



The Elks

Magazine

AUGUST
1922

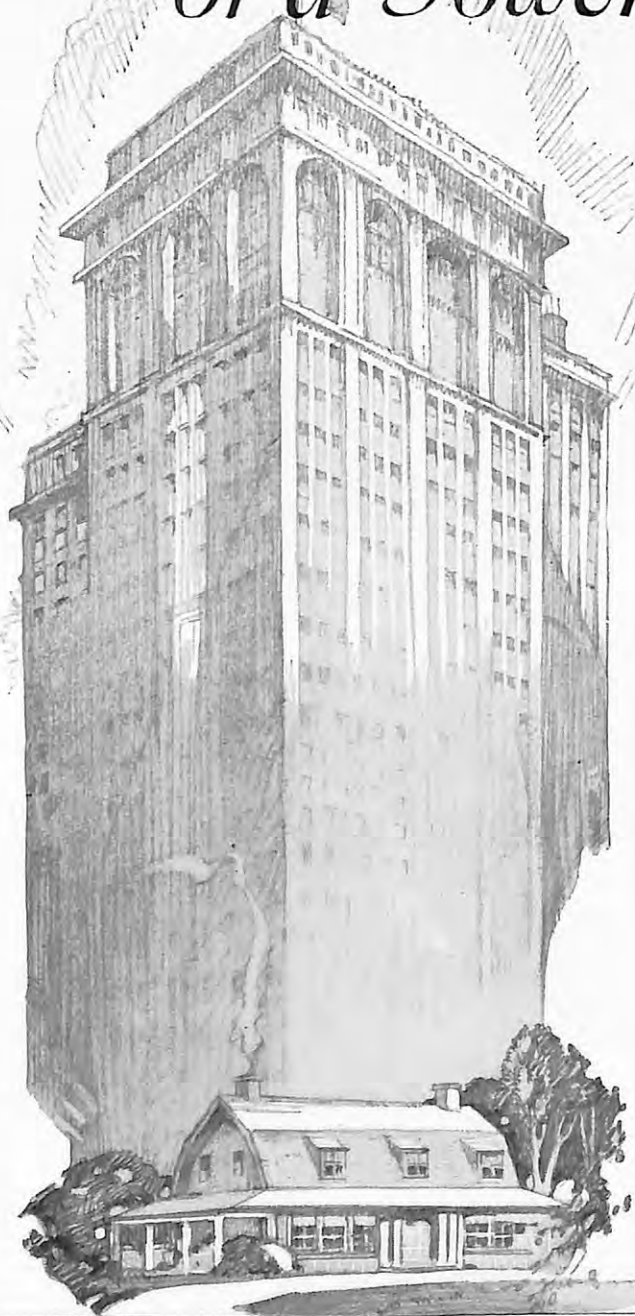


In this issue: Hon. James J. Davis, Samuel Hopkins Adams, Bozeman Bulger, Courtney Riley Cooper, Anna McClure Sholl, and many others

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ORDER OF ELKS OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

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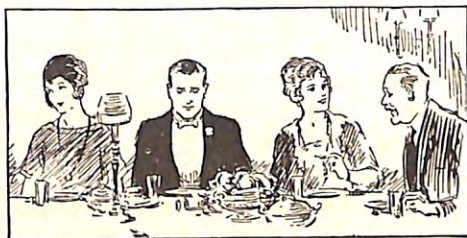
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Do *YOU* Do Any of These Embarrassing Things?



The man in this picture has reason to be ill at ease. He has attended an informal dinner in conventional full dress. The Book of Etiquette would have told him how to interpret the word "informal" on the invitation—and would have revealed to him important things to know regarding an informal social function. The Book of Etiquette tells you what to wear on all occasions.



His friend has just introduced him to the young woman. Instead of waiting for her to offer her hand and make the acknowledgment, he has extended his hand first and mumbled confusedly something about being "Glad to meet you." By telling you how to make and acknowledge introductions, the Book of Etiquette prevents a great many embarrassing blunders.



She has just signed her name in the hotel register, and glanced at the names above. She sees, in these other signatures, that she has made a mistake—that she has registered incorrectly. Mistakes such as these can often be very embarrassing indeed. The Book of Etiquette prevents them, as it covers the whole subject of hotel etiquette completely and authoritatively.



Without realizing his mistake, the man in this picture has followed the head waiter, preceding the young woman. It is the wrong order of precedence, and he discovers it to his embarrassment only when he notices the entrance of another couple. The Book of Etiquette tells you about the mistakes that might be made, when entering the theatre, the street car, the drawing room. And it tells you how to avoid these humiliating blunders.



Every one knows that table manners are an index to breeding. The man in this picture has taken olives with a fork, and has just realized his error, as the others have taken them with their fingers. Too bad he didn't refer to his Book of Etiquette! It tells all about table manners—how to eat corn on the cob, lettuce, asparagus, frozen pudding.



The gentleman at the right does not know how to dance. Instead of doing what he should, under the circumstances, he is making himself conspicuous by standing alone while the others dance. The Book of Etiquette would have told him how to avoid this embarrassment—and would have told him also the complete etiquette of the dance and of dancing. It is a most fascinating chapter.

The Book of Etiquette Sent for FREE Examination

If you do not already own the famous two-volume set of the Book of Etiquette, send for a set at once that you may examine it at our expense. Don't be without it another week. It solves many little problems that may be puzzling you, tells you the right thing to do, say, write and wear on all occasions.

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I accept your free examination offer. You may send me the two-volume set of the Book of Etiquette free for 5 days. During that time I will examine the books, read some of the chapters, examine the illustrations. I understand that all phases of etiquette are covered—wedding etiquette; the etiquette of dress, of speech, of manners; dance, party, tea etiquette, etc. Within the 5 day free period I will either return the books or keep them as my own and send you only \$3.50 in full payment. I need not keep the set unless I am delighted with it.

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"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

Volume One Magazine Number Three

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Important Notice to Members

EVERY member of the Order is a subscriber to The Elks Magazine and is entitled to and should receive it regularly each month.

In certain cases copies of the June and July issues could not be delivered because of wrong addresses.

Members are urged to immediately notify their Lodge Secretary of any change in their mailing address, and the Secretary is required by Grand Lodge Law to promptly report all such changes. Only by this co-operation can the members be assured of receiving their copies of the Magazine.

Membership payment of the subscription price is only to be made through and as directed by their subordinate Lodges, and not to The Elks Magazine direct.

For the convenience of Elks who are traveling, and for the general public, The Elks Magazine is distributed by The American News Company on the newsstands in railroad stations and hotels, and on the trains.

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

Published Under the Direction of the Elks National Memorial Headquarters Commission: John K. Tener, Chairman; Joseph T. Fanning, Secretary-Treasurer; James R. Nicholson, Edward Rightor, Fred Harper, Bruce A. Campbell, William M. Abbott, Rush L. Holland, Frank L. Rain, William W. Mountain, J. Edgar Masters, Grand Exalted Ruler (ex-officio)

50 East 42nd Street

New York City

Joseph T. Fanning, Executive Director

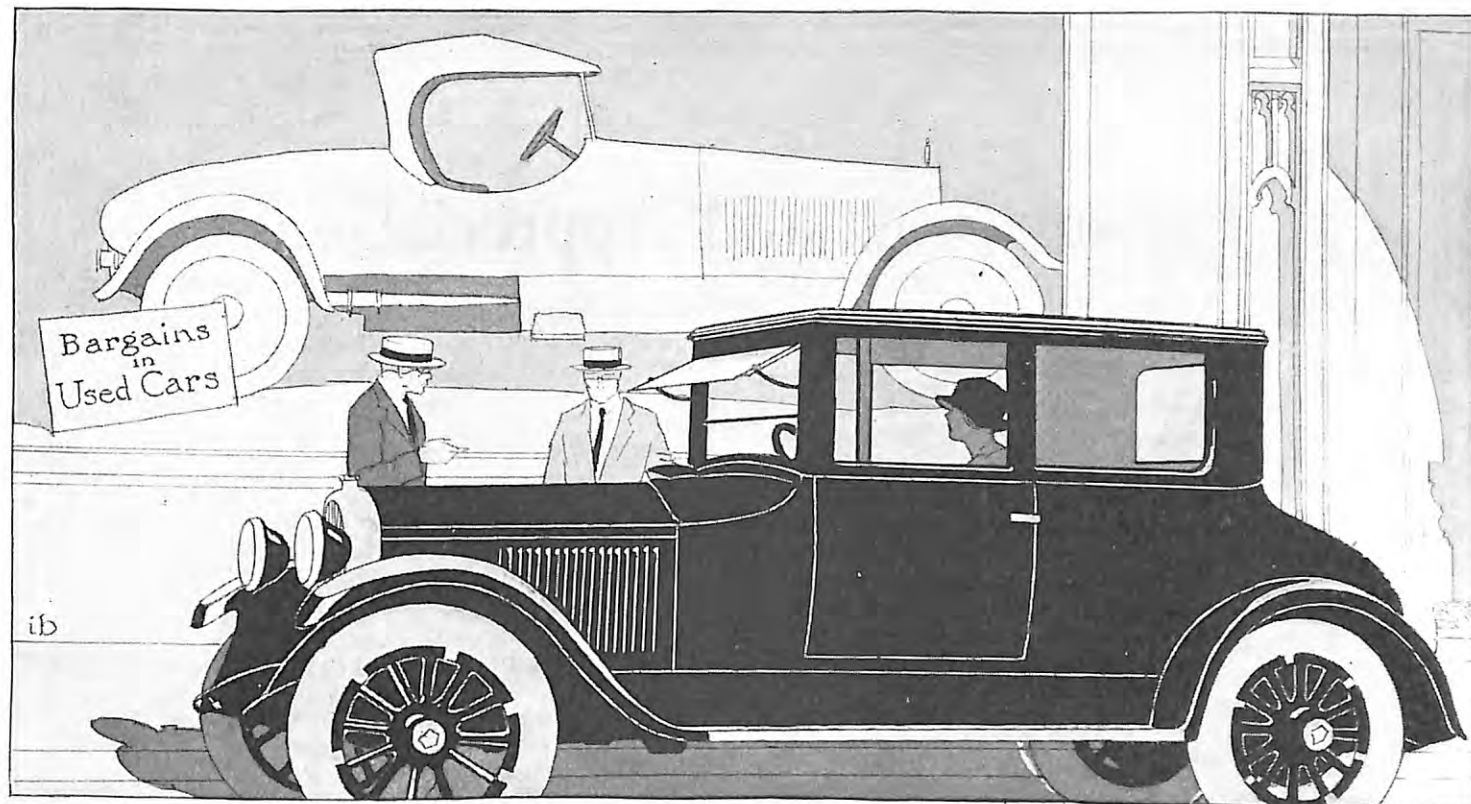
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Automobile Dealers Needed

INCREASING prosperity is bringing about greater opportunities for men in the automobile business.

This is your opportunity. The present prosperity in the automobile field offers tremendous possibilities for establishing a permanent business with large profits.

The demand for the most popular makes of cars is increasing daily and many manufacturers are embarrassed for lack of distributors. This condition, particularly

in towns and cities under 100,000 population was brought about by the financial depression of 1920 and 1921 which disorganized the small town field and caused many dealers to go into other lines because of lack of demand for cars during that period. Those times are now past, and automobile manufacturers are busily engaged in building up their distribution systems to take care of the constantly increasing demand for cars of every make and price.

Fortunes in Automobile Agencies

IF you are interested in establishing an agency or if you are already the sales agent for one car and want to enlarge your field by taking on another which does not compete in price with the one you now have, fill out the coupon, check the price car you want to sell and mail it to the automobile Editor of THE ELKS MAGAZINE. He will have the

automobile manufacturer designated submit you a proposition either in writing or through personal representation.

If the car you prefer to handle is already represented, do not let that prevent you from naming it, as there are many territories which are subject to division and readjustment. So write today.

*Fill in This Coupon
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Personalities and Appreciations

Did We Get One From You?

LETTERS to the editor of a publication are of various kinds. There are those—signed Constant Reader, Pro Bono Publico—which, usually, bring woe or indignation in their train. There are others, more amusing and often more pathetic, which accompany manuscripts with the information that “this is a true story; it happened to my uncle.” Still others, from authors and artists whose barns need re-shingling or whose Rolls-Royces need re-tiring, make heartrending, if sordid, appeals for cash. In short, letters to the editor are, as we have said, various.

Some editors are simply showered with letters every month, or every week, as the case may be. Letters of blame or praise. After our first issue we received an astounding number of the latter. And—let us be truthful—a few of the former. We welcome them all. We prefer praise. But we do not shrink from its opposite.

All of you who showed your interest by writing us letters are hereby publicly thanked. Our hope is that you will write us whenever you feel like it—and that you will feel like it every time you receive a new issue.



A great many newspaper editors, who evidenced the fraternal spirit in writing kindly of our début, also are entitled to our sincere appreciation, expressed herewith. May the number of their readers, to paraphrase the Arab benediction, multiply as the grains of sand upon the desert!



He Need Not Be Afraid

ONE of you wrote that our first number set such a high standard he feared we would be unable to maintain the quality in future issues. Our private opinion is that the second number was far better than the first, and that this one is far better than the second. We know positively that the next will be immeasurably superior to this one. We have inside information. The magazine is going to be better and better as months go by. Remember what John Paul Jones shot back to the British when they invited him to quit? Well that, vulgarly speaking, “is us.”

Wait Until Saturday Night

THE serial story which begins this month is not recommended to sufferers from insomnia. It kept us awake for hours after we had read it. And we turned a flashlight into all the dark corners and thrashed around in all our clothes closets with a stick before turning in for what remained of the night.

Anna McClure Sholl, the author of this story, has created many other mysteries. Interesting thing about Miss Sholl, by the way, is her painting. Up in the mountains a few years ago, on vacation, she decided to do a landscape. It was her first attempt. She had never taken lessons. And it was a good landscape. There's a painting of hers hanging now in the gallery of the National Arts Club in New York.

But Miss Sholl has not yet gone in for illustrating her own stories. This one is illustrated by Frederic Dorr Steele, famous, among other reasons, as the man who made the pictures for the early Sherlock Holmes series.

We want you to have only the best.



A Sudden Change in Temperature

IF “The Footstep,” Miss Sholl's serial, makes your blood run cold, there's a story coming in September that will make it run hot. Just to even things up. The title is “Between the Eyes,” and in all modesty we do not hesitate to proclaim it one of the finest fight stories ever written. It's by a man who knows the prize ring as thoroughly as he knows the show ring—speaking, of course, of dog shows. That ought to give you a clue. His name is Albert Payson Terhune. His story, to put it crisply, is a knockout. And the illustrations, by Edward Ryan, are superb.

Other splendid stories coming soon are by Achmed Abdullah, Lawrence Perry, Harold Titus and Rita Weiman.

Parents and Teachers Please Note

OUR big series of industrial articles by William Almon Wolff, starting in this number, are clear, straightforward word pictures, showing how every phase of business reacts on every other phase. Good reading. And educational, too. They could be used to advantage in Americanization work. Too often the foreign-born are kept in ignorance, purposely or accidentally, of the scope and organization of the one American institution which bears heaviest on their destinies—American business. These articles would help them.

Have you a boy or girl studying economics?



The Elks National Idea Bank

ONE of the most important functions of this magazine is to provide a means of informing every member of the community service rendered all over the country by individual Lodges, as an incentive to like activities in other localities.

We have already published considerable news telling what many different Lodges have done and are doing. We shall publish much more. It is interesting news. But in addition to telling what is being done, we are going to tell *how it is being done*. That will be practical and helpful—as well as interesting.

No man or single group of men can have a monopoly on good ideas. But your magazine can collect ideas and pool them for the common good. This is necessarily a somewhat slow process. But we have begun to work on it. A little time, please, and your patience will be rewarded.

The Editor



DECORATION BY FRANKLIN SOUTH

"... Their Virtues Upon the Tablets of Love and Memory"

THE faults of our brothers we write upon the sands." It must have been self-evident to anyone who has given even a moment's thought to that motto, worn as an amulet on the heart of every Elk, that it had a corollary. In fact, it was an uncompleted sentence. It implied that forgetfulness of human weakness was not the only business of Elks, but that the Elks remember as vigorously as they forget. This is how the completed sentence runs: The Faults of our Brothers we write upon the Sands, *their Virtues upon the Tablets of Love and Memory.*

There is nothing more important to humanity than that the memory of good men should not perish from the earth. Plutarch's "Lives" has proved itself one of the most valuable books ever written for this reason. "Virtue," says Plutarch in his life of Pericles, "by the bare statement of its actions, can so affect men's minds as to create at once admiration of the things done and the desire to imitate the doers of them." "And so," he adds, "we have thought fit to spend our time and pains in writing of the lives of famous persons."

Shakespeare's statement that the "good" men do "is oft interred with their bones" is all too true; but the Elks, as far as possible, make it their business and pleasure to correct this injustice to the dead and this incalculable injury to the living.

It is a religion with them to keep ever green, ever present and active in their minds, the dynamic goodness and strength of those brothers whose faces they can see no more, whose hands they cannot grasp again, but whose brave souls and good hearts and unforgotten smiles are still with them as vividly, through the power of Love and Memory, as though their physical presence had never passed away. The memory of a true friend, of a true man, what an energizing thing it is! We all have kept letters written to us by such, and as once in a

while we read them over, what "virtue" immediately rises out of them!

To forget such friends, to allow "oblivion blindly to scatter her poppy" over their memories, is one of those unpunished crimes against "the Holy Spirit of Man" of which the world takes all too little note.

The ancients knew better. The Romans, in their ancestor-worship, in the domestic religious ceremonies which kept the virtues of dead kinsmen ever before the youth that had taken their places, did a wise and beautiful thing. We should all keep such private sanctuaries in our hearts for the noble dead.

And the old Roman custom of placing statues of the great dead about their cities, in elevated positions, inculcating the lesson "that youth in looking upward might be lifted," is one, alas, which we only travesty! In our modern world we seem to have lost the art of such memorial monuments. We pass them by without notice, and too many of them are laughing-stocks.

BUT here and there is a monument—such as that of Alexander Hamilton in old Trinity churchyard in New York—which no eye can escape, and which none should pass without a solemn thought, however swift and brief, of the mysterious greatness that dwells in the soul of man, and of the noble service one man can do for his fellows. Horace boasted that in his verse he had built himself "a monument more enduring than brass." Such monuments, indestructible and deathlessly inspiring, the Elks would raise to the memories of their brothers, whose virtues, as the old poet said, "smell sweet and blossom in the dust."

It is an inconceivable disloyalty to forget the brave and kindly dead, but for those who so forget them it is also as much a disaster as a disgrace. For the dead brother loses nothing by it, but the living—how much!



THE JOHNSTON STUDIO

*J. EDGAR MASTERS of Charleroi, Pennsylvania,
Lodge No. 494, elected Grand Exalted Ruler at the
Grand Lodge Meeting in Atlantic City, July 11th, 1922*

Speech of Acceptance by Grand Exalted Ruler Masters

Before the Grand Lodge at Atlantic City, July 11th

THE WARMTH of your greeting leaves me somewhat confused and overwhelmed on this the day of my first really great satisfying success in life. But I assure you my embarrassment does not prevent me from being proud and happy, and deeply appreciative. It is from a heart filled with these sentiments that I offer you sincerest thanks for the signal honor you have done me.

This expression of my gratitude is more than simply a pleasant act of courtesy. I have to thank you for more than elevation to high place in our fraternity. My greater thanks are due for the help and encouragement given me in the past, and for the friendship and confidence shown at this time. The very spirit of close fraternal association prompts this expression of my appreciation to you.

I believe no man can approach the duties and responsibilities of the office of Grand Exalted Ruler without some apprehension as to his capacity to fill that office. I confess to that feeling. Yet when I stop to realize that nearly a million live, up-to-the-minute Americans are ready and willing, yes, even anxious to give me their utmost support, I find that doubt vanishing and enter upon the work with an assured belief that our Order will, during the next twelve months, move just a little closer to the ideal we so confidently claim it will reach.

I know I am face to face with the most serious problems I have had to confront me in a somewhat active service in Elksdom. I realize fully how great a task lies before me. But, I believe, with your assistance it can be performed with credit and lasting advantage to our Order. My promise is that I will give the best of my time, the best of my training and experience, the best of my ability to the faithful performance of my duties.

More than fifty years of consistent effort have placed us in the forefront of American fraternal organizations, and have demonstrated most happily that the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks is established on a sound foundation. We stand proudly on our record. The growth which has come to us has only strengthened our belief that to practice charity, justice, brotherly love and fidelity is the greatest thing in life. Our success is bound up in these paramount principles. Our obligation is to continue to live and teach them, thus showing that Elks believe in the highest, not just high, ideals.

It is your great satisfaction to know that you have helped keep the standard of our organization to its proper plane, that by your Elk life you have shown to those about you that Elks believe in charity, teach charity, practice charity, accept the doctrine of the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man, have a reverence for divine law, cheerfully obey man's law, and stand always for that which is right and just for respected citizenship.

To you principally belongs the credit for the marked progress Elksdom has made. Faithful service in your subordinate lodge has earned for you the right to take part in the deliberations of this Grand body. You are now close to the heart of the Order. You are in touch. You know why action is taken. You understand why some things are left undone. You encourage by your presence and are an inspiration to greater effort on the part of the officers. But, above all, you add the influence of your life and character to the life of our Order. I know this influence is a positive one. I know you serve worthily, and that your best energies are devoted to preparing our membership for useful citizenship and successful manhood.

This conservation of manhood, character and efficiency is our chief aim, and means not only a better Elks organization, it also means a better America. It is our earnest desire that the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks become a determining factor in solving many of

the problems of Americanism and Americanization which confront our Nation. Our concern is to bring this object to a successful conclusion, knowing that if we but accomplish this we will have established our right to be called the leading American Fraternity.

It is not my intention to weary you with extended remarks regarding plans for next year. Details of our aims and purposes will reach you from time to time through official circulars and through the columns of our new Elks Magazine.

May I just say that the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks has achieved its position as the first American fraternity because its leaders have been men of high purpose and broad vision, and because the membership at large have always given hearty support to movements of a humanitarian and constructive character. You may be sure that the same sound policies which have assured our growth and prosperity will be continued in force. It follows that I shall expect your co-operation and confidence throughout the year.

Grand Exalted Ruler Mountain and his associates have carried a constant burden and have had a solicitous feeling for the welfare of our Order since the day they assumed office one year ago. I regard it a privilege to pledge my best efforts to further advance the great work they are directing. It is a pleasure to me and it must be satisfying generally to know that these gentlemen have never shirked from the performance of any duty imposed upon them. They have indeed measured up during the past year. A general plan has been agreed upon to put each subordinate lodge in proper condition to perform the service which Grand Lodge expects of it. Effective organization has been emphasized. Local needs have been studied. District Deputy supervision has been made as constructive as possible. The long needed National Magazine is an established fact. All of you have read it. It speaks for itself. The National Memorial Headquarters Commission has been in almost constant session throughout the year, has secured a site for our Memorial, and is now prepared to erect on that site a great building commensurate with the dignity of our Order. No effort has been spared to make the work of the New Membership Committee and that of the Social and Community strong and effective. It is not to be assumed that all problems have been solved. Nevertheless, great progress has been made. Co-operation in carrying forward ideas for the advancement of Elksdom is most important, and I am firmly of the opinion that everything possible should be done at this session to insure a successful consummation of the work now in hand.

WE ARE writing the chapter of the greater glory of Elksdom. New members are coming to us in large numbers. Undesirable persons are being dropped from our rolls. For the general good some lodge charters have been taken away, while a sincere effort is being made to raise the few weak lodges to the general standard, to make them equal to the best. Welfare work is giving the subordinate lodge high standing in its home city. We are looking away out beyond our own dooryard. We have caught the spirit of service. We have accepted the opportunities that are ours to make America a better place to live in. We must grow in this work. Our pathway leads straight on to the places of the millions yet to come. They are beckoning us, they are demanding that we do our whole duty. We shall not falter.

Let me again thank you for your generous expression of confidence. I assure you I will strive earnestly to deserve your approval.



The Footstep

By Anna McClure Sholl

Illustrated by Frederic Dorr Steele

"YOU are not afraid?"
 "Not in the least."
 "There's no telephone in the house."
 "I'm glad of it."
 "The dock's rotting away—and the water's very deep there. Just to warn you."
 "Thanks. We're a careful pair—aren't we, Beulah?"
 "Yes, Cousin Caroline."

The villager looked from the young widow to the young girl as if he were trying to puzzle out their wish to live in the old Mohican hotel. The slender woman in black showed in every line of her reserved, grief-shadowed face her reasons for wanting to live for a while on a lonely island in the center of a lonely mountain lake from whose early October beauty even the last enthusiast had departed. But there were other islands in the deep green water; and Jake Simmons wondered why on earth Mrs. Spencer Hartley had chosen the one with the abandoned hotel on it—an enormous dreary barrack—when she might have had her choice of a number of snug little camps. Two women alone in a great hotel long ago given over to mildew and bats were as misplaced to his way of thinking as Adirondack deer on Fifth Avenue.

"Jim's got everything in the motor-boat now, Ma'am, trunks—and everything."

"The provisions?"

"They was took over yesterday. Can you swim, Ma'am?" he added anxiously with an appraising glance at the waters of the lake, "though it's most too chilly now for swimmi'."

"My cousin can swim."
 "Are you afraid we'll drown?" asked the young girl. Lithe and slender in figure, she seemed fashioned to slip through any tide; to run with any wave. "Are you sure my canoe will be brought over tomorrow?" she added before he could answer her first question.

"CERTAIN, Miss. Better look out for squalls, though. They come up sudden in this here lake; canoes is kind of dangerous craft."

"The lake is very deep, isn't it?"
 "Some says a thousand feet, three hundred feet from the old Mohican dock—southwest. Black Reef is on the southeast, and some thinks it's the top of a mountain that got under water and couldn't get out."

"What happened to the old Mohican?" Beulah asked. "Why was it given up?"

"Never prospered, something queer about it—just naturally unlucky."

Caroline Hartley made a little gesture of protest. "Never mind the history of the place. Is the boat ready? Shall we get in?"

She gave a sigh of relief as the boat chugged its way swiftly toward the island. After all, her romantic ambition was accomplished—to go back to the hotel to which,

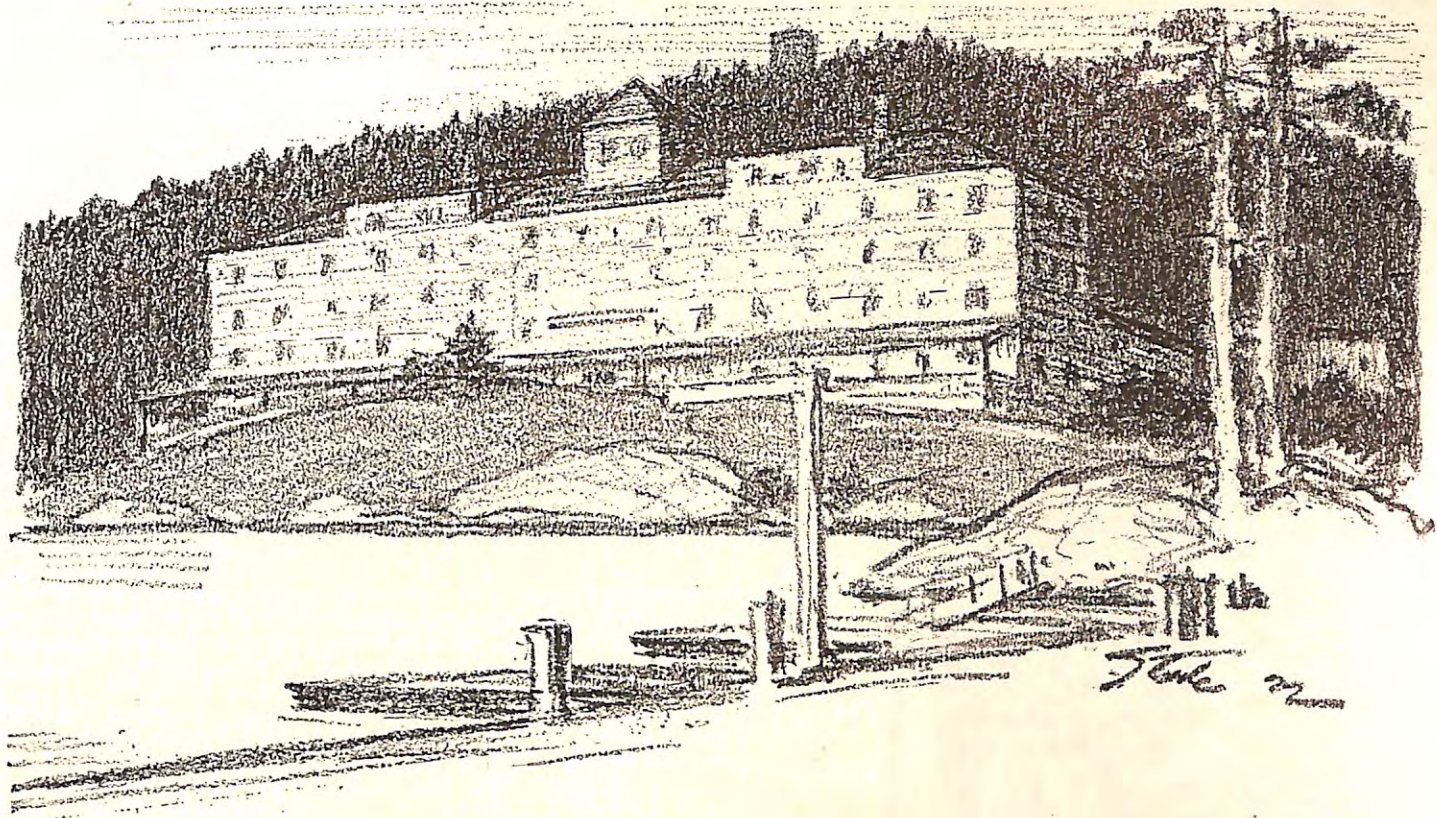
as a bride in her teens, her husband had brought her ten years ago exactly in this month of October and on this very day. What beacons of promise then in the flaming maples; in the pale gold of the incomparable birches, thin, soaring white trees like tall bridesmaids. No thought then that the hotel was a gloomy, half-deserted place; that the shadows of the great hills rising abruptly from the lake cut off too much sunshine.

The picture the old hotel made now was much the same—only the gilt letters of its name at the melancholy little dock were tarnished and the sign swung uneasily in the wind with a mournful creaking cadence. Beulah's eyes were noting every detail.

"This is an adventure," she pronounced. "Only you could have hit on anything so delightful, so different!"

"AND only you would fit into the adventure," Caroline answered warmly. "We can have such quiet happy days here—if we don't freeze to death. I remember three fireplaces downstairs. And didn't some of the bedrooms have fireplaces?" she asked Jake.

"You remember right. They's fireplaces in those two big front bedrooms. Told my



Within the Decaying Walls of This Abandoned Old Place Stalk Mystery, Terror, Tragedy—and Romance

wife to fix 'em up for you, and we've stocked you with firewood to last all winter; and mostly the same with other things you ordered. The pantry is full. Lamps are filled. My wife is an A1 housekeeper. I reckon you won't find nothin' wantin'—not even a broom."

They were at the dock now; rather a horrid place, Beulah thought, with elaborately built in pools of deep green water and crazy frail bridges uniting floats that seemed to be fast becoming rafts. The guide explained that this old intricate dock had also served for the hotel's bathing beach—though "beach" there was none, the rock going straight down to the treacherous water. "I'll not swim there," Beulah remarked, "it's a horrid, dank, shuddering place—the open lake for me."

Jake nodded approvingly. "There's some says that dock was the ruin of the hotel. Two guests stayin' here—two men, they was—and swimmers, too, slipped under those floats and couldn't get out again. Constructed like traps, I reckon."

Caroline Hartley shivered. "Mr. Simmons, you know too much local history. Let's forget the past."

Beulah glanced sympathetically at her cousin. No wonder she did not care to hear of tragedies. She had had too great a tragedy in her own life; and the girl wished that she could make Caroline forget—even for a few short hours—the circumstances of her husband's death. Over a year had gone since the August that had brought the terrible blow. Spencer Hartley, in town to see a friend from the West, had stayed that night of all nights at his club. The clubhouse had burned down in a fire of such intensity that the ashes of some of the bodies—Spencer Hartley's among them—were mingled inextricably with the ruins, beyond tracing or recovery.

Fourteen months had gone by since then, months which had brought Beulah back from school in Paris to console her cousin, and Caroline, though only ten years older, had assumed the rôle of mother to the motherless girl, finding in this vicarious maternity her only source of human comfort since her husband's death. Between the two women was a real comradeship cemented by mutual sympathies and interests. Both cared little for society. Both loved the outdoor world and unelaborate living. Caroline's wish to revisit the scene of an old joy had been eagerly seconded by Beulah, who could imagine no more fascinating spot than a mountain lake in October.

THE guide had thrown open the great front doors of the hotel, revealing the office and lobby; a large deer's head, much moth-eaten, still hung above the rough stone fireplace. Such cumbersome furniture as had seemed not worth carting away still gave to the place a curious, eerie air of being inhabited, an effect emphasized by the bell-board—the letter-boxes with the room numbers above them—and even an old register lying open on the desk, while old time-tables and lake steamer-sailings still patched the wall in places.

"It's fascinating—it's perfectly fascinating," Beulah exclaimed. "Two people in a hotel meant to hold three hundred. Look at the length of the corridor, Caroline. What a place for a dance!"

"All them rooms is empty," said the guide. "My wife says a few on the fourth floor's locked—and no keys to be found—but there's nothing but air in 'em. Gosh! I remember when this hotel was a blaze of light at night, and the orchestra playin'—and the nigger waiters in dress suits runnin' around with trays in their hands. Them first days was great days in the Mohican—and

yet the blamed place never paid. This way, Ma'am, for the bedroom—elevator not runnin'," he added with a smile.

THE black walnut balustrade of a broad staircase curved grandly to the second floor, with a landing halfway, dominated by one of those Brobdingnagian mirrors which Americans in the Seventies loved to affix in hotels and private houses—and which, once set up safely, were never to be moved again, but remained through all fortunes of the edifice. Caroline paused before it—remembering how often she had stood there in a bygone time to be sure her skirt hung straight, her new husband all unconscious of her feminine anxieties, wondering why she liked to walk downstairs instead of taking the elevator.

The two bedrooms the guide and his wife had chosen struck the first note of comfort in the great rambling place. Mrs. Simmons had put some bright rag rugs on the hardwood floor, and had put up some scrim curtains and brought in an easy chair or two. When the guide lit the fires in the broad open fireplaces Caroline felt she could almost have rung the bell for a page to bring ice-water.

"There you are, Ma'am. I've fixed up the little writing-room off the lobby for a kitchen. The oil-stove's there and everything you mentioned in the list. You might use the table in the lobby to eat on. Would you like me to stay and cook supper?"

"Oh, no!" Beulah exclaimed. "That's our fun! You may not believe it; but I am a very good cook."

"Sure thing!" Jake assented; and then to Caroline, "Remember, Ma'am, if you should need anything day or night, hang this yellow flag out this window by day, and this lantern by night. I nailed this long stick to the outside sill for just this purpose."

Beulah examined his preparations gravely. "How could you see our lantern when probably you'd be fast asleep?" she queried.

"Do you see that watchman's rattle on the bureau?" Jake answered, pointing to the implement. "Swung with good muscle such as you seem to have, Miss, it can be heard a long distance, I assure you. Your Cousin says she has a Colt revolver—just so as to be on the safe side."

Caroline laughed. "I am so afraid of that little revolver that I am sure any burglar would see I was more afraid of it than of him."

"No burglars in this region," Jake commented. "We never lock our doors. To be sure none of us has anything worth stealing; and we all know it; but I'll say there ain't a safer village in the country."

"**N**OR a lovelier spot than this! We shall have a wonderful time, my cousin and I," Caroline answered, feeling happier and lighter hearted than she had since her husband's death. This deserted island and hotel were alive and vivid with memories, joyous, gay memories of which she spoke to Beulah, when, after supper, they went out of doors to pace up and down in the delicious frosty air. "Spencer was a perfect playfellow. I never knew anyone who could play or work with his intensity. I often wonder how they manage to keep him occupied in heaven. Beulah, darling, it is wonderful to be here. But you should have some one beside me. Did you see that good-looking man who left the Pullman just ahead of us? He must be staying in the village."

"Let him stay there! It would spoil everything to be discovered! Think, Cousin Caroline, not even a telephone! We'll canoe and we'll lie on warm rocks in the middle of the day—and I'll teach you to swim, and at night we can be so cosy with our wood fires."

Silence fell on them after that—the spell, perhaps, from the silent majestic mountains deep blue under a full white moon. Far off an owl hooted! A little lonely sound of lapping water came from the old dock. The evening wind in the pine wood back of the hotel sighed and moaned like a rising tide on some deserted coast.

"I can almost hear dance music," Caroline said. "Old-time waltzes played on violins. Let's go in—pretend we're the newest comers in a fashionable hotel."

She turned the knob. Lamps had been lit in the lobby and on the landing of the stair. The wood fire blazing in the fireplace beneath the deer's head, and throwing its light on the old office desk and the empty letter-boxes, did much to create the illusion of a place still in activity. "I'll be bell-hop," said Beulah. "Call for Mrs. Hartley—"

Caroline smiled, resting her head with its weight of dark hair against a chair back—and looking at the old office as if thinking of the time when she and her husband had stood

there and she had watched him register, writing down her new name for the first time. Suddenly she gave a start—an exclamation. Beulah looked up from her book inquiringly. "Hear a noise?"

"No, it was just my fancy. I thought I saw the indicator move under 170!"

"Couldn't be— No electricity in the house."

Caroline looked at her young cousin admiringly. How cool and self-possessed modern girls were—no nonsense, no old-fashioned apprehensions of the unprotected female. Really this was a good little test. Herself she had felt not a tremor of fear. A crushing blow in life will often free from all minor strains. Under the ægis of a great misfortune there is usually found a new freedom; a liberation from lesser evils.

Yet the arrow had moved—was on the bias now, beneath 170. She looked at it intently. Was it her imagination, or did it quiver?

Beulah was regarding it, too. "The wind does it," she said. "The wind shakes this old building, and the vibration might easily move a half-loose indicator. I wonder if 170 is one of the locked-up rooms?"

"We'll see in the morning," said Caroline. "Where is that novel I brought with me? It opened very well."

She found it and settled herself to read. Nothing broke the silence but the wind in the pines, and the increasing tumult of the lake water told them that the wind was gathering volume and strength.

"Don't you love it?" Beulah said. "Don't you just love it? To be all alone in this big place—all alone on this island?"

"**Y**ES, I've been looking forward to this for months. We'll stay until the snow flies—or longer. With a case of books coming up tomorrow we won't be lonely."

"And if we are, we can go over to the village."

They both found themselves sleepy before another hour had passed, so the fire was covered, the lamps put out, and they ascended the dimly lighted staircase to their rooms. "We'll leave the lamp burning on the landing," Caroline said—"just for company."

"Shall we lock our doors?"

Caroline laughed. "Who is there to keep out, Cherie? But if you feel nervous—"

"Not a bit," Beulah assured her. "I think I am only afraid of rats in this old place."

"Best shut your door—even if you don't lock it. There might be rats—and I'd almost rather see a burglar."

"He would have plenty of hiding places," Beulah remarked lightly. "His choice of two hundred rooms." Both glanced down the long corridor at the double rows of doors closed upon silent rooms. For the first time her plan to visit again the hotel of her honeymoon and live within its walls, seemed fantastic to Caroline Hartley, and she almost regretted that she had brought Beulah on

such a strange and lonely adventure. But the girl's bright face reflected none of her own fears—and once within their comfortable bedrooms, pleasantly warmed from the fires dying now on the hearth, Caroline forgot her apprehensions. A day of canoeing, an exploration of the premises, would restore the enterprise to its old footing.

Caroline dropped to sleep almost as soon as she had tucked herself into a very comfortable bed; but Beulah was wide-awake from the excitements of the day; and tossed for some time before the unfamiliar sounds lost their hold upon her.

SEVERAL hours later she found herself suddenly wide-awake, sitting up in bed with the dazed sensation of the sleeper sharply roused from slumber, and trying to regain the lost threads of consciousness. At last she realized where she was. The crack of light under the door recalled to her mind that they had left the lamp burning on the landing, and the silence indicated that the wind had gone down and the lake was quiet. Greatly content to be in such an odd place, with no one near but her beloved Caroline, she lay back on the pillow and stared into the darkness, planning a hundred things for the morning. She would take Caroline's cup of coffee up to her, and heat some water for her bath. Poor dear! she needed some one to pet her and take her out of the bleak isolation of grief in which she had been living.

How silent the place was! Beulah, fresh from the city, thought the clang of a street car would be more likely to send her to sleep again than the blanketing stillness, which by and by began to seem to her like a soft impalpable cloak which might smother her if she did not put out resisting hands.

Suddenly there was a distinct sound in the corridor outside—a sound which for an instant seemed to stop the very beating of her heart—some one was walking in the hall, with a stealthy step—the step of a person who had no business there. This footstep was of a quality which inspired her with the utmost terror. She ducked beneath the bedclothes, lay there palpitating for a moment, then, recovering herself, sat up in bed and forced herself to listen. She thought of

the signal lantern and of the watchman's rattle; but it seemed impossible to reach either before that advancing footstep had attained its goal. It was drawing nearer and nearer her door, and it seemed to her overstrained senses that she could hear some one breathing heavily as if in a state of suspense before a well-planned attack. She scarcely knew which was the more dreadful, the slow cautious tread or the infinitesimal pauses when all was silent and one strained one's ears for the next footfall. Little by little it advanced, then all at once she knew that it had paused. It was just outside her unlocked door.

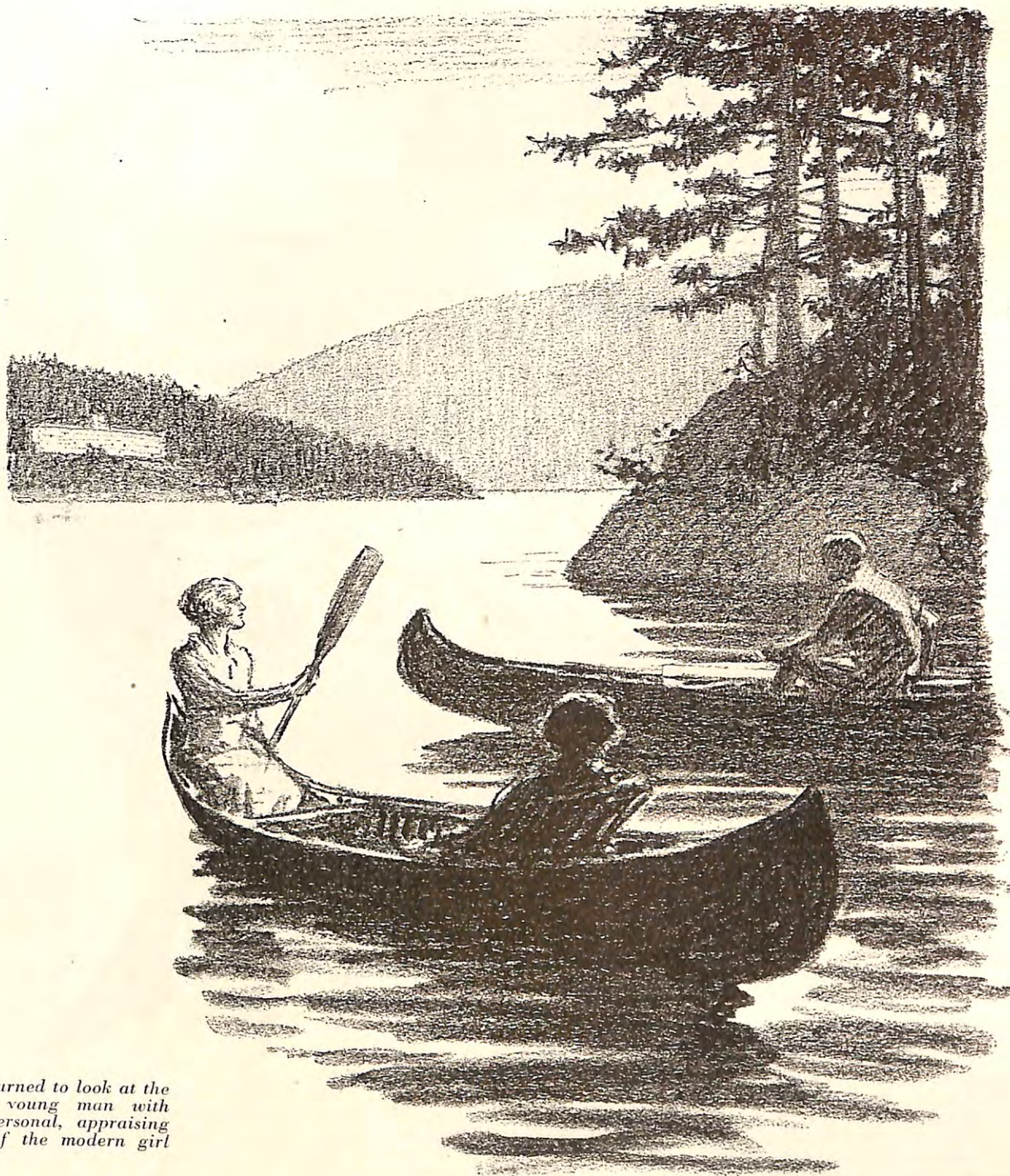
The eternity of a moment was made clear to her then. Of a dozen courses of action none appeared possible. Too late to get into Caroline's room; too late to light a lamp.



Reflected in the mirror on the stairs she saw a man's form



His intense dark eyes were gazing back at her reflection



Beulah turned to look at the bronzed young man with the impersonal, appraising glance of the modern girl

Her electric flashlight she remembered she had left on her bureau—and now she didn't know where the bureau stood. If she stirred or cried out he might open the door—and she could not bear that. Her benumbed brain could not think that far or fashion a plan of escape or defense. She stared ahead of her—and just as a scream beyond her power was rising in her throat, the footsteps were resumed—they were moving away—minutes or hours, she did not know, but at last they were gone.

She crawled out of bed then—stole softly toward the crack of light, waited breathlessly a moment to be sure no footstep was returning, then feeling for a bolt she remembered was on the door, she shot it quickly; then turned to travel about the room until she found the bureau on which she had left the flashlight.

It was in her hand at last. At the risk of waking Cousin Caroline she must enter her room and lock her door. She could tell her in the morning she had had a bad

dream and, feeling nervous, had locked the doors.

She made her way softly to the door in Caroline's room that opened on the corridor, or rather on to a kind of gallery commanding the great staircase and the big mirror on the landing. A key was in the lock and she turned it softly. Mrs. Hartley stirred in her sleep but did not waken.

"I'M SO glad she didn't hear it," she thought, "it would spoil it all for her—just at the beginning of her stay."

The locked doors gave her a feeling of security—time to breathe freely and to review the situation which already was becoming, dreamlike, part and parcel of a nightmare. Almost she believed now that she had had a nightmare, and had been very silly because only half awake.

As this conviction grew on her she began to laugh at herself and her panic. Of course she had been dreaming, and to make perfectly sure, she drew back the bolt of the

door, opened it and looked out into the corridor. It was as she expected, empty—but her reassurance was only for an instant. Then her eyes fell on something that stopped the very blood in her veins—reflected in the mirror she saw a man's form. She was looking at his reflection and he was looking at hers from a point of the stairs just below the landing. She had just strength enough to close the door and lock it.

They were not alone! This dreadful hotel harbored another tenant. Oh, why had they not insisted on Jake Simmons and his wife staying with them! If she and Caroline were still alive in the morning she would insist upon it. After all, it was too mad an adventure—too strange! Any evil character hearing of it—hearing the talk of Caroline Hartley's wealth might break into that huge barrack or conceal himself in it only too easily.

Had she seen a specter? She tried to reconstruct the picture—that motionless figure on the staircase, the intense dark eyes



Caroline clasped her hands behind her head and gave herself up to magical memories of long ago

gazing at hers from a face of extreme pallor. Again her sense of reality failed her, and she began to believe that the last remnant of her nightmare had confronted her from the depths of the mirror. The shadows of a flickering lamp made curious effects—and her disturbed imagination might easily have supplied the rest.

By this time she was too tired even to speculate. Cold and weary she crept back to bed, burrowed under the clothes and, youth and health asserting themselves, was soon sound asleep.

It was Caroline who was standing over her when she woke, a breakfast-tray in her hands. Beulah slowly opened her eyes, stared at her cousin, then with a rush the memories of the night came back to her.

"Dear, you look pale," Caroline said. "Didn't you sleep well?"

"I had two dreadful nightmares, one after another," Beulah answered, "and they frightened me so that I got up and locked both our doors. It was silly, but I slept better."

"YES, I found the doors locked," Caroline said. "You must lock them tonight when we come up, so you won't feel afraid. Really, there's nothing but a stray mouse—or perhaps an inquisitive porcupine to shock us. This region is too far away from any city for bad characters to find it. After breakfast we'll explore the whole hotel from basement to garret. I have a piece of news for you! We are really living in our own home."

"What do you mean?" Beulah asked.

"I wanted you to see the place before I told you. I've bought the whole island—and naturally the hotel with it. So we are really in our own home."

"Cousin Caroline!" Beulah exclaimed,

trying to look delighted.

"Yes, it's all mine now, to do what I will with it. You don't seem as excited over the news as I thought you would be."

"Oh, but I am excited! It's such a great surprise. What are you going to do with it?"

"Make a summer vacation hotel of it for working people—both sexes, families preferred. That's the general idea. Don't you think it a good one? I shall try to bring people here who need a really luxurious vacation and can't afford the kind I mean to offer them. The board will be low, the living high."

"It's a wonderful program," Beulah said enthusiastically, "and sounds just like you, dear." In the light of this elaborate plan of her cousin's to turn the old Mohican to good account, the experience of the night before grew more and more unreal; and it was easy to convince herself she had been dreaming, or had misinterpreted some recurrent sound in a distant attic like the knocking of a loose timber moved by the wind. But the image in the mirror—now very clear and distinct in her mind—could that have been a fancy? A chill went through her as she evoked that pale set face and the steady stare with which the unwinking eyes had met her own from the deep pool of the mirror. She thought of the

old dock, and of the two men who had been caught under the floats. Had one of them returned to trouble the intruders?

BUT Caroline's announcement that she was really living in her own hotel changed the complexion of matters. Beulah liked tangible plans, the dealing with the solid stuff of existence which would show its quality and keep it. The romantic love of the evanescent having no place in the girl's practical nature, it was good news that the hotel was to have a future; gave one a fresh angle from which to review, not its decay but the chances for its recrudescence. They could plan alterations, improvements, and a new future would open to her cousin.

"Rescue the house is just what I want to do," said Caroline. "Most hotels in regions like these are badly built. I propose first a new safe dock—then to abolish all tiny stuffy little rooms, if any are found. Let's explore, soon."

Beulah was all eagerness. She was quite resolved now not to speak of the terrors of the night before further than she had done. Cousin Caroline had a new interest, the first since Spencer's death—and she could not shake it at the beginning by implying

(Continued on page 55)

Our Duty to the Foreign Born

Teaching Them to Know the Real America Is Part of Every Citizen's Duty to the Nation

By Hon. James J. Davis

Secretary of Labor

IF EVERY Elk lives up to the teaching of his fraternity he is a George Washington of this day. The spirit that opposed tyranny at Lexington and Concord, that flared its defiance at Bunker Hill, that won the great battles of Trenton, Saratoga and Yorktown—that spirit is alive today. It is alive because great fraternities like the Elks devote their noble energies toward its preservation. These endeavors for human improvement by men who signed the Declaration, fought the Revolution to a glorious finish, and preserved the Union under Abraham Lincoln, stand as our incentive to carry on. The realization of this is strong in our Order of Elks. We have solemnly devoted ourselves to go on with this great work of making America secure to its citizens in the principles of freedom. It is literally true to say that every member of the Order of Elks is sworn to devote himself to this patriotic duty insofar as his abilities and opportunities will permit.

Patriotic first of all, our Order is further animated by the most beautiful and most precious of all sentiments—the sentiment of brotherhood, the sentiment that binds men together in mutual esteem and appreciation of each other's qualities. This is a world of strife and endeavor. In our quest for success and material gain we too often observe the primitive rules of conflict. It is to escape for a time these hostilities of the harsh world outside that men band together in fraternities like ours, where they may forget the striving for gain and meet together where all competition is forgotten. This fraternity of ours was created in order that men might foregather for the purpose of keeping alive and cultivating the brotherly instinct in men. Yet not content with this, Elks, true to their principles, are ever alert to spread the principle of brotherhood and tolerance and help far beyond the boundaries of their own organization.

Our Order is therefore committed to the purpose of promoting patriotism and a spirit of helpfulness. I am going to outline a great national endeavor which should commend itself to a fraternity actuated by such motives, and the movement I am going to describe needs such support as zealous Elks may best supply. We have among us 13,000,000 who were born in other countries and for that reason are called foreigners, though more than half of them are no longer technically aliens.

MANY of these people originated under conditions of poverty. Many of them live here in our rich America in precisely the same conditions, with scarcely any improvement and with no incentive to improve. We have permitted them to exist here among us in that fashion, perhaps regretting their estate, but not energetically given to aid them in rising to a better state. It is time we did so. It is especially the duty of Elks, who have the safety of our country so close at heart.

Senator Shortridge of California and Congressman Johnson of Washington have introduced bills in Congress which will

enable the Department of Labor to undertake a vast helpful campaign in the interests of these strangers among us who have not yet learned what it is to become and be



"I KNOW the immigrant, the alien," says Secretary Davis. "I know his hopes, his ambitions, his aspirations, his sorrows, because I have passed through them all myself. America has been kind to me and now I want to see it as kind to all newcomers. I want to see America guide each one of them with the hand of friendship"

Americans. As you know, I was myself an alien about forty years ago, when I came here as a boy of eight with four brothers and a sister in the care of my mother. It is not my purpose to lay before you here the story of my life. Let me use it only as a proof that I know the immigrant, the alien. I know his hopes, his ambitions, his aspirations, his sorrows, because I have passed through them all myself. America has been kind to me and now I want to see it as kind to all these newcomers. I want to see America guide each one of them with the hand of friendship.

This is a work which should have the direction and centralized control of Government, but it is a work in which every citizen should join with his own individual effort. And I ask all Elks, bound as they are to fraternal endeavors among mankind, to reach out and embrace in their patriotic work the duty of helping these foreign born out of poverty and ignorance into enlightenment and good citizenship. Can there be, after all, more intensely patriotic service than this of bringing light into the lives of the poor, the oppressed and the benighted?

It is no mere sentiment that I am here advancing. We have in mind an earnest and practical effort toward the betterment of our country. We have been freely admitting these newcomers. We have been giving them a preliminary welcome and after that we have been forgetting them. We have been prone to consider that the first cold official welcome represents our full duty toward them. We have left them to work out their own salvation without the slightest aid. We have left out of all reckoning the hardships and discouragements that must lie in their way. The truth is that the function of admitting these newcomers is but the merest beginning of our duties toward them. We owe them an education in our glorious history. We must teach them our language, our habits, our customs. We must open their minds to a proper appreciation of what a privilege it is to be a citizen of our country. We cannot go on permitting these wanderers from unhappy lands to remain in this rich country as unhappy as they were before. We must be Samaritans to these people. We must be more than Samaritans, we must be parents to them. When nearly a tenth of our population remains in ignorance of the great country all about them the rest of us must take them in hand if we ourselves are to wear the proud name of American citizen.

I suppose there is not a single one of us who does not offer out of his heart the warmest wishes for the advancement and material success of these raw newcomers. But translating good wishes into helpful endeavor is another matter. For that endeavor we must be effectively organized, and now, with the prospects of this new Government activity soon to be authorized by Congress, I feel sure that we are at last to extend effective help where it has been so long needed and so long missed.

WE MUST first of all make and keep a roster of these strangers. All good American citizens register themselves regularly for the purpose of being counted and identified when it comes to exercising the right of the ballot. Just as these good citizens register and cheerfully pay their country a fee for the privilege of voting so we should ask these newcomers to leave their names with us so that we may know where they are and be able to reach them with our helpful efforts. Let me say at once that this enrolment is not at all for the purpose of spying upon these people. We want only to help them. Yet we cannot ask Americans to pay the cost of the educational system we need and want to set up for the betterment of these strangers among us. These newcomers themselves would resent any taint of charity in what we offer them. Hence we are going to ask them as they enroll themselves to pay us a fee just as citizens pay their own poll tax. By so doing the newcomer will be made to realize at the start the real value of what is to be given him. It need not cost him much, but any nominal amount will give him the satisfaction of paying his way and con-



tributing at least something toward his own advancement.

With the Department of Labor authorized to enter this great service, we shall lay out a plan for using the public schools at night or otherwise in "overtime," with classes of aliens of all ages invited to school. In their state of ignorance they are much like children and will need first of all primary education, in grammar, in the spoken language, in history, in the geography of our country and in the nature of our institutions. We shall expect to show them the wonders of our land by means of the motion picture machine. We shall let them hear our music, and see our pictures. The whole glory of what lies before them and about them will be laid open to their intelligence by every educational means within our power. Not content with this, we shall ask churches, civic organizations, and all manner of public spirited private agencies, to work with us in this great effort of Americanization. Our own Order of Elks I know will not be behind in joining such an endeavor.

HUMANITY, as we know with all too painful accuracy, is far from perfect, and it may be that we shall face disappointment with some of our alien charges. A few of them belong to the chronically discontented class. No privilege of citizenship of any land appeals to them. They remain flatly and frankly undesirable. It is estimated by our experts that there are from 5,000 to 25,000 really undesirable aliens among us. Let us not be blind to this fact. Red forces are really at work in America, energetically at work, everlastingly at it. The uneducated alien, even when his instincts are of the best, falls easy prey to the incessant propaganda and influence put forth by these dangerous outsiders. I use the word outsider advisedly because these apostles of discontent live by habit outside the pale of all humanity. They are enemies of every country. Even the best intentioned alien will often yield to their sinister appeals. Living in ignorance of our country, even the better kind of alien becomes discontented and embittered and a willing listener to any feature of discontent. Hence the education of these neglected people will serve a double purpose. It will not only enlarge the chances for personal advancement but in doing so it will tend to reduce to a minimum the perilous effect of Red propaganda. While our plan for the enrolment of all aliens is not in-

tended by any manner of means as a system of espionage it will nevertheless permit us to discover those aliens who refuse to accept the benefits of our Americanization. They will perforce disclose themselves. And there is no doubt about it, where they have so confessed themselves as resisting every influence to convert them into good Americans, they must be sent elsewhere. We must get rid of the rotten alien. That duty is as imperative as the improvement of the deserving. Our Order must lend its great services to this duty of purification. We must not only help America to take unto herself the desirable but we must purge our America of its enemies.

We have in effect at present a rigorous immigration restriction law written for the safety of America at a time of business depression and unemployment. When so many good American citizens were without profitable employment it would have been a catastrophe to let in the millions from other countries ruined by the war. They would only have swelled the ranks of the unemployed to disastrous proportions. It was a grave emergency. We could not permit a wholesale inrush even from the best elements of other countries. We were forced to admit only a very few, and those most carefully selected. The American people

little know what terrific pressure has been exerted to break down that immigration law or evade it. As an illustration of just what the Department of Labor has had to contend with in enforcing the necessary immigration laws for the protection of the United States, a single case is typical of the thou-

sands of such efforts to destroy the law. This case deals with a family of aliens who were about to be deported. No fewer than thirteen persons actively devoted themselves to an effort to force the Department's consent to permit this family to remain in the United States. Most of them, if not all, were American citizens. We have learned from statements made that in this effort to gain permanent residence for this family of clearly undesirable people a sum of almost \$4,000 was

expended. In other words, American citizens were spending this sum of money to set aside or violate a law passed for their own protection.

The family in question consisted of husband, wife and three children. They arrived at the port of New York November, 1920. On examination it was found that the father was afflicted with an incurable case of hernia; the mother had a chronic valvular disease of the heart, and the two younger daughters were feeble-minded. Their disabilities were certain to make them dependents on charity, and these disabilities were clearly in contradiction to the terms of the law. In his testimony the father stated at first that he was 61 years of age and the feeble-minded twins were 10. A birth certificate bore out this statement. Later the father testified that he was only forty-two years of age and when he was told that other informants had notified the Immigration authorities that the two feeble-minded children were only six and seven he confessed that the birth certificates were fraudulent.

In spite of the fact that these aliens were certified as mentally and physically debarred by law, this family

***WE HAVE** been freely admitting newcomers to our land. We have been giving them a preliminary welcome and after that we have been forgetting them—we have left out of all reckoning the hardships and discouragements that must lie in their way. The truth is that the function of admitting these newcomers is but the merest beginning of our duties toward them . . . When nearly a tenth of our population remains in ignorance of the great country all about them the rest of us must take them in hand if we ourselves are to wear the proud name of American citizen*





I have just described, and I call upon every good member of this fraternity to lend his utmost practical support to a cause so important to our country, and so well within established Elk principles. One of the finest sermons I ever heard preached was on one of the most telling of all lines in the Bible: "Run, speak to that man." The

burden of the sermon was this, that while we may be interested in our fellow creatures we do

ing the spirit we Elks have written in the ringing resolution on "Our Flag":

"Now, therefore, Be it Resolved, That the Grand Lodge of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks, in annual session assembled, does hereby pledge this Order to use all lawful means to check and prevent the extension of dangerous doctrines that threaten our free institutions and our Flag, and that no person shall be permitted to join or remain in our Order who openly, or covertly, directly or indirectly, gives aid, comfort, or support to the doctrines, practices or purposes of the Bolsheviki, Anarchists, the I.W.W., or kindred organizations, or who does not give undivided allegiance to our Flag and the great principles of constitutional free government of which it is the emblem."

BUT even more important is it to improve the worthy, the great mass of immigrants who show a decided disposition to raise themselves to the high standard of living we desire to maintain for every American. This is largely a matter of assimilation and amounts on our part to a continuous, daily application of that text, "run, speak to that man." We take hold of the immigrant, teach him and train him up to the point where he is beginning to prove himself a credit to our efforts. Then, just when he shows himself anxious to explore the possibilities of his new country in which we have taught him to take pride, when he is eager for all sorts of closer contacts with his American brothers—we stop "speaking" to him and there is nothing left for him but social isolation among his kind. If we want to make American Citizens of these strangers, not let the second or third generation drift into becoming citizens for more or less material reasons, we must make them feel that they belong. It is bringing blessings to the benighted on the one hand, and it is adding new wealth of intelligence to our America. Could any purpose more heartily commend itself to the patriotic Order of the Elks?

was admitted under bond. It is our duty to keep out just such people who threaten to poison our blood. Whatever our sympathies for them, we cannot have them among us. The single case I have just cited is but one of hundreds.

When America needs workers the country will be ready enough to welcome the desirable from any quarter. They will become our mechanics, our farmers, our artisans. But if we give them the Americanization that is their due their children may become our business men, our specialists and professional men—all a real adornment to our citizenship. They have done so in the past, and so long as room and opportunity exists we may wish to carry out the dreams of our forefathers and offer continued asylum to the oppressed. But I am sure that George Washington, if he were alive today, would be the first to protest that the safety of the America he did so much to found is more precious than the personal advancement of the unmistakably vicious who unfortunately threaten to flood in upon us.

After all, America cannot contain the entire population of the world, least of all its most undesirable inhabitants. We must make America safe against them. But having done so we must make those we have already admitted safe and proper citizens for our country.

This we are at least prepared to do, as

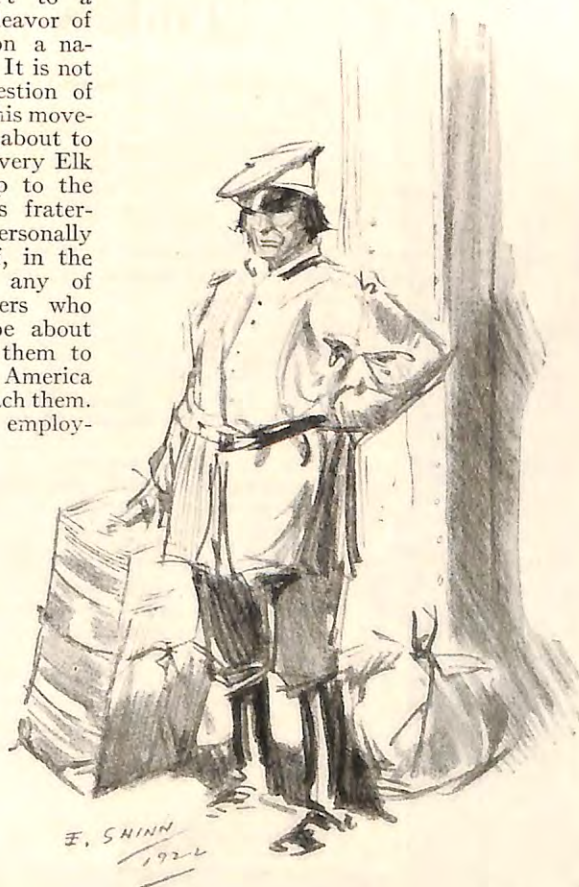
not especially cultivate them, we do not sufficiently make friends with them, and we do not practically enough help them—in a word, we do not "run, speak to that man." This new effort toward Americanization is nothing more than the application of that

Biblical text to a practical endeavor of helpfulness on a national scale. It is not simply a question of applauding this movement we are about to launch, but every Elk who lives up to the tenets of his fraternity must personally exert himself, in the interests of any of these strangers who happen to be about him. Help them to learn what America really is. Teach them. Give them employment where you can. Bring them within the influence of our brotherhood.

But as the fraternity itself will rule out of its membership any man who makes it clear that he cannot or will not live up to its principles, so it is the duty of every Elk to see that every newcomer to this country who will not or cannot live up to its principles shall be ruled out and sent where he belongs.

We want the American people to be one great fraternity, a fraternity of men and women breath-

EVERY Elk who lives up to the tenets of his fraternity should personally exert himself in the interests of any of these strangers. . . . Help them to learn what America really is. Teach them. Bring them within the influence of our brotherhood. But as the fraternity itself will rule out of its membership any man who cannot or will not live up to its high principles, so it is the duty of every Elk to see that every newcomer to this country who will not or cannot live up to its principles shall be ruled out and sent where he belongs





Old—A Poem in American, by John V. A. Weaver

SETTIN' . . . and sewin' . . . and fixin' supper . . .
 and settin' . . .
 And waitin' . . . and rockin' . . . and maybe
 they come home late,
 And Elsie runs right out, when supper's over,
 Every night it's the same, a dance or a movie,
 And Fred goes out to the pool-room 'round the
 corner,
 And Jim's too tired to talk, just reads the paper,
 And then lays down and snores. . . . Well, I don't
 blame him;
 At least he don't go wastin' it on liquor,
 And never did. He spends it on them kids,
 And that's the most a man can do, at that,
 When his wife dies, and all he has to help him
 Is one ol', worn-out woman the kids calls "Gramma"
 And don't think knows a thing about what life is.

Well, I was that way onct . . . they got to learn
 The same as me, with awful knocks and kicks.
 It sure don't do no good to try and tell 'em.
 Of course, I wisht they'd set around and chat
 About what's goin' on. . . . My, can't they see
 That I ain't goin' to scold 'em? But they can't.
 I hear 'em whisperin' every now and then,
 "Dear ol' Gramma—she wouldn't understand."
 And when they do talk, it's like to a baby.

So there it is . . . settin' and rockin' and sewin'
 And cookin' supper, and settin'—that's what they
 think.

My! Don't I fool 'em! If they only knowed
 The million things I'm doin' all the time!

All the ol' friends come back; they's Tom and
 Katie,
 And all the ones when Frank and me first married;
 And Frank, hisself, that never goes away
 Even though I know he's dead for seven years,
 Or—no—it's eight . . . what does it matter at
 all?

If only a grind-organ's playin' up the alley,
 Or just a puff of wind blows through the window,
 And smells like Spring, or anything else in the
 world,
 Or the hot-potato man is yellin', "Po-ta-toes!" . . .
 Or I look out and watch the little kids
 Ridin' the penny-a-ride merry-go-round,
 Why a whole string of things starts happenin':
 And Jim ain't a widower with two kids to look
 after,
 He's only my baby hisself . . . or ain't even born
 yet. . . .

I can be any years old that I want to. . . .

It's all just like a merry-go-round, at that;
 'Round and 'round and 'round; you never get far
 From where you started in, no matter how fast
 You think you're goin'. . . . Well, it don't do no
 good
 To cry because the ride is slowin' down. . . .

"Pore ol' Gramma" . . . "She wouldn't under-
 stand" . . .
 Settin', and rockin' . . . and fixin' supper . . . and
 settin'. . . .



And Now You Can Learn What Happened to The Nine Who Vanished

By Richard Connell

Illustrated by Oscar F. Howard

I WATCHED the back of Ernest Dawk till his eager stride carried him around a bend in the road; Ernest Dawk, martyr to mystery, mystery's willing slave and devotee, tortured always by riddles he could not solve, and yet supremely happy while trying to solve them! A strange malady, I thought, yet not without its compensations, for in Dawk's face I had seen an almost holy fervor as if he were a High Priest of the Cult of the Unknowable.

On the train going back to New York I reviewed in my mind the queer problem that had sent Dawk on his long search, and that still eluded him. Work and time had worn many new patterns in my brain since Dawk stated to me the case of the family that disappeared and I was surprised to find how vividly and clearly the facts leaped from my brain cells and arrayed themselves before me.

I am a criminal lawyer, and have known strange men and women, curious happenings, dark motives. But the case of the family that vanished was the queerest that ever came within my ken. In the train I ran over the case as Dawk had put it to me.

I said to myself, here is a family of six, middle-aged father and mother, grown-up son and daughter, son's wife, daughter's husband, all apparently people of some intelligence, cultivation and wealth. They keep three servants and pay rent for a pretentious country house. From the first their conduct is out of the ordinary. They shun their neighbors, have no visitors, and are seldom seen by day. After they have lived in this odd fashion for a year, one day their house is found brightly lighted—and utterly abandoned. In the midst of a meal this strange family has been spirited away. Bits of food are still on their forks, as if they laid them down quietly and never took them up again. There are no signs of confusion or struggle. Nor is there in the house a single scrap of evidence to tell who the people were, where they came from, where they went or what fate overtook them. From nowhere they come, into nowhere they vanish, nine full-grown human beings. And

this did not happen in the dark ages when it might be attributed to demons, dragons or monsters from the realms of sorcery, but in the United States in my own time.

The thing got me. It gripped me hard. My mind began to search for some logical solution. I did not have Dawk's abnormal curiosity, but I had a well developed curiosity bump of my own. When Dawk first told me the story years before, it had fascinated me. I had to drive it from my mind, force it down into my sub-conscious, for I had work to do. Deliberately I had refused to let my imagination play with the fate of the missing nine. Now the mystery fever attacked me, and I did not try to resist it, for at last I had earned the leisure to take a long holiday and to employ it as I wished. And I must admit that I found this mystery as fresh and intriguing as the day I first heard Dawk's breathless voice outlining it.

As I lay in my berth the wheels of the train seemed to click, "What happened to the nine who vanished? What happened to them? What happened to them?" I could not escape that insistent question. Then and there I made up my mind how I would use my vacation: I would try to find, if I could, a solution to the problem.

Dawk had said that he had tried everything and only as a last resort had taken to the slow method of going from door to door. Probably he had tried everything he thought of. But I had no faith in Dawk's methodicalness. He was a hit-or-miss hunter, I felt sure. Once, I recalled, he wanted to find Louisburg Square in Boston. He would not consult a map or ask a policeman. He insisted on rambling until he ran across it. That was the way his mind worked. I reasoned that I, with a trained legal mind, would attack any problem more scientifically than Dawk.

Meantime the car wheels were clicking their exigent refrain, "What happened to

them? What happened to them?" My mind took up the refrain. A procession of possibilities crossed my brain. I examined with care an array of theories, some to be discarded, some to be tested. What had happened to the nine who vanished? I tabulated certain theories that were plausible; there were reasons for all of them and also reasons why none of them was accurate. Still they deserved consideration.

A. SOME poison, administered by an enemy, caused the nine to rush from the house and to expire in some sequestered spot, or to plunge into the sea.

B. The sudden appearance of an enemy whom they feared caused them to flee in terror.

C. An enemy, perhaps a Yogi with a mystic supernatural power, had found them out at last, and by his will had forced them to rush forth to some fate that swallowed them; perhaps a frightful death in quicksand, or in a whirlpool that never gives back its victims.

D. The nine were a band of high-class crooks with excellent reasons of their own for keeping out of sight. Hearing that detectives had learned of their hiding-place, the crook band promptly fled without waiting to finish dinner or pack up. Perhaps they fled in an aeroplane, which plunged them to death in the ocean or a lake.

E. Beneath the house might have been a secret cave or chamber. This was suddenly discovered by one of the servants during dinner. They all rushed in to examine the place, the doors closed automatically, burying them alive.

F. Again, as a variation of the secret chamber theory, one of them might have been a chemist, experimenting with some lethal gas. He called in the nine to witness an experiment and they all succumbed to the death-dealing fumes.

G. The nine may have been religious fanatics, members of some grim sect that prescribed suicide in a body at a certain hour. The hour came and the fanatics stole from the house and destroyed themselves,

perhaps by casting themselves into some abandoned quarry or down a mine shaft where their undiscovered skeletons still lie.

H. Some obscure disease may have driven them all mad and sent them dashing from the table to an unknown fate.

I. They were murdered and the scene set as it was found to throw the police off the track.

I had a crowd of other theories but these seemed the most plausible. Yet in every case I ran against a fact that stopped me short: how could I know which theory was correct until I had some means of testing it? Before I could find out why the nine vanished I had to find where they vanished from. I had to have facts, definite concrete facts. Could I get them where Ernest Dawk had failed?

So excited was I over the prospects of a hunt for that eerie nine, that I could hardly wait for my train to dive in under the city and fetch up at the Grand Central Station. Without delay I set in motion my wheels of search.

"Brice," I said to my law partner, "I'm going to take that long-deferred leave of absence."

"How long?" he asked.

"I don't know. There's a job I've got to do. It may lead to the ends of the earth."

He laughed.

"So that's your idea of a vacation!" he said. "Well, good luck."

I explained the problem to him.

"Better call in Sherlock Holmes."

I went back to my rooms on Gramercy Park, got into my dressing-gown, stuffed my biggest calabash full of redolent perique, and sat down to analyze the mystery I had resolved to penetrate. I tried to analyze it in the most approved Sherlock Holmes manner. It didn't work. That great detective always had something to start with. I had nothing. Perhaps the shrewd Holmes had only the stub of a scented cigarette, or a vendetta mark cut on the window with a diamond. That was enough for him. As a scientist can reconstruct a prehistoric animal if given a single bone, Holmes could reconstruct a crime from a daub of mud on the door-mat. He would smell, taste and study the mud and deduce from it that it came from the shoe of a heavy man who wore an eleven E with rubber heels, a man who limped slightly and had a hasty temper, since he had recently kicked a black-and-tan dog, a sea-faring man but lately come from Bombay, a man who was left-handed, stooped and was unfamiliar with London. With this description of the putative murderer in mind, all Holmes needed to do was to find a ship that had just come from Bombay and arrest the first big, limping, stooping, hasty-tempered man who wore eleven E shoes with rubber heels. But in this case I had not so much as a daub of mud. Nor had I a Dr. Watson to encourage me.

I REMEDIED this last lack by calling up Billy Wharton, who could lead a life of leisure but who prefers the more exciting existence of a big city reporter. He came round to my place, stoked up his pipe, listened to the meager facts I knew, knitted his brow, and for a long time studied the ceiling. Suddenly his eyes lit up and he said:

"Have you tried the morgues?"

I stared at him.

"Morgues?" I said, a bit scornfully.

"These people have been dead fifteen years or so, if they are dead at all. Besides, we don't know the thing happened in New York."

"Oh, I don't mean the city morgues," said Billy, "where the dead men are kept,

but the newspaper morgues where the dead stories are kept."

"Newspaper morgues?"

"Sure. Every paper has one. Buried there, ready to be brought to life at a moment's notice, are all the old scandals, mysteries, sensations that have been printed for years."

"Really?"

"Fact. Ten to one you'll find some reference to the disappearance of your nine vanishing friends, if you hunt long enough."

"Great!" I exclaimed.

"I'll bet Dawk never thought of the morgues," remarked Billy.

"If he ever heard of them," I said, "I'll bet he didn't rest easy until he saw one."

"Tell you what we'll do," said Billy, all business, "we'll go down to my shop and go through the morgue this very night. The *Daily Clarion* has one of the best morgues in town."

An hour later, amid an avalanche of yellow envelopes, I was summoning up the ghosts of departed mysteries. Tales of dis-

THIS is the sequel to "The Martyr to Mystery," published in the July issue. If by any chance you omitted to read that amusing story last month, read it now. You will get more fun out of the mysterious Nine Who Vanished through knowing a little about them in advance

appearances I found in profusion, but of my own mystery I could find no trace. I reported this to Billy.

"There are nine other newspaper morgues in town," he said.

I attacked the job energetically. I must have read enough clippings to reach from Palm Beach to Nome, Alaska, and I was growing discouraged, when, in the seventh morgue, I fished out a battered, time-worn envelope, labeled "Missing." From a sheaf of dog-eared clippings, one leaped out to meet my eye. It was a brief telegraphic dispatch from San Francisco, and was dated October 21, 1910. It read:

"The police of Carmel-by-the-Sea, who have had their hands full of mysteries of late, are investigating the sudden disappearance of a family of six persons living in a large house on the lonely Palo Alto road. With their three servants, they vanished on October 10th, leaving no clue to their destination. The house had been rented in the name of Heber Quaintance. Neighbors can tell nothing of the Quaintance family."

That was all. But as I read it, I uttered such a shout of joy that the old keeper of the morgue jumped from his chair. Eagerly I rummaged through the clippings in that precious envelope. There was no follow-up story from San Francisco, but I found a second clipping, bearing the date line Spartanburg, S. C., October 22, 1913. It read:

"Neighbors are puzzled by the strange disappearance of a family that had rented the old Abell mansion near here. The family, Horace Quay, his wife, four other adults, and three servants, have not been seen since October 10th, when they abandoned the house without notice. The owner, Franklyn Abell, says they left it in perfect order, so no action by the police is expected. The Abell mansion is not far from the

Bentham place which has figured in the news lately as a haunted house."

Three times I read this clipping. Actually, it made me a little dizzy. Here was mystery indeed, double mystery. Could it be pure coincidence? Were there two families in the habit of vanishing? If so, why had each chosen the nineteenth of October to vanish, and why were the initials of each "H. Q."? I recalled having read in criminology that when a man takes an assumed name he generally keeps the initials of his real name. Thus, Heber Quaintance of San Francisco becomes Horace Quay of Spartanburg.

I WAS trembling with a species of buck fever as I ran through the remaining clippings. I found a third, dated Des Moines, Iowa, October 20, 1916. It read:

"A search is being made by the police for the bodies of nine persons who until yesterday occupied the Munson house in Larch Park. These persons, strangers here, were regarded as recluses. The house was rented by a man who gave his name as Hesketh Quarterton. A neighbor, noticing that all the lights were on all day, investigated. The family apparently made a hasty departure in the middle of a meal, or else were carried off. This is the latest of a series of mysteries that have alarmed and baffled the residents of Larch Park."

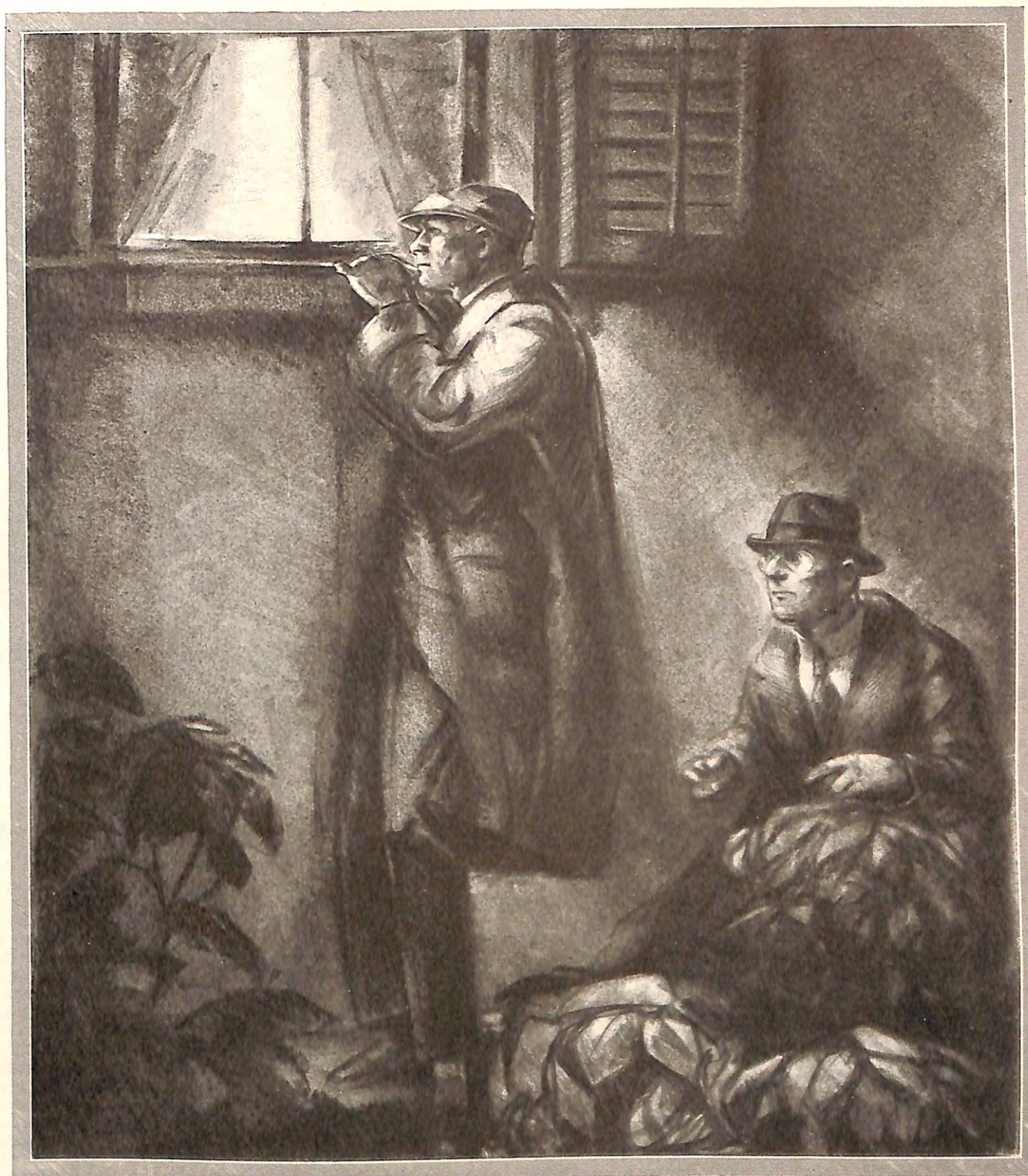
Hesketh Quarterton. H. Q.! What a weird chain I was forging. There was one other clipping, and I turned it over with the tense fingers of a gambler turning over his last card. It did not fail me. Under the date line, Portland, Maine, October 21, 1919, I read:

"Arthur B. Hale, who owns a large house in the outskirts, would like to know where his tenants are. He rented the house to a stranger, Harkness Quayle by name, ten months ago. On October 10th, Mr. Quayle, his wife, and family of four adults, vanished, without saying good-by. The police scout the theory of foul play, as there were no signs of a struggle. There is evidence, however, that they left, or perhaps fled, in a great hurry. Mr. Hale is not worrying, as the rent was paid, and the house left in good order. The police are worrying, however, as it adds another mystery to the already long list of Portland mysteries that started about a year ago and include two murders, a prowling something with a glowing face, and several haunted houses."

Harkness Quayle! H. Q. again. There could be no question of coincidence now. Portland being the nearest of the cities and the place where the H. Q. family was most recently, to Portland I went that very night.

From an examination of the Hale house I gained practically nothing. It had been remodeled since the family vanished from it, its owner at that time had died, and I gleaned not so much as a single Sherlock Holmesian daub of mud to work on. I was about to leave Portland, when I thought of trying the newspaper morgue of the Portland *Pioneer*.

In one way, it was a gold mine. It yielded little that bore directly on the nine who vanished. The case, somehow, had been crowded out of the papers, and the Portland reports added nothing to the clipping I had already seen. But the files of the *Pioneer* for the years 1918-1919 contained a succession of mysteries such as most communities do not experience in a hundred years. Almost every issue of the paper had a new bizarre story. The series of mysteries began on November 1, 1918, when the mayor of the city opened his desk drawer and found in it a human skull. The following week



Cautiously I stole around to the dining-room window, raised myself with infinite care, and peered into the room

twenty of the leading citizens awoke to find the word "BEWARE" painted on their front doors in blood-red paint. Shortly after the night watchman of the city library resigned because, he said, the place was haunted. Shadowy shapes, he alleged, moved among the stacks of books, and moans came from the cellar. A week later his successor quit the job for the same reason. In January, residents in a lonely part of town reported that late at night they had met an evil thing in a black cloak with a face that was not human, but that glowed with a diabolic light. A dozen witnesses were ready to swear that they had seen this thing, which would approach them in some dark spot, peer into their faces, mutter, "You are not the one," and then turn and dash away. A posse of men combed that section for several nights, but could not find the thing. Later it reappeared and con-

tinued its nocturnal prowlings in another part of the city.

In February the body of a stabbed man was found on the steps of the city hall. Who he was, where he came from, and who killed him were never discovered despite energetic investigations by the police. Exactly two months later another stabbed man was found on the same spot. He, too, was never identified, and to this day Portland is speculating on how he met his end.

All through that year there were strange happenings in Portland, but none, to my mind, was stranger than the vanishing of the Quayle family. As I read through the newspaper files, another fact struck me. Portland in 1919 was a city of mysteries; in

1920 the mysteries ceased; life became tranquil and normal again. Here was a daub of mud for me to work on.

I hurried back to the quiet of my New York study, and together, Billy Wharton and I applied our analytical faculties to the mass of data I had collected. Many a pipe was smoked over it.

"Look here," said Billy, jumping from his chair. "By Jove, here is a peculiar thing."

"What?" I shot at him.

"Why, this thing has happened in cycles."

"Cycles?"

"Yes. Look. When did all these disappearances take place?"

"October nineteenth," I answered. "I'd already noticed that."

"What years?"

"In 1910, 1913, 1916, 1919," I told him.

"See it?" he cried, triumphantly. "Every



"Enough of this bluffing," I said, curtly. "I know that I can hold you on a charge of murder in Portland until the police come"

three years. Regular as clockwork. And the thing is due to happen again this year!"

"On October nineteenth?"

"Precisely."

"It's a good theory," I admitted. Again we lapsed into silent thought. Then I had a hunch.

"Billy," I said, "have you noticed where this thing has happened? Each time in a different geographical section of the country. If it happens again this year, there is a good chance that the H. Q. clan will pick some spot in this part of the country, near New York City."

Billy nodded.

"We're narrowing the circle," he said.

OVER another pipe, my seventh, I think, I had another hunch, quite a Holmes hunch, too.

"Billy," I said, "here's another striking thing. Wherever the vanishing nine go they breed mystery. Have you noticed that?"

"I believe you're right," exclaimed Billy. "You think then, that there is some relation between the H. Q. family and those stabbed men?"

"I do."

"And the thing with the glowing face that terrorized Portland?"

"Yes."

"But what and why?"

"That's what we're going to find out."

"How?"

"I've a plan. It depends on hunches, perhaps, but they're hunches founded on reasoning."

"Shoot," said Billy.

"Today is the nineteenth of October. If our cycle theory is right, the H. Q. clan is somewhere near New York making ready to vanish. Also, wherever they are, there has

been a series of unusual occurrences. Find the town that has had a series of mysteries, and you'll find the uncanny family we're after."

"Bully for you," said Billy. "Forward to the *Clarion's* morgue. If we find a story about a thing with a glowing face, we'll know we're closing in."

We did find such a story. During the summer months the residents of Larchmont Manor, fifteen miles from the metropolis, had had a nocturnal prowler. Also that peaceful suburb had had other startling happenings. Ten minutes after I made this find, Billy and I were in my roadster heading for Larchmont Manor as fast as gas and the speed laws would let us. I could have shouted for joy when the second real estate man we interviewed said, "Why, yes. I did rent a large furnished house to a family of six last fall. The old Congerman place near the Pine Wood."

"What was the name?" He looked at me sharply, for my voice was quivering with excitement.

"Hardman Quayne," he said.

"Eureka!" I shouted. "Billy, come. There's not a second to be lost."

As we sped through the dusk, Billy clutched my arm.

"What are you going to do?" he demanded.

"See the Hardman Quaynes," I replied.

"Risky business," said Billy. "That crowd sounds sinister."

"I've got a gun," I told him. "Have you?"

For answer he produced an automatic .38.

"Of course, we've no legal right," he demurred.

"Can't stop to think about that now," I said. "Tomorrow would be too late. Our

birds would have flown. We'll get a look at them, anyhow."

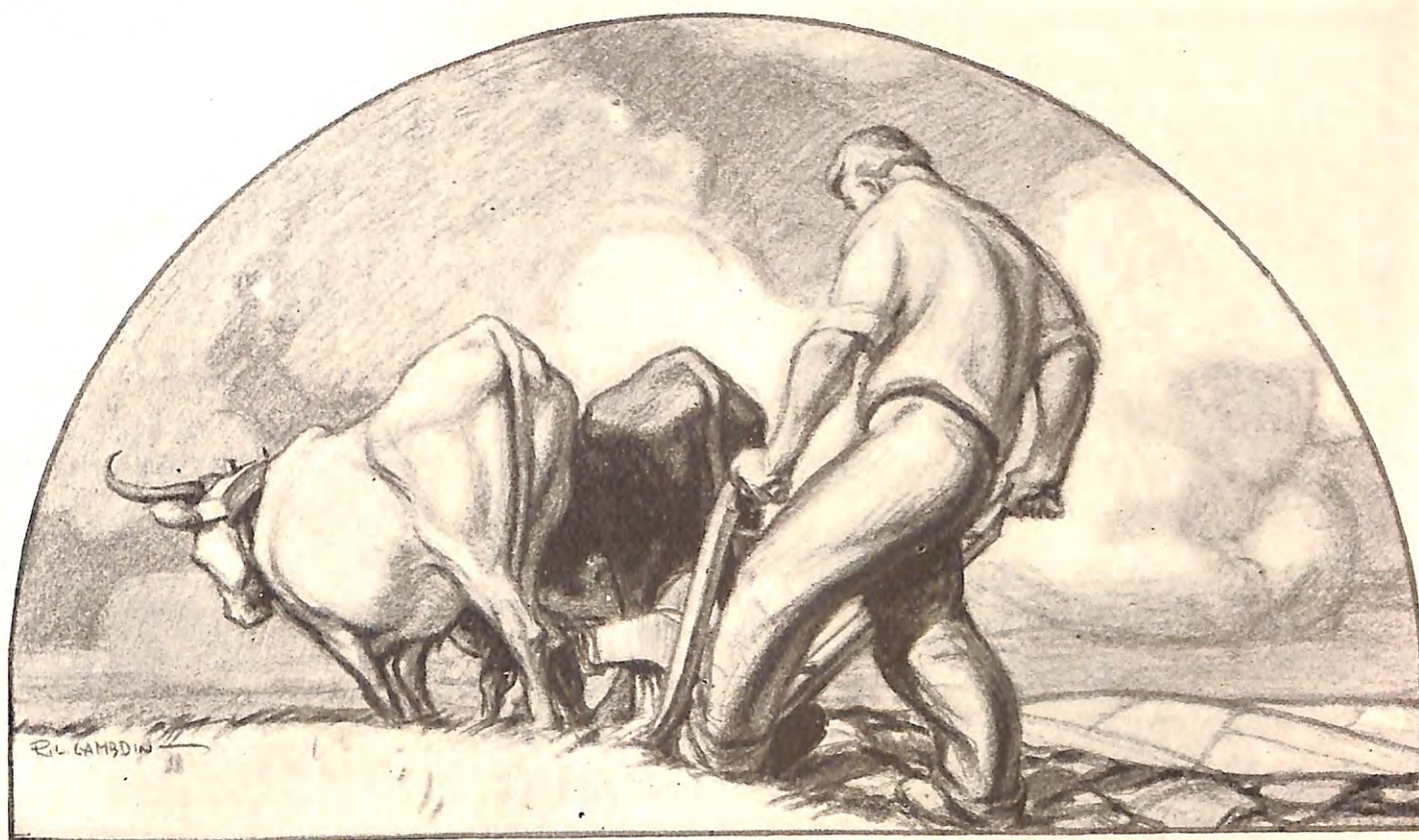
"I'm with you," said Billy. "If I don't find out about this vanishing family, I'll burst."

NOW that I think back over it, it was a foolhardy thing Billy and I did. But I was not in any frame of mind for weighing my actions; the curiosity fever was running at high temperature. We stopped my car down the road from the Congerman house, a great square old-fashioned mansion set in a dense pine grove. It was ablaze with light from cellar to garret. Cautiously Billy and I approached it, keeping on the lawn among the shrubbery. I stole around to the dining-room window, raised myself with infinite care, and peered into the room.

This is what I saw: at a long dining-table sat the family of Hardman Quayne. They were talking and laughing and apparently enjoying themselves. If any evil shadow hovered over them, they were seemingly not worried by it. Indeed, as I watched them I could not but notice that there was nothing sinister about their appearance. The head of the house was an interesting looking man, with something boyish about his face. The others looked like ordinary, well-off, educated Americans. They had, it appeared, just finished dinner, and they were going through some sort of ceremony that puzzled me. They were setting the table again, carefully placing bits of steak on forks, standing off to survey the effect. Then it dawned on me what they were doing. They were setting the stage for another mysterious disappearance.

Excitement got the better of me. With Billy at my heels I raced round to the front

(Continued on page 66)



The Farmer's Business —and Yours

By William Almon Wolff

Decorations by R. L. Lambdin

AMERICANS are singularly prone to adopt and accept slogans and general statements. They don't examine; they don't take the trouble to understand them. Particularly is this true in matters concerning business and industry. High tariff schedules used to be adopted amid universal acclamations because it was proclaimed that only so could American labor be protected from the competition of European industries paying starvation wages. Later coldly dispassionate investigators revealed facts and figures tending to show that everything had not been said on that score. There is no need to cite particular instances; that condition, in that particular field, no longer prevails, as the struggle that is going on at this moment over the new tariff plainly shows.

But the tendency persists. Ask the first man you meet what he thinks about business.

"Well," he is likely to say, "I see steel looks better. And steel's the barometer of business."

True enough. It is. But don't ask him why, unless you want to embarrass him, because the chances are he doesn't know.

Consider the statement that agriculture is the basic industry. No one will dispute that; the statement is a truism. But is its meaning understood? Are its implications taken into due account? Is the national life organized in harmony with that outstanding fact? For years every farmer with an outlook ranging beyond his own land has been ready to answer those questions with a clamorous "No"! What is more, he has given that answer at every opportunity. With the result that he has been laughed at; that the farmer's grievances have become traditional subjects for ridicule and jeers.

Of late that tendency to laugh at the farmer has, to some extent, abated. Some of those who used to laugh have taken to

scolding, instead. And a new stock phrase has come into use. You can hear a good deal now about the menace of the Agricultural bloc. But if you go about, if you sit in Pullman smoking compartments—the great forums of America—and listen to

DURING the next twenty years, either consciously or unconsciously, the United States will adopt fairly definite policies as to agriculture and industry. We are approaching that period which comes in the life of every nation when we must determine whether we shall strive for a well-rounded, self-sustaining national life in which there shall be a fair balance between industry and agriculture or whether, as have so many nations in the past, we shall sacrifice our agriculture for the building of cities and expect our food to be furnished not by independent farmers but by men and women of the peasant type.

HENRY C. WALLACE

Secretary of Agriculture

the common talk, you won't hear many explanations of the bloc that are based upon sound understanding.

Some of these familiar and popular phrases in American talk, that save their users so much trouble, that provide so many conversational short cuts, happen to be mutually contradictory. Agriculture is not only an industry, but the basic, the fundamental, underlying industry. But a region described as industrial is one, in the meaning of the speaker, in which manufacturing prevails; North Dakota will be described as an agricultural state, Massachusetts, for example, as an industrial state. Grant the convenience of this sort of rough and ready classification; it still has a tendency to be misleading.

No. The general readiness to accept as true the statement that agriculture is the greatest of all industries doesn't mean much. It seems, sometimes, that another thing is really much more significant—that is, the prevailing figure of the farmer as he appears in song and story, in jest books, and in the comic strips in the newspapers. Hayseed, corntassel—don't those words evoke familiar images? Haven't you laughed at the picture of the gullible rural customer of the seller of gold bricks? Or, perhaps, in sentimental moments, yielded just a single tear to the sentimental ballad about the dear old farm on the Wabash or some other musically named river?

AND that sort of thinking and feeling about the farmer doesn't help much when definite and extremely important problems, affecting every phase of the national life, come up to be solved. They are up for solution now, so far as agriculture is concerned, and it might be as well for Americans generally to forget the stock picture of the farmer and devote a little thought to him



as the controller of units of production in an industry with a capital value of about eighty billion dollars, which, in one recent year—one, to be sure, of very high prices—did a business of about twenty-five billion dollars.

AGRICULTURE is a basic industry; the trouble is that it lacks industrial organization. In that respect agriculture is centuries behind steel, for example, or transportation, or the great textile industries, or any of its own offspring—including, remember, such industrial giants as the packing and milling industries. It labors, in this respect, under some handicaps that are inherent; some that, probably, can never be eliminated. But it labors, too, under a great many that needn't endure at all; that can be abolished by the application of common sense and the remedies common sense dictates.

A short time ago, two or three years ago, an article like this, representing an attempt to summarize, briefly, some of the more striking and important facts about the greatest of all American industries, and to reveal its significance in the life of the country as a whole, would have approached the same goal toward which this one aims. But it would have followed a somewhat different road, and it would hardly have sounded so gloomy a note as will be heard. That is because everyone to whom you have to go, just now, in an effort to obtain first-hand information about agricultural matters is still affected by the shadow of the terrible crisis through which the industry has passed.

There is, now, a very general feeling that that crisis *has* been passed; that the upward turn has come. The feeling is infinitely more cheerful than it was in January, for instance, when the National Agricultural Conference that was assembled in Washington, at President Harding's instance, met to seek remedies for a situation generally admitted to be desperate. But in this connection cheerful is, emphatically, a word to

be used only in a relative sense, and agriculture, as an industry, won't be really cheerful for some time, and it is, and will remain, mighty grim and earnest in its determination to fortify itself against a recurrence of the collapse of 1920.

It is well that that is so, too; well for the country as a whole. Agriculture cannot and does not suffer alone. It was the collapse of agricultural prices in 1920 that began the depression from which the country is now emerging. After all, when farmers aren't in the market, when they have to stop buying, the rest of the industrial machine has to slow down; it is only when farmers can and do buy freely that demand balances or exceeds supply.

Mustn't that, after all, be so? About one-third of the whole population of the country is a farm population. Agriculture pays about half the gross earnings of the railways, and, normally, buys nearly half of all the manufactured products sold. There are practically six and a half million farms; each is an independent, individual producing unit; each, even the smallest and least efficient, must be more or less constantly a customer of the rest of the industrial establishment.

Now, then, granting the magnitude of this industry, how is it organized, and in what respect does that organization differ from ordinary modern industrial organization?

THE industrial organization of agriculture is, as a matter of fact, in its infancy. That does not mean that there is not a high degree of organization and of efficiency as well in the case of individual farms, but simply that agriculture, as a whole, has, necessarily, lagged far behind other industries. The reason for this has already been stated. Making every allowance for the far greater total production, what other industry begins to show a total of producing units comparable to the six and a half million independent farms of America?

A MANUFACTURER employing seven thousand workers recently instituted factory tours for employees. Men and women whose outlook has been limited to the operations they themselves perform thus learn about departments they never knew existed. By acquiring a broad gauge view of the plant as a whole they become more valuable, as you can easily realize, not alone to their employer but to themselves

Figures could be cited, but they are unnecessary. The automobile industry suggests itself. Here is one freely and even fiercely competitive; there are many makers of many cars. But it is almost possible to remember them all offhand. The industry knows, as an industry, and its component parts know, as individual producers, its total productive capacity; each producer can, moreover, make a pretty good guess at both the total demand and the proportion of it he may reasonably hope to supply.

The farmer has no such knowledge. As to total productive capacity he does know more than he used to know before the modern development of crop reporting, but, even so, a hundred absolutely uncontrollable circumstances may transform the whole situation in any given crop overnight. Again, as to demand, he is nearly helpless when it comes to making estimates upon which he might base his production. Even total demand and total supply may bear absolutely no relation to the marketing problem of any individual farmer. Taking the country as a whole there may be a distinct shortage in a crop, but some farmers may still be unable to dispose of their product in that crop.

WHY is this so? The answer is comparatively simple in one respect; enormously complex in another. The problem is one of distribution. An industry such as the manufacture of automobiles is served by an efficient distributing machine—one part of which, of course, is adequate credit. The distribution of farm products, on the other hand, has been, and, to a great extent still is, wasteful and uneconomical, and the farmer's employment of even the inadequate and clumsy distributing machine at his command has been hampered by poor credit facilities. These are, of course, extremely broad statements, and they will be amplified and brought out in more detail later.

Industries, other than agriculture, control, nearly always, the first stages, at least, of distribution, and, in some cases, that control continues down to the final stage of retail selling. If you drive a car you have probably bought Standard Oil gasoline from a Standard Oil depot; you have almost certainly bought it from a retail seller who has himself dealt directly with that great producing organization.

The farmer, as a producer, faces problems infinitely more varied than those of most of his contemporaries. He produces raw material—cotton, tobacco, grains, sugar beets and cane for example—which must be processed before passing into the stage of meeting a direct demand by consumers. But he also has to sell finished products, ready for immediate use, and, moreover, often products highly perishable, such as fruit, milk, eggs and vegetables.

Certain things wholly beyond control, things that no degree of intelligence, or fore-

IN JUNE we announced a series of important articles on finance, trade and industry and the forces which control them. This is the beginning of that series. By showing the interrelation of all commerce and industry, through analysis of their component units, these articles will bring home the value to your own business of studying all other business everywhere. Transportation systems will be covered next

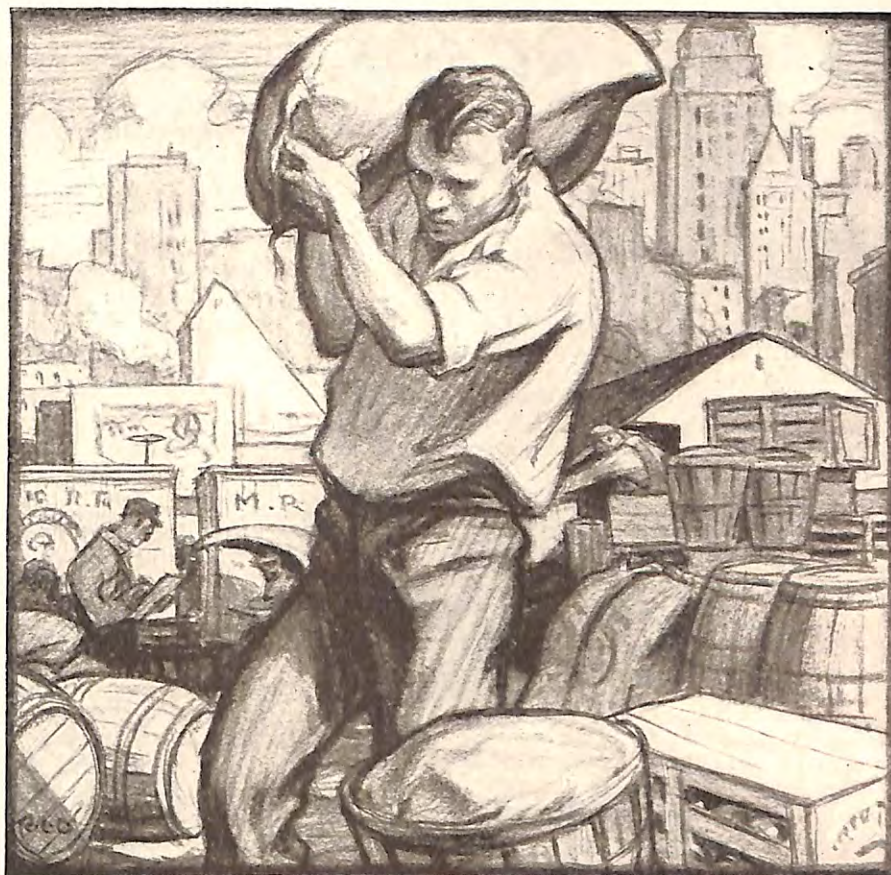
sight, or skill or management can eliminate do help to make the problem of agricultural production and distribution on an economically sound basis so difficult. The effect of weather upon growing crops—a late frost, a drought, a destructive storm—cannot be foreseen, except to a limited extent. The weather forecasts of the Department of Agriculture have been of incalculable value to the industry, it is true, but their value is limited, after all; there are times when even the most exact knowledge of what is coming in the way of weather would not enable the farmer to avert disaster.

AGAIN, blights and insect pests and epidemics of disease among animals complicate the problem of agricultural production. The boll weevil devastates the cotton lands of Georgia and the Carolinas. Tenant farmers, their crops ruined, simply pack up and move on; many of them are negroes, with a tendency, anyway, to be irresponsible—although the growth of efficiency and of responsibility among negro farmers in the last few years is one of the most promising things the history of modern American agriculture records. The result is a cruel financial embarrassment for landowners, a general decay of values, and a sudden and dangerous enhancement of the tendency of rural labor to move toward the cities—a tendency serious enough even when no particular condition heightens it.

Now, great progress has been made in fighting and eliminating these natural hazards of agriculture. Nothing more brilliant than the work of the Department of Agriculture along these lines has ever been done in this or any other country. The menace of the boll weevil is being rapidly overcome through soil poisoning; methods worked out in Washington are being applied with great success to infected lands throughout the South. Other blights and pests are constantly being studied by the experts, both in Washington and in the agricultural colleges and experiment stations in the various states. The weather forecast which provides the city dweller with a topic for jokes may mean the difference between success and bankruptcy to the fruit farmer who, warned that a frost is coming, takes precautions, through oil heaters and smudges in his orchards, to protect blossoms or tender fruit.

But when all that can be done in the way of prevention has been done certain risks remain; the next step will have to be crop insurance, and most progressive farmers are convinced that the government must take a hand in providing it. The ruin of growing crops involves the whole country; it is contended that sound economic policy would distribute the burden scientifically.

Still another sort of handicap, however, affects agriculture now. It arises from incomplete industrial organization, and from what such farmers as those who supply the



leadership of the greatest of the farm organizations, the American Farm Bureau Federation, regard as discriminatory.

Modern farming, like any other modern business, demands credit. And American farmers have long felt, and said, that under the prevailing banking practice of this country adequate credit upon reasonable terms was denied them. They have said that money was drained from the interior banks, to be used in financing speculative activity in New York and elsewhere. They have complained of the eagerness of country banks to send their money to New York, for example, to be lent at high call money rates, and have said, insistently, that call money was used almost wholly to finance stock market speculation—or, as they are more likely to call it, gambling.

Now, it would take very much more space than is available here to go into this topic in detail; to give the full farmer view and the opposite statement, in rebuttal, of bankers, and of the heads of the Federal Reserve system. Moreover, some of these points will come up more logically for discussion in a later article on banking and credits. All that can be done here is to indicate a few of the points at issue, and to hint at the remedies that have been adopted and at more that farmers wish to have adopted.

THE farmer needs two sorts of credit. He needs money sometimes for permanent improvements, and for the increase of his holdings; for new buildings, for costly implements—harvesters, tractors, and such things. These loans are equivalent to those for which an established manufacturing concern has recourse to bond issues, and the farmer secures such money by mortgaging his property. These are, in other words, long-term loans. The farmer has had some trouble about such loans; he has complained that the interest rates have been too high, and that they have, in practice, been still further

increased by bonuses and commissions that have been demanded of him.

The banker, on the other hand, has had something on his side. Farmers are not always able to meet their long-time loans. A farmer borrows money to equip and expand his plant, say. Then two or three bad years, or a season of low prices, upset his calculations, and he cannot pay. He is perfectly good; he will pay ultimately. But that does not help the banker greatly in meeting his own obligations; equally, it is, practically, and ordinarily, bad business for him to foreclose.

THE federal farm loan policy has eased this situation; government issues of bonds based upon farm lands provide for long-term credits without imposing too great a burden upon ordinary banking facilities. But a considerable expansion of this source of credit is required, and has, recently, been provided to some extent, although not in a measure fully satisfactory to agriculture.

It is in short-term loans, however, that the greatest difficulties arise.

Farmers have to borrow for short periods to meet the actual problem of financing crops. They need money for planting and cultivation, and all the long and expensive work involved in direct agricultural production. They must, in many cases, go to heavy expense for fertilization of the soil. They must pay for the labor involved in planting, cultivation and harvesting. These are all legitimate reasons for borrowing; roughly equivalent costs are met out of borrowed money in all business.

But in practically every other sort of business the turnover period is much shorter than it is in agriculture. A farmer must borrow such money for nine months, at least, if it is to be of real use to him; sixty and ninety day loans, such as prevail generally in business borrowing, do him no good. So, again, the reluctance of bankers to engage

(Continued on page 66)

Hints for a Lincoln Highwayman

On Painless Motor Camping and How to Achieve It

By Arthur and John A. Chapman

FRANCIS PARKMAN'S description of the old Overland Trail of 1848 seems to fit the same trail today in many particulars. The historian told of campers who started out with too much equipment and others with too little. Some had to throw away bureaus and other precious furniture with which they had loaded their covered wagons; others had to depend on their traveling neighbors for subsistence, because they had overplayed their hand in the matter of "traveling light."

The Overland Trail is now a part of the Lincoln Highway, the greatest and most elongated camp-ground in the world. If all the mid-season campers along this great motor road were collected in one place, they would make an imposing force even in these days of sizable armies; or, to use the average New York Sunday editor's favorite comparison, if all the tents along the Lincoln Way were piled one on another, they would make a canvas column nineteen times the height of the Woolworth building, with enough left over for several Singer buildings.

Probably the same averages of camp sense and camp folly obtain as in Parkman's day along the trail. Some motor campers start out with their machines overloaded, and others seem to have forgotten all essentials. History is repeating itself, but, just as in early days, a recognized code is being evolved from all the successes and failures of the trail. The long journey can be made easily and inexpensively if one profits by the experience of others.

Making a trip, say from New York to San Francisco, over the Lincoln Highway, or over any considerable part of that great artery of motor travel, is intricate business, particularly if one intends to carry camping equipment and thereby become independent of hotels.

"What kind of a car shall I buy?" is quite naturally the first question asked. Any automobile salesman can give you an answer offhand. There are all kinds of outfits. There are transcontinental bungalows, mounted on flivvers, with Pullman-style beds, refrigerators and pantries—everything, almost, but the mortgage. There are trailers, with all the comforts of a hotel hooked on behind twelve-cylinder cars; there are roadsters, minus fenders, paint and springs, equipped with a starch-box full of extra clothing and a small wad of blankets. Choice is, after all, a personal matter and one in which the check-book figures to a large degree.

Be Sure You Can Get Service

Any standard car will make the trip, but breakdowns should not be left out of the question, no matter how much money one has invested in his transportation facilities. Consequently a car that is backed by plenty of service stations en route is a good, safe bet. Heavy cars have an advantage over light cars in the matter of speed on good roads. Light cars have certain undeniable advantages in sand, and sometimes in mud. If one is going off the main road, a car with plenty of clearance is almost a necessity.

Before making the start, go to the nearest

service station of the particular brand of car you own, tell the mechanics there that you intend to go on a long journey, with heavy equipment, and ask what you should take along. Different types of machines wear out most easily in different places; it is good generalship to find out where your chariot is most likely to break down and to

ELSEWHERE in this issue Bozeman Bulger writes entertainingly of that species of vacationist whose chief enjoyment seems to be to mortify the flesh. In these Hints for a Lincoln Highwayman, the authors, both experienced motor nomads, go deeper into the subject of camping. You may not wish to drive from coast to coast, or even, perhaps, so much as touch the fringes of the Lincoln Highway. But if you are planning a camping trip in a car you will find a lot of practically helpful suggestions in this article, no matter what your route or your destination

take along the extra parts needed. Breakdowns cannot be foretold, but a Ford driver, for instance, knows that his car has a temperamental and highly mortal timer and brake linings, which annoyingly wear out. A connecting rod, with bearing, will come in handy for almost any car—but any motorist who has learned to steer around trees can tell pretty well what he needs in this line, and his mechanic can help him out.

Don't Start If You Can't Stop

While on the subject of brakes, it is well for the tourist-camper from the lowlands to remember that in the mountainous regions traversed by the Lincoln Highway there are some hills which are at once steep and deceptive. Perhaps the rarefied air of the Rocky Mountain plateau region renders the steepness of such hills illusory. At any rate, one should learn well the trick of taking the strain off the brakes by going into low or intermediate gear in descending steep hills. The lives of all in the car may depend on the driver's ability in this one particular.

Where tent and full equipment are carried, a touring car is the best general type to be selected. There is room for baggage in the tonneau, whereas a roadster must be specially equipped with a big locker to accommodate the necessities. This statement applies to an all-summer trip. A shorter trip can be made in comfort with a roadster with the necessary paraphernalia strapped on the back and to the running-boards. But the touring body is undeniably handy. One can give hikers a lift, and the five-passenger capacity is desirable in towns where long stops are made and where one has friends. In the matter of hikers, judgment is necessary. Have at least one husky

member of your party in the back seat—a point of vantage in case trouble starts. Most of the hikers will be found to be all right, but there is no use running the thousandth chance, in case some harmless looking young chap turns out to be a graduate of a college in highway robbery. Carrying firearms for protection is a matter of personal choice and habit. Only don't do it in New York, unless you have a license. The Sullivan law there is hard on the pistol toter.

What route to take? Unless one has prejudices—a desire to see friends in Buffalo or in Kansas City, for instance—the Lincoln Highway is best for the novice. That road has a character of its own which quite fits the character of motor campers. The Lincoln Way knows. It knows the tourist's problems and is ready to satisfy his needs. And, with 3,305 miles in prospect, the knowledge of where one is going adds immensely to the comforts of travel. You can't get lost on the Lincoln Way. That little white post beside the road, with its neat, enamel sign outlining a capital "L" on a background of red, white and blue, is completely reassuring, and never missing from a puzzling crossroads. The Lincoln Highway, being by all odds the most traveled long thoroughfare, can be depended on to be in condition if dependable conditions are possible.

The auto camp does not begin to blossom along the Lincoln Highway until one has passed Chicago. At Dixon, Ill., there is a good camp, and from there on the municipalities, generally speaking, provide places where campers are taken care of. The term "taken care of" is used in its widest sense, however. In some places the communities feel that they have done their duty by the camping tourist if they provide a park where he can put up his tent. Others not only provide the space but police the camp grounds, have a garbage-collecting system, see to it that fresh water is available, and even provide stoves and firewood. Such cities go on the theory that if the tourist can be persuaded to linger a day he is going to spend just that much money in the town. Some hotel-keepers rage, but they are in a minority. The merchants find that they derive a benefit, and the auto camp has come to stay.

Clean Up As You Go

In the East, where the municipal camp has not yet appeared, the tourist finds that the farmer along the way is not asleep. He puts up a sign informing the gasoline-burning wayfarer that camping accommodations are to be had for a small consideration. One of the stipulations is that the camper clean up his camp débris, which is fair enough under any and all conditions. In the National Forests of the West, if one doesn't do pretty effective camp policing he is sharply spoken to by a businesslike forest ranger, and if the camper is guilty of going away and leaving his camp fire burning all sorts of disasters may very properly befall him.

The Lincoln Way has an eye for tourist trade in general. There is the Lincoln Way
(Continued on page 64)



PORTRAIT BY ARBE

Laurette Taylor

Soon to be seen as
Peg O' My Heart on the screen

ONE of those rare comedies that has a perennial and direct appeal which has defied more or less mangling translations into half a dozen foreign languages and by its triumphant progress round the world proved how much we have in common with our fellows of the north, east, south and west. After enacting the rôle of Peg 1,127 times here and in London, Miss Taylor is now engaged in acting it for the 1,128th time for presentation on the screen



Gilda Grey, who is making her debut in the Follies this year as one of the principals. In this costume she leads the dazzling chorus of Folly girls in singing a ditty pathetically entitled "It's Getting Dark on Old Broadway"



Louis Wolheim in "The Hairy Ape," the most talked of play of the season, by Eugene O'Neill, the most talked of American playwright of our day



Mary Astor and Glenn Hunter in "Second Fiddle," to be released some time in September. Mr. Hunter, who earned the sobriquet of the "Tarkington boy" by his fine bit of characterization in "Clarence," is starring in a series of six pictures of American boy life

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ARBE



Marjorie Peterson—one of the youngest and most promising of the "Denishawns," having danced her way up through cabarets and motion picture palaces is now premiere danseuse in the new Greenwich Village Follies



Charles Cherry in Milne's "The Dover Road" about to drink to the very good health of his two involuntary guests, an eloping couple whom he has taken prisoner in order to convince them of the folly of their project



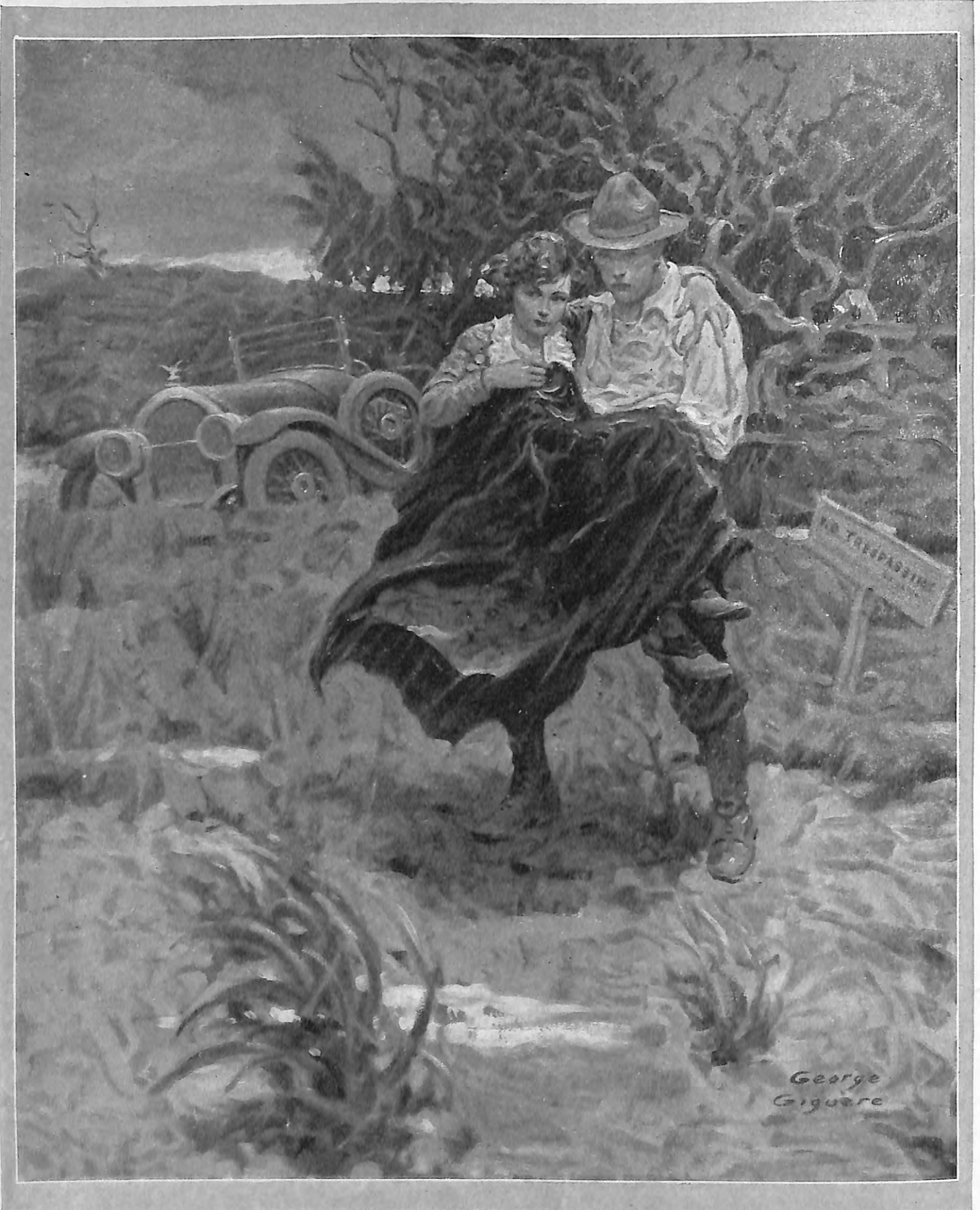
Betty Compson started her career on the vaudeville stage, and has recently joined the Paramount ranks. Her newest picture, "The Bonded Woman," will soon be released



Irene Wales—one of the Ziegfeld Follies beauties in the truly wonderful costume she wears as Miss Trust in Blunderland, the opening scene of this most gorgeous of New York revues



Frank Reicher, in "From Morn to Midnight," starts in a bank and ends, after twenty-four frenzied hours, in a Salvation Army hall beating a penitent drum



Without clearly knowing how it happened, she found herself plucked powerfully out of the seat, swathed in rubber folds, and carried lightly through the wild swirl of air and water. An inexplicable recklessness swept her. She softened herself in his grasp

No Trespassing

A Story of Youth and Hate and Love and Treasure Trove

By Samuel Hopkins Adams

Illustrated by George Giguère

If you were in love with a girl—But if your nerves were on edge and you thought you hated her—And that she despised you—And if chance gave you an advantage over her—And if you could make a small fortune by pressing that advantage—And you needed the money badly—Would you do as Gilbert Hayden did?

ONE asset and one liability inaccurately balanced the existence of young Mr. Gilbert Hayden. The asset was several square rods of New Jersey. The liability was a Ruined Life. He had acquired the asset as an offset to the liability, on his physician's advice.

"You buy a lot somewhere," said wise old Dr. Weston, who had practiced for thirty years in Morristown, to which young Hayden had removed his personal wreckage, "and build yourself a shack on it with your own hands. By the time it's done you'll have sweated her out of your system."

"Who said anything about a her?" demanded the patient with the exasperation of badly frazzled nerves.

"When a young fool of twenty-four can't sleep o' nights and drops fifteen pounds weight and loses his appetite for anything heartier than bootleg whiskey, there's usually the flutter of a skirt somewhere. Wouldn't she marry you?"

"No; she wouldn't," growled the youth. "That's lucky," opined the brutal doctor, "for both of you."

Young Mr. Hayden deemed it most unlucky for himself and highly reprehensible on the part of Miss Zelda Trefayne, then singing with marked success a minor but piquant part in that Broadway triumph "The Musical Mixup." Early in the previous spring Zelda had picked him up, dusted him off, and finding him an amusing and attractive human toy, petted him quite as much as was good for either of them. But when he developed matrimonial ambitions she, being a sensible and honest individual, was surprised and disconcerted.

"Who, me?" said she. "What do you want to do that for? You're only a kid, and I'm twenty-seven if I'm a day. When I marry, it'll be real cash. In fact, I'm looking him over now. Forget it, honey." In lieu of taking this sound advice, Gilbert pampered his wounded egotism with so profound a fit of the sulks that his private and positive diagnosis of a broken heart seemed in a fair way to be justified until he fell into the hands of Dr. Weston. As a prescription for what ailed him, the parcel of the Northern Jersey Development Company's plot did not appear to its purchaser any too promising, though it certainly had the merit of being far enough from Broadway and all its lures. In order to reach it from Morristown you took a trolley to South Wankus, a car to Stupp's Corners, a walk around the shoulder of Parker's Ridge, a bridge across Bullrush Marsh, a slushy tramp of half a mile, and there you were! The company's seductive prospectus described it as "in the heart of a growing section." So it was. The growth was mainly burdock. It appeared to young Mr. Hayden that it was particularly thick and hardy on Lot 16 M, to which he could now read his title clear.

He attacked the burdock with sustained fury and terrific slaughter. Having cleared the land he built him a tool-shed and proceeded with grim determination to grade his property. His hands blistered with toil. His nose peeled with the sun. His temper got worse and worse. He hated everything and everybody and particularly Dr. Weston. But he began to get an occasional night's sleep into the deep weariness of which troublesome dreams of Zelda did not penetrate, and to take no small pride, comfort, and satisfaction in having a broken heart to nurse. In his scheme of creation, now loftily saddened rather than blackly embittered, women no longer existed, except as vague shadows. At least, so he told himself. There was only the sweetly sorrowful memory of Zelda Trefayne.

One day he began to whistle at his work. The very next afternoon trouble arrived.

She sat on a rocky mound, with back-tilted head, delightedly breathing the spring. She was a golden-brown creature, brown of skin, brown of garb, ruddy brown of wayward hair, with russet gleams and dreams in her tawny eyes. Her hat, a small and impudent affair, teetered airily on a willow as if it might burst into song at any moment. Her slender body, bent forward to let her hands join about her knees, seemed to pulsate to the urgency of the warm, sweet earth.

Young Mr. Hayden interrupted his work long enough to give her one glance of savage gloom. Nobody had a right to look as happy as that in a calamitous world of broken hearts. What was she doing on his property, anyway? Should he ask her? No; why bother? After all she was only a casual member of that insignificant sex which no longer meant anything in his existence, and the wrong color besides. Zelda was a pastel in blue-and-gray. He returned to his shoveling.

Fifteen minutes passed. The trespasser said:

"Don't you ever stop to rest?"

The toiler said, "No."

That ended *that*. Ten minutes more passed. The girl said:

"I wish you'd tell me what you're doing."

"Grading this lot."

"Yes; but why?"

"To build a bungalow on."

The deeper hues turned golden in her eyes as she opened them very wide; she began to chuckle. "That's funny," she remarked. "That's very funny. You don't really know how funny it is. Have you been at it long?"

"A week."

"It's odd I haven't seen you. I come nearly every afternoon."

"I work in the mornings."

"You're grading it beautifully for a layout," she continued persuasively. For some mysterious reason this seemed to afford her

further amusement. "You must have been working very hard."

"I haven't had any interruptions," he pointed out, "up to now."

"Oh!" said the brown girl. Then, dolorously, "I believe you're getting tired of having me around." She rose, captured her hat, set it in place at a disturbing angle, and strolled a few paces away to the side of the mound where she seemed to be alternately examining a sign-board and consulting a document which she had taken from her pocket. When she returned she was undergoing some sort of inner struggle which ended in her complete surrender to amusement.

Now when one's eyes are full of sweat, and one's nose is peeling from the sun, and one's back muscles ache in chorus, and one's palms are a series of blisters, to have a casual girl stand on a mound overlooking one's sufferings and laugh consumedly at them is a trial to any temper; nor does it make matters any better if the laughter is pretty at any time and quite distracting when mirth possesses her face. Worse, in fact. (Not that it made any difference in Gilbert's blighted life how pretty she was!)

He dropped his shovel, stood up straight and glared the best glare he had in stock. It worked. The girl sobered down.

"Good-bye," she said quite pleadingly. But there was a suspicious twinkle somewhere back of the apparent meekness.

"Good-bye," he barked.

"Come again?" she insinuated. As this elicited no response she added: "I was thinking of coming back tomorrow. Yes? No? Oh, well; just as you say."

On the morrow she was there. The indignant delver was not. Something else was, a sign-board planted conspicuously on the very spot where she had been sitting. It was freshly lettered and obviously of home manufacture.

NO TRESPASSING

it announced to all and sundry. The girl, regarding it with a kindling eye chose to take a more personal application than was necessarily implied.

"Just for that," said she, and left the conclusion of the threat to the unborn future.

II

THE door of the office slammed. Doors always slammed behind Nancy Nellis, as if imbued by her mere touch with some of her blithe and irresponsible young vigor. She darted over to Dr. Weston, planted a kiss on his left eyebrow, performed a series of dance steps, and landed with a flying-squirrel effect in the biggest chair.

"Behave yourself," protested the doctor. "Don't you know you're an invalid?"

"Do I look it? I feel about five years

old. When are you going to buy me a trowel and rake? I want to grub in my new property."

"Wait a week. Did you see my other patient?"

"That violet-eyed grouch! He's awful. No boy has any right to eyes like that with long, curly lashes to make 'em worse. Girly stuff."

"He can't help his eyes. He came by 'em honestly; I used to know his mother, years ago."

"Oh, *did* you!" Miss Nellis's own eyes regarded him with suspicion. "So that's it. I wondered why the special interest in him. Telling me to be nice and friendly with my neighbor on the Development. Well, it was all wasted. He's about as friendly as a rattlesnake."

The physician chuckled. "I told you his nerves were a little on edge."

"You told me he needed a gentle stimulus. As a gentle stimulus to violet-eyed nerve-wrecks I thought I might do. But I don't."

"All that I hoped of you," said the doctor with apparent innocence, "was that you might give him a renewed interest in life by making love to him a little."

"Me? I don't make love to men," said Miss Nellis primly. "Sometimes they make love to me," she added less primly.

"No! Do they?" marveled Dr. Weston. "I wonder why. I don't suppose Gilbert would, though."

"Let me inform you, Cousin Chester Weston, that that sweet little pet of yours is my slave this minute and he's going to keep on being more so until I get good and ready to release him."

"Think so?" answered the other. "You like him that much already?"

"I think he's a smush," said the girl disgustedly. "That curly-locks type make me sick. They're always being spoiled by fool girls, and it takes a girl who isn't a fool to show them where they get off. I thought," she added calmly, "that as long as you're going to bore me to a pulp with your silly open-air treatment, I might be the little missionary and incidentally get some fun out of it with your soft young friend."

"He won't be so soft," asserted Dr. Weston grimly, "after a few more weeks of work on his lot."

The girl began to chuckle very much as she had chuckled at Gilbert Hayden's toilful agony. "He hasn't been working on his lot."

"The devil he hasn't!" Dr. Weston's words snapped. "Don't tell me the young slacker has been shirking."

"Not that, either. It's too good to keep. Promise you won't tell? Solemn, silent, strike-you-dead oath?"

The physician crossed his hands on his chest and closed his eyes solemnly.

"All right. He's working on my lot."

"Your lot? What the—"

"Grading it, and getting all the mean little stones out, and fixing it so neat and pretty for my garden. Only, he thinks it's for his bungalow."

"How does he get that way? Has his brain gone wrong?"

"Some mix-up over the numbering of the parcels, I suppose. He's 16 M and I'm 16 N and he got the wrong location; that's all."

"But surely he'll identify the signs sooner or later."

"He might," agreed the girl placidly, "if I hadn't changed 'em on him. That was after he put up his hateful 'No Trespassing' board."

"Then you're not going to tell him?"

"Of course I meant to at first, until he was so snippy. Now I'm going to keep him stringing along just to teach him a lesson."

To the lone and alarmed spectator it seemed that someone might well be killed or seriously damaged, but that the victim was more likely to be the son of toil than the son of ease



III

FOR the ensuing fortnight Mr. Gilbert Hayden led the life of a side-show. The brown girl was exhibitor and ballyhoo. Over a couple of corrugated ruts which the Development

Company flatteringly termed a new road, she drove her runabout on almost daily tours of exhibition and exposition whereof he was the unwilling but helpless subject. Whoever her companion chanced to be—and he was usually young, male, and good-looking—the effect was the same, inextinguishable hilarity. It was perfectly evident to young Mr. Hayden that he was getting funnier and funnier all the time. He went grimly on working.

As his muscles supplanted and his hands hardened the job became more endurable; even his broken heart, of which he was obliged to remind himself occasionally, appeared to be participating in the general improvement. Bad days follow good days, however, in this streaky life of ours: there came a heavy, moist, tepid May morning when all ambition oozed out of the Hayden soul. The mound of sleazy, flaky rock which he had begun to raze, took on the discourag-

He can work himself to death for all I care. I enjoy having a real slave," announced Miss Nellis. "It's a new experience, this kind."

"On the practical side, it's grand: you get your property all graded for nothing. But where does the special fun come in?"

"Oh, I'll go out there every day or two and stand on the boundary and laugh at him."

"That's a solitary sort of pastime."

"So it is. Better take some one with me, hadn't I? Some of my suitors from town. They're always lolling around Uncle's place until I don't know what to do with them. I'll run 'em over in the car and show 'em the slave toiling and say 'Isn't he funny? He's all mine.'"

"Don't let him hear you," advised the doctor with an unprofessional grin. "These emotional neurotics are likely to have flashes of violence."

"Pooh!" said Miss Nancy Nellis. "White mice."



ing proportions and stability of Gibraltar. What was the good of it all, anyway? What was the use of life? Dead, drab monotony. Nothing to do but work. No companionship but the birds. Curse that doctor! He would almost have welcomed the brown girl with her teasing laughter, as a break in the drear stillness of the day. He hurled a rock at the No Trespassing sign, and as he turned again caught sight of the little car approaching. The brown girl was alone this time. Perhaps she'd speak to him, in which event he would be polite, but not too eager. Perhaps she'd only laugh at him. The car stopped. The brown girl got out. Did she hesitate and glance at him? At any rate, she didn't laugh. That was something. . . . No; she was walking aimlessly across the landscape away from him. Oh, well! He swung his pick. The rock slithered down around his feet.

Whence had the storm come? A puff of hot wind, a rush of cold air; a high, sustained roar overhead as if spring itself had turned Berserker, and the solid column of the rain came charging across the flat. He saw the brown girl running lightly ahead of it, surmount a fence, leap a ditch, gain the road and reach her car in a gallant sprint, just as the first drops overtook her. Meantime he had taken refuge in his tool-house. Something seemed to be wrong with her car;

the engine wouldn't start. Through his half open door he could see her desperately manipulating the levers. She jumped out and undertook to lift the hood, but the savagery of the rain beat her back to shelter. The roadway became a yellow smear, perilous to any wheel. He hoped that she would not start now; debated as to whether he should invite her into the shack and was still in doubt when the whir of the conquered engine was borne down-wind to him. The runabout moved, gathered headway, seemed to drift to leeward as a tremendous burst of wind struck it, and slithered to the ditch's edge where it precariously hung at a threatening angle.

Catching up a rubber poncho Gilbert dashed to the rescue. He jerked open the door. The brown girl was huddled back in the corner. Little sprays of water filled the air.

"Come out," invited Gilbert, brandishing his poncho.

"I don't want to," she retorted.

"You're not safe here," he urged. "You'll tip over any minute. Come along to the shack."

"I won't."

"What's the matter with the girl!" he cried in despair.

"I j-j-just don't want to go on forbidden property."

"There! You're shivering. Don't be such an idiot."

Suddenly she leaned forward. "I'll come, if—if—"

"Well? If—if—?"

"If you'll take down that horrid sign."

"What? Now? Dig it out in all this storm?" yelled the outraged rescuer.

"If you want to get me into your shack," she returned obstinately.

Without clearly knowing how it happened she found herself plucked powerfully out of the seat, swathed in rubber folds, and carried lightly through the wild swirl of air and water. An inexplicable recklessness swept her. She softened herself in his grasp. Her head drooped lower and lower until, as he felt the sudden sweet warmth of a wet cheek pressed to his own, he staggered and almost dropped her in the very doorway. Accidental, of course, and meaning nothing to him, anyway, mere wreck of disillusionment that he was! Yet her eyes seemed to have taken on an inexplicable luster in the dimness and her voice awoke strange echoes within him as she said softly:

"Tomorrow, then. Will you dig it up tomorrow?"

"What? The sign? I certainly will." He was surprised at the conviction in his tone.

She chuckled. Not as she had chuckled at him that first day, but a low, rippling, contented, mothering sort of sound. "Honor bright-and-bound?" she demanded.

"Honor bright-and-bound," he repeated the unfamiliar oath.

"That's all right then. Let's see," she mused. "You don't like girls, do you?"

Thus recalled to his wrongs he answered gloomily: "No. Though I don't know where you get it."

"It didn't take so much guessing. Well, today we're just pals together. I'm a fellow workman. I'll tell you all about it."

Which she did to the effect that, not having recuperated properly from a tonsillitis operation she had been sent to her uncle's country place a mile distant; had persuaded him to buy her a plot of ground of her own to play with, and was awaiting Dr. Weston's permission to get busy on it. She intended, she explained, to be a landscape gardener. Wouldn't he give her a job on his place? (With a threatening attack of the chuckles again, the original kind) . . . Maybe he would, if he could afford it. . . . Oh, well; she wouldn't be dear. Not to him, anyway. What did he do, anyway, besides shovel dirt like a human steam-scoop? . . . Half of every day he was a designer; new advertising ideas and that sort of thing, out of which he would some day derive vast wealth and glory, though at present the debtor universe was holding out on him. . . . Yes; but *why* (this two hours later) hadn't he called her attention to the fact that the storm was all over and the sun shining? . . . To tell the truth, he hadn't noticed it himself. Did she really have to go? So soon? When was she coming back? . . . Perhaps tomorrow. Perhaps the day after. But—she felt that she ought to warn him—she'd probably be a girl again by then and not just a good fellow. Would he mind? . . . Recalling with a sort of scandalized inner panic (for what about his irreparable broken heart?) that momentary soft warmth against his cheek, he realized that he wouldn't in the least mind and said so with a fervor that brought a curious smile to her face.

"I wish you'd tell me one thing, though," he said appealingly as he put her in the car.

She had the grace to blush a little. "The
(Continued on page 62)



Miss Mary K. Browne, former national champion, runner-up to Mrs. Mallory in the 1921 Women's National Singles Championships, and for years ranked among the first ten

Mrs. Molla Bjurstedt Mallory, the National Woman Tennis Champion, whose recent trip to England to play Mlle. Lenglen resulted in defeat



Miss Marian Hollins, all around sportswoman, and present holder of the Women's National Amateur Golf Championship

Miss Aileen Riggan, one of the best divers in America. Miss Riggan, at the age of fourteen, won the world's fancy diving title in the Antwerp Olympics

WHEN a person raises the point of temperament concerning a woman athlete—and of all questions that come up relative to this highly interesting subject that of competitive mentality seems most interesting to qualified observers of the major sports—the mind of the writer turns to two incidents that were extremely impressive at the time, and have ever since lingered graphically in memory.

The first was at the West Side Tennis Club, at Forest Hills, L. I., last summer, when Suzanne Lenglen, the world's champion tennis player of her sex, withdrew in the second set of her match against Molla Bjurstedt Mallory. There was temperament for you, temperament nourished and fostered by the adulation of a Parisian public who have seen in the girl not so much a distinguished exponent of a great game as a militant apostle of Gallic prestige, a symbol and a sanction for the pride of her race.

Mlle. Lenglen may be set down merely as a young woman who, for various reasons, has lost a sense of perspective. Happily, it may be stated that sex was not involved at all. This is put forth the more confidently, inasmuch as in this era of phenomenal development of the woman in competitive sport the Lenglen incident stands alone. Her recent defeat of Mrs. Mallory at Wimbledon has done much to make clear her status as a player.

For contrast the mind turns to a great golf course where Dorothy Campbell Hurd and Mrs. Gibson are playing for final honors in an important championship match. They came to the seventeenth tee with Mrs. Hurd one up after a struggle that had been bitterly contested every foot of the way, a contest where polite smiles and other manifestations of a mere friendly game of golf

were lacking, where all was grim, intense concentration.

Mrs. Hurd sliced her drive into the woods from that seventeenth tee, and two or three minutes elapsed before the ball could be found. When discovered it lay firmly embedded in a bees' nest, wedged in among the roots of a tree. Standing there among the trees, gazing down at the ball, Mrs. Hurd smiled, and shook her head. Then seizing a stick she lifted the ball neatly out of its retreat. But it dropped badly, did not, in fact, clear the woods. The lie of the ball now was such that the player could hit it left-handed only.

Again Mrs. Hurd smiled. Taking her stick in the left hand, her right arm around a tree trunk for support, she deftly extricated the ball, but was unable to hit it in the direction of the green. The lie now, however, was of a sort that gave her adequate opportunity not only to hit the ball, but by a brilliant shot to discount past difficulties. Brilliant is precisely the word wherewith to describe Mrs. Hurd's fourth shot. The ball, as though it had eyes, winged its way to the green, and stopped within four feet of the pin. She holed out in five and won the match in 83 (41-42) while her opponent went around in 86 (40-46).

It is worth while considering these scores in contrast with those made in a match played twenty-seven years ago among the

leading women players at Meadow Brook. Mrs. Brown, of Shinnecock, was the winner, covering the eighteen holes in 132 strokes. Miss Sargent, of Essex, finished second with 134, and the scores of the other dozen or so contestants ran as high as 173. That winning score of Mrs. Brown's for the year 1895 was beaten by at least ninety women in the first round of the Women's Eastern Golf Association Championship on the links of the Westchester-Biltmore Club this year, where Miss Glenna Collett and Miss Elizabeth Hardin tied at 81.

A reduction of fifty-one points in the play of women tournament golfers in twenty-odd years causes one to speculate what another decade will see. There are some golfing experts who believe that with increase in power and in aggressiveness women players will bridge the five strokes that now separate the best women players from their rivals of the opposite sex. Of all sports played with a ball, it is in golf that woman, in point of skill, dexterity and resourcefulness has come closest to her brothers.

AS THE case stands now Francis Ouimet, Chick Evans, and a few other of our top-hole men players could give Miss Glenna Collett or Miss Alexa Stirling about five strokes in eighteen holes, and have more than average prospects of winning. Among average players, a woman ranges from 95 to 110, a man from 90 to 100.

Women in Sports

By Lawrence Perry



Mrs. Beamish, the English tennis player who has figured in the news as one of Mrs. Mallory's most dangerous opponents, having more than once defeated the American champion

PHOTOGRAPHS BY
EDWIN LEVIN

Miss Alexa Stirling, dethroned as National Golf Champion by Miss Hollins last year, considered by many experts to be the best all around woman golfer this country has so far produced



Miss Helen Wainwright, holder of the National Junior 440-yard championship and other titles and one of our fastest feminine swimmers irrespective of age



Miss Glenna Collett, popularly regarded as a future national champion, winner of this year's North and South and other tournaments and rated, with Miss Hollins and Miss Stirling, as one of our three best women golfers

How Close Will They Come to Equaling the Performances of Men?

In tennis the race is not so close. A man such as Tilden, geared to his best effort, and in perfect playing form, should be able to start at love-thirty and defeat the highest ranking women. In fact, Tilden did just that last summer in a private match in Europe, Suzanne Lenglen being his opponent.

Comparatively speaking, aggressiveness is the quality oftenest found lacking in women on the golf course and the tennis court. Those who delve deeply into sporting psychology say that this is because of the accumulated ages in which aggressiveness of the competitive sort was not a quality either encouraged in women or developed through their habits and pursuits.

Where women do markedly excel in all their sports over the average man is in the matter of patience. Any man, however expert a golfer, in the position in the woods in which Mrs. Hurd found herself would, in all probability, have sworn to himself, if not aloud, and have picked up his ball.

Of all women athletes Glenna Collett probably leads in point of aggressive play. She crashes at her game with most unmaidenly vigor. Yet Alexa Stirling excels with her irons, wherein the element of patience is likely to be more valuable. The best of the women golfers are powerful. You will hardly find a great woman golfer whose legs are not big and strong, not to say columnar. Frail physique reacts to vastly better advantage on the tennis court.

In point of continued ability there is no reason to suppose that the excellent woman player will not find her game enduring over a period of time not less than that of the man. Mrs. Caleb Fox, the great Philadelphia golfer, owns to sixty-three, while Mrs. Ronald H. Barlow, also of Philadelphia, has a son who was in the late war.

Does the "competitive expression" become a woman? Probably not. The *sturm und drang* of contest hardens and sharpens the eyes and, whisper it, tends to harden the face as well. The male face that has a fighting look is admired, as it is admirable. The woman whose face has been drawn through the physical effort and mental turmoil of conflict on the field of sport loses a certain softness of lineament that admirers of the sex time out of mind have exalted in song, poem and tale—albeit their skins are singularly clear.

WALTER MACE, the Yale trainer, who had charge of the physical condition of the 1921 American Davis Cup Team, says that as a result of years of observation, he does not recommend tournament tennis to a girl who would like to shine in a beauty show. The strain of competition shows all too clearly. Perhaps with competitive athletics for women increasing and expanding as at the present time, standards of pulchritude for the fair sex will by natural processes be emended, and the violet, the rose, the lily

and other symbols of beauty in women will give place to hardier and more rugged flowers hereinafter to be selected.

That athletics need not, as some fear, injure our American domesticity, is glowingly exemplified by the home life of our most distinguished exponent of lawn tennis, Mrs. Molla Mallory, who never lets sport obtrude upon her housekeeping, and whose qualities as a home-maker are no less exalted than her athletic prowess. When she returned from her 1921 European trip, in which she was defeated by Mlle. Lenglen for world's honors, she smilingly acknowledged some jocular reference to her defeat by a member of her family, and calmly resumed her housewifely duties. She did not play in the indoor tennis tourneys last winter because she was "too busy at home."

MAY SUTTON BUNDY, who was our first tennis star fifteen years ago—a pioneer American expert upon international fields—came East from her California home last year and played in various tournaments, including the women's championships. She is the mother of several children.

So far as health is concerned tennis and golf may be recommended for women without reservation. So may riding and swimming, both of which divisions of sport have proved highly beneficial.

In swimming and riding, as in golf, women may be judged practically by the same standards that are applied to men. Indeed, in showing a horse in the riding ring a woman usually shines to advantage over her masculine rivals since she makes a beautiful picture. In no epoch has riding

(Continued on page 54)

Free Air—Or Nearly Free

Some Outdoor Books That Give It to You

By C. W. F.

THIS is the season to be off, tramping the road—learning the ways of the sea—riding across mountains in a low saddle—camping in the desert!

That's all very well, as an opening remark, isn't it, but what about the important matter of the well-stocked purse? No one can get very far without that—least of all the fellow who needs the "air" most!

And just here the great institution of book-writing comes in strongly. Like a shelf in a drugstore, all full of splendid tonics, invigorators and appetite-provokers, along come a row (about this time every year) of books designed to send the worthy reader off into the open, or, if that is not within the possibilities, to give him a change of air, a keen appetite for real things, and a feeling of having the four winds of heaven blow upon him.

Free air! Well, not *absolutely* free. But for a few dollars, say, you can go off on some of the most completely satisfying fishing trips that could ever happen—with a great angler, a man with an eye for beauty and a sense of humor that is an excellent thing in even a fisherman. For about the same amount you can get clean of the crowded cities and find yourself on a decent horse in some romantic corner of a Californian desert, where there is not much danger these days, and yet, just enough left for the camper to sleep with "both ears listening." For a trifle more than the Western trip, a man or woman may come from the ends of the world and, through a mere book, learn to know Cape Cod as few people have ever known that strange, historic headland of New England. Then, for almost a song, away we go for long walks with a gorgeous collic, taste a bit of farming life or dash quickly "down East" to Gloucester Town and ship on some staunch fishing schooner sailing for the Grand Banks with a crew of "regular fellows" aboard. If that isn't "free air" of the best American brand, we want to know about it. And these books really give it to you! That's what we are so enthusiastic about this month.

"Cape Cod and the Old Colony"

A Book by Albert Perry Brigham

Line up, please! The history fan—the sharp on geography—the outdoor and travel fiend—and just the plain "party who likes to read." This book was made for you, though it may seem a foolish thing to some that one author should try to please so many people.

Cape Cod is to America what Brittany is to France and what Cornwall is to England. Not to be familiar with it is to be a poor American—to miss the splendid drama of our early history—to have but little idea how some of our national traditions came to be traditions.

We approached the book with a vague feeling that the Pilgrims were the first white men to explore Cape Cod. But no! Twenty years before the Leyden Pilgrims pushed into Provincetown Harbor, there came one Bartholomew Gosnold, navigator and adventurer, who gave the name of "Cape Cod" to the land that enclosed that haven.

In 1603, Martin Pring, an English merchant wandering carelessly around the world,

spent six weeks in Plymouth Harbor, which he called St. John's Harbor, and sailed home with a fine cargo of sassafras. Champlain also explored Plymouth Harbor, and so did the Dutch before the Pilgrims ever turned their faces towards these shores.

In 1614, our good old friend Captain John Smith, on a trip north, called the Cape

God of the Open Air

Thou who has made thy dwelling fair
With flowers below, above with starry lights
And set thine altars everywhere,—
On mountain heights,
In woodlands dim with many a dream,
In valleys bright with springs,
And on the curving capes of every stream:
Thou who has taken to thyself the wings
Of morning, to abide
Upon the secret places of the sea,
And on far islands, where the tide
Visits the beauty of untrodden shores,
Waiting for worshippers to come to thee
In thy great out-of-doors!
To thee I turn, to thee I make my prayer,
God of the open air.

—From "Songs Out of Doors," by Henry Van Dyke

"Cape James" after his king, and gave to the whole surrounding country the title of "New England." Thus are some of our early and casual historical facts upset.

Then again, the book pleasantly jolts us, as, for instance, when the author says, "At Provincetown, the passengers of the *Mayflower* landed. At Plymouth, a month later they settled."

The whole wind-swept sandy arm of Massachusetts is teeming with American history. Towns date back to 1637—streets still keep their original names—the sea and the sand-dunes, and the fogs and the winds seem still to hold mysteriously the story of man's struggle to gain a foothold in a new country. So much for the historian, and Professor Brigham has covered his subject absolutely. For the mind with a scientific bend (or is it bent?) there is the glacial formation of Cape Cod. Then the forests—the cranberries—the apple trees—the flower-starred moors—these give a sweet smell to the book, and tell us much of how the people lived and still live.

The sacred cod swims through several pages, and there's the story of the old whalers, the life-saving stations, and the Portuguese! In turn we get them, together with a word about the modern art colony.

But the thing that strikes us most is a sudden feeling of Yankee kinship which is ours with the Cape's leagues of surf, the endless wilderness of dune, forest and lake, the unsullied purity of the air.

The mere reading of the book is worth a dozen stupid week-ends inland.

The Van Dyke Cousins

It is hard to know just which one we should speak of first. There are many reasons for putting Dr. Henry Van Dyke at the very beginning. Perhaps because we, as a mass, know him better, have loved him longer—and other nice things like that. His

contribution to the "free air" of this department is, however, such a little book that it should come at the very end, like a green-colored period. But so long as we have said this much, let us finish the matter up.

His book "Songs Out of Doors" is just the right size to put in a pocket, a motor tea-basket, or the saddle-bags of a real free-airman. Some of the songs in this tiny volume we have read before, but it is a poor poem that can't be looked in the eye more than once.

Here, in high verse, are things said that will appeal to those who love the fields and streams, the trees and the birds. Two of these poems were written while Dr. Van Dyke was an undergraduate at Princeton—fifty years ago. But, between us, if the Doctor hadn't vainly stuck the old dates at the end of each you never would have guessed it. They certainly don't look a day over—

And then there's the other Van Dyke—Professor John C. Van Dyke, who writes such interesting and human books on paintings and the great galleries of the world—he's improved our minds a lot!

In "The Open Spaces" he talks of real paintings in the great galleries of nature. Canvases big as states—blots of color wide as deserts and shadows made by mountain ranges.

It is a big-hearted book for any one who wants to know how it feels to get out in the open spaces alone. The book is in fourteen fine experiences with nature. Among them:

Sleeping out—"when there is a full moon you occasionally get strings of ducks or brant in silhouette as they cross the moon's disk, reminding you, perhaps of some Japanese print. . . ."

Riding the ranges—"a cowboy riding to a finish four horses a day would frequently go eighty or a hundred miles. . . ." "I ran after them and saw the second wildest scene of my life—mad cattle swimming a swollen river at night, with flashes of lightning and peals of thunder as accompaniment."

Desert days—"They who lived along its edges were full of strange tales about it—tales of its perils, of water-holes poisoned with copper and salt, of weird mirages and lost trails. . . . To explain one's being on the desert just for the love of the open spaces of earth and sky was to them no explanation at all."

Trailing in moccasins—"All animals have the habit of watching the eye of the enemy, whatever that enemy may be. It is probably a universal habit that will apply to man as well as beast or bird."

Mountain-forest trails—" . . . trees in the California groves at least four thousand years old. . . . One never comes to know the redwoods until he sleeps under them."

And so it goes—just one thing after another, making you pull at your anchors "until it hurts."

"His Dog"

By the Dog's novelist, Albert Payson Terhune

We cannot all have the sea and the Sierras and the Mohave Desert to fill our lungs with free air, but there's mostly always a road

(Continued on page 59)

The King of Beasts

By Courtney Ryley Cooper

Illustrated by Herman Palmer



As the big, friendly bulldog came within range, a foreleg lashed out in angry sweeping fashion, the claws driving vicious circles through the air as they strove to strike flesh

THERE is mockery even in the life of a jungle animal. Crook was, by consent of natural history, a king of beasts. But by nature, by breeding and by the characteristics handed down to him by a murderer father and an ill-mated mother, he was something far different. His brain was that of a traitor, of an ingrate and of a skulking renegade; his whole make-up that of the incorrigible and the trickster. But the books called him a king of beasts; even in cubhood his heavy head, the beginning of a thick scruff about his neck, indicative of a luxuriant mane to come; the thin haunches and a clumsy ponderousness about the shoulders, gave indication that in looks, at least, he would be a magnificent specimen of the Black Nubian—and Major Worthington of the Great Consolidated had hopes that the inner nature might be made to conform with the handsome exterior.

For in a circus, nothing is lost until all is lost; the land of the white-tops is a determined place where obstacles are only deemed such after they have been found to be insurmountable. So the earlier days of Crook's existence were ones of constant watchfulness on the part of Major Worthington and of his daughter. For fair-haired, bright-featured little Louise Worthington had found the way more than once to bring a bad animal "out of it."

"I was just wondering," she said one day when Crook was about four months old, and she and her father stood before the close woven screen of his cage, "if we could do anything with him through Gyp. He's so good natured and playful, you know."

"Might try it," came the answer of her father. "Certainly, we've got to do something."

"What does Ned say?"

"Rather thinks we'll never get it out of him—right in his blood—a bred and born criminal, and he can't ever be anything else. That's the way he figures it."

"Ned knows animals, Father—better than either one of us. Still, I'd like to try Gyp—"

"Well, I don't see any harm in it." Then, as a young, clean-featured man, still in his uniform of the performing arena, approached from the big top connection—"Wainright!"

"Coming up!" The young man hurried

forward, smiled at Louise, then turned toward the older man. "What's doing, Major?"

"Just looking at this lion cub. Think there's a chance of doing anything with him?"

Ned Wainright shook his head and laughed boyishly.

"Afraid not. Never saw a cub just like him. Killed his brother a week ago—but I guess you know about that. I tried to get them apart and he scratched and bit like a wildcat. Just plain bad, I guess. Usually a cub at his age is as playful as a kitten—but not this one. He's got the murder instinct bred in him."

"Going to make a fine lion, though."

"In looks, yes."

"In every other way too—if we could find some means of curing him of this cussedness. Louise has an idea of putting him in a cage with Gyp. Might teach him to play that way."

Ned Wainright became studious.

"There's a lot in that. If we could start the play spirit in him, there might be a chance. But now—"

THEN the three were silent, looking through the wire netting at the ball of fur hunched far back in a corner, his yellow eyes gleaming maliciously, his small claws extended, the loose skin of his lips drawn tight, to reveal the sharp rows of saber-like teeth. Crook—so Ned Wainright, animal trainer of Major Worthington's circus, had called him, within a week after he had been born. Crook—the cognomen of an outlaw, and to the three persons who now watched him he seemed to deserve the name. At last, Louise spoke:

"I've wondered whether there could be any disease or malformation that could cause him to act this way?"

But Wainright shook his head.

"Not unless it's something the veterinarians don't know anything about. I've had him examined, and looked him over myself—his teeth, his claws; even dragged him around to see if there was any rheumatism in him, but I can't find anything wrong. Digestion's all right, lungs are good; heart's normal. Looks to me like it was all in his brain, where it won't come out. He's just a vicious cat and—"

But Louise had turned, and had called to a giant, bench-legged bulldog, which had just scrambled beneath the sidewalling of the menagerie tent and now was reconnoitering for a soft spot in the loose hay beneath the hippopotamus den. But at the command, he turned, and trotting awkwardly, came forward, to nuzzle the outstretched hand of the girl. She petted him, patting his heavy head and the great muscles of his shoulders, then knelt, to talk to him.

"Think you'd like to live with a lion, Gyp?" she asked. The big white dog wagged his tail—and Louise laughed. "Acts just as though he knew what I was talking about."

Wainright nodded—toward the feline's cage.

"So does the cat there—" Crook was hissing now, his hair standing along the ridge of its back, his yellow eyes fastened on the dog—"there'll be a fight the minute we put them together. Hope Gyp has enough sense not to kill the thing."

"Oh, he'll know, I'm sure."

"Hope so—" then to Major Worthington—"whenever you're ready, Boss."

The show owner turned and surveyed the menagerie.

"Guess any time's all right. We'll shift that Beauty lion into that short cage; that'll leave Number 63 unoccupied. We can put 'em in there."

With the result that a half hour later, Crook, hissing and clawing, was prodded from the close-netted shifting den in which he had been confined, into the larger quarters of a full cage. As usual, he sought a corner, to yowl and spit at the three persons who watched him, then suddenly, squatted, frightened, yet maliciously defiant, he watched the door open to admit the white, thick-headed form of the big bulldog.

FOR a moment, there was only appraisal, the lion cub eyeing the intruder with furtive, venomous glances, meanwhile seeking to pull himself farther back into the corner. He hissed, then was silent, contenting himself with watching the every movement of the dog, which as yet had not advanced from the doorway.

In fact, Gyp seemed to be taking stock of his surroundings. The ammonia odor of

cat beasts was strong about him, and he sniffed curiously, the scruff of his back rising for a moment with the instinctive hatred of the canine for the feline; only to fall as suddenly at the sound of a voice from without:

"Gyp! Gyp! Stop that! You've got to be friends! Understand that—now go make up with him!"

It was a command of the show lot, issued many times by the girl as the dog, overenthusiastic to protect her as they made their way to the cars at night, often threatened and growled at some good friend. More, it was a command which he readily recognized, and he wagged his tail, starting forward somewhat uncertainly, then stopping to stare toward the girl in wondering fashion. She only urged him on.

"That's right," came her call, "go on. 'You've got to be pals you know.'"

AGAIN the dog wagged his tail, and barked, in short, protesting fashion—agreeing with her, it seemed, yet reluctant to obey the command. The girl stamped her foot, and again called to him. This time he obeyed his mistress, and started amiably forward, toward the thing in the corner—

A hissing, yowling thing which recognized neither mistress nor master, command nor appeal, Crook, the inbred, waiting there, his tiny, yet sharp claws ready for action, his teeth bared, the skin now pulled down in protecting fashion over his eyes until they were mere slits in his rounded head. His muscles padded—then as the big, friendly bulldog came within range, a fore-leg lashed out in angry, sweeping fashion, the claws driving vicious circles through the air as they strove to strike flesh—and failed.

For the dog had avoided the blow with an agility which belied his size—and now was half crouched, his tail still wagging, a few feet from the angered cub. He barked—but out in front of the cage, the girl made no protest; it was more the bark of an amused thing, toying with something he knew he must not harm, yet which baffled him for the moment—there was a note of surprise in his call, a breaking yelp of wonderment; yet nothing of the fierceness which could be his upon demand, no hint of attack or of enmity. The cat hissed again and waited for the hated, white thing to come nearer. But Gyp only remained spraddled on his front legs, his head cocked slightly, still barking. A sense of superiority crept into the malicious heart of Crook. His fur raised, his claws peeping from behind their hiding places in readiness for instant action, he took a creeping step forward. The dog did not move. Again the cat-beast went nearer—but still the dog waited spraddled, his big mouth open, the tongue hanging over his long teeth. Again—again—then the leap!

And with it, the dog sprang also, to growl, in half-earnest fashion, to evade the swift striking claws, and then, like some over-heavy pugilist suddenly endowed with the speed of a lightweight, to strike the cat far to one side with a big paw, tumbling it off balance and then, before it could regain its poise, to seize it by the neck, strongly yet gently, to shake it in almost playful fashion, and finally, with a sudden, whirling motion, to throw it far from him, to the sideboards of the cage, where it struck, rolled, then lay, hissing and yowling, but not moving again to the attack. Outside the cage, a laugh sounded, that of the girl.

"Well, there's one thing certain," came at last, "that cub's found something he can't bulldoze!"

"It was a good start," Ned Wainright

was talking as he moved closer to the bars. "Looks like we might be able to do something through that dog. Better not leave them together too long at the start—might be best to work it up gradually. This way, Crook'll only sulk. Best to let him find out for sure that he's not the demon he thinks he is. We'll take Gyp out now, and try it again tomorrow."

With the result that the hissing cat saw the white beast removed—only, twenty-four hours later, to see him return. This time the attack came again, with almost the same tactics, and with precisely the same result. Once more was the cat beaten at its own game, and following this, Gyp, the bulldog, moved cockily nearer his cage mate, and stood there barking in happy fashion, waiting for the pupil to come forth to be taught another lesson. But the lion cub only crouched tighter in the corner, and with one paw raised, hissed in frightened, desperate fashion. Gyp remained in the cage for nearly an hour before Wainright removed him, but there was no further attack, and a week later—

"You're a mind reader, Louise"; it was Wainright who intercepted the girl just at the padroom entrance where she stood, a silken, be-tighted thing, awaiting the change of music which would send her into the arena and to the waiting "rosinbacks" or ring horses, which formed her part of the performance. The circus world is a working world—Louise Worthington no different from the rest, in spite of the fact that it was her father's circus. Wainright concluded his message: "You were right about Gyp. It's working!"

"Really? They're becoming friends?"

"I should say so! He's gotten that cat started at playing. The rest ought to be easy now—"

But the music changed then, and with a little wave of the hand which bade that he wait for her, she hurried into the ring. Ten minutes later, she was out again, to hurry into the dressing-room, and then to reappear, dressed in her street clothing.

"They're actually playing?" she asked as they started around the big top together.

"It's gone even further—they're sleeping side by side. You've noticed in the last few days how Gyp has been able to go up to Crook without the cat trying to fight him?"

"Yes—and I seemed to feel that there was less animosity on the cub's part; like he'd sized Gyp up and decided he wasn't so bad after all."

THAT'S the way I figured it too, and so this afternoon, I just thought I'd try them out. Fixed up a rubber ball with some catnip on it and tossed it into the cage. Gyp began to play with it, and then, like I'd figured, the catnip attracted the cub. Pretty soon he moved out of his corner and pawed at the ball, whereupon Gyp barked and knocked the thing across the cage, and the romp was on. I let them play until they got tired, and when the lion stretched out, Gyp, like the good old pup he is, moved right over beside him and lay down too. So I just left them together—they're all right now. I think—"

But they had gained the menagerie connection now and turned within. Softly they started to make their way to the cage, the girl slightly in the lead. But ten feet further on, she halted.

"Look!"

For the cat evidently had just awakened, and was finishing its feline stretching. Then slowly, it had begun to circle the dog, its body moving sinuously, its eyes narrowed again, its—

"Gyp! Gyp there! Quick——!"

The man shouted it as he ran forward, searching hastily for a feeding fork as he went. The actions of the cat now were apparent; the skin was drawn back from his teeth as he moved about the sleeping dog until he could reach a point behind its back. The muscles bunched, a baby attempt at a roar and he leaped!

SCRATCHING and clawing, his jaws working swiftly, he settled in a lump upon the bull-dog's neck—even before Wainright could reach the bars with his hastily summoned feeding fork, the blood had begun to spurt as the big dog, twisting and writhing, sought to free himself from the treacherous beast which had attacked him in his sleep, and struggled in vain. The cub was fighting for a death grip, his claws were driving deep with every blow; only the swift moving feeding fork in the hands of Ned Wainright interfered as it struck him again and again, finally being forced against his chest, and with the full force of the trainer behind it, breaking his hold. Then, while the weapon was transferred to the girl, who, with swift lunges of the steel spear drove the cat to a corner, Wainright made the door of the cage and seized a weaving, bleeding form in his arms, to carry it forth—playful, goodnatured Gyp, torn in a dozen places, his neck a circlet of red. Faithful Gyp—a victim of treachery. Hurriedly Wainright carried him to the cage where he kept his first-aid supplies. There they bandaged him, the girl solicitous and tender, the man with a determined gleam in his eyes as he laved the lacerations and cauterized them—for the cut of a cat's claw is poisonous.

"That's feline nature for you!" came at last, and the girl looked up.

"You mean——"

"Crook played a game. He's not a lion—he's a leopard in a lion's body. With a little murderer thrown in. It's the same stunt I've seen leopards pull time after time; pretend to be tame, pretend to be docile, but they're only waiting for their chance. That's what this cub did—acted friendly, and jumped his enemy from the back! I—"

he halted seriously—"I guess our theory didn't turn out so well after all, Louise."

"I'm afraid not, Ned. And I wanted it to, so much. It would have pleased Father—"

"I haven't given up yet. That lion's going to get me, or I'll get him before we're through. As long as I stay in this circus, I'll keep on working at him. If Gyp gets well, I'm going to try him again—it's about our only chance. He'll be on his guard now."

TOO much, in fact. For a week later, when the cage door opened to admit a scarred, heavy-jawed bulldog, it was a different Gyp which entered, a Gyp which recognized treachery and which meant to take no chances. In vain the girl called to him; the dog only stood alert and growling, his hair bristling, his heavy undershot jaw half open, as though in readiness for the first untoward move on the part of the hissing, rumbling thing which crouched in the corner. But Crook made no move to attack—his was the method of sneaking ambush, not of the open struggle. Vainly the man and girl strove to bring about something of a truce. Then with a little shrug of the shoulders Wainright opened the cage door.

"Come on, Gyp," he ordered, "don't blame you much. I guess it's up to me from now on."

The dog backed to the door, still facing his enemy. Crook remained crouched in



A sudden whipping motion of one paw side-swiped the chair and knocked it out of Wainright's hand. . . . Six hundred pounds of roaring, hissing monster rose in ponderous fierceness from its crouched position on the floor and bore down upon the trainer



The weakened lion rolled awkwardly upon his back to break the hold of the unseen thing—and then it was that the bulldog ceased to guard himself by silence. A growl came, hoarse, guttural. The lion roared anew—

his corner. Then, as the canine leaped to the ground, a third figure entered the menagerie, that of Major Worthington.

"Can't get 'em together, eh?" he asked.

"No—Gyp isn't taking chances."

"What are we going to do? Have to give up?"

But Ned Wainwright shook his head.

"I'm not in a habit of giving up—in anything, Major," he answered with a little laugh—"either in lion-training or—"

The Major smiled.

"Well, I don't know how you're doing with the cat," came at last. "But as—as to this other—I've always sworn that I'd never have an animal trainer in my family. But—" he mouthed his cigar, turned on his heel and then, as he started away, added over his shoulder: "damme if I'm not beginning to like you."

THEN as he went on, a man and a girl forgot for the moment the crouching, vengeful thing in the cage—forgot it in the happiness of something greater. At last, however, they turned again to the den, and Wainwright stood for a long moment considering the beast within.

"I guess there's only one thing to do," he said at last, "and that's to wait until he's fairly developed and then go at him—to make or break. He's got it in him to be a demon, and there's no gentleness nor kindness that can pull him out of it. Not that I intend to be cruel with him—but it's a case of training, and of teaching him that he has a master. Nothing else will do."

With the result that Crook went back to his wire-netted cage, where his paws, with

their sharp talons, could not penetrate to tear at the arms of passers-by, or lacerate the hands of the men who fed him. Months passed, and still he remained in the shifting den, a sulky, morose thing of solitary viciousness; his cubhood lacking the usual petting and pampering which is the lot of the usual circus cub: the menagerie workmen spoke of him as they would speak of a snake.

The circus season closed; the menagerie became a thing of "permanent" dens and lassitude as the big show went into winter quarters to await the time when snows would fade and the gleam of a summer sun bring the crowded curbings of the parade route once again. Month by month the winter traveled by, into the warmer days of spring, with its accompanying clang of hammers from the blacksmith shop, the whining whir of the shaving machines, manufacturing new stakes and ridgepoles for the coming season, the trumpeting of the elephants as they went through their paces out in the winter quarters yard, the thudding of hoofs from the ring-barn, where Louise Worthington was practicing against the time when the big top would be crowded again, the clowns frolicking about the hippodrome track, and the band playing its lilting music of the equestrienne act. Then it was that Ned Wainwright stood before the cage of Crook, now more than two-thirds grown, watching the lion for a moment, then, at last, turning to give an order.

"Transfer him into the permanent den opening on the arena," he commanded of an assistant. "Then strap him down and put the mechanic on him. I'm going to start training this afternoon."

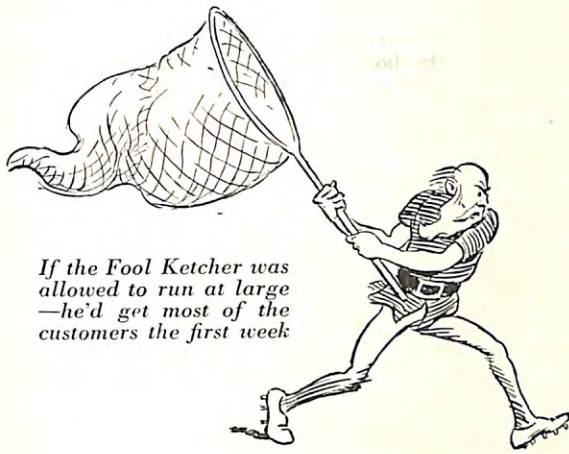
With the result that in a few hours, while Louise Worthington and her father watched anxiously from outside the arena, a young man, armed only with a stick and a kitchen chair, took his place within, to await the entrance of a fiend. As for that fiend himself—

HIS legs were pulled tight in four opposing directions, where they had been noosed and tautened by cautious animal men. About his shoulders was a heavy, harness arrangement, with a swivel at its top, and leading from this, through the bars and up through the top of the arena, was a rope, running through a pulley—the "mechanic" by which the equestrian learns his act, the trapeze performer is guarded against nasty tumbles in the perfection of his performance—and the refractory animal withheld painlessly from tearing to pieces the man who seeks to command him. For in animal training there is animal psychology, and the teaching of other things save the mere routine of an act.

"There's just a chance that he was badly scared some way when I didn't know about it," Wainwright said as he leaned against the bars, awaiting the final adjustment of the mechanic straps. "If that's the case, this ought to pull him out of it. I've had 'em that way before—but I could always sense the fear in them."

"Of course, if he is just scary, we'll get along all right. He'll jump and tear at me for awhile, but the mechanic'll hold him off, and naturally, he'll expect me to come at him and hurt him. When he finds that

(Continued on page 69)



TO MAKE sure I got the dictionary and looked up the word "Vacation." It means, "The act of vacating."

Determined to be thorough I took the matter up with one Captain Tom Roberts, the oldest fishing, hunting and boating guide on the Great South Bay. He has made a study of applied exterior vacationing for fifty years.

"The act of vacating is right," he decided, "and it applies mostly to the head. It comes in two forms—there's two distinct kinds of vacations:

"One is where a fellow quits work to take a rest.

"The other is where a fellow leaves his pleasure and comfort to have a little spell of suffering."

To save his life Captain Tom couldn't remember a single case of where a man tried the first of these two plans. He gets seven dollars a day for letting them suffer—only five when they want to rest.

About daylight one morning last summer Tom and myself, in a thirty-five foot power boat, were rounding a treacherous point in the Great South Bay. We had just had breakfast and were opening up the cockpit screens that we had battened down during the night to keep out mosquitoes.

This old guide with whom I have fished and hunted for the last fifteen years, suddenly stopped, pricked up his ears and peered into the misty distance.

"Ain't that a boat grounded on the east side of that point?" he asked, indicating for me to get the glasses. "Looks like somebody was in it, too. What do you see there?"

Following his direction I finally spotted the object, made it out quite plainly.

"Yes," I reported. "It's a woman—and there's a man on the bank. Looks as if he was trying to pull the boat up on the grass."

Captain Tom immediately cut off the engine. We drifted near enough to be heard and still not go aground on the submerged bar.

"What's your trouble over there?" he yelled, in a foghorn voice.

"Lost," called back the man on the bank.

"Aground, too."

Taking the smaller boat—a skiff—we went over to them, carefully picking our way.

If Summer Comes

By Bozeman Bulger

Sketches by Paul Reilly

In the boat a woman sat huddled, her teeth chattering. The man was holding on to the painter (bow line) for dear life. On closer inspection we discovered a four year old child sitting on the floor of the boat, leaning against its mother's knees and partly covered by her raincoat and skirt.

For a moment the grizzled bayman regarded this outfit in amazement.

"How'd this happen?" he finally asked of the fidgety fellow on the bank.

"Started across here yesterday afternoon and hit that bar. Wind came up and blew us in here. Propeller must've got caught in the sand. Anyhow, she stopped. Drifted in here—stayed all night."

The faces of the woman and child were blue with cold and spotted and swollen from hundreds of mosquito bites. The man's was almost as bad. All three were wet, their clothing soaked.

"Didn't you know where you were going?" Captain Tom inquired.

"Sure. We are going on a fishing trip."

"I mean the water. Didn't you know the channels?"

"Certainly not," the man explained.

"We were just on a trip—looking for adventure." He was irritatingly cheerful.

"And you started out in the afternoon in this toy boat with a woman and a baby?"

"Of course. We are out to rough it. Might as well get used to it first night."

"Well, I reck'n you roughed it, all right. Why didn't you throw out your anchor or use your oars when you hit the bar and the engine went dead?"

"That's the funny thing about it," said the man. "We forgot the anchor."

Naturally, didn't think we'd need oars in a power boat."

The poor woman sighed heavily at this. The child began to whimper.

"Had anything to eat?" asked Captain Tom.

"Not yet. We got coffee in there, but I couldn't find any wood to start a fire with. We are none of your soft, city campers."

"Lemme get this thing right," observed Tom, his eyes narrowing. "You mean to tell me that you started out for a long fishing trip in this outfit?"

"A week, yes. I'm on my vacation."

"And you started without oars or an anchor, and without anything to eat?"

"Oh, we've got bacon and coffee and cornmeal. We've got fishing lines and will catch our other food as we go."

"Got any bait?"

"Why, no," it occurred to this brave adventurer, "but guess we can buy some."

"Well," ordered the guide, "you get in that boat and throw me that painter—that line tied to the front of your outfit."

The man arose painfully and did as directed. We towed them over to the big boat.

"Now, you git that lady and that child in the cabin and take them wet clothes off'n 'em," the guide ordered as soon as we had them safely aboard. "Wrap 'em up in blankets and then you come out here in the cockpit."

In the meantime we had put our coffee pot back on the alcohol stove.

"You got a right to kill yourself, I reck'n," Tom said to the man, "but you ain't got no right to mistreat that woman and her baby. It's just luck that baby hasn't died from them mosquito bites. Here, take this coffee. . . . I'm going to take you over to that shack on the point there," he said, pointing to the east. "They've got beds there and they've got food and bait. If you want to have a fishing trip, and live, stay there until you are through."

THE man was quite humble by this time. He looked in wonder and a certain amount of scorn at our elaborate preparations for keeping off mosquitoes and for preparing food.

"You fellows are sort of dude fishermen, I see," he said.

Captain Tom turned on him wrathfully, then checked himself.

"Yes," he said dryly, "we aim to live a long time yet."

Giving me the wheel the old guide—he is





One man set up a regular workshop in his house to make trout-flies

near seventy—went into the cabin and rubbed sweet butter on the faces of the woman and child. They were suffering. Later he gave some to the man.

Once they were landed the man offered to pay for the service.

"I done it for the lady and the baby," said Tom, declining the money. "Not for you. What you need is a guardian—maybe a doctor."

We went on our way.

"That's the fourth one this week," Tom told me. "The rescuin' of vacationists will pick up right smart from now on."

BEFORE landing the man had given me his name and address. He was the auditor of a big corporation in Wall Street.

Later in the summer, I ran into a member of that firm at a ball game at the Polo Grounds. I inquired about the brave, rough auditor.

"Say," he said in a tone of envy, "Jim has told me about that trip a dozen times. From what he says you folks must have had a great time roughing it out there on the bay. Must be the life. He's going to start again next spring—going to get himself a bigger boat."

"He'll need it," I suggested. "How's his wife and child?"

"Oh, I guess you know about her. Jim tells me she is a natural born outdoor woman—can rough it just like a man. Must be wonderful!"

"Why, the lyin' scoundrel!" grunted Captain Tom, when I told him of this accidental meeting. "The woman out at the shack told me that the man's wife was sick for three weeks and that the baby was laid up for a month. A doctor come out and took them ashore."

Now, the thing I can't get into my head is how summer will do that to some folks. Tom says that everybody has a little of the crazy in him, and it always comes out in the spring—gets worse toward August.

"If the fool ketcher was allowed to run at large," he added, "there ain't a summer resort or a water front in the world that could live. He'd get most of the customers the first week."

According to this quaint old fellow there's no need of worrying about plain fools—tame vacationists. The

worst they do is sit on the porch, wear white breeches and look miserable. But fools like that man in the boat are dangerous. They are likely to kill people.

When I was a little boy in a very small town they thought I was going to be sickly and it was decreed that I should live in the woods—in the mountains. I did so, and got well. I liked it so much that I have continued to live outdoors a large part of the time. I didn't know when I started, though, that people deliberately lived in tents and rustled their food as best they could just for fun. I have learned a whole lot about it, though, since I began to live in a big city.

One summer I was living with Jim Bagley, the noted sporting writer of his day, in a camp on the edge of a river in the Catskills. Poor Jim is dead now.

Early one morning a boy of sixteen, crossing the river in a comical looking rowboat, came over to us. It was sizzling hot, even at that hour. To our astonishment this boy wore a coonskin cap, an exact replica of the one you have seen on Daniel Boone in the pictures.

The lad's lips were so swollen from the bites of mosquitoes and black flies that he could hardly talk.

"We caught your signal last night," he said, "and I answered it just as soon as I could."

"Our what?" asked Bagley, keeping a straight face.

"Why, we saw three balls of white smoke go up from your campfire, and Dad sent me over. We knew what that meant, all right."

Jim and I didn't know what it meant, but we concealed our ignorance as best we could, meantime letting the boy talk. We had just prepared breakfast and made him sit down and eat with us. He glanced at the china cup in which we gave him coffee and cream, and looked at us quizzically. He seemed glad to eat, though.

"Having a good time, are you?" we asked. "Oh, sure. But mosquitoes have been bad. The fish haven't been biting good, but we've got cornmeal left."

"That all you have?"

Even if the Indian guide didn't look the part we did, and that was enough



"Right now, yes, sir. Cornmeal's pretty good, though. Dad stirs some water and salt in the meal and makes little balls out of it. Then he wraps this in thick paper or grass and puts it in the ashes, letting it bake."

JIM looked up, poisoning his knife and fork. He could hardly believe what he had heard.

"I'd certainly like to see that stuff when it comes out," he said. "Young fellow, why don't you use a frying-pan?"

"We did think of that, but Dad said we were out to rough it—to enjoy the vacation we must live like Indians. Dad knows all about Indians."

"Young fellow, let me tell you something. Here's some pancake flour and bacon: When the old man is out on the trail you slip over here and cook yourself something to eat. And say, here is a little canvas hat, too small for me. You'll find that much more comfortable and airy."

"Oh, no, sir," the boy mumbled. "Dad says we have to wear coonskin caps. Daniel Boone and Kit Carson wore them."

"They did, did they? Well, you ask Dad if he didn't know that old Daniel wore that

coonskin cap to keep his head warm—not to cool it."

The next day we took a trip across the river to see what this was all about. In the face of your possible disbelief I want to tell you that we found the old gentleman wearing a



heavy coonskin cap, tail hanging down his neck, and ashes in his Van Dyke beard, squatted over a pile of coals trying to bake a corn pone by rolling meal and water in sheets of paper. The product resembled fishing-bait or some patent kind of dog food. How it tasted I never hope to know.

The old gentleman was a retired business man, we learned. For years he had read up on how to rough it. At considerable expense to his mental and physical well-being this is the way he was doing it. He must have been a Spartan soul, that old fellow. He was doing everything that he had told the boy to do.

It developed that they had noticed the smoke from our fire and by referring to a leather-bound volume on woodcraft had figured it out that we had given the distress signal often sent up by the Mohawk Indians!

The old gentleman politely declined our tender of mosquito netting to protect his little dog-tent, in which they slept. No, sir. That would suggest a tenderfoot. Neither would he take any treatment for his sunburns.

How long the father and son suffered, I never knew. One morning we rowed across the river and they had gone. On the spot they had erected a pile of white stones—it's a hundred to one they called it a "cairn." We took it apart and found cached there one of the coonskin caps, partly burned.

Very likely that old gentleman attended one of the campfire dinners in a New York hotel the next winter and told of his exploits—of what a glorious privilege it is to live in the great outdoors—to commune with nature and the spirits of the Mo-

hawk braves who have gone to the happy hunting-grounds.

It's an even bet that he electrified his audience with his narration of having discovered and translated the message from our signal fire. Don't think I'm stretching this. I've heard 'em do it, time and time again.

The summer vacation—that feel in the air that makes one think of the woods and wild flowers and fish and worms and what not—affects some men strangely. There is a recurrence of the same disease, in a milder form, when the tang of frost in the air makes one want to grab a gun and kill wild fowl or wild beasts.

It is my belief that the average city dweller does not really wish to kill or catch something—an animal or a fish. He mainly wants to look like he's going to kill something; wants to let his beard grow and have a snapshot of himself in murderous looking garb.

Come to think of it, vacations are mostly regulated and classified by clothes, anyway.

We boast of our civilization, enthusiastically record its progress in the newspapers. At heart, though, most of us would like to be told that we look uncivilized. We would like to be civilized mentally, but have the physical appearance of a cave man—big shoulders, hairy chest and all that sort of thing.



In portraying the magnificent specimens of manhood our artists never pick out a man who sits at his desk and solves the problems of advancing civilization, business and so on. No, indeed.

He takes a man in rough clothes, rugged face, big shoulders. The catchiest poses are usually the ones over a camp-fire, astride a cow pony, or the hardy-looking hunter taking a big hooker of liquor, with a rifle across his knees and a couple of deer or a bear slung over his shoulder. Isn't it so?

How much popularity do you think would be gained for a painting of a man of intelligence and culture—a man among men—having his nails manicured?

HOW often have you, yourself, felt that self-conscious embarrassment when you knew that some one was watching you have your nails under treatment by a pretty manicure?

Right there is the underlying germ of the disease that becomes epidemic along about now. The vacation has come, and it is the one time to look rough-and-ready.

That's why that old gentleman wore the coonskin cap on the hottest day I ever felt in August. Though hardly rugged enough to cast a respectable shadow, he had one chance to look fierce. Nobody was going to stop him from looking it, either. It is easy enough to say that he was an old fool



Though hardly rugged enough to cast a respectable shadow he had seized his one chance to look fierce

and needed a guardian—which he did—but he wouldn't have felt comfortable in a Panama hat or a canvas hat, and eating his meals regularly. His pleasure was in suffering so as to feel like a tough, hard-muscled, uncouth child of nature. The suffering probably did him good, at that.

Did you ever know a man to come in all broken up from one of those fool trips and admit that he was through for life—would never go again?

No, you didn't. They brag of their hardships; will do it all over again at the drop of the hat. Tom Roberts, the guide, tells me that in fifty years of observing the genus vacationist, he has never noted one sign of improvement.

There are some men who really believe they can be Daniel Boone or Kit Carson with from ten to twelve days' practice. What they lack in practice they can make up in clothes. There is only one time of year in which a man can go around in those clothes and escape the insanity experts—vacation time. And there you are. Let's not be too hard on them. We are liable to do it ourselves any minute.

I went to a hospital not long ago to try and cheer up a magazine editor just recovering from a battle with saddle sores, black fly bites and sunburn. I asked him about this matter of inducing people to take a rest once a year instead of a vacation.

"Of course a man could have a sensible vacation—rest, I mean," he said, groaning, as I rearranged his pillows for him, "but that's just why he doesn't do it. You don't get the angle at all. You and Old Tom fish and hunt most of the time and you don't know what a vacation is. The average man, you see, has been working hard all year, using his brain to conduct his business in an intelligent manner. He wants to get

away from that. So he leaves his brain at home, forgets his intelligence, suffers tortures, and has a corking good time. A brain like yours never gets busy. You and a few other fellows I know haven't got any more sense than to go fishing to catch fish."

"When are they going to let you out of here?" I inquired.

"Oh, in another week. And, say, I've got a great idea—worked it out lying here in bed. Why wouldn't it be a dandy scheme for some of the rich philanthropists to establish and endow a hospital for convalescent campers? It gets terribly lonesome here. If all the suffering vacationists could be corralled in one big hospital, with adjoining beds, what a time they could have telling of their hardships! Wouldn't that be a pleasant, delightful finish to a hard vacation?"

Now there is an idea.

I took the matter up with a bachelor I happen to know who is worth

twenty million dollars. At least I tried to take it up with him and get his immediate friends interested. No such luck. Everyone of them had gone to the great outdoors to rough it. When they return the editor and I have hopes of catching them in the hospital—and in a receptive, reflective mood.

A WRITER—a humorist, at that—went up to Nova Scotia last summer for two weeks of fishing or whatever wild life happened to come his way. He called it a vacation. He spent over two hundred dollars on his outfit—rig, the guides up there call it.

In addition to his rough, picturesque fishing costumes—one for each kind of fish—he had three pairs of riding-breeches. That meant of course he must hire a horse. Oh, yes, some men think riding goes with fishing.

(Continued on page 72)



Heavy-soled shoes would make too much noise for a wary trout

Annual Report to the Grand Lodge Of the Grand Exalted Ruler William W. Mountain

To the Officers and Members of the Grand Lodge Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks:

MY BROTHERS:

It gives me great pleasure, at the close of my administration, to report to you that the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks of the United States of America is in a good healthy condition.

The work of the District Deputies in all districts has produced splendid, definite results. Through the state meetings, composed of all the District Deputies of the state, all Exalted Rulers and their Secretaries, together with the zone members of Grand Lodge committees, they have made a determined effort to make each subordinate lodge the real American civic center of its community.

There has been co-ordination and real co-operation with the result that there has been brought into the Order a truer spirit of fraternity, a greater respect for law and order, more love and honor for the flag and a better understanding of the greatness of the Order of Elks as an American institution and of its value and influence for good in every community.

The New Membership Committee has done a good and successful work. The same is true of the Social and Community Welfare Committee. Less attention has been paid to so-called "membership drives" but, largely through the work of these committees in strengthening weak lodges, in selective campaigns, in instruction and help given by correspondence and circulars, a good healthy growth has been maintained, and we come to the end of our year with a large net gain in membership.

It is my opinion, however, that if the District Deputies' national meeting is to be continued and followed by their arrangements for state meetings of Exalted Rulers and Secretaries, that the New Membership Committee should be merged with the Social and Community Welfare Committee; that the new merged committee should work under the direction of the Grand Exalted Ruler the same as the District Deputies. I believe that then we will have a co-ordinated organization reaching from the Grand Exalted Ruler's office through each department of Grand Lodge activity into the office of the Secretary of each subordinate lodge; that such an organization, working in co-operation, can help and strengthen weak lodges and keep a strong growth in members carefully selected from the best citizenship.

I also believe that this whole program can be wonderfully strengthened and the whole Order greatly helped if the lodges will do away with all initiations and all ritualistic work when the Grand Exalted Ruler and his party visit the subordinate lodges, making such visitation the occasion for a large open civic meeting, inviting the ladies, the boys and girls and their friends, and let them more fully understand the work of the Order, its ideals, its plans and its accomplishments.

I have been receiving thousands of compliments on the first issue of The Elks Magazine, upon the character of the advertising,

the stories and the quality of the whole work. I know something of the almost impossible tasks performed by those who had charge of its development, under the most efficient leadership of Brother Joseph T. Fanning, the Executive Director, and Brother Robert W. Brown, Editor-in-Chief. Personally, I think it is the greatest, most far-reaching step taken by the Order, and that no one can even begin to measure its influence for good in the assistance it will give in every department of the work of the Order.

I have watched very carefully this year not only the growth and development of our own Order, but the growth and development of other fraternities, and I am fully persuaded that the time has come when we should take the steps necessary to organize and take care of our boys. I hope it may be deemed wise by the Grand Lodge in its session at Atlantic City this year to take any necessary action to bring about such a result.

The question of jurisdiction, especially in the large cities, is getting to be one of much importance, and I believe, deserves careful consideration and perhaps some plan worked out whereby either the Grand Trustees or the Good of the Order Committee be required to make all investigations concerning questions of jurisdictional lines between lodges and report to the Grand Exalted Ruler their findings, thus enabling him to more intelligently act.

Many of our subordinate lodges have taken necessary action to give a scholarship to worthy poor boys who have worked their way through high school. I sincerely hope that the day is not far distant when each of our lodges will select a committee from its own membership, and that such committee will select a poor worthy boy from its own community each year and present him with a scholarship in some college or university. Many lodges I know are too poor to do this, but I believe we can easily have a boy representing each lodge, and, as the years go by, who would presume to measure the influence of such a young army of properly trained young men, going out into the avenues of active life, and what could be a greater definite work for this great Order.

Dispensations for New Lodges Granted

Dispensations have been granted for thirty-one new lodges, as follows:

- No. 1425—Natick, Mass.
- No. 1426—Gardner, Mass.
- No. 1427—Monrovia, Calif.
- No. 1428—Metropolis, Ill.
- No. 1429—Ketchikan, Alaska
- No. 1430—Ventura, Calif.
- No. 1431—Greybull, Wyo.
- No. 1432—Lakewood, N. J.
- No. 1433—Herington, Kansas
- No. 1434—McCook, Neb.
- No. 1435—Arlington, Mass.
- No. 1436—Hollister, Calif.
- No. 1437—Tillamook, Oregon
- No. 1438—Cleveland, Ohio
- No. 1439—Herkimer, N. Y.
- No. 1440—Gallup, N. M.

- No. 1441—Rice Lake, Wis.
- No. 1442—Madison, S. D.
- No. 1443—Oxnard, Calif.
- No. 1444—Ilion, N. Y.
- No. 1445—Winchester, Mass.
- No. 1446—Duncan, Okla.
- No. 1447—Garrett, Ind.
- No. 1448—Caldwell, Idaho
- No. 1449—Mexia, Texas
- No. 1450—Puyallup, Wash.
- No. 1451—Pratt, Kansas
- No. 1452—Beckley, W. Va.
- No. 1453—Logan, Utah
- No. 1454—Freehold, N. J.
- No. 1455—Ridgewood, N. J.

All of these lodges have been installed and are in a splendid, thriving condition.

Dispensations for New Lodges Pending

The following petitions for new lodges are being carefully investigated and are going through the regular channels for recommendation as prescribed by statute:

- Spencer, Iowa
- Glen Cove, N. Y.
- Clarion, Pa.
- Burbank, Calif.
- Platteville, Wis.
- Saranac Lake, N. Y.
- Weehawken, N. J.
- Graham, Texas
- Mamaroneck, N. Y.
- Corbin, Ky.
- Breckenridge, Texas
- Webster, Mass.
- Princeton, W. Va.

Plans for New Homes Approved

After careful investigation of all financial plans, made by both myself and the Board of Grand Trustees, the following plans have been approved:

- Boonton, N. J., Lodge No. 1405.
- Catskill, N. Y., Lodge No. 1341.
- DuBois, Pa., Lodge No. 349.
- Erie, Pa., Lodge No. 67.
- Greenville, Pa., Lodge No. 145.
- Greenwich, Conn., Lodge No. 1150.
- Herkimer, N. Y., Lodge No. 1439.
- Jersey Shore, Pa., Lodge No. 1057.
- Loveland, Colo., Lodge No. 1051.
- Medford, Mass., Lodge No. 915.
- Punxsutawney, Pa., Lodge No. 301.
- Phillipsburg, N. J., Lodge No. 395.
- Quincy, Mass., Lodge No. 943.
- Salamanca, N. Y., Lodge No. 1025.
- Quincy, Ill., Lodge No. 100.
- Elizabeth, N. J., Lodge No. 289.
- Newark, N. J., Lodge No. 21.
- Kokomo, Ind., Lodge No. 190.
- Decatur, Ind., Lodge No. 993.

Plans for New Homes Pending

The following lodges have plans for new homes which are now going through the regular channels for approval:

- Beatrice, Neb., Lodge No. 619.
- Dover, N. H., Lodge No. 184.
- Galena, Ill., Lodge No. 882.
- Louisville, Ky., Lodge No. 8.
- Montclair, N. J., Lodge No. 891.
- Omaha, Neb., Lodge No. 39.

Park City, Utah, Lodge No. 734.
 Queensborough, N. Y., Lodge No. 878.
 Salisbury, Md., Lodge No. 817.
 Ventura, Calif., Lodge No. 1430.
 West Palm Beach, Fla., Lodge No. 1352.
 Worcester, Mass., Lodge No. 243.

Elks National Home

The report of the Grand Trustees will show splendid work accomplished in making the Elks National Home larger, more efficient and better able to take proper care of its responsibilities.

Official Visits

The best that a Grand Exalted Ruler can do in regard to official visits is to select such cities and meetings as will enable him to meet the largest number of members.

I have visited during the year the principal cities from California to New York and from Minnesota to Louisiana, including nine State Meetings, making sixty-four official visits to lodges, State Associations and State Meetings, in nearly all of which many surrounding lodges were officially represented.

I want to take this opportunity of thanking all the lodges for the splendid courtesies shown me and for the great support and co-operation they have all given me in the work I have tried to accomplish.

National Headquarters Commission

Too much credit and praise cannot be given the National Headquarters Commission for the efficient, careful work they have accomplished, both as to the national memorial headquarters and The Elks Magazine, and I hope that every member will carefully read their report to the Grand Lodge.

I want to compliment the lodges of the Order for the splendid, enthusiastic way in which they supported the action of the Grand Lodge in levying the assessment for the memorial headquarters and the magazine, and for their prompt payment of same, which has enabled the Commission to do their work properly.

THE Order of Elks has a great future. Its foundation is right, its cardinal principles are right and its plans are right.

The foundation of our Order is God's only law given for the conduct and right development of humanity—the law of love, the Golden Rule—the command that we do unto others as we would have them do unto us. Man-made plans, the signing of peace treaties, conferences in Paris, in Versailles, in Washington and in Genoa are all right, but the only hope for real reorganization, for real reconstruction in the world, for real peace and happiness for humanity, is obedience to the Golden Rule and the practice of Charity, Justice, Brotherly Love and Fidelity. These comprise the platform of the Order of Elks. The membership of approximately a million of America's best citizens have a great work and responsibility, but are splendidly measuring up to it, and we all have reason for great pride in our membership in the Order.

Sincerely and fraternally yours,

W. A. Mountain

Grand Exalted Ruler.

Toledo, Ohio, July 8th, 1922.



Facts from the Annual Reports

Elks National Home

THE Order at Large has at last begun to realize and is paying more attention to the great work and need of the Elks National Home at Bedford City, Va. Ideal as to situation, with a general climate unexcelled, the health-giving tones of this wonderful Blue Ridge country prolong the lives of those intrusted to our care at Bedford City.

The past year, because of unsettled economic conditions, and again because older men have been displaced by younger, in industrials, subordinate Lodges have had more recourse to that haven, The Elks National Home.

The limited capacity, *vis.*, 132, has been severely taxed the past year and permanent improvements were made necessary by the great increase in number of approved applicants. The Hospital Sun Parlor early in the year was altered into a semi-dormitory of ten beds capacity, but this work but partially relieved a large waiting-list. Your Board of Trustees were then obliged to finish up the ground floor in Cottages A, B, C, allowing 10 additional rooms to these cottages, a total of 30. Situated upon the side of a hill these rooms are all rear first-floor rooms, sunny and pleasant. A growing waiting-list, however, necessitates the building at once of another cottage, a duplicate of those now erected and in use. This contemplated necessity will accommodate thirty-two more brothers and should suffice for another year at least. The residents have been remembered more than ever before this past year by those outside. The receipt of books, papers, magazines, and other gifts show that the residents are not forgotten by active Brother Elks of the working world.

There are Home residents thoughtful of those whose sight is bad and who read to them. Others visit the hospital and cheer the sick and walk and talk with their less fortunate brothers.

The past year the management has been

Of the Grand Secretary and the Board of Grand Trustees

able to decrease the expense of maintaining the Home without lessening the standard of food or apparel.

There are at present 152 residents whose average age is 74 years. The average number of members at the Home for the year was 145.

The entire group of buildings have been painted inside and out the past year, and all masonry has been repaired with some replacements. A new Dairy Building has been completed and is now occupied. This building contains an up-to-date automatic ice plant of 3,000 pounds daily capacity, and also six large refrigerating rooms. A new Auto Bus, 16-passenger capacity, was purchased the past year and is in operation.

The acreage totals 93; most of this is cultivated and garden truck raised for Home use. The orchard planted three years ago is now bearing fruit. There is a daily average milk production of 30 gallons. The farm buildings and fences have been repainted the past year, and a new tile silo built. Next year new roadways must be built and one or two resurfaced, at a total cost of not over \$5,000.

Increases in Membership

THE following figures show the growth of the Order's membership by years since its organization, February 16, 1868: 1868 to 1878, an increase of 820; 1878 to 1888, increase of 8,132; 1888 to 1898, increase of 36,120; 1898 to 1908, increase of 246,201; 1909 to 1910, increase of 26,389; 1910 to 1911, increase of 28,389; 1911 to 1912, increase of 24,349; 1912 to 1913, increase of 24,255; 1913 to 1914, increase of 20,198; 1914 to 1915, increase of 14,179; 1915 to 1916, increase of 10,858; 1916 to 1917, increase of 21,174; 1917 to 1918, increase of 19,043; 1918 to 1919, increase of 33,789; 1919 to 1920, increase of 118,156; 1920 to 1921,

increase of 121,983; 1921 to 1922, increase of 44,996.

Lodges of More Than Three Thousand

THIS year's report shows that there are altogether 174 Lodges with a membership of over 1,000. Of these, one has a membership of over 10,000—Brooklyn, N.Y., No. 22, with 10,328 members.

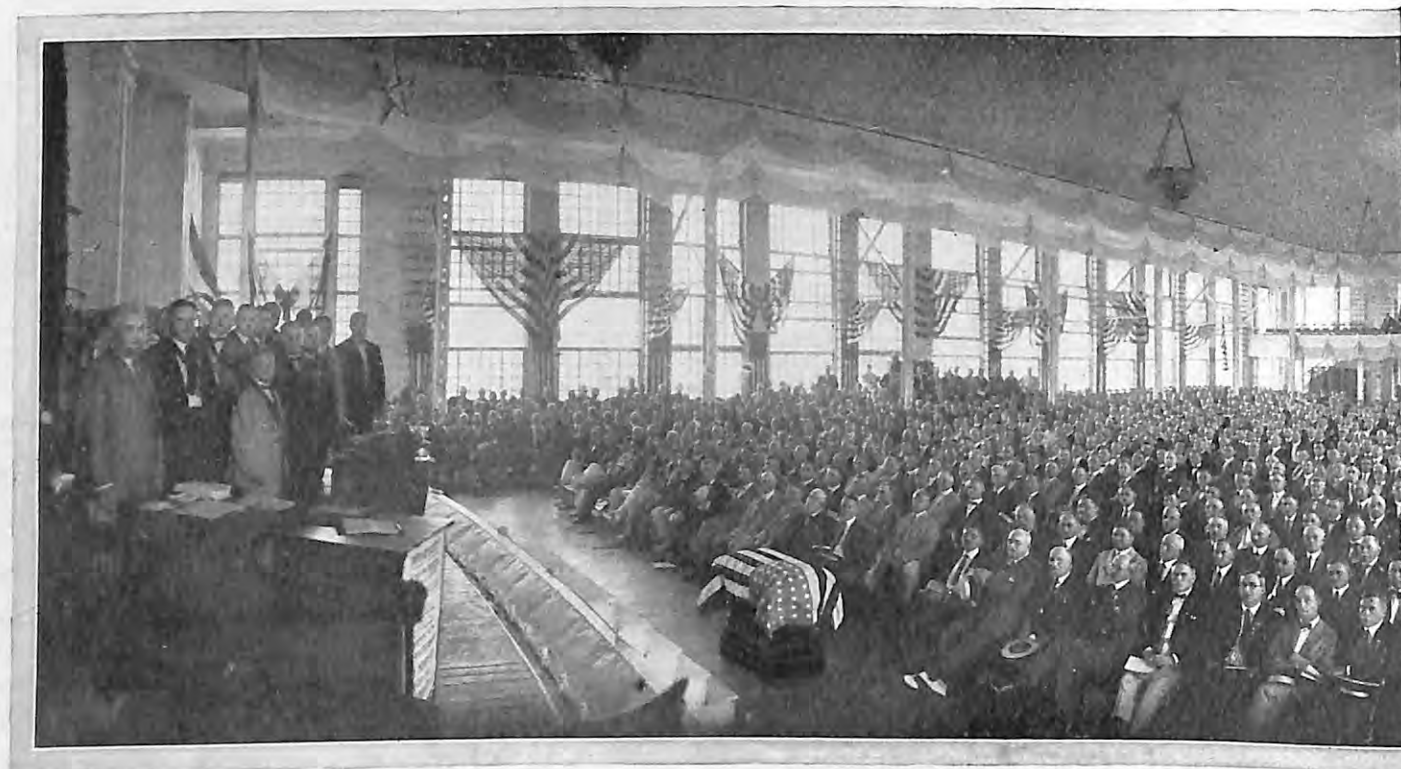
Seven Lodges range between five and ten thousand, namely: New Orleans, La., No. 30—8,110; Philadelphia, Pa., No. 2—7,392; Seattle, Wash., No. 92—6,129; Milwaukee, Wis., No. 46—5,946; New York, N. Y., No. 1—5,577; Jersey City, N. J., No. 211—5,504; Chicago, Ill., No. 4—5,252.

There are five with membership between four and five thousand: Omaha, Neb., No. 39—4,853; Spokane, Wash., No. 228—4,635; Los Angeles, Cal., No. 99—4,376; Detroit Mich., No. 34—4,237; Boston, Mass., No. 10—4,066.

Five with membership between three and four thousand: Minneapolis, Minn., No. 44—3,808; Portland Ore., No. 142—3,671; Newark, N. J., No. 21—3,530; Columbus, Ohio, No. 37—3,311; Cincinnati, Ohio, No. 5—3,156.

Charity Statistics Since 1880

THE following tables are given for the reason that many requests are made for statistics showing the amount of practical charity expended by our Order: No record kept before the year 1880. In the years 1880 to 1885—\$41,563.00; from 1886 to 1890—\$58,374.12; from 1891 to 1895—\$158,558.61; from 1896 to 1900—\$263,483.33; from 1901 to 1905—\$1,039,634.05; from 1906 to 1910—\$1,771,271.53; from 1911 to 1915—\$2,800,283.85; from 1916 to 1920—\$5,541,145.74. In 1921—\$2,044,218.97. The sum total expended over this period from 1880 through 1921 is \$13,718,533.20.



Grand Lodge in Annual Convention

Features of the Atlantic City Meeting

THE fifty-eighth meeting of the Grand Lodge has passed into history. The several sessions continuing from Tuesday until Thursday, July 11-13, inclusive, were interesting and harmonious and constructive. The attendance numbered 1,615 members. It was a splendid-appearing and highly representative body of American manhood.

The Elks Magazine's hail and welcome are extended to the newly elected and the re-elected officers of the Grand Lodge. It would seem that the higher interests have been safeguarded with rare wisdom. To administer the important responsibilities, the following were chosen by unanimous ballot to serve during the ensuing year:

Grand Exalted Ruler—J. Edgar Masters, Charleroi, Pa., No. 494.

Grand Esteemed Leading Knight—Frederick A. Morris, Mexico, Mo., No. 919.

Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight—Harry A. Ticknor, Pasadena, Calif., No. 672.

Grand Esteemed Lecturing Knight—Fred O. Nuetzel, Louisville, Ky., No. 8.

Grand Secretary—Fred C. Robinson, DuBuque, Ia., No. 297.

Grand Treasurer—P. J. Brennan, Denison, Tex., No. 238.

Grand Trustee (five-year term)—Robert A. Scott, Linton, Ind., No. 866.

Grand Tiler—Clement Scott, Vancouver, Wash., No. 823.

Grand Inner Guard—Albert E. Hill, Spartanburg, S. C., No. 637.

IN PRESENTING the name of J. Edgar Masters of Charleroi, Pa., for the office of Grand Exalted Ruler, John K. Tener, Past Grand Exalted Ruler and former Governor of Pennsylvania, said:

"Today, at this hour, at this moment, has come to me the honor which I have ever hoped and prayed might some day be mine—that of presenting the name of the most beloved member of my home lodge for the

highest office within your gift and the greatest office in any American fraternity.

I realize that to those members of this Grand Lodge, who well know the brother whom I shall name, no words of mine that would describe his fitness or his service could possibly enhance their already determined and correct estimate of his splendid qualities; hence, I desire to address the more directly those of you who, for the first time, come as the representatives of your respective lodges to participate in the business of this Grand Lodge.

Pursuant to our laws and practices, the election of officers is the early order of business of the first day of the session, hence, you are called upon within a short time after taking your seats to select those officers who shall serve you for the ensuing year. Therefore, it is important that he who presents a candidate for office, especially for the high place of Grand Exalted Ruler, should know whereof he speaks in order that the information so given may truthfully and clearly set out the qualifications of the candidate.

Fortunately for me, it has been my privilege to sit in the same Lodge room with the brother whom I shall propose, for the past more than score of years, and from the day he took upon himself the obligation of Elkhood.

Applying himself earnestly and with ability, he graduated from the chairs of his lodge to the Grand Lodge, where, with the same earnestness and desire to serve his capabilities were recognized—first, by appointment as chairman of the Auditing Committee, then by election to the office of Grand Trustee, and later, and quite recently, he was selected the Chairman of the Social and Community Welfare Committee. He has brought to every position of trust to which he was called, a true sense of obligation, which, coupled with applied ability of

the highest order, has wrought a complete fulfillment of every duty assigned him.

It was during his incumbency for five years in the office of Grand Trustee that he gave in overflowing measure his greatest contribution in service for the benefit of the Order as a whole.

While a member of this important Board, he was for three successive years chosen by his associates as their chairman—an honor distinctive and unmatched in all recorded history of our Order. As Chairman, his wise and guiding hand was recognized in improved conditions at our National Home, both in the business management there and in the fraternal and co-operative spirit he engendered among our brothers there. He has safeguarded the financial interests of the Order by judicious economy in disbursement of expense funds and a wise investment of our surplus.

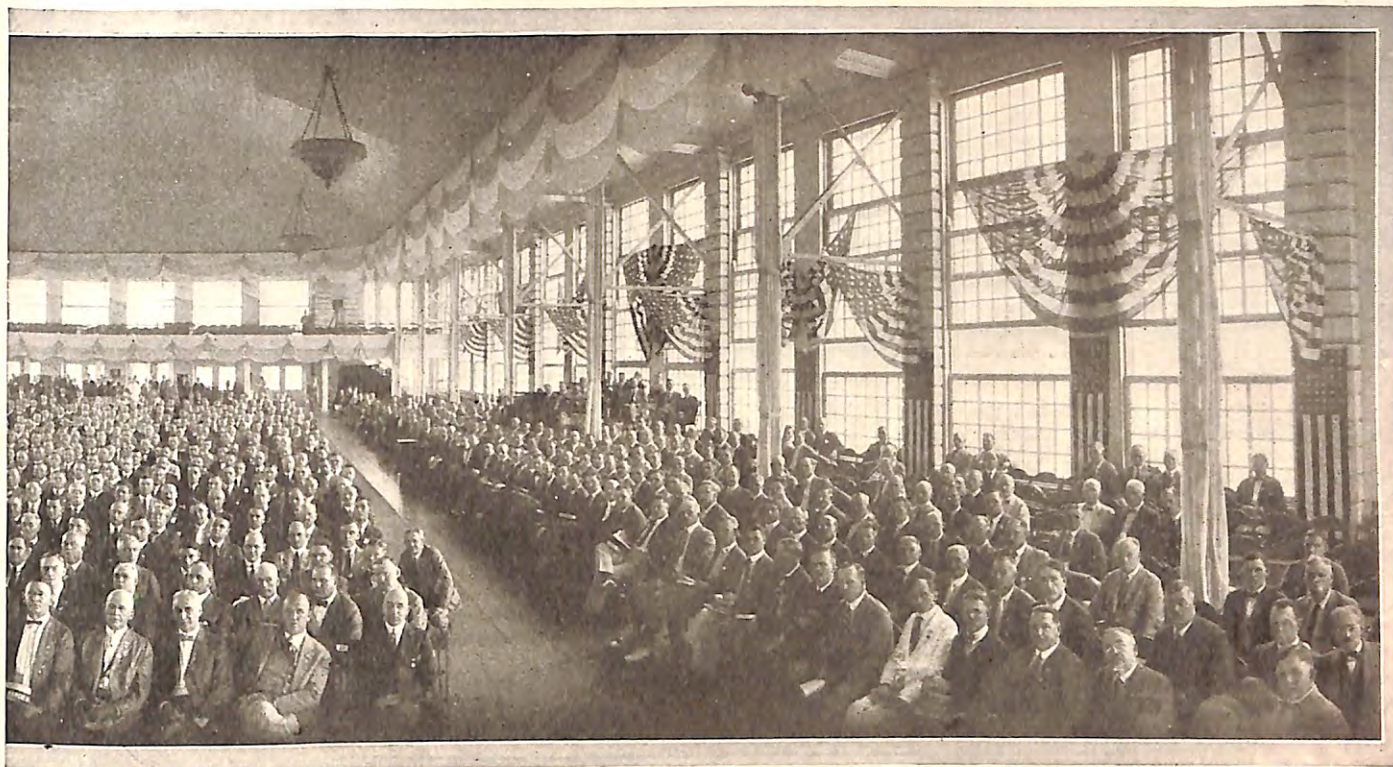
In the community in which he lives, his good morals and sterling integrity have never been questioned, his worship is in the home shrine with loving wife and daughter, and all of his many and varied business undertakings are resolved by the application of the virtues of uprightness and decency.

In thought and deed, this brother lives and personifies the eternal principles of our Order, ever helpful to mankind and wholly acceptable unto God.

Brothers, I present for your favorable consideration for the office of Grand Exalted Ruler, Brother J. Edgar Masters of Charleroi Lodge, No. 494."

The speech of acceptance of Grand Exalted Ruler Masters is published on another page in this issue. Upon his installation on July 13th, he spoke as follows:

"In assuming the office of Grand Exalted Ruler it would be remiss of me if I failed to again thank you from the bottom of my



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Officers and members of the Grand Lodge in session on the Steel Pier, Atlantic City

heart for the great honor you have conferred upon me.

I am not unmindful of what I owe the Order in return for the confidence placed in me. The duties and responsibilities incident to the office shall not be lightly considered. No startling innovations shall be attempted, but I shall strive diligently to see that the business of the Order is conducted every day on safe and sane principles, with mistakes corrected as soon as discovered and efficiency made a part of the daily program.

I congratulate you who have been chosen by this Grand Lodge to fill the several offices necessary to the proper administration of the affairs of the Order. Some of you have been honored because of long and faithful service, others because of enthusiastic interest in Elkdom. My judgment is that you will find your duties pleasant and profitable.

I feel, while the work planned for us is well organized, there are ever present opportunities for progress and improvement. So I ask your loyal support and co-operation to the end that we may give the Order what it has a right to expect—efficient supervision.

It is fine to see the goodly number present at this last session. I have a message to send through you to the great army of Elks back home, who so loyally support your actions here. I want you to tell them that the welfare, standing and integrity of the subordinate Lodge will be first in my mind. Let me know what I can do to help and be of service to your Lodge. I am yours to command.

Just one word more. Whoever you are and wherever you come from go back home determined to make this the best year your Lodge ever had. Success, good fortune, growth are yours if you but reach out for them.

I wish you a safe journey home. May the coming year bring you and your lodges great prosperity."

IN spirited but friendly contest, Atlanta, Ga., was selected as the next place of annual meeting.

During the progress of deliberations, the special Committee on Membership having

served its purpose and its term of activity having expired, it was unanimously resolved that any such special service hereafter to be performed, be delegated to the regular Committee on Social and Community Welfare, which Committee, by direction of the Grand Lodge, was appointed by the new Grand Exalted Ruler before adjournment of the Grand Lodge and constituted as follows: Colonel John P. Sullivan, of New Orleans (La.) Lodge No. 30; William T. Byrne of Albany (N. Y.) Lodge No. 49; William H. Atwell, of Dallas (Tex.) Lodge No. 71; W. C. Robertson, of Minneapolis (Minn.) Lodge No. 44; Lee Meriwether, of St. Louis (Mo.) Lodge No. 9. Immediately following adjournment of the Grand Lodge, the Committee met and organized. Colonel Sullivan was made Chairman, William T. Byrne, Vice-Chairman, and W. C. Robertson, Secretary. Plans were discussed and a program outlined for the year's activities.

Upon assuming the gavel of authority, Grand Exalted Ruler Masters announced the appointment of Jefferson B. Browne, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Florida, to act as Pardon Commissioner. In so announcing, Mr. Masters explained that the appointment was made at this time because of a necessity existing for prompt action upon pending applications for pardon.

Grand Exalted Ruler Masters further announced that he had appointed Roland W. Brown, of Charleroi (Pa.) Lodge No. 494, to act as Secretary to the Grand Exalted Ruler during the year.

Judge John J. Carton, of Flint (Mich.) Lodge 222, becomes the new Associate Justice of the Grand Forum. This honor was bestowed by Grand Exalted Ruler Mountain during the first day of the session and was confirmed unanimously by vote of the Grand Lodge. Judge William J. Conway, of Wisconsin Rapids (Wis.) Lodge No. 693, succeeds to the Chief Justiceship of the Grand Forum by virtue of rotation.

By vote of the Grand Lodge, Past Grand Exalted Ruler William W. Mountain was added as a member of the Elks National Memorial Headquarters Commission.

The Board of Grand Trustees elected as its Chairman Charles J. F. McCue, of Cambridge (Mass.) Lodge No. 839; Vice-Chairman, Robert A. Gordon, of Atlanta (Ga.) Lodge No. 78; Approving Officer, John Halpin, of Kansas City (Mo.) Lodge No. 26; Secretary, Robert A. Scott, of Linton (Ind.) Lodge No. 866. Chairman McCue will also serve as member of the Board for the Elks' National Home at Bedford City.

Great interest was manifested in the comprehensive report of the Committee on Social and Community Welfare. The magnificent showing of wide-reaching, practical results was generously applauded.

The Annual Parade was pictorially and in every respect worthy of the occasion. The elaborate and colorful display made by Philadelphia Lodge No. 2 notably assisted to bring the spectacle to climax in a blaze of glory, which is mentioned merely as a matter of information and in no sense of invidious distinction. A delegation of United States Senators and members of Congress, marching in the front ranks, was the occasion for continuous applause. Governor Edwards of New Jersey was also acclaimed along the route, and when he dismounted and joined Colonel Roosevelt at the reviewing stand, there was a great deal of enthusiasm.

At the conclusion of the lengthy spectacle, Colonel Theodore Roosevelt was introduced to speak from the platform of the reviewing stand. The Colonel was warmly greeted, and catching the spirit of the multitude, responded with much zeal and credit to himself. Some of the outstanding things he said are quoted below:

It is our solemn duty now, as never before, to throw our weight behind the law and the law-enforcing bodies. . . .

A creed which takes as its thesis the belief that man was put into this world to do as little work as possible, is a doctrine which is as destructive as bolshevism. . . .

A condition must be created where employee and employer look on matters through the same spectacles. . . .

There can be no lasting solution of labor problems as long as the aims of both are so apparently contradictory. . . .

Before the law, the man with a million and the man with a dollar stand the same. . . .



If our country is to develop, if we are to fulfill the splendid destiny that the future promises, we must take as our motto that useful work will be the prime aim of our existence. . . .

Per Capita Tax Assessed

By operation and authority of law, the per capita tax covering the present Grand Lodge year was fixed and assessed by resolution, upon motion of the Board of Grand Trustees, to wit:

"Resolved, That in accordance with Section 15, Article III, of the Constitution, and Section 49 of the Grand Lodge Statutes, there is hereby fixed and assessed upon each member of the Order, annual dues in the amount of one dollar and thirty-five cents for the ensuing year; that of the amount so fixed and assessed, one dollar for each Elk on its roll of membership as of April 1, 1922, shall be paid by each subordinate Lodge on or before October 15, 1922, for the expense of publishing and distributing the National Journal, known as The Elks Magazine, and the same is hereby appropriated for such purpose; and of the amount so fixed and assessed, thirty-five cents for each Elk on its roll of membership as of April 1, 1923, shall be paid by each subordinate Lodge on or before April 1, 1923, to meet the expenses of the Grand Lodge, including the maintenance of the Elks National Home, and the same is hereby appropriated for such purpose."

Grand Lodge Statutes, Amended, Extended and Revised

Upon recommendation of the Committee on Judiciary, Grand Lodge Statutes were enacted as set forth herewith. Changes in the law are indicated in italics.

Section 125 was amended to read as follows:

"Section 125. The Secretary shall keep correct minutes of all sessions of the Lodge; correct accounts between the Lodge and its members; assign to each member a number, and place the same opposite his name on his visiting card; keep a correct mailing list of the members; furnish to the Executive Director of the Elks Magazine an accurate roll of the members of his Lodge, with the home address of each member indicated thereon, whenever required by the Executive Director of the Elks' Magazine, and thereafter the Secretary of each Subordinate Lodge shall each month furnish to the Executive Director of the Elks Magazine the names and addresses of new members initiated into the respective Lodges, together with the names of such members as shall have died, been dimitted, expelled, or dropped from the rolls, and the new address of each member who shall have changed his address; receive all moneys due the Lodge from any source whatever, and all moneys due the Grand Lodge from members of his Lodge as annual dues; pay the same to the Treasurer at the earliest moment practicable, and take his receipt therefor, attend to all correspondence, subject to the approval of the Exalted Ruler; formally present all communications received by him to the Lodge, first submitting the same to the Exalted Ruler, issue all certificates pertaining to the business of the Lodge; inform persons elected to membership of such fact, and notify rejected applicants. He shall notify the members of all committees of their appointments, together with the subject

given in their charge. He shall perform all such other duties as are inherent in and pertain to the duties of his office, or are required by the laws of the Order or the by-laws of his Lodge.

"He shall on or before the first day of May of each year make an annual report to the Grand Secretary as required by law.

"He shall also report to the Grand Secretary all expulsions and suspensions of members, giving the name, age, birthplace, residence and occupation.

"He shall be required to give bond in such sum as the Lodge may fix in its by-laws, and shall present a written report of the transactions of his office semi-annually at the first regular sessions in the months of April and October.

"He shall receive such compensation for his services as the Lodge may fix by by-law."

Upon recommendation of the Grand Exalted Ruler, and after careful consideration, Section 48 was amended to read:

"Section 48. A District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler shall be appointed in each of said districts as the representative of the Grand Exalted Ruler therein, and shall be recognized as such by the Subordinate Lodges.

"He shall be installed in office . . . by the Grand Exalted Ruler or a retiring District Deputy or by a Past Exalted Ruler designated for the purpose by the Grand Exalted Ruler. The Grand Exalted Ruler shall send to the installing officer the Appointees' Commission—together with a form of obligation approved by the Grand Exalted Ruler which shall embrace the following oath:

"I having received the appointment of District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler for do solemnly swear (or affirm) that I will faithfully execute the duties of District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler, and will to the best of my ability preserve, protect, defend and enforce the Constitution and Statutes of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks of the United States of America."

"The installing officer, after administering the obligation and causing the same to be signed by the Appointee, shall deliver the Commission to the Appointee, and shall return the obligation to the Grand Exalted Ruler with his certificate of the installation proceedings.

"It shall be the duty of the District Deputy to familiarize himself with all ritualistic work, and visit each subordinate Lodge in his district when in session at least once between October 1st and April 1st of the year for which he was appointed, and see that the work of the Order is performed uniformly in all said Lodges. He shall examine all records of such Lodges and see that they are properly kept. He shall make, on forms furnished by the Grand Secretary for such purpose, an official report of each visit made by him, and shall file the same with the Grand Exalted Ruler immediately after such visits. He shall also file with the Grand Exalted Ruler, at least sixty days prior to the convening of the Grand Lodge, an annual report showing the condition of the various Lodges in his district, with such recommendations as he may desire to make.

"He shall receive from the Grand Exalted Ruler dispensations for the installation of new Lodges in his district, institute the same, install the officers thereof, and deliver to them the dispensations, and cause to be delivered to such Lodges the Rituals, books, blanks and other property necessary and proper for a new Lodge.

He shall perform all other services that may be enjoined upon him by the Grand Exalted Ruler, or the Statutes of the Order.

"He shall be paid by the Grand Lodge for actual traveling and subsistence expenses incurred by him in instituting a new Lodge. A District Deputy, who has fully complied with the provisions of this section, unless prevented from so doing by good and sufficient cause, the same to be established to the satisfaction of the Grand Exalted Ruler and the approving member of the Board of Grand Trustees, shall be allowed, for attending the sessions of the Grand Lodge, the actual transportation paid, including sleeping or parlor car fare, and in addition thereto ten dollars for each day necessarily engaged in traveling and fifteen dollars for each day necessarily spent in attendance; and such allowance shall also be made for performance of other services and attending meetings when directed by the Grand Exalted Ruler. He shall be paid by each Subordinate Lodge visited within his jurisdiction, upon presentation of an itemized statement of the same, the actual traveling and subsistence expenses incurred by him in making the official visit to such Lodge."

Upon recommendation of the Grand Exalted Ruler, Section 82a was amended to read:

"Section 82a. Whenever the complaint charges an offense alleged to have been committed by the Exalted Ruler, or in a case in which the Exalted Ruler is a material witness, the officer next in rank in the Lodge, who is not a material witness in the case, shall exercise all powers and perform all duties imposed by statute upon the Exalted Ruler relative to the appointment of the Subordinate Forum.

"Whenever the Secretary or any member of the Board of Trustees is the accuser, except in cases provided in Section 84, the Exalted Ruler shall appoint some member of the Lodge temporarily to perform the duties of such officer in connection with the filing of papers, appointment of Subordinate Forum, and trial in that particular case.

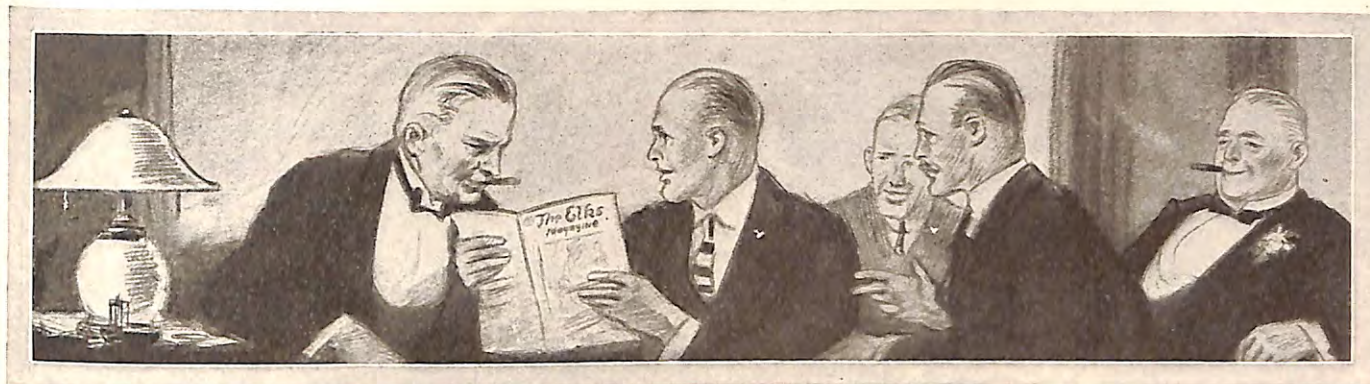
"Whenever the complaint charges an offense alleged to have been committed by the Secretary, the complaint shall be filed with the Exalted Ruler, who shall immediately suspend such officer and designate some impartial member of the Lodge to act as Temporary Secretary. The Temporary Secretary so designated shall exercise all powers and perform all duties imposed by statute upon the Secretary relative to the appointment and duties of the Subordinate Forum."

To accommodate the growing requirements of the Order, Section 56 was amended as follows:

"Section 56. The Board of Grand Trustees are hereby authorized and directed to set aside and provide for the use of the Grand Exalted Ruler a contingent fund of *Three Thousand Dollars (\$3,000)* and for the use of the Grand Secretary a contingent fund of *Sixty-five Hundred Dollars (\$6,500)*, and for the use of the Board of Grand Trustees in the operation and maintenance of the Elks National Home, a contingent fund of *Seventy-five Hundred Dollars (\$7,500)*."

Section 222 was corrected as follows:

"Section 222. The penalties which may be imposed upon a Lodge are:



- (a) Fines, where expressly provided for by Statute.
- (b) Reprimand or censure.
- (c) Suspension of its charter until the next session of the Grand Lodge.
- (d) Forfeiture of its charter."

Section 190 was amended to read as follows:

"Section 190. A dimit shall be granted at a regular session, without fee, by a Lodge, whether existing under dispensation or charter, to any member who may apply therefor in writing, provided that he is not in any manner indebted to his Lodge and that charges of misconduct are not pending against him; *provided, further, that any member applying for a transfer dimit must pay all of his dues in full for the current Lodge year and until the next succeeding April 1st; but no absolute dimit shall be granted unless the membership card of the applicant has been surrendered.*"

Section 143a was amended to read as follows:

"Section 143a. A member stricken from the roll for non-payment of dues, shall in the event of the dissolution, surrender or forfeiture of the charter of such Lodge, be permitted to make application to the Lodge in whose jurisdiction he resides for admission therein, which application shall be made in pursuance of the laws governing applications for affiliation. Said petition shall be accompanied by a certificate of status similar to the certificate provided for in Section 142 of the Statutes. The Grand Secretary shall receive for such certificate a fee of two dollars plus the amount of applicant's dues owing at the time he was stricken from the roll, *but in no case more than two years' dues.*"

Section 120 was amended to read as follows:

"Section 120. Neither the Grand Exalted Ruler nor the District Deputy shall preside at a session of the Lodge except during ceremonies of installation or initiation, while exemplifying standard work, or during elections. Any Past Exalted Ruler may, *on request of the Exalted Ruler, made at or prior to any Lodge meeting,* preside over such Lodge meeting. Any visiting Exalted Ruler or Past Exalted Ruler may preside, and any other visiting officers may assist, during the ceremony of initiation on request of the Exalted Ruler."

Looking to the Future

THE Committee on Judiciary, to which was referred the recommendation of Grand Exalted Ruler Mountain in his official circular No. 3 relative to Junior Elks organization;—also the Resolution of the California Elks State Association, relative to investigating the present condition of the Big Brother movement;—also the Resolution of the Nebraska State Elks Association, relative to Junior Elks organizations and a proposed constitutional amendment permitting such organization;—also the proposal submitted by a Committee appointed by the New York State Elks Association, suggesting that each subordinate Lodge acquire and maintain a recreation playground to be known as "The Elks' Field"—recommended that no legislation be enacted and that no constitutional amendment be submitted to the subordinate Lodges at the present time. In view of the vital and tremendous im-

portance of the subjects above indicated in the foregoing, it was the judgment of the Committee that all these matters be referred to the incoming Committee on Good of the Order with instructions to carefully consider the various propositions and to report back to the next Grand Lodge session such recommendations thereon as are deemed wise and proper in the premises.

The Committee on Judiciary, to which was referred the resolution of W. F. McKenney of Portland Lodge No. 142, and George Neuner of Roseberg Lodge No. 326, relative to the appointment by the Grand Exalted Ruler of a Committee of five Grand Lodge members, to investigate the conditions, the advisability and feasibility of establishing a branch Home of the Elks' National Home at some suitable place on the Pacific Coast, recommended, after discussion, that the same be referred to the Board of Grand Trustees, and the recommendation was approved.

At the Grand Lodge Session of Sorrow (Past Grand Exalted Ruler William J. O'Brien presiding) farewell honors were paid Past Grand Exalted Rulers Harry S. Sanderson and John Galvin and all members of the Grand Lodge departed during the year. Musical selections were by the Choir of Milwaukee Lodge.

With its business dispatched and amid the best of fraternal camaraderie, the Grand Lodge adjourned to meet the second Tuesday of July, 1923, in the city of Atlanta, Ga.

You Are One of Us If You Have Done These Things

HAS it been your part, in any time of difficulty or affliction, in humility and gratefulness to have given of your plenty to less favored men?

Has ever the uncommunicative night seen you, shamefaced and furtive under the sense of your own sympathy, bearing your offerings to those in need? Has the dollar, the dime, the cent, the hand-clasp or consolation you have imparted, so touched you as to have made the profit of it seem all your own?

Good friend, though your lapel may never know our emblem, nor your lips the sounding phrases of our ritual—you are one of us if you have done these things.

For it is unpretentious benefaction of this character that has been the impelling motive of this Order throughout the more than half century of its existence.

In every time and on every occasion of want, peril or disaster, since its inception this organization has been privileged to assist with its full share. Beholden neither to Jew, Gentile, to Protestant nor Catholic, its Lodge rooms are localized centers of general community benefit.

Born of and animated by the principles of the American Constitution, its avowed purpose is to assist by precept, example and contribution in the betterment of our national life.



OUT of the many designs for a National Memorial Building, submitted in competition to the Elks National Memorial Headquarters Commission, as told below in their annual report, that of Egerton Swartwout, New York architect, has won the award.

Raised considerably above the broad boulevard by sweeping terraces, looking out over the lagoon to the waters of Lake Michigan, this circular building will have a distinctive dignity and beauty, situated as it will be in the midst of a city of towering spires.

The exterior is to be of white marble with a sculptured frieze encircling the building at the base of the colonnade. Life-size figures sculptured in high relief will form a great composition setting forth the ideals of the Order and the most important passages in its history.

The lawns and terraces and the two interior courts, one on either side of the central structure, will be laid out in formal and dignified style of landscape treatment in keeping with the character of the building. Broad drives will provide well-planned approaches from all sides. Long windows will give access to the colonnade, and from that vantage point one will be able to look out over the panorama of park and lake and beautiful residences backed, far in the distance, by the towering buildings of the business district.

It is impossible at this time to give a full and

accurate description of the inside of the building, as there are many details of arrangement that have not yet been decided upon. The main features, however, have already been definitely planned.

The high-arched doorway will open into a great circular lobby. The effect of spaciousness is enhanced by glimpses of long vistas of corridors opening off this lobby on axes radiating from the center of the circle. Opposite the entrance, on the far side, is the monumental reception-room of the Grand Exalted Ruler, flanked by his private office, the conference-room, and ante-rooms. The circular theme is carried out in the private office and an exactly similar room opening off the opposite side of the reception-room. The corridors in the long, low wings on either side are probably to be lined with offices in which the other Grand Lodge Officers, their committees and the staff of the national publication and their assistants will be accommodated. Above these offices and in the basement are numerous rooms for which no specific use has yet been designated.

Coming back to the great entrance hall, one mounts a winding staircase to the great Memorial Hall which is on a level with the outer colonnade. This room, in form circular like the lobby directly below it, will measure some seventy-five feet in diameter and rise a clear seventy feet to the top of the dome. It is dedicated to the memory of the members of the Order who fell in the Great War.

Annual Report of the National Memorial Headquarters Commission

The Annual Report submitted by Chairman John K. Tener of the Elks National Memorial Headquarters Commission was appreciatively received and unanimously approved. It follows:

To the Officers and Members of the Grand Lodge of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks of the United States of America:

AT THE session of the Grand Lodge held at Los Angeles in 1921, a resolution was adopted creating the National Memorial Headquarters Commission. To that Commission was assigned two important functions: First, the selection and purchase of a suitable site in the City of Chicago, upon

which there should be erected a National Memorial Headquarters Building and to cause to be prepared plans and specifications for the construction of the said building thereon; second, to supervise and undertake, on behalf of the Order, the publication and distribution of a National Journal to be known as The Elks Magazine, to be issued monthly and mailed to the home address of each member of the Order.

National Memorial Headquarters Building

Acting under the authority of the said resolution, your Commission first addressed itself to the selection and purchase of a

suitable site in the city of Chicago. There were certain requisites for this site which to some extent limited the general locality in the city. But there were a number of available sites which were offered for sale to the Commission and to each of which a most careful consideration was accorded.

After personal inspection and the study of all the features which the Commission thought should be taken into consideration before finally determining this important question, the Commission, by unanimous vote, selected and purchased the property located at the intersection of Lake View Avenue and Diversey Parkway, fronting Lincoln Park and Lake Michigan, and having a frontage on Lake View Avenue of 393

feet and on Diversey Parkway of 250 feet, at a cost of \$375,012. This property has been conveyed by proper deed to the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks of the United States of America, and the purchase money has been fully paid.

The Commission then undertook the task to secure the preparation of the plans and specifications for such a building as was contemplated by the Order. Under the advice of Colonel J. Hollis Wells, of the firm of Clinton & Russell, Architects, New York City, who had been engaged as Professional Advisor to the Commission, it was determined to invite a limited number of architects, of national reputation, to participate in a competition, to be held under the rules of the American Institute of Architects. In this competition each architect submitted a design and drawings for the proposed building, showing its general appearance and floor plan arrangement. The design was required to embody the Memorial feature desired for the building, and the floor plan arrangement was required to provide the administrative offices for the conduct of the business of the Order as provided in the Grand Lodge resolutions.

In this competition seven of the foremost architects of the United States competed, each submitting a design of such excellence that it could well have been adopted with confident assurance that it would have met the approval of the entire Order, but, after careful consideration of all the designs and drawings, the one submitted by Egerton Swartwout, of New York City, was unanimously selected, and contract with this architect for the detailed plans and specifications and architectural supervision is now in course of preparation. The Commission is advised that it will take several months for these plans and specifications to be prepared, and promptly upon their completion, it is the purpose of the Commission to invite bids for the construction of the said building in accordance with said plans, and it is anticipated that at the next meeting of the Grand Lodge the Commission will be able to report that the

National Memorial Headquarters Building is well under way.

Under the authority conferred upon the Commission by the resolution creating it, an assessment was levied, as of October 1, 1921, upon each subordinate Lodge of \$1.00

WHEREAS, The Elks Magazine, the official organ of the Order, is designed to be the medium of direct communication between it and its more than 800,000 members, and

WHEREAS, the initial numbers which have been published and distributed are of such excellence as to impress the whole membership of the Order, and

WHEREAS, it is deemed appropriate to give this expression of approval of the type and character of the Magazine that is being published on behalf of the Order,

NOW, THEREFORE, BE IT RESOLVED,

1. That the members of the Grand Lodge of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks, representing over 1,400 Lodges and a membership of more than 800,000, do hereby express their hearty approval of The Elks Magazine, not only as the official organ of the Order, and as a medium of communication between the Grand Lodge and the individual member, but also as a literary journal.

2. That they do hereby commend the restriction of the advertising pages to advertisers of unquestioned reputation and character and do urge the continuance of this advertising policy.

3. That the Subordinate Lodges and the individual members of the Order are hereby requested to sustain and support The Elks Magazine in every appropriate way to insure its success as a fraternal journal and a business enterprise.

per capita of its membership, from which assessment was realized \$762,029.10. While the Commission was given authority to levy an assessment of not more than \$1.00 in each calendar year, no assessment has been levied thus far during 1922, and none is contemplated prior to April, 1923, when it

is anticipated that an assessment of but sixty-five cents per capita will be levied for the calendar year of 1923.

The Elks Magazine

The Commission, in undertaking the publication and distribution of the National Journal provided for in the said resolution, and of the type and character outlined in the report submitted to the session of the Grand Lodge at Los Angeles, soon realized the tremendous undertaking and the great importance of the task which confronted it. It involved the creation of an administrative organization for the monthly publication of a high-class magazine, with a circulation of over 800,000 for its initial number. This was a unique experience in the history of the publication world, and the Commission feels that the issuance of the first number on June 1, 1922, was a real accomplishment.

Two numbers of the Magazine have already been issued and distributed to the members of the Order, and an opportunity has thus been given for each member to judge for himself whether or not the reasonable expectations of the Order have been met by the character of the publication. From expressions that have been received it is apparent that the Magazine is already filling a long-felt need of the Order; and the Commission is confident that with maintenance of the type and character displayed in the initial numbers it will continue to serve the useful purpose for which it was designed, and thus merit the continued approval of the entire membership.

From the brief experience already had in the publication of the Magazine, it is anticipated that the volume of advertising that will be attracted to its pages will enable the Order to continue the publication of the Magazine on the high plane upon which it has been lodged, at an expense not to exceed \$1.00 per year from each member of the Order who receives it. Indeed, it is confidently anticipated that the revenue that will be derived from the advertising pages will, within a short time, go far toward taking care of the general expenses of the Grand Lodge.



THE army in the field provides something that looks like a cheer leader's megaphone and several lengths of stovepipe for the purpose of providing heat for eight men in a tent. It's a Sibley stove.

And although there are about five hundred words in explanation of the manner in which a right-hand salute should be rendered, the regulations are silent about the method of installing a Sibley stove.

The members of the fourth squad of a certain artillery regiment encamped in November found, however, that although the post was thick with second lieutenants, saluting did not quite keep the temperature up to the point at which one could read a letter with his gloves off.

They were, therefore, given a stove. And it lay in rusty parts on the dirt floor of the tent. Around this assortment of scrap-iron they gathered in a shivering, voluble group.

From this group came a multitude of words. Words expressive of opinions as to the best way to put the stove up. The speakers became so enthralled with the bril-

The Eighth Man

liance of their suggestions as to remain physically passive, forgetful for the moment, that the idea was to get the tent warm. That is, seven out of the eight did. They speculated upon the advantages of laying a brick foundation, of wrapping the pipe with asbestos where it emerged from the tent top, upon the likelihood of finding any asbestos in camp, upon a practicable substitute in case they did not. This continued for a cold, a very cold, half-hour. Then the eighth man spoke:

"Right or wrong, let's put this thing together. We'll never think her up."

Within a little over thirty-five minutes there was a fire in that stove. It was a tough job when it came to the actual doing, for the joints were bent and rusty and crimped, and many a knuckle was scraped before black smoke blew from the spindly stack.

But it is safe to say that if the one member of the squad who had the instinctive wisdom to start something, perfect or imperfect though the plan might be, had not spoken, the stove would still have been in sections the next morning.

If everyone tried to overcome all obstacles and to iron out all crudenesses before beginning anything, nothing ever would be done. Many good ideas are lost because their creators feel they are imperfect. But the world has yet to find a man with a perfect idea, just as the earth has yet to yield a mine of diamond rings set in platinum. But there are diamond mines and deposits of platinum, and there are rings combining the jewel with the metal.

Whether it be an invention, a plan, a movement, or a kindly deed, the secret of its success lies in getting it under way. Next time you have the germ of an idea—though it be rough, or small, even—do not toss it away into silence. It may look like a pebble at first glance, but if you polish it up with action, you'll be proud of it.

THERE is nothing that sets two men more immediately *en rapport* than the right kind of handshake. With the various wrong kinds we are all familiar, and those who keep a wary eye in the battle of life, taking note, as we are all compelled to do, of those subtle indications by which experience judges character with the unerring swiftness of instinct, do well to attach great importance to this index to the fellow-man on whom they set eyes for the first time, or with whom they have habitually to associate. The eyes themselves scarcely tell more than this digital contact. We all know the man whose hand is like a dead fish, the man who grudgingly allows his hand nervelessly to rest in ours, as though he feared we were after his money, or as though he were afraid, rightly enough, that he risked giving us too much of himself, allowing us to come too near to the discovery of the coldness of his heart and the narrowness of his soul. Well we know the slippery fingers that seem to elude our grasp like a snake, the fingers that barely touch ours with their tips, glad, as it were, that this little social ceremony is over, and their hands safe back again in their owner's possession. Condescension, superiority and worse have been immemorably associated with this method of shaking hands. Great gentlemen past and present have invariably thus acknowledged the existence of their "inferiors" or dependents—as though, as Tom Hood put it, they were "washing their hands with invisible soap, in imperceptible water." One finger, or two at most, was all that Major Pendennis vouchsafed to his nephew. To shake hands at all with those socially "beneath" us is still looked upon in some quarters as something like a revolutionary eccentricity, and "the horny hand" of toil is too often ignored by those for whom it has become horny. But, so far as that goes, the time has come when, as Halleck wrote, that horny hand

"Would shake hands with a king upon his throne,
And think it kindness to his majesty."



Richard LeGallienne on The Right Hand

How much meaning there is in the right kind of handshake is well expressed in Tennyson's line:

"The larger heart, the kindlier hand."

They invariably go together, and our greatest authority on human nature, whose name it need scarcely be said is William Shakespeare, is constantly laying stress throughout his plays on the significance of the generously outstretched hand.

"Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace
To silence envious tongues,"

says *Cardinal Wolsey* in his great parting speech in "Henry VIII." Again says *King Henry* in "Henry IV":

"a hand
Open as day for melting charity."

Says *Ferdinand* in "The Tempest": "Here's my hand"; and *Miranda* answers, "And mine, with mine heart in't."

"Give me your hands, if we be friends," says *Puck* in "A Midsummer Night's Dream"; and in early English times "handfast" was the appropriate name for a betrothal, as in these beautiful lines of Beaumont and Fletcher:

"Here in Heaven's eye, and all love's sacred powers,
I knit this holy handfast, and with this hand,
The heart that owes this hand."

The origin of handshaking is buried far in the mists of the past. Possibly its meaning at first was not entirely fraternal. Among

the Norsemen, for example, enemies negotiating a truce would come forward with outstretched hands as a sign that they held no weapons. Buffalo Bill used to tell similar stories of the practice among the gun-fighters of his time. But even here, among enemies, there was a certain suggestion of fraternity.

AMONG merchants from time immemorial the striking or the shaking of hands has been the symbol of the closing a bargain or making a contract. At such times in Holland they still strike hands, and it was even so in the days of Solomon. "A man void of understanding," said the wise king among his proverbs, "striket hands, and becometh surety in the presence of his friends." "To shake hands on a bargain" is still a phrase used by us all. The origin of the curious old phrase "hand and seal" which we still employ in legal documents is worth recording in this connection. "When writing was limited," says an authority, "to a few clerks, documents were authenticated by the impression of the hand dipped in ink, and then the seal was duly appended"—an early application of the Bertillon method. Says *Hubert* in "King John":

"Here is your hand and seal for what I did."

In feudal times the vassal put his hands in the hands of his overlord on taking the oath of fidelity and homage.

So much to illustrate how in all times the



of Fellowship Decoration by Charles S. Bigelow

hand has been the symbol of loyalty and fair dealing. Honest hand, honest heart. When Daniel Webster spoke his famous eulogy of Adams and Jefferson, he said: "Sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish, I give my hand and heart to this vote."

Hand and heart together. That is the Elk doctrine. The Elks practice no mystic handshake, no peculiar intertwining of fingers of which no one but themselves knows the secret. The handshake they believe in and stand by is the strong freely given and taken handclasp of sincere good-will, that handclasp to which St. Paul gave the name of The Right Hand of Fellowship. "When," says he, in the Epistle to the Galatians, "James, Cephas and John, who seemed to be pillars, perceived the grace that was given unto me, they gave to me and Barnabas the right hand of fellowship." That Right Hand of Fellowship the Elk not only extends to his brother Elks, but to all his brothers among mankind, whoever or whatever they be, fortunate or unfortunate, rich or poor. But it is particularly to the unfortunate brother that the Elk's good right hand shoots out, communicating to him that reanimating electric shock of human brotherhood which says far better than words that a friend is with him who knows all there is to know about it, knows the cruelty of circumstance, and the bitterness of the heart, but knows also that not the worst but the best is yet to come, that there is nothing wrong that cannot come right, and that all that is needed

is for men to pull together to make a world in which pain and worry will one day be got under control, and become rarer every day.

It is the well-founded belief of certain learned Elks that the first Elk was the Good Samaritan, and if you read that story you can easily imagine the fine resurrecting handshake which that first Elk applied, so to speak, as first aid, to the unfortunate traveler who had fallen among thieves. The surprise, and the thrill of it to the poor robbed and beaten devil, left there to die, not merely by the original robbers, who, after all, had to earn their living and were nothing like so bad as the Levites and other superior persons who passed by on the other side. Good were the oil and wine to the unhappy man, good the comfort and cheer of the inn to which the Samaritan carried the traveler, but even better, we may well believe, to his outraged soul was the friendly face, the hearty voice, the brotherly handgrasp of that chance-found friend, whose face would, I think, be better worth looking on than that of any man's face on record. What a smile the man must have had!

WITH the first handshake the spirit of brotherhood began on this earth. It was the embryo of all those secret brotherhoods and leagues and fraternities which even in the far past and in the crudest civilizations, were already in existence among men for mutual protection against tyr-

anny and the silent dissemination of good-will and helpfulness in the general life of the world. We find it in the religious orders, for the protection of the spiritual life; we find it in commerce in such powerful organizations as the Hanseatic league, and the trade and craft guilds of the thirteenth century in which democracy had its rise. We find it in war, with the Crusaders, and in such military-religious orders as the Knights of Saint John, the Knights of Malta, the Hospitallers, the Burial confraternities of France and Italy, and various associations for the protection of pilgrims to holy cities and shrines.

YET, long before medieval times, in Judea, as in Athens, there existed little groups, frequently persecuted and misunderstood, dedicated to the service of the commonweal, silently, persistently and courageously leavening the whole lump. It was not, however, until the coming of Christianity that the organization of brotherly feeling became part of the social consciousness of the world. Not until the Crusades did fraternalism, in its modern meaning, become a power in civilization. The social evolution resultant on the Crusades, apart from their romantic drama, has had little acknowledgment, but Bishop Squibbs has done them a more understanding justice. Speaking to some Oxford students, he said that they represented "the first great effort of medieval life to go beyond the pursuit of selfish and isolated ambitions."

The brotherhood of the Elks is in the direct line of succession to those early brotherhoods which first endeavored to concentrate and organize that spirit of fraternity in man, which even yet burns in disparate sparks here and there about the world, waiting for some tremendous breath of the spirit to blow upon them till they unite in one universal flame. That seeming miracle will happen, that breath of the spirit will blow. Make no doubt of it.

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All See, Some Understand—a Few Act

A Story of Three Men and the Coldest Night of Winter —and Its Application to Every Elk

TIME was when the Flatiron Building in New York was listed among the wonders of the world. But as time has passed, and man has stacked steel and stone together to such heights as to dwarf it, the book-shaped edifice splitting Broadway and Fifth Avenue at Twenty-third Street has come to be taken as a matter of course—an ordinary skyscraper pointed out only as an illustration of what people thought marvelous two decades ago.

The wind which whips and whistles around the edges of the Flatiron Building, however, is an element which still impresses itself upon the minds of New Yorkers. Many a shriek of feminine dismay has been evoked by its suddenness and power; and on winter nights, when dry, hard snow blows over polished black asphalt, the corner where the Flatiron stands is a spot to hurry by—aided by a blast of cutting air that seems to burn the face like live steam.

There is but one refuge from this wind: on the Twenty-second Street side, the shortest side of the triangle on which the building rises. Through a grating near the side of the building blows a forced draught of hot, oily-smelling air, pushed out from the engine-room somewhere in the bowels of the structure by a fan.

The men who sleep in the parks in summer know this place for a spot of warmth in a limitless stretch of frozen sidewalks. Never a hard winter night passes but they are huddled over the grating. If the day is cold the regulars will haunt it all day, in order to hold their places.

Fifty yards down the side street where is this oasis of heat lived two young men in a small apartment. There was nothing magnificent about the place, but on nights when the winter wind lifted unwary derbies from heads and sent them rolling for blocks, the apartment, with its sizzling radiator and its glowing lamp was a good place to reach. They were quite aware of this, and aware, too, in a detached sort of a manner, of the grating and those who clustered over it.

One night last winter, when it was unbearably cold, they were about to unlock the downstairs door when one of them said:

"I wonder if there's anybody over that grating tonight."

He backed out into the middle of the street, in order to get a view of the base of the Flatiron Building.

"Yep, there is, all right."

By this time the other young man had the door unlocked, and as he thought of the warmth upstairs and of the contrast of some one taking refuge from the weather over that grating, he said, absent-mindedly:

"That's tough, a night like this."

That was all. He held the door open for his companion to follow, but the other did not. Instead, he stood a moment outside the door; and then, after a brief period of irresolution, ran down the street.

Only one of the faithful was standing on the grating. The fact that he was standing was indicative of the cold, for on normal winter nights, by wrapping the legs and feet in newspapers and resting the upper part of the body only over the grating, the experienced derelict could sleep in passable comfort.

"Will half a dollar get you a bed?" asked the young man.

"Will it, Boss!" said the man over the grating, and he was off toward a lodging house before the coin was in his pocket—but not before he had voiced very heartfelt thanks.

This incident is interesting in that on

HERE is a story of three men; the man who saw and understood, the man who, being awakened to the situation, acted—and the man on the grating. Now every Social and Community Welfare Committee of every Elks Lodge sees and understands and acts. But no committee can be expected to see everything. It is incumbent upon the individual lay member to serve in the capacity of eyes for his committee—and also, as judgment may dictate, not alone to see and understand, but to act himself

analysis it shows in action two kinds of men: the man who thinks but is not instinctively moved to action; and the man who, once a good idea is given him, puts it into practice.

If only one of these two young chaps had passed by the man on the grating, he would have shivered there all night. The first, who discovered him, would not have thought quickly enough to contrast his own security of comfort with the unfortunate's lack of it. And the other, the one who understood but made no move, would have gone to bed without having achieved anything of more value than a sympathetic thought. It was lucky for the man in the shabby clothes that the two were together, that the complementary forces of life, imagination and action, actually and embodied, came near him side by side.

THE application of the analysis of this incident has a direct bearing upon being an Elk. If we each look at ourselves, we frequently find that we are one or the other of these two young men. We see and understand, yet do nothing, or else we act only on a suggestion from outside. Yet if we are to become the best sorts of members in the Order, we must make a positive, conscious effort to be not just one of these types, but both.

Blindness in the world is as singular an affliction, comparatively, as it is awful. We all see; a few of us understand; and a few of that few take initiative spontaneously. But unless we are willing to admit that man will be always what he has been, and is, that the first rough casting cannot be turned down and polished on the lathe, we all of us can become a combination of the man who sees and sympathizes and does something about it.

This triad of characteristics is identified with the Order of Elks, and a specific instance of it came about this same last winter

during which happened the incident of getting the man off that grating and into a bed.

In a Western city there fell, at one time during the season, a preternatural amount of snow. Street transit was stuck tight, and when the drifts were scooped up from sidewalk and street the city was a network of narrow white lanes between banks of snow head-high. One had to look from a second-story window to see people on the opposite sidewalk. In time this snow thawed, and when the disintegration of the white barricade began it came with such uncommon suddenness that the city became a temporary Venice; and one effect was that the children of the poor were kept from school. They had no rubbers, and they could not slosh through the rushing, shallow canals of ice-water and sit all day in soggy shoes and escape pneumonia.

Everybody knew about the snowfall, everybody knew about the thaw, and every newspaper reader in the city knew about the schoolchildren—for the story was carried in the dailies—even though he might have no family of his own.

ALL saw, a few understood, and a few of that few did something about it. These last were the Elks. The local lodge took action in the form of buying immediately six hundred pairs of rubbers for distribution among the schoolchildren who had none. This did not waterproof the feet of every youngster in the schools; it took care of exactly six hundred. But other organizations, awakened by the service, fell in line; and within a very short time there were more rubbers for schoolchildren than there was water to wet them in.

This is an instance which shows that the words Benevolent and Protective are not words hitched on the front of the Order's name just to look pretty. They come first in the name, they come first in the significance of the Order. They are words that do not sit back grandly in the dictionary, but get out and work. They buy rubbers, if rubbers are needed; they pay for and build boys' camps; they get out and hustle in behalf of any organization that wants to do a good job; they go into court and stand legally responsible for youngsters who otherwise would go to reformatories, and make men of these boys by trusting them—these are a little handful of random examples of the habits of the Elk.

The order is a composite of the two young men, who, together, saw and understood the plight of that poor devil shivering at the base of the office building the coldest night in winter, and who got him a better place. And if the Order is to be more—for all bodies and creations either grow stronger or weaker, drift downhill or stride up—every member of the Order must take it upon himself as a personal responsibility to become a composite of those two young men.

ALL see, a few understand, a few of this few do something about it. Let's change; that by remodeling ourselves, by adding to the house of our characters the wing we need, until it can be said that every Elk sees and understands and does something about it.

Working in the Common Cause

Some Thoughts on Certain Phases of Relief Work and Other War Activities at Home

By William Almon Wolff

IN EVERY war censorship prevents or delays the revelation of some occurrences known to a good many people. But this censorship is not, by any means, always official. Self-imposed restrictions limit what is told by practically every writer in time of war. The motives for such reticence are varied, of course. Loyalty, the effort to avoid giving aid or comfort to the enemy is one; respect for sincere, though clumsy or ineffective, effort, is another; a general feeling that it is well to avoid the striking of any discordant note is still another.

So, quite naturally, after every war there comes a flood of "revelations." Sir Philip Gibbs, in his books, tells, quietly and effectively, of mistakes, avoidable mistakes, of British leaders—not because he is a muckraker, but because he feels that understanding of these mistakes is a necessary part of preparation against the possibility, remote though it be, of a new war. Similarly George Patullo has, of late, been telling the unvarnished truth about the relations between the American and Allied High Commands in France.

Patullo has told things he would have submitted to torture to avoid telling in 1918. And, like Sir Philip Gibbs, he is as far as a man may be from being a muckraker. He has told his story now for definite reasons. One is that sentimentalism, such as did, to a great extent, prevail here during the war itself, does not foster the sort of public opinion that leads to wise decisions. The other is that his country has never fully understood the quality of General John J. Pershing—which is extremely annoying to those who, like Patullo, understand it very well indeed. And this particular war news reveals Pershing as a man who stood out against almost incredible pressure, in the interest of the boys he led; a general to whom are due the thanks of those who, except for him, would probably be mourning to-day three or four hundred thousand more American dead than did actually pay the supreme penalty in France.

SO FAR as it is now possible to look ahead one can see no prospect of American participation in another war. Yet that was equally true in 1914—and within four years the greatest American army that had ever been assembled was under arms three thousand miles from home. That is why it seems to me that it is not too soon to enter a plea for a certain sort of preparedness.

It would have been impossible, for many reasons, to write, during the war, or very soon after its close, what I want to write here. It would have been ungracious; what is more, it would have been useless.

One of the magnificent things about America's war effort was the eager rush of the whole country to do its part. The effort was never limited to the boys who offered themselves for service in the front line. Behind them, anxious to help, were men and women passionate in their devotion to the common cause, either as individuals, or as members of organizations that thrust themselves forward the moment the emergency

was upon us. That was, as I said, magnificent; it was a splendid and an inspiring thing to see. But it was a magnificence dimmed, much too often, by the futility of the means employed to a great end.

This is what, three and four years ago, I felt, but, for all sorts of reasons, could not and would not say: Time and again the value of services offered and rendered was

THIS is a statement of views, based upon experience, from a trained observer. What the Elks were able to do in the war matters little, relatively. But if, in the way the things they did were done, there is, as Mr. Wolff feels so strongly, a lesson that may in some future crisis be of value, the facts should be set forth

reduced or wiped out altogether by selfish desire to obtain recognition and credit; by unwillingness of this individual or that organization to be subordinated; by insistence upon impossible conditions.

It isn't necessary, it would be invidious, it would be worse than useless, to give particulars; to cite instances. Men supremely fitted to do important work declined to do it because they could not bring themselves to accept subordinate positions. Organizations sulked because they could not have a particular field to themselves; wasted time in political intrigue to keep another organization out. Religious prejudice was allowed to hamper cooperation essential to securing certain ends. Not very often did these things happen; not, certainly, in a majority of cases. But they happened often enough to discourage and dishearten a good many of those who, all the time, knew what was going on.

Again, if the true tale of the publicity work that was done during the war were told it would shock some people. It seemed to me, sometimes, that individuals, organizations, whole communities were more interested in securing favorable publicity for their efforts than in the efforts themselves. The number of press agents employed by organizations engaged in war work, and the aggregate of their salaries, if the figures could be assembled, would be astonishing—except to those who, like myself, were, so to speak, exposed to them.

NOW let it be understood that much of this publicity work was legitimate enough. Publicity is one of the best ways there is to raise money. The trouble was that so much of this organized publicity work was intended to establish the organization that paid for it in the public favor that it might draw upon that favor after the war. Again, this was legitimate enough, in one sense; in the sense that, almost without exception, these were fine, worthy, useful organizations.

The trouble is that that is not the way to

achieve one hundred per cent. usefulness in time of war. That can be done; it can be done very simply; it was done, supremely well, by one great organization—of which I do not happen to be a member—the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks. Other organizations did well, too; I don't question that. But it happens that for four years I have been citing the accomplishment of the Elks as the outstanding example of the way war work ought to be done, and, being, after all, a writer, and not a speaker, I want to set down just why it is that I feel so.

No one who wasn't directly in touch with war publicity has the slightest idea of the pressure that was brought to bear upon everyone who, directly or indirectly, had anything at all to do with the apportionment of space in newspapers and magazines. Editors and writers alike were besieged. One's telephone was a nuisance. Press agents tracked one down; found out where one ate one's hurried meals, and dropped in.

I came in for my share of the pressure; so, certainly, did the editorial staff of Collier's Weekly, for which, at that time, I was writing a good many articles connected with America's war effort at home. And it struck us, one day, that something should be printed about the Salvation Army.

NOW the Salvation Army did have a publicity man, but he was much too busy with his routine work of supplying actual news to help me much when I went to him. It wasn't easy to get anything from the Salvation Army, anyway. It wasn't that these people were reticent, or afflicted by false modesty; the chief trouble was that they were too busy doing things to talk about them. But bit by bit facts were extracted. Including one that started me on a new trail.

I had been wondering how the Salvation Army, which, notoriously, was a poor organization, had managed to keep going so long, doing a tremendous lot of expensive work, without any public appeal for money. And some one said, quite casually, that, of course, the Elks had helped.

Well, by going back and forth between the Elks and the Salvation Army, I pieced that story together—how, all over the country, Elk lodges had got behind the Salvation Army and found the money, and how, incidentally, that was an old, though untold, story. You who are Elks know it, of course; anyone who paid me the compliment of reading what I wrote in Collier's also knows it.

And that, as you who are Elks also know, is by no means the whole story of what the Elks did. The two great base hospitals in France; the superb structure in Boston; last, and certainly, not least, the work of the revolving fund created by the Elks in helping the work of the Federal Board for Vocational Education to get under way—these things are a definite, and a splendid, part of the history of the war.

But it would be possible, it seems to me, to write a whole book about what the Elks did in the war and still to miss the point

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Women in Sports

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among women been so popular as today. Many men learned to ride as a result of experiences in the war, and passed the sport on to wives and daughters. Families who before the war had been unable to afford the luxury of hunters, hackneys and the like, went in for riding when fortune turned. Visit the riding academies of any city you may care to select for investigation and you will obtain all necessary evidence affirming the reported growth of the sport of equestrianism. They are crowded with beginners. Also with expert riders.

And in the field when you see Mrs. Lida Fleitman Floodgood—who by the way is the author of a standard book on all that pertains to horseback riding—going cross-country hell-for-leather at Meadow Brook, Piping Rock or Westbury, or watch Miss Elizabeth Hauck taking the jumps in North Jersey, or Mrs. Penn Smith, or Miss Joan Michler, or any number of accomplished American horsewomen, conviction will be established that in the saddle the woman asks little or nothing of the man.

As for swimming, Miss Ida Gutsche, of Philadelphia, probably our greatest woman distance swimmer—in fact, a great distance swimmer irrespective of sex—is now in Europe on a great mission. Her intention is to swim the English Channel some day this summer yet to be selected. Just what her equipment for this task is may be judged by the fact that in the sixth annual mileage contest of the Philadelphia Turngemeinde which ended last March, Ida Gutsche swam a total of 115 hours, covering 246½ miles, a world's record.

So great an impulse has the cause of sports for women experienced in England, that the chances are Miss Gutsche will have every facility placed at her disposal by the British authorities. Yet it was not so many years ago that Miss Rose Pitnoff of New York crossed the ocean with the determination to accomplish the Channel feat and was prevented by the authorities before she could get near the water. If the Philadelphia swimmer succeeds in her self-appointed task she will have the honor of being the first woman to make the journey.

Tennis, golf, riding and swimming—these sports have been treated herein as activities in which girls and women may enter freely and without fear as to injurious results, always, of course, barring accidents. But there are other divisions of athletics which may develop serious problems. In fact they are acute now in England where many eminent physicians are debating the dangers that have arisen from the entrance of girls into the more strenuous sports which in former times were the exclusive domains of their brothers.

We of this country should be interested in this discussion, not only because it concerns our own girls but more particularly because late in August American women and girls will be represented for the first time in an International Women's Athletic Meet to be held in the Pershing Stadium in Paris. The result of this meeting will, of course, have the effect of making some nation proud of its women athletes, but in a larger sense the games will tend to give track athletics for women an extraordinary impulse throughout the world. Dr. Harry Eaton Stewart, president of the National Women's Track Athletic Association will go with the team not only as coach, but as physician, wherefor we may believe that the most careful conditioning and rigid supervision will be exercised. The captain of our invading forces, which will be made up of young women from Florida, New York, New Jersey, Illinois, South Carolina, Ohio and the Canal Zone, will be Miss Floreida Batson, of Rosemary Hall, who holds American records for the 60-yard and 100-yard low hurdles.

Now are track and field athletics good for our girls? One of the foremost authorities on this subject is Joseph A. D'Angola, physical director of the New Jersey State Normal School at Newark. He has taken a deep interest not only in the actual achievements of girl athletes but in their mental and physical reactions. As a result of his long experience he gives this solemn warning to all parents, to all teachers: "Insist upon moderation."

Mr. D'Angola has found that in the elementary schools the average girl under the age of twelve or thirteen years is almost, if not quite, the equal of the average boy in physical ability. Thereafter she undergoes a marked change. Physiologically she becomes heavier as her large

groups of muscles increase in size, but they do not increase proportionately in strength. In a recent test Mr. D'Angola found that only five per cent. of the young women in the Normal School were able to climb a fifteen-foot pole with ease—while the greatest delight of the average young girl is to shinny up a pole or a rope. And she does this with simian ease. For this physiological reason track athletics among girls have not been pushed to too great a degree by directors of physical education who are alive to their responsibilities. Since prehistoric times women have not been the equals of men in physical strength and endurance, and for this reason careful preparation over at least one generation should be observed before competitive sports such as track, basketball, soccer and baseball are permitted free rein.

Occasionally the exceptional girl is found who may be trained and developed for special events in competition, but any conscientious physical educator will affirm that even she must be watched no less closely than her weaker sister.

"I approve of track athletics for women," says Mr. D'Angola, "with the proviso that they be indulged in moderation and under the supervision of a competent director who has had experience in teaching women. Certificates from reliable physicians showing that participants in competitive games are periodically examined should be insisted upon by the director and, as well, he should demand that the girl athletes be regularly interviewed by a woman director who is more interested in the health of the individual than in the points which the school scores in some meet. Then, and only then, may the physical director feel that his position is clear."

Not so long ago the writer witnessed a track meet for women. In one event a girl plainly physically unqualified was entered. She practically fainted at the end of one race, was revived and then entered in another event. This was outrageous. If such things are countenanced at various schools throughout the country there is bound to be a tremendous reaction which may sweep away the good as well as the bad. On the other hand, if girls are entered in good physical condition, and are permitted to indulge only in events which have been modified scientifically, then there can be but one result—the betterment of the race.

Walter Camp, who has done so much for the cause of physical well-being among women, as among men, insists upon adequate preparation and proper supervision of all girls who indulge in competitive sport.

"Even greater care should be exercised in respect to these things in cases of girls than of boys," says Mr. Camp. "Boys have generations of athletes behind them, whereas the modern girl is beginning to take her plunge into strenuous sports without any historical sanction. The development has been astounding, but there may be no question if we, as a race, are to be benefited from this new phase there must be rigid supervision."

If you were a baseball club owner, a magnate, to use the popular term, and if in spite of all your work and all your planning the breaks were against you, and your team had forged up within striking distance of the pennant only to be turned back—And then, if someone offered to buy your ball club, would you relinquish it, with its worries and disappointments, in exchange for wealth and a life of idleness? This is theme of a great baseball story by Lawrence Perry. Watch for it in the September issue.

"The one problem, outside of this training and preparation, which will require the greatest study during the next decade, is that of the influences of competition upon women. Any one who has been as close to athletics as I have been, I mean intercollegiate athletics, does not have to be told that a great many boys, and men, too, have to be educated to stand competition. With the very deficient background that exists in sports for girls we can not begin to generalize as to just how far competition is desirable, and just how the nervous systems of our girls will answer to what may come in the form of bitter, intense rivalry. Two things, thus, should now engage the attention of all who are interested in promulgating competitive sports for women and at the same time safeguarding their health: the gradual preparation for athletic sports and the accumulation of data as to the effect of competition."

As showing what girls and women have done in track, as compared to men, the following few figures will be of interest. (These are the American records for women.)

100-yard run: 12 seconds; Mary Thornton of Lake Erie College and Mary C. Morgan, Bryn Mawr College. Men: 9½ seconds; Charles Paddock, University of Southern California.

220-yard run: 30¾ seconds; Francesca King, Wykeham Rise School. Men, 21½ seconds; Charles Paddock, University of Southern California.

100-yard hurdles (two feet high; eight in number): 15½ seconds; Mary Morgan, Bryn Mawr College. Men, 120 yard hurdles (low), 15 seconds.

Running high jump: 4 feet 9 inches; Miss Horer, St. Mary's Hall. Men, 6 feet 4 inches; D. Y. Alberts, Chicago Athletic Association.

Running broad jump: 16 feet 9½ inches; Maude Devereux, Skidmore School for Arts. Men, 23 feet 7¾ inches; E. O. Gourdin, Harvard.

Hop, step, jump: 33 feet 6 inches; Ellen V. Hayes, Sweet Briar College. Men, 46 feet 3 inches; Kauffman Geist, N. Y. City.

Discus throw: 98 feet 2 inches; Nell Carroll, Florida State School for Women. Men, 144 feet; Gus Pope, Multnomah A. C.

Javelin throw: 98 feet 2½ inches; Rhea Reidel, Sargent School. Men, 189 feet ¾ inches; Milton Angier, Chicago.

The records for women quoted above are the American records, but for the men the figures are selected from the record of the last meet of the Amateur Athletic Union, and are not necessarily the best performances in our track and field annals.

The women's colleges have taken no step in the direction of intercollegiate meets, though students are demanding it with ever increasing vigor. The nearest we have approached this was the basketball game between alumnae of Vassar and Smith in New York last winter, as one of the features of the Vassar drive for funds.

It is believed that athletic spirit will be much more pointedly emphasized at our educational institutions for women when athletes of one college meet teams of another after the manner of the men's colleges; but under present conditions, when so little is known as to the mental and physical reactions of women in strenuous sport, educators are inclined to proceed with great deliberation. At the same time, in view of the emphasis placed upon intercollegiate sport as it now exists, the proselyting of athletes, practical hiring of others, the time and attention taken from the work of the curriculum, those who guide and control the destinies of Smith, Vassar, Bryn Mawr and other institutions for women, are in all probability none too sure that they wish to place themselves in the position of some day coming face to face with the very acute problems in relations to athletics that afflict the authorities in our men's colleges and universities.

In the meantime those who hold a brief for Vassar vs. Smith, Bryn Mawr vs. Wellesley and so on, may find some outlet for their pent-up sporting spirit in the announcement that Miss Laura Bennett, sturdy and indomitable American woman fighter, is training for her forthcoming bout with Mlle. Le Mar, the French champion.

The Footstep

(Continued from page 12)

that the place was not quite "canny." For she was almost ready to believe that she had seen a ghost, or at least some specter of an overstrained imagination. But this day would set many fears at rest. She made up her mind, like the thorough young person she was, to leave not even a coal-bin unvisited. Things known were seldom things feared.

Caroline was of the same mind. Beulah's pallor worried her a little, and she felt that a tour of the place would do much to lay these unexpected fears—no doubt the result of her dream—and put them both in possession of the premises.

A bunch of keys was found hanging on a nail in the clerk's desk; and while Caroline was examining them, Beulah turned over the pages of the old register.

"Really these are very valuable historical documents," the girl said gravely. "Think of a murder case—and the person being able to prove an alibi by the record in a hotel register that on such a night he was two hundred miles away from the scene of the crime. Why—this is funny. Look here. Look at this name—"

Caroline looked over Beulah's shoulder. "Henry Bryant—New York City," she read. "Do you know a Henry Bryant?"

"Never knew anyone of that name," Beulah answered. "It isn't the name, it's the date—didn't this hotel close in 1912—just the year after you were here, Cousin Caroline?"

"I think it did." "Well, look at this date, February, 1921. Why should a man register in a deserted hotel?"

"A joke, I suppose," Caroline replied. "Some prowler climbed through a window, probably, and seeing the register and having a fountain pen in his pocket—what made you jump?"

"That arrow at 170 again." Caroline went behind the desk, opened the glass door that protected the bell-board and examined the brass indicators. "This one arrow swings easily," she said, "the rest are rather stiff. Any vibration of the hotel sets 170 going—How Spencer would have enjoyed remodeling this old place; making it look light and gay and young again. Some architects are made, but he was born. Now to our investigations. It will take some time to go over all the hotel."

The dining-room was the first room visited; a great gloomy place, against whose shuttered windows the evergreens pressed closely. A few tables still stood about; and a solitary music rack, forgotten or unwanted, stood in the little gallery where the orchestra had been placed to play during dinners, or for dancing. Two enormous marble-topped black walnut sideboards occupied opposite ends of the long room.

"I shall have bright painted furniture," Caroline remarked. "And I shall cut down some of those trees and let in light and air."

The pantries, kitchens and the laundries beneath, in the basement which they next visited, had the dark look always in places where much work has been and ceased. "Really it makes one believe in the total depravity of matter," Caroline said. "I am beginning to feel it will take a fortune to make this place over. Everything in it is too big and heavy and pretentious; typical of the period when all those dreadful rows of brownstone houses were going up in New York as advertisements of prosperity. Now for the bedrooms. After these acres of unclaimed hotel I needn't fear any small stuffy ones."

The bedrooms were, indeed, on a scale with the rest of the hotel; large, with high narrow windows; and tall doors whose transoms were big enough to turn into window sashes. The extremely high ceilings destroyed all look of comfort in them; and the tall pine trees outside filled them with a greenish twilight that might have been pleasant in the heat of summer; but was now gloomy in the extreme. Most of these rooms were empty, but in some enormous black walnut beds still stood mournfully in the shadows.

"Let's find Room 170," Beulah suggested, and following the number to the fourth floor, they came at last to two rooms side by side, one without a number, the other marked 170. Both doors were without transoms and securely locked. Beulah stooped down and looked into

the keyhole. "Key is on the inside," she said. "I can't see anything."

"I meant to bring that bunch hanging by the clerk's desk," Caroline lamented. "But came off without them."

"Let me go down and get it, Caroline."

"That's a good child."

Beulah hurried away. The hotel had ceased to affect her nerves now, and she had fully decided to regard the last night's occurrences as a dream, or at most a trick of the imagination. When she reached the desk she found that the keys were not on the nail in the clerk's little cage. "Caroline must have them with her after all, or perhaps she had dropped them on the way upstairs."

She went quickly back again to the fourth landing, her feet making loud echoes on the bare floors—echoes that seemed to be repeated from various parts of the house. "No keys down there," she called out as she turned into the corridor where she had left her cousin—and then stopped. The corridor was empty; and no voice answered hers. Only the long rows of closed doors met her gaze.

"Of course she's in one of the rooms," Beulah reassured herself—and walked on calling "Caroline! Caroline!" and fighting down that rising wave of terror, now all the more choking because of the broad daylight which flooded the place.

Halfway down the corridor she stopped short to listen for some betraying sound which would locate her cousin, when, to her horror, she heard in the hall below the stealthy footstep of her midnight fright—the same slow, cautious movement. Her cousin! Oh, where was her cousin!

She looked wildly about, repressing an involuntary cry! To call Caroline's name now might bring the intruder into view, confident that she was alone and helpless. Perhaps he had already killed her cousin.

Anything was better than to stand there listening to that menacing footstep, so she began to move cautiously from door to door, opening them as she went, to see if Caroline was in any of these rooms. Could she have fainted or fallen out of a window in trying to open it, the sash giving way suddenly? Her imagination wrought to fever heat by that dreadful sound below ran forward to every tragic possibility.

To think of her cousin's safety was to forget herself for a moment. Slowly she advanced. Door after door she opened, but only emptiness met her gaze; or some dreary decrepit piece of furniture. Whenever she paused inevitably she heard that cautious footstep on the floor below. To listen to it was to turn numb and cold, to endure an icy bath of fear—so she would move on again. She almost screamed aloud when a door opened and she beheld Caroline at the end of a flight of steps which, presumably, led to the garrets. "I've been exploring," her cousin said cheerfully. "Lots of nice old junk up there—funny things an interior decorator would turn to good account. Why, Beulah, how white you are!"

IN Dayton, Ohio, about a quarter century ago, Orville and Wilbur Wright constructed the first practical airplane, the machine from which all planes are descended today. For years thereafter, the United States led the world in the development of heavier-than-air flying machines. Yet today we in America are far behind Europe—particularly in the field of commercial aviation. What is the reason? In the next issue Evan David answers this question. His article is based on exhaustive investigations and you will find it chock full of interesting facts

"I couldn't find you. I thought you had fallen out of a window. I called—and you didn't answer!"

"Beloved, you mustn't take me too seriously. I should be mothering you—and you are mothering me!"

"You are my second mother. I can't let you out of my sight," she said with a little smile—then she paused to listen for the footstep, but there was not a sound. "I thought I heard Jake Simmons once," she put forth, hoping that her cousin would answer that she, too, had thought she heard footsteps; but she only remarked:

"He'll probably be over this morning."

Beulah felt too miserable for a moment to respond. A new apprehension was seizing her. What if she was hearing and seeing things shut from the senses of others about her? The thought was dreadful. She felt impatient of these circumstances which were destroying all her buoyancy. "The next time," she thought, "I'll go out to meet those footsteps with Caroline's Colt. I'll not be a coward."

She felt all at once so brave again that she ran down ahead of her cousin to the next corridor. Its great length was empty even of shadows; and now a very real pounding on the front door told them that Jake was below—probably with letters.

He came in breezily. Had they slept well? Beulah owned up to nightmares. "I thought I heard strange noises. The hotel was full of noises—some sounded like footsteps."

"Sure you heard them—owls and loose timber—cracking of trees; mebbe mice in the old place. Don't get frightened, Miss. I know everybody within twenty-five miles, and they's honest as God made 'em."

Caroline was examining her mail. Beulah saw her frown over one letter—put it aside without opening it. Jake seemed waiting to say something he couldn't quite get out. At last he ventured. "It ain't none of my business—but a young man was askin' me yesterday if this Molican hotel was open—told him it was open but not runnin', so to speak. He said he was up for his vacation—young Doctor—Doctor Andrew Farrell, and he wondered if you'd rent him a room in the hotel."

Caroline glanced at Beulah. "I believe that must be the stranger who came yesterday—that good-looking boyish person."

"Oh, he's no boy—and no fool," commented Jake. "Sails, swims, canoes, plays tennis, golf, rides. I didn't know as it would be agreeable to you ladies to have him—might make time pass pleasanter for the young lady," he added with a smile and a glance at Beulah.

"I don't think I want to begin hotel keeping at once," Caroline answered. "On the other hand, we may have started out with too independent a spirit. This place is enormous for two women. And perhaps we ought not to be alone here at night. Would you and your wife be willing to come and take care of us if this Dr. Farrell had a room here?"

Beulah listened anxiously for Jake's answer. She wanted him to say yes more than she had ever wanted anything, and yet she was afraid that Caroline was doing this just for her—sacrificing the privacy she had longed for because she saw that her cousin was nervous.

"Well, yes, I reckon we could come," Jake answered. "Reckon it might take some time off your hands—give you more time to be out o' doors. Couldn't arrive before tomorrow, though—nohow."

"Why not?" Caroline asked.

"Got to drive to Hackettsville to see a man who wants to delude me into buyin' his farm." "Hackettsville is about fifty miles away, isn't it?"

"Yes'm. But miles is long in this state. They say it was measured off by this method—they ran a hound to death and called it a mile. Shall I tell Dr. Farrell he can come, Mrs. Hartley?"

"No, don't tell him anything, except that he may come over and introduce himself to us. I think I know his family. There are Farrells on Washington Square. I've known them for years. He may be related to them."

Beulah walked down with Jake to the boat landing to inspect her canoe which he had brought in tow of his own rowboat. It was called the *Zephyr*, and its graceful outlines and brilliant new surface took her mind for a moment from her fears. A double paddle claimed her

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The Footstep

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attention, and Jake watching her handle it, knew from every movement that she was an expert canoeist.

"Mustn't let anything bother you up here," he said kindly. "You look sort o' as if you'd lost sleep. That ain't right, you know. Ain't nothing to hurt you a mite in the old Mohican."

Beulah hesitated, regarding the brown face and deep, friendly blue eyes with a sudden impulse to tell Jake just what she had heard and seen, and to ask his advice. He was a man naturally meant for bewildered or nervous womankind to appeal to—this lean, muscular, quiet villager who had all the philosophic calm of a person who lives close to nature; and helps his neighbors in emergency; and takes storm or fair with equal indifference.

"I am not so sure I did dream," she remarked, "but I don't want Cousin Caroline to know that."

"You mean you was wideawake and heard noises—rats, mebbe—or the wind shakin' the old place."

"No, not rats—a footstep; somebody walking in the hall just outside our bedrooms; a very cautious, slow footstep."

"Oh, you was dreamin'," said Jake earnestly.

"No, I was so wideawake that I got up and bolted the door—and went into Mrs. Hartley's room and locked her door."

Jake looked at her curiously. "Ef you heard a footstep it was spooks. I was through every nook and corner of that there hotel an hour afore you arrived."

"You were not in room 170!"

He started. "Now what do you know about room 170?" he asked.

"I know it's one of the two rooms which have no transoms. Both these rooms are locked and we can't find the key. I think you said you couldn't, either."

"No, I tried every one on that bunch that hangs in the clerk's desk."

"It doesn't hang there now," Beulah said. "Cousin Caroline sent me down for it this morning, and it was gone."

Jake emitted a whistle—an enigmatic comment, for his face told nothing. "We'll have a locksmith—or we'll break in the door of 170 and we'll take a search for those keys."

"Why did you look so—surprised, when I spoke of Room 170?" Beulah challenged.

Jake smiled. "Well, there's some darn fools in the village that thinks Room 170 is haunted—claim they've seen a light in the window—though how they know that room from any other, beats me."

"It's because it's locked, I suppose," Beulah commented. "And people couldn't get into it."

"No, it ain't anythin' to do with its bein' locked or unlocked. It's the room the two men had who was drowned under the old dock. Yes, right under the very platform we're a standin' on. They laid the two bodies out in that room; and they was there a night or so. None of the hotel help would watch, so Horace Robinson and me undertook to sit up—the management locked up 170 after that—for it got around what was the number and folks comin' up from New York would say, 'Don't put me in the drowned men's room'; it was small loss because the hotel was emptyin' out—just naturally fallin' and heaps of other rooms was shut up, besides the two the drowned men were laid in."

"I don't believe in ghosts," Beulah said, "and I'm sure you don't. There is always some natural explanation, but in this case it might be worse than a mere harmless ghost."

"Tell me more about it. Mebbe we can figger out just what it was. City people aren't used to country noises and often make mistakes."

She glanced toward the hotel before replying, to be sure that Caroline was indoors reading her letters, and there would be no chance of her overhearing. Beulah told her story simply and directly, and Jake showed no surprise or concern until she came to the point where she related her seeing a man's figure reflected in the depths of the mirror.

"Gosh—all-hemlock!" he exclaimed. "You was dreamin' sure, Miss. You couldn't see a man, when no man was there. All the same, what did he look like?"

"Very dark hair—very pale skin. He stared at me. I shall never forget those eyes. It was worse because I only saw his reflection."

"Those drowned men were both fair," Jake said solemnly, as if he meant to rule them out and keep them out. "Couldn't be one of them! What on earth, now, could you see in that mirror in the dead of night?"

"I saw something that has made me nervous ever since. I didn't want my cousin to know because she is so happy here. I'll not tell her—but I am so glad she is planning to have other people come—"

"Yes, that young doctor is kind o' lonesome, and would enjoy your company," Jake said, regarding Beulah with a quizzical look in his eyes. "You'll—like him, or I'll eat my hat."

"I don't want you to eat your hat!" she laughed.

"Now you are talkin'," assented Jake heartily. "He's a straight, clean, honest six-footer; we talked two solid hours last night while he was gettin' information of one sort or another. I know a good dog, a good horse, and a real man when I see one. I'd pick him in a hundred. With him and me and the old lady over here I bet you'll sleep like seven tops—and won't see nothing more in mirrors."

"I hope not," Beulah replied with a little shiver. "You see, I heard the footstep again this morning. We were on the fourth floor. I heard it in the hall just beneath."

"You did! Why didn't you chase the fellow?" Beulah told the circumstance. "I was too afraid even to move; and I didn't know where my cousin was."

"You both need a gardeen," Jake said reflectively. "There's nothing in the hotel to be afraid of; but just to make you feel better, I'm going to break into 170—and give it the once over."

"All right! Will you go now?"

Caroline accompanied them to the fourth floor. Some cloud seemed on her spirits, and Beulah wondered if she had received bad news in the morning's mail.

The door of 170 did not yield easily—but at last the lock gave way with a crack, and they stood in a bedroom bare of everything but a decrepit chair or two. Of the two windows, one opened on the fire escape; and the lower sash of this was raised.

"Nothing here," said Jake cheerfully, and led the way into the adjoining room; but Beulah lingered to examine the dust on the window sill. In one or two places it had been disturbed as if some one had flung himself across the sill. A rusty nail driven into the wood—probably to restrain some banging shutter, had a tiny bit of gray cloth clinging to it—cloth that was neither old nor faded. She removed it carefully before joining Jake and Caroline in the second room, which had a set of furniture in it—an old-fashioned painted bed, bureau and washstand.

"They're rather pretty," Caroline said. "I wonder why Mr. Otto Bergthal didn't remove them."

She had bought the hotel from a German-American, the last owner before the property had come into her hands. After the hotel had failed it had passed through several ownerships—people who bought it for speculation, and then changed their minds or became discouraged. This Otto Bergthal had been rather a mysterious person, Jake said, buying suddenly and selling suddenly. "I always thought he used the place for secret meetings during the war; but though everybody suspected him, nothing was proved—and now he lives on Main street snug as you please; and nobody ever hears a word of German out of him."

"I don't like this room," Beulah said. "Do you, Cousin Caroline?"

"Oh, for a hotel room it isn't bad. I'm glad we've solved the mystery of 170. You mustn't think us a pair of nervous women, Mr. Simmons, after we started out so bravely! But perhaps it's better not to sleep without protection in this great empty place. With you and Mrs. Simmons here and the young Doctor, perhaps—if we like him—it will be a different matter."

"We'll try to get over in the morning so as to cook lunch for you, and tonight nothing'll

hurt you. Just lock your doors and keep to yourselves, so to speak."

"We thankfully will," Caroline answered laughing, "and we're not at all nervous now. First nights in new places are not always conducive to sleep."

When she and Beulah were alone again she asked the young girl if the new arrangement would be satisfactory.

"I want it if you do," Beulah answered. "After all, it's a bit more human than trying to face two hundred empty rooms alone."

"And I want it," Caroline said, "because Digby Kent is threatening again. You call him 'the villain of the piece,' Beulah. The term appeals to me! I never liked the man, not even when Spencer was living and Digby came to dinner constantly. He always professed great friendship for Spencer; and Spencer trusted him enough to appoint him his executor. That ought to be enough for me—but, somehow I dislike him."

Beulah made no comment. She deemed it best not to revive memories of the tragedy which had yielded not even a charred body to Caroline's frantic widowhood. From the depths of the shock and the grief she had risen but slowly, and now that Beulah had her on the surface she meant to hold her there. Of Digby Kent she had her own not very high opinion, believing him possessed of "mean eyes" and mentally accusing him of being in pursuit of Cousin Caroline's millions. He had wanted to marry her before she married Spencer Hartley; and being Hartley's executor—Kent was a clever financier—Caroline was again obliged to see him whether she wanted to or not.

"Can't he let you alone even up here?" Beulah said impatiently. "Why did you give him our address?"

"I had to—business affairs, of course. He says he is bringing me some papers to sign."

"Just an excuse," Beulah commented pettishly. "Don't ask him to stay in the hotel, Cousin Caroline."

"I certainly won't. If he remains he'll have to hunt quarters in the village. Oh, don't let's think of him. It's time we were out of doors."

They forgot everything but the delight of perfect motion as the *Zephyr* glided through the deep green water, Caroline stretched in the bottom leaning against the brace, Beulah perched on the bow, her strong arms wielding the double-ended paddle with, her cousin thought, consummate grace and power. They explored the shore for some miles, stopping in an enchanting little bay to eat the sandwiches they had brought with them; then skimming on past immense rocks whose mountainous bases were submerged in the depths of the lake; under leaning pine trees and along shores lined with birches so tall and thin and graceful that they seemed a creation of El Greco.

"This lake has its own mysterious secrets," Caroline said. "One fancies processions of Indians under those solemn pines—their faces turned to the North Country. I am sure on Midsummer night one could see phantom canoes gliding—and hear the dip of paddles. Ah! here's a real canoe. I think it must be the Doctor."

A young man about twenty-five years of age, with a bronzed face, and eyes as blue as cornflowers, was paddling his canoe across an adjacent little bay. Seeing them he changed his course and came gliding along as if to bow and chat a little were the order of a sunny day on a lonely lake when canoeists met by chance. Beulah turned to look at him with the impersonal appraising glance of the modern girl.

"Are we far from Eagle Point?" she asked.

"About three miles," he answered. "But it would be rough returning." He hesitated, "Is this Mrs. Hartley?"

"I am Mrs. Hartley," Caroline replied.

"My cousin, Mrs. David Farrell, knows you, I think."

"Why, surely. And you are—Doctor Farrell?"

"Yes."

"And you were looking for a summer hotel?"

She laughed.

He blushed. "I heard people were camping out in the old Mohican. I wasn't sure the privileges were open to others."

"They are not—to every one," Caroline answered. "I've bought the Mohican."

"Really? Queer old place," he commented, as if rather taken aback by this news.

(Continued on page 58)



To Fair-Minded Men

*—to those who give a hearing to men
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By V. K. Cassady, B. S., M. S., Chief Chemist

I am asking here for a simple test of a unique shaving cream.

I spent a lifetime to qualify to make it. I consulted 1,000 men to learn just what they wanted. I made up and discarded 130 formulas before I attained this perfection.

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Within one minute the beard absorbs 15% of water. And that's enough. The horniest beard may then be cut like wax.



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The Footstep

(Continued from page 56)

"I see you haven't succumbed to its charms," Caroline challenged.

"It's on a wonderful island," he admitted.

"Would you care to camp out, too?" she asked.

"Tomorrow Jake Simmons and his wife are coming to take care of us. In a hotel meant for three hundred, a dozen people would scarcely make the place seem inhabited."

"I should like it better than anything in the world," he answered heartily and boyishly. "When I get back people will ask me where I stayed. I'll tell them at the old Mohican, and then they'll inform me it was closed nine years ago."

"I have a wild plan for opening it. Suppose I begin with one guest. Only you must be sure to speak well of it afterwards."

He laughed. "I hope the experiment won't run you off the whole enterprise! I always wanted to buy a hotel myself—and fill it with the kind of clerks and bell-boys one dreams of in Utopia."

"And the guests?"

"Oh, the guests—they're the rub! A hotel can't pick and choose."

"This hotel will," Caroline laughed.

"Well, I hope you'll think you've made a good beginning," he returned.

He scarcely glanced at Beulah, who turned the canoe toward the hotel, and after he had skimmed away from them with a meditative air as if she were trying to make up her mind about something. "What are you thinking, dear?" Caroline asked.

"I am wondering whether he's coming because of you—or to be with me," she added frankly.

"Do you like the Doctor? He comes of a good family at least."

"He'll be good fun to play with."

And now evening was closing in—the chilly green-lighted evening of a bright October day. The lake darkened, the wind rippled in and Beulah sent the canoe more swiftly. "We don't want to be in the open stretch if a blow comes," she said.

About three hundred feet away from the dock Caroline saw her pause in her paddling and fix round eyes of inquiry ahead of her. "What are you looking at, Beulah?"

"I thought I saw some one standing on our dock. Yes, there's some one there."

"Jake."

"Can't be! You remember he's in Hackettsville."

"Don't tell me Digby Kent's arrived. I couldn't bear it."

"He's moving away. He's gone."

"I don't like that," Caroline said. "We don't want trespassers. We must put up signs. What's the matter, dear?" she added as the canoe lurched.

"Maybe it wasn't a trespasser," Beulah said. "You know the dock has a bad name."

"Do you want it to be a ghost?"

"Yes, I do, I do. I don't believe in ghosts—but a ghost can't make a noise. You couldn't hear the footsteps of a ghost."

Caroline laughed. "Why, you're nervous,

sweetheart, and no wonder! An inconsiderate cousin brings you to a decaying old barrack which has wonderful memories for her—none for you. You didn't have a honeymoon here, you see! I hope you will some day."

Beulah was paddling firmly again. "I am not frightened, really. I am sure it was just a chance visitor."

They approached it through the deep, quiet water which seemed to surround the dock like an atmosphere—a somewhat menacing atmosphere, Caroline thought looking down into the silky, inky depth. Bats were flying—an owl cried.

"Did you light the hall lamp before you left, Beulah?" Caroline inquired, a note of anxiety in her voice.

"No—of course not. We went away at one."

"Mrs. Simmons has probably been over," Caroline said, thinking it best to lay no emphasis on the strange fact of this unexpected welcome. "It was very thoughtful of her to remember it might be hard to find the matches in the dark."

"She left her box here. We have none of these safety matches, though we're stocked up with the ordinary kind," Beulah commented. She was almost afraid of any pause in the conversation between herself and her cousin lest the sound she dreaded to hear more than anything in the world, should come to her from some distant quarter of the hotel. She made as much noise as she reasonably could herself and kept her back turned to the mirror on the landing. She felt nervous when Caroline left her for a moment at her occupation of making a Welsh rarebit; and breathed a sigh of relief when her cousin rejoined her.

"Like the heroine of a melodrama I come with my 32 Colt—pearl-handled to show I am a perfect lady," Caroline laughed. "Here, we'll put it on the table, so any straggler on our island looking through one of the uncurtained windows will know what's in store for him if he comes in without knocking."

Beulah had brought the rarebit to perfection by a culinary effort which for the time dispelled her fears. She was hungry and tired enough to be glad of her supper; glad, too, of the prospect of a night's rest behind locked doors.

It was good an hour later to ascend the stairs with steaming kettles of hot water for their baths, to turn the keys, lay the Colt on Caroline's bureau; and thus locked in to begin a leisurely toilet. Beulah was through before Caroline had well begun, and she crept into bed with that sense of security which is always imparted by going to bed while other people are still up and around.

"Better close your door, dear. My light will disturb you," Caroline said.

"Not a bit. I like it."

She meant to lie awake and keep guard over Cousin Caroline, but the healthy fatigue of youth soon overcame her, and she was fast asleep before her cousin had undressed. Caroline glanced in at her with a feeling of satisfaction. "The poor lamb, I am glad she's off. She won't be nervous tonight with everything bolted and barred."

After her bath Caroline did not feel like going to bed; so drawing her curtains and getting into a loose robe, she put her lamp on a table near the blazing wood fire, drew her chair before it and settled down to a magazine which had been claiming her attention for some days. An article "Are women capable of impersonal action?" drew her in spite of its silly title, and she began it to find out what the writer—a man—thought of the sex he was either defending or maligning.

"Really I think Digby Kent must have written this," she exclaimed as she got deeper into it. "Preposterous! Human nature is equally distributed between the two sexes. As well write an article called 'Can women sneeze?' Fill a room with pepper—and sex distinctions will not interfere with the normal result!"

She threw the magazine down impatiently, clasped her hands behind her head and gave herself up to long-ago memories of the magical time when Spencer was here with her. Their coming to the hotel, wondering if their happiness would betray them in spite of the well-used luggage and the designedly well-worn clothes; their first stroll through the brilliant October woods, the fallen leaves and the pine-needles a thick carpet beneath their feet. She remembered the scarlet maples blown by the wind, and the glimpses of the whitecaps on the dark green lake; then the little summer house, and his repeating the lines of Kipling:

"She is not any common earth,
Water or wood or air,
But Merlin's isle of glamor
Where you and I will fare."

Ah! this had been an "island of glamor" filled with all the intensity of life and happiness stretched to the frontiers of pain by its utter completeness. He had thought of everything—remembered all her wishes—slight things, such as the floating of crimson leaves in still pools left by the lake—that was the wish to play "baby" games; the longing to climb a mountain and see beyond the world; the desire to hear a mandolin from a drifting canoe; and to sleep one night at a camp far down the lake, to sit on its shores by a roaring fire, and see a big blundering moon come up like a red Jack o' Lantern behind the dark blue mountains.

Heavenly days—never to come again. Here was the lake. Here were the islands! but he; in what world did he wander? Listening, perhaps, to celestial sounds and hungry for her voice.

She hoped Beulah would have such a love story—bright, intense child, with her look of a Botticelli page or angel, slim and alert; and quite equipped for either earth or heaven. She should have all earth could offer of a fine, strong love story, a love story in the open interwoven, as Caroline's own had been, with threads of prose quite as charming as the poetry.

It was intensely still. The little evening wind had soon spent itself, so not a leaf seemed stirring, not a ripple reached the dock. She found herself listening to the silence, and then she found herself listening to something else.

(To be continued)

Free Air—Or Nearly Free

(Continued from page 34)

running swiftly by every door, and, at least, we can walk. If we have a dog to take us walking—better yet! And half the fun then is in being chums with our dog. Mr. Terhune writes a book to help us to that end.

The dog in it has the educated heart of few human beings, and the humans are so poor a lot that we don't have to bother much with them. "Chum," the collie, abounds in noble impulses and fine discriminations, making a man of his poor-white-trash sort of master, and culminates with a glorious act of courage, falls senseless and awakes to find a lady's arms around his lordly neck! What man or dog could ask for more!

The author brings to the story a comprehensive knowledge and a nice, sensible feeling for dogs. He doesn't spill over with canine senti-

ment, so that you never forget that the hero goes on all fours. And if you have any kind of a little ki-yi of your own, the book will make you aspire to a closer friendship with him, and that, of course, will lead to the open road for both. Between ourselves, we think connecting this volume, pleasant as it is, with the general scheme of this month's book talk, has been rather neat!

We Meet the Pike Family

When the editor of this magazine gave to your book reviewer a volume called "THE BOOK OF THE PIKE," by Mr. O. W. Smith, we took it smilingly, and said that we would be delighted to review the book in our very best manner, and assured him that it was just the thing to go into this month's list of "free air" books. Never for

a moment did the editor suspect the tumult that took place within us. A feeling of incompetence amounting almost to paralysis accompanied the acceptance of the volume. Fish! Pike! A whole book on angling! And we had never caught a minnow! Camping and sailing and climbing and hiking all had been ours. But a fish was only a thing to be served with a good sauce Marguery.

However, we went home and dutifully began the book. And that was the end of us for the day. Little by little, page by page, we became an enthusiastic angler, a connoisseur on pike, pickerel and muskellunge. Little pools and ponds turned from mere beauty spots into gamy pickerel holes. We traveled the Great Lakes

(Continued on page 60)



Spike Kennelly

didn't want to fight again yet. His pockets were full. He was basking in that feminine adulation which is lavished on every champion. Life was mellow. He hated to risk his title so soon. He was just beginning to feel used to it.

But the wife of the fighter Spike had just dethroned was a fighter herself. Not with her fists, but with her sharp brain, she forced this brute into a return battle with the man he had unscrupulously fouled.

And then, Spike suddenly found out—

But you must read the whole story—"Between the Eyes"—one of the finest ring stories ever written. It's by Albert Payson Terhune. He wrote it specially for you. You'll find it in the September issue.

None But the Best for The Elks Magazine

Achmed Abdullah
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
Richard Connell
Gordon Grant
George Giguère
O. F. Howard
Richard Le Gallienne
Frank X. Leyendecker
Angus MacDonall
G. Patrick Nelson
Lawrence Perry
Herman Palmer
Ray Rohn
Herb Roth
Edward Ryan
Charles M. Schwab
Anna McClure Sholl
Frank Street
Everett Shinn
Dudley G. Summers
Frederic 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

*From the Angus MacDonall cover to the last page
the September issue will be the best yet published*

Free Air—Or Nearly Free

(Continued from page 58)

and rivers of the north, we fished and fished under all sorts of trees and waded out into the deep waters, and we even broke through the ice and "got 'em" that way. We could not put the book down.

Now the point is, if Mr. Smith's "Book of the Pike" can do that to the veriest greenhorn on fishing, what must his contribution to ichthyic literature mean to a real disciple of Mr. Walton?

Pickrel, pike and muskellunge—these form, according to Mr. Smith, one great fish family, with residences from Florida to the Upper St. Lawrence, and even Alaska.

Can you imagine a person who had never met and scarcely ever had heard of pike before being introduced intimately to them and discovering certain facial differences, so to speak, by which one could tell the branches of the family apart? For instance, a pickrel has both cheeks (we never knew a fish had cheeks before) and gill-covers covered with scales. A great pike has his cheeks all covered with scales, but the lower half of his gill-covers is bare, while the muskellunge—the boss of the tribe—has the upper halves of both cheeks and gill-covers scaled, while they are naked below. Here, indeed, is news.

Mr. Smith is himself so enthusiastic an angler that he carries you right along from one member of the pike family to another. He says: "Pound for pound, I cannot see much difference in the game qualities of the great pike and the muskellunge, though I cannot imagine what anglers will do to me for confessing such heresy. To my notion, in cold water a great pike is every whit as gamy as a muskellunge." Evidently Mr. Smith is upsetting somebody's preconceived ideas.

As to the edibility of the members of this pike family, there also seems to be a diversity of opinion, most anglers giving the muskellunge high rank, but Mr. Smith cannot see why the muskellunge should be regarded as "good eating" and a great pike of the same size "poor eating." "The habits and food of the two fish are practically the same—almost anything from a tin can to a member of its own family." So that he cannot discover much difference between the two fish as a dinner course.

All this is very well. But those chapters of the book which really captured us most were those that led us little by little into the great sport of

fishing. Take pickrel, for instance. We never knew before that pickrel fishing was for the poet-angler, but it seems that unless you can reel something besides a few little fish when you angle for pickrel you are not really the man

BOOKS REVIEWED

Songs Out of Doors, by Henry Van Dyke (Scribner's).

The Open Spaces, by Professor John C. Van Dyke (Scribner's).

His Dog, by Albert Payson Terhune (E. P. Dutton Co.).

Cape Cod and The Old Colony, by Albert Perry Brigham (G. P. Putnam's Sons).

Tide Rips, by James B. Connolly (Scribner's).

The Book of the Pike, by O. W. Smith (Stewart & Kidd).

who should go after these little chaps. In the first place, pickrel is essentially a river fish and not a lover of overdeep water or very cold streams. Therefore, in weedy rushy spots you sit and smoke and dream and cast for pickrel. Pickrel tackle should be of the most delicate—the lightest one-piece tournament split bamboo, perhaps—then out you get on a projecting log or trunk of a tree and go to work. It sounds pretty attractive to us, writing here in a hot office. It calls up visions of a vine-tangled river bank; still, summer air; hardly a ripple on the surface of the water; and the lure you have cast glistening bright yellow and green in the sunlight.

We have looked at "flies" through the windows of the sportsmen's shops, but never before did we know that they had such fascinating names, such flamboyant titles as "Silver Doctor," "Scarlet Ibis," "Jungle Cock," "Royal Coachman," etc., etc. How can a man sit at home when he might be playing with toys that have such glorious names as these?

A real fisherman with whom we talked of this book told us that he learned more about flies and fly-fishing for pickrel from Mr. Smith in these few chapters than he had learned in years of practical fishing.

One of the things that this famous angler-author does not believe in is hunting at night for pike with an artificial light raised above the bow of the boat. The fish has no chance, he says, against the spearsman, and the method is outlawed in many states. Mr. Smith says that spearing is cruel and wasteful and, despite the romance and appeal to the sensational that night spearing has, the practice must cease.

Perhaps one of the most remarkable results of reading Mr. Smith's book, beside that, of course, of making plans to buy a complete set of tackle, is the astounding amount of philosophy and knowledge not only of fish but of human nature that goes into the sport.

Take, for instance, the author's advice to the fisherman to always "cast to something." Therein seems to lie the secret of fishing success and, when one thinks of it, the secret of almost any other kind of success. Perhaps, after all, we are all casting about without a proper sense of direction, without a proper knowledge of what lies in the deeps or shallows into which we throw our line and our lures.

Waste of effort—lack of direction or aim! One of the most terrible things in the world and one for which we pay horribly. If, out of a book on pike, we learn this one bit of wisdom, to "cast to something," shall we not all be the gainers whether we ever sit on a vine-tangled bank under a willow tree and angle for pickrel or not?

For the fishing "fan," for the new devotee, for the beginning camper, we recommend this book. It's full of sporting instinct. It tells you why, for instance, the taking of heavy fish on a light tackle is so much better than the other way around. It makes you want to go out even now, when all weather indications are against it, and fish through the ice for great pike and it gives you some pointers on the fine art of pike cooking which the chef of the Ritz might do well to adopt.

Just One More

"TIDE RIPS"—by James B. Connolly

Here's where the Grand Banks have their innings! Mr. Connolly, a good sea writer, uses the fishing banks as a deep blue back-drop, against which he flings a series of little dramas—sentient—sea-born—honest-to-goodness salt-water tales. Try one!

Working in the Common Cause

(Continued from page 53)

cleanly—because the point, to me, is not what was done, but how it was done. That is the thing about the Elk effort that is nearly, if not quite, unique. And that is what ought to be studied by every man and woman, and every organization, sincerely eager, in case of the happily almost unthinkable event of another war, to play a really useful part in winning it.

What the Elks did, so far as I can judge, was to get down instantly, upon the outbreak of war, to fundamentals. Here was an organization with certain assets and certain limitations. It had a great membership. It had, scattered all over the country, fine and well located buildings. It commanded, by virtue of the size of its membership, a good deal of money that could be made quickly and readily available. Very well—how could these assets be best used?

Now one error that was commonly made by organizations quite as well intentioned as the Elks was this—they were disposed to insist that whatever they did should be done by themselves, as an organization. This, obviously, if it ever occurred to the Elks at all, struck them as being supremely unimportant. What interested them was the war and the men who were going to fight it.

So two things were done at once. Money was made available; a commission, composed of able and experienced members, was created to administer the fund. And this commission went at its task along obvious lines of efficiency. It had already seen the way the lodges, spontaneously, had fallen behind an organization that

had membership and a specific capacity for service, but no money. The commission, in getting behind the Universities of Virginia and Oregon, which were organizing base hospitals, followed that policy. The universities had the men and the capacity for special and enormously important service; the Elks supplied the money.

So it went all along the line. The Elks didn't find it necessary or useful to initiate projects; they got behind existing ones that needed money and backing, and supplied both. They brought sound business methods and judgment to their work, and imposed sound business methods upon those who got the money.

The plan under which the Federal Board for Vocational Education has worked has averted some of the grimmest tragedies that seemed likely to grow out of the war. One doesn't have to be very old to remember the pitiful, tragic figures of men maimed and utterly incapacitated as the result of the Civil War, dragging out empty, useless lives. They had pensions—but could a pension atone for the futility of their lives?

The men who, owing to injuries in this war, cannot go back to the work they used to do face a wholly different sort of future. They have been, or are being, or will be, trained to do new work; they will be made whole, in a new, fine sense, so far as that may be. That is the function and the purpose of vocational training. But, except for the Elks, that purpose would, in a great number of cases, have been defeated.

Government departments must work under

the sanctions and the restrictions of laws that do not, and cannot, take particular cases into account. And here were men who, for the lack of a little ready money, stood in danger of losing this chance to be re-established.

Again, in the emergency, the Elks were ready—not to initiate some new work, but to make successful a work already begun. The revolving fund was put at the disposal of the Federal Board—and the usefulness of the work is indicated by the fact that practically 37,000 loans were made, with a very low percentage of losses, despite the complete absence of red tape. And, when the work of the fund was wound up, Congress established a government fund to take its place.

Then, too, under the law, certain men who had been disabled could not receive training—those, for example, who, although Americans, had served in an Allied army. The Elks took care of them, and one of them was the first to make a perfect score in the Army Alpha intelligence test.

Yet, after all, it is not the details of what the Elks accomplished in war work that matter. The significant thing is that Elk effort was always unselfish, impersonal, directed toward results. It has always been so—in time of disaster or need, in every sort of emergency. This is no news to those of you who may read this who are Elks. But the trouble is that not enough is known, outside the order, of the Elk method of meeting an emergency—whether it be a war or an earthquake and a fire in San Francisco!

How Ten Minutes' Fun Every Day Keeps Me Fit

By Walter Camp

Famous Yale Coach's "Daily Dozen" Exercises Now on Phonograph Records

ONE night during the war I was sitting in the smoking compartment of a Pullman sleeping-car when a man came in and said, "Mr. Camp?"

I told him I was, and he continued, "Well, there is a man in the car here who is in very bad shape, and we wondered if you could not do something for him."

"What is the matter?" I asked.

"This fellow is running up and down the aisle in his pajamas," the man said, "trying to get them to stop the train to let him get some dope because he hasn't slept for four nights."

I went back in the car and found a man about 38 years old, white as a sheet, with a pulse of 110, and twitching all over. I learned that he had been managing a munitions plant and had broken down under the work because he had transgressed all the laws of nature, and given up all exercise, and had been working day and night.

"For God's sake," he said to me, "can't you put me to sleep? If somebody can only put me to sleep!" He was standing all bent over.

"Don't stand that way, stand this way!" I said, and I straightened him up and started putting him through a few exercises to stretch his body muscles. Pretty soon the color gradually began to come back into his face, and the twitching stopped. Then I said to him, "I am going to put you through the whole set of 'Daily Dozen' exercises once. Then I am going to send you back to your berth."

So I did that and didn't hear any more from him, but the next morning he came to me in the dining car and said:

"You don't leave this train until you've taught me those exercises. I slept last night for the first time in five nights."

I taught him the "Daily Dozen" and two months later I got a letter from him, saying:

"My dear good Samaritan, I am back on the job all right again, and I am teaching everybody those exercises."

The "Daily Dozen" was originally devised as a setting-up drill for picked young men—the boys who were in training during the war. But its greatest value is for those men and women who are hemmed in between four walls most of the time and are beginning to realize that their bodies aren't as fit as their minds.

I applied it to middle-aged men, and men past middle age too, during the war—including members of the cabinet in Washington—who simply had to do much more work than they were used to doing, without breaking down. In the "Daily Dozen" I soon found I had something that would actually increase their reserve power. They grew progressively more fit as we went along.

People think that they can take an orgy of exercise and make up for along period of neglect when they do not take any exercise at all. You can not do that. Do not go to a gymnasium. That tires you to death. That is old-fashioned. We do not have to do that any more. A man or woman can keep himself or herself fit

with six or seven minutes a day. There is no reason why a man at 50 or 60 or 70 should not be supple; and if he is supple, then he grows old very slowly—but the place where he must look after himself is in his body muscles.—Walter Camp.

Mr. Camp is famous as a great Yale football coach, and athletic authority, but few

caged animals. They know how to keep themselves fit—and they do it too.

How? Simply by constantly stretching and turning and twisting the trunk or body muscles! When Mr. Camp discovered that men and women can imitate the caged animal with enormous profit to their health, he devised the "Daily Dozen"—to provide this indispensable exercise—the only exercise people really need to keep in proper condition.

Many people have written to the Health Builders telling them of the benefits they have received. Here is part of one letter:

"We wish to express our satisfaction and delight with our set of records and exercises. Our entire family of eight, including the maid, are taking them. The children are fascinated with them and bring the neighbors' children to do them."—MRS. CHARLES C. HICKSCH, 828 Vine St., La Crosse, Wis.

The Health Builders' improved system now includes the entire "Daily Dozen" exercises, set to specially selected music, on large 10-inch double disc phonograph records; twelve handsome charts, printed in two colors, with over 60 actual photographs illustrating each movement of each exercise; and a little book by Walter Camp explaining the new principles of his famous system.

Any man or woman who exercises with this system regularly, even if it is only six or seven minutes a day, will feel better and have more endurance and "pep" than they have had since they were in their teens—and they will find those few minutes the best fun of their day.

Sample Record FREE

You can see for yourself what Walter Camp's New Way to Exercise will do for you—without a dollar of expense.

We will send you, entirely free, a sample phonograph record carrying two of the "Daily Dozen" exercises, set to music, with a splendid voice giving the commands for each movement. In addition you will receive a free chart showing the two exercises and giving simple but complete directions for doing them.

If you are a business or professional man or woman you need a body that keeps step with your brain, and you certainly will want to try out this system of exercises that has proved the most efficient ever devised. Get this free "Health Builder" record, put it on a phonograph, and try it out. There is no obligation—the record is yours to keep. You need not return it. Just enclose a quarter (or 25 cents in stamps) with the coupon, to cover postage, packing, etc. Send the coupon—today—now.

Health Builders, Dept. 868 Oyster Bay, New York

HEALTH BUILDERS
Dept. 868 Oyster Bay, New York

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 both mine to keep.

Name.....
(Please write plainly)

Address.....



WALTER CAMP

Originator of the Famous "Daily Dozen" System

people know that he is also a successful business man. Although sixty years old he is stronger and more supple than most younger men, and he uses his own "Daily Dozen" exercises regularly in order to remain so.

Since the war, the "Daily Dozen" has been making busy men and women fit and keeping them so—and the exercises are now proving more efficient than ever—due to a great improvement in the system. This is it:—

With Mr. Camp's special permission all the twelve exercises have been set to music—on phonograph records that can be played on any disc machine.

In addition, a chart is furnished for each exercise—showing by actual photographs the exact movements to make for every one of the "commands"—which are given by a voice speaking on the record. So now you can make your phonograph keep you fit.

With these records and charts a man or woman can keep himself or herself fit with only a few minutes' exercise a day—and it is so much fun that some of the "Daily Dozen" fans go through the whole twelve exercises to the spirited music twice every morning—just as a matter of sheer enjoyment.

Mr. Camp says that the place where we must look after ourselves is in the body or the trunk muscles.

This is so because we are all in reality "caged animals." When a man stops hunting and fishing for food and earns it sitting at a desk he becomes a captive animal—just as much as a lion or a tiger in the Zoo—and his trunk muscles deteriorate because they cease to be used. Then comes constipation and other troubles which savage men never have.

The remedy is to imitate the "exercises" of

The Right Hand of Fellowship

(Continued from page 51)

Even now they who read those signs of the times which are not on the gloomy or stormy surface of world affairs, but are only to be discovered beneath by "eyes that have kept watch on man's mortality," see that, in spite of "racial hatreds," so called, in spite of trade rivalries, in spite of all old scores, and all those rumors of wars which those who live by them, and by war itself, find their interest in fanning, inventing and disseminating, in spite of all this—men are surely and swiftly coming together. The souls of men in every country, whatever be the surface contradictions, are marching, with determined wills and awakened understanding, toward one center, one central meeting-place, that divine clearing-house of all human troubles—Fraternity. This once "far-off divine event" can be calculated upon as securely as the Procession of the Equinoxes. You can rely upon it as I believe there is no doubt one can still rely upon the Bank of England. That George Washington once lived is no surer than that this thing will come about, this Universal Brotherhood, this universal handclasp of races and

nations, this "dream of poets" derided for centuries, derided in Athens, derided in Rome, derided when Rousseau prophesied it, and gave a practical illustration of his prophecy by the Fall of the Bastille, derided when Shelley sang it, in the image of the West Wind:

Be thou, Spirit fierce,
Drive my dead thoughts over the universe,
Like withered leaves, to quicken a new birth;
And by the incantation of this verse,
Scatter, as from an unextinguished hearth
Ashes and sparks, my words among mankind!
Be through my lips to unawakened earth
The trumpet of a prophecy! O Wind,
If Winter comes, can Spring be far behind?

The world has recently gone through perhaps the most terrible of all winters, but in spite of omen-mongers, spring has thus been brought the nearer. Men were always meant to be brothers, now they are determined to be so, and nothing can prevent them. Soon the hand of man shall be no more against his brother, but it shall hold his brother's hand in the firm grasp

of comrades, and there shall come a broad smile of gladness across the face of earth, as hatchets are buried forever, and no use is left for swords but to be beaten into ploughshares.

In this consummation not merely devoutly to be wished, but certain to be accomplished, the Elks will be seen to have done a noble share. They have done this all the more surely because so unostentatiously, so silently, almost imperceptibly. They have not resorted to any of that parade of mystery, of Mumbo-Jumbo rites and ceremonies of fantastic, and often inhuman initiatory ordeals which were deemed necessary by, and were perhaps necessary for, those older orders from which they have evolved. They have laid stress merely on the essentials of human brotherhood: to do unto others as we would be done by, to illustrate simply and unostentatiously the virtues of true manhood, to give and take as true men do, to affect no superiorities to their fellows, to forgive as they hope to be forgiven, and, whenever the necessity arises, to be their brother's keeper in the human and genial sense of that phrase.

No Trespassing

(Continued from page 31)

joke? If I promise never to laugh at you again—"

"I don't want you to do that," he interrupted hastily. "I'd miss it. But it isn't so pleasant when you bring other people into it."

"You are a nice boy, and I'll promise not to share you as a joke any more. But as to telling you—well, we'll see tomorrow." As the car started she leaned out to call back: "Don't forget about the sign."

He waved reassuringly. He would do it that minute. Starting purposefully toward the mound, he checked himself in astonishment. Under the clawing of the rain, nearly a fourth of it had come down in flaky ruin. He kicked about amidst the rubble. A queer looking pebble, roundish and the size of a large marble, rolled from his foot. He picked it up. It was encrusted, except in one place which shone clear, warm, and crystalline, a ruddy and lucent gleam like—like—well, like the look from a girl's brown eyes.

Gilbert stared and stared, while bits of all-but-forgotten geology from his college course buzzed in his brain. He remembered that this part of New Jersey was a scattered treasure house of all sorts of odds and ends, and—serpentine rock! That was it; this was certainly the famous serpentine rock formation of New Jersey, decayed and flaky. Of a sudden the proprietor of Lot 16 M of the Northern Jersey Development Company's project, abandoning pick and shovel and forgetful even of his hat, left that place on a run.

He also forgot something much more important than his hat. The matter of the offending sign had wholly lapsed from his intoxicated mind.

IV

MISS NANCY NELLIS could hardly believe her outraged eyes. There on the mound-top stood the same old sign, an affront to the glowing morning and a flout to her feminine persuasions. Nowhere was the perjured digger to be seen, although it was nearly eleven o'clock. With a hot thrill of self-contempt she recalled her friendliness in the storm-beset shack, and her rather excited anticipations of what this day might bring forth in the furtherance of the new friendship.

"I'll fix him for this!" she promised herself savagely.

Back she drove to her uncle's and phoned to Mr. Hannis Holton, largest, huskiest, and most persistent of her coterie of adorers. Yes, indeed; Mr. Holton would come out to luncheon.

Meantime the delver into earth's mysteries had made a hasty trip to Princeton to see an acquaintance in the mineralogical department, and had come back rather more excited than he went. In his pocket he brought a small globe of

beauty over which he did much restless dreaming, picturing its effect set in dull gold and pendent around a slender neck; but somehow the integument against which he imagined it glowing was not the clear pallor of Zelda Trefayne's blonde skin, but a warmer, richer-hued background. This so got on his nerves that he rose late and rather frazzled out. It was afternoon before he got to his job and attacked the rotting serpentine rock again with thrilling anticipations.

Three more encrusted crystals, all small ones, rewarded his search, and he was burrowing like a badger when he heard the familiar purring of the little car. Eagerly he turned, dropping his pick, and stopped short. A large handsome youth was with the brown girl. She was talking to him with an absorbed interest that excluded all else, particularly Mr. Gilbert Hayden. They reached the boundary line and the climax of her tale simultaneously, and both burst into peals of laughter, directed obviously at him. The same old stuff!

Fury rose in Gilbert's soul. She had promised never again to share him as a joke. Well, he'd stand about so much of it and then—

"Hannis," the brown girl was addressing her companion, "take that sign down, won't you?"

The sign! The no-trespass forbiddance which he had solemnly promised to remove and totally forgotten. Wrath drained out of his veins and left him feeling queer and shaky. He thrust out a hand in appeal toward her. "W-w-wait a minute," he implored.

She ignored him. "There's a shovel around here, somewhere," she said to the large youth.

"Right-o!" returned that six-footer cheerfully, and advanced.

Gilbert swung his pick. "You get off my property, or I'll brain you."

Young Mr. Holton ceased to advance. "That's something else again," he conceded reasonably.

"Will you brain me?" inquired the brown girl coolly. She walked up to him and took the pick out of his nerveless hand.

"I want to explain," he began.

"Please get off my property."

"Your property?" He stared at her in a daze.

"Yes, mine. You've been working the wrong lot. Here's the map and the deed."

Mechanically he took the papers. Therein was indubitably set forth the ownership of Nancy Nellis in the parcel on which they stood.

"Th-th-then," stuttered the stricken interloper, "the m-m-mound belongs to you and not to me."

"It does. And it's going to stay there. I like it."

"And I've done all my work for nothing."

"For me," corrected Miss Nellis with a happy smile.

The large, young Mr. Holton burst into a loud, appreciative guffaw. Gilbert brushed the dirt from his hands, walked over to the other with uncertain pace, and addressed him in a voice from which tears seemed not far distant.

"You think this is funny, don't you?"

"I'll say it's funny," asseverated the escort.

"Well, what do you think of that?" Syn-chronously, with the final word, Mr. Holton received and absorbed a flat-palmed smack on the jaw, which sounded like a toy pistol.

The two young gentlemen then rushed into a fervent embrace. The visitor was half as big again as the home talent, but the latter's weeks of toil had sinewed him like a wild-cat and, though lacking in science, he fought with all of that earnest feline's sincerity. On the first breakaway he exhibited a damaged eye, a loosened tooth, and an undaunted spirit.

"Now I'm going to kill you, you laughing hyena," he informed his opponent, and sailed in again.

To the lone and alarmed spectator it seemed that someone might well be killed or seriously damaged, but that the victim was more likely to be the son of toil than the son of ease. Arbitration occurred to her as timely. She essayed it first by verbal appeal, and without the slightest effect, then with the interposed handle of the pick, which only seemed to intensify matters, and finally, as the combatants swung apart for breath, by the obstacle of her own slender body. It was an ill-advised move. Gilbert, lunging wildly forward to resume, swung a blind right, felt it land on something softer than his foe's countenance, heard a low cry, and saw the girl stagger back with fingers pressed to her mouth. She took them away, and a tiny trickle of blood smeared the brown skin.

With a strangled gasp of dismay Gilbert caught her in his arms. He pressed her face against his, his lips to the cruelly bruised spot, cradling her to him. For a moment her eyes opened close to his, looking up into them with a startled, wondering, speculative expression. She pushed him away.

"You're a brute and I hate you," said she.

Then young Holton knocked him flat.

All the fight was out of him now. It was the word, not the blow that had done it. The brown girl had made a fool of him, had seen him licked, thought him a liar for not taking down the sign, and a coward for hitting her; it was all just too rotten! Commiseration for his ill-used self overwhelmed him. He sat up, bowed his head on his knees and began to shake all over, partly from fury at the unjust fates, partly, had he but known it, as the final lapse of his over-taxed and still supersensitive nerves.

A hand on his shoulder. A voice, very low and not quite steady, close to his ear.

"Oh, don't do that!"

He shook off the light touch.

"I don't believe you're much hurt. Don't be a bum sport."

A bum sport! From her! That *was* the limit. His self-pity translated itself instantly into righteous wrath. He glared up at her.

"Oh, you go to blazes!" he snarled and dropped his head again.

"All right. If you feel that way about it," The voice had hardened. He heard the rustle of her dress, her low-toned speech with her escort, and presently the throb of the departing car.

She was gone. He was glad of it. He hoped she'd never come back. He hated and despised her; wretched little crook, to get all that work out of him! Suddenly he straightened up. There was a way to get even if he could keep her in ignorance of what that mound concealed.

"I'll fix her for this," he promised himself savagely.

V

WITH two manifestations of Miss Nancy Nellis, Gilbert the Digger was now familiar; first as a rainy day pal, which had so engrossed him that he temporarily forgot his broken heart; and second as a reversion to the feminine which had left him bewildered and shaken. Now he was on his way to see her in a third rôle, that of business woman. He himself was all made up internally as a business man, the hard-boiled variety, the kind that says "Business is business" and under that legend does things from which a self-respecting murderer would shrink. By hook or crook, probably the latter, he was going to acquire possession of Lot 16 N which he had so disastrously mistaken for his own 16 M. Of its probable value he now possessed a fair estimate, for he had been surreptitiously working the serpentine lode for five nights and the rewards of his criminal operations were astounding.

As he approached the treasure spot and beheld the brown girl busy with a trowel on the level which he had so painfully graded, a thrill which he identified as sheer hatred ran through his veins. Never, he told himself, had a member of the more honorable sex suffered from the less honorable as rotten a deal as he had received from her. Even Zelda Trefayne's maltreatment of his feelings retreated into the background. In fact Zelda herself and with all that she represented to him had for some time occupied that retired position, had he not been too much concerned otherwise to appreciate and interpret that significant fact.

As he crossed the limits of No. 16 N he delivered himself of a chill, introductory cough. The brown girl half lifted her head, glanced coldly in his direction, pointedly in the direction of the "No Trespassing" sign (now conspicuously ornamented with her name), and reverted to her work.

"I've come on business," he stated.

"Business? With me?"

"Yes. I want to buy your lot."

"It isn't for sale." She sat down, selected a small bush from a bundle, and proceeded to scoop out a hole for its reception.

"I'll trade you mine for it," he offered persuasively. "Mine's a better one; flatter and nearer the road. What do you say?"

She considered for a moment. "But yours isn't improved," she pointed out calmly.

"Improved! Well, I'm—" He stifled his natural expression of resentment, realizing that this was an occasion for diplomacy. "Yours isn't much improved."

"By several weeks of hard labor," she answered. "And improvements are worth money."

"How much money?"

"I heard you say one day that you wouldn't do that much work for anybody else for a thousand dollars."

"Figure of speech," he said hastily.

"It's a good figure as a starting-point."

"Starting-point? Are you going any further?" "Well, there's the tool-shed. Say a hundred for that."

"Anything more?" he asked in a hard-controlled voice.

"N-n-no. Oh, yes; there is. Dentist bill; twenty dollars. You knocked two of my teeth loose. Aren't you sorry?"

"Well, is that the total?"

"You aren't sorry," she decided. "Then

there's the broken word about the trespass sign. That ought to cost you at least a hundred more, just to teach—"

"Look here, Miss Nellis," he broke in desperately, "it's a rotten, sneaking trick you're working on me, but I've got to stand for it, I suppose. Will you take my lot and five hundred dollars to boot? Here's a hundred cash to bind the bargain, and here's the agreement to sell. Sign on the dotted line. What do you say?"

"Is that really all it's worth to you?"

For an instant a sickening qualm shot through him. Was she only playing with him? Had she discovered the secret of the rocky mound herself? No; if she had she'd be asking more.

"That's every cent," he replied with outer firmness.

"Very well." She took the pen which he extended and, after a momentary hesitancy, affixed her signature.

"Here's your hundred. Sign the receipt, too, please."

She shook her head slowly. "I don't want it."

Again he took alarm. Without a cash consideration the deal was not settled. "You have to take it," he insisted.

"I'll give it to you for that sign."

"What do you want of that thing?" he demanded in astonishment.

"I want it," she replied in a die-away voice, "to remind me that men were deceivers ever."

Laughing at him again, was she! "It comes well from you to talk about deceit," he retorted. "Letting me work myself to the bone on your property and then charging me for my own labor. I guess that's fair and decent—from a girl's point of view!"

"What do you know about girls' 'points of views'?" she came back at him. "You don't suppose I ever meant to take your money, do you? I didn't really intend to let you go on working here, but you were so mean and petty and snappish I just thought it would do you good to work it out, like poison in your system. And anyway, you had no excuse to break your promise when you gave your word, honor-bright-and-bound."

"I forgot," he said lamely.

This was received with the scorn proper to its weakness as a plea. "That's likely, isn't it, with the thing staring you in the face every minute."

"There were other things that—that—"

His head was buzzing with the desire to square himself with her, even though she hadn't been quite square with him—or had she, after all?—but he couldn't well do it without betraying the great secret. Until the transfer was registered he'd stick to the safe side of quiet. "You can have the sign if you want it," he finished sullenly.

"Anyway, you won't need it. I'll promise never to come on your property."

"Will you?" he said blankly. For some reason this failed to fill him with the satisfaction which it should have inspired.

"Besides, my name is signed to it. Can I go dig it up now?"

"I'll dig it myself."

He got his spade from the tool-shack, mounted the little ascent and started to work. The brown girl rose, followed, and sat down near him under the screening hat to watch the process. Presently she inquired:

"Why are you so anxious to own this particular piece of property if yours is better?"

"Sentiment," he snapped. His conscience was doing uneasy things deep inside him.

"I should think you were about as sentimental as a fence-post," she opined. "I'm the sentimental one, trying to play fair, letting you off easy on your bargain, and just because, though you're hateful and spiteful as—as a woman, and your word isn't worth a peanut-shuck, there was just a minute, just a weeny bit of a minute when I almost liked you."

He dropped his spade abruptly. "When was that?" he demanded.

"Never mind when it was. It isn't now. And it never will be again."

He bent over the better to see her face. That portion of it visible beneath the hat brim seemed very young and innocent and appealing; disconcertingly so considering what a dirty trick he was about to put over on it. For that is precisely what, in a sickening burst of illumination, his skilful strategy revealed itself to be.

(Continued on page 64)



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No Trespassing

(Continued from page 63)

"Oh, the devil!" he groaned. "What's the use! I can't do it."

"What's wrong now?" demanded the brown girl in lively apprehension. "You're not going to burst out into sobs, are you?"

"No," he informed her, looking up with a rueful grin; "I'm going to burst out into raucous laughter at myself for being the biggest boob on earth to think I could put anything like that over on you."

"Like what?" she demanded.

"Like this." From his pocket he drew a handful of pale, globular fires and dribbled them into her lap. Her breath quickened as she gazed first at the clusters of strange flame, and then at him, but chiefly at him.

"They're lovely. What are they?"

"Beryls. Out of this mound you're sitting on."

"I don't understand. Who put them there?"

He laughed shortly. "Old Lady Nature. She scattered a lot of pretty trinkets like these all over New Jersey, and this is one of the places where she shook her Christmas tree."

"Are they valuable?" The brown girl pursed her brows and stared at the gleams in her lap.

"Worth about eight hundred dollars, that lot. This bunch of serpentine rock is sown with 'em. I congratulate you, Miss Nellis."

"Me! They're not mine."

"Whose else would they be?"

"Why, yours. You found them, didn't you?"

"On your property."

"Yes; but I'd never have found them myself," she argued eagerly. "I wasn't going to disturb the mound."

"Well, you can disturb it now to the tune of sixty or maybe a hundred thousand dollars."

The brown girl glanced up at him. "You needn't say that as if you hated me for it. It's all your fault, anyway." As no response was vouchsafed to this she added, "What are you going to do now?"

"Go away from here and stay."

"But—but, suppose I don't want you to go. I think you might stay and help me dig out the pretty marbles."

"You can get plenty of other people to do that."

"Yes; but they might not be honest. How do I know they wouldn't steal my lovely jewels?"

"You said I wasn't honest."

"That was about the sign. 'Oh!' Realization began to dawn in her eyes. 'I'll just bet it was when you found the beryls that you forgot all about the sign. Wasn't it?'"

"Yes."

"Well, you ought to be very much ashamed of yourself," she asserted primly. "Never mind:

I know that I can trust you now," she concluded triumphantly.

"Maybe you can," he blurted out, "but I can't trust myself."

"With the pretty beryls?" she inquired innocently.

"Blather the pretty beryls! With you, if you want to know. You—I—well, that's the reason I couldn't go through with the deal. If it had been anybody else I might have."

Her hat drooped a little more overshadowingly, but her voice was quite brisk as she reminded him; "I thought you came here on business? Is that your idea of talking business?"

"It's all talked," said he disconsolately.

"Not at all. How about our forming a little partnership to work this mine of ours? D'you call it a mine, or what?"

"What kind of a partnership?"

"Oh, we'll let the lawyers fix that. You see, I need some one I can trust to run the place, and you need an open-air life for your poor nerves—"

"No, I don't. I'm cured of all that foolishness." At this so queer a little smile crinkled the corner of her mouth, visible to him that he cried angrily:

"What do you know about my nerves?"

"Not much," she soothed him. "Just a hint or two that I picked up from Dr. Weston. He's a wonderful physician, don't you think?"

"He's a rotten physician," asserted the other passionately. "He put me out here to be cured and the cure is worse than the disease."

"How unflattered she'd be—not that I know who she is—if she heard herself called a disease," ruminated the mischievous Miss Nellis. She stretched out her hands. "Help me up, please." As he drew her to her feet he saw, for the first time, the left corner of her smiling lips. A deeply discolored patch marked it. At this he stared in fascinated dismay.

"That's what you did," she accused, nodding at him. But her hands remained in his.

"I've done enough," he said hoarsely.

She shook her head; her eyes danced at him. "Not enough," she contradicted, "or else too much. Why are you staring so queerly. You—you don't see any No-trespass sign there, do you?"

A moment, a rather long moment later she was readjusting a small cross of court plaster which had inexplicably become displaced. "The X," she observed a little catchily, "marks the spot where the crime was committed. . . . And expiated," she added after another interlude. "What! again? Don't you realize that we've got business to talk over still? What about the partnership?"

"Oh, we'll let the minister fix that," said Gilbert the Digger, ecstatically.

Hints For a Lincoln Highwayman

(Continued from page 24)

Garage, the Lincoln Way Café, and so on. Stores advertise and display specialties calculated to appeal to the motor tourist. Usually the Lincoln Way is the main street through the town. Its transient trade in summer is ceaseless and amazing.

What to Take Along

There are wide stretches where there are no towns, and where one is thrown on his own resources in the matter of camping. This brings up the subject of camp equipment. From Hoboken to Reno, Nevada, and points west, this is the occasion of debate, argument and advice wherever campers gather. Comfort is wanted; too elaborate comfort is expensive and hard to keep track of, and one is apt to find the coffee in the bag with the tire chains and the tent pins mixed with the flour. Where to draw the line?

Let us assume that you are going to take your time. You aren't out after any speed records; you want to see some of the country you travel over. That may mean that you will want to stay several days in one place, even if you are fortunate enough to escape being laid up during a prolonged rainy spell.

So you want comfortable living quarters. Choice of a tent is the first important thing. One sees many trick tents. Some are built especially for auto travel, and are draped over the car top. Unfortunately, these tents are usually low, for they slope directly to the ground in lean-to fashion. A long rainstorm will make one wish for a dry place high enough to stand up in. However, a wall tent is hardly the thing, for it necessitates three poles, and tent poles are vexingly difficult to accommodate. One of the most satisfactory tents is the herder or pyramid type. It is something like the Indian tepee, only instead of being supported by several poles, the herder tent is supported by a single center pole and comes down square to four corners. A tent for two should be nine and a half feet on a side—the half foot being not an idiosyncrasy but an orthodox dimension.

Well, that is something to sleep in. The next two things are to keep other things from sleeping in it—or rather, from remaining disastrously awake in it—and to get something to sleep on. The first item involves the expenditure of a few cents for cheese-cloth. A strip of this and a couple of big safety pins baffle mosquitoes, which

are particularly plentiful not only in Jersey but in Dixon, Illinois, Belle Plaine, Iowa, and other spots too numerous to mention.

As for bed. Here, as well as in the matter of stoves, the desire to rough it often eliminates a big slice of comfort. The faint tints of the desert and the rioting yellows of quaking aspens in late summer look more beautiful if one has slept well; and two can sleep on cots for the modest additional outlay of six or seven dollars. Slots for web straps may be cut in one running board, and the cots can be securely carried there, with the folded tent-pole included in the bundle. More bedding is necessary if cots are used, for the under side of the bed as well as the top must be protected from cold air.

A heavy canvas tarpaulin, slightly larger than a blanket, should be the basis for each bed. It is waterproof, and keeps the bedding clean. With a tarpaulin, six or eight blanket pins and three army blankets, one can make a sleeping-bag adjustable to any climate. The tarpaulin, with the blankets laid out flat on it, can be folded in thirds and pinned down the middle, or in two and pinned down the side, according to the width and warmth desired. Three blankets may sound like a lot, but they are not. If one uses a cot, it is important to have a quantity of bedding underneath one. It is an uncanny sensation to be warm on top and cold underneath.

Water is a supremely important problem. The authors first tried canvas water-bags, but found it difficult to find a place to hang the bags when traveling. The most satisfactory equipment is a cloth-covered five-gallon tank which clamps to the running board. The saturated covering of the tank keeps the water almost as cool as a canvas bag does.

Two boxes, fitting on the floor of the tonneau, if one uses a touring car, are practical for carrying dishes and food. Aside from this item no particular scheme of packing is necessary. Things will naturally gravitate toward their proper places after a few days on the road. Web straps are useful for bedding rolls, cots, etc., and are easier to handle than ropes.

Any person who has lived much outdoors knows how vastly important is dry firewood. In a permanent camp this question can be solved by keeping a supply of firewood under cover. But where one is making quick jumps from place to place, under all sorts of weather conditions, rustling one's own firewood is a difficult matter. Even if there were plenty of firewood available, it might be wet through, owing to a solid week of rains. But there are few places where even wet wood is available, because the Lincoln Highway is more traveled than any other road in this country, and many foragers have been there ahead of you.

Cooked Food Won't Hurt You

Granted there's nothing like that delightful smell of burning wood. But as a necessary adjunct to the motor camp, put down a gasoline stove at the head of the list.

In the auto camps along the Lincoln Highway the after-supper conversations of neighbors turn naturally to various kinds of equipment. It is then that one gets a real insight into the American genius for "tinkering." The head of a family will pridefully show the spring-suspended cradle which he made for the motoring comfort of his smallest child. Another motorist will show you his own scheme for keeping butter.

"You jest have it wrapped in paraffine paper, and then you wrap a lot of gunny sack around it and you keep the gunnysack good and wet, and you'd be surprised how hard it keeps—you'd be plumb surprised!"

An inside tip on stock market fluctuations is nothing to a tip like that!

In the matter of foods, remember that it is not necessary to carry large stocks. Day-to-day purchases assure variety and freshness. But don't count too heavily on getting fresh eggs and milk from farmhouses, particularly in the Middle West.

Keep Ahead of the Weather

Always make camp as soon as possible. This forestalls unexpected changes in the weather. In Nebraska a big car rolled up beside ours. Our tent was up and everything snug in the seven minutes we allowed ourselves for such work. But the people in the big car—Westerners they were, too, and accustomed to living out-

doors—started to getting supper before they unpacked their camp paraphernalia. A sandstorm swept down upon us suddenly, and there was confusion in the other camp. The opening blast of sand ruined the supper of the other campers. Then the succeeding pelting of rain made it difficult to get the camp to rights. By the time their tent was up, their bedding was wet—all because they had failed to follow the simple rule of making camp first.

See that the water tank is full. It is better to fill it at municipalities, from the city water supply, than to depend upon roadside wells. Typhoid germs do most of their loitering outside of modern filtration systems. As you get into the Far West, avoid anything that looks, tastes or smells like alkali water. Also, in touring the National Parks, don't be eager to drink heavily from all the wonderful hot and cold mineral springs that are featured along the roadside.

Study up on the motor laws of the States you go through. Also observe the municipal speed regulations that are posted for your benefit. Some towns seem to derive their main financial support from the contributions wrested from tourists in the form of fines for speeding.

Light your tent from the storage battery, using a droplight cord plugged into the dash socket. You can spend many an evening in this way, reading such magazines as you have not loaned to literature-hungry campers.

Carry several of the heaviest blowout patches you can buy—also a reserve of oil and gasoline.

Spare Bulbs for Head and Tail Lights Are Important, Too

Look over the framework of your car every night. Day-after-day grinding loosens the tightest of bolts. Keep an eye on your springs, also. There is no telling when one of the many bumps is going to crack a spring-leaf.

Sooner or later a tow rope will prove as indispensable as gasoline or breakfast. Getting into mudholes is easy for you. Getting out is generally "easy money" for some farmer.

Night travel will often prove a help and a delight. If the roads are dependable, frequently it will be found possible to make better speed than in the daytime on account of the absence of general traffic. Also one avoids the extreme heat of the day.

Make up your mind that sociability is going to be a necessity. The State auto license on your car is of itself an invitation to be friendly. Who can resist the genial: "Hello, New York State! You seem to be a long ways from home. I used to live back there myself—up near Cohoes. I wonder if you know any of my folks."

Road maps are good to have along, but they are difficult to consult when one is on the wing. A gust of wind may rip it to pieces in your hands, when you are trying to find out just how you are going to get to Ames, Iowa, by nightfall.

Make camp early, unless you are going to try a night ride. You may have time to visit a movie in town, but the chances are you will not care to. Constant driving makes one sleepy. After the dishes have been washed, the old cot bed fairly begs for attention.

Dishwashing is a big matter—one of the most important matters. If you carry the sort of dishes that telescope into a kit and then slide into a bag, you are going to have trouble keeping them clean, especially if you are cooking over a wood fire. Steel wool, with a little touch of soap, is good for cleaning the soot off such utensils. Have it understood just which member of the party is to do the dishwashing each day, and then have the work done promptly after each meal.

Don't try to eat too many picnic lunches, nor should too great dependence be placed on the can-opener. Fresh vegetables, which are available everywhere, should form just as large a proportion of the diet on the road as at home.

See that your party is well-balanced when it comes to sharing the responsibilities as well as the pleasures of a motor camping trip. Otherwise you will be in the position of the wandering householder who was doing all the camp work for his wife and three grown daughters, and who informed the writers that gasoline could not take him home fast enough.

Rightly approached, the Lincoln Highway will yield full quota of pleasure to the motor camper for every one of those long miles between coast and coast.

He says he has smoked more Edgeworth than any other living man

Let Mr. Baldwin's letter give you the facts, and you will see he has some justification for his claims.

Burlington, Vermont

Larus & Brother Company,
Richmond, Va.

Gentlemen:

I think that I am entitled to be called a charter member of the Edgeworth Smokers Club, as I have used the Edgeworth Sliced Plug between twenty and twenty-five years.

When I commenced using it I was selling hardware on the road. One of my customers who kept a general store told me that he had just received a new tobacco and wished that I would try it. He gave me a box for which he charged me 20c. He made a mistake, as it was selling at that time for 25c. I liked it so well that I made it a point to ask for it in every store in the different towns that I made; but few had it. The next time that I called on this customer I bought six boxes, which would last until I got around again. I still continued to ask for it in the different towns and tried to induce the dealers to stock it.

In 1906 or 1907 I went to So. Carolina and stayed there three years. I was surprised not to be able to get it there. At that time I was in Beaufort, S. C., and made frequent trips to Savannah, Ga., and Charleston, S. C., and was unable to get it in either of these cities. Finally I ordered some direct from you and also induced a dealer in Beaufort to stock it.

I have used it always for over twenty years except occasionally when I could not get it. I figure that I have smoked over 1000 of the 25c. boxes, which have cost for the last few years 35c. For at least five years I have not bought a cigar. Have had some given to me, but they do not take the place of the old pipe filled with Edgeworth.

I am sixty-one years of age and still think that it is the best tobacco on the market. I don't think there is a man living who has smoked any more Edgeworth than I. What do you think?

Yours truly,

(Signed) H. F. Baldwin

It is always pleasing to hear from old Edgeworth smokers, and we would like to know if this record is the best ever made.



But we are interested, too, in new Edgeworth smokers. We like to know that young men, men who are breaking in their first pipes, find Edgeworth before they get very far in their pipe-smoking careers.

So we have a standing invitation to send free samples of Edgeworth to all who ask for them. If you haven't tried Edgeworth, we have a sample package here containing Plug Slice and Ready-Rubbed that is only waiting for your name and address.

When you write for it, address Larus & Brother Company, 43 South 21st Street, Richmond, Va. If you will add the name and address of the dealer you usually buy your tobacco from, we shall appreciate the courtesy.

To Retail Tobacco Merchants: If your jobber cannot supply you with Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Company will gladly send you prepaid by parcel post a one- or two-dozen carton of any size of Edgeworth Plug Slice or Ready-Rubbed for the same price you would pay the jobber.

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The Nine Who Vanished

(Continued from page 20)

door, pushed it open, and with pointing pistol, stepped into the dining-room.

"Stop!" I ordered.

"Hold-up men," gasped Hardman Quayne, and collapsed into his seat. The others remained motionless, fear in their eyes.

"No," I said, sternly. "Not hold-up men. But two law-abiding citizens who want to know what your game is."

"Our game?" Hardman Quayne stared at me. "Don't try to bluff me," I said. "I know who you are and all about you, Quayne or Quayle or Quarterton or whatever your name is."

The man had actually begun to smile broadly. "Why and how did you vanish from Portland, Maine, in 1919?" I demanded.

To my astonishment he burst into a fit of laughter and his wife and the others laughed too. "At last," he cried, "at last."

"And why did you vanish from Des Moines, and Spartanburg, and Carmel-by-the-Sea? And why are you planning to vanish from this house?"

The remarkable man faced me with a wide happy smile.

"Sir," he said, politely, "whoever you are, I congratulate you. You are a man after my own heart."

"Enough of this bluffing," I said, curtly. "I'm a criminal lawyer, and I know I can hold you on a charge of murder in Portland until the police come."

The fellow actually chuckled.

"You are a keen one," he said, admiringly. "But please don't send for the police. It really won't be necessary."

I looked at the circle of faces about the table; they were smiling at me as if I had brought them good news. Quayne addressed them.

"Our friend seems to have cornered us," he said lightly. "Shall I tell him the truth?" They nodded.

"Have a seat, gentlemen, and cigars. Oh, keep us covered with those guns, if it will make you happier."

Billy and I sat down, watching the man and the others warily. This seemed to amuse them enormously.

"Perhaps," began Hardman Quayne, "you'll think us a bit crazy. Perhaps you won't. Anyhow, here's our story. Some twenty years ago I inherited a very large fortune. I'd been brought up in luxury and so had my wife and children. We are what is called 'society people,' but we were never designed by nature for the boredom of a society life. In our family runs a curious strain; we're an odd lot. Well, we tried to live the orthodox life of the very rich, and it nearly drove us mad. We had no wishes that could not be gratified, no ambitions, no really stimulating interests. Yet our minds were always reaching out." He made a gesture to illustrate what he meant.

"I spoke of a curious strain in our family," he

went on. "My parents had it. I inherited it. It showed itself in an intense, in fact, abnormal interest in the mysterious. I think you can understand; you seem to be fairly keen on mysteries yourself."

In a daze, I nodded, and he went on, "All of us in the family have this craving for mystery. So, when we grew too terribly bored by society life, we found in mystery an escape. At first we simply read mystery books and invented hypothetical mysteries for each other to solve. But that did not satisfy us. We craved the real thing. So to save ourselves from stagnation, and to give vent to our temperament, we began to create actual mysteries."

He paused, helped me relight my cigar, and continued:

"We were traveling on the Pacific coast when the inspiration came to me for all of us to disappear in a highly mysterious manner. We did so. How we enjoyed the bewildered stories that appeared in the papers afterward. Once started on a career of mystery-making, there was no stopping us. It was almost like a habit-forming drug. We were driven on by an irresistible desire to make mystery. Some people like to solve them, we like to make them. Do you understand?"

"Perfectly," I said.

"We got to be rather good at it," he said, a touch of pride in his voice. "You are the first man who ever solved one of our mysteries."

"But the bodies in Portland—" I began.

"My own idea," he said, proudly. "We bought them from dissecting laboratories."

"And the nocturnal prowler with the glowing face?"

"That was me," said the son of the house.

"I smeared phosphorus on my face."

"I suggested that," put in the daughter.

"I sank back in my chair."

"Go on," I said, feebly.

"Oh, you know all about us," said Quayne, "now. And," he added sadly, "we'll have to think up a new mystery now that you've solved our vanishing stunt."

I turned to Billy Wharton, whose eyes were big as eggs.

"Billy," I said, "I wonder if I should tell Ernest Dawk about this?"

Quayne pricked up his ears.

"Dawk?" he said. "Dawk? Do you know some one named Dawk?"

"Yes," I said.

"Odd," he mused. "There's only one Dawk family in America. Must be a relative of mine. My mother's name was Dawk."

But I never did tell Ernest Dawk how I solved the mystery of the nine who vanished.

After all, it was his mystery, and he was happy in trying to solve it in his own way. Why should I kill it for him? For all I know he is still going from house to house in the Middle West, a willing martyr to mystery.

The Farmer's Business—And Yours

(Continued from page 23)

too heavily in such financing is understandable, especially when it is just as true as in the case of the long-term loans that a disastrous crop year may make repayment of the loan at maturity out of the question, and force the lender to renew it and carry it over to another harvest time—and, what is more, may make it necessary for him to lend still more money to enable the farmer to earn enough to pay the first loan.

At the same time the solution of this obviously difficult problem of short-term credit is at the heart of the agricultural problem as a whole.

One of the commonest and most admittedly legitimate reasons for business borrowing is the desire of sellers to carry over surplus stocks in times when supply greatly exceeds demand, and when forced sales would serve to depress prices and, perhaps, to entail selling at less than the cost of production. And one of the farmer's bitterest complaints is that he cannot do this; the present state of resentment throughout the agricultural world arises from the widespread feeling—the justification for which there simply

is not room to discuss fully here—that the Federal Reserve Board dealt the industry a body blow in 1920 by compelling deflation in agriculture while the maintenance of high prices in other industries was allowed.

Now this feeling, embodied in direct and bitter charges, has led to one of the most furious controversies in American business history; it was, probably, the underlying reason for the organization of the Agricultural bloc in the Senate—of which something will soon be said. Stated very briefly the charge is this: That in 1920, when prices were still soaring, when the country, as a whole, was still at the height of the post-war boom, the Federal Reserve Board required drastic and sudden curtailment of agricultural credits, as a result of which farmers, unable to borrow money or to renew loans already made, and falling due, were obliged to sell their produce for whatever it would bring—which involved appalling losses, since prices naturally collapsed, and farmers, taking the country at large, did not begin to receive what it had cost them

to raise their crops and their livestock. And that, at the same time, credit for manufacturing and general business was curtailed much more slowly and gradually, so that the prices of other products fell much more slowly than those of agricultural products, with the result that the farmer, getting much less than he expected to receive for his wares, had to continue to pay high prices for what he bought.

Congress has considered these charges, and the defence of the banking interests, in many hearings; millions of words of testimony, literally, have been taken. I have before me, at this moment, three volumes of the testimony before the Joint Commission of Agricultural Inquiry which met last year, and a very large proportion of their 2,300 pages are devoted to this controversy! The subject is still open for discussion, in so far as the merits of the charge of unfair discrimination go. But certain definite facts can't be disputed. Agricultural prices did collapse in 1920; the general fall of prices came later; universal depression followed the impoverishment of the farmers.

The farmer, in such a situation, is pretty much at the mercy of a machinery of distribution over which he has little, if any, control. He has practically nothing to do with fixing the price at which his product sells. He can, if he can afford to do so, hold certain crops, and his live stock, up to a certain point, for better prices. But with perishable crops he lacks even that recourse, limited as it is by his ability to finance holding over all or part of a crop like cotton or tobacco.

Farmers have struggled in the past to free themselves from this condition. The wheat-raisers of the Northwest tried to break the grip in which they were held by the milling interests by the semi-socialistic policies fostered by the Non-Partisan League, which, for some time, was in full control in North Dakota. State-owned elevators, co-operative stores, state banking, did serve, for a time, at any rate, to improve the situation; even at present, when the League is, to a great extent, in eclipse, certain permanent benefits remain. But the prevailing opinion among farm leaders is that the League adopted poor ways of securing good results.

Co-operative marketing on a large scale is regarded as absolutely essential and absolutely practical by most of the present leaders of agriculture. The citrus fruit-growers of California, operating through the California Fruit Growers Exchange, have been brilliantly successful. They have enormously increased the consumption of their products through national advertising and the establishment of standards and brands; they reduced the price to the consumer, and the return to the producer by economies in handling the crops, in warehousing, and in shipping, and by the elimination of certain handlings.

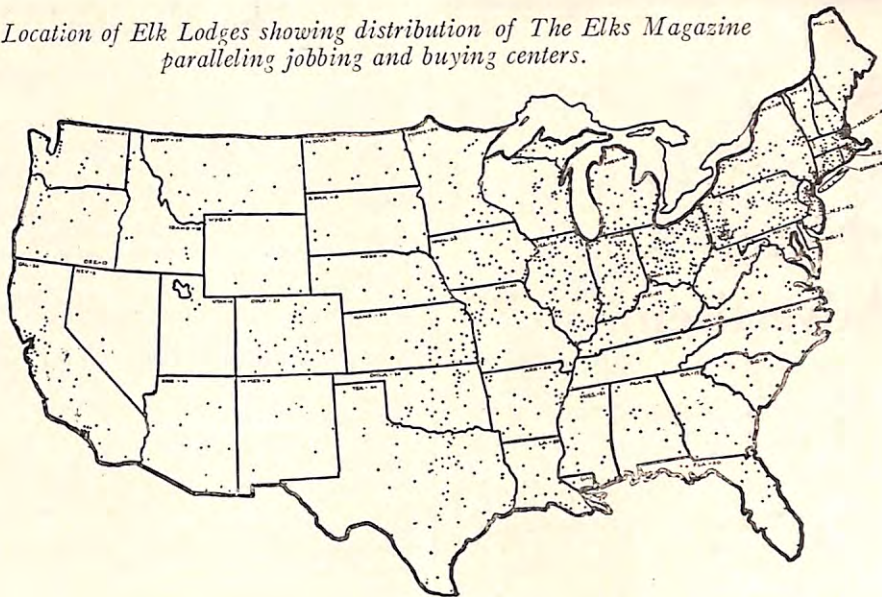
But there has been, until recently, the greatest doubt and uncertainty as to the legality of such co-operative marketing under the Sherman law. It has now been legalized, certain safeguards being provided through a measure of control over prices given to the Department of Agriculture. Similarly the short-term credit problem seems to be in the way of solution, through the revival of the War Finance Corporation for the express purpose of making money for rural credits of this sort available without any undue drain upon funds required for ordinary banking.

Now it must strike you that as these various problems of agriculture, as an industry, are described, there follows, in almost every case, a reference to recent legislation of a sort helpful to the industry. In the slang of the moment, how come? Isn't it true that for years the farmer vote has been a fetish—that every party has catered to it? The susceptibility of the politician to the farmer has been traditional. But in the last few years certain very shrewd farmers have taken the trouble to analyze and examine this tradition, and it has come to seem to them that while the farmer got honeyed words and a good deal of seemingly favorable legislation, other interests, not notorious for standing well with politicians, got legislative favors of a much more important sort.

There has always been, in this country, a certain amount of organization among farmers, both social and economic. The National Grange, the Farmers' Union—these have been typical of many organizations. Generally speaking these

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Location of Elk Lodges showing distribution of *The Elks Magazine* paralleling jobbing and buying centers.



What Is Tangible Circulation?

—and what does it mean
to an advertiser

THE average individual is much more interested in what is going on in his particular community than in what is transpiring in the world at large. This is particularly exemplified in the handling of news in our daily newspapers. The shooting of an ex-sailor boy by a millionaire gets full pages in the New York newspapers, as against the half-column of five thousand dying by famine in a far-off country.

How does this principle operate in the use of national advertising mediums?

This analysis of localization of interest was made by one of the ablest automobile men in the industry, and we pass it on to you as he gave it to us:

"The reason I am considering the use of *The Elks Magazine* is because of the tangibility of its circulation. When I tell our distributor in Rockford, Ill., that I am using three great national magazines to help him sell our cars, he shows very little interest because he does not appreciate how many of his possible prospects in Rockford read these publications—and I in turn am unable to give him this information in definite actual figures.

"But when I tell him that I am using *The Elks Magazine*, which goes to every Elk in Rockford, he in turn knows that practically every business man of standing in Rockford is an Elk—and consequently knows that I have given him a tangible sales assistance in reaching the greatest number of his prospects with our advertising story. He is therefore satisfied."

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SOME men, who are neither blind nor illiterate, claim sincerely that they "never read advertisements."

Yet, if you could investigate, in each case you would find that the man who "never reads advertisements" used an advertised tooth paste or shaving cream or soap. If he owns an automobile it will be an advertised car. If you ask his opinion of any automobile he will reply in words that might have been lifted bodily from an advertisement of that automobile.

Advertising has formed his opinions to a great degree. He may have received his information through others who obtained *their* knowledge from advertising. But it is a fact that no man can escape the effect of advertising even if he does say he "never reads advertisements."

Not one of us ever reasoned out entirely from his own mind that the earth is round. If we had not read it or heard it we would never have known it.

In these days of good, truthful, helpful advertising to say, "I never read advertisements," is merely your way of saying, "I don't read *all* advertisements."

Published by The Elks Magazine in co-operation with The American Association of Advertising Agencies

The Farmer's Business—And Yours

(Continued from page 67)

organizations have been built up with the county as a unit, merging into State and National bodies. Particular interests have had their own organizations; information has been exchanged; some efforts have long been made to influence legislation, both in the States and in Congress.

The youngest of these farm organizations has, in the last few years, become probably the greatest. That is the Farm Bureau. There are farm bureaus in more than three thousand different counties. These are merged into State federations, and these in turn into the national body, the American Farm Bureau Federation, supported by a portion of the dues of the county bureaus.

The Farm Bureau has promoted modern, scientific farming. It has secured experts in production; it has done much to make the increasing body of scientific knowledge gathered by the Department of Agriculture and the numerous State departments and experiment stations generally available; it has worked closely with other organizations of every sort. And, under the presidency of James R. Howland, it has become a powerful and deeply significant force in the national life.

Also, it has placed in Washington, at the head of its legislative department, a remarkable West Virginian, Gray Silver—the man who devised the Agricultural bloc.

Now you can, if you go to the right people, get almost any picture you please of Silver. Some will paint him for you with horns and a cloven hoof—a sinister and menacing figure, promoting a class interest, selfish and ruthless. Some look upon him as a prophet. I know some facts about him.

I know Silver as a very quiet, extremely well-informed man of early middle age. He has never yet told me anything I have not been able to confirm—and I have gone to him for information time and again upon controversial matters in which he was personally interested on one side or the other. He is rather a specialist in exact information; the Farm Bureau office in Washington is a clearing house for facts, among other things.

Silver is a farmer himself, chiefly, although he is also interested in other enterprises. He has great apple orchards, and has specialized, too, in sheep. He got his political training, years ago, in the West Virginia senate; they do say that politics, in that troubled state, used to be pretty rough and ready. Silver was a Democrat; he was in the minority. And right there he began for the first time to discover how to cross party lines.

The word *bloc* comes to American political speech from Europe, of course, where it is the rarest thing in the world for any one party to control a legislative assembly, and nearly all ministries represent the temporary union of groups that fuse until something happens. The Agricultural bloc in the Senate that Silver organized, under the floor leadership of Senator Kenyon, was not such a bloc as is to be found in France or Germany.

But it was, nevertheless, a definitely organized group. These senators came from farming states; they realized, better than most men, the dire straits of the farmers, and the spiritual readiness of great bodies of farmer voters to seek desperate remedies. So, for the time being, they were prepared to wipe out party lines; to vote together, regardless of Republican or Democratic labels, for the measures the farmers needed.

The bloc began quietly and modestly, and with no blare of trumpets. It didn't make threats; it didn't make promises; it simply got results—and with them publicity. Right now the thing that probably threatens the life of the bloc most seriously is its own success, carrying with it the desire of the men who are not in it, both in the Senate and the House, to mend their political fences by acquiring membership. The leaders of the bloc don't want it to be too big; they do not want it to have absolute control—because with control must go, necessarily, responsibility.

Kenyon is out; he has accepted a federal judgeship. But the bloc goes on; the next elections are pretty sure to strengthen it. It has

accomplished a great deal already. It forced emergency tariff legislation last year; it brought about extension of farm loans and the revival, for farm benefit, of the War Finance Corporation; it has put a dirt farmer on the Federal Reserve Board and brought the packing industry under control.

What the future of this movement may be no one knows. The germ of a third party is in it, but it doesn't seem to be developing; neither Silver nor Howard seem to be anxious to go into politics along such lines. Silver and Howard are both liberal and progressive men; they are keenly aware of the relation of American agricultural revival to the restoration of Europe. Howard, indeed, has gone pretty far, in some of his speeches, toward advocating cancellation of the inter-allied debt—upon terms of American choosing.

Yet behind these liberals, and other liberals, like Kenyon, and Capper, of Kansas, his successor as leader of the bloc, are farmers; men traditionally conservative, if not reactionary. They are conservative, certainly; I wonder if the tradition that they are reactionary is not, perhaps, quite as false as some of the other traditions that have been exploded of late?

The appearance of the bloc, the new sort of activity of the agricultural industry in seeking legislation in Washington, have aroused an enormous amount of criticism. It has been said that farmers are seeking class legislation, a vicious thing; that a bad precedent is being created for similar group activities in other fields.

The farmers have a simple reply to that sort of criticism.

"They talk," these men say, "as if this sort of thing were unprecedented. Nothing could be more absurd. For years the big business and manufacturing interests have controlled legislation in their interest. Analyze votes and you will see that party lines have been broken time and again on a close fight—on tariff schedules, for example. We have been open—that is the chief difference."

And this, too, seems to be true. Agriculture has been unable, for the reasons that have already been set forth, to achieve, naturally, an industrial organization such as has come into being in other industries. Restrictive laws, like that bearing the name of Sherman, needed to prevent abuses in other industries, have worked undue hardship upon farmers. It is one thing for a dozen great steel manufacturers to enter into a combination to fix prices and determine output; it is quite another for thousands of farmers to do the same thing.

So much of this article has been devoted to this phase of industrial organization because it is the new thing in agriculture; the thing that will, if present indications are confirmed, bring about something like a revolution in the industry in a few years.

It is the lack of such organization that is responsible for the enormous difference between what the producer of food or the raw materials of clothing, for example, gets, and what the consumer has to pay. The American farmer gets about 33 cents of every dollar the consumer pays; a farmer in Denmark about seventy-six cents. The average net return to the American farmer for his year's work for several years has been this: 1910, \$459; 1916, \$596; 1918, \$1,267; 1919, \$1,511; 1920, \$419.

Those figures are not of the wages paid to labor on farms; they represent the net return to the head of a farming enterprise, averaged for the whole country; what the farmer gets for undertaking all the risks he takes, doing all the work he does, investing all the money and time taken by farming work.

Now it stands to reason that the right sort of men will not continue, indefinitely, to go into and stay in a business so uncertain in its rewards, and, generally speaking, so meager in its rewards. There will be curtailment of agricultural production; America will cease to be self-supporting, and will have to import its food and the raw materials of its clothing.

Complete industrial organization of agriculture, on the lines along which a real beginning has at last been made, will serve to stabilize these

rewards, and to increase them, without penalizing the consumer by imposing higher prices. Indeed, the tendency of prices will, inevitably, be downward. For what is sought, after all, is simply increased efficiency—particularly in distribution. The farmer cannot profit without helping the rest of the country at the same time.

The program of improvement is enormous. Good roads are required; the cost of getting farm products to market will be reduced by improved road facilities. That is true, too, all along the line in transportation—in the matter of waterways, in rail economies, leading to lower freight rates, and in terminals. These points, naturally, will come up in the articles devoted to roads and other problems of transportation.

Agricultural production itself is far better organized, and far more efficient, than the distribution of agricultural products. The best type of modern farm is a mighty efficient institution. It employs labor saving machinery; its operators are kept in close touch with modern scientific methods; it has, and uses, complete accounting methods.

It is, even so, very far from being a fully efficient institution. Henry Ford says that far

too much man power is used on farms; he demonstrates his beliefs on his own farm at Dearborn, where power is available. Ford has a vision of making hydro-electric power available for farm use to a degree almost beyond ordinary imagination today, and that may very well come.

One thing is certain. The modern activity of the farmer in seeking legislation and in influencing the trend of legislation will increase and not diminish. Is a sales tax proposed?

"Veto! I forbid!" says the farmer—and has his way.

Are higher freight rates sought? Again the farmer speaks. Henry Ford offers to take over Muscle Shoals—and to make cheap fertilizer. The farmer gets behind him.

That is today—and yesterday.

What of tomorrow? Will the farmer insist upon a voice in the settlement of foreign policy—perceiving, as he does, the paramount importance of the European market to his future? Possibly—even probably.

So. Agriculture is the basic industry. Moreover, it is an industry fully self-conscious and fully articulate at last, aware of its power, and determined to use it.

The King of Beasts

(Continued from page 38)

don't, and that I'm just a sort of cage-mate with him, there ought to be a lot of difference. That is—if he's just afraid."

"But if he isn't?" Worthington asked the question, and Ned smiled.

"That's another kettle of fish entirely," came frankly. "In that case, I don't know what I'm going to do—except that I don't intend to hurt him. Nobody ever got anywhere by hurting animals." Then he turned quickly. "All right there, Highpockets?"

"Aw-right," came from the cage.

"Open the door and let him come."

Steel grated. A door swung wide. A second later, a creeping, sinuous thing, more like a striped Bengal than a lion, the renegade came into the arena, to hiss, to turn, then, without even waiting for the usual padding motion of settling, to leap toward the man who awaited him.

A scream—from the girl—a scream stifled almost the moment it began. For a command had sounded; strong arms tugged hard at the "mechanic" rope, and, a struggling, hissing, clawing thing, Crook was caught in midair, even as he plunged forward, to hang there, his leap thwarted, his venomous attack stopped almost before it began, while, almost within reach of his claws, Ned Wainright stood, smiling and talking in soft tones, striving with all the cleverness that was in him, to reassure the beast, to break down that wall of hatred which had been raised between them.

But the lion only roared and struggled, only hissed and clawed. More, when the order came to lower him to the ground, there only, ensued a repetition of the attempt at attack.

Time and again that afternoon they tried it—finally to send Crook back to his cage, there again to sulk, to lick his heavy chops, to turn and writhe and roar and bellow with the excitement of his first afternoon in the training arena. It was the beginning of a long road—a road of patience on the part of an animal trainer, of venom and cunning on the part of a renegade beast. For the usual laws of the steel arena did not apply to the case of Crook.

Fear, evidently, was not part of his nature. Nor was that instinct of the beast which yields to kindness, nor companionship. There is less of actual subjection in the training arena than the ordinary person supposes. The great, sleek cats do not go through their paces because of fear, or a sense of slavery; but mainly because they understand, because they realize that the cracking of the whip is only so much noise to enhance the act, because, through long association, they have realized that this human who daily sends them through their various numbers is not an ogre, but the friend who feeds them, who nurses them when they are ill, who beds down their cages thick with straw when the chill winds blow, who watches after them and cares for them. They seem to learn that it is

an association in which both are working, and in which both are necessary. But not so with Crook.

Day after day, week after week the efforts continued—but still the men were forced to be ever ready at the mechanic rope, still the lion roared and leaped and struggled to reach the man who strove by every means at his command to bring about some sense of calm, of security and of placidness. The show went forth to the road, again to the blaring of bands, the sunlit circus lots, the thronged menagerie interiors; but Crook remained untamed.

Here his lessons became more irregular; it was not as easy to erect the steel arena for practice as in winter quarters. But nevertheless those lessons continued, the contest went on, between a determined man, bent upon winning the friendship of a renegade beast—and that beast himself, which knew but one thing, and that thing the vitriolic passion of malice.

The season began to round into mid-summer; still there had been no progress. Crook was almost full grown now, a great shouldered, shaggy maned beast, fully fifty pounds heavier than most cats of his kind, handsome, yet vicious appearing in that handsomeness, with eyes close-set, with jaws always parted, with a furtive mien and slinking appearance which told that the nature within had not changed, that it was an inbred thing which would remain—

But one day Ned Wainright came from the arena, with a brighter light in his eyes, an expression of hope instead of the usual discouragement. That day Crook had refrained from leaping! More, he had ceased to struggle against the mechanic; his growls and roars seemed to have carried less maliciousness!

"Maybe it's sunk in at last!" came hopefully when he had joined Louise at the padroom entrance. "Maybe—"

"But Ned—don't take any chances!" she had laid a hand on his arm. "Remember Gyp!"

But the next day brought a repetition of the one preceding. The lion even allowed himself to be "crowded" toward the pedestal—the first lesson in cat training. Days followed, and weeks, each with its small amount of progress. The hope of Ned Wainright's eyes gave way to a new expression—that of enthusiasm.

"I'll have him working before we go on the road next season!" he announced. "He's gotten the idea—I don't even need that mechanic any more."

"But you haven't stopped using it?" Louise looked at him in sudden fear.

"No. Don't intend to until I feel that I'm perfectly safe."

That time came five months later, when again the show was preparing for its exit from winter quarters. The yard was bright and sunny—the arena had been erected there, and there Louise joined Wainright as that person came from the menagerie house and examined the

(Continued on page 70)

HAND MADE ACTUAL SIZE



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The King of Beasts

(Continued from page 69)

fastenings of the arena door. But in the eyes of the man was a light which spoke of something more important than animal training.

"I talked it all over with the Major last night," he said boyishly. The girl laughed.

"I thought there was an awfully important conference of some sort, from the way you two acted when you left the house. What did he say?"

Wainright smiled.

"I guess it's all set. That is, as soon as I've broken this lion to the act—so Jergeson can work him. The Major says I've got to stop performing in the arena and help run the show. Besides, I think he's afraid of Crook. Anyway, he wants me to quit as soon as I can give this cat my O.K. Says he doesn't want you to be a widow—that he'd never feel safe with me working in the arena."

She smiled.

"May be someone else put that into his head."

"You?"

She nodded.

"I'm the one that's afraid of Crook, Ned. I wish you were through with him."

"Well, it won't be long. He's all right. Feel pretty sure of it—he's been working as amiably as a big dog lately. I'm going to take the mechanic off today and work him without—"

"Ned!"

"Well, it's got to be some time."

"Yes." She agreed dubiously. "But I—I never can get Gyp out of my mind—"

"That's true, Louise. But I can't quit without a trial. And I can't keep that mechanic on forever. By the way, about Gyp—better get him out of the way. He'll never forget, that dog, and I don't want anything around that'll start trouble."

"Very well." The girl called to the bulldog and started away, only to halt. "Ned!"

"Yes."

"You'll promise that you won't start working him until I get back?"

"Why, yes. But—"

"I just want to be here. I'm afraid—"

She went on then, to take the dog into the property-room, then to reappear, a heavy-calibered revolver in one hand. Wainright laughed.

"Not taking any chances, are you, Honey?"

"No," came simply. "But I knew you would. So—"

But he shrugged his shoulders.

"There won't be any need for it. High-pockets!"

"Yeh!" The call came from within the menagerie house.

"You can shunt that Crook lion into the arena den now and let him out any time you want to."

A moment's wait, then the wooden door, connecting the arena with the menagerie house, opened, to allow the entrance into the arena of a great bodied, heavily maned brute, which dropped gracefully to the ground, sniffed there a moment, then settled on his haunches, apparently docile, apparently ready for his lesson of the day. Wainright unstrapped the door, and prepared to open it.

"Strap it after me," he ordered. "He's going to be all right."

The girl moved forward, but she only looped the strap which closed the door, not buckling it.

"All right, Crook!" came the order, "on your pedestal."

The lion moved slowly, almost lazily. The trainer went nearer.

"Crook! Make it snappy there—take your seat!"

It was the command to go to the pedestal, a command repeated and re-repeated a thousand times since the beginning of the lion's training. The lion heard. The lion recognized the order—but again it only moved a step or so, apparently too lazy, too contented to make the effort at motion. Nearer went the trainer, still nearer, until the extended chair—a trainer's weapon for fending off an attack, or tangling a lion when he leaps—was within a foot or so of the slow moving beast. And then—

A sudden whipping motion of one paw, which side-swiped the chair and knocked it out of the

hand of the trainer. A scream from without the arena; the cracking of a whip in a vain attempt to drive off a roaring, hissing thing which rose in ponderous fierceness from his crouched position on the ground, and bore down upon the trainer before he could leap out of the way. The deep tearing slashing of claws, a staggering, bloody figure, fighting now with only his fists against the onslaught of a six hundred pound monster. Again that scream from without—

"Back through the door! Back through the door! It's open—hurry!"

Then a figure was beside them, a white-faced girl, holding a heavy revolver tight in both hands, braving the slashing of those claws that she might force her way between the swaying figure of the man and the hulking beast which had raised itself against him, and now, with swift moving blows was tearing at his breast. A booming explosion, a wild, racking roar—and Crook, beating at his eyes, swerved from the attack, to writhe about the arena, to twist, to scream and bellow, while a girl, her arms tight about the man she loved, dragged him to safety, as rushing animal-men closed tight the door behind her. But in the arena the lion did not notice. His hateful victory had turned into a thing of pain, and streaking flashes of red which played across his brain, but which gave no light. The world had gone black! That night—

"Poor old thing—I'm so sorry. But I couldn't do anything else, Ned. He had you! I—"

"There wasn't anything else to do, Honey." A bandaged man stood beside the girl, looking into a cage where lay a blood-reddened thing, his legs trussed to restrain him from tearing at the bandages which bound his eyes, his heavy head weaving slowly. "It was the only possible chance—I'm just sorry I tried it, that's all. I might have known he would try to play the same trick on me that he played on Gyp."

"He'll never play it again, Ned."

The man nodded in assent.

"I'm afraid not, Louise. No trainer ever would trust him."

"I didn't mean that. He's blind, isn't he?"

"Yes, but there's a chance—the vet says. It may take months—even a few years—but Doc seems to think that with rest and quiet, and not too much light, he'll be all right again."

He ceased. Within the cage Crook was struggling to rise. He had roared—in that tone of fierceness which denotes the lion about to attack, the cry of a maddened beast, still vicious, still striving to kill—for the mere sake of killing.

For Crook, blinded, his sense of scent gone, still retained his hearing—and that hearing had brought to him the sound of voices he hated. So he struggled and twisted in his bonds—bonds placed upon him for his own welfare—he roared and bellowed and hissed, even after they were gone.

Days passed. A month went by. The circus went out on the road, leaving a solitary, blind beast behind, a thing which roared and hissed at the every approach of the winter-quarters watchman, and which lunged against the bars until he heard the man's voice—when he would turn away. For that was not one of the three he wanted!

Summer passed. Autumn. The winter-quarters seethed with activity—and Crook seethed with venom. For with the return of the circus a mockery had come to him, even as mockery comes to a criminal when the person marked as a victim stands on the other side of the bars and looks within. It was the barking of a dog—out there somewhere in the darkness—a big, bench-legged bulldog which stood before the cage, or frolicked about the menagerie house, while Crook lashed and plunged against the bars in vain. And in those days he listened too for other sounds—but they did not come. For once Major Worthington had relented in his half-amused opposition to a wedding, the pendulum had swung wide, and over in Europe were a man and a woman, on a belated honeymoon, one of the half hundred wedding presents which the good-humored, yet grumpy Major had showered upon them. The winter passed—there came the time when the barking of a bulldog no longer sent the criminal within his cage into paroxysms of rage. For the bulldog was

gone—gone to trot a' out the circus lots of a long season and then—

Then, when winter came again, to find a new joy in life, a new duty, a new obsession. There was another one to guard now, a tiny thing in its mother's arms, and the dog, with the fidelity which only a bulldog can know, appointed himself to the task. And that winter, Crook, the renegade, found a new thing to hate, a new voice to listen for that he might roar and bellow and slash about his prison when he heard it—the voice of a baby!

For some strange sense of instinct told the blind brute that this new being belonged to others whom he hated. Perhaps it was the association of the fact that the baby's voice never was heard without that of the mother, or the father; perhaps there was some tone in the child's cry, undetectable to human ears, which carried to the hearing of the blind lion the knowledge that this new thing was of the hated strain; nevertheless, with its every cry he floundered in aimless fashion to the bars, there to paw and reach forth his venomous claws in his efforts to reach it. But the bars held him back, the deep-voiced barking of the dog mocked him from the blackness. Blackness which, by the way, was not breaking in its intensity.

"Guess the vet was wrong," Wainright said it more than once as he stood before the blind cat's cage that winter. "Looks like those eyes aren't going to clear up. Still, I guess there isn't any harm in giving him another chance. The menagerie's pretty full this summer; we can get along all right. Besides—" hopefully—"there might be a chance—"

But when a year had passed and the circus had ended its season again, the lion still stumbled in the darkness and the winter-quarters watchman had a report to make.

"That there Crook lion's sure wearin' down," he told Wainright. "Guess it's the blindness. Ought to be right in his prime now—but he acts like an old lion that ain't got the strength to hang on much longer. Just dodders around his cage. Just like some old, blind man."

But when Ned Wainright approached the cage there was little of the dodderer about the cat within. That voice was recognized—the thin, gaunt thing within tore and swerved and turned and leaped until he dropped on his haunches of exhaustion. The manager frowned. "Better have him put in a bigger cage," came finally. "May not be enough room there for him to exercise. Put him in the one near the east door. And feed him up well—I hate to see the poor brute suffer."

Then he went on, leaving behind a weaving thing in a cage, still grumbling and hissing, weak in body, but still strong in the vengeful quality which was eating at the very heart of him. For another year's absence had made no difference in the venomous memory of Crook. He still remembered. He still held his spleen.

That afternoon the big menagerie house was a place of activity. The section of the circus train bringing the animals was to arrive that night, and hurrying workmen made their preparations. Into a new and bigger cage went Crook, to again begin his aimless circles—then suddenly to galvanize with attention. Three sounds had come to him—that of a laughing mother, of a cooing child and of a barking dog.

All afternoon he roared and growled and hissed. All afternoon he plunged against the bars. Quitting time came. A workman, the last to remain in the menagerie house, passed, paused, then grunted.

"Better tell Highpockets about that barlock," he mused as he glanced toward a sagging iron on the door of Crook's new cage. "Looks like it ain't over-strong."

Then he passed out of the door, calling as he went to the big white bulldog, for a frolic in the yard. Only the woman and her baby remained in the menagerie house—and Crook in his cage.

And the sounds which came from those two maddened him more than ever. She was laughing and talking and cajoling—nor did Crook know that out there in the half light of the big building, a mother was thrilling with the sight her baby taking its first steps. The beast only knew that they were near and that he hated them; perhaps hated the child whom he never had seen, with more ferocity than even the father and mother. For this, instinct told him, was a thing which belonged to them; more, it is cat nature to hate the young. A jaguar or a leopard

will kill, almost invariably, the baby which comes close enough to its cage to be within reach of its claws. And Crook's nature was that of the cat—at its worst!

He had more room for his plunges here, and he leaped in crazed, clumsy fashion. The deadening of his senses had weakened his body to an extent which had brought him almost to emaciation. The constant exercising of only one set of muscles in that slow, doddering movement of circles which had formed almost his only activity since the coming of his blindness, had left him underdeveloped, and lacking in the strength which should have been his. Without knowing it, he had softened as the criminal softens in solitary confinement; only that brain had remained alert in its one obsessing capacity of hate and malice. And now that malice drove new strength into his prematurely aged muscles—time after time he gathered and leaped, gathered and leaped, striking again, and again against that door, finally—to go through!

A plunging, hurtling thing he struck the ground, and rolled there a moment, hissing and clawing in sudden fright. In the blackness, the fall had seemed one of rods instead of feet. At last, gaining his balance, he lunged out directionless, only to stumble back, half stunned, as his head struck a cement pillar. He roared—in racking, high-pitched fashion—then galvanized. From across the menagerie house had come a scream—the scream of a voice he recognized, and in an instant, Crook became Crook again!

He crouched. The pink-red jaws opened to emit a hiss. He moved, slowly, cautiously. Fright was gone now. Again the scream, and he swerved. It had moved farther to the right—There to echo and echo again, from a stationary place.

His prey was a prisoner. The menagerie house had a door at each end. The cage from which Crook had just plunged was near the east door. Snatching up her baby the woman rushed for the door behind her. It was locked. She beat on it with her free hand, tried madly to force it. But to no avail. Had she been alone she might have risked a swift dash past the enraged brute. But fear for her child held her there, paralyzed, powerless except to scream.

The creeping, blind lion could not know that his quarry was cornered. Blindness blocked that joy—but neither blindness nor the lack of scent could take from him the knowledge that she was there, that the very screams of her, as she called vainly for assistance, were the things which were leading him straight to her—and her baby!

On he went—and on, slowly, softly, one foot after the other touching the ground with a pad-like, almost velvety tread. On—she screamed again, in agonized fashion, and the lion roared in triumph. Closer—closer—then, with one forefoot raised, and circling instinctively, its claws suddenly distended, he paused. There had come a new sound, from without the menagerie house—the barking of a bulldog!

But it held him for only an instant. To the creeping advance he went again, his shoulders and haunches high above his back, his belly dragging the ground, his sightless eyes rolling, the once-pink scar flaming red with the swift coursing of his blood. On—on—then that barking again—and nearer!

From the opposite door of the menagerie house came the sound of scratching and of pounding—as though a form were plunging against it—followed at last by a clattering slap as the barrier flew open. But the lion did not heed. The woman had screamed once more—and the finely attuned hearing of the blind beast told him that he was within leaping distance!

In half-dancing fashion, his claw-fringed forepaws began their settling motion. The white, blind eyes rolled, in vain efforts to see. The skin went back from the long, yellow teeth—a baby cried, frantically

Swaying, swaying, the body strove to summon strength into muscles long weakened. The haunches twisted and set themselves under the heavy body. The mane seemed to rise—a gruff, thunderous roar, a roar of the hunt, of triumph, began deep in the beast's breast and rumbled there sonorously. Then, with the every atom of his strength, he plunged, rising higher, higher above the ground, his forepaws outstretched, his mouth wide, his eyes narrowed by the old instinct—

(Continued on page 72)

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Don't Miss Them

If Summer Comes

(Continued from page 41)

After the first day's gallop my humorist friend was so sore he could not even sit on a log to eat his corn hoe-cakes for five days. He took them standing, or lying down on his stomach. The guides advised him to take his horsemanship calmly. But how can a man take his riding calmly when he's got three pairs of breeches to try out? He still had two pairs to go.

These observations on the vacation epidemic, now growing malignant, are not intended to be entirely destructive. Let us be constructive.

There are a small percentage of people who have pleasant, comfortable vacations. They can be inexpensive, too. A real, honest-to-goodness recipe has been sought diligently. In fact, we have doped it out almost to our satisfaction, but we can make but few believe it:

1. Just quit work for two weeks and let nature take its course.

2. (By Captain Tom Roberts) "If you want to have a good, comfortable vacation just come down here to the bay in your regular store clothes and borrow a pair of old pants, when you need 'em. I've got a boathouse full of rubber boots left by other parties. Every other guide has the same thing."

But Captain Tom has no hope of anybody doing so simple a thing as either of those two.

The only people, as a class, who know how to have a sensible, enjoyable vacation are women. No matter what the jokesmiths and comic cartoonists may try to tell you, women are not nearly so vain or excited as men when it comes to wearing outdoor costumes. It's old stuff with them. Long before the vacation time they have been wearing those snappy sport clothes to the rough, rugged automobile shows—even to horse shows and the theater, particularly if the latter be a Western piece.

A group of us who consider ourselves outdoor men once got together and wrote a book on how to really enjoy life in the woods or on the water. We gave simple and still elaborate instructions as to articles of comfort, proper food, locations, guides and so on.

The book was a complete bust, mainly because we didn't know what we were talking about. We didn't have the idea at all.

Nobody wanted to be comfortable on a vacation, and when they found that we had made it easy for them they simply tossed the book out the window.

A vacation that could be planned out and made to work systematically was not a vacation. No, they wanted to be hardy. Also they wanted to go to a lot of trouble.

I was in a hardware store one day when a prominent man—wealthy too—came in to get some very special kind of varnish or shellac. Oh, but he was particular about that varnish.

"You know what he's going to do with that?" said the hardware man. "Why, he is making trout flies and he has to paint 'em and varnish

'em just so. It seems that ordinary varnish might get wrinkled or something and this man might lose the biggest black bass or trout in the lake."

"How many different flies does he use?" I inquired, getting interested.

"Oh, fifty or sixty, easy. He has one for all kind of conditions and for every hour of the day. If he can't trick a trout one way he does it another. He's been sitting up nights working on this thing for three months."

This man, it seems, had set up a regular workshop in his house to make trout flies and other impedimenta for his coming vacation, still two months away.

Having got his rigging all set he decided to go into North Maine. It would be out of the question to entrust that valuable apparatus with a baggage man on a train. So he bought a three thousand dollar automobile for the trip. General staff work in the army was simple compared with the complicated plans for this advance operation against the trout and black bass.

After three months' hard work and nearly a week's tour in the new car the vacationists arrived at the exact spot. Across the fields there appeared to be a very special kind of stream. It was decided that the main fisherman should walk out and look it over before establishing a permanent base of operations.

On the edge of the road was a strand of barbed wire which the gentleman did not see. He tripped on this and was thrown headlong, his knee colliding with a stone. His leg was put out of commission for several months.

This was no laughing matter. The unfortunate fisherman had to be brought back to New York on a train under the care of a doctor. Rather than engage some one to drive the car back it was decided to sell it. This was done at considerable loss.

The trout flies and other impedimenta were shipped back.

The point I make is that accidents like that teach no lesson. Scores of friends of this unfortunate man—and he is most popular—are actually jealous of his mishap, his adventure.

The hardware man tells me that several of the neighbors are buying special varnish this summer to paint up their trout flies. They are going in for it rather strong. His business is picking up.

I have about come to the conclusion that the only persons who really know how to enjoy outings and really do enjoy them are small boys. Give a husky boy scout his little uniform and ten dollars and he'll have more genuine enjoyment and get more real thrills than you can on two hundred.

A boy scout studies his woodcraft seriously. Yes, and he practices it, too. You may laugh at the serious way he goes about the woods blaz-

ing trees and putting mystic signs on certain boulders, but that boy will be able to find his way out and he'll know more about the woods in a week than his father would in five years.

That boy scout movement, to my way of thinking, is the greatest idea ever developed for bringing up our youngsters, making them strong physically and giving them clean, straightforward minds. They consider it a matter of military honor to obey their seniors. I have never known one who would not listen to instructions and try his best to carry them out to the letter.

These boys are always better off when left to their own devices and when under the leadership of some one not a member of the family.

The best time I ever had in my life was when my brother and I went on a camping expedition with two older boys without any parental supervision after we'd got in the woods. We were given a little money and the loan of an old horse and wagon and told to go out on our own responsibility. We had to select our own equipment and do our own work.

The fool vacationists are the grown-ups, men of affairs. They have too much money and too little time to be sensible. Also they have that fatal imagination; that way of trying to picture themselves as Kit Carson or Daniel Boone and being a cave man in a week.

A salvage dump of all the fancy clothes and equipment discarded by you hardy, hairy chested, fool old men of fifty would be a gold mine to a gang of boy scouts going out on a Clark and Lewis expedition with just enough money in their jeans to buy soda water.

When the magazine editor and myself get that hospital built and endowed for convalescent vacationists, with wards for the more malignant cases, we are going to try and have a salvage station on the side where all the fancy paraphernalia may be dumped and turned over to the boy scouts. That scheme has many possibilities. When the boys have returned from their trip they will be strong enough—and willing enough, I'll bet—to nurse the patients, whose clothes they have worn, back to health and business.

The suffering season is now on in force. Great caravans of self torturers have been moving out for a month. I am very apprehensive that we will not get that hospital ready in time to take care of the convalescents. We have in mind, though, an emergency first aid station for the serious cases needing immediate attention.

P. S. Golfing is not a vacation. It is a trade. The golfer thinks or talks of nothing else winter or summer. He would sternly reject a suggestion of rest or recreation from his lifework. He cut family ties when he made his first good drive. In his case all that can be done is give him space and pray for his recovery.

The King of Beasts

(Continued from page 71)

To be blocked in midair!

Blocked by a heavy, silent thing which, hurtling against him, caught him full in his leap, caught tight with vice-like jaws at his heavy mane, and with a twisting, desperate effort, pulled him back to the flooring, a bare six feet from the fright-dazed woman. A silent thing which did not wait for those paws to strike at him, but which dodged far to one side, caught at the rear leg of the cat, bit deep, and then, before the lion could strike at him, swerved to a new point of attack, taking him farther and farther away from the woman and her child.

A silent thing—and by that silence, a damning, horrible thing to the sightless, scentless renegade who strove to struggle against him—for Crook could not find his foe! He could only strike out with aimless blows, he could only bellow and roar and gnash in directionless fashion, for there was nothing save the sense of feeling to tell him the position of his enemy—and when he struck there, that enemy was gone!

Here and there they rolled, the white bulldog playing about the blind lion like a hunting dog with a wounded snake. Forward, then back, he darted, to sink tight his jaws for a second, then to loose the hold and seek another, ere the claws struck him or the heavy fangs of the monster drove deep into his flesh. Time after time he approached the head of the beast, only to escape just in time. But he still remained silent, no growl escaped him, no bark; his was the fight of the bulldog, tenacious, and with every energy subserved for the moment to one thing—the clenching of those jaws upon a vulnerable spot.

He caught at the mane, to release it almost as quickly as his teeth struck it. Only the greasy hair filled his jaws; there was no hint of flesh. The lion was flat on the floor now, protecting by instinct the vital throat and white belly—his big head swaying like a swift-moving pendulum, to guard himself from the onslaughts of the thing which once he had betrayed and which now, like a Nemesis, had struck him at the very

moment of his victory! More, that Nemesis, that silent thing of clinching jaws and swift movements, had swerved to a new line of attack. The heavy teeth had sunk into the lion's back, slowly, deeply they were driving toward his backbone—and to the slow crunching attack which brought pain unendurable. The lion swayed and turned—he strove to rise and beat off the silent foe; but weakness had come; the attack, the excitement, the plunges within the cage by which he had broken to freedom; all these exertions were demanding their reaction. A faintness was upon him; he rolled awkwardly upon his back to break the hold of the unseen thing and then—

Then it was that the bulldog ceased to guard himself by silence. A growl came, hoarse, guttural. The lion roared anew—a roar with a shriek in it. For the growl of Gyp was a growl of security. He had swept under the guard of the lion's claws; his bulging, undershot jaw had clamped home upon a jugular—in the death grip!

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A welcome surprise in circusdom



When the Circus Came to Town—

THE passing years can never erase the memory of it, and the parade which went before. The band; the drum major juggling his great brass baton; the horses with their gaily caparisoned riders; the elephants; the camels; the gaudy cages with their ferocious captives; the freaks; the clowns (best loved of all); and in the rear, the raucous but enticing symphony of the calliope.

Later there was a big tent and all the town crowded into it. You carried water for the elephants, or sneaked under and watched the ringmaster spin his magic before your eyes while you munched peanuts and dangled your legs from the wooden benches high up in the big top.

The circus keeps our hearts forever young. Kindly fate has preserved it from the changes that have come with passing years. May we have it with us always, and may we be grateful for the children and grandchildren who continue to furnish us with an excuse for living over again the days of our departed youth!

Club Entertainment Committees

Club Entertainment Committees desiring information regarding the staging of an indoor circus will be gladly furnished with information and suggestions. The circuses listed here are prepared to furnish attractive programs of any size required for the occasion. Any number of trained elephants from one to fifty-five, twenty-seven trained animal acts and a selection from more than 1,000 performers presenting 300 acts of unequalled entertainment. We not only furnish them, but supervise the performance under your auspices. Please communicate with the general offices at the following address:

General Circus Offices
35 South Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.





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