



The Elks

Magazine

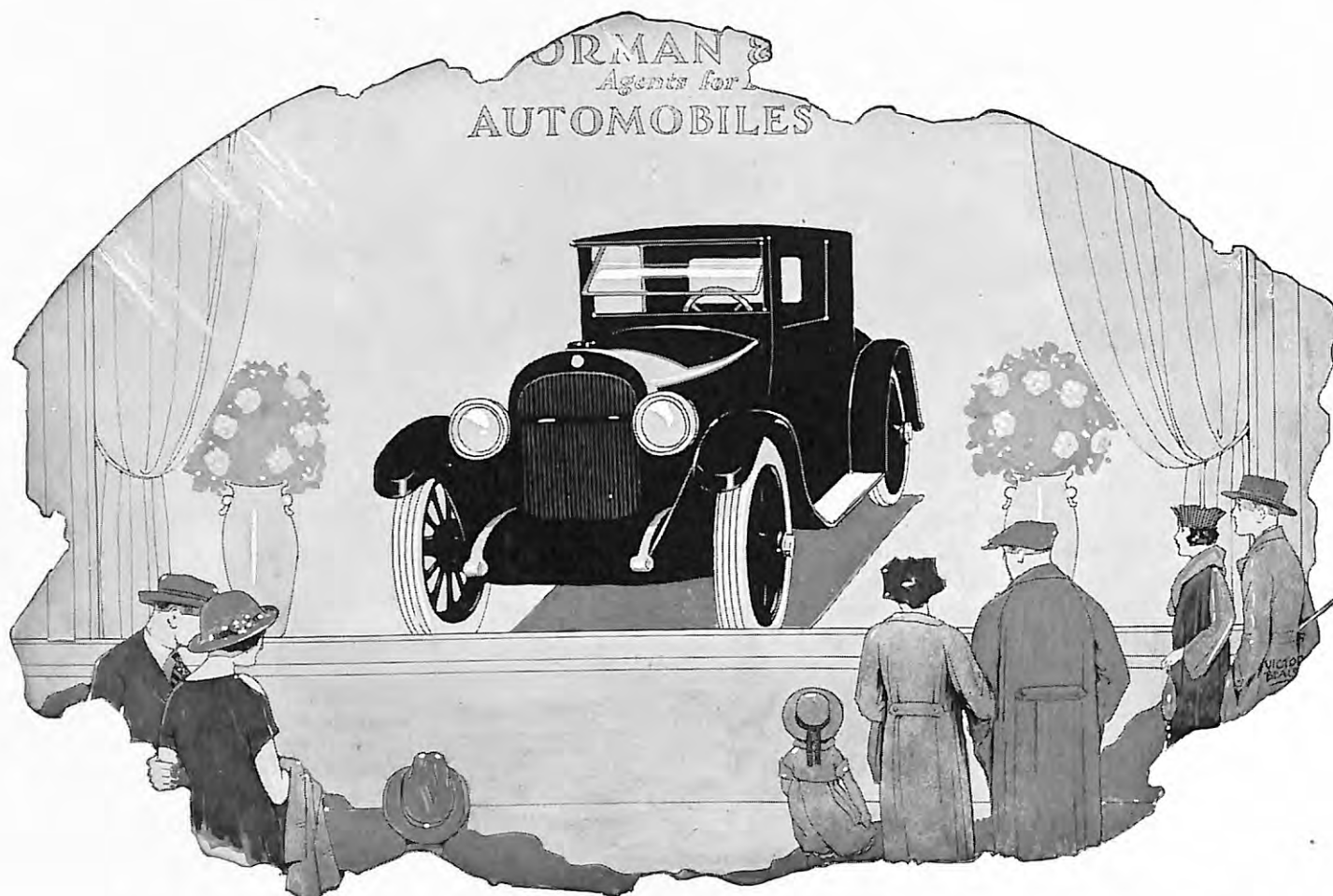
OCTOBER
1922



Features this month: Achmed Abdullah, Bozeman Bulger, Arthur Chapman, Hugh S. Fullerton, Rita Weiman, and many others

20 cents
a copy

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



Go Into The Automobile Business For Yourself

Fortunes made in motor car agencies

THERE is an agency for the car you'd like to sell.

A popular make at a popular price. A car that will bring again the profits and fortunes of motor car agencies.

Automobile manufacturers are hard pressed for good distributors. Returning prosperity has created new and greater demands for motor cars. Right now is the opportune time for automobile dealers to establish a permanent business with large profits.

Agencies for popular cars are available in hundreds of towns and cities. The great depression which cut down the sale of cars in post-war days has been successfully broken. The demand for cars is again on the increase and manufacturers are eagerly on the alert to secure the best possible dealer representation. Opportunities to cash in on prosperity in the automobile field were never greater.

Will you be one to grasp this golden opportunity?

Fill in This Coupon and Mail Today

Check Here	Price of Car Desired	Name of Car Preferred in Price Class
<input type="checkbox"/>	\$500 to \$800	
<input type="checkbox"/>	\$800 to \$1200	
<input type="checkbox"/>	\$1200 to \$1600	
<input type="checkbox"/>	\$1600 to \$2500	
<input type="checkbox"/>	Over \$2500	

Name

Address

City

Territory desired

What car are you selling now (if any)

Have You Ever Sold a Big Unit?

SOME of the outstanding successes in the motor car business have been made by men who started agencies with no other previous experience than that of selling big units, such as pianos, machinery, or real estate.

If you can sell these you can sell motor cars. Don't let the lack of previous experience deter you from going into this highly profitable and permanent business, *but fill out the coupon now.*

Check the priced car you want to sell and mail

the coupon to the Automobile Editor of the Elks Magazine. He will have the automobile manufacturer designated submit you a proposition either in writing or through personal representation.

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

Automobile **The Elks** Department
Magazine

50 East 42nd Street

New York City

A practical system of constructive thinking that brings business and personal achievement.



"Why do so many men never amount to anything? Because they don't think."
—Edison.

MARK TWAIN once said that the average man didn't make much use of his head except for the purpose of keeping his necktie from slipping off.

And Prof. William James claimed that the average man uses only about a *tenth* part of his brain.

And Thomas Edison states emphatically that most men never amount to much because they don't *think*.

How about you? Are you using *your* head simply as a scarf-retainer? Are you using only 10% of *your* brain? Are you sitting, discouraged and discontented, at the foot of the ladder simply because you don't *think*?

It will pay you to find out.

Mind is the measure of every man. *Mental* power—not *physical* power—wins business battles and builds bank accounts.

The man with *brains* to sell fixes his own price, but the man who brings only *bravon* to market must be satisfied with the lowest wage that brute force brings.

In every age, in every clime and in every field of human endeavor the *trained thinker* wins where the *thoughtless toiler* fails.

Twain, James, Edison, Roosevelt, Rockefeller, Schwab, Carnegie, Woolworth, Wanamaker, Morgan, Hill, Harriman, Ford, Marconi, the Wright brothers and all other successful men reached their goals not because they knew how to use their *muscles*, but because they knew how to use their *minds*. Does anybody doubt this? Isn't it admitted by all? Doesn't every one with "brains enough to grease a gimlet" *know* that it's true?

Only One Road to Success

Yes, indeed, there is only *one* road that leads to success and that is the *mental* road. If you expect to accomplish anything worth while by any other method than the *development* and *use* of your mental faculties, you are simply deceiving yourself. And the biggest fool in the world is the man who fools himself.

A recent magazine article states that intelligence tests in this country disclose the deplorable fact that 83% of the people are morons. You won't find the word "moron" in many dictionaries. It means a person with the mental development of a normal fourteen-year-old child.

Is it any wonder why so few people achieve any considerable success in life, when such an enormous percentage of them are so lacking in mental power? Such people have no more chance in competition with trained minds than a midget has to lick Jack Dempsey.

And isn't it simply absurd, when you stop to think about it, that most people are striving for success and yet they are doing absolutely nothing to strengthen and develop their *minds*, which is the *only* part of them with which they can ever hope to win success.

The principal reason that the *trained thinker* gets ahead is because he has so little competition.

The *unthinking* toiler works hard for small pay because almost anyone can do his work.

What are *you* doing—as the days go by—to develop *your* mind? Are you more efficient mentally than you were a month ago—or a year ago? If not, you are standing still. You haven't even started on the road that leads to *bigger and better* living.

Missing Success by a Hair's Breadth

The difference between *success* and *failure* is often but the breadth of a hair.

The man who is making *twice* as much as you are has nowhere near *twice* the intellectual ability. The man who enjoys an income of \$10,000 a year is not *five* times the mental superior of the man who receives only \$2,000.

Get this FREE BOOK

If You Are Interested in Learning

- How to think like an arrow.
- How to compel attention.
- How to master important problems.
- How to overcome fear and worry.
- How to "tune up" your mental motor.
- How to develop new methods.
- How to originate new ideas.
- How to learn quickly and easily.
- How to attract valuable friends.
- How to have more time for play.
- How to out-think the average man.
- How to make your mind a mental mazda.
- How to stop thinking in circles.

Thousands upon thousands of earnest, aspiring men are *almost* successful. But in this connection a miss is as *bad* as a mile.

With just a little more *mental* force—with a slightly better trained *mind*—with a little clearer knowledge of *right* thinking—hundreds of men who are now struggling along in the Poor-Pay Army—footsores and weary—would immediately find themselves equipped to command from *two* to *ten* times their present incomes.

Probably the man who makes \$1,000 a month is only 10% to 20% better trained mentally than the man who is trying to make both ends meet on \$100 a month. This is a *fact*. And it should be a most *encouraging* fact to every man who wants to be *somebody* and get *somewhere*.

The greatest thinkers the world has ever known have hardly more than scratched the surface of their latent mental powers.

Improve your mental power only 10% and you will *multiply* your earning capacity.

Get This New Book

We have just published a new book—*The Secret of Mental Power*. We will gladly send you a copy upon request, with our compliments and good wishes. And we want to state—as forcefully as we know how—that you will find it one of the most interesting and mind-spurring books you ever read.

If you had to quit work for a month in order to get and read this book, it would probably be one of the most profitable months you ever spent. But you don't have to do that. It takes but an *instant* to sign the coupon. You get the book for *nothing*. And you can read it in *twenty minutes*, as it is a small book of 32 pages and 16 illustrations.

Send for a copy of this book today. It tells about the most practical, common-sense system of constructive thinking—the easiest and quickest method of mind-building ever discovered—the secret of developing mental power in a way that is as fascinating as a game.

This book shows you the difference between *disconnected*, *irrational*, *faulty* thinking and *coordinated*, *normal*, *true* thinking.

It shows how you can tell by a man's appearance whether he is a true thinker or a *faulty* thinker.

It shows how a *wrong* thought produces a *wrong* action that brings a *wrong* result. And how a *right* thought brings a *right* action that can bring only a *right* result.

It shows the immediate and favorable result of *virile*, *constructive* thinking and the disastrous results of *flabby*, *impotent*, *haphazard* thinking.

In other words it gives you the solution of correct thought processes, which is the only secret of mental power.

Now Is the Time

Send for *The Secret of Mental Power* now. Do not delay. Do not put it off. Tomorrow you may forget all about it. And the loss will be yours, not ours. For although we have printed an edition of 20,000 copies, we do not expect to have a single one left at the end of thirty days. They are going—and going *fast*. Therefore act at once, for as Sophocles so truly said, "Heaven never helps the man who will not *act*."

Don't let the fact that you can get this book easily and at no cost deter you from sending for it or cause you to make the fatal mistake of undervaluing it.

There is, of course, no way of judging in advance how immensely valuable this little book may be to you. But by waking you up mentally—by showing you how to think straight—by showing you an interesting way to build mind power—it will convincingly prove to you that it is one of the most valuable messages that ever reached your mind, and that in taking advantage of this free offer you took a wise and positive step toward greater *mental* power, which is the *only* power that brings success.

Mail the coupon *now*. Or, send a postal if you prefer.

Independent Corporation, Dept. RM-19310
15 West 37th St. New York

Free-Book Coupon

Independent Corporation
Dept. RM-19310, 15 West 37th St., New York

Gentlemen:—Please mail me at once—without expense or obligation of any kind—a copy of your free book, *The Secret of Mental Power*.

Name.....

Address.....

.....Elks 10-22.....
"Thinkers act while sluggards sleep."



"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

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50 East 42nd Street

Joseph T. Fanning, *Executive Director*

New York City

Robert W. Brown, *Editor*

Charles S. Hart, *Business Manager*

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Office of the
Grand Exalted Ruler
Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks
of the United States of America

**Grand Lodge Officers, Committees, and
 District Deputies, 1922-23**

Charleroi, Pa., September 15, 1922

To All Elks:—Greeting

DEAR BROTHERS:

Much of the success of the administration of a Grand Exalted Ruler depends on the wisdom with which he selects his District Deputies and Committeemen. The matter of appointments has been constantly in my mind since the Atlantic City meeting. Hundreds of names have been presented for recognition, and in many instances it has been very difficult to choose between brothers equally qualified and deserving. Every name suggested has been carefully considered, and not a single appointment has been made except in the honest belief that it will ultimately prove to be for the best interests of the Order.

I feel confident that the brothers selected will willingly devote their time and talents to constructive work for the Order, and I ask for myself and for the Grand Lodge earnest support and cooperation in making this year a year of substantial growth.

The following is a list of all officers elected and appointed for the current Grand Lodge year:

Grand Exalted Ruler—

J. Edgar Masters, Charleroi, Pa., No. 494.

Grand Esteemed Leading Knight—

Fred A. Morris, Mexico, Mo., No. 919.

Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight—

Harry A. Ticknor, Pasadena, Cal., No. 672.

Grand Esteemed Lecturing Knight—

Fred O. Nuetzel, Louisville, Ky., No. 8.

Grand Secretary—

Fred C. Robinson (Dubuque, Ia., No. 297),
 Chicago, Ill.

Grand Treasurer—

P. J. Brennan, Denison, Tex., No. 238.

Grand Tiler—

Clement Scott, Vancouver, Wash., No. 823.

Grand Inner Guard—

Albert E. Hill, Spartanburg, S. C., No. 637.

Grand Chaplain—

Dr. John Dysart (Jamestown, N. Y., No. 263),
 Dubuque, Ia.

Grand Esquire—

Charles H. Grakelow, Philadelphia, Pa., No. 2.

Secretary to Grand Exalted Ruler—

Roland W. Brown, Charleroi, Pa., No. 494.

Pardon Commissioner—

Jefferson B. Browne (Key West, Fla., No. 551),
 Tallahassee, Fla.

Board of Grand Trustees—

C. F. J. McCue, Chairman, Cambridge, Mass.,
 No. 830.

W. E. Drislane, Albany, N. Y., No. 49.

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

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

Robert A. Scott, Linton, Ind., No. 866.

Grand Forum—

William J. Conway, Chief Justice, Wisconsin
 Rapids, Wis., No. 693.

John G. Price, Columbus, Ohio, No. 37.

Henry L. Kennan, Spokane, Wash., No. 228.

Thomas J. Lennon, San Rafael, Cal., No. 1108.

John J. Carton, Flint, Mich., No. 222.

Committee on Judiciary—

Lawrence H. Rupp, Chairman, Allentown, Pa.,
 No. 130.

Michael F. Shannon, Los Angeles, Cal., No. 99.

Murray Hulbert, New York, N. Y., No. 1.

Bert B. Barefoot, Chickasha, Okla., No. 755.

Hal E. Harlan, Manhattan, Kan., No. 1185.

Good of the Order Committee—

John F. Malley, Chairman (Springfield, Mass.,
 No. 61), 15 State Street, Boston, Mass.

John C. Karel, Milwaukee, Wis., No. 46.

W. H. Crum, Springfield, Ill., No. 158.

Committee on Credentials—

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Charles F. Mock, New Orleans, La., No. 30.

Clinton H. Hartson, Boise, Idaho, No. 310.

F. B. Wilkinson, Jackson, Tenn., No. 192.

W. M. Alter, Victor, Colo., No. 367.

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 227.

J. T. Robertson, Vicksburg, Miss., No. 95.

A. G. Christensen, Fremont, Neb., No. 514.

State Association Committee—

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Jess W. Smith, Washington, C. H., Ohio, No.
 129.

George L. Hirtzel, Elizabeth, N. J., No. 289.

National Memorial Headquarters Commission—

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 494.

Joseph T. Fanning, Secretary-Treasurer and
 Executive Director (Indianapolis, Ind., No. 13),
 50 E. 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.

James R. Nicholson (Springfield, Mass., No. 61),
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Edward Rightor, New Orleans, La., No. 30.
Fred Harper, Lynchburg, Va., No. 321.
Bruce A. Campbell, East St. Louis, Ill., No. 664.
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309.
Frank L. Rain, Fairbury, Neb., No. 1203.
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William T. Byrne, Albany, N. Y., No. 49.

William H. Atwell, Dallas, Texas, No. 71.
W. C. Robertson (Minneapolis, Minn., No. 44),
New Orleans, La.
Lee Meriwether, St. Louis, Mo., No. 9.

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Thomas F. Brogan, New York, N. Y., No. 1.
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Henry W. Morganthaler, Cincinnati, Ohio, No. 5.
James S. Richardson, Cincinnati, Ohio, No. 5.

District Deputies

Alabama North—Edward J. McCrossin, Birmingham,
No. 79.

Alabama South—Walter A. Page, Opelika, No. 910.

Alaska—George F. Forrest, Juneau, No. 420.

Arizona North—Grant Dunlap, Jerome, No. 1361.

Arizona South—Joseph F. Mayer, Globe, No. 489.

Arkansas East—Leonard R. Ellis, Hot Springs,
No. 380.

Arkansas West—J. B. Ward, Russellville, No. 1213.

California North—George F. Hudson, Stockton, No.
218.

California Bay—George A. Rucker, San José, No. 522.

California Central—Howard B. Kirtland, San Luis
Obispo, No. 322.

California South—George A. Sarau, Riverside, No.
643.

California South Central—Frank V. Cason, Pomona,
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No. 1143.

Colorado West—H. H. Cunningham, Leadville, No.
236.

Colorado Central—W. H. Thomas, Canon City,
No. 610.

Colorado South—George J. Stumpf, Pueblo, No. 90.

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No. 360.

Connecticut West—C. Irving Byington, Norwalk,
No. 709.

Del., Maryland & Wash., D. C.—John J. Powel,
Wilmington, No. 307.

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Florida South—H. A. Bennett, West Palm Beach,
No. 1352.

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Georgia South—D. W. Brosnan, Albany, No. 713.

Guam—H. A. Nagle, Agana, No. 1281.

Hawaii—O. T. Shipman, Hilo, No. 759.

Idaho North—T. R. Gerdes, Coeur d'Alene, No. 1254.

Idaho South—H. E. Deiss, Twin Falls, No. 1183.

Illinois West—Amory W. Sawyer, Sycamore, No.
1392.

Illinois North—Alfred J. Holtz, Rockford, No. 64.

Illinois South Central—H. H. Gardner, Beardstown,
No. 1007.

Illinois South—Leon A. Colp Marion, No. 800.

Illinois North Central—Harry C. Heyl, Peoria, No. 20.

Indiana North—Charles E. Crum, Ft. Wayne, No.
155.

Indiana East—A. C. Broughman, Marion, No. 195.

Indiana Central—Garnet R. Fleming, Shelbyville,
No. 457.

Indiana South—John F. Holliday, Washington, No.
933.

Iowa Northeast—Remley J. Glass, Mason City,
No. 375.

Iowa Southeast—John McCutchen, Oskaloosa, No.
340.

Iowa West—Erwin E. Spetman, Council Bluffs,
No. 531.

Kansas North—H. L. Peppmeyer, Topeka, No. 204.

Kansas Southeast—Emil H. Koehl, Caney, No. 1215.

Kansas Southwest—James A. Cassler, McPherson,
No. 502.

Kentucky East—E. W. Boland, Newport, No. 273.

Kentucky West—C. A. Payne, Jr., Owensboro, No.
144.

Louisiana North—C. B. DeBellevue, Crowley, No.
745.

Louisiana South—Ferrier P. Blanchard, Donaldson-
ville, No. 1153.

Maine East—William P. Stanyan, Bangor, No. 244.

Maine West—E. D. Noyes, Waterville, No. 905.

Massachusetts Northeast—William H. McSweeney,
Salem, No. 799.

Massachusetts Southeast—Patrick J. Dowd, Waltham,
No. 953.

Massachusetts West—Fred W. Fitzsimmons, Milford,
No. 628.

Michigan East—Clarence M. Browne, Saginaw, No.
47.

Michigan West—James W. O'Brien, Grand Haven,
No. 1200.

Michigan North—C. F. Winkler, Bessemer, No.
1354.

Minnesota North—I. K. Lewis, Duluth, No. 133.

Minnesota South—F. J. Thompson, Mankato, No.
225.

Mississippi North—George J. Leftwich, Jr., Aberdeen,
No. 620.

Mississippi South—George W. Brannon, Jackson,
No. 416.

Missouri East—Carroll Smith, St. Louis, No. 9.

Missouri West—Ralph S. Latshaw, Kansas City, No. 26.

Missouri North—Richard M. Duncan, St. Joseph, No. 40.

Montana East—Will Truscott, Miles City, No. 537.

Montana West—O. G. Jones, Kalispell, No. 725.

Nebraska North—James T. Keefe, North Platte, No. 985.

Nebraska South—Harry C. Haverly, Hastings, No. 159.

Nevada—Charles S. Sprague, Goldfield, No. 1072.

New Hampshire—Thomas J. Dowd, Nashua, No. 720.

New Mexico—M. E. Hickey, Albuquerque, No. 461.

New Jersey Northeast—William Conklin, Englewood, No. 1157.

New Jersey South—Thomas S. Mooney, Burlington, No. 996.

New Jersey Central—Jacob J. Vreeland, Dover, No. 782.

New Jersey Northwest—Richard P. Mooney, Newark, No. 21.

New York Northeast—Walter M. Stroup, Saratoga, No. 161.

New York Southeast—August W. Glatzmayer, Bronx, No. 871.

New York North Central—Miles Hencle, Syracuse, No. 31.

New York South Central—Clarence J. Cook, Binghamton, No. 852.

New York West—D. Curtis Gano, Rochester, No. 24.

North Carolina East—C. A. Little, Washington, No. 822.

North Carolina West—A. B. Palmer, Concord, No. 857.

North Dakota—Curtis P. Brown, Fargo, No. 260.

Oklahoma Southeast—C. D. Wallace, Oklahoma City, No. 417.

Oklahoma Northeast—R. B. Hummer, Henryetta, No. 1339.

Oklahoma Northwest—Charles H. Tompkins, El Reno, No. 743.

Ohio Northwest—George A. Snyder, Fostoria, No. 935.

Ohio North Central—William H. Reinhart, Sandusky, No. 285.

Ohio Northeast—C. R. Heggem, Massillon, No. 441.

Ohio Southwest—C. R. Faulkner, Greenville, No. 1139.

Ohio South Central—Charles H. Newton, Nelsonville, No. 543.

Ohio Southeast—Paul D. Bonnell, Cambridge, No. 448.

Oregon South—Frank D. Cohan, Marshfield, No. 1160.

Oregon North—Colon R. Eberhard, La Grande, No. 433.

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Pennsylvania Southeast—Joseph F. Lawless, Norristown, No. 714.

Pennsylvania North Central—Howard R. Davis, Williamsport, No. 173.

Pennsylvania Central—Charles A. Greer, Altoona, No. 102.

Pennsylvania South Central—F. H. Bell, Du Bois, No. 349.

Pennsylvania Northwest—Walter Whitehead, Sharon, No. 103.

Pennsylvania Southwest—Dick S. Ashcom, Allegheny, No. 339.

Philippine Islands—Thomas J. Wolff, Manila, No. 761.

Porto Rico—J. D. Woodward, San Juan, No. 972.

Rhode Island—Joseph L. Lenihan, Westerly, No. 678.

South Carolina—J. Henry Caughman, Columbia, No. 1190.

South Dakota—Harlan M. Whisman, Huron, No. 444.

Tennessee East—W. P. Boyd, Columbia, No. 686.

Tennessee West—John C. Burdick, Jr., Union City, No. 679.

Texas Central—W. P. Murphy, Brownwood, No. 960.

Texas North—Irving Goldberg, Marshall, No. 683.

Texas West—Tom W. Crutcher, Eastland, No. 1372.

Texas North Central—Robert H. Brown, McKinney, No. 828.

Texas South—George Q. McCracken, Galveston, No. 126.

Texas Southwest—R. O. Koch, Seguin, No. 1229.

Texas Northwest—Harry H. Bray, Wichita Falls, No. 1105.

Utah—Walter Jensen, Eureka, No. 711.

Vermont—F. O. Moore, St. Johnsbury, No. 1343.

Virginia East—Frank Evans, Norfolk, No. 38.

Virginia West—Andrew Bell, Harrisonburg, No. 450.

Washington East—John H. O'Shea, Spokane, No. 228.

Washington Northwest—Paul P. Wells, Bellingham, No. 194.

Washington Southwest—George L. Harrigan, Tacoma, No. 174.

West Virginia North—Percy Byrd, Clarksburg, No. 482.

West Virginia South—O. P. Vines, Hinton, No. 821.

Wisconsin East—Edward W. Miller, Marinette, No. 1313.

Wisconsin West—H. A. Kiefer, Wausau, No. 248.

Wyoming—R. E. McNally, Sheridan, No. 520.

Attest:



Fred Robinson
Grand Secretary.

J. E. Masters
Grand Exalted Ruler.

Grand Exalted Ruler Masters has called an official meeting of the District Deputies of all the States, to be held at the Congress Hotel, Chicago, Ill., on October 1. This call is issued under provision made by the Grand Lodge at its 1922 session in Atlantic City. The Grand Exalted Ruler has also invited the Presidents of all the State Associations to attend this meeting.

Personalities and Appreciations

A Confession of Conspiracy

IN OUR September number was a baseball story: "Every Inch a Magnate," by Lawrence Perry. Toward the end of this story, during the course of a critical game, four batters on one side were put out in a single inning. Unconventional baseball, promptly attributed by scores of our readers to what might be termed a "bone play" on the part of the author and the editors.

We herewith thank those of you who took your pens in hand to point out the apparent error. And we also bespeak your indulgence for our duplicity. For the error was intentional. Mr. Perry put in the fourth "out" by request. You see, we wanted to find out how thoroughly our stories were being read. You have helped us to find out.

A word is due Mr. Perry, we feel, for his courage in allowing it to appear, for an entire month, that he could have unconsciously perpetrated so heinous an offense against the established laws of the national game.

WHILE we are on the subject of letters to the Editor, allow us once more to repeat that we invite and welcome them. Not letters of praise alone—of which, be it said in all modesty, we receive a generous measure—but all kinds of letters. It is just as important to us, just as helpful in building this magazine, to know what you don't like as to know what you do like.

Your suggestions and opinions will also be gratefully received—whether you are a member of the Order or not. In this issue, for instance, you will find an article entitled "Can Women Be True to Women?" If you are the wife, mother, sister, cousin, aunt or sweetheart or daughter of an Elk, please read this article and write us frankly your own views as to the solution of the problem it sets forth. We should like to publish an article based on your opinions.

Address your letters to The Editor, The Elks Magazine, 50 East 42nd Street, New York City.

If You Play Golf or Like Dogs—

two good things are coming to you in early issues. One is a golf story by Ben Ames Williams in which that irrepressible and unpleasant person, the Club Pest, is effectually silenced. The other is a new collie story by Albert Payson Terhune. Illustrations for the golf yarn are by Ray Rohn, whose amusing pictures, accompanying the P. G. Wodehouse golf story in our July number, were widely applauded. For the Terhune collie story we secured the acknowledged leader of all animal portrayers: Charles Livingston Bull. Fitting the illustrator to the story is one of the fine arts of magazine making.

Art Is Not Meant to Blush Unseen

THE roll call of the artists who have so materially contributed to the attractiveness of our first few issues is a list of which any old-established magazine might well be proud. Some folks have expressed surprise at our having been able in so short a time to enlist such an impressive group of the men who stand at the top in the magazine world to-day. The reason, however, is not far to seek. Illustrations, like all other forms of

art, fulfil their destiny only through being seen. Buried under the debris of some secret, forgotten attic, a Rembrandt or a Corot might well have never been painted. Brought out to public view, however, and serving as a source of pleasure, and inspiration, to thousands, the Rembrandt or the Corot, from being a dead, meaningless thing, becomes a force with power to influence its beholders. The greatest reward that can come to an artist is not money but appreciation and understanding of his work on the part of them for whom he creates it. That is why illustrators welcome the opportunity to paint and draw for The Elks Magazine. It assures for their pictures a vast public reception attended by the representative men and women of the United States.

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.

Let's Reduce the Casualty List

IN THIS issue you will find an intensely interesting article by Bozeman Bulger on hunting. In it Mr. Bulger brings out the fact that, out of an army of some 200,000 hunters last year, 10,000 met with accidents, some of them fatal. This is an appalling figure, comparable only to the percentage of casualties sustained by a real army in a real war. And the worst of it is that most of these casualties might have been avoided through the exercise of ordinary common-sense care on the part of the hunters.

With a view to helping to reduce the number of accidents, Mr. Bulger has incorporated in his article a comprehensive series of "don'ts." These suggestions are based on his own long experience and on the experience of his guide, who has been accompanying hunting parties for the last fifty-odd years.

It is almost incredible that grown men should not realize that guns and ammunition are not safe things to play with. Yet the 10,000 accidents prove it to be true. Mr. Bulger tells of a man, seemingly intelligent, who, wishing to have some fun by frightening another member of a hunting party, removed the shot from a shell and replaced the load with common table salt. His idea was to shoot the salt-loaded shell at his unsuspecting camp-mate, thinking it would scare but not hurt him. The guide, who had watched his reloading operations with some curiosity, asked him what he intended to do. On being told he suggested that before letting off the gun at his friend the man try the effect of the salt on some inanimate object. It was fortunate for the friend that the guide had been watching the practical joker. For the load of salt tore a three-inch hole in a fence-post.

It is, of course, impossible to endow with brains men who do not possess them. But it is possible to lay down sensible precautionary rules for hunting parties and, by vigilance, to see to it that they are enforced. With Mr. Bulger's help, we have suggested some of these rules. Will you do your part, when you go hunting, to have them adopted and lived up to?

THE EDITOR.



The Value of Illusions

THERE was once a man who was robbed of his last possession. The thief was caught and haled before the Magistrate. The attorney for the defense admitted that his client was guilty, but appealed to the mercy of the court on the ground that the article stolen was of such small importance.

"What was the nature of the article?" asked the Magistrate.

"The article, your Honor," replied the attorney, "was Hope."

"Hope!" exclaimed the Magistrate, to whom had been given wisdom, as well as learning in the law. "Hope! And do you consider Hope of no importance?"

"If you will allow me, your Honor, it seems to me that Hope is an illusion, a dream—and I fail to understand why my client should have stolen so worthless an object. I can only account for his having done so on the supposition that, temporarily, he was not in his right mind, for no one in his right mind would risk the penalty of grand larceny for so valueless a thing. The object stolen being a mere illusion, a dream, a thing impossible to dispose of, I beg to submit that no theft, coming under the act, has been committed, and appeal to your Honor to dismiss the case."

"I am sorry to differ with you, my learned friend," began the Magistrate, with a whimsical smile, "but it is not for the thief or his counsel to assess the value of the thing he steals. This defendant stole something of value to the man from whom he stole it, a man so poor, except for the thing stolen, that he has been unable to engage counsel. Under the circumstances it is for the court to decide upon the value of the thing stolen, and that value is conditioned by the necessity of the man from whom it is stolen. In the case under hearing that object happens to be the only thing of value left to the man from whom it was taken. To him it is of great value. To the thief also it must have seemed valuable. Otherwise, he would not have stolen it. A theft has been committed, and my ruling is that this plaintiff here has been robbed of the most valuable possession a man can be possessed of—Hope. For, whether or not, as you contend, Hope be an illusion and a dream, it was by means of its possession that this plaintiff had every right to believe that he could rebuild his life, recreate himself and once more become a useful and honored member of society. The judgment of this court then is that restitution of the stolen article be made to the plaintiff, and that the defendant him-

self be deprived of Hope for the space of twelve calendar months."

Who will dispute the wisdom of the Magistrate in this fable, or deny that, if, indeed, as the attorney contended, hope be an illusion, it, none the less, outweighs in vital importance many accepted realities? According to some philosophers life itself is an illusion, and has not the greatest of poetic "illusionists" declared that—

"We are such stuff
As dreams are made on, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep?"

"Maya"—illusion—is, as we know, the Buddhist description of all existence. Yet Buddhists, philosophers and poets alike all go about their daily business, eat, drink, make love, marry, bring up families, make what money they can; work and play under The Universal Illusion—that Life is a Reality. Life, you may say, if you like, is a reality governed by illusions, for, without its illusions, there would be no life at all. All would come to an immediate standstill. For an illusion is a creative force. It provokes us to action, sets us about the embodiment of the dream it keeps before us; or, at least, saves us from that "dis-illusionment," which, as our very use of that word implies, is so disastrous, through which so many of our plans and purposes "lose the name of action."

"To act on the imagination!" That is what we need to do, what all successful human beings have done, whatever the nature of their success. All great business enterprises, all prosperous undertakings of every kind, all strong and beautiful lives were once "illusions"—but "illusions" so powerful that they acted on the imagination, and thus finally became realities. Till the other day the airship was an "illusion." Universal peace may still seem an illusion, but the idea is beginning to act on the imagination of mankind, and Time will do the rest.

THE illusions we have about ourselves, even our minor vanities, are good in that they keep us up to a standard, which we may not fully attain, but which we would miss altogether without them. For the value of illusions is that they fulfil themselves. Men grow stronger by believing themselves strong, as homely women grow almost beautiful sometimes by thinking themselves pretty.

To keep our illusions—as the phrase is—that is the one and only way to succeed in life.

The Story of An Unconquerable Spirit Two Masters

By Rita Weiman

Illustrated by Everett Shinn

ACROSS Bryant Park, chilled and damp under a gray sky emptied of stars, a man hurried. His overcoat collar was turned up. His soft hat was pulled down. His eyes between the two were dark-circled and deep-sunk. His feet covered the wet paths with the stumbling haste of one pursued.

To the east, the faint gold streaks of an autumn dawn cut the clouds. They reached up above the irregular skyline that is New York, heralding the day some minutes after it was born.

The man sped across Fortieth Street and mounted the steps of one of the few brown-stone houses, relic of an old aristocracy, that refuse to be crowded out by the bourgeoisie of business. He fumbled in his coat pocket, brought out a key, dropped it in his anxiety, finally got the inner door open and made his way, still stumbling, up the stairs.

At an apartment on the second floor—for the house maintained its aloof air of aristocracy only on the outside—he paused and squared his shoulders. His eyes closed. His whole body seemed to steel itself and then, very softly, he inserted the key and entered.

A gentle rustle came from the room beyond, and a trained nurse with fingers against her lips met him on the threshold.

"She—she's all right?" he whispered, lips twitching.

"Sleeping."

"I tried to get back earlier. We rehearsed until a few minutes ago." He threw hat and overcoat on a chair and sank onto another. His head went down into his hands. "God, those hours, when every minute I thought—Miss Anderson," he broke off, looking up to catch her expression, "she hasn't taken a turn for the worse! She'll pull through, won't she?"

She smiled, a little sadly, at the desperate, so familiar query.

"She's holding her own," she answered with the formula equally familiar.

"Can't you tell me she'll get well? Can't you give me the assurance?"

"No one can do that, Mr. Moore. We can only wait and hope."

She took a hesitant step toward him, hand outstretched to comfort. Then evidently realizing how futile such effort would be, she turned and went back to her place at the foot of the bed that was a misty white blur in the darkened room beyond.

He followed, precipitately yet with scarcely the sound of a footfall. The room was full of shadows. A thread of sunlight, forcing its way between blind and window, crept across the floor and gradually toward the bed. But Frank Moore did not need its

delicate finger-touch to illumine the face that lay so still upon the pillow. He knew every precious line of it, every contour, all the shades of modeling that made it exquisite even though disease had in a few short weeks pressed into a gaunt mask the curves of beauty. He stood looking down at its stillness until a sudden broken cry came from him and he went quickly into the living-room.

With no shame for his man's tears, he flung himself full-length on the couch and gave way to the misery he must hide when the wistful gaze of the eyes he loved was on him. Long days of rehearsal, long nights of anxiety, had weakened his resistance. He lay shaking with all the pitiable helplessness of the strong man gone under.

On side streets and flashing under the reflectors on the big twenty-four sheets along Sixth Avenue was his name in prominent black letters.

Oswald Kane
presents
the New Drama
"The Laurel Wreath"
by
Gaston Grisac
Featuring
FRANKLYN MOORE

How often they had dreamed of the day when he and she could look up and see that name as it stood out now, heralded, the featured one of the season's big production! How often had she pictured herself stopping to read it each time it loomed before them, scanning it over and over on her theater program, leaning beyond the rail of the stage box to spur him to the success that must be his!

And to-night—the night that was to have been the greatest in their life, she would be

lying there, while he— He sprang up, with quick strides covered the floor, back and forth, back and forth, like a prisoner in a cell.

The day nurse arriving at seven, found him dazed and blank-eyed from sheer weakness. As one feeds a child, she made him swallow some steaming coffee, then led him without difficulty back to the couch.

"You must rest, Mr. Moore, or you won't be equal to the performance to-night."

"I—can't."

"But if I promise to call you when Mrs. Moore awakens, won't you try to sleep a bit?"

"I can't, I tell you!"

"Please—"

SHE plumped up the pillows and he fell back among them, exhausted. He did not sleep, but a sort of numbness gripped him as if the blood had been drained from his veins. And while his body lay still, his mind moved with wonder. Ambition—hope—of what use? Mirages—both of them!





Like a miser counting gold, he counted the minutes that gave them to each other, the minutes before the master she said he must obey claimed him. He heard them being ticked away by the clock in the adjoining room, with a terror that laid cold hands on his heart

was giving him the opportunity to blazon his name to the world. Could he go through with it? Could he be depended upon?

The nurse appeared in the doorway and beckoned to him. From the pillow, a pair of eyes, so large and dark that there seemed no other feature in the small face, fastened on the door as he entered. He dropped on his knees and laid his head beside hers. One hand strayed up and stroked his thick brown hair.

"How did it go, darling?"

He answered with another question of greater moment.

"Are you feeling better?"

"Much. They gave me something to make me sleep. I must have slept a long time. Is it morning?"

"Ten o'clock."

"Really? What time did you get in?"

"About half-past five."

"How did the rehearsal go?" she repeated.

"Fine. Kane thinks it will be a knock-out."

"I'm sure it will."

He turned his face from hers for an instant of silence.

The nurse moved about the room, lifting the blinds to the sunlight, preparing it for the day. Then she came over to the bed.

"As soon as I have Mrs. Moore fixed up, I'll let you come back," she said.

"You'll let him tell me all about it, won't you?" pleaded the voice from the pillow. "I couldn't bear it if you didn't."

"Yes—he can stay in here until—"

"Until he's ready to go to the theater. Please—please!"

"If you don't wear yourself out."

"I won't—I promise."

The big dark eyes followed him out of the room.

To-day for him, this day that was to make all the days to come, there was just one reality. That face in there with its lines of suffering, that frail body, that soul that must live on for him. Nothing else was worth a thought—nothing! All night long as he had rehearsed, perfecting under the subtle guidance of Oswald Kane, the minutest detail of characterization, the most delicate shading of the difficult rôle he had mastered, he had been standing in reality at her bedside. Like a well-ordered mechanism he had gone through the part. But the indeterminate something that was Franklyn Moore had been in that shadowy room—with her. Kane had noticed the lack. An anxious frown had drawn his heavy brows momentarily together. But he had said nothing until the dress rehearsal was over and the company had gone home to sleep in preparation for the night's performance. Then he had linked his arm through Moore's and drawn him into the darkness of the wings.

"Frank, I know this is an ordeal for you.

If there were any way of postponing the opening, I'd do it. You know that. But it can't be managed. We're all set. They'd think something was wrong with the play."

"Of course—I know. That's all right."

"And, my boy, we can't afford to let it fail because of this—this misfortune that's come to you. It's on your shoulders, you know. You've got to come through. We can't stand a failure." His anxiety was all too evident.

"I was rotten—I know. But don't worry—"

"I won't. I depend on you, my boy, that's all. And so does to-night's success. Let me run you home."

"Thanks—no. I'd rather walk it. Want to be alone—you understand—pardon!"

And he had stumbled out of the stage door into the new gray day.

NOW as he paced up and down, he wondered whether it would be humanly possible to keep faith with the man who

He stripped off his clothes, took a cold shower and in clean linens tried to persuade himself that he felt relaxed. He telephoned the doctor for a report on last night's visit and was told Mrs. Moore was about the same. If she had gained some sleep that was decidedly in her favor. The doctor would be over at five and as Mr. Moore had requested, would make arrangements to stay until his return from the theater.

The small face on the pillow was lifted eagerly as he reappeared. Two long braids of pale gold fell over the shoulders and onto the white spread. He had always adored that pale gold hair. It intensified the dark of her eyes, making them almost black. It made her medieval, an Elaine of poetry. He called her "Elaine" which, after all, was not so very far from her own name, "Helen."

He started to draw up a chair.

"No, I want you here," she pointed to the foot of the bed, "where I won't miss a word or an expression. Now tell me—about everything."

IN A low voice, without stress or excitement, he related the incidents that always occur at a dress rehearsal. Props that had to be replaced at the last minute. The leading woman's gowns gone wrong. The house cat sauntering across the stage during the big scene and its portent, good luck! Kane's decision to light him with white instead of amber in the final act. All the little shadings, the quaint superstitions, the unimportant accidents that make the stage the fascinating realm it is, even to the initiated.

She listened with lips parted and an occasional faint nod of the head. It was her world, too, though the world in which she had failed.

"I hope you weren't too good, dear."

"I was rotten."

Her smile said she knew he couldn't be that, but the lips told him:

"That's good. A bad dress rehearsal is sure to mean a great opening." A sudden longing, uncontrolled, held her eyes. "How I'd love to see it!"

He bent down and lifted one of the white hands on the coverlet, pressing it against his lips.

"I don't know how I can go through it without you," came in spite of him.

Her eyes clouded.

"You must, dear! You mustn't even think of me."

"It's too much to ask!" the broken voice plunged on. "To go out and face that crowd, with you—here! I can't do it, I can't!"

"You must do it, my love!" The spirit so much stronger than the body shone from her eyes. "I'll be thinking of you and praying for you. I'll be with you all through the performance. I'll follow each line—every tiny bit of business. But you must put me out of your mind. Only your part must count—only your success."

He was silent, pressing the little hand between his warm palms as if to send the vitality from his veins into hers. But the only vitalized part of her was the feverishly bright look of the eyes that drew his.

"Frank—"

"Yes, darling—"

"You know how I always loved the stage—how I always wanted to be a great actress."

"I know, my Elaine."

The big burning eyes traveled into the past. Haltingly, with breath uneven, and the words only faintly spoken, she drifted on the tide of memory back toward that horizon of hope so many see but never reach.

"Frank—do you remember in the old stock days when we first met—how jealous I was of you?"

"Nonsense! You were just ambitious."

"No—jealous! Don't you remember the time I wouldn't speak to you for a week—because you walked off with the big scene?"

"Mine was the better part—that's all."

Two tears she pretended not to be conscious of gathered in the dark eyes.

"No, dear,—it wasn't in me. You tried to give it back to me—that scene—at every performance." Her voice trailed away a little wearily and it was a full minute before the slow words came to her lips again. "But I couldn't take it away from you, no matter how hard I tried."

She had carried him with her back to the days of struggle and hope, when success was a star at the top of the world and effort the ladder from which so many rungs fell away as climbing feet sought a firmer hold. The days when disappointments were shared with after-theater sandwiches and the monument of ambition took the form of a dingy stock theater on the Main Street of a small town.

"And I felt like such a dog," he reminisced. "That was when I began loving you, when I was trying to heal the hurt of your disappointment. That night when you walked out of the stage door in the pouring rain and your umbrella turned inside out and I tried to make you take my raincoat,



At first through the din and the repeated rise and fall of the curtain, Moore did not move . . . then finally he stepped down-stage

but you poked up that little head of yours and looked neither to right nor left like a real Mrs. Siddons. And then an old cab came jogging along and I scooped you up

bodily and carried you into it, broken umbrella and all. Do you recall how I held you in my arms all the way to your boarding-house and kept telling you you had to marry me?"

"Take me in your arms now, dear. Let's live those days over again."

He looked, anxiously yet with an eager plea in his eyes, toward the nurse. She hesitated.

"Frank," came the voice from the pillow, "won't you put your arms around me?"

The nurse nodded, coming quickly to the bed. She slipped her own arm under the wasted body, lifted it. Then the man's went in its place and silently he cradled the precious burden against him, bending down so that her position might not be changed. She gave a little sigh as his lips touched the silk of her hair.

"I feel better now," she said.

They were quiet a few moments while the man's eyes fastened blindly on a cornice of the ceiling.

Her slim fingers curled round his.

"We both love the theater so, don't we?"

"Yes—" But he was not thinking of her words.

"Only I never had it, dear—the spark. It is a spark—"

"YOU have the greatest spark in the world, darling—the love that you give and inspire—that will live on when the theater has forgotten me."

"It must never forget you." She stopped, then softly went on: "I—I wanted so much for myself—at first. I could learn lines and be letter perfect in a few days—and look pretty."

"You were always beautiful. You always will be."

She gave a little tired movement of dissent.

"It doesn't matter much—because—because—anyway—"

"I love you so," he said in a shak- ing voice.

"I used to tell myself the other thing—the spark—would come. It took New York to teach me that if you have the other thing—looking pretty and being letter perfect in a few days aren't important. But Frank—"

"Yes, sweetheart—"

"I didn't marry you because I was a failure. I married you because I loved you."

"You don't have to tell me that."

"But I want to. Do you want me to tell you just when I knew I loved you?"

"Yes."

She had told it to him dozens of times, but he waited with the eager attention of one who had never heard it before.

"Well, it was the time we both opened in 'The Jungle-Beast.' I had just come to New York. You'd been here six months—but I was too proud to let you know because I couldn't get a job and was half starved. And then we met one day—in Cleeburg's office—and you made him give me a part."

"He'd have given it to you without me."

"He would not. It was you who managed me. The best manager in the world," she murmured.

He had an insane impulse to clutch her tighter, hold her so that no power on earth or in heaven could drag her from him. But the muscles of his arms merely



He went back to the dismantled boards and a stage hand saw him stretch out his arms toward the chair in the box

tightened without movement. She lay within them, a weight too pitifully light.

"When we opened," came at last, whispered so that the words were a breath, "I tried so hard—I put every bit of me into the part."

"And you were great in it, too."

"No, the papers told the truth. I just—wasn't. They didn't even mention my name—I was just an also-ran. But that didn't matter—when I saw what they said about you. Frank—I was so happy—so proud. My own failure didn't count. That was when I knew I loved you, dear—belonged to you—for always."

"For always," he repeated like an Amen.

"No matter what happens?"

"No matter—" he could not go on.

SHE lay there with eyes closed and a smile on her lips. A faint pink like the touch of sunset spread its delicate color on her cheeks. But only for the moment that had carried her into the past. When the eyes opened and looked up to his, they were troubled.

"What is it, my Elaine?" he asked.

"Frank—since then I've poured all my ambition into you. All these seven years—each step of yours up the ladder has been mine. And we have been happy—every minute of them, haven't we?"

He put his inarticulate lips against her forehead.

"Nothing can take that away. It's ours—forever. It's more than life gives

most people. And I'm not a real failure, because my longings have been satisfied—in you." The clouded eyes struggled to his. "Come closer, dear. That's why you mustn't fail to-night. Tell me you won't."

"But the thought of leaving you—it—it's too much. I can't stand it!"

"You must, Frank! Everything depends on it."

"Do you think anything that matters there—will count?"

"But if I want you there instead of here—if it means everything to me?"

Her fingers twined feverishly through his. Her eyes were frightened. Her voice gathered sudden strength.

"I want to spur you to triumph, darling, not defeat. I want you to ring the bell, so that—always—I can know I was a help, not a hindrance."

"Elaine—you mustn't talk any more. You're tired."

"No—I'm not. Let me tell you the thing I want to say. You can't serve two masters, dear, the theater and me. You love us both—but to-night the theater must come first. It is your master—mine, too. You must let it take you away from me when you want to stay. You must let it absorb you—mind and body. You must forget that I'm ill—forget me while I'm remembering you. No

matter what happens! Frank—promise me—"

"I can only—try."

Her two frail hands clung to his.

"That's not enough! Frank—I'd die now if I thought I was going to cause you to fail. You must appear—you must make good. You must do the best work of your career. After all that will be serving me too, darling. You'll be giving me the thing I want—your name the greatest on the American stage. No matter what happens, Frank—no matter what—"

The nurse moved quickly to the bedside.

"I CAN'T let Mr. Moore stay if you excite yourself. Take this—and please lie quiet for awhile."

"You won't make him go?"

"Not if you do as I say."

She took the powder and, closing her hands round his to reassure herself, settled back on the pillow. He remained in his cramped position, half-kneeling, half-lying beside her, filling his eyes with her, listening for every faint even breath that told him sleep had once more laid relaxing fingers upon her. Like a miser counting gold, he counted the minutes that gave them to each other, the minutes before the master she said he must obey claimed him. He heard those minutes being ticked away by the clock in the adjoining room, with a terror that laid cold hands on his heart. The day must not go! It must not escape them so quickly!

Once more he put his head down beside the pale gold one. For a long time neither moved. Then the faint grip of her fingers loosened, dropped away. But his arms stayed about her, numbed and tense.

She awoke and lay smiling into his eyes, but neither made attempt to speak. Sometimes he whispered her name. Sometimes she murmured his. All the words that could have been spoken—all that he wanted to pour out—all that he felt—choked him. But the futility of trying to express it and the fear of weakening her held him silent. Theirs was a communion deeper than speech.

It was late afternoon when she lifted her head, a sudden light illumining her spent eyes.

"Frank—have they got your name on that billboard we can see from the front window?"

"Yes, beloved."

"Big?"

"Yes."

"Almost as big as Kane's?"

"Yes, little lady of mine."

"Frank—I want to see it."

He started up with protest on his lips, but—

"Impossible!" formed on the nurse's before he could speak.

"Please, Frank!"

"I'm afraid it wouldn't do, dear."

"If you'd wrap me in a blanket and carry me in. Just for a second—just to see it—once!"

"MRS. MOORE," the nurse put in, "it doesn't seem much and I'd like to say yes. But it would weaken you too much."

"No—no! It wouldn't—it couldn't! It would give me new life. I want to see his name all lighted up. Please—please! Don't deny me just this little thing."

Frank Moore's gaze went desperately to the nurse's. She stood locking and unlocking her hands, nervous uncertainty battling with professional caution.

"We'll wait until Dr. Griffith gets here. If he permits it—"

Frank Moore, with gaze fastened on her, knew that she was certain the doctor would not permit it. Yet when he came at five and the dark eyes went quickly to his with their anxious plea, he stood looking down at them for a long moment, then bowed his head in quiet assent.

The man who had been watching him did not stop to question or consider why. He saw only the light that like white fire came again to the eyes he loved. Gathering her close, with head bent to hers, he carried her to the window that faced the park.

Dusk with its faint blue haze of beauty had settled and through it glimmered the first sparkle of the evening star. A building off toward Broadway, mysteriously

illuminated from below, glowed moonwhite and dreamlike. The city itself at this weird hour between day and night seemed scarcely real. But it was not on the unreality of material things that the dark eyes centered. Over the park they wandered and above the long black trellis of the elevated.

There it was, shining beyond its reflectors, the big twenty-four sheet:

Oswald Kane
presents
the New Drama
"The Laurel Wreath"
by
Gaston Grisac
Featuring
FRANKLYN MOORE

She gave a little joyful sigh.

"Frank, dear—it's real—it's real!"



He stood silent. . . . One would have said no change had occurred. Then very low: "Are you telling me—?"

Her arms held closer round his neck.

"I've asked Kane to keep your place vacant in the stage box," came from him finally. "I couldn't bear to have any one else in it."

"I'll be with you—rooting for you—don't forget! I'll be with you—always."

He put his face against hers. He could

not speak. Through the dusk he saw only those great dark eyes with their strange glowing light. He stood with her so, while she read and reread the name that spelled to her love, ambition, life. Suddenly—

"I can't leave you—I can't." He broke down.

"Sh! You must go on and on, darling Remember—don't try to serve two masters. You will remember—won't you? For me?"

Their eyes held.

"Yes," came from him.

"And Frank—"

"Yes, my Elaine."

"Kiss me."

II

A Kane opening is not an ordinary first night. It happens, at the outside, twice a season at the two most artistic theaters in New York. It is an event as important socially as theatrically. Months before, the hum of it is in the air. The public palpitates with anticipation. When Oswald Kane imports a play from Paris, it is the most chic, effervescent and gay the winking eye of Paris has gazed upon. When he produces a period play, he trusts neither to his own imagination nor the costumer's, but enlists the advice of experts and dresses his product with the care of a modiste turning out a woman of fashion. Every member of his casts, down to the most minute part, is selected with an eye to ensemble effect. Sometimes the effect is overdone, a surface glazed too smooth to be startling. But it is never underdone, and the New York first night audience is often hypnotized under the hand of the magician into believing a mediocre piece of work an outstanding masterpiece.

THROUGH the audience that flowed into the Kane Theatre on the night of November 5th, like an undulating stream of scented sparkling color, drifted that murmur of eagerness which was breath of life to the famous producer. In it he found all the satisfaction of a woman in her beauty or a painter in the eyes lifted to his canvas. Glitter, the incandescence of anticipation, they were the arclights along the path of his greatness. He stood in the wings, a gentle, artistic hand straying through the wavy black hair that fell across his forehead, giving his attention to the final details of to-night's opening. As the actors assembled, he gave each an encouraging word, the last moment stimulus of a faith not always felt.

The mirror in a dressing-room just a few yards beyond Kane's point of vantage reflected a face masklike in its immobility. The man before it sat staring at the

(Continued on page 60)

A new sport for the suburbanite. Coal stalking with a flashlight. The glare blinds the coal, making it help-



less, so the hunter can slap his net over it. Not considered sportsman-like except in cases of most dire necessity

Opening The Hunting Season

With Arthur G. Dove



Fine indoor sport for travelers: hunting for bathroom in country hotel at night. Stepping on creaky board counts against the hunter

Flapper shooting. Open season October to October. No licenses needed by married women with migratory husbands. Weapons sanctioned range from sawed-off shotguns to automatics. Wife with average eye should pink flapper at ten yards without injuring husband

Hazards of apartment hunting—after seeing thirty-nine places in a day, you decide to take the first one visited, only to hear that it has just been rented. (For what to do till the doctor comes, consult janitor)



Conductor baiting. Pretending to hunt for ticket while train official holds stop watch. Record time five minutes. (Very dangerous and thrilling)

Bargain-hunting with Chinese tea-hound. Ideal sport for women. The clever little hounds add interest—and save money for Poppa—by hiding just as the hunter is hot on the trail of a flock of nothing for something





A Call to the Wild

How to Go Hunting and Yet Live to Lie About It

By Bozeman Bulger

Illustrated by Tony Sarg

IN ONE of the eastern railway terminals I saw this sign posted a few days ago:

"Hunting parties will please see that their bedding rolls are securely strapped, locked if possible, and plainly marked in large letters. Guns should be wrapped in cloth before being put in cases so as to prevent jostling."

There was something about this suggestive of military orders for troop movements. It sounded like mobilization. It was.

Before the end of this month (October) there will have been mobilized in the United States an army upward of 200,000 having for its objective the slaying of birds and beasts, from the tiny reed bird to the bear, the elk, the caribou and the moose.

This estimate is based on the number of hunting licenses issued last season. In addition there is a large irregular army made up of boys and men in remote sections who go forth without the formality of a license.

The notice given above was for the benefit of the hunters on their way to Maine, Canada and the great Northwest. They form the advance guard of this huge army. In a few weeks similar signs will apply to the thousands moving out to sea and the inland waterways to meet the annual migration of wild duck, geese and brant.

Already black duck and mallard—the early-comers—are pouring into the bays and backwaters of the more northerly section of the eastern coast. Great flocks of canvasback, teal and pintails had appeared in the inland waters before the first of September.

These birds appear to have a clear working knowledge of the provisions of the Federal Migratory Bird Law. In fact, according to a veteran guide of the Great South Bay, they know it much better than do a lot of the gunners. The inland birds are fully aware that they can not be shot before September 15, and the coast feeders seem to know that the earliest date for gunning is October 15. These dates, of course, vary with the geography of the country, based on the migratory schedule of wild fowl which seldom varies. And, thanks to the accuracy and good judgment of the game-law makers, the birds are increasing in number.

This is not true of the non-migratory birds such as partridge, quail and wild tur-

key. Even with State laws to protect them these birds are being gradually destroyed because of their lack of the migratory instinct. Many States have decreed absolute closed seasons on quail and partridge for several years. In Ohio, for instance, the quail have been saved by this method. They are increasing rapidly.

A short while ago a party of us went out on the Great South Bay in a motor boat to look over the duck grounds, the annual feeding place of the black duck—until the gunning season is open. A week after the guns begin popping there won't be a duck there. They know!

A famous gunning guide steered our little vessel around the flats and marshes. Ahead of us black duck covered the water like a huge caviar sandwich. At our approach they arose in a roar of raucous quacking and fluttering of wings. Literally there were thousands of them. Often, if we hit the wind right, they would almost strike the bow of the boat. Waterfowl, you may know, can not arise except against the wind and must alight the same way. That is why the direction of the wind regulates the putting out of decoys. The gunner must always have the wind to his back so that the birds will come up in front of him.

THE *joker who rocks the boat has an equally harebrained cousin—the laddie who is casual with guns. Last year during the hunting season there were no less than 10,000 casualties, the result of accidents due almost wholly to carelessness. In this article Bozeman Bulger tells how accidents may be avoided. Won't you pass the word along to some of your sportsmen friends and help us to reduce this season's casualty list?*

"Looks like you could kill a thousand of them, don't it?" remarked the old guide over his shoulder as we sat in the cockpit.

"I could kill those with a rock," some one remarked.

"But if you fired one gun," said the guide, "you couldn't get another duck in range of this boat all day. They know the season is closed just as well as we do. They always manage to get here so as to feed one good month before the shooting begins."

"Exactly?" some one inquired, laughing. "That's no joke. The season used to open October 1 and the birds arrived on September 1. Now the law is out October 15 and the ducks come on September 15. I don't know how they figure it, but they've got the dates down pat."

"There must be ten thousand ducks in that bunch, Tom," was remarked to the guide.

"More," he said, "But for every duck there'll be ten gunners."

I called his attention to the idea of an army of 200,000 gunners being mobilized for the big advance.

"One thing you forgot," he reminded, "was to figure out the casualties. A fellow down here last winter was tellin' me there'd been more'n ten thousand accidents the year before."

"Did you have any?"

"No, and what's more, I ain't goin' to have any. Nearest I ever come to trouble was when a fool fellow shot a hole through the bottom of my gunning skiff."

The man who asked that question was not familiar with the career of this old guide, now close to seventy years old. It is his pride that in fifty years of active gunning, taking out parties almost daily, he has never had an accident in which any one was seriously hurt. He is famed for his discipline. In some quarters he is disliked for his refusal to accept engagements from certain gunners known to be reckless. Old Tom picks his clients. On many occasions he has taken men on recommendation, only to turn round and put them ashore before they were out an hour.

"TOM," I suggested to him, "wouldn't you like to do something to stop the casualties in this big army of hunters?"

"Sure I would," he said; "but it ain't no use. I've been preachin' caution and safety-first since you were a baby, and folks are just as big fools as ever. There's some folks you never can tell anything."

I called his attention to the fact that there are upward of 850,000 Elks in the United States and that most of them like outdoor sport; that they read this magazine.

"I know lots of 'em," he said. "Fellows like that could help, if each one of 'em would take the trouble to talk to their friends a little and especially their own boys. Gunners have to be raised right. An old fool, you know, is the biggest fool of all. He can't be cured, but he'll die off some time."

His imagination caught the idea; he became interested.

"Let's sit down together," I suggested, "and frame up some of your best suggestions. I'll try and get the magazine to print them."

Ashore, we went up into the boat-house. Around us were piles of hunting paraphernalia, old ammunition, duck decoys, guns, fishing-rods—everything.

"There's one thing right there," he said, pointing to the opened boxes of shotgun shells that had been left open, covered with mold. "It don't pay to use up old ammunition or to monkey with it. Sometimes a shell won't go off, sometimes it will bust a gun barrel, sometimes it will fire and won't have enough kick to roll out the muzzle of the gun. That's bad stuff—monkeying with left-over ammunition. The cost of a new box of shells ain't nothin' to the danger of gettin' somebody killed."

"Why don't you throw the stuff away?"

"IT AIN'T mine," he said. "Part of them shells there belongs to a fellow over at the courthouse, supposed to be a smart fellow, too. Last year he come out here and said he'd load up some shells to suit himself. That would have been all right in the old days of black powder, but not now. This smokeless powder is mighty changeable. It runs different, and it takes an expert and a machine to know exactly how much to use. Well, that fellow loaded up them shells with ballistite powder just like he would with black powder. We didn't get a shot the day he went out, but one of the young guides took one of the shells with him the next time. When he fired on a duck the load busted his gun barrel and knocked him senseless. That fellow ought to have been arrested."

"Then your first don't is—Don't use old shells and don't try to load 'em yourself." He nodded.

As he talked I tried to arrange his ideas of safety in a series of "don'ts."

"That's number one," I suggested, "Now go ahead."

Here is what the old guide offered:

2. Don't ever leave a gun loaded after you are through shooting, and don't ever leave a gun standing against a wall or a door. Always lay it down. Last year a man broke the stock of a hundred-dollar gun by leaning it against the wall. It fell and broke right off at the small of the stock. Another man leaned one against a door. It was opened from the inside and when the gun fell it went off, the fellow forgetting to

take out his shells. The load missed a little girl by less than a foot.

3. Never transfer a gun from one boat to another or from a boat to the dock without removing the shells. This is a common fault among fool duck shooters. When the gunning skiff comes up to the big boat, the gunner will pass up his gun. If it is loaded somebody may get killed. Two years ago a man dragged his gun out of a boat by the barrel. The trigger caught, the gun went off and his arm was blown off at the shoulder.

4. Never lay a loaded, or unloaded, gun down in the sand, in the snow or in the mud. Always elevate the end of the barrel slightly by placing a stick or something under it. If even a small amount of sand, mud or snow gets in the muzzle the barrel will burst down to that point when fired. In addition to personal injury this careless way of placing guns on the ground has ruined many valuable fowling-pieces. By a peculiar accident I discovered that a gun barrel will not split if completely submerged. Last fall a duckshooter dropped his gun overboard in several feet of water. I fished for it with a clam-rake. One of the teeth caught on the trigger and the gun went off. A column of water shot up above the surface, but the gun was uninjured. The pressure of the water from the outside offset the pressure of the charge from within. The gun bounced two feet out of the water.

5. In hunting in the fields always see that a gun is put entirely through a wire fence and on the ground before you climb through. Many fatal accidents have resulted from the barrel of the gun being leaned against the wire and then pulled through, wrong end first. No matter how safe you may think the gun is the triggers are likely to catch on the barbed wire.

6. If you are hunting with a guide never

The guide explained that hobnails scraping on rock would scare a moose hundreds of yards away



go against his judgment. Obey his suggestions implicitly, and there will be little danger. Hunting is a business with the guide, and he doesn't get excited about it. The fact that he has never been hurt shows that he knows his business.

7. Never fire at any object until you know exactly what it is—until you have seen it clearly. Excitable hunters often fire at a movement in the bushes where they think a deer or other large game has gone. That's the way most of the gunners are shot every year in the Adirondacks. The object in the bushes may be another hunter. Take no chances. If a guide is with you he will tell you when to shoot. Listen to him.

8. Never bring a loaded gun into a club-house or camp. Make a definite rule as to where all guns must be unloaded before coming into camp. And, above all, never permit any target practice or testing of guns within two hundred yards of a club-house or camp. If cartridges get caught in an automatic rifle or shotgun, let the guide eject them.

9. Never leave a cleaning-rag in the barrel of a gun. Before going out, be sure to look through the barrel and see that it is clean.

10. Never monkey with a gun, particularly an automatic, while resting or while seated around a campfire.

WHEN we had finished listing these "don'ts," old Tom looked them over very carefully.

"If club members or private gunners will see that them things are done," said the guide, "there won't be no accidents, and your big army won't have no casualties. Down here on my boat we have a rule that any man who hands up a loaded gun from the skiff is fined ten dollars, the money going into a pool for food and ammunition. Every gunner gets to be a detective. Last year they watched 'em so close that we didn't collect a single fine."

Some professional gunning guides resent the game laws and take a mischievous pleasure in breaking them. So I was surprised when Tom laid down the sheet of paper and looked up as if struck with a sudden thought.

"Say," he said, "there's one more thing. If every one of them readers that you've

been talking about will help enforce the game laws, we'll all have good shooting as long as we live. I used to be against the law-makers, but I ain't now. Two or three of the foolish guides and gunners ruined the snipe-shooting last year by popping at the birds a week or so before the season was open. It scared 'em off before they'd had a chance to get used to the feeding grounds. When the season opened nobody got any shooting."

Right now there are more ducks and other wild waterfowl than have been seen in years. This the guides and interested sportsmen attribute entirely to the stopping of what is called spring shooting by the Federal Migratory Bird law.

"It don't make so much difference about the starting date on ducks," said Tom, "but it does at the finish."

Spring shooting means any shooting after February 1st, when the birds start their northerly migration. Their purpose in moving northward is to get to the nesting grounds late in the spring. They feed on the way north, reaching their destination usually in April or May.

"You see it don't make much difference about the birds themselves that are killed at this time of year," Tom explained, "but every time you kill one it means destroying a whole future family."

THESE birds actually mate in flight—that is pick out their companions for the nesting period. Once a wild duck has selected its mate there is never a change. They are very much like pigeons in their mating habits.

"Did you ever notice," asked the old guide, "that when you shoot a duck out of a flock in the early spring another one will usually dart down as if to follow the falling bird? Well, that's the mate. If the mate of a wild duck is shot the remaining one will not proceed north."

"If the male bird is killed the female knows that her eggs will not hatch. As she never takes a new mate, she gives up for the season. Usually she'll drop off at some good feeding place and stay all summer."

In other words the shooting of that one bird kills off a prospective flock. It can readily be seen how quickly this would destroy our wild fowl. The flocks were getting smaller and smaller every year until the board appointed to frame the migratory law—this board was made up of expert sportsmen and students appointed by the Government—put a stop to spring shooting. All attempts to get at this by State laws were futile because the States could not agree on dates.

The birds might escape being fired upon off North Carolina, for instance, only to head in at some other placenorth and be destroyed.

Now that the

ducks are protected in the spring they come in by the thousands along in March and April and feed peacefully until strong enough to proceed on their journey. Those who watch them closely have been amazed at the increase in numbers when they return in the fall.

It is odd that these flocks of birds, after traveling thousands of miles will come back to the exact spot they left the year before and will arrive at about the same date. Just how they manage to time these flights, considering weather conditions, is one of the greatest puzzles to sportsmen and scientists. Their knowledge of geography and time is uncannily accurate. That they do come

back to the exact spot has been proved by marking birds that were captured and afterwards turned loose. They came back.

A few years ago Tom, the old guide, captured a wing-broken Canada goose and the children made a pet of it. The wing grew strong again and at the usual migratory time the big bird flew away. Six months later to the day a flock of geese were heard overhead. Suddenly one of them left the flock and descended into the barnyard where it proceeded to feed with the chickens. It was the same goose. Later it went away, after a long stay, but never returned. Tom feels sure that some gunner must have shot this goose at some place further north.

The wild duck quickly gets on to the ways of man and regulates its actions accordingly. The mallard is very easily tamed. In fact our domestic duck is a direct descendant of the wild mallard.

The black duck, called black mallard in many sections, is much more wary than the real mallard, called the gray mallard by way of distinction. No game laws are needed to protect him.

The black duck belongs to the tipper family—that is, it is not a diver but feeds in shallow water by tipping

over and stretching its neck as ordinary domestic ducks do. Consequently the black duck and mallard come early so as to feed on the flats and bars.

It was on an eel grass flat that our boat flushed these thousands of birds. Showing their knowledge of men every duck will leave that big flat in three days after the first shot is fired. They will go out to sea and rest during the day, returning as late as ten o'clock and feeding at night. At daylight they will be gone again.

SO WARY is the black duck that in many sections it is not considered unsportsmanlike to shoot him while he sits on the water. As a rule sportsmanship requires that wild duck must be shot on the wing, as quail.

One of Tom's best and most regular customers is Irvin S. Cobb, the author. A few years ago Cobb was not a good shot.

One day we had a big party out, the gunners going to different points in pairs. I happened to be paired off with Cobb. He popped a couple of black duck on the water.

When we got back to the main boat the gang had gathered and was in a heated argument over the question of whether it was clean sportsmanship to shoot a bird while sitting on the water.

Cobb listened for a moment, his head cocked on one side.

"Fellows," he finally contributed to the discussion, "lemme tell you something: Any time I'm settin' and a duck is set-



The other Italian was walking up and down the bank leading the decoys by strings



The duck shooter's breakfast should be designed to keep out the early morning cold

tin' it's fifty-fifty. I'm taking no advantage."

While duck-shooting requires greater skill and more elaborate and exact preparations than any other form of gunning for small game, it is compensated with more of a thrill. Unless one has sat in a small gunning skiff, hidden in the marsh reeds at daylight, shivering, it is difficult to appreciate the sudden glow, the quickening of the pulse when a flock of birds suddenly swishes out of the clouds and heads straight for your decoys with wings set. After this thrill, if one misses at the great moment his misery is complete. He must wait, maybe another hour, all of which time is spent in explaining how it happened.

To keep a novice gunner still and quiet under these circumstances is most difficult. The slightest move of the body will be seen by the coming birds and they will veer off in fright.

Foreigners who come to America and get a first opportunity to shoot wild duck rarely cause any damage to the flocks.

On a river in the Middle West where mallards are plentiful a couple of Italians came down to construction camp to borrow some decoys from the superintendent, our host. He let them have a dozen.

We walked down the river later in the day and to our amazement we saw one of the Italians sitting at the foot of a tree with his gun cocked and ready. The other was painstakingly walking up and down the bank leading the wooden decoys by long strings in an effort to attract the attention of passing flocks!

THE quail shooter gets a thrill and has more varying shots, but he does not get the thrill of having all his plans work out perfectly after laborious preparation.

"To have any real fun out of duck-shooting," says Tom, the guide, "a man's got to make a business out of it while he's at it."

The one thing a duck shooter loses in comparison with his brother hunter of the field is the love and companionship of a dog. Quail, for instance, can not be successfully hunted without a good dog. In certain

parts of the South and Middle West a good bird dog is more valuable than a good horse.

The quail hunter gets up in the morning, shoulders his gun, calls his dog and that's all there is to it. Whether the wind is in the northwest or the southeast means nothing to him. Neither does he have to get up before daylight. His best shooting comes after the sun is well up and the birds have left heavy cover to feed in the open fields. Still, the quail shooter must do an enormous amount of walking and crashing through briars while the duck shooter merely sits huddled up in his boat or his blind, and waits.

Duck-shooting is not a sport for boys. It is too expensive and too much preparation is required. The duck hunter must have a guide, especially along the coast. He must have a large boat and a small one. The equipment of decoys must be complete, and an attendant is needed to pick up birds that have been shot.

At that, American boys are ingenious. I have known two of them to come in with a bag of fifteen mallards and have no equipment at all other than their guns and ammunition.

To the uninitiated it may be well to explain that ducks in flight will swing in toward other ducks—or decoys—on the water. They can be fooled toward dark by objects that even suggest other birds.

The two boys, sixteen and fourteen years of age, had gone down a bayou to get some shooting. The older men had laughed at them.

There was quite a flight of mallards just after sundown. Being without decoys these boys cut dried grass out of a field and tied it up in balls a little larger than a man's doubled-up fist. With a string and stone they anchored each of these dark-looking objects on the water in front of them. The mallards decoyed to them beautifully, several actually alighting on the water. I repeat, they came back with fifteen.

As the older men had had bad luck, that was the happiest pair of youngsters I ever saw.

In the northwest there is a form of duck-shooting which not only tests the skill of

the best of gunners, but can be enjoyed without the use of decoys or impedimenta of any kind other than a gun and shells. They call it pass shooting.

There are many lakes in that section and the ducks go from one to the other seeking food. Toward sundown on a strip of land between these lakes one gets some wonderful shooting. To hit a blue-winged teal going sixty miles an hour—they are capable of going ninety—is quite a feat.

THE elite of the duck family—the canvas-back and redhead—are as a rule not available to the man who has to take a chance along the shore. They are both divers and therefore deep-water feeders. They do not follow the shore lines but stick to open water.

Most of the canvas-backs in the Chesapeake Bay are shot from sink-boxes. These are watertight and deep enough for a man to sit. They are weighted down so that the gunner's head is just above the water-line. Large "stools" of decoys are strung out around them. In the Great South Bay and other large, shallow bodies of water a similar device is used and is called a "battery." These batteries are long and narrow, in which the gunner must lie down. They are protected from the wash of the water by wide canvas wings which float on the surface and are held in place by weighted decoys. Most of the diving ducks, such as the broadbill, the golden eye, the American widgeon, the redhead and the shelldrake are shot this way. The black duck and the mallard, as a rule, will not decoy to a battery out in the open water. They are too wary.

Duck-shooting on an elaborate scale—that is to say, if a gunner wants real shooting—is not a sport for boys or novices. It is not only expensive but dangerous for a careless person or one unskilled in the use of guns.

Good guides equipped with a serviceable rig usually charge anywhere from fifteen to twenty-five dollars a day to take out one or two gunners. Usually they will not take out more than two.

(Continued on page 75)

He matched the fighting spirit of Virginia against the superstition of the East and won the title of

Jones, Maker of Miracles

By Achmed Abdullah

Illustrated by G. Patrick Nelson

AN unlikely, deliciously incongruous combination of two men, Virginian and Manchu, as far apart as the poles in race and religion, ideals and morals, traditions and spiritual aspirations. But they thought alike in business ambition, in a blending of four-square honesty with Oriental shrewdness

THE gentleman from Virginia hit the table with his fist.

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

"There is one thing we can always do," replied the Manchu.

"Namely?"

"We can sell out to the C. C. C. C.," came the answer in purring, well-modulated English without the slightest trace of Mongol singsong.

"Sell out now? Under fire? Not if I know it!"

"I saw Morgan O'Dowd in Hongkong," continued the Manchu. "He offered half what he offered last year. I see the reason why now. Even so—it is a good price—cash down. . . ."

"I won't sell!"

The Manchu folded his hands—they were ludicrously small and delicate—across his stout chest. He looked at his partner with a fleeting smile.

"My friend," he said, "you are like all the other Christians. Forever fighting with your own obstinacy! What profit is there in it? And if not profit, then what glory? Why battle against fate? We are rich. Let us sell out to the C. C. C. C. Let us return, I to Peking, and you to America."

"I know you, old man," rejoined the other. "You don't mean a word you say. Why—you wouldn't sell out to those buzzards on a bet! You're just as stubborn as I!"

He was silent. He sat there, brooding and unhappy, and stared into the back courtyard whence drifted the incessant, uncouth babble of the porters and houseboys, aborigines of the Yun-nan jungle tribes, talking to each other; stared beyond, into the teeming streets of Yun-nan-fu where the blue-bloused Chinese coolies ambled along on padded slippers. For fifteen years they had lived here, he thought, in the very heart of tropical China, with British Burmah to the southwest, Siam to the south, French Tonkin to the southeast, Tibet and the rich central provinces of China to the north and northwest, and the eastern Chinese provinces sweeping on with the clamor and the turmoil of their barter, many hundreds of miles away, to Canton and Hongkong and the trade winds of the gray Pacific.

Here they had prospered, in this immense, squatting, low-flung stone pile, once a Taoist temple, now half office and warehouse, half residence, with the great back courtyard used as a compound for the firm's trackers and guides and trade spies and porters, for the most part Yun-nan aborigines belonging to various savage tribes, Miaos and I-piens

and Lolos, and all alike despised by the Chinese farmers and townspeople.

Asia was all about them: a yellow, fetid hand giving extravagantly of gold and treasure, maiming and squeezing even while it gave. And also it was characteristic of Asia, that one day, two decades earlier, in a Manila water-front saloon, over a drink, a brawl, a knife in the hand of a Portuguese sailor, a Manchu curse and cry for help, and a lean, gray-tweed figure hurtling to the rescue across chairs and tables, had thrown together these two men—incongruous bedfellows: Blennerhassett Jones, the sort of rather unlikely Virginian who, after a lifetime in Asia, was still romantically redolent of a lost cause bravely fought, of pink and white magnolia trees, courtly manners, tall satin stocks, chicken smothered in cream gravy, and stately colonial mansions; and Sheng Pao, the Manchu aristocrat, the descendant of the "iron-capped princes" of the north educated in the New World where—he used to say—he had learned two things in the shadow of Princeton's green elms: the thrill of a ten-yard dash with the pigskin ball closely hugged to one's heart, and the material advantages of honest work. The one of the West, Western; the others of the East, Eastern in spite of Princeton. The one of a meticulous and slightly pitiless insisting on principles of morality and fair-play; the other a typical Manchu with all the virtues and all the vices of his race. For Sheng Pao was greedy and yet generous, well-mannered and yet overbearing, philosophical and yet ironic, sympathetic and yet cruel, austere and yet passionate. They were as far apart as the poles, these two men, in race and religion, in ideals and morals and spiritual aspirations. But they were both keen and honest business-men, and so—since that day in the Manila water-front saloon—they had become the staunchest of partners, and presently the best of friends.

THEY had built up a great trading concern: "Jones & Sheng Pao"—after years of grueling, heart-breaking, up-hill pull the firm was famous from Thibet to Peking, from San Francisco to the shores of Lake Baikal. It had made history in Oriental commerce. It was respected in New York and London, envied in Paris, and feared in Yokohama. They traded in everything, wholesale and retail, from a penknife to a ten-thousand-ton steamship, from an airplane to a thimble, from a jar of stem ginger to a caravan's load of priceless first-chop Mandarin blossom tea; specializing in the Yun-nan region and its contributaries, they quoted prices for everything that could be bought or sold or swapped throughout the great Asian hinter-

land. All the way from Hongkong to the interior their factories and wharves, their stations and warehouses, proclaimed their four-square, insolent wealth. Even the C. C. C. C., the Central Chinese Chartered Company, treated them with wholesome respect, respect made doubly sweet by the fact of the C. C. C. C.'s hatred for this, its chief competitor.

AND be it remembered that the Chartered Company was a giant offspring of the world-embracing Anglo-American Petroleum Syndicate; that it had a king of Europe and a greater king of Wall Street for chief shareholders, a Chicago billionaire packer for president, a bishop for secretary, a prime minister for chief counsel, a Hebrew banker with an historical name for treasurer; that it fought its competitors with every weapon, from finance to political intrigue, from pressure brought by powerful foreign mission boards to revolution and open warfare; that its agents and factors and explorers and concession-hunters were the picked and reckless spirits of all the world: Glasgow Scots, down-east Yankees, Portuguese half-breeds, Welshmen, Armenians, and Greeks.

Several weeks earlier, when Sheng Pao had been on a business trip to Hongkong, he had met there Morgan O'Dowd, the president of the C. C. C. C., and stepped up to him with outstretched hand:

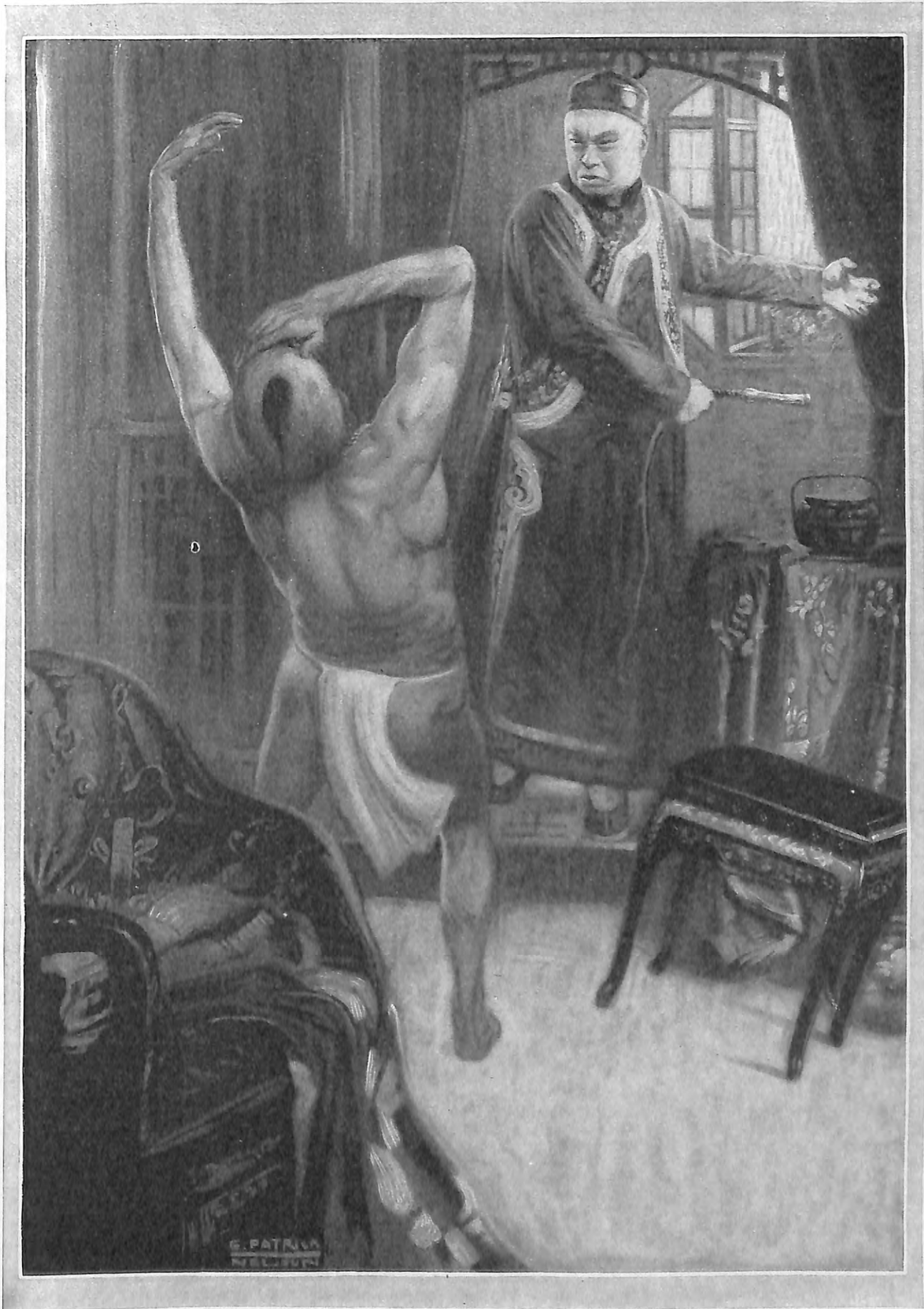
"Good morning, Mr. O'Dowd!"

"Oh—good morning," had come the reply in a negligent drawl.

Negligent, too, had been the man's way of poising himself for a second lightly, for all his well-fleshed bulk, on the ball of his left foot, the toes of his right just brushing the ground, about to walk on as if he had hardly noticed the Manchu until the latter had addressed him, as if even now it bored him to stop and converse.

Sheng Pao had wondered—for heretofore, during chance meetings, O'Dowd had always been friendly eagerness personified. He had felt hurt in his thin-skinned Manchu pride, and hot words had trembled on his lips. But a businessman first and foremost, he had kept his temper. He knew of old that Morgan O'Dowd was not the type of man who ever acted on instinct, be it instinct of sympathy or antipathy, nor ever approached any question or situation without reference to the particular benefit he himself might derive from it. So he had kept his temper. He had decided to find out what was on the other's mind. He had quickly changed his scowl into a lop-sided smile.

"When did you leave Chicago?" he had asked.



"Oh—a few weeks ago——"
 "On a pleasure trip, are you, Mr. O'Dowd?"

"Why—yes—in a way," the other had laughed. "Business is pleasure. The bigger the business, the bigger the pleasure!"

"Oh—" Sheng Pao's next question had

Without explanation or parley he took a heavy Tartar riding crop from a table and brought the silver handle down with full force between the man's eyes

only been asked as a polite matter of form. "I suppose—in connection with your new Pekin contracts?" For it was chiefly in the

north that the C. C. C. C. ruled supreme since, after a few sharp tussles, they had left the exploitation of the southern fields undisputed to Jones & Sheng Pao.

So O'Dowd's next words had startled the Manchu:

"No. I am here to look after our southern interests—in Yun-nan——"

"Your southern interests?"

"Exactly. You see—we are going to buy you people out very soon."

"Are you really?" had come Sheng Pao's ironic query.

"Right. And do you care to know how much we are going to give you?"

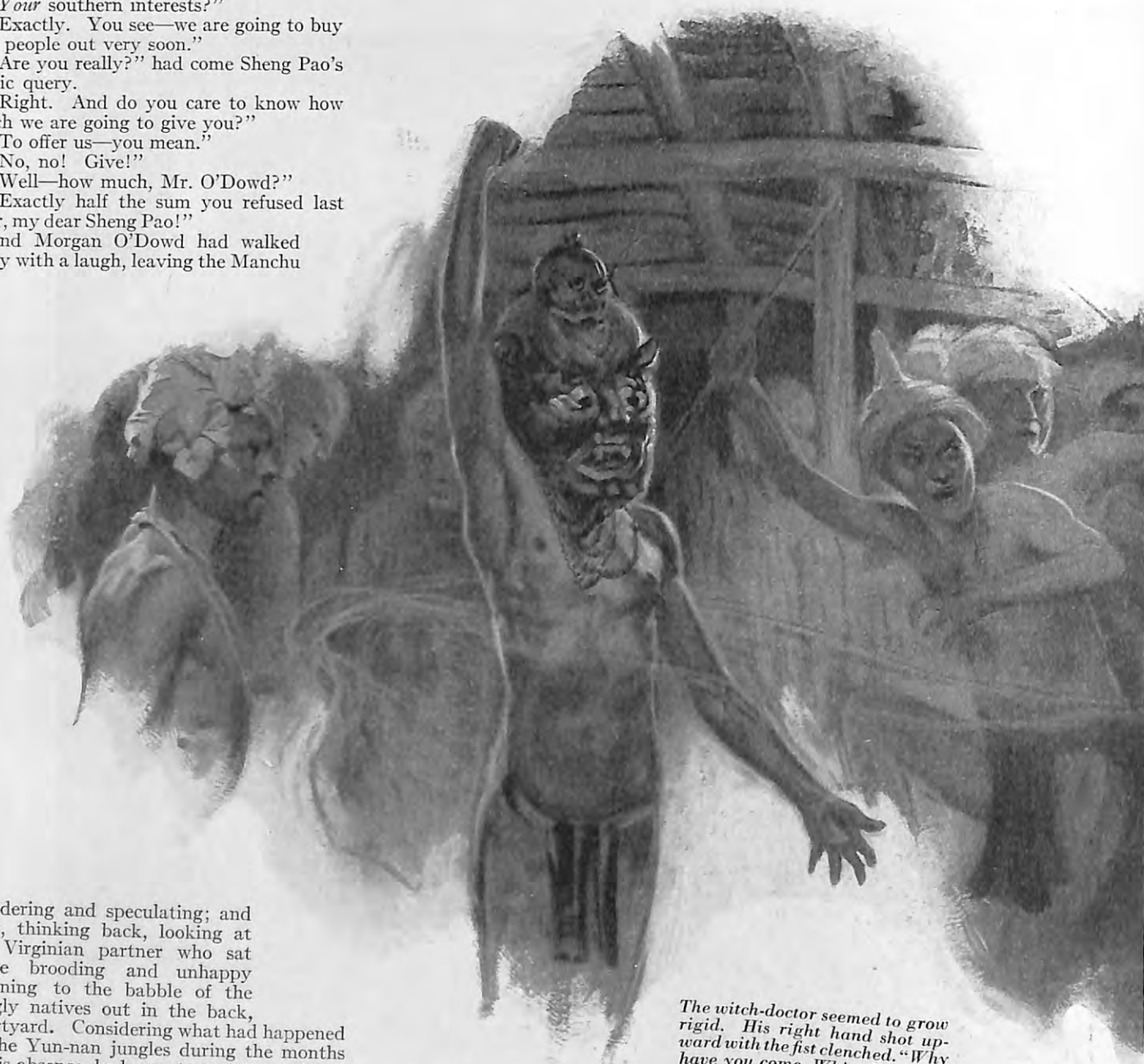
"To offer us—you mean."

"No, no! Give!"

"Well—how much, Mr. O'Dowd?"

"Exactly half the sum you refused last year, my dear Sheng Pao!"

And Morgan O'Dowd had walked away with a laugh, leaving the Manchu



The witch-doctor seemed to grow rigid. His right hand shot upward with the fist clenched. "Why have you come, White Man?" he demanded. "What do you wish?"

wondering and speculating; and now, thinking back, looking at his Virginian partner who sat there brooding and unhappy listening to the babble of the jungly natives out in the back, courtyard. Considering what had happened in the Yun-nan jungles during the months of his absence, he began to put two and two together.

"How much capital did we invest in those southern jungles, on the border of Burmah?" he inquired.

"Every cent we could rake and scrape together," replied Jones, who looked after the financial end of the firm. "You see—the initial investment was expensive: jungle camps and stations to be constructed, roads to be built, an army of porters to be hired, native chiefs to be won over—besides the usual graft to the Chinese mandarins. We had to do it on a large scale or not at all. And now—" he tossed a slip of blue paper over to his partner—"you saw this telegram from Hongkong?"

"Oh, yes. The banks refuse to give us further credit—"

"And are calling in our old loans! I tell you we are up against it!" said the American.

"But that jungle land ought to pay," argued Sheng Pao. "It is the most valuable ground in the whole of southern China, ever since our trackers found rubber there and alluvial gold and those immense stores of fossil ivory—"

"What good it to us now?" sighed Jones. "What are we going to do?"

"I am sure the C. C. C. C. is in back of the whole mischief."

"You mean—" asked the American—"they ordered the banks to shut down on our credit?"

"Not exactly. The banks would not have obeyed. I believe the C. C. C. C. proved to the banks that we are in a dangerous financial situation. Remember what O'Dowd told me in Hongkong—how he behaved to me?"

"Yes, yes. But even so—" Jones looked up—"do you really think O'Dowd and his crew would stoop to murder? And would the jungly tribes help them? Why—the tribes are our friends—and they hate the C. C. C. C. people—from former experiences!"

"How do you know it is murder?" asked Sheng Pao. "What proof have you?"

"There is the proof that our three best agents down there have disappeared, one after the other."

"No proof of murder, Jones!"

"Good Lord, man! People don't walk in to the jungle and disappear without a sound or word or trace—without cause or reason—just to amuse themselves, I reckon!"

Yet this is exactly what had happened. Jones & Sheng Pao, realizing the importance

of the Yun-nan jungle concessions, had built their main station a couple of days' trip from the Burmese border, on the banks of the Taping River, snug at the head of a little river bay where the water was deep and the anchorage safe; fairly healthy all the year round; and in advantageous situation to the new territory which they had decided to tap. At first rapid progress had been made. The rubber was of excellent quality. The fossil ivory supplies seemed inexhaustible. The indications of alluvial gold were good; and there was an abundance of wild ginseng roots worth their weight in silver in the Peking markets.

Then, one after the other, three agents had been sent there. They were M'Namee, Von Detmold, and Teixeira, a Scot, a German, and a Macao Portuguese, all three born and bred in the Far East, familiar with China and its languages including the Yun-nan aboriginal dialects, popular with both the Chinese and the jungly tribes, and all trusted employees of Jones & Sheng Pao, whom they had served, faithfully and successfully, in other important places before they had been sent to the Taping River station.

And, within the last month, one after the other, the three had disappeared.

They had left no word or message, nor had trace of their bodies been found. They had simply vanished into the void, as if the jungle had reached out its slimy, green tentacles and swallowed them.

were middle-aged men, surfeited with the killing of animals, and they would not have gone hunting without native guides and rifle-bearers. Finally, they had no personal enemies, and they had had no trouble with the natives.

But the fact of their disappearing remained, and though runners and native trackers had been sent out in every direction, they had discovered nothing.

Again he hit the table with his fist.

"What are we going to do, Sheng Pao?" he demanded insistently.

The Manchu put his fingers together, delicately, tip against tip.

"A gem," he said sententiously, "is not polished without rubbing it, nor is a man perfected without trial."

Jones grunted impatiently. "Spare me your wise Mongol proverbs," he cut in. "This is business—not an examination for a Manchu degree of philosophy."

Sheng Pao smiled imperturbably.

"Look not at the thieves eating flesh in a



palace," he went on in the same bland accents, "but look at

those suffering punishment in jail."

"Please—" implored the American who knew of old his partner's trick of quoting epigram and metaphor, "don't! You are making me nervous and . . ."

"Hush!" cut in the other, sharply, sibilantly, looking up with sudden alertness and listening to the babble of voices that drifted in from the back courtyard where the Lolo porters and houseboys squatted about their rice pots; voices high-pitched, half-articulate, that had peaked, just before the Manchu's warning "Hush!" into a single loud word:

"Taping!"—the name of the river station—and like an echo, from a dozen throats:

"Taping!" in a sort of awed whisper.

The Manchu turned to his friend.

"They also—" he began.

"Of course," Jones chimed in, completing both thought and sentence for the other. "They also know. The tale of that triple mysterious disappearance is all over this cursed land—"

"Hush!" again said the Manchu.

"Taping!" repeated the voice in the courtyard, metallically, challengingly; dropped to a wiped-over blur; rose again with a peculiar accent and meaning, intense, throbbing, significant; blended into a long, rumbling sentence of which Sheng Pao could not catch the sense; then stabbed with dramatic suddenness into uncouth, guttural syllables:

"Ko-w'ang! Ko-w'ang!"

And again:
"Ko-w'ang!"

Silence dropped over the courtyard like a sodden blanket, while Sheng Pao addressed his partner.

(Continued on page 56)

Then, during his partner's absence in Hongkong, Blennerhassett Jones himself had gone south and had investigated, with the same negative result, although he had

searched the jungles for many miles, although he had offered princely bribes and rewards for information, although he had gone into the villages of the Lolo aborigines and had accused and threatened and bullied.

"We do not know," had been the monotonous reply, from the lips of chief and medicineman, hunter and porter and white-haired, ancient village gossip.

"Perhaps," one medicineman had said, "the jungle gods have eaten them. The jungle gods are jealous."

And Jones had cursed and taken the long home trail to Yun-nan-fu. This very morning, the day after his partner's arrival from Hongkong, he had returned, fever-worn, foot-sore, hollow-cheeked, bitter with the tale of his failure.

They could not have taken to the bush of their own free will. For not only would the coincidence, thus three times repeated, have been too great for logical acceptance,

but there was also no reason for it since their books and accounts were in perfect order. Nor was it likely that they had perished on hunting expeditions. For they



Old Time Stuff

Incidents and Accidents of World Series Baseball from the Days of Its Infancy

By Arthur Chapman

Sketches by Edmund Duffy



JERRY DENNY, the strapping third-baseman of the Providence baseball team, winners of the National League pennant in 1884, stepped to the bat at the old Polo Grounds in New York, on October 22 of that year, little thinking that he was going to make baseball history.

The pitcher opposed to Denny was a handsome Irishman with black mustache and dark, curly hair—the clever Tim Keefe, star boxman of the Metropolitans, champions of the American Association. It was the fifth inning of the second game between the teams for the “championship of the country” as it was then called. There were two men on base. A strong wind was blowing across the field, favoring the pitcher—but it was a cold wind. Keefe, with his deliberate, deceptive movement, sent the ball across the plate, but the cold had numbed his fingers and robbed him of some of the cunning that was to make him a leading figure in baseball for many years to come.

Denny swung hard and met the ball fairly. It went all the way to the fence, among the carriages, and Denny raced around the diamond. He had knocked the first home run in a world series game, and had “sewed up” the first world championship for Providence.

Denny's achievement was not greeted with the enthusiastic cheers of thousands of spectators, as it would have been to-day. Nor was it telegraphed and sent out by wireless to countless cities and hamlets, there to be bulletined to waiting crowds. The attendance at this historic game numbered a scant thousand. Whatever bulletins were sent out were brief, because the enthusiasts in outside communities who followed the fortunes of big league stars were few in number at that time. Instead of throwing their columns open and saying to their best descriptive writers: “Now hop to it and for heaven's sake give us something with a little pep!” the New York papers next day, in their meager accounts of the game, gave Denny a line or two of grudging praise. More exciting things

were claiming the attention of the serious-minded news editors then—the Blaine-Cleveland campaign, for instance—and it was not supposed that the public would rather read baseball than politics.

Since that first world series in New York, the final clash of the baseball season has taken on an importance which would amaze those few shivering fans who saw their local team humbled by the club from Providence. To-day men travel from the ends of the earth to see world series contests. Newspapers devote not merely pages but whole sections to descriptions of the games. Crowds are limited only by the capacity of the huge parks in which the games are played. Everything else for the time being is overshadowed, even in campaign years. Presidential candidates themselves, probably realizing that they would stand faint show of attracting attention anyway, in the face of such opposition, are not above calling a truce in the political fight and looking at the final baseball games of the year.

In outside towns, where most of the people have never seen a big league game, the interest seems to be hardly less keen than in the cities where the actual playing takes place. Crowds gather about the bulletin boards or listen to the score megaphoned from local newspaper offices.

“Bueno, bueno!” was the exclamation the writer heard in October, 1911, in a little New Mexican town, far from a railroad. An enterprising merchant in the sleepy hamlet had secured returns, and the news had come that “Home Run” Baker of the Athletics had just knocked another one over the fence in a struggle with New York. Mexi-

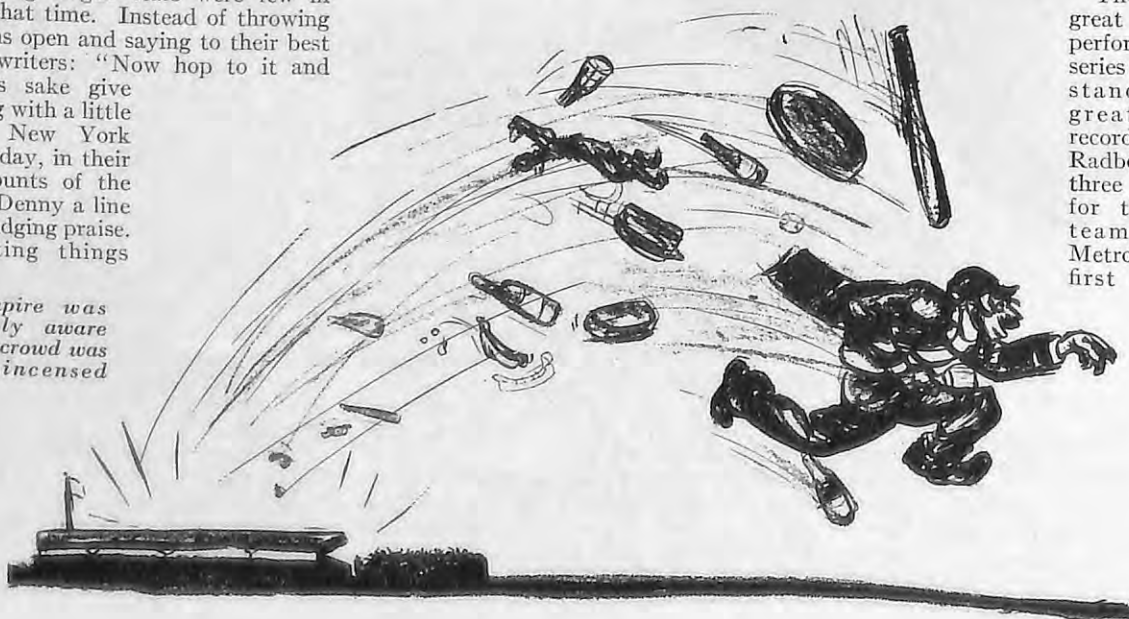
cans who could hardly understand a word of English had the news translated to them and were exclaiming, “Good, good!” almost before the frantic fans in the grandstand had ceased their yells of approval.

So great has the public interest grown in world series baseball that even the crime wave has been halted. Government statisticians, who study the rise and fall of tides of crime, just as other officials study the ocean tides, have found that just before the world series, when speculation and debate are rampant, and during the season itself, when everyone takes a fevered interest in the actual games, there is a perceptible lessening in crime, the theory being that the holdup man and the thug and the porch-climber and others of their lawless ilk, are so wrapped up in baseball that they neglect their business—in which they find plenty of company among those whose efforts are directed along legitimate lines.

FINANCIALLY the world series has grown into the realm of “big business.” Something over \$900,000 was paid at the gate last year during the struggle between the two New York teams. Of this the players received \$292,522.23. Two hundred and seventy thousand people paid a high rate of admission to see the games, besides the unknown sums that must have been paid to ticket speculators. Compare this with what the players must have received when the proceeds of the first world series were divided, the largest attendance in that series, on the opening day, being 2,500 and the top price 50 cents—a charge which raised the cry of “extortion” from the fans.

There have been great pitching feats performed in world series games, but none stands forth any greater than the record of “Old Hoss” Radbourne in winning three straight games for the Providence team against the Metropolitans in the first championship

The umpire was evidently aware that the crowd was highly incensed





clash. Radbourne's three victories in this series came on top of twenty-seven straight games he had won for Providence. The Metropolitans, against whom Radbourne pitched, were a strong team. Keefe was counted second only to Radbourne as a pitcher. Dave Orr, the Metropolitan first-baseman, was one of the heaviest hitters known to baseball. Esterbrook on third and Troy, the second baseman, were sterling players. The Providence team had such stars as Paul Hines, the deaf center fielder, Cliff Carroll in left, Start on first, Irwin at shortstop, Farrell at second base, Denny at third and Radford in right. Denny afterward went to Indianapolis with Hines, Carroll to Chicago and Irwin to Philadelphia.

In the first game Radbourne shut out the Metropolitans, the Providence team getting six runs off Keefe, whose delivery was wild at times. Keefe struck out both Hines and Carroll, but each got his base on missed third strikes, and scored afterward on battery errors. In the seventh, Farrell made a two-base hit followed by a three-base hit by Irwin and a double by Gilligan, the catcher. Nelson, Esterbrook and Troy did good work in the field for the Metropolitans, but Radbourne had the New York batters at his mercy, giving them only two hits.

The attendance dwindled from 2,500 on the first day to 1,000 on the second, the weather continuing cold. On this day Third-Baseman Denny clinched matters with his home run. It was intended in the morning to let Radford pitch for Providence, but the management finally thought the experiment unsafe, and the mighty Radbourne again was called to the box. In this game he held the Metropolitans to

Mexicans who could hardly understand a word of English went wild over the news that Baker had smacked another

three hits. Keefe again opposed Radbourne and with the exception of one inning his work was masterly. The final score was 3 to 1.

The final game was won easily by Providence, the New York press and public admitting that Radbourne, who pitched again, was unbeatable. The score was 11 to 2, the game going only six innings on account of the cold.

In this series Radbourne pitched three games, in bitterly cold weather and with an arm so sore that it had to be rubbed between innings. He held his opponents to three runs in the three games, shutting them out once, and not giving a base on balls.

IN THIS series, which marked the beginning of world championship baseball, the first dissatisfaction with the umpire cropped out in unmistakable fashion. In the fifth inning of the crucial second game, nearly every one in the crowd thought Troy, the Metropolitans' second baseman, touched out Farrell as the latter was running to second. If this out had been allowed, it would have retired the side. As it was Providence, with the aid of Denny's slugging, got three runs afterward.

Umpire Remsen was evidently aware that the crowd was "highly incensed" as the newspapers described it the next day. Anyway he did not appear as umpire in the third and final game, this duty being performed by Pitcher Tim Keefe of the Metropolitans, whose decisions, so the baseball writers reported, "gave general satisfaction." Imagine a player on a world series team umpiring one of the games to-day and not starting a riot!

In the third game of the series occurred the first double play in a world championship struggle, Kennedy, left fielder of the Metropolitans, catching a fly and throwing to Foster, who had replaced Troy at second base, and doubling a player.

Radbourne's record of three straight victories in as many days has never been equaled. More than once, however, two pitchers have carried clubs to world championships, pitching on alternate days. The New York Giants in 1894 won four straight victories from the Baltimore team for the Temple Cup, a trophy played for by the teams holding first and second place in the National League. In this series Manager John M. Ward pitched Rusie and Meekin in alternate games. The Baltimores were a dashing, aggressive team, admittedly containing more brains than any other aggregation before their time or since. They had every respect for the pitching prowess of Rusie and Meekin, but, knowing how unexpected things will often turn the tide of battle, had evidently resolved to make a desperate play to throw the New York infield off its stride.

"The first ball was hit to me at second base," said Mr. Ward, who was manager and captain of the Giants for years and is now a New York lawyer. "I fielded it to first and held up my hand and called to the umpire for judgment. The play was not by any means a close one, the runner being out by feet, but to my astonishment the entire Baltimore team rushed out, not at the umpire but at me. I was surrounded in an instant by threatening players, and it looked as if a riot was to be started then and there. For



an instant I was startled, and then it flashed into my mind that this was a trick to get us up in the air. When I could make myself heard, I laughed and said: "You fellows have overdone this thing. You know you're up against it and you're trying to get us rattled. Now you've got to go back to your positions and play ball from this time on." They went back, and Rusie and Mee-kin, pitching on alternate days, won four straight victories. But such incidents show how hard a team will try to win a championship series game by strategy."

A little strategy, in the form of applied psychology, upset Arlie Latham and had much to do with giving the New York Giants a world championship over the St. Louis Browns, the strategist in this instance being Mr. Ward.

LATHAM, besides being a great third-baseman, was a wonderful coacher and the first "clown" in baseball. He was a big factor in the success of the old St. Louis Browns, when Charles A. Comiskey was first-baseman and manager. Arlie was a sort of Will Rogers of the diamond, when it came to devising original and witty quips. And he was very good-looking. He was the first ball player to go on the stage, and there was much talk about the vaudeville contract which Arlie had just signed when the world series between the Giants and Browns started in 1888.

Just before the beginning of the first game, Ward took his position in the third base coacher's box, and had a few friendly words with Latham.

"The diamond seems to be pretty rough around third base, Arlie," observed Ward.

"Yes, it is," agreed the third-baseman. "I can't seem to get 'em to keep it in shape."

Ward walked over and examined the turf critically, in front of Latham.

"I should think it would be pretty dangerous to play on such rough ground," observed the New York captain. "If a ball took a bad bounce and broke your nose, Arlie, it might break that vaudeville contract of yours, too."

During the entire series on the St. Louis ground, Latham fielded ground balls with his face turned to one side, and several hits that might have been easy outs got away from him at critical times. The New York team won the series six games to four. Arlie took such good care of his face that his team lost.

When a few successful series for the world's championship had been played, the big league magnates quite naturally conceived the idea that baseball could be made a hippodrome affair, and that the contending teams would draw big crowds in neutral cities. It was a logical enough idea, as Colonel Mulberry Sellers would admit. It looked as if all the magnates had to do was to parade their contenders through every town in the circuits of both leagues, with baseball-hungry fans throwing their money in at the box-office windows. But the magnates failed to realize that it takes the heart interest of the home-town fan to make baseball a real success. Barnstorming trips have nearly always failed—the great and successful world tour of the Chicago and All-American teams not coming under that category, of

course—and when the barnstorming idea was applied to the world series, its promoters lost out.

The Detroit National League champions and the American Association champions, the St. Louis Browns, played fifteen games in 1887, visiting Pittsburgh, Brooklyn, New York, Philadelphia, Boston, Washington, Baltimore and Chicago, besides their home cities. The crowds were small and the enthusiasm was absent, except in Detroit and St. Louis. New York seized upon the idea as a novelty and made a holiday of the visit of the teams. Sidewalk fakers were out with novelties, and the elevated was "jammed with humanity" on the way to the Polo Grounds, the papers having descriptions of the mob scenes on the platforms. Excited coachmen sold standing room only in hansom cabs and drove to the grounds astride their horses. Yet the highest estimate of the crowd was ten thousand people—a mere beginning for a modern world series game. In some cities the attendance was only a few hundreds.

Detroit won ten victories to St. Louis' five in this long and financially unsuccessful series, which was a vindication of the dyed-in-the-wool home-town fan—the individual who goes mildly insane about the middle of September and is quite raving when a world series starts. Such fans are the embodiment of local pride. Every cheer they give is a cheer for their town against some other town. Without their support, baseball would fall to pieces. As long as the fan is willing to stay up all night in the rain to buy his ticket, baseball is safe. But he knows when he is being fooled or imposed upon, either by management or players. Consequently, world series rules have been made and amended again to suit him. When the specter of crookedness arose, in the world series of 1919, between the Chicago White Sox and Cincinnati Reds, and when several players on the former team were found guilty of "throwing" games, in order that gamblers might profit, the housecleaning was quick and thorough, and a baseball supreme umpire in the person of Judge Kenesaw M. Landis was appointed to guard the interests of this loyal fan who is the game's main-spring.

These fans were just as wildly enthusiastic and did just as many queer things in early days as in these times when their numbers are multiplied many times over. James Mutrie, veteran manager of the Metropolitans and later of the New York Giants, recalls one early-day world series in New York, when he was convinced that the ground was being packed with dead-heads, yet no one could find out how the non-paying fans were getting in.

"They had broken down the fence," said Mr. Mutrie, "but I had it repaired, and we had taken away a rope ladder from one man who had fixed up a very neat affair, with hooks on one end, which could be



tossed up and made fast to the top of the fence. Still we were convinced that people were getting into the grounds without paying any admission. I was making a personal investigation in one corner of the ground where there were some bushes. Peering over these bushes, I saw a manhole cover rise and a man crawl out of the sewer and run hastily to the shelter of the bleachers. Then came another and another. The fans had been lowering themselves into the sewer from a manhole near the grounds, and had crawled to the manhole inside the fence and were getting in free that way. It was almost too good a game to stop."

One of the elements that make the world series so attractive as a sport feature is the constant upsetting of "dope." Great batsmen sometimes fail to perform at all, in the strain of a world championship series. Such was the case with Orr in the very first series, when he failed to get so much as a single off Radbourne. Also it was the case with Ruth last year when he batted miserably against the New York National League pitchers. Manager McGraw is to be credited not only with stopping Ruth from hitting during the big series, but slowing him down during the present season. The New York Giants' manager told his pitchers not to give Ruth bases on balls—a course that had been generally followed in the American League—but to pitch to him. They did so, and Ruth's failure to hit induced other pitchers to treat him as they would any other batter, with the result that his standing as a batsman was greatly lowered.

REVERSING matters, some of the weakest hitters have suddenly been inspired to great batting deeds at critical times in world series games. Probably the most notable example occurred in Chicago in 1906, when the two Chicago teams put up a most spectacular struggle. The Chicago American League team, which had not been favored in the betting won the first game, 2 to 1. Third-Baseman Rohe, who was to figure sensationally later in the series, scored the first run for the White Sox on a bunt and errors. In the fifth inning Fielder



Jones reached third on a fumble and came home on a single. The next game was won by the Cubs, Reulbach allowing the White Sox only one hit. In the third game Rohe, an unknown young player, virtually broke the morale of the Cubs when he pounded out a three-base hit with three men on. The White Sox won the game 3 to 0, Ed Walsh striking out twelve Cubs. The next game was won by the Cubs, Brown outpitching Altrick, 1 to 10, but the final game was taken by the White Sox, 8 to 6, Walsh's spitball delivery proving puzzling to the Cubs, and Brown proving ineffective at the last.

NOT only did Rohe's performance at the bat make him the hero of the series, but it showed how even the cleverest ball-players sometimes overstep themselves in world's championship contests. Kling, the catcher of the Cubs, being said to be indirectly responsible for Rohe's historic smash. Kling, undeniably one of the best catchers of all time, is said to have told Rohe, after the batsman had taken a couple of swings at the ball: "The next one is going to be a straight one." Then he actually signaled for a straight ball, thinking that Rohe would be looking for a curve. But Rohe, far from falling into the trap, set himself for the straight ball and pounded it nearly out of the lot. He had outguessed the veteran. In the same series Kling lost the first game through two fumbles—more than ordinarily would be charged up against him in a season.

It is not often that a player in a world series has given notice of his intention to make a certain play, and then done it. Such a thing happened in the hotly contested Detroit-Pittsburgh series in 1909. Gibson, catcher for the Pittsburghs, had given it out that Ty Cobb was not going to

steal a base on him. This remark had been taken up by sporting writers and there was a good deal of advance speculation as to what would happen when Cobb got on base, with Gibson behind the bat.

In the first game, Cobb reached first base, and the crowd was all expectancy. Would the invincible catcher triumph against the unbeatable baserunner, or vice versa?

To the amazement of everybody within hearing distance, Cobb called to Gibson:

"Now watch me—I'm going on the next one."

When the next ball was pitched Cobb, true to his word, darted for second base. Gibson, surprised at the audacity of the challenge, hesitated a moment before he whipped the ball across the diamond. That slight hesitation was enough for Cobb, who beat the ball by inches.

As with batters, so it has been with pitchers in various world series, new men winning and veterans losing under surprising circumstances. Grover Cleveland Alexander virtually pitched the Philadelphia Nationals to a league championship but could not prevail against the Boston Americans in the world series of 1915. Pittsburgh won the world's championship in 1909 through the wonderful pitching of "Babe" Adams, then an unknown. Pittsburgh's regular pitchers were incapacitated, and Adams was called on as a last resort, the opposing team being Detroit. Adams won his first game, 4 to 1. The next he won 8 to 4. The final and deciding game of the series he won in Detroit 8 to 0. He had a curve ball that completely mystified such

hitters as Cobb and Crawford. Adams is still pitching for the Pittsburgh team.

Two Boston pitchers, "Doc" James and Dick Rudolph, sprung one of the greatest of world series surprises when they outpitched those veterans, Bender and Plank of the

Athletics, winning four straight games against one of the greatest baseball machines ever assembled. Bender pitched the first game of this memorable series, and spectators never will forget

how the haughty red man strolled into the box to tame these young upstarts from Boston, and how he was called upon to put forth his best efforts, all unavailingly, as the game progressed and the Bostons proved themselves clever and courageous opponents. There is nothing a baseball crowd likes better than to see a young player come to the fore and outplay a veteran. Such things contribute materially to the pleasant delirium that makes the fan forget the mortgage and the tax collector.

WORLD series play, with all concerned at top speed mentally and physically, has been disastrous for some players. It is conceded that the Boston-Philadelphia series which has just been mentioned marked the big league finish of "Doc" James, that valuable young player virtually pitching his arm out in doing such yeoman service for his team.

Many accidents have occurred in world series play, some of them serious. In the Pittsburgh-Detroit series, in which Adams pitched so sensationally, there was a good deal of blocking by infielders. Moriarty, the

(Continued on page 62)

Government statisticians have discovered that, during world series games, thugs and thieves are so wrapped up in baseball they neglect their business



"Meet Mr. George F. Babbitt"

A Review of the New Novel by Sinclair Lewis

By Claire Wallace Flynn

WE HAVE it straight from the author's own family that Mr. Lewis wore out numerous dressing-gowns during the process of writing "Babbitt." Wore them out—thought them out—wrote them—sat them out!

The picture is clear in our mind: the tall, impetuous, young novelist scribbling away in his London chambers (a great part of "Babbitt" was written last winter in England) and periodically calling aloud: "Say, hurry! Bring on a new dressing-gown. This one's just gone through!"

The intimate details ceased before we learned the exact number consumed by the literary labors of America's most-talked-about fiction writer, but, we'll say, some haberdasher in Piccadilly made a good thing out of "Babbitt" before it ever went to the printer.

Which brings us to this: There'll be many a fine old dressing-gown worn out in these United States while we are all wading through this runner-up to "Main Street." You've got to sit down to "Babbitt," as to a full-course dinner—so it's off with our coats and on with our old slippers and draw the big chair out! For read "Babbitt" we must and will!

Mr. Lewis has painted too intimate, too realistic, too conscientious a picture of American middle-class life for us to ignore the fact that among those people grouped in the background of his big canvas stand many of us—ludicrously visible to our neighbors. Well, if not *us*, the fellow next door is there. Anyway, it's best to read the book, know the worst, and then prove Lewis utterly wrong—if we can.

Zenith! A big, booming, bustling American city of skyscrapers and streets jammed with motors, of smug residential districts and the eternal struggle for money, happiness and expression.

In Zenith lives George F. Babbitt. Babbitt is an Elk—which, so far as the story goes, is neither for nor against him—but it just shows that the B. P. O. E. is to be reckoned with hereafter as a place where novelists may turn for heroes.

At forty-six, George F. is prosperous, extremely married, and unromantic, and decidedly "nimble in the calling of selling houses for more than people could afford to pay." You must be careful not to call George a real-estate man. He insists on the more professional "realtor."

IF YOU live in any of the hundreds of Zeniths in America, you know this man well. He's popular among the Regular Fellows, he's a Booster and quite a leader at the Roughneck Table in the dining-room of the Athletic Club. He's busy and pompous in his office. He doesn't squabble often with his employees. It is only when they attack the sacred purse that he is frightened into a temper. He likes to pick up a less prosperous citizen in the morning and take the poor chap downtown in his car, and when he's finally dropped off, the citizen knows what a modest philanthropist George Babbitt is. In his well built house, he is what the nation calls a "good provider." He has a wife, and three children, who live completely outside his life. He plays golf. His chief artistic and literary de-

light is the comic strip in the evening papers. He attends the Presbyterian Church. Whatever is the custom of his clan he does, whether he likes it or not.

Yep! You know him. He flourishes in the land. He probably lives in the same street with you.

Only once in a great while does he question his eternal excellence; and when the existing order of conducting business is

FEW American novels have possessed to the degree of "Main Street" the quality of making themselves talked about. Whether or not "Babbitt," its successor, will stir people to as much mingled indignation and applause time alone can show. Its coming, however, has been awaited with such wide-spread interest that we give it a full review all to itself. You will find tabloid sketches of seven other recent books on page 64

attacked, the foundations of his pudgy mind tremble as at the approach of a tornado.

The one person he loves more than himself is Paul Riesling, yet Paul becomes for a moment almost a stranger to him when he says:

"My business isn't distributing roofing—it's principally keeping my competitors from distributing roofing. Same with you. All we do is cut each other's throats and make the public pay for it."

That's the sort of thing that makes Babbitt gasp, stammer denials, try to justify himself. He doesn't like people to rock the boat like that. He respects bigness in anything—"in mountains, jewels, muscles, wealth, or words"—but ideas are staggering, and Paul Riesling, the man who casts so real and tragic a note into the book, has ideas. He says:

"I do think about ten times as many people find their lives dull, and unnecessarily dull, as ever admit it; and I do believe that if we busted out and admitted it—sometimes, instead of being nice and patient and loyal for sixty years, and then nice and patient and dead for the rest of eternity, why, maybe, possibly, we might make life more fun."

Was it this remark of Paul's, for whom he had "so high a fondness," that made Babbitt question whether "all life as he knew it and vigorously practiced it was futile"?

At any rate, in his standardized little brain, in his fat little life, there crept the beginnings of rebellion.

The faint notion assails him that the booming, shouting, back-slapping with which the "crowd" greet one another, may not be the only forms of conversation in the world.

He calls upon a conservative old banker and comes away wondering if bluster is everything after all. "The wallop in the velvet mitt" may be quite as effective.

And the American—founded on English

roots—which he and his ilk speak so fluently—is it a language?

Most of these dim perceptions slip water-wise off Babbitt's duck back.

Although in perfect accord with the general idea of Zenith's leading citizens that the City ought "to capitalize culture; to get right out and grab it," what he really wants to get and grab is some sort of an emotional experience.

So—enter the ladies!

Louetta Swanson, his neighbor, an attractive flibbertygibbet. Nothing doing.

Ida Putiak, manicurist at the Thornleigh Hotel; in Babbitt's own words "a gutter-pup." Nothing doing.

Mrs. Tanis Judique!!!

EVEN with a Babbitt heart and a Babbitt mind, how could he stand any of them for one moment? Why couldn't Sinclair Lewis have allowed him one good, real flare?

When we met Tanis Judique first in the book, we said, "Ah! Here's a name! She must be a *third* Mrs. Tanqueray, at least!"

What right has the author to give a woman as Pinero-esque a name as that, and have the lady turn out to be nothing but a "mud pie"?

Realism, my friends, realism! If you met an alluring widow who seemed to understand you, as Mrs. Judique did Babbitt, and you thought you had found the fairy girl you had been dreaming about for years, she probably would be the twin sister of this widow of Zenith. Life is as merciless as that!

But if Mrs. Judique had been the real thing in sirens, she probably never would have bothered about our Babbitt at all. In many cases the author knows best.

As it is, Tanis disappears out of one of the back chapters of the book, quietly and discreetly—as out of the back door. And good riddance. A stupid soul, if ever there was one!

A great strike threatens to paralyze the city of Zenith. Babbitt, who has been longing to become daring and idealistic, chooses this opportunity to champion the strikers, the poor, the people, the opinions of that fearful socialist, Seneca Doane. He wants to be liberal and broadminded, though in the words of the terrible Zilla Riesling, he is "about as broadminded as a razor-blade."

TO THE fellows at the Club Babbitt has turned crank, and they don't like him for it.

With no fiber, and no true convictions, he suffers a mild persecution for his liberalism. Only Mrs. Judique appears to realize the courageous rôle he is playing.

And then his wife—have we mentioned the lady before? Well, that's the kind of person she is. You can not remember whether she is in the room or not!—Then, his wife becomes ill—appendicitis—acute—a hurried operation—and the Babbitts find each other again!

Of course you didn't dare hope to discover a real revolutionist in a Babbitt chassis. Independence and non-conformity seep out of him before the antagonism in other men's eyes—before his wife lying inert on a hospital bed. Zenith claims him again; his revolt collapses; the Clan wins! And he's

(Continued on page 64)



LEWIS SMITH

Jane Cowl
Opens the Season for
the Equity Players

MISS COWL is beginning her season's work by playing the lead in a Spanish drama by Joaquin y Alvarez Quintero. This marks the opening of the series of productions by the Equity Players, an organization operating under the auspices of the Actors' Equity Association, which is to put on several plays for limited runs during the fall and winter. After appearing in the first of these plays, Miss Cowl will be presented by the Selwyns in another production, already chosen but not as yet given a title



NICKOLAS MURAY

Pauline Frederick

*Back Again on the Speaking
Stage After Eight Years*

THIS deservedly popular actress was last seen on the stage in a spoken rôle some eight years ago. The play, at that time, was "Innocence," and Miss Frederick scored a notable success in it. Since then she has devoted herself exclusively to moving pictures, until this summer when she returned to the stage once more, under the management of A. H. Woods, in "The Guilty One," a drama by Michael Morton and Peter Traill. This play, which has been running in Chicago, is expected to reach New York later in the season.

Harry Beresford as "The Old Soak," Don Marquis' old reprobate made into the central figure of a play. Dreadful drama but thoroughly delightful humor



Jean Brown, whose dancing as Sally in the musical comedy "Sally, Irene and Mary" is one of the hits of the early season



PHOTOGRAPHS BY ADJE



The Argentinas, a pair of singularly sinuous dancers in George White's "Scandals," which also boasts Paul Whiteman, with his orchestra



Avery Hopwood's latest farce, "Why Men Leave Home," is one of those husbands-and-wives affairs—Isabel Leighton, pictured, being a prospective wife



Chief among the varied elements that have combined to make "The Gingham Girl" one of the most popular musical comedies in town is demure little Helen Ford. Another who scores heavily in the piece is a comedian—not exactly high, yet not exactly low—named Eddie Buzzell. "The Gingham Girl" can scarcely be called a brilliant production, but it is clean and quite consistently bright and one must not be too exacting

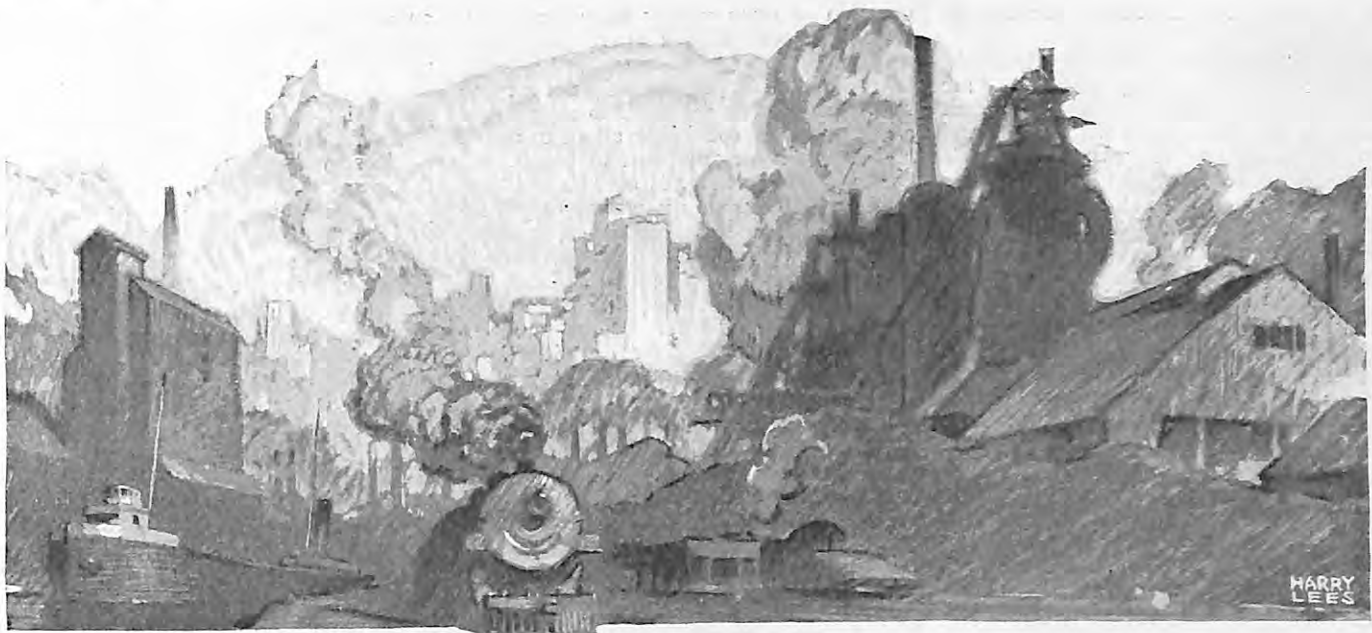


PHOTOGRAPH
BY ANNE

Dorothy Gish, not in her latest advance fashions from Paris, but as she will look in her newest motion picture as a co-star with Richard Barthelmess. The title is "Fury" and the release will come soon



Helen Mack, wearing one of the four hundred and thirty-two costumes in the ballet "Just a Fan" which is part of "Better Times," Charles Dillingham's new and sumptuous New York Hippodrome spectacle



How Can Our Railroads Come Back?

A Consideration of Their Plight and Their Possibilities

By William Almon Wolff

Decorations by Harry Lees

IT IS disconcerting to come to the discussion of railways, in this series of sketches of American industrial life, just as a strike of shopmen is hampering their operation. In a sense, so far as this discussion is concerned, this strike is irrelevant; it really has nothing at all to do with the subject. The railways, like most other industries, have definite problems in the relations between the interests that own and manage them—not always identical—on one hand, and the men who operate them on the other. But in a really orderly presentation of the whole subject those relations should be dwelt upon in an article devoted to labor and industrial relations in general.

Still, it isn't possible, is it, altogether to ignore a strike that is making so much trouble. Even as this magazine goes to press a settlement has been reached between a number of roads and the strikers. Neither side has gained much; nothing has resulted except inconvenience and loss. For a time matters looked serious; there was danger that the strike would spread to other crafts. Labor has been enraged by the Government's injunction proceedings. That is all.

Now, with the merits of this particular strike this article can not deal. Either side may be right; both sides may be partly right and partly wrong. But certain aspects of the strike, altogether regardless of its merits, are extremely pertinent to what is to be said here.

Every one recognizes that strikes hampering railway operation are disastrous to the general interest. Such strikes have been threatened several times of late. Invariably the national government has been stimulated to swift preventive action; much legislation, looking to making railway strikes impossible, has been passed. A tribunal has been set up by the government to resolve disputes between the railways and their men—to pass upon controversial questions of all sorts, whether they concern wages or working conditions or anything else.

This tribunal, the Railway Labor Board, has no legal power, however, to enforce its decisions. Both sides have repudiated such decisions. Both sides have seemed to be disposed to exalt the board when it has

JUST as no part of our complex commercial and industrial machine is more important than transportation, so no other factors in transportation are more important than railroads. Their role in the upbuilding of the United States is known to every one. Our great concern now is with the precarious condition of the roads to-day and with their future outlook. In this, the third article in his series on the interrelation of all business, Mr. Wolff discusses both the present condition of the railroads and their opportunities for rehabilitation.

avored them, and to damn it when it has rendered an adverse decision. It has all the unpopularity of a baseball umpire without any of his arbitrary power. Hence—this strike.

This is symptomatic. Here is a general statement: The traditional efficiency of American railways, of which we have always boasted, and which European visitors have admired, in the past, so warmly, has largely disappeared. Do you, judging by your own observation, consider that this country is served to-day by a truly efficient railway system? Base your answer upon your own traveling, upon your own experience, if you have any, as a shipper of goods. There

can't be much dispute on this point; there certainly will be none from the men who know more than any one else about the subject, the practical, working railway men themselves, from presidents down to brakemen and oilers.

Why aren't our railways more efficient? Who is at fault—or what? Why is there constant bickering between managements and employees? There was a time when the *esprit de corps* of an American railway was like that of a crack regiment of the old army. Why are so many of the railways staggering along, two or three jumps ahead of a receivership, even with fares and freight rates so high that they tend to cut down business? The railway business used to be enormously profitable. Why is passenger service, taking the country as a whole, slower and generally less adequate than it was a few years ago? Why does freight pile up every time business has anything like a boom?

This irrelevant, annoying strike caused this article to be begun with a reference to a labor problem. So be it. Take that first. Why can't the two sides in this great industry work together harmoniously? Why can't they settle their differences amicably—since, after all, they do, to some extent, have a common interest?

OF COURSE, such questions are never simple. Many things complicate this particular problem. The railway executives say they simply can't pay the wages the workers want, and point to their balance sheets with a pretty convincing gesture by way of proof. The men say, and some of them, at least, are just as convincing as the executives, that they are being asked to work for less than a real living wage. Something, obviously, is wrong here. The railways can't pay higher wages if they can't make enough money to do so. Likewise, men who work for them can't be expected to stint themselves and their families to provide

what is, in effect, a subsidy for railway operation.

This question isn't one of dividends, really. Very few railway executives are trying to do much more, now, than earn enough to pay interest on their bonds and meet their operating charges. But this is bad business, too, obviously, because the railways need new capital, and they can't get it unless they can offer some return—the competition for available new capital is too keen.

"The Government should own the railways!" shouts the superficial thinker, when he comes to this point. "If an industry is vital to the public interest, and it can't earn enough money to run profitably and pay decent wages, if it has to be run at a loss, that loss ought to be apportioned through taxation."

TRUE enough. You can't argue with that conclusion. The catch is in the "if." It isn't by any means certain that the railways can't make enough money to pay higher wages, if they shall be necessary, and dividends as well—and without increasing their rates, even, possibly, with lower rates. If the margin between income and expenditure is too small two remedies are possible. You may increase your income, or you may reduce your expenditure. The railways have tried both plans. They have increased their rates—to such a point, some think, as to threaten an actual reduction of income. And they have cut, or tried to cut, their labor costs. Labor complains of that. But there are, as will appear later, other ways in which the railways can save money.

Other points, too, however, complicate this problem. The relations between railway capital and railway labor are touched by many commissions, boards, legislative bodies. An enormous body of regulatory enactments, by legislatures, by Congress, by State and Federal commissions, has to be taken into account. Discussion, bargaining, between railways and their men, isn't a simple matter. And there are not lacking those who say that had there been no Federal tribunal it would have been far easier for the roads and their men to agree, and that this particular strike might not have occurred.

That is as it may be. But it does seem pretty useless to set up a tribunal that can't enforce its decisions. Suppose Judge Landis had suspended Ruth, and he had been allowed to play, anyway, because of his value as a drawing card?

A truly efficient industry doesn't have much labor trouble. Such trouble doesn't pay. In the long run it is bound to be costly for both sides. And a truly efficient industry isn't one in which the management alone is supremely capable, either. That isn't enough. Its workers must be just as capable, and they must, moreover, have an interest in achieving maximum production at minimum expense—since an industry can not, after all, pay out more in wages than the wages' share of its income. (It may not pay out so much; that is another matter. It certainly can't pay more and avoid bankruptcy and disintegration.)

NOW, why can't the railways pay higher wages—assuming that the relation between present wages and the cost of living makes higher wages right? That is an open

question to some extent; the situation is, really, that some railway labor is adequately paid, and some is not. But any railway executive will tell you, if you'll promise not to name him, that he'd be delighted to raise wages all around if he could only afford to do so. It isn't an American habit to haggle and be mean when money is plentiful. If the railways were more prosperous they'd be willing enough to satisfy labor's demands.

So this first problem, of the labor relations of the railways, slips into mesh with the others; the first question, that is, can't be answered independently.

Are operating costs on American railways too high? Yes. Can they be materially reduced? Again, yes. Are the present managements responsible, both for excess costs, and for failure to reduce them? Yes—and no.

It has been said that the traditional efficiency of the American railway, its traditional superiority to any other railways in the world, is a thing of the past. That statement demands proof.

Well—take speed. We have always thought of our trains as the fastest in the world. They are not. Here are three 180-mile runs—Paris-Calais, New York-Providence, and New York-Baltimore. The boat trains from Paris to Calais make the trip in three hours and thirty-five minutes. The Congressional Limited, a crack extra-fare train, uses four hours between New York and Baltimore; the New Haven's limited trains, also extra fare, take six minutes longer for the Providence run. England offers equally impressive examples of greater sustained speed, and speed sustained with safety, than American railways can show.

Speed isn't every-

an added significance. Is it possible that in America, *America*, anything so vital to national life as the railways is actually out of date, old-fashioned? It certainly is possible; it is, to some extent, quite definitely so.

Several modern devices for steam locomotives, generally used abroad, devices that reduce fuel consumption and increase power, are scarcely used at all here. The superheater is one—and the Baltimore and Ohio gets great results with it. A brick fire box arch is another; a feed water heater, quickening steam production, is still another. A booster, a device that gives added power when it is needed, as on a grade or in starting a heavy train, adds 3,500 pounds to engine weight, and gives as much added reserve power as would come if 50,000 pounds were added to weight by making the engine itself bigger. Mechanical stoking, too, much used abroad, is making very slow progress here.

HENRY FORD, experimenting with his

Detroit, Toledo and Ironton road, expects to show American railways many things. He is working out his experiments now; some of them are already being demonstrated on his road. New and lighter engines, new and lighter freight and passenger cars, with improved bearings. Ford is applying his own mechanical genius, and the accumulated engineering skill of his business, to these problems—and wise men in the railway business chuckle or shudder, according to their temperaments, when they think of what the outcome will be.

These same practical railway men have, of course, a defense against the charge that the failure of our railways to adopt all these new devices is an evidence of inefficiency. They can't afford them, they say. Possibly not. But, possibly too, they can't afford to do without them. Of the whole question of how such expenditures can be managed more will be said later.

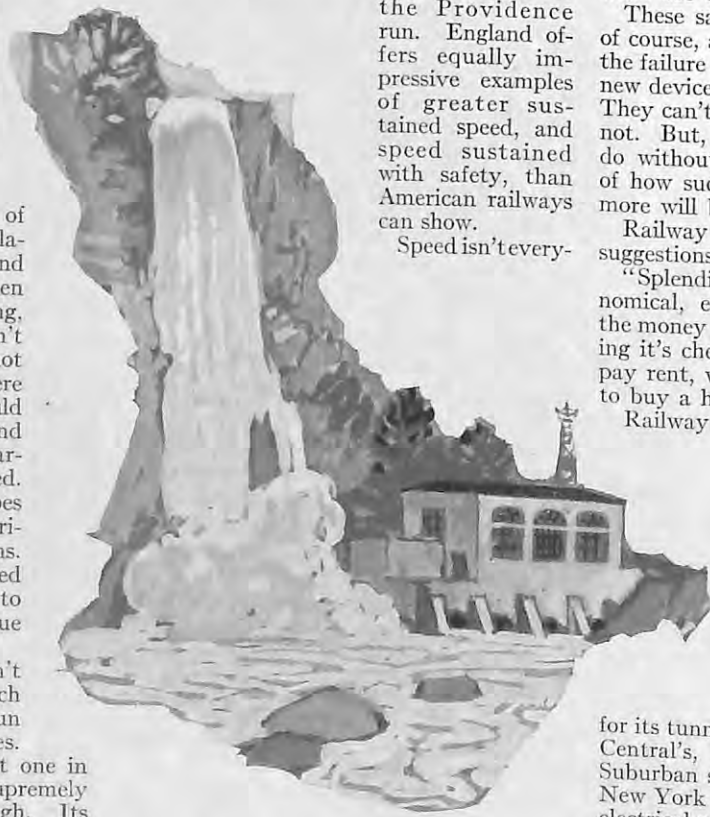
Railway men make the same answer to suggestions for general electrification.

"Splendid—of course!" they say. "Economical, efficient. But—how can we find the money for the first cost? It's like knowing it's cheaper to own your home than to pay rent, when you haven't money enough to buy a house."

Railway electrification is far past the experimental stage. The Baltimore and Ohio was a pioneer, thirty years ago, with its Baltimore tunnels—and has found the installation profitable. Terminal improvements have dictated several important electric installations—those of the New York Central and the New Haven out of New York, the Pennsylvania's, for its tunnels into New York, the Michigan Central's, for its entrance into Detroit. Suburban service has been electrified about New York on three lines. In all these cases electrical power has been generated in steam plants, burning coal.

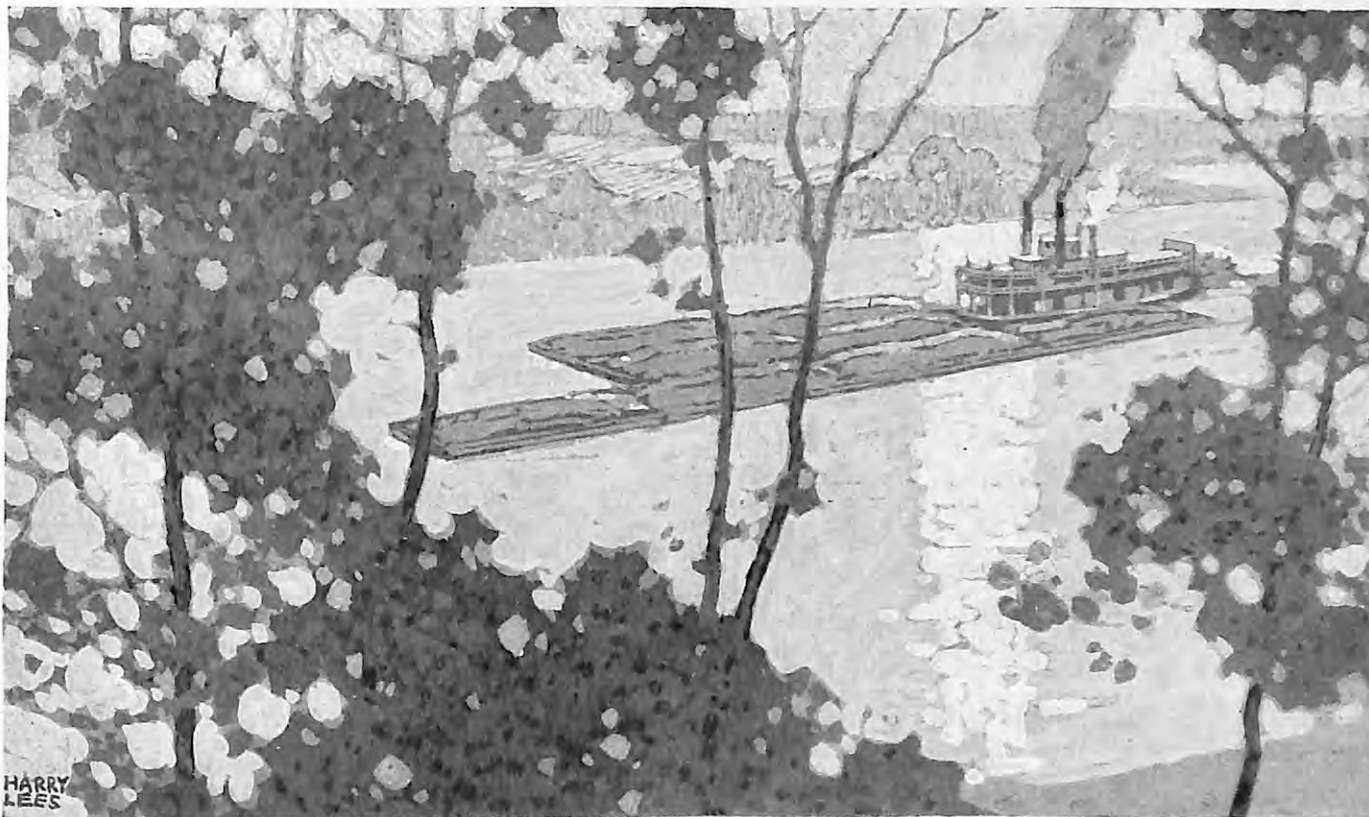
The one really great electrification using water-power is that of the Chicago, Milwaukee and Puget Sound, which operates 649 miles of its main line so. Two sections have been electrified—438 miles from Harlowton, Montana, to Avery, Idaho, and 211 miles between Othello and Tacoma, in Washington.

The Milwaukee sends its trains between Avery and Harlowton without an engine change—though on a run of practically the same length between New York and Buffalo three railways all have been making three



thing. Both the New York Central and the Pennsylvania used to run eighteen-hour trains between New York and Chicago; regard for safety dictated the lengthening of this time to twenty hours, when, mechanically, a sixteen-hour schedule could undoubtedly have been attained. This is just a straw. The greater comfort of sleeping-car travel abroad is another.

Speed isn't everything. But when it is attained, as it is in France and England, not through dangerous pressure, but through the use of ultra-modern equipment, it has



changes. The New York Central is, experimentally, cutting this to two. On this section the Milwaukee uses 45 electric engines, replacing 120 steam locomotives. 259,000 tons of coal and 31,700,000 gallons of fuel oil are saved in a year.

Those figures, moreover, don't begin to show the real fuel saving—for coal or oil for engines must be hauled, using still more fuel. Also, rolling stock and tracks are released from carrying fuel for the railways themselves, and become available for profitable freight business—which would increase the capacity of every electrified railway enormously.

Nor do the economies stop here. Regenerative braking restores, on a down grade, much of the power that has been used to haul a train on the level or on an upgrade—sends it back to the source. Maintenance costs are lower on an electrified road.

The Norfolk and Western has a highly important, though short, electrification of thirty miles. This is at the crossing of the Blue Ridge Mountains. Its heavy coal trains used to move over these grades at seven miles an hour, hauled by three Mallet steam engines of the finest type. Two articulated electric locomotives pull the same trains at fourteen miles an hour; twelve of these engines have replaced 33 of the steam locomotives.

WHERE water-power is available, as in the case of the Milwaukee, there seems little more to be said. But even when coal must be hauled from the mines and burned in a steam plant to generate power, 100 pounds of coal, so used, will produce power enough to move 1,600 tons of freight one mile. In 1918 our railways burned 290 pounds of coal to move 1,000 tons of freight one mile. And, as will appear later, when power and fuel come up for discussion, it seems reasonable to anticipate the time when coal will be turned into electric power where it is mined, and when that power will travel in all directions on transmission lines, and when men will laugh at the idea that coal was once actually carried hundreds of miles

from the mines before it was turned into power.

Are operating costs too high? Can they be reduced? These things seem to justify the answer—yes. And the failure to institute these economies may, to some extent, be laid to the fault of the men who manage our railways.

But there are other factors, largely controlling; extenuating circumstances.

Every one remembers the railway breakdown late in 1917, the first war winter, when the nation was bending every effort to the building of a great army, and its equipment and arming. Our industries were working at top speed. We were building ships and munition plants and making guns and shells and the countless other things we and our allies needed. The railways, faced with the task of moving enormous quantities of freight, and hundreds of thousands of troops, were sagging perilously.

The Government stepped in; took over the roads; created the Railway Administration, under McAdoo. The railways moved troops and freight; the situation was saved. The emergency was met.

But scarcely any episode in American history has led to more denunciation than the Government operation of the railways. It was costly; it left the railways heavily burdened; these and other things have been said, and with much truth. And indignant railway men will tell you that the Government accomplished nothing they could not themselves have done had they possessed McAdoo's freedom from hampering restrictions.

They are probably quite right. McAdoo was freed from the burden of competition among the roads; from all ordinary legal bonds and trammels, and from all concern as to money. His powers and his resources were practically unlimited.

What he did was simple. He divided the country into regions, putting each under the direction of a practical railway executive. He went for the shortest distance between two points. Equipment and terminals were pooled. Take one example. In one

60-day period in 1918, when the war energy was at its height, the routing of 9,000 freight cars was changed so that there was a saving of a million and three-quarter car miles.

Interstate Commerce Commission rulings, binding the railways, were ruthlessly changed. Freight cars were loaded to full capacity; it was made costly to hold cars on factory sidings. The railways want to do all these things; have tried, and are still trying, to do them. But they are hampered by two things—competition and Government regulation that extends to the minutest details of their operations.

THE trouble is that America has developed its railways in accordance with two mutually contradictory conceptions. It has regarded railways as private businesses, and has insisted that railways must compete with one another. There has been a profound distrust, not altogether unjustified, by any means, of consolidations.

But America has not, on the other hand, been willing to see this policy through to its logical conclusion. Competition has not been allowed to go through to the point of killing off the weaker lines. A rich railway has not been allowed to wage rate wars to ruin a rival. That is perfectly right; the inevitable result of such an outcome would be the raising of the rates by the survivor, once its monopoly was established.

But the result of the policy of regulated competition, up to now, has been to preserve the costly shadow of competition, the duplication of facilities, without retaining the substance, which might have some real value. There is no real competition among American railways in rates, because the Interstate Commerce Commission controls these. There is little competition in service; countless agreements among roads exist, as to schedules and as to territory.

Really competing roads would fight to cut the last minute from the running time between important cities. They don't, now. Why does the Pennsylvania leave passenger business between Buffalo and New York to the New York Central, when

it has its own rails between the two cities? Because the New York Central, with a line between Pittsburgh and New York, makes no attempt to get passenger business?

The American railway system can be coordinated. Its capacity can be enormously increased, and its operating expense greatly reduced, by the elimination of the competitive factor. Regulation can and will preserve the public interest, limiting profits to a fair return upon invested capital—a principle already established and accepted. Under such a coordination, such a regional reorganization, freight would no longer travel unnecessary hundreds of miles to stay upon the lines of a single railway, when diversion to theoretically competing lines would save time and money.

WHAT is needed is an organization of our railways that will preserve the merits of the McAdoo experiment and eliminate its costly defects. Under such a plan the necessity for a good many of the burdensome restrictions now imposed upon the railways would vanish. They could, for example, make use of our waterways, inland and coastal, to supplement their own facilities.

Practically speaking, our rivers and canals contribute so small a fraction, to-day, to the solution of our transportation problems as to be negligible.

Yet long-distance transportation in America began on inland waterways. This business rose to the days of glory commemorated by Mark Twain's classics of the Mississippi; sank to the innocuous desuetude of the last few decades. Now there are signs of revival. Certainly we have spent a lot of money on our rivers and canals. But the expenditure has been to some extent haphazard; Congress has, too often, been prone to appropriate money for such work for reasons dictated rather by politicians than by engineers.

Offhand, it is hard to see why these waterways should not be used to supplement the railways in the movement of slow and bulky freight. But that can not be done until the railways may own and operate barge and boat lines, which, under present laws, they may not do.

Free the railways from restrictive legislation that has been defeating its own purpose, open the waterways to them, make it both unnecessary and impossible for them to indulge in wasteful competition—and they will have no difficulty, with profits in sight, in raising the capital they must have for electrification, which will cut their

operating costs and increase their capacity at the same time.

The men who operate our railways know all these things. They know how electrification and modernization of their methods, in general, would increase their efficiency. They know the burden of competition, of red tape, of naggingly restrictive legislation. Why don't they, then, go to the people? Why don't they set forth the facts, ask for what they want?

In the past greed and exploitation have marred American railway history. Unsavory episodes abound in the pages of that history. Railways have been wrecked in the interest of speculation. Fine properties have had to bear the burden of watered stock. But in that history there are glorious pages as well as dark ones. For one man who shouted "The public be damned!" there are a thousand who have given the best that is in them for the public good.

There have been times when the public distrusted the railways. Perhaps, to some extent, it still distrusts them. Congress tends to reflect such views. It tries, in its own interest, to do what it thinks the voters who are behind it want. Let the public once understand the needs of the railways and Congress will soon do its part.

This isn't altogether a cheerful picture of a great American industry, I know. But neither is it meant to be altogether a gloomy one. One has to look at the American railways of to-day—with, of course, conspicuous exceptions, in great properties, superbly managed—rather as one sometimes looks at an ungainly, overgrown, adolescent boy.

You must know such boys. As youngsters they give promise enough. They do well in school. Every one likes them, and pats them on the head, and predicts great things for them. Then they begin to shoot up, and outgrow their clothes faster than new ones can be bought for them, and they become awkward, and clumsy, and everlastingly useless—a nuisance. Yet all the time even those who are most out of patience with them know, when they stop and think, that just ahead is the promise of manhood, upstanding, efficient, successful.

But, too often, you will find men who ignore that promise; who are all for sending such a boy away, for putting him in a reform school. Is that your idea? Of course it isn't! You help him along, lend him a hand, cheer him up, try to plant respect for himself in him, don't you?

The image isn't exact—no image ever is. But would you rather see the railways find themselves, get on their own feet again—or

have them taken over by the Government, once and for all?

That is the situation, obviously. Every strike, every freight blockade, adds to the strength of the advocate of Government ownership. To be sure, the war-time experiment in Government control, it may be said, was not so happy in its results as to encourage further advances in that direction.

"McAdoo spent money like water," say the private ownership people. "He left the roads run down in equipment and personnel and burdened by fearfully expensive systems. He left the railroads heavily in debt to the Government for things they would never have bought themselves and which they had no say about buying."

"Possibly," the Government ownership man admits. "But—he moved his traffic."

"Because he had a free hand," says the other. "The roads could have done just as well themselves with unlimited money and absolute freedom."

"Exactly! And they can't do as well without those things! Well—do you think the Government's going to turn over the Treasury to the railroads and let them run to suit themselves, too? Not a chance! If we've got to subsidize the roads to make them fit to do business, let's go the whole way—take 'em over, pay a fair price for them, and then run them. Bet the Army could do the job."

Between the theoretical supporter of Government ownership and the man who believes in private enterprise and initiative the issue of an argument, in America, is seldom in doubt. This country has made its feeling plain. It doesn't want Government operation of any public utility. It is afraid of it; afraid of the creation of an irresistible and unmovable political machine. Right or wrong, that is the view most Americans take.

AFTER all, the average citizen's interest in the railways is simple. They must function smoothly, efficiently. If they do that, at a reasonable cost, he is satisfied. If they do not, he will demand a change; probably he will, sooner or later, be borne down by the arguments he himself can see that support the Government ownership people.

The railways themselves, by meeting their problems squarely, and by taking the public into their confidence, can insure the maintenance of the present system. Scolding will not serve; neither will theoretical arguments. Freight blockades, impossibly high rates, are solid facts. And only facts can successfully be arrayed against them.



Can Women Be True to Women?

Your Frank Opinion Is Sought on this Important Issue

By Angela Barrett Southard

WHO has not at some time been thrilled by the thought of the Brotherhood of Man; who has not dreamed of the redemption of the race through brotherly love; has not acknowledged with grateful heart past benefits to humanity and hoped confidently for still greater achievements by the spirit of brotherhood working through the fraternal orders of the country, joining men in understanding, in charitable endeavor, in ever widening purposes of unity?

If we might look a little below the surface of the slow stream of human progress, that current bearing so many evidences of man's struggle toward his ideals, we perhaps would recognize a tremendous power ever working through apparent good and evil toward the ultimate good of the race, urging each of us toward an understanding of our duty to the whole, to the ever broadening conception of the universal life, making surely if slowly toward the goal where all life will be harmonious and brotherhood will attain its full meaning.

To work in harmony with that great force, to surrender our weak selves to the tremendous truth of brotherhood and unity, is to work in unison with the highest spiritual law, whose rewards are above human understanding.

If brotherhood has the deep spiritual significance which our inmost conviction confirms, we can readily see that every joining by fraternal ties which aim to lighten in the least the burdens of humanity, or in social relations which make the world a little happier, is helping the progress of the race. In so far as the deliberate purpose of such uniting is toward benevolence, protection and unselfish service, it is even touched with the Divine Compassion which is the symbol of the Brotherhood of Man and the Fatherhood of God.

Tracing so readily such high purposes working out through the medium of the great fraternal organizations, we are struck with the thought that all this represents a unity among men alone, and we are led to speculate on what might be accomplished through a sisterhood of women, believing that much may be expected of that understanding and sympathy which finds in women its most articulate medium.

We need not go far to find the reason why the great fraternities have no counterparts among the women. Giving but the briefest consideration to the age-long difference in training, in aims and ideals of the male and female of the species, we would not be unprepared for the difference in results. The man has been free to roam the earth, the woman has been held to the family and the home, and this tradition and general custom had their origins in plain human necessities. But these centuries of domestic training and environment would not foster the desire to acquire world-wide interests and a broad conception of human relations. Rather would the result be an increased sense of the importance of the individual and a narrower field of interest.

BUT the world moves. Economic necessity or desire for personal achievement has sent into the ranks of the professions and the business world multitudes of women.

Every one of them who has won for herself a place of respect has done more for women as a whole. To them we owe the rapidity of the increase in our privileges, and, also—having reaped the fruits of their efforts—our adherence and unflinching support.

Women are confronted by the fact that in every public capacity they are as yet largely on trial. So many spasmodic sorties have been made on the industrial battleground by those who have retreated at the first call to the shelter of a home, that the great army engaged in a life work are all somewhat under the implication of a lack of steadfastness and dependability. This seems from the nature of things inevitable, but is affecting less and less the thoughtful and mature woman who is facing responsibility as capably and reliably as a man.

WOMEN have also found that men are not always willing to accept them in business on the basis of fitness and capacity; there is a certain feeling of their encroachment on men's particular activities; a reservation as to their desirableness as executives.

We would mark a long step forward if the world could be persuaded that there is no rivalry between men and women as such. As well imagine rivalry between the muscles and flesh of the body. Could the muscles proclaim their greater importance because of their strength which upholds the structure; or could the flesh claim precedence because of its prominence, its coloring, its beauty? Both are valuable only so far as they fulfil the law of their growth and attain the unity which alone makes development possible; each is dependent on the other for its existence, and in the harmony with which they function lies the safety of the whole. Not otherwise may we consider the relations of men and women. No worthwhile woman wants preferment because she is a woman; no man should want it because he is a man. The alert minds of women have only grasped what opportunities have been given by our advancing civilization and it is unworthy to deny them what they have earned; beneath the dignity of manhood to belittle their success or fear their encroachment. It is, however, one of the greatest problems women are facing to-day in this man's world—how to win, without antagonism and eliminating sex, the recognition due their accomplishments. In this real and often distressing situation every thinking woman may help and should do her part; not only because the turning of many keen minds toward finding a remedy will be of great assistance, but also because a step made in this direction is of far-reaching importance to each individual. All women are either directly or remotely affected by the working of these handicaps and should therefore unite in seeking the way to remove them. To present a unity of purpose is vastly to influence public opinion, which is our only shield.

Can we not realize that it is a high privilege to help, if only by our loyal thoughts—which after all is the greatest help—in the work which women are doing? By our unity and cooperation we may enhance tremendously our power for good; by united effort may help immeasurably toward the fulfilling of our ideals; by protecting, understanding sympa-

thy of women for women we may lift many a fainting heart and heal many a broken spirit.

THROUGHOUT the ages women have been pouring out their compassionate tenderness on the race, each in her isolated place because of her necessities, but with the lifting of our civilization to a higher level and the liberation in our economic life, we are free to choose our aims, our occupations and our pleasures as we have never been before. If we have sometimes seemed unequal to the wise use of our freedom, if we have loitered by the way in sheer joyousness, rather than setting ourselves at once to high and arduous tasks, what is this but the reaction from the burdening of the ages? Who really doubts that the sacrificing love which has been the attribute of women of all times will continue to lavish itself upon the race? No less will the unselfishness, the devotion to service, be met with in the new world as in the old, but to insure the highest return from these engaging qualities they should be honored and rewarded and not discouraged and exploited. To gain the recognition we desire we have but to establish the dignity, the earnestness and reality of the Sisterhood of Women.

It is helpful in considering our individual part in this work to remember that by the law of our spiritual growth the one most benefited is the one most unselfishly devoted to the good of all; that to labor with the great spiritual forces forever at work in the world for the common good is, truly enough, the road to the highest personal progress, for "he who would save his life must lose it" has the same deep spiritual significance as when first uttered by the Great Teacher.

On every side we are confronted by the need and the high purposes of unity. It may be that to meet on a common ground we will have to lay aside our little individual measuring rods; that we will be forced to consider personalities less and results more, but until we are able to do this we can not hope to reach the full stature of womanhood, or to be equal to the obligations and worthy of the privileges bestowed by our day and age.

TO ATTAIN some practical measure of unity and make of it a vital factor in our every-day lives, we have to consider in what definite form it may be presented to cover the pursuits and ideals of the greatest number. Shall we propose a Woman's Foundation; shall we have a League of Less Criticism; shall we promote a Union for greater kindness among women; shall we wear a visible emblem, so that all women who need understanding sympathy may know where to find it? You, whose keen minds are working out your individual problems, have you not time for some thought on this broader question; some suggestion for uniting in a movement wide enough to cover our individualities; charitable enough to embrace our creeds; high enough to satisfy our ideals?

To the thoughtful earnest women who are the inspiration of the race an appeal is made, and their advice, suggestions and assistance are hoped for, to the end that women may be greatly benefited and the old slander be forever laid that women are not true to women.



He was an old man, thin and poorly dressed in baggy garments which carried the odor of horses

"Hardshell" Gaines

By Hugh S. Fullerton

Illustrated by George Wright

"HARDSHELL" GAINES was the only name we knew him by, although had any one been sufficiently interested to look through the list of registered owners of race-horses, he would have learned that Hardshell had been christened James Buchanan Gaines. The name might also have furnished a clue as to his age.

Tradition was that he came from somewhere in Pennsylvania, as he spoke sometimes of the horses "up the valley"; but beyond the fact that he had a farm in Tennessee, where he bred and trained the horses he raced, nothing was set down in the "Who's Who" of the turf. He was called Hardshell because he had once explained the difference between the Hardshell Baptists, to which denomination he belonged, and the Washfoots.

He was an old man, thin and poorly dressed in baggy garments which carried the odor of horses and were covered with horse hairs. He loved horses, lived with them and for them and by them. In those days he emerged from his hibernation on the Tennessee farm when racing started at New Orleans and moved northward to Memphis, Louisville, Cincinnati, St. Louis, and Chicago, and in the fall he retraced the route and disappeared. He usually could be found working with some horse and humming an old hymn, and occasionally, when forgetful, he sang hymns aloud while brushing the horses.

He was honest, which fact set him apart from the majority of the persons who follow horse-racing. According to the unwritten law of the turf, it was all right for a millionaire to race horses for sport and the purses, but a poor man was expected to do the best he could, dodge the feed man's bill when possible, get a shade the best of the odds, keep under cover the fact that one of his horses was fit for a race until the odds were right, and, if possible, sell one or two colts

to the wealthy owners at a fancy price to even the losses on the season.

Hardshell Gaines violated all these rules. He was poor. He bred and raced horses because he loved them and loved the sport. He wagered two dollars on each horse he entered in a race, never more or less. He depended upon winning purses to meet expenses, and he refused to sell his best colts at any price. Each year he emerged from Tennessee with three or four fair selling-platers, a string of two-year-olds from which he hoped to develop a champion, and Sword of Gideon, better known as Swore at Gideon, his alleged stake horse and the pride of the Big Bend stables.

Some of the race followers believed Hardshell to be rich. The suspicious ones (and suspicion has its breeding place on race-tracks) thought the old man laid big bets through secret agents whenever he was ready to win a race. When, at not too frequent intervals, one of his horses won, the wise ones nodded and whispered that old Hardshell had made another killing. Others of us who knew how many of the purses offered in selling races must be won to feed, care for, and transport eighteen or twenty horses, estimated his financial rating more closely. I knew there were times when second or third money in cheap races was welcome to help pay feed bills and jockey fees, and that in several lean times colts had disappeared from the Big Bend stables, having been sold secretly at low prices.

No one ever heard Hardshell complain. His health was always "tol'able," his horses were always "tol'able fast," his luck was "tol'able," and after replying thus to inquiries he hummed a hymn and went away. He never was with the crowd of owners and bookmakers around hotels or restaurants, but lived in the stables; and when little Pete, the diminutive negro jockey, rode out of the paddock, Hardshell, a timothy straw in his mouth and trousers laced into the

tops of disreputable boots, sauntered into the betting ring, went to the stand of a bookmaker who had been his friend for years, wagered two dollars that his horse would win, and, without looking to see what the odds were, went down to the rail to root for his horse.

Few knew that Hardshell cherished either an ambition or an enmity—but he did. His ambition was to breed and train a champion colt, and the object of his hatred was Big Jim Long, gambler, bookmaker, sure-thing man, and the head of the Long Investment Company—and the ambition and the hatred were associated.

Long was the Long Investment Company so far as advertising and general knowledge went, but the real head sat at a desk in a suite of offices in the lower Broadway district in New York, and, so far as any one knew, never had been near a race-track. Not even his name was to be found in connection with the Long Investment Company. All letters, remittances, and transfers from branch offices were addressed to James Long, but the man who opened them was Thomas J. Kirtin, whose business, according to the modest lettering on the door of the back room, which opened upon an entirely different corridor from that upon which the Long Investment Company fronted, was "Investments."

KIRTIN'S brain had evolved the idea of applying the all Tontine game to betting upon horse-races, and he had organized the Long Investment Company. In addition to the promise of certain dividends, the company added the appeal to the gambling instinct in human beings. It claimed that the reason persons who bet upon horse-races fail to beat the bookmakers is that the bookmakers have the preponderance of capital. The small bettor could not withstand a run of losses and the gamblers could. It proposed to turn the tables: all bettors were to

pool their capital with the Long Investment Company, which, with its elaborate system of doping horse-races, its exclusive sources of information from owners and jockeys who were "interested," and its perfect system of laying bets which would assure investors of the best odds on each race, would beat the game. Further, it was not as if a bettor wagered all on one race; the company would bet on three, four, possibly six, races a day on different tracks, betting only on inside information, and the winnings would be pooled and divided. One hundred per cent. was guaranteed, and more if the winnings were larger.

THE public had shied at the proposition at first. Then those who had been lured by golden promises commenced to draw 10, 15, even 25 per cent. a month on their investments. On one occasion a "dividend" of 70 per cent. was declared. The first investors had their money back and still were credited with the original investment. The news was received with incredulity, but as more and greater dividends were declared hundreds and then thousands had flocked to invest. Branch offices of the company, lavishly furnished and equipped with telegraph and telephone communications with all tracks, were established in a score of cities. Money poured into the Long Investment Company by tens of thousands, then almost by millions. Each month the "investors" received astonishing dividends. Some perhaps knew or suspected that the dividends were being paid out of the fresh capital, but, being gamblers, they threw their money into the gamble, betting that they would draw out their principal and more before the bubble burst.

In New York, Kirtin waited, watching the expansion of the bubble and timing almost to the hour when the crash must come. In his safe nearly 50 per cent. of the money received, changed into bills of large denominations, was packed in cases, and in his desk were reservations of state-rooms on every vessel departing for Europe

in the next fortnight. The bubble had endured longer than he expected. There was more than a million dollars packed in the cases, and more than that amount already had been transferred and deposited in various European banks. He hesitated, undecided as to whether to risk another week of delay—and decided that the time had come to reap the last harvest and permit the gleanings to remain.

On the racetracks Big Jim Long swaggered and continued his rôle as head of the company spending thousands and talking millions. He was a huge man, with a huge laugh, a round, ruddy face pink from much massage. He wore clothing of striking cut and colors, and his diamonds dazzled the eyes of jockeys and touts. He maintained an air of condescending familiarity with some and patronizing good fellowship with others, and he treated money as dross. Judges, stewards, and club officials watched Long closely and with some disappointment. Rumors that he had bribed jockeys, had influenced owners, that he had fixed races and engineered great killings, were whispered around the tracks, yet the officials could not discover any evidences of his guilt. Big Jim made no denials of the whispered accusations, but blatantly defied the officials to "get anything on him." Moreover, the bookmakers, who watched his movements even more closely than the racing officials did, knew that he never had bet any large sums at the track, and Big Jim had sarcastically inquired if they thought him a fool to make bets for the company at the tracks, where the odds were made, when the company system was to scatter the bets over a score of cities and get better odds. Such bets

as he made at the tracks were for his own account, and generally he lost, so that the small bettors who spied upon him, hoping to learn which horses the company were backing, suspected that he bet to blind them to the real identity of the horses the "killings" were made on. They believed that the

Long Investment Company was winning vast sums. As a matter of fact, the Long Investment Company did not bet at all. Kirtin did not believe in gambling. Yet, oddly enough, Big Jim Long believed firmly and unshakably that if he had complete control of the finances of the company, he could beat the races. He was convinced that with the capital of the Long Invest-

ment Company he could corrupt enough jockeys and owners to pay dividends legitimately and make a fortune for himself. Long would have been an easy victim of the game which he was helping perpetrate upon the public. Kirtin had no such illusions. Long had once argued the point with Kirtin in the privacy of the back room in New York, and Kirtin had called him a fool, with variations, prefix and addenda. And, as Kirtin sent him five thousand dollars a week with which to keep up the front of the Long Investment Company, Long had not pressed the point. Neither had he been convinced.

It was against Big Jim Long that Hard-shell Gaines cherished the one hatred of his life. It had started when Long sought to amuse himself and his friends by ridiculing Gaines and his stable. He had joked at the old man's clothes, at his stable, his colors, and his jockey—and then had made the fatal blunder of ridiculing Sword of Gideon, calling him a "hound."



Long had joked at the old man's clothes, at his stable, his colors and his jockey

Perhaps nothing else would have aroused vengeful hate in the bosom of Hardshell, but to speak scornfully of Sword of Gideon was the unbearable insult. The Sword was Hardshell's weakness, the consummation of his life's ambition gone wrong. It was as if he had reared a strong, handsome son and seen him crippled and then laughed at.

Hardshell had bred and reared the colt and named him, as he did all his other colts, from the Bible. As a two-year-old, racing against the best of the baby thoroughbreds of the West, the Sword had shown stamina, gameness, a racing instinct, and a dazzling burst of speed. He was royally sired, and even the millionaire owners agreed that Hardshell had at last produced a great colt. In mid-season he was rated as one of the two best two-year-olds of the year, and offers of large sums were made for him. He was eligible to race in all the big three-year-old stake races the next season, and Hardshell had refused to listen to any offer or set any price. He had set out to develop a champion racer down there on the little farm in the Big Bend of the Tennessee, a champion which would outrun and outgame the best of the country and win the American derby—then the greatest of all turf prizes.

LATE in August the thing happened. The colt was at the starting post in a six-furlong dash on the Hawthorne track when the barrier, a band of elastic, was broken by the lunging of another colt. The elastic band struck Sword of Gideon in the eye and maddened him with fright and pain. The accident seemed trivial, but the effect was the destruction of Hardshell's life dream. Never thereafter would Sword of Gideon face the barrier without a fight. The memory of the stinging agony of that flying elastic was not to be effaced. A dozen times exasperated starters ordered him out of races and sent him back for further schooling at the barrier. Schooling was useless. He refused to face the thing which had hurt him. The only way in which he could be handled at the start of a race was for the jockey to turn his head away from the barrier, wait until the other horses started, then throw him around and send him after the flying field. Occasionally when the jockey swung him at the right second he had a chance to win. The majority of times he was handicapped five or six lengths on every start, and not infrequently when he heard the swish of the barrier he bolted the wrong way of the track. Look in the guide and after his name in many races you will find the brief record of a tragedy in the words, "Left at post."

The champion was ruined. But in the heart of Hardshell Gaines Sword of Gideon still was the champion. He worked over him as tenderly as a mother over a crippled child, and for him he sang his favorite hymns, as if striving to comfort the horse when he had behaved badly at the post. The newspapers, on account of his bad acting at the start, wrote of him as "Swored at Gideon."

Big Jim Long had called the Sword a "hound," and thereafter Hardshell never spoke to him, but passed him unseeing. At the bar one day Big Jim had noisily invited every one to drink with him, and Hardshell had thrown away his beer and spat before walking away—and the open insult stung even Big Jim Long.

All this was three years prior to the day when the affairs of the Long Investment Company reached their climax. In his New York offices, Kirtin realized that the finish was at hand. The bags filled with money had been removed from the safe in the luxurious offices of the Long Investment Company, carried through the door connecting them with the little office of Thos. J. Kirtin, Investments, and the door locked on both sides. Then Kirtin did the one decent thing of his career. He sent a code telegram to Long and to every agent of the company over the ganglia of leased wires, warning them that the jig was up and it was time to disappear.

Probably it was not until he read that message that Big Jim Long understood the full significance of the situation. He never had stopped to ask himself why Kirtin had bestowed rank and titles upon him, why he had elected him president, and why all the ornate stationery and the many messages bore his name, or even why he had been paid five thousand dollars a week. Perhaps he thought he earned it by virtue of his influence among racing people. He understood now that he, Jim Long, would be held accountable to the law, that he would be fugitive or prisoner while Kirtin, with the millions of dollars looted from the public, could not be connected with the swindle and would be safe in Europe.

He cursed Kirtin, and, strangely, not because Kirtin was a thief and worse. He cursed him because he considered Kirtin a fool. Had Kirtin followed his plan and advice, the scheme would have worked. With that almost unlimited capital behind him he could have fixed enough races and won enough money to pay the dividends.

Long knew that within a day or two, three at the longest, the author-

company to ignore Kirtin's message and prepare for a killing.

Let Kirtin go his cowardly way. He, Big Jim Long, would face the situation, pay the dividends, and handle the big money himself. He knew that at least a half million dollars remained in the hands of the agents of the company in different cities—the gleanings which Kirtin had not considered worth the risk to remain and collect. Long telegraphed, ordering the agents to hold all funds subject to his order instead of forwarding them to New York.

Kirtin, busy clearing the desk in his office and destroying the last papers that would reveal any connection between Kirtin, Investments, and the Long Investment Company, heard the news and shrugged his shoulders. He had tried to save the fools, and if they refused to be saved it was none of his affair. An hour later he and his suitcases were in the stateroom of a liner.

AT THE Fair Grounds track in St. Louis, Big Jim Long set to work hastily to stave off disaster and revive the investment company. He had considered telegraphing the authorities to hold Kirtin, but had rejected the plan as unbecoming one in his profession. Long's plan of procedure was simple and direct. He would fix a race, pay the horse owners well, and win enough money to declare another dividend, restoring the faith of the investors, who already had begun to show signs of uneasiness as rumors spread. It was not a problem of morals but of mathematics.

The chief obstacle to his plan was lack of time, and he knew he must act rapidly.

Already the rumors that the Long Investment Company was in trouble had spread through the uneasy ranks of the gamblers, and Long knew the first one who informed a district attorney of the affairs of the company would bring the avalanche. By rapid work he completed his preliminary plans during the races that afternoon. An overnight handicap was carded for the next day's races, and Long selected eight owners whose morals he knew were below the par even of racing, and each agreed to enter a horse in the race. The chief problem was to prevent other owners from naming their horses to start, and to avoid this one owner agreed to enter Attorney Jackson, a high-class racer, to frighten owners of slower horses out.

That evening a caucus was held. Besides Long, eight owners were present. It was agreed that with Attorney Jackson the favorite, the odds against Mildred Rogers would be at least fifteen to one, therefore by simple arithmetic Mildred Rogers should win, because fifteen times one is fifteen, whereas two times one is two. Long intended to bet the remnants of the capital of the investment company, and, figuring the price would recede from fifteen or twenty to one to ten to one before the money was placed, he estimated that he would win close to five million dollars. Not a cent was to be wagered at the track.

The caucus, after nominating Mildred Rogers to win, decided that Attorney Jackson was to make the early running, cutting out a terrific pace to the head of the stretch, while Betty M. and Pretty Dehon were to come up fast, crowd the



He had entered Sword of Gideon in the Handicap, and as he bandaged the bad leg of the old horse, he hummed a hymn

ities would descend upon the company offices. With a sudden determination, Long sent a code order to every agent of the



Sword of Gideon, stung into forgetfulness, leaped into full stride, two full lengths in the lead of the field before the others were under way

leader far outside on the turn, allowing Mildred Rogers to come through along the rail, after which the entire field was to bunch behind her and shoo her home a winner, while Attorney Jackson pulled up as if lame.

The rehearsal was progressing satisfactorily and each owner was receiving instructions as to the way his horse should run. The caucus was pleased. Long had agreed that he would bet at least four hundred thousand dollars, and that he would give 25 per cent. of the total winnings to the owners. The eight who were playing deuces wild in the sport of kings were calculating that they would divide at least a million dollars among themselves when the disquieting news arrived.

"What the hell do you think of that?" Sorgan, owner of Patsy Frewen, demanded. "Old Hardshell Gaines has entered old Swored at Gideon."

There were a chorus of curses.

"That hound of his ain't got a chanst," declared Kinsley. "It's ten to one he runs the wrong way of the track."

"He's the worst actor at the post on the circuit," said Stanley.

"He's liable to bust up the start."

"Better pick one of our horses to bump him and put him over a fence," snarled McGuire. "He ain't got any business in this. He knows Attorney Jackson can beat him."

IT WAS a testimonial to his reputation for honesty that not one of the assembled crooks even suggested asking Gaines to enter the conspiracy. They cursed him for an interfering old fool, they cursed his stubbornness, they cursed his idiocy in still insisting that Sword of Gideon was a stake horse, they cursed his supposed parsimony and believed he had entered his aged racer in the hope of winning a few dollars by getting the place or show money. Not one suspected that

anything excepting blind chance had caused him to enter his horse in the race.

They were wrong. Hardshell Gaines, with an unsullied record of fifty years on the turf, had heard something. He had seen Long in conference with some owners, and when the same owners rushed to enter their horses in the overnight handicap Gaines' suspicion had become certainty. He had entered Sword of Gideon in the handicap, and for an hour afterward had rubbed and stroked the old campaigner, and as he rolled bandages around the bad leg of the old horse and applied liniment to his throat, he had hummed a hymn.

Occasionally his voice rose in song and he sang of the time when "the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest." It was after dark when he entered the Laclede downtown and sought out the assistant starter.

"Joe," he said solemnly, "I have been in this game, man an' boy, close to fifty year and tried to run straight and do right as a hossman and a Baptist. No man can say James Buchanan Gaines owes him a cent or ever done a dishonest thing. I've done had a wrastle with my conscience, and consarn me if I believe it's wrong to skin a skunk!"

Joe nodded approval.

"There's something doing, Joe," said Hardshell. "Eight of them owners and that slick crook Jim Long is holdin' a caucus. Nary a word to old Hardshell, and the Sword is entered."

Joe nodded understandingly.

"Lissen, Joe," said Hardshell, lowering his voice. "Long is planning a big killing, and it's up to me and the Sword and you to stop him. The Sword is good for once, if that nigh left leg don't overheat. He can beat any hoss in that race, 'ceptin' Attorney Jackson, and I reckon they ain't plannin' to have no favorite win."

Joe nodded again and reserved speech, waiting for the proposition.

"I ain't asking no man to do anything dishonest, Joe," the old man went on—"it's agin my religion and my conscience too—but something's got to be done."

Hardshell waited expectantly and hummed, "When temptation sore assails me," hoping that Joe would indicate his attitude or show receptivity, but the assistant starter nodded and smoked in silence.

"Tain't as if I was trying to bribe anyone," Hardshell explained painfully. "I don't want no one to do anything that is agin his conscience."

"What do you want me to do?" Joe asked, breaking his silence.

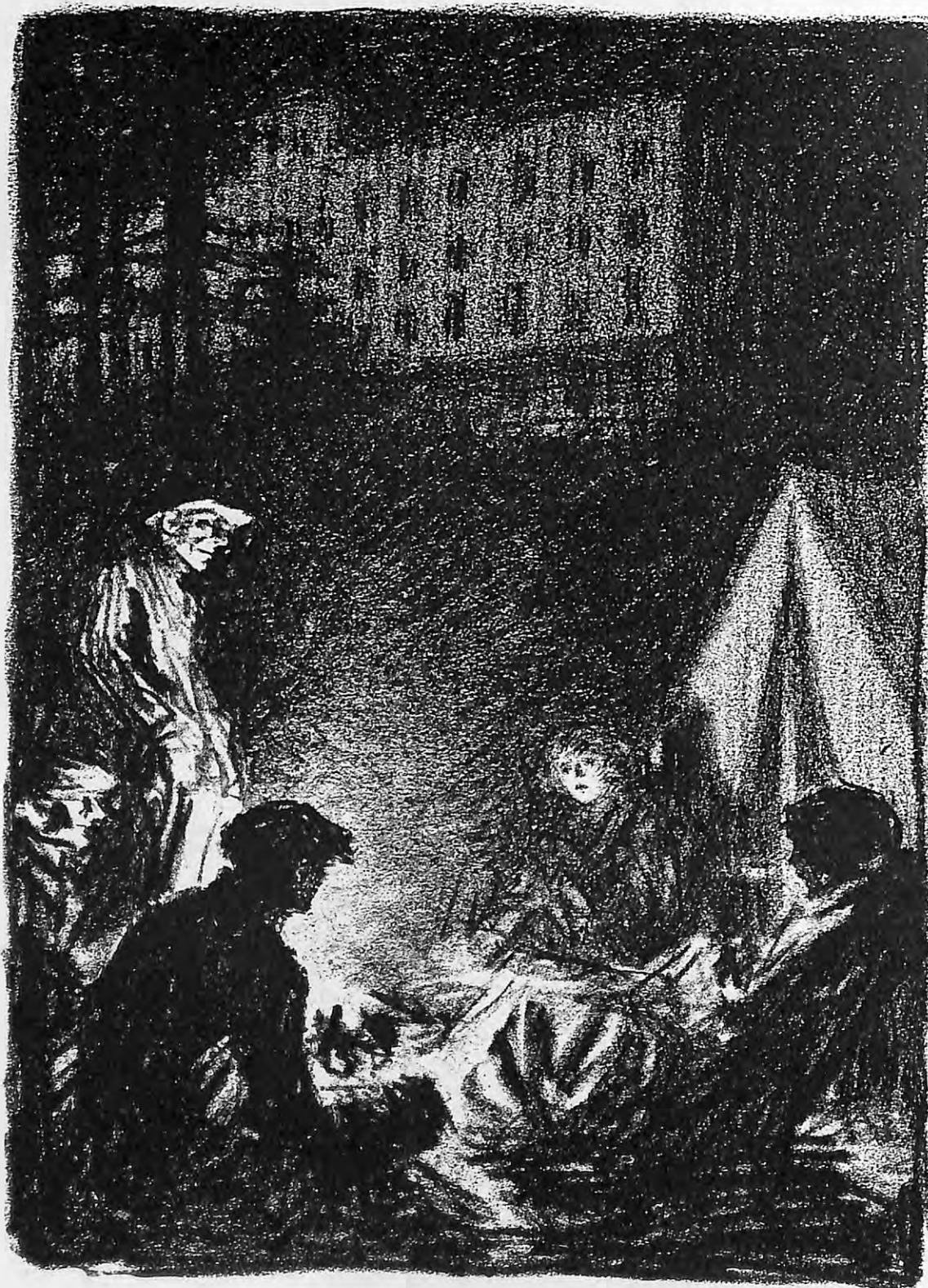
"All I ask is that you help the Sword get off straight, and me and you and the Sword'll spile the crookedest plan ever hatched."

"Ain't any law against my helping a bad actor get off right," said Joe.

Hardshell said no more. He gripped Joe's hand hard, and, after buying him a cigar, strolled away, humming "Come, Holy Spirit, Heavenly Love, with all thy quickening powers."

THERE was an air of uneasiness hanging over the betting ring at the Fair Grounds track as the horses hand-galloped to the starting-post in the fourth race. The air was surcharged with expectancy. Judges, always alert and watching for signs of dishonesty, stared at the horses and received frequent bulletins from the betting ring. Bookmakers, fearful of a sudden attack by betting commissioners backing a certain horse, held their chalk and erasers ready for rapid use. Bettors, hearing vague whispers of "something doing," asked each other excitedly what was being played. Yet everything in the betting ring, paddock and stand seemed tranquil. The betting was light. Attorney Jackson was favorite at seven to five, Patsy Frewen the second

(Continued on page 65)



Chapter III

SEVERAL hours later all the big green bottles in the attic were taken down to the dock, and, cautiously opened, were found to contain only water. Either the water-bottles had been used as blinds for the container of the gas, or else the chemical had been put in an empty vessel, for maturing or safekeeping. Every member of the party had his or her theory; but the whiteness of their faces was their surest evidence of the malignant character of the liquid.

While they were examining the containers the boat with Digby Kent and Otto Bergthal arrived at the dock. Bergthal was a stolid-looking man whose nod to Jake seemed as devoid of any real human interest as a greeting could be; but when his eyes fell on the

The Footstep

By Anna McClure Sholl

Illustrated by Frederic Dorr Steele
For synopsis of first part see page 66

bottles lined up on the dock, a curious light filled his round impassive face.

"Where did you get them?" he asked, while Kent said genially, "Is this a hootch party? What's up?"

"It might 'a' been a wake. Poison gas was up—and four of us was down," Jake answered—and he related the circumstances. Digby Kent showed more genuine feeling than Andrew had thought him capable of.

"Are you all right, Mrs. Hartley?" he said earnestly, "and Beulah?"

"We're all right in the open," Caroline answered, "and Dr. Farrell advises our camping out to-night to give the hotel a thorough freshening, and our own lungs!"

"Good idea!" Digby said. "If you took my advice you'd all start for Albany to-night—and never come back to this queer place. Are you sure it was war gas?" he asked Andrew.

"I thought at first I recognized a well-known gas whose manufacture was a secret of the German chemists—but people didn't escape so easily from the effects of that. I don't think this was much worse than a bad mixture that could knock people senseless—but not really poison them, or these four wouldn't be here."

"I believe all them stories now about the

Mohican," Ma Simmons said earnestly. "Mrs. Hartley, if I was you, I'd sell the place. It's a bad-luck house."

It certainly looked so to Andrew's vision, under the darkening sky through which the bats were flying. The old sign with its tarnished gold letters rocked and creaked in the wind; even the row of boats chained to the old dock and the people seated on it seemed like the dark setting of a drama whose end was not yet.

THE picture was too gloomy—he dismissed it, and thought instead how beautiful Beulah looked in spite of her pallor. He remembered thankfully that she had answered his repeated "dearest" with a little tender smile; and had rested her head more easily on the pillow; and when Caroline had re-entered the room he had the sensation of a secret shared together—something too beautiful even to tell the woman who loved Beulah most.

He wanted to take Beulah away and marry her—before she could think again of Richard Marvel—but the Mohican would let nobody go until its bad name was cleared up; of that he was sure. They were as bound to this inanimate hotel as if it were a destiny in wood and iron, a decree of fate in its lonely pine woods. One thing he had made up his mind to—Digby Kent should join the campers. His attention was now attracted by Otto's stare at "The Lost Star."

"Mein Gott!" he ejaculated, "where did that boat come from?"

"From New York, of course, by express," answered Jake, "done up in burlap to keep the new paint and the gilt from scratchin'. It brought a visitor, Otto, and we was tryin' to locate him when we spilled that devil juice."

"Ef he was on the island once, he's on it now," answered Otto. "The lake's been rough this afternoon. Nobody could swim in it. You ain't searched thorough."

Digby laughed. "I tell you the place is uncanny, as they say in Scotland. Where are you all goin' to sleep to-night while the hotel is being aired?"

"On the lawn in front of the hotel," Jake answered. "I went to the village and ordered tents, such as they be. Sandy Mead's bringin' 'em. The doctor thinks one night out of the hotel will restore everybody and give the place a chance to air. What's that now?"

A muffled scream came to their ears as if some one was crying in vain for help which did not arrive. Jake started on a run and the Doctor after him. Digby Kent got out of his boat leisurely, with a basketful of fish.

"Caroline, you will excuse me," he said, "if I don't run after every queer noise in this choicest of all summer resorts. Instead I'll build the fire and we'll fry these beauties for an al fresco supper. How about it, Mrs. Simmons?"

"Sounds good to me," she answered. "I'll make some red-hot coffee; it'll keep us from freezin'."

JAKE and Andrew returned with the report that they could find nothing, though the place was like a cavern of echoes. The noise had sounded close by, then very far off, but their best efforts could not quite locate it.

Kent suggested it might be some one hidden in the trees. As the evening wore on Caroline almost forgave his presence there, he was so helpful—assisting Jake after supper to erect the tents; seeing that every one had wraps enough. But he was to ask his price. He suggested that he and Mrs. Hartley should venture into the hotel lobby to look

over the papers he had brought. She could not very well refuse, so they went in.

"Caroline," he began, "have you made a will?"

"Why, of course," she answered smiling. "Did my near approach to death frighten you?"

"Is this will with Ford and Keep?"

"Yes. James Ford drew it up. Why do you ask?"

"Oh, I have wondered, that's all! Now for my little papers. Don't look alarmed. This is merely the sale of some property on Hudson Street that Spencer owned—two old houses always requiring repairs. You authorized me to get rid of them," he said as he spread out a deed of sale. "Well, it's done—and you're one hundred thousand the richer. But your signature is required. Right here, Caroline."

"I must read it first."

"Certainly," he assented.

She read the deed of sale over. "This seems all right," she commented. "Where do I sign?"

"Here."

She wrote her name. "It will be all Beulah's some day," she said.

He started. "You mean you've left everything to her?"

"Except a few bequests—I don't expect to outlive her. I do not know what God's will may be for me, but—I believe some people can not be separated."

"Caroline, leave this dream of the dead. You're young. Go into society this winter a little. You're fond of music. Go to the opera. See a few good plays. If you want an escort, here's poor old Digby right at hand."

"You are very kind, Digby—but I can't go to the opera. We heard every one together—and some many times. I feel as if I could not go with any one else."

"You never intend to marry again?"

She gave a gesture of impatience.

"I am married! I am Spencer's wife as much as if he were in this sphere. Digby Kent, don't you know that he and I weren't really separated? Empty arms belong to this world. I am living in another."

"A young and beautiful woman talking as if she were eighty," he ejaculated. "Ah, you'll change your mind some day," he added with the fatuous faith of a man who believes his own will must be law to others because it's a law to himself. His face in the lamplight had grown long and narrow; his heavy lips had thinned into two straight lines of rigid determination. A queer likeness to a wolf, she thought, peered through the earnestness of his intent gaze upon her. She wished he would go home and leave them in peace.

"Digby," she said, "can't you make up your mind that I mean what I say?"

"I'd steal you, if I could," he muttered.

"I'd get you anyway to make you my wife."

"Against my will? Surely you wouldn't be as unchivalrous as that."

"Chivalry! Chivalry was a woman's in-

vention. Men played the part to please her—not themselves."

Caroline smiled in spite of herself. "You're frank at least. I'll meet candor with candor. I'll never be your wife, Digby; not anybody's but Spencer's. I've signed this paper—now you can—"

"I can leave!"

"I am not putting it that way; but really I came up here to be very quiet."

"How about that Doctor fellow?"

"Dr. Farrell is constantly with Beulah, so I can moon alone, you see."

"Well, no one can accuse you, Mrs. Spencer Hartley, of playing a part in this case, though you are considered a good actress."

"By whom—my friends or my enemies?"

"You have no enemies."

"I hope not," she said wearily; "it's a waste of good dynamics to hate anybody—love never wastes anything."

He regarded her sullenly, passionately, a certain violence in his look which made her long to behold his retreating form and the Gladstone bag proceeding to the main shore. She wondered if some woman would love him and marry him and regard him as her gate to romance; and see in that face, which let no light through, her assurance that she had not lived in vain. She hoped Digby would forget and take his rough wooing to another—some care-free girl. But she pitied the girl.

"WELL, Caroline, I can't stay if you don't want me to stay. I'll get away to-morrow afternoon. One more day's fishing I do claim."

"If you want to remain in the village that will be all right—but you can see yourself how it is here. Mrs. Simmons has the brunt of the work; and she's upset by queer occurrences; I have had anything but the rest and quiet I came for. I am almost ready to believe I have a haunted hotel on my hands. I am sorry I bought the old Mohican."

"I told you that you would be," he proclaimed triumphantly. "It's best left to the rats, in my opinion. Offer it for sale this winter. Some sucker will buy it. There are always fools who buy things just for the sake of spending money."

"I don't want to sell it that way. That's cheating," she answered promptly.

"How will you advertise—to be perfectly honest?" he remarked satirically. "For sale—a haunted hotel with a bad reputation, and a murderous old dock—calculated to ruin the

owner's nervous system inside of a week's time?"

"Something of the sort, I suppose. I certainly won't sell it until I can vouch for it; and when I vouch for it, I'll probably keep it."

"Well, my last word to you is—sell the hotel, Caroline," Kent said. "You came here for sentiment, but you'll leave the place with relief in your heart. I'll wire for an Albany sleeper to New York to-morrow,



A man stood peering in through the glass door panels

Better let me make arrangements for the whole party."

"Oh, no. I'm staying to restore the Mohican's good name. I must know what's the matter with the hotel before I go away from it."

"And suppose you can't restore it! Suppose this is something supernatural," he challenged.

"Then I'll call in the Society for Psychical Research—just as I'd call in the plumber for a bad drain."

Kent gave a short laugh. "And what would *they* do with the old shack?"

"**T**HEY are specialists—they'd go after the ghost in ways I do not understand. But until I am sure that I am helpless to deal with this problem, I shall stay on here. I am more curious than frightened now."

Kent shrugged his shoulders. "Oh, well, some one must have his way. I for one am willing to take my chance both with the ghost and the gas. Those tents look chilly to me."

"Hot-water bottles for every one," she assured him.

"Oh, well, if it's the law of the land there's nothing else to say," he grumbled.

To Beulah it was a relief to have Caroline leave the hotel and rejoin the group about the camp-fire, who looked decidedly like the first settlers in their heavy wraps and rugs. About them was a ring of darkness and then the hotel silvered with moonlight, and all its windows wide open.

"Ef it don't get aired to-night it never will," Jake said. "Ma, warm enough?"

Ma Simmons wrapped her rug closer about her. "Yes, I'm warm enough; but I won't make no objections to sleepin' in the Mohican to-morrow, come what may."

"I'll never sleep in it again," said Kent. "I'm leaving you all to-morrow."

"Don't say," commented Jake, but nobody else spoke.

"Miss Belford, don't you want to take a stroll?" Andrew asked, eager to be with her alone; and the girl, who seemed worried and distraught, rose promptly.

"Don't go far," Jake warned. "But if you see or hear anything, holler. The rest of us will sit tight where we are."

The two promised and started off toward the pines. Beulah looked back at the tent and camp-fire. "This vacation grows queerer and queerer," she commented. "But aren't you glad he's going?"

"Digby Kent? Yes, it will be a picnic again when he is gone. He seems like Wall Street let loose in a country lane."

"I am sorry Cousin Caroline has to endure him as business executor," Beulah commented, "and he is in love with her besides—wants to marry her! Imagine my beautiful, proud cousin linked to that man! If you could see the little house in West Ninth Street where she and Spencer lived, with all its intimate lovely things: rare books and an Airedale; and a Botticelli—genuine, too; and everything touched by their hands. They always did everything as if their hands were clasped together. Spencer always kept her favorite flowers about—great single violets and small sunset roses; and always in deep winter red roses and holly whether it was Christmas or not. . . . Poor Cousin Spencer!—to die so suddenly; so terribly!"

"Yes, the Clarendon Club fire was a horror," Dr. Farrell said. "It seems to have wiped its victims out like bits of tissue paper."

"The smoke did as much as the fire," Beulah remarked. "And people falling from landings and fire-escapes in the darkness. Since Spencer's death my cousin clings des-

perately to any place dear to him. I wish you could have seen their old farmhouse on the Sound. The house at Newport he didn't like much—though it had belonged to his people for years—but he loved the Sound house; so quaint and beautiful among its hollyhocks and zinnias."

"But she can't keep them all."

"**N**O, the house at Newport will be sold. That will leave her a town place and the farm; and this—" she paused, "this strange, ghostly Mohican."

"Beulah."

She turned, a flash of premonition in her face.

"My dear, I've known you only three days. How little time counts! I couldn't love you more in all the years of a long life. Don't speak yet. Tell me one thing only. Are you writing to your friend, Richard Marvel? Do you really miss him and want him here to complete your happiness?"

"Richard Marvel?" she repeated. "I almost asked who he was—no, please," as he took a step toward her—"not yet. How could I be sure yet! Why, we've only just been introduced."

"You shall have all the time in the world."

"Just now Caroline counts so much. She is on my mind constantly. Will you think it strange if I say I want her happy before I can be happy? I gave up my art studies in Paris to be with her. I could give up much more."

"But suppose she wanders forever in a world of memory," Farrell said gently. "Must I wait years and years—for you?"

"Remember I am only eighteen," she answered with quiet dignity, "and I have very much to learn. You'll gain by waiting," she added.

"Adorable you! what have you to learn?"

"Everything," she sighed, and changed the subject abruptly. "I'm glad we're here in spite of all these queer happenings. Outside is a world that doesn't know of a haunt-

HAVE you a "complex"? Do you, for instance, find it actually painful to be in the same room with a lemon meringue pie? Psychoanalysts claim that complexes—which is another word for peculiarities or weaknesses—may be traced back to childhood influences. Dana Burnet has written a story about a boy who, shorn of his self-confidence by hearing, when very young, the fate of Goliath at the hands of David, regains it under thrilling circumstances. Coming next month

ed hotel and a footstep—" she broke off suddenly. "Why, there's a light on the third floor. Jake must be exploring."

Farrell looked up; then gave a halloo, which was answered by a thin, strained voice like that of a man exhausted by calling. "It isn't Jake. It must be Mr. Kent getting his things for the tent."

"But his room is on the fourth floor—that's the third."

They watched the lighted window in silence. It seemed tightly closed and on its shade was reflected the broad mesh of an inner curtain; but for a time nothing else. Then, as they watched, the figure of a man crossed the shade. "Let's go back," Farrell said, "and count the party."

Both Digby Kent and Jake were by the camp-fire, Ma Simmons and Mrs. Hartley talking together at a little distance.

"Oh, Jake," Farrell called, "will you come here a minute?"

They told him of the light in the window. "You're both dreamin'. Can't be!"

"Come, see for yourself," Beulah said.

Jake watched the window with a face slightly pale under his tan. "If that isn't the gol-darndest—" he ejaculated. "Miss Beulah, I'll take you back to your cousin. Doctor, you stay here, and watch that window; I'm going in with a gun. We've got that fellow now—sure."

Andrew watched them until they disappeared among the pines. Then he seated himself, lit a cigarette and fixed his eyes on the pallid oblong of the window, the only patch of light on the hotel's great flank. He was enough of a believer in psychic forces to realize that much that is called supernatural is the result of laws imperfectly understood and tabulated—but as orderly, could they be known, as any of the finalities of science.

Into this philosophy, however, he did not dig too deeply; believing that a certain amount of mystery was as healthful as night-time—a season for faith and rest and trust. And daytime was made for action, not for speculation.

ALL these minutes he was staring at the lighted window and wondering what on earth ailed this building. Haunted houses, the psychical researcher explained, might have been made so through the intensity of lives spent in them—usually an intensity of evil, not good—but what on earth could cause a hotel so full of restless careless life to become shunned, abandoned, as hopeless as some demented human being?

Indians had once swarmed over this island. Did their earth-bound spirits claim the old place? He would be glad when Beulah was out of it. He was not easy now if she was not in sight. "It's the horrible depth of that lake that's on my nerves," he muttered as he listened to the lap-lap of the water against the granite boulders. "Really I can understand those nervous patients now who tell me they want to jump into deep water. I believe if I sat alone on that old dock for a whole day I would jump in."

He started at a footstep behind him—but it was Jake—a Jake he didn't quite recognize, for the face turned to him was as white as a ghost. The man was actually shaking. "Has that light been on every minute?" he demanded.

"Every minute. I've never taken my eyes off it."

"Well, there ain't no such room," he ejaculated between a gasp and a growl. "I've been in every room on this side of the house—and there ain't a light or a sign of a light."

"Now I'll go!" said Farrell. "You watch and I'll go. Two people can't be nutty. You sit here, Jake, and keep your eyes on that window. I'll shout to you right down the line; and we'll see where that light is," he added as if threatening an invisible third person.

He skirted the side of the hotel on his return journey, keeping in the shadows, as he did not wish either Beulah or Mrs. Hartley to see him. Wondering at his own nervousness he stepped into the lobby where he could just see his way up the stairs. On the landing he jumped instinctively before he realized that the man confronting him was his own reflection in the huge mirror. He struck a match and by its light shielded in the curve of his hand made his way to the



They watched the lighted window in silence . . . It seemed tight closed. Then, as they watched, a figure appeared

third floor—first glancing down the second floor corridor to see if there were signs of intruders. On the third floor he paused, for down the corridor, as if advancing to meet him, came a footstep. No one was in sight. Over the tall doors the transoms showed like pale patches in the gloom. Suppose he should see a face regarding him with the sly indifference of the dead from one of those empty rooms? Shaking off this childish fancy, he began his trip down the hall. In the first room the window stuck, and he could only call out from the second that the first had been attempted. After that his progress was quick, and now he was almost above Jake, whose pale face showed like a patch of white far down among the trees.

"Am I close now?"

"Next one," Jake called back.

He entered a perfectly dark room. "You've skipped it," Jake yelled. "You've skipped it."

"I didn't skip anything," Farrell called back. "I came right down the hall."

"My Gawd! the damned thing's gone," Jake yelled profanely. "To-morrow I'll get ladders. I'll root out that ghost."

FARRELL drew in his head. Those maddening footsteps were all about him, as if more than one pair of feet trod the floors. He could even hear the boards creak; and now a curious thing happened to him. He felt totally incapable of making the return journey, and wished that he could drop instead from the window-ledge—a trick of the nerves which made him realize that the war was not through with him yet. While he was in that state of uncertainty, almost of panic, a voice said close to him, "But there never should have been any funeral!"

He jumped, according to his after-calculations, nearly a foot; and there was no longer

any question of reluctance to traverse the long dark hall—as if he were six years old again and fleeing from an imaginary bear, he went down the corridor two jumps at a time; and collided with Jake at a turning. Both yelled simultaneously.

"Oh, gum! I thought you was a ghost," Jake cried out.

"I had a similar impression," Farrell answered with a grin. "We're worse than a couple of kids; but I heard a voice saying, 'There shouldn't have been any funeral.' I didn't wait to hear more."

"I'm comin' to see where that missing window is."

"You'll do well if you can find it," said Farrell.

Jake didn't seem particularly anxious to put his words into action.

"I'll find it to-morrow all right. We won't say nothin' to the ladies—but I'll go over to the mainland and fetch an old carpenter I know helped build the Mohican; and I'll bring ladders."

"Better wait until Mr. Kent goes. He leaves to-morrow night."

"Why—what has he to do with it?"

"If he thought there was something interesting goin' on he might stay."

Jake grinned. "We'll let him depart," he commented. "I guess the quieter we keep about the ghost the better, that's why I want to fetch old Charlie Baird. Charlie is as close-mouthed as a clam; and he knows every timber in the place."

They stood in silence for a moment, as if they almost expected the doors to open and troops of long-ago summer visitors to come out. "If the darned thing burned down it wouldn't be a great misfortune," observed Jake. "Some places are like some people, 'born to be damned,' and I'll say the old Mohican's one of them."

"Well, we don't have to sleep in it to-night," Farrell replied. "That footstep is not going to trouble us out there in the tents."

THEY rejoined the others. "More mystery?" asked Kent, who was stoking the fire.

"Oh, nothin' much," Jake answered. "A rat-catcher might be a good ghost-exterminator."

Caroline smiled. "I hope no one walks in his sleep," she said, "we're rather near that old dock."

Kent laughed. "Drowned men tell no tales anyway. Well, I for one am going to turn in."

Beulah was awake early and in spite of the frost in the air she went for a swim in the lake with Andrew—a cold, delicious plunge which shook her free from all the mystery of the night before. After breakfast Jake took Mrs. Hartley aside and told her of his intention to go over to the mainland and secure the services of old Charlie and a couple of long ladders that could be hooked together. "Jim can come and fetch Mr. Kent's bag," he said, "or mebbe old Otto will put him on the train."

Caroline thought the arrangement excellent. It was a relief to know that Digby Kent was really going. Even the footstep was companionable compared to his heavy wooing, his materialistic view of life and his determination that she should "recover" from a grief and look upon him as the successor of Spencer. Of his will she felt a certain dread; as if it might accomplish its purposes by knowing no scruples. Bad wills worked as strangely as good; and the results alone betrayed the insecurity of running against the grain of the universe.

(Continued on page 66)



Dr. John Dysart, Grand Chaplain,
Jamestown, N. Y., No. 263



Charles H. Grakelow (in oval),
Grand Esquire,
Philadelphia, Pa., No. 2



Jefferson B. Browne, Pardon Commissioner,
Key West, Fla., No. 551



Roland W. Brown (at left), Secretary
to the Grand Exalted Ruler,
Charleroi, Pa., No. 494

The Grand Lodge 1922

Appointive Officers 1923

The Spirit of the Order of Elks

By Judge John C. Karel

WHAT—and why—is an Elk? That may not be the form, but it is the substance of a query often made. Well, a true Elk is a living and active embodiment of optimism: an agent of uplift and betterment.

In one of Rudyard Kipling's best-known and most entertaining books, the youthful "Kim" is lovingly spoken of as "the little brother of all the world." Now, an Elk is just a grown-up "Kim"—he is the big brother of all the world.

Many centuries ago a man ironically asked—"Am I my brother's Keeper?" He spoke as if there could be but one answer, and his view—that it would be both ridiculous and unreasonable to expect him to concern himself about another man's troubles—has been largely prevalent, through all the centuries down to our day.

But always there have been some who questioned it: some who believed that a life too selfishly individualistic was an evil and a barren thing. They believed that a man *was* his brother's keeper, and that wherever sorrow of heart or worldly misfortune came it was their brotherly privilege and duty to do what they could to comfort the heart that mourned and lighten the evil burden of distress.

That was, and is, the Spirit of the Elks. It fosters a brotherly outlook upon all man-

kind, and is steadfast in its faith that the creed it lives by helps to *make the world* a better and cheerier place to live in.

The Spirit of the Elks may be expressed in words, but not in words alone. It finds its most effective expression in active brotherly service. All of the philanthropic sermons that ever were preached are, for all practical purposes, utterly worthless in comparison with the "straight-from-the-shoulder" lesson afforded when some layman brother helps "a lame dog over the stile."

It is in the "doing" of things that the Spirit of the Elks finds its best and most eloquent expression. To sympathize with sorrow or distress is not enough. If it goes no further it is like trying to comfort a starving man by making him a present of a cookery book—it would probably make him feel much worse, instead of better. That is the kind of aid and comfort that some seem to prefer, but it is not the Elk way.

It is one of an Elk's chief purposes in life to make the world a better and a brighter place by his having lived in it. So he accepts, as an axiomatic law of living and rule of conduct, the principle that he is his brother's keeper. That it is for him, so far as lies within his power, to be a source of comfort

and encouragement: to bring cheer to the downhearted; to lessen the strain that may be *wrecking the nerve and will-power* of some unfortunate brother who is, by adverse fortune, being crowded into the gutter.

The Elk has sympathetic knowledge and insight enough to know, and does not permit himself to forget, the enormous influence of a timely word or act of brotherly interest: When a man is in the Valley of the Shadows; when gloom bears him company, and the whole world looks dark to him—as it does to all of us, at times—it counts for much to know that a friend will "stand by," and the Elk aims to be, and is, that sort of friend.

SO IT is that the Spirit of the Elks has come to be a pervasive influence that makes for sunshine and kindness. There is no mushy sentimentality about it. It works in a practical, heart-to-heart fashion that makes for results but disregards the frills. By his manner of living the creed he is inspired by, the Elk's brotherly interest in his brother-man, raises them both to a higher spiritual and worldly plane.

By the exercise of that interest, for both of them, life becomes more worth the living, and not merely they alone, but the entire community of which they are a part, are conscious of a sense of betterment.

The Business of Being Secretary

It Consists in Being Ready to Tackle Almost Anything

By William T. Phillips

Secretary, New York Lodge Number 1

THE "Business of Being Secretary" consists mainly of signing membership cards. At least this is a definition given by one member not long ago, and it probably represents the views of a large share of the membership. To enlighten the Order at large as to the real business of the Secretary will give what we may term the "laity" a better understanding of the Order, for a conception of the duties of this official will shed clearer light upon the manifold activities of the subordinate Lodge.

This article has not been prepared for the sole consumption of Secretaries. It is for the rank and file, those members who are not in constant touch with lodge affairs and who must depend upon the Elks Magazine for intimate information. The conclusions it sets forth are based upon the experiences of the Secretary of a Lodge of fifty-seven hundred members, located in a great cosmopolitan city; but the duties of one are the duties of all, varying in volume only with the size and location of the Lodge. And it deals only with the fraternal side of the office, leaving out of account any connection the Secretary may have with the management of club or hotel features maintained by his Lodge.

The "Business of Being Secretary" is set forth in the Grand Lodge Statutes and Subordinate Lodge By-Laws. The multifarious duties falling upon the Secretary can not be outlined by any human agency, for they depend upon the daily state of health and finances, the grievances troubles and burdens, not only of members, but of many outside the Order who feel that the world owes them a living which should be in part collected from the Elks. Just the plain "business" means keeping office records and accounts, collecting dues, following up delinquents, answering correspondence, sending out notices of varied character, writing up a weekly bulletin, and supervising the office routine incident to the conduct of an organization with fifty-seven hundred resident and almost nine hundred thousand non-resident members. Add to these an average of twenty-five telephone calls covering an equal variety of subjects, ten to twenty callers whose missions are as widely varied, and you may form some conception of what, in the Secretary's office, constitutes a "perfect day."

THE growth of the Order of Elks has been phenomenal. In four years its membership has almost doubled. How many members consider how this great increase must be reflected in the Secretary's office? How many understand that it has increased the relationship between lodges so that the "business" is multiplied by two? This means more correspondence, more requests for assistance, more appeals for aid, more of the miscellaneous tasks he is called upon daily to perform, for every Secretary in the Order.

Speaking of correspondence, the Secretary's mail is a "curious compound." It contains its quota of letters of the "nut" and "begging" variety, there are appeals from churches and institutions from all over the country, prospectuses of various

"philanthropic" schemes having no bearing, connection with or claim upon the Order in any respect, requests for aid in seeking lost relatives, for advice upon almost every subject under the sun as well as the routine letters relative to legitimate Lodge affairs. Just to show the eclectic character of the mail-bag, here are a few samples culled from the pickings of one hot August day: A request for a couple of good boys who can "go," for a boxing carnival; a communication from a lady desiring information regarding the condition of a gentleman in "some hospital" in "your city"; a letter asking information regarding the survivors of a club extinct for more than thirty years. This matter of mail is cited to show the membership that through its welfare and community service the Order is assuming a public character, and acquiring a reputation for benevolence which is reaching into the smallest towns and hamlets of the country.

THE "Business of Being Secretary" includes looking after the sick. Figure the percentage of illness among almost 900,000 men. This is no small task in a large city where the visiting list will average thirty-five or forty weekly. It is also a phase of fraternal duty that makes the Visiting Committee a most valuable adjunct to the Secretary's office as well as one of the greatest assets of the Lodge. There is no higher form of Brotherly Love than to bring good cheer into the sick-room, to help lighten the burden of illness with a personal message of good-will, to tell the suffering brother that, far from home he is neither forgotten nor forsaken. The writer's lodge is fortunate in the possession of a Visiting Committee whose members regard their duties as a sacred trust. In the glow of summer and the cold of winter they make their rounds of hospital and sick-room, finding no journey too long if at its end they will find some brother whose pain they may soothe. Truly the members of the Visiting Committee are real disciples of the very highest and noblest there is in the Order of Elks.

The "Business of Being Secretary" includes funeral arrangements for brothers who pass into the Great Beyond. Last year seven thousand five hundred and forty members answered the call. It is safe to estimate Elk services were performed for seventy per cent. of these. This means that the officers of subordinate Lodges were called upon to perform the last rites more than five thousand times. And as no Ceremony of our Order is more beautiful and impressive than this expression of our peculiar reverence for the dead it is for the Secretary to see that no detail is overlooked which will add to the dignity and impressive character of the funeral service. No function brought more men into the Order than the simple ceremony of farewell. It touches the heart, and when the heart is reached the soul is not very far away.

When misfortune overtakes an Elk, his first appeal is to the nearest Lodge. If he requires financial assistance, it is the duty of the Secretary to wire his home Lodge.

Here is where the "Business of Being Secretary" requires quick action. A worthy brother does not appeal for aid until he is down and out. He may be without food or a place to sleep. His family may be threatened with eviction. To every cry of distress there should be a prompt response if our Brotherly Love is more than empty words. Of course no Secretary will permit a brother to go without a place to sleep or food to eat, but the statutes put the matter squarely up to the Lodge of the member in distress. The reply should be immediate, whether it is "yes" or "no." The reverence for the dead touched upon in the preceding paragraph does not absolve us from the care of the living, and to the credit of the Order be it said that few Lodges within the experience of the writer have failed to respond to the call for aid. The Secretary usually manages to cut red tape when it comes to helping any worthy cause.

THE "Business of Being Secretary" is full of change. It never becomes monotonous. It is very pleasant sometimes and always interesting, because the kaleidoscope is ever bringing to his view some new phase of duty. It is pleasant to greet the visitor, to engage in fraternal intercourse with his brother members. It is sad to hear the tales of suffering, misfortunes and sorrow that come to his ears, for the Secretary's office sometimes takes on the character of a confessional, and many a heart is opened under the seal of brotherhood.

While this article has touched upon the seamy side of the "Business of Being Secretary" to a great degree, it must not be assumed that it is an organization of "down-and-outers," for its members will probably rate higher, man for man, than any like number of citizens in the country. The Secretary's business, however, brings him in touch with misfortune, and to the average member it should be a source of great satisfaction to know that he is helping support an institution that does so much to aid unfortunate humankind.

THE Elks Magazine wanted an article on the "Business of Being Secretary" and the writer has endeavored to furnish one that would give the members some insight into the workings of the human side of the subordinate Lodge. As it deals with the Secretary it must of necessity feature the Secretary, but it does not imply that this official is the whole Lodge. Without the co-operation of the official staff, of which he is only a single unit, the committeemen and active workers, and without the confidence of the membership, he can do nothing. He is able to serve only because he is an instrument of the Lodge, and he is foremost in this work only because he is constantly on the firing-line.

The Order of Elks is fortunate in its Secretaries. Many of them are men whose long years of service make them shining examples of Fidelity. There are few changes in the Secretary's office of the average Lodge. The brother chosen to fill it stays on because he loves his work and finds unselfish pleasure

in its performance. He is called upon to do many things in the course of his "business." He must be a combination of lawyer, doctor, clergyman, undertaker. Above all he must be a man of sterling honesty, highest integrity and sympathetic understanding.

The Secretary of an Elks Lodge must have a personal aptitude for his office. Qualities of temperament and habit mean as much as mental or administrative ability. He must have a comprehensive acquaintance with human nature. He is the buffer between the Lodge and the seeker after its bounty. He must listen to the urgent requests for loans, personal and from the organization funds, to the various schemes of uplift in which the interest and cooperation of the Elks are sought. In fact, until one becomes Secretary of an Elks Lodge he never knows the number of self-sacrificing humans there are in the world, willing to give their time and brain for the benefit of humanity, provided some one else pays the bills. Then there is the

daily caller with no claim on the Elks but who has heard so much of their charity that he or she "makes bold" to come for aid which they "know will not be refused." And there is the occasional crank seeking for the Elks to protect him from the enemies on his trail. In fact, there is no variety of fakir, crank, panhandler and just plain "down-and-outer" that does not some time or other find its way into the Secretary's office. To handle these with the necessary firmness, discretion or sympathy requires a cultivation of what is commonly called tact. The ability to estimate instinctively the man and treat him accordingly. The Order of Elks and its activities in community and charitable work is attracting more of these every day and the "Business of Being Secretary" includes the protection of the Lodge, and as far as possible the officers and individual members, from the schemers and grafters who regard Elks as peculiarly susceptible to the sympathy plea.

The Order of Elks is growing, its lodges are becoming larger, its activities are finding new channels, and with its progress the "Business of Being Secretary" has become a real profession. Like the Secretary of any other organization he has his executive duties plainly laid out for him. Added to these are the innumerable duties arising from the ever increasing reputation of the Order for benevolence and charity. But after all it is a labor of love to most men, for it enables them as an instrument of a great and powerful Order to let the light in the darkness of human misery, and with the aid of his brother officers to bring good cheer into embittered lives.

OF COURSE, there is no ideal Secretary. To reach this exalted state would require the patience of Job, the wisdom of Solomon and the bank roll of Croesus. And these qualifications will never be found in one individual this side of the millennium.

"As the Twig Is Bent—"

By Fred A. Morris

IF IT were desired to sum up in a single word the principles conveyed by the creed-words of the Order of Elks it would surely be—"Altruism." There is no other word in the language which more tersely but comprehensively expresses the spirit by which the varied and multiple activities of the B. P. O. E. have been inspired and guided.

As the sphere of these activities has broadened there has also come into being a gradually strengthening conviction that some, at least, of these activities could be so guided as to result in not merely a temporary benefit to those who needed friendly aid and encouragement, but in a lasting communal good and a furtherance of the good of the Order.

When it was decided, for instance, that the Lodge should be not merely a resort for its members but, also, a recreative center for their families, it was—though probably quite unconsciously—a very positive and definite stride in that direction. It led the way to the later ideal of making the Lodge not merely a home for its members and their families but, also, a communal power and center for the social and beneficent agencies of the district.

It is as a subsidiary but important means to this end that the Order now seeks more effectively to concern itself with the younger generation—the Elk's Sons. It is to them that we, in due course, will "toss the torch." It is to them we look to carry on the work. It is for us to fit them worthily for that duty.

For the benefit of this younger generation the Elks have not spared themselves. To the Big Brother movement and similar agencies they have given freely of their time, their labor and their money. To their loyal and unwearied service is due an enormous amount of good in training boys to be good citizens. But may it not be that this work might be more profitably concentrated? Would not quite as much good—and more lastingly, so far as the Order is concerned—be ensured if some of the attention now devoted to outsiders should be given closer home?

WHERE the ideal relation exists between father and son they are chums. The father gives time, sympathy and ser-

vice to earn and hold his boy's friendship and confidence, as the surest means of making his son the sort of man he wants him to be; and the boy feels free to go to his dad for a heart-to-heart discussion of his most intimate aspirations and perplexities.

Editorial Comment: A brief and simple recital of the present law and current facts as applying to the matter under discussion, will prove interesting and, at the same time, serve a timely purpose. Our Constitution reads: (Section 19 of Article 3):

"There shall be no branches or degrees of membership in the Order, nor any insurance or mutual benefit features, nor shall there be other adjuncts or auxiliaries other than the optional organization and maintenance of State Associations."

So much for the Constitution as it at present safeguards the Order of Elks. Now for the latest developments relating to revision or amendment of the Constitutional inhibition above recited:

At the Atlantic City meeting of the Grand Lodge (July, 1922) the Committee on Judiciary, to which had been referred the question of Junior Elks, along with other proposals involving prospective constitutional revision, recommended—which recommendation was immediately adopted—that these several suggestions for either Constitutional or Statutory revision, be referred by the incoming Grand Exalted Ruler to the Standing Committee on Good of the Order to the end that exhaustive and impartial investigation might be made; and said committee was directed to report its conclusions for the information and guidance of the Grand Lodge, at the next annual meeting (Atlanta, July, 1923).

In these circumstances, until the Committee stipulated for the purpose has functioned and reported its findings to the Grand Lodge, and until the Grand Lodge has taken action affirmatively or negatively, as its wisdom may decide, and until this action has been ratified and promulgated in the manner prescribed by law, the Junior Elk, however meritoriously he may be regarded, and whatever advantages, or otherwise, such auxiliary may or may not extend, remains wholly without legal status before the Order of Elks.

A boy, contrary to the generally conceived idea, is a very shy animal—and especially shy of being ridiculed. When he is on such a footing with his father that he feels free to go to him and unbosom himself of his boyish thoughts and fancies without fear of being laughed at, then that ideal relation is attained—they are chums!

It is on this principle, this ideal of "chum-hood," that The Junior Order of Elks is being framed, the first Lodge of which has been organized as an offshoot of Mexico, Missouri, Lodge No. 919. The membership is comprised of boys from 8 to 14 years of age, who are all sons of Elks, in good standing. The work is under the direction of the Social and Community Welfare Committee; a committee of interested members co-operating and helping to advise and direct the boys and keep them interested.

The boys have their own ritual and elect their own officers. They meet twice a month, and are given twenty minutes military drill and twenty minutes of chorus singing. The remainder of the program of meetings includes outings, dancing classes, organization of a band, and anything else that is worth while and that a live boy is likely to be interested in.

These boys are all Elks in the making. Here is a plan which takes a boy at the most plastic stage of his growth and plunges him into an Elk environment which inevitably gives him mental impressions that will lastingly stay with him. When that boy attains maturity, is it not a practical certainty that he will naturally join the Order of which he has already, through his boyhood, learned to feel himself a part?

He is already grounded in its principles, and conversant with its aims and purposes. Both father and son have found in it a common subject of interest, and for each of them that interest is strengthened by the sympathetic comradeship of the other.

THE plan is yet in a youthful stage, but Mexico, Missouri, Lodge No. 919 is testing it out by the surest of all practical methods—actual demonstration—and it works! The results are giving gratification to all concerned and it may conceivably be that here is the root of a big thing, to which the Order at large may owe much in future.



SHERRILL SCHWELL

An Elk Roll Call in the United States Senate

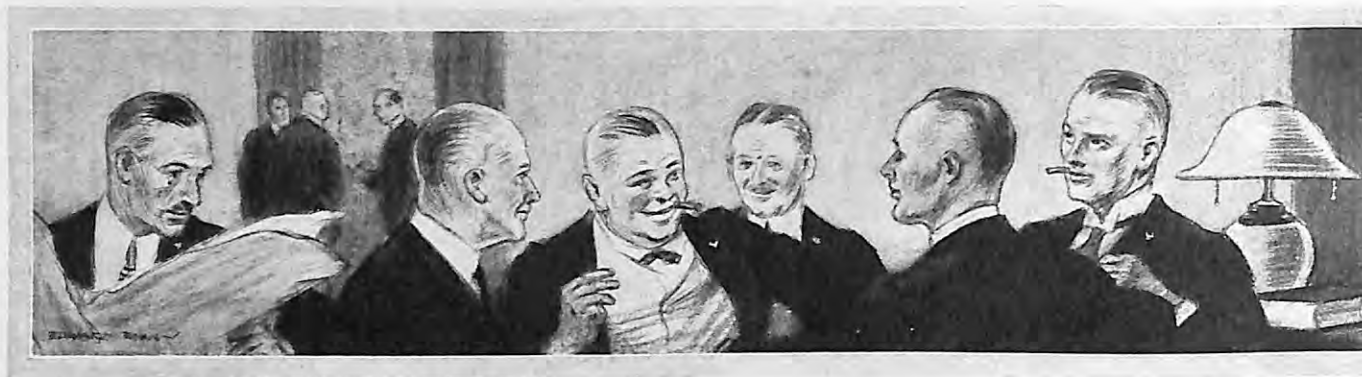
THIS is a call of the roll of the Senate of the United States and an answering present on the part of those only who are members of the Order of Elks. It is an illustrious company. No republicans, no democrats in this list—just Elks.

William Edgar Borah
Boise (Idaho) No. 310
Edwin Sidney Broussard
New Iberia (La.) No. 554
William M. Calder
Brooklyn (New York) No. 22
Arthur Capper
Topeka (Kansas) No. 204
T. H. Caraway
Jonesboro (Arkansas) No. 498
Charles A. Culberson
Dallas (Texas) No. 71
Albert Baird Cummins
Des Moines (Iowa) No. 98
Charles Curtis
Topeka (Kansas) No. 204
Walter Evans Edge
Atlantic City (New Jersey) No. 276
Davis Elkins
Morgantown (West Virginia) No. 411
Joseph Irwin France
Baltimore (Maryland) No. 7
Joseph Sherman Frelinghuysen
Plainfield (New Jersey) No. 885
Carter Glass
Lynchburg (Virginia) No. 321
Frank R. Gooding
Boise (Idaho) No. 310
Frederick Hale
Portland (Maine) No. 188
John William Harrelld
Ardmore (Oklahoma) No. 648

Pat Harrison
Gulfport (Miss.) No. 978
J. Thomas Heflin
Opelika (Ala.) No. 910
Gilbert M. Hitchcock
Omaha (Nebraska) No. 39
Andrieus A. Jones
Las Vegas (New Mexico) No. 408
Wesley L. Jones
Yakima (Washington) No. 318
John B. Kendrick
Sheridan (Wyoming) No. 520
Robert Marion La Follette
Madison (Wisconsin) No. 410
Medill McCormick
Chicago (Ill.) No. 4
Porter James McCumber
Fargo (North Dakota) No. 260
William B. McKinley
Champaign (Ill.) No. 398
Henry L. Myers
Missoula (Montana) No. 383
Harry S. New
Indianapolis (Indiana) No. 13

Samuel D. Nicholson
Leadville (Colorado) No. 236
Peter Norbeck
Huron (South Dakota) No. 444
Tasker Lowndes Oddie
Reno (Nevada) No. 597
Lee Slater Overman
Salisbury (North Carolina) No. 699
Robert Latham Owen
Muskogee (Oklahoma) No. 517
Key Pittman
Reno (Nevada) No. 597
Atlee Pomerene
Canton (Ohio) No. 68, Past Grand
Exalted Ruler
Joseph Eugene Ransdell
New Orleans (La.) No. 30
Charles A. Rawson
Des Moines (Iowa) No. 98
James A. Reed
Kansas City (Mo.) No. 26
Joseph Taylor Robinson
Little Rock (Arkansas) No. 29

Morris Sheppard
Texarkana (Texas) No. 399
John Knight Shields
Knoxville (Tenn.) No. 160
Samuel Morgan Shortridge
San Francisco (California) No. 3
Furnifold McLendel Simmons
New Bern (North Carolina) No. 764
Selden P. Spencer
St. Louis (Mo.) No. 9
A. Owsley Stanley
Henderson (Kentucky) No. 206
Claude Augustus Swanson
Danville (Virginia) No. 227
Charles Elroy Townsend
Jackson (Michigan) No. 113
Park Trammell
Tallahassee (Fla.) No. 937
Oscar W. Underwood
Birmingham (Alabama) No. 79
James W. Wadsworth, Jr.
Rochester (N. Y.) No. 24
Thomas J. Walsh
Helena (Montana) No. 193
David Ignatius Walsh
Fitchburg (Mass.) No. 847
Francis Emroy Warren
Cheyenne (Wyoming) No. 660
James E. Watson
Rushville (Indiana) No. 1307
John Sharp Williams
Yazoo City (Miss.) No. 473



Under the Spreading Antlers

They Tell These Tales

Cleveland (O.) Lodge No. 1438 Attaining Its Stride

WHEN various Elks in Cleveland, Ohio, exchanged their old number (18) for a new number (1438), 70 veteran members constituted the charter list. Since then, 300 additional members have been added.

Previously, a resolution was adopted which authorized the sale of the leasehold and building situated on Huron Road. The resolution also made provision for the disposition of furniture and fixtures, and of the Elks Rest property in Lakeview Cemetery. The net proceeds of these sales, after all outstanding indebtedness had been canceled, were divided proportionately among the members entitled to such consideration. A first cash dividend of \$100 each was paid to 1,788 members. This disbursement left a remainder of \$33,000 on hand, plus the uncollected consideration for the Elks Rest. The Elks Rest, by the way, will be repurchased for Lodge No. 1438. Arrangements to that effect are to be perfected shortly.

It is reported that plans have been agreed upon for the inauguration of a selective membership campaign which is expected to increase the present roster by at least 1,000 names before March, 1923.

A short-term lease has been taken on Euclid Avenue. This property faces 100 feet front and extends through to Prospect, a distance of 400 feet. The building has been remodeled to accommodate Elk Lodge and Club purposes, and \$10,000 expended for furniture and equipment.

Plans for a new Clubhouse are under discussion. As contemplated, this Lodge and Club building will contain a swimming pool, Turkish and shower baths, rifle range, handball courts, bowling alleys, pool and billiard rooms, and many other features. In addition, the expectation is to have tennis courts, and outdoor handball courts. Several locations are under consideration for purchase.

All Around the World Goes The Elks Magazine

The circulation of The Elks Magazine is unlimited, geographically speaking. In its far journey around the globe, it finds R. E. Nebelung (member of Anaheim, Calif., Lodge) at Pretoria, South Africa, where he is attached to the Division of Horticulture.

Mr. Nebelung is more than 13,000 miles from home, which exceeds in distance the two Elks of Kane (Pa.) Lodge, now in India and heretofore referred to by us as being 12,000 miles from home.

Missouri's Next U. S. Senator Member of Kansas City Lodge

With James A. Reed representing one political faith and nominee to succeed himself, and R. R. Edwards representing the opposite party, whatever may be the fate of the election this Fall, the next United States Senator from Missouri will be a member of Kansas City Lodge No. 26.

New Home Assured For Huntington Park Lodge

Whole-hearted support from the 600 and more members of Huntington Park (Calif.) Lodge assures the completion of a handsome home. As soon as building certificates were offered for sale, the Huntington Park membership began subscribing, many settling in advance for their quota. The largest single subscription amounted to \$3,200. The fund has already exceeded the \$50,000 mark. For a Lodge in the first year of its existence to add 552 members, marks a real achievement, in the opinion of Exalted Ruler W. H. Candee. The Huntington Park jurisdiction embraces a population of 35,000.

Members and Guests Entertained on Board Yacht

The Lodge of Elks at Miami, Fla., maintains in service for the use and enjoyment of its own members and sojourning Elks, the yacht "Dorette," which measures 63 by 15 feet and attains a speed of nine miles an hour. There are a salon and five double state rooms. Further equipment provides fresh and seawater baths, a spacious upper deck, two tenders for fishing and an excellent cook and well-stocked pantry. The idea is rather novel and much genuine pleasure has been afforded.

Feast, Fun and Fireworks For Galena Elks and Ladies

Back in the early days, when Illinois was still a border State, a favorite rendezvous of the pioneers was McNett's Park. This park is on the banks of Fever River as it flows

past Galena (Ill.) on the way to the Mississippi. In the course of years, this park became more or less celebrated, historically speaking. Thus it happened that when the Elks of Galena were seeking an outing-place, they decided upon McNett's Park and a historical and patriotic program. Hundreds gathered, the gentler sex predominating. So-called Junior Elks from nearby Cuba City, (where there is no Elks' Lodge) performed lively drill evolutions. "My Salvation Lass" was enacted by a star cast of sweet sixteens and boy gallants. "The Star Spangled Banner" melodiously reverberated. Twenty girls in costume interpreted in Flag Drill. There was an all-day banquet, oratory was untapped, a ball game enlivened the afternoon, and at night pyrotechnics coruscated and the light fantastic was merrily tripped.

Admiral F. W. Kittrelle Joins San Juan Lodge

Under special dispensation from Grand Exalted Ruler Masters to hold an extraordinary session, San Juan Lodge, No. 972, Porto Rico, held its first inter-island meeting at St. Thomas, Virgin Islands, September 2. Among the list of initiates was Admiral E. W. Kittrelle, Governor of the Virgin Islands. A large party of prominent Elks of Porto Rico made the trip to St. Thomas to participate in the session and festivities during the three days' stay in the Islands.

Elks Help Celebrate A City's Financial Freedom

The achievement of Elizabeth, N. J., as a municipality, in extinguishing its obligations amounting originally to \$6,700,000 and finally to \$1,800,000, will always be recalled as remarkable. In this consummation, Elizabeth Lodge of Elks had a conspicuous part. Practically every member of the City Committee which arranged for the celebration was also a member of Elizabeth Lodge. The Committee decided that the city's freedom from debt should be commemorated with a banquet at the Elks Club, with Vice-President Coolidge and United States Senators Edge and Frelinghuysen occupying the guest seats of honor. For three days, all Elizabeth exhibited its gratitude and thanksgiving by parading the streets. Pyrotechnics flashed in the sky, bands played, cannon roared, and flags



fluttered everywhere. Incidentally, Elizabeth Lodge captured the prize for the best appearance in the parade.

Santa Cruz and Pasadena Pacific Coast Champions

Having won the championship of the Pacific Coast Bowling Tournament, lately at Los Angeles, in competition with 10 other crackerjack Elk teams, among them the Santa Cruz quintet (Santa Cruz being winner of the California Championship) Pasadena Lodge announces itself ready to defend its title in a National contest.

Against Old-Time "Blue Laws" Elks Lead Fight in Memphis

The Social and Community Welfare Committee acting for Memphis Lodge of Elks is heading a crusade in that Tennessee city which opposes the enforcement of a series of Blue Laws enacted as long ago as 119 years and until recently permitted to remain dormant on the statute books. Combined with the Elks' fighting forces are several local clergymen reinforced by Salvation Army officers and liberal-minded citizens generally. Public sentiment is being aroused against the attempted revival of these archaic prohibitions which, among other things, compel attendance upon church services and severely penalize outdoor recreations on Sunday and are otherwise violative of the "liberty spirit which is the dominant note of American supremacy." The opposition efforts have crystallized in a movement that seeks to repeal the objectionable laws.

Minneapolis Elks Baseball Champions

The baseball team representing Minneapolis Lodge of Elks has annexed the championship of the Fraternal League in that city for the second successive year. This winning Minneapolis Club added to its prestige when it defeated the Owatonna team in the final contest of the State championship at Mankato, incidental to the State Association meeting. The Minneapolis players were forced to go ten innings, the score resulting 10 to 9.

Stirring the Elk Spirit By Honoring Old-Timers

In various cities, what has become known as Old-Timers Night grows apace and more and more in popularity. Mainly, the effort is to do honor to the patriarch—to place the veteran on a pedestal and overwhelm him with the roses of compliment. But there are other purposes to be served, such as enlarging and improving opportunity for closer commingling in the home radius; extending and intensifying interest in current Elk activities and impressing the new member

with a larger and keener understanding of the ideals of the Order and the cultivation of its social graces. Usually an extra plate is added to the regular course of refreshments and always the Elk eloquence is of the brand that kindles enthusiasm and recounts our devotion as patriotic Americans to Old Glory and all it represents in political freedom and the bonds of Brotherhood; together with an interesting survey of our forward strides in community philanthropy to which, as a Fraternity, a share of our resources, along with our best efforts, are gladly committed.

Handsomely Done In True Elk Spirit

All provisions of law having been complied with, a Lodge of Elks will be instituted in the village of Mamaroneck, N. Y., to do which 63 members have withdrawn from Port Chester, No. 863. Any and all differences arising over the separation of interests and necessary loss of membership have been harmonized in the true spirit of fraternity, upon which Port Chester adds its blessing and expresses its best wishes for the success of the new Lodge. The Port Chester Building Committee is going bravely ahead with its program as though nothing had happened to disconcert original plans.

Prize-winning Band Composed of Elks Only

Participating in the band contest at Mankato, on the occasion of the meeting of the Minnesota State Elks' Association, the band of Redwing Lodge won first prize, being credited with a percentage of 91¼ out of a possible 100. Faribault Lodge was accorded second honor. Owatonna was rated third. Every musician in the Redwing organization is an Elk.

Elk Bowling Tournament In North Central States

It is contemplated that a Bowling Tournament for Elks, the first experiment of its kind in the history of the North Central States, will be conducted sometime during the coming winter. The expectation is that the tournament will be staged on the alleys of the Elks Club of Minneapolis. Interest is being exhibited among Elks throughout the Dakotas and in Minnesota and Northern Wisconsin. Elk bowlers in these parts represent the cream of alley experts.

Destroyed by Fire Corinth Arranges to Rebuild

Notwithstanding the Lodge and Club building was completely destroyed by fire, the members of Corinth (Miss.) Lodge have displayed a splendid spirit of pluck and enterprise in overcoming adversity. Corinth

Lodge has acquired and fully paid for a new building site in the heart of the city. The lot is 70 by 93 feet. An architect is now preparing plans. The first floor will be rented for commercial purposes. The second floor will accommodate the Lodge hall and provide Club quarters. It is the intention to complete the building and be ready for dedication January 1, 1923.

New Albany (Ind.) Lodge Dedicates Its New Home

With New Albany (Ind.) Lodge, a long-cherished hope was realized when, with a celebration covering the greater part of the week of August 28, its new home was dedicated. Monday and Tuesday nights were devoted to public receptions. Louisville Lodge, with a big delegation and its band, and Jeffersonville Lodge, also with a big delegation, assisted in doing the honors on the second night. Wednesday night was strictly Elks' night. A class of 100 was initiated and a social session followed. Nearly 1,000 Elks were in attendance. Visitors were present from a dozen States. Thursday and Friday night the Elks' minstrels packed the auditorium, which has a seating capacity of over 1,200. Saturday night marked the opening of the Elks' motion-picture show, which will be a permanent institution.

The new Elks' Home is one of the finest structures in Southern Indiana and cost, exclusive of site, over \$150,000. One of its features is a fully equipped theater, with a stage of regulation size, and moving-picture projecting room, screen and apparatus of the most advanced type. There are six bowling-alleys. A swimming-pool, 60 feet by 20 feet, is done in white tile. There are modern shower-baths and a locker room of 200 capacity. There is also an up-to-date gymnasium. The foyer and the lounging room are the pride of the building. Opening from the foyer is the secretary's office, ladies' drawing-room, and dancing and banquet hall. Adjoining the banquet hall are kitchens and serving rooms. On the second floor are billiard rooms, card rooms, ante rooms, reception and paraphernalia rooms, together with the lodge room. The third floor has not been finished, but it is designed to furnish rooms for bachelor members and visiting Elks.

Somerville Elks Dedicate and Occupy New Home

The Elks of Somerville, Mass., are occupying their new home at 29 Central Street, costing in excess of \$100,000 and dedicated on the afternoon of September 9 in the presence of many notable citizens of the Bay State. The exercises were participated in by Governor Channing H. Cox. District

(Continued on page 78)

In the Name of Friendship

Great Nations Have Been Built and All History Swayed

By Richard Le Gallienne

Decoration by Louis Fancher

FRIENDSHIP has been called "the solder of society." In that respect it has the advantage over love—one of the many superiorities over that passion which its numberless panegyrists have always claimed for it. The friendship of men has built cities, but the "love o' women" has destroyed them. Was it not the fatal love of Helen and Paris that proved the ruin of Troy, as it was the friendship of Achilles for Patroclus that finally brought victory to the Grecian arms? It was not till Hector had slain his friend that Achilles was stung to patch up his quarrel with Agamemnon, leave off sulking in his tent, and take the field in good earnest. "Patroclus, my dear comrade, is dead," he cries, "whom I honored above all my comrades as it were my very self." At the call of friendship, the great fighting machine becomes suddenly human, even tender. Few things in Homer touch the heart as the mourning of Achilles for his friend, and particularly the scene where the ghost of Patroclus comes to him in the night, begging him, "lay not my bones apart from thine, Achilles"—as in boyhood, let them lie together in death—and the hero stretches out his arms towards his friend, to clasp but a vapor.

"I am distressed for thee, my brother Jonathan." It is the same cry on Mount Gilboa, as on the plains of Troy. One of the few beautiful things about war is the noble friendships it has always inspired, and in this respect the recent war has been no exception, as the volumes of many young poets engaged in it bear witness. Such friendship, need one say, is the theme of many a Greek and Roman story that thrilled our boyhood, the friendship of those heroes, who—

*Scarcely were we born,
Were straight our friends.*

Castor and Pollux—or Polydames—"Castor tamer of steeds and Polydames the boxer"—the patron saints, so to say, of all comrades that fight in pairs; Damon and Pythias, than whose love none has been pronounced greater; that a man layeth down his life for his friend. For when Damon, having been condemned to death by Dionysius, the tyrant of Syracuse, desired a short reprieve to visit his family, Pythias gave bail with his own life for the return to prison of his friend, an act which so softened the heart of Dionysius that he pardoned both, and begged to be admitted as a third in so wonderful a friendship.

Then there was Epaminondas the Theban, who when his friend Pelopidas had fallen in battle, carried him on his own shoulders from the midst of the enemy, refusing to share his friend's riches in return. Whereon, Pelopidas, as Plutarch tells us, "stepped down into his poverty, and took pleasure in the same poor attire, spare diet, unwearied endurance of hardships, and unshrinking boldness in war" as his friend.

Greek and Roman literature abounds in the praises of friendship, and Cicero's famous treatise illustrates a form of friendship, to which perhaps too little justice has been done, the friendship between a writer and his patron. The tribe of Maecenas,

none too prolific, after all has been somewhat scurvily treated. Whatever the shortcomings of the relationship, the friendship between the rich man who loves art and letters and the men who make them has often been of great service to the world at large. The friendship of Atticus for Cicero is certainly one of the fortunate examples, as was the friendship of Augustus Cæsar for Virgil—a friendship which, according to tradition, saved us the "Æneid"; for in his last illness, Virgil, dissatisfied with that poem, asked for the manuscript with the intention of having it destroyed. Only by the express command of Augustus was it withheld from the fire—an interposition which, however little to the taste of generations of schoolboys, has earned the gratitude of adult posterity.

LATER friendships between monarchs and artists have been that of Frederick the Great and Voltaire, and that between Ludwig of Bavaria and Wagner. Both, particularly the latter, were to the credit of the Kings, and, if Voltaire could not get on with Frederick, it was from no lack of generosity on Frederick's part, but perhaps chiefly because it was hard for Voltaire to get on with anyone. King Ludwig and Wagner's was, however, a finer, more sympathetic relationship, and but for court intrigues would have been entirely successful. The friendship between Goethe and Charles Augustus, Grand Duke of Weimar, is perhaps the best modern example of prince and poet living in harmony together; while among literary friendships, that of Goethe and Schiller is one to which both poets owed much for mutual stimulus, to the great gain of their readers.

The great example of what one might call collaborative friendship in literature is, of course, that of Socrates and Plato, whose writings are well described as "the literary outcome of the profound impression made by Socrates upon his greatest follower." Socrates would have remained little more than a name but for the devoted discipleship of Plato, as Plato could hardly have been "Plato" without Socrates. The case of Dr. Johnson and Boswell is somewhat of a parallel, for, contemptuous as the world has been towards Boswell himself, there is no question that, without his almost menial hero-worship, there would have been no Dr. Johnson. The friendship of Johnson and Edmund Burke was, of course, a friendship on more equal terms; and the Doctor's friendship for Mrs. Thrale and Hannah More reminds one how large a part in the history of friendship has been played by the sisterly devotion of women to great men. The love of Pericles and Aspasia had been based on a deep friendship of the mind, as later was that of Michael Angelo and Vittoria Colonna. To recall Madame de Maintenon and Fénelon is to descend to a lower level, but there again, in a shallower world, we have the same inspiring combat between the mind of an understanding woman, and the creative mind of a man, of which the friendship of the poet Cowper with Mary Unwin is another familiar example. But the debt of literature and all

the arts to this silent spiritual collaboration of devoted women with creative men has never been sufficiently recognized, and in its nature never can be, as the inspiring women so often remain unknown, hidden in the brightness they have helped to kindle. Such spiritual and mental unions are among the finest forms of friendship.

WIVES may, perhaps, be considered ruled out of court in a discourse on friendship, as coming under the head of that "love" of which philosophers delight to say so many hard things—as thus, for example, John Cowper Powys: "Love, too,—in the ordinary sense—implies jealousy, exclusiveness, insatiable exactions; whereas friendship, sure of its inviolable roots in spiritual quality, is ready to look generously and sympathetically upon every wandering obsession of passing madness in the friend of its choice." True, in the main, no doubt, but it is quite a question, I consider, whether "jealousy, exclusiveness," etc. do not haunt and torture friendship also. However, I think it will hardly be denied that, in those marriages which have stood the test of time, after the first careless rapture is over, the foundation of their security is friendship, a friendship the deeper and sweeter because it began in "love," and love, indeed, continues to be subtly and musically blended in it. In such marriages, how true and rare a friend a wife may be no few fortunate men have happily known. Such a man was Nathaniel Hawthorne. The story is familiar, but bears retelling, of the day when, dismissed from his post in the Salem Customs House, Hawthorne returned home, and said to his wife: "I have lost my place. What shall we do for bread?" "Never fear," was Mrs. Hawthorne's gay and confident answer. "You will now have leisure to finish your novel. Meanwhile, I will earn bread for us with my pencil and paintbrush." The novel was "The Scarlet Letter."

*You're my friend—
What a thing friendship is, world without end!
How it gives the heart and soul a stir-up. . . .*

So Browning, in his hearty manner, of the stimulus of friendship. Certainly, it unites as love seldom does stimulus with security, though perhaps it only does both when it has lasted a long while. "Many bushels of salt must be eaten together," says Cicero. "before the duties of friendship can be fulfilled." Old friends are best, he says, as everything which is oldest ought to be sweetest, "as those wines which bear age well." But after all, is not this rather a prosaic view of friendship, a little too Baconian in its eye to worldly advantage? It fits well with "those slow and regular Friendships, that require so many precautions of a long preliminary Conversation," but very different was friendship as Montaigne conceived it. Very different was his famous friendship for Etienne de La Boétie, when, young men together, fellow counsellors in the parliament of Bordeaux, Etienne made his fiery attack on monarchy, and their friendship began, to end six years later with Etienne's early death. There is



no tenderer record of friendship in literature than Montaigne's account of his watch by Etienne's sick-bed. How unlike all that worldly side of Montaigne which prompted Emerson to label him the "sceptic." Listen to this "sceptic" on friendship, as he and Etienne de La Boetie conceived it: "For the rest, which we commonly call Friends, Friendships are nothing but Acquaintance, and Familiarities, either occasionally contracted, or upon some design, by means of which there happens some little intercourse betwixt our souls! But in the Friendship I speak of they mix and work themselves into one piece, with so universal a mixture that there is no more sign of the Seam by which they were first conjoin'd. If a man should importune me to give a reason why I lov'd him, I find it could no otherwise be exprest than by making answer, because it was he, because it was I."

Such passionate attachments as this belong only to youth, and are among those

auroral glories of our lives which cast a sustaining radiance over all the rest of the way. Such friendships may perhaps be regarded as belonging to a borderland between friendship and love, with the finer qualities of both. In fortunate cases they last through life, but too often, as though they were fated, early death brings them to an end; and to such friendships untimely ended, we owe three of the great English Elegies: "Lycidas," the memorial of Milton's friend, Edward King; "In Memoriam," Tennyson's monument to Arthur Hallam; and "Thyrsis," Matthew Arnold's lament for Arthur Hugh Clough. Talking of the friendships of poets and men of letters, we must not forget the friendship of Steele and Addison, the devotion of Joseph Severn for John Keats, and the loyalty of Tom Moore to Byron.

In literature we often come upon what we might call group friendships—men with similar ideas meeting together of an evening

over a pipe and a friendly glass, for that "shop" talk, as we call it, which is, after all, a very human bond. Such was the group that included Wordsworth, Coleridge, Southey, De Quincey, Hazlitt, and the man who was often their host, the man who of all men had genius for such friendship, and may be called its patron saint—Charles Lamb. The love of Charles Lamb and his sister Mary is one of the world's great examples of friendship of the deeper kind. Tennyson and Carlyle were very satisfactory friends sitting on opposite sides of the fire of an evening, puffing out clouds of tobacco, and scarcely saying a word. Such understanding silence is one of the delights of friendship, that needs only to speak when it has something to say, and, even then, can often say it with scarcely more than a nod or a smile.

Carlyle had another famous friendship with Emerson, though it existed almost
(Continued on page 76)

The State Associations

News of Meetings and Elections of New Officers

THE sixteenth meeting of the Pennsylvania State Association ended in a blaze of glory at Scranton, August 24. Excelling all previous gatherings of the kind in point of attendance, enthusiasm and entertainment, the Elk brotherhood of the Keystone State established a new and resplendent record. From social and patriotic view-points, the event will always remain memorable. The Stars and Stripes, mingling profusely with the Purple and White, added kaleidoscopic color to scenes of continuous festivity. Thousands of Elks arrived smiling and departed cheering.

The climax was reached in a four-division parade, which counted, all told, 3,000 Elks in line, and which represented 110 of the 115 Lodges located in Pennsylvania. Twenty Lodges and twenty-five bands were specially noteworthy for gaiety of color and other spectacular features. John F. Conrad, Past Exalted Ruler of Scranton, served as Grand Marshal. Scranton's contribution was 1,200 Elks in uniform, supplemented by a gorgeous float that carried a bevy of Scranton's most beautiful girls.

Philadelphia Lodge duplicated many of the unique features displayed in the Atlantic City pageant at the time of the Grand Lodge meeting in July. It was escorted by a band of 115 pieces. Harrisburg Lodge kept step behind an American Legion band uniformed the same as when it saw service in France and Flanders. Other Lodges, numerous represented, included Wilkes-Barre, Reading, Easton, Hazelton, Pittston, Stroudsburg, Danville, Allentown, Erie, Williamsport, Bethlehem, Milton, Berwick, Mahanoy City, New Castle, Johnstown and Uniontown.

Charles H. Grakelow, President of the Association and Exalted Ruler of Philadelphia Lodge, presiding over the banquet served in honor of the delegates, was presented with an enormous key made of rose blooms and typifying the freedom of the city and the affection in which he is held. Standing under a canopy made of American flags and enmeshed with the colors of the Order of Elks, he expressed to Scranton Lodge and everybody responsible for the reception and entertainment the emotions of gratitude sincerely felt by the multitude of visitors.

"It is especially fitting," observed Mr. Grakelow, "that an Order such as ours, truly American to the heart's core; broad enough to embrace all creeds; believing whole-heartedly in the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man; should be teaching closer adherence to the Golden Rule in these days of unrest, misunderstanding and readjustment. It is for this reason that I have always pleaded for the numerical expansion of our Order. We must attract to it the best there is of American citizenship. All Elks must teach and preach and exemplify Americanism and that, above all other things, the American Government must endure forever, and that our safety and well-being must not be imperiled by any doctrine to the contrary."

Myer Kabatchnick briefly recounted the history of Scranton Lodge, which was instituted on May 2, 1889, with fifteen charter members, four of whom still survive, and which, at the last enrollment, showed nearly 3,000 in good standing. Scranton's assets,

exclusive of indebtedness, at present exceed \$200,000. In ten years, its Christmas-tree disbursements have increased from \$2,000 to \$7,500 per year.

Grand Exalted Ruler Masters attended the convention in a dual capacity—first as the official head of the Order, and secondly as a delegate from his home Lodge of Charleroi. His reception amounted to an ovation. Mr. Masters stressed the necessity of continuous activity in Social and Community Welfare work. "Our Order," said he, "owes its growth and increasing prestige to the fact that it is eminently practical. Founded on the Golden Rule, it serves all humanity."

Hon. John K. Tener, former Governor of Pennsylvania, happily responded to the sentiment "The Elks."

The value of properly conducted selective membership campaigns was importantly emphasized. The belief was expressed that the enthusiasm characterizing the present proceedings at Scranton was due in a large measure to the stimulus that had been imparted by such efforts. It was cited that when Scranton conducted a selective membership campaign in 1920-21, there was witnessed the greatest percentage of increase enjoyed by any Lodge in the country at that time. This spirit continued to gather momentum throughout the Lodges of Pennsylvania until Elks everywhere became stirred by the magic of its influence. A motion was adopted recommending appointment of committees in all State Lodges for the organization of bands, drill corps, mounted guards, glee clubs and other agencies calculated to intensify interest in Elk success. Senator E. F. Blewitt suggested the thought that a home for Elk widows and orphans be established in every State.

Many interesting committee reports were considered by the convention. An impressive memorial service was observed as a special order of business. This service was presided over by President Grakelow and participated in by Vaughn Comfort, James McCool, James Jones, Lawrence Rupp, James B. Yard and Rev. Potter, Chaplain. Every night during the convention, the Eleven O'Clock Toast was delivered by a prominent member of the Order from the beautifully decorated court of honor.

Officers elected to serve during the ensuing year were as follows: President, George J. Post, of Mahanoy City; Vice-President, L. Verdue Rhue, of Johnstown; Secretary, W. S. Gould, of Scranton; Treasurer, H. W. Hough, of Harrisburg; Trustee, Howard Davis, of Williamsport.

Erie was selected as the place of meeting for 1923. It was explained that by the time of the next convention, Erie Lodge would be ready to dedicate a \$40,000 summer home and park for the entertainment of children and that these ceremonies would be made a feature of the State reunion.

B.
P. O.
E.

THE meeting of the Wisconsin State Elks' Association at Beloit attracted 27 delegates, representing thirty-five Lodges and 22,094 members. It was presided over by President Wm. F. Schad, who was unanimously reelected. The proceedings won for the convention the compliment of being

the most patriotic held in Wisconsin since the days of Liberty Loan demonstrations. In other words, the Elks of Wisconsin have dedicated themselves anew to the protection of American ideals and institutions.

In sounding the keynote of the convention, the Rev. Evan J. Evans, Episcopal rector of Beloit, said: "We face a crisis that threatens the life of the nation. Wisconsin Elks can not strike a higher note than to reconsecrate themselves to the institutions that the Stars and Stripes represent. . . . The Order of Elks does not herald its deeds of charity or benevolence. . . . It believes that the proper measurement of manhood is character—the basis of Democratic government. . . . Every Elk is taught the worth of his own manhood, the sanctity of his home and fireside. . . . Believing that good-will is an essential in all relationships, Elks are committed to the ideal of liberty. . . . The Order of Elks does not value a man for his wealth, but for his manhood. . . . The Great War taught us a new sense of responsibility—that each individual should produce some actual social value. This is the reason that our Order is taking the initiative in such a vital movement as the Boy Scouts of America, and is taking an active interest in the noble work of the Salvation Army. It is through such crusades as these that we can render the highest service to the Republic."

In dedicating a Memory Tree in honor of Wisconsin Elks whose lives were lost in the World War, Frank W. Fawcett, of Milwaukee, also waxed eloquent in expounding the Elk doctrines of patriotism. Recalling that these ideals of love of country were the ideals of all Elks, he urged that the Memory Tree enshrined to the Elk heroes of Wisconsin become a perpetual reminder of the sacrifices they made.

The parade was exceptional. Red, white and blue blended on every hand with the white and royal purple. The joint display seemed to incarnate a pledge of loyalty. Beloit had the largest representation in line, but Milwaukee, Kenosha, Racine, La Crosse, Oshkosh, Madison, Rockford, Janesville and Manitowoc Elks added to the splendor and gayety. Thousands cheered the spectacle.

Following the parade, the scene shifted to Morse Field where there were troopers, drill teams and volunteer merrymakers. An old-time barbecue was staged. A feature for wives and relatives was a golf tournament.

President Schad expressed the belief that the Wisconsin State Association is entering upon its most prosperous era and that Elk popularity in Wisconsin is growing in an amazing way.

Theodore Benfry, of Sheboygan, was elected Secretary and Louis Necker, of Watertown, Treasurer.

B.
P. O.
E.

J. W. McLANE, a member of Crisfield (Md.) Lodge of Elks, was elected President of the Maryland State Elks' Association, at the second annual meeting, held at Frostburg. Mr. McLane predicts that the ensuing year will witness the greatest progress in the history of the Order throughout that jurisdiction of which he is the head and of which the District of Columbia and the

State of Delaware are also a part. An attendance of more than 90 per cent. of the Lodge representatives, the enthusiasm displayed and the adoption of plans for systematic and constructive Social and Community Welfare work, justify a radiant outlook upon the future. F. B. Gerald, of Crisfield, was chosen Secretary to succeed K. C. Young, of Hagerstown, now serving as Treasurer. The convention gave careful attention to a reading of the report made to the Grand Lodge by William T. Byrne, Chairman of the Committee on Social and Community Welfare. Notable visitors at the meeting were Grand Exalted Ruler J. Edgar Masters and Past Grand Exalted Ruler William J. O'Brien, Jr., who reviewed the parade. The association will meet in 1923 at Ocean City.

B.
P. O.
E.

September 28 was Elks' Day at the Oklahoma State Fair. At ten o'clock in the forenoon, President Norman M. Vaughan convened a meeting of the Oklahoma State Association.

B.
P. O.
E.

AT THE twenty-fourth annual meeting of the Ohio State Elks' Association at Cedar Point, A. Bart Horton of Cincinnati, was elected President, succeeding John B. Sherry of Bellaire. Other officers chosen included: George Canolas of Lorain, first Vice-President; Rud B. Gue of New Lexington, second Vice-President; G. F. Helfrick of Elyria, third Vice-President; John Ranney of Columbus, Secretary; Wm. Petrie of Cincinnati, Treasurer; George F. Hamilton of Steubenville, Trustee for three years; George J. Dorezbach of Sandusky, Trustee to fill out the unexpired term of George Canolas. The 1923 session will be held at Cedar Point.

In the report presented at the business

meeting, it was shown that Ohio's eighty-six Elk Lodges represent a total membership of 50,000. Five thousand persons witnessed the parade, the first of its kind ever staged at Cedar Point. Grand Exalted Ruler J. Edgar Masters and Grand Secretary Fred C. Robinson were present at the initiation of 100 new members.

B.
P. O.
E.

The Missouri State Elks' Association held its annual three-day session at Excelsior Springs, opening September 6.

B.
P. O.
E.

ONE leading purpose of the Elks State Association is to cultivate and radiate closer social and fraternal relations and more strongly to unify Lodge activities. Before its adjournment, the Indiana Association took an important forward step in this direction, and in assuring the desired results, by providing for the appointment of what will be known as District Presidents whose special purpose shall be to promote and encourage visits between local Lodges, stimulate contests in ritualistic work, and devise other ways to broaden and extend acquaintanceship and social ties. It is furthermore provided that the President of the State Association shall proceed to divide Indiana into convenient districts for the accomplishment of the purposes above mentioned, and thereafter to assign a district to each member of the committee, upon whom shall be placed the responsibility of maintaining constant communication with the President and keeping that officer informed of all progress and development.

B.
P. O.
E.

THE fifteenth meeting of the Kentucky State B. P. O. E. Association will be held at Middlesboro, Aug. 9-10, 1923. A

leading feature programmed in advance will be a ritualistic contest. At that time, Covington Lodge, now in possession of the trophy, will compete against all comers to retain it. At the recent annual session held at Newport, Clyde R. Levi, of Ashland, was elected President to succeed M. Schwartz. Fred O. Nuetzel, reelected for the eighth time as Secretary, was the recipient of an additional honor when he was escorted to the altar to receive from the delegates present, formed in marching order, the Grand Lodge salute in recognition of his election as Grand Esteemed Lecturing Knight, at the Atlantic City meeting of the Grand Lodge. Letters from Grand Exalted Ruler Masters and other Grand Lodge officers were read.

B.
P. O.
E.

THE annual gathering of Minnesota Elks, in State convention at Mankato, proved to be a happy and harmonious occasion, and was distinguished by the forward strides taken. Much business was transacted, and the social functions were enjoyably successful. Special honors and festivities were provided for the ladies. John P. Murphy, of Hibbing Lodge, was elected President, and Hibbing will be the next place of meeting. Lannie Horne was again chosen Secretary. Rochester Lodge will receive from the State Association \$500 annually to assist in entertaining Elks who journey to that city for medical and surgical attention. All Lodges represented pledged themselves to still greater achievement in Social and Community Welfare work. Owatonna, baby Lodge of Minnesota, scored first by two points in the ritual contest. The band of St. Paul Lodge, and also St. Paul's prize-winning drum corps, were conspicuous in the parade, which event was witnessed by 10,000 people. The city of Mankato was tastefully decorated in the white and purple.

The Elk at Work in His Community

ELKS of East Stroudsburg, Pa., are broadcasting patriotic sentiment all the time. At the last Flag Day celebration they presented small flags to 1,600 children who had taken the pledge of loyalty. On the community playground provided by the Lodge, many events take place that add happiness to childhood. Field sports are conducted, in which Boy Scout Troops compete with others for prizes offered by the Elks. East Stroudsburg Elks are interested in the Boy Scout movement and contributed materially to a fund this season that sent the lads camping.

The Elks of Omaha made it a point of pride and pleasure that the former soldier boys, of whom there are at present more than 100 lodged in the Bellevue Vocational School (maintained by the Government), do not lack for diversion. Recently a company of Lodge members supplied with sufficient autos to comfortably accommodate everybody, entertained these World War veterans with an extended motor trip. Refreshments were served *al fresco* at the end of the ride.

In 1920, San José (Calif.) Lodge conceived the idea of producing the musical comedy "King Dodo," the entire direction being in the hands of Lodge members. In

1921, "The Sho Gun" won for the Lodge additional renown. The engagement in San José was for three nights, with two of the performances at capacity. Salinas was a one-night stand. The net profit for the charity exchequer was \$9,000. The orchestra and all performers volunteered their services. So great has been the demand for another musical show that San José Lodge began planning weeks ago for the most pretentious offering so far undertaken, De Koven's "Foxy Quiller." It will be staged late in November. Principals, chorus and orchestra will include 120 persons, all home talent. At this time, the Elks themselves are building the scenery and electrical effects.

Two hundred and seventy-five orphan children of Mobile, Alabama, were ferried across Mobile Bay and entertained at an all-day outing, where every description of innocent device added to the funmaking. Of course, Mobile Lodge was host, and the occasion was fifth in the series of annual events. The only disappointment of the day was that the committee had provided good things to eat largely in excess of the appetites and capacities of the youngsters. The Elks of Mobile are leaders. Their handsome home enjoys spacious accommodations for all public meetings that look to Commu-

nity Welfare. At Christmas time Mobile has not failed for years to scatter good cheer abundantly among the worthy poor, old and young.

August 14 Gardner (Mass.) Lodge of Elks No. 1426 had a birthday. It was eight months old. The members felt so happy over the prosperous start that had been made by the Lodge that they celebrated by entertaining 3,000 little folks with an outdoor frolic. Each kiddie was given a bag of candy and a big whistle to blow for the Elks. A merry-go-round was engaged for all day. The juvenile Rough Riders had the merriest time of their lives. First aid forces, anticipating possible misadventures, never had to answer a call.

Minneapolis Elks donated \$25,000 to the Boy Scouts of that city for a summer camp. Accordingly the Boy Scout organization has purchased a site on Lake Minnetonka, at North Arm. Recently the officers and members of No. 44 were invited to visit the camp and witness an exhibition of Scout tactics. In addition, 400 boys put on a realistic Indian pageant, depicting the life of Daniel Boone, and stirred the enthusiasm of the Minneapolis Elk visitors. The

(Continued on page 74)

Mr. Jones Explores the Cellar

He Makes Some Very Interesting Discoveries—and Being an Elk, Passes Them On to You

FOR twenty minutes Mr. Jones has been walking about the house, poking vaguely into closets and chests without avail. His wife is just opening the front door, pulling on her gloves and saying something about going over to Mrs. Miller's to borrow some patterns. In a somewhat injured tone Mr. Jones asks her:

"Clara, will you kindly tell me where you put my fishing stuff?" A Saturday afternoon in spring, when the lawns are beginning to need their first haircut, has set him thinking of the live tug of a bass, the angry lashing of water in a woods-bordered lake.

"It's down in the cellar," answers Mrs. Jones. "You remember I told you last fall," and departs.

There ensues a cautious descent of steep wooden stairs, a scratching of matches, the explosive puff of a lighted gas jet, and a peering about in the moldy darkness. Then comes exploration: a grinding of trunk bottoms on the cement floor, a tipping of the crate of extra table-leaves for a view behind them, a sudden retreat after stepping in a pool of water.

Finally the tin box of tackle is found. The lid is rusty, and inside there is a splendid lining of mildew. Flies, leaders, line—all seemed to have tried to emulate the pussy-willow.

"Say," confides the man to himself, "this place is damp. I'll bet a lot of our things are being ruined." For the moment he forgets the tackle—perhaps he can clean it up, if not he will buy new—and looks at a precious case of books. One by one he takes them out: their covers are warped, the edges brown, as if some one had poured coffee over them.

"Say," he continues, "this won't do."

He continues the investigation. The extra table-leaves, he finds, are white in splotches; Billy's bicycle, which will be called on as soon as he comes home from school, is so rusty the pedals won't turn. Unpleasant straggly things hang from the ceiling.

"This won't do at all."

Indeed not. For in that cellar are things as precious as any in the house above. Clara's wedding-gown, for instance, is in one trunk; and his own varsity jersey. The cellar will have to be cleaned up.

The imminence of the slow loss of possessions makes him forget what first brought him down to the foundations of his house. The next day finds him working with a man, lugging up trunks and boxes and barrels and awkward handfuls of curtain rods. They clear out the cellar entirely, pump out the water, unpack and dry the contents of all the receptacles in the back yard; and discover, by the time they are ready to be put back again, that the pools of water have reappeared. Inspection discovers an almost unnoticeable seepage in a wall at the far end. The owner of the house is called up.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Jones," he says, "but yours is not the only one of my houses with that trouble. We can't avoid it, with the city's drainage system the way it is."

It's a bigger proposition than it seemed at first: its ramifications have led from artificial flies to reconstruction of the city's drainage system. But because the job requires a degree of doggedness does not mean it is not

worth while attempting. If Jones's cellar is to be dry, there is only one way to make it so, and that is to dig indefatigably for the root of the trouble.

THE unhealthy and destructive condition of Mr. Jones's cellar and his consequent perseverance in seeing that this condition ceases is, of course, hypothetical.

NEGLECT is the arch enemy of well-being.

Your garage man will tell you that about your car; your dentist will tell you that about your teeth; that to disregard a thing is the surest means of destroying it.

This article is about a man who disregarded the condition of a few of his priceless possessions by leaving them forgotten in the cellar.

And it is not only about this particular cellar, but the American nation's, where, if nothing is done about it, the irreplaceable treasure of American youth will mold and rot and helplessly destroy itself.

But it is an illustration of the manner in which the sanitation of our national cellar must be achieved; the manner in which the Elks have gone at such work and in which they are still laboring.

The movement to make more healthy the lives of people whom chance threw into the cellar of life began as casually as did Jones's renovation of the below-ground part of his house.

Let us say, for example, that twenty years ago or more an Elk saw some street children being chased from a park fountain where they had been wading; and that thereafter he fell into conversation with one of the boys. He discovered that this boy waded in the fountain not because that was his idea of the epitome of enjoyment, but because it was the best substitute he could find for a swimming-hole.

"I tell you what you do," said the Elk, "you and, say half a dozen of your friends, get on a trolley-car and ride out to my place. It's outside the city, and there's a place on it where you can swim. Tell Fred, the man that works there, that I sent you. And if you want carfare, come up to my office."

Doubtless as the summer wore on, the boy addressed proved to have more acquaintances than a press agent. The proposition soon got beyond the control of the hasty Elk. But he felt he was right, even if three-quarters of the city's barefoot population did crowd the corridors outside his office every morning. And he solved the dilemma by putting the proposition up to the Lodge.

"See here," he told the other members, "I can't handle all these kids. Even now I have to give out tickets, so that just so many go up there a day. Can't I split

up the crowd, or—" and here came the idea—"I say, can't we get a fund and fix up a regular swimming place. A camp, maybe, where they can stay a week or two weeks."

IN SOME such manner the Big Brother movement started: with a chance conversation with a boy fleeing before the righteous blue uniform of a policeman. First with the individual, then with one Lodge, then another and another and another; until, in 1911 the interest of Elks in the welfare of boys, demonstrated in one form or another of benevolent effort in behalf of the youngsters, became so noticeable and wide-spread as to inspire national organization of the work.

It was destined to go far from the source, as far from providing swimming facilities for a few boys as Jones's reclaiming his fishing-tackle was from his later assaults upon the methods of city water supply. Between the time of the national inception of the movement and 1916—five years—a staggering mass of data was gathered. Amazing revelations came to light, little by little, one at a time. Although it was not a hard task to give every kid in town a place to splash about unafraid, Elks began to see that, even with their summer camps, the job was not half begun. Two weeks in the summer would not make up for the fifty weeks spent in a baking, grimy tenement. The quest for doing good began to lead into the homes. In some instances it was found that the parents—the father worn down by long hours at work, the mother a slave to many other children—were delinquent in their responsibilities. Boys were allowed to run wild; to mix with other boys more hardened, boys who had seen the inside of reformatory walls and had become learned in the evil which somehow or other breeds there. In some cases the youngsters, for a more or less innocent escapade, had got their names on the police blotter, and thenceforth, feeling themselves officially criminal, had, with a pathetic ingenuousness, decided to live up to it. There came to light multitudes of cases where boys have gone wrong, or where they had not had their chance at health, through little fault of their own. Cruelty at home sometimes drove them to run away, to become vagrants; factory work so used up their normal energy that they must turn to ways beyond their years for quick excitement.

These are merely suggestive instances, random examples of conditions Elks began to discover. And because the Order, like Jones, was persistent, untiring in its effort to remedy the state of affairs, it failed to be discouraged, because the trail to improvement led far and was arduous to climb.

By 1916, besides the original lodges which had officially undertaken welfare work, there were a hundred more; and a year later the Grand Lodge Committee reported that more than thirty thousand boys had been helped along the road to a useful and happy manhood. Two years later the total had swelled to forty thousand cases of improvement a year; and so vast had the work become that the Subordinate Lodge

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Turkish porters loading lighters with native tobacco.

A Camera Story of the making of a great Cigarette

NEARLY anyone can make a cigarette. Just take some tobacco, roll it in paper, moisten the edge, and there you are!

But to buy tobaccos, then to cure, condition, age, blend and "make"—that is quite another story.

The buying of tobaccos is a business in itself. Only practical buyers can tell when the leaf has been properly grown and cured. Only "old hands" at the factory know when the tobaccos thus selected have been brought to the right "order" or condition for storage. And only experienced blenders know how to balance the different tobaccos, one against another, for aroma, for body, for taste.

Yet these are but a few of the many important steps in the making of a good cigarette. There is not space to tell you of the care and cleanliness in every step all along the line—nor of the enormous investments in tobacco, factories and equipment that have made possible this truly great cigarette.

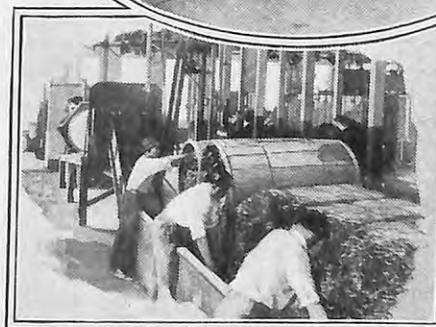
But remember this—taste is a matter of tobacco quality, and Chesterfield contains the finest selection of high-grade Turkish and Domestic tobaccos ever used in a cigarette selling at this price.



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Domestic tobacco is aged for two years in storage warehouses.



The Turkish and Domestic tobaccos are skillfully blended.

They Satisfy
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CIGARETTES

—of finest Turkish and Domestic tobaccos—blended

Copyright 1922 Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.



Each of these machines makes over 400 Chesterfields a minute.

Jones, Maker of Miracles

(Continued from page 21)

"Do you know the meaning of that last word?" he asked.

"A Lolo word, isn't it? Meaning medicine-man—?"

"Yes. Or witch-doctor. Something of that sort—" He scratched his chin delicately with the long, gold-encased finger nail of which he was so proud. "I know," he continued presently, "that you, the son of an impatient race, care not for the age-green wisdom of my race—the wisdom which is as pure as crystal and as sonorous as an ancient temple bell. Yet—permit me to remind you of Confucius' saying that in digging up the tree one must begin with the root."

THIS time Jones did not give way to nervousness or impatience. He remembered that seldom, after all, did the Manchu use flowery simile without reason.

"Well?" he asked.

"Speaking about the tree and the root and the digging," Sheng Pao continued unhurriedly, "consider that these jungly Lolos, so justly despised by the Chinese, are a savage, primitive folk, mated to the stench, the miasma, and the many blighting superstitions of the jungle. There exist in this world three causes through which you can influence such savages; and they are love, hate, and religious superstition and fanaticism. Now, granted these southern jungle tribes know something about the disappearance of our agents—"

"I doubt it. I consider them loyal," interjected Jones.

"Granted just the same for the sake of argument," went on the Manchu, "it could not have been hate against us which influenced them, since they do not hate us; nor love for the C. C. C. people, since they do not love them. Remains superstition. Tell me—is there a medicine hut near the Taping Station?"

"Yes. Right next to the agency headquarters. It's just the ordinary affair."

"Did you search it?"

"Thoroughly," replied Jones, "although I know how touchy the Lolos are about their temples and although the head witch-doctor raised objections. But I searched the place just the same. No trace in there, though, of our agents. There were only the regular paraphernalia—a few rough clay idols—and incense pots—nothing else."

"And yet—" the Manchu slurred, stopped.

"What?" demanded the Virginian.

"Do you recall the words we heard drifting in from the courtyard a few minutes ago?" Sheng Pao rose, crossed to the back veranda, and pointed at one of the men in the group squatting about the rice pots: a tall, narrow-hipped, broad-shouldered savage with bronzed, half-naked limbs, a flat face tattooed with yellow and indigo on forehead and nostrils, a thatch of bushy hair burnt rust-red by the sun, and a number of wood and bone amulets strung around his powerful neck. "This is the man who spoke about Ko-w'angs, about witch-doctors. He is not a southern Lolo, nor a Miao nor an I-pien. He does not belong to any of our people. I know his breed. He is a Meng-tzi from the east, from the Tonkin border. How did he get here? What is he doing here?"

"Nothing mysterious about that," replied Jones, smiling a little at his partner's rising excitement. "I brought him here myself—"

"Oh?"

"Yes. From the Taping River station."

"And what was he doing down there?"

"Drifted overland, I reckon. Became one of our porters. He asked me to take him along to Yun-nan-fu—seems to have a wife and a flock of children here, from what he gave me to understand."

The Manchu made a great gesture. It was more than a gesture. It seemed an incident which cut through the air like a dramatic shadow.

"My friend," he said, "I know the jungly tribes. Look here! What can our people, being Lolos, have to do with a Meng-tzi from the Tonkin border where—remember—are located the outposts of the C. C. C.?"

"You—" Blennerhassett Jones looked up startled. "You mean—"

"How and why did he get from the border to the Taping jungle? Drifted overland? Wife and children in Yun-nan-fu? A lie—by the Buddha! These tribesmen do not like to travel far from home without a good reason. He is a spy in the employ of the C. C. C." The Manchu's voice rose a hectic octave; gone was the usual, bland racial calm from his butter-yellow features. "Why is he making talk to our people of witch-doctors? What bond can there be between him and the Lolos? Tribes do not mix with tribes in this heathenish land." His voice dropped to a sudden whisper. "Again, for tribe to be friends with tribe, there are only three reasons: a common love, a common hate, or a common superstition. There is neither common love nor hate. Thus—superstition, religion—and religion, to these savages, means ever and always the brewing of some unclean miracle. My friend," he continued, "if the C. C. C. succeeded in brewing such a miracle—a miracle dealing, belike, with the disappearance of our three agents, a miracle to culminate in their buying out our interests at their own price—then I, for one, believe in stopping it."

"How?"

"By brewing a counter-miracle—by brewing it so strong that it shall remain for all time a bitter stench in their nostrils!"

"Sounds all right," said the American. "But what exactly are we going to do?"

"I shall cross that bridge when I get to Taping armed with the knowledge we gathered this last half hour."

"Oh—" Jones was silent; considered; then he looked up. "You are not going there," he announced.

"Why not, pray?"

"Because," Jones smiled, "pardon me—but you are rather—well—rotund! I am lean. I am more fit for the jungle trail than you. I am going there myself."

"You will have to hurry. The banks—you know—our credit—"

"I shall start to-night."

"You will have to go alone," said the Manchu, "by the short overland cut."

"You mean—because—"

SHENG PAO inclined his head. "Nobody must know of your coming. No warning must be given, by runner or drum code, to the C. C. C. or to—" he shrugged his shoulders—"whoever is our enemy in Taping."

"What about our Lolos in the courtyard?" asked the American. "They know that I only returned from Taping this morning, and they will think it strange that I—"

"I know," interrupted Sheng Pao. "There is a large shipment of cotton-cloth and sewing-machines due for the Tibetan border. The caravan starts to-day, and is short of men. All our Lolos shall go, including the houseboys. Nobody shall remain here except my two trusted old Manchu servants."

"Think it will be easy to fool the Meng-tzi—if he is really a spy?"

"I shall take care of him myself," replied the Manchu.

"How?" Jones demanded with a certain faint misgiving, knowing of old his partner's peculiar tactics when up against a raw fact of life and disapproving of them deep in his meticulous Virginian soul.

Sheng Pao laughed thinly.

"Do not ask me how," he replied. "You have certain Anglo-Saxon prejudices. I respect them—in theory. But I do not care for them—in practice."

Then, while Jones went to his rooms to see about his preparations for the journey, the other stepped out into the courtyard and up to the group of jungle natives.

"A newcomer in our midst?" he addressed the Meng-tzi.

"Yes." The latter looked up suspiciously, but felt reassured when he saw the Manchu's gentle smile and heard his kindly words:

"I hope you will be happy with us. We are not hard taskmasters. Come with me, my friend. There be certain rules of the house which you should know."

Accompanied by the Meng-tzi he walked into

one of the office rooms where an old Manchu servant kowtowed deeply and closed the door. Then, suddenly, an extraordinary change of manner came over Sheng Pao. Without explanation or parley he took a heavy Tartar riding crop from a table and brought the silver handle full force between the man's eyes. The Meng-tzi fell to the ground; and the Manchu smiled.

"Fool!" he said. "Fool!" He sat down comfortably on a carved Chinese chair, gathering the folds of his magnificently embroidered, plum-colored silk robe, and resting his feet on the body of the prostrate man. "Hayah! You came here from the East, flat-nosed and stinking and objectionable; and you have spoken poison-words of evil to the boys of my house!" He laughed. "Listen!" he went on. "You did leave your home, a cock; and you did expect to return a peacock, strutting and colorful. Listen again, he-goat bereft of shame and modesty! You will not return a peacock! You will not return at all!"

With quick, purring Manchu words he turned to his servant, and the latter bowed.

"Listen is obey, Your Excellency!" he replied; and, the next moment, there was the flash of a dagger, a rapid, downward thrust; and the Meng-tzi rolled over without a sound while the servant wiped the knife on the edge of his robe and sheathed it again with a little dry, metallic click of finality.

"Here is one," said Sheng Pao, pointing with his foot at the dead man, "who will never reach the blessed Lord Buddha's ten thousand pale-blue lotus fields." He tossed a purse filled with money to the servant. "Arrange the details," he added. "There may be hands to be greased—a minor Mandarin or two—to explain this—ah—accident logically."

SO, LATE that afternoon, the caravan of Lolos left the compound for the Tibetan border amidst the braying of the donkeys, the ill-natured squealing of the pack camels, the jingling and clanking of headstalls, the laughter of the porters, and the rough shouts of the drivers; while Jones, alone, atop a shaggy dromedary, took the overland trail back to the Taping River station whence he had arrived that very morning; and while Sheng Pao, his huge body wrapped in a butterfly embroidered robe of coquettish and decidedly unbecoming baby-blue silk, reclined on a couch in his apartment, a bulky and ancient Chinese tome in his delicate fingers.

"To go straight and honest to one's honest object," he read, "is a more deserving deed than the building of a seven-storied pagoda, sayeth the Buddha!" He smiled. "Perhaps the Buddha is right," he said, and he put down his book and called for his opium pipe.

"Perhaps the Buddha is right," he repeated the next morning, over his breakfast, thinking of his partner who, at the same time, was pushing his dromedary rapidly across the sun-baked, yellow tableland of Yun-nan, leaving the animal, on the evening of the second day, with one of the firm's agents at a station near the border of the jungle, whence he proceeded on foot, over the short cut.

It was a long, heart-breaking tramp; through a crazy network of jungle paths spreading over the land; through long grass and short grass; through grass burned to the roots, and through grass green and juicy, waiting for the stamping, long-horned cattle of the river tribes. Avoiding all human habitations, so that there could be no sending of bush messages to warn the Taping Station of his coming, he left the river to the south, walked north again, then southeast, in a sweeping, half-circular direction so as to avoid the miasmic, fever-breeding steam of the lowlands. On he tramped through thickets where elephant-thorns and cactus lacerated his skin, and through somber, black forests where evil, bat-like things flopped lazily overhead and slimy, spineless things squirmed and crawled underfoot. He tramped up and down steep ravines, up and down stony hillsides ablaze with white heat. He was tired and fever-worn. It was all so insufferably irritating: the heat, the nasty, stabbing insects, the sour sweat which oozed from his forehead and the pores of his nose and itched in his beard stubble, the straps of rifle and knapsack which rubbed his shoulders raw. But he carried on. Nor was it altogether a matter of business, of dollars and cents, the

(Continued on page 58)

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Jones, Maker of Miracles

(Continued from page 56)

lust of financial gain nor the fear of financial loss which drove him on, but something bigger and finer and more basically vital: the feeling of what he owed to himself and his partner, in ideals of justice and fidelity to his principles, and the refusal, if indeed the C. C. C. C. was in back of the trouble, to accept defeat at the hands of a power which he knew to be intrinsically unjust. He said to himself that he and his partner were right, while the C. C. C. C. was wrong. He must try his utmost to make his own principles victorious.

On then—through the wilderness!

He struck the heart of the jungle on the seventh day. The sky was cloudless, blazing with a terrible, vindictive heat, and steeped in primitive colors, red, blue and orange, like a futurist painting. So he rested during the day and walked in the late afternoon and at night, when it was a little cooler, when the merciless flare had died in the skies, when the far-off hills had turned a faint, pink color, and when the grimness of the bush was blurred as in a veil of purple chiffon.

Finally, late the next evening, he reached the Taping River.

He turned down a decline, slippery with timber falls, into the steaming valley. From behind the black curtain of trees which lined the river bank the camp-fires of some distant jungle tribe soared up in great, eager sheafs of crimson and golden sparks. It was late at night when he came within sight of the station itself. But he could still make out the contours of the agency residence, the squat, grim bulk of the warehouses, the sweep of the jetty, and the peaked grass roofs of the native houses.

Noiselessly he swung through the rush-fence of the station.

It was evident that the place had been abandoned to the tender mercies of the Lolos and that the directing mind of the White Man was missing. For it was ill-kept, and with the speed of the tropics—during his recent short stay Jones had not had time to reorganize the settlement—the few months since the disappearance of the last agent had sufficed to change it into a great sea of vegetation, an entangled exuberant mingling of leaves, creepers, and waxen, odoriferous flowers. In several places, in the hundred-odd yards between the fence and the agency residence, the crawling, victorious jungle had buried the very houses—a small warehouse here, farther down a couple of large tool-sheds—beneath its corrupt and glorious surge. A throbbing sea of green life it seemed, but life that was incredible, exaggerated, innately vicious and harmful. Here the cable-like, spiky creepers drooped low. They opened before Jones with a dull, gurgling sob as his fist jerked them aside; they closed behind him as if the bush had only stepped away for a second to let him through, leisurely, contemptuously, invincibly—to bar his way should he try to return, the morose thought came to him.

HE STEPPED out into a clearing where the taller, stouter buildings had so far withstood the sweep and rush of the jungle. There had been no sentinels at the fence gate; now he saw that there were no watchmen anywhere, not even at the doors of the warehouses which gaped wide open.

He frowned. A great rage rose in his throat. For, a Virginian, a gentleman, he was underneath it all a businessman who hated waste and inefficiency. But he reconsidered when he thought that this very inefficiency—this absence of watchmen everywhere—was on the other hand a guarantee of the fact that no messages had been sent here by runner or drum code, and that his coming was unexpected.

He looked around. The place seemed empty. Doubtless they had all gone into their huts to sleep.

He wondered what he should do. Sheng Pao had said that superstition, the brewing of a miracle, was one of the great driving powers that influenced the savage mind; had spoken, vaguely, of the brewing of a counter-miracle.

But—what could he do?

He crossed the clearing, silently, noiselessly, and stopped in front of the agency bungalow.

A LITTLE shudder ran through him. Beyond the river he could see the farther forest standing spectrally in the dazzling moonlight, and through stir of the leaves and the refuse, blown about by some vagabond night wind, was the mystery, the mad, amazing stillness of the tropical jungles, touching his heart with clay-cold fingers. Fear rushed upon him full-armed, and he was courageous enough to admit it. Then, almost at once, he controlled himself. There was his duty, he thought; his duty toward his partner, his firm, himself, even—somehow, curiously—toward his race and civilization and ideals. A wrong had been done. How? He was not sure. He would have to right this wrong. Again—how? Again—he was not sure. But the problem was there, and the solution was his, his alone.

Next to the bungalow the medicine house loomed up, large, shaped like a bee-hive.

He measured the distance between the two buildings with his eye. Just a few yards—enough for a strong man, at night, while the station was asleep, to carry a dead body across and inside and bury it there. None of the Lolos need have known about it, he thought; for, still, he held to his theory that the latter were loyal, were in ignorance of whatever had happened to the three agents.

On the other hand he had investigated the medicine hut on his recent visit. In spite of the witch-doctor's angry protests, he had tapped the earthen floor, had even dug here and there. And he had discovered nothing.

He stared at the temple. A faint light flickered through the tightly woven rush walls. Then he became aware that, with the light, came a sound, dull, bloating, like many voices talking low and in unison.

"Oh—God!" he whispered. It was not an ordinary, automatic exclamation. It was almost a prayer. "Dear—dear God!"

He had been a fool to come up here alone, he said to himself. Then, once more, he got a hold on his nerves.

When in doubt, lead trumps—he remembered the old whist rule. When in doubt what to think—act!

"Here goes!" he said out loud; and he walked up to the medicine hut with firm steps, and pushed open the door, suddenly, unceremoniously.

With the swing of the door, a heavy rush of air poured from the interior and hit him square in the chest, with almost physical force. Momentarily he felt sick, dazed. For the column of air which came from the building was thick, viscous, fetid—a mixture of oiled, perspiring bodies, incense smoke, and burning torches.

He steadied himself and looked.

Dimly through a reddish haze which swirled up to the low ceiling with tongues of opal and milk, he saw a sea of naked bodies, yellow, shiny, supple. Hundreds of Lolos knelt there, close together, with curved backs, foreheads and outstretched hands touching the ground.

They had neither seen nor heard his entry. They swayed rhythmically from side to side with all the hysterical frenzy of savages in moments of supreme, religious exaltation; chanting an amazing hymn in high-pitched, quivering voices, swelling and decreasing in turns, dying away in thin, quavery tremolos, again bursting forth in thick, palpable fervor, with now and then a sharply defined pause, followed by a great, heaving murmur, like the response in a satanic litany—"the brewing of some unclean miracle," Jones remembered Sheng Pao's words as, mated to the chanting, he heard the palsy din of drums and tomtoms, as the incense swirled up, darkening the air with a bloated shadow.

The scent and smoke of it dried his mouth. It bulged his eyes. It touched his spine with hands of cruel softness. And again he controlled his fear. He looked.

At the farther end of the hut he saw the three idols, man-size, roughly shaped to resemble human figures, and covered with black clay. Still the chanting continued, the smoke rose. Then, suddenly, the darkness and the noise were cut as with a knife.

First complete silence. Then a wail of drums and tomtoms and reed-flutes peaked up with

shrill triumph, in maddening waves of sound; and, at the same time, a greenish-opalescent light came from behind the clay idols. Gradually it changed into a crass, vivid, luminous scarlet and—from nowhere, it seemed to Jones—a witch-doctor, the same who had talked to him during his recent visit and had spoken vaguely about the anger of the jungle gods, stepped forth.

He was a huge man, his naked body smeared with ochre, his face covered by a black devil-mask, the witch charms around his neck flittering and rattling with every gesture and movement.

At the sight of him the mad fervor of the Lolos seemed to swell and grow. The cries rose to a hideous, soul-freezing pitch, while the witch-doctor stood silent, motionless, staring into the crowd with cold, opaque eyes. Even to Jones, in spite of his prejudices, there was something ominous, something savagely superb in the poise of the man's huge, muscular body.

"Great Heavens!" he said to himself. "I'm in the deuce of a pickle, I reckon!"

Then he acted.

"Good evening!" he said in a sonorous voice. He was quite calm, quite courtly, absolutely Virginian, and his words seemed to galvanize the tribesmen. They jumped up, turned, saw the intruder. There were minatory, throaty shouts; a crackling of spears and clanking of broad-bladed daggers. But Jones did not hesitate. He took a step forward, a smile on his face.

"Greetings, my people!" he said in the Lolo dialect, and he stepped further into the hut, recognizing a man here and there and addressing him by name: "Greetings, Tai Fong! Greetings, Wu Gen! Greetings, O first-born of Quai Yi!"

The men gave greetings in return, and Jones walked on until he found himself face to face with the witch-doctor, a few feet from the clay-covered idols.

THE witch-doctor seemed to grow rigid. His right hand shot upward with the fist clenched.

"Why have you come, White Man?" he demanded. "What do you wish?"

Jones drew in his breath for a moment. His heart was beating with fierce, rapid strokes. On all sides of him was the sea of yellow faces and bodies, broken by the flash of the torches on the hundreds of weapons. A giant jungle Lolo raised his sheaf of spears and began a wild tirade. A score of voices bellowed angrily. The mob surged forward, while the witch-doctor's voice rang out sharp and cutting above the turmoil, repeating his challenge:

"What do you wish, White Man? Why have you come here, into the holiest of our faith?"

"Desecration! Blasphemy unspeakable!" cried the Lolo who was brandishing the sheaf of spears, and there was a great clicking and chattering of guttural words that reminded Jones somehow of the rattle of hundreds of typewriters; and his nerves seemed ready to snap. He felt a terrible weakness in his knees and a catch in his throat.

Then he controlled himself. For, suddenly, it had seemed to him that somewhere, quite near, a muffled voice was whispering his name—half-articulate, thick, strangled. He tried to dismiss the idea as chimerical; turned to the medicine-man, speaking easily, with hearty sincerity:

"And is there any reason why I should not be here? Am I then an enemy?" He hesitated; said to himself that his words were weak and inadequate; decided to play a trump card: "I heard of the brewing of a great and wondrous miracle—so I came—"

"Oh—" came the witch-doctor's sibilant exclamation, as he drew in his breath. "You came to—?"

"To see!" went on the American. "Belike, to help!"

"To help? You—to help—us—?"

"Why not?" Jones made a great gesture. "Are not these Lolos my people? Have they not worked for me and my partner these many years, faithfully?" He addressed the mob direct. "And have not I and my partner been as faithful to you, protecting you against famine and fire and flood, against disease and thieving mandarins?"

"Even faithfulness comes to an end," replied the witch-doctor, "when the jungle gods command!"

"But—have they commanded?" challenged Jones.

"Yes! They have sent the blessed miracle!"

"Yes—yes—yes—" rose the frenzied shouts from a hundred throats; and Jones understood that he was standing on the brink of a catastrophe, that one wrong word might spell the end for himself, his partner, his firm, his ideals.

Then as he stood there silent he seemed to hear again somewhere quite near a muffled voice whispering his name, with a terrible, choked note of entreaty; seemed, too, to feel that somewhere a human intelligence was focused upon him, trying to communicate with him. Almost instinctively he turned and looked narrowly at the idols. They appeared terribly real beneath their crude clay envelopes. And again he heard his name whispered—faint, muffled, eery, uncanny. This time there was no doubt of it, and it brought him up rigid, tense, with fists clenched, with eyes glaring. But he controlled himself before the witch-doctor, who was closely watching him, could have noticed it. He lent courteous ear to the latter's words that came sibilant and triumphant:

"There is no doubt, White Man, of the sending of the blessed miracle!"

"No doubt, indeed!" came the Lolos' whirling chorus.

"The jungle gods commanded," the witch-doctor went on, "and—behold!—your servants, your agents, disappeared!"

"True!" admitted the Virginian.

"And, after the third disappearance," the witch-doctor lowered his voice with dramatic intent, "the gods spoke to me in the night, with words of command and of prophecy. The command—White Man!—to be proved by the prophecy!"

"And what was the command?" inquired Jones in whose brain a plan was forming, slowly and sharply.

"That, hereafter, in the Taping jungle the rule of the house of Jones & Sheng Pao should end; that another gathering of White men, all-powerful, known the wide world over by four letters . . ."

"C. C. C. C.?" interrupted Jones casually.

"Yes. That they should be the jungle's new masters! And, in proof of the command, they sent the blessed miracle!"

"The—ah—statues?" asked Jones, looking at the man with the suspicion of a wink.

The witch-doctor hesitated momentarily. Then he inclined his head triumphantly. Doubtless he had guessed by this time what was going on in the American's brain; as doubtless he was relying on the Lolos' superstitious fears and on the simplicity of their savage, atrophied minds, to help him defeat whatever plan Jones might have.

"Yes!" he said. "The statues! Three clay figures did the gods send, out of the jungle, out of the nowhere, fashioned after their own image! These!" He pointed at them. "Statues that hold the very essence of the jungle gods' souls! Statues—" he shrieked—"who talk!"

Suddenly he stepped close to one of the idols, whispered a few words; and as if in reply a low noise, between a sob and a cry, brushed from the clay figure. Came a pall of silence; silence presently splintered as the crowd moaned with superstitious awe; silence again restored as the witch-doctor raised both his hands and turned mockingly to the American:

"Now do you believe the miracle, White Man?"

Jones' answer came even and rather meek:

"But I never denied it. I came here—did I not say so?—because of it—to help!" All at once he turned and faced the crowd, while his voice rose to its full-throated strength: "I, too, am a maker of miracles!"

"You—you—wh—what—?" The witch-doctor stammered. The American's words had caught him unprepared. He did not know what to say, how to stop the other's flow of speech that surged on with a cadence of utter conviction:

"My agents disappeared because the gods were angry. True. But the gods, being kind gods, have forgiven them. They have decided to send them back to life, to work once more for me and my partner, to rule once more over the Taping jungle. Go!" he cried exultantly. "Return in an hour. And with your own eyes you shall see this second, greater miracle! A miracle brewed by me and—" smiling at the witch-doctor, reading the latter's Oriental soul

(Continued on page 60)

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Jones, Maker of Miracles

(Continued from page 59)

like a book—"by my friend who, as a medicine-man, is second only to me!"

He had read the latter's mind rightly. For suddenly the man understood that the American held the winning hand. So he did what most Asiatics would have done under the circumstances. Fight the inevitable? Not he! What profit was there in that, or, if not profit, what glory? Better far to ally himself to the rising, victorious power!

Thus he, too, commanded the crowd to leave the hut, because—he said—"the White Man is right! There will be presently a great and wondrous brewing of medicine! Go, go, all of you!"

Then, when the Lolos had rushed out, chattering excitedly, he turned to the American with a half-smile:

"You—ah—know?"

"Yes. You kidnaped my three agents. You gagged them and covered their bodies with clay. Once in a while you gave them drugs and a little food and water. And when they moaned with pain, you told the Lolos that the gods talked—eh?"

Again the medicine-man smiled, nowise ashamed nor even embarrassed.

"But how did you discover the truth?" he asked.

"Because," came Jones' measured reply, "I have seen idols a-plenty in this land; even idols, given the ventriloquist powers of certain witch-doctors, that talk. But never before have I seen idols with blue eyes!" There was a short silence; then he continued: "You will help me to release these three men from their clay prisons. You will tell the Lolos that in the future it is I and my partner, and not the C. C. C. people, your employers, who are the favorite of the gods. But—" musing—"what am I going to do with you?"

"You can't kill me," came the calm reply.

"Can't I?"

"No."

"And why not?"

"Didn't you say to the tribesmen that as a medicine-man I am second only to you?"

"I did—worse luck!" admitted Jones. "Still

—what am I to do with you?" he growled.

"What would you suggest yourself?"

"Trust me, my master!"

"Eh?"

"Employ me!"

"Trust—you? Employ—you?"

"I know this country, and also—" he coughed discreetly—"do I know many secrets of the C. C. C. C."

"But—"

"If I were powerful and swore fealty to you, then you would be right in not trusting me," argued the witch-doctor. "For, powerful, I would strive for yet more power. But hereafter it is you whom the Lolos will consider the gods' favorite. And, shorn thereby of power, since you are the greater miracle maker, under the heel of your mercy, thus deprived of everything except what you would grant me yourself, I should be forced to remain loyal to you through self-defense!"

"Absolutely immoral!" said the American. "But my partner Sheng Pao would say: absolutely logical! All right! Consider yourself in our employ from this moment on!" and he walked up to the clay-covered idols whence, thirty minutes later, issued three White Men, decidedly weak, decidedly hungry and suffering and angry, and decidedly amazed when Blennerhassett Jones introduced to them the witch-doctor as:

"Your former jailer—now one of our employees!"

"But—" stammered M'Namee, not believing his ears, "what the devil—"

"I know what you are going to say," cut in Jones. "Absolutely immoral, eh?"

"Yes, Mr. Jones!"

"But—" added the latter—"absolutely logical!"

And he repeated the words, several weeks later, when again the Taping station hummed with keen barter, with the firm's agents, now favorites of the jungle gods, speeding up the Lolos and sending shipments of rubber and fossil ivory to the north that bloated the accounts of Jones & Sheng Pao in various local and over-

seas banks, with other agents, coached by the former witch-doctor, carrying on a merciless commercial war on the Tonkin border, in the very territory that had hitherto been one of the C. C. C. C.'s undisputed monopolies. Five minutes earlier he had credited the witch-doctor's account with five hundred taels—"special commissions."

"We shouldn't employ that man," he said now, facing his partner across a siphon, a square bottle, and two tall, frosted glasses. "It is absolutely immoral—"

"Frequently," calmly rejoined the Manchu, "is a great principle of moral justice built on immoral foundations!"

"Oh—Sheng Pao!" came the Virginian's shocked exclamation.

"Even so!" the other went on blandly. "For do not the ancients say that virtue and vice are only outward symbols?"

"Personally," said the American, "I believe in justice—straight through!"

"So do I," replied the Manchu. "Yet, being not altogether a fool, would I consider it a crime to make justice profitable? Would I hold it a sin to—ah—accumulate an unearned increment on the dung-heap of my neighbors' evil deeds? Look—" he tossed a slip of blue paper across the table—"you saw Morgan O'Dowd's telegram?"

"Yes. He offers to buy us out at just three times what he offered last time."

"Indeed," said Sheng Pao, filling his glass. "Which goes to prove the truth of Confucius' saying that the broken furnace may turn out exquisite tiles."

"You can always get my goat with those Mongol proverbs of yours," smiled the Virginian; and the other smiled back.

"I know it," he said. "That's why I do it. But—we are of the same opinion in one thing, aren't we?"

"What?"

"We won't sell out to the C. C. C. C."

"You bet! Not for five times the price!" agreed Blennerhassett Jones, and he tore Morgan O'Dowd's telegram into a dozen pieces.

Two Masters

(Continued from page 12)

reflection as if it belonged to another. A shirt open at the neck showed muscles hard and tense. Even make-up could not widen the tight red line of the mouth. The eyes were dulled as if viewed through a curtain. Frank Moore went through his final preparations like a machine correctly set in motion. When the last touch had been given, he walked to the door and listened to the surge of the incoming throng like the song of the sea on a smooth beach.

Suddenly rebellion shook him. What right had they? Pleasure! That was all they cared about. To make of him a puppet, a thing for their amusement! God, what a joke! Those lights, the chatter, the laughter—himself about to stalk onto the stage!

A few minutes later, as he made his entrance to an anticipatory round of applause, he had an insane desire to step down to the footlights and shout his thoughts to the upturned faces that came vague and white out of the dark. Those gay seekers who were using him for an hour's diversion, why should they not know what that hour meant of anguish to him? Why should the curtain that lifted to them lift only on illusion? Why should their pleasure be permitted to surmount his pain?

But those in front saw only a man going through his part with leaden apathy. Frank Moore, the spontaneous, the man, who, with the lift of an eyebrow or the flick of a little finger against a cigaret ash could carry an audience into his mood, what had happened to him? A stir, that faint but agonizing presage of dissatisfaction, sent its warning up and over the footlights. Moore felt it with the rest, but it quickened neither fear nor blood in his veins. Only grim resentment and dull indifference. He could not shake them off. He didn't care.

Backstage the sensitive fingers of Oswald Kane on the pulse of his public trembled for the sum, always enormous, that would sink with the swaying ship of the production. As the act drew to its close, his restless feet paced the boards, his heavy brows drew together. Yet when the curtain fell and Moore came off, the manager showed no anxiety. He approached the actor, gently taking his arm. Moore looked up a trifle dazedly as if not quite sure where he was.

"Wish I could do something for you, old man," was all the other man said.

"Rotten, wasn't it?" Moore answered with a tight smile.

Kane said nothing.

"Do my best this act," Moore supplemented.

"Shall I telephone and find out how things are? You might like to know."

"No—don't—don't! I couldn't—stand it."

His strained eyes closed. He went quickly into his dressing-room and banged the door.

Kane stood for a second, hesitant, then hurried out to the elevator that mounted to his studio at the top of the building.

In the lobby, critics exchanged a few cryptic remarks, conservatively trying to withhold snap judgment. But frankly puzzled, they asked each other what was the matter with Kane. He was permitting an actor like Franklyn Moore to walk through his part like an automaton.

The auditorium darkened. The curtain lifted on Act II. Moore made his entrance. He played a statesman, ruthlessly trampling under iron hoof friends, family, wife, to reach the pinnacle of his ambition. But up to that moment, he had not been iron. He had been wooden. Not ruthless force, but numbed suffering marked his gestures, the intonations of his deep voice.

More than once, his hand strayed with desperate weariness to his thick brown hair. He managed to catch the gesture in time, but, even halted midway, it marked itself as strangely out of character.

As he came off at his first exit, Kane was in his path, pacing up and down. Once more he took the actor's arm, but this time his voice shook.

"Do you want to go home, old man? Shall I step out now and explain? We can ring down the curtain."

"You mean I've flivved the whole thing, anyway. You mean there's no use going on."

"No!" Kane pulled down the hands that tremblingly covered the staring, empty eyes. "No—don't say that. But it was too much to ask of you. I had no right!"

"You—you weren't the only one who asked it of me. I'm going through with it, I tell you I—I'll get them yet."

A shout of laughter came from the auditorium. Kane could not control a sigh. It was relief after the murmuring quiet that had marked the play's reception from the first. Moore looked up with a quick, comprehending glance. He had flivved the production. Failure was upon his shoulders—his alone! He squared them determinedly. He waited attentively for his cue.

When he walked onto the stage again, he looked out upon the vague faces in that crowded cavern at his feet and then his gaze traveled to an empty chair in the stage box. It rested there an instant and gradually something was woven into the mauve velvet of the chair-back. Filmy and gauzelike as a cloud across the sun, it took at first no form. Only white and gentle and indefinite, but even before it floated into the folds of a woman's gown, he knew that above it,

two dark eyes were sending the flame of inspiration into his, a silky blonde head was bent forward with the light of love gleaming from it. The lips were slightly parted as if to call to him. Against the rail of the box rested transparent hands, ready to lift in applause. She was so eager, so intent, so full of faith and urge and hope that he did not realize his imagination had put her there. Those other men and women must see her, too. They must know now that the one he needed to help him onward had come because of that need.

His head went up. A light lifted the curtain of his eyes. A live look loosened the tension of his mouth. He turned toward the leading woman and again his glance swept the audience. Something electric passed over them. Franklyn Moore had come to life. He was acting now. No, not acting! For as his rich voice responded to the unvoiced call which had come to him, it swept that waiting throng across the footlights. Not illusion but a sense of reality made them move forward with the drama. To them he was no longer an actor playing a part. He was a man living in anguish because in tearing the laurel wreath from another's brow, he had torn down his own happiness. The wife he loved had turned to the man from whom he had snatched it.

"Of what use is the applause of the multitude," he pleaded, "if I must lose you?"

And as he spoke the words only a few in that vast audience saw his eyes fasten on an empty chair in the stage box.

The dark eyes that met his shone. The shadowy hands came together in applause. The white throat pulsed. She was so alive in all her vagueness. She was sending out to him what he had always known she would give him when the moment came, the spark she had said she lacked, the power of love to leap the chasm of uncertainty, to know the heights of achievement.

His lips formed "Elaine." He waited for the applause to die down. Then with the man's eyes still on that box, the actor crossed the stage to the woman he had lost.

"I ask you only not to leave me! Not now! Give me the chance to share with you the success that has robbed me of—everything. One chance! Just one!"

And as she told him it was too late to ask anything of her and the door shut behind her, he lifted his two arms and his voice broke over the tragedy of the immortal tenor's in "Il Pagliacci" as he cried out:—

"I am at the top—and I am alone!"

Even before the curtain fell, the bravos rang out. The force of them was deafening. That drawing aside of the curtain of his soul, that sudden springing to life of the fire of genius had an effect more dynamic than would have been an easy success from the very beginning.

It was like a clarion blast across a silent world. It galvanized the sullen crowd to action. It carried them out of their seats. Through the din and the repeated rise and fall of the curtain, Moore did not move. They clamored for a speech. He shook his head. But like insistent children, they shouted his name, and as the curtain remained lifted, he stepped downstage.

"There's nothing I can say . . . the credit for this is not mine. . . . It belongs to one—" his voice halted. It broke. He stepped back.

Construing his few words as a tribute to his illustrious manager, they called for Kane,—called and waited. He did not come.

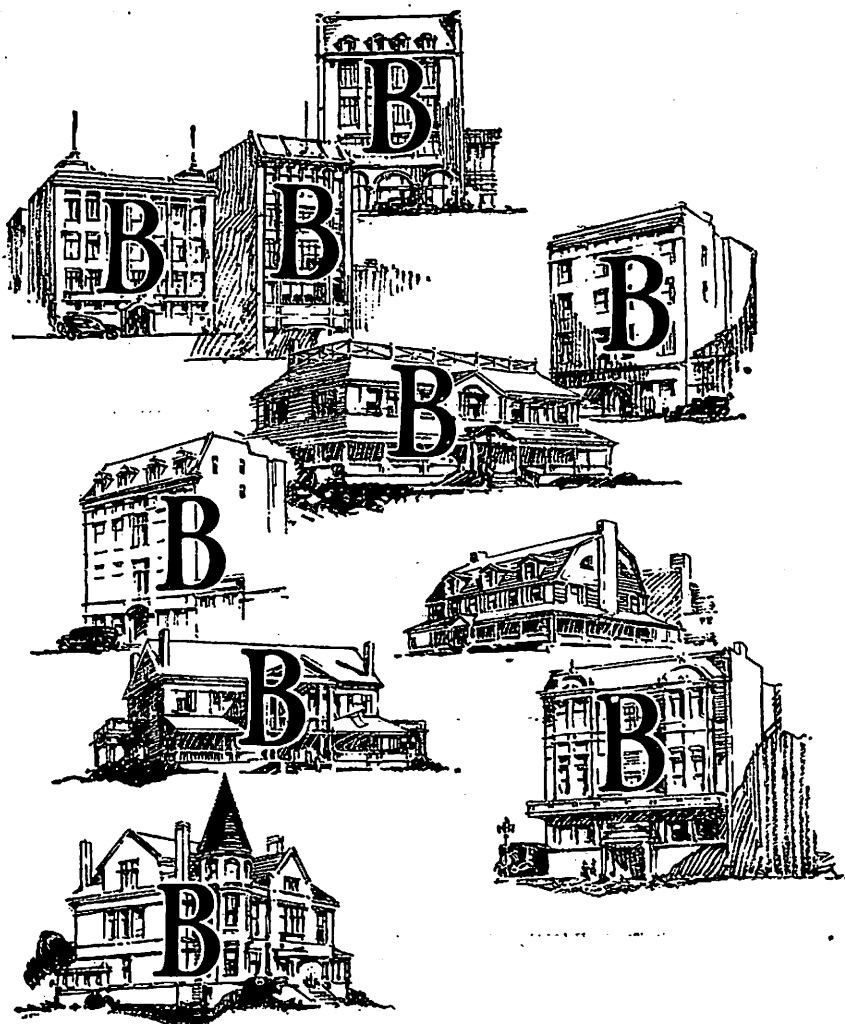
From the wings, members of the cast scurried in search of him. It was not like Oswald Kane on a first night to be far from the footlights at the curtain of the big act. He was always close at hand after eight or ten calls, for a gracious speech of thanks.

But to-night he could not be found. They sent a call-boy to his studio. He was not there. He had evidently left the theater. Discouraged by Moore's early failure, he had apparently given up all possible hope of the ultimate overwhelming triumph that was his.

The curtain descended finally after announcement had been made that the manager could not be located.

Keyed to his topmost effort, Moore changed for the last act. He had come through! He had scored—nothing could alter that. And she had made him do it. It was her success! His Elaine's! He had not failed her. Two masters!

(Continued on page 62)



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Two Masters

(Continued from page 61)

She had said he must only serve one. Had he? And, if so, was it not she, his beloved, whom he had served?

Out onto the stage again, with that swift glance toward her place, that prayer to a filmy figure of his imagination. And yet not quite! More than his imagination—his spirit! They two were one, would be one for all time. He knew that now.

With the same fire of inspiration, he went through the final scenes. For her he played his part—to her he spoke his lines. "You've come back to me!" he cried as the door opened and the wife of the play entered. "You've come back. I haven't lost you, dear." And a vast throng of seasoned New Yorkers responded, unashamed of their emotion.

The play was done and as the last clatter of hot hands died away, Frank Moore covered with quick, precipitate steps the short space to his dressing-room. His eyes were still lifted and

alight. He caught hold of the door knob and as he did so, another hand covered his.

"Frank—"

Oswald Kane was standing beside him.

"I put it over!" came swiftly from the actor and with a breath of triumphant relief.

"I know."

"But I wasn't the one who did it. She did!"

"I know that, too!"

"You—?"

"I was with her."

"You—?" Frank Moore repeated.

"When I saw you were winning out, I felt she ought to know. I went over to tell her."

"You saw her? You talked to her?"

"Yes. She knew all about it. Frank—if you could have seen her joy! It was like a light from heaven."

Moore pushed past him.

"I'll go to her—I'll see it now!"

"Frank—wait!"

The actor paused under the shaky, detaining hand.

"Frank—not yet!"

Frank Moore looked up dumbly.

"You will see a smile on her lips," Kane went on. "It will be there—always."

The man who heard him stood silent. One would have said no change had occurred. Then very low, he brought out:

"Are you telling me—?"

"Yes, my boy."

Quietly the hand dropped away from the door. He stood looking up into the sympathetic face of the great manager and then with slow, shuffling steps, he went back to the dismantled boards that faced the dark auditorium. With shoulders sagging and head bent he stood for a moment. And then a stagehand moving the last piece of scenery saw him lift his arms and stretch them out to an empty chair in the stage-box.

Old Time Stuff

(Continued from page 25)

Detroit third-baseman, was accused of deliberately kneeling in front of the bag and blocking off runners. Finally Byrne, in running to third, jumped into Moriarty, spikes foremost. He ripped Moriarty's uniform to pieces, but Byrne himself was borne from the field with both ankles broken.

Hahn, outfielder for the Chicago White Sox, had his nose broken by a pitched ball, hurled by Pfister in the Cub-Sox series of 1906. Leach of the Pittsburghs backed into a temporary fence when he was going after a ball in this same series, and it was thought that he was seriously injured, but he emerged from the wreckage with the ball in his hand.

It is not often that home has been stolen in a world series, but Cobb turned the trick in the savagely fought contest with Pittsburgh. Willis had just been sent in as a relief pitcher. As he wound up to throw the first ball, Cobb, who was on third, made a successful dash for the plate. Evers tried the same trick in the series between the Cubs and Detroit in 1907, when in the first game, which went 12 innings to a tie, he was on third in the ninth, with Moran, a pinch-hitter, at the bat. Before Moran could hit, Evers started for home, but was thrown out, retiring the side.

Among the rare plays that have come up in world championship games, the triple play by Wambsganss, second-baseman of the Cleveland team, in the series with Brooklyn, in 1920, is outstanding. Very few unassisted triple plays have been made in the history of the game.

A hunting trip robbed Pittsburgh of almost certain victory in 1903, after that team had won three out of the first four games with the Boston American League team. Pittsburgh had only two pitchers in form, Phillipe and Leever, but they were going great guns, and seemed invincible. They won their first games in brilliant fashion, and it seemed all over but the mere formality of recording another victory for the Pittsburghs. But Sam Leever had gone on a hunting trip between the close of the regular championship season and the opening of the world series. The constant recoil of the gun during a few days of steady shooting, had bruised his shoulder, and he began to falter in the world series. Boston, with the veteran Cy Young just settling into his stride, gathered confidence and won four straight victories, giving that team five to Pittsburgh's three.

The 1909 series between Pittsburgh and Detroit not only was notable for its bitterness, so far as the players were concerned, but it marked the only time when a world series game was played in a fog. Twenty-nine thousand persons in Detroit watched the play in the opening game in a heavy blanket of fog that made the outfielders look like ghosts.

In early days the world series was started late in the month of October, but now it is begun earlier. This is because there are more cities in which Sunday ball-playing is permitted, thus

admitting a better condensation of league schedules.

Postponed games on account of weather have done much to help out teams that have been short of first-class pitching material. In 1910, during the series between the Philadelphia Americans and the Chicago Cubs, the weather undoubtedly had much to do with the result. The Athletics had only Bender and Coombs upon whom any dependence could be placed in the box, particularly in the stress of a world series conflict. But there came one postponement after another, on account of bad weather conditions, with an occasional game sandwiched between. This gave Bender and Coombs their needed rest and enabled them to work alternately, with the result that the Athletics won four victories to Chicago's one.

Tickets are sold in the fond expectation on the part of the officials that the entire series will be played, but sometimes a world series proves one-sided, and the result is costly. Where a team wins four straight games, as in the case of the Boston Braves over the Philadelphia Athletics, it is a notable achievement for the winning team, but a heavy loss to the leagues.

"It is not generally known that something over \$1,000,000 has been refunded to the public," said John A. Heydler, President of the National League. "Tickets for four games are sold with the understanding that if the full number is not played, money for the unused admissions will be refunded."

Planning to take care of world series crowds is the bane of the managerial existence. Many things enter the calculations—the weather, the freaks of fortune on the diamond that may extend a series beyond its limit or end it before it has much more than reached the normal starting stage. All these delightful uncertainties also help to whiten the hair of the ticket speculator. If the series goes to the limit, with a grand crescendo of public interest at the last, the ticket speculator faces the winter with the equanimity common to the wealthy. But, as the poet says, the man worth while is the man who can smile when his guess on the series is wrong—particularly when he has tickets for sale in bad weather or to a community that has grown dispirited beneath repeated defeats.

Umpiring has caused no end of trouble in world series games, ever since that first occasion when rooters for the Metropolitan team became so "highly incensed" that the object of their wrath did not reappear for the final game.

Somebody—evidently a lawyer—figured it out that what was needed was a sort of Supreme Court on the diamond, so it was arranged to have two umpires and a referee, the third individual's word to be final. The umpires were frankly partisan—one representing each team. In case of a close decision, the opinion of the referee was to be sought. That worthy, who was appointed by the Board of Umpires, stood between the pitcher and second base.

This plan was tried out in the series of 1886 between the St. Louis Browns and Chicago White Stockings. Games were prolonged to four hours, and the fans had to light all their cigarette matches to find their way home to supper, so the referee soon returned to those cloistered temples of law where there is all the time in the world for decisions.

The four-umpire system, which came later and stayed, grew in this way: Interest in the game was increasing and crowds at world series games began encroaching on the playing field. Two extra umpires were stationed, to see where balls dropped in the crowd. Later, when it was ruled that there must be fences at certain distances, and the crowd must be kept behind those fences, the extra umpires were kept in the field.

World series were hit-or-miss affairs until 1905, when the first real playing rules were adopted. Previous to that time the series had been governed only by the whims of those most concerned. John T. Brush, owner of the New York Giants, saw the danger ahead unless rules were drawn up and adhered to. In 1904 Mr. Brush refused to allow his team, then champions of the National League, to play the champion Boston team of the American League. The following year the New York Nationals and the Philadelphia American League champions played under the Brush rules which are virtually in existence to-day. Under these rules the players share in the first few games only, thus removing any incentive to prolonging the series. The players get a larger percentage now, but in general the Brush rules stand.

There has been no better illustration of the spirit of sportsmanship which rules the world series than when Brooklyn waived its right of protest and allowed Sewell to play in place of Shortstop Chapman, who had been killed in 1920. Sewell had been brought to the Cleveland team, to take Chapman's place, so late that he was not eligible to play in the world series, but the Brooklyn management announced that under the circumstances it would make no protest. Sewell played a great game and aided Cleveland materially in getting a flying start which enabled the Western club to win the series by five games to three.

As long as such a spirit is in evidence and the public is convinced that the series that blooms in the fall is honestly conducted, the public will continue to acclaim these world championship contests as the greatest attractions in the line of professional sport.





*Drawing by
Robert W. Stewart*

His Rival

was up there in that doomed vessel. Pride, greater than the northeast storm, and stronger than the fury of Lake Michigan, had sent Jean Bolduc out in his small boat to save him. Was he a fool to pit his strength against the anger of the Great Lakes, to risk his life for a girl who had slapped his face and made him the laughing-stock of the town?

You'll know the secret reason for Jean Bolduc's mad adventure when you read Harold Titus' great story, "The Measure of Pride," in the November issue. You'll fall in love yourself with the girl, Sue—she is as elemental and strong as the wind-swept regions of the Great Lakes that gave her birth.

None But the Best for The Elks Magazine

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Theodore E. Waters

*From the Angus MacDonall cover to the last page
the November issue will be the best yet published*

HOW DETERMINED WOMEN EARN MONEY at HOME



By
Eustine Erne

I think it would be a little difficult to explain exactly what first got me so interested in this matter of home occupation for men and women and led me to write this message.

Perhaps it was a deep-rooted recollection of childhood days when a crisis in the family fortunes made it desirable, yes, necessary, for Mother to earn some extra money. I never think of it without a feeling of regret that she could not have known about the Gearhart Knitter and Allwear Hosiery.

When I undertook to investigate and write about home knitting I did so with the understanding that I was to be allowed to present the facts as I found them in my own way.

It makes me very happy to be able to say that in Gearhart home knitting there exists a pleasing, spare time, extra-money opportunity for most any woman who is determined to succeed.

I have seen with my own eyes letters from legions of women (men, too, for that matter) expressing thanks and gratification that they were able to earn money at home in the Gearhart way.

Some needed the extra money to pay pressing bills, to care for a sick husband, clothe the children or themselves, and others wanted a vacation, to refurnish the parlor, etc., almost as many reasons as there were women. But my point is that they got what they wanted, seeing in the opportunity Gearhart offers the solution of their difficulties or the fulfillment of their desires. The spare time which most women can profitably utilize in knitting Allwear Hosiery is the money-making formula which Gearhart will tell you about on request.

You simply make arrangements for one of the knitters, under an iron clad, three year contract, which binds Gearhart to accept and pay for all the Standard Allwear Hosiery you can produce. After mastering the simple principles of operation you begin to knit in comfort and privacy. If you wish, no one need know how you are making your extra money. Then you make up a dozen or a hundred dozen pair of Standard Allwear Hosiery according to instructions, (how much you do rests with yourself) you pack them up and send them to the Gearhart Company. Quickly comes a generous check for your work.

I earnestly believe that there is no home occupation for the average woman who wants additional practical income at once so profitable and fascinating as Gearhart Home Knitting, and so I say, "If you are a determined woman, really serious in your desire to devote your spare time to earning money, write the Gearhart Knitting Machine Co., for their Profit Guide Book, which explains everything, and free samples of knitting, Box EKO, Clearfield, Pa., today."

When we asked Miss Erne to write the above request for home workers we told her that we wanted to reflect the reputation of an old established house which for 36 years has manufactured what we know to be a truly wonderful machine, highly perfected, simple, and of absolutely guaranteed quality. In the simplicity of the above and absence of exaggeration Miss Erne has succeeded admirably.

(Signed)

G. Gearhart

Book Reviews

(Continued from page 26)

glad of it—"he was swung from bleak uplands, down into the rich, warm air of a valley pleasant with cottages."

Truth—and a brutal, modern lack of weak sentiment! Yes, but how we long for a bit of daring, a flaming moment, one wild, winged cry in a book!

And there, gentlemen, stands George F. Babbitt. Sound of limb, pretty sound of heart, a thorough "office-going" American who upholds the Constitution and can hand a few decent things down to his grandchildren.

His attempt to find something better and bigger than life as Zenith offers it having stumped him, he passes on the combat to his son. The next generation may have more guts—the word is allowable, we think—to find the way out.

That's exactly the trick that left us with a glimmer of hope at the end of "Main Street."

A Vigilante Committee should call upon Mr. Lewis about the time he is finishing his next book—if he has patience and strength left to write another—and say to him, "Look here, Lewis, see that the hero's job is finished up somehow or other. He must not hand it on to the kid. We've had enough of that."

Do you get the story, or rather the fact that there is no story? There's just *Babbitt*. And there's nothing about him we do not know, from his sleeveless cotton B. V. D.'s to his little, kind, cotton soul. It is, thank God, not often given us to know a living creature as well as we grow to know this puppet. At the end you are obsessed with him.

You find yourself walking along the street looking into men's faces and saying, "Gee, there's a Babbitt! Gee, there's another! The next fellow isn't, but there are two other Babbitts behind him. O Lord!"

The book is in three volumes—no, it isn't—but it has a three-volume feeling. You have to hand it to Mr. Lewis that he isn't mean with his words. He gives you more of them for your money than any one since Sir Walter Scott.

The publishers (Harcourt, Brace & Co.) announce this as a fall book. They are wrong. It is a fall and winter book. Beginning now, and reading diligently, it will take the average citizen until well after Christmas before he sees Babbitt put his arm around his son's shoulder and hears him tell the youngster to carry on.

It is inevitable that one should make comparisons between this book and "Main Street." We think "Babbitt" is better written, more grimly true, more "marching," less erratic—but it's a good sight less entertaining. There's no fire of youth in "Babbitt." There's a masterly picture of a man who, ordinarily, doesn't have an artist paint his portrait; there's satire and cold contempt, and brilliant insight and kindly understanding—but *there isn't one quick drum-beat*.

The very fact that Sinclair Lewis has so progressed in his art has been bad for him. We'd rather have him less the mature writer and more the flaming story-teller.

SHORT LENGTHS

The Iron Puddler. By James J. Davis, Secretary of Labor. (Bobbs-Merrill.)

All the strength and opportunity of this land of promise—all the courage and splendor that the old world occasionally sends us in her immigrant sons, are found in this book by Secretary Davis, who came to this country from Wales when he was eight years of age and worked, as his father worked, in an iron foundry. Now, from a Cabinet position, he gives us this compelling, virile, human book—his interest in which he has signed over to the child welfare work going on at the Mooseheart School. A "puddler" makes iron bars—and this particular puddler seems to have molded some American, iron thoughts.

"The laborer who does not turn capitalist and have a house and garden for his old age is lacking in foresight."

"The time to quit work and divide the wealth is just two weeks before the end of the world."

"Man must face an iron world, but he is iron to mold it."

"The average working man thinks mostly of the present. He leaves to students and to capitalists the safeguarding of his future."

Carnac's Folly. By Sir Gilbert Parker. (Lippincott.)

A gorgeous story of French Canada and the lumber trade. At least, that is the background. Carnac himself is the whole show—a romantic, tragic, lovable personality, who lifts the book out of the "adventure" class and turns it into a more subtle and skilful thing. *Carnac's Folly* is dramatic, not alone because of the reckless youth and his mock marriage and his defiance of the old lumber-king, but because of the underlying conflict in his soul. A bully love story by the man who has shown many another how to spin a yarn. Worth reading.

The Breaking Point. By Mary Roberts Rinehart. (Doran.)

When a new book by Mary Roberts Rinehart comes along, a good many more people stay at home nights and read under the library lamp than at any other time. Then, when the story is made into a play or filmed for the movies, there is an exodus again to the theater district—which shows what an influence Mrs. Rinehart is in domestic America. *The Breaking Point* is a mystery story in her best style. A dramatic, astonishing plot, unfolded by thrilling steps. A prolonged case of aphasia—a newspaper reporter like a bloodhound on the trail of the truth—love, and a happy ending—and the trick is done!

The Country Beyond. By James Oliver Curwood. (Cosmopolitan.)

After years of trailing Jolly Roger McKay across the snow barrens and deep wilderness of the Northwest, the Royal Mounted finally get him. But—it is to tell him that the law had pardoned him, and that he is a fugitive no longer. Nada, the girl who adores this very agreeable outlaw, and Peter, the super-dog, get a good deal out of their parts in the book. As for us, give us Cassidy, the red-headed "Mountie." If ever we are pursued by the police, may such a chivalrous enemy as Cassidy be always turning up at our cabin door or popping from behind some huge tree just as we think we're safe. The movies have familiarized us with the scenery, habits and costumes of this northern country, so that we feel thoroughly at home in this book. No mental strain, and a good investment.

Self-Mastery Through Conscious Autosuggestion.

By Emile Coué. (American Library Service.)

No longer do we lay us down at night saying, "If I should die before I wake . . ." M. Coué, great French exponent of autosuggestion, gives us a far more hopeful formula to repeat. And the whole world is in a fair way of repeating it.

"Our actions spring not from our Will, but from our Imagination," declares this noted miracle-man. "Man is what he thinks." And in a little book—it is so simple it seems something of a joke—he tells us how to think ourselves into being masters of our bodies and our minds. Are you ill? Below par? Have you lost your grip? Are you blue? Discouraged? Afraid? Unsuccessful? Don't mind us—we know all about that sort of thing. But—don't stay that way, that's all. Read Coué, and then get busy. It's pretty n. arvelous stuff.

Assorted Chocolates. By Roy Octavus Cohen. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)

Again the color line in fiction. Short stories of real black folk in Alabama. Happiness on every page. If you like to annoy your family by reading "snatches" aloud, this is the book that will make that pastime almost legitimate.

"Hardshell" Gaines

(Continued from page 39)

choice, at two to one, the others at odds of from four to twenty, with Mildred Rogers ranging from fifteen to twenty to one and only a few scattered bets registered on her. Yet from a score of cities all over America came frantic telegrams to gamblers, bookies, and owners, asking for track odds and inquiring the meaning of the terrific plunging on Mildred Rogers. Big Jim Long, using the efficient organization of the company, was betting the remaining funds of the concern. More than fifty thousand was bet in Chicago, thirty thousand in Louisville, twenty thousand in Cincinnati, then twelve thousand or more in other cities in which the Long Investment Company had offices.

THERE was a last-minute plunge on Mildred Rogers at St. Louis by gamblers who had heard the news from outside, and the odds dropped quickly from fifteen to four to one.

As he tightened the girth for the last time, Hardshell Gaines whispered to Pete, his jockey: "Take a toe holt and a tooth holt, Pete. Joe'll git you off a-runnin', and I got a pill in him that'd blow up a bank. It's timed to go off about the half-mile if you ain't too long at the post. All you got to do is sit still and hold on."

Humming, he went to the book of his friend and wagered two dollars that Sword of Gideon would win. He was still humming when he went down to the rail to watch the horses start, and the hymn he hummed was, "Oh, for a thousand tongues to sing my great Redeemer's praise."

Out by the barrier a perspiring starter was beseeching, swearing, threatening, and scolding, while a row of horses milled and maneuvered for position. In the midst of the mêlée of milling horses, Joe, the assistant starter, a buggy whip in one hand, sweated and swore as he appeared to be striving to make Sword of Gideon line up with the other horses. Out of the corner of his eye Joe watched the starter for the tell-tale movement which revealed the second that the starter would spring the barrier.

When that movement came Joe held the bridle bit of Sword of Gideon, and before the barrier flashed he threw the horse's head around, leaped aside, and slashed him sharply across the quarters with the whip.

Sword of Gideon, stung into forgetfulness of fear, leaped forward. The barrier flashed past his nose and he leaped into full stride, two full lengths in the lead of the field before the others were under way.

BIG Jim Long, his florid face mottled, hurled his chewed cigar against the ground and swore viciously. Sword of Gideon, running like a wild horse, opened up a gap of eight lengths between himself and the nearest pursuer in the first eighth of a mile. In vain Attorney Jackson's jockey, remembering his instructions, spurred and urged his mount, striving to catch the flying leader and set the pace. At the half Attorney Jackson dropped back, beaten and out of it. Mildred Rogers' rider, seeing the conspiracy going wrong, made a desperate effort to overtake the flying Sword. The nitroglycerine pellet had acted and the aged horse was running as he had run when he seemed destined to be champion. Length by length he increased his lead over the staggering, wobbling field, and tore down the stretch fifteen lengths ahead of Patsy Frewen.

Big Jim Long, his heavy jaws sagging, his face mottled red and white, his big, soft hands clenched, watched until the horses were within a few yards of the finish. Then he turned and walked rapidly across through the edge of the betting ring toward the exit. At the back of the betting ring he met Hardshell Gaines moving toward the paddock to greet the victorious Sword of Gideon. Big Jim's pent-up wrath exploded.

"You—and your blank blanked spavined hound!" he raged. "You blanked old fool, if it hadn't been for you—"

Hardshell Gaines looked straight ahead, unseeing, unhearing, and as he walked past the furious gambler he hummed contentedly; and even Big Jim recognized the long-meter doxology.



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Is the dainty Cre-Maids daily plan*

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After Shaving

The Beards of our Fathers have passed away
And custom commands that we shave each day,
But a daily shave done thoroughly well
May make the thickest of skins rebel.

Then you'll find HINDS CREAM is just the thing
To banish the burn and silence the sting
And in their stead bring a perfect treat
Of cooling comfort that's quite complete.

All tender skins 'twill help and heal,
Make drawn, dry faces softer feel
And leave a joyous healthful glow
That's fine to see and great to know.

So after shaving here's the scheme
Just use Hinds Honey and Almond Cream.

SOOTHES AND HEALS THE SKIN

After rinsing off the soap and drying the face, apply just enough Hinds Cream to moisten the skin, rubbing very gently. Remove with the towel any surplus that may remain. This Cream quickly stops the sting, heals cuts and the close-shave effect.

It neutralizes any astringent action of the soap. Also, it prevents and relieves windburn and chapping, keeping the skin soft and always ready for the next day's shave. The non-leakable cap makes the bottle ideal for traveling.

For the HANDS

Apply the cream after cleansing and drying. It will keep them in splendid condition. Always carry a bottle in your car to remove grease and oil from your hands.

Hinds Honey and Almond Cream is selling everywhere, 50c and \$1.
Write for trial Bottle, 6c. Traveler size 15c postpaid.

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The Footstep

(Continued from page 43)

The Story So Far

CAROLINE HARTLEY has bought the abandoned Mohican Hotel, on an island in a mountain lake, where years before she had spend an idyllic honeymoon, and has come to live in it alone with her young cousin Beulah Belford. Her husband, Spencer Hartley, was reported killed in a fire which destroyed his club house, fourteen months before the opening of this story, and from which no trace of his body was recovered. The Mohican, reputed to be haunted by the ghosts of two men drowned at its dock, is an eerie place, but armed with an automatic and a burglar alarm the two girls feel only a pleasant sense of adventure. The first night Beulah is awakened by a stealthy footstep in the corridor, and sees the reflection of a white face with intense dark eyes in the mirror on the stair-landing. Without telling Caroline of her fright, they explore the place thoroughly next day, yet the search reveals nothing but empty rooms. They decide, however, to induce Jake, the villager who brings their daily supplies, and his wife to join them and to take in also, a Dr. Farrell, who has come to the lake for his vacation. A telegram notifies them that Digby Kent, Spencer's best friend and executor, will arrive next day. That night Caroline sits late before her open fire listening to the silence—until suddenly she finds herself listening to the footstep.

II

Cold with horror, she sees the handle of her locked door turn noiselessly, then the footstep retreats. In the morning there is no trace of the trespasser yet several trivial incidents seem to point to the presence of a mysterious third

person. Having installed Mrs. Simmons as housekeeper, Caroline, Beulah and Dr. Farrell set out to explore the island. While reading in a little summer house far from the hotel Caroline is terrified by the apparition of a ghostly figure staring at her malevolently from the distance with the rigidity of a dead person. Yet when Beulah and the Doctor answer her call for help, they search the underbrush in vain. That afternoon Digby Kent arrives and since, in spite of the disturbances, he professes to be willing to sleep in room 170—isolated from the others on the 4th floor—Caroline is forced to accept him as a guest though she shares Beulah's dislike and distrust of him. That night Dr. Farrell is awakened by an unearthly scream and on investigating, finds Kent white and shaken, with a story of a midnight intruder who screamed with fright at the sight of an automatic and fled down the fire escape, making his escape in a boat. In the morning Kent departs for the mainland to send a telegram and to fish. The others find a dilapidated boat (the "Lost Star") tied to the dock and no footprints returning to the shore—proof that Kent's visitor is still on the island. Determined to solve the mystery they decide to explore the unused garret, leaving Dr. Farrell on guard at the foot of the stairs. Time passes, and alarmed by their silence he goes in search of them. He finds them all overcome by a gas which has escaped from an enormous glass demijohn broken in the course of their explorations. Quickly breaking open the windows to let in fresh air, Farrell soon restores all but Beulah to consciousness. Lifting the girl, with whom he has fallen in love, he carries her downstairs and sends to his room for restoratives.

AFTER Jake had gone she gave Kent a perfunctory hour of her society before he started on his fishing trip with Otto Berghal, who appeared an impressive figure in his smart motor-boat, and carried off his passenger, much to Catherine's relief. Ma Simmons was busy in the hotel. The tents had been taken down; and in this return to the normal appearance of the place, Caroline felt a prophecy of happier days to come. Kent was the real cloud, the real incubus, she thought; not that unhappy creature, man or ghost, who presented his trouble vainly to their helplessness. Smug content and low ideals might be more terrible than anything that felt itself desolate or in need of aid in the universe. She remembered that Count Fosco, in a famous tale, was a contented villain; Kent's contentment—or rather his certainty, that all her ideals would crash down took on the nature of a menace. She would breathe more freely when he was gone.

Beulah proposed they should make a tour of the third floor again, opening all the windows, and, in the manner of the Glamis castle guests, hanging out towels or handkerchiefs to identify "the missing window." They did this rather inclined to make a joke of it in the bright morning sunlight. Then every one, including Ma, went outside. Every window had its strip of cloth. None was unaccounted for.

"Doesn't it beat all!" Ma ejaculated. "Mrs. Hartley, you better sell—take the advice of an old woman—and sell."

Caroline shook her head. "I can't sell the place until I've made it all right and happy again. There's sorrow here; or evil or something. The five of us can deal with it as well as any people."

"Well, I'm goin' up to strip Mr. Kent's bed," Ma said. "Anybody that wants to come with me, can."

They knew what she wanted—not to be quite alone on that fourth floor; so they all went up with her to the desolate little suite, while she pinched the edges of the blankets together and piled them up. Andrew carried them downstairs for her all the quicker because some one was knocking at the front door. The others kept close behind him. A man stood peering in through the glass panels of the door. He was a powerfully built creature over six feet in height;

and he carried a little folded strip of paper in his hand, which he held out to Caroline. She read her own name on it in Kent's handwriting.

"Dear Caroline," it ran, "please allow this man to go up to room 170, to fetch a sweater I left in the top drawer of the bureau. Yours, Digby."

"Do you know where room 170 is?" Caroline asked. "You go straight up to the fourth floor, and it's on the right-hand side of the hall. He's going to get a sweater Mr. Kent left in a bureau drawer," Caroline explained to the doctor.

Andrew glanced at the man and liked at once his frank, good-natured face—a trustworthy countenance if he ever saw one. "Come down the same way you went up," he said to him. "The back part of the hotel is closed."

The man grinned. "A fellow could get lost in this place," he remarked. He touched his hat awkwardly and began the ascent. They heard his heavy footsteps mounting from story to story; and at last the far-off echo on the top floor. Then all was silence—which no sound broke but Ma beating up a cake, and the scratch of a pen held by Beulah, who was writing a letter to a girl friend. Caroline, seated before a roaring wood fire, had nothing but a rather uninteresting book to keep her mind from this strange possession of hers, which seemed so disinclined to meet her views for its future.

HER reverie was broken by Andrew, who looked up suddenly from his book. "That fellow's staying a long time up there," he exclaimed. "Shall I go up, Mrs. Hartley?" "Don't bother. He's probably just looking into some of the empty rooms. The villagers are all curious about this place, Ma Simmons tells me. I am sure there's very little to look at if there is much to hear."

"Except lighted windows that don't belong to rooms," Beulah remarked.

Ma emerged from the kitchen at this juncture. "That man that brought the note was Thor Jones," she commented, "and Thor knows this hotel backwards. He ain't the snoopin' kind, either. It's my opinion—" but she broke off as if afraid or ashamed to voice her fears. Attention was diverted from her by the chug of a motor-boat.

"It's Kent," said Andrew. "That's funny, when he's just sent a messenger."

Kent came in frowning. "Did you see a man as tall as a gorilla and about as stupid?" he inquired. "I sent him over half an hour ago for a sweater. If I'd sent him for a life-preserver I'd be lying nine fathoms by now."

"He's been ten minutes up-stairs," Andrew said, looking at his watch. "I don't know what's happened to him. Maybe he saw or heard something he couldn't explain, and he's rooted to the spot."

"Confound the fellow!" Kent exclaimed, and started up to the first landing. There he paused.

Caroline looked up. "What's the matter?" He cleared his throat. "Nothing. Confound the fellow. You there!" he demanded. But there was no answer from above. "Oh, well, there's nothing for it but a climb."

"It is aggravating," Caroline said sympathetically.

Another long silence followed, then Digby Kent reappeared. His eyes, round as saucers, surveyed the company from the landing. "Nobody's there!" he exclaimed. "I looked in every room. Say, was there any mistake? Did that fellow really arrive?"

"Unless we are all laboring under suspicion of lunacy, he did," Andrew answered. "Six-foot three—an amiable giant; wore a faded purple sweater."

"That's Jones! He was near us fishing when I found I was getting chilled; and remembered I'd left my sweater in the hotel. So I hailed him and asked him if he didn't want to earn a dollar. I scribbled a note to you, Caroline, and told him to give it to the lady in mourning. But there's no man up-stairs, and the sweater was just where I left it, in the top drawer of the bureau."

"Maybe he went down the fire-escape," said Beulah, "or maybe he's still hunting room 170."

"He didn't go down the fire-escape—window is locked on the inside," answered Kent. "Really, folks, this is serious. Wake up!"

They woke up then. Ma Simmons, summoned from the kitchen as a friend of the missing Thor Jones, locked up her cake dough and joined the party.

"There isn't a place he could get out," Kent said as they all climbed the stairs together. "Everything is locked up tight."

"Oh, we'll find him soon," Andrew commented, but he did not really feel sure that they would. Then what? It was one thing to have a secret known only to a little group of people—quite another to have a man disappear in a hotel and perhaps be sought or demanded by his friends and relatives.

"Well, he must be in the hotel!" Kent answered, "but why on earth didn't he go straight to 170 and fetch the sweater? And why is he lingering around in empty rooms?"

"Perhaps we'll meet him on his way down," Caroline said, hoping with all her heart that nothing had happened to that big, good-natured man who had gone up to the fateful fourth floor with apparently the one idea of getting his errand done.

But no one appeared. No one answered their calls. Ma's shrill "Thor! Oh, Thor!" brought no response. Into every nook they peered, every closet. Andrew even went up to the garret and came down reporting, "The door to the roof is locked on the inside. There's no window opening on the fire-escape. The drop from the others would kill anybody."

They examined suite 170—but the windows in both rooms were tightly locked. "How about the others opening on the fire-escape below?" Kent asked.

They went down. All windows on the fire-escapes were closed and locked. All windows below the fourth floor were locked and every cellar door and basement window was found in the same state, witnessing to Jake's precautions against the hotel's being invaded by prowlers.

"By the way," Andrew asked suddenly, addressing Kent, "did you notice what kind of a boat the man was in?"

"A flat-bottomed muddy old tub named *The Lily*. I remember laughing over its name. Anything less like a lily would be hard to find."

"Let's go down and see if *The Lily* is at the dock still," Farrell suggested. Kent's anxiety over a stranger was the first sympathetic human touch he had ever seen in the man. And, indeed, there was enough mystery in the matter

(Continued on page 68)



Beech-Nut
Chewing Gum
Beech-Nut Mints
Wintergreens
Cloves
Spearminths
Beech-Nut Fruit Drops
Lime
Lemon
Orange

WHEN you pull the wrapper off a package of Beech-Nut Fruit Drops, mints or chewing gum, you are pulling the Latch-string of Fine Flavor. There's usually a full supply of these Beech-Nut delicacies at the cigar stand of the Elks Club. Try them out if you're fond of good things.

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But in any event, the whole Elk family is hereby invited to inspect our model plant at Canajoharie in the Mohawk Valley of New York State. Then you can see and decide for yourselves.

BEECH-NUT PACKING COMPANY
Canajoharie, New York

Beech-Nut

Chewing Gum and Confections

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THEY gave us Circus Day—those hardy men who, years ago, loaded their tiny shows on to lumbering wagon trains and plied the dusty roads from town to town. Men who drove stakes by day and wore spangles by night—but men who knew and loved the secrets in the hearts of fellow men. These men gave us Circus Day.

They knew the things that make men laugh and hearts stay young—they knew what set aglow the tiny stars in children's eyes—they knew and loved their knowledge and builded on it the great circuses of today.

Carl Hagenbeck-Wallace Circus The John Robinson Circus
Sells-Floto Circus and Buffalo Bill's Wild West
Gollmar Brothers' Circus

General Circus Offices
35 South Dearborn Street
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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.



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Chart showing distribution of Elks readers:

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Furthermore, the Elk audience is a responsive one. The Elks know that every advertisement in their magazine is guaranteed. They appreciate the patronage of its advertisers, and reciprocate by answering the advertisements they see in its pages.

The Elks
Magazine

50 East 42nd Street

New York City

The Footstep

(Continued from page 67)

to enlist any one's sympathies. To have a simple errand end in a disappearance was disconcerting, indeed. The two men ran down to the dock. Sure enough, there was the grimy, clumsy *Lily* rocking at the end of a frayed rope, suggestive of a mongrel dog who has lost his master. The fisherman's tackle and a torn net and a bailing pail lay in a little pool of muddy water. Caroline and Beulah came down to view the boat, Ma having volunteered to sit on the front door-step and guard the grim Mohican.

"Here's his boat, Caroline—right by *The Lost Star*," Kent said.

"This is certainly a port of missing men," Andrew commented, looking down thoughtfully at the two dilapidated boats, brought to harbor by owners who were fast becoming as mythical as Ulysses. Through Caroline's mind slipped the fantastic thought that these poor old leaky tubs might well belong to the men who had perished underneath the dock on which they were now standing—ghost-boats, small *Flying Dutchmen* of an inland sea.

"If we are not careful," Andrew continued, "we will have a string of these unclaimed craft."

Otto Bergthal, patiently waiting in his motor-boat, eyed *The Lily* phlegmatically. "Say, Otto," demanded Kent, "have you seen anybody who even faintly resembled the man I sent after the sweater?"

"No, I ain't," Otto replied. "I ain't seen no one."

"He never went near my sweater. And we can't find him anywhere," Kent explained. "He must have seen something at the island that interested him more than my sweater, and forgot all about his errand."

"You don't say," the phlegmatic German replied. "Here comes Frau Jones. I bet Thor is late for his dinner and she's after him."

A little bright-eyed woman in a moth-eaten fur coat brought a boat as rickety as her husband's with skilful strokes to the dock. "Say, Otto," she inquired in a high discontented voice, "have you seen Thor? He promised faithful to be home at one to his dinner and here it is two."

She peered from one face to another. Caroline felt conscience-stricken, as if somehow she was to blame for an overdone dinner and a missing Goliath of a husband whom merest accident had sent under the roof of the Mohican. Otto saved the day by answering, "Here's Thor's boat! nobody knows where Thor is. Huntin' beehoney, mebbe. Go home and eat your dinner, Lily Mirandy. Thor—he will come back when he is good and ready, not before."

"It does beat all the way Thor treats his food after all my trouble of gettin' it ready," the little woman lamented. Caroline felt like calling out, "This wicked hotel has your husband—and we are just as worried as you are," but it was needless to involve Mrs. Jones in fears, which might, after all, be groundless, and which it would be impossible to convey to her without the supernatural twist that could not reasonably be introduced.

"Wa'll, I suppose I might as well go home and eat ham that's like chips by now. I reckon that Thor's tendin' to everybody's business but his own, as usual."

This so fitted in with the facts of the case that everybody looked guilty. Kent was observed to be peeling off a bill from a fat roll.

"Mrs. Jones—or Smith?"

"It is Jones—"

"Buy yourself something fresh on the way home." He held out a five-dollar bill to her.

"I don't want money, thanks. I want Thor. If you see him, Otto, tell him if he don't want his vittles enough to come home for them it ain't my fault. They was all hot and ready." She looked impatiently at the *Lily*. "Named for me," she jerked out. "Lilian Miranda, my mother called me because my skin was white when I was a little gel." She looked down at her brown freckled hands. "I've had to work hard. Me and the old *Lily* look about alike."

Caroline wanted to put her arms around her and say, "Why, you're both beautiful, and I'll find your Thor for you. Don't worry." In-

stead she said, "Will you come and see us some day and have a cup of tea?"

"Yes, ma'am," came promptly from the boat. "I'd be glad to come, and thank you! Sorry to trouble you about Thor! But me and that boat has both waited for him a lot; he's worth waitin' for," she added with a touch of wifely pride in her voice.

She was off again, a little frown of perplexity about her tired eyes, her oars dipping as if moved by an automaton.

"Does she live in the village?" Caroline asked.

"Just a piece outside," Otto answered. "Mr. Kent, shall we go out again? Do you fish some more—eh?"

"If I could be of any use—" Kent said, looking at Caroline.

"But you can't," she answered. "Go back and fish, you might as well."

"Well, an hour or two. Then I'll pack my bag, and you can take me over to the village, Otto."

They were off again! When they were well out of hearing Caroline turned to Beulah and Andrew. "I don't know why," she said, "but this disappearance alarms me more than anything that has yet happened. For a plain, every-day man to come in that hotel to do a simple errand, go up-stairs and disappear into thin air—is to me at least terrifying. Dr. Farrell," she added, "do you think it possible for places to affect the sanity of people?"

"No, I do not," he answered promptly. "Gloomy or deserted or unhealthy habitations might make them melancholy—but, nothing more. Of course, long brooding in solitary shut-off places might unhinge the mind, but there could be no instant disturbance. Of course, Thor Jones might go suddenly insane—and get out of the hotel by some insane ingenuity; but it's not likely—and it wouldn't be the fault of the hotel!"

"What has become of him?"

Farrell was silent. Beulah answered, "Here's Jake coming. We'll put him on this latest problem."

Jake divined that something had happened when he saw the figures on the dock. And the three talked at once while he listened with a grim setting of his jaw, which betokened a resolution to restore Thor to his little tired wife or perish in the attempt. "Could it be sudden insanity?" Caroline asked.

"Thor go insane? He's the sanest, coolest, kindest old blundering giant around these parts—ain't got a fault, Thor, except he never knows when to go home; and Mirandy, she frets at seein' good vittles spoil whilst he's after ducks or foxes or wild honey."

"He must be found if the hotel has to be torn apart," Caroline said. "Big strapping men can't vanish into thin air like that."

"No, they can't," Jake agreed. "Now here's *The Lost Star* got a mate, *The Lily*. But I'll wager *The Lily* will go out this afternoon. Do you think Thor fell asleep in one of the rooms?" he asked.

They had searched every room, they said, but another search must be undertaken. Jake told his intentions to Ma, who was still keeping guard a little grimly on the door-step.

"From this time on," she announced, "you don't go out of my sight, Jake Simmons. I'm not a-goin' to have you disappear in this hotel—not even to help out Mrs. Hartley," she added a trifle tartly. Caroline forgave her. The Mohican was enough to ruin any one's nervous system. And the next minute Ma's overflowing kindness came back. "We won't desert you, Mrs. Hartley, bein' as you've blundered into this terrible place—and I've made a jar of doughnuts," she added, as if they were about to sustain a siege.

So they took another weary pilgrimage through the deserted rooms. "Thor isn't here, that's plain," Jake said to his companions. "And there's somethin' more happenin' in this hotel than just ghosts or rats or nerves. There's somethin' close to murderin'—men enterin' a place and never comin' out again. Ain't there, Doctor?"

"It looks terribly like it," Andrew answered. "I am sorry Thor Jones is among the missing."

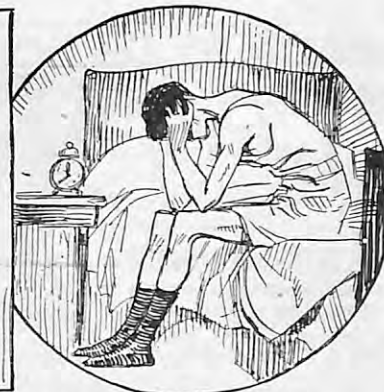
(Continued on page 70)



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Increase your wind, develop your chest, strengthen your powers of endurance and your energy to work. Put on muscular shoulders, acquire strong stomach muscles, get a wonderful

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Please send me for five days' Free Trial at your expense the Complete Health Builder Series containing Walter Camp's entire Daily Dozen on five double-disc ten-inch records; the 60 actual photographs; and the beautiful record-album. If for any reason I am not satisfied with the system, I may return it to you and will owe you nothing. But if I decide to keep it, I will send you \$2.50 in five days (as the first payment) and agree to pay \$2 a month for four months until the total of \$10.50 is paid.

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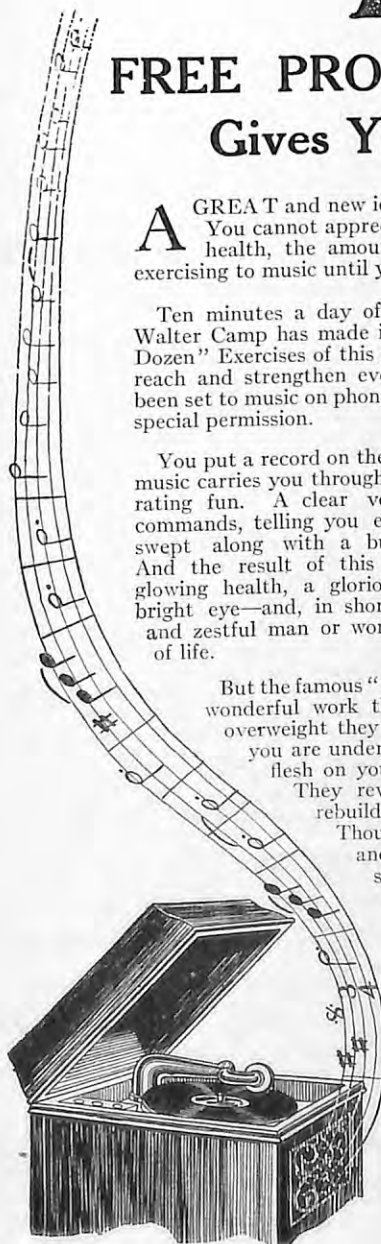
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The Footstep

(Continued from page 68)

"His wife will get more and more anxious," Caroline said. "Inquiries will be started. His boat is at the old Mohican dock; impossible to swim off the island in this weather—"

"Then what?" Jake interrupted drily. "Mrs. Hartley, what on earth did you come here for? Everybody in the village is askin' that question."

Like a rush of cold air against her face Caroline felt the hidden imputation; and preposterous and fantastic as it was, how could she blame people for shifting to her shoulders the consequences of opening a hotel far better left to its sinister solitude, its fatality of decay?

"I don't think that enters into the case," Dr. Farrell said. "Surely, Jake, they don't question Mrs. Hartley's right to buy the Mohican and live in it?"

"I don't. They do," Jake answered stubbornly; "they thought the Mohican was better abandoned. You see it got a bad name and most people is born fools. They can't see what a young and beautiful lady wants with this—big, deserted place—nohow."

"Do they want me to explain at length that my first month of marriage was spent here; and that I intend to make the hotel a memorial to my dead husband—to open it for working-people?"

"Terrible bad place for kids," Jake commented. "And for people who can't row or swim or run a motor-boat, and that's about every one there is, and what else is there to do but look at mountains and wonder if you'll get drowned crossin' the lake to go home."

Caroline felt a lump in her throat. She was as near to hysterical tears as she had ever been in her life. To sail the seas of romance and find as harbor foolishness and tragedy brought her suddenly to the realization of how the world might regard this effort to make the past imperishable. Jake's sound common sense was like cold water in the face, bracing but not comfortable. But Caroline never quarreled with her instructors. "You're right, Jake," she said quietly. "Yet, after all, somebody had to deal with this hotel. Buildings can't be left to go to pieces—any more than people. I've begun the work, and I'm going to put it through."

A hand shot out. It was Jake's. "Mrs. Hartley," he said, "Ma and I will stick by you. I didn't want to hurt your feelin's—and mebbe somethin' here ought to be cleared up. But Thor's on my mind. What's got Thor?"

The "what" struck them all as significant. Caroline realized then that the villagers dreaded the Mohican. She was blamed for buying it because they feared it. A silence fell on the little group. They glanced up the stairs out of the corners of their eyes, at the great mirror, from whose dark, glossy surface night seemed already advancing.

"I shall not sleep," Caroline said, "if Thor Jones isn't found."

"Oh, by the great horn spoon, I've forgotten to give you the mail," Jake said, and handed out the letters. Two were for Beulah. She tucked herself into an armchair by the light and read them slowly. Her brow puckered into a little frown. Andrew, watching her, saw her glance at her cousin once or twice.

"One's from Richard Marvel," she said at last. "It might be well after all to ask him up here."

ANDREW'S heart sank. What on earth had caused this sudden wish to ask Marvel after that unspeakably precious talk of the night before? Had he through a mere letter recast a spell, evoked an old charm?

"Please don't ask him," Caroline said fervently. "No guests at present, please, Beulah. There's too much already to deal with."

Farrell blessed her for her words; but the girl said, "He really wants to see you, Caroline—but we won't talk about it until morning. We'll settle other matters first—if we can," she added skeptically.

Noises at the dock drew their attention to Kent returning. He entered cheerfully and looking around him inquired if there was any news of Thor. "Too bad, too bad," he ejaculated. "Caroline, I'll stay if you say so. I don't

want to go away this evening if there's anything I can do to help you out of this latest difficulty."

"There is nothing, thank you. It's good of you—but really these mysteries are beyond anybody."

"Well, then, I think I'll say 'good-bye' all." The faithful Otto is waiting. I'll just go up and get my bag."

"Don't you want Jake to bring it down?"

"No! it's not heavy."

IN ABOUT five minutes he reappeared with the bag and with his overcoat over his arm. "Well, folks, all I can say is, I wish you were all leaving the Mohican to-night." He shook everybody's hand, and started off to the dock. Soon the chug of the motor was heard and the boat swung out widely to make the other shore. Jake, watching, shrugged his shoulders.

"We ain't no quitters," he ejaculated. "Ma, suppose you make us a batch of hot cakes to-night, and fry some of those fresh eggs I brought."

Beulah asked Andrew if he would walk down to the dock with her, and he came with alacrity, anxious to talk over the situation with her, to learn, if possible, why she wanted Richard Marvel at the Mohican.

She herself opened the subject by saying, "I had a strange letter from Richard Marvel. But I don't want to trouble Cousin Caroline now. Too much on her mind already!"

"He wants to marry you, of course," Andrew said impulsively with the instinct of the lover to run himself against a pike; and know the worst at once.

"Yes, in general," she smiled, "but not in particular this time. Oh, I wish we had never come here, and yet, I am so glad we did come!"

"Of course you are!" he said gently. "I hope you'll be glad all your life. I can never be thankful enough that I came up here. Strange! all the way up in the train I had the feeling of some big dawn ahead."

"Had it been night?" she asked.

"Yes, all through the war. Before that I was as cheerful as most of my neighbors—scrambling through Harvard and the Medical School; doing the society act a little. Then came the war; and when it was over I was a hulk left by the tide. I don't know whether I can explain it to you—but nothing seemed real. The horrors of those years were just acid, even in memory killing life and color everywhere. Women were ghosts like everything else—or rather bodies without souls. I used to think 'Will nothing ever seem right again! Will I never wake up healed and quietly happy and glad of the morning and the day's work ahead!' I thought I never should—until I came up here and met you."

His voice trembled over the last word of the longest speech she had ever heard him make. "Could I really believe that—it would make me very happy," she said. "Nothing can be more wonderful than to help others—to live again; to give them faith and courage."

"You have done all that—and much more."

"I wish I could make my cousin happy again," Beulah sighed. "She has been like you—walking in shadows. After Spencer's death nothing seemed real to her, nothing right. And I don't know how to put it right." She paused. "Do you quite trust Digby Kent?" she questioned abruptly.

"He's not the type of man I personally like," Farrell answered, "but he's probably all right. I never knew a man who loved fishing to be very much of a villain."

"He is too much in love with Caroline—and she hates it."

"I don't wonder! I think he's altogether too obtuse and self-satisfied to have charge of your cousin's affairs. He may be a good business man—but personally he must bore her to death."

Sunset light and the strange silver of the rising moon had begun to mingle as they talked. In that rare afterglow of flush and pallor, Beulah's beautiful face seemed to him to take on a magical quality. "Merlin's Isle of Glamorie" was certainly her allotted country, however practical her outlook on life. What mattered to their growing comprehension of the heart this mystery of an echoing hotel among the lonely pine

trees? Other scenes rose before his exalted imagination, places in Europe where he would take her—Beulah, his wife! Shadowy London streets—London, that city of strangeness and dark glowing beauty; the great gorse-covered cliffs of the lonely Channel islands; and the enchanted dells of Ireland, if guns should ever cease their firing there. "Beulah," he said, "give me hope, dear. Just one word; I can go on then."

"When Caroline is happy again, I will," she replied. "Everything is for her now. I can be happy when she is."

"That's almost like saying, 'when Thor is found'—Thor, who strides like a giant up-stairs to fetch a sweater and appears not again."

"Tell me," she asked confidentially, "do you think the place is haunted? Really haunted, as you read in stories?"

"Yes, I do! Haunted with some whispering, walking evil that mars all our days here. It may be just the devil of ill-luck. Some ships, you know, are never lucky. You remember Conrad's stories 'Youth' and 'The Shadow-Line'?"

"But I can't bear to think of Thor's getting into it," Beulah said. "I liked that man—just from the way he presented the note and walked in like a big, bashful giant."

The sound of oars made them both turn. It was Mrs. Jones again.

"Any news?" Farrell called out, though he knew there could not be any.

"No, I came for news," she gave back. "Here's Thor's boat. Where's Thor?"

"We don't know! Mr. Kent has gone—but he could tell you nothing. We all know your husband landed, but we don't know what's become of him."

"Did he come into the hotel?" she queried.

"Tell her the truth," Beulah whispered.

"Tell her. She's all right."

"He did come into the hotel, Mrs. Jones. Mr. Kent hailed him on the lake and asked him to fetch a sweater from his bedroom on the fourth floor. He went up—and didn't come down again—that's all we know—all that we can tell you."

There was something rather terrifying in the way the woman looked from one to the other as if a sinister story had been, for her at least, confirmed. She peered through the twilight at the great façade of the hotel. "He went up—and didn't come down," she repeated. "Are you—sure?"

"We searched everywhere after Mr. Kent had come in to see what kept your husband so long over a simple errand. But we could find no one. Now, of course, your husband went somewhere off the island by some means we didn't discover; but that's the story. You have it straight just as it happened."

"Thor didn't go off the island," his wife contradicted. "Oh, no! It's all a piece with stories I heard long before the grand lady from New York took the hotel. Folks saw men here; then never saw 'em again. The Mohican has a bad name. I'm sorry the lady bought it. I like the lady."

"She likes you," Beulah said, eager to enlist every one she could for Caroline. "And we've been frightened and worried by occurrences in the hotel. This disappearance of your husband is the worst of all. Won't you come in and talk to my cousin?"

"No, miss, I won't," Mrs. Jones said firmly. "Nothin' would induce me to go into that place. I mistrust it. I'll go home in case Thor can get back to me from them that's holdin' him."

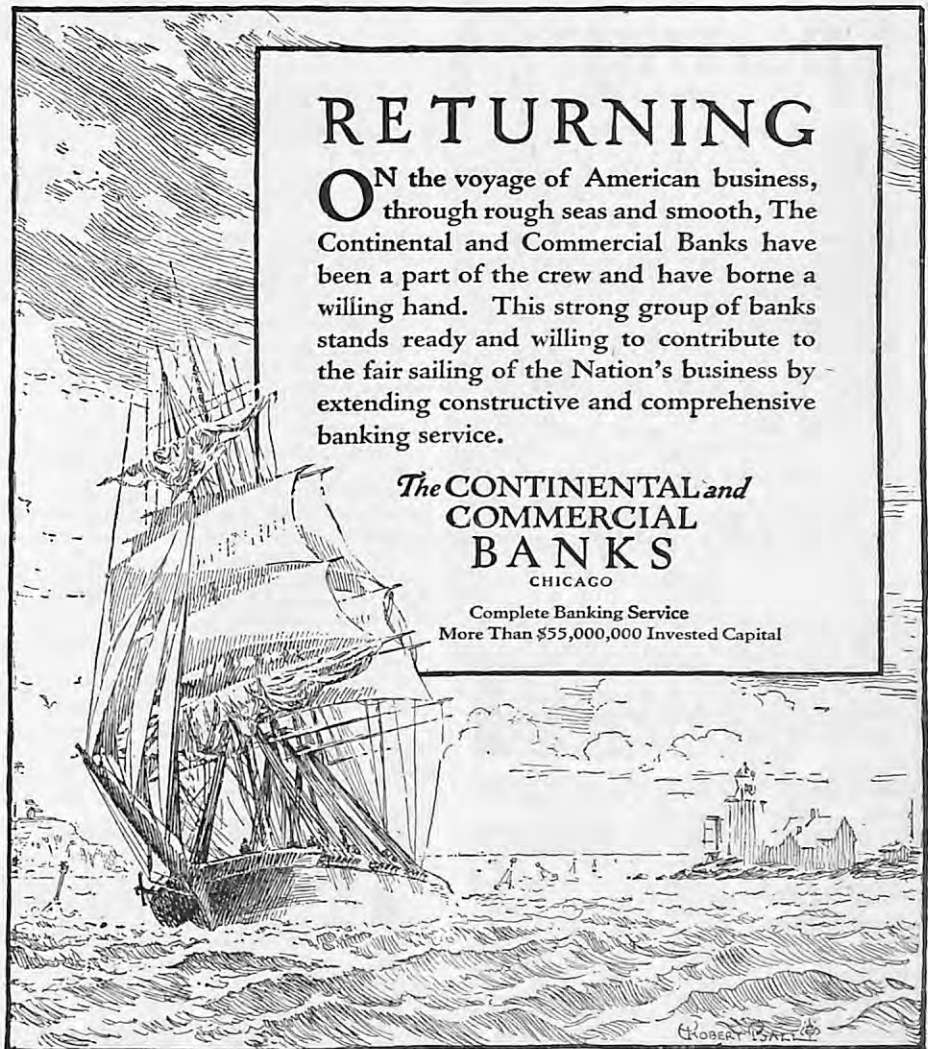
She spoke with patient fatalism, and as she shoved her boat off from the dock she uttered a warning.

"Them timbers is awful rotten. You and your young man be careful. The Mohican has a bad name."

Her hollow voice coming to them over the water sounded eerie; and black shadows seemed to rise from the lake. Andrew turned to his companion. "Let us go in, dear," he said.

Ma Simmons was at the door, indeed, calling them to supper. The table with its smoking hot food, the bright lamps placed everywhere, the great fire of logs restored for a moment their early pleasure in this strange kind of picnicking. But once seated and served the dominant interest reasserted itself. Jake, with a large slice of pancake rolled about a fork, would hold it suspended between his plate and his mouth, while

(Continued on page 72)



RETURNING

ON the voyage of American business, through rough seas and smooth, The Continental and Commercial Banks have been a part of the crew and have borne a willing hand. This strong group of banks stands ready and willing to contribute to the fair sailing of the Nation's business by extending constructive and comprehensive banking service.

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The Footstep

(Continued from page 71)

he glanced up the stairs at the great mirror on the landing. Caroline's eyes were turned to the entrance door, as if she expected to see faces looking in through the glass panels. Andrew and Beulah followed those glances, sometimes intercepted them with a flourish of the huge coffee-pot—or a demand for another fried egg.

But Jake persistently glanced towards the mirror. "What on earth are you a-lookin' at?" Ma Simmons snapped, her nerves out of kilter again.

"I was just noticin'," said Jake, "that you can see the rail of the corridor in the mirror—the corridor in front of Mrs. Hartley's and Miss Belford's room."

"Don't look at that mirror; great, big, ugly thing; if it was mine I'd smash it."

Beulah looked—and out of its depths there came to her what her senses would have denied—wanted to deny. Her first fear was that the others would see what she was seeing; and panic might descend on them all; rush them beyond those safeguards of the imagination that separate the sane from the insane.

A man's form was reflected in the mirror, an immensely tall man, leaning on the balustrade that ran around the little gallery above the staircase and opposite that dreadful glass. She could not recognize him. He was gone in an instant; and not a sound came from the floor above. Beulah believed she had seen an apparition. She remained silent. What good would it do to speak!

A nervous chill swept over her, and saying that she felt a draught, she got up and went to the fireplace. Andrew glanced at her apprehensively. He had seen the color go out of her face and her eyes looked frightened, though she was talking fast and saying little nothings not connected with the enveloping mystery. As soon as he could he went to her side on pretext of stirring the fire.

"What was it?" he whispered.

"I saw something in the mirror," she answered in an undertone.

"Sure?"

"Yes; but I think it was not—a living thing."

"Oh, come, come—" he began, laughing.

"Andrew!"

He thrilled to his name on her lips. "Yes, Beulah?"

"If anything happens to-night will you promise to call me. I have a feeling that happy people can conquer anything—and you and I might be happy—and together we might get at the root of the trouble here."

"My dear! I know we can."

"You'll call me? I shan't undress. I am going to sit by my fire and read."

"Better go to bed—and to sleep," he advised.

"Oh, no! I mean to think—and think! There must be a solution. I am going to try to think it out."

"No more secrets," Caroline called at this moment, trying to put a little gaiety in her voice, but too depressed to be very successful.

Ma and Jake were clearing the table. Jake paused with a tray of dishes to remark, "I for one am not goin' to give a hang whether Thor's in the lake or the attic; who that fool sleep-walker is—or who lights the lamps in this poor old Mohican. I'm goin' to bed and I'm goin' to sleep sound. Charley the old carpenter's comin' in the mornin' with the ladders, and we'll see what's what. Meanwhile I'm goin' to forget it—and I advise you all to go to bed early so as to be ready for next mornin'."

They all acted on this advice which sounded wholesome and restful to tired overstrung people; all but Beulah. Instead of undressing she rolled herself in a blanket and lay down on a rug, Indian fashion. Caroline had kissed her good-night tenderly. "Now, sleep, dear," Beulah commanded. "Jake's perfectly right. What could we do to-night?"

"Nothing, I suppose. But poor little Mrs. Jones is dreadfully on my mind. All alone, waiting for her husband. And my own property responsible for his disappearance!"

"But, perhaps she isn't alone. He may be home by this time and sound asleep," Beulah commented.

Caroline caught the infection of this optimistic

view. "Why, of course he might. He wouldn't come back here to tell us his day's adventures. He'd think it would keep till morning. Bless you, comforter," she kissed her again. Beulah closed the doors between their rooms, changed her clothes to meet certain plans of her own; rolled herself in a blanket, and fully dressed as she was, soon fell sound asleep. But Andrew, across the hall in his chilly room, felt little disposition to take Jake's advice; not being sure that everything could be solved by Charlie the carpenter and his ladders.

As his wakefulness grew upon him, he resolved to make a virtue of necessity, and watch throughout the night for any unusual sights or sounds; though, indeed, the night was not favorable for such a vigil, being windy; and the moon often overcast with huge, scurrying clouds, their black backs and white edges shot through with the mysterious pallor of moonlight. The great pines, wind-buffed, tossed their limbs upward, and beat the walls of the hotel as if knocking for shelter. Flying leaves of autumn tapped against the window-glass.

"The lake must be like a sea to-night," thought Andrew; and then his heart turned to the girl who seemed to him the marvel of the world; how rarely a woman is made both for the hearth and the open sea, both for love and courage. How wonderful of her not to call out that she had seen something; though her face was blanching! Of course, her nerves were playing tricks, but he regretted that he had not gone up-stairs at once on the chance of her having beheld a real reflection in the mirror. But really things were getting to such a pass that it seemed rather idiotic to pursue noises that couldn't be located, and shadows that refused to materialize into missing men.

All at once upon his musings a very real and familiar sound broke—the chug-of an engine; and, jumping out of bed, he hurried to the window just in time to see a motor-boat shoot into a broad space of lighted water. Three men were in it—and he thought he perceived a huddled something in the bottom of the boat.

It was gone like a flash, the wind carrying the engine-throbs to his ear; and then blotting them out again; the very noises creating a silence. Andrew did not wait to see or hear more; but roused Jake, who was sleeping in a room by himself, having put Mrs. Simmons for better protection in a room adjoining Mrs. Hartley's on the opposite side from Beulah's.

Jake came noiselessly out in his socks. "I ain't been to sleep yet for all my boasting. What's up?"

Andrew told him what he had seen. "If we're quick we can follow that boat. They may be strangers—but they were too close to the Mohican to escape suspicion."

"We'll get out your *Huntress*. Time she lived up to her name. We'll follow the fellows. Got a gun?"

"Sure as shooting—" answered Andrew.

"Dress warm. The lake ain't no Turkish bath on a night like this."

Four minutes later they were at the dock. "Plenty of gas?" queried Jake.

"Sure thing," said Andrew after turning his flashlight on the meter.

They were about to push off when they saw a figure flying towards them; a girl, who called, "Wait! wait!" and who, before she uttered another word, sprang into the rocking boat. "I saw them, too," she gasped. "One of them is Thor. I am sure one of them is Thor."

"Beulah, go right back to the hotel," Andrew commanded.

"No! I've locked my door—taken out the key. No one could get in to Caroline. I must go with you."

"Pull off," said Jake drily. "Can you run a motor-boat case we want our hands free?"

"Of course I can."

"Which direction?" Jake asked Andrew.

"They were headed north."

"We'll get into the open. They may be out of sight by this time. They've had a good long start."

They headed the boat towards the open lake, and it was no easy work to keep her nose squarely

(Continued on page 74)

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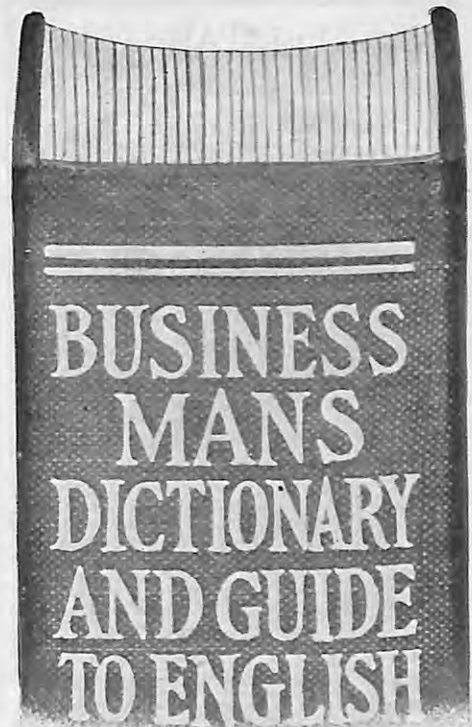
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The Footstep

(Continued from page 72)

cutting the huge rollers which every now and then drenched the occupants of the boat, and broke their sentences in two while they regained their breath. Far ahead of them, making for the mainland with difficulty, they saw the other motor-boat.

"Gosh all hemlock!" Jake ejaculated, "what on earth are they steerin' for? There ain't no human habitation on that shore for five miles or more."

"Have they seen us, do you think?" Beulah asked.

"Like as not! unless they're too busy wonderin' what perpendicular cliff they're goin' to beach on. I don't know any landin' but sixty feet of water. But if they can land, we kin. Miss Beulah, if your cousin wakes up and finds us all gone, she and Ma will be in an awful fright."

"I am sure she won't find it out, the wind makes such a racket to-night! No one can break in there—and she has her Colt on the table."

"What for did you want to come along?"

"I can stand anything better than waiting for the report of other people's adventures," she replied, hugging her fur coat closer around her, her small, determined white chin outlined against its soft clinging collar. "And I want Thor to go home to Mrs. Jones."

Jake laughed. "Thor's probably havin' a grand time doin' somebody else's work. Thor was never made for home life. Gosh! I thought that wave had 'em. Whoever is steerin' knows that shore all right. Let her rip, Doctor. Our only chance on that shore is to follow their course. They're passin' 'Wild Goose Point,' roundin' it. Sufferin' snakes! I believe they're puttin' in to Lone Bay. Didn't know there was so much as a fallen tree anybody could grab there."

The words seemed like a prediction to them afterwards, for rounding Wild Goose Point and entering Lone Bay they descried the motor-boat, rocking beneath the limbs of a gigantic pine tree, which some heavy tornado had sent violently into the lake, so that its huge roots made a circular web against the sky. The cliff from which it had been hurled, and to which its roots still clung, was a good thirty feet above the water.

"How on earth did they get up there!" Andrew exclaimed.

"Crawled," said Jake. "We might do the same; but I think I see a better place. Steer toward that big rock down there. But for God's sake, look out for sunken boulders. We'll just float her in."

And float her they did. Jake's wise eyes had even in that uncertain light picked a mere handkerchief of a beach from the rough, forbidding shore. And Andrew's perfect steering brought

The Huntress to rest. "Now for trouble," said Jake. "The lady here, how she's goin' to go through the rough?"

"I have on riding-breeches and leather leggings under this fur coat," Beulah announced coolly. "I didn't put on evening dress for this expedition."

"Listen," said Jake. "Somebody up there is talkin'."

A shift of the wind brought voices to them. "They're up above there a hundred yards or so," Jake commented, "and they're there for no good. Let's go single file and very quiet. Glad we didn't adopt their landing. A pitched battle on a dead pine above sixty feet of ice-water in a high wind ain't exactly my idea of a rousin' good time."

Jake's woodsmanship served them well at this juncture. He seemed to have a marvelous instinct for skirting rocks, avoiding fallen trees, and breaking through what seemed impenetrable underbrush. Some of the time they were on their hands and knees, dropping for concealment whenever the moon came out clear of the clouds. All at once the voices above them ceased; and they heard what seemed to be an industrious digging. "Ef we've come all this way for treasure-hunters," Jake whispered, "I'll eat my hat."

"Treasure-hunters?" whispered Beulah.

"Yes, it's a legend of the lake that there's buried gold on one of these mountains, and every year some darn fool hunts it—like huntin' a needle in a haystack, if you ask me."

The spading was difficult to locate. Now near, now far the sounds registered; echoes and wind together making havoc of continuity; and scattering evidence like bits of blown paper. Nevertheless Jake pressed on, and Andrew and Beulah scrambled or crawled after him, both panting now as if a summer sun beat down on them. The wind increasing in violence, it became more and more difficult to locate human sounds among the groanings of nature. But Jake pressed inexorably on, looking in his search very much like a long, leanhound.

It seemed to Beulah and Andrew both that they had been going through underbrush for hours; when they heard Jake exclaim, "A trail!" Then for a while smoother going! The moon was conquering the clouds, and the bright patches beyond the shadows were very bright. All at once the under trees parted, and a long odd hump appeared in the open space—a newly made grave!

It was then that they all sat down weakly, and looked at that mound in a silence which each seemed afraid to break. This, then, was what the diggers had been making.

Who was in that grave?

To be concluded

The Elk at Work in His Community

(Continued from page 53)

special camp flag of the Scouts is a mixture of red and white silk, with a purple elk's head ornamenting the center.

Fort Wayne (Ind.) Lodge of Elks surpassed all previous records in entertaining the boyhood of that city, 4,311 strong. The scene of festivity was the Elks' Country Club. Assisting the Elks in these endeavors were Boy Scouts, Red Cross men and women, and Y. M. C. A. helpers, all busy doing everything needful. Despite the large attendance and the gala time enjoyed by every child present, not an accident marred the outing. A small American flag carried by each one constituted a passport to all entertainments and refreshments. Next year it is proposed to extend the number of guests to 10,000.

The Social and Community Welfare Committee representing Newark Lodge made life happy for 5,000 unfortunate children of that city, on the last day of August. In that multitudinous array, gathered from every nook and corner of Newark (for every orphanage and every place sheltering a deserving child had been ransacked) there were more than 300 cripples and something like 500 orphans, many of them enjoying the first outing of their lives. They toured the principal streets in motor cars on the way to Olympic Park. As a means of identification, each child was provided with a red, white and blue hat and each one carried a flag. Thousands of white and purple balloons added picturesquely to the scene.

A Call to the Wild

(Continued from page 17)

To one in search of a little adventure and a thrill there is nothing much better than two or three days of good duck-shooting. This thrill, this glow of being out in the open, begins long before daylight when you are awakened on a boat which has been anchored on the flats all night. Out there a meal of coffee, ham and eggs—maybe a steak—pancakes and so on, is considered a light breakfast. The very chill of the gun barrel at dawn gives one a glow of anticipation. The gunner climbs into a little skiff and is taken to the battery or blind. There he is left, the guide keeping in the distance to dart in and pick up the birds after a few shots.

You may be cold and shivery but the first whirr of the wings and the sight of a great flock coming at you with wings set, the rising sun in the background, the salt spray in your face—yes, that's a thrill that one never forgets. The quickened beat of one's pulse immediately dispels the chill.

It is not difficult to imagine how quickly a day of pleasure can be spoiled and turned to gloom by even a trivial accident. The gunner would do well to heed the advice given by old Tom, the guide. Take no chances.

In the field it is the same, except that one does not have to arise so early. Always it has been a source of argument among gunners as to whether the start through the fields, wet with dew, watching the dog covering the ground ahead of you, is not a greater thrill than that of awakening on the water at dawn. Quail shooters stoutly aver that ten thousand ducks pitching into the decoys gives nothing like the glow that makes one's blood tingle when the dog comes to a point on the first covey of birds in a field.

Personally, the whirr of the wild duck always has given me the greater kick, but that is purely personal. I know dozens of gunners who would not sit for an hour for all the ducks in the world. At the same time they would tramp all day to get one good shot into a rise of quail. These field hunters will go out and enjoy themselves without a gun—simply watching the dogs work.

Then there is that other thrill—the one that comparatively few enjoy—the camp in the north-woods, the start over frosted ground with rifle in hand in search of the moose, the bear, the elk or the caribou.

Up there one really does get a glow in the mere pulling on of moccasins and mackinaw and starting out with some Indian or French Canadian who may not say a word for hours. One may walk all day, even two days or three days, without firing a shot. But when the big chance does come it is an event. Make no mistake about that.

There again one must obey his guide implicitly. He knows.

One day, for instance, Damon Runyon and I were following an Indian guide in Nova Scotia after moose. Occasionally I saw him glance at my boots.

"You have big spike. Won't do. Go back," he said, somewhat annoyed.

He meant that my bootsoles were studded with hobnails. He explained to us that the scraping of a hobnail on a rock would frighten a moose several hundred yards away.

"You no believe?" he asked, seeing our incredulous look. "You see."

It was too far back to camp to get shoes with softer soles. We went on.

The Indian suddenly held up his hand as we came out of a skirt of frost-laden spruces, that looked to us like a great forest of Christmas trees.

"Moose," he whispered, pointing toward a black object in the edge of a bog some seven hundred yards away.

Quickly he found the direction of the wind, all the time glancing at my boots. Slowly he worked us around behind a big boulder from which point we could level our field-glasses on the huge animal. The look through those glasses was a thrill in itself. This big bull moose had a spread of antlers—spades, they call them—fully four feet across. He was so old that these antlers were twisted in grotesque shapes. As we watched, he occasionally pawed at the turf. "Too far. No chance," said the Indian. "But we try."

On our bellies we crawled from one boulder

to another, all the time trying to keep to the leeward. Going around one boulder my hobnails scraped on the stone. Instantly the moose's head went up. He sniffed at the air and trotted away—disappeared. Mind you, he heard that noise at fully five hundred yards! We got no shot.

Open stalking was out of the question. Finally the guide, after the first rest to "bile kittle"—make tea—started us through the thicker brush. Evidently he had decided to take a chance on startling one and getting a shot as it ran.

And toward sundown his plans worked. So far we had been walking twenty miles a day for nearly a week. We had started toward camp again.

"Hist!" suddenly came from the guide, as he dropped to his knees. Through the bushes we saw two large dark bodies moving at a rapid rate.

"Shoot!" he ordered. We both fired our automatic, highpowered rifles.

It developed that he had no hopes of our hitting the moose, but wanted us to fire so that the animal would stop as they nearly always do when suddenly startled by the report of a gun.

We dropped to our knees, breathing heavily. It was the greatest thrill we ever had. Peering through the bushes we could see part of the dark body of a moose, out in the open, not more than seventy yards away. We waited.

"For God's sake shoot!" whispered the Indian. "Why you wait?"

We both took very deliberate aim and fired simultaneously.

"He's down! Get guns ready—maybe 'nother one. Saw two."

We ran out of the spruce thicket, but saw no other moose. But there lay the great animal on which we had fired—a five-pronged bull—stone dead. One bullet had struck at the base of the ear and had gone through the brain and out the forehead. We didn't tell the guide, though, that we had aimed at the junction of neck and shoulders.

To this day there is a serious argument as to which gun fired the big shot.

Runyon walked around the big carcass.

"So you've made us walk sixty miles, eh," he said to the fallen beast. Then he deliberately sat down on the moose's haunch and lighted a cigarette.

It would be hard to beat a thrill like that—unless it was when we walked into camp where other members of our party sat around a huge log fire in front of a lean-to—where the smell of broiling steaks and coffee met us before we landed in the canoe in which we had crossed the lake.

On that same trip we went over into New Brunswick territory and to our surprise found a camp in which two women were hunting with their husbands, one of them having shot a bear the day before.

The accepted idea of hunting among the uninitiated seems to be simply a rough place where there is little to eat, little shelter and no minor conveniences. As a matter of fact these camps out in our great western country or in the north woods are so well appointed that a woman can live there very comfortably. I know of no better vacation for a woman who really likes a little of the strenuous outdoor life. The very best way to see and appreciate our great national parks is to put yourself in charge of one of the reliable guides. A woman can go just as well as a man, so far as the camp is concerned. Even if she doesn't carry a gun and do any hunting she can enjoy the camp life.

These guides generally have a headquarters camp consisting of one or more log huts. They are kept supplied with beds and cover, washing arrangements and plenty of food whether occupied or not. Guides frequently use each other's camp if caught in the woods. The only requirement is that they leave a receipt for the food used.

In the company of Irvin S. Cobb, Damon Runyon and Frank Stevens I ran into a camp in the north woods that was almost perfect in equipment. One log cabin, judging from the

(Continued on page 76)

21 Jewel Burlington



LOOK!

Adjustable to the Second
Adjusted to Temperature
Adjusted to Isochronism
Adjusted to Positions
21 Ruby and Sapphire Jewels
25 Year Gold Strata Case
Your Choice of Dials—
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Only One Dollar Down will buy this masterpiece of watch manufacture. The balance you are allowed to pay in small, easy monthly payments. The Burlington—a 21-Jewel Watch—is sold to you at a price much lower than that of other high-grade watches. Besides, you have the selection of the finest thin model designs and latest styles in watch cases. Don't delay! Write for the FREE Watch Book and our Special Offer today.

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Get the Burlington Watch Book by sending this coupon. Find out about this great special offer which is being made for only a limited time. You will know a great deal more about watch buying when you read this book. You will be able to "steer clear" of the over-priced watches which are no better. Remember, the Burlington is sent to you for only One Dollar down, balance in small monthly payments. Send the coupon for watch book and our special offer Today! Do not delay one minute!

Burlington Watch Co., Dept. 3997
19th St. and Marshall Blvd., Chicago, Ill.
Canadian Address: 62 Albert St., Winnipeg, Man.

Please send me (without obligations and prepaid) your free book on watches with full explanation of your \$1 down offer on the Burlington Watch.

Name _____

Address _____

He says he has smoked more Edgeworth than any other living man

Let Mr. Baldwin's letter give you the facts, and you will see he has some justification for his claims.

Larus & Brother Company
Richmond, Va.

Gentlemen:

I think that I am entitled to be called a charter member of the Edgeworth Smokers Club, as I have used the Edgeworth Sliced Plug between twenty and twenty-five years.

When I commenced using it I was selling hardware on the road. One of my customers who kept a general store told me that he had just received a new tobacco and wished that I would try it. He gave me a box for which he charged me 20c. He made a mistake, as it was selling at that time for 25c. I liked it so well that I made it a point to ask for it in every store in the different towns that I made; but few had it. The next time that I called on this customer I bought six boxes, which would last until I got around again. I still continued to ask for it in the different towns and tried to induce the dealers to stock it.

In 1906 or 1907 I went to So. Carolina and stayed there three years. I was surprised not to be able to get it there. At that time I was in Beaufort, S. C., and made frequent trips to Savannah, Ga., and Charleston, S. C., and was unable to get it in either of these cities. Finally I ordered some direct from you and also induced a dealer in Beaufort to stock it.

I have used it always for over twenty years except occasionally when I could not get it. I figure that I have smoked over 1000 of the 25c. boxes, which have cost for the last few years 35c. For at least five years I have not bought a cigar. Have had some given to me, but they do not take the place of the old pipe filled with Edgeworth.

I am sixty-one years of age and still think that it is the best tobacco on the market. I don't think there is a man living who has smoked any more Edgeworth than I. What do you think?

Yours truly,

(Signed) H. F. Baldwin

It is always pleasing to hear from old Edgeworth smokers, and we would like to know if this record is the best ever made.

But we are interested, too, in new Edgeworth smokers. We like to know that young men, men who are breaking in their first pipes, find Edgeworth before they get very far in their pipe-smoking careers.

So we have a standing invitation to send free samples of Edgeworth to all who ask for them. If you haven't tried Edgeworth, we have a sample package here containing Plug Slice and Ready-Rubbed that is only waiting for your name and address.

When you write for it, address Larus & Brother Company, 43 South 21st Street, Richmond, Va. If you will add the name and address of the dealer you usually buy your tobacco from, we shall appreciate the courtesy.

buy your tobacco from the courtesy.

To Retail Tobacco Merchants: If your jobber cannot supply you with Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Company will gladly send you prepaid by parcel post a one- or two-dozen carton of any size of Edgeworth Plug Slice or Ready-Rubbed for the same price you would pay the jobber.

Edeson Radio Phones

Adjustable Diaphragm Clearance

We guarantee satisfaction, or your money refunded. The adjustment feature places any phone on a par with the world's greatest makes. Our sales plan eliminates dealer's profits and losses from bad accounts, hence the low price. Better phones cannot be made. Immediate delivery. Double 3000 Ohm sets, \$3.98; 1500 Ohm single set, \$2.50. Circular free.



Edeson Phone Co., 6 Beach St., Dept. B-98 Boston, Mass.

\$3,000 Salesmen Wanted

Sell our tailoring—furnishing goods—shoes—hats—boys' clothing, direct from factory to consumer. Prices 20% less than local stores. You get your profit in advance. Everything guaranteed. \$3,000 a year easy. Write for full particulars. Get free copy "The Secret Memorandum Book." WRIGHT & COMPANY, 504 S. Throop Street, Chicago

PATENTS

BOOKLET FREE HIGHEST REFERENCES PROMPTNESS ASSURED BEST RESULTS

Send drawing or model for examination and report as to patentability.

WATSON E. COLEMAN, Patent Lawyer, 624 F Street, Washington, D. C.

A Call to the Wild

(Continued from page 75)

mirrors and odd things left around, had been set apart for the women. There was another for the men, and still another for the cookhouse and the guides. Excepting fresh meat we found everything one could wish in the way of food. There were ham, bacon, canned milk, coffee, flour, rice, beans, preserves—yes, and a small bottle of rum.

A new feature to this camping is that the guides now use flivvers instead of horses. They say they can go over any road in a flivver that can be traversed by a wagon and team of horses.

Up there one night we got the guides talking about equipment. They pointed out many necessary things that a gunner should take along, for which there is not room here. There was one thing, though, on which all agreed.

Whether you are duck shooting, quail shooting or big game shooting a gunner should always carry an extra pair of dry socks and a pair of shoe laces in his pocket.

That sounds very simple, perhaps, but it is the most important of all. By the extra pair of socks colds can be avoided, feet can be kept from blistering and comfort can be had in walking.

Blisters are nearly always caused by socks getting damp with perspiration. It is very simple to sit down, take off the wet ones and put on the dry ones. In time the other pair will be dry.

In hunting or in marching with troops there is nothing quite so annoying and such an impediment to a party as a broken pair of shoe laces. The frequent stopping to tie knots in them finally gets on one's nerves. It is much easier to take along an extra pair of laces.

As to supplies, if one goes with a competent guide there is little cause for concern. That is his business and he will attend to it. Years of experience have taught him exactly what to take along and what unnecessary things to leave.

It is even more important to know what not to take. An inexperienced hunter can very quickly overload a wagon with stuff that he will never need.

In this day and time a person is very foolish to go out without a guide. He may be expensive but his knowledge of the woods and of equipment will in the long run save you more than the cost of his hire.

In case you and your boys should go out for a little camping expedition, however, there are a few suggestions that might be of help:

Get as light a tent as possible and carry plenty of blankets. You can save a lot of weight by carrying no cots. Prepare to make a bed of boughs and roll up in the blankets. You will soon get accustomed to it.

In pitching your tent remember always to face it to the south and wherever possible pitch it on the south side of a hill or skirt of woods. This will keep the cold north and northwest winds to your back and will blow the smoke from in front of your tent. Always build the fire immediately in front of your tent, especially if it is a lean-to. The reflected heat will help a lot during the night.

Be sure that you are near fresh water, preferably a running stream. In addition to having fresh water for drinking and cooking there is a sanitary reason for this. If the country is so wild that there is no danger of pollution this stream can be used to carry away your camp refuse. If you have the time, though, it is better to bury it. If you don't take one of these precautions your camp will be beset with flies. These flies are germ carriers and somebody may get sick—even in the great outdoors.

Before you start on any kind of hunting expedition, though, take the time to read Old Tom's list of "don'ts." Read them carefully—and heed them.

Let's cut down the list of casualties.

In the Name of Friendship

(Continued from page 51)

entirely through letters, the two having met but once, when Emerson, on a visit to England, journeyed all the way to Scotland to visit his hero on his lonely moorland farm. It was a wonderful meeting, but remembering the characters of both men, it was probably just as well for their friendship that they met no more except in letters. Such a long-distance friendship was particularly after Emerson's own heart, as readers of his famous essay will realize. A sort of disembodied friendship seems to have been Emerson's ideal, and it has been well said that he "speaks as though, having sounded the depths of one's friend's soul, one moved off, with a wave of one's hand upon one's lonely quest, having none but God as one's eternal companion." There is certainly a touch of "the higher selfishness" about Emerson's friendship, little of that giving out toward one's friend which Confucius, probably the oldest philosopher of friendship, had in mind when he said: "Friends are wealth to the poor, strength to the weak, and medicine to the sick."

Such is friendship in the fullest and richest meaning of the word. "The sacred and venerable name of friendship"—to quote Ovid, who knew the bitterness of losing and needing friends—covers a variety of feelings and affections, from "the dear love of comrades," which Whitman celebrated, and whose friendships with John Burroughs and Horace Trubel are among the fine friendships of literature, to such a friendship as that of the lonely and austere William of Orange and Bentinck, or that of Washington and Alexander Hamilton. Such men raised high in the state, with the burdens of government upon them, are apt to be cynical judges of friendship, surrounded as they are by sycophants and self-seekers. As a rule they must travel their road alone and rare, indeed, are the cases wherein they can be sure that the friend who fawns upon them does not, like Brutus for Caesar, carry a dagger under his cloak.

There is a cynical French proverb to the effect that "there is no better friend or relation than one's self," but the great French wit Rochefoucauld said a deeper and finer thing when he declared "It is more disgraceful to suspect our friends than to be deceived by them"; for indeed the *sine qua non* of a true friendship is mutual trust. Of friendship, indeed, more truly than of love, Shakespeare might have said:

*It is an ever-fixed mark
That works on tempests and is never shaken.*

FRIENDSHIP is one of the noblest realities of human life, and in building their order upon friendship, the Elks have founded it upon a rock that, throughout human history, has withstood all the storms of chance and change. The friendship that begins with two comes by accretion to bind whole communities together. It is by the faithful cooperation of friendship that all great causes have been won, and all great enterprises have prospered. It was a little band of friends united in love of Him who is the supreme type of Divine Friendship that created the Christian religion. It was a little band of friends that stood together at Thermopylae, and gave their lives there that Greece, and all that Greece has meant to the world, might live. It was a little band of friends sailing together from the Thames two and a half centuries ago, and sadly, but steadfastly, looking their last on their native land, that made America—nor is it without meaning that the most usual salutation to a stranger in this country to-day is the word "Friend." Soon let us hope that the friendship that has built all the nations will develop into a still mightier force that will bind them together in one vast brotherhood, the United States of the Earth.

Friendship!—the most important word in the dictionary.

What Would You Give To Become A Really Good Dancer?

How much would it be worth to you to make yourself so popular through your ability to dance all of the very latest steps, that everyone would be anxious to have you attend their social affairs?

GOOD dancers always have the best time. The best dancers and the prettiest girls always want a good partner. From the business as well as the social standpoint, it is really time and money profitably spent to add dancing to your other accomplishments. Especially so, since it now costs so little—and a fine dancing ability can be mastered in only a few hours.



Arthur Murray
Dancing Instructor
to the Vanderbilts

Arthur Murray has perfected a method by which you can learn in the privacy of your own home, to dance any of the latest dances in a few minutes—and all of them in a short time. Instructions are so simple that even a child can quickly learn. In one evening, you can master the steps of any single dance. Partner or music are not necessary. After learning you can dance with the best dancer in your town and not make a single misstep.

Learn Without Partner or Music

Arthur Murray's remarkable method is so clearly explained and lucidly written that you don't need anyone to explain the instructions. The diagrams show every movement—just how to make each step of every dance, and the written instructions are concise and easily remembered. After you have quickly learned the steps by yourself in your own room, you can dance perfectly

with anyone. It will also be quite easy for you to dance in correct time on any floor to any orchestra or phonograph music.

Arthur Murray is recognized as America's foremost authority on social dancing. Such people as the Vanderbilts, Ex-Governor Locke Craig of North Carolina and scores of other socially prominent people chose Mr. Murray as their dancing instructor. Dancing teachers the world over take lessons from him—and it is a fact that more than 60,000 people have learned to become popular dancers through his. Learn-at-home methods.

Free Proof You Can Learn the Latest Steps in an Evening

Private instruction in Mr. Murray's studio would cost you \$10 per lesson. But through his new method of teaching dancing at home, you get the same high class instruction at a ridiculously low price. And if you aren't delighted, the instruction doesn't cost you one cent.

To prove that he can teach you, Mr. Murray will send you his full sixteen-lesson course for five days' free trial. Through these sixteen lessons you will learn, The Correct Dancing Position—How to Gain Confidence—How to Follow Successfully—The Art of Making Your Feet Look Attractive—The Correct Walk in the Fox Trot—The Basic Principles in Waltzing—How to Waltz Backward—The Secret of Leading—The Chasse in the Fox Trot—The Forward Waltz Step—How to Leave One Partner to Dance with Another—How to Learn and Also Teach Your Child to Dance—What the Advanced Dancer Should Know—How to Develop Your Sense of Rhythm—Etiquette of the Ballroom.

Send No Money—Not One Cent

Satisfy yourself that the new course can quickly teach you all of the new dances and latest steps. See for yourself how easily you can master all of the newest dances and be able to enjoy yourself at the very next affair to which you are invited. Just fill in and mail the coupon—or a postcard or letter will do—and the special course will be promptly sent to you. When your own postman hands it to you, simply deposit with him only \$1.00 plus the few cents postage, and the course is yours without



any further payments of any kind. Keep the course for five full days. Practice all the steps—learn everything the lessons teach, because that is the only way you can prove to your full satisfaction that Arthur Murray's method is the quickest, easiest, and most delightful way to learn how to dance correctly and expertly. Then, within five days, if you desire to do so, you may return the course and your deposit will be promptly refunded without any question. But should you decide to keep the course, as you surely will, it becomes your property without further payments of any kind.

Your Satisfaction Guaranteed

Several times Arthur Murray has been asked how one can learn by mail to dance? The answer and the proof that you can learn is found in these special lessons. After reading them over and practicing the steps as shown in the diagrams, no one can help but feel fully convinced that Arthur Murray's course does teach everything promised. And so positive is Mr. Murray that he can teach you that he absolutely guarantees your complete satisfaction or your money will be fully refunded.

You have always wanted to learn to dance—you have always promised yourself that some day you would learn. Here is your best opportunity. And remember, you now receive the

16-Lesson Course Only \$1.00

ARTHUR MURRAY

Studio 459 100 Fifth Ave. New York

Arthur Murray, Studio 459,

100 Fifth Avenue, New York.

To prove that you can teach me to dance in one evening at home you may send the sixteen-lesson course in plain cover and when the postman hands it to me I will deposit with him \$1.00, plus a few cents postage in full payment. If, within five days, I decide to return the course I may do so and you will refund my money promptly and without question.

Name.....

Address.....

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

If you wish you may send money with coupon. If apt to be out when the postman calls, you may send the dollar now and we will pay postage. (Price outside U. S. \$1.10 cash with order.)

Here's What a Few Say

Let me say that your chart system explains many things to me which other teachers could not make clear.

WM. S. MEYERFELD,
Ann Arbor, Mich.

I practiced yesterday and learned the Fox Trot through the night. Tonight I danced a number of times with a good dancer to the music of a phonograph and had no trouble in leading or balance.

J. M. MEALY,
Flatwood, W. Va.

I am getting along very nicely with the instructions. I have so many pupils I have to have a larger place.

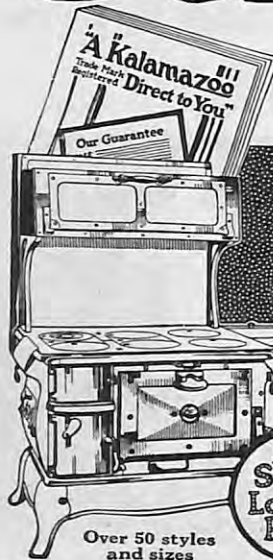
ALBERT J. DELANEY,
Bay City, Mich.

Before I got your lessons I couldn't dance a step, but now I go to dances and have a good time, like the rest of them. I'll always be thankful that I have taken your course.

BEGGI THORGERSON,
Ethridge, Mont.

Many other enthusiastic letters have been received. If interested send for special leaflet reprinting them.

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Money saved is as good as money earned. Save 25 to 40% on your stove, range or furnace at Kalamazoo. Our catalog shows you how—send for it today. Learn about our big special offer to old and new customers. Cash or easy payments.

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Figure it out for yourself. Who can make prices as low as the manufacturer? No matter where you buy your stove, range or furnace someone must first get it from the factory. Why don't YOU get the wholesale manufacturer's price and save money? The Kalamazoo Catalog shows you the way. 24-hour shipments. 30 days' trial—money back guarantee. Pipeless Furnaces \$52.95 and up. Send for Catalog No. 785 **KALAMAZOO STOVE CO.** Kalamazoo, Mich. **A Kalamazoo Trade Mark Registered Direct to You**

A Far-Sighted Banker's Idea of Advertising

by FESTUS J. WADE

President, MERCANTILE TRUST COMPANY of St. Louis

DO I believe that a banker considers reputation, as developed by advertising, in extending credit? There probably are bankers who will give a negative answer to this question and believe they are giving the right answer.

But let those bankers be approached by a credit-seeking national advertiser, who has established his name, therefore a market for his goods, and see what happens. In nine cases out of ten the fact that those goods have become a household "buy-word" will be the greatest factor in granting the credit.

The banker himself will have become subconsciously sold on the firm through its consistent advertising. He will say, "Oh, yes, that's a big house—well known, good reputation," etc.,

not realizing that it was advertising that did the work.

The next minute he may be approached by a new company, trying to make its name, and turn down the loan because too much of it is to be spent for the purpose of advertising. In the first application he has helped the big advertiser to cash in on his reputation, and in the second was depriving the newcomer of the right to build a reputation.

This is only a hypothetical case, and I am glad to say I don't believe it happens as often as it did in the past.

Just as we learn something new every day, so every day another banker wakes up to the underlying power and pull of advertising.

[Published by The Elks Magazine in co-operation with
The American Association of Advertising Agencies]

Under the Spreading Antlers

(Continued from page 49)

Deputy Edward Larkin, of Quincy, officiated. The orator of the occasion was Charles F. J. McCue of Cambridge, chairman of the Board of Grand Trustees.

Chimes at Revere, Massachusetts, Recall the Absent Brothers

Chimes playing "Auld Lang Syne," indicating the mystic hour of Eleven, in remembrance of the absent brother, have been installed by the Elks at Revere, Mass., in celebration of the thirteenth anniversary of the Lodge. The dedication ceremonies took place Sunday, September 17. A clock in the living-room of the clubhouse controls the chimes, which are encased in a weather-proof copper box outside of the building. This clock automatically extinguishes all lights in the Lodge at 11 o'clock P.M.

Millville Lodge Organizes Atlanta Club

By Millville (N. J.) Lodge No. 580, an Atlanta Marching Club has been organized with 60 members at the start and numerous other Elks already seeking admission. Everything looks to the next Grand Lodge Reunion to be held in Atlanta, Ga. Various means for raising revenue are being devised. An Old Home Week celebration took place September 4-9. There were parades, boat carnivals and other features of entertainment, all under the auspices of the Atlanta Club. During the year, there will be a succession of such pleasure events to provide finances for the club.

Portland (Ore.) Lays Cornerstone With Impressive Ceremony

The cornerstone of the Elks' Temple at Portland, Ore., was formally laid, September 2. The services, while unostentatious, were typical of fraternal esteem and patriotism and civic co-operation. Irrespective of Lodge affiliations, the foremost citizens of Portland and the surrounding country witnessed the exercises. Elks hailing from Seattle, Vancouver and other Washington cities paraded and otherwise participated.

Massed bands discoursed "America" and the vast throng sang and repeated the national anthem as the program proceeded. The actual cornerstone, weighing several tons and already in place, contained a niche for the copper box taken from the cornerstone of the old temple erected back in 1905. This historic box was placed in the new copper container along with a history of the Lodge, etc. Walter F. Meier, Exalted Ruler of Seattle Lodge, used a silver trowel and performed the sealing service.

Col. A. E. Clark, pioneer member of Portland Lodge, addressing the assemblage, spoke as follows: "Thirty-two years ago this coming November, Portland Lodge was organized. In 1905 Portland Lodge built its first temple. To-day with something like 4,200 members on the rolls which is nearly 60 times the original membership, we lay a cornerstone of our new temple occupying 15,000 square feet of ground space, and which will cost us when finally completed at least \$1,500,000. Besides an Elk home, this splendid edifice becomes a valuable contribution to the material growth of our city."

In the Heart of the Sierras Sacramento Lodge Owns Camp

Sacramento (Calif.) Lodge of Elks owns and operates in the heart of the Sierra Mountains one of the most beautiful camp sites in America. The tract embraces 14 acres and is situated on the State Road to Lake Tahoe, about 31 miles distant from Placerville. The purchase price was \$4,000. The premises are available for those members who will erect cottages. Of these, 80 have already qualified. Space will be reserved for others who wish to use tents while sojourning there. The land is thickly wooded with sugar pine and silver fir, cedar and spruce and other mountain varieties. Immediately to the east of the site, Sugar Loaf Mountain lifts its head to an altitude of several thousand feet.

(Continued on page 80)

May She Invite Him Into the House?

THEY have just returned from a dance. It is rather late, but the folks are still up. Should she invite him into the house or say good-night to him at the door? Should he ask permission to go into the house with her? Should she ask him to call at some other time?

There are countless other problems that arise every day. Should a woman allow a man she knows only slightly to pay her fare on a car or train? Should a man offer his hand to a woman when he is introduced to her? When walking with two women, should a man take his place between them or on the outside?

Those who know how to act under all circumstances are usually considered charming and cultured. But those who are always committing embarrassing mistakes, who do and say the wrong thing at the wrong time betray themselves as uncultured.

The Value of Social Knowledge

Everyone loves to attend dances and theatres, to mingle with cultured, brilliant people, to take part in social functions. Without the social knowledge which gives one polish and poise, one cannot hope to be happy and at ease in these circles. Social knowledge, or etiquette, serves as a barrier to keep the crude and unpolished out of the circles where they themselves would be embarrassed and where they would cause mortification to others.

Through generations of observation in the best circles of Europe and America, these rules of etiquette have come down to us—and today those that have stood the test of time must be observed by those who wish to be well-bred, who wish to avoid embarrassment and humiliation when they come into contact with cultured people.

The man or woman who knows the rules of etiquette should be able to mingle with brilliant, cultured people and yet feel entirely at ease, always calm and well-poised. And if one knows how to conduct oneself with grace and confidence, one will win respect and admiration no matter where one chances to be. The charm of manner has a greater power than wealth or fame—a power which admits one to the finest circles of society.

What Do You Know About Etiquette?

Perhaps you have often wondered what to do on a certain puzzling occasion, what to wear to some unusual entertainment, what to say under certain circumstances? Do you know, for instance, how to word a wedding announcement in the newspapers? Do you know how to acknowledge a gift? Do you know the correct thing to wear to a formal dinner?

Do you know how to introduce a man to

a woman, how to plan a tea-party, how to decorate the home for a wedding? Do you know how to overcome self-consciousness, how to have the charm of correct speech, how to be an ideal guest, an ideal host or hostess? Do you know all about such important details as setting a dinner-table correctly, addressing invitations correctly, addressing servants correctly? Do you know the etiquette of weddings, of funerals, of dances?

The Famous "Book of Etiquette" in Two Volumes Sent to You Free for Examination

There are two methods of gaining the social polish, the social charm that every man and woman must have before he or she can always be at ease in cultured society. One method is to mingle with society for years, slowly acquiring the correct table manners, the correct way to conduct oneself at all times, in all places. One would learn by one's own humiliating mistakes.

The other method is to learn at once, from a dependable authority, the etiquette of society. By knowing exactly what to do, say, write and wear on all occasions, under all conditions, one will be better prepared to associate with the most highly cultivated people and yet feel entirely at ease. At the theatre, in the restaurant, at the dance or dinner, one will be graceful and charming—confident in the knowledge that one is doing or saying only what is correct.

The famous two-volume set of the Book of Etiquette has solved the problem in thousands of families. Into these two volumes have been gathered all the rules of etiquette. Here you will find the solutions to all your etiquette problems—how to word invitations, what to wear to the theatre or dance, how much to tip the

porter or waiter, how to arrange a church wedding. Nothing is omitted.

Would you like to know why rice is thrown after the bride, why a tea-cup is usually given to the engaged girl, why the woman who marries for the second time may not wear white? Even the origin of each rule of etiquette is traced, and, wherever possible, explained. You will learn why the bride usually has a maid-of-honor, why black was chosen as the color of mourning, why the man raises his hat. As interesting as a story—yet while you read you will be acquiring the knowledge that will protect you against embarrassment and humiliation.

Examine these two famous volumes at our expense. Let us send you the Book of Etiquette free for 5 days. Read the tables of contents in the books. Glance at the illustrations. Read one or two of the interesting chapters. And then decide whether or not you want to return the splendid set. You will wonder how you could have ever done so long without it.

Within the 5 days' free examination period, you have the guaranteed privilege of returning the books without obligation. If you decide to keep them, as we believe you will, simply send \$3.50 in full payment—and they are yours. But be sure you take advantage of this free examination offer. Send the coupon at once! Nelson Doubleday, Inc., Dept. 12210, Garden City, N. Y.

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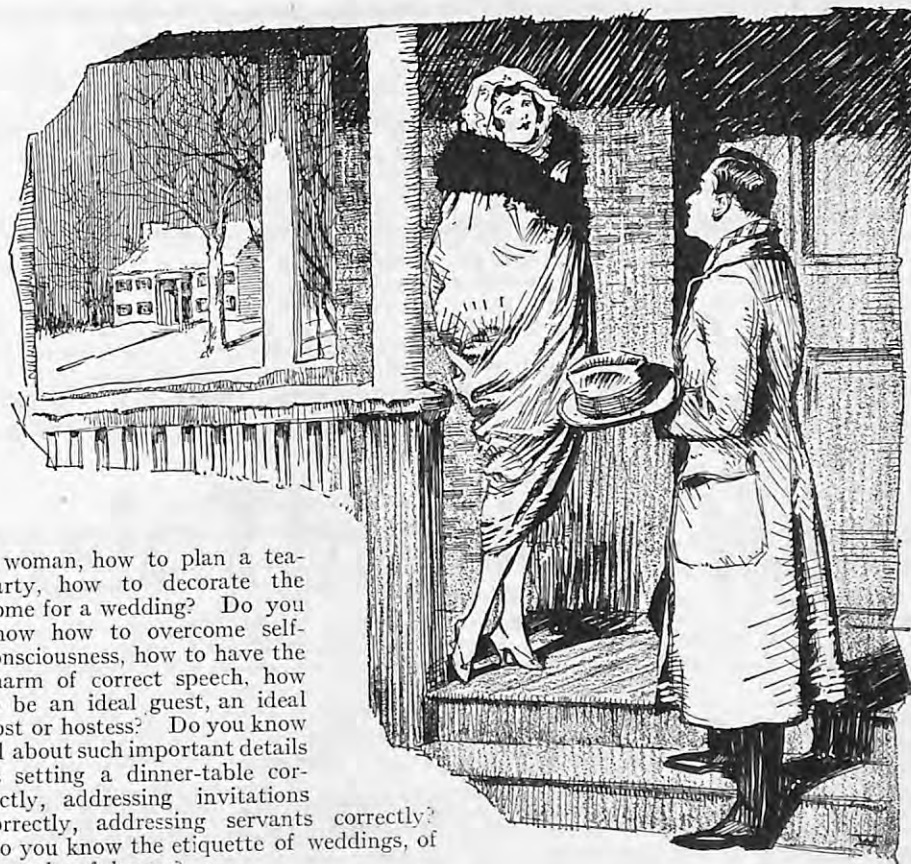
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How Many of These Questions Can You Answer?

Should the engaged girl embroider her linens with her own initials or the initials of her future married name?

What is the correct way to eat corn on the cob in a public dining-room?

Does the woman who marries for the second time wear a veil?

Is it correct for a woman to wear a hat in a restaurant or hotel dining-room in the evening?

How should wedding gifts or birthday gifts be acknowledged?

In sending an invitation or announcement to a family in which there are adult children is it correct to use the form "and family" on the envelope?

Under the Spreading Antlers

(Continued from page 78)

Season of Business and Festivity Successfully Inaugurated

San Luis Obispo (Calif.) Lodge entered upon the coming season's activities on the night of September 30 by initiating 100 best citizens into membership. It was a joyous occasion with many prominent visitors in attendance from a distance. A banquet was spread, followed by diversified entertainment. The Lodge has announced a calendar of social events, among them a Hallowe'en party and a Christmas and New Year festival.

Old Mardi Gras Custom Revived in Grand Rapids

Elks of Grand Rapids, Mich., in the revival of an old custom, scored a genuine success with a Mardi Gras festival given at Ramona Park, the spectacle opening September 10 and continuing one week. All park concessions were placed under the direction of the Elks. This included circus and vaudeville attractions. At 11 o'clock every night, a motor car was presented to some lucky ticket holder. In this manner, three touring cars, one roadster and one sedan were awarded. One day was especially devoted to an Elk Jubilee. Ten bands competed for prizes. On the final day, the feature was the crowning of a king and queen of the Mardi Gras.

Three Days' Celebration Marks Opening at Ironwood

September 21-22-23 witnessed the opening of the Elks Home at Ironwood, Mich. Preliminary to the dedication on the second evening, there was a ball. A contest on the diamond was the next day's feature, followed by a house-warming, beginning at 5:30 o'clock with a stag banquet. There was oratory galore, diversified entertainment, operatic selections and dancing. Saturday the Elks and their guests motored to points of interest, chief of which was the Gogebic Country Club links, reputed to be the most difficult course in the Northwest. The same evening a large class was initiated by Ironwood Lodge.

Historical and Romantic Pageant by Boy Scouts

A notable event in the history of Boy Scouts in America took place at the Interstate Palisades Park, near New York City. Six thousand parents and friends witnessed the historical pageant, which was organized to show the evolution of the American Boy Scout. Five episodes were depicted, each taken from stories by American authors familiar to the Scouts.

The first, "The Indian Scout," was borrowed from Cooper's "The Last of the Mohicans;" the second, featuring Daniel Boone, was entitled, "Pioneers and Pathfinders;" the third, "Rip Van Winkle and the Dwarf," from Washington Irving's famous story; the fourth,

"Buffalo Bill, the Forty-Niners and the Western Indian Tribes," was re-inforced by a tableau in which Abraham Lincoln was the central figure; fifth, "The Boy Scouts of America," showed the growth of the movement during the last thirteen years. This scene required 275 people.

Welcome Home for Grakelow From a Short Trip Abroad

A unique celebration was staged in New York Harbor on September 17, when Charles H. Grakelow, Exalted Ruler of Philadelphia Lodge, and Louis N. Goldsmith, Past Exalted Ruler of the same Lodge, returned from a brief trip to Europe where they voyaged for rest and recreation. More than 500 members arrived in Jersey City by special train and subsequently boarded the steamship *Nassau* on which they sailed down the bay to meet the *Celtic* on which Messrs. Grakelow and Goldsmith were returning. Floating pennants told of the mission of the *Nassau*. The Philadelphia Elks Band went along to keep things lively. After greetings were exchanged, the party was variously employed in pleasure-seeking until the late afternoon, when everybody proceeded homeward where a formal reception was conducted in the home of Philadelphia Lodge.

Lorain Investing \$350,000 In Lodge, Home and Welfare Center

Elks of Lorain, Ohio, expect to complete "The Antlers," their new four-story brick building, on or before April 1, 1923. The total expenditure involved is \$350,000. The building and equipment will provide for every requirement and convenience of the Lodge and its Club, and will, besides, afford the site of Lorain's first modern hotel with a capacity of 90 rooms. There will be an auditorium specially dedicated for the promotion of Community Welfare ideals.

Nashville Lodge Has Fine Library Presided Over by Lady Librarian

Over a decade ago, 13 years to be exact, Nashville Lodge, in competition with several other organizations, was victorious in a local popularity contest, winning several hundred volumes of books in gilt-edge editions by the best standard authors. After the books were assigned to a place in the club building, it soon became evident there were some among the membership who experienced the literal truth of Wordsworth's lines that,

"... books, we know,
Are a substantial world, both pure and good.
Round these, with tendrils strong as flesh and blood
Our pastime and our happiness will grow."

With the fear of losing some of the prize volumes, arose the necessity of having some one appointed specially to look after them. The choice fell upon a woman, a trained librarian, who put in operation the first circulating library

to be maintained in a Lodge of Elks. At the expiration of the first year, she was succeeded by the present librarian, Miss Ada E. Blake, who has occupied the position for twelve years.

Lending an atmosphere of culture in a home environment, the Elks of Nashville have succeeded in establishing from a nucleus of a few hundred books a library whose equipment is not only a source of pride to the membership, but a decided acquisition to the civic community as well.

While primarily a library of fiction, acquiring every month all that is new of the "best sellers," yet the seeker of real knowledge may find a genuine storehouse of information here where rich endowments have been made from time to time, of histories and valuable books of reference. In addition, some rare old volumes are also to be found in this collection, among which is a set of Zola in the Rougen-Macquart edition. The volumes became the property of the Lodge through the generosity of one of their members.

Books from this library often prove a real blessing to members invalided in home or hospital. During the World War, several hundred volumes were sent to the army cantonments. That a few of the books have had widespread circulation was proved by the return of some bearing a London postmark, chosen companions of a sea voyage to be read on board ship.

Capsules of Elk News Prepared for Quick Reading

As many as 200 troops of the Boy Scouts are being looked after by Elk Lodges. . . . The annual outing held by Freeport (N. Y.) Lodge began with a breakfast and ended with a shore dinner, with athletics and a band concert in between. . . . August 16 was the date of the biggest outing in the history of Elmira (N. Y.) Lodge. . . . During the reunion of the 91st Division, Seattle Lodge transported disabled veterans in motors. . . . A home to cost \$110,000 is being planned by the Elks of Rock Springs, Wyo. . . . Madison (S. D.) Elks are considering the advisability of a combination Home and hotel. . . . Dallas (Tex.) Elks, having acquired a building at present occupied by the Y. W. C. A., will convert it into a modern club house. . . . One thousand children, between seven and fourteen years of age, enjoyed an outing at Columbia Park, North Bergen, N. J., the hosts being the members of Hoboken Lodge. . . . New Haven (Conn.) Elks appointed its Christmas Committee as early as August 3, with the promise that this season's holiday activities will eclipse those of former years. . . . Elizabeth (N. J.) Lodge treated its members to a corn roast and a vaudeville performance. . . . The Children's Home, at Tampa, Fla., is being completed with the sum of \$19,623.58 raised by the Elks of that city. . . . Worcester (Mass.) Lodge, aided by 25 ladies, entertained 400 orphans with motor trips and launch rides on Lake Quinsigamond.

Mr. Jones Explores the Cellar

(Continued from page 54)

Committee was given over to an organization and expansion of it. Investigation began in 1919 of the homes of boys, of the conditions of their parents; and, of course, in the first years of reconstruction, the welfare activities threw themselves full weight against the disheartening problems confronting ex-service men.

For all that the Elks have done in the short eleven years since the official beginning of the Big Brother movement, the Order feels that it has made no more than a good start, that it has only begun to see that the solution of one problem but leads to another, and to accept the challenge of that second problem without fear and without thought of leaving it unremoved.

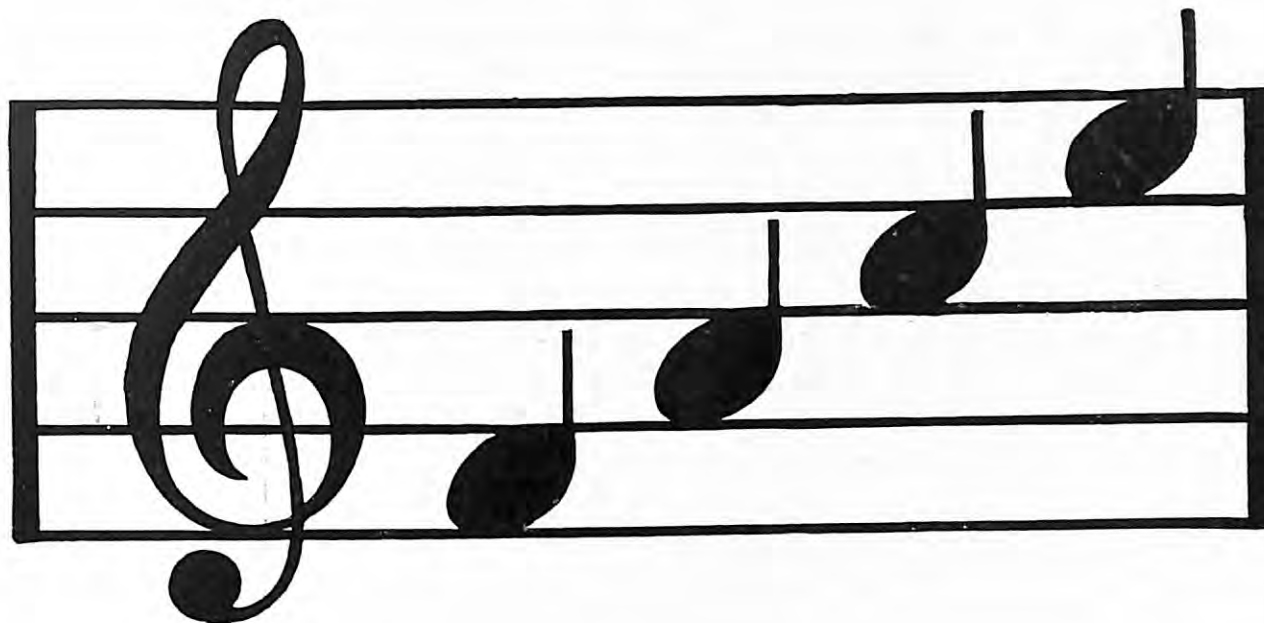
There has sprung up a propagation of laws known under the group name of "The Children's Code," as a result of the welfare work and its incident disclosures. A few of its constituent items are worthy of note, as for instance: the

regulation of Juvenile Courts, the care of mothers during the critical period before and after childbirth, more exacting laws of adoption, insistence upon clearer reports upon the treatment of the deaf, dumb and blind in detention homes; fairer disposal of the problem of rearing illegitimate children; the raising of the age of consent; requirement of ten days' notice before the issuance of marriage licenses; extradition of child deserters; punishment of adults for neglect of children; prohibition of the marriage of the epileptic or feeble-minded; prohibition of children under fourteen working; that no girl under eighteen shall work as a messenger; that no one under the same age shall work underground; that children must attend school until the age of sixteen, and that poverty be no excuse for avoidance of this; the teaching of child-hygiene to parents; the investigation of schools, of the methods and personnel of county and state welfare organiza-

tions; and the provision of recreation parks and playgrounds.

Obviously, none of these things is original with the Elks. They are common forms of welfare activity. But the Elks have taken it upon themselves, either alone or in conjunction with some other sincere body devoted to the improvement of social conditions, to see that in their communities there is neglect of nothing which will give American boys and girls the rightful privilege of starting their race from scratch, even in health and morals, with the rest of the field.

The Elks are digging up from the cellars of life the priceless treasures of childhood, they are uncovering moldy cases of poverty and disease and neglect which must surely impair the soundness of their contents, letting the sunlight warm them and clean them; and making sure that they are not returned to a place where they may rot.



See How Easy It Is To Learn Music This New Way

YOU know how easy it is to put letters together and form words, once you have learned the alphabet. Playing a musical instrument is not very much different. Once you learn the notes, playing melodies on the mandolin, piano or violin is simply a matter of putting the notes together correctly.

The first note shown above is F. Whether you are singing from notes, playing the piano or banjo or any other musical instrument, that note in the first space is always F. The four notes indicated are F, A, C, E, easy to remember because they spell the word "face." Certain strings on the mandolin, certain keys on the piano, represent these same notes—and once you learn them, playing melodies on the instrument is largely a matter of following the notes.

Anyone—can now learn to play a musical instrument at home, without a teacher. A new simplified method of teaching reduces all music to its simplest possible form. You can now master singing, piano-playing, or any musical instrument you wish right at home, quickly, easily, without endless study and practice.

Practice is essential, of course—but it's fun the new way. You'll begin to play melodies almost from the start. The "print-and-picture" method of self-teaching is fascinating; it's simply a matter of following one interesting step after another. You learn that the note in the first space is F, and that a certain key on the piano is F. Thereafter you will always be able to read F and play it whenever you see it. Just as you are able to recognize the

letters that make a word, you will be able to recognize and play the notes that make a melody. It's easy, interesting.

You don't have to know anything whatever about music to learn to play a musical instrument this new way. You don't have to pin yourself down to regular hours, to regular classes. You practice whenever you can, learn as quickly as you please. All the intricate "mysteries" of music have been reduced to a method of amazing simplicity—

each step is made as clear as A B C. Thousands have already learned to play their favorite musical instruments this splendid new quick way.

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If you are dissatisfied with your present work, let music act as the stepping-stone into a new career. If you long for a hobby, a means of self-expression, let music be the new interest in your life. If you wish to be a social favorite, if you wish to gain popularity—choose your favorite instrument and, through the wonderful home-study method of the U. S. School of Music, play it three months from today.

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traction, the talented person who holds the audience fascinated.

Is it the piano you wish to play, the mandolin, the violin, the saxophone? Do you want to learn how to sing from notes? Are you eager to be able to play "jazz" on the clarinet, the banjo?

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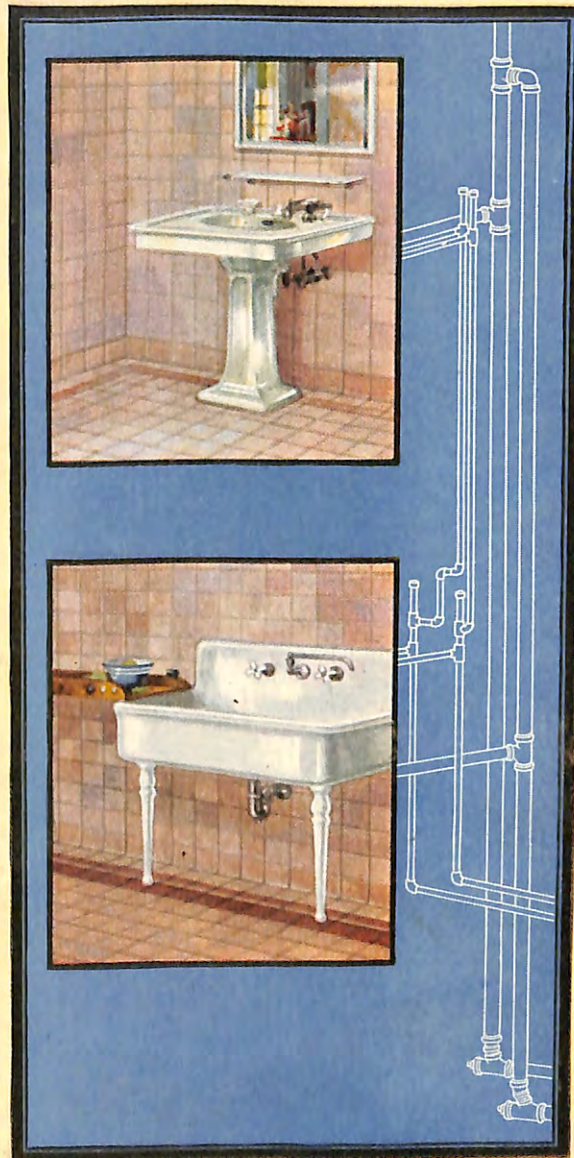
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