



# The Elks

## Magazine

MARCH  
1923



In this issue: Bruce Barton, Richard Connell, Joseph Gollomb, Sam Hellman,  
Richard Le Gallienne, Meredith Nicholson and William G. Shepherd

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Joseph Conrad

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If you have yet to read Conrad, you have a rare experience in store. "How I envy those who are reading him for the first time," says Gouverneur Morris. You *must* read Conrad—not to do so is to deny yourself an incomparable pleasure and to be unacquainted with the work of the acknowledged greatest living master of English fiction. As one of our well-known novelists himself says: "Those who haven't read him are not well-read." And if you *have* read some of his stories you will want to read more—and re-read them many times. Arnold Bennett makes it a point to re-read one of Conrad's books every year.

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*J. Henopline*  
President  
LaSalle Extension University

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—From Preamble to the Constitution,  
Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks

# The Elks

Volume One Magazine

Number Ten

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## None but the Best for The Elks Magazine

*HERE is a picture of Octavius Roy Cohen, creator of Florian Slappey, Ammonia Mimms, Lawyer Evans Chew and a host of other amusing darky characters which rove in and out of his inimitable stories. Mr. Cohen*



UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD

*is one of the most recent additions to our roll call of celebrated contributors. Speaking of his series for the Elks Magazine, he said: "I have tried hard to make the stories I have done for your magazine the best I have ever written."*

## A Promise in Fulfillment

**E**IGHT months ago, in our second issue, appeared the following promise:

"As months pass and THE ELKS MAGAZINE grows, more and more will you find the acknowledged leaders attracted to its pages. Watch each succeeding issue and you will find in your magazine fiction and articles and pictures which cannot be surpassed by any other publication. You will find more and more names that stand at the zenith in writing and

illustrating today. . . . And not only names—but the finest, most sincere work ever created by the bearers of those names."

We believe everyone who has followed closely the development of this magazine will acknowledge that that promise has been and is being fulfilled. What other publication, in the first few months of its existence, has attracted to its pages fiction, articles and illustrations by so distinguished a group as these:

Achmed Abdullah  
Bruce Barton  
Bozeman Bulger  
Dana Burnet  
Arthur G. Dove  
Charles B. Falls  
Sam Hellman  
Walter de Leon  
Angus MacDonall  
Meredith Nicholson  
Herb Roth  
Frank Street  
Frederic Dorr Steele  
Albert Payson Terhune  
Harold Titus  
Rita Weiman

Samuel Hopkins Adams  
Charles Baskerville  
Robert C. Benchley  
Berton Braley  
Courtney Ryley Cooper  
Louis Fancher  
O. F. Howard  
Albert Levering  
Montrose J. Moses  
Lawrence Perry  
Edward Ryan  
William G. Shepherd  
Harley Ennis Stivers  
Walter Trumbull  
Ben Ames Williams  
William Alton Wolff

Leroy Baldrige  
Franklin Booth  
Charles Livingston Bull  
Mildred Cram  
Richard Connell  
Hugh S. Fullerton  
Richard Le Gallienne  
Frank X. Leyendecker  
G. Patrick Nelson  
Ray Rohn  
Anna McClure Sholl  
Everett Shinn  
Tony Sarg  
George Kibbe Turner  
P. G. Wodehouse  
George Wright

**T**HE above is only a partial roll call. And very soon we will announce equally distinguished additions to it. There is a reason why these writers and artists are eager to appear in and to give their best work to THE ELKS MAGAZINE. It is because they have discovered, through your magazine, the most direct road to a vast audience, not

alone appreciative of the best, but accustomed to receiving it. You will find them here because THE ELKS MAGAZINE is more than mere words and pictures, printed on paper and sold for a price. You will find them here because THE ELKS MAGAZINE is a symbol—the symbol of America's highest ideals cherished by nearly a million good citizens.

# Personalities and Appreciations

## How Far Under Do You Look?

THE art of judging character at sight is interesting and we have no intention of depreciating its value; yet it contains an element of danger against which everyone who practices it should guard. Unless one has studied physiognomy and its relation to character very thoroughly, he is liable to exalt or to condemn others on inconclusive evidence. It is easy to mistake mere impressions for reasoned conclusions; easy to say "So and So's not honest—he has a shifty eye," or "What's His Name's not an executive—his nose isn't big enough." One feature does not inevitably make, or mar, a character.

And the same is true as regards characteristics other than facial. Faultless attire, a smoothly modulated voice, an engaging manner, have many a time inspired a confidence that has enabled their owner to make off with the family jewels. The signs are not infallible. People are not easy to read and to classify, except for those who have studied the species for years and have ripe experience upon which to draw. And even they frequently guess wrong.

There are pillars of society who look like criminals and there are criminals who look like pillars of society; millionaires who dress like tramps and tramps who dress like millionaires; profound thinkers who look like day laborers and day laborers who look like profound thinkers. Human beings are the most contradictory things in humanity. And you can't tell very much about them by a casual glance at their exteriors. You have to dig under the skin.

In this issue Bruce Barton, in an article entitled "Collecting Great Men as a Hobby," gives expression to a very happy thought on this subject. It will pay you to read it.



## A Humorist Turned Serious

IT SEEMS to be true that when able humorists turn serious the result is often better than the usual run of their work. Irvin S. Cobb is known as a humorist, but who can name any of his laugh-provoking stories that can be mentioned in the same breath with "Old Judge Priest," or such tragedies as "Up a Side Street," "Fishhead," or "The Belled Buzzard"?

Richard Connell has fairly earned the reputation of being one of the leading humorous writers of the younger generation. Yet once in a while he produces a "straight" story. One of these you will find in this number. It is called "Reverend Pendlebury's Past"—and we believe you will like it as well as you have liked any of Connell's lighter stories.



## Work Your Own Miracle

THIS is the title of an article by Joseph Gollomb explaining in every-day terms the theory of auto-suggestion as practised by M. Emile Coué. Mr. Gollomb has been in close touch with M. Coué for the last two years, having made several visits to his clinic at Nancy before the genial little Frenchman had even thought about coming to America.

Although many thousand words have been written about Coué and his methods, and although he has persistently denied that he is a healer, or a miracle worker, reports of his western tour have indicated that people generally have not really understood this point. Mr. Gollomb's article makes it very clear. In fact, we know of no other short article which interprets the subject of auto-suggestion so lucidly and comprehensively as does this one.



## Peanuts, a Million Dollars per Bag

WE HAVE all been hearing a lot about Mark and Franc and Lira and the rest of the Foreign Exchange family—and a lot, too, about the parlous

state of European finances generally. There has been so much written on the subject, and most of it has been so thoroughly incomprehensible except to experts, that many of us have lost interest in it and lost, at the same time, the keen edge of our realization that European finances have a direct bearing on our own personal and business bank rolls.

In his article "The War for our Dollars," published this month, Robert W. Mountsier brings the whole matter very close to home. Mr. Mountsier, author of "Our Eleven Billion Dollars"—a book dealing with our foreign loans—is a writer and student of affairs who has spent many years in Europe investigating conditions there in the interests of large American commercial organizations. His article is brisk, clear and informative—and, equally important—it is very readable.



## The Great Literary Training-Camps

YOU sometimes hear people say, after reading something in a magazine, "Gosh, I could write a better story than that!" And once every so often some one who feels that way goes ahead and carries out the threat. We have no idea how many men and women who to-day are well-known writers began in that spirit of vengeance, though, if our memory doesn't fail us, P. G. Wodehouse was one of them.

There have been writers, of course, who began in fields totally dissociated from the publishing business—such, for instance, as S. Weir Mitchell, who was a famous nerve specialist before he turned to writing, and Mary Roberts Rinehart, who was a trained nurse—but the majority of the contributors to the widely read publications of our day secured their early training in newspaper offices. Albert Payson Terhune, Dana Burnet, Courtney Ryley Cooper, William Almon Wolff, and others too numerous to mention, began on newspapers.

Sam Hellman, who has leaped into the big magazines almost, one might say, at a bound, is a product of this great training-camp. He claims—very modestly—to have worked on practically every paper in the United States. This is probably an exaggeration. One day, during a summer vacation, while a student at the University of California, he shipped on a freighter bound for Australia. He liked the life so much that he was tempted to range the seas for the rest of his days. But he somehow got into newspaper work and roved the country instead. He has ridden the brake beams and done all those things many of us tell ourselves we'd like to do, and recently—having accumulated a store of experiences—he settled down to the grim business of being funny.

"Duke's Fluke," Hellman's first contribution to this magazine, appears in the present issue. We recommend that you wear a dressing-gown or some other loose garment when you settle down to the hilarious business of reading it.



## The Most Dangerous Possession of All

FIREARMS in the hands of criminals, vast fortunes in the hands of fools, are beneficent in contrast to great power in the hands of men or women incapable of rightly employing it. Like an insidious narcotic drug, power lays hold of them who taste it and instills in them a craving which only greater and greater power will satisfy. To attain power men have sold their souls; to retain it, they have sold their fellow men.

No matter whence it comes, the person who acquires power is faced with the one infallible test of character. The uses he makes of it will reveal his inner nature as uncompromisingly as the X-ray would reveal the bumps on his backbone. Read William G. Shepherd's article in this issue: "How It Feels to Have Power." It will give you something to think about.

# Lend a Hand

By Richard Le Gallienne

Decoration by Israel Doskow

NOW'S the time of times, brother, to lend the world a hand,  
If you have courage, bring it; if you have strength, stand by;  
Never were you so needed in any time or land:  
So much work to be done  
Under the sun  
Before we die.  
So bring your youth,  
And bring your truth,  
Bring the best that's in you—

Lend a hand!

Cowards and slackers everywhere, and wills as weak as sand,  
And sowers of black seed, hate, blood, and lies—stand by!  
The fires are burning yet the foes of peace have fanned.  
If you've an axe, then swing it;  
If you've a song, then sing it  
Loud and high;  
And the world shall chant the chorus,  
There's a good old fight before us—

Lend a hand!

If you are wise, your wisdom; if you are kind, your smile;  
Pity or "punch," or laughter, bring what you have—stand by!  
There's every kind of work to do, and everything's worth while . . .  
Sad's the world, and we who're in it  
Need to help it every minute,  
You and I:  
We can't leave the task to others.—  
Shoulder it, like men and brothers—

Lend a hand!

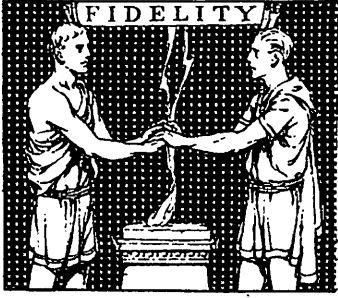
THERE'S a new world in the making, it was long since dreamed and planned,  
And whether it comes true or not depends on me and you;  
The good old ship grows leaky, it was brave but under-manned,  
The new one's getting ready, but it's looking for a crew.  
The voyage is worth the making,  
And we all have got a stake in  
The adventure, don't forget;  
For life's the sea we're sailing,  
And the port that we are hailing,  
With all our colors flying and all our canvas set—  
There never was so fine a port before in any land.  
And we'll make it sure enough,  
However black and rough  
Be the skies above our masthead or the seas beneath our keel,  
If only every man stand by the Captain at the Wheel,  
If only every man aboard—

Lend a hand.

FRATERNITY



FIDELITY



CHARITY



**I** KNOW of no more interesting and gratifying hobby than forming one's own private collection of great men. It beats mounting butterflies or collecting rugs all hollow!



## Collecting Great Men As a Hobby

By Bruce Barton

SOME three years ago I received a telephone call from one of those "international bankers" who are so full of plots, according to the yellow papers, but who seem quite simple and human when you see them at close range. He asked if I could step over to his office, and a few minutes later I was sitting in one of his big leather chairs.

"I want to ask you about X," he began abruptly, naming a certain statesman who was being mentioned as a presidential candidate. "I heard yesterday that you have been interviewing him."

"Yes," I answered, "I spent a week-end in his house and am going to write a piece about him for a magazine."

The financier leaned forward with interest.

"Tell me," he exclaimed, "how big is that fellow anyway? I've known him off and on for twenty-five years, but I never in my wildest dreams pictured him in the White House. Maybe I've been too close to him; your impression is fresh. How big do you think he is?"

It was an unexpected question, and I side-stepped it for the moment.

"You remember Lincoln's remark," I suggested. "He said, 'I have talked with great men and I can not see wherein they differ from others.'"

The financier's eyes snapped.

"Did Lincoln say that?" he demanded. "I never happened to run across it. It's true; that's exactly my trouble; that's why I sent for you. Take this war. I've met almost every man in the allied countries who has played a prominent part in it—Lloyd George and Clemenceau, and Foch and Pershing and all the rest. And the devil of it is that when you get right up close to them none of them looks as big as you thought he would. So I was anxious to get your point of view about X. He's an old story to me, but you have just come back from seeing him the first time. Just how big is he?"

X was not elected to the presidency and since political fame is even more evanescent than fame of other sorts, he has already ceased to be front page news. Hence the estimate of him which I gave to our friend, the banker, is of no particular importance in this article. I mention the incident because it illustrates one trait that is common to all of us—international bankers, newspapermen, farmers, day-laborers, or whatever. Each of us carries about with him his own invisible measuring stick, which he applies to every new acquaintance. And we take a special and particular satisfaction in setting our little foot-rulers up against those whom the world labels "great."

In fact I know of no more interesting hobby than forming one's own private collection of great men. It beats mounting butterflies or collecting rugs all hollow. I have practised it for years and would travel a good many miles out of my way any day to add a new specimen to my collection. As a hobby it has the merit of being inexpensive, and the compensations attached to it more than offset the time it requires. For whether the great man impresses or disappoints, he *does* stir your own ambition if you have any to be stirred. As Emerson said: "I can not even hear of personal vigor of any kind, great power of performance, without fresh resolution. We are emulous of all that man can do." As boys we come back from the circus to practise at home the tricks we have witnessed on the trapeze. As men we leave the presence of a distinguished man saying to ourselves: "After

all he and I have just the same tools to work with—two eyes, two hands, a brain and twenty-four hours a day. If he has done so much with his tools, surely I ought to be able to do a little more than I have been doing with mine."

LOOKING over my personal collection of great men I find three who have interested me especially. One of them is the richest man I ever talked with, Henry Ford. We spent a day together at Dearborn where he lives in the center of an 8,000-acre farm. After lunch we went over to his tractor plant, pulled up a couple of ordinary kitchen chairs and put our feet on a pine table. It came over me suddenly with a sort of shock that this gray-haired, wiry, boyish-faced man who had been chatting in such simple language about a variety of things, had an income of more than a hundred million dollars a year; that, with the possible exception of John D. Rockefeller, he is far and away the richest man in the world. Without stopping to think just how it might sound I blurted out my thought:

"You seem just an ordinary sort of individual," I said to him. "It's hard for me to remember that you have more money flowing in to you every day than I will probably get together in a lifetime."

He laughed.

"Why should you remember it?" he asked. "Money doesn't mean anything to me."

"But it *would* mean something if you lost it all," I answered. The air was full of rumors about him at that time; bankers



*"EACH of us carries about with him his own invisible measuring stick. . . . We take satisfaction in setting our little foot-rulers up against those people whom the world labels great . . ."*

## A Very Human Idea That May Not Have Occurred to You

Decoration by R. L. Lambdin

who ought to know about such things had told me privately that Ford probably *would* lose it all.

"You're wrong about that," he said, still smiling. "Suppose I should lose it and have to start again. I know what I'd do. I'd find something that everybody has to buy, and I would work out a way to make it better and cheaper than it has ever been made before. You know the first idea I had was to make watches—good watches, 2000 a day, and sell them at fifty cents apiece. I got switched off to automobiles, but I still have the plans for my watch factory somewhere up in the house. If it wasn't watches that I made it would be something else; and as for starting over again, why, say, that would be just like having the fun of two lifetimes rolled into one.

"YOU know there are just two things in the world that count," he continued. "One is work and the other is faith. Let a man have a plan and work at it, and have faith in himself, and in other people, and the money will take care of itself. To hear some men talk you would think that business is just about ready to crawl into its hole and pull the hole in after it." He went on in his quiet way, almost as if he were talking to himself. "Of course there's lots of things I don't know much about—history and political economy and other things—but, so far as I can see, business is just the machinery that is set up for satisfying human wants. And the wants keep right on increasing.

See what we've done in one generation; we've put the world onto wheels. Do you suppose it will ever be satisfied to walk again? Not much. For every car that's owned to-day there are ten families who have the *want* for a car. And when that want is satisfied there will be another one to take its place. No, sir, business isn't going to stop. It will be bigger and bigger, provided we work and have faith."

I had heard Henry Ford called a seer and I had heard him called a fool; and I came away with three definite impressions about him. First, that the world never pays any one a hundred million dollars a year *just* for being a fool. Those who measure in terms of derision merely convict their own intelligence. Second, that Ford's most extraordinary achievement is one which is almost never commented on. Many men in history have amassed great wealth, but he is the only enormously rich man whose riches the poor do not envy and begrudge. Somehow—whether by luck or a shrewd understanding of human nature—he has so impressed common folks with the amount of pleasure and comfort which he is contributing to the world that they are perfectly willing to let him make as much money as he can.

Third, and finally, I was frequently reminded that day how little a hundred million dollars a year can buy, when all is said and done. With all Ford's riches he eats less than the average workingman. He can have many suits of clothes, but he wears only one at a time; he can not enjoy a

sounder night's sleep than you or I; the stars do not twinkle any more brightly over his palace than over the lowliest hut; the ocean will not give him a more invigorating bath, and boredom will settle on him immediately if ever he quits work. Some one in Dearborn told me that Ford's chief delight is to go quietly home at night, eat his supper, take off his shoes and sit through the evening in his stocking feet. Whether this story be entirely accurate or not, it is true that with all his wealth his daily life is very little different from that of any man who has steady work in a small town. He was right about the essentials—work (and the joy of a man in his work); and faith (the conviction that what he is doing is essentially worth while and counts in the great program of world progress). No man is too poor to enjoy these twin satisfactions, and no man is so rich that he can discard either one without making his life empty and monotonous.

THE second interesting gentleman in my collection, and the most inspiring executive I ever met, was Theodore Roosevelt. I recall particularly a conversation with him in the Spring of 1916. In reading the Life of John Hay the night before, I had run across the story of Roosevelt's negotiations with the German Emperor in the Venezuela matter. The passage is worth quoting:

"One day, when the crisis was at its height, he (Roosevelt) summoned to the White House Dr. Holleben, the German Ambassador, and told him that unless Germany consented to arbitrate, the American squadron under Admiral Dewey would be given orders, by noon ten days later, to proceed to the Venezuelan coast and prevent any taking possession of Venezuelan territory. Dr. Holleben began to protest that his Imperial master, having once refused to arbitrate, could not change his mind. The President said that he was not arguing the question, because arguments had already been gone over until no useful purpose

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*If You Had Guarded a Secret About Yourself for Years, Would You Use It as This Man Did?*

## Reverend Pendlebury's Past

By Richard Connell

Illustrated by Harvey Emrich

IT SHOCKED us worse than any earthquake could have when that story about the Reverend Pendlebury and his past began to go round our town. We did not want to believe that the man we had come to trust and to love in the ten years he had been at our little church had led a life of sin. But tongues will wag and gossip creep insidiously about, especially in a farming town way up in Vermont, where there is little to do in winter time but feed the live stock now and then, hone up and fix the tools, and talk. During those long, snow-bound days and those black, brooding nights, I suppose minds ferment and ugly talk is bred.

So the rumor stole round, like a copper-head slithering through the tall grass; there were behind-the-hand, hinting whispers down at the volunteer firemen's headquarters; and there were sly, dark insinuations and head shakings and cluckings of tongues when the ladies of the church met at Mrs. Cobb's to knit wristlets for the missionaries to give to the heathen in India. Of course, no one came right out and accused the Reverend Pendlebury of having led a scarlet life, because no one really believed it; besides, the evidence was very slight. In summer, with the crops to worry over, we'd probably have paid no heed to the tale. But in winter we had the time, and inclination, to gossip. Of course the charge was ridiculous—but still, you never can tell, it might just possibly have a grain of truth in it, and if it had, well, it would be a serious matter for us, and for him. We have a strong, old-fashioned hatred of sin up here in the Vermont hills.

As for Reverend Pendlebury, he seemed oblivious to the fact that little gusts of scandal were beginning to eddy and swirl about his white head and straight, spare figure. He went about his work as quietly,

as serenely, as smilingly as ever. His manner gave no sign that he had heard what people were saying about him.

The story about him had already gained considerable headway when it first came to my ears; I heard it first one day as I sat in my kitchen trimming the lamp wicks; up here in Willowton we don't go in for electricity and suchlike new-fangled notions. My antique neighbor, Cephas Bonner, drove up in his cutter, checked his mare at the door, and bustled in, stamping the snow from his felt boots, unwinding the red woolen tippet that swathed him like a mummy, and rubbing the steam from his square, tin spectacles. I knew from his weazened, pink-rimmed eyes that he was excited about something.

"Well, what do you think about it?" he greeted me, as he pulled off his mittens and held his skinny hands over the stove.

"Looks like more snow," I replied.

"I ain't speakin' about the snow, elder," he said. You see, I am an elder down at the church.

"What then, Cephas?"

He peered about him as if he were afraid some one might overhear, although he knew perfectly well that the nearest house to mine was his own, three miles away across the snow-upholstered hills. He lowered his thin voice.

"About him," he said.

"Him? Who?"

Again he cast about my kitchen a hasty, searching, somewhat guilty look. There was mystery in his manner, as he whispered.

"About the Reverend Pendlebury."

"What about him?" I queried, anxiously.

"Is he ill?"

"Oh, no. He's as active as a cricket on a griddle," said Cephas, pulling his thawed knuckles till they popped like chestnuts. "Considerin' that he must be gettin' on toward sixty-five, he's right spry. But ain't you heard—"

"Heard? What?"

"Of course," he began, gazing hard into his horny palm, "I myself personally don't believe it, and I guess none of the folks does. But it's mighty curious, elder, mighty curious—"

"For Heaven's sake, Cephas, come out with it."

"Bein' you're an elder, I thought you oughta know what they're sayin'—"

"Who's saying?"

"Folks."

"About Reverend Pendlebury? Well, what are they saying?"

He ran his tongue over his chapped lips; he cast a suspicious glance at the fire-place as if he thought that some eavesdropper might be concealed up the chimney.

"They're sayin'," he stated, guardedly, "that he's had a past!"



*His hair had grown white in our service*

"Past? What do you mean? Of course he has a past. Most men near sixty-five have had one."

His small eyes shot me a quick, cunning look.

"I reckon you know the sort of past I mean, elder," he said.

I snorted.

"I wish you'd say right out what you're driving at, Cephas. I don't know what bit of scandal you've heard, but if it reflects on the Reverend Daniel Pendlebury, I'll say right here and now, I don't believe it. This is the open season for gossip. I haven't an idea what tattle some busybody of an old hen has set afloat about him, but I'll bet my brown mare against your grey one, it isn't true."

I judged from the way he elevated his bony ridge of carmine nose that I had scandalized him.

"Elder," he said, "church-members don't bet."

"Oh, that's just an expression, Cephas. Well, I'm waiting to hear what you came to tell me."

"It's my duty," he said. "Well, elder, I won't beat around the bush. This is what they're sayin': that Pendlebury isn't his real name at all—and that before he came east to our church—" Cephas whispered the last words—"he was an out-and-out bad 'un!"

"A bad one?"

"As bad as bad can be."

"Nonsense! If there ever was a good man, it's Reverend Pendlebury."

My tone piqued him.

"SOMETIMES," he said, "the devil puts wolves into sheeps' clothing for his own hellish purpose." From the way he piously wrinkled his leathery face and from his intonation I judged that he thought he was quoting Scripture.

"Exactly what do they charge Reverend Pendlebury with having been?" I demanded. Cephas Bonner, I knew, was no light-minded tale-bearer; he was a fair-dealing man, an important member of our church, and if he placed any credence in the rumor, it was worth investigating. As an elder, jealous of my church's reputation, I could not ignore it. "What sort of bad one do they say Reverend Pendlebury was? What's the rumor? A woman?"

"No."



*Jesse Hornbeck was twice as mean as his face*

"Was he a drunkard?"

"No; they don't say that."

"A convict?"

"He might better have been."

"Then what in the name of Heaven was he?"

Again Cephas Bonner scrutinized the chimney, looked under the kitchen table, even went to the window and scanned the bleak, wintry fields and the road snow-buried. Then he came close to me and said,

"They say—they, mind you, not I—that he was the worst thing any man can be. They say he was a common, professional gambler!"

He had exploded a bomb and he stepped off to see how it had affected me.

"Rot!" I said. "Pure rot!"

"Well, that's what they're sayin'."

"Any facts, Cephas?"

"Well, not exactly facts, elder. But you remember Matt Cobb, Luke Cobb's brother that was visitin' him last week?"

"Yes; the brother that went to the Klondike in the gold rush."

"That's the one. Matt. Well, Matt said to Luke that he didn't think he could be wrong—but he'd seen Reverend Pendlebury before, out west. Matt said it was the way the reverend has of pinching his moustache when he's a bit excited that brought it all back to him. And the little queer limp the reverend has—that made Matt sure."

"Sure? Of what?"

"That he'd seen the Reverend Pendlebury out on the Klondike in the old days."

"What of that?"

"But," Cephas was growing excited, "the Reverend Pendlebury wasn't a clergyman in those days, Matt said. No, sir. He was the biggest, smartest gambler in Alaska, and he ran the largest gambling hell on the Klondike."

"Bosh! Utter bosh!"

"Mebbe it is. I'm just tellin' you what

Matt Cobb said," answered Cephas, a hurt look on his weather-warped countenance.

"Well, go on. What else?"

"Matt said that the reverend was known as Diamond Steve Paige out there, because he always wore a big diamond stud plumb in the center of his boiled shirt. And he always wore a loud checked suit, Matt Cobb said,—"

"CEPHAS," I broke in, "checked suits may be a weakness but they are hardly a sin."

"But he was a gambler, elder—and that limp—well, Matt Cobb said he got that from being shot by a miner he'd won fifteen thousand dollars from in one night, playin' poker!"

"Bah, Cephas. Matt Cobb is a loose-tongued old fool. Because a minister with a limp has a habit of pinching his moustache he reminds Matt of some gambler Matt saw twenty-five years ago. Then a lot of folks who ought to be tending to their live stock, take up the yarn and spread around town that the man who has done so much for them was a card-sharp and a crook. That sort of thing makes me sick."

"Matt Cobb didn't exactly say he was a crook," admitted Cephas. "He said Diamond Steve Paige was known all over the west coast as a square gambler. Those are Matt's words, not mine, elder. I don't believe there's no such thing as a square gambler. Square ones and crooked ones are all the same to me; no decent man should have anything to do with 'em. Takin' money without workin' for it is wrong, elder. And a man who'd win fifteen thousand dollars playin' poker—"

Cephas felt so violently about such a man that he couldn't finish the sentence; he could only shake his head and make noises of outraged virtue with his tongue.

"Cephas," I said to him, in my most serious, elders'-meeting manner. "Forget it. I don't believe a word of this story.

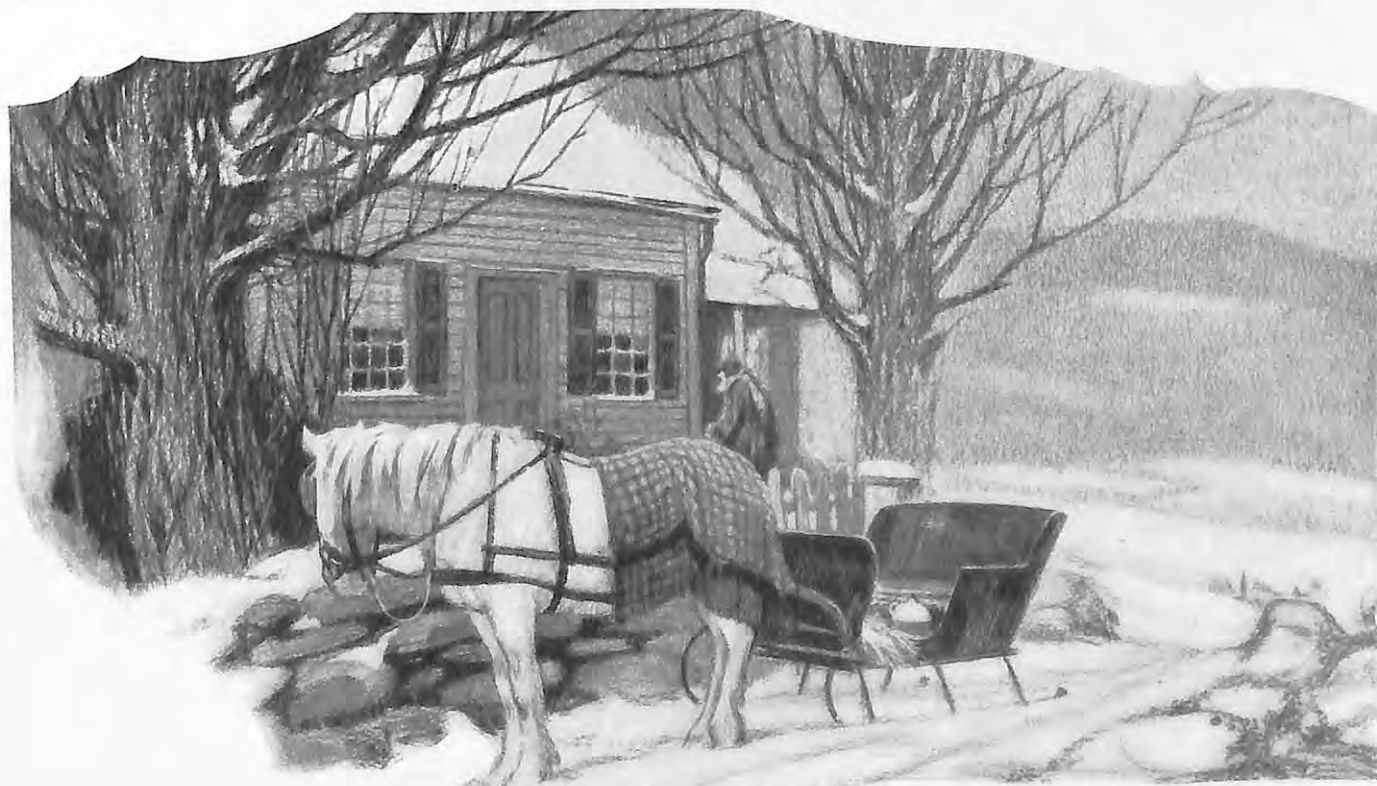
Neither should you. Don't let it gain any more ground. We know that Reverend Pendlebury has worked for us night and day for ten years; we know him to be a gentle, good soul, and a real man. Everybody loves him, everybody that is except Jesse Hornbeck and his crowd, and we've got to have faith in him. It would break his heart if he thought sensible fellows like you and me were believing silly rumors like that about him; he's getting old, Cephas. Only mighty mean people would believe that story. I'm sure the elders and the deacons won't."

Cephas stroked his sharp little jag of unshaved chin dubiously.

"I ain't so sure about that, elder," he said. "You're a younger man than the rest of them; you've lived in a big city; you see something different. But men like Luke Cobb and Job Sanderson—they're of the old school. They're mighty strict; you know how they feel about a gambler. Hate one worse than poison, they do. Well," Cephas wound his tippet around ears like knot-holes, and drew on his mittens, "this ain't gettin' to the post-office, I guess."

AS THE black of Cephas's buffalo fur coat became a speck on the vast whiteness of the hills, I returned to my lamps. My heart was a little sick as I thought of old Mr. Pendlebury. The story was a lie, of course. But lies can make trouble, can hurt.

You in the cities, and in the fertile West and in all places where life is easier, may not understand why the people up here around Willowton deem a gambler the most scarlet of all sinners. You'd call us, perhaps, a stern and hide-bound lot. Our code is as severe as our winter nights. We're extremely, almost unbelievably, careful of our money. We have to be. Else we could not, as our grandfathers did before us, scrape, dig and squeeze a livelihood from these boulder-studded hills. A dollar wrung



*My antique neighbor, Cephas Bonner, drove up in his cutter and bustled in*

from the flinty bosom of a farm up here is no easy-come, easy-go dollar. We have sweated to earn it, and we make it sweat in turn. We respect our dollars because they represent our hard and unremitting toil; they are the trophies of our unending slugging-match with a tough and stubborn Nature; those dollars stand for calloused hands, for many risings at dawn, for crooked and aching backs, for miles of furrows forced through stone-infested soil, for sweltering days in the hay-fields, for victories in our bitter, interminable battle with droughts, blights, bugs and market conditions. When we do get hold of an extra dollar our roughened fingers close tightly on its green throat and we bear it off to the savings bank or invest it in some solid first mortgage. The stock sharks with their twenty per cent. bait don't come to our country any more; one tried his game up here and all but starved to death. Anything over six per cent. is speculation with us and speculation is gambling and gambling—the risking of money—is a heinous sin. So, if that story about the Reverend Pendlebury did prove to have even a vestige of truth in it—but, of course it couldn't have—

An added reason why we, around Willowton, particularly hated gamblers was the presence in our community of Jesse Hornbeck. He was the town's official bad man, the bogey with which mothers frightened naughty children, and the generally recognized representative of the forces of evil. We were all a little afraid of Jesse Hornbeck. He was so shrewd, and he had an inconvenient habit of foreclosing mortgages and taking up notes. He'd made money, a lot of it, but it didn't seem to us to be clean money. We kept out of his clutches if we could; he was a vindictive man.

Jesse Hornbeck was a gambler. Of that we had good evidence. He owned and operated Bald Eagle Inn, up on Black Mountain outside Willowton, and it was an open secret what sort of place Bald Eagle Inn really was. It was the sort of place that the Willowton Weekly *Courier* would have referred to as "notorious" if it had dared to refer to it at all; but, unfortunately, Jesse Hornbeck held Editor Fitton's note. We tried to pretend that Bald Eagle Inn didn't exist, but we were unpleasantly aware that it did. Rich summer people motored there at night, and, obviously, they did not go there for the view or the bracing mountain air. In winter the Inn advertised 'winter sports,' but that was a blind; its real winter sport was conducted indoors. The Inn was off the beaten track, and so we people of Willowton seldom had to come into direct contact with it. But one night when I'd been out hunting, I came by there late and I heard a sound that there could be no mistaking: it was the click, click, click of ivory chips, and then, during a lull, I heard the husky voice of Jesse Hornbeck say distinctly and truculently, "Ante, gentlemen, if you please." I heard that on the following day Jesse Hornbeck deposited in the First National Bank six hundred and thirty dollars in large, crackling bills.

**WE FELT** that the Bald Eagle Inn was a blot and a disgrace. You see, up here we take our community's good name seriously. But there was nothing we could do about it. Jesse Hornbeck, and his lieutenant and jackal, Roy Siller, were too powerful and too canny. But we resented the place, and we resented Jesse.

Anybody would have. He had the sort of face that made strangers say, "No man could possibly be as mean as that face," and then when they came to know him they were

*"You damnable jackal," he cried, "do you mean to say that Jesse Hornbeck is going to turn the house of the Lord into a burlesque show?"*



forced to revise their opinion and say, "Why, he's twice as mean as his face!" I never saw Jesse without thinking he had been recently poisoned—his face had that bloated, purplish look. He had a complete set of dewlaps that made his neck's front view look like a turkey-gobbler, and the rear view like a plate of hairy pink pan-cakes. His face was deep-creased, like a mastiff's, and his eyes greedy, like a starved porcupine's. Invariably he held between stubby fingers a half inch of cold cigar. He was the only man in Willowton who habitually wore a derby hat, and he was not tidy. There were always toast-crumbs lurking in his face-creases and nondescript stains on the black satin, flower-sprigged vest that fitted with dangerous tightness over an anterior mound so that he had the appearance of a fullback endeavoring trickily to conceal a football under his jersey. Jesse was utterly unaware of the existence of nail-brushes, but his right hand was given a certain air of elegance by a remarkable ring made of an obese gold snake with ruby eyes, in the act of being choked to death by a diamond in its mouth the size of a hazel nut. No one doubted the whispered rumor that he had won this ring playing poker with a Chicago traveling man, who, on an unlucky evening, had ventured into Bald Eagle Inn. It was worth a deal of money, that ring—perhaps a thousand, or seven hundred anyway. It was difficult for us to believe that a man who

carried around seven hundred dollars on one finger could be properly described as a moral man.

Jesse Hornbeck's automobile, too, was down-right obscene, with its screaming red paint and its silverized trimmings. He brought it back from Boston where he won it from a jockey—so the story ran. It was a selfish car, a roadster with but one seat which Jesse filled as completely as a muffin fits its tin. It was a high-powered car, that roared and coughed like a hundred asthmatic devils, as he drove it careening along the roads, quite heedless of the safety of any of us.

**IT FOLLOWED** that when any of us heard the word "gambler" we saw the puffed and poisoned visage of Jesse Hornbeck. And now people were saying that the Reverend Pendlebury had been what Jesse Hornbeck was.

No two men could have been more unlike, physically, than Jesse and the Reverend Pendlebury. Our minister was such a mild-seeming, small man, slender and erect, with narrow, precise, square shoulders; he always wore cheap suits of black serge, sometimes worn shiny, but always well brushed. His voice was quiet, and so were his grey eyes. And yet he did not give the impression that he was a meek man or one who could be imposed on with impunity; I have seen a certain spark in those grey



eyes that made one guess he could get angry, and when he did, look out! He had come to us from the west when we were sorely in need of a minister. His hair was iron grey then—that was ten years ago—and it had grown white in our service. He had worked hard, had not spared himself. No night was too cold for him to drive over the hills if he was needed, and no snow so deep that it daunted him as he pushed through it with that odd little hitching limp of his. For these labors he received six hundred dollars a year, the use of a tiny brick house next to the church, and cord-wood. Till now the only trouble we had had with him was because of his tendency to give away his cord-wood to people who appeared to need it.

It wasn't much that we did for Reverend Pendlebury but it was the best we could do. You see, our church was in a bad hole, financially. Two years before, the building had been burned to the ground in a fire of mysterious origin; we never did find out who started that blaze. There had been no insurance and on Reverend Pendlebury's shoulders had fallen the job of building a new church with nothing but the ashes of the old one to start with. Of course, we all helped all we could, but those were lean

years, what with the early frost and the failure of the apple crop. He worked with the carpenters himself, although his hands, we noticed, were as delicate as a woman's, and blistered easily, as if he were not accustomed to rough work. He raised the necessary funds for the material by a species of miracle.

The miracle was this: He persuaded Simon Middlemass, octogenarian president of the First National Bank and not a church member, to loan from his own private and carefully guarded funds, fourteen thousand dollars on a note. If you knew hard-headed Simon you'd realize that getting him to loan a dollar on such dubious collateral as an unbuilt church was a feat compared to which extracting blood from a turnip were child's play and making silk purses from sows' ears no job at all. But Reverend Pendlebury did it by sheer persistence and I suspect by a sort of inspired salesmanship,

and we had, as a result, as fine a new church as any town our size in Vermont. Of course that note meant that the ladies of the church had to give suppers, entertainments and bazaars at a furious rate to pay back old Simon, who, after the first glow that follows directly on the doing of a good deed had cooled, had begun to worry about his money and had even begun to wax a bit querulous and waspish about it. We appeased him somewhat by paying the interest and nine hundred dollars in less than a year, and that is a colossal sum for a community as poor as ours.

I was running these things over in my mind, as I trimmed the wicks and filled the lamps. I was hoping that the cruel doubting of him would not reach Reverend Pendlebury's ears. That he could silence the rumor by completely disapproving it, I was sure. But, well—if he'd ever even

(Continued on page 52)



## Work Your Own Miracle

*An Interview with Emile Coué, Exponent of Autosuggestion,  
And a Lucid Outline of His Message*

By Joseph Gollomb

Decorations by Louis Fancher

A CITY man I know went to settle at the edge of Death Valley, the hundred-mile Sahara of burning sands between California and Nevada. He borrowed a horse—an animal of only average intelligence—from a farmer thirty miles away.

"But it will take me a whole day to return the horse to you and get back to my place," the city man complained.

"Needn't take you a minute," said the farmer. "Jest throw the reins on his neck and say, 'Home, Bill!'"

"And he'll find his way across thirty miles of desert?" the city man asked incredulously.

"Fifty miles, if necessary." And so it proved.

Some time later the city man again borrowed the horse and rode out into the desert. Busy with his thoughts he woke to the realization that he had lost his way. Casting

about he decided on a certain direction as his best guess. Turning the horse, he rode for an hour before he began to have his doubts. He tried another direction but whole hours brought no change in the trackless vistas of sand. The sun was beating down unmercifully and the nervousness of man and beast increased momentarily. The bones of animals that had previously lost their way did little to calm the city man.

To add to his troubles, the horse became restive and unruly. A struggle followed, which together with the suffocating heat, the thirst and increasing panic finally rendered them both frantic. Sawing at the rein, pulling with might and main, shrieking orders availed the man nothing until the climax came, when he dug his spurs savagely into the animal's flanks. Rearing, the horse threw the rider to the sand and tried to gallop away. By chance the man clung to the rein and with the desperation of im-

pending death managed somehow to climb back into the saddle. With the last glimmer of consciousness his lips moved.

"Home, Bill!"

When he recovered consciousness he was at the home of the farmer where the horse, once freed of interference, had unerringly brought him.

Let us use the above actual occurrence as a fable of what takes place more or less within every one of us. Indeed the ancient Greeks conceived the myth of the Centaur, a creature with the body of a horse and the head and torso of a man, as the symbol for man himself. It was their way of saying that man is primarily an animal and only secondarily has he developed conscious thinking faculties.

For the purpose of this article let us think of the horse in our image not in depreciation, as an animal merely, but rather as the marvel in creation that it is

It is true the horse may run away with the man, throw him, cripple him and even kill him. But it is equally true that the horse may lend man his tremendous strength, carry him, serve him, be a companion and afford him, when the two are in harmony, as much increase in scope as a man on horseback can go further and do more work than a man without a horse. To understand amply, therefore, the message that M. Emile Coué, the little pharmacist of Nancy, France, is emphasizing to the world, let us dwell for the moment on the miracle rather than the stupidities of the "horse" in every one of us.

Consider, for instance, the "praying mantis," an insect. It lays its eggs toward winter and wants to keep them from freezing. To that end it emits from its mouth a substance like white-of-egg and with a queer paddlelike arrangement in its abdomen beats it into a froth full of air-bubbles. Then it smears over its eggs a covering of this froth. When frost comes it encounters a jacket of these air-bubbles which, as any schoolboy knows, make the best possible non-conductor against heat or cold. Modern invention has based the thermos-bottle on the same principle the "praying mantis" employs mechanically.

In the familiar and therefore more or less despised "horse" in man, in the indescribably intricate and delicate machinery of our bodies, countless miracles are manifested as much greater than that of the "praying mantis" as man is greater than an insect.

It is to such miracles even in the least endowed, most crippled and disease-ridden human beings that M. Coué and other exponents of autosuggestion are now calling the attention of the world. The world is eagerly attending, because M. Coué is demonstrating how much more fully we can avail ourselves of these miracles and be uplifted into the sunlight of comparative well-being.

Emile Coué, externally a typical little Frenchman of the shopkeeping class, began

as a pharmacist. But being anything but typical he dispensed more than drugs.

"This will fix you up fine!" he would chuckle, handing a customer the prescription he had made up. "Why, look at you, better already, the moment you touch the package!" The fooling by the little pharmacist would wake an answering smile from the sufferer.

"See!" M. Coué would exult, "I told you you were better!"

This did not escape the shrewd dispenser of drugs. He kept up the pleasant fooling until he began to perceive that there was more than mere fooling in the matter. "You can talk a lot into people!" he concluded. "Look at the things my distinguished neighbors at Nancy are doing with hypnotism!"

For Nancy has long been the seat of advanced psychological science. Curiously enough, however, when M. Coué decided to look into hypnotism it was to Rochester, New York, that he wrote for a little manual on how to hypnotize others. He learned to do it, and began to treat people. Later he found that it was not even necessary to hypnotize people in order to get the curative effects of suggestion. It was only after thirty years of study, experiment and practice that M. Coué achieved the great simplification of autosuggestion, a simplification which, together with the astounding cures he achieves, is making his name resound throughout the world as though he were a miracle healer—which he strenuously denies being.

"IT IS all so simple—almost too simple to believe!" he said to me, expounding his theories, every fibre in his stocky little frame enthusiastic. "There are two distinct selves within us—two distinct nervous systems, you may say. Both are intelligent. One is the Conscious, the intellectual, the later and more highly developed and more fragile part of our nervous system. The other is the Unconscious."

In our fable of the city man in the desert the Conscious would correspond to the man, the Unconscious to his horse.

"The Conscious, or self-conscious part of us tells me, for instance, which drugs I want for this or that prescription, makes me reach for particular bottles, and directs my measuring," M. Coué went on.

"The Unconscious—" Involuntarily he paused as if introducing a tremendously important character. "Ah, the Unconscious through its own nervous system—the autonomic—is the great Supervisor over physical processes. It works the pumps of the heart, inflates and deflates the lungs, controls the veins and arteries and the flow of blood, performs chemical operations in the glands, manufactures the needed secretions, pours them into the blood, attends to the peristaltic motions of the alimentary canal and to a thousand other like functions. It is in this Unconscious that the instincts and intelligence of a million years of animal evolution are stored."

"But because it is the Unconscious, man has neglected to study it and use it properly—until recently."

In terms of our fable it would be as though the city man had paid little attention to the existence of his horse; or, being mounted, had not availed himself of it.

"But just as an iceberg is seven parts below water to the one part we see, so by far the greater part of ourselves lives in the Unconscious, below stairs, so to speak," M. Coué continued. "It is because so few appreciate what goes on there below that so many of us are—what is it your stock brokers call it?—'below par.' We even



think when some of our internal machinery gets out of order that we can attend to it from upstairs—consciously—better than the Supervisor below stairs can."

Just as the man in our fable, M. Coué would have said, thought he knew better than his horse how to find his way home.

"In many important respects the Unconscious in its own way knows vastly more than the Conscious. Let us see. I have studied chemistry, my mind is full of formulae. But do you think the most highly trained chemist can consciously perform the delicate and intricate chemical processes which the least of our glands mechanically performs even in our infancy?"

"The Unconscious is also often much more powerful than the Conscious. Let us picture a struggle between the two. The Conscious depends on Will to carry out its desires. Now, the Will is a great and wonderful power. But the Unconscious, like a naive creature, needs a picture set before it in order to get it to work. It is imagination—suggestion—that furnishes the picture. But once the Unconscious accepts the picture it proceeds to make it a reality. And if the picture the Unconscious gets hold of is not the one the conscious will wants realized—what happens?"

"Take as an instance a plank a foot wide, thirty feet long. It is on the ground and you are asked to walk its length on it. You do it easily. But raise that plank to the roof of a skyscraper and place it across a chasm to another skyscraper. Now try to walk the plank. What, you don't budge? I offer you five dollars—fifty—five thousand. What has happened? Aren't you willing to earn five thousand dollars in a few seconds?"

"Of course you are willing. But now it is not your will that is in command; it is not the Conscious that is issuing orders, but the Unconscious. Something—Imagination—has put before the Unconscious the picture, the suggestion, that if you attempt the walk on high you will inevitably fall. It is the same plank as when it was on the ground. Your conscious self sees that clearly. All that is needed is to get the will to obey. But try as you may, you cannot. The Conscious has met the strength of the Unconscious and is helpless in comparison."



"Now, go to sleep—that is, put the Conscious to sleep. The Unconscious has you to itself. Suppose you are of the type who in sleep fall so completely under the control of the Unconscious that your whole body obeys. Something suggests to it to take a walk while still asleep. You get up and with your eyes closed calmly ascend to the roof of the skyscraper and walk that plank as though it were a boulevard. Suppose, while you are in the middle of the plank someone were to wake you, bring back your consciousness and its agent, the will. Do you think your case would be improved?"

IN OUR fable, if it was not till the city man faints that the horse got its chance to show what it could do. What is thrilling the world in M. Coué's message is the realization of how much and how well our "horse," the Unconscious, can serve every one of us even in our sleep.

"As far as the Unconscious is concerned," M. Coué says, "the Imagination is stronger than the Will. Whenever the two are in conflict the Imagination wins. You are having trouble in falling asleep. The more you try to force yourself to sleep the more wide awake you get. But murmur to yourself, suggest to the Unconscious the picture, 'I am falling asleep—falling asleep—already I am asleep—soon I will be too sleepy—I shall sleep— . . .' *Do this without effort or will, and see how much better you will fare.* This presenting a picture to the Unconscious—*autosuggestion*—once you learn its simple technique, will do vastly more for you than merely send you to sleep when you need it."

As to what conscious autosuggestion has done in the way of curing the sick in M. Coué's clinics at Nancy and elsewhere, it would take volumes to report. From King Albert of Belgium, Lord Curzon, and Countess Beatty to the humblest French peasant at M. Coué's clinics comes a chorus of fervent testimony. This one was instantly almost cured of life-long paralysis. That one came back to health after the doctors had given up hope. Asthma and tuberculosis, neurasthenia and eczema, ulcers, laryngitis and chronic rheumatism, sleeplessness, fainting spells, stammering, heart trouble and headache—there is scarcely an ill to which the flesh is heir that has not been treated at M. Coué's clinics by autosuggestion and with an overwhelming percentage of success.

It is all the more amazing because M. Coué rarely treats cases individually. People flock to his clinics in Nancy in large numbers—rich and poor, in limousines and hobbling on crutches, from near-by farms and from far-off Uganda, China and Australia. He takes as many at a time as his hallways, office and living room will hold—the unassuming "best room" of a retired but not rich French pharmacist; or in summer it is the little garden he uses.

The patients are gathered, a sad group. Enters the bustling, smiling little M. Coué to work his "miracles" wholesale but with no other visible means than a cheery manner and lightning-like talk. Simply he outlines to his patients the elementary facts we have already touched on, the A B C of the Unconscious, the power of autosuggestion.

Then he goes to each patient and gives a brief individual talk. "And what most troubles you, Madam?" Poor Madam has not walked for twenty years without the aid of a crutch. "Ah, then, you will march for me to-day with your crutch over your shoulder, like a soldier with a gun!" Everybody laughs. But later, when the poor

lady actually does as he promised, the laughter changes to gasps, applause, the thrill of miracle and hope.

When he has completed his round M. Coué again addresses them. Getting them to relax and close their eyes, he makes his "suggestions"—speech, a complete picture of health for every one there, homely, naive, even crude recitals. But M. Coué knows what a naive creature the Unconscious is and how to talk to it to make it work.

"And now I will tell you how to realize this picture of health," he concludes. "Tie twenty knots in a string. Then, so long as you live, every night after you have relaxed your body in bed and every morning as soon as you are awake, murmur so that your lips move and your ears hear it, *'Every day in every way I am getting better and better.'*"

"Use the string to save you the distraction of having to count. Say it mechanically. Say it with faith if you can. Mechanically if you can't. *But do not say it with effort, will.* And soon you will actually find yourself getting better and better every day in every way!"

Is M. Coué's method too simple for credence, oh Hardboiled Sceptic? But suppose indoor, tenement-bred people, ignorant of the cause of their sickness in body and mind, were told by you, "Sunlight and fresh air—yours for the asking—will work miracles for you!" The simplicity of your message would not make it less true.



Is it M. Coué himself who works these wonders at Nancy? Ask him, as I heard a reporter do.

"When did you first feel your power to cure—?"

He got no further for M. Coué almost jumped at him.

"I have no power! It is the Unconscious in every one of us that exercises the power. I do not cure. All I do is to tell you how to cure yourself. I do not perform miracles. There are no miracles. There is only the workings of the Unconscious at the behest of autosuggestion. I am not even a doctor. And now that you know as much about autosuggestion as I, you can do for yourself as much as I can!"

But the Hardboiled Sceptic shakes his head.

"I don't see how a mumbled suggestion, made not even with energy, can affect even the least of my glands," he challenges.

I asked M. Coué that for the Hardboiled Sceptic.

"Most easy to prove!" he exclaimed. "Here is a suggestion,—for instance, think of this: a big lemon full of juice. Picture yourself biting it, the juice squirting into your mouth, acrid, lots of it. Keep that before you—let it fill your mind. Do you think it will have no effect on your salivary glands, make your mouth water?"

If further proof is needed everyday life overwhelms you with instances of how mere suggestion works on the organism.

"A winning team," the baseball-wise will tell you, "is always a 'talking' team. Its coaching is as strong as its batting." What is coaching but suggestion? And what is the effect of "knocking" from the hostile bleachers?

Suggest food to an uneasy voyager when the sea is rough. Suggest to a child in a dim lit room that there are ghosts about. At billiards when you are poised for a shot, or at tennis just as the ball is coming at you, tell yourself, "I'm playing rottenly to-day." Mere suggestion in every case, but it can have its effect on nerves, glands, muscles, just as surely as a finger can pull a trigger.

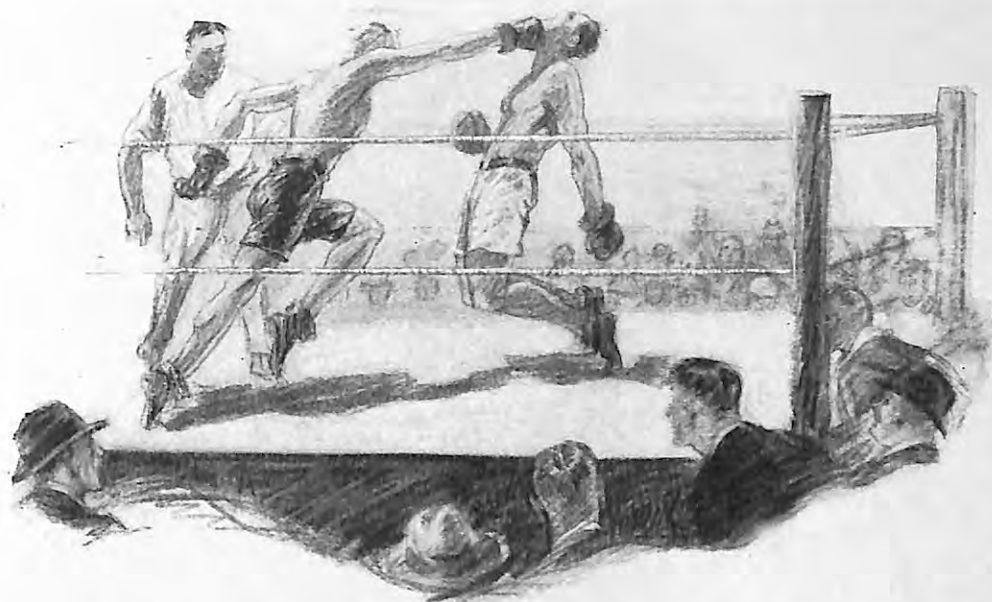
That is why M. Coué lays such stress on the words "in every way" in his little formula. The Unconscious—good beast that it is when it is working for us—does not need specific instructions. Saying to it, "Home!" is enough. "In every way" will tell the Unconscious more than even you could tell it. This is the explanation of one type of thrilling experience that comes to many who adopt M. Coué's simple technique. Countless patients have come to him with a complication of ailments. They begin autosuggestion, hoping at best that the principal ailment will yield. To their amazement after they have practiced autosuggestion for a while—sometimes within a day or two—good effects take place in unexpected quarters. For instance, a chronic sufferer with insomnia came to M. Coué. The man did not know the cause of his sleeplessness, and M. Coué, with his method of wholesale treatment, did not have time to find out. (He always discourages lengthy recitals of symptoms.) Three days after the patient came to the first clinic his hand went mechanically to his cigarette case after dinner.

"Out of a clear sky," the man told me later, "I lost all desire to smoke. Mind you, fifty cigarettes a day had been my habit for twenty years. I had struggled against it with might and main. I had willed myself not to smoke. I had had my tongue painted with silver nitrate. I had tried every other cure for excessive smoking—and it was as though I had been trying to get my left hand to cut off my right."

THAT night, without warning, without effort, without the least thought to the matter—for neither M. Coué nor I had even mentioned my smoking—I suddenly lost interest in tobacco! I stared at my cigarette case and wondered if I could throw its contents into the fire. The moment the thought came, the cigarettes were in the hearth, I speechless with surprise. I waited for the desire to come back. It has been three weeks now—but I haven't felt the least stir of interest in smoking. With the smoking went my insomnia. It was only then that I fully realized what had been at the bottom of most of my troubles."

It is quite within the mark to offer my own personal testimony. As hardboiled as any sceptic, I tried M. Coué's simple technique on myself, out of sheer curiosity.

(Continued on page 61)



*A Story of a Girl, Two Champions and the Slippery God Called Luck, by One of Our Most Up-and-Coming Humorists*

## Duke's Fluke

By Sam Hellman

Illustrated by Harley Ennis Stivers

SOME guys is borned champs, some gets that way by being rude to the word "no" and they is besides some that is got so much luck they could fall head first into a sewer and climb out dry with a bottle of cologne in one mitt and a bouquet of raw orchards in the other. I don't know exactly in which catalogue Duke Meehan comes in at the finish but on the jump off they wasn't nothing that baby could throw that wouldn't add up to seven or eleven.

Before I took hold of the kid he'd been fluffing around in them amateur shows for a year or so doing pretty good but not pushing up the fire insurance rates on the Hudson River any. I wasn't so keen about stabling Meehan but an old pal of mine that was his uncle by marriage or some other bad break asks me to give the boy a chance at the pay end of the game and I does so.

Duke's a welter and a nice enough looking lad but they wasn't nothing particular about him that would make a fight manager buy a new pair of coupon clippers on the strength of having him in tow. He had a fairly good right, enough speed to get by on a defense that was shifty sufficient for a coupla rounds of stalling. Take ten average boxers and this cuckoo was the average of them. The best thing about Meehan was his opinion of Meehan. He ain't around the dump a week before I'm ready to show him the air which I woulda done excepting for the obligations to his uncle which I is under.

In about a month I work Duke into a prelim at a club up in Harlem. The boy I got him matched with is a flashy fist-slinger that looks good but is really rotten, not having nothing but some pretty Della sart motions and not enough of a wallop to be a successful wife-beater. Meehan's the class of this row and gets the decision after seven rounds of this and that. If he'd a really been there himself he'd a knocked the other

kid out so quick the last thing he'd a remembered woulda been shaking hands.

For some reason maybe because they ain't enough news to fill the paper or because the main go was a flop, the sport writers give Duke a grand send-off with the usual bull about him being a coming champ and the rest of the succotash. I read the hop with sneers but with some pleasures, too, figuring the publicity will bring me and Meehan one fat row, anyways. In which I make no mistakes.

In the next five or six days I gets three offers to start my boy against some real gate pullers and I finally signs up for a twelve-round fuss with Sailor Steffens, a guy that got his start boxing the compass on a warship. He's a tough scrapper and I don't figure Meehan's got any more chance of beating him than the Ku Ku Klan has of celebrating Yom Kippur with the Knights of Columbus so I sees to it that the loser's end ain't lost sight of in the shuffle for the winner's cakes.

"You talk like you don't expect to cop," says Bud Riley, the club match-maker.



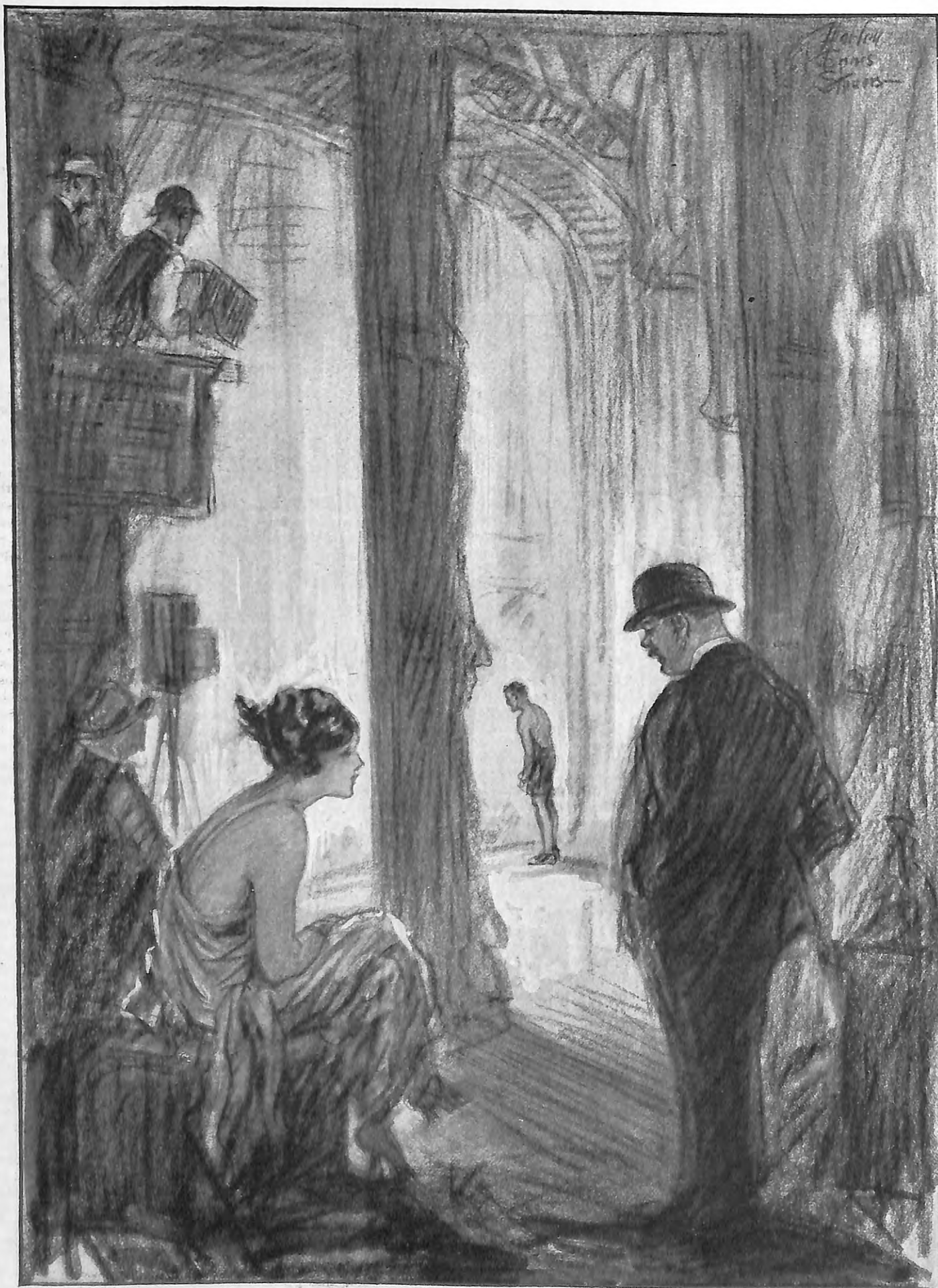
"Not a chance of losing," I comes back, "but I don't like to see none of our gallant boys in blue get nothing for no beating. Give the lads a bonus, says I."

"Them sentiments does your creditors," cuts in Smiley, the Sailor's manager, "and I'm willing to fall for them terms of yours providing you and me make a side-bet of about three thousand smackers. What do you say?"

I stall around a while and finally lets myself in for a two grand gamble that Steffens can't shush my baby to sleep inside of eight rounds. While I ain't got no ideas that Meehan can win I figures he can maybe cover up and side-step the Sailor's hay-makers long enough to cash for me. Duke makes a roar about the arrangements me and Smiley puts over, him having the notion they ain't nothing he can't lick, but I can talk louder than him and the deal stands.

WELL, the milly ain't on for more 'an a minute when I'm willing to pay Smiley nineteen hundred and eighty-six dollars if he'll call the bet off. Steffens hits my boy with everything except the floor and Meehan does that for hisself three times before the bell gives him a chance to drag his wobbly dogs to the corner.

Duke ain't all there when the second spasm begins and the Sailor goes right to work at the finishing touches but like most of them half-baked box-fighters overdoes his stuff. He don't take no aim and shoots wild. Meehan catches a few of 'em but they don't make him feel any worse than he is already. One of Steffens' swings is a clean miss and he's put so much behind it that he loses his balance and flops to the floor hitting the back of his head against one of the ring-posts. When he gets up he's slowed up considerable, and Duke starts some wild swinging on his account. He ain't got much



*We wasn't exactly no riot at the Newark opener, but the act gets a fair hand and Duke has a chance to tell how he licked Dixon. Me and Goldie is in the wings while Meehan is doing his solo. The gal gives his stuff a grouchy ear*

strength but he's loaded down with horse-shoes. A wallop aimed at the Sailor's jaw catches him over the heart and he hits the canvas with his nose. The referee starts counting and if he'd kept it up until Steffens was ready to work again he'd a run outta numbers.

They ain't no use going into no details about the other fights Meehan has cause this yarn I'm telling you ain't so much about Duke's battling career as what come after it. The boy's luck don't leave him none after the Steffens row only it gets better. In the next coupla months he wins two more arguments against boys that shoulda beaten him to death with a even break but everything works right for Duke and the newspapers has took such a fancy to him that I don't have hardly nothing to do to get business for the lad.

Just ten months from the time I takes him in hand he's matched with Bill Dixon, the champion. This bird is the best welter they ever was and for three or four years they ain't been no one in his class nearer than a kindergarten kid is to old man McGuffey when it comes to writing readers.

I consents to the slaughter mostly because I'm curious to find out how long a cuckoo can run along on nothing but luck, not to mention the pluckings at the gate. Dixon ain't taking no chances of having no soft spot run out on him and insists on both sides putting up a forfeit big enough to bust us but even that turns out to be another horseshoe over Meehan's cabin door.

**A** COUPLA days before the row a guy that's been working out with the champ but's got sore on him about something tips me the info that Dixon's doctoring himself for tonsillitis. His handlers has been trying to get him to call the bout but Bill's a money hugger and they ain't no chances of talking him into giving up the jack he's got posted without no struggles. Besides he figures he don't even need no good health to knock Meehan's galluses west, an idea which entitles Dixon to another guess.

If any of you bozos ever had tonsillitis you know that you don't really feel real rotten until you're feeling better, if you get what I mean. After the fever leaves you, you ain't got enough pep left to brush a fly off your nose, and you don't care whether school's kept in or not.

Do I have to tell you any more? The champ don't look so very bad when he pops into the ring excepting a little tired and pale but the crowd figures that's just from training hard and don't smell the mice in the woodpile. Meehan, for once in his life, plays the game the way I tells him and keeps outta Dixon's way, running him all around the ring. Bill ain't no sucker and the only reason he falls for this chase stuff is because he knows he's got to put Duke to bed quick and he throws all cushions to the wind in an efforts to slip over the lullababy wallop before his own strength oozes out.

The champ gets over a few straight shots, the kinda biffs that was good for murder in other scraps, but this time they don't even sting. By the end of the round Dixon's winded and his eyes is dull

and poppy. He lasts half of the next stanza. Meehan climbs into him, smashes a flock of slaps to the body and just naturally pushes the other boy over. Bill ain't got pep enough to get up and I'm elected manager of the champion welterweight of the world without no consenting vote.

"Am I there?" Duke asks me.

"You am," says I. "A guy with your luck, kid, oughta get hisself a coated arms with a horseshoe and a pair of tonsils on a field of four leaf clovers."

## II

**T**HEY is one thing I make my mind up to rightaway and that is that Meehan ain't gonna do no fighting for a long times to come. I got a goose laying golden hen-fruit and I ain't gonna take no chance of sending him to the well onct too often.

Biddy Gallagher, Dixon's manager, yells his head off for a return row and pretty soon the newspapers get into the chorus. I'm figuring out a good stall for a come-back when a bird busts into the office and slaps a documents in front of me.

"Sign here?" says he.

"What is it, why and who the devil are you?" I inquires.

"It's a vaudeville contract," he answers, "there's easy money in it and I'm Moe Goldberg. That's a good deal more explaining than I do to most people."

I read the thing over. Buried in a lot of parties of the thirst parts and a mess of wits and vizes is the info that this cuckoo will pay Meehan five hundred fish per week for thirty weeks to show in a stage stunt about twenty minutes a coupla times a day. They is two ideas in Moe's scheme that draws interest from me—the dough and the notion of keeping Duke outta the fight game for seven or eight months while the newspapers is steaming up a knockout crowd for us when we is ready to give our luck another workout.

"What does the boy do?" I asks Goldberg. "Shadow boxing and bag punching?"

*It's kinda dark out in the house . . . but I sees a guy jump from the box out on the stage . . . and I'm blanked if it ain't Bill Dixon!*

"Something like that," says he. "Only they is a gal in the piece and Meehan's got a few lines to pull but they ain't nothing that takes any brains. What kinda voice is the kid got? Think he can get by with a song?"

"I ain't give him no singing lessons," I tells him, "but I got a idea they ain't no notes he knows excepting dough and me. Them's the two things he's strongest on."

Well, we discusses stage graft and this and those and I finally tells Moe his stunt is K. O. with me and I figures I can bring Duke in line. I promises to fetch the boy over in the afternoon and get his Jack Hancock on the dotty line.

Meehan kinda likes the idea of showing hisself off to the publics and besides I've finally gotten it into this cuckoo's conk that he'd be a sucker to fight again for a year at the leastest.

"Think you can get by with a song?" I asks.

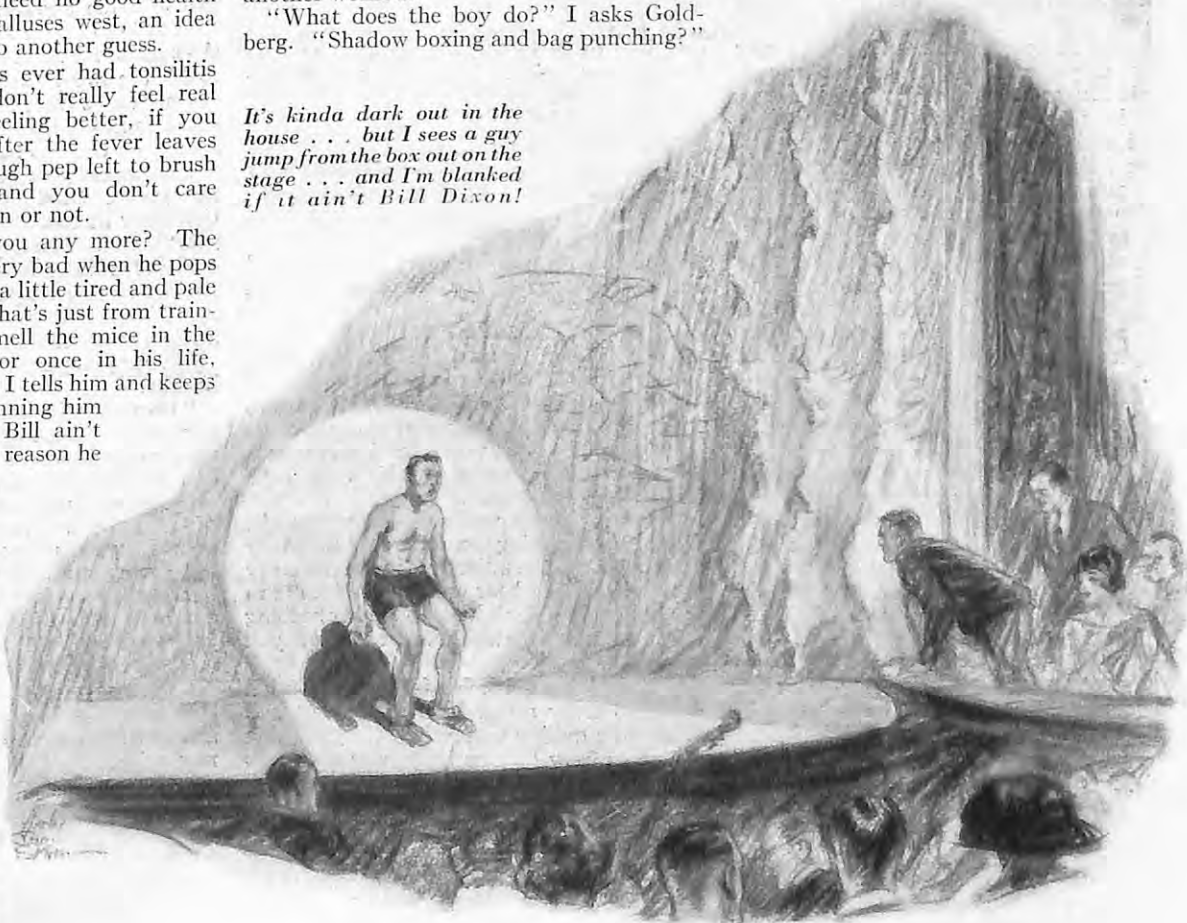
"Sure," he answers. "Take a listen," and he essays to thrill off a few notes.

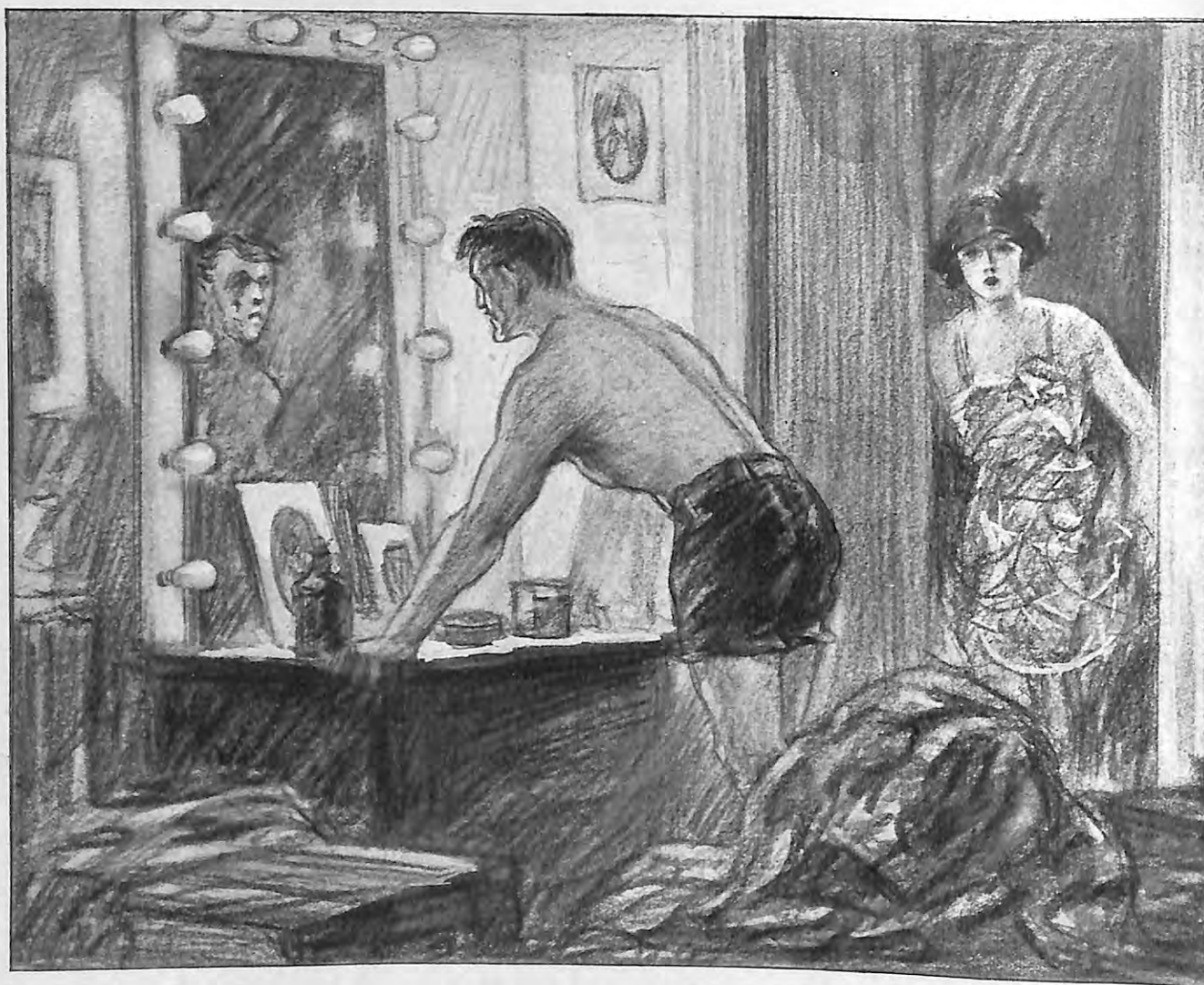
"Now that it's settled that you can't," says I, "let's go over to Goldberg's and give the music idea the bum's rush."

"Don't you like my voice?" Duke wants to know.

"Outside of the fact that you ain't got none," I comes back, "it ain't more than a hundred per cent. bad. I've heard some worsor ones but right at this minute I can't think where. We'll lay off the melodies, kid. Singing ain't like fighting. You can't expect no lucky breaks in your voice."

When we gets over to the office Moe's got the piece Meehan's gonna act in all ready. He musta written it himself while standing up in the subway between a coupla local stations, from the way it sounds. Here's the how of it: When the curtain goes up Duke's sitting in a gymnasium reading a book—deep stuff like Elsie Dinsmore or The Life of Battling Nelson when a jane crashes the gate. She's got into the wrong joint but





Meehan starts a gab-feast with her. The gal pipes the book and is surprised that a box-fighter should be going in for such top-heavy junk or maybe even that he can read a-tall. This is Duke's cue to make a few cracks about how the punch boys has been misjudged and wot really swell guys they is and he finishes up by telling the frail they ain't nothing that gives him more pleasures than to lay around the art museums and going to the uproars. Right here she was gonna ask Duke if he sang and he was going to oblige but when I tips Moe off that Meehan ain't got no more voice than a snake has crazy bones Goldberg says he'll cut that part out and write a recitation that'll knock 'em outta their seats.

The show then goes on to prove that nothing ain't so bad that it can't get no worse. The jane in the piece suddenly gets a yen that she'd like to see a fighter in action and while Duke goes outta the exit to change his scenery she pulls a song and dance. Meehan comes back and goes through a lot of rope-jumping, bag-punching and the rest of the hop. And that's about all. For a encore, if they is any such, Duke is to tell how he licked Dixon.

"Who's the gal?" the kid wants to know. "Goldie Lark," Moe tells him. "Ever hear of her?"

Meehan says no but I think I has.

"Is that the chicken in the Sins of 1922?" I asks.

"That's the baby," says Goldberg. "Funny how I happened to get her. She drops in a coupla days ago and tells me she hears as how I'm going to put Meehan out and wants that I should use her. I tells Goldie I can't slip her the jack she'd maybe

ask for and she comes back and says she ain't so crazy about the dough but would sure like to be in this act with Duke. So I grabs her quick. She'll be a card herself."

"A looker?" cuts in Meehan.

"I should kiss a pig," says Moe. "She's a knockout, boy, and besides knows how to handle herself. She'll make the act go even if you don't turn out to be no John Drew."

"That stage stuff oughta be a cinch," Duke tells me on the way back to the gym.

"YOU'LL get by all right," I comes back, "if you don't get stage frights."

"Who's gonna give me them?" barks Meehan. "I ain't as scared of no gang."

"You might scare yourself," I suggests.

"I ain't even afraid of myself," says Duke and I lets it go at that.

The next coupla weeks we has rehearsals. Goldie is everything that Moe said about her and the rest of the adjectives in the directory besides. She's a bear on looks and a fox in the head. You don't have to tell her nothing only once and rightaway she can show you where it's wrong.

Duke takes a quick flop for her but the gal don't go crazy about him. Anything but. When he's pulling his stuff Goldie gives him a kinda sneery look as if she was saying to herself—"you poor fathead. Why don't you get out and fight instead of stalling around on the stage."

Meehan ain't so bad as I thought he'd be at picking up the act and outside of being told two or three times to hold the book right side up and such like he gets by. It

takes Goldie about fifteen minutes to get wise to her chatter and the song and dance she's billed for and in two weeks we is ready to hit the road. Moe's idea is to make all the big tanks from New York to San Francisco, finishing up in The Big Stall in the spring, on the trip back.

The papers give us a lotta kidding about not giving Dixon no return match and Gallagher throws apoplectic fits all over the sport pages. The day before we is ready to open in Newark I runs into him on the street. He looks mad enough to take a wallop at me but I just smiles sweet and starts bragging about the weather.

"When you gonna give us another crack?" he asks.

"Do you really want one?" I comes back, surprised. "I thought you was just bulling the newspapers so you could get a go for your boy with the second-raters."

Gallagher throws me a mean glare.

"If I knew you was on the square," says I, "we never woulda gone in for this drama stuff. Meehan's sore as a boil because the row with Dixon went more 'an a round. He didn't figure that baby of yours would last over a minute at the mostest."

"That so," barks Biddy. "If you and that horseshoe ham of yours feels that way about it, what say to a winner take all row with about ten grand bet on the side?"

"Nothing could give me more pleasures," I answers, "but we got a fat show contract we can't bust."

"Don't let that spoil your booty sleep," comes back Gallagher. "You forfeit with Goldberg and I'll pay the raffle."



*"Don't worry," says I. "The fight won't be recognized." Meehan takes a look at himself in the mirror. "It won't have nothing on me," he answers, just as Goldie comes into the room*

"Ah," says I, "they is one thing, you forgets."

"What's that?" he wants to know.

"The duties me and Meehan owes to art," I replies.

### III

WE WASN'T exactly no riot at the Newark opener but the act gets a fair hand and Duke has a chance to tell how he licked Dixon. He gets away with the spiel in pretty fair shape considering it's all the bunk and they ain't no credit given to the real knockout baby—Kid Tonsil. Me and Goldie is in the wings while Meehan is doing his solo. The gal gives his stuff a grouchy ear.

"What's eating you, kid?" I asks.

"It ain't none of my business," says she, "but it kinda makes me sore to hear a guy bragging about knocking out a boy that was so sick he could hardly stand up."

"You see the mill?" I enquires.

"No," she answers, "but I got it straight that Dixon climbed outta bed to take on that fathead."

"Maybe yes," I admits, "but if that cuckoo hadn't been sick they woulda been some other break that woulda copped for Duke. That baby's got more luck than you got looks."

"Some day it'll run out on him," says Goldie and ducks.

Nothing special don't happen for a couple weeks. We makes all the big sized towns and they is enough goofs willing to fork up real money to take a peek at Meehan to keep Goldberg satisfied with his gamble. We get a good deal of razzing from the newspapers because we won't give Dixon no



return match right-away which don't bother me none but kinda gets Duke's goat.

"Let 'em rave," I tell him. "Every time they let loose a roar they is selling a thousand tickets to the row when we is ready to put it on."

"You ain't afraid of him, is you?" asks Goldie. The further we goes the meaner that gal gets.

"Me," yells Meehan, "I ain't afraid of nobody."

"Yeh," jeers the jane, "I guess you can lick any guy in the city hospital."

"Cut out them personalities," growls Duke.

"Cut out them grammar," comes back Goldie. "If you're a real scrapper I'm the greatest actress in the world."

"Ain't you?" sneers Meehan.

"I would be," flings back the gal, "if all the good ones got tonsilitis."

"That'll be about all," I butts in. "We got to stick together for a long time yet and they ain't no use of you two barking at each other like a pair of Bill Kenney's cats."

Traveling around the country is bad enough but when you got two-thirds of your crowd sore at each other it's about as much fun as going to the wrong funeral in a rain-storm. Me and Goldie gets along pretty good, my private opinion of Duke's abilities being like her public ideas but she and Meehan don't hardly speak unless they happens to think of something sassy. In the show she's cuckoo about him; off-stage he's the polecat's perfume.

"They is one thing I don't understand," I says to the gal one night when we is away out west in Columbus, Ohio, "if looking at Meehan gives you such a sour eye-full why did you front with Goldberg for a part in the act?"

"That's easy," she answers. "The Sins was due for a early flop and besides I figured I'd get a lot of press stuff that wouldn't hurt."

"Well," says I, "if you and Duke keep battling around you is likely to find yourself hitting the rails back to Broadway, pretty soon."

"I'm doing my work right, ain't I?" she snaps.

"You is," I admits, "and personally I think you're a good kid but if you keep razzing Meehan he's likely to throw up the works and the cow ain't nearly milked yet."

"Think he will?" she asks with a kinda funny expression.

"I don't know," I tells her, "but the boy ain't so happy about the way you treats him. He'd fall for you in a minute if you give him half a chance."

Goldie changes subjects but that night she gets me on my ears again. In this show as I was telling you Duke is reading a book when this Lark lady busts into the gym. She's supposed to take a peep at it and look surprised but she don't say nothing. But this time she does.

"GOOD gracious," she chatters. "What book is that you is reading?"

That not being in the lines Meehan ain't got no answer. He looks around wild, turns purple and green and throws a scared look at me in the wings. I motion toward the book intending for him to read the name off it. He makes me but before he gets a chance to grab off the title Goldie cuts in again.

"Oh, do tell me," she pulls and looks over Duke's shoulder. "It's the first reader, ain't it?"

"Uh-huh," mumbles that flat-tire without thinking. The audience, not knowing about the stuff that is to come, don't see nothing funny rightaway but when Meehan goes on with his regular lines about how cuckoo he is about Shakespeare and other swell literatures the gang out in front gets the idea he's a comedian and acts according. The laughs ball the kid up some more and he and me is about ready to take the count when the talky-talk end of the act finishes and Duke escapes into the gym stuff. He gets through the bag-punching and the rest of the blah-blah all right and draws enough of a hand to go ahead with his spiel about how he won the championship.

When Goldie comes off I grabs her by the arm and lets off steam.

"What's the idea of crabbing the act?" I yelps at her.

"What's your idea of acting the crab?" she comes back. "Didn't the stuff go over big?"

"Them lines ain't in the piece," says I.

"Sure, they ain't," answers Goldie calm, "I seen the come-ons out in front was

(Continued on page 58)

## You May Have Wealth and Fame, But the Real Test of Character Comes When You Acquire Power

# How It Feels to Have Power

By William G. Shepherd

ONE time within the past twenty years—I want to make the time long enough so that no one can identify our hero—a young man who had been promised a job as postmaster in his town, if a certain party went into power at Washington, made the sad but not unusual discovery after his months of hard political work that he had been tricked; that some one else had the job.

He got a position as stenographer in a business firm in a certain big city and was soon lost amid the millions of ordinary non-political folks. In Washington, however, there was a man whom the political overthrow had put into a place of almost unparalleled power and this man knew that the young politician had been crowded out of a job.

"I'll try to do something for you some of these days," he wrote to the young man. "I can't get that postmastership for you but keep your eyes open and if you see anything you need, tell me about it."

Within a few weeks a relative of the man who was owner of the firm where the young man was employed was convicted of embezzling money and was sentenced to a federal penitentiary. The young man heard of it and, stirring up his courage, went to his employer, who was working desperately to get his relative out of prison.

"Will you let me try to help you?" the new stenographer asked his employer.

"Why, surely," said the desperate employer. "But what can you do?"

"Well, I can't promise you anything," said the young man. "But I can make a good try, I think."

And now let me tell the rest of the story in the words of the man in Washington, just as he told it to me, his face beaming with pleasure.

"I got a letter from the young stenographer," he said, "telling me all about the man who was in prison. It just happened that prison cases were part of my business. I put the machinery to work in Washington, had my men tell me all about the case and discovered that the man in jail had a fine wife and three splendid children and that he had never before made a slip.

"A FEW days later I happened to be in the big town and it just occurred to me to drop into the young man's office and talk things over.

"When I went in and asked for him, I handed out my card. It put the whole office in a flutter. When you see the words 'The White House' on a card it means something, I suppose. Well, the young man was out to lunch. I asked to see the employer then. He came out, almost running.

"I told him that a young friend of mine in his office had asked me to drop in when I happened to be in town. I acted as if the request from his new stenographer had been like a royal command. It was something about a man who was in prison, I said.

"Well, sir, that business man almost threw his arms around me. The fact of the

*"How does it feel to have power?" is a question that has been put by William G. Shepherd, during the past four years, to scores of men in business and in government. His article is based on the answers he has received. Men at the top of government in Washington, men at the top of police power in various cities and men with great power in the business world talked freely with him. "I found," says Mr. Shepherd, "that they all loved to talk of the fascinating sensation of possessing and exercising power over their fellows."*

matter was that I had the pardon on my desk in Washington signed by the President himself. I let the man tell me the whole story and then I said, 'Well, that's the way my young friend represented it to me and on the strength of his letter I had the matter investigated. The President will grant a pardon in this case.' The man broke out crying and I went away. Within twenty-four hours his relative was back home with his family.

"The business man gave all the credit where it belonged, and my young friend got a boost into a big job which he has kept for several years. I think that was the most fun I ever got out of my power in Washington."

This is only one story of dozens which I have heard which go to show that the greatest pleasure which men, as a rule, find in possessing power, is to use it for some kind purpose.

Over a hundred men, possessors of power, or ex-officials, full of reminiscences have chatted freely with this writer on the subject of "how it feels to possess power" within the past four years, and the one outstanding fact is that the greatest pleasure comes from using power kindly.

The psychological effect of possessing power is astonishing. The possession of fame changes men overnight to a marked degree; it brings out all the glitter and gilt in a man's soul. The possession of wealth may give a man the necessity, for the first time in his life, to conduct himself, cautiously, with more regard than he has ever had before, for the esteem and judgment of his neighbors. But the effect of the possession of power is to uncover a man so that he reveals, in his use of that power, almost everything that's in him.

For this reason it's fine to know that when most men who have experienced power talk about its use, they turn almost invariably to the thrills which they enjoyed in using power for kindly purposes.

When you uncover a cruel man, however, who is in a position of power, you reach black depths.

"I used to know how to handle people who came to my office," said one man who discussed this subject with me. "It was during the war and I was pretty busy. I gave my assistants instructions how to act and I followed them out myself," he continued, laughingly, as if it were a good joke. "People used to come in by the dozens every day to give us their idea of how to win the war. When one of these fellows got to me, I used to sit back in my chair, look him

square in the eye and tell him to go ahead. He would begin to tell his story. I'd keep my eyes fixed on his face. After awhile he would finish. And then I wouldn't say a word. I'd only keep on looking him square in the eye and pretty soon he'd get up and go away. They used to hurry out under that treatment," he laughed.

That was the best story he had to tell me of his experience with power. He hadn't seen in all his visitors, who often came from faraway corners of the country, American citizens who were afire with enthusiasm for winning the war and who, with their new ideas, good or bad, had laid aside everything to come to Washington to try to help. The possession of power had unearthed a streak of cruelty in him that explains the fact that ever since the war, he has been a failure in business, trying place after place, without success. Cruelty in a government job and cruelty in a business position are two different things; as a wolf there isn't much room for a man in business, and the tragedy of power, in the case of this man, was that it gave him his unforgettable taste of blood.

Next to doing a kind thing, the average man who finds himself a possessor of power, delights in using this power to take mighty smashes at evil things.

"THE very first thing I ever did in office," reminisced an old-timer in Washington, "was to use my power against a lobbyist. There was a big contract to let involving a dozen million dollars and it was my duty to make the award. The firm that had put in the lowest bid was thoroughly reliable and I was just getting ready to sign the contract with them, when a big, happy-go-lucky looking fellow came into my office and said,

"I've come, Mr. Secretary, to ask you to award the contract to So-and-So."

"But they're the second lowest bidders," I suggested.

"Oh, well," he said, "I've got things all fixed over at the White House. You can take my word for it, if you want to and save yourself some trouble or you can investigate what I say. But the contract goes to us." You know that fellow actually stuck his thumbs in the armholes of his vest, as he talked to me. He was JUST the kind of man I didn't like. And he was talking just the way I had heard that Washington lobbyist and grafter talk.

"Talk about the sweets of power! I kept my head, but I said to him,

"It's all fixed up, then, huh? Just please step over to this window, will you?" He strolled over, smiling.

"Stand right here by the light," I said. "I want to take a good look at your face, while you tell me again that this thing is fixed."

"He laughed and said, 'Now don't take it so hard. You're new here in Washington. You'll find out about things in time. It's all fixed, as I say.'

"'I'd kick you out of this office, except I want you to stay here a minute,' I told him. I went to my desk-button and rang for my secretary. 'Please bring in that contract,' I said.

"When the paper was brought in I asked the man to come over to my desk. I won't tell you all I said to him. 'Look here, you dirty blankety-blank-blank-blank crook,' I told him. 'I want you to watch me while I use this pen. I'm giving this job to the lowest bidder.' When I had signed the paper, he was still smiling. 'Oh, well, if you want to get yourself in trouble,' he said, as he ambled toward the door.

"To shorten my story I saw that I hadn't phased the crook and so I just shed my governmental powers for a minute and gave him a physical beating right then and there. And we fixed it up in Washington, after that, so that he didn't dare to show his face in an office. With all the power I had in Washington, and it was great, I found I never had quite enough to get good and even with a crook lobbyist. But it was sweet to use it against one of them, when you got the chance."

Some men discover the dangers of power—and some don't.

The chairman of one of the greatest and most powerful commissions in Washington put it this way:

"The trouble, when you have great power, is that you haven't any boss. There's no one but yourself to tell you whether you were right or wrong. You work a whole year, making tremendous decisions, day in and day out, and at the end of the year there's no one in the whole world to tell you whether you were wrong most of the time or right most of the time.

"During my years on the commission it was a lucky year for me when I felt like saying to myself, 'Well, you've been right, I think, about 51 per cent. of the time.' You can't ask anybody whether you've been right or wrong. All the chances are that they'll comfort you by telling you that you were right.

"I always felt that power was such a dangerous tool that I ought to keep it locked up until I had to use it," he continued. "We used to have long hearings in which business men, with great interests at stake, would appear before us. Do you know the frame of mind in which I tried to do the job? Well, I used to sit there and try to make believe to myself that I was in a poker game. I tried to forget that I had any power at all; I tried to act as if I had left my power at home that morning.

"And I used to try to make the men on both sides feel as if I didn't have any power, though it rarely worked. Very few people can act naturally in the presence of a man who has the power to decide for or against them in any cause. It was my job in the poker game to try to find out what the men on both sides were trying to do to my mind. In such hearings smart men rarely try to tell the exact truth; their aim is to make an impression of some particular and favorable kind on the official with whom they are dealing.

"They do it by personal tricks, by smiling, by using smooth tones, by not getting mad at the other fellow, by seeming to be kind. It was my job in the poker game to see through these tricks and to get down to the real truth, and to see what they really had in their hands.

"You hear about some of the big salaried

lawyers that work in Washington and get more money than the President. Let me tell you, they're worth it. The things they can do to a man's mind by suggestion and other tricks are almost beyond belief. They always act as if you don't really want to bother yourself by getting down to the dull truth but only want to have your mind soothed and satisfied. Their main stunt is to show you how you can give a ruling in their favor and find a conscience-salving reason for doing it.

"Well, when you've got two sets of men trying to do this to you, you feel like pulling out your power and turning it on them. You want to say to them, 'Now quit this stalling. I want to get down to the truth of this thing.' But the minute you do that, they both give you exactly opposite stories and you're worse off than you were before. And so I used to have to sit for hours playing poker with smart men, until I had sifted everything out and satisfied myself where the cards lay. Then I would have to take out my instrument of power, perform the necessary operation with it, according to my decision, and put it back again until the next time.

"Using power that is final is about the most indefinite thing a man can do. It is a wonderful thing to have such power, but if you stop to think about the harm you can do with it you lose a great deal of the pleasure of possessing it."

When I find a conscientious man who speaks freely about his use of power, he usually describes the difficulty of keeping down his personal aversions to men he encounters.

A man who had been chief of police in one of the largest cities in the country confessed to me that the hardest part of his job had been to avoid making decisions according to the impression, favorable or otherwise, which individuals made on him.

"It's human nature," he said, "and you can't help it, but now and then you'll meet a person that you just pointedly don't like.

His aura bumps into yours, I suppose. He doesn't have to speak a word to prove your case for you. You don't like him and that's all there is to it. I've become

good friends with more than one man that I didn't like at first meeting. After you get acquainted with a man you can't hate him, you know. I learned in my police experience that you can't help liking a man that you really know, no matter what kind of a fellow he is.

"There's always the risk that you'll go off half-cocked and rub it into the fellow who doesn't strike you right at first glance. First thing you know, if you're not careful, you may be ruining the life of some man just because he wasn't good-looking, or because his voice grated on your ears, or because his fingernails were dirty."

Perhaps the most cautious and conscientious official in the whole United States is a great big fellow from a breezy Western State who still sits in power in a certain government commission in Washington and

makes decisions which affect the business and the personal welfare of hundreds of men. To a man whose fate rests in his hands this big man may look pretty grim, at times, but I have occasion to know that way down in his heart of hearts the big man from the West would rather do anything else than make a decision that settles the destiny of a fellow-citizen.

"One time," an associate of this big fellow told me, "we had a case which was passed over to the Western man for hearing and settlement. He was new to the job then and he didn't know what a buzz-saw his power could be.

"On one side of the case there was a little, weakened-up man, who whined and snarled when he testified, and got on our nerves terribly during his afternoon on the stand. On the other side were some smooth, suave lawyers, whose voices were comforting and who never got excited. The little man was plainly in the wrong and I suspect that Bill"—the Western man—"found a secret joy in deciding against him. When the little man heard the decision he got down on his knees and screeched and talked about his family and how he was ruined, and Bill walked out of the room.

"The next morning Bill came into his office, wiping his forehead with his handkerchief. He was all broken up. 'Didn't I decide that case right yesterday?' he asked us, over and over again. 'Wasn't I fair? Didn't I go according to law?' We told him he couldn't have given any other decision than he did.

"'Well, look at that, then,'" he said. He showed us a newspaper story of the suicide of the little man in a hotel room.

"It was weeks before we could get Commissioner Bill to make an independent decision. He wasn't himself for months. And I know that he hasn't decided a single case in all the years that have followed without remembering that little man who went off and killed himself.

"'If that little fellow had only been as handsome and smooth as those lawyers, I wouldn't have felt so bad,' Bill told me. 'But, doggone it! He was so mean looking that I couldn't help disliking him.'"

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The ornery looking man in Mr. Bill's office is always sure to get a full hearing with slight odds, perhaps, running against the man who makes a pleasant impression.

The man who possesses power and is content to let things run along quietly without exercising power except as the utmost occasion demands, is as rare as a rich man who doesn't spend money.

"Miser" is the contemptuous name we have for the rich man who enjoys the possession of wealth without using it.

The man with fame is always experiencing the pleasure of appearing in more or less exclusive public and tasting the sweets of recognition. It is only human nature for the man with power not to be satisfied with possession alone, but to be constantly tempted to use it.

A certain man in Washington who, with several others during the war, reached almost the very limit of power became a study for his friends. His name is known in every American household; he fell just short of Presidential powers. This man literally passed days of agony because he had literally come to the place where his power was so great and so final that no one ever challenged it or even asked him to exercise it. In the spirit of winning the war we Americans had all bowed to his slightest suggestion or whim and for him, as for Alexander, there were no more worlds to conquer.

Dining alone in somber state in a Washington hotel one evening, he was approached by a friend who, only that day, after leaving a position of importance in the Government, had got into a soldier's uniform.

"By golly!" said the man of power to his friend, "I'd give a million dollars if I could get into a uniform like that." The idea came from the heart, too.

"Holy Christmas!" said the newly made army captain, "here you are almost running the United States, and you want to be a soldier."

"Yes," said the big man. "I've got everything running so smoothly now that it doesn't seem to me as if I'm doing a thing. The President hasn't asked me to talk with him for over a month and all the orders I have to give were issued weeks ago. I feel like I've come to a dead standstill. I want to get into the army where I can see what I'm doing."

Shortly after this he joined in the vogue of certain powerful officials in Washington to have their names printed publicly whenever possible on all posters, public proclamations and newspaper notices that issued from his department. He had reached the point, attained by few men of power in these democratic days, of using his great power to satisfy personal whims and vanity. There was no one to stop him or criticize him.

**F**OR him the mere possession of power was not enough. He, like almost any normal man under similar circumstances—like a rich man spending wealth—could not realize his power unless he was exercising it in some fashion.

It is when you get up into these rare altitudes of power that you see its real dangers. You can almost trail Nero to his balcony that night of the big fire in Rome when, in talking with men who know about the effects of power on the possessor, you realize the moral and psychological stresses and strains to which power subjects its holders.

"The strangest thing to me about the possession of power," said a philosophical old-timer in Washington, "is how men try to find out how much power they've got. I've seen a whole lot of men come into power in this town and go out of power again but it's

my experience that as soon as a man finds himself possessing power he wants to know right away just how great his power really is.

"In every new administration men get to fighting with each other because they find their powers overlap. They're just ordinary human beings like the rest of us and we'd do the same, but one of these fellows is like a horse turned out to pasture which runs around the field to find out how large it is and where the fences run and then looks over into the next field and gets mad because there's any fence at all for such a fine horse as he is.

"It's human nature for a man to test his power, if he's got any, and he's got to test it out on the edges of his territory, where doubts as to his power exist. Men get over this testing stage pretty early in every administration, but it is a fact that almost every new government starts off with a whole batch of family rows."

Certain men, however, seem to be born

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*"CERTAIN men seem to be born power-testers. This writer, in a long study of men in power, is developing the sneaking notion that a good many men succeed in life not so much because they crave wealth as because they are the sort of men who are constantly testing whatever power they possess. Life consists of skating out beyond where the ice seems thickest—and finding that the ice out there holds. . . . The 'power-testers' are, apparently, the men who attain the greatest prominence. When two real 'power-testers' come together, something is bound to break, sooner or later."*

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"Ever since I was a boy," said a man whose gasoline drives many an automobile, in speaking with this writer, "I have declared myself in on everything going on around me. I was always trying to see how far I could go. That was my disposition. When I took a notion that I wanted to have an oil well I went out to try to get one—and I got it. As I look back at it now it wasn't so much a question of owning an oil well as discovering whether I COULD own one, if I wanted to."

It was in this same spirit of seeing how far he could go, perhaps, that he finally decided that he wouldn't sell his oil to another fellow's refineries but that he would try to have his own refineries. He succeeded at that and now he has "tested" his way until he has oil wells throughout the world.

The "power-testers" are, apparently, the men who attain the greatest prominence. When two real "power-testers" come together something is bound to break. An instance of such a collision, in which I beg my readers not to find any political significance, is the case of Bryan and Wilson. I give it because it is a personal incident.

As an inquisitive newspaper correspondent

I was once instructed to interview Woodrow Wilson when he was governor of New Jersey, on his Presidential possibilities.

"What do the Democratic leaders say about your candidacy?" I asked.

"Well, a friend has just come to me from Bryan's home," replied the Governor. "He tells me that Bryan says that I'm the kind of a man who would rip the party up the back if I couldn't have my way." This was a year before election day.

To lose power and to sink back into the ruck with us common, ordinary, every-day citizens, is a tragedy to any man who has tasted the sweets of its possession.

There is tragedy in the loss of great wealth because the loser must dispense with luxuries and perhaps even some of the comforts of life. The loss of fame is a quiet process, but no famous man ever committed suicide because he had moved out of the spotlight. There is something ludicrously pathetic, however, about the loss of power. The man who has lost his money will necessarily admit his plight. The man who has lost fame conceals his situation. But any one who has studied public men knows that a man who has once possessed power and loses it will keep up the make-believe and reverence his emblems of power and office until his last breath.

Perhaps one of the most astonishing demonstrations of this tendency of men not to relinquish power or at least the emblems of power was shown at the funeral of the Kaiserin at Pottsdam a couple of years ago. There was Ludendorf, who had been master of life and death in Germany; von Tirpitz, teacher of free killings on the high seas and all the other German leaders who had ruled with iron hands. Now they were powerless, nothing. And yet they bore all their trappings with a mighty mien. Their chests were covered with decorations and they scowled ferociously as they moved along in hollow pomp. All that remained to them of their days of power were the emblems and tokens of their former might, but they displayed these with a futility that approached the ludicrous. I heard a German say to his wife, "How silly it looks!"

**I**T ISN'T often that a man who has lost great power ever finds it restored to him. If it ever does come back to him he uses it differently than before. The case of Trotsky, the Russian, illustrates this fact. A first-hand study of this man, in power and out, shows the extremes to which the possession of power will carry a human being. The whole world was astonished at the suddenness and violence with which he seized power in Russia and brought together a Russian Red Army. But the inside facts about Trotsky's knowledge of power leave no mystery about how readily he used power when he came into possession of it.

In tracing his career in Russia I discovered these enlightening facts:

In the revolution of 1905, during the Japanese war, a Council of Workmen was formed. Its purpose was to take over the government. Trotsky was president of this Council. Within that Council Trotsky of this Council possessed great power and for several days it looked as if he and his Workmen's Council might gain control of the government. The workmen, however, were unarmed, and the plan failed. Trotsky fled for his life. For twelve years he mulled over that failure. In anarchist and socialist dens and meeting-halls in Switzerland, France, England and the United States, he talked constantly of his failure. He analyzed every "mistake." He had a dozen years to think things over.

It isn't often given to a man to have a  
(Continued on page 36)

As you sense the deep fascination with which Catharine Cornell invests the character of Mary Fitton it seems quite in course that Shakespeare fell desperately enamored and found inspiration in her for his tragedy of young passion, *Romeo and Juliet*

Haidee Wright's performance as Queen Elizabeth has that uncanny quality, inherent in any masterly interpretation, of presenting the character so vividly and truly that each spectator sees the ideal incarnation of his own conception



KENDALL EVANS

## Will Shakespeare

HERE is the Great Bard, played by Otto Kruger, a puppet in a drama by Clemence Dane, who puts him through the most tempestuous moments of his career in a manner that brings her play close to the border of greatness even though it may leave the audience unconvinced that Shakespeare, the man, was actually so ruled and blindly tricked by the three women—Anne Hathaway, his deserted wife; Mary Fitton, the supposed Dark Lady of the sonnets; and Elizabeth, his queen—who played such dominant rôles in his life





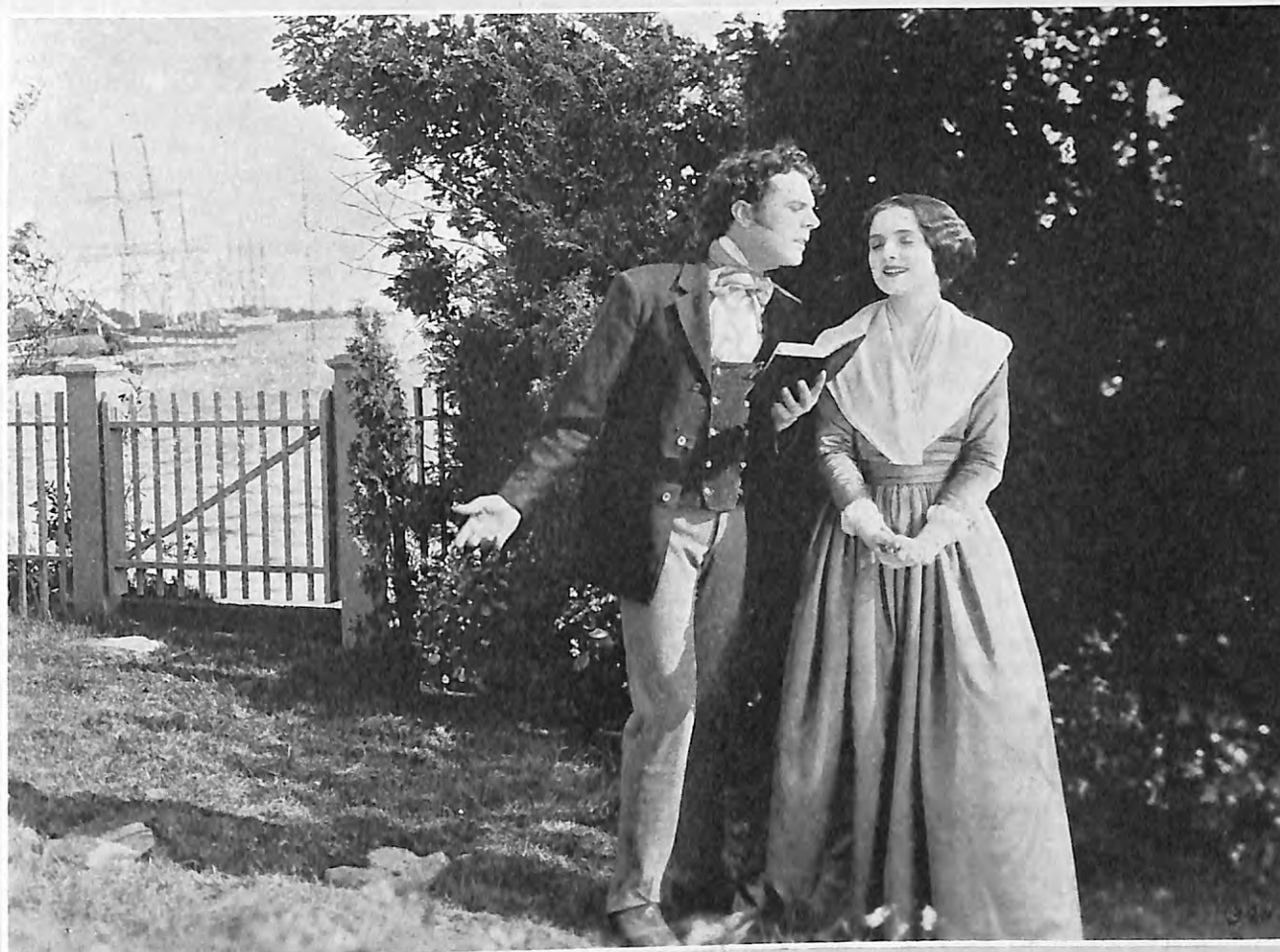
A new comedy by Edgar Selwyn has been added to the roster of plays present in New York. The piece is called "Anything Might Happen" and is the vehicle for featuring Estelle Winwood as a very modern young lady opposite Roland Young buoyed up by a supporting cast that includes such well tried players as Leslie Howard, Montague Rutherford, Florence Clarke, George Le Soir, Isabel Garrison, Arthur Lubin, and Joan Treffry

"So this is London," by Arthur Goodrich, is one of those comedies that play upon the exaggerated eccentricities and antipathies of the downright son of the U.S.A. meeting the Britisher on his native heath in a way long known to tickle the palate of an American audience. The picture below shows Edmund Breese as Hiram Draper, the American, and Lawrence D'Orsay as Sir Percy Beauchamp in one of their less belligerent moments



Maude Fulton is author and leading lady of "The Humming Bird." As Toinette, assistant in a dressmaking establishment, she falls in love with a reporter devoting his spare moments to tracking a notorious scoundrel. This erring gentleman surprises Toinette alone in the shop one evening and shows himself indifferently anxious to make love or to knife her. Whereupon the ingenious girl whirls into an Apache dance that ends with her locking the criminal in the elevator





A scene from the picture "Down to the Sea in Ships," soon to be released. Marguerite Courtot as Patience Morgan and Raymond McKee as Thomas Allen Dexter in the picturesque garden of one of the New Bedford mansions built by the old whaling masters. They have

just wished "The Wanderer" greasy luck as she sails out of the harbor—a whaleman's way of wishing another a prosperous voyage. Besides being an eventful, romantic sea yarn, this play is by way of being a chronicle of one of the most stirring and vital epochs of our history



"Why Not" (left) is Jesse Lynch Williams's idyll of divorce. Taking two admirable but mismated couples, he unscrambles their tangled alliances and remates them according to long cherished romances—to their lasting happiness. Here are Tom Powers as the poet and Marguerite Churchill as his daughter, who entirely approves of the proceedings

Helen Flint in Carlyle Moore's mystery play, "Listening In," which involves about 57 varieties of auto-suggestion. It starts off with a missing heir, a haunted house and a scientific ghost exterminator and runs on to a point where the hero is bowed down by responsibilities which devolve upon him as a listener-in on the spirit world



## Why All Of Europe Is Now Fighting For Our American Money

# The War For Our Dollars

By Robert Mountsier

**Y**OU and I and 109,999,998 others in the United States lead daily lives that depend on dollars, thanks or no thanks to the laws that govern our economic existence. Fortunately for us, our national integrity and the country's record-breaking quantity of gold, which back up the paper, silver, nickel and copper we use every day in buying and selling goods and services, have made this highly important dollar of ours almightier than ever before in the history of the United States.

To-day the dollar reigns supreme throughout the world. It has displaced the pound sterling as sovereign among the world's monies—francs, crowns, marks, rubles, lire and what not. But ever since the Armistice a war has been constantly waged against the supremacy of our dollars.

The principal enemies are the disunited states of Europe, which seem to have only one thought in common—to capture as many American dollars as possible, by fair means or foul, by trade, by unsecured loans, by the cancellation or the non-payment of debts due our Government. It isn't that the Europeans hate our dollars—quite the reverse. Never have the eagles and the buffaloes and the Indians and Miss Liberty of our coins been squeezed so tight, never have George Washington and Abraham Lincoln and those minor characters of American history who get their faces printed on our currency been held so close as they are nowadays when they fall into the hands of the money-maddened peoples of the continent of Europe.

They have a monomania for acquiring money, our money—the \$4,000,000,000, or less, of gold, samples of which you and I don't carry around in our pockets for fear we'll pass them out for quarters, halves or dollars; and the \$11,000,000,000 and more which seventeen European governments or so-called governments owe our own Uncle Sam. If this stupendous debt is ultimately paid, our children and children's children may inherit some of its benefits; if it is not paid, Uncle Samuel's nephew, A. Taxpayer, will have to foot the bill to the extent of \$500 and up per his own pocket.

At present these \$11,000,000,000 of ours constitute the biggest stake in this post-war of the dollars. For more than four years the fighting for them has been going on. It began before the cards were dealt at the world's most notorious poker game, held at Versailles within the memory of countless millions still suffering from it, when the Allies, headed by England, tried to get us to cancel the I. O. U.'s they had given us after we had paid up the debts incurred abroad by our army and navy, and ever since the game broke up they have been harping on U. O. Us.

For example, listen to Lloyd George, whose fall from the premiership hasn't yet affected his powers of speech or his writing hand: "England's debt to America is nothing to the debt which America owes to us. I should like to write the balance sheet: Debit, five billion dollars; credit, John Wesley and George Whitefield." What! these two gentlemen are trying to charge us \$5,000,000,000 for their hymns and sermons! But then, it's only Mr. Lloyd George's way of trying

to please his British listeners without caring what he says.

In addition to this example of what we owe, you will recall that certain persons in France, which owes us about \$4,000,000,000, credit themselves with the loan of Lafayette and a lot of francs during the Revolutionary War despite the facts that the monetary loan was paid and that General Pershing followed by 2,000,000 soldiers said "Lafayette, we are here!" If the French aren't careful, now that we have learned from Lloyd George how to do it, President Harding may get mad some day and charge 'em up with Pershing's speech and that famous war song which our Army taught the poilus and mam'selles, "Hail, hail, the gang's all here!"—not forgetting also the cigarettes and chewing gum.

What with Europe begging, urging and threatening us, not to be allowed to pay their I. O. U.'s but to get more of our dollars, it's got so an American can't enjoy the reading of the latest murder case. No sooner does his eye fall on the headline, "Woman Murders Husband," than a cablegram from Europe catches that eye, and duty to his country compels him to leave the poor murdered husband in bed or under a tree and the wailing wife to be acquitted by a jury of twelve tried husbands and true, who haven't yet been murdered by their wives.

You know those cablegrams from Europe: "America Gorged with Gold While Europe Starves," and you read what follows only to learn that Europe wants to gorge herself on the very same gold.

"Says United States Must Forgive Europe's Debts," but those European countries scheme together that we should forgive their debts as they don't forgive their debtors.

"German Scientist Says U. S. Will Die Death of King Midas," and yet the ex-Kaiser Wilhelm thrives on a large income at No. 1 Sawing Wood Ave., Doorn, Holland.

"Europe's End Near Unless America Extends Financial Aid," etc., etc.

**T**HINK, or don't, of all Europe's collapses, wars and revolutions and crises and conferences that Europe claims have occurred simply because the United States hasn't poured across the Atlantic more billions of gold and of products than the folks over there are willing to give us credit for! As a result of Europe's attitude and her failure to establish reasonable order in her political and financial affairs, our Government has turned a stone-deaf ear to all pleas and threats to secure American participation in the chaotic aftermath of the war. Political plottings and international intrigues, from the Irish Sea to the Black Sea, have made the European situation more dangerous and added to its complexities. From a sound financial point of view the Continent is a poor place for investment—for more than political reasons. Of the European nations that took part in the war only Great Britain is really solvent to-day, and of our European debtors the English alone have balanced their budget and made an attempt to meet interest payments.

The neutral countries of the Continent have had their ups and downs since the war,

but they are not suffering from major financial and political troubles as are all of the European countries that took part in or grew out of the war. The new countries, established by the Peace Conference on alleged racial lines in defiance of economic and geographic boundaries, have been vying with the older governments of Europe in making laws that ignore and violate the inexorable laws of economics. They have subsidized foods and unemployment, erected tariff walls and attempted to build up export trade while legislating against importing—but people who live in glass houses shouldn't build their foundation walls of sugar, wool, etc. Both the new and the old European governments have made their various attempts to stabilize exchange and to replace gold with paper. While failing to balance budgets they have established and supported unnatural industries and have spent money on armaments in preparation for the next war.

Since the last war we Americans have come to know Europe and its big and little tricks so intimately that we have little respect left for many of her institutions. What a topsy-turvy old Europe we have seen since the war! Currency on a par with stage money! The American soldiers' watch on the Rhine—watching the movements of the German mark and their German wives! Lloyd George and Keynes and H. G. Wells fighting for the Germans! Crooks counterfeiting dollars, since printing marks and crowns no longer pays! The French Ministry of Finance so accustomed to dealing in billions that a bookkeeping mistake, which made France owe seven billion francs more than the three hundred billions she actually does owe, went unnoticed for four years! Billionaires as common as American millionaires, and the world's most objectionable "new rich" profiteers shoving to places of prominence and power in every capital in Europe while the "new poor" eke out a miserable existence! The "victorious" French, their coal mines destroyed by the Kaiser's Own, paying the "conquered" Germans for fuel! Americans pouring hundreds of millions of good gold dollars into the hands of German bankers and speculators, who with the hearty support of their government and printing presses have kept on selling worthless marks throughout the world!

But 'twas a famous victory!

Having acquired bad habits, Europe finds it difficult to eliminate instruments of warfare, reduce inflation and balance budgets, but her costly experiences may yet bring her to a point where she understands that a thorough reorganization is necessary to prevent further military, political and financial disasters. Without such reorganization she has been told again and again that no financial assistance is to be expected from the United States. Nevertheless the war against the dollar has continued, as if America's billions, instead of hard work and political and financial honesty, were the sole means of rehabilitation.

**T**HE seemingly hopeless situation of various countries in Europe is by no means unique. They have been impoverished by war many a time in past centuries, and

no country to-day has a more discouraging outlook than had the United States after the Revolutionary War, when the new nation had been formed from thirteen impoverished colonies. For us that period is ancient history, along with the Continental dollar, which became of so little value that it gave rise to the expression, "Not worth a Continental." But living to-day are Americans who have actually forgotten that after the Civil War they handled an American dollar that was worth little more than the French franc of 1921, and that not until fourteen years after Lee surrendered did the United States resume gold payments.

To bring Europe's situation home to us, since it is so closely connected with our own economic life, and to see some of the things that would happen to us and our dollars if we had conditions existing in certain European countries duplicated here in the United States, let us transfer some of Europe's troubles to this country by a lot of upsetting and shoving and by much stretching of the imagination.

Half a minute, and it's done!

**N**EW ENGLAND gets conditions existing in England, while New York City takes on London. New Jersey plays a dual rôle—the Irish Free State, with Atlantic City trying to act like Dublin, and Ulster, represented by the northern part of the State. Delaware is possible as Belgium, and Maryland and Virginia constitute France proper, and in spite of Congress we can play that Washington is Paris. Chicago just naturally becomes Berlin, with the rest of German conditions extending across Indiana and Ohio to southwestern Pennsylvania, which with its mines and steel mills becomes the Ruhr, with Pittsburgh, Essen. Everything between the Mississippi River and the Pacific assumes the sufferings of Russia, although the West may not like it. But few Russians to-day would object to being transferred to a new Russia where food, fuel, money and the comforts of life are plentiful. However, we're not moving the Russians in; we have put only Russian conditions of living on the folks west of the Mississippi, and may heaven and the rest of the United States help them, for the Bolshevik bunch won't!

Now that we have turned San Francisco into Petrograd and Denver into Moscow, what's happening in our western states? What are the people of the cities and towns, and the ranchers and farmers, doing for a living? Well, the moujiks of the Missouri and elsewhere are counting each other's ribs and praying for more food and real money, while the workers of the cities, from Seattle to St. Louis, from Minneapolis and St. Paul to San Diego and San Antonio, are praying for real money and more food and making a bare living by licking each other's postage stamps—or something just as unremunerative—for with dozens of stamps of \$100 denomination required for a single letter, a new occupation has sprung up in the land.

In Russia a working-girl is paid not less than 50,000,000 rubles a week, so with the poor working-girls of our western states earning not less than \$25,000,000 per girl weekly, everybody is at least a millionaire—or if he or she isn't, he or she is headed for one of the country's graveyards, which after all the deaths due to starvation and the murders committed by the Cheka, are displaying "Standing Room Only" signs. If you have any pity, be prepared to show it now. Pity these millionairesses and all the poor millionaires of Kansas City, Santa Fé, Salt Lake City and every town north, east,

south and west, where a cake of soap costs a million dollars, even in the cut-rate drug stores.

Pity the poor multi-millionaires of Dallas, Omaha and Butte, who pay \$400,000 for dinner at the factories where they work—black bread without oleomargarine, ox-tailless soup and mock Irish stew—and who on pay days have to do an extra day's work carrying home their millions of dollars "worth" of greenbacks.

Pity the billionaires of Boise, Spokane and Little Rock who to keep warm find it cheaper to burn their paper millions than to buy wood or coal.

Pity not the trillionaires of Denver, Hollywood and San Francisco—the real Petrograd and Moscow actually have their men of trillions—for as a result of food and factory profiteering, gambling and speculating, which the so-called communist government has permitted, they don't have to worry about where the next month's rent of \$50,000,000, more or less, is coming from, or how they're going to get the necessary paper—not wrapping—to take Friend Wife home a \$2,000,000 pound of butter or a pound of sugar costing many times its weight in paper change—\$1,250,000. (Wasn't there somebody out on the wild and woolly steppes of Arizona who objected back in 1919 to paying 30 cents for sixteen ounces of brown sugar, and almost molasses at that?)

A trillionaire has money enough to enable him to pay business and social calls in a taxicab whose meter figures in tens of millions. A billionaire or a multi-millionaire, if he is very multi, can ride in a one-horse cab with a driver who would look as thin as his horse if all his padding were removed. Millionaires can afford only now and then to pay from \$37,500 to \$75,000 for a street-car ride. Thousandaires aren't worth considering—if they aren't already in a cemetery, they don't even have the shoes in which to walk there.

You will recall that out in this Wild West of ours before it took on the Wild East Show from Russia, they wouldn't be bothered with such small change as one-cent pieces; they would be glad to have coins so valuable as pennies now that they find it useless to carry anything less than a \$5,000 bill, which won't even buy the latest newspaper telling that Lenin is dead again. Five thousand dollars is a mere drop in the bucket, or rather a mere scrap in the waste paper basket, where the notes in circulation are some hazy sum over fifty trillion dollars—\$50,000,000,000,000—and the government budget is one quadrillion—count 'em, \$1,000,000,000,000,000! (Now that you can use them, aren't you glad you played at making the most ciphers, but it's awfully hard on one's eyes and the o's of the linotype machine.)

**I**N OTHER words, Bolsheviks Russia is doing business with paper money that hasn't the value of American cigar coupons. Once upon a time a million Russian rubles were worth \$500,000 in gold; to-day you can become a millionaire of the Russian variety for ten cents. Not so long ago the Russian State Bank, with 116 branches, had a capital of 5,750,000,000,000 rubles and the assets were then estimated as being worth \$6,000 in honest-to-goodness money. At the time almost nine-tenths of the bank's deposits belonged to state institutions. To help out the Ministry of Finance and to add more ciphers to its balance or won't-balance sheet, the State Bank is now issuing notes. In nine months the bank's balance, measured in paper rubles, increased 123 times; figured in gold rubles, it increased only four and one-half times.

Is it any wonder that the bankrupt Lenin, Trotsky & Co. hate our "capitalistic" American dollars, especially when the well-known firm of Harding, Hughes, Hoover and Mellon refuses to have anything to do with the Soviet mis-government or loan it billions of gold? No, it isn't any wonder, seeing that the Bolsheviks are what they are, and being what they are there is nothing surprising about the fact that they are still working through their agents for the revolution of the proletariat that would bring about throughout the whole of the United States conditions which are amusing when we try to imagine their existence in a section of our country but which, if actually of reality and not of imagination, would be the ruin of our American institutions, including the dollar.

**O**NCE Bolshevism held this country, we Americans would become just as impoverished as the Russians are to-day. With production and transportation broken down Russia is the poorest of the European nations. But to hear the Germans talk and to read their propaganda, which in one form and another appears daily in various American newspapers, one would be led to believe that Germany is the most poverty-stricken country in the world. Russia is absolutely poor; Germany's poverty is artificial, having been created by German printing presses, which ever since 1914 have been turning out lies, lies, lies, marks, marks, marks.

The Russians have been living on their capital; the Germans have been storing up new capital, which will retain its value no matter how far the mark may fall. Economically Germany is growing richer day by day, piling up resources at home and abroad in such a way as to escape seizure for reparations.

Look at the German conditions that we have created for the moment in this country. Travel from the Ruhr in western Pennsylvania across Ohio, Indiana and Illinois, and you will see, as American tourists did last summer in Germany, wonderful crops and beautiful vineyards, cultivated more carefully than anything these States have ever before boasted of; factories, unharmed by the war, working at full blast; no signs of unemployment, for the working population of Germany's more than 60,000,000 inhabitants, all have jobs except the Hohenzollerns and other ex-royalty; everywhere people spending money freely for food, drink and merriment, for to-morrow the dollar may be heavily taxed or worthless, for under German conditions the dollar of our imagination is traveling so fast that it may soon pass the Polish mark and the Austrian crown on its way to join the Russian ruble.

With our big IF still a kettle, "made in Germany," we see in our Teutonized states—cities, towns, country districts all affected—constant violations of the eighteenth amendment against speculation in moneys, with the government openly helping the foreign exchange bootleggers and their customers; secret organizations distributing arms and propaganda of hate; the plants of the world's greatest chemical industry prepared to turn at any time from dyes and fertilizer to poison gases for war purposes; scientists working day and night to help restore lost foreign markets through new inventions; government employes adding ciphers to the budget deficit, which has already passed \$100,000,000,000; printing presses turning out daily \$2,000,000,000, to be added to the \$250,000,000,000 that are already in circulation; vaudeville comedians pulling the old joke that the only deflation in the country is in the once rotund figures of the beer

drinkers—for Chicago, Cincinnati, Cleveland, Indianapolis, all have beer under the conditions transferred from Germany, and perhaps they have it under less German conditions; the government paying subsidies for the construction of ships and houses, to the old, to women about to become mothers—paying money to anybody for anything but reparations so as to hasten the day when the government's scheme for fraudulent bankruptcy will achieve its aim—the cancellation of reparations and the completion of the mulcting of Americans, English, French *et al.* who exchanged billions of gold for billions upon billions of paper.

All while the people of Dayton, Fort Wayne, Peoria and Springfield are paying \$100 for a loaf of bread, \$24 for an egg and \$50 for a quart of milk when it can be had. A skilled laborer in any one of these cities or ten thousand other places receives \$5,000 a week. This is 400 times his pre-war wage, but in gold value it is \$2.50. The weekly wages of an unskilled workman are \$4,000, and if he goes to and from work by street-car he pays \$45 each day in fares.

The living conditions become worse as you go up the social scale. A "Justizrat," that

is, a prominent lawyer, living, say, in Toledo, Ohio, has this sort of a life: He and his wife live in a comfortable home, which he bought before the war, so he pays no rent. The family is somewhat crowded, because the housing laws, enacted to solve the problem of the shortage of houses, have compelled them to make room for another family in their home. Even though he has no rent to pay the lawyer finds it extremely difficult to make both ends meet for himself and family. They have meat once a week only, and now and then each has an egg, and sometimes the children have milk. The family's meals consist chiefly of soup, vegetables and cheese. Butter and chicken they never get unless they are invited to the home of a banker, factory owner or some other kind of profiteer.

Salaried workers and people who had fixed incomes before the war suffer most from the new order of things. Take the elderly merchant who retired back in 1913 with \$60,000, expecting to spend the rest of his life in comfort and without worry, with his wife and unmarried daughter. His annual income was then \$3,000, and it is still the same. No longer is it sufficient for the

three of them. Both the father and the daughter are working in order that the three may have decent food and respectable clothing.

**DON'T** for a moment think that everybody is poor in this imaginary Germany of ours. If you could go back to the real Germany—I have been back four times since the Armistice—and look at the country as a whole, you would not find this the prevailing state.

So I might go on and disorganize more sections of the United States by bringing across the Atlantic conditions illustrative of this bungling, debt-ridden Europe, with her foolish, frenzied finances and her war-producing politics. It is because of these conditions that the struggle for the American dollar is being waged, that all Europe is out to capture, by any means, as many American dollars as possible. Where it all will end and how it will affect us ultimately is largely a matter of conjecture. That, in the words of Kipling, "is another story." However, it is no secret that for the present, at least, we are better off than any European country.

# Going to the Theater at Home

## Reading Plays Can Be as Much Fun as Seeing Them

By Claire Wallace Flynn

**A** QUARTER after eight! In the cities, restless, eager crowds pour into the theaters, where there are things rich as plum cakes, in the way of plays, being offered by the managers. In the smaller cities and towns "second companies" and flying "one-night standers" carry the message of the theater just as valiantly to just as eager an audience. In the deep country, winter-bound men and women long for a part in all these thrilling nights, this unfolding of new interpretations of life, new light on old emotions and struggles, and new hope born of new vision.

Is a play, then, an almost inconceivable thing to most of us unless it is being enacted on some stage—costumes, scenery and all? For whom are most of the splendid new plays published in book form almost as soon as they reach the last dress rehearsal? Why, for the fellow wise enough to watch without envy the mobs stream down to the theater district, who draws up to the glowing coal-fire and who takes from his bookcase one of these plays and—knows how to enjoy it. But there's a trick in that.

It does, I think, take a quicker imagination, a more ardent mind, to get the full joy out of a printed play than it does to lead a man ambly through a long-winded story. You've got to fill in such a lot yourself, but, after all, that's where the fun lies. Most of the stage directions, the descriptions, the "business," are staccato. In fact, they are simply a word to the wise. For the most part, you must set the stage yourself. You must cast your characters, visualize them. And you may do this from amongst your own friends and get a keen or fiendish joy out of it, according to the parts you let them play. If you are a woman, you may be wardrobe mistress, to boot, and your mind may revel in costumes that make you envious to dream of. In fact, there isn't much more fun in the world to be extracted

from mere books than you can get out of reading plays—if you get the habit.

### Galsworthy's "Loyalties"

**T**HERE has been published very recently John Galsworthy's play, "Loyalties," which is, at the present writing, running to crowded audiences in New York City. This play, looking at it from its printed form and not as a human performance, is one of the most perfect things that Galsworthy has ever done. It is a sheer delight to read it. The thing acts itself out before your very eyes. With the shortest descriptions possible these people become alive before you, and the very thrill of the rising and falling curtain is yours as you read. Its three acts, or chapters, are given over to an almost faultless expression of the idea of "keeping faith." Here we find the theory of loyalty to one's race, one's family, one's profession, one's love, even one's prejudices.

Unhandicapped by either an excess of realism or too much sentiment, Galsworthy seems to stand preeminently as the playwright who turns the spotlight truthfully on the frailty and courage of human nature. Read this play, this story of a group of English people who, through the weakness of one and the racial pugnacity of another, find themselves involved in a drama which works up to its climax step by step, like one of the Greek tragedies. There seems no circumventing fate, no matter what one may do.

Here is Captain Ronny Dancy, with a distinguished record left over from the war, but all at loose ends as far as his principles are concerned. Recently married, he finds it necessary to bribe silence on a past episode by giving another woman several hundred pounds. A debt of honor, he calls it. To get this money, Dancy has to steal, and when he has stolen from Frederick De Levis, a young Jew throbbing with a sense of outrage and unsubmitive to the cool code of

those others with whom he associates, the tragedy of Ronny becomes keen and unforgettable. There is well defined the Anglo-Saxon trait of sticking to your kind—even to the point of willing perjury—and there are clearly and poignantly drawn the reactions of all Ronny Dancy's set to his defenseless act.

But, evidently in Galsworthy's eyes, faith and "sticking through thick and thin" are not enough. They were not enough for poor Dancy, when, pushed to the wall, he shoots himself. Would the answer, perhaps, have been found in De Levis not standing up for his principles, his ideas of law and justice? Our armor is weak, and only in the breaking of it altogether sometimes do we find strength and humanity.

The note found in the dead Dancy's hand says: "... it's only another jump. A pistol keeps faith..." And his cousin Margaret cries out: "Keeps faith! We've all done that. It's not enough."

### Our Own Booth Tarkington

**C**OULD a collection of good, cheerful reading, plays or otherwise, be quite complete without the voice of Booth Tarkington?

Cries of "No! No!"

Well, then, I vote to put his "The Intimate Strangers" in this little list. It's sparkling, human, true; hits at many sides of our social life, and leaves us in rare good humor. The Strangers in this case are an attractive man and woman, storm-bound in a God-forsaken junction railway station in upper New York State, who find that they like each other amazingly. And no wonder—we're quite mad about them by the end of the first act. The man is a gentleman. Like the upper and lower middle-class, we have divided middle-age into young middle-age and old middle-age, and Mr. Tarkington's hero belongs decidedly to the first class. So does the lady (a part played adorably by Miss Billie Burke), only she

accentuates her dates a little because she sees that it piques and intrigues Mr. Ames (the stranger) and because the only other weapon of conquest left her sex is being wielded by her nineteen-year-old niece in a riotous and nearly fatal attack upon Mr. Ames when the "flapper," after driving her roadster across country all night to rescue "Aunt Isabel," finally arrives—knickerbockers, bobbed hair and shouting the jargon of her kind—and discovers her delicate and respectable relative snoozing on a station bench, and her co-traveler snoring on another, with his head made comfortable by Isabel's muff.

"Pretty good-lookin' ole bird, if you do snore!" she says, marking him for her own.

From there on it is a ladies' battle, deftly waged, the new school of flirt against the old; and the racier the niece acts the more Isabel piles on the years—if she can't compete she'll attract by very opposite. Even without the fragile and always girlish personality of the actress who portrayed Aunt Isabel, it is difficult to see how any one as cosmopolitan and astute as the nice Mr. Ames was fooled for a minute by an attack of rheumatism, by worsted slippers and shawls.

Still, when Florence bubbles and slangs into the scene you understand immediately how she affects Ames—like a naughty, ribald little dawn on a monotonous sea, and her aunt looked more than ever "high noon." But at last he knows.

Ames—I want to tell you just this: you've been mocking me every second since we first met in that God-forsaken railroad station.

Isabel—No!

Ames—You have! Every instant!

Isabel—When did you decide I was mocking you?

Ames—I thought so all day, but I knew it when I saw you dancing with that boy?

Isabel—Can't you imagine a woman's being a little nervous about one man knowing how often the earth's gone round the sun since she was born?

Ames (with feeling)—Am I the one man?

Isabel—That's why women are afraid of everybody's knowing; it might reach the one man. That's the reason a woman cares about her age; he might care!

Mr. Tarkington may be right about this dangerous question, but whether he is or not does not matter. The play's the thing. And this one is sheer joy to read. We would like to use the words, "witty," "poignant," "refreshing," "entertaining," in relation to "The Intimate Strangers," but the author of "Babbitt" says these, among many others, are squeaking and offensive adjectives in praise of books—so we will not use them. We sacrifice them, because in our heart we think the author of "Babbitt" knows how to write better than almost any one in America and should know something about the job. But we wish four neat and pleasant and hardworking words would apply to fill the vacancies!

And, apropos that particular author, Mr. Lewis, at the end of a certain article upon the craft of book reviewing, speaks of "a whole new world of fire and dreams." That is, *a priori*, what all books, poured from a searching and free brain and from a turbulent and open heart, really are bound to be. Here in a little group of published plays we find a particular kind of a "new world"—until lately not a very popular form of reading, but a feverish glow of activity is now felt in all bookstores and on publishers' shelves as the "new reader" finds out the charm of going to the theater at home.

### "The Dover Road"

"THE Dover Road," by our old friend, A. A. Milne, leads to an absolutely delightful evening. In fact, I am heretic enough to say that, despite its great vogue as an acted play, and its rather more limited vogue as a book, it is greater fun, more satisfactory, to read this play by Barrie's understudy than to hear it from the stage.

Mr. Milne is pretty much of a romanticist, letting fancy quite free one moment and

means or foul and shows them up to each other at discouraging crises and under most disillusioning moments. Sometimes they are cured of their passion—it seems incredible how Mr. Latimer conceives it all—but tempers over breakfast—missing trousers—colds in the head—being fussed over, being snapped at, and so forth, have a way, in little comedies, of being quite as devastating as they are in real life. Mr. Latimer attacks near tragedies, and deftly turns them into amazing games, filled with laughter and good nature. It is satire in a silken sheath—all the hurt guarded against—all the edge there still.

This has all been about "The Dover Road," but it applies just as much to Milne's other plays—"Mr. Pim," for instance—a classic now obtainable either in play form or in novel form and it's a toss-up which is the better; "The Romantic Age" (played this winter in New York); "The Truth About Blayds" (one of the great artistic successes of last season in the theater), and "The Great Broxopp," which was produced to the delight of many though it did not create the comment that followed the first night of "The Dover Road."

### Mr. Manners Tries to Make the World Safer

J. HARTLEY MANNERS wrote a play last year, flaying the young jazzing, drinking set, and this play which Laurette Taylor acted for months in New York City is now in book form, its dramatic picture of the revolt against all duty, conscience and reverence as striking as ever. Stony, glaring truths are brought out by Mr. Manners's characters in biting sentences. Their gentleness, if these people really have any, is hidden under a paucity of language. This colloquial style is very real, very much of the present, and the whole play has an aliveness and a sweep about it that only a clever craftsman of the stage knows how to achieve.

Two young Americans marry. They are products of the after-the-war civilization and all its madness at its worst. In the year that has elapsed since the production of the play, Mr. Manners has evidently found the world so little better that he has not softened his sermon by reediting.

In Paris, Marion and her Arthur, searching for a different life, sink only deeper into the slough. Here are some passages, carrying much intensity of purpose, and their brevity and vividness illustrate one of the reasons for the fascination of the theater.

Tom (enters—breathlessly, anxiously)—Marion? She's all right?

Arthur—All right? Of course she is.

Tom (relieved)—Thank God!

Arthur—All right? What do you mean?

Tom—She 'phoned me just now. She seemed upset. I—was—afraid—(stops).

Arthur—. . . What business have you got coming here at this time of night?

Tom—I came because I thought your wife was in danger—grave danger. . . . When she 'phoned me she was in great distress. She seemed out of hand. Before I could reason with her she gave a cry and cut off.

Arthur—That's when I came in.

Tom—. . . I came here as I would to save any human being from doing a rash, terrible thing. And I warn you if Marion does her death will be at your door.

Arthur—At my door? Damned check. (Goes to table and lifts up decanter.) This is the cause of her whining. This. She's drunk—that's what she is.

(Continued on page 64)

### Books Reviewed This Month

Three Plays: *Six Characters in Search of an Author*, Henry IV, *Right You Are! (If You Think So)*, by Luigi Pirandello. (E. P. Dutton & Co., New York)

*The National Anthem*, by J. Hartley Manners. (George H. Doran Co., New York)

*The Intimate Strangers*, by Booth Tarkington. Incorporated in a volume of five famous plays, and called *Longer Plays by Modern Authors*, edited by Helen Louise Cohen. (Harcourt, Brace & Co., New York)

Three Plays: *The Dover Road*, *The Truth About Blayds*, *The Great Broxopp*, by A. A. Milne. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York)

*Loyalties*, by John Galsworthy. (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York)

*Mr. Pim* (in novel form), by A. A. Milne. (George H. Doran Co., New York)

Second Plays: *Make-Believe*, *Mr. Pim*, *The Romantic Age*, *The Stepmother*, by A. A. Milne. (Alfred A. Knopf, New York)

then bringing it quite smashingly to earth as, for instance, where in the midst of an apparently serious situation the author has one of the leading characters contract a most "sappy" cold and order a "small mustard and water." His eloping wife, confronted by a new and pathetic vision of him as a sick husband, explains even in the presence of the lovely young man with whom she is running away: "It's to put his feet in, not to drink." At which the host amends the command to his servant—"A large mustard and water," he says.

That sort of thing is easy to act and almost bound to get across. But what we plead here is that it is even more chuckly to read.

After seeing this genial and felicitous comedy—the story of a rich bachelor whose alluring house is on the Dover Road, which is the road that eloping couples from London take on their way to guilty honeymoons in France—the Riviera by preference—you are conscious of having listened to a good deal of delightful wit and wisdom, given with a charming air. You wish to heaven you could recall some of the epigrams and clever thrusts—thus insuring a greater social success, such as the advertisements all warn us we must cultivate.

So, when you have this play in your hand and can browse among its fascinations, imagine what you can pick up in the way of a light and easy manner. Surely, this is legitimate—taking lessons thus from Mr. Milne!

Latimer, the bachelor, has an incurable interest in erring and eloping young people, and quite a plausible way of getting them into his house where, he keeps them by fair

# Climbing the Ladder of Song

*An American Contribution to Grand Opera Tells of Her Career*

By Margery Maxwell

WHEN one attains a certain measure of success in the artistic world, immediately all one's fond relatives and friends begin to probe the past for indications of a precocious genius. Sometimes they triumphantly exhibit symptoms occurring in the first week of the innocent little mortal's existence on earth. You know how it is.

Frankly, my own memory cannot penetrate that dim past, some twenty years ago, and exhume any marked revelings of a musical nature, but it can clearly recall certain mud-pie ecstasies, a spanking or two that smarted above the average, and various other highlights of childhood adventure.

But I must not disappoint my dear mother who insists that at the age of seven days I was willing to forego my dinner and to turn my little head aside, the better to hear the lovely notes from my father's violin. Now I will admit that I have missed, for various reasons, a number of meals for art's sake, but somehow I cannot imagine myself requesting my teacher to conduct his rehearsals at dinner time.

Then a few days later—years, I mean,—I was observed imitating some grand opera stars I had heard, and although too young and untutored in French and Italian to pronounce the words, still it seems that I had completely absorbed the characteristics usually attributed to the successful singer, and strutted about and shook my small head and trilled with utmost fervor. As for imagining myself, in the future, as one of these strange emotional stage goddesses—well, I am almost convinced that the mud-pies had a greater appeal, and secretly think that the peacock quality instilled in every child instigated my desire to imitate these odd exotic creatures. However, my great-aunt claims the reverse to be true, and I do so hate to disappoint people.

On one issue, though, I must be firm. I claim that the first piano lessons, with their attendant tedious hours of practice, taught me more in the gentle art of—well “alibi-ing”—and developed my imagination for evolving brilliant schemes in sidestepping an unattractive pastime than any lessons in solid geometry and calculus that I ever studied.

But out of the mischievous, happy chaos of a healthy red-blooded American girlhood, there was born a genuine love for the great world of music, inherited largely from my parents, who taught and directed me painstakingly from the first.

Born in the bleak little town of Dell Rapids, South Dakota, instead of a fascinating city like Milan such as I would have chosen, I seemed handicapped, sentenced almost, from birth to continue an ordinary existence in an ordinary way. Yet the love of music was there, persistent, and colored the everydayness of living.

IN PORTLAND, Oregon, where I was graduated from high school, I began to sing a great deal in the churches and at school affairs. My first “star part” was in “Pinafore,” and the thrills from the applause of the high school audience were just as dear and precious as those received later. I sang, too, before various clubs, and was sought often by the Rotarians, Elks,

and Kiwanis, toward whom I owe an immense debt of gratitude.

After high school I entered the University of Montana, where I helped with my expenses by singing wherever I found opportunity. I was finally obliged to leave college and to find other employment, but



Miss Margery Maxwell, Prima Donna Soprano of the Chicago Opera Company

always, always, I sang and studied as much as possible. Then one glorious day I learned that my sorority sisters wished to finance me through a year of study, and with the greatest appreciation I accepted. From then on my gratitude was extended to various interested relatives who stood by me from start to finish—and any struggling young artist can fully comprehend and appreciate what that means!

To possess a talent, to develop and use it, seems to me one of the most lovely things on earth. The attendant struggles, worries, demands on one's strength, melt into nothingness when compared to the luxury of pleasure giving. A young singer must be

diplomatic, of course; there are certain policies to pursue, certain reservations that must be maintained. But there came one opportunity where I could give of myself whole-heartedly, unreservedly, and with my utmost strength—and that was when I sang for the soldier boys, at Fort Sheridan, at Camp Grant, at Camp Taylor—oh, numberless places. Wherever I felt I was needed I volunteered my services. And what a supreme joy it was to feel I was needed, to feel that I could help. It made me very humble to realize how fortunate I was in possessing a gift that I could share with the boys—they who were giving so much. And how I did sing in those days! I found all the necessary inspiration in their friendly, homesick, uplifted eyes. Never have I been more eager to give of my best. How I did try to tell them how much I admired them—how much I wished I were one of them—those young, crusading lads.

I SANG at the War Exposition along our Michigan Avenue lake front, where over a million people attended in the two weeks. How proud I was of my opportunity. Samuel Insull managed this very patriotic affair and, by a strange coincidence, he is now president of the Chicago Civic Opera Company.

But back to my story. One day the little girl from the West, awkward with nervousness, stood before the great, the wonderful Francisco Daddi. Frightened? Yes—but determined! I sang twice as loud as I ever sang before or have since—so determined was I to prove my great resonance of voice—so eager was I to inform him that the largest auditorium was none too large for me—and that all-sweeping determination drew forth, partly I am sure, the words I was so furiously eager to hear—“a very promising voice.”

From then on the long weary years of study, study, study—exercises and more exercises. You know how it is, fellow students—but isn't it worth it? But to work with Daddi was a joy, an exhilaration, an intoxication; we were *en rapport* from the first. Yet always the doubt was in my heart—will I succeed—can I reach my goal—can I accomplish the necessary, without going abroad for further study? It was so unusual a procedure—often, I felt, a hopeless one. But Daddi, the relatives, American business enterprise, and my own determination said yes—and I didn't want to disappoint any of them.

A year later the night of my first public appearance came rushing along, not on the stage of course, but in the Gold Room of the La Salle Hotel. “For the benefit of the Off-the-Street Club” read the program, and how thrilled I was to see my name in type—much too large type I thought—and how pleased and timid I felt. You see this club is supported by the advertising men of Chicago, and there are a thousand Ghetto youngsters enrolled. Many of my friends were interested and I did so want to please them and to help out those little tikes. When I saw the check for \$1700 which had been cleared I shouted aloud—it seemed so colossal and so wonderful to think that I

(Continued on page 60)

# Pretenders

## Part Four—the Midnight Pursuit on the Sand Dunes

By Meredith Nicholson

Illustrated by O. F. Howard

*The two pretenders now face the climax of their months of deception. Two men enter the scene, one with a mission of love and one with a desire for revenge—a desperate man who draws all the characters of the story into a situation crowded with dangers. If you missed reading the earlier instalments of this exciting serial, turn to the synopsis on page 65*

THE effect of the presence in the house of the real Olive Farnam was to give the fraudulent Olive a degree of courage, and she reflected that if the insistent visitor should prove to be a traveler from the West who really knew Olive there could be no happier time to precipitate a crisis. It was only her sense of loyalty to the girl she had promised to shield that gave her pause. Then it flashed through her mind that with Simmons out of the way she could explain that the Crosbys and Miss Farnam were away, and thus dispose of the man whoever he might be. As she hurried along the hall she heard the caller saying, "If you will take her my card—"

"You may leave your card, if you please," interrupted Simmons with an unamiable intonation.

"And then I'll sit on the fence until it's quite convenient for Miss Farnam to see me."

"I'll see the gentleman, Simmons," said Oodles calmly.

Simmons silently flung open the door.

"You may come in, sir," he said imperturbably.

Instead of retiring down the hall after ushering the caller into the reception-room, Simmons waited for Oodles to approach. She had not counted on this, but he had planted himself grimly at the threshold of the room and as Oodles reached the door, announced:

"Miss Farnam has just returned, sir!"

"Miss Farnam!" exclaimed the caller smilingly. "I'm sorry to have made a nuisance of myself. Out where I live things are simpler. When you give the sign the whole family runs to the door."

He stood before her, tall, broad-shouldered, his blue eyes dancing with quiet mirth, and gave his hat and overcoat to the hovering Simmons.

"Please sit down, won't you?" She listened to Simmons's retreating step and heard the click of the door that closed upon him at the rear of the hall. "Of course Simmons didn't mean to be rude!"

"Oh, I was the rude one!" he exclaimed. "But it was Miss *Olive* Farnam I wished to see. I am Richard Conwell of Warrenton, Montana."

"Yes," Oodles answered faintly.

She was caught in a trap and her wits worked rapidly as she sought some way to extricate herself.

"You're Olive's cousin, I suppose?" said Conwell, and he scrutinized her with the frankest interest.

"A cousin?" she repeated and she saw a glimmer of hope in the question.

"Well, I just jumped at that. I understood the servant to announce you as Miss Farnam. That's why I may have seemed a little flabbergasted to find that you weren't

the one I know. Hadn't occurred to me that you—that there might be several of the same name. I think I heard Mrs. Crosby was Miss Olive Farnam before her marriage."

"Yes," said Oodles encouragingly.

The idea that she was only another Olive Farnam and that there might be innumerable young women of the same name cleared the path for the denial that Miss Farnam was at home, which she had decided upon as the safest course.

"I wasn't quite sure from the way your man acted that Olive—I mean *our* Olive of Warrenton—was here or not."

"Oh, that was because he hasn't got used to my cousin being a member of the household; her coming was so unexpected, you know. And Mrs. Crosby has been denying herself to every one since her brother's death."

"Yes," Conwell answered in a sympathetic tone; "I understand that. It must have been a great shock to her."

"Yes; and the news was slow reaching her. She was in Canada. I'm so sorry cousin Olive is away. Mrs. and Mr. Crosby left suddenly—two days ago—a business matter—and they took her along."

"Not to Warrenton!" he exclaimed.

"NO; oh, no!" she answered hastily; and thinking it would be unsafe to risk mentioning Albany, she broadened the scope of her lie. "They went to Syracuse. It was a law suit."

"Now that's an explanation that explains!"

"I'm awfully sorry," she replied, noting with a flutter of the heart that he had taken a step toward the door.

"Oh, I haven't anything else to do, so now that I'm here on this queer island I'll just stay at the Inn till they come back."

He had advanced further and had turned in the doorway to bow himself out when he paused and lifted his head.

In her relief that he was leaving, wholly unconscious of her falsehoods she had given little heed to the sound of the piano which now rang insistently through the broad central hall. Oodles saw Conwell's gaze fall upon her questioningly as an abrupt silence followed the climax.

"Debussy! Olive—Olive always played that piece the last of all when she played for me. Out at the ranch, I mean."

He regarded the girl before him quizzically. Then a voice, singing happily as though the harmonies that had been evoked refused to be quiet in the musician's soul, floated out to them.

"Oh, the Farnams are all lovers of music!" cried Oodles, hoping still that Conwell would go. But, with his hand upon the

brass knob of the outer door, he waited, and into the hall came Olive Farnam, late of Warrenton, announcing her presence unmistakably in song.

The fast deepening twilight was flinging its shadows through the house, and in the gloom the girl advanced with a quick step, thinking she saw ahead of her only the girl who bore her name and filled her place in the house.

"Was my playing as bad as that!" she cried. "The next time you ask me to play for you I'll tie you to the piano. I'd be ashamed—"

"Olive!" cried Conwell, reaching her with a long stride and seizing her hands.

"Dick!"

"Back from Syracuse and hiding from me! I must say this is a fine example of eastern hospitality!"

The first delight of seeing him passed instantly. She freed her hands and urged him into the reception-room. To the dark girl who had watched the meeting in impotent silence, she said very quietly:

"Don't leave; you must stay with me till we've cleared matters up a bit. I need your help."

Oodles remained outside the reception door. Simmons had come into the hall to turn on the lights. She called to him that he needn't serve tea, and followed Conwell and Alice—the Alice who now for the moment became Olive again.

"You are certainly a great lot of jokers here!" exclaimed Conwell good-naturedly. "What's all this mystery about?"

His manifest joy at her appearance just when he had given her up belied his tone of irritation.

"Sit down, Dick," said Olive tensely. "There are some things I must tell you, and I must be quick about it."

"I'll leave you alone; there's nothing I can say," said Oodles.

"Please, dear!" Olive pleaded.

"Well, Olive," began Conwell.

"Dick, don't call me Olive! I'm no longer Olive Farnam!"

"Not Olive Farnam!" he cried aghast. "You're not—you're not married!"

Olive shook her head impatiently, but smiled wanly at his earnestness.

"Don't be so silly, Dick. I don't belong in this house. I just happened to be a visitor spending the day here. I'm known as Alice Morton; I'm a governess employed by a family that lives— Well— I never came here as Olive Farnam," she went on hurriedly. "I decided before I left Warrenton that I would never go to my aunt and uncle. And they've never seen me, never had the slightest—"

"Come now," he said, turning to Oodles. "This is carrying the joke pretty far!"

"She's telling you the truth. I'm here as Olive Farnam in her place."

"You mean that she got you to come here in her stead—that the two of you are putting up a game on the Crosbys?"

"When I didn't come," began Olive patiently, "my aunt thought the delay would be only the matter of a day or two. There had been so much in the papers about all of us that to report that I had not reached here would have brought more attention to the family; so she said nothing but found another girl to take my place. By chance the people who employ me were coming into the country, and so I found myself talking one day to Olive Farnam, and she and I became friends—"

"You're not telling me that you've been visiting at this house and the Crosbys haven't known you! Why—" he turned his eyes incredulously upon Oodles.

"I made her promise not to tell. She and I understand each other—everything. She's been perfectly fine to me, Dick."

He stared at her, frowning. Thinking intently of the practical aspects of the situation, he was troubled by the suspicion that often troubles a lawyer in dealing with a client, that he was not advised as to all the facts.

"Is the story that Mr. and Mrs. Crosby are in Syracuse just a part of the joke?" he asked.

"Oh, no," Oodles faltered. "Only it's—it's not Syracuse but Albany."

He laughed aloud. "You weren't taking any chances of my going in pursuit. So they're really gone, and in their absence you, Olive, visit the house of which you refuse to be an occupant. I certainly want to see these Crosbys!"

"Oh, you can't scare aunt Olive—Mrs. Crosby, I mean!" cried Oodles.

He smiled broadly at her slip. "You've been calling them aunt and uncle till you've got the habit. And Olive playing the governess—how far away?"

"That's not for you to know, Dick," said Olive.

"But you don't mean to keep this up—not after I've caught you in the act? Talk about newspaper publicity! I suppose the Crosbys didn't consider what would happen if some one from Warrenton did come here? Why, there was bound to be an explosion—"

"There's not going to be any explosion," said Olive quietly, "for the reason, Dick, that I'm never going to make myself known to the Crosbys or any one else as Olive Farnam."

The grave tone in which she uttered this, her unswerving gaze, void of bravado, her

tone of chilling finality, destroyed his hope of laughing her out of it.

"Look here, Olive; out where you and I have lived it means a lot to be square. You're not telling me the real reason why you're hiding yourself! Are you afraid of the man who killed your father?"

"Yes," she answered; "I'm afraid of him."

**B**UT you needn't be; we have got all the evidence we need without you. You can forget all—"

"I can't forget—I never can forget what he said to me that night. It's not the money he demanded; it's not the fear that he might harm me—it's more than that. Dick—something I can't tell you, or any one! If you try to punish him for killing father, there are things he will tell—that's the kind of a man he is—a man who would strike at the dead. I hope he will never be arrested!"

Conwell stared at her in bewilderment. It was clear that she had run away from something that had struck deeper than physical fear.

"You are making a mistake in not trusting your friends in Warrenton."

"I can't help it, Dick. It isn't the matter of harm to me, but I'm never going back—"

"You are brooding about something, and that's all wrong. There can't possibly be anything you need fear."

"But, you see, you don't know; you don't understand, Dick," she said with a pitiful attempt to be kind and tolerant. "I'm not just stubborn and foolish; I know exactly what I'm doing. If you really want to serve me you will let Peyton go—"

"It was Peyton," he said quickly. "You admit that it was Peyton?"

*There was a vast difference between addressing a gentleman at a dinner and asking him over a counter whether it was a cash or a charge transaction!*



"Yes; it was Peyton."

"If I promise that you need not face him at the trial, will you come here and acknowledge yourself to Mrs. Crosby?"

"No, no!" she answered quickly.

"But you can't just say that without giving a motive—"

"I am saying it and giving no reason; and that's all there is to it!"

**B**UT you can't believe that you can go on this way; that you will never be found. I tell you, Olive, that you are all wrong! Peyton can't harm you; nobody on earth can injure you if you come here and make yourself known to your aunt."

"It's because I don't want her to know this thing—this thing that you don't know—that I mean to keep away from her."

The clock on the stair was slowly booming five. She stepped briskly to the door, then swung around to Conwell, who rose to follow her.

"Please, Dick; I beg you to keep silent about this. I shall never again be known by my own name. Olive—you, Olive"—she turned to Oodles with a smile of appeal and confidence—"I trust you not to tell where I am living. And Dick—what I am doing is for my own happiness—remember that, and forget me!"

She flung open the door decisively and when Conwell tried to intercept her, Oodles stepped in his way.

"Please don't!" she cried. "It is better for her to go."

With her hand resting lightly on his arm she stood waiting for the sound of Olive's steps to die away, listening for the click of the door that opened toward the garage. A moment later they heard the whir of a car speeding out of the grounds.

Oodles turned to Conwell as though demanding that he answer the question that was in both their minds.

"My God," he muttered; "she must be mad!"

"Not that; but there's something in all this I know nothing about. I gave her a lot of letters to-day and one of them was from some one who wanted her to return to Warrenton immediately. Maybe you know what it is?"

"I know what that letter was. It shouldn't have been sent; it was bound to trouble her; so I hurried along to explain it. You promised Olive not to tell where she's living. Do you feel absolutely bound by that?"

"Yes—yes! No girl was ever so dear to me as Olive is!"

"Then I must find where she is in some other way. Don't think me rude," he said abruptly; "I don't mean to be, but I must decide on something quickly—"

"Yes; but there's one thing I must tell you first," said Oodles, again detaining him. "I never told Olive—Alice, I mean—"

**S**HE told in detail of her encounter with the stranger in the garden. When she repeated the words used by the man she saw the color deepen in his face and his earnest eyes brightened with a glint of anger; but he listened quietly till she had finished.

"What you have told me is of the greatest importance," he said calmly. "I won't take time to explain it."

She saw that her story had made a deep impression. "I'm not asking where Olive is, but—is she—is she in a place where this man would be likely to find her?"

"I hardly think so unless he'd come upon her accidentally."

"The worst thing is that he knows

Olive!" he said harshly. "You were wise not to tell her of his visit; it would have been sure to send her flying to a new refuge. I'm at the Sheldon. Call me by telephone instantly, please, if anything should happen. Now that we are friends, I hope, Miss Farnam—"

There was hope and confidence and assurance in the warm clasp of his hand.

"Yes," she answered; "and I'm so grateful to you! I feel happier than at any time since I met—Alice!"

"I love her; you know that!" he said with the directness that was part of his charm.

"I'm so glad!" she answered, and an instant later she was at the window watching him vanish with long strides toward the road.

There was Simmons to reckon with, and she resolved to summon him at once. His word was law among his fellow servants, and a promise from him not to mention the visitor to the Crosbys would commit all the others who might have known of Conwell's visit.

When she had won him to silence she ran up the stairs humming softly. Later she called Alice on the telephone to ask whether she had reached home safely.

"I hope I didn't cause you any trouble; it was a narrow escape," came the girl's voice cheerily.

"Come over to-morrow and stay forever."

"Never! Never!" came the discouraging reply.

## CHAPTER NINE

**"YOU'VE** been comfortable and happy, dear?" asked Maybury when he and his wife returned Friday afternoon from Albany. "No news of that girl?"

Oodles avoided answering by producing the accumulated mail, which included a letter from Perkins that had been delivered that morning.

"The old fossil's really making progress," Mrs. Crosby commented as she scanned the lawyer's letter. "He's traced her to Chicago, and found from the Pullman people that she had made friends with some woman who had just landed from Japan. He's waiting in Chicago till he can get a list of the steamer passengers who might have been on the train Olive boarded at Warrenton."

Oodles listened to the reading of the letter with deep concern. At any hour Perkins's methodical investigations might result in the announcement that the girl had been traced to Onamatogue.

Silence was becoming more and more difficult. It would be so easy to blurt out the whole story, drive to the Wendlings and end the whole affair. But Mrs. Crosby all unconsciously carried Oodles over another period of doubt and indecision. Having gone so far with the matter and feeling that the problem would soon be solved without any trouble to herself, that lady snapped her fingers as she rose from the tea table.

"I've known from the beginning that the girl would make herself known sooner or later," she said, stifling a yawn. "Perkins will stroll in one of these days leading her by the hand. It will be exceedingly interesting to know just what she means by her conduct. Flattering, I must say, to her own flesh and blood!"

"It was unkind of her, to say the least," remarked Maybury. "But there have been compensations!" he added, smiling at Oodles. "I hope she will feel properly humble when she finds that her place has been filled so very acceptably."

"If you don't love her right away I'll always be sorry I ever came!"

There were tears in Oodles's eyes, and she had uttered the words with a flare of passion that arrested Mrs. Crosby's flight toward the door.

"I'm afraid the strain has become too much for you, Oodles," remarked Maybury, anxiously, with an appealing glance at his wife.

"It's just lonesomeness! We were brutes to go away and leave you!" cried Mrs. Crosby, turning back and putting her arm about the girl. "Dear me! I'd forgotten to ask how you got on with Miss Morton—she did come, of course!"

"Oh, we had a marvelous day together! And I haven't been unhappy—really I haven't!"

"I'm anxious to meet her. It's time to dress. Dr. Wendling is dining with us, you remember."

Maybury was reading in the living-room when Oodles came down. In the black evening gown she had bought the day she became Olive Farnam, she was superb. His strong sense of the beautiful instantly quickened as he caught sight of her in the doorway.

"I grieve to remember that the painters who should have painted you are dead! Truly, thou art like a flower!"

"Thank you, uncle Maybury," and she pinned a white carnation in his coat. "There's our guest now!"

She darted to the table, seized a book and feigned to be absorbed in it, then laughingly held it out to show Maybury that it was upside down. She was happy in the thought that she was to see Wendling.

Maybury had met Wendling at the door and the doctor crossed the room quickly to Oodles. She had thought him handsome when he first paused before the counter at Arlington's, but in his evening clothes, against the background of the Crosby house, he was a striking and distinguished figure.

"Miss Farnam, this is indeed a pleasure. I hope I find you fully recovered."

"Oh, entirely so, Dr. Wendling."

It was a stupendous joke that they should address each other in this formal fashion, and the mirth danced in their eyes. But they were quickly on guard as Maybury joined them and the two men exchanged commonplaces. Wendling was not without pride in the instinctive feeling Oodles had awakened the first time he saw her, that she was unusual, quite different from any other woman he had known. He was enormously happy, remembering that the story Tomlin had told him of the missing granddaughter of the Hastings' gave him the clue to her origin, which Maybury's discovery of her tie with Italy only substantiated. As he talked he was thinking of the great men in America and Europe who would jump at the chance presented to him of announcing the opening of a new door down the mysterious corridor of Heredity. But science must stand aside for love; and he was now quite sure that he loved her.

Mrs. Crosby appeared briskly, apologizing for her tardiness.

She led the talk in her usual animated fashion, carefully making openings for Oodles, who, watching Wendling across the round table, could not help smiling to herself when she remembered the vast difference between addressing a gentleman at a dinner table perfect in all its appointments and asking the same gentleman over a counter whether it was a cash or a charge transaction!

Wendling quite thoroughly relished the piquant situation.

He teased the Olive, who was otherwise Vivian, a little as to the great difference between life in the West and the ways of an old community like Southampton.

"The difference is not so great as you might think," said Oodles thoughtfully. "I get the same thrill out of the ocean that I used to find in the mountains. I think the ocean a little easier to chum with because it has a voice. The mountains are so silent."

Wendling spoke of several of the season's new plays.

"Tell us of Gloria Fielding, who seems to be the bright particular star of the firmament," said Mrs. Crosby. "Her name is new to me."

"She's certainly made New York sit up. She's an American woman, forty, possibly—if one may say that a woman ever reaches that age. It seems that she made her small beginnings over here, but showed no great promise; went to England and has been steadily forging to the front. She's distinctly handsome and in the first act of her wonderful play, 'The Barricade of Dreams,' would pass for a young girl. It's a beautiful thing, a little mystical in spots but with the throb of life in it. They're already ranking her with the greatest."

"I've seen her pictures in the newspapers," said Oodles. "She must be very, very beautiful."

"And more—a distinct personality! You don't forget her; she seems to follow you out of the theater. The critics are hard put to find fitting phrases to describe her voice."

"I hope we'll have a chance to see her. I suppose the play will have a long run."

"Oh, it ought to run forever!" exclaimed Wendling. "It's a hopeful and cheering thing; I'm prescribing it for my patients!"

By the time coffee was served in the living-room, Wendling was impatient of the whole idea of being made professional use of to satisfy Maybury Crosby's curiosity. The Crosbys were playing a bold game in substituting Vivian Locke for Olive Farnam, though the more he saw of Mrs. Crosby, the more he was able to see that the affair had a humorous edge. He wished it were possible for him to announce immediately that he knew all about the fraud they were practising, and that when she had fulfilled her foolish contract with them a place of dignity and ease awaited Oodles.

**B**UT Maybury was already speaking with seeming inadvertence of the many years he had spent in Italy. Wendling knew the land of Dante and Michel Angelo only from a hurried visit during two years he had spent completing his medical education in Vienna.

"Uncle Maybury is more Italian than American," said Oodles. "He's having a dreadful time teaching me Italian politics. And as for art, he's almost taught me how to pronounce the names of some of the old masters!"

"Their names are more interesting than their works!" declared Mrs. Crosby tartly. "I glory in my ignorance of all that old rubbish!"

She was sorry she had sanctioned this visit of the doctor. But Oodles, wholly unconscious of what was impending, helped to set the trap for herself.

"Oh, I think it's wonderful to live away back in those wonderful times, as Uncle Maybury does! It would be a shame to let all those things die!"

"As they will," cried Maybury eagerly, "unless I can pass my little torch on to you!"

"It's easy to see that you have a warm

supporter in Miss Farnam," observed Wendling.

"Oodles's sympathy with my hobbies is one of the great rewards of my life!" Maybury affirmed warmly. "Here are some old books that may interest you, Wendling—the latest additions to my collection."

Wendling was finding Crosby's cigars excellent. Though he had no taste for the experiment in which he was to be a factor, it was an enormous satisfaction to be in the presence of the girl who had so captivated his fancy.

Maybury began reading from an Italian text, giving the sense in English for the enlightenment of his auditors.

"You see, that's all new! Those facts about Michel Angelo confirm many of my own speculations about him, so of course I'm delighted!"

Oodles, who had been standing beside him peering over his shoulder, sat down on the arm of his chair. Wendling, watching her intently, saw a dreamy look cross her dark eyes, and then her lips moved slowly, as though she were repeating the Italian words as Maybury uttered them.

After pausing to comment on a passage, Maybury did not at once find the place when he again took up the book. In the pause Oodles bent nearer, her brows knit, her eyes narrowing as though she were peering into some dark and ill-lighted passage in a strange house. Her fingers touched the lost line, and as Maybury hesitated, she began to read, slowly, uncertainly. Then the frown passed; the words came more rapidly, and with the mellow cadence of murmurous music. Wendling bent forward, listening for his joy in her voice—though he was wholly ignorant of the meaning of the words.



*In the black evening gown she had bought the day she became Olive Farnam, she was superb*

As she finished, Maybury turned back to translate, and thoroughly engrossed, the girl nodded her head slowly. When he substituted a better English phrase for one he had already given, her hand slipped quietly over his and she continued, waiting once for his prompting, but going through with the translation to the end of the paragraph.

"That's quite final on that point; strange I never ran into it before," said Maybury.

And in the most natural tone, without the slightest evidence of effort, the girl replied in Italian:

"It is strange you never knew about it. But if you had found it long ago you wouldn't have known the joy of the surprise."

"Thank you, dear, for that consolation!"

In other experiments she had never shown any acquaintance with colloquial Italian. Maybury was more deeply puzzled than ever now that it had evidently come from her lips as though it were her familiar everyday speech. She rose, took the book smilingly from his hand and laid it on the table.

"That's enough of the dear old renaissance! We'll have Dr. Wendling yawning if we don't change the subject."

The exhaustion Maybury had mentioned as attending her first demonstration was not now apparent. He was wondering whether now that the hidden channel in her nature had been freed, the bi-lingual gift might not assert itself spontaneously whenever any demand was made upon it.

**W**HEN Maybury left them alone, Wendling thought Oodles might speak of her gift, but he quickly realized that she was wholly unaware that anything unusual had happened. She talked of the great kindness the Crosbys had shown her, and of the wrench that must come when her stay with them was over.

"You can never go back to where—to where you used to be; the Crosbys would never permit that," he suggested.

"Oh, they've hinted at doing things for me, of having me stay on with them. But I could never do that. It wouldn't be fair to their niece when she comes."

"Is there the slightest prospect that she will ever turn up?" he demanded. "That's been troubling me a lot since I saw you."

"The lawyer they sent to investigate has had remarkable success; she may come at any minute now. Wonderful as this experience has been, I shall be glad to be free. Some day you will step in at Arlington's again, and there I shall be, ready to fill your order!"

"That would be delicious!" he laughed.

"Then we could begin again where we left off. I was one of the cynics who thought romance was dead, and when I was doing the most prosaic errands for my mother—and not particularly keen about plunging into a seething bazaar like Arlington's, I found myself touched with the magic wand! It was wonderful! But we must have an understanding now that you won't hide from me if Miss Farnam should appear. You must play the game fair!"

"Oh, I shouldn't do that! But I know so much more now than I did."

"In particular, what?"

"Just the world and life and everything! Being with the Crosbys has been a real education for me in things I never knew about."

"The dear beautiful conventions, and social difference, and that sort of rubbish!"

"Oh, the Crosbys are not so conventional! Aunt Olive certainly is not." And she smiled the vivid Vivian smile. "But you know yourself that a gentleman socially and professionally distinguished should never ask



a shop girl to go to lunch with him—not even to meet his mother!”

“I accept the rebuke meekly,” he replied mockingly. “You were cruel to run away and make no sign!”

“There wasn’t time! And besides I couldn’t just call you on the telephone, or write you a note to say that I had decided to perpetrate a horrible fraud.”

“That would have been rather startling! But you really didn’t change yourself so that any one would notice it. If there had been a real transformation it would have broken my heart.”

“I can’t believe you would have minded so much.”

“I should mind very much anything that might make you other than you! But you couldn’t change if you wanted to. If you don’t mind my saying it, you are too thoroughly individual for that. Splendor,” he went on with a wave of the hand, “the handsomest house on the island, servants to spring at your bidding, haven’t affected you in the slightest. It’s an odd fact about

*Conwell was answering; the lamp gleamed twice; then a pistol shot boomed hollowly somewhere behind and beyond them, the sound rising eerily above the wind*

human nature that we really don’t want to change; we like ourselves as we are! If that weren’t so many disheartened souls would quit life in disgust. Hope keeps us alive, and then with an abrupt change of tone he added, “Hope is keeping me alive now!”

He touched her hand that hung inert from the arm of her chair; touched it lightly, caressingly and stepped back.

“I’ve always hated things I can’t change. There are so many things I’d like to change instantly. I suppose you must go through with the part you are playing here. But after that I shall have something to say to you. Give me your word that when you leave here you will not make it hard for me to find you—please!”

“No; I will not do that,” she answered in a voice so low that he scarcely heard.

“I beg your pardon, Dr. Wendling!” It was Simmons at the door.

“You are wanted at the telephone. You can answer from here, if you like, sir.”

“Yes, certainly!”

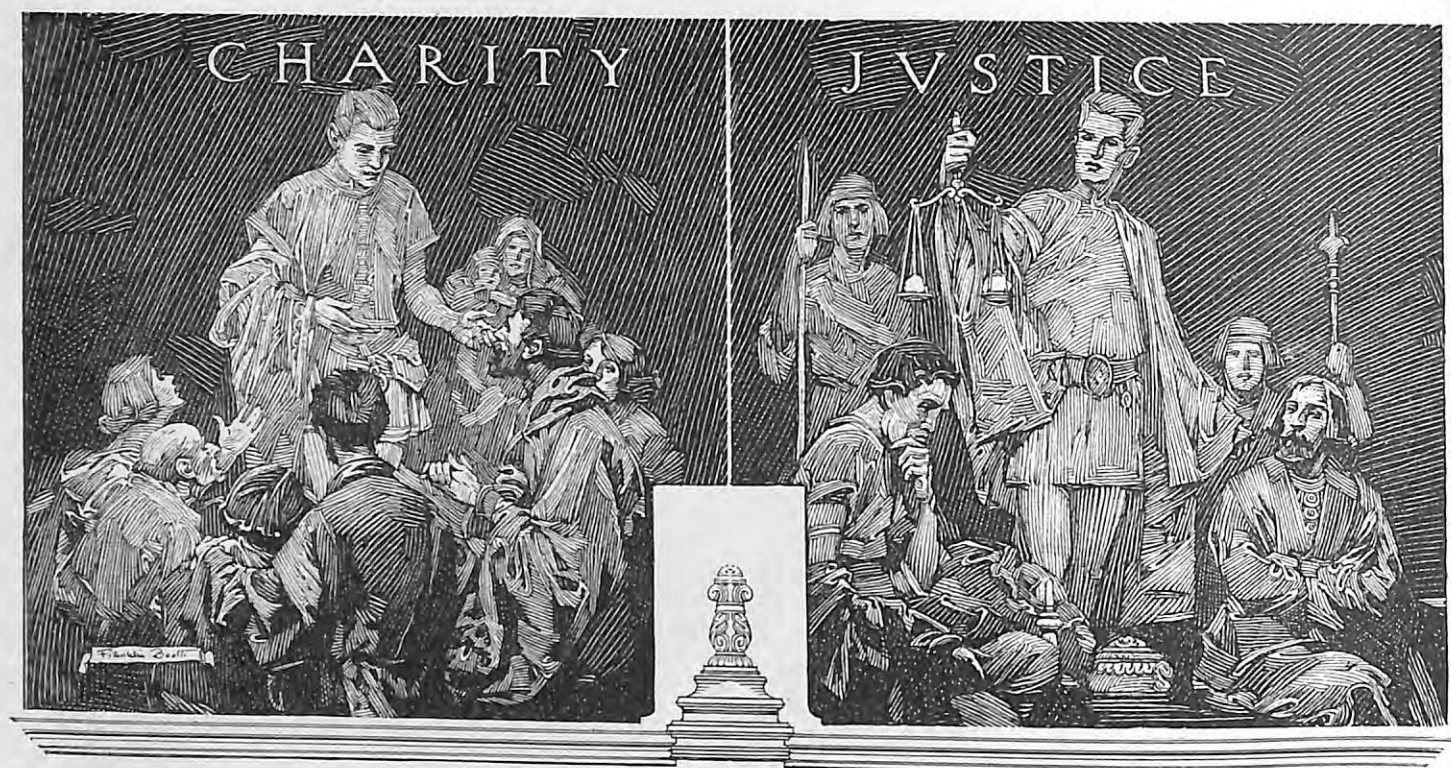
He supposed it one of the professional calls from which he was never wholly free. Simmons manipulated the device on the living-room table, waited to make sure the connection had not been lost, and left the room.

“Yes, May; this is Paul.” Wendling indicated to Oodles that she was not to leave. “It’s my sister,” he explained. “Yes; I hear you perfectly; go on! . . . Miss Morton? . . . When did that happen?”

Oodles rose the moment he repeated the name of the governess. Something had happened to Alice, something of serious importance, she judged, from the look of alarm on the doctor’s face.

“He had followed her, you think? . . . There must be some mistake; she wouldn’t

*(Continued on page 65)*



## EDITORIAL

### CIVIC CENTERS

EVERY Elks Club House in the United States should be a real civic center of the community in which it is established. Wherever this is not the case, it is an indication that the subordinate lodge that maintains it is neglecting its opportunities for community service and, to that extent, is failing in its high mission.

There is no other fraternal organization in the Country whose subordinate units are so well equipped for such service as the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks. Early in its history the custom became general for local lodges to erect buildings specially designed for their uses as meeting places, reading rooms, recreation halls, cafés and social quarters. And to-day the City which does not contain such a building is an exception. In many instances they are of such proportions and of such architectural beauty as to be regarded with just pride, not only by the members of the Order but by the public as well.

These buildings are almost universally designated as "Elks Clubs." And while this designation may seem, and regretably, to subordinate the Lodge feature, it is in one sense an apt term and correctly describes them; for they are "Clubs"; and that fact is a tribute to the fraternally social character of the Order.

But an Elks Club is something more than a mere social Club, and it should not be maintained and conducted with that selfish exclusiveness which may be quite appropriate to an organization that frankly claims no purpose beyond the comfort, pleasure and convenience of its own members.

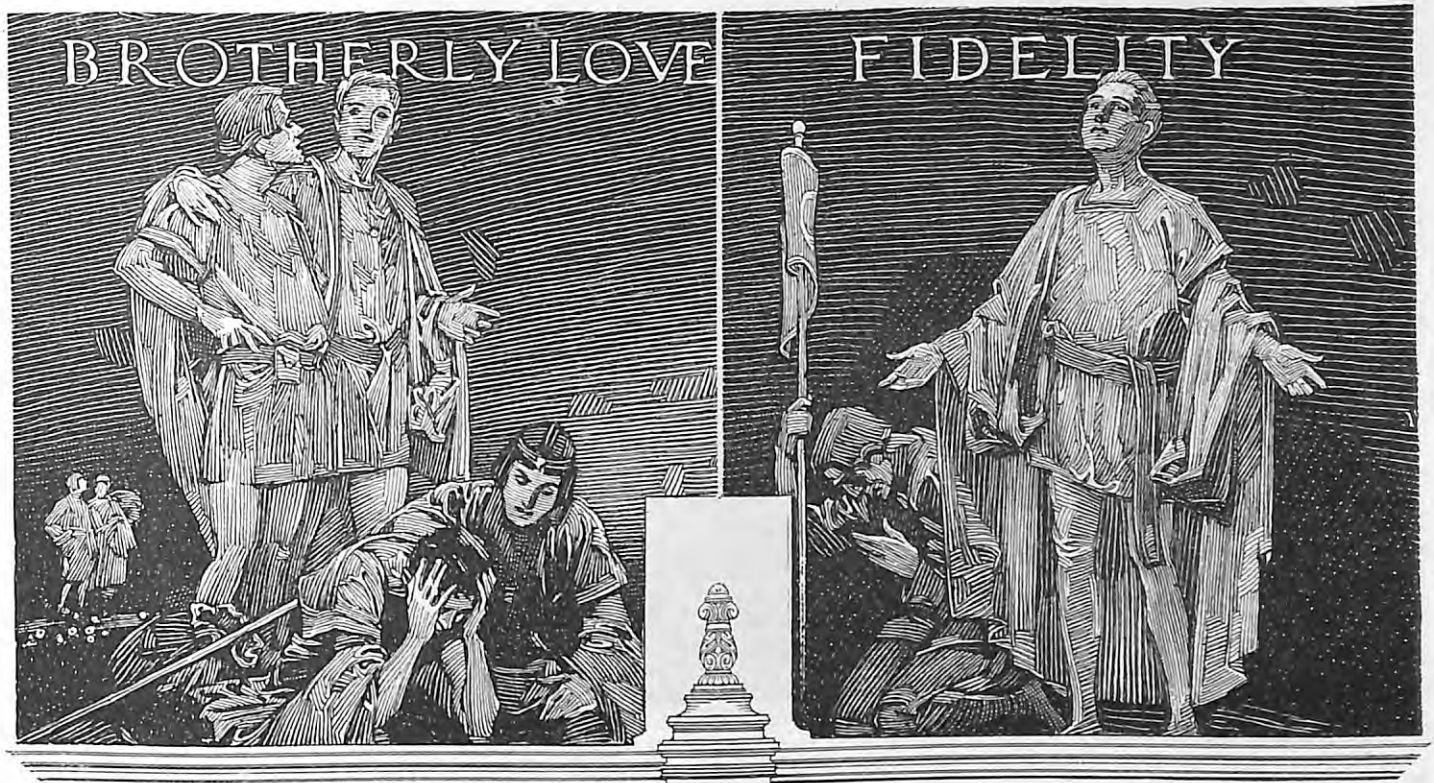
Of course the privilege of general access by individuals to the Club House and its facilities should be limited to the members of the Order and their duly accredited guests. Its distinctive character and its attractiveness would soon be lost

if this privilege were indiscriminately conferred. But it should be borne in mind that the Order of Elks is an organization whose chief object is service to all humanity. Each subordinate lodge is primarily an agency for the performance of that service in its particular community. And every well-equipped Elks Club House is a valuable physical instrumentality by the proper use of which the local lodge can more effectively function in carrying out its splendid purpose.

There is practically no limit that can be set for the appropriate activities of an Elk Lodge. Whatever concerns the welfare of our Country, whatever affects the well-being of its community, whatever interests, inspires and benefits its members and the people among whom they live, is of natural and proper concern to the Lodge. And it is by the intelligent and effective participation in such matters that the Elks Lodge is afforded opportunities to make itself felt as a leading and uplifting force.

Charity work, patriotic service, social welfare, work among boys, educational activities, wholesome entertainment, recreational facilities—all these are fertile fields in which an Elk Lodge should actively interest itself *as an organization*. And the Club House, as the home and headquarters of the organization, should not only be the outward symbol of its power and capacity for usefulness but an actually used instrumentality in their practical demonstration.

If a patriotic celebration is to be held, what more appropriate place could be furnished for its planning and consummation than the home of so patriotic an Order? If a convention is to assemble for the consideration of questions relating to the common good, where could it more appropriately convene than in the headquarters of an organization devoted to the common weal? If the citizens of a City be called together to take counsel concerning matters of community interest, where should an atmosphere be found more congenial and inspiring than in an Elks Club? And where can a clean and



wholesome entertainment be more fittingly provided than in the home of an organization that believes in disseminating joy and gladness to all? Committees engaged upon public service should be encouraged to meet there. Associations of women devoted to benevolence and Charity should be invited to make use of it. Other societies for the promotion of the public good should be welcomed to its facilities.

These public and semi-public uses of the Club House bring the members of the Order into direct contact with those activities in which, by virtue of their very membership, they have a peculiar interest. The influence of the fraternity as an organization is then definitely impressed upon the whole community. And the Elks Club becomes a civic center from which that influence radiates and to which, more and more, is attracted the favorable and grateful attention of those whose favor and gratitude is worth the winning.

The subordinate Lodge whose home is such a civic center will never lack for members of the highest character and standing.

Such uses of the Club House as are here suggested may to some slight extent curtail the exclusive enjoyment of it by its members. But the occasional inconveniences may well be sustained with generous good grace and accounted a personal contribution to the common good. Such an attitude would bespeak the true Elk.

### LODGE ROOM DECORUM

IN THE last number of the Magazine some observations were submitted anent the deportment of officers during Lodge sessions. It has been suggested that those observations might well have been extended to apply to the lodge room deportment of members generally.

The thought behind the previous editorial expression was that when a session of a subordinate Lodge is properly conducted by its officers, whose examples are worthy of emula-

tion, there is likely to be little basis for criticism of the members in attendance. But it is, of course, an obvious truth that the deportment of the lay members plays an important part in creating and preserving a proper atmosphere for any Lodge meeting.

In the main this is a matter within the control of an efficient presiding officer. However, there are frequent breaches of decorum which, while they are not readily subject to discipline or open censure at the time, materially detract from the pleasure and benefit which should be derived by all from Lodge attendance.

If members are inattentive to the proceedings; if they persist in private conversation during the performance of the ritual or the transaction of the business in hand; if they interject facetious remarks and indulge in ill-timed buffoonery; if they are negligent of the prescribed lodge room formalities; if they form into separate groups more intent upon social enjoyment than upon an intelligent and thoughtful participation in the proceedings; then their presence has exerted a hurtful, rather than a helpful, influence.

Attendance upon Lodge sessions by as large a number of the members as possible is eminently desirable. There is a potential dignity and importance that attaches to a well attended meeting merely by virtue of the fact that it is well attended. Interest and enthusiasm are mutually inspired by the associations and contacts of such a gathering, when that presence is characterized by seemly deportment and considerate attention. But, lacking this, mere attendance is a contribution of questionable value.

A session of an Elks Lodge is not intended to be a gloomy or depressing experience. Dignity does not require undue solemnity. Good humor and brightness should attend it always. Clean wit and wholesome merriment lighten it and make it more enjoyable. But neither is it an informal social entertainment; and it should not be so regarded by the members any more than it should be so conducted by the officers.



*Grand Exalted Ruler Masters at work in his office at Charleroi, Pa., and Miss Emma Scholl*

REHULA

## A Day With the Grand Exalted Ruler

By William Almon Wolff

WHEN I was asked to visit Charleroi, and spend a day with J. Edgar Masters, Grand Exalted Ruler of the Order of Elks, and write down what I learned, I had some reason to suppose that I should simply be doing again something I had done often enough in the past. I have visited great business executives in their offices and reported upon their work; I have written in the same way of men in public office—Herbert Hoover, for example. So, this time, I was to visit Mr. Masters and tell you, briefly and simply, how he went about doing the work you had delegated to him for a year, and just what that work was.

I hadn't been in Charleroi half an hour before I realized that there was a great—but rather a baffling—difference between the Grand Exalted Ruler's work—and his way of doing it—and the work of some man at the head of a great corporation. The difference wasn't, it isn't, a superficial one, by any means; it is something to be felt, rather than to be seen.

Outwardly Mr. Masters's office isn't unlike that of, say, Judge Gary, or President Smith of the New York Central lines. The variations, moreover, are not in essentials. Gary and Smith have more luxurious settings for their work, to be sure—although both happen to be simple in their tastes, when it comes to offices. But the Grand Exalted Ruler's office rather goes to extremes of simplicity.

There is, of course, a definite reason for that. The office moves every year; it isn't permanently located. This year in Charleroi, Pa.; last year in Toledo; the year before in San Francisco; next year—where? So simple furniture and appointments are always chosen; things that will serve for a year, and may then be sold. In a permanent office it would be good economy to install massive equipment. But when everything must be moved at the year's end it is another story.

So you see the Grand Exalted Ruler, this year, at work in two rooms in the First National Bank Building in Charleroi; small rooms, but pleasant, with plenty of light and air. And you see the customary office

equipment: desks, chairs, tables, typewriters, telephones, filing cabinets. Miss Emma Scholl, who has worked with every Grand Exalted Ruler since 1905, Roland W. Brown, Mr. Masters's secretary, and one stenographer make up the office force.

But neither the extreme simplicity of the office, nor the smallness of the working force, in proportion to the importance of the work it has to do, accounts for the feeling that there is something different from what is to be seen and felt in other offices. I have seen offices before, simple to the point of austerity, in which a great deal of extremely important work was done—just as I have seen offices gleaming with polished mahogany and brilliant with the colors of Oriental rugs in which mighty little was accomplished. You have to go into things more deeply before you get at the root of that difference.

The Grand Exalted Ruler, it must always be remembered, is not only the holder of a high and highly honored office; he has one of the stiffest and most exacting jobs that can come to any American to fill. He is, very literally and precisely, the active, actual head, the executive, of an order with a membership of 850,000 men, organized in about fourteen hundred separate lodges. His fixed and established duties and responsibilities, the things he knows in advance he will have to do, are very numerous. And no day passes that does not, almost as a matter of routine, bring up a certain number of tasks that can not be anticipated at all.

The sheer size, the bulk, of the order is an impressive thing. The Grand Exalted Ruler is and must be in constant touch with all its limitless activities. He is at the head of its fiscal system, with ultimate responsibility in the control of very large sums of money. He is, ex officio, a member of all its important standing committees, and he is, moreover, a member in no figurative sense, but meets and

consults with them all. Tradition and a due regard for his work alike require him to visit as many lodges, in person, as time permits, and Mr. Masters expects so to have visited at least a hundred lodges before he lays down his gavel for the last time at Atlanta.

The mileage of a diligent Grand Exalted Ruler—and there is no record that I can find of one who was not diligent!—must run well up into six figures every year. Mr. Masters got back from Louisville, Ky., the night before my arrival in Charleroi. He is going to Washington early in February; soon after that, to New York and for a tour of visits among the New England lodges. While I was with him he and his secretary were working out, with a vexed regard for time-tables, the details of a trip that will take him far out into Missouri. And remember that every trip means a piling up of mail and matters requiring his personal attention against his return; things that can not be disposed of without his advice and his authority.

I don't know the antonym for the word *sinecure*, but the office of Grand Exalted Ruler is it, anyway. I doubt if any executive in the country has to work harder and more steadily.

THERE are compensations, of course; they match the tasks and the responsibilities of the office. No man who has held it can, I suppose, ever be quite the same again. It is a very wonderful thing, naturally, to be honored, as every Grand Exalted Ruler is; to be, for example, the guest of honor, as J. Edgar Masters and his predecessors have been, and his successors will be, at banquets where men in high office sit down at the board simply as Elks, joining their brother Elks in doing honor to the head of their Order.

There is a large, fine splendor about that picture of the Grand Exalted Ruler, welcomed everywhere, an honored guest wherever he may find the time to go. But it is very well to have in mind, too, the reverse side of that picture; to remember the breathless rushes to catch trains that must

by no means be missed if rigorous schedules are not to be wrecked; the weariness that comes after night upon night in sleeping-cars; the knowledge that all the time, in the distant office, work is piling up that must be attacked the moment he gets back, without time for rest or any interlude.

But now—what is the Grand Exalted Ruler's work, and how is it done? It was, after all, to answer those two questions that I went to Charleroi.

Immediately upon taking office the Grand Exalted Ruler must make certain appointments of great importance. He must name, so soon as may be, the great standing committees and the District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers. In all he must make something like a hundred and fifty appointments. Here, at once, is a great demand upon both judgment and tact. And upon his time. No Grand Exalted Ruler makes these appointments without much consultation; he talks to others, and exchanges letters with them, naturally, in the effort to secure the best men available.

**A**MONG the appointments to which every Grand Exalted Ruler gives the most anxious thought are those of his own District Deputies. Remember that the order covers every foot of the territory of the United States; that there are nearly fourteen hundred separate lodges. It is a physical impossibility for the head of the order to visit and keep in direct personal touch with them all.

The District Deputies are his immediate and personal representatives. To them are delegated certain of his powers. In his stead, each must visit, at least once during his term, every lodge in his district, and must make a prompt and full report of what he sees and hears. It is through these Deputies that the Grand Exalted Ruler keeps his finger upon the pulse of the order. Obviously, therefore, the success of his administration must very largely depend upon the judgment he shows in naming them.

It was under Mr. Masters's predecessor, W. W. Mountain, that there was instituted what is likely to become an annual custom—a meeting in Chicago for the installation of the District Deputies, attended also by the Grand Exalted Ruler and other Grand Lodge officers, and by the heads of the great committees. Mr. Masters also invited the heads of state associations to attend this meeting.

When I saw him in Charleroi, Mr. Masters, thanks to the reports he had already received from his District Deputies, could have answered any question asked of him concerning more than half the lodges of the order. He could have told me, concerning any one of these lodges, the record of attendance, the situation as to the collection of dues, the proficiency of the officers in ritualistic work, the nature and the extent of charitable and community activities.

These reports come in every day, and their study is one of the Grand Exalted Ruler's chief tasks. In no sense is the consideration they receive perfunctory. They are read and studied with care; invariably they lead to some correspondence. A good report results in a letter of commendation to the Exalted Ruler of the lodge; a bad one, according to its character, to prompt remedial action.

Mr. Masters had read with concern, on the day of my visit, a report concerning an Iowa lodge. It was not holding its place in the community. Attendance was bad; interest was not being shown. He wrote to the Exalted Ruler at once, in all kindness

and sympathy, urging him to renewed efforts; he made specific suggestions for the improvement of certain conditions. And he wrote, also, a personal letter to each of twenty past Exalted Rulers of that lodge, bespeaking his help for the officers.

The record of that lodge will be watched, henceforth, with special care. The District Deputy will visit it again—and still again, if there be need. The Grand Exalted Ruler will have its troubles in mind. He will be swift to praise evidences of a renewed vitality; he will be ready to give help, support, advice, as they are needed.

On the same day the Grand Exalted Ruler had read a report of lax attendance in a New England lodge, and of lack of familiarity of its officers with the ritual. His letter of reproof was promptly sent; a letter kind, but firm.

The Grand Exalted Ruler does have, you see, a certain sort of omniscience. Little can happen in a subordinate lodge that is of concern to the order as a whole without coming to his attention.

It is rather easy, at this stage, to say that the Grand Exalted Ruler's work really does resemble greatly that of the head of some gigantic corporation. Here is a vast organization, of extraordinary ramifications. Its membership is widely scattered; it functions through a great number of subordinate lodges, almost wholly autonomous, and remote indeed, in many cases, from the office of the Grand Exalted Ruler. Yet there must be coordination among the lodges; they must work together for the common good. True enough, they want to do just that; knowingly, not one of them would oppose any obstacle to the achievement of that end. But there must be constant supervision and direction. As much might be said of an organization of chain stores, spread out over the country.

And that brings me back at last to my starting-point. For there is, for all the superficial resemblance, all the difference in the world between the Grand Exalted Ruler and his business prototype.



*Roland W. Brown, secretary to Mr. Masters, and his own assistant*

It is a difference that reveals itself, finally, as one of ultimate objectives. Your business executive must think in the end, after all, of profits. His decisions must be based upon the greatest possible return to the stockholders who employ him. He may be as kindly, as genial, as you please, and still, in the long run, the thought of his balance sheet must rule him. He must, at

times, be ruthless. If it is to the advantage of the business, for example, to foster rivalry, to encourage men to work against one another, he must do so.

The ultimate objective of the Grand Exalted Ruler is quite different. It is that of the order. A single word expresses it—fellowship.

The moment you come to that thought the mystery of the difference between the Grand Exalted Ruler's office and almost any other office vanishes.

**I** WAS allowed to sit by Mr. Masters's desk for a time, while the ordinary, routine work went on as if I had not been there. Letters were read; answers dictated. From time to time Mr. Masters called upon Miss Scholl's accumulated knowledge of precedents. And invariably one thought appeared behind every decision. Was there some question of a dispute concerning the statutes? Were two lodges at odds, for the moment, over a question of jurisdiction? Had a brother transgressed the law of the order, but in such a way that the law might be interpreted in more than one fashion? Had a lodge doubts as to its right to take part in some activity beneficial to its community?

Always the attack was upon the heart of the problem. What decision would best promote fellowship and good-will? Do most to avert ill-feeling, most certainly restore or create the spirit of fraternal co-operation and progress? That was the decision to be given.

And this, most obviously, was no new thing. Mr. Masters is a kindly man; a tolerant one; an exponent of all the fraternal virtue. But I am certain that I should have carried away precisely this same impression had my visit been paid during the administration of Mr. Mountain, or Mr. Abbott, or Mr. Nicholson, or Mr. Benjamin, or any of the other Grand Exalted Rulers of the past. And I am just as certain that the same story could be told next year.

This is a great thing, a very great thing. This office has come to be one of those rare and remarkable ones that, demanding the very best man to be had, are still themselves greater than any man who fills them can hope to be. It lends to its incumbent, no matter how rich he may be in the graces of the spirit, greater treasures still.

The Grand Exalted Ruler, as I have tried to show, undertakes a great task when he assumes office. He may look forward to busy days, and to many busy nights as well. The mere routine of his office insures so much. But he must count, too, upon much labor not to be foreseen.

He must, for example, keep a watchful eye upon the work of the subordinate forums in the lodges that try offences against the laws of the order. Human nature is a frail thing; a brother, tried by brothers of his lodge, may be dealt with, at times, too leniently. The Grand Exalted Ruler must, in all charity and kindness, take account of cases such as these. If he be convinced that the forum has erred upon the side of leniency—or if, for that matter, in some rare case, the error lies the other way—it is his right, and his duty, personally to appeal to the Grand Forum.

From the beginning Elks have been ready to give aid when and where it was needed. The charitable work of the order has become one of its great activities, and one which engages much of the time and the thought of every Grand Exalted Ruler. It is work to be done quietly and without ostentation or

*(Continued on page 69)*

# The Values and Advantages That Come With Being an Elk

## What Real Constructive Fellowship Means To The Community

By Rev. J. Bradford Pengelly

Dr. J. Bradford Pengelly, Rector of St. Paul's Church, Flint, Michigan, is the Chaplain of Flint Lodge. His activities within the Church and in the Order have given him a keen insight into the possibilities of social and community welfare service.

**P**EOPLE are the most interesting things in the world. The next most interesting things are the institutions which people create. Of all the interesting people in this world none are more interesting to me than Elks. And of all the interesting institutions created by people none is more valuable to American men in many ways than the Order of Elks. Creative genius makes a person interesting and valuable. Creative, constructive work makes a fraternal organization worth while. As creators, Elks and the Order of Elks have a big place in our life.

A great French scientist has pointed out that there are four sexes; men who are men, men who are women, women who are women, and women who are men. All the Elks I ever knew are men who are men. It is wonderful to have a membership in an organization composed of men who are men. Any person who knows Elks will readily admit that they are a group of real men who have real ideas, who are really going to put them into effect, in a real, practical world. Practical, constructive reality is certainly one of the outstanding and striking elements of the Order.

But even real men, standing individually and alone, can accomplish little compared with what such men banded together in fellowship can achieve. One of the ideals toward which human society has been striving for countless ages is unity and cooperation. As society realizes this ideal it becomes more fraternal and useful. The ultimate goal for humanity, I should say, is a great fellowship based on service. It seems to be the case that we need fellowship in order to understand one another before we can achieve cooperation, or, to put it in another way, brotherliness is necessary to unity and progress.

**T**HE Order of Elks not only teaches but inspires fellowship. This fellowship is not slushy but virile. It is the fellowship of men who have an aim and are going in the direction of that aim and are carrying others along with them in the same direction. This fellowship of constructive idealism is a force which draws the most creative and active men of our great American communities into the Order and unites them for the purpose of doing things.

The constructive ideals of the Order of Elks growing out of this fellowship can be seen and valued in many very practical ways. For instance, there was the work of the Order during the war. I think it is safe to say that no other organization of equal membership accomplished so much as the Elks in patriotic service during the war and immediately after. The support of the Salvation Army, the use of the Elks Clubs for war work, the help to individual soldiers, the

teaching of patriotism, the example of individual Elks, all combined to leave impressions on the country which will be lasting. Any man who is a member of the Elks can not but be proud of the war record of the Order.

But we are still in the throes of a period of rebuilding. This period of rebuilding is

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*"OF ALL the interesting people in this world none are more interesting to me than Elks. And of all the interesting institutions created by people none is more valuable to American men than the Order of Elks. . . . The value of being an Elk is both individual and social. Every Elk is helped by being an Elk and is placed in a position to serve through the Order. The advantage is equally evident, for every Elk has the opportunity of becoming a bigger man individually and of making through the Order a real contribution to his city and country"*

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going to cover many years, for the reason that our work in this country will not be done until the reconstruction has taken place in all the other great countries of the world. We are a great link, probably the greatest link, in that chain of human society called nations, and that chain is really no stronger than its weakest link. We may therefore really say that the reconstruction era has only just begun. Europe and Asia must recover before America can be entirely well.

In such times as these, we need real men, great leaders. Leaders may be born but they must also be trained. The Elks have undertaken a most remarkable work in the establishing of scholarships for poor and worthy boys whose mentality gives promise of leadership. What the value of a few well trained, able men of this type can be in their respective places, we can not overestimate. Here is the beginning of a most constructive and helpful service to the New America that must come.

**O**CCASIONALLY we see and hear the expression, "The New Americanism." Those three words sum up for me the national problems of this country for probably the next two or three generations. We hardly realized until the war came what a conglomerate, confused lot of people composed the American nation. The old boast that we were drawn from all parts of the world was gloriously and pathetically true. It was gloriously true because the United States has been a refuge for oppressed people and a land of promise for ambitious people. Naturally people flocked here from every

quarter. It was pathetically true because we never really assimilated millions of these people. Consequently in all of our large cities we have little Hungarians, little Russians, little Italys, little Greeces, etc. Instead of being all one great American people we are many different peoples jumbled together. The glory of our population is in its possibility, the pathos is in its lack of unity. Our problem for the next one hundred years will be to create unity in this great mass of discordant and distressed humanity.

**I**T DOES not seem egotism to say that one of the greatest organizations in the country to bring this about, is the Order of Elks. Take, for example, our celebration of Flag Day. Here in the city of Flint our celebration of Flag Day last June attracted more people than the November Armistice Day parade, and I think it was a greater demonstration in many ways. There are no reasons why the observance of Flag Day can not be more universal and more forceful in its observation. It can become a rallying point for unifying the people.

Fine as the Flag Day observance is, I do not think it goes far enough. It ought to be followed by some more practical efforts. In nearly every city of any size there are generally two classes of foreign-born people taken into American citizenship every year, one in the spring and the other in the fall. Why could there not be some way of relating the patriotic thought and action of the Order of Elks to these people at this time when they are so sensitive to sympathy and cooperation from their new American brothers. Probably there is no other time in the experience of these foreign-born Americans when they would be so susceptible to kindness and the right hand of fellowship as when they become citizens of this country. Could not every Lodge have an Americanization Committee whose business it would be to get into touch with these people at this time and if they did nothing more than present them with a beautiful American flag they would be accomplishing something.

**B**UT we could do more than that. We have our splendid Club Rooms and Lodge Halls everywhere. Why not have an "American-International" night twice a year and invite all these foreign groups to come together. Let us have an address or two by some of the members of the Lodge and then have a leader of each group of foreigners make an address, after which a buffet supper could be served. I feel that such a night would show these new Americans that we are at least interested in them, that we desire a fellowship with them, that we want to know them and want them to know us.

The value of being an Elk is both individual and social. Every Elk is helped by being an Elk and is placed in a position to serve through the Order. The advantage is equally evident, for every Elk has the opportunity of becoming a bigger man individually and of making through the Order a real contribution to his city and country.



## Under the Spreading Antlers

### They Tell These Tales

#### Grand Exalted Ruler Masters Renders Compliments to the Order

**A**FTER devoting the larger part of a recent day to official correspondence received from District Deputies describing conditions prevailing throughout the country, Grand Exalted Ruler J. Edgar Masters smiled a satisfied smile and remarked with a twinkle:

"I find much to commend in our Lodges but very little to criticize, and of the very little to criticize, there is only a minimum that isn't easy of correction. As a whole and as an Order, we are in splendid condition. Elks are making real progress, healthy and normal. Their secret of success is in finding happiness for themselves in making others happy."

#### Death Halts Initiation Ceremony, Exalted Ruler Kuehle Suddenly Stricken

Among Elks the hour of "Eleven" has a sacred significance. Cleveland Lodge was completing the initiation of a class. The hall was filled to witness the rites. Exalted Ruler H. A. Kuehle was presiding. Of a sudden his voice lowered to almost a whisper. Then he faltered and crumpled on his side. At first nobody suspected the Exalted Ruler was dying. Several hurried to his aid as Mr. Kuehle fell forward. The scene was affecting. The hands of the clock pointed to 10:50 p. m. An ambulance took Mr. Kuehle to St. Luke's Hospital where later he passed away. Cerebral hemorrhage was assigned as the cause. Mr. Kuehle was prominent and popular in public life. Several times he had served as organist for Cleveland Lodge and afterwards graduated through the Chairs.

#### Gave a Pint of His Blood—Ogden Elk Volunteers to Save a Life

Robert Hendershot, member of Ogden (Utah) Lodge, proved his lesson in Brotherhood which he learned when he joined the Order and has been conscientiously practicing ever since. When appeal was made by P. H. Seebohm of Jackson Hole, Wyo., and former State Game Warden, to any member of the local Elks' Lodge for a pint of human blood to save the life of Dr. A. L. Cory, Mr. Hendershot volunteered. Dr. Cory is

an old gentleman, being seventy-five. He was removed from Kelly, Wyo., to the Utah city to undergo blood transfusion from somebody in perfect health for the purpose of fortifying him for the ordeal of a major operation. The transfusion was successfully accomplished. At last accounts, Dr. Cory was doing well.

#### Alabama Elks Form New State Association

The reorganization of the Alabama Elks' Association has been completed. At a meeting held in the Elks' Club-rooms at Montgomery, Judge B. M. Allen, Past Grand Exalted Ruler, was elected President and a full equipment of officers chosen. The Constitution and By-Laws, which had been prepared in advance, were adopted. The annual meeting was fixed for the second Tuesday in May. Florence and Sheffield Lodges will jointly entertain the Association on this renewed occasion. The officers upon whom the work of building up a strong and vital organization has fallen are: First Vice-President Dr. H. J. Tippet (Dothan Lodge); Second Vice-President H. M. Blue (Montgomery Lodge); Third Vice-President B. M. Spielberger (Sheffield Lodge); Secretary B. H. Gatlin (Florence Lodge).

#### Fatal Summons for Joseph B. Messick, Jr.—Died While His Father Was Being Buried

The announcement that Joseph B. Messick, Jr., has answered the fatal summons comes as a shock of sorrow to his friends throughout the Order of Elks. Death ensued on February 7 and was due to pneumonia. The closing scene was at his home in East St. Louis, Ill. Grief was doubled in intensity because of the fact that the passing occurred while his father, Judge Joseph B. Messick, Sr., was being buried. As the always obliging, efficient, happy-hearted Secretary to both Past Grand Exalted Rulers Bruce A. Campbell and William W. Mountain, in turn, his memory will be fondly cherished. Both father and son now lamented served as Exalted Rulers of East St. Louis Lodge.

#### Succession of Banquets Served for the Grand Exalted Ruler

In the recent past, Grand Exalted Ruler J. Edgar Masters has attended as guest of

honor various banquets served in East St. Louis, Ill.; St. Louis, Mo.; Mexico, Mo.; Chicago, Ill.; Washington, D. C.; New York City (where the founding was acclaimed); Jersey City, N. J.; Newark, N. J.; and Boston, in which latter city the State Association of Massachusetts participated in rendering homage to the head of the Order.

#### All of Them Elk Members: Five Justices of Montana

The Supreme Court of Montana consists of five Justices, all of whom are members of the Order of Elks. Lew. L. Callaway, the Chief Justice, is a charter member of Virginia City Lodge. He is Past Exalted Ruler, Past District Deputy, Western District of Montana, and a favorite Memorial Day orator. He was appointed Chief Justice on September 28, 1922, to succeed Theo. Brantly, deceased, a member of Helena Lodge, and Chief Justice of Montana for twenty-four years. Judge Callaway was elected Chief Justice in November for a term of six years. William L. Holloway, who has been an Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of Montana for twenty years, is a member of Bozeman Lodge. Charles H. Cooper, Associate Justice, is a member of Helena Lodge. Albert J. Galen, Associate Justice, recently decorated with the Distinguished Service Medal for extraordinary valor, is a member of Helena Lodge. Albert P. Stark, elected Associate Justice in November, is a member of Livingston Lodge.

#### Philadelphia Officers Initiate Large Class

Elks of Chester (Pa.) had a gala time when the famous Degree Team of Philadelphia (Pa.) Lodge officiated at one of the largest initiations ever staged by No. 488. The team was accompanied by a guard of honor, a mounted guard, a band and other units totalling in all 350 men.

#### Praiseworthy Efforts For the Benefit of Members

The best and most successful among us are liable, from time to time, to encounter reverses. These are times when a hand on the shoulder, the friendly word and assistance from those we know, can lift us out of the rut of temporary defeat and set us once more on the highway toward new and better achievement. It is in this

spirit of mutual interest that many Lodges have taken up the work of rendering real and tangible service to members whenever the need for such service is required. Every Lodge has its own angle on the problem and its own method of evolving the details. Generally speaking, the Secretary acquaints the membership by personal interviews, letters or by announcement in the printed Bulletin, with the past experience of the person in need of assistance. Splendid co-operation is by these means obtained from those in a position to employ men, and the job and the man are, in the majority of cases, brought together promptly and satisfactorily. All of which is praiseworthy. It is to be anticipated that Lodges which have not yet fully considered this important subject will give it careful consideration in the usual course.

#### **\$5,000 Gift to the Salvation Army. Each Member Assessed \$5 in Addition**

Youngstown (Ohio) Lodge, starting a drive for the Salvation Army, voted a gift of \$5,000 to the cause, and in addition assessed each individual member \$5, payable at his option—cash or equal settlement in April and October of 1923. "God Bless the Elks" was the comment made by the committee in charge and echoed by every poor person who will share in the benefits. Moreover, the Lodge has organized an Elks' team to take part in energizing and directing the drive.

#### **Union Hill Clinic Established— World-famous Surgeon Treats Cripples**

Union Hill (N. J.) Elks have established, in line with their Social and Community Welfare Work, a clinic for crippled children. John M. Bussow, Chairman of the Welfare Committee, is supervisor and Dr. Abraham Urevitz, also a member of Union Hill Lodge, is physician in charge. The clinic is known as "Union Hill Lodge of Elks' Clinic for Crippled Children" and is held every Wednesday from 9 A. M. until 12 noon. A large number of children are examined and each case is diagnosed and treatment prescribed and given by Dr. Urevitz and his staff of assistants. Union Hill Lodge recently had the honor of having the great surgeon, Dr. Adolph Lorenz, visit the clinic. Forty-eight children received attention at his hands on that day. After the clinic Dr. Lorenz was given a luncheon by the members at which he voiced his appreciation of the good work being done by the Elks of Union Hill, and throughout the United States. Joseph G. Buch, President of the New Jersey State Association, who has been interested in similar welfare work, was also a guest of honor. At the present time, Union Hill Clinic is taking care of cases from Jersey City, Hoboken, Weehawken, Englewood and other neighboring districts. It is expected that the success of the Union Hill Clinic will lead to the establishment of similar organizations in these and other communities.

#### **Good Fellows Get Together. The Season of Banquet Glitter**

Now recurs the season of banquet glitter, when the Order of Elks yields itself to the graces of commemorating an anniversary historic in our annals and outstanding on our calendar, or providing special honors for the Grand Exalted Ruler or other eminent Elks altogether worthy of distinguished consideration; when good fellows are convivially reminded to sit together and dine on the fat of the land and revel to the

heart's delight while our orators, specially trained for these present purposes, turn on the flow and sparkle and eloquent inspirations in acclaiming the splendid things the Order has achieved, is achieving, and will hereafter achieve. Usually before the evening ends, the toastmaster, with a few well-chosen words, surprises a favorite guest with a handsome testimonial, in which gift everybody shares and takes pride. Toward the conclusion, somebody starts the chorus to confirm that "He's a Jolly Good Fellow" and a grand climax rolls its cadence heavenward with the Elk hymn, "Should Auld Acquaintance Be Forgot." Whereupon, each diner remarks to every other diner that nobody ever had a better time in all his life. Uniquely the Elk has a weakness for the sociability of victuals served en masse style. So beguiled is he by these opportunities that he cheerfully defies the penalty of gout or indigestion rather than miss them. This year establishes a new record for agreeable occasions of this character. Unmistakably these events testify the stability and prosperity of the Order, the happiness that pervades its fellowship and baptizes anew the faithful at the Fountain of the Virtues. Here's to them, one and all. Like the brook Tennyson sings about, may they "go on forever." Never must it be forgotten for an instant that a serious purpose predominates every Elk banquet. In a real and revealing sense, these occasions are ceremonials conducted with high regard for dignity and decorum, finely flavored with merriment.

#### **Many Vital Propositions Under Committee Advisement**

Acting with the approval of Grand Exalted Ruler Masters, Chairman John F. Malley called a meeting of the Committee on Good of the Order, which was held in New York City February 15-16. In addition to Chairman Malley, Judge John C. Karel of Milwaukee, Wis., and Judge W. H. Crum of Springfield, Ill., constitute the Committee. The meeting took the character of an open hearing and listened to the counsel and suggestions of those who have given serious thought to the various propositions under advisement. Prospectively the details embrace: (1) Junior Elk movement; (2) Boy Scout activities; (3) Recreational Fields and Promotion of Athletics; (4) Elk Scholarship Foundations; (5) Care of children; (a) Should Elks establish a home or homes in which the orphan or needy children of Elks can be cared for after the plan of the Elks National Home at Bedford, Va.? (b) Should the work of Subordinate Lodges for the benefit of children be made uniform, or should the present situation of different activities in different parts of the country, regulated according to the peculiar needs of respective districts, be approved and encouraged? (c) Should Elks take up the work of correctional surgery for crippled children? (6) Should Elks take up correctional and reconstructional work in general? Intensive interest was exhibited and much valuable advice was offered.

#### **Grand Lodge Reunion of Old Timers. Call Issued for Atlanta**

At a Grand Lodge meeting (prior to 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 seated as members of the Grand Lodge. Birmingham (Ala.) Lodge is proud to claim three members of the Grand Lodge under this former regulation.

They are: Past Grand Exalted Ruler B. M. Allen (Exalted Ruler); Capt. C. E. Meglemery (Esteemed Loyal Knight), and Harry W. English (Secretary). These gentlemen were elected officers at the institution of Birmingham Lodge, March 25, 1888. When the membership increased, a resolution was adopted that discontinued seating the first six members of Lodges. At present, Mr. English is anxious to establish communication with each of these old members of the Grand Lodge as described, with a view of holding a reunion coincident with the Grand Lodge meeting in Atlanta, Ga., this coming July.

#### **Elks Combine Fighting Forces To Destroy Narcotic Menace**

Many Lodges throughout the country have either under advisement at this time or have been spurred into action and are already on record with ringing resolutions denouncing the nefarious traffic in narcotics and pledging their best efforts to a determined movement to forever suppress the menace of opium, morphine, cocaine and kindred destroying drugs. Chicago Lodge took the lead in launching this righteous crusade. It proceeded upon a suggestion offered by the Social and Community Welfare Committee acting upon a general instruction issued by the Grand Lodge. The response was instant. From far and near a spirit of revolt against the horror has grown and expanded and still spreads rapidly until it would seem that the whole country has been aroused and defensively arrayed. Some recent events have hastened and solidified the momentum. Elks at Yakima, Wash., and Portland, Ore., are among the latest acquisitions to the fighting forces. All resolutions adopted urge President Harding to utilize every means within his power to suppress the shame. The program has the endorsement of Grand Exalted Ruler Masters. One outstanding feature of the plan set in action provides for an international conference that will formulate and carry vigorously forward all steps necessary to eradicate and prevent a recurrence of the evil, not only in all quarters of the United States but in all civilized countries where the reform influence can be made to reach and apply and the weak and misguided be saved from death and worse.

#### **In Excess of a Million San Francisco's Plans**

Plans for a thirteen-story Elks' Home and Club-House, costing in excess of \$1,000,000, projected for San Francisco (Calif.) Lodge, are under advisement. Recent accessions in membership hastened conclusion to proceed without delay. As proposed, the lower or basement floor will accommodate the Roman plunge, said to be the prettiest salt water tank in the country. On the first floor will be the main entrance leading to the offices. The second floor is given entirely to Lodge-room purposes, the hall being one of the largest on the Pacific Coast, having clear floor space 50 x 70 feet. The main floor and gallery of the Lodge will seat 1,200 people. A fully equipped stage for entertainments and a maple dancing-floor for social diversions will make the combined Lodge area useful and popular. In the front of the building on the second floor will be a memorial hall. The gallery on the Lodge floor will afford space for secretary's offices, ladies' rest and accessories, including the organ loft, projection booth and musicians' quarters. The main lounging room

in front and dining space will be located on the third floor. On special occasions, the entire third floor can be used in one suite. On the fourth floor will be accommodations for billiards, buffet and cards, lounging and game rooms. From the fifth to the thirteenth floors, thirteen double bedrooms are to be placed on each floor, all being outside rooms and with bath. The furnishings and accessories will be the finest obtainable and every detail will be faithfully carried out to accomplish a maximum of comfort.

### *Toasting Their Leader, Fourteen Lodges Join in Banquet*

The fourteen Lodges comprising the Pennsylvania North Central District banqueted Grand Exalted Ruler Masters at Williamsport. The occasion was attended by 400 members. District Deputy Howard R. Davis officiated as toastmaster. There was a sparkling flow of fellowship and many responses that were enthusiastically applauded. Interest centered in the address of the Grand Exalted Ruler who spoke as usual, forcefully and persuasively. Mr. Masters described some of the ambitions the Order of Elks was striving to accomplish. Among them he mentioned: Recreation Fields in every community where there is an Elk Lodge, Social Welfare Work embracing the Big Brother movement, directing intensive efforts toward preaching and teaching the doctrines of Americanism, fostering Boy Scout troupes, helping to educate the rising generation. At the conclusion, the fourteen Lodges united in presenting the Grand Exalted Ruler with a sterling silver tea service accompanied by their compliments and very best wishes. The Williamsport Band and Glee Club enlivened with melodies during the evening.

### *Plans Rapidly Maturing For Omaha's Club-house*

Elks of Omaha (Neb.) are in high spirits these days. Plans are rapidly maturing for their fine Club-house which is in sight at last. Bids have been received and opened. It is estimated that the cost of construction will figure close to the \$1,000,000 mark. Its actual work will begin shortly. The fellowship of No. 39 confidently expects to enjoy its house-warming within a year. The occasion will be made historic within the annals of the Order.

### *Phoenix Elks to Have Attractive New Club-house*

Phoenix (Ariz.) Lodge is out for a handsome new home building to cost approximately \$400,000. Plans under consideration call for a four-story structure. The ground floor will be occupied with stores. The remainder of the building will be devoted to club-rooms, restaurant, billiard parlor, Lodge accommodations, and dormitory. The Lodge-room on the fourth floor will measure 65 x 90 feet and will be also used for receptions, dances and banquets. A roof garden is included in the plans.

### *President Murphy Advocates Staunch Support of Elk Program*

President John P. Murphy of the Minnesota State Elks Association, in making his official visit to Minneapolis Lodge, stressed the importance of every member getting stanchly together behind the Grand Lodge in carrying forward the administration purposes for the advancement of all interests. In the course of his remarks, Mr. Murphy

referred to THE ELKS MAGAZINE as undoubtedly the greatest of its kind any Elk had ever seen, and easily the leader in the field of fraternal publications.

### *Wyoming Organizes "The Executive Council"*

A meeting of the officers of the various Wyoming Lodges was held at Cheyenne. An organization was perfected to be known as "The Executive Council," to consist of three members from each Lodge—the Exalted Ruler, the Secretary and either a Past Exalted Ruler or the Chairman of the Community Welfare Committee, according to the choice of the several Lodges. These officials are to meet annually, about the first of September, for the purpose of propagating the work of the Order and for an interchange of ideas. W. W. Slack, Secretary of Casper Lodge, was chosen as Secretary of the Executive Council. On account of the great distances to be traveled between Wyoming Lodges, it was not deemed practicable or expedient to organize on the same basis as other State Associations. "The Executive Council" will have the same ideals and will accomplish the same good at considerably less expense.

### *A Record to Command Admiration. \$57,000 Raised by New York Lodge*

In this feverish age, when the rush and crush of money-making pursuits seem to expel almost every sentiment from the mind, an unparalleled Elk event becomes highly gratifying. When the Grand Lodge created the Social and Community Welfare Committee, it brought into existence similar Committees in Subordinate Lodges, sinewy right arms acting in concert with the grand body. When the Christmas Committee was appointed by New York Lodge No. 1, Chairman A. F. Groll announced that in providing for the necessary expense, the Lodge Treasury would not be drawn upon for a dollar and that the financing would be provided along altogether original lines.

When Thomas W. Keene, the late tragedian, retired from office as first Exalted Ruler of San Francisco Lodge, No. 3, he was presented with a magnificent diamond-studded Past Exalted Ruler's jewel and later bequeathed it to his daughter, Mrs. Edwin Arden, who, years later, donated the jewel to the Actors' Fund to be contested for at a bazaar held in aid of a worthy cause. The fortunate member who won the jewel was Samuel Lewis of New York Lodge. This jewel remained in the possession of Mr. Lewis until he generously gave it to help increase the funds of the Social and Community Welfare Committee. And thus it happened that from this source over \$13,000 was raised and in so doing, the admirers of Timothy Mara secured for him the valuable trophy. A souvenir program, called the Book of Gold, swelled the receipts by \$10,000. By other ways and means and through personal donations, a grand total of \$57,000 was reached, and it must be remembered that the Committee had started its work without a dollar in pocket.

Eight thousand worthy poor children saw the resplendent Christmas tree at the Home on Christmas Day, and received gifts of wearing apparel, toys, candies and endless other good things. Over two thousand unfortunate families received baskets full of substantial Christmas provender or dinners. Checks varying from ten dollars to one hundred dollars were sent as surprise gifts to those whose names appear upon the Lodge relief lists. After paying all expenses,

the Social and Community Welfare Committee had a surplus of over \$30,000. Of this amount, \$20,000 was turned over to the Lodge Treasury, to be held subject to the requisition of the Committee. The Committee is developing plans for further good, a Boys' Camp being among the numerous projections. The success of such undertaking, under the auspices of the Committee and the Lodge, has awakened great enthusiasm and beyond all doubt will inspire future efforts along kindred lines.

### *American Legion Shows Its Appreciation of Berkeley Elks*

As a mark of their appreciation of Elk support and hospitality, the officers and members of the American Legion, Berkeley (Calif.) Post No. 7, have presented Berkeley Lodge with a bronze tablet inscribed to the Elks of No. 1002.

### *Kansas Elks Project Largest Office Building*

Financial arrangements were recently completed for a twelve-story office building to cost \$800,000 to be built by "Wyandotte" (Kans.) Lodge in Kansas City, Kans. The structure will stand on a tract of land 65 x 105 feet between Armstrong and Minnesota Avenues. The three upper floors will be used by the members, the space including a roof garden and balcony. The ground floor will be devoted to stores and the lobby, while the intervening eight floors will be for general office use. This will be the loftiest office building in Kansas City. Excavation for the structure began in February.

### *Southern Lodges Extend Invitations to Stop Over En Route*

Savannah (Ga.) Lodge extends a hearty invitation to all Elks to stop over in that city, either on the way to Atlanta or on the home-bound trip after the convention. Memphis (Tenn.) Lodge also broadcasts a similar invitation and promises a fine reception to all members of the Order who can arrange a visit. Open house and a series of special entertainments will be in order at both Lodges. Chattanooga (Tenn.) Lodge will send Committees and bands to meet and serenade all arriving trains, armed with invitations to tarry awhile and enjoy and be refreshed with the milk and honey of Elk hospitality.

### *In the Old Kentucky Home It Was a Gala Day for the Order*

Louisville (Ky.) Lodge royally remembered its thirty-ninth birthday, broke ground for its \$1,600,000 Home and entertained Grand Exalted Ruler Masters, the triple events successfully achieved within the short span of a day. There was a uniformed street parade and ritualistic ceremonies that were elaborate and impressively performed, at which time Chairman Lewis formally received the deed to the property and immediately affixed the contract and issued orders that the work proceed without delay. At the sumptuous dining and dance which followed at the Seelbach, there were oratorical pyrotechnics expressive of the good cheer of the Order. Mr. Masters voiced this thought: "Being Elks means that we are Americans and try to make good Americans of others by being good Americans ourselves. Elks are not radical. They know no complex plans. They stand solely in support of the Government of the United States and all its laws. They make their



communities wholesome and pleasant places for their families and children. The explanation of their success is the simplest thing in the world. They love their neighbors." The Governor of the State and the Mayor of the city augmented the éclat of the luncheon spread by Past Exalted Rulers as a special compliment to Mr. Masters, who, in the combination of happy circumstances, was made to feel himself supremely at ease in the "Old Kentucky Home."

### **Boys' Club Saved By Quick Action of Jersey Elks**

Instead of having to close its doors because of a lack of funds, the Boys' Club of Elizabeth, N. J., now enjoys the support of the local Elks with brighter prospects than ever. The members of Elizabeth Lodge have leased the building and, in common with other philanthropies, will finance and operate the enterprise. The Club was organized January 6, 1919, and since then and until now has been supported by personal subscription. Several months ago, when it became apparent that the Boys' Club would have to be abandoned a failure, members of Elizabeth Lodge took interest and soon perfected plans to assume responsibility for the work as originally intended. The purposes for which the Club was started will be carried out. These are to provide opportunity for wholesome recreation and to develop the boy physically and morally.

### **Illinois' New Chief Justice Youngest in Point of Years**

The latest and perhaps the youngest Elk to don the robes of State Chief Justice is Floyd E. Thompson, Past Exalted Ruler of Moline (Ill.) Lodge. Mr. Thompson was elected to the Supreme Bench of the State at 31 to fill a vacancy, and reelected at the age of 33. He became Chief Justice of the Illinois Court at 34. Other members of the Order who share similar honors are Jefferson B. Browne of Florida and J. A. Sanders of Nevada.

### **Honoring a Neighbor. McKeesport Celebrates**

Grand Exalted Ruler Masters was in expansive Elk humor the night he faced a banquetting audience in the nearby city of McKeesport, Pa. It was a holiday event to meet and render homage to an old neighbor. Never were arrangements more perfectly adjusted for the royalty and pleasure of the Elk haut monde. A total of 250 faced the speakers' dais and every one agreed that never had there been a more enjoyable fraternal repast with more of the trimmings of good fellowship, or an occasion more redolent of the halcyon days, or when enthusiasm mounted higher over the silvery simplicity of a simon-pure gospel of Elk Brotherhood. Whosoever arose to respond seemed to be at his best that night. McKeesport Lodge has had the honor of entertaining so many Elk dignitaries in times past

that there is little wonder the members proved themselves such perfect masters of the art.

### **"Never Forgotten, Never Forsaken"**

It is the resolution of the Elks of Freeport (N. Y.) Lodge that no Elk anywhere in the fifty-five villages of Nassau County shall be forgotten during the present year. A Welfare Committee is busy in each of the several communities under the jurisdiction of No. 1253 keeping in touch with and ministering to every case of illness, distress or death, and seeing to it that the motto, "An Elk is never forgotten, never forsaken," is faithfully carried out to the letter.

Also, Freeport Lodge has adopted the following: "Resolved that each member be encouraged to deliver or send his used ELKS MAGAZINE, and other magazines, papers, books, or victrola records, etc., to our Committee on Social and Community Welfare, at the Club-house, to be distributed by them to disabled veterans and hospitals in our jurisdiction."

### **Well Organized Plan For Welfare Activities**

The Welfare Committee of Hampton (Va.) Lodge has already much achievement to its credit. To facilitate the execution of its plans, the Committee has been subdivided into the following groups, each dealing with a special department of Child Welfare Work, Juvenile Offenders, Hospitals, Playgrounds, Keep-the-Children-in-School, and Boy Scouts. In addition, Elks of No. 366 are cooperating with all other agencies interested in similar work.

### **Queens Borough Elks Busy With Building Plans**

The record-breaking growth of Queens Borough Lodge (Long Island City, N. Y.) in the last three years has made it necessary that there be erected a larger and more modern Home. Members of No. 878 have therefore worked out plans whereby Queens Borough Elks will soon have a building that will contain all the features of modern club equipment. A site at Elmhurst has been selected upon which the new Home will be built at a cost of approximately \$500,000.

### **Elks Prepare Plans Ahead For State Association Meeting**

Delegates from Washington, Baltimore and Wilmington attended a joint meeting of Crisfield, Cambridge and Salisbury Lodges in the Club-house of No. 817. The meeting called by James McLane, President of the Maryland State Association, discussed ways

and means for the success of the State Convention at Ocean City next September, at which time the Eastern Shore Lodges will be host. The visitors were entertained after the meeting with an elaborate shore dinner for which Salisbury Lodge is famous.

### **Making Rapid Strides: Logan Lodge Forging Forward**

Instituted less than a year ago with a comparatively small membership, Logan (Utah) Lodge has meanwhile thrived and already has plans on the way for a new Home. Sufficient bonds have been subscribed by the members to negotiate the purchase. The surroundings are amply sufficient to accommodate a tennis court. Quite a sizeable amount of the sum necessary for the purposes in view is already on deposit in bank.

### **"Bishop of All Outdoors" Crosses the Great Divide**

Rev. Leonard Jacob Christler, Rector of St. Mark's Church of the Incarnation, at Havre, Mont., has passed away. Rev. Christler, known throughout the West as the "Bishop of All Outdoors," was a former member of Auburn (N. Y.) Lodge and at one time Chaplain of his Lodge. His going marks the passing of a widely loved and vigorous character.

### **Sidney Elks Occupy New Home**

The members of Sidney (Ohio) Lodge, having purchased a new Home and furnished it in perfect style, pride themselves upon owning one of the most attractive Club-houses in Western Ohio. The new Home is located on the Dixie Highway, in the center of Sidney. A cordial welcome awaits the traveler.

### **Astoria Elks Will Build Better Home on Ashes of Old**

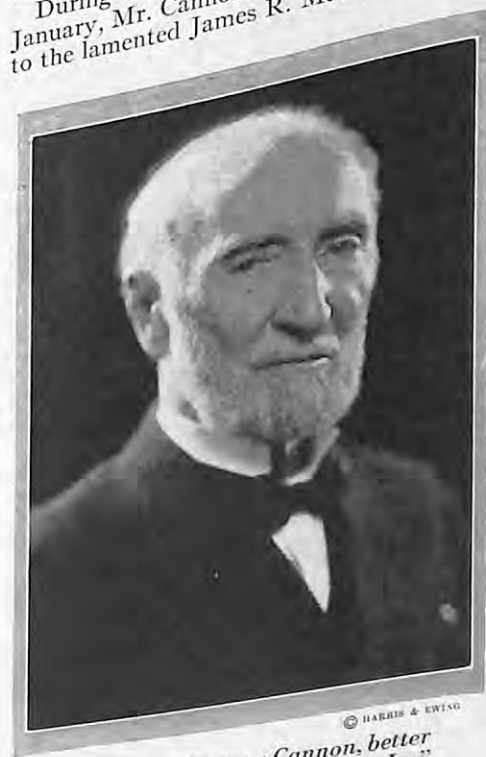
Elks of Astoria (Ore.) Lodge, who suffered the complete destruction of their beautiful home by the great fire that swept the city, are already planning the erection of a new Club-house to cost in the neighborhood of

(Continued on page 70)

# Uncle Joe Tells

## What Washington's Most Picturesque Character Looks Forward To When He Retires After Forty-six Years of Service

Before proceeding, it is in order to dress up our stage and clarify the atmosphere for what follows. A few days hence, when his time will have expired in the National House, Mr. Cannon is expecting to catch the



Let us listen to Congressman Rodenberg who has a few words to say on the subject of Uncle Joe. Of all his friends, none is closer to Mr. Cannon than Mr. Rodenberg. Between them there is a double-riveted

"To-day Uncle Joe is easily the best-loved member of the House. Official Washington will not soon forget and will long regret his retirement. No man has a more consistent record for independence of thought and action, and no man has shown greater courage in expressing his honest convictions on all questions, it made no difference whether his views were popular or unpopular. No matter how bitterly he fought an opponent, he always commanded respect and maintained his intellectual integrity and moral courage. The comment has been made that Uncle Joe had a genius for pile-driver methods, but as a fighter he was consistently chivalric and there was always a saving grace of humor that softened his body blows and left no ugly scars. His technique inflicted no incurable wounds. He never hit below the belt."

INASMUCH as Mr. Cannon's record in the House is exceptional in historic and other unusual degrees, and record-breaking in continuation of service, it is appropriate to look briefly into the record. Considering his burden of years, Mr. Cannon is well preserved, at least apparently so. He says himself that he feels better to-day than he has at any time within the last two years. Keeping the present pace, he figures to live to be one hundred. According to the calendar, he will be eighty-seven, come this May 7, and cheerfully admits the count. He has served longer in the House than any other man in the history of the Republic. When he sat for the first time as a member of the Forty-third Congress in 1873, James G. Blaine was Speaker. During the time intervening, the fate of politics granted him two vacations which he didn't ask for—and which is quite another story, as the saying is. Uncle Joe says that these four years were the longest of all his life. His total of actual service is forty-six years, or fifty years from first to last, with four years "vacation" subtracted. This fact pays remarkable tribute to the rock-ribbed loyalty of Uncle Joe's constituency organized behind him. Says Uncle Joe: "Forty-six years is some spell, and yet it doesn't seem so long at that when you're looking backward across the distance and there's always music playing somewhere." Affable in his bearing, open-minded at all times and in all respects, preferring to satisfy his own convictions rather than endeavor to please

others, perhaps no man in the National conference is more widely acquainted. As he steps down and out this time, a different situation is faced. He retires upon his own motion. That fact he asks you to keep respectfully in mind. Listen again: "Had I so desired I could have been re-nominated and reelected without opposition," which is his own guarantee for the change that has come to pass. Almost we were forgetting to mention that during eight years of the total forty-six spent in the House, Uncle Joe ruled as Speaker and rapped with a wicked gavel.

AFTER this slight digression, Mr. Cannon is entitled to resume discussion of the Order of Elks. He had been thinking how the Elks' Club in Danville is going to relieve the tedium of his empty hours after he quits the spotlight, and trying to remember what took place the night he was initiated, but couldn't. "All I recollect," Uncle Joe vaguely called to mind, "is that they had a hilarious time and it must be I rode the goat or did something like it. I know I couldn't dance because I stopped 'shaking a leg' long before that and never cared a tinker's-what-do-you-call it about any of the crazy new steps. By the way, I haven't attended Lodge as regularly as I should, but there are excellent reasons that excuse me, and I pay my dues every six months and get my full money's worth. I am no life member—just a regular contributor. Other Lodges, of course, have larger and more expensive Club quarters, but, getting down to specifications, there is none better anywhere than out in Danville, if any as good. We have the best Elk Lodge that can be found on the map. That's the miracle about every Elk Lodge I ever heard of—every one of them is the best in the country. It is the genius of the Order that constitutes them that way. It was the spirit of fellowship, the proof of real service, the not stopping to haggle about expense when there was real work pressing, that attracted my fancy first of all. My friends in Danville, leading citizens every one of them, were members, and being something of a gregarious sort of animal myself, I naturally flocked with the birds of my own feather and have been glad of it ever since.

"Comprehending the Order of Elks in its big and vital capacity, taking its National measure as I have learned to know it, the Elks are a great people and growing greater all the time," continued Uncle Joe, warming to his theme. "They understand as few others have the wit to do the fine art of fellowship and the sources of true happiness. Being patriotically an American Order, invaluable work is done by them and under their direction in building up and standardizing a more loyal citizenship. It is an inspiration to witness with your own eyes the gallantry and fervid enthusiasm with which the Order upholds and defends and consecrates itself to the Flag and spreads and inspirits the doctrine of Americanism.

"Looking to another phase of the Elk panorama, when it comes to lavishing gifts upon the worthy poor (yet always with intelligent prudence), to rolling the millennium a little nearer our door, the Order of Elks is two-fisted in making every day Christmas Day somehow for somebody somewhere. Remembering the unfortunate and rejoicing the hearts of little folks, the Elks keep the angels working overtime entering names in their Books of Gold. These splendid things the Order of Elks does and much more; the things that need to be done with altruistic spirit and out of a chest flowing with silver. Such things I tell you

can no more be kept a secret than you could stop the sun from shining. As often as the big and needful requires attention, you can depend on the Elks to make a good job of it.

"To my way of thinking—and I know I am right—the Golden Rule is the Elk Magna Charta," continued Uncle Joe, focusing his thought upon the point. "Than right now there never was more acute necessity for observance of that Golden Rule by everybody everywhere. In times of stress, our safety is in sticking tight to the Golden Rule. It fills me with pride to know that the Golden Rule is an article of Elk faith. Undoubtedly it is the greatest lesson in morals and Brotherhood that ever resounded in the language. It embraces all creation and yet is as simple and easily comprehensible as the mind of a child. It teaches all that is fair and square and noblest between men and Nations, in business, in politics and all responsibilities.

"What has the Order of Elks meant in my life?" pursued Uncle Joe, repeating a question, put to him by Mr. Rodenberg. "Just this: sunshine and lots of it, sowing seeds of kindness and reaping the harvest in happiness.

"Furthermore, to me it has seemed that the cultivation of sociability was typically characteristic of the Elk. When you know a man and understand him, there is less chance of quarreling with him. You get to realize his point of view. Sociability is a civilizing, educating, uplifting influence. This life of ours would be miserably desolate without that elixir of sociability that makes you ready and keen to shake hands and wish bushels of good luck to all the world and mean it every word and out of the heart. Under Elk sunshine and in the evolution of every-day affairs, many hundreds and thousands of noble friendships have been ripened and sweetened and brought forth good gifts. A joke beats a grouch any day in every market of the world. You can bet your bottom dollar on that dope." And Mr. Cannon took out a cigar and suggested the "loan" of a match.

"ANOTHER essential I won't preach about, but which appeals strongly to me," Uncle Joe was kindling anew, "is the breadth and liberality and wide-inclusiveness of the religion of the Order. Take them as they come, Jew and Gentile, Protestant and Catholic, every man of them stands erect and equal on a common footing in the presence of the Bible and the Flag that invest the altar with solemnity, the single test and qualifying factor being belief in a Supreme Being. All theologies are unified in that satisfying Elk creed. There never arises an argument after that as to where the exemplary man goes in the hereafter and how finally he gets to Heaven, I suppose. It is still another reaction of the infectious elbow touch within the ranks, the universality of the address to right living and right thinking under the graces of fellowship and the mellow-wine influence of Brotherhood."

Mr. Cannon next occupied his attention for a few moments considering a different view-point, and commented: "Elks, or any great organization of normal men, can assist the country back to prosperity conditions by cooperating along old-fashioned lines of optimistic business and cheerful efforts just as though Kingdom-Come were already here and not dallying somewhere in the distant future. I have all my life considered hard work as the great stabilizer of society and the best comforter of the human being ever invented. So far as I have known, work is the one thing that distinguishes man from the rest of creation. The Creator rested

from his labors and commanded man to 'replenish the earth and subdue it.' That is the command to-day the same as it was in the beginning. Man has been subduing the earth until it seems as though he had almost finished the job. The present troubles, ominous as they appear, are but fly specks by comparison. In a few years normal man will laugh at the absurdity and buckle down to business without wasting much more time over present tendencies toward demoralization. Elks preeminently are blessed with the qualities to lead the parade back along the paths of safety and security.

"Perhaps the one characteristic that pleases me most about the Order," was Uncle Joe's further observation, "is that it has no secrets, no signs and passwords to forget. So far as I know, a meeting of Elks could be held in public and the whole population invited. Do right, lend a hand, love your fellow-man, honor American institutions and ideals to the limit. That makes you an Elk whether or not you joined in conformity with the Ritual ceremony.

"In my judgment, coming straight to the heart and meat of it, nothing more important can be done for our country at this time than to arouse the public mind over the practical advantages of the American standard of government. In the prevalence of unrest, our perpetuity and the hope and salvation of the world, depend in large part upon our happy homogeneity. Another consideration—and this isn't boasting either without cause—there is no single agency in operation to-day and about which I am informed, that is more resourcefully prepared for real results along patriotic lines than the American Order of Elks. By what arts or energies these results are to be accomplished, it is not for me to foretell, but it is prophetic to me that the Elk dynamics and ingenuities have never stumbled, have never failed to realize every task set for their conquest. In all emergencies, the wisdom of our leaders has proven infinitely dependable. In years formerly when unrest was sporadic and nothing like so aggravated, the Grand Army of the Republic served a high and mighty purpose as an exponent of the Flag and Freedom and National supremacy. As the Grand Army of the Republic gradually dwindles and disappears down the slope, the Order of Elks arrives to step into the ranks and take its place and lift up the shield. I especially commend the activity of the Elks in putting American ideals in the hearts and minds of the youth of America. Activity like this quickens the National pride. Seeds of patriotism planted in the mind of the boy ripen patriotism in the soul of the man. Besides, we have in this country so many foreign born who require to be fused in the melting pot and schooled into representative citizenship. Already we have done gloriously much. Let us be prepared to go forward still further."

Mr. Rodenberg was deeply interested and asked Mr. Cannon another question. His inquiry was: "With your understanding of conditions prevailing at present at home and abroad, what is your thought and recommendation as to some greater service the Order of Elks can perform for humanity?"

Quick as a flash, Uncle Joe was on his mental toes and made reply: "Continue to carry on what they are doing. If possible, do more and more of the same thing. If possible again, enlarge upon the scope and increase the effectiveness and speed up results."

Having delivered his compliments thus fervently as to his Elk brotherhood, and with a host of reminders stirring all the while within, and with old friends dropping by almost continuously to wish him God-speed, what more natural during his parting days than that Mr. Cannon's thoughts should go revisiting some of the flower fields of the past upon which he delights to dwell. He strayed in memory once more to the scenes when he reached his eightieth birthday and the House took a day off to help him celebrate. Another similar House party was dated on January 29, 1920, when Mr. Cannon gained the distinction of the longest service on record and humorously referred to the observance as a "wake." It is pertinent to recall that he saw service under Presidents Grant, Hayes, Garfield, Arthur, Cleveland, Harrison, McKinley, Roosevelt, Taft, Wilson and Harding, and played his man's part of leadership in all the great dramas for which the period was renowned, and never shirked a responsibility.

The year 1873 that introduced Uncle Joe to Washington, was characterized by other memorable events. The stars in their courses were out to establish more records than for Mr. Cannon. Vesuvius was in violent eruption that year. The German Empire and the French Republic were both organized. In Porto Rico slaves were emancipated. Australia was connected with

the rest of the world by cable. There was the devastation of the great Boston fire. The Geneva award of the Alabama Claim was made. History was on a rampage.

As for the mottoes and such matters that have influenced Mr. Cannon's life, mainly these have been borrowed from the Bible, which book, during his adolescence and because other books were scarce and hard to get, he read with industry and understanding. Illustrating his apt readiness with Biblical quotations, Mr. Cannon's secretary for more than thirty years, Mr. L. W. Busby, relates this: "It was at a Grid-iron dinner and a fortune teller was making merry for the guests. 'I seem to see the prophet Ezekiel here in the room with us,' the fortune teller pretended and thereupon paused impressively. Shortly afterward, a confederate, approaching the back of his chair, indicated Mr. Cannon as the man reincarnating the rôle of Ezekiel, by placing both hands on his shoulder. 'That is where you are wrong,' sparkled Mr. Cannon, in retort, and jumping to his feet. 'Ezekiel was driven into exile and stayed there. I have come back.'"

Since the time of his maiden speech in the House, gesturing has always been an accessory of eloquence in Mr. Cannon's style of oratory. Without the sweep of his gestures, he would appear almost wordless. Once when John G. Carlisle was Speaker

(Mr. Cannon tells this on himself) "Sunset" Cox had the floor. Uncle Joe sought to interrupt Mr. Cox and requested the privilege of the floor.

"If the Gentleman from Illinois," answered Mr. Cox, "will put his hands in his pockets, I will cheerfully yield the floor to him so long as he keeps them there." Immediately up rose Uncle Joe, sure of his self-control. He immersed his hands deep into his pockets, but alas! The very next minute they were out again and describing every circle known to higher geometry. Down came the Speaker's gavel with a thud. "The gentleman's time has expired." Amid gales of laughter, Mr. Cannon, caught red-handed in the transgression, subsided.

SO HERE'S a hearty hand-shake and a good-bye and safe journey, and hallowed associations to Uncle Joe returned to Danville and fraternizing with the Elks. Congress and the country will miss him more than they know. At his zenith, he packed a nasty wallop and loved a fight but scorned to hit in the clinches; and now withal, in the serenity of his better discretion, he becomes a cooing dove of peace. His imperishable cigar will never go out or lose its fragrance. Cartoons of him will no longer provide our matutinal refreshment. Not in many a day shall we look upon his like again amid the haunts of Washington.

## Established By The Record

### *Elk Tooth Never an Official Emblem*

AS A MATTER of official record and for the purpose of effectually disposing of certain allegations, here and there circulated by the careless and unknowing, it can be stated upon unimpeachable authority, once and for all, that at no time has the elk tooth ever been authorized or recognized, in whole or in any part, as an emblem or symbol representing the Order of Elks; but that exactly the reverse is the fact and that any attempted misuse of the elk tooth as such emblem has been discouraged in every way (by reports and recommendations adopted by the Grand Lodge), and that such discouragement has been repeatedly reaffirmed during the twenty years or so intervening since mention was first recorded of the matter.

The only official emblem, recognized by the Grand Lodge, copyrighted and protected, is the device reproduced every month on the cover of this magazine.

Recalling and reviewing this long-continued and voluminous chapter of our history, it is established that the Elk member, actuated by a sense of pride and duty and as a matter of conscience, has made it an absolute condition that no opportunity for helpful service toward the protection and preservation of the animal elk has ever been neglected through any dereliction on his part. Instead of creating a market for the sale of elk teeth within the Order of Elks, the situation has been exactly the reverse. For these things, the Elk expects no special credit, but he does object to any misrepresentation bordering on injustice.

Since the beginning, various committees have been making researches and reporting their findings of facts and the Grand Lodge has been adopting remedial resolutions. In seeking to encompass the care of the elk, every forward step taken has been beset with more or less difficulty. There have been

conflicting view-points to reconcile between State and National governments; Congress did nothing because Congress, according to its lights, failed to recognize urgent requirements for so doing; there have been varying opinions as to the wisest methods to be adopted; contrary opinions have delayed and defeated action at Washington, no matter how strongly advocated by Elk Lodges and successive Grand Exalted Rulers; there have been failures of appropriations to provide against starvation by the wholesale. Wherever possible, such deficits have been made good as a privilege by the Elks. Unfortunately, starvation has been a prolific cause of disappearance among the herds; this, coupled with the decimation by wolves and other predatory animals and influenced, logically, by the constant encroachment of civilization.

By means of memorializing Congress and multiplying other efforts and enterprises, there have resulted certain practical advantages. The count of the elk has remained reasonably the same for several years. Appropriations are now made for winter feeding. Game preserves, or game sanctuaries, now provide protection. But the licensed hunter is still abroad in the land. Wolves are a constant menace, and there have been other thwarting circumstances. If proof were required to complete the case, it would be interesting to recall that in the same period of time the neighboring antelope has decreased in numbers even more rapidly than the elk, and yet no part of that beautiful animal is exploited by members of any fraternal organization.

As an outside testimony, directly bearing upon the discussion and paying tribute to the Order of Elks, we quote from the report of J. W. Nelson, representing the Department of the Interior as a member of the United States Forest Service, and reported

to the Grand Lodge by courtesy of Past Grand Exalted Ruler Henry A. Melvin, as follows: "The Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks has been of great assistance in investigating conditions on the elk ranges, in memorializing Congress to provide the purpose of feeding stations and in refuting the fictitious idea that the elk tooth was an emblem of the Order. Local Lodges and individual members have assisted in securing protective State legislation, and have rendered assistance in many ways."

THUS of invidious and unseemly report, nothing remains to impugn Elk motives or to hold the Elk responsible in any accounting for a slaughter wantonly conducted, as improperly reported, to supply elk teeth to be worn as emblems. A pertinent fact in this connection is that in those remote sections where teeth are occasionally worn (never as lawful emblems) the handsomest specimens are admitted to be celluloid imitation. Again, in an earlier day, the graves of Indian chieftains were opened to recover elk teeth buried in blankets with the bodies. The effect of such burial in blankets was to color the teeth variously and in a manner supposed to add to their attractiveness. At most, Elks who exhibit elk teeth have never been more than a small and scattering handful of a decreasing minority.

Returning to the main question, the elk tooth is not and never was an emblem of the Order of Elks or any part of the same. That fact of itself settles the issue beyond controversy and establishes the Elk upon high ground where he rightfully belongs, as resourceful and protecting friend always and never the destroying enemy of the animal elk. More than anybody else the Elk would guard the elk securely for all time to come from all its enemies.

## Building Activities of Southern California Lodges



*New home of San Bernardino Lodge, No. 836. A view of the gymnasium in circle*



*Present home of Pasadena Elks, Lodge No. 672, is shown below*

*Club house of Redlands Lodge, No. 583*

THE growth of the Order in Southern California has been so rapid during the years just past that practically all Lodges in the two jurisdictions have found their Lodge homes too small and inadequate for immediate requirements, and either have plans afoot to erect larger homes or remodel and enlarge their present quarters. Others have but recently completed extensions to their homes or erected new ones.

These building activities are but a further evidence of the strength of the Elks in a section of the country where the Order has become a power and where the leading citizens of the community have been actively identified with it.

A résumé of the building activity and plans of these twenty-five Lodges will be interesting. Southern California consists of two Districts, known as the South Central and South; the former comprises the counties of Santa Barbara, Ventura and Los Angeles, while the latter (South) includes San Bernardino, Riverside, Orange, San Diego and Imperial counties.

Until about two years ago the counties of Santa Barbara and Ventura had but one Elks Lodge, Santa Barbara, No. 613. There are now three—Santa Barbara, Ventura and Oxnard—all of which are prospering. Notwithstanding the loss of many of its members to the two new Lodges forming in its territory, Santa Barbara Lodge, which already owns a home on the main street of the city, has purchased a large corner lot and will erect a handsome new clubhouse.

Oxnard and Ventura Lodges, carved

largely from Santa Barbara's territory, have attained memberships of 583 and 250 respectively, and while no definite building plans have been announced both have committees out and are expected to decide upon sites and plans within the near future.

Los Angeles county contains 12 Lodges, every one of which is developing building plans, with the exception of San Pedro Lodge which has just burned the last mortgage on its clubhouse and expects to spend about \$8,000 sending its band to Atlanta next July.

Los Angeles No. 99, the largest Lodge from point of membership in the state, with 4379 members, owns its present home at the top of the famous "Angels Flight" as well as a beautiful lot at 8th and Flower Streets upon which a "limit-height" building will probably be erected. Definite plans have not yet been adopted, although figures running into the millions have been discussed.

Pasadena No. 672, the second largest Lodge in the south, with 1900 members, has outgrown its beautiful colonial home. The Lodge recently adopted the report of its survey committee, and appointed committees to receive offers on its present home and to consider sites for a home that will be ample for the next 20 years.

Santa Monica Lodge No. 906 has plans under way for a magnificent new building in the Ocean Park section of that city. It is said nearly a half million will be spent on building and furnishings.

Long Beach Lodge No. 888 now has one of the most ideal Lodge plants in the state. About a year ago the large corner lot adjoining its present home was purchased, giving it a large frontage on both the ocean and city park. Building plans have not been announced, but they will include the extension of their present building, and the enlargement of all its facilities.



**G**LENDALE LODGE No. 1289 surprised its neighbors in 1917 by erecting one of the handsomest homes in the state when it was thought the financing of new clubhouses was impossible. Since, its growth has been so marked that the property immediately in the rear of its present home has been purchased. On this property, which gives them an additional frontage of 80 feet and depth of 145 they propose to erect a building connected with their present quarters, the upper story of which will contain a large, adequate and well-equipped lodge-room, and the lower floor will be either an entertainment hall or fully equipped theater. Their present lodge-room would then become their billiard room, etc.

Pomona Lodge No. 789 has attained a membership too large for its present three-story home, and has purchased a large corner lot almost directly opposite their present quarters, and will erect a magnificent home in the near future.

Huntington Park Lodge No. 1415 has given the contract for the erection of a two-story building on its main business street, Pacific Boulevard.

Monrovia Lodge No. 1427, the youngest Lodge in the county, having been instituted but slightly over a year ago, recently furnished and occupied attractive rented quarters. They also celebrated the visit of the D. D. G. E. R., Dr. Frank V. Cason, on December 11, by burning the first mortgage note on a building site purchased about six months ago.

Redondo Beach Lodge No. 1378 has the unique record of owning its own home when instituted, about three years ago. Its preliminary organization committee arranged for the purchase of a building, which was remodelled and occupied exclusively within a few weeks after institution.

Alhambra Lodge No. 1328 is a rapidly growing Lodge in a fast growing community.

They occupy rented quarters, which they have furnished attractively, but have plans in development stages for a home of their own, which will probably be located near the business section, but devoted wholly to Lodge, club and entertainment purposes. Whittier Lodge is in a thriving condition, and has ambitious plans for the future. In San Bernardino County there are three Lodges: San Bernardino, Redlands and Ontario. The latter, No. 1419, although but a little over a year old, has purchased a site at Euclid and Fourth Avenues and is arranging a bond issue to cover the erection of a permanent home on the property.

**S**AN BERNARDINO, No. 836, the strongest Lodge numerically in its jurisdiction with 1435 members, is located in a rapidly growing inland city of 25,000 population. Its home is of strictly mission type, carefully and artistically planned. "Home effects" have been skilfully worked out. Its main building was erected in 1908 at a cost of \$35,000, and furnished at a cost of \$10,000. In 1915 a large gymnasium was erected on the rear of the lot, costing furnished \$37,000. This is a very complete establishment, with bowling alleys, handball courts, gym floor, baths, etc. During the past year over \$16,000 has been expended in remodelling the Lodge and club rooms, and an additional \$3,000 in additions to the gym. This wonderful home occupies 1¾ acres of ground with a frontage of 212 feet on one of the main streets of the city, only a block and a half from the recognized commercial center of the city.

Redlands Lodge No. 583, erected a few years ago, is one of the handsomest and convenient clubhouses in the state, providing amply for the splendid growth the Lodge has made.

Riverside and San Diego counties each

have a Lodge located in its county seat and principal city.

Although Riverside Lodge No. 643 has a splendid home in the center of the city, it has plans rapidly maturing for a larger and more commodious establishment, which will include a swimming tank, and gymnasium.

San Diego No. 168, located in the second largest city of Southern California, has an unusually strong Lodge, and a beautiful home exactly in the center of the city, so much so that the Chamber of Commerce of the city occupies part of it. It, too, has a Building Committee at work, as its rapidly increasing membership is crowding them. Their present property has become so valuable that their financial problems would be nil should they decide to sell their present home and build elsewhere with the proceeds. In Imperial County, Imperial Valley, there are three Lodges, El Centro, Brawley and Calexico. El Centro now has a building committee at work, and will have plans out very soon for a \$100,000 building, including athletic features, dormitories, large lodge-room, jinks room, etc. Brawley and Calexico have committees at work, but are not prepared to make any announcements at this time.

**O**RANGE COUNTY has two of the most prosperous Lodges in the state, Santa Ana and Anaheim, each with around a thousand members and beautiful, modern homes used exclusively by the Lodge. Santa Ana's occupies nearly a half block in the center of the city, amid its civic buildings. Improvements to the extent of \$18,000 have just been completed, including the remodelling of the lodge-room. The Anaheim home, the newest and handsomest of the entire Southland, is within two or three blocks of the center of business and contains practically everything a modern club could wish.

## Candidates for Grand Lodge Offices

**T**HREE Subordinate Lodges have authorized announcement of the following candidacies for Grand Lodge offices to be filled at the annual Grand Lodge meeting to be held in Atlanta next July:

### *Watertown (S. D.) Lodge Presents James G. McFarland for Grand Exalted Ruler*

Watertown (S. D.) Lodge No. 838, has indorsed and presented for the office of Grand Exalted Ruler James G. McFarland. Mr. McFarland was initiated in Watertown Lodge, February 18, 1907. He was elected Esteemed Lecturing Knight, 1907-1908; Esteemed Loyal Knight, 1908-1909; Esteemed Leading Knight, 1909-1910; Exalted Ruler, 1910-1911; appointed District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler under Grand Exalted Ruler John P. Sullivan, 1911-1912; member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary, 1913-1914; Chairman Committee on Distribution at Los Angeles, 1915; reappointed member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary, 1915-1916-1917-1918; appointed member of Grand Forum in July, 1918; resigned from Grand Forum and again appointed Chairman of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary (October), 1919-1920; reappointed Chairman the same Committee, 1921-1922.

In proposing Mr. McFarland and discussing his Elk activities, Watertown Lodge proceeds to say: "His continuance in these important offices indicates his ability and leadership and the confidence reposed in him by successive Grand Exalted Rulers who have so brilliantly guided the affairs of the Order in recent years."

In professional life Mr. McFarland enjoys high standing. He was born at Dubuque, Iowa, October 26, 1880. The University of Wisconsin conferred upon him the degrees of Bachelor of Arts and Bachelor of Laws. In 1904 he entered upon the practice of law in the States of Wisconsin and Iowa and has since earned reputation as a leader in his profession. The announcement promulgated by Watertown Lodge further says of Mr. McFarland: "He served as Major and Judge Advocate General of the South Dakota National Guard for eight years and as a member of the Legislature from 1913 to 1918. He is married and has two sons."

### *Grand Rapids (Mich.) Lodge Presents John K. Burch for Grand Treasurer*

Grand Rapids (Mich.) Lodge No. 48 announces the candidacy of John K. Burch for the office of Grand Treasurer.

Mr. Burch has served as Exalted Ruler

of Grand Rapids Lodge for three years, he is now serving his seventh year as a member of the Board of Trustees, of which board he is Chairman; he has held office and been active in the State Association of Michigan and has been a member of the Grand Lodge for many years.

Quoting from the announcement made by Grand Rapids Lodge in submitting the candidacy of Mr. Burch: "His record in business is one of success and achievement; his qualifications as a man and Elk are unquestioned; he has taken a leading part in municipal affairs and his patriotism and loyalty to country are matters of public record. He has given liberally of his time and money to the poor and needy and he has served his Lodge long and well."

### *East St. Louis (Ill.) Presents Louis Boismenue for Grand Trustee*

As a candidate for Grand Trustee, East St. Louis (Ill.) Lodge No. 664 presents the name of Louis Boismenue. In so doing the statement is attested that he ably filled the office of Exalted Ruler of his Lodge for two terms; has served as President of the Illinois State Association; has served the Grand Lodge for two terms as Chairman of its Auditing Committee, and is eminently qualified for the duties of the high office his Lodge now seeks in his behalf.

# Philadelphia's New Home

## *The Story of No. 2's Beautiful New Lodge Building—How It Was Financed and What It Will Be*

**F**OLLOWING what has been termed by bankers and others as one of the most interesting financing campaigns staged in the United States, Philadelphia Lodge is now safely embarked on the building of its new home with the approval of the Grand Exalted Ruler and the Board of Grand Trustees and the flotation of a bond issue for \$2,000,000.

One New York financial house offered to take the bonds on a fifteen per cent commission, which would have meant a fee of \$300,000. A syndicate in Philadelphia offered 90 per cent, or a commission of \$200,000. The Lodge floated the bonds at an expenditure of less than \$40,000, the principal item of which was for newspaper advertising which was meant merely to inform the public of the plans of the lodge.

Through the appointment of a bond committee headed by Charles L. Martin of the Kensington Trust Company of Philadelphia, the organization of the districts into which the entire area of Philadelphia was divided, and the selection of district managers who in turn supervised the work of team captains and members of teams, the work was accomplished in a few days with the issue pledged about \$300,000 more than the required amount.

Billboards, posters, handsomely framed water-color pictures of the new home, newspaper advertising and an avalanche of mail were the means used in keeping the public informed as to the progress of the work of providing for the new home and in emphasizing the meaning it will have to the city itself. "The New Elks Home, A Source for Civic Pride" was the legend under the picture on the billboards. "Philadelphia Must Always Lead" was the slogan of the bond sale.

The project, from its inception, has been carried along in a manner which has reflected nothing but credit on Philadelphia Lodge.

The first step was to obtain plans for the proposed home. A general idea of what was desired was imparted to fifteen architect members of the Lodge. They were given a definite time in which to submit their plans and then a building committee, under the chairmanship of Frank W. Buhler, vice president of the Stanley Company of America, was formed to make a decision on the plans submitted. After several weeks of discussion plans were approved and the contract awarded.

**W**ITH the general picture in mind the members of the building committee, each man an expert in his own particular line and every branch entering into the construction and use of a building being represented, accompanied by the architect and Exalted Ruler Grakelow, made a tour of a number of large cities in the East and Middle West examining modern buildings and learning first hand of the way in which new wrinkles in construction worked out.

New York, Boston, Cleveland, Detroit, Chicago, Omaha, St. Louis, Cincinnati, Columbus, Pittsburgh, Philadelphia and

Jersey City were among the cities in which buildings were inspected. At each there was a committee of local Elks waiting to escort the visitors and entertain them. The tour was one joyous reception after another, on the one hand, and a successful business venture on the other because when the results were finally set down it was found by the architect that the experience of the committee had netted the lodge \$150,000 in improvements made in the plans—modifications which will considerably enhance the attractiveness of the new home.



*Architect's drawing of the new Philadelphia Lodge building now in the course of construction*

The proposed building, exclusive of size, will cost in the neighborhood of two and a half million dollars. The site was acquired more than a year ago and at the time cost about \$750,000. Since that time, an estimate based on sales of surrounding property places the value of the site at a considerably higher figure.

The building will be erected at the southwest corner of Broad and Wood Streets in Philadelphia and will cover an area of approximately 33,000 square feet. It is advantageously located in a growing retail center within three blocks of the City Hall, near the principal railroad stations and will face a widened thoroughfare leading to the Delaware River bridge now in course of construction. It will be an absolutely modern, fireproof clubhouse and hotel.

The building will be of granite to the third floor and of granite and brick or limestone above. The basement will contain a large restaurant with kitchens, serving rooms and all up-to-date equipment, bowling alleys, members' lockers, showers, Turkish baths, rest rooms and barber shop. The machinery and other necessary appliances for a building its size will be located in a sub-basement. On the Broad Street front of the building will be six stores and back

of them will be a commodious gymnasium with gallery and running track, removable seats and a swimming pool 40 feet by 75.

The main entrance to the building, on the Broad Street side, will add considerably to the architectural beauty of the structure. Flanked by stately Ionic columns each about 45 feet high, it will house a modern set of chimes which will be played on each meeting night to let all Philadelphia know that the Elks are in session to further the interests of mankind and the City of Brotherly Love. Musical selections each night to precede the playing of Auld Lang Syne and the tolling of the eleventh hour will make the Elks Home one of the show places in Philadelphia.

**T**HE entrance will lead into a spacious lobby from which will be access to splendidly appointed ladies' parlors and lounging and writing rooms for members. The main lobby will be surrounded by a mezzanine which will contain secretarial offices and executive offices ample for the handling of all lodge business. A lodge room for ordinary meetings will be included in the mezzanine.

The ballroom, one of the principal features of the building and the largest room of its kind in Philadelphia, seating 2500, will be most modern in its appointments. In it will be staged the large meetings for which Philadelphia Lodge is famous.

Above the ballroom will be a club floor which will contain a library, a start on which has already been made with the donation of 3000 volumes of a private library. Billiards, pool and other club features will be provided and the floor will be so constructed as to be surrounded on three sides by an open promenade which will insure not only an attractive place of recreation but one comfortable in the hottest of weather.

Above will be about ten sleeping floors with 350 rooms, each with private bath and running ice water and each an outside room. Special arrangements will be made for throwing the rooms en suite for permanent bachelor apartments.

It is planned that every stone, every bit of wood, every thread of tapestry, every sliver of steel to go into the new home will be of the very best procurable.

**W**ORK of demolition of the building now occupying the site has been started and it is expected that the cornerstone will be laid in the spring, in any event not later than May. The cornerstone laying will mark the forthcoming official visit of Grand Exalted Ruler Masters to Philadelphia Lodge. By the beginning of 1924 members of No. 2 hope to be in their new home.

Thus will be crowned four years of effort which will raise Philadelphia Lodge from 1300 members to probably more than 10,000 and give to the Elks in Pennsylvania a new impetus and create in Philadelphia a monument to the order engrossed with activity in the advancement of public welfare and community spirit.



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### Read These Extracts— Then Send Today

#### Wild Animals at Home

"As he approached within forty yards, 'Now is your chance.' Then the wicked 'crack' of the rifle, the snort and whirl of the great, gray, looming brute, and a second shot as he reached the willows only to go down with a crash and sob his life out on the ground."—Page 79

#### Wild Animal Ways

"Another swing, a feint, and the Bear rushed in. Thud - thud-thud—went the huge paws. They staggered the Boar but did not down him. His white knives flashed with upward slash. As they reeled apart, the Boar was bruised, but the Bear had half a dozen bleeding ribs."—Page 82

#### Woodland Tales

"When the leaves have fallen and before yet the Ice-King is here, there come, for a little while, the calm, dreamy days when the Great Spirit is smoking his pipe and the smoke is on the land. The Red-men call them the Smoking Days, but we call them Indian Summer."—Page 126

#### Two Little Savages

"The Fox sprung straight for the sleeper. Sleeping? Oh, no! Bunny was playing his own game. The moment the Fox leaped, he leaped with equal vigor the opposite way and out under his enemy, so Reynard landed on the empty bunch of grass."—Page 354

#### Rolf in the Woods

"The Buck made a furious lunge and Rolf went down. He was pinned at once, the fierce brute above him pressing on his chest, striving to bring its horns to bear. His only salvation had been that their wide spread gave his body room between."—Page 150

#### The Book of Woodcraft

"The old buffalo hunters had an established signal. Two shots in rapid succession, an interval of five seconds, then one shot. This means, 'Where are you?' The answer, exactly the same, means, 'Here I am; what do you want?'"—Page 165

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## Reverend Pendlebury's Past

(Continued from page 11)

touched a card, it might be enough to damn him. Men like Luke Cobb and Job Sanderson were as rigid as granite shafts; they were just men, but they were hard men. Suppose he did have to leave our church? At his age, and with that charge against him, who would take him? What would become of him?

I had finished with my lamps. I went to the window and looked out. Very faintly I could see the snow-whitened steeple of the church down the valley—his church, that he had built for us. Then, on the road, I saw a moving smudge. It came nearer; it was Cephas Bonner in his cutter, his old mare plodding homeward.

I saw him clamber from his sleigh and stump up my path. He exploded into my kitchen, breathless, his eyes so lit with excitement that they were bright as new dimes.

"Elder—"  
"What is it, Cephas?"

He tumbled out the words as if he were anxious to get rid of them.

"Bad news! Old Simon Middlemass is going to move to Florida, and is selling all his holdings here."

"Well, what of that?"

"Plenty. Last night he sold the church's note for thirteen thousand dollars to Jesse Hornbeck!"

"Good Lord! He didn't do that?"

"Yes, he did, the old devil. And elder,—"

"What?"

"Job Sanderson asked me to tell you that there will be a special meeting of the elders and deacons at the minister's house to-night at eight. That rumor has got too strong, I reckon."

WE GATHERED a little before eight in the threadbare study of the Reverend Pendlebury. There were six of us, three elders and three deacons. At the head of the table sat Job Sanderson, first elder, a huge, grizzled man, with a long-jawed, gaunt, horse-like face, and somber eyes. He was a man who'd rather freeze to death by inches than owe any man a penny, or cheat a man out of a penny. Next to him sat Luke Cobb, second elder, bald and bearded and austere. I sat at Job's left hand, the youngest of the elders; I was nervous and worried. Deacon Bogardus, with cheeks like the pippins he raised, overflowed one of the horsehair chairs; then came Deacon Fuller, almost lost in his whiskers, a patriarch of a man whose wooden leg dated from Shiloh; and finally, at the foot of the table, sat Deacon Peck, choked vermilion by an unwonted stiff collar, which, however, was innocent of necktie; he looked even more grave than he did when he read the ritual at lodge meetings, and that was very grave indeed. We were distinctly not a jolly gathering.

"Gentlemen," said Job Sanderson, jerking ceilingward a hairy thumb, "he's up-stairs in his bedroom, waiting for us to send for him. If he's heard this story that we've all heard, he's given no sign. Some folks around this town appear to believe it. We've got to do something about it—give him a clean bill of health, or a vote of confidence or something—"

"We might ask him if it's true first," put in Luke Cobb, dryly.

I stood up.

"I'm ashamed to be here," I said. "Our presence on such a mission is an insult to that good man up-stairs. The story's a lie; a child could tell that. Rev. Daniel Pendlebury was never any more a gambler than you were, Job Sanderson, or you, Luke Cobb. We've got enough on our hands as it is, I guess. Do you know that to-day is the fifteenth of the month and that the note falls due? Simon Middlemass agreed that he would renew it. But the note isn't his property now. It belongs to Jesse Hornbeck. Do you think he'll renew it?"

"He hasn't made a move not to," said Deacon Peck.

"But suppose he won't, what then?" I asked. "At the end of to-day—at twelve midnight—he has a right to take over the church property. I asked Judge Easterly on the way down. Yes, sir, we've got a bigger problem on our hands than

a winter rumor. Do any of you happen to have thirteen thousand dollars on you?"

Job Sanderson reflectively rasped his thumb along his stubbled jaw.

"I reckon we all know about that note," he said, slowly, "and I reckon we all know what we can expect from Jesse Hornbeck. I, for one, was awake all last night, praying and meditating; but I didn't see any way clear to getting thirteen thousand dollars."

He pronounced that sum almost reverently, as if so much money could only be mentioned with respect.

"But," he went on, "I reckon it would be almost better to have no church at all, than to have one whose minister is accused of being an ex-gambler."

I was on my feet at once, speaking indignantly.

"Job Sanderson," I said, "now you're calling names. What right have you to say what you just did? What proof—"

"Easy, elder, easy," he said. "I'm not the man to judge any man without a fair trial. I'm confident Reverend Pendlebury can clear himself of this charge. I think he can and I certainly hope he can."

"Then why go any further with this miserable business?" I asked, before he could go on. "What grounds have we for even suggesting Reverend Pendlebury had a past?"

"My brother Matt," said Luke Cobb in his high, nasal tenor, "ain't exactly a fool. I admit he started the story, before he went back to Nome. He says he remembers his Klondike days like they was yesterday and he says he remembers Diamond Stever Paige, too. I admit Reverend Pendlebury don't conduct himself like no gambler but—did you ever notice the way he picks up the little cards with the choir and sabbath school announcements on them?"

"No."

"Well, he shuffles 'em and then fans 'em out exactly like they was a hand at cards!" Luke said this with a triumphant air.

"By thunder, that's so," admitted Deacon Peck.

"Durned if it ain't," said Deacon Bogardus. "I've noticed it myself. He looks down at the 'nouncement cards sort of excited like, as if he expected to see three aces 'stead of 'Ladies' Aid Society will meet at three."

"And when he lays 'em down," pursued Luke Cobb, "he don't just lay 'em down all at once, like you or I would. No, siree. He deals 'em down, one at a time."

"You're gabbling like a bunch of school-kids," I said warmly. "I don't believe he knows an ace—from a—now—jack."

"Neither do I," said Deacon Fuller from the midst of his whiskers. I did not like the way things were developing; we were taking sides; that meant a fight.

"Well," said Job Sanderson in his deep, pre-siding voice, "that's neither here, there nor elsewhere. I reckon the best thing for us to do is tell him we don't believe it, and see what he has to say."

BEFORE any one could object his heavy frame had moved to the door, and he called up the stairs.

"Oh, Mr. Pendlebury, would you mind stepping down here a minute?"

On the stairs we heard the brisk, uneven tap of his limp; the Reverend Pendlebury came in smiling. I felt like a dog. I think the others did, too.

"At your service, gentlemen," he said. Then he stood, straight as a marine at attention, waiting for us to speak. I had not thought that Job Sanderson had anything resembling a blush in his case-hardened system, but he had, for his wind-browned face flushed and he fumbled about with his words.

"Well, you see, now, Reverend," he began, "there wasn't anything very special. But—" he grew even redder—"we've been sort of hearing things lately; of course we don't take any stock in them, but we feel that something ought to be done to—to put the kibosh on them, as the boys say. We thought it might be a good idea to sort of talk things over—not that any

of us believes what we've heard—so—" He stopped and traced patterns with his thumb nail on the study table.

Still smiling, the Reverend Pendlebury spoke, facing Job and all of us.

"There, there Job, you've no reason to be flustered. You're doing your duty. I know what you mean. Don't think I haven't heard the talk that's been going round about me. Don't think I haven't felt it. I think you do right in coming here, like this. A church and its good name are more important than any one man. But before I say anything further about this story you've heard, I really think we'd better talk about that note. I've worried about it all day. It's more pressing than the other thing."

He drew out his dollar watch, and looked at it. "Eight seventeen," he said, "I think—"

A SERIES of loud raps, needlessly loud raps, on the front door made him stop. Deacon Peck opened the door. Into the room came a lanky, long-nosed, youngish man, Roy Siller, doer of odd and dirty jobs for Jesse Hornbeck. A half smile turned down the corners of his thin lips. We all stiffened hastily in our chairs.

"Well?" said Job Sanderson, curtly.

Roy Siller tossed his cigarette butt into the open fireplace, took a seat, without invitation, surveyed our gloom-ridden faces with great deliberation, then drawled:

"Evenin', gents. I called about a little matter of a note owed by the church as party of the first part, to Mr. Jesse Hornbeck, party of the second part. Of course, I'm a bit early. You've got till twelve, if you want to stand on your legal rights. But I thought you'd be glad to pay now so we can all go home. I'll trouble you to hand over thirteen thousand in cash, and then I'll give you the note and the deed to the church property you executed when you made the note."

He tapped a long envelope in his coat pocket; I remember the suit he wore well; it was blue with white stripes and, I suppose, could have been described as "snappy." Job Sanderson's face was black; he was opening his mouth to say something to Roy Siller when the Reverend Pendlebury spoke.

"Thank you for coming, Mr. Siller," he said in his level tone. "Of course, if we don't happen to have the money at this time, Mr. Hornbeck will be kind enough to extend the note, I'm sure."

"Oh, are you?" My fingers itched to choke the gloat out of Siller's voice. "Well, you've got another think comin', dominie. My orders were to get the money."

"And if you do not get it?"

"Pay up or close up."

"Don't you think if I saw Mr. Hornbeck and had a talk with him—"

"Not a chance, dominie," cut in Siller. "It'd be a waste of breath. Jesse Hornbeck means business. He ain't forgot the cracks that have been made about him by some people in this town"—he looked pointedly round the table—"and now that he's in the saddle, he's goin' to ride. He said to tell you you could bet your bottom dollar on that."

"But," said the Reverend Pendlebury, "in time we could pay. What possible good would it do him to take over the property? What use could he make of a church?"

Roy Siller lit another cigarette, discharged blue smoke from his long nose, and smiled, wryly. Plainly he was enjoying himself.

"I guess you ain't heard," he said, "that Jesse Hornbeck bought a franchise in the Marcus-Gruber Burlesque Circuit when he found he was probably goin' to have a swell site for a theater."

Job Sanderson rose up from his chair, his body and voice quivering with wrath.

"You damnable jackal," he cried, "do you mean to say that Hornbeck is going to turn the house of the Lord into a burlesque show?"

Siller shrugged his shoulders.

"It will be his property, I reckon," he said, with a touch of bellicosity, "and I guess he can do what he damn well pleases with it."

Job Sanderson seemed about to throttle him but the Reverend Pendlebury stepped between them and laid his hand on Job's thick arm.

"It's no use, Job," he said. "The law is on his side. I signed the note in the name of the

(Continued on page 54)

# How Ten Minutes' Fun Every Day Keeps Me Fit

By Walter Camp

## Famous Yale Coach's "Daily Dozen" Exercises Now on Phonograph Records

ONE night during the war I was sitting in the smoking compartment of a Pullman sleeping-car when a man came in and said, "Mr. Camp?"

I told him I was, and he continued, "Well, there is a man in the car here who is in very bad shape, and we wondered if you could not do something for him."

"What is the matter?" I asked.

"This fellow is running up and down the aisle in his pajamas," the man said, "trying to get them to stop the train to let him get some dope because he hasn't slept for four nights."

I went back in the car and found a man about 38 years old, white as a sheet, with a pulse of 110, and twitching all over. I learned that he had been managing a munitions plant and had broken down under the work because he had transgressed all the laws of nature, and given up all exercise, and had been working day and night.

"For God's sake," he said to me, "can't you put me to sleep? If somebody can only put me to sleep!" He was standing all bent over.

"Don't stand that way, stand this way!" I said, and I straightened him up and started putting him through a few exercises to stretch his body muscles. Pretty soon the color gradually began to come back into his face, and the twitching stopped. Then I said to him, "I am going to put you through the whole set of 'Daily Dozen' exercises once. Then I am going to send you back to your berth."

So I did that and didn't hear any more from him, but the next morning he came to me in the dining car and said:

"You don't leave this train until you've taught me those exercises. I slept last night for the first time in five nights."

I taught him the "Daily Dozen" and two months later I got a letter from him, saying:

"My dear good Samaritan, I am back on the job all right again, and I am teaching everybody those exercises."

The "Daily Dozen" was originally devised as a setting-up drill for picked young men—the boys who were in training during the war. But its greatest value is for those men and women who are hemmed in between-four walls most of the time and are beginning to realize that their bodies aren't as fit as their minds.

I applied it to middle-aged men, and men past middle age too, during the war—including members of the cabinet in Washington—who simply had to do much more work than they were used to doing, without breaking down. In the "Daily Dozen" I soon found I had something that would actually increase their reserve power. They grew progressively more fit as we went along.

People think that they can take an orgy of exercise and make up for a long period of neglect when they do not take any exercise at all. You can not do that. Do not go to a gymnasium. That tires you to death. That is old-fashioned. We do not have to do that any more. A man or woman can keep himself or herself fit with six or seven minutes a day. There is no reason why a man at 50 or 60 or 70 should not be supple; and if he is supple, then he grows old very slowly—but the place where he must look after himself is in his body muscles.—Walter Camp.

Mr. Camp is famous as a great Yale football coach, and athletic authority, but few people know that he is also a successful business man. Although sixty years old he is stronger and more supple than most younger men, and he uses his own "Daily Dozen" exercises regularly in order to remain so.

Since the war, the "Daily Dozen" has been making busy men and women fit and keeping them so—and the exercises are now proving



WALTER CAMP

Originator of the Famous "Daily Dozen" System

more efficient than ever—due to a great improvement in the system. This is it—

With Mr. Camp's special permission all the twelve exercises have been set to music—on phonograph records that can be played on any disc machine.

In addition a book is included—showing by actual photographs the exact movements to make for every one of the "commands"—which are given by a voice speaking on the record. So now you can make your phonograph keep you fit.

With these records and the book a man or woman can keep himself or herself fit with only a few minutes' exercise a day—and it is so much fun that some of the "Daily Dozen" fans go through the whole twelve exercises to the spirited music twice every morning—just as a matter of sheer enjoyment.

Mr. Camp says that the place where we must look after ourselves is in the body or the trunk muscles.

This is so because we are all in reality "caged animals." When a man stops hunting and fishing for food and earns it sitting at a desk he becomes a captive animal—just as much as a lion or a tiger in the Zoo—and his trunk muscles deteriorate because they cease to be used. Then comes constipation and other troubles which *savage* men never have.

The remedy is to imitate the "exercises" of caged animals. They know how to keep themselves fit—and they do it too.

How? Simply by constantly stretching and turning and twisting the trunk or body muscles! When Mr. Camp discovered that men and women can imitate the caged animal with enormous profit to their health, he devised the "Daily Dozen"—to provide this indispensable exercise—the only exercise people really need to keep in proper condition.

Many people have written to the Health Builders telling them of the benefits they have received. Here is part of one letter:

"We wish to express our satisfaction and delight with our set of records and exercises. Our entire family of eight, including the maid, are taking them. The children are fascinated with them and bring the neighbors' children to do them."—MRS. CHARLES C. HICKSCH, 828 Vine St., La Crosse, Wis.

The Health Builders' improved system now includes the entire "Daily Dozen" exercises, set to specially selected music, on large 10-inch double-disc phonograph records; a handsome book, printed in two colors, containing over 60 actual photographs illustrating each movement of each exercise; and a foreword by Walter Camp explaining the new principles of his famous system.

Any man or woman who exercises with this system regularly, even if it is only six or seven minutes a day, will feel better and have more endurance and "pep" than they have had since they were in their teens—and they will find those few minutes the best fun of their day.

### Try the Complete System Free—For Five Days

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

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

Simply mail the coupon and see for yourself at our expense, the new, easy, pleasant way to keep fit. You'll feel better, look better, and have more endurance and "pep" than you ever had in years—and you'll find it's fun to exercise to music! Don't put off getting this remarkable System that will add years to your life and make you happier by keeping you in glowing health. Mail the coupon today. Address Health Builders, Inc., Dept. 863, Garden City, N. Y.

#### FIVE DAY TRIAL COUPON

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Please send me for five days' Free Trial at your expense the Complete Health Builder Series containing Walter Camp's entire "Daily Dozen" on five double-disc ten-inch records; the book containing 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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If you prefer to take advantage of our cash price send only \$10.00.

Orders from outside U. S. are payable cash in full with order.

## Reverend Pendlebury's Past

(Continued from page 52)

church with the consent of all of you. Mr. Middlemass insisted that it be a time note and promised to renew it. He's gone back on us. There's nothing we can do but pay. And where are we to get thirteen thousand dollars?"

He turned to Roy Siller.

"Couldn't you give us, say, three days? You see we didn't expect to have to meet the note. In three days we could perhaps somehow raise the money."

Siller spat into the grate.

"Nothing doing, dominie. Jesse Hornbeck's last words were, 'Get the dough.'"

Siller saw another chance to rub it in, and added.

"I don't mind tellin' you that there's a big game runnin' at the Inn to-night and Jesse could use the money very handily up there. He was countin' on it, in fact. Well," his voice hardened, "do I get the money?"

The Reverend Pendlebury's voice was still low-pitched, but I saw the beginning of a glitter in his grey eyes, as he consulted his watch.

"Eight thirty," he said. "Your money is not due until midnight. Will you wait here, or will you come back at twelve for it?"

"I'll wait here, right here," said Roy Siller, staring at him, suspiciously. We were all staring at him.

He turned away from Jesse Hornbeck's lieutenant and addressed us.

"Gentlemen," he said, easily, "we were discussing another matter when Mr. Siller came in. We'll take it up again, if you wish. What is your pleasure?"

"Just a minute, reverend," said Job Sanderson. He bent over and whispered something to Luke Cobb; their heads were together for a minute; I saw Luke nod. Then Job spoke.

"I guess the rest will agree with me," said Job, "when I say that we don't want to go any further with that other matter. We'll just brand it a lie, and let it go at that. I reckon we were fools to listen for a second to such a wild yarn, and we're sorry, reverend. There ain't anything you need say. The matter is closed. We'll forget it."

WE ALL nodded to show we were behind him.

The Reverend Pendlebury's eyes were glistening and for the first time his voice faltered.

"Thank you, gentlemen, from the bottom of my heart," he said. "It means everything to me to have your confidence in my work for the church. Our church—" Then his eye fell on the striped back of Roy Siller, lolling in his chair. "Our church—" he began again, but he couldn't go on. Roy Siller spat into the fire. Then I saw the Reverend Pendlebury's small hands go up to his face and pinch the ends of his white moustache; I saw him knit his brow; I saw him pace to the door and back, his hitting limp sounding faintly on the faded carpet of the study. Then I saw the glitter in his grey eyes grow sharper. Suddenly he walked to the ancient desk in the corner of the room, sat down, grasped a pen, and began to write. He finished a short note, sealed it, and handed it to Job Sanderson.

"Elder Sanderson," he said, all business, "I am going out. You are not to open this note till I have been gone five minutes. Then do me one favor: stay here till midnight and do not deliver the keys of the church to Siller until then. Will you do that?"

"Yes."

"Very good. Good night, gentlemen."

He closed the door behind him, and we heard him go up stairs; then we heard him moving around in his bed-room; then, after about ten minutes, we heard the tap, tap-tap, of his limp as he came down the stairs; then we heard the front door slam as he went out. We waited in puzzled silence.

At last Job Sanderson's stiff, hurried fingers tore open the envelope. His lips read the words to himself, then louder, to us.

"Elders and Deacons of Willowton Church:

I herewith resign as your minister.

Daniel Pendlebury."

Confusedly Job Sanderson pawed up his watch from his pocket. "Eight forty-seven," he said. We looked at each other, blankly.



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# EL PRODUCTO

"I don't understand," began Luke Cobb.  
 "What can he mean," said Deacon Peck.  
 "What's he going to do?" said Deacon Fuller.  
 "Was he insured?" asked Deacon Bogardus.  
 "It's too late to stop him now, anyhow," said Job Sanderson.

Roy Siller broke in upon our speculations.  
 "You might as well hand over the keys," he said, "if you haven't the cash. Then we could all go home."

I saw the cords stand out on the backs of Job Sanderson's knotted fists. With an effort he got a grip on his temper.

"You'll wait till twelve, Siller," he said, fiercely.

WE SAT about in heavy silence, as if we were watching at a bier. The cheap clock on the mantel ticked off the minutes. Now and then one of us tried to start the talk; we threw out a remark about the weather, about the crops, about politics, but our heart was not in it, and, after a few uninterested sentences, we lapsed into mute, hopeless waiting. At eleven-thirty Roy Siller stood up, stretched his spindle legs, rubbed his long nose, yawned, adjusted his imitation diamond stick-pin, and said,

"Aw, what's the use of waitin'? You might as well hand over the keys now and be done with it. The dominie's probably lit out for Boston on the ten-twenty train. Let's have the keys. I wanta get back to the Inn."

Luke Cobb who had been glowering at the mantelpiece, looked questioningly at the rest of us.

"I reckon mebbe Siller's right," he said, sadly. "No use prolongin' the agony. Eleven-thirty's the same as twelve so far as we're concerned—"

In the blackness of our despair, no one answered him. We were beaten. Luke Cobb began to struggle into his shaggy ulster; Deacon Peck began to hunt around for his mittens. The big, bass voice of Job Sanderson stopped them.

"Wait a bit," he boomed. "We promised the reverend we'd stay till twelve, and we're going to."

Roy Siller spat peevishly. His smile was sour. "Guess I can wait, too," he drawled. "You might as well enjoy this place as long as you can." He sprawled himself with a proprietary air in a chair by the fire. With an ache, I remembered that it was the chair Reverend Pendlebury used to sit in when he was preparing his sermons.

We watched the minute hand of the clock climb up the arc toward twelve. I felt hate for that relentless hand. Ten minutes to twelve. Five minutes to twelve. Roy Siller stood up and began to wind a gaudy muffler around his pale neck. Deacon Peck began again the search for his mittens which had slipped away somewhere under the table. Job Sanderson slowly, painfully, straightened out his big body; his lips were shut tight; his hand ploughed down into the deep cave of pocket in his corduroy trousers, and I heard the jingle of the church keys. Then we all heard another sound—a roaring, coughing noise like a hundred asthmatic devils, and we all recognized it. It was the sound that heralded the approach of Jesse Hornbeck and his red car.

The jingle of keys in Job's pocket stopped, and I knew that his big hand had closed on them vise-like, and stilled them. Hate wrinkles converged round his eyes. There was a war-like spark behind the spectacles of Deacon Fuller; I saw Luke Cobb biting his lip.

"He's come to gloat," I heard Job Sanderson say. "By the Lord, he'd better not go too far—"

Deacon Peck had gone to the window. "It's Jesse Hornbeck's car, right enough," he announced. "He's coming up the path."

We heard the sound of feet on the porch, and unconsciously we moved together, shoulder to shoulder. Roy Siller took a step forward to greet his employer; he was smiling widely. Then the door opened.

A man stepped into the yellow light. It was not Jesse Hornbeck. It was a stranger. And yet he was not a stranger. He was the Reverend Daniel Pendlebury and yet he was not the Reverend Daniel Pendlebury. He was a strange figure with the face of our minister. He was dressed in a checked suit of old fashioned cut, a flamboyant, ribald sort of suit. The vest, cut low, revealed an expanse of stiff white shirt.

(Continued on page 56)

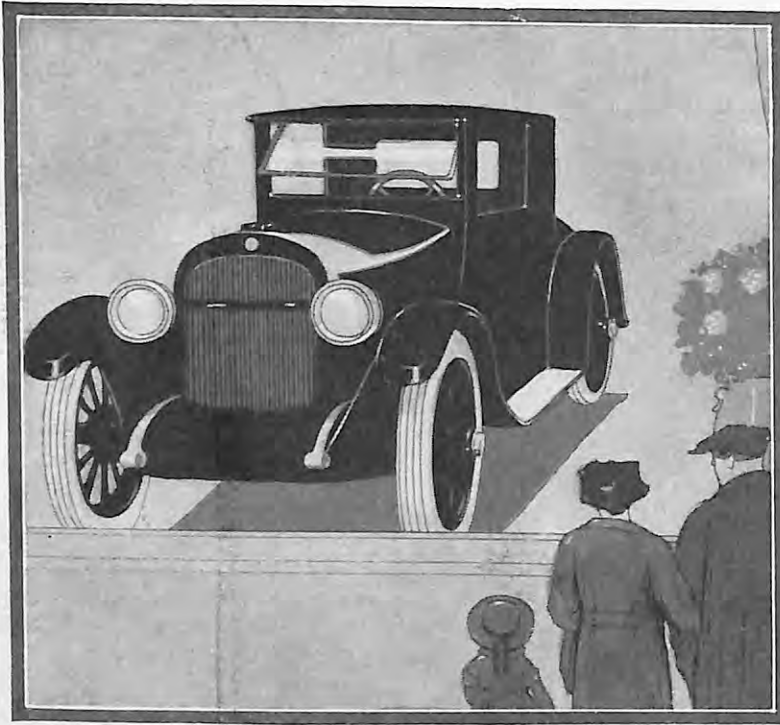


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## Reverend Pendlebury's Past

(Continued from page 55)

bosom and in the center of the bosom was a big diamond stud that caught the rays of the oil lamp and shot them back into our amazed eyes. A black string bow tie fitted into an old-time collar. On the man's head was a wide-brimmed black slouch hat, tilted back at an angle. The face underneath the hat was the face of the Reverend Pendlebury; it was pale, but it was calm, and there was a slight smile on it. We stood there, gawking at him like a bunch of clothing-store dummies. We saw him walk, with that slight, hitching limp of his, to the table. We saw his thin right hand go into a pocket of the checked suit. When he drew it out there was a large roll of bills in it; he laid the money on the table—big bills, yellow hundreds.

"Mr. Siller," he said, clearly, his voice as even as if he were saying, "We will now sing Hymn No. 343." "I'll trouble you to hand me that deed and note."

He held out his hand toward Roy Siller, whose mouth was open like a pickerel about to bolt a frog. On the second finger of the Reverend Pendlebury's right hand I saw the glint of an unwonted ring; it was a ring made by a fat gold snake with ruby eyes, in whose mouth was a diamond as big as a hazel nut.

Roy Siller automatically fingered the money on the table.

"Thirteen thousand," he muttered. "Here's your note."

He handed to the Reverend Pendlebury the long envelope. Without a word, the Reverend Pendlebury stepped to the fire-place and tossed the note among the blazing pine logs. Then he walked briskly to the front door, held it open, and said, pleasantly.

"Now, good-night, Mr. Siller."

Jesse Hornbeck's lieutenant, his face like a sleep walker's who has just awakened to find himself promenading Main Street in his night shirt, tripped over the door-jamb, and stumbled out into the snowy night. Without hurry, the Reverend Pendlebury closed the door after him. We still stood there in a group; no one spoke; I know that for my part I couldn't have got out a single coherent syllable. The Reverend Pendlebury was smiling.

"I hope you gentlemen will excuse me," he said. "I am going up to bed. I'm a little bit tired. Good-night."

We all stood looking at Job Sanderson. He did not say a word. One of his big hairy hands plucked from the table the sheet of paper on which the Reverend Pendlebury had written his resignation. We heard a pad, pad, pad as Job's felt boots moved swiftly toward the fire-place. Then, suddenly, the room grew very much brighter.

## How It Feels to Have Power

(Continued from page 22)

second chance at such power as Trotsky was hungry for, especially after half a generation of careful planning. When Trotsky's chance came again the American correspondents in Petrograd, knowing of his previous experience, watched him follow out the same program he had followed in 1905. There was nothing astonishing about his rise to power, to one who knew his history. This time the workmen, armed in the war as soldiers, had guns. About all that Trotsky had to do was to carry out every vision of power that he had dreamed during his dozen years of exile. As a study in "power-hungry" men and "power-testing" men, Trotsky is one of the most astonishing examples on earth.

It takes brains in a man to analyze the power he possesses. Arthur Woods, for four years police commissioner of New York, told me a story to illustrate this fact.

"I don't know how many chauffeurs I tried," he said, "before I could get the right man to drive me around New York in the police-car. Every chauffeur I got wanted to carry me through the traffic lines. They didn't want to stop at the crossings and wait for the traffic signal to go ahead. They knew that the men who were giving the signals were subordinates. Every driver I had wanted to dash through town, breaking every traffic regulation. I finally found a

driver who understood that the traffic ordinances were bigger than the policemen and bigger than the police commissioner. But it took a long time to discover him."

Police power is a primal thing almost equivalent to physical force. I have found some chiefs of police who realized the danger of this power and others who only gloated in it.

In a Western city for many years, a chief who was famous in national police and detective circles, made it a point to hide his police power as much as possible and fall back on his own strong personality. There wasn't a written rule in his department. His orders to his policemen and detectives were, in gist, "Do as I do." The relations between this chief and the underworld were personal and face-to-face.

EVERY crook that came to town reported immediately to "The Big Fellow." He went to headquarters and saw the chief in his office and said, in effect, "I'm in town." There was a certain small hotel in town set aside for crook visitors. There the crook lived while he was in the city. Woe to the thief who came to that town and didn't report to the chief! Some thief would be bound to see him and tell the police of his presence. The crook who was picked up after failing to report was taken into the chief's office and part of his punishment was a mighty punch in the nose delivered by the chief himself. Men of the underworld did their best to keep this town "safe" for themselves, by protecting the citizens. When an occasional robbery or safe-blowing occurred in that city, the chief sent word over to "Reddy" Griffin's hotel and every crook there made it his duty to help the "Big Fellow" run down the criminals. That chief probably had the most fun of any power-holder I ever knew.

The town had the reputation of being the most orderly and the safest city in the Middle West. But the effect of the chief's plan was that nearby cities suffered from the depredations of the chief's "friends"; and they later found sort of a sanctuary in Griffin's hotel.

"It's the hardest thing in the world to get a policeman to understand his power," a famous chief of police told me recently, when we were talking of the effect of power on men. "You can't keep the personal equation out of it. You know policemen have two phrases that tell the story. One is 'clean graft,' the other is 'dirty money.' Now 'clean graft' is the reward which a policeman may receive from a citizen for doing a thing which the policeman is supposed to do anyhow. It's a tip for exercising power properly. Suppose one of my policemen helps your children across the street on the way to and from school. He is supposed to do that. He has the power to stop all traffic to protect them. You give him a dollar now and then for this service. He calls that 'clean graft.' It takes a pretty brainy policeman to realize that he ought not to take this money. It's hard to make him understand that he's likely to take better care of your children than he is of the children of the man who doesn't give him a dollar a week. He looks on the money as a waiter looks on his tips.

"When it comes to 'dirty money,' however, the case is different. Any policeman smart enough to pass the examinations, knows that when he takes money to withhold the use of his power, he is all wrong. And when he takes money to use his power wrongly, to protect crime, there is no question in his mind that the act is criminal.

"It's a difficult thing, in any police department, to draw this line between 'clean graft' and 'dirty money.' As a matter of fact, there isn't any line between them. In one case or another the policeman is selling the use of his power, but most men don't understand this. Citizens don't realize that tipping a policeman and tipping a waiter are two different things."

Far wiser men than policemen, however, have the same difficulty that the policeman experiences in drawing the line between helping the fellow that makes you like him and doing little or nothing for the fellow who is a stranger.

Possessing power doesn't wipe out a man's human nature. Trail down almost every use of power and you will discover that the man who made it was actuated by mingled motives of justice, sympathy, friendly interest, and perhaps, to a certain extent, a willingness to gain new friends.

(Continued on page 58)

## for the Proper Care of the Hands

The skin should be kept naturally soft, all the time, if you would have really beautiful hands. Pure soap and water alone will not do this, for some soaps dry the skin, and you know that dry skin easily roughens and often cracks or chaps.

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## How It Feels to Have Power

(Continued from page 57)

"If the public weren't such a boob," said a police official not long ago, "its officials would take better care of public business. Let me explain: Here's a fellow putting up a building. He gets a police permit to use one-quarter of the street for storing bricks, steel, timbers and so forth. He can build faster and at less expense if he can use one-half the street. Now when he talks to a policeman about helping him, the policeman becomes personally interested in the man and his problem. He forgets the public that will have to squeeze through the half-street. The public won't know it's being protected if the policeman makes the builder stick to a quarter of the street. It won't thank the policeman because it won't know it has anything to thank him for. But the builder will thank the policeman,

all right, you can depend on that. And so, even if the policeman doesn't take money from the builder, all the odds within the range of human nature are that he'll exert his power in the direction where the thanks come from. And there you are."

In any study of men who possess and use power, you'll find that their every-day problem, no matter how high their office, is nothing more nor less than that of the policeman.

The possession of power in the business, political or social world, brings out everything there is in a man.

Which is lucky for us ordinary mortals. For no man, holding real power, can keep his real self hidden for very long. Sweet power is the one great Uncoverer.

## Duke's Fluke

(Continued from page 19)

cold so I thought I'd pull a new stunt on them. Every team does that once in a while."

"Without telling the other guy?" I asks.

"Of course," says she. "I didn't get the idea until we was on and—"

"Well," I cuts in, "don't get no more of them ideas. Duke's got enough trouble getting by with the regular stuff without dragging in no quick tricks. I suppose next time you'll ask him what art museums he goes to and what his favorite uproar is."

"Why not?" she wants to know.

"Why not?" I shouts. "Because that bozo ain't been in no museums in his life excepting maybe those on Fourteenth Street where they make you presents of diseases you ain't got. Stick to the lines, kid. Duke ain't no actor, he's a fighter."

"I sneers," comes back Goldie, "and—listen, I ain't the only one."

Somebody in the audience has let loose a hiss. Duke, who's near the end of his spiel, stops and me and Goldie runs out in the wings to see what's what. Again they is a hiss. Meehan's white as a sheet and mad enough to bite himself. Then he steps up front and yells:

"If the dirty dog that done that'll come up here I'll bust his face in. Come on, you yeller rat, and bring all your friends along."

Nobody don't accept the invite and the audience starts cheering for Duke. He's in so good that he has to take four curtain calls before they will let him alone.

"That's an idea," says Goldie, kinda to herself. When Meehan comes off she smiles real friendly to him and tells him she's sorry she balled the lines up and won't do it no more.

"Listen here," says the Lark baby, at the hotel. "What's the matter with working that stunt into the act regular?"

"What stunt?" I asks. "The first reader?"

"No," she explains, "the hissing business. We'll stach someone at every show and let Duke pull the same lines he worked off tonight. It was sure a knockout. The act's needed a real snappy blow-off all the time and now that we got it, let's use it."

"Is that the idea you was speaking of back in the theater?" I inquires.

"That's part of it," answers Goldie.

IV

FOR a whiles things is much better and Goldie don't act no more like Meehan was something the cat brung in outta the garbage can. She treats the boy real pleasant and that baby, who's been waiting for an opening to get in good with her, turns hisself outside in to make hay while the iron's hot.

Besides the hissing trick which we works into the show regular and which goes big, Goldie thinks up some other stunts which helps with the laughs. Goldberg is got all kinda confidences in the gal and writes me to let her go as far as she likes in changing the act around. I'm supposed to be sort of manager of the layout but me not knowing no more about the show business than

a fish does about mountain-climbing I'm willing enough to let the Lark lady carry on.

The further west we gets the more razzing we draws from the newspapers about not fighting. Dixon come from California or one of them places on the Pacific Slop and out in that section they is used to talking free. When we ain't called nothing worse than "quitter" or "yellow" we blushes from the compliments.

While we is towering the country the ex-champ gets hisself a match with Gunpointer Shannon, an English biffer that's the class of the old worlds and punches that baby cold in less than a round which, of course, adds flames to the fuels and gives the sporting writers a new bunch of harpoons to heave at us.

But the box-office ain't hurt none and I don't have so much troubles as I did at first to keep Meehan quiet and consented. The knocking makes the hissing stunt sound real natural and we is sitting sweet and pretty when all of a sudden the train stops and we is in El Paso, which means "the pass" and we do, out.

The afternoon show goes by in great shape. The crowd's kinda rough and Duke gets a good hand and we is at pieces with the world when we goes back to the hotel. There is a telegram waiting for me from Biddy Gallagher, reading:

Will you take twenty thousand win, lose, draw, Decoration Day?

I shows the wire to Meehan and he's keen to take Dixon on the price but I just gives him the laughs.

"When he talks twice that loud, kid," says I, "we'll begin telling him what we want."

Duke don't argue and I sends this answer to Biddy:

Debt to art not yet all paid.

Goldie ain't around for dinner and me and Duke figures maybe she's got some friends in town or is giving Juarez the once over. She drifts in about a half-hour before show time and I tells her about the offer we gets from Gallagher.

"Take it," she says.

"And bust up the show?" I asks. "Tired of it?"

"No, I ain't," she comes back, "but I gotta hunch we is about through."

"On account of the newspaper razzing?" I inquires.

"That and other things," Goldie answers. "If you don't take it you'll be sorry."

"Forget it, kid," I laughs. "We ain't gonna work for no chicken feeds."

"Shoot yourself," says she and gives me the shrug exit. "Remember, I tipped you," she flings over her shoulder.

The house is packed for the night show and nothing outta the ordinary happens at first except that I notice that Goldie is kinda nervous and her mind is sorta absent. Her stuff ain't got the usual pep and I figures the kid's tired herself out running around the town and besides we'd been on the train for thirty hours. But everything gets by in pretty fair shape until

Duke goes front to tell the world how he knocked the champion out.

We got a kid stashed to do the razz at the end of the speech but Meehan ain't no sooner started talking when they is a loud hiss from the back of the house.

"Damn that kid," I yelps to Goldie. "I told him when to do it."

But she ain't listening. I turns my attention to Duke, afraid he might get balled up but he comes through with the regular stuff.

"If the dirty dog that done that'll come up here," he howls, "I'll bust his face in. Come on, you yellin' rat, and bring your friends along."

"On the square, you quitter?" asks a husky voice.

Me and Meehan is both so surprised at the come-back that at first we don't know what to do but Duke gets himself together.

"If you don't think it's on the square, come on up," he barks.

I hear a lot of noises and sticks my head out from the wings. It's kinda dark out in the house but I sees a bozo busting through the audiences toward the boxes.

"One of your stunts?" I asks Goldie.

She just smiles, and I ain't got time to ask no more questions. A guy jumps from the box out on the stage, and I'm damned if it ain't Lill Dixon!

He don't say nothing but takes a swipe at Meehan. Duke's so flabbergasted he ain't even got sense enough to raise his mitts with the results that he catches a wallop on the jaw that sends him rocking to the back of the stage. He comes back quick though and mixes it.

"Curtain, curtain," I yells.

"Save your breath," cuts in Goldie. "You ain't gonna get nothing done around here. This is my home burg."

"I ain't, hey," I comes back and starts from the wings to bust in between Meehan and Dixon. All of a sudden I feels something pressing against my back. I turns and there is that Lark gal with a rifle that she grabbed from one of them Swiss Sharpshooters that come on in the act after ours.

"Butt out," she hisses. "Let 'em fight."

Which I done and, boy, they was something to see. Duke is dressed in regular fighting togs while the other guy is got a sweater and pants and shoes on but they don't stop him none. The lads stand toe to toe trading wallops and I'm kinda proud of the way my boy is delivering.

Most of the crowd is figuring this row as part of the show but when Duke's bare fist lands over Dixon's eye and cuts a gash about a yard long they begins to get wise. They is lots of yelling and shouting and some screaming from the women folks but nobody makes no attempts to butt into the festivities.

I turns around to Goldie. "You done this, you—?"

"Sure," she says with a grin.

"Why?" I asks.

"Look," says she.

Duke catches one in the stomach and sags to the floor but he ain't through by a darn sight. He hops up in no time and bores into Dixon with both fists. Before that bozo can beat off Meehan he's taken enough punches in the body to make him sick.

"Cut it out, cut it out," I yelps but they don't pay no attention to me even if they does hear me. They is both fighting like a coupla wild men. One of Duke's eyes is closed and they is a big cut near his mouth besides, but Dixon don't look no prettier. He's bleeding from the cut on his forehead and his body is a red welt.

"Get him, Bill," shouts Goldie. "Get him."

And Bill does. Though he is nearly all in himself he manages to make Meehan leave his jaw wide open for a second which is enough and a short right jolt sends Duke to the floor. The kid's game, though. He staggers to his feet and tries to fall into a clinch but they ain't nothing stirring. Bill steps to the side, aims a shot and blam out go the lights for Duke.

"Curtain, curtain," I yells again.

Goldie drops the rifle and walks back.

"All right, now, Joe," she says and down comes the asbestos.

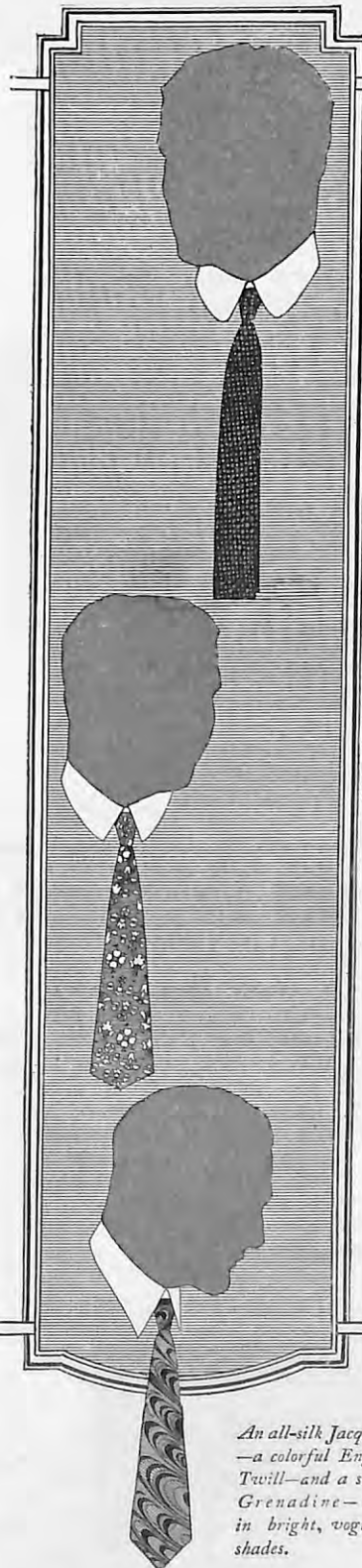
While a coupla stage hands is dragging Meehan back to the dressing room I grabs Goldie.

"Now," says I. "What the hell does all this mean?"

"Ain't you wise?" she comes back. "What

(Continued on page 60)

## The Ties You Like to Wear



JUST the fact that they are Cheney Cravats is more than enough to make you *like* these new Spring ties on sight—for you know what "Cheney" means in ties.

They offer you patterns and colorings that are unusually smart—cut and style that are up-to-the-minute—and an easy-tying material that is wrinkleproof, wear-proof and holds its shape well.

Especially sturdy are Cheney Tubulars, famous for their long life of good looks. Your favorite haberdasher has them.

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NEW YORK  
*Makers of Cheney Silks*

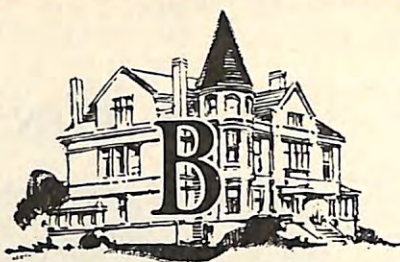
*An all-silk Jacquard  
—a colorful English  
Twill—and a smart  
Grenadine—each  
in bright, voguish  
shades.*

# CHENEY CRAVATS

## Duke's Flake

(Continued from page 59)

Why 94% of Elks' Clubs  
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with—



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BILLIARD TABLES : BOWLING ALLEYS  
And Accessories

BECAUSE since 1845 Brunswick equipment has been the standard.

BECAUSE the name "Brunswick" stands for 78 years of quality manufacturing.

BECAUSE three generations of clubmen have used Brunswick equipment.

BECAUSE experienced buyers know that all Brunswick products are 100% Brunswick—made by Brunswick men in Brunswick plants.

BECAUSE the name "Brunswick" on any article has come to mean what "Sterling" means on silver.



An interesting booklet, "The Home Magnet," describing billiard and pocket billiard tables for the home, mailed free on request.

THE BRUNSWICK-BALKE-COLLENDER CO.  
Manufacturers—Established 1845  
CHICAGO NEW YORK CINCINNATI  
Branch Houses in All Principal Cities

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### Equipment for Public and Private Use

More than twenty years devoted exclusively to the manufacture of children's outdoor, health-building goods enable us to outfit playgrounds in a very superior manner. Your lodge can do a great good by establishing a playground. Keep the children off the streets and away from dangerous traffic. Thousands

are killed annually by automobiles.

We are the largest manufacturers of playground apparatus in the country. Because we are constantly in touch with playground movements everywhere, we are able to give authoritative information to lodges or individuals seeking a solution of their playground problems.

### HILL-STANDARD CO.

ANDERSON, INDIANA, U. S. A.



All merchandise advertised in The Elks Magazine is absolutely guaranteed. Your money will be promptly refunded by the manufacturer or by us if proof is shown that the merchandise advertised in our columns is not as represented.

It is obviously impossible for any publisher to guarantee financial offerings, but we do guarantee

to our readers that we will make every effort to accept only the offerings of safe securities and the announcements of responsible and reliable banking houses.

The only condition of this guarantee is that the reader shall always state that the advertisement was seen in The Elks Magazine.

do you think I quit two hundred a week with a Broadway show to take a hundred for a tour of the tanks?"

"Why?" I asks.

"Because," she comes back, "you give my kid brother a dirty deal. You bounced him off when he was sick and wouldn't give him a chance to come back in a square row."

"Your brother?" I gasps. "Your name is Lark, ain't it?"

"Just as much as his is Dixon," she answers. "The real monicker is Lutwitz, if you got to know, and this is where we live. I started with the show figuring I'd make it flop and get you back into the fight game quick but I seen they was no chance and was getting ready to give up when that hiss at Columbus put a idea in my head."

"And I," I groans, "like a sucker fell for it. What a fat-head I was. I'll hand it to you, kid. You're a clever gal and maybe I ain't so sorry—"

"But I am," she interrupts kinda soft, "Duke's a game boy and I—I like him." And she walks away like she was gonna cry.

I walks back to the dressing room. Duke has come to, but everything ain't quite clear to him. After a while he gets the straight of it.

"Don't worry," says I. "The fight won't be recognized."

Meehan stands up and takes a look at hisself in the mirror.

"It won't have nothing on me," he answers, just as Goldie comes into the room. Her eyes is red.

## Climbing the Ladder of Song

(Continued from page 30)

had had a share. They seemed to like me too. For those volunteered services I have since been repaid in a thousand ways, for those men always remembered that girl and seemed to interest themselves in her career as though she was one of their own.

The memorable day finally arrived when Daddi told me I was to appear, in the company of two other very dear American girls, before the late Cleofonte Campanini, then Director General of the Chicago Civic Opera Company.

How excited we were—and Daddi as happy and pleased as the rest of us—and, oh, how we did try—how our heart-beats almost choked us! Approval—a contract signed—and Victory! To sing—at last to sing in grand opera—to have a beautiful costume—a part all one's own to a beautiful whole life in—to meet all the wonderful, breath-taking artists. On the grand opera stage before I am twenty-one! Can you imagine the delight, the excitement that colored all the long, weary, nerve-trying rehearsals?

Right here I would like to interrupt myself to give a word of advice, encouragement too, to girls who have voices and are too ambitious to be content with anything less than grand opera. Try America first—it is possible, and probable, and getting less difficult all the while. There are innumerable high-grade Italian, French, and American instructors here who can help you just as efficiently as if their studios were abroad. And, parents, a word to you—before you send your Mary or your William over the ocean, find out first if they are worth the effort, the sacrifice, you are perhaps making. You can find out just as efficiently here. There is no one kinder to the talented ambitious young person than the great artists who have already attained their goal, who have been through the rough as well as the smooth—there is no one more considerate, conscientious, and interested. And they are eligible and approachable here in your own country. Try America first!

To return to my night of nights—and my rôle in the lovely opera "Dinorah." They liked me, I think, and in the wings later, breathlessly happy, Galli-Curci, the incomparable, stopped me and asked, "Child, where did you get that evenness of tone register?" And proudly I looked at her and proudly answered, "In America!"

## Work Your Own Miracle

(Continued from page 14)

Certainly if I looked for effect at all it was not in the direction it actually showed itself. Most of my life I had been using an excess of salt and pepper with my food. It was nothing that bothered me, though often—and in vain—I had tried to moderate my use of spices, since an excess is not the best thing in the world. At dinner one night two weeks after I had been telling myself that every day in every way I was getting better and better, I felt an inexplicable, effortless prompting to do without salt and pepper. Nor has the desire for them returned and I feel as excited about it as a kid who has received an unexpected gift.

A MORE interesting personal experience will indicate how in many other directions autosuggestion works and what possibilities its use promises. At camp last summer I was watching a teacher of swimming at work with a class of beginners. There were in it men and women who had tried for years, without success, to get beyond the beginner's stage.

"Push hard with your arms—kick hard with your legs!" the teacher nagged, as one does when will-power has to be evoked in another.

But the more he nagged, the more they balked; the more they balked, the more discouraged they became; the more discouraged, the more they balked.

It occurred to me that the teacher—otherwise competent—was sending his instruction to the wrong address. "Get into your head what I want you to do," he was saying. "Use will-power to overcome your fears!"

He was addressing everything but the Unconscious of his pupils. But in the Unconscious was a picture of drowning—and it balked all the efforts he and his pupils made.

Taking the worst failures of his class I discreetly chose an obscure corner of the lake—I was not keen about publicity should my experiment fail—and held there a sort of Coué clinic. "In one hundred and eighty seconds—without my putting as much as a finger on any of you—I shall have you all swimming!" I announced. There was a marked absence of enthusiasm.

"Now, then! If I were to throw into this lake a dog who'd never seen more water than is in a saucer, he would swim, wouldn't he? That's chiefly because an animal's body naturally can float. Well, our bodies are built that way too."

To prove it I lay face down in the water in what is known as the "dead man's float" and remained on the surface without moving a finger. Fortunately my build is such that after seeing me do it even a stone would feel convinced it could float. It went far toward getting my pupils to try the experiment. But a few hesitated.

"We'll get water into our lungs," they objected.

"You can hold your breath long enough for the experiment," I suggested.

With a clear picture of what to do my pupils tried the "dead man's float." Of course they found they could do it. The expressions of amazement, exultation and pride at their own cleverness were as amusing to me as gratifying.

"Now get down again as before," I suggested. From a distance of about six feet in front of them I called, when they were all floating, "Come here!"

Without hesitation the Unconscious within every one of them obeyed the suggestion, hands and legs doing instinctively the necessary thing to propel their bodies through the water, not elegantly perhaps but at least effectively. When their heads bumped against me there was another outburst of self-congratulation. Finally as they propelled themselves through the water I got them to raise their heads very gradually until their mouths were free. They then admitted I had taught them to swim as promised and did not even scrutinize the time it took me to do it.

It was autosuggestion that I had employed with results that astonished me almost as much as the others. Of course the autosuggestion of drowning had kept my pupils from learning to swim before then. My job had been to drive out a bit of bad autosuggestion by putting in a good one. As Coué puts it, "One can drive a bad nail out of a plank by driving in a good one over it."

(Continued on page 62)

# K A R P E N



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Many people would like to refurnish their homes—but feel that to do so would entail a too heavy expense.

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of this beautiful book of Living Room, Hall and Sun Room plans. It tells you how to beautify your home at comparatively moderate expense. Starting with a definite furnishing plan, and adding a piece or two at a time, working to an ideal of livable comfort and beauty.

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"THE next morning after Lodge Meeting" said the wife of one prominent and popular Elk, "each of the children expects to find at the breakfast plate a package of Beech-Nut Mints or Fruit Drops from the Club."

It's only a little thing—but is it any wonder he's a popular Elk? You know the Elk saying "Popularity should begin at home—"

But seriously, have you tried out all of these delicious Beech-Nut confections which are on sale at the Club cigar stand? Or if your Club is one of the few that do not carry Beech-Nut, no doubt the manager will provide them if you ask him to.

Flavorsome Beech-Nut Fruit Drops—refreshing Mints—pure Chewing Gum. Ask for them. Take them home. You can depend on them. That's worth considering.

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Elks and their families, if in the vicinity of the Mohawk Valley, are invited to inspect the Home of Beech-Nut at Canajoharie, N.Y.

## EVERY LIVING PERSON

Can be  
HELPED  
by  
**COUÉ'S  
BOOK**



**SKEPTICS** have turned ardent believers in Coué's method of autosuggestion; scientists and thinkers all over the world have endorsed it; millions of people, including the most prominent, are practicing it.

Amazement, gratitude and joy follow its use everywhere, as humanity rids itself of disease and all manner of ills, without the use of medicines, diet, exercise or ordinary healing systems. ANYBODY can use this simple method without effort or inconvenience by following the simple instructions given in this book.

Even if you are perfectly healthy and successful, you can add greatly to your reserve power and fortify and broaden your life by the methods explained in

### SELFMASTERY Through Conscious AUTOSUGGESTION

This book not only contains a complete exposition of his theories and methods with thorough instructions for self cure, but also gives in detail some of his amazing cures.

"I have been troubled with stomach and bowel trouble for four years, sometimes incapacitating me from my daily avocation until I began to understand and practice the formula given by Emile Coué. I am well now and gaining weight and happiness all the time. For four years I ate only certain kinds of food. Now I eat any kind that I crave."

Mr. A. D. M., Ft. Smith, Ark.

As one of the editors of THE ELKS MAGAZINE says:

"In a little book—it is so simple—Emile Coué tells us how to think ourselves into being masters of our bodies and of our minds. Are you ill? Are you blue? Below par? Discouraged? Afraid? Unsuccessful? Don't mind it. But don't stay that way. Read Coué's book. It's marvelous stuff!"

Countless numbers of people go through life little dreaming that they have stored up in the subconscious the very treasures for which they long. Coué's book gives mankind the key to this inner storehouse.



"For years I had a spinal curvature and I had given up hope of a cure, two or three bones being misplaced, making a hollow in the back. I hardly know how to explain it, I am very thankful to Dr. Coué to find that my spine is straightening and the hollow has filled out."

Mrs. F. C. D., Poplar Hill, Md.

"King Albert of Belgium absolutely cured of rheumatism by Coué."—N. Y. Evening Mail.

Mary Garden says Coué's methods cured her of bronchial pneumonia, headaches and other ills. "I can't get along without this book," she states.

Coué's formula has penetrated the precincts of the White House. President Harding hoped that 'day by day' his cold would be getting 'better and better.'—N. Y. World, Jan. 17.

Luther Burbank, Dr. Frank Crane, Henry Ford, Chauncey M. Depew and many other prominent people have publicly endorsed Coué and his methods. Just \$1.00 will bring you this book giving complete information how to use Coué's methods.

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You may send me Coué's Method, "Self-Mastery Through Conscious Autosuggestion," postpaid, I enclose \$1.00 in full payment. (Add 15c to foreign checks and 10c to domestic checks.)

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## Work Your Own Miracle

(Continued from page 61)

It would be unfair to the theory of autosuggestion to give the impression that all one needs to realize any wish whatever is to utter that wish aloud. Autosuggestion, for instance, can not bring back a leg that has been amputated.

Also it must be remembered that there is a host of bad autosuggestions already at work in most of us, implanted by shocks, failures, scoldings, by ourselves in moods of low vitality, by vicious reading matter and bad "movies," by deficiencies in our organisms, and particularly by some unhappy chance in the extremely impressionable period of infancy and childhood. It is no mean task to drive out a strongly entrenched habit of thinking oneself inferior. It takes time, patience and persistence to weed out parasitic growths within us and plant the Unconscious with good.

**L**IKewise it takes some study and practice to get the very best out of autosuggestion. Coué's simple device of repeating, "Every day in every way I am getting better and better," twenty times every morning and night when relaxed in bed, is by all means vastly better than nothing at all. But understanding the phenomenon of the Unconscious to some extent must increase the effectiveness of even Coué's formula. Also in fairness to him I must repeat here his own oft-emphasized words:

"Don't run away with the idea that my ways of autosuggestion are the only ones."

For other methods of autosuggestion and for at least a rudimentary study of the Unconscious the reading of Coué's own "Self-Mastery Through Conscious Autosuggestion"; "The Practice of Autosuggestion," by C. Harry Brooks; "Our Unconscious Mind," by Frederick Pierce; "Suggestion and Autosuggestion," by Charles Baudouin, and other good books on the subject should be a splendid investment.

Within the scope of this article, however, there is room to point out only one or two considerations. In our fable it was only when the city man let the horse have its own way that his one hope for getting home began to operate. In the same way the Unconscious within us looms up and has its way most when the Conscious is most asleep. This upwelling or "cropping out" of the Unconscious, therefore, occurs partly in a posture of complete muscular relaxation with eyes closed and attention relaxed in favor of reverie or "daydreaming." Best of all it works when we are already asleep—or rather when the Conscious in us sleeps; for the Unconscious never does.

It follows that the best time to suggest things to the Unconscious is when it is most active. But since one can hardly talk to the Unconscious in one's sleep the next best thing is to do it just as one is falling asleep and at the moment of waking.

Another important caution in the practice of autosuggestion is to avoid effort or will in connection with it. I have already referred to what happens when we try to force ourselves to sleep, just as the more the city man lashed his panicky horse the more the horse balked. Telling yourself, "You must sleep!" wakes in the Unconscious the thought, "You force me simply because I can not sleep!" Once the clash between the Will and the Imagination is aroused the Will has little chance.

It is difficult, without seeming to exaggerate, to give here something of the vast scope and hope which the study and practice of autosuggestion can bring to humanity. Coué himself is primarily interested in getting the physically sick well. But he is also hopeful of having autosuggestion employed for the curing of those undoubtedly sick people we call criminals. The increasing use of conscious autosuggestion in the education of young and old is inevitable. What other fields for its use and what developments are bound to follow only the future will show.

But it is interesting to point out a curious objection some put forward against the new and pardonable enthusiasm of converts of autosuggestion.

"Why, it's old stuff!" these critics sniff. Precisely because it is "old stuff" there is all the more reason for new enthusiasm. Personally, nothing has done more to rouse mine. I would

have had grave doubts of the efficacy of such a simple and at the same time deeply probing cure for many ills if in the thousands of years of human experience some one had not stumbled on it before.

But all ages have reported such phenomena as have made Coué famous. From earliest days mothers have crooned lullabys, a vaguely groping form of suggestion—singing of the nice things that would happen to their little ones, planting suggestion in the Unconscious of their babies at just the moment of falling asleep.

From a thousand other sources in our everyday life, from all quarters of the earth pour proofs of the more or less conscious knowledge and use of autosuggestion by humanity. Apparently incredible cures accomplished without the use of medicines or surgery; the effect of noble slogans, as "A man may be down but he's never out!" the potency of battle cries and college yells; advertising—one sees at least an important measure of the use of conscious autosuggestion in all of these.

Sages and teachers throughout the ages have written of it. "Every idea conceived by the mind," said St. Thomas, "is an order which the organism obeys. It can also engender a disease or cure it." "A vivid imagination," said old Aristotle, "compels the body to obey it, for it is a natural principle of movement. Imagination, indeed, governs all the forces of sensibility, while the latter in its turn controls the beating of the heart and through it sets in motion all vital functions; thus the whole organism may be rapidly modified."

And modern science with its sober, conservative way of stating conclusions only after an overwhelming amount of proof has been adduced, says:

"Autosuggestion with sound technique has produced and is producing highly valuable results. It has passed the experimental stage. . . . Nearly all of us may procure at least a measure of power and poise sense, the dynamics of physical and psychological harmony." (Frederick Pierce, "Our Unconscious Mind.")

Work and effort are essential supplements to the imagination. But autosuggestion will start the machinery, greatly reduce the feeling of effort and make work a profound pleasure rather than the curse of Adam.

It has been asked whether Coué's system contemplates the elimination of the practice of medicine and medical men. So far from there being opposition, Coué insists that medical treatment should supplement autosuggestion in very many cases and that autosuggestion itself should be made part of every doctor's study and practice.

**T**HE relation of M. Coué's practice of conscious autosuggestion to religion was thus expressed by him when I asked him the significance of the fact that he does not mention God with his clinical treatments.

"Deliberately I do not do it," he said. "I do not want to shut out any one by making it appear that the benefits of autosuggestion are confined to those believing in some one particular faith. In this way each man and woman can connect it with his own religion."

What some church opinion feels about the practice of conscious autosuggestion was well brought out in a recent sermon on Coué. The minister said:

"And what is to be the attitude of a Christian believer toward Coué's method? Christ told His Disciples to cast out devils. But you remember that once His disciples told him they had rebuked a man who was casting out devils but 'followed not us.' Whereupon Christ rebuked these disciples and told them to rejoice that the devils were cast out, for that was what mostly mattered."

There are but two kinds of people, Coué points out, for whom autosuggestion brings no great message of hope—those who can not hope and refuse to believe and those who will not or can not make the simple attempts to test the truth of the message. But even for those who can not hope there must be something in the poet's splendid challenge to them.

"If Hope's a dupe, then Fear may be a liar!"

# How to Be At Ease Wherever You Go!

**A**LL around the social clock—dinners, teas, parties, at the theatre, the dance, the hotel! Wherever you happen to be, with whomever you happen to be, you will be calm, well-poised, at ease!

When you receive an unexpected invitation, you will know how to acknowledge it. When you meet an old acquaintance, you will know how to introduce him, or her, to your friends. When you are traveling, you will know exactly how much to tip the porter, how to register at the hotel. When you are at a dance, a party, an entertainment of any kind, you will be a "good mixer"—your calm, unruffled, charming personality will attract people to you!

No, this is not a fairy tale. Thousands of men and women have already found it to be true. As soon as you know the right thing to do at the right time, the right thing to say, write and wear on all occasions, you gain new poise, a fine new dignity. You will astonish your friends with a new charm of manner. Your very personality will assume that grace and ease, that wholesome, attractive charm that appeals to people everywhere—that will make you respected and admired no matter where you happen to be.

## Know the Right Thing— and Do It!

Too many people are satisfied to guess at what is right, and they wonder why they are so frequently subjected to humiliation. It is humiliating to take olives with a fork when everyone knows they should be taken with the fingers. It is humiliating to mumble some awkward, unintelligible phrase when one is introduced to some notable person. It is humiliating to make blunders at the dance, the reception, the theatre.

Let etiquette be the armor that protects you from embarrassment. Let it tell you the right thing to do, say, write and wear at all times, under all circumstances. Just think what it will mean to you to know always the right thing to do or say, to know that you are doing or saying the right thing, that you are not making a mistake! Why, you will never be uncomfortable in the presence of strangers, never ill-at-ease, never embarrassed! Your fine poise of manner, your calm dignity will open many doors that had once seemed closed to you.

Every day in your contact with men and women prob-

lems of conduct arise. Shall a man's name or a woman's be mentioned first in making introductions? How shall asparagus be eaten? May the bride who marries for the second time wear white? How soon should a gift be acknowledged? One never knows when a question such as these must be answered—and answered instantly. Why not be prepared, and so avoid embarrassment.

## What Etiquette Means to Men and Women

No one can do without etiquette. You may think you can—but something within you tells you you must have it. Heed that urge! Intuition is greater than anything we can possibly say in this announcement. There is not a person whose manner will not become more gracious and charming, who will not gain a new poise and dignity, through knowledge of the rules of good conduct.

It is not for just a week, or a month, or a year that etiquette will help you. It will be an "unseen friend" throughout life. Through its silent, ever-present influence you will be brought into contact with the men and women you want to meet, the men and women who can mean a great deal to you. You will know how to create conversation, how to make yourself agreeable, how to be well liked.

As a host or hostess, you will be clever in the art of serving and entertaining. As a guest, you will be welcomed and liked. Every day, everywhere "all around the social clock," etiquette will make you happier, more charming, more appealing to the men and women with whom you come in contact.

There are two ways to gain the poise that will give you a charming personality. One way is to mingle with people of fine society for years, learning the right thing to do and say on all occasions at the expense of mistakes and embarrassment. This is a discouraging, time-wasting, unsatisfactory method. The other way is to learn at once, through the medium of experts who have spent a lifetime studying the subjects, all the rules of good conduct—the etiquette of dinners, travel, weddings, speech, dress. In this way you know what is right and you avoid mistakes and embarrassment.

It was for the purpose of giving poise and new charm



At the dance, the theatre, the dinner—wherever you go and with whomever you happen to be, poise and ease of manner are extremely important. Embarrassment results in mistakes—and mistakes cause greater discomfort. A fine, calm, unruffled manner prepossesses people in your favor, makes them want to know you and be with you.

of manner to those men and women who have neither the time nor opportunity to mingle with society, that the Book of Etiquette was prepared. This two-volume set, famous as the most complete and authoritative work on the subject, has already helped thousands of men and women gain the impressive charm of manner they desired.

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To enable you to examine the Book of Etiquette without cost, we are making the unusual offer of sending it to you entirely free for 5 days' examination. Just send us the coupon below, properly filled out. The Book of Etiquette will be sent to you at once. Examine it. Read some of the fascinating chapters. Decide whether or not you want to be without it.

Within the 5-day free period either return the books or send us only \$3.50 in full payment. You are not obligated to keep the books if you are not delighted with them. You are urged to mail this coupon NOW. Nelson Doubleday, Inc., Dept. 1223, Garden City, N. Y.

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☐ Check this square if you want these books with the beautiful full-leather binding at five dollars with 5 days' examination privilege.  
(Orders outside U. S. are payable \$3.50 cash with order.)

## Some of the Problems Everyone Must Solve

and that are all solved for you  
in the famous Book of Etiquette

- should a young lady thank a young man for his escort before leaving him at her door, or does he thank her?
- what are the obligations of a person who receives an invitation but cannot accept it?
- how should a woman be introduced to a group of people?
- should a slice of bread be bitten into, or broken into small pieces and conveyed to the mouth with the fingers?
- should a woman who is a guest at a houseparty "tip" the servants? should a man?
- what should tall people avoid in dress? What should short people avoid?
- what are the duties of a hostess on an automobile party, a tennis party, a golf tournament?
- may the woman who stops alone at a hotel receive masculine visitors?

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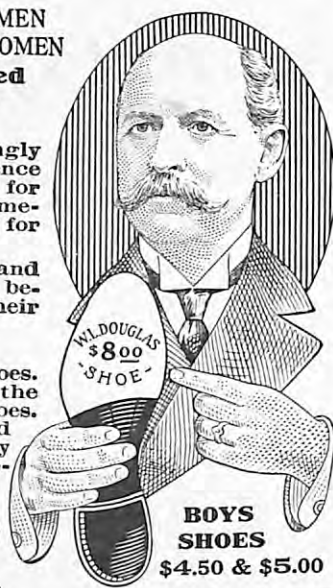
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## Going to the Theater at Home

(Continued from page 29)

They quarrel. Tom insists that if what Arthur says is true he is responsible for it all. Upon a scene of anger and threats, Marion enters.

Marion—Tom! Nice of you to come . . . I feel very ill. Very ill. . . Shall I take another of these? I took one a little while ago . . . I'm no better. I can't read it very well . . .

(Hands him a small phial.)

Tom (takes it; reads; becomes quite rigid)—You took one of these?

And then ensues a frantic battle to save Marion who has blindly poisoned herself. Arthur tears off in his car for a doctor, swaying from drink and horror. Even at the close of the drama, Marion, who is on the road to recovery, is ignorant of the fact that Arthur was killed that tragic night—smashing into another car on his way back from the doctor's house. The girl has been told that he is hurt—ill—and her one longing is to return to America with him and begin again, fresh and clean.

Tom—You love him very much, don't you?

Marion—Of course I do. . . But differently now . . . I feel so sorry for him . . . but I did try to make him happy. To keep his love . . . I was so afraid of losing him. . . I tried to be his companion . . . to please him. . . So I drank when he did; and danced into the night and shouted with him. . . But always during it my heart ached.

## An Interesting Italian Playwright

**DO YOU** know Pirandello? Well, at any rate you know about the "younger generation" of novelists and dramatists, not to mention poets. You can't escape knowing, for it's quite the proper thing for every one to talk about. No one has yet discovered exactly how young an author must be before they let him into the circle, nor at what age he becomes a tottering ruin and withdraws. Once in, perhaps you stay young forever. But here comes a man who is received at fifty-five and hailed joyfully as one of the most irrepressible and youngest of them all, and whose play "Six Characters in Search of an Author" translated from the Italian, is proving to be the outstanding artistic success of the theatrical winter in New York. It is an odd, thoughtful, unshopworn comedy, worked out in an astonishingly dramatic fashion. It leaves nothing unsaid as an acid commentary on that ancient struggle between the creative spirit and the poor instruments which the world fashions as its tyrannous servants.

Pirandello makes dramatic forms suit his own conceptions, laughs at traditions, is the very essence of modernity and believes that in mental attitudes and in the hidden thoughts and dumb feelings of people lies as thrilling drama as in all the swashbuckling melodramas and problem plays of years, and a more delicate laughter than in all the comedies within one's memory.

He was writing romances up to five years ago, was Signor Pirandello, when he suddenly turned his genius to plays, and through his plays to the hope of saying to the reading world grown groggy with turning their minds around and around in a well known circle. "We will now exercise in the opposite direction!"

If you want to know what this direction really is, what pranks and subtleties and deep studying and operating on human nature this remarkable man is capable of, get his "Three Plays: Six Characters in Search of an Author; Henry IV, and Right You Are (If You Think So)."

Pirandello doesn't preach, he writes real "theater," but he decidedly does not write it like any other living man. In "Six Characters," he pricks the shams, the foolishness, the stupidity of the present methods of the stage. Imagine six characters, abandoned by their author, applying at a theater to be allowed to come to life—to act out their drama! Think of the possibilities for a moment! Imagine what you'd do with six worthless characters if they came knocking at your office door some fine day? Give yourself a few moments to play with this idea, and then try to stay away from this little volume of plays by Luigi Pirandello, if you can.

**ONE** could go on and on—the plays are many and excellent—one doesn't try to choose any particular ones. The ones we have talked about just drifted into this month's issue of the Magazine of their own volition, and they have certainly not been found wanting. If they seem worthwhile and jolly and fine to some of us, they may to you, also. At any rate, they take the stages right out of the theaters and set them up again a few inches beyond your chair. And so

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## Pretenders

### The Story So Far

FOR business reasons it is imperative that Mrs. Crosby be able to produce her niece, Olive Farnum, christened Oodles by the newspapers because of the great wealth she inherits from her father, Tom Farnum, mysteriously murdered on his ranch in Warrenton, Montana. The girl unaccountably failing to arrive in New York on schedule, Mrs. Crosby determines to find a substitute to double for the real Olive until she turns up. This plan is destined to realize the day-dreams of Vivian Locke, reigning queen of the toilet goods counter in the Arlington store, whose dark beauty impresses Mrs. Crosby and who has the additional recommendation of not possessing any bothersome relatives.

On the morning that Vivian agrees to impersonate the missing girl her department is visited by a young man who has made sundry purchases from her on two preceding Fridays. The instant she is free he addresses her quite frankly; tells her his name is Dr. Wendling, and asks permission to introduce her to his mother at luncheon the following Friday. Disarmed by his manner Vivian accepts the invitation.

Vivian, henceforward known as Olive Farnum, finds herself easily established as a member of the Crosby household and the family retires for the autumn to their place at Southampton, making it impossible for Vivian to keep her appointment with Wendling. Looking over her uncle's art treasures Olive makes the startling and puzzling discovery that she can read and translate Italian though having no recollection of ever having studied the language.

Meanwhile, the real Olive Farnum is speeding East resolved to loose her identity in some large city. Although she has denied it at the inquest, she saw and recognized her father's murderer—John Peyton, a quondam business partner who had broken with her father over a division of profits. Peyton, aware of her knowledge, threatened her with dark revelations concerning her father and the mother she had never known if she betrayed him to the authorities.

On the train she meets a Mrs. Elstun, returning with her two young children from Japan. The children take a great fancy to Olive and when she is offered a position as their governess she gratefully accepts, taking a complete plunge into oblivion by calling herself Alice Morton. She accompanies Mrs. Elstun and her brother, Dr. Wendling, to Onamologue and there, while out driving with the

children, she encounters the spurious Olive and the two become friends.

Walking in her aunt's grounds at dusk Olive is attacked by a rough-looking fellow who slinks away with a muttered "I thought you was some one else" when he sees the girl's face. Convinced of harm threatening the real Olive the Crosbys open the accumulated mail addressed to their niece in search of a clue. The only discovery is of a certain Dick Conwell, a young lawyer in Warrenton, who is evidently in love with Olive but in awe of her millions.

A few days later the two Pretenders come face to face while out riding accompanied respectively by Maybury Crosby and Dr. Wendling. A look of recognition flashes between Vivian and Wendling, leaving the doctor much puzzled as to the meaning of the masquerade.

Meeting Alice and her charges at the gate a day or so after the encounter, Olive invites them into the Crosby garden. The two girls, greatly attracted to each other, exchange confidences and agree to stand by each other. The day following Olive develops a slight cold and Maybury insists on calling in Dr. Wendling, who is a psychologist, so that he may delicately broach to him the matter of Olive's singular linguistic gift. Olive dreads possible complications and finding herself alone with the doctor tells him of Mrs. Crosby's scheme and obtains his promise of silence.

AT THE University Club Wendling meets Fred Tomlin, a lawyer, who tells of his search for the daughter of George Grayling Hastings, whose family had disinherited him when he went to Italy to study art. He had married the daughter of a fellow-artist and on her death returned to America with his baby daughter, Beatrice. Grayling changed his name and on his death his child was adopted under the name of Vivian Locke by a minister of Malden, Mass. After the death of her foster-parents the girl had disappeared and search was now being made for her in order to apprise her that as the last of the Graylings she had fallen heir to the large family fortune.

The Crosbys being called to Albany on business, Alice comes to spend the day with her impersonator. Olive tries to induce Alice to declare herself to the Crosbys but without success. While Alice is absorbed at the piano Olive is called to the phone and passing through the entrance-hall she sees Simmons, the butler, evidently doing his utmost to get rid of an insistent visitor.

(Continued from page 35)

have left in that fashion! . . . No; don't do that till I come. I'll start at once!"

He hung up the receiver and swung round to find Oodles, very pale, arresting him, her finger laid cautioningly on her lips.

"Miss Morton—some one frightened her! Yes; I caught all that! You must go quickly! You will do your best to find her and help her—you must find her!" She pressed her hand over her eyes and swayed a little. "The Crosbys mustn't know," she went on more calmly. "They could do nothing. Excuse yourself—anything! But hurry!"

"If you have any idea what caused her to leave—what frightened her, you should tell me."

"She has an enemy," she said, urging him toward the door. "He was here looking for her and spoke to me one evening in the garden, thinking I was Alice."

"He thought you were Miss Morton?" demanded Wendling, stopping short and staring at her blankly.

"Oh, Alice is Olive—the real Olive Farnum!" she whispered. "The man demanded money of me that evening before he saw his mistake. The man who killed her father! And he must have found her, and she's run away from him! You will save her—you will not fail!" she pleaded.

"If the Crosbys are not to know this, you must calm yourself. You may trust me to do everything in my power. Is there anything else?"

"Yes; stop at the Sheldon Inn, and ask for Richard Conwell; he's a friend of hers from the West. I'll call him on the telephone and tell him to go with you. Oh, Aunt Olive; Uncle Maybury!"

The Crosbys appeared in answer to her summons, and the necessary explanations were quickly made. The doctor had been called home by the illness of one of the Elstun children; a false alarm, no doubt, he said smilingly, but an anxious mother was entitled to first consideration. He would see them again soon.

Maybury went to the front door with him, and the moment she was free Oodles stole down the back stairs to the pantry where the main telephone was kept.

Conwell answered cheerily, grasped instantly the purport of her few words, said that he would be in readiness to join Wendling, and bade her to be at ease.

"I haven't been asleep since I saw you; I can't explain; but it's going to come out all right."

"But she's gone; it's all so horrible!"

"Oh, we're going to find her! You be dead sure of that! Out where I live we're in the habit of finding people we go after. You go to sleep and leave me to do the worrying."

And this, followed by a slight chuckle, was wholly reassuring.

Maybury, annoyed that the doctor's early departure had frustrated his hope of discussing with him the girl's demonstration, was walking irritably about the sitting-room. Mrs. Crosby, enjoying his discomfiture, began praising the doctor.

"He's a real person; not at all stiff and professional. You'd never imagine that he spent his days with lunatics!"

"Oh, his patients are not all crazy!" Oodles laughingly protested. "You might consider me one of them. He told me to-night, very

(Continued on page 66)



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## Pretenders

(Continued from page 65)

confidentially, that he didn't know a thing about throats and colds and things like that. He took my case just out of pity."

"Yes; he seemed to be pitying you to-night!" retorted Mrs. Crosby. "I should call it something else if there wasn't the danger of spoiling you."

"The danger is negligible," interposed Maybury, noting the deep color that suffused the girl's cheeks.

"I rather wish that runaway girl wouldn't show up for another month," Mrs. Crosby resumed. "With Oodles engaged to the most eligible bachelor in sight, everything would be settled beautifully!"

"Don't you think he'd shy when he found I was only a shop girl?" asked Oodles demurely. "But you're not! Come here and kiss me, dear; and go to bed. You look just a little tired!"

WHEN Wendling reached the Sheldon, Conwell stepped into the road and introduced himself.

"We'll hurry on and talk as we go along. Since the girl at the Crosbys called me I've had information from other sources. Just a minute!"

In response to his whistle a machine that had been standing near by flashed its headlights and came forward.

"Follow us, Cooper!" said Conwell. "Got everything you need? All right!"

He jumped into the runabout beside Wendling, and they set off toward Onamatogue.

"It's the craziest thing I ever heard of! I know Olive Farnam well; the finest girl in the world! But I didn't know till yesterday that she never went to the Crosbys! I'll say for that other girl that she's a wonder! It makes my head whirl to think of the risk the Crosbys ran in picking her up to cover Olive's delay."

"When you know Mrs. Crosby you won't be surprised," said Wendling, who instantly felt himself drawn to the big, quiet Westerner. "It was just like her! But I grope for a motive for the conduct of the real Olive."

"That's something we've got to find out. She's a perfectly normal, healthy, young woman, about as fine as they're made."

"That's all plain enough! My sister and the children are devoted to her. It was stupid of me not to suspect she might be the missing niece when I knew—"

"You knew?" Conwell prompted when Wendling ceased abruptly.

"Oh, thunder! I'm ashamed of myself for not guessing her identity. It just happened that I knew the fictitious Miss Farnam. And knowing that my sister had picked up her governess on a train out West somewhere, and that she told very little about herself I ought to have seen through the whole thing!"

"I wasn't at home when Farnam died, or a number of things might have been different," said Conwell. "We've got all we need to convict Farnam's murderer—it's a long story. But just why a courageous girl like Olive should have kept silent and attempted to hide herself isn't clear to me yet. That girl at Crosbys told me about a man who demanded money of her, thinking she was Olive. That gave me just the clue I have been looking for. But luck favored the scoundrel. Olive had driven in your touring car to Onamatogue to do some errands for your sister; and he ran into her in a drug store about eight o'clock. Cooper, one of those detectives I brought out from New York, had been following him and witnessed the meeting. The moment Olive saw Peyton she jumped into her car and beat it for your house. Then Cooper hurried here to report, and by that time your sister had telephoned you that she was gone."

"It's a complicated business, and of course that girl at the Crosbys and the Crosbys themselves have got to be protected," Wendling suggested, his thought flying to Oodles.

"Absolutely! But we can convict Peyton without using Olive as a witness, and I've wired the prosecuting attorney in Montana to bring all the necessary papers to take him back the moment we get our hands on him."

"The Crosbys' whole motive was to avoid notoriety."

"Good Lord!" laughed Conwell, "they've risked enough in doing it. Talk about western recklessness!"

Mrs. Elstun had recovered from the first shock of the girl's disappearance and told all she knew of the flight of her governess.

"Alice volunteered to drive to the village for some things I needed. When she came back she seemed greatly disturbed. I asked what had happened and she laughed it off, saying she had been joy-riding and was afraid the police had followed her. Then she said she was tired and would go at once to bed. Half an hour later a man rang the bell and asked for the girl who had driven the car. He said he had most urgent business—"

"A rough-looking man, about forty-five; broad-shouldered, with a grayish beard. A scar near one eye?"

"Yes. I had opened the door myself, and I had a good view of him in the porch light. I didn't think he was an officer; he seemed angry when I asked him what he wanted with Alice. He hesitated a moment when I asked him to come in the morning and then said all right. When I went up-stairs I saw the lights of a car that I supposed was his, in the road. I was a good deal frightened, and went through the nursery to Alice's room and found she was gone. She went down the back stairs and out to the stable and took your horse, Paul! Why she should have taken the horse I don't know, for she could easily have gone in the car."

"I think I understand that," said Conwell. "She's spent much of her life in the saddle and probably thought that on horseback she could cover her tracks better."

"But why should she run away at all? If it was merely a matter of traffic rules—"

"We're losing time," said Conwell, and he called one of the detectives and explained what was expected of him. The other two had already explored the stable yard and the driveway to the road. Conwell assumed the leadership and satisfied himself that Olive had ridden out by a rear entrance and turned east into the highway.

"I don't understand it at all!" he exclaimed impatiently, when after a hundred yards away from the gate his lantern light again showed the print of hoofs. "When she saw Peyton all she had to do was to call for help. It's so unlike her to be afraid of anything!"

They had gone twenty miles when the honking of the car behind in which the detectives were following, caused Wendling to draw up.

"We passed a machine lying at the roadside back there with its lights out," said the officer. "We'd better have a look at it."

He began backing his machine, while Conwell stood beside Wendling's car. They were now far away from the shore settlements, and the road wound and twisted over sandy undulations.

Suddenly, while the detective was still working his car backward, lights flashed on behind him; the hidden car shot forward furiously, and Conwell jumped back to avoid being run down as a high-power roadster swerved into the road. For an instant the shaft of his electric lamp fell on the face of the driver, who yelled at him to get out of the way.

The flying car carried no rear light and the darkness quickly swallowed it up.

"That's our man!" shouted Conwell to the detectives, and they were off again.

"He hasn't found her, thank God!" Wendling muttered.

"Where are we? This looks like open country?"

"We're in the dunes," said Wendling. "She was mad to come this way!"

"Some hideous fear is back of it! But"—and Conwell chuckled—"Olive was brought up in rough country. She's safer here than if she had tried to get away on a train. That girl can take a horse where I wouldn't dare. She's leading Peyton into a trap."

It was slow going through the uneven, winding road, and with all Wendling's caution the car plunged frequently at unexpected turns into the dense growth of wild shrubbery that lined the way. He tried driving without lights to



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avoid warning Peyton of their approach, but this quickly proved to be impracticable. Several times the mist far ahead of them was penetrated by bars of light as Peyton's lamps were flung up by a sharp rise in the road.

IT WAS after midnight when they plunged into Peyton's machine, that had been drawn across the road and abandoned. The pursuers sprang out, thinking the fugitive might be lying in ambush.

"Some reason for this," said Cooper, after they had inspected the machine. "He's got gas and the engine's all right."

"He's lost the trail; that's what's the matter!" called Conwell. "Here's where he started back on foot when he found the horse had left the road. We've got to step lively now."

They turned the machines so that their lights played to right and left over the dunes, and had gone two hundred yards following Peyton's tracks before they came to the point at which the horse had turned out of the road.

"She started off on one side and then tried the other," said Cooper. "And once out of the road you can't follow a trail through this thicket."

"She mused up the trail on purpose to gain time," laughed Conwell. "You and Wendling beat the bushes to the right and I'll try the left. That foolish Olive is making it as hard for us as she can! Flash your lamp three times when you're sure you've found which way she went."

"We're getting something now," Cooper muttered after they had left the road fifty yards behind. "She's making a swing back to the road again. But she didn't fool that fellow any; here's his shoe-print; he's right after her."

They found the last hoof-marks on the return circuit at the roadside, and the failure to find any mark on the surface of the road puzzled them for a moment, but Wendling solved the riddle.

"She backed the horse in there and jumped him! And over here she began to put on speed. I'll give the signal."

He held his lamp high, flashed the light three times, and had begun to repeat the signal when a spurt of light arrested him. Conwell was answering; the lamp gleamed twice; then a pistol shot boomed hollowly somewhere behind and beyond them, the sound rising eerily above the whine of the wind.

Immediately Conwell's voice was borne to them.

"We're all right! Keep on, but don't show your light."

"I'd have chosen an easier place for this job if it had been left to me," muttered Cooper, as he and Wendling set out again.

They came presently upon the other detective, who had been sent to apprise them of Conwell's plans.

"We're to spread out here, to cover as much ground as possible, with Conwell as the point of a triangle. Peyton's flashing his light looking for the girl's tracks, and occasionally it spurts up so we can mark his movements. Conwell's crawling round trying to head him off."

"That horse of mine couldn't have gone far through here," said Wendling. "He must be played out, and that leaves the girl on foot."

"We'll hope Peyton's missed the girl altogether, and is away beyond her now," said Cooper. "Here's a gun for you. Two shots is a signal in case you find the girl. You'll want to empty it quick if Peyton shows himself."

Wendling plunged on alone. The recovery of Olive meant the freedom of Vivian, and the thought of this steeled his courage.

The first wavering light of dawn crept into the east. Wendling had utterly lost his bearings, and was surprised when, mounting a hummock, he found that he was close to the road.

A blur through the rising mists now caught his eye, and he plunged eagerly toward it. A faint whinny, quickly repeated, roused him, and stumbling round a hummock he came upon his horse lying spent on the ground. With a frantic effort the animal got upon its feet.

The animal drew away from his master's caress and thrust his nose into the bushes.

With a quick exclamation of dismay, Wendling swept back the twigs. There, with her arms drawn up to shield her face, lay the girl he had known as Alice Morton.

(To be concluded)

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## Collecting Great Men As a Hobby

(Continued from page 7)

would be served by repeating them; he was simply giving information which the ambassador might think it important to transmit to Berlin. A week passed in silence. Then Dr. Hollenben again called on the President, but said nothing of the Venezuelan matter. When he rose to go, the President asked him about it, and when he stated that he had received nothing from his Government, the President informed him in substance that, in view of this fact, Admiral Dewey would be instructed to sail a day earlier than the day he, the President, had originally mentioned. Much perturbed, the Ambassador protested; the President informed him that not a stroke of a pen had been put on paper; that if the Emperor would agree to arbitrate, he, the President, would heartily praise him for such action and would treat it as taken on German initiative; but that within forty-eight hours there must be an offer to arbitrate or Dewey would sail with the orders indicated. Within thirty-six hours Dr. Hollenben returned to the White House and announced to President Roosevelt that a dispatch had just come from Berlin, saying that the Kaiser would arbitrate. Neither Admiral Dewey (who with an American fleet was then manœuvring in the West Indies) nor any one else knew of the step that was to be taken; the naval authorities were merely required to be in readiness, but were not told what for.

"On the announcement that Germany had consented to arbitrate, the President publicly complimented the Kaiser on being so staunch an advocate of arbitration."

Having that incident from Roosevelt's history fresh in mind, I opened my interview by mentioning it.

"I just have a notion, Colonel," I said, "that with you in the White House the Lusitania would never have been sunk."

His white teeth snapped, his hands doubled up—it was always a joy to watch him in his moments of excitement; you could almost see the workings of his mind in the muscles of his face.

"Of course it wouldn't have been sunk," he exclaimed.

"How can you be so sure?" I demanded.

"What would you have done?"

"What would I have done?" he repeated. "I'll tell you what I would have done. When that notice from the German Ambassador was published in the papers, warning Americans not to sail on the Lusitania, I would have sent for him and said, 'Tell your Emperor this for me: If anything happens to the Lusitania on its voyage I will have United States Marines within twenty-four hours on every one of your interned ships.'"

His pronouncement came so promptly and with such vigor that I was sure he must have made the same remark to many other visitors. I have never seen it in print, however, and certainly there can be no harm in reporting it at this late day. He was in particularly fine fettle that morning. I mentioned the approaching convention and told him I should be there and expected to see him nominated.

He leaned forward and spoke with deep sincerity.

"You and I are practical men, Mr. Barton," he said, (It was a favorite phrase with him—"practical men") "and I tell you honestly that I doubt if what you suggest can take place in Chicago. When you consider the large number of people I have alienated in my campaign for preparedness—all the pacifists and the German sympathizers and the rest, you can see that I would carry a heavy liability with me onto the ticket. But," he exclaimed, and his eyes flashed, "the country had to be aroused. The job was there to be done and, regardless of what effect it might have on my political fortunes or those of any other man, I had to do it and I did."

Like so many other writers I saw him many times in his life and in varying moods; but never when he seemed to me to rise to a higher plane of real patriotism than on that morning. There were many sides to his vigorous nature. He loved power and praise; he loved to be in the limelight. But anyone who talked with him in those days when his boys were in uniform and his whole being was wrapped up in the war will always believe that Theodore Roosevelt loved the United States more than he loved anything else.

The third gentleman in my collection is H. G. Wells, perhaps the most intellectually stimulating individual with whom I have ever talked. He and Woodrow Wilson have one impressive trait in common—their language is a delight. To watch their minds reach out for a word is like watching a jeweler pick up a tiny sparkling stone with his pinchers and set it into its place. They never hesitate; they never leave a sentence unfinished; for each idea the word comes without the slightest hesitation or effort and always precisely the word for the purpose. The question I asked Mr. Wells and his answer have been subjects of widespread newspaper comment on both sides of the Atlantic.

"You have done something which no man ever attempted before," I said. "You have compressed the whole history of mankind into a single volume. You have come tramping down through the ages, upsetting idols, brushing aside illusions, overturning reputations—what men have survived your scrutiny? In the long vista of the ages who are the really great men?"

He answered with six names—Jesus of Nazareth, Buddha, Asoka, Aristotle, Roger Bacon, Abraham Lincoln. The controversy which his selection aroused is still so fresh that I need not enter into it. The significant thing about that list is that no name of a conqueror appears on it; no name of a leader of armies; no name of a man who owed his eminence to the accumulation of wealth. Passing over the emperors and millionaires of history—all the hosts who labored and worried in getting—Mr. Wells named six men who gave the world a new vision, an idea or ideal which made life different because they had lived.

Probably no one of the six thought of himself as a particularly great man, destined to live forever in history. They had work to do, a message to deliver, a faith to which they must be true; and, in the achievement of their task they were content to surrender all that they had, even life itself. In one of his essays Emerson has a remark to this effect: "See how the mass of men worry themselves into nameless graves, while here and there a great unselfish soul forgets himself into immortality." Wells' six greatest men are eternal evidence of the truth of that observation.

"How do you feel when you go to interview a great man?" someone asked me once. "Isn't it a rather terrifying experience?"

To which the answer is, of course, that the business of an interviewer is to interview; no two interviews are just alike, but any sense of embarrassment entirely disappears after one has been at it for a little while. Twice in my life, however, I have felt an almost overpowering sense of awe in the presence of another human being. In each case the man is celebrated enough to be listed in "Who's Who" but the names would mean nothing to the general public. One of the two is a surgeon. I stood at his side in a hospital; I saw a white robed figure on a table wheeled into the room, a man on the threshold of death. I watched the surgeon, as with quick sure touch he thrust in his knife and turned back the flesh. A single slip, the slightest false move, and all would have ended. But the hand that held the scalpel never faltered; in twenty minutes the white robed figure was wheeled out—snatched back from death to convalescence and new health.

The second man who awed me is a quiet scientist. For years he sat in his laboratory with its baffling confusion of wires and bottles and retorts. Great events were taking place in the world outside; he was scarcely conscious of them. Men were struggling with each other for the control of millions; he had no part in the struggle and felt no interest in it. One afternoon, late, he lifted his head in triumph; the thing for which he had been searching was found—an improvement in the X-ray which has made it one of the most powerful weapons in man's fight against disease and death.

In the presence of these two men I felt totally insignificant. What is my work, I thought, in comparison with theirs? My days are eaten up in making a living; they are contributing permanently to life. But even in that humble and wholesome mood I had another thought.

"What these men are doing," I said to myself, "all useful workers are doing in their own way, and in varying degrees. Every job well done is a contribution, and therefore eternally important. The butcher who helps to feed the world, the carpenter who helps to house it, the shoemaker and tailor who clothe it—these, as well as the surgeon and scientist are essential to Life, and Life confers dignity upon all who labor with conscience and self-sacrifice in its service."

With that thought I opened a new department in my collection of great men. It is called the Department of Greatness in Ordinary Men, and I have had a world of satisfaction in adding specimens to it. The human race is made up of saints and villains, of heroes and cowards, of selfish men and unselfish—and the interesting fact is that the average man is *all* of these rolled up in one. Whether you see the hero or the knave in him, when you look, depends very largely on what you look for and expect to find. Sit down in a street car and glance at your fellow passengers. How homely they are; how shabby and slouching, how utterly commonplace—male and female animals on their journey to death; helpless bits of wreckage tossed on a shoreless sea. They are all that! But they are mothers and fathers also! They have given something of themselves, and are giving every day, in order that the race may go on. Rolled

in the dust by Fate, they pick themselves up and trudge patiently on again. Through the blackest cloud their eyes insist on finding the glimmer of a star; and To-morrow is always radiant with their hopes.

They are just a little higher than the animals, or just a little lower than the angels, according as you elect to view them. But the Bible chooses to describe them as "just a little lower than the angels." There is a verse in that old Book which is much quoted and misunderstood. It says, speaking of God, "What is man, that thou art mindful of him? and the son of man that thou visitest him?" That verse is usually interpreted to mean "what a paltry, insignificant thing man is, utterly unworthy of Your attention." The real meaning, as a wise old college professor once pointed out to me, is "How magnificent a creature man must be, since even You take an interest in his affairs and like to see him do good work!"

In practising the hobby of collecting great men some of us have many opportunities; some few or none. But in the stimulating adventure of prospecting for greatness in ordinary men, we are all equal; the biggest prizes go to those who look most constantly, and with most sympathetic eyes. It is an exciting hobby; a worth-while hobby—the hobby in which, according to unimpeachable authority—God Almighty finds His principal delight.

## A Day with the Grand Exalted Ruler

(Continued from page 39)

display—yet in the period covered by the last annual report the lodges spent more than two million dollars, in addition to other sums paid out by the Grand Lodge. There is no reckoning the total dispensed—so quietly was it done that no record of it exists.

Every Grand Exalted Ruler is always prepared to meet a sudden need, no matter where or how it may arise. In case of some disaster, the lodges near at hand move promptly. But they are nearly always in consultation, at least, with the Grand Exalted Ruler; they may require his authority for some particular action. And there have been, and will be again, calamities so great as to require more help than even the best will in the world will enable the local lodges to give.

No great catastrophe has occurred, as yet, in this administration. But, should one come, Mr. Masters, like his predecessors, will be ready. He knows the precedents. He knows how the late Jerome B. Fisher went to work when a hurricane swept Galveston in the frightful disaster of 1900, when five thousand lives were lost. He knows that when, in 1904, Baltimore was swept by fire Joseph T. Fanning was prompt in offering aid—though the city's pride was to care for itself.

He can look back to the April day in 1906 when to Robert W. Brown, in Louisville, there flashed the news that San Francisco, shaken by an earthquake, was burning. Mr. Brown was on his way west that same day. It was the same, in Governor Tener's year, when fire visited Chelsea, Mass. And when floods swept the Ohio and Mississippi Valleys, Thomas B. Mills performed his part. The order and the country know well how, under Grand Exalted Rulers Rightor, Harper, Campbell and Rain its work for war relief was organized and carried out.

So much for the working day of the Grand Exalted Ruler. But even his working day comes to an end—some days. It did on that bleak January day I spent in Charleroi. There had, indeed, been a brief interlude at lunch. We ate that meal in the Elks Club—the club of Charleroi Lodge, No. 494, as the guests of the Rotary Club. The Rotary Club always does lunch at the Elks Club. Indeed, about everything worth while that goes on in Charleroi and involves companionship or recreation touches the Elks Club.

And later, when both Mr. Masters and I had finished the day's work, we dined at the club. We had as good a dinner as I ever ate, in a room

as pleasant as could be, as well served as it would have been at a first-class restaurant in New York or Chicago. It was Lodge Night, but Mr. Masters didn't go upstairs; he stayed with me and let Governor Tener, who has with me and let Governor Tener, who has fewer opportunities to attend meetings, go. Men from all about came in; big men from steel works; bankers; merchants. Soon, from the pavilion that has lately been added to the club-house, came the strains of music. There was to be a dance, and we could look out and see young men and women coming in; later we watched them dancing, filling the floor, gradually.

Here was a picture worth a long look. Charleroi is a small city; primarily, an industrial city, built upon coal and steel—and glass, of course. It is so near Pittsburgh that, like most small cities overshadowed by a metropolis, it suffers from a lack of recreation facilities. It offers little to its young folk. Or did. The Elks Club has changed all that. The dance I saw was just one of many given every winter. The music was so much better than that which, at a ridiculous expense, and with the proper degree of subservience to an arrogant head waiter, one is privileged to dance in New York hotels of national reputation, that the comparison was amusing.

The Elks Club is, very truly and literally, the civic center of Charleroi. It is no more confined to the men who belong to the order than a church is confined to one member of a family. It is not so hard to understand, after a day in Charleroi, how this one comparatively small Lodge has come to give the order two Grand Exalted Rulers in fifteen years.

But the thing for which Charleroi Lodge, No. 494, particularly earned my gratitude was this: It showed me the Grand Exalted Ruler, his work left behind him, as Brother Ed Masters. It served to complete the picture I wanted to see of the head of the order, stepping from the ranks to do the work to which he has been called, returning to them when it is done.

I hope you have a picture, now, of how a day in the life of the Grand Exalted Ruler passes. The work, first, and last, and all the time. The ideal of fellowship, ever present. And readiness—readiness for whatever may come. You ask—readiness of the man to whom, each year, you entrust the duties and the responsibilities of this great office. But you give him much in return—the strength and the devotion of nearly a million Americans, to be directed and controlled and turned to the common good.

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## Under the Spreading Antlers

(Continued from page 44)

of \$250,000. This indomitable spirit on the part of the members will rejoice Elks everywhere.

### Preparing to Go Forward With the Memorial Building

The Elks National Memorial Headquarters Commission met in the office of the Commission in New York City, February 15-16-17, and received from the architect, Mr. Egerton Swartwout, the final drawings and specifications for the Memorial Headquarters building to be erected in Chicago. After exhaustive consideration, these plans and specifications were adopted with some slight changes and amendments, and the advisory architect, Col. J. Hollis Wells, was directed to prepare a program for competitive bidders that will determine the contractor who will erect the building. Following the early award of this contract, ground will be broken and construction will proceed.

### Lincoln's Birthday Party Aiding Salvation Army Drive

The Entertainment Committee of Bradford (Pa.) Lodge arranged a celebration on Lincoln's Birthday, which included various suitable diversions. Members of No. 234 are rendering assistance in the local Salvation Army Drive. The quota they have set is \$3,348.50. Indications are that this sum will be easily reached.

### Another Name Added To the Roll of Governors

Roswell (N. Mex.) Lodge adds to the roll of those Chosen to Represent the People, and heretofore published in THE ELKS MAGAZINE for January, the name of Hon. James F. Hinkle, who serves as first Exalted Ruler of that Lodge, and who subsequently represented No. 969 as delegate to the Grand Lodge, and was last November elected Governor of New Mexico.

### Island in the City's Heart Made into a Playground

Roseburg (Ore.) Lodge, with a membership of nearly two thousand, has purchased seventeen acres of ground on an island. This property they propose to dedicate to the city as a public playground. The island is in the Umpqua River which runs through the heart of the city.

### Connersville Active In Child Welfare Work

Fifteen boys and girls from the Fayette County Children's Home were entertained by the Elks of Connersville, Ind. A fine dinner was followed by a theater party at which the children witnessed several reels of pictures. As a further expression of their active interest in the welfare of the young in the district, the members recently sponsored a Charity Ball which resulted in a considerable addition to the Welfare Fund.

### Albany Will Entertain New York Association

Albany (N. Y.) Lodge, having invited the New York State Association to hold its annual meeting there in June of the current year, the executive officers of the Association, President Winslow in the Chair, met to arrange program details. Meanwhile Albany Lodge contemplates a \$50,000 addition to its Home, which improvement it hopes to have ready for occupancy by the time the State Association arrives. A Fair is scheduled under Albany Lodge auspices about the same time, or shortly afterward.

### Fine Way to Impress Welfare Influence

The Big Brother Movement has taken a novel line of development in Bucyrus (Ohio) Lodge. A special committee will arrange for banquets at the Elks' Home to which each member is expected to bring as his guest a High School boy. The speakers at these dinners will be men of note

who are particularly interested in the welfare of the American youth. In this way the best kind of inspiration will be given the boys, leading to real development of intelligence and character.

### First Elks' Bowling Congress, Also, Tournament in Wisconsin

The First Congress of the Northwest Elks' Bowling Association took place last month on Minneapolis alleys. More than 100 Elk teams rolled in the various events. President Walter C. Ryberg, of the Association, anticipates that plans must be made to accommodate twice as many teams next year. From as far away as Omaha, Neb., six Elk teams were contributed. Much interest was awakened and the fellowship and hospitality were greatly enjoyed.

This year an Elks' Bowling Tournament was again conducted under auspices of Appleton (Wis.) Lodge. Practically every Lodge in the State was represented and the meeting was a success in all particulars. While live wires of the different Lodges were together, many timely matters were discussed and many ideas exchanged for the best interests of the Order.

### Proud of its Band, Memphis Grows Ambitious

Memphis (Tenn.) Lodge is proud of its new band. The organization is only a few months old but already its success has warranted the consideration of increasing it to 75 pieces and of sending the entire unit to enliven the Atlanta Convention. The active and progressive spirit of No. 27 is further expressed in the inauguration of a new selective membership drive which has for its goal a class of 600 before the first of April.

### Seven Kingly Days Arranged for Chattanooga

Elks of Chattanooga, Tenn., have completed plans for a running race meet to be held at Warner Park beginning Saturday, April 14, and extending through Saturday, April 21. Good purses are guaranteed and the best horses now racing on American tracks will be available. It is expected that stable room for more than three hundred horses will be necessary. Elks of Chattanooga Lodge have also arranged for many additional attractions during the racing week, including an automobile show featuring tests in driving skill for women, indoor polo matches, not to mention barbecues and other sports. Funds raised will be used at least in part to entertain Elks who stop off en route to the Atlanta Convention.

### Elks Lay Corner-Stone For New Mission Playhouse

An event unusual in the annals of California took place in San Gabriel when the corner-stone of the new Mission Playhouse was laid. The ceremony was performed under the auspices of Alhambra Lodge assisted by other Lodges in the jurisdiction of Southern California. This is the first time in the history of the State that the Elks have participated in a corner-stone laying using the Ritual of the Order for other than an Elk Temple. The request that they officiate was made because the traditions of the Order are so closely bound up with the theater and the drama. The new playhouse will be the permanent home of the famous Mission Play, written by John S. McGroarty (member of Alhambra Lodge) and producer every year at San Gabriel. The ceremony was impressive and attended by a large gathering.

### Reunion at Malone Proves Enjoyable Affair

Many members of the Order from near and distant districts attended a reunion held under auspices of Malone (N. Y.) Lodge. A large class was initiated, bringing the membership of No. 1303 close to 900, a laudable achievement considering the comparatively short time that has elapsed since the Lodge was instituted. The Degree Team from Watertown (N. Y.) Lodge

assisted in conferring the rites, their ceremonial work winning many compliments from the officers and members of Malone Lodge. District Deputy Miles Hencle of Syracuse, N. Y., was present and spoke briefly during the ceremonial session. A buffet entertainment wound up a most interesting evening.

### Campaign for Members, Wichita Sets a Goal

H. Glenn Boyd, Secretary of Wichita (Kans.) Lodge, writes THE ELKS MAGAZINE: "We have a campaign for 2,000 new members and it is going good. We have purchased a site for our new building and plans are being worked out for a \$500,000 Home."

### Showing the Go-ahead Spirit. McCook Lodge Extends Its Fame

McCook (Neb.) Lodge has been celebrating its first anniversary. Since the beginning, it has more than doubled its membership and now has 415 in good standing and quite a company waiting for initiation. Besides, and better still, McCook Lodge has within this comparatively short period established a reputation for leadership in all activities undertaken for Community Welfare. It enjoys convenient Club accommodations on leased premises, but, actuated by a worthy ambition, has just acquired a site for its own Home.

### Equality Ownership, Every Member on Same Basis

Looking to the enterprise of financing and building a Home for itself, equality in ownership has become the watch-word of Sacramento (Calif.) Lodge. The work progresses through the agency of the Elks Hall Association. Every member is asked to contribute dollar for dollar the same as every other member upon the principle of one \$100 share for each. Inasmuch as there is no special hurry to complete the fund, payments are regulated at \$2.50 per share per month. This extends the time to three years and four months, if so preferred. Comprising the eligibles, there is a total of 1,750 members. Nobody is asked to subscribe for more than a single share. Something like \$8,000 has been paid in already and invested to earn 5½%. The confident expectation is that the entire amount will be promptly pledged and paid in and that work will proceed in time for occupancy during the present Fall. It is a business proposition strictly.

### 1,500 Souvenir Badges Owned by One Member

It is a hobby with James M. Marshall, of Williamsport (W. Va.) Lodge, to collect Elk badges of all descriptions and vintages, antique or unusual. His claim is that he possesses the largest individual array of these B. P. O. E. souvenirs, and the largest collection of any character to be found outside of Steubenville, Ohio. All counted, there are more than 1,500 of these, many of them ornamented and practically every Lodge of the Order represented in some manner. In several instances, successive occasions in the history of a Lodge are variously typified. Every badge in the lot expresses a good fellowship gift. A considerable part of the collection came to Mr. Marshall through the kindness of D. E. Shaffer, who for years found enjoyment in a similar quest and then suddenly changed his mind as to the value and interest of such an accumulation of ribboned and jeweled designs.

### New Orleans Renews Campaign for More Members

New Orleans Lodge has pride in maintaining its numerical supremacy at the top of the membership roll. Accordingly, the campaign for Elk recruits has been renewed upon a rigidly selective basis and the exhortation is made to add at least 2,000 names during the year 1923. Every member is urged by his love of the Order to appoint himself a Personal Committee to secure at least one member within the time specified and by such means to revive the scenes of old-time initiations with candidates continuously applying for the privilege of the degrees.

### Nominations in Order In Subordinate Lodges

Nominations for all offices to be filled by every Subordinate Lodge, under statutory provision, were in order during the month of February. The law governing on the subject says (Sec. 115, Edition, 1922):

"Nominations for office to be filled at the annual election in Subordinate Lodges may be made at any regular session of the Lodge on or after the first day of February in each year, but no nomination shall be made upon the date of such election unless there be no candidate previously nominated or unless such candidate previously nominated has declined the nomination for a particular office, in which case nominations may be made on the date of election. No candidate for any office can decline the nomination after nominations are finally closed. No member, unless nominated in accordance with this Section, shall be eligible to election at such annual election. Only a member in good standing shall be eligible to office in the Lodge of which he is a member."

The succeeding section specifies that the annual election shall be conducted by each Lodge at the first regular session in March.

### Many Chosen from Helena Lodge To Represent the Public Interests

Swelling the lists of Elks who have been chosen to represent the people, Helena (Mont.) Lodge comes forward with a total of twenty-three members filling positions of responsibility in the local, State and Federal Governments. T. J. Walsh is United States Senator from Montana; Justices Cooper and Galen are mentioned elsewhere in this impression of THE ELKS MAGAZINE; Daniel Boyle is a member of the State Public Service Commission; Ray Church and Lester Loble represent Lewis and Clark County in the Legislature; W. L. Ford is District Judge for Broadwater, Meagher and Wheatland Counties. In Lewis and Clark County, No. 193 has J. R. Wine, Jr., County Attorney; J. M. Barnes, Sheriff; A. J. Duncan, Clerk and Recorder; C. H. Martien, County Assessor; L. M. Rogers, County Treasurer; W. M. Biggs, W. A. Moore and Tom Cooney, County Commissioners. In Meagher County, Helena Elks are represented by C. L. McKethen, County Assessor; in Broadwater County, Frank L. Hooks, County Attorney. The City Commissioner of Helena is R. H. Fletcher. In addition to these, Helena Lodge is represented by several of its membership holding appointive positions. Kirby Hoon is the Helena Postmaster and W. J. Hazelton is Postmaster at Townsend. The State Highway Commissioner is George W. Lanstrum, the Helena Chief of Police is Joseph Spurzem and the City Attorney is Ex-Governor S. V. Stewart—all of Helena Lodge. Surely a fine showing!

### Dedicated to National Home. Medford Does Graceful Kindness

Medford (Mass.) Lodge of Elks has shipped and dedicated its radio outfit to the benefit of the guests of the Elks' National Home at Bedford, Va.

### Where Everybody Listens In—Broadcasting Live Elk News

Winthrop (Mass.) Lodge celebrated Old Timers' Night. . . . George Antsdel, of Grand Rapids, Mich., has not missed a Lodge meeting since May 14, 1909, when he joined. . . . Judge Landis, High Commissioner of Baseball, was honor guest of Malden (Mass.) Lodge. State Commander William H. Doyle, of the American Legion, introduced him. . . . Alva (Okla.) Lodge welcomed a large class. . . . Cambridge (Mass.) Lodge netted \$18,400 on its annual Charity Ball. . . . Paul's Valley (Okla.) Lodge organized a brass band. An expert was engaged. Boys over twelve years are tutored free. . . . Construction has commenced on the \$400,000 Elks building at Wichita, Kans. . . . Fairbury (Neb.) Lodge will build a \$40,000 Club-house. . . . San Francisco (Calif.) Elks cleared handsomely for charity with a Circus and Industrial Exposition. . . . A new Home for Wooster (Ohio) Elks is in prospect. . . . The Entertainment Committee of Concord (N. H.) Lodge staged a successful "Elks' Winter Frolic." . . . Past Exalted Rulers' Night at Irvington (N. J.)

(Continued on page 72)



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# How Dancing Has Helped Me in Social and Business Life

*I found a delightfully easy way to learn in just a few evenings at home—and how I surprised my friends*

By J . . . R . . .



I NEVER had a college education, because I had to go to work when I was little more than a boy. And from the first I strove to develop only those qualities which seemed to me to be essential to my business success. Like many another man, I neglected almost entirely the cultivation of the social graces.

Whenever my lodge held social affairs I either did not attend or else sat over in a corner with a few cronies and watched other people enjoy themselves.

## A Judge's Sage Advice

At one of these affairs, someone asked old Judge Rhodes his opinion on dancing.

Brief and positive was his answer. And the words of this popular, successful jurist made a vivid impression on my mind:

"I advise every young man to learn dancing," he said. "Dancing gives poise to the body, grace to movement, takes a young man out of himself, helps him to overcome timidity and awkwardness when meeting strangers. If he is a fine dancer the women folk look with favor on him. He is invited everywhere. Women like to make their social affairs successful and without dancing they feel that no affair is ever a real success. Then the good dancer has opportunities to meet just the kind of men and women he is most desirous of meeting. And we all know what a tremendous opening wedge it is to have a strong social acquaintance with business acquaintances."

Rather a new way of looking at the advantages of a fine dancing ability? That's exactly what I thought. I resolved immediately to learn to dance. But how and where? I didn't want to be taught in public classes and I didn't want to spend the time in private instruction. I told my wife what the Judge had said and asked her when and where we could start to learn.

"What a coincidence!" she exclaimed. "Only today Rita Gordon, who you know has blossomed out as a most wonderful dancer, was raving to me about a system of dancing taught by Arthur Murray, America's foremost authority on dancing. He has taught such people as the Vanderbilts, Ex-Governor Locke Craig, as well as scores of other socially prominent people."

## How I Easily Learned ALL of the New Dances

Then my wife told me that more than 90,000 people have learned to dance through the learn-at-home system.

She told me that with Arthur Murray's method one does not need another to explain his simple instructions on how to master the steps in all of the popular new dances—nor is music actually required. If one follows the diagrams, photographs, and full instructions which he furnishes there is no reason in the world why one should not quickly and easily become a perfect dancer. The cost of Arthur Murray's method is so small that I sent for it. Both my wife and myself quickly mastered the Fox Trot, One Step, College Rock, Conversation Walk,

**DO YOU KNOW—**  
The Correct Dancing Position  
How to gain Confidence  
**How to Follow Successfully**  
How to Tell What the Orchestra Plays  
The Art of Making Your Feet Look Attractive  
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The Basic Principles of Waltzing  
How to Waltz Backward

**The Secret of Leading**  
How to Keep Time to Music  
How to Avoid Stiffness  
The Difference Between the New and the Old Dances  
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All of these are clearly explained in the sixteen-lesson course which costs only one dollar, and if not satisfactory, may be returned within five days after receipt by you.



Since my wife and I have learned to dance through Arthur Murray's learn-at-home method, everybody wants us to attend their social affairs and we always have a perfectly wonderful time. No longer do we envy others.

Waltz, and other of the newer dances. At first we practiced individually—without music or partner. Then we put a record on the phonograph and tried dancing together. We were amazed to find that we kept in perfect step and rhythm from the very first. Shortly after we attended an affair and were simply overwhelmed with congratulations on our dancing.

I might add that since our ability as good dancers has become generally known, we are invited everywhere. And the friendships we have formed, through our dancing ability, have been an immense help to me in a business way.

## Proof that You Can Learn to Dance at Home in an Evening

Through his new and improved method of teaching dancing by mail Mr. Murray is now able to give you the same high class instruction right in your own home that you would receive if you took private instruction in his studio and paid his regular fee of \$10.00 per lesson.

For a limited time, Mr. Murray is making a very special offer to all who answer this advertisement. He will send you a 16-lesson course for five days' trial.

## Satisfaction Guaranteed

Just fill in and mail the coupon, or a letter will do enclosing \$1.00 in full payment and the sixteen lessons will be promptly mailed to you for five days' examination. Then keep the method for five days. Practice the steps and learn everything these sixteen lessons teach you and prove to your own satisfaction that you have found the quickest, easiest, most delightful way to learn to dance. If, within five days you desire to do so, you may return the course and your dollar will be promptly refunded to you.

You positively cannot fail to become a good dancer if you follow the few easy instructions of Mr. Murray. Mail the coupon now—you may never see this liberal offer again.

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Name.....

Address.....

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

Would you like to teach Dancing?  
(Price outside U. S. \$1.10 cash with order.)

## Under the Spreading Antlers

(Continued from page 71)

Lodge drew big. . . . An impressive address was delivered before the Elks of Somerville, Mass., by Milton A. Brown of the Near East Relief Expedition. . . . The Antler Club of Saginaw (Mich.) Lodge held its first dinner. . . . Every State in the Union knew about the dance given by the Elks of Columbus, Miss. Information relating to the festivity was broadcasted. . . . Knights of Pythias presented Okmulgee (Okla.) Elks with a silk flag in appreciation. . . . Richmond (Va.) Elks will occupy their recently purchased Home about April 15. . . . Elks of Monmouth, Ill., celebrated their twenty-fifth anniversary with a dinner. . . . A site having been donated by two members, Corvallis, the baby Lodge of Oregon, will erect a \$70,000 Home. . . . A radio concert, billiards, cards, and a banquet were enjoyed by Kewanee (Ill.) Lodge. . . . Auburn (N. Y.) Elks contemplate building a new Home to accommodate growing membership. . . . Buffalo (N. Y.) Lodge will have a fine band. . . . McKinney (Texas) Elks held a Domino Tournament. . . . Tulsa (Okla.) Lodge completed plans for an indoor circus. . . . A bunch of old-timers, otherwise Past Exalted Rulers, showed the younger generation of Bradford (Pa.) Lodge how to put on an initiation ceremony with speed and class. . . . Detroit (Mich.) Lodge realized a full purse on "A Week in Chinatown." . . . Grand Exalted Ruler Masters and a staff of Grand Lodge officers will be guests of Detroit (Mich.) Lodge at a date to be fixed in March. . . . Champaign (Ill.) Lodge has a Good Fellowship Club. . . . Six nights of fun and frolic, including a masked "Monte Carlo Ball," added a tidy sum to the Charity Fund of Waterloo (Iowa) Elks. . . . Sacramento's Annual Ball was voted a huge success. . . . John G. Price, former Attorney-General of Ohio, told Detroit (Mich.) Lodge why he is an Elk. . . . After a continuous service of sixteen years, M. L. Ferris resigns as Secretary of Asbury Park (N. J.) Lodge. . . . Newton (Mass.) Elks have bought a site. . . . Williamsport (Pa.) Lodge has been conducting an Elks County Fair. There was a solid week of mirth and money. . . . Senator Wm. Zamboni, of Owatonna, Minn., Exalted Ruler of No. 1350 and Vice President of the Minnesota State Association, is an authority on Public Welfare. . . . Ladies of the Elks of Minneapolis (Minn.) Lodge have organized a four team Bowling League. . . . The Annual Scholarship Ball of Lawrence (Mass.) Elks was held on Lincoln's Birthday. . . . The Membership Committee of Norwich (Conn.) Lodge is meeting with success. . . . Prescott (Ariz.) Elks have organized a band. . . . Leominster (Mass.) Lodge gave its annual ball for the benefit of the Hospital Association. . . . Lima (Ohio) Lodge has set a goal of \$50,000 for its May Festival. Last year the festival netted \$30,000. . . . Louis L. Collins, Lieutenant-Governor of Minnesota, affectionately known as "The Little Corporal" because of his war record, is a member of Minneapolis Lodge. . . . Natick (Mass.) Lodge entertained wounded war veterans. . . . Wayfarers are enthusiastic about the Elk welcome extended in Manila. . . . Fitchburg (Mass.) Elks contemplate a Home. . . . District Deputy Charles S. Sprague, of Goldfield, Nev., is a member of the State Senate. . . . Puyallup (Wash.) Lodge instituted only recently, grows by leaps and bounds. A rush order sent by the secretary for 500 Constitutions, 500 By-Laws and 500 Flags is a healthy sign. . . . At the auditorium at Springfield, Mass., Elks' Night was an outstanding social and entertainment event. . . . Governor and Mrs. Channing H. Cox were guests of honor at the annual dinner and dance given by Worcester (Mass.) Lodge. . . . Oregon City (Ore.) Lodge lost its Home by fire. Rebuilding starts within a month. . . . Quincy (Mass.) Lodge is preparing to build. . . . Any Elk able to furnish information respecting the whereabouts of C. F. Turnell, is urged to communicate with his aged mother, 172 Rawson Street, Atlanta, Ga. Mr. Turnell, who is a member, was last heard from two years ago in Denver, Colo. . . . Globe (Ariz.) Lodge put on an Elks Minstrels that packed the house three nights in succession. Afterwards there were repeat performances at Miami, Hayden and Stafford.

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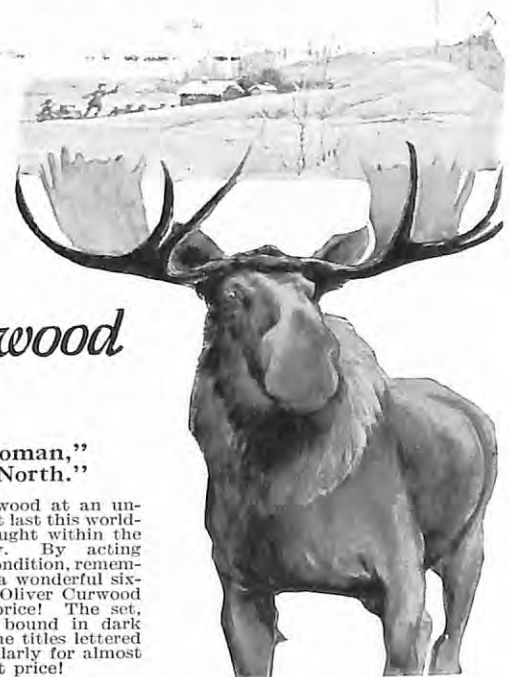
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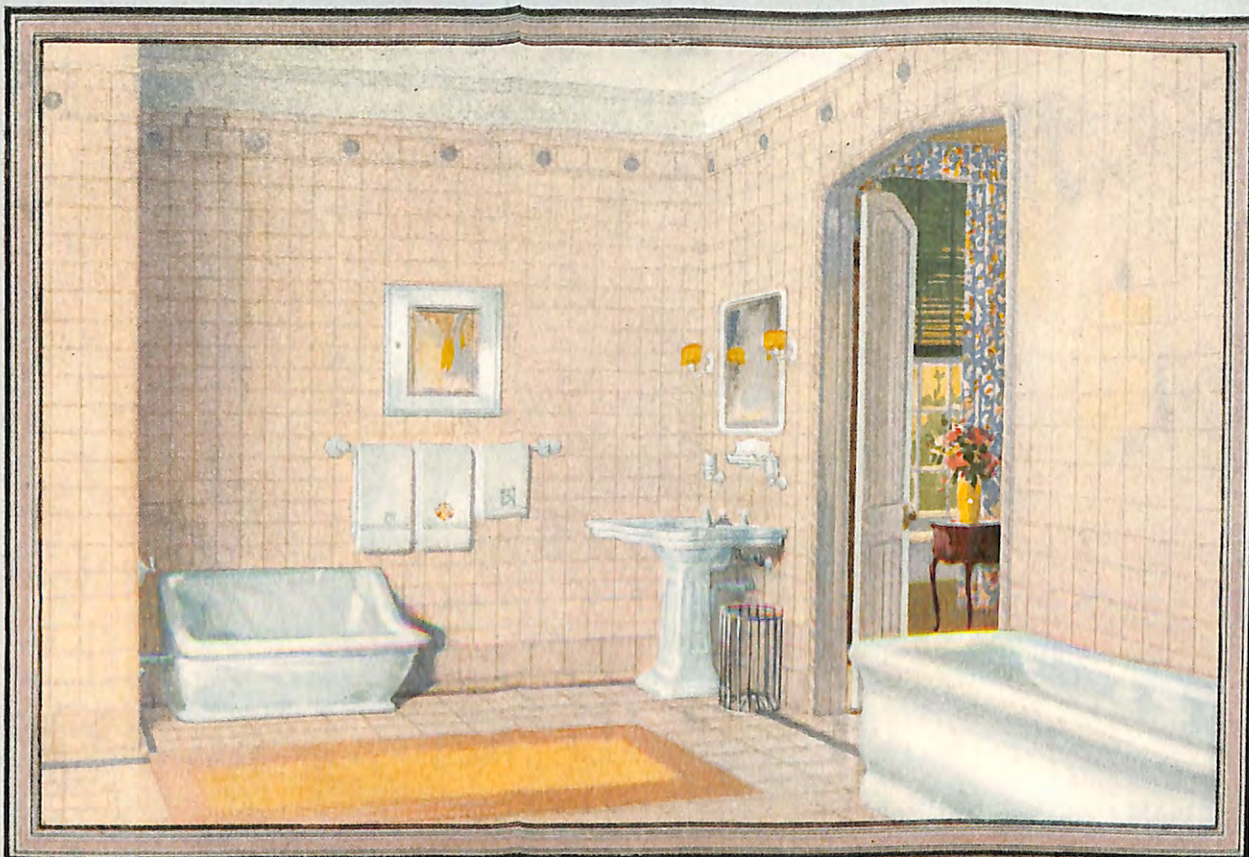
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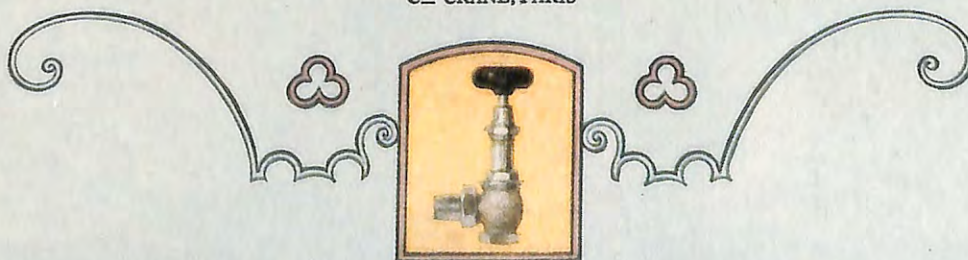
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