The Elks Magazine

DECEMBER
1922

Featuring: Meredith Nicholson, Robert C. Benchley, Montrose J. Moses, Lawrence Perry, Albert Payson Terhune and Ben Ames Williams

20 cents a copy

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

STANDARD LOADS of DU PONT SHOTGUN POWDERS

DUPONT (Bulk) SMOKELESS

Kind of Game	12 GAUGE DRAMS	12 GAUGE OZ SHOT	16 GAUGE DRAMS	16 GAUGE OZ SHOT	20 GAUGE DRAMS	20 GAUGE OZ SHOT	SHOT SIZES ALL GAUGES
Turkey Geese	3½	1-⅛	2¾	1	2½	⅞	* 2 & 4
Brant Large Ducks	3¼	1-⅛	2¾	1	2½	⅞	4 in flight 6 over decoys
Medium Ducks Grouse Prairie Chicken	3¼	1-⅛	2½	1	2¼	¾	6
Squirrels Rabbits	3	1	2½	1	2¼	¾	6
Small Ducks Pheasants Pigeons Doves	3¼	1-⅛	2½	1	2¼	¾	7½
Quail Snipe Woodcock Shore Birds	3	1 or 1-⅛	2½	1	2¼	¾	8
Reed Birds	3	1	2½	1	2¼	¾	10
Trapshooting	3	1 ¼	2½	1	2¼	¾	7½

BALLISTITE (Dense) SMOKELESS

If BALLISTITE (*dense*) Powder is desired order by grains. A comparison follows of *Bulk* and *Dense* Loads:

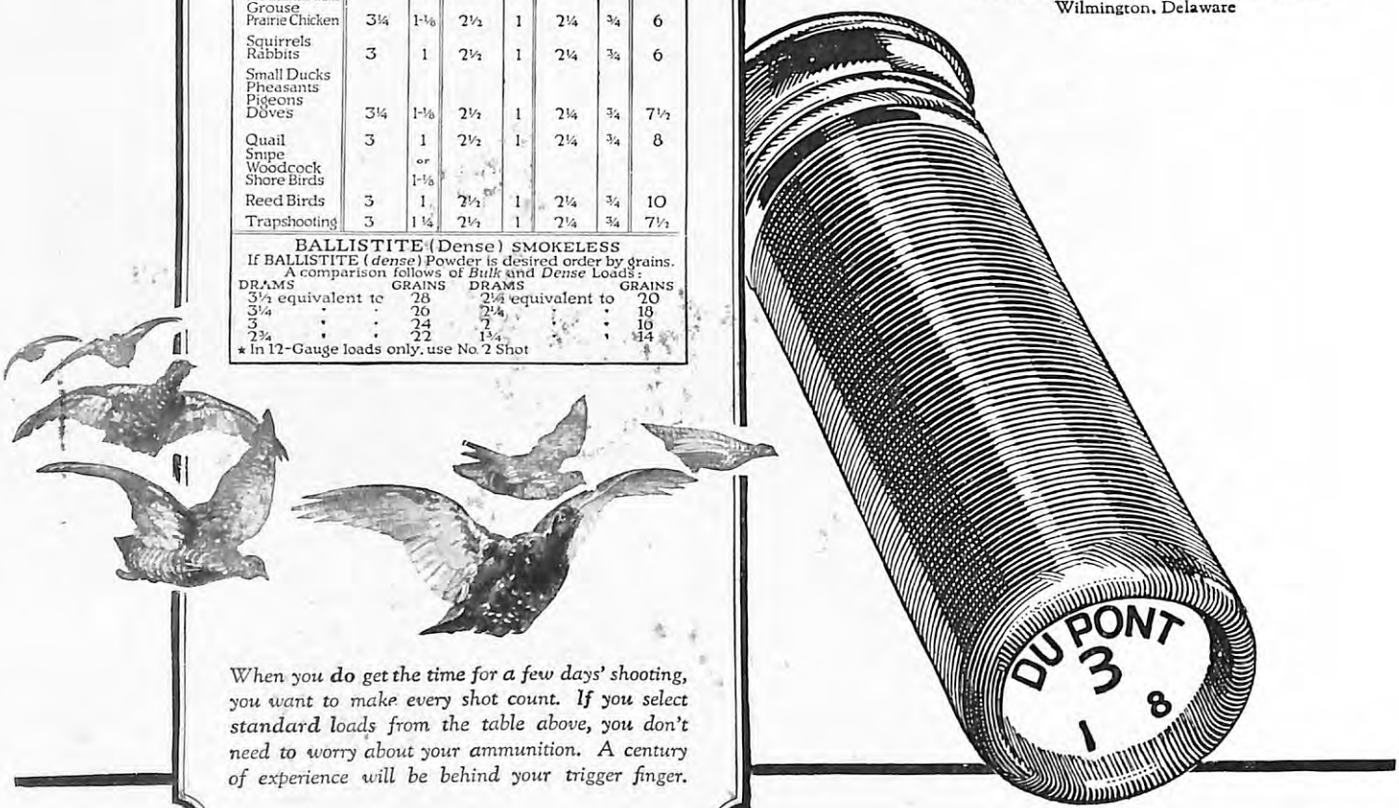
DRAMS	GRAINS	DRAMS	GRAINS
3½ equivalent to	28	2¼ equivalent to	20
3¼ " "	26	2 " "	18
3 " "	24	1¾ " "	16
2¾ " "	22	1½ " "	14

* In 12-Gauge loads only, use No. 2 Shot

When you do get the time for a few days' shooting, you want to make every shot count. If you select standard loads from the table above, you don't need to worry about your ammunition. A century of experience will be behind your trigger finger.

Du Pont makes powder—not shells. Du Pont Powders are loaded in every brand of shell. The name "DU PONT" or "BALLISTITE", printed on the carton and the top shot wad, tells you what powder you are shooting. Specify the powder when you buy the shell.

E. I. DU PONT DE NEMOURS & CO., INC.
Wilmington, Delaware



What every man wants in a shotgun powder is given him in "Du Pont" and "Ballistite"....that means confidence—and that means a full game bag. Is that not reason enough to look for the name on the carton and top shot wad?

SHOOT DU PONT POWDERS

DU PONT

What Is Holding YOU Back?

—Is the bigger place just beyond your reach?

"Nelson's the man I'd *like* to name for this job, but he simply isn't up to it: he won't do."

There was a note of regret in the General Manager's voice as he gave his decision. Nelson had been with the firm three years—everybody like him—everybody wanted to see him get ahead.

"I just can't understand that fellow," was the President's impatient comment. "More than a year ago I had a talk with him, and he gave me to understand that he was ambitious—wanted to get ahead. Here we've had three big openings in this organization within the last twelve months, and he hasn't had sense enough to prepare for any one of them. I tell you, Jim, when a man permits himself to get tied to a routine job—especially in these days when it's so easy to pick up specialized training in one's spare time—there's something *wrong* with him; he deserves just what he gets!"

* * *

"I've been *intending* to take up home-study training for over a year; I'm going to start next month"—that's the lame excuse that men like Nelson always give—*and they give it month after month!*

But what do men who *succeed* have to say?

"I had often read in business stories," writes B. A. Folsom, General Manager of the Grady Grocery Company, Cairo, Georgia, "how the Boss would call Bill into his private office and ask him what he had been doing with himself that he should turn out such good work and make so many suggestions profitable to the business—and how the Boss, placing his hand on Bill's shoulder, would tell him that as a reward he was promoted to some higher position, with a salary-increase of say fifty dollars a month. I used to wonder if such thrills as Bill experienced did not happen exclusively in business fiction. I know, now, that they are *real*, for I have experienced them myself.

"When I undertook specialized training under the LaSalle Problem Method, I was junior clerk in a large retail grocery store. Three months later I was promoted to senior clerk over one older man, with a substantial 'raise' in salary. Eight months later the manager resigned on account of ill health, and I was promoted to the managership, with another increase in salary.

"Some time ago I had an offer of the assistant managership of a chain of ten retail grocery stores doing a business of over a million dollars annually. Having a preference for the wholesale business, I accepted the managership of the above firm instead.

"The aid I have derived from my training is threefold: knowledge of what I am to do, perfect confidence in myself, and the trained ability to do it. I have been told that it is 'all in the man.' That may be true, so far as it goes, but the man must have something to *back him up*. Since beginning my training with LaSalle, my salary has increased more than 300 per cent, and I haven't reached the top yet. I am absolutely honest with myself when I say that the practical benefits received during the first three months of my study more than repaid me for the entire cost of the course."

* * *

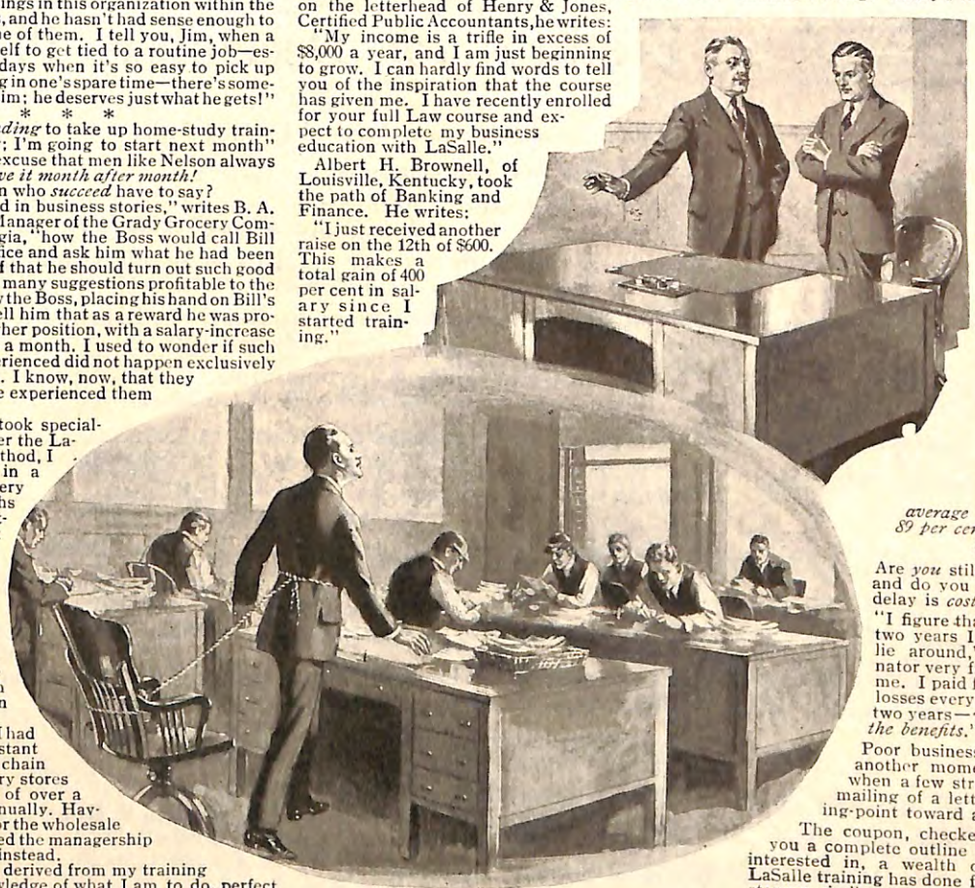
During the past fourteen years thousands and thousands of men have taken the selfsame route that Folsom took, and by varying paths have won their way to important executive positions.

Charles S. Jones, a Texas man, took the path of Higher Accountancy. When he started, he was earning $100 a month as bookkeeper. Three years later, on the letterhead of Henry & Jones, Certified Public Accountants, he writes:

"My income is a trifle in excess of $8,000 a year, and I am just beginning to grow. I can hardly find words to tell you of the inspiration that the course has given me. I have recently enrolled for your full Law course and expect to complete my business education with LaSalle."

Albert H. Brownell, of Louisville, Kentucky, took the path of Banking and Finance. He writes:

"I just received another raise on the 12th of $600. This makes a total gain of 400 per cent in salary since I started training."



H. G. Williams, of San Antonio, Texas, took the path of Law. He writes:

"The benefit I received from the study of the course has been immense. After passing the bar examination and receiving my license to practice law, I was appointed Assistant District Attorney, my earning capacity in three years having increased over 200%."

B. T. Bailey, a Wisconsin man, took the path of Traffic Management. He writes:

"My salary has advanced 50 per cent in the last year. If I could not get another course just like the one I have finished, I would not take $5,000 for it."

James C. Patton, of Tacoma, Washington, took the path of Business Management. He writes:

"I have your course to thank for the position I now hold. When I took up your work I was barely making a living. Today I sit in the Manager's chair of one of the largest financial institutions in the United States and Canada. My earnings this year will be in the neighborhood of $10,000, and I have the greatest opportunity that any man could wish for in the way of promotion to bigger things."

So in *every* field of business endeavor any number of LaSalle-trained men have broken away from their petty jobs, have given the laugh to the men who told them "they didn't have a chance," and are rapidly winning their way to high-salaried positions. During three months' time as many as 1193 LaSalle members reported definite salary increases as a result of training under the LaSalle Problem Method totaling $1,248,526. *The average increase per man was 89 per cent.*

* * *

Are *you* still tied to a routine job—and do you realize what each day's delay is *costing* you?

"I figure that I lost $2,000 during the two years I let that LaSalle coupon lie around," writes one procrastinator very frankly. "Indecision got me. I paid for the training in salary-losses every sixty days during those two years—*without receiving any of the benefits.*"

Poor business, we should say, to let another moment get away from you, when a few strokes of the pen and the mailing of a letter may mark your starting-point toward a bigger income.

The coupon, checked and signed, will bring you a complete outline of the training you are interested in, a wealth of evidence as to what LaSalle training has done for other men in circumstances similar to yours, and full particulars of our *convenient-payment plan;* also your copy of that inspiring book, "Ten Years' Promotion in One." "Get this book," said a prominent Chicago executive, "even if you have to pay five dollars for it." We will send it *free.*

How much is a successful future worth to you? Will you put it off—or *put it over?* Mailing the coupon does not obligate you in any way.

LASALLE EXTENSION UNIVERSITY

The Largest Business Training Institution in the World

Outstanding Facts About LaSalle

Founded in 1908.

Financial resources more than $7,500,000.

Total LaSalle organization exceeds 1600 people—the largest and strongest business training institution in the world.

Numbers among its students and graduates more than 350,000 business and professional men and women, ranging in age from 20 to 70 years.

Annual enrollment now about 60,000.

Average age of members, 30 years.

LaSalle texts used in more than 400 resident schools, colleges and universities.

LaSalle-trained men occupying important positions with every large corporation, railroad and business institution in the United States.

LaSalle Placement Bureau serves student and employer without charge. Scores of big organizations look to LaSalle for men to fill high-grade executive positions.

Tuition refunded in full on completion of course if student is not satisfied with training received.

INQUIRY COUPON

LASALLE EXTENSION UNIVERSITY Dept. 12328-R CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Please send me catalog and full information regarding the course and service I have marked with an X below. Also a copy of your booklet, "Ten Years' Promotion in One," all without obligation to me.

- ☐ **Business Management:** Training for Official, Managerial, Sales and Executive positions.
- ☐ **Modern Salesmanship:** Training for Sales and Advertising Executives, Solicitors, Sales Promotion Managers, Salesmen, Manufacturers' Agents and all those engaged in retail, wholesale or specialty selling.
- ☐ **Higher Accountancy:** Training for positions as Auditor, Comptroller, Certified Public Accountant, Cost Accountant, etc.
- ☐ **Railway Accounting and Station Management:** Training for Railway Auditors, Comptrollers, Accountants, Clerks, Station Agents, Members of Railway and Public Utilities Commissions, etc.
- ☐ **Industrial Management Efficiency:** For Executives, Managers, Office and Shop Employes and those desiring practical training in industrial management principles and practice.
- ☐ **Law:** Training for Bar; LL.B. Degree.
- ☐ **Traffic Management—Foreign and Domestic:** Training for positions as Railroad or Industrial Traffic Manager, etc.
- ☐ **Modern Business Correspondence and Practice:** Training for Sales and Collection Correspondents; Sales Promotion Managers; Credit and Office Managers; Correspondence Supervisors, Secretaries, etc.
- ☐ **Banking and Finance.**
- ☐ **Modern Foremanship and Production Methods:** Training in the direction and handling of industrial forces—for Executives, Managers, Superintendents, Contractors, Foremen, Sub-foremen, etc.
- ☐ **Personnel and Employment Management:** Training for Employers, Employment Managers, Executives, Industrial Engineers.
- ☐ **Commercial Law.**
- ☐ **Expert Bookkeeping.**
- ☐ **Business English.**
- ☐ **Commercial Spanish.**
- ☐ **Effective Speaking.**
- ☐ **C. P. A. Coaching for Advanced Accountants.**

Name.....*Present Position*.....

Address.....

Personalities and Appreciations

ONE of the things most longed for by every one is adventure. This longing is, of course, keenest when we are young. To children, adventure is such a necessary adjunct of life that they create it for themselves, actually as well as in imagination. A gang of boys descends on a farmer's orchard not primarily for the sake of the apples it may yield, but because of the excitement promised by the ever-present danger of detection and capture, or the thrill of escape. It is generally understood that normal boys are forced into mischief by perfectly natural impulses against which even the most rigorous training is powerless. And their transgressions, for the most part, are viewed with indulgence. Grown-ups, however, are not so fortunate. They are supposed to have attained wisdom and dignity and to be responsible not alone for their acts but also for all their desires. They are supposed to have rid themselves of all nonsense and secret imaginings before reaching their majority. They are expected then to settle down and behave decorously. And most of them do just that. But the imaginings are there, nevertheless.

There does not seem to be enough first-hand adventure for every one to have his or her share. Although it has often been said that adventure is lurking right around the corner, most of us don't happen to turn the corner when it's about. Or perhaps we fail to recognize it, as we fail to recognize so many other things that are a little bit off our well-trodden paths.

Whatever may be the reason for our missing the real thing—and it is certain that the majority of us do miss it—it is equally certain that we must somehow satisfy our innate thirst for romance. And the best way is to share the adventures of people whose lives are richer and more exciting than our own.

Whether we meet these fortunate individuals in the flesh, or through the medium of stories, is immaterial. Men and women who can carry us away from our every-day surroundings and affairs and take us to strange places and plunge us into strange situations relieve us from the pressure of unattainable desires. Vicariously, in this way we achieve the impossible. Without books and magazines and theaters and moving pictures to lose ourselves in, we would all probably revert to the unbridled violence of the Dark Ages.

As a delightful haven of refuge from the daily turmoil, "Pretenders," the new novel by Meredith Nicholson beginning in this issue, is heartily recommended.

What Do You Think About This?

WHO should go to college? Here is a question of great importance, not alone to every man who has a son to raise, but to the nation in general.

The boy just graduated from high school has reached a critical point in his career. He is face to face with the alternatives of going to work or—circumstances permitting—of continuing his academic education.

If he goes to college, will the experience actually fit him to do better work in the world? Will the investment of time and money—the latter frequently available only through heavy sacrifices at home—be justified by the ultimate benefit to the boy? Or will he go faster and farther by entering at once into business or by learning a trade? Or, to pursue the question, granting that he has a long start on other boys who do go to college, will he in later years, and in spite of material success, bitterly regret his lack of an intellectual background?

This question as to the relative advantages of college and commercial training is, of course, by no means new. It has long been debated. But our effort to eliminate the old-time hit or miss method of allowing a boy to drift until he finds himself—if ever—by applying practical psychology to education and vocational work has given us fresh view-points from which to discuss the subject.

In this number, under the heading "Who Should Go to College?" you will find the opinions of a number of prominent persons. When you have read what they have to say, and have had time to think about it and talk about it with people you know, we shall welcome an expression of your own opinion.

We Are Happy to Announce That—

BRUCE BARTON, known the country over for the sanity and definitely helpful quality of his editorial writings, is going to contribute a series of articles to this magazine beginning early in 1923.

The first of Mr. Barton's series will deal with the matter of personal success, not from the standpoint of attaining it but, rather, by way of inquiring what you are going to do with success when you've won it. Bruce Barton, himself unusually successful, not only as a writer but in business also, is a keen observer and a clear thinker. Being a very human person, intensely interested in people, he makes you feel that everything he writes has a bearing on your own individual problems.

Mr. Barton's work is in great demand and we consider ourselves fortunate in being able to add him to our distinguished list of collaborators.

WE BELIEVE you will welcome, too, the news that Octavus Roy Cohen has likewise become a contributor. His delightful negro stories assuredly need no introduction to you. They are known and enjoyed wherever American magazines are read. Mr. Cohen's first story, written especially for you, will appear in an early issue. And there will be others to follow.

ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE is one more justly popular author whose work you will find regularly in the Elks Magazine from now on. To this number he has contributed another of his famous collie stories, "The Trap," one of the best yarns of its kind we have ever come across.

None But the Best—

THAT is the standard we have set for the editorial contents of your magazine. There is no space in it for indifferent stuff, nor ever will be. Not only in the quality of the material itself, but in attractiveness of presentation as well, we are working to give you a publication second to none. Watch the magazine improve month by month.

THE EDITOR.

Decoration by Franklin Booth

The Spirit *of* Christmas

WHEN we were children, apart from the Christmas-tree, the Christmas stocking, Christmas gifts, and Christmas pudding, all the fun and good things of the time, there was something else that used to impress and dimly puzzle our young minds. It was *the kindness* of Christmas, the sudden and unusual kindness that seemed to have come to everything and everybody. Parents and school-teachers, all manner of grown-up folk of whom during the rest of the year we stood in awe, had of a sudden become curiously kind and near to us, almost as though they were children again. The very streets and houses seemed kind. Every one went about smiling, and even passing strangers seemed like friends.

What was the meaning of it all? And why, we wondered, shouldn't it be like that every day? It was evident that these usually cross-grained and preoccupied people, always taken up with business, and with no time for play, knew how to be kind and happy, and that they liked it. How was it that the rest of the year they were only so by fits and starts, and only completely so on this one particular day? They seemed like changed people, as though a fairy had waved its wand over them. It was very strange, and even now, since we have grown up, it still seems strange. The world knows how to be kind; why, then, isn't it kinder, all the time? Why doesn't it manage to get something of this Christmas spirit into all the days of the year, instead of, as it were, saving it up for one special occasion? The child may well have wondered. We still wonder. It might, indeed, almost seem that there was some spell cast over humanity by the day itself.

The very universe itself seems kind. But it was so even before the birth of Christ, when our Saxon ancestors gathered round the Yule-log, with all that noisy merriment, which it is said the word "Yule" itself means. Before them, as far back as ancient Egypt, and in Greece and Rome, when men worshiped still earlier gods than Odin, it was the same. The time around Christmas, then as now, was the time of all the times in the year, for men and women to be kind. China, by the way, celebrates the birth of Buddha, on the same day. Some say that the reason for the universal choice of Christmas for this festival of kindness is due to the fact that the sun "turns" at this time, begins to come back toward summer. The worst of winter is over, and the unseen spring is beginning to stir underground. There is perhaps thus a natural reason, as well as a religious, for Christmas, and, if so, all the better; though the early Christian fathers were much troubled by this coincidence between the "pagan" and their own festival; and, later, the Puritans of Cromwell's time forbade the celebration of Christmas for this very reason, passed a "blue law" against Christmas-trees, mince-pies, holly and mistletoe, and all such kindly things. It was like them. But surely this very universality of Christmas is a fact to be welcomed. That it is "natural," as well as a Christian duty, to be kind and happy at the Christmas season, shows that, somehow or other, the impulse has sprung from the heart of man, in all races and times.

Though Christmas has become more and more a children's festival, as the old "Lord of Misrule," the original Father Christmas, who used to preside over the junketings in "Merrie England," has been transformed into Santa Claus, yet it remains a festival not merely for the child in years, but for the eternal child in the heart of man, that best part of us which refuses to grow up. "Unless ye be as the least of these of my little ones!" The worst failure in life is to grow up.

CHRISTMAS gathers into itself all those finer impulses and qualities of our nature which we speak of collectively as "humanity," pity and tenderness and that fraternal sympathy between man and man to which every Elk is pledged. On its religious side, it recalls to us the mystery and significance of our existence, what a sacred thing life is, with what immortal obligations; and by the symbol of Christ's birth it recalls, too, the divinity that was born within us, as we came into the world. The divinity of humanity. Christ was born to teach us that; for he himself was no more divine than he was human—the completest of all human beings, and, as such, the kindest.

When and wherever human beings are companionably gathered together in brotherhood they generate merriment and kindness as naturally as they generate heat. Yes! our childhood was right. The Spirit of Christmas is—Universal Kindness.

The New Romantic Mystery Novel by Meredith Nicholson

Pretenders

Illustrated by O. F. Howard

MISS VIVIAN LOCKE knew that Romance would one day knock at her door. Watching the world go by from her counter in the big Arlington department store, she was confident that her hope and faith would be rewarded in some happy hour by the appearance of a messenger bringing tidings that the true prince awaited her, and that she was to drive with all haste in the waiting coach to the royal palace. Or perhaps a beautiful lady would stop some day and with a cry catch her to her breast, proclaim her her long-lost daughter, and carry her off to a sumptuous home to live in luxury forever.

In a casual glance at Vivian no one would have suspected that her mind and heart were filled with such dreams. She was nineteen; a dark girl with an oval face and expressive dark eyes. When a smile disclosed her even white teeth, the beholder was aware that something exceedingly pleasant had happened.

Nature had dealt generously with Vivian. Her brilliant coloring spoke for sound health, and was exactly what one might expect to find in the face of a girl who did not slump, but stood erect prepared to face the world on even terms across the counter. She wore her hair brushed back straight, and it was black hair with a luster which only the stupidest beholder would have imagined to be an effect produced by any of her wares. Even the Arlington's prescribed uniform for salesladies failed to obscure the fact that in the small army of young women who graced the counters of the Arlington, Vivian was the one who most frequently received the tribute of a second glance. . . .

"The unscented, please," the customer replied, the preference thus indicated having to do with soap.

As she turned to produce the box from the shelf the next salesgirl murmured in her ear, "That's Mrs. Maybury Crosby. She's the aunt of that girl all the papers are calling Oodles because she's so rich."

"Is there anything else, Mrs. Crosby?" asked Vivian in her politest tone after the box had been opened and held up for the lady's approval.

The casual fashion in which her name had been spoken caused Mrs. Crosby to start, and she swept the girl with an intent glance. Most of her shopping was done by a maid and she did not remember ever to have bought anything in the Arlington before. That she should be known to the dark girl with the winning smile surprised her; and it surprised her the more as she had been roaming the aisles of the Arlington for an hour merely because it was a huge unfashionable shop where she could make observations with little danger of meeting any one she knew. She noted Vivian's slim, well-kept hands as they quickly scribbled the sales slip, and did not overlook the neat modeling of Vivian's profile. Then as the girl with a smile took the extended bill she did justice to the whiteness and evenness of Vivian's teeth.

"Pardon me, but how did you know my name?" Mrs. Crosby asked pleasantly.

"Oh, every one knows you, Mrs. Crosby!

"A week from to-day my mother will be in town and I should like to have the pleasure of introducing you to her. Perhaps you'll have luncheon with us, won't you?"

And it always seems nicer to call customers by their names. We are instructed to do that whenever we can."

"I suppose it's good business," Mrs. Crosby remarked, still puzzled; "but I don't believe I was ever here before."

"Oh, I saw a picture of you once in a Sunday supplement. You wore the Red Cross Canteen costume, I think."

"You don't tell me! I didn't suppose any one ever looked at those pictures," replied Mrs. Crosby. "My pictures were all hideous."

"There was another one that I remember, in one of the women's magazines, showing you in your hunting-dress. That looked more like you, I think," said Vivian.

The girl, rolling her pencil in her palms, was wholly at ease, and she had given her opinion of the superiority of the second portrait without impertinence, or, what would have been worse, a cringing humility before one so distinguished in the social world.

"Would you mind telling me your name?" she inquired.

"Vivian Locke."

The color suffused Vivian's face. She was used to being the object of that second glance from passers-by in the aisle and on the street, but Mrs. Crosby was not only eying her with the frankest interest but appeared to be pondering her observations seriously. The change was delivered by the pneumatic tube and counted into the customer's palm, but still Mrs. Crosby lingered. She was thinking very intently about matters quite apart from the correctness of her change. The girl would do; really, so far as appearances went, the girl would serve admirably. The only drawback might be bothersome relatives.

"Have you always lived in New York, Miss Locke?"

"Just eight months. I came from Malden, near Boston."

"I suppose you had to follow your family——?"

"Oh, I have no near relations," answered Vivian. "I'm all alone here."

"You're not engaged to be married?" Vivian blushed.

"No; oh, no!" she cried with emphasis.

The colloquy was bringing the other girls in the department to the verge of despair.

"I wish very much," said Mrs. Crosby in a lower tone as she picked up her package, "that we might talk a little more. Would you go to lunch with me?"

"That's very kind of you," Vivian answered, her heart fluttering. "I have the hour from twelve to one."

"I shall be at the door with my car precisely at twelve. Please say nothing of this to any one!"

"Oh, of course, Mrs. Crosby," Vivian faltered as that lady turned to go.

II

Half an hour later the toilet goods department was thrilled again, this time by the appearance of a young gentleman, much tanned, who purchased from Vivian a box of talcum powder. This was the third successive Friday on which the same gentleman had visited the counter and made a purchase, dealing on each occasion with Vivian. In the first instance he gave her a list of articles which, he explained, his mother had asked him to carry down to her in the country.

"My mother and I have very different tastes in these matters," he explained, watching the kindling of the Vivian smile.

His first visit was plausible, for his memorandum was written in a feminine hand and there was no reason to question that he was his mother's messenger. He offered no justification for the second visit, but evidently had returned to Arlington's of his own free will.

He carried a big tan portfolio into which he thrust the talcum. The unbuckling of the straps made for delay, which Vivian understood perfectly, for most men stuffed their purchases into their pockets. He was a big broad-shouldered fellow with engaging blue eyes, and to-day he appeared in blue serge with a polka-dot tie, and a felt hat which he laid upon the counter when he addressed Vivian. Vivian's comrades in the department were consumed with envy.

"There's always something!" he said cheerily. "Your prices are a cent lower than cut-rate drug-stores; I don't see how you do it!"

"Well, you'll hardly grow rich on what you save by coming here," Vivian retorted.

"I ought to come oftener to increase my savings; is that your idea?"

"Oh, I'd hardly say that!" and Vivian smiled upon another customer.

He pretended to be inspecting the contents of a show-case while she effected a sale.

The instant she was free he said, quite openly, "My name is Paul Wendling. I am a physician. A week from to-day my mother will be in town, and I should like to have the pleasure of introducing you to her. Perhaps you'll have luncheon with us? Of course," he added, "I can't make the introduction without knowing your name, and I'm awfully embarrassed to be asking——"

SHE gave her name with the Vivian smile that dismissed as negligible the question of his embarrassment. The courteous manner of his approach really disposed of this, she thought. It was wholly in the stranger's favor that he spoke out boldly.

"Next Friday, then, we'll come just before twelve." His bow included Vivian's associates whom he left in a state of deep agitation.

III

The lively palpitation caused by her encounter with Dr. Wendling did not prevent Vivian from being at the main entrance a few minutes after twelve. Her questions as to the sincerity of Mrs. Crosby's invitation were set at rest by the appearance of that lady beckoning from a limousine.

The footman jumped down and opened the door. It was really all quite in keeping with Vivian's dream of the coming of the messenger from Fairyland.

"I wish we had a little more time," Mrs. Crosby observed; "but our luncheon is ordered and we shall have nothing to do but talk."

They were rolling up the avenue in one of those sumptuous machines she had long admired as the peculiar property of the rich and powerful, and Mrs. Crosby was treating her exactly as though there was nothing extraordinary in thus snatching a girl from behind a department store counter and carrying her off to lunch. Speculations as to their destination were set at rest when the car stopped at the Thackeray Club. The Thackeray, Vivian knew from her perusal of the abstracts and chronicles of fashionable life, to be one of the most exclusive clubs in New York.

"I chose the Thackeray because one can always be sure of quiet here," Mrs. Crosby remarked, buttering a roll with deliberation.

"We haven't more than forty minutes at best," Mrs. Crosby continued, glancing at her wrist watch. "Now, my dear child, go on and eat, and don't be scared to death by anything I say. I am going to ask you to do something for me, something quite out of the ordinary, something that may—I shall not attempt to disguise that—cause you embarrassment. If you are willing to help me, rest assured that I will protect you in every possible way. You will, of course, be obliged to give up your position at the store, but that matter I shall take care of. May I ask what they pay you at Arlington's?"

"Eighteen dollars a week," Vivian answered.

"Infamous!" Mrs. Crosby ejaculated. "If you are disposed to assist me we shall have no trouble about your remuneration on that score. It may be that I shall require you for only a few days, or it may be a month. If it should be only for a few days, I shouldn't think a thousand dollars too little. You will have, of course, your clothing, food and lodging thrown in."

"Yes, Mrs. Crosby," Vivian gulped, fearing suddenly that Mrs. Crosby was insane. No woman in her right sense would so carelessly be offering a poor girl who worked for eighteen dollars a week the munificent sum of one thousand dollars for a service that could be concluded in a few days. Mrs. Crosby's uncertainty as to the period to be covered by this mysterious service clearly disposed of the idea that she was looking for a social secretary, or a personal attendant, or perhaps a companion for the niece Oodles who had so filled the papers for a day or two.

"Please go right on with your luncheon, or I shall feel terribly guilty," said Mrs. Crosby. "The reason I chose you from among the several hundred girls I have looked at to-day is simply that you are very pretty for one thing and you seem to be very nice for another. Now, there's frankness for you! You have a very agreeable voice, a charming voice, indeed. I quite envy you your voice and your complexion! So much outdoor life has tanned my skin like leather. I ought to have been a boy, you know; as a woman I haven't a thing to commend me—not one!"

These were astounding revelations to be uttered by Mrs. Maybury Crosby to a stranger. After a hasty glance over her shoulder Mrs. Crosby explained herself with a directness that took Vivian's breath away:

"I WANT to adopt you temporarily; or, to be more exact, I want to borrow you and palm you off as my niece for a day or two, or as long as may be necessary. If you read the newspapers you may recall the articles on my niece, Olive Farnam, and the mystery attached to her father's murder. The situation is just this: The girl was to be sent to me; in fact, she *was* sent by the authorities of the Western town in which my brother met his death, in conformity with his wish that I should have charge of her. The girl reached Chicago, we are told, but"—Mrs. Crosby again glanced over her shoulder—"she has not reached here! For the sake of the family dignity and for business reasons," she continued, "it is important that there should be no hiatus, no lapse, I mean, no failure to establish this girl in my household. Just where she is I don't know. I say this to you in all frankness, for I'm really greatly perplexed about the whole business. It would be unwise to send detectives in search of her, for if she has got into any mischief that would injure her, cast a cloud on her for the future, as you can see. She will, of course, turn up sooner or later, but for legal reasons—she is heir to one of the largest fortunes in the country—I must produce her immediately. You will appreciate the fact that I have taken you into my confidence completely. I am really asking you to aid me in doing something that is, strictly speaking, irregular. Do I make myself clear?"

"I think I understand," replied Vivian very slowly; "you mean that you want me to pretend that I'm your niece until the real girl shows up."

"Precisely; that's all there is to the story. You understand now my reasons for asking if you lived with relatives. We can't, of course, have any bothersome people turn up. Those other girls in your department knew me, I assume?"

"Yes," Vivian assented.

"Did you tell them you were going out to lunch with me?"

"No; they don't know that."

"Then you can return to the store, resign your position, explaining that you are called to Boston by a death in your family, and are leaving at once. It would be best to tell the same story to your girl associates at the store. And now," Mrs. Crosby concluded with a reassuring smile, "my cards are all on the table. More than that, I have put myself in your power!"

"Do you really think I could get by?" asked the girl in an awed whisper.

"If you don't quite fit in, so much the better. The only trouble is that you're just a trifle too nice! A few rough edges would help the situation. To the best of my knowledge and belief, my niece has never been in this part of the world; she's an

utter stranger, a girl who's lived on ranches and in mining camps. I am sure we can manage it very happily. I have no children; no one will know of this but my husband. You will have to assist me in keeping him calm; he's frightfully timid! Now, there's not a minute's time to lose. We mustn't be seen together, so I will drop you at one of the hotels on the Avenue, and you can take a taxi there, return to the store and close your business affairs, being careful to give no hint that you have seen me. Do you catch the idea?"

"I THINK I do," Vivian assented. "It seems awfully funny."

"I think myself it's a very pretty joke," Mrs. Crosby replied. "You will need, of course, a complete outfit, but we can attend to that quickly." She signed the check for the luncheon, tore the menu card in two and scribbled several addresses on the back of one of the pieces. "There; those are good shops. They can fit you out with some dark things—you're in mourning, you know. And you'd better get a couple of sport suits for tramping and motoring and have them put a mourning band on the sleeves. On second thought, you had better bring some of your old wardrobe. You are from the wild and woolly West, remember, and your clothes should not be too sophisticated."

"You are sure this won't get me into trouble? You must remember that I have no friends to help me."

With a quick gesture Mrs. Crosby caught Vivian's hand and gave it a reassuring pressure.

"I pledge you on my honor to protect you," she said earnestly. "And I promise that you will never regret this."

"You are very kind," said Vivian. "I only hope I will not disappoint you."

Mrs. Crosby drew a roll of bills from her reticule.

"There is a thousand there for your shopping. Here's my card with my house number on it. You ought to be able to come by five. I suggest that you take a taxi and bring your trunk and other belongings with you. Remember that when you arrive you are Miss Olive Farnam, my niece from Warrenton, Montana. I shall be expecting you, of course, but be prepared for me to show the greatest surprise at your arrival."

"Yes, Mrs. Crosby; I'll do my best."

IV

Vivian lost no time in doing the shopping at the stores Mrs. Crosby had listed. Then she returned to her boarding-house and after packing her trunk and explaining to her tearful landlady, Mrs. Murphy, that the sudden death of her father obliged her to leave the city at once, she said good-by.

It was not quite half-past four when she had collected the garments she had left for alteration in her machine and gave the driver the Sixtieth Street number on Mrs. Crosby's card.

The Crosby's big stone house was the most imposing in the block, and Vivian ran up the steps thinking that haste would not be unbecoming in a young girl who had made a long journey under the burden of sorrow to find refuge with her nearest relatives. To her infinite relief the door was flung open by Mrs. Crosby; that lady having witnessed the arrival of the taxi from the drawing-room window.

"Take your cue from me and don't worry about anything," she admonished in a whisper; and then in a tone that carried through the house: "You poor, dear child, how glad and relieved I am to see you! Are you utterly worn out? We'll have tea at once."

After a long embrace she held the girl away from her by the shoulders and then kissed her gently on the left cheek.

In all the years of his service with the Crosbys, Simmons had never witnessed any such stir over the arrival of any guest. Vivian's purchases in the fresh boxes and Fifth Avenue labels required explanation, and Mrs. Crosby gave her a hint as to how this was to be met when they were in Vivian's room, with Simmons as an auditor.

"Just put the boxes there for the present; Louise can open them later. So you stopped for a little shopping, did you? Afraid you wouldn't make yourself presentable to your city relatives! Where have you been all this time, my dear child?"

"Oh, just visiting," said Vivian. "I didn't hurry, because I knew when I started that you were still at your camp."

"Well, all's well that ends well," cried Mrs. Crosby.

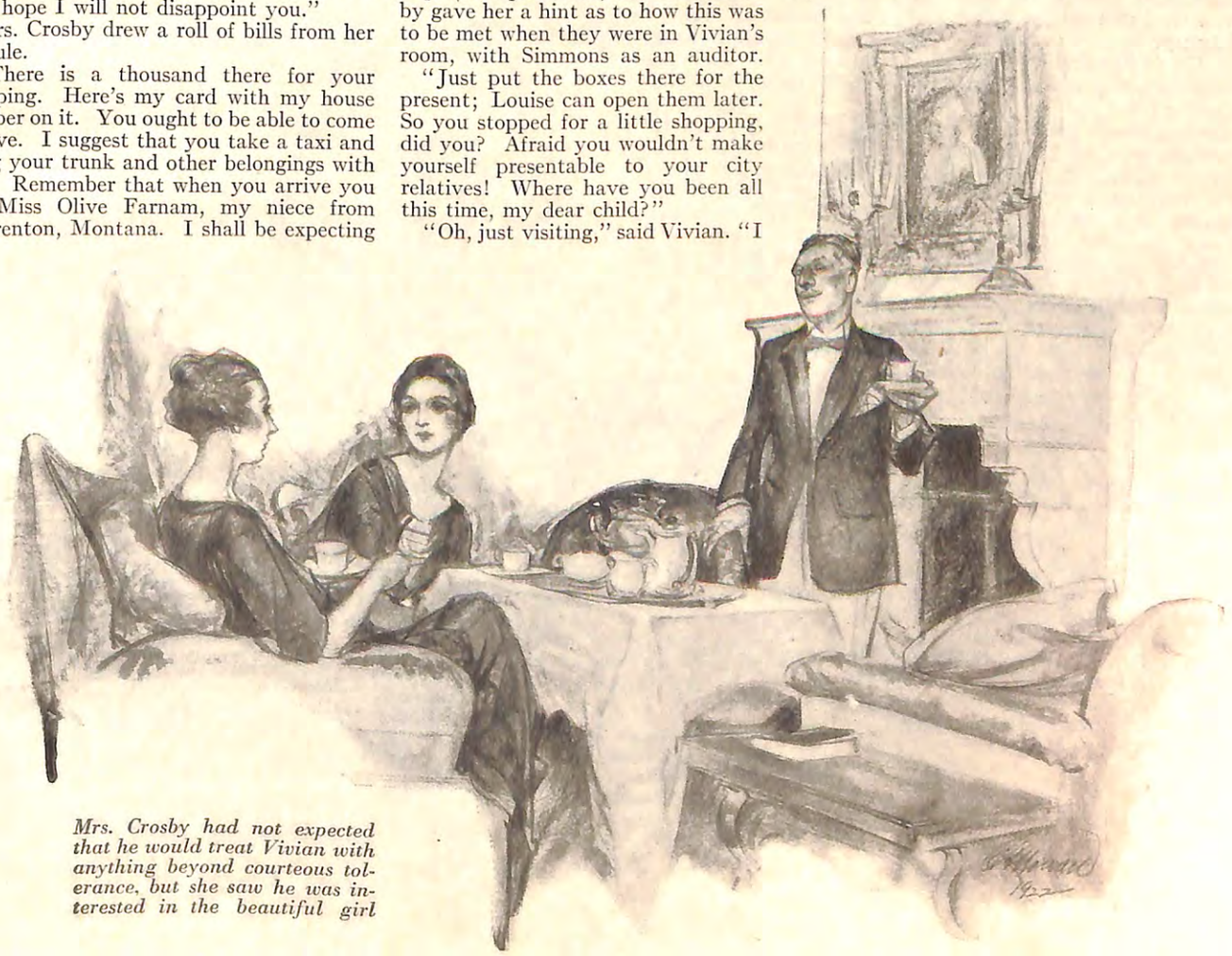
She flung the names of imaginary persons to the girl to prolong the talk about the pauses in the eastward journey. The interruptions to the flight were accounted for plausibly, Vivian catching up the cues readily and daringly amplifying the hints of her new-found aunt as to the cause of her delay. Simmons, pretending that a shade required attention, lingered until Mrs. Crosby dismissed him.

As the door closed she seized the girl's hands and kissed her impulsively.

"You did that wonderfully—all that stuff about your visits. You did it better than if I had coached you! You surpass my highest hopes of you. Before we go into my sitting-room for tea, let us consider matters just a little. We are all in mourning, and that makes it possible to keep very much to ourselves for a time. We shall run into the country to-morrow morning, and there we can do very much as we please."

"But if the other girl should come, what would happen then?" asked Vivian, quietly.

"SOME one will be left here to look out for that, and as few people will see you there will be few explanations to make, and we'll have to trust to our wits to manage that. My brother's daughter, either by deliberate intention or in some fashion it's unprofitable to speculate about, has disappeared somewhere between Chicago and New York. Please remember that I will take care of you in every way. You don't know anything about the West, I suppose?"



Mrs. Crosby had not expected that he would treat Vivian with anything beyond courteous tolerance, but she saw he was interested in the beautiful girl

"Only from novels I have read, and the movies," Vivian answered.

"You are so quiet and so much the well-bred little girl who has had every advantage that we will have to account for that in some way. We will say that you were educated in a convent in Canada. Where *did* you go to school?"

"I had four years in the high school at Malden. From the time I was a baby I lived with a minister and his wife. When they died I went to work in Boston for a while and then came down here."

"Please, dear, don't trouble to tell me any more," said Mrs. Crosby. "The fact that there is no one you will have to tell about your visit simplifies the whole thing. It's hardly possible that any one you knew in New York in a business way would ever run into you while you are with us.

"COME, little girl," she said very kindly after a pause, "we will have our toast and tea, and meet Mr. Crosby. He's not nearly as difficult as he looks. He means to be agreeable, but he doesn't always realize that the things that interest him don't thrill the rest of us. I have listened for years to his long lectures about art and things like that without ever understanding or caring what it's about. But we're good chums for all that."

She caught Vivian by the hand and led her down the hall to the sitting-room. Maybury Crosby, in white flannels, appeared a moment later.

"Maybury, this is Olive, at last! Olive, this is your Uncle Maybury."

Maybury swept the girl from head to foot with a connoisseur's trained eye; then he bent and kissed her hand.

"You are welcome, very welcome, indeed. We have been greatly distressed by your delay. I trust you are not fatigued by your long journey?"

"Oh, I'm feeling fine!" exclaimed Vivian, and took the chair which he placed at the tea-table for her.

"Olive says she is perfectly able to travel again to-morrow, so we'll leave for the country at nine-thirty sharp," said Mrs. Crosby, busying herself with the cups. "Simmons, you needn't wait; we will make out very well by ourselves." Maybury handed the cup to Vivian as though she had been a queen, and so placed a chair for himself that he could study her at his leisure. "Anything new with you to-day?" his wife asked.

"Oh, yes; I meant to tell you. I have at last found that Frenchman's book on Michel-Angelo. I have been looking for it for five years. My agent picked it out of the cellar of an old English country house. I had wanted very much to add this to my collection."

His receipt of the cable announcing the finding of the coveted book had put him in a good humor. Mrs. Crosby had not expected that he would treat Vivian with anything beyond courteous tolerance, but she saw that he was interested in her. Presently he changed seats to observe her from a different angle. Mrs. Crosby noted this with amused satisfaction. The girl in her simple black gown was strikingly beautiful.

"Having two Olives in the house is bound to lead to embarrassment," he remarked. "How are you two going to manage it?"

"I've been thinking about that," Mrs. Crosby said. "I'm too old to change my name and I never had a nickname. You've never had a nickname, have you, Olive?" Her eyes twinkled as she gave to "Olive" the slightest emphasis. "Oodles is silly! And yet I suppose, dear, you might get used to the name the newspapers have given you."

"Oh, yes," the girl answered, smiling as she caught her cue, "but it's hardly what you'd call dignified."

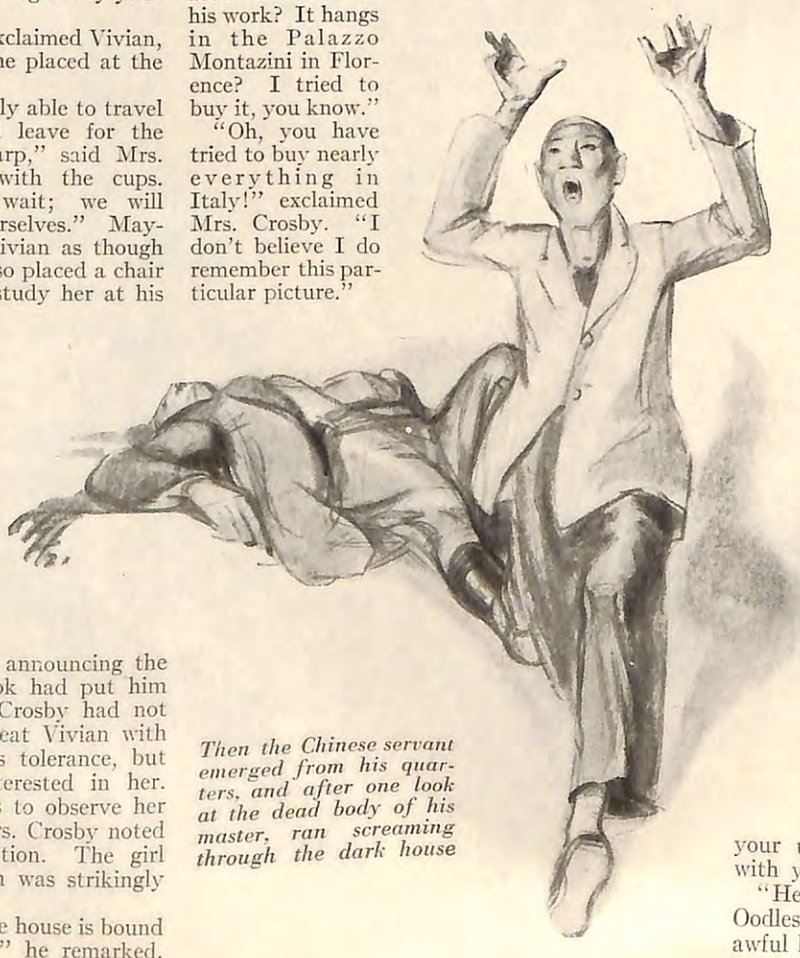
"Oodles!" muttered Maybury scornfully. Oodles was an outlandish name for such a girl; it did not fit her at all, and having spent most of his life trying to find the proper and exact terms for things, his tongue produced it reluctantly.

He had refused to listen to his wife's account of her discovery of Oodles, and had resolved that if the imposition were detected he would plead ignorance of any knowledge of it with a good conscience. Mrs. Crosby had fathomed this without difficulty.

Without appearing to do so, Mrs. Crosby coached Oodles as to the ways of the West. She had hunted in Wyoming and modestly described some of her exploits, relating them animatedly and with an intimation that Oodles might, if she chose, translate them into terms of her own if it became necessary at any time for her to create the impression that she was familiar with the mountain country. Maybury, deeply preoccupied, stood with his back to the mantel, his arms extended along the shelf. Mrs. Crosby had dragged him over much wild territory in her hunting excursions and any reference to these experiences bored him enormously.

"Olive," he said when she had finished, "do you remember that lovely portrait attributed to Titian but never quite satisfactorily accounted for as his work? It hangs in the Palazzo Montazini in Florence? I tried to buy it, you know."

"Oh, you have tried to buy nearly everything in Italy!" exclaimed Mrs. Crosby. "I don't believe I do remember this particular picture."



Then the Chinese servant emerged from his quarters, and after one look at the dead body of his master, ran screaming through the dark house

"You don't see it? I don't see how you can fail to see it!" he said, stepping closer to the astonished Oodles. "This young woman might have sat for it; it is a most extraordinary resemblance."

He left the room but returned in a few minutes with an unmounted photograph which he placed on the mantel.

"There!" he exclaimed. "Look at that, and then—" he waved his hand toward Oodles.

He had not exaggerated the resemblance, as Mrs. Crosby saw at a glance.

"I should be glad to think I looked like that!" said Oodles, who had now risen to examine the picture. "She must have been very beautiful."

"You might be Italian yourself," said Maybury, now quite boldly walking around Oodles the better to inspect her, "and of the noblesse, truly."

Mrs. Crosby glanced anxiously toward the door. "There is no chance of that, is there?" she asked.

"I don't believe so," Oodles answered slowly; "as I was telling you, I really don't know a great deal about myself."

MAYBURY was more alert and interested than his wife remembered him to have been in years. Oodles as an impostor, lawlessly introduced into his house by the reckless daring of his wife, would only have distressed and frightened him; but Oodles as a substitute for his wife's lost niece had ceased to be, and in her place he saw a daughter of the Italy which, intellectually and spiritually, was his home.

"I must wire those people in Warrenton that you are here, and I suppose I had better let the mere fact of your arrival reach the newspapers—just a statement that you are with us and that we have gone into the country," said Mrs. Crosby.

"But the trust company—" Maybury suggested, with a frown.

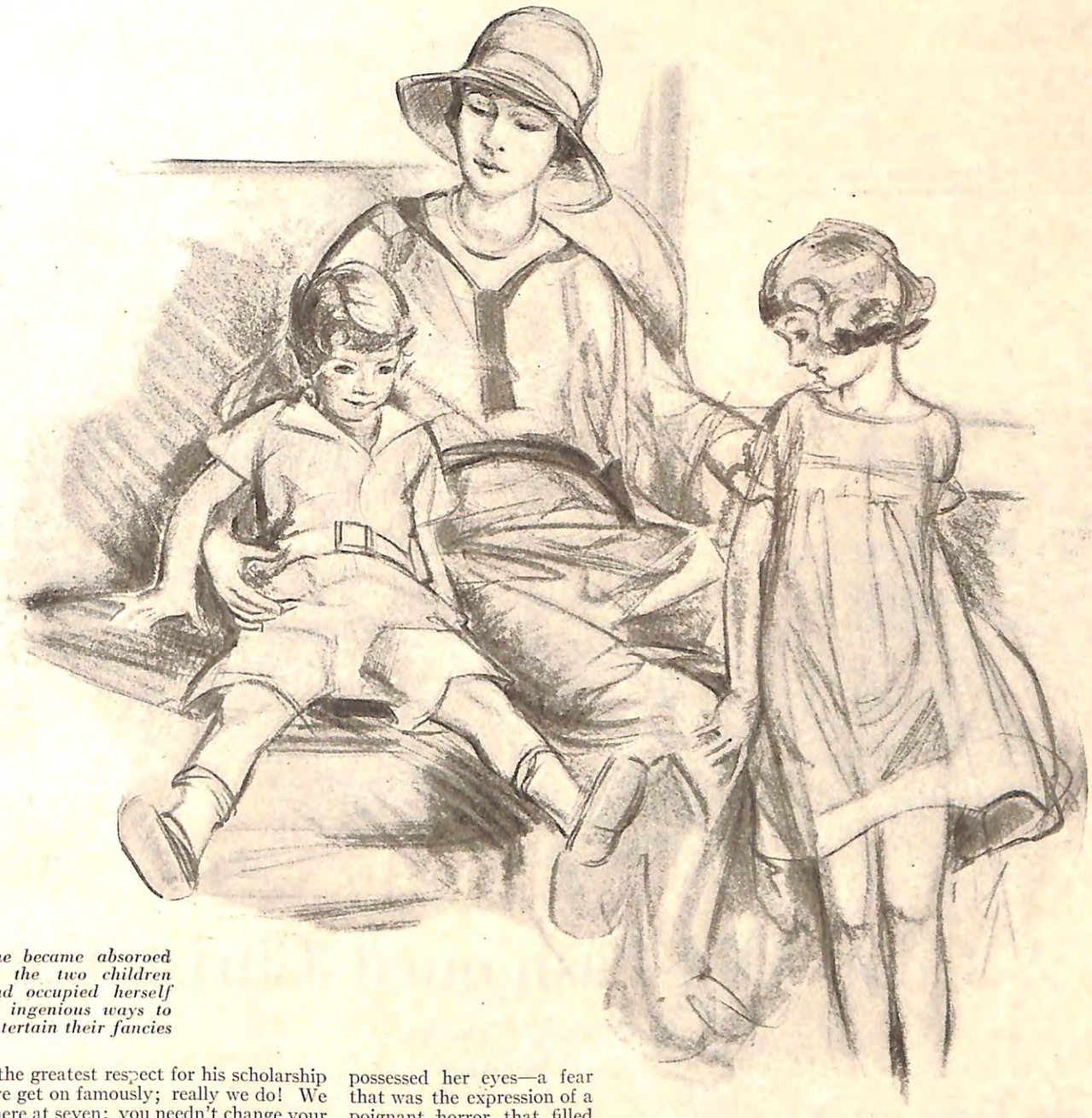
"Oh, I shall not trouble about those people; I will drop Mr. Fairfield a note saying that Miss Farnam is suffering from nervous shock and that it will be impossible for him to see her until she has had time to recuperate. Several months remain in which to establish a claim against the estates. By keeping very quiet until the right girl turns up we shall avoid embarrassments."

"I admire and envy your sanguine nature," Maybury remarked, lounging in the door.

"Well, that's over!" Mrs. Crosby exclaimed with a sigh as her husband left them. "The only thing you have to fear from him is that he will bore you to death. Just by the chance of your resemblance to a portrait painted ages ago your uncle Maybury is enraptured with you."

"He is awfully nice, I think," Oodles answered; "he must know an awful lot."

"Oh, he knows enough! I really



She became absoroed in the two children and occupied herself in ingenious ways to entertain their fancies

have the greatest respect for his scholarship and we get on famously; really we do! We dine here at seven; you needn't change your gown. Let us have that understanding now --that you are not to put yourself out in any way. Just do as you like. Run along now and take a nap, and don't hesitate to ring if you need anything."

Chapter Two

I

While the Crosbys had been perusing the newspaper versions of the Farnam family history, with reverential reference to the wealth of "Oodles," the heir to millions, that young woman was on her way to New York. From her stateroom she watched with grave gray eyes the flashing lights as the train swept by lonely stations, or the fainter gleams in remote ranch houses. She was used to rude ways of living and to the rough speech of miners and cattlemen, but large cities and their folk she knew not at all.

Her thoughts outran the train and in the first hours of the journey she looked at her watch constantly and sighed impatiently at the slow flight of time. She welcomed the visit of the conductor to take her ticket, and was grateful for friendly words from the porter as he stopped to ask if she were comfortable. Occasionally as she sat with her feet curled under her the fear that had sealed her lips possessed her eyes—a fear that was the expression of a poignant horror that filled her heart; a horror which from the first moment of her father's death she had borne alone.

Olive Farnam had been a witness and the only witness who could throw any light on the tragedy. She had been aroused at midnight by angry voices that held her breathless at the door of her room. She heard her own name spoken repeatedly with sharp imprecations. The pistol from which the shot was fired had an instant later been thrust into her own face.

"KEEP your mouth shut or it'll be the worse for you! If you squeal I'll tell all I know about that father of yours! And your mother, too! Never knew your mother, did you? Well, I knew her! Do you understand? There'll be a lot for you to live down if I tell what I know. Remember——"

A sound somewhere in the long rambling house arrested him; he flung her away and dashed down the hall. She had heard a man running toward the corral, followed by the patter of flying hoofs. Then the Chinese servant emerged from his quarters and after one look at the dead body of his master ran screaming away.

She knew the intruder only too well, and his face, still distorted by fury, was inescapably fixed in her memory. John Peyton was the murderer. For years he had been associated with her father in the management of mining properties in Nevada, and elsewhere, and they had broken over a division of the profits. She had always distrusted and feared Peyton, and had dreaded the occasions when her father took her on his trips to inspect the mines.

Peyton had never before visited the Montana ranch house, and she alone had seen him. She cowered before the thought that there was some secret involving her dead father and her unknown mother that this man possessed. In her terror and bewilderment she had lied to the authorities; lied from the instant that the ranch foreman, aroused by the rapid retreat of the murderer, took charge of affairs and telephoned to Warrenton for the sheriff. The sentences jerked out by the murderer as he held the gun to her head, stole through all her thoughts with hateful monotony. And as the days passed and the murder became an increasing mystery, the hideous secret took form like an evil, mocking shadow.

When she heard from the kind and

(*Continued on page 74*)

Pack up all the warm clothes in the house. You will need them up there where the air is clear and cold

A Good Old-Fashioned Christmas

By Robert C. Benchley

Illustrated by Herb Roth

SOONER or later at every Christmas party, just as things are beginning to get good, some one shuts his eyes, puts his head back and moans softly: "Ah, well, this isn't like the old days. We don't seem to have any good old-fashioned Christmases any more." To which the answer from my corner of the room is: "All right! That suits me!"

Just what they have in mind when they say "old-fashioned Christmas" you never can pin them down to telling. "Lots of snow," they mutter, "and lots of food." Yet, if you work it right, you can still get plenty of snow and food to-day. Snow, at any rate.

Then there seems to be some idea of the old-fashioned Christmas being, of necessity, in the country. It doesn't make any difference whether you were raised on a farm or whether your ideas of a rural Christmas were gleaned from pictures in old copies of "Harper's Young People," you must give folks to understand that such were the surroundings in which you spent your childhood holidays. And that, ah me, those days will never come again! Unquestionably, the Three Wise Men spent Christmas Day of the year 5 A. D. bemoaning the passing of the good old-fashioned Christmas.

Well, supposing you get your wish some time. Supposing, let us say, your wife's folks who live up in East Russet, Vermont, write and ask you to come up and bring the children for a good old-fashioned Christmas, "while we are all still together," they add cheerily with their flair for putting everybody in good humor.

Hurray, hurray! Off to the country for Christmas! Pack up all the warm clothes in the house, for you will need them up there where the air is clean and cold. Snowshoes? Yes, put them in, or better yet, Daddy will carry them. What fun! Take along some sleigh-bells to jangle in case there aren't enough on the pung. There must be jangling sleigh-bells. And whisky for frost-bite. Or is it snake-bite that whisky is for? Anyway, put it in! We're off! Good-by all! Good-by! JANGLE-JANGLE-JANGLE-Jangle-Jangle-Jangle-jangle-jangle-jangle-jangle-jangle-jangle!

In order to get to East Russet you take the Vermont Central as far as Twitchell's Falls and change there for Torpid River Junction where a spur line takes you right into Gormley. At Gormley you are met by a buckboard which takes you back to Torpid River Junction again. By this time a train or something has come in which will wait for the local from Besus. While waiting for this you will have time to send your little boy to school, so that he can finish the third grade.

At East Russet Grandpa meets you with the sleigh. The bags are piled in and Mother sits in front with Lester in her lap while Daddy takes Junior and Ga-Ga in back with him and the luggage. Giddap, Esther Girl!

Esther Girl giddaps, and two suitcases fall out. Heigh-ho! Out we get and pick them up, brushing the snow off and filling our cuffs with it as we do so. After all, there is nothing like snow for getting up one's cuffs. Good clean snow never hurt any one. Which is lucky, because after you have gone a mile or so, you discover that Ga-Ga is missing. Never mind, she is a self-reliant little girl and will doubtless find her way to the farm by herself. Probably she will be there waiting for you when you arrive.

The farm is situated on a hill about eleven hundred miles from the center of town, just before you get into Canada. If there is a breeze in winter, they get it. But what do they care for breezes, so long as they have the Little Colonel oil-heater in the front room, to make everything cozy and warm within a radius of four inches! And the big open fireplace with the draught coming down it! "Blow, blow, thou winter

She is a self-reliant little girl and will find her own way to the farm

wind! Thou art not so unkind as man's ingratitude." If it's all the same to Shakespeare, however, I'll take a chance on man's ingratitude until I get back to a steam-heated house.

But this is out of order. You are just driving up to the farmhouse in the sleigh, with the entire right leg frozen where the lap robe has slipped out. Grandma is waiting for you at the door and you bustle in, all glowing with good cheer. "Merry Christmas, Grandma!" Lester is cross and Junior is asleep and has to be dragged by the hand up-stairs, bumping against each step all the way. It is so late that you decide that you all might as well go to bed, especially as you learn that breakfast is at four-thirty. It usually is at four, but Christmas being a holiday every one sleeps late.

AS YOU reach the top of the stairs you get into a current of cold air which has something of the quality of the temperature in a nice well-regulated crypt. This is the Bed Room Zone, and in it the thermometer never tops the zero mark from October 15th until the middle of May. Those rooms in which no one sleeps are used to store perishable vegetables in, and some one has to keep thumbing the tomatoes and pears every so often to prevent their getting so hard that they crack.

The way to get undressed for bed in one of Grandpa's bedrooms is as follows: Starting from the foot of the stairs where it is warm, run up two at a time to keep the circulation going as long as possible. Opening the bedroom door with one hand, tear down the curtains from the windows with the other, pick up the rugs from the floor and snatch the spread from the top of the bureau. Pile all these on the bed, cover with the closet door which you have wrenched from its hinges, and leap quickly underneath. It sometimes helps to put on a pair of rubbers over your shoes.

And even when you are in bed, you have no guarantee of going to sleep. Grandpa's mattresses seem to contain the overflow from the silo, corn-husks, baked-potato skins and long, stringy affairs which feel like pipe cleaners. On a cold night, snuggling down into these is about like snuggling down into a bed of damp pine cones out in the forest.

Then there are Things abroad in the house. Shortly after you get into bed, the stairs start snapping. Next something runs along the roof over your head. You say to yourself: "Don't be silly. It's only Santa Claus." Then it runs along in the wall behind the head of the bed. Santa Claus wouldn't do that. Down the long hall which leads into the ell of the house, you can hear the wind sighing softly, with an occasional reassuring bang of a door.

THE unmistakable sound of some one dying in great pain rises from just below the window-sill. It is a sort of low moan, with just a touch of strangulation in it. Perhaps Santa has fallen off the roof. Perhaps that story you once heard about Grandpa's house having been a hang-out for Revolutionary smugglers is true, and one of the smugglers has come back for his umbrella. The only place at a time like this is down under the bedclothes. But the children become frightened and demand to be taken home, and Grandpa has to be called to explain that it is only Blue Bell out in the barn. Blue Bell has asthma, and on a cold night they have to be very patient with her.

Christmas morning dawns cloudy and cold, with the threat of plenty more snow, and, after all, what would Christmas be without snow? You lie in bed for one hour and a quarter trying to figure out how you can get up without losing the covers from around you. A glance at the water pitcher shows that it is time for them to put the red ball up for skating. You think of the nice warm bathroom at home, and decide that you can wait until you get back there before shaving.

This breaking the ice in the pitcher seems

The farm is situated on a hill about eleven hundred miles from the center of the town

to be a feature of the early lives of all great men which they look back on with tremendous satisfaction. "When I was a boy, I used to have to break the ice in the pitcher every morning before I could wash," is said with as much pride as one might say, "When I was a boy I stood at the head of my class." Just what virtue there is in having to break ice in a pitcher is not evident, unless it lies in their taking the bother to break the ice and wash at all. Any time that I have to break ice in a pitcher as a preliminary to washing, I go unwashed, that's all. And Benjamin Franklin and U. S. Grant and Rutherford B. Hayes can laugh as much as they like. I'm nobody's fool about a thing like that.

Breaking the ice in the pitcher was a feature in the lives of all great men

GETTING the children dressed is a lot of fun when you have to keep pumping their limbs up and down to keep them from freezing out stiff. The children love it and are just as bright and merry as little pixies when it is time to go down-stairs and say "Good morning" to Grandpa and Grandma. The entire family enters the dining-room purple and chattering and exceedingly cross.

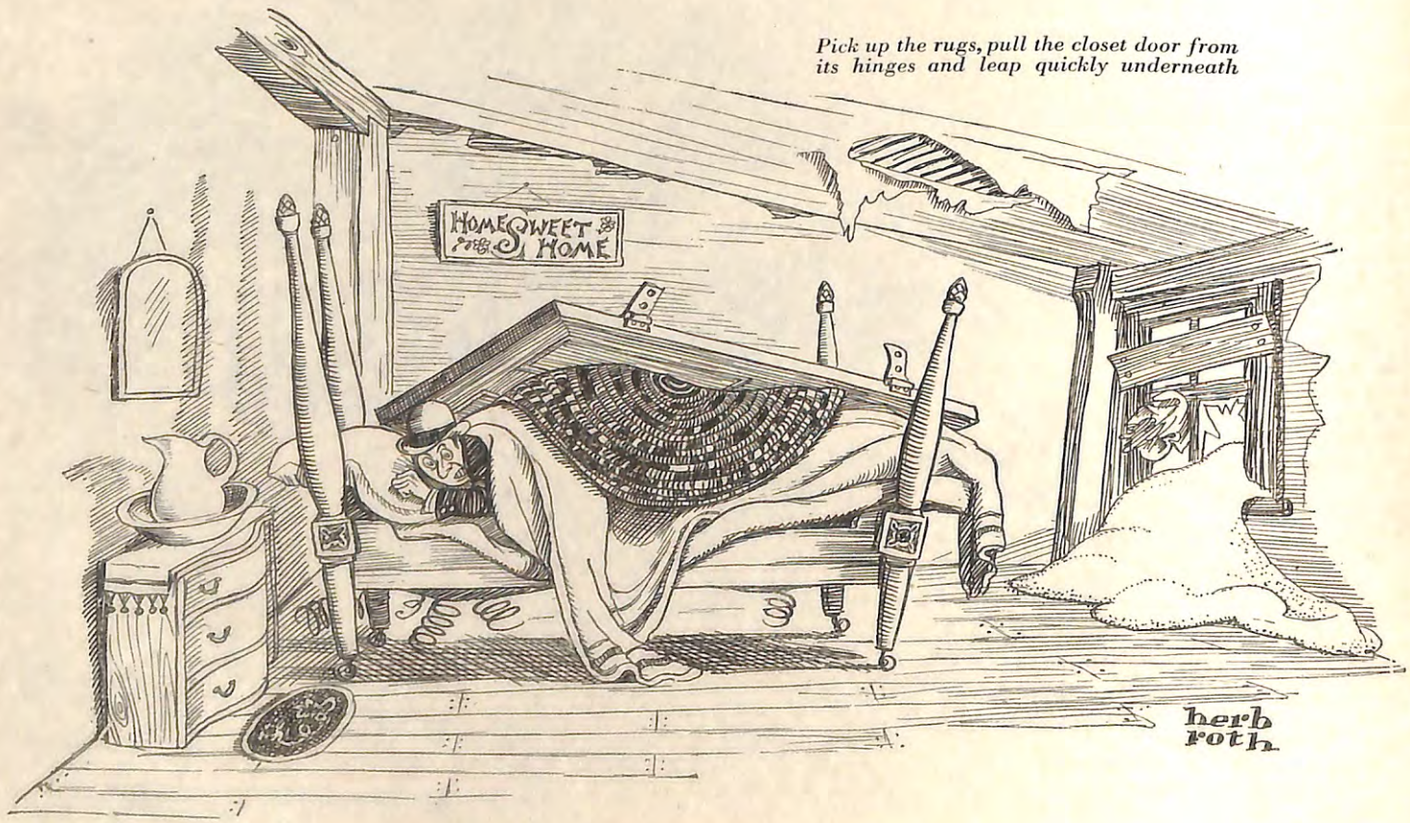
After breakfast every one begins getting dinner. The kitchen being the only warm place in the house may have something to do with it. But before long there are so many potato peelings and turkey feathers and squash seeds and floating bits of pie crust in the kitchen that the women-folk send you and the children off into the front part of the house to amuse yourselves and get out of the way.

Then what a jolly time you and the kiddies and Grandpa have together! You can either slide on the horse-hair sofa, or play "The Wayside Chapel" on the piano (the piano has scroll-work on either side of the music rack with yellow silk showing through), or look out the window and see ten miles of dark gray snow. Perhaps you may even go out to the barn and look at the horses and cows, but really, as you walk down between the stalls, when you have seen one horse or one cow you have seen them all. And besides, the cold in the barn has an added flavor of damp harness leather and musty carriage upholstery which eats into your very marrow.

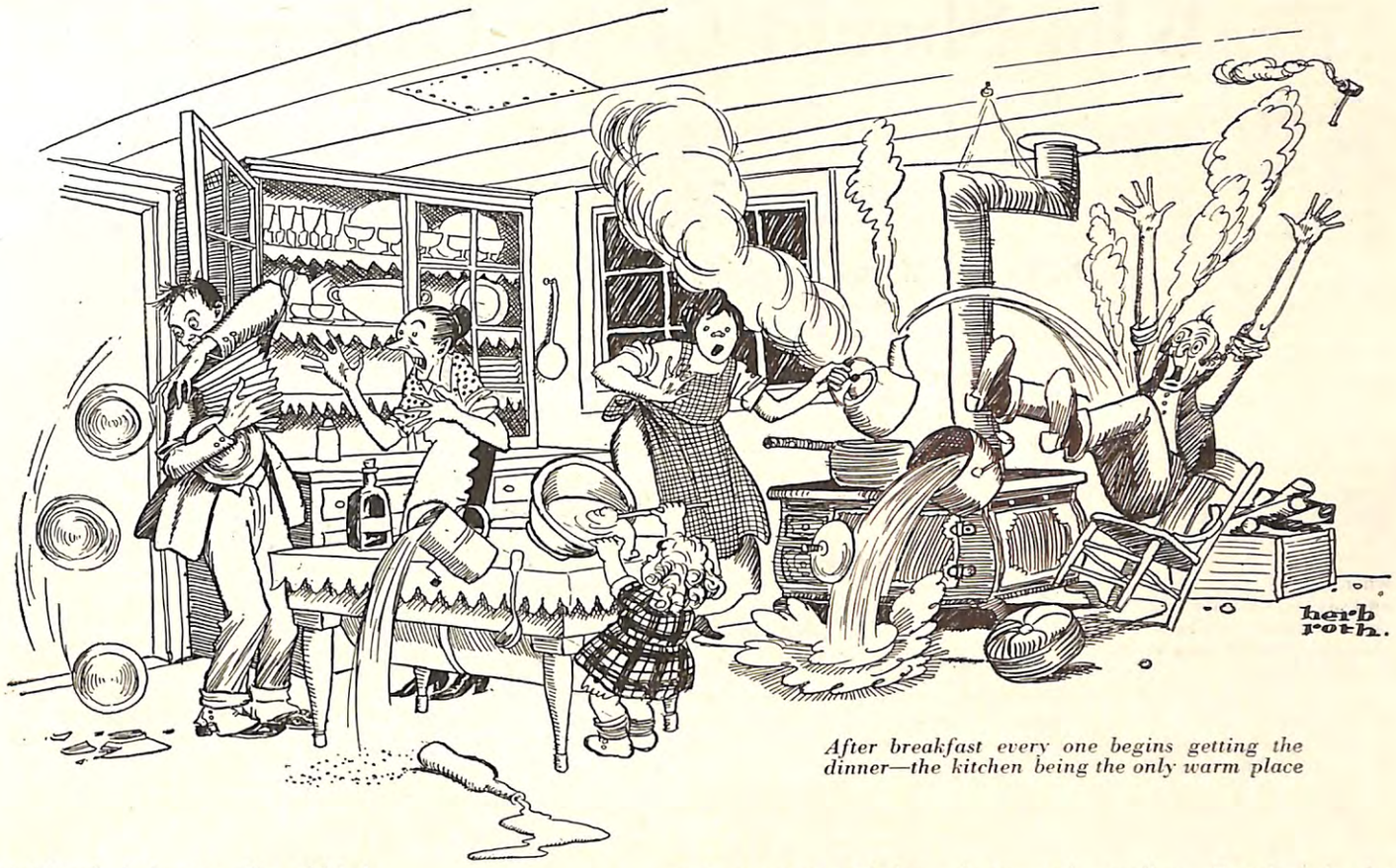
Of course, there are the presents to be distributed, but that takes on much the same aspect as the same ceremony in the new-fashioned Christmas, except that in the really old-fashioned Christmas the presents weren't so tricky. Children got mostly mittens and shoes, with a sled thrown in sometimes for dissipation. Where a boy to-day is bored by three o'clock in the afternoon with his electric grain-elevator and miniature pond with real perch in it, the old-fashioned boy was lucky if he got a copy of "Naval Battles of the War of 1812" and an orange. Now this feature is often brought up in praise of the old way of doing things. "I tell you," says Uncle Gyp, "the children in my time never got such presents as you get to-day." And he seems proud of the fact, as if there were some virtue accruing to him for it. If the children of to-day can get electric grain elevators and tin automobiles for Christmas, why aren't they that much better off than their grandfathers who got only wristlets? Learning the value of money, which seems to be the only argument of the stand-patters, doesn't hold very much water as a Christmas slogan. The value of money can be learned in just about five minutes when the time comes, but Christmas is not the season.

BUT to return to the farm, where you and the kiddies and Gramp' are killing time. You can either bring in wood from the woodshed, or thaw out the pump, or read the books in the bookcase over the writing-desk. Of the three, bringing in the wood will probably be the most fun, as you are likely to burn yourself thawing out the pump, and the list of reading matter on hand includes "The Life and Deeds of General Grant," "Our First Century," "Andy's Trip to Portland," bound volumes of the Jersey Cattle Breeders Gazette and "Diseases of the Horse." Then there are some old copies of "Round the Lamp" for the years 1850-54 and some colored plates showing plans for the approaching World's Fair at Chicago.

Thus the time passes, in one round of gaiety after another, until you are summoned to dinner. Here all caviling must cease. The dinner lives up to the advertising. If an old-fashioned Christmas could consist entirely of dinner without the old-



Pick up the rugs, pull the closet door from its hinges and leap quickly underneath



After breakfast every one begins getting the dinner—the kitchen being the only warm place

fashioned bedrooms, the old-fashioned pitcher, and the old-fashioned entertainments, we professional pessimists wouldn't have a turkey-leg left to stand on. But, as has been pointed out, it is possible to get a good dinner without going up to East Russet, Vt., or, if it isn't, then our civilization has been a failure.

And the dinner only makes the aftermath seem worse. According to an old custom of the human race, every one overeats. Deliberately and with considerable gusto you sit at the table and say pleasantly: "My, but I won't be able to walk after this. Just a little more of the dark meat, please, Grandpa, and just a dab of stuffing. Oh, dear, that's too much!" You haven't the excuse of the drunkard, who becomes oblivious to his excesses after several drinks. You know what you are doing, and yet you make light of it and even laugh about it as long as you *can* laugh without splitting out a seam.

AND then you sit and moan. If you were having a good new-fashioned Christmas you could go out to the movies or take a walk, or a ride, but to be really old-fashioned you must stick close to the house, for in the old days there were no movies and no automobiles and if you wanted to take a walk you had to have the hired man go ahead of you with a snow-shovel and make a tunnel. There are probably plenty of things to do in the country to-day, and just as many automobiles and electric lights as there are in the city, but you can't call Christmas with all these improvements "an old-fashioned Christmas." That's cheating.

If you are going through with the thing right, you have got to retire to the sitting-room after dinner and *sit*. Of course, you can go out and play in the snow if you want to, but you know as well as I do that this playing in the snow is all right when you are small but a bit trying on any one over thirty. And anyway, it always began to snow along about three in the afternoon an old-fashioned Christmas day, with a cheery old leaden sky overhead and a jolly old gale sweeping around the corners of the house.

No, you simply must sit indoors, in front of a fire if you insist, but nevertheless with nothing much to do. The children are sleepy and snarling. Grandpa is just sleepy. Some one tries to start the conversation, but every one else is too gorged with food to be able to move the lower jaw sufficiently to articulate. It develops that the family is in possession of the loudest-ticking clock in the world and along about four o'clock it begins to break its own record. A stenographic report of the proceedings would read as follows:

"Ho-hum! I'm sleepy! I shouldn't have eaten so much."

"Tick-tock-tick-tock-tick-tock-tick-tock——"

"It seems just like Sunday, doesn't it?"

"Look at Grandpa! He's asleep."

"Here, Junior! Don't plague Grandpa. Let him sleep."

"Tick - tock - tick - tock - tick - tock——"

"Junior! Let Grandpa alone! Do you want Mama to take you up-stairs?"

"Ho-hum!"

"Tick - tock - tick - tock - tick - tock——"

If you take a walk have the hired man go ahead and make a tunnel

LOUDER and louder the clock ticks, until something snaps in your brain and you give a sudden leap into the air with a scream, finally descending to strangle each of the family in turn. Grandpa as he sleeps. Then, as you feel your end is near, all the warm things you have ever known come back to you, in a flash. You remember the hot Sunday subway to Coney, your trip to Mexico, the bull-fighters of Spain.

You dash out into the snowdrifts and plunge along until you sink exhausted. Only the fact that this article ends here keeps you from freezing to death, with an obituary the next day reading:

"DIED suddenly, at East Russet, Vt., of an old-fashioned Christmas."

Who Should Go to College?

The Opinions of Leading Americans on a Question Affecting the Nation's Future

Dr. Ernest Martin Hopkins
President of Dartmouth College

Dr. W. H. P. Faunce
President of Brown University

Twenty-five Bankers
from all parts of the country in a round-table interview

Chauncey M. Depew
Publicist, Financier and Executive

Charles E. Mitchell
President of the National City Bank

A. H. Smith
President of the New York Central Lines

Lillian D. Wald
The Henry Street Settlement, New York

Meredith Nicholson
Novelist and Student of Affairs

R. S. Woodworth
Professor of Psychology, Columbia University

Harbeck Meeker
Department of Education and Training, National City Bank

Interviewed by Joseph Gollomb

FROM farm and factory town, from homes of workers and homes of opulence, from every section of the country and every walk of life over twenty-two million children flock to the public schools of the United States. Of these over two million go to our high schools, and the thoughts of about half a million of these turn to college.

To these half million young men and women on the threshold of their careers, and with whom the future of this country for the coming half century rests to an important extent, some of our colleges are sounding a serious warning.

Dr. Ernest Martin Hopkins, President of Dartmouth College, and Dr. W. H. P. Faunce, President of Brown University, two of the foremost educators in the country, have expressed this warning before their students, and also to The Elks Magazine.

Read what these educators have to say to our youth and the comments on this subject expressed by some of the leaders of American public opinion in the interviews given to The Elks Magazine.

"TOO many are going to college!" said Dr. Ernest Martin Hopkins, President of Dartmouth College. "The opportunities of securing an education by way of the college course are definitely a privilege and not at all a universal right. The funds available for appropriation to the uses of institutions of higher learning are not limitless and can not be made so, whether their origin be sought in the resources of public taxation or in the securable benefactions for the enhancing of private endowments. It consequently becomes essential that a working theory be sought that will operate with some degree of accuracy to define the individuals who shall make up the group to whom, in justice to the public good, the privilege shall be extended, and to specify those from whom the privilege should be withheld.

"This is a two-fold necessity. On the one hand, that men incapable of profiting by the advantages the college offers, or indisposed, shall not be withdrawn from useful work to spend their time profitlessly, in idleness acquiring false standards of living, and on the other hand, that the contribution which the college is capable of making to the lives of competent men, and through them to society, shall not be too largely lessened by the slackening of pace due to the presence of men indifferent or wanting in capacity.

"We hear much of men seeking an education, but too often they are only seeking membership in a social organization which has a reputation for affording an education, from which reputation they expect to benefit, if they can avoid being detached from the association. The assumption would be humorous if it were not so serious, that enrollment with a college requires that the college shall either force education upon the individual man or surreptitiously bait him to it, rather than that he should crave and, at the cost of any effort, possess himself of the utmost the college can give.

"It would be incompatible with all the conceptions of democracy to assume that the privilege of higher education should be restricted to any class defined by the accident of birth or by the fortuitous circumstance of possessing wealth. But there is such a thing as an aristocracy of brain, made up of men intellectually alert and intellectually eager, to whom increasingly the opportunities of higher education ought to be restricted, if democracy is to become a quality product rather than simply a quantity one, and if excellence and effectiveness are to displace the mediocrity toward which democracy has such a tendency to skid.

"I wish carefully to safeguard these statements, however, by iteration and reiterstatements, however, by iteration and reiteration, that it behooves all of us to avoid confusing the symbols and the facts of intellectuality, and I should hope that under any circumstances we might avoid confusing mental gymnastics and facility in appropriating the ideas of others with genuine thinking. Unfortunately intellectual hypocrisy and its complement, intellectual smugness, are not sufficiently infrequent even within college halls, while at the same time I believe that on the whole they are as much to be avoided and that they are as detrimental to the spirit of true scholarship as is ignorance.

"In the last analysis the desirable ambition for the college to strive for is the stimulation in the individual man of his ability to think and the willingness to follow the logic of his carefully considered thought through to conviction. This presupposes the acquisition of certain fundamental knowledge, the mastery of the technique of finding new knowledge when needed, acquaintanceship with the method of gaining access to original sources, a disposition to seek all facts and to sort these according to relative importance before accepting conclusions, and finally an open-minded tolerance for new facts if they shall appear and be proved valid, even though they attack conclusions already formed."

Dr. W. H. P. Faunce, President of Brown University, Holds to These Ideas—

"ALL the young men who want education ought to have it. But the vast majority of them would profit far more by some other kind of education than that given by the traditional American college. Every large industrial enterprise now maintains its school for the education of employees. Our largest banks are giving their clerks certain hours of study. The Y. M. C. A. is turning to instruction as well as inspiration and every modern church is a school of religion. Every man should be educated, but only a minority are mentally

or morally benefited by seclusion for four years within the gates of Oxford and Cambridge or the American colleges. England has solved the problem, not by building more Oxfords, but by developing other types of training, and we must do the same.

"The question, who should go to college, aside from the individual fitness of a candidate, is partly answered by considering what the object of college training is. The first great need of the average student is an enlarged horizon. Most of us enter college with an experience that is real but extremely limited. We have lived in our own back yard and but seldom looked over the fence. To enlarge that horizon until it covers all lands and centuries, until it covers the great domains of literature, science, history, philosophy, and art is the first object of the college training.

"In a large country like America it is easy to live a small life. Our people usually speak but one language, seldom read European newspapers, close their eyes to the further East, and our Mississippi Valley is to a large measure shut off from the life of the world. Hence when the world problems are thrust upon us we withdraw.

"What does the student carry away with him when the college days are over? What does he really gain from the investment of four years? Something more than a parchment and a ribbon, surely. Something more than the glittering Phi Beta Kappa key and the transient glory of the athletic field. More than mere knowledge of facts; for most facts are not worth knowing. Two things he may reasonably hope to carry from the college—horizon and mastery.

"The other result of college training ought to be the mastery of some one subject. Breadth of horizon is not enough—a man may be so broad that he is flat. There is no intellectual joy quite so great as the sense of having mastered some corner of the world's knowledge, so that at that point we have passed beyond hearsay to reality. To understand completely a chemical process, a period in American history, a great poem, or an economic problem is to acquire a self-confidence, a power of leadership which fits one for real achievement in the waiting world. To know everything of something, and so acquire a method by which to know everything else is one great result of a college course."

(Note. It is interesting to report, in view of Dr. Faunce's remarks above, some of the facts of this year's entering class at the university of which he is president. The new class approximates 350 students as compared with last year's entering class of 418. The decrease is due primarily to the selection exercised by the university and not to any decrease in applications. One hundred more young men applied than were admitted.

All entrants reported a week before college opened and took two psychological tests in addition to attending two lectures that set forth to them the organization, administration, customs and conduct at Brown University. By means of these tests and lectures and also by means of data furnished by each prospective freshman about himself to a faculty interviewer and adviser, Brown University hopes to get a definite line on the sort of men it wants as undergraduates; and to help the prospective undergraduate decide whether or not college is what he needs.)

The Opinions of American Bankers—

AT THE recent convention of the American Bankers Association in New York, at which about 10,000 bank officials from all over the country attended, twenty-five were interviewed for The Elks Magazine on the subject of this symposium. In order to get as nearly as possible an expression from every part of the country equally, the twenty-five were selected on a geographical basis—five from the northeast, five from the southeast, five from the northwest, five from the southwest, and five from the middle west. They were interviewed in groups and the same questions were asked of each group. It is interesting to observe that there is no sectionalism in their replies. Bankers from the same state disagreed with their colleagues on some questions and agreed with others at the other end of the continent.

"Do you agree with President Hopkins that 'colleges should be restricted to an aristocracy of brains made up of men intellectually alert?'" I asked.

Nineteen agreed with President Hopkins.

Six agreed with what one of the bankers said:

"I say let any young man or woman who *wants* to go to college, go. The mere wish is some indication. But even if in any particular case the youngster is making a mistake in going to college, the adventure is worth while. It is a spiritual adventure of the finest kind. The time can not be completely wasted. And if the chance to go to college is denied to such an adventurous spirit, he or she will never believe that the best of life itself was not denied when college was refused."

"The opportunities of securing an education by way of the college course are definitely a privilege and not at all a universal right. Do you agree with this?"

Twenty-one agreed to this. The typical expression was that of a Kansas bank president with an Eastern college education.

"Everybody knows that there isn't enough money donated to the colleges to go around. What money there is should go, therefore, first to those best fitted to benefit by college training. As things stand, college education should be awarded as scholarships are—to the best scholars."

Four followed the Arizona banker who said,

Drawings by R. L. Lambdin

"Any youngster who is mentally fit for college should have a *right* to a college education, whether he is of the intellectual aristocracy or not. If there is only a limited amount of money available, divide college facilities among *all* those who want to take advantage of them. But even if aristocracies should be given preference to the exclusion of others, who is to decide what makes an aristocrat—and how?"

"Too many are going to college!"—Dr. Hopkins.

Twelve agreed to that; and interestingly enough ten out of the twelve were from the East, and all college men.

"Many a good mechanic or salesman or seaman has been spoiled by youths blundering into and through college instead of going straight where they belonged. Every college man you meet who is a failure in life would have been less of a failure had he put in his years at some more lowly flying pursuit for which he was more fitted," said one banker and expressed the others.

Thirteen disagreed with Dr. Hopkins and agreed with their spokesman.

"One thing the matter with American life is that there are not enough educated men, college-trained men. The result is that in most walks of life there is not enough of what Dr. Faunce calls 'horizon.' The small town, Main Street, point of view is too characteristic of much American life to suit me. Give me a man who has traveled in the realms of education and I'll make a specialist of him in half the time it would take to do the same with some one lacking in schooling."

"The vast majority of young men and women would profit far more by some other kind of education than that given by the traditional American college."—Dr. Faunce.

There was unanimous agreement on that. But several different implications were drawn from this observation.

"If the vast majority of our young people would benefit by something other than our traditional American colleges, then there is something wrong with our traditional American college. They should either change their 'tradition' or drop it altogether; or do anything else that will make our colleges fit our youth, rather than force our youth into the mould of a 'traditional' college," several bankers agreed.

"If this is true—that the vast majority of our youth would not benefit so much by our college courses," observed another group, "then the center of our educational life must pass from our colleges to wherever American youth *will* find its greatest educational benefit."

"When a college finds itself traditional rather than adapted to present-day life, it should be supported only by lovers of antiques," added a caustic critic and received several "ayes."

"Every large industrial enterprise now maintains its school for the education of employees. Our largest banks are giving their clerks certain hours of study. The Y. M. C. A. is turning to instruction as well as inspiration, etc."—Dr. Faunce.

Every one interviewed agreed with this statement as fact. They varied somewhat on its implications.

Eight took this fact as a condemnation of our colleges, proof that they did not correspond to the essentially industrial character of our nation.

Ten held that "the development of this educational activity by

industrial enterprises, banks, etc., are on the contrary a tribute to the 'selling truth' of colleges, since the class-trained man seems to have proved his worth. Otherwise banks and factories would keep their employees learning at their lathes and desks," as one banker put it.

Seven disagreed with either of the above opinions. Their view was voiced thus: "Colleges lay down the foundations; the particular business he goes into builds on them. Without a solid foundation a specialty-trained man lacks vision, imagination, daring and progressiveness."

"Do you believe a young man contemplating banking as his career should go to college?" I asked.

Nine held for a college course.

"Banking is getting more and more to include economics, sociology, politics, psychology and other similar knowledge as essentials to success. College is the handiest place to learn these."

Ten held for a college course with a strong emphasis on finance and other studies making for knowledge directly useful to the technical side of banking.

Six were emphatically against any schooling beyond that of a good high school as a preparation for a banking career.

"Catch 'em young!" said a grizzled banker for the others.

What A. H. Smith, President of the New York Central Lines, Thinks—

MR. SMITH, interviewed on the views expressed by Presidents Hopkins and Faunce, said:

"There is an old proverb, as I recall it, something like this: 'In all knowledge there is profit.' As President Faunce points out, there are other agencies for the inculcation of knowledge besides college. Some of the most worth-while successes, recognized and esteemed as such by mankind, have been achieved too often without a college training for any one to doubt that this can be done. And yet it is interesting to point out that the overwhelming majority of those who have achieved such success without the aid of college training nevertheless almost invariably send their own children to college.

"It is indisputable that only those who can benefit by a college education should go there. I can understand the discouragement on the part of both colleges and students when such a fitness is lacking in a college student. On the one hand you have the many men and women who, through their lack of ability, fail to take advantage of the opportunity afforded them at college. This results in waste of time, effort, money, and energy for every one concerned.

"On the other hand you have a faculty burdened with pupils who are wasters and keep the brighter ones back by slowing the pace of teaching. Classes are cluttered up with such large numbers of pupils that a teacher is unable to give each that individual attention that makes for adequate teaching. You can understand why teachers deprecate such a condition.

"Few colleges, if any, charge their students as much as it costs to teach them. So that you have a state of affairs where the conscientious faculty sees precious endowments frittered and wasted on students who do not appreciate the opportunity afforded them and who, therefore, do not get the good out of these endowments that more gifted students would get were college classes free of encumbering students."

"Then you agree with Presidents Hopkins' and Faunce's point of view?"

"Entirely so. And my hope is that instead of college training being generally considered as merely casual routine, it will be adequately appreciated on the part of those enjoying a college education as one of the supreme opportunities civilization offers a young man or woman."

Charles E. Mitchell on the Subject—

CHARLES E. MITCHELL, President of the National City Bank of New York, one of the foremost institutions of its kind in the world, expressed his opinion in terms of education for those working in banks. As he speaks of the American Institute of Banking, a brief word on its educational work is in place. The Institute, which is conducted cooperatively by the various banks, gives in New York city alone several sets of courses at night for bank employees. In one of the courses subjects like business English, elements of banking and trade, arithmetic and simple accounting are taught. There is also a three-year course in advanced subjects like Economics, Money and Banking, Laws on Negotiable Instruments, Law in Business Relations, Corporation Finance and the like—essentially a specialist's education. In New York alone the Institute teaches several thousand bank employees. There are 114 other chapters of the Institute throughout the country.

"In the older centers of finance," Mr. Mitchell said, "men can take a longer time to come into the positions of leadership, but here in the United States we can not wait. Capable leaders must be developed, and I know of no better means to help in the development than such educational work as is offered by the American Institute of Banking."

Particular emphasis was laid by Mr. Mitchell on the need of educational training by the employees of large institutions, who in the very nature of things must be confined to work in their own particular departments.

"In order to get the proper conception of the work done in the other departments and to see how a particular operation fits in with the entire plan," Mr. Mitchell said, "it is necessary to study and find out. To acquire it all by experience in a large bank—which is necessarily highly departmentalized—would require years of experience, if indeed it could ever be gained by actually working through all of the various operations. Education and study, then, are essential for the employee not only to do his own work efficiently and intelligently but in order for him to lay the proper groundwork for his future development and progress and prepare him for larger responsibilities."

The Leader of a Great Social Movement Speaks—

MISS LILLIAN D. WALD, head of the Henry Street Settlement, one of the foremost agencies for social betterment in the tenement districts of New York, summed up her opinions crisply:

"College is for those who belong there."

"How is 'belonging' to be determined?" I asked.

"In the same way we determine—or should try to—whether a boy should be trained to the ministry or the stage, the workshop or the counting house. Every individual is naturally endowed in one direction more than in another. One has keen powers of observing lines, colors, shapes, dimensions for character revealed through features, for expression and postures. With such a power may go an ease in delineating what he observes. Such inclination points to a career of painting, sculpture, writing or acting. It would be absurd to send a youth like that to a business college.

"Our American colleges call for a fitness on the part of their students as definitely special as any other highly developed occupation in life. College training is a splendid opportunity for development for those who are adapted by nature for it. It would be a sheer waste of precious adolescent years for those who are not by nature fitted for study.

"Modern science should devise dependable psychological tests to determine the fitness of individuals for college training. To some extent such tests have been developed and are being applied. But as yet the science is young and not always reliable.

"Meanwhile the social settlements are trying to do something of the sort in a direct and personal way. We have classes and clubs for young people from the tenderest years to those of college age. In all these groups, whether educational or merely recreative, we try to focus our attention and interest on the individual. We study his or her natural equipment and try to give their lives natural direction.

"Here in the Henry Street Settlement we have, for example, the Junior Employment Service. Young people who work come here Monday nights, those who still attend school, come Saturday mornings. We go over individual problems with them. Is Johnny Smith's present work congenial? If not, why not? What does he find easy to do and what hard? Rosie Cohen is about to graduate from elementary school. We try to find out what school subjects are easy for her, and which go hard.

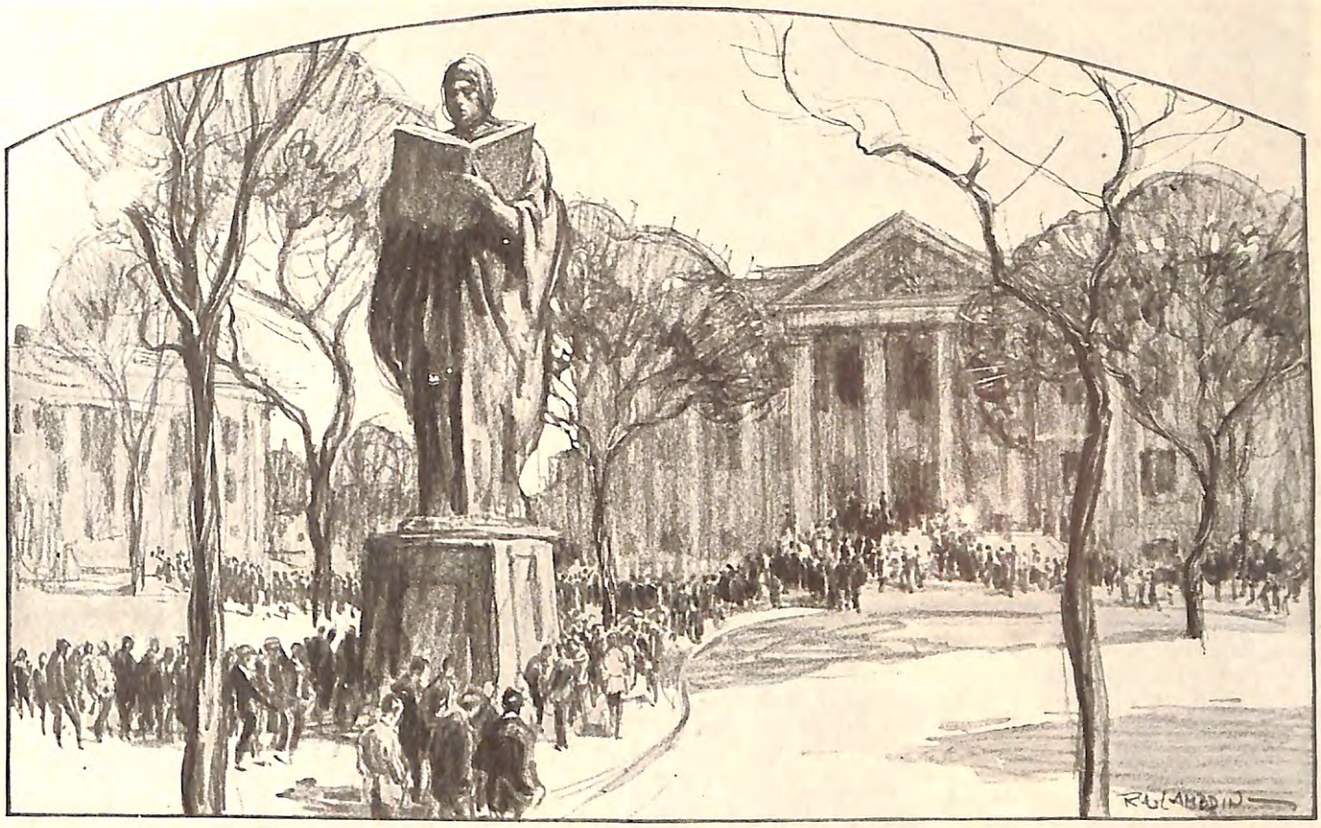
"Then according to what we learn of the individual's aptitudes and limitations we try to guide vocationally. One boy is a square peg in a round hole; another is a round peg in a square hole. We try to get each to find the work or career in which he naturally fits.

"That is what our young high school people should be tested for. If their mental equipment warrants college, let it be college. If not, college will be a burden to them and they a drag on college and those who are best fitted for its training."

The Words of Chauncey M. Depew—

THE Hon. Chauncey M. Depew, graduate of Yale in 1856, brings the ripeness of judgment that comes with sixty-six years of public life as member of legislature, holder of various state and national offices, financier and railroad executive. Famous as an orator, he has been listened to for over half a century as much for the sanity and insight of his thinking as for his gift for expression.

On the subject of the symposium, Mr. Depew said to me: "The question, who should go to college, goes deep down into the roots of the question as to what is the ultimate purpose of life. If life means only laying bricks, digging copper, building up a bigger selling organization than the other fellow, piling up a bigger fortune or monop-



olizing the pork packing industry, then by all means let the youth of our land begin early and learn nothing but how to make money. I have heard Carnegie say of two youths starting out on a career of business that the one who went into it at once would have the advantage of the other who spent four years at college.

"But I have heard more captains of industry express themselves the other way. One of the world's great magnates once said to me—and his wistful regret was something I'll never forget——

"'I'd give all I have made if I'd had a school and college education. It's the deepest grief of my life that I missed it. For, look at the man who can sit down with a book and enjoy the minds of the great, the life of other times, the triumphs of thought—pleasures I can not buy. They think, move and live in a world from which I am shut out—the world of books and thought and beauty.

"'As for me I have long become stale. There is no lasting thrill in beating the other fellow at money. Life has become a matter of three meals and a roof. Very well, I have solved that problem so completely that there isn't the least pleasure left in the knowledge that I can buy enough meals and clothes and shelter and comfort to last me a thousand years, if I live that long. Whereas the fellow who can assimilate what books and art can teach him keeps growing all his life. . . . Books, which are to others gardens of rare beauty, are to me blank walls. I have never been trained to respond to them.'"

"Would you say then that for the young man interested in building up the machinery of our physical life—the mills and mines and power-houses—college affords only a sort of super-pleasure?" I asked.

"Well, machinery can push a man—or it can grind him up. I should say that a man who knows nothing but machinery is spiritually ground up by it. Just as there comes a time in life when the body no longer grows, so what may be called the cells of the mind cease to grow after a time in a man who knows only his narrow specialty. College, by giving our youth early in life a broad cultural basis provides constant stimulation of mental and spiritual life—since 'the world do move.' It is, therefore, more than mere pleasure college affords. The cultured mind lives so broadly that if one part of his world stagnates, other interests keep him fresh, interested and growing. Whereas when the mere specialist's specialty dries up, he dries up with it.

"But even from his own point of view Carnegie was wrong when he said that four years in college is a handicap to the youth who wants to win in business. It is true that for four years, while the college student is having his general faculties trained, the other is striding ahead in his specialty. But when the college boy gets into the race his stride is often so much greater that in the course of time he overtakes the other—and has his cultural training into the bargain."

"How about the youths of whom Drs. Hopkins and Faunce speak, who would benefit less by college cultural training than in some specialty?" I asked.

"That depends on what you mean by 'benefit.' How about the child who would 'benefit' by training in a specialty instead of learning the three r's? There is such a thing as spiritual three r's—and in a real civilization they should be compulsory if possible. But since they can't be compulsory—the inculcation of the elements of culture—at least let those of our youth who want to go to college try it out first. Let their sheer desire for college education be an important factor in the verdict as to whether they are fit for at least some college education."

A Distinguished Novelist Holds This Opinion—

MR. MEREDITH NICHOLSON, author of "House of a Thousand Candles" and "Pretenders," which begins this month in this magazine, is known both as a novelist and critic of American life.

In discussing the subject of this symposium with me, he said:

"It is rather staggering to have the presidents of two of our most important institutions of higher learning, Faunce of Brown and Hopkins of Dartmouth, declaring that too many men and women are going to college. It is undoubtedly true that a great many young men are sent to college by fathers who want their sons to enjoy the opportunities which they themselves were denied. This has resulted in the entrance into our larger universities of many students who were interested only in the social and athletic activities of these institutions. But even these young men must learn something that adds to their chance of a happy and useful life."

"But are not the incompetent students a drag on the others?" I asked him.

"The lazy or indifferent student soon finds his level and is got rid of pretty quickly from his sheer inability to do his work. My interest is chiefly in the earnest boy who is really spurred by ambition to seek the higher walks of learning; who means to get somewhere in the world and will not be denied. The business of a college is to teach, and it strikes me as utterly un-American doctrine for any school, great or small, to shut its doors in the face of any honest seeker after knowledge. It is impossible for even the most acute psychologist to determine what boy or girl is going to succeed. At eighteen or nineteen no one can tell what the potentialities of the average boy or girl may be. I know successful men, not only in business but in the professions, who appeared to be very unpromising even after they emerged from college with their degrees. It speaks for some strong urge in the young when they are moved to struggle on even when the going is hard. It's a truism that brilliant students often prove rank failures when they take up the serious business of life.

"Let's give the boys and girls a chance! Materialism already has too tight a grip on America. We need to take advantage of every opportunity to combat this tendency.

(*Continued on page 66*)

SCAMP moved with stealthy intentness toward his antagonist . . . murder and calculating design in every motion. Yet Rowdy did not flinch. Like a flash he bored in. Scamp reared to meet the charge. But Rowdy dived low; and seizing Scamp's left forepaw, just above the pastern, strove to break its bone between his strong jaws

The Trap

How a Pup of Dubious Birth, Won in a Raffle, Proved That There's More to a Dog Than His Pedigree

By Albert Payson Terhune

Illustrated by Charles Livingston Bull

A GIRL in a picture hat and all manner of fluffy white clothes bore down on Rufe Craig, at the Yarmouth County dog show, and beamed upon him in open friendliness. Rufe felt vaguely happy that he had shaved; and less vaguely unhappy that the heat of the day had turned his collar into a soppy rag.

Then the girl waved gaily a block of perforated tickets at him and cooingly besought him to take a fifty-cent chance. He lacked the iron heroism to refuse. Gropingly, he fumbled in his pocket and exhumed the coin. Handing it to her, he gave her his name and address; and accepted confusedly a slip of paper she proffered him.

This seemed to end the acquaintance, so far as the picture-hatted girl was concerned. For with another smile—a perfunctory one, this time—she thanked him; and steered an unerring course toward the nearest lone man in sight.

Rufe had not wanted to come to the show. He had come as a favor to Maida Wells; to groom for her the harum-scarum young collie her uncle had given her for a birthday gift. Rufe, like most people, had a way of doing what Maida wanted him to.

She was showing the collie for the first time. She had dressed for the part. And she did not relish the thought of getting talcum powder and dog-hairs all over her organdie frock. Hence her plea that Rufe, her nearest neighbor, come along and do the grooming.

His task achieved and the young dog having won not a single ribbon in either of his two classes, Rufe had set forth to get a glass of lemonade for the thirstily unhappy Maida. On the way to the luncheon-tent, he had met the other girl and lost fifty cents.

Craig scanned the slip of printed paper. It proved to represent No. 179 in a series of half-dollar chances in a thoroughbred collie pup.

Now, if there was one thing on earth, just then, which Rufe Craig did not hanker for, it was a collie pup. He knew practically nothing of collies. His sole experience had been with this young dog of Maida's—apparently as worthless a brute as could be found in the county. Maida had named her dog Scamp. And he lived up to the name.

Twice he had killed chickens belonging to Craig. And, this very day, in the course of his grooming for the ring, he had snapped at his handler, scraping Rufe's left wrist painfully.

A well-trained collie is perhaps the greatest animal the Almighty ever created. A spoiled and badly trained collie is the most worthless thing known to man. Scamp belonged to the latter section. But Rufe had no means of knowing he did not represent the whole breed.

Now the kind-hearted breeder, who had offered a pup to be raffled at the Yarmouth County dog show, did not own a pup. He had had four baby collies, at the time he made the offer. But, by good luck, he had been able to sell them all, before the day of the show. Encountered by a letter from the superintendent, bidding him send the promised pup to the raffle's winner, "Mr. Rufus Craig, R.F.D. 2, Yarmouth, New Jersey," he was somewhat in the position of an operator who has sold wheat and is caught in a corner. He solved the difficulty by going to a dealer, in New York, and buying a fuzzy three-month-old collie pup, out of the show-window, for the small sum of $15.

A pedigree went with the pup. The prize's donor glanced at it. He smiled wanly. He knew that sort of pedigree. A famous collie was named in it as the three-month pup's sire, a collie which, to the donor's knowledge, had been dead for a trifle longer than seven years. Some dealers are inspired pedigree-writers.

The pup, along with his non-certified pedigree, was shipped to Rufe Craig. Rufe, in dire disgust, was of two minds about tying a stone to the baby's neck and tossing him into the creek.

But there is nothing on earth more appealing and cuddlable and lovably mischievous than a three-month-old collie. Thus, after watching the infant's honest efforts to eat a rubber boot and then to assail the misanthropic cat, Rufe decided to let him stay on. He named the pup "Rowdy." This, from the little collie's behavior during the first ten minutes after being let out of the traveling crate.

Rufe cared nothing about the pup, during the first days of Rowdy's stay at the Craig place. Maida Wells, who called to inspect the newcomer, said his head was too broad and his ears were too large, and his eyes too round. Scamp, who accompanied Maida on the call, tried to devour the friendly Rowdy at a single bite. Failing that, he tried to bite him into conveniently small pieces. Rufe, languidly, went to the rescue of his imperiled pet, who was putting up an incredibly game fight against impossible odds. For Scamp was a year old, and thrice the baby's size and weight.

The fact that he had saved Rowdy from probable death gave Rufe a desultory interest in the plucky pup. Half-heartedly, he sought to teach him such simple feats as shaking hands and lying down. To his amaze, Rowdy learned them with ludicrous ease. He did more. He gave the strong impression of being keener to learn than was Rufe to teach. And this, be it known, is the way of the best type of young collie.

ROWDY, for all his seven-year-dead sire and other knots in his family tree, was of the best type. Rufe, bit by bit, discovered this. It was a joy to teach the earnestly willing pupil. It was a balm to his vanity to be worshiped and followed about, as this atom of doghood swiftly learned to love and follow him. For Rowdy was a one-man dog. And Rufe was lucky enough to be the one man.

For the first time in his twenty-five years, Craig found out what the friendship of the right kind of dog can mean to a half-lonely man. Before Rowdy was a year old, he and his master were inseparable chums.

It was when Rowdy had just finished his twelfth month that he was the cause of Rufe's first quarrel with Maida—and just at a time when both man and girl were beginning in serious fashion to consider the idea of preempting each other's society for a life term.

Rufe called on her one evening, leaving Rowdy at home. The collie jumped through the window of the cellar wherein he had been confined—carrying the mosquito-sash along

Through the window-space into the open, he had made his nightly exit from the shed

on his leap—then caught his loved master's trail and followed.

He had been left at home, because he and Scamp got on badly together. From the outset, Scamp had taken a bully's delight in teasing and tormenting the younger and slighter dog. Though Rowdy, every time, took his own part, right valiantly, yet weight and strength and age were against him. For Scamp had developed into a coarse giant; nearly double as large as fragile young Rowdy.

For three months, the dogs had not met. This evening, Rufe had scarcely taken his seat on the Wells veranda, with Maida, when there was a scurrying sound on the driveway; and Rowdy leaped over the porch rail, flinging himself rapturously at his master.

BEFORE Rufe could speak, a hulking shape sprang up from a lounging place among the vines and dashed snarlingly at the newcomer. Scamp had wakened from a nap, in excellent mood to amuse himself by thrashing the lesser collie.

Rowdy's back was toward Scamp, as the latter made his spring. In the case of most dogs, this would have meant a hopeless disadvantage. But a collie is not an average dog. His brain (though practically never his heart) is a throwback to his wolf-ancestors. The strain of the wild gave Rowdy warning of the assault. He spun about, meeting the larger collie jaw to jaw and shoulder to shoulder.

Rowdy had done three months of growing and developing since last he and Scamp had met. Never had he feared the powerful bully. And, now, under his dear master's gaze, he was not minded to allow himself to be thrashed. Fiercely he met the other's charge; slashing, driving in, eluding; seeking advantageous holds and with lightning speed changing them for better ones.

The fury and prowess of Rowdy's defense changed Scamp's program. Apparently, this was to be a battle; not a mere bullying. And, pleasantly secure of victory, Scamp bored in.

In less than a second, a very lively and rackety dog-fight was in progress all over the veranda rugs and among the chairs and cushions. Maida screamed in alarm at the sudden medley of plunging and rolling dogs and upset furniture. Rufe called his collie sharply by name. Through the rage mists, Rowdy heard the call.

Abandoning his mad efforts to fend off Scamp's assault and to wreak counter-punishment, he stepped reluctantly back toward Rufe. From puppyhood, it had never occurred to Rowdy to disobey the man who was his god. Even though he hated to turn from the fight—even though he knew well the advantage his foe would take of such a retreat—he obeyed at once.

Nor was he mistaken in Scamp's attitude. Disregarding Maida's frantic summons, Scamp hurled himself at the withdrawing Rowdy; slashing viciously for the latter's exposed throat.

Rufe interposed his own knee; taking the slash which wrought havoc with his best trousers and laid open his flesh. Maida caught Scamp belatedly, by his bristling ruff. And the vehement, brief fight was over.

Maida, her nerves frayed by the encounter, scolded her grumbling dog and slapped him lightly across the back. Scamp rewarded the slap by a snarling attempt to snap at her. Rufe lifted his eyebrows in wonder. Well he knew he could have cut Rowdy in half without evoking such a retort from his chum.

"That's queer!" he commented. "The beast tried to bite you. I didn't know a——"

"Scampy is so high-spirited!" she explained. "I think that must be the way with all finely bred dogs. They are too proud to endure even the gentlest punishment."

"I never heard that," said Rufe, tactlessly. "I've always heard 'the better bred dog the better bred his manners.' Now, Rowdy, here, wouldn't——"

"Oh, Rowdy!" she scoffed. "Probably not. One has to look twice at Rowdy to find out whether he is a collie or a fox. Besides, it was Rowdy that started all the trouble by coming over here to-night and attacking poor Scamp. Rowdy——"

"Rowdy?" echoed Rufe, flying to his chum's defense. "Nonsense! You saw the whole thing. You saw Scamp jump at him. He——"

Cephas Wells, the uncle with whom Maida lived, came stumping out on the porch; roused from his after-dinner nap by the clangor of strife.

"What's up?" he demanded in sleepy crossness. "Sounded like a dog-fight. I——"

HIS glance fell on the two belligerent collies, each held by its respective owner.

"H'm!" he grunted. "I might have known. That Rowdy pup of yours is always starting something, Craig. Every time he and Scamp get together he pitches into our collie. I wish you'd keep him at home."

"I will," sullenly promised Rufe, his own temper beginning to fray, under all this unjust abuse of his dog. "Come along, Rowdy."

He turned toward the steps, Rowdy obediently pacing along at his side, and Scamp glowering evilly after the two.

"By the way," called Wells, before Maida could frame some excuse or seek to detain her departing suitor, "by the way, Craig, down at the Grange meeting, this afternoon, there were complaints from six different members—complaints of killed chickens, most of them; and of one lamb killed. They say there's a 'killer dog' at large again, around here. A dog that's got the sense to kill and get away. They're talking of starting a hunt for him. I hope they do."

"I'm so glad we lock Scamp in the woodshed, every night!" put in Maida. "That exonerates him, anyway. He——"

CHARLES LIVINGSTON BULL

Usually, he slew as silently as does a fox. But to-night he sprang left and right heedless of caution

"Yes," assented Wells. "And I told them so. We can prove Scamp is shut in the shed every night and that he's there till we get him out in the morning."

"You're lucky," said Rufe drily. "Almost as lucky as you were unlucky in your reasons for locking him in the woodshed, nights, in the first place."

It was an unkind thing to say; and again Maida's attempt to restore calm remained unmade. For, six months earlier, Scamp had been discovered in the Wells henhouse one night, with three dead chickens around him. Since when, to prevent further sins of the sort, his nights had been spent in the woodshed.

"Since you harp on that old subject," snapped Wells, "since you throw up a silly thing a spirited collie did when he was only a puppy—I may as well tell you that one of the members, at the Grange, said he had a suspicion it is your dog that's the killer. He says he saw him sneaking through his yard, the other day, close past the hencoop. He——"

"ROT!" snorted Craig. "Rowdy has the run of the neighborhood. He goes where he chooses to. And he never does any damage. He never 'sneaks' anywhere, either. He may have been passing through someone's yard, on his way home. But he wasn't 'sneaking.' And he's never yet killed a chicken. Come along, Rowdy!"

Without hearing Maida's half-spoken invitation to stay, he tramped off. Rowdy, sensing, in a collie's mystic fashion, that his master's feelings were ruffled, trotted close to Rufe's side, whining softly under his breath; thrusting his cold muzzle into Craig's cupped palm; and peering up worriedly through the twilight into the man's troubled face. Absent-mindedly, Rufe patted the silken head.

"Rowdy, boy," he muttered, as he strode along, "this is apt to mean trouble. Livestock squabbles do more to break up neighborhood friendship than everything else put together. Dogs and children. Other people's dogs and other people's children. Men and women can't stay sane and reasonable about either of them. Look at the way Maida and her measly old uncle spoke about you, for instance! Both of them would be willing to swear it was you that started the scrimmage to-night. They really believe it. And they're sore at me, because you and I are pals. And that other cuss—whoever he is—the one who says you were sneaking around his hencoop! That story is due to grow. . . . I'm going to do some alibi-making, myself, Rowdy, lad. For a while you're going to sleep in my room, instead of on your mat on the porch. That'll show it isn't you who does the killing. I—I wish she had asked me to stay!"

Scamp was left alone on the Wells veranda, with his mistress, as Rufe departed and as Mr. Wells shuffled back to his interrupted nap. Smugly, the big collie rubbed his head against Maida's knee, in triumph at the discomfiture of the two visitors. But, for once, he received no encouragement in his caress.

Maida was staring blankly down the dim-lit dusty road, after the vanishing figures of Craig and Rowdy. There was something like a lump in her throat. She was wishing she had called them back and had made peace. Now as she reviewed the fight, she remembered it was Scamp that had begun it.

THE dog rubbed his head with more insistence against her knee. Impatiently she pushed him away. Scamp's lip curled menacingly, in the darkness. Sulking, he slouched back to his former drowsing-place under the vines. Nor did he stir therefrom until Maida as usual called him and locked him in the woodshed for the night.

There was still something cold and unfriendly in her voice as she summoned him to his nightly prison. Scamp read the coldness in her tone; and it deepened his sulkiness. The fight had riled him. His failure to overcome the smaller dog at a single rush had made him the angrier. A slash across his nose was hurting him annoyingly. Then, Maida had scolded and slapped him; and had later refused to make friends.

Scamp was in a profoundly ugly mood, as he lounged into the woodshed and flung himself down on his mat. His temper was in shreds; and his brain was working hotly. He yearned to wreak his ill-will on something or somebody.

He lay there, for an hour, until his abnormally sharp hearing told him the household had gone to bed. Then, rising, he leaped lightly to a barrel-top in a corner of the shed. From this he sprang to a shelf. Thence it was an easy jump, through the unglazed window-space, and out into the open.

It was thus he had made his exit from the shed, night after night. As the narrow window stood nearly seven feet above the floor, it had been deemed impossible for any dog to get out through it. Maida and her uncle had not taken into account the barrel and the shelf. Nor had they thought of shifting the position of the high woodpile outside, from whose summit an agile dog could readily spring back into the shed. Scamp was in there each morning, calmly lying on his mat. To his owners this seemed convincing proof that he had been there all night.

TO-NIGHT, Scamp hesitated for a moment, outside the shed. Then he trotted toward the house. At the foot of the veranda steps, he came upon Rowdy's trail and Rufe Craig's. Deep in his throat he growled. The scent had roused afresh his sullen anger.

As a rule, on releasing himself from the shed, at midnight, it was Scamp's custom to range the country in desultory fashion, in quest of unguarded henroost or fold. When a dog is obsessed of the mental twist which turns him into a killer, he will usually follow the line of least resistance, finding his prey where most conveniently he can.

But to-night, the scent of his enemy's steps lent a concentration to Scamp's purpose. It would be good, in his present savage humor, to find Rowdy and overcome and tear him to pieces. It would soothe the hot smolder in the big dog's brain. Head down, Scamp broke into a loping run through the night.

Five minutes later he had swung into the Craig dooryard, and up to the door through which Rowdy had passed. But the door was shut and locked. The house was dark. Up-stairs, in Rufe's room, Rowdy slumbered at the foot of his master's bed, highly honored and delighted at permission to sleep there instead of having to pass the night on his lonely porch-rug. For the time, he ceased to be a watchdog.

Failing to track down his victim, Scamp waxed the angrier. For a moment he stood in front of the closed door; his lips curled back from his fangs. Then he circled the house; and caught the scent of the henroost. Hitherto—with the queer craftiness of a killer-dog—he had avoided henneries so near his own home. But to-night rage had dulled craft.

Butting his way into the coop, through its ill-secured whitewashed door, he ravened among its sleeping occupants. Usually, he slew as silently as does a fox. But to-night he sprang left and right, heedless of caution, stopping not to mangle his victims, but avidly seeking new ones.

The place resounded with squawks and the flapping of wings. Through the uproar came the sound of a man's shout and the eager barking of a dog as Craig and Rowdy were brought wide awake by the din. Crafty, through all his ill-temper, Scamp glided ghost-like out of the pen, and fled.

Arriving home, his ugly temper still upon him, he transgressed still further his own self-made rules, by invading the Wells henroost and adding five more chickens to his night's kill. Again, he worked noisily. But before Wells could get out of bed, the dog had scrambled to the woodpile's summit and had leaped in through the woodshed window. He had had a banner night; but, as his rage cooled, he was somewhat apprehensive.

At breakfast-time next morning, Craig received an unannounced visit from Wells. The old gentleman was purple with indignation.

"Five of my best Wyandottes were killed in the night!" roared the visitor. "Was that dog of yours at large?"

"Nine of my Buff Orpingtons were killed in the night!" declared Rufe, as indignant as his guest. "Was that dog of *yours* at large?"

"My dog was in the woodshed; locked in!" retorted Wells. "He——"

"My dog was in my bedroom—locked in," countered Rufe.

"H'm!" commented Wells, his eyes narrowing. "I thought you told me once he always sleeps on your porch."

"I did," said Rufe. "And he always did, till last night. I took him to my room, after what you told me about a killer-dog going the rounds."

"Queer he should have been shut up, last night for the first time in his life," mused Wells. "The night my fowls were killed!"

The old gentleman's tone was as offensive as a kick. Craig's mouth flew ajar, forced open by a torrent of sizzling words. But he clamped it shut again.

"I'm going to offer fifty dollars reward for the killer's scalp," observed Wells. "I'm going to offer it through the *Chronicle*, to-day. Don't care to supplement my reward, do you?"

Again Rufe resented the sneer in the query. But, now, by dint of remembering Maida and his love for her, he made shift to answer quietly,

"Make it an even hundred. I'll put up the other fifty. A reward of that size ought to make a few people give up their nights' rest to catch the dog at work and shoot him."

Rufe Craig was right. The publishing of the reward-offer of a hundred dollars had the effect of causing something like a dozen hired hands and villagers to waste repeated nights in patrolling the region for two miles in every direction, shotgun in hand, in search of the killer. During these amateur vigils they shot, among them, a calf and a wandering billy-goat; and winged Elder Brenning's prize turkey gobbler as the affrighted bird flopped earthward at gray dawn from its tree-roost. But the killer remained immune.

Stomach to earth, the young collie was running like the wind . . . and twenty yards ahead Scamp was tearing for dear life

Twice, it is true, the reward hunters said they had caught momentary glimpses of a dog slipping furtively through the darkness; and one negro actually shot at what might either have been a dog or a shadow, as it padded softly toward his henroost. Yet this was the sole result of the quest.

And, during the fortnight of that quest, no less than five chicken-coops were raided. The killing was done with such skilled silence that not even the vigilant watchers, a few rods away, had knowledge of it until daylight revealed the tumbled bodies of slaughtered hens.

THE Grange held a special session, to take action; and the reward was increased by that body and by neighborhood contributions to two hundred dollars. The effect of this was to double the number of hunters, and to drive the killer, for a night or two, a little farther afield. He worked with almost supernatural cunning.

In all the community, Rowdy alone knew the killer's identity. Rushing out in front of Rufe, on the night the Craig hennery was entered, Rowdy had caught and recognized Scamp's scent. This he had done

(*Continued on page 58*)

Books to Give at Christmas

A Variety of Volumes to Suit Every Taste

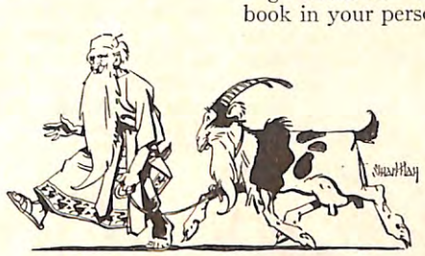
By Montrose J. Moses

Sketches by Stuart Hay

I'll consume them all with avidity

IT IS a comparatively easy matter to select a tie for a Christmas present—but even with ties we hesitate as we realize the color of "his" hair or the sallowness of "his" complexion. If it is handkerchiefs, we are very particular as to the linen, the hemstitching, the embroidered initial. And as for cigars, no price-mark can be rubbed out to hide the quality of the smoke, no rich box may be substituted, as is sometimes done with candy, to encircle the gift with illegitimate glory!

But when it comes to giving a book! Why, any old thing will do—a novel that's well advertised; a volume of poems in limp leather; Epictetus or Marcus Aurelius, because they sound learned and are wonderful for forty-nine cents; a classic others should read, rather than read yourself! It is easy to shop at the book counter—at first flush. But, believe me, a passionate love poem to a passionless person is a painful gift; Corbett's *Advice to Young Men* is a halter to the wild-colt boy; Blake's *Songs of Innocence* to the guilty is as bad as a pink scarf to a jaundiced face.



Get acquainted with Mr. Noah

While, therefore, I do not take book shopping too seriously, I at least take samples of the personalities of my friends with me, to match them up with the literature I buy. While I do not pamper their prejudices by avoiding topics which might tread closely on their cherished convictions, to tread on one's spiritual toes does waken one up a bit. I go on the principle that I would like my book gifts read, rather than put away to await the time when they may be transferred, in turn as presents, to some equally as unfortunate recipient. Yet I could find wild joy in sending Ray Stannard Baker's account of the Paris Conference and Wilson's share in it to Senator Lodge; and I do believe that "Pussy-foot" Johnson's face would be a study were he to open a mass of tissue-paper and ribbon to find Fabian Franklin's *What Prohibition Has Done to America*.

In other words, there are shades of taste as there are shades of color. Why send Amy Lowell a book on metrical measures when she has been spending her poetical life breaking iambics and dactyls to smithereens, and when all the conventions of poetry have burst, like skyrockets gone wild, into Vachell Lindsays and Carl Sandburgs, so charmingly exemplified in the delightful miscellany, *American Poetry in 1922*. Could any one want such a book who allowed *Poetic Pearls* to rest on the center table?

You can't miss the stomach with crystallized fruit on Christmas day; but a crystallized thought is a different matter; you mustn't scare the holiday mood or deceive it. It would be like binding Blackstone in a cover suggestive of Keats, or a *Materia Medica* in Scotch plaid. These are the recurrent thoughts that seize me as I gaze at the array of books about which I want to write. I would like, let us say, to give you who read this article, a book. How would I go about it? Were it possible to dip the book in your personality, and watch it react like litmus paper, I could see you turn indignantly red over a treatise on birth control if you believed in increased population, or turn pale over mountain climbing if you were one of those individuals who became dizzy as an elevator shot to the fortieth story of a skyscraper!

My eye is caught by a most attractive title, *The Minds and Manners of Wild Animals*, a book of personal observations by the director of New York's Zoological Park, William T. Hornaday, and I have reached the conclusion that here is a treatise to put our complicated civilization to shame. If our mental average in these United States is only about thirteen years, then I believe that the laws governing the intelligence of our inferiors should be applied to many of us. There are certain chimpanzees that could stand at the head of the class in our public school instruction; and there are certain birds that know when to turn south instinctively, whereas we have to be told by the weather man when to put on heavier clothes or when to carry an umbrella. A fascinating record which broadens our sympathy for animal life and gives us a better understanding of nature!

Among this mass of books I begin playing a game of matching titles, as boys match cards; I pick up Ferdinand Ossendowski's *Beasts, Men and Gods*, and, as I dip into it, I become involved in a moving-picture of a man caught in the meshes of the Russian Revolution, and of his escape from the Bolshevik through Mongolia and Thibet and British India. Were I a scenario writer, I would welcome this exciting narrative of personal adventure as an osteopathic treatment to a fagged imagination. No matter whether you know the facts about Russia, or whether you despise or believe in the Soviet government, here are red blood escapades of a thrilling kind, described in easy style.

Looking for the proverbial needle

Such first-hand accounts appeal to most people, and that is why I have no hesitancy in describing Vilhjalmur Stefansson's *The Northward Course of Empire* as a book to interest young and old alike. First of all, our theories regarding the frozen north are here exploded, and while I would prefer to go to Palm Beach for the winter, this arctic explorer unfolds before us the wonderful climate and the hidden commercial possibilities of the North Pole region. What boy will not thrill over the very possibility of transpolar commerce by air! In other words, there is a livable north, and who knows but one may yet be playing golf around the North Pole, sticking out of a putting cup.

THERE is an element of travel in these books, but they do not compete with books of travel. In an armchair at the club, or after a good dinner at home, one nonchalantly takes advantage of A. V. L. Guise's *Six Years in Bolivia*, as though six years were but a few hours. You make acquaintance again with the geography of your youth. The author is a rooter for an unfrequented neighborhood. These rooters are special pleaders, not to be doubted but to be soothed. The Fifth Avenue tenderfoot, the Broadway limelighter are just as vociferous in pleading that the cowboy come to the Great City and make a holiday of it, as the devotee of the Pacific is when he shouts his familiarity with the streets of some town in the Canary Islands. Measure, for instance, the zest with which Captain C. A. W. Monckton writes of his *Last Days in New Guinea*. A man with the live interest evidenced in the pages of this stately volume would have found adventure in the byways of the Zambezi, if the British Government had sent him there instead. Costumes may vary among the Parisian women and those of Binandere, but beneath custom is the same human nature.

Which brings me to a title I like, *Human Nature in the Bible*, by William

Lyon Phelps. I remember once meeting a nervous little author who had written a book, *How to Get Acquainted with God*, a sort of slap-me-on-the-shoulder approach of a subject which would have sounded blasphemous to the Puritan mind. But Professor Phelps intends no free-and-easy lightness; he knows his subject; he feels the romance, the character, the red blood of that which has been so crystallized by theology as almost to be lost to the modern reader. With the *New England Primer* in one hand and Professor Phelps's guide to the heroes and heroines of the Old Testament in the other, I feel that no person, however unfamiliar with his Bible, could go astray. One gets acquainted with Noah, David and Solomon, Adam and Eve in the modern way. They become real persons, fused into being by the dominant excellence of Professor Phelps's style—enthusiasm.

The intelligence of our wise inferiors

Lowell spoke of the foreigner's condescending attitude toward America. Why is it that our visitors from abroad always have the red Indian tradition about us? They are surprised if we come to dinner in tuxedos rather than in blankets and feathers. Margot Asquith jollies us in her *My Impressions of America;* she sort of chucks us under the chin, and flings to us pearls of emptiness in a spicy way; she pets our simple natures; she drinks in our gaieties as the average Englishman drinks from our soda fountains—soft to the taste but not too civilized, you know. But Margot has no discernment, of America, at least. And that is exactly what Gilbert Chesterton has; we knew he would have it, the moment he landed in New York on his lecture tour some months ago. The consequence is, I recommend his *What I Saw in America* as a stimulating book, a brilliant kaleidoscope of words, where America is embedded in a profound display of philosophical discussion. I would unhesitatingly take his essay on American hotel life as a fine sample of soul hostelry, and recommend its study as the ideal way of approaching the spirit of our crudeness, the measure of our standardized life. But even he has a deep chuckle over our pretensions at being civilized. The enthusiast who shouts, "See America first" might do well to see it with a sense of humor. I would send him this book for Christmas. There is romance in such treatment.

AND why shouldn't people be studied in the spirit of romance? I have just picked up a volume which deals with many thousands of people who persist in remaining outside the law, who rush through towns in automobiles which have not robbed them of their brigand mood, but give them an oriole flash of color in the drabness of our streets—the gypsies. Some day Irving Brown intends writing of them; this year his *Nights and Days on the Gypsy Trail* deal with Spain. This book again is a stimulant which I would welcome were I a fagged scenario writer; there are no chronicles more colorful than those of the open road; the hobo has his poet laureate. Certainly the gypsy folk should crown the author of this book with flowers that are stolen from some garden by the wayside.

My pile of holiday books bristles with biography, reminiscences and letters. These, frankly, are my favorites, for the life of a man in its fulness touches on all phases of human activity. What more inspiring than the personal triumph of Walter H. Page. His *Life and Letters*, as assembled by Burton J. Hendrick, reveal the self-made man in most excellent proportions, and when we come to his activities as a diplomat during the war, we see what advantage it is for a man in such a position to be also a writer of exceptional worth. His chapter of letters on England before the War is as vivid as anything in Wells's *Mr. Britling Sees It Through*. And in the record of his early years, we glimpse North Carolina in most convincing lines. These handsome volumes are a contribution no one can afford to miss.

Another Ambassador has a volume of personal records. Readers will recall Henry Morgenthau's story of Turkey, a striking mixture of fact and fancy, but fancy rising out of strenuous political condition. His new volume, *All in a Life-Time*, is an account of his rise, his accumulation of wealth, his entrance into politics, his association in public affairs. There is this much to be said about locality in biography—it does not restrict the interest of the reader if the principles involved are of world proportions. The country's politics are often formulated in New York; the various campaigns which stretch to the coast gather force in the clubrooms of the big City. Hence, Morgenthau will be understood in North Dakota as well as in New Hampshire. And Henry Ford's *My Life and Work* will travel in the wake of the Ford car. I can't say that it is as successful a narrative as Bok's autobiography; I can't say that Ford's nuggets of wisdom regarding commercial success, and the accumulation of wealth, are as telling as Franklin's aphorisms which have driven many a boy to putting stray coins into a barrel money-box. But at least one gets here a consecutive picture of how the Ford industry grew into being. And that's worth while reading about.

Stories break upon us without heralding

It's not as easy as selecting a tie

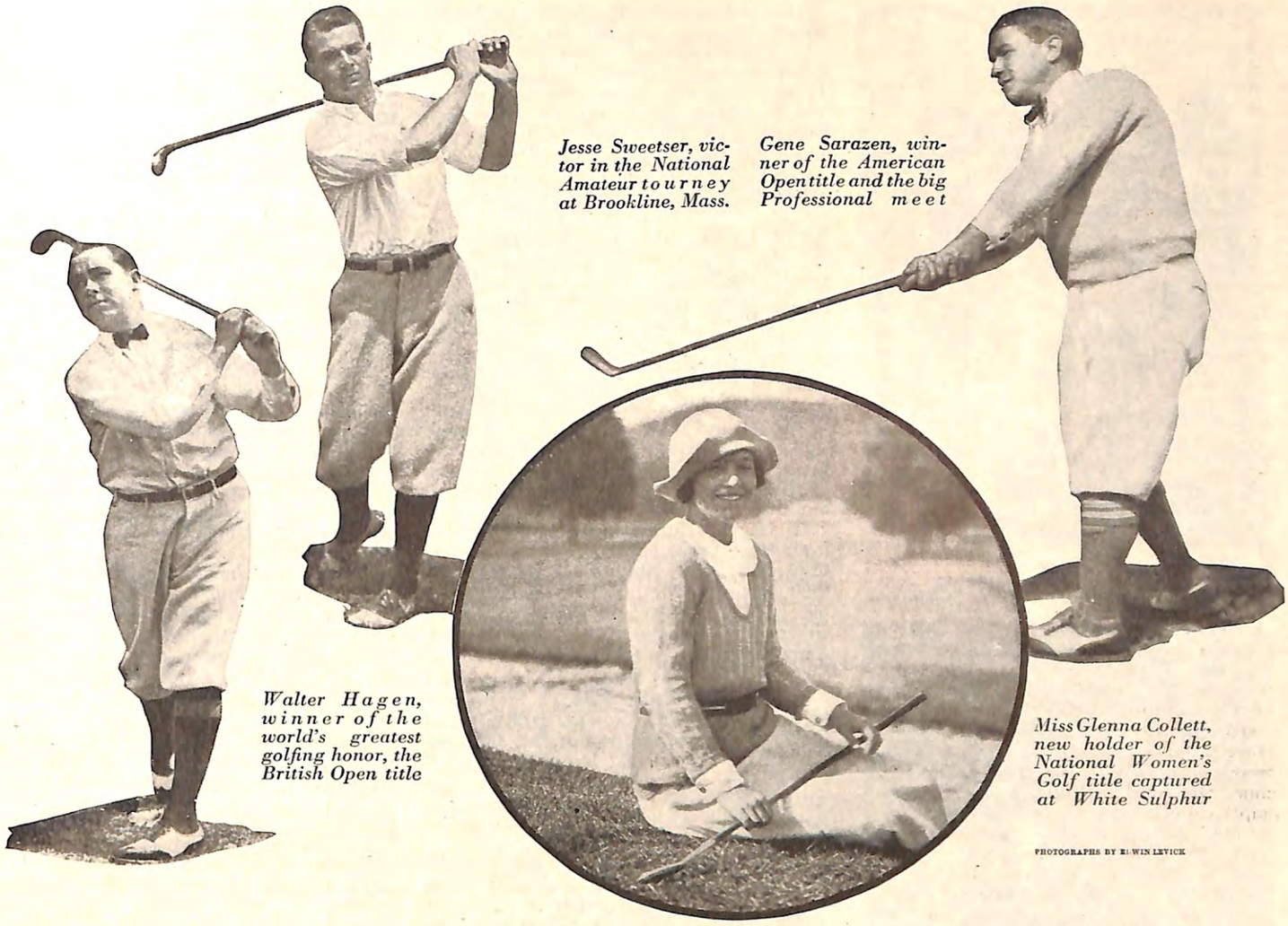
It is not strange that I should pass from these biographies of affairs to Augustus Thomas's *The Print of My Remembrance*, for even though he is an American playwright, whose life has mostly been spent in the theater, his experience has stretched from the days when he was a page-boy in Congress to these days when he championed the cause of Woodrow Wilson, and every one talked about his being made an Ambassador during the Wilson administration. Thomas has always tottered on the verge of a political life; that he tumbled into the theater constitutes one of those peculiar workings of fate which steps in to determine a man's life. You get lots about early journalism, about early politics, about early theatrical affairs in this thick volume, told with a certain oversedateness which detracts from the flavor of the theater he knows so well. Yet no lover of the drama can do without this book.

The stage is well represented among the holiday publications. Mrs. Patrick Campbell has revealed the secrets of her life, John Drew has reminisced of Daly and Frohman, Emma Calvé has written of the opera in her Carmen days; while the official biography of Caruso, by Pierre V. R. Key, traces the steady rise of the singer from humble beginnings, and startles us with the statement of his royalties from the Victor records as being over two million dollars. Theatrical reminiscences are full of theatrical history; they never tell us all we want to know, although Mrs. Campbell does let the flavor of scandal drip from her pen. If only these folk of the stage had the vivacity of Ellen Terry, whose biography shall always be, as is Joseph Jefferson's *Autobiography*, a measure of personal vivacity and original acumen. If you can't infuse that into biography, then the best way is to give a dignified record, like Mr. Key's method in the Caruso book, or like Percy Allen's *Stage Life of Mrs. Stirling*, a distinctive actress in mid-Victorian days, who used to play with Mary Anderson and Ellen Terry, and who was one of the famous Nurses in the stage history of *Romeo and Juliet*.

I would not hesitate to send to a music lover, the excellent brochure on *Edward MacDowell*, which analyzes his different works after the manner of a symphony concert program, only intelligible to those who play, but to me much like a musical prescription. I turn with much more avidity to the rich collection of *Letters of James Gibbons Huneker*, full of the responsiveness of a man of letters, yet also full of music and drama and journalism and travel, and those many things which made his personality and the personality in his books beloved. Readers of *Steeplejack*, which is an account of his life, will find the new volume a companion fit for many hours of worth-while reading. Lucky the person who gets such a gift as the result of Christmas bookshopping!

Yet I would not have the reader who happens to follow me through this maze of new publications think that I would give every one Huneker, though I think his range

(*Continued on page 68*)



Jesse Sweetser, victor in the National Amateur tourney at Brookline, Mass.

Gene Sarazen, winner of the American Open title and the big Professional meet

Walter Hagen, winner of the world's greatest golfing honor, the British Open title

Miss Glenna Collett, new holder of the National Women's Golf title captured at White Sulphur

PHOTOGRAPHS BY EDWIN LEVICK

America's Supremacy in Sport

A Review of the Year's Triumphs, and Who's Who in Champions

By Lawrence Perry

CHAMPIONSHIPS in the world of sport have varied significance and many connotations. Primarily they exist and are coveted because they prove something definite, and the essence of competitive sport is the proof of outstanding superiority on the part of individuals and teams.

Side by side with man's desire that a thing be well done is an abiding curiosity to see how far accomplishment can go. The trend is ever toward the ultimate. Teams and individuals that lead us in that direction are objects of our deep interest and of our enthusiasm. They are honored in the public prints; sectional, national and international pride is involved in their achievements and where they are professionals, their paths are laid with gold in proportion as the specialties of which they are exponents appeal to the public mind.

In not a few instances championship tests have value as showing progress in the development of proficiency over past years—in track especially where reductions in time, increased heights and distances afford a fascinating study of the triumph of man and his methods.

With most of the returns in on competitive sports of the present year, it seems established that no previous span of twelve months has been filled with so many record-breaking feats, so many thrilling contests of various sorts, or public interest so wide and so deep. However this statement may be debated no one will attempt to gainsay that the months of 1922 have brought about an unprecedented situation in the realm of international sport. Today, for the first time in history, the United States stands supreme in practically every sport in which it indulges in common with foreign nations.

Walter Hagen, an American born-and-bred golfer, holds the greatest golfing honor that the world has to bestow, the British Open title. Our amateurs convincingly threw back the British golfers who came here in quest of the Walker Cup. The Davis Cup, emblematic of international tennis supremacy, is ours. An American, Walter Hoover, won the Diamond Sculls which carries with it the world's championship in single sculls rowing. Our Big Four polo outfit, representing the Meadow Brook Club, defeated the Argentine team in two straight games after the South Americans had defeated the flower of England. In yachting our six-meter, one-design sloops won over the British fleet on Long Island Sound.

We failed in women's tennis, Mrs. Molla Bjurstedt Mallory suffering signal defeat at the hands of Suzanne Lenglen in the world's championships on the grass courts at Wimbledon, England, and the Canadian fishing schooner, *Bluenose*, defeated the American schooner, *Henry Ford*, in a series of ocean races off the coast of New England. Finally, Pancho Villa, of the Philippine Islands, battered Johnny Buff, of New Jersey, into submission and thus captured the national flyweight title in pugilism. Jimmy Wilde, of England, holder of the world's championship in this division, has practically retired from the ring, and the first good man he meets will probably beat him.

The year in pugilism saw little of moment save the defeat of Georges Carpentier, light heavyweight champion of the world, by Battling Siki, a Senegalese negro, in Paris and, of lesser importance, the winning of the American light heavyweight championship by Harry Greb, of Pittsburgh, victor over Gene Tunney; and Jack Britton's loss of the welterweight title to Mickey

PAUL THOMPSON

Robert McAllister, the "flying cop," one of the outstanding Eastern sprinters

PAUL THOMPSON

Walter Hoover, of Duluth, winner of the world-famous Diamond Sculls

PAUL THOMPSON

Walker. Jack Dempsey, our world's heavyweight champion, has not been in action.

In the international realm our outstanding achievement beyond all question relates to golf. Not only did an American, Hagen, win the British Open title, but two American players, Jock Hutchison and Jim Barnes, finished in the first four. This is the second successive year in which an American has taken this cup from overseas.

BUT no less interesting than this noteworthy feat was the evidence which play in this country afforded that no longer do the "Great American Triumvirate," viz., Hagen, Barnes and Hutchison, reign supreme in American golf. Gene Sarazen, the Pittsburgh professional, won the American Open handily and then proved his right to the prestige thus gained by coming through in the big Pro meet. And Johnny Farrell, another youngster, who did 67 at Shawnee under pressure, going out in 36 and coming in with a 31, is most certainly entitled to rank with the best we have.

If Hagen, Hutchison and Barnes fall from their positions of eminence, as soon they must, stick a pin in the prediction that their places will be taken by Sarazen, Farrell and perhaps young Bob McDonald. Others are coming along, too. Indeed, American golf has attained in vastly less time than even the most enthusiastic golfer could have believed possible, a preeminent place in the world. To-day in the British Isles you find recognition of this fact and the most scholarly and interesting articles on golf that have been written in England in the past months have related to American methods and other underlying reasons for our supremacy.

No less striking than our progress in golf has been the ease with which we have demonstrated world supremacy in men's tennis. The so-called World's Championship title goes with victory in the famous All-Comers Tournament at Wimbledon. But the hollowness of this honor was demonstrated not only in the Davis Cup matches but in our National Singles tourney on the courts of the Germantown Cricket Club, where the Australian, Gerald Patterson, who won the world's title at Wimbledon, proved himself to be below the class of at least two of our tennis stars, William T. Tilden and William Johnston.

By his victory over Bill Johnston in the National, William Tilden won the singles title for the third year and thus gained permanent possession of the costly silver trophy which has been in competition since the days of William A. Larned. Tilden and Vincent Richards won the national doubles championship—as usual—albeit the victory of the Australian pair over our team in the Davis Cup matches pointed to the fact that we have much to learn about the art of doubles play. Mrs. Mallory won the women's singles championship and Mrs. Marion Zinderstein Jessup, paired with Miss Helen Wills, won the women's doubles title.

In women's golf Miss Glenna Collett justified all prophecies that had been made concerning her by winning the national women's golf title over a large field at White Sulphur Springs, while Jesse Sweetser, of Yale and Siwanoy, triumphed in the National Amateur Golf tourney at Brookline. This was probably the greatest and most dramatic golf tournament ever held in this country. Day after day this young collegian, pitted against the best amateurs of this country and England, moved on his unperturbed course until, at the end, he holed out with that perfect *insouciance* that had marked his play throughout and was carried away to triumph on the shoulders of a frenzied crowd.

Sweetser is no champion of the hour. The writer talked with him recently at the Yale Bowl as we passed a football to and fro. He combines fire with steadiness. His features are square and solid, yet alive with expression, and his frame is calculated to stand all the physical strain that any amount of golf can apply. He is a junior at Yale and seems to take as much delight in serving various papers as college correspondent as he does in playing golf.

OCCASIONALLY a year sees the uprising of some performer in some department of sport who is the very expression of genius, a youth whose achievements are so brilliant and spectacular as to leave no doubt that nature designed him for the very thing he is doing. Johnny Weissmuller, the world's swimming champion, is such a phenomenon. What makes a champion? Physical scientists profess to answer this question on the basis of tests which register an athlete's quickness of eye and hand, his mental celerity, the adjustment of nerve to muscle, and all sorts of physical and pyschological reactions which are regarded as explaining his outstanding ability in one sport or another. Wherefore, science says "that is why they are champions" and lets it go at that.

Probably there is a lot in this. Yet the mere follower of sport legitimately may wonder whether or not it tells the whole story. He may wonder whether deep within

Joie Ray, of the Illinois Athletic Club, who won the mile run in the National A. A. U. meet

S. Harrison Thomson, of Princeton, now all-around champion (right)

PAUL THOMPSON

the champion athlete, so deep that science, probe as it may, can not discover it, burns a fire of immeasurable potency, a divine spark whose nature and origin are not for man to know.

As to Johnny Weissmuller, one may suspect that had some scientist looked him over when he appeared at a Chicago bathing beach more than ten years ago with an expressed ambition to learn how to swim, he would not have found that he differed materially from any of the other youngsters who thronged the brown sands of Lake Michigan's shore that warm summer day. No doubt science can make much more of a showing in the case of a full-fledged champion than one who is in the making.

Last summer, within twelve months of the time when he won his first world's title, Weissmuller had won the world's all-around swimming championship and thirty-four world's titles. Ten Amateur Athletic Union titles are in his possession and fifteen central district titles. Duke Kahanamoku, the great Hawaiian swimmer, who studied Weissmuller's work in Honolulu recently, says that beyond doubt this boy is the greatest swimmer that ever lived. While some allowance may be made for the Duke's ignorance as to what ancient swimmers may have done, the statement may be permitted to stand as a tribute from one of the world's great speedsters to the greatest.

Reverting, for the moment, to international sport, the year has been noteworthy in the strides we have made in our race to overtake the Finns who stand as leading exponents of the art of hurling the javelin. We are now within some fifteen or twenty feet of the best throws that any Finn has ever done and the chances are that next year will see us abreast if not ahead. Until this year the American record was below 200 feet. It was held by James Lincoln of the New York Athletic Club—197 feet 5¼ inches. M. S. Angier increased the distance to 202 feet 9½ inches at the Drake College Relay Meet this year and these figures constitute the present American record. The throwing of the javelin is a beautiful art and, of course, as a thing of tradition it goes back to the very roots of the human race. It has proved a most pleasing addition to our sports of the field.

The annals of the year's events on track and field were of special interest because of the continued exploits of that young Ariel who sprang into fame as a meteor rises in the skies in 1921, Charles Paddock, of the University of Southern California. Paddock, as will be recalled, equaled the records for the hundred and the two hundred and twenty yard dashes in California last year. This year he has gone on and has reduced times in practically every dash that figures in competition.

Specifically, he did the 60-yard dash in 6 1-5—one-fifth of a second below the best previous record. He clipped one-fifth of a second off the 70-yard dash, clicking off 7 1-10 seconds. He tied his former world's record in the hundred yard dash—9 3-5 seconds. He lowered the world's record for the 80-yard dash from 8 seconds flat to 7 4-5. But even more brilliant was his negotiation of the 175-yard lane in seventeen seconds flat which was one and one-fifth seconds faster than it had ever before been traversed—old record 18 1-5. And, finally, he lowered the 125-yard dash record from 12 2-5 to 12 1-5. All this at Santa Barbara, California. At this writing the records have not been approved by the A. A. U. but there is little doubt they will be, because they were carefully timed, and Robert Weaver, the former president of the Union, was one of the officials.

ROBERT McALLISTER, a New York policeman, the "Flying Cop," was still another outstanding sprinter. In the National Amateur Athletic Union meet in Newark, running unattached, he achieved one of the big upsets of the season by beating such stars as Laconey; Farrell, of the New York A. C.; William Hayes of Boston, the Middle Western champion; and Lorin Murchison, the National Indoor champion in the hundred yard dash. His time was ten flat on a bad track.

However, despite Laconey's defeat in the national meet, competent track critics regard him as second only to Paddock in all-around sprinting ability. He won the 220-yard dash in this meet and representing Lafayette College in the Intercollegiates he took both the century and the furlong.

The all-around champion title—only upon the occasion of the National A. A. U. meet this composite event was known as the Decathlon—was won for the second time by S. Harrison Thomson, of Princeton. The list of feats differed from those figuring in the All-around only in two respects: the javelin throw replaced the throwing of the 56-pound weight and the hurling of the discus replaced the walking event. Thomson was pressed closely for honors by Harold Osborne who totaled 6,796.20 points as against 6,892.57 accumulated by the Princetonian.

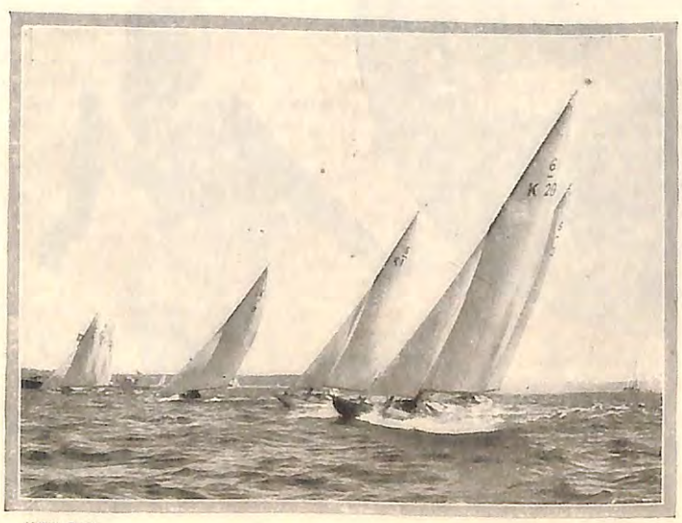
Joie Ray, of the Illinois Athletic Club, fooled those who had expected him to lose the mile run in the National meet because of

PAUL THOMPSON

Jay Gould, who retained his throne in court tennis, defeating Hewitt Morgan

UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD

Lieutenant R. L. Maughan, who broke all records for speed in the air



EDWIN LEVICK

The American six-meter, one-design sloops, winning over the British fleet off Long Island this summer

PAUL THOMPSON

Miss Bleibtrey, champion woman swimmer of the United States

poor form leading up to this event. Ray won handily and thus repeated a triumph that has come to him for about seven successive years. He was up against the star milers of the country, including J. Connolly of Boston College, R. F. Wharton, Middle Western champion, running for the Chicago A. A.; and Ray B. Watson, of Kansas City, who had beaten Ray several times this year prior to the National. But in the supreme test Ray was there as usual.

A new national record for the three-mile walk was established by William Plant in the National meeting. He made the trip in 21 m. 50 1-10 s. The best previous hike over this distance was made by Goulding of Toronto, Can., in 1917, 21 m. 50½ s.

TO a colored man, DeHart Hubbard, of Cincinnati, went the honor of defeating another colored man, Gourdin, of Harvard, in the broad jump in the National meet. Hubbard did 24 feet 5½ inches. But the record for this leap, 25 feet 3 inches, is still held by Ned Gourdin.

In intercollegiate track circles the University of California gained immortal laurels by coming East and winning the classic Intercollegiate meet and then stopping in Chicago on the way West and winning the National Collegiate Meet, held under the auspices of authorities of the Western Conference and other Middle Western institutions. Of all college track athletes J. W. Merchant of the University of California and G. Hartranft of Leland Stanford stood out. In the Intercollegiate meet, for example, Merchant won the hammer throw, establishing a new intercollegiate record; was fourth in the javelin throw and placed in the broad jump and shot put. Hartranft won the shot put in the Intercollegiate —48 feet 6⅛ inches—won the discus throw and can do the hundred yard dash in ten flat.

R. L. LeGendre of Georgetown achieved prestige through winning the Pentathlon at the University of Pennsylvania Relay meet for the third year in succession. Besides, he won the broad jump in the Intercollegiate meet.

A very interesting feat in the course of the indoor season of the current year was the breaking of the indoor high jump record by Leroy Brown of Dartmouth and the New York Athletic Club. Brown cleared the stick at 6 feet 4¾ inches. It is rather curious to note that the preceding week John Murphy of Notre Dame had broken the world's indoor high jump record at 6 feet 4⅝ inches.

Interesting competition marked the general run of intercollegiate sports and honors were well distributed. In the great Pennsylvania Relay games, which now rank as second in importance only to the Olympic games, Pennsylvania's two mile relay team gained undying honor in winning the principal event of the meet in the world's record time of 7 minutes 49 2-5 seconds.

Princeton won the team golf tournament and the individual title was won by Pollak Boyd, of Dartmouth. Lucien Williams, of Yale, won the intercollegiate title in tennis singles. So proficient was Williams's form that he was expected to make a strong bid for high ranking as a national singles player. In the early part of the season he did supremely well but later, perhaps due to youthful diffidence, he suffered a marked lapse. Phillip Neer and James Davies of Leland Stanford were the outstanding doubles team.

Princeton won the championship of the Intercollegiate Basketball League and Purdue won the basketball title in the Western Conference. Princeton also won the highest intercollegiate honors in indoor and outdoor polo. Yale won for the eleventh consecutive time the annual intercollegiate swimming meet held this year in the swimming tank of the University of Pennsylvania. Annapolis was the runner-up.

In rowing the Navy crew was easily the outstanding eight-oared outfit of the country. The Midshipmen won at Poughkeepsie and were also successful in several early season races. Yale won over Harvard in the four-mile race on the Thames River at New London and her baseball nine was also triumphant in the Big Three—Yale-Harvard-Princeton—series. But of all Eastern college baseball nines that of Georgetown must stand as the greatest, with Holy Cross second, and in the Middle West the University of Illinois outfit was supreme. Georgetown's record of winning twenty-four games with no defeats is one that may be set down as unique.

The Navy gymnastic team won intercollegiate honors for the second successive year, Princeton standing as runner-up. Cornell came through to the Intercollegiate wrestling title after a desperate struggle against Penn State's grapplers. Illinois won the Western Conference Indoor Track and Field games and the Big Ten wrestling title. Illinois also won the Conference track meet, held this year under the auspices of the University of Iowa. The Navy was supreme in boxing, an intercollegiate sport that seems to gain but limited favor and will probably die out.

In addition to her victories in various track meets Illinois gained prestige through the work of her four-mile relay team, which not only won this event in the Drake Relay meet but established a new world's record of 17 minutes 45 seconds. The former record, held by the Boston Athletic Association, was made in 1913—17 minutes 51 1-5 seconds. Harvard won the college hockey title, and the championship of the United States Amateur Hockey League went to Westminster.

MRS. MOLLA MALLORY won the women's indoor championship in singles and with William T. Tilden as partner captured the mixed doubles crown. Mrs. Jessup and Mrs. Godfrey defeated Mrs. Mallory and Mrs. L. G. Morris for the national women's indoor title. Jay Gould retained his throne in court tennis, defeating Hewitt Morgan in play for the title. Clarence C. Pell and Stanley Mortimer of New York won over Joseph M. Wear and Jay Gould in a match to decide the racquet doubles championship and Clarence Pell won the national singles championship match. In squash the amateur title went to Tom Coward and Walter Kinsella retained the professional championship.

The success of the New York Giants in the National League and of the Yankees

(*Continued on page 68*)

EDWIN LEVICK

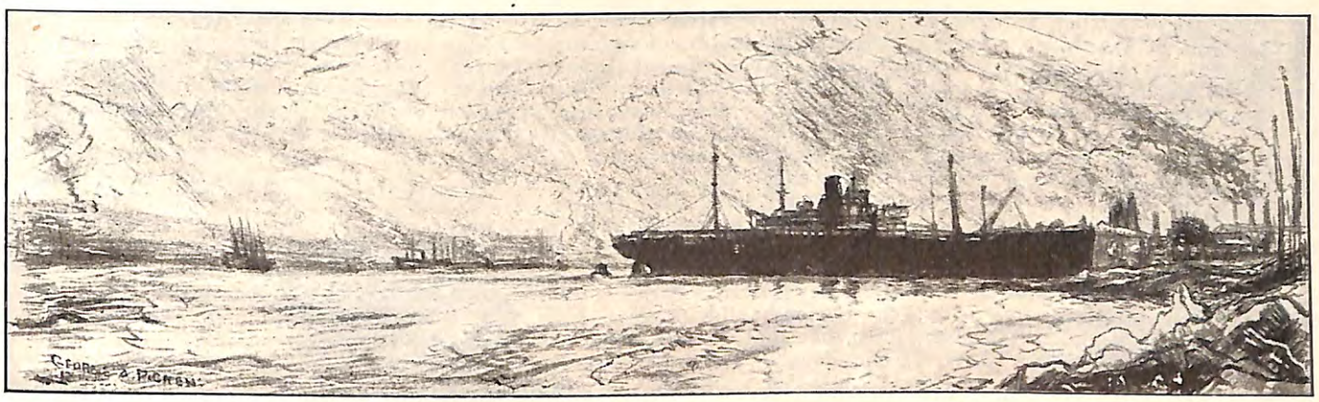
William T. Tilden, who defeated William M. Johnston for the National Singles championship

PAUL THOMPSON

Johnny Weissmuller, who won the world's all-around swimming championship and thirty-four world's titles

Mrs. Molla Mallory, beaten by Suzanne Lenglen, but still remains singles champion of America

EDWIN LEVICK



Must We Subsidize Our Ships?

Facts Bringing Out Both Sides of the Current Subsidy Argument

By William Almon Wolff

Drawings by George A. Picken

INDUSTRIALLY considered, shipping falls into the group of transportation activities. But shipping, industrially, is much more than a highly important means of transportation. The provision of ships is in itself an industry—in this country, to be sure, one of the grotesque ups and downs, but always, potentially at least, of the front rank. Shipping, too, is, in the truest sense, a national asset.

America began, in a way, as a maritime nation. In Colonial, in early national days, America was a sea-faring nation. We fought our second war with Great Britain upon issues arising from sea-borne commerce. We began as traders, as carriers upon the high seas. There have been times when America was challenging successfully the age-old supremacy of England on the sea—not, necessarily, in a military sense, but in trade and commerce.

And there have been times when the American merchant marine was a thing so puny, so fragile, as to have no real existence at all. Times when the sight of the American flag in a foreign port was a rarity, and our merchant marine was confined, practically, to the vessels engaged in coastwise trade—from which, of course, after the practically universal custom of nations of real independence, foreign ships have always been barred.

American shipping rose to great heights just before the days of steam. Then we came close to having all the cream of the Atlantic trade; the world-famous clippers were racing one another to China and back; to the new, rich trading ground of California, where gold had just been discovered, American vessels of superb design and great speed sailed epoch-making voyages around Cape Horn.

But steam, in the beginnings of which, certainly, Americans, led by Robert Fulton, were well to the fore, seemed to sound the death-knell of American hopes of supremacy. Many things contributed to this end. Government aid, that had done much to foster our shipping, was withdrawn or reduced. A curious stubbornness seemed to afflict our shipbuilders, and they clung to wooden hulls long after iron—itself to be supplanted by steel—was recognized in Europe, and particularly in Great Britain, as the right material to be used.

After the Civil War there set in the decline of American shipping that persisted until the outbreak of the great war of 1914. Confederate raiders like the *Alabama* had something to do with this; so had the absorption of our energies in the war itself, and the diversion of our ships to military use. In that time other nations gained a flying start.

HERE, probably for the first time, the American public is made intelligently aware of the far-reaching significance of one of our greatest national problems. Mr. Wolff makes no attempt in his article to draw conclusions as to which side is right in this important controversy. Clearly and simply he states the facts of the situation, giving both aspects of the question. The early history and supremacy of American shipping, its decline after the Civil War, its sudden growth under the impetus of the World War, and its actual present status are here thoroughly discussed

Historically there is little to say about a period of something like fifty years. One or two high spots stand out: the founding of the American Line; the placing of great liners on the Pacific. The American Line was allowed, early in the nineties, to buy and obtain American registry for two ships, the old *City of Paris* and *City of New York*, upon condition that it build, in America, two vessels of at least equal capacity—which it did, obtaining thus a fleet of four ships and adding the *St. Louis* and the *St. Paul* to the American merchant marine.

But, on the Atlantic, we had, for years, only those four liners to set against the doughty British, German and French fleets—the famous Cunard and White Star liners, the great ships of the Hamburg-American and North German Lloyd lines. A few more ships came into the service; on the Pacific James J. Hill's dream faded out.

We needed ships, and needed them badly, in 1898, when we went to war with Spain. Our early activities in that conflict, which looks, in retrospect, so insignificant, were hampered and crippled by the lack of merchant vessels to serve as transports, as supply ships. But we didn't do much about it.

After the Spanish War we built the Panama Canal. Under the legislation concerning that great work American shipping made some gain. But the clauses forbidding railways to own vessels using the canal offset a good deal of what other clauses aimed to accomplish.

That may or may not have been, it may or may not be to-day, a good thing. And it seems well to pause here to remark that this whole topic is one controversial in the highest degree. Upon scarcely any major question is opinion so divided as in this matter of shipping.

THERE can be no attempt here to draw conclusions as to which side is right, which wrong, in any of these controversies. That is not the function of such an article as this. Its concern is with facts, not with the weighing of opinions and arguments.

Certain facts about our shipping and the situation in which it finds itself to-day stand out very clearly. Attempts are made, sometimes, to deny the existence of facts, or to twist and pervert their significance. But such attempts usually fail even when they meet no opposition; real facts are things extremely stubborn, infinitely patient. They continue to bob up, no matter how often they are told that they are not so!

The first fact to be dealt with is the acute shortage of shipping that became apparent immediately upon the outbreak of the World War. For this shortage there were a number of reasons. The whole German merchant fleet was swept from the seas at once. Great Britain, naturally, laid hands upon all her shipping; dealt with it as a national asset; apportioned it according to the relation of the use that could be made of every ship to her single purpose—the winning of the war. Every belligerent nation did that.

America, with practically no merchant fleet of her own, was caught in a highly embarrassing position at that time. Our trade with Europe was of prime importance to us. We had, for many years, found, or

had believed that we found, it quite as convenient, and, on the whole, cheaper, to ship our goods abroad in foreign vessels; it had not seemed to us worth while to build ships of our own and collect the freight payment ourselves—except in a comparatively few instances. We were like a man who, amply able to afford an automobile, prefers to use cabs.

BUT we were, too, placed, by the war, in much the position in which such a man would find himself were every cab suddenly to disappear from the streets, save a few, which would still condescend to take him, to destinations selected by their drivers, upon errands of which those drivers approved, and at a price enormously increased.

Great Britain dictated the use that should be made of her ships almost from the beginning of the war. She had to do that; her national life depended upon the exercise of powers extraordinary and autocratic. And she exerted, thus, a pressure that insensibly controlled and influenced the whole course of American industrial life. There used to be, perhaps there still is, a good deal of argument as to the ethics of the trade in munitions and war supplies carried on by this country with the Allies before we entered the war in 1917. But economically America had no choice between building up such a trade and a financial crisis that would have put any we have known in the shade.

The German submarine warfare soon made the shortage of ships, acute enough before, even more serious. By 1916, altho we were still neutral, our government had recognized the gravity of the situation and begun to lay its plans for government shipbuilding. The United States Shipping Board and the Emergency Fleet Corporation grew out of those plans; the Corporation to build ships, the Board to operate them or apportion them among private operators. But that plan, of course, gathered momentum only slowly before our actual declaration of war. For us, obviously, this war was, like that of 1812, one fought for and because of shipping questions.

We paid, and are still paying, a staggering price for having been, virtually, without shipping when we went to war. We did, to be sure, seize immediately the German liners we had been sheltering since August, 1914, and we made good use of them. But when their total tonnage is set beside the new construction undertaken by the Emergency Fleet Corporation the comparison is absurd—so disproportionate are the two sets of figures—a million tons, or less, against twenty times that amount built, still building, or abandoned in some stage of construction.

It isn't necessary to recall, surely, the story of our wartime effort to build ships in any detail. Who has forgotten the ugly quarrels as to the means to be pursued—the huge yard at Hog Island, with its constant whisperings of scandal? (But I would like to write an epic of the building of that yard through the worst winter this seaboard had seen in years—the tale of heroism, of unselfish, thankless fighting against tremendous odds!)

From coast to coast new shipyards sprang into being—old ones were enlarged. The government placed orders; then financed the construction of the yards in which they were to be filled. There was a great plan for building wooden ships—swiftly—ships just to meet the submarine crisis. They never did; it took too long to settle arguments, to smooth out disputes of all sorts, to bring lumber from Oregon and Washington for yards along the Gulf Coast that had obtained their contracts on the strength of the pine available close by in Southern forests, which, under test, proved unsatisfactory.

It was an amazing, a staggering, effort that we were forced to make—our shipbuilding task in 1917 and 1918. It was, on the whole, and all things being considered, successful to an extraordinary degree. Some magnificent ships were built; some great speed records were established.

Confusion there was; waste there was, of necessity. Not cost but time was the ruling factor. Some dishonesty there may well have been; dishonesty on the wholesale scale that has been loosely charged was never—and probably can never—be proved. There were great disappointments. Hog Island, planned to have fifty shipways, assembling ships fabricated from steel units coming from all over the country was just about ready to launch its first ship a little while before the armistice.

But much was really accomplished. I remember a day when I crossed from San Francisco to Oakland, in March, 1918, to see three great freighters take the water in swift succession, and hours that I spent in listening to workers in neighboring yards talking of how they were seeking to outdo one another. And, in the end, when the program was complete, we had a merchant fleet. We still have it. But where is it? What is it doing?

Well—part of the answer is in the Hudson River, about opposite to Peekskill. There lie scores of fine ships, tied up, idle, eating their heads off. They are the ships the Liberty Loan money helped to build. Income taxes, all the taxes we must pay and go on paying, are collected, partly, to meet the cost of building them—and keeping them in idleness. And to keep a ship idle is a costly matter, remember. Leave out all thought of interest on the investment—even of the profits she might be earning. A ship can not be neglected; she requires constant, costly care.

The reasons for the idleness of so many of our ships are, of course, pretty obvious. With the ending of the war great quantities of shipping were released from active military and quasi-military service, and went back to trade. Moreover, the huge demand of the war years was, largely, a product of the war itself, which created the commerce that was clamoring for ocean carriers. Once the war was over the trade in munitions died out; it was no longer necessary to transport huge quantities of stores and supplies overseas; normal business had, largely, disappeared; it was bound to take time to restore it. And exchange, unsettled political affairs in Europe, the difficulties of readjustments, conspired to lengthen that time; to throttle the early attempts of commerce to lift its head and make a new start.

DEFINITE facts as to American shipping may be briefly set down.

Our merchant marine in June, 1921—and these are the latest official figures—amounted to 18,000,000 gross tons. From this total may be deducted shipping engaged in lake and coastwise traffic, all ships more than twenty years old and all of less than 2,000 gross tons burden—leaving a total of 10,750,000 gross tons, available for foreign, transoceanic, trade. In 1913, the last prewar year, we had a total gross steam tonnage in foreign trade of 667,896. We have, that is, about 10,000,000 gross tons more of available shipping than we had before the war.

Of this shipping 3,838,000 gross tons is privately owned—about 36 per cent. of the total. The remainder, just under 7,000,000 gross tons, is owned by the Shipping Board—and, except for seized German and Austrian

vessels, this tonnage has all been built since the war—necessarily at high cost. Of the privately owned tonnage, too, 67.5 per cent. has been built since the war.

Now wartime construction was, primarily, emergency construction. It was expensive; fearfully so. The time factor, moreover, dictated certain policies of construction that have complicated peace-time use of many ships.

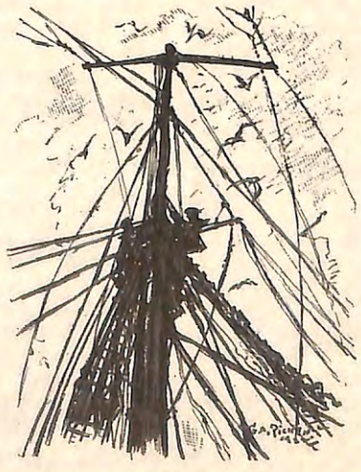
GENERALLY speaking, it pays to build big ships. You can build one ship that will carry rather more than two small ones for rather less than twice the cost of one of the smaller ships. You can operate one large ship a good deal more cheaply than two small ones.

But during the war it was distinctly good policy to build many small ships. It was better to have three ships, with three chances to cross safely through the submarines, than one, with one chance—and that diminished by the size of the ship. Also, to get the tonnage we had to have—and remember that if the war had lasted another year, as, down to the German breakdown late in the summer of 1918 everyone thought it would, our shipbuilding would, beyond all doubt, have been the decisive factor—we had to build a number of ships at yards on the Great Lakes.

These ships were even smaller than the standard 5,000 and 7,000 gross ton cargo ships that were built on the seaboard. Their gross tonnage was between 2,000 and 3,000 tons—because that was as large a vessel as could pass through the Welland Canal. And those ships won't do, except in times of acute shortage, for transoceanic trade. They could ply efficiently enough in a nearby trade—along the coasts, or to Carribean ports. But that trade has all the vessels it needs now.

It seems to be an unfortunate, but unescapable, conclusion that of our wartime construction a great deal of tonnage represented in ships under 3,000 tons, and in the 5,000 and 7,000 ton classes, can't be used; that in ships of this type we have a surplus, that it would pay to sell at any salvage price.

Yet, even so, we are not, according to certain authorities—notably the Shipping Board itself—sufficiently well supplied with vessels of types it was not desirable to build in the critical war period. We need more big, fast—relatively fast, that is—freighters and ships combining great freight capacity with some passenger equipment; we need more regular passenger liners. We don't need, because, for the present, their day is in eclipse, express liners—although there has been some talk lately of constructing two gigantic rivals to the great British and German sea monsters like the *Mauretania*, the *Olympic* and the *Berengaria*. We have one ship of this type—the *Leviathan*, now being refitted; one of the seized German liners.



To be specific again the Shipping Board says, in an exhaustive report upon government aid to merchant shipping, that to carry out that clause of the Merchant Marine Act of 1920 calling for enough American shipping to carry the greater portion of our commerce we should eliminate 3,000,000 gross tons of our present fleet of slow, small freighters, and build half as much tonnage in higher class and faster freight and passenger ships. Except for oil, most of which is carried in American tankers, only about 30 per cent. of our foreign commerce, again according to Shipping Board figures, is carried in American bottoms. But it would cost $400,000,000, and require five years, to carry out such a program of construction.

Now—is it important and if so, why is it important, that American trade should move in American ships?

The argument is simple. We are dependent to a greater extent than is commonly realized upon our imports. Our industries need raw materials that can not be produced at home. We are dependent, also, for our prosperity, upon our ability to reach the world markets with our goods. We learned, in 1914, and the subsequent years, what disastrous consequences upon our trade may ensue from a war in which, apparently, we have no concern. The case for a great merchant marine does look pretty strong.

But, admitting that, does it follow, as Chairman Lasker of the Shipping Board declares, and as President Harding believes, to the point of calling an extra session of Congress to give effect to his views, that there must be a subsidy for American shipping?

Why, it is asked, can not American shipping stand alone? Why does it not pay Americans to build and operate ships in foreign trade?

Well, there are a number of answers to these questions. In dealing with this highly controversial matter opinions on both sides are set down without prejudice and without appraisal—simply because opinions in themselves are sometimes facts.

The first argument in favor of a subsidy is that conditions beyond the control of the ship owner make it more expensive to operate vessels under the American flag. And even before figures are given this fact is always cited—that a great many vessels, actually American owned, are, and for a long time have been, operated under foreign flags and registry. The vessels of the International Mercantile Marine illustrated this point; so do the fleets of the United Fruit Co., to some extent in foreign registry, of W. R. Grace and Co., and the Standard Oil tankers of German registry, which were held in German ports through the war, and brought about something like a diplomatic crisis later when it was purposed to deal with them as purely German in settling reparations questions.

American shipowners have for years complained of the higher costs they had to bear. It cost more to build ships here—before 1914, from 25 per cent. to 40 per cent. more. This was due, and the differential that still exists, although it is now estimated at about 20 per cent. against the American shipbuilder's yard, is due to the higher wages of labor here. First cost does enter into operating costs, of course, since it creates fixed charges which must be met.

BUT operating charges in themselves, including seamen's wages and subsistence costs, etc., are also held to be higher here—and shipowners have asserted for years that they were increased by the strict provisions of American law concerning the number of hands to be carried and other matters—this controversy having raged violently about the LaFollette Act, which represents, virtually, the views of sea labor as voiced by Andrew Furuseth, the great labor leader of American seamen.

Shipping Board figures of wages show that on its vessels—taking as fairly typical a freighter of 6,000 gross tons—the monthly pay roll is $3,257.50; on a privately owned American ship of the same size, $3,060; on a British ship (with the pound sterling at $4.40) $2,244. With the pound at par the British wages, in relation to ours, would rise a little. As to subsistence, while figures vary according to owners, the Ship-

ping Board estimates the American cost as 70c a man a day; the British at 50c. And it is one of the great American traditions, handed down from the days when our sailormen contemptuously called British ships lime juicers, because that beverage was served, instead of fresh vegetables, to prevent scurvy, that our food on ships is incomparably better than that which British seamen get.

AMERICAN shipowning interests fought the LaFollette law very hard. They have tried for its repeal. They sought, when new laws were passed, as in 1920, to secure modification of items that added to their costs. They did not succeed. Now they are fighting hard, and the Shipping Board fights with them, for government aid—subsidies, adjustments of prices paid by them for Shipping Board vessels during the brief boom after the war, and for direct and indirect aid in other forms.

Subsidies, they say, built up our merchant marine when it was an institution in which Americans could and did take a real and substantial pride. Only a return to the policy abandoned in the fifties can bring our merchant shipping back to its old estate.

Here, briefly stated, is what is asked:

Sales of Shipping Board vessels at low, fixed prices, without competitive bidding, on easy terms.

Cheap loans, from a revolving Construction Loan Fund, for building and reconditioning vessels.

Certain income tax reductions and deductions.

Legislation requiring at least 50 per cent. of immigrant traffic to be carried in American ships.

Extension of coastwise trade restrictions to the Philippines.

Preferential rates, on the railways, for freight to be shipped in American vessels, and, in general, coordination, under direction of the Shipping Board and the Interstate Commerce Commission, of rail and water transportation.

Modification of the Panama Canal Act to permit railways to own vessels engaged in foreign trade.

Elimination of the government transport service, and the transfer of this business to commercial vessels.

These suggested aids to shipping are all indirect. But direct subventions, too, are asked, based upon a prime subsidy of half a cent a gross ton for each hundred miles sailed for all vessels of more than 1,500 tons engaged in foreign trade, under American registry—and, after the passage of the law, only if the vessels seeking aid were American built. Additional payments are asked for vessels having a speed of more than thirteen knots, ranging from a fifth of a cent a hundred miles to two and one-tenth cents—this for ships of a speed of twenty-three knots and more.

Many restrictions are suggested. Vessels used chiefly to carry the cargoes of their owners would get no subsidy unless they made a third of their cargo capacity available to the public at current rates. Tramp ships would have to enter and clear at an American port at least once a year.

Shipowners, and the present Shipping Board, assert that unless these policies are carried out the unsold ships of the Board can not be sold, and that the American merchant marine will gradually sink back to the condition in which it was in 1914. The Shipping Board estimates the cost of the subsidies it favors, five years hence, at not more than $30,000,000 a year.

One of the secondary arguments advanced in favor of a subsidy is the importance of stimulating the American shipbuilding industry. This rose to enormous volume during the war, but most of the war-time yards have been shut down, and there is at present, especially in view of the naval limitations growing out of the Washington Conference, little work in sight for the remaining yards.

Obviously, if we are to have a merchant marine at all, we must have shipyards, if only to do the necessary repair work. It is said, and by the shipbuilders themselves, that this repair work alone will not be enough to keep the yards busy and the requisite skilled men employed; that a certain amount of new construction will be needed as well.

Opposition to ship subsidies is historic in America, and extremely strong. It has been impossible, for several political generations, to obtain any real support in Congress for such measures. Attempts to compare shipping with other protected industries—those protected under tariff schedules—have been futile—largely, probably, because of the difference, perhaps more apparent than real, between an indirect subsidy like that of a tariff and a direct cash payment.

THERE is a general disposition to feel that a subsidy would be enormously more costly than any estimates its friends have made would indicate. And, in general, it is felt that if American shipowners can not compete with their foreign rivals without such aid American shipping is not worth bothering about.

To an absolutely impartial observer it looks as if both sides were about right in their presentations of facts, so far as their information goes, and that the whole question resolves itself into one of the actual value of a really adequate American merchant marine.

That, at the present time, we simply do not possess—despite the impressive statistics of our tonnage.

Considered as a part of our national system of transportation our shipping is inadequate. Far too great a proportion of our rail shipments of freight completes its journey to its ultimate destinations under foreign flags. Equally true is it that Americans, traveling abroad, are too often forced to travel on foreign ships. We lose revenue in this way, and we leave ourselves open to precisely the same sort of embarrassment and confusion as overtook us in 1914.

Yet it is difficult to believe that the last word has yet been said—that there is no way of making use of the ships we built in 1917-19. Undoubtedly much of our investment in them will have to be charged off to the profit and loss account of the war; the greater part of it, probably. But to sell these ships to enterprising private owners at some tiny fraction of their cost would not be to subsidize the purchasers—it would be, simply, taking an inevitable loss and writing it off.

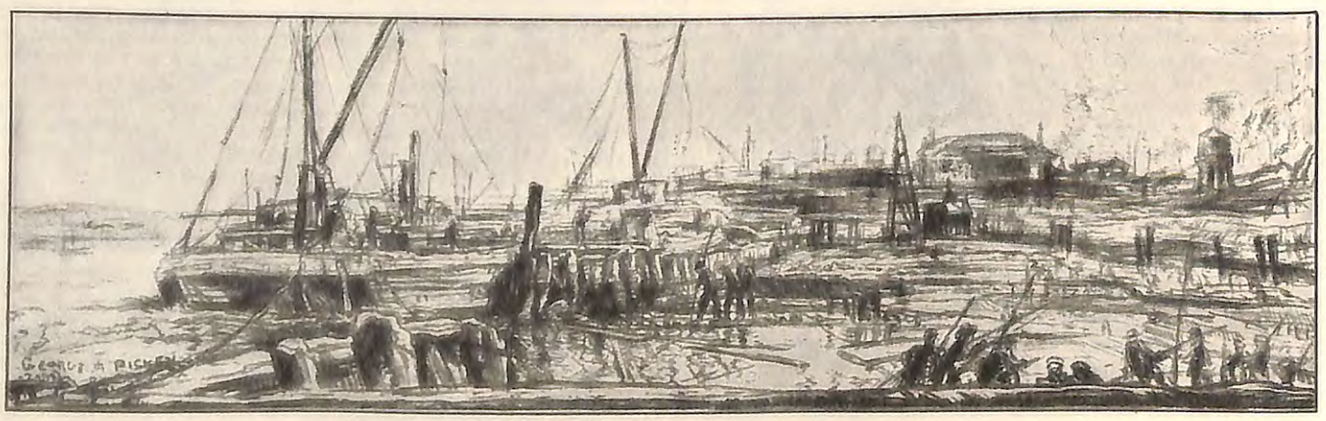
ALREADY certain signs are evident of a resolute and determined attempt by American shipowners to compete with foreign rivals. We are, and for some time we have been, cutting into British trade. We have more passenger liners at sea to-day than the most optimistic supporter of American shipping hoped ever to see—even so short a time ago as 1914.

American crews cost more than others—may they not be better? American costs are higher—but can not American efficiency offset that differential except by a subsidy—as it has done, often enough in other fields?

Behind, under, the opposition to shipping subsidies there lies a profound and traditional distrust of all bounties. They have been unpopular, always, in this country—always, that is, except when they have appeared as customs duties, and they have been increasingly unpopular, even then, in recent years.

It is no accident that this article has dealt, not with an existing situation, so much, as with arguments, debates, discussions concerning its revision. It is as difficult to write explicitly, and with any sort of authority, about American shipping to-day as it would be to describe, with finality, a football game at the beginning, say, of the second half, with the score tied and the ball in midfield.

The situation is one of flux. American shipping, industrially considered, considered even, save in its coastwise phase, in which it simply supplements, rather inadequately, our railways, is less than five years old. It is fighting for a subsidy it may or may not get. Upon its reaction, either to failure or success in that struggle, its future depends.



PHOTOGRAPH BY ABBE

Grace George
and
Robert Warwick

NOT in many seasons has Miss George appeared to better advantage than in her own translation of Paul Géraldy's "Aimer" This play sets the triangle plot to work again with not so much as a butler or a maid to divert suspicion from the wife and her lover. Aside from its sentimental ending, the play is interesting in that it shows what can be done with only three characters by an author able to put drama into dialogue. The men are admirably played by Norman Trevor and Robert Warwick

WHITE

True to our promise, we reproduce above a picture of Ethel Barrymore as she appears in the rôle of a peasant girl in "Rose Bernd," the Hauptmann tragedy with which she opened her season of repertoire. Following this play, probably in January, Miss Barrymore will be seen in "As You Like It," with McKay Morris as Orlando

ABBE

Ann Winslow in "The Last Warning," a most entertaining mystery play. The action takes place in an old theater supposed to be haunted by the ghost of its former manager, killed there five years before. "The Last Warning" is replete with thrills and surprising tricks

ABBE

Princess White Deer, with her Indian Dances, comes as a bright flash of movement in "The Yankee Princess," a Viennese operetta by Kalman, which, though better than average, is a trifle heavy and slow gaited for to-day

Helen Menken's performance in Austin Strong's latest play, "The Seventh Heaven," has been one of the genuine delights of the current season. The play itself concerns a French girl who waits all through the war for her lover

APEDA

Olga Steck and J. Harold Murray in an exceptionally melodious and amusing musical comedy, "The Springtime of Youth." Features are the singing of Miss Steck, Eleanor Griffith and George MacFarlane, the dry humor of Harry Kelly—of fish-hound fame—and really remarkable dancing by one Harry K. Morton

ABBE

Here is Jackie Coogan as he appears part of the time in his current picture, the film version of "Oliver Twist." If there is such a thing as agreeable impudence, it can be confidently asserted that Mister Coogan is master of its expression. With him in the film are Lon Chaney as Fagin and Gladys Brockwell as Nancy Sykes

ABBE

Carroll Dempster, who is starred in the new Griffith picture "One Exciting Night," written by Irene Sinclair. The story, as the title implies, consists in a series of thrills, and as in some stage plays the actors as well as the audience are kept in suspense

Lola Fisher, the wife in Clare Kummer's clever version of the French farce "Banco." This play as done in Paris must have made even the Boulevardiers turn pink, for its American edition is among the frankest things on this Autumn stage

ABBE

NICHOLAS MURAY

Billie Burke in "Rosebriar"

MISS BURKE'S new play, "Rosebriar," written specially for her by Booth Tarkington, gives her the opportunity to display her hitherto unknown talent for singing. Florence O'Denishawn, also in the cast, is given an opportunity to display her celebrated grace. And, in addition to singing and dancing, there is also acting—by Allan Dinehart, Miss Burke and others

The Centipede Was Happy—Quite

By Ben Ames Williams

Illustrated by Ray Rohn

IF THERE'S a man in your club who defies all rules of the honorable game with unorthodox drives, grotesque approaches, and piddling putts, and who still beats you badly—read this uproariously funny story and you'll know how to play the villain next time you meet

There must have been a rock hidden in the mud, for the club snapped like a match

THE CENTIPEDE'S original name was Jones, though we called him Bill to his face, and other things behind his back. This was before he came to be known as the Centipede. On the afternoon of the day the man won the Rockaway Cup from Lawrence, Pitkin announced in the billiard room that Jones was a pest and a scourge, and that he ought to be abolished.

Pitkin, who is a club celebrity because he once holed his drive on the first, is a peppery little man; and his language is always inclined to be extreme and violent. Nevertheless it did not seem to me that he overstated the case. Marshall, whose specialty is post-prandial oratory, was in the billiard-room at the time; and so was Bob Lawrence, younger brother of the man Jones had beaten in the finals that day. The elder Lawrence had won the cup in the two years preceding; and victory this year would have given him his third leg and permanent possession. Most of us had hoped he would win; and we resented the victory of Jones accordingly.

Jones himself had just driven away from the club-house in triumph when Pitkin touched off his pyrotechnics. He has a gift in that line; he should have been a mule-skinner. Marshall and Lawrence and I listened in admiring silence; and when Pitkin ran down, I asked Marshall:

"What do you think?"

Marshall, in his after-dinner voice, said amiably: "There has been so much said, and it has been so well said, by the speaker who just preceded me, that I will not further occupy your time." And he added: "I put him out of it last year, by some fluke; but you can't be as lucky as that all the time."

"Luck?" Pitkin snorted. "It's not luck to beat Jones. It's a cataclysm of misfortune not to. The unprincipled, unmitigated jackass has no license to win a hole. It ought not to be allowed; and in a decent club it wouldn't be."

I suggested that you could not very well rule a player out of a tournament because he refused to use our methods; and Pitkin exclaimed: "Bah! He's a corrupter of the young. There ought to be an open season on that man."

"It wouldn't be so damnably aggravating," Marshall commented mildly, "if he weren't so pig-headedly sure of himself."

Young Lawrence, who was a newcomer of the club, had been rolling the balls idly about the table. He looked up now, and started to speak. The boy is subject to a mild impediment which occasionally manifests itself. He said now: "Yuh-yuh-yuh-yuh-you all seem to have a grievance against Mister Jones. What's the matter with him?"

"Didn't you see the final round?" Marshall asked; and Lawrence nodded and answered:

"Why, yes. Nothing wrong with it. He kept his mouth shut and played the game, and Bert went to pieces. So naturally he won out."

"Won out!" Pitkin exploded. "Won out! Yes, but see how he did it."

Lawrence, who is just out of college and a beginner at the game, looked puzzled; and Marshall explained.

"Trouble is, Bob," he said, "this man Jones shoots uncommonly good golf; and yet he never made an orthodox stroke in his life. By all the traditions of the game, he ought to foozle his drives, murder his approaches, and take seventeen putts to a hole. But he doesn't; and the very sight of him doing as he does and getting away with it puts better men off their game."

"S-S-Sort of a freak, what?" Lawrence asked; and Pitkin banged his fist on the table.

"Freak's the word," he cried.

"P-P-Put him on exhibition. Charge ten cents a throw," Bob suggested cheerfully. "If he's such a monstrosity, I should think the club would be proud of him."

There may have been a measure of truth in this view of the matter. Jones was certainly unique; the only one of his kind. That being true, we might have been justified in a certain pride. We are a loyal little club, and loyally proud of everything else in sight. We're proud of our nine rather commonplace holes, proud of our rather good fairways, proud of the ditch hazard on the second and third; and we are proud of Lawrence, who is consistently under eighty; and proud of Pitkin's having once made the first in one; and proud of Thomes, who has driven the fifth green, which is a measured three hundred and five yards. But other clubs have better holes, better fairways, more arduous hazards, abler golfers; other clubs have everything we have, except Jones. There is no other Jones.

Yet it had never occurred to any one to be proud of him. That is to say, it had never occurred to any one but Jones, himself. The man made no secret of his overweening pride.

JONES was a man in middle life; that is to say, he was old enough so that he had made a success in business, but not yet old enough to retire. The world had always been his oyster. He had always done things his own way; people had always told him he was wrong; and he had always come out quite all right, thank you. This can happen to a man once or twice without ruining him for purposes of companionship; but when it becomes a habit, that man is soon lost to all sense of decency. It had become a habit with Jones. If an efficiency expert told him how to run his business, he did otherwise and increased his profits ten per cent. If his doctor advised him to cut down to one cigar a day, he smoked six and remained blatantly healthy. If old McOrson, our professional, mildly suggested that he develop a smoother and more sweeping drive, Jones mounted the tee, chopped viciously at the ball, and

drove two hundred and twenty yards. He did everything wrong—and came out all right; and there was in the club no tougher man to beat.

Now there is a measure of satisfaction in being beaten by a player who knows the right way to make every stroke, and makes it in that precise fashion. But there is no more maddening experience of and appertaining to the ancient game of golf than to be overwhelmed by unorthodox drives, grotesque approaches, and piddling putts unworthy of the honorable name. That was why we swore at Jones.

For he did beat us. He beat us all, even Lawrence, with a persistent regularity. Lawrence was inclined to nerves; and also, his own golfing form was a joy to look upon. It gave him acute anguish to see Jones hunch his shoulders, swing his club as though it were an axe, and drive two hundred yards on a line for the flag. And it broke his heart to see Jones wield a mashie as though it were a scythe, yet lay the ball dead to the hole. Jones had been born on a farm; and he was fond of explaining that to one accustomed to the use of such instruments as axe and scythe and hoe, golf-clubs were the simplest of toys. This explanation did not soothe Lawrence's nerves.

WE ENDURED the man. That is to say, we had endured him till this day, and might have continued so to do but for young Lawrence. Marshall and Pitkin and I explained some of Jones's particularly abhorrent faults to the youngster; and when we were done, Bob, still idling with the billiard balls, asked thoughtfully:

"L-l-likes his way of doing things, does he?"

Pitkin laughed harshly. "He's going to write a book about his methods. Gospel according to St. Jones. If I were in your brother's shoes, I'd shoot him."

Bob smiled and said: "I guess Bert'll bear up. He's lost matches before." He tried a three-cushion carom, missed, and racked his cue. "S-s-some one ought to put the bee on Mr. Jones," he suggested.

Marshall chuckled, and Pitkin swore, and I asked ironically: "Shall we appoint you a committee of one?"

Bob did not seem to be conscious of the irony. "Proud of his little ways, you say?" he asked again.

"Son," I told him, "I've known Jones for twenty years. For all that time, he has been coppering every bet and getting away with it. He thinks now that he's right about everything under the sun; that the rest of us are all wrong. He's like the rookie who told the sergeant every one else in the company was out of step. He . . ."

Lawrence interrupted. "Why, then," he announced cheerfully, "if you're sure of all that, I'll take you on."

None of us knew exactly what he meant. Pitkin snapped: "What are you talking about?"

"I'll show him up. Bust his game," said Bob.

Marshall shook his head paternally. "Don't bite off more than you can chew, young fellow," he advised. "Better men than you have tried that little stunt."

Bob asked casually: "Handicap comes next week, doesn't it?"

We nodded. That tournament has always been Jones's private affair. He is a twelve-handicap man; and even when a man beats the best the club can offer, at scratch, you can not reduce his handicap unless his medal score warrants it. So Jones had won this particular tournament for five years past, and every one knew he would win again this year, and was reconciled to the knowledge.

"W-w-well, then," Bob announced, "I'll lay a small bet he fails to qualify."

Naturally enough, we hooted at him; and we laughed at him. Any net score under eighty-five is ordinarily good enough in the qualifying round; and with his handicap, Jones was sure of being under eighty. So we laughed; and Bob watched us, grinning good-naturedly, till we were through. Then he asked:

"How about it?"

"We told him he wasn't serious; he told us he was. And at last Pitkin cried: "All right. If you will butt your young head against a stony wall. What odds do you want?"

Lawrence laughed. "Make it sporting," he suggested. "I'll lay evens. Fifty, if you like."

Pitkin snapped him up; and Marshall asked: "Is there any more of that pie? I'd be willing to pay fifty to see you do it; but you won't. And if you must throw your money away . . ."

"Why, this isn't a private party," Bob agreed. "Fifty apiece with the three of you. If you want it?"

We did. He made only one proviso. "This is under our hats, you understand. If Jones hears about it, all bets are off."

When the details were arranged, we asked him just what he meant to do. He grinned, lighted a cigarette. "Ever heard the little ditty about the Centipede and the Frog?" he inquired. We hadn't. "Then you'd better look it up," he told us.

That was all we could persuade him to say.

I have known Jones as long as any one in the club; and if he has a friend among us, I am the man. Bob must have found this out, because he telephoned me that night to ask if I could arrange a foursome for the next day that would bring him and Jones together. I said this would be easily managed; and it was. Marshall was the fourth man.

Jones, when we met at the first tee, was even more garrulous than usual. He spoke of the beauty of the afternoon, remarked that he was at the top of his game, asked if we were not yet convinced that in the matter of golfing form, he was the law and the prophets. . . . I broke in on him to say:

"You know Bob Lawrence, of course."

They had met; but Bob stuck out his hand, and Jones took it. The young fellow said: "I haven't had a chance to congratulate you, sir."

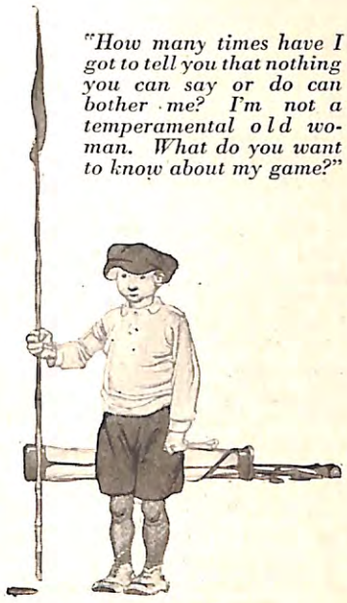
"Thank you, thank you," Jones told him briskly. "Sorry to do it to your brother. He'd set his heart on the Cup, I've no doubt. But he's one of these hidebound slaves to the conventional way of doing things. Can't seem to learn. . . . There's a cult in this Club, young man. The worship of Form!"

BOB looked at me, and laughed in a deprecating way, and suggested that he and Jones team up against Marshall and me. I played the boy's game, agreed, and we conceded the honor to Jones. As he teed up his ball, Bob said: "If you don't mind, sir, I'd like to ask you some questions now and then on this round. You see, I'm a beginner; and some tell me one thing, and some tell me another. I don't want to get started on the wrong t-t-tack."

"Ask as many as you like," Jones told him amiably. "I like to help out a youngster who admits his ignorance."

"Oh, I admit mine, all right," the boy said.

"That's right; that's right!" Jones approved. "Long as you know you know nothing, you're all right. Most of this Club is bound in ignorance and superstition worse than the heathen. Think they have to do this just so, and that just so, and as a——"



"How many times have I got to tell you that nothing you can say or do can bother me? I'm not a temperamental old woman. What do you want to know about my game?"

Now it is supposed to be necessary in golf to concentrate upon each shot with the greatest care. It is courtesy for those grouped around a tee to be silent while a player drives. Jones observes this convention, because he understands that to fail to do so would be the unpardonable sin; but he laughs at the custom, and makes his own strokes in a fashion that is casual and almost absent-minded. In this particular case, for instance, he was still talking to young Lawrence when he drove; and I will swear the man's eye was not even on the ball when he brought his club down in that abominable chop of his. Nevertheless, the ball as usual went sailing toward the flag, bounded along the fairway, and stopped within fifty years of the green. The drive was not remarkable for length; but it was aggravating to see him make any drive at all under those circumstances. By rights he should have missed the ball altogether; or at the best should have sliced or hooked it out of bounds.

But he didn't.

MARSHALL and I, during that round, were so interested in our attempts to overhear the talk between Lawrence and Jones that we fell badly off our game, and were beaten. But we heard Jones delivering his favorite lecture on the analogy between golf-clubs and farming tools; and as we climbed the hill to the club-house for a ginger-ale and grape-juice highball, Bob was saying earnestly:

"Y-Y-you're right, sir. I can see that. Some day I wish you'd show me every shot in your bag. I believe you can make a golfer out of me, sir."

"Of course I can," Jones assured him. "I can make a golfer out of any open-minded man. Shall we try a round to-morrow afternoon?"

I heard Bob accept the invitation; and I whispered to Marshall: "He's hooked, old man."

"It's a long way from hook to net," Marshall reminded me.

The two played together the next afternoon, and day by day thereafter; but it seemed to me that Jones's abominable shots were as hideously efficient as ever. On the eve of the Handicap, I cornered Bob and asked him: "Well, ready to give up?"

Bob laughed. "I haven't begun yet," he said.

"It's time," I warned him. "You win or lose to-morrow."

"I win to-morrow," he told me.

"You still think you've a chance?"

"We're playing the qualification round together," he said. "Huh-huh-he suggested it. Urged me to enter, and all that. S-S-says he's going to show me how to qualify."

"I don't see it, even now," I confessed; and Bob laughed and bade me consider the centipede and be wise.

Marshall and I were paired for that qualification round. When we started out, neither Bob nor Jones had appeared; but when we returned to the first tee to begin our second nine holes, they emerged together from the locker rooms, stood by while we drove, and prepared to follow us around the course. As we left the tee, I heard Jones giving the youngster a last word of advice; and when we had played our seconds to the green, we looked back to see Jones drive. The ball should have dropped somewhere near us; but it did not, and neither Marshall nor I was sure where it had gone till we saw Jones's caddy dive into a point of alders to the right of the tee; and I exclaimed:

"He's out of bounds!"

Marshall nodded; and I thought there was a gleam of dawning hope in his eyes as he holed out. We moved to the second tee; and as soon as we were off the green, Jones drove again. This time we saw his ball come bounding toward the flag and stop within ten feet of the cup; and Marshall groaned.

"You see," he said, as though he had won an argument. "It takes more than a sliced drive to bother Jones."

He proceeded to top his own drive miserably; so that we were within hearing when the two behind us came to the first green to hole out. Bob was saying: "Afraid I bothered you with my questions on that hole, sir."

Jones snorted. "Pshaw! All foolishness. No man ought to be bothered by a little conversation. Man that can't play the game and talk at the same time has no business playing at all. Ask as many as you like. I want to see you get started right, young man. You'll——"

We passed out of hearing; and I said to Marshall: "Bob's talking to him."

"That's been tried," he reminded me.

I nodded. "You can't put Jones off his game by conversation."

"The only way to break up that man's game is to hit him with a club," Marshall agreed. "I hope Bob does just that, too. You're away. . . ."

We were not again within hearing of the two, on that round. I saw them hunting a lost ball in the tall grass to the right of the sixth fairway, and took some comfort from that, but Marshall said: "It's probably Bob's ball." Marshall is inclined to pessimism. It seemed to me that Jones was prosecuting the search more ardently than if the lost ball had been Bob's. But I did not press the point at the time.

WHEN we had holed out and finished our round, I saw them on the eighth fairway; so we climbed the hill to the club-house and turned in our cards and had time for a drink before they started their second round. When they came up the hill, I saw that Jones was purple of countenance; and before they came within hearing, I knew by the movement of his lips that he was talking earnestly to his companion. Bob seemed to be giving sober consideration to what the other said; but when he caught my eye, he winked palpably. Marshall and I pretended not to see that anything was amiss; and when they stepped on the tee, I asked, pleasantly enough:

"How're you hitting them?"

"Damnably," said Jones. "One of those unaccountable days that come to every man."

"Why, you're all right to here, sir," said Bob. "You're only forty-eight."

"Forty-eight?" Jones barked. "Forty-eight? I haven't taken forty-eight for a round since 1917, young man."

"I'm afraid you're bothered, trying to help me. I appreciate it, though, sir."

Jones mellowed enough to smooth out the harsh tones in his voice, but his cheeks were still purple. "No trouble at all," he said. "No trouble at all."

I wanted to see what was to come, so I asked Jones if he objected to a gallery.

"Everyone's picking you to win this, of course," I reminded him. "I'm expecting you to turn in some marvelous golf, this time 'round. You have your upsets, but you're never over ninety. I'll bet you break forty, this time, old man."

He said: "Humph! I've got to do just that. Come along if you want to. At least I'm not temperamental enough to object to spectators. Your honor, Lawrence."

Bob stepped up on the tee; and Marshall whispered to me: "The gentleman is in a state of mind."

I nodded. "This," said I, "is going to be worth the price of admission."

He lifted a mass of mud from its place and flung it forward a yard or more

Lawrence drove, with the easy swing that came naturally to the boy; and I saw the ball strike the fairway and bound toward the flag. It seemed to me that it stopped on the very edge of the green; but Bob turned to the older man apologetically. "I'm sorry," he said. "I'm afraid I didn't get the right chop into that, sir. Will you show me again how you——"

"Watch me! Watch me!" Jones exclaimed irascibly, teeing his ball. "Now see. When you drive, you come back slow, and your left elbow is stiff. That is entirely wrong. You should come back sharply. Put more force into the movement. You——"

Even as he spoke, the man was about to drive, as his habit was. But young Lawrence asked diffidently: "Duh-duh-do you keep both your feet flat on the ground, sir?"

JONES, his club poised, hesitated, looked at Bob, looked at his feet. "Why, I don't know. Of course I do. No. Let me see. Well, you watch. I'll——"

He did drive, this time; but his mind was on his feet. This first hole is not a difficult one. The tee is set on the hillside; and for fifty yards below it there is a sharp descent, rough and stubbly, with a low stone wall at the bottom of the slope. Jones topped his drive. It bounced once in the rough, struck the stone wall, and bounded erratically to one side into a clump of alders outside the white posts that mark the boundary. His caddy darted after it; and Jones swore and teed another ball.

"Yuh-you lifted your right foot a little, I think," Bob told him innocently.

Jones shook his head; and his voice was stubborn as he retorted: "No, no, I didn't. I was watching particularly. I do lift the left heel, however."

Bob seemed uncertain. "I—no doubt you're right, sir. I thought the right heel lifted, on the back swing. It may have been the left. I was f-f-facing you; that would make your right my left, and your——"

Jones drove again, this time not badly. The ball had a little slice, and swung into the rough at the right of the fairway. He plunged off the tee and down the path. Bob, just behind him, was saying. "It did seem to me to be your left heel, that time—" I gripped Marshall by the arm as we followed them.

The man's ball lay in stiff stubble, on sun-baked ground that was hard as rock. We stopped a few yards behind them; and Bob, who had come over to help locate the ball, said cheerfully: "Can you show me that brassie stroke on this one, sir? Instead of the mashie. Most people would use the mashie, wouldn't they?"

"Blindly, yes. By rule," Jones told him. "And the stubble would deflect it and ruin the stroke. The brassie is heavy; you can smash it through the stubble. Whole thing's a mere matter of eyesight. You top the ball, and it bounces clear. Useful shot on hard ground. Thus——"

I had seen Jones make that abominable shot so many times that I winced in spite of myself. Bob asked innocently:

"Yuh-yuh-you hit it with the lower edge of the club, just above the middle of the ball?"

"Naturally," Jones told him. "So——"

He swung; and from force of habit Jones and I looked toward the green, expecting to see the ball bounding in that direction. But Jones swore aloud; and Bob said:

"Whuh-whuh-whuh-why, you missed it!"

It seemed to me that the young fellow's

"Whuh—whuh—whuh—why, you missed it!" "Dumb-bell, don't you suppose I know I did?"

stammer was more pronounced than usual. His panting effort to begin each sentence sounded curiously like the beat of a pigeon's wing in the air over our heads. I think it was beginning to prey upon Jones; for he was decidedly impatient as he answered:

"Damn it, don't you suppose I know I did?"

Bob stepped back humbly; and Jones swung again. This time he drove the ball a few yards forward through the stubble. He followed it up in grim silence. The green was by this time no more than fifty yards away; but I think Jones had forgotten the green and remembered only his desire to slay that ball. He swung with all his might; and as luck would have it the club struck with a fair, clean click; and the ball rose like an arrow, climbed and climbed. . . . We saw it across the green, still rising; we watched it cross the fourth fairway, beyond; watched it pass the further boundary of the course, and saw it descend at last among the trees in the woodland beyond.

I expected an explosion from Jones; I was sure it would come when Bob whistled, and admiringly exclaimed: "S-s-say, that was a beautiful brassie, wasn't it, sir?"

Jones looked at him in a way fit to freeze alcohol; but he only said, to his caddie: "Ball!"

This time he got out, reached the edge of the green. Bob was away; and he laid his ball dead for a three. Jones ripped his putter out of the caddie's hand; but before he could use it, Bob started to speak, his breath whipping the air with that maddening wing-like sound.

"Wuh-wuh-wuh-would you mind telling me, sir, how—" he began, then caught himself and looked apologetic. Jones turned on him.

"What's that? What's the matter? Damn it, say it, man."

"I'm afraid I'm bothering you, sir," Bob protested.

Jones banged his putter on the green impatiently.

"How many times have I got to tell you that nothing you can say or do can bother me. I'm not a temperamental old woman. What do you want to know?"

"Wuh-wuh-wuh!" said Bob, his throat working convulsively. "Well, I don't see how you get that underspin on the ball with a flat club. I——"

"You hit downward, downward," Jones told him. "That is, you slice toward you a little. Or rather— Well, like this."

IT WAS not a good demonstration. The ball angled across the green, missed the hole by a yard, and rolled ten yards beyond. Jones went after it in grim silence; and no one ventured to speak until he eventually holed the ball. Bob dropped his three. They moved on to the tee, each busy with his card, and on the tee Bob asked:

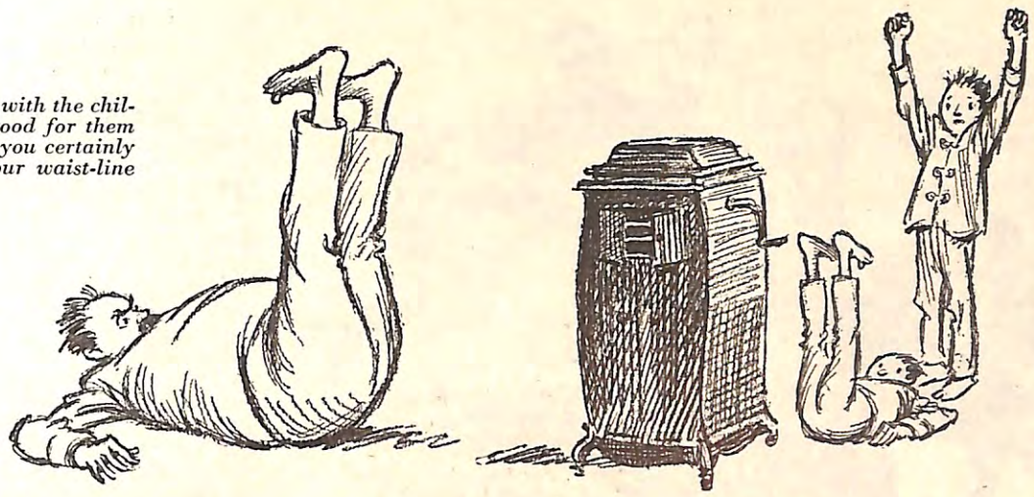
"Whuh-whuh-what was yours, sir?"

Jones did not turn his head. "Ten," he said. Marshall caught Bob's eye and gravely shook hands with himself. The hole was par three, an easy four.

Our second hole is one that may easily give a man a great deal of trouble. It is two hundred and ninety yards; and it is an elbow hole. On the left of the fairway lies the ditch of which we are so proud. It is anywhere from six to fifteen feet deep; one side of it is steep; and the bottom is carpeted with flags and rushes which are cut short, and holds many little puddles of water. A ball straight toward the green must carry two hundred and fifty yards or find this ditch; there it is customary to bear to the right from the tee, then swing in with the approach.

Bob's drive carried the direction flag, a hundred and fifty yards, and took an irregular bounce which headed it straight for the green. It rolled and rolled as though it would never stop, and must have been well over two hundred yards from the tee when it came to rest. There is something about following such a drive as that which leads

(*Continued on page 62*)



Snap into it with the children. It's good for them and besides you certainly owe it to your waist-line

Doing It to Music

By Theodore Waters

Sketches by Paul Reilly

I HEARD it distinctly, just as I used to hear it back in the old days of the training-camp when the bugler, getting facetious, gave us a few irritating bars of it after reveille.

"Oh, how I hate to get up
in the morning.
Oh, how I like to remain in bed."

And how we did hate it, particularly on rainy mornings. Yet, though half asleep, I knew I was no longer in camp, but in my comfortable bed at home. But this tune, here, now. How come? I raised on my elbow and looked around. I was in my room all right and She-who-findeth-out-all-things was leaning over the foot of my bed and smiling sweetly and there too were my children, four assorted sizes, still in their pajamas and grinning at my bewilderment.

"Who killed Cock Robin?" I asked, looking around for the alarm clock, while the boys industriously pulled the covers off the bed.

"Oh, he's not dead," exclaimed their mother. "But we've harnessed him to the phonograph . . . new contrivance. Instead of ringing the welkin at 7:30 he starts the machine going. Hereafter his morning call will be translated into song. But please hurry, dear. We're waiting for you to lead our morning musical exercises."

"Ye gods, have we got that too?"

The youngsters had the bedclothes far across the room by this time or I would have covered up my head. They trooped into the next room and almost immediately I heard a voice, a man's very positive voice emanating therefrom, which said:

"Exercise Number One. The Grind! Stretch the arms straight out sideward from the shoulders. Turn your palms upward and force the shoulders back. Now make twelve-inch circles with your arms, circling from the shoulders and keeping the elbows stiff. Arms outward! Palms up! Circle forward! Ready? Be—gin!"

There was a fanfare as of trumpets and Sousa's *Stars and Stripes* blared forth accompanied by an insistant counting:

"One!— Two!!— Three!!!— Four!!! One! Two! Three! Four!——"

I bounded into the other room. She-who-findeth-out-all-things and the four children stood in line before a phonograph, arms outstretched and waving in circles. Every face a-grin, every muscle moving in unison with the music.

"Da-da-da! Da-da-da! Da-da-da! One! Two! Three! Four!!!!!"

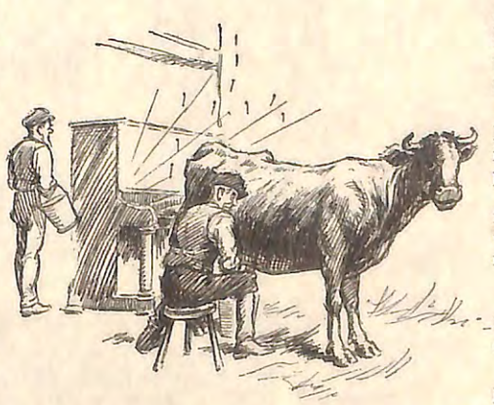
"Well, of all the silly——!"

"Now Father—!" cried She, with an admonitory frown. "Obey your master's voice. Snap into it with the children. It's good for them and besides you owe it to your waist-line."

Owe it to my waist-line. Bosh! Oh, well. There's no fool like an old fool, I suppose, and if it was going to benefit the children, why—and suddenly I found myself in line with the rest, just as big a kid as any of them, arms out, waving in circles, breath coming and going, and—and—*marching*, in fancy, with the village band just as I used to do in the olden golden days when the highest distinction in life seemed bound up in the baton of a gorgeous drum-major.

Naturally we went through the prescribed course of exercises. We rocked back and forth to the waltz of the *Merry Widow*. We inhaled and exhaled to Rubinstein's *Melody in F*. We rotated our shoulders to Dvorak's *Humoresque*. We rolled our heads and strengthened our neck muscles to the *Tales of Hoffman* and we "crouched" to that seductive melody which they play in Italian restaurants— I've forgotten its name, but when they sing it, it sounds as though they were saying "Chilly B-V-D d-d-d" long drawn out. I took part only on the theory that I would try anything once, but as we went through with it and I got warmed up as it were, and saw how much enjoyment the children were getting out of it, why, I realized that it was not for me to discourage what evidently was built on a sound physical and psychological foundation. Besides, there was something about the system that got you. Once that music started, you just couldn't let up till it finished, if you wanted to. I figured that the man who would stop going through the motions before the record ran out would just naturally be the kind who would cheat at solitaire.

It was all very wonderful, but it has changed my aspect toward the world of music. Never again will I be able to go to a concert and sit placidly through a rendition of those exercise melodies. I am sure I will not be able to resist the temptation to roll my head, or rock my shoulders or kick my legs in the air in time with each tune. And remembering how many other people are now doing it to music, I'll know just how the others present will be feeling also. If any one should dare to get up and count, One! Two! Three! Four! the crowd will turn that hall into a gymnasium in a minute.



Under the spell of music from an electric piano-player installed in the barn the cows gave more milk

AFTER breakfast I heard the phonograph going somewhere in the house. My wife nodded understandingly, and explained:

"It's in the pantry—for Nora, you know. I find that she does her dishwashing and sweeping much more quickly under the inspiration of lively music than without. Really it's true and besides it tends to keep her contented. Several of my friends have tried it successfully. It's a new theory."

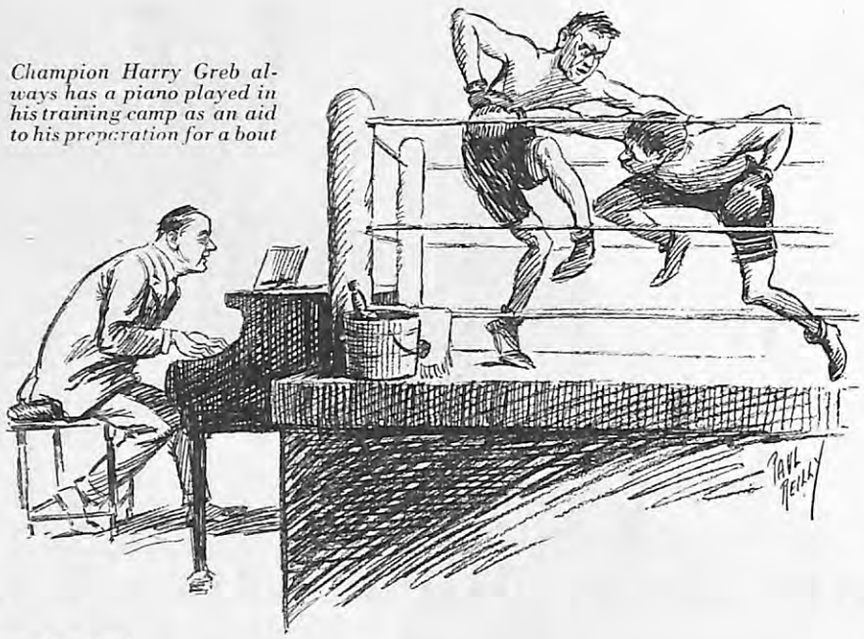
"It's as old as Pepys," I replied. "Don't you remember the trouble he got into through teaching his servant girl, Mercer, to sing? Here is his Diary. Listen how they did it in 1600:

"'And after supper, falling to singing with Mercer, did, however, sit up with her, she pleasing me with her singing of *Helpe, Helpe,* till past midnight.

"'Coming in I find my wife plainly dissatisfied with me, that, I can spend so much time with Mercer, teaching her to sing, and could never take the pains with *her*.'"

Beyond remarking that Pepys certainly needed a phonograph, my own wife did not enthuse over this anecdote.

"It's not a joke, this solving the servant problem with music," she insisted. "One of my friends advertised for a maid stating that she would supply a small phonograph for kitchen use and would also supply four new records a month. That was over a year



Champion Harry Greb always has a piano played in his training camp as an aid to his preparation for a bout

ago and she's had the maid ever since. Music works with the children, too. The other day I went out shopping and I took little Billy along. I suppose I walked the child too much, for presently he sat down on the curbstone and refused to move. "No more go in Billy's legs," was all I could get out of him. And there he sat. I couldn't carry him. I didn't know what to do. Just then a band of music came along and Billy's tired feeling left him immediately. He got up and marched with the band and I had no trouble at all in getting him to a street car."

OF COURSE that is an old principle, as I took occasion to remark. I remember my father telling me that once during the Civil War when the army had been on the march for days, the men were tired out and it was hard to keep them from dropping at the side of the road. Presently an officer had a bright thought. He hunted through some of the sutlers' wagons and found an old drum. They hadn't heard a drum-beat for months, but at the first tap almost, those men who had been ready to drop with fatigue braced up and actually marched for miles further. Still there is something uncanny in a drum-beat anyhow. It seems to affect the blood. In Hayti they use it to stir up the natives to unheard-of lengths of exertion and frenzy. In Africa they use it to transmit messages over long distances, and it is almost a language in the South Sea Islands.

But it is not necessary to go so far from home. If the reader will take the trouble to notice as he goes through the average day he will find that nearly every one of his contacts with life is emphasized in one way or another with music. Take the case of the school child first. The best thought in child instruction favors a musical setting as an aid to mind development. Even for the nursery they advocate a xylophone with padded hammers, horns, drums, anything to develop the sense of rhythm. In the kindergarten, little stories are being illustrated by piano accompaniments. There is the story of the three bears—the growling of the big bear is emphasized by the rumbling of the bass notes, the squealing of the little bear by the high treble. And in school, the children pass days of what might be called rhythmic instruction. And it is a fine thing, too. Classical poetry set to music is much easier to remember than dry recitations, particularly in the case of backward children.

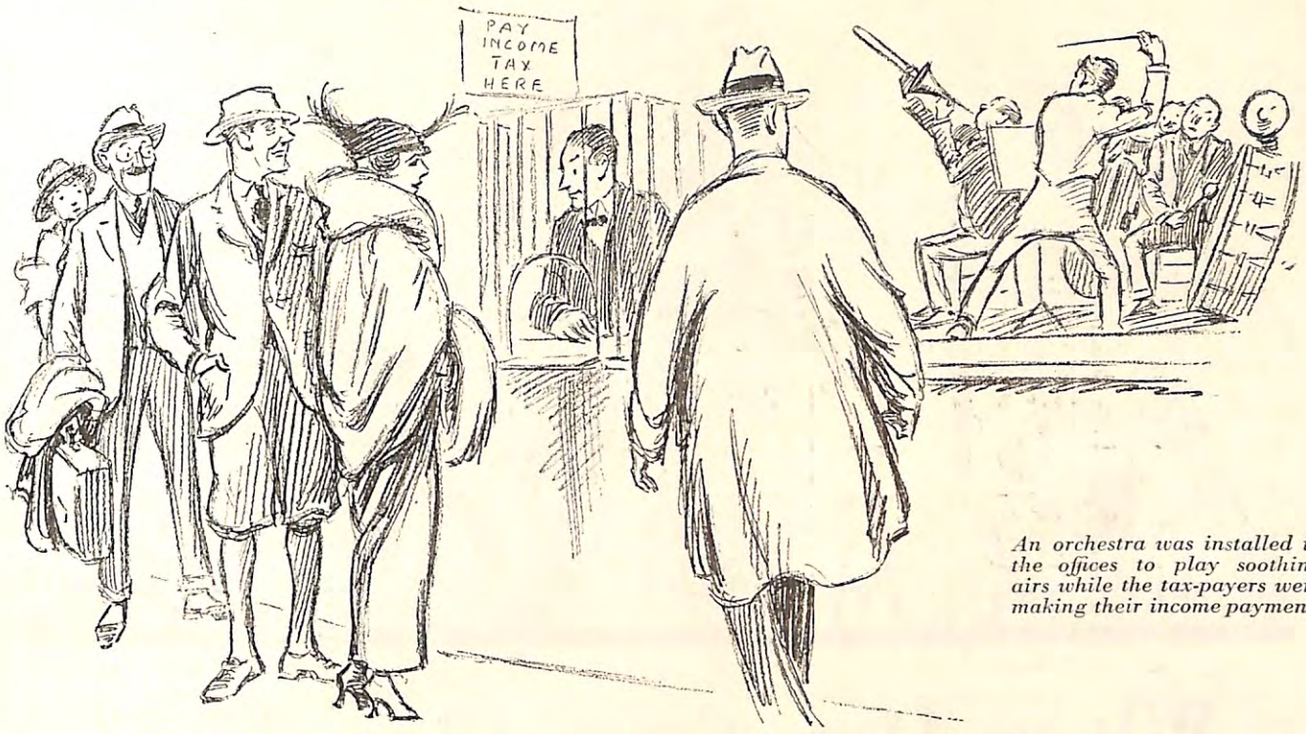
Then consider the lure of music in attracting women to shops. I know of one woman's hat shop where the phonograph is used to promote that receptive frame of mind which is so helpful in the making of high-priced sales. The place has all the attributes of a temple of high art. One just can not help becoming *en rapport* with its seductive atmosphere. It is a place where managing wives bring tight-wad husbands when they want to put over some especially high-priced purchase. Being in that hat shop is like being in some smart drawing-room. Beautiful furnishings, well-gowned ladies, hushed atmosphere through which soft music plays coaxingly and a refined hostess in the person of the manager who works unobtrusively but subtly in the interest of the sale. What chance has a mere man, poor thing, once inside? Cold words of refusal would be utterly impossible in that place.

THE system is worked in the beauty parlors, too. Many men can not understand why their wives are willing to let themselves be separated from so many of their hard-earned dollars for what they look upon as a mere face rub. But that is the smallest part of it. They forget the actual bodily pleasure of having one's self "done up," the intellectual stimulus of a lecture setting forth the possibilities of one's personal beauty, delivered by a clever operator, and, most important of all, the music that does so much to put one in harmony with the whole subtile process. It is not all just a game to attract customers. In the majority of cases, wrinkles and poor complexions come from jaded nerves, restlessness, hustle and hurry, and nerve specialists contend that nothing so much as music will serve to put a tired person in an amiable frame of mind; that it will relax the muscles of a woman's face as hours of massaging can never hope to do.

Consider also the high-class concerts which the department stores give free. They not only promote trade but they are highly educational. What the John Wanamaker and the Marshall Field stores began years ago in the way of musical uplift is being imitated, and properly so, by lesser institutions all over the country. Wanamaker started it by initiating the day's work with a session of song on the part of all his employees, accompanied by the great organ in his Philadelphia store, and *before* the doors were opened to the public.

Marshall Field did the same, and it was found that the practise did more to foster the get-together spirit of good-will than almost any other agency that had been tried. It did wonders to dispel the little grouches with which so many employees otherwise might have started the day and thus it made for efficiency. Since then the Marshall Field general chorus has become noted and the free concerts given by the Wanamaker organizations (there are several choruses) are famous. Alexander Russell, organist of the New York store, is the head of a large department of music which has nothing to do with the sale of musical instruments. In fact there is primarily nothing commercial about it. It is the culmination of an effort to bring music into touch with the daily lives of the people. It is a sort of clearing house where anybody may go and hear good music rendered by artists of the highest class. Some of the best known artists of the day got their first large public hearing through the department stores and were paid for getting it. Anna Case, of the Metropolitan Opera House, got her first hearing at the Wanamaker store. So

Lively music in the kitchen tends to keep Nora happy, contented, and efficient



An orchestra was installed in the offices to play soothing airs while the tax-payers were making their income payments

did Forrest Lamont and Mary Mellish. The career of Leo Arnstein was so well promoted by his appearances in the same institution that he was able to finance his musical education abroad.

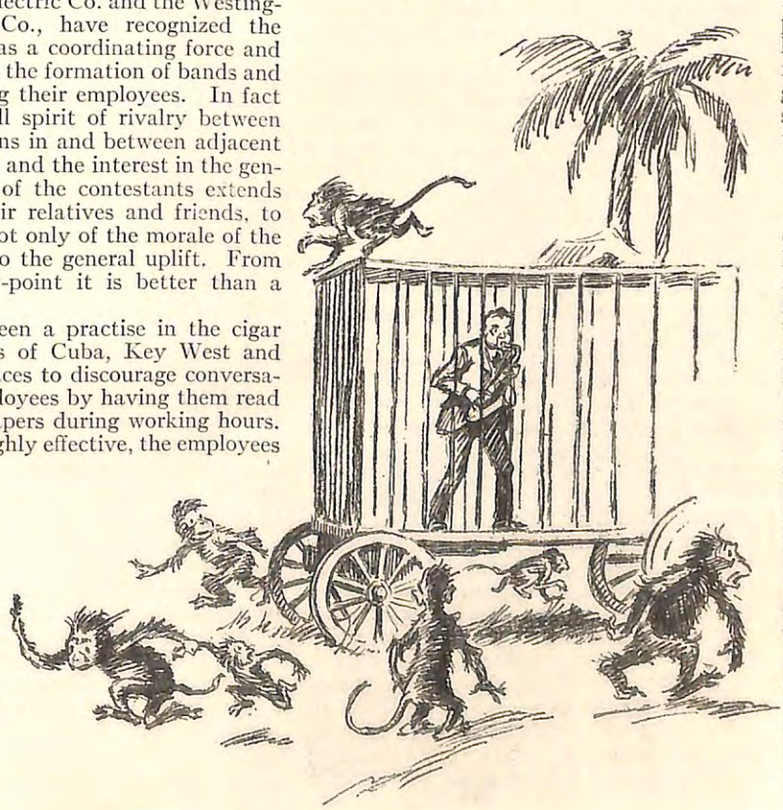
The effect on the general public is marked. Music in the department store creates an audience for other institutions of more advanced musical knowledge and thus it promotes the general cause. The public is admitted free to the concerts, but so are the employees of the stores, and the effect is helpful all around. Also it is a spreading practise, for as intimated above it is being taken up by department stores in most of the large and many of the small cities of the country.

Other large commercial institutions, such as the General Electric Co. and the Westinghouse Electric Co., have recognized the power of music as a coordinating force and have encouraged the formation of bands and orchestras among their employees. In fact there is no small spirit of rivalry between such organizations in and between adjacent towns and cities, and the interest in the general proficiency of the contestants extends naturally to their relatives and friends, to the advantage not only of the morale of the employees but to the general uplift. From the family view-point it is better than a baseball team.

It has long been a practise in the cigar making factories of Cuba, Key West and other similar places to discourage conversation among employees by having them read to from daily papers during working hours. It has proved highly effective, the employees working in absolute silence. On the same principle the phonograph is being used in this country to speed up the work of employees in various manufacturing establishments. We find it in use in many concerns, except where the noise of machinery would make the practise impossible. People seem to work faster under the inspiration of comparatively fast music. Obviously the high quality of the music is but little considered. Jazz is as effective as classical compositions, if not more so.

The principle is well illustrated by the procedure adopted in the Hyde Park School, Chicago, where the pupils are taught to acquire speed in typewriting by means of the phonograph. The Supervisor of Education got his idea from having observed the briskness with which the negroes in a Southern cigar factory worked when certain songs were sung to them. So he installed phonographs in the typewriting school. The pupils unconsciously endeavored to keep time with the music, the speed of which was gradually increased as the course proceeded.

It was recently announced that the members of the New York Towboat Exchange had decided to install radio telephones on their craft. Two tugboats have been equipped with the new invention for relieving monotony at sea, so that instead of having to listen to the cook singing "Sweet Rosie O'Grady" or the chug-chug-chug of the engine all day long, the crews will be entertained by the ting-aling-aling of an orchestra. The Tice Towing Line first tried the radio telephone on its tug *Nautic*. Amplifiers are located in the wheelhouse and in the engine-room, so that both the deck-hands and the gang below can enjoy music, stories or sermons, at the same time, without leaving their jobs.

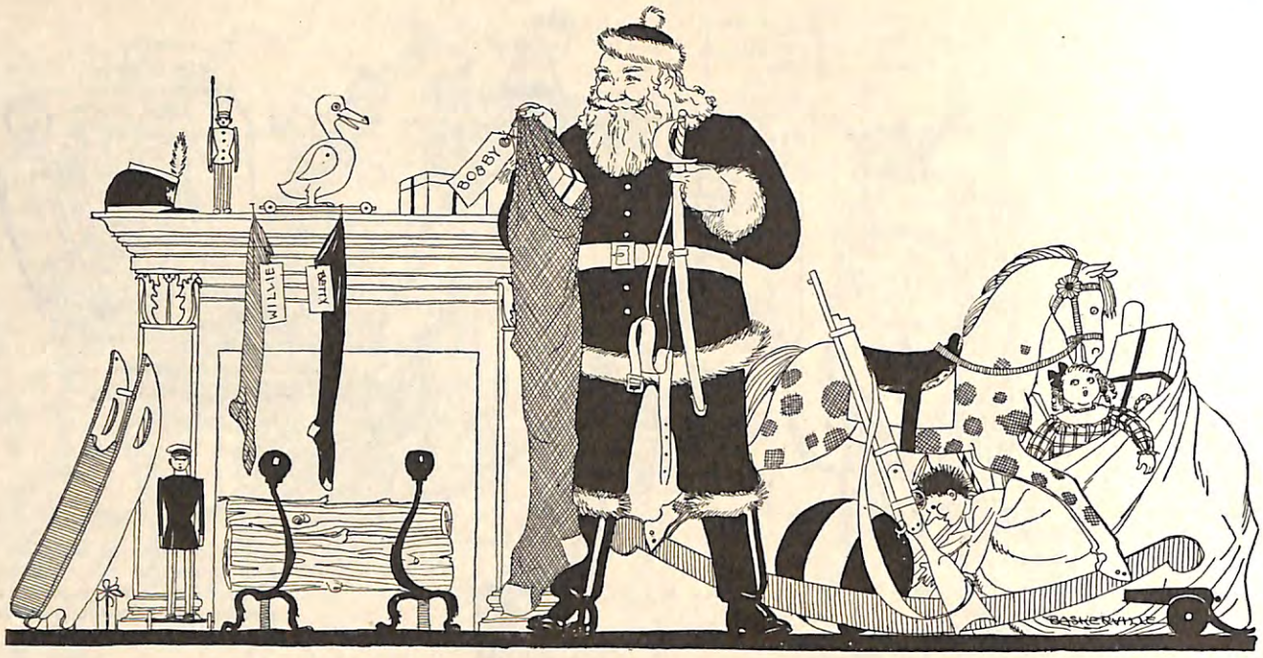


Monkeys go half crazy with rage and apprehension when forced to listen to saxophone music

IT IS not uncommon nowadays to encounter farmers on the road, whistling classical pieces such as Dvorak's *Humoresque*. In fact Senator Capper of Kansas is quoted as saying that the phonograph is a potent means for keeping the boys on the farm. The *Prairie Farmer* has stated that on one farm the threshers are entertained during the luncheon hour by strains from a phonograph "set up in the shade of a tree on the bank of a brook which runs through the field." And a correspondent wrote the paper that a selection from the John McCormack repertoire played while the threshers are at dinner "helps them to forget the hard work they have accomplished during the first part of the day."

Not only the men but the animals of the farm are being persuaded to do it to music. Instance the account of a dairy farmer, one J. G. Sterchi of Tennessee, who has installed an electric piano player in his barn because he claims that tests show that cows milked under the spell of the music have given from a pint to a quart more milk than when the piano was silent. It would have been

(*Continued on page 63*)



Where Does Santa Claus Live?

By William C. Robertson

I CHANCED upon two little tikes engaged in a rather heated dispute which had reached the point where an appeal to a higher court was necessary to settle the question at issue.

"Mister," spoke up a rather shabbily dressed boy of five or six, the son of a laundress, who was debating the subject with a lad about his own age, "do you know much about Sandy Claws?" I admitted a certain knowledge of the jolly old saint, and asked for a more specific question.

"Well, he," the urchin went on, pointing at his companion, "says Sandy Claws lives at the North Pole where it's awful icy and cold, and there's nothin' but walerushes and whales and things. Did you ever hear the like?" and he took on an expression of great superiority.

"Well," I replied, "I have heard reports to that effect myself. Where do you think old Santa resides?"

"I don't *think*," was the confident rejoinder; "*I know*. He lives at the Elks Club. The ones you see around the stores and on the corners shakin' a little bell is the bunk. Sandy Claws wouldn't live nowhere else but the Elks Club. My maw wrote him a letter there once and asked him to bring us some things, and he got the letter all right, because last Christmas we found a basket with chicken and celery and toys and apples and oranges and candy and a doll and a pitcher book and some stockings and shoes and a flag right on our back step. I guess I know where Sandy lives!" The second party to the discussion was visibly dismayed by the argument, but he stoutly pleaded his cause.

"My Daddy says Santy Claus lives at the North Pole, and so does my mamma. Daddy is an Elk, too, and mother says he spends half of his time down at the Elks Club. If Santy Claus lives there, he'd see him wouldn't he?"

It was an embarrassing moment for the inquiree, but I managed, I hope, to settle the argument with the statement that while there might be some doubt about whether old Saint Nick was permanently domiciled at the Elks Club, there could be no doubt but what he belonged to the Elks. In addition, I explained, every Elk is a sort of official delivery man for Santa Claus on Christmas Eve, having assumed that duty years ago when it became evident that the great increase in good little boys and girls who deserved the annual visit from St. Nick, was overtaxing the energies of Dunder and Blitzen and the other famous reindeers as well as the jolly driver himself.

Hundreds of thousands of children throughout the United States and its possessions receive their only touch of Christmas cheer from the Elks.

Already more than 1,400 lodges, representing nearly a million members, are formulating their plans to assist Santa Claus this year. It is estimated that an average of at least 500 children will be remembered in a very substantial way by each lodge, while baskets filled with good things for the table will go into half as many poor homes in each of the cities. This assures that almost two million people, children and grown-ups, will owe to the Elks the fact that our most joyous holiday is different from the other 364 rather bleak days that go to make up a milestone in their lives.

Figures from only a small percentage of the lodges are available, but those at hand show that last year 136 lodges sent out 31,500 Christmas baskets. One lodge clothed 600 families, another fed and clothed 100 families, a third gave away 400 pairs of shoes, a fourth expended $7,000 in cash for clothing for deserving poor. One of the largest lodges provided Christmas toys, candy, clothing and food for 10,000 people. The smaller lodges did their work in proportion to their means and to the number of poor people in their communities. The Christmas charities this year are expected to break all records, reports at hand indicating that a more generous response is being given to requests for assistance in this work than ever before.

IT WILL doubtless be of great assistance to lodges who are eager to enlarge and organize these Christmas activities to give here briefly the methods by which a typical lodge may successfully play the rôle of Santa Claus. The data set down is not theoretical. It has been tried and found practical. Of course it may be necessary to vary or modify the procedure somewhat, depending on the size and situation of the lodge.

The following steps in the Christmas relief work are, I should say, the most important to be considered: when to begin, how to locate the needy families, how to collect the money, where to spend the money most thriftily, what to buy, and how to distribute it.

The time to begin is perhaps as soon as possible after Thanksgiving turkey has been digested, that is about the first of December. An earlier start might be confused in the public mind with welfare work for the November holiday; a later start would give the lodge rather scanty time.

As the lodge will naturally wish to give a lift only to those who are most in need of it, some way of determining these in advance is advisable. Perhaps the most satisfactory means are, first, by an appeal through the newspapers for a submission of names of families in distress; and secondly, an inquiry for the same information from local charity organizations and the police. All the names thus gathered can be entered in a card index as they come in. A week before Christmas as many members as are necessary can be delegated to investigate the worthiness of the cases filed.

The appeal through the press for names of persons in want should offer no obstacles. More than likely Elks are represented on the staffs of the local press; even if there are no newspaper men among the lodge members, the merit of the cause will win it space. A special effort should be made to insure a big, first news story, at least two-thirds of a column, with a two-column or three-column headline.

Here is a condensed sample of good publicity, taken from the Zanesville (Ohio) Lodge notice of last year:

> "The B. P. O. Elks will again be Santa to Zanesville's poor this year. . . .
>
> "The Elks will follow this year the same course that has proved so successful in their former distribution of Christmas cheer. The families they aid will be supplied with a Christmas dinner, clothing, and toys for the little tots. Each basket delivered will contain a full day's rations for the family, together with whatever else may be needed to make the holiday complete. . . .
>
> "The 'Elks Santa' is anxious to know the names and addresses of worthy families who will need a visit from Santa to make their Christmas a merry one. Those familiar with conditions in these homes are asked to address 'Santa,' care of the Elks' home, South Fourth Street."

These are merely the most salient paragraphs. Note that they make the two points of announcing the relief plan and asking for public cooperation.

For the Lodge to know where it stands so far as funds are concerned it must, coincidentally with the appearance of the newspaper announcement of Christmas relief, have as many Christmas receipts printed as there are members. They may be about the size of a large bank check, printed in red and green, emblematic of the season. The matter should read something like this:

"This is to certify that ——, a member in good standing of Lodge —— No. —— B. P. O. Elks, has this day subscribed to the Elks' Christmas Basket Fund $——, and this is a receipt for same. This Elk, his family and friends will be welcomed at the Elks' Home on —— Street Christmas Eve, December 24, to witness the filled baskets and good cheer which will go forth Christmas morning from Big Brother Elks to needy waifs and deserving orphans. ——, Committeeman." A stub to be retained by the voluntary collector can be attached at the left.

A Lodge of, say, five hundred members can make out these receipts before beginning the drive for subscriptions, writing in the name of each member in the space allowed. The five hundred receipts can be divided into twenty-five batches of twenty each, and the member whose name appears on top of each batch of twenty can be given the task of soliciting funds from those designated, including himself.

Progress of the collection can be tabulated upon a bulletin board at the Elks' home. The names of the subcommittee chairmen, as those who undertake the securing of the subscriptions may be designated, can be listed with their collections, day by day. This should serve to keep up the enthusiasm and rivalry of the competing groups.

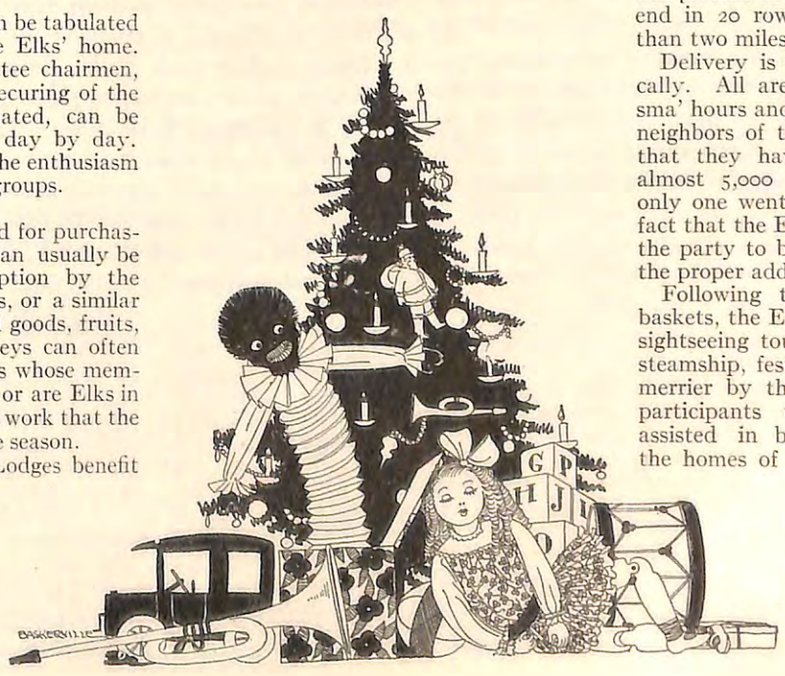
THOUGH the money needed for purchasing the Christmas gifts can usually be raised by voluntary subscription by the members of the Lodges in this, or a similar way, clothing, candies, canned goods, fruits, nuts, toys, chickens and turkeys can often be had as donations from firms whose members either belong to the Elks or are Elks in spirit and appreciate the good work that the Order does during the Yuletide season.

In the experience of most Lodges benefit performances are seldom necessary for this purpose. Four years ago, in one of the larger cities, the Elks had raised all of the money deemed necessary to carry out their Christmas plans. It was reported at Lodge one night shortly before Christmas that a fund being gotten together by another worthy organization to provide Christmas cheer for unfortunates that were not on the Elks' program, was not being received with the proper enthusiasm.

"Why can't we help them out?" the Exalted Ruler asked. There was a chorus of approval from all over the hall. One of those watchdogs of the treasury at times so disconcerting to the enthusiastic, but nevertheless quite necessary to the success of any organization, took the floor and pointed to the fact that there would be nothing left over when their own party had been given, and it would not be wise or even possible to mail out requests for additional donations by the members. "I'm for this proposition and I'd like to help, but we haven't got the money and that's all there is to it," he concluded.

"Well, let's give a circus," was the suggestion of the Exalted Ruler. And give a circus they did within three days. They secured permission of the city to rope off two blocks in the biggest down-town street and divert street-car traffic for two hours. The newspapers furnished splendid publicity. Some of the biggest financiers and professional men of the city consented to act as clowns, and very good ones they made too. A Roman chariot race was staged. Acrobats, tumblers and trapeze performers without number from the various gymnasiums donated their services. Various prominent men were advertised to do thrilling stunts. The leading publisher was surprised to read in his own paper the morning before the circus that he was going to mount one of the tallest buildings in the city and, holding a thong in his teeth, slide from the top of one of the skyscrapers. Only two things went wrong—the weather and the slide for life. A drizzling rain set in two hours before the stunts were scheduled to start. But so thoroughly had the affair been advertised that spectators came in large numbers despite the dampness. A staid jurist who had spent almost three decades on the bench appeared as an Italian organ-grinder while a prominent merchant, garbed in a grotesque costume to represent a monkey, cavorted about to the tune of a hurdy-gurdy, collecting nickels from the crowd.

The slide for life having been advertised as the thriller of the occasion, the dangers involved by the prominent performer were megaphoned in a most extravagant style to the gasping crowd below. "The journalist with the iron teeth" started down the incline and was just over the edge of the skyscraper when the pulley went awry with the result that a dummy fashioned to represent the distinguished daredevil hung suspended over the crowd until the entire circus was over and the cable could be removed.



NO ADMISSION was charged. Spectators were told if they enjoyed the show to contribute what they thought it was worth to the Christmas fund. How well the performance was received was testified to by the fact that the receipts were $10,500, which amount in all probability would have been doubled but for the rain.

As Lodges already know, the women and children have almost as prominent rôles in the preparation for the Christmas celebrations as the Elks themselves. Many have the system of filling the baskets for Thanksgiving or Christmas distribution down to a point of absolute science, work and pleasure being so well blended that the event is looked forward to with great anticipation for a long time.

The system in vogue in New Orleans Lodge is one that has been adopted in many other cities and well might it be used generally. The largest building available, usually a dock shed, is secured. The various foodstuffs to be given away, chickens, turkeys, meats, toys, candy, fruit, nuts, butter, bread, celery, etc., being heaped, each by itself, in huge piles arranged elliptically. From two to five men are stationed at each pile. Then the other Elks and their wives and the Elklets each grasp a basket, the band strikes up a familiar tune which the workers join in singing and an endless chain of marchers starts about the building. As they parade past, a fowl, or a bag of candy, or a doll, as the case may be, is put in at each of the stations and on the top is placed a little American flag, the thing to signify the source from which the basket came.

By the time marchers have arrived at the place whence they started, the basket is filled with everything that goes to make up a fine Christmas dinner. More empty baskets are handed to the marchers so that it is not necessary to break the line and they are off again for a new supply.

This system permits the baskets to be filled with incredible swiftness. Imagine the picture of these baskets placed end to end in 20 rows each 600 feet long—more than two miles of them.

Delivery is conducted quite as scientifically. All are distributed during the wee sma' hours and left on the doorsteps so that neighbors of the recipients need not know that they have received a donation. Of almost 5,000 baskets delivered last year, only one went astray, and that due to the fact that the Elk who turned in the name of the party to be remembered, failed to give the proper address.

Following the ceremony of filling the baskets, the Elks and their families go for a sightseeing tour and a dance aboard a big steamship, festivities that are made all the merrier by the knowledge of each of the participants that he or she has just assisted in bringing Yuletide cheer into the homes of 5,000 families.

At the Miliken Memorial Hospital for Crippled Children in New Orleans there are 150 little shut-ins with withered limbs or twisted spines whom Santa might overlook if it were not

(*Continued on page 70*)

Memorial Sunday

MEMORIAL SUNDAY might be called the Elks' Decoration Day. It is the day set apart in each year for the solemn yet joyous celebration of the memories of those who, being dead, yet live vividly and tenderly in our hearts. "Dead?" we say. But what is Death? Who shall tell us? That it is not annihilation, however, we that are Elks most confidently believe; for, whatever else be our religious faith, we have none of us a moment's doubt of the Immortality of the Soul, as we have no misgivings either of the beneficence of that Supreme Being who gave us our lives to live, upheld and directed them here, and continues, we believe, to uphold and direct them, when, graduated from this "bourne of Time and Space," we enter through the radiantly mysterious gate of Death into the unknown field chosen by Him for our further endeavor. Not annihilation —and not oblivion.

No poppies of forgetfulness grow upon the graves of our brothers. Invisible though they be, they are not lost to us. Far from it. But they continue to live with us, active and inspiring influences in those finer essences of themselves which are the memories of the good they did and the men they were. All that we valued in them, their strength and love and charm, even those human weaknesses that endear and draw men together, these and all other characteristics whatsoever for which we love them—their gaiety, their happy tricks of speech, their kindly ways and sunny manners; all these are still ours. Their brotherly hands are still upon our shoulders and their manly laughter still comes to us from the unseen.

MEMORIAL Day is no funeral occasion. On the contrary, it is a joyous affirmation of our gratitude that these men lived, and of our faith that they are still triumphantly living. Therefore, we bring to them music, and laughing flowers. The day is but a public extension of that private Hour of Remembrance, which, as eleven o'clock strikes each night, every Elk devotes to his unforgotten brethren. Memorial Day we invite the world at large to share with us these memories, at meetings held in our temples throughout the land, wherein the Roll-Call of Those Who Answer No More is called; and, as the name of each brother is passed in review, and his achievements brought to mind, a light breaks forth, and music carries to him the message of our hearts. So we testify to the world that an Elk never dies, but that for his brothers his memory forever "smells sweet and blossoms in the dust."

Glimpses *of the* Order in Its Early Days

The Morning-Time of Elk History

FRIDAY evening, November 15, 1867, Charles Algernon Sidney Vivian arrived in America from London. He displayed enthusiasm over the idea of organizing a social fraternity such as flourished in England at that time. Happily, Vivian's idea took root and bore fruit. In due course the Jolly Corks was established.

Doubtless impelled by an ambition for something better and more enduring, George F. McDonald offered the motion at a meeting of Jolly Corks: "That we resolve ourselves into a Benevolent Brotherhood." The date of this proceeding was early in the year 1868. Upon the occasion in question, Vivian presided as Imperial Cork.

After the Jolly Corks translated themselves into the Order of Elks, and at the first two sessions conducted, Vivian occupied the first Chair as Right Honorable Primo, and conferred the first degree.

As originally drafted, the main portion of the Elks' first degree continued the spirit of levity displayed by the Jolly Corks. The second degree, in its initial stages, borrowed quite generously from the ceremonial of the English Order of Buffaloes.

The actual beginning of the Order of Elks bears the date of February 16, 1868. At that time the word Elk was incorporated as a distinguishing feature of the official title. However, it was not until March of the same year that the first Constitution and By-Laws were adopted and promulgated, and it was not until the ensuing May 17 that the first Ritual was ordained. This first Ritual, in fulfilment of Constitutional requirement, provided for an additional or second degree, already referred to. It designated the title of the chief executive officer as "Exalted Ruler," when presiding in second degree work.

May 31, 1868, George F. McDonald became the author of the Eleven O'Clock Toast which, since it was first spoken, has been beautified into perhaps the tenderest expression of sentiment in the Ritual. About the same date, McDonald suggested for the first time the singing of "Auld Lang Syne," with the members clasping hands and grouped about the altar.

At early social sessions, everybody was commanded by the chairman to sing a song, or tell a story, or make a speech, or do something else that was entertaining. Invariably, everybody was fined whether he succeeded or failed. All proceeds thus realized were expended for refreshments.

"Invisible" was the first password communicated. This was in May, 1869. Thereafter, and until otherwise ordered, the password was changed every month and religiously respected.

The first public benefit took place at the Academy of Music, New York City, June 8, 1868. Vivian volunteered his services, but was refused. Up to this time, he had been conspicuously a leading spirit, and chief officer. Later, together with a coterie of personal friends, Vivian was expelled.

The first death within the ranks was that of the first Tiler of the Order, Albert Hall. The exact date and place of interment are not known.

The first commemorative service to be conducted in a Lodge Hall was held for George E. Farmer, who died February 16, 1870, and who was the first banker to join the Order. The ceremony, extemporized for this occasion, suggested the adoption of the present Ritualistic service for members in good standing who die.

The first Lodge of Sorrow, publicly conducted, took place in Clarendon Hall, New York City, March 20, 1870. It is contended that this event marks the origin and first observance of our present Memorial Day. Another version is to the effect that Hamilton Leach, when Grand Exalted Ruler in 1889, recommended this sacred ceremony to take place upon the first Sunday in each recurring December.

WITHIN the ranks, the need of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks is for a better and more general understanding of its history. Obviously, this thought was in the mind of the Grand Lodge at the time the publication of The Elks Magazine was ordained. Hence the instruction specified at Los Angeles as part of the publication program: "That said journal shall contain matter relating to the history of the Order," which point was duly emphasized and elaborated in our Salutatory contained in the June (1922) number. Therefore, from time to time, as in the present instance, and always with impartiality, and studiously endeavoring to distinguish the undisputed from the traditional, as the facts are recalled and reviewed, our purpose shall be to collate and set forth, from responsible sources, outstanding chapters of Elk history. Indeed, the time approaches when every new member, upon his admission to the Order, should be presented with a concise chronicle recounting the history of the organization from the beginning. The condensations assembled in the accompanying résumé by no means exhaust the subject of the "Morning-Time" and are pursued but slightly beyond the pioneer period.

The first Memorial erected by the Order was dedicated to the memory of James W. Lingard, who died in 1870. The unveiling was in Cypress Hills Cemetery, Brooklyn, N. Y.

The first full set of officer's jewels was presented to the Order by Charles T. White, November 20, 1870.

The first Ladies' Social Session mentioned in our annals was given on Christmas Night, 1870. No man was admitted unless the roll-call showed him to be a member. Preparations for the gambol were made upon an elaborate scale.

December 4, 1870, is recalled and revered as a memorable day in Elk chronology. On that day, Antonio (Tony) Pastor offered the first motion that provided consideration of the establishment of "an Exalted Grand Lodge." This thought, by the way, had been conceived by Henry P. O'Neil, who subsequently became Grand Exalted Ruler of the Order—the fifth in line of succession.

The Grand Lodge followed as a climax of the Pastor motion. A preparatory meeting was first held at 512 Broadway, New York City, January 22, 1871. Fourteen enthusiasts attended. George J. Green presided. Everybody present was of the same mind. Up to this time, the Order had been confined to a single Lodge in a single city. But Philadelphia and San Francisco and Chicago had heard the news and were preparing to organize lodges. The General Assembly of the State of New York authorized the incorporation of the Grand Lodge and vested it with power to grant charters to Subordinate Lodges. This instrument bears date of March 10, 1871.

It was established as a precedent that these founders, in association with all past and present officers serving in the first and second degrees and who continued in good standing, should constitute the personnel of the first Grand Lodge.

The first regular meeting of the Grand Lodge of Elks was called to order February 12, 1871. The place was 114–16 East Thirteenth Street, New York City. George J. Green was unanimous choice for Grand Exalted Ruler or Exalted Grand Ruler as the title was then stated. The second Grand Lodge session convened upon the same premises February 19, 1871. Because of the emergency character of business to be transacted, at least five separate sessions of the Grand Lodge became necessary during its first year.

No time was lost by our progenitors in adopting the first Constitution provided for the Grand Lodge. The work of drafting this document, along with the By-Laws and Rules of the Order, and of perfecting the autonomy of the new organization were performed in the main by Henry P. O'Neil. Looking forward from this early date, it is pertinent and interesting to recall that on June 19, 1895, we were granted a charter under the name of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks of the United States of America for a term of twenty years; and that on May 20, 1915, the duration of said instrument was made perpetual.

The Grand Forum, as it functions to-day, had its prototype in a first officer of the Grand Lodge known by the title of Supreme Judge. However, then as now, final trial and judgment was reviewed and concurred in by the Supreme Judge (Chief Justice) and his Associate Justices (two then; five to-day). Thomas G. Riggs was the first Supreme Judge.

THE first per capita payment of record cites the amount of $77. Naturally New York Lodge footed this bill.

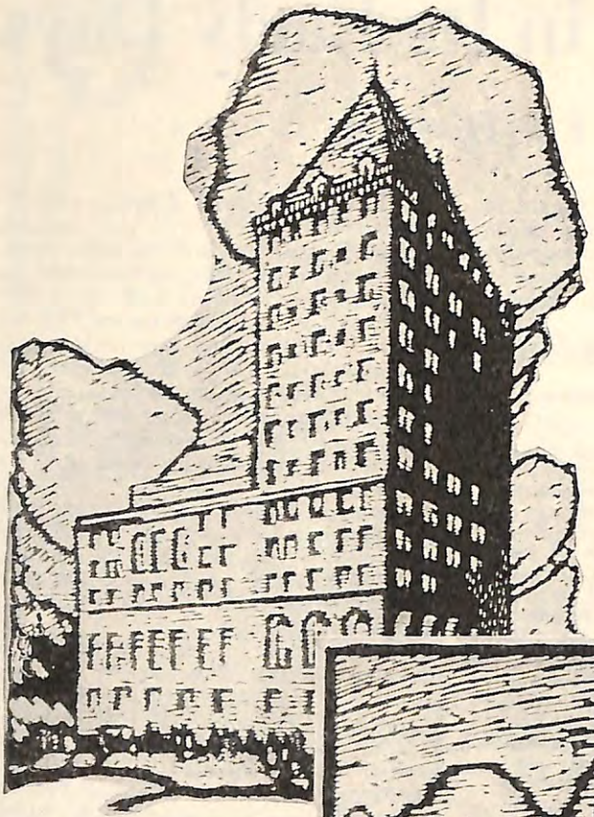
Devout Elders, as members of the second degree were called during the early days, originated as follows: The Constitution provided that, following the first degree, three months must elapse, at which time the second or Devout Elder's degree was conferred; but this last was administered elastically, and under dispensation, both degrees might be conferred on the same night. In 1884, under report of the Committee on Work and Ritual, the degree of Devout Elder was eliminated, beginning with the following year.

Immediately upon organization, the Grand Lodge made it a first and solemn

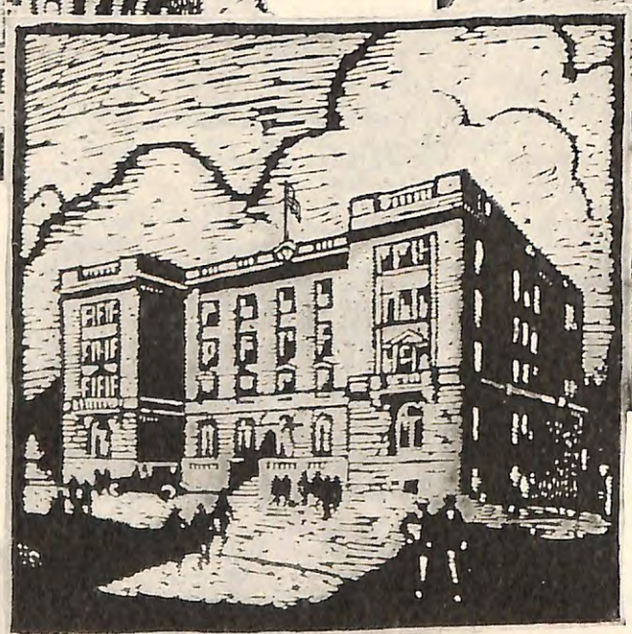
(*Continued on page 73*)

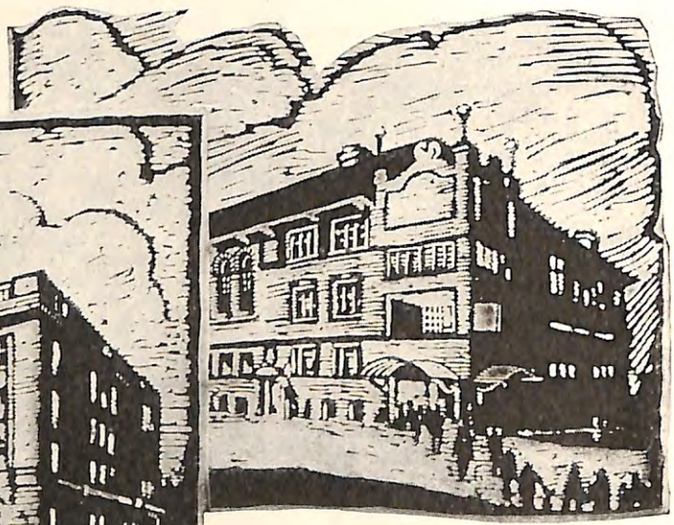
Beauty and Practicality Meet *in* These Homes

Drawings by F. V. Carpenter



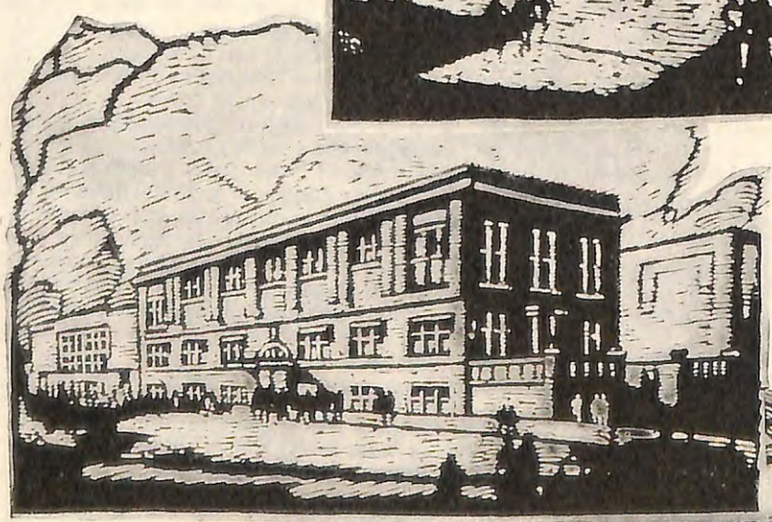
Newark, New Jersey, Lodge No. 21 will some day be housed here



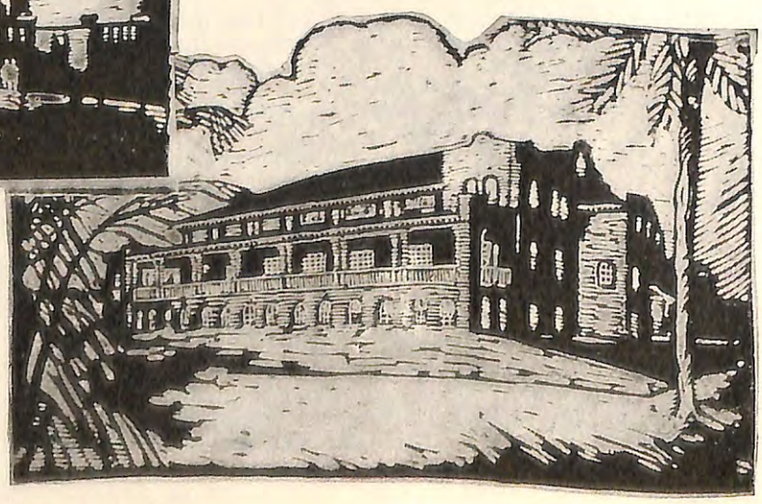


Proposed new home for North Tonawanda, New York, Lodge No. 860

The new home, soon to be built by Lorain, Ohio, Lodge No. 1301



This is the home of Lima, Ohio, Lodge No. 54



The new building of West Palm Beach, Florida, Lodge No. 1352

Building *the* New Lodge Home

Helpful Suggestions from the Experience of Cincinnati Lodge

By August Herrmann

TO LODGE members, collectively, especially those of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks, the matter of home ownership looms just as importantly as in the affairs of the individual householder.

Sociologists discovered long ago that there is greater unity, balance, progress and good citizenship in the home-owning family than elsewhere. What has been conclusively proven best for the family, holds good for the Lodge. After all, the latter is a type of the former. In the lodge room the Exalted Ruler typifies the head of the house, and the subordinate officers the elder brothers. It has always seemed so to me—a great family bound in ties of love, forbearance and good fellowship.

At the family hearthside or in the Lodge's temple there is a satisfaction in the thought of possession; I might say a thrill that is as old as the race. No renter or lessee may experience that feeling of achievement, of victory, until he becomes an owner. And home ownership is followed by increased inspiration and renewed faith in life and all its goodness. There is not a Lodge in the country which has not expanded, as well as increased its power for good, from the very day it went seriously into the project of Lodge home building.

Such a project must be undertaken thoughtfully and with full knowledge of the resources at hand. The plan must be practicable from the very beginning. As this is being written, the new temple of Cincinnati Lodge No. 5, Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks, is being built and it promises to be one of the most beautiful as well as one of the most practical structural show places of the city. A short description of Cincinnati Elks' new home may not be out of order. It will have a frontage of 90 feet on Ninth Street and 111 feet on Elm Street. The exterior will be a composition of wire cut, buff brick and gray Bedford limestone, in English Renaissance style, and will rise to a height of 78 feet. The principal façade will face Ninth Street. Another façade will front on Elm Street. The space under the sidewalks has been excavated and utilized as a basement; a subbasement is provided for under the rear of the building for a boiler-room and coal storage. The building will be fireproof throughout, and will be equipped with two broad flights of stairs and two commodious electric elevators extending from the basement to the third floor. Automatic dumbwaiters will connect the main kitchen with the service kitchen on the social session floor. A system of forced ventilation, changing the air in the various rooms every ten minutes; indirect lighting and ice-water drinking-fountains in various parts of the house are some of the modern features planned by the committee.

THE grill-room, occupying the main portion of the basement, is designed in Tyrolian Swiss style with a green broken-marble floor, dark chestnut paneled wainscot and wood-beamed ceiling. One of the features projected for this room is a series of alcoves, established along one side of it, with vaulted ceilings and long tables for the use of small parties.

The lounging-room is planned as a first-floor feature and is designed in the English style with decorated plaster ceiling, paneled oak wainscot and oak parquetry floor. Special attention was given by Architect Harry Hake to the fireplace, so necessary in a room of this kind. It is large and comfortably old-fashioned and is of gray Bedford stone.

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PAST Grand Exalted Ruler August Herrmann of Cincinnati Lodge No. 5 was Chairman of the Commission that built the new Elks National Home at Bedford, Va. He has exceptional genius for organizing and directing such enterprises. In the accompanying article, Mr. Herrmann tells for the advantage of others contemplating or engaged in similar activities, the story of the new temple Cincinnati Elks are erecting—the financial ways and means adopted and the protections exercised—under his direct supervision as Chairman

The main reception hall naturally is on the first floor and opens into all the other rooms. The foyer and entrances will be in gray marble wainscot and trim, with Roman Mosaic marble flooring and wood-beamed ceiling.

The social session room is designed in Louis XVI style with a dominant color scheme of cream with blue and gold ornamentation. A hardwood floor is provided for dancing; a commodious stage flanked by dressing-rooms is another provision for future entertainment, and there is also a modern fireproof moving-picture-machine booth. A service kitchen connected by electrically operated dumbwaiters with the main kitchen will be a convenience at banquets.

The lodge room will be in the third story with a floor space 55 by 88. In addition there will be a balcony over the ante-rooms, seating 100 persons and providing space for the organ and choir. The lodge hall itself will contain 500 permanent seats with sufficient floor space available for temporary chairs on special occasions. Parlors for the members and candidates, secretary's office, storeroom and other facilities will be established on that floor, forming a complete lodge unit absolutely separate from and independent of the club floors below, when meetings of the Lodge are in order.

IT WAS on January 27, 1921, that the Cincinnati Lodge's committee, consisting of Charles H. Urban, secretary of the committee; Chris Schott, Charles R. Hall, George A. Ficke and myself were able to announce to the officers and members of our Lodge that the $300,000 bond issue had been subscribed for and paid in. Next July, probably about the first of the month, we expect to dedicate the building. We were able to turn over to the trustees a complete record of the names and addresses of the subscribers; the amount of bonds taken, the denominations thereof and the numbers of the bonds. Through correspondence with the members and in two great get-together meetings of the social session sort, we sold the bonds and turned the receipts over to the First National Bank trustee, acting for the bondholders. Interest on the bonds was set at five per cent. and there was no trouble in finding subscribers. For a time the building project was postponed because of the excessively high bids. In November the situation was more favorable and the Lodge decided to tear down its old home and, as soon as possible, begin work on the new. A glance at the outgo and the resources and income may interest Lodges which are contemplating home building:

Wrecking, excavating, concrete and cement, $72,699.37; cut stone and granite, $45,000.00; structural and ornamental iron and steel, $34,705.00; roofing and sheet metal work, $4,896.00; plastering, $40,000.00; brick work, $25,400.00; marble work, $36,100.00; tile, Roman mosaic and terrazzo work, $23,086.00; cork flooring, $5,000.00; steel toilet partitions, $258.00; kalamein doors, $4,693.00; carpenter work, $36,700.00; hardware, $3,850.00; painting, $2,830.00; glass, $1,498.00; plumbing, $9,250.00; elevators, $19,900.00; heating and ventilating, $35,000.00; electric wiring, $7,087.30; total, $412,992.67.

The above figures include the cost of the bonds given by the contractors with approved surety companies for the faithful performance of the work. Wherever it was possible to do so the contracts were awarded to members of the Cincinnati Lodge.

The cubage of the building is very nearly 1,000,000 cubic feet, and the cost per cubic foot is approximately 41 cents, a figure 33 per cent. lower than was originally estimated. Indeed, we find that the entire cost is the lowest on any building project in years in Cincinnati and it proves that careful and thoughtful planning will do much to conserve the resources of the Lodge. Now, having enumerated the outgo, I shall devote a little space to the financial scheme upon which the project was based. The sale of bonds, as I said before, amounted to

(*Continued on page 64*)

Under the Spreading Antlers

They Tell These Tales

Indiana Elks' State Meeting Pronounced a Great Success

CARRYING forward and vitalizing the various activities programmed for achievement during the present Grand Lodge year, as a result of the annual meeting of District Deputies with Grand Exalted Ruler J. Edgar Masters and other eminents of the Order in Chicago, October 1, a State meeting called by the four District Deputies representing the respective jurisdictions of Indiana, *viz.*: Charles E. Crum of Fort Wayne Lodge, A. C. Broughman of Marion Lodge, Garnet R. Fleming of Shelbyville Lodge, and John F. Holliday of Washington Lodge, was held in the James Whitcomb Riley Room at the Claypool Hotel, Indianapolis.

Invitations were extended to Exalted Rulers and Secretaries of all Subordinate Lodges in Indiana, sixty-three in number. The response can be described as unanimous. In the limited number of instances where Exalted Rulers found it impossible to be present for one or another preventing cause, either an associate chair officer or a Past Exalted Ruler was in attendance to represent that Lodge. Clyde Hunter, Chairman of the Grand Lodge Committee on State Associations, presided. The meeting was honored by the presence of Grand Exalted Ruler Masters, Past Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph T. Fanning, Grand Trustee Robert A. Scott, Grand Secretary Fred C. Robinson, besides many more including Past Exalted Rulers and Secretaries and representative members of Indianapolis Lodge.

The meeting was called to order at 1 o'clock P. M., October 22. Immediately following a luncheon, Clyde Hunter presiding, Exalted Ruler Fred D. Pixley delivered a message of welcome and good cheer in the name of Indianapolis Lodge. He was followed by Hubert S. Riley, Past Exalted Ruler and Chairman of the Finance Committee of Indianapolis Lodge, who described the wonderful new Elks' Home which Indianapolis had prepared to build and for which financial arrangements were in process of completion; and how the new Lodge with its Club accommodations was to be enjoyed not only by the fellowship of Indianapolis, but by all Indiana Elks at all times, and by every Elk throughout the Order so long as there remained space to take care of him. Owing to the illness of Dr. A. J. McDonald, of Bedford, President of the State Association, Edgar J. Julian, Vice-President of that organization, responded for him.

Throughout there was manifested a superb spirit of cooperation looking to results along high and substantial lines. In his address, Grand Exalted Ruler Masters outlined a plan of internal Lodge improvement and impressed other constructive points necessary to a thorough knowledge and understanding of the Elk situation to-day and the activities needful to be carried vigorously forward. Past Grand Exalted Ruler Fanning spoke of The Elks Magazine and told how and why every member owed it to the Order and to the Magazine, alike as a duty and privilege, to encourage and assist and strengthen the success of the publication in the all-important matter of enlarging its advertising patronage. With the combined support of all Elks, with every member taking lively interest and doing his individual and collective best, there would be no doubt or question as to the extent of the success of the Magazine. Grand Trustee Scott and Grand Secretary Robinson, the District Deputies present, and others, were heard with much pleasure and profit, after which there followed a general discussion of interesting subjects, all of them indicative of Elk progress in well-doing. In the completest sense, the meeting was pronounced a success.

Bust of Henry A. Melvin Presented to the Bohemian Club

A bust of Henry A. Melvin, Past Grand Exalted Ruler, and Associate Justice of California Supreme Court at the time of his death on April 24, 1920, was presented on October 17 to the Bohemian Club by several of the Judge's San Francisco friends and associates. The ceremony took place in the Bohemian Club of which Judge Melvin was twice President. The presentation of the sculpture—a marble, beautifully executed by Earl Cummings—was made by William M. Abbott, also a Past Grand Exalted Ruler, in behalf of the donors. Mr. Abbott dwelt on the splendid career of Henry Melvin, telling of his early life as a newspaper reporter, his notable sweetness of character that placed him prominently among the best-loved Bohemians, and his irreproachable character as a jurist, a husband and a father. Judge Melvin's name will always be remembered by every Elk, for he it was who, as Grand Exalted Ruler, inaugurated the Elks Flag Day Service now observed by all Lodges. A monument unveiled last year under the direction of the Grand Lodge stands as the Elks memorial to Judge Melvin in the Mountain View Cemetery, Oakland, California.

Various Appointments Filled By Grand Exalted Ruler Masters

October 22 Grand Exalted Ruler J. Edgar Masters attended a State meeting of District Deputies, Exalted Rulers and Secretaries of Indiana Lodges at Indianapolis. November 22 and 23 the Grand Exalted Ruler officially visited the Elks' National Home at Bedford, Va. He spent November 24 in Greensboro, N. C., the guest of all Elks Lodges of that section. November 25 and 26 he was due in Atlanta to meet with Grand Trustees and other authorized representatives in arranging for the Grand Lodge meeting in that city next July. Mr. Masters' subsequent engagements were: Chattanooga, Tenn., Monday, November 27; Knoxville, Tenn., Tuesday, November 28; Roanoke, Va., Wednesday, November 29, and Norfolk, Va., Thursday, November 30.

Boy Scout Unit in Leper Colony Sponsored by Honolulu Elks

At a recent session of Honolulu Lodge No. 616, it was resolved that the Lodge make a yearly donation for the upkeep of a Troop of Boy Scouts to be organized at Kalihi Receiving Station, the detention camp where the children who have leprosy reside. The movement was started by Sam W. Robley, Chairman of the Social and Community Welfare Committee. Maurice Deiches of New York Lodge No. 1 was present at the meeting and asked as a special privilege to make the initial donation of funds to finance the troop, adding that he would undertake the maintenance of the troop during his lifetime. The request was granted. On receiving the news, the boys of the Receiving Station petitioned to be designated the Maurice Deiches Troop No. 12.

Calling for Assistance to Complete Grand Lodge Proceedings

The Elks Magazine is engaged in assembling the complete record of Grand Lodge Proceedings from the beginning to the

present day. Thus far this work has prospered quite satisfactorily. Our latest reckoning shows that through the assisting kindness of Elk friends, the list of missing volumes has been reduced to the eight years herewith indicated:

1879	1881	1883	1885
1880	1882	1884	1886

Our publication of this is made now for purposes of notification to the Order and as a means of advice as to the urgency of our requirement and as a further and general appeal for help in prosecuting the quest and completing the set of Proceedings. Eventually these volumes, uniform in leather binding, will become a part of the library to be established in the National Memorial Headquarters building at Chicago. For this reason, your cooperation—this means all Elks individually and collectively—is earnestly solicited for the accomplishment of the ends desired.

Atlanta Busy with Preparations To Entertain the Elk Host Next July

An old-fashioned barbecue with heaping portions of Brunswick Stew will be served for every Elk member who attends the Grand Lodge session in Atlanta next July. It is worthy of note that all entertainment events will be open in welcome to all Elks all the time. The expense fund was fixed at $150,000, and, within three days after subscriptions were invited, almost $100,000 of the amount was subscribed and additional amounts have been steadily coming into the Convention Treasury ever since. This money assured, the next step was to ask all the lodges of the Southeast to have a share in extending a traditional Southern welcome to the expected guests. On Labor Day, representatives of fifty lodges in States adjoining Georgia assembled in Atlanta to meet with the Atlanta Convention Board and work out plans for combining efforts.

Many of these Southern lodges offered to help finance the gathering, but this was declined. They will, however, bring their contingents to Atlanta a day or two in advance of the general arrivals and will aid the local reception committee in giving a true Dixie greeting to all arriving Elks.

Speaking of climate, statistics seem to bear out the contention that Georgia's capital city is much more comfortable in summer than Washington, New York, St. Louis, Chicago or many other cities which lie hundreds of miles to the north. This is so principally because of the fact that Atlanta is situated on the southern slopes of the Appalachian Mountains, at an elevation of 1,060 feet above sea level. It has a breeze blowing in from the Atlantic or Gulf, or down from the higher mountains on the north, at all times. It is the highest city of its size east of the Mississippi. Reports from widely scattered parts indicate that when it's all over in 1923, attendance figures may be smashed. Lodges are making plans for Atlanta on an extensive scale. Railroad officials state that they have never received so many inquiries so far in advance of a convention date as they have received since Atlanta was selected.

"Over the Top" They Go $2,000,000 for New Home

After forty-eight hours of intensive campaigning on the part of the Philadelphia membership, Exalted Ruler Charles H. Grakelow announced October 28 that the $2,000,000 bond issue for the new home had gone over the top, and more than that, to allow for a natural shrinkage and to make absolutely certain of being on the safe side. When subscriptions had reached the point of being within $200,000 of the goal, captains and workers, attending a committee meeting, personally pledged the additional amount then required and continued their activities next day at such a terrific pace that the final total required was considerably oversubscribed.

Shake Hands with Colonel Owsley; New President, American Legion

Once you have shaken hands with Col. Alvin M. Owsley, it isn't difficult at all to understand why he was so victoriously elected National Commander of the American Legion. Colonel Owsley is an Elk, distinguished as the first Exalted Ruler of Denton (Tex.) Lodge. He is lawyer by profession and soldier by art. When it comes to popularity, the tellers of the election were apprehensive they would never finish counting his votes for Commander. Following the close of the convention in New Orleans, Colonel Owsley visited Northern and Eastern cities. He is unusually experienced to master the new responsibilities. In a forthcoming number of The Elks Magazine, Colonel Owsley will likely have a message for the Order of Elks respecting the work of inculcating American patriotism and educating people into a better understanding and appreciation of American ideals.

New Orleans Elks to Rebuild Burned Portion of Club Building

New Orleans Elks have decided to reconstruct and improve their present building instead of erecting an extension. The plan adopted is less expensive, yet it contemplates an outlay of $125,000. Work will be under way within three months and before the end of next year the club-house will be more perfect in appointment than it was before the fire. The plans accepted call for a steel and concrete fire-proof building to accommodate the gymnasium, with lockers and dressing-rooms and swimming-pool attached. Supplying the pool, the well will be enlarged and deepened. The auditorium, as contemplated, will seat 1,800 people. A new and complete heating and ventilating system will be installed.

To All Elks Everywhere

(By Wireless)

FINE health, a golden purse, prosperity in good deeds and a merry heart, crowned with the happiest New Year ever—that's our Christmas greeting to you and yours.

The Elks Magazine

New Lodges Instituted With Impressive Ceremonies

October 18 saw the birth of Glen Cove (N. Y.) Lodge which now becomes a distinct unit and separate from the parent Lodge at Freeport, with which many of the Glen Cove members have participated in the past. Delegations from all Long Island lodges and a goodly company of prominent officials were present at the celebration dinner and institution ceremonies. The new lodge will be known as Glen Cove (N. Y.) No. 1458. Max Rosenwald was elected Exalted Ruler and Daniel J. Fogarty Secretary.

The institution of Mamaroneck (N. Y.) Lodge No. 1457 took place on October 10. After an elaborate dinner for the members and about eighty guests, the first election of officers was held. Edward R. Yale is Exalted Ruler and M. B. Smythe Secretary for the ensuing term. The roster approximates 200. It is estimated that 1,800 Elks participated. In honor of the event, the entire village was decorated with flags and was resplendent with purple and white. It celebrated a civic holiday.

At Princeton, W. Va., Lodge No. 1459 came into existence on September 30 with a charter list of 250 members. Immediately after the election of G. W. Lazenby as Exalted Ruler and W. B. McNutt as Secretary, authority was voted for the purchase of a building site and the erection of an Elks' home in a prominent section of the business district.

California State Association Transacts Business and Enjoys Life

The eighth annual reunion of the California State Elks Association was held in Santa Monica, October 11–14, with a record total attendance of 728, embracing two Past Grand Exalted Rulers, two Grand Lodge Officers, six Past State Presidents, ninety-five Past Exalted Rulers, five hundred and forty-two delegates and ninety-one alternates. Visitors were welcomed by Mayor S. L. Berkeley, of Santa Monica, in an eloquent address, at the opening exercises held in the Auditorium. State President John D. Saxe, of San Rafael, responded for the Association. Friday and Saturday mornings were devoted to business sessions. The By-Laws were amended to increase the number of trustees from four to five, and Vice-Presidents from three to four by reason of the creation by Grand Lodge authority of a new district to be known as the South Central. The Committee on preservation of the elk made an interesting report showing that three herds of elk are maintained in California, each roaming in an area selected because of similarity to the native habitat of the species. Past Grand Exalted Rulers William M. Abbott and Raymond Benjamin made addresses. The former paid glowing tribute to The Elks Magazine, which was greeted by tremendous applause. Officers for the ensuing year include R. C. Benbough, of San Diego, President; and Major O. P. Sloat, of San Bernardino, Secretary.

Telegrams were sent to President Harding, Grand Exalted Ruler Masters, and cordial responses were received from them. Oakland Lodge, which has always been prominent in Big Brother work, brought with it a band composed entirely of boys under charge of its Big Brother Committee. This stirred enthusiasm in the splendid work being done by the various Big Brother and Social Welfare Committees.

State-wide contests were staged in rendi-

tion of the Ritual, in golf, in baseball, in bowling and drill team maneuvers, and in band playing.

Elimination ritualistic contests had previously been waged in the four Districts to determine the contestants at the meeting of the State Association. The winners in the various districts were: Sacramento, North; San Francisco, Bay; San Luis Obispo, Central; Riverside, South. In the final contest, San Francisco was declared to be the winner, with Sacramento second and Riverside third, San Luis Obispo forfeiting as a result of the illness of one of its officers. The Riverside team worked under an unusual handicap of having to advance its Esteemed Leading Knight to the office of Exalted Ruler after winning the district contest, its Exalted Ruler, Judge Hugh H. Craig, having died in the meantime.

District elimination contests had also been previously held in baseball and bowling. The finals resulted in Long Beach being returned the winner in bowling and Anaheim in baseball. The golf tournament proved so popular that three days were necessary to decide the contests. The Glendale team finished first, Santa Ana second and Santa Rosa third. Santa Monica won the Class A band contest and Pasadena the Class B. A cup was also awarded to the Oakland Big Brother Band for its splendid showing. Six excellent drill teams put up a spirited fight to outshine each other in military and fancy drills. Army officers were the judges and declared the winners to be Bakersfield, Los Angeles and Oakland in the order named.

A mammoth parade was held with practically every lodge in the State in line, some with marching clubs, others with drill teams and bands. Past Grand Exalted Rulers Abbott and Benjamin, Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight Harry M. Ticknor, Grand Lodge Judiciary Committeeman Michael M. Shannon, Dr. Ralph Hagan, retiring State President John D. Saxe, State President R. C. Benbough, Past State Presidents James M. Shanley, Charles Donlon and Leo V. Chenoweth and other celebrities were in line. Eureka was chosen as the next meeting place.

Friday evening was devoted to the high-jinks which have grown to be one of the outstanding features of the yearly gathering. Delegates and their families especially enjoyed trips to the canyons and moving-picture studios.

Indianapolis Building Plans Call for a Model of Convenience

The building plans of Indianapolis Lodge are prospering substantially. Official approval has been given for operations to proceed. The expectation is that the cornerstone will be laid in March or April of the coming year. The lodge is fortunate in owning a highly desirable site on the southwest corner of Meridian and St. Clair Streets, fully paid for. The financial negotiation for building and furnishing provides $750,000, which becomes immediately available. The promise of those in charge is that the building will prove a model of club convenience and distinction in architecture. The height will be twelve stories. There will be the added equipment of 197 living-rooms, each with bath. Commodious dining-rooms, billiard rooms, gymnasium and swimming-pool—in fact, no appointment of luxury or utility will be overlooked. The estimate is that the club furnishings alone will involve an expenditure of $100,000.

Addition to Elk Roll-Call in the United States Senate

Supplementing the Elk Roll Call of the United States Senate, appearing in the October number of The Elks Magazine, the name of Charles L. McNary, Senior Senator from Oregon, is cheerfully added. Senator McNary is not only a member of the Order of Elks, but has served in former years both as Secretary and as Exalted Ruler of Salem Lodge No. 336.

Constitutional Changes Call for Careful Consideration

When the business in hand touches upon a fundamental as vital as Constitutional amendment and revision, the Order of Elks is not inclined to heedless procedure. We progress, securely. We constantly seek to find the wiser and better way, and to safeguard against mistake. It is our fixed policy to make certain of the wisdom of change, beforehand. Growth and expansion are characteristic of the Order of Elks. Dominion is its destiny. Thus far, the Ark of our Covenant has delivered us triumphantly; but as Grand Exalted Ruler Masters sagely says the present is a period of transition and readjustment. With Elks the rule has been to approach Constitutional amendments with profound circumspection.

By vote of the Grand Lodge at its last annual meeting, all propositions involving Constitutional and by kindred connection, statutory amendments, were referred to the Committee on Good of the Order, of which Mr. J. F. Malley, seasoned for such service by several years of experience as a member of the Judiciary Committee, was appointed to be Chairman. This Committee is addressing itself to the discharge of its duties with open mind and clear comprehension.

To enumerate briefly the propositions at issue; the question of a Junior Elk auxiliary organization; the feasibility of establishing and supervising Elk Athletic Fields in the discretion of the local lodge and where no such provision has otherwise been made; the question of awarding scholarships and devising the system to be pursued; together with such other proposals as may be referred.

The Elks Magazine has been requested to invite suggestions to prosper the work of the Committee. The invitation comes in the nature of an addressed challenge to the best thinkers to contribute their most helpful thoughts. The promise is given that every proposition so submitted shall be maturely considered. In the light of this assurance, it is safe to assume that no recommendation will be reported to the Grand Lodge that has not survived the test of far-sighted investigation. To these ends every Elk is cordially bidden to consider the situation conservatively yet constructively (as both the Constitution and the Order itself are vitally concerned) and after that to crystallize conclusions for the benefit of the Committee, all such suggestions to be forwarded to Chairman Malley, 15 State Street, Boston, Mass. It may be remarked that no responsibility of the present administration is held to be more important than these several considerations which are to be embraced in the findings of the Committee on Good of the Order.

An Omitted "Zero" Makes a Big Difference

When we attempted to say in the October number of The Elks Magazine that 270 delegates, all told, attended the Wisconsin State Association meeting at Beloit, our printer (or does the curse rest upon the copyist?) perpetrated the refinement of cruelty by degrading the total of 270 down to a paltry 27. William F. Schad was quick to discover this decimating discrepancy. As Mr. Schad is President of the Wisconsin State Association, our apology is made first to him, and after that to the Elks of the Badger State in general.

How Interest in Elk Activities Will Be Stimulated in Missouri

As President of the Missouri Elks' Association, Exalted Ruler Lee Meriwether of St. Louis Lodge has divided the State into seven districts and appointed a president of each district. These seven presidents met in St. Louis October 19 to program their work for the ensuing year. Each in turn agreed to visit all the lodges in his district and deliver addresses upon the principles and achievements of the Order and otherwise to assist in stimulating Elk interest, and to cause the several lodges to interchange visits with each other. Reports in detail reviewing these activities will be submitted to the State Association, at its next meeting, June 12, 1923. It is confidently expected that by this system the Order in the aggregate will be greatly benefited. Of course everything will be done in accord with Missouri District Deputies.

Minneapolis Distributes Circus Profits to Good Ends

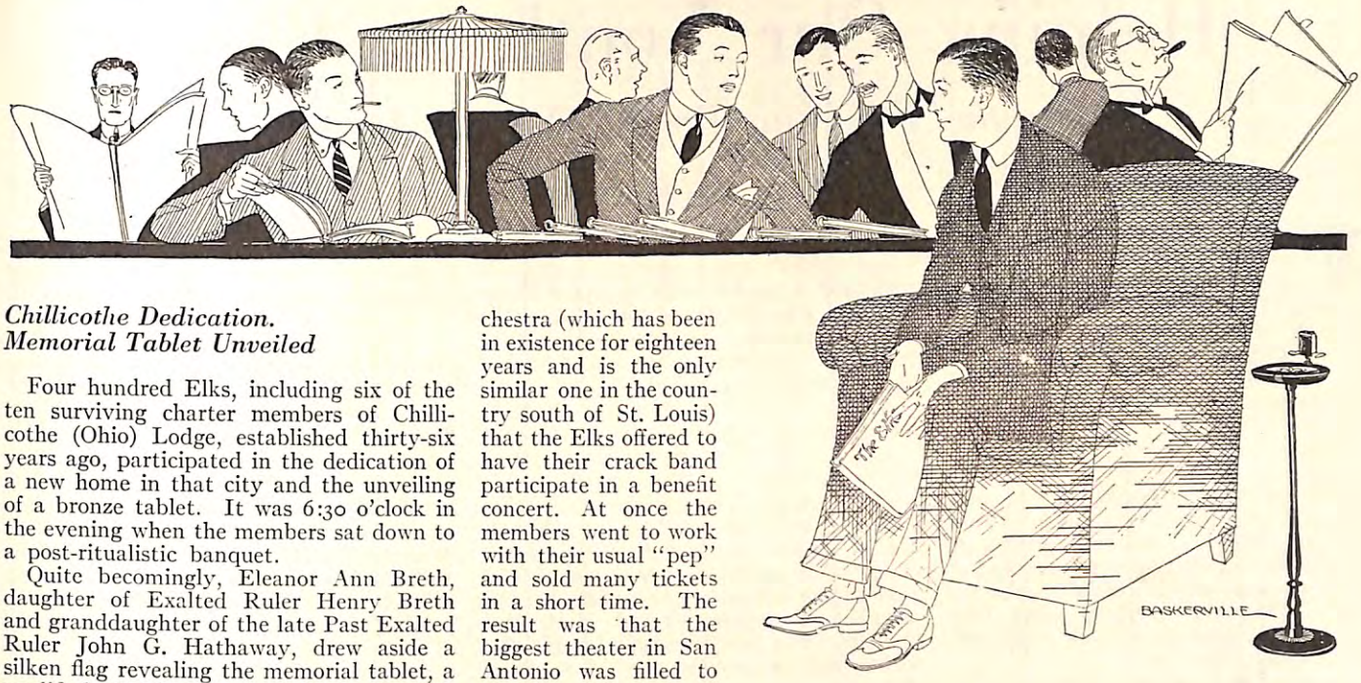
Minneapolis Lodge made a profit of $19,000 with its nine-day "Indoor Circus." As a result, the balance of the obligation incurred last summer when the Boy Scouts Camp at Lake Minnetonka was turned over to the Executive Council as a gift from Minneapolis Elks, has been paid in full. The rest of the profits, some $5,000, was donated to the lodge's Christmas Fund.

Boys of Auld Lang Syne Do Honor to Twin Anniversaries

The annual turkey dinner enjoyed by the "Boys of Auld Lang Syne," in celebration of the forty-first anniversary of the Charter granted No. 13, and the fourth anniversary of Armistice Night, took place at the Hotel Lincoln, in Indianapolis, on the evening of Saturday, November 11, with a fine companionship of jovial spirits participating. George W. June was master of ceremonies.

Kind Words Spoken for The Elks Magazine

The recent meeting at Seaside, Ore., of the Elks' State Association has had the effect of stimulating activities in that State, according to reports made by President W. F. McKenney of Portland and Secretary Monroe Goldstein of the same city. Rev. John Dysart, Grand Chaplain, in his swing through the West, attended the session at Seaside and addressed the delegates on the achievements and progress of the Order. Incidentally Dr. Dysart referred to The Elks Magazine in these words: "It is gratifying that this publication is conceded to be the peer of all fraternal publications and the equal of any in the standard of excellence. Its superiority has been maintained from the beginning. Its improvement, apparent in every succeeding issue, will, I am sure, continue. There is no way to estimate the power of the Magazine to inspire and enlighten Elks and the people in general as to the activities of the Order.



Chillicothe Dedication. Memorial Tablet Unveiled

Four hundred Elks, including six of the ten surviving charter members of Chillicothe (Ohio) Lodge, established thirty-six years ago, participated in the dedication of a new home in that city and the unveiling of a bronze tablet. It was 6:30 o'clock in the evening when the members sat down to a post-ritualistic banquet.

Quite becomingly, Eleanor Ann Breth, daughter of Exalted Ruler Henry Breth and granddaughter of the late Past Exalted Ruler John G. Hathaway, drew aside a silken flag revealing the memorial tablet, a modified shield with arched top, beneath which is an elk's head, flanked by the letters on either side—"B. P. O. E."

There followed the draping of the altar and the setting up of the four cornerstones of the Order—Charity, Justice, Brotherly Love and Fidelity, represented by tokens of gladiolus.

Captain McKee, responding to a toast, recalled the history of Chillicothe Lodge. Its home, he explained, was the first bank in Chillicothe and the first bank of issue west of the Allegheny Mountains. Other speakers included Ohio's Attorney-General, John G. Price, of Columbus. Among other things he said: "If the Elks had done no other service since the inception of the Order than to finance the activities of the Salvation Army in the World War, then its existence is justified."

The Order having proven in stress of war to be one of the most valiant forces in the support of the Constitution and the Flag, we are to-day, Mr. Price declared, facing the even more urgent duty of defending American institutions from attack from within. Our guarantee of peace and happiness, he concluded, is possible through the increasing army of Elks constantly practising the principles of the Order.

Elks Take Leading Part in Imperial Valley Pageant

The industrial and commercial development of the Imperial Valley of Southern California, revealed in the International Cotton pageant at Calexico, Calif., was a remarkable display. One of the attractions was a field of growing cotton. The opening ceremony was a parade of decorated floats. The pageant closed with ceremonies appropriate to Armistice Day. All American Legion posts in the Imperial Valley participated. The affair was sponsored by the Elks and Chamber of Commerce of Calexico.

San Antonio Elks Raise $1,000 for Good Purpose

San Antonio (Texas) Lodge has been winning fresh laurels by giving a benefit concert for the San Antonio Symphony Orchestra. The net amount was $1,000 and a check for that sum was turned over to the orchestra with compliments of the Lodge. It was to help the community save the orchestra (which has been in existence for eighteen years and is the only similar one in the country south of St. Louis) that the Elks offered to have their crack band participate in a benefit concert. At once the members went to work with their usual "pep" and sold many tickets in a short time. The result was that the biggest theater in San Antonio was filled to capacity.

Irvington to Enlarge Home to Provide for New Demands

The growing popularity of Irvington (N. J.) Lodge renders it necessary to enlarge the Home at a cost of $150,000. In inaugurating the financial campaign, a get-together dinner was held. There was a large attendance, and the subscription list was enthusiastically boosted. Before the closing date, the required sum was oversubscribed. The membership of Irvington Lodge is around 800. At the Grand Lodge meeting at Atlantic City, Irvington participated in the annual parade and won several prizes.

Associated Past Exalted Rulers Celebrate Fifth Annual Meeting

New York Lodge No. 1 was the scene of the fifth annual meeting of Associated Past Exalted Rulers of Southeast New York. Following the election of Henry Kohl, Past District Deputy of Newburg Lodge, to the presidency; the reelection of Harry A. Greene, also Past District Deputy of Brooklyn Lodge, as Secretary-Treasurer, and the appointment of Dr. John E. Dearden as Chairman of the Advisory Committee, a testimonial dinner was tendered to August W. Glatzmayer, recently appointed District Deputy. Addresses were delivered by William M. Frazor of Blue Island, Ill., and District Deputy M. Burr Wright, Vice-President of the New York State Elks' Association. Tributes were paid to the memory of Past Grand Exalted Ruler Henry S. Sanderson of New York Lodge and of Past Exalted Ruler William J. Kenney of Staten Island Lodge. Eighty-five Past Exalted Rulers graced the occasion.

Gala Night for St. Augustine Lodge

St. Augustine (Fla.) Lodge occupies a lime-light position both in the columns of its local press and in the hearts of its neighbors, due to constant contributions for the public benefit and due likewise to a celebration recently conducted, which attracted Elk delegates and strangers from all sections of the Peninsular State.

Preceding the Lodge ceremonial at Cathedral Place, the residents were dazzled and delighted by a wonderful street display in which many prominent citizens, grotesquely attired, attempted all manner of funny stunts. One delegation of public officials bestrode an ancient sprinkling-cart. A large contingency of solemnly-marching candidates was another center of attraction. There were feasting and fun and happy fellowship and all the perfecting touches of a successful occasion

Picturesque Elks' Float Leads Akron (Ohio) Pageant

When the completion of the Viaduct, a notable public improvement, was celebrated with glittering pageantry by all the citizens of Akron, Ohio, the various civic and philanthropic bodies massed forces in the jubilee, the Elks leading the parade with a picturesquely embellished float done in white and purple on which rode a trio of Akron's most beautiful daughters.

Eight Hundred Boys are Big Brother Beneficiaries

The Big Brothers of Philadelphia Lodge are greatly gratified with results of their 1922 efforts. In ten weeks during the season recently closed, 800 boys were accommodated and helped in many ways. These boys, gathered from all parts of Philadelphia, typified every strata of society, yet they yielded readily to discipline, surpassing the high standard of morale and physical development of previous summers. Every boy returned home healthier, happier and better, the transformation being accomplished through special training, mental and bodily. The entertainment features were more elaborate than heretofore. The slogan for next year is: "One thousand kids."

Another Community Center. Mendota (Ill.) Elks' New Home

Not only the Elks of Mendota, Ill., a city of 6,000, are rejoicing over the completion of the new home of the Lodge, erected at a cost of $90,000, but the entire population is sharing in the rejoicing. The home is to be a community center. Less than one

(*Continued on page 78*)

Helping Our Youth to Play

What the Elks Can Do for Young America

By Hon. Murray Hulbert

WE ARE taught in Holy Writ that a certain historic character of exuberant and impulsive audacity, when asked by His Master as to the whereabouts of his brother, replied, "Am I my brother's keeper?" Throughout the centuries, since that question was propounded, it has been ofttimes repeated, but invariably unanswered.

It was on Sunday evening, November 14, 1867, that a number of theatrical professionals and semi-professionals, who were boarding at a house on Elm Street, in New York City, decided that the puritanical Sunday Law was obnoxious to their enjoyment of the only day of recreation allotted to them. So, in a convivial spirit, they proceeded to regale themselves with song, story and recitation.

Some of these men were musicians of no mean ability and their musical instruments added zest to the entertainment. Their success on this occasion provoked a repetition, but added to the discomfort of a sedate landlady, and the second Sunday they were compelled to find new quarters. This they did, and added to their coterie fresh recruits. In a month's time the success that had attended their efforts evoked serious thoughts, and one of their number suggested that they utilize their talent to accumulate a fund for the relief of any member who might be found to be in distress.

Such was the nucleus which crystallized into the formation of a fraternal organization whose doctrine was:

A gospel born of love, charity, justice and fidelity
To soothe life's cares, drive grief away and uplift humanity.

And thus was born an organization destined, for the first time, to answer the interrogatory: "Am I my brother's keeper?"

The Order of Elks is a benevolent fraternity, conceived in a spirit of good fellowship, with a view to aiding those of its members, in need, in the hour of adversity. In the practice of its cardinal virtue—Charity—it has long since recognized the necessity for going outside the organization and giving succor and comfort to those who, because of the frailties of human nature, are the victims of man's inhumanity to man.

Among the objects set forth, in the Preamble to the Constitution of the Order, is the declared purpose "to quicken the spirit of American patriotism," which means love of one's country, and this in its last analysis, involves elevating its citizenry.

We can only directly "inculcate the principles of Charity, Justice, Brotherly Love and Fidelity" into the minds and hearts and lives and the very soul of our obligated membership; "to promote the welfare and enhance the happiness of its members" means but a relatively small percentage of the population of the United States; but "to quicken the spirit of American patriotism" opens up a field of opportunity for the Order to serve the entire Nation, and thus to create an influence that will, in turn, be felt more and more throughout the whole world.

Already, many prominent members of the Order have given much thought to the creation of an auxiliary body to be known as "Junior Elks" and a concrete suggestion, presented at the Atlantic City Grand Lodge Reunion, was referred to the Good of the Order Committee. And it will most likely receive the attention in the near future of the Committee on Judiciary.

At the same time, there was also presented by a special committee of the New York State Elks Association a suggestion which emanated from Past Grand Exalted Ruler John K. Tener: *That every Elks Lodge be urged to purchase, or otherwise acquire, the necessary property and equip and maintain a playground, to be known as Elks' Field, where adequate playgrounds have not already been otherwise provided.* Such playgrounds would be dedicated to public use with a view to encouraging the youth of America to engage in athletics. This proposal went to the Good of the Order Committee.

Outdoor exercises, following established rules of training, make a healthy body. Bodily health induces cleanliness of mind. A clean mind makes a wholesome soul, and that is the foundation of good citizenship.

Is there not a fine spirit of service in directing the unguided or misguided?

One ship drives east, and another west,
With the self same winds that blow;
'Tis the set of the sails
And not the gales
Which decide the way to go.

Like the winds of the sea are the ways of Fate
As we voyage along through life;
'Tis the will of the soul
That decides its goal
And not the calm nor the strife.

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HON. MURRAY HULBERT (Past Exalted Ruler of New York Lodge No. 1) is a member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary. His article discusses an important issue, which, by action of the last Grand Lodge, was referred to the Committee on Good of the Order, for investigation and recommendation, both as to practicability and as a question of policy. What Mr. Hulbert has to say will be read with keen interest by every Elk

A noted jurist, presiding in a Criminal Court, had arraigned before him an old schoolmate, arrested upon a charge of drunkenness and vagrancy. "But for an act of Fate, you might be I, and I might be you," he said, summing up in a simple sentence the fickle character of Opportunity.

The boys you have known who, as men, have achieved success stand out in your mind because their successive attainments have impressed themselves on your mind; but if you will recall those who have seemingly passed out of your memory, you will be appalled at the number "who never had a chance."

If you are the father of a boy over 16, it may interest you to know there is one chance in thirty that he will be apprehended for some serious misdeed during the next twelve months. That does not mean he will go to prison, but that he will come into the hands of the police authorities. Where the boy is employed, the chances of this happening are more in his favor—about one in fifty.

Three out of every four boys never get to high school.

Three out of every four boys need medical attention of some sort at the present time.

Many of them are so circumstanced that they have no one to whom they can turn, *confidentially*, for advice and assistance, and a comparatively simple ailment is often permitted to develop into a serious chronic illness. Many parents treat their children as though they were superior pet animals. In some families you can not tell whether it is the puppy or the baby that is being admonished. It can be plainly seen how such mollycoddling is destructive of the child's self-reliance and independence.

From 60 to 80 per cent. of the total number of people apprehended by the police, annually, are under the prescribed age for admission to this Order. Up to that time you can readily change the individual's character, habits, and mode of life, but seldom can it be done after the age of thirty. What we need to do, to discourage crime, is to prevent the development of criminal tendencies in the individual while it can be done and before it is too late. This is the intelligent and effective way to tackle the problem.

Don't you see the avenue of Opportunity open to the Order?

Now, how?

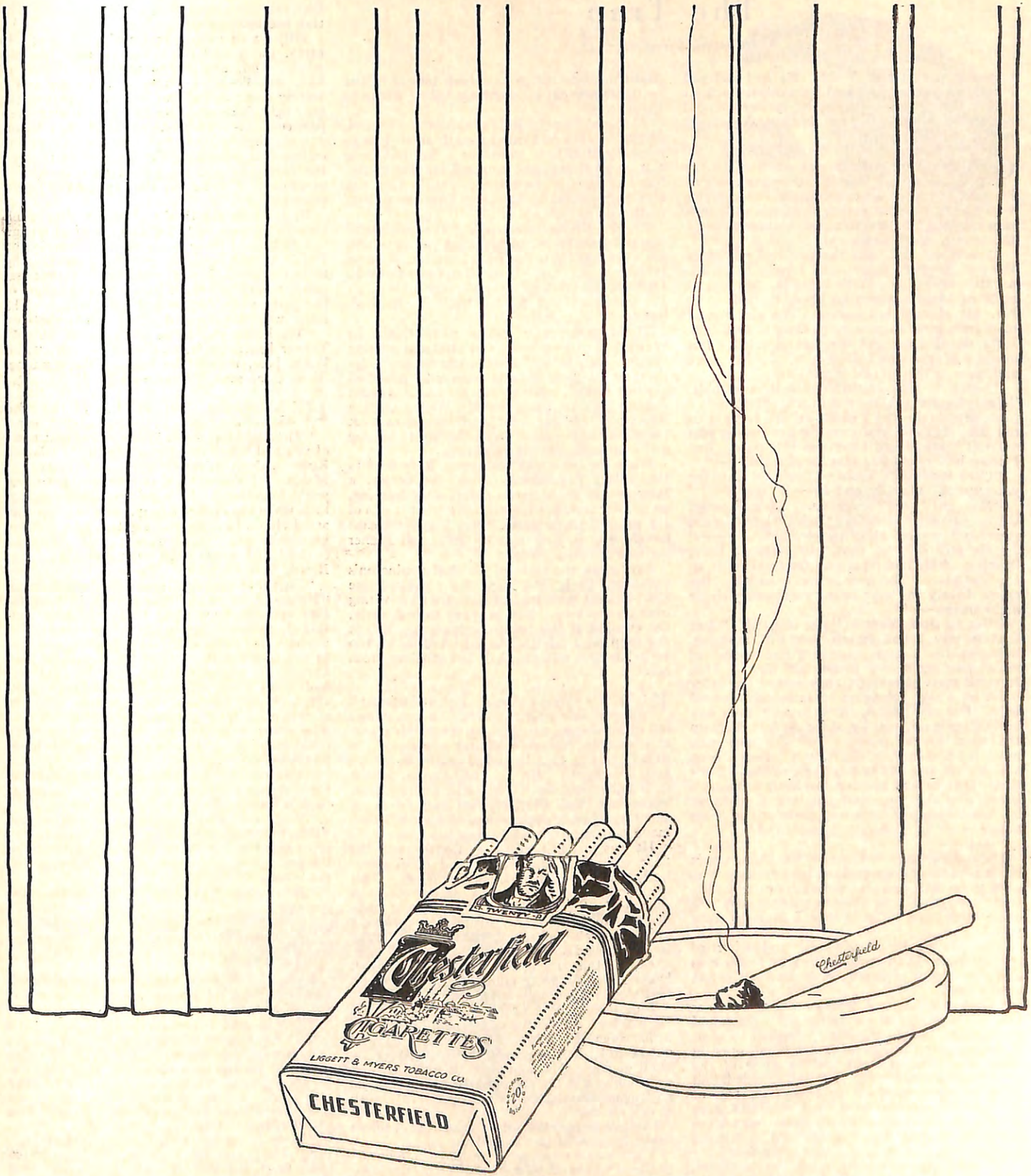
It is a truism, attested by all the wars of history, that no nation is stronger than its youth. Build the youth and you build the nation. And it was largely because the ideals and principles of our American boys had been developed in the clean, competitive realms of sport that they triumphed over the machine-drilled automatons of Germany. In a sense, the training of our youth upon athletic fields helped to win the war.

Does not that point the way for us?

Just now there is a well-defined movement to spread, throughout the world, the idea of play—as a substitute for war.

This movement has already reached even into the heart of China, under the shadow of its Great Wall, where a play and recreation center under American leadership is in operation at Chengtu.

(*Continued on page 66*)



They Satisfy

The package suggests it.
Your taste confirms it.
The sales prove it.

OVER 7 BILLION CHESTERFIELDS SOLD LAST YEAR

LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.

The Trap

(*Continued from page 24*)

instantly and past all doubt. He had galloped fiercely in pursuit, but had been called back, at the end of a few strides, by his master who did not realize why the dog should be dashing away in that excited fashion.

ONE morning, as Rufe was starting for the post-office, with Rowdy gamboling along at his side, he came face to face with Maida Wells, who had been maneuvering along the road outside his gate for some minutes in order to make the meeting seem accidental.

It was the first time the two had met since the evening when Scamp and Rowdy had made a battle-field of the Wells veranda. Rowdy, at sight of Maida, whom he liked, trotted up to her, his plumed tail a-wag. The girl shrank back from him in unconscious show of repulsion. Rufe noted this, and his face clouded. But already Maida was hailing him. In her voice and manner was an odd trepidation.

"Listen," she began, without preamble. "Uncle Cephas told me not to tell. But I didn't promise. And—and I can't feel it's fair not to tell you. He said you were the one person who mustn't know. And I suppose he's right. But I know how much you care for him and——"

"Care for him?" blithered Rufe. "Care for your uncle? Why, he and I——"

"No, no!" she broke in. "For Rowdy. Uncle Cephas is so sure he's the killer! And he has convinced several other people, too. He——"

"He still believes that, eh?" grated Rufe, flushing. "He had no reason for thinking it, in the first place. But now he has even less. Because Rowdy has slept in my room every single night since——"

"But he does think so," she insisted. "And that is why I had to see you this morning. Some of the Grange members had a sort of secret meeting at our house last night. And, from all sorts of reasons, they agreed the killer must be a dog belonging to somebody around here. For one reason, there haven't been any stray dogs loose, near by, since the last clean-up the poundmaster made. And the men who have been searching the woods haven't been able to find any den or any trace of him. They think that means his den is his own master's home; and that he steals out late at night on his horrible expeditions and then creeps home before morning, so he won't be missed."

"But——"

Unheeding, she went on: "Mr. Tanner says there were two dogs in Rockland County who used to do that, and who didn't get caught till a trick was tried. So they're going to try the same trick here. That's why I came to warn you."

The man was listening dazedly to her hurried speech, more taken up with the pain in her eyes and the tremor of her sweet voice than in her actual words.

"Uncle Cephas and Mr. Tanner and one or two of the others are going to get some liquid green paint," she hurried on. "A whole lot of it. They are going to leave the doors half open in their own chicken-coops and in some of the other people's; and prop pans full of this liquid paint on the tops of the doors and the tops of the doorsills. If the coop door is joggled, ever so little, by the dog, as he comes in or goes out—down will tumble the pan; and he'll be deluged all over with a cascade of bright green paint."

"Good!" approved Rufe. "That's clever. And it's simple, too. The morning after a paint pan is found upset, they'll go around the neighborhood, I suppose, and take a look at every dog. The dog that is spattered with green paint will be the killer. A corking plan! That is, if they're right in thinking it's a neighborhood dog. But why in blazes should your uncle say I mustn't know anything about it? Why should——?"

Then he checked himself. And his tanned face went red. He understood. Fervently he wished Mr. Wells were thirty years younger and an athlete. It would have been rare pleasure to hammer the scheming old conspirator into small independent republics.

This was a trap for Rowdy!—for Rowdy, the gallant chum who had harmed no one and broken no law in all his blameless year of life! And Craig was not to have been told of it, lest he try to prevent his dog from falling victim to the scheme!

Then, suddenly, Rufe's thoughts changed. Maida!— She had cared enough about him to come by stealth to warn him. She had done this, even though she believed his dog guilty. She had done it because she cared! This was all Craig could think of, now. This was all that mattered.

"I—I see!" he stammered. "It was white of you to let me know. And I want you to believe me when I tell you Rowdy is innocent. I know he'd be innocent, anyhow. But I can prove it. He's not been out of my room any night. . . . It's dandy of you to tell me," he finished, lamely. "Thanks."

There were many million more things he yearned to say—burning and vital and adoring things. But, before he could muster words for the first of them, Maida murmured a scared good-by and all but ran down the road. Around the bend, above, Craig saw Mr. Wells stumping into view. Lacking saintly self-control to meet the old man, just now, Rufe whistled to his dog and went back into his own house.

When the coast was clear again, Rufe went to the village paint-store. There he bought a large can of liquid green paint; after learning, on inquiry from the puzzled clerk, that it was of the same shade and quality as in several cans bought that very morning by Wells and Tanner and one or two other folk.

Ever since the night of his Buff Orpington's massacre, Craig had kept his chicken-house tight-locked; and he had nailed a new wiring over its windows. But on going to bed, early, the evening of this paint-purchase day, he left the coop door invitingly ajar. And on its top he balanced a milkpan, half full of slimy green paint.

RUFE was a heavy sleeper. But, at first streak of gray dawn next morning, he was roused out of his deepest slumbers by the double report of a shotgun, perhaps a quarter mile away. So drowsy was he that he lacked energy to get up and investigate. He lay, half-awake, in the faint light; and was about to let himself down again into the alluringly inviting ocean of slumber, when a slight sound in his own room made him open blinkingly inquiring eyes.

He was just in time to see Rowdy cross the floor with tense earnestness, and jump noiselessly through the wide-open window. This phenomenon brought Rufe's drowsiness to a sharp end. Scrambling out of bed, Craig made his way to the window. Outside, the sloping kitchen porch-roof ran down to within seven feet of ground.

Down this roof, Rowdy was pattering; hackles abristle, teeth glinting. At its edge he hesitated; sniffing the chill air.

Into Rufe's mind flashed a quick suspicion. He had been certain the collie spent every night in his room. Yet, it seemed, Rowdy could get out at will. Was it possible he had been in the habit of doing this; and that his agile wit and agile body had hit on some means of getting back again, undetected? Craig opened his mouth to call the dog.

On the same instant a miniature Bedlam broke loose from just behind the house.

There was a sound as of crashing tin, followed in the same breath by a snarl of surly fright and by the squawk and flutter of rudely aroused fowls.

Rowdy had launched himself in air at the first note of the racket, and bounded lightly to the ground. Scarce waiting to recover balance, he galloped at full speed around the corner of the house. Rufe, shouting incoherently, yanked on his trousers and a pair of slippers, and slid down the roof in pursuit. Letting himself to earth from the porch-roof's edge, he ran after his vanished dog.

He rounded the house-corner, still shouting. There, he halted, and gazed astoundedly at the scene in front of him.

In the half-light, he could see the chicken-coop door was standing wide open. Out through it were scuttling a bevy of scared hens. Across the threshold, on the floor, lay the tin pan, in the center of a pool of vivid green paint. The trap had been sprung.

Fifty yards away was Rowdy. Stomach to earth, the young collie was running like the wind. And, another twenty yards ahead of him, was fleeing a larger and heavier collie, tearing along as for dear life. Dim as was the gray light, Rufe could see that this larger collie's pale coat was literally drenched in green paint.

And, before the two whirlwind-speeding collies disappeared wholly from view through the murk, he had recognized past doubt the other dog. This despite the new coat of bright green he wore.

By the time the thud and patter of the multiple flying pads had died away, several human figures loomed through the mist, converging on Rufe. At their head stumped Mr. Wells, sketchy as to costume. Maida, wrapped in a dressing-gown, was close behind him. Among others of the party were Tanner and a farmhand. The latter was carrying a double-barreled shotgun.

"We heard you holler a couple of times," Tanner hailed Craig, as they came up. "And Wells, here, thought he heard a dog running. So we came over. What's——?"

HE STOPPED short, at sight of the open door of the coop and the lake of spilt paint.

"They told me, down at the store, that some of you had been buying green paint," explained Rufe, with a covertly reassuring glance at Maida. "I thought I'd do the same; though you'd forgotten to let me in on the game. A little while ago I heard a couple of shots. Rowdy and I climbed out to investigate. Just then we heard the pan tumble down; and a dog all covered with green paint went streaking away. Rowdy took after him. We——"

"That'll be the one!" spoke up the farmhand. "I been up, every night for a week, gunning for that reward. Last night I was watching outside Burnham's hencoop. Along about five minutes ago, I saw a dog sneak out under a hole in the coop's wire. And I let him have both barrels. It was a snap shot and the light was bad. But he ki-yied; and I knowed he was hit. He took off, crosslots, lickety-split, with me after him. And I guess everybody inside of a mile came a-running out in any clo'es they could grab up. My shots sure waked this burg! So then——"

"You say the dog went into your henhouse, too?" demanded Tanner, staring from the paint-pool to Rufe. "Sure it wasn't your own collie?"

"Yes," said Rufe, trying to answer civilly. "I can swear my collie left my room just a second or so ahead of me. And he was in sight when the pan fell on the other dog. I—I recognized the other dog, too."

"What dog was he?" asked Wells, suspiciously.

"I won't tell you," replied Craig. "Judging by the load of green paint he carries his owners won't have any bother identifying him when he gets home."

Wells laughed—a high and gleeful laugh that made Rufe yearn to tell him the whole truth.

"I see how it is!" crowed the old fellow. "It's just as I've figured it out, from the first. Your dog, Rowdy, has gotten scared off from other coops, by all the men with guns who were out for the reward. So, this time, he tackled your own coop. You heard the pan slamming down and you ran out and caught him at it. You yelled at him; and he ran away. He——"

"More likely he came here after Cal peppered him; and he went to the hencoop to hide; and the pan fell on him," suggested Tanner. "Because——"

"Well," put in the farmhand, "when he gets back, there'll be no trouble identifying him, anyhow. A dog with a quart of green paint on him and a couple or three or four or five buckshot in him, ought to be plumb easy to pick out of a crowd."

"If his master doesn't get hold of him and clean him off before the rest of us can glimpse him," supplemented Wells. "There's always that chance. I'm going to make the chance as small as I can, by staying here awhile. A scared dog is sure to come back home as soon as his scare eases. So I'm——"

"Rowdy didn't do it!" said Maida, breaking silence for the first time, and speaking with sudden conviction.

(*Continued on page 60*)

THE BLADE ACHIEVEMENT
THAT ANTIQUATES OLD WAYS

Now Comes the World's Fastest Shave

78 Seconds from Lather to Towel!

A Christmas offering to Elks

WE worked for years to make the following facts true. Now, if you'll lend us a few seconds reading them, we'll pay you back with interest compounded tomorrow.

They change the whole shaving situation. Old methods are supplanted.

A new shaving era

We processed a barber's edge—the keenest cutting edge known—on a safety razor blade!

That's the story in few words.

Now we offer you the world's fastest shave—a velvet shave in 78 seconds from lather to towel.

We talk in terms of time, because the only way to get a quick shave is with a super-keen blade.

Old-time ways won't do it. Put your watch before you and prove it to yourself.

"Strops its own blades"—Shaves, cleans, strops without removing the blade

Once over the face—that's all

With this new edge, you run over your face one time—***only***. A second is not needed.

And that's where you cut shaving time one-half. And spare your face, for dull-edged blades injure the skin.

Three men in four, past 35, skin specialists tell us, look ten years older than they are, because of improper methods of shaving.

No scraping. No after-shave smart. No shaving lotions needed, this new way.

Sharpens itself

We recommend your using our famous strop for the same reason a barber strops his razor. It keeps up the keenness. It works as a part of each razor—there if you care to use it, or, if you choose, you can just insert new blades as you feel the need. Self-stropping is a patented Valet AutoStrop feature.

It helps to give you the world's fastest shave every day.

Prove it—by the clock

Pick up a Valet AutoStrop Razor at your dealer's. Then give it a whirl tomorrow. Shave with your watch before you.

Note the time—78 seconds for a velvet shave!

That's our proposition.

To you, it will prove a revelation.

$1 or $5

Valet AutoStrop comes in two styles. $1 and $5.

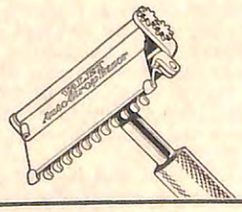
The four dollar difference lies in the superlative finish of the latter. The 78-second shave, you'll find in either one you choose. Gold plated and sterling silver fitted sets—ideal for gifts—are priced up to $25.

3 Things in a shave you've never had before

First—a super-velvet shave going over the face *one time*. No scraping.

Second—a quick shave. 78 seconds from lather to towel. Only a super-keen blade can do it.

Third—a 78-second velvet shave *every day*. The strop keeps up the edge of the blade.



Mail This for yourself or a brother Elk if your dealer cannot supply you

AutoStrop Safety Razor Co.
661 First Avenue, New York City

Enclosed is one dollar ($1.00), for which send me one of the Model C Valet AutoStrop Razor sets complete.

Name.....

Street Address.....

City and State.....

If you want more than one razor send $1.00 for each additional razor desired. We will mail to separate addresses if so instructed.

Valet AutoStrop Razor

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Sharpens its own blades

The Trap

(*Continued from page 58*)

"Thanks, Maida," said Rufe, in warm gratitude. "That's mighty white of you. And I——"

"What makes you think Rowdy isn't the killer, Miss Wells?" queried Tanner, as Wells glowered truculently at his niece. "It all points that way. And your uncle says he——"

"Rowdy isn't the killer," she repeated, firmly.

"How do you know?"

"Rufe Craig says so," returned the girl.

She had not meant to say it. Rufe caught his breath. Wells snorted loudly. He was about to speak, when, from the mists beyond them arose a sound which caught the group's wondering attention.

SCAMP had slept hard; by reason of an unwontedly long run, the preceding afternoon, with Maida. He slept past midnight, his usual waking hour on nights when he was to make his raids. He did not awaken until less than half an hour before daybreak. Then, to make up for lost time, he issued forth in all haste; and in the direction of a coop he had not molested for nearly a month. Long immunity might well have made the coop's owners careless.

But, on arriving there, he found the door securely locked. For this was not one of the places where the paint trap had been set. Hungry, and unwilling to waste the time needful to find another convenient coop, Scamp proceeded to dig a hole under the wire of the chicken-yard. Wriggling under this, he crawled through the low aperture into the coop.

But scarce had he killed his third chicken there when his keen ears caught the sound of a human footstep. Fearing to be caught in a corner, the dog made his way out, as he had come in. And two stray buckshot raked his body. One of them plowed a furrow across the skin of his forehead. The other welted his hip.

Neither wound was in the least serious. But both were acutely painful and terrifying. In panic, Scamp fled through the dawn mists, heading homeward. But as he turned in at the Wells gate, he heard voices. Mr. Wells was coming out onto the porch, struggling with his rebellious suspenders. From other directions came steps and voices.

Scamp dared not let himself be seen, bleeding and spattered with chicken-feathers as he was. Moreover, he knew as clearly as would any human, that he had no right to be outside his woodshed bed at such an hour.

In augmented fright, he took to his heels again. Nor did he pause until he was running through Craig's back yard.

There, a door was swung invitingly open; the door of the chicken-coop—a place of refuge where he might hide, in safety, licking his hurts, until the hue-and-cry should quiet down.

Into the coop he slunk; shouldering wider the door with his heavy shoulders, to admit of freer ingress. And, immediately, he was whirling around and scampering out again; deluged with ill-smelling and sticky paint.

He heard Rufe's shout and his approaching tread. Then into view sprang Rowdy. This was no time to stop to vent his spleen on the younger dog; with the latter's master close behind and with all the community aroused, Scamp turned tail and fled for the distant woods.

Rowdy dashed after him, hot with wrath. Awakened by the gunshots, he had lain listening to the increasing noises, so distinct to a collie's ear, though faint to those of man. There was excitement abroad. And, as ever with a collie, human excitement was quick to communicate itself to Rowdy.

Then, a moment or two later, he caught the familiar and hated scent of Scamp; and the frightened onrush of the latter's footsteps. That was enough for the stirred Rowdy. The enemy dog was trespassing on the land of his dear master. Yes, and on him was the smell of fresh blood.

The young dog waited for nothing more. Through the window he bounded in pursuit. The fact that Scamp fled before him and that Scamp had just emerged from one of the buildings which it was Rowdy's life-duty to guard, completed his craving to punish the intruder. After Scamp he sped. Nor, to his relief, did Craig call him back.

Toward the woods galloped Scamp. Presently he had left the houses and gardens behind him and was in the open fields. No human scent or sound was in the misty air. He was safe. And he slackened his pace, his fear giving place to savagery as he had scope to feel the smart of his hurts. Close behind him, as he knew, the despised Rowdy was following. To wheel on this puny pursuer and thrash him—perhaps to kill him—would be balm to the fugitive's harrowed nerves and temper.

He had nothing to fear from this dog he had so often bullied in puppyhood. It would be an easy victory. Crafty as he was, Scamp lacked the wit to know that the most deadly foe is one who has been bullied in past days and who yearns to pay the debt.

Scamp spun about to face Rowdy, gathering himself for a charge at the fast-galloping younger dog. But Rowdy had the brain of a wolf as well as had he. More—Rowdy's brain and his powers of thought had become marvelously sharpened by constant comradeship with a man who was his god and who treated him almost like a fellow-human.

Thus, Rowdy did not fail to note the battle-plan of his larger enemy. Scamp hurled himself, with a wild-beast roar, at the oncomer. But Rowdy was not there when the huge bulk landed. Slipping deftly to one side, he avoided the charge and slashed Scamp's shoulder to the bone as the great brute lumbered past.

Scamp whirled; and, foaming at the mouth, charged again. Again the agile Rowdy eluded him; this time diving under the other's upreared body and slashing deep into the unprotected stomach.

Maddened by the wounds and by his inability to avenge them, Scamp halted. Every sinew tensed and crafty brain alert, he moved with stealthy intentness toward his antagonist. There was murder in his look and in his every motion—murder and calculating design. Rowdy read it aright, yet he did not flinch.

Like a flash he bored in, head down to protect the tiny patch of throat left vulnerable amid the armor-mattress of a collie's neck fur. Scamp reared to meet the charge. But Rowdy dived low; and, seizing Scamp's left forepaw, just above the pastern, strove to break its bone between his strong jaws. This—like slashing—is a fight-maneuver inherited from the wolf and seldom used by any canine save the collie or the police-dog.

Scamp tore free, snapping impotently at the flying body as it dived for safety under him. The leg bone was not broken, but its muscles were cruelly wrenched. And Scamp went quite insane.

THIS time he abandoned craft and science, and, under stress of pain and maniac rage, he flung himself once more at his foe. Again Rowdy danced nimbly away. But, as he backed, his flying white hindfeet slipped into a six-inch furrow in the grass.

He was caught off-balance, and all but fell, before he could recover himself. It was but for the briefest fraction of a second. Yet it was long enough. For Scamp was upon him. The ravening jaws gripped Rowdy in the back. The huge weight crushed him to earth. Scamp, with all his maniac power, drove deep his teeth into the other's back, seeking to snap the spine. He growled like a wild animal worrying its prey. All his strength was braced, to pinion his enemy helpless to the ground; until the boring teeth could achieve their murder purpose.

Rowdy was wise. Instinctively he knew the fate before him. Yet no yellow taint of fear crawled into his white soul. Fiercely, valiantly, futilely, he battled to wrench free of that death-grip. But his strength was cramped by the crushing weight that held him down. Through his taut muscles and hard flesh he could feel the ever-stronger pinch of the grinding teeth.

With an ordinary dog, this must have meant the end of the fight. But a collie is not an ordinary dog. And a collie down is not a collie beaten. In his dire extremity, Rowdy made use of the uncanny brain which was his heritage.

Unable to free himself, yet he could move the forepart of his lithe body; for Scamp's grip was close to the loins. Writhing about, despite the agonizing pain and increasing weakness, he drove his teeth into the other's nostrils.

THIS was no chance grip which Rowdy had sought and gained, as a last resort. It was worthy of a wolf. For his jaws, clamping upon Scamp's nose, shut off the larger collie's breath. Scamp's mouth was busy with Rowdy's back; and Rowdy's thick coat filled so much of that mouth as was not engaged in biting into Rowdy's loins. So Scamp, perforce, must breathe through his nostrils alone. And now, with a keen anguish, those sensitive nostrils were pinched shut.

Scamp shook his victim to and fro, as a puppy shakes a rag-doll. He shook in the dual hope of snapping Rowdy's imperiled spine and of making him loosen that strangling nose hold. In both, he failed. To save himself from strangulation and from the torture on his tender nose, he must sacrifice his death-hold on Rowdy's spine.

He let go. Rowdy did not.

Freed from the awful pressure on his loins, Rowdy sprang up. But he did so only to brace himself the more firmly. And he drove his keen teeth deeper into the nose he had seized; mending his hold to include Scamp's flaring underjaw.

Scamp thrashed about in a supreme effort to shake him loose. He reared. He rolled. He plunged like a crazy colt. But Rowdy hung on. A dog, alone of all animals (or humans, for that matter), has but one set of weapons. Namely, his jaws. It never occurs to him to use his sharp claws as offensive weapons. Thus, a muzzled dog is a helpless dog. And Scamp was securely muzzled—muzzled by a double set of teeth that gripped deeper and deeper into his nose and underjaw.

Under this impotence and anguish, his rage merged once more into fear; then into wild panic. At heart, the crafty killer was a rank coward. The fact that this once-bullied Rowdy had bested him and now held him at his mercy and was torturing him unbearably, took the last vestige of fight out of Scamp; and left him stripped bare—a craven cur.

He squealed shrilly for mercy, crouching to earth like a whipped puppy. And, all at once, it seemed to occur to Rowdy that this doughty tormenter of his had ceased to be anything but a lump of cowardly and beaten flesh. Rowdy loosed his grip. Scamp groveled, howling. Rowdy stepped back, eying the other in grave bewilderment. Scamp took advantage of the respite to scramble to his feet and set off at a breakneck run.

Here at last was some part of the new phase that Rowdy could understand. His enemy was escaping. Like a furry cyclone, Rowdy gave chase.

The lamed foot hampered Scamp's running. Pain and terror confused him. Rowdy gained on him at every bound. From the fleeing cur's throat issued a series of earsplitting yells. This was the sound that assailed the ears of the group in Rufe Craig's backyard.

Fleeing homeward, by instinct, Scamp tore through the Craig yard. And it was there Rowdy caught up with him; seizing the fugitive by the shoulder. At the grip, Scamp rolled on the ground in yelling fright. Rowdy laid one white forepaw on his beaten assailant's back, and stood calmly looking at his master for further instructions.

Before those instructions could be voiced, the farmhand broke the moment of open-mouthed silence by sputtering:

"Covered all over with green paint! Yep, and see the two places where my buckshot said how-dy-do to him when it sung past him? Yep, there they are. We got the killer, all right, all right! Caught him—green-handed, at that. Yes, sir! I guess that lets Rowdy out. And I guess it lets him in on the reward. 'Twas him caught the cuss. Yes, sir! He——"

But Rufe was not heeding. He crossed to Maida and whispered:

"I'm sorry, dear."

"I'm not," she made shaky answer. "I'm glad. Honestly I am. Because Rowdy—because Rowdy is yours. . . . And so am I—if—if you think you really want me."

"You'll Like Walter Camp's New Way to Keep Fit"

Don't Wake Up Some Morning and Find Yourself "Old!"

A PERIOD of peril usually comes to a man after thirty—just when he ought to be approaching the zenith of his physical and mental powers.

It creeps upon him almost unperceived—a subtle slowing up of the abundant health and tireless energy of his youth.

He may feel as well as he ever did, but he will come to value his bodily comfort more and more, and will be less inclined to undertake anything that requires much physical effort. And when he *does* exert himself, he is tired and "winded" by efforts that would have been play for him at twenty-one.

His mind is probably more active than ever, and he may work very hard with enjoyment, but his physical condition has begun to sag; his body lags behind the pace his brain sets.

Almost without realizing it, this man has entered "the dangerous age." If he fails to act promptly to eliminate the peril that threatens, he gets steadily softer and heavier in body, his arteries slowly harden, and some morning—when he is sprinting for the 8:27—CRASH! There is a collapse.

Just Ten Minutes' Fun a Day Will Keep You Fit

The reason for this really appalling condition of many men in middle life is perfectly plain and obvious—it is the result—the penalty—of living the sedentary life that modern civilization imposes upon business men and women.

Indoor living; too much mental strain; too little bodily activity—these are the causes that age Americans prematurely.

But there is a brighter side to the picture. Thousands of men and women—once flabby-muscled, low in endurance, easily fatigued by ordinary mental or physical exertion—are to-day facing their daily work with new ability and new energy. They are no longer nervous. They have eliminated the "dangerous age"—their endurance has been strengthened; their minds are clearer—and all these desirable results have been attained through *only ten minutes' fun a day.*

Walter Camp Solved Their "Keeping Fit" Problem

These people owe their improved health to the fact that they devote a short time each day to a new scientific system of physical development. And the remarkable part of it all is that while they are thus building up their bodies—they *exult* in the exercise. It is not drudgery, it is fun.

This remarkable system of body building was devised by Walter Camp, the famous Yale football coach. Mr. Camp has embodied the complete system in twelve simple movements which are known as the "Daily Dozen." According to physical culture experts who have studied it, this new method will accomplish in just ten minutes more actual good than a half hour spent in strenuous gymnasium exercise.

User Filled With New Vitality

Here are extracts from letters, typical of the many constantly received from Daily Dozen enthusiasts:

"Made a New Woman of Me"

"Walter Camp's Daily Dozen has made a new woman of me. I was almost an invalid with nervous indigestion and headache. No medicine the doctors gave me seemed to help me a bit. I decided to try the Daily Dozen, and it surely does all you say. I have not had a single bit of indigestion or headache since taking the exercises."
Mrs. Frank G. Ingalls, 104 Pelton Ave., West New Brighton, N. Y.

"Took Family by Storm"

"I received your complete set of records yesterday and was delighted with them. They took the whole family by storm, as it were, and, before the first record was played the second time, the whole family was up and going through them. I am convinced absolutely that your system of Health Building should be in every household, because of its simplicity and the benefits to be derived from it for all members of the family."
Walter N. Haynes, Buffalo, N. Y.

These "Daily Dozen" exercises are so wonderfully effective because they are based on *natural* methods of body development. Take the tiger in the zoo. He is caged in, removed from his natural way of living—just as we, through the centuries, have grown away from our natural way of living. Yet the tiger keeps himself in perfect physical condition—always. How?—by constantly stretching and turning and twisting the trunk or body muscles. And that is where Mr. Camp says we must look after ourselves. It is on just this principle that he has based his "Daily Dozen."

The "Daily Dozen" were first used as much needed substitutes for the tiresome setting-up drills used in training camps during the war. Their immense value was quickly apparent, and before long members of the Cabinet as well as other prominent men were relying on them as a guard against physical breakdown due to over-work.

Since the war, the "Daily Dozen" have been making thousands of busy men and women fit and keeping them so. And now the exercises are proving more efficient than ever. For a wonderful improvement has been effected in the system. Here it is:

The "Daily Dozen" Set to Music!

With Mr. Camp's special permission, the "Daily Dozen" exercises have been set to music on phonograph records that can be played on any disc machine.

A chart is furnished for each exercise—showing by actual photographs the exact movements to make for every one of the "commands"—which are given by a clear voice speaking on the record. The most inspiring music for each movement has been adopted. A fine, rousing tune, such as the great Sousa march, "The Stars and Stripes Forever," has a wonderful effect. It is elating; it gives added zest to an activity that was very enjoyable even before this improvement.

There is only *one* Walter Camp, and only one system known as the "Daily Dozen." No other twelve exercises can accomplish the results of the genuine "Daily Dozen."

Try the Complete System Free—For Five Days

You cannot fully appreciate the real fun 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 69 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, Dept. 8612, Garden City, N. Y.

FIVE DAY TRIAL COUPON

HEALTH BUILDERS, Inc.,
Dept. 8612, 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.

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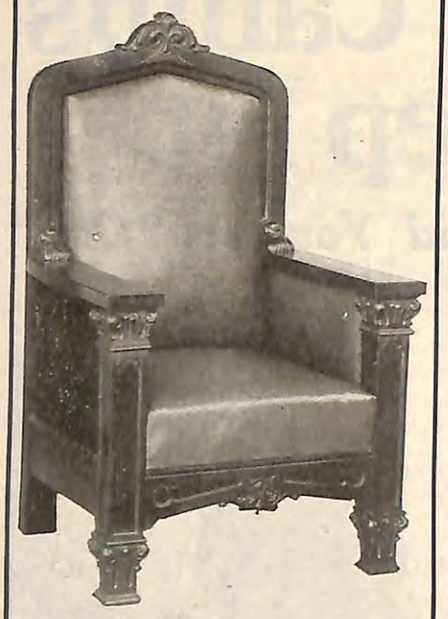

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The Centipede Was Happy—Quite

(*Continued from page 42*)

nine men out of ten to press and get into trouble. Ordinarily, Jones was immune to such influences, but this time he drove with all the strength that was in his thick arms. And hooked into the ditch, a hundred yards short of the hole.

It is easy to lose a ball in that ditch; but we found this one easily enough. It was buried, almost out of sight, on the edge of one of the puddles. There was only one way to play such a shot, and even Jones could not go wrong. But to play from the mud successfully requires a steady eye; and Jones' eye was not steady. His first stroke buried his niblick inches deep in the mud, but did not stir the ball; his second drove the ball itself clean out of sight. Into his third he put all the scooping power of back and shoulders; and he lifted a mass of mud bodily from its place, and flung it forward a yard or more. The ball was not in sight; but Jones said heavily:

"It's in that mud. I'll get the damned thing."

He stepped forward to the viscous mass he had wrenched out of the puddle and swatted it roundly. It splattered into bits, but no ball emerged. Bob chose this moment to say, in an interested tone:

"You play a niblick just like my brother does, sir."

Jones grunted, and wiped a clinging bit of mud from his nose. Then he got down on hands and knees to peer into the original excavation. We heard him mutter thickly:

"Here's the cursed thing. Now——"

This time, by a miracle of self-control, the man accomplished something. His stroke was gentle and carefully timed; he scooped the ball forward to the stubbly turf at the foot of the steep bank of the ditch. He followed it up, took his mashie, and with that impossible, scythe-like motion of his, lifted to the top of the bank above him. Bob did not seem to consider it necessary to put any further question. Jones reached the green; but he was weary and hot, and took three putts for an eleven on the hole. I thought a certain humility was revealing itself in the man; but when Bob said diffidently: "You're going to have trouble, sir," it was the old Jones who answered.

"Nonsense!" he rasped. "A little bad luck. Happens to any one. Two or three good holes make it up. No score is turned in till eighteen holes are finished; and you neither win nor lose till the last putt's down. Just remember that, young man."

He strode on toward the third tee; and Bob looked back at us and turned his thumbs down in an expressive pantomime.

OUR third hole is one hundred and twenty yards. The ditch, the worst section of it, crosses directly in front of the tee. Beyond, the ground slopes up toward the hole, and there are apple-trees dotted here and there. If you clear the ditch, a four or a five is reasonably easy; and the further edge of the ditch is not thirty yards from the tee.

Bob took his mashie for the shot, and dropped the ball safely across the ditch, better than half way to the hole. As Jones teed his ball, the boy said: "Thuh-that's lucky. Mashie's a treacherous club. Maybe that's because I play it wrong, sir."

"Exactly," said Jones. "The mashie should be played with a sweeping stroke, using only so much force as is necessary. Ridiculous to try to chop the ball in two with it, as these rule-bound ignoramuses do."

He was swinging his club as he spoke; and Bob asked:

"Yuh-yuh-yuh-you don't use the chip shot at all?"

"Never. Always sweep the ball forward——"

"D-do you keep your arms stiff?"

"Of course. Like this."

He was in mid-stroke when Bob stammered: "Buh-buh-buh-buh!" Jones swung around impatiently; and Bob fell silent. Jones snapped: "What? What?"

"I'm bothering you, sir."

The man swung his club against the packed sand underfoot ferociously. "Damn it, what did you say?"

"Your left arm was bending, sir."

"No, no, no! I tell you, my arms do not bend. Or possibly I do bend the right arm a little bit. Not much. For all practical purposes, they——"

"Yuh-yuh-you did bend one arm, though."

Jones hesitated; then he turned to his ball again, and swung in that awkward way of his that is usually so maddeningly effective. The ball started like a bullet, but it was wide of the line. It hit the trunk of an apple tree, fifteen yards in front of the tee and to the left, came back at an angle and rolled down the slope almost directly behind us, out of bounds. We watched it go; and the caddy scampered to recover it.

When the boy brought the ball back, Jones turned it in his hands. As he stooped to tee it again, Bob said: "Yuh-yuh-you did bend your arms. Both of them, sir."

Jones shook his head. "No, no. Watch me again!"

THIS time he topped it; and it bounced, as a topped ball sometimes will, almost straight into the air. Jones had time to cry: "Oh, damn the thing," before the white sphere descended, squarely in the middle of the ditch. There was no need for further words.

He splashed around for some time, plowing up quite a considerable patch of the ditch bottom. Finally he located the ball in the muck and took his niblick; but there must have been a rock hidden in the mud, for the club snapped. Jones turned to his caddy, almost too calmly. "Boy," he said, "I should have taken the mashie in the beginning. Here."

His calm was deceptive. We saw that by his subsequent strokes. Jones was gone. He was completely in the air. As a golfer, the man was simply no longer present. He was absent without official leave. Enough if it be said that he took fourteen strokes on that par three hole; and when on the fourth his drive, with a bad slice, curved far to the right and into the woods, the man marked its flight, then dropped his club and without words stalked away across the course toward the club-house on the hill.

We watched him go. Most men have some redeeming feature; and Jones had taken his destruction rather well. We were all three a little ashamed of ourselves. I looked at Marshall, and Marshall looked at me, and we both looked at Bob. He was watching the stocky figure of the departing man.

I told him he ought to be scalped for disrespect to his elders; but he grinned abstractedly and reminded me that the three of us had egged him on. Marshall said: "The question is, how were you so infernally wise?"

He moved one hand, in a deprecating way, still watching Jones. "A bird can fly," he reminded us, "and a fish can swim, and a race-horse can run. But no bird could tell you how it flies, and no fish could tell you how it swims. Jones can play golf any old way; but he doesn't know how he does it. Make him self-conscious about his own methods——" He laughed abruptly. "Matter of fact, as I told you in the beginning, it's the old story of the Centipede and the Frog."

"What's that?" I asked.

But he shook his head, starting to follow the disappearing figure of the other man. "Tell you some other time," he said. "I've got to make it up to him. So long."

He jogged across the course, overtook Jones, and we saw them go up the hill together.

It was Pitkin who unearthed the old jingle; and it was Pitkin who made a typewritten copy of the infernal thing and posted it on the bulletin in the locker room. When I came in, next day, Jones was standing in front of the board, reading it carefully. As I approached, he turned aside toward where McOrson was polishing a set of clubs, and I heard him say:

"Mac, have you time to give me a course of sprouts? This golf's a good game. I'd like to learn it."

Old McOrson looked up in some astonishment; and after a moment they moved off together. I crossed to the board to see what Jones

had been reading. This is what Fitkin had posted there.

"The Centipede was happy, quite
Until a Frog, for fun,
Said: 'Pray, which foot comes after which?'
Which worked its mind to such a pitch
It fell, exhausted, in a ditch,
Considering how to run."

Jones now plays golf in beautiful form. But he is no longer formidable.

Doing It to Music

(*Continued from page 45*)

interesting to have learned just what kind of music induced the most milk—classical or jazz—but the account did not mention that.

Of course it is an established fact that music affects animals strongly. They catch seals with it in Puget Sound. The seals there destroy untold numbers of salmon during the year and one of the Governmental seal hunters employs a phonograph to lure the seals into close proximity with his boat. While they are enjoying the concert he picks them off with his rifle. Of course a lot depends upon the kind of music you use, for all animals do not like all music, any more than do all human beings. One animal trainer in New York Hippodrome used soft dreamy waltzes to soothe his pets before putting them through a stage performance. Monkeys, on the other hand, go half crazy with rage and apprehension when forced to listen to a saxophone.

Not long ago I read an account of how the light heavyweight champion, Harry Greb of Pittsburgh, had a piano played constantly in his training camp as an aid to his preparation for a bout. And there is a woman tennis champion who insists that her success with the racket is due largely to the jazz tunes that run through her head while she is playing the game, speeding her up considerably. Also that the strength of her wrists is due to piano practice which she began as a child and has continued ever since.

Interesting indeed is the statement about the postmaster of Keansburg, N. J., who just cannot make any speed in sorting the daily mail unless the family phonograph is going full tilt. But most soul satisfying is the account of how Treasurer John J. Boyle, of Cleveland, Ohio, had an orchestra installed in the tax collection offices of the city, to play soothing airs while the tax payers were making their payments. "Paying is not a popular indoor sport," the Treasurer said. "And a little music helps make it easier."

Everyone must have noticed the compelling effect which music exerts upon an audience during a movie performance. In fact a movie without music is like a human body without a soul, the emotions of the players being interpreted by the carefully selected score. David Wark Griffith has stated that over 500 different musical selections were woven into the score that helped to interpret "The Birth of a Nation," and that the entire finished picture was reeled off 84 times with constant changes being made in the orchestral accompaniment so as to get an exact synchronism of music and action.

But it is not generally known that film stars are influenced in their acting by music played to them for the purpose while they are going through their parts. In one of his films, "Hearts of the World," Mr. Griffith had prepared a complete score with a theme designed to affect the temperament of each player, a theme in keeping with the emotions of each part as he thought they should be interpreted. And he found that it helped considerably. Many stars now recognize the principle and have themselves played to as they go through their parts. Clara Kimball Young, for instance, is fond of a piano accompaniment, while Mary Pickford prefers a violin solo for her emotional scenes.

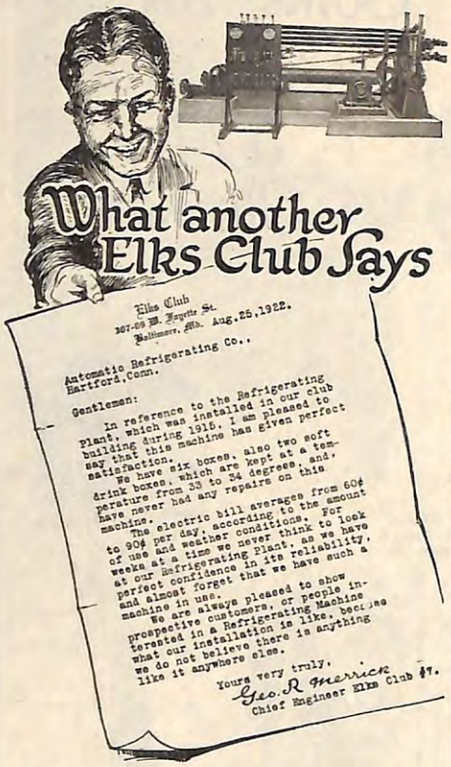
Of course the handling of crowds by means of music is an old device and has been made use of by various organizers. The band or orchestra is a potent force in promoting enthusiasm during political conventions and old-fashioned evangelists from Moody and Sankey down to Billy Sunday have used it with telling effect.

Even in medicine, music has come to have its uses. In England it has attained great vogue in the treatment of nervous disorders and in this country it has come into wide use. Instance the

(*Continued on page 64*)

AUTOMATIC REFRIGERATION

A FACT — THERE IS BUT ONE AUTOMATIC



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This coupon is worth hundreds of dollars to anyone using ice—will you not spend 2c to-day to make this saving?

Doing It to Music

(*Continued from page 63*)

case of the Hospital for Epileptics at Gallipolis, Ohio, in which institution there are twelve pianos, thirty-five phonographs and over 100 string and wind instruments.

Of course it is easy to see how music might be effective in cases of nervous disorders, such as stammering. And that reminds me of a story I heard about a passenger on a sea-going vessel who ran up to the captain and hurriedly tried to tell him something but could not make himself understood because of an impediment in his speech. The captain refused to be bothered with him at first and so did the others to whom he tried to talk. After awhile the captain, noting his distress, spoke kindly to him, saying: "Look here, if you want to tell me anything, you should sing it." And the man did so in a tragic voice as follows:

"Should old acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to mind?
The pastry cook fell overboard,
He's twenty miles behind."

Music is being used effectively in the education of deaf mutes. In the New York Institution for the Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb there are regular music classes and it is amazing to note the sensitiveness of some of the inmates to different tunes. During a recent visit to that institution a class of deaf boys and girls, none more than twelve years of age, was called to the grand piano and told to rest their hands on top. They waited eagerly for the vibration which carried to them the rhythm and enabled them to name the piece which had been chosen from a repertoire of thirty. Then they joined in the music, pronouncing the words distinctly and earnestly endeavoring to carry the tune. It was a remarkable exhibition.

But one of the most amazing instances of the responsiveness of a deaf-mute to sound occurred in Seattle where a deaf and dumb boy listened to Rachmaninoff's C sharp *Prelude* through the soles of his bare feet. Josef Hofmann was the pianist. That he felt the music and took note of the Hofmann rendition was proven by the changes he made later in his own interpretation.

Some idea of the vogue which music has come to have in the general life of the people is indicated in the work done and the statistics collected by the National Bureau for the Advancement of Music, which is concerned in promoting the general good of the cause by any legitimate means which may be devised. Such means take the form of Community Sings, the promotion of neighborhood Musicals, Music in Industry, Music Clubs, city-wide Music Weeks, Music Memory Contests, Christmas Carolings and the encouragement of musical education, collective and individual.

The records show that during the year ending June 1, 1922, eighty-eight cities in the United States held one or more music weeks. In New York City 2,000 groups participated, including clubs, churches, schools, civic societies, industrial plants, etc. In San Francisco there were about 1,000 events. In Washington, D. C., President Harding took a prominent part with 50,000 school children and as many more adult participants.

Up to June, 1922, there were held 377 Music Memory Contests in over 275 cities and towns. Hundreds of thousands of children and adults took part and prizes were awarded to those who could remember the names of the greatest number of musical compositions played for their benefit. Of course only high-class music was played, but the records achieved by the children were in many cases remarkable. Cities and towns to the number of 620 held outdoor Christmas Carolings in 1921. In St. Louis 250 groups went about the streets caroling. In Cincinnati 5,000 people participated and in Detroit 10,000. These are but a few examples from the mass, yet they are not the regular paid musical activities of the nation, but the voluntary contribution of the people themselves.

It has been said that we are the worst singers in the world, meaning forsooth that as a nation we are unmusical. Before I looked into the records of the National Bureau for the Advancement of Music, I might have agreed, but not now. I prefer to agree with the Lady-who-findeth-out-all-things and I told her so when I reached home that evening. But the true significance of the whole movement came vividly to me later when I listened over the radio to a beautiful concert to which many thousands of other people were also listening and afterward to the closing words of a speech delivered by the Hon. James J. Davis, U. S. Secretary of Labor, before a conference of the Music Industries, meeting in New York. Said Mr. Davis:

"I see in the future a musical America. I look forward to the day when America's mighty host—a hundred million strong—will face the world with a song on its lips, and a vast chorus, sweeping from the Atlantic to the Pacific, will weld the nation into one great force for world good and happiness and peace."

Building the New Lodge Home

(*Continued from page 51*)

$300,000 to which was added other resources at hand or assured and which included accrued interest to be collected and approximating $2,000; interest on deposits, $3,800; earnings on cash received through the sale of bonds pending payments to contractors, $10,000; Emergency fund turned over to Building Committee, $2,000; Entertainment proceeds, $2,000; sale of securities, $86,000; earnings on Municipal and Liberty bond securities pending sale, $3,000; sale of fixtures and equipment in old Lodge building, $500, and anticipated earnings from entertainments planned for winters of this year and next year including a bazaar to be conducted by the ladies, $25,000. We also added 50 life members at $300 each, or a total of $15,000; our savings from dues, over operating expenses pending construction, $10,000, and loans, on demand notes, not to exceed $50,000. The grand total is $507,300 in the above group of figures.

In the matter of the $50,000 loan on demand notes we recommended that the Trustees of the Lodge be authorized from time to time, upon recommendation of the Building Committee, to borrow money to be credited to the Building Fund, on demand notes bearing interest at five per cent., the maximum amount to be $50,000, conditioned, however, that a similar amount has already been paid to the Trustees acting for the bondholders, through the provisions of the Trust Deed pertaining to the payments to be made for Sinking Fund purposes.

As every home builder knows, it is one thing to build and another to maintain. The matter of maintenance was carefully studied before the project was even started. Every possible item of expense was considered and it was found that the annual cost could not exceed $50,000. This sum included a charge of $15,000 a year as interest on the bonds, plus a sinking fund of $5,349 a year in addition to the amount paid to the Trustees each year representing the initiation fees. Legislation was enacted by the Lodge providing that first of all, each year, there must be set aside, against any expenditure whatsoever, a sufficient sum to provide for the payment of the interest and the sinking fund liabilities on the bonds. This is as it should be and fully protects the bondholders.

What Cincinnati has done can be accomplished by any Lodge. No. 5, in a comparatively short time, by means of the get-together and do-it-now spirit will move into a magnificent home, fully paid for and title clear. Hardly had the first spade been driven into the ground when there was an increase in the applications for membership. This is to be expected and it grows with the construction of the building itself. The lodge wanted an increased membership and was gratified at the fine type of American citizens who made application.

In putting through such a project as Cincinnati Lodge has accomplished it will be well to remember the motto of old Davy Crockett:

"Be sure you are right—then go ahead." No committee can be sure until it goes before the officers and members of the Lodge time and time again, and makes it plain to them that frequent conferences are absolutely necessary. What may seem a good plan to-day may not seem so good to-morrow. Plans must be wrought over and thought out and discussed until they reach the perfect order and state. In these things the committee must have the assistance of the Lodge body.

Regarding homes and clubs the statutes of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks contain the following:

Sec. 205. A Lodge may establish and maintain a home or club, for the social enjoyment of its members, bearing a name, title, or emblem of the order, and subject to such limitations and restrictions as may be provided by law.

Sec. 206. No home or club shall be established or maintained in any city or town except where a Lodge of the Order exists.

Sec. 208. A Subordinate Lodge may, in its discretion, have such home or club incorporated, separately from the Lodge, but a majority of the officers, directors, or managing board of such corporation shall at all times be selected from the elective officers and the Past Exalted Rulers of the Lodge.

A proposal to incorporate the Home or Club shall be made in writing and filed with the Secretary of the Lodge. At the first meeting of the Lodge after the receipt of such proposal the Exalted Ruler shall fix a time not less than one or more than four weeks distant, at a regular session of the Lodge, when said proposal shall be acted upon, and the Secretary of the Lodge shall give notice of such proposal to incorporate by mailing a notice to each member of the Lodge at his usual place or address, giving sufficient time for mail to reach each member resident within the jurisdiction of the Lodge. Upon the consideration of such question of incorporation, if a quorum is present, it shall only be necessary that a majority vote of those attending be had in order to bind the Lodge; providing, however, that where the statutes of any given State require a greater or different vote then and in that event such State law shall govern.

The Articles of Incorporation, by-laws, rules and regulations of such corporation, and all amendments thereto, must be submitted to the Chairman of the Committee on Judiciary for his approval before the same can become effective. A Subordinate Lodge, before acquiring property for or constructing a home, shall submit its proposed plans for and method of financing such project, to the Grand Exalted Ruler and the Board of Grand Trustees for approval, and must obtain such approval before proceeding further. Failure of the Lodge or club to comply with this section shall subject the Lodge establishing the club to punishment by the Grand Exalted Ruler.

Sec. 209. If such home or club be not incorporated, it shall be managed and controlled under any one of the following methods:

1. By the elective officers, including the trustees of the Lodge, or
2. By the trustees of the Lodge; or
3. By a house committee or board of governors to be appointed by the Exalted Ruler for that purpose.

The method of home or club government, adopted by a Lodge, shall be specified in its by-laws, and if such a home or club is managed and controlled by a house committee appointed as herein provided, the terms of office of the members thereof may be fixed by by-law of the Lodge, provided not less than one member of such committee shall be appointed each year.

I REPEAT that home ownership by the Lodge should loom up just as importantly as in the affairs of the individual householder; and when once secured, the proper Elk spirit should always be injected along the lines of inspiration and practicability, and the conduct of every Elk at all times should be along the same lines as if in his own home—a courteous proper greeting extended to all visitors, and last but not least a strict observance of the statutes of the Grand Lodge as to what may or may not be found in the home.

* * *

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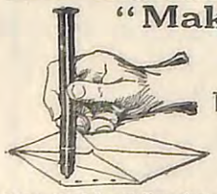

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Who Should Go to College?

(*Continued from page 19*)

The idea that our youth should learn nothing that can not be turned into dollars is in my judgment absolutely unsound. Some pretty fine men were turned out of the American colleges in the days before there was a scientific school or a school of commerce in existence. We need more than ever the broadening and cultural influence of the colleges of liberal arts.

In the training of the largest possible number to think straight, to love justice, to reverence noble thought and fine action, and to be sensitive to things that have been held to be true and beautiful in all ages lies the promise and the hope of civilization in America.

What a Scientist Has to Say—

NO ONE has a better right to be heard on the question of who should go to college than the experimental psychologist who is developing the important science of testing human intelligence. One of the foremost of these is Dr. R. S. Woodworth, professor of psychology at Columbia University and one of the directors of the Psychological Corporation, whose object is to "render expert services involving the application of psychology to educational, business, administrative and other problems."

"Your question, who should go to college, is being partly answered by the intelligence tests which more than a dozen big colleges and universities in this country hold for candidates for admission. Up to recent years it was considered enough if a student proved by his entrance examinations that he knew a certain amount of algebra, history, geography or whatever other subjects were considered necessary foundation for a college course. To-day these subject examinations are being supplemented by psychological tests that determine the candidate's intellectual *capacity* for college education. If, as I expect, these intelligence tests should gain headway there should be in the future less of the condition of which Dr. Hopkins and Dr. Faunce complain—and rightly in the main.

"But as yet there seems to me too little predictive value in intelligence tests. It is a risky thing to issue 'patents of nobility' for an 'aristocracy of brains' on the basis of these tests alone. I should be more liberal and supplement the tests with an actual trial of, say, six months to give a candidate a chance to show how he would react to actual college student conditions. It often happens that at a given period the candidate is under the eclipse of some emotional crisis in his personal life that prevents his mind from doing full justice to him."

"May not such a disability extend over a year or more," I asked, "throughout the whole period in which the candidate is being tested for his fitness for college?"

"Yes, and as a matter of thoroughness intelligence tests and study of individual fitness should begin with the first grades of the child's education. The older the intelligence to be tested the harder it is to get precise delineation. It is easier to read the comparatively naïve reactions of children than the more or less complex and partly repressed indications of older people. Of course school teachers are in exceptional position to test and even to guide children along the lines of natural bent. This emphasizes the teacher's rôle in answering the question as to who should go to college."

The College On Wall Street—

AS ALREADY pointed out the National City Bank of New York carries on educational work proportional in scope. J. Harbeck Meeker, head of the Department of Education and Training of the National City Bank and Past Exalted Ruler of the Orange (N. J.) Lodge, thus described the work for this symposium:

"We have in our New York employ about 200 boys. The City Bank Institute is their school within the walls of our institution. Classes in arithmetic, composition, history, and other fundamentals are given exclusively for them and time is allowed for them to attend.

"Every January and June, when the State Regents examinations are held, we give boys time to take these examinations. When a boy has accumulated the 72 counts required for college entrance he is eligible for a City Bank Club Scholarship. This pays for his courses in the Wall Street Division of the New York University.

"At the end of two or three or four years, depending on individual ability, our boy is a college graduate with the degree of Bachelor of Commercial Science. He has gained a broad educational basis for his career while at the same time keeping up his work with the National City Bank—and the road of advancement is open to him.

"In addition we have several hundred of our employees availing themselves of our Refund Plan. A young man wants a special course in Commercial Law at Columbia or at N. Y. U. A young woman wants to take an accountancy course at a business college. When the course is completed to the satisfaction of the instructors and the National City Bank half the cost of the course is refunded to the student by the National City Bank." If the course results in a diploma the other half of tuition fee is also paid by us."

"For the past year 34 of our employees took correspondence courses in bank letter writing, 34 in Credit and 91 in Foreign Exchange and International Banking. Four hundred and forty-nine other of our employees took outside Refund Courses. Eighteen in the boys' group and 20 in the men's group took our Scholarship courses—in all, 646 of our employees carried on studies while working for us."

Helping Our Youth to Play

(*Continued from page 56*)

But whatever laudable work is done to wipe out the vestige of barbarism, civilization itself, already established with us, needs guards to keep it safe from reverting to its original state. And the greatest of these is undoubtedly that of guiding the activities of our own youth.

"Charity," as always, "begins at home."

Here is our abode; here is our work; here is our opportunity.

And only an organization with the spirit, the influence, the prestige and the power of the Elks can put the task across. We can see to it, if we will, that all our boys have the opportunity to develop their characters and physiques on playgrounds and athletic fields by providing and fostering these facilities in every community of the land.

In closing I might quote an inspiring passage by Daniel H. Burnham which seems to express forcefully the meaning I have tried to convey. He says:

"Make no little plans, they have no magic to stir men's blood and probably themselves will not be realized. *Make big plans; aim high in hope and work, remembering that a noble, logical diagram once recorded will never die,* but long after we have gone will be a living thing, asserting itself with ever growing insistency. Remember that our sons and grandsons are going to do things that would stagger us. Let your watchword be order and your beacon, beauty."

And here is another gem from the pen of a gifted advocate of the playground theory, Dennis McCarthy, who says:

"Give children a chance for innocent sport, give them a chance for fun,
Better a playground than a court and a jail when the harm is done!
Give them a chance—if you stint them now, to-morrow you'll have to pay
A larger bill for a darker ill, so give them a chance to play."

"Good-Bye—I'm Very Glad to Have Met You"

But he *isn't* glad. He is smiling to hide his confusion. He would have given anything to avoid the embarrassment, the discomfort he has just experienced. Every day people who are not used to good society make the mistake that he is making. Do you know what it is? Can you point it out?

HE couldn't know, of course, that he was going to meet his sister's best chum—and that she was going to introduce him to one of the most charming young women he had ever seen. If he had known, he could have been prepared. Instead of being ill at ease and embarrassed, he could have been entirely calm and well poised. Instead of blustering and blundering for all the world as though he had never spoken to a woman before, he could have had a delightful little chat.

And now, while they are turning to go, he realizes what a clumsy boor he must seem to be—how ill-bred they must think him. How annoying these little unexpected problems can be! How aggravating to be taken off one's guard! It must be a wonderful feeling to know exactly what to do and say at all times under all circumstances.

"Good-bye, I'm very glad to have met you," he says in an effort to cover up his other blunders. Another blunder, though he doesn't realize it! Any well-bred person knows that he made a mistake, that he committed a social error. It is just such little blunders as these that rob us of our poise and dignity—and at moments when we need this poise and dignity more than ever.

What Was His Blunder?

Do *you* know what his blunder was? Do *you* know why it was incorrect for him to say "Good-bye, I'm very glad to have met you"?

What would you say if you had been introduced to a woman and were leaving her? What would you do if you encountered her again the next day? Would you offer your hand in greeting—or would you wait until she gave the first sign of recognition?

Many of us who do not know exactly what the correct thing is to do, say, write and wear on all occasions, are being constantly confronted by puzzling little problems of conduct. In the dining-room we wonder whether celery may be taken up in the fingers or not, how asparagus should be eaten, the correct way to use the finger bowl. In the ballroom we are ill at ease when the music ceases and we do not know what to say to our partner. At the theatre we are uncertain whether or not a woman may be left alone during intermission, which seat the man should take and which the woman, who precedes when walking down the aisle.

Wherever we go some little problem of conduct is sure to arise. If we know exactly what to do or say, the problem vanishes. But if we do not know what to do or say, we hesitate—and blunder. Often it is very embarrassing—especially when we realize just a moment too late that we have done or said something that is not correct.

Just a Few of the Chapter Titles

A Plea for Dancing
Automobile Etiquette
When the Bachelor is Host
Tipping at the Hotel
Woman in the Business World
A Trip to the South
At Tea-Room and Roof Garden
The Origin of Manners
Announcing the Engagement
Responsibility for the Wedding
How to Acknowledge an Invitation
When to Introduce—and How
Asking a New Acquaintance to Call
The "Bread-and-Butter Letter"
The Chaperon
Self-Confidence Versus Conceit
The Endless Round of Hospitality.
Guests and Their Duties
The Young Country Miss
Why the Shy are Awkward
Planning Surprises

—and countless other fascinating chapters that you will read and re-read many times and find permanently helpful to you.

Are You *Sure* of Yourself?

If you received an invitation to a very important formal function today, what would you do? Would you sit right down and acknowledge it with thanks or regrets, or would you wait a few days? Would you know exactly what is correct to wear to a formal evening function? Would you be absolutely *sure* of avoiding embarrassment in the dining-room, the drawing-room, when arriving and when leaving?

Everyone knows that good manners make "good mixers." If you always know the right thing to do and say, no social door will be barred to you, you will never feel out of place no matter where or with whom you happen to be. Many people make up in grace and ease of manner what they lack in wealth or position. People instinctively respect the well-bred, well-mannered man and woman. They are eager to invite them to their homes, to entertain them, to introduce them to their friends.

Do you feel "alone" at a social gathering, or do you know how to make yourself an integral part of the function—how to create conversation and keep it flowing smoothly, how to make and acknowledge introductions, how to ask for a dance if you are a man, how to accept it if you are a woman?

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America's Supremacy in Sport

(*Continued from page 30*)

in the American League brought these two metropolitan ball clubs together in the World's Series which was won by the Giants in four straight games. The Yankees were a team of stars and the Giants were a machine. In batting Babe Ruth was prevented by order of Judge Landis from entering the game for several weeks after the season started, this being punishment for violating the Commissioner's injunction against World's Series players taking part in post-season games. As a consequence Ruth was unable to approach his home-run records of 1920 and 1921, but he hit for the circuit a sufficient number of times to maintain his reputation as a box-office attraction.

Giant pitchers spiked Ruth effectually in the World's Series by tossing the slugger slow balls and lots of curves. He was thus one of the weakest of the Yankee batsmen in the series. Perhaps American League pitchers will take note of how the National League moundmen succeeded in putting an end to the Ruthian menace.

In the absence of an international motor-boat race, supremacy in the realm of the power speed boat must go to the winner of the classic Gold Cup Race, held annually under the auspices of the American Power Boat Association. This year honors in this event were won by the Packard-Chriscraft, owned by Col. Vincent of Liberty Motor fame. In three races, covering three days, this boat averaged 40.8 miles an hour.

As to sailing, the success of a fleet of American six-meter, one-design sloops over British sloops of the same design has been referred to in the foregoing. This was a splendid sporting event, an annual affair alternating between England and the United States. The aim is to adjust the rules of measurement under which sailing yachts race so that the two countries will have a similar rule. At present the rules under which American and British racing yachts are built differ materially. The plan was to have races in England in one year—all boats to be built under the British rating—and the next year to hold the race in the United States, all yachts to be designed under the American rating rule. In 1921 we sent a fleet of yachts to England and they were defeated. This year the British requested that the British measurement rule be applied to the boats that were to race on Long Island Sound, giving as reason their inability to build boats under the American rule this year. The Americans accepted. Races were decided on the points system, each country being represented by several yachts. The United States won by a small margin.

The turf season was regarded as pretty flat. Any sport is apt to be so regarded which sees no outstanding champion or groups of star performers. No two- or three-year-olds of marked class appeared and the downfall of Morvich, badly beaten by Whiskaway, after he had won the Kentucky Derby and seemed set for a great year, was most dispiriting. The only horse that merited public affection and enthusiasm in any way—and he did not get all that he deserved by a large margin—was Willis Sharpe Kilmer's Exterminator. There is nothing flashy about this horse, which must be getting along toward seven years of age, but as in 1921 he methodically plodded his way toward sequential victories and large winnings. There was nothing about him that suggested the brilliant Man-o'-War or Sir Barton, but, such as he was, he was the great horse of the year, the only real outstanding thoroughbred.

As to jockeys Earl Sande proved very colorful and eminently successful. Competent critics regard him as qualified to rank with the great riders of all times.

Jimmy Murphy won a clear title as monarch of automobile racers. In capturing the blue ribbon event not only of this country but of the world—the Indianapolis International Sweepstakes—Murphy did the 500 miles at an average speed of 94 and 45-100 miles an hour, breaking the track record by more than four miles an hour. Murphy rode in the Murphy Special, a car of his own devising, with a Deusenberg chassis and a Miller motor.

The time made by Murphy was by no means a world's record for speed. The Indianapolis track has only a twelve-foot bank and is not built for the highest speed attainable. Out in California on the wood tracks cars have been making from 115 to 118 miles an hour.

Books to Give at Christmas

(*Continued from page 26*)

of interest is catholic enough to interest every one. I am just as eager to follow the *Letters of Franklin K. Lane,* for I know that his type of mind is one with vision, and where there is vision, there is no circumscribed appeal. Surely there is no one in recent years who has sounded a higher idealism for the American people than he.

I know of no better Christmas-tree title than Maurice Baring's book of recollections, *The Puppet Show of Memory,* full of literature, diplomacy and vivacious happenings of private life. It really doesn't matter if you know little about Baring; it is enough that the book is good reading for itself alone, though the inside views of diplomacy give an authoritative note to the narrative. It's a strange thing about books—there must be some pull about them to attract the reader. Yet literary history shows that the successful stories break upon us suddenly without heralding. At what moment do they gain headway? When, for instance, did William de Morgan become the vogue? *Joseph Vance* and *Alice-for-Short* are very recent history, yet here was an old man breaking into a new field and making good. His record before then is told by by A. M. W. Stirling in *William de Morgan and His Wife,* a history of art flowing into literature which will have its appeal to lovers of William Morris and Ruskin and Burne-Jones.

Among these books that are before me, I feel like a boy in a haystack looking for the proverbial needle—in this instance, the good book. To the publishers' credit, and to the comfort of the shopper, there is an assortment of good things. Have you some one on your list interested in private theatricals? Then I assuredly recommend *A Treasury of Plays for Women and Contemporary One-Act Plays of 1921,* both volumes edited by Frank Shay, and that I may escape the stigma of false modesty, I have myself edited a volume of *Representative One-Act Plays by Continental Authors,* which I hope will be equally as acceptable. It would even satisfy me if it proved more so, subject to the just laws of competition! But to show that I have a gustatory eye as well as a dramatic instinct, I would balance *A Treasury of Plays for Women* with *The Stag Cook Book,* compiled by C. Mac Sheridan, wherein various people of celebrity write recipes with a literary style that is distinctive. And these celebrities are all men, which shows that to be a cook does not involve the subject of sex. Think of a Mince Pie as Walter P. Eaton would have it, or Corn Bread after the manner of Secretary of State Hughes, or Kidney Pie in accord with Charlie Chaplin's method. Even William J. Bryan's French Fried Onions are more palatable than his ideas of evolution. Good reading is in this book; also good eating.

There is the armchair book which always attracts my eye. But I hesitate to recommend anything which bids the reader pause from the daily rush and meditate on the past. Dr. Henry Van Dyke has written a most attractive sheaf of essays under the title of *Companionable Books.* Have you time to know what he thinks of the Bible, of the music in the Psalms, of Keats, of Wordsworth, of Fisherman Walton? Or do you want swifter currents? This volume is very worth while, if you can steal time from the counting-room. It certainly would hang well on the tree amidst silver festoons. Or are you so practical that you want to know how things are done. Maybe you would prefer two books by A. F.

Collins, on the *Wonders of Chemistry* and the *Radio Amateur's Handbook*. You see, this matter of book-shopping is one of measurement, of appropriateness. A reviewer, after all, must make himself the average taste: he must have the average curiosity, the average interest, the average alertness for novelty. He must be a reporter among books. Picking up William Armstrong's *The Romantic World of Music*, I turn to the chapter on Maria Jeritza, because here is a newcomer in opera, and for the first time she makes her bow between covers. I turn to William Roscoe Thayer's *George Washington* with the instinctive challenge: "What is there in this book to take the veneer from the conventional portrait of worshiping sentimentalists?" As a journalist reviewer I read Tittoni's *Modern Italy*, and find in it not so much a scholar's assembling of facts, as a live picturing of Italy's resources as they might affect the United States, just the sort of treatment one would expect of a lecturer appearing before the Institute of Politics which meets regularly at Williams College, and before which these papers assembled in book form were read.

Thus I have barely touched on a few of the outstanding books of the season—books which every shopper for Christmas should know. Strange how near to the realm of grown-up interest the child mind is in these days of the automobile and the airplane. I never approach a pile of new books that my eye is not held by the sumptuous books reissued for juvenile consumption, and which I myself consume with avidity. You know it is said that when the mechanical toys are opened on Christmas morning, the child is put in a chair and the grown-up spends the day running the electric cars. So this year with a few children's books that have sifted through into my allotment of the seasons offerings.

When I spoke enthusiastically to a friend of mine regarding Carl Sandburg's *Rootabaga Stories*, he said, "But these will appeal to you and me," as though it were a sin to write a book which would have no age limit. That's just the matter with so much of the literature being written for children: it's being self-consciously written for children. There's no greater nursery irritant than to have pointed at you the finger of the Grown-Up, and to hear the voice of superior age declare: "You are a child!" That fascinating encyclopedia, *A History of Everyday Things in England*—would you be ashamed to ask your boy to pass it over after he's through with it? It is a compendium of commonplace things which have a history—a pin has a history as well as Queen Elizabeth! I can see some mother stealing the *Memoirs of a London Doll*, when her little girl's asleep, and I can imagine an entire family putting in a reserve for *Buried Cities*, which tells, in pictures and text, how Pompeii, Olympia and Mycenæ have been unearthed. No, there's only a thin veil between the nursery and the parlor. Of course, there are some books which are never quite as good to us Grown-Ups as the classics we laud and flaunt. I am sure the young folks will enjoy Dhan Gepal Mukerji's *Kari the Elephant*, with its spirit of the Indian forest, and its close knowledge of tigers and monkeys; and I know it has its place, though it will never compete with Kipling's *The Jungle Stories*. nor with *Kim*. And while I would recommend Waldemar Bensels's *The Adventures of Maya the Bee*, with its pleasantries and poetic thoughts, together with a certain scientific spirit, I would much rather smuggle into the nursery the wisdom of Maeterlinck's *The Bee*, which has in various forms been retold for the young. You politicians and ministers and other public speakers who have quoted *Alice in Wonderland* almost as often as we quote old Doctor Johnson's petulant pithiness, seize from the hands of your wise youngers—in contradistinction to the doubtful phrase, "wise elders"—Hugh Lofting's *The Voyage of Doctor Dolittle*; it's well written, even though there is lacking in it the spontaneity of the first story of which this is the sequel. Beware of sequels, you writers of successes!

The fear I have with this season's book-shopping is that once we go hunting something for the children, we'll get caught at the counter and stay there just for an instant—or an hour—renewing our acquaintance with pirates in Ralph D. Paine's *Blackbeard: Buccaneer*, and renewing our college days in the various boy and girl college or school stories. Take a man on

(*Continued on page 70*)

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Money refunded if these diamonds can be purchased elsewhere for less than one-third more. **If desired, rings** will be sent to **any bank** you may name or any **Express Co.,** with privilege of examination. Our diamond guarantee for full value for all time goes with every purchase.

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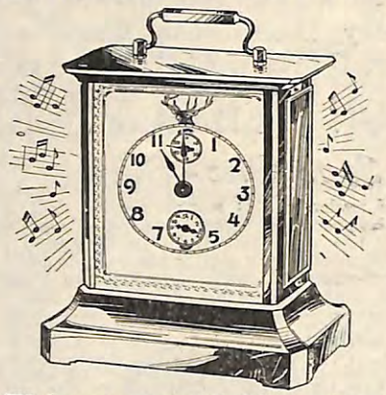

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They are extra good this year. We will be glad to send you some sacked F. O. B. Trenton at four dollars per bushel. Ask your banker for reference.

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INVENTORS who derive largest profits know and heed certain simple but vital *facts before* applying for Patents. Our book *Patent-Sense* gives those facts; *free*. Write Lacey & Lacey, 650 F St., Washington, D. C. ESTABLISHED 1869.

Every Advertisement in The Elks Magazine is Guaranteed

Books to Give at Christmas

(*Continued from page 69*)

vacation: he's a boy scout elongated. Put a woman in a canoe—well, she's even younger than she says she is at the polls. Juvenile stories are not beneath her. Happy the grown-up who can say to an inhabitant in the nursery: "Harkee, old man (meaning girl also), I'm tired of reading Epictetus. Lend me your Mother Goose!"

I know of nothing to give greater joy to young and old alike than the edition of Conan Doyle's *The White Company*, with color plates by N. C. Wyeth, and there are a few of the same artist's plates for *Poems of American Patriotism* which Brander Matthews has chosen for national consumption. And you who have never read Herman Melville's *Moby Dick*, do so now in the new edition illustrated by Mead Schaeffer. Don't let John Masefield say of us that we do not know a good thing of our own even when we see it! So it goes. Things of the imagination have no age and no age appeal. The only thing is that fashions change.

With all this change, I should say the new books maintain a wholesome balance. We all have our tastes, and until these are satisfied, we are not likely to welcome the book that doesn't even whet the appetite of interest. Which reminds me of a splendid verse I found in Maurice Baring's *The Puppet Show of Memory*. You readers who are poetically inclined may rewrite it to apply to the subject in hand:

"Mrs. Gill is very ill
And nothing can improve her
Unless she sees the Tuileries
And waddles round the Louvre."

I'll start the revision:

Mrs. Brooks is fond of books

Now you finish it. I hope I've done my share.

Where Does Santa Claus Live?

(*Continued from page 47*)

for his antlered proxies. Every Christmas morning each of these young invalids finds that the good saint has been there during the night and left him or her a complete outfit of clothing and shoes that fit just as well as if the nurses themselves had passed on to him the necessary sizes. All are arrayed in their new outfits to await the gladdest time of the entire year—the Elks annual Christmas party which takes place in the evening.

After what seems like ages and ages of waiting, the nurses take the little sufferers into the great room where the party is to be held. Some of the children are on wheel-chairs, the rest on couches or pallets. And what a sight meets their eyes!

There is a great Christmas-tree with candles and tinsel gleaming everywhere, and the room itself is wondrously decorated with colored electric lights around which are festooned Spanish moss and holly. Over in one corner of the room is a real Punch and Judy show, squeaking out the ancient dialogue so dear to the hearts of children. On the raised platform near by a juggler and tumbler from the finest vaudeville theater in the city is working, under the stimulus of the unusual occasion, as he perhaps never worked before. Little fellows with great weights strapped to their aching limbs forget all about the pain while they grow big-eyed with terror over the destruction of Punch by the alligator, or clap their tiny hands feebly while they wonder if they will ever grow strong enough to do such strange things as the acrobat.

Crowded about the door are scores of Elks with moist eyes wondering at the pathetically happy sight. Not a seat in the room for the audience, except the wheel-chairs and the couches and pallets to which a ruthless fate has chained the boys and girls.

Then comes the clown with the butterfly on the end of his whip. He capers and cavorts around the stage trying desperately to catch the nimble paper creature which ever seems able to elude him. He lies down on his stomach and drags himself carefully to creep up upon the thing, but just as he is about to swat it with one hand, the other one foolishly jerks it away not a second too late. Could anything be funnier or more delightful?

Numerous other acts come on, fully as entertaining. The players would keep the show up all night, but finally the head nurse nods her head to the master of ceremonies. Buskin and sock are relegated to the exterior. There is a rustle of sleighbells. The lights are made dimmer. The grand climax has been reached. Then right into the room steps Santa Claus, smiling and jolly as if he had just stepped off of a painted postcard. He shakes the delicate hand of each of the youngsters then steps up to the tree and deposits his pack. More of the toys and sweetmeats he could not carry in one load are brought in by his assistants and distributed by Santa himself. Not one child is forgotten. Each has received just what he wanted.

Another rustle of bells. Santa Claus calls out a cheery good-night and waves his gauntlets, so covered with heavy snow that it looks almost like cotton.

"Good-night, Santa Claus," comes the piping symphony from the cots and wheel-chairs. A few moments later, the dream is over, but to be dreamed again and again, and 150 tired but supremely happy children are being trundled out to their wards, silently observing in the same spirit as "Tiny Tim":

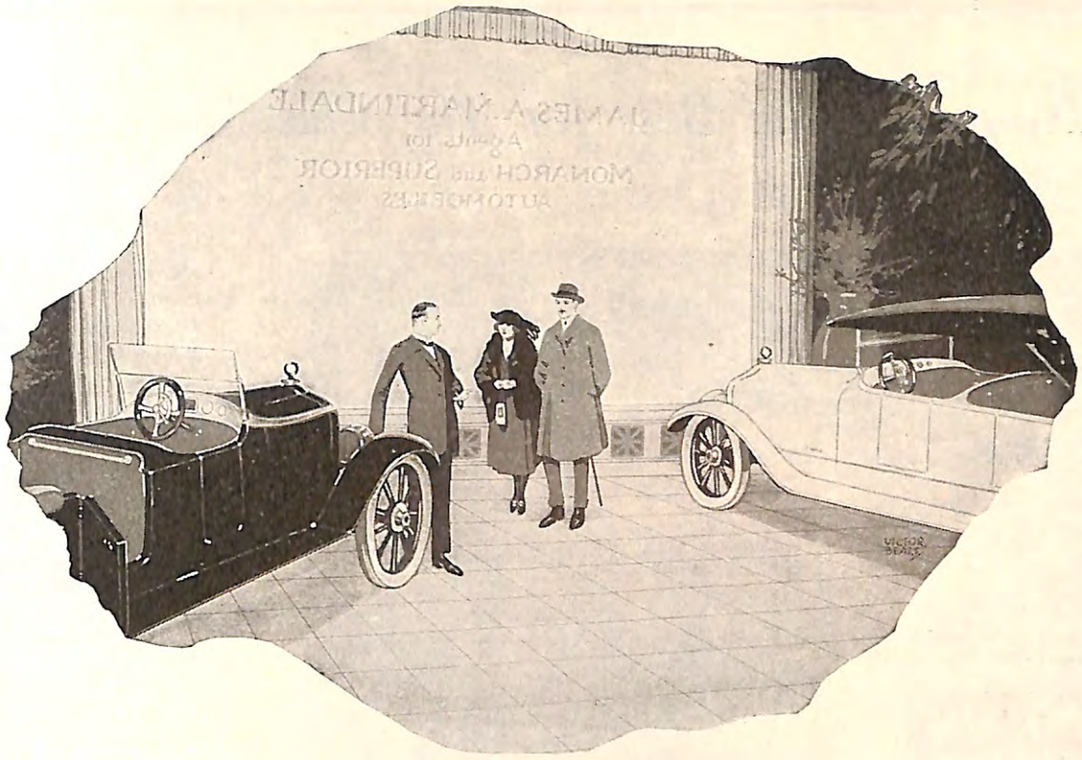
"God bless us every one."

Strange as it may seem the inevitable Santa Claus of this occasion is the club's most confirmed bachelor. For many years he has been known as an intense woman-hater. But his love for children amounts almost to an obsession.

And so the order radiates the gleam of Christmas into the dark corners.

THE incidents given somewhat in detail are typical of many hundreds of cities. Whether it be in Minneapolis where the splendid male chorus of the Lodge goes from hospital to orphanage, from old ladies' home to the sanitarium for tuberculars, singing Christmas carols, where the unfortunate boys in the detention home are given a fine celebration, winding up with a Christmas tree and splendid gifts, and where thousands of children are entertained in the largest theater of the city and sent home with picture books, toys and sweetmeats, or in St. Paul, or New York or Chicago where hundreds of families were supplied with clothing, or in some of the cities of the West where giant evergreens are set up in a public square or park, glittering with tinsel and electric lights and around which the children who might otherwise have been forgotten, are gathered to receive the toys. North, South, East and West Elks and their wives and their children will help old Santa with his burdens this year as usual.

Little wonder then that "the feller who needs a friend" should insist that SANTA LIVES AT THE ELKS' CLUB.



Automobile Dealers Wanted! *Right now automobile manufacturers are on the alert for new dealers and distributors. There are many golden opportunities for progressive men—opportunities that may contain just the car you want to sell. The Automobile Department of The Elks Magazine is in touch with many of these opportunities and will be glad to place you in contact with them if you are interested. Write to the Automobile Department of The Elks Magazine after reading the message below.*

Could You Succeed in the Automobile Business?

IN ONE middle-west town an old automobile dealer who can now write his check for six figures left from the decimal point, gave the reason of his success as "a car and a price to fit the town."

How would you go about building an automobile business in your town? What system of service or sales would you initiate to build a business distinctively your own?

The automobile industry is emerging from one of the most successful seasons it has ever had. Cars have sold in even greater numbers than they did before the war. And right now manufacturers are making plans for an even greater business in 1923.

Here is a matter to engage your interest now. Agencies for popular cars at popular prices are available in hundreds of cities and towns—agencies for the car you'd like to sell. Make an effort to get that agency, to cash in on the big years ahead for the great motor car industry, to be the man in your town who has made a fortune in automobiles.

If you have sold big units you can sell automobiles

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

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

Check the priced car you want to sell and mail the coupon to the Automobile Editor of The Elks Magazine. He will have the automobile manufacturer designated submit you a proposition either in writing or through personal representation.

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

Fill in This Coupon and Mail Today

Check Here	Price of Car Desired	Name of Car Preferred in Price Class
	$500 to $800	
	$800 to $1200	
	$1200 to $1600	
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Name.....

Address.....

City.....

Territory desired .....

What car are you selling now (if any).....

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None but the Best for The Elks Magazine

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a special series of articles by

Bruce Barton

WHEREVER there are Americans, Bruce Barton's work is known and appreciated. No other author understands us, our hopes, our tragedies, our secret dreams, our daily failures and successes better than this man whose helpful, mellow philosophy is read by millions. Beginning early in the coming year a series of compelling articles by Bruce Barton will appear in The Elks Magazine. One by one the names of America's best writers and artists are being added to the roster of our contributors,

Achmed Abdullah
Samuel Hopkins Adams
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Kenneth M. Ballantyne
Bruce Barton
Charles Baskerville, Jr.
Franklin Booth
Samuel G. Blythe
Bozeman Bulger
Robert C. Benchley
Charles Livingston Bull
Dana Burnet
Hon. Scott C. Bone
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Mildred Cram
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Courtney Ryley Cooper
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Evan J. David
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Edward Ryan
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Anna McClure Sholl
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Frederic Dorr Steele
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William F. Sturm
Ray C. Strang
Albert Payson Terhune
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A Well-Known New York Banker *Says:*

"The place of advertising in the present economic system is thoroughly well established."

Goodwill has come to be a vital factor in the success of any business, and goodwill can only be created by right and persistent advertising.

A manufacturer who advertises honestly the stability and quality of his goods sets for himself a standard of production. He makes a treaty of faith with the buying public which he must uphold at any cost.

Frequently, for the purpose of promotion, the manufacturer needs financial assistance.

The time is fast approaching when bankers, having carefully investigated the standing of a manufacturer desiring a loan, will ask this leading question:

"What is his advertising appropriation?"

[Published by The Elks Magazine in co-operation with the American Association of Advertising Agencies]

Has Your Income Been 10% The Last 6½ Years?

Investors in Beneficial Loan Society have enjoyed this return since 1916—even during severe business depression.

If you are interested in about 10% Net ask for Descriptive Circular N.-17

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Established 1904 *Incorporated 1916*

We Specialize in all Utah Stocks

STOCK BROKERS

Members of Salt Lake Stock and Mining Exchange

135 South Main Street SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH

Glimpses of the Order in Its Early Days

(Continued from page 49)

duty to elect a Grand Chaplain, but his name does not seem to appear anywhere in the records consulted. It was debated whether this officer should be known as Prelate or Grand Chaplain.

The Grand Lodge displayed unusual industry in 1872, and was in session as many as five times within the year. These several sessions were all of them under the general heading of "fourth regular communication."

So discouragingly slow was the growth of the Grand Lodge that only San Francisco, Chicago and Cincinnati had been added to New York and Philadelphia at the end of five years. In those early times, the practise was to restrict Elk membership to "white males" in some manner associated with the theatrical profession—actor, manager, author or stagehand. Quite logically, this limitation retarded progress.

A curious circumstance is that the patriarchs of the Order, little dreaming the destiny that awaited it, decided at the start to award each new Lodge not only a number in arithmetical progression, but also, individually, a letter was assigned in alphabetical sequence. This was done in the firm belief that the time would never arrive when the total number of Lodges exceeded the twenty-six characters of the alphabet. Still another means of identification was that each Lodge was awarded a separate color by which it became known. The color scheme was continued until in the course of events there were no more distinctive colors to be distributed, except by combination, which was less distinctive and did not serve the purpose.

In the matter of religious conviction, Catholic or Protestant, Jew or Gentile, any believer in the existence of a Supreme Being—without which affirmation no application for membership could be legally qualified—stood then as he stands to-day, on equal footing in the democracy of our organization, and in the presence of the Book of Law upon the Altar.

Provision for a Relief Fund was written into the first Constitution of the Order (See Article VII). Our first relief agencies had as beneficiaries men of the theatrical profession. These agencies did their work in the same spirit that attends and exalts the multiplied activities of the Elks of to-day and offer another proof that the Order, in first and last analysis, is a crystallization of beautiful and appealing impulses close to the heart of man.

Since the foundation, the invariable rule has been that but one Lodge of Elks can be established in any city, except where annexation takes place with other Lodges previously instituted according to conditions of law. Any city applying for a charter is required to establish proof of a bona fide population of 5,000 or more white inhabitants.

Marking the change that has taken place in the course of years, the amount of salary appropriated for the first Grand Secretary was at the rate of $30 per annum.

J. G. Walton, expert woodturner and original Jolly Cork, presented the first gavel to the Grand Lodge. It was carved of ebony.

San Francisco began rapping on the door for admission into the Order in 1873.

Few members of the current period know that there was a time when the Order wore regalia. This regalia was devised and approved at the session of 1874. Outside of an apron, description of the outfit is left to the imagination.

The first benefit for the widow of an Elk (Mrs. James W. Glenn) took place at Hooley's Theatre, Brooklyn. The net result was $1,000.

In early times, when a member fell in arrears to the extent of thirteen weeks' dues, amounting to $3.25, the penalty was expulsion, which punishment was euphemized into "suspended for non-payment."

As history tells us, the first burial service for a member was authorized by law in 1875, thanks to the vision of busy and constructive Henry P. O'Neil.

Twenty-one years was the minimum age limit prescribed for all applicants in the first Constitution of 1868, and with all the revisions that

(Continued on page 74)

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Glimpses of the Order in Its Early Days

(Continued from page 73)

have since been made, there has been no departure from that statute.

Alfred Stimmel, of Philadelphia, was the first District Deputy to be appointed. This was in 1875.

The Order owes much to the energy and persuasive personality of Frank Girard, theatrical manager, who traveled extensively. In addition to being its sixth Grand Exalted Ruler (1876–78) he became the first District Deputy-at-Large and succeeded in sowing the seed that ripened in the institution of at least twenty-two Lodges under his personal supervision. The good effects of his missionary work performed as District Deputy-at-Large extended far beyond the number of Lodges instituted during his day.

In the pioneer days, absence from a Lodge meeting, unless excused for good reason, automatically imposed a small fine.

In 1875 it was voted that all constitutional changes be submitted to Subordinate Lodges for ratification or rejection, and the meeting-time of the Grand Lodge was appointed for the second Sunday in December, beginning with 1876. Odes were adopted for the various ceremonies. It was provided that in the sequence of their initiation members be henceforth numerically registered.

The Grand Lodge met in Philadelphia in 1877, amended the Constitution, Statutes and Rules of the Order, and then adjourned to resume in New York City on the same day in order to provide against any irregularities or illegalities. Charters were issued to Cincinnati, Sacramento, Baltimore and Louisville. The Order had begun to grow.

The year following, a law was enacted compelling for the first time all Lodge officers to memorize the Ritual. In this same year (1878) the question of the Grand Lodge becoming migratory was mildly agitated. Also the traveling card was instituted.

In 1879, George R. Maguire died in the midst of his term as Grand Exalted Ruler. He was among the most eloquent orators of his day. By now the Order had expanded to twelve Lodges and the membership increased to 829, and the expectation was to attain 1,000 before long.

In 1880, a business office was provided for the Grand Secretary. The Statutes were amended to permit the operation of a Mutual Benefit Association. The office of Grand Esquire was created. The first mileage was allowed. Grand Lodge funds were ordered for the first time to be deposited in the name of the Grand Trustees and the Grand Treasurer, jointly.

At the session of 1881, the first six officers of each Subordinate Lodge, viz.: Exalted Ruler, Esteemed Leading Knight, Esteemed Loyal Knight, Esteemed Lecturing Knight, Secretary and Treasurer, were permanently seated as members of the Grand Lodge.

In 1883, the first steps were taken to suppress commercialism, as it was known in later years. The per capita tax was increased to twenty-five cents.

Until 1884 our Rituals were written out in long hand. That year they were printed for the first time. Vigorous action, condemning too much levity in connection with initiations, was taken by the Grand Lodge.

The Mutual Benefit Association, which had started with a flourish, came to grief in 1885. The name of the association was expunged from the Ritual. The Grand Lodge undertook to disentangle its financial affairs. The job was continued and completed during the year following.

There arrived an application to establish Elk Lodges in England in 1886. The minds of the members were patriotically inclined to preserve the organization as distinctively American. And so the application was promptly and respectfully disapproved.

The first Reunion held under the auspices of the Order took place in Detroit during the summer of 1887.

The question of making the Grand Lodge migratory prevailed at the session of 1888, after the subject had been thoroughly discussed in the minds of the members. The Constitutional amendment to the foregoing was adopted by a final vote of 228 to 47 and ordered submitted to Subordinate Lodges immediately. Both the Grand Secretary and Grand Treasurer were at this time bonded for $5,000 each.

Pretenders

(Continued from page 11)

sympathetic mayor that she had become heir to a great fortune through her father's death, the disclosure only added to her misery and accentuated her fear of the future. Her one thought was to leave the ranch with its hideous memory and lose herself utterly. Her innocence was that of youth, experienced in untrammeled liberty. But she was not without her romantic dreams in the manner of those born amid great hills where the stars seem very near, and the winds whisper freedom; and she fancied herself going through life unknown and unsuspected of being the heir to a great fortune. With her native self-reliance she was unappalled by the thought of winning her own bread; and freedom was the thing her soul coveted and valued beyond price.

She needed an immediate change, the local doctor announced, and the day following the funeral, after endless quizzing by the sheriff and the county prosecutor, she had caught at the promise of harborage with distant kinfolk as a means of escape. She had spent too many nights riding among the great herds to mind a railroad journey.

II

THE tragic death of Tom Farnam had created a great stir in Warrenton. Indeed the whole State felt the shock of it. He was taciturn, hard in driving a bargain and avoided social contacts, but he was liked by men who knew him. The mother of his daughter had never shared his ranch home, nor had he ever mentioned her even to the few men in the town he knew most intimately.

When Olive was nine he had placed her as a boarder in St. Margaret's Episcopal School. She did apparently pretty much as she liked, though the bounds of her freedom were narrow enough. At the school and in the homes of half a dozen girl friends she was always welcome for visits of any length, and these courtesies she returned in kind. She was by general consent the most accomplished dancer and the most venturesome horsewoman in the Mountain States. She flirted lightheartedly whenever occasion offered. But she was conscious always of her father's cold scrutiny of young men whose visits to the ranch became too frequent.

"I don't want you to encourage these fellows. They're all right and I want you to have a good time; but I don't want you to think of marriage till you've had time to view the world," and usually he wouldn't refer to the subject again until her seeming preference for another youth roused his apprehension.

Dick Conwell caused Farnam more uneasiness than any of the others, for there was nothing to be said against Dick. He was the son of a prosperous merchant and banker who also wielded power in the politics of the State. Dick was twenty-seven, well-educated and had made a brilliant start in the law. His sister Shirley was Olive's chum at school; he had known Olive from the time her father placed her in St. Margaret's and she had seen more of him than of any other youth in the community. The Conwells being people of substance and Dick an ambitious young lawyer already marked for a career, he was not lightly to be dismissed.

Then came the shocking termination of Farnam's strange life at a time when Conwell was in Montana trying a lawsuit. He telegraphed a message of sympathy to Olive, but two weeks passed before he reached home and Olive had gone. The stories of Farnam's amazing riches and the social dignity of the aunt to whom Olive had been dispatched quickly raised an insurmountable barrier against the marriage to which he had long looked forward.

"We've done the best we could," said Sibley, the prosecuting attorney, in discussing the murder with Conwell. "Farnam covered a lot of territory and there's no telling what enmities he may have had. We have Miss Farnam's word that she didn't see the murderer."

"Olive," said Conwell, reflectively, "isn't a girl to be frightened by any ordinary danger. But of course that whole business was enough to take the heart out of man or woman. I suppose we'll never see her here again."

"Oh, I wouldn't say that," replied Sibley. He knew the cause of his friend's depression and was anxious to give him all the encouragement possible. "Olive belongs to us and a girl brought up as she's been isn't going to be happy in the kind of life she'll lead down there. She seemed anxious to get away from here, but that was perfectly natural. And Farnam must have lived in fear of sudden death, for he had written out very clearly what he wanted Olive to do. But Lord, man, we never knew he had all that money!"

Conwell shrugged his shoulders. His own father, with only a quarter of a million, was regarded as a rich man, but the girl he had ridden with and danced with was now the heir to many millions. And, snatched away before he had even dared tell his love for her, she was as inaccessible as though she had emigrated to another star.

"Brace up, Dick! Why not send her a wire? A telegram floating in from one of the home folks would be sure to tickle her. Give her to understand that she can always count on you."

And so, heartened by his friend's consoling comment, Dick sent Olive a message which was destined to be answered in due course by an Olive, but not the Olive to whom it was addressed.

III

WHEN Olive Farnam went to the dining-car for supper she was placed at a table with a young mother with two children and found a welcome diversion in assisting the older one who sat beside her.

"Trains are not nice like steamers," the little girl remarked, which made it necessary for her mother to explain that they were on their way home from Japan where her husband was in the American diplomatic service.

"Both children were born in Japan," said the mother, "and this is their first visit to America. It broke their hearts to leave their Japanese nurse, and I dread having to find another when we reach home."

New York, it appeared, was the home to which she referred; and her name was Elstun.

"The children are so orientalized that it's going to be hard to Americanize them. I'm anxious to see their first impressions of New York."

"I should like to know what my own will be," said Olive. "I am farther east now than I ever was before."

"Really!" exclaimed Mrs. Elstun. "I was just thinking that you looked quite the sophisticated eastern girl."

"Not at all; I was born on a ranch and don't know any other kind of life."

"What do they do for schools out here?" Mrs. Elstun asked.

"Oh, we had very good schools: I went to a church school."

(Continued on page 76)

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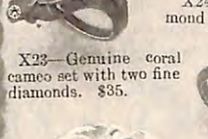

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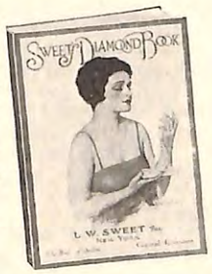

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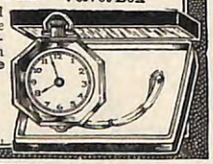

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Pretenders

(*Continued from page 74*)

"You look wonderfully strong," Mrs. Elstun remarked admiringly. "I hope my little girl will take to outdoor sports. I suppose you had tennis and basketball?"

"Yes, but I didn't care for them so much. I like riding better than anything else. That's one thing I really know how to do."

Helen piped up that she wanted a horse to ride and her mother promised that she certainly should have one.

"I suppose trotting round in a riding school or in the bridle path of Central Park would seem very tame to you?"

"It would at least be very different," Olive answered discreetly.

"What's your name?" Helen demanded abruptly.

Common courtesy had required her to give her name when Mrs. Elstun mentioned hers, but she had hesitated, still uncertain as to her plans. If she meant to lose herself in the world she must adopt a pseudonym, and now that the child's direct question demanded an immediate response she took the first step toward obliterating herself.

"Alice Morton," she answered quickly, this being the name of a schoolmate in St. Margaret's School.

"Miss, of course?" laughed Mrs. Elstun.

"Yes; oh, yes!" and Mrs. Elstun laughed again at her emphasis.

It seemed to her that the false name carried with it a real change of identity. She was Alice Morton, and she began to think of herself at once in new terms. She had determined not to go to her aunt's and in assuming another name she had taken the first step toward severing every tie with her kindred.

She became absorbed in the children when they reached Mrs. Elstun's drawing-room and occupied herself in ingenious ways to entertain them. When it came time for them to retire Olive invited them to her section while the porter made up the berths and then assisted in putting them to bed. They kissed her goodnight quite as though she were an old friend. When they were asleep, Mrs. Elstun went to Olive's seat for further talk.

"You get on with children famously; one might think you were the oldest of a large family."

"No; I have neither brothers nor sisters, but I have been thrown with children a good deal," Olive answered, and paused abruptly, afraid to confess that on her father's big ranch she had often assisted the wives of the employees with their little ones and attended them in their illnesses.

"Are you one of these brave Western girls who go to New York for a career—music, art, the stage—things like that?" Mrs. Elstun inquired.

"Nothing so ambitious," Olive replied gravely; "but I must find a way of earning my own living."

"You are alone in the world; quite alone?"

"Yes."

"Pardon me if I say very frankly that it is a serious matter for a young girl to plunge into a big city with no friends and no plan of action. Perhaps you have letters to some one there who's in a position to help you?"

"No, I haven't!" And realizing that her confession could hardly fail to make a bad impression, she said, the tears welling in her eyes: "It is so good of you to talk to me; you will believe me, won't you, when I say that I have done no wrong." The tear-dimmed eyes met Mrs. Elstun's pleadingly.

"I am sure of that," and she took and clasped the girl's hand.

IV

AS THE train bore them out of Chicago the next day, Mrs. Elstun glanced over the day's newspapers. Olive, with the little boy in her lap, was dreamily contemplating the suburban landscape when Mrs. Elstun laughed softly at something she was reading.

"Isn't this perfectly ridiculous? The newspapers have discovered a girl who is worth so much money that they are calling her 'Oodles'! That certainly has the real American tang to it. Her father was killed in a brawl in some queer place out yonder, and now it turns out that he was fabulously rich and his daughter not only gets his money but a lot more from a grandfather who died without knowing of her existence."

"I don't envy her the money," remarked Olive pensively. "I should think it would be dreadful for a girl like that to find out that she had suddenly become so very rich."

"Yes, but think of all the fine times she can have and the good she could do in the world," said Mrs. Elstun.

"I suppose that is true," Olive assented slowly, turning again to the window.

A moment later Mrs. Elstun murmured in surprise at some further revelation in the article and said as Olive turned her head inquiringly:

"It is really very strange about that girl. She's a niece of Mrs. Maybury Crosby, who is very well known in New York. She's as unusual in her way as the brother seems to have been. He left the East when he was a young man; I never knew she had a brother. The name is Farnam; you never heard of any Farnams in your part of the world, did you?"

"No," Olive answered, "but then I've known only our neighbors and girls I met at school."

LATER, when she could do so without being observed, she found the article that had so interested Mrs. Elstun and read it breathlessly. Her determination to obliterate herself was strengthened by this latest news from Warrenton and her unknown relatives.

She had flung away her identity with as much ease as she would have discarded an old garment. She was Alice Morton and there rose in her a defiant spirit that challenged any one to prove that she was some one else.

Mrs. Elstun was a clever woman whose wits had been sharpened in many parts of the world, but this girl who seemed so much younger than the years to which she confessed continued to puzzle her. Her devotion to the children and her success in managing them and keeping them amused argued strongly in her favor. It was not until the train had left Trenton that Mrs. Elstun reached a decision and went to Alice's stateroom, where she found her packing her bags.

"We are almost at the end of our journey, Alice, and I don't like parting with you at all. You haven't told me very much about yourself, and I am not going to ask you any questions you may not want to answer; but I wish you would tell me that you are not running away from anything—anything dishonorable? You will pardon me for putting it so directly."

"I never in my life did anything I couldn't tell you," said Alice, soberly meeting Mrs. Elstun's searching gaze unflinchingly. Then she added boyishly: "That's on the square! You've been awfully nice to me and I'll never forget it, and maybe you'll let me come and see the children sometime."

"That brings me to a proposition I want to make to you," said Mrs. Elstun. "You've got on with the children so wonderfully that it would be a shame to part with you if you are disposed to consider at all taking a place in my household. I don't know just what I should call a girl like you—you couldn't be a nursery maid of course, but you might not object to the title of governess?"

Alice's eyes were dancing. She was aware of the enormous kindness and generosity of the young mother's offer which afforded an easy solution of her immediate problems.

"Of course I'll come, Mrs. Elstun; and I'll do my best to please you."

"The children will be delighted," said Mrs. Elstun. "If you had refused, I don't know how I could have consoled them; and I'm sure I'm just as happy about it as they are."

Without any feeling that she had changed her rôle from that of a chance traveling acquaintance to an employee, Alice busied herself making the children ready to leave the train; and as it roared through the tunnel two warm soft cheeks pressed to her face, and the tight clasp of their arms was a welcome reassurance that she was alive in a world whose law is kindness.

(*To be continued*)

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The Passing of Black Eagle	*O. Henry*
Nino Diablo	*W. H. Hudson*

Adventures Within Walls

The Sire De Maletroit's Door	*Robert Louis Stevenson*
A Double-Dyed Deceiver	*O. Henry*
The Bold Dragoon	*Washington Irving*
The Bet	*Anton Chekhov*
La Grande Bretsche	*Honoré de Balzac*
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The Beast with Five Fingers	*William Harvey*
Sister Maddelena	*Ralph Adams Cram*
Thrawn Janet	*Robert Louis Stevenson*
The Yellow Cat	*Daniel Steele*
Letter to Sura	*Pliny the Younger*

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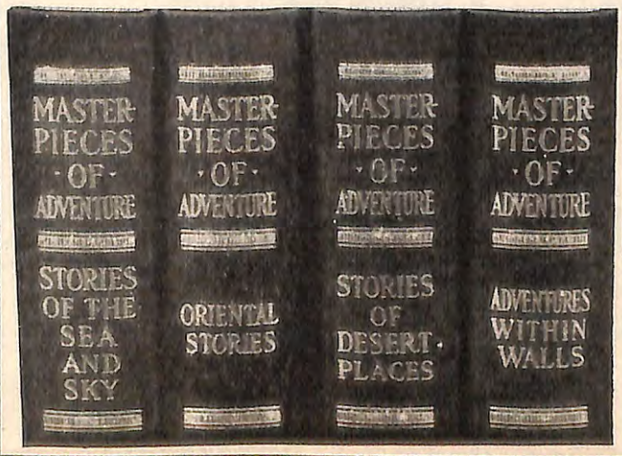

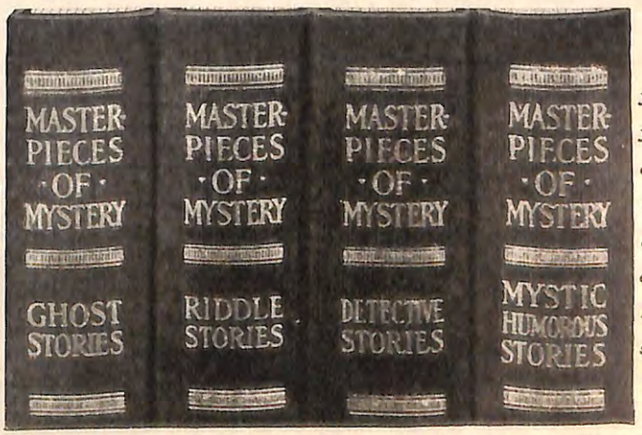

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Under the Spreading Antlers

(*Continued from page 55*)

year ago, Mendota Lodge had 243 members. Now the total is over 600.

In a Great Orange Garden Stands the Home of Redlands Lodge

Redlands (Calif.) Lodge enjoys the unique distinction of having its home amidst a garden of orange-trees that comprises more than 8,000 acres. In other words, there are sixteen square miles of orange trees within the city's limits. The city itself nestles in the lap of towering mountain ranges which pour their waters from the snow-capped peaks into the valley below in one perpetual silver stream. It is fitting that the Elks' Lodge in such a garden spot should possses a home harmonizing with the beautiful surroundings. The home is valued at $150,000 and the hospitality dispensed there is as congenial as the climate and other environments. An Elk welcome awaits all members of the antlered herd and the parting word is always—"Come Again."

Elk Spirit of Good Fellowship Exemplified at Get-Together Dinner

There is a mystic, magical something, by the spell of which Elks in the same town soon come to know each other and are magnetized into bonds of good fellowship, as a matter of course and whether they are residents and belong to the local Lodge or whether they be transients, no matter from whence they hail. The gladdening spirit of Brotherhood naturally asserts itself. In other words, Elks are linked by ties of Charity, Justice, Brotherly Love and Fidelity, plus the practice of the Golden Rule. These kinship characteristics were recently exemplified at Durand, Wis., when twenty-two such Elk members assembled, impromptu-like, around a get-together festal board at which the decorations combined American flags with the white and purple sheen of the Order. There were present lawyers and doctors, a dentist and a civil engineer—all lines of the professions and industries unified by a common understanding. Song and story and speech enlivened the occasion. Auld Lang Syne was never more lustily hymned

Boy Welfare Work Inspires Omaha Lodge

The Social and Community Welfare Committee of the Elks Lodge, at Omaha, Neb., of which Dr. Michael J. Ford is chairman, having scored such splendid success with its picnic for boys, is conducting a special campaign in behalf of boy welfare. Dr. Ford has already addressed the members of the Lion, Concord, Kiwanis and Rotary Clubs on the theme of boy development. He will from time to time appear before other civic bodies; also before the various high schools of Omaha. Dr. Ford and his Committee are planning a Father and Son dinner to be held on the anniversary of Abraham Lincoln's birth. At the Municipal Auditorium in Omaha, November 12, 13, 14 and 15, the Elks conducted a musical show. The fund thus created will be expended in Welfare Work.

Honoring a Comrade. Banquet for Popular Official

A reception and dinner was given in honor of Henry W. Clark, Trustee of Melrose (Mass.) Lodge, at the Copley-Plaza in Boston by his friends in the Order throughout the Bay State. Mr. Clark, who was a Trustee of the Massachusetts Elks' Association for six years, also rendered during that time valuable service to the Association, as Chairman of the Banquet Committee to the Grand Exalted Ruler and Grand Lodge Officers. Thirty-two Lodges were represented at the dinner and one hundred and sixty members circled the tables.

Novel Entertainment Supplies Funds for Christmas

New Bedford (Mass.) Lodge is preparing an ambitious social and entertainment program to be announced for the coming winter season. The

(*Continued on page 80*)

I Guarantee You Results Worth $1000.00 in One Year

Money talks! No matter what business you're in, or how much you are earning, I absolutely GUARANTEE you at least $1000 value within one year—or it won't cost you a cent! If you want the proof—entirely free—simply mail the coupon below.

By A. L. Pelton

"The Man Who Helps People Succeed"

WITHOUT wasting a single word I'll come straight to the point! I've discovered a method that is performing wonders for those who follow it. It isn't a secret! Thousands of the world's greatest men have used it and are using this method to bring them wealth—fame—happiness! But now, for the first time, it's been put down in black and white—so that anybody who has learned to read and write can use it to bring him almost anything he wants.

No longer need you be content with an ordinary job at an ordinary salary! Here's a new, easy, positive way to achieve the kind of success you have always wanted! I'll show you how to acquire the remarkable power to do the work you like and earn more money than perhaps you ever dreamed of, and I absolutely guarantee that it will bring at least $1,000 value the first year—or it won't cost you a cent!

Let me repeat—it isn't a secret. It's been used thousands of times. Only now it's put down on paper, in plain every-day English so anybody with ordinary intelligence can follow it and make a great deal of money! If you want to know how this method works let's take some actual examples.

A Few Actual Examples

John Watson was born "helpless in body," and has never been able to walk a step. His parents were poor. He had very little schooling. Yet, despite his handicaps, Watson—that's not his real name, although every word here is true—has become a very rich man. He owns a huge factory in Louisville, Kentucky, and is consulting engineer for many concerns at $100 an hour! Only recently he turned down a $40,000 a year job. He's a wonderful artist, an orator, an inventor and a lawyer. He had only a brain to start with, yet he has won great wealth, fame and happiness!

You may think Watson was a genius Then how about Wrigley, the chewing gum king? He started as a poor newsboy in Chicago and now makes many times more money in a day than thousands of people earn in a year! How about Douglas, the millionaire shoeman, who was a shoemaker's helper? I could mention thousands of others.

Read your history and you'll find that the very men you know best—Napoleon, Grant, Lincoln, and countless others—became famous by using this simple method. Yet you, too, possess the magic that made millions for Rockefeller, Vanderlip, Sabin, Schwab and Edison! The ease with which you'll climb in business and in private life will seem almost miraculous once you learn to use it.

Anyone Can Use It

You don't need to have a college education to use this method to great advantage. If you can only read and write you have the proper qualifications to make this marvelous discovery unlock the doors to the world's greatest treasures! You can learn it in a surprisingly short time. And the minute you learn it, you become more *forceful, persuasive, confident.* You think *better, clearer, quicker.* Your success becomes *rapid—sure—easy.* You'll astonish your friends and yourself as well!

To-day thousands of men and women are using this method to bring them wealth, power, happiness. Results are astounding! Clerks are becoming executives almost over night. Salesmen are doubling and tripling their commissions. It's a definite—sure way. Adding twenty, thirty, or forty, even a hundred dollars a week to a man's salary is not at all unusual. This new method for success cannot fail if carefully followed. That's why I absolutely *guarantee* you $1,000 value the very first year.

Will you let me show you the easiest way in the world to get the things you want? I don't care what you want—whether it be money, health, power, fame, happiness! I'll show you how to get it. You won't guess—you'll *know*. In plain everyday language you'll be led step by step over all the obstacles that have held you back. You will be brought into a new land—where success is positive! You'll feel like a blind man who has just regained his eyesight! You lose your fears—worries—timidity. You acquire a lion's courage. Nothing daunts you—nothing stops you. The door opens—you enter and help yourself!

How It Works

The method is simple, too. One of the greatest psychologists the world has ever known, Prof. Frank Channing Haddock, has discovered, after years of patient research and study, certain things about success. He found that out of thousands of successful men and women, practically every one possessed certain fundamental characteristics or qualities which were directly responsible for their success. He found that once a person acquired such qualities as foresight, imagination, will-power, confidence, fearlessness, and thinking ability—his success in life was *absolutely certain.*

But even more important than this discovery was the astonishing discovery of how *any* man or woman could *easily* and *quickly* and *positively* develop these characteristics. His whole method is embodied in his great new course "Mastery of Self," which already has performed thousands upon thousands of seeming miracles in bringing the people the success they have always longed for.

Free Book Tells How

I wish I had space enough to tell you all the wonderful things "Mastery of Self" has done for thousands of people. But of course it is impossible, so we have written a new booklet—"The Power That Compels Success"—which is chock-full of all the things you want to know. This book will be a revelation to you. It will show you how to double your power of accomplishment—how to double your ability to think—how to banish your fears, self-consciousness, worries, timidity; how to acquire the courage to do seemingly impossible things—how to think straight—clearly—accurately. It contains some of the most fascinating and marvelous information you ever expected to read. This remarkable book is absolutely free. Send for it now. It may mean the turning point in your life. It will show you the new easy way to greater health—wealth—and happiness! Mail the Coupon to-day. And remember my guarantee of at least $1,000 value the very first year.

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"If I had only had it when I was 20 years old, would be worth $100,000 today."—S. W. Taylor, The Santa Fe Ry., Milano, Tex.

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Under the Spreading Antlers

(*Continued from page 78*)

Elks of New Bedford have been winning laurels by the wholesale for the Lodge. During the summer-time period, children from hospitals, orphanages and homes were entertained to the number of 2,000. At present the members are devising ways and means for making happy the worthy poor at the time of the annual Christmas distribution and jollification. Funds for these purposes have already been provided, and in a novel manner. A pyrotechnic display illustrating how the Navy has been scrapped was witnessed by thousands.

Hats off to Beaver Falls! Semi-Professional World's Champions

The semi-professional world's championship baseball team, Class A. A. A., is composed of Elks. To Beaver Falls (Pa.) Lodge, as already briefly chronicled, is accorded the credit for having the best and fastest ball-players in its class. By defeating the crack Price Hill Club at Cincinnati, the Beaver Falls team scored a remarkable triumph. Three straight victories over the Ohio contenders tell the story. Beaver Falls was victorious a year ago, also. This is the second instance of one club annexing the title twice successively.

Bond-Burning Celebration. Chicago Will Cancel Debt

William J. Sinek, Exalted Ruler of Chicago Lodge, assisted by a special committee, has arranged a program to celebrate the burning of No. 4's first mortgage bonds. All of the 5,500 members have been requested to get one more application if possible. Funds thus accruing are to be dedicated to the cancellation and cremation of the first mortgage. The finale will be a banquet. Those who present new members will be the guests of honor. Prior to the feast there will be a parade.

Perpetual Donations For Lafayette Hospitals

Lafayette (Ind.) Lodge voted donations of $25 per year to each of the local hospitals, St. Elizabeth and Home. This double donation is made perpetual so long as the Elks' Lodge and the two hospitals continue to exist. October 10, 11 and 12, the same Lodge extended to the Daughters of the American Revolution the courtesy of its Club Building for the D. A. R. State Convention.

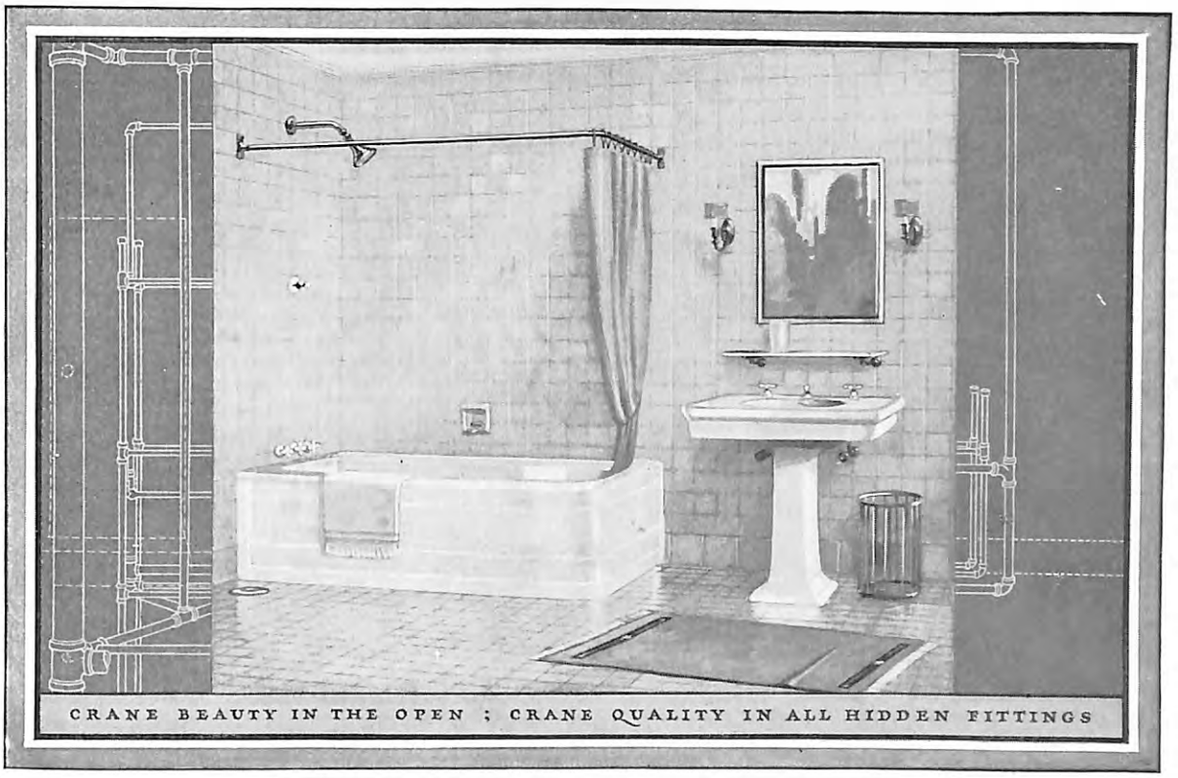
Somerville Dedication Brilliantly Impressive

Another brilliant chapter was added to the history of the Order of Elks in Massachusetts when Somerville's new home and assembly hall was dedicated. President Warren G. Harding, regretting his inability to attend, sent his best wishes. On the program were speakers of National prominence, including Gov. Channing H. Cox, United States Senator Henry Cabot Lodge, United States Senator David I. Walsh, Maj.-Gen. Clarence R. Edwards, Secretary of State Frederick W. Cook, Congressman Charles L. Underhill, Mayor John M. Webster, and Grand Trustee Charles F. J. McCue. The Yankee Division Service Band, directed by Lieut. John J. O'Neill, played lively airs. The dedication ceremonies were conducted by acting Grand Lodge officers. The home has every equipment for comfort and is beautiful in its elegance. The assembly hall, seating 1,000, will serve as the meeting place of the Lodge. Banquets will take place in this hall and occasionally photoplays will be shown. The dedication ball was attended by 3,000 persons. Somerville Lodge is No. 917. It was organized May 31, 1904, and received its charter two months later. The first meeting was attended by its fifty-two charter members. The membership to-day exceeds 1,500, gathered from among the foremost of New England.

The home is situated on the brow of Central Hill, overlooking Cambridge, Boston and Brookline. The region is full of interesting historical romance.

News Currency in Passing Review Mingled with Elk Sentiments

Portland (Ore.) Lodge is inaugurating a campaign hoping to capture the 1924 meeting of the Grand Lodge. . . . The new home of Brockton (Mass.) Lodge will be of Italian Renaissance design. . . . Muncie (Ind.) Lodge membership approaches 1,000. A splendid home is receiving the finishing touches. . . . An additional dormitory at the Elks' National Home, at Bedford, is on the way to completion. . . . *Now begins to stir and sparkle the spirit of Christmas, for which all Elk Lodges are diligently making ready to universalize happiness.* . . . Wakefield (Mass.) Lodge staged a pageant showing progress made by school children. . . . Fort Wayne (Ind). Elks initiated more than 100 at a recent meeting. . . . Port Chester (N. Y.) Lodge approved building plans roughly estimated to cost $150,000. Donations will not be invited. Instead, interest-bearing bonds at five per cent. will be sold. . . . Malden (Mass.) Elks, replenishing their Christmas Cheer fund, gave two successful entertainments. . . . *When an Elk is caught in the act of delivering a basket of Christmas Cheer, he just blushes and stammers the alibi that Santa Claus sent him.* . . . Columbus Day, Medford (Mass.) Lodge held a carnival. There was a baby show. . . . Grand Chaplain John Dysart has been representing Grand Exalted Ruler Masters in the Pacific Northwest. At Yakima, Moscow, Lewiston, and numerous other places, he was enthusiastically received and spoke messages of good cheer to thousands of Elks. . . . Jersey City Elks celebrated their thirty-first anniversary. . . . The Stonewall Club, costing $75,000, will, before long, become the home of Meridian (Miss.) Lodge. . . . *Read your Bible understandingly and find out for yourself that the Good Samaritan was the first Elk history tells about.* . . . The campaign of Norristown (Pa.) Lodge to create a fund of $300,000 for a new home is well launched. . . . Chicago Elks have a proposition to pay $4,000,000 for the Auditorium Hotel property to be converted to lodge and club purposes. . . . Boston Lodge entertained the World War veterans in the Elks Reconstruction Hospital on Parker Hill. Newton (Mass.) Lodge will do the same February 5 coming. . . . Hallowe'en dinners and dances were generally enjoyed throughout the Order. . . . *The Elk invests his loose change in boy-building, with foreknowledge that the National wealth of to-morrow is promoted by properly directing and developing the youth of to-day.* . . . San Mateo (Calif.) Lodge successfully put on its first annual jinx and initiated a class of 100. . . . Expectation indulged by the residents of the Elks' National Home is to organize a band. . . . North Tonawanda (N. Y.) Lodge held its first initiation November 21 in its newly completed home. The class numbered 100. Dedication ceremonies are set for December 11. . . . The Friars' Club will combine with New York Lodge of Elks in giving a mammoth entertainment at the Hippodrome, all proceeds to be applied to the Relief Fund. . . . *As Christmas comes apace, it's exhilarating to keep in mind the Elk rule, that spiritually, if not arithmetically, the more you give the more you have.* . . . When J. W. Kinney, Supervisor of Fish and Game for the State of Washington, tossed his Elk tooth emblem into Puget Sound, other Elks in Washington promptly emulated his example to the end of rendering Elk teeth commercially valueless. . . . An interesting reminder of the late Col. Wm. F. Cody (Buffalo Bill) is furnished by the recent acquisition of Capt. Wm. L. (Buck) Taylor, himself a veteran Western scout and Indian fighter, as a member of Bellefonte (Pa.) Lodge. At the casual mention of the name of the lamented Colonel Cody as having been an old-time Elk, Mr. Taylor decided instanter to join in tribute to the memory of his lifelong friend. . . . In expansive resolutions Seattle Lodge denounces illicit traffic in narcotics and pledges every assistance to help remove the menace. . . . Ten teams, bearing the names of Past Exalted Rulers, compose the Bowling League of Omaha Lodge. A musical extravaganza, conducted three nights at the Auditorium in Omaha by the Elks, netted a tidy sum. Principals and chorus represented home talent. . . . *Not what a man has but what he gives of himself is the true measure of his worth as an Elk.* . . . Leadville (Colo.) Elks gave a surprise entertainment celebrating local events in that city and entitled "One Night in 1879." . . . Walla Walla (Wash.) Lodge boasts its drum corps. This organization wins premier honors everywhere. . . . Along the highways approaching Michigan cities, Elk Lodges have put up a traffic sign saluting and welcoming the wayfarer. . . . La Porte (Ind.) Elks are serving crackers and milk to underfed school children. . . . *An Elks' Temple may cost a million dollars, but it is merely brick and stone and steel if Charity, Justice, Brotherly Love and Fidelity do not abide within.* . . . St. Paul Elks will banquet James G. McFarland December 2. . . . President Joseph P. Murphy of the Minnesota State Association has protested to Gen. Bramwell Booth, head of the Salvation Army, against the removal from America of Commander Evangeline Booth. . . . Grand Exalted Ruler Masters visited Ambridge (Pa.) Lodge October 26, witnessed an initiation ceremony, enjoyed himself immensely and made a speech full of encouragement. . . . Mrs. Minnie Grumley of Rexville, N. Y., asks The Elks Magazine to assist her to locate her brother, Patrick F. Birmingham, who, at last accounts, was a member either of Oakland or San Francisco Lodge. . . . Brownsville (Texas) Lodge has reorganized on a solid basis and is prospering famously. . . . *A comforting conviction enshrined in the B. P. O. E. Articles of Faith, as the future life is uncurtained, and proclaiming infinite belief in Immortality, is that "An Elk Never Dies."* . . . Douglas (Ariz.) Lodge, owning a clubhouse valued at $59,586, celebrated recently its release from debt by conducting a "mortgage burning" ceremony. As a preliminary, there was an impressive street parade. . . . Hon. Melvin G. Winstock will speak Memorial Sunday for The Dalles (Ore.) Lodge. The Dalles Lodge has recently expended $3,000 improving and redecorating the premises. . . . Camden (N. J.) Lodge conducts an open forum to develop the art of speaking in public. . . . It is interesting to note that Marion H. Fisher, son of the lamented Past Grand Exalted Ruler, Jerome H. Fisher, so widely and popularly known among Elks in his day, is the present Exalted Ruler of Jamestown (N. Y.) Lodge No. 263. . . . *To do good, to be good, to make good—therein the why and wherefore of the Order of Elks.* . . . Gratifying growth is being made by Elks in Alaska. Throughout the territory, the Order is becoming a power for good. . . . Armistice Day at 4 o'clock in the afternoon, New York Lodge dedicated a bronze Honor Roll Tablet to the memory and patriotism of its members who served in the armed forces of the United States in the World War. . . . Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, President of Columbia University, is announced as Memorial Day speaker for New York Lodge, this ensuing first Sunday in December. . . . If any reader of The Elks Magazine has information that will lead to discovery of the whereabouts, and return to his home in Hillsboro, Ohio, of Robert James Parshall, B. E. Parshall, member of Hillsboro Lodge, will gratefully appreciate having word to that effect. The lad left home last October 5. He is described as being 16 years of age; weight 125 pounds; height 5 feet 3 inches; has gray eyes and light hair. . . . *The golden hour of opportunity chimes its invitation to do the necessary, not to say indispensable, for your lodge and The Elks Magazine. If the interests and ambitions and achievements of the home-town lodge are not punctually pictured in these columns, month after month, be assured the neglect is not chargeable to us. Every facility has been provided ready-made to fit and serve the purpose. Once more you are asked in all cordiality to vibrate with us on the electric current of this partnership. The reciprocity of relation can be likened to a marvelous mirror wherein to see reflected, as in a photo-drama, all the news currency that spurs and stirs Elk pride in the progressive; or can be likened to a good-fellowship round-table across which there is free and open and constant exchange of ideas and ideals for mutual thrift and betterment. This is real team work. So, then, lend a hand. Be alertly at your duty. Be for your Lodge, heart and soul and always and foremostly. Results are your personal responsibility. The Elks Magazine is a Parlor-Car Express that would carry you on and on to greater conquest. It would make the work you are doing known to every other Lodge. Your reservation is booked. All aboard!*



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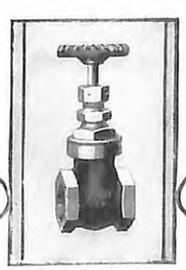

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Please write us

For Winter Comfort

Let us send you our newest and most attractive booklet—"Beauty Land"—which explains the merits of Hinds Honey and Almond Cream. Simply mail a brief request to the A. S. Hinds Co. at Portland, Maine, and this pretty booklet will come to you in a few days.

If you'll just try this wonderful cream for some of the purposes described we are very sure you will soon give it preference, because that is what so many other nice looking ladies have been doing all these years past.

It is the purity and refinement and gratifying effect of Hinds Honey and Almond Cream that have gained for it such a remarkable nation-wide and world-wide patronage. It is good for everybody in your home,—grown-ups and kiddies. Father and brother like it after shaving and to keep their hands smooth and good looking. It prevents as well as heals the chapping.

HINDS WEEK-END BOX

makes a very useful gift and costs only 50c postpaid, or at your dealer's. It contains those essentials for the comfort and attractiveness of the face and hands. Trial size, Hinds Honey and Almond Cream, Cold and Disappearing Cream, Soap, Talc and Face Powder.

As you hike along the windy street
Facing the blast of icy sleet
Chapped faces, hands and ankles too
And windburned skin may trouble you.

Then pause a bit upon your way
And take the Cre-Maids' tip today,
Just use Hinds Honey and Almond Cream
And meet the weather with joy supreme.

Frostbites, chilblains and kindred ills
Hinds quickly comforts, heals and stills.
Chapping and windburn pass away,
Soft lovely skin just comes to stay.

When the winds are raw and the cold extreme
You need Hinds Honey and Almond Cream.

WONDERFUL BASE FOR FACE POWDER. Hinds Honey and Almond Cream is now used for this purpose with marvelous success. Moisten the skin slightly with the cream, let it nearly dry, then dust on the powder. It will adhere to perfection

AS A MANICURING AID THIS CREAM softens the cuticle, prevents soreness and preserves the lustre of the nails.

All druggists and department stores sell Hinds Honey and Almond Cream. We will mail you a small sample for 2c or trial bottle for 6c.

Ask your dealer for Hinds Superior Toilet Requisites, but if not obtainable, order of us. We send postpaid in the United States.

A. S. HINDS CO.
Dept. 51 PORTLAND, MAINE