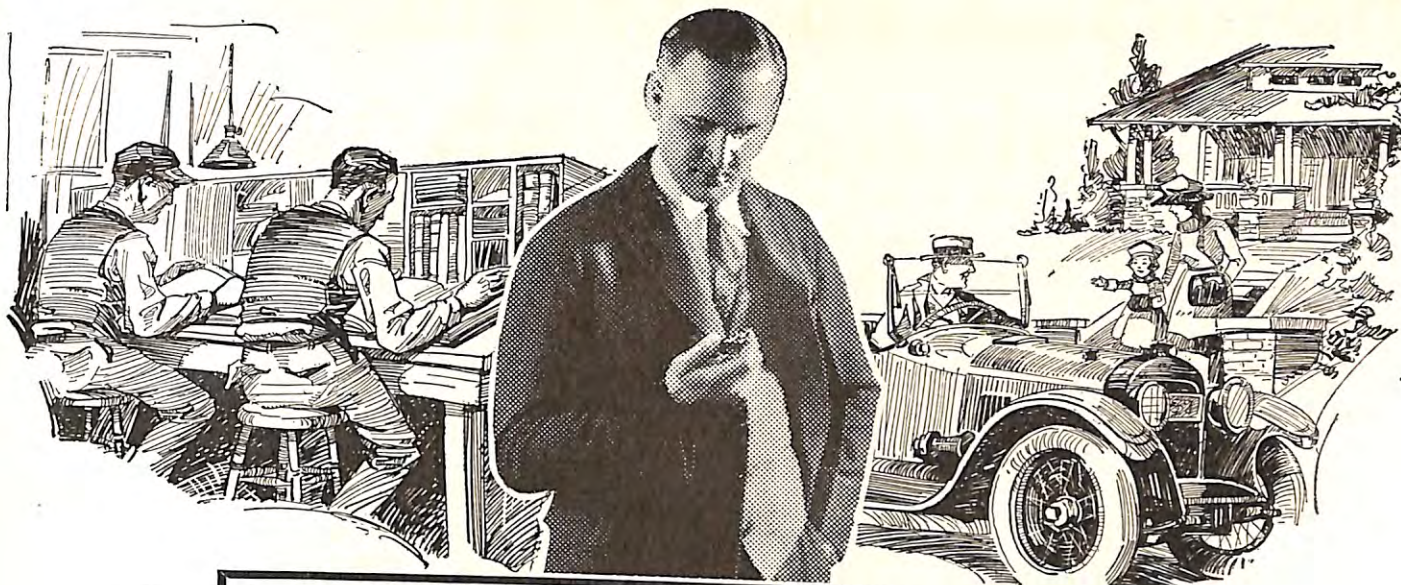
"I'll take you right over, sir—the whole party!"

"And when I get there," asserted Mr. Dinsdale, "when I see him, I'll—"

"Look here," said the hotel detective severely.

"I want to tell you right now before we start. If you go in after him like this, you'll spill the whole thing. You let me handle him—me and the rest give him the third degree—and you'll get somewhere. Otherwise it will be a flivver."

(Continued on page 60)



In every man's life there is one Big Moment when he makes the decision that either robs him of success—or leads on to fortune

Your One Chance to Earn The Biggest Money of Your Life!

HAVE you ever considered why our richest men come from our poorest boys? Isn't it a strange thing that it is almost invariably a young fellow who starts life without a cent in the world, without education, without influential friends—in short, without one single, solitary advantage—who accumulates millions of dollars? Isn't it a miracle that inside of a comparatively few years a man can rise from abject poverty to fabulous wealth?

Astonishing, certainly—but more important, it is wonderfully inspiring. For it means that no man need be held down by circumstances. Once he knows the "millionaire's secret," he can put it into operation regardless of all obstacles that seem to block his path. His fancied handicaps simply vanish into thin air. He suddenly finds that everything he touches turns to gold—money flows in upon him—fortune showers him with its favors. Everything he wants seems to come to him just as surely and easily as day comes after night.

The Secret that Makes Millionaires

But millionaires are not the only ones who use this secret. It has made every great man of history. Think of Napoleon—an unknown Corsican soldier in the ranks—then suddenly startling the world with his meteor-like rise, overthrowing empires, re-shaping the destinies of nations!

What is this amazing secret that can work such wonders? It is just this: *The thing behind all big achievement, whether in business, political or military life, is opportunity.* The man who wins is the man who sees his opportunity and seizes it. The man who never rises above the rut is the man who lets his opportunity pass.

To every man there comes one BIG opportunity—the golden chance of his life. And in the moment he decides for or against that opportunity—whether he will seize it or let it pass—he decides the whole future course of his life.

How often you hear a man say: "If only I had recognized my opportunity when it came—if only I had taken advantage of it—I would be a rich man today."

The Graveyard of Neglected Opportunities

The world is full of such men—they plod along year after year—slaving away, hoping that somehow things will take a turn for the better. But their chance for success is gone—it lies buried in the graveyard of neglected opportunity.

On the other hand, let a man see and grasp his Big Opportunity—no matter how obscure he may be, how poor, how lacking in advantage—and his sudden rise to success will astonish the world. People will gasp at the amazing transformation in his fortunes. Read the life of any millionaire and you will find this to be so.

Choose Between Low Pay and Magnificent Earnings

This very minute you may be face to face with your BIG Opportunity—your one chance to earn the biggest money of your life! Right now your decision may mean the difference between a life of plodding, routine work at low pay and a career of inspiring success and magnificent earnings.

It is the same opportunity that lifted Warren Hartle of Chicago out of a job in the railway mail service, where in ten years he had never gotten beyond \$1,600 a year, and landed him in a job paying him \$1,000 in 30 days. It jumped Charles Berry of Winterset, Iowa, from \$60 a month as a farm-hand, to \$1,000 a month. It brought to C. W. Campbell of Greensburg, Pa., a clerk on the railroad, a position that paid him \$1,562 in thirty days.

These men and hundreds more have found their Big Opportunity in the wonderful field of Salesmanship. They are all Master Salesmen now. They are earning the biggest money of their lives—more than they ever thought possible—they are engaged in the most fascinating work in the world—they are independent, come and go as they please—they meet big men—every minute of the day is filled with thrilling variety.

Your Big Opportunity may be here too, in the wonder field of Salesmanship. Perhaps you say you have never even thought of becoming a Salesman. But before you decide

one way or the other, examine the facts for yourself. See what Salesmanship offers you—why it is the best paid of all vocations—why there is no limit to what you may earn. Read the amazing proof that no matter what you are doing now, you can quickly become a Master Salesman in your spare time at home—read how the National Salesmen's Training Association in its nation-wide search for men to fill the great need for Salesmen, has devised a wonderful system that reveals to you every Secret of Selling without interfering in the least with your present work. See how this famous organization helps you to a good position in the line of Selling you are best fitted for.

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Address.....
City.....State.....
Age.....Occupation.....

Mrs. Proudfoot of Baltimore

(Continued from page 58)

I tell you that now. He'll shut up like a tightwad's pocketbook in a cabaret."

"All right," agreed Mr. Dinsdale.

"You can sit in the next room—and listen in—if you want to!" conceded the detective.

"All right. Come on."

"For he's probably a bad one—in my opinion—" stated the experienced detective. "We've got to handle him right!"

"Come on!" was Mr. Dinsdale's only answer.

"I'm going, too!" insisted Mrs. Dinsdale.

"I'm going to my poor little daughter."

"Certainly you are!" Come along! Hurry up!" said Henry W. Dinsdale.

4

"Now look," said the center one of the three strong-faced men in plain clothes to Mr. Cahart, after they had taken him out of his cell to that small office he was facing them in. "Do you still claim your name is Proudfoot of Baltimore?"

"I certainly do," said young Mr. Cahart—swallowing and getting ready for it—to carry through his pledge. For as yet he had not been able to get in touch with a lawyer.

"And that you are married to this little girl here?"

"I certainly do," said young Mr. Cahart, paler if possible than at first—but still gazing steadily in the others' eyes.

And then he started, for it seemed to him as if the door opposite him moved a little, as he said this. And then he thought it must be his eyes—under the strain of excitement.

"When?" shot in the larger, rather strongest-jawed of the three.

"That's my business," said the prisoner, after a short pause—his eyes slightly dropping, but returning soon again.

"Your business, huh?" said the middle-sized one, with the exceedingly small ears on the exceedingly round head. "It'll be our business before you're through!"

"Cough it!" directed the large man, with rather the largest jaw of the three, making as if he was about to get up and go toward him.

"That's my business," repeated the prisoner, firmly, if somewhat unsteadily.

"Do you think we're going to stand for this?" inquired the other—the small-eared one with the blood-shot eyes—these two evidently conducting the affair, while the third—the one who had arrested him—sat listening.

"Where'd you meet her?"

"That's my business," reiterated the prisoner—like a man unable to stop repeating a set formula.

"Come on, now. Come through. Spill it. She's told us everything already—the whole thing!" said the largest one.

"So you said before. But I don't believe it," replied young Mr. Cahart. "If she has told you differently—why don't you bring her in and let me hear her?"

For they had been separated upon their arrival at the station—he and his fellow prisoner—and searched and questioned separately.

"Now listen," said the middle-sized one—and as he said these words, young Mr. Cahart again gave a sudden start—for he now certainly saw the closed door into another room across from him slightly move, as if about to open. "Listen, don't try any of your lip on us!"

"Oh, what's the use," responded young Mr. Cahart. "You can't bluff me. You can't bluff me. She's my wife—that's all. And that's enough! That's enough. That's all you'll learn anyhow, till my lawyer comes. So why keep this up—unless it amuses you? I can sit here as long as you can. All you'll learn till the lawyer comes is that she is Mrs. Proudfoot—and she's married to me. When it comes to details—that's my business—that's where I—"

And at that place he stopped, his eyes staring—for all at once the apparently closed door across from him slammed open—and a short fat red-faced man, with an executive manner, jumped out.

"You're a hell of a bunch of detectives," he stated to the other three, who seemed at the moment almost as taken back as young Mr. Cahart himself. "Look here," he said addressing the latter—taking up the cross-questioning

himself. "You claim you are married to this girl?"

"I certainly am," persisted Mr. Cahart, courageously adhering to his oath.

"When did you marry her?" persisted the short, fat, purple man.

"That's my business."

"Where?"

"That's my business."

"How long ago?"

"Look here," said Mr. Cahart—now having become somewhat acclimated to this method of conversation. "What's all this to you?" For he could see that this man anyhow wasn't a policeman. "What business is this of yours?"

At that question the short, fat man seemed entirely to lose his self-control.

"What's this to me? To me! I'll show you what it is," he answered, more and more loudly. "I'll show you. You'll answer me—or I'll pull your tongue out. And eat it!" he added as an afterthought. "You'll see. And if what you say is true," he added upon second thought, "I'll snatch your whole hide off. I'll pull your skin off over your head like a shirt."

At this another door opened—the one through which Mr. Cahart had been brought himself—and three figures appeared—first the matron of the detention room and with her two others, who came on by her—an older tear-strained woman, a stranger to young Mr. Cahart, and with her, slightly in advance, his fellow prisoner, the young woman whom he had learned to call Mrs. Proudfoot, but whose real name, he understood, was Miss Laura Dinsdale.

"It's all cleared up! All cleared up!" cried the voice of the younger woman, somewhat excitedly.

And the four other men in the room jumped even more than Mr. Cahart.

"Look here, Laura," said the last man who had been questioning him. "Are you married to this thing here?"

Young Mr. Cahart, now watching, noted the singular resemblance between them, especially in their decided manner—a resemblance great in spite of the great difference in their physical attractions. Both stared at each other with great intensity for some time, apparently without any mutual impression. It was the man's eyes, however, which gave way first.

"Because if you are—if you are," he said, now turning to young Mr. Cahart, "I'll take you back and I'll—"

But now suddenly his words and threatening gestures were checked—as he looked into the beautiful and much-flushed face, which had come before his.

"Don't you dare! Don't you dare speak to him like that!" Mr. Cahart's beautiful prisoner was now saying to this stranger aggressively when young Mr. Cahart reached out his arm trying to protect her. "Don't you dare! If you do—I'll—I'll kill you! He's the noblest man I ever knew!"

As she said this, young Mr. Cahart, whose senses were by now almost abnormally acute, saw the hotel detective—that man who had arrested them, shake his head sadly.

"My poor child! My poor little girl!" said the fat stranger opposite her, with an odd unexpected break in his voice and manner.

"Yes. And I can prove it to you!" young Miss Dinsdale was reasserting.

"Why—his name," said the other conclusively—"his name isn't even Proudfoot."

"Certainly it isn't," replied Miss Dinsdale. "Don't I know that?"

"Know that!" repeated the short, thickset man, starting sharply—as did in fact all three of the others—the three detectives.

"Why wouldn't I know it, when I gave it to him?" continued the beautiful and spirited young girl.

"Gave it to him!" repeated the other in a choking voice—while the line of detectives stood more and more rigidly at attention.

"Yes. Gave it to him!"

"And yet you married him," said the short rugged looking man thickly.

"Married him. Certainly not," replied the young girl—and seized his arm quickly as he stepped forward, trying to get around her—

apparently at Mr. Cahart. "Married him! No!"

"Tell him!" said the older woman, catching his other arm—while the three sharp-eyed detectives looked on in silence—quite evidently, for the moment baffled.

"Why, it's nothing! Can't you see!" exclaimed the high-spirited young prisoner—apparently with an intention to insult. "Or are you just too dull?"

"Tell him. Tell your father," pleaded the older woman now—while young Mr. Cahart in his turn gave a decided start.

"All it was, it was perfectly simple," proceeded the former Mrs. Proudfoot with her explanation finally. "All it was, I wanted some excitement. You would yourself," she remarked to her stern-faced father, "if you'd been at Hardhack Hall for three months—seeing nothing but girls and old-maid teachers; and hearing nothing but algebra and social science. You'd have to have some fun yourself."

"This—" said her father. "Is this what you call fun? Is this the way girls amuse themselves nowadays?"

"What'd I do?"

"What'd you do!" exclaimed the fat short man.

"Tell him! Tell him!" urged her mother tearfully.

"Go on, tell me!" said her father. "Tell it. Have it out! What did you do?"

"All I did was to come down here in that three-days' vacation alone—shopping and going to the theater—to have some excitement—without three thousand old people tagging along saying 'don't, don't!'"

The hotel detective shook his head gravely now—as one seeing a lesson.

"That'll do for that!" said Mr. Dinsdale crisply to him.

"What?" asked the hard-faced man surprised.

"What have you—got the rickets? If you have, take them outside!" directed Mr. Dinsdale. "Go on," he said, now turning to his daughter, without waiting for an answer.

"Well, then, I had to do something, didn't I?" she asked him. "I couldn't go into the hotel and register just as a girl—or so all the girls said! I had to get them to let me in somehow. And not be bothered. I had to give them some name—of a married woman—if I could! So I gave them the name of Mrs. Proudfoot of Baltimore. That's all. And told them that Mr. Proudfoot was coming."

"Yes," said Mr. Dinsdale eagerly, an entirely new light coming into his face. "And then what?"

"Why—can't you see? Can't you see yet?"

"Go on. Go on!" directed her parent positively. "Oh, why the devil does a woman always have to tell a story backwards!"

"And then this man—that beast with the still face there—came and was threatening to arrest me!"

"Threatening to arrest you!" shouted Mr. Dinsdale dangerously. "Which one?"

His daughter indicated him. "And don't you forget it, either," she told her father. "You see that something happens to him!"

"Why?"

"Why—because the way he acted to us!"

"I meant why should he arrest you!" explained her father.

"Why? Because he said he'd do it if I didn't pay my hotel bill—right away. But I couldn't pay my hotel bill. Because all of my money was gone."

"All your money gone!"

"Certainly. All spent—for—for things. And all I had was that check—your check!"

"Oh!" said her father—the new light of hope in his small eyes getting brighter and brighter.

"So what could I do?" she said. "I couldn't pay and I couldn't not pay and get sent to jail. And I didn't have anybody I could speak to—and I was all excited—and—nobody to help me—and—"

"And—what?" prompted her father—a happier and happier look growing in his eyes.

"And then—then I saw him—Mr. Cahart coming. And—and he looked at me—that way he had—just like a friend. And I knew—I knew just as soon as I saw him—that he would save me. Do you see now?"

"Go on! Go on!" urged her greatly interested parent. "What next?"

(Continued on page 62)

Why Some Foods Explode in the Stomach

By R. S. EDWARDS

A MAN'S success in life depends more on the co-operation of his stomach than on any other factor. Just as an "army moves on its stomach" so does the individual. Scientists tell us that 90% of all sickness is traceable to the digestive tract. Yet in a surprisingly large number of cases even chronic stomach trouble can be remedied in from 48 to 72 hours.

Physical efficiency is the back-bone of mental efficiency. Unless our stomachs are effectively performing their functions in the way Nature intended, we can't be physically fit. And unless we're physically fit, we can't be thoroughly successful.

As Dr. Orison Swett Marden, the noted writer, says, "the brain gets an immense amount of credit which really should go to the stomach." And it's true—keep the digestive system in shape and brain vitality is assured.

Of course, there are successful men who have weak digestions, but they are exceptions to the rule. They succeeded *in spite of* their physical condition. Ten times the success would undoubtedly be theirs if they had the backing of a strong physique and a perfect stomach. There are a thousand men who owe their success in life to a good digestion to every one who succeeded in spite of a poor digestion and the many ills it leads to.

The cause of practically all stomach disorders—and remember, stomach disorders lead to 90% of all sickness—is wrong eating.

Food is the fuel of the human system, yet some of the combinations of food we put into our systems are as dangerous as dynamite, soggy wood and a little coal would be in a furnace—and just about as effective. Is it any wonder that the average life of man today is but 39 years—and that diseases of the stomach, liver, and kidneys have increased 103% during the past few years!

The trouble is that no one has, until recently, given any study to the question of food and its relation to the human body. Very often one good harmless food when eaten in combination with other harmless foods creates a chemical reaction in the stomach and literally explodes, giving off dangerous toxics which enter the blood and slowly poison our entire system, sapping our vitality and depleting our efficiency in the meantime.

And yet, just as wrong food selections and combinations will destroy our health and efficiency, so will the right foods create and maintain bodily vigor and mental energy. And by right foods we do not mean freak foods—just good, every-day foods properly combined. In fact, to follow Corrective Eating it isn't even necessary to upset your table.

Not long ago I had a talk with Eugene Christian, the noted food scientist, and he told me some of his experiences in the treatment of disease through food. Incidentally Eugene Christian has personally treated over 23,000 people for almost every non-organic ailment known, with almost unvaried success. An enviable record when one considers that people nearly always go to him after every other known method has failed. And the remarkable part of it all is that Eugene Christian's methods often remedy chronic cases of stomach trouble in 48 hours.

One case which interested me greatly was that of a young business man whose efficiency had

been practically wrecked through stomach acidity, fermentation and constipation, resulting in physical sluggishness which was naturally reflected in his ability to use his mind. He was twenty pounds under weight when he first went to see Christian and was so nervous he couldn't sleep. Stomach and intestinal gases were so severe that they caused irregular heart action and often fits of great mental depression. As Christian describes it, he was not 50 per cent efficient either mentally or physically. Yet in a few days, by following Christian's suggestions as to food, his constipation had completely gone, although he had formerly been in the habit of taking large daily doses of a strong cathartic. In five weeks every abnormal symptom had disappeared—his weight having increased six pounds. In addition to this he acquired a store of physical and mental energy so great in comparison with his former self as to almost belie the fact that it was the same man.

Another instance of what proper food combinations can do was that of a man one hundred pounds overweight whose only other discomfort was rheumatism. This man's greatest pleasure in life was eating. Though convinced of the necessity, he hesitated for months to go under treatment, believing he would be deprived of the pleasure of the table. He finally, however, decided to try it out. Not only did he begin losing weight at once, quickly regaining his normal figure, all signs of rheumatism disappearing, but he found the new diet far more delicious to the taste and afforded a much keener quality of enjoyment than his old method of eating, and he wrote Christian a letter to that effect.

But perhaps the most interesting case that Christian told me of was that of a multi-millionaire—a man 70 years old, who had been traveling with his doctor for several years in a search for relief from chronic constipation, lumbago, and rheumatism. For over twenty years he had suffered from stomach and intestinal trouble which in reality was superaciduous secretions in the stomach. The first menus given him were destined to remove the causes of acidity, which was accomplished in about thirty days. And after this was done he seemed to undergo a complete rejuvenation. His eyesight, hearing, taste, and all of his mental faculties became keener and more alert. He had had no organic trouble—but he was starving to death from malnutrition—and decomposition—all caused by the wrong selection and combination of foods. After six months' treatment this man was as well and strong as he had ever been in his life.

THESE instances of the efficacy of right eating I have simply chosen at random from perhaps a dozen Eugene Christian told me of, every one of which was fully as interesting, and they applied to as many different ailments. Surely this man Christian is doing a great work.

I know of several instances where rich men and women have been so pleased with what he has done for them that they have sent him checks for \$500 or \$1,000 in addition to the amount of the bill when paying him.

There have been so many inquiries from all parts of the United States from people seeking the benefit of Eugene Christian's advice and whose cases he is unable to handle personally that he has written a course of little lessons which tell you exactly what to eat for health, strength, and efficiency. This course is published by The Corrective Eating Society of New York.

These lessons, there are 24 of them, contain

actual menus for breakfast, luncheon, and dinner, curative as well as corrective, covering every condition of health and sickness from infancy to old age and for all occupations, climates, and seasons, including special summer menus which enable you to withstand the heat and retain winter's vigor.

Reasons are given for every recommendation based upon actual results secured in the author's many years of practice. Technical terms have been avoided—every point is explained so clearly that there can be no possible misunderstanding.

With the lessons at hand it is just as though you were in personal contact with the great food specialist, because every possible point is so thoroughly covered that you can scarcely think of a question which isn't answered. You can start eating the very things that will produce the increased physical and mental energy you are seeking the day you receive the lessons and will find that you secure results with the first meal. And if you suffer from acid stomach it is quite likely that your trouble will successfully be overcome in from 48 to 72 hours.

Many people would gladly pay hundreds of dollars to learn of such an easy, delightful way to obtain health and strength, and freedom from stomach trouble. But Christian desires to place his instruction within reach of everybody. If you would like to test his remarkable method, you can do so without any risk or obligation to purchase.

Simply put your name and address on the coupon below and mail it NOW. Give the postman only \$1.97 (plus postage) in complete payment, when the course arrives. Look the course over carefully. Put it to the test. Judge by results. If you don't notice a great improvement within five days after starting, send it back and your money will be refunded. You can clearly see that an offer like this could not be made unless the publishers were confident that Eugene Christian's methods will produce remarkable results for you as they have for thousands of others.

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Mrs. Proudfoot of Baltimore

(Continued from page 60)

"Why. What would I do?" asked his daughter severely. "I just went to him, and told him he was—he'd got to be Mr. Proudfoot, that's all! I ran to him—and whispered—in his ear, kind of! And told him!"

"Wait!" commanded her father. "Did you ever see him before?"

"Certainly not. Certainly not. But I had to get out of my fix somehow, didn't I? So naturally I went to him and whispered that he had to play Mr. Proudfoot—and then tell me what to do! What else could I do? What else could I do?" she demanded in the other's temporary silence. "Did you think I was going to stay there and get arrested? What would you do if—if you knew you were going to get shot or put in jail or something the next minute—and you saw somebody come along that you knew for sure would save you?"

"How? How'd you know that? If you say you'd never seen him before?" asked Mr. Dinsdale.

"How did I know it?" asked his daughter sharply. "By looking at him! How would I know? How do you know anything! I knew it then. I know it now; and I was right, wasn't I? Haven't I proved it? Hasn't he proved it?"

And now attention was focused more and more on young Mr. Cahart, especially as the speaker came up with a flushed and excited face, holding out both hands to him—which he heartily grasped.

"He saved me. He kept me from going to jail—all alone—without having anybody! He helped me and saved me, and went to jail for me, and—everything! And now you come along and insult him. I won't have it. I won't have it. I won't have it."

And now suddenly a new emotion seemed to strike the short, thickset man with an executive manner.

"Mr. Proudfoot!" he cried loudly. "Mr. Proudfoot!" and suddenly exploded into laughter.

"Look here," he said at last—also standing before young Mr. Cahart—"what's your real name?"

"Cahart."
"What Cahart? Where were you from? Who was your father?"

"John W. Cahart of Chicago," responded young Mr. Cahart, answering as fully as he could.

"Who used to be in the grain business?" asked Henry W. Dinsdale with surprise.

"Yes, sir."

"John W. Cahart of Chicago!" exclaimed Mr. Dinsdale. "At 13—Dearborn Street."

"Did you know him?" asked young Mr. Cahart with surprise.

"Did I know him?" said Henry W. Dinsdale. "Did I know him? Why damn it, I went to school with him in Illyria."

"What'd I tell you!" answered his daughter proudly.

But Mr. Dinsdale did not answer her directly—although looking at her, he was speaking rather of her than to her.

"Right on her feet!" he said, with a look of extreme pride in his eyes. "Just like her dad. Just like her dad!"

"Yes, Henry," said her mother, with a warm but different type of expression in her eyes.

"And now," said Henry W. Dinsdale briskly, his old executive manner returning to him. "If you two kids are tired holding each others' hands, perhaps we'd better go on over to the hotel, and talk over the details and specifications—of what we'll do with you next!"

And he smiled somewhat significantly, as they stood apart a little abruptly.

"That is, if you don't mind, Mrs. Proudfoot! Or you, Mr. Proudfoot!" he said, with mock courtesy. "And we can arrange it with these gentlemen," he said to the somewhat stiffly waiting detectives, "to let you go!"

"Oh, that'll be all right, Mr. Dinsdale," said the three detectives almost as a unit—the one from the hotel, if anything, rather leading.

"And here's two things you'll want, I guess," he said, to Mr. Dinsdale, somewhat hesitantly—extending in his hand the check and the diamond ring, which he had been holding as evidence in the case.

"Maybe we will," said Mr. Dinsdale jovially. "There might be need of them—of both rings and checks in this case later!" he said, winking quite openly at the detectives.

After this there was a general pause.

"Come on then," said Mr. Dinsdale, taking his wife's arm. "But let Mr. and Mrs. Proudfoot go first."

"I suppose," said his daughter a little shrilly, her face quite flushed, "we'll never hear the last of that!"

"Not if I can help it," said young Mr. Cahart in a low voice, bending over her, his eyes shining.

He noticed with great pleasure that her eyes shone back at him and her hand returned, at least slightly, the pressure he was giving it.

"Move on, Mr. and Mrs. Proudfoot!" cried the voice of Henry W. Dinsdale behind them. "You're blocking up the traffic!"

Help! Police!

(Continued from page 20)

at their will they could be, and often were, dismissed or punished. That condition accounted for the widespread corruption in American cities, and for the way vice and gambling flourished.

Civil service sounded the death-knell of the cheap ward politician. Policemen are appointed now after competitive examinations, from civil service lists. They are promoted after further examinations; as a rule the appointing authority is obliged by law to name one of the three men at the head of a list, or there is some equivalent provision. Dismissal comes only after a trial on regular charges, and these proceedings are subject to court review.

As a result policemen have a new feeling of security. So long as they do their work and remain honest they are, practically speaking, safe. Even under civil service some abuses are possible; men who incur the disfavor of their superiors may be arbitrarily transferred, again and again, and placed and kept in stations far from their homes. But the ordinary run of the police, the rank and file, don't have to worry much about politicians.

Civil service in police work does have its drawbacks, though, and the eager civil service advocates will do well to remember that. It's possible to give policemen too much protection, too great a security of tenure of their jobs. The knowledge that he can't be dismissed unless he is caught in

some flagrant offense does, sometimes, make a man slack and unamenable to discipline.

Already, in Detroit, under a curious Michigan law, the police have been taken out of civil service. The force there has no protection. Under the present administration it doesn't need it; the men get a square deal. But what may happen when there is a change of administration no one knows.

Civil service, however, does not cover the high command. Police chiefs, and the commissioners, when the department has a civilian head, come in and go out as the political barometer rises and falls. Every new mayor names his police head, and to that extent police departments are still, and seem likely for a long time to remain, political. That is an unheard of thing in Europe; there the police administrator is chosen because of fitness for his job; very often a large city calls upon a successful man from a smaller one. That makes for longer tenure of office. The average term of a police commissioner in London is fifteen years; in New York it is one year and seven months! Commissioner Enright, with more than four years to his credit, has served longer than any commissioner in the history of Greater New York.

It isn't easy, either, to see how this condition can be changed. Remember those 16,000 laws and statutes, more or less, that the police are sup-

posed to enforce! There is the heart of the problem. That enormous multiplicity of laws and ordinances absolutely compels selective enforcement. It is utterly and absolutely out of the question to enforce them all. Doesn't it stand to reason that the general policy as to enforcement will be, to some extent, controlled by public opinion—which means that elections will turn upon this point?

Mayors have been elected and defeated, time and again, upon the issue of a closed or open town. Here is something, you see, that the police absolutely control. If gambling and vice are prevalent in a city, they prevail with the consent, at least, and probably the open connivance, of the police. No gambling or disorderly house can run a week without police knowledge.

If there had ever been any doubt on this point New York's experience in the last few years ought to banish it. When Mayor Hylan was first elected, in 1917, his victory was generally regarded as forecasting a return to the wide open town of the "good old days" of Tammany control.

As a matter of fact, the town hadn't been notably free of vice and gambling for years. One of the most appalling of all New York police scandals, the case that culminated in the execution of a police lieutenant, Becker, for complicity in the Rosenthal murder, grew out of police protection of one group of gamblers that was carried to the point of trying to put another out of business. And that case marked the administration of Mayor Gaynor, whose policy called for outward order and decency. Mayor Gaynor was not greatly concerned with the degree to which gambling and vice went on in the city so long as they were not flaunted.

Under Mayor Mitchel, Arthur Woods, as police commissioner of New York, did much to build up the morale of the force and emphasize its semi-military character. Policemen regard Woods as something of a faddist, although they concede his ability. Under Woods police policy as to suppression of vice and gambling in New York carried on the Gaynor tradition, to a great extent. After the outbreak of war enforcement of these laws was somewhat stricter. But both gambling and vice continued to exist.

But under Enright they have been more completely stamped out than at any time within memory. Enright has proved, absolutely, what men who know police work have always maintained—that the police could, and would, whenever they got orders they knew were meant to be obeyed, eliminate these particular forms of disorder. In New York, now, you can probably find a few handbook men, an occasional wandering crap game, examples, here and there, of commercialized vice. But the police hunt such things down as fast as they appear.

The same thing has happened, of late, in many other cities. Almost similar tactics have eliminated vice, almost completely, in Chicago and Birmingham, Alabama—two cities named because, a few years ago, such a result seemed impossible. In Detroit, where gambling used to be a real menace, it has practically disappeared. The old protected districts for vice, that were especially common not long ago, in the South, have gone. Public opinion, as a matter of fact, controls these things.

All sorts of attempts have been made to remove police departments from political control. Washington probably represents the most successful of these, but conditions in Washington, which is governed not by an elected local administration, but by Congress, are peculiar.

State control of the police has been tried, and has worked both badly and well. It has been, on the whole, brilliantly successful in Boston; it has worked fairly well in Baltimore; it was done pretty badly in the big cities of Missouri. Bi-partisan or non-partisan police boards have been substituted for single commissioners in some cities—Los Angeles and Cincinnati, for example. But this device does not seem to offer a real solution. The ordinary result is simply to transfer all executive authority to a uniformed chief.

The growth of the commission form of government has led to some experiments. In Birmingham, and in the big New Jersey cities, like Newark and Jersey City, one of the elected commissioners controls public safety, under the charter. The trouble there is that he has to share authority with his fellow-commissioners, for one thing, and for another that his qualifications for that particular work don't, ordinarily, enter into the

(Continued on page 64)



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What the Women of All-America Are Working For

(Continued from page 33)

Costa Rica has a splendidly organized work for mothers and children. There are maternity homes and milk stations where a hundred and fifty children are fed daily. "We have homes for orphans," said Señora de Quiros, "and a day nursery where working mothers leave their children while they earn the daily bread and butter. Five hundred children are fed and cared for daily. This is possible because Costa Rica appropriates more money for school and welfare work than for any other governmental department, including the army."

In Mexico, said Señorita Torres, "the physical welfare of our children is our first thought. Every morning we serve free breakfasts for school children and last March alone we supplied nearly a hundred and fifty thousand breakfasts, because the poverty of the parents has been so great. Mexico recently appropriated sixty million dollars for education and provides free moving-pictures to remote villages which cannot afford theaters of their own, as well as traveling or district teachers and traveling libraries. "We are concentrating on our primary schools at present and on Domestic Science classes for older girls. It is becoming quite fashionable for our girls to take these courses when they become engaged to be married."

In the Philippines, excellent schools have been established by the American Government for the natives and with these and the convents and other private institutions, education is making rapid progress.

The Philippine woman already has equal rights with men except the vote. She holds a favored position, however, as regards money matters. "She not only has the right to her own earnings,

but she usually disposes of those of her husband," said Madame de Veyra, to our great amusement. "Woman is the cashier of the family and marriage is a partnership arrangement. No man would transact any business without first consulting his wife, and every pay-day he hands over his earnings and she gives him an allowance. The men are not henpecked. It is the custom."

In the official meetings the conventions of diplomacy were carefully observed. "Out of meeting" the most delicate matters of state were discussed from personal angles that would have given the most acute anguish to any diplomat. We spoke as "woman to woman," not as statesman to statesman, and had a perfectly lovely time. Nothing was sacred—oil, silver, reparations, Haiti, the Philippines, the tariff. We North Americans learned that the Latin-American woman likes politics and is keen about diplomacy. We also found that there were no really innocuous and safe subjects. Even such homelike matters as child welfare or marriage laws brought us up against governmental attitudes and political expediences, to say nothing of constitutions. In the end we just disregarded whether the respective governments would approve our topics or not, and talked just as we would with our neighbor next door. These informal conversations reflected personal opinions, and we often felt that "we were sitting on the top of a volcano." But every one stopped in time to avert an explosion. Haiti, Nicaragua, Santo Domingo, Mexico and the Philippines all contain factions either annoyed with or distrustful, or both, of our motives, but it was a most healthful thing for all concerned

that we were able to discuss their affairs and ours quite frankly.

We heard of the benefits that had accrued to the Philippines due to the American occupation—the sanitary regulations, the good roads, the wonderful schools for the natives and the financial assistance, but we also learned that while two saloons were sufficient for Manila before the American arrived, three hundred were in active operation a few weeks afterward. There were other unsavory incidents that need not be gone into here, but it was just as well for us to hear them.

Then, too, certain of the Mexican visitors had come to the conference rather unwillingly because of resentment toward us. They were familiar with conditions in the oil regions and objected to the low wages received by the native workers. They were going back, however, with kindlier feelings toward us as individuals and with a better understanding that the real United States wants to "play fair" and that the grievances are not all on their side of the border.

"Everybody has a good time at conventions, but do they really accomplish anything?" This query is made invariably after all such gatherings. In this case there were certain definite results. First, the "better acquaintance and friendlier relations" purpose was certainly fulfilled. Reports will be made to the governments of all the countries represented, and every woman's club of the southern half of our continent will be told of the meetings and the gracious hospitality of the ladies of Baltimore.

Reporters from Canada, Costa Rica, Porto Rico, Brazil, Peru and Venezuela sat at the long press table with special writers from every state

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How About Health In Your Town?

(Continued from page 24)

more to reduce crime, purify trial courts, and gag the unscrupulous lawyer, than any one act that has been invoked in a century.

The greatest protection for the general health lies with preventive medicine. To this end the correction of deformities and the elimination of chronic infections in focal areas, such as tonsils, teeth, adenoids, nose, appendix, and the like, are of the utmost importance in childhood.

In later adult life, after the thirty-fifth year, a physical inventory by a competent physician twice yearly is the best possible investment.

Sharing in importance with prevention comes the diagnosis of disease. The physician is sadly handicapped and the individual proportionately at a disadvantage if efficient modern laboratory methods of examination are not available. The expense of these is prohibitive for the office of the individual practitioner, and only in the larger communities are these methods fully available to

the public. This hiatus should be filled in the smaller towns by a thoroughly equipped hospital, available to all in the medical field. This would also provide for efficient scientific surgery and curative procedure, which at present are so woefully lacking in our smaller towns.

If public health is ever to reach the high estate possible, consideration must of necessity be given to the education and standardizing of the medical profession, and the haphazard methods now tolerated in many states must be abandoned. This calls for a universality of laws and requirements of the various states, and a minimum standard of knowledge of the fundamental branches of medical sciences before any person making claim or profession to practice in the field of sickness, be allowed the privilege.

So long as our legislative bodies continue to appropriate vastly greater amounts to the protection and inspection of our cattle (not to imply

criticism of appropriate legislation along these lines) than they do for the protection and promotion of human kind, we will, as in the past, be compelled to depend upon the gratuities of the philanthropist for the advancement sought. These donations have been largely responsible for modern achievements in medical advances. Universities and accredited medical schools should always be maintained at the highest standards and kept within financial reach. May the philanthropies of our rich citizens be available always to the needy. To these farseeing benefactors of keen perception the public owes a debt of undying gratitude, as their actions have greatly contributed to modern advancement of medicine, and awakened the indifference of public opinion to the necessity of better, safer, saner living conditions and the desire for enlightenment now being responded to by the journalism of the day.

Help! Police!

(Continued from page 63)

election campaign, which turns upon quite different matters.

No really big city has tried the city manager plan as yet. Police administration in Dayton has been greatly improved under this plan; the same thing may be said of a small city like Newburgh, N. Y. But, as a rule, the smaller cities don't have elections turning upon great issues, as New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Detroit and such metropolitan towns do.

It seems to me, though, that the very fact that efforts are being made, even though, so far, they haven't been notably successful, to eliminate politics from police control, is a significant thing. What civil service has already done for the rank and file will ultimately be done for chief and commissioners. Temporarily it has already been done, to a great extent, in a number of great cities, with New York, Chicago and Detroit as conspicuous examples.

Fitzmorris in Chicago, Enright in New York, Inches in Detroit, have all been allowed to have their way in handling police matters. The reasons are interesting—and different. In Chicago

the police, before Fitzmorris's appointment, were almost hopelessly demoralized; Mayor Thompson chose his man, and gave him authority as well as responsibility, backing him against the storm of political protest that arose.

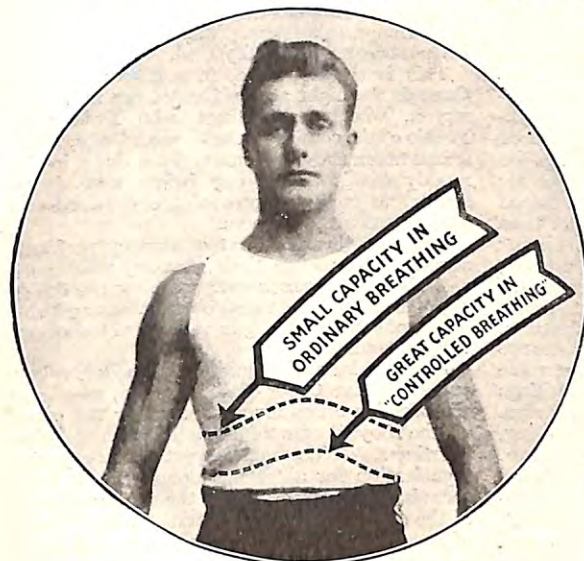
Hylan, I am inclined to think, played clever politics in the matter of the police in New York. His interest in other matters was very great; he, or his advisers, looked ahead, after his first election, to a fight for his re-election. And he was able, by giving Enright certain instructions and a free hand, to spike certain guns that, in the past, have always been trained upon a Tammany mayor coming up for re-election. A municipal campaign in New York during which charges of a police alliance with vice and gambling don't fly about is a rare thing—but it was seen last time.

Dr. Inches, in Detroit, was appointed by a mayor, Couzens, who had himself been police commissioner. There the interest has been, principally, one in good government as an abstract thing—although that has been true in a sense quite different from that in which it was true of Mayor Mitchel's administration in New

York. Couzens is a much better politician than Mitchel; a much more adroit judge of what people think and want. If, as now seems possible, Couzens injects himself into national politics, the country is in for some interesting revelations, just as Detroit has been.

What stands out, after a necessarily hasty survey, like this, of the way American police departments do their work is this—that a definitely American method of doing police work is, slowly and gradually, emerging from the chaos and confusion of a few years ago. Civil service has created an ever growing group of trained policemen, interested professionally in their work just as soldiers and chemists and engineers are interested in theirs. Reformers probably won't complete the work of divorcing police administration from politics, but that result will come about, if at all, because really clever politicians are coming to see that political use of the police is a weapon too likely to turn upon the user. They saw that long ago in the case of fire departments; they are seeing it more plainly every day in the case of the police.

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Edward Lankow

Famous Basso of Chicago, Boston and Metropolitan Opera Companies

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A Turn for the Boy Scouts

(Continued from page 45)

as a puppy. One of the favorite pastimes of a puppy, as everyone knows, is to get into the shoe closet and work vigorously upon the destruction of your best patent leather evening shoes. This is not because the puppy knows they are your best shoes, not because he has any preference for shoes in general as material to tear to pieces with his teeth, but because it is instinct in him to bite things, and if patent leather dress shoes are all that come his way, they're going to be badly bitten.

Boys are quite the same. They have two major instincts: delight in the thrill of danger and a hankering to show off. More ambitious words for the same things are emotional reaction and expression of the ego. They have a penchant, say, for turning over the banana man's cart, for it satisfies these two instinctive desires. There is every guarantee they will be chased and perhaps caught. The suspense between turning over the cart and either escape or capture is the thrill. And the boldness of their deed brings forth admiration from less desperate companions.

Before we go into a consideration of how the Boy Scouts of America, as an organization, have so directed youngsters' minds that cart-dumping does not appeal to them as the prime idea of outdoor sport, let us look at the incident and see what is the essential harm in it.

This appears to be the lack of social consciousness, a want of regard for the feelings of the other fellow. The banana man stands for society, for he is an individual striving in a legitimate manner for a livelihood. Society is a large group of such; and if we are to protect the whole we must protect the individual.

The leaders of the Boy Scouts of America have gone about this in a particularly canny way. They have understood that the primitive things cannot be changed; indeed until they do change, it is highly doubtful that they should. Hunger for thrills and for admiration is going to exist in boys whether it's against the law or

not, and it's going to be satisfied. The boys have numbers on their side. Hence the part of wisdom is substitution of unarmful fare for destructive; placing on the table some well cooked, thick beefsteak so that the boys won't cram down too many hot dogs between meals.

The achievement of success, of course, had to be approached cautiously, for the young animal is wary. One of the things not mentioned to the boy was that beefsteak was better for him. He does not want things that are better for him; he wants things that are more fun. And so the idea was disseminated that there was much more of a thrill in going out into the country, camping out like an Indian, than in sticking around the hot, close city and getting chased around the corner by some fruit vendor. Also the boy was brought into a company of other boys who looked up to somebody who helped old ladies a'ross dangerous corners rather than to someone who set fire to somebody's newspaper stand. The boy found, when he got in a troop, that there were a lot of things he didn't know: how to pitch a tent, for example; how to signal by smoke puffs miles apart; how to blaze trees, if you happened to have to go through strange woods, and return without getting lost. He found that the boys who did know these things had badges proving it. He wanted a badge. He, too, would be one of the elect, the knowing, the admired. His ego would find expression. He had fallen a victim to the older brother's old stratagem of saying, "I'll bet you can't run upstairs and get my hat within half a minute," and before he realized it, he was healthy and ambitious, self-confident by reason of achievement—and there were no bananas depreciated in sales value for having flopped into the gutter.

Insidiously instilled in him in the same process was social consciousness. He found he didn't qualify unless he had done that turn a day. He didn't feel like it, half the time, but it was part of the game he liked, and you had to

do it if you were to be considered regular. So he did it. Instead of the protest of fatigue when his mother asked him to get that loaf of bread at the grocery, he forced himself out of the house, feeling all the while extremely noble, and got it. The sense of nobility was pleasing, and moreover it could be induced almost at will, by the simple expedient of doing something for somebody. Pretty soon he had got the habit, an approach toward unselfishness by the route to all things, selfishness. But never mind that. He had become habitually kind.

This is the boy who, in numbers, worked through the night at the theater fire in Washington, who warned those who lived near Pueblo of the coming of the flood and who, when it had taken the toll it must, dived down in the muddy canals that a day before were dusty streets, to recover scores of the drowned—to give spectacular instances.

These, however, are but emergency performances. Vital as are their services, what goes on in between times is even more so: the building of healthy bodies and clean minds and the habits of square dealing in those who tomorrow will be America.

And so it is small wonder that the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks should, whenever the occasion arises for such, sponsor the cause of the Boy Scouts of America with genuine heartiness. Aside from respect for the junior organization for all it has done and all it is, there is a full appreciation in the mind and heart of the senior that the Elks and the Boy Scouts of America have a common aim: the making of a better citizenry. The two are working of necessity by varying means, but they are working to the same end; and it goes without saying that whenever there comes to the Order the chance to lend support to the Scouts, that support will be given—if possible even before it is sought. The Elks are eager to do for the Boy Scouts of America, "A turn a day."

The Martyr to Mystery

(Continued from page 31)

party,' I remarked, and went back to sleep. When I returned the following evening and the house was still brilliantly illuminated, I thought it my duty to investigate. I did so.

"I rang the bell. The house was silent and no one answered my repeated rings. I ventured to try the door; it was open; I walked in. I shouted, but received no answer. Slowly and warily I made my way into the house. The drawing-room was lighted, but no one was there. Beyond the drawing-room was the dining-room, and I slid open the folding doors. There was no one in the dining-room; but there was every evidence that people had been there.

"It was plain from the condition of the table that it had been deserted in the very midst of a meal. On a platter was a large steak, partly carved. On the six individual plates were pieces of this steak, and some French peas. On several of the plates rested forks on which there were still bits of steak, as if the forks had been hastily but carefully laid down in the midst of a bite.

The napkins lay beside the plates, unfolded, just as a person would leave his napkin who has been called away from the table for a moment. Glasses of water, half or a quarter consumed, stood at each plate. The six chairs were pushed back slightly. There was no evidence of haste, or disorder or struggle. It was as if the six diners had gone out for a second to look at the sunset—and had never come back.

"I pushed into the kitchen. No one was there. A pot of coffee on the stove had burned away to black cinders before the fire had died out. The ice-cream, dished out ready to serve in engraved glass dishes, was melted to a liquid, and warmish. The breadknife was halfway through its task of cutting a slice from a loaf, as if the hand that held it had stopped abruptly, the task half done. Water trickled from a partly turned tap in the sink. There were signs everywhere that the servants had paused in the midst of the work—and had never resumed it. But there were no signs of panic, of violence.

"I was trembling as I started up the stairs expecting to see I know not what awful sight. But there was no one upstairs. All the bedrooms, including the servants', wore the fairly neat look of rooms used recently by ordinarily tidy people. Clothes were hanging in the closets, toilet articles lay on the dressers. There was no confusion. I thought of robbery, but valuable watches and other jewelry lay in sight, and the silver in the dining-room had not been touched.

"I must say the thing got me. I wanted terribly to know what had happened to those nine beings who had vanished. So before calling in the stupid local police I investigated every corner of the house and every scrap and tag in it. And I found—absolutely nothing. There were no letters, no papers, nothing that might give a hint about these strange people. I already knew that the renting agent knew nothing about them except that they paid their rent. The house was exactly as they had taken it;

(Continued on page 68)

What the Women of All-America Are Working For

(Continued from page 64)

in the Union, showing the importance which the press attached to this notable conclave. The newspapers of all the states of both North and South America published full accounts of the daily meetings, and the latter will give the personal reports of the delegates on their return. These will include their impressions of our schools and colleges.

"The social and educational contacts of South America have been mainly with Europe," said Madame Coronado of Colombia. "We have been brought up on the tradition that culture is the end of education and that it could only be acquired abroad. At the age of sixteen or there-

abouts, it has been our custom to send our children to Spain, France or Switzerland to finish their education, but on our return, now that we have seen your beautiful schools and colleges, we shall urge that more of our students be sent to them, and this will make another tie between us."

The tangible result was the organization of a Pan-American Association for the Advancement of Women. President Brum of Uruguay had expressed the hope that a permanent union might result from the conference and an invitation was extended by him for a meeting in Montevideo in the near future.

The objects of this new association will be the

promotion of education, the obtaining of equal property rights, the right of women to control their own earnings and agitation for suffrage. The platform was adopted unanimously, as the ladies who had on arrival felt that the vote was not an important factor in their lives had drawn their own conclusions as they heard of the experiences of other women.

If the conference had had no other result than bringing the women of all the Americas together it would have been worth while, but underlying every session was the fervent hope that the women might help in promoting peace and amity between all the nations of our continent.

Why Are These Great Writers and Artists Doing Their Best Work for You?

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 Samuel Hopkins Adams
 Kenneth M. Ballantyne
 Charles Baskerville, Jr.
 Franklin Booth
 Samuel G. Blythe
 Bozeman Bulger
 Hon. Scott C. Bone
 Berton Braley
 Charles Livingston Bull
 Charles S. Bigelow
 Mildred Cram
 Courtney Riley Cooper
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 Gordon Grant
 George Giguère
 O. F. Howard
 Richard Le Gallienne
 Frank X. Leyendecker
 Angus MacDonall
 G. Patrick Nelson
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 Ray Rohn
 Herb Roth
 Edward Ryan
 Charles M. Schwab
 Anna McClure Sholl
 Frank Street
 Everett Shinn
 Dudley G. Summers
 Frederick Dorr Steele
 Tony Sarg
 Albert Payson Terhune
 George Kibbe Turner
 Harold Titus
 Walter Tittle
 Ben Ames Williams
 P. G. Wodehouse
 Rita Weiman
 John V. A. Weaver
 William Almon Wolff

THE Elks Magazine is only in its second month of publication. Yet already it has attracted to its pages the finest work of the best-known writers and artists in America. Never before, we believe, has any magazine, in its very opening numbers, been able to present to its readers so distinguished a group of contributors. To read the names in this partial list is to call the roll of an outstanding gathering of personages in the field of American art and letters.

These men and women do not peddle their wares indiscriminately in the market-place. They work for audiences of their own selection. They value their reputations too dearly to sell them at random to anyone. Money alone never could buy a good man's best.

The writers and artists whose names you see here are eager to contribute to The Elks Magazine because they realize that they will always be in company with men and women whose standards equal their own.

They are determined to give their best to The Elks Magazine because they want to reach an audience not alone appreciative of the best, but accustomed to receiving it.

They like to feel that they are sowing in fertile ground—that what they write or draw or paint will awake an answering chord in the minds and hearts of those who see them.

And they have discovered, through The Elks Magazine, the most direct road to a vast audience attuned to the messages they offer.

AS months pass and The Elks Magazine grows, more and more will you find the acknowledged leaders attracted to its pages. Watch each succeeding issue and you will find in your magazine fiction and articles and pictures which cannot be surpassed by any other publication. You will find more and more names that stand at the zenith in writing and illustrating today.

And not only names—but the finest, most sincere work ever created by the bearers of those names.

You will find them here because The Elks Magazine is more than mere words and pictures printed on paper and sold for a price—

You will find them here because The Elks Magazine is a symbol—the symbol of America's highest ideals cherished by nearly a million good citizens.



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To the advertiser seeking big markets, both the large circulation of The Elks Magazine and the type of people who will make up its audience demand favorable consideration.

Personal preference founded on sentiment, in the best sense of the word, plays a tremendous part in the choice of commodities and personal services.

It is associations and friendships that determine to a very large extent a man's business career.

This is what gives the phrase the "friendship of 850,000" its unique significance to the advertiser who uses The Elks Magazine.

For towards this great new national medium 850,000 turn with an interest so keen that in the advertising pages it translates itself into a partisan partiality for the products sponsored—and to a degree that cannot be matched in the publication world.

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The Martyr to Mystery

(Continued from page 66)

they had brought no pictures, and had left no trace of their individuality on it. From nowhere, without warning, they had come; to nowhere, without warning, they had returned. I never saw any of them again."

Ernest Dawk's brow was damp and his voice husky; he paused, drew in a deep breath, went on.

"The little man was apparently as fascinated by the other's story as I was, for he asked in a strained voice, 'But what was the answer? What did happen to them?' 'That,' said the big man, 'is the strangest thing of all.' And just at that second, by the most damnable ill-luck, a long freight train rumbled and roared past. All I heard was an exclamation from the little man."

"You can imagine that I was almost beside myself with excitement. This surely was the biggest problem I'd ever run across. My first impulse was to go at once to the next stateroom and beg the big man to repeat the fate of the nine strange folk. But I was enough of a connoisseur of my own emotions to know that I'd get delicious pleasure from speculating about their fate, and hunting an answer through the night. I almost dreaded the morning, for it would kill my mystery—the most intriguing I'd ever known. I worked out eleven different solutions before I dozed off. I woke with a start at seven, and sighed with relief, for I knew that we would not reach New York till after ten, and I knew that my two men were bound for New York. It was a nervy thing to do, but, when the devil of curiosity is after me, I'll brave anything. I went to the next stateroom, my lips rehearsing my speech, 'Excuse me, gentlemen, but I could not avoid overhearing part of your talk last night. As an expert in the bizarre, may I ask you to—' I rapped on the door. No answer. I rapped again. I pushed the door open. The men were not there. I ran down to the wash-room. It was empty. I hurried to the diner. It had not yet opened. Quivering, I summoned the porter and asked where the men were. He didn't know; he hadn't seen them get off, but said it was possible for them to have alighted at any one of a dozen stops the train had made during the night. But which one? Somewhere along a thousand miles or so of country were the two men who held the key that I must have. And I can't find them; I can't find them."

"You've tried everything, Dawk?" I asked. "Everything," he answered, "everything." Knowing him I felt he was not exaggerating. "But what shall I do?" he muttered, fingering his vest buttons. "Not to know is torture. To solve it would break my heart." Then, without a word of good-by, he started up and left me.

That was all of fifteen years ago. Ernest Dawk became a shadowy vignette in my memory. Then, quite recently, business took me to a small country town in Indiana. As I sat on the veranda of a farmhouse, a figure came walking down the country road, and I found myself regarding it with growing interest: I had seen those choppy strides, that outstretched neck before. The man approached me and began,

"I beg your pardon, sir, but I'm looking for a house where, some years ago, nine people disappeared in a most mysterious manner. I thought, perhaps, you might—"

Then he recognized me. Dawk was dressed in rough tramping clothes of good material, and he looked better than I had ever seen him look; his cheeks were full and ruddy, and he had actually sprouted a modest stomach.

"Oh," he said, stopping in the midst of a word, "about that pug-dog, Gertrude: has she kept well, stuffed, or did she burst, as they sometimes do?"

"She is doing nicely, thanks," I said. "I don't suppose you know where that house is?" he remarked. "I haven't found it yet. I've been to every house in Illinois, personally, on foot, and I'm part way through Indiana, now. It's a fine, stimulating life. Well, I must hurry on." He trudged off down the road. I never saw Ernest Dawk again.

The Good Influence of a Million Good Men

(Continued from page 35)

fundamentally important, the Elks, indeed, believe in a Supreme Being and in the Immortality of the Soul, not ecclesiastically, but as all men instinctively believe in them, even when they are unconscious of those beliefs. For the Elks, so to speak, such beliefs go without saying. They feel it scarcely more necessary to affirm them than to affirm that man breathes, and lives in the light of the sun. But, while they thus believe that man is a spiritual being, working it out here and now, he is at present situated here on this earth as a human being. Man in his human relations is their particular province. Life lived, as the phrase is, "man to man"; how best can it be lived!—and they believe that there is no better way than for each man to do unto others as he would be done by.

Were this done by a million men, as a million Elks strive to do it, think—think hard and long, think deeply and constantly—what that would mean to the world at large; for a million men is something like a nation in itself, and of such a nation, it is impossible to doubt that the gates of Hell could not prevail against it.

A million men, not preaching, not dogmatizing, not persecuting, but merely *doing* quietly and unostentatiously, doing what they believe to be right. Not teaching a truth, scarcely mentioning it, in fact, but merely living it, and living it, to use an excellent phrase, for which I hope no apology is necessary, as "regular fellows" one with another. This is not a dream of poet or sage, but the inspiring thought which almost a million men in America, every-day, common-sense, men carry with them to their business offices, to their clubs, to their political conferences. It is with them as they play poker, as it is with them as they attend their several churches. It is invisibly present on the Stock Exchange, and in the lordly offices of bank presidents, as it is with the longshoreman, the truck-driver, the miner, and the railway conductor. Wherever you see that little golden badge of elk's horns on the chest of a man, it is there; and, whenever you see it, you know that the man who wears it is a friend, if you need him, a man who will do his darndest for you if you are in trouble, a comrade who will stand by. He is no knight in shining armor, no priest in his canonicals, though, in plain unadorned fashion, he is striving in his heart, and amid the prosaic conditions of his daily life, to embody those human virtues which have given their best significance to the word "knight" and to the word "priest."

There is something in man which shies at preaching and teaching, though to say this is by no means to question that such methods have their great value. There are those perhaps, who need more drastic methods, so to say, of "persuasion" than others. Our fathers believed in the rod, but it is a moot point whether sparing or using the rod spoils the child. Some of us have been brought up on the rod. Maybe we are the better for it. But I think that there is no ques-

tion that the good example of the father who so conscientiously applied it has in the end been the stronger influence. That silent and painless teacher "example," unobtrusive, undidactic; it is by that that men best learn wisdom, without knowing that they are learning it. And that is the way of the Elk. He doesn't, of course, say "look at me!" If he did, we wouldn't look at him. But he goes about his civic, his business, his political life, about his life at home and on the streets, in such a manner, that gradually we can not help feeling that there is something about him and his doings that is worth while, worthy of our imitation. Being to start with, so good a fellow, so genial an acquaintance, we are drawn to him by the attraction of human companionship; and so, by degrees, our association with him leads us to think and see as he does, though he may never have mentioned his thought or hinted at his vision.

I hope no one will imagine from these remarks that the "Elk" either is, or regards himself as, the Good Boy of the Community. If I have given that impression, I have written badly indeed. The very thought of the "Good Boy" has always been and always will be abhorrent to full-blooded men. No, the Elks that I have known, and I have been happy in knowing quite a number, have been anything but Good Boys. But I have always found them good citizens, interested in civic honesty and decency, in what we call "clean politics," and, with a quiet seriousness, determined that such conditions alone shall prevail in the city in which they live. I have also found them determined that the general sociological conditions of their city, and of the nation at large, without asking the dubious aid of Puritanical fanatics, shall be such as are alone fitting for men and women who pay regard to the general moralities of life without losing a sense of its gaiety. I have found them determined that life shall be, alike in its work and its play, a pleasure, with as little sorrow in it as is compatible with our mortal lot. I have found them enemies of injustice, and friends of the unfortunate, in whatever way their misfortunes have come about.

In short, I have found them men in the best sense of that word, "men and brothers" to use the trite old phrase which can not be used too often—men in whom their watchwords "fidelity" and "loyalty" are seldom on their lips but never missing from their actions. Incidentally—and I trust not frivolously, for I regard such gifts of supreme importance—I have always found them humorists and good talkers.

A million such men in a community? Think again what that means. Think it out for yourself, gentle reader. I have but hinted what it must mean. If there had been but ten good Elks in Sodom! But America has virtually a million of them—and their numbers increase hourly. That being so, can any one doubt that America is not only safe for democracy, but safe for a larger, better thing—safe for humanity?

Under the Spreading Antlers

(Continued from page 39)

move was to have the State Association, meeting at Bozeman, approve the action taken by Kalispell Lodge. I was made chairman of a committee to draft a bill legalizing our plans and purposes. In this work I was ably assisted by Mr. E. H. Myrick, Assistant Supervisor of the Flathead forest, and by Exalted Ruler Uehlinger of Kalispell Lodge.

"The Flathead forest in which it is expected to locate our game sanctuary, is one of the largest national expanses of the kind in the United States. The area is 2,088,720 acres. It is almost wholly without settlers, and is a great, wild wonderland abounding in rivers, lakes, glaciers, waterfalls—a multitude of attractions. In this forest, will be our proposed sanctuary of 600,000 acres. The selection is a matter determined by nature itself. There is no place anywhere more ideal for fostering wild game of every description, particularly the elk.

"In defining and marking out the boundaries of the game sanctuary, we have experienced

many difficulties in following streams, watersheds and mountains, and in keeping the thought uppermost always of selecting such as are natural habitats of the elk. In the years to come, the tourist may see there wild animal life in its best expression, unmolested and unafraid."

San Francisco Will Have New Home

San Francisco Lodge is to have a new home. The cost will approximate \$750,000. The location will be in the central part of the city, across the street from the St. Francis Hotel and in the midst of what is known as the Club district. In all particulars, the club equipment will be complete. A Building Association of which Past Grand Exalted Ruler William M. Abbott is President, has been organized and actively enlisted. Ground will be broken early in the fall. Meantime the important detail of finances has

(Continued on page 70)

Smoke Ten Cigars At Our Risk

We want you to join the many Elks that took advantage of last month's offer to try ten El Nelsor cigars at our risk.

Let us send you a box of 50 cigars, postage prepaid. Smoke ten before deciding whether you like them.

Because we manufacture cigars and sell them direct to smokers, we reduce the cost to one handling and one profit. That means we can sell cigars at less than 8 cents by the box that would otherwise cost you up to 15 cents each.

El Nelsor consists of long, high quality Cuban-grown Havana leaves for filler, blended with Porto Rico. Genuine Sumatra leaf is the wrapper.

The result is an even-burning, delicately flavored cigar, made by skilled adult cigar-makers in the most sanitary surroundings.

That you may test the qualities of El Nelsor, here's our offer: Upon request, we'll send you now a box of 50 cigars, postage prepaid. Smoke ten of them. If after smoking ten cigars you decide the box isn't worth \$3.75, return the remaining 40 within ten days, and we'll consider the incident closed. You risk nothing.

Smokers who try El Nelsors seldom change. They place a standing order for a box to be sent at regular intervals. Our business has been built up on such orders and it has been growing for twenty years.

Drop us a line today saying that you have accepted our offer. In ordering, please use your letterhead or, if you use the coupon, fill in the line marked "reference." Also tell us whether you prefer mild, medium, or strong cigars.

Our catalog sent on request shows a line of eighteen different cigars, including clear Havanas, which you can order for trial first.

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Please send me a box of 50 El Nelsor cigars. Your offer permits me to try ten. If after smoking ten I decide the box is worth \$3.75, I agree to send you that amount. If I decide it isn't worth that amount, I agree to return the 40 unsmoked cigars within ten days with no obligation to myself.

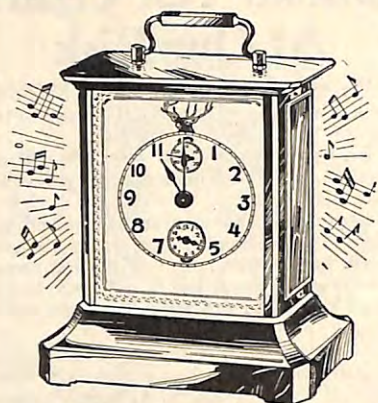
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Under the Spreading Antlers

(Continued from page 69)

been looked after. In fact, the fund on deposit has already reached sizeable proportions, and there will be added to this the \$175,000 proceeds guaranteed from the sale of the old quarters. These resources will be augmented by a bond sale among members, and back of the bankers stand the members. President Abbott predicts that within a year from now the membership of the Lodge will be doubled and that the recruits will represent the very best of San Francisco's best citizenship.

When the Grand Lodge Became Migratory

With the single exception of 1877, when it went to Philadelphia, the Grand Lodge, from the date of its organization in 1871 up to and including 1888, held its sessions annually in New York. At the meeting in 1888, after a spirited discussion following several years of agitation among the members, the Grand Lodge voted to become migratory. Since then, the place of meeting has changed annually and the Grand Lodge has visited North and South and from coast to coast and back again, several times over. The record shows that Atlantic City, where the meeting takes place again in 1922, has oftenest been awarded the honor. This will be the seventh time there.

Norman Vaughan State President

At the recent annual meeting of their State Association, held at Henryetta, Oklahoma Elks elected Norman M. Vaughan State President. Immediately the new President announced that one ambition of his year's work would be to increase membership. And further: "We hope to carry into effect throughout Oklahoma, the important undertaking of Americanization work to which Elks are devoting their energies." The Order is flourishing in Oklahoma. There are 32 Lodges at present.

Denver Lodge, Fortieth Birthday

With fitting circumstance and overflowing attendance, Denver Lodge has been celebrating its fortieth anniversary. The occasion was simple and impressive and highly enjoyable. Thomas M. Hunter reviewed the history and did not forget to pay tribute to those stalwarts who pioneered and guided and guarded the destinies of Mile-High to its present successful estate.

Mason City Lodge Initiates Class of 260

Congratulations to Mason City (Iowa) Lodge are very much in order. With a population of only 20,000, Elk enthusiasm has been stirred so deeply, and the movement has attained such popularity in that city, that recently a class of 260 was initiated, and it is told that other classes are soon to follow suit.

Elks Who Do Things for Public Betterment

Once upon a time, in fact, during the days of its infancy (which is to say 40 years ago), Springfield (Ill.) Lodge of Elks rendered a service in the public interest which so forcibly impressed the Legislature, then in session, that in at least partial return appreciation, the Legislature was influenced to locate the State Fair in Springfield as a permanent prize for the city. Ever since then, Springfield Elks have continued to take the lead in all municipal movements and have earned and deserved for themselves the reputation of a body of men, 2,300 strong, "who do things for their city." The result is that this continuous leadership and growth in popularity has culminated in the establishment of a new Elks Home in Springfield that shall serve as a real social center, with an auditorium designed to accommodate public gatherings, and with club facilities and equipment to relieve hotel congestion in providing for the convenience of those

who wish to hold meetings designed for the welfare of Springfield and its people.

Adopting the fundamental economic truth that safe investments are based on actual demand, the Elks, after five days' canvassing, sold to their local members bonds aggregating \$400,000. No man not an Elk was asked to buy, although a few were sold to non-members, who volunteered to take them upon the conviction that no enterprise fostered by the Elks should be ignored by loyal residents of Springfield. The truth is the bond issue was absorbed by small investors, exclusively. It speaks a mighty compliment.

Wenatchee Temple Soon to Be Dedicated

The \$150,000 Temple of Wenatchee (Wash.) Lodge is to be dedicated within a few weeks. Notably impressive was the laying of the cornerstone on March 28. The ritualistic ceremonies on that occasion were conducted at 11 o'clock at night with the solemnity characteristic of that hour. Preceding the exercises, 500 Elks, bearing torches, paraded the streets, led by the Lodge band of 35 pieces. Amid bomb explosions, fireworks and search lights, thousands of people assembled, many being from north central Washington. Wenatchee Lodge has passed the membership mark of one thousand.

Out-Post Club Breathes Welcome

Where the San Bernardino mountains blend their snow-capped peaks with the turquoise skyline of Southern California, the joyous traveler along the "Old Trails Highway" comes into his own at the Out-Post Club House erected by the Elks.

Yielding to the mysticism of his surroundings, one hears, in fancy, the musical tinkle of a far-off bell, clear as a robin's call. Then comes the sound of distant, shuffling, sandaled feet upon stone-flagged floors, and next—one sees the kindly-faced brown-frocked padre as, with the sacred symbol of his faith, he emerges out of the bygone days and bids a kindly welcome to the stranger at his gate.

The Out-Post Club House is of the brotherhood of all men. It breathes a welcome. It is a shrine for humanity. More. It is an enduring monument to those lofty precepts of pure-gold Americanism upon which the B. P. O. Elks is building for immortality.

Fort Wayne Elks Enjoy Country Club

Six miles from the hum of industry and nestling in a grove surrounded by velvety lawns luxuriant and radiant with flowers, the Elks of Fort Wayne, Ind., have established a country club. Fort Wayne Elks have also organized a band of 60 pieces, the band membership being made up of former Boy Scout musicians.

The Boys of Auld Lang Syne

There is a stir of music and a bit of magic in the title. It turns the clock backward to the golden days. It quickens pleasant memories. You, Devout Elders, are again forming a circle and clasping hands in rhythm around the altar. Once more, there sit the Right Honorable Primo in his station, the First Assistant Primo over there, the Secretary and Historian, the Treasurer, the Steward and others of the ancient ensemble. No need to explain further. Having been and remained an Elk for twenty-one years, you are entitled to all the privileges and pleasures. Humorously enough, even now, the pride of parentage for this charmed circle within a circle is in mild dispute. George June proclaims that Indianapolis fathered the idea. Terre Haute Lodge politely answers nay, nay. Other claimants are registering. Happily, there is sufficient glory in the idea for all participants. Besides, such Elk enchantments are shared without monopoly. In Indianapolis, the Boys of Auld Lang Syne conduct their revel as one

section of a triple celebration, the birthday party in honor of the granting of the charter and an Armistice Day anniversary, as well as the annual cut-up of the old Boys. This triple event makes great fun, and a fine fragrant of sentiment is imparted at the same time. At Indianapolis, the Boys meet oftener than once a year, if they feel a jinks coming on.

Bowlers Roll National Tourney

Writing of the National Bowling Tournament, lately concluded in Toledo, Ohio, Secretary A. L. Langtry, himself a member of Milwaukee Lodge, says: "All in all, the Elks made a superb showing. Exalted Ruler Kilbury, of Toledo Lodge, organized and entered a full squad of sixteen five-men teams, all Elks. Grand Rapids contributed four full teams. There were two full teams from South Bend, Ind. Two teams came from Rochester, two from Detroit, besides which Elk five-men teams from Flint, Mich., Chicago, Olean, N. Y., Kane, Pa., Louisville, Ky., Beloit, Wis., Wheeling, West Va., Albion, N. Y., Findlay, Ohio, and Schnectady, N. Y., also rolled on the alleys. It is safe to say that Elks are bowling in almost every Lodge Home or Temple in the country. Where they have no alleys of their own, they have teams engaged on local alleys and in local tournaments. The recent Elk representation in Toledo was the largest of any fraternal order by a mile."

Crookston Mortgage Ascends in Smoke

When Crookston (Minn.) Lodge held a smoker, something beside tobacco was burned. The mortgage turned to ashes. The occasion was the annual roundup and smokeup. Grand Exalted Ruler Mountain sent a congratulatory letter. The report made by District Deputy Frank E. Reed contained this reference: "This is a fine Lodge. It is a credit to our Order."

Lloyd Maxwell Banquet Orator Was a Spell-Binder

Moline (Ill.) Lodge, in a single initiation, added to its membership 186 of the foremost citizens there. Following the degree work, everybody paraded. Two candidates led a goat. At the Chamber of Commerce, there was a feast. Lloyd Ralph Maxwell, of the Grand Lodge Membership Committee, made a speech. Others, ditto.

Father and Son Renew Acquaintance

Omaha Elks, inaugurating a Father and Son feast, 500 attending. Omaha's former Mayor, W. J. Broatch, was the oldest guest. The youngest was William Carey, son of George M. Carey. Speeches, music and good cheer characterized the event, which is to be annually repeated.

Leadville Lodge Highest in the World

At an altitude of 10,195 feet, Leadville Lodge stands the highest in the world. On May 1 of this year, Leadville Lodge celebrated its thirtieth anniversary. Leadville Elks are rather unique and quite famous for good deeds.

Social events attract members from far and wide. The announcement of a recent "Experience Meetin'" warned: "If you don't come, you'll wish you had. If you do come, you'll wish you hadn't. Take your choice, but come—and bring your smokes."

Men were present who recalled that up to 1877, Leadville was nameless. J. C. Cramer, at a meeting of citizens on January 4, 1878, suggested the name of Leadville. Thus the city was christened.

At that early time, there was no thought that in the immediate vicinity of Leadville, more fortunes would be made in quicker time than were ever made before in any mining camp. H. A. W. Tabor realized \$1,300,000 on an original investment of \$60., representing a grub-stake furnished the well-remembered pair, Hook and Rische.

Through all of the romantic history of this interesting city, members of Leadville Lodge

have stood foremost in civic and charitable deeds. Each year, the Lodge increases its membership.

Business and Pleasure Massachusetts Mixture

The Massachusetts Elk Association, presided over by John P. Brennan, Past Exalted Ruler of Cambridge Lodge, surpassed in attendance and interest all previous sessions when, on June 22, it concluded its three-day meeting at New Bedford. The convention was opened after the manner of the Grand Lodge and was characterized by a serious purpose to emphasize and expand the Elk activities. It was made plain that the smaller subordinate Lodge is as necessary as the outstanding Lodge in performing good deeds for communities and individuals.

The review of the work in behalf of service men at Elks' Hospital, Parker Hill, proved interesting. Now that service men are being cared for at ten other hospitals in the State, the feature of entertainment and other assistance will be diversified accordingly. It was told to the delegates that among Elks, the call is ever for new men and wholesome, helpful, new ideas.

New Bedford Lodge proved a royal host. Elks came from everywhere wearing their best bib and tucker not to mention the well-known smile. The visitors found all doors ajar to hearts and homes. The convention opened with a great public meeting. June 21, the business session opened. Visiting ladies were taken on motoring parties and there was a grand ball. And after that was a clam bake on Buzzard's Bay, with a display of fireworks at Acushnet Park.

Twenty-three Times Elected Secretary

Speaking of popularity and perpetuity, Charles Wegner's re-election as Secretary of Great Falls (Montana) Lodge, establishes him in the Elks' Hall of Fame. Mr. Wegner has just entered upon his twenty-third successive term.

Duluth Ladies' Auxiliary Performs Gentle Ministries

Duluth Lodge scatters roses in the path of its Ladies' Auxiliary. Recently the ladies gave a unique tea party for the benefit and amusement of the blind. More than 1,000 attended. Duluth Lodge ladies have organized a committee to visit the sick and perform other ministries the Elk claims as his privilege, where a smile, some real assistance or the deft touch is needed to lighten and brighten.

Father and Twin Sons Elks at Davenport, Iowa

John D. Brockman, also his twin sons, John D. Jr. and Jacob Brockman, are active members of Davenport (Iowa) Lodge. Not long ago, when Mr. Brockman and his wife observed the twenty-fifth anniversary of their marriage, the Elks of the Three Cities joined in the festivities. Mr. Brockman Sr. is a banker.

Abraham Lincoln's Philosophy of Life

I do the very best I know how, the very best I can, and I mean to keep on doing so until the end. If the end brings me out all right, what is said against me won't amount to anything. If the end brings me out wrong, then ten angels swearing I was right would not make it so. —Abraham Lincoln.

Gray-Bearded Elk Enthusiasts

Age and ardor complete a combination not to be denied when men make up their minds to become Elks. We take pleasure in introducing C. A. J. McCombs, 87; Col. John Dollar, 83; J. E. Stephens, 82; Hugh Jordan, 81; veteran members of Enid (Okla.) Lodge. Younger members of Enid Lodge, proud of these stalwarts, assert that no other Lodge can equal these silvered patriots for fraternal enthusiasm and enthusiastic loyalty. Every man of them wore the Civil War blue. Enid Lodge, by the way,

(Continued on page 72)

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This 1 carat diamond is of fine brilliancy and perfectly cut, mounted in Tiffany style 14K solid gold setting. Money refunded if it can be duplicated elsewhere for less than \$200.00. Our price \$145.00

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The handsome articles shown are SPECIAL BARGAINS selected from our "All Best Sellers." Diamonds are dazzling, blue white, perfect cut. Mountings are all Solid Gold. Furnished at prices given, and up to any price you wish. Order by Number.

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To introduce the best automobile tires in the world. Made under our new and exclusive **Internal Hydraulic Expansion Process** that eliminates **Blow-out—Stone-Bruise—Rim-Cut** and enables us to sell our tires under a

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We want an agent in every community to use and introduce these wonderful tires at our astonishingly low prices to all motor car owners. Write for booklet describing this new process and explaining our amazing introductory offer to owner agents.

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Dept. 88, Chicago, San Francisco, Pottstown, Pa.

Elks are the "Contact Men" of Business

One of the first questions asked by an advertiser before using a new medium is, "What type of readers have you, and what is the comparative purchasing power of the audience which I will reach through the columns of your magazine?"

In the Order of Elks the natural law of selection has been at work in behalf of the advertiser, for out of all the greater millions it has selected over 800,000 men who care most for contacts with their fellows.

Isn't it a great advantage to your advertising message to give it spread to these contact men of business?

Merchants, lawyers, physicians are men of the type who, if they purchase a product and find it satisfactory, are in a position to do more valuable word of mouth advertising in its favor than any other single group of men in the country today. They are the type of men who will back up the advertising in the Elks Magazine, which, after all, is their magazine.

Write for advertising rates to

THE ELKS MAGAZINE
50 East 42nd Street
NEW YORK CITY

Under the Spreading Antlers

(Continued from page 71)

bought the Oklahoma State House when the Louisiana Purchase Exposition was dismantled in St. Louis, and uses it as a Club House.

Speeding Grand Lodge Visitors Through Twin Cities

Elks headed for the Grand Lodge session in Atlantic City, and who pass through Minneapolis and St. Paul en route, will be accorded delightful treatment. A Greeter's Committee will submerge the pilgrims with hospitality. Motor cars will be at the disposal of visitors who will be shown every courtesy and attention in the Twin Cities. Minneapolis and St. Paul Elks have a reputation and understand the fine art of sustaining and adding to that reputation.

New Home on the Way for Portland Lodge

Gradually, the dream of Portland Lodge to own and occupy the handsomest and most perfectly appointed and equipped of all Elks Homes, is coming true. When completed and furnished, this Home is going to cost a good round one million, one hundred thousand and nine dollars, and if the Harding schedule isn't interfered with, the President, on his way to Alaska, will be among those present when the corner-stone is laid at a date in July yet to be announced. In achieving this wonderful result, Portland Lodge has defied the bugaboo of high construction costs, post-war depreciation and an erratic financial market. With a substantial start, and with a plus of enthusiasm on the part of every member, the necessary funds were raised without the slightest embarrassment.

Ground for the new Temple was broken at the mystic hour of 11 last New Year's Eve. Preceding these ceremonies there were a spectacular parade and a pyrotechnical display. Work on the structure is proceeding rapidly. It is expected that the building will be ready for occupancy about April 1, 1923.

The exterior design of the Temple was inspired by examples of great buildings erected during the Gold Age of the Italian Renaissance period, combining dignity with character, simplicity and harmonious unity.

The broad façade of the building will be emphasized with a loggia, 28 feet wide and 25 feet high. The feature of the entrance will be two sculptured medallions and panel over doors eleven feet high, symbolic of Charity, Justice, Brotherly Love and Fidelity.

The walls and ceiling of the main lobby will be wide and high. They will be decorated in low relief, similar to the style of Peruzzi's Massini Palace in Rome. The floors will be paved with Italian marble. On the second floor there will be a ladies' rest-room, 25 feet square, carried out in the later English Renaissance. The vaulted ceiling will be ornamented. Over a large stone fireplace will be a mirror twelve feet high, set in a white frame, finished at the top with reclining figures holding flowered festoons.

The library, with an 18-foot flat coffered ceiling and an area of 1,850 square feet, will have walls paneled in black walnut finish, with a black-and-gold marble base. A billiard-room at the end of the main corridor will have an area of more than 2,100 feet. Opening off the main corridor will be a card-room in Chinese style. The buffet, adjoining, will have the character of a medieval tap-room.

Off the elevator lobby, on the third floor, will be the banquet-room. The floor space will be 2,500 square feet. Decorations will be after the vogue in consequence of the excavations of the Bath of Titus, festoons and growing ornaments of organic forms painted in fantastic manner with figures of people, animals and masks.

On the north side of the third floor will be the ballroom, with a clear space of 80 feet and an area of 5,400 square feet, not including the 50-foot stage and ante-rooms.

The Lodge-room, of Italian Baroque style, on the fourth floor, will be 80 x 103 feet, with a ceiling thirty feet high, making it one of the largest fraternal auditoriums of its kind in the United States.

The fifth floor will contain ten apartments.

On the sixth floor will be forty-two bachelor rooms. In the basement will be a gymnasium, handball court, bowling alleys and a swimming-pool.

Portland's Temple is being constructed under the direction of a Commission of fifteen, as follows: W. F. McKenney, Chairman; G. C. Moser, Vice-Chairman; C. C. Bradley, Secretary; D. Solis Cohen, W. R. McDonald, Stanhope S. Pier, Ben L. Norden, J. J. Jennings, Joseph M. Healy, J. P. Finley, Eric V. Hauser, L. E. Crouch, Sol Blumauer, J. B. Hibbard and F. J. Lonergan.

Portland Lodge has a membership of approximately 3,700, with 500 applications pending. It is the aim of the Rose City Lodges to bring the membership to the 5,000 mark before the end of the present year.

Personal and Pleasant. Lodges in the Lime Light

Uniontown (Pa.) Lodge has been celebrating its Silver Anniversary May 12. It was a splendid affair. There was a big attendance.

For the present, Buffalo Lodge will add a large social hall in the rear of its Temple. Plans which have been widely discussed and partially financed, for the erection of an eight-story building, will be temporarily suspended.

Red Wing (Minn.) Lodge is a stand-patter. It elected Jesse McIntyre secretary for the thirteenth time. P. J. Lundquist has been trustee for eighteen years. Treasurer L. C. Stromberg is serving his twentieth term.

Inglewood, a Los Angeles suburb, is in line for a Lodge. Seventy-five Elks in good standing are applying.

Ambridge (Pa.) Lodge is another of the many that do not owe a penny on their Temples. The mortgage was reduced to ashes.

Alameda (Calif.) Lodge is building a gymnasium.

Joseph St. Peter, Exalted Ruler of Anacortes (Wash.) Lodge is six feet, six inches tall.

Due to unrelenting effort, every Subordinate Lodge in the state of Kansas has been brought within the fold of the State Association.

Practically all Pennsylvania Lodges are enrolled as State Association members. The next annual meeting occurs the final week in August.

The Minnesota State Elks' Association of which Ike Lederer of St. Paul is President, will meet August 17-18 at Mankato. On the opening day there will be a ritualistic contest between a selected lodge from the northern and southern jurisdictions. Notable members of the order will be present to deliver addresses.

Omaha Lodge closed its bond-selling campaign in behalf of its new home with a total of \$825,000 in subscriptions. In appreciation of the services performed by the workers a banquet was held at Fontenelle Hotel. On this occasion, W. W. Koller, William J. Keane, Harry E. Stevens and J. H. Roelfs, winners in the bond drive, each received a life membership in Omaha Lodge.

Utica (N. Y.) Lodge has conferred life membership upon the following: Past Exalted Rulers J. M. Murphy, Edward J. White, A. J. Bromley and James T. Somers; Chairman Board of Trustees G. W. Gammel, Secretary A. W. Foote, Tiler W. P. Marrin and W. H. DeShon.

The Iowa State Elks Association opened its annual session with a spectacular parade. Thousands witnessed it. Nearly 2,000 delegates attended the convention.

For proficiency in ritualistic work Illinois Elks lodges won prizes as follows: Monmouth, first, by one point; Kewanee, second; Rock Island, third; Galesburg, fourth.



Keeping Fit to Music is Fun

Free Sample Record Proves It



Famous "Daily Dozen" Now On Fascinating Phonograph Records, Is Bringing New Energy, Health and Vitality to Thousands—Both Men and Women.

By Bruce Gordon

Users Filled With New Vigor and "Pep"

Here are extracts from letters, typical of the many constantly received from "Daily Dozen" enthusiasts:

"Music a Great Aid"

"I am delighted with the records and they solve my problem of exercise, thus making me a more efficient teacher. The music is a great aid," writes Mr. Guy Eugene Oliver, of Northwestern College, Illinois.

Enthusiastic

"I just want to add my word of enthusiasm to the many others regarding your wonderful records. They have filled a long felt want. For the first time in months, I might say in years, I can relax at night and sleep. God bless Walter Camp and the Health Builders, say I."—Mabel Corlew Smith, New York.

"So Much Fun"

Mrs. Mary Bates, of Duluth, Minn., says: "We are enjoying the exercises very much. It is so much more fun to exercise to music."

Whole Family Delighted

"We wish to express our satisfaction and delight with our sets of records and exercises. Our entire family of eight, including the maid, are taking them. The children are fascinated with them and bring the neighbor's children to do them."—Mrs. Charles C. Hickisch, 828 Vine St., La Crosse, Wis.

"Wonderful Records"

"The set of records has come. I never knew that exercises could be made so attractive. The Album makes the whole a most beautiful gift. That is what I wish it for—for my son. I am certainly going to show and recommend your wonderful exercise records to all of my friends."—Mrs. Kate W. Hudson, 202 W. California St., Pasadena, Calif.

"Took Family by Storm"

"I received your complete set of records yesterday and was delighted with them. They took the whole family by storm, as it were, and before the first record was played the second time, the whole family were up and going through them as I was. I am convinced absolutely that your system of Health Building should be in every household, because of its simplicity and the benefits to be derived from it for all members of the family."—Walter N. Hyans, Buffalo, N.Y.

"COME on, old man—I'll put a record on the machine and show you what bully fun it is!" urged my friend Jim Smiley. "I used to feel just as 'played out' as you do now—after a hard day—but not any more! Come on, I'll cure your headache, too!" he promised. I was spending the night at Jim's house. We had a little talk before turning in, and I confessed to feeling exhausted and rotten. He had selected a record and was already putting it on the phonograph, so I agreed to try his keeping fit exercises—just to please him.

After setting up some large charts that showed by actual photographs, the exact movements to make, Jim started the machine. After a few words of explanation by a voice, speaking from the record, a lively tune started, and then the voice began giving the commands. I watched Jim and did just as he did. Almost at once I began to feel exhilarated—the way you feel when the jazz band starts. We did one exercise after another in this way until we had gone through Walter Camp's whole famous "Daily Dozen"—the exercises this great Yale coach and athletic authority devised during the war to keep the Army and Navy, the Cabinet and other officials, fit and energetic for their work.

It took only about ten minutes, and I had to agree with Jim that it *was* bully good fun. Besides, I suddenly discovered that my headache had indeed vanished entirely.

To make a long story short, I too became a "Daily Dozen" enthusiast. Every morning now, for the past three months, I have sprung out of bed with real anticipation of the ten minutes fun with the phonograph that is making me feel better, eat better, sleep better, yes, and work better than I ever did before. I used to think like many other "indoor men," that I didn't like to exercise. That was before I experienced the effects of the "new principle of exercise" that is embodied in the Health Builder System—using the famous "Daily Dozen"—set to music—with Mr. Camp's special permission.

If Your "Torso" Is Fit So Are You

I have found that men and women can keep themselves fit with only ten minutes a

day—but the place where they *must* look after themselves is in the torso or trunk muscles.

Americans have lost sight of this fact—to their cost. Keeping fit is not a matter of long, tiresome exercises with dumbbells and gymnasium apparatus, or of strenuous out-door games. It is simply a matter of keeping the muscles of the "torso" in perfect condition. If your "torso" is fit, so are you!

People fail to realize that the true seat of the vital forces is in the abdomen—not the brain. This great secret of health and energy is still known and practised in the Orient—in India and China—where the "throne of life" is rightly regarded to be in the solar-plexus—in the trunk. The "Daily Dozen" exercises are scientifically devised to keep this vital spot in splendid muscular condition—and the whole body and mind get the benefit.

10 Minutes Fun Is All You Need

Walter Camp's "Daily Dozen" set to specially selected music on phonograph records become the ideal, effortless exercise—and every time you swing through these enjoyable movements you can be sure that your body and mind are being kept fit in the most efficient and effective way ever devised! And it takes only 10 minutes a day.

TRY IT FREE

See for yourself—without a dollar of expense—how the "Daily Dozen" with music will build up YOUR health, strength and nerves. We will send you, absolutely free, a record (playable on any disc phonograph)—containing two of the "Daily Dozen" movements.

There is no obligation, this record is sent FREE—and it is yours TO KEEP. After you have tried it we feel sure you will want the other records and we will tell you how you may easily own them all. But you are to be the sole judge. When you send the coupon—or a letter will do if you prefer—enclose twenty-five cents in money or stamps. This pays only for the postage and packing—the record and chart are free. Send for them NOW. HEALTH BUILDERS, Dept. 866, Oyster Bay, N. Y.

FREE RECORD COUPON

HEALTH BUILDERS
Dept. 866, Oyster Bay, N. Y.

Please send me your free sample, "Health Builder" record, giving two of Walter Camp's famous "Daily Dozen" exercises; also a free chart containing actual photographs and simple directions for doing the exercises. I enclose a quarter (or 25 cents in stamps) for postage, packing, etc. This does not obligate me in any way and the sample record and chart are mine to keep.

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Address
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As The Sun Draws Out
The Beauty of Nature

Boncilla

Brings Out
Your Natural Beauty

The Boncilla Facial Pack has been hailed as the most remarkable discovery in the progress of Beauty—yet its effectiveness is based on a simple, easy, natural process.

Boncilla Beautifier is not a cream, or a lotion, or a massage. It does not require tiresome rubbing or massaging. Boncilla is a fragrant grayish clastic pack that is simply spread over the entire face and allowed to dry while you rest.

YOU CAN FEEL BONCILLA Bringing Out the Beauty in Your Face

While Boncilla is drying, you can *feel* its exhilarating, rejuvenating effects. You can feel the pores of your skin breathing—drinking in the life-giving oxygen and revitalizing the nerve centers. You can actually feel the black-heads and pimples being drawn out, flabby muscles being remolded, age lines being smoothed out by the building up of facial tissues.

When Boncilla is thoroughly dry, you simply remove it with warm water. Then look into a mirror. You will be amazed, enthusiastic, delighted. You will see a face clear, firm and fresh, reminding you of the days of sixteen. You can *see* the results of Boncilla after the very first treatment. And you will *know* that here is a facial treatment that is really different; a facial treat-

ment that brings out your real, natural beauty; a treatment that eliminates facial defects instead of covering them up; a natural process that revitalizes and builds up the tissues.

THREE COMPLETE BONCILLA FACIAL PACKS FOR ONLY 50c

That you may try Boncilla at small cost, we have supplied most dealers with Boncilla "Package O' Beauty" to sell at 50c. This contains enough Boncilla Beautifier, Boncilla Cold Cream, Vanishing Cream and Boncilla Face Powder, for three to four complete Boncilla Packs. If your dealer cannot supply you now, mail the coupon below with 50c and receive this Boncilla "Package O' Beauty" by mail postpaid.

YOU CAN GET BONCILLA AT DEPARTMENT STORES AND DRUG STORES ANYWHERE IN THE UNITED STATES

Boncilla Beautifier, Cold Cream, Vanishing Cream and Face Powder, comprising the Boncilla Method, are packed in sets as follows:

No. 37—Ideal Set - - \$3.25	fier in No. 8 jar with full sizes of Creams and Face Powder.
This set contains Boncilla Beautifier in No. 7 Tube, which we especially recommend, and full sizes Creams and Face Powder.	You can also buy the above items separately as you may need, at the following prices:
No. 23—Milady's Vanity Set \$2.00	Boncilla Beautifier No. 7 Tubes \$1.00
This set contains Boncilla Beautifier in jar and smaller sizes of Creams and Face Powder	" " "5 Jar - \$1.50
No. 28—Boudoir Set - - \$4.50	" " "8 Jar - \$2.25
This set contains Boncilla Beautifier in No. 8 jar with full sizes of Creams and Face Powder.	" Cold Cream - - 75c
	" Vanishing Cream - 75c
	" Face Powder - - 75c

We will mail any of the Boncilla Preparations to you, postpaid, at above prices, if your dealer cannot supply you. Send us his name with your remittance.

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throughout the United States, Canada and Great Britain give Boncilla Facial Treatments. Men and women both appreciate the refreshing, lasting effects of a Boncilla Treatment.

BONCILLA LABORATORIES,
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I enclose 50c, kindly send me your "Package-O-Beauty."



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MEN Like Boncilla

FELLOWS:—

Boncilla is a man's friend, too. Gosh it feels good on your face—how it does clear up the skin, take out the lines—put the old pep into you—make you look and feel like a new man. Try it at your barber shop. Or send me the coupon with 50c and I'll see that you get a

trial package that will prove to you all and more than I've said.

Yours

John Price