



The Elks

Magazine

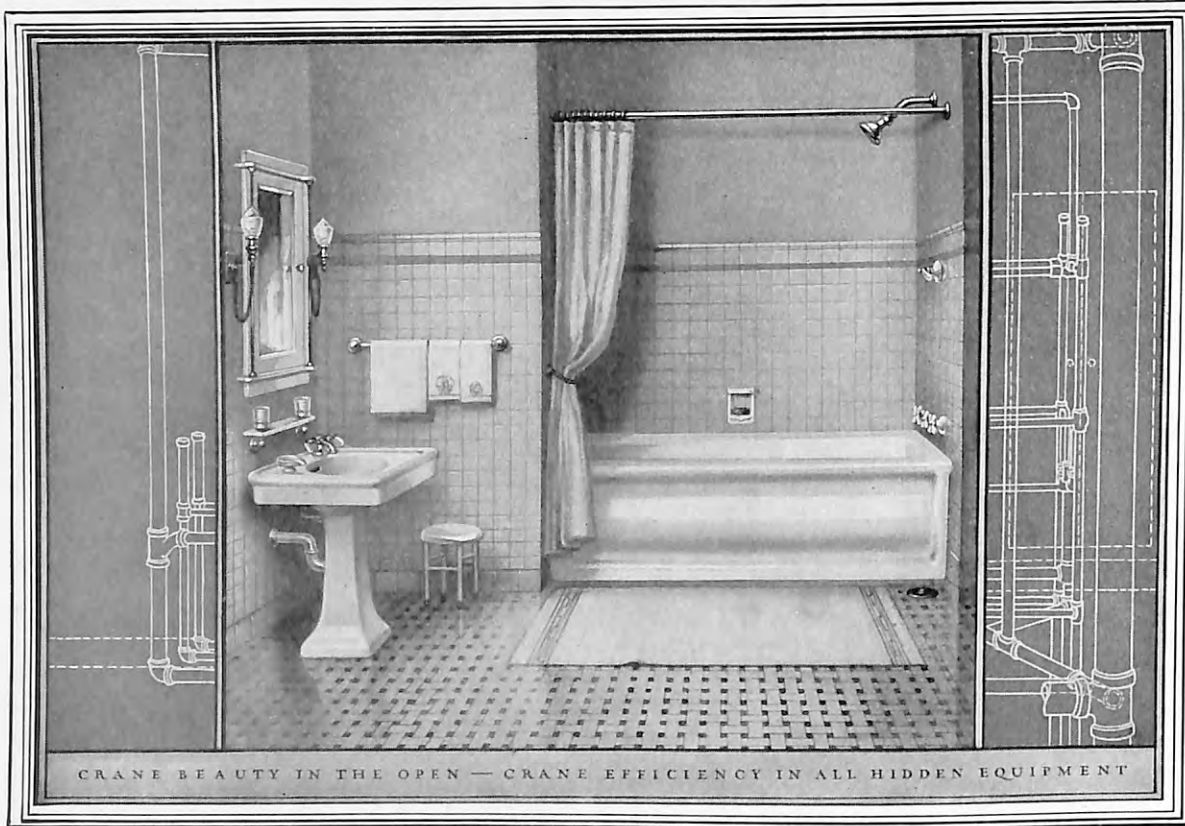
SEPTEMBER
1922



In this issue: Evan J. David, Richard Le Gallienne, Lawrence Perry, Albert Payson Terhune, William Almon Wolff and others

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



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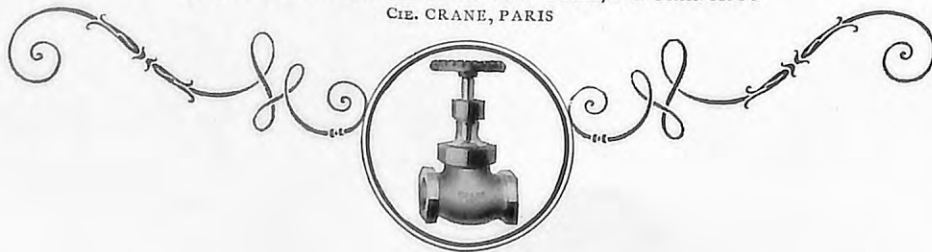
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The Only Sure Way to Avoid Embarrassment



Do you know the correct thing to say in this embarrassing situation?



Do you know the correct thing to wear to every social occasion?



Do you know how to word invitations, acceptances, etc.?



Do you know how to create conversation when left alone with a noted person?



Do you know what to say when you arrive late at an entertainment?

WE have all had our embarrassing moments. We all suffered moments of keen humiliation, when we wished that we had not done or said a certain thing. We have all longed, at some time or other, to know just what the right thing was to do, or say, or write.

Every day, in our business and social life, puzzling little questions of good conduct arise. We know that people judge us by our actions, and we want to do and say only what is absolutely in good form. But, oh, the embarrassing blunders that are made every day by people who do not know!

The Only Way

There is only one sure way to be calm and well-poised at all times—to be respected, honored and admired wherever you happen to be. And that is by knowing definitely, positively, the correct things to do on all occasions. Whether you are dining in the most exclusive restaurant or at the most humble home, whether you are at the most elaborate ball or the most simple barn-dance, whether you are in the company of brilliant celebrities or ordinary people, you will be immune to all embarrassment, you will be safe from all blundering mistakes if you know the simple rules of etiquette.

What Is Etiquette?

Etiquette is not a fad. It is not a principle or theory or belief. It is meant not merely for the very wealthy or for the extremely well-educated. It is meant for all people, who, in the course of their everyday life, find it necessary to keep themselves well in hand; to impress by their culture, their dignity; to know how to be trusted and respected in business, and admired in the social world; and for women who wish to be considered at all times cultured and charming.

It is embarrassing to overturn a cup of coffee and not know just what to say to the hostess. It is embarrassing to arrive late to an entertainment and not know the correct way to excuse yourself. It is embarrassing to be introduced to some brilliant celebrity, and not know how to acknowledge the introduction and lead subtly to channels of interesting conversation.

The man who is polished, impressive, and the woman who is cultured, will find the doors of the most exclusive society opened to admit them. But the world is a harsh judge—and he who does not know what to do and say and wear on all occasions will find himself barred, ignored.

You have often wondered how to word invitations, how to acknowledge

introductions, how to ask a lady to dance, how to act at the wedding, the funeral, the theatre, the opera. Here is your opportunity to find out the absolutely correct thing to do, say, write and wear on all occasions.

The Book of Etiquette, in two large volumes, covers every detail of everyday etiquette. It tells you how to act

at the dinner table, how to excuse yourself if you drop a fork, how to write and answer invitations, how to make and acknowledge introductions. It tells you what to wear to the dinner, the dance, the party, what to take on a trip to the South.

You cannot do without the Book of Etiquette. You need it to refer to whenever some important event is pending. You need it to refer to whenever you are in doubt, whenever you are puzzled, anxious. It corrects the blunders you have perhaps unknowingly been making; helps you to avoid all embarrassment; shows you the way to be always, at all times, cultured, impressive and charming.



Do you know the embarrassing blunders to be avoided at the wedding?



Do you know the correct way to introduce people?



Do you know how to avoid embarrassment at exclusive restaurants?



Do you know the correct etiquette of the theatre and opera?

What Would YOU Do—

- if you arrived late at an entertainment?
- if you overturned a cup of coffee on your hostess' table-linen?
- if you were introduced to a noted celebrity and were left with him, or her, alone?
- if you were not asked to dance at a ball?
- if you made an embarrassing blunder at a formal affair?

These are only a few of the hundreds of situations in which you should know exactly the correct thing to do or say.

Send No Money Five-Day FREE Examination

The complete two-volume set of the Book of Etiquette will be sent to you FREE for 5 days. Glance through the books. Read a page here and there. See for yourself some of the blunders you have been making. You will immediately realize that the Book of Etiquette is a wonderful help to you.

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Do It Now!

Send off the coupon today—now—before you forget. You've often wondered what you would do or say in a certain embarrassing situation. You've often wished you had some authoritative information regarding right conduct.

Don't overlook this opportunity to examine for yourself the famous Book of Etiquette. Don't wait until some very embarrassing incident makes you regret that you never knew the right thing to do or say. Here's your opportunity to examine the book of Etiquette in your own home without cost. You cannot afford to miss this opportunity. Mail the coupon NOW. Nelson Doubleday, Inc., Dept. 1229, Oyster Bay, N. Y.

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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 Four

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

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Office of the
Grand Exalted Ruler
Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks
of the United States of America
Official Circular Number One

Charleroi, Pa., August 21, 1922

To All Elks:—Greeting

DEAR BROTHERS:

When I was elected Grand Exalted Ruler at the Reunion held in Atlantic City, I endeavored to express my gratitude over the confidence reposed in me. I desire at this time to reiterate the sentiment I there expressed and to thank you again for the signal honor conferred upon me.

Earnest effort and honest endeavor have characterized the work of Elkdom during the past year and, as a result, progress has been steady and vigorous. This was in a large measure due to the painstaking care and good judgment exercised by the Officers and Committees of Grand Lodge. I have been much impressed by this substantial growth, and have determined that throughout the coming year all that is done in the Order and for the Order will be with the end in view of keeping in step with this forward march.

It is not my intention or desire to attempt startling innovations. In so far as we must adjust ourselves to new conditions, changes must be made from time to time. New ideas must be accepted and tried out. But at the present moment I am inclined to be conservative, and hold fast to the constants or fundamentals which have assured our growth and prosperity. My hope is that during the present administration there shall be such a general air of progress in every direction as will insure advancement all along the line.

Real progress is best understood by distinguishing the points of contact of what is being done, with what is about to be begun. The essential thing is for us to recognize on the one hand what is valuable in the work now being done and, on the other hand, keep our minds open to new opportunities for service. By doing this we will avoid both fossilization and hysteric change in our endeavors. If we as Elks are quick to see what is the immediately next step to take, and take that step in a common sense way, we will ever make safe and sane progress.

The welfare, standing, and integrity of the Subordinate Lodge is of vital interest and will always be first in my mind. As is the Subordinate Lodge, so is the Order. The Subordinate Lodge makes the Order, and upon its character more than upon anything else does the greatness of our fraternity depend. No problem is even second in importance to that of maintaining the quality of our lodges, and I am fully convinced that the time is at hand to consider carefully the question of internal Subordinate Lodge development. Let us ascertain, if possible, what is most needed to put our lodges in position to do the work Grand Lodge exacts of them, and exert every energy within our power to make each Subordinate Lodge a one hundred per cent. organization.

Some specific needs of the Subordinate Lodge are: Efficient officers, attractive meetings, proper exemplification of the ritual, and the practice of business economy. While not absolutely necessary, cozy, comfortable homes and clubs are a great help to growth and development. None will doubt but that hundreds of our lodges exist under these conditions. My dearest desire is that all may soon be raised to this standard.

Through the medium of Social and Community welfare work much will be accomplished to cause persons outside Elkdom to recognize that a Lodge of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks is an asset to any community, membership in which is something to be desired as an honor, and that being an Elk means being a citizen who serves his city worthily. So it follows that every Elks Lodge should interest itself in civic affairs, and take a leading part in all movements that are of benefit to the community, the state and the nation.

Elks believe in the enforcement of law and the maintenance of order. Every law once enacted should be impartially enforced. The prohibitory laws form no exception to this rule.

With our membership growing rapidly, almost doubling itself in the last five years, I have sometimes feared that some of our members fail to come to a full realization of what it means to be an Elk. Too many Elks take little interest in the Order aside from paying their dues and wearing the button. In a perfunctory way they are Elks, but the relations are cordial rather than vital. Being an Elk means more than having membership in a fraternal organization. One does not become an Elk for material betterment, but associates himself with the Order because he desires to do good to all mankind. He is a friend to humanity and believes in the philosophy of the living present. He is practical in his charity, yet withal most generous in his care for the needy and



suffering. He believes in scattering flowers along life's pathway, and gives human sympathy and human helpfulness as fully as he gives of his money.

The good Elk is not only human and cosmopolitan, he is also a one hundred per cent American. He believes that the strength of our nation is in its dependably patriotic citizenry, and he has an intense appreciation of his country, the opportunities it gives, the blessings it confers. He believes that patriotism is not a negative virtue, but that it means service and often sacrifice. He believes that for the protection offered he should in turn protect and maintain our government, so he holds it his duty to do everything possible to fit our people for respected citizenship and complete living.

Men are born, but good citizens are made, and to the lasting credit of our Order be it said that Elkdom is doing its full share to make decent, upstanding, law-abiding American citizens.

These are the reasons for our great increase in membership. They are the real reading of the riddle of our growth and achievement, a reading of which all Elks may be proud.

Atlantic City Reunion

The Reunion held at Atlantic City was interesting and profitable. A marked improvement was noticed in the attendance of representatives at all sessions and the meeting was pronounced by some of the delegates present as the best they ever attended. Atlantic City Lodge deserves great credit for the arrangements made for the comfort of its guests.

Elks National Home

After the fullest deliberation and very best thought, the Grand Lodge six years ago erected a new National Home for the care of our indigent members. The field of usefulness, which was broad, has proven larger than was anticipated. While at the beginning doubts were expressed as to whether the Home would be filled with guests, we now find it filled to overflowing, and the Board of Grand Trustees reports a waiting list. Therefore, at the Atlantic City meeting the Board of Grand Trustees was directed to erect a new cottage at a cost not to exceed \$75,000. We feel that the Board will expend wisely the funds entrusted to it and that before the close of this year this new cottage will be available.

The Elks Magazine

It is my pleasure and duty alike to commend The Elks Magazine. These sentiments I am quite sure you share with me. In a word, our national publication has fully realized, if not exceeded, our dreams and expectations. Impartial critics have pronounced it a classic in every essential. Moreover, as Elks, we find it a valuable compendium of the news of the Order, a constant source of inspiration, a perpetual incentive to higher and better things. I may add that The Elks Magazine is a lively and interesting messenger of Good Cheer—the herald of a new and brighter day in our Fraternity. It fills a want long felt and is worthy of our enthusiasm.

To more closely acquaint the Grand Lodge with its rank and file, and to more closely acquaint the rank and file with each other and the Grand Lodge as well; to sharpen and quicken the pride of all Elks everywhere in the star events of our achievement; to dwell upon the expectations of to-morrow and to combine energies until these expectations round into reality; to invite and publish always the best thought of the Brotherhood as it points upward—these are the reasons why The Elks Magazine has arrived to add joy to our service.

As you turn its pages, you should fondle the fact of its personal possession as your Magazine. You are invited to take deep concern in its fortunes, to contribute to its columns, to absorb and appreciate not only the text and the art and the various stories and special features, but also to keep an eye open to its Advertising Department, and to make household words of the names and products presented therein. These advertisers are our friends. They patronize and add to the popularity of our Magazine. By natural instinct, we, in our turn, acknowledge the compliment and respond in our own way. The result of such contact is necessarily mutual profit.

After all, we owe our thanks and undivided support to The Elks Magazine. It is unselfishly enlisted for the best results. Commend it to others as I now commend it to you.

Memorial Headquarters Commission

By a resolution adopted at the session of Grand Lodge held in Los Angeles in 1921 a commission known as the National Memorial Headquarters Commission was created. This Commission was authorized and empowered amongst other things: to select and purchase real estate in the city of Chicago upon which should be erected a National Memorial Headquarters Building; to employ an architect or architects; to adopt plans and specifications, and to make every necessary contract for the erection of said building. It is proper to record that this Commission has purchased a site, has adopted plans, and that as soon as detailed plans and specifications are completed the contract for the erection of the building will be awarded. Each successive step has been attended by the closest scrutiny and deepest solicitude, and it is a great pleasure to attest to the fidelity of the members of this Commission who have given of their best judgment and experience in unstinted measure in the work they are directing.

By action of the Grand Lodge, Past Grand Exalted Ruler William W. Mountain was made a member of this Commission.

Annual Dues Assessed Upon Each Member

In accordance with the constitutional provision for raising revenue, the Grand Lodge fixed and assessed annual dues upon each member of the Order by unanimously adopting the following resolution:

"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."

Statutes Amended

Several statutes were amended at the Atlantic City session. These changes have been incorporated in a new edition of the Statutes that is now available and a sample copy will soon be mailed each Lodge by the Grand Secretary. Every Lodge should at once procure a supply of this new edition of the Laws. You can not properly or legally conduct your business without it.

I wish to call special attention to the change in Section 125, which requires the Secretary of a lodge to 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.

Committee on Social and Community Welfare

A resolution of the Grand Lodge directed that the Committee on Social and Community Welfare be appointed before adjournment of the Grand Lodge. I appointed the following:

John P. Sullivan, New Orleans, La., Lodge No. 30.
William T. Byrne, Albany, N. Y., Lodge No. 49.
William H. Atwell, Dallas, Tex., Lodge No. 71.
W. C. Robertson, Minneapolis, Minn., Lodge No. 44.
Lee Meriwether, St. Louis, Mo., Lodge No. 9.

The specific object of this Committee is to plan and execute improvements which will promote the best interests of the Subordinate Lodges; and to adopt and direct to a successful conclusion a definite program of Welfare Work. This Committee will also, if special need arises, advise lodges regarding selective membership campaigns and will act on all proposed changes in the ritual. All lodges should receive suggestions from this Committee in the spirit of helpful cooperation in which they are offered, and should join enthusiastically in Welfare Work.

Appointments

Brother Jefferson B. Browne, of Key West, Fla., Lodge No. 551, has been appointed Pardon Commissioner.

Brother Roland W. Brown, of Charleroi, Pa., Lodge No. 494, has been appointed Secretary to the Grand Exalted Ruler.

Miss Emma Scholl is again in charge of the Office of the Grand Exalted Ruler.

As soon as practicable I will submit a list of all other appointments.

Fraternally yours,

J. E. Masters
Grand Exalted Ruler.

Attest:



Fred Robinson
Grand Secretary.

Personalities and Appreciations

We Print It Gladly, Herewith

RECENTLY there came to us from the Editors of The Youth's Companion, in Boston, the following letter:

"We thank you for sending us a copy of the first issue of The Elks Magazine which we have examined with much interest and on which we wish to congratulate you. It is, we think, a very attractive first number and should well supply the special place that it is intended to fill.

"There is one detail, however, in which we have a personal interest and which we wish were a bit different. We refer to the Pledge to the Flag that is used as text for the cover picture. That pledge was originated in The Companion office as a part of the movement started by The Companion to put the national flag on every schoolhouse in the land. We are proud of the approval which the nation has placed on that pledge, and we like to have it credited to The Companion when it is used. Perhaps at some convenient time you would like to print a note to that effect."

We are grateful for being set right and glad of this opportunity to give credit where it belongs—much as we might have liked to claim authorship of the pledge for ourselves.



DESPITE the brevity of our existence thus far, we have already received requests for permission to reprint in their entirety several of our special articles. Among these are Governor Scott C. Bone's article on Alaska, that on the Farmer's Business, by William Almon Wolff, and that on Women in Sports, by Lawrence Perry. As a point of general information it should be known that the material in each issue of the magazine is fully protected by copyright. But we are happy under certain conditions to grant permission to republish our articles to those who request it.



When You Change Your Address

A SUBSCRIBER desiring the address of his copy of The Elks Magazine changed, can find no better method of notification than to clip the present wrapper address, endorse thereon the new address, paste it securely on a postal card or enclose it in an envelope and mail it direct to The Elks Magazine, 50 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y. No letter or additional instructions necessary.

It is essential, always, to send the *old* address with the new one.



Who's Who in This Issue

ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE, who contributes our leading short story, "Between the Eyes," is a tremendous figure of a man who carries what is popularly known as a sleep-potion in either hand. In his newspaper days he boxed with all our most eminent pug. Now he punishes the typewriter and, for diversion, raises thoroughbred collies. Lad and Bruce and the other dogs you have met in his collie stories are not mere phantasms of fiction but real flesh and fur

animals, raised at Sunnybank, Terhune's country place in New Jersey.

Lawrence Perry, author of "Every Inch a Magnate," a baseball story in this number, is known as an expert in the sporting field. As with Terhune, Perry writes from first-hand knowledge and observation—and very keen observation it is.

Evan J. David, who has written for this issue a very clear and authoritative article on the status of commercial aviation in this country, has studied flying for a number of years and has seen as much of the United States from the lofty view-point of airplanes and blimps as any other civilian. He did not always, however, enjoy a lofty view-point. At the age of ten he was a breaker boy in a Pennsylvania coal mine and for seven years thereafter held various jobs in the mines. He put himself through Harvard, has been Professor of English at New Hampshire State College, and has two books to his credit, to say nothing of innumerable stories and articles. This is pulling oneself up by the boot-tops, and no mistake.

Berton Braley, whose poem on Charity is one of the bright spots of the number, possesses the gift of versification to an astounding degree. Greater than that, however, is his gift of humanizing, in his verse, people and things and thoughts you meet in everyday life. It is this human quality, combined with a flawless rhythmic technique, that makes his work so enormously popular. "Charity" is the second of a series of poems Berton Braley is writing for this magazine.



What You Always May Expect

BUILDING a magazine to please a variety of tastes is in some ways similar to running a general store. Not everyone likes or wants the same things at the same time. We have, however, one telling advantage over the ordinary run of magazines in that we have one big fundamental interest around which to build—your common interest in the Order of Elks, its aspirations and achievements. Of Elk material you will find in this issue a full and meaty measure.

As for our general contents, we are working with this thought in mind: We want you never to be able to say to yourself, "It's just the same as last month." We want you, rather, to say to yourself, "I wonder what's in it this time?"

Confident, always, that whatever you find in it will be of the very best.



COMING soon are splendid short stories by Rita Weiman, Achmed Abdullah, Harold Titus and Hugh S. Fullerton—and, to follow up "The Footstep," a rattling good short serial by a writer who has done some of the most colorful and stirring work of recent years. We are not quite ready to announce a name or a title. But keep your eyes open. We can, however, announce the beginning in an early issue of a new humorous series by one of the funniest men now writing—Robert C. Benchley. And other nationally known humorists are going to be with us, too. Just a little time, please.

THE EDITOR.



Drawing by
Harvey Emrich

Shamefaced Goodness

THE spread of goodness in this paradoxical world, so evidently in need of it, and, therefore, one would have thought so ready to give it grateful welcome, finds no more curious obstacle than the shamefacedness of men to acknowledge their good actions. Certainly, it is proper enough that they should not brag about them. But no observer of that most puzzling of all creatures, man, can have failed to notice that the average manly man, as distinct from the professional doers-of-good, whose good deeds are too often "sicklied o'er" with the vanity of self-righteousness, not merely "does good by stealth," and "blushes to find it fame," but that he is positively ashamed of any virtuous imputations. He much prefers to be regarded as a devil-of-a-fellow, though actually he is as harmless as a sucking dove. Nothing would seem to flatter him more than the suggestion that he is mysteriously "wicked," or, at all events, what we mean by a sport.

One has only to watch a few men together, say, in the sociability of the smoking-room. How careful they are to suppress any indications of their better selves, and to parade their lapses. The most demure of them is anxious to be considered in the game, and one can often watch him rather pathetically striving to match his more robustious comrades in their recitals of usually much magnified improprieties, or the sharp practice of ruthless business transactions. He hates to be left out, and longs to show that he is as bad as the worst of them, while the worst of them, if the truth were known, is very far from being as black as he paints himself.

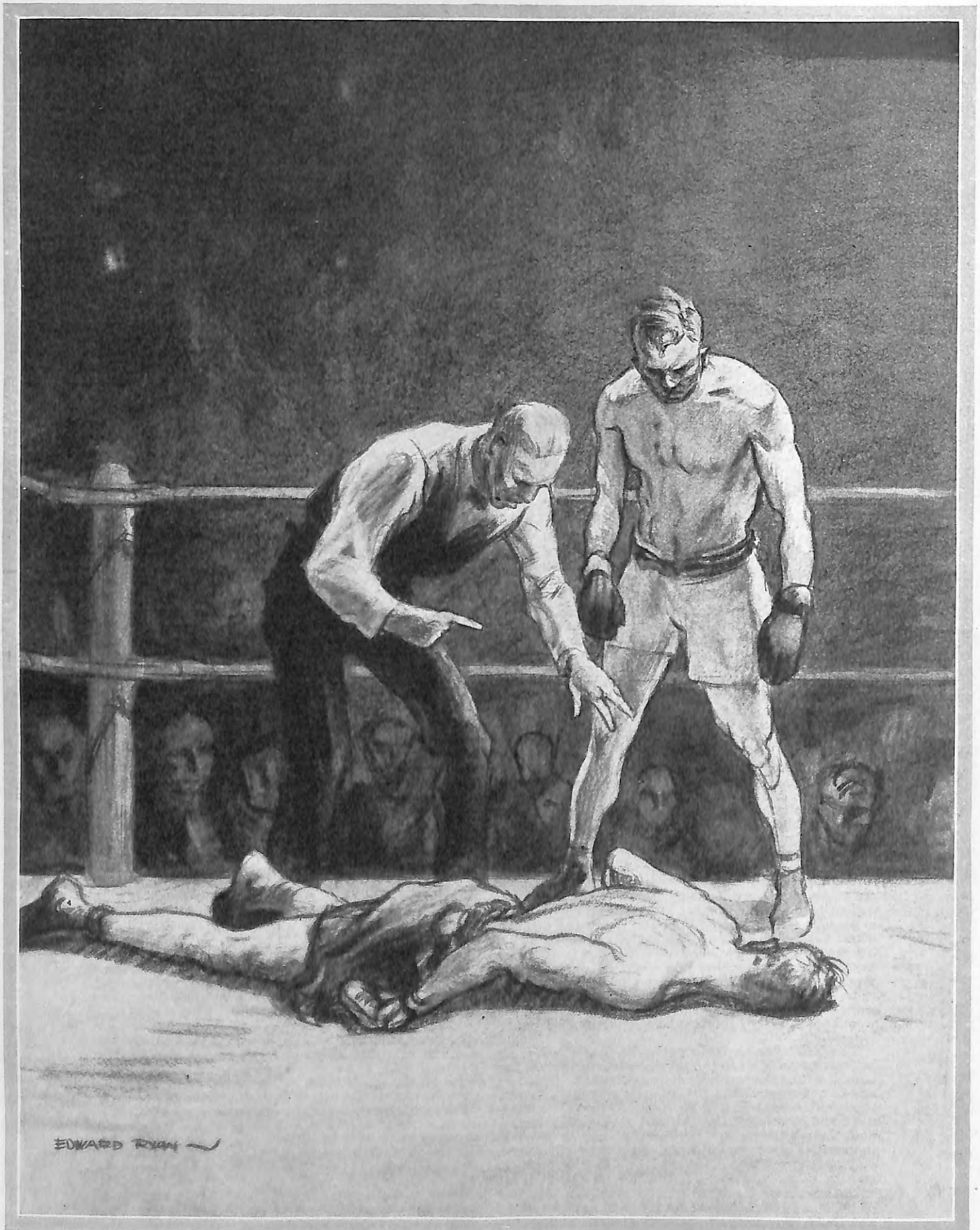
The habit begins early in boyhood, and offers an interesting problem to the psychologist. There are few lads, if left to themselves, who would care to drink and smoke and swear. But the other fellows all do it, and, though the cocktails and the tobacco upset their stomachs, and generally make them feel anything but happy, and, though the oaths struggle out from their lips, still innocent of the razor, with self-conscious nonchalance, still they heroically affect to be as bad as possible, though, secretly, they would much rather be at home with their heads on their mother's shoulder. The fear of being a mollycoddle is ever before them. Anything but that! To own up to preferring purity and gentleness to dissipation and brutality necessitates a degree of courage, which is not only rare, but which it is almost too much to expect from the average lad beset as his untempered spirit is by "the code" of that school-

boy "manliness," which would seem to take the cave-man for its model, and to regard goodness as a form of girlishness. In this, certainly, the boy is father to the man.

Why are we so ashamed of the practice of the Christian virtues? There is nothing essentially feminine about being, or doing, good. Yet, with rare exceptions, the popularity of the prize-fighter far exceeds that of the gentlest and saintliest priest; and, to keep abreast of the times, we see even priests and religious instructors generally driven to affect a certain worldliness, even "sportiness," to gain attention for their messages, and to exert even a civilizing, not to speak of a spiritualizing, influence over a world which seems to be bent on "going Fantee," that is reverting to something like savagery—at all events in manners, which, properly understood, are a branch of morals.

Doubtless the psychology of the affected "wickedness" and brutality which is superficially confused with manliness, is that goodness has too often been associated with effeminate softness, and lack of that fighting fiber which is necessary in that battle of life which, alas! continues to be anything but a mere phrase.

BUT the battle is not only to the strong, in the superficial, muscular, sense of that word. It is excellent, as we know, to have a giant's strength, but the real worth-while giants are those who include moral strength in their equipment, who dare to speak for the good and gentle, to act it, and to acknowledge it, fearless of that foolish ridicule which too often intimidates the good man into keeping his goodness to himself, not merely his good deeds in a spirit of becoming modesty, but his good ideals. Such hiding of our light under a bushel may be carried too far, to the serious loss of the community at large; for the power of a good deed in a naughty world is infinite, and the affectation of sins we have no mind to is a childishness against which it behooves all of us to be on our guard. Here the Elks can do a real service to their fellows. No Elk need be afraid of seeming a mollycoddle, "unmanly men" are not elected in the Brotherhood of Elks. To be an Elk is, *prima facie*, to be known for a man. An Elk, therefore, need have no shamefaced fear of acknowledging the truth and goodness that is in him, and for which he, as a member of his Order, unostentatiously stands. Let the "other fellows" mock if they have a mind to. Goodness and kindness will always laugh last.



IT was a punch to be proud of—or to make its perpetrator wish his hand had withered at the wrist . . . according to the nature of the man. Down went Merle Renton. He fell face forward. The wise members of the audience knew well what such a fall portended. None but a man definitely knocked out falls forward like that



Merle let his tense body relax, sinking back on the couch where Linda had seated him. Gradually he drifted to sleep

One of the Greatest Fight Stories Ever Written Between the Eyes

By Albert Payson Terhune

Illustrated by Edward Ryan

THE big auditorium, shaped like the lower half of a flare-edged peach-basket, was blue with tobacco smoke. This in spite of the announcer's perfunctory drone of:—

"Gen'l'm'n 'll kin'ly r'frain f'm smokin' by ord'r 'f th' Fire D'partm'nt!"

High to the rafters soared the banked pine seats; packed with men. The September night was sickeningly hot. Every coat was in its wearer's lap. The myriad-colored shirts—white, pink, blue, green, striped, yellow, and in a score of varying shades—gave a weird multi-hued effect of massed color, through the shifting haze of smoke.

At the edges of the peachbasket's bottom were rectangles and rows of better seats. Here and there, among the men who filled them, stood forth the piled or bobbed hair of a woman. Close to the center were square boxes with pine railings. In these, women were more plentiful. And among the men, here, was a sprinkling of dinner-jackets.

In the exact center of the place—a center toward which faced every box and bench and toward which converged every aisle—was a raised platform, a 24-foot squared ring. Above this beat down a score of glaring electric lights, radiating back from the ring's white canvas floor and bringing out into sharp relief three human figures.

Of this trio, one was a sweating and red-faced man in shirt sleeves and baggy trousers. One of his suspenders had come loose and dangled unnoticed behind his back. The arc-lights made his bald head shine like a halo. He was "Honest" Tim Constantin; and this was a wakeful evening for him. For he was refereeing one of the most spectacular and best advertised

fighters the Cestus Athletic Club had staged for a year.

The ring's two other occupants were Spike Kennelly and Merle Renton. At a casual glance there was nothing heroic about either of them. Squat, heavy-set, hairy, they were going through a series of hopping and hammering evolutions which only a fight-fan could have found graceful.

Stripped to trunks and socks and canvas shoes, they faced each other, panting through set teeth; their faces engorged and blood-smearred; their hairy chests and white torso-sides spattered with reddish-blue blotches where bruising blows had landed. Their faces streamed sweat. Sweat glowed from their nearly naked bodies. The mouth of one was grotesquely swollen. The left eye of the other peered owlshly through a newmade mountain of puffed flesh.

The two were weaving back and forth, now rushing, now eluding, now jumping at each other like fighting cocks, now foot to foot and raining blows on each other's faces and upper bodies; now clinching so furiously as to call forth all of Honest Tim Constantin's vocal and physical efforts to part them.

Yes, it was a good fight. And the spectators did homage to it by an almost ceaseless rumble of sound which, now and then, swelled to a chorus of yells. True, nine-tenths of the audience howled itself hoarse when a spectacular but futile punch resounded loudly against cheekbone or head-top. And the same nine-tenths remained densely mute at sight of some clever and killing bit of infighting, whose course it could not follow and whose import it lacked the skill to grasp.

For this is the way of fight-crowds. One

man in ten has the boxing knowledge and the eye to follow and appreciate the finer points of the contest—the murderous half-hook which travels a bare ten inches; the shift that avoids a blow and lends power to its counter; the short-arm fusillade for heart and wind, at close quarters and on the instant before the clinch. Such things mean nothing to the average fight-goer. Yet he is drunkenly elated when a long-distance smash connects in noisy unimportance with the thick skull or the impervious shoulder of its object.

The idea of blood and of battering and of seeing one man beat another to senselessness—these are the things which draw the crowds. And only the tiny minority see the consummate skill and prowess of the trained athletes. Such few insiders know that a swashing blow to the nose will make much blood flow and will do practically no damage; while a non-spectacular little close-quarters jolt over the heart may take more out of its victim than could fifty windmill nose punches.

It was Merle Renton's fight. The wise ones had seen that from the end of the first round, in spite of Kennelly's savage work. And they had seen it increasingly in every one of the six rounds that had followed.

Kennelly was a born fighter, crafty, ferocious, apelike in his dynamic strength. But Renton was besting him. Steadily, with no gallery plays and with no atom of lost motion, Merle had tackled his job. Bit by bit he was wearing down his taller and showier opponent. By another two rounds at most, Kennelly would be ripe for the knockout.

AND Renton knew it. He was not throwing away a single trick. He was not wasting a single chance by premature effort to bring on the climax. He was content to follow out his original program.

Unsparringly, remorselessly, he kept playing for the heart and the wind; all but neglecting Spike's face. Under his terrific



battery of infighting, Kennelly's powers of recuperation were beginning to cave in. Realizing this, Spike fought the more viciously. More than once he incurred the referee's warning by hazarding a foul, under cover of infighting or clinch.

Gradually, the bulk of the crowd, too, was beginning at last to see which way the fight was going. And, for the most part, the crowd was glad. For Merle Renton, welter-weight champion of the East, was popular. Every fight-fan knew him to be square and clean. And the story of his shift of trades, from shipping clerk to pugilist, had set dreams of glory to flickering in the brains of a hundred other shipping clerks.

NOW, from the Antipodes had come Spike Kennelly, New Zealand's welter-weight champion. Across the Continent he had fought his way, from the West traveling East, winning victory after victory—sometimes in a way that did not add to his popularity or to his fame for sportsmanship. And at last he had challenged Merle Renton.

Nobody in the Cestus arena, that night, knew better than did Spike Kennelly, that the New Zealander's unbroken line of victories was in danger, just then, of sudden curtailment. He had thrown his best into this battle. And, ever more and more as the fight waged on, he had felt that his best was not good enough. Ruse after ruse he tried—ruses which earned him curt warnings from Constantin and an occasional ringside hiss.

But it was no use. Steadily, unswervingly, Merle Renton was demolishing him.

The men came up for the eighth round. Merle advanced to the center in a business-like fashion; refusing to let the howled encouragement of the crowd shake his resolve to avoid useless risks. The fight was

his own. And he knew it. Perhaps the end might come in this round. Perhaps not until the next. But it was at hand. His plan of campaign was proving good.

Spike came out of his corner with a rush. He was using up the last that was in him in a desperate effort to land the traditional "chance blow" which might change his fate. The men crashed together in mid-ring; in a volley of short-arm jabs which culminated almost instantly in a clinch.

As they clinched, Spike brought up one arm awkwardly as if in a schoolboy effort to hit his antagonist on the forehead. The referee's eye followed the silly maneuver; as Kennelly had intended it should. And, in the same instant, Spike brought down his heel, with all his strength and the full weight of his hundred-and-forty-odd pounds. He brought it down on Merle's left instep.

The instep—though few realize it—is one of the body's most cogent nerve centers.

The stamp of Kennelly's heel, for all its soft rubber sheathing, sent a torrent of anguish surging through Renton's whole body. A spasm of physical nausea shook him. For the first time in his five-year experience as a fighter, Merle "hung on" in the clinch—hung on despairingly, lest he topple to the ground before his steel nerve and his powers of resistance should enable him to throw off the numbing effect of the trick.

"Now, then, boys!" the referee was intoning, boredly, "Break clean, here! Act nice! Break away, I'm telling you! Break. Renton!"

Still half dazed with pain, Merle obeyed.

He did not make complaint. It was not his way to squeal to the referee when an adversary fouled him. He preferred to do

his own punishing; and to do it in his own square way. Constantin shoved him back from the clinch, butting his obese way between the fighters.

At once, Kennelly was at Renton, like a raging tiger. Spike was eager to do what damage he might, before the other should once more be his wonted invulnerable self. As he charged, he aimed a mighty left swing for the jaw—a blow which, ordinarily, should be used only as a counter. He relied on the anguishing effect of his heeling, to make Renton too slow to block or duck so swift and so terrific a smash.

Merle saw the swing coming. Calling on all his numbed faculties, he strove to elude it. He threw up his guard, at the same time jerking his head

to one side and stepping backward. But, thanks to jarred nerves and dazed brain, the move was too slow. His tortured foot would not carry him away soon enough. Nor did his glove fly up in time to block the blow. Over Merle's guard flashed the swing. His head was pulled out of the way; but not far enough.

The thunderbolt fist crashed straight into the center of Renton's forehead, just above the eyebrows. Its impact sent him to the floor. It would have felled a heavy-weight.

The crowd screeched and pounded in mad excitement. Men jumped up in their seats. Men behind them yanked them down again. And, in the moment's bloodthirsty thrill, half a dozen individual fisticuff scrimmages were started in various parts of the bleacheries.

Now a blow between the eyes, as far up as the brows, may knock down a man not braced for it. But it is practically never a knockout. Instantly, Merle Renton gathered his feet under him. Before the referee had reached the count of two, he was on his feet and ready for the fray. The first spasm



With no outer show of emotion she took Merle's groping hands— Then, with Dr. Meagher on his other side and with Brace following, she led him into the house



"Mr. Kennelly," she said, speaking with evident nervousness, "I am Linda Renton. I have been waiting to speak to you. It's terribly important."

of pain and numbness had passed. He was himself again.

But, even as he scrambled up, Merle was aware that a fuse—or a number of fuses—in the building's electric light apparatus had burned out. The arena was in pitch darkness.

This irritated him. It was bad enough to have been fouled and then knocked down, without having this accident postpone his moment of victory. Perhaps, before the lights could be turned on again, Spike might have time to recuperate from the steady hammering to heart and wind. And Renton's work might have to be begun all over again.

Merle frowned, vexedly. It was very annoying. He half-turned, to grope his way to his own corner. Why didn't one of his seconds light a match to guide him? Why did the audience and the other two men in the ring take so calmly this extinguishing of the electric lights?

The crowd was still yelling and cheering and shouting encouragement; just as though the place was not in pitch darkness.

Then, in sick horror, Merle understood. All in a second. It was not the light, but his sight, that was gone!

The hideous spasm of nerve-rack—then the fearful blow between the eyes! He was blind!

To the spectators at large, the only thing apparent was that Merle Renton had gotten to his feet and that he was apparently dizzy or confused by the force of the knockdown. For he was moving with uncertainty, his guard only half up; his gaze seeming centered vaguely and frowningly on a point a little to one side of his opponent.

Spike Kennelly, with his remaining strength and speed, flashed in. Far better

than the crowd did he interpret these signs of acute grogginess. And he hastened to take due advantage of them. Renewed hope lent him renewed battling force.

Then, as he bored in at his stumblingly groping antagonist, he caught a distinct view of the staring and sightless eyes.

As a hobbledehoy lad, just out of the orphanage, back in New Zealand, Spike had spent a year as handy man in an asylum for the blind. Nobody with such experience could misread that awesome blank look. And, immediately, Spike knew what had befallen his foe. At the asylum there had been a patient whose sight had been lost by reason of a flung rock smiting him over the eyes. Kennelly remembered his own swing and where it had landed.

THE championship was his! But he must act before the referee should discover the nature of Renton's mishap and stop the bout. Scarce a second had passed since Kennelly had seen and recognized that sightless glare. Scarce three seconds had passed since Merle had risen so waveringly to his feet. There was no time to waste.

Setting himself, deliberately, Spike Kennelly struck.

He smote with all his trained skill and with every atom of his force and weight. It was a punch to be proud of—or to make its perpetrator wish his hand had withered at the wrist before ever he had struck it; according to the nature of the man. And it did its work.

Down went Merle Renton. He fell face forward. The wise members of the audience knew well what such a fall portended. A man, merely knocked down, falls backward from the impact of the blow. None but a man definitely knocked out falls forward like that.

Slowly, from a billion miles away, Merle Renton crawled back to consciousness. His head was racked and rent with intolerable torment. His mind was as blank as were his shut and quivering eyes. His first semiclear impression was the sound of Constantin's voice chanting: "TEN!"

He felt a tap on his shoulder, as the numeral was spoken. The referee had accompanied the fatal word with his customary shoulder slap. Now he was crossing to where the jocund Kennelly stood and was preparing to lift aloft Spike's right arm in token of victory.

Then, in a rush, memory came back to Merle. Not in dribbles; but blazingly clear. And in sheer heartbreak he lay still; his eyes shut, his throat contracting in a herculean effort not to cry. He was blinded. He was beaten. His antagonist had taken advantage of his blindness, to knock him out.

For the first time in his clean ring career, Merle shammed. He continued to lie, in seeming unconsciousness, while his seconds lifted him and carried him to his corner and wrought over him.

The arena was rocking with the plaudits of the crowd. It had been a good fight, with a charmingly unexpected twist at the end and a sensational knockout. That was all

the majority of the spectators knew or cared. They had had their money's worth, in ample measure. And they gave clamorous voice to their appreciation.

Presently, Merle heard Brace, his manager, tell the seconds





to pick him up again and carry him to his dressing-room. There was a gruffness in Brace's tone that masked a yearning to cry. For he and his fighter were chums. In the dressing-room, as he was laid on the table, Merle whispered his manager's name. Instantly Brace was leaning over him.

"You're all right, now, old man!" he heard the manager saying cheerily. "Don't try to get up, yet. We'll—"

"Send all the others out!" panted Merle. Wondering, Brace obeyed.

"They're all gone," he reported, coming back to the table, where Renton still reclined with closed lids. "What did you want to say to me?"

For answer, Merle Renton opened his sightless eyes. They looked unseeingly past Brace. For a moment, the manager stared bewildered, into the blank orbs. Then he cried out, as in physical pain.

"No!" he yelled.

"No! Good God, man! It can't be you're—"

"I'm blind," Renton made simple reply, striving to steady his voice and to control the horror that fought to tear his very heart asunder. "I'm blind. He heeled me in the instep, in that last clinch. I was too sick to block his swing, as we came out of it. He got me between the eyes. And it put my sight out of business. Then he knocked me out. He—"

"THE filthy swine!" roared Brace, half-blubbering. "Lord, but I'll murder him for this—if I go to the Chair for it! Wait! I'm going to send for the best doctor in town. For all the doctors in town! I'm—"

"Come back!" ordered Merle, glowering in his general direction. "Come back here! You'll stay where you are. I'm not going to have a lot of doctors running here; and have the whole story get around town and be in every paper, to-morrow. I never yet squealed or made excuses. And I'm not going to begin now. I—"

"And mind you!" spoke up Linda, earnestly. "I didn't tell him a lie. I kept saying it was a fairy-story"

"But, man—!"

"Get me home!" ordered Renton; "get me home, in a rush. Don't tell any of the boys about it. Say I'm too groggy to walk alone; and kind of steer me to the taxi. Get me home and away from the bunch. Then it'll be time enough to send for Doc Meagher."

Nor could Brace move him from his sullen resolve. In the cab, on the way to Renton's flat, Merle went on with his outline of action.

"If I can get cured of this," he explained, "then, all right. There'll be nothing to blab about. If I can't, it'll be time enough to tell folks. Every pork-and-beaner has an alibi for getting licked. And I've always thought of such cusses as being pretty near as low as the beaten champ who 'cries like a child,' the way the papers say. Well, tonight, I know how both those things can get done. But I'm not doing either of 'em. I was licked. Let it go at that. If ever I get my eyes back, I'll pay the bill I owe Kennelly. If I don't get 'em back, I'm not letting any one else pay it for me. I—I kind of hate to talk, to-night. I guess I'd rather we didn't say anything more, just now. I got too much to look forward to. And then, there's—there's Linda!"

"If you'd like me to go upstairs, ahead of you," suggested Brace, nervously, "and break it to the wife—"

"No," refused Merle. "Linda don't belong to the snivelly breed that has to have rotten news 'broke' to 'em. If I can stand this, she can. And likewise she will. And she'll help me to stand it. If it's got to be stood. And now, let's shut up, shan't we? I'm—I'm in a new world. A horrible kind of black world. And I'm needing all my nerve to get used to it."

The rest of the drive was made in silence. From time to time a stifled sigh from Ren-

ton's corner of the dark taxi would break the stillness, as the blind man warred for self-control against the horror which confronted him. Once, a full-flavored and fervent oath sounded from Brace's corner. The manager was visualizing himself with both knees on the prostrate Kennelly's chest; and his itching fingers at the New Zealander's eyes.

THEN the taxi stopped in front of a flat-house. On the steps stood a woman and a man. The woman was Renton's dark-faced little wife. The man was a doctor for whom Brace had telephoned as they left the clubhouse.

Linda did not scream nor have hysterics, or do any of the other approved things which Brace morbidly expected from her. Dr. Meagher had told her what the manager had telephoned him. And she stepped forward very quietly and efficiently to meet her returning husband.

With no outer show of emotion she took Merle's groping hands in her own firm little grasp, as Renton stepped blunderingly out of the taxicab. Standing on her tiptoes, she kissed his twitching mouth. Then, with Dr. Meagher on his other side and with Brace miserably following, she led him into the house and up to the little flat that was their loved home.

It was not until Dr. Meagher had made every possible examination under the circumstances and had departed, promising to call early in the morning with a great specialist of his acquaintance—it was not until Brace, grim and sniffling, had wrung Merle's hand and Linda's and stamped away in Meagher's wake—it was not until she and her stricken husband were alone together in their living-room, that Linda let herself go.

Then, gathering the blind head in her arms she strained it close to her breast, murmuring love words of encouragement; crooning to the sufferer as to a sick child. And, for the first time, too, Merle Renton laid

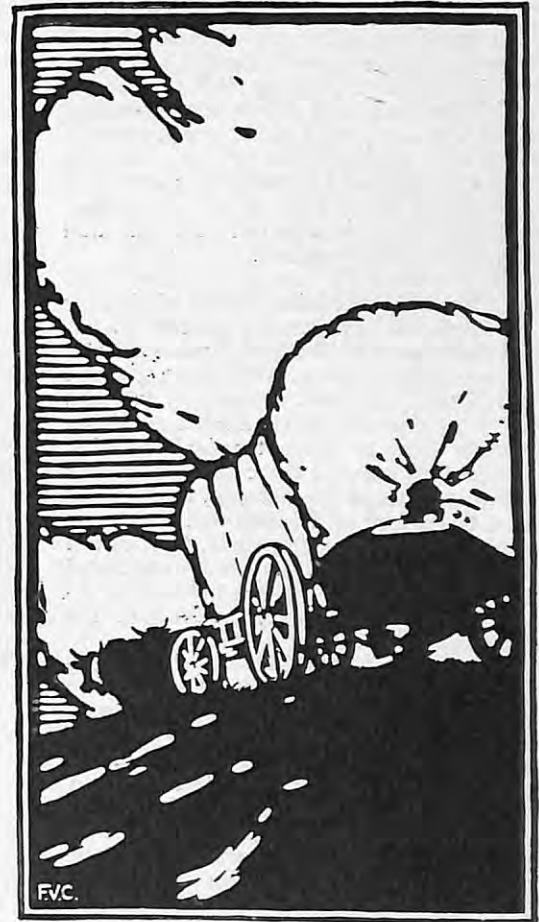
(Continued on page 53)

Keeping Your Business Moving

By William Almon Wolff

Decorations by F. V. Carpenter

THE life of a nation depends upon transportation and communications precisely as the life of a man depends upon his circulation and his ability to communicate the decisions of his mind to the members of his body that must put them into effect. This series of pictures of industrial life as it is being lived in America to-day began with agriculture, which, as it produces the means of life itself, is naturally basic and fundamental. It must proceed, logically, to consider transportation, since it would be useless to produce food unless the means of distributing it existed. About transportation, some phases of which are themselves industrial, revolves a whole group of dependent and related industries

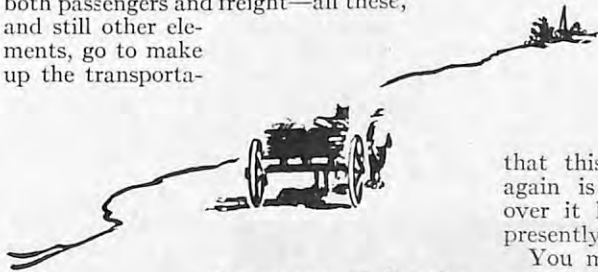


THE transportation system of the United States is vast and complicated far beyond any ordinary conception. Even the most superficial study of it reveals an array of problems, some of them appallingly difficult to solve, and involving decisions, necessarily to be made in the near future, which are certain profoundly to affect the history of this country and of the world in the next hundred years.

Transportation does not involve railways alone, as a good many people seem to think. In its simplest form transportation demands always, of course, two things: a route and a vehicle. You may have steel rails and trains running upon them; waterways and vessels of some sort; roads and carriages of one type or another. It takes no great degree of imagination, to-day, to visualize the use in the near future of aerial ways, but a discussion of aerial transportation has no proper part in a description of the American transportation system of the moment—although when communications come to be considered it will be found that the aerial mail is beginning to play a modest part in the general scheme.

But the American transportation system means more, much more, than the network of railways that has been flung over the land; more than rivers and great artificial waterways like the Erie and the proposed St. Lawrence canals; more than the superb trunk highways with their endless streams of passenger motor cars and trucks. Tens of thousands of miles of dirt roads, some good, some fair, some bad and some un-speakably atrocious; choked city streets,

so overburdened with traffic that they resemble the New York subway in the rush hour; bankrupt trolley lines, struggling along in a losing effort at least to meet their operating costs; irresponsible jitneys, tearing along city streets and interurban highways; modern motor-bus and track lines, for both passengers and freight—all these, and still other elements, go to make up the transporta-



tion system of America.

Drive along a newly surfaced State road in your car. You will meet, you will pass, or you will be passed by, scores of machines in an hour; passenger cars like your own, huge trucks, some of them with trailers; lighter trucks—vehicles of every sort and description. All will be making good time; averaging twenty miles an hour, perhaps.

But turn off the main road some afternoon. Take any turn you please. Perhaps you will strike a pretty good macadam road, at first. Keep on. Twist and turn. Get farther and farther from the great State road. You will come to dirt roads in the end, growing narrower and narrower, rougher and rougher. You will see fields on either side; from time to time a farmhouse. You will drive through standing grain; among truck patches and orchards. You will see pastures, where dairy cattle graze; you will see pigs rooting, and chickens scratching for their food.

And, as you bump along, worrying about your springs, wondering why in the world you followed my advice

and left the smooth, safe road, you may meet some farmer, bouncing along in his Ford with a load of produce. Consider well what you are seeing. Remember

that this road that you may never see again is that farmer's daily trial; that over it he must carry the food you will presently eat—and for which you will pay.

You must pay, in the long run, in one way or another, for every broken spring the farmer has to mend; for the extra gas and tires the rough road forces him to buy; for the extra time its vileness makes him use to get his produce to you. You have an interest, personal and direct, in those rural roads, that lead to and from the farms. Just as the farmer has an interest in the smooth State road that hums under the tires of pleasure cars and trucks alike—an interest that, for a time, he did not see, with the result that he used to regard money spent on good roads as money wasted. He does not feel so any more!

Yet it takes more still, in a modern state, than roads and vehicles to make up a transportation system. Terminals are vital; facilities for loading and unloading and transshipment. The greatest railway in the world can be no more efficient between two given points, such as New York and Chicago, say, than its terminals.

IN New York, on Manhattan Island, that is, there stand two great railway terminals—those of the New York Central and the Pennsylvania roads. They are monumental structures; they are among the show places of the city and the whole country. Yet they represent an infinitesimal part of the terminal facilities of New York City.

When you think of the New York terminal you must include hundreds of miles of freight tracks, across the North River in New



Jersey; up in the Bronx; on Long Island. You must remember the wonderful Hell Gate bridge, crossing Long Island Sound, and the tracks that link it with the tunnels under the East and North rivers, so that there is a continuous line of rails, through New York, between Boston and the South. You may ride without changing cars, and without the use of a ferry, between Boston and Washington—between Boston and Key West, for that matter!

THE railway piers that line the whole New York waterfront are a part of its terminal equipment. Freight, sometimes still in cars, is lightered across the rivers to them. Warehouses, grouped, sometimes, in great systems such as that of the Bush Terminal in Brooklyn, extend these terminal facilities. Marginal streets and the crossways leading to and from them are included, too. There must be means of loading and unloading freight from ocean-going ships, to establish links between railways and waterways and trunk highways and the great stream of international trade—to say nothing of the very important coastwise trade.

So you may have a glimpse of the magnitude, the enormous ramifications, of the system of transportation that is to be considered in this and the articles immediately to follow it. In them, too, communications will have a part; communication and transportation are indissolubly linked. To a great extent they use the same equipment; the same trains that carry passengers transport the mails and supply a great part of the facilities for the intercommunication of ideas, information, thought. Beside the railways, too, run telegraph and telephone lines.

Great strides have been made of late in communications; the extraordinary recent development of radio gives promise of wonderful progress in the near future. But here again it will be well to remember, in contemplating some striking achievement in radio, such as the linking up of an isolated telephone exchange on Catalina Island, off the California coast, with the telephone system of the whole country, or the marvelous underground, multiple telephone and telegraph lines between great cities, that some pretty primitive means of communication still remain a part of the national system.

The rural mail carrier, jogging along in his horse-drawn buggy, or pedaling his bicycle; the telephone wire, strung along between farms, with instruments requiring the turning of a crank to call Central; the crossroads post-office, with its array of boxes to hold mail that arrives once or twice a week—these are just as truly parts of the whole communications system as the farm road with grass growing between its ruts is an integral part of the system of transportation.

Now, with a picture, sketchy and incomplete, of the whole transportation system laid out, let us take up highways and roads,

which still serve, necessarily, as the foundation of the whole structure.

The coming of the automobile has, of course, within the last twenty-five years, created a wholly new set of road problems. It has revolutionized long-standing principles of road construction; it has created, especially in the United States, such a demand for good roads as before its day was never imagined. It has subjected roads that, before it, seemed everlasting, to traffic that has pounded them to ruin in a few months.

Here are a few figures. We have, in the forty-eight States, practically two and a half million miles of roads—of which about fifteen per cent. only are surfaced. For road building and maintenance in 1921 more than \$600,000,000 was spent—of which more than half came from taxes and fees of one sort and another laid upon motor vehicles or the fuel used to drive them. Of this sum about \$180,000,000 was spent for maintenance and repairs.

There were, in the United States,



last year, 10,448,632 motor cars and motor trucks—of which 9,321,150 were passenger cars and 1,127,482 trucks or other commercial cars. The National Automobile Chamber of Commerce estimates that motor trucks, last year, carried 1,430,000,000 tons of freight as against 1,642,251,000 tons carried by steam railways. This was almost all short-haul traffic, of course; the ton mileage of the railways was nearly 307 billions against less than six and a half billions for the motor trucks.

However, it is no longer necessary to advance arguments for good roads and better roads and more of them. That phase is over; we are well along in the work of providing a really national highway system and of developing its efficient use as a part of the national system of transportation related to every other part of that system. The chief interest in the statistics of automobile production and use

lies in this—that these figures show to what an extraordinary extent the production of self-propelled vehicles has anticipated the construction of adequate road facilities for their use.

With that phase of highway transportation there is such general familiarity that it seems unnecessary to dwell upon it at any length. You do not have to be very old to remember the beginnings of the automobile; the days when Benz and Daimler, abroad, Haynes, Selden and other pioneers here, were carrying on their experiments. I have



a very vivid memory indeed of being one of a vast crowd outside the Grand Hotel, in Northumberland Avenue, in London, the day the first automobile road run to Brighton—a distance of fifty miles!—was

to be begun. That must have been about 1896. I could see the cars—they looked like buggies without horses. I believe one or two were started, after a long delay, and that at least one did get to Brighton.

Then I can remember watching for the cars that were touring, in 1901, from New York to Albany on the east side of the Hudson. I sat on a hillside near Cold Spring, above a turn in the road, and those cars came along, one at a time, with long, long gaps in the line—foreign cars, mostly. There weren't as many, by hundreds, as you would see now on a weekday afternoon! It is curious, now, to look back through those years. Landmarks, as it were, stand out: the first Vanderbilt Cup race on Long Island, with vast, crawling shapes slipping through the darkness before the dawn at Mineola, spitting blue flame; the days of the enthronement of the great racing drivers, Oldfield, Chevrolet, Strang, Lancia and the rest; the epoch-making improvements like self-starters and demountable rims and the substitution of electric lights for the clumsy acetylene gas system!

In all America, in 1899, 3,700 motor cars were made—in 1921 the production was 1,514,000, the peak, up to now, having been reached in 1920, when we made 1,883,158 cars, including 322,039 trucks. The first year in which figures of truck production are recorded was 1904, when 411 trucks were turned out.

THE motor car to-day is a standardized, dependable vehicle, built to perform certain work and pretty nearly one hundred per cent. efficient in doing it. And it is safe to say that to the extent that it fails to be fully efficient road conditions are very largely responsible, directly or indirectly.

Now, what is being done, and what has been done already, to provide roads for the use of this steadily growing array of motor vehicles?

Until 1891 jurisdiction over roads in America was almost wholly local. The county was the largest political unit that concerned itself with either the building or

the maintenance of highways. One result, of course, was that the vast bulk of road planning and building was done to serve local ends. Trunk highways were comparatively rare.

Some post roads, of course, had survived the stage coach days before the coming of the railways. That was true of the Eastern States; of that part of American territory which was settled before railways were built, when roads furnished the only means of transportation and communication. But America in this respect was naturally not so well provided as the older countries of Europe, which, being thickly populated before railways were introduced, had been obliged to supply themselves with numerous and good roads. It was the pushing of the railways farther and farther out that led to the settlement of the West, and our new States and territories were not under the same obligation to develop really adequate road systems that would have been found had a crowding population spread out before the railways came, instead of following them, as was the case.

So, for a long time, all that was required of roads, in a great part of our territory, was that they should furnish access to the railways from the country about the lines. The demands upon these roads were trifling, compared with the burden laid upon all roads today. But even those demands were not very well met, in many cases; long before the coming of the automobile the Southern States, still feeling the effects of the war, suffered because of their poor roads.

IN 1891 New Jersey passed the first law providing State aid in road construction, and creating the first State Highway Department. This step was revolutionary, and New Jersey has the credit of being the pioneer in good road work. By 1916 thirty States had followed her example by creating highway departments and extending State aid in building and maintaining roads—the greater part of this development coming, naturally, after the appearance of the automobile.

In 1916 came the second great date of highway development—July 11, on which day the Federal Aid Road Act was signed by President Wilson. This law did two things. It provided money to be spent over a period of five years for road construction in all the States—and it made the apportionment of money conditional on the expenditure of at least an equal amount by the State to be helped and the creation of a State department or bureau of highways in those States which did not already have such a department.

For the first time now something was being done to carry out the conception of a really national highway system. The national Government did not plan to build roads itself; for many reasons that was not the solution of the problem. It could not,

no power existed that could, dictate to sovereign States what they should do in building roads. But the national Government could, and under this law, did, in effect, say to the States:

“Here are certain sums of money. You may have them, for use in extending and improving your own roads. But if you want them you must submit both your routes and your plans of construction to the Secretary of Agriculture for approval. You must apply this money to the building of a definite system of main and secondary highways. You must agree to maintain the roads once they are built. You must spend at least as much of your own money—but your share of the money may come

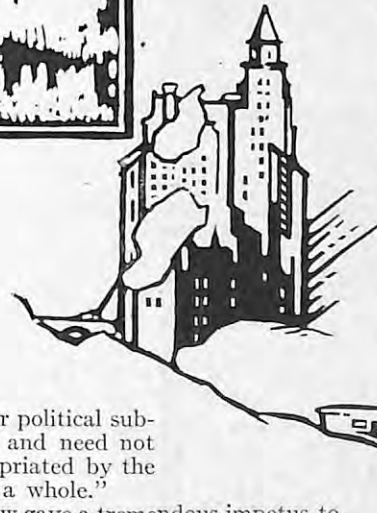
for a connected system of highways in each State, limited to seven per cent. of the State's total road mileage. This system, again, is to be divided into two parts. The first part, including primary, or interstate highways, is not to include more than three-sevenths of the whole Federal aid system; the second part is to include the secondary or inter-county highways, serving, in a sense, as feeders to the great trunk roads.

STATE highway departments are to select the roads to be included in the systems, the Secretary of Agriculture having the right to require revision or modification of these selections. And the roads must be maintained. At first sight it may seem difficult to make a State maintain a road if it feels poor or becomes indifferent. But this law was cleverly written. If a State doesn't maintain one of these roads which the Government has helped to build the Secretary of Agriculture may do so—charging the cost against the State's share of money available for new construction. Until the State pays up, it gets no more money. And when it does pay up the money goes back into the general fund, and the State gets only its pro-rata share!

Generally speaking, the States have a pretty free hand as to the actual building of the roads. The law requires that if they are surfaced, the surface shall be durable and likely to meet all demands of traffic; specifically, it says the surface must be at least eighteen feet wide. In practice the Bureau of Public Roads, which acts for the Secretary of Agriculture in surveying and approving plans and construction, sanctions every sort of standard modern surface, holding that local conditions make sometimes one and sometimes another suitable. What it does insist upon is sound and thorough work below the surface, with adequate grades, curvature and drainage.

That, after all, is of primary importance in road-building. The subgrade determines the life and the quality of a road to a great extent. The finest surface in the world will go to ruin quickly on a poor foundation.

Upon the whole subject of road sur-



from your political subdivisions and need not be appropriated by the State as a whole.”

This law gave a tremendous impetus to road-building all over the country. The seventeen States that had not already followed New Jersey's example of providing State aid and control for roads were prompt to do so. The war, breaking out, or, rather, drawing us in, the following year, checked road-building to a great extent, money and labor being diverted to essential war work. But even so, the expiration of the five-year period saw solid achievement. By that time 7,469 miles of new roads had been completed; seven months later the total had risen to 13,887 miles and, allowing for the stage of completion of projects under construction, the total was 24,000 miles.

Under the first Federal road law \$266,000,000 had been provided to aid State projects, and, beside that great sum of money, surplus war material, suitable for use in road-building, and valued at \$120,000,000, had been apportioned among the States. This material included trucks, tractors, blasting powders and other explosives, concrete-mixers—a bewildering array of things, practically all of which could be turned to use.

In 1921 a new law was drawn to extend the period of Federal aid. It amended the old law in certain respects, and provided for five years more of cooperation. Under this law Federal aid is to be used



faces there is much controversy and argument, which shall have no hearing here! Some of the arguments are disinterested, and are based upon real convictions as to the superiority of one surface material to another; many are frankly interested, however, and represent the views of men who will profit by the choice of concrete or brick, or whatever the material they favor may be. What the Bureau of Public Roads has to say on this point covers the ground:

"In the approval of Federal-aid projects every modern type of rural road has been recognized as having relative merit. In so large a program of construction distributed throughout a territory like that of the United States no other attitude could be assumed. . . . The standards of approval could not be the same under such a variety of conditions."

IT STANDS to reason that local conditions, including climate, necessary grades and probable traffic, must determine the surface most profitably to be laid down. Cost must be taken into account, but not, of course, first cost alone. It may be cheaper, in some cases, to lay down an expensively surfaced road costing, perhaps, \$35,000 a mile, than one of gravel at a cost of between \$11,000 and \$12,000.

Federal money is being spent for roads in the national forests as well as in aiding State highway projects. These roads constitute links between State systems in many cases, and are often a part of long-distance interstate highways. A great impetus has been given to these highways, typified by the Lincoln Highway, the Yellowstone Trail, the Dixie Highway and many others, by the Federal-aid movement; the time is coming when they will be complete roads, surfaced from end to end, and providing a great variety of routes, east and west, north and south.

Behind and beyond these great trunk roads, however, lie the hundreds of thousands of miles of purely rural roads upon which, in the last analysis, the vast bulk of all farm traffic will always be borne. While no direct aid comes to these roads from the Federal appropriations, and comparatively little State aid is provided, they are bound, none the less, to benefit from the general development that is going on. As the National and State governments increase their interest in through roads less and less will be demanded of the counties and towns through which these primary and secondary highways pass, and the counties will be able to devote their money more and more to the neglected back roads.

Up to very recent times there has been a great concentration of attention upon the development of roads for passenger traffic and their use for touring and quick short-distance travel. But 1,127,482 commercial vehicles were registered last year. It was estimated that 150,000 motor trucks were in use on farms, and there was record of

1,500 motorized express companies. Taking these figures in conjunction with the figures already cited showing the transportation of nearly a billion and a half tons of freight in motor trucks, with a ton mileage of nearly six and a half billions, it is obvious that the motor truck is already a factor very far from negligible in the whole system of transportation.

Moreover, its importance is growing, and is bound to grow still faster in the near future; indeed it is safe to say that the solution of the transportation problem depends to a great extent on such a growth.

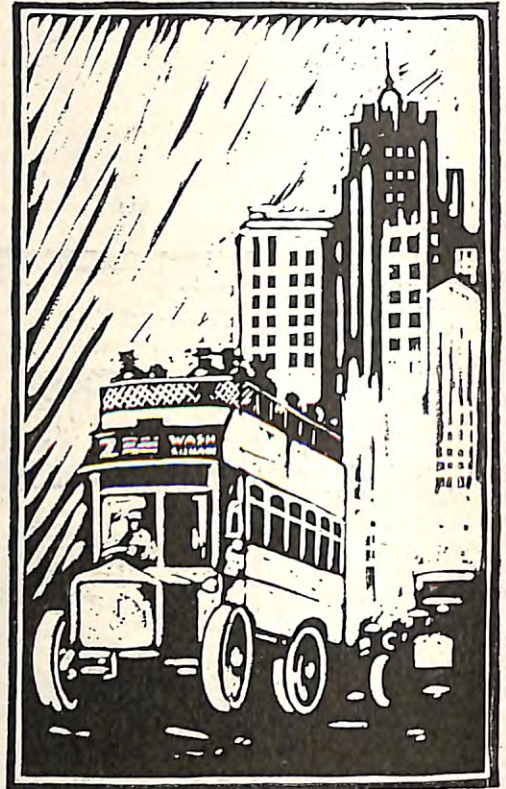
It will be seen later, when railways and their problems are being considered, that at certain times the railways are quite unable to meet the demands upon them for freight movement. In 1918, and even more acutely in 1919, the country faced serious crises caused by the inability of the railways to handle the traffic offered to them. Can't you remember the car shortage in those war years, the terrific jams in terminal yards and the great gateways like Chicago, Pittsburgh, Cincinnati and Buffalo?

Both economic and physical conditions forbid the railways to maintain enough equipment to meet traffic demands when they reach a peak, as they do, for example, in a prosperous year, about the time of the wheat harvest. The story of railway inability to handle traffic, recurring at definite intervals, goes back for thirty years. This phase of the transportation problem will come up later in this series; it is mentioned here only because the highways and the motor truck represent one of the means in sight to achieve a solution.

One of the great railway problems is found in short-haul business in less than carload lots. Generally speaking, this sort of freight does not pay. It clogs terminal yards; it ties up cars; it is uneconomical, because cars used for it are not, as a rule, loaded up to anything like their capacity. The long-haul business is the profitable business.

It is the short-haul business that the motor truck is seeking. Here, unquestionably, it supplements railway facilities; it is a complementary and not a competitive factor. There will be railway men in violent disagreement with this statement, but there will be cordial agreement with it, too, among others, and it represents the prevailing view among experts without bias on either side.

For the shipper between points like, say, New York and Philadelphia, the motor truck frequently offers great advantages. As against shipments by express truck rates are about the same. Shipments by freight appear to be considerably cheaper. *But*—there must be added to the freight rate the charge for haulage at both ends. And this,



too, must be considered—that there is a great saving of time when shipment is made by truck. Truck deliveries to-day can, practically, be guaranteed as to time.

That is what makes for the enormous growth of truck shipment of farm produce. Time is the vital factor in the distribution of perishable food products. Into every great city now numerous truck lines run from the food reservoirs about them. Sometimes these trucks are owned by individual farmers; sometimes by two or three in cooperation. More often the trucks are owned and operated independently, serving the farmers at fixed rates.

THE growth of this short-haul trucking has created and is still creating many problems, solutions for which will have to be found very soon.

Most highway users who ride in passenger cars hate trucks. They are a nuisance, of course! They thunder along, taking up more than any car's fair share of the road; they are blots upon the landscape. But they have come to stay, and it is a short-sighted policy that plans to tax them off the roads or to impose prohibitive restrictions upon their size. It may be that in the long run it will be necessary to construct special highways for these great trucks, perhaps with tracks for trailers; something of the sort is already under discussion in some States, especially in Connecticut.

It will be necessary, certainly, to provide adequate terminal facilities for them in cities like New York, Boston, Philadelphia; here, again, a beginning has been made, but little more.

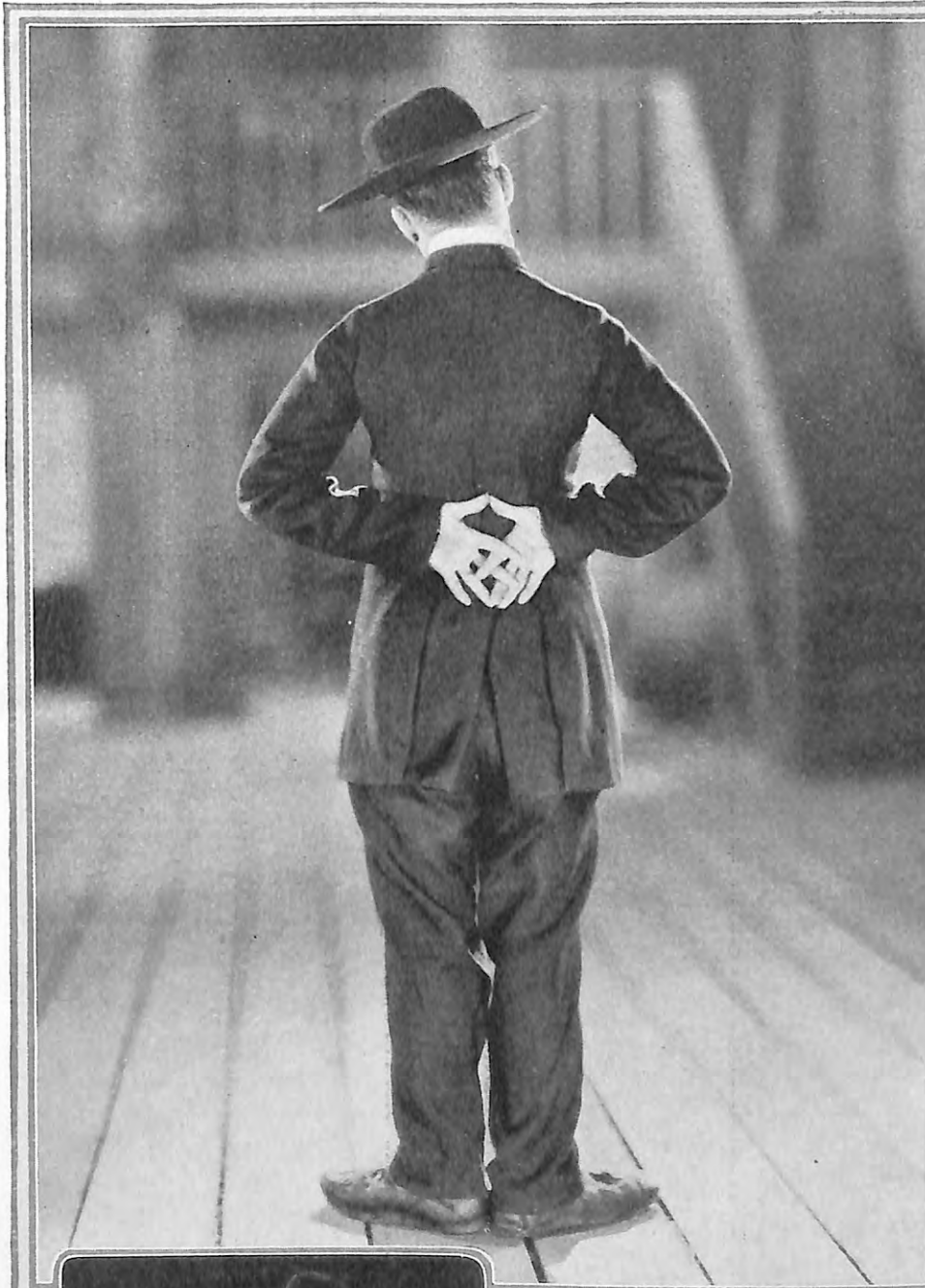
But there is still another problem. Here is a new common carrier. In the last thirty years public control of common carriers has been greatly extended. Every State regulates railways; reserves the right to grant franchise; supervises rates. Up to the present such control is only beginning to be exercised over motor-truck lines. New York does not regulate them at all as yet—so far as freight is concerned. It does assume control over motor-bus passenger lines.

Twenty-two States have taken some

(Continued on page 53)



Who Said the Apparel Oft Proclaims the Man?



Chaplin is never more effective than in quasi-pathos—nor has anyone more completely mastered the gesture and expression of pathos than he. In this picture it is registered in every inch

These photographs, taken by Abbe on a recent trip to the coast, are the first "stills" for which Chaplin has posed, while making a film, in many years. Usually he insists that photographers snap him in full action



If this picture, without a title, were flashed on the screen anywhere in the world, from Hong Kong to Rio and in between, those who saw it would know immediately whose picture it was. As with other racial divergencies, the sense of humor varies, but laughter is universal, and so fundamental is Chaplin's art that the whole universe laughs with him



These poses are from a new film as yet unnamed which has been in preparation for several months, and will probably be released this fall



Next month you may look forward to pictures and caption-reviews of the best of the early plays launched in the new season. Prophesying stage successes is not our aim. We prefer to tell you—whenever possible—about those productions which give evidence of stability from the start. Watch out for our theatrical pages—October issue

ABBE

Virginia Brown Fair, soon to appear with Guy Bates Post in his screen version of "Omar the Tent Maker." Miss Fair is to be the "Thou" mentioned affectionately in Omar Khayyam as "Thou, beside me in the wilderness"



MURAY

Irene Castle is about to undertake a dance tour featuring fashions and dances of 1923 and carrying other variety acts with a company of her own



ABBE

A few years ago Mary Pickford made a great success with "Tess of the Storm Country." She is soon to appear in a new version of it which will demonstrate the tremendous development in motion picture methods since her first "Tess" was made



MORRISON

After a number of years retirement Amelia Bingham returns to the stage this fall in the Maugham satirical comedy "The Circle"

Alla Nazimova is now busy creating the rôle of Salome for the screen. It is to be a lavish production with settings in the Beardsley manner



MURAY

Hubert Stowitts, who will add interest to the new edition of the Music Box Revue this fall, in some of the original and fantastic dances for which he is famous. Mr. Stowitts is a former partner of Pavlova



12-102

Frances Starr opened her New York season in "Shore Leave" as a loveless maiden who waits long for the return of a sailor whom she has casually entertained one night at supper



MURAY



Douglas in the Age of Chivalry

IF YOU remember your Robin Hood and what manner of man he was, you will realize at once why Douglas Fairbanks is recreating him on the screen. This new picture gives our lusty young friend an opportunity to fight like a wildcat every hundred feet or so—and between fights offers him moments of relaxation as shown above. Maid Marian is Enid Bennett



"Courage is the Thing"

A Great Theme, Running in One Way or Another Through Recent Books

By C. W. F.

"COURAGE is the thing," said Barrie in his now-famous rectorial address delivered at St. Andrews' University, Scotland, on the third of May. "Unless a man has that virtue he has no security for preserving any other."

Here is an address—made now into a little book—reaching far into the hearts of the students who listened to him, and illustrated in person by some of the people whose acts he used as shining examples.

Col. B. C. Freyberg, V.C., for instance, the man who was the first of the British Army to land at Gallipoli:

"He was dropped overboard to light decoys on the shore, so as to deceive the Turks as to where the landing was to be. He pushed a raft containing these in front of him. It was a frosty night, and he was naked and painted black. Firing from the ships was going on all around. It was a two-hours' swim in pitch darkness. He did it, crawled through the scrub to listen to the talk of the enemy, who were so near that he could have shaken hands with them, lit his decoys and swam back. He seemed to look on this as a gay affair. He is a V. C. now, and you would not think to look at him that he could ever have presented such a disreputable appearance. Would you?"—

and with that Barrie turned on the platform and pointed to Colonel Freyberg who was sitting near him.

Clever Barrie! That's the way to touch off a tale! Pity the ordinary author who can't carry his "live hero" along to prove his veracity and to add a thrill to the occasion! And who can not, like J. M. B., take tenderly out of his pocket a faded and flimsy piece of pencil-written paper and read from it the heart-shaking, courageous, soul-lit message of the dying Captain Scott of the Antarctic. Such a letter addressed to Barrie was found in that snow- and ice-bound tent with Scott's body and those of some "other very gallant gentlemen, his comrades."

"... We are in a desperate state—feet frozen, etc., no fuel, and a long way from food, but it would do your heart good to be in our tent, to hear our songs and our cheery conversation . . ."

Then there was a quotation from Henley, the man who wrote—

"I am the master of my fate,
I am the captain of my soul."

"I was a patient," writes Henley, "in the old infirmary of Edinburgh. I had heard vaguely of Lister and, went there as a sort of forlorn hope on the chance of saving my foot. The great surgeon received me, as he did and does everybody, with the greatest kindness, and for twenty months I lay in one or another ward of the old place under his care. It was a desperate business, but he saved my foot, and here I am."

"There he was, ladies and gentlemen," says Barrie, folding up *that* letter and putting it in his pocket, "and what he was doing during that 'desperate business' was singing that he was master of his fate."

But the courage that Barrie made the theme of his great speech is not always physical courage, but the courage that builds

up life out of failure, character out of weakness, gayety out of downheartedness.

"Lord!" groans some one at this point, "I smell a sermon somewhere."

Don't fool yourself. The little book called "Courage" by Barrie (just the right size to

to the Far West, which began in 1843. He has made a magnificent story of the passage of the caravans of ox-drawn wagons across the plains, along the old Oregon Trail, to the beckoning enterprises, the rich lands, the greater freedom of a new country. Into this romance of adventure and peril he has woven a love story worth reading. What we get mostly out of "The Covered Wagon" is the lofty patriotism, the unbounded *courage* of these people who made the "great trek" across the country—our people.

Molly Wingate (young and beautiful, of course!) was loved by both Will Banion, a brave man but under a cloud, and Sam Woodhull, a scoundrel that some folk did not see through, and who for a long and heart-breaking time "got away with it."

Life in an emigrant wagon-train, during the tortuous progress across a continent at the rate of never more than twenty-five miles a day, afforded ample opportunity for these two young men to work out their feud over the hand of the charming Molly.

Prairie fires; terrifying storms; Indian attacks; perilous river crossings; the sickening monotony of the desert; the struggle for existence along the way! Here's a background that any hero and villain would play up to, and Banion and Woodhull do everything they possibly can to justify their presence in the story.

Great names of those never-to-be-forgotten days have their place, too, in the book, making it smack of real history: Kit Carson, Sitting Bull (when a very young buck), General Kearny, and so on.

Above all, you'll revel in Jim Bridger, the scout, who casually mentions his "squaws" to Molly Wingate's mother.

"Your what? Do you mean to tell me you got squaws, you old heathen?"

"Not many, ma'am—only two. Times is hard sence beaver went down. I kain't tell ye how hard this here depressin' has set on us folks out here."

"Two squaws! My laws! Two—what's their names?" This last with feminine curiosity.

"Well now, ma'am, I call one on 'em *Blast You Hide*—she's a Ute. The other is younger an' *perlier*. She's a Shoshone. I call her *Dang Yore Eyes*. Both them women is powerful fond o' me, ma'am. They are both right proud o' their names, too, because they air white names, ye see . . ."

That's Bridger. For all his squaws and frontier morals and manners, he's the man who finally pulls the disheartened, disrupted, worn and battered covered wagons through to a happy conclusion.

Did Mr. Hough have one eye on the silver screen as he wrote this admirable tale? Did he deliberately put into it, drop by drop, every ingredient for the making of a rousing and thrilling movie? Or, is it merely that the history of our land boils over with the stuff that Barrie founded his address upon and which persists in creeping, willy-nilly, into any real American novel?

"Let 'er Buck"

Not by design, but by one of those delightfully happy chances which sometimes
(Continued on page 64)

The Radio Bookshelf

The Wonders of Wireless Telegraphy, by J. A. Fleming (Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge)

Radio for Everybody, by A. Lescarbourea (The Scientific American Col)

Wireless Telephony, by Dr. Alfred N. Goldsmith (The Wireless Press)

These three books, read and studied in the order given above, constitute, according to a well-known scientific expert and writer, an excellent course in Radio.

The Book of Wireless, by A. Frederick Collins (D. Appleton & Co.)

The right book for a boy interested and bent on understanding wireless.

The Complete Radio Book, by Raymond F. Yates and L. G. Pacent (The Century Co.)

Science illuminated with thrilling history, adventure, romance.

The Radio Pathfinder, by R. H. Ranger (Doubleday, Page & Co.)

A splendid book for the radio fan. Instructive, but filled with human illustrations and made most interesting for the average reader.

Amateur Radio, by Maurice J. Grainger (The James A. McCann Company)

A little book with much information. Recommended in connection with other reading.

The ABC of Radio, by Waldemar Kaempffert (Martin Ray)

A very simple and "down to facts" book on wireless. Its reasonable price attracts young amateurs, and they will find much useful information given clearly and interestingly.

slip into a topcoat pocket) is regular he-man stuff—jolly, full of real stories, of a most heartening kind.

If you get it and read it and *don't* like it, we would be glad to hear about it—to even print your letter here—proving us utterly mistaken and of unsound judgment.

That's how we feel about these words that have come out of the old University of St. Andrews.

"The Covered Wagon"

But, after all, the great virtue—or would you rather call it the splendid instinct?—of courage is the thing that most pleasant people have tucked away upon their persons somewhere; you come face to face with it on the front pages of the morning newspapers, meet it nightly in the movies. Novels perish if they can't show a little of it in their pages. So, if you skip the subject in one form you are bound to run against it in another.

Emerson Hough, when he wrote "The Covered Wagon," had in mind one of the epic dramas of America—the Great Emigration



We've Got the Men and We've Got the "Ships"

But to Make Real Progress in Commercial Flying We Need Something More

By Evan J. David

Sketches by O. F. Howard

JUDGING by what the airplane has accomplished in war and peace, it seems almost unbelievable that it was only nineteen years ago the 17th of this coming December, that Wilbur Wright made the first sustained and steered flight in a heavier-than-air machine built by him and his brother Orville and driven by a gas engine at Kitty Hawk, N. C. Upon this historic occasion Wilbur flew 852 feet in 59 seconds in a plane of the glider type weighing, with the operator, about 800 pounds, propelled by two-chain-drive, pusher propellers and a 12-horse-power, four-cylinder, water-cooled engine which the Wright Brothers had made themselves.

Since then an airplane has climbed to an altitude of 34,500 feet, has flown 12,000 miles completely around the rim of the United States, across the Atlantic Ocean from the New World to the Old and from the Old World to the New, from England to Australia, and, at this writing, a British plane is attempting to circumnavigate the Globe!

Although the United States gave the airplane to the world and for the first decade led all the nations in the construction, development and the utilization of the heavier-than-air machine, it is lamentable that since the War foreign countries have surpassed America in the use of aircraft for commercial purposes and in the development and operation of airways.

France and Great Britain have made the most remarkable progress in establishing and operating passenger and freight carrying airlines.

Without a doubt France leads the world in commercial aviation. France is so geographically situated in Europe that she realizes her peril of invasion from the air, and all her plans for civil aviation admit of easy transformation into war purposes. She keeps her demobilized air pilots fit by offering them the free use of aircraft for stated periods each year. During the month

of July last year 6,000 demobilized airplane pilots took advantage of this opportunity, making 27,000 flights, covering 80,000 miles without a single accident.

The authority concentrated in the Air Minister and complete Federal control of commercial aviation is a great advantage to French aviation, for it makes the licensing of pilots and the inspection of aircraft uniform and prevents the irresponsible gypsy flier from operating any kind of airplane without proper government inspection, in any kind of weather from any place on earth with consequent disaster to aircraft, loss of life and limb, and general disparagement of aviation.

But the subsidy is one of the biggest factors in making France supreme in the air. It provides for the purchase of half the value of each airplane by the French government upon the condition that the airplane can not be flown out of French territory without permission of the air ministry. It is paid only to aircraft carrying passengers or freight and when the journey is completely accomplished. If a plane is abandoned on a trip, the subsidy is forfeited. If an average speed of 80 miles an hour is not attained, the subsidy is not given, providing of course there are no adverse weather conditions or other extenuating circumstances. All subsidized aircraft must be manned by French crews and the materials in the construction must be French. The French commercial subsidy is 75 centimes a kilometer per passenger and .005 centimes per kilogram-kilometer for freight. Additional hourly subsidies are granted on the basis of gasoline, transport, etc. It is suspended if the number of paying passengers during three consecutive months or quantity of

freight falls below 30 per cent. of the capacity of the plane in service.

These subsidies have reduced former air passenger fares as follows: Paris-London, 300 francs; Paris-Prague, 1,500 to 500; and the Paris-Strasbourg, 500 to 150.

In 1919 the number of passengers carried was 729; in 1920, 6,697; in 1921, 13,369 in 4,022 flights. 150,309 kilograms of freight and 3,308 of mail were also transported.

The Paris-London services run planes four times daily and the trip takes two and one-half hours. By train and boat this usually requires a night. The Paris-Amsterdam flight requires four and three-quarters hours; Paris-Strasbourg-Prague seven hours; the Paris-Brussels two hours; the Paris-Warsaw twelve and one-half hours; Bayonne-Bilboa-Santander daily twenty-one and one-half hours.

All planes are flown on regular schedule, like passenger trains, and are met by motor bus at the landing fields.

THE longest route is from Toulouse to points in northern Africa. This trip by train, boat, etc., requires four days' period. By air it is less than two days including one night's stopover. The air fare is 1,680 fr. compared to 1,500 on land and water. Passengers are allowed 20 lbs. of baggage. Mail is carried at 75 cents per letter. The reason for this high rate is because in France they make the carrying of mail a revenue payer to cover operating expenses.

The newest airway runs from Paris to Constantinople via Strasbourg, Prague, Budapest, Belgrade and Bucharest. The distance is 1,770 miles and at the trial flight it was made in 17 hours flying time.

Realizing that the most important adjunct to safe and speedy flying is a chain of public landing fields, equipped with beacons, weather report stations, gasoline depots, repair shops, and hangars, France is ex-



pending 10,000,000 fr. this year on airways. Before an airway is opened in France the Service de la Navigation Aérienne, a department of the Federal government, surveys and lays out the course. Landing fields are located every thirty miles apart in territory known to be foggy, and sixty miles where weather conditions are favorable.

The French Government organizes five different types of fields. The emergency field is usually an ordinary flat plain, held by option and kept under cultivation of crops which will not interfere with the safe landing. Only a supply of gasoline, a selection of tools, a telephone and weather report station, and one caretaker are maintained on this field. The next type must have an area of at least fourteen acres with a workshop, forge, automobile garage, two trucks, one permanent shed, not less than 110 x 100 feet, a wireless station and room enough for other sheds. Besides the ground-manager there is the caretaker and a weather bureau.

The third type of field is an enlargement of the latter with better facilities, more help and larger supplies.

The best fields must have at least two permanent sheds, a long distance wireless station, spares, machine shops, central offices, custom offices, weather bureau, and private sheds.

The air ports are situated at international border points and are the most elaborate of all. They are like the others, only larger and more adequately equipped. They are complete in every respect, even to ambulance and first aid stations.

The estimated cost of building an aerial airway is \$2,300 a mile as compared to \$23,000 a mile for ordinary roads. At the present time there are about thirty State-owned or controlled flying-fields, and about twenty privately owned aerodromes in France. All planes flown must be examined, registered and passed by technical experts appointed by the government after an examination as to their fitness. The registration numbers are carried on the wings and fuselage. Each airplane must be equipped with, a log, a route and an engine plane book, and flown by a licensed pilot only after a Federal examination and inspection. Thus the gypsy pilot, with the attendant accidents, is eliminated in France.

GREAT BRITAIN, like France, realizes that commercial aircraft, unlike marine craft, can on very short notice be converted into most effective aerial battleships, bombers, freighters, and transports. Because the English Channel no longer protects her from Europe, and British possessions are so scattered over the world, she requires the fastest means of transportation.

It was not, however, until subsidized French airplanes drove the

"IT IS a real distinction to America to be known as the birthplace of the airplane; it should be our concern that this art shall not languish, but that in its practical application we shall lead the world. An amazing development will take place in the near future in the utilization of the air as the medium of transport and communication. As a government we are aiming to provide this art with the necessary guarantees of law, and with such facilities as may be possible through the encouragement of airways and terminals."

—From a letter recently written by President Harding to the Aeronautical Chamber of Commerce of America.

British commercial planes off the London-Paris airways by means of a rate war that Britain granted a subsidy to commercial aviation. This rate war had become so disastrous to British cross-channel aerial transportation that early in the spring of 1921 British continental service was suspended. During the period from April, 1920, to September, 1920, British air traffic had been four times that of any foreign service, but from the beginning of 1921 to March of that year transportation in British aircraft was only one-fourth that of the foreign countries, and British arrivals and departures had dropped from 1,097 to 644! By June the service was so bad that through the representatives of British aircraft companies and public opinion, the Secretary of State for Air and the Air Council, by consent

of the Lord Commissioners of the Treasury, put into effect a temporary subsidy. This was so helpful that this spring a permanent plan of appropriating \$1,000,000 each year for three years for civil aviation was passed.

The routes approved for this purpose were London to Brussels, to Paris, to Amsterdam. Other routes are to be approved later. The conditions as regards make, operation, personnel, landing fields, licensing, etc., are very similar to those of France.

For six months, ending September, 1921, the British flew 671 airplanes to and from the continent, carrying 4,004 passengers. The total mileage was 321,000 miles and 31,853 passengers and 9 tons of freight were transported. Exports by air reached \$550,000 and imports \$1,031,700.

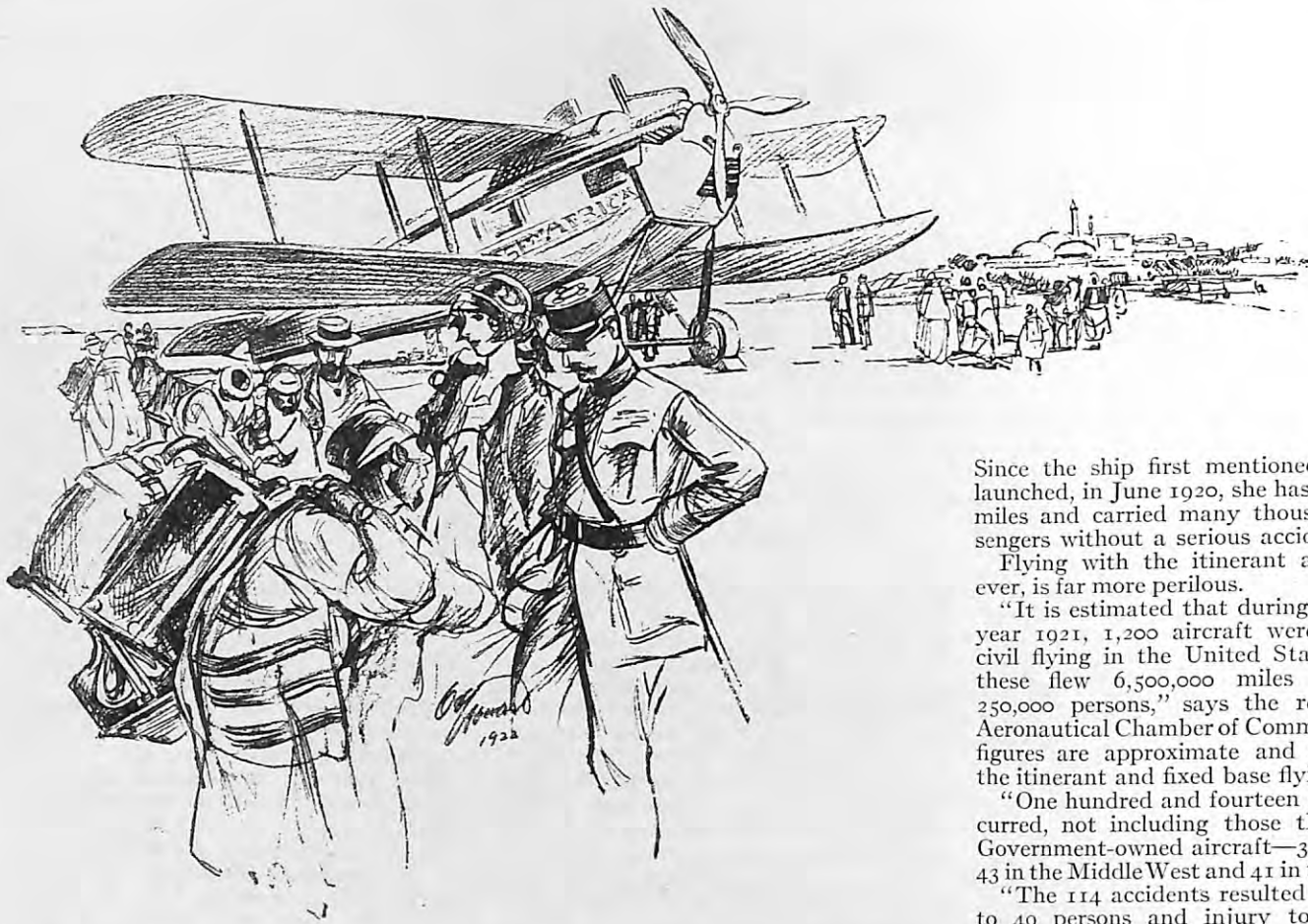
Aside from this cross-channel service to western Europe, Great Britain maintains, under the auspices of the Royal Air Force of the War Department, as a military training, an aeromail service between Cairo and Bagdad, a distance of 840 miles via Heleopolis-Ramleh, over the famous Arabian Desert. Only a limited number of passengers are carried and most of the mail is of an official character. Nevertheless, this is one of the strongest links of communication in the British Empire and is one of the means of making the British Mesopotamian mandate effective. Besides these, other aeromail routes are maintained in Australia and other parts of the Empire.

Owing to the rigid enforcement of aerial laws protecting passengers and also people living in thickly populated aeriels, and the government inspection, licensing, and registration of aircraft and pilots, there are no gypsy flyers in Britain and in that way flying is made much safer than in America, with the result that the people have more confidence in the use of the plane for air travel. The maintenance of many landing fields along aerial highways and such big aerodromes as the one at Croydon near London is also a great aid to British commercial aviation.

THE first requisite of any mode of transportation is safety. Owing to the number of accidents which have happened to itinerant flyers in this country, and to the prominence given to the same by the newspapers, which still see news values in this highly dramatic and spectacular method of travel, the people have been led to believe that airplane flight is the most perilous of all ways of transportation, when as a matter of fact it is not, if conducted in properly built, inspected and maintained aircraft, flying from regularly maintained fields such as obtain in France and England.

The chief and most crying need for the advancement of commercial aviation in this country is the passing of a uniform code of Federal aerial laws regulating flying and the creation of a Bureau of Commercial Aero-





navitics with power similar to that of the British and French Air Ministers, to see that all pilots are competent and licensed and that all commercial aircraft are properly registered and inspected and fly from safe landing-fields.

MOST of the flyers in this country, as in Europe, learned aviation during the war. They knew their business then, but unless they are inspected regularly they are liable to get slack and since the lives of the passengers depend on the alertness and competence of the pilot, he must be eternally vigilant both as regards the plane and the flying of it. A number, however, are graduates from flying schools, which are not as competent as they should be.

Federal inspection and registration of airplanes would undoubtedly reduce airplane accidents to a par with those of other public modes of transportation such as the steamboats. The United States aeromail record for the year ending July 16, 1922, proves what proper supervision can do to eliminate accidents. In that period not a single fatal accident occurred, although airplanes flying daily on the New York-San Francisco route covered more than 1,750,000 miles, and carried more than 49,000,000 letters, weighing an aggregate of 1,224,500 pounds.

What responsible independent companies operating regularly inspected aircraft, from well-organized fields, can do to reduce accidents is well exemplified by the report made by the Aeronautical Chamber of Commerce after a careful examination of the confidential data of 125 companies covering the year from Oct. 1, 1920, to 1921. These companies, operating 500 to 600 two and three-place machines, made 130,736 flights, covering 2,097,245 miles, carrying 122,512 passengers in 12 months from Oct. 1, 1920-1921.

In making their reports of accidents these

companies seemed careful to itemize all forced landings, crashes, etc., yet the number of accidents in which persons were killed or injured was only 24. Of these 21 were injured and 6 killed. Of the six fatalities three were due to stunting, two to gross carelessness, and one to storm. Not a single passenger or pilot lost his life in straight commercial flying.

The record of the only company regularly maintaining scheduled passenger air service is a further confirmation of how safe commercial flying may be made when conducted like any other responsible passenger transportation service. During its existence this company has carried 11,000 passengers and has flown 150,000 miles without a single serious accident. In the summer it maintains a daily flying-boat service between New York and Atlantic City, covering the distance in 75 minutes. The time required for the fastest train is three and a half hours. A sight-seeing flying-boat service is also maintained over New York City and in the winter both a passenger and mail service is operated between Florida and Havana. The Company is opening a commuting service between Detroit and Cleveland and is contemplating extending their service from New York along the Atlantic Coast to Cape May and Norfolk, Va.

Three boats ply on the Atlantic City route, one leaving Atlantic City each day at four at the foot of 84th St., New York City, for the return trip at ten o'clock the next morning. One of the flying-boats of this company recently flew with 27 passengers from Keyport, N. J., to 84th St. in New York, a distance of 30 miles, in 27 minutes, and another made a flight along the Atlantic Seaboard from Key West, Florida, to New York City over waterways of New York State, along the Great Lakes, down the Mississippi to New Orleans, and along the Gulf Coast, traveling 7,000 miles and flying 2,725 additional miles at the cities visited.

Since the ship first mentioned above was launched, in June 1920, she has flown 25,000 miles and carried many thousands of passengers without a serious accident.

Flying with the itinerant aviator, however, is far more perilous.

"It is estimated that during the calendar year 1921, 1,200 aircraft were engaged in civil flying in the United States and that these flew 6,500,000 miles and carried 250,000 persons," says the report of the Aeronautical Chamber of Commerce. "These figures are approximate and include both the itinerant and fixed base flying. . . .

"One hundred and fourteen accidents occurred, not including those that involved Government-owned aircraft—30 in the East, 43 in the Middle West and 41 in the Far West.

"The 114 accidents resulted in the death to 49 persons and injury to 89. In 48 instances there were no casualties."

Here is a table of accidents and causes worked out in this same report:

Piloting	49
Poor fields or lack of them	20
Lack of weather data	4
Lack of route data or flying limitations	10
Inspection { Faulty aircraft	4
" engine	9
" accessory	9
Stunting	20
Collision in air	2
Carelessness on field	8
Unknown	8

From a casual survey of the above statistics it will be noticed that recklessness or lack of judgment or insufficient knowledge on the part of the pilot caused by far the most accidents. Proper Federal examination and licensing of aviators and the rigid enforcement of an adequate aerial code of law would materially reduce this.

SINCE an airplane with a dead motor can not volplane or glide, under normal conditions, from a safe flying altitude more than four or five miles, it would reduce accidents due to forced landings if air ports were located every ten miles along an aerial highway. Municipalities and Chambers of Commerce throughout the country could aid by having an option on a large flat field near the town or city and restricting the owner to growing only such crops as would not interfere with an emergency landing. Only the most necessary tools, equipment and supplies would need to be kept on the field. More ambitious municipalities on more frequented airways, like those of the aeromail, could build hangars and repair shops or tool house, with gas and oil supplies, etc. State subsidies would help in this. Thus a whole cobweb of aerial highways could be very cheaply established all over the country and these fields would add to the geographic importance of all such towns or cities.

The failure of the Federal Government to retain the flying-fields established during the war has been a setback for commercial aviation. Fortunately the aeromail service took over as many as its limited appropriations and their useful location permitted. But the United States is still woefully lacking in air ports for its 2,000 or more aircraft.

Because a flying-boat can land on any reasonably smooth stretch of water, the establishment of air ports is not so imperative or so costly as with the land fields.

Where municipalities are located on waterways, it would require the expenditure of only a few thousand dollars to construct proper tool, telephone, and supply stations, to make their towns ports of entry for all flying-boats. But a properly equipped landing-station is as necessary to aircraft as a garage is to an automobile.

ALTHOUGH only four of these gypsy accidents were attributed to lack of weather reports, it is obvious that if each landing-station were equipped with radio, and the Weather Bureau, the Mail Service, the Army, the Navy and private corporations exchanged information as to weather conditions along an aerial highway, appraising cross-country flyers of coming storms and atmospheric conditions, air travelers could not be taken by surprise and blown to destruction as were the seven occupants of the military plane flying from Langley Field, Va., to Washington on May 28, 1921. Although this was not a civilian plane, commercial aeronautics suffered from it.

According to the report of the Inspector-General's investigators that disaster was due not to defects in the machine or incompetence on the part of the pilot but to the terrific storm into which the ship flew and of which the pilot had not been properly warned. In cross-country flying adequate weather reports are as important as proper engine or plane inspection.

Nearly every State in the Union has rigid laws for the scientific inspection of elevators, boilers, steamers, and similar machinery. Of the 114 accidents in gypsy aviation last year 22 were attributed to faults which proper inspection would have revealed—4 concerning the plane, 9 the engine, 9 an accessory, gas or oil. It is amazing that at the present time the law allows *any one* in the United States to take *any sort* of flying-machine up into the air with the consequent peril not only to himself and his passengers, but to many persons on the ground. This has made possible the flying by Gypsy pilots of machines built during the war, many of which have not been rebuilt and which are not factory maintained. Itinerant flyers have bought these second-hand machines at reduced prices from the Canadian or United States Governments. Most of them are at least four years old. Many have been exposed to all kinds of weather, winter and summer, without the proper housing which an automobile would receive, with the result that often the wood under the linen has deteriorated, not to say decayed, and the screw threads under the turn-buckles have rusted so that when a severe strain is placed on any of these vital parts, the wood breaks or the aileron wires pull out. Some of these gypsy planes have actually been in bad accidents and have been patched up again.

It would seem no more than decent to find some way in which to protect the public from carelessness so dangerous as that.

Even an airplane built primarily for war purposes will not continue to take the reverse stresses of stunt flying for years.

During the War, even for a scout plane, fifty hours in the air was regarded as the maximum before it was taken to the factory and overhauled. But most of the ships used by the gypsy flyers for stunting have been in the air many times 100 hours without the proper overhauling. "That's why 40 per cent. of the total accidents in civilian flying were due to trick flying. Of course, it is advisable that a pilot know how to stunt, so that in case of an emergency, when only a stunt will save the craft, he will be able to act quickly, with absolute knowledge and without fear, but the habit of stunting in a second-hand machine just for a thrill is at all times dangerous, often fatal and always harmful to civilian flying. Federal control of commercial flying, limiting stunting to certain areas, would meet this menace to civilian aeronautics."

Of course, there are still mechanical hindrances to absolutely safe flying. Although motors have been developed to an extraordinary degree, so many parts have to function in unison that the failure of any one of the units to perform its full duty may stall the engine and, where there is only one motor, compel the pilot to land as best he may. It is a long way, however, from the 12-horse-power, four-cylinder engine weighing 200 pounds, with which the Wright Brothers made their first flight in 1903, to the 450-horse-power Liberty engine, weighing less than two pounds per horse-power, or to the 16-cylinder American motor which generates 900 horse-power. Also there is some difference between the first Wright flight of 800 feet and the Alcock-Brown transatlantic flight of over 1,500

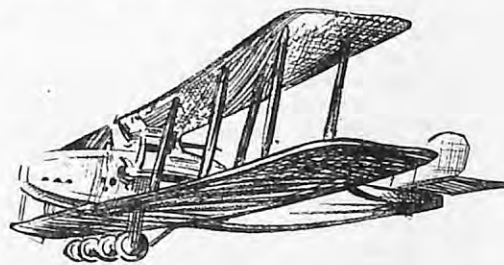
miles without stopping the engine! But, nevertheless, a motor that will not stall has not yet been made, and until one is made there will always be the peril of a forced landing.

TO ESCAPE some of the dangers of forced landings and to reduce accidents the British Government has offered a prize of \$250,000 for the first helicopter which can land perpendicularly with its motor shut off, can climb straight up to an altitude of 2,000 feet, remain hovering in the air over a given spot in a twenty-mile wind for thirty minutes, and fly horizontally across country at 60 miles an hour.

There are, however, inherent difficulties in the flying of a heavier-than-air machine which, up to date, make the helicopter hardly more than a dream. Few people realize that, because the airplane is heavier-than-air, to get off the ground it must be moving at least 35 miles an hour with respect to the wind. Unless an airplane is flying at the velocity it will fall. Also they do not realize that a propeller is just a tractor or pusher and does not lift, except in the case of some helicopters whose propellers are wings. Nevertheless several concerns in this country and Britain are competing for the prize, and the Berliner builders in Maryland already claim that their helicopter has ascended seven feet.

But despite all the handicaps that American aviation has had in the lack of a Bureau of Aeronautics, a Federal code of aerial laws, and a subsidy, a great deal has been accomplished in commercial aviation.

(Continued on page 52)





*There was something appalling
in the creeping horror of*

The Footstep

By Anna McClure Sholl

Illustrated by Frederic Dorr Steele

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For synopsis of first part see page 58

Chapter II

A SOUND that seemed to start from a far part of the hotel, but to draw nearer with a regularity and increasing distinctness, gradually inspired her with a cold terror such as she had never before experienced. There were moments when it ceased, and in that pause there was no cessation of her apprehension because of her feeling that some one was gathering wit or diabolic courage for that footstep which was coming nearer and nearer.

So great was her fear that a nervous chill seized her. To steady herself she clasped her fingers over the smooth pearl handle of the Colt, and fixed her eyes on the door's substantial bolt. "He can't get in," she thought, "without breaking down that door—and by that time I could sound the rattle. But Jake Simmons isn't at home! Jake Simmons isn't at home!"

She almost spoke the words aloud as a wail that would escape her in spite of herself—in spite of her prayer not to waken Beulah. Beyond all things she hoped that Beulah wouldn't wake up. To have her imaginary fears of the night before made real might be to deal the girl a shock from which serious results would follow.

The footsteps came nearer—an appalling sound in that supposedly empty hotel with a quarter of a mile of night-dark, deep water between her and a sleeping village. Caroline sat like a statue, her rigid fingers feeling as if they had become a part of the pistol's stiff handle. "It's that prowler," she thought, "that man on the dock."

She tried to tell herself that she had complete advantage; that the door was both bolted and locked; but no relief came to her overstrained nerves through these reflections; and suspense was producing its usual result of an impulse to fling open the door and confront the intruder.

But she was held back by her fear of awakening Beulah, and by her own dread of

what she might see; the brainless face of some dangerous demented person perhaps, or the lowering scowl of a criminal ready to spring upon her. The cautiousness of that slow footstep was a sure proof that whoever was coming down that long corridor which divided at the staircase, rounded it and met again before her and Beulah's rooms; whoever the intruder might be, he knew that two women were alone there. She thought of the lighted lamp. Was that a bit of horrid gallantry on the part of some one not averse to playing the gruesome cavalier to his victims before he finished them?

He must be now just on the landing outside. The pauses between the footsteps were longer, as if the walker deliberated. Almost, it seemed his intention to torture her, to keep her in suspense. She knew her light must be visible under the crack of the door, and yet she did not dare put it out; but sat, straining her eyes as if she might see through the solid wood the menacing shape of this visitor.

All at once the footsteps paused directly outside of her door, and though she knew it was locked she was impelled by fear to rise ever so softly, to advance with infinite caution, and reaching out her hand grasp the knob. To her terror her hand clasped on a moving knob. He was trying the door from the other side, and to feel that handle slip under her fingers was the last touch of dreadfulness.

She waited a breathless moment, then, with soundless motions, succeeded in crossing the room and resuming her seat, her body rigid and alert. As she listened she heard heavy breathing. Was it Beulah's?

After what appeared an eternity in which all her faculties were suspended, the footsteps began to move away from the door, more quickly than they had come; but still with those sinister pauses which betokened a person waiting, watching with diabolical cunning for some chance or opportunity eagerly desired.

Softly she rose—went to the windows and with infinite care and precautionary quiet, drew in the shutters of the two windows in her room and the two in Beulah's. All this time the girl did not wake up. Thank God for that!

The shutters bolted, she felt more secure. She could shoot through their slats should the creature attempt a ladder. After a time the nervous coldness left her as the conviction grew of her ability to deal with any intruder. She was thankful that Beulah had slept through it all; and more thankful that Jake and his wife were coming in the morning. Even Digby Kent, that obtrusive, well-set-up and over-solicitous executor, would seem almost a welcome guest. To calm her nerves, to restore normality, she planned how she must deal with Digby should he attempt what she called "romantics," a general term covering a vast amount of annoyance from a man she only tolerated because he had been her husband's friend—a devoted friend.

She listened for the footsteps; but all was silent now and her thoughts went back to Kent and the inevitable love-making which she knew would loom above the horizon at the first sign of her emergence from the conventional term of mourning. "He must know that I am as much Spencer's wife as if he had not died," she reflected. "Of course every one will call it a morbid devotion. It isn't. I am not shutting myself up, and I mean to go back to the world and work in it. I shall make this hotel a beauty-spot for tired-out, over-worked people; and they'll get health and strength here without spending their last dollar on the enterprise. I am the one more likely to spend my last dollar—the place is so out of repair. First of all I shall have that old dock torn down and rebuilt."

She relaxed her hold on the Colt, and reaching for a pencil began to draw a design, over which she worked until she was sleepy; and she was even beginning to be ashamed



"I am almost sorry now any more people are coming," Beulah said; "it's such an adventure with just two in this place"

of her panic. Yet the footstep had carried a sinister quality like an echo from the grave. Now that it was silent the peculiar effect it had had upon her was wearing off. To be sure it was not pleasant to know there was a prowler in the hotel, bent, no doubt, on robbery, but he was probably a rustic prowler; perhaps one of those "simple" creatures found in every remote village, whose depredations are chiefly founded on curiosity, and rarely extend beyond the appropriation of food or clothes. "Jake will probably find him in the morning," she reassured herself. "And I have the pistol—should he try to get in."

But she lay awake a long time listening for a recurrence of the footstep, and falling asleep at last she slept until the sun was high above the mountains. Beulah, in her dressing-gown, came in and seated herself on the bed.

"It was so dark I didn't wake up," she said. "Did you close the shutters, dear?"

"Why, I believe I did," Caroline answered, having decided to keep the events of the night to herself, so as not to rouse in Beulah again her unaccustomed nervousness. "Open them, Girlie, and let's behold the world. We've had our last night of perfect seclusion."

"I am almost sorry now any more people are coming," Beulah said. Her night's sleep, like a deep narcotic, had swept away or submerged all her fears. "It's such an adventure with just two in this great place."

Caroline felt like saying, "I am afraid there are three—not two." She was quite sure that Beulah had been upset by the same causes which had made last night hideous, but since she had attributed them to nightmare it was best to let her believe she had been dreaming. But she took care to be dressed as soon as Beulah, and to leave the bedrooms at the same time, her Colt in her hand. "I want to show it to Jake," she explained to Beulah, at the same

time glancing down the long corridor. But it was empty, and the lobby showed no trace of the midnight prowling of a stranger.

She laid the Colt on a table and kept her eye on it as she prepared the grape-fruit. Beulah, a child again through her baptism of sleep, chatted like a magpie as she brewed very strong black coffee; and made the fire under the deer's head roar and crackle with dried pine branches. The hotel full of sunshine and silence was regaining its spell; and the practical voices of Jake and his wife seemed almost an intrusion as an hour later they landed. Mrs. Simmons was a thin, wiry little woman who had "raised" eight children, watched them marry and settle with the equanimity of a lady who has no new theories to improve on the Creator's; and settled down herself to comparative leisure and the real enjoyment of Jake's society.

"Take your choice of any of the two hundred rooms," Caroline said. "But for convenience, wouldn't it be better for us all to keep together in this wing?"

"Sure," said Ma Simmons. "Let's keep within yellin' distance of each other. It's like grandma when grandpop built her a new home. 'How big shall I make it, Mother,' he said. 'Big as a yell—no bigger,' said Mother. 'I've traipsed after the children for twenty years. I want you to come when called.' So he built it 'throat-size,' as he often said, and they had a lot of comfort. Now, Mrs. Hartley, do you want me to keep house, or do you want to boss the job?"

"Take over the whole thing," Caroline said. "I shall be out of doors in all weather; and I don't want to know beforehand what I shall have for dinner."

Ma Simmons nodded approvingly. "You need more color and fattenin' up a mite.

Jake and I'll run things. We closed our house in the village. Years ago, when I was first married, I used to worry for fear somebody'd break in. Now I worry for fear they won't. When anything smashes these days, I say 'one less thing to take care of.' Jake and me are goin' to take comfort; and comfort don't always go with gold-rimmed dishes."

"Oh, Mrs. Simmons," Beulah broke in, "it was so kind of you to light up for us last night."

"Light up! Why, I wasn't near the island."

Beulah produced the match-box. "Isn't this yours?"

"No. I never use safety-matches any more. Jake carried off every box I laid out to light his old pipe. So I went back to matches in the loose."

"Some one left them," Beulah said. "We have no matches like that."

"Some fresh kid from the village left 'em," Jake commented; "thought he'd be smart and light up for you. Everybody's talkin' about your livin' alone here."

"Mr. Simmons," Caroline said, "come into the dining-room. I want to show you what I think can be done with it."

Once out of hearing of the others, she said: "I don't think a boy left those matches," and she related her experience of the night before. "Promise me," she wound up, "that after five-thirty, or whenever it gets dark, you'll always see that Beulah doesn't go out in the grounds or anywhere alone. You or Mrs. Simmons keep within sight of her; I don't want her frightened; and I know now her nightmare was a real experience. Some one walked in the corridor for an hour last night."

Jake looked troubled. "I hate to think there's any yellow pup in our village would

She perceived a motionless figure, the blotch of white that was its face turned in her direction



set out a purpose to scare two lone women—deserves a ducking, or a thrashing, and by gum, I'll give it to him. I'm here now for keeps," he added with a grim set of his jaw which spoke well for him as a protector.

"I'm glad you are," Caroline said. "We took too much for granted. Dr. Farrell is coming this afternoon, so Mrs. Simmons can get a room ready. My executor, Mr. Digby Kent, will also be up to-day—but he will probably find a room at the village road house. Mrs. Simmons mustn't have too much to do," she added.

"It's a lark for Sally," Jake commented. "For the mother of eight she has more taste for adventure than anybody I know. 'Tain't the movies either has put it into her. I think she just made up her mind she'd never get dull or too stout. Once she said to me, 'Jake,' she says, 'a woman can commit only two crimes. She can get dull and she can get too fat.' 'You'll never be hung for either,' I sez."

Caroline laughed. Her light-heartedness had returned to her. The hotel had no terrors now that Jake was here. She had heard that he was the best shot in the country; but she was rather pleased that his mind ran on thrashing or ducking any intruder rather than shooting him. "A woman is always so tragic," she told herself. "She can't imagine any house-breaker who isn't bent on murder."

After lunch Doctor Farrell arrived with a motor boat called *The Huntress*, a suit case, and a canoe in tow of the motor boat, which, he explained modestly, might come

in handy for excursions. "It's ripping of you really," he said to Caroline, "to let me in on such an adventure. I always wanted to see the old Mohican—it was so famous—but I never dreamed the chance would come this way."

He proposed they should explore the island that afternoon, so after lunch they set forth to view their domain. The island, which ascended to quite a steep hill in the center, was about half a mile long and in some spots a quarter of a mile wide. Its bays and coves were wooded to the edge of the water, which at no spot formed a beach—but washed the great rocks treacherously. At the further end was a little summer house scrawled all over with the names of its generations of visitors, many of whom had cut their initials deep in the wood.

"It's a curious instinct," Dr. Farrell said, "this wanting to leave your name in public spots. I suppose it's part of the human thirst for immortality. Most of us must die unknown; only a few emerge from the welter."

"I am glad you believe in immortality," Beulah said. "Physicians are often skeptics."

"I went through the Great War—and had to believe in immortality," Dr. Farrell replied. "But our human conceptions of it are, of course, sometimes—fantastic."

"Do you believe the dead are very near us?" Caroline asked, wondering how they had come so quickly to serious conversation.

He glanced at her black clothes before

replying. "I can't make near or far of an invisible universe. But I do believe its true gravitation, its chief dynamic is love; and love must annihilate time, distance and separation just as electricity does."

His eyes sought Beulah's as he spoke, and the young girl looked at him in return calmly, searchingly, more ready, Caroline thought, to accept his teachings about canoes than the dynamics of the universe. Because Beulah did not speak, Caroline asked, "What do you mean by love?"

He smiled boyishly, as if he preferred to experience the emotion rather than to define it. "An indestructible force, I should say—sometimes a steel knife; and sometimes a red rose; and sometimes a thunderbolt."

"How would you portion off your similies?"

But he shook his head. "The choice is not ours," he said. "Our ancestors chose for us," he added with the inevitable twist modern young people give to any topic. Caroline was thankful he was no sentimentalist and still boyish enough to attempt definitions of the great forces of life. She wondered if Beulah were the girl destined to lay at rest his intellectual speculations over the nature of love. At least he was running true to form. It was the first step to talk of love. "The rest was silence"—the wooing without words.

"You two should be canoeing," she suggested.

"I agree with you," Andrew said, "but surely you'll come with us."

"No. I've brought a book—and when I want to go back to the hotel the trail is straight through the island."

"You're not afraid?" Beulah said, meaningly.

"Not in the least." Indeed, with the warm October sunshine all about her, fears seemed groundless. "Bring both your canoes around and stage a race for me. I'll be umpire."

They went off together, grandly matched, Caroline thought as she watched their strong young figures until the pine trees hid them.

It was very still. She leaned against the rustic support of the summer house and closed her eyes, deliciously happy to be on her own island with protection around her and two young people to supervise as they linked their youth to all the charms and wonders of this lake. When she opened her eyes again she had a curious feeling that some one was watching her—a sensation so strong that she stood up and scanned the depths of the wood until, quite far off, so far off as to be easily mistaken for a tree, she perceived a motionless figure, the blotch of white that was its face turned in her direction.

Again that torrent of fear swept over her which had chilled her soul a few hours before. But she continued to stare through the green twilight of the wood at this form, whose most striking characteristic was its immobility. Never had she seen anything so rigid, as if some one had died on his feet, and the corpse, by some fantastic gravitation, did not topple. Suppose that rigid thing began to move. Its rigidity frightened her more than the power of movement implied the night before in the stealthy footstep. She could detect not the slightest swaying of the body, and she felt sure that not even an eyelid quivered. Whoever this pursuer was he had a power of concentration on some sinister design which aroused in her the feeling that not even Jake could stand between her and his malice.

For even at that distance she seemed to detect a malevolent design that could bide its hour and wait its moment for the accomplishment of its purpose. She strained her ears for the sound of paddles—for the canoes that she would hail to take her off or to return, that they might search the wood. Until that longed-for sound came, best to pretend unconsciousness. She seated herself and took up her book.

But it was an ordeal to read with the sensation that one was being watched. She looked up again, and it seemed to her that the figure had advanced about ten yards, though it was still as stiffly upright as if carved out of a tree. Would those two young people never return?

Suddenly the thing dropped into the underbrush, nothing but the head being for the instant visible, then that, too, disappeared.

Crackling sounds of broken twigs followed. The man was crawling towards her. She stood up again suddenly, angry almost beyond power of speech. "This is the last time I shall stand this persecution," she thought. "If I had the Colt I'd fire. I'd frighten him so he'd never come back. It's so cowardly, dastardly."

On her violent thoughts came the sense of silence—the crackling had ceased; and then, to her infinite relief, she heard the lap of water and the soft, gentle approach of canoes. She hailed them. "Come ashore—I need you."

A tone in her voice thrilled Beulah even at that distance. "I believe something's frightened my cousin. Turn in."

They ran the canoes in among the rocks and came hurriedly up the slope. Caroline told what had happened, and Dr. Farrell set off on a run in the direction she indicated. Beulah, remaining with her, asked, "Did he have dark hair, a very white, fixed face?"

"That describes him. How did you know it? Did you see him, too?"

"Now I can tell you. I didn't dream night before last. I heard footsteps in the hall; and got up courage enough to open the door and peer out. I looked at the mirror and some one else was looking in it, too. I could see his face in the mirror. He stared in a dreadful, fixed way—like a dead person."

"Yes—it's terrible—that stare, that rigidity—You poor child, and you never told me!"

"I didn't want to spoil our adventure—just at the beginning."

"Neither of us must be alone in these grounds or in the hotel," Caroline said with decision, "until this mystery is cleared up."



Dr. Farrell returned after a while with the news that he had been unable to find any one—he had searched the underbrush and looked everywhere for a boat. "Are you sure it was a man?" he asked. "Sometimes at a distance a tree will look startlingly like a person."

"I'm sure! Beulah saw him night before last. It must be the same one."

They related the circumstances. Dr. Farrell listened gravely, for the testimony of

these women was worth consideration. Both were too well balanced for nervous inventions. "Some prowler," he commented, "who knows how to cover his tracks. But he won't be here much longer. I propose we go back to the hotel and talk it over with Mr. Jacob Simmons. The sooner we appoint a vigilance committee the better."

They found Ma and Jake preparing supper, but both quite inclined to sit down for a gossip. Ma listened with her spectacles put back on her head, her bright eyes regarding Caroline as if she were the heroine of the latest movie.

"I allus mistrusted the Mohican," she commented. "There's places where nothin' goes right—blighted afore anybody gets to 'em. They do say there's a heap of Indians buried on the island."

"Now, Mother, don't be superstitious," Jake advised.

"Well, I guess I ain't the only one. When Malvira Pannocks heard you and I was comin' over here to keep house for city folks, she said: 'Nothin' on earth would induce me to stay in the old Mohican. Folks say there's somethin' besides rats in that hotel—somethin' not right.'"

"Gol darn Malvira—why ever you listen to her clack gets me. Mrs. Hartley, if it's a trespasser we'll find him. Dr. Farrell and me is two six-footers who can shoo anything off the island. Now I propose that you ladies go nowheres on this island without me or the Doctor here—I don't care if it's high noon, until we find who it is annoying you. Don't sound like anybody from these parts. There are only three dark-haired men in the village—the plumber, the carpenter and Bill Flaherty the house painter, and if the Union would let 'em they'd work twenty-six hours out of the twenty-four. Who's that a comin'," he added, with a glance through the glass panels of the front door.

Caroline looked at Beulah and made a little gesture which implied, "here's our doom!" A motor-boat had chugged up to the dock, and from it stepped a round-faced man with highly
(Continued on page 50)



Andrew stooped over the girl first and dragged her to a window



He sat immobile, slowly puffing on a cigar that protruded from the corner of his mouth — but ashes were spilling over his coat

*Gordon Grant
'22*

Every Inch a Magnate

By Lawrence Perry

Illustrated by Gordon Grant

THE Badgers were playing the Millers in the second of a series of three games that would decide the championship of the Belt States League. It was the first half of the ninth. The score was three to three; one out and a man on second. The Millers were at bat.

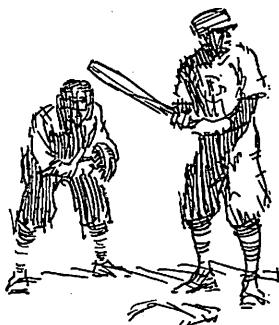
Grandstand and bleachers in the component elements of the throng that filled them represented the complete social fabric of the little city of Bolton. But now all were one in a common spell, united in the sweep of ever-changing emotion. For, losing this game, the home team would find itself tied by the Millers and therefore under the necessity of playing, and winning the final contest of the series as well as of the season, on the morrow.

It was a distinct sporting crisis, a moment of poignancy indeed, that overlapped the realm of sport and very appreciably involved communal pride. Yet Jerry Dane, who was the efficient secretary of the Badgers, sat behind the catcher, her eyes withdrawn from the game, covertly studying the man who sat at her side, Zebulon Hathaway, owner of the club, purveyor of thrilling entertainment to the citizens of Bolton and contiguous territory.

He sat immobile, slowly puffing upon a cigar that protruded from the corner of his mouth, pointing straight ahead. He was thickset. His close-cropped beard and mustache were sprinkled with gray. His gaze was upon the batter who was a slugger of reputation.

Jerry turned to watch as the batsman swung mightily and missed, her sigh of relief drowned in the vast suspiration that rose from the onlookers. Even if the Millers did win this game, the race would only be tied. But, win or lose, nothing could affect in any way the significant elements in the drama of Zebulon Hathaway's eighteen years of unceasing struggle with baseball in the city of Bolton. Jerry Dane could see the marks of that long fight in the rugged face, in the weary look she caught in the brown eyes even now in the climactic stages of this game.

Hathaway had developed not a few fine teams. Many a big league player owned him as the man who had started him on his



career. Yet Bolton in all the years had not won a pennant. Now Bolton was out in front fighting on even terms against a club that had been a three-to-one favorite at the outset of the season.

Crack! As the crowd rose to its feet the whistling line drive curved outside the diamond and crashed into the bleachers, foul by ten feet. Two strikes.

JERRY resumed her seat, noting that Hathaway had not risen. He sat just as he had been sitting; but cigar ashes were spilling over his coat. She leaned toward him and tapped him upon the knee, smiling. His eyes lightened in that way she loved. She knew Zebulon Hathaway, knew every angle of his quiet, lovable character. His was the soul of the creator, the impresario. Jerry had known him to spend the entire profits of a season in order that his club might be strengthened by a pitcher or two, or a brace of hard-hitting outfielders. Yet where was the glory for him? The players got it all, and the manager. Except, of course, when the club was trailing. Then it was Zebulon Hathaway that—

Crack!

There was no doubt about the destination of the ball this time. It was going over the second baseman's head, high. And it was lifting like a well-hit golf ball. The center fielder, head down, was digging for the outer confines.

"Hi! Get it, Garry!" Jerry's outcry, piercing the silence, seemed to spur the fleeting outfielder who, turning upon the moment, launched himself into the air, reaching high with his gloved hand.

The ball struck the tip of the fingers, crashed on and rolled among wagons and motor-cars parked by the fence. The man on second had walked home and the batter had no need of undue haste in crossing the plate.

"Never mind, Mr. Hathaway," said Jerry. "Our best batters will be up in a minute."

They came up, after Strang of the Millers had got a base on balls and Braun had hit into a double play, ending the disastrous inning. Each of the three Badger batters landed on the ball forcefully. But in two cases the grounders sizzled straight into the gloves of the second baseman and short-stop respectively; the final out came when the left-fielder picked a booming fly right off the fence.

For a full minute after the game the crowd sat, or stood, as though dazed. The Badgers had entered this series two games in the lead. The citizen of Bolton who could not visualize the pennant floating from the club flag-

pole was a man devoid of any imagination whatever. Indeed the Bolton *Courier* on the day of the first game of the crucial series had printed a half-tone of the pole with the broad pennant sketched in—a bold and immensely popular flight of optimism.

Now the two game lead had disappeared, the race was tied, and fan-like there came the murmur of direst forebodings concerning the morrow.

"Well, Jerry." Zebulon Hathaway slowly rose. "Wasn't our day, was it?"

Before the girl could reply, Thomas Ripley, president of the Bolton Bank, tapped the magnate upon the shoulder in passing.

"Hard luck, Hathaway. Seems to me we need better batters. Field beautifully, of course. The Millers have us in hitting, though. There's your problem." Ripley laughed. "Now come down some morning, Hathaway, and tell me how to run my bank."

Seizing Hathaway by the arm, Jerry literally drew him out of the hectoring crowd, down the aisle to a gate leading onto the field.

"They make me simply furious, these know-it-alls."

"Jerry." Hathaway gazed at her with a little smile. "Always remember that the most popular things in this world are the things that the greatest number of people can criticize."

"That's true, Mr. Hathaway. But there is a limit to the badgering and hectoring you have to stand."

"Oh, that's the nature of my business. I am dealing in something that comes close to the hearts of lots of people. Have to expect all you get. Now if we win the pennant to-morrow—" Zebulon Hathaway paused.

Jerry glanced at him swiftly. They were walking across the field toward the dressing-room in the wake of the departing crowd.

"We will win, won't we?"

"Jerry—we have to win. We're so close now, I'd hate to lose. Sentiment aside, the club's interest needs a pennant. We're going to lose three good men through the Big League draft this fall. That means the uphill climb begins again next year. Win a pennant now and we'll carry along on momentum for two or three seasons. Otherwise, pretty slim pickings, girl. Just a minute."

Hathaway walked into the dressing-room. The light was dim and the players, normally high-spirited young men were moving about silently. Gloom invested the atmosphere. Blauvelt, the manager, stood apart, frowning. He had just finished saying things to his players.

"All right, Tom." Hathaway waved his hand heavily. "Boys, you did all you could. You can't beat the breaks. No kick from me. Better luck to-morrow."

He went out of the apartment, heavy with



its odors of perspiration, liniment and steam, and helped Jerry into his rusty Ford run-about.

"Well, Jerry—home now, where we can forget baseball. Bob's going to be there." There was a little chuckle of pride in the man's voice.

"Bob!"

"Yes, got a wire from him from Chicago this morning. Forgot to tell you."

Jerry unconsciously straightened in her seat. Hathaway glanced quizzically at her.

"Be glad to see Bob, won't you, Jerry?"

"Why, of course, Mr. Hathaway—naturally. Is there anything special; I mean in his coming?"

"Guess not. He's with the president of the C. and D.; in his private car. Sort of a trip, I suppose. Said he'd be here for a day or two."

"Isn't that fine! Bob has done awfully well, hasn't he?"

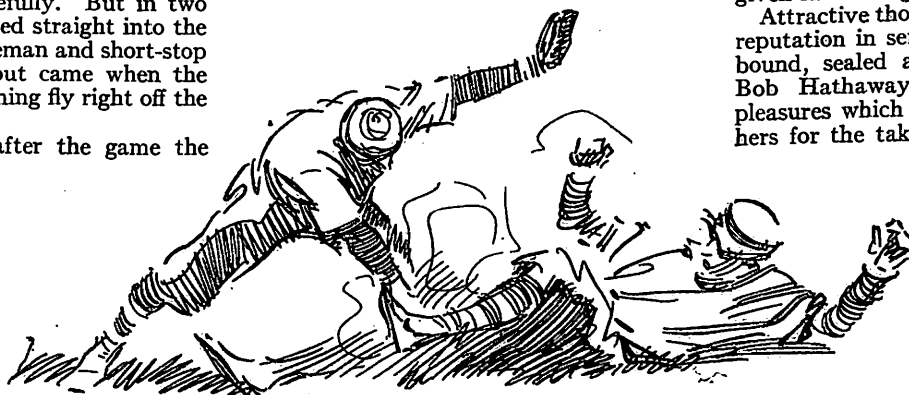
The remark was superfluous. Jerry knew it was superfluous, but she had to say something casual, and that was all that occurred upon the moment. She knew precisely, in every detail, just how well Zebulon Hathaway's son had done. Since the time when she had been a co-ed at a great western university and Bob Hathaway, one class above, had been a blazing intercollegiate pitching star, she had followed his career with a pride that contained more than a little of the proprietary element.

As a freshman, Hathaway a slashing sophomore, she had attracted his attention at a fraternity dance. Since then their friendship had been not without romance. It had endured throughout college. And when she was senior and Bob was working in a law office in Chicago, studying for the bar at night, he came infrequently to the university to see her.

THERE was no doubt of the quality of his friendship for Jerry Dane, but he was very ambitious for himself, wholeheartedly so, while he would not have been human had not the adulation that comes to an intercollegiate star turned his head sufficiently to render hero worship a valued fuel to his self-esteem. Of this Jerry had given him enough and to spare.

Attractive though she undeniably was, her reputation in senior year was that of a girl bound, sealed and delivered to the great Bob Hathaway. This deprived her of pleasures which otherwise would have been hers for the taking. She began to wonder whether the affair with Hathaway was not more than a little one-sided. Very deliberately she put the matter to the test and learned that it was even more unbalanced than she had suspected.

This knowledge came





In all the history of Bolton nothing so stupendous as Bob Hathaway's home run had ever occurred

in the spring term. But she found she could not bring herself to build upon it. Hathaway, tall, rangy, distinguished, filled her mind completely. Beside him other men were nothing. The trouble was she was in love. But she had her self-respect and a strong character to back it.

Her plan, upon graduation had been to enter journalism in Chicago, but illness had made a hopeless invalid of her father, a brilliant, though improvident newspaper man. It devolved upon Jerry to support him and she turned to the first thing that offered, as it happened, a position as stenographer in the offices of the Bolton Baseball Club.

Here she had become invaluable to Zebulon Hathaway. Eventually he had made her secretary of the club. When her father died—her mother had long been dead—she took lodgings in a boarding-house, but spent much of her time at the Hathaways, where she had become to all intents and purposes a daughter.

As for Bob Hathaway, he had succeeded. He was now assistant general counsel of the C. and D. Railroad with even more brilliant prospects ahead. His parents heard from him now and again, but not often. Jerry had read in a Chicago paper of his reported engagement to a great grain operator's daughter. Evidently nothing had come of it. Again she had heard of him in Washing-

ton, a figure in an economic conference. Once had come to Jerry, a short letter post-marked Paris. All in all a young man climbing to success in an airplane.

Yes, Jerry knew how well he had done. For that matter she had received a letter from him not a week ago intimating he might shortly come to Bolton, a letter surprising in its friendly warmth. Yet Jerry could not understand why she should have been surprised; Bob Hathaway had blown warm and cold with her throughout their acquaintance. Perhaps, she decided, it was because she had not heard from him for nearly a year. At all events she had not answered the letter, in fact had forgotten it until Zebulon Hathaway called his son to her mind.

HATHAWAY turned the car from the main road into a tree-shaded street with decent homes of an older period in the city's development standing well back from the road. He sighed half humorously.

"If Bob had only stuck to pitching, the Badgers wouldn't be fighting tooth and nail for first place to-morrow. We'd be miles out in front."

Jerry laughed shortly.

"They say," went on Hathaway, "the only college pitcher that ever compared with him was that Yale fellow, Dutch Carter. Had eight offers from major teams. I never

saw a pitcher like the boy in the big league or out."

Jerry glanced at the man.

"Of course you're not sorry Bob decided as he did."

"Should say not." Hathaway brought the car to a standstill in front of an iron fence bounding a lawn which led to an old-fashioned white dwelling. "Only I'd like to see—or hear—a little more from Bob. Ma and I love that boy, you know. We—" Hathaway ceased speaking. He sat for a moment, gazing vacantly over the wheel. "Well, girl; let's get out."

As he opened the gate for her she shook her head negatively. "I don't think I'll come in, Mr. Hathaway. I have some mending I must do and—" Her voice died away.

Hathaway frowned.

"Of course you'll come in. You know how ma counts on you for supper. Then I told you Bob will be here; if he isn't here already. You want to see him, don't you?"

"Yes, but—"

The door of the house opened at the moment and a hearty voice broke in upon her faltering speech.

"Hello there, father. Hello, Jerry." With his arm about the shoulders of his mother Bob Hathaway came out on the porch, looking down at the two as they advanced up the pathway. It occurred to Jerry that he might have come down to

them. But he didn't. He stood as a potentate might stand waiting to greet his subjects. He radiated well-being and self-satisfaction. A sparkle of light came into Jerry's eyes.

"Well, son." Zebulon shook hands with the young man, eying him with interest. "You certainly are keeping yourself fit; no extra weight at all."

"Not much." Bob Hathaway laughed. "You see I keep in trim. No, I—" Bob glanced at Jerry, but she had walked past him and was talking to his mother. "No, I find that physical exercise keeps you fitter for business. Usually get it in at night—too busy in the daytime—but I get it in all right."

"Do any pitching?"
"Oh, I throw a ball sometimes at the athletic club when I find some one who can hold me. But it's mostly squash. Then I have a fellow I pay to box with me." He glanced toward the girl. "Hello, Jerry; how is the only lady baseball secretary in captivity?"

"Oh, I'm all right, thanks, Bob." Jerry resumed something she had been saying to Mrs. Hathaway.

THE young man eyed her with interest. Any young man would, as a matter of fact. Bob Hathaway made as though to move to her side, hesitated and then turned to his father.

"Heard you were beaten to-day, father. Tough luck. Got in too late to see the scrap. George! I haven't seen a ball game in two years. Ties up the lead, doesn't it? Maybe it's just as well, though."

"What do you mean, 'just as well,' Bob?" Jerry Dane turned to him with embattled eyes.

"Well—" Hathaway smiled enigmatically—"I'll explain about that later. In the meantime mother says dinner is ready. I haven't had one of her dinners in so long that my tongue is hanging out."

Mrs. Hathaway smiled with pride.
"I'm glad you haven't forgotten them at least, my son."

"Forgotten them!" He enfolded the woman in his arms, kissing her upon the cheek. "I haven't forgotten lots of things. It's good to be home, I'll say that."

Mrs. Hathaway clung to her big, fine-looking, distinguished boy, eagerly, pathetically. A look of pain crossed Jerry's eyes. She turned her head away.

"Well, I must run along," she said. "Not staying to dinner!" Mrs. Hathaway's voice was poignant.

"Of course she's staying to dinner." Bob's voice was masterful. "I've got several things to say that she ought to hear, especially since she is secretary of the ball club."

"If—if—" she stammered—"you mean it is business, why then—"

"Yes, it's business—and other things. Business first, though. I say, mother, let's dine; I'm famished. We can talk after dinner. Jove, Jerry; you certainly look fit."

"Thank you. So do you. Can I help you, Mrs. Hathaway?"

"No, everything's ready. I cooked this dinner myself, Bob—just because you were coming home."

II

"Father—Jerry—" Bob Hathaway drew his chair back from the table, took a leather cigar case from his pocket and offered it to

his father. "Have one, father; they're a bit better than the ones you smoke."

Zebulon Hathaway waved the case away with a grunt.

"They may be better, son. But mine are good enough for me." He drew a long blunt cigar from his pocket and bit off the end. "What is all this that's on your mind?"

FATHER, listen. I've been busy, of course. Fearfully busy. But I haven't been too busy to think of you. You may think so. But I haven't. There hasn't been a day when I haven't thought of mother and you and the home."

"I know you have, Bob." Mrs. Hathaway looked defiantly at her husband. "I've always said so."

"But what I mean is I've been thinking along practical lines. I suppose you know that the C. and D. freight and passenger business along this division have been growing like the very deuce. And you know what an increasingly important center Bolton has become."

"Yes." The father nodded.
"You know, too, that the road needs, has long needed, a more adequate terminal in Bolton. Congestion right here is one of our main problems."

"Yes, so they say."
"All right. I've been working on the matter, apart from my legal duties, for a year and now I'm empowered by the C. and D. to make you an offer of a hundred thousand dollars for your baseball plant."

"Eh!" Hathaway's cigar fell from his mouth. He stooped to pick it up, but Jerry anticipated him. Her face was flushed as she arose and restored the lost weed to its owner, an inscrutable expression in her eyes.

"You see, father, the ball-park is the most available property adjacent to the present terminal. The two could be hooked up and give us what we want for our present needs with room for a project or two that the company has in mind. As I say, I have the papers for signature with me."

RITA WEIMAN, successful playwright and author of short stories enjoyed for the power of their human appeal, has written for the next issue of your magazine one of the outstanding stories of her career. It is called "Two Masters." Look for it in October

"A hundred thousand dollars." Hathaway puffed meditatively. "That's a pretty fair offer, son."

"You bet it's a fair offer. I had to work to bring it about. But I succeeded." He turned to his mother, who reached out and ran her hand gently over his hair.

"H'm. Yes, a fair offer. Fair. But, son, look here. Bolton has been building like the mischief for ten years. I can't think of a place where we could put another ball-park."

"Another ball-park?" Bob Hathaway stared at his father.

"No—" the older man's brows were knitted—"I can't think of a place that would be any way accessible. The city has always been used to a central location. The fans wouldn't stand for it."

"But look here, father, this isn't a question of what the fans would stand. It isn't a question of a ball-park, either. Can't you see—" The young man brought his fist down upon the table. "What I want is to have you out of baseball altogether."

"Out of baseball!" Jerry Dane leaned toward Bob Hathaway wide-eyed.

CERTAINLY out of baseball, Jerry. That's precisely what I mean." He glanced at his father who sat frowning perplexedly. "You see, father, you're not getting younger every year. And the game you're in is a thankless one. I'll bet you were hounded all the way home this afternoon. I can imagine what the Bolton Courier will have to say. Then if you lose to-morrow—"

"We're not going to lose to-morrow," cried Jerry, her cheeks aflame.

"Well—you may. But even if you don't the game is a fine one to throw over. Nothing in it. You've done your work and here's your chance to get out with a substantial profit. No more knocks, no more worry. What do you say, father?"

Zebulon Hathaway glanced at his wife.

Mrs. Hathaway shrugged hopelessly, then turned to her son with glowing eyes, studying him, her face turning doubtful as he nodded vigorously. In silence the battle waged within her. Presently she faced her husband.

"Pa, I'm afraid this is something you'll have to decide."

Jerry half rose, then sat rigidly back in her chair.

"There is only one way to decide, Mr. Hathaway. Don't you sell under any circumstances."

"Jerry!" Young Hathaway's exclamation was sharp. "You're crazy."

The girl's eyes flashed.

"I'm not crazy. Nothing was ever so clear in my mind. You're throwing a sum of money in your father's face and asking him to crawl up on the shelf and die. Have you any conception what this lifework of Mr. Hathaway's means to him? Do you think it's a mere business? Do you know what it would mean if he didn't have it? Do you know your father at all?"

Bob Hathaway laughed easily.
"Yes, I know him, Jerry. I know an old man of the sea has been sitting on his shoulders longer than I can remember. And I want him to spend the rest of his days in ease."

"Bob Hathaway—" Jerry arose, confronting him—"you think you know so much. But there are some things you don't know, or at least don't appreciate. I think it would be the most dreadful mistake if Mr. Hathaway sold his club."

The young man, who had been watching her with an expression of admiration and keen speculation, nodded as though he had reached some satisfactory conclusion. Then he gestured at his father.

"As mother says, this is something for you to decide. But I'm telling you there's only one decision to make. Look what you can do. You can travel anywhere to see ball games; can go on to the World's Series every year, have the time of your life; all the baseball you want, if that's the point that's sticking."

(Continued on page 66)



The Sunny Side of Darkness

Military Mathematics

A negro company was stationed at Camp Lee, Virginia, for training during the late war. One afternoon during drill, announcement was made that next morning the company would be trained in attacking a fortification.

After the troops were dismissed, a big, awkward looking private approached the dapper young corporal in charge of his squad and said: "Corprul, what is a fortification anyhow?"

And in a tone of utter contempt for such ignorance, the corporal replied: "Don't you know no 'rithmetic a tall? Anybody ought ter know dat two twentyfications makes a fortification."

Exactly

The pastor of the colored church in Southport, North Carolina, out for a morning stroll last Winter, came upon two of his deacons in earnest debate.

"Good mawnin', Deacons, what is you all discussin' so serious dis mawnin'?" inquired the pastor.

"Good mawnin', Reverent," said Deacon Griffin; "we is 'sputin' concernin' correck language; and we is sho glad you is come to 'cide it. Which is more properer to say, 'ezackly' or 'dezackly'?"

The pastor pondered the question sagely, scratched his head, and replied: "Well, you is asked me a hard question in language. I is studied de same question befo'; an' I don't know *perzackly* which is more properer."



Buxom

Two negroes meeting one day on the principal colored residential street of Lynchburg, had paused for a friendly chat, when they observed on the opposite side of the street a flamboyantly buxom negro woman, who was striding along with an air of proud superiority, obviously conscious of the attention which her physical charms were attracting.

"Jim, who is dat pouter pigeon woman yonder carryin' herself so pertubrun't?" asked Sam.

"Why, dat's Miss Mandy Johnson, down here fum Roanoke on a visit to Reverent Morris," replied Jim.

"Well," said Sam, "she sho do present herse'f, don't she?"

What's in a Title?

Admiral McGowan, who is a native of South Carolina, returned to his home city of Columbia for a short visit just prior to the World War. He was struck by the large number of negroes on the streets wearing gaudy uniforms. Most of them were strangers to the Admiral; but after a while he met an old negro acquaintance, Tom Mason, who was most elaborately attired, with gold epaulettes, a plumed chapeau, a brilliant red sash, and a glittering sword as distinctive features of the general elaborate effect.

After friendly greetings, the Admiral asked Tom what occasion had brought all the uniformed negroes to town.

"Admurl," said Tom sententiously, "dis is de yearly, annual secession of de uniform

rank of de 'Sociated Sons an' Daughters of I Will Arise.' An' niggers is hyuh fum all over de State, tendin' on de convention."

"Well," said the Admiral, "from your uniform I imagine you must be an official of high rank."

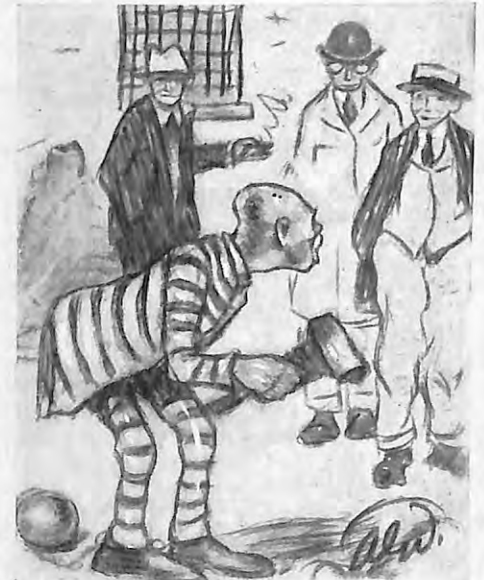
"Yes, Suh, Admurl, I is," replied Tom. "I is de Royal High Ruler an' Supreme King."

"That surely is a superlatively exalted title," said Admiral McGowan. "You must be the highest official of the Order."

"No, Suh, Admurl," said the Supreme King modestly, "dey is five above me."

Not a Life Sentence

Some months ago a party of visitors from Newport News, Va., was being shown through the penitentiary at Richmond by the warden. As they approached a gang of trusties at work in the yard, one of the party recognized an old acquaintance, a negro from his home town.



"Why, Jim, I didn't know you were here," said he. "What are you doing in the penitentiary?"

"Well, Suh," said Jim, "I had some words wid a nigger down on de C. and O. docks; and in de ruckus, I leaned a crowbar up aginst him. An', don't you know dat nigger took an' laid down an' died?"

"That's too bad," said his friend. "I suppose you were charged with murder. Did they put you in for a life sentence?"

"No, Suh," said Jim, "not no life sentence; jus' fum now on."



A Handful of His Best Stories

By Fred Harper

Sketches by Arthur G. Dove

Like Her Pa

The legal formalities of marriage and divorce are matters of small concern to a certain class of negroes in the South. And sometimes the irregularity of the family relationship is disclosed by the most naively innocent expressions.

In Wilmington, North Carolina, there was a middle-aged negress employed as cook in a white family. At her earnest solicitation her daughter, about seventeen years of age, had been engaged as a housemaid. One morning last Spring the lady of the house overheard the mother scolding her daughter for some neglect of her duties.

"You sho is one no 'count nigger," she said. "Shiffless, dat's what you is; shiffless an' onery. Lazy is what you is, nothin' else but. You is jus' zackly like your pa. I suttinly is glad I didn't marry dat nigger, I never had no use for him nohow."



Phew!!!

Uncle Jeff, an old family darkey, from Bedford County, Virginia, had just returned from a trip to New York where he had gone on a "cullud 'scursion." It was his first visit to a big city and he was relating his experiences to his old mistress, whom he still called "Miss Lucy," as he had done when she was a young lady.

"De white folks suttinly was nice to me, Miss Lucy," he said. "On Sunday mawnin' one white gen'leman showed me where was a gran' big chu'ch an' he 'vited me to 'tend



worship. An', Miss Lucy, it was gran', dat chu'ch. It had de finest cyarpet on de flo' all up and down de corridor; an'—"

"You mean the aisle, Uncle Jeff," interrupted his mistress.

"Yessum, Miss Lucy, de ile. An' another white gen'leman, all dressed up in Prince Albert close, he bowed low to me and took an' 'scorted me way up dat ile, befo' all dem people, an' sot me down on de fines' bench, right smack dab side er some gran' white ladies."

"You shouldn't say 'bench,' Uncle Jeff, in speaking of a church seat," again interrupted his mistress, "you should say 'pew.'"

"Yessum, Miss Lucy, 'pew,' dat's it. Dat's jus' what one er dem white ladies said when I sot down by 'em."

The Rear Guard in Danger

A negro regiment was stationed in the front line trenches in France during the World War, awaiting the zero hour for their first charge in actual battle. As they were untried troops, the precaution had been

taken to station six thousand seasoned white soldiers in the immediate rear as a support.

As the moment approached for them to go over the top, they grew more and more nervous. Finally a little undersized negro private turned to the buddy at his side, a great giant of a man, and said: "Mose, what you reckon de papers back home goin' ter say 'bout us in de mawnin'?"

And Mose replied: "If de rest of you niggers feels like I does, de headlines is goin' ter read 'bout like dis—'Six Thousand White Troops Tromped to Death.'"

Just Right

Last Winter a Northern tourist, while spending a few days in Atlanta, decided he would like to try a little of the local moonshine about which he had heard so much. With very little difficulty he secured a pint of the "white lightning" and retired to his room to sample it. One taste was enough. It was a peculiarly vicious decoction and he promptly resigned. He did not care to throw it away, so he presented it to an old darkey who had been driving him about the city in his taxi.

The next day he asked the old negro how he liked the liquor. "Boss, it was zackly right. Yes, Suh, it was jus' zackly right."

"What do you mean by just exactly right, Uncle?" he asked.

"Well, Suh," said the darkey, "it was jus' zackly right, 'cause if it had er been any better you wouldn't er give it to me; an' if it had er been any worse I couldn't er drunk it."



In the Order of Elks, with its scores of capital story-tellers, there is no more accomplished raconteur than Past Grand Exalted Ruler Fred Harper, present Mayor of Lynchburg, Va. The Harper classics are mainly of the Southern darkey, whose broad exagérations of pronunciation Mr. Harper imitates with perfect art.



*Fred A. Morris, Grand Esteemed
Leading Knight,
Mexico, Mo., No. 919*



*Harry M. Ticknor (top center), Grand
Esteemed Loyal Knight,
Pasadena, Cal., No. 672*



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



*Patrick J. Brennan, Grand Treasurer,
Denison, Tex., No. 238.*



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



*Fred C. Robinson, Grand Secretary,
Dubuque, Iowa, No. 297*

Grand Lodge Officers 1922-23



*Robert A. Scott, Grand Trustee (Five
year term), Linton, Ind., No. 866*



*Albert E. Hill (left), Grand
Inner Guard,
Spartanburg, S. C., No. 637*



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

A Message from the American Legion to the Elks

By Oswald Ryan

Member of the National Executive Committee of the American Legion

THE great comradeship of the American Legion sends its greetings and appreciation to the great brotherhood of the Elks. The Elks have challenged the admiration of the Legionnaires of the United States by their organized patriotic efforts, their insistence upon devotion to the common life of the Republic, and their vigorous hostility to forces sinister to American institutions. The Elk contribution to the nation-wide observance of Flag Day alone would justify this Order's claim to a permanent place of honor in the annals of fraternal secret societies which have aided in the development of free institutions.

The Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks and the American Legion have this in common: both believe aggressively that a nation worth dying for in time of war is a nation worth living for in time of peace.

Never before in the history of the United States has there been greater need for the faith of this conviction than there is right now. Strange voices are being heard in the city's streets, calling for new and strange allegiances. Old foundations and old loyalties seem to have lost something of their traditional power, and we are not so sure to-day as we were yesterday of that stability and strength which always heretofore formed the base of our national life.

One great purpose shared in common by the American Legion and the Elks is the development of a greater reverence and respect for law and order in the United States. What an amazing revelation awaits the citizen who makes a comparative study of crime among the nations! Ten times more people annually lose their lives through murder in the United States in proportion to population than in any other great nation in the world. The city of Chicago alone with a population of less than three millions had more murders during the last year than all of England, Scotland and Wales with a combined population of more than forty millions. More persons lost their lives by murder within the last twenty-four years in the United States than were killed on the battlefield of the Civil War!

NOWHERE on earth is human life held so cheaply as it is in the United States. Yet our Declaration of Independence opens with a guarantee of *life*, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness! We must wipe this shameful stain from our national escutcheon. By our determined efforts we must hasten the day when every man from pauper to millionaire who lives in the United States will be compelled to take off his hat to the American flag and to respect the American law. Thus only can we of the Legion and we of the Elks fulfill our solemn obligation to the American ideal of orderly freedom.

The patriotic activities of the B. P. O. E. which gather about the commemoration of the Flag suggest another objective dear to the American Legion—the dissemination of knowledge concerning the American Constitution and American institutions. Patriotism in a self-governing country can come in only one way. It can come only from an

understanding of the meaning of Constitutional liberty; from an understanding of the great principles that underlie American institutions; and from an appreciation of the great price with which they were pur-

THIS article is, in substance, an address delivered by Mr. Ryan to the Annual Convention of the Elks State Association of Indiana, at Michigan City, August 4, 1922. Mr. Ryan was designated by the National Americanism Commission of the American Legion to deliver this message to the convention. He is a member of Anderson, Indiana, Elks Lodge No. 209, and was chairman of the Resolutions Committee of the Indiana State Association Convention.

chased on fields of blood. Somebody has said if the man who assassinated Abraham Lincoln had first looked into the face of that gentlest and greatest of Presidents, he would never have done the deed; that no man who understood the heart of Lincoln could have become his assassin. So with America. No man or woman who has an understanding of the great principles underlying the American Republic will ever have the desire to thrust the knife into its fine life.

AN INTELLIGENT understanding of our Constitution and Government, our traditional free institutions, is doubly needful in this hour. The assault against America to-day is one of argument, not bombs. The sinister voices I have mentioned are proclaiming the superiority of a system of government and society other than ours. Their attack is by argument, and such an attack can not be met by ridicule, threats, the suppression of speech or by jail warrants. You can put your Communist in jail but his ideas will run the streets of the city sowing seeds of distrust that undermine the faith of men.

If Webster and the men of the North had met the Constitutional arguments of Calhoun and the men of the South with the weapons of ridicule, suppression, or imprisonment and had dodged the necessity for argument and reason, the history of our country would have been changed. Webster and the men of the North met the argumentative attack of the South by the consummate defense of proving by masterly exposition the superiority of nationalism over State sovereignty, thereby convincing the people of the North that we were one nation with one flag instead of many nations with many flags. Upon the great Constitutional conviction thus planted in the heart of the North, Abraham Lincoln was able to raise the enormous army which kept the stars in the flag and saved the Union.

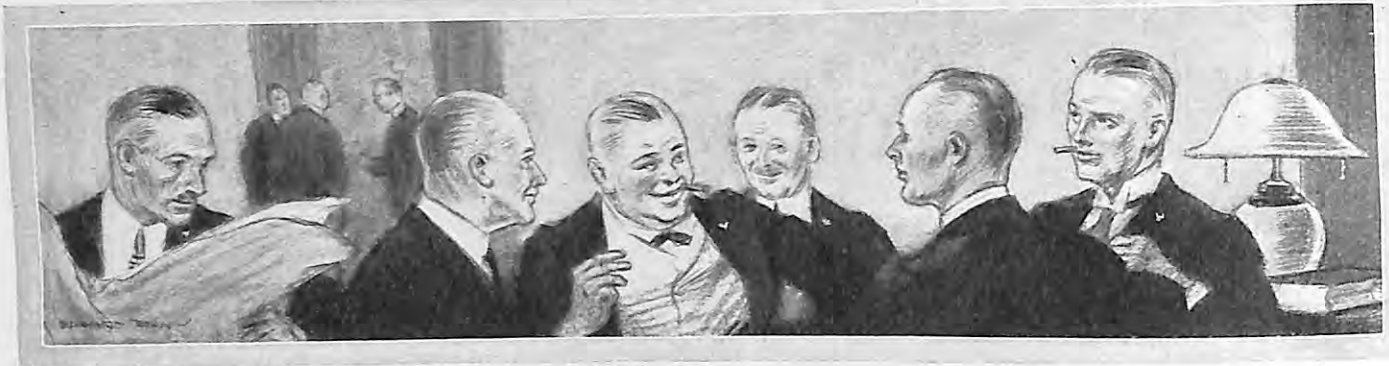
We must defend America to-day by planting into the mind of every citizen, young and old, the truth about America and her institutions. This means, in a large way, an educational problem, an intelligence task. From this angle the Elks and the Legionnaires of the United States approach the great work of defending America against her enemies in time of peace.

THE magnitude of the work will impress any one who has come into contact with the deadly indifference of large groups of our citizens to their National obligation. The problem of Americanization is improperly confined to the presence of the foreign born in our midst. The difficult question is not so much how to Americanize the foreigner from over there as it is how to Americanize the American over here. Nothing can ever destroy this Government except the apathy of the people themselves. God save America from the Americans who are indifferent to her national welfare and ignorant of her manifest destiny!

In the drive for world peace the American nation is destined to take a leading part. Both the Legion and the Elks have the opportunity to contribute substantially to the development of an effective, righteous public opinion on the subject of peace and war. Neither organization has ever extolled the doctrine of peace at any price. Neither is professional pacifist. To both memberships the preservation of our National honor and integrity takes precedence over love of peace for its own sake. Yet both the Legion and the Elks have it in their power to advance the cause of peace through the dissemination of the truth about peace and war.

The visitor to St. Paul's Cathedral in London—that magnificent monument to the genius of the great English architect, Sir Christopher Wren—will be impressed by its resemblance to Westminster Abbey. The great cathedral contains many of England's noble dead. You gaze upon the splendor of Wellington's tomb. You admire the resting place of Lord Nelson who expected every Englishman "to do his duty." You are impressed by the empty tomb of Kitchener who was lost at sea. Far removed from the splendor and glory of these sepulchres in the most obscure corner of the cellar you come upon a plain white slab which marks the burial place of Sir Christopher Wren the architect. You read upon this simple stone these words: "If you would find his monument look around you."

SUCH an epitaph is the ambitious hope of the great comradeship of the Legion and the great brotherhood of the Elks. Let us strive together as we think together that future generations may say of us: "If you would find their monument look around you and behold a stronger, more glorious national life." Let us keep up the great fight to preserve America, the last, best hope of earth until the last Brother Elk and the last Comrade wrap the drapery of their couch about them and lie down to dream.



Under the Spreading Antlers

They Tell These Tales

Three Million Dollars Increase in Clearings

DURING the week of the Grand Lodge meeting and reunion in Atlantic City, the banks there showed an increase of \$3,000,000 in clearings, according to the Executive Committee that represented Atlantic City Lodge of Elks.

Grand Lodge Prize Winners

Drill corps prizes awarded at Atlantic City in connection with the Grand Lodge meeting were as follows:

First—Withington Zouaves, in command of Capt. Wm. Sparks, of Jackson (Mich.) Lodge, No. 113.

Second—Milwaukee (Wis.) Lodge, No. 46.

Third—Buffalo (N. Y.) Lodge, No. 23.

Others competing and deserving special mention in the opinion of the Judges, included:

San Antonio (Tex.) Lodge, No. 216; Salt Lake City (Utah) Lodge, No. 85; Camden (N. J.) Lodge, No. 293; Trenton (N. J.) Lodge, No. 105; the drum and bugle corps of St. Paul (Minn.) Lodge, No. 59; Philadelphia (Pa.) Lodge, No. 2, because of the time limitation, did not participate in the drill.

Prize-winning lodges in the Elks' Prosperity Parade, at Atlantic City, were distributed as follows:

Largest number in line—first, Philadelphia; second, Jersey City.

Most attractive appearance in uniform—first, Camden; second, Milwaukee.

Greatest distance traveled—first, San Antonio, Texas; second, Boise City, Idaho.

Greatest number of ladies in line—first, Philadelphia; second, Irvington, N. J.

Most attractive float—first, Philadelphia; second, Irvington, N. J.

Philadelphia, in the band contest, won first prize.

Weehawken Lodge, No. 1456, Instituted Amid Great Ecstacy

Weehawken Lodge, No. 1456, is an accomplished fact. The institution, with District Deputy David M. Mullins in chief charge of the ceremonies, occurred on the night of August 9 in the presence of an Elk attendance that overflowed Hamilton School, and with the official assistance of Hoboken Lodge, No. 74. Grouped upon the stage

were many prominent members of the Order haling from all sections of New Jersey and throughout the country. The incidental festivities began early in the evening with an elaborate dining in honor of the 75 leading citizens who composed the charter list of the Lodge. Numerously recruited by Elks from near-by Lodges and led by the Hoboken Elks Band, 1,000 Elks, with flags flying, paraded the principal streets. Every marching member carried an American flag. The purple and white decorations were conspicuous. The new Lodge made its debut under happy augury. All manner of success was presaged. Judge Francis H. McCauley became the first Exalted Ruler. As to acquiring a home or indulging in other expenditures, nothing will be done until careful consideration has been given.

\$20,000 Lodge Debt Wiped Out by Generous Friend

A bronze tablet installed in the entrance-way of the home of Derby (Conn.) Lodge tells tersely and simply the story of a remarkable happening that took place quite unexpectedly on the night when the home was being dedicated. This is the enduring chronicle:

B. P. O. ELKS

THIS TABLET IS ERECTED IN HONOR OF FRIEND A. RUSS,

WHO IS NOT A MEMBER OF OUR ORDER AND WHOSE MUNIFICENT GIFT AT THE DEDICATION OF THIS BUILDING ON FEBRUARY 21, 1907, OF \$20,000 TO LIQUIDATE THE MORTGAGE IS WITHOUT PRECEDENT IN THE ENTIRE HISTORY OF ELKDOM.

DERBY LODGE, NO. 571.

The fact is that the completion of the club-house had entailed a mortgage indebtedness of \$20,000, to which the Derby members in their exuberance of spirit had given no serious consideration. At the time in question, Mr. Russ was engaged in Derby with a manufacturing concern. It so happened that many of the employees were Elks, among them Mr. Russ' son, who one day casually told his father that, on a certain night, the dedication of the Derby home was to take place. A question was asked by the elder Russ as to the financial status of the Lodge. The son explained the

debt situation. That night the father thought it over and next day gave his son a sealed letter to be handed to the Exalted Ruler on the occasion of the dedication ceremony. Instructions were punctually followed. When the communication was opened in the presence of the Lodge there was found enclosed a certified check for \$20,000, to make the organization entirely free of any and all indebtedness. Immediately, the dedication was turned into a jubilee. As he has since explained, the generosity of Mr. Russ was actuated by a desire to do something for an Order whose only mission, as he expresses it, "is to do good." Mr. Russ now resides in Port Chester, N. Y.

Four Hundred Names Inscribed on Bronze Tablet

Situated in the main lobby of its \$250,000 Home, Washington Lodge has a bronze tablet containing the names of nearly 400 of its members who served during the World War. That tablet was unveiled and dedicated with elaborate ceremonies by Warren G. Harding (President of the United States and an honorary life member of Marion, Ohio, Lodge, on May 8, 1921. Mrs. Harding and many distinguished guests were present. The principal address on that occasion was delivered by Frank J. Hogan.

The building and furnishings of Washington Lodge represent a value of a quarter of a million dollars. The Lodge is free of debt, and has established a sinking fund to which various moneys are diverted with the object in view of building a bigger and better home some day, when it is needed. The present building was first occupied on April 1, 1908. On that date, Ernest W. Emory was installed as Exalted Ruler, succeeding Hugh F. Harvey, under whose leadership as Exalted Ruler the building was erected. Both of these members have since died.

Rochester to Install Extensive Improvements

Three additional stories, a roof garden, a swimming pool, a gymnasium, showers, sleeping apartments, twenty additional bowling alleys, new pool and billiard tables, a battery of elevators and other conveniences, costing \$250,000, are included in the improvements to be made to the Elks' Home, at Rochester, N. Y.



\$100,000 With Which To Build Civic Center

Woonsocket (R. I.) Lodge is in the midst of a campaign to raise \$100,000 with which to build a Club and Home. The site, prominently located, has been paid for. The new home will be Woonsocket's civic center, a thought in harmony with the larger idea that all Elk Homes become community welfare centers.

Old-Time Mansion Converted by Herkimer

One of those rare, early-day mansions is to be converted by Herkimer (N. Y.) Lodge of Elks into a permanent home. The lot on which it stands is 125 by 125 feet, affording ample opportunity for expansion.

Largest Membership In Proportion to Population

Cripple Creek and Victor Lodges, with respective membership lists of 525 and 600, claim to have the largest memberships in proportion to population of any other two Subordinate Lodges of the Order. According to the 1920 census, the total population of the towns is 4,120. Nearly 700 members of the two Lodges are non-residents. They hail from every part of the United States, also Alaska, South Africa, Australia, South America and everywhere on the globe that mining is a leading industry. At the time these Lodges were instituted the 5,000 bona fide white population requirements were more than complied with.

Cripple Creek and Victor Lodges both own beautiful homes, each one fully paid for, representing in joint value \$100,000. These homes are the scenes of the social activities of Cripple Creek district. The residents of the camps regard the Elks as literally the Best People on Earth. Elk Lodges of Cripple Creek, Victor, Canon City and Pueblo have in full swing a baseball league with a regular schedule.

At 95 Years of Age He Became an Elk

Secretary G. J. Stout of Fargo (N. D.) Lodge, No. 260, writes *The Elks Magazine*: "If Fargo hasn't the oldest Elk, we think we have the age record on joining. Dan E. Wingate (Uncle Dan as he is affectionately known) became a member of Fargo Lodge when he was ninety-five years old—or young. He was born August 5, 1826, at Waterbury, Vermont, thirty-two years before the Order came into existence. Uncle Dan celebrated his ninety-sixth birthday by holding a levee in the club rooms of Fargo Lodge, regaling his friends with incidents during the time of Presidents Jackson, Van Buren, Harrison, Taylor, Fillmore and Lin-

coln. Every day he is a visitor at the club rooms. His ambition is to be the first Elk to cross the threshold of the new home of Fargo Lodge, which will be completed next year. No. 260 has presented him with a life-membership card in a gold case bearing this inscription: "Presented by Fargo Lodge to the Oldest Baby Elk in the World."

Citizenship Celebration. Rahway Sets Splendid Example

Every year on Independence Day, Rahway Lodge, on the lawn surrounding its Club, holds a Citizenship Celebration. To this event, invitations are issued to those individuals who have, in the past year, become naturalized. Every newly-made citizen is presented with a small American Flag. This year the program included: musical selection by the Elks' Orchestra, singing of "America"; welcome address, by Mayor J. B. Furber; lecture on the Flag, by Commander F. L. Foulks; patriotic address, by the Rev. H. L. Sadtler; reading in unison of the American creed, and the singing of the "Star-Spangled Banner." Refreshments were served. Boy and girl scouts acted as ushers. Edward Erdle, Exalted Ruler of Rahway Lodge, finds that a ceremony of this character creates a lasting impression by instilling on July 4 the lesson taught by the Flag.

Southwest Pennsylvania Enjoys Annual Union Picnic

Twenty-one Elk Lodge of the Southwest Pennsylvania District held, on August 9, at Kennywood Park, near McKeesport, their annual union picnic. August 16, at Olympia Park, McKeesport Lodge held its annual family outing. McKeesport's annual stag outing will take place immediately after Labor Day.

Mr. Mountain Commends Sturgis Lodge and the Order

The dedication of the new Elks' Temple at Sturgis, Mich., recalls that Past Grand Exalted Ruler William W. Mountain resided in that city thirty years ago. Upon the occasion in question, Mr. Mountain complimented Sturgis Lodge and the progression it had made. One thing he especially praised was its home, which he said was one of the most complete in the country. In a review of the achievements of the Order, Mr. Mountain stressed the practical aid rendered by the Elks during the World War. He related the assistance given ex-service men following their return from overseas, even to advancing loans amounting to many thousands of dollars without exacting security for the return of the money. He eulogized the character of the returned soldiers by citing the records which show that the Order sustained a loss of less than

two per cent. on this account. A pleasant incident of the Sturgis dedication was the presentation by R. H. Van Buren of an elk's head, mounted. This head has been in possession of the Van Buren family for fifty years.

Denison Lodge Arranging to Rebuild

It is confidently predicted that Denison, No. 238, the home Lodge of Grand Treasurer Patrick J. Brennan, will soon be provided with a handsome and commodious new structure. Some two years ago, fire destroyed the Lodge and Club property. The sentiment to rebuild crystallized in the appointment of a committee which has approved the architect's plans. Another committee is raising the necessary wherewithal.

All-Elk Minstrels For Charity Exclusively

Pekin (Ill.) Lodge, No. 1271, boasts of a highly successful annual minstrel entertainment put on exclusively for Charity, without the reinforcement of outside paid talent. Each year the show continues for a period of from two to five days. The last entertainment was the greatest yet given. All of the performers were Elks.

Royal Purple, Elk Color. A Leaf from Official History

Royal Purple was adopted to be the official Elk color at the Grand Lodge session in Buffalo in 1892, when Grand Exalted Ruler Edwin B. Hay so recommended in his annual report. At the same time and in the same way, the forget-me-not was made the floral emblem of the Order of Elks.

Previously, in 1882, when New York Lodge was conducting its thirteenth Annual Charity Ball, and for purposes of diversifying the decorations, it was requested of the various other Lodges of the Order that they each be represented by a differently colored banner. Colors had been previously assigned to the Lodges. For instance:

Distinguishing their own Lodge, New York members had a color combination of red and blue, by which colors No. 1 is known to the present day. (Notice the hat bands worn by the marchers in Grand Lodge parades for proof of this statement.) To Baltimore Lodge had been assigned black and yellow, oriole semblatives. Indianapolis Lodge had been awarded canary yellow and sent in a banner accordingly. Cincinnati was pure white in appearance. And so the variations continued until each of the Lodges then existing was represented by a different color, or color combination.

It happened that after Royal Purple had been chosen as the official color of the Order, the Grand Lodge met in Cincinnati.

(Continued on page 72)

Charity

By Berton Braley

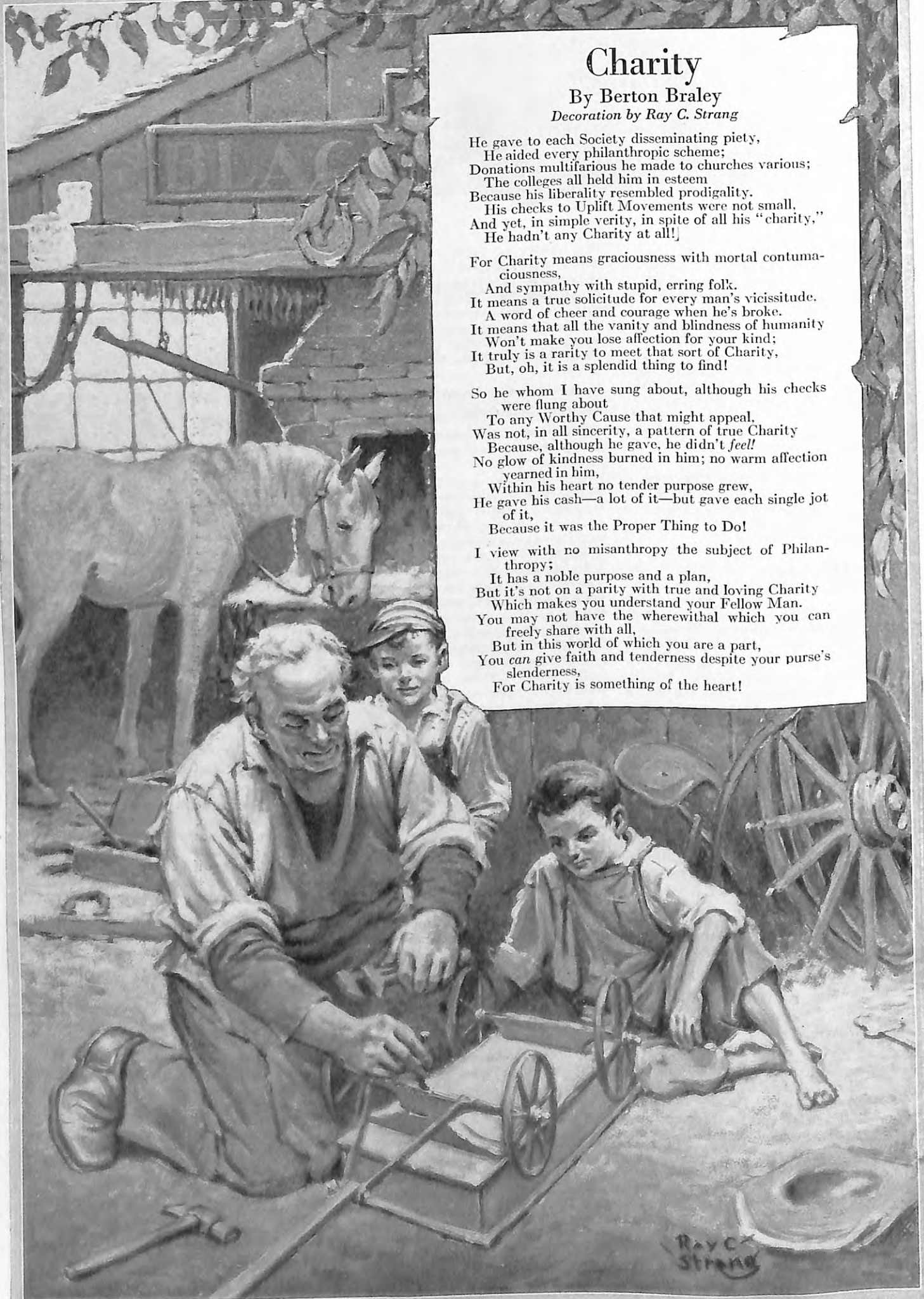
Decoration by Ray C. Strang

He gave to each Society disseminating piety,
He aided every philanthropic scheme;
Donations multifarious he made to churches various;
The colleges all held him in esteem
Because his liberality resembled prodigality.
His checks to Uplift Movements were not small,
And yet, in simple verity, in spite of all his "charity,"
He hadn't any Charity at all!

For Charity means graciousness with mortal contumaciousness,
And sympathy with stupid, erring folk.
It means a true solicitude for every man's vicissitude.
A word of cheer and courage when he's broke.
It means that all the vanity and blindness of humanity
Won't make you lose affection for your kind;
It truly is a rarity to meet that sort of Charity,
But, oh, it is a splendid thing to find!

So he whom I have sung about, although his checks
were flung about
To any Worthy Cause that might appeal,
Was not, in all sincerity, a pattern of true Charity
Because, although he gave, he didn't *feel!*
No glow of kindness burned in him; no warm affection
yearned in him,
Within his heart no tender purpose grew,
He gave his cash—a lot of it—but gave each single jot
of it,
Because it was the Proper Thing to Do!

I view with no misanthropy the subject of Philanthropy;
It has a noble purpose and a plan,
But it's not on a parity with true and loving Charity
Which makes you understand your Fellow Man.
You may not have the wherewithal which you can
freely share with all,
But in this world of which you are a part,
You *can* give faith and tenderness despite your purse's
slenderness,
For Charity is something of the heart!



The Mission of the State Association

A Word as to Its Scope and News of Meetings Recently Held or Soon to Come

THE season is at hand when the State Association assembles in annual meeting. Of State Associations, there flourish all told, thirty-three, organized and actively engaged.

Under Grand Lodge law, joining an Association is purely a voluntary act on the part of the Lodge. Nevertheless, in several States, New Jersey recently among them, Association membership has reached a basis of one hundred per cent. This furnishes testimony of State Association growth and popularity in the dominion of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks.

Happily, the State Association is proving a vigorous and valuable agency for internal improvement among Subordinate Lodges, and in this particular, the State Association has amply vindicated the wisdom and utility of its existence. Logically, all the influences are for general and substantial betterment of Elk conditions. The Association stipulates and radiates fraternal interest and does not neglect to cultivate the graces of good fellowship. It expands and strengthens and welds the personal element into one mammoth Elk family. Then, too, it supplies diversion and inspiration for the many, who, by one fate or another, are denied opportunity to attend and enjoy Grand Lodge meetings. In generous emulation, the State Association, by means of contesting degree teams, exemplifies the finest arts in staging and impressing the initiation ceremony. Almost invariably, the public parades, given under its auspices, are events of surpassing local repute.

Moreover, the State Association discusses Community and Social Welfare work and compares results with wide-spread advantage, and is fruitful in advancing ideas that promote larger and more splendid achievement.

In a brief word, State Association meetings kindle enthusiasm and make for wider and closer friendships and stronger Lodges. These concrete and praiseworthy objectives, collectively considered, recount the reason and the rewards of the State Association.

With splendid representation and a fine outburst of enthusiasm, the New Jersey Association conducted its 1922 gathering of the Elk clans simultaneously with the session of the Grand Lodge in Atlantic City. Retiring President John H. Case reported that the five Subordinate Lodges instituted in the State during the year then closing had all of them applied and been elected to membership in the State Association, and that every Lodge in New Jersey was now an affiliate. Joseph G. Buch of Trenton Lodge, No. 105, was elected President, and Edgar T. Reed of Perth Amboy, No. 784, was chosen Secretary. Social and Community Welfare work was discussed, and a committee was instructed to devote careful attention to this important detail. The Advisory Committee of the Association is made up of Past Presidents, of which there are nine. Other officers chosen were:

Vice-Presidents—Wm. J. Reichly, Asbury Park, No. 128 (Central); B. T. Foulkes, Orange, No. 135 (Northwest); Henry Gil-

house, Oradell (Northeast); Thomas J. Mooney, Burlington, No. 996 (South). Sergeant-at-Arms—J. J. Vreeland, Dover, No. 782. Tiler—William E. Ward, Phillipsburg, No. 395. Chaplain—Rev. Francis H. Smith, Trenton, No. 105. Organist—Edw. L. Glaser, Hoboken, No. 74.

It is the intention of President Buch to provide an annual outing for every crippled child in New Jersey. The plan is in process of formation. Trenton, in which city Mr. Buch resides, gave a picnic August 7. Hundreds of maimed and unfortunate children were the guests of the Trenton Elks. So systematic was the search for crippled children that it is believed not one was overlooked. Pastors and priests announced from their pulpits that the Elks had arranged the entertainment. Consequently all of the big and little white and black cripples responded. The Dolphin line of boats carried the youngsters to Island Beach, formerly Burlington Island Park.

The 1922 Session of the Pennsylvania State Elks Association is expected to establish many new standards, at Scranton. An advance roll call shows that 115 Lodges will be represented by 300 delegates. It is contemplated that 20,000 members of the Order will attend. The city is due to be in holiday dress, resplendent with the National Colors mingling with the Purple and White of the Elk Brotherhood. A Court of Honor has been beautifully conceived, around which the festivities are to revolve. There are to be drill contests and competitive concerts. An unusual picnic is to take place at Rocky Glen, and a grand ball at the local Armory. A banquet at the Hotel Casey is to be a feature of the Convention opening. It is confidently prophesied that nine hundred persons will attend. The toastmaster appointed is Judge M. F. Sando, who presides in the Orphans' Court in Lackawanna County. Charles H. Grakelow, of Philadelphia Lodge No. 2, is to preside.

Nebraska Elks are inclining to the idea of organizing Junior Lodges. Naturally their powers in such matters are recommendatory only. This is an important question which the Grand Lodge will ponder with the help of the Committee on Good of the Order, and the report will not be due until the Grand Lodge meeting of 1923 in Atlanta. At the Annual Nebraska State Convention held at Columbus, officers were chosen, as follows: President—W. W. Jennie, Falls City; First Vice-President—Carl Cramer, Columbus; Second Vice-President—K. C. Haverly, Hastings; Third Vice-President—Daniel B. Butler, Omaha; Secretary—J. H. Cuddy, Chardon; Treasurer—C. B. Nicodemus, Fremont; Trustees—C. A. McCloud, York; Guy Tauveil, Lincoln; A. B. Hoagland, North Platte. The principal speaker was District Judge Spears. He reported progress in the construction of Omaha's million-dollar Elk Home. The finale of the convention was the initiation of twenty candidates into Columbus Lodge.

The ceremony was conducted by teams from Lincoln and North Platte.

Anacortes proved at the annual meeting of the Washington State Elks Association, that while it is small in comparison with some of the other cities in the State, it possessed sufficient resources to give the delegates a notable time. Elks from the east side of the State met west side members in large numbers, exchanging ideas and planning for the development of the Order on a larger scale than ever before in Washington. A question relating to Lodge vacations in summer occupied considerable attention. The theory was advanced that a long vacation breaks the thread of interest, rendering more difficult the resumption of activities in the Fall. Some Lodges made the contention that two months' vacation is sufficient, while a greater number decided to take no vacation at all.

Columbia (S. C.) Elks are not losing a moment in preparing for the next meeting of the South Carolina State convention, although it is not to be held until May, 1923. The announcement is made by the new President, J. Gordon Hughes, of Union, that the Elks will have the cooperation of the Columbia Chamber of Commerce, all civic organizations and practically every citizen in an effort to surpass the interest and attendance characterizing the 1922 session at Greenville.

The second annual convention of the Maryland State Elks Association, at Frostburg, attracted a large attendance. On the opening and final days, business sessions were held. Entertainment ranged from dancing, ball games, parades, fireworks, band concerts, aquatic sports, a circus and motor sight-seeing trips to athletic contests.

The California State Elks Association will hold a three-day meeting, beginning October 11, at Santa Monica. At eight o'clock in the evening, on the first day, the address of welcome will be delivered at Ocean Park Auditorium, followed by a concert. Thursday, October 12, will be devoted to a golf tournament, parade, election of officers, drill, ritualistic, bowling and band concerts. Friday will mark the second day of the golf tournament, another business meeting of the convention, a baseball game, jinx and prize awards; also a motor ride in Ocean Park Plaza. The last day will be devoted to golf tournament finals, closing of the convention, a motor party and a grand ball.

At the seventeenth annual session of the Iowa State Elks Association, held at Waterloo, following the election of officers, it was

(Continued on page 64)

Prominent Clergymen Tell Why They Are Elks

SINCE the days of the beginning, ministers of the gospel—liberal-minded and responsive to the call and sentiment of man's universal Brotherhood—and representing the several denominations, have become active members of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks.

And so it came to pass that in the days of the incumbency of William M. Regan as Exalted Ruler of Minneapolis Lodge, No. 44, he invited correspondence from a number of clergymen whose acquaintance he enjoyed, to the end of ascertaining the reasons why they had been prompted to become Elks, and also to obtain their experiences and impressions after more thoroughly understanding the purposes and ambitions of the Order. Incidentally it may be remarked that year after year the membership list of prominent clergymen steadily increases.

Addressing The Elks Magazine, Mr. Regan writes: "The responses to my letters were prompt and unusually interesting and instructive. I am certain that Elks everywhere will profit by reading these messages of fraternity and good cheer. Some of them I am enclosing for publication:

Rev. Edward Lee Powell, D.D., Pastor First Christian Church, Louisville, Ky.—"I am an Elk because I enjoy the social fellowship which the organization gives. I like to meet and know my brother men. Too many ministers, I fear, by their aloofness, cripple their influence over men. Why should not a minister be a man among men, and be a Christian gentleman always, not a self-righteous Pharisee who considers himself too good to claim kinship with men of different tastes and pursuits from himself? I heartily endorse the principles of the Order. The Elks have exemplified their principles in many ways. Their good deeds, in harmony with their teaching, can not be placarded. Noiselessly and quietly, they help their brothers, counting it sufficient reward to be able to render the service. I know of the work done by the Elks in Louisville. I do not hesitate to say that they have illustrated Christian charity in many beautiful ways. I think a preacher should go wherever he can be of service to his fellow-men. The influence of a self-respecting, manly minister of the gospel is recognized and honored by the Elks. He has opportunity without parade of piety, but simply and naturally to show to his brothers, by his behavior and his words, that he stands for righteousness and worthy ideals. These are good reasons, it seems to me, to influence a minister of the gospel who is thinking of applying for membership in the Order of Elks."

B. P. O. E.

Rev. Roderick J. Mooney, Rector St. Luke's Episcopal Church, Duluth, Minn.—"I wanted to line up with the body of nimble-witted men, the very bone and sinew of the business and professional life of our country, who, of their own volition, are devoting themselves to a most chivalrous practice of Charity. The very genius of the Elk spirit is the seeking out of those in need of assistance and giving aid regardless of

condition, creed, color or class. As the true Elk is ever alert to the call of distress, so is he responsive to the appeal of woe in any of its myriad forms. As a clergyman, busy and active in my work, I say, 'God bless every member of the Order. May they emulate one another in the practice of that greatest of all virtues, Charity.'"

B. P. O. E.

Max Samfield, Rabbi of Congregation Children of Israel, Memphis, Tenn.—"I was attracted to the Order of Elks by the unostentatious charity which they practice and which can not be excelled by any other order. It is also one of the most patriotic organizations. It keeps aloof from sectarianism and politics, features which ought to appeal to every clergyman. Some ministers object to the social features, and do not like Elks who are not prohibitionists and Puritans. However, they are not forced to enjoy the things others enjoy. They can abstain if they choose to do so, and yet be good and helpful members of the fraternity. We have in our Lodge a Presbyterian minister who is a total abstainer, yet he is an enthusiastic Elk. His brethren do not think less of him because he does not drink. Of course I am liberal in my views, yet I am an ardent friend of my Presbyterian colleague. Tolerance, forbearance and benevolence are great virtues. Most Elks cherish and practice them. Our Order has a great future."

B. P. O. E.

Rev. W. H. Ramsay, formerly Rector of the Church of the Messiah, Louisville, Ky., now of Chicago.—"I became an Elk because the Order stands for the highest kind of good fellowship and human brotherhood upon the broad and simple bases of our common humanity. The B. P. O. Elks offer the best field for the highest influence that a man can exert upon his fellows. A narrow-minded, creed-bound man would find no satisfaction in this fellowship. But to the broadminded minister, whose religion is bigger than his church or sect, the Order of Elks affords an opportunity of free fellowship and brotherhood, unequalled by any other Order. I am convinced that there is a capacity of high human service and noble uplift in our Order that has not yet begun to be developed."

B. P. O. E.

Rev. David M. Crabtree, Rector St. Peter's, Redwood City, Cal.—"I never could finish giving my reasons for joining the Elks, nor for congratulating myself that I am one. Elks can not be equaled for real and unaffected charity toward each other as brothers toward the world, rich and poor, as brother men; for never-ending fidelity, for justice toward all and malice toward none. For good-fellowship, our Elks are in the forefront. An eloquent brother of San José Lodge said: 'If all Elks were like him and all clergymen like their chaplain, we would all belong to the Preachers' Union.' There never was an Elk that the Preachers' Union would not help. There never has been an Elk Lodge in which the membership would not help, broaden, and strengthen any local clergyman."

Rev. A. R. Tillinghast, Pastor Tuttle Universalist Church, Minneapolis, Minn.—"I have seen the Elks at work and at play, in their devotions and also their recreations. I count it a privilege to be a member of the Lodge. Elks know human nature; they can sympathize. Elks steadily rise in my estimation. I have called their attention to worthy cases. Always I have found them good Samaritans. Their strength is pledged to the work. They are listening for the cry of the needy. Among them, bigotry and petty conventionality are subtracted, and sympathy and altruism are multiplied. They know how to use the finer legal tender in which life makes its primary exchanges. The Order stands for fraternity rather than frivolity, for good works rather than mere entertainment. This I know because I have traveled with them along the Jericho road that runs through the sunshine and shadow of human affairs."

B. P. O. E.

Rev. Mark A. Matthews, Pastor Presbyterian Church, Seattle, Wash.—"I joined the Elks because the principles are good, the charity is broad, the practical work is commendable. The fraternal spirit is inviting, the fellowship is close and most cordial. The Order presented to me a broad field of usefulness. I discovered that I could be of service to my brother Elks, also the world at large. Every minister should be an Elk. I do not regret joining. I am glad to be numbered among the good men who compose this benevolent Order." (Dr. Matthews was at one time Moderator of the Presbyterian Synod of America.)

B. P. O. E.

Rev. Crozier G. Adams, Rector St. John's Parish, St. Louis, Mo.—"I am a life member of St. Louis Lodge of Elks. While individual members may occasionally go astray or do things that bring reproach upon the Order, I have never found any reason for feeling anything but pride and satisfaction in my own membership. The B. P. O. Elks come closer to the real charity than any other secular organization of which I know, and I am working for it all the time."

B. P. O. E.

Rev. Franklin Baker, Pastor First Congregational Church, Eureka, Calif.—"Only the good in this world, in my opinion, are permanently successful. I joined the Elks because I enjoy associating with those who are succeeding in life. By mingling with Elks, I learn more than books can teach me. I mean that Elks are in touch with the realities of life. I am pleased to say that of all the happy hours spent outside of my profession, none are more enjoyable than those I devote to the Elks. If any minister is so narrow as to belittle this Order, his attitude is due to a lack of understanding. I will hazard the guess that a minister of the type to which I refer is so far removed from actual life that the amount of good he is doing would not be missed were he suddenly to drop out of line. The Order of Elks inspires the doing of good. If the Christian Church would embody some of the obligations required by the Elks, the Church would be a more useful organization at all times."

The Elks National Memorial Headquarters Building

What It Stands for Architecturally and What It Looks Like

By Egerton Swartwout

A MEMORIAL building is necessarily a monumental building. The term monumental as used in architecture has no mortuary significance, as a good woman I once knew seemed to think. "You know," she said to an acquaintance, "I don't think Mr. Swartwout is one bit sad, in spite of his gloomy profession. You know he makes a specialty of monumental work"; and in her mind I was classed with grave stones, flowers and folding chairs. Of course, "monumental" means that the building is not utilitarian, or rather a building that by its dignity and architectural expression can not be classed with the commercial or domestic work which surrounds it. A monumental building is not necessarily a classic building; a Gothic Church might be, and often is, monumental, but generally a Gothic Church is too unsymmetrical and picturesque to be monumental.

Now, one of the first essentials to the success of a monumental building is a proper site. I know many buildings of real architectural merit that are almost entirely submerged by the buildings around them. A monumental building should be at the end of a vista, on an eminence or facing a large open square or park. The Elks Memorial faces one of the handsomest parks in the country, Lincoln Park, and beyond the park, Lake Michigan. The site is a good-sized piece of property, in a great city, accessible to all and yet out of the bustle and turmoil of the business district; an admirable site, the selection of which is a credit to the care and foresight of the Commission.

IN THE consideration of the proper scheme for such a building as the Elks Memorial there are then the site, the requirements of the building and the character of it. It was not only to be a memorial to those of the Order who have served and fallen in the Great War, but also it was to have a certain utilitarian side, not pronounced, it is true, but still important. There was to be on the second floor a large Memorial Hall of about four thousand square feet in area, which was to be the Memorial proper, and was to contain relics, statues, inscriptions, and the various memorials that would be appropriate. This was to be the feature of the building. And on the ground floor, possibly in wings, were to be the offices of the Grand Secretary and other Grand Lodge Officers and Committees, the editorial offices of the Elks Magazine, etc., etc. It was plain that the memorial feature must predominate; the offices, while convenient, must be secondary in importance. There should be a central feature, the Memorial Hall, and forming a base for it should be the offices. For the central feature it seemed obvious that the Hall should stand on a great basement and that the memorial feature should be emphasized by a colonnade and surmounted by some classic and dignified form of roof structure. But what architectural form should this central feature follow?

When the building for the Scottish Rite

was built in Washington some years ago they were faced with somewhat similar conditions. There, too, was a great central Hall surrounded by low wings, and they



DEWITT WARD

EGERTON SWARTWOUT,
who won the award of the Elks National Memorial Headquarters Commission. An architect of note, his wide and successful experience in the designing of memorial buildings, such as the National Victory Memorial in Washington, D. C., and the Mary Baker Eddy Memorial in Boston, marks him as a man eminently fitted to be entrusted with the erection of this monument to the Order

solved the problem by designing a square building surrounded by a colonnade and capped by a steep stepped roof or pyramid, the scheme being inspired by the Mausoleum of Halicarnassus, one of the seven wonders of the Ancient World. The building was very successful and immediately formed a type which was followed in most of the buildings built by the Masons since that time. That type has become typical of the Order. When you see a square or rectangular building surrounded by a colonnade on a basement with some sort of a steep roof, you at once know that is a building of the Masons.

It was obvious such a shape would not do for the Elks Memorial. It occurred to me that there was one shape that had never been used in that way and that shape was a circle. There have been circular buildings, not many, but some of them well known, the Pantheon in Rome and some smaller temples; but I know of no case in which a great circular room has been lifted on a basement and surrounded with an unbroken colonnade. Having then adopted the circular

idea it was natural to surmount it by a flat dome which was more appropriate and pleasing than the stepped pyramid. The offices naturally resolved themselves into a low base surrounding and backing up the central feature, and the whole building was raised on a series of terraces to give dignity and height to the composition. The result is appropriate, is monumental and is novel; nothing just like it has ever been built, and if it should prove as successful as we all hope, it, too, will form a type for future buildings, the buildings that the Elks will build throughout the country.

There will be many who will ask what is the style of the Memorial. I might say it was Classic, and more Roman than Greek; I would prefer to say it was modern, and that it was American. It is certainly modern in its conception, and while it is Classic, it is not archeological. It follows along the lines of that adaptation of the Classic which got such a noble start in this country just after the Revolution; the style used in the Capitol and other buildings in Washington. It is our national heritage.

Now, as to the building itself. The site faces Lincoln Park and the Lake, is comparatively level and is about 200 by 400 feet, on the corner of two great avenues. The park is well grown with trees and there are also trees on the park space between the sidewalk and the Drive. There is a house on the site, which will shortly be removed, and a few trees which we will not be able to save; but we plan a formal plantation on each side of the building, and we further plan to carry the park treatment onto the upper terrace and also in the two interior open courts at each side of the central feature. These courts are formed by the low walls of the offices and by a screen of pillars which form a communicating passage between the wings and the central feature. This screen is low and merely consists of pillars with glass between, so that the trees and planting in the courts will be directly visible from the front.

THE building is some 233 feet on the front from wing to wing and about 110 feet deep. The central feature is 106 feet in diameter and consists of a heavily rusticated basement with a single great arched opening in the center, and at the top of this basement, just underneath the columns, is a sculptured frieze. This frieze is really the feature of the building; one of the great features anyway. It will be a grand procession, forming an apotheosis of the Order, carved in high relief, five feet or more in height, and perhaps enriched with colored marbles and gold bronze. It is the one great ornamental feature in the otherwise simple building. Just what form the sculpture will take, or just what the symbolism will be, is a subject that will receive the careful consideration of the Commission, the sculptor and the architect. It will be a wonderful opportunity. Above the basement rises the circular colonnade, 32 feet high; that is to say, the columns are 32 feet high, but with the entab-

lature and parapet, the colonnade is about 45 feet in height. The columns are simple, sturdy, Doric columns, and the frieze of the entablature is ornamented with a series of names or with a great inscription. Surmounting the circular wall of the Memorial Hall is a low stone dome similar to the dome of the Pantheon in Rome. The wings in which the offices are placed are low, and simple in character, forming a base and a foil to the richness of the central feature and are only ornamented in front by great niches containing statuary groups. The whole structure is raised on two circular terraces, with great flights of steps and places for statues, the main floor of the building being about 10 feet above the level of the side walks.

The feature of the interior is the Memorial Hall, a true circle about 75 feet in diameter, with an interior colonnade of richly veined marble columns and a domed and panelled ceiling, and a great oculus or eye in the top of the Dome, 75 feet above the floor. Large

windows open out onto the colonnade of the exterior and there is thus formed a loggia, 12 feet wide, which commands a wonderful view of the Lake and of Lincoln Park. The Memorial Room is extremely monumental in character and is somewhat similar to the circular hall of the Pantheon in proportion, though the detail and the arrangement are entirely dissimilar. This room is reached by two wide and easy stairs which follow the curve of the room and start from the Grand Foyer or Lobby directly below. This Lobby is also circular in shape and will be lined with marble and vaulted; the ceiling decorated with mural paintings.

Directly back of this Lobby and facing the entrance vestibule is the Reception Room, a noble room 75 feet long and about 30 feet wide, lofty, vaulted and well lit; and off this room on either side are the Private Office of the Grand Exalted Ruler and a Conference Room, both circular in shape and domical in treatment, these latter rooms being directly connected with the central

Lobby. The Grand Secretary's and other offices are in wings as before stated, the plan being E shaped with the central feature in the center of the E. There are two stories of these offices and they are large, well lighted and convenient, and in the basement are Rest Rooms for men and women, coat rooms, storage rooms, etc. The heating plant will not be in the building, but will be in a separate building on a lot across the alley which the Commission has purchased to protect the Memorial to the west.

It is a great matter of pride with me that I have been chosen to design this building for such a great cause, and I consider myself extremely fortunate to be under the direction of such a representative and able body of men as constitute the Elks National Memorial Headquarters Commission, and to have the cooperation of such an experienced advisory architect as Col. J. Hollis Wells, and I earnestly hope that the completed building will justify our most optimistic hopes.

Atlanta Sets to Work

SCARCELY had the wires finished flashing the news of the action taken by the Grand Lodge of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks, in selecting Atlanta, Ga., for the 1923 place of meeting, before the Elks of Atlanta Lodge No. 78 began to evolve plans for the big and spectacular event.

Not only were the Elks themselves delighted, but every civic organization in Atlanta, and, in fact, all of Atlanta, including her three daily newspapers, were showing in sundry ways their deep and sincere appreciation over the promised visit of the Grand Lodge in July of next year. Spontaneously, and from every quarter, came offers of assistance to the Atlanta Elks in administering the tremendous responsibility they have assumed in doing the honors for the expected 100,000 or more visitors attracted by the Grand Lodge gathering.

At the first regular meeting following adjournment of the Grand Lodge Convention, Atlanta Lodge members heard in detail from its delegation to Atlantic City how and amid what enthusiasm the convention was secured. The members were told also of the big things Atlanta must do to meet and more than satisfy expectations and to vindicate and add luster to the fame of that Southern metropolis for whole-hearted hospitality.

Not only does a meeting of the Grand Lodge mean great things to Atlanta. The effects of such a meeting will reach out and embrace and bring closer together in a neighborly way all the South and Southern people, and the prediction is made that as the plans of entertainment mature all of Dixieland in some manner will become interested.

KEENLY sensible of the responsibility assumed, Atlanta Elks were prompt to take the first important preliminary step. In other words, Exalted Ruler L. F. McClelland has appointed the following well-known and active members as a preliminary and advisory Committee: John S. McClelland, Chairman; R. A. Gordon, Vice-Chairman; S. C. Little, Walter P. Andrews, Newman Laser, B. H. Johnson and B. C. Broyles.

Since the appointment of this Committee, it has been meeting practically every

day. Naturally, its plans are still in the rough. The purpose is to safely prepare the foundations for the week's program of reception, entertainment and general festivity and to provide adequately for the transaction of Grand Lodge business.

W. T. Perkerson has been selected to serve as Chairman of the Finance Committee. He is Vice-President of the Fourth National Bank of Atlanta and one of its trust officers.

Another feature will be an intensive pub-

licity campaign. The newspapers have informed the Committee that all the space desired is at its command. A campaign of education as to the magnitude and importance of Grand Lodge Sessions will soon be launched.

The preliminary Committee is also arranging plans to stir even greater enthusiasm and interest among the 1,800 members of Atlanta Lodge. Every member is being given an assignment to service, and enthusiastically and without exception these members are keen to lend a helping hand.

A selective membership campaign has already been started, and a great number of new applications have been secured. Included in this list are some of the most prominent men of Atlanta, prominent financially, socially and in other desirable ways. These gentlemen seem to feel that now is the time of all times when it becomes a distinction to be enrolled as Elks, so that they may be privileged to take a personal part in the tremendous task of welcome and entertainment. At least 2,000 new members is the goal set for Atlanta during the next twelve months.

MANIFESTING the cordial and abundant cooperation, which is already facilitating the labors of the committee, every large college in and around Atlanta has tendered the use of its dormitories in the event the attendance exceeds hotel capacities and the space is required. These include the Georgia School of Technology, Cox College, the Agnes Scott College and Washington Seminary. These colleges will all be in vacation at the time of the Grand Lodge meeting, and the tender of dormitories has been made gratis. In the opinion of the committee, there is no prospect of any shortage of accommodations for the Elk host that's coming.

These outstanding things are known in advance by all who know Atlanta and her graces in the part of host. Other interesting events will be planned in superlative state. Above and beyond all other things, there will be that whole-hearted Southern welcome, and there will be no salute more universal or ringing more genuine than "Glad to See You."



FRANCIS E. PRICE

The commodious home of Atlanta
Lodge No. 78

A Boy's Club That Makes Good Men

A Phase of the Community Welfare Work of Seattle Lodge

"An Elk Is Every Boy's Friend—All the Time"

TAKING the foregoing motto, as adopted by the Big Brothers of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks, and applying its principle to the boy situation, the Elks of Seattle Lodge No. 92, and particularly that portion of the membership active as the Big Brother Committee, have successfully inaugurated two outstanding enterprises to the end of increasing and advancing the spirit of American patriotism, the practice of thrift and the building of manly character.

Stated in exact terms, the Elks of Seattle have inaugurated an annual picnic for all the boys of Seattle, which event is held on Flag Day with exercises calculated to instill into the hearts of the young that reverence an Elk himself feels for the Star-Spangled Banner.

Seattle Elks have also established a self-supporting Boys' Club which is non-sectarian in character, and is patronized and supported by the homeless youth of that far-north-western city. In both enterprises, Seattle Lodge has earned public praises by the wholesale. As a matter of fact, the picnic annually given for all the boys of Seattle is the direct result of the organization of the Seattle Boys' Club.

This organization came into being in 1918 when the attention of a number of the members of the Big Brother Committee of Seattle Lodge was invited to a so-called Boys' Home.

Among others, the interest of Superior Judge Calvin S. Hall, member of the Big Brother Committee of Seattle Lodge, and always keenly interested in juvenile cases, was attracted to this Boys' Home by the appearance before his Court of a youthful inmate to answer a charge of burglary. Developments in the case impressed Judge Hall with the splendid opportunities afforded for character building. In the instance of the Boys' Home, once its incorrigibles were eliminated the institution was re-established upon an upstanding basis of management and supervision. At first, Judge Hall was puzzled as to how to solve the problem of reformation. However, it presently developed that the man in charge of the institution did not enjoy an enviable reputation for square dealing. In fact, it was revealed that the institution was indebted to various local concerns for food and clothing and was in arrears for rent. These conditions, coupled with other facts, supplied ample reason for taking a hand in improvement.

AT a meeting of the Big Brother Committee of Seattle Lodge these men, all imbued with the spirit of the Big Brother motto, listened to Judge Hall's story of the institution which was threatened with disaster. They subsequently visited the place and decided to act. Steps were at once taken to oust the "manager." This was followed by the expulsion of those boys deemed incorrigible. When the "house cleaning" process was completed, hardly a dozen boys were left, but these formed the nucleus of the Seattle Boys' Club of to-day, which boasts of thirty-seven self-supporting lads, all in the best of health, and all employed at lucrative occupations.

After the Elks had taken charge of the

institution, new quarters and cleaner surroundings were sought. Past Exalted Ruler Ivers discovered that the palatial former residence of E. O. Graves, one time Treasurer of the United States, could be secured at a reasonable figure. The Big Brother Committee launched a drive for funds, bought the home outright, and vested title to it in the name of the Seattle Boys' Club, the name adopted for the organization, in order to establish the institution in the minds of the public as other than charitable.

EVER since the institution has been supported by the senior and junior members. The seniors comprise the members of the Big Brother Committee of Seattle Lodge and a number of other members of the Lodge philanthropically inclined. The junior membership comprises the boys themselves, who pay their way. Each junior member is assessed so much per week for board, and a fixed percentage of his earnings is set aside for clothing. Every lad is allowed a certain amount of spending money, but all are required also to deposit a certain percentage of earnings in a savings bank.

The latter requirement is usually the first stipulation at which a new candidate for Club membership hesitates, but after a few weeks' trial, it becomes the most popular rule of all. As a result, there are now three boys there who have close to \$1,000 in the bank; several with over \$500, and all have accounts of from \$50 to \$400.

Thrift therefore becomes one of the most important instructions of the Seattle Boys' Club. By the time these lads attain their majorities, and are thereby automatically released from membership as juniors in the organization, they have mastered the lesson of money-saving, which otherwise very likely would never have been learned. This mastery puts the minor on an independent basis, since nothing more effectively points and provides the way to uprightness and good citizenship than financial independence.

Each lad, after a few weeks' membership, is required to start his bank account. This implants a consciousness of independence and an absolute knowledge that he is not dependent upon charity.

The institution is governed by the boys themselves, with the senior members exercising general supervision and meeting with the boys at least once a week. The boys have adopted house rules which are rigidly enforced, and only once since the establishment opened under the auspices of the Elks Big Brother Committee has it been found necessary to call upon the senior board in the matter of enforcing discipline. Unless specifically excused for a good reason, all the boys, who live at the Club, are compelled to be within their quarters at 10 o'clock each night. Even on Saturday night, special permission must be secured to be out after that hour. In spite of the apparent rigor of this rule, and the general inclination of boys between fifteen and twenty years to remain out late, especially on Saturday night, it is seldom that requests for permission to stay out until a later hour are made. The boys now at the Club are a fine lot, well behaved, gentlemanly, and filled with a spirit of self-reliance and independence.

The steady growth of the organization recently made the addition of a wing to the building necessary. It was estimated to cost \$3,000, and a campaign to raise that sum was launched. It was decided to give a masquerade ball, and W. W. Woodbridge thought of the title of "Purple Bubbles Ball," which proved a most popular motif. Instead of realizing the \$3,000, the receipts of the Purple Bubbles Ball totaled over \$5,000, and the Seattle Boys' Club treasury is therefore richer by \$2,000 more than was necessary to pay for the wing just added to the home. The result incidentally testifies to the popularity in Seattle of any movement initiated by the Seattle Elks for the benefit of the boys of the city.

So much for the Boys' Club itself. The annual picnic given under the auspices of Seattle Elks for all the boys of Seattle is the result of a first picnic given by the Big Brother Committee for the members of the Boys' Club when that institution was originally taken under the wing of the Big Brother Committee. J. E. Rimbold was Chairman of the Big Brother Committee, and he suggested the idea of a monster Flag Day picnic for all the boys of Seattle, to be held June 14, 1920.

"How many boys will you have to provide for?" Rimbold was asked.

"Well, Seattle schools register about 80,000 children, and I guess half of them, at least, are boys," he replied.

"You can't stage a picnic for 40,000 kids," he was told.

"The Big Brother Committee can," Rimbold firmly replied.

They did. And it is a matter of history that, as nearly as could be tabulated on that happy occasion in June, 1920, 36,000 Seattle boys were entertained by the Elks at Woodland Park.

ONE of the most inspiring scenes ever staged anywhere was the assemblage of that throng of boys ranging in years from eight to eighteen, standing bareheaded with their right hands lifted to the heavens, while they repeated the Elks' Pledge of Allegiance to the American Flag, echoing the words as megaphoned to them by George Bouckaert, at that time Exalted Ruler of Seattle Lodge, and later District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler for the Northwestern district of Washington. Thus was the beginning auspiciously made.

Last year, the picnic was repeated. Instead of holding the festivity on Flag Day, the Elks decided to stage it in connection with the convention of the Washington State Elks' Association, which gathered in Seattle the week following the Grand Lodge Reunion at Los Angeles. Grand Exalted Ruler William W. Mountain and a number of other Grand Lodge officers and committee-men witnessed the inspiring proceedings.

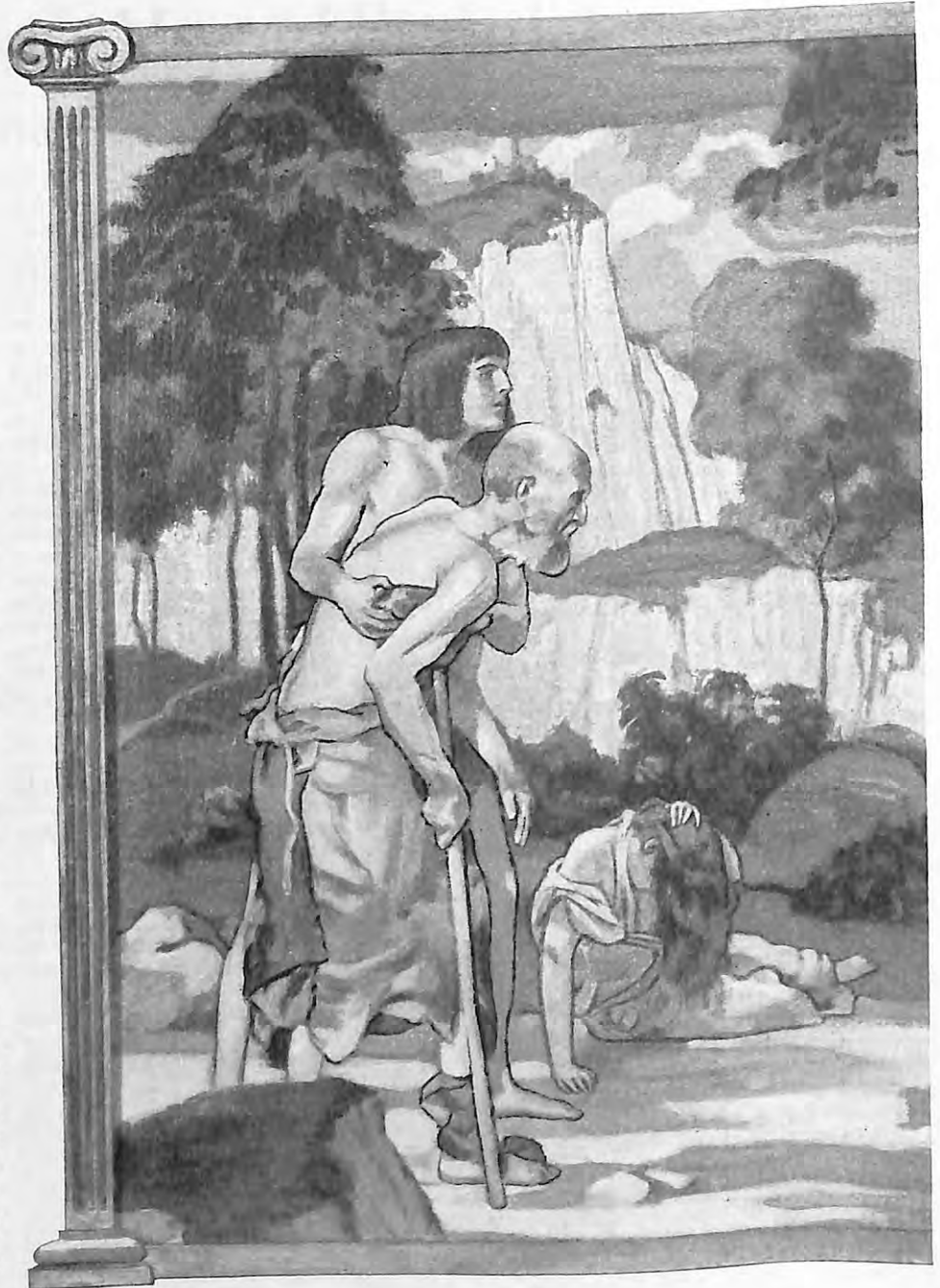
As a result of the activities of Seattle Lodge in promoting the welfare of the boys of that community, many other Lodges have caught the step. Already every Elk Lodge in the State of Washington has adopted the boys' picnic idea. So have numerous other Lodges throughout the country.

Truly, an Elk is Every Boy's Friend—All the Time.

The Age Old Wisdom

THE foolishness of man has always been a theme for the wisdom of philosophers, and it is hard to imagine a period in the world's history when man's absurdity can have been more manifest than in this present year of grace. We say of certain incorrigibles that they seem incapable of learning the lessons of experience. But in this respect the most incorrigible individual is no more hopeless than the race to which he belongs. Mankind at large seems as immune to wisdom as though it had been vaccinated against it. While we were in the nightmare clutch of the recent war, a war in which the diabolism that makes us despair of humanity, and drives us to the conclusion that the Scripture is right which says that the heart of man is "desperately wicked," we said: "Surely this will be enough. After this, men will surely learn sense." But the so-called "peace" that has followed it, in which the clouds have so rapidly returned after the rain, has plunged us into deeper doubt than ever. For what have we learned? What but the lust of renewed combat, and a sharpened ingenuity in the shaping of the weapons of war? To what use are we putting the brief breathing-space allowed us by the weariness of the various hostile camps? Chemists are busy with new poison gases of a more deadly efficacy, and airmen are at work on machines in which speed and silence shall combine to outwit and destroy. We have learned nothing but an ambition for a superior devilishness. Such is man that groweth up like a flower, and anon is cast into the furnace. "The Law," said Mr. Pickwick, "is a hass." What then shall we say of man? Mr. Bryan is concerned with the evolutionary theory that man is descended from the monkey.

IF, INSTEAD of combating that suggestion of Darwin, he were to advance the proposition that man's immediate forbears were the ass and the goose, he would be more likely to gain a respectful hearing. Even those of us whose ancestry is not so obvious go running hither and thither asking "What is to be done?" and saying that surely there is some way out. Of course there is. The "way out" has been there for hundreds of years. It was there five hundred years ago when Confucius was born, 550 B.C., and, doubtless, it was there long before that. The wisdom we need and pass by was in Egypt, and in forgotten civilization before the first "syllable of recorded time." But man disregarded it then as he disregards it now. It was already so old, so much of a commonplace, that men paid no attention to it, scarce saw it, in fact. Then as now they relied for their salvation on some "new thing," some novelty of expedience that, as by a miracle, would shatter the contemporary "sorry scheme of things" to bits and "remold it nearer to the heart's desire." A faithless and adulterous generation seeketh after a sign, and no sign is given it. We run



Through the Unheeding Ages It

By Richard Le Gallienne

after new philosophers, feverishly turning over their pages moist from the press, in the vain hope that the panacea for our ills will be there. Yet when we analyze them, they have nothing to say that has not been reiterated from time immemorial, and, so soon as that is discovered, once more we pass them by. That very practical theologian, Martin Luther, discoursing in his "Table-Talk," "of the Nature of the World," realized this discouraging characteristic of mankind, when he said: "Before I translated the New Testament out of the Greek, all longed for it; when it was done, their longing lasted scarce four weeks. Then they desired the Books of Moses; when I had translated these, they had enough thereof in a short time. After that, they would have the Psalms; of these they were soon weary, and desired other books. So will it be with the Book of Ecclesiasticus, which they now long for, and about which I have taken great pains. All is acceptable until our giddy

brains be satisfied; afterwards we let things lie, and seek after new."

It is with wisdom as it is with other accumulated wealth of the world. It is not so much a question of producing more, but of distributing what we already have. Rich as the world is in gold and goods, it is even richer in Wisdom. Her barns are overflowing, and, if it were in the nature of wisdom to rot, her seed-corn had been rotten long ago, for men pass her sowers by with knowing, novelty-seeking eyes, and do not even trouble to try the experiment of planting one grain of the old seed-corn. No wonder men of wisdom grow reclusive, throw up their hands, and retire from active participation in the affairs of the world, to plant cabbage in their gardens, leaving the world to "muddle through" as best it can; for they have at last come to realize that men do not want wisdom, however much they may need it, and make a pretense of seeking it. Always the dog returns to his vomit, and the pig to



Has Lost Nothing of Its Potency

Decoration by Charles C. Bigelow

the miry clay. This has been the experience of philosophers and world "saviours" from the beginning. It was the experience of Confucius, the experience of Marcus Aurelius, as it is the experience of the better class of politicians in every State and city of the Union—in every state and city of the inhabited globe. Man is ever asking for guidance, apparently only to reject it. Even Christ himself became discouraged when faced with this obstinate characteristic of humanity: "Cast not your pearls before swine." Five hundred years before his advent Confucius had dreamed and despaired in a like fashion, with all his faith in the preponderating goodness of human nature. "If any ruler," he once said, "would submit to me as his director for twelve months, I should accomplish something considerable, and in three years I should attain the realization of my hopes."

But, says one of his biographers, "he had not been able to persuade the ruler of his

native state to listen to him. His sage counsels had melted away before the glance of beauty and the pomps of life." So it was 550-478 B.C., and so it remains today. This reference to Confucius is particularly to the point here because, five centuries before Christ cast his pearls before swine on the hillside of Galilee, Confucius had cast that same identical pearl, which we are presently to consider, before the Marquis of Ts'i and his court; for to Confucius is attributed the first enunciation in historical times of the "regula aurea perfectionis"—as the Vulgate hath it—The Golden Rule. "What you do not like when done to yourself do not do to others," he had said. But, records his biographer, "a large company of beautiful women, trained in music and dancing, and a troop of fine horses, were sent to the city of Lu" (where the Marquis held his court). "The bait took, the women were welcomed, and the sage was neglected. The Marquis forgot the

Of the Golden Rule

lessons of the master, and yielded supinely to the fascinations of the harem." The difficulty of Confucius was the same difficulty that has beset all philosophers, all lovers and tellers of the truth, before and since, to get some one "who would listen to him." His wisdom was lost in the sound of lyres and flutes, and his earnest eyes could not compete with the languishing eyes of the beautiful women and the glory of this world. So, it is recorded, that Confucius felt that he must leave the state, and he went sadly on his way, a voice crying in the wilderness of a world that heeded wisdom no less than that it heeds it to-day. The wisdom of "The Golden Rule," two centuries after Confucius, went similarly unheeded in Greece, when Nicocles, King of Salamis, quoted the philosopher Socrates to his subjects, to the same effect, with the customary result. That hardest of all philosophers, Aristotle, was asked how we should act toward our friends, and he answered, "as we would they should act to us," and such dry and thin-blooded philosophers as Hobbes and John Stuart Mill have found nothing better to say. Hobbes, the favorite philosopher of Charles II, declared that "moral regulations," which he regarded as "immortal and eternal laws of nature," may all be summarized in the simple formula, "Do not that to another which thou wouldest not have done to thyself." And said John Stuart Mill: "To do as you would be done by, and to love your neighbor as yourself, constitutes the ideal perfection of utilitarian morality." These philosophical gentlemen, as we have seen, had long been anticipated, and I only quote them to show that, materialistic and "logical" as they were, they were obliged to subscribe to a phrase of that "idealism" which is the highest form of common sense. Priority of utterance is a small matter where truth is concerned, and one only instances these earlier and later expressions of perhaps the most important of Christ's sayings to emphasize that it came of no sudden or isolated thought in the brain of an inspired teacher, but that "the soul of the wide world dreaming of things to come" had long before and long after been evolving toward the same wisdom. Wisdom? If it is not wisdom, what is it? If it is not wisdom, how shall society hope to hold together? Is there any other doctrine which can avail? Will poison gases and armored airplanes take its place? Shall the jealousy of nations and races, the strife of competing interests, work for the final happiness of mankind? That happiness is on our lips—is it in our hearts? If it is then there is only one practical way to achieve it. We have lived by the "lex talionis," the law of "tooth and claw," long enough. It is time we tried some other way, a way which for all the multitude of our churches, all our religious organizations, and in spite of our having lived in "Christendom" for nearly two thousand years, has

(Continued on page 52)

A Group of Typical Including Some Which Are



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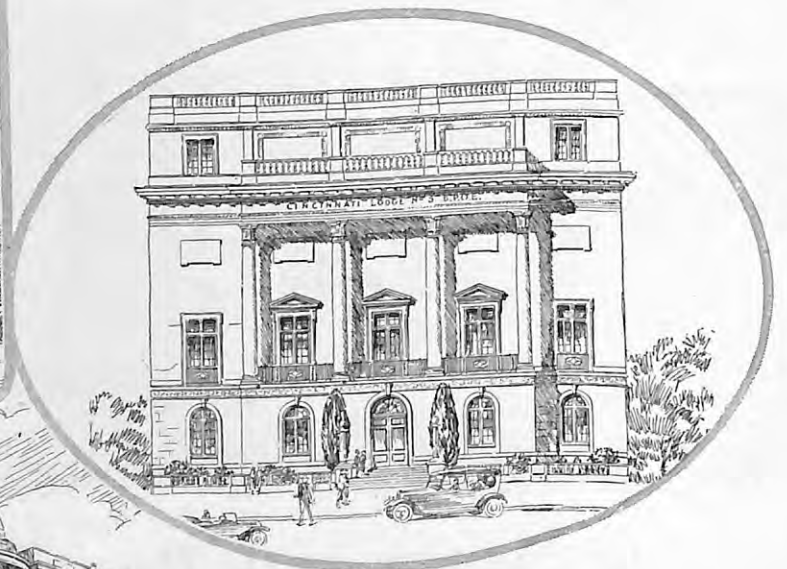
Proposed new building of Queen's Borough, New York,
Lodge No. 878



Town home of Columbus, Ohio, Lodge No. 37
Columbus Lodge also has a country club

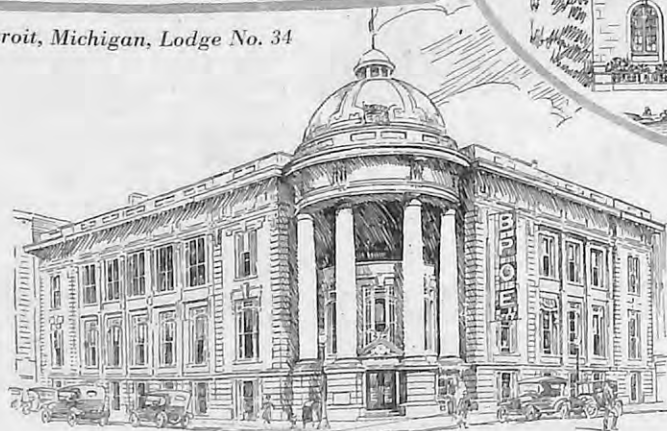


Home of Detroit, Michigan, Lodge No. 34



Facade of new home to be erected by
Cincinnati, Ohio. Lodge No. 5

This is the home
of Denver, Colo-
rado, Lodge No. 17



OUT of a substantial proportion of his resource, and with his natural love for such luxuries, it is typically true of the Elk that his first serious thought, after organizing a Lodge, is to originate plans to build or buy and properly equip his Elks' Home and Club. It speaks the social side and charm of the Fraternity, and a predisposition for the cultivation of those finer arts and graces that make life all the more worthwhile.

The custom has grown and grown and kept on growing, and during these recent years, has crystallized into a habit, until to-day

handsome-looking Elks' Homes and Clubs beautify America's leading cities and towns in large numbers.

To be exact: Grand Secretary Robinson's official compilation of the net assets of Elk Lodges, dated as of March 31, 1922, approximates \$60,000,000. Almost entirely these figures represent Club possessions.

In fashion and complexity of architecture, Elks' Homes and Clubs run the whole gamut from the humble to the sumptuous. And yet there is nothing especially and uniquely distinctive about any of them.

No particular style of architecture has

been attempted. On the contrary, individual tastes and conditions of location have variously impressed themselves. The only regularity has been in the irregularity.

For a limited time, in ambitious rivalry, there was apparent a dangerous tendency toward over-indulgence in construction and equipment costs; but wisely and prudently, and in good season to escape the possibility of embarrassment on the part of any interest represented, the Grand Lodge took action to safeguard every expenditure of this character by requiring the supervision and approval of the Grand Exalted Ruler and the Board of Grand Trustees, as a primary consideration.

It may be said that for years the Order of Elks has been perpetually in the midst of

Elks Lodge Buildings

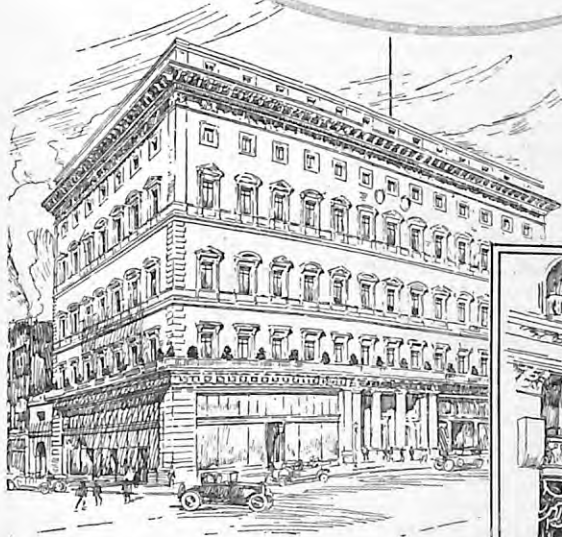
About to Be Constructed



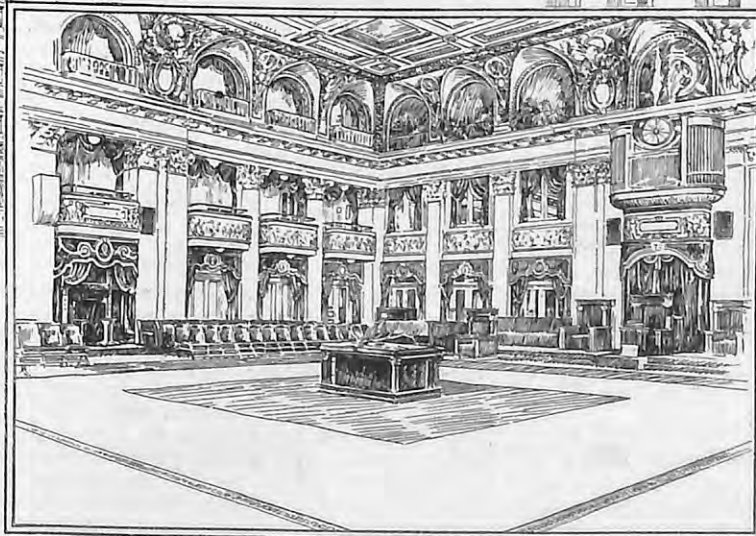
A. F. CROSS

Flint, Michigan, Lodge No. 222 is housed here

In circle, the new home soon to be built by Springfield, Illinois, Lodge No. 158



At left is the building owned by Minneapolis, Minnesota, Lodge No. 44



Above is the home of New York City Lodge No. 1 and the insert shows the lodge room in this building

busy and important building eras. In this respect, there never was a busier or more important construction era than right now, when Philadelphia, and Portland, Ore., and Cincinnati and numerous more Lodges are exerting their utmost endeavors to realize the dreams of architects; and when, as a matter of fact, more building than ever before is either in course of completion or else plans have just been approved and contracts made ready to be placed.

The rule isn't that the larger and richer the city, the larger and more aristocratically pretentious is the Elks' Home and Club, although in some slight degree, such influences do here and there and occasionally operate. As we widely survey the situation and epitomize outstanding evidences, we find

that as a general proposition, Elk Lodges in negotiating building plans, are guided more by practical, common-sense conceptions than by inclinations for the elaborate and ornate and what may be called the poetic. In other words, the predominating idea combines the best to be had in convenience and comfort and rational economy instead of sacrificing such considerations to the fantastic and commonly ornamental.

Almost invariably the equipment is simple and yet sufficient to answer all reasonable

requirements. Ordinarily, provision is made for pool and billiards and bowling and swimming and handball and other athletic pastimes. Then there are parlors reserved exclusively for the mothers and wives and sisters and daughters and sweethearts and women visitors. Also, there is usually a well-assorted library, supplemented with latest magazines and important daily newspapers. Many Elks' Homes are additionally adorned with gems of painting and statuary and other art treasures and trophies.

The Elk at Work in His Community

Summer Outings Gladden the Hearts of Thousands of Kiddies

ON AUGUST 7, 1922, the historic Delaware carried the first excursion of Trenton's physically defective children to Island Park, where 690 crippled tots had the time of their lives. The outing marked the first annual "Krippled Kiddies' Day" observance of the Trenton Lodge of Elks.

The youngsters were picked up by automobiles following routes previously outlined. The traction company sent dozens of trolley cars bearing Elks' outing banners, and shortly the children began to arrive at the wharf where members of the Lodge and Elk's guards, resplendent in their purple and white uniforms, carried the kiddies aboard.

A patriotic service was held, a baseball game was played, which the Elks lost to the disappointment of the kids. Then there were games and contests in charge of Maxwell A. Kraemer, Exalted Ruler of the Trenton Elks. The program was unique, its planning requiring much earnest consideration since only events were desired in which physically handicapped children could participate. Braces and crutches seemed to interfere little, however; the kids forgetting themselves in the exhilaration of the moment. The treasure hunt was won by a lad with both legs crippled, whereas the bouncing ball contest went to a girl with a heavy brace. A milk-drinking contest was also staged. Two small boys and girls were given nursing bottles filled with milk and for a while they went back to baby days. The girls won. But good things cannot last forever; the call was soon sounded for the return home and at the Trenton wharf another fleet of automobiles and trolley cars stood ready to whisk the children to their firesides.

One important development of the excursion was the announcement of the official adoption of August 7 as the annual "Krippled Kiddies' Day" by the Trenton Lodge. Messages also came in from other State Lodges to the effect that crippled children in their vicinities would be given outings.

Another development was the discussion of a rehabilitation program for crippled children to be adopted by the Trenton Elks in an effort to provide each child with an education to enable it to offset the physical defect and help the unfortunate in shaping a worth-while career. A committee is to be appointed to report on the matter.

Six Thousand Children were guests at an outing on the Buhl Farm near Sharon, Pa. The Elks of Sharon were the hosts. To see and enjoy everything going on in a five-ring circus; to drink 1,000 gallons of lemonade and 1,500 bottles of pop; to absorb 6,400 pieces of hoky-poky ice-cream and 5,000 lollypops; to participate in every manner of game devised by the ingenious; to swim and dance and race—were some of the pleasures provided for the participants in "Kiddies' Day." Troops of boys and girls came from Sharon, Sharpsville, Wheatland, West Middlesex, and from the Children's Home in Mercer and Farrel. Two hundred motor cars and other conveyances were kept busy. C. E. Neudorfer, General Chairman, was assisted by various commit-

tees. In addition, practically the entire membership of Sharon Lodge cooperated, ably abetted by the wives, daughters or sweethearts of the antlered brethren.

This was the first big outing of Sharon Lodge of Elks, and a red-letter day for the children of Shenango Valley. It was 11 o'clock at night when the festivities ended with all Elks remembering in silence the "absent brother."

Indianapolis Lodge of Elks gave an elaborate entertainment in honor of the boys and girls in Indianapolis Orphan Asylum, General Protestant Home, Indianapolis Day Nursery, Sisters of the Good Shepherd and the Colored Orphans' Home—in all more than 700. It was the twenty-second annual remembrance of the Indianapolis orphans. Wives of Elks served dinner for the guests at Riverside Park. In the afternoon, there were games of every description. Also a watermelon-eating contest. A picture of the picnic was made. This will be awarded to the institution, the children of which are declared by the committee to be the best singers.

Omaha Lodge, under the direction of its Social and Community Welfare Committee, gave a summer outing and picnic to 7,000 of Omaha's neglected boys between the ages of six and sixteen. The boys were assembled at the Municipal Auditorium. After moving pictures were shown, the youngsters were conveyed to the scene of festivities. Various games and contests were staged. There were special awards for the winners and a prize for every child. At five o'clock, the juvenile guests were treated to a feast of barbecued beef, and all the concomitant variations. Herbert S. Daniel, Exalted Ruler, instructed every Elk to see to it that not one worthy boy was overlooked. It was the most important event of its kind ever undertaken by Omaha Lodge.

Brooklyn (N. Y.) Lodge, famous for its good deeds, is proud of its recent achievement in affording a day of happiness to 6,000 children, from 28 orphanages. One hundred sight-seeing cars and 50 motor busses conveyed the juvenile guests first to Ebbets Field for a circus performance, athletic events and a ball game between boys from St. John's Orphan Asylum and Brooklyn Hebrew Orphan Asylum. The award of prizes created lively interest. But it was at Coney Island that the festivities came to joyous climax. The army of youngsters fairly stormed and captured the great pleasure place. Best part of all, there was a feast of good things to eat. After a day of cheer for the youngsters, 500 Elks sat down to a clambake.

The second annual camp held for the poor, needy and crippled children of the city of Pittsburgh was successful to the highest degree. The Big Brother Committee of Allegheny Lodge, No. 339, made this pos-

sible. Two hundred and forty-one boys and two hundred and sixty girls, between the ages of eight and fourteen years, were entertained at Vilsack Farm, on the banks of Pine Creek, seven miles from the city; the former for the first week, the latter for the second. The children were selected by the Salvation Army and the various organizations for the improvement of conditions among the poor. The parents or guardians of the children signed releases in case of accident and placed them entirely in charge of the Lodge. Each child had to undergo a physical examination as to contagious or infectious diseases. Cultures of their throats were taken and submitted to the city bacteriologist, upon whose report the acceptance or rejection of the child depended. Each child, when selected, was given a number and the number of the tent which it was to occupy while a guest. The sanitary conditions of the camp were well looked after, and the water, used for drinking and for cooking purposes, was proven absolutely pure by chemical analysis.

The children were taken to camp by members owning automobiles, and returned by them at the end of the week. Upon arrival at camp, each child was shown to its tent and its own bed. The occupants of each tent were instructed to elect a captain, who was held responsible for the care, order and cleanliness of the tents and beds. Let it be said that these instructions were scrupulously carried out. The meals served were well balanced as to food value and showed, notwithstanding the brief stay, that the children had profited greatly thereby. Wholesome candies were served twice each day. The hours for sleep were from 10 P. M. until 7 A. M. At 7:30, the children were called by a bell, tents were swept, beds made and tents aired, after which scattered paper and waste materials were gathered up. Another bell was a signal for the washing of faces and hands, and for breakfast, which was served at a succession of tables, and a captain and lieutenant, appointed for each, saw to it that the plates and cups were washed and placed upon shelves arranged for that purpose. Luncheon was at 2 o'clock and dinner at 6.

There were various amusements. Swimming pool, complete baseball paraphernalia, boxing gloves, swings and slides were provided. Professional baseball players had nothing on these small enthusiasts, when a game was on. Soft balls and paddles were furnished the small girls, who likewise enjoyed the swings and slides equally as well as the boys. Moving pictures were shown every evening, and a powerful radio equipment was installed, whereon bed-time stores and musical programs were received. Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays were visiting days for the parents and the public.

A complete emergency hospital was installed by a noted physician and surgeon, who had entire supervision of the camp, paying two or three visits each day. Two registered nurses were in constant attendance, and two non-professional nurses attended to the minor ailments of the little ones, such as stubbed toes or scratched limbs from brambles or berry bushes.

Will You Help Your Magazine to Be a Practical Help to You?

An Appeal to Every Subordinate Lodge

ONE of the most important functions of The Elks Magazine is to serve as a clearing house for ideas and suggestions and experiences.

One of the aims leading to its foundation was 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 want to tell *how it is being done*. That will be practical and helpful—as well as interesting.

Your Own Lodge, for Instance—

may be one in which certain types of community or social welfare work is carried on with conspicuous success.

There is always a reason for success. In the case of your lodge, what is the reason? What are your methods? Other lodges would like to know. It would help them.

Let us illustrate. Your lodge may have equipped a club room for boys, or a gymnasium, or an athletic field. How did you go about it? What did it cost? How, specifically, did you raise the money? By assessment? By voluntary subscription? And with what did you equip the club room, gym or field? How many boys use them? Are there regular meetings? Does any designated member or group of members supervise these meetings? Have you instituted some sort of selective system governing the admission of certain boys and the exclusion of others? What is your knottiest problem in connection with this work?

These are all points on which other lodges would welcome and could use concrete information. And telling them your problem may enable them to help you solve it.

This Plan Is Reciprocal

Knowledge of your experiences will be valuable to others. Knowledge of their experiences will be valuable to you.

No man or single group of men can have a monopoly on good ideas. Neither can any man or group of men originate all the ideas worthy of adaptation and development.

But with your help—and that of every other lodge—The Elks Magazine can collect, digest and publish, month by month, an increasing volume of information that will prove a veritable mine of practical suggestions. Suggestions based on actual experience.

So that when any lodge wishes to embark upon some unfamiliar form of community service, it will be able to avoid costly and time-wasting mistakes by knowing in advance what obstacles you and others have encountered and overcome. And how.

To build the community welfare department of the magazine on this practical basis, we need your help. We must know

What Your Lodge Is Doing

In other words we must have straw before we can make bricks.

May we count on you to help? May we count on you to become an active, vital source of news supply for The Elks Magazine? From time to time, may we expect from you, as Exalted Ruler and as leader of your Lodge, reports that are kindly and sparkle with real Elk interest and enthusiasm? If we know what you are doing, and if we know in what way your ambitions are pointed, then we can ask for specific information as to how you are doing it, and after that, we can unite efforts with you along the upward way. At the same time, this data will serve to guide others.

Your earnest cooperation with us to the end of helping to make your magazine an efficient clearing house for first-hand knowledge will prove as valuable a piece of team-work as you have ever accomplished for the Good of the Order.

Will you appoint yourself a Committee of One to do these things we are requesting, and will you see to it as a first duty and as a personal satisfaction that they are done?

Thank you.

The Elks Magazine

The Golden Rule

(Continued from page 47)

never yet been tried. There are those who tell us that the world has tried the gospel of Christ, and found it wanting. To that the answer is simple. The world has never tried it, and in this twentieth century of the so-called Christian era, the simple wisdom of the Nazarene has yet to be given a serious trial. I repeat that we have tried everything else. There is nothing else left to try, and till this last experiment is wholeheartedly attempted, the application of that golden maxim which has waited from the days of Confucius until now to be given even a fair hearing, the world will remain as it is, and, whatever material progress we may make, whatever new wonders of science are revealed to us, our spiritual progress will remain no higher than that of the savage who knows no other arbitrament than his war-club—for, at present, though we do not actually eat each other with horrid rites, our boasted civilization is nothing more than a highly developed cannibalism.

The old tag in our Latin grammars taught us "*injuria fit duobus modis, aut vi, aut fraude*"—injury is done in two ways, either by force or by fraud. But there is another much more dangerous way by which evil is done, and that is by lack of imagination. In many cases we do not fully realize the wrong that we are doing. We do not sufficiently picture it and its effects to ourselves. We are often like men working a long-distance field gun, directed at some unseen point miles away, arrived at by mathematical calculation. Though their conscious purpose, of course, is destruction, the gun crew conceives it but in general terms. They do not see even in their mind's eye the details of the horror and agony which, as they calmly carry on their murderous duty, they are about to let loose on fellow human beings of whose existence they are completely ignorant, and against whom they have certainly no feelings of personal hatred. They do not even imagine that, at that very moment, a similar gun hidden beyond the horizon is trained on them with the same deadly intent. Not till the torn and bloody limbs of

a comrade, the fearful fragments of what but a second before was a man, are hurled about them, do they realize in what a foul business they are engaged. At all events, their realization is but vague and careless. Were it but vivid and instant for them through the glass of their imagination, it can hardly be thought but that they would sicken and flee from their task. It is not so much the cruelty of man's nature as his lack of imagination that accounts for the incredible survival of war. Imagine that gun crew suddenly hearing a gentle voice coming to them strangely out of the air, just as they are on the point of firing: "As ye would that men should do to you, do ye also to them likewise." Can we believe, if that should happen, that that gun would ever be fired? However we may despair of humanity, we must think better of it than to believe that it would. And the same applies to all forms of evil. There is, alas! much deliberate wrong in the world, man's nature being compounded of good and evil as it is, but there is far more that is done because we do not visualize the consequence of our actions, do not first try them imaginatively on ourselves. If only we could train ourselves to do that for one day, the sum of evil under the sun would come down with a rush like a falling stock in a panic. To combat evil all our immense impedimenta of laws are vain and superfluous. One law, one rule, alone is necessary. All "the law and the prophets," as Christ said, are included in it; "Therefore all things whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even unto them."

Could anything be simpler? Alas! it sounds so simple that we disregard it as we do the utterance of a child. Is a world so complicated to be set right with so simple a formula? Why the thing is indeed mere childishness! Yet it is far from as simple as it looks, and the reader has but to ponder it seriously for a while to realize what far-reaching results would develop from its application, how dynamic it might well be, if we would only give it a trial.

"Give me a place to stand and I will move the earth," said the Greek inventor Archimedes, dreaming of his fantastic lever. But society has just such a lever at hand in the simple words of The Golden Rule.

If only society had the sense to apply it! For of all the wisdom ever uttered for the benefit of mankind, The Golden Rule is the most practical; and till it is applied, congresses and parliaments, conclaves and conferences, convocations of bishops, sessions of supreme courts, and all other legislative and ameliorating bodies will meet and function in vain. Everywhere ominous voices are demanding a world made new, a reconstructed society. Forms of violent change are threatened, some are already being tried. But revolutions and trade conferences, changes in the form of government, and elaborately organized ententes will all be in vain till man at least makes a beginning toward a deeper change, a change, indeed, at which the cynical philosopher can hardly be blamed for smiling—no less than a change in man's own nature. It is not governmental or economic change of which the world stands in need, but spiritual change. And for the purpose of that change no new religions or philosophies are needed. We have but to make use of those we have already; and all that is vital in them is summed up by that "golden" phrase in which all social law is embodied, in which, as the forest lies in the seed, a new heaven on a new earth lies dormant, if mankind could only be got to see it. Alas! we have heard it so often. Twenty-five centuries have heard it and said, "This have we known from our youth up!" The world, like a sick man, believes slowly in simple remedies. It luxuriates in complicated prescriptions for its ills. But the time must come when its eyes will be opened, and it will smile to think what a simple matter its troubles were, after all. All that was necessary was the application of The Golden Rule. The Elks know that already, and that makes a good beginning.

We've Got the Men and We've Got the "Ships"

(Continued from page 25)

Owing to the lack of Congressional appropriation the air branch of our postal service has been curtailed. The New York-Washington air mail service was discontinued by order of Postmaster Will Hays on May 31, 1921. This was the oldest air mail route in the United States started May 15, 1918. The routes now operated, like those between New York, Cleveland, Chicago, Omaha, Cheyenne, Salt Lake City, Reno and San Francisco, and the side spurs from Chicago to St. Louis and from Chicago to St. Paul and Minneapolis and Key West and Havana make a total of about 3,500 miles covered each day on schedule.

The Postal Department has 70 airplanes, with 21 of these in the air each day and 12 more ready to be assembled. Most of these are rebuilt De Havilland 4's equipped with Liberty motors and have a mail capacity of 500 pounds.

By cooperating with the railroads the mail between New York and San Francisco is cut from 24 to 42 hours, 16,000 letters are advanced daily by 42 hours and 40,000 by 24 hours.

When the present plans of the Post-office are put into effect during the coming fiscal year, night flying will be inaugurated from brilliantly lighted landing-fields either between New York and Chicago or Chicago and Cheyenne, Wyoming. The New York-Chicago run is regarded as the strategic one, but by reason of geographical difficulties, it may be necessary to make the night flight from Chicago to Cheyenne. The lighted landing-fields will be 200 miles apart with beacons every twenty-five miles. At each beacon there will be an emergency landing-field.

We have already seen the remarkable record for safe flying made by the aeromail service last year. Here are some figures on the performance of this branch of the service since May 15, 1918.

Trips Possible	Trips Defaulted	Trips in Fog	Possible Mileage
16,684	1,642	5,439	3,470,655

Miles Traveled	Mail Carried	Cost of Service
3,525,020	2,499,643	\$2,876,845.64

When the Post-office Department has an appropriation sufficient to establish airlines like those in France, and each municipality has a landing-field, aeromail flying will be far more reliable than at present and will cost a great deal less.

Owing to the nature of the terrain, with its hundreds of square miles of heavy timber, its mountain ranges and its extensive valleys, the work of our aerial forest fire patrol is perhaps more hazardous than any branch of the government service. Through the operation of a few aircraft lent the Forest Service by the U. S. Army in 1920, more than the \$35,000,000 appropriated for the Army Air Service for the fiscal year 1920-21 was saved in standing timber! Between 900 and 1,000 fires were reported, most of which were extinguished by ground forces directed from the air. The Department of Agriculture reports that 10,000,000 acres of forest land are destroyed by fire each year. As the entire forest area of the United States is 463,000,000 acres and reforestation takes twenty years it follows that at an average of 10,000,000 destroyed a year our forests won't last long. The Agricultural Department estimates that 100 airplanes in daily service would keep the Pacific Coast forests—52 per cent. of all our timberlands—safe from fire. As the fires destroy about \$20,000,000 worth of lumber each year it can easily be seen why the Department of Agriculture wants to use airplanes for forest service.

Despite this crying need Congress appropriated only \$50,000 in 1919 for aerial forest patrols, which sum was not sufficient to provide for planes, hangars, repair shops, personnel, etc. So the Army lent all the ships and the pilots for that year. This work has been so satisfactory

from a military-training point of view that the U. S. Air Service offered further aid for 1920, recommending the use of fire squadrons to be available for duty with the Forest Service.

In 1920 these planes operated over the national forests of Oregon and California. Each plane was equipped with wireless for communication between the pilot, the Forest Service and the State Forester. The northern patrol covered daily 360 miles and the western 326 miles. A total of 719 fires were reported by the Oregon aerial patrols and only two forced landings were made.

Here is the report of airplane Fire Patrol Service for year of 1921.

	District No. 5 California	District No. 6 Oregon and Washington	Total
Total No. of fires reported.....	595	653	1248
Total No. of fires reported by air patrol.....	207	166	373
Total No. of fires reported by other agencies	292	112	404

This is a truly remarkable record for the airplane, and would seem to justify the Department of Agriculture in seeking appropriations from Congress to guarantee the construction of enough planes to patrol our national parks during the fire season.

Fortunately President Harding is a firm believer in the future of aeronautics, and a bill has passed the Senate establishing a Bureau of Aeronautics and a Federal code of law for aerial transportation. A subsidy may come later. At this writing the Wadsworth bill for creating a bureau of civilian aeronautics in the Department of Commerce is pending. The passage of this bill will stimulate as well as regulate commercial flying and do much to place it on a par with commercial aviation in Europe.

Keep Your Business Moving

(Continued from page 16)

control over motor cars as common carriers, but only thirteen extend this control to those carrying freight—to the extent, that is, of requiring truck lines to secure certificates allowing them to operate and of supervising rates.

The motor trucking business, as a whole, is still pretty much at sea in this matter of public control. It welcomes it on some grounds, and fears and resents it on others. State control is good for the good business man operating such a line in this way, for example—that it will protect him from wild-cat competition. Suppose he builds up a profitable line, charging soundly figured rates. Suppose, then, that a competitor appears who seeks to get business from him by cutting rates. State control would, in some cases, eliminate the competition altogether, as

against public interest; where it was permitted competition would have to be by service, and not by suicidal rate-cutting.

One argument against State control, especially of rates, is this—that trucking rates should be, to some extent, elastic. For example, truck lines are often established primarily to serve a farming territory in getting produce to a city market. A State-made rate would apply in both directions, probably—whereas, if the truck could, on its return trip, pick up freight, no matter at how low a rate, the rate for the important journey could be reduced.

Many of the opponents of State control favor rigid local or municipal control of motor lines; they oppose only subjection of the business to State utility commissions.

It is certain that the next two or three years will see a great extension of the use of highways for moving freight. At the moment definite statements have little value; they are too certain to require revision.

But the place of highways, and of the vehicles that use them, in the national system of transportation should now be clear. Experience will dictate the proper solution of the new problems arising from the extension the motor car has brought to that system. This is the thing to remember—that not only motorists, not only the users of the highways, have an interest in their development and efficient use. These problems affect every one who eats—which includes, certainly, a majority of the population!

Between the Eyes

(Continued from page 12)

aside some of the tremor wherewith he had girt himself since his affliction had befallen him.

"Oh, girl of mine!" he muttered chokingly, as he clung to her as to a mother. "Girl, dear, what'm I going to do? I'm—I'm trying to stand up to it. But it's too big for me. And it's going to get bigger and awfuller, all the time. I'm——"

"It's going to be all right, dearie," she soothed, passing her cool little hand over his hot sightless face. "It's going to be all right. We've got each other. And that's nine-tenths of everything. We got along, when we were so dead-broke. And we got on when—when Baby died. We can get on, now. Because we're together. That's the whole thing. You've got my eyes to see with and my hands to work for you. And—and I'm prouder of you, for the way you're taking this, than if you won every fight in a single punch and got made President of the United States, besides. Honest, I am, Merle. You're—you're grand, dear! You got more nerve than all——"

"I haven't," he denied, brokenly. "And you know I haven't, girl. It's you that's got the courage. Any other girl'd be planning how to cut loose from such a dead one as I'm due to be. Why——"

And now the cool little hand was across his mouth; silencing the outburst. Unknown to Merle, his wife had switched off the living-room lights. The two sat in dense darkness, close together. It was as though Linda did not wish to use a faculty the blind man could not share.

Dr. Meagher had given the sufferer a powerful sedative; and had told Linda it would begin to take sway of his tortured nerves in less than an hour. The woman was seeking to while away the short period of wakefulness by such scant comfort as she could give Merle.

Thus, silencing his plaint, she began once more to smooth the hot forehead and to croon drowsy songs to him. But, not yet had the narcotic and his wife's magnetic touch the combined force to dull the frayed nerves and lull the panic-threatened brain. And, presently, as she sang, the man broke forth, angrily, as if accusing some unseen adviser:

"What'd I ever do, to have this wished on me? If I was a skunk, like Kennelly and a lot of others, I might have it coming to me. But I've played square. You know I have, girl. I've done what I could to be a white man. I haven't made any parade of doing it. But I've always aimed at it. Sometimes I've fell short, but I've kept on trying. And now, what do I get? I get this——"

"It isn't what you may or may not be getting, this minute, that counts," she broke in, tenderly. "It's what you've always gotten and what I know you're always going to get, sweetheart. You've been square. And you've always won a way through everything that's been stacked against you. And, somehow or other, you're always going to. I don't know how. But you are. Nobody can play the life-game as square and as helpful as you play it, without winning out at last. See if you don't!"

"I'm a slob, to whine, like I've just been

doing!" he broke out, almost fiercely. "I wouldn't have done it, where any one was except you. I guess you know that, girl. But I've got a grip on myself, again. You're right. We're going to face it together. And I'm not going to make it any rottener for you by whining. We'll go through it, somehow or other. And— Say, would you mind smoothing me some more; and maybe singing to me again, dear? It makes the old head feel a lot better."

He let his tense body relax, sinking back on the couch where Linda had seated him. She curled up on the floor at his side; her fingers roaming through the damp hair of his brow; her soft voice taking up again the drowsy song where he had interrupted it.

And, this time, no outbreak of wrenched nerves and terrified spirit broke in on her ministrations. The potent medicine was beginning to take hold. Merle's irregular breathing grew calmer. His muscles lost their spasmodic rigidity. Gradually, as she sang and smoothed, he drifted to sleep.

Until gray dawn, the woman continued her loving vigil. Then, unknowingly, she, too, fell asleep, worn out by the night's strain. Her head on Renton's knee, she slept thus upon the floor beside the couch; as the dim light waxed clearer and as the city's noises began in the street outside.

Merle Renton awoke, stupidly, his mind still heavy from the drug and from the exhaustion of the evening before. But his perfect health and steady nerve had reasserted themselves during the night's dreamless sleep. And he was himself again.

Pleasantly tired and comfortable, he lay there; not bothering to think or to remember. Idly, through half shut lids, he watched the play of morning sunshine on the window-box of red geraniums. It was sweet to wake, this way, after a good sleep, and to let his eyes stray about the living-room.

Then, half-consciously, he realized he was on the couch and dressed, and not in bed. This did not surprise him. Often, when he came in very late at night, he would camp on the couch, sooner than risk waking Linda.

He must have been out late. Where had he been? The effort at thought was enough to dispel some of the sleep mists from his mind. He began to remember.

Then, as one memory after another came to him, their impetus waked him wide.

The fight—the foul blow—his blindness—! His blindness?

Surely that part of it had been some grotesque nightmare! For his vision was as clear as ever it had been. To test it, he focused his eyes on one object after another in the pretty room. The geraniums in the window-box, the filmy white curtains blowing in the morning breeze, a basketful of many-colored fabrics on Linda's sewing table.

Blind? Why, he could see, perfectly! His forehead and his lip throbbed a bit from bruises. But he had no longer the teasingly anguished headache of the preceding night. And he could see!

Over and over in memory Merle reviewed the events of the homecoming. He had come home stone blind. He had slept heavily for eight hours. Now his blindness was gone. It did not make sense.

His glance fell on the sun-kissed hair of the dainty head that rested on his knee. At the same moment, Linda woke. Perhaps the cramped position, perhaps an involuntary motion of the knee that pillowed her head, had roused her. She sat up, wide-eyed and wondering. Then memory rushed into her big eyes, clouding them with black sorrow.

"Linda!" exclaimed Merle. "It's all right, girl. It didn't happen. Or if it did it's gone."

Long and amazedly, she peered at him. Then, for the first time since his mishap, Linda allowed herself the luxury of a good cry. There was no longer any reason for keeping up. And for five hysterical minutes she proceeded to go to pieces.

She was still snuggled close in Merle's comforting arms and recovering from her cry, when Dr. Meagher arrived at the flat; the specialist with him.

Followed much examining and many tests and cross-questions. The specialist seemed to find nothing miraculous in the recovery. In long words, many of them Latin, he undertook to explain it.

The same thing, he said in effect, had happened several times in the course of his own medical experience. It was not even a rarity in the history of optics. Nor was it true blindness. A shock, coming upon a system whose nerves were drawn taut by pain or strain, and whose blood-vessels were engorged from violent exertion, might manifest itself in any of a hundred ways. One of these ways was a temporary paralysis of the brain-cells governing sight.

After a few days at most—as in the oft-cited case of the Brooklyn man whose sight was lost through seeing a vivid flare of lightning—vision usually returned, unimpaired. In the instance of Merle Renton, he went on to expound, the man's youth and perfect condition and the physical upbuilding that took place during the drug slumber, had enabled him to rally almost at once from the temporary paralysis.

The optic nerve had not been affected. There was no reason to expect any return of the brain-cell paralysis.

After the two doctors had gone, and before Brace arrived on his promised morning's visit, husband and wife went together to the kitchen to prepare breakfast.

While they ate, Brace appeared; a forlornly downcast Brace; who, at sight of the laughing Renton, proceeded to have a sort of convulsion from which he recovered with vast difficulty.

Then, when the triple gabbling had exhausted itself and Brace was tired of thumping Merle on the back and yelling incoherently affectionate insults at him, Linda took charge of the conversation. As a rule she did not interfere in any way in her husband's professional life. And both men looked at her in surprise, as she said, quietly:

"Mr. Brace, you've been the Boy's only

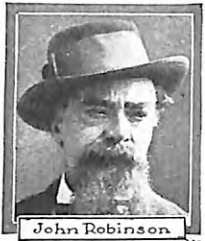
(Continued on page 54)

The World's Greatest
Circus Enterprises

When the Circus Came to Town—



Carl Hagenbeck-Wallace Circus
The world's largest wild animal show



The John Robinson Circus
99 years a source of delight



Sells-Floto Circus
and Buffalo Bill's Wild West



Gollmar Brothers' Circus
A welcome surprise in circusdom



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 callopie.

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.



Between the Eyes

(Continued from page 54)

free list, either. Tomorrow morning I start training. Only—I wish you'd kept out of it, girl."

"If I had," she countered, "Kennelly'd have kept out of it, too. I had to. I didn't like doing it, any more than you liked having me do it!"

Five weeks later—on Thanksgiving Eve—the Cestus Club's peachbasket auditorium was jammed to the doors and to the roof. Press-work had not been spared in boosting the bout. And, from some traceless source, a vague rumor had seeped through the sporting world that Merle Renton was to fight at risk of blindness. Morbid interest sent seat-prices to a premium.

Spike Kennelly had had a busy and happy five weeks. He had trained, it is true; but not in the grillingly drastic fashion that had marked his earlier fight-preparations. For this was to be a short bout. He saw no need to overwork. His campaign was absurdly simple of accomplishment.

A blow on the crown of the head is one of the easiest to deliver. It can be landed as an opponent rushes, head down. It can be struck unerringly as an adversary runs into a clinch or emerges from one. It is the least difficult of blows to score with. This, because it is a useless and silly blow. The top of the normal human head is fairly impervious to a smash from a padded fist. There is far more danger of breaking one or more of the bones in the fist that deals such a blow. Wherefore, many boxers purposely oppose their head-crowns to a punch; in the hope of crippling their adversaries.

Serenely sure that he could hit the top of Merle's head with staggering force, any time he might choose to, Kennelly proceeded to increase his own chances of wealth. Scraping together every available dollar of his ring-earnings, he bet half of this sum, at approximately even money, on his winning of the fight. The rest, through commissioners, he placed at odds averaging three to one, that he would win it in five rounds or less. Seldom had a sporting proposition appeared safer.

On the night of the battle, Kennelly observed with a petulant shrug that the crowd greeted Merle's advent into the ring with far more applause than it accorded to his own. This slight lent an edge of malice to what had hitherto been merely a cool business venture. Spike felt he would fight the more viciously for it.

The men shuffled out of their bathrobes and came to the center of the ring for the referee's instructions. Merle's five weeks of stiff training made themselves manifest in ridged muscles and in a certain alert gauntness. Spike, to casual glance, was also in the pink of condition. But an expert might perhaps have noted a certain smoothness and fulness of outline; especially

at the meridian. A month of joyous dissipation, followed by five weeks of perfunctory light training, had softened him; if only to an imperceptible degree.

The gong rang; and the fight was on. Spike at once took the aggressive. Merle did not follow his usual tactics of meeting his man, foot to foot. Instead, he retreated before the onset; backing lightly away; dancing just out of reach; sparring at long range. And, while he did this, he broke another ring rule of his, by talking during a bout.

"Spike, my friend," he said, distinctly enough for the pursuing champion to catch every syllable, "she warned you it was only a fairy tale. And it was. Anyone but a boob would know the top of a man's head has nothing to do with his eyes. Hammer me there, all you like. Hammer me there, till you break your eye. You're out every bone in both your hands. You're out for a killing, hey? Well, the killing is due, all right. Only, you're the killee, not the killer. Watch!"

As he spoke, he halted in his gay retreat. Kennelly had just launched a fierce left lead for his jaw. Ducking, Merle deliberately took the mighty punch on the crown of his head. Its impact staggered him. But that same impact sent shooting pains up Spike's arm and numbed his hand to the wrist. Merle danced away, grinning.

"I keep on seeing, better and better, all the time," he announced. "Try it again!"

Spike's face was blank and foolish. Into his amazed brain crept a full understanding of the trap he had entered so greedily. Then, in a trice, the laugh was gone from Merle Renton's lips. His face grew hard and set. He ceased his retreat; and began to fight.

As before, he played for the heart and wind. But, now, he had tenfold his former purpose in doing this. For, when a fighter is not in perfect physical shape, it is that general region of his anatomy which first shows the lack of condition and which is most vulnerable.

For five whirlwind rounds, Merle assailed his foe, amidships; never losing the aggressive; boring past the ever slower guard and tearing into the wind and heart with relentless ferocity. Steadily, he was wearing down the New Zealander. He was taking up this second fight where he had been stopped in the first. But now he had far less armorlike material to work on.

Round after round waged on. In the fourth, Kennelly began to show, to every one, the effects of the whirlwind pace and of the ceaseless battery at his midriff. Merle ripped a punishing lefthander to the

stomach; and was following it with a right to the heart; when, rattled and in agony, Spike dropped his guard to protect his meridian. In mid-air, Renton shifted the righthander's course; and brought it flush to Spike's unguarded jaw.

Down went Kennelly, under the punch. And down he stayed, until the count of nine. For the first three seconds of his collapse, he had been unable to get up. For the remaining six seconds, he took advantage of the count, to rest. And he needed the resting space. He needed it, badly.

In the fifth round, he was knocked down, twice; both times taking the full count of nine. Never did the terrific heart-and-wind onslaught abate.

As he came up for the sixth round, Spike swayed drunkenly in his walk. The man was hopelessly confused as to mind; and helpless as to body. Scarce could the New Zealander make his exhausted legs carry him from his corner; whence his manager had shoved him with a volley of cursing, at sound of the gong.

From the crowd went up the world-old merciless shout of blood-lust.

"Finish him!" bawled the spectators. "Finish the big stiff!"

Merle, unwearied, vibrant with energy, went sternly to his work. Spike, unrested by his minute of surcease, strove to lift leaden arms to ward off the attack. He was reeling, drunkenly. Into his eyes had leaped craven fear. Nothing but greater fear of his manager had induced him to stagger out of his corner for this round.

Dimly he realized he had lost not only the fight, but the bulk of his savings. He had been tricked into meeting a man who was beating him to a pulp. His best tactics had failed. His cleverest fouls had been eluded.

Renton checked his own ferocious advance. He had caught and read the look in his opponent's stricken face. Instead of launching the attack, he merely thrust forth his right hand, palm open. Resting the palm on Kennelly's chest, Merle gave a gentle push. The New Zealander tottered backward and sat down hard, in mid-ring.

There he sat, dazedly muttering and mouthing, while the referee counted him out.

Merle Renton, welterweight champion of the East, bent down and picked up the sagging body. He carried it to Spike's corner and turned it over to the unloving ministrations of the beaten man's handlers.

"I'm sorry," he whispered into the puffed and half-hearing ear, "I'm sorry, old man. If—if a loan will help you, till you get into your stride again, let me know. But—but don't let Brace or my wife know."

The Footstep

(Continued from page 29)

polished shoes, who directed with some asperity the placing of his Gladstone bag on the dock—took a roll of bills from his pocket, peeled off one; and then turned and faced the hotel with no liking for it visible in his smooth countenance.

"It's Mr. Digby Kent, my executor," Caroline explained. "Better put on another plate, Mrs. Simmons."

Digby Kent came in with a dreary smile of greeting, which suggested that he was tired, hungry and had his opinion of the caprices of women. After being introduced to everyone and giving a plump, languid hand to each one, he said with an attempt at jocularity, "I suppose you have room for one more, Mrs. Hartley, in your new acquisition?"

"I'm sorry, but I am afraid you'd be most uncomfortable here. We're just camping out. No comforts."

"Well, if Dr. Farrell can camp out, I can," Kent answered, his small gray eyes fixed on the young doctor with no great friendliness.

Caroline glanced at Beulah as if to ask the girl what she thought of an additional guest. Beulah, it was plain, didn't want Digby Kent in the hotel. She had turned her back on him and seemed much absorbed in a magazine.

"Also," Caroline went on, "the Mohican is reported to be haunted. Are you afraid of ghosts?"

"What do you mean?" Kent asked, his round eyes becoming rounder.

"We have a mystery here—a strange man has been seen by Beulah and myself who has frightened us both. He promises to be a daily visitor unless we can frighten him as badly as he frightened us."

Digby Kent stared at her. "What kind of a man?"

"Someone who can frighten women by just looking at them," Caroline answered. "I don't pretend to say who or what he is. Beulah saw him on the stairs the first night we stayed here. I saw him this afternoon. He was quite a distance away, but he was watching me, and it made me very nervous."

"Why don't you hunt down the fellow?" Kent exclaimed. "Why do you allow any such nonsense? It isn't easy to get off an island like this."

"We'll hunt him down, don't worry," Jake said. "Ma, if the gentleman will stay, why not put him in 170? It's the only room with a full set of furniture besides the ones we're in."

"It's a big distance off, way off on the fourth floor," Ma explained. "Do you mind, Mr. Kent?"

"I mind? No. I sleep like the dead."

After supper he asked Caroline if he could have a word alone with her in front of the hotel; and concluding it was best to face the problem he had become, she went out with him into the chilly moonlight. "Let's go down to the old dock," he proposed.

"No, thanks. I've no love for that old dock. One of my first acts of renovation will be to destroy it and build a new one. It has evil memories. Two men were drowned under it."

"Caroline—Mrs. Hartley, I think you're mad to buy a great useless piece of junk like this. What in creation are you going to do with it?" he asked with genuine perplexity in his voice.

She explained—circumstantially lest he should introduce a less congenial topic.

"Worse and worse!" was his comment. "If you must run a hotel, get money out of it! Run it for the rich and make it pay."

"Rich people don't stay at hotels for any length of time in these days of touring cars and country homes."

(Continued on page 58)

It's a Crime to Slave for Low Pay — When It's So Easy To Earn Big Money

If You Are Making Small Pay, Then You Ought to Investigate This Simple Plan That Has Shown Thousands a Way to Magnificent Earnings

It is little short of an actual crime for a man to struggle along trying to make ends meet, when he can easily step into a position with better pay and unlimited opportunities for making money.

The sentence for a crime of this kind is "a lifetime of drudgery." Trying to make ends meet is a much harder task than making from three to ten times as much money as you are now making. For you can just as easily take advantage of the experience of countless others who, in one swift stroke, have jumped from small pay in blind-alley jobs to incomes of anywhere from \$5,000 to \$10,000 a year.

One has but to learn the actual facts to prove that it has been done, is being done, and will continue to be done by those who have initiative enough to investigate a plan that will relieve them of a "life sentence" of drudgery and disappointment.

These Men Investigated and—

As an office worker in Detroit, Mr. B. H. Voss slaved away for \$125 a month. But he saw his one big opportunity—grasped it—and increased his pay to \$500 a month.

From the hardest kind of work as a farmhand, George W. Kearns, of Oklahoma City, grasped the same opportunity. The following extract from one of Mr. Kearns' letters gives an idea of how his earnings have increased: "Last week I cleared \$306, and this week \$218." And Mr. Kearns earned \$60 a month previously.

To-day, Mr. J. L. DeBonis, of Chicago, is now enjoying magnificent earnings. Before investigating this money-making opportunity, he was earning \$16 a week as a clerk.

When Charles Berry, of Winterset, Ia., decided that it was a crime to slave for low pay, he was earning \$18 a week. And then the very first month he earned \$1,000.

A whole book could be filled with stories equally amazing of men who have

taken this new, quick road to big pay. Nor is there anything exceptional about these men. They were once in the same circumstances that you may be in now. They were discouraged, tired of working for small pay, and disgusted with their prospects. And then, as though by a touch of magic, they were earning salaries that they had never dared hope for.

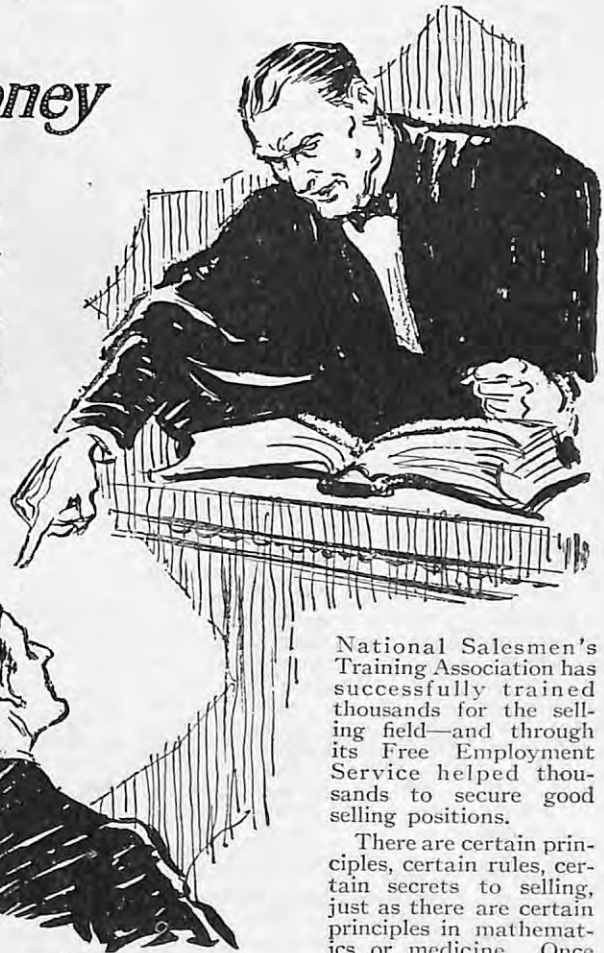
To-day these men, and thousands of others like them, know the thrill of independence. They are making big money. As to their work, each day is like a fascinating adventure. For they have entered a new field—a field that they had never dreamed of as theirs—one that is not only the most interesting, but the best paying branch of all business—selling.

A Foolish Notion About Salesmen

For some reason the average man imagines that, in order to make good in selling, he must be a "born" salesman. Nothing could be further from the truth. There is no such thing as a "born" salesman. The men mentioned in this advertisement once never even thought of entering the selling profession. They would have laughed at even a suggestion of becoming salesmen. Yet, thousands of clerks, machinists, bookkeepers, factory hands, firemen and farmhands, to-day, are making big money in the selling field through the simple plan you are invited to investigate.

Secrets that Make Master Salesmen

No matter what your former earnings may be, you can quickly learn the secrets of selling that have put thousands into the big-pay class. For the past fifteen years the



National Salesmen's Training Association has successfully trained thousands for the selling field—and through its Free Employment Service helped thousands to secure good selling positions.

There are certain principles, certain rules, certain secrets to selling, just as there are certain principles in mathematics or medicine. Once you know these principles, you can quickly make good in the selling field.

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"Not likely. He's just a half-wit, I could tell by his looks. We'll bar all windows on that fire-escape, and I don't think he'll attempt another visit."

"Well, it's lucky you were put into 170," Farrell commented. "Listen, what's that sound?"

From the floor below came a noise of pounding—a curious muffled series of blows. Kent listened, turning his head from one side to another like a great bird.

"Lord! if I don't think the blamed place is haunted. Takes a woman to land in a God-forsaken joint like this. Why, the reputation of this hotel should have been enough. The saying got around that people came once, but they never came again—felt too much like prisoners on a strip of land in the middle of a lake a thousand feet deep. When a lake gets to be a thousand feet deep it might as well have no bottom—effect on people's nerves is just the same. Then there was the old dock tragedy. A dock meant for swimming purposes that people can't get from under if they happen to slip beneath, isn't calculated to arouse public confidence. Yet Mrs. Hartley ups and buys the dismal old joint. Well, women will be mysterious when the South Pole is a summer resort with merry-go-rounds."

Andrew had no comment to make on the mysteries of women—other than he thought the stupidities of men quite as baffling. "I'm going back to bed," he announced. "I am reminded that this hotel isn't steam-heated."

"Crazy old dog-kennel," Kent murmured. Farrell padded his way through the halls again. On the next floor he paused and listened to that curious muffled noise which, despite its nearness, seemed to have a subterranean sound. He could not locate it—try as he would, and he could only liken its quality to that of the sounds produced by a ventriloquist. They were near—they were far.

In the supernatural, in the ordinary sense, he had no belief, holding that nature simply extended her intricate beautiful design beyond the measurements humanity had framed. As humanity progressed obscure laws became clearer, and were seen to fulfil and not to contradict the formulas already tabulated; there were no breaks in the chain, but there were breaks in human vision.

He stood listening to that strange sound in the old desolate corridor until he was chilled through; and crept back to his bed almost inclined to agree with Digby Kent that Mrs. Hartley had stretched the logic of romance too far in acquiring a decaying barrack of a hotel because it had been the scene of her honeymoon. And yet if she hadn't had this caprice he might never have met Beulah Belford. Thinking of her he fell asleep, and floated away into a rose-world that by and by was linked with the rose-light of another October dawn.

Digby Kent made himself the hero of the breakfast-table by a vivid account of his midnight experience. Even Caroline forgot her dislike of him as she listened to his narrative, and Beulah surprised her by saying, calmly:

"I had a theory that the man must have gotten in that way. There were marks on the window-sill where the dust was rubbed away, as if someone had crawled through, and I found this bit of cloth on a nail." She produced the gray fragment. Kent reached for it, but she kept it in her hand. "No, I am Sherlock Holmesing," she said. "If I ever find that man I shall identify him this way."

She replaced the bit of cloth in her little bag and went on eating her breakfast with a meditative air as if she were trying to cipher out her evidence. Andrew wondered what was in her mind.

"Lordy, I wisht you'd waked me up," Jake said as he helped himself to a batch of griddle cakes. "You hadn't ought to have let him get away like that. I could have caught him in the motor-boat. There's a searchlight on Mr. Farrell's boat. We could have got him sure."

"S'pose he hid on Bear Island," Ma Simmons piped up; "or Thatcher's Cove; or on Arrow Island, you could have played hide-and-peek all night around this lake, for the sake of a good-for-nothin', not worth puttin' in jail."

"There ought to be footprints under the fire-escape," Jake said. "Let's stroll around that way after breakfast."

"Good idea," Kent agreed. "But I've got
(Continued on page 60)



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BILLIARD TABLES : ACCESSORIES : BOWLING ALLEYS

The Footstep

(Continued from page 59)

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other plans—if you'll excuse me. I have to borrow somebody's boat to send a telegram to my partner. I may stop over on the land side and do some fishing. So, Mrs. Simmons, will you put me up a lunch?"

"Sure I will, Mr. Kent."
 Caroline was relieved beyond words that Digby was going to be away for the day. Beulah seemed so share this feeling, for her manner brightened instantly. Andrew Farrell followed her as she rose and strolled toward the front door to have a look at the weather.

"Beulah needn't be on anybody's mind today," Kent called out. "The man will never come back."

Beulah made no reply. Once outside she turned to Andrew. "That sounded almost as if he had murdered him. Why is he so sure the dark-haired man will never come back?"

"He is the kind who is always trying to reassure women on the who-can-harm-you-with-me-here principle. His type is as old-fashioned as a brown-stone house in New York, only he doesn't know it!"

"Did those screams sound like frightened screams? Maybe he did the screaming."

"Some one was frightened—terribly so. I was scared myself. Didn't know what had caught Kent."

They turned the corner of the hotel and made their way to the foot of the fire-escape. "Look!" Beulah exclaimed. "Look! footprints!"

Jake who had followed them now came leisurely up.

"Footprints!" Andrew announced triumphantly.

Jake examined them, began to laugh. "You two young folks would never qualify for a detective bureau. Those footprints are all pointed to the hotel—none returnin' towards the shore." He became suddenly quiet and thoughtful. "Now what on earth does that mean!"

"Maybe he jumped," Beulah suggested. "Jumped into the underbrush and cleared all this space. Let's look for broken twigs."

But they found nothing. Beulah left the others and ran down between the pine trees and the shore. "A boat," they heard her call. "A boat with oars."

Jake and Dr. Farrell hurried to where she stooped over a dilapidated, flat-bottomed skiff, with water in its stern, and two short, evidently hand-made oars of the clumsiest workmanship drawn up in it. On its bows were the words "The Lost Star." Beulah laughed. "It ought to be called 'The Last Hope.' Somebody's here. I wonder who is visiting the island now?"

"Stay by the boat," Jake commanded. "I'll make the tour of the island on foot—and then I'll take out the motor-boat and give it the once-over from the water. The fellow's come back. The poor shrimp ain't as afraid of a gun as Mr. Kent thinks."

He was off. Dr. Farrell only too glad to be left with this girl whose bright youth seemed even to eclipse her gorgeous orange sweater and sport hat. "Do you know," he said, "this boat gives me a vision of some inarticulate Keats or Shelley of these back woods—perhaps he loved a girl and couldn't get her, so he called that crazy tub the Lost Star; and he likes to roam about in it and dream of her."

"He'll drown himself and his dream both," Beulah said, "if he doesn't patch it up. Wouldn't it be fun to paint it all white and make it sound and water-tight, and put 'The Lost Star' into bright gold letters; and a red cushion in the bow, and real oars."

"He'd be more unhappy than ever," Farrell said, "because he would have a beautiful boat and no lady to enthrone in it. I like the old market-basket better as it is. In such strange craft men always seek lost stars."

"I didn't know you were poetical."
 "I didn't know it, either—until I met you."

His voice dropped, but his clear eyes went swiftly for a moment to hers and held them with a meaning she could not mistake.

"It's too soon," her heart cried out. "He can't know yet," and as a corollary, "He mustn't know yet. Oh, I must send for Richard."

It was her invariable cry when romance threatened; for Richard was enough of a friend to

ward off a possible lover. Yet Richard himself wanted to marry her. He was a young lawyer, good-looking, jolly to be with, and so decidedly in love with her that her first proposal had come from him when she was only seventeen. Not being in the least in love with him she had declined it, but he was always in the background of her mind as a strong arm on which to lean if she were warding off a stronger. And now a stronger arm was stretched out—a menace of romance.

"Richard Marvel never grows poetical over any woman," she said aloud.

The effect of this strange name was instantaneous.

"Who is Richard Marvel?" he questioned jealously.

"A lawyer. I may invite him here."

"Ah!"

"Don't you think it would be nice?"

"No, I don't," he said bluntly. "As long as you have asked my opinion, I think it would be perfectly horrid."

"He needs a vacation."

"At this rate you'll have your hotel filled before long," he gave back. "Nearly everybody needs a vacation."

"It will make just seven," she said mischievously. "Three pairs and the odd man."

"Are you casting me for the part, Miss Belford?"

"Destiny throws the dice," she answered.

"Come to think of it," Farrell said grimly, "there will be two odd men if your lawyer comes—the owner of this boat will be the second."

"Oh, he'll not be here," Beulah said lightly. "He's only a casual visitor. We can't count him in."

"Casual but constant, I should say. For your cousin's sake we must sift this mystery. There comes Jake now in his boat, and he has no prisoner!" He hailed him. "Any news!"

"Not a blamed person on the island but them we know," Jake gave back. "Don't leave that boat until I get back. That boat's all the clue we got."

"Poor 'Lost Star,' Beulah said gently.

"There shall be no lost stars in my life," Andrew Farrell gave back—and he looked her straight in the eyes. She felt the color rise to her face, much to her annoyance.

While they kept guard over the boat, Caroline wandered about the hotel, restless until she was sure Digby Kent was out of it. He had gone up to his room to get his fishing tackle and he had not come down again. She had a desire to be out of his way when he did come, and hearing steps above her as she was exploring the third corridor, she stepped into one of the rooms to be out of sight of the stairs.

It was a dreary tall-ceilinged place not far, she judged, from the fire-escape and Kent's room above. Chairs were there, but no bed, so she seated herself to wait until her executor had come down. Upon the silence a familiar sound broke, but muffled and far-off. It was the footstep—but now with no short pauses—only a long pause between every ten or dozen steps, as if a person turned and retraced his way.

It was Digby Kent, perhaps, walking up and down and cogitating on his plans for the day. If he would only go! Her resentment of him gathering force shaped definite schemes to remove him. After all he had been brought up amongst gentlemen and couldn't really evade a plain intimation that an uninvited guest may not necessarily be welcome.

He came out of his room at last and she heard him go down the stairs and call out, "I'm off, Mrs. Simmons! Back for dinner." Then he slammed the front door—he belonged to the type of door-slammers—and the hotel was silent.

Caroline got up and walked to the window. Through the blinds of the closed shutters she could see Andrew Farrell and Beulah bending over a strange boat, talking earnestly, and her heart went out to Andrew Farrell who, her woman's instinct told her, was already at Beulah's feet. Sudden love might be untrustworthy in the majority of cases, but not in his. Short as her acquaintance with him had been—a mere matter of hours—she felt that he was as reliable as the granite of the mountains. She was glad

now that Beulah hadn't accepted Richard Marvel, who wanted her, but did not bring her the poetry with the prose. Caroline felt that this tribute of poetry was due every woman from the man who wanted to marry her even if he knew her every fault. Clear vision, deep love and idealism always went together, she thought; and the brightest romance held its own at noon. Dr. Farrell looked as if he had much capacity for seeing the ideal in the real.

Her own heart felt very lonely. She wanted her man—wanted him back from the dark caverns of death where, despite all her faith and power of faithful communion, she lost him at times beyond impenetrable curtains. Spencer Hartley was dead—and she was learning how little old scenes can bring back to the heart a vanished magic.

Upon her reveries the footstep broke again, a muffled sound that seemed ghostly and unreal—a part, perhaps, of her own nervous imaginings. "It must be a loose timber somewhere," she reflected, "and I must either think it's that—or stop thinking about it at all. I came for rest, and I have a love-story, a mystery, and a bore-some executor on my mind. No, that can't be a timber. It has too much human quality in it."

The sound had still its power to make her shiver even in the full daylight, and a line from Marianna in the Moated Grange came back to her: "Old footsteps trod the upper floors." Her mind conjured up strange situations in which a footstep might have all the meaning of a threatening destiny—the footsteps of murderers coming to kill—of jailers arriving to announce that it was time for the journey to the guillotine, of physicians to say that life had come—or gone!

A tap at the door brought her to her feet. Ma Simmons stood there, her cheerful face like a sunbeam in the gloom.

"Some job to find anybody in this queer place," she said. "I rapped on two or three doors casual to get you. Was you watchin' the boat? I was, too. Jake says there's a strange boat on the island—picnickers, sez I! No, sez he, not ennybody with boiled eggs and olive bottles. But shucks, what's a boat or two on this island. They've a good two miles of coast to land on if you count in the little bays."

She seated herself sociably on another chair—and waited for some comment from Caroline. In the interval the footstep began again. Ma glanced at her companion.

"Do you hear that?" she said in an awed voice.

"I certainly do."

"Listen."

The footstep had ceased, but other obscure sounds reached them. "Where do you make out them is?" Ma asked.

"I don't know. I've been listening for some time. I can't locate them. Sometimes they seem close by; then far off."

"Mr. Kent he's gone, Jake's out—the two young folks are outside there—" she jerked her head toward the window. "That leaves you and me, Mrs. Hartley." She had risen as she spoke, and now she stood in the doorway peering into the corridor. "I'm glad we're here, Jake and me. This hotel's not—right."

"It isn't," Caroline answered with conviction. "Let's sit in the next room and see if we hear it plainer—that footstep."

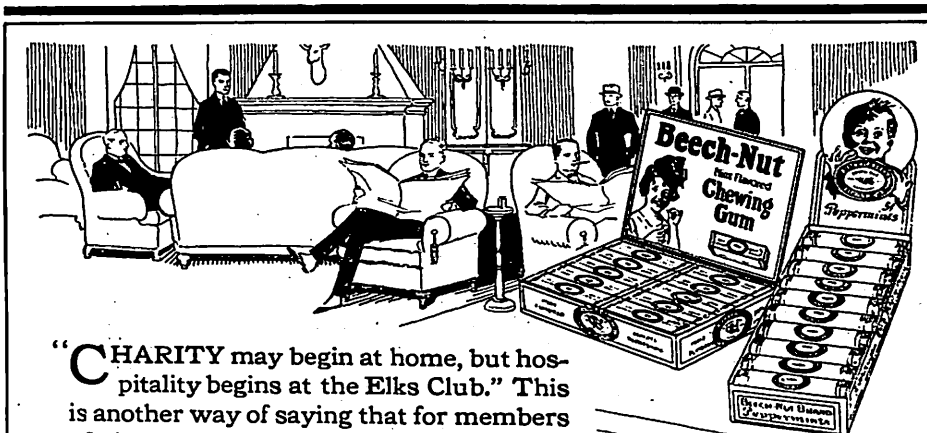
She lowered her voice as she spoke of it. The brightness had gone from her face. Caroline followed her into the next room where the sound reached their ears less plainly. They stepped into the hall. It was loud again; and a strange moaning noise accompanied it. "Couldn't be the wind over the transoms—or loose timbers somewhere," Caroline suggested. "Where did you hear it first, Mrs. Simmons?"

"When I was makin' up Mr. Kent's bed. I thought at first it was Jake comin' down the hall to speak to me; so I sung out, 'I'm here in 170.' Nobody answered, but the walk went on—close by." Her honest face grew perplexed. "I thought of them tales of the two drowned men. I remembered they was laid out in 170. Well, after that I came to find you, Mrs. Hartley," she added simply, "but I reckon I'd better go back and finish that bed."

"I'll go with you," Caroline replied, having much sympathy with Ma's nervousness.

They made the bed to the accompaniment of strange noises that seemed now near—now far.

(Continued on page 62)



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The Footstep

(Continued from page 61)

Ma tiptoed to the door and slid the bolt. "Now nobody can surprise us," she said; "if Jake ever catches this fellow, the Lord have mercy on him!"

"Sometimes I think the queer stories are true," Caroline remarked. "The man I saw in the woods didn't look like anything earthly. Yet one hates to be credulous on superstition."

"But Mr. Kent saw a real man and chased him, too, down this fire-escape."

"Maybe he didn't. Maybe he had a nightmare."

"But the scream the doctor heard."

"People scream in nightmares."

"Are you hintin' it's a ghost, Mrs. Hartley?"

"Mrs. Simmons, I don't know what it is.

Let us go down to the first floor. I feel safer there."

Jake met them in the lobby. "The doctor and I have towed that crazy boat around to the dock," he said, "and we've chained and padlocked it. Our own boats are chained and padlocked, and anybody not in our fashionable circle will have a healthy time gettin' off the premises without our bein' here to bid him good-bye. Where the critter hides, gets me. I've looked up every tree even; as if he might be a squirrel or a chipmunk."

"He's in the house," Ma answered solemnly.

"What makes you think that?"

"Mrs. Hartley and I have been hearin' a footstep goin' up and down for the last half hour."

"Here comes the young people," Jake said.

"I propose we all go together on a man-hunt. Ef you ever plan to take summer-boarders, Mrs. Hartley, you want to start the place fair and square."

Andrew Farrell entering with Beulah at that moment could not resist a smile over Jake's advice. Mrs. Spencer Hartley of New York and Newport in the character of a summer hotel-keeper was rather funny. Yet he had no doubt she could do it effectively or anything else she put her hand to. Beautiful and gracious as she was, and with the atmosphere of wealth about her, a rarefied atmosphere, suggestive of what it kept away from her rather than what it brought to her—she was yet no tool of fortune. He wondered why he was not in love with her, and he turned to Beulah for the answer.

The girl was ready for any new adventure, so Jake, after locking up the first floor carefully, started at the head of a little procession.

"I feel as I used to when I was six," Caroline said, "and we were all racing past a dark closet, and nobody wanted to be last."

Jake examined every room with a thoroughness that impressed all members of the party into the service. Some of the bed-chambers had huge closets like small rooms, and these were explored to the furthest depths. On the second floor Ma clutched Jake's arm.

"There! Listen!"

They all listened. Jake bent his woodman's ear attentively and pronounced his verdict. "Tain't a rat—tain't a timber. It's a man's footstep."

"I agree with you," Andrew Farrell said. "Now, where in this hotel could a man walk without our knowing it and finding him?"

"Well, a dead man could walk anywhere," Jake commented. Caroline noticed that he did not smile, and she wondered if the latent superstition in sailors and woodsmen was coming to the fore in his strong practical nature.

In room 170 they did not pause long. It belonged to a guest, and, besides, it had no closet—only hooks fastened into the walls. A single glance under the bed was sufficient to show that the place was free of any intruders.

"And I saw Mr. Kent," Jake said, "with old Otto Bergthal fishin' off Arrow Island—not five minutes ago. It's a big mystery, but we're bound to get to the bottom of it. Let's all go up to the garret. There's room for an army there."

They trooped up and found themselves in a vast room or loft which seemed to stretch on interminably to dimly lighted vistas; and to be filled with odds and ends of furniture that apparently even an auctioneer had been unable to dispose of. Beyond these decrepit bureaus and washstands and crippled chairs was a broad area occupied only by demijohns and mineral spring bottles of the huge size necessary for office or hotel service. Some of these were still filled with water.

"I'll keep guard at the foot of the stairs," Dr. Farrell called out. A few short hours had brought him to the stage where if he were not alone with Beulah he wanted to be alone with himself; to wander in the thought-world of the lover, so closely enveloped by the great sea of emotion in which thought, dies and life begins. How slight a thing a footstep in a deserted corridor when the heart is full of echoes.

He listened languidly to the sounds above his head always with the effort to trace her voice and words; wondering if she had written to this Marvel man as she was threatening to do. The thought of his rival was bitter to him; but he would make the most of the intervening hours; and in the end—he promised himself—he should not lose her.

Up-garret they seemed to be moving heavy articles, and all at once there was a sound of crashing glass, followed by a series of dull thuds or thumps as if packing-boxes were being lifted and then allowed to drop—"Jake is nothing if not thorough," Andrew commented, and went back to his musings on Beulah.

After a while it was forced upon his consciousness that they were very quiet upstairs. Not a voice reached him; no sound of feet; only from the floor below a very stealthy noise followed by a queer rumble which might have been words or groans; then silence, silence above and below. "What on earth are those people doing?" he said to himself. "Having a secret conference?"

A peculiar odor reached him, sickly sweet but with a menace in it. "What on earth!" he exclaimed. "Oh, Jake!"

There was no answer. His heart began to beat rapidly, as he was swept all at once into a sinister world, one never before visited in all his healthy young existence. Even the terrors of the Great War had done nothing to his nerves so fateful as this profound silence—broken only by that queer intermittent sound on the floor below.

"Beulah!" he whispered her name; then said it louder; then as that perfect silence continued he almost shrieked it, and followed this by a dash up the attic stairs. Soon he commanded the whole dreary waste, the framework of the roof, the great tanks of water, the cluttered old furniture, and in all that space not a single human being. The odor was now choking and terrible; accustomed as he had been to the chemical deviltries of the battlefield he thought he recognized a gas whose peculiarities had made it more dreaded than any other. Tying a handkerchief quickly over his nose and mouth he made a dash through the mephitic atmosphere to the nearest windows and tugged at the sash which, sticking, he proceeded to smash the glass with the heel of his shoe; then he rushed across to an opposite window and opened it. The heavy draught of air was immediately felt; and he hurried to open more windows, or to break their glass.

His progress was interrupted by prostrate

bodies. Amid broken fragments of glass lay Jake Simmons, his wife, Beulah and Caroline Hartley; knocked into unconsciousness by the gas as perfectly as by the club of an assassin. Andrew stooped over the girl first and dragged her to a window through which the cold October air was streaming; then returned for the other women. Jake was stirring by this time. He sat up and gazed about him.

"I was struck by lightning," he said.

"No, you weren't. Get to that window, man, quick."

Jake sleepily obeyed, quite unconscious Andrew saw that there were other victims. He carried Ma Simmons next, as Mrs. Hartley showed signs of reviving. A few minutes later they were all staring at him, at the broken glass, at their own pale faces, and asking, "What happened?"

Jake was the first with an answer, on his feet now and blinking like an owl "I let a timber drop on one of them big glass bottles of water and smashed it. What was in the thing to knock us all out?"

"Probably a liquid that turns to a gas—as soon as the air reaches it," Andrew answered. "You might all have been dead in five more minutes. Only the size of this place prevented your being suffocated at once. These are worse than ammonia fumes!"

"What do you make out of it is?"

"I thought it was like a gas they used in the war—but it's different. Just as if some one experimented, but didn't quite pull it off. Was the former owner of this hotel a chemist?"

"He was not," Jake answered. "Old Otto Bergthal doesn't know anything more about chemistry than I do, and that's nothin'."

"Was he the owner through the war?" Beulah asked.

"You've said it," Jake answered. "I knowed some splendid fellows only a generation out of Germany—fought like Bunker Hill for the Stars and Stripes and I knowed some snakes in the grass. 'Twasn't the blood—'twas the disposition. Now Otto Bergthal was too old for the draft; and I never heard a word against him. But it was during the war-time the old place got the reputation of being haunted, and folks shunned it after dark."

"This Bergthal may have been the tool of some one else," Caroline suggested, "and the hotel may have been used as a storehouse or a base for chemical experiments. There were hundreds of foreigners in this country working their own little crazy schemes for overthrowing the Government. Beulah, dear—do you still feel faint?"

"A little," the girl answered, but her eyes closed at that moment, and she put out her hands in an effort to regain her equilibrium. Andrew caught her, and calling out to the others, "You better all come out this place," he hurried down the stairs and laid her on the bed in 170. Caroline bent over her anxiously.

"Is she in danger, doctor?"

"No! if she was I'd carry her further than this—straight to a boat, and a car to rush us to the nearest town. See, she's coming to."

"Dr. Farrell, you can't go away now. You are to stay with us until we know—everything."

"Stay with you! You couldn't drive me away with a gun. Will you run down to my room, Mrs. Hartley, and bring me up the little medicine case on my bureau?"

Caroline gone, he looked for some quiver of Beulah's thick eyelashes and the first signs of color in the girl's face. She opened her eyes at last and he gazed into them with no effort to hide the love in his.

"Dearest," he murmured. "Little, brave Beulah."

She roused herself. "What did you say?"

"I said 'dearest.'"

(To be continued)

ACHMED ABDULLAH, famous for his vivid stories of the East, has created a new character for you. His name is Blennerhassett Jones, he hails from Virginia and, in partnership with Sheng Pao, a Princeton-bred Manchu, is exploiting the resources of Southern China. His adventures make fascinating reading. The first one will appear in an early issue

How Walter Camp Put Joy Into Living

Famous Yale Coach shows How to Keep Fit in Ten Minutes' Fun a Day—His "Daily Dozen" Exercises Now Set to Music on Phonograph Records.



Walter Camp,
Originator of the "Daily Dozen"

THOUSANDS of men and women—once flabby-muscled, low in endurance, easily fatigued by ordinary mental or physical exertion—are to-day facing their daily work with new ability and new energy. They are no longer nervous. Their bodies have been rebuilt; their endurance has been strengthened; their minds are clearer—all through *ten minutes' fun a day*:

To-day, "that tired feeling" is something practically unknown to them, for they have built up a new supply of life. They have increased their efficiency, they eat better, sleep better, feel better, and have found a new pleasure in living.

These people owe their improved health to the fact that they devoted a short time each day to a new scientific system of physical development. And the remarkable part of it all is that while they were thus building up their bodies—they exulted in the exercise. It was not drudgery, it was fun!

This remarkable system of body building was devised by Walter Camp, the famous Yale football coach. People who have used it say they think it is the best method they have found of keeping fit. According to physical culture experts who have studied it, this new method will often accomplish *in just ten minutes* more actual good than a half hour spent in strenuous gymnasium exercise.

Mr. Camp has embodied the complete system in twelve simple movements which are known as the "Daily Dozen."

The "Daily Dozen" were first used as a much needed substitute for the tiresome setting-up drills used in training camps during the war. Their immense value was quickly apparent and before long members of the Cabinet as well as other prominent men were relying on them as a guard against physical breakdown due to overwork.

Since the war, the "Daily Dozen" have been making thousands of busy men and women fit and keeping them so. And now the exercises are proving more efficient than ever. For a wonderful improvement has been effected in the system. Here it is:

With Mr. Camp's special permission, the "Daily Dozen" exercises have been set to music on phonograph records that can be played on any disc machine.

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 clear voice speaking on the record. The most inspiring music for each movement has been adopted. A fine, rousing tune, such as the great

Sousa melody, "The Stars and Stripes Forever," has a wonderful effect. It is elating; and it adds spirit to an activity that was monotonous before this invention.

Another reason for the wonderful effectiveness of the "Daily Dozen" is because they are based on natural methods of body-development. Take the tiger in the zoo. He is caged in, removed from his natural way of living—just as we, thru the centuries, have grown away from our natural way of living. Yet the tiger keeps himself in perfect physical condition—always. How?—by constantly stretching and turning and twisting *the trunk or body muscles*. And that is where Mr. Camp says we must look after ourselves! It is on just this principle that he has based his "Daily Dozen."

You cannot fully appreciate the real joy of doing the "Daily Dozen" to music until you try them. The exercises are *thorough* in every way—yet it's such good sport doing them to music that you actually *do not realize* that you're taking exercise!

Try the Complete System Free—For Five Days

You cannot fully appreciate the real joy of doing the "Daily Dozen" to music until you try it. So we want to send you, absolutely free for five days, the "Daily Dozen" on phonograph records and charts illustrating the movements. These full-size, ten-inch, double-disc records playable on any disc machine contain the complete Daily Dozen Exercises, and the 60 actual photographs accompanying the records show clearly every movement that will put renewed vigor and glowing health into your body—with only ten minutes' fun a day. A beautiful record-album comes free with the set.

No need to send any money. Simply mail the coupon below and get Walter Camp's "Daily Dozen" on phonograph records. Enjoy the records for five days, and if for any reason you are not satisfied, return them and you owe nothing. But if you decide to keep the records, you can pay for them at the easy rate of only \$2 down, and \$2 a month for four months until the sum of \$10.00 is paid. Thousands of people have paid \$15 for the same system but you can now get it for only \$10.00 if you act at once.

Simply mail the coupon and see for yourself at our expense, the new, easy, pleasant way to keep fit. You'll feel better, look better, and have more endurance and "pep" than you ever had in years—and you'll find it's fun to exercise to music! Don't put off getting this remarkable System that will add years to your life and make you happier by keeping you in glowing health. Mail the coupon today. Address Health Builders, Dept. 869, Garden City, N. Y.

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Name
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Address

City State

The Mission of the State Association

(Continued from page 41)

terloo; Second Vice-President—Clay Kneise, Muscatine; Third Vice-President—Dr. F. G. Cluett, Sioux City; Secretary—James O'Brien, Des Moines; Treasurer—Julius Fecht, Ottumwa; Trustee—J. J. Barton, Fort Dodge; Chaplain—Rev. E. H. Rudd, Iowa Falls.

B.
P. O.
E.

Devil's Lake has been chosen as the meeting place next year by the North Dakota State Elks Association. At the recent meeting at Williston, James B. Atkinson, of Minot, was elected President; R. W. Bassett, of Valley City, was re-elected Secretary and Treasurer; Edward Hughes, of Dickinson, was elected Trustee.

B.
P. O.
E.

Under the leadership of President Wm. F. Schad, emphasis was placed on a new and interesting and helpful service rendered by the Wisconsin Association. This relates to a Bureau of Information established under Association regulations for the benefit of Subordinate Lodges in quest of Memorial Sunday and Flag Day speakers. Through this instrumentality, a number of Wisconsin Lodges were served and much valuable data for future use was accumulated. The Wisconsin Association is completing its annual meeting at Beloit as *The Elks Magazine* goes to press for the September number. President Schad kept the interest stirring throughout the year, and adequately discharged his responsibilities. Among other achievements, the President kept in intimate touch with his State Membership by virtue of circular communications, of which five were issued during the year. By the adoption of the plan, all interesting information was periodically circulated. One subject upon which he dwelt in the circular announcing the convention arrangements and program was entitled "Everybody's School." It proceeded as follows:

Elkdom has become a potent factor not only in the uplift of humanity and in dispensing of aid and charity to the distressed, but has manifested a keen interest in the education of our boys and girls and in the betterment of our educational systems. Through the thoughtfulness of the late Prof. L. D. Harvey a circular

dwelling upon the questions concerning the betterment of our public schools was mailed regularly to all the Lodges and active members of our Association, and from reports to date indications point toward a better knowledge and greater enlightenment on the question of the education of the children and youth of our State, all of which has had a most wholesome effect in the improvement of our educational system.

The State Association opening exercises were scheduled for August 17. This was open to the public and was genuinely entertaining and profitable.

B.
P. O.
E.

The Colorado State Elks Association, meeting at Sterling, aside from the transaction of business, had a three days' social session unusually unique and elaborate. Headquarters presented an attractive scene with flags and purple and white decorations. There was an illuminated street parade, a lawn party, a dance, racing and baseball games. Joseph H. Loo, of Pueblo Lodge, was chosen by the Association as Secretary. The 1923 meeting will be at Colorado Springs.

B.
P. O.
E.

At the thirteenth annual meeting of the Virginia State Elks Association, at Bedford, John B. Bliley, of Richmond, was elected President.

B.
P. O.
E.

Seventy-five delegates participated in the twenty-first annual meeting of the Indiana State Elks' Association at Michigan City with President Clyde Hunter of Gary presiding. There was a banner attendance of visitors from various points in the State, and Michigan City's hospitality was acclaimed in a resolution adopted by the Association.

Fort Wayne was selected as the convention city for 1923. With the date undecided, it was announced that if a time in September is named, there will be a clam-bake. The following are the newly elected officers:

President—Dr. A. J. McDonald, of Bedford; First Vice-President—Edgar J. Julian, of Vincennes; Second Vice-President—Harry C.

Knight, of Elkhart; Third Vice-President—C. J. Orbison, of Indianapolis; Secretary—Don Allman, of Noblesville; Treasurer—Dr. J. C. Sawyer, of Michigan City; Trustee—H. J. Holland, of South Bend.

Michigan City's Mayor, John Finske, welcomed the delegates. Martin T. Krueger voiced the greeting of the local Elks. A. A. Logman, Exalted Ruler of Michigan City Lodge, presented President Hunter. Letters from Grand Exalted Ruler J. Edgar Masters and Grand Secretary Fred C. Robinson were read.

A resolution was adopted in memory of Thomas G. Hedian, who was Secretary of the Indiana State Elks' Association from the time of its formation in 1902 until his death this year. Charles J. Orbison delivered the memorial address.

It was decided to select a President in each district of the State for the purpose of promoting community and social welfare work, and intensifying continuous interest in all affairs concerning the Order and its activities.

A Committee on Resolutions, composed of Oswald Ryan, of Anderson; Michael Thornton, of New Albany, and Fred Henoch, of LaPorte, submitted the following which was adopted:

"Whereas, the American Legion has properly called attention to the fact that Memorial Day in late years in Indiana has lost much of its traditional character as a remembrance for those who died for our common country and has, instead, become a festival to the racing and sporting spirit, and,

"Whereas, The American Legion has taken leadership in a patriotic movement to remedy this condition,

"Therefore, Be it resolved that it is the sense of the Elks of Indiana in State convention assembled that Memorial Day should be restored to its original character as a day of reverence for those who made the supreme sacrifice to preserve America, the last best hope of mankind."

An address by Oswald Ryan, an Anderson Elk, representing the American Legion, is published elsewhere in this issue. The announcement was made by Mr. Ryan that at the next session of the Indiana Legislature, a measure will be introduced to correct the desecration of Memorial Day.

"Courage is the Thing"

(Continued from page 21)

come even to a book-reviewer, did we happen upon a book by Charles Wellington Furlong, called "Let 'er Buck"—a title that must make the fingers of Tom Mix's director itch to steal.

"Let 'er Buck" is, at first glimpse, the kind of thing you see lying on a table in a bookshop, and which makes you say, "Great Scott, what a heap of stuff has to be written to fill up the chinks between the best sellers!"

But a word to the wise! If you're waiting for your change in that shop, *don't* pick up "Let 'er Buck" unless you can buy it and carry it home with you. The only other course will be to camp out there and then until you have read from cover to cover—which is, we believe, a cheap way to treat the book trade.

"Let 'er Buck" is, first and last, an American book. No other country could produce it, for it is founded on American traditions and written in a national spirit of fair play, good humor and love of sportsmanship. If you know a real man, get the book, and give it to him. There's no gamble. He'll love it. If you know a real boy—try the same thing on him. You'll be a popular hero with the youngster for months. If you know any women who are at heart "regular fellows" and who are having birthdays, or something, where gifts are advisable, send them "Let 'er Buck."

No, this is not an advertisement for Mr. Furlong's book—it is merely our enthusiastic way of saying it's the great thing—good reading—enthraling—colorful!

Coming on top of "The Covered Wagon" as it did—bang, like that! it rather carried us off our feet. Putting down the romance of Molly Wingate in her covered wagon, it was startling to pick up Mr. Furlong's book—a portrayal of the passing of the Old Northwest; to leave off in fiction with the arrival of the emigrant trains in Oregon, and to follow in fact through Mr. Furlong's enchanting pages, the history of those days down to the great Round-Up at Pendleton, Oregon, a classic event, a national pageant, through which we again see the great story of pioneer life.

The people in Mr. Furlong's book are flesh-and-blood people. Perhaps you know some of them. The thrills are real thrills—the photographs of bucking horses, cow-pony races, roping, Indians, old-time scouts, and stage-coach races with which the volume is illustrated are true examples of our much-loved word *action!*

As we read "Let 'er Buck" which, by the way, is the slogan of the Pendleton's yearly "Round-Up," and a cry that was heard on many battlefronts in France, there stirs in us "a forgotten, primitive, national something" that lies at the bottom of our hearts.

No matter how civilized he is, scratch an American and you'll find a pioneer—a cowboy—an adventurer. There is

"... is something in every healthy nature that responds to the spectacular and dangerous. . . . It were better for the Nation of the blasé, effete, lily-livered youths, which the complexities and hectic movement of our modern life tends to develop, learned

through honorable physical contest the satisfaction of a well-balanced body and character . . ."

The "Round-Up" is the great yearly carnival which epitomizes the most dramatic phases of the old Western days, and the author tells his story as one who has been part and parcel of that life and speaks its language.

The book is full of nuggets.

Why the cowboys wear their kerchiefs tied at the back.

How a band of determined and ambitious men stole a county seat, literally, and have been sitting at it ever since.

How Judge Calloway of Virginia City had to let a "rustler" out of prison for the Round-Up . . . "the people hereabouts wouldn't stand for keeping V— in jail while this bucking contest is on. But he goes back to-night!"

How a Sunday School superintendent had to apologize to his flock for keeping them waiting because the poker game he was "sitting in on was so plumb interesting I couldn't break away from the boys."

How Pendleton, a place of seven thousand inhabitants, draws seventy thousand people to its gates each September, to see the great carnival.

Living men dash across the pages of this book, making them positively throb under their horses' hoofs.

But why go on? We've given ourselves away. We were stirred by the book and we rise to suggest that the City of Pendleton reads, *en masse*, Barrie's little volume and follows that up with an invitation to Sir James to attend the next "Round-Up," so he may see for himself Oregon's special brand of "courage."

"I Want to Be Happy"

Frederick Pierce, the famous research worker and psychologist, says that in the background of every human mind is the fundamental searching for happiness—in one of its multitudinous forms. It is the true goal of man and woman.

Its search, the pain of not finding it, the blind reaching out for it, is what sends thousands of people to analytical psychologists like Professor Coue of Nancy, France, Doctor Charles Baudouin of Geneva, to doctors like Brill and Jelliffe of New York.

The old ideas, the foolish antagonisms against any searching into our hidden mental mechanisms, our unconscious selves, is passing away. The man on the street and the schoolgirl know equally that there is a relation between our unconscious and inner minds and the working-out of our every-day lives.

Imagination, desire, striving, energy—all directed toward successful living, progress and happiness—these things are part of us, and through the works of such men as Frederick Pierce, we learn how to direct them to our own better uses.

Auto-suggestion. Through this, Pierce shows us the remarkable practical applications of our own forces which can be made by any man.

How worry can be eliminated.

How good habits can be formed.

How business can be bettered and built up.

How children may be developed successfully.

Love—fear—ambition—cooperation—success—peace—all these are within the circle of one's own will.

Mr. Pierce's advice, his rules for practice, are simple, plain, untechnical. But he does say that the knowledge and strengthening and using to best advantage of our unconscious minds calls for *courage* and intelligence.

A chapter at the end of this intensely interesting and profitable book is devoted to the "New Psychology in Advertising," which in itself shows how thoroughly applicable are Pierce's contentions of the practical forces of auto-suggestion.

**"The Sin of Monsieur Pettipon"
And Other Humorous Tales**

All the reading world is laughing with Richard Connell over this collection of his short stories, many of which have appeared in the leading periodicals of the country. Mr. Connell is known to the subscribers of this magazine as a writer of healthy fiction in which fun bubbles out at every line—tales of the little plain people of the earth which make us scream with mirth. Mr. Connell is a real humorist. Not, perhaps, a Stephen Leacock or a Chesterton, yet not a clown. He has an eye for situations, but his characters never dash into them in a slap-stick manner. You are led chuckle by chuckle into a hearty laugh.

The people he writes about are the kind we pass in the streets, are jammed against in the subways, and on electric tramways. Seemingly uninteresting, almost drab, almost vulgar, Mr. Connell throws upon them the bright light of understanding humor, comedy sometimes touched with pathos, and these "common citizens" become worthwhile companions.

Monsieur Pettipon, hero of the first tale, is a second-class steward on a French-American liner. He "makes up cabins," but at heart he is an artist, and suffers and finally triumphs as only an artist can. This story is quite a little masterpiece.

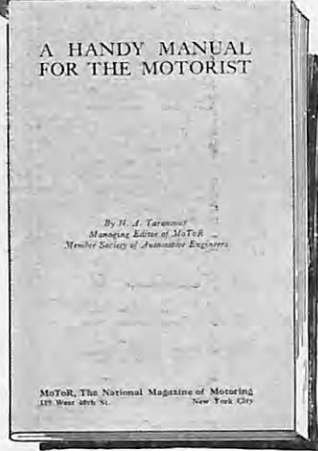
But, oh, Mr. Connell, when you make two New York lingerie "buyers" travel second class, you prove that there is still much that you must learn! Any New York "lingerie buyer" will tell you where a firm that would send them across "second" can "get off." But we hear that Mr. Connell is young. One slight slip must not count against him.

An indispensable book if you're going on a journey, if you live where there are rainy nights, or if you lack courage and humor.

"Glimpses of the Moon"

Why this book, now and then here at the end of this month's talk on good reading? Perhaps because, since it is the work of our greatest novelist, Edith Wharton, we wished the way clear for it—everything else out of the road and nothing.

(Continued on page 66)



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- (1) Eight months' subscription to MoToR including the Big Dollar Show Number.
- (2) Handy Manual for the Motorist with numerous Service Blanks.
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We will send you the next eight numbers of MoToR, the National Magazine of Motoring. The January Number is the Big Dollar Show Number with illustrations of all makes of cars. It is an invaluable record of the entire industry. If you bought these copies over the newsstand they would cost you \$4.50.

The Handy Manual for the Motorist is a pocket size book by H. A. Tarantous, Managing and Technical Editor of MoToR. Mr. Tarantous has had years of experience in meeting the problems of the motorist and has set down here some of the ways to get best performance from your car.

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- 3. I understand that I may consult with the technical staff of MoToR on any questions relating to my car.

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"Courage is the Thing"

(Continued from page 65)

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Unless your goods are so excellent that everyone who buys them once will want them again—

Unless there is real need for what you make—

Unless you appreciate that it takes a long time and costs a lot of money to educate one hundred million people to associate your trade mark with a definite standard of quality—

Unless your business is built on the firm foundation of economical production and sound finance.

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ing to follow. Anything else would, indeed, suffer by comparison.

To lovers of perfect English, marvelous technique and supreme "style"—there is only one Mrs. Wharton. A new novel by her means to this discriminating public more than a story. It is to them always an experience.

Already "Glimpses of the Moon" is keeping the presses of its publishers busy supplying the demand, and controversies over the morals of the amazing people Mrs. Wharton has captured between the covers of this latest tale are enlivening the reading world.

This is the romance of two young people who love and marry among the rich and idle and fashionable—among the group that is commonly called "smart society." The houses of these people, whether they are American or not, are sprinkled casually over the earth—France, the Italian Lakes, Venice, London, everywhere! Their wealth makes gypsies of them—their temptations, so easily yielded to, so easily hidden, corrode every principle, every decent standard.

Yet to Susie Branch, it was the world that practically supported her. Without these people, these houses, without this ease and beauty, Susie was a child lost in a dark wood.

She marries Nick Lansing—who, penniless, just starting on a writer's career, has nothing to offer save his acceptance, like hers, into the social world that likes them both so well. They make a strange and singularly cold-blooded pact—a thing that would have been impossible had real passion existed between them—to feel bound only until something better, more brilliant, in a word, more financially safe, should offer itself to either.

Their friends, interested and curious, at the daring of the young lovers to marry at all, see to it that their honeymoon is spent amongst scenes that tempt Mrs. Wharton to some of her most beautiful descriptive writing.

But these rich and utterly startling people demand some payment for providing Susie and Nick with a background so bewitching and so poetic.

Susie falters for a moment at the payment, for her moral fiber is still fresh and young and sweet, and in her heart she hates the code of her set. But it is now the price of her being with Nick. So she pays. When Nick discovers how she has had to lower her and his sense of integrity, the catastrophe engulfs them; the honeymoon crashes to earth; they separate, leaving each naked in the storm to worse attacks upon their strength.

Truth falls, but gallantly staggers on again amongst the amazing characters that surround Susie and Nick.

Their final triumph has in it a little touch of exhaustion. You question yourself: When these two are once more themselves, how will it be with them? Will this new-found and deep love be with them still?

Mrs. Wharton writes so brilliantly, so brutally keen, about these folk that she makes you doubt even her words that Susie and Nick have outgrown their old life—have faced the other way.

Nick, as a hero, leaves us cold. A touch of cad, shirker—puts us off him forever. Susie is human, though not lovable in the poignant way that Ellen was lovable in "The Age of Innocence," nor does one understand her, despite everything with the clear sympathy that was accorded Lily Bart. But—it's a great book!

After reading "Glimpses of the Moon" it is utterly impossible to take up immediately another novel by some other author without feeling that the thing was written by a sophomore or a high-school girl.

Fortunately for the writing profession the dazzle left in our eyes by Mrs. Wharton's art little by little becomes a normal light again, and so the day is saved.

You ask "where is courage in that tale?" Well, it is there—lifting its bright head in the final pages. The very absence of it in most of the characters is so—can one say ostentatious?—that courage is for a time all that you can think about. The one thing in the world that is desirable.

BOOKS REVIEWED

- Courage*, by Sir James M. Barrie (Charles Scribner's Sons).
- Glimpses of the Moon*, by Edith Wharton (D. Appleton & Co.).
- Our Unconscious Mind, and How to Use It*, by Frederick Pierce (E. P. Dutton & Co.).
- Let 'er Buck*, by Charles Wellington Furlong (G. P. Putnam's Sons).
- The Covered Wagon*, by Emerson Hough (D. Appleton & Co.).
- The Sin of Monsieur Pettipon, and Other Humorous Tales*, by Richard Connell (George H. Doran Co.).

Every Inch a Magnate

(Continued from page 33)

"SON—" Zebulon Hathaway glanced from his wife to Jerry and then at the table—"son, the proposition is mighty attractive; no doubt about that. But—well, here's the situation; if we win the pennant to-morrow, as we ought, I'll stick by the club. It's not a bad club by any means; that is, not in most years."

He paused, studied his cigar while every one waited upon his words.

"Not a bad club, no." Suddenly he looked up at his son.

"Robert, I guess it hangs upon what happens to-morrow." He rose from the table and pushed his chair back. And Bob Hathaway, knowing his father, knew that the very rocks would be more vulnerable to further argument than this man. He shrugged and turned to Jerry.

"Jerry, will you take a little stroll? I need it for my digestion. And I want to talk to you."

She caught something interesting in his manner. Hathaway was making his way to the veranda, the evening paper in his hand. His wife, who had never lived down habits acquired in days when she had done her own work, was helping the maid clear the table.

There was constraint as the two walked up the street under the old arched elms. Jerry was thinking of the changes the years bring. There had been a time when she hummed as she walked along at the side of Bob Hathaway for the sheer joy of being with him. Now there was

no joy in her. She was thinking of the couple they had left in the house.

"Jove, Jerry, I liked the way you stood up and fought at the table."

"I always fight for my convictions," she said simply.

"Yes, you do. Has any one told you that you get better looking every year?"

She made no reply to this. Hathaway cleared his throat.

"Jerry, I am wondering if you know the reasons why I came to Bolton this time?"

She glanced at him.

"Why shouldn't I? You gave them at dinner."

"Only one of them. The other reason was—you."

She straightened with an involuntary movement. Then she laughed.

"Really!"

"Yes, Jerry, listen. You and I have been friends a good many years. When a chap's ambitious, as I am, he is always wondering what's ahead; wants something better than what he's got. And this often leads him wrong. It has me in your case—"

The girl raised her hand.

"Do you have to tell me all this, Bob?"

"Yes, I do. You're interested, aren't you?"

"Not especially."

"Jerry—" He placed his hand upon her arm

and came to a standstill. "Jerry, you say that and I can see why you say it, and I don't blame you. Just the same I know in your heart you are interested."

"Perhaps you can read my heart better than I can."

"Well, I can." He stood before her in all the glory of his stalwart young manhood and she found it difficult to fight down the thrill that the hungry expression in his eyes inspired. "I've been out in the world. I've met a lot of girls. I've been more than friends to some of them. For I tell you frankly, Jerry, a man in my position, who has my ambitions, needs a big, fine, accomplished woman to carry along with him, to help him in the fight. There's the social end, which is important, darned important, and there is the business side where her intelligent encouragement and sympathetic discernment mean no end of good."

She laughed. "No wonder you haven't married, Bob."

"Yes, no wonder. Now, Jerry, let me tell you and I mean it with all that's in me. You're the one girl for me, the one woman who can climb with me to the highest place that's meant for us. I've known it always. You can smile and shake your head. I don't blame you. Well, there you are, Jerry, I've been a fool and I know it; I've come to you and told you so. I want you; I need you and—"

She raised her hand. "Let's walk along, Bob; I'm afraid we'll attract attention." As he fell into step at her side, his hand still upon her arm, she went on. "You say you need me and you talk as though you really felt it and meant it. Well, say you do; don't you think it is up to you to convince me that I need you?"

As she saw him quiver under the searing wound there came to her the knowledge that she still loved him. With this realization came pain; for what she had now to do would be the harder for that knowledge.

"You—you—mean—"

"I mean, Bob, exactly what I say. You've been telling me what you want and you need. You're a lawyer, a business man; so, then, show me where I come in."

"Where you come in! Why you'll go along with me; we'll go ahead together. You'll be a power; your life will be broad, you'll have money—Jerry, if I told you what I'm making now you'd be astonished—you'll—"

"Bob, listen. What I'm wondering is whether I'd have the very thing I would want and every girl would want. I don't mean all the material things you've named."

"No?" Bob Hathaway flushed. "I think I can explain what I mean. I've been seeing a lot of Mr. and Mrs. Hathaway in the past four years. They have been father and mother to me, really. And I've seen lots of things. They lived for you when you were young and now they're living in you. You're just as much their son to them, mean just as much, as before you left home."

"Of course; I know that." Hathaway gestured impatiently.

"You haven't acted as though you did. You left them behind, together with everything else in the humble home town. Bob, two years ago, at Christmas, I cried all day. You had written you would come home for Christmas. Can you imagine what that meant to your father and your mother? Mr. Hathaway was like a big, happy bumblebee, and your mother planned the things she would have for you, and then bought them—good things to eat, little presents. Oh, she was the dearest thing! Radiant. Then the day before Christmas you wired from New York you wouldn't be able to come. Robert Hathaway, if you live a thousand years, you'll never be able to wash that from your soul."

He clashed his hands together. "Have you any idea what important business—"

"No business was so important that you couldn't take a two-day trip home for Christmas. When you finally did come home, you didn't even spend the night. Your letters come not more than once a month; sometimes not that often—just a few, snippy typewritten lines, dictated. Your success has ruined you."

She waited a moment, but the man strode along, eyes ahead.

"So you see," she continued, "when you ask
(Continued on page 68)

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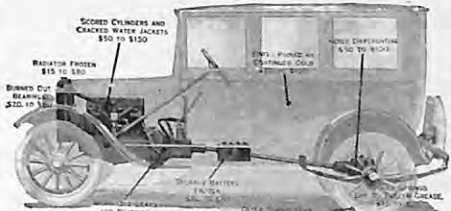
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For the convenience of Elks who are traveling, and for the general public, The Elks Magazine is distributed by The American News Company on the newsstands in railroad stations and hotels and on the trains.

Every Inch a Magnate

(Continued from page 67)

me to marry you and talk about money and position and all that, I think of other things that you can't give, things I'd have to have from the man I married."

He didn't reply. She touched him upon the arm.

"I know you're angry with me, Bob. But I've spoken from out of my heart. Maybe you'll never want to speak to me or hear of me again. Anyway, do this one thing, not for my sake, or for your own sake—buck up on your father and mother. They haven't so many years at best and—" Jerry's throat caught. "My boarding-house is down here, Bob. I'll say good-by." She paused at the corner.

He stood, evidently trying to say something; but no words came. Abruptly Jerry turned and hurried down the street. When she reached her dwelling-place and looked back, he was still standing where she had left him. She went into the house.

III

LATER in the evening as Jerry Dane sat at the window of her darkened room, her chin resting upon her hands, eyes fixed vaguely upon the outlines of the trees, a servant knocked at the door. Jerry was wanted at the telephone.

It was Mrs. Hathaway. Something had happened in connection with the ball club, and Zebulon Hathaway wanted her as quickly as possible. Without waiting to find her hat she ran out of the house and was soon turning into the Hathaway gate.

The owner of the Badgers and Tom Blauvelt, the manager, were standing on the veranda, talking earnestly. Through the window Jerry could see Mrs. Hathaway placidly reading. Zebulon Hathaway never bothered his wife with his business troubles.

"What is it, Mr. Hathaway?"

"It's Sneedon, Miss Dane," growled the manager. "The great big fat-headed farmer knew we were depending on him to pitch and win to-morrow's game—"

"Yes, of course," interrupted Jerry. "He knew that."

"Well, he won't pitch. The big fool was skylarking down in the billiard-room of the Bolton House after dinner; got into a wrestling match with Garrity and took a fall that broke a bone in his wrist."

"Broke his wrist! Jim Sneedon!"

"Yes, he's out. Now I want to pitch Yates. He worked to-day, I know. But he's strong and willing and says he's got it. The Millers can't hit him much; club will have to hit behind him, that's all."

"Don't know about that." Hathaway shook his head. "Where's Bob, Jerry? Thought he was with you."

"He was. He left me at the boarding-house two hours ago. Hasn't he come back?"

"Haven't seen him. Ma was asking. What do you think about Yates, Jerry?"

"I don't think he would do at all for the whole game."

"All right," said Blauvelt, "work Yates the first half and then if he begins to look bad, put in Murray."

"H'm. The Millers pounded Murray on Thursday. They always have." Hathaway gestured heavily with his cigar. "And Geis has got a lame arm. There you are."

"Well," rasped Blauvelt, "then the only answer is mine; work Yates as far as he'll go—he may go the route—then put Murray on the mound."

"All right. All right." Hathaway slumped into a chair. "Murray or Yates goes in first depending upon which warms up best; the other to follow. Good-night, Blauvelt. How is Sneedon feeling?"

"Feeling!" The manager paused on the steps.

"I don't care how he's feeling. I hope he dies!" For a time after he had gone Jerry and the owner of the Badgers sat in silence. Never in all his life, probably, had a blow so poignant as this descended upon Zebulon Hathaway. For Jim Sneedon was without any doubt the crack pitcher of the Belt States League and especially a thorn in the side of the Millers who had never been able to hit him at all. He was a local prod-

uct. Hathaway had taken him from the back lots, stood back of him through the boy's formative years, and now when it had devolved upon the ragged youth Hathaway had first known to get up on the mound and employ his acquired skill and his strength in bringing to fruition his benefactor's long years of toil and sacrifice and mental travail, he had broken his wrist in horseplay.

"Mr. Hathaway, I never wanted to be a man until this moment. Oh, I wish I were a man and could pitch!"

Jerry, who had risen, came over to the man, standing behind him, her hands upon his shoulders.

He reached up and laid a hand upon hers.

"It's all right, Jerry girl; we have to take things as they come. That's the way life is. We don't order things. They're ordered for us. Yates ought to do—if the team will only hit."

"They will. I feel it. I know it. They—"

The fence gate opened, creaking. Jerry looked up and made out the figure of Bob Hathaway coming up the walk.

"Hello." He paused, peering. "Oh, is that you, Jerry—father? I've just been looking for you, Jerry. Went around to your boarding-house."

"Yes?" Jerry's voice was spiritless.

"What's the matter? Anything wrong?" Young Hathaway came up to the two, shifting his gaze from one to the other.

"Sneedon can't pitch to-morrow, Bob. Your father was counting on him to win the pennant. He has broken his wrist."

"Geel! Is that so!" Bob Hathaway touched his father upon the shoulder. "That's another argument in favor of accepting that C. and D. offer."

"Bob!" "Well, Jerry, it is. It is just this sort of thing that he shouldn't have to face year after year."

"Don't you have to face things year after year? Isn't that what makes life interesting and worth while?"

"Yes, but my dad has had his share of all that. A time comes when a man has a right to some ease."

Zebulon Hathaway leaned forward, lighting a cigar.

"I'm not a dead one yet, boy."

"No; but that is no reason why you shouldn't enjoy life."

Jerry Dane gave a little exclamation.

"Bob, if you only understood your father at all!" She hesitated. "I want to say something to you, something dreadful. And I don't want your father to hear it. Mr. Hathaway, you don't mind if Bob and I go down the walk a moment, do you?"

As the man gestured with his cigar, Jerry slipped her hand through the younger man's arm and turned toward the steps.

"Bob," she said, as they came to a pause at the gate, "you'll be angry; just the same I want you to be frank and honest with me as I am going to be with you."

"All right, Jerry."

"What I want to ask, Bob, is this. Is your attitude about the sale of Hathaway Field due as much to consideration of your father as to your wish to put through a good deal for your railroad?"

There was silence and Jerry, brave as she was, could not subdue the trembling of her limbs.

"Jerry—" The man's voice was solemn—"I'm not angry at what you've said. Let me tell you something: since we had our talk this evening, I've done nothing but walk all over this city, trying to see your side. And I came to see it. That was why I went to your boarding-house a while ago; just to tell you I saw."

"You saw what, Bob?"

"Why I saw why you would naturally feel as you do about father and mother. I haven't been decent to them, not half-way. I was concentrated on my work. It's great fun getting ahead, and I met new people all the time and was invited around and—well, I was thoughtless, that's all. Father and mother were here. I knew they were comfortable and—and—well, it didn't occur to me they weren't happy. Anyway I was wrong, dead wrong, all the way through.

It will never happen again. So much about that. As to you—"

"Leave me out, Bob."

"But I can't. Jerry, I've always loved you. I've played fast and loose. But I've always loved you and I always knew it, and when I met other girls I always compared them to you and knew they were not in your class. You may think I have a swelled head and all that; but I'm not so swell-headed that I won't get on my knees to you right here and now if it would—"

"Bob, I can't stand here talking this way with your father sitting alone up there on the porch with the whole world falling down upon his shoulders."

Hathaway laughed.

"If that's all that's worrying you, Jerry, cut it out. For the Badgers are going to win to-morrow."

"Going to win! What do you mean?"

"I mean—" He paused a moment. "Jerry, I think it would be best for the team to lose the pennant and have father sell the park. You don't think so. All right; I'll accept your judgment. I'll sign with the Badgers to-morrow. I'll go out on the mound and make those bush-leaguers think Walter Johnson has hit town. Don't you think I can't do it, either. Cy Young pitched the game of his life the other day after twelve years out. I've only been out eight—and I'm fit!"

"Bob!"

"I will, Jerry. The assistant-general counselor of the C. and D. is going to play ball to-morrow. Now what do you say? Do you believe I love you or not?"

"Bob!" As he advanced to her with arms out, she pushed him away, laughing hysterically. "Not now! Not yet! You haven't won the game yet, you know." She turned toward the porch, radiant, excited.

Zebulon Hathaway waited until she had finished speaking. He leaned forward, relighting his cigar. Then, slowly, he arose.

"Son," he said, with that characteristic little chuckle in his voice. "Let's go in and tell mother."

IV

ONLY the owner of the Badgers, Jerry Dane and the sporting editor of the Bolton *Courier* had been permitted to witness the little drama of the morning when Tom Blauvelt, grouchy and victim to profound misgivings, had come forth from the dressing-room, accompanied by Yeamans, the Badgers' regular catcher and by Bob Hathaway, garbed in an ill-fitting uniform.

"All right, Bill—" Blauvelt jerked his thumb toward Hathaway—"take him."

Yeamans obediently took position against the grandstand and jauntily caught Bob's first toss in his mitt, shoveling the ball back to the pitcher from the big glove. For ten minutes Hathaway lobbed up the ball, swinging his arm round and round after each heave. Then abruptly he nodded at Yeamans.

Now Bill Yeamans had all sorts of respect for the son of the man who paid him his salary, but he wasn't sold on the idea of a college guy horning into professional company and getting away with it. The occasion found him jauntily, indifferent, so much so that he had not taken thought to appraise Bob Hathaway's long arms, his goodly hands, his fine shoulders and chest. So far as Yeamans was concerned—and Blauvelt, too, for that matter—old Hathaway had gone daft and must be humored.

So when Bob Hathaway nodded, Yeamans merely nodded back and fell only partially into the approved crouch. The pitcher looked at him in some surprise.

"Fast ball," he said.

"All right, all right. Shoot it."

Hathaway with a little smile wound up and let go. Yeamans saw something coming toward him that seemed very small, more like a golf-ball than a baseball. He got his mitt up to his chest just in time, not to catch it, but to save himself from being drilled.

"Eh!" Blauvelt who had ducked from his position back of the catcher, bobbed up with dazed face. "Eh, Bill!" His voice was filled with laughter. "You act like a man who never saw classy smoke before."

It came to be a most satisfactory morning.

Now the park was filled; not only filled but bulging. The spectators overflowed into the

(Continued on page 70)

The Crimes We Commit Against Our Stomachs

Showing How Worn-out Stomachs can be Renewed

By R. J. Branham

A MAN'S success in life depends more on the co-operation of his stomach than on any other factor. Just as an "army moves on its stomach" so does the individual. Scientists tell us that 90% of all sickness is traceable to the digestive tract.

Physical efficiency is the backbone of mental efficiency. Unless our stomachs are effectively performing their functions in the way Nature intended, we can't be physically fit. And unless we're physically fit, we can't be thoroughly successful.

As Dr. Orison Swett Marden, the noted writer, says, "the brain gets an immense amount of credit which really should go to the stomach." And it's true—keep the digestive system in shape and brain vitality is assured.

Of course there are successful men who have weak digestions, but they are exceptions to the rule. They succeed *in spite of* their physical condition. Ten times the success would undoubtedly be theirs if they had the backing of a strong physique and a perfect stomach. There are a thousand men who owe their success in life to a good digestion to every one who succeeded in spite of a poor digestion and the many ills it leads to.

The Cause of Most Illness

The cause of practically all stomach disorders—and remember, stomach disorders lead to 90% of all sickness—is wrong eating.

Food is the fuel of the human system, yet some of the combinations of food we put into our systems are as dangerous as dynamite, soggy wood and a little coal would be in a furnace—and just about as effective. Is it any wonder that the average life of man to-day is but 39 years—and that diseases of the stomach, liver and kidneys have increased 103% during the past few years?

The trouble is that no one has, until recently, given any study to the question of food and its relation to the human body. Very often one good harmless food when eaten in combination with other harmless foods creates a chemical reaction in the stomach and literally explodes, giving off dangerous toxins which enter the blood and slowly poison our entire system, sapping our vitality and depleting our efficiency in the meantime.

Relief in 48 Hours!

And yet just as wrong food selections and combinations will destroy our health and efficiency, so will the right foods renew our worn out stomachs and create and maintain bodily vigor and mental energy. Results are often seen in 48 hours. And by right foods we do not mean freak foods—just good, every-day foods properly combined. In fact, to follow Corrective Eating it isn't even necessary to upset your table.

Not long ago I had a talk with Eugene Christian, the noted food scientist, and he told me of some of his experiences in the treatment of diseases through food. Incidentally Eugene Christian has personally treated more than 23,000 people for almost

every non-organic ailment known with almost unvaried success. An enviable record when one considers that people nearly always go to him after every other known method has failed.

One case which interested me greatly was that of a young business man whose efficiency had been practically wrecked through stomach acidity, fermentation and constipation resulting in physical sluggishness which was naturally reflected in his ability to use his mind. He was twenty pounds under weight when he first went to see Christian and was so nervous he couldn't sleep. Stomach and intestinal gases were so severe that they caused irregular heart action and often fits of great mental depression. As Christian describes it he was not 50% efficient either mentally or physically. Yet in a few days by following Christian's suggestions as to food, his constipation had completely gone although he had formerly been in the habit of taking large daily doses of a strong cathartic. In a few weeks every abnormal symptom had disappeared—his weight having increased 6 lbs. In addition to this he acquired a store of physical and mental energy so great in comparison with his former self as to almost belie the fact that it was the same man.

Youth Quickly Renewed

But perhaps the most interesting case that Christian told me of was that of a multi-millionaire—a man 70 years old, who had been traveling with his doctor for several years in a search for health. He was extremely emaciated, had chronic constipation, lumbago and rheumatism. For over twenty years he had suffered with stomach and intestinal trouble which in reality was superacidulous secretions in the stomach. The first menus given him were designed to remove the causes of acidity. Results were apparent in 48 hours and the causes of acidity were entirely removed in about 30 days. After this was done he seemed to undergo a complete rejuvenation. His eyesight, hearing, taste and all of his mental faculties became keener and more alert. He had had no organic trouble—but he was starving to death from malnutrition and decomposition—all caused by the wrong selection and combination of foods. After six months' treatment this man was as well and strong as he had ever been in his life.

These instances of the efficacy of right eating I have simply chosen at random from perhaps a dozen Eugene Christian told me of, every one of which was fully as interesting, and they applied to as many different ailments. Surely this man Christian is doing a great work.

I know of several instances where rich men and women have been so pleased with what he has done for them that they have sent him checks for \$500 or \$1,000 in addition to the amount of the bill when paying him.

Delightful Way to Secure Health and Strength

There have been so many inquiries from all parts of the United States from people seeking

the benefit of Eugene Christian's advice and whose cases he is unable to handle personally that he has written a little course of lessons which tells you exactly what to eat for health, strength and efficiency. This course is published by The Corrective Eating Society of New York.

These lessons, there are 24 of them, contain actual menus for breakfast, luncheon and dinner, curative as well as corrective, covering every condition of health and sickness from infancy to old age and for all occupations, climates and seasons.

Reasons are given for every recommendation based upon actual results secured in the author's many years of practice although technical terms have been avoided. Every point is explained so clearly that there can be no possible misunderstanding.

With these lessons at hand it is just as though you were in personal contact with the great food specialist because every possible point is so thoroughly covered that you can scarcely think of a question which isn't answered. You can start eating the very things that will produce the increased physical and mental energy you are seeking the day you receive the lessons and will find that you secure results with the very first meal—positive results in 48 hours.

5 Days Trial—Send No Money

Many people would gladly pay hundreds of dollars to learn of such an easy, delightful way to obtain health and strength, and freedom from stomach trouble. But Christian desires to place his instruction within reach of everybody, and we have therefore made the price as low as we safely can. And we have also made it possible for you to test this method on a positive guarantee of satisfaction.

Simply put your name and address on the coupon below and mail it NOW. Give the postman only \$1.97 (plus postage) in complete payment, when the course arrives. (If more convenient you may remit with the coupon, but this is not necessary.) Look the course over carefully. Put it to the test. Judge by results. If you don't notice a great improvement within five days after starting, send it back and your money will be refunded. You can clearly see that an offer like this could not be made unless the publishers were confident that Eugene Christian's methods will produce remarkable results for you as they have for thousands of others.

But immediate action is necessary. Clip the coupon now and send it at once so as to be sure to avoid disappointment. You will surely agree that health, happiness and comfort are worth the trial. Write today. Corrective Eating Society, Dept. 629, 43 West 16th Street, New York City.

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Every Inch a Magnate

(Continued from page 68)

outfield, there held in bounds by ropes and police. There was a band. The atmosphere was vibrant with suspense. The Badgers were taking the field for final practice when Zebulon Hathaway, accompanied by his wife and Jerry Dane, entered the owner's box, exactly back of the catcher.

"Who you going to pitch, Mr. Hathaway?" To all inquiries of the sort—and there were hundreds of them—Zebulon Hathaway had smiled cryptically and now, seating himself in his box, he leaned back and drew a deep breath as a tall, beautifully built young man suddenly appeared from the dugout, ball in hand, while the umpire, taking stand by the home-plate, doffed his cap. "Lad-ees and gentel-men. Bat-rees for today's game are: Millers, Martin and Cross. Badgers, Hathaway—"

Further than this nothing more of the umpire's voice was heard. The entire field was in an uproar. Hathaway! Old man Hathaway's son! Zeb's boy! Je-hoshophat and then again, Jeerusalem! Bob Hathaway!

Jerry Dane excitedly seized Hathaway's hand. It was cold. Mrs. Hathaway was smiling in her proud, placid manner.

"Look at them, Mr. Hathaway. They're simply stricken with surprise. An official of the C. and D. in the box for the Badgers, signed up at a dollar a year! Isn't it simply stunning!"

Zebulon Hathaway shifted his cigar to the other corner of his mouth.

"Hope the boy lasts."

Jerry's gray eyes flashed.

"He'll last. He has to. He—" Bob Hathaway had paused in one of his warming-up throws, his eyes fixed upon her. Jerry hesitated. Then, blushing, she put her fingers to her lips and threw him a covert kiss.

Martin, the Millers' pitcher, was a man whose prowess next season would bring him to the Cincinnati Reds, while Sneedon, the man with the broken wrist, was going to the Giants. Both had been saved in this series to pitch against the other and the meeting was to have been epic.

However, no other word may be used to describe the duel between Bob Hathaway, a college pitcher who would have gone straight to the big leagues with every prospect of doing something more than merely make good had he not elected a business career, and Red Martin, a product of the California sand lots. In brain power and intellect there was no more comparison between the two than there was between a collie dog and a hedgehog. But in all the essential requirements of standing on a mound and matching wits against batsmen the balance was more even, if indeed it did not incline in Martin's favor. Physically, the Millers' star had been pitching season after season for years, while eight years had elapsed since Bob Hathaway had pitched in a regular game. Only the man's life of regular exercise, which he had pursued as methodically as a means to a business end, qualified him at all for the present emergency.

He found as the fabric of his task worked itself out that his great problem was control. Speed he had in greater measure than ever had been faced in the Belt States League, and he used it in the first few innings until he got his breaks and curves working. In the first inning he gave two bases on balls, struck out the next two men, retiring the other on a flimsy grounder. In the second inning he gave two more bases on balls, but got by without a run scored. In the third, with one out he put two men on bases without pitching a strike and then struck out two following batters with his whistling speed. But he felt good about himself. As the old feel of his work came back to him, he glowed with the artistic pleasure of his task, losing a great deal of his early nervousness.

In the meantime Martin of the Millers was going strong. He didn't have Hathaway's speed, but he did have perfect control. Seemingly, wherever he wanted it to go, there the ball went.

"Mr. Hathaway—" Jerry tugged excitedly at his sleeve—"don't you think it would be wise to speak to Mr. Blauvelt and tell him to make our boys bat? I've never seen them so weak. Bob can't win unless some hitting is done."

Hathaway gestured with his cigar.

"Don't worry, he's telling them."

When the end of the seventh inning came, the score still nothing to nothing, and the crowd stood up to stretch, Zebulon Hathaway beckoned to the Badgers' batboy.

"Bub," he whispered, leaning down over the barrier, "go to Mr. Hathaway and tell him his father wants to know how he's feeling?"

As the boy turned the pitcher himself came out of the dugout, swinging two bats. He was to follow the man now taking position at the plate. He leaned down to hear what the messenger had to say and then advanced to the grandstand, smiling up at his father and mother and then at Jerry.

"I'm fine, father. Arm's a bit heavy, but it isn't going to last. Wish the boys would do a little hitting." He smiled impudently as he caught the fact that now not only his parents and Jerry, but practically the entire section of the grandstand, were his audience. "Let me tell you something: if Garry gets on base I'm going to send him home; perhaps myself, too. That fellow, Martin, has been breaking the first one over the plate every time I've been up. Watch it this time."

"Rats!" the cry came from an angered Miller fan. "You couldn't—"

There came that sharp sound which betokens a clean impact of ash upon horsehide. The ball described a streak between first and second and while hysteria broke loose over the first clean hit of the game, Garry's piano legs twinkled to first.

Hathaway went to the bat amid buzzing excitement. Very carefully he took off his hat and threw it to one side. A superstitious habit of his college days had recurred; he very seldom failed of a hit when he violated the professional ethics of the game and stood at the plate bareheaded. And Jerry, looking at him, found her breath catching, as she saw her old god of college days—nothing in life before either but a ball game to win.

Martin stood poised, considering the catcher's signals. Then he shook his head.

"All right, Red," grinned Hathaway—"make it anything you like."

The pitcher scowled, wound up and then delivered a ball about waist high, coming straight for the batter.

Will it break? Or won't it? Shall I step back? In either case shall I offer at what may be a ball? All the mental processes that flash through the brain of a batter who is trying to outguess a pitcher, were indicated in Bob Hathaway's mind. In the end he decided to take a chance. Holding his ground he drew a bead on the ball and then swung mightily.

In all the history of the city of Bolton nothing so stupendous in its effects upon so many men, women and children, as Bob Hathaway's run home, had ever occurred. Two obese partisans right behind Hathaway's box fainted. Hats filled the air. Men pounded the backs of other men who were perfect strangers to them. Insane cacophony came from the band. The outfield crowd broke through the ropes and had to be herded back before the game could proceed.

But throughout Jerry sat quietly, her eyes shining. Presently she turned to glance at Hathaway. He was sitting as he had been seated, but the hand that rested upon his knee was trembling.

"Jerry," he said, catching her eye, "I guess I don't care much what happens now. You—"

"Humph," interpolated Mrs. Hathaway. "That wasn't so wonderful—for Bob. Bob could do it every time if he wanted to."

The expected balloon ascension of Red Martin did not materialize. He was a phlegmatic young man who had the sense to realize that with both batters who had faced him he had made the mistake of playing too long on the same string. He saw the necessity of a change of stuff all along the line and so shifted the style of his offerings that the next three Badgers went out in order.

Taking the mound for the first half of the eighth, Hathaway came to realization that in making his home-run something had gone out of him; not strength; something mental. It was as though that tremendous stab had served as

an outlet for forces contained within him that had carried him so superbly thus far through the struggle. His arm was hurting him. It felt heavy. A booming outfield fly by the first batter, captured after a run, warned him of what might come. Then he gave a base on balls. Summoning all his reserve he struck out the next batter, but the man that followed, a left-hander, leaned against the first ball pitched with all he had. Like a bullet it flew over first base. But it didn't get all the way over. The first baseman leaped into the air, speared the liner with his gloved hand and touched first for the double play.

"Glory! Glory!" Jerry Dane pressed her hands to throbbing temples. Her eyes were closed.

The Badgers could do nothing in their last half of the inning, and amid vocal outcries from the large delegation of visiting rooters the Millers came in to face the task of overcoming a two-run lead. Jerry's eyes were upon Hathaway as he took his place on the mound. His face, she thought, was strained. And he walked as though he were tired.

He was up against the head of the Millers' batting list. From the visitors' dugout came continuous volleys of wolfish cries directed at the man in the box. The coaches, leaning forward, their hands upon their knees, yapped at him with all the withering vocabulary known to their trade. But Hathaway didn't mind them. He was concentrated absolutely upon the problem of disposing of three heavy-hitting batsmen.

Tierney, the lead-off man, was crouched at the plate. He was a lithe little fellow, built for speed. Hathaway suspected a bunt and pitched for it. It was a bunt. The ball dribbled on a line between pitcher and first base. But it was nearer the box and was clearly Hathaway's ball to field. Pouncing upon it he was rising for the throw when he saw that the first baseman had been drawn in on the hit and that the second baseman was now dashing from his position in a belated effort to cover the base. The runner crossed the bag an instant before the ball came, throwing laughter over his shoulder.

Hathaway never said a word. He walked back to the mound and held up his hand for the ball. The next batter he hit, the ball nicking the man just above the elbow. Ryan, who was next, dropped a Texas leaguer in short center that was impossible for any one to get.

Now it seemed as though the comparatively small number of partisans of the Millers had been gifted with a million tongues. For Johnson, the clean-hitter, the leading batsman of the league, was at bat. It seemed to Hathaway as though he were holding an iron ball as he made ready for the delivery. Yeamans had been calling for curves on the batter all afternoon and now he signed for a wide out, low. Hathaway threw it against his better judgment and Johnson, stepping back, landed upon it.

High it went, extremely high. Had it been lower it would have cleared the field. Gates, the left-fielder, was under it and Tierney, on third, was poised to set sail for home on the catch. The throw was perfect. The ball zipped from the turf into Bill Yeaman's mitt and was clapped onto the runner's back as he slid into the plate. No one disputed the decision but the runner and he was, with dignity, waved away by the arbiter.

The next man, Auber, had struck out every time he had been up. Hathaway turned the trick again, but in doing it he gave about everything he had left. The pain in his arm was now almost unbearable. His head throbbed. He felt dizzy. For an instant he was impelled to turn toward the bench and give the signal of distress. But he couldn't quit now. Not with his father sitting there—and Jerry.

The man facing him was a pinch-hitter. He knew nothing about him at all. But he could see he was stalwart with a creased, leathery face and blue-white sharpshooter eyes. Probably he was some former big-leaguer who had slowed up a lot, but was invaluable for just the crisis that had now arisen. His face was wrinkled in a wicked grin.

"Come on, boy. Show it to me." Yeamans took off his mask and advanced toward Hathaway, who came in to meet him. "That's Bill Carriden," he said. "Led the National in hitting ten years ago. He's man-

ager of the team; bats in a pinch. What do you say to passing him?"

"Better had, I guess." Hathaway frowned at the ground.

Yeamans returned to the plate and signed for one high and wide. Hathaway wound up. Then, just as he let the ball go a stab of unendurable pain shot from shoulder to wrist. The pitcher groaned aloud and leaning forward watched the ball with horrified eyes. For instead of going wide the ball was sailing up the groove large and stately as a dirigible balloon. Into Carriden's eyes there came an expression of ineffable joy. He took a toe-hold and swung.

With the sick cry Jerry Dane sank back into her seat, closing her eyes. When she opened them the bases were cleared. Thereafter she had no clear impression until she found herself one of a crowd flowing disconsolately out of the field.

V

THE evening was bathed in moonlight. In the air of the September night was the tang of approaching autumn. Looking out of her window down upon the auriferous street Jerry Dane saw Bob Hathaway come to the front of the house and stand there as though uncertain what he should do. She waited, watching. She saw him turn away and then retrace his steps.

Hurrying down the stairs she met him coming up the walk.

"Jerry—" His voice was sharp—"haven't you been to the house because you thought I grooved that ball on purpose?"

"Bob! Of course not. I knew what happened. You were played out. Every one knows. I didn't go to the house—because—because—well, I knew you would put through the sale of the club and I—I—" Her voice trailed away. "How is your father?"

"Oh, father. He's game, as always. Sitting, smoking. Jerry, I decided not to say anything about that sale until you were present. That's why I came, to bring you."

"Very well." Jerry turned and silently they walked to the Hathaway home.

Zebulon Hathaway was on the veranda in his accustomed seat, a vague, square figure.

"Father, now for business. We lost the game. Heaven knows we tried our best to win it. But that's baseball. It always will be. Come on, get out of the mess." He turned to the girl. "Jerry, have you anything to say?" As she gestured negatively, the son took a package of papers from his pocket. "All right, father, we'll go in and sign."

There was a pause. "Son," he said at length, "I've been thinking—a lot. Winning or losing to-day's game would have made no difference. I'm clear on it. Son, all life's a fight. I've enjoyed fighting, always. Bob, it's the things ahead that interest you, isn't it?"

"Yes, sir." "And me, too, son. I don't like to quit fighting. Daylight has always come to me in little doses—never the big sunburst you're offering to show me. I'm wondering whether I'd know how to act, how to live. But a hundred thousand—that's handsome, Bob, handsome. Give me another hour, will you?"

"Bob!" Jerry Dane seized the young man by the arm, her face working. "If he decides against you, you'll understand, won't you?"

"Perhaps you can make me understand, if you will, Jerry. Will you?" Reaching down he laid his hand upon his father's shoulder and let it rest there a minute.

Then he and Jerry walked into the moonlight beneath the elms.

When they returned an hour later they heard voices from the porch, animated voices.

"Softly, dear." Pressing Hathaway's arm, Jerry led him tiptoeing from the path and thus to the veranda from the side. Blauvelt, the manager, and Zebulon Hathaway were seated side by side, smoking and rocking.

"And you see, Tom—" Hathaway's voice was cheerful, almost ringing—"we'll land that young pitcher from Bloomington, sure. Then with that .400 outfielder from Green Bay and with Garrity certain to come through on his batting next year—we'll win that pennant before August—yes, sir, before August."

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Under the Spreading Antlers

(Continued from page 39)

Originally Cincinnati had been given white, for which color a local partiality still prevailed. Then it was that in providing for the public decorations, a blend of the royal purple and the white was conceived. To this day, most every Elk is of the opinion that Royal Purple and White used in combination are the official Elk colors, whereas royal purple, unless in the intervening years some Grand Lodge action has amended and changed the Hay recommendation, remains the solitary official color. These statements are not set down controversially in any sense. What The Elks Magazine seeks is exact truth in these particulars.

Grand Treasurer P. J. Brennan Recipient of Special Honor in Boston

Immediately following the annual meeting of the Grand Lodge in Atlantic City, Grand Treasurer P. J. Brennan, whose home is in Denison, Texas, remained East to visit relatives and to renew acquaintance among old friends. In Boston, Mr. Brennan was cordially welcomed at the City Hall by Mayor James M. Curley, who not only presented his distinguished visitor with a key to the city of Boston, but officially decreed and directed that a tree be planted on Oliver Holmes Walk on Boston Common and named in honor of Mr. Brennan. This is the fourth distinction of the kind to be conferred thus far. Mr. Brennan is President of the National Bank of Denison. His son recently became a member of Cambridge Lodge.

Introduction of Radio Stimulates Club Attendance

As the radio amazes with its performance and gains world-wide popularity, it is being installed in many Elks' Clubs, with the result that in each instance attendance of members is increased. Greenville (S. C.) Lodge is one of the latest to consider the adoption of this innovation.

Gus Heckler Wins Prize, Forty-five Years an Elk

For forty-five years Augustus Heckler has been a member of New York Lodge and for forty-two years he has ornamented the theatrical profession, variously and consecutively. While Mr. Heckler doesn't look the part, he has been winning another first prize by reason this time of being the oldest Elk in attendance upon the New York State Convention, lately held in Syracuse. Among his wide experiences, Mr. Heckler has girdled the globe. At one time he was editor of the *Dramatic News*. Recently, he enjoyed another birthday—his seventy-seventh. One day, down at Asbury Park, back in 1890, he saved two people from drowning. This explains the Congressional medal he wore until it was lost. His favorite occupation is to propose close friends for B. P. O. E. membership. Of these he counts fifty-three.

New Haven Preparing To Build on the Old Site

One of the active Lodges of the Eastern territory is New Haven, Conn. With a membership of 1,500, its high-powered enthusiasm is indicated by the announcement that it has practically completed arrangements to erect on the site of its present home, a clubhouse combining comfort and elegance. New Haven Lodge was instituted March 9, 1884, with 75 charter members, three of them still living. Since 1906, the Lodge has been located at 216 Crown Street. The Lodge is foremost in charitable enterprises. It was in New Haven that an Association of Past Exalted Rulers was formed which keeps all retired officials active in Elk affairs.

Garden City Lodge Has Grown and Prospered

Garden City (Kansas) Lodge is establishing a record for expansion, not alone in its individual growth, but in the practice of the principles the Order teaches. The Lodge was insti-

tuted on February 3, 1921, with a membership of 82, now increased to more than 600. The Lodge acquired a home at an initial cost of \$17,000. In modernizing it, \$8,000 was spent. In the dining-hall, public meetings are held, and other events take place relating to the social, club and civic prosperity of the city. The ballroom serves as the real social center. The ladies' parlor of the Elks' Home is the monthly meeting-place of Garden City's foremost clubs. Wives of Elks lend valuable assistance in the varied charitable deeds of the Lodge, likewise in the entertainments arranged by the Elks. The vaudeville show conducted by the Elks during last year's Cattleman's Carnival was an artistic and financial success. In all that uplifts and is for the general betterment of Garden City, the Elks are among the first with progressive ideas and bona fide assistance.

Lawrence Lodge Awards Scholarships

Lawrence (Mass.) Lodge has awarded its first \$500 scholarships to John E. McCormick, 154 Andover Street, and Edward R. Hickman, 167 Oakland Avenue. Pupils of the Lawrence High Schools are eligible.

Jurisdictional Changes Reported by Grand Trustees

After giving full and careful consideration, the Board of Grand Trustees announces that in the interest of the Elk Common Good, another district has been authorized and added in the State of New Jersey, making a total of four districts; and that a fifth district has been provided in California to enable a more equitable division of Lodges, and administrative responsibility. An application for an additional District in the State of Kansas is pending.

Fargo Raises \$125,000 To Launch New Building

Fargo (N. D.) Lodge, No. 260, inaugurated a bond drive to raise \$125,000, and that sum was secured in a week. The plan is to erect in the heart of the city, on a lot 92 by 140 feet, a clubhouse, the corner-stone of which will be laid this fall. Plans and specifications for the structure have been approved. It will be ready for occupancy in the fall of 1923, and will possess every modern feature, notably a roof garden. The final cost will be \$300,000.

Patriotic Elks Combine In Memorial Service

In Gorges Park, Roxborough, near Philadelphia, is the twenty-first ward memorial monument, the first to be erected there in honor of the men who served in the World War. On the eve of the meeting of the Grand Lodge in Atlantic City, the Elks of Philadelphia arranged to hold at the base of this shaft, a sacred patriotic service. Chicago Lodge of Elks, en route to the convention, was invited to participate. It was an event in which 3,000 Elks of Philadelphia took part, assisted by several hundred from Chicago. Music was furnished by the combined bands of Philadelphia and Chicago Lodges.

Elizabeth Elks Lead Civic Celebration

Forty years ago, the city of Elizabeth, N. J., was bankrupt and forced to borrow \$7,000,000 to regain its financial footing. Every penny of the debt has now been wiped out. A jubilee celebration followed the final payment. At the banquet at the Elks Club, Vice-President Coolidge told his audience that Elizabeth, in paying off its debt, had set an example the Government should emulate. The cancelled bonds were burned in public. People danced in the streets.

Fireworks added to the festivity. Elks were leaders in the celebration.

Norfolk Will Celebrate Thirty-seventh Anniversary

Norfolk (Va.) Lodge will, on Thanksgiving Day, observe its thirty-seventh anniversary. Organized with fifteen charter members, the roster now embraces 1,400 names. Norfolk's home is one of the best in the South. The present hope is to have Grand Exalted Ruler Masters grace the celebration with an address.

Governor Baxter Assists To Dedicate Elks' Rest

Three hundred Elks participated in the dedicatory ceremony of Elks' Rest, in Evergreen Cemetery, Portland, Me. Gov. Percival P. Baxter was the orator. The monument on the lot was draped in Stars and Stripes. The plot of ground, presented to Portland Lodge by Past Exalted Ruler William O. Alden, is a memorial to his brother and "Absent Brothers." Members defrayed the cost of a life-size bronze Elk.

More Old Heroes Made Life Members

Four veterans of the Civil War, all identified with civic affairs at Alva, Okla., have been initiated into the mysteries of No. 1184, in that city. Because of their advanced age, military achievements and local prominence, the Lodge, as a special mark of distinction, issued to each a coveted life-membership card.

Creating Building Fund For New Brunswick

Three thousand shares of preferred stock and an equal number of shares of common stock, each share representing \$50, will be sold to create a fund with which to build a clubhouse for New Brunswick (N. J.) Lodge of Elks.

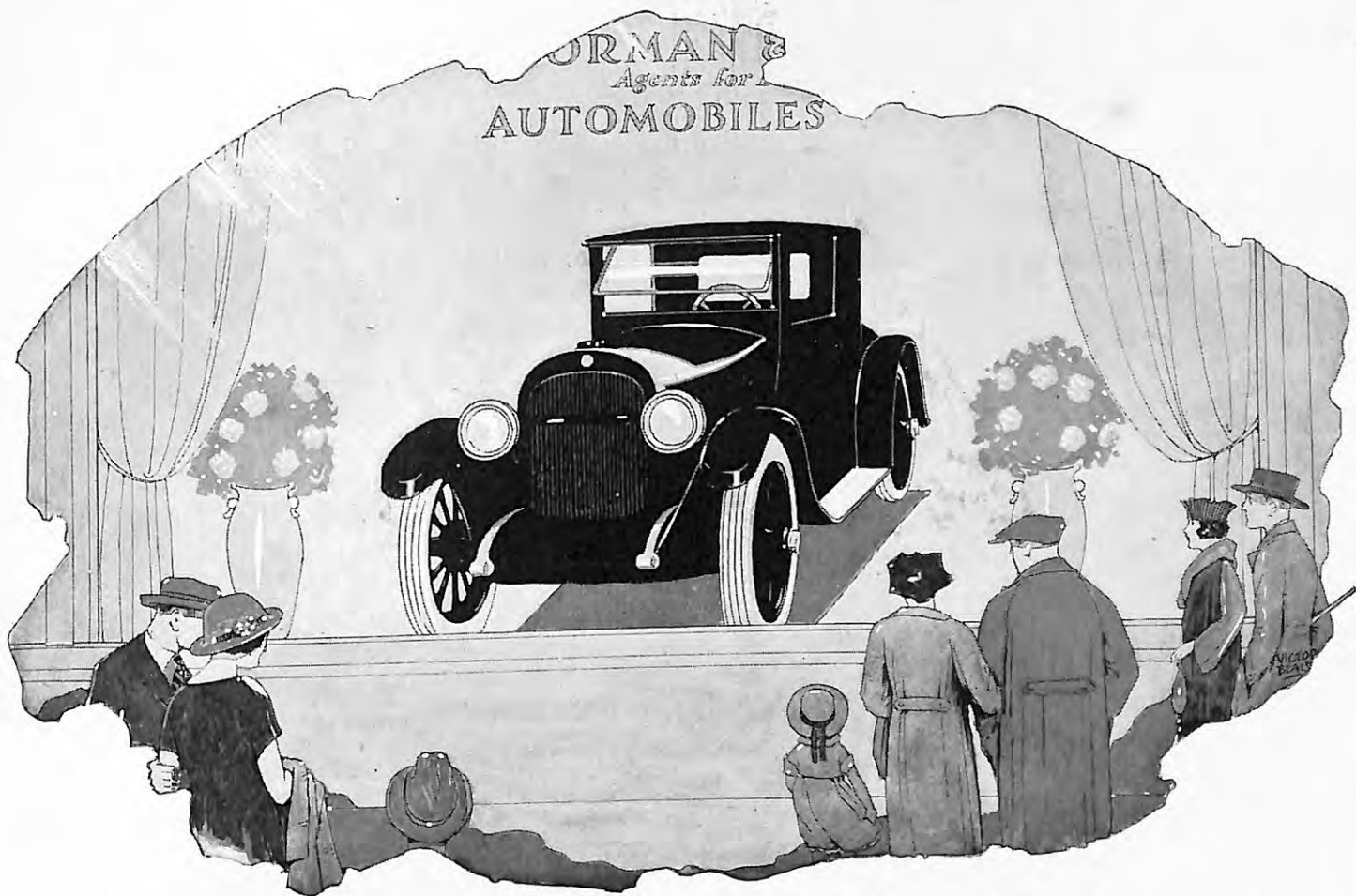
New Orleans Elks Entertained En Route

The party of New Orleans Elks, 150 strong, after the Grand Lodge session, continued its journey to Quebec and other points of historical interest in Canada, first stopping in Boston, where a reception was accorded. Mayor James M. Curley delivered over the great key to the city, the response being by Phineas Moses, Secretary of New Orleans Lodge. Michael F. Culliney, Exalted Ruler of Boston Lodge, also made an address. There was a sail to Nantasket and other diversions.

What Lodges Are Doing Told in Short Sentences

Boston Elks are talking of the new home to cost \$2,000,000. . . . New Haven Lodge is arranging to initiate another class, bringing the 1922 total of new members up to 500. . . . Annual Field Day exercises, under the auspices of Brockton (Mass.) Lodge, will be conducted at Walkover Park. . . . Bronx Lodge will initiate a class of 50 in October. . . . In a selective membership campaign, Worcester (Mass.) Lodge added 500 representative citizens to its roster. . . . Nine of the 13 Past Exalted Rulers of McKeesport Lodge were awarded honorary life memberships. . . . Clarksburg (W. Va.) Lodge has added a library. . . . Woodland (Calif.) will build a \$65,000 home. . . . Other California Lodges, ambitious to build homes, are: Sacramento, Huntington, Bakersfield, Fresno and Santa Rosa. . . . Redondo (Calif.) Lodge, having outgrown its present quarters, is also discussing the advisability of a new home. . . . Melrose (Mass.) Elks are giving a picnic on Labor Day at Carters Field. . . . The International Association of Chiefs of Police, in session in San Francisco, elected Philip T. Smith of New Haven, Conn., president. Mr. Smith is a leading member of New Haven Lodge.





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An Architect, A Painter and A Sculptress Joined in Designing This Exquisite Lamp

The lines, proportions and coloring of most of the lamps you see in these days of commercialism are the work of designing departments of large factories. They are the fruits of a deep knowledge of what makes a "popular seller." But some people, the **Decorative Arts League** committee felt sure, would like a lamp designed purely with an eye to good taste, a lamp of artistic proportions and harmonious tones, a lamp embodying grace, symmetry and beauty rather than the long experience of the "salesman-designer" of what seems most in demand in retail stores. Hence this exquisite little lamp you see pictured, "Aurora" as it has been named by an artist, because of the purity of its Greek lines and tones.

A Labor of Love

For the delicate work of designing a lamp that should be a real work of art instead of a mere unit in a factory's production, and yet should be a practical and useful article of home-furnishing, the League enlisted the enthusiastic cooperation of a group of talented artists—one a famous architect skilled in the practical requirements of interior decorating, one a painter and genius in color-effects, and one a brilliant sculptress, a student of the great Rodin in Paris.

They caught the spirit of the League's idea, and the designing of a lamp that would raise the artistic standards of home-lighting became to them a true labor of love. Model after model was made, studied and abandoned, until at last a design emerged with which not one of the three could find a fault.

Every Detail Perfect

One style of ornamentation after another was tried out, only to yield in the end to the perfect simplicity of the classic Greek lines. Even such a small detail as the exact contour of the base was worked over and over again until it should blend in one continuous "stream" with the lines of the slender shaft. The graceful curves of the shaft itself, simple as they seem in the finished model, were the results of dozens of trials. The shape, the exact size, and the soft coloring of the shade were the product of many experiments.

The result is a masterpiece of Greek simplicity and balance. Not a thing could be added or taken away without marring the general effect—not the sixty-fourth of an inch difference in any moulding or curve but would be harmful. And yet with all the attention to artistic effect the practical knowledge of an experienced interior decorator has kept "Aurora" in perfect harmony with



"AURORA"
\$3.50

the actual requirements of the home. It blends with any style of furnishing, it adapts itself to boudoir or foyer-hall, to library or living room. And wherever you place it "Aurora" will add taste and refinement besides furnishing, with its tiltable shade, a thoroughly practical and mellow light wherever required.

In the exclusive Fifth Avenue type of shops, where lamps that are also works of art are shown, the equal of this fascinating little "Aurora," if found, would cost you from \$15 to \$20—perhaps more. Yet the price of this lamp is but

\$3.50—Think of it!

Only the Decorative Arts League could bring out such a lamp at such a price. And only as a means of widening its circle of usefulness could even the League make such an offer. But with each purchase of this beautiful little lamp goes a "Corresponding Membership" in the League. This costs you nothing and entails no obligations of any kind. It simply means that your name is registered on the League's books as one interested in things of real beauty and art for home decoration, so that as artists who work with the League create new ideas they can be offered to you direct without dependence on dealers.

Send No Money

No matter how many other lamps you have in your house, you will always find a place just suited for this dainty, charming little "Aurora," 16 inches high, shade 10³/₄ inches in diameter; base and cap cast in solid Medallium, shaft of seamless brass, choice of two color schemes—rich statuary bronze with brassbound parchment shade of a neutral brown tone, or ivory white with golden yellow shade. Inside of shades is tinted old rose to give a mellow light. Shade holder permits adjustment to any angle; push-button socket, six feet of lamp cord and 2-piece attachment plug.

You will rarely, if ever, get such a value again. Send no money—simply sign and mail the coupon, then pay the postman \$3.50 plus the amount of parcel-post stamps on the package. Shipping weight only 5 lbs., so postage even to furthest point is insignificant. If you should not find the lamp all we say of it, or all you expected of it, send it back in five days and your money will be refunded in full. Clip the coupon now, and mail to **Decorative Arts League, 175 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.**

DECORATIVE ARTS LEAGUE, 175 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

As a reader of the ELKS MAGAZINE, I wish to avail myself of the opportunity to become a member of the DECORATIVE ARTS LEAGUE without cost, and to secure an "AURORA" Lamp at the same special price and on the same terms as to the members who joined when the League was founded. You may send me, at the members' special price, an "AURORA" Lamp, and I will pay the postman \$3.50 plus the postage, when delivered. If not satisfactory, I can return the lamp within five days of receipt and you are to refund my money in full.
(Check finish desired—Statuary Bronze or Ivory White)

Signed

Address

City State

(If you do not wish to cut the coupon, simply write a postal saying, "Send 'Aurora' Lamp, as per your offer in Elks Magazine, September, 1922, to which I agree.")

A Noteworthy Art Movement, in Which You Are Eligible for Membership

The Decorative Arts League in comparatively few months has had an amazing growth, because men and women who want beautiful and distinctive things in their homes recognize in it advantages that were never open to them before. It affords them a practically direct link with creative artists, and enables them to avoid the mediocre designs turned out by factory designers for commercial purposes. Membership in it is especially important to persons who want articles for their home that will not be found in wearisome duplication in department stores and in every other home they visit. No pleasanter, safer or more convenient way of selecting things for the home could be devised. Ask all the members of your family if they know any other offer, of any kind, that has as high a value, on any easier, or safer, or more convenient terms than this. We want you to write to us.