The Elks Magazine

NOVEMBER
1922

In this issue: Sir Harry Lauder on "The Sick Men of Europe," and twelve other exceptional articles and stories

20 cents a copy

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

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This is "Aurora"—the lamp the Decorative Arts League sends on money-back approval. A value that only the League, with its large membership and unique facilities, could produce.

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Before you can have any true conception of its subtle charm, its exquisite artistry, the purity of its design and its quality of harmonizing with its surroundings and never wearying the eye—"*Aurora*" must be seen and used in your own home.

No illustrations or printed description can do it justice. That is why the League sends it on approval (read the coupon).

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"Aurora" stands 16 inches high, with shade 10¾ inches in diameter. The base and cap are cast in solid Medallium and the shaft is of seamless brass.

You can have a choice of two color-schemes—rich Statuary Bronze with brass bound Parchment shade of a Neutral Brown tone; or Ivory White with Golden Yellow Shade.

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"Aurora" is equipped only for electricity; it has a push-button socket, six feet of insulated cord, and two-piece attachment plug. A cleverly designed holder on the shade permits its instant adjustment to any angle.

"Aurora's" exquisite grace lines

A perfectly designed lamp, remember, is in reality three objects of beauty and artistic satisfaction; the first when it is viewed by daylight or other light than its own; the second an entirely different effect, when it is lighted and viewed near at hand; the third, when its artfully moulded mass of glowing light is seen at a distance.

The artists designing it are dealing not only with material substances; they are carving and moulding Light itself. No other form of art offers the artist such possibilities of new triumphs or gives such a challenge to his genius, his patience, and his will to achieve perfection.

From the top of its shade to its base, the "Aurora" Lamp forms a perfect picture of artistic unity and beauty. The "grace line" from its cap, down the gently swelling shaft, outward to the edge of its base and over to the tiny feet which lift it slightly above the table, with the glow of its own light underneath its own base—is a never-fading delight to any lover of beauty:—a ripple, a wave, a suggestion of upward buoyant movement, attained only by that genius which is "infinite pains."

On the Dressing Table—priceless

We let it speak for itself

No illustration can reproduce it. So we send the "Aurora" Lamp itself. We make no attempt to "sell" it to you, in the ordinary sense. We simply let it speak for itself, in your own home.

If it does not please you we do not want you to keep it. We take it back immediately.

If you can decide and send *at once* you can have one of these beautiful lamps for $3.50.

We have to know quickly

But we do not know how many replicas of the "Aurora" Lamp will be asked for; we do not know for how many there will be material available when wanted; we do not know how soon the price must be increased.

We must make the decision in the next few days. We ask only that you will help us in our plans, *by sending* your reply at once.

DECORATIVE ARTS LEAGUE, 175 5th Ave., N. Y. City

Send "AURORA" lamp on your offer in ELKS Magazine, Nov.—to which I agree. (State finish desired: Ivory or Bronze). (C. M.)

Signed.....

Address.....

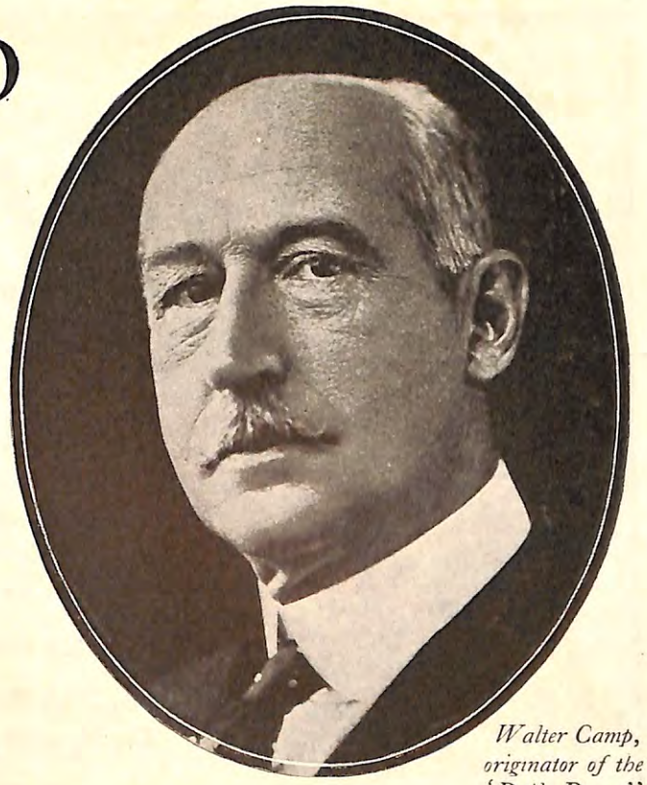
City.....State.....

Our offer is: We will send you the lamp on your request. Send no money. Pay the postman $3.50 plus the postage. If not satisfactory return the lamp within five days of receipt, and we will refund your money in full.

DECORATIVE ARTS LEAGUE
175 Fifth Avenue
NEW YORK, N. Y.

New Way to Keep Fit

Walter Camp Shows How to Build Health and Efficiency in 10 Minutes' Fun Every Day—His "Daily Dozen" Now on Phonograph Records



Walter Camp, originator of the 'Daily Dozen"

NOT so long ago, if you were to go up to an "old-school" physical culturist and tell him that his methods were all wrong—that a person can keep perfectly fit in only 10 minutes a day—he would very likely scoff at you.

Yet today there are somewhat over a million people in America who know it can be done. They not only keep themselves in perfect physical trim in ten minutes a day—but they get lots of genuine *fun* while they're doing it!

Credit for the discovery of this easy shortcut method of body development goes to Walter Camp, perhaps the greatest authority on athletics and physical development in America today. Mr. Camp's whole system is embodied in twelve simple exercises which are known as the "Daily Dozen." Already these twelve exercises are completely revolutionizing present-day methods of physical culture.

The "Daily Dozen" made their first appearance during the war. A navy official claimed that the regular setting up drills and calisthenics left his men tired out. Instead of building up efficiency, they often tore down efficiency. So he came to Walter Camp for a solution of the difficulty. The famous Yale coach, after months of experimenting, had just perfected his "Daily Dozen." So he turned them over to the army and navy officers.

The success of the "Daily Dozen" in the training camps was soon apparent. The officers in charge of the camps had never seen anything like it. The exercises seemed to double the pep of the boys in training. Instead of leaving them tired out and exhausted, the "Daily Dozen" gave them a wonderful new enthusiasm and vigor. Even members of the Cabinet, recognizing the great value of Mr. Camp's method, became ardent "Daily Dozen" fans. As a guard against physical break-down, due to overwork, they practised the "Daily Dozen" religiously.

The "Daily Dozen" works on an entirely new plan—there are no chest weights, no Indian clubs, no apparatus of any kind. All one needs to do is imitate the exercises of caged animals, who keep fit by *stretching their stomach muscles!*

As Mr. Camp said in his recent speech before Congress, which is printed in the Congressional Record:

"We are all wild animals in a state of captivity. When you stop to think of it, man was meant to earn his bread by the sweat of his brow, and in the early days he had to dig for what he was going to eat. He had to work hard to get it. Today, instead of that, your food is brought to you on a platter. You do not work for it. A great deal too much of it is brought and what is the result? The result is that you are being injured by civilization.

"Now, what do the wild animals in a state of captivity do? You do not see any lion or tiger kicking like this, to exercise his legs. He knows his legs are going to be good enough. But what is he doing all the time? He is stretching those big muscles of the body, bending and stretching his body muscles. That is an inherited instinct in those wild animals. The wild animals and the tame animals, too, know that it is the stretching of those body muscles that counts, and nothing else. Everything else takes care of itself.

It is on the principle of stretching that Mr. Camp has based his "Daily Dozen." These, as physical culture authorities now admit, provide all the exercise people really need to keep in proper physical condition.

And now, with the special permission and sanction of Mr. Camp, a wonderfully ingenious improvement has been made in the manner of doing the "Daily Dozen" which just doubles the enjoyment one usually gets from their practice.

Each one of the twelve exercises has been set to inspiring music on phonograph records that can be played on any disc machine. A chart accompanies each record showing by actual photographs just how to execute the "commands" which are given by a voice speaking on the record.

This innovation has made a decided hit with "Daily Dozen" fans. Each exercise has been adapted to a tune particularly fitted for the movements. So that all a person has to do is put on a record, and let his movements keep time to the spirited tune being played.

In this way, one is literally carried through the whole "Daily Dozen"—in most cases *without even realizing* that he is taking exercise—exercise which incidentally is building up a splendid reserve of health, strength and energy.

Some of the results brought about by the "Daily Dozen" to music are nothing short of astonishing. The exercises seem to release an entirely unsuspected supply of energy, which is reflected in a marked increase in one's capacity for both mental and physical exertion. People of nervous tendencies have seen their nerves become strong and calm in a remarkably short time. Many, once troubled with insomnia, now enjoy eight hours of restful sleep regularly. Stout people have seen their excess fat disappear—often at a surprisingly rapid rate. Needless to state all these benefits have resulted in great increases in mental and physical efficiency.

Music was the one thing needed to make the "Daily Dozen" a 100 per cent. way of keeping fit. Music has a wonderful power to inspire action. A fine rousing tune, such as the great Sousa march, "The Stars and Stripes Forever," has a stimulating effect. It actually sweeps one along. That is why there is "no loafing on the job" when one does the "Daily Dozen" the new way.

No matter how "tired" one may be, all he needs to do is put one of the "Daily Dozen" records on the phonograph. The music will do the rest. You will not want to stop until you have gone through the whole twelve exercises. Then, very likely, you will want to do them all over again!—as many "fans" usually do.

Any man or woman who does the "Daily Dozen" to music regularly, even if it is only six or seven minutes a day, is certain to reap manifold rewards in increased health and efficiency. The "Daily Dozen" to music keeps one filled with a seemingly unending supply of vigor and endurance. They inspire an actual eagerness for hard work or play. Not only have they a wonderfully soothing effect on shattered nerves, but in many instances they have banished cases of stomach trouble which resisted all other forms of treatment.

But perhaps the greatest value of Walter Camp's "Daily Dozen" to music is that they add a greater joy to living. They inspire a new cheerfulness, a new optimism, a new confidence that is only possible when one is enjoying glorious health.

Try the Complete System Free—For Five Days

You cannot fully appreciate the real joy of doing the "Daily Dozen" to music until you try it. So we want to send you, absolutely free for five days, the "Daily Dozen" on phonograph records and charts illustrating the movements. These full-size, ten-inch, double-disc records, playable on any disc machine, contain the complete Daily Dozen Exercises, and the 60 actual photographs accompanying the records show clearly every movement that will put renewed vigor and glowing health into your body—with only ten minutes' fun a day. A beautiful record album comes free with the set.

No need to send any money. Simply mail the coupon below and get Walter Camp's "Daily Dozen" on phonograph records. Enjoy the records for five days, and if for any reason you are not satisfied, return them and you owe nothing. But if you decide to keep the records, you can pay for them at the easy rate of only $2.50 down, and $2 a month for four months until the sum of $10.50 is paid Thousands of people have paid $15 for the same system but you can now get it for only $10.50 if you act at once

Simply mail the coupon and see for yourself at our expense, the new, easy, pleasant way to keep fit. You'll feel better, look better, and have more endurance and "pep" than you ever had in years—and you'll find it's fun to exercise to music! Don't put off getting this remarkable System that will add years to your life and make you happier by keeping you in glowing health. Mail the coupon today. Address Health Builders, Inc., Dept. 8611, Garden City, N. Y.

FIVE DAY TRIAL COUPON

HEALTH BUILDERS, Inc.,
Dept. 8611, Garden City, N. Y.

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.

Name .....
(Please Write Plainly)

Address .....

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

If you prefer to take advantage of our cash price send only $10.00.
(Price outside U. S. $12.50 cash with order).

The Elks Magazine

Volume One Number Six

"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*

Features *for* November, 1922

Cover Design by Angus MacDonall

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

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Office of the

Grand Exalted Ruler

Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks
of the United States of America

Special Message

Charleroi, Pa., October 1, 1922

To All Elks:—Greeting

DEAR BROTHER ELKS:

Sunday, December Third, is the day set apart for our Annual Memorial Service. At this time we pause in the midst of our daily grind and the pursuit of commercial success to pay our tribute of affection to our Absent Brothers.

A primary teaching of Elks is to honor the dead. We write their names upon the simple tablets which adorn our lodge rooms to point out the fact that they were beloved members of our fraternity. But our reverence for them is reflected in a better way. Memory, that best friend to grief, holds ever for them tender recollections of kindly deeds, generous acts, and noble impulses. This it is which glorifies their fraternal associations with us. Thus do we pay fitting tribute to our brothers who have gone on before.

The main object I have in view in calling Memorial Day to your attention is to urge you to make this a day—yes, the best day—to show to those about you that Elks truly practise the principles which they profess.

I ask all Elks to join reverently in the observance of Memorial Day. This day and its observance makes better Elks—makes better men.

Fraternally yours,

J. E. Masters
Grand Exalted Ruler

Personalities and Appreciations

A New Novel by Meredith Nicholson

IN A RECENT issue we foreshadowed on this page the announcement of a new serial story to follow "The Footstep." This new story will begin in the December issue and it is with no small pride that we now disclose to you the identity of its author—Meredith Nicholson.

A native of Indiana, American through and through, Meredith Nicholson stands for all that is best and truest in our national life to-day. Because his is the type of mind which turns instinctively to the wholesome; because he has traveled much and studied constantly; because he has never allowed his enthusiasms to be dulled, or his vision to become distorted, he has attained and maintained a definite and enviable position among American novelists.

Meredith Nicholson is primarily a romanticist. Not for him the easy cynicism and the murky moral probings of the younger realists. He takes his characters as he finds them. If sometimes he finds them in curious places—and puts them into situations more curious still—that, of course, is his privilege. There is always something rather whole-hearted and refreshing about them, even when, strictly speaking, they are enemies of society. Mr. Nicholson's plots may occasionally be highly imaginative and a bit fantastic. But he never fails to have a plot, nor to work it out deftly. And after all, it is his prerogative, as a writer of romantic fiction, to be as imaginative as he chooses. Realists write of life as it is, or as they conceive it, whereas romanticists write of it as most of us would like it to be—which is far more pleasant.

This new story which Mr. Nicholson has written for you represents him in his cheeriest mood. It will entertain and thrill you.

IN OUR September number, under the title "The Sunny Side of Darkness," Past Grand Exalted Ruler Fred Harper, Mayor of Lynchburg, Va., contributed a handful of the best negro stories in his copious collection. They were tremendously popular and we asked him for more. You will be glad to know that Mr. Harper has yielded to our blandishments and has promised to supply a new batch for publication soon.

Who's Who in This Issue

SIR HARRY LAUDER, author of the article "The Sick Men of Europe," written by him especially for this magazine, needs no formal introduction. He is in this country en route for Australia.

Montrose J. Moses, writing in this number on "Where Your Theater Money Goes" is well known as a dramatic and literary critic, as an editor of plays, and the writer of numerous books and essays on the theater and kindred subjects.

Everett Shinn, who illustrated the story "Two Masters" in our October number and whose delightful pencil sketches decorate Mr. Moses' article this month, is one of the most brilliant and versatile of contemporary American artists. Shinn's early apprenticeship in art was served in the hard school of the daily newspaper before the days of half-tone reproduction when a man was sent out to cover big trials in court or railroad accidents, say, and had to be able, on returning to his desk, to put on paper at top speed and with photographic accuracy the things he had seen. Some dozen years of this drudgery gave him a facility which is reflected to-day in the enormous amount of work he gets done. Shinn studied at the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts in Philadelphia and, leaving the newspaper field, went to Paris and London to paint. A year or so ago one of the paintings he made at that time was purchased by the Metropolitan Museum in New York. Returning to this country he became interested in decoration and in working in the theater. He painted the mural panels in the City Hall at Trenton, N. J., decorated Mr. Belasco's theater—known then as the Stuyvesant—and executed innumerable commissions for the decoration of rooms and furniture in large residences. In addition to this work Shinn has continuously contributed illustrations to practically all of the important magazines, held exhibitions of his paintings annually for many years, and has been successful both as a playwright and as a moving picture director. His drawings have marked individuality and express in their vigor and dash the dynamic personality of the artist himself.

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.

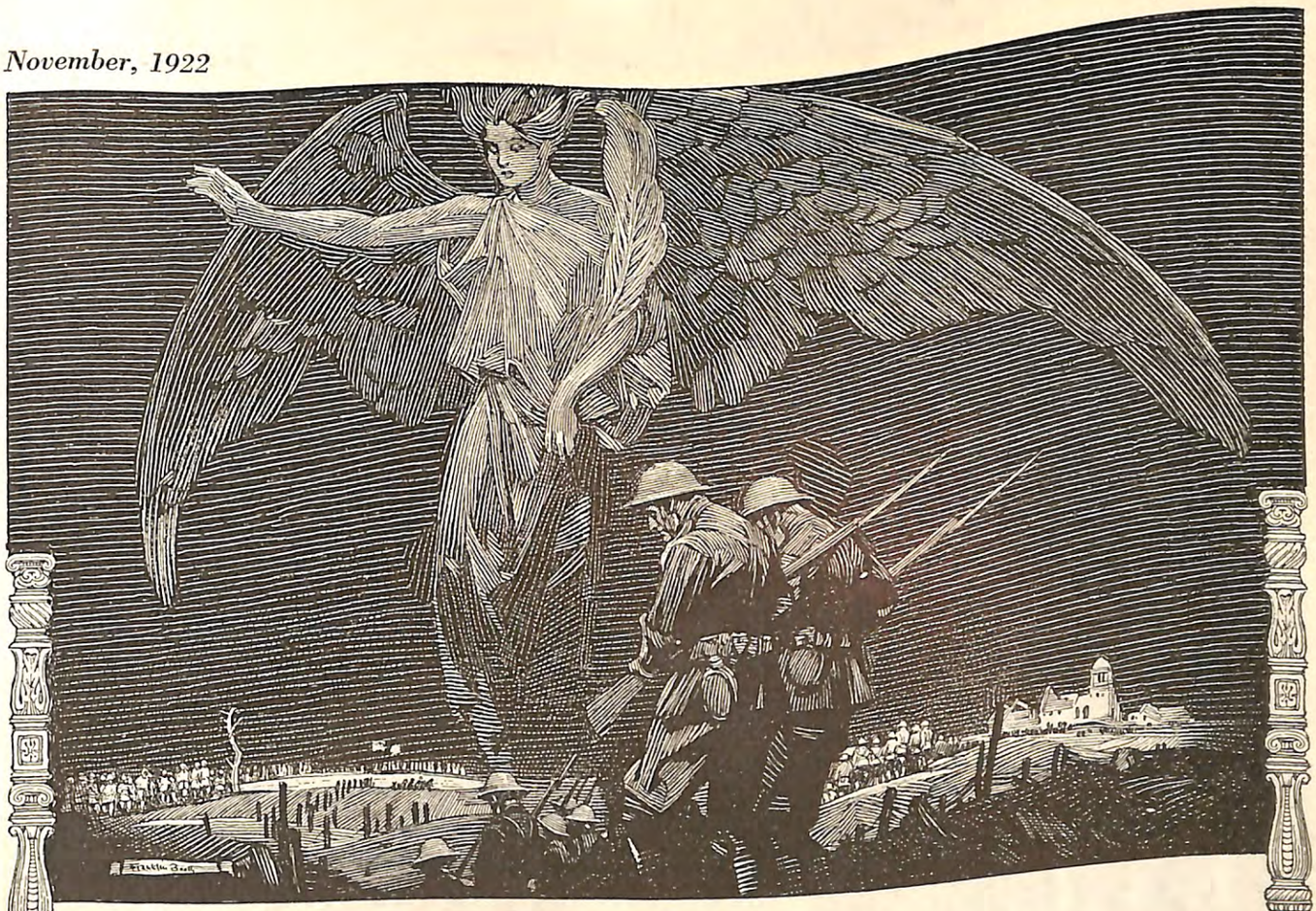
We Recommend for the Blues

the story "A Little Service, Please," by Richard Connell, appearing in this issue. If you have ever enjoyed the backhanded hospitality of one of the old-line small town hotels, Connell's word picture of just such a place before its reformation will touch you right, as the saying is, where you used to live. This genial and engaging writer has produced many amusing stories but nothing he has yet done, in our opinion—and we have read all his work—comes anywhere near being as spontaneously funny as the one we offer you herewith.

Things to Look Forward To

THE new serial by Meredith Nicholson. A splendid collie story by Albert Payson Terhune, illustrated by Charles Livingston Bull. A humorous essay by Robert C. Benchley. Another Chinese story by Achmed Abdullah The thrilling tale of a derelict who comes back, by Mildred Cram—and many other good things, including an uncommonly funny golf story by Ben Ames Williams.

THE EDITOR.



Armistice Day

WE SOMETIMES hear complaints against the custom of national memorial days, made by those short-sighted, materially minded people who arrogate to themselves the word "practical," but who in the most far-reaching sense of that word, are the least practical of citizens. Such days, they complain, are a waste of public time, and are meaningless displays of public sentiment, hypocritically or superstitiously observed. Fortunately, the direction of nations is not in the hands of such blind guides, men who can see nothing beyond the day's work, and the day's profit. Wiser heads have managed, from generation to generation, to gain control of our destinies. Such men have always realized one cardinal defect of human nature—the shortness of its memory for the great moments of history, its significant instructive crises of achievement and warning. A great object is achieved, a great danger is passed. In the hour of triumph and escape, men rend the skies with jubilations, crowd them with flags, irradiate them with bonfires. Never was such a moment. Left to themselves, however, a week or two would suffice for the achievement to become a commonplace, the danger to be forgotten. But, those wiser, far-seeing ones, as they look on at "the tumult and the shouting," perceive the eternal significance of such moments. Great moments of achieved freedom. For these there must be consecrated monuments, commemorative days forever set apart, lest men should, through forgetfulness, fall into bondage again. Heroes, saints, fighters, workers, dreamers, the dauntless martyrs for ideas, for these it is not merely well, but necessary, that there should be abiding memorials, by which men looking up from the dusty preoccupations of their daily tasks shall be sharply and inspiringly recalled to that something in our lives which we call the soul.

The world has recently gone through one of the gravest crises in its history. But already, like men who have survived a tidal wave that has laid their city in ruins, we have begun to minimize the danger that threatened us. It is past and gone, and once more we return to our work and our play. The dead that died for us sleep, and the grass grows.

Yet, as the sea but waits its hour to sweep once more against our careless walls, so the danger that was will surely menace us again, unless we make sure that its lesson shall never be forgotten, and so school our minds against it that not only shall it never again catch us unawares, but that it shall in time be wiped out from the category of permitted things.

Armistice Day has been decreed that it shall keep alive in a symbol, from year to year, the memory of the horror of the cruelest and foulest war ever fought, the memory of the vast gladness that swept the world as its nightmare came to an end, the memory of the universal resolution that no such infamy should ever stain the human record again.

In the past war has been regarded as a necessity, the only method of deciding conflicting issues between races and nations, and its evils have been systematically concealed beneath the various bedazzlements of its fictitious glory, so that we forget.

But the time has come for us to see the monster as it is. Whatever be the matters in dispute between nations, it is now realized as imperative that some other way of deciding them must be found. Differences must inevitably arise, but the sword shall no longer deal with them. Surely, if slowly, a League of Common-Sense has been forming among the most advanced peoples of the earth which condemns war as obsolete as it is criminal.

IN THIS work the Brotherhood of Elks has an unrivaled opportunity, if for no other reason than that its roll-call includes members of all creeds, bound together in mutual friendship and understanding. As those dwell together in unity and cordial fraternity they can not but serve as an inspiring object-lesson of harmony to the world at large. With such broader human understanding and sympathy as is the bedrock of Elk doctrine, War must become unthinkable, and, therefore, impossible.

HER voice was grave and sweet. He got up suddenly, unable to sit beside her any longer, and stood with his back toward her, looking thoughtfully into space. "I'm not sure about myself," he said, with a kind of quiet bitterness. . . . "But I'll try to win that bet for you, if you want me to. But I'm afraid it won't be any use. I'm pretty rotten at the game, but I'll try."

Goliath

The Battle of a Modern Giant to Free His Soul from the Bondage of a Deep and Lifelong Fear

By Dana Burnet

Illustrated by Edward Ryan

AS A BOY, Henry Payson was large for his age. He had been a large baby. This was remarkable because both his parents were under the average size. His mother was a slight, delicate woman, very timid, who had never recovered from her amazement at Henry's bulk. His father, a dapper little man, whose life was devoted to the dignified manufacture of ladies' corsets, likewise felt a wonder in the presence of his son. This wonder was accompanied, it must be said, by a slight sense of discomfort. . . . In fact, Mr. Payson secretly felt that Providence had played a bit of a joke on him. The Paysons had always been a restrained and temperate race. For a Payson, Henry was a trifle crass. . . .

The boy's earlier years were made miserable by this contrast with the Payson ideal. His child-mind was impressed with the necessity of concealing his largeness. He was cramped into clothes too small for him, a practice which brought him considerable embarrassment. . . . Once, at a children's party, he had suffered a catastrophe that shamed him before the world. His mother had dressed him in a tight-fitting velvet suit, the trousers of which were especially susceptible to strain. . . . As he bent down to pick up the handkerchief in a game of Blind Man's Buff, a certain seam, the most delicate seam of all, gave way. . . . Henry straightened up, clapping his hands over the locus of disaster, and uttered a wail. The other children began to snigger. Davey Jessup, a pert youngster of graceful form and manner, laughed openly, and, most cruel of all, pretty Alicia Thomas giggled.

Henry adored Alicia. His heart had been hers for a year past. He gave her one beseeching, agonized look and fled from the room. . . .

It was a long time before he forgot that unhappy accident. Indeed, he never entirely forgot it.

When he was seven he was taken by his governess to Sunday-school. It was a Presbyterian Sunday-school. (The Paysons lived in Larchwood, N. J., and in those days Larchwood was as firmly Presbyterian in religion as it was firmly Republican in politics. A conservative, well-to-do town, full of conservative, well-to-do people.)

The Sunday-school teacher was a vivacious débutante who, every Sunday morning, devoted herself to the serious things of life. She greeted Henry with the phrase that had begun to be a cross upon his soul.

"My, what a *big* boy! Only seven? Think of that. . . . We're *very* glad to have you with us, Henry."

Henry was not so glad. He grinned weakly and slunk into the chair allotted to him. He found himself seated beside Davey Jessup. Directly in front of them sat Alicia Thomas, a small, exquisite figure with a mop of golden curls. Now and then Davey Jessup would reach up and give one of these curls a gentle tug. Whereat Alicia would turn and say: "Stop!" with an intonation so adorable that Henry shivered at it. How he longed to tug Alicia's curls on his own account! But his hand was too heavy. Besides which, he was afraid. He lacked Davey's daring. He could only sit blinking his eyes and smiling uncomfortably.

The teacher began the lesson. It happened to be the story of David and Goliath. At first Henry listened apathetically, rather bored by the proceedings. But gradually he became interested. He sat up in his chair. He drank in every word.

"You see, children, this man Goliath was *terribly* big. He was simply *enormous*. The Israelites were frightened to death of him. He had on a brass helmet and brass armor, and he carried a huge sword. He was a giant. A real *giant!*

"Then one day along came David, the son of Jesse. He was just a shepherd boy, and he came to bring food to his brothers who were in Saul's army. You all know who Saul was——?"

Silence. Then Alicia's sweet piping voice, touched with ineffable complacence,

"The King of the Israelites."

"That's right, Alicia. Well, David went to Saul and said *he'd* fight Goliath. So Saul gave David his own suit of armor and his own sword. But David didn't *want* them. He just went down to the brook, the Bible says, and picked up five round stones. Then he took his sling—all you boys know what a sling is, I'm *sure!*"—(An appreciative snigger from the class)—"Then David went down on the plain to fight the giant, Goliath.

"When Goliath saw David coming he *laughed*. Because David was so little, and he was so *big!* But David wasn't a bit afraid, not a bit, because he knew the Lord was on his side. You see, children, that's why David didn't want the armor or the sword. Because he *knew* the Lord was on his side.

"Well, Goliath drew his sword and rushed at David to kill him. But David took one of the stones out of his bag, and threw it, and it hit Goliath right in the forehead. And Goliath fell down, and the Bible says David ran up to him, and took the sword out of his hand and cut off his head. I mean, Goliath's head. And after that the Israelites were victorious. . . . Now, children, I'd like to have you tell me what we learn from this story?"

Another silence, during which Henry Payson sat gazing intently at the teacher.

"No one?" queried the latter, with a bright, encouraging smile. "Well, why wasn't David afraid? How did he *know* he was going to win?"

The response came this time in a sing-song chorus. "Because the Lord was on his side."

"THAT'S right. Now I want you to think of that, because it's *awfully* important. You see the Lord is *always* on the side of the weak and helpless. Goliath was a giant, but the Lord was against him, so he couldn't do a *thing*. That's the lesson for to-day, and I hope you'll all remember it. Now the hour's up. It's time for the Assembly——"

The class rose, with sighs of relief, whispering and nudging one another. Henry followed them into the Assembly room, but he did not share their light-hearted mood. He stood gloomily silent while they sang the concluding hymn.

"Sunday-school is over, and we are going home—
Good-by-ee, Good-by-ee,
Be always kind and true!"

He felt painfully self-conscious. The story of Goliath had struck him with horrid force. Its "lesson" was plain, its moral unmistakable. The Lord was unalterably opposed to persons of extraordinary bulk and size.

He knew that his parents disapproved of his largeness. His mother used to frown when visitors called him "a big, stout boy."

Now he understood the reason for her frowns. . . .

She was afraid that he would grow up to be a giant, and thereby incur the displeasure of the Lord.

When he got home, he sneaked up-stairs and stood before the pier-glass in his mother's bedroom. He looked himself up and down with critical and despairing glances. He was a big boy. There was no escaping the fact.

"Henry!" called his father, from below-stairs, "come down to your dinner—at once."

Henry crept slowly down the stairs. His round face reflected an unusual seriousness; it was stamped with an almost desperate resolve.

"I'll shrink myself, that's what I'll do. I'll *shrink myself!*"

II

PSYCHOLOGISTS say that children never really forget what they once have learned. However that may be, Henry Payson never forgot the story of Goliath. Long after the Biblical details had passed from his memory, the "lesson" still lingered in his unconscious. And unconsciously he persisted in the attempt to "shrink himself."

The more he grew (and he grew prodigiously) the more determinedly his mind belittled that growing. By the time he was ten years old he had formed a mental picture of himself as a small person. He imagined himself a miniature edition of his father, the dignified and dapper corset manufacturer. He took refuge in this fiction, found safety and comfort in it, and instinctively avoided any controversies that might lead to physical comparison with his fellows.

The other boys soon discovered this fact. They found that it was safe to pick on Henry. Big as he was, he never offered battle. They liked him, but they were also a little contemptuous, especially Davey Jessup.

Davey and Henry were rivals for the favor of Alicia Thomas. All three went to dancing school together and it must be said that Davey, the daring and graceful, was usually the more successful of the two. Henry danced clumsily, his face got red, and he lost step frequently. . . . One Saturday afternoon, however, he managed, by stealthy contriving, to win Alicia for his partner in the weekly cotillion. . . .

Davey Jessup was ominously indifferent. But coming home through the Park—(the residence section of Larchwood was constructed about a dignified and restricted Park)—he took his revenge. It was a winter afternoon and the ground was covered with snow. He began by snatching off Henry's cap and playing football with it. Henry protested. Whereupon Davey filled the cap with wet snow, laughed, and flung it at him.

"Here's your cap, Fatty!"

Henry tried to dodge, but the improvised snowball struck him on the neck. Snow got under his coat-collar. In a moment of unthinking rage he rushed at Davey, wrapped his arms around him and bore him to the ground.

The ease with which he had accomplished this feat startled the young Colossus. Moreover, the strength of his own fury frightened him. He relaxed his grip and Davey wriggled free. Instantly the smaller boy sprang up, and Henry rose with him. They stood facing each other.

Henry was almost twice the size of the other. But——

"I can lick you," said Davey, and lunged at his rival.

Henry's instinct was to strike back, but a mysterious paralysis had seized his arms. It came to him with a sickening shock that he was *fighting.*

"*Goliath was a giant, but the Lord was against him, so he couldn't do a thing!*"

He heard those words as clearly as if they had been shouted in his ear. And his adversary's name was David!

He was lying on his back in the snow, by this time, with the enemy on top of him. Yet, curiously enough, he scarcely felt the blows that fell on his face and body. He lay motionless, apathetic, viewing his predicament with a strange detachment.

Above him spread the branches of a huge oak tree. Through these branches he could see quite plainly the face of the vivacious Sunday-school teacher looking down at him. He could hear her cheerful inquiry: "Now, children, I'd like to have you tell me what we learn from this story?" . . .

After awhile he realized that the blows on his cheek had ceased. Also the weight was gone from his chest. He got up slowly.

THE other boys stood in a group, watching him. He read the verdict on their faces. Davey had licked him.

Henry shook his head, grinned feebly and brushed the snow off his coat.

"It's all right, Davey," he said.

When he got home his mother exclaimed over the state of his clothes and the bruises on his face.

"Oh, Henry! You've been fighting."

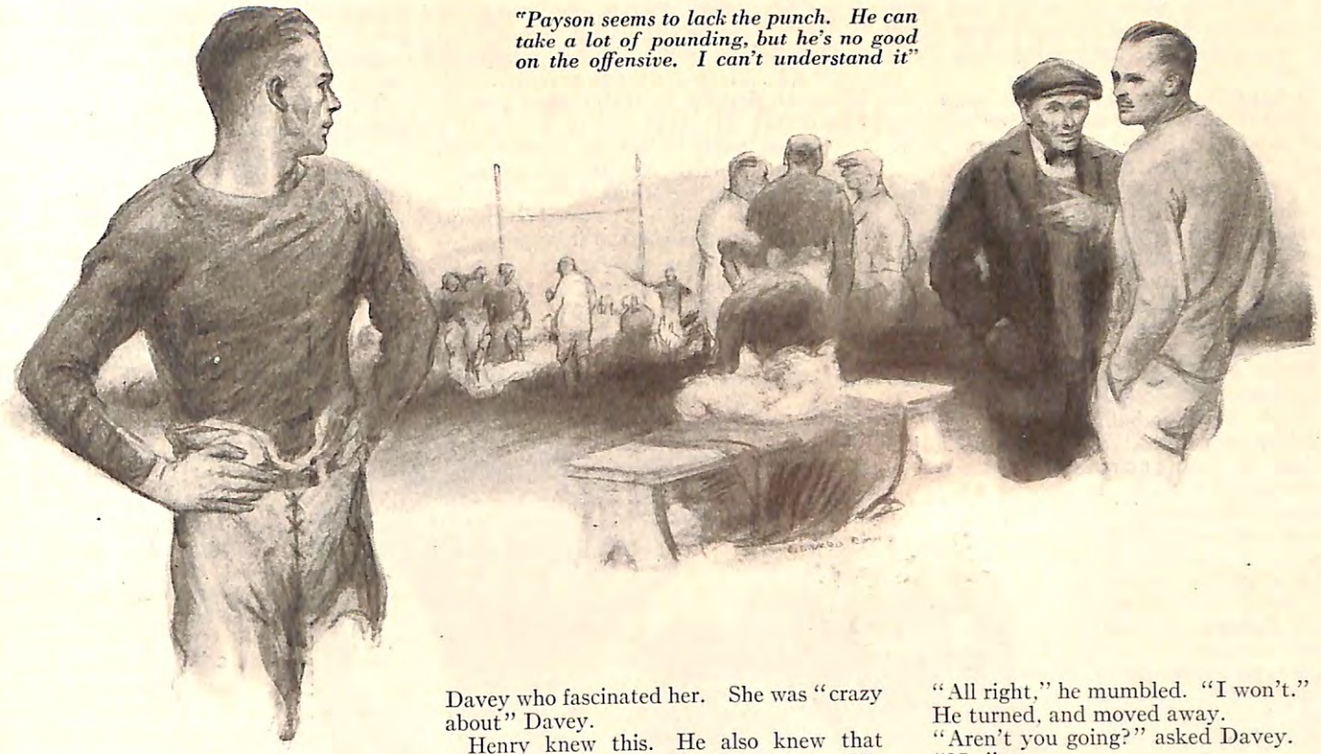
"No," said Henry, truthfully.

"You have. I know it. I shall have to speak to your father!"

His father was duly informed of Henry's misdemeanor. Mr. Payson was shocked, or, as he said, "hurt" at this evidence of his son's pugnacity. He read Henry a solemn lecture.

"My boy," he said, "you are large for your age, but I don't want you ever to take advantage of that fact. Physical strength is not to be compared with moral character. You have heard the story of Goliath——?"

"Look here!" said Hanscom, "why don't you go out for the team? You must weigh two hundred on the hoof!"



"Payson seems to lack the punch. He can take a lot of pounding, but he's no good on the offensive. I can't understand it"

"Yes, sir," said Henry. "Oh, yes, sir!"
"And you won't fight any more?"
"No, sir."
"Very well, Henry. But to impress the matter on your mind I think you had better go to bed without your supper."

III

AT FIFTEEN, Henry was six feet tall and weighed a hundred and sixty pounds. He was by far the largest boy in his class at the high-school. (All the youth of Larchwood went to the high-school. It was considered something of a civic slight to send one's son or daughter "away to school.")

Davey Jessup was his friend. Or rather, Davey was his overlord and hero. The latter, a thin, wiry, handsome boy who stood no higher than Henry's shoulder, cut a dashing figure in the juvenile world. He played baseball, football and hockey. He dominated the high-school dramatic club. He was a born leader—one of those irrepressible souls whose whole existence it is to dazzle and to shine. His methods were unscrupulous and his manner dictatorial, but he had his following, and chief among it, Henry.

Henry was practically his slave. It was Henry who handed him, every morning before class, the lesson in Latin prose neatly translated. It was Henry who worked out his propositions in geometry for him, and who sat up nights with him before exams. Henry followed him about like a faithful mastiff, fetched and carried for him, suffered punishments that should have been his and generally placed himself at Davey's disposal. Only when it came to Alicia did Henry show any independence of spirit; he was genuinely fond of Alicia.

That young woman was already the belle of Larchwood. She was pretty, she was gay and charming. She, too, went to the high-school, a fact indicative of Larchwood's democracy, for her father was one of the wealthiest men in town. Henry worshiped her, and she liked him.

"You're so big and solid, Henry. I always know where to *find* you." But it was Davey who fascinated her. She was "crazy about" Davey.

Henry knew this. He also knew that Davey was incapable of a real affection. He had no illusions about his hero, though he waited on him so abjectly. He understood that Davey was "rushing" Alicia because Alicia happened to be the prettiest and the most popular girl in school. That struck him as a piece of chicanery; such chicanery as he could not subscribe to. He made up his mind to inform Alicia of the facts.

One night he went to see her. At least he started; but as he entered the Park—Alicia lived on the opposite side of the Park—he met Davey. That young man had just participated in an impressive football victory to which he had largely contributed—and he was in a triumphant mood.

"Hello, Hank! Where you going?"

"I'm going over to Alicia's," said Henry.

"You are? So am I."

They had stopped, and were facing each other.

"Got a date with her?" asked Davey carelessly.

"No. But I—I was going to tell her something that I thought she ought to know."

"What's that?"

Henry's heart sank, but he went on bravely: "Something about you. Something—I mean—" He floundered to a stop; then he blurted out: "You're always kidding, Davey. You're kidding Alicia. You don't really *like* her. . . . All you think about is yourself!"

Davey's eyes seemed to flash; they glowed in the pale triangle of his face.

"If you dare—!" he breathed. Then, in an instant, his whole manner changed. He laughed, and laid his hand on Henry's arm.

"Old man," he said. "You wouldn't do that. That would be a rotten thing to do—to your best friend!"

Henry weakened. He couldn't face Davey. He knew it; and the knowledge rendered him helpless.

"All right," he mumbled. "I won't."

He turned, and moved away.

"Aren't you going?" asked Davey.

"No."

Henry walked home, despising himself. "You coward," he said aloud. "You damned coward!"

After that he hated Davey. He waited on him as before, he followed him about, he ran errands for him and paid him sullen homage.

But he hated him with a deep and abiding hatred.

IV

When Davey went to Yale, Henry was unutterably relieved. The Paysons had gone to Princeton for generations past, and there Henry was bound to go. He felt free, at last, of the influence that had begun to be a burden upon his mind and his spirit. He sank into the anonymity of undergraduate life with a sense of escape, of grateful relief. . . .

Davey, needless to say, did not sink into anonymity. He was a young man born to prominence; and his gifts were at once made manifest. He played on the Freshman football team and during his Sophomore year, toward the end of the season, emerged as varsity quarter-back. Eastern football critics predicted a brilliant career for him.

Henry, meanwhile, was grinding away at Princeton. He was a quiet, retiring, studious fellow, not popular, but well liked by the men who knew him. Physically he was the biggest man in his class. He was six feet three inches tall, and weighed over two hundred pounds. But he had taken to shell-rimmed spectacles, and stooped when he walked. His fellow-students, meeting him on the campus, or sitting in class with him, were not impressed with his size. In fact, they were not impressed with him at all. . . . They were simply conscious of him as a rather overgrown nonentity.

Not till the beginning of his Junior year

did his friends wake up to the fact that Henry was a whale of a man. When they did wake up to it, the consequences were important—for Henry.

It happened one night in his room. A number of fellows were sitting about smoking and talking. Henry, as usual, was in a corner, with a book open on his knees. . . . He was vaguely aware that they were discussing the possibilities of the present football season, but he had no sense of participation in the subject till a chap named Hanscom, who had played on the scrubs the year before, turned to him and said, in rather a startled tone: "Look here! By Jove—! Why don't *you* go out for the team?"

Henry blinked at the man through his shell-rimmed spectacles.

"Me? Play football?"

"Why not? Good Lord, look at him!" exclaimed Hanscom, pointing his finger at Henry. "He must weigh two hundred on the hoof!"

"I weigh two hundred and ten," said Henry. "But I don't see what that——"

His protest was drowned by a chorus of howls from the undergraduates present. They rose and advanced on him, they dragged him out of his chair, they stood him up and admired him.

"Look at him!"

"I never saw him before!"

"Great God, where has he been keeping himself?"

IT HAD struck them, all at once, that Henry was a big man—an enormous man, in fact. They were aghast at this revelation. Then, unanimously, they began to insist that he go out for the team.

The discovery of Henry was noised about the campus. He tried to grin it down. The whole business seemed to him absurd. But his friends, and other men, too—men whom he knew only slightly—took it with extraordinary seriousness. They approached him after class, they stopped him on the campus and asked if it was true that he was going out for the team.

Finally, the captain of the team himself spoke to Henry.

"You ought to try, Payson. A big fellow like you. And we're short of line material this year."

Henry looked at the captain, grinned and blinked his eyes.

"All right. I'll try. But I'll be rotten at it. You'll see."

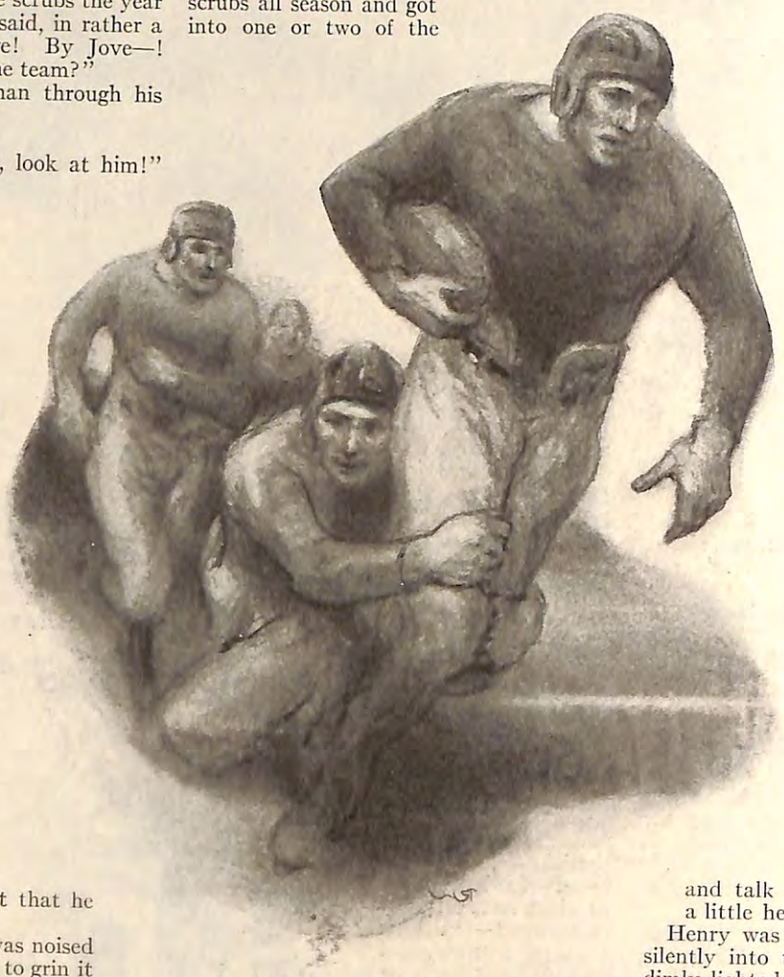
The next afternoon Henry put aside his spectacles and turned up on the football field. He was put through the usual preliminary practice; was made to fall on the ball; was made to tackle the dummy and catch punts. . . . It was all new and strange and rather terrible to him. That night he ached in every joint in his body. He ached amazingly. He couldn't sleep for the pains in his back and in his legs.

But he didn't quit. In fact, it never occurred to him to quit. He stuck to it, and when the final cuts were made in the squad, he found himself among those selected to go to the training table.

The head coach, Rogers, was trying him at tackle. He played on the second team in that position. He was good at defensive work, but he lacked aggressiveness. His failure to develop in that respect puzzled Rogers.

"Payson seems to lack the punch. He's heavy enough, fairly fast, and he can take a lot of pounding. Nothing wrong with his nerve, I think. But he's no good on the offensive. I can't understand it."

Henry played on the scrubs all season and got into one or two of the minor games as substitute tackle. He played doggedly and without distinction. He was never hurt, he was never noticeable in any way. But he kept on playing.



It seemed to him that he was walking calmly down the field, with a small and impotent creature hanging to his legs

During the Yale-Princeton game that year he sat on the sidelines, wrapped in a blanket, and watched Davey Jessup kick three field goals for the Blue, thereby winning the game.

When Davey came home for the Christmas holidays, he was the acknowledged hero of Larchwood. Henry Payson also came home, but no one, except his immediate family—and Alicia—seemed to have heard that he played football.

His mother regretted it.

"It's such a brutal game, Henry," she said. "I can't understand why you want to play."

"Don't," said Henry. "But the fellows insist. I'm the biggest man in my class, you know."

Mr. Payson, at this point, interrupted with a sigh.

"In my day," he observed delicately, "the thing that counted was brains, not brawn."

Henry looked at his elegant and dapper little father. Perhaps he was experiencing the wonder that his parents had felt when he was born; a wonder for the processes of nature that had produced him out of such meager stock.

But what he said was: "You needn't worry, either of you. I'll never make the team. I'm pretty rotten at it."

Alicia was the one person who seemed enthusiastic about his athletic career. During one of the Christmas dances she told him—whispered to him as she passed the place where he was sitting—that she thought it was splendid. . . . Henry carried that whisper in his ears for days.

The night before he returned to Princeton he went to call on Alicia. He had called several times previously, but always he had found Davey, and sometimes a number of other young men there. To-night, unexpectedly, he found her alone.

"Where's Davey?" he asked bluntly.

Alicia smiled.

"How should I know?"

"But I thought—he's usually—I mean—" stammered Henry.

"Yes," said Alicia. Then she looked at Henry. "I told him I had a headache."

"Oh!"

"But I haven't. It was a black fib."

The young man towering above her was seized with a helpless joy.

"Take you driving, Alicia? Got my car here. Or—anything you'd like——?"

"No," said the girl. "I'd rather stay home and talk to you. . . . I think I have a little headache, after all."

Henry was speechless. He followed her silently into the drawing-room, which was dimly lighted and, best of all, quite unoccupied. A log fire burned on the hearth, and before it was placed a huge velvet couch.

They sat down on this couch. A lamp, placed on a table behind them, cast illusion upon them. Alicia looked at the fire, and Henry at Alicia. How pretty she was, how sweet, how desirable! He was moved to blurt out all the longings in his heart; but something, he didn't quite know what, restrained him.

"YOU said you wanted to talk to me, Alicia," he ventured finally.

"Did I? Well, yes, I do." A long pause. "You see, it's about Davey."

"Oh!"

"And it's about you, too."

"Me?"

"Yes." Another long pause; then Alicia said, fingering a chain about her throat: "You know how Davey jokes about everything and everybody? Well, last night, when he was here, he said something about you—about your not making the team at Princeton."

Henry laughed.

"That's a joke, all right, Alicia."

"No, it isn't! At least, he hadn't any right—I mean, he said you wouldn't make

(*Continued on page 57*)

The "Sick Men" *of* Europe

And the Only Cure for What Ails Them

By Sir Harry Lauder

WE USED to speak of Turkey as the "Sick Man of Europe." To-day all the nations of Europe—victors and vanquished in the Great War—are sick—woefully and dangerously sick. There is a cure for this sickness, but it is not to be found in the chancelleries, where jealousy and hatred, suspicion and land-lust still prevail. It is a cure that must start at the bottom and progress upward. It will never begin at the top. The reason for this is evident. The diplomats do not know what is the matter with them; the common people are beginning, dimly, to understand.

How sick is Europe? In some cases nigh unto death. Take Austria! One can almost hear the death rattle! And Hungary is almost as bad! To the people of this once powerful dual monarchy life has become a pitiful struggle for existence. Confidence in the world—and in one another—has been lost. The peasants hate the dethroned nobility, and those who attempt to rule can barely keep their feet on the edge of the precipice, owing to their sick and reeling brains! Aye, Austria and Hungary are sick. And in all the high places of Europe there are no physicians to heal them!

Germany is sick! How sick only those who know and understand her inner life can realize. Germany is suffering from a fever that mounts to dangerous heights. She is sick morally and physically. She is still suffering from the moral poison instilled into her blood by the Nietzsches and Von Bernhardis—and, physically, she is on the verge of collapse!

Russia is sick! Just now the fever in her blood has developed into a case of blood pressure and uncontrollable delirium. Russia's illness began a blood-lust that still resists all efforts to reduce it. Russia is sick on theories. The mind of Russia—or rather the minds of its self-constituted rulers—conceived an idea of government that only a mentally sick man could conceive. This idea of government has made an entire nation sick. There is a cure for this illness, but the nature of the cure has not yet dawned upon the men who have supplanted the Czar!

FRANCE is sick. France's sickness might be described as "exaggerated fear"—fear of a restored and revengeful Germany; fear and suspicion of Great Britain dominating the world—and especially the Near East. Fear of Germany has led France to insist on immediate reparation, when it would be to her real interest to await the time when sick Germany has recovered her health. The sickly fear of British dominance in the Dardanelles has caused France to take an attitude that in the future will return again and again to plague her. Kemal's destruction of the Greek armies, made possible, it is charged, largely by French guns and ammunition, will be regretted in gallant France long after that brave people has returned to normal health!

Italy is sick! Between the radical ague and the Fascisti fever, she is fighting for her life. Her leniency with Mustapha Kemal will not save her. Badly is Italy in need of a physician.

Great Britain is sick from high taxes and much blood-letting, and doubly sick from the loss of markets made inevitable in the aftermath of the Great War. If she has been willing to forget Germany's wrongdoing it has been because she realizes that under normal conditions Germany is a great market, and the "Tight Little Isle" cannot exist without international trade. At the Dardanelles Great Britain has tried to prove that she was still hale and hearty by interposing a barrier between Turkey and Europe; but the people have been too sick of war to show any enthusiasm for a new war in Asia.

Turkey seems to have had a temporary return to health. But this is deceptive. Turkey is still an invalid. Her sickness verges on insanity. The killing of Armenians, Greeks and other Christians in Smyrna revealed how sick she really is. She may get Eastern Thrace and Adrianople, but this will not make her well. The insanity of blood-lust and religious hatred will remain to plague her and to sap her vitality.

"EVER since the Great War I have been preaching brotherly love in my songs. . . . I will never stop preaching it. . . . For if one can reach the hearts of the people with a song, and cheer them with its uplifting music, it is a step toward the remedy that can cure even sick nations."

AYE, they are all sick—these fussing, scheming nations! Each one, in its delirium, is openly or surreptitiously antagonizing the others. The hatreds engendered by racial sickness are almost unbelievable. Some of the diplomats would cut each other's throats—only it would be such bad form!

Of course, this European epidemic of sickness cannot go on interminably. There must be an end to it sometime. And what that end will be unless the one and only remedy is found, is not difficult to imagine. Chaos faces several of the once powerful nations of Europe. They are, indeed, sick unto death! No mere financial assistance will materially help. The sickness is too chronic to insure a return to health by gold and credit alone.

The only thing that can save Europe is a new renascence of brotherly love. The only thing that can prevent Armageddon is a new understanding between the peoples of Europe and the transmission of this understanding to the ruling chancelleries—whether they are dominated by kings, presidents or prime ministers!

The world is sick for charity—not the charity of the purse, but the charity that spells L-O-V-E. Even we of the Anglo-Saxon tongue are apt to forget what the other fellow suffered. If we could visualize more clearly, and with more heart, the sufferings of France in the Great War—her desolated towns and her decimated population—and would evidence this in a little more brotherly love, we would help France to regain the highway to health. Incidentally that would be a panacea for some of our own ills.

IF THE people of France could forget their bitterness—their sense of outrage—their smouldering hatred—and remember that, even in Germany, there were mothers who loved their boys and who wept in loneliness when they lost them on the field of battle—if they could only realize that Germany and the German people were never so sick as when they were at war—they would create a new feeling between the nations—a feeling of charity that would go far toward curing their own malady and have its reaction across the Rhine.

If Germany, by an infusion of kindly sympathy, could see the shell-furrowed plains of France, the impoverished, saddened peasants, the ravaged cities, pity that is akin to love would dissipate the feeling of hatred and the desire for revenge that holds both nations in the thrall of deadly anticipation.

The same would be true of all the other "sick men" of Europe. Jealousy and hatred and mortal fear have gotten under their skins. Envy of the other fellow has become an obsession.

The "Sick Men" *of* Europe

(*Continued from previous page*)

Love of mankind would neutralize the effects of this almost universal sickness. Europe is sick, and the only cure is love; and in LOVE is included all the qualities that distinguish the great Order of Elks—Charity, Justice, Fidelity and Brotherly Love. From my heart I thank the man who called my attention to these attributes of the B. P. O. E. When these great principles permeate the nations racial jealousies will be forgotten; one nation will be satisfied with another nation's boundary line; there will be only friendly rivalry for trade; there will be no bayonet-backed demand for special privileges. Love is the only thing that will enable one nation to see another nation's view-point. It is the one medicine that can cure the "sick men" of Europe.

Ever since the Great War, which destroyed my complacency regarding the relationship between nations—and, incidentally, made me hate war—I have been preaching brotherly love in my songs and in my talks to the clubs that so graciously make me their guest. I preach love and laughter—for laughter is the sunshine of love. I may have helped a little to get home the truth—I don't know. But I will never stop preaching and singing it. It was this thought that prompted me to write the lines of the song, "Singing is the Thing to Make You Cheery," and to put into the melody all that was best in me. For if one can reach the hearts of the people with a song, and cheer them with its uplifting music, it is a step toward creating the remedy that can cure even sick nations.

Some *of* My Newest Stories

Tales the Famous Comedian Will Tell on His Present Tour

Harry Lauder

WHEN we asked Sir Harry Lauder to write us an article we also asked him to tell the Elks a few of his new stories. Here's a bonny batch! You'll have a chance to hear him tell them himself, for Sir Harry will be with us until the end of February, playing in the principal cities of the Middle and Far West. He sails from San Francisco on February 20th, bound for Australia

The Modern Smithy

IT WAS announced that "The Village Blacksmith" would be sung at a concert in Scotland. Thirty minutes before the entertainment the young man scheduled to appear as the featured vocalist received a visit from a burly, serious-faced individual, who inquired:

"Are you the young man who is going to sing 'The Village Blacksmith'?"

"Yes," rather apologetically.

"Well, I'm him. I was just thinking you might tell the people that I also rent bikes."

A Modest Request

A MAN was desperately ill. His wife, exhausted after four nights and days of nursing, said to him:

"I must sleep. We can never tell what is going to happen. If you feel the inevitable end approaching blow out the candle with your last breath."

How Could She?

IN A Scottish family there were ten children. The wife complained to the husband that the cradle was somewhat rickety, so he called on McDougall, the joiner, to whom he gave directions to make a cradle for wear and tear. When he presented it to his wife he said:

"Try and make that one last."

A Matter of Numbers

A SCOTCHMAN and a Jew in a hotel smoking-room drifted into an argument relative to those of their countrymen historically famous. There was a near fistic encounter.

It was agreed that when the Hebrew announced one of his race acclaimed as a celebrity he would pluck a hair from the head of his competitor, and vice versa.

To the amazement of the Scotchman the Jew offered the name of "Solomon."

"Bobby Burns" was the proud response.

"Abraham," reverently exclaimed the Jew.

"Sir Walter Scott," rather contemptuously.

"Joseph and his brethren," whereupon the Jew jerked numberless hairs from the head of the Scotchman.

"So you are naming them in battalions," and the Scotchman, winding his fingers in the whiskers of the Jew yanked out a handful, exclaiming:

"The Highland Brigade."

Carrying Coals to——

TWO Scottish lads were sailors. On a cruise one died. When all seemed to be in readiness for burial it was observed that no weights had been attached to the body, which was to be cast into the sea.

"We will attach bags of coal," was suggested.

"That is unfair," replied an old Scot, adding:

"I say it is unfair to require a man to carry his own supply of coal."

The Scotchman and the Cabby

TWO Scotchmen were talking in London. One asked the other:

"Did you hear the story of the Scotchman who made a mistake, giving a cabby a tip?"

"No."

"Nobody else ever did, either."

Pre-Volstead Music

ONE night in Boston I was going to my hotel. The hour was late. I remember because that was before Prohibition became effective. You know that was a long time ago. Prohibition is good just to keep corkscrews straight. Well, as I said, I was homeward bound when I saw a figure in a doorway. I stopped, looked, listened. There was a man, face in his hands, elbows on his knees.

"Why don't you go home?" I asked.

Presently he explained that he was listening to a phonograph. Not one sound could I hear. I investigated, finding that the man was sitting on a cat.

The Measure *of* Pride

By Harold Titus

Illustrations by Robert W. Stewart

IT WAS no half-hearted slap. It was a stinging crack, delivered by a small, vigorous hand, and with the departure of color from Jean Bolduc's face the finger-marks on his cheek showed pink for a moment before the angry flush swept up to cover them; it sounded loud even in the between-dances clatter, loud enough for others to leave off what had interested them and cut their talk short and stare at Sue Halford as she backed off and then stood facing the man with temper in her black eyes.

Now, a cuff administered by maid upon swain was not so startling in the Fairport dance-hall any more than it would have been in another of those small lower Lake Michigan ports where people are natural and impulsive. But this was another matter because of the two concerned, and afterward Bolduc stood there looking at Sue Halford so steadily . . . looking until confusion mingled with the temper in her face and she turned away with a toss of her pretty head as if to dismiss whatever it was she had detected in his manner as of no consequence.

But she had taken no more than three steps before he grasped her elbow and turned her about almost savagely.

"Let go!" she cried and struck his hand away and brushed her arm, as though to rid it of his touch, but her anger was part sham and she was afraid of his blazing scrutiny.

"I'll let go; but time will be when you'll think to-night the worst you've ever known and when you'll wish the hand that struck me was cut off."

"Oh-ho! You're sure of yourself!" she laughed.

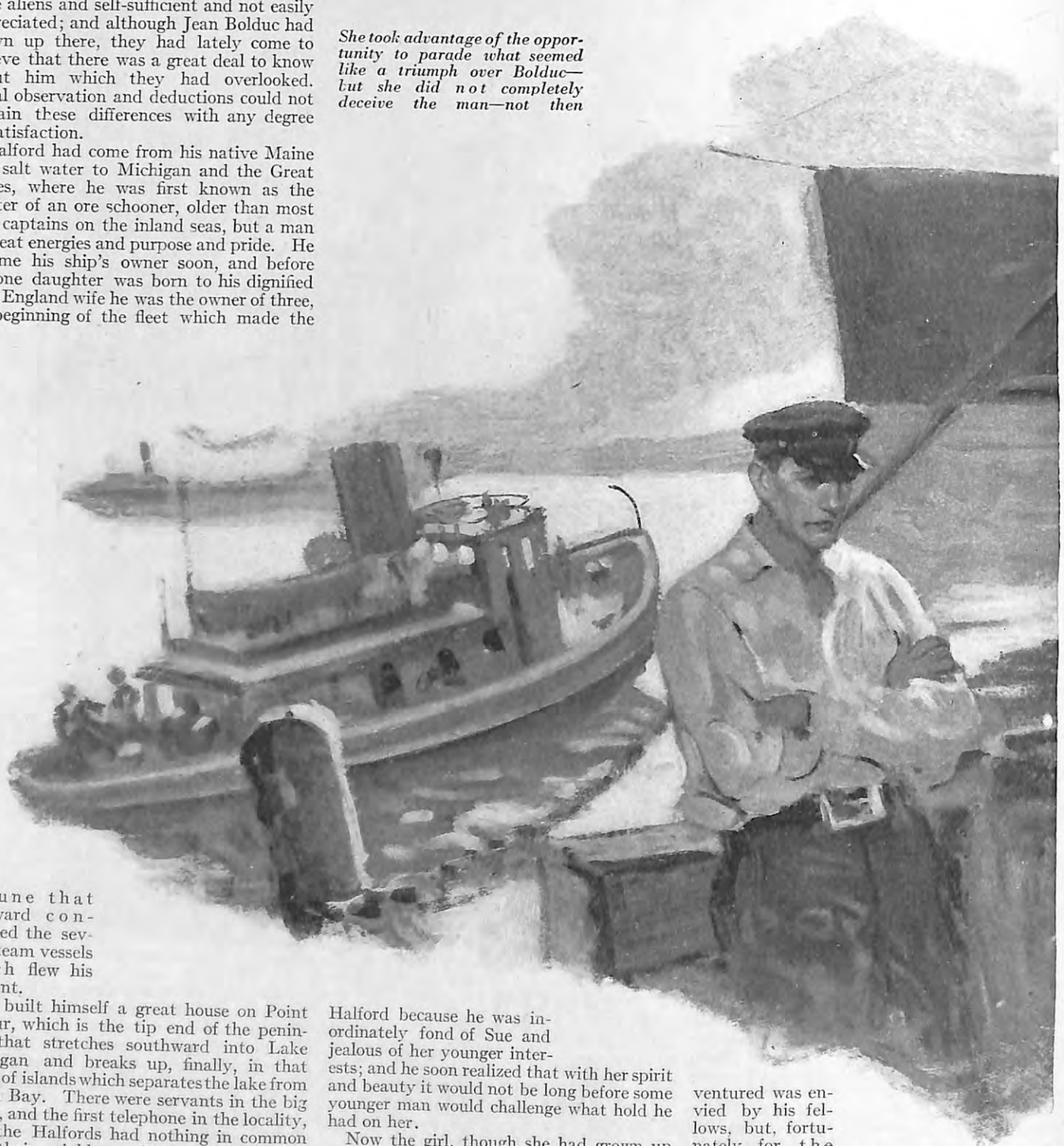
"As sure as I am sure that you've done yourself a wrong and will come on your knees to right it!"

Then he walked out and down the road to his house, and Sue tossed her chin again and joined a group of village girls and tried to appear at ease; but she could not be at ease because no one else was and this, in turn, was because the others did not understand either her or Bolduc very well, despite much gossip and open speculation, and people who are curious and at the same time a bit in awe find it difficult ever to be at

their ease before those who baffle them, let alone being comfortable in a dramatic situation.

The village had always found much to wonder about and something to be timid of in Ezra Halford and his family, because they were aliens and self-sufficient and not easily appreciated; and although Jean Bolduc had grown up there, they had lately come to believe that there was a great deal to know about him which they had overlooked. Local observation and deductions could not explain these differences with any degree of satisfaction.

Halford had come from his native Maine and salt water to Michigan and the Great Lakes, where he was first known as the master of an ore schooner, older than most new captains on the inland seas, but a man of great energies and purpose and pride. He became his ship's owner soon, and before the one daughter was born to his dignified New England wife he was the owner of three, the beginning of the fleet which made the fortune that afterward constructed the several steam vessels which flew his pennant.



She took advantage of the opportunity to parade what seemed like a triumph over Bolduc—but she did not completely deceive the man—not then

He built himself a great house on Point Detour, which is the tip end of the peninsula that stretches southward into Lake Michigan and breaks up, finally, in that string of islands which separates the lake from Green Bay. There were servants in the big house, and the first telephone in the locality, and the Halfords had nothing in common with their neighbors. From the wide windows Ezra's wife used to watch his schooners winging past between Escanaba and the Lake Erie ports; there, finally, the old man lived and watched the smoke smudges grow into his stately carriers, busy with profitable errands. There his daughter grew through childhood; from there when she entered her 'teens she went annually with her mother to better schools than the fishing and lumbering community could afford. There the mother yielded her life, as well, just in the season when Ezra was giving up active work and preparing to spend the balance of his days in peace.

Even if his wife had lived, it is not likely that there would have been much peace for Halford because he was inordinately fond of Sue and jealous of her younger interests; and he soon realized that with her spirit and beauty it would not be long before some younger man would challenge what hold he had on her.

Now the girl, though she had grown up among these people, held a strange position. The girls of her own age said that she was stuck up and put on airs, and yet when she was with them they yielded to her dominance with a readiness that was almost servile. She possessed strong presence, initiative and leadership: attributes of her father, and her pride—like his—would let her be no less than the dominating figure of a group of her own sex. With boys it was different. She had enough in common with girls to permit of a sort of companionship, but with boys . . . Her beauty was a lure for them; her outstanding personality, her assurance and never-flagging superiority were challenging factors. Now and then she was courted tentatively and the youth who so ventured was envied by his fellows, but, fortunately for the peace of mind of these few lads, it was never known what a chase Sue led her stray suitors. Without exception, she believed, they were not made of her stuff; she was contemptuous and delighted in humiliating them. When with others and in company with these swains Sue always presented a mocking demureness which did not carry through to many understandings, but which rendered her no small fun. This kept up, with lapses, until Jean Bolduc made his first move.

The stock from which Jean sprang was familiar enough to the natives, they thought, but this only made him the more difficult to know. His father was a drunken roustabout

and when he died in an alcoholic fit, leaving the boy and his mother alone, it was reckoned small loss. The mother washed and tended her garden; she was poor, her back bent by the work and her hands roughened, but with all this there remained a bearing, a manner, which to the discerning would have indicated a personality unbroken by toil and poverty. Pneumonia took her, and then Jean was left alone, scarcely more than a child, but he soon demonstrated that he was capable of looking out for himself.

He was a good lad to work; he had worked ever since he could remember, trundling washing on a rickety little cart, helping his mother, doing odd jobs for others, and when he was left alone he began doing shore work for fishermen. He grew into a tall, slender, silent fellow.

At twenty he had his own rig. The Mackinaws with their sails and long oars were gone then, and steam was commencing to find a rival in gasoline. Jean built himself a gasoline boat and borrowed money on it to buy twine. He was both lucky and industrious and proved, besides, to have good business sense, so by the time he was twenty-two he owned a steam tug—old and much battered but still serviceable—and that fall he fell into one of the prodigious runs of fish that come to lake fishermen now and again, and the next spring saw him with a second tug. He was, in the half dozen years of his independent fishing experience, better off than most men ever hope to be who follow the lakes.

So much for that part of him.

He had been quiet as a boy; mature, he was reserved of speech despite his great interest in what went on about him; he seemed to be hoarding words, and when he spoke it counted. Not that he was morose; his laughter was easy, and there was in his face, when he looked at people, an expression of most human interest.

As a lad he had trundled washing back and forth between his mother's shack and the Halford house, but he had never been among those who played with the spirited Susan inside the chaste picket fence. Later, when other boys of outstanding personality coveted the girl he was the one who did not engage himself in pursuit.

This piqued Sue, touched her hungry pride and she angled for him boldly. She asked him to take her to watch the lift, and he did repeatedly; she would sit beside him at the wheel, trying fruitlessly to provoke response with her talk. He would listen attentively, but he would not rise to her lure. He would talk freely only of the lake, and at those times he would look squarely into her eyes because it was something which they both understood and was a subject free from undue risk. . . .

Those excursions lost their flavor for Sue when he would not be stirred, and for a time she tried ignoring him. That brought even fewer rewards; so, in the motor boat which her father bought for her she would circle his tug, airing her ability, or would go tearing through the one village street in the family surrey, demonstrating her assurance by keeping the spirited bays in hand. Bolduc would salute her with whistle or with a wave of the hand and go back at once to that which had occupied him, and Sue would go out of sight with her head high . . . but with her brows gathered.

THIS impatience was without good foundation, but she could not know that in those long summer days Jean would remember the things she said as she sat beside him, or her look as she passed by on land or water, recall the very inflection of her voice and poise of her body, and come and go of color in her fine skin, and that he would dream and plan. . . . Sue did not know, nor did any other.

So that Sunday when he came from his house dressed with the touch of picturesque that was natural to him, none realized that this was the result of protracted dreaming, that finally he was ready. He walked slowly along the road, eyes shaded by the shiny visor of a new cap, white shirt open at the throat, coatless, a broad belt with a huge brass buckle drawing the trousers close about his waist, the poise and strength of back and shoulders revealed in his leisurely stride. He was impelled to go faster, to time his pace to the rapid beat of his heart, but he did not, and strolled slowly through the Halford gate to find Sue lying in a hammock reading to her father.

Her face was a puzzle, a mingling of surprise and triumph, the last of which was not wholly pleasant; Halford, stiff with rheumatism by then, did not rise and his greeting, was most brief, for he was accustomed to have men acknowledge his station gladly,

and Bolduc was the one man of the neighborhood who had never by word or look recognized a superior factor in the old captain. This afternoon he ignored Ezra's stare and straightway turned his attention to Sue, talking easily about trivial subjects, as though this call were custom of long standing.

He did not stay long, but the next Sabbath he was back, and again on the third, and after that he did not wait for the first day, but went in mid-week as well, and before summer was full blown he was with Sue almost daily.

Now at first the captain watched this with cold disapproval; during those first calls he remained near, ears catching every word and was soon satisfied that the fear which had come with Bolduc's appearance was without foundation because his daughter, now that she had enmeshed Jean, no longer encouraged pursuit, but indicated that her purpose was to humiliate this man who had accepted her challenge.

IT WAS true that the girl tantalized young Bolduc, employing all the arts of coquetry to force down his guard so she might deliver the word or look that would sting him, but the delights of coquettes in this particular practice were not for her, because Jean gave no evidence that she caused him pain. Nor, indeed, was it often that she could draw him out to where he exposed himself to her thrusts. It was as though he understood that this had to be and settled himself to the ordeal, going through it according to a simple plan.

So after the first weeks that initial fear returned to Ezra because when Jean was gone—even after those times when Sue had been most merciless—she would stand watching his departure and seem preoccupied and a bit depressed. It turned her father cold, because the more he saw of Bolduc the more he considered him a man to be reckoned with.

Once he said: "That fisherman been here again?"—scornfully. And defense of her suitor showed in the girl's face and he realized that he had blundered; he could not know that Sue felt a part of herself in agreement with him. Thereafter he was careful of derision, but he wondered and planned, but all plans seemed futile before the leaping life in the girl and the serene approach of Bolduc.

As time progressed, Sue's superiority dwindled before the patient assurance of Jean Bolduc. Nothing she could say or do seemed to dissuade him from his obvious purpose of wearing down her attack. He became a trifle more articulate, approaching in his manner the aggressive at times, and there came those moments when, with his eyes fixed on her face, her own gaze dropped, and she flushed and found her heart racing, not unpleasantly. It was in one such interval, in a July dusk, that they stood on the beach.

He said: "They grin, now, when I start out; they know where I come."

She tossed her head. "And you like to have them think that I let you come?"

"I am proud of coming!"

"Then it's time you were giving it up. . . ."

Her tongue was most sharp, but she did not finish, for he turned on her a look that she could not meet, and said evenly: "I'm wondering when you'll stop this. I knew it had to be because you've spirit, and that is why I came, first; it is spirit that makes a woman worth suffering for, but there'll be an end."

"No; no!"

"An end!" And his arms were about her and he was saying stoutly a torrent of words which she could not hear through the pounding in her ears, and when his lips touched hers fiercely, possessively and clung, she could do nothing but rest quietly in his arms and let her mouth respond to the caress. . . .

And then the screw took hold, her bow settled with a jerk, she swung sharply about and he was outside, boat-hook in hand, grappling for the Halford's rail

For the moment. The next, she was flying down the beach and he could hear her one audible cry which was neither fright nor shock, but pure joy and, knowing her as he did, he walked slowly home, head bowed, but in his heart the happiness of a conqueror.

The next time he saw her was at the dance. He had been delayed and appeared after the fun had started, standing in the doorway watching Sue Halford dance with another, his eyes fired by admiration and that look of possession. She saw and resented this; dominion galled her, even though her cry last night had been of delight.

Moments later she was waltzing with him. No words were spoken. The girl was in conflict, memory of his kiss and the love it released struggling to overwhelm that part of her which remembered and responded to her father's scorn of him. She felt for the moment that in yielding to his caress she had lowered her pride, done something unworthy of her line, but she put this away for the moment before a wave of tenderness created by contact with his strong body, and her hand closed on his shoulder and she felt him tremble. That filled her with strength again, spurred on the coquette, urged her to make him come humbly—to make him come, nevertheless—and she drew away and looked straight into his face defiantly and saw the momentary let-down of his assurance. She laughed. He tried to draw her closer, but she pushed away.

"You're remembering last night," she said. "Don't think it's going to go on."

He did not reply until the dance was ended; then:

"Go on? You're helpless to do anything but let it go on!"

Offended pride came into her face with that and her hand drew back and the blow was checked. Then it was that his pride was brought to its highest pitch to match her pride; then it was that Jean Bolduc ceased to pursue the girl, certain that she *was* helpless, that her pride would yield and save his. This, he told himself, was the only manner by which he could again unleash the impulse which she stirred in him because she had struck him before the people whom he had been proud to see watching his courtship . . . and after she had yielded her lips and fled from him, crying with the pain of great joy!

Now follows a year, a year of silently clashing pride.

For the villagers, the weeks immediately following were filled with speculation, but this brought them nowhere and time wore down their curiosity until the quarrel was spoken of rarely. Sympathy was with Jean, but that could make no difference either to him or to Sue Halford . . . not the sympathy of people who did not understand.

The man was unchanged outwardly and conducted himself as though nothing at all had happened. He had great luck that fall and added to his brace of tugs the *Tern*, a staunch gasoline boat. He established a boarding house for his men, and after the spring was well under way devoted his own attention largely to markets and such larger detail. He ceased to be Jean except to those who had known him always, and went by the more consequential address of Cap'n Bolduc.

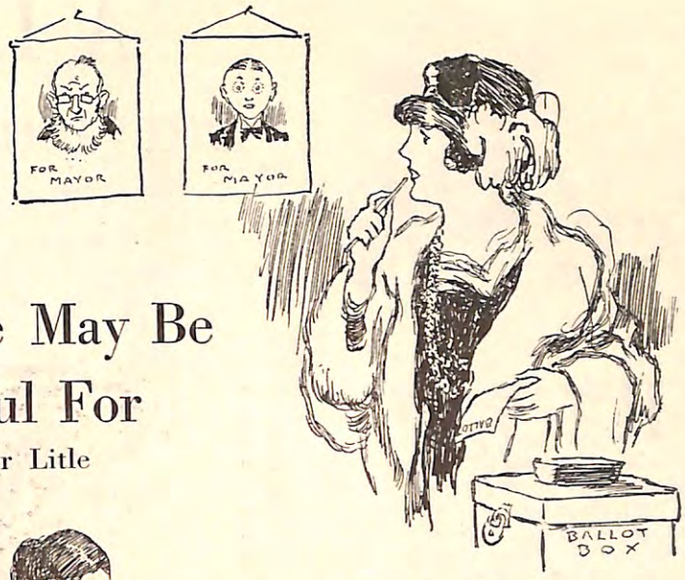
"CAPTAIN!" sniffed old Ezra. "Captain, indeed! Of what? A stinking fish tug!" He was bitter, more bitter than he had been when Jean came to his home, bitter because though Bolduc came no more he could not help but read in Sue's manner the truth that there was constantly in her consciousness a challenge which wore at her pride,

(*Continued on page 52*)

Things We May Be Thankful For

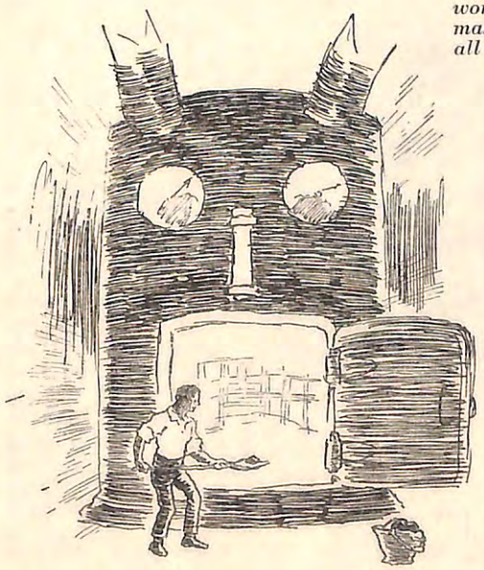
By Arthur Litle

A moment of fervent thanksgiving—warming up for the first round of the scratch-as-scratch-can heavyweight struggle



When the ladies have decided the race between Pinehead Pettibone and Harold Wonderboy, we shall be thankful the best (dressed) man has won

Every lord of a large family is thankful that the only thing he won't know about their Christmas preferences is just where all the money is coming from



The cellars of America are full of happy men, thankful the miners had such nice restful vacations. Now the job is as easy as feeding the cat

Every good Christian who thinks of those Sunday afternoons he forced himself to follow the little white ball is thankful that's all over with

A Little Service, Please

By Richard Connell

Illustrated by Arthur G. Dove

"REMEMBER the old-time hotels?" asked Tim Britt, veteran traveling man and philosopher. I said I didn't. That was all the encouragement he needed. He lit a cigar and was off.

"Oh, those hotels! You young fellas have no idea what we old travelers had to put up with and in. I remember Brownburg in particular. I was selling shoes in those days. This Brownburg, which is somewhere in Ohio, had two hotels—the Mink House (Virgil T. Mink, Sole Prop.) and the Cooney House (Elmer Cooney, Sole Prop.). The only difference between 'em was that the Mink House was on the left side of Main Street and the Cooney House on the right side; or mebbe vice versa. Anyhow in size, price, flies, cooking and service they were twins. The sole props., Old Man Mink and Old Man Cooney, were as hard-boiled as china door-knobs. Competition never worried them. They split the hotel trade fifty-fifty and let it go at that.

"The policy of these genial hosts stated briefly was 'The public be damned.' I must say for them that they lived up to it.

"Let me give you a little snap-shot of the Mink House in those days. When I describe the Mink House, I describe the Cooney House, and also a lot of other places where we old-timers used to have to park our sample cases in the merry days of mustache cups and tandem bicycles.

"Architecturally the Mink House had the cheery look of a county jail. It was a solid lump of building constructed of a dingy-looking material something like laundry soap. The lobby was like a tomb, a gloomy cave of a place, full of leather chairs so old that they were wrinkled as prunes; some of them were moulting; when you sat in them they groaned and when you tried to get up they stuck to you like a thirsty friend who knows you have a bottle of something in the old suitcase. The lobby had a perfume all its own, something like a cross between the fragrance of a damp shoe-store and a potato cellar, with a dash of deceased Pittsburg stogie thrown in. The interior decorations were early Chester A. Arthur, that is to say very artificial, palms in tubs, and shining brass receptacles the size of coal hods. If you had any doubt about the purpose of these handsome objects, a large printed sign set your mind at ease.

"I often wonder who was the author of that delicate little bit of prose:

IF YOU EXPECT TO RATE AS A GENTLEMAN
DON'T EXPECTORATE ON THE FLOOR

Besides these immortal, sweet lines there were other signs, too. Lots of them. Old Mink and Old Cooney liked signs. The signs were gay and informal and made you feel comfortable and homey right away. In the writing-room—I suppose it was a writing-room, for there was a desk in it, although there was never either writing paper or ink—was a beautifully lettered sign reading,

IF YOU SPIT ON THE FLOOR AT HOME,
DO SO HERE

"Everywhere you looked your eye was stubbed by a sign of some kind.

IN GOD WE TRUST
OTHERS MUST PAY

WATCH YOUR HAT AND COAT

GAS COSTS MONEY; DON'T LEAVE IT ON

NOT RESPONSIBLE FOR ANYTHING LEFT ANYWHERE

RINSE ROUND THE TUB AFTER USING;
DO YOU THINK YOU'RE THE ONLY ONE THAT TAKES BATHS?

FRUIT MUST NOT BE TAKEN FROM THE TABLE

"You simply couldn't escape those signs:

STEAL OUR TOWELS IF YOU MUST
BUT LEAVE THE BRASS BEDSTEADS

KEEP OUT. THIS MEANS YOU.

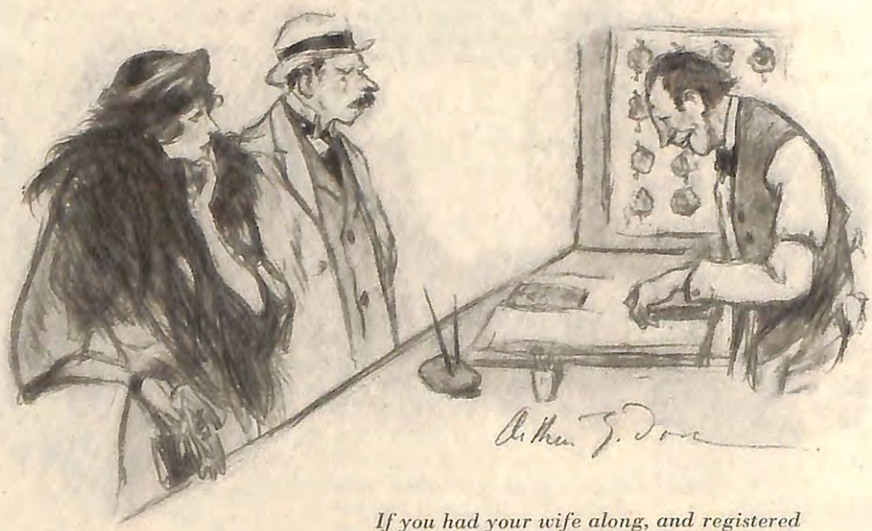
"The home-sick traveler had a jolly time of it at the Mink House. When you stepped up to the desk to register, the clerk glanced up from his manicuring and gave you a dirty look. His manner said plainly, 'Really, my man, you've got a frightful crust to walk in here and expect us to give you a room. Did any one invite you?'

"YOU took the antique pen out of the potato where it was stuck, and tried to write your name. The pen sputtered and your signature looked like an angleworm taking a shower-bath. The clerk eyed the signature narrowly, as much as to say, 'Ah hah, so you think you can fool me by registering as Timothy Britt, of Chicago, Ill. As if I couldn't tell by one look at your hard map that you are Frisco Mike the Bite, wanted for murder in six States.'

"And if you happened to have your wife along, and registered 'Timothy Britt and Wife,' the clerk made no secret of the fact that he didn't believe a word of it.

"Finally, the grand duke behind the counter consented to give you a room, and tossed you a key with a ball and chain attached to it, and the legend, 'Stolen from the Mink House' lettered on the ball. He shouted 'front' in a bored voice, and the elderly bell-hop finished his game of checkers with the town constable, and, grumbling like a bumblebee in a jug, led you along seven miles of red carpet to your room. We'll call it a room, anyhow. If there'd been a feed bag and a halter in the corner, it wouldn't have looked out of place. The room was so small that you couldn't wear winter underwear in it. The bed was macadamized. Oh those beds! I once saw a book that at first I thought was about the experiences of a traveling man in the Mink House. It was called 'Wild Animals I Have Known.'

"The bathroom was, by actual measurement, a third of a mile down the hall, and the tub was tin and had flowers painted on the inside. I've got pansies on my back yet from taking baths in the Mink House. The faucets said 'Hot' and 'Cold,'



If you had your wife along, and registered "Timothy Britt and Wife," the clerk made no secret that he didn't believe a word of it

When you rapped on your glass you got a look from her so frosty it would have given a seal influenza

but that was just one of Old Mink's little jokes. Once a St. Louis traveling man was found dead in the tub. The jury decided that he must have turned on the hot water tap and when hot water actually came out of it, the shock was too much for him.

"Finally when your empty stomach began to send out S. O. S. messages, you got up courage to go down to the dining-room. This room always reminded me of the interior of a storage warehouse, it was so large, so dark and so damp. The walls were made festive by a steel engraving of a St. Bernard dog, looking as intelligent as a man, and twice as noble; also an oil painting of a tableau of moribund pickerel; also a picture of an ocean liner donated by a steamship company; also a brewery calendar, three years out-of-date, showing a girl with a pompadour and puffed sleeves riding a bicycle down a country road while a young cow watches her from a field; under this picture were printed the words 'Some Calf?', you could tell this was meant to be snappy These gems of art were swathed in summer in netting to keep off the flies. No netting was supplied to the guests. Or the food. Honest, I once took the apple pie to be huckleberry till I waved my hand over it.

"AND the service! The waitresses were society girls, slumming. When you rapped on your glass, you got a look so frosty it would give a seal influenza. At last one of the proud beauties would interrupt her recital of what she said to Roy and what Roy said to her at the annual ball of the Barbers' Assistants' Golf and Country Club to saunter over to your table, and say, 'Well? What's yourn?' This question really didn't mean a thing. All they ever had at the Mink House was a meal, and that was what you got. The goddess disappeared, and after an extended tour of the state, eventually she burst through the swinging doors and entered followed by a hot puff of cooked air from the kitchen. You had to eat your dinner or starve, so you ate. First there came soup—don't ask me what kind—just soup; I never discovered what it was made of; it was one of those cases where ignorance is bliss. There followed meat; I guess it was beef, but it wouldn't surprise me if the animal it came from had said 'Neigh' instead of 'Moo.' The beast, whatever it was, shouldn't have taken so much exercise and eaten so many rubber trees. Once they served chicken. I wish I'd owned that chicken in its prime, which, I estimated, was back about the time Grant was throwing lead kisses at Richmond. That bird would have battled a wildcat and given the cat the first two bites, I'm willing to bet a hat or two. There was always mashed potatoes, and mashed potatoes were just mashed potatoes even in the Mink House. Dessert was pie, with a bomb proof crust. You topped off the meal with a mulatto fluid which I called cuckoo coffee because it was weak in the bean.

"If the guest let a peep of complaint out of him Old Mink came out of his iron cage by the safe, and said he'd like to know who was running this here hotel and he guessed some folks (with a dirty look at you) were almighty hard to please, and, anyhow, if you didn't like the Mink House you could go elsewhere or jump in the creek. As 'elsewhere' meant the Cooney House, you gained exactly nothing.

"Really, my man, you've got a frightful crust! Did any one invite you?"

"I know. I stayed at the Cooney House a couple of times, too. Old Cooney, like Old Mink, made you feel he was doing you a distinct favor to take you in at all. In those days if a guest suggested that he had any rights Messrs. Mink and Cooney would have burst into roars of raucous laughter that you could have heard in the next county.

"Then came a revolution in hoteldom. I don't know how it happened. Probably some big-town hotel keeper stayed at some hotel other than his own for a night, and was treated as guests were customarily treated, that is a little better than a rattlesnake but not quite as well as a burglar. This hotel fellow made a startling discovery. It was nothing less than the fact that a hotel guest is a human being! Perhaps the spirit of modern business whispered in his ear that it pays to treat your customers right. Anyhow, this hotel fellow (I wish I knew his name; there ought to be a statue of him in the Hall of Fame) acted on his theory. He actually set up a big sign in his own hotel,

THE GUEST IS ALWAYS RIGHT.

And, what's more, he acted on it. Today I'll bet he's got more millions than a shad has ribs. Other big city hotels followed his lead. They had to. A passion for service swept our fair land. The hotels began to fall over each other in their desire to make the guest feel like an ace instead of a two spot. 'Service' chanted the proprietor in his plate glass office; 'service' sang the room clerk in his cage; 'service' yelped the bell boys as they hopped to the bags; 'service' crooned the elevator man as the car darted up; 'service' whispered the waiters as they blew into the hot soup to cool it; 'service' bellowed the cooks above the noise of the dishes; 'service' was the battle cry of the whole establishment. But the sound didn't

He stayed in his room all day, taking bath after bath

reach Brownburg. That town is off the beaten track. Old Mink and Old Cooney were too busy playing checkers to pay any attention to the revolution in the hotel business. They continued to rhyme 'guest' with 'pest.'

"Then, as they say in the stories, things happened. One day Old Mink's brother, who lived in New York, tried to demonstrate that bay rum is a beverage and died a martyr to science, so Old Man Mink had to get out his black store clothes and hie himself to New York for the funeral. While there he loosened up and stayed at the Hotel Luxuria, '5,000 rooms, 6,000 baths. Happiness in Every Tub. Service 100% Plus.' You know the Luxuria, I guess.

"The Luxuria gave Old Mink the shock of his life. He spun round in the revolving doors like a squirrel until the major general at the door pulled him out. Then as soon as he set foot on the plush carpet, one of the Luxuria bell-boys sprinted up to him, all gilt braid and buttons. Old Man Mink ducked, thinking the hop was probably the manager coming to give Mink a swift kick for daring to step into such a palace. The boy took Mink's straw suitcase and led him up the wide stairway. Mink saw that everyone was smiling. He thought they must be grinning at his brown derby. Of course, as he soon found out, it was only the Luxuria policy of 'Smile, smile, smile' which a cunning management has drilled into every employee from the manager down to the lad who fills the finger-bowls. Mink stepped up to the desk, pretty flustered by all the grandeur. The clerk greeted Mink as if he were a fraternity brother, and gave him the kind of room he asked for. Nobody barked at Mink when he got into the wrong elevator; nobody eyed him as if they thought he had come to pinch the silver; he began to feel uncomfortably at home.

"WHEN he reached his room, a shock awaited him. It didn't have a roller towel in it. Instead it had enough towels to dry all the inhabitants of Brownburg, great, big, soft towels, too, and a tub like a swimming pool. From the faucet marked 'HOT,' actually came a stream of steaming water. Mink was so overcome that he took three baths in rapid succession. The room was full of all sorts of dinguses and contraptions for his convenience. There was a trick clothes closet with an automatic pants presser; shoetrees and even a collar button garage in it. There was a desk with enough pens, paper and ink to write a history of China. Mink, in a daze, was just unpacking and had just taken out his spare collar, when the telephone rang and a pleasant-voiced clerk asked, 'Are you perfectly satisfied with your room, Mr. Mink? Is there anything you wish?' Poor Old Mink was so touched by this solicitude that he took another bath before he knew what he was doing. The bed was wide and soft and the sheets actually fitted it. In the morning Mink found a newspaper under his door and with it a polite note from the management expressing the hope that he had slept well, and suggesting broiled kidneys for breakfast. Mink looked round at the tastefully decorated room and decided that he must have died during the night and awakened in a hotel guest's idea of Heaven.

"He had his breakfast of broiled kidneys and the waiter couldn't have been nicer to him if they had belonged to the same lodge. The experience set Old Mink thinking. Perhaps the bug of competition nipped the old fellow. Anyhow, when he got back to Brownburg he started something. The sleepy town got the jolt of its life when it woke one bright day to find that the Mink House had been painted white, that it had new chairs in the lobby covered with green chintz sprinkled with red and yellow humming birds, that the fish picture and the brewery calendar had been heaved out of the dining room, and that a large electric sign glittered over the door bearing the words, "HOTEL MINQUE.' Old Cooney, across the street, peered out at this strange sight, and decided that Mink must be suffering from a rush of squirrels to the steeple. But when Cooney saw customers pass up the grim looking Cooney House to go into the flossier Hotel Minque, he swore that, by gollies, he'd show Mink a thing or two. The spirit of modern business dropped a few words into Cooney's ear, too. The bug of competition bit him hard. It's a great old bug to keep men and businesses from going stale or smug, isn't it?

"Well, Old Cooney painted his hotel bright green till it looked like a giant watermelon, and he had an enormous sign made, that winked at you:

THE COONEY-WALDORF ARMS
WELCOME

"With that, the fight was on. I'll say this for Mink. When he began to give service he was no piker. The guests at the Hotel Minque woke up one morning, rubbed their eyes, and found a copy of the Brownburg *Clarion* tucked under their doors. 'Free, absolutely free, with Mr. Mink's compliments' was stamped on the paper. Cooney came right back. Next day his guests received a copy of the Brownburg *Clarion* and a Chicago paper, as well. Mr. Mink's answer to this challenge was to add to the Chicago paper a free magazine. Mr. Cooney, hearing of this, scratched his bald cupola, and presently installed in each and every room a complete encyclopedia in twelve volumes. Of course, after that, Mink had to supply encyclopedias in all his rooms, and in addition had a flock of the newest popular novels placed in every bathroom. They were bound in rubber.

"'The guests can read 'em in the tub,' explained Mr. Mink, proudly. 'How's that for service, hey?'"

"Mink's triumph with the rubber books was short-lived, however. Mr. Cooney installed a radio set in every room, and guests could be lulled to sleep by hearing a nice bedtime story all about how little Walter Skunk took Agnes Gopher for a sleighride.

"I HAD to make Brownburg that year, and, gosh, how I dreaded it. I had not heard of the revolution that had taken place there. My first visit to the rejuvenated Cooney House knocked me for a row of blind tigers. I noticed the outside, of course, but I was not in any way prepared for the change in atmosphere. I was hardly inside the door when Old Cooney, in a frock coat and with a gardenia as big as baseball in his buttonhole, rushed up to me and shook me by both hands. He'd have kissed me if I hadn't defended myself. He patted me on the back, took my bag himself, led me gently to the desk, and said to the clerk, 'Waldo, be so good as to give our old and valued friend Mr. Britt, of the X-Y-Z Shoe Company, the very best room you can.' Waldo, who was a new clerk, had a nine-inch smile, several hundred teeth, and he was oozing welcome and good cheer from every pore. He glad-handed me till my elbow ached. I recovered, and glanced about the lobby. The old signs were gone. Instead my bewildered eyes read,

PLEASE SPIT ON THE FLOOR

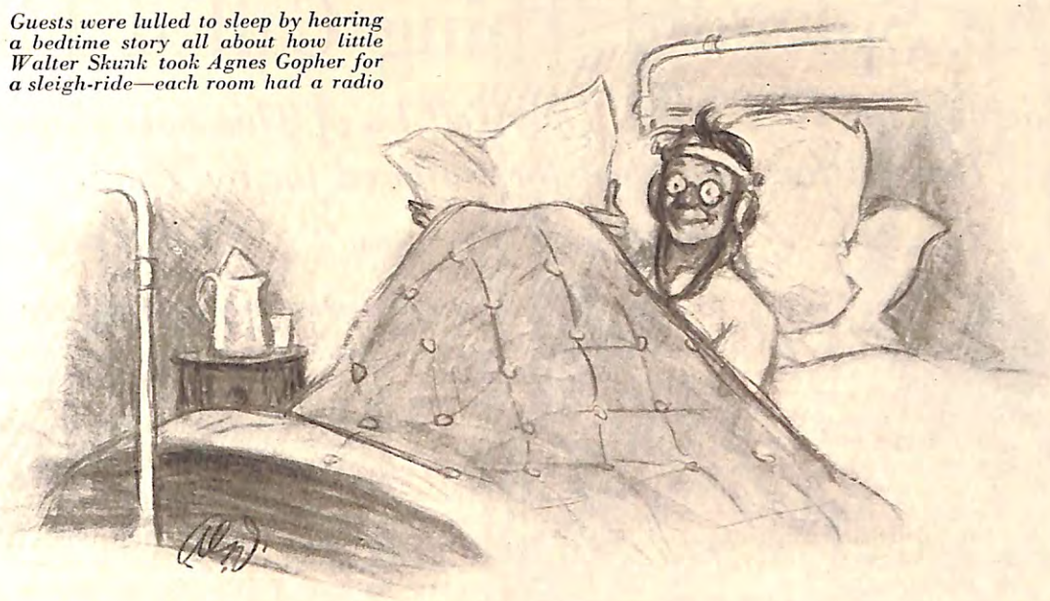
YES, WE CASH CHECKS, SELL STAMPS, FILL FOUNTAIN PENS, CRANK FORDS, SEW ON BUTTONS, AND BAIL OUT GUESTS

HELP YOURSELF TO WRITING PAPER. WE'VE GOT LOTS

IF KICKING THE PROPRIETOR WILL MAKE YOU HAPPY, YOU WILL FIND HIM IN ROOM 97 EACH DAY FROM 3 TO 6, WAITING TO BE KICKED

It was the hotel clerk. He'd called up to ask me if I was sleeping all right

Guests were lulled to sleep by hearing a bedtime story all about how little Walter Skunk took Agnes Gopher for a sleigh-ride—each room had a radio



NOTICE TO EMPLOYEES

NO EMPLOYEE IS ALLOWED THE PRIVILEGE OF GIVING ANY GUEST A DIRTY LOOK. ANY EMPLOYEE GIVING A GUEST EVEN A SLIGHTLY SOILED LOOK WILL BE DISCHARGED ON THE SPOT

ANY EMPLOYEE WHO IS UNCIVIL TO A GUEST WILL BE PERSONALLY PUNCHED IN THE PRESENCE OF THE OFFENDED GUEST BY MR. COONEY HIMSELF

"Mr. Cooney saw that I was reading the signs. He came over to me, beaming. 'I've got a new sign,' he said; 'I guess mebbe it won't put a crimp in that four-flusher Mink!'

"He proceeded to tack up the new sign. It read:

THE GUEST IS 100% RIGHT 100% OF THE TIME

"'There,' said Cooney, with open satisfaction, 'I'd like to see Mink put it any stronger than that!'

"Just for the fun of it, I went over to the Hotel Minque and told old Mink about the new sign. He thanked me, wrung my hand, disappeared into his office, and shortly afterward came out with a new sign, freshly lettered. He tacked it up over the safe. It read:

THE MANAGEMENT OF THE HOTEL MINQUE WAS NEVER RIGHT, IS NEVER RIGHT, AND NEVER WILL BE RIGHT! THE GUEST ALWAYS WAS RIGHT, ALWAYS IS RIGHT, AND ALWAYS WILL BE RIGHT!

"'THERE,' remarked old Mink, 'let's see that hyena Cooney trump that!'

"I went to bed early that night; the room had been done over in light pink and cream and no longer resembled a horse's boudoir. One bell-hop turned on the light for me; another brought me ice-water; a third insisted on running a hot bath for me (I didn't really want to take one); a fourth turned down the bed for me, and tucked me in; I had to be real stern with him to keep him from singing me to sleep. I had been asleep about half an hour when my phone rang. I leaped up, thinking maybe it was a customer. It was the honey-voiced hotel clerk. 'I beg your pardon, Mr. Britt,' he said, 'but I want to know if you are sleeping all right.' I went back to dreamland. I heard some one moving about in the room. It was only a bell-hop who had come to get my clothes to press them. In vain I said I did not want them pressed.

"'It is part of the service of the house, sir,' he insisted and I let him carry them off.

"I left a call for nine o'clock. In the old days the management regarded these calls as a screaming jest; if you asked them to call you at eight they called you at ten or at six, and not infrequently they never called you at all. But on this morning, promptly on the stroke of nine, my telephone jingled and a feminine voice fairly dripping with sweetness, said, 'Good morning, sir. Nine o'clock. The weather is fair and warmer with probable showers in the evening. The management hopes you slept well and that you are feeling just fine and dandy. The Giants beat the Pirates 6-3, and the Yankees beat the White Sox 2-1. Babe Ruth knocked a home run, his thirty-third, and Exterminator won the fourth race. Are you sure you slept well, and if not, don't you want to go back to sleep and have me call you at eleven? Do you wish your breakfast in bed, sir? The honeydew melons and the brook trout are especially tempting this morning, sir.'

"I lay on my bed wondering if the world was coming to an end. Then came a knock at the door, and in came a barber who shaved me (with the compliments of the management) before I could pull myself together. I had just escaped from his clutches when there entered a valet. Before I could resist he had thrown me and was dressing me. When he had finished, a manicure (blonde) came in with her kit of implements of torture and I was by this time too far gone to struggle. I let her trim me.

"I STAGGERED to the elevator and the operator shook hands with me, offered me a cigar, asked me twice if I slept well, and on the way down brushed me off and straightened my necktie for me. Mr. Cooney, personally, met each elevator as it reached the main floor and shook hands with each and every guest as he or she emerged. He was exuding greetings and good cheer, and he kept saying:

"'And how are you, brother? Everything o. k.? Are we making you happy?'

"Weak and wondering, I made my way to the dining-room. Another shock. How different from the tomb of yore. They'd gone the limit to give it class. The lamps were Chinese, the ceiling Moorish, the pillars Greek, and the tables and chairs were those gold French Looey the Quince things. The walls were all prettied up with pictures of Mack Sennett nymphs being chased by goats through fields of cucumbers. The head waiter dashed to the door to greet me. Yessir, they had a head waiter with a square yard of white shirt bosom. He bowed to the thick carpet, led me to a table, pulled out the chair, tucked me in, snapped his fingers. Snap! A waiter rushed up with ice-water. Snap! Another waiter leaped to

(*Continued on page 68*)

The Splendid Thing Called Life

Some of the New Books That Tell Us of This Splendor—Longed for, Searched for, Suffered for by Youth

By Claire Wallace Flynn

One of Ours, by Willa Cather

BY THE time this issue of our magazine is published, thousands of people will have read and loved Miss Cather's remarkably beautiful novel, and most of them will have read, also, the reviews of the book which have appeared in the press.

But, even after we have laid down the story as finished and thrown the reviews of it away, the thing lives in our minds and in our hearts as we go about our daily business, more vividly, in a way, than when we were reading the exact words with which Miss Cather interprets her story. This, I think, is the test of a living book: that the last word in it finds us not *through* but only beginning to know it and to make its radiance part of our thoughts and hours.

Not so very long ago the author of "One of Ours" was an assistant editor on McClure's Magazine, come all the way from Nebraska to take that course in learning her trade, and few writers in America have learned it better or now practice it with greater distinction. To neglect to follow Miss Cather's work is not only to deprive oneself of exquisite pleasure, but to be completely deaf to those voices which are trying to tell us that the only thing worth while is the poignant knowledge that we must get some splendor out of life, or existence is utterly futile, and that youth which does not at least seek that splendor is but half-youth and half-alive!

The plot of this book is negligible, like the plot that runs through most human lives. It is merely the story of a fine, manly, sensitive boy, a farmer's son in Nebraska, who struggles blindly against the strait-jacket mentalities of the community, against the aridness and ugliness of life as he sees it exemplified by the people around him.

". . . his energy, instead of accomplishing something, was spent in resisting unalterable conditions. . . . When he thought he had at last got himself in hand, a moment would undo the work of days; in a flash he would be transformed from a wooden post into a living boy. He would spring to his feet, turn over in bed or stop short in his walk because the old belief flashed up in him with an intense kind of hope, an intense kind of pain—the conviction that there was something splendid about life, if he could but find it."

Claude Wheeler was not a poor boy. The windows of his father's house looked over wide acres of grain and timber. The house itself was comfortable; old Mahailey, the cook, was his faithful slave; motors and expensive farm machinery and mechanical household devices were in his everyday life, but the part of him that was the real Claude was starved. With all his strange, suffering capacity for bigness, he was shut up within himself as in an awkward, crude prison.

His marriage to Enid Royce was one of his worst mistakes in his vague search for splendor. A rigid person, this girl, drawn in cool, uncompromising colors, yet it is easy to see how he thought that through her the doors of life might open.

In his despair over the failure of his love for Enid, he found refuge in his own dreams more than ever. And "some of his dreams would have frozen his young wife's blood with horror—and some would have melted his mother's heart with pity."

This is the first part of the book, this narrow life on wide Nebraskan plains, this well-told story of a generation that was no longer pioneer, yet which had not yet reached that knowledge of a life and civilization of which later Claude saw silver flashes in France. Up to now, the book has been a gripping and tender story of one young, burning creature.

Quietly through it all, however, there has crept the threatening rumble of the Great War across the sea. In Claude's home the news of the conflict is followed closely. Perhaps nowhere else in the book does Miss Cather show herself such an artist and a patriot as when she brings the war right into the wheat-fields of America. Wheat! The war meant one thing to the farmer. The news! Here was the human side. Claude and his mother studied maps, read papers, consulted encyclopedias! No dulness, no mental sloth stood between him and a knowledge of what was going on in France. This is perhaps the best picture that has been drawn up to the present time of how vital a thing the war was in the homes of America—how intelligently and avidly this country watched the conflict, long before we entered it.

Books Reviewed This Month

One of Ours, by Willa Cather.. (Alfred A. Knopf, New York)
Atolls of the Sun, by Frederick O'Brien. (The Century Co., New York)
The Judge, by Rebecca West. (George H. Doran, New York)
On Tiptoe, by Stewart Edward White. (George H. Doran, New York)
One Thing Is Certain, by Sophie Kerr. (George H. Doran, New York)
Black Pawl, by Ben Ames Williams. (E. P. Dutton & Co., New York)
What I Saw in America, by G. K. Chesterton. (Dodd, Mead & Co., New York)

Claude went into the army, of course, the minute we cast our lot with the Allies. He went, inspired, ennobled, finding life at last. His friendships among the other officers and men were glinting and marvelous to him; France the sort of place his heart had dreamed of always. The very fact that here men were dying for ideals, gave him a feeling of confidence and safety.

"Ideals were not archaic things, beautiful and impotent; they were the real sources of power among men. As long as that was true, and now he knew it was true—he had come all this way to find out—he had no quarrel with Destiny."

All the magic that we crave in a book we may find in this one. All the unrest and longings which have torn our souls and for which we have found no words, we meet here in haunting phrases that soothe our own disquietude. Here is adventure of body and spirit, and here is the answer to that question which the unfriendly have flung at us, as to our real reason for joining in the Great Fight. Here in a word is one of the best books ever written to show the beauty of those who "hope extravagantly and believe passionately."

Atolls of the Sun, by Frederick O'Brien

HERE is a search after a very different kind of splendor, a splendor that lies in smoking reefs beyond dazzling tropic beaches, the splendor that is half buried in the history of dying Polynesian races and in the brave adventuring of frail craft in stormy seas.

In this new volume, "Atolls of the Sun," Frederick O'Brien gives us the enthusiastic result of his third visit to the South Sea Islands.

It is a hardened and encrusted reader who can turn away from the lure that these distant lands hold for the human imagination. The very word *island* brings to us a picture of a place not so much encompassed by water as by mystery. From the time we first began to read adventure stories, islands have seemed always to us the spots upon which we would most desire to be "cast ashore," the spots where one most likely would meet strange and fascinating people, and become one with strange and fascinating customs.

The child-reader dies slowly in us. Mr. O'Brien is taking advantage in his glamorous books of that spirit of romance and love of islands that still persists in our breasts.

"Atolls of the Sun" is not only an absorbing record of a voyage but is a book of blazing stories, told gorgeously, and all presented against a background of blue lagoons and amethyst seas.

Some of the native characters who appear in these pages we have met in others of O'Brien's books, but for the most part these are new islands to us, where, strangely enough, the author makes us so thoroughly at home that we, with him, have a feeling of nostalgia as he sails away at the end of the book.

Nothing more thrilling in recent fiction can be found than one of the dramatic incidents in this volume: the story of Willis, the American, and Viola Dorey, the English girl, on lonely Easter Island. There is a native girl in this tale, Taaroa, who loves Willis and, on the eve of his departure for England with Viola, dies with him in the tangled sea-grass at the bottom of a sparkling sea. This story was told to O'Brien by one of his white companions. When the tale was finished, O'Brien says that he got to his feet and staggered with the shock of the tragedy he had just heard. Truly, there is something staggering about it—but it's good reading.

Then there is the story that the crippled diver tells, of the wondrous pearls planted in the lagoon of Pukapuka—of the European scientist who tried to improve on nature—of the three men eaten by sharks—of the robbed coral bank and dark revenge under the sea.

(*Continued on page 66*)

Delivering the Goods

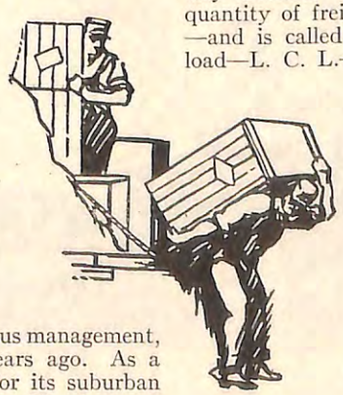
By William Almon Wolff

Decorations by F. V. Carpenter

BEYOND all doubt one of the greatest handicaps under which distribution labors in America to-day is the inadequacy of terminals, and especially railway terminals. In keeping with the purpose of this series of articles on the interrelation of all phases of our industrial life, Mr. Wolff here considers the terminal question not from the narrow local point of view, but in the light of its bearing on a whole metropolitan district and its consequent effect on the health of the nation's business

THE terminal problem in American cities and ports is not simply a railway problem, but, because railway freight terminals do, just now, occupy the center of the stage, it is logical to consider them first. One reason for the present troubles that are afflicting the distributing machinery of the nation is that terminals used to be considered from too narrow and too local a point of view. Not until a whole city, or, better, a whole metropolitan district, is considered, as a unit, in terminal matters, can daylight be seen.

It is worth while, at the expense of repetition, to hammer away at this point. Consider New York—although it might just as well be any other city served by more than one railway. The Erie is one of ten railroads that come into New York—by way, of course, of the North River. It has a big freight yard at Croxton, beyond the wall of rocky heights at the western end of its Bergen tunnels. It has another big yard in Weehawken, about opposite West Fortieth Street, Manhattan. It has still another freight yard at Pavonia avenue, in Jersey City, hard by its passenger station. It owns and operates passenger ferry boats from Pavonia Avenue to Chambers and Twenty-third Streets, New York. It owns or leases several piers on the Manhattan waterfront, and freight houses in connection with them, down town, and it has a number of car floats and tugs.



That represents, in outline, the New York terminal equipment of the Erie. This road is, of course, notoriously poor; it has been impoverished by its inheritance of the burdens of unscrupulous management, amounting to wrecking, years ago. As a passenger railway, except for its suburban traffic, it's not to be spoken of in the same breath with great lines like the Pennsylvania, for example, or the Santa Fé. But it is an extremely important freight carrier, and it happens to be one of the most skilfully managed railways in the country. If it weren't it couldn't run at all and pay its operating charges!

That, however, is, in a way, parenthetical. The point is that when you have cited those items of the Erie's New York freight terminal you are far from being done. You have to include a crowded river, sometimes made dangerous by ice or fog. You have to include, too, crowded marginal streets, in which trucks get caught as logs do in a jam in a logging stream. And other streets, scarcely less crowded, leading to and from the actual originating and destination points of freight, factories, warehouses, stores.

And, last, but, so far as its effect upon terminal congestion is concerned, certainly not least, you must reckon with all the other freight terminals in New York, of all the railways that reach that city. Great trunk lines like the New York Central; more or less short distance roads like the Long Island and the Susquehanna; roads serving all the populous and busy country centering about the city. Every day freight must be transferred from the Erie to every one of those roads, and from every one of them to the Erie. Sometimes a whole car is transferred so; brought down from New England, say, and pushed and pulled and floated about and around New York until it goes off toward some point on the Erie—or the other way around. Sometimes only a small quantity of freight is to be transferred so—and is called package or less than carload—L. C. L.—freight.

You may or may not be familiar with the process of breaking up and assembling long trains of freight cars in a big yard. Even if you are not, though, you must have seen cars cut out of a train at a small town siding. And your imagination will enable you to visualize that process, multiplied many times, going on, day and night, in a great freight yard of a busy railway.

No job is more complex, more highly technical. With things as they are the wonder is not so much that terminals often get jammed as that they function at all.

Beyond all doubt one of the greatest handicaps under which distribution labors in America to-day is the inadequacy of terminals, and, especially, railway terminals. Nor is there any doubt that distribution has not kept the pace set in production.

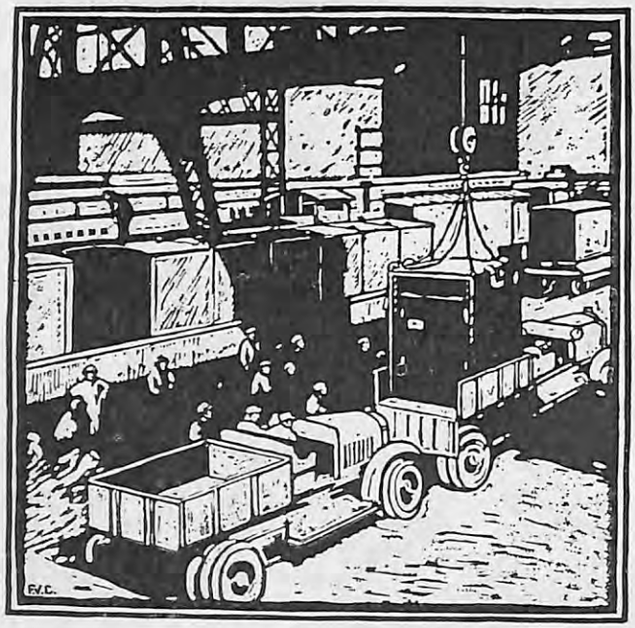
American manufacturing methods are progressive and efficient to an extraordinary degree. Our industries are superbly organized for production. But the best productive machinery in the world can not accomplish results greater and better than are permitted or enforced by the machinery of distribution. And right there is the weak spot of American industry.

ITS relative inefficiency makes us waste a great deal of money, which is bad, and a still greater amount of time, which is worse. The money waste is, perhaps, more apparent than real; the money, after all, does circulate. To some extent our distribution system does simply take money from one pocket to put it in another. But the time that is lost is gone forever, and there is no salvage in that sort of loss.

Nor does it comfort Smith much when an order for his product is canceled because he can't get cars, to know that the order has gone to Jones, who happens to live on a railway that is, for the time being, less congested than his. The whole volume of the country's business isn't affected, to be sure. But it is hard on Smith, and his employees, and his town.

When railway congestion is discussed it is usually terminal congestion that is really meant. When the B. and O., for instance, puts an embargo, as it sometimes must do, on certain freights, it doesn't mean that the main line of that road is solidly filled with as many moving trains as it can carry. It probably means that the overladen Cincinnati yards must have time to catch up with the clearing out of the cars that have been piling up in them; it certainly means terminal congestion somewhere.

Think of the spreading results of such congestion. Because a car—and multiply by as many as you please!—is held up in Buffalo, on its way from the Michigan Central to the Lackawanna, which is to carry it to Binghamton, for three or four days, it is late in being released, and another shipper has to wait. He has to hold another car, laden with raw materials, because, until his shipment is out of the way, he has no



room for them. No one of these delays may, in itself, be serious; any one of them—and each leads to another—may be. Finally perhaps, enough cars are affected to make a coal mine shut down—for bituminous coal can only be mined when cars are waiting for it. Or whole carloads, trainloads, even, of perishable crops are spoiled because cars to carry them to market can not be had.

American life is profoundly affected by this constant and recurring business of terminal congestion. Freight movement is unduly slow—and unduly expensive—even when it is moving normally. But for a generation that normal movement has been lost whenever business rose toward a peak of prosperity. Every one hopes and thinks that the country's business is on its way toward such a peak now, after the depression of the last year or so. But it is easily possible for clogged distribution channels to upset the balance; to check the return to good times.

There is nothing novel or startling about what has been said up to now. Railway men know, and admit, all these things. And an enormous amount of thought and time have been given to working out great plans for improvement—plans, most of them, like the great scheme for the Port of New York, involving enormous expenditures of money, marginal railways, elaborate river and harbor works, and so on. Electrification, too, will, when it is applied, undoubtedly work wonders in speeding up the operation of our big freight terminals.

NOW these plans are splendid, most of them; they represent the work of able engineers and far-seeing, practical men. Certain phases of the general terminal problem are fundamental and practically universal, and indicate conditions calling for radical treatment. American cities have grown, in the main, without plan, by great and capricious leaps and bounds. As they have grown their railways have made shift to keep on serving them; the day of far-sighted, intelligent planning dawned pretty late. Again, it is reasonably obvious, now, that to have half a dozen or more railways enter a city, and to have each of them create and maintain, competitively, its own freight yards and terminals, is a pretty silly and uneconomical business.

It would be, indeed it is probably safe to say it will be, a splendid thing to see great terminals like those of New York and Chicago and Pittsburgh completely made over, for, in the end, that will be done. It will be equally fine to see the American railways coordinated, considered, not as private, competing businesses, like those of Robinson, who sells groceries on First Street, and Harrison, who does the same thing on Second, but as units of a transportation system designed to serve a nation as well and as cheaply as may be. No doubt, the time is coming when what the Government did during the war, under McAdoo and Hines, in the way of regional division of the railways, will be done scientifically—as it is now being done in England, and as was done in France, in effect, when her railways were first built.

But these problems will be solved only at huge expense and with great difficulty, and it will take time to solve them. Much progress has been made; it is something to get the problems themselves defined. But, pending their final solution, it would be a good thing to make better use of what facilities are now available.

Booker T. Washington used to tell a story, with great effect. He was talking of the labor problem in the South, when there was much complaint, down there, of the difficulty of establishing industries. His story was of a sailing ship becalmed off the southern coast, and without drinking water. It signaled to a passing ship, begging for fresh water. The other vessel answered: "Cast down your buckets where you are."

The captain didn't understand; he grew angry. He repeated his request; he got the same answer. Finally he did lower a bucket—and it came up full of fresh water! The Mississippi, flowing far out to sea, made there, by some freak of currents, a stream of fresh water.

Well—the railways can make a somewhat similar discovery. Or, to mix metaphors a bit, they may be regarded as being, in a way, in the position of a man who has fallen overboard, and is drowning, to whom a lifebelt is thrown. The lifebelt is the motor truck.

In the beginning railway men saw in the motor truck only a new enemy, a new competitor, to be dreaded and crushed. The same engaging American way of seeing things "big" that had made people visualize long-distance trolley lines putting the railways out of business led to visions, when the motor truck was young, of transcontinental motor hauls. During the war, as a matter of fact, there was a lot of long-distance trucking; freight was carried by road, more or less on schedule, between Cleveland and New York, and there were even longer hauls.

But as the truck has been developed, and as cost accounting, that foe of dreamers, has been brought to bear, it has come to appear that the normal limit for a profitable motor-truck haul is not much more than eighty miles. After that freight and express rates become proportionately so low that the truck can't compete. So dreams have faded—but certain definite realities have come to take their place.

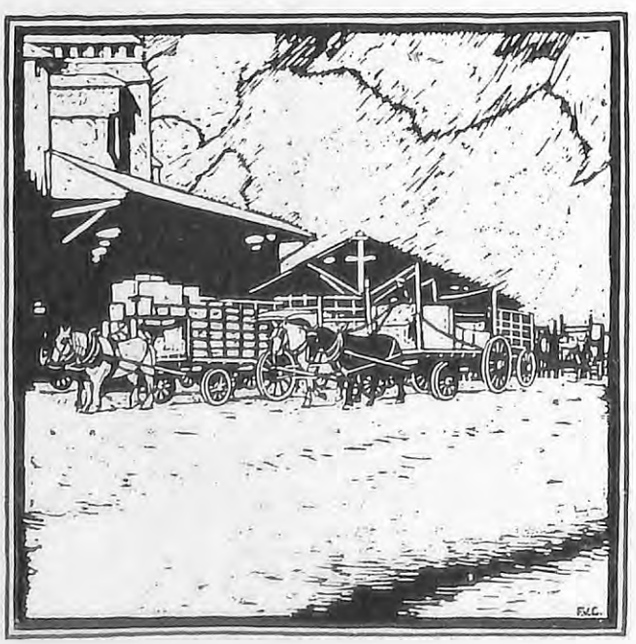
RAILWAY men have always insisted that a freight car didn't begin to make money until it was well out on the open track. They used to say it had to go forty miles before it became profitable; now they make the distance eighty miles.

Set the profitable eighty-mile truck haul against the unprofitable eighty-mile freight-car haul. Isn't a conclusion forced upon you?

Concrete examples of how this new means of transport may be used abound. Motor-truck lines run into every important city in the country. So, nowadays, far more than by railways, is farm produce brought into market. The truck runs along country roads, picking up its load practically at the farms themselves; even when central loading points are used the farmer's haul is shorter than when he must go to a freight depot in the nearest town.

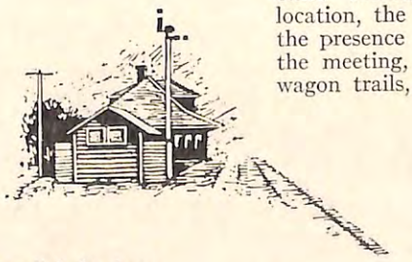
No transshipment is necessary—and it is always necessary when freight is shipped by rail. The truck rolls up to the city market, unloads, starts back again. Farmers are able to to depend upon truck schedules now; the standardization that has been going on in the last few years has produced a dependable, trustworthy machine, subject to few breakdowns, doing its work, day after day.

And it isn't possible to depend upon freight movement. Too many things can check it, slow it up, inflict a delay ranging from hours to days. These delays have been the bane of produce shippers for years. They have forced growers to pick fruit for



shipment to the city before it was ripe; they have, repeatedly, resulted in empty markets, with high prices, one day, and a glutted market, with prices fallen to nothing, the next.

But even these advantages are minor when they are set beside the relief to terminal congestion that these motor truck hauls of less than a hundred miles have brought about. In great railway centers like New York, Chicago, Pittsburgh, Buffalo, the relief is, as yet, not great. But even in them it is appreciable, and it will become more and more important as facilities for truck hauls increase.



At once, here, obviously, there is a widespread extension of the area of a metropolitan terminal. The roads the trucks must use become a part of that terminal. A new highway, for trucks alone, is being planned in Connecticut to parallel the fearfully crowded Boston Post Road. Similar construction will have to be undertaken, sooner or later, in all metropolitan areas, and there will have to be, too, a relocation, a regrouping, of the natural and logical destination points of freight—to some extent, at least.

Cities do grow planlessly. There is an old, and, no doubt, a libelous story about Boston—they say that Boston's streets, down town, simply follow the lines of paths made, long ago, by grazing cows. Naturally enough cities that were well established before the coming of the present mechanical phase of life present perplexing problems. Habits are stubborn things; people still go on living in sections inconvenient, badly placed, because, a generation ago, their fathers found them good.

It is possible to find, occasionally, a city like Birmingham, Alabama, which has had unusual advantages. Birmingham is a new town. It sprang up in answer to the demands that came when wonderful deposits of coal and iron were found. It is a city of to-day; no building it holds is much more than fifty years old. And it was built with modern life in view.

Yet even Birmingham, with all its advantages, its opportunities, is afflicted with terminal problems. There has been no coordination among its railways, comparatively speaking. Its freight yards are scattered; congestion occurs, almost regularly.

What, then, is to be expected of cities forced, by accidents of location, the confluence of rivers, the presence of a mountain pass, the meeting, in the old days of wagon trails, of important roads, to grow in straitened, narrow spaces?

Here is Detroit, upon the strait between Lakes Huron and Erie. The inevitable flow of trade and commerce placed it there. About that narrow lane of water must center, inevitably, the commercial life of the city. It matters little what an abundance of space, of room for growth, there may be elsewhere; always, in Detroit, there must be a concentration of terminal facilities, yards, switching and exchange points, where rail and water transportation come into close contact.

Detroit must evolve, in the end, radical new ways of meeting its problem. One may look into the future and foresee a complete electrification there; long freight subways, carrying goods swiftly and silently and smokelessly beneath the city's busiest streets.

Consider Chicago again. There is a city built upon a lake, laid out, at that, upon a flat, prairie-like land. Here is a meeting place of all the roads. Through Chicago pass freight and passengers to and from every portion of the country. A river complicates the situation curiously; forms a barrier to through routing. But then, so does the city itself, with its enormous, mushroom growth.

Through freight can not go through the city; it must go around it. So the belt lines came into being, circular railways, simple enough in plan in the beginning, that could pick up and carry freight from and to the myriad trunk lines that touched them.

But inevitably, all through this outer fringe of the great city, there has grown up an industrial development that with every minute of its growth adds complexity to the terminal problem. Raw materials come in, and must be swiftly sorted out and routed to the plants awaiting them. Finished products are waiting to go out, east, west, north, south. The old ways, the old facilities, can not serve to meet the problem much longer.

United effort must be applied to the application of new methods. Here no railway can stand alone—and the problem does not concern the railways alone. Chicago, for that matter, the whole nation, is vitally interested in its solution.

Undoubtedly the motor truck will do much to give the railways time to work out the best means of achieving permanent results, in Chicago as elsewhere. It is no longer necessary to ship all the way by freight from plants on the wrong side of the city, as it were, in relation to their consignees.

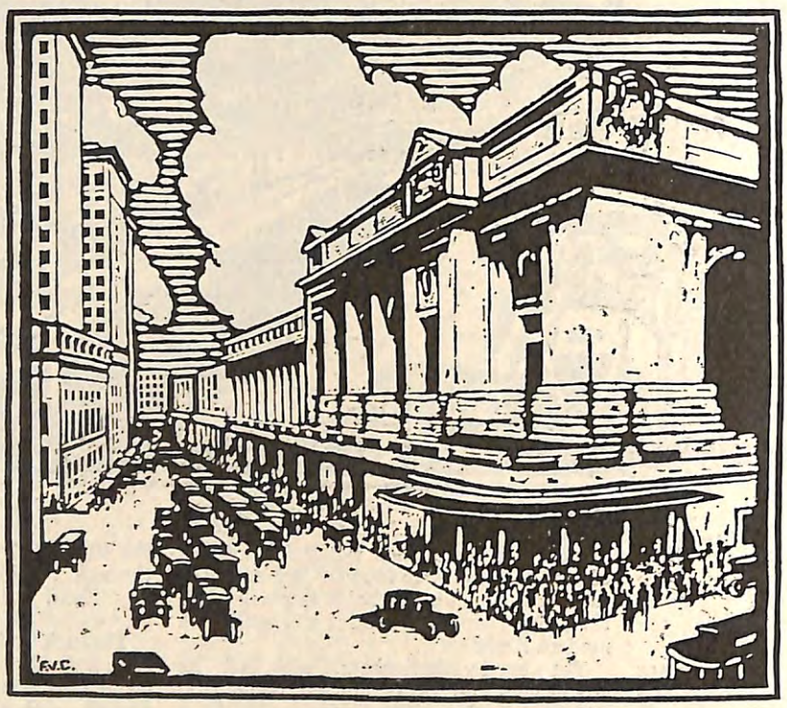
A SHIPMENT from some point south or east of the city, designed for a point on a road running north or west, for Milwaukee, or Minneapolis, or Omaha, need not be thrown into the crowded belt lines at all. It may go by truck, around the city, to the loading point most convenient on the Northwestern, or the Santa Fé, or whatever road is in question.

Then there may be application of a still newer use of the motor truck, brilliantly successful already in Cincinnati, projected in New York, even in the face of the elaborate

new Port of New York scheme. Of this Cincinnati plan it is worth while to speak in some detail.

In its essence it represents the complete motorization of a terminal which was, for many years, notoriously one of the most congested of railway gateways. Through freight passes through Cincinnati north and south, east and west; three railway bridges span the Ohio there; the city itself, growing fast industrially, calls for great quantities of raw material and ships many products.

Now Cincinnati is, physically, one of the oddest of our cities. It rose from the river, with beetling hills rising straight up beyond a narrow shelf along the stream. This shelf is the business heart of the city. Upon it lie its industries—and upon it, naturally, are its freight terminals. Eight trunk lines are jammed in there. Naturally, the expansion of the city has not been restricted to this shelf, and smaller industrial centers have grown up—and must have freight service.



THE distance between the Panhandle freight house, at the east end of the levee, to the houses of the Big Four, the B. and O., the Chesapeake and Ohio and the Southern, isn't much more than a mile. But for years the average time of freight cars from the Panhandle house to one of those four was two days and fourteen hours! Cars must be transferred, back and forth, from one line to another, all the time. Imagine what happens!

Less than carload freight used to be transferred through the streets, in wagons horse or mule drawn. It took 115 of these wagons to give service that was never satisfactory; that clogged the streets; that cost like the very mischief.

Then the outlying sections had to be served, and each competing road had its own local freight depots at Brighton, and Norwood, and all the other new industrial centers. When these outlying industries shipped in carload lots it wasn't so bad; main lines received the cars fairly soon. But for less than carload lots the problem was acute, because through cars for classified freight started from the downtown stations, and all this package stuff had to be sent down in box cars drawn by switch engines.

These local cars used to leave the substations about five in the afternoon. But they didn't reach the down-town stations until after that day's through package freight cars had been sealed and sent away. If all went well such freight might get away next day; usually it took three or four days more than that, though.

All that is of the past. Now, when a box car comes into the Panhandle freight house, filled with stuff to be transferred to southern roads, it is quickly unloaded. Each package goes into one or the other of a row of standardized motor truck bodies, each ticketed for a different freight house—one for the L. and N. main line, one for the Southern, for example. As the body is loaded a chassis is driven up. A crane picks up the body, lowers it on to the chassis, and it is off. Five minutes is allowed for exchanging bodies—for each chassis brings in a loaded one. And the average time for this transfer from freight house to freight house is *fourteen minutes*—against the old two days and fourteen hours.

The system works just as well in getting package freight down from the outlying substations. It used to take an average of thirty-six hours to bring a trap car, carrying

nine tons of freight, from Brighton to the Big Four. The trucks do it in thirty minutes. They carry only half as much freight, but—even so, figure the time saved!

These obvious economies aren't the only ones. Switching engines are, largely, eliminated. In the case of the Panhandle alone, in Cincinnati, twenty-three box cars have been released for general service. The trucks don't begin to require the platform space the cars used—increasing, indirectly, the size of the terminal. In the whole terminal it is estimated that motorization has released 60,000 box cars a year for through use and has made nearly 40 per cent. more floor space available in the freight houses.

There has been a sharp reduction of handling costs, too. The average cost now is 80 cents a ton—as against $1.20 a ton for the horse truck haul down-town and from $1.12 to $1.60 for the box car transfer from the substations in the industrial suburbs to the riverside freight houses.

The poorest of the New York railways, the Erie, is working out, naturally on a somewhat smaller and more individual scale, a strikingly similar method, and is reducing costs both to itself and to those who ship over its lines into the metropolis by doing so. It, too, is using the container unit, and plans to use it even more extensively in the future, pushing its sorting and transshipment work farther and farther back into New Jersey and away from the crowded waterfront.

This sort of work has this great asset—it is so cheap, relatively speaking. Unquestionably a complete and revolutionary reconstruction of a port like New York, a freight center like Chicago, will pay, in the long run. Be the necessary investment $100,000,000 or three or four times that sum—still, in the end, it will yield a profit.

But the railways just now are in no condition to finance the greatest of these tremendous projects. They know, far better than their critics, how advantageous they would be to them. But imagine a man, struggling along, trying to make his own income fit his necessary expenses—including an item of $100 a month for rent. He may know, he probably does know, that if he could make the first cash payment, say $1,000, on a house, he could live in it, meet all his interest and carrying charges, and come, in the end to own it—all for a monthly expenditure considerably less than $100.

But until he is in a position to make that first payment what good does his knowledge do him? That is, largely, the case of the railways to-day. They can't borrow money as freely as they once could, because they can't compete with the other borrowers who can pay more for it. They must, first of all, get back on their feet.

What would a man do, eager to buy a house, and lacking the ready money? He would save, wouldn't he, at every turn? He would seek, diligently, to cut down his expenses, build up, so, a surplus. That is what such experiments as the Cincinnati motorization are enabling many railways to do. It isn't good policy to refuse to make a small saving because you can't afford to achieve the great one you have in mind. The man who wants to buy a house doesn't, unless he is a fool, go on wasting money because he must, for a while, pay rent.

PASSENGER terminals in America are, on the whole, much more nearly up to standard than freight terminals. For that there is a definite reason. During the great period of prosperity before the European war—interrupted though it was by the 1907 depression—there set in a phase of competitive building of monumental passenger stations. The Union Station in Washington, the Grand Central and Pennsylvania stations in New York, are superb examples.

Stations such as these, and, on a somewhat smaller scale, the Northwestern's in Chicago, the Santa Fé's in Kansas City, the Union Station in Birmingham, and scores of others, leave nothing to be desired. They have dignity, beauty and usefulness; they are fitting gateways, portals, of our cities. But—they have helped to create the difficult

(*Continued on page 55*)

NICKOLAS MURAY

Florence Reed

As the Eurasian Heroine of "East of Suez"

IN SOMERSET MAUGHAM'S new melodrama, Miss Reed is afforded every opportunity to exhibit a full complement of feminine emotions. Splendidly acted throughout, crisp and workmanlike, "East of Suez" traces to its unpleasant conclusion the marriage of a semi-Chinese to an Englishman she despises at the ultimate expense of another whom she loves. This is somewhat heavily seasoned fare, but except to persons who subsist wholly upon sweets it is likely to prove palatable, if not rich in vitamines

ALFRED CHENEY JOHNSTON

Marguerite Maxwell has made one of the personal successes of the season by her acting in "East Side, West Side," a rather weird comedy by the authors of "The Fortune Teller." The weird feature of the piece is just why it was produced at all. Its justification is the uncovering of Miss Maxwell, who has acted in Grace George's companies and who, if better plays present themselves, should have a future

MAURICE GOLDBERG

Tallulah Bankhead as Rufus Rand, the pursuer of thrills in "The Exciters." Believing herself about to die, Rufus determines to secure her uncle's legacy and, incidentally, get one final thrill out of life by marrying the handsome burglar—played by Alan Dinehart—discovered visiting the house in a professional capacity. Of course, she doesn't die, but for nearly three acts the enigmatical burglar refuses to regard his wife as anything except his "divorcée to be"

One of the most attractive "sets" of the Greenwich Village Follies: Washington Square, New York, before it became a Mecca for tourists

ARBE

A Few Lines on the Autumn Productions

AFTER a July, August and September more than usually sterile as to theatrical productions, we have swung into a season which, so far, has brought us plays and musical pieces in scandalous profusion. Managers have ascribed the inactivity of the past summer to lack of incentive to produce for a public which was seemingly more interested in becoming acquainted with the widely advertised charms of Nature than in the painted allurements of the theater. With the end of daylight saving in and around New York, however, the lights of Broadway began to look brighter; an illusion which may, perhaps, be explained in terms analogous to the time-honored explanation of the whiteness of a colored man's teeth.

Of straight plays—plays, that is, containing no music—we have already seen a number that give evidence of vitality enough to keep them alive for some time to come. Chief among these may be mentioned "The Old Soak," "East of Suez," "Spite Corner," "Banco," "Thin Ice" and "It's a Boy." Of all the foregoing, "East of Suez" is easily the most substantial, considered from the dual standpoint of intrinsic interest and excellence of acting. The others all have their points. With "The Old Soak" the attraction lies in the mellow philosophical humor of Don Marquis, its author, brought out through two thoroughly delightful characters, Al the bootlegger and The Old Soak himself. The other four plays are also comedies, offering qualities and types of humor ranging from the sophisticated satire of Clare Kummer in "Banco"

NICKOLAS MURAY

MURAY

R. U. R. is the rather cryptic title of a brilliant play by Karel Capek in which Kathlene MacDonell is appearing. Spelled out, it is Rossum's Universal Robots; a Robot being a one-hundred-per-cent-efficient human machine designed to leave Man entirely free for the cultivation of a superintellect. But in process of perfecting the Robots they become sufficiently humanized to hate their masters

Some time in November Elsie Ferguson will be seen in "The Wheel of Life," a new drama

Madge Kennedy has come back to the speaking stage, after a long session in the pictures, as the first lady of "Spite Corner," a comedy by Frank Craven. The play is amusing, though not as spontaneous as "The First Year"

to the genial and quick, but not too subtle fun of Percival Knight in "Thin Ice," the homely drollery of Frank Craven in "Spite Corner," and the farcical touch of William Anthony McGuire in "It's a Boy."

Of serious plays that which has aroused the loudest hue and cry is Arthur Hopkins' presentation of "Rose Bernd," a tragedy by Gerhardt Hauptmann, starring Ethel Barrymore. Ludwig Lewissohn has said with painful clarity that the production is slightly worse than terrible. Professor Lewissohn translated the play from the German and has earnestly contemplated the workings of Hauptmann's mind over a period of years. He is entitled to consideration. The majority of the critics disagree with him—not alone as to the value of the production but also as to the merits of his translation. There is something to be said for both sides. "Rose Bernd" is intensely gloomy and we shall rest our case on the suggestion that those of our readers who take their misery neat avail themselves of their earliest opportunity to see it. Exactly how Miss Barrymore looks as a young peasant girl we shall show you, pictorially, next month.

MUSICAL shows are scattered about in droves on every hand. It would be impossible in this small space to attempt description of them individually—and besides, the appeal of musical shows being so much a matter of personal taste, descriptions of them are not of great avail at best. Here are—let your phonograph be your guide—some of the most successful: "Blossom Time" (second year), music based on Franz Shubert by Mr. Romberg; "The Yankee Princess," an operetta of the old school by the composer of "Sari"; "The Lady in Ermine," a romantic musical comedy from the German, featuring Wilda Bennett; "The Greenwich Village Follies" and the Ziegfeld "Follies"; "Sally, Irene and Mary," "The Gingham Girl," George White's "Scandals" and "The Passing Show," the latter enlivened as usual by Eugene and Willie Howard. *J. C. H.*

ABBE

MAURICE GOLDBERG

Theda Bara

A New and Hitherto Unpublished Camera Study

THAT public sentiment thrusts us into positions more frequently than we voluntarily assume them is one of the asperities of life. Show an aptitude for any one science or art and lo, as if by mandate, that is the thing we must go on doing forever. There is no escape. Miss Bara's oft-voiced plaint that, being no vampire at heart, she had tired of representing one on the screen, has, it is reported, been answered by the Fates. No longer, they say, must she play vampire rôles. But we are skeptical. The wages of vamping are—to be forced to go on vamping

Where Your Theater Money Goes

And Why It Costs So Much to See a Play

By Montrose J. Moses

Sketches by Everett Shinn

IS IT possible for theater managers to reduce the High Cost of Theater-going? Will the new scale of prices for seats in the orchestra and balcony, now ranging from $2.50 to $3.50, ever recede to the old scale of $1.50? A Russian Art Theater, in repertory, is about to come to New York. Those who are backing the enterprise declare there will be no margin of profit—considering the size of the theater, its earning capacity, and the running expense—unless the seats sell at the advanced price of $5.00. What is it that justifies such charges? The one answer is: The High Cost of Production. But another reason is: For all its organization, the theater is among the most extravagantly and loosely organized businesses in the commercial world.

Certain it is that something must be done to relieve the strain on the pocket-book of the average theatergoer. Nowadays, if he wants to see the ever delectable Fred Stone, he must pay not only the fancy price of the box-office, but in excess of that the handsome profit of the ticket speculator. I gave $15.00 for a brace of seats, $7.00 of which went into the pocket of the profiteers. When will this cease? The theater managers are not entirely to blame. Like every other business, the theater is affected by economic laws, even to the smallest detail: a new tariff law, and behold, linen—on which a stage scene is to be painted—jumps 15 per cent. in price; a shortage of freight cars, and lumber costs more. You ask yourself: If prices are dropping in other directions, why not in the theater? And the manager replies: There is no evidence that the cost of production is on the decrease; if anything, it is on the increase. Stage carpenters, in days past, received $6.00 per day for labor; it is now necessary to pay them $9.00, and there is no guarantee that they are either good mechanics or conscientious workmen. In the theater to-day one has to pay from 80 to 100 per cent. more than was paid for a production before the War; and there is no sign of an immediate abatement. As long as this condition holds, there can be no decrease in the price of a theater ticket.

YOU win or lose in the theatrical game at one throw. If you play for high literary or artistic standards, you face a commendable artistic success, but a financial failure. "It seems almost necessary," confessed one manager to me, "to aim for sensation, in order to get it across." Thousands of dollars are involved in the speculation, before the curtain goes up on the opening night. If you have a success, the public is generous in patronage; if you fail, the public is so eager to have none of you, that the smudges of paint are scarcely dry on your scenery, before it is consigned to the storehouse. If, as a theatrical manager, you have enough capital to attempt another sporting chance, you forget about what has happened, and you take another flier. "The Cat and the Canary" was such a chance, and it is recovering the losses of a previous play.

Now, I believe the theater could be organized on a different basis to make possible the decreased cost of production, and the consequent lowering of the price of orchestra chairs. Actors, for instance, would decrease their salaries provided theaters offered them all-year-round work, rather than the hazardous engagement for a special play to be rehearsed for several weeks and then "tried out." But such a condition will never transpire in the present theatrical atmosphere. Actors are charging as much as they can secure, and some of them are on a percentage basis as well: which is an item of expense unhealthy, yet unavoidable. There has always been wicked extravagance in the theater world. And the public is paying for it at the box-office.

The cost of a theatrical production has to be estimated; just as a house, which you are building, has to be figured out to the last pound of wire nails. But your house is a reasonably permanent speculation, to bring you happiness when you live in it; to fetch a possible profit, should you sell it. Hence, when you find it has cost several thousands of dollars more than was estimated, you do not grieve, since home-building is an activity offering you permanent happiness. In the theater—and this applies to the moving-picture industry as well—the wastage is enormous, and unnecessary. "When I visited Los Angeles," confessed a man of the press, "I saw entire fields filled with discarded carpets, thrown-aside period furniture, and the like—rotting merely because there was indifference to materials—however good they might be. No one thought of utilizing the old things in a new way. No one seemed to think at all that something was due the public in stopping such wanton extravagance. Yet such waste has to be paid for in the theater and in the moving-picture house when one buys a theater ticket.

SUPPOSE you are a manager. You go out into the theater market to get a play; you purchase one, and give an advanced payment in proportion to the importance of the dramatist. You have stage sets designed by one of the new scenic decorators, and architectural points are handed over to the scene builder, who, with his crews of workers, makes practical the framework upon which canvas is stretched for the painter. The latter follows out the scheme of the decorator on a large scale. After varied transformations, each one of which involves overhead charges and margins of profit for the firms with which you are doing business, the scenery is delivered, set up, scrutinized, and where necessary revamped. When the Moscow Art Theater was making ready to present Maeterlinck's "The Blue Bird," at the very last moment all the scenery was discarded merely because it was thought not sufficiently well done to reflect the symbol of the fantasy. At extra expense the scenery was made right, appropriate. Whenever David Belasco produces a play, he

rejects quite as much as he accepts of the preliminary things he orders. In other words, he experiments, and experiment is an awful burden of expense in the theater.

THE story of the cost of production, as it is witnessed in the regular theater to-day, may be more readily followed by the actual quotation of figures than by generalizations. I have not taken such sumptuous "shows" as the Ziegfeld Follies which are sure of playing to $30,000 houses weekly; a "hit" like that can afford extravagance. Without mentioning names, I select the production of an average comedy, which had a run of three weeks, and slipped quietly into the storehouse, spelling loss. For his play, the author received an advance of $1,500; his contract terms were 5 per cent. of $5,000. The scenery cost about $1,073 for building, $1,882 for painting. There were preliminary costs amounting to $1,102. Such a piece demanded a costume expense of $3,501, while the properties came to $1,661, and the electrical charge to $104. The rehearsals further increased the cost to $1,380. Altogether, this futile experiment demanded a speculation of about $10,707 before the public received it. That it was a failure may be readily calculated by realizing that the twenty-five New York performances averaged, per performance, $331, and the company's salaries totaled per week $1,770.

An interesting aspect of the story told in the above figures kindly handed to me is the way the cast for this play was "fluffed" up before coming to New York. It opened on the road with a representative body of players, a woman star, and some minor lights. By the time it scented Broadway, a leading man, at a weekly salary of $500, was called in, and a new company was practically substituted: showing clearly that the producer had learned a lesson on the road, for which he had to pay in further rehearsals. Had this comedy, by any chance, been a success, the initial cost of production would have been quickly covered.

These figures represent, then, the usual speculation on the average production. It will be noted that the costuming, even of a simple play, was greatly in excess of any other expenditure. The average player, as far as dress is concerned, is merely a mannikin, displaying the latest styles under the guise of characterization. What the heroine wears must be what every woman in the audience would like to wear if she could afford it. I remember, in "Sally," there was one gown that cost $5,000. It is necessary for a woman on the stage to satisfy the most stringent feminine requirements. In order that dresses might be the latest styles, I have known of instances where the heroine's gowns were delivered the very evening of the opening.

It can readily be seen that any more elaborate piece than such a comedy as I have "figuratively" discussed, must in all of its details cost more to produce. I have in mind a stage success of recent years, full of color, in costume and scene. Its plausibility lay in the ease with which it was acted; hence abundant rehearsals put on the ledger the startling sum of $7,024. The scenery, building and painting, amounted to $16,000, and the costumes cost $14,469. The properties and lighting came to $6,300. The weekly salary list totaled $4,163. Altogether this speculation came to about $45,000 before the curtain was rung up in New York.

With the running expenses of a theatrical office, with theater rental, with the increased cost of advertising, with author's royalties, the profits at the beginning are small. But the longer a play runs, the more "velvet" there is to it, though there are wear and tear to consider, and numberless items which are constant in their maintenance.

IF IT happens that you are a new manager trying to break into the "show" business, there comes a startling situation which threatens either to swallow up every hope you have, or else to break the backbone of your profits. You have no theater of your own; you are theatrically a man without a country. You have to go to the booking offices and plead for time. Then you are kept on the road, outside the city gates, with the expense of road travel, until such time as it pleases the theater potentates to allow you to creep in, at the eleventh hour, to fill whatever playhouse they care to let you have. But before the lights are turned on, you have signed away most of your profits to a set of partners who are forced upon you by the fact that they own real estate while you do not. If it is a small theater, with limited seating capacity, what with your royalties and salaries and shares to pay weekly, you are devoutly wishing that the uniform price of theater tickets could be $5.00. For you can not squeeze from a theater any more than it can hold.

Where the manager of the old type lacks foresight is in his never-changing belief that

a "show" must be thrust down the throat of the public, whether wanted or not. If the play is weak, bolster it up with what he calls a "glossy coat"; let the audience know that Miss A. has on a set of furs at top figure, that she wears a string of pearls in the supper scene worth a king's ransom. "We must not fail," is the cry; "here's a thousand more per week for advertising." But alas, an increasingly knowing public cannot be fooled any more by such business methods. And these are channels which in days gone by could be used for such hoodwinking of public curiosity, but which are now forever closed by competition. The moving-picture advertisements in the papers far exceed in display any theatrical notice one can find. And the moving picture has crowded the theater from the bill-boards too. Theatrical advertising cannot hope to compete with the glittering display of garters, safety-razors, chewing-gum and motor-cars which greet our eyes on public highways or in empty lots.

IN SUCH a town as New York, where the legitimate theaters exceed sixty in number, a manager must either depend—for his attractive power—on sensation, on real success, or on intensive advertising of a carefully thought-out character. But if you are a visitor, you are in a quandary where to go in the evening. You have to pay your $2.75 or $3.30 plus the agent's fee, and it is a toss-up as to where you land. To the average theatergoer, all plays are "shows." You want something swift, and if you don't get it, your seat has cost too much. If you do get it, then the purchase was a fair one. I didn't resent my $15.00 evening with Fred Stone: I got infinite satisfaction out of it. In the hotel lobby after I had counted out the money, it was whispered about that I had done such a "potentatish" thing. And suddenly, as I sat that night in my orchestra chair, I felt a Prince of Theatergoers. But more than anything else, I received my money's worth in pure fun. And isn't that, after all, what one is seeking at the moment one buys a theater ticket?

The popular slogan is that it takes a thousand dollars to dress a chorus girl in a revue. At $3.00 per ticket, calculate how many chairs must be filled to pay the bill. And a chorus girl is a mere detail!—in a revue, at least. Applying this method to other aspects of a production, the cost mounts up: and, unless the play is a distinctive success, it ekes out its existence, with the possibility, at any moment, of being withdrawn because it has fallen below the requirements set by the owners of the theater property. But, while one can see the necessity—in a highly competitive business such as the theater—for such ticket prices as one finds in New York there seems to be little reason why the price of theater tickets should remain inflated on the road, when theater business there is in such a precarious state as it is to-day. When David Belasco produced Guitry's "Deburau," it was hailed as one of his best romantic spectacles since "Du Barry" days. But when the season closed at the Belasco Theater, the production was sent to the storehouse. "It is too large a venture to send on the road," declared Mr. Belasco, meaning that railroad expense and cartage would not warrant it. Prices for seats would have had to rise higher than in the city.

One of the most startling contrasts is to see a play in New York, and later witness it in a smaller town. There is the same star, but the company has been replaced by cheap players, and the scenery has been shorn of its best qualities. Yet the theater tickets cost as much. Managers have only themselves to blame if such conditions persist. The country at large is theatrically starving for want of a bill-of-fare at moderate prices. And if, as at present organized, the theatrical manager looks to New York for a return on his investment, does it not stand to reason that the road should not, in the price of a ticket, be made to pay over again for an account already closed! The theater is losing grip of the country because of this policy; it is playing to Broadway and the large cities; it is barely skimming the surface of the intermediate territory. And it is in this intermediate theater territory that the price of seats should come down. In our present unsettled economic state, where very high cost of production is due rather to the laws of prices and labor than to the arbitrary dictation of organized theatrical business, it is probably necessary for New York to cover that cost by paying $2.75 and $3.30 for a theater seat.

But if the present managers build only for New York, then it is high time for the road to build for itself. Charlotte Cushman and Edwin Forrest used to play to the Bowery butcher boys in the gallery for 12½ cents. Why cannot Miss Barrymore and others play the country at large for twelve times that sum! Such determination would revitalize interest everywhere in the theater, and cheer theatergoers when they buy a theater ticket.

A Hidden, Nameless Grave Seemed to Spell Murder as the Climax of the Sinister Web of Mystery that Centered Round

The Footstep

By Anna McClure Sholl

Illustrated by Frederic Dorr Steele

For synopsis of first part see page 60

TO DISTURB the grave seemed impossible. That lump of earth defied them to finish their adventure. Andrew was the first to speak.

"It's a murder, I'm afraid. Beulah, you'd better go away into the underbrush. You don't want to see—it."

The girl did not move. Her white face had horror in it—and when a bit of pebble by some play of the wind detached itself from the top of the mound and rolled towards her, she started violently.

Suddenly a gigantic shadow crossed the grave, a figure rose against the moon. Jake pulled his gun.

"Hands up!" he yelled.

"Jake Simmons! My God, don't shoot! It's Thor."

"Did you kill him?" Jake yelled, pointing to the grave.

"Kill him! No! I ain't sure he's dead. I went cold on their dirty work. I came back to see."

"You helpin' murderers?"

"I was helpin' in what I was made to believe was a clear case of humanity. But as it worked out I got suspicious. I quit 'em cold! Here. Help me!"

He was down on his knees scooping the earth away with both hands. "No! don't touch the spade," he cried to Jake, who was reaching for that implement. "You might cut his face. I'm sure he ain't dead. They swore he was—the damned villains! and till they could get an undertaker it was best to bury him against wolves or rats. Quick with your hands now—all of you."

"Beulah," Andrew commanded sharply, "get out of here. Go into those bushes."

Caroline had lain awake a long time listening to the roar of the wind and the incessant splashing of the breakers against the shores of the island; but at last her wearied nerves gave up their strained vigil, and she sank into a deep sleep. From it she was awakened several hours later by Ma Simmons in a "Mother Hubbard" and curl papers.

"Mrs. Hartley," her voice sounded weak and far-off—"Mrs. Hartley!"

Caroline sat up in bed. "What is it?"

Ma stared at her. The poor woman's blanched face brought Caroline to full consciousness before her announcement—"There ain't a livin' soul in this hotel but you and me," she said hoarsely.

Caroline was on her feet in an instant. "What do you mean?"

"Jake's gone, the Doctor's gone, the young lady's gone. It will be our turn next, Mrs. Hartley. It's a judgment—the Mohican has us. O may the Lord have mercy on our souls!" she sobbed.

But Caroline made no answer. She scarcely believed Ma's frantic statement, but to confirm it she knocked loudly at Beulah's door, then opened it and found her bed had not been slept in; saw, too, as she turned and looked into Ma Simmons' white, frightened face, that she was likely to have a demented woman on her hands if she did not act quickly. Going to the window she looked out into the wild moonlit night; and decided that whatever they did, they should not stay in the hotel.

"Let's go out and see if any of the boats are missing. If any boat is missing we'll know whatever happened did not happen in the hotel. Get dressed. Put a warm cloak on. We'll soon know if they've left the island."

Her words roused Ma from the torpor of utter fear and horror in which all her natural quickness of mind was lost.

"I'll have my clothes on in a minute," Caroline added. "Don't collapse now. Here's the revolver. I'll shoot to kill if we are threatened."

"There's that revolvers can't touch," Mrs. Simmons wailed, but Caroline to her relief saw that the little woman had at least come out of her trance of fright; and having rescued her she felt her own nerves succumbing to that panic which so closely resembles utter insanity. A force that could sweep away people, cause them to vanish, as it were, into thin air, might well do away with a boat also. A nervous trembling seized her, and to her excited imagination footsteps approached her locked door and voices in the hall mocked her.

It would take courage to open that door—yet more courage was required to stay in the hotel, which seemed to have become a vast Aeolian harp, from whose tense strings only dirges reached her ears. What insanity had seized Beulah that she had stolen away on a wild night, like a gypsy who hears a summons in the wind? Was the Doctor with her? And Jake, who had announced his intention to abandon the place to its own fearful ironies for one night at least—what had roused him and carried him forth into the night?

SHE might question till she was a raving lunatic, she thought; and suddenly she had the sensation of being in a nightmare, Ma unreal, herself a phantom, Beulah, Jake and the Doctor but the creations of a diseased fancy.

Yet she found she was going straight on—dressing as deliberately as if she were attiring herself for a usual, normal day on the island; though it swept over her that they had never had a normal day on the island. From the first the place had offered its inexplicable mysteries; its stubborn resistance to her desire for rest and happiness.

They were dressed at last, and lingered over the adjustment of their outer cloaks. Both dreaded the descent through the hotel with black corridors and empty rooms behind them. But when they opened the door, nothing was to be seen or heard. A sudden hush had fallen on the great place, so that their footsteps sounded loud on the bare floor. Across the lobby they crept, Caroline looking neither to the right nor left; but Ma glancing in all directions. Once in the night air both breathed more freely.

"Worse comes to the worst," Ma said, "we can get out in a boat. I know the old *Lily*. I could pull her."

"In this rough water?"

"Sure," said Ma, her spirits rising with the prospect of escape. "What do you think!" she exclaimed as they approached the dock. "The *Huntress* is gone—the only motor-boat we got. That tells a tale. Mrs. Hartley, it's my solemn belief them three went after somethin'. Pray the Lord it wasn't a spectre lurin' them to destruction; or that they wasn't driven to that boat at the point of a pistol."

"WE CAN'T tell till morning." Caroline looked at her wrist watch. "It's half-past four. It will be light in another hour and a half. That's not long. We can keep moving. It's not really so very cold."

"Cold enough for me," Ma answered. "All I hope and pray is I'll live to get off Mohican island."

Caroline made no answer. She was looking intently over the moonlit lake, and exclaimed after a time, "There's a boat out there and it seems to be in trouble!"

Ma followed the direction of her hand. "You said it. Their engine's stalled or something."

A second boat was in tow. The two were tossed like corks on the agitated lake. "Can't make out them men," Ma said, screwing up her eyes. "But they're sure in difficulties. If they don't look out they'll run on Black Reef."

"Where's Black Reef?"

"Just there—where the foam breaks," she pointed to a whirlpool of white in the midst of a dark oval of swiftly moving water. "There—they almost capsized—they're in the trough. Mrs. Hartley, as I live, it looks like Otto Bergthal's boat. Now, who on earth is with him?"

The second man they could not make out, but he turned his face more than once in their direction. Something seemed to be wrong with the steering gear, for the boat was steadily being washed towards the old dock; and they could hear what sounded like oaths and execrations across the strip of water, narrow but tumultuous, that separated them from the wildly moving boats.

"Otto knows that reef. He must be helpless. Oh, they're tryin' to get into the other boat. They're crazy—sure."

All at once there was a sound like the ripping and tearing of a forest wind that had grown into a gale—an appalling crash; then the two boats rising out of a welter of water; both empty! Caroline wrung her hands, but only for an instant. Then she ran down the wharf and called to Ma Simmons:

"Get the *Lily* out! We can rescue them."

Her answer was a high shrill laugh. "Mrs. Hartley, you're plumb crazy. To go anywhere near that reef in the *Lily* would be sure death to you. They may be tryin' to swim ashore, though God help 'em if that's their intention. It's my fear they're both drowned men by now!"

Ma's blanched face stared at her. "There ain't a livin' soul in this hotel but you and me," she said hoarsely

"There's a coil of rope behind the office desk," Caroline said. "Run get it. We can tie an oar to it and throw it out if we see any trace of either of them."

She strained her eyes to see a body pitching and tossing in the waves; and screamed aloud when out of the darkness made by the shadow of the dock a man's arms were lifted, a man's voice cried out, "Caroline!"

The next instant to her horror the body was swept under the dock; but in that infinitesimal space of time she had seen the cold moonlight fall on the face of Digby Kent.

Through the great cracks and rents in the old wharf she could see the water boiling beneath; and heedless of her own safety, she knelt by one of these holes and screamed into it: "Digby! Digby! I'm here! Can you answer?"

A faint voice responded. "I'm clinging to one of the supports."

"Where's the nearest opening?" she screamed.

"I can't tell. There's water all around me. It's up to my throat when a wave comes in."

"Can you stand?"

"No! I am clinging—with one arm. I think my left arm's broken."

"Are there any rafters near?"

"No! Boards above. I can't—let go. I'd —drown."

"Can't you let go and float out?"

"I don't dare. It's too dark."

CAROLINE seized an oar and stuck it through the opening. "Can you see this?" she screamed.

"No!" came faintly.

"Wait," she cried again. "We will tie a rope to it. Hurry, Mrs. Simmons. A man is caught under the dock."

"God help him!" Ma wailed.

"Could we pull up the timbers?"

"You and I! No! we ain't got the strength for that. Here, tie the rope to this oar. We'll float it to him, and mebbe he can ketch a hold of it."

"Digby!"

There was no answer. The thought of him dying like a rat in a trap maddened her. "Digby!" she cried again.

This time a feeble voice answered. She dropped the oar and played out the rope. "Can you see a floating oar?"

No answer.

"Digby!"

Suddenly he began to speak—a far-off unearthly voice heard brokenly above the splashing of the waves.

"Caroline!"

"Yes?"

"God pity me. I've done evil!"

"Can you see the oar?"

"No. I can't last out. Caroline!"

"Yes?"

"Spenser didn't die in the fire. Fell—head hurt—I was there! Got him out—but mind gone. I wanted—you—to think—

him dead—now he—is—dead. I am dead. I didn't kill him—mad—mad——"

The voice died away. A great horror seized her as the disjointed words slowly formed an image in her brain, a faint suggestion of unspeakable, unthinkable things. But she had no power to face them; to believe them real.

"Digby!"

Only silence.

"Digby!" she screamed.

Something like a moan rose from beneath the dock, then there was silence. Ma Simmons saw Caroline sink down upon the boards and held up her hands in horror. "Ef she's gone," she cried, "I will go mad for sure this time. O, Mrs. Hartley, wake up, wake up!"

WHEN Caroline came to herself she was lying on a couch in the lobby and Ma and Charlie Baird the carpenter were bending over her. His kindly honest face seemed like heaven itself to her. "Where are the others?" she asked before the dreadful events of the night came back to her.

Ma and Charlie exchanged glances. They had already confided to each other their fears that the smiling morning lake hid more bodies than the two that had gone down. "Though I can't believe Jake's drowned," she had mourned. "Mrs. Hartley, you and I is still deserted," she addressed Caroline mournfully. "Charlie here is goin' to row over to the village and fetch helpers. You and I is past dealing with this situation any more."

"And no one has come home—not ever Beulah?"

"O, my dear, she's safe. I'm sure she's safe!"

"Drowned! I am sure she is drowned."

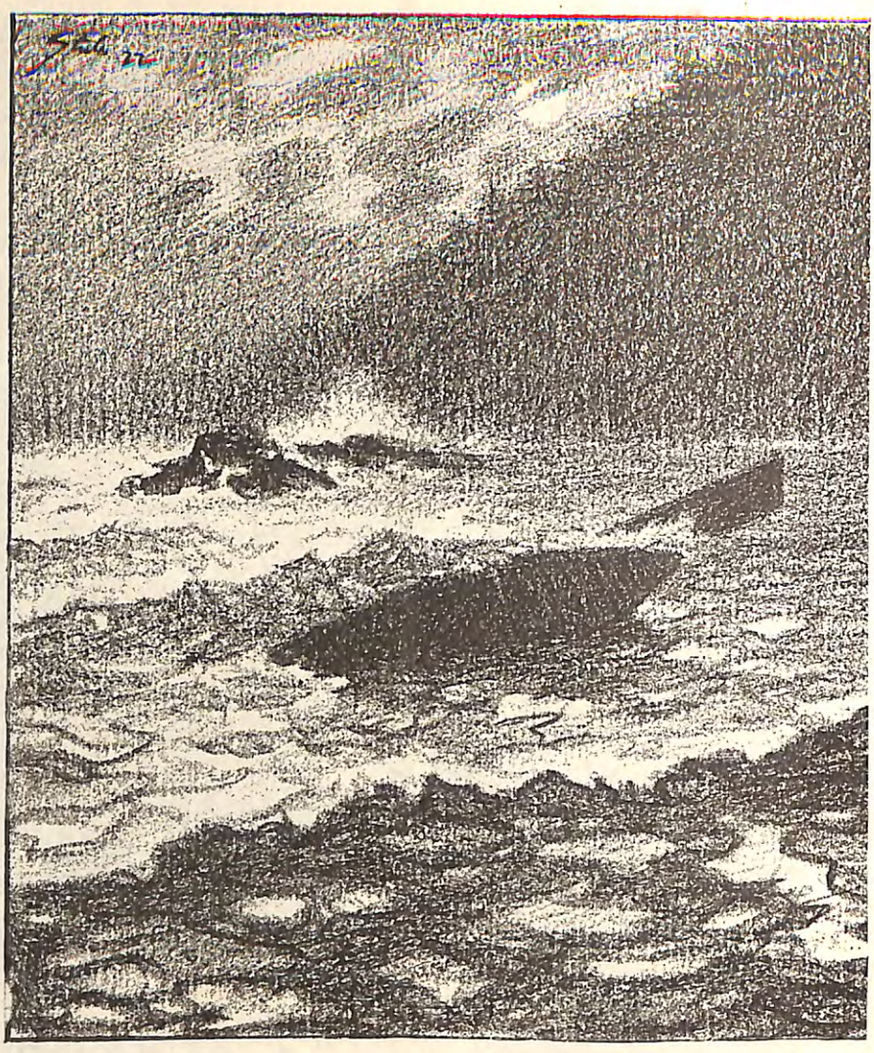
"No! No! not drowned. Searchin' parties will go out. There's somethin' mysterious, but as God lives, my Jake will get to the bottom of a mystery before he gets to the bottom of this lake."

"Mr. Kent was drowned—I remember," Caroline cried. "And there were dreadful things said."

"I heard 'em," Ma assented. "They was dreadful. Now, Charlie, that coffee's boilin', I smell it. We'll all have some and then you'll go back to the village and get every motor boat in the place; and see ef them two boats was washed up anywheres; and start people out lookin' along the shores of the lake and around the islands. It may be our party got marooned on an island or on a lonely coast. There's a sight of lonely shore near Lone Bay and Wild Goose Point and opposite Arrow Island."

"I'll stir up a hornet's nest," said Charlie as he placidly drank his coffee. "I'll report to the Coroner there's a drowned man under the old dock and a boat ridin' wild on the lake somewheres; and three people missin' and two women all alone and in great need of help at the Mohican. Then I'll come back and go to examinin' the Goll-blasted old barracks. I've got ladders out there'll reach to the roof easy. This old hotel is just sufferin' to be burnt down. I remember when we was first workin' on her nothin' went right. Her foundations kept strikin' springs, and I know one spot in that old cellar that must lead right into the lake. Yes, Mrs. Simmons, I'll have another cup of coffee seein' as you've made it so strong and good."

It seemed ages to Caroline and Ma Simmons while they waited for the return of Charlie and discussed threadbare the events of the night. The hotel was now as quiet as the grave. The wind had gone down and no ghostly footsteps disturbed the silence of the upper floors. The fate of the three who had gone forth into the windy night mingled in Caroline's mind with the dreadful last words of Digby Kent, like a confession forced on her from a soul going swiftly into darkness and conscious of its misery and its crime. But she counted it delirium—the delirious agony of a man dying horribly beneath her feet.



Her mind would always go back to Beulah from the terrors of that last scene at the dock. Only Beulah mattered now. If she were dead, Caroline wanted to die, too—and go to the two people she had loved most in the world, Spenser and Beulah.

BUT by no force of the imagination could she connect Beulah with the dark triumphs of the grave. The girl walked before her in the autumn sunlight, a vital figure. Once or twice she thought she heard Beulah calling her name. "Spenser, if she's with you," she said once half-aloud, "I won't be long in following."

Ma Simmons was unusually cheerful. "Jake ain't drowned," she kept repeating. "I just know Jake ain't drowned. The *Huntress* was a good boat. I heard Jake say so."

They were both relieved when Charlie returned in a motor boat with what seemed a fleet behind him, villagers bringing no blame now—only pity and the inevitable joy of having an excitement to deal with, a joy known only in its fullness in places where the mail comes in but once a day! Plain women, like Ma Simmons, plied Caroline with questions and exchanged awed glances, while the men-folks gathered in knots on the dock; and portioned out the great lake among their motor boats as if it had been but a lily-pond. "Keep close to the shore, fellows," Charlie advised. "Look for signals or fires. Who's that—if it ain't Jim Hook a towin' another stray!"

A lean brown fisherman reported that he had found a drifting motor boat, and believed it to be the one attached to Otto's boat, which had surely gone down—and his certainty was greater because of a severed tow-rope, probably severed by the shock of driving on Black Reef. Caroline and Ma Simmons ran down to see it. "The Huntress" shone in gilt letters on the prow.

"The Doctor's boat," Caroline cried. "O, they are all drowned!"

But Charlie shook his head. "They couldn't drown out of a boat that hasn't a leak or anything wrong with its engine—or its steering gear. Ef they got out of this here boat they stepped out of it. Now, some of you fellows be off in it. I don't know where this mystery ends—but I know it begins right here in the Mohican. Here, you, Sam, give me a hand with this ladder."

Caroline wanted to join one of the searching parties; but they would not let her, and at the Mohican there was abundance of protection. People were swarming over the old hotel as if it were a show place; and a group watched Charlie while he went with his ladder from window to window while some one inside verified his position. All at once Caroline heard him cry to the assistant who was opening windows, "You've skipped one!" and in another moment the ladder was braced against the hotel and Charlie was climbing up. A few minutes later he came to Caroline, who was pacing the lobby, her

She strained her eyes to see a body tossing in the waves . . . then out of the darkness a man's voice cried, "Caroline!"

mind a tumult of anxiety, hope, fear, misery.

"Mrs. Hartley," he said, "come upstairs. I've got something curious to show you."

He led the way in solemn silence to the fourth floor, went straight to the door of 170; led her into the inner room, Ma following, her eyes round as saucers; there he moved the washstand—turned back the ingrain carpet, revealing the bolt of a trap-door. This he raised; steps descended into a deep hole with landings that formed little rooms; spaces no wider than the only window that admitted light and air to the whole set of box-like compartments which, examined, proved to be a tiny sleeping-place, a lavatory, and a sink with adjacent shelves that had evidently once held chemicals; a kind of a kitchen, where scraps of food were still in evidence. At these latter Ma stared.

"GOOD gracious!" she exclaimed. "There's a piece of Saturday's pie. Some one was fed here from our larder. Some one was hid here, Mrs. Hartley. 'Tain't any wonder we heard walkin' and talkin'; and the groans of a man tryin' to get out."

Caroline made no comment—but looked to Charlie for an explanation. He brought it forth promptly.

"They was thought to be spies around here in war-time—and old Otto was thought by some to be makin' this hotel over for the Germans. He used to say he was just makin' necessary alterations; but he had German workmen up from Albany; and by gum, what they worked on was this here hidin' place. Look at this iron gate at the window. Ah, there's a spring to it. I thought them hinges was meant for somethin'."

"That's the gratin', looked like a curtain with the light back of it," Ma exclaimed. "And look, a piece of white paper's caught on a nail outside. That's the reason we couldn't find it the day we hung towels out. Well, if this doesn't beat all."

"How did you locate this hiding-place?" Caroline asked.

"Well, I helped build the hotel, and knew every timber, and after I located the window on the outside, which you couldn't see because you was misled by that stray paper lookin' like a towel—well, after I located the window, I went in and found that two rooms on the third floor had had their closets taken off—so there was space not accounted for. Then I went above and examined the floorin' in this room. The rest was easy." He paused, then queried, "Who was livin' in this room? To make sure!"

"Mr. Digby Kent," Caroline answered.

"The drowned man?"

Caroline shivered. "Yes—but I don't see how he could possibly have known of this place. He was only here two nights—or was it three?" she asked Ma.

"Three—no, two! Charlie, how could they make this place so snug without anybody missin' the room?"

"Easy enough. Nobody's goin' to miss closets in an abandoned hotel. No space was taken from the rooms themselves. What gets me is—why such secrecy! What did they do it for in the first place?"

"Have you any theories?" Caroline asked.

"My opinion is Otto was mixed up in plots, and planned a cage for some enterprisin' plotters who loved Germany more than they loved Old Glory. The Mohican was searched once during the war by U. S. agents because Otto owned it; and there was them said he was up to no good. Well, dead men tell no tales," he said philosophically.

Caroline's attention was focused on the lavatory. "Mrs. Simmons," she said, "that gas that nearly killed us must have been brought here or manufactured here. I am inclined to think it was brought here with a lot of water bottles. But for what purpose?"

Charlie shook his head. "We're not far from the Canadian line. Mebbe it was a private enterprise—some fool who thought the Germans would get the country; and it would be well to provide ammunition or gas for 'em. Otto was always rowin' over here and lookin' at his property. Well, Otto's drowned—and he can't tell us his secrets."

"MY LAND! My land!" Ma exclaimed. "Good gracious, if there ain't Thor Jones!"

At that moment a hearty voice called down the ladder, "Mrs. Hartley, come up quick. I have good news for you."

Caroline looked up and saw Thor's honest round face, and beside him was Lilian Miranda who had hold of a fold of Thor's sweater as if she was afraid he would vanish into thin air again.

"Here's some mail," he began prosaically, when they all had ascended the ladder, "and a telegram for Miss Beulah—and she's well and sends her love from Lone Cove; and wants you to come at once. But first, Missus Hartley, I have something to tell you. Sit right dow nd make yourself comfortable."

He was looking at her earnestly. Caroline felt faint from the onrush of conflicting emotions, but she forced herself to meet his good eyes and to say, "Yes—tell me. What is it?"

Ma led her to a chair, and she and Lilian seated themselves by her. "Might as well be comfortable while we talk," Ma said. "Go on, Thor. Tell us the hull story—where you went to—and all."

"Missus Hartley—that drowned man, Digby Kent, was a villain," Thor began quite simply as if imparting the information that the day would be clear. "I never would have helped him and Otto to leave this hotel with that poor unfortunate man—but they told me a tale that fetched me, such a poor fish as I be," he added reflectively. "This was their tale, Ma'am. Mr. Kent he said he arrived here—and was put in suite 170—of which the sittin'-room was unfurnished. Now mark what hangs on a collar-button besides a collar. Mr. Kent's collar-button rolls under the washstand. Feelin' for it he feels this bolt under the carpet, and bein' of a curious turn of mind, investigates further, raises the carpet, finds the trap-door, raises it, goes down, explores, finds an envelope with Otto Bergthal's name on it. End of Chap. One!

"Chap. Two. A crazy man enters the upper room from the fire-escape; a man who was livin' in a little hut near Lone Cove, and had a fancy for prowlin' around this hotel—"

(*Continued on page 60*)

Snatches of Every-day Life

By Rov L. McCardell

Marvels of Modern Science

A WEALTHY manufacturer of automatic pianos had just installed a complete and costly radiophone in his library.

"I'm afraid the radiophone is going to put me out of business, and the manufacturers of phonographs also," he added gloomily.

"Don't any of you start the automatic piano or the phonograph," he cautioned next. "Their day is over."

Then he turned a switch, and the strains of the March of the Wooden Soldiers from Chauve-Souris vibrated through the room.

"Why, papa," said his daughter, "that's a phonograph record."

"Yes, and the phonograph record was made from that tune played on one of my automatic pianos. I recognize how we arranged it and I know my own instruments when I hear them," he sighed. "Say, Dora, turn off the radiophone and play that same record on the phonograph. What's the use of getting it from Newark, when we can make it right here at home from the same ingredients?"

Watch Out—Watch In—Ha! Ha!

A WELL-KNOWN actor of convivial habits had just returned from Boston, where he spent a hectic week with congenial friends, and the actor, having been thrown into the company of many merry roisterers, had been playing all sorts of pranks and practical jokes in the city of the Sacred Codfish.

The day the actor returned to New York, an acquaintance met him in the street puzzling over an open small package that had come by parcel post.

"Look at this!" said the actor, as he took out of the package a jewel-encrusted Jurgensen repeater watch with a heavy platinum and gold chain, from which dangled a diamond Masonic emblem. He also handed over a note that had been enclosed, which read:

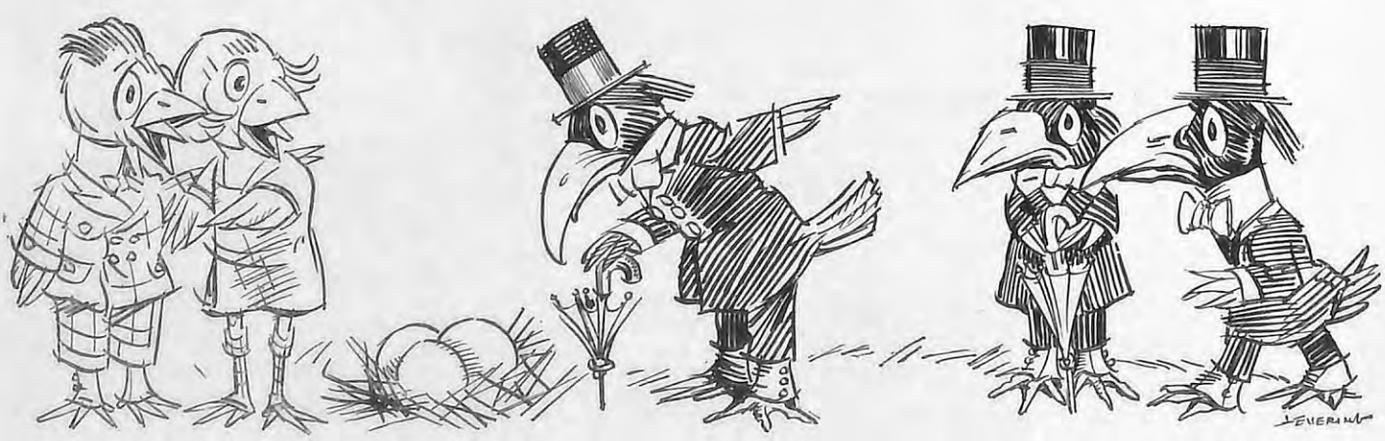
"DEAR DICK:

We had great sport, ha! ha! And I'll bet you didn't know half the time what you were doing in Boston, ha! ha! You are one of those smart New Yorkers who can take care of themselves, ha! ha! But here is your watch and chain, ha! ha!

YOUR FRIEND BILL."

"Well, what of it, ha! ha?" the friend asked.

"Why, it isn't my watch and chain at all, ha! ha!" replied the actor. "And I don't know whose it is and neither does Bill evidently, ha! ha! And the outfit is worth over fifteen hundred dollars, ha! ha! and I am going to keep it, ha! ha!" and he went his way still ha-ha-ing.



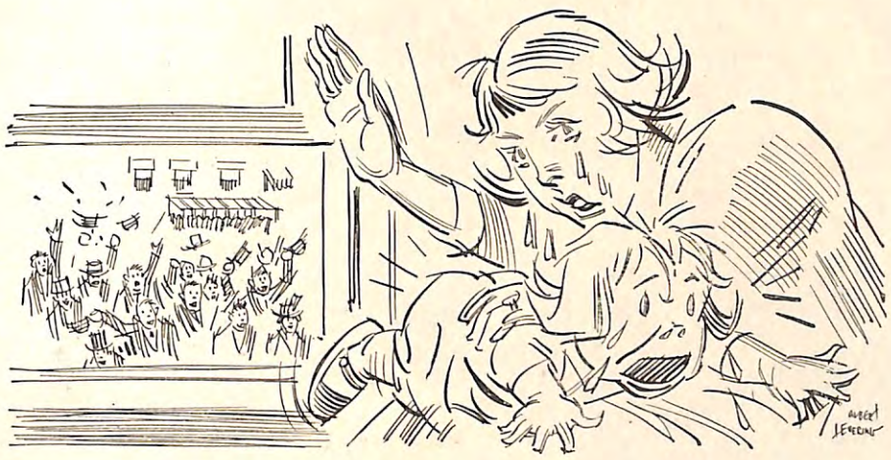
Feathered Reformers in New Rochelle

A PAIR of robins in a cherry-tree in our yard had just finished a nest the other day. Whether they were young birds building a home of their own for the first time or whether they were old birds determined on raising another family before the summer was over, I do not know. But it is unusual for robins to build a nest in the autumn. And this was a very fancy nest, as the little home-builders had gotten hold of a lot of gay-colored yarn, orange and blue and red, that had been thrown out with the house waste, and they had built a gorgeously gay love-nest, indeed.

Whether it is considered immoral in Birdland to nest again so late in the season, or whether the gay colors of the yarn offended some somber-coated Puritans of blackbirds or not, I do not know. But a vigilante committee of black-feathered reformers, the yellow-billed blackbirds — starlings — that have become so prevalent around New Rochelle of late years, descended upon the gay little love-nest of the robins, drove them fiercely away, and tore the multi-colored love-nest to pieces.

Picked Up Around New York

Drawings by Albert Levering



Maternal Tenderness

ON 37th Street near Tenth Avenue, New York, the other afternoon, a sympathetic and excited crowd gathered around a screaming woman of forty, with an armful of groceries. All faces were turned upward, the cause of the woman's screams and the crowd's excitement being a little boy of five, seated on a window-sill overlooking the street, with the window closed behind him. The child was also screaming in fear.

Suddenly a neighbor woman shouted to the agonized mother, "You run up-stairs and we will keep hollering to Tommy to hold on!" At this advice the mother calmed herself with an effort and, handing her packages to some one near her ran, with the door key of her apartment in her hand, through the street hallway that led to the apartments above the ground-floor stores. It was evident that she had locked the child in to do her marketing, and it had climbed out of the window and by some means let the window down behind it.

As all watched and shouted and waved to the child to hold fast, or prepared to catch it if it fell, with a tarpaulin that a grocer had brought, the window was quickly raised and the child dragged in from its perilous position and hugged by the joyful mother.

Then she put the youngster across her knee right by the open window and spanked him soundly, whereat the throng below gave three rousing cheers and dispersed about its business.

The Importance of Being Uniform

ONE of the most impressive features of social life in the Bronx, New York City, is the carriage parade and baby show.

Sisters and mothers, fathers and brothers, and hired nursemaids have their exhibits on view at all hours. The mothers care for their exhibits with loving solicitude, fathers also keep theirs right side up with care. Brothers and sisters are not so attentive, while the flirtatious nursemaids are often negligent.

A matron with darlings of her own had been greatly distressed by one careless nursemaid leaving her little charge in its perambulator with its eyes unshaded from the sun, sometimes for hours. She had spoken to the girl about it only to be loftily snubbed. Ascertaining the name of the baby's mother, the worried matron called her up.

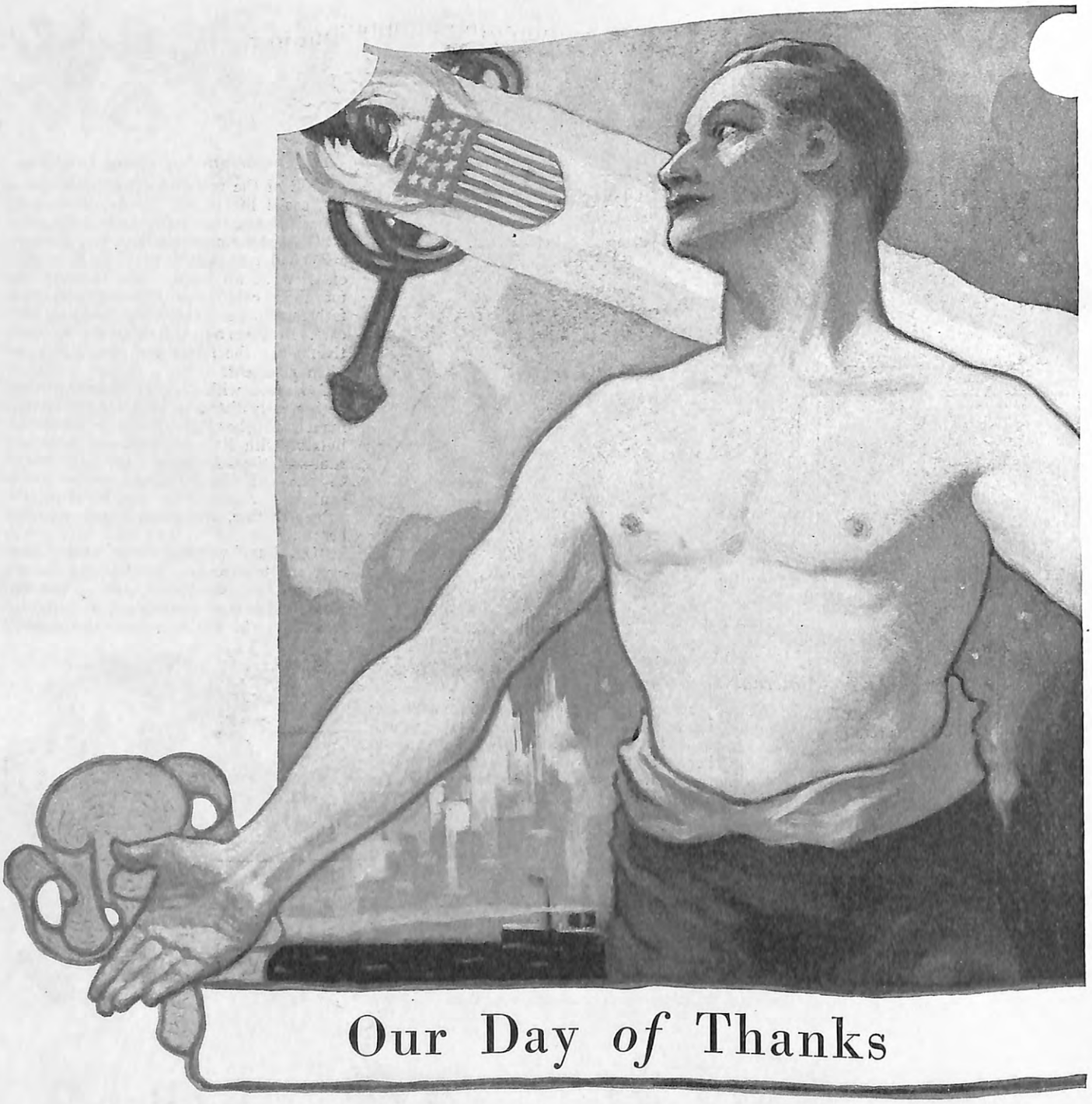
"Oh, dear!" whimpered the mother back over the telephone. "I wish you hadn't told me. I suppose I shall have to discharge Nora, and it is so hard to get a nursemaid these days who will wear a cap and apron!"

They Believed in Signs

THERE is a French colony in the roaring Forties, west of Eighth Avenue, New York City, small French bakeries, grocery stores, and "pensions"—boarding-houses. In the middle of the block of 47th Street between Eighth and Ninth Avenues there is a flourishing French bakery and delicatessen store, with an attractive window display of eatables Parisiennes. The price signs are in French, and beside a display of pies and cakes was an array of French sardines and other imported tinned fish with the placard, "POISSON," which is French for fish.

The sign had fallen over upon the pies, but in an upright position, and a small group gathered and a loquacious man in a soiled linen suit rapped on the window with his cane, and when the proprietor came bustling forth, the loquacious man cried: "You got a nerve to openly advertise that you are selling poisoned pies, after the tragedy in the Broadway restaurant where six people died from arsenic in pastry crust!"

Then the scared French delicatessen man went into the store and removed the sign, and the crowd melted away.



Our Day *of* Thanks

THIS is our day of thanksgiving
To God—because we are living,
Free men in the freedom of air,
In the eternal blue freedom of sea,
In the limitless freedom of prairies
Boundlessly free.
To-day be our praise and our prayer
To our fathers of old,
And the God of their bended knee:
To our fathers be filial praise
For their spirit steadfast and pure,
And to God be our prayer to endure
In their ancient upright ways.

There are voices of blood and ruin,
And torches of hate,
That cry out and flame
'Gainst the walls of our fair-builded state:
Foul tongues of false prophets defame
The fathers that shaped
And fashioned it out of the waste,
Men who would lay it low

By Richard Le Gallienne *Decoration by Louis Fancher*

In their fury of dim-sighted haste,
And bring back the dark once more:
Men that toil not nor spin,
Sow not nor reap,
Outcasts from every shore,
Men without laws to keep,
Men that mock at our dreams.

BUT we, on this Day of Thanksgiving,
Thank God because we are living
In the land our fathers made
And gave for our keeping:
Flowers that cannot fade
Take we, their children, to-day,
Where they are sleeping:
Fathers that made us free
Of air and earth and sea,
Brothers in bonds of broadest, happiest
Liberty.

Evangeline Booth

For eighteen years commander of the Salvation Army in America

BY ORDER of her brother, General Bramwell Booth, the Commander is to be withdrawn from America! Now in the time of her triumph, when she stands before the nation in a position of humble splendor almost without parallel in history, Miss Booth is to be taken away from us! To every Elk, to every American, indeed, who knows what all Elks know of the Army and its American commander, this word comes with the force of a stunning blow

Attention *of* Bramwell Booth—London

The Order of Elks Says What is in Its Heart Concerning Evangeline Booth's Removal

EIGHTEEN years ago there came to this country from England, after eight years of work in Canada, a woman, young, slender, physically frail—but fired by a will and a spirit indomitable in any stress, and in no way to be dismayed. Her heritage was one of courage, of the tradition of the splendor of fighting against great odds in a good cause. For she was the daughter of General William Booth, that great fighter who, reviled, scorned, mocked, persecuted, the victim of ribald laughter, the target of odious jeers, lived to know, in his old age, that he had turned his enemies to friends, his persecutors to supporters, his mockers to reverent prophets of the fineness and the sincerity of his high purpose.

Evangeline Booth came here to be the Territorial Commander, in America, of that Salvation Army her father had founded, at a time critical and trying for the soldiers she was to lead. The shadow of the tragedy that had taken her sister from the work a year before was still upon the Army; that sister's widowed husband, Commander Booth-Tucker, was relinquishing his leadership not, one must think, without relief, to go back to India, the scene of his greatest achievements. The schism that had taken Ballington Booth from his family and from the Army was still fresh. And so, upon the shoulders of Evangeline Booth there fell the burden of a great task.

Here there need be no more than passing mention of the shadows that lay about her path; of the dissensions, the divided councils; the petty, human jealousies that crept into the hearts of those dedicated, like herself, to service in the name of God. She would not see these things; in the leaping flame of her ardent, eager will to serve God and mankind alike these things were consumed, and ceased to be.

This woman was born in England. But before she had been in New York a week, before she appeared, even, at the first great welcoming rally, she was in the way of becoming an American—had taken her first papers. She is now, she has been for years, an American of Americans.

Figures, statistics, tell much—and little. It is easy to set down the material results of eighteen years. When Miss Booth came there were, in the United States, 729 Salvation Army posts; now there are 1,117. It owned property then worth a million dollars and a half; that has grown to a value of more than twenty millions. It made 651 converts in 1904—in 1921 it made 10,203. It found places for 768 in 1904—in 1921 the number had grown to 9,007.

BUT the Salvation Army is richer to-day than it was in 1904 in ways no figures can ever set forth. It was poor in public esteem in those days. Such persecution as it had faced in England was never its lot here. America had regarded it with a broad, jesting tolerance. It had smiled at those bands of blue and red clad soldiers, singing and praying in the streets. Some, to be sure, there were who looked beyond the things that all could see; who knew of lives redeemed, of patient, constant work among the bits of wreckage daily to be found along the shores of life.

Elks were, Commander Booth herself has said, among the first to do this; to appreciate the motives of the Army; to give it help and encouragement in its work. Elks have found a spirit in the Army akin to their own when the question was one of giving swift, instant help; Evangeline Booth spoke the thought of every Elk when she said, once:

"A man may be down—but he is never out!"

When the war came the Order was eager to do its part. It created a commission to act for it in war work; it gave that commission one million dollars, and promised more should more be needed.

WHAT followed Elks know. The Order had the will to serve; it had money. Many suggestions were made as to what could and should be done. Other organizations were preparing to work with the troops at home and in France. To those responsible for carrying out the will of the Order it seemed best, in the end, not to attempt direct work of any sort, but to supply to organizations already in the field, trained and equipped for work, the means to carry that work on. So it was that the Elks supplied the money that sent the hospitals of the Universities of Oregon and of Virginia to the front; that they built the great Boston hospital; that, later, they provided money to make vocational training available to many a man who might otherwise have been unable to take it.

But, over and above these things stood what the Order did for and with the Salvation Army. It knew Evangeline Booth. It trusted her. It knew that, under her, the Salvation Army, with its trained workers, could do for it what it would take much longer for it to do for itself in serving our soldiers.

And so, from the beginning of our part of the war, the Order stood behind the Salvation Army. It supplied money, quietly and without excitement. Later, when the growing demand upon the Army, arising from its superb, unselfish labor, became so great that a drive for funds was imperative, the lodges, all over America, interested themselves in seeing that the quotas of their cities were subscribed—and more than subscribed.

All America knows what the Salvation Army did in France. And for its labors it reaped a rich reward. It leaped, during those months of struggle and of effort, to a place in the hearts of all Americans such as no imagination could have conceived to be possible. Its opportunities for service at home, when the war was over, were multiplied to an extent almost unbelievable.

Not in a desire for praise, not in any vaunting spirit, does the Order claim now a share, and a great share, in the upbuilding of the pinnacle of loving esteem in which America holds the Salvation Army to-day. Nor does this claim rest upon anything that Elks may say. Here is the testimony of Commander Booth herself, given in her speech to the Grand Lodge at Atlantic City in 1919:

"When the war came some of those who knew us well, knew our teachings and the nature of our activities, even they said, 'you are not wanted in the war; there is no place for you on the battlefield; stay at home and go on with your street preaching.' But again at this crucial hour, when we were in dire want of money and friends, all over this country, from sea to sea, the Order of Elks rushed to our aid. They very largely furnished the funds; they pleaded our cause; they saw to it that we had the opportunity, proving not only the strength and loyalty of the friendship of their Order, but its confidence in the Salvation Army to meet a great and deep need upon the battlefields of France.

"I, therefore, deeply appreciate the opportunity that is given me here this morning to attempt to express our lasting gratitude to this Order, and I say without hesitancy that our Organization could not have achieved its exceptional success in the war but for the splendid, practical, tangible aid that was rendered to us by the Elks."

THE war is over now. What the Salvation Army did, and the part that the Order was privileged to play in making its work possible, are a part of its history. That work is over. But it is still bearing fruit; no man may say what may yet spring from the seed that was sown then; from the placing of the Salvation Army in the position it now holds in America.

But now, in this hour when the greatest opportunity that the Salvation Army has ever enjoyed in America; in the time of Evangeline Booth's triumph; in the hour that, for her, should be that of fulfilment; when she stands before the nation she has made her own in a position of humble splendor almost without parallel in history; now—now—the word has come, and, first, in a newspaper dispatch, cold, unqualified, word that, by the order of her brother, Bramwell Booth, to whom there descended his father's title of General, she is to be withdrawn from America!

She is to go—where? No one knows. Of what the future holds for the great Salvation Army in America that she has brought to its present estate we hear only that, in all probability, it is to be administered hereafter by three divisional commissioners, in New York, Chicago and San Francisco, who are to report to and be responsible to General Booth, in London.

To every Elk, to every American, indeed, who knows what all Elks know of the Army and its American commander, this word came with the force of a stunning blow.

So were we made aware that the Salvation Army in America, that great American institution to which, in our love for, our trust in, Commander Booth, we had been proud and glad to give to our utmost power, was no more American than the branch house of some British firm. Shocked, incredulous,

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The Supreme Court *of the* Order of Elks

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

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

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

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

THE Grand Forum is the Supreme Court of the Order of Elks. It is composed of five members, one appointed each year by the retiring Grand Exalted Ruler, for a term of five years. The Grand Justice whose term next expires is designated as Chief Justice. All actions or controversies arising between Subordinate Lodges or between any member of the Order and a Subordinate Lodge, are adjusted by the Grand Forum. Cases involving charges against members of Subordinate Lodges are heard by a Subordinate Forum with the right of appeal to the Grand Forum. Among the powers conferred upon the Grand Forum is the authority to determine the legal right of the Grand Exalted Ruler to make an executive order. Only once has it been called upon to do this. The Grand Forum also hears appeals by the Grand Exalted Ruler from the verdicts of Subordinate Forums. The Constitution requires the Grand Forum to hold at least three terms in each year.

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

Looking Backward *into* Elk History

EARLY Elk annals attest that George F. McDonald was the first on record to propose the sentiment, "To our Absent Brothers," since then spiritualized into a golden essence of our liturgy. The official record shows that this first Eleven o'Clock Toast was delivered at a social session held May 31, 1868.

McDonald had a clear, crisp, vigorous mind. He was energetic and ambitious to lend a hand and especially resourceful when there was constructive duty to perform, yet he seems to have cared little or nothing for the luster and temptations of holding office.

The most reliable testimony extant is to the effect that McDonald, as an original Jolly Cork, offered the motion that resulted in changing the name of "Jolly Corks" into that of "Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks." In thus offering the motion, he described himself as impelled by the idea that the time had arrived to provide something higher and better, something more permanent and substantial in the nature of an organization than the mere "social society" which then flourished.

Quite logically, in the course of ensuing events, McDonald was made chairman of the committee that originated and reported the first constitution of the Order "to promote and protect and enhance the welfare of each other." One important detail associated with this work was that of selecting a name, suitably descriptive and expressive. After several weeks of discussion, the word "Elk" was adopted and incorporated into the title by the close margin of one majority.

With his brilliancy of intellect and gifts of initiative, McDonald was a disappointment in only one matter. Himself an actor, manager and playwright, his outlook upon the future was narrowed to that of a fraternity composed exclusively of members of the theatrical profession. In all other respects, his view-point was larger and broader and clearer and more considerate. As an illustration: He strenuously dissented from the adoption of the word "Buffalo" as a part of the title, because, in the first instance, that word was already being used in England, and because, which was more influential with him, the buffalo was not natively American. His one thought appears to have been to select a name that represented something typical and belonging to this country. Successively, buffalo, beaver, bear, fox and other nomenclature of the animal kingdom were discarded before the name elk was finally decided upon.

Another wide-reaching and important service these patriarchs of the first constitution rendered was to see ahead and around the corners with sharp eyes and wisely to provide against contingencies before they could happen. Thus it was that there was never encountered an involvement that prevented prompt declination when application arrived from England and Canada and Mexico to extend our jurisdictional lines to include those countries.

Speaking of the constitution (since amended many times over but still not infallible), its most devoted espousers and exponents of those pioneer days never assumed to commend it with foolish extravagance. But the fact remains, and the circumstance is outstanding, that the ancient document must have possessed some power of magic mixed with its wisdom, for it proved the secure Cradle of our Infancy and the succeeding means of our prosperity and the ultimate attainment of the present imperial estate of the Order.

(*Continued on page 68*)

Official Meeting of District Deputies

Held in Chicago October 1st, Upon Call of Grand Exalted Ruler Masters

WHEN real achievement is the purpose, a program becomes of paramount importance. Such a policy is equally essential whether it be in promoting fraternal prosperity or in advancing a plan of big business. In conformity with this principle and following the precedent successfully established a year previously, Grand Exalted Ruler J. Edgar Masters called an official meeting of his newly-appointed District Deputies to be held in Chicago October 1, 1922.

This was prompted as a means of better and closer acquaintance and of reaching a larger and more complete understanding of the duties and responsibilities incumbent; to quicken and intensify enthusiasm and promote unanimity of action in carrying forward the program; and to establish personal contact with Administration leaders engaged in directing outstanding enterprises of the Order; to fraternize with invited Presidents representing State Associations, and finally in a body to acknowledge the oath of office as District Deputies and receive certificates of appointment.

As became his office, Mr. Masters presided on this occasion and imparted to it the right spirit and proper atmosphere of camaraderie and cooperation.

The proceedings may be epitomized in a statement that in every sense the expectations of the Grand Exalted Ruler were fully realized and that substantial improvement will inevitably follow. In defining the course of duty and the ambitions of the present Administration, the Grand Exalted Ruler had this to say:

"LAST year Grand Exalted Ruler Mountain invited the District Deputies to a conference in Chicago to discuss the needs of the Order and to prepare plans which would enable the Grand Lodge Officers to devote their energy and attention more fully to inner problems of our lodges, some of which will be found as time passes to be of great importance.

This was a distinct forward movement and it is gratifying to state that the response from those in the conference was prompt, cordial and unanimous. Cooperation in carrying forward plans for the betterment of our Order was assured by all present. I am confident that you who are to take up the work this year will be just as loyal and will give full measure of your time and ability to further advance our fraternity.

The Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks stands to-day the leader among American fraternities. By our service to the Nation we have won commendation from every quarter and the thought that we have been useful in time of need should take root in our hearts and bear fruit in better Elk Lodges and more adequate provision for the teaching of the principles on which our Order is founded. Our past is secure. Now let the present and future claim all our zeal, all our energy, all our progressive effort.

The Order of Elks is rapidly becoming a potent factor for the promotion of everything that will tend to elevate the civic and social life of the community. That may not be what our Order was first planned to be, but that is what its members seem determined to make it. As a matter of fact the Order of Elks is passing through a period of readjustment. A large group of Elks has gradually come to a clear understanding of changes that must be made, and of new and worthy purposes that should be realized in the actual work of our Order. The shop-worn statement that what was good enough for us in the days gone by is good enough now will not answer the demands for new activities. We are entering upon a new epoch in the life of the Order. There is a great field of usefulness in every city where a lodge of Elks exists, and in order that we may make the most of our opportunities, the Grand Lodge has created a Committee on Social and Community Welfare, whose duty it is to adopt and direct a program of Welfare Work. Colonel Sullivan, Chairman of this Committee, is present and will explain to you the plan of this work.

In this connection I may add that the Good of the Order Committee has a number of important subjects to investigate and report on at the Atlanta Session. Chairman Malley of this Committee is here, and will tell you how you may assist in this work.

Individual interest in the doings of our Order should be encouraged and guided by every means that can be devised. In the past it has been impossible for the Grand Lodge to keep in touch with all members of the Order. Now we have a great agency available for that purpose in The Elks Magazine. It would require the vision of a prophet to foretell just how much good will come out of our National Publication. It will give Elks a thorough working knowledge of the Order. It will afford them opportunity to familiarize themselves with the vast opportunities for service. It will inspire them with the greatness of the Order and give them a close acquaintance with Elk aims and purposes. But I will not dwell on this important matter. Brother Joseph T. Fanning, the executive director of our Magazine, is with us and will tell you, as only he can, of the possibilities of our Official Journal.

As I stated at Atlantic City and again in my first official circular we have reached a place in our history where we should pay careful attention to the internal development of our Order. Our ambition is to excel in character of lodges and members, and their capacity for doing good. I consider this a matter of prime importance, and will depend upon you to exercise the greatest care and caution in the discharge of your duties to the end that this year shall be known as a year devoted to the strengthening and developing of our Subordinate Lodges.

A plain statement of aims will prove a serviceable guide for your work. Stated broadly it should be the purpose of every District Deputy: first—to quicken the Elk spirit in his lodges and endeavor to impress upon the officers and members the worthwhileness of being an Elk; second—to supply the lodges with valuable suggestions for use in building up their organization.

As I view the situation our membership is up to the general standard, equal to the best found in any fraternity; but many have not come to the full realization of what it means to be an Elk. A majority of our members have taken little interest in the Order aside from paying their dues and enjoying the comforts of our homes. Instead of being earnest, enthusiastic Elks, desirous of serving their lodges, they have been content to permit others to do the work necessary to progress without assuming any responsibility. To show lodge officers how these brothers may be assimilated into the Order is one of your important duties.

Some specific problems that are more or less clearly defined in all lodges are as follows:

1. What is the best method to increase membership and what is being done to retain the present members?
2. How may attendance at lodge sessions be increased?
3. Is real business economy being practiced?
4. Does good fellowship prevail?
5. Is the exemplification of the ritual dignified and impressive?
6. Are officers familiar with the Statutes?

I. Membership—We no longer have a Grand Lodge New Membership Committee. But the aftermath of the work so ably directed by that Committee is in evidence. I look for a normal increase this year. Growth is essential, but I am more interested in quality than in mere numbers. Always insist that the character of membership be kept up to the highest standards so that our growth may be healthy.

In visiting a Subordinate Lodge emphasize the importance of a Lapsation Committee, whose duty should be personally to interview all members dropped from the roll in an effort to revive their interest in the Order.

II. Attendance—Suggest to officers different ways to make lodge sessions attractive. Meetings should "go with a snap." Discussion of special subjects will arouse interest. An old-fashioned social session will bring out many. Good music, stunts, a lunch or cigars and coffee are some of the many features which may be added from time to time to bring out the members.

III. Business Economy—Clean business methods are absolutely essential to the success of a lodge. Thrift and economy should be practiced. Current obligations should be promptly met, so that a high credit standing may prevail. A lodge should always stay within its income. In building a home care should be taken that financial burdens are not assumed which might cause years of struggle to escape.

IV. Good Fellowship—Impress upon the lodges you visit the importance of good fellowship. Good fellowship is the tie that binds Elks together. Good fellowship means friendly association, close companionship and elimination of selfishness and bickering. Nothing will do more to elevate the standard of a lodge than to cultivate the spirit of good fellowship.

V. Exemplification of the Ritual—Always have the officers exemplify the initiatory work the night you visit their lodge. I wish you would commit to memory this

entire service. All of you are so familiar with this work that I feel sure you can accomplish this with little effort. You will then be in position to correct errors and criticize freely and fearlessly.

This feature of lodge work is really first in importance. The initiatory work, properly exemplified, teaches a lesson that is lasting and brings the candidate to a full realization of the good he may derive from association with us. Too much emphasis can not be placed on the proper exemplification of the Ritual.

VI. Knowledge of the Statutes—Impress upon the officers and members the importance of a careful study of the laws of the Order, so that no mistakes will be made in conducting the affairs of the lodge. All duties of Subordinate Lodge officers are plainly set forth in the Statutes, and a few words of explanation from you will clear up many a cloudy situation. For instance, acquaint yourselves thoroughly with the law pertaining to the payment of Grand Lodge dues, so that you may at once answer all questions asked regarding this important subject.

Give earnest consideration to your duties as set forth in Section 48 of the Statutes. While I am sure you are familiar with this Section, yet I ask you to study it carefully so that you may be fully advised relative to your responsibilities.

You already have personal knowledge of the character and standing of the lodges in your district, but to give you additional information I have sent you the reports of your predecessors on these lodges. Study present conditions carefully and make them a point of departure for greater effort.

I think I am safe in saying that practically all our lodges obey the Statutes of our Order and the laws of our land. However, just recently I have received a few complaints regarding violations of law. I am moved to bring this to your attention in order that you may know just where I stand. A few words will define my attitude. The laws of the Order and of the Nation must be complied with. This is positive. You are a part of the executive branch of the Order and it is your duty to see that the laws are obeyed in every lodge in your district. I ask you to exercise good common sense in these matters, but in no case to back down from your stand that the law must be observed.

On the occasion of your visits you will be expected to address the brothers, and I want you to gather from this meeting sufficient facts to form the groundwork for a carefully prepared address which will inspire your hearers to renewed efforts for the advancement of our beloved fraternity. Above all, talk constantly of the higher ideals of the Order of Elks.

Now in regard to your official visits. From a study of the reports of last year's Deputies, I find that the majority of visits were made after January first, and very many as late as March. We are not going to have it that way this year. It is the policy of the present administration to get right down to work. So I shall expect you to start your visits to your lodges just as soon as you get back home. You see that if you do this you will have an opportunity to size up the weak lodges in your district, and so arrange your work as to give these lodges as much time as is necessary to put them in condition to function properly.

I shall expect you to report to me after each visit made, and at the end of your term make a full and comprehensive report of the Order in your district—the number of lodges, their condition, and the general progress made during your year.

In conclusion let me remind you that you are the representatives of the Grand Exalted Ruler in your several districts, and I ask you to at all times conduct yourselves accordingly."

THE first speaker at the meeting was Past Grand Exalted Ruler William W. Mountain, under whose leadership the thought of the conference and cooperation with the District Deputies was first applied in practice a year ago. Mr. Mountain's faith in the project has been strengthened by reason of his personal experiences and observations of results. He said that the beginning of a new era in the Order of Elks had been registered by doing this very thing.

Past Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph T. Fanning was next introduced as Executive Director of the Elks National Memorial Headquarters Commission. He spoke with authority on the subject of The Elks Magazine. Mr. Fanning described many interesting details connected with the national publication, through the agency of which the operations of the Order and all the governing departments had become the familiar and instructive and inspirational story of every member of the organization, as contrasted with the former method of indifferently reaching the Elk membership by communication through Subordinate Lodge secretaries. Comparing the superseded method with the improved system of today, Mr. Fanning made this point:

"If you are not fortunate enough to be present at your lodge meeting when a communication from Grand Lodge officers is received and read there, you can sit down in the quiet of your home, read it, consider it and analyze just what it means. That, to me, is one of the leading advantages of this publication."

The Magazine is endeavoring to supply something of timely appeal and interest for every member of the home circle, Mr. Fanning continued. With its labors devoted to the upbuilding of the Order and the interests principally concerned, increase of circulation by means of news-stand sales has never been a matter of major consideration, but rather an incidental of convenience for the Elk away from home.

Mr. Fanning also spoke of the influence of the Magazine in restoring members to active fellowship by a reawakening of their interest in the current affairs of the Order. Over 40,000 incorrect or unknown mail addresses were encountered at the beginning. This original company of 40,000 whose interest as Elks was unfortunately being allowed to lapse, has been steadily corrected or restored since The Elks Magazine began publication and it seems safe to predict, according to Mr. Fanning, that within a year or so the mailing address of every Elk will be on file.

The desire to make the Magazine as good as the best and maintain it at that standard can be realized with the cooperation of the membership; not by appropriation of additional funds, which is not contemplated, but by the enlistment of the membership with and for the Magazine, as an advertising medium. Mr. Fanning said: "We do not want to give this the appearance of a commercial proposition, because it is not. But if you will recognize the advertisers who have accepted us on faith in the early establishment of this journal and encourage them wherever it is possible by patronizing them in return for the patronage they have given; if proper support is given our advertisers, the support to which they are entitled, there is no end to what we may accomplish through this Magazine. Our advertisers do not expect to be favored where it conflicts with local interests or where an advantage is taken of a competitor. What we do urge is that the lodges and the members consistently show their friendship for those advertisers who have already exhibited their friendship for us. If District Deputies, in visiting lodges, will call attention to these things and explain how necessary it is to stand by our advertisers in a friendly spirit, I am sure that by thus combining efforts we will be able to make the Magazine all that we have set our aims to do."

Mr. Fanning told his audience that one function of the Magazine was to bring all points of the compass into near relationship. There is interest in knowing what is taking place throughout the Order. It is pleasing to read in the Magazine what our brothers are doing in California and in New England, in the South and in the North and everywhere. In other words, The Elks Magazine keeps everybody in close touch with the activities of everybody else and everything worth knowing and reading about. Serving these purposes every Exalted Ruler has been invited to contribute, punctually and frequently, any matters of importance that may come to his knowledge.

For purposes of more fully acquainting District Deputies regarding the Elks National Memorial Headquarters, so that the Deputies in their turn may be enabled authoritatively to inform Subordinate lodges of these facts incidental to the performance of their official visitations, Grand Exalted Ruler Masters invited Past Grand Exalted Ruler John K. Tener, Chairman of the Commission, to address the meeting.

PROCEEDING at once to the heart of his subject, Ex-Governor Tener visualized a picture of the property, interesting in description. Though the structure would embody utilitarian features, such as the office of the Grand Secretary, and the various departments of The Elks Magazine, Ex-Governor Tener wished to emphasize its dominant memorial character. "It is being built," he said, "in order that we may in perpetuity evidence our regard and our sacred—I might say, reverence—for those who contributed so much in the Great War for the liberties of the world; to those members of our Order who gave their lives and rendered the supreme sacrifice in that great struggle. It is fitting that an Order of this kind should do so." Ex-Governor Tener then entered descriptively into the details of the property and the Memorial structure as provided for—location and building—style of architecture and details of completion. "We propose during the coming year," said he, "to levy only sixty-five cents, and that will be on the first of April." In closing, he drew attention to the fact that while the location was remote from the business center of Chicago, it was yet easily and quickly accessible and that a trip to the site could be made in twelve minutes.

Next in order Past Grand Exalted Ruler John P. Sullivan, Chairman of the Committee on Social and Community Welfare, was called upon. Colonel Sullivan spoke of the ideas and ideals with which the Committee was addressing itself to its duties. He said that it was not possible at this time to outline any definite plan of procedure. Occasion creates opportunity for activity. What may be good and needed in one community is often not good and not needed in another. In other words, each community has its own particular problems to solve, and lodges must be variously occupied. The principal point is to keep the lodge in close and constant contact with the people of the

community. As these people are impressed with the splendid work a Lodge is doing, new and desirable increases of membership will be attracted.

Colonel Sullivan recounted some of the experiences of New Orleans Lodge that aptly illustrated and gave emphasis to his statements descriptive of the magnetizing influence exerted upon a community by a Lodge that is zealously laboring for the public betterment, not through mere lip service but by delivering the real goods without ostentation. These things establish Elk Lodges upon a friendlier footing with the people, and become the foundation of larger membership. Colonel Sullivan enumerated the many opportunities by which the Lodge may become endeared in the community. He spoke at length upon the Thanksgiving opportunity in its many elements and phases. He promised that hereafter circular communications emanating from his Committee will not be long, and not so frequent as heretofore.

THE Grand Exalted Ruler, in introducing the succeeding speaker, reverted to the fact that the Grand Lodge had referred certain important questions of change and revision in the Constitution and laws to the Committee on Good of the Order for its consideration and report back to the Grand Lodge. The Chairman of this Committee, Mr. John F. Malley, was present and would be thankful for any helpful advice or suggestions in furtherance of the work of the Committee. Mr. Malley, upon arising to address the meeting, strongly emphasized this invitation and appealed for the best thought upon the matters involved from the individual viewpoint of every Elk present. Mr. Malley explained that it was not his purpose to engage in a discussion of the various propositions pending. Foremost, there was the Junior Elk idea. He suggested that his audience read an article on this subject appearing in the October number of The Elks Magazine. Then there were questions pending regarding the advisability of Elk Athletic Fields. He was able to announce that a discussion of this enterprise would appear in an early number of The Elks Magazine. Again, it had been suggested during the past year by the then Grand Exalted Ruler Mountain that the Order of Elks, through its Subordinate Lodges, establish a system of scholarships. Mr. Malley expressed the hope that information in concrete form following this line of thought would be offered in a forthcoming issue of The Elks Magazine. Mr. Malley said further: "To my mind there is no work for good that the Order of Elks can not engage in. We have taken the Antlers, the Bible and the Flag; symbols of service to God, Country and Fellow-man. That is our charter and there is no movement for the uplift of a community and for humanity that Elks can not be proud to perform."

Turning next to Past Grand Exalted Ruler Bruce A. Campbell and noting the presence of quite a few State Association Presidents in the company, Mr. Masters switched attention to another living issue, and called on Mr. Campbell to speak on the topic of State Associations. Mr. Campbell, responding, said that as a Past President of the Illinois State Association, he had always felt that the State Association had been a potent influence in the upbuilding of the Order. About seven years ago, when the Grand Lodge took official cognizance of the State Associations which had come to life in all parts of the country, more informally than illegally, the then Grand Exalted Ruler had made him Chairman of the Committee, which Committee had extensively explored the subject. As a result, at Los Angeles in 1915, the Constitutional amendment that legalized State Associations and defined their powers and limitations, was submitted. At Baltimore in 1916, the Grand Lodge enacted Statutes under which the Associations now operate. A convention of State Associations held in St. Louis in 1917, arranged to report at the Boston session of the Grand Lodge the uniform Constitution and Statutes of State Associations. Our experience under these laws has continued several years, and under them State Associations are doing good work.

Mr. Campbell admonished the District Deputies present that among their highest duties was that of cooperating with State Associations wherever they existed. Mr. Campbell afterwards entered upon a summary of various improving thoughts advanced as a result of State Association discussions, and of the livelier interest that had been stimulated in the Ritual work by reason of contests staged by State Associations, and other valuable actions constructively taken.

Looking to the future, Grand Exalted Ruler Masters found pleasure in introducing Mr. B. C. Broyles, Secretary of Atlanta Lodge, who would tell the meeting what to expect when the time came for the Order of Elks to arrive in Atlanta to attend the next Grand Lodge session. Thereupon Mr. Broyles spoke very much to the point and wound up with the prediction that it was going to be "the biggest and best convention the Grand Lodge ever held." Incidentally Mr. Broyles referred assuringly to climatic conditions and other things interesting to know.

GRAND Exalted Ruler Masters then read to the meeting a copy of the cablegram sent to General Bramwell Booth expressing the reverence and affection entertained by the Order of Elks for Miss Evangeline Booth, Commander in charge of the Salvation Army in America, and the deep sorrow experienced by all Elks over the announcement of the contemplated transfer of Miss Booth to some other field of activity. Upon motion, the action of the Grand Exalted Ruler in this respect was heartily approved.

Then ensued an informal exchange of thoughts and opinions participated in by District Deputies, State Presidents and many others. The discussion took a wide range and proved highly profitable and manifested the earnestness which had characterized the proceedings from opening to closing.

John Corcoran's Important Bequest

YOU will not find the name of John Corcoran in the list of Presidents of the United States, in the lists of directors of big businesses; you will find his name on no painting nor on the cover of any book. He was not famous. His signature can be found, doubtless, by delving into the records of the business of the Denver Postoffice several years ago. Corcoran was Postmaster of that city for a term.

As he drew close to the end of his life, he found himself solitary, without a blood relation in the world, though not lonely, for he was a widely and sincerely liked member of Denver Lodge No. 17, of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks. His only kin were among this adopted brotherhood. It was natural, then, that when the delegation of his little estate of three hundred dollars came, this Lodge was the beneficiary. There was no stipulation about the manner in which this money was to be spent. Corcoran left that to the Lodge. He doubtless thought two things of the bequest: that it was an inconsiderable sum, much smaller than he would have liked to leave; and that it was all he had.

Every man has his enthusiasm. A young man gets a thrill, when his boss exclaims, "That's great stuff. We'll do that," upon hearing a new business plan he has evolved. Corcoran was no exception to the rule of enthusiasm. His was patriotism, a genuine, intense interest in America; he got as excited about the Flag as a college boy does about his eleven when it trots out of the locker room before a game.

When Denver Lodge No. 17, therefore, came to dispose of the Corcoran bequest, it sought to spend it upon something which would have made the benefactor happiest. The sum had been held in trust for many years before definite action came, but this was advantageous, for the compound interest had so increased the original principal that it had grown to five hundred dollars. The yearly interest on this, invested as it was, amounted to twenty-five dollars.

And so, instead of expending the principal, Denver Lodge decided to hold this and to give yearly the twenty-five dollars interest as a prize for the best essay on the Flag written by a pupil in the Denver schools. The contest was to be designated as the John Corcoran Prize, and the presentation to the winner was to be made at the Flag Day exercises, June 14.

The execution of this decision would seem to be the end of the story of Corcoran's bequest, but as a matter of fact it is only the beginning. He left infinitely more than money: the imprint of his fine, strong love of country. This it was which prompted so careful a consideration of the most felicitous means of disposal of the money. The Denver newspapers printed a story about the story behind the John Corcoran Prize.

The result has been that other Lodges were inspired to follow the example of Denver Lodge. In Canon City, Colorado, Lodge No. 610 voted an annual expenditure of fifty dollars for prizes for school children for essays on the Flag: twenty-five dollars for first, fifteen dollars for second, and ten dollars for third prize: and there arose furthermore a movement to bring the action to the attention of the District Deputy in the hope of having every other Lodge in the district do likewise. Should this be realized, it is but a step to extend the idea to the nation. That will mean that once every year at least millions of American children will have before them a concrete, potent inducement to give thought to what the American Flag means; that a fair percentage will find out and come to thrill at its sight as did John Corcoran who, several years ago, probably did not realize that the least of his bequest was the three hundred dollars; that the Elks' inheritance of his straightforward, earnest loyalty to the Flag constituted a magnificent endowment.

Under the Spreading Antlers

They Tell These Tales

Grand Exalted Ruler Masters Guest at Anniversary

NORFOLK Elks are anticipating a great time Thanksgiving Day when they are to celebrate the thirty-seventh birthday of No. 38. While the committee in charge has not completed the program, the occasion promises to be long remembered. Norfolk Lodge expects as its guests of honor Grand Exalted Ruler J. Edgar Masters and Past Grand Exalted Ruler Fred Harper. Other well-known Elks from Virginia and elsewhere will attend. It is planned to give Grand Exalted Ruler Masters a shore dinner at Cape Henry. Practically every President of the United States for the last fifty years has attended one or more oyster roasts at Cape Henry. President Taft liked his first visit so well he came back a second time for more oysters. Cape Henry is one of the famous spots on the Atlantic Coast. As many as 30,000 ships pass in and out every year. There is a covered pavilion big enough to shelter 1,000. It is in this pavilion that Grand Exalted Ruler Masters and other visiting Elks will be introduced to the treat of their lives, if the plans of the committee are carried out. Harry P. Moore, Exalted Ruler of Norfolk Lodge, has named as a committee for the Thanksgiving celebration all the past Exalted Rulers and the present officers. Norfolk now has a membership of 1,400.

One of the Finest, New Home of Newark Lodge

The new home planned by the Elks of Newark, N. J., will be one of the finest buildings in that city, when completed. Its erection is due to begin this fall and the promise is made that it will be ready for occupancy during the latter part of 1923. The main building will be 120 feet high to the cornice line, with a tower extending upward an additional 35 feet. The Lodge room is to be 96 by 96 feet, octagon in shape. There will be a seating capacity of 1,500, which, when augmented by balcony and boxes, will increase the capacity to 2,000. In the Lodge room will be a wonderful pipe organ. There will be every modern convenience, reinforced by many luxurious accessories. On the fourth floor will be a gymnasium and swimming pool. On the ground floor in the rear of the club-house, will be a Boy Scout drill hall, which will also be used as a headquarters for the Lodge Band. Above the fifth floor will be apartments for members and visiting Elks.

Gun Club Raises Money For Christmas Charity

A Christmas Charity Shoot (as it was called) promoted under auspices of the Alameda Elks Gun Club took place September 17. Sharpshooters of the Pacific country starred in the contest. A series of handsome and expensive prizes, donated by individuals and business firms, stimulated interest keenly. Quite a snug sum was banked for the Christmas Tree Fund.

West Virginia Elks Take Forward Step

A piece of real constructive patriotic work is being done by the West Virginia Elks. The State Association, unanimously supported by all the local Lodges, has resolved to publish Judge H. D. Rummel's history of the flag and to give it wide distribution throughout West Virginia. This highly interesting and inspiring account of Old Glory will be brought to the special attention of every one of the 11,500 teachers in the free school system and be made the regular text-book on the subject throughout the State. In addition to this distribution, which will eventually acquaint more than 350,000 children with the origin and ideals of the flag, every Elk in the State will receive a copy of the book. Such intelligent and far-sighted work lays the foundation for a truly high standard of citizenship and patriotism.

From Solemn Pomp To Speech and Vaudeville

Santa Ana (Calif.) Elks have rebuilt and refurnished the Lodge room in their Home, said to be one of the most complete in all California. The color scheme follows ivory and gray. The fixtures are of old gold. The windows contain cathedral glass. The dedication ceremony varied from the solemn pomp of a Lodge session to a rollicking entertainment, mainly of songs and stories and vaudeville. Thirty special Elk guests, gathered from all parts of the United States, including a visiting brother from Hawaii, were in attendance.

Luxurious Accommodations In Atmosphere of Refinement

An impending event of wide-spread social and fraternal interest is the dedication of the $100,000 Elks' home and club-house at North Tonawanda, N. Y. The building is pronounced to be one of the most beautiful in that city. The purpose is to make it a civic center in the best sense of the word. The interior is of mahogany, marble and oak. On the first floor, the main club-room is featured with a magnificent fireplace, an elaborate reminder of Colonial days. The Lodge room, with cathedral windows, and also the ballroom, occupy the second floor. The parlors, reception-rooms, offices and ante-rooms, are paneled in oak and mahogany. The furnishings are in oak and leather. Throughout is an atmosphere of refinement.

The site was purchased two years ago when the Lodge membership numbered only 200. Of these members, 100 by joint arrangement put up a $50 Liberty Bond each as collateral in bank to secure a loan. From the proceeds of a successful series of entertainments, the bank loan was extinguished. The necessary step taken by the faithful 100 was to establish a building fund, each with his $50 Liberty Bond tossed into the pot. Meanwhile the membership list grew sturdily. The first meeting in the new Home will take place some time in November.

Marion's Big Front Door Left Unlocked for a Week

When Marion, Ohio, celebrated its one hundredth anniversary, Marion Lodge of Elks hung out the Stars and Stripes to mingle with the Purple and White, forgot to lock the front door for a whole week, and did various other commendable things that added to the public merriment. Besides this, a centennial membership class was initiated. Gen. John J. Pershing, member of El Paso Lodge, shared the keen regret of President Harding in not being able to arrive until a late hour, due to an obstreperous motor. The Marion fellowship, in appreciation of the city's commencement of its second anniversary, has launched a campaign of civic and community welfare that is proving wonderfully successful.

Missouri in the Limelight
State Association Elects Officers

The thirteenth annual meeting of the Missouri Elks Association took place at Excelsior Springs. There was an encouraging attendance of delegates, a total of 39 Lodges being represented. Lee Meriwether, of St. Louis, was elected President and Sam D. Byrns, of Mexico, was reelected Secretary. Other Association officers chosen were Ralph B. Hughes, First Vice-President; John M. Wagner, Second Vice-President; L. M. Henson, Third Vice-President; E. A. Major, Treasurer. The next meeting will be held at Poplar Bluff, June 14, 1923. All told it was voted a profitable and enjoyable meeting. The entertainment features included a parade, baseball and golf tournaments and other athletic events, dancing and concerts.

Smiles and Laughter
Fill the Heart with Sunshine

Upon the occasion of his visit to Manhattan Hospital for the Insane, on Ward's Island, New York, on an afternoon of late September, Sir Harry Lauder, world renowned minstrel, and singer of lyrics of love and lassies, was accorded an ovation by 2,400 of the 7,100 patients confined there. His series of comic stories, every one of them with a sharp point, transplanted smiles to human faces and kept the laughter pealing.

Sir Harry is by no means a stranger at Ward's Island. It was he who introduced this inimitable style of entertainment there. Observe his short, sturdy, kilt-clad figure; on his head the jaunty cap of a Highlander; his face shining with smiles; in his hand a walking-stick. That was Sir Harry climbing upon the flag-draped stage. Before him, row upon row, in a semicircle, were gathered all those of the mentally ill able to appear in public. It was the largest open air assemblage ever gotten together under similar conditions.

Instantly the applause broke loose. Hundreds in the audience were doubtless searching the depths of memory to recall the jolly little gentleman with the melodious bur-r-r sticking in his voice and with the humorous dancing legs who had been with them on previous occasions and helped to push the shadows out into the sunshine. The comedian lifted his hand. His features denoted seriousness. Not a sound or a stir from the audience. Fall breezes are soughing across the island. Gulls are circling in the clear, blue sky. Tugs are churning the river. Against barred windows in the adjacent brick buildings frightened faces are peeping out. All this panorama in its tragic setting Sir Harry's eye caught at a glance.

"You are looking well," was his cheery salute. "I am going to sing of sunshine and a bonnie lassie and her smile, and also about love being a wonderful thing."

The music of his words was like magic. Sadness softened into gladness. Sir Harry, in an effort to invoke the proper psychology and set his stage, so to speak, first sang a song, then told a bit of a story, or followed with some humorous twist of talk. He appeals to everybody to join in a chorus:

"Singing is the thing to make us cheery."

The song tells of life when it is dark and dreary, and how the load on the road causes one to be weary. Suddenly his voice lifts. This is a signal for another chorus of refrain.

"Singing is the thing that makes us cheery."

The funster is at his best and in his glory. He sings "Ohio," "There is Some One Waiting for Me," "I Love a Lassie," and other songs including the classics he makes famous the world round.

Upon completion of the program, Chairman Sam McKee, of the Committee under whose auspices the entertainment took place, announced that with the compliments of members of New York Lodge, a box of candy would be presented to every woman in the audience and that cigarets and cigars had been provided for the enjoyment of the men. The recipients were in high spirits.

The luncheon tendered by New York Lodge to Sir Harry and Lady Lauder at the Clubhouse, 108 Forty-third Street, attracted more than 200 members, William Morris, manager for Sir Harry, being among those specially invited.

At the conclusion of the luncheon Sir Harry spoke. "Another day has passed," said he, "and I have not paid for my lunch. It costs less when one is the guest of friends. It is a treat, a genuine pleasure, to be with and go with the Elks to-day. Most people in the world at some time or other feel that they are forgotten, but it is the habit of Elks not to forget.

"I know the Order of Elks is a great and noble fraternity. It does many things with one hand, the other hand having nothing whatever to do with it. To-day marks one of the times when just such an event will take place. I am pleased to be back in America. I have been paid well every time I have been here. I can tell ye tha'."

Hold Father Donovan
In High Esteem

In appreciation of his selection to be Chaplain of the New York State Elks' Association, Rev. Edward J. Donovan, of St. Patrick's Church, Bay Shore, N. Y., was banqueted by the members of Patchogue Lodge. It was an engaging occasion. Many prominent Elks united in paying their compliments.

Atlanta Seeks $150,000
For Grand Lodge Preparations

Atlanta Lodge has organized its plans to raise $150,000 to defray the expenses of the 1923 Grand Lodge meeting and reunion. According to the latest count, Atlanta has hotel accommodations sufficient to take care of 10,000 people. It is proposed that visitors from Southern States will be asked to occupy private homes and boarding-houses, or to sleep in their Pullmans. The railroads have agreed to construct a Pullman city, equipped with shower baths, electric lights, barber shops, and other conveniences. This parking place will be about a mile from the center of the city, as now expected. There will also be established a tourist camp to be occupied exclusively by Elks and their families who journey to Atlanta via motor. This camp will be outfitted with the same sort of accommodations planned for Pullman City. The Atlanta committee announces that among the entertainment features contemplated will be a colossal barbecue and watermelon party, a ball each evening (cotton ball, orange ball, tobacco ball and corn ball), continuous diversion for the rank and file, visits to country clubs, parks, etc., etc. Nashville, Chattanooga and Savannah Lodges have signified their desire to entertain in Southern style every Elk visitor who stops in these cities en route to or from the Grand Lodge meeting in Atlanta.

Los Angeles Surrenders
To Kids by the Wholesale

Kids' Day attracted hundreds of children to the Clubhouse of Los Angeles Lodge. From 2 o'clock until 4:30 P. M., small guests had undisputed dominion all over the building. Trained nurses looked after the welfare of the little ones as they laughed and applauded and devoured everything that children love most to eat.

Logan Lodge of Elks
Suffers Loss by Fire

Fire of unknown origin destroyed the property of Logan (W. Va.) Lodge and caused a loss of $3,900, generally covered

(*Continued on page 70*)

The Mechanics *of* Kindness

Suggestions as to How the Elks Lodge Can Most Effectually Embark on Relief Work for the Needy

CONSIDER the plight of the confirmed waffle-eater whose wife is going away. In the Pullman, he blusters:

"Nonsense, Lucy, I'll be all right; don't you worry. As for breakfast, a couple of eggs and coffee is all I ever want."

"But your waffles, my dear——"

"Oh, I guess I can do without them for a few days." He believes it for the moment.

Two days later we see him peering into the pantry. His glance roves about the shelves, resting sentimentally upon black waffle-irons hanging from a hook beneath the bottom shelf, then shifting speculatively and timidly to other objects: a large, round, white tin labeled "flour," another and smaller with the gilded inscription, "salt." In the ice-box, previous exploration had disclosed a pasteboard box cobbled with clean white eggs: and there, too, were the morning's milk and cream. He had, of course, rummaged about for a cook-book, but rather hopelessly, for he knew his wife had not for a long while played her culinary pieces by note. Pensively he stands by the pantry door.

"Oh, I guess a couple of eggs and some coffee is all I want," he confides to himself.

Thus the prandial tragedy ends. He wanted waffles, wanted them badly and could not have them. Aspiration and failure constitute tragedy. What adds to the pathos of the story is that all the ingredients are there, enough to make a heaping plateful of the golden cakes and yet because he does not understand the mechanics of waffle-making, he can not avail himself of the pantry's potentiality.

SOMETHING of the same sort happens frequently to a lodge of the Elks when it desires, following the example of many other lodges, to make a start in welfare work. The members of the lodge are aware that in their community are scores or hundreds or perhaps thousands who need help. The members have in the pantry of their prosperity the ingredients of aid; and yet, for all their sincerity of purpose, they are retarded by lack of experience.

They can not, they know, go down into the poorer parts of town, stopping each needy-looking individual to ask if he needs a good meal, if his rent is paid, if his clothes are warm enough. While such procedure might yield a measure of results, it would in a multitude of instances fail ard offend, and so defeat its own end. Nor would it reach all. The writer recalls an instance of the deceptiveness of appearances. Just out of the army after the war, he was depositing, with some small pride, a hundred dollars to his account at a savings bank. Directly behind him in the line at the teller's window was a dark, squat foreigner whose clothes seemed to have been chosen from some unregarded ash-barrel, who was redolently unsoaped. His deposit was nine hundred dollars, and the pages of his check book were crowded with rubber-stampings. If he intended to return to his own country, he was in a fair way to sail in his own boat.

There must, therefore, be a more effective way of finding those who need a lift. As between the flour, eggs and milk, and the finished waffle, so is there, between the impulse of kindness and concrete, definite assistance, a system. And since what must be is, there follows an outline, prepared by a member of one of the lodges which has successfully engaged in welfare work. It gives some of the steps toward finding those who need help and who, given relief, will thereafter be sound and have a fair chance for their share of happiness.

THANKSGIVING DAY is the great American festival. No other nation in the world shares that day with us. It is America's alone. Set apart for commemoration by Proclamation of the President, it brings home to every Elk a sense of responsibility. He feels that he must make of it by deed and word a day of plenty throughout his community. In keeping with this spirit and as a suggestion of how it may best be expressed, Colonel John P. Sullivan, Chairman of the Grand Lodge Committee on Social and Community Welfare, has urged in an Official Circular the appointment in every lodge of a Thanksgiving Basket Committee. May this serve as a reminder to you of your opportunity, through your lodge, to help make this Thanksgiving a day of new hope for many to whom life seems bleak and cheerless.

The first move is consultation with the specialists whose knowledge is based on wide experience: the churches, the several charitable organizations, and the police. A representative of the lodge going to these bodies will find it an easy matter to get lists of the needy. He will find, no doubt, that there are more cases than his lodge can handle.

From this list a selection can be made of the most acute cases, such as families suffering from both illness and lack of money. The visit of a Big Brother to such families will determine the degree of aid necessary.

It is well, always, to know what will be the reaction of a family to such aid. Those who have been kicked about by life are as wary as stray cats of the advances of strangers. The majority of their contacts with the world have been painful; they therefore argue, and logically, from their premises of experience, that all approaches are likely to result in more disaster. Again there is pride; and to overcome that, or rather to sidestep it, actual stealth is sometimes necessary. If the investigator finds, through information furnished him by the society which has provided the list, that a certain family is obdurately hostile to all offers of aid, or that it nurses jealously a pride against charity, the obvious move is to help that family anonymously.

NO BETTER introduction exists, before extending the helping hand, than food. The Elk must sneak up, literally, in the dead of night, if necessary, and leave a basket of eatables where the family will find it.

Here is a sample list of things to include in such a basket:

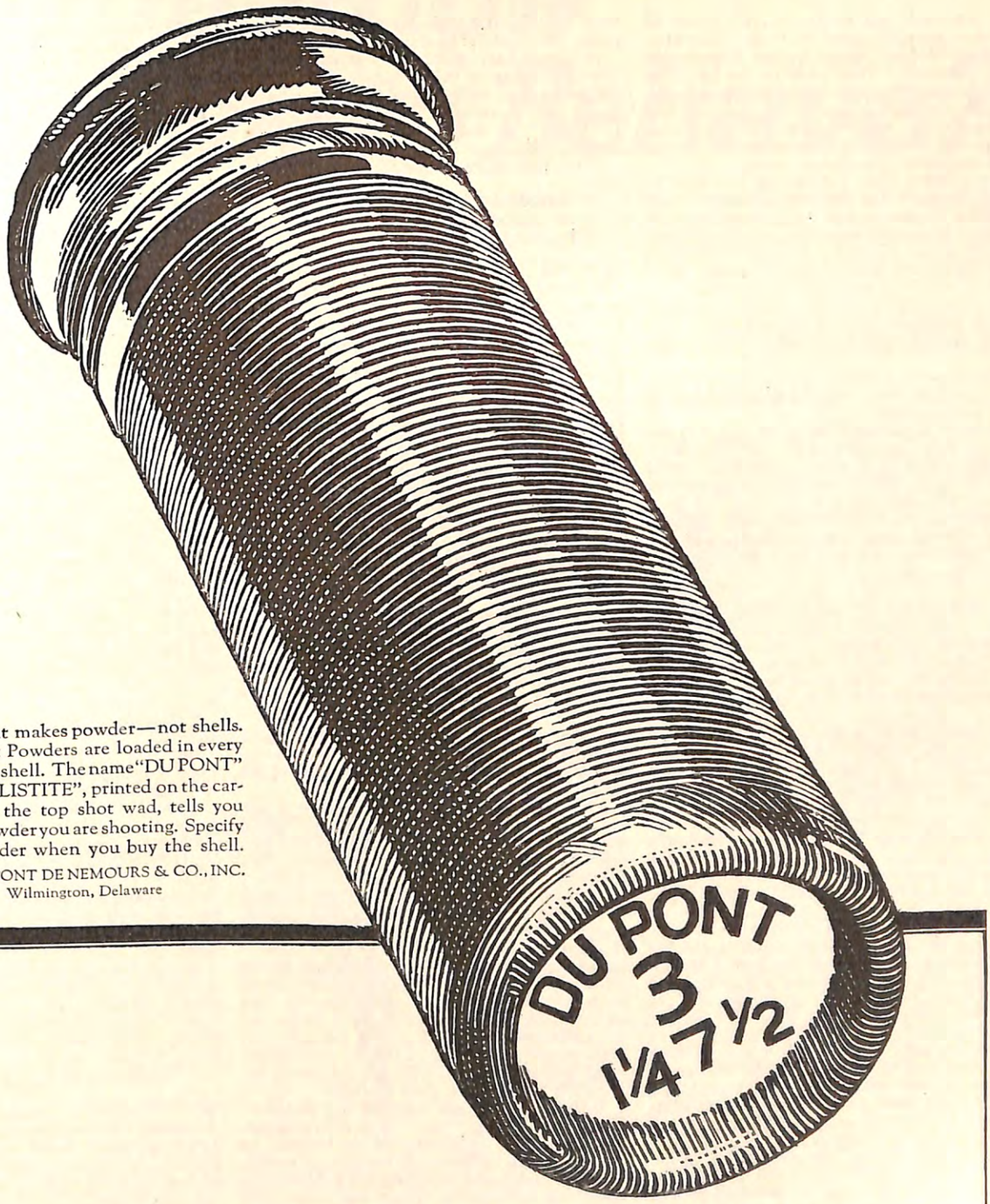
One good-sized ham, one pound of coffee, one pound of butter, two loaves of bread, one peck of potatoes, one sack of corn-meal, two cans of tomatoes, three cans of soup, five pounds of oatmeal, one slab of bacon, five pounds of beans.

This is real food, good food, and if the family at whose doorstep it is left is hungry and if it knows of no one to whom it must express obligation, the food will be eaten. The recipients and consumers of such food as this will be in far better frame of mind, far more amenable to projects of help leading to permanent self-support than they would be when hungry.

This follow-up system from leads, precisely like the follow-up system of sales organizations, need not stop with investigation of prospects and the consequent success or failure to land them. From the names of persons given by the several organizations of charity, the Elks may obtain, besides a list of adults, the names of boys who undoubtedly would respond to the call of a big Thanksgiving or Christmas dinner; and from those boys the names of others, not listed, to whom the picture of turkey and pumpkin pie is a vision rarely realized. Through these boys, after they have been entertained and fed, will come a mass of first-hand evidence of conditions in their home, and many an obstinate father or mother can be won over to acceptance of help through the youngster's earnest approval of the Elks. Make of the boy a deputy salesman of relief.

ONE group which can be approached without the fear of domestic complication is the orphans. The Elks may be sure that whatever they do in providing food and clothing and parties for these children of the State will be appreciated; and that the institution harboring them will, if it is properly conducted, cooperate eagerly. If not, it should be investigated.

These brief suggestions do not pretend to cover all the ground. They are merely rough diagrams of the manner of beginning helpful welfare work, and the most important point to be remembered is the necessity of the initial appeal to experts before such work is begun. The second most important is a continuance of relations with these bodies. The Elks can go, in many instances, where professional charity workers can not. More effective in welfare work than many organizations patently such, the Order brings with it no terrifying hint of the official. Yet the inexperienced lodge can learn much from relationship with those who are uniformed and badged. Without appeal to these they are like the man who wanted waffles, had all the ingredients and yet went without. He did not know the mechanics of waffles. And no lodge can be expected to know the mechanics of community-wide kindness without experiment sometimes so vast as to discourage, or without appeal to those who have already experimented and compiled a cook-book of relief recipes which work.



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SHOOT DU PONT POWDERS

DU PONT

The Measure of Pride

(*Continued from page 16*)

which she could not shake off. He knew all this before she spoke, and that was midwinter, when they were in Chicago to stay through the worst of the cold. They could see the lake from their windows, and one morning when it was churning the drift ice to mush before a stiff northeaster, Sue gazed across it for long and then turned sharply and threw herself on her father and burst into violent crying.

That amazed him, but he had not long to wonder, because the girl commenced to talk feverishly, as though she must make up with the speed of revelation for the months that she had held this thing back. She told it all from the beginning of her advances through to a recital of what had happened at the dance.

"And he said then the time would come when I'd wish my hand was cut off and that I'd be begging him to right the wrong I'd done!" she cried.

"The fool!"

"Yes, he's a fool! As if I would! As if I hadn't pride enough. . . ."

And there she choked off in the midst of her boast and Ezra knew that unless something happened she *would* go to Bolduc, she would bend her pride to his; sure it was love that made her miserable and nothing less. . . . In that hour he abandoned the hope that he could hold the girl for himself alone and, meeting an impossible situation as he had met many others, sought a way out.

IT CAME within the week: Philip Edwards, son of an old friend, tall and sleek, lately in possession of his master's license but, because of lax business, forced to resume his old berth as first mate on one of those ivory and black patrician ships of the lakes in the passenger traffic.

Now Phil Edwards had not come primarily to present his father's greetings; he was disgruntled with his lot, and he knew that men who found berths on the Halford ships were fortunate indeed. He had no immediate hope of what he wanted, but he was looking to the future, and when he looked into Sue Halford's face he read there great possibilities, because she was still demure and quieted from the outburst of the day before. She did not detect the calculation in his scrutiny and Ezra, because he was groping for a plan, was blinded to it. . . .

So when the Halfords were again in the big house on Point Detour, with the last of the ice floes melting in the lake, young Philip came to spend a week-end, for his ship was not yet sailing. The week-end grew to a week, during much of which he sat with Ezra talking ships and their business, careful in all he said, making his impression of the best; and the balance of the time he was with Sue, driving with her along the rocky roads or in her motor-boat while she tuned it after the winter of idleness.

It helped the girl regain her poise; the lift came back to her chin, the old sparkle in her eyes, and she parried Edwards' banter adeptly. Also, she took advantage of the opportunity to parade what seemed like a triumph over Bolduc, driving with Phil past the straggling row of houses after the tugs were in, her laughter rising clearly above sounds of hoof and wheel. Perhaps she impressed the gossips; surely, she deceived herself, because in that week she felt born again; as well, she deceived old Ezra, who saw his plan maturing nicely. (Captain Edwards for a son-in-law, master of a great carrier, not of a stinking fish tug!) But she did not wholly deceive Jean Bolduc—not then. He had the memory of her arms and her lips; he suspected that this was only a gesture of her pride. . . .He told himself this and it satisfied his reason; still, his rest was broken by dreams of misgiving. . . .

Summer again, with the Halfords making occasional trips to Escanaba where Edwards' ship touched weekly; with the fishing above normal; with Sue certain that she was through with Jean, that his prophesied humiliation would never be; and with the fisherman himself. . . . Ah, there were times when, waking from dreams, he heard a voice telling him to yield, to go to her before it might be too late, but he put this by. He had his pride to reckon with. Either that pride or Sue Halford's must yield. He could not let it be his.

Only once they spoke and that was one day when, steaming in from the lake, Bolduc saw her power-boat rolling idly, while Sue, sleeves to her elbows, worked over the motor.

"Help?" he called from his pilot-house doorway.

She looked up and tossed her head. "Whose help?"

He turned back to his wheel; later Sue got her motor running and stood in for home, stimulated by that petty triumph. . . .

AND all the time Ezra was planning, keeping Edwards much in the conversation and in his daughter's consciousness. He had found that he could mold this man because of the opportunities he had it in his power to offer; and with him in the family he would still have a hold on his daughter; would own her . . . so he thought.

Then the week in August when Edwards' ship was laid up with serious boiler trouble and he came to the Halford house, neat in blue and brass, and he and Ezra talked specific arrangements, and the young sailor sat with Sue on the porch at night or walked the beach, urging adroitly while she held back; not that she disliked him, but because a secret part of her knew that to yield would seal forever her episode with Jean Bolduc, and in that itself was admission of hope . . . hope that he might come to her because she was certain that she could never go to him.

She drew away when Edwards seized her and would let him cling only to her hands.

"What is it you want, then? What is it you ask of a man?"

"That is all I ask, Phil; that he be a man," and she saw his will to achieve, but she could not know that in his heart he was considering her happiness only after the bulwarking of his own future. . . .

From there he went to Chicago, where he was released by his employers, and on to Buffalo where he remained through September and into late October in the Halford offices, because Ezra wanted no son-in-law who was merely a sailor; he wanted one on whom the entire business might descend in time. He had waited for long to make the selection, and knew that it was a shock to the older heads in his offices to see a young chap coming in for such an unmistakable purpose. But Edwards' beginning was full of promise, reports indicated, and the old man talked much about the young one to his daughter, and urged and found ground for hope, and grew rather excited, and failed to place much value on her indecision. He did not know that the girl's heart was in sorry conflict.

Letters came almost daily for Sue and were strangely confusing. Phil was so self-confident, so aggressive in his mastery of the business, so impatient because she would not be won hastily. She used to wonder if he had the balance that her father believed he had, and yet she could find in nothing that he wrote any evidence of shirking or slighting or of unreasonableness.

It was noised about the village that at the end of the shipping season Halford's daughter would marry his youngest captain, and Jean Bolduc heard these reports and tried, quietly, to pick flaws in them, and could not; one morning he awoke to find that his assurance was gone and hope growing cold. . . .

October. A few weeks of shipping and then, if these tales were true, Edwards was coming for a bride; and the news must be authentic, Jean thought, because Ezra Halford himself seemed stirred by some new enthusiasm, and when he met Bolduc there was in his eye a peculiarly triumphant gleam.

November arrived with nasty weather, and old Ezra grew impatient when reports of his ships' movements were slow, even though he had always prided himself on the selection of sane masters who knew the lakes and had judgment. And then it was announced that the *Halford III* was headed up for its last cargo, waiting on the Escanaba docks with Edwards commanding for the first time under the Halford insignia, because of injury to an older captain. It was well, Ezra told his daughter; the youngster was a glutton for learning things; now let him sail a season, and then. . . . "You're losing time, my dear; he'll be general manager before you know it, and then . . . maybe he won't want the daughter of an old hulk like me!" He could tell that his insistence and his estimate of Edwards were wearing away her resistence, and he hinted right recklessly, and the word went around that in a few weeks there would be a wedding in the house on the point. . . .

Several times daily, now, long-distance connections put Ezra in touch with his carriers; things went well; he was nearer satisfied than he had been since Sue's first boy admirer made his feeble gesture. . . . Until word came that the *Halford III* was reported through the straits' light, and had not stopped despite storm signals.

"Why . . . but he's no fool!" the old man muttered as he glanced at the barometer. "No fool!" And yet the repeated assertion carried something of doubt.

An hour later the gale was coming vigorously from the northeast, and Ezra said: "He'll put in; he wouldn't come on in this!" But by dusk the lake was seething and he was cursing the down telephone line which might have quieted his doubts . . . which was admission that doubts existed. "McNulty's with him," he told his daughter and she was certain then, that when he sought comfort in the fact that old McNulty was serving under her suitor as first officer, that he was not wholly sure of Edwards, and her heart changed suddenly. Dismay? Relief? She did not know. . . .

Yes, McNulty was with him. He had picked up storm signals at Mackinac and reported them to Edwards, but Edwards only showed an indifference which stung the old man; and later, when they were abreast of Squaw Island and Edwards himself was outside watching the weather, McNulty ventured to intrude.

"You can make Seul Choix easy."

"We'll not try."

"Manistique, then?" he asked, for the sea was alarming.

But for reply Edwards altered his course for Poverty Island passage, one of the two entrances to Green Bay which he could handily use.

"For God's sake, cap'n, you ain't going to go on. . . ."

"You may go below any time now, Mr. McNulty." So, he dismissed the veteran and his fears.

Snow came in a beating drive; the seas lifted the lean craft in strange antics; darkness was premature. From stoke-hold to pilot-house there was misgiving, while outside, bundled against the cold, young Edwards drove on. He realized that he was taking his ship into probable danger, but he could not turn back to shelter now. He had put himself too thoroughly at the mercy of the tongues of men. It was the first blunder he had made; he must overcome it, he told himself.

IN THE Halford house Ezra paced up and down while hours dragged, and Sue kept close to the windows watching out there where a smother of scud and snow obscured everything. It was past midnight before their worst fears were given foundation by the sound of a whistle, far off, all but lost in the tumult of weather. It caused Sue to turn and watch her father, head cocked to catch the repeated sound. She knew that there could be no mistake, for he knew the voices of his ships as one knows those of old friends. It was the *Halford III* groping past them, bellowing warning of her presence, on her way to the narrow passage through which she must slip in this white gale. . . .

"Oh, the fool! The fool!" moaned Ezra, and Sue, born to the strain of men whose measure is taken time and again by wind and weather, felt her body chill. Edwards had taken a chance when a wise man would have risked nothing!

And Philip, atop the pilot-house, knew that he had taken a fool's chance, and knew that McNulty beside him, now, knew it. No hope of picking up the Poverty Island light unless the storm lifted, and there had been no lift for hours; little chance, as well, of catching the bellow of the fog whistle unless he had been dead right in his reckoning, and of that, in such a gale and a strange ship, he could not be sure. He might have turned back even then, but he kept on, unwilling to surrender everything for the sake

(*Continued on page 54*)

Do You Know How to Behave?

No, this is not a joke. So many people do not know how to behave, do not know the right thing to do at the right time, the right thing to say at the right time. They are always embarrassed and ill at ease in the company of others. They make mistakes that cause strangers to misjudge them. Pretty clothes and haughty manner cannot hide the fact that they do not know *how to behave.*

AT the dance, at the theatre, as a guest or in public—wherever we chance to be, people judge us by what we do and say. They read in our actions the story of our personality. They see in our manners the truth of our breeding. To them we are either well-bred or ill-bred. They credit us with as much refinement and cultivation as our manners display — no more.

Do you know the correct and cultured way to make introductions?

Very often, because they are not entirely sure, because they do not know exactly what is correct, people commit impulsive blunders. They become embarrassed, humiliated. They know that the people around them are misjudging them, underestimating them. And it is then that they realize most keenly the value of *etiquette*.

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

What Etiquette Does

To the man who is self-conscious and shy, etiquette gives poise, self-confidence. To the woman who is timid and awkward, etiquette gives a well-poised charm. To all who know and follow its little secrets of good conduct, etiquette gives a calm dignity that is recognized and respected in the highest circles of business and society.

What would you do or say in this embarrassing situation?

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 lady should know how to create conversation, how to conduct herself with the cultured grace that commands admiration.

Do You Know——

How **a widow should sign her name?**
How **to acknowledge an invitation?**
How **to address a titled person?**
How **to dress for a formal dinner?**
How **to avoid embarrassment at all times, in all places?**

What It Will Do for You

Perhaps you have often wondered what to do in a certain embarrassing situation, what to say at a certain embarrassing time. Etiquette will banish all doubt, correct all blunders. It will tell you definitely, without a particle of doubt, what is correct and what is incorrect. It will reveal to you at once all the important rules of conduct that others acquire only after years of social contact with the most highly cultivated people.

Do you know the correct etiquette of weddings, funerals, entertainments? Do you know the correct manner of making introductions? Do you know the correct table etiquette? Do you know how to plan engagement and wedding receptions and parties; how to word cards, invitations and correspondence?

What should the gentleman say when the music ceases and he must leave one partner to seek another?

The existence of fixed rules of conduct makes it easy for you to do, say, wear and write only what is absolutely correct. Etiquette tells you exactly what to do when you receive unexpected invitations, when people visit you for the first time, when you are left alone with a noted celebrity. It tells you what clothes to take on a week-end party, what to wear to the afternoon dance and the evening dance, how to command the respect and admiration of all people with whom you come in contact.

The Famous Book of Etiquette

The Book of Etiquette is recognized as one of the most dependable and reliable authorities on the conduct of good society. This splendid work has entered thousands of homes, solved thousands of problems, enabled thousands of people to enter the social world and enjoy its peculiar privileges. To have it in the home is to be immune from all embarrassing blunders, to know exactly what is correct and what is incorrect, to be calm in the assurance that one can mingle with people of the highest society and be entirely well-poised and at ease.

In the Book of Etiquette, now published in two large volumes, you will find chapters on correct dance etiquette, dinner etiquette, reception etiquette and the etiquette of calls and correspondence. There are interesting and valuable chapters on correct dress, on how to introduce people to each other, on the lifting of the hat, the usual everyday courtesies. You may often have wondered what the correct thing was to do on a certain occasion, under certain puzzling circumstances. The Book of Etiquette solves all problems—from the proper way to eat corn on the cob, to the correct amount to tip the porter in a hotel.

Do you know the correct behavior at public places?

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The Measure of Pride

(*Continued from page 52*)

of caution . . . just five minutes more he held her in, groping in the blizzard to retrieve that standing which the storm of his impatience had swept away. . . . They felt the seas change under them. Shoal water! McNulty muttered, and Edwards' hand moved toward the engine-room telegraph, but before he reached it she struck. She hit the ledge with a grinding smash which put both men hard against the railing; she swung off a bit and rose and rode clear as the gongs in her bowels clattered. Too late! The pulse of her engines died, but before they could pick up their beat again she struck the second time and hung there, and though the screws tugged mightily at hard astern, they could not relieve her. She did not lift to the third sea and the roller, shattered by her stern, boiled across her deck, and she shuddered, held by the grip of the bottom, canting slightly to starboard.

"Summer Island!" barked McNulty, but Edwards did not answer as he sent contradiction after order to the cursing engineer below.

The whistle stopped its warning moan. They tried the boats and one after another they were smashed or swamped before they could be manned. Fortunate, perhaps, because beyond them, beneath that seething water, was nothing but rock, and between the rock and the pounding seas flesh and bone would have no chance. They sought meager shelter in the cabin, waiting for daylight, straining eyes and hearts in hope, and the whistle began again in short, sharp barks for aid. . . .

IT WAS this call which tore a cry from Ezra Halford. In the half-hour since they had heard the sound, he began to hope that Edwards had picked up the signal which had guided him into the passage he sought, but this meant that his ship had grounded, and from the way the gale tore at his house he knew that her loss was but a matter of hours . . . and there were men on that ship . . . his ship, with his men. . . .

A short clash ensued because Ezra was for going to the village himself. No chance of helping, he admitted, but a man can't sit still when it's his ship, and his men. . . .

"My men!" he cried out. "*Mine!*"

"*Ours*, father! And I can go quicker. . . ."

She had her way and left him, fuming against his weaknesses, while she ran through the storm, mind in a swirl. Danger to a ship . . . to men. . . . Edwards, playing with weather as a heedless boy might play with fire. . . .

Lights showed in houses and a group of men had gathered on the beach; she hurried through the fringe of cedars toward them. They stood motionless, listening and as she halted one said:

"Walked right up on Summer; can't be anywhere else!"

And another voice—Jean Bolduc's: "There'd be no other place . . . and no worse place this night."

The girl became one of the group, almost unnoticed. The whistle bark became faster, then fainter in volume. It ceased. . . . "Fires drowned," said some one.

Jean Bolduc spoke the thing that was in their minds.

"It's up to us . . . if they're to get help. He's likely in very shoal water unless he's loaded."

Sue broke in: "It's the *Halford*, and light."

Eyes of men swung to her, startled, but she was conscious only of Bolduc's. A man whispered something and she knew that even he had grasped the drama; the man she was believed to be ready to wed was out there. . . .

"A job for a light-draft boat." It was Bolduc, again. "The *Tern* will do." That was his gasoline boat, a twelve-ton midget, seaworthy, but such a chip for that storm!

"You'd *go*, Jean?" There was more than amazement at courage in the man's query and Sue knew that the speaker, also, thought that Bolduc was offering to save his rival. . . . He ignored the query: "One other man will do, to stand by the motor. There's no use in more . . . taking chances."

It was his way of asking for volunteers. A man moved. "Me, Jean!" Bolduc shook his head. "No married men." A protest; but he insisted: "No man with others looking to him."

A slight boy moved forward. "Won't I do, Captain?" Jean considered. "It wants somebody that knows motors. I don't think you do . . . well enough."

The group had closed about Bolduc, excluding Sue. Her heart raced. Her father's ship . . . and she knew motors . . . none depended on her for food and warmth. . . . She pushed through, shoving back her tam so he could see her face.

"It's our ship and our men, isn't it?" Her voice was strangely thin. "I know motors, don't I? Better than any of you?"

Her knees gave as he stared at her. She talked further, rapidly; he listened. . . . Then they were moving along the beach with voices rising about them in excitement. "But a woman!" one protested, and she said again sharply: "Our ship!" Bolduc said nothing. He knew, as she knew, her competence; and he knew as well as she did that of them all she could best be spared. . . .

The sea was boiling across the far-reaching shoal water, and for three miles that thin froth smothered the decked-in craft, lashing the narrow windows of the pilot house, though they were still in the shelter of the point. . . . When they ran into deep water the *Tern* climbed abruptly; climbed and staggered and the curling crest seemed all but to throw her back, and then they pitched downward and burrowed into the great, unbroken roller.

Bolduc, his chest against the wheel and legs spread, held her straight into the seas. Sue supported herself by a hand on the housing and the other on the clutch lever. They climbed again and paused and poised and the screw, thrown free, spun furiously before the girl checked the motor . . . and then they were plunging downward again.

The shock of the seas was terrific; timbers creaked; it seemed incredible that window glass held and that the cabin itself was not ripped off and the boat sent drifting and swamped down wind to disaster. . . .

The shock of events was as severe on the consciousness of Jean Bolduc. No misgivings for his own safety came into consciousness; he knew the chance he was taking and reckoned it small because men out yonder had none, should their fellows ashore have shirked. But having Sue Halford near him, knowing that he piloted her into danger, aware that she went gladly, yes, insistently, to the rescue of Philip Edwards . . . those were the things which rocked him to his very soul. He wanted to call out to her, to plead, to shout to her that he had been a stubborn fool . . . before it might be too late. Something—perhaps shame—kept him mute.

SNOW-THINNED and a pallid dawn spread itself, showing them the great, tortured lake, black and white and vicious. Jean peered out a starboard window. There the wreck lay, her bow little more than two hundred feet off the island, geysers of spray bursting over her stern. . . . He planned rapidly, heart in his mouth. This *was* a job!

For nearly a hundred miles, from the Straits of Mackinac to their position, no land or shoal gave protection and it seemed as though the drive of that lone screw could never keep the *Tern* going in the face of the mountains of water. But they did keep on for a dragging span of time, on and outward, leaving the beached *Halford* over their quarter in the maneuver. . . . And then Bolduc called out sharply and moved the wheel and his craft fell off. Their first roll was bad enough but the second, which gave them a crest broadside, all but turned them over, and a light scream came from the girl. . . . His hands gripped the wheel spokes savagely as he held it hard over; they took the next roller on their quarter and then were running before it, straight for the doomed *Halford III*.

She was open just aft of amidships and Bolduc thought as he used his glass that he could see deck plates buckle under the drive. Her cabin roof was ruined, deck rails were twisted and gone; she could not last long, and if he miscalculated, if the motor failed. . .

He found himself facing about, words surging to his lips; he met the girl's eyes, wide and determined and controlled. She had let that one cry escape, but her mouth was set, now. . . . Pride! Ah, she had it, and before that he felt small and mean. She knew! He could tell her nothing of their situation, and as for the other things in his heart . . . what could they matter to a woman like that?

So he called out in a flat, dead voice: "There's lee under her stern; stand by. . . ."

THEY ran in cautiously. He could see faces in the cabin windows watching this, their last hope, come slowly on; slowly, and yet too fast for safety, even with the motor checked down. The great seas picked the boat up and flung her on, to within a quarter of a mile, to within two hundred yards. . . . He opened a door of the pilot-house and stared out behind; a great hill of water lifted them; they dropped, sickeningly; a second and then a third, and he looked back from the boiling crest on a brief expanse of lesser waves, with another trio of monsters gathering out yonder.

"Now! Wide open!"

They hurtled toward the wreck, rushed like a catapult, it seemed, straight into the frothy ruin of waves that were shattered on rock, straight at the island with no chance to turn and beat out if he failed, if a single item of his meager plan went wrong!

Those faces were close, now, and he could see horror in them as he drove forward. He all but grazed her canted stern; he was not six hundred feet from the beach, half that much from death itself . . . and his voice was a hoarse shout as he spun the wheel.

"Hard astern, now. . . . *Now!*"

The motor tore at its bed as the reverse of the lever liberated it for an instant. He had passed the *Halford's* stern, had his wheel hard down, had swung into that pitiful corner of shelter with his bow driving straight for the steel side of the ship. If the clutch missed . . . if the motor failed. . . . That life in the girl behind him . . . those lives behind the white faces yonder. . . . The weather tore at the housing before she slipped into the meager lee; the *Tern* heeled as she broached to . . . and then the screw took hold, her bow settled with a jerk, she swung sharply about and he was outside, boathook in hand, grappling for the *Halford's* rail!

A shouting man appeared above, line in his hands, and was then mashed into a stanchion and clung for life as the first of those oncoming rollers crashed down on the decks. . . . Bolduc hung on, choking, gasping, buried in water, but he held through that first assault and through the two others which followed and when, in the respite, the line went fast and men commenced tumbling down into his housing, he heard Sue Halford crying desperately. . . .

And the rest was easy! They waited their chance and stood back, out into deep water again and, finally, with seas on his quarter, raced for the shelter of Point Detour, shoal water and the safe way home. . . .

IT WAS midafternoon. Bolduc was alone in his *Tern*, finding things for his hands to do. Those rescued men had thanked him, one after the other, Edwards first, crestfallen, abashed, but reserving no syllable of gratitude; then old McNulty who simply took his hand and looked into his face a long moment and said:

"Boy and man, I've been forty years on the lakes. I've never seen the like, cap'n."

And then they went to warmth and food while the gale increased and tore their ship to wreckage. . . .

And the girl had not even looked at him. She had disappeared and that hurt, hurt as much, probably, as her thanks would have hurt. . . .

A step sounded outside and he looked up to see Ezra, bundled in reefer and cap, leaning on his stick. For a long moment they eyed one another.

"I'm glad to come here, Captain Bolduc," the old man said evenly, "to say what I've to say. Painful, yes; but a man's pride. . . "

"It was nothing. Any man would have done the same."

The cane moved in an imperious gesture.

"Not that!" his voice was sharp. "I can't thank a man for saving my men. It's something else. It's due her . . . due us. She ran away from us, likely because Edwards was here. She ran home, and. . . ." He paused and looked away a moment; then: "Pride's a big thing, Captain Bolduc. But she'll be coming back to you on her knees, like I've come. . . ."

On her knees! Coming back, as he had said she would come back. . . . The words pounded in Jean's ears as he ran and he did not heed the people who turned to watch his flight. He ran with all the strength in heart and limb along that road to the house on the point, silently cursing his faulty strength. He needed speed, so much more speed than he could summon, to be sure that it would not be necessary for her to start, that her pride might not be broken, that she might bring it to him intact, on her feet, her chin lifted, smiling into his face.

Delivering the Goods

(*Continued from page 26*)

situation in which so many railways find themselves.

The competitive spirit ran pretty wild in the matter of magnificent passenger stations. Spokane has three—and needs one. Seattle has two—for no reason on earth that has validity. Los Angeles has three; in Richmond a brand new station, well out of town, was built when a fine existing one could easily have been adapted for the use of two more railways. The finest building in Tucson, Arizona, is a new station that sees just two trains a day!

During the war, under government control, the Pennsylvania Station in New York was opened to the through trains of the B. & O. between New York and Washington, of the Lehigh Valley, and of the Philadelphia and Reading and Central of New Jersey between New York and Philadelphia—as a matter of economy and public convenience. Not so long ago the Pennsylvania decided to eject its competitors, and force them to go back to the awkwardly placed station at Communipaw, across the river. But public opinion led it to change its mind.

Railways could save a great deal of money were they prepared to sink a little of their pride. Pride is a fine thing; the competitive spirit among our railways has, in the past, beyond doubt, made for the upbuilding, and for better service. But in the operation of public utilities the time always comes when competition is a liability instead of an asset.

The future calls for coordination; for the limitation of acute competitive activity. Without competition, naturally, there must be regulation. But there could hardly be a closer supervision, a greater degree of government regulation, than now exists—short of actual government operation and ownership.

Coordination is the great need of all terminals. Railways and steamship lines will have to establish closer and cheaper connections. Our lake port terminals, like those at Buffalo and Cleveland, are much more efficient than our coast ports. We have no single port development comparable to the great examples of ports abroad—Bremen and Hamburg, Southhampton and Liverpool. In the one detail of passenger service, you can board a train in London and have to walk only fifty feet to the gangplank of your liner. Montreal will cut heavily into the trade of our Atlantic ports, thanks to its better ocean terminal facilities, if and when the St. Lawrence waterway plan goes through.

We have isolated terminals of great efficiency, like the big Bush Terminal in Brooklyn, and like some of the Baltimore developments. But in most respects our loading and unloading of ocean-going ships is almost prehistoric. We use expensive man labor where we should use cheap machine work.

And in no city has local transit been really coordinated with through lines coming in. That is true largely of passenger terminals and it is true almost universally regarding freight. These problems are engineering problems. And engineers have had too little to do with the planning of American cities. But their day is coming.

None but the Best for The Elks Magazine

Meredith Nicholson, author of such popular novels as "The House of a Thousand Candles," "Broken Barriers," and many others, whose latest work "Pretenders," begins in the December issue of this magazine

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Pretenders

IN ADDITION to this exciting mystery novel by Meredith Nicholson, the December issue will be rich in other notable stories and articles

Goliath

(*Continued from page 10*)

the team next year, either. And I said you would."

"You said——?"

"I did. And he offered to bet me. So I took him up. I said I'd bet anything he liked."

"Good Lord! You shouldn't have done that."

The girl was silent. He said: "What was the bet, Alicia?"

"Oh, just something foolish. A box of candy against a——"

"What?"

"A kiss."

"A kiss!"

"Mmm." She turned to him, and he saw the color in her cheek. But she was smiling. "Don't be shocked, Henry. One kiss! It doesn't mean much nowadays. . . ."

"Alicia!"

"Well, it doesn't. But I—I must say, I didn't expect Davey to—I mean, I think he might have said a pair of socks, or a necktie."

"Why did you bet at all?"

"Because," said Alicia. Then, with the contempt of a modern young woman for the ancient feminine evasiveness, she added: "Because I like you, Henry. And Davey—of course I like him, too. He's fascinating. . . . Isn't he?"

"Oh, yes."

"But he irritates me, at times. I wish I knew——"

"What?"

"Nothing."

"You wish you knew how you really felt about him, is that it?"

"Yes," said Alicia in a low tone. "I always thought," she went on, after a moment, "that you were supposed to know—I mean, in all the novels I've read the girl always knows just how she feels. She can sit and analyze herself by the hour. I can't!"

"Are you in love with Davey, Alicia?"

"I'm not sure."

"Is he—in love with you?"

"He says so. But I'm afraid it may be that he thinks I'm— Well, I *am* a good match, in a way."

Henry looked at her.

"I suppose you are," he said, with a queer laugh. "I've never thought much about—that side of it. I've always thought about—you."

"Have you, Henry?"

He nodded.

"I love you, Alicia."

She quickly put her hand on his arm; let it rest there an instant and then withdrew it.

"I know. At least, I've guessed. . . . But, you see, I'm not sure about you, either, Henry."

Her voice was grave and sweet. He got up suddenly, unable to sit beside her any longer; walked over to the fireplace, and stood with his back toward the couch.

"I'm not sure about myself," he said, with a kind of quiet bitterness. Then he turned and faced her. "But I'll try to win that bet for you, if you want me to."

"I do!"

"All right. I'll try again, next year. But I'm afraid it won't be any use. I'm pretty rotten at the game."

V

AT THE beginning of his Senior year Henry returned dutifully to his position on the scrubs. His chances of making the Varsity were slender, as both the regular tackles were good men. Emmet, the left tackle, was a brilliant player, who had been named for the All-American the year before.

Rogers, the coach, had evolved a new formation—or rather had adapted an old one—with the tackle carrying the ball. The formation started as an ordinary end-run, with the four backs interfering for the runner. But it developed into a delayed play off tackle, the runner cutting in at the last moment with the expectation of breaking through the opponents' drawn-out line. This play, with Emmet carrying the ball, was very effective in practice and Rogers decided to save it for the big games.

As the season progressed it was apparent that Princeton had got one of the best teams in her recent history. This was pleasing to Princeton men, but it was hard on Henry Payson. Still he plugged along, practicing faithfully, getting into the fag-end of unimportant games, and generally making himself useful without in the least distinguishing himself. He was as hard as nails, now, and his huge shoulders had lost their stoop. A big man, who could take a lot of pounding. But he was still weak on the offensive. That was why the coaches shook their heads over him—and kept him on the scrubs.

THE Harvard game, played at Cambridge, ended in a 3 to 0 victory for Princeton. In the last part of the final quarter Emmet was carried off the field with a broken ankle. Henry, sitting as usual on the sidelines, was appalled by this loss; but he thought for a moment—he could not help thinking—that his chance had come.

However, Rogers sent in Hanscom, the other second-string tackle, and Henry relaxed into his customary state of phlegmatic disappointment. It meant that Hanscom would start the Yale game.

He wrote to Alicia and told her that she had lost her bet.

"I'm sorry. I've tried, but I guess it isn't in me to make a good football player." He ended by asking her to come to Princeton for the Yale game as his guest.

Alicia smiled as she read this letter. Then she frowned, and wadding it up, threw it forcefully across the room toward a waste-basket. "You're a little late, Henry," she said aloud. Then she sat down and wrote him that Davey Jessup had asked her to be his guest. She was going with one of his friends, to sit on the Yale side of the field. She added in a postscript: "Never mind about that silly bet. It doesn't matter, anyway."

Henry read these last two sentences through several times. Somehow they hurt him. But he decided that Alicia was right. It was a silly bet, and it really didn't matter.

The day of the game found Henry in a curiously apathetic mood. When he came out onto the field with the squad he felt detached and personally removed from all the sound and color of the occasion. He looked about at the great stadium with a sense of wonder that had in it nothing of excitement. His position was anomalous; he was neither spectator nor active participant. He was simply an accessory—before the fact.

Once he thought he saw Alicia's face looking out of that blur of faces on the opposite side of the field. He knew it wasn't so. He had imagined it. Yet she was there, perhaps watching him. . . .

More likely she was watching Davey Jessup, for the Yale team had lined up and was running through signals. Davey, at quarter, was a vivid, dashing figure, a figure to compel the eye. . . . Even at a distance his features were clearly distinguishable, his slender, graceful body was somehow impressed upon its shifting backgrounds. He stood out. He was Davey Jessup. . . .

The game started.

There was a cheer at the kick-off, then the stands temporarily fell silent, waiting with tense interest to see how the teams shaped up.

It was Yale's ball on her own forty-yard line. She tried one end run and a drive through the line; then kicked. Princeton promptly punted in return.

After the first ten minutes of play it was apparent that the teams were evenly matched. The Orange and Black had lost a valuable man in Emmet, and though Hanscom was playing the game of his life, the difference was appreciable. It robbed Princeton of the slight advantage that might have been hers. Both teams were strong on the defensive, but neither seemed able to break through the other's line. Once Davey Jessup almost got loose on a long forward pass, but he was forced out of bounds on Princeton's twenty-yard line. On the next play Yale fumbled. Princeton recovered the ball and immediately punted out of danger. That ended the quarter.

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Goliath

(*Continued from page 57*)

The second and third periods were a repetition of the first. It began to look like a scoreless tie.

Then, at the start of the fourth period, one of those surprising changes took place that are as inexplicable as they are characteristic of the sport. The Yale team, under Davey's electric leadership, suddenly became irresistible. It began a march down the field toward the enemy's goal.

THE Princeton players were bewildered. They fought to stop the Blue advance, but it continued with the impersonal persistence of a making tide. Three first downs in five plays—and nothing but straight football! The Yale rooters were getting off cheer after cheer; the field was swept with organized waves of sound. The Princeton section answered, roaring desperate encouragement to the wavering Orange and Black line. . . .

Another first down, and it was Yale's ball on the ten-yard line. The gain had been made through left tackle. Poor Hanscom, who had been bearing the brunt of the Yale attack, was through. Rogers, crouching on the sidelines, crooked his finger at Henry.

"Go in, Payson, and tell Cooper to watch for a drop-kick."

Henry had thrown off his blanket. He stood there, dazed, hardly realizing what had happened. Then the referee's whistle blew and he was racing across the hard trampled ground toward that knot of men gathered in the far corner of the field. Vaguely he heard the cheers for Hanscom, limping toward oblivion. . . . Mechanically he delivered Rogers' message to Cooper, the Princeton quarter; then jumped to his place in the line.

The Yale tackle opposite him grinned a muddy, unpleasant grin. But Henry paid no attention to him. It was the soiled and slender figure of Davey Jessup that caught his eye. . . .

Davey stood up behind the Yale line and coolly surveyed the newcomer. A thought flashed through Henry's mind. "He's going to try me."

There came a barking string of signals, the ball was snapped back and the Yale line charged. But Henry had diagnosed the play correctly; he was just a fraction of a second ahead of the charge. He broke through, and threw the runner for a loss.

"Good boy, Hank!" panted Cooper, as the teams lined up again.

An end run followed, which gained no ground; but it planted the ball directly in front of the Princeton goal posts.

Davey dropped back to kick.

Henry crouched in position, watching that ominous slim figure in the torn jersey. . . How familiar it was, and yet how strange! Queer bits of recollection were troubling his mind. He remembered the day that Davey had "licked" him. He remembered still farther back, to the Sunday School room and the lesson he had learned there. . . .

"*Goliath was a giant, but the Lord was against him. . . .*"

Davey was holding out his hands for the ball. He stood on the twenty-yard line, facing the goal-posts. He couldn't miss. . . . And his name was David. . . .

Then something happened in Henry's brain. A rage came upon him, and something more than rage. In that half-second all the unhappy repressions of his life rose up and gave strength to his body. All the years of his suffering deference, of his outer devotion, of his inner hatred, surged up and were transformed into physical energy. Davey Jessup was not a man, he was a symbol—the symbol of a dapper insolence that had presumed too much. . . .

Henry knew exactly what he was going to do. He was going to break through and block that kick. He was the only man in the world who could do it, and by God, he *would* do it!

The ball was passed. Henry had no sense of effort on his part. He simply started with the ball, passed through the line and bore down on Davey.

The latter, as cool as ever, swung back his leg and kicked. But at that instant Henry reached him. The ball thudded against the Princeton man's chest—sweet sound, sweet sensation!

Then Henry bumped into his old rival, knocked him off his feet with exhilarating ease, and ran for the bobbing ball.

No one else was in sight. He was alone on the field with that rolling ball. How simply he had done it! How easily he had walked over Davey! The shock of contact scarcely had broken his stride. . . .

The ball! That was the important thing. He knew that he ought to fall on it, quickly, at once, before some blue jersey smothered it. But he didn't fall on it. He had reached that moment of exaltation when a man can break all rules with impunity. He stooped and picked up the ball, still on the run, and started for the Yale goal. He was alone in a vast pit, surrounded by sloping walls of humanity that gave off great sounds, with a given number of white streaks to cross. . . .

They caught him on the twenty-five yard line.

He came down heavily, got up, shook himself and looked appraisingly at the remaining distance. The noise of the stands had resolved itself into two contending rhythms.

"Touchdown, touchdown!" roared the Princeton section.

"Hold 'em, hold 'em, Yale!" came wailingly from the opposite side of the stadium. The cheering was like a storm in the air. . . .

Henry said to Cooper, as he passed him:

"Gimme the ball."

He said it without reflection, on instinct. But Cooper heard, and was fired, perhaps, with something of Henry's inspiration. The teams lined up, the uproar slackened momentarily, and then——

Cooper was calling the signal for the off-tackle play. He was going to give Henry the ball.

Henry felt that he ought to be frightened, but he wasn't. He was simply rather joyous, and quite serene.

All his faculties were functioning at top speed, body and mind together. He stepped back as the play started, took the ball under his arm and raced step for step behind his interference. Then, with a quick swerve, he cut in, through a hole in the line, and was again headed for the Yale goal with only the secondary defense to stop him.

In this instance, the secondary defense was Davey.

Henry grinned as he saw that thin figure darting toward him. He made no attempt to dodge. Running at full speed, he crashed into the other. They fell on the ten-yard line.

He rose, and Davey, a little groggy, rose with him. The stands had gone mad. The team had gone mad. Someone was pounding him on the back. It was Cooper.

"Gimme the ball," growled Henry, and took his place in the line.

IT WAS a fool thing to do. It was execrable generalship—or else a stroke of genius. Football critics have not yet decided which.

Rogers, the coach, when he sensed what was happening, would have started a man in to remove Cooper, but it was too late. The play had already started.

Again Henry took the ball, but this time he was tackled as he went through the line. He had a sense of being tackled, but it struck him only as a slight annoyance. He shook off the men who had tried to stop him and waded ahead, through a flimsy gateway of crazily waving arms and bodies. . .

All this in a space of seconds, in a space of yards. . . .

He and Davey were alone once more, and the goal was just beyond. Henry plunged forward, with a great and overwhelming confidence.

Again he ran straight into Davey's outstretched arms. But this time he didn't fall. He kept going. . . .

His legs were entangled by some vexatious fetter. But it was only another stride or two to the goal, and he kept going. . . .

It seemed to him that he was walking calmly down the field, with a small and impotent creature hanging to his legs. The last white mark passed beneath him. He was over the line.

Then a mountain of bodies fell on him. He went down, still clasping the ball, hanging on to it, till the avalanche should lift.

Something was wriggling under him.

It was Davey.

In a dim sort of way Henry understood what was happening. He could hear a thunder, a tremendous pulsing sound in the air about him. He knew that it was all Princeton cheering for the touchdown. He, Henry Payson, had made the touchdown, and that was important. . . .

But he wasn't thinking of the game. He was thinking of a day in Sunday-school, long ago; of a boy who had pulled Alicia Thomas's curls, of that same boy who had licked him under an oak tree in the Park at home. In short, he was thinking of Davey Jessup.

Their heads came together in the mud.

"Score one for Goliath," said Henry, quite inaudibly. But it was as if he had stood up and shrieked it aloud to the world.

VI

A MONTH later, Henry came home for the Christmas holidays; his last before graduation. The second evening after his arrival—(he had spent the first in the bosom of his family, as duty demanded)—he went to see Alicia.

It was a chill December night, and the ground was covered with snow. As he turned into the Park he saw a slender, familiar figure walking ahead of him. It was Davey.

Henry lengthened his stride. He had not seen Davey since the game. He wanted to see him.

He waited till his rival had reached a certain spot in the Park, a spot marked by a large oak tree. Then he called to him.

"Hi, Davey!"

The latter turned quickly; waved his hand and stood waiting for Henry to come up.

"Hello, Hank. How's the boy?"

"All right."

They stood facing each other under one of the Park lights.

"Going to Alicia's?" asked Davey carelessly.

"Yes, I am."

"So am I. Walk along with you."

"No!" said Henry, in a tone that made Davey stare at him.

"What do you mean—?" he began, but Henry interrupted thim.

"Remember this place, Davey?"

"Not particularly. Why?"

"Place where we fought—that time—when we were kids."

Davey laughed.

"I'd forgotten," he said.

"I hadn't," said Henry. "You licked me, that time. Or you thought you licked me."

The other attempted to be magnanimous. "Well, I guess we're even, now."

"You mean the game? Yes, we're even as far as that goes. But there's something else, Davey." Henry stopped, and then said quietly: "I'm going to Alicia's to-night, and I'm going alone."

"The hell you are!"

"The hell I'm not!" Henry moved closer to the little man. "Tell you something, my friend. All my life I've been afraid of you. Do you know why? Because you were smaller than I was. Smaller, do you get it? That story of Goliath—you've forgotten that, too, but I haven't. That story got under my skin. It fooled me. I guess I had what the psychology birds call a complex. Yes, that's it. I had the Goliath complex. And that's why I let you walk all over me. But I'm cured. And I want to tell you, you little shrimp, that if you ever get in my way again I'll smash you to a pulp. I'll beat you into a jelly, and I'll do it with one hand tied behind me. Do you get that?"

"Why, good God, Hank! You've lost your mind. You're crazy."

"All right, then; I'm crazy. Only I'm not. I'm sane. For the first time in my life I'm sane clear through. And I'm telling you the gospel truth. I don't hate you, now. I haven't any hard feelings toward you. But I'm tired of seeing you around. I'm tired of stumbling over you. Now you go home and think it over."

"You big boob!" laughed Davey, somewhat uncertainly. "Do you think you can bluff me?"

Henry, in reply, doubled a huge fist and held

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Goliath

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it up before the other's eyes. "Look at that, Davey. And look at me. You know I can smash you, and what's more important, I know it, too." He was silent a moment; then he said: "If I thought you really cared for Alicia—loved her, I mean— But you don't. You never have. Damned if I think you love anything or anybody—but yourself. Now I'm going to Alicia's. If you show up there to-night, I'll take you out on the front lawn and beat the holy living daylights out of you. That's all. Good night, Davey."

He walked off. He didn't stop, or look around. He simply kept on through the snow-covered Park, toward Alicia's. . . .

She was sitting on the couch in the drawing-room when he came in. There was a fire on the hearth, and the light of it was in her hair. . . .

"Oh, it's you, Henry," she said, giving him her hand.

"Were you expecting any one else?" he asked.

"Only Davey."

"Davey isn't coming, to-night."

"But he telephoned—" She paused; then said: "How do you know?"

"I met him in the Park," explained Henry. "We—we had a little talk, and Davey decided he wouldn't come."

She rose, and put her hand on his arm. He remembered that she had done that once before, a year ago. Only this time she did not withdraw it.

"Why, Henry, you— You're looking awfully solemn. What's happened?"

"It's Davey," said Henry grimly. "He's licked."

She looked up at him, and her face flushed.

"Tell me what happened, Henry. I want to know."

He told her. When he had finished she went back to the couch. Henry sat down beside her. There was a long silence.

"It's funny," said Alicia, at last. "Davey's never mentioned that bet he had with me. I should think he'd have paid it."

"He's probably forgotten it. He hasn't much of a memory, Davey hasn't."

Silence.

The crackling of the fire. . . .

A light on Alicia's hair.

"You were wonderful that day, Henry," she said. "I haven't had a chance to tell you before, but—I was thrilled."

"Because I won the game?"

"Yes, of course. But not just that. . . . It was as if I'd been watching for something all my life, and suddenly—there it was!"

"Yes," said Henry. "There it was. And there it's going to stay."

Silence.

The ticking of a clock. . . .

A light on Alicia's cheek as she turned toward him. . . .

Then his arms were around her, and she was paying her debt—a wholly gratuitous debt—to Henry.

"Alicia, dear Alicia. . . . I've loved you so long. Ever since we were kids!"

"I know," murmured Alicia.

He reached up his hand and touched her hair.

"What's that for?" she asked, smiling.

"Pulling your curls," said Henry, in a queer voice. "Pulling your curls. . . . Always wanted to. . . ."

Alicia kissed him.

The Footstep

(Continued from page 37)

"*The Lost Star* was his boat, then," gasped Ma.

"Listen and you'll hear," went on Thor calmly. "Somehow the man who was out of his head—didn't want to stay in the room with this Mr. Kent—now, he may have had his own reasons—but Mr. Kent claimed it was because he was so good to this man in the past; and shut him up in an asylum; and for the family's sake kept him there; and he had escaped, because he wanted to run wild and free—and find his wife again. Now Mr. Kent didn't tell me that; but the man keeps a-callin' his wife."

Caroline had risen to her feet, trembling violently, afraid to hear the remainder of the narrative lest the sinister confession of a drowning man should have its conclusion in a second death, another tragedy. "His wife," she whispered.

"Yes, listen, Mrs. Hartley. Mr. Kent marched this poor demented man to this trap-door, bein' stronger than his prisoner, and now I'm gettin' back to Kent's story. Kent said you was all so nervous here he wasn't goin' to alarm you, so in spite of the man's screams he forces him down the ladder—the poor harmless critter—and slams the trap-door down and bolts it; and in the morning he takes food to the poor prisoner, who thinks he's in the asylum again; and then goes to Otto Bergthal after making inquiries to find if there is such a man in the village; and he asks Otto to take him fishin'; and when they're on the lake out of earshot he tells him about this poor demented man he's befriended, and keepin' from alarmin' Mrs. Hartley.

"That much is fact. What I pieced out is this: Kent had some incriminatin' letter left there by mistake by Otto who was under suspicion of bein' a traitor; and his price for silence was that Otto should help him take the man away. Otto told me he knew right away what man was meant, because he had talked with him in his hut near Lone Cove—took Otto to prowl around deserted regions of this lake! I suppose he had his own reasons! Well, they fixed it up that I was the man to act as keeper and be watchman until midnight or so, when they would fetch him down the fire-escape; and the way they put it to me was like a clear case of humanity. I was out on the lake fishin' and they asked me to come into their boat for a spell, while they told me about a poor helpless crazy man who had broken into the Mohican—and they wanted to remove him without alarmin' Mrs. Hartley. They planned, they said, to take him back to his hut; and keep him there with me watchin' over him until Mr. Kent could make arrangements to put him in the asylum.

"'What sent him insane?' I asked.

"'He ain't exactly insane,' Mr. Kent answered, 'but he's lost his memory; and his folks think that under good regular care of professionals in a sanitarium his wanderin' personality—so to speak—will come back to him.'

"'What caused him to lose his memory?' I asked. 'Fell on his head in escapin' from a burnin' building,' answered Mr. Kent. 'I was with him—and tended to all arrangements afterward.'"

An exclamation broke from Caroline. She half-rose from her seat. "It's true! It's true!" she cried. "But he's dead. He said he killed him."

"Listen, please, Ma'am," Thor said gently. "When he told me that tale about the fire, I asked, 'Was you burnt—rescuin' your friend?'

"'Scorched!' He rolled back his cuff, and there was marks of an old burn. Well, he told me he got his friend to a hotel and put him to bed, thinkin' he'd be all right in the mornin'; but in the mornin' he couldn't remember a thing. So Kent he sent a telegram to the man's folks; and they come and Kent made all the arrangements to put him in a sanitarium."

"A telegram," Caroline interjected. "No!—there was no telegram"—she was trembling violently, but she didn't lose her self-control.

Ma and Mrs. Jones glanced at each other. Even on their minds it was dawning that there was some sinister connection of this case with Mrs. Hartley's own experience.

"Listen, Ma'am," Thor said kindly, "it sounded as queer to me as to you—when I had time to think it over; but for a while I didn't think, I acted—just naturally wantin' to help a poor creature. So I agreed to go back for the sweater and to linger up-stairs; and Mr. Kent he was to follow on pretext of my bein' a thunderin' long time findin' a sweater. Otto was like a babe in arms about that secret chamber. 'Thor,' he says to me, 'somebody's done me dirt. I bet Chermans were over there plottin' and plannin' to ruin me. Thor, I ask you, wasn't it low down on Otto?'

"Well, I didn't want to say how low down Otto was—and I just passed up the secret chamber as if all well-regulated hotels had 'em like they was stationary wash-bowls and such frills. And when I saw that dark-haired, pale gentleman they'd shut up there I loved him like a brother. You couldn't help lovin' him. He was as easy to handle as a baby if you took him the right way; and he asked very pitiful not to be sent back to the asylum. He wanted to go back to his little hut, he said, and an old dog who had made friends with him. 'Keeper,' he said, he called me keeper, 'my boat *The Lost Star* is out there. I named it for all the lost stars that make night grow darker—and a lost love—a woman who died. I'll find her some day,' sez he, 'where there ain't no night and all the stars sing together—the morning stars.'

"Then he talked to me of houses—'I'll build no more in this world,' sez he."

"Oh, stop——"

Caroline had buried her face in her hands.

"Tell me, is this man alive? is he alive!"

"He is alive," said Thor solemnly.

"But the man drowned at the dock"—she

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The Story So Far

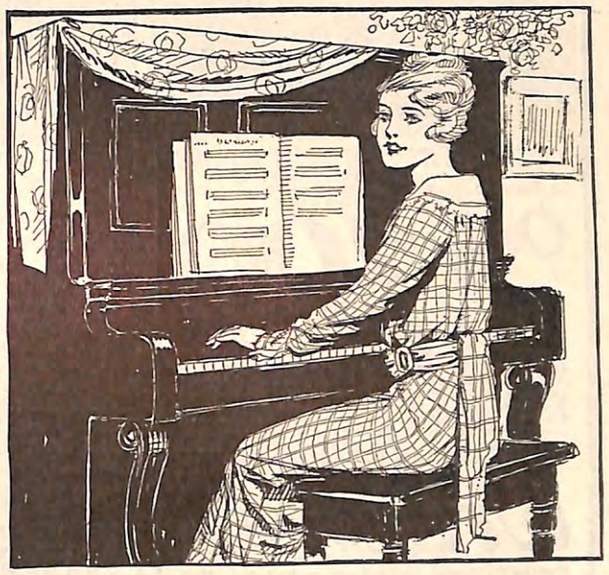
CAROLINE HARTLEY has bought the abandoned, reputedly ghost-haunted Mohican Hotel, on an island in a mountain lake, which had once been the scene of her idyllic honeymoon with Spencer Hartley who, fourteen months before this story opens, was reported killed in a fire which destroyed his clubhouse, and from which no trace of his body was recovered. Caroline plans to spend the autumn months on the island alone with her young cousin Beulah Belford. Armed with a burglar alarm and an automatic the two girls feel quite safe, but their sense of pleasant adventure is destroyed overnight by the creeping, stealthy horror of a human footstep in the corridor and the apparition of a ghostly deathlike figure on the stair-landing.

Abandoning their plan of complete solitude, they take in a Dr. Farrell who has come to the lake for his vacation and they induce Mrs. Simmons and her husband, Jake, the villager who brings their supplies, to come and keep house for them. They are soon forced to admit a sixth to their circle—Digby Kent, Spencer Hartley's friend and executor and a would-be suitor of Caroline's, though both Caroline and Beulah dislike and distrust him.

Numbers, however, bring no immunity from their mysterious disturbances. The footstep still haunts the corridors, Kent in his isolated suite on the fourth floor has a midnight visitor whose terrified screams at sight of an automatic raise the house, and they are all overcome by poison gas while exploring the attic. The climax is reached next day when Kent, out fishing with one Otto Bergthal, sends Thor Jones back to the hotel with a note requesting that the man be allowed to go to Kent's room for a forgotten sweater, and Thor fails to come down, nor does a thorough search reveal any trace of him. That night Jake and the doctor hear a boat leave the hotel dock, and quickly joined by Beulah, they pursue it in the Huntress *to a lonely spot on the mainland. Scrambling up the sleep bank, they burst through the underbrush expecting to come upon the fugitives—and find themselves confronted by a newly made, deserted grave.*

The Woman Who Wished She Could Play the Piano

And How She Found An Easy Way To Turn Her Wish Into a Fact



A YEAR or so ago this woman didn't know one note from another. To-day she plays the piano—entirely by note—better than many who have been playing for years. Here she tells how she learned and why it was so easy. Thousands of others, from school children to men and women of 50 to 60, have also learned music in the same easy way. A new method that makes singing or any instrument amazingly simple to master.

FROM the time I was a child I have always had a yearning and longing to play the piano.

Often I have felt that I would gladly give up half of my life if some kind fairy would only turn my wish into a fact. You see I had begun to think I was too old to learn, that only some sort of fairy story magic could give me the ability to play. I was 35 years old—and the mother of a small family—before I knew one note from another.

Until I learned to play, hearing music—especially the piano—always gave me almost as much pain as pleasure. My enjoyment of it was always somewhat soured by envy and regret—envy of those who could entertain and charm with their playing, regret because I myself had to be a mere listener. And I suppose it is that way with every one who has to be satisfied with hearing music instead of playing it.

Again and again, parties and other social gatherings have been all but spoiled for me. I could enjoy myself until some one suggested music or singing; then I felt "left out"—a lonesome wall flower—a mere looker-on instead of part of the party. I was missing half the fun.

It was often almost as bad when callers came. It is so much easier to entertain people—particularly if you don't know them well—if one can turn to the piano to fill the gaps when conversation lags. But until recently our piano was only a piece of furniture. We bought it three years ago, simply to have it in the house while waiting for our two little girls to reach the age for beginning lessons—for I was determined that they should never be denied the full enjoyment of music the way I had been. But as it turned out, I learned to play before my girls did—in fact, I myself am now their teacher.

The way I have suddenly blossomed out in music (almost over night, you might say) has been a big surprise to all who know me, and to myself as well. My friends seem to think it must be that I had a previously undiscovered genius for the piano. But if there was any genius about it, it wasn't on my part, but in the lessons I took—a new and simplified method that makes it remarkably easy for any one to add music or singing to their daily lives. Any one anywhere can now learn to play any instrument or learn to sing just as easily as I did. All the hard part, all the big expense, all the old difficulties, have been swept away by this simple new method.

I learned entirely by home study—in my spare time—from fascinating Print-and-Picture lessons that make everything so simple and easy that one simply can't go wrong on them. I call it a short-cut way to learn—it is so much simpler and so entirely different from the old and hard-to-understand methods. I know that I made better and faster progress than I ever could by bothering with a private teacher or joining a class. In fact, while I don't like to brag, within six months after I took my first lesson my playing was better than that of many of my friends who had studied two or three years under private teachers—not because I was any more apt than they, but simply because the wonderful Print-and-Picture lessons sent me by the U. S. School of Music were so easy to understand.

Then they were so interesting that study and practice were more like a pastime than a task or duty. And so convenient; you can study and practice just as it happens handy, instead of tying yourself down to set hours. And no strangers around to embarrass you or make you nervous.

Within a year after I took my first lesson I began teaching my two little girls to play—using exactly the same lessons I myself had studied. And I notice that both of them seem to be getting along better than any of their playmates who have private teachers. In addition, I am saving the money it would cost to have a private teacher—I figure it would cost at least $3 to $5 a lesson to have a teacher whose instruction could compare with that contained in the printed lesson from the U. S. School. Yet, from the first lesson to the last, the total cost of learning the way I did averaged only a few cents a day.

My only regret is that I didn't know of this really wonderful method years before. The ability to play is such a great comfort. No matter how much I am alone, I never get lonesome—I can always turn to my piano for amusement. I am never at a loss for a way to entertain callers. I no longer feel that I am "out of it," at social gatherings. Do you wonder that I so gladly recommend the method that has brought me so much pleasure and satisfaction?

* * * * * * * *

This woman's experience is by no means unusual. Over 300,000 others—from school children to men and women of 50 and 60—have learned to play their favorite instrument or learned to sing in the same way this woman did. Read the enthusiastic letters which you will find printed here—samples of the kind of letters we are receiving practically by every mail. Largely through the recommendation of satisfied pupils, we have built up the largest school in the world.

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When learning to play or sing is so easy, why continue to confine your enjoyment of music to mere listening? Why not at least let us send you our free book, absorbingly interesting simply because it shows you how easy it is to turn your wish to play or sing into an actual fact? Just now we are making a special short-time offer that cuts the cost per lesson in two—send your name now, before this special offer is withdrawn. No obligation—simply use the coupon or send your name and address in a letter or on a postcard. Instruments supplied when needed, cash or credit. **PLEASE WRITE NAME AND ADDRESS VERY PLAINLY, so that there will be no difficulty about the booklet reaching you.**

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"Have learned more about music and playing in the four lessons received from you than I expected to learn in six months."—U. S. Whitman, Washington, D. C.

"I am getting along better than I ever did with a teacher right with me." — Edna Brown, Springfield, Mass.

The Footstep

(*Continued from page 60*)

could not bring herself to say Kent's name, "said he had killed——"

"I don't know who he killed. I don't think he wanted to kill my man—but he thought he had killed him—or he wouldn't a dug a grave and put him in it; and then run like the devil was after him. Let me go back and resume, Mrs. Hartley."

"Yes, go back," she said.

"WELL, as I was sayin', his talk got me so soft that I had half a mind to take him back to the hut; or hide him somewhere away from those two. I knew how he felt. I'd get as crazy as a loon ef I thought somebody was goin' to shut me up when I'd been livin' a free life with an old dog; and an old gun—he found a gun in his cabin some camper left there. But I knew Otto and the city gent would get us both again; so I did nothin'; and after a while the poor creature fell asleep. Kent said he wasn't goin' to give him food, because he would have to chloroform him a little just to get him out easy. I didn't like that either. It seemed when they came as if they was takin' my poor hurt boy from me. I carried him out in my arms, he's thin and don't weigh much; and we got safely into the boat; but we hadn't gone far before I heard Otto whisper, 'They're after us. Let her out.'

"I turned and saw in the moonlight far off another motor boat; then I looked at Mr. Kent's face, and it was the color of old putty. I never saw a scareder lookin' man. 'Sufferin' sprucegum,' I thought, 'ef youse is doin' an act of mercy, what you so blamed scared for?' But he grew scareder and more scart; could scarcely wait to make a landin'; and went up that old pine tree down near Wild Goose Point, as if the devil was after him. Otto helped me put the poor gentleman on my back, and I crawled up the tree with my load; that wasn't such a load after all, and then we scrambled through the brush; and came pantin' to the place where the grave is dug. And then they told me to lay him down, so they could wake him.

"Mr. Kent was listenin' and listenin' for the motor boat. 'They're drawin' nearer,' he said. Then he leaned down and put his head against the gentleman's chest. 'My God!' he said, 'he's dead.'

"'He ain't!' I yelled. I wasn't goin' to have him dead, and I shook him, but he did look like a dead man; and I begin to be scared too. 'We can't leave him on the ground,' says Otto. 'His cabin's near here. I'll get a spade. We'll bury him till we can fetch an undertaker. There are wildcats and other animals around. He mustn't be uncovered.'

"I had an awful feelin' then that I had helped to do a real murder, and yet I don't think Kent meant to kill him. He had given him an overdose of the chloroform. And I believe he really thought he was dead. Well, we dug the grave, and laid him in; and Otto spread a handkerchief over his face so the earth wouldn't touch it. 'That boat's a landin',' he said. 'Let's beat it,' and he threw on the last shovelful of earth; he chucked the spade into the bushes and ran.

"I ran, too, about a hundred yards; just as you'll always run when other people are runnin', unless you get your brain workin'—and as soon as mine began to work I brought up short. 'He ain't dead,' I said to myself 'I'm goin' back; and ef he is I'm goin' to watch by that poor body until they fetch the undertaker. I ain't goin' to leave him—run away as ef I had killed him—or done some wicked work.' So I yelled out, 'I'm goin back. You fetch Hendricks the undertaker. I'm goin' to watch by the grave.' Whether they heard me or not I don't know, but they kept on runnin' and I went back."

Ma Simmons was crying, but Caroline only moved her hand and took the big rough brown hand of Thor Jones, clung to it as if it were her link with a future of hope and recovered joy.

"Wa'al, I got back and there, lookin' at the grave like they was spirits, was Jake and that good doctor and the young lady—the pluckiest young lady I ever see. We undug that grave even faster than we'd dug it, and the Doctor he listened for the heart, and sez, 'He's a livin'. Is there any chance of shelter around here?'

"'We're near his own cabin,' I said. 'We must be. Otto got the spade from there, and he went that way.' Meanwhile the Doctor and Miss Beulah were rubbin' his wrists and fannin' him with the Doctor's hat, and then the Doctor forced some liquid between his teeth—and listened again to his heart. 'He's breathin',' he said. 'We can risk carryin' him.'

"We made a kind of a stretcher of pine boughs, and I knew from the direction Otto had taken to fetch a spade about where to go. The cabin had a fireplace; and we soon had hot water; and the man lyin' in bed; and after a time he opened his eyes, and said his wife's name."

"What name?" Caroline whispered.

"Wa'al, now, I think if you go over there he won't mind -tellin' you," Thor observed, and added meditatively, "about that hot water—well, Jake had to go all the way to the lake to fetch water; and then he found *The Huntress* had been taken away. He swore fearful, Jake did; but not before the young lady. She made coffee and we give the gentleman some; and talked to him and he to her; and then he asked if he could shave. Mornin' came sudden; and we found some ham and pancake flour; and Miss Beulah she cooked breakfast—a lucky man will get that young lady, and I hope and pray he's a medical man! Wa'al, as soon as it was light Jake said he was goin' to sit on Wild Goose Point to hail some passin' craft. 'I ain't a wild goose,' he said—'cause this chase got somewhere, and found somethin'; but I am a goin' to squawk and flap my paws so as to attract attention—or we'll all starve in a bunch. These mountains be as wild as when the Injuns tracked them.'

"He soon came back, sayin' the entire village was out on the lake lookin' for us. Doctor said he thought it was safest not to move his patient until afternoon; but to go and fetch you and to tell you the story I told them; and it's told," he added.

Caroline raised his hand to her lips.

ON THAT wild mountainside they had taken her by a rough side-track to the cabin to avoid the grave no one had yet had time to fill in. Beulah was waiting for her at the door. Caroline stretched out her arms, and the two women embraced silently; then Beulah held her at arms'-length. "Dearest! dearest, you always said he had not died!"

There was no one in the cabin after that but the two who were clasped in each other's arms—a man and a woman, thrown up to the light of day from a shipwreck which both had believed the crash of all mortal happiness. Spencer Hartley knew his bearings yet as little as a child who has been asleep in a boat and wakes in a strange country, but he knew his wife. How she had come there; out of what mists of baffling circumstances she had emerged to find his arms, he did not know—nor did he greatly care. She told him that he had been ill. She wondered whether she would ever tell him that his own friend had blotted him out of life—hidden him in sinister shadows when the chance of a sudden calamity had put him in his power. She kissed him—and they clung to each other, the great sacrament of their love renewing youth, power, glory as all sacraments renew the youth of mankind. She knelt on the floor, her head beside his on the pillow and told him his boat *The Lost Star* was safe in port.

"*The Lost Star*," he whispered. "I never had a boat *The Lost Star*," and she knew that mercifully the dark interlude of his mental eclipse had left no trace.

After a while he slept again; and then she stole out to talk to Beulah.

"I have a few little exhibits," said the girl. "Just playing detective on my own account. Dr. Farrell, will you bring me Spencer's coat?"

Andrew brought it; and Beulah triumphantly fitted a scrap of gray cloth into the space from which it had been torn. "I've been cherishing that little piece of cloth," she proclaimed. "And here are boxes of safety matches like the one left on the table when the lamp was lit, and here's our missing bunch of keys. I found them hanging on a nail in the cabin. I know now it was Spencer's face I saw in the mirror, though so

changed and thin I did not in my fright recognize it. If I had only gone bravely out to meet him!"

"But, he might not have come through as well as he has," Andrew commented. "The shock of imprisonment—perhaps the heavy dose of chloroform—did just the trick of restoration."

Caroline shivered. "The poor boy—in the grip of—" but she could not bring herself to utter the name of the man whose acknowledgment of his crime had come to her mingled with the roar of wind and water. She wondered if she should tell Beulah this or wait for the girl's own unraveling of the mystery, and this came promptly.

"Thor, of course, has told you it was Digby Kent who concealed Spencer in a secret room—who smuggled him out and brought him here—with Otto Bergthal's aid—I think," she added gravely as her cousin did not speak, "that a warrant should be issued for his arrest. He could not have been at the Blackheath Inn on Long Island the night of August 19th. He was at Spencer's Club—went all through the fire with Spencer."

"And a fall or a shock of some kind—probably the desperate effort to escape from the fire . . . caused this injury to Mr. Hartley," Andrew put in. "Kent may himself have struck or hurt him in some way. What we do know is—" he broke off suddenly, afraid of the effect on Caroline, but she interposed eagerly:

"Thor told me. Digby Kent got Spencer out somehow and took him to a hotel. Then he found his brain was hurt, his memory gone. Too good a chance for him to drop Spencer out of life—and he took him to an asylum." She buried her face in her hands a moment, as if actually visualizing the whole dreadful enterprise. Then she said more calmly: "We must find that asylum. We must for Spencer's sake get the whole history of the case."

"We'll send a circular letter to every institution in the country," Dr. Farrell said. "It may take a long time, but we'll inevitably find the place where Kent had him imprisoned. It's my theory it can't be far from here. Mr. Hartley could scarcely have gone a very great distance from the asylum—or sanitarium, or whatever it was."

"Doctor, is there any chance of my husband's remembering the incidents of the fire—or this dreadful interlude?"

"They rarely remember, after a period of amnesia. In fact, I might say never. And it is just as well. We can tell your husband that he has had a serious illness, and that he has been brought to these mountains to recuperate."

"It was God's leading, my buying the old Mohican," Caroline said reverently. "But, Doctor, how did he find his way to this desolate cabin, and why did the Mohican attract him? He must have escaped from the asylum in the dead of winter, if that name in the hotel register is his, and have come to this bleak place directly."

"Your cousin and I have been talking of that," Farrell said thoughtfully, "and I can only attribute it to the subconscious memories which acted like a magnet to draw Mr. Hartley to the place where he had once been so happy. With you the attraction was conscious. With him it was unconscious. I have spoken to him of the Mohican. He said at once, 'Are we anywhere near that old hotel? I was there years ago on my wedding journey.'"

"It must have been Spencer who lit the lamps—poor boy! We were so afraid, and he was trying to help us, not hurt us," Caroline exclaimed. "I wonder if he wrote the name 'Henry Bryant' in the old book on the desk. Strange to do all these things and yet not know the old place."

"He did know—deep down in his subconscious being," Andrew commented.

"We must get him to register when we take him over," Beulah said, "and compare the two handwritings."

"They will probably show few points of resemblance," Andrew answered. "Nervous or mental states affect the handwriting quickly. I have repeated the name 'Henry Bryant' to him several times. I have spoken of a vast empty hotel; but there is not the slightest response or any sign that he knows either the name or the place. We must take every care that this recovered personality receives no shock, nothing to wound or terrify."

The Footstep

(*Continued from page 63*)

"Dr. Farrell, you'll stay with us?" Caroline said imploringly. "I think you saved his life. I can—never thank you," she added brokenly.

"I am only too glad to stay," he said with a glance at Beulah.

"Silence fell upon them for a moment. Out of her strange reflections Caroline spoke at last.

"Beulah, how did you recognize Spencer? after the—the earth was taken away?"

Beulah glanced at the Doctor, then with a little smile she said: "Dr. Farrell ordered me into the bushes, but I didn't go; and the moment the moonlight fell on Spencer's face I knew it must be he. Everything seemed clear—not the facts, but what they stood for, Kent's jealousy and villainy. It was incredible, and yet I seemed to travel back months in a moment. I remembered everything—that the body had never been found—all the mysterious aspects."

"For what purpose could Digby Kent have committed such a crime—such a dreadful crime?" Caroline exclaimed.

"My darling," Beulah said, "you've never realized how much in love with you he was. Most important you should think Spencer dead; and important in other ways. He knew Spencer had appointed him executor—he must have known—and he was playing the stock-market; needed just such a fortune as you possessed. I am afraid," she added, "that fortune has been tapped already, dear."

"What makes you think so?"

"Read this letter from Richard Marvel."

Caroline opened it and read:

"Dear Beulah:—

"This is no plea for myself; so do not throw it away, but read on. This concerns your cousin, Mrs. Hartley, to whom, as you know, I am very devoted. Beulah, to plunge right in and be frank, there's gossip on Wall Street about Digby Kent. Men down there, who know him, have intimated to me that they don't think he's the safest person in the world to have charge of Mrs. Hartley's fortune. He gambles in stocks beyond the dreams of avarice, believe me, and the Sunrise Silver mine in Mexico is not doing the wonderful things under his management, they say, that it was made to do when Spencer Hartley was manager, and Kent only a small stockholder. There is talk of a meeting of the stockholders to look into the books; to bring him down to plain facts and hard tacks; less talk of Eldorados and future plums and big dividends, and more common sense and real showdowns. I'd like to have a talk with Mrs. Hartley—truly I would advise that she keep a sharp eye on Digby Kent. It's most unfortunate she's saddled with him as executor."

Caroline laid down the letter—gazed at Beulah, the growing horror of a plot interrupted only by the sudden death of the plotter was like living again in the misery of the past fourteen months of her widowed desolation.

"He didn't get him," she whispered. "Beulah, I don't care what else he got. "If all my money is gone, I'll run the Mohican to earn our living till Spencer is well," she added, laughing.

Thor appeared in the door of the cabin where he had been keeping watch over Spencer Hartley's deep but natural slumber. "Still sleeping," he reported. "Like any tired man."

"Thor," the Doctor said, "Miss Belford really saw her cousin Mr. Hartley in that big mirror—saw him twice."

"No, it was me the second time," said Thor. "When Mr. Hartley was asleep in that coop in the hotel I stole down in my stockin' feet to stretch my legs. Wish I'd given voice then to what'I was thinkin'. But it's all come out right!"

Later in the afternoon the little procession started for the two motor boats which had been sent down to fetch them back to Mohican Island in triumph. The Doctor walked at the head of the stretcher in which lay Spencer Hartley, his hand tightly clasped in Caroline's. He had begged to walk, but Andrew would not permit it. Beulah brought up the rear with Jake and Thor, whose admiration of the girl provided an endless source of comment when they were going over the events of the night; her quickness, her daring, her helpfulness as a nurse, as a cook, "and a dern good cook, too," Jake commented, "considerin' how little she had to do with."

Only the Doctor was silent; his thoughts about Beulah were not for the flimsy vehicle of words. Almost he resented this quick rescue from a situation which had brought them so closely and intimately together. "But you are mine! Mine! Mine! You don't know it—but you are!" he reassured himself.

NEARLY all the village, it seemed to Caroline, was on the dock of the Mohican to meet her; and when she landed they pressed about her; and told her that Kent's body had been recovered and taken away. But Otto Bergthal's body had not been found; only the floating wreck of his boat. Ma Simmons embraced her and whispered that the Coroner would not ask them to testify until the next morning—as they had been through so much. Then Ma embraced Jake publicly and retreated to the kitchen to express her feelings in a royal supper of fried chicken and waffles.

Thor called Beulah's attention to the telegram which had come for her, but she did not at once open it, too absorbed in watching the color return to Spencer's face as they carried him into the hotel. He sat up on his stretcher and looked around him eagerly.

"Why, Caroline," he said. "This looks like the old Mohican where we spent our honeymoon!"

"It is the Mohican, dear—and we'll spend another honeymoon here," she whispered.

"You say I've been ill. Well, I'll get my health back quicker here than any place in the world. I'd like to get up now and explore some of the old places."

"Not yet," Andrew warned. "A nap is the next thing on the program."

When he and Caroline had seen to everything concerning the patient's comfort they returned to the lobby to report that Spencer was really dozing off. They found Beulah with an opened telegram in her hand.

"It's from the Blackheath Inn," she announced quietly. "I telegraphed them yesterday after getting Dick's letter. I had been putting this and that together and my suspicions were aroused. You remember how Digby Kent never saw you, Cousin Caroline, without lamenting his being at the Blackheath Inn that night. Now read this."

Caroline took the telegram and read aloud:

"Mr. Digby Kent was not registered at this hotel on August nineteenth of last year.

THE MANAGER."

"Curious villain!" remarked Andrew, "to leave such an easy loophole. But, of course, he knew you would never question his word."

That evening while Ma and Jake were chatting over the fire with Thor and Mrs. Jones, and Caroline was watching by her husband, Andrew led Beulah into the moonlit October night, and they walked between the pines looking silently at the lake, now a calm mirror beneath the moon. He had meant to speak of Merlin's Island, of enchanted places and shores beyond all tides of parting, of lovers who charm destiny to do their bidding; of the heart's cry that goes on forever and forever. But he said none of these things. Suddenly he paused in his walk and took her in his arms.

Jake came out of the door a minute later and looked in the direction of Beulah and Andrew as if he wanted to set at rest some doubt in his mind. Then abruptly he turned on his heel and went into the hotel again.

"What brought you back so sudden?" piped Ma. "Did you see another ghost?"

Jake grinned, drew his chair before the fire, lit his cigar and settled himself comfortably.

"Who said the Mohican was unlucky?" he commented and blew a ring of smoke towards the ceiling.

The End

Attention of Bramwell Booth—London

(*Continued from page 43*)

the Grand Exalted Ruler was prompt to voice the feeling of the Order, sending to General Booth, in London, this cable message:

Your statement published in American Press announcing contemplated removal of Evangeline Booth from leadership here was received with consternation and regret by the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks, which Order I represent as its chief executive. If such removal is enforced your action will directly offend the intelligence of our more than eight hundred thousand membership, as it will, I am sure, every friend of the Salvation Army in the United States.

The Order of Elks has stood solidly back of Miss Booth in your Army's dark hours and therefore claims the right to protest her removal from America where she has become an institution as well as an angelic personification of all that the Salvation Army means here.

General Booth has, at the time these words are written, done no more than make a bare and formal acknowledgment of this message.

General Booth is very far away from America. Too far, perhaps, to know the extent to which all that the Salvation Army was able to do in the war—to which, beyond all doubt, it owes the great position it enjoys to-day—was made possible by the love, the reverent esteem, that was and is felt for Evangeline Booth.

If something has been made, here, of the part the Order of Elks has played, no selfish motive of self-aggrandizement, no desire for praise or credit lies behind what has been said. Far from it.

Rather is it its wish that General Booth, as he sits in Exeter Hall, in London, three thousand miles away, shall realize how eight hundred thousand and more Americans have received the blow that he has dealt them; its hope that the thought of what, in their faith in Evangeline Booth and the Salvation Army in America, they have done, and stand ready to do, again and again, whenever the need shall arise, may move him when the final decision is to be made.

MORE than eight hundred thousand Elks feel, as one man, that they have earned the right to say what has been said here; to make a protest in grave and sober words in a crisis the gravity of which for the Salvation Army itself it is impossible to overstate. The Salvation Army in America, under an American commander, is one thing—it is the great and noble institution to which the Order has given friendship, support, sustenance, material and spiritual. The Salvation Army in America, controlled, directed, from London, the adjunct of a British organization, subservient to it, would be another thing.

And to every Elk the passing of Evangeline Booth from the field that they have shared with her would come with a sense of grievous, personal bereavement.

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followed fifteen years of remarkable adventures on the seas, out of which Conrad emerged weakened by terrible experiences, but with his first novel.

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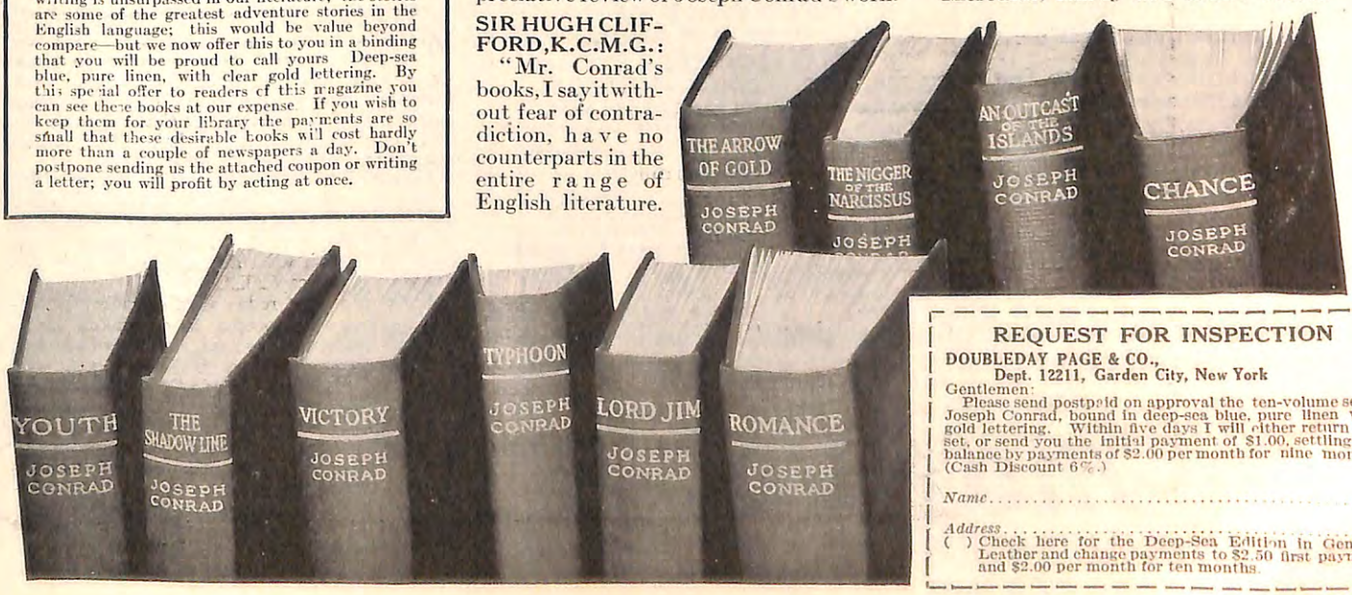

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The Splendid Thing Called Life

(*Continued from page 22*)

And, mind you, these are true. This is the sort of thing that O'Brien picks up on those palmy islands that he knows so well. But there is more than these dramatic flashes in the book; there is the whole story of a distant archipelago, the whole feeling of a passing people.

In a foreword O'Brien says:

"Life is not real. It is an illusion, a screen upon which each one writes the reaction upon himself of his sensory knowledge. . . . In this book I have put the film that passed through my mind in wild places and among natural people."

So, it is an illusion! This life and its ache and search after beauty and splendor—little less than a dream—a thing as intangible as figures on a screen! It is a debatable question. Miss Cather writes a book in which men die for their ideals—the only real things in the world. And Frederick O'Brien says that life itself scarcely can be captured. It is indeed a floating and a misty world!

"The Judge," by Rebecca West

ALMOST heart-breaking and heart-stirring story of youth searching for transient glory has lately reached the reading world in Rebecca West's tremendous novel "The Judge."

There is that about Ellen Melville, the little seventeen-year-old Scotch girl in an Edinburgh office, beating her iridescent wings against the walls of poverty and work, which makes you close the book, even in the midst of a sentence, and say, "Good heavens, that brave and gallant thing! How I wish I could help her." She becomes as real as that to you. A small, inconspicuous wren in a hideous mackintosh, with a spirit that is all aflame! "She was one of those who exclude ugliness from their lives by imposing beautiful interpretations on all that happened to her."

By her own power of projecting herself beyond the facts of daily necessity, she had extended her own life to limits that no one who knew her dreamed of.

Into this thirsting and ready life comes love. Beautiful and altogether splendid.

So far, the book marches on with hope and courage. But that is only the beginning. The rest is powerful, tragic, unalterable, Hardyesque. The doom that was laid for Richard Yaverland and his mother years before has been mounting, accumulating, waiting only for Richard's high moment of love for Ellen to engulf them all.

A terrible and passionate tale of the human penalties.

There has been no book like this written for a long time. We read it with our hands shading our eyes, as if we had no right to peer into the living hearts that this author lays bare to us.

Miss West's work is quite beyond criticism. The story is almost too intense, too gripping, too real. But it is surely art.

"On Tiptoe," by Stewart Edward White

WHAT a wonderful world this is, when you come to think of the many places in which the writing clan may pitch the tents of their romances, and yet we know of some young authors who bemoan the fact that they can not find a proper background for their tales. It does not seem possible, does it, but it is true.

Stewart Edward White, in this newest of his refreshing books, goes into one of the untraveled redwood forests of California and takes with him in a high-powered car, a capitalist, a young man, an English valet and a splendid girl—the daughter of the capitalist.

Under the great redwoods this rather incompatible group of people is overtaken by a tremendous mountain storm, a deluge of a storm, the kind of a storm that makes you put your hands up and say, "you win." Upon the scene of their discomfiture there enters a youthful stranger in a rattletrap car of his own making. The boy has an insolent and debonair air with him which rather enrages the men. But in his person love comes wandering into the rain-drenched forest.

All of us who have read Stewart Edward White's books, "The Blazed Trail," "The Forest" and others, know how thoroughly at

home this American writer is when he is among the trees. Outdoors is the most splendid living-room in the world to him, and the alluring and stormy ways of nature he loves as he would a sweetheart. He has put all of this affection and knowledge into the character of the young man whom he sends along to rescue the capitalist's party. However, a quick rescue is impossible. Four days and nights are spent in the heart of the woods, and it develops that the young knight is an inventor who has made a mysterious machine which may revolutionize the motor-power of the world. The capitalist is skeptical but eager to corner this market, if it really exists—and he is not too particular just how he corners it.

Larry Davenport, the young inventor, has a heart for other things than machinery. He believes that people who are still young and have not been too much spoiled by life have a rare insight into the heart of nature, a knowledge that some people call psychic, but which to him is very normal, merely the power of clearing his brain and letting the light pour in.

Here is something for the girl to think about! While they are waiting for the earth to dry sufficiently to take the two cars out of the morass they have sunken into, these two people rid their minds of a great deal of clutter so that the strong, clear current of love flows beautifully between them.

This book is a very simple and charming expression of youth, and its search after those things which money can not buy. It isn't a great book, nor has it much psychology or deep searching into the human heart, but it is a good story, well told, and the free airs of heaven blow through it.

"One Thing Is Certain," by Sophie Kerr

A COUPLE of years ago a charming novel called "Painted Meadows" appeared by this author, a novel that gave us an appealing picture of life along the Eastern Shore country of Maryland. Now again this writer casts her story—a much deeper and more dramatic one—against the same setting.

It would seem that one by one the separate regions of our wide country are being claimed by certain novelists as their own. Mrs. Deland takes New England; Booth Tarkington, Indiana; Sinclair Lewis, the Middle West; Curwood and White the Far West; Rex Beach, Alaska, Texas, any frontier country; Joe Lincoln, Cape Cod; Ellen Glasgow, Virginia; and so on.

Now it seems definitely established that Maryland's Eastern Shore is to be Sophie Kerr's. And rightly, too, for she knows this country, was born, and has lived there. With that instinctive knowledge that only early association gives, she sees piercingly into the lives of the people of this region—a distinct group with distinct traditions and standards.

The author discloses her own reason for writing "One Thing Is Certain."

"I wanted to show that when lives get out of plumb, the way to straighten them is not with a violent gesture. That when we do seize them, and try to jerk them straight again, we invariably let ourselves in for long years of unhappiness and remorse. Witness Louellen. In two separate attempts. . . . she tries to change the whole current and color of her life, and each time finds that she can't—that nature is too strong for her."

Louellen West, a beautifully depicted figure, full of touching and adorable characteristics, is the child of a hide-bound Marylander—the sort of man whose daughter, in a reckless search for sympathy and happiness, *would* rush headlong into the wrong marriage.

That is Louellen's story, and the first part of the book belongs to her. The second part is the drama of Louellen's daughter, Judith, whose life threatens to go upon the rocks. In these last chapters there is much real strength and dramatic tension.

The book is well worth reading. It is not only a big human history, but presents many quaint and beautiful and thoroughly American customs.

"Black Pawl," by Ben Ames Williams

HERE'S a story, a real story; not a novel as we have come to know novels, not a hair-splitting delineation of tortured human beings, not a deep question as to the reason of life—and all that sort of brain-cracking thing. A little of that is mighty good and improving six days

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IMPORTANT NOTICE TO MEMBERS

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

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

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

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

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

The Splendid Thing Called Life

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out of the week, but this book, "Black Pawl," is for the seventh day, when we want simply a stirring yarn that will make us forget the troublesome affairs of factory and office, of profession and home.

"Black Pawl" is a seagoing romance, which makes it good enough for us right at the beginning. If there's one thing we adore it is a plot that pulls up anchor and sets sail in the very first chapter, and keeps bounding over the deep in a schooner, with lots of love and hate and fights, and lost daughters and newly found fathers, and mutinies and hurricanes and—all well at the end when we sail into port.

"Black Pawl," a neat, easily read volume, comprises all these ingredients for a real old-fashioned thriller. Not long ago we saw this story acted upon the screen under the title of "Dangerous Men" and came away from the movie, entertained and invigorated as with the breath of real salt air. Reading the book has the same effect. We advise your trying it.

"What I Saw in America," by G. K. Chesterton

THE great Mr. Chesterton says that one of the best plans to prevent nations from going to war with one another is for those same nations to laugh together. So, he writes a book about humorous things and people as he finds them here and in England, and indeed all over the globe (for Chesterton in spite of his physical hugeness has a brain nimble as a flea) and the book is called "What I Saw In America," and there are a great many men who will agree with G. K. C. about prohibition, for instance, and admire him for his description of the city of Washington, a place upon which he threw an inner glance that will make many of us appreciate our nation's capital more than ever. An entertaining, provocative, stimulating and delicious book.

A Little Service, Please

(*Continued from page 21*)

me with butter. Snap! Another waiter brought me the menu. It was just a little thinner than a New York telephone directory. You didn't get to the food for ten pages. First you had to read a preface telling you how glad the waiters were to see you, and assuring you that if you were not pleased the head-waiter would probably burst out crying and the cooks all take poison in their bitter disappointment. Finally, after all the welcome-to-our-city stuff, you got to the list of foods. They hadn't overlooked a thing. There was roast baby reindeer (for the Eskimo guests, I suppose), and there were oysters fried in honey, Egyptian style, and there were poached ostrich eggs on toast, and quails stuffed with snails, and forty-one different kinds of potatoes.

"My waiter all but wept he was so happy to see me. Everything I did struck him as being perfect. I ordered strawberries (Good, monsieur, good), oatmeal (Excellent, monsieur, excellent), lamb chops and creamed potatoes (Splendid, monsieur, splendid), and coffee (Perfect, monsieur, perfect). I wish I'd ordered one more thing. He'd probably have broken into cheers, given the Waiters' College yell and done a snake dance. He shot to the kitchen as if he were on a spring and popped back again before I could draw a deep breath. He brought a large silver dish of magnificent strawberries. I was so surprised I could only sit and stare at them. The waiter, hovering near, saw me stare, thought I didn't like those particular berries, grabbed them up, shot away, and came back with a different dish of them. I began to eat. They were bully berries. I hadn't eaten three when the head-waiter came over. 'Are you being well taken care of, sir?' he asked. I ate three more berries. Friend head-waiter is back again. 'If you are not entirely satisfied, you have but to speak.' Three more berries. Head-waiter back again. 'Everything continues to be satisfactory, sir?' he queries, and fills my ice-water glass. How he manages to keep filling it I don't know. He fills it every time he comes near my table, and I haven't drunk from it yet.

"The oatmeal is all oatmeal can possibly be, and the chop is the size of a small fiddle and excellently cooked; it has a little paper petticoat on it. I have to reason with my waiter to keep him from cutting it up and feeding it to me. An orchestra is playing away in a corner. The leader catches my eye and comes loping to my table. He begs me, as a special favor to him, to name my favorite piece. I say 'Dixie.' He plays it. The waiters, to show their sympathy for a Southerner, emit rebel yells. I am half through my chop when the orchestra leader comes to me again. What do I want to have played? The only tune I can think of is 'Dixie.' The orchestra plays it again. I finish my meal. I ask the waiter for my bill. He says that he'd much prefer that I didn't pay at all, but of course, if I insist—— He comes right back and he has actually brought the change in bills; there isn't any silver on his little platter, not even a quarter under his thumb. I give him a quarter. Gently he hands it back to me.

"'Sir,' he says, with a bow, 'the pleasure of serving you is enough reward in itself.'

"I managed to rally my senses and head for the door. The head-waiter put my coat and hat on me, lit my cigar, and waved me a fond farewell."

Tim Britt had finished his cigar.

"And what was the result of the great Mink-Cooney Service war?" I asked him.

"Oh," said Tim, "one day a guest said to Old Man Mink: 'You ought to combine with that hotel across the street. You'd be able to give even better service then.' As the lad who suggested this was a guest and as the guest is always right, the only thing Old Mink could do was to go into partnership with Old Cooney. And say, if you're ever in Brownburg, be sure to drop into the Minque-Cooney Waldorf Arms Hotel."

Looking Backward into Elk History

(*Continued from page 44*)

It was McDonald who introduced the singing of "Auld Lang Syne." The custom of crossing arms and clasping hands as the members grouped about the altar, was said to be in imitation of a practice by the Order of Buffaloes and an old Tammany Society. Yet others who appear to have known him best think that McDonald was differently influenced in these circumstances. There was a strong mixture of Scotch in his ancestral blood and an inherited sort of weakness for ceremonials of Scottish origin. Down to this day the custom is not entirely obsolete.

Nor was McDonald yet content to rest upon his laurels, many as they were. A new ritual had to be prepared to meet the situation of a two-part initiation. McDonald was one of those picked for the service. Once more he acquitted himself with distinction. Everybody except members of the Ritual Committee was eligible to take the degree. As a member of the Committee, McDonald was chosen to occupy a chair on the evening the work was done for the first time. So far as the record discloses, this is the first and only time he ever filled a chair office.

* * *

The Cause of Stomach Acidity and Fermentation

By R. S. EDWARDS

IF I were asked to sound a health warning that would be of the greatest possible benefit to mankind, I should say emphatically—"Beware of acid stomach." For acid stomach is the cause of fermentation which, bad enough in itself, is the forerunner of a hundred ills that sap the energy and vitality of its victims. I venture to say that ninety per cent. of all sickness starts with acid stomach. Yet the cause of stomach acidity can be removed in 48 hours!

Nature provides hydrochloric acid as one of the digestive fluids, but too much of this acid causes fermentation, hurries the food out of the stomach, and carries the acid all through the body. As a consequence, poisons (toxins) are formed which are absorbed into the blood, causing auto-intoxication, nervousness, mental depression, and countless ills of which this is but the beginning.

Every one of the vital organs in time becomes affected—the heart, the liver, the kidneys, the intestines, the nerves and the brain all decline, for the stomach is the Power Plant of the body. Even the teeth are affected by acid stomach, for the gums recede and pyorrhœa will be the result.

Stomach remedies only neutralize the acid because they are stronger than the acid. This ultimately ruins the lining of the stomach. The acid being neutralized is absorbed into the blood only to come back to the stomach in greater quantities at the next meal.

How much more sensible would it be to attack this disorder at its source. Instead of attempting to neutralize the acid after it has formed, why not prevent it from forming in the first place?

Superacidity is caused by wrong eating, and the remedy must be found in the field of the cause—in eating correctly.

The individual sufferer from indigestion, acidity, fermentation, gas and such disorders has not carried his experiments with food very far. If he had he could easily cure himself in 48 hours, as Eugene Christian, the famous food scientist, has proved beyond all doubt.

The reason which led Eugene Christian to take up the study of food in the first place was because he himself, as a young man, was a great sufferer from stomach and intestinal trouble.

So acute was his affliction that the best specialists of the day, after everything within their power had failed, gave him up to die. Educated for a doctor himself, Christian could get no help from his brother physicians.

Believing that wrong eating was the cause and that right eating was the only cure, he took up the study of foods and their relation to the human system. What he learned not only restored his own health in a remarkably short space of time, but has been the means of relieving some 25,000 other men and women for whom he has prescribed with almost invariable success, even though most of them went to him as a last resort.

Christian says that all stomach and intestinal disorders, with their countless sympathetic ills, are caused by wrong selections and wrong combinations of food, and that right combinations of food will positively remove every stomach and intestinal disorder by removing its causes.

No one would think of putting salt into an open wound, and yet we do worse than that when we keep putting irritating acid-creating food combinations into our stomachs already surcharged with acid.

The word diet is one which has an unpleasant sound—it makes us think of giving up all the things we like for those we have no taste for. But Eugene Christian's method is entirely different—instead of asking his patients to give up the things they enjoy, he prescribes menus which are twice as enjoyable as those to which the patient is accustomed.

Christian believes in good foods deliciously cooked—the kind all of us like best and which may be obtained at any home, store, hotel, or restaurant. He says that most of the things we eat are all right—but that we don't know how to combine or balance them.

Often, one food which is good in itself, when combined with another food equally good, produces an acid reaction in the stomach; whereas either of the foods alone or eaten in combination with some other food would have been easily and perfectly digested.

Unfortunately, each food we eat at a meal is not digested separately. Instead, all of the foods we combine at the same meal are mixed and digested together. Consequently, if we eat two or more articles at the same meal which don't go well together, there is sure to be acidity, fermentation, gas, and all kinds of digestive trouble.

At Eugene Christian's New York office there is a constant stream of men and women who go to him for treatment after having tried everything else, and rarely are they disappointed in the outcome. Some of the results he has attained read like fairy tales. I know of a number of instances where his rich patrons have been so grateful for their restoration to health and energy that they have sent him checks for $500 or $1,000 in addition to the amount of the bill when paying it.

There have been so many inquiries from all parts of the United States from people seeking the benefit of Eugene Christian's advice and whose cases he is unable to handle personally that he has written a course of little lessons which tells you exactly what to eat in order to overcome the ailment which is troubling you.

These lessons—there are 24 of them—contain actual menus for breakfast, luncheon and dinner, curative as well as corrective, covering all conditions of health and sickness, including stomach acidity, constipation, and all intestinal disorders from infancy to old age and all occupations, climates, and seasons. They also tell you how to reduce and how to gain.

With these lessons at hand it is just as though you were in personal contact with the great food specialist, because every possible point is so thoroughly covered and clearly explained that you can scarcely think of a question which isn't answered. You can start eating the very things that will remove the causes of your disorder the day you receive the lessons and you will find that you secure results with the first meal. Many people who have suffered for years from acid stomach find that their ailment vanishes completely in 48 hours.

If you would like to examine these 24 Little Lessons in Corrective Eating, simply write The Corrective Eating Society, Inc., Dept. 7511, 47 West 16th Street, New York City. It is not necessary to enclose any money with your request. Merely ask them to send the lessons to you with the understanding that you will pay the postman $1.97 (plus a few cents postage). *If you prefer you may remit with the coupon, but this is not necessary.* If you don't notice a great improvement within 5 days after starting, send the 24 lessons back and your money will be promptly refunded.
If you prefer to send a letter instead of the coupon just copy the wording of the coupon in a letter or postcard.

Corrective Eating Society, Inc.
Dept. 7511, 47 West 16th Street, New York City

You may send me a copy of Corrective Eating in 24 Lessons. I will pay the postman only $1.97 (plus a few cents postage) when he hands them to me. If I am not satisfied, I have the privilege of returning them to you after 5 days' trial and you are to refund my money in full.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....*State*.....

Price outside the U. S. $2.15. Cash with order.

Under the Spreading Antlers

(*Continued from page 49*)

by insurance. But the Elks arose undaunted from the ashes. That same week the antlered members assembled in the hall of a neighboring fraternity and conferred the degree on five candidates. Logan Elks occupied quarters in the White-Browning Building. A safe containing the official records plunged through five stories. These records are being duplicated as promptly as circumstances permit.

Entertainment Unlimited, Announced by Visalia Elks

Visalia (Calif.) Elks announce a series of entertainments beginning late in October. This will be a succession of special events for children, several affairs in honor of the ladies, together with smokers and luncheons to be enjoyed by the members; a series of motion picture evenings followed by dances; one special night devoted to "Happy Memories," on which occasion the American Legion will occupy the center of the stage. Other events will be a surprise party for Boy Scouts and a mammoth Charity Ball to which the whole city will be invited.

New York State Association Holds Annual Fall Conference

In opening the annual Fall conference of the New York Elks Association at Syracuse, President George J. Winslow stated that at a meeting of the Advisory Committee held the day previous and composed of Vice-Presidents and Trustees of the State Association, sundry subjects had been discussed, looking to advancement, among them a plan to emphasize the importance of the State organization as it promoted and assisted Subordinate Lodges in their work.

"Mere payment of the per capita tax to the State Association," continued President Winslow, "is not sufficient allegiance and support on the part of our Lodges. The main purpose should be for the general and greater good of the whole Order. Between October and May, every Lodge throughout the jurisdiction will be visited at least once by either a trustee, a vice-president or other officer representing the Association."

Murray Hulbert, Past Exalted Ruler of New York Lodge, No. 1, who, at the last meeting of the State Association, outlined a plan, national in scope, for the establishment of athletic fields operated under Elk auspices, and who later elaborated this plan to the Grand Lodge, was present upon invitation of President Winslow to further discuss and impress his views as to athletic fields. Mr. Hulbert said the popularity of the idea is growing rapidly.

Mr. Hulbert suggested that the New York State Association arrange to establish at Atlanta during the 1923 session of the Grand Lodge, State Headquarters so all New York Elks would be enabled to register and maintain neighborly relations and where New Yorkers could be found with the least inconvenience. Another suggestion made by him referred to New York State participation in the Grand Lodge annual parade. He impressed the point that the State should be represented by a suitable float or other appropriate design.

Addresses by William T. Phillips, Secretary of New York Lodge, No. 1, and William E. Drislane, Grand Trustee, were generously received.

Several social affairs delightfully punctuated the conference. Miles E. Hencle, newly appointed District Deputy, entertained a company of thirty-five at the Elks Club. The final session was followed by a luncheon, after which the officers and committeemen were guests of the New York State Fair Commission. That same evening, the officials of the Association enjoyed another dinner at the Elks Club. The meeting ended with a fraternal parade. From beginning to end, Syracuse Lodge, acting in the capacity of host, distinguished itself.

Elks Take Leading Part In Unveiling Soldier Monument

Elks of Irvington (N. J.) Lodge, associated with other patriotic organizations, had a conspicuous part in unveiling a massive bronze and granite monument which commemorated deeds of valor performed by those who defended the American Republic in the Civil and Spanish and World Wars. Two Gold Star mothers withdrew the flag that draped the Memorial, which depicts a figure casting aside the implements of peace and seizing the weapons of war. Governor Edward I. Edwards and others spoke.

Making It a Happy Day With All the Enticements

Last year, Walla Walla (Wash.) Lodge entertained 3,500 little folks in royal style at the County Fair. This year the fame of that event had spread and the attendance grew to as many as 5,000 children who were gathered from far and near and assembled at the Elks Temple from which point they followed a band to the Fair once more. The outing was pronounced the best ever enjoyed in those parts. Every boy and girl carried a flag as a badge of admission to all the attractions and as a signal to keep his or her plate heaping full.

Splendid Compliment Paid Veterans of Elks' Home

While he lived it was for many years an amiable hobby of Al G. Field, celebrated in ministrelsy, to annually provide an entertainment for the residents of the Elks' National Home. It happens that since the untimely passing of Mr. Field the spirit of this remembrance, which he never forgot, has been kept alive through the kindness of his successor, Edward Conrad, member of Columbus (Ohio) Lodge. Recently the Field Minstrel Company filled an engagement at Lynchburg, Va. In advance of their arrival, special invitations were sent to all the residents to attend and enjoy the performance, with the result that seventy-five of the veterans made the trip and were not only entertained from the stage, but later were guests at a feast spread in their honor. The expense of travel and every incidental was contributed as a privilege by the Field company in memory of its former owner and manager.

Refreshed and Rejoiced And Glad They Tarried Awhile

Situated on the Lincoln Highway, apart from the excitement of the city, the Elks' Home of Upper Sandusky, Ohio, incarnates the spirit of hospitality and stands a symbol to all mankind of the Order as exemplified in its gentler moods. Year in and year out thousands of travelers, going East or West, obtain their first view of the cozy club quarters snugly embowered on the brow of the hill. The picture may be likened to the wonderful house that "stood by the side of road" described in the familiar song; calm and unassuming and yet perennially hospitable.

The latch-string hangs on the outside at all hours. There is both pride and pleasure in comforting guests. When the time arrives to say good-by, every visitor tells how happy he is that he tarried en route and how thankful for the cup of cold water given him, or other good cheer done with a gracious hand. Verily, the Upper Sandusky Home has become a friendly milestone on the journey from coast to coast and a shining name among Elk Lodges.

Iowa Elk Tournament Feasting Follows Sports

The annual tournament of Iowa Elks, held at Boone, attracted a large array of local members, together with many visitors from Lodges at Perry, Fort Dodge, Marshalltown, Des Moines and other points. The tournament *pièce de resistance* this year was a horseshoe pitching contest, won by Boone Elks after a spirited encounter with Marshalltown representatives. The trophy is a silver cup. In the rifle shooting contest Boone Lodge members also proved best, winning another cup. The ball game ended in triumph for Marshalltown. The feast at 5:30 o'clock in the afternoon started with fried chicken and sweet potatoes, and finished with watermelons.

New Lodges Instituted Under Dispensations

Under dispensations granted by Grand Exalted Ruler J. Edgar Masters, the following Lodges have been instituted:

Mamaroneck, N. Y., No. 1457.
Glen Cove, N. Y., No. 1458.
Princeton, W. Va., No. 1459.

Turning on the Rose Glows For Baseball Victors

Elks of St. Paul and thousands of baseball enthusiasts of the city which won the American Association pennant for the seasor gathered at Lexington Park in the Saintly City to pay homage to Charles Hall and Joseph Riggert, members of St. Paul Lodge, and two of the hardest-working members of the lucky team. The Toledo Club, managed by George Whitted (member of Durham (N. C.) Lodge), was the scheduled attraction for that day. The contest began at 2 P. M. to enable sufficient time for the celebration programmed to follow the regular play. A "Mulligan" was the featured attraction. Tickets for this event in the amount of $1,000 were sold. The proceeds were equally divided between Hall and Riggert. The Elks' Drum Corps of No. 59 put pep into the big crowd and Drum Major Cannon showed the fans how he won the prize at Atlantic City. Mike Kelly, manager of the Saints, is a member of Bridgeport (Conn.) Lodge. This counts Kelly's fifth pennant in the American Association.

Where They Can Rough It Close to the Heart of Nature

Impelled by the hope to make it possible in future for a larger number of Elks to enjoy a real vacation with outing cost reduced to a minimum, the officers and members of Nashville (Tenn.) Lodge are organizing what will be known as Pebo Camp. As quickly as all arrangements have been completed, the camp site will be selected and established either somewhere in East Tennessee, in North Carolina, or in the mountain ranges of Eastern Kentucky, according as the attraction of natural advantages looking to primitive sports may determine.

Elks Pay Tribute To Florida Heroine

Elks of St. Petersburg (Fla.) Lodge gracefully rendered their tribute to the heroism of a young woman of that city who bravely sought to rescue an ill-fated companion. These engraved resolutions tell the tragic story:

Whereas, Mary Buhner and Dorothy McClatchie, of St. Petersburg, Fla., on June 17, 1922, while swimming in Tampa Bay, a mile from shore in rough water, were attacked by a giant fish, resulting fatally to Miss McClatchie, and

Whereas, Mary Buhner succeeded in keeping her dying companion on top of the water for over thirty minutes and in bringing her, in a helpless condition, half-way to shore before succor arrived, now

Therefore, Be it resolved by St. Petersburg Lodge, No. 1224, B. P. O. E., of St. Petersburg, Florida, that said Lodge recognizes the extreme valor, heroism and devotion of Mary Buhner, and extends to her the appreciation of the Lodge for her splendid efforts to save her companion under frightful conditions.

Red Bank Adds $3,000 to Its Fund For Children and Christmas

The Elks of Red Bank, N. J., held their third annual fair. The net profit was $3,000, which was appropriated in advance to finance an outing for poor children and for replenishment of the Christmas funds of the Lodge. On August 10, something like 600 children, none younger than six years and none older than sixteen, were taken on a chartered train to Clark's Landing via Point Pleasant, N. J. The Ladies' Auxiliary of Red Bank Lodge presided over the distribution of refreshments. Among the distinguished guests were Governor Edward I. Edwards and his official staff. New Jersey's chief executive spoke not as Governor but as an Elk.

Queen of the Mardi-Gras Reviews Her Elk Subjects

It will be a long time before Grand Rapids, Mich., forgets the glitter characterizing the Elks'

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Under the Spreading Antlers

(*Continued from page 71*)

Mardi-Gras Festivities, which ended with a Grand Ball in Ramona Casino when Mrs. Minnie Slootmaker, winner by popular vote, was crowned queen. Seated on the stage and wearing a white satin crown, trimmed in gold and studded with jewels; on her shoulders a flowing cape of pink, satin-edged in gold, the queen reviewed her loyal subjects. A diamond ring was presented to her. Jacob Smits was the queen's choice for consort in leading the grand march. Mrs. Vincent G. McCourt, second in the contest for the throne, was also honored.

Hail and Welcome Greet Returning Pilgrims

New York customs officials were given a new thrill when Charles H. Grakelow, Exalted Ruler of Philadelphia Lodge and Louis N. Goldsmith, Past Exalted Ruler of the same Lodge, and Past District Deputy, returned from Europe. People acquainted with things of this kind said that Grakelow and Goldsmith were given the largest reception ever tendered private individuals in New York Harbor. Sixty-four more than 1,000 members formed the welcoming party which left Philadelphia on two special trains for Jersey City and there embarked on two steamships to meet the *Celtic*, on which the travelers returned. The ship did not dock until late in the afternoon, but the Reception Committee stuck to its task and succeeded in overwhelming the returning Lodge leaders. After the *Celtic* docked the party returned with their guests to Jersey City and boarded the special trains for home. Upon arrival in Philadelphia, the reception was resumed at the Elks' Home.

Welcome to Clarksburg, West Virginia, Elks' Meeting

Delegates representing every Subordinate Lodge of West Virginia greeted Hon. John W. Davis when he delivered the opening address at the State Elks' Association, at Clarksburg, where three colorful days of high-pressure entertainment were enjoyed. It seemed that not a moment for sleep had been left for the visitors. There were luncheons, dinners, banquets, motor trips, trap-shooting contests, ball games, band concerts, an athletic tournament, an initiation, golf, tea and theater parties, dancing at the Masonic Club, ending with a block dance. The 1923 session of the Association will be held at Huntington. The new President is Arch F. Dawson, of Morgantown. Jay Reefer, of Clarksburg, was reelected Secretary.

Finger Lakes Field Day To Promote Good Fellowship

Central New York has an organization of its own known as the Elks Finger Lakes Field Day Association. It is made up of the Lodges of Seneca Falls, Auburn, Cortland, Geneva, Ithaca, Newark and Lyons, the individual membership being 3,200. Recently the second annual gathering of the Association took place at Waterloo, N. Y. Principally the purpose is to renew and strengthen acquaintances and to promote good fellowship. To these ends, an invitation to affiliate is extended to Elks generally. This explains why the Association has attracted members from practically every Lodge throughout the Empire State and why several from Pennsylvania have also been added to the list. On the occasion in question, Greater New York was represented by Hon. Murray Hulbert. Mr. Hulbert delivered a rousing address touching upon the growth of the Order and the infinity of its opportunities to do good. Other notables who graced this Elk company were George J. Winslow, President of the New York State Association; John Barry, of Cortland, former President of the same Association; and John Dorsey, now of Syracuse but formerly Past Exalted Ruler of Lyons Lodge. Dinner was served in Floral Hall. Ithaca and Lyons Lodges contested in a game of football, Ithaca winning 3 to 2. Various athletic events were enjoyed. George Slocum, an Indian, staged dances typical of his ancestors. Edward A. McArdle, Exalted Ruler of Seneca Lodge, was master of ceremonies.

Varied Program For Neighborhood Enjoyment

Fifty men and women, residents of Bethany Home, were escorted to Verona Lake for a day's happiness in the open. Irvington (N. J.) Lodge did the honors. The same Lodge has been conducting a series of municipal concerts broadcasted throughout New Jersey. Irvington Lodge, concluding a season of summer gayeties, entertained its neighbors as special guests at an old-fashioned terpsichorean festivity.

Strong for The Elks Are Charleston's Children

The record of Charleston (W. Va.) Lodge in Community and Welfare achievement is exceptional. Among recent activities was the donation to the city of a playground dedicated to children. The younger generation of Charleston, of whom 8,000 were recently entertained at Luna Park, are a unit in their appreciation of Elk hospitality.

Elks News in Short Sentences Gathered from Far and Near

Boonton (N. J.) Lodge is spending $5,000 modernizing and refurnishing Club property recently acquired. . . . Past Grand Exalted Ruler Charles E. Pickett will be Memorial Day orator for Louisville Lodge next month. . . . Huntington has the largest Lodge in West Virginia. It started with 20 charter members in 1890. The present enrolment is 1,400. . . . Passaic (N. J.) Lodge celebrated its twenty-fifth anniversary by laying the corner-stone of its new home. . . . Philadelphia Lodge expended $73,000 last year in Welfare Work and now the Lodge has purchased 123 acres to be used as a vacation retreat. . . . United States Senator A. O. Stanley will speak for Bronx (N. Y.) Lodge this coming Memorial Sunday. . . . Erie (Pa.) Elks, energetic in Community and Social Welfare Work, have bought 100 acres for a children's playground. . . . Richmond (Va.) contemplates building a new Clubhouse and Lodge in a more central section of that city. . . . Lorain (Ohio) Lodge laid its corner-stone in the presence of 500 Elks and several thousand citizens. The building will be completed in the Spring, according to contract. . . . September 30 was New Jersey Elks' Day at the Trenton Fair. . . . The Grand Forum, Wm. J. Conway presiding as Chief Justice, conducted its regular Fall term in New York City, October 4–7. . . . James G. McFarland will speak under the auspices of Mankato (Minn.) Lodge on Memorial Sunday. . . . Columbus (Ohio) Lodge enjoyed its clambake October 12. . . . The bustling ball team representing Beaver Falls (Pa.) Lodge captured pennant honors for Western Pennsylvania and Ohio. The deciding victory was over the Semi-Pro champions of Cincinnati. . . . San Luis Obispo (Calif.) Lodge has been setting a fast pace initiating classes, entertaining on elaborate scale, and civically contributing its full share, and more, to the local prosperity. . . . Woodland (Calif.) Lodge, with a membership of almost 600, has decided to build a modern Clubhouse at a cost of $65,000. . . . Obeying an impulse to do good, Bristol (Pa.) Lodge allied itself with the Chamber of Commerce and is taking a prominent part in every movement launched for public welfare. Among other things, Bristol commercial opportunities are being broadcasted. . . . Nashville (Tenn.) Elks have added a radio equipment in conjunction with the Luncheon Club. . . . Hannibal (Mo.) Lodge announces that inasmuch as there exists a lack of convention-hall facilities in that city, its clubrooms are open to all assemblages wherein the public welfare is served. . . . Elks of Malden, Mass., gave a musicale in which the Schubert Club and the Boston Symphony Players participated. The proceeds have been dedicated to charity. . . . Elks of San Mateo (Calif.) gave a "peeve-poisoning," "grouch-killing," "sorrow-chasing" entertainment, as they called it. It was the first annual jinks of the Lodge.

Daddy for a Day, San Antonio Elks Entertain Orphans

Playing the rôle of "Daddy for a Day" to more than 500 orphan children at San Antonio, Texas, the Elks of that city, reinforced by cohorts of the gentler sex, sought to overwhelm the youngsters with attention. The event was held at Breckenridge Park After nine hours of strenuous hilarity, the grown-ups were glad to call it a day. The girls played baseball against the boys and won. The girls were victors also in a tug-of-war with the boys. There were all kinds of races. The Elks' Rube Band continuously discoursed lively melodies, and prominent members of the Order disported themselves as clowns. Under the trees a barbecue was served, flanked by a perfect mountain of cake and pies. Vaudeville varied to suit every taste was a feature of the afternoon. A classic concert by the Elks' Band of 60 pieces, as well as the evolutions of the Zouave Patrol, were enjoyed. Twice annually the San Antonio Elks bring joy to the orphans. At this time the little folks are dreaming of Christmas and the gifts that are going to be waiting for them on a giant Christmas Tree.

Indoor Circus For the Benefit of Boy Scouts

Minneapolis Lodge, staging an indoor circus for the benefit of Boy Scouts, achieved a wonderful success. The members of St. Paul Lodge and representatives from practically all Subordinate Lodges throughout Minnesota, as well as the general public in a continuous phalanx, were generous patrons of the event. According to the population figures, there were 700,000 persons resident in the district of the Twin Cities, and it seemed that practically everybody was on hand to aggrandize the profits for the Boy Scouts.

On New Year's Day Omaha Lodge Will Start to Build

The Board of Grand Trustees, acting jointly with Grand Exalted Ruler J. Edgar Masters, has approved the building plans of Omaha Lodge and work on construction is announced to begin January 1, 1923. The Finance and Building Committee of the Lodge has instructed the architect to eliminate one floor of sleeping-rooms in order that expense may be confined to $850,000. When completed, and including the cost of the site, but excluding furnishings, the structure will represent an outlay of more than $1,000,000. On bond subscriptions, approximately $250,000 has been turned over to the Omaha Trust Company. Paid-up bonds total $128,000. The membership of Omaha Lodge approaches 5,000.

Of Interest to a Member

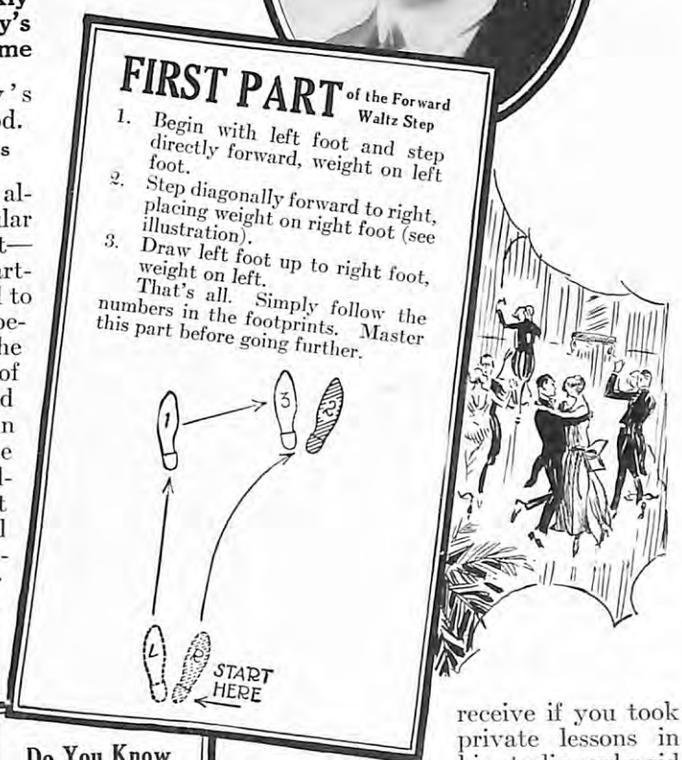
Bert E. Goodwin, member of Phœnix, Ariz., Lodge, is asked to communicate at his earliest convenience with A. John Frey, Secretary of Phœnix Lodge No. 335, on a matter of urgent importance.

These Live Wire Elks Have Much to Be Thankful For

Elks of Salina (Kansas) will be in fine temper to read President Harding's Thanksgiving Proclamation. The Lodge doesn't owe a penny to anybody, besides which it owns property appraised at $100,000. Recently sixty-five of its foremost citizens have joined the Order, and this without any undue solicitation. Initiations take place every meeting-night. The growth is natural and healthy. Recently a radio outfit was added to the Club equipment.

See How Easily You Can Learn to Dance This *New Way*

If you can do the step illustrated in the chart on the right, there is no reason why you cannot easily and quickly master all of the latest steps through Arthur Murray's method of teaching dancing right in your own home



NO matter how skeptical you may be about being able to learn to dance by mail, this new course will quickly prove to you that you can easily learn without a teacher on the ground to direct your steps—and without music or partner—right at home.

Even if you don't know one dance step from another, these new diagrams and simple instructions will enable you to learn any of the newest dances in an amazingly short time. You don't need to leave your own room—it isn't necessary to go into a dancing class—or to pay large fees for private instruction. All you need to do is to follow the instructions as shown on the diagrams, practice the steps a few times to fix them in your memory and there is no reason why you should not be able to dance on any floor, to either band or phonograph music and to lead, follow, and balance correctly no matter how expert your partner may be.

Learn Any Dance in a Few Hours

Whether you want to learn the Fox Trot, One Step, College Rock, Conversation Walk, Waltz, or any of the newer steps you won't have the slightest difficulty in doing so through this new method. Then, the very next time dancing starts, you can surprise your friends by choosing a partner and stepping right out with perfect confidence that every step you make and every movement is absolutely correct. Arthur Murray guarantees to teach you or your lessons won't cost you one cent.

More than 60,000 people have learned to become perfect dancers by mail and there is no reason why 60,000 more cannot learn just as easily. In fact, about five thousand people a month are becoming wonderful dancers through Arthur Murray's amazing new method.

Why Good Dancers Are Popular

Good dancers are always the most popular people in their set—they never lack partners and are invited to every social event because dancing is the most popular form of recreation, and good dancers are always in demand. But beside this, good dancers always have perfect mental and physical control, ease of manner, poise, are never embarrassed, shy or timid. Very often they meet influential people in this social way who are very helpful to them in business.

How to Prove That Arthur Murray Can Teach You to Dance in an Evening

Arthur Murray has consented, for a limited time only, to send a special 16-lesson course to every one who signs and returns the coupon attached to this page.

You may keep this course for five days and test it for yourself. It must prove to you that you can quickly learn to dance in your own home without music or partner through Arthur Murray's methods or the test will cost you nothing.

Arthur Murray is America's foremost authority on social dancing. The Vanderbilts, Ex-Governor Locke Craig of North Carolina, and scores of other socially prominent people chose Mr. Murray as their dancing instructor. In fact, dancing teachers the world over have been instructed by him.

Through his new, improved method of dancing by mail, Mr. Murray will give you the same high-class instruction in your own home that you would receive if you took private lessons in his studio and paid his regular fee of $10.00 per lesson.

Send No Money—Not One Cent

Mr. Murray is eager to prove to you that he can quickly teach you to become a good dancer in your own home. Just fill in and mail the coupon—or a letter or postcard will do—and the special course will be promptly mailed to you. When your postman hands the special sixteen-lesson course to you, simply deposit only $1.00 with him, plus a few cents postage, in full payment. Keep the course for five days. Practice all of the steps, learn everything these sixteen lessons can teach you and prove to your full satisfaction that you have found the quickest, easiest, and most delightful way to learn to dance. Then, within five days, if you desire, you may return the course and your dollar will be promptly returned to you. But if you decide to keep the course—as you surely will—it becomes your personal property without further payments of any kind.

To take advantage of this offer you must send the coupon today—offer may be withdrawn without notice. So mail coupon NOW.

16 Lesson Course Only $1.00

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To prove that I can learn to dance at home in one evening, you may send the sixteen-lesson course and when my postman hands it to me I will deposit with him only $1.00, plus the few cents postage, in full payment. If, within five days, I decide to do so I may return the course and you will refund my money without question.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State...

If apt to be out when postman calls you may send the dollar now and we will pay postage.
(Price outside U. S., $1.10 cash with order.)

Satisfied Students Praise the Course

Let me say that your chart system explains many things to me which other teachers could not make clear.
Wm. S. Meyerfield,
Ann Harbor, 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. N. Mealy,
Flatwood, W. Va.

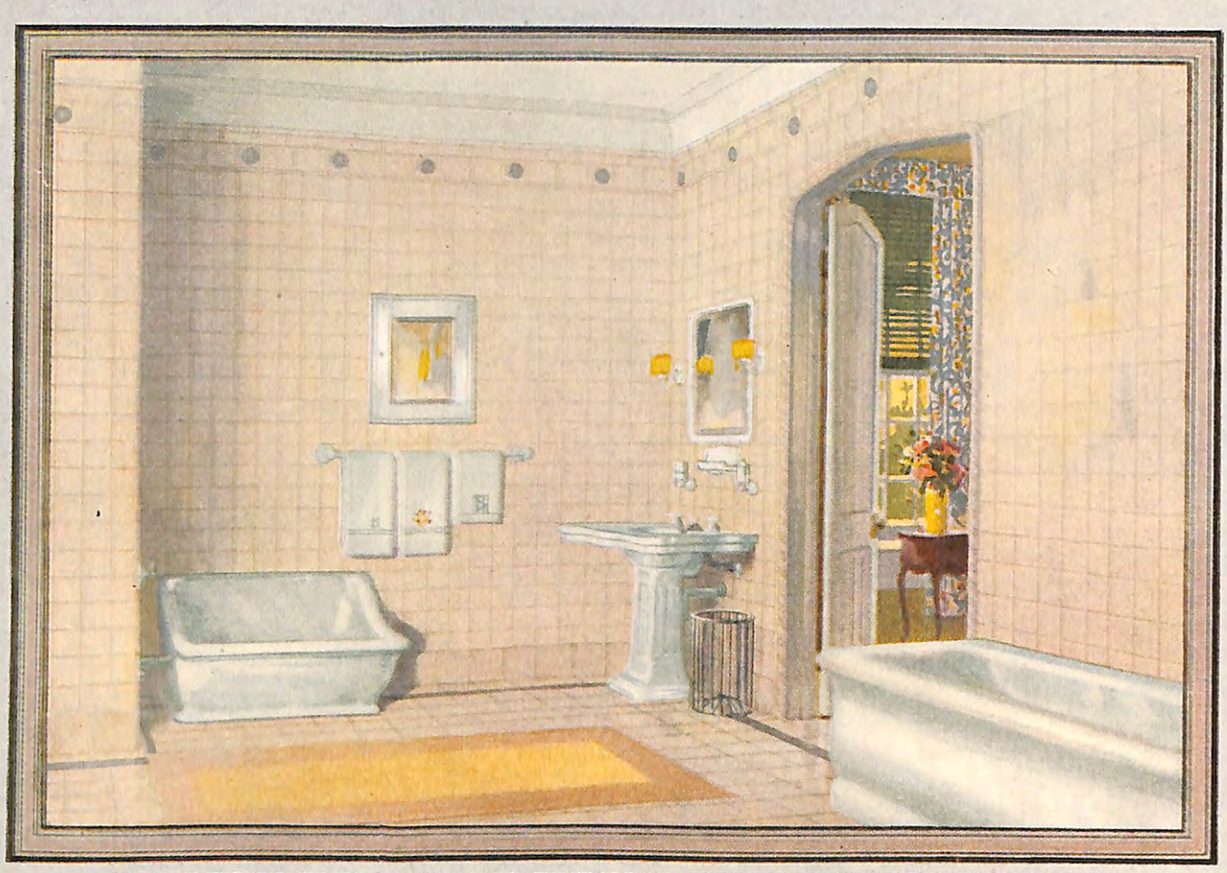
I am getting along very nicely with the instructions. I have so many pupils I have to have a larger place.
Albert J. Delancy,
Bay City, Mich.

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 Thorgerison,
Ethridge, Mont.

Many other enthusiastic letters have been received. If interested send for special leaflet reprinting them.

Do You Know

- The Correct Dancing Position
- How to Gain Confidence
- How to Follow Successfully
- How to Avoid Embarrassing Mistakes
- 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



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