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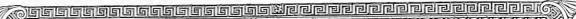
JUNE 1923



This month: Features by Dana Burnet, Walter de Leon, Anna McClure Sholl, William F. Sturm, William Almon Wolff and many others

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



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VERY man who is worth his salt looks forward to the day when he can be independent.

No more grinding away at small men'stasks—no more necessity for going to OTHERS for a decision—but instead the wonderful satisfaction that comes with business mastery— the knowledge that he himself

is competent to pass upon the important matters that demand sound business judgment - and that he at length can delegate the orders, supervise their execution, and be free to grapple with the larger problems of big business management.

That is the secret ambition of every man That is the sectet amount of the passing thought to his business future. He wants to be his OWN MAN—and that ambition is one of the finest things in life.

But ambition alone—and unaccompanied by sound analysis and planning—is one of the most futile and tragic things in the mind of man.

A child looks through the window pane at the cookies in the bakery window, and exclaims, "My, wouldn't I like to have some of those!"

A man looks through the glass partition that separates his desk in the big general offices from the private office of the Chief Accountant—or the Sales Manager—or the General Superintendent—or the Traffic Manager—or the Corporation Counsel—or any other of the more desirable posts in any large business organization—and he says to himself, "Gee, but I'd like to be the 'boss."

Ambition?

NO! Just plain day-dreaming—and unless immediately coupled up with ACTION, the surest road to failure.

Do you merely dream?

Out of the hundreds of thousands of men who have read of specialized training under the LaSalle Problem Method and have been, for the moment, impelled to inquire into the benefits they might derive from it, a certain number are the kind who merely "dream."

For the moment, these men catch the vision of a real career. They see its possibilities—and forgetting that a man cannot lift himself by his boot straps, they are impelled to clip the LaSalle coupon—

Are You One of the Millions Nursing a Secret Ambition?

vainly hoping for a magic wand that will make them rich overnight.

We are always glad to comply with their We are always glad to comply with their request for further information—for of course we have no way of knowing how sincere, how much in earnest they may be about their business future. Except, however, for the chance that the information which we send may drift into stronger hands their wishful expression as fully hands, their wishful curiosity is as futile as their dreams.

We do not seek such men-their number is fortunately small—and if what we have said in the last few paragraphs should make them analyze themselves more thoroly before they write, we would be happy to have it so.

-Or do you follow dreams with ACTION?

There is, on the other hand, a type of man we frankly seek—for the simple reason that ambition means to him a DRIV-ING FORCE—which throws out its agents wherever he sees good reason for believing they may aid him in his upward thrusts.

Such men may now be occupying the humblest desks, but in their hearts they are longing for responsibility—a chance to show the mettle they are made of. And in their minds they are picturing them-selves already swinging the bigger executive positions—enjoying the greater income which responsibility commands.

One could hardly think of a humbler position, for example, than that held by C. C. Mollenhauer when, at the age of twelve, he started "life" as a clothesbrusher in a factory, at \$2.50 a week.

Yet one could hardly aspire to a greater success than that which he had reached at the age of thirty-five. Partner in a large real-estate firm, director in the great First National Bank in Brooklyn, and trustee of the Dime Savings Bank of Williamsburg, New York, Mollenhauer frankly says that The big event of my life was the day I enrolled with LaSalle Extension University. The Problem Method, developed by LaSalle, is surely the quickest way to the top I know of. It has meant thousands of dollars to me, to say nothing of the innumerable other benefits I have derived from it. The only regret I have ever had is that I did not enroll sooner."

Other men—and many, many thousands of them—have

shown by their progress with LaSalle that they know what ambition MEANS—and are quick to appreciate a system of training so intensely practical that it can shorten by years the time a man unaided would be traveling the rocky road of hit-or-miss experience. of hit-or-miss experience.

LaSalle cares little where a man STARTS But it is intensely interested in HOW HE CARRIES ON.

Will you advance—or step aside? Make your decision NOW

We do not know what dreams you entertain for your business future, but if you are the sort to whom fair dreams call forth real action—and if you are honestly in search of a way to gain in the shortest time the organized experience which will enable you to qualify for bigger things, you will find the literature LaSalle will gladly send you both inspiring and profitable. both inspiring and profitable.

There is no obligation, but unless you really want to get ahead, it is an act of courtesy to step aside for the man who follows dreams with ACTION.

LaSalle		University
The Largest Bu Dept. 6328-R	Siness Training In-	itution in the World
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"To inculcate the principles of Charity, Justice, Brotherly Love and Fidelity; to promote the welfare and enhance the happiness of its members; to quicken the spirit of American patriotism; to cultivate good fellowship. "

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

Important Notice to Members

Notice to Members

In Sending change of address for The Elks Magazine four points are essential, as follows: 1. Your name; 2. Number of your Lodge; 3. New address; 4. Old address. Your new address alone is not sufficient. We must know the number of your Lodge and your former address also.

There is no better method of notification than to clip your present wrapper address, endorse thereon your new address, paste it securely on a card or enclose it in an envelope and address it to The Elks Magazine, 50 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y. This gives all necessary information. At the same time, notify your Lodge secretary of your change of address, advising him that you have also sent it to The Elks Magazine.

Please allow four weeks' time.

Magazine.
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Magazine

Number One

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

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Why Mrs. Blakely -How Do You Do!"

He had met her only once before. Some one had presented him at a reception both had attended. He had conversed with her a little, danced with her once. And now, two weeks later, he sees her approaching with a young lady who he surmises is her daughter.

"Why, Mrs. Blakely, how do you do!" he exclaims, rushing forward impulsively. But Mrs. Blakely, accustomed to the highest degree of courtesy at all times, returns his greeting coldly.

And nodding briefly, she passes on—leaving the young man angry with her, but angrier himself for blundering at the very moment he wanted most to create a favorable impression.

O you know what to say to a woman when meeting her for the first time after an introduction? Do you know what to say to a woman when leaving her after an introduction? Would you say "Good-bye, I am very glad to have met you"? Or, if she said that to you, how would you answer?

It is just such little unexpected situations like these that take us off our

guard and expose us to sudden embarrassments. None of us like to do the wrong thing, the incorrect thing. It con-demns us as ill-bred. It makes us ill at ease when we should

be well poised. It makes us selfconscious and uncomfortable when we should be calm, self-possessed, confident of ourselves.

The knowledge of what to do and say on all occasions is the greatest

personal asset any man or woman can have. It protects against the humiliation of conspicuous blunders. It acts as an armor against the rudeness of others. It gives an ease of manner, a certain calm dignity and self-possession that people recognize and respect.

Do You Ever Feel That You Don't "Belong"?

Perhaps you have been to a party lately, or a dinner, or a reception of some kind. Were you entirely at ease, sure of yourself, confident that you would not do or say anything that others would recognize as illbred?

Or, were you selfconscious, afraid of doing or saying the wrong thing, constantly on the alert-never wholly comfortable for a minute?

Many people feel "alone" in a crowd, out of place. They do not know how to make strangers like them-how to create a good first impression. When they are introduced they do not know how to start

conversation smoothly and naturally. At the dinner table they feel constrained, embarrassed. Somehow they always feel that they don't "belong."

Little Blunders That Take Us Off Our Guard

There are so many problems of conduct constantly arising. How should asparagus eaten? How should the finger-bowl be used, the napkin, the fork and knife? Whose name should be mentioned first when making an introduction? How should invitations be worded? How should the home be decorated for a wedding? What clothes should be taken on a trip to the South?

In public, at the theatre, at the dance, on the train-wherever we go and with whomever we happen to be, we encounter problems that make it necessary

for us to hold ourselves well in hand to be prepared, to know exactly what to do and say.

Let the Book of Etiquette Be Your Social Guide

For your own happiness, for your own peace of mind and your own ease, it is important that you know definitely the accepted rules of conduct in all public places.

It is not expensive dress that counts most in social circles—but correct manner, knowledge of social form. Nor is it particularly clever speech that wins the largest audiences. If one knows the little secrets of entertaining conversation, if one is able to say always the right thing at the right time, one cannot help being a thing at the right time, one cannot help being a pleasing and ever-welcome guest.

The Book of Etiquette, social secretary to thousands of men and women, makes it possible for every one to do, say, write and wear always that which is absolutely correct and in good form—gives to every one a new ease and poise of manner, a new self-confidence and assurance. It smooths away the little crudities—does amazing things in the matter of self-cultivation.

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You owe it to yourself to examine the famous Book of Etiquette. You don't have to keep it if you don't want to—if the free examination does not convince you that you need it. Just let us send it to you free, and examine and read it at your leisure.

Let the Book of Etiquette be your social guide—your social consultant. It will tell you what to do, what to say. It will protect you from embarrassments, give you a new ease of manner.

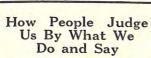
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No one can conceal poor table manners. To use the knife and fork incorrectly, to do the wrong thing at table, is to be-tray instantly one's lack of breeding.



When you are introduced are you uncomfortable, ill at ease? Or do you create at once a friendly understanding? Strangers always judge us by what we do and say upon being introduced.



We encounter many problems of conduct when traveling. One must know what clothes to include in one's wardrobe, what to wear on the train or steamer, when to tip and what amount to tip. Are you sure, or must you guess?

Personalities and Appreciations

Recording Our First Anniversary

WITH this issue, your magazine enters upon the second year of its life. You have received twelve numbers, each, we believe you will agree, an improvement over its predecessor. For the twelve months to come we pledge you a magazine of increasing merit, a magazine worth more not alone from the standpoint of entertainment and information, but from the important standpoint of practical usefulness.

When the first number of this magazine appeared last June it was received with acclaim. Letters literally poured in from Elks all over the country saying how surprisingly it had exceeded their expectations. Other publishers expressed equal surprise that we had been able, in a comparatively short time, to launch so professional a publication right at the start. It is not our aim here to dwell on this point, nor to try to make too great a virtue of having fulfilled our promise as best we could.

What we want you to know is that we who are entrusted with the making of your magazine regard the first year's accomplishment with anything but complacence. We take pride in it, of course, just as Robert Fulton took pride in his first steamboat, or Mr. Edison in his first phonograph. But we feel we can produce a magazine better in many respects than the one we have so far produced.

Developing a new kind of magazine is a little like developing a new kind of flower, or fruit. It requires constant experimentation and blending and watching to see what the reaction will be. It would be relatively easy to make an exact copy of any one of the existing "commercial" magazines—by which we mean the magazines that are published purely as a commercial proposition with the sole aim of making money for their owners. But there would be no point in doing that. This is not Tom, Dick and Harry's magazine, but The Elks' Magazine; not a commercial enterprise, but a fraternal enterprise; not founded for the sole purpose of making money, but founded to fill the very definite place outlined as follows:

"It is not to be a mere bulletin or calendar of events, but a vigorous, high class, literary and fraternal journal, of which the contents will render it worthy of a place upon any library table. It is to contain matters of interest and information to all the members of an Elk household. It is designed to be entertaining as well as instructive; but primarily its purpose is to place in the hands of each one of the million Elks in the United States a monthly volume of fraternal information that will insure recognition of the Order's beneficent power, a keen appreciation of its uplifting mission, a deeper pride of membership, and a constant inspiration to a renewal of fraternal obligation and an incentive to greater fraternal activity."

It becomes a problem, therefore, not of merely going out into the market and buying right and left, but of studying carefully exactly what elements will, when compounded, produce a magazine capable of doing the work that is required of it.

If you are a motorist you know that a new car can not deliver its full power until it has been "broken in." If you are familiar with Kipling you assuredly remember his story of "The Ship That Found Herself." This magazine, too, has been "finding itself."

We do not wish to be considered as assuming the attitude of apologists. We simply submit our point of view as your best guarantee that The Elks Magazine will continue to forge ahead.

We Want To Tell How You Do Things

ONE of the most important functions of this magazine is to provide a means of informing every member of the activities of Elks in Lodges other than his own.

Many Lodges, for instance, have well-organized bands and glee clubs, which help considerably to promote fellowship and are useful in connection with entertainments for charitable or purely social purposes. We believe a number of Lodges which do not at present boast any musical organization within their ranks would like to have bands, or glee clubs, and would appreciate information telling them how best to undertake their formation.

We would be glad to receive, from members closely identified with Lodge bands, or glee clubs, such facts as to costs, uniforms, programs, and the like, as they believe would give members who might be contemplating the inauguration of such features some idea of the amount of work and expense involved.

If we receive sufficient information along this line from those in a position to send us facts, we will publish an article based on these facts which will tend to help those Lodges which want bands, or glee clubs, to organize them with a minimum of faltering and friction.

We have already published considerable news telling what many different Lodges have done and are doing in varied fields. It is interesting news. But, in addition to telling what is being done, we want more and more to tell how it is being done. That will be practical and helpful, as well as interesting.

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Do Not Suffer in Silence

ONCE in a while we hear indirectly of some Elk who complains that he has never received the magazine, or that he has not received all the copies due him, or that it does not come regularly. These things are all possible. With well-nigh a million magazines to mail every month, to well-nigh a million addresses, errors are bound to creep in now and then.

But we want to make our mailing lists as perfect as possible and we want every member to receive every issue to which he is entitled. And if every member who does not receive his magazine regularly will be good enough to let us know direct we will appreciate his giving us the opportunity to correct our mistake.

Coming in Early Issues

NEW authors are being added to the distinguished list of our contributors. Very shortly you will be introduced to James H. Collins, Edward Mott Woolley, Paul and Alma Ellerbe, Forrest Crissey, George Middleton and Henry Irving Dodge. By "new" authors, we meant new to this magazine. The foregoing, of course, are well known to you as established writers for other publications. But we have some really new authors as well; writers from whom we believe much may be expected in the future. Among these are Sam Carson and Vivian Drake. Keep an eye open for stories by these two.

And this month, by the way, you will find fascinating reading in Walter de Leon's "Draw One in the Dark," William F. Sturm's "The Saint Lends a Hand" and Dana Burnet's "The Beautiful Island."

The American Flag

By Joseph Rodman Drake

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(1795 - 1820)

WHEN Freedom, from her mountain height Unfurled her standard to the air, She tore the azure robe of night, And set the stars of glory there; She mingled with its gorgeous dyes The milky baldric of the skies, And striped its pure, celestial white With streakings of the morning light; Then, from his mansion in the sun, She called her eagle bearer down, And gave into his mighty hand, The symbol of her chosen land.

Majestic monarch of the cloud!
Who rear'st aloft thy regal form,
To hear the tempest-trumpings loud,
And see the lightning-lances driven,
When strive the warriors of the storm,
And rolls the thunder-drum of heaven—
Child of the sun! to thee 'tis given
To guard the banner of the free,
To hover in the sulphur smoke,
To ward away the battle stroke,
And bid its blendings shine afar,
Like rainbows on the cloud of war,
The harbingers of victory!

Flag of the brave! thy folds shall fly—
The sign of hope and triumph high,
When speaks the signal-trumpet tone,
And the long line comes gleaming on:
Ere yet the life-blood, warm and wet,
Has dimmed the glistening bayonet,
Each soldier eye shall brightly turn
Where thy sky-born glories burn,
And, as his springing steps advance,
Catch war and vengeance from the glance. . . .

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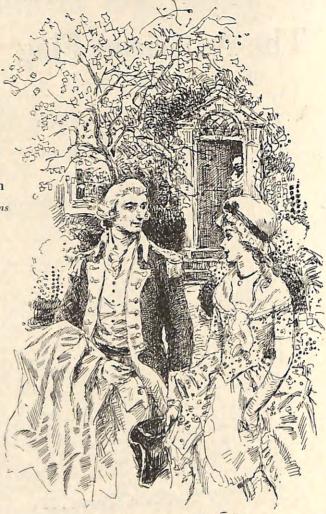
Flag of the seas! on ocean wave
Thy stars shall glitter o'er the brave;
When death, careering on the gale,
Sweeps darkly round the bellied sail,
And frighted waves rush wildly back
Before the broadside's reeling rack,
Each dying wanderer of the sea
Shall look at once to heaven and thee,
And smile to see thy splendors fly
In triumph o'er his closing eye.

FLAG of the free heart's hope and home, By angel hands to valor given; Thy stars have lit the welkin dome, And all thy hues were born in heaven. Forever float that standard sheet! Where breathes the foe but falls before us, With Freedom's soil beneath our feet, And Freedom's banner streaming o'er us?

Border by G. H. Mitchell

The Original Old Glory-and Others

Stories About Certain Emblems that Preceded and Some that Followed Our Flag



John Wolcon adams

By Carl Schurz Lowden

Drawings by John Wolcott Adams

OU may look for the halo of that you unfurl to the breezes of February twenty-second, June fourteenth and July fourth. You will find it not, for there is none.

Modern flag-making has become business. The owner or mana business. ager watches the margin of profit and knows the output. He does it in the same cool, calculating way that a real sophisticated person supervises almost any dollar-bringing industry. Sentiment has no

Our machine-made flags are perfect, precise in every part, all from the same pattern. They are just so many feet or yards of bunting and a blue field so many

inches wide with forty-eight stars cut and

stitched by steel fingers without a semblance of the delightful disorder often praised as constituting art.

If you would find the romance of flagmaking in flower, go back to the long ago when factories were few. Go back to those days of the Revolution when the country was an infant in its swaddling clothes. Then there were no machines to make flags, but there were instead loyal hearts and willing hands and nimble fingers aplenty; for the women had the Crusaders' zeal.

Thimbles, needles and thread were the tools of our first flag-makers. To officer sweethearts or to husbands or friends they presented beautiful banners of broadcloth, hand-stitched and hand-embroidered. On a number of these occasions when the women fashioned the emblems for their fighting men, Cupid played a leading part; then, of course, the little god of love was a conspirator with patriotism in actuating the fingers that plied the needle, the thread and thimble.

When Colonel William A. Washington, a kinsman of "The Father of His Country," met Miss Jane Elliott at her home about sixteen miles west of Charleston in South Carolina, he mentally catalogued her as a

young lady of the highest type. At various times his heart must have missed a few beats and doubled up at others; for in the autumn of the same year of their initial meeting he asked the age-old question and she answered it with a sweet word of three letters that lovers know.

"I shall look out for news of your flag and fortune," Miss Elliott told the officer following one of his calls, which he made as frequently as the disturbing factor of war

would permit.
"But," he replied, "my corps has no

The girl straightway proved herself a most resourceful maiden; for immediately upon hearing the statement she seized a pair of scissors and cut a large section out of some red damask drapery.

"Take this, Colonel," she insisted as she held the piece toward the man of her choice.

"Take it and make it your standard.

Thankfully the officer received it. As the crimson hue is everywhere understood as the token or sign of rebellion, its suitability could not be denied. Subsequently a fringe was added to the square of damask, and this gave the banner an elegant appearance. After it was mounted upon a hickory pole, the valiant leader and his men battled

beneath the cherished but homemade device of his sweetheart.

Romances of the foregoing sort do not always end happily, for truth is rarely as perfect as fiction. Colonel Washington received a bayonet wound, fell into the unsympathetic hands of the enemy and had numerous adventures. Cupid proved himself a masterful general, however, as in 1782 the blushing Miss Elliott exchanged her name for that of Mrs. Wash-

The crimson standard waved over the defeat of the British forces in the battle of Cowpens, likewise in the conflict at Eutaw Springs; and after the latter encounter it acquired the title of the "Eutaw flag." In 1827 on the nineteenth of April, the anniversary of the clash at Levington Mrs. Weshington pre-

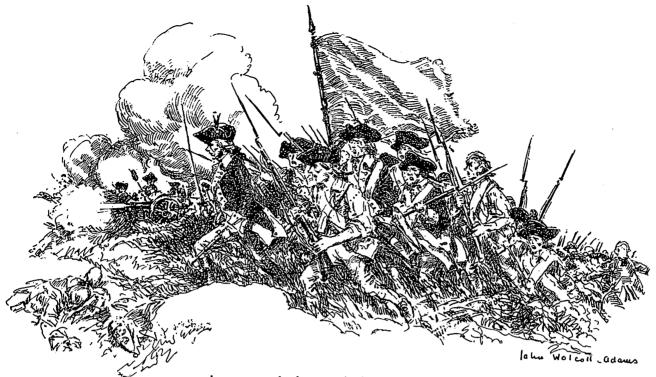
clash at Lexington, Mrs. Washington presented the aged banner to the Washington

Light Infantry of Charleston.

The name of Elliott also figures largely in the story of two banners, one of them red and the other blue, both richly embroidered, which the wife of Major Bernard Elliott gave to the valiant defenders of Fort Sullivan. The battle had been fought on the twenty-eighth day of June, 1776; on the thirtieth Mrs. Elliott handed to Colonel William Moultrie's regiment the pair of standards that she had fashioned with her own needle, thread and thimble.

THE gallant behavior of you all," she told the men, "entitles you to the highest honors. I have no doubt that you will stand by the colors as long as they shall wave in the air of Liberty."

Among the cheering soldiers was Sergeant William Jasper. None could surpass his bravery; for he had faced the storm of shot and shell from the bombarding ships and most brilliantly replaced the colors that had fallen outside the wall of the fort. Later this magnificent deed of valor whereby the blue Liberty flag was saved brought to the man an offer of a lieutenant's commission,



which he declined with the brief but honest assertion that he was "only a sergeant" who lacked the ability to "read or write."

THREE years and more passed; then came the siege of Savannah in the autumn of 1779. Fast and most runous was the battle. When the standards had been shot down and the man who picked them up instantly killed by a shot from the enemy, Sergeant Jasper hurried forward to fasten them onto the parapet. He would repeat what he had done at Fort Sullivan, later renamed Fort Moultrie in honor of the indomitable commander. But the missiles of death filled the air, and he fell.

Suddenly the order to retreat sounded. Though grievously injured and dying, the brave Jasper seized the standards, crawled painfully back, and thus saved them from capture by the enemy. His last words were spoken to Major Elliott to whom he said:
"Tell Mrs. Elliott that I lost my life sup-

porting the colors that she gave to our regiment.

They were taken, however, on the twelfth of May, 1780, when Charleston surrendered. Now they can be seen in the Tower of London. The flag which heroic Sergeant Jasper saved at Fort Sullivan, or Moultrie, suffered the same fate.

When the Marquis de Lafayette received a wound in battle he was placed under the care of the Moravian Single Sisters in Beth-lehem, Pennsylvania. There it was that Count Casimir Pulaski, who had obtained permission from Congress to raise and command an independent corps, called upon his friend. The gallant officer noticed the exquisite embroidery of the hangings, or drapery, in the hospital section. According to one version of the story, he was so much impressed with the beauty of the work that he at once requested the women to fashion a flag for him; but an official in the Society of the War of 1812 presents another version.

When it became known," he maintains, "that the brave Pole was organizing a corps of cavalry in Baltimore, the nuns of Bethlehem prepared a banner of crimson silk with a number of designs beautifully done with the needle by their own hands. They s it to Count Pulaski with their blessing. They sent

Anyhow, this emblem made by the Single Sisters was one of the smallest of all those flown during the war of the Revolution. It measures only twenty inches square, and is composed of two pieces of silk cloth sewn together. On one face thirteen stars encircle a triangle which incloses an eye and the words, "Non Alius Regit," or "No other governs." In the four lower corners are hand grenades worked in silk, once bright yellow but now woefully faded. other face contains the abbreviation "U.S." and a misspelled motto in quaint Latin, "Unita Virtus Forcior," or "Union makes valor stronger." The error appears in the motto's final word, in which the "c" should be a "t.'

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow gave the flag's history, which has since been attacked as unauthentic, in his "Hymn to the Mora-vian Nuns." In that poem you will find this picture of the women gloriously saying:

"Take thy banner, and if e'er Thou shouldst press the soldier's bier, And the muffled drums should beat To the tread of mournful feet, Then this crimson flag shall be Martial cloak and shroud for thee."

Count Pulaski's corps carried the emblem until he fell and died in the Savannah conflict, which was also the death place of the brave Sergeant Jasper. The Pole's lieutenant, having fourteen wounds but still up and going, rescued the flag and took it to Captain Bentalon, who subsequently returned it to Bethlehem. It led, nearly half a century afterward, the procession which welcomed the Marquis de Lafayette at Baltimore when he paid a visit to the country for which he had so nobly fought. In 1844 it was presented to the Maryland Historical Society, which has since carefully preserved it in a glass case. The silver fringe is tarnished and dark, the stars are muddy and it now shows little indeed of its original magnificence.

This article would be incomplete without the story of Betsy Ross, the Philadelphia widow who made the first "Stars and Stripes." She is said to have embroidered ruffles for the shirts of General George Washington and to have done various sorts of needlework for her many customers. In that line she seems to have had a reputation second to none.

Colonel George Ross, an uncle of Betsy's by marriage, was a member of the committee appointed by Congress to prepare a design for a national emblem. He quite naturally suggested to the other members, Robert Morris and General Washington, that they should call on his relative and advise with her about the matter. The other gentlemen were willing; so the three of them soon went to the widow's little shop on Arch Street.

"I do not know whether I can," Betsy frankly doubted when she was asked to cut and sew the official emblem, "but I'll try."

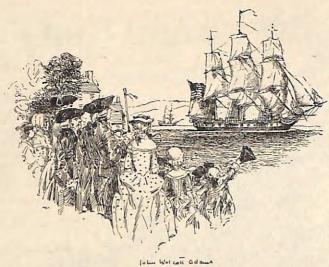
That, of course, was all that Washington, Morris and Ross desired. The committee then displayed a rough sketch and requested the woman's opinion on how it might be bettered from an artistic stand-point. She immediately showed them certain crudities such as its near-squareness, the irregularity in the placing of the stars and the ugliness of a star possessing six points. She preferred the five-pointed style.

"BUT," one of the members protested, our own stars are easier to make than yours."

Then Betsy picked up a bit of paper, quickly folded it and with a single swift clip of her scissors produced a five-pointed star of evident beauty and true symmetry. There is no record of what she said at that moment; perhaps she told the astonished committee, "There is nothing easier in the world if you know how," just as other women have informed other men.

General Washington then drew another sketch with the flag a third longer than its breadth. The stars were arranged in the form of a circle to typify unity, and each of them bore five points. All of Betsy's own recommendations were accepted and embodied in the design.

With her hands, plus needle, thimble and thread, Mrs. Ross made the first "Old Glory." She wanted to be sure that the She wanted to be sure that the whole effect was good; so, on its completion. she had the banner run up on the topmast



of a big schooner in the harbor. The committee of three observed it flying there and also scrutinized it closely when it was taken down. They approved it, and then gave the resourceful seamstress a large order which necessitated the employment of many helpers.

This story of the connection of Betsy Ross with the "Stars and Stripes" has been attacked; however, there is no substantial reason for doubting it. George Canby, her grandson, often heard it from the lips of Betsy herself. He interviewed many persons that had received the story from his grandmother and collected approximately a dozen affidavits in support of it. One cannot but wonder how many of our patriotic stories will survive when their detractors have placed the label of "myth" upon all that do not chance to please them.

The official records are meager. Winning the war was the paramount duty of our forefathers and all else was clearly sec-ondary. Furthermore, they feared their records might be used against them if captured; so they made few, and preferred verbal understandings. But in May, 1777, about two weeks before the adoption of the national standard, Congress made an order on the treasurer to "pay Elizabeth Ross fourteen pounds, twelve shillings and twopence for flags for the fleet in the Delaware River." Her relationship to Colonel George Ross of the committee, the fact that she had made flags for the navy and been paid by order of Congress are reliable indications of the validity of the account.

On the same day that Congress adopted the flag resolution, the fourteenth of June, 1777, it named John Paul Jones as commander of the ship Ranger. The coincidence of the adoption and the appointment caused Captain Jones to make this announce-

"The flag and I are twins, born the same hour and the same day out of the womb of destiny. We cannot be parted in life or in death. So long as we can float, we shall float together. And if we must sink, we shall go down as one." shall go down as one."

BUT a fly in the ointment there was. A ship without a banner is a poor ship indeed, just a sort of nondescript; and John Paul Jones had none. However, the girls of Portsmouth, New Hampshire, decided it would not be proper for a vessel fitted out in their harbor to proceed to sea minus a real-for-sure fighting ensign. So they straightway got up a "quilting bee," but it was a flag that they constructed under the camouflage.

The stores of the city proved inadequate. They could not supply sufficient quantities

of red, white and blue silk. Thereupon the five girls, Caroline Chandler, Dorothy Hall, Mary Langdon, Augusta Pierce and Helen Seavey, cut up their best dresses and invaded the wardrobes of their mothers. Miss Seavey had just been married in the preceding month of May, but she speedily donated her bridal garment as her sacrificial offering for the glorious stars. Then busy hands and busy needles did the stitching and pieced together a huge banner of twenty-eight feet in length. The Fourth of July, 1777, was a gala occasion; for then the home-made "quilt-

ing bee" flag of the five Portsmouth girls first felt the breeze from the Ranger's mast.

This historic emblem had only twelve stars. It has been suggested that the girls could not figure out a harmonious arrangement for the thirteenth star. But a better explanation lies in the possibility that one of the revolting colonies may have appeared to be a bit insincere at that time.

The twelve-starred emblem achieved the honor of being the first "Stars and Stripes ever saluted by a foreign power. This event occurred on St. Valentine's day of 1778, when Admiral La Motte Picquet, commander of a French fleet, returned the greeting thundered out by the Ranger. This exchange off Quiberon Bay carried with it the recognition of the new nation and made Captain Jones as gleeful as a

schoolboy out of school.

"I am happy," he wrote to the Marine Committee of Congress, "in having it in my power to congratulate you on my having seen the American flag for the first time recognized in the fullest and completest

manner by the flag of France.

Subsequently Jones took command of the sturdy Bonhomme Richard and transferred the banner to that ship. When in September, 1779, he defeated the British frigate Serapis, he rescued the flag from his sinking vessel before boarding the enemy's. The Marine Committee of Congress presented it to a midshipman; now the historic old flag has a permanent home in the National Museum.

A woman at Fort Stanwix, later renamed Fort Schuyler, on the site of Rome, New York, contributed an undergarment of red flannel for the seven red stripes of the crude banner fashioned there early in August of 1777. The British and Indians had besieged the fort, but re-enforcements had cut their way through to the defenders

and had brought along a newspaper containing a description of the flag that Congress had authorized on the fourteenth day of

Tune. The soldiers furnished shirts for the six white stripes and an officer delivered his blue cloak to form a background to the stars of white silk. woman, a soldier's wife, cut the stars and stripes and sewed them roughly together. Though the emblem was a crude improvisation that could not be called perfect or even fairly compared with the exquisite needlework of Betsy Ross, it gained much fame and distinction as the first "Stars and Stripes" ever unfurled over any fort and the first to receive the baptism of fire.

Nineteen anxious days dragged along before other re-enforcements arrived and caused the hasty departure of the foe. The siege had been raised with the flag proving invulnerable in its maiden test on land. Was the successful resistance a harland. binger of the glory that was to come to the infant nation? Was it a harbinger of the glory that has been maintained unblemished throughout the long roll of the years that have followed the Declaration of

Independence?

But Captain Swartwout, who had contributed his outer garment for the flag that flew over old Fort Stanwix, worried about the loss of his fine blue cloak. Perhaps he could not appear as splendidly without it as he could with it as a sort of setting to his handsomeness. And, moreover, had not Colonel Peter Gansevoort, the commander of the fort, solemnly promised him the material for another? Not long after the siege had been raised the impatient man wrote from Poughkeepsie, New York, and, with a heavy sprinkling of capital letters. reminded his superior of the matter.

OU may Remember Agreeable to your Promise," he declared with considerable vim and vigor, "I was to have an Order for Eight Yards of Broad-Cloath on the Commissary for Cloathing of this State In Lieu of my Blue Cloak which we employed in the Making of our own Colours at Fort Stanwix. An Opportunity now Presenting itself, I hereby beg of you to send me Your Order for it Straightway."

Did Colonel Peter Gansevoort issue the wished-for order for the "Eight Yards of Broad-Cloath" and thus make a satisfactory adjustment? He must have done so or interceded, at least, in Swartwout's behalf; for there are extant vouchers showing that the Continental Treasury did re-

imburse the complaining officer.

But how fared the soldier's wife who fashioned the famous flag after cutting up her red petticoat for the seven red stripes? She presented no bill either for the garment or for her time. She gave willingly. She apparently considered herself amply paid with just the soul-warming consciousness of a duty done well. Perhaps with Daniel Webster, if he had lived in her day, the needleworker would have joined

in saying:
"If we take to ourselves the wings of the morning and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea, a duty performed or a duty violated is still with us for our happiness

or our misery.'



Off to Vacation Land

Summer Brings the Eternal Question of Where to Go

LETTER from the Secretary of the Interior appeared in the public prints recently. It was addressed to the American people and seemed to be an invitation to summer in national parks.

"They are the playgrounds and the recreation parks of the people," the open letter read. "In the name of the government I

invite you to be its guest."

Now you must admit that this is pretty handsome of the government. It's bad enough to have half a dozen people likely to drop in on you of a Sunday afternoon, but imagine what Secretary Work (the name of the Secretary of the Interior is Hubert Work. Yes, it is, really), imagine what he has let himself in for by issuing a blanket invitation for the summer to a hundred million people, with no way of knowing how many to make sandwiches for. Of course, probably not more than fifty million will accept, but even with fifty million you've got quite a big job on your hands, with the dishes to do after they've gone.

So we decided that if we were going to take the government up on its invitation, the only decent thing to do would be to let Secretary Work know when to expect us.
According to my little boy's book on etiquette (which daddy gets a pointer from now and then himself, mould of form though he is), you should answer an invitation in the manner in which it is issued. An open letter from Secretary Work, therefore, calls for an open letter from me. So, as I heard a fellow who had traveled a good deal say the other day, "Voici!"

An Open Letter to Secretary Work

Dear Secretary Work:

We received your very kind invitation to spend the summer in the national parks as the guest of the government and want to thank you right here and now. I don't see how you are going to go through with it, but I suppose you know best. As for Mrs. Benchley and me, we chall be only too glad to spend a little while with you, probably during August, as that is when my hay-fever comes on and I like to be out where I can rough it during that period. I don't look very attractive when I have hay-fever but I know that you and Mrs. Work will make allowances. guest of the government and want to thank you

make allowances.

Now here is something that I must insist on, however, since you have been so kind as to ask us out. You will have a lot of people to look however, since you have been so kind as to ask us out. You will have a lot of people to look after and there is no reason in the world why you should have to bother with entertaining us once we are there. Just let us shift for ourselves. I have a lot of books that I must read during the summer and Mrs. Benchley has her sewing, and so all you will have to do is just give us a hammock and forget us except to call us to meals. Don't feel that you have to be giving dances for us, or things like that. We are just home-bodies.

And, speaking of meals, why not let us bring

And, speaking of meals, why not let us bring some of the vegetables that will be ready in our garden at about that time? Our beets are usually very good, and there are lots of ways that you can fix beets up, salads, stews, etc. Then we would feel that we weren't sponging quite so much on your hospitality if we were furnishing a little something ourselves.

About August 15th, then (we'll let you know the exact date later), and don't bother to meet us at the station. We can get a cab or something and drive right to the park and ask for Gratefully.

ROBERT C. BENCHLEY.

P. S.—Would it be all right if we brought a very small and self-contained puppy? Or

By Robert C. Benchley

don't you want animals? We'll understand perfectly if you don't.

THIS invitation on the part of the government is a godsend in more ways than one. It released us from weeks and weeks of discussion as to where we should spend the summer vacation. This has gone on every year since we became man and—what-do-you-call-it—wife. It goes on in eight out of every ten families in much the same way, which is essentially as follows:

Along about March 15th the subject is brought up by the husband, who says: "Well, are we going back to Anybunkport this summer?"

Clear as a bell comes the answer: "We don't go anywhere at all, unless you can get up oftener than you did last summer." "Oftener? What do you mean, oftener? Wasn't I up every other week-end?"

"Every other week-end except when you telegraphed."

"Once, just once, I telegraphed, and that

was when—"
"Well, we won't discuss it. All I say is that we don't move a step from this house unless you'll see to it that your family isn't left alone all summer."

The matter is then dropped until April 1st. Then:

rst. Then:
"I saw Brad to-day and he said his folks are going back to the beach in June."
"Yes?"
"Yes?"
"Yes?"

A silence until April 8th.

Then the wife, fearful lest the subject has really been dropped for good, brings the question up again by saying that she met a cousin of Mrs. Derby's at a tea that afternoon and that she was telling about a place that her family had been every summer since she was a child, somewhere up in the mountains. It seems that here one doesn't have to dress up, the clothes that you wear on the train are the best things that you have along, and you get fresh milk from a near-by farm for three cents a quart—and it's good milk, too. It is a perfectly splendid place for children.

It is now the husband's turn to say, without looking up from his paper:

"That sounds fine."

On April 15th all pretense is thrown aside and the thing is recognized as an issue. By this time some one has come along with an account of a place up on a lake where you can get all the fresh fish you want provided you can stun them first with a club, and where you sleep under blankets every night (possibly because blankets are the only thing the mosquitoes can't drill through).

Then the Bigneys come over with some pictures they took at their camp last summer and give an enthusiastic account of its merits. From the pictures one gathers that the camp is situated on one of the Newfoundland fog banks with a fine view of nothing at all stretching off in the distance. It also appears from the portraits of members of the family at play in this camp that on reaching the spot every one turns into a gypsy of some sort, with badly fitting bathing-suits and the unpleasant look of having been washed up with the driftwood. The fact that they are all slightly out of

focus doesn't help sell the place either. You can't lay everything to the camera, or to the fact that the sun went behind a cloud at just the moment when Lillian snapped the shutter. On inquiring when the Bigneys intend leaving for this garden spot of the Western Hemisphere you find out that they are not going back this year on account of Spencer's asthma and are consequently trying to dispose of the camp to some one whom they know, some one who will take good care of the bark on the trees and will look after the (ah-ha-ha) plumbing.

It is then decided that the husband will write to this Mr. Leetwig, who still runs the place in the mountains that Mrs. Derby's cousin used to go to, and ask him what the rates are and if they object to puppies.

This decision is reached on April 25th.
On April 28th the wife asks if he has written Mr. Leetwig yet. Oddly enough, it turns out that he hasn't. On April 30th he is asked again if he has written Mr. Leetwig. This time, to save further questioning on a subject that has already become distasteful to him, he lies and says yes. The fact is that he has lost the address, and doesn't want to go to the mountains anyway. Along about the middle of May, owing to a quite understandable silence on Mr. Leetwig's part, the mountains are dropped from the list of possibilities and the chains programed down to bilities and the choice narrowed down to seven other places ending in "-quisset."

Literature sent on request from these resorts indicates that there are seven places in the world in which a man may be completely happy. There are, it seems, seven points from which may be obtained the most ravishing view in the United States, seven centers for the fresh milk and vegetable traffic of the country, seven of the nation's most remarkable golf courses within a walk of seven of the metric system's

shortest kilometers.

The photographs included in the folders indicate that crowds of happy patrons spend their days clustering about in little groups, admiring phenomenal catches of fish or bothering golfers who are about to sink difficult putts. Once in a while they all seem to crowd into canoes and float by the camera, with every indication pointing to a gigantic catastrophe in which thousands are about to be drowned. On page 5 there may be a photograph of a typical room in one of the cabins, or "the recreation room" in the hotel. Former guests at these places are never quite able to locate these rooms in their memory.

THESE folders are placed, in the order of their receipt, on the mantelpiece, and from there are taken by Helma when she is cleaning and thrown away. It really makes but little difference, however, for by this time it is June 1st and too late to get in anywhere except at Anybunkport again. A telegram to Mr. Wheems brings the reply that he can just manage to fix you up at a slight advance over last summer's rate.

There is then a frantic cutting of children's hair, a packing of five needless trunks, the departure of Helma, who decides that she doesn't want to spend the summer so far away from her Torsen, and another summer is begun at a place to which you swore last summer vou would never return.



"Draw One In The Dark"

By Walter de Leon Illustrated by Tony Sarg

Fate Adds an Entrée to the Bill-of-Fare—A Course of Crockery and Crooks, an Egyptian Prince, and a Girl Behind a Counter

CHE was a husky waitress and her name was Jane. She ran the late shift at T-Bone Mahoney's, down near the Plaza in Los Angeles. She had a heart as big and sweet as a Lodi watermelon and the model of her disposition is the one they use in Heaven. But the one time she did get riled up—oh, brother! What she did to Mahoney's crockery, the Idol Film company and Prince Ptolemy Ptarmigan And-a-lotmore, of Cairo, Egypt, is something for the

You must know that T-Bone's was a hang-out. Mahoney, staying up in his swell Broadway restaurant, let Jane run the counter and the cash register every night from seven-thirty till two her own way. Which was why almost any night you'd see Flash Fanchon, the featherweight, Spider Welsh, the jockey when the races were on. Silent Sam Simmons, who ran the poolroom up the street, a couple of the boys on the daily papers and three or four ball-tossers from the Coast league dropping in for a cup of Java and a kidding match with Jane. And always standing outside between trips was the taxi belonging to Louis Spinola, the crook-nose Wop whose mother was still banking his savings only because Jane had had a pint of blood to spare the time the old lady was in the hospital.

I've been cranking cameras on the pretty Genevieves of the Idol Film company for over fifteen years. I've seen them all; and none of them had much on Jane. Big and beautiful she was, about twenty-four, with a fine big figure she kept trim and tidy in clean shirt-waists and aprons; big gray eyes with a twinkling fairy hiding in each of them; a big mouth with fine-cut lips like a statue, only Jane's were red and soft and twitching with a million inward chuckles that piled up until she'd throw back her head and let them roll out in a big, throaty laugh.

A born kidder she was with an answer for anybody any time, but also with the gift of

Dutch mother to a fellow that needed a little straightening out or bucking up. Like the time she talked to Silent Sam Simmons, walking him up and down Spring street all night long till he gave her the gun he had loaded for Big Bill Wysell, the Headquarters

Big Bill didn't know anything about it for two years. Then he drifted into T-Bone's one night to look at Jane—and fell for her. In another month he was telling around that

he was going to marry her.

"What's he got that none of the rest of us has?" I asked Jane when I heard about it.

"Judgment, Pete." Her eyes were dancing. "He thinks he's the only one of you

good enough to marry me."
"What do you think?"
She laughed. "I ain't even thinking."
Just then Big Bill himself came in and took the stool next to me. He looked at the cup of coffee Jane gave him and shook

"Don't give me no cracked cup," he said, shoving it away. "It's bad luck."

"It'd be worse if there was a hole in the

bottom of it," said Jane.

The gang laughed. Big Bill turned red.
"No, it wouldn't. Cracked and nicked plates and cups is always bad luck for everybody that handles them. You'll never have any luck as long as you keep all this nicked china around here.

"I can imagine the good luck Mahoney would wish onto me if I threw it all out,"

Just the same I ain't going to drink out of no cracked cup for a couple of weeks anyway. I got a hunch about five thousand berries is going to fall my way and I don't want to discourage it none."

"Where's it going to fall from?" asked

Jane, filling up another cup for him.

Big Bill lowered his voice. "The K guy," he said, shoveling in sugar. "A yegg with a yard of aliases the Bankers' Association is knowing when to quit-when to talk like a so willing to meet face to face they're offer-

ing five thousand to any one who'll introduce

them."
"Check-passer?" I asked.
Big Bill nodded. "Prints his own checks. Cashed four thousand dollars' worth of checks on the First National Bank of Lullston, West Virginia, before anybody thought to ask was there a First National in Lullston. There wasn't. He was J. K. Kirkwood on them checks. That was in New York. Give me a couple of sinkers, will you, Jane?"

When Jane came back with them Big Bill went on. "Pittsburgh meets him next.

Hotel managers and bankers donate about three thousand to M. M. Millikent before he sends a note to the Chief of Police that he is leaving on the morning train. On his way to Chicago he stops off at Cincinnati and collects ten thousand in reputations on dectard contifed charles marginal to B. V. doctored certified checks payable to R. K. Keane. Always a K in the name somewhere;

"What does he look like?" Jane asked.
"He don't look the same in any two towns," Bill grinned. "In New York he was a banker in town for the Bankers' Convention. In Pittsburgh he was a salesman for a Connecticut hardware concern. In Cincy he showed pretty letters of credit and Spanish introductions from the Buenos Aires branch of the International League of Justice. He spent two weeks in New Orleans waiting on table in the restaurant across from the jail, listening to the plans the Chief of Police and the dicks were making to capture him. He left a note thanking the boys for the infor-

"WHAT a grand little kidder he must be," Jane smiled. "Little is right. He ain't over five foot six. Some say he's slender—some say plump. Most of the descriptions give him blond hair—sandy—and dark brown eyes. They've guessed his age all the way from twenty-one to thirty-nine. In spite of which I got a hunch I'm going to nab him. Five



thousand smackers would buy a nifty little bungalow, wouldn't it, Jane?

"What makes you think he's coming this way?" Jane side-stepped.
"They almost got him in San Antone, Texas, a month ago. To show you his nerve, he gaily impossing that river running he gaily jumps into that river running through town, swollen with spring freshets right off the main street bridge he leaps and swims a get-a-way in the dark. A week later some K checks appear in El Paso, but when they go for him, he ain't there. The nearest they get to him is a brakeman who's cussing because a little bo has slipped right past him and swung under a west-bound Pullman. When the brakie describes the little bo, the Chief makes it a cussing duet. Anyway, New Orleans, San Antone, El Paso—the next stop is Los Angeles, ain't it?"

Bill grinned and reached for a cigaret. "I'm leaving in the morning for a job down in San Diego that will keep me busy for maybe a week, but when I get back-you better be looking around for bungalow bargains, sweetie.

"'Night, He eased down off his stool.

Pete. I'll drop you a postal card from San Diego," he promised Jane as he walked out.
"Talking about jobs," I suddenly remembered something, "my helper quit me this afternoon for a better job. Find out if any of the boys need a couple of weeks' work to meet their income tay installment." to meet their income tax installment.'

Jane thought a moment. "Brick Kennedy hasn't had a bout for so long he forgets what it feels like to be knocked out. Wait till I ask Flash Fanchon if Brick is still training for a crack at Dempsey on coffee and doughnuts.'

As Jane walked toward the other end of the counter I happened to turn toward the door. Outside was a little runt of a chap, maybe twenty-five or so, his big brown eyes following Jane. As I watched him, he took off the dirty cap pulled down over his sandy hair, opened the door and dragged himself in.
Dragged is right. That little bozo was

tired! His eyes were sunk back into his

I'd thought Morris's dive was pretty as any I'd ever seen, but that was before the Kid took off. . . . He was a human porpoise

head and the red that should have been on his lips was spread thin over his cheekbones; you know-a little feverish. face and hands were clean, but his clothes never would be again, and as he climbed up on the stool next to me I saw the red and black rim under his collar that doesn't come from anything else but the drive and sting of dirt and pebbles chucked at a bo riding the rods of a fast-moving Pullman. You wouldn't believe there was a smile left in his system, but as he sat down at the long counter he turned to me.

'May I share your table, mister?" There was a squint in his eye and a comical break in his high-pitched voice that would make any one grin. I offered him a cigaret. Refusing it, he waited for Jane to finish talking to Flash Fanchon. Her back was turned, so I didn't know whether she had seen the little guy next me yet or not.

A good three minutes passed. Then the

little bo spoke up in his funny way.

"Ah! Tis a good idea! They keep you waiting here till anything they serve you tastes good."

Jane turned around and gave the little chap a calm and cool look. Before she could say anything the little fellow smiled, much too polite.
"I beg your pardon, but is there a waitress

loose around the place that could give me a little service?" he asked in his cracked voice.

Jane's lips twitched. "You're getting as little as possible, ain't you?" she kidded back, reaching under the counter for a knife, fork and spoon.

"Old," said the little guy, "old but still good. What else beside merriment do you serve here?

The gang was all listening, grinning, waiting for Jane to say something the little stranger couldn't answer.

"Where do you think you are-in a res-

taurant?" Jane inquired. "What would you like?"

"I'm not very thirsty; just give me a veal cutlet breaded, in a long glass."

Jane's eyes snapped. "How will you take

it—with a straw or a spoon?'

The little fellow waited for the laugh to die down. "Neither," he answered. "Make it a hy"—Still smiling, he suddenly swayed, dizzy, and lurched over against me. I straightened him up and flipped a little water in his face. He opened his eyes.

"-Make it a hypo so I can inject it," he finished.

But all the kidding was out of Jane. She had a bowl of soup in front of him and milk toast, a chop and tea ordered before the little bo had the water wiped off his face.

A crowd from the picture theatre next door came in and Jane was kept hopping for awhile. But all the time she kept one gray eye on the little guy and all the time he kept his two brown eyes on her. Only one question did she get time to ask. "Sick, buddy?"

HE SHOOK his head. "Not any more. I caught the flu in Syracuse a month ago. Got over it, but the Doc advised the sunkissed beauties of Southern California for

six months. So I came straight to you.'
"You could of done worse," Jane sa walking away. I didn't understand that, quite. I knew she had noticed that the little Jane said, lad, breaking his long fast, fitted in every particular the description Big Bill had given

us of the K guy.
"More tea?" Jane asked when the crowd thinned out to about half a dozen of us regulars.

"No, thanks. Where's your bouncer?"
"What do you mean?"

"I could walk out, of course, but I believe in making bouncers earn their money.'

"You mean you're not going to pay for what you've eaten?" "If the check was a nickel I couldn't pay a deposit on it," the little bo grinned. A couple of the boys near the door eased

down our way.

"Keep out of this," Jane told them. She turned to the register, rang up the amount of the stranger's bill; from her apron pocket where she kept her tips she took the amount and tossed it into the till. Pulling out the receipt stub from the machine she shoved it and a pencil toward the little fellow.

'Can you spell your own name?" she asked, easy. I saw her idea; to get a sample of his hand-writing to compare with some

of the K checks.

For a second the little fellow just looked at her, his face getting red as a beet. Then it dried out white. Slowly he reached for the pencil and stub.

"K. A. Walker," he wrote.
"Thanks," said Jane, looking at it.
"What's the K for?"

"Kid, to you," said the little lad.

T WAS Jane's turn to get red. "All right, Kid," she said, slipping the receipt inside the broad bosom of her blouse. listen, I'll leave word with Jake to give you a cup of coffee in the morning." I could picture the five plain-clothes officers who would be draped around the place when the Kid came in for the promised Java.

He looked up at her quickly, then grinned, easily. "Much obliged, Miss Jane. But I'll have me a job before I get hungry

"A job?" Jane flashed me a look that read plainly, "Come to life." "A job?"

"You've got a job, Kid, if you want it," I said, "helping me shoot film on the Idol lot. There's a hot bath and a cool bed wait-

"I've croaked," said the little fellow softly, holding tight to the edge of the counter. "I've croaked and gone to Heaven. I'm listening to old St. Peter and looking at a big beautiful angel"-he was looking straight at Jane—"a big beautiful angel"—again he hesitated. "Listen, Miss Jane, you're married, aren't you?"

"Not me," Jane replied, looking at him

in a sort of a trance.

The Kid looked around the room and scratched his head. "What the heck is the matter with all you birds? Are you all cripples or something?" He got down off his stool. "Come on, St. Peter. Goodnight, angel. I'm going to dream about you."

Out he went, shaking his head, puzzled-

like.
"Will I locate Big Bill or one of the boys
from Headquarters?" I whispered to Jane.

It took her a second to understand me. Then her gray eyes turned dark and hard as slate. "If I hear of you tipping off anybody that the Kid is the K guy, you're going to change eating places or suffer an autopsy." Her voice softened. "I'll take care of the Kid, Pete. Leave him to me.'

That left me with only one question to ask the Kid. Just before going to sleep I

said, "How did you happen to pick T-Bone's to get thrown out of?

"I liked the looks of that Jane angel," answered the Kid sleepily. "Gee, this bed feels good. It's a long way from El Paso-

when you ain't eating.

Out at the studio the Kid made friends like a five-dollar gold-piece in Germany. Crook or no crook, you couldn't help liking him. He was smart, a willing worker and always seeing something funny in everything that happened. I've filmed hundreds of reels showing crooks being reformed by the love of a poor but pure woman, usually an orphan or blind, but never had I believed anyone took those mush pictures seriously until I saw the attention Jane and the Kid were lavishing on each other. They were together all the time.

'How's he making out with the company?" she asked me after the Kid's first

week.

Tom Kush says he's going to "Aces. make a director out of him and the boss threatens to put him in the office.

There were some wonderful high-lights in Jane's eyes as she glanced at the Kid chinning with Louis Spinola.
"What do you hear from Big Bill?" I

"He won't be back for four or five days

T'S a cracked cup for him when he does get back, I guess, eh?'

Jane took her time about answering. "Well, I know one thing. Whatever happens, it'll be his bad luck—not mine." She brushed some crumbs off the counter. "The Kid's getting real plump, don't you think?"

I grinned. "He's fatter than this here old Egyptian mummy the papers have been printing so much about finding his tomb; King Tut, er—you know; ends like a Metho-dist prayer."

"Tut-ankh-amen," Billy Murray, the demon reporter, coming in with an early edition Herald for his usual cup of coffee, told us. "I interviewed a decadent of his this afternoon."

He pointed to an article on the second

Said article announced the fact that Prince Ptolemy Ptarmigan, etc., etc., who traced his ancestry back to the mummy we'd been talking about, had stopped off for a few days in our beautiful city on the tour of the world he was making following his graduation from an English university. The Prince let himself be quoted as saying it was neither our justly famous citrus fruit plantations nor our equally renowned cafeterias he was so curious to see as the studios where the silent drama and boisterous comedy were canned.

Naturally, Monday morning there were

nineteen autos drawn up in front of the Prince's hotel, nineteen men inside inviting the Prince to visit their own particular studio and, on the sidewalk, nineteen cameras focused on the front doors. When the Prince finally emerged with my boss hanging onto his arm, nineteen shutters started taking sixteen exposures per second of a dapperdressed young putty colored gent with a vacant eye and a peculiar first-growth vegetation on his upper lip. When it finally percolated that we craved for him to take off his hat, he uncovered long sleek black hair, parted in the middle and oiled down straight toward large, unornamental ears. And when we all velled for him to stand still a minute, he screwed a monocle into his off-eye and emitted "Extraordin'ry" in handpicked Piccadilly accents.

"So that's all that's left of a long line of Kings," grinned the Kid at my elbow. Looking at a genuine Egyptian, I begin to understand why Cleopatra fell for a foreigner. They grow them puny in Cairo,

don't they."

"He's a bigger man than you are, Tiny Tim," I told him, as the Prince stepped into

my boss's limousine.
"No, Pete. That remnant of Rameses, Helmar, Omar and the other Egyptian Deities only stands straighter, having nothing heavy above his shoulders to stoop them -like me. Why do you suppose he picked on our outfit?"

In the car on our way back to the studio explained to the Kid that to go with the other World's Worst Pictures which the Idol company was responsible for would soon be another spasm, an Egyptian film, inspired by the publicity given the outfit who had dug up

Tut-ankh-amen.

"We'll take the action scenes and close-ups here in California," I told him, "and fill out the rest of the picture with long shots of the pyramids, the Sphinx, the muddy banks of the sacred Nile and any other suitable scenes we can find and buy from the news weekly companies' libraries. I suppose the boss beat the bunch by asking the Prince for his personal advice and suggestions.

Kidding himself or the Prince? "Kidding nobody. The film we'll shoot to-day, following the Prince all over our lot, will bring heavy money from aforementioned

news weekly companies.'

The next afternoon when we escorted our distinguished visitor into the projection room to show him how he looked to others, I wasn't much surprised to see how clean and sharp he'd photographed. I'd felt that his color and hair had good picture quality. But I was surprised to hear just behind me in the dark room the boss's voice while the film was

"I wish I knew some way to persuade your Highness to play the leading part in my new picture. I realize that money is no ob-

ject—"
"My dear sir, the amount of money you





the time, as I have explained, which I can't give you; really. I am due to sail upon the-

er, I forget the exact date. My secretary would know."

"Couldn't you postpone sailing?" the boss urged, hating to lose the juicy profit-bringing publicity the Brings's name on bringing publicity the Prince's name on the picture would give. "It will take our Mr. Kush not more than three weeks, four at the outside, to complete the scenes you would appear in."

Four weeks! My dear old chap-"Say three weeks; two here and another in Mexico.'

"Mexico?"

"There is a location a few miles from Tia Juana, just across the border, which is ideal for our purpose. We used it once before. It has the heat haze noticeable in all genuine

Egyptian desert film."

"Fascinatingly interesting, of course.
But Mexico—it's dirty, I've heard."

"Lassure would."

'I assure you, your Highness, you would not be uncomfortable. Everything possible would be done for your convenience. It would require no more than five days-and of course all expenses including a special Pullman or two for the cast will be borne by the company."

There was a silence. Only the whir of the projection machine could be heard in the

"By Jove, it would be rather a lark. I think—yes, I'll do it. I'll get a telegram off to Lord Moncton immediately."

"Lord Moncton?"

"Of the British Legation at Washington. He's by way of being my sponsor here in this country, do you see?—furnishes the wherewithal and that sort of thing. His consent isn't necessary. However, as a matter of courtesy—formality—by Jove, I mustn't neglect to inform my secretary to change sailing arrangements." Cutting off the boss's hymn of thanks he finished, "Oh, I say, you must all a say, you must all a say. say, you mustn't expect histrionic ability of me. I utterly haven't any.'

Four or five days later he showed he utterly hadn't something else. But in the meantime Big Bill had returned to Los

Angeles and found how thick the Kid and Jane had become. Flash Fanchon told me about it at breakfast the morning after it happened.

"Last night there's some trouble in the kitchen and Jane goes out to fix it," according to Flash. "For a joke, the Kid hops back of the counter, takes off his coat, ties an apron around him and tosses a napkin under his arm. He's flipping crumbs off the counter when in blows Big Bill and mistakes the Kid for a new waiter.

""Where's Jane?" he asks.

"Behind the clock in Minnie's room?" cracks the Kid.

"'That'll be about all of that,' Big Bill growls. 'Tell her Detective Wysell would

like to see her.'
"'Oh,' the Kid pretends he's sorry he's been so fresh. 'Detective Wysell. Yes, sir. Can I give you a cup of coffee, Detective, while you're waiting?

"Bill grunts. The Kid rattles around in the crockery and comes up with a prize. The cup has no handle and a gouge in the rim like somebody has taken a bite out of it. There's a crack running from the gouge down one side, across the bottom and halfway up the other side. And the sauceryou can hear the loose pieces grate as the Kid slaps it on the counter before filling the

cup and shoving it all toward Bill.

"Bill looks at it—once. 'Hey!' he yells after the Kid, making for the kitchen. 'Do you think I'm going to drink out of this cup?' "'Drink out of the saucer if you want,' the Kid fires back, 'we ain't particular here.

JANE comes out in time to hear the first choice thing Bill calls the Kid.

"'Oh,' says Wysell, not laughing, when Jane explains it's a joke. 'Pete Stevens's new helper, is he?'

"'Yes,' says Jane, 'and believe me, one grand little kidder.

"Grand little kidder,' repeats Big Bill slow, giving the Kid the eye. Then, for no reason at all, he smiles—you know that double-crossing smile of his—and holds out his hand. 'All right. No hard feelings.

But you ought to be careful about fooling with cracked cups, Kid. It's bad luck.'
"A minute later Jane chases the Kid out

with a bunch that's going down to the beach, which gives her the chance to tell Big Bill, quiet, that she's thought over his bungalow idea and it leaves her cold. Listen, Pete; tip off the Kid not to be pulling any funny stunts for Big Bill until he gets over his

DIDN'T get a chance to warn the Kid that he'd acquired an enemy until it was too late.

The day's work called for some water scenes and tense melodrama on and around an Egyptianed scow anchored beyond the breakers near Santa Monica. Tom Kush had run things along fast right up to the last scenes, an exciting—we hoped—rescue stunt. Taking a look at the sun, Tom decided he had time to shoot those scenes and finish up with the ship stuff that day. That would leave us only a few studio scenes to photograph the next day, Saturday, and give us all day Monday to pack up and get ready to leave for Tia Juana early Tuesday morning.

"Now, Prince," Tom explained to Ptolemy Ptarmigan, "your sweetheart, Miss Morris here, jumps overboard to escape the villain. You see her, break away from the slaves holding you, rush over to the rail here, jump up on it and dive in after her.'

The Prince looked down at the heaving ocean twelve or fourteen feet below him.
"My dear chap, I can't dive. I've never

done it.

'Well, then, jump in," said Kush. "It doesn't make much difference."
"But I—I can't swim, you see," an-

nounced his Royal Joblots, feeling for his

monocle and not finding it.

"That's all right." Tom was still optimistic. "I've got a couple of men down there in a rowboat—for safety's sake. They'll keep out of focus and as soon as you hit the water, I'll cut off my cameras, throw you a flock of life-preservers and you can hang on till the boat picks you up.

(Continued on page 62)



Has Your Business Ever Asked



Research Work

By William Almon Wolff

NE of the first things that happens, when a distinguished guest from abroad comes to America, is that he is taken straight from his steamer to Washington. There he sees everything and meets every one; every sort of honor is paid to him. But—he doesn't see Washington. For Washington is more than a city, and no one, visiting Washington so, sees more than a badly focused picture, with objects in the foreground shaip and clear, and the background vague and misty.

One must speak from one's own experience, naturally, in such matters. And I know that, although I had spent a great deal of time in Washington, I felt that I was seeing it in true perspective for the first time when, about five years ago, I traveled straight across the continent from San Francisco to the Union Station. It was then that I really understood, for the first time, the immensity of what was behind those magnificent public buildings; the vastness, and the enormous variety, of the interests for which those swarming thousands who come pouring out of the government offices late in the afternoon have to care.

Very few Americans really know Washington at all. It isn't so much that they haven't been there; the number of people who do, at some time, manage to spend a day or so in the capital, is rather astonishing. But they have a view of the city, and of what is done there that, to one who knows the truth, seems amusing—until reflection brings the realization that it is anything but that—that it is, rather, tragic and dangerous.

It is altogether too common an experience to hear something like this in Pullman smoking-rooms and such places, where

tongues wag freely:

"Oh, yeah—Washington! Pretty soft for those politicians! And the birds that cop the civil service jobs! Fixed for life, they are! Good pay—short hours—nothing to worry about! Wish I had a pull! Got to work for everything I get!"

Now you can, of course, find politicians in Washington who are selfish, narrow, even dishonest. And you can, among the civilian employees of the government, find clock watchers, malingerers, lame ducks who have had pull enough to procure for them jobs better than they could ever have found for themselves in unofficial life. But it's rather unfair to judge all the men and women who do the nation's business in Washington by those who are, after all, exceptions to the rule. The vast majority of these people, whether they are in Congress, or at the heads of departments, or typists and clerks, or scientists engaged in research, give themselves to their work with an altogether unusual degree of devotion and

This article is written in the belief that altogether too little is known of certain phases of the work that is done in Washington, and represents an effort to describe them, and to show their relation to the everyday life of almost every American. Because the subject is one that, treated at all fully, would require much more space than a single article affords, some rather arbitrary selections have been made. In effect I can deal only with some of the work of three departments—Commerce, the Interior, and Agriculture. Practically all the departments could be drawn upon, if space permitted; one very notable omission, which I hope to correct in a later article, will be of all reference to the vastly important research work done by the army and the

navy.

The development of a real passion for scientific research is a comparatively new thing in America. We left that sort of thing for years to Europe, just as, in our early days, we left art largely to the old world. We could import the facts we needed, as we could import pictures, and as we still, years largely import our music.

very largely, import our music.

The country that did first develop research work on a great scale was Germany.

To say that is to detract nothing from the great achievements of other nations, and it most emphatically does not mean that these other nations contributed less than their share to progress. But there is a difference, that has not always been understood, between invention and the products of research.

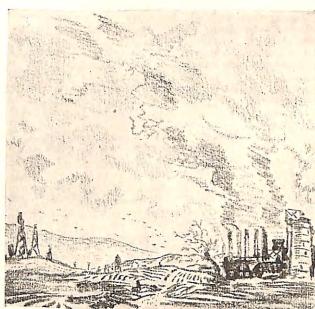
Inventors like Morse and Edison do one type of work. Scientists, working singly or in groups, in research laboratories, do another. Their business is to exhaust the possibilities of a given subject; to learn about it everything that can be known. And that turned out, in the latter part of the last century, to be a task particularly suited to the German temperament.

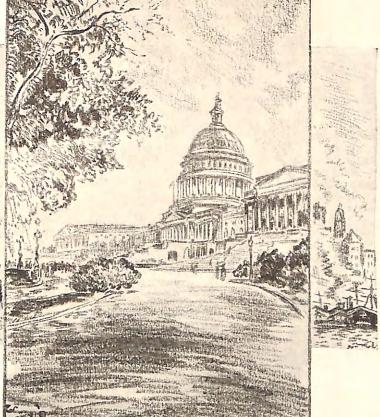
BECAUSE that was so Germany was able, when her great industrial offensive was begun after the war of 1870–71, to offset, to a great extent, Great Britain's long start in the markets of the world. Germany developed the modern dye industry, with its use of aniline colors, not because she had conspicuous inventors, but because of endless plugging by an army of anonymous chemists. Other scientists developed her agriculture along intensive lines, teaching her food producers to use her soil to the best possible advantors.

best possible advantage.

Chemists and physicists worked together to develop to the highest pitch of efficiency her steel and electrical industries. Germany, in 1914, was, alone among the great combatant powers, independent of the Chilean nitrate beds, because she, alone, had developed, on anything like a large scale, processes for the fixation of atmospheric nitrogen. Had she not had that recourse she must have stopped fighting, for sheer lack of ammittion, less than six months after she began the war. We, here in America, though the sea lanes to Chile were open, spent something like a hundred million dollars, as a measure of war emergency, to draw nitrogen from the air, after we entered the war!

Uncle Sam for Expert Aid?





in Washington

Decorations by George A. Picken

American industry had made fine beginnings in research work before 1914. It will never again be left in the lurch by the interruption, through war, of its relations with another country. Our great industrial corporations to-day have research departments unexcelled anywhere in the world; scientific men, thinking of the Duponts, of the General Electric Company, of the big steel companies, will confirm that statement without hesitation. And our technical schools, always good, have ceased to specialize so largely in civil and mechanical engineering, and are turning out highly trained chemists and physicists in increasing numbers every year.

But, long before 1014, the government was doing superb work in scientific research. Years before our captains of industry had learned their lesson, obscure bureaus in Washington were publishing, month after month, absolutely priceless reports. And in those bureaus men were being trained who were, when the time came, to be snapped up eagerly by the corporations which suddenly found themselves able to pay them salaries that must, to some of those men, have seemed fabulous.

Right there sounds a note of danger. Magnificent work is still being done under the government. But—there is doubt as to how long it can go on; as to how long, that is, the government, limited as it is in its ability to provide adequate pay for scientific work, can continue to get the men it needs. It can get the very young men, the men just out of college, and it can keep on getting them—because there is no such training in the world as men get in the lower grades of the scientific bureaus. But it can't hope, indefinitely, to hold men in its service at \$4000 a year, in one of the most expensive cities in the world, who are continued a year.

ing offers of from \$7500 to \$25,000 a year.

Now it may seem less important, now that private enterprise is undertaking research work on a great scale, for the government

to continue this work. But that is not so; it is, indeed, the opposite that is true. For the research work that goes on in, say, a Dupont laboratory, is for the benefit of the Dupont business alone. Patents make discoveries available to Dupont enterprises.

The results of a government research, on the other hand, are available, on equal terms, and without restrictions, to all Americans. Discoveries are common property. The smallest manufacturer shares with the greatest the information given out by the government. If we still believe in democracy, in equality of opportunity, these scientific divisions of the government represent one of the most powerful means we possess to attain our end.

It is, quite naturally, the Department of Commerce that is in closest touch of all, among government departments, with business and industry. Its job is, as its name implies, to promote the interests of business and trade. And it takes its work literally and seriously. Like all government departments, it functions, to a great extent, through bureaus and divisions the personnel of which is not much, if at all, affected by a change at the head of the department. Among these bureaus things go on, now, under Herbert Hoover, very much as they did under Secretary Redfield, of the last administration.

Chief among these bureaus is that of Standards. It was organized, twenty-one years ago, by Dr. S. W. Stratton, who continued to head it, and directed its enormous expansion, until he resigned, a few months ago, to become president of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

The Bureau, as its name suggests, was designed, in the beginning, to maintain the standard weights and measures of the United States, and to supply information to the purchasing divisions of other departments as to standards to be considered in buying. But, almost from the beginning, the scope of its work began to widen.

If you drive, out along Connecticut Avenue to-day till you come to the Bureau, you will find yourself at what will, at first, remind you of the campus of a university. You will see big buildings, grouped about a common center, tall chimneys, far-flung laboratories, wireless aerials. And the academic look will be reflected in the men you see in offices, and passing from one building to another.

HERE is concentrated machinery and testing apparatus of enormous variety and value. Congress has been generous in providing funds for the purchase of equipment; Stratton, they tell you, was not only a great scientist, but the possessor of a silver tongue when it came to pleading with a committee.

It is scarcely possible to imagine any test, mechanical or chemical, that can not be made here. They do famous work at Schenectady with electric-light lamps—but they will admit very cheerfully, there, that they owe a lot to the Bureau of Standards—which, of course, determines the standards lamps to be bought for the government service must meet.

A few years ago, when the Federal Reserve Bank at Cleveland was being built, the matter of vaults assumed great importance. Vaults were wanted that should be absolutely impregnable—the assumption being made that a mob or a hostile army should have twenty-four hours of uninterrupted opportunity to penetrate them. A lot of manufacturers returned from the tests the Bureau of Standards made sadder and wiser men. And—in the course of those experiments results were achieved that enabled the builders of that bank to save \$360,000 in making their vaults.

In cooperation with the Navy the Bureau of Standards has done a great deal of work in radio; the radio compass, which I described in an article in the first number of this magazine, was developed by the bureau.

Thanks to it the time is in sight when a fogbound coast will no longer have terrors for mariners. And, thanks to it again, it will, ultimately, when its installation is complete, be possible to abandon certain lightships and other aids to navigation that now

cost the government more than a million dollars a year to maintain. You can't figure the value of a piece of work like this in money, of course; to do that you would have to know, accurately, the number of disasters the radio compass will prevent.

Last year a man in the bureau, whose salary is \$4000, made a survey of government telephone business in the District of Columbia. He then devised plans for rearrangement of the service that not only increased its efficiency, but reduced its cost by \$40,000 a year—ten times his salary. Dr. Brown, just now the acting head of the bureau, has completed, of late, studies in the effects of under-in-

flation of automobile tires that will, before long, reach every buyer of a car, through the instructions that will come with his new machine.

This bureau has experimented, too, with old oil in automobile crank cases—the oil you throw away when you drain it out. It has discovered means of treating it so that it may be used again, and a beginning has been made in the commercial application of this discovery.

NONE of the bureau's work is more important than that which it is doing in connection with the building industry. The high cost of building is one of the acute problems of American life to-day. It keeps rents out of all reason; it makes home building difficult, and, in many cases, impossible. The bureau is working for the simplification and unification of state and municipal building codes and regulations; it is, in cooperation with the various divisions of the industry, trying to reduce the unnecessary multiplication of patterns and designs. Bricks used to be made in more than a hundred sizes; the bureau, working directly with the brickmakers and the builders, has succeeded in reducing the number of standard bricks to seven.

The electrical industry in general has much for which to thank the bureau. Its 1916 circular, soon to be withdrawn in favor of a new one, has been the basis for the rules governing electric service in a great many states; quite lately it prepared the draft of an ordinance, governing electric,

gas and water meters, for the city of New Haven, Conn.

Here is an enormously valuable function of the bureau. A small city can call upon it for information, which is promptly available, that it could secure for itself only at a

wholly disproportionate cost. Local public service companies can obtain from the bureau the most upto-date information; facts as to practice which only a research department maintained by themselves, at prohibitive expense, would otherwise make available to them.

Where a great corporation, doing a business of millions of dollars a year, can well afford to maintain a research department, the small manufacturer would be, except for this bureau, at a distinct disadvantage. But he can, through the trade group or association to which he belongs, call upon the bureau for help in solving his problems.

Here is an example of how this works: Not long ago the makers of japanned ware appealed to the Department of Commerce. They were suffering heavy losses in the firing of their product, much of which was ruined in this process. The Bureau of Standards undertook tests; as a result of these the loss has already been reduced by fifty per cent., thanks to improved methods that were suggested, and this comparatively small industry has saved about seven million dollars a year. Here is a saving in which every housewife who buys this ware participates—for, of course, the loss has, in the past, been borne by the

consumer.

Even more direct is the work of the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce. Since the preparation of trade reports abroad has been turned over from consuls to the agents maintained by the Department of Commerce abroad there has been a remarkable growth in the value of these reports. American manufacturers have been able to increase their sales; they have frequently been placed in a position to seize a sudden

opportunity.

It is easy to think of the Census Bureau as one that, once every ten years, stirs in its sleep and counts the population of the United States. But nothing could be further from the truth. That count is, in fact, the merest routine; one of the lesser phases of its work—important though it is. This bureau supplies, and keeps up-to-date through constant bulletins, statistics of the greatest value to all business men. Thanks to it the small manufacturer can

plan his sales campaigns, take advantage of shifting conditions in his territory, as well as can his most powerful competitor.

The Coast and Geodetic Survey, another bureau of the Department of Commerce, maps our whole enormous coast line. It keeps up-to-date information, absolutely essential to safe navigation, of currents, sand bars, and such things; the work of its men is exacting, and demands both skill and experience. Late in the war, when Colonel House organized an inquiry into the geographical and ethnological matters that were bound to come up for discussion at the peace conference, the map-making work was done by three cartographers lent to the inquiry by the Survey. They did a piece of work that won the admiration of experts of the whole world.

THE Bureau of Lighthouses maintains 16,373 aids to navigation. It is in charge of radio compass installations. Its whole personnel is subject to transfer to the navy in time of war—and was, in the main, so transferred in 1917. Its work is highly technical, demanding much experience—hence, slow work through its lower grades. In charge of the design, repair and upkeep of its 117 vessels and its 8000 buoys is a naval architect—at \$4000 a year. Its district engineers are paid about the wage of a second lieutenant in the army.

The Bureau of Fisheries stands behind the whole fishing industry of the country, studying its problems, supplying it with information, studying improved methods of propagation. Lately it has worked out improvements in the manner of treating nets and lines for their preservation that will, probably, save the industry five million dollars a year—no slight contribution to a reduction in the cost of living!

Now—how are the men who do this work paid? It has been suggested that the pay is inadequate; let's see.

Six thousand dollars a year represents about the highest salary a man may ever hope to receive, as chief, in a government bureau. There are a few exceptions, but not many. That was the salary of Dr. Stratton. But concerning Dr. Stratton, Herbert Hoover made a few remarks that are distinctly to the point.

tinctly to the point.
"There's Stratton," said Mr. Hoover.

"He made his bureau; organized it; left it as you will see it. His salary was \$6000 a year; he would get a pension of \$700 when he retired. He has had offers, time and again, running





from \$10,000 to \$30,000 a year. He turned them down as regularly as they came, because he could manage to scrape along on his salary and his own income—he had about \$2500 a year, I think.

"Think of that! He had to provide a car for himself—as a necessity, not as a luxury. You cannot get a decent house here now

for less than \$2500 a year.

"Well, not long ago, he came to me and told me he had another offer. I asked him what it was this time, and he said it was from M. I. T.-to become president, at \$18,000 a year, with a pension of \$9000, and a house! Well—I told him to take it. I couldn't tell him anything else. In fact, I told him if he didn't I'd fire him!"

So the government—and the country lost Stratton, a man of unique abilities. It is not going to be easy to fill his place; as I write it has not yet been done. The General Electric Company offered to lend Hoover a man ideally fitted to handle the bureau during the necessary period of reorganization and readjustment; one who could leave it in such shape that a man

within the means of the department could carry on the work. But Hoover's hands are tied by Congress;

he couldn't accept the offer.

"The turnover here is appalling,"
Mr. Hoover went on. "The waste that it involves is incalculable. As matters stand the Bureau of Standards is fast becoming a training school. We take the youngsters from the technical schools and train them—and then they are snapped up by in-

CHIEF physicists and chemists in this bureau, the men under whom all important work is carried on, who plan and direct it, must have not only the degree of Ph.D., but some years of experience as well, and they receive from \$3000 to \$4500 a year. Their associates, who cannot reach that grade till they have their doctors' degrees, get from \$2000 to \$2700. Laboratory assistants, technical school graduates, get from \$1000

to \$1200.
"These men don't want big salaries—don't expect them when they come to us," said Mr. Hoover. "They do need enough to maintain families and self respect. They need enough to be free from constant financial worry. They would stay here if they could. One man, recently, re-

fused \$10,000 a year—and was getting \$3600. He wanted to go on with his work. But the Western Electric

wanted one of our \$3300 men and got him for \$6000 and bonuses.

Mr. Hoover went over a good many facts and figures with me. When he had done he wanted to sum up the whole situation. He is an eloquent man when he feels deeply, but he was baffled then. "It—it's comic!" he said.

When you leave the Department of Com-merce and walk down Eighteenth Street to the Interior you find very much the same story repeating itself. The conspicuous example there is the Geological Survey.

There has been no great Consider oil. discovery of oil in America for years that has not been foreshadowed in reports of the Geological Survey. Its experts go from one end of the land to the other. They know why oil has been found here-and why it is likely that it will be found here. They make their studies; in due time their conclusions are published—and are available to everyone, at the same time, everywhere.

One of these men made a report concerning certain indications of oil in Oklahoma. An astute prospector followed up the hint; found oil; is a million dollars or so richer as a result. He is spoken of here because he did a remarkable thing. He found out who had made that report. And he learned that the Survey man had died, and, not surprisingly, had left a widow and a family in poor circumstances. He sent the widow his check for \$10,000.

The Geological survey literally discovers coal at times. It has, time and again, in the case of a mine-a gold mine, say, or a copper mine -laid its finger on the precise spot where shafts should be sunk to rediscover a lost



It has directed and advised mining and oil boring operations everywhere; it has added incalculably to the national wealth.

Cross the park to the Department of Agriculture and you can hear much the same story—except that here salaries seem to come a little nearer to being adequate.

During the war the experts of this department worked to offset the sudden cessation of the supply of German potash; they cooperated in the War Department work of supplementing the supply of Chilean ni-trates, needed both for fertilizers and for

munition making.

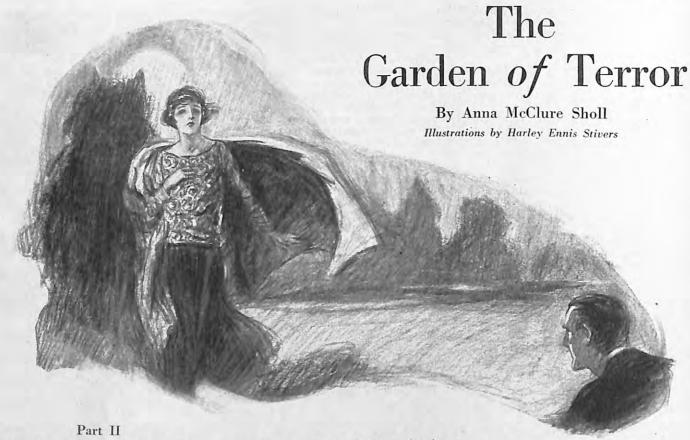
The Bureau of Plant Industry is responsible not only for improved methods of plant culture, but for the introduction of new food plants. It points the way to the successful war that is waged against parasites and plant diseases. The farmer of to-day could hardly hope to get through a growing season without its aid.

The Bureau of Public Roads works in close cooperation with the states; it is in charge of the distribution of Federal aid in the creation of the national system roads which was described in an earlier article on transportation. Every motorist who knows the difference between the roads of to-day and those of a few years ago is personally indebted to this bureau.

To various bureaus of this department all Americans have, even if unknowing, a close and personal relation. They see to it that our food is pure, and that we are not misled by false labels. They maintain the standard of meat and of drugs. They point the way to economies of management on farms. In a time of unprecedented economic turmoil they have helped to prevent disastrous collapses of the whole structure of the industry of agriculture.

Here then is a picture, very incomplete, drawn very much in outline, of the work that is done in Washington along certain lines. But emphasis must be laid upon one factor.

All these things are done for the country as a whole. The extraordinary technical skill and equipment of the Bureau of Standards is at the service of all industry. The greatest and richest corporation in America has no advantage, when it comes to acquiring the latest technical information, over its puniest rival. Here is applied democracy in the finest and truest sensehere is a resolute and determined effort to give effect to that doctrine that was closest of all to the hearts of the founders of the nation—the doctrine that there must be, in America, real equality of opportunity.



HEY were all in the grounds in an instant. No one was in sight but
Hortense and a youngish-looking
man who were standing full in the light of
an electric garden lamp—and evidently
"keeping company," for they seemed too
absorbed in each other to be even much surprised by the outrush of men from the house. "Did you see any one, Hortense?" Dr.

"No one-Doctor. Mr. Dane Costello and myself were just saying how quiet the grounds were. This is my friend, Mr. grounds were. This is my friend, Mr. Costello," she added with a touch of pride.

The young Italian American nodded as

pleasantly as a man could whose love-mak-

ing had been interrupted.

Teck put an arm on Calvert. "I want to tell you somethin' strange," he said. "One of the garden hands told me he saw who drove your car away-and he made no account of it-because that self-same car

used to be parked there often—"
"Indeed?" answered Calvert lightly, his

defenses for Jayne instantly up. "Who's the man?"

"Mr. Carroll Jayne—he was wild in love with the late Miss Falcon, they say-though she wouldn't have him."
"M-m," was Calvert

"M-m," was Calvert's only comment.
"Could he have been the man who
frightened the old gentleman to death?"
"Certainly not!" Calvert said sharply.

"I've known Mr. Jayne ever since our col-

"I'm not so sure," was Morton Calvert's mental comment. Carroll had lied to him about the car, and Carroll was almost fastidiously truthful. Virile, almost rugged as he was, he had a singularly immaculate temperament in matters of veracity. said little, but with a candor—a kind of inevitable reliability. What necessity of concealment had driven him to that lie about the car. Some things in connection with this must be cleared up.

"Say nothing about this, Officer," Cal-

vert warned. "We're after house-breakers, indeed-but neither thieves nor murderers. If I left Mr. Jayne's car in the lane and he found it, certainly he had the right to take

his own car back home."

"He was at her funeral," said Teck, making no comment on this. "I heard it from the butler. They say she was as beautiful dead as livin'—not visibly hurt or bruised from her fall. He sent red roses, Desmond told me—a special variety."
"Yes!—Naturally he might want to come

"Yes!—Naturally he might want to come and look at the place where she lived," Calvert commented. "Watch the grounds well to-night, Teck. I hope you're not superstitious!"

"Me! me superstitious! I always save my pet jobs for Friday the Thirteenth."

Calvert went in. Dr. Crosby met him in the hall. "What do you know about this case you're not telling me?" he demanded of Calvert with professional lack of ceremony. "That girl in the library has had a of Calvert with professional fack of ceremony. "That girl in the library has had a nervous shock. The servants have had some sort of a shock. Now, I want to know what it is that's upset this household." "Come into the drawing-room," Calvert

"No, we'll send Eulalie into the drawingroom. We can smoke in the library.

She smiled at them both as she glided by

"Shall I send your maid to sit with you, Eulalie?" Dr. Crosby asked. No-thanks, I am not afraid."

The doctor lit a cigar when she was gone. "Quiet child," he said, "but the only human being who ever controlled poor Falcon.

"He was strange—eccentric," commented Merton for lack of something better to say.

"Used to drink heavily; but had lovely women for wives, as drinking men so often dofirst wife was a tender creature, very literal-deathly afraid of him because she had never presented him with a son. "He wanted—a son?"

"Oh, desperately - and blamed her-Adelaide was her

name—as if the poor thing could help itonly Thecla came; and the mother died in two or three months. The second wife he married again after five years—was a woman who stood up to him more—didn't care a fig that Eulalie was a girl, and lived long enough to train Eulalie to understand her father—which The her father-which Thecla never tried to do. Blue lightning always between them! Wendell Falcon stopped drinking just in time to have about four years' real companionship with Eulalie. He was a brilliant scholar in spite of this one weakness of his; and a brave man! I can't understand his calling for help—seemed like panic rather than necessity. Sure you saw a man in a mask?" things on earth." "Eyes are the trickiest things on earth." "They've tricked me twice, then," said

Merton.

The old physician looked at him narrowly.
"That girl in there—Eulalie! What are your chances of falling in love with her; since heaven has evidently sent you here for that purpose?"

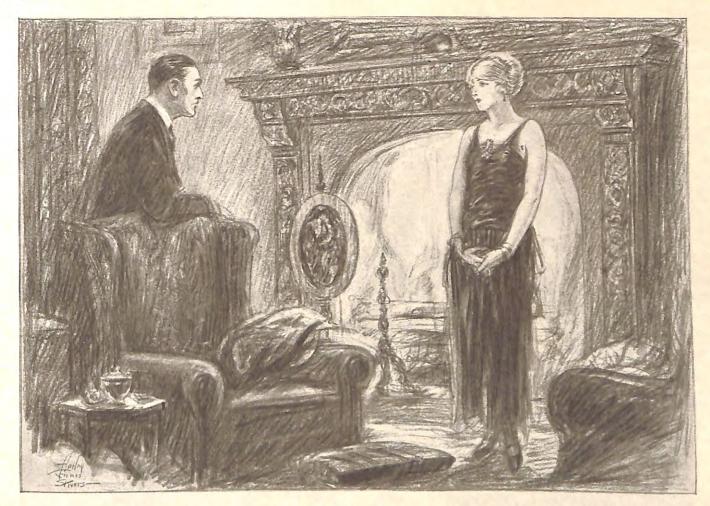
"What are my chances of falling out of love with her?"

Merton answered drily, "Slim!"

"Good!" said the doctor. loved anybody—just buried with her father and her books. Thecla put her out some-Thecla'd put anybody out that wasn't full size conflagration. I am glad she's gone, too—that may sound brutal to you, but as a physician I've seen so much of the agonies of family life—mother which is a property life. of family life—mothers taking the very life blood of daughters on the plea of semi-invalidism, or some such nonsense; I've

seen 'em faded middle-aged unmarried women, thinking it was their duty to keep out be all joy that some one might be there to pay the ice-man. And I've seen elder sisters snuff out all a younger one's self-confidence, not that Thecla meant to do it; but she was, you see, brilliant, amazing. Family life





had reentered the house. "What did

Eulalie say to you, Jayne?

"I think she really came out to protect me from two dangers-the officers; and Thecla. Eulalie used to protect people from Thecla because her sister aroused emotions which no magic ever put to rest again. Imagine that white child diverting the lambencies of lightning; but she tried, sometimes I think from true goodness of heart; sometimes from her sheer weariness of drooping in the shade. Thecla used to say that Eulalie was a gardenia. Where is that draught coming from? Look at those curtains.

They were swaying oddly.

"Carroll, are you sure Eulalie came indoors?

Quite certain."

"Did she say anything else to you?"

"YES, a strange thing. She said, 'If it is Thecla—we mustn't be afraid. She hated people who were afraid.'" He rose. "I am going back to Three Oaks. I have to have sleep."
"Look here, Carroll, I want you to see a dector."

doctor.'

"Not me"—stubbornly. "Calvert, can't you get it through you that love keeps people immortal-nothing else?

Calvert felt in no mood for argument. "I'll go down with you. Murphy and Teck might wake up and take you for a tres-

He accompanied Carroll to the head of the lane. "Good-night. And if I find in the morning that anything's happened to Eulalie I'll hold you responsible," he said with a feigned rather than real hardness.

But in the morning when Fleming appeared to make ready his bath, that servitor assured him that the household was intact, "and things seem different in the morning," he said cheerfully. "We was all a bit ner-

Merton found Eulalie standing before the marble fireplace in the drawing-room, on which a wood fire was lit

vous, sir, yesterday—and no wonder; but that won't occur again. 'Ot or cold bath, sir? Have you a preference?"

Calvert wasn't so sure that everything was normal again. He couldn't be confident of that until after he had seen Eulalie; and he had no chance of a word with her until nearly noon. He had reported the events of the night to Dr. Crosby, whose grunts were non-committal. All he advised sharply was "Stay here and here years had We're was, "Stay here and keep your head. We're not through with this yet.

Calvert agreed with him.

Hortense came to him and told him her young mistress was in the garden, and would like to speak to him. Merton gathered himself for the interview, determined that if possible he must accomplish two definite tasks. He would assume that nobody was mistaken, and he would assume that everybody was mistaken; and to reconcile these two paradoxes would be the task of common sense and common courage; for Merton had a theory that there was a courage common to humanity—the confidence born from the only common sense worth building on-the sense of a friendly universe, on the side of right, not wrong. Here was a dis-turbed household, a girl trying hard to keep her head above water, a distressed lover, all aware of some one at once too strange and

too familiar. To get Eulalie safely through this-back to normality and the warm glad life of young things in a young universe-was an object worth every effort.

The day was lovely-a soft breeze blowing that tossed the lighter flowers into gaiety and movement. Calvert proposed a

walk and led her out of the gardens and their floral beauty over a stile into a high mountain pasture from which they could behold blue peaks beyond blue peaks, thinner and thinner folds of the infinite

"There," he said as they paused for breath, "that's the real world-big and open, and you are going into it some day, and find how wonderful life is!

She raised her shadowy eyes to his. "I want to go into that world," she said bravely. "I could leave all this to-morrow. You see, I can't grieve too much for my father; first because I think extreme sorrow for the dead is un-Christian; and then-he was none too

happy."
"You will go! Now trust! Don't let anything distress you—or—or frighten you! Not anything!"

She glanced at him. "Not even last night?" she asked in a low voice.

Not even last night."

She clasped her hands together, compressed her lips. "Thecla tormented Carroll Jayne when she was living. I don't think it's fair to keep it up—really, I don't."

"There must be an explanation," he said gently. "We're to ride right over

everything-to some inevitable reasonable-

ness."
"I've tried," she answered, "but I dread
"I've tried," she house to the grounds. —going back to the house, to the grounds. Oh, if you had known my sister. Can you understand! She lifted everything out of its

usual groove; when she entered a room people looked at each other as if they were seeing each other for the first time. Or again, it would be like the light before a storm-magical, but no one quite easy. And, really, I loved her," she added. "One thing Thecla never did—she never shut people up in





personalities. You could always breathe because in a way you weren't there! Only she was there! She never said as some people do, 'How tired you look to-day'; she seemed in some way to assume you shared her extraordinary secret—that everything was beautiful and young and care-free.'

Calvert knew the spell. He had felt it

the night before in her beautiful room.

"Care-free," his voice caressed the word—almost unknown since the Great War.

"Yes," she whispered. "I've suffered so—always a problem. My mother's sorrow; then her death and my hoine cought up then her death, and my being caught up somehow in my father's life, and not knowing quite what to do for him; because a child never knows its parent's secret thoughts—those old tired thoughts; and the smile he puts on not because he feels happy, but because you are young."

"Desmond, why haven't you laid a place for Miss Thecla?" The man turned ashy and stared at them wild-eyed

She paused, fingered the short, dry pasture grass on which they had sat down to rest. Above them the sky was like a turquoise bowl—a transparent bowl, and in its vast concave the lovely racing clouds lifted his heart and hers a moment from their analysis; then she resumed.
"But Thecla—there was no carefulness

about her; I mean in the sense of being always thinking what one ought to do—or be! I believe she trusted God as people rarely trust Him—a kind of magnificent taking Him for granted; using His house, this universe, because she felt perfectly at home in it; and the ones that didn't feel at home just trooped after her to get the precious secret.'

He smiled. "You've thought a lot about Thecla."
"Oh, yes-

The white, child-like face looked very lovely, and he felt lonely himself in that pasture under the blue arch. All at once he saw her eyes directed far down the hill to a figure which was crossing from one stretch of wood to another with a graceful, free step. They both watched her with a kind of anger that this strange intruder could not leave them an instant alone. He made up his mind he would make no comment. She mind he would make no comment. made none; and in the bright sunshine they continued looking, and when they spoke again, avoided each other's eyes.

He took her back to the house thoroughly convinced that Dr. Crosby was right—the end was not yet. Teck and Murphy had

(Continued on page 50)

The Enemy of Time and Distance

The Marvelous Growth of the Telephone—an Invention that Has Made Neighbors of Us All

By James E. Landy Decorations by R. L. Lambdin

Once the idea was laughed at—to-day fifty million conversations are carried on every twenty-four hours in this country over wires stretched above and below the surface of the earth. The story of the telephone as told by Mr. Landy is the romantic tale of inventive genius and the growth of a company from practically nothing to the first billiondollar corporation in the United States.

HE billion-dollar corporation is here. It is a telephone corporation. It came without much noise and has been accepted with complacency by the average American. The trumpets didn't fanfare nor the brass sound when the American Telephone and Telegraph Company recently told the public that it proposed to increase its capital stock to one billion dollars. In building a picture of industrial life as lived in America to-day a consideration of means of communication is not merely important—it is imperative. It can not be done completely unless the telephone is featured.

Forty-five years ago the idea of transmitting the human voice over wire was incubating. The mere prophecy that billions of dollars would be spent in the evolution of that idea would have stirred the crackerbarrel statesman to wondrous flights of oratory. To-day the city clubman, who evolved from the corner-grocery forum, dismisses the subject casually. "Of course it was bound to come," he says, and lets it go at that; a few editorial writers have mentioned it, but there has been no gasping; no one is dazed and yet it is doubtful if one person in a thousand realizes the enormousness of a billion in money. Glorification of lucre is not the object here, but just the same a billion dollars can not lie around without attracting attention.

The telephone business is a very young business. The first man who ever spoke over the telephone was living a few months ago. The first man who ever heard a spoken word over the telephone is still living. Its history has not acquired the obscurity of a remote past

On June 2, 1875, Alexander Graham Bell and his assistant, Thomas A. Watson, were testing two instruments to form a "harmonic telegraph." Watson had just plucked the steel spring of his instrument when Bell rushed from the next room shouting: "What did you do then? Don't touch anything!" Over the connecting wire he had heard the twanging spring. He found the make-and-break points of Watson's instruments welded together, and at once realized that the accident had revealed to him the secret for producing an undulating current, which for some time he had believed to be the basic principle of electrical speech transmission. Thus the telephone was born.

Beginning in 1878 and before there was a telephone exchange in existence. Professor

Beginning in 1878 and before there was a telephone exchange in existence Professor Bell's vision of the future was given in a statement to intending investors. He said:

"It is conceivable that cables of telephone wires could be laid underground, or suspended overhead, communicating by branch wires with private dwellings, country houses, shops, manufactories, etc., etc.—uniting them through the main cable with a central office where the

wire could be connected as desired, establishing direct communication between any two places in the city. Such a plan as this, though impracticable at the present moment, will, I firmly believe, be the outcome of the introduction of the telephone to the public. Not only so, but I believe in the future wires will unite the head offices in different cities, and a man in one part of the country may communicate by word of mouth with another in a distant part."

Professor Bell supplemented his remarks with the expression: "I am aware that such ideas may appear Utopian and out of place." He, himself, believed, but he doubted the vision of his hearers.

The charter of the American Telephone Company taken out in 1885 shows that even at that time the company had in mind the establishment of a national service:

"The general route of the lines of this association, in addition to those hereinbefore described or designated, will connect one or more points in each and every city, town or place in the State of New York with one or more points in each and every other city, town or place in said State, and in each and every other of the United States, and in Canada and Mexico; and each and every of said cities, towns and places is to be connected with each and every other city, town or place in said States and Countries, and also by cable and other appropriate means with the rest of the known world, as may hereafter become necessary or desirable."

So that it is readily understood that the purpose consistently followed through has been the creation of a national as distinguished from a sectional service.

Just at this point and in this connection it is advisable to think for a moment of how this country of ours differs from any other in the world. It covers an immense area and but one language comparatively free from dialects is generally spoken. In government, it is a confederation of States, but our State boundaries are no barriers to commerce. There are no customs frontiers between the States. Contrary to the case of most other countries, it is the exception here when a man lives where his father or grandfather lived, and, it may almost be said, that it is the exception when a man lives in the same State as the one in which his grandfather lived. This has been a nation of pioneers and colonists with the result that more than in any other country families are separated so that, more than any other area in the world of similar size, it is one country, one people with far-reaching commercial and domestic relations. It follows, therefore, that such a nation must have a complete telephone service covering the whole country, a service having no narrower boundaries than the boundaries of the nation. Parallel with the mechanical problems

the problems of organization. But before proceeding to a brief analysis of these two branches of our telephone development, let us look at what has been accomplished and see to what extent the vision of Dr. Bell and his early associates has been fulfilled.

There is a development of one telephone to every eight associated in the covery eight associated.

attendant upon building such a system run

to every eight persons in this country so distributed and interconnected that a telephone is practically within reach of every human habitation or place of business in the country for communication with any other, every hour of every day and night. Nowhere else does such a condition exist. Europe has four times the population of the United has four times the population of the United States, it has less than half the number of telephones. Great Britain has fewer telephones than Greater New York, which on October 1, 1922, had 1,050,632 telephones. Germany has only three telephones per 100 inhabitants. France has about one per 100 having less telephones than the per 100, having less telephones than the State of Michigan, though having ten times the population. Detroit has more telephones than Brussels, Liverpool, Budapest, Rome, Amsterdam and Marseilles combined, with about one 66th of the with about one-fifth of the population. Chicago has more telephones than France and Belgium together with Jugo-Slavia, and all of Central America thrown in for good measure. It has more telephones to-day than Denmark, the Netherlands. Italy, Roumania and Greece combined. The number of telephones in Atlanta is about equal to the combined number in the countries of Bulgaria, Luxembourg, Portugal and Peru. Washington, D. C., has more than Belgium and Egypt combined. Omaha, Neb., has more than Chile, Peru and Venezuela combined. Philadelphical bined. Philadelphia has as many telephones as Italy, Belgium, Central America and Jugo-Slavia combined. New Haven has more than Roumania.

EXCEPT in the more important places in foreign countries the telephone service is not a twenty-four-hour service. In Switzerland, in some ways an example of the best service in Europe, on week days 96 per cent. of the telephone exchanges are closed at 8.30 P.M., 23 per cent. are open from 7.45 A.M. until 12.15, then close an hour and three-quarters, open again until 6 P.M., close an hour and a half, and finally open at 7.30 P.M. for half an hour, when shutters are put up for the night, while on Sundays and holidays the service is even more restricted.

The difficulties of telephone service appear to increase in more than direct ratio with the development. There is no public which exacts as high a standard of service as the American public. For these reasons the



difficulties in the way of satisfactory telephone service would seem greater than anywhere else. The American public may not be satisfied with its telephone service. It never will be. Perhaps it never can be. Also it may be true that the builders of that service are not wholly satisfied. Equally also it may be that they never can be, for it seems highly probable that where difficulties of details are so great perfection cannot be achieved. The pursuit of perfection is an endless chase.

IN VIEW of these things consideration of telephone service in its relation to the public is undoubtedly important. A broad contemplation of this requires a consideration of the application of fundamental principles and the soundness of theories which may have a bearing upon the subject. Study of the relative economies and efficiencies of large operating units and small ones, of the waste in competition and how far it can be obviated—of the danger of monopoly un-regulated and to what extent it exists if regulated comes within that field. Competition and monopoly are human agencies. Like most human agencies they have in them potentialities for good or for evil. The human element in them should be taken into account as well as the theories. The results of the operation of these agencies are beneficent or otherwise according as they are directed—according as the potentialities for good or evil are developed. Of course one is perfectly free to have strong opinions as to the relative value of these agencies as applied to communication and transportation services. Facts, however, are always valuable in forming opinions or in arriving at conclusions and a better understanding of the intimacies of telephone service-building may be had if they are considered in connection with the deeds, hopes and ambitions of telephone directors of the past and present.

With these facts at hand and in the light of things accomplished it is not difficult to review the line of reasoning that back in 1885 fathered the great achievement which we know to-day. These pioneers probably realized that a national service can only exist through an organization which provides for a uniform policy and coordinated action. Uniformity of policy and cooperation comes to the Bell System through contract relations and community ownership. The American Telephone and Telegraph Company owns directly or indirectly all the voting stock of 14 Associated Companies, 78 per cent. of 9 others and 31.5 per cent. of 2 others. The Associated Companies are responsible for telephone service in 5848 communities and operate about 9,000,000 stations out of a total in the country of about 14,000,000. There seems to be no autocratic control of the system. Its government is somewhat like that of a republic. The problems and policies are considered in view of local conditions and under nation-

wide conditions. They are discussed in common by those in the business having only nation-wide responsibilities and by those having also direct local responsibilities. When the conclusions are reached they are the conclusions of the System and have all the force and power so far as company activities are concerned that a decision of the United States Supreme Court carries in our land. The policies established are the policies of the System. In operation the Associated Companies are autonomous, each having the right or power of self government. In the organization of each Associated Company, the plan seems to be to centralize as little as possible except in the establishment of policies and methods—to leave in the organization of each community the greatest amount of authority and responsibilty for operation—to get the greatest economy and efficiency and satisfaction to the public, unhampered by any unnecessary reference to higher officials in the company.

A national telephone system could not be embraced in one corporation on account of the wide variation in corporation laws in different states. From this it is argued that in structure it is necessarily an organization of corporations, one of them exercising certain general functions for the benefit of the

others.

By the growth of cities and the increase in the use of the telephone the number of stations within the limits of a single city has mounted in several cases to over a hundred thousand and in one case to over a million, and the number of central offices to over one hundred. Under one roof as many as 20,000 lines are switched. Some central offices are now planned for more than double that number. Naturally the accomplishment of these results with a continually improving service has presented problems. These things, of course, meant much in the way of development, research, manufacturing plants, new types of construction, improved methods of operation and countless other things of a kindred nature.

HEN, too, it has often happened that when the telephone company had come to a decision as to a necessary improvement in its art, it found that in one of the other arts or in a college laboratory or in the telephone business not controlled by them, inventions had been made and patents taken out, concerning which some claims might be interpreted in a way to interfere with future progress, or covering devices which might be of use in operation. Since the company had undertaken to provide a free path for the development of the business, they found it necessary to spend millions in the acquisition of patent rights or licenses from others in addition to the million they had to expend themselves on development, research and experiment.

In the early days the American Company made a manufacturing arrangement with the Western Electric Company. It seemed to them that this was in line with that same policy of providing a free path and that by this means progress would be unhampered. In other public services the manufacturers make what they think is needed and they control the patents upon their output. The Western Electric Company makes what the telephone company knows it needs and the telephone company controls the patents.

The American Telephone and Telegraph Company seemingly has gone beyond the point of merely having a purpose to establish a national service. There is a national service. Its maintenance is a dual responsibility-the Company's and the public's. At least that is the claim of the company and they produce good arguments to justify their position. The responsibility upon the part of the men directing telephonic destinies covers extension into fields wherever population develops. It does not involve, they say, extension of direct operation by their company into the fields now served by others, nor does such extension seem to them to be desirable except when greater efficiency, or economy, or better service point clearly to such a move. They interpret their duty as involving connection with companies serving such fields. There are 9290 connecting companies. In a few of these the Associated Companies have a direct financial interest. In the majority of them they do not. The relation between the Associated Companies and the Connecting Companies is mutually helpful, and the tendency is apparently in the direction of standardization on the things which make for good service. They are a very important part of the national service serving over 4,500,000 stations.

IN a few localities two companies are attempting to serve the same community. It is argued that this condition is economically unsound and against the public interest. The American Company takes the position that whenever the desire of the public that such a condition shall be eliminated shall be expressed through Public Service Commissions, as representatives of the public, that company will feel under an

obligation to do its part in endeavoring to remedy that condition.

The expressed policy of the Company is very simple. The fact that it is the servant of the public is fundamental. It must please and satisfy its master. Its efforts must be directed toward what will produce that result. It must above all things else give good service. The Company believes the public wants the best service it.can give and that it is willing to pay a fair price for good service, and does not want, in the settled communities, anything less than a dependable service at any price.

To give that kind of service requires skill in finance and psychology. The employer having such problems must pay wages which will attract and hold a picked lot of people, and in them must be stimulated an enthusiasm for the business. They must know what the employer is trying to do and they must be in sympathy with it. The wise organization must foster a spirit among the people it employs and must regard it as much their business to do so as it is to furnish tools with which to work.

An anecdote of the winter of 1922 in Washington illustrates this spirit. The morning after a severe snow-storm a local business man, on the way to his office, overtook a girl struggling through the drifts. He helped her for a few blocks and then said, "This is too much for me, I am going to turn back. I can do my business by telephone, anyhow. You'd better go home, too." "No," said the girl, "I'll keep on. I'm a telephone operator."

The road by which the System has progressed has not been like a city street where the traveler could find on either side supplies suited to all his requirements. The journey has been more like blazing a trail through the wilderness. When the telephone was new, the commercial and domestic uses of electricity were limited to the simplest form of the telegraph and electric bells. Every telegraph operator knew as much about useful applications of electricity as the college professor.

A picture of conditions may be had by reading extracts from the recommendation for the building of the first commercial long distance line:

May 12, 1885.

The successful operation of the experimental circuit between New York and Boston has demonstrated that the telephone is a practical instrument for transmitting messages over long distances.

There are, however, a number of mechanical, electrical and financial problems still to be solved before that success can be achieved.

Highway lines of the size and character required for this work have never before been

attempted.

The telephone seems to require a non-magnetic material in the line. Copper is the only available metal, and its use is still experimental. The results, so far, are highly satisfactory, but only time and experience will determine its lasting qualities and the best methods for its manufacture

ods for its manufacture and use.

We know that a one-metallic circuit can be operated between New York and Boston, but we do not know that addi-

tional parallel circuits can be successfully worked; we have reason to fear that they can not be if constructed in the ordinary way.

To run a number of circuits between and into large cities involves the use of both aerial, underground and submarine cables to a very large extent. There seems to be a wide diversity in the opinions of electricians and manufacturers both as to the practicability of working through long cables and as to the size of conductors, nature and thickness of insulation, etc., which will secure the best attainable results.

The switchboards now in use are all planned for single-grounded circuits, and it will be necessary to arrange special apparatus for our circuits.

It will be for many reasons desirable to introduce, at the outset of our long-distance business, a transmitter adapted in qualities and form to the requirements of this service, and to know as definitely as possible what kind and amount of battery will give the best results.

After the sleet-storms of the last two winters telephone conversation was carried on between Boston and Pittsburgh through cables. It was only by the solution years before of very difficult problems that that was made possible. To-day the Bell underground system consists of more than 300,000,000 duct feet of conduit. This would go through the center of the earth from pole to pole more than seven times.

The evolution of communication across the continent may be traced about as follows: First, the Packet around Cape Horn, then the Prairie Schooner, next the Overland Mail Coach, followed by the Pony Express; then in order the Telegraph, the Railroad and the Transcontinental Telephone. Each of these marked an epoch and all were wonder-makers. In these days wonders are so commonplace they hardly excite comment.

Few things are more wonderful than the very fact that the telephone "talks."

Want to know how it does it? Listen!

Every sound represents a vibration or quivering of some material body. Each vibrating body imparts some of its motion to the air surrounding it. The air vibrations spread out very rapidly in all directions as waves, growing weaker and weaker the farther they travel from their source, and whenever they reach our ears they produce the sensation of sound. Although all sounds reach us through the air, the air is an effective transmitter of sound only for short distances. Even the sounds of large explosions can be heard only a few miles. The transmitting of sounds and especially of the human voice over long distances in the form of sound waves in the air is quite



impracticable. Here the telephone comes to our assistance.

The electric current, as utilized in the telephone, proves an ideal agent for carrying the voice across thousands of miles and to the one person for whom it is intended.

The telephone transmits sounds as very rapid fluctuations in the electric current. The speaker directs his voice into the telephone transmitter, behind the mouthpiece of which is a thin, metallic diaphragm. Attached to this diaphragm is a little cup containing a thimbleful of minute carbon granules. Due to their own weight, these granules lie in contact with one another and with two electric contacts which pass a current through them. So long as no sound enters the transmitter, the diaphragm is motionless and the carbon granules remain quiet, with the result that the electric current which they carry is perfectly steady or constant in value. When one speaks into the mouthpiece, the diaphragm is caused to vibrate, and the resulting agitation of the carbon granules produces a variable electric current which is a good copy of the rapid sound waves of the voice.

THIS fluctuating electric current flows over the line wires which may be thousands of miles long, to a telephone receiver at the other end. In the receiver is another thin, iron diaphragm and behind it lies a magnet carrying two small coils of wire. The fluctuating electric current coming to the receiver from the line, passes through this coil causing the pull of the magnet on the iron diaphragm to vary. In this way, the receiver diaphragm is set in vibration in unison with the distant transmitter diaphragm, and generates sound waves identical with those spoken into the distant transmitter.

Considering more of the mechanical marvels of the telephone, I wonder how many of you know that 16 men, eight of them in New York, say, and eight, say, in Philadelphia, can be talking over the same pair of wires at the same time and not interfere with each other in any way? Well, that's true and it is being done every day. There is of course a limit to the carrying capacity of each wire, yet it is now physically possible to have more than 200 conversations going on at the same time over the same pair of wires. It is not commercially practicable, however, because of the cost of installation and upkeep of equipment, to use the wires for more than 7 or 8 conversations at the same time. The telephone engineers treat air disturbances or soundmakers in manner somewhat similar to the action of a type-setting machine or a moneycounting device. They filter a transmitting end, send them filter them at

a transmitting end, send them along wires and collect them again at the receiving end of telephones—and there is no jumble of voices or mix-up in conversations possible, so expertly is this done. Doesn't it make your head ache to think of the miracles mere humans are working?

Then there is the thing known as switchboard mathematics. Did you know about that? Here it is. Three segregated pairs of telephones give only three lines of telephone communication. When the six instruments are connected by bringing their lines into a central switchboard, an intercommunicating system is established which affords 15 different talk tracks. By means of a mathematical formula, it is

possible to compute the number of lines of communication obtainable from a given number of interconnecting telephone instruments. For example, a 10,500-line switchboard exchange provides a total of 55,119,750 different communicating lines. Similarly computed the Bell System alone with its 14,000,000 telephones, all interconnected, affords 97,999,993,000,000 separate and distinct avenues of conversation.

While I've got the swing of it I want to fondle a few more big figures. It's just as easy to talk in millions as it is to earn dollars, so here goes. Did you know that there have been placed in the ground in the United States over 20,000,000 poles and that these cover over 400,000 miles of pole lines and that over 800,000 poles are required each year by the telephone companies in this country and that cedar, chestnut and yellow pine are the principal kinds used? Another fact that may interest you is that in one system alone 40,000,000 conversations each day are carried on over wires and that 10,-000,000 others take place over other systems. Computed in time this means that 200 years are used each day in talk in the United States. In the Bell system they have over 30,000,000 miles of wire and 87 per cent. of this is in cables-19,000,000 miles underground and submarine, and nearly 7,000,000 miles overhead or aerial. Buried beneath a single New York corner are 76 underground cables carrying 63,430 wires. Boston and Washington have been connected via the underground route for some years and there is now approaching completion an aerial cable between Philadelphia and Chicago. Recently the writer "listened in" on a conversation between two men, one on a moving ship, outward bound, in the Atlantic, and the other on Catalina Island off Los Angeles in the Pacific. The service was distinct and clear and of about the same power of voice daily carrying between New York and Philadelphia. There was no interruption or delay. It is now possible to talk from moving ships or trains to friends or relatives at home, and the perfection of this department of telephone service brings visions of the probabilities of the future. The imaginative abilities of the future. person may enjoy himself by conjuring up the things that may be accomplished here-after. The chances are that when he has reached his limit his conception will be far short of what will be accomplished.

THE development of telephone service must constantly and unceasingly advance. It can not stand still and rest on its laurels. For this reason, as much as for economical management, the inventive genius of man must be called upon to supply

by machinery the labor which a dozen years hence human hands either can not be secured to perform, or if secured could only be had at a cost deemed to be prohibitive.



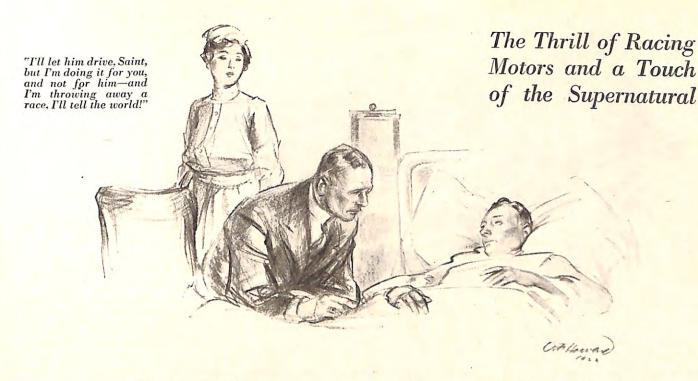
In New York City there is in operation to-day a mechanical "central" which gives satisfactory "connection," but which if the company claims are true will not throw out of employment any one now engaged in the business but will enable the company to take care of the anticipated increase of the future without diverting too much labor from other useful fields of employment. This semi-automatic device probably will not wholly supersede present methods in New York for perhaps a dozen years. It is in operation in other municipalities throughout the country and its installation is due to the policy of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company in maintaining a research department for experimental and development purposes which seemingly meets emergencies and overcomes obstacles with calm efficiency, wonderful patience and remarkable skill.

One of life's little ironies appeared during the exhaustive tests made before adopting the dial for this mechanical "Central." The observers' report occasioned many a smile and is worth passing on. More than 100,000 persons from all walks in life were invited to "try" the dial for test purposes. They were first shown how and then asked to "dial a number." An accurate record of the successes and failures was kept, with this surprising result. The lawyers made the highest percentage of mistakes and the laboring man, the scrub-woman the janitor, the street-sweeper achieved the lowest. In fact, the laboring class was practically 100 per cent. perfect while the professional man was far from it.

NO PICTURE of industrial life as it is being lived in America to-day can be complete without touching upon the financial side of any nation-wide development. Corporations like the telephone corporation are builded for permanent usefulness. They do not die with their founders. No one or two or dozen humans can outlive them. In an impatient country like this one can not build itself out of its earnings. Of course the telephone is now in a constructive period. It will be for years to come. It must borrow money to build. It must plan to borrow millions, not mere thousands, and the task of financing its operations economically is as much a science as the knowledge of other details of its undertaking. The company may require for expansion and other reasons, say, two hundred millions of dollars—certainly it will require more during the next few years.

The cost of underwriting is necessarily great even though the credit of the company itself is beyond question. Shrewdness must be brought into play not alone to secure this money but to get it upon fair terms and conditions. There is no question of the ability of the company to get even so great an amount. The public will furnish it. It is mentioned here as only an incident in the life of a corporation. It's a strange age when the ability to borrow a couple of hundred millions is considered merely an incident.

The Bell System as a whole has an investment of about \$2,000,000,000; between two and three hundred thousand employees; serves about nine millions of customers directly and is responsible for returns to four or five hundred thousand stock and security holders. That puts it among the large business enterprises of the world. The best and broadest service which can be given at fair rates is the only objective which the public will finally approve.



The Saint Lends a Hand

By William F. Sturm
Illustrated by O. F. Howard

HERE I was, the day before the International Sweepstakes: Sainte Claire Morse, my one best bet, almost dead in the Methodist Hospital, and Tommy Alexander, my other go-get-'em driver, out at Los Angeles. Served me right, I guess, for splitting up the team, trying to be a hog by copping Los Angeles and Indianapolis at the same time. What I ought of done was kept the two boys together and played Indianapolis two ways. You never want to carry all your eggs in one automobile, as they say.

I went down-town to eat, and Howdy Wilson breezes over to my table. "Lo, Buck," he says, as he sits down. "Heard The Saint was awful sick. Too bad, but count me in on his car for to-morrow, will

you?

Well, if I wasn't the lucky one! Next to The Saint and Alexander, I'd say that Howdy could shoot 'em around the old oval as fast as anybody. I ought to fell on his neck and let my tears run over his shoulder. . . . He was the boy to tool Morse's car. But just then I got to thinking of what Morse had asked me that afternoon. So instead of falling on Howdy's neck, I said I'd let him know the first thing in the morning.

morning.

After I eat, I drops up to the hospital—and what do I do but run right smack into Eddie Mitchell's wife! Of course, she flagged me. Somehow, she had got wind that there might be a chance for Eddie to drive *The Saint's* car next day, and she wanted to know what I was going to do about it. To her Eddie was the biggest hero in the world. I could understand that—I'm married, and my wife thinks I could be president of the good old U. S. A. if I could spare the time from racing to go to Washington. But I talked plain to Eddie's wife.

from racing to go to Washington. But I talked plain to Eddie's wife.

"Now, Mrs. Mitchell," I says, "Eddie is all right. He's a good mechanician and he's all right for relief. But I'm hiring a hall to tell the universe he ain't got a chance with Murphy, DePalma, Milton and the rest of the gang that will be out on that track to-

morrow clawing for a big gob of that \$100,000 prize money. Eddie would be like a flivver among a flock of automobiles. You just let him alone, and some day maybe he will be good enough for me to give him a chance to burn gasoline in a big race, but that time ain't yet. You know the old man used to be a race driver himself and if I told him I was going to put Eddie behind the wheel of the only Midwest entry he'd call in the bug doctors to evamine my dome."

call in the bug doctors to examine my dome."

Then she started crying and I said:
"We'll see," not intending to have her understand that for a promise at all. But if I thought I had got the flag indicating a clear course, I had another think coming. Eddie comes out of Morse's room and he collars me and hangs on like a man would to a bottle of bonded liquor. He knew he hadn't delivered the goods, but he thought he was due to change his luck, and et cetera and et cetera, as they say. "We'll see," I told him, too. I was getting good on that old "We'll see" stuff.

But I guess we better line up and let you.

But I guess we better line up and let you get away with the starter's flag, so you'll know all about it. I'd been racing manager of Midwest Motors ever since I quit rac-

ing and decided to let Elmer do it. President Dawson used to be a race driver and me and him cavorted around down at the Savannah Grand Prize, the Vanderbilt Cup over on Long Island, the Fairmount Park races at Philadelphia, not to mention the wild and woolly Barney Oldfield Los Angeles-to-Phœnix desert races. But Dawson had a business head, and they

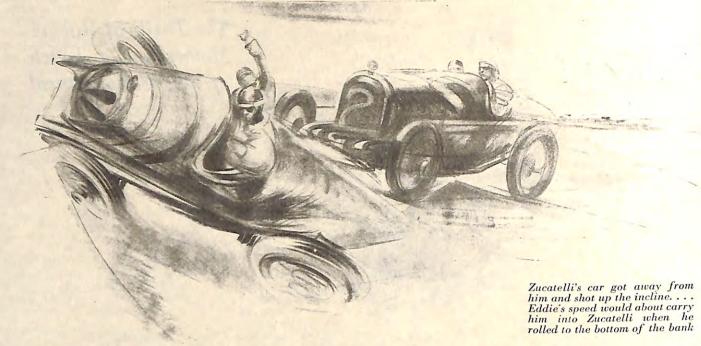
called him in off the track and finally, when he worked up to president, that lets me in for a nice job as racing manager, with a good old fat check every month and me and the drivers getting all the money we won.

I developed some real race drivers, as the world knows. And one of them was Sainte Claire Morse. You'd think with that name he'd be president of a bank, or wear spats or something like that. But he was a regular fellow and a real race driver. And when I say race driver I roll everything good that any one ever said about race drivers into one package and hand it to Morse. Some of the boys around the tracks thought he was stuck up because he didn't have much to say, but they always changed their minds when they got under his hide. When it came to tuning up a car he was there four ways for Sunday. I can take a job out and tune it up and think I've got it a strong hundred per cent. perfect. Then I bring it back to the garage and The Saint will nose around a little and say: "Buck don't you think if you give those valves a little more lift you'll get more hop in her without doing any damage?" or something like that; and I go do what he says and she's all the different in the world.

This Eddie Mitchell was one of our com-

bination mechanicians and relief drivers. I don't know why I kept him with us, unless it was because The Saint liked him, and I didn't want to peeve Morse. But if Mitchell was ever going to have any of the earmarks of a good driver, as they say, he ought to had 'em long ago. But he didn't. You know how it is. There's race drivers and race drivers. Mitchell was





one of the and drivers, if you know what I mean. When The Saint or Tommy Alexander pulled their cars up into second or third place in a 500-mile grind and wanted a little rest, Eddie

could drive relief for a while and hold his position pretty well, but he never done much As a mechanician he was a bearthe best I ever saw. But as a go-get-'em, honest-to-goodness race driver he was ivory

from his neck up.

Everybody remembers how Mitchell broke into the spotlight at Tacoma by grabbing Morse's wheel when the tread flew off the tire of a car they was passing and hit The Saint across the arms. I'll give Mitchell credit for grabbing the wheel, all right, and saving a bad wreck, but that's just why he's in there alongside the driver—to do what-ever comes up. Morse always seemed to me to be trying to pay Mitchell back for that favor, as he called it. Boosted him whenever he could. But when Morse tells me that he thinks I ought to let Eddie drive the biggest race of the year, you can't blame me for thinking *The Saint* was out of

Now I'm getting closer to my bonehead play. I listened to the voice of the devil telling me to send Alexander out to Los and let him clean up in the 250-mile race there while Morse cleaned up at home. Crazy? I ought of been put in a padded cell! But how could I know what was going to happen? I'm not one of them birds that look into a crystal ball and know all about next week. If I had a been-but I'm not.

THE nurse gives me a scowl and started to say something when I went into Morse's room. I guess she was going to show me the gate, but *The Saint* motions her to let me alone. "Buck," he says, "this is going to be the big chance for the big chance for the big chance for the big chance have been alone. Eddie. He's a nice boy. . . . Got a nice wife. . . . Never really had a chance. . . . I've done everything I could for him, and he needs the money."
"Yes," I says, "I know he needs the

money, but so do I, and Midwest Motors wants to win the race, and it's a coke dream if you think he's got a look-in against that fast field to-morrow.'

"You won't make no mistake, Buck," he goes on. "I've never asked you for a favor before, but I'm asking you one now. You know I never turned you down, and I always lend a hand when a fellow needs it."

What could I do? There was my old soft heart for Morse. The only favor he had ever asked me, and that was the truth. Always went along and did his work and never said a word. But I wasn't running the factory. It wasn't my factory, either. If The Saint had wanted my head I'd tried to let him have it. But I don't know as I had a right to give away a chance for first place in the biggest automobile race in the world. I wouldn't mind passing up my part of the prize money, because Morse had made lots of it for me. Just then he put one over on me: "Buck, this may be the last thing you'll ever get to do for me." That got me, and I started to bawl like a baby. And I ain't ashamed of it, either. "I'll let him drive, Saint, but I'm doing it for you, and not for him—and I'm throwing away a race for the factory, I'll tell the world!" That was just what I told him.

"You're a nice man, Buck," he reached over and took hold of my hand when he

When I left Mitchell slips into the room, and Morse talks to him so low the nurse can't hear it, she tells me afterward. She said that Eddie acted plumb scared to death when he went in and she could tell he wasn't no regular driver. But when he goes out he swings along like he owns Midwest

I DROVE up to President Dawson's house and told him how I had promised Morse

to let Eddie drive his car.
"James"—I could tell the old man was some peeved when he didn't call me Buck—
"in a story book you'd be doing a fine thing,
I guess. But you're living in Indianapolis, and they don't win races here like they do in You got judgment like a crawfish stories. You got judgment the same walks. Think we can spend a couple of hundred thousand dollars on a race team and have you throw us down right here at home? Why don't you let my office boy drive Morse's car? Might as well. I talked to Wilson after he saw you and I told him to hold off on any contract; that we'd use

him sure in Morse's car, and for him to talk to you again. I've been hoping we'd catch Wilson some time when we'd be in position to give him a seat in one of our cars, and here he is-and you've gone and promised Morse to let Eddie Mitchell have his car! We owe Morse a lot," he goes on, "but we don't owe him the whole damn factory.

The best thing you can do is to go back and tell Morse you've changed your mind."

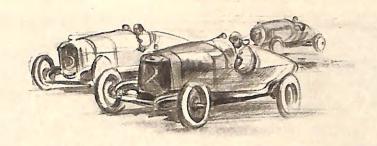
But I didn't. I'd made my bed and I made up my mind I'd sleep in it, if you know what I mean. But I wasn't figuring on a job with Midwest Motors after Mitchell comes in in about tenth place or Mitchell comes in in about tenth place or

worse.

I went out to the track early next morning. The Speedway only has one race a year and the people are so crazy to see 'em spin around the two-and-a-half-mile brick oval for 500 miles that they come clear from Maine and California and Oregon and Texas to see it. This pilgrimage to Mecca they talk about ain't got nothing on Indianapolis Decoration Day. All roads into the city the day before the race are one-way roads. I never heard of anybody going the other way. The night before the big race Indianapolis looks like New York or Chicago, only more so, on account of all the extra people they got in it.

About the time the first rooster begins to holler for daylight the next morning the crowds begin to move out to the Speedway, not to mention some of the Henrys and others that's been used for hotels right alongside the Speedway all night. autos go out two and three abreast on six different roads. The steam and electric lines carry people out by the thousands. The guards sift the walkers through the turnstiles and the auto loads go through the big gates. Thousands of the autos go on through the tunnels under the track and into the infield. But they sure got system at the Speedway—they get 135,000 people to their places as easy as a bootlegger gets around the prohibition agents.

Some track, too. Not built for speed altogether, like the wooden tracks, but built to see what's in a car besides speed. It's the laboratory for the engineers to test their stuff. The oval has four corners to it, and it don't matter how much speed a driver has in his old wagon, he's got to watch on those corners or he's going to shake some-



thing loose that will put him out of the race. The cars get away from the starting line on the home straightaway and before they know it they hit the first corner of the south turn; then they come to that little 650-foot straightaway, and then they hit the second corner. When they hit the second corner they give her the gun, and bingo, they shoot out into the long straightaway of the back stretch for 3,301 feet, to be exact, and they are at the north turn with its two corners. After that they are in the homestretch and they do it all over again. Two hundred times around the old oval for 500 miles! You can see a car has to have the stuff in it to stand the gaff of those four corners, and you can see that no matter how much speed she's got, the banked corners are bound to slow her up. Drivers that got sense lift their foot going in and that gives their motors a chance to cool off a little. There's lots of drivers go wild when they fly by the mile of solid grand-stands and think they are sitting on top of the world and take the the world, and take the turns with all they've got. When they wake up they generally have put a connecting rod through their crankcase, stuck a piston or burned out a bearing. That's curtains, as you might know.

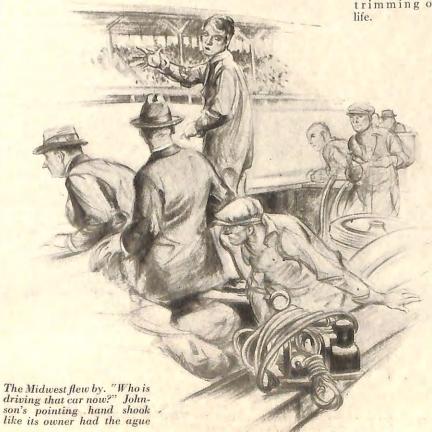
I was standing on the infield side of the track at the pit gate, watching the crowds coming into the grandstands on the other side of the track. Everybody was there in their glad clothes, refreshment men climbing around through the crowds, everybody in a good humor, looking across the track at the pits, waiting for what would come next. Every car has a cement pit on the inside of the track for supplies and repairs and every pit is painted white and has the car's name and its number, for the benefit of the grandstands. Flags of England, France, Italy and the U. S. A. was flying, pits being loaded with supplies and the cars was being brought out of the garages and run out in front of the pits for the once over. While I was looking on, Howdy Wilson comes up.

comes up.

"What do you say, Buck?" he asks me. I told him there was nothing stirring, that I was going to put Mitchell in Morse's car.

"That's all jake with me," Howdy comes right back, "because I can drive one of the Ajax jobs, and I won't have no competition from the Midwest if Eddie drives it." I looked around at the stands and the people in the infield. Seemed to me they was all

there to see the Dragon get the trimming of her



THE officials begin to sift down the pits to see if the cars was all ready. Then they order them into the lineup. . . . The 9:45 bomb goes up. They send up colored bombs to let the people all over the grounds know how close ten o'clock is—that being the time they start the race. The cars line up, three in a row, with the rows about thirty feet apart. They got more colors on the different cars than in a rainbow—red, yellow, white, blue, green, black, cream, brown, gray, purple, orange and some in between. Every driver has got a different idea about beauty in a race car.

The 9:50 bomb breaks. Then others. Finally the one-minute bomb. The cars are all cranked up by this time, and it's the prettiest sight you ever could see—thirty race cars, the pick of the world, all coughing there, just like they was clearing their throats for the long run. . . And overhead a regular Indiana May sky, blue, with not a cloud, giving promise of a warm day, a day that would try cars and tires.

"You'd think Mitchell was the great Morse himself," Walden, our pit manager, says to me as we stood by the official stand at the starting tape. "Look at him, trying to act just like *The Saint*." I looked at Eddie. He was sitting there waiting for the final bomb, rubbing his hand around his steering wheel. That was an old habit of Morse's.

Morse's.

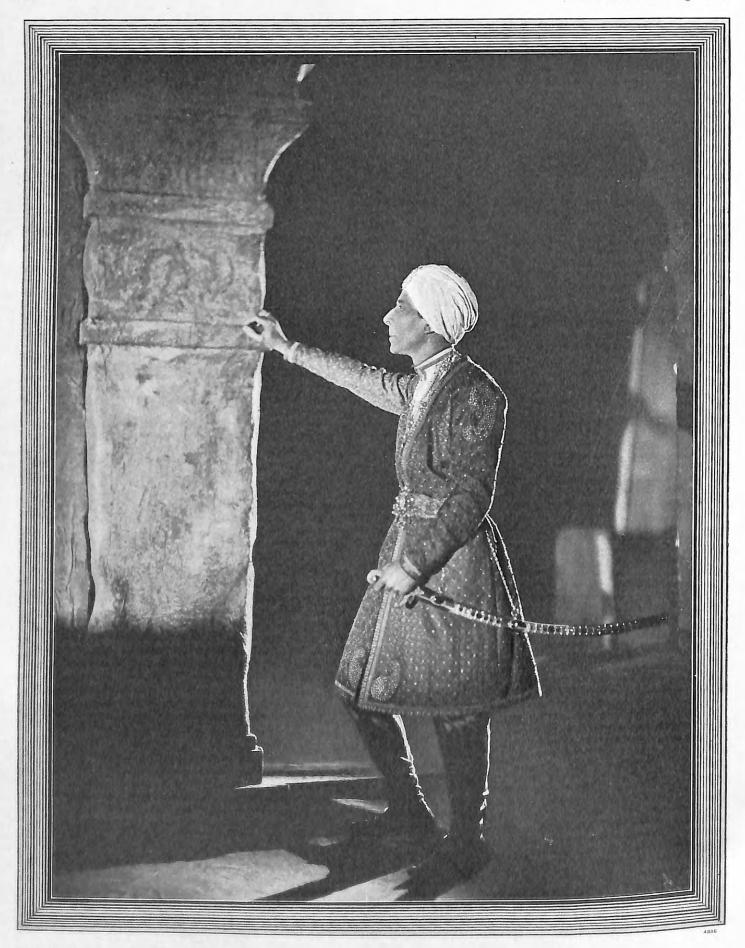
"Damn if he ain't even got Morse's cap!"

Walden says again, and I look, and there sure enough he had. Morse was funny that way. All the rest of the drivers wore regular racing hoods, but Morse wore a checkered cap with the hind end in front and the bill pulled low down on his neck.

The pace-making car, which is to lead them around for one lap to give them a flying start, is at its place just ahead of the first row. The starter gives 'em the word and they move around the track. They all got to keep their regular place behind the pacemaker, and all the time he is stepping on it a little heavier. Finally, after what seems a day and a half, they get around and come out of the north turn into the homestretch. All eyes are on 'em as they come. The air trembles with the shots from their exhaust. There is a smell of burned castor oil in the air and a drumming like a machine battery going into action. . . They are at the starting tape! The starter's flag falls! The race has begun! The strain of the start is over for the folks in the stands, as well as the drivers.

I know what Morse always done when the starter's flag sends 'em away—he stepped on her hard and flew for the first turn. Mitchell done the same thing and I looked to see whether he came out of the bunch that seemed to hit that first corner all at the same time. There he was, beating it down the short straightaway.

"That nut is even trying to sit in the car like Morse!" Walden was still picking on (Continued on page 54)



George Arliss
"The Green Goddess"

POSSIBLY there is nothing inherently fascinating in half savage, Oxford-bred rajas of obscure Asiatic principalities, but assuredly the Raja of Rukh, impersonated by George Arliss, hero of William Archer's play "The Green Goddess," is a most bizarre and captivating hero of romance and adventure. So much so, that after playing a season and a half in New York and tapping some of the larger cities on tour, Mr. Arliss plans to put in a strenuous summer making a picture of the play and in September he and his company sail for a season's engagement in London

June, 1923

The American stage has no more skilled and talented exponent of the interpretive dance than Ruth St. Denis. During the winter Miss St. Denis, Ted Shawn, and a group of their pupils have been seen in recital in a number of the large cities in a series of original dances and dance dramas. This summer they will take part in a number of festivals, but the greater part of their time will be devoted to preparing for next season's tour, at the St. Denis school at Peterboro, N. H.





EDWIN BOWER HESSER

The new group called the National Theater, which plans in seasons to come to put worth-while plays within the reach of would-be theatergoers all over the country, gave a short engagement of Shake-speare's "As You Like It" as its initial offering. Marjorie Rambeau made a very beautiful Rosalind, albeit somewhat robust, and she had a supporting cast of great excellence. They consider opening their season next fall with "Twelfth Night"

Roland Young in "The Devil's Disciple," a play by Bernard Shaw, dealing with our Revolutionary days, which has not been revived in some years. As General Burgoyne, Mr. Young gives a most admirable performance—full of that delicate spirit of irony which not only lurks in the lines of the play, but is a distinctive attribute of Mr. Young's character. The costumes and settings add one more to Lee Simonson's considerable record of achievements for the season



NICKOLAS MURA



Alice Brady
"Zander the Great"

MISS BRADY has scored a genuinely triumphant return to the legitimate stage as Mamie Adams in Salisbury Field's comedy. A tender, adventurous heroine who, in order to save little Zander from the orphan asylum, sets out from Weeweedin, New Jersey, to find Zander's missing "Pa" in a flivver which does not, strictly speaking, belong to Mamie, but which is impressed into the service of carrying her household goods, Zander and two sadly prolific rabbits on their transcontinental tour. They finally reach the climax of their adventure on a ranch in Arizona devoted to the gentle art of bootlegging

The Beautiful Island

The Story of Two Friends Who Lost a Boyhood Dream. and Found It Again After Many Years

By Dana Burnet

Decorations by Louis Fancher

THE two boys were alone in the fishhouse. Alonzo was thirteen, Nemiah twelve. The fish-house stood on wooden piles driven into the bank of the tidal "river" that made in from the sea. This river constituted the harbor of Manasquot in the days when it was necessary for every Maine coast town to have a harbor. The trading schooners used to warp in over the bar—there were strong iron rings set in the rocks near the Point which were of use when the wind was off-shore—and unload at high tide. When the tide was out, they floated in the eddy or lay tilted on the sandy bottom, their spars slanting

toward the town....
The fish-house belonged to Alonzo's father, John Medfield. It was a fascinating old shack of a place, full of odds and ends of fishing gear, tools, the rotting hulk of an old dory, sails, bits of rope and so forth. Even its odor (of drying fish) was not unpleasant to the two boys. In fact, that odor, mingled with the fresh sea air, was ineffably a part of the attraction of the fishhouse. How else should a fish-house smell? The perfumes of romance are not always

They were great friends. They liked to climb into the old dory and imagine the boldest sorts of adventures; adventures which they would not have dared suggest to their families, or to the other boys of the village, but which they sketched and elaborated to themselves with perfect freedom, and with an imagination stimulated by the natural restrictions of their environment. At that time, in the year 1865, Manasquot's communications with the outer world were limited to the casual visits of coasting vessels and to one newspaper a week—the Boston Globe, which arrived every Saturday and was brought to the village from the railroad station, seven miles away, by Jed Maxwell, the liveryman.

Maxwell, the liveryman.

Both Alonzo and Nemiah could read, but it was an effort for Nemiah. Alonzo, on the contrary, read easily, and was proud of his accomplishment. He had read almost the whole of the family library, which, in addition to the Bible (which he was not allowed to handle), consisted of a "Travel Book," a copy of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" and a collection of Indian tales this last a work of a copy of "Uncle Tolli's Cabili and a collection of Indian tales, this last a work of horror and bloodshed, which, nevertheless, managed to point the loftiest morals in the midst of the unutterable carnage. . . . This moralizing had spoiled the book for Alonzo. He preferred the thumbed and wrinkled copies of the Boston *Globe*, and hoarded them under a thwart in the old dory, long after their news had passed into history.

On the afternoon in question-an afternoon in spring, bright and chill—he was reading to Nemiah from one of these treasured pages. He sat on the thwart, the newspaper on his knees, his chin in his hands, shivering a little. Nemiah, a freckled youngster with sandy hair, lay on his back in the bottom of the dory, trying to touch with his foot a spider-web that hung just out of reach. This effort, however, was involuntary and unconscious. His mind was

abroad with Alonzo's reading.

"It's called 'The Beautiful Island,'" said Alonzo, solemnly, yet with a certain excitement. "Yew listen, N'miah."

He began to read. The boom of the sea, beating on the beach across the inlet, made

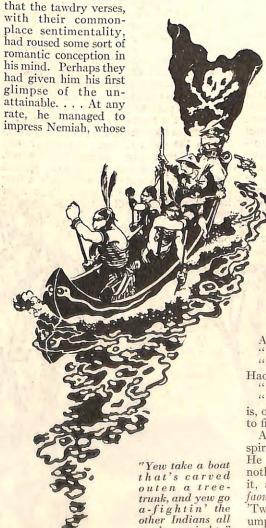
an accompaniment to his reading.

"THE BEAUTIFUL ISLAND There is an Island in the sea Where peace and joy abound; No fairer spot the sun beholds In all its beauteous round."

Alonzo paused at the end of the verse and looked interrogatively at his friend. Nemiah rolled upward a doubtful blue eye. "Po'try, ain't it?"
"Ey ah Part it ain't same as the pomes."

"Ey-ah. But it ain't same as the pomes we hed to say up to the school-haouse, time

the war ended.... Them was jest pieces....
But this here—! Yew listen, N'miah."
Alonzo went on reading. What it was that he found so entrancing in this bit of journalistic "po'try" would be hard to say.
But the fact remains



yew've a mind to"

mind was not so easily fired as his own, with the picture of an Island, somewhere in the sea, where life not only was ideal, but ever-lasting; where there were no chores and no schoolhouses, and where food and warmth—the two most important items of life in Manasquot-were provided by fortuitous natural processes.

Alonzo, a dark-haired boy with black eyes and a thin, eager face, finished reading and drew a long breath.

"Haow'd ye like to go there, N'miah?"
"To that there Island? I dunno. Cal'late 'tain't real."

"COURSE it's real. Don't it say in the pome 'bout passin' of it by and a-hear-in' the saounds of joyous laughter?"

Nemiah did not argue the point. Like most realists, he had a dread of his own skepticism. He had been put to shame, more than once, by doubting things that Alonzo later had proved to be true.

fer had proved to be true.

"What do yedo when ye git there, 'Lonzo?"

"Cal'late ye go a-fishin' and all like o' that."

"Ain't there no Indians, nor fightin'?"

"Course there is." (Alonzo had not thought of Indians before; he

was quite willing to accept Indians, but he felt that he ought to reconcile their presence with the reconcile their presence with the idealistic setting of the poem.)
"Only... they ain't in our Island,
N'miah. They're in the other
Islands... Yew take a boat, like
I see one in Pa's 'Travel Book'
that's carved outen a tree-trunk,
the pame of it is the War Cappe the name of it is the War Canoe, and yew go a-fightin' the other Indians in it all yew've a mind to."

Nemiah was satisfied, not so much with the prospect of fighting Indians as with his friend's readiness to meet objections. It was plain that, to Alonzo, the Beautiful Island not only was real, but was capable of infinite variation. It was a place, in short, where every-

thing was possible.
"I'll go if you will, 'Lonzo," said Nemiah, boldly, thereby taking the initiative in mental hardihood.

Alonzo accepted the challenge.

"I'm a-goin'," he boasted.

"I'm a-goin' too . . . when I'm growed.

Haow fur is it, yew cal'late?"

"I dunno."

"Well—there! If yew dunno how fur it is, or where 'bouts it is, haow yew ever goin'

Alonzo's black eyes shone. He said with spirit: "Haow did Columbus find Ameriky? spirit: "Haow did Columbus find Ameriky? He didn't know where it was no more'n nothin' 't all. He jest started out to find it, and he kept a-goin', and bime by he faound it. And 'twa'nt Ameriky, neither. 'Twas an island!" concluded Alonzo, triumphantly. He was sure of his facts. He had looked them up, only the day before, in the school history. the school history.

"There!" said Nemiah, reduced to a

state of helpless admiration.

They began to talk about the Island. It rapidly became their Island, and Nemiah, now fully convinced, offered numerous fertile guesses as to the life they would lead there. The poem was discarded, though not forgotten. Alonzo, in fact, cut it out of the paper and preserved it in an old water-proof wallet that had once belonged to his father. But they did not refer to the poem again. It was simply a talisman, a magic bit of writing that had served its purpose in opening the door on adventure.

HE Beautiful Island became shortly the most important fact in their ardent, isolated young lives. To begin with, of course, it was a great secret. (Secrecy gives charm to all possession.) It was something they shared between them, a thought hidden from their families, from their friends. "The their families, from their friends. "The Beautiful Island!" They whispered it to each other during recess in the schoolhouse yard; they passed mysterious notes to each other during school hours. They discussed its possibilities in detail when, on Saturday mornings, they slipped away to go "troutin" in the woods. They would sit on a mossgrown log with their alder poles beside them, their home-made hooks, baited with angleworms, dangling almost forgotten in the waters of a dusky pool, while they talked of "their" Island....

Neither of them could have said at what point mere imagination was converted into active resolution. But it was inevitable, perhaps, that, having fired their minds with pictures of a life both mysterious and ideal, they should have decided to attempt to realize it; and that without waiting till they were "growed."

It is doubtful whether they ever agreed The thing openly on ways and means. happened of itself. They had been born, both of them, within sight and sound of the sea; the sea was in their blood. With the image of the Island in their minds-and the traditional example of Columbus before their eyes-they went to work on the old dory.

It began on that day when all youthful adventures begin, that is to say, on a Saturday. Both boys had hurried through their chores (wood-boxes were filled with great alacrity that morning) and had met in the fish-house at an early hour. Alonzo's father was at sea, and there was no one to

poured into it several bucketsful of water

dipped up from the river. There were a dozen leaks. These they made note of, and then, rolling the ancient craft up on her side, proceeded to fill her yawning seams with white lead requisitioned from the Medfield stores.

HEY worked like beavers till suppertime; then, righting their vessel, in which already they felt a passionate proprietorship, they threw over it an old sail and took the path toward the village. In the orchard between their respective homes they stopped to offer vows of eternal secrecy.
"Yew cross your heart and swear by God

A'mighty ye wunt tell, N'miah Parsons,'

said Alonzo in a whisper.

Nemiah promptly crossed his heart and swore. Alonzo did the same. Then they exchanged friendly blows on the chest.

"'Night, N'miah."
"'Night, 'Lonzo."

They parted, going separate ways toward the two houses, whose lighted windows beamed at each other through a pale mist of

apple blossoms.

These two houses stood on the main street of the village, about a hundred feet apart, with the apple-orchard between them. Half of this orchard belonged to the Medfields and half to the Parsons. There was a line of demarcation, but it was chiefly legendary. The old landmarks had long since disappeared. The families had been friends for upwards of two centuries, and practically shared the land in common. The houses themselves were alike; white houses built of wide clapboards, and attached, of course, to great barns larger than the houses themselves. With their sloping shingled roofs, their red brick chimneys, their green shutters, and their square doorways set with oblong panels of glass, before which rested great stepping-stones of blue granite, the two homes stood like twin monuments to a friendship that dated from the origin of the village itself. In continuing this friendship, Alonzo and Nemiah were merely walking in the path of family tradition.

During the next week the two boys spent every spare moment in the fish-house, working on the dory. Alonzo was clever with tools, and though his resources were limited, he had soon repaired the thwarts, pierced out the broken gunwales and made a new stepping-block for the mast. The mast Nemiah helped as he could. He was not so clever as Alonzo, but his stanchness and unwavering determination carried them through many an incidental crisis. Nemiah was phlegmatic and slow to move; but once started in a certain direction he never wavered. And he had a practical mind in the midst of all this adventurous outfitting. It was he who suggested that Alonzo build a food-locker in the bow, and a place for a water-cask in the stern.

They had made up their minds, if questioned, to say that they were repairing the dory to go fishing for pollock during the summer. But no one bothered them with questions. Life in the village was a strenuous and continual effort in those days; so long as the boys did their chores and attended to their lessons, they could do pretty much as they pleased. It was known in both families, of course, that Alonzo and Nemiah were spending more time than usual in the fish-house, but as no mischief resulted, nothing was thought of it.

SCHOOL ended in June, and by the time the "graduatin' exercises" were over—with their attendant horrors of recitation and public display of scholarship-the old dory, which the two boys secretly had christened the Wanderer, was ready for sea. Then came the important question of provisions. They decided to "save" what they could from their respective tables.

"When yew eat your dinner, N'miah," said Alonzo, "yew put some biskits into your pocket, so as your Ma wunt see ye, and I'll do it, too. . . . We'd ought to hev some hardtack, same as the soldiers hed in the war, but we kin take some crullers in room o' that."

They began to accumulate a store of food, chiefly doughnuts and soda-biscuits. Once, indeed, Alonzo stole half a pie, but the temptation was too great. . . . Besides, the pie wouldn't keep. . . . They ate it in the fish-house, and were made to suffer later for the theft. But this small misfortune did not affect in any way their plan. It was too much in the natural course of events to arouse suspicion.

They were to start on a Monday morning.



The night before they filled the water-cask and placed some round logs under the keel of the Wanderer. It would be high tide at four A. M., and the wind, at sunset, had been blowing from the west-a propitious wind.

They met at daylight in the fish-house. Nemiah arrived with a side of bacon which he had stolen, in a last moment of reckless courage, from the family woodshed where it had been hung to cure. Alonzo had brought nothing, but he had in his pocket the waterproof wallet containing the poem, "The Beautiful Island.'

The tide had turned and was running out. The waters of the inlet washed gently against the platform of the fish-house. With hardly a word to each other they hauled and pushed the Wanderer through the door and launched her into the stream. There was a moment of intense anxiety while they waited to see if she would leak. But Alonzo had done his work well. She was as dry as a bone, and floated jauntily against the wooden piles. It almost seemed as if she was shivering with joy to be in her element again.

There was a streak of gold in the east, and a crimson flush in the sky overhead. Glancing along the shore, they saw the willows, and beyond them the giant elms, making a green haze in the lightening dusk. It was going to be a beautiful day. A strong breeze from the west scalloped the surface of the water. Across the strip of sandy beach which formed the opposite side of the inlet stretched the infinite blue sea. . . . And somewhere in that sea was an Island-"Come on, N'miah!"

They jumped into the dory and stepped the mast. The old spritsail, patched like a crazy-quilt, but serviceable, filled and bellied out. It was Nemiah, the stanch and phlegmatic, who took the tiller. Alonzo did not question his friend's assumption of authority. Indeed, the moment they left the wharf, it was Nemiah who became the leader of the expedition.

Alas, that expedition was doomed to almost immediate misfortune. Two hundred yards below the fish-house the river turned. practically at a right angle, and swept out,

under the black stare of rocky cliffs, across the bar. That bar was a trial even to old fishermen, and the boys had waited an hour too long. The outrushing current, meeting the continual advance of waves from the sea, formed a treacherous and choppy surf into which sailed the Wanderer full tilt, with results that might easily have been fatal.

ALONZO, tending the sheet-rope from his seat on the middle thwart, heard Nemiah's shout to "ease off." But Alonzo hauled in the rope instead. A capricious puff of wind-it was blowing every which way in the narrows-caught the sail and jibed it over. The starboard gunwale went under. At the same moment an enormous wave lifted directly ahead. Alonzo had a glimpse of Nemiah's white face as he sat crouched in the stern. Then the wave struck them. . .

Alonzo felt himself buried by a mountain of ice-cold water, but he hung on to the sheet-rope. After an age-it seemed-he came up gasping and looked wildly about for Nemiah. He saw the latter clinging to the side of the swamped dory. Then another wave broke over them.

It was by mere chance that they weren't both drowned. On the high shore above the inlet lived, during the summer months, an eccentric character from Boston, a writingman who, for no rhyme or reason, had built himself a cottage on the rocks. (Much to the mystification of the natives, who could not understand why any one should live in Manasquot who hadn't been born there.) This character was in the habit of rising at daybreak and taking walks along the shore.

On this particular morning he had witnessed the sailing of the Wanderer and had seen her come to grief at the bar. He climbed down the cliff, threw off his coat and plunged in to rescue the crew. water on the bar was not deep, though it was over his head in places. But after a struggle he got both boys ashore, and leaving the Wanderer to her fate, he marched them home, wet and shivering, but more frightened than hurt. Alonzo cried when he saw his mother's face. Nemiah maintained a stoic indifference. Both, however, without any previous understanding, replied evasively to the storm of questions rattling about them that "they was jest a-goin' for a sail."

the wet heap of his clothes that still lay on the floor. He fumbled through his pockets, found the water-proof wallet and, scuttling back to bed, concealed it under his pillow.

The Wanderer was broken to pieces on the rocks and her cargo of edibles lost. There was no evidence, therefore, to convict the two boys of anything more than a casual misadventure. Their punishments were not severe—for discipline takes time, and neither Mrs. Parsons nor Mrs. Medfield had the leisure to devote to it-and they were up in a day or two. But when they met for the first time afterward they said nothing to each other about "The Beautiful Island.

In fact, they did not refer to it again.

A S YOUNG men Alonzo and Nemiah were inseparable. The former was tall, dark, with black eyes and wavy black hair. He was by far the handsomer of the two. Nemiah was shorter; his hair was still the color of dry sand and his freckles had not deserted him. He had pale blue eyes that looked steadily, but with little fire, at the world about him. He worshiped Alonzo, and when the latter announced, in his bold and breezy way, that he intended to go to sea, Nemiah promptly stated that he would go with him. They would be shipmates, and sail to the ends of the earth together. .

But a girl interfered with this plan. The girl was Hester Fairweather, the daughter of a well-to-do farmer who lived "up back." (The country lying inland from the sea was known vaguely as "up back.") Nemiah had met her at a dance in the town hall, and had fallen quietly and rather shyly in love with her. Hester was a pretty girl, and rather vain. She liked to entertain her 'comp'ny' in the parlor, a square room with a low plaster ceiling, in which were gathered the family treasures—an organ, with a hymn book open on the rack, several pieces of furniture upholstered in green plush, some hooked rugs, a lithograph of Lincoln (still draped in rusty black), a corner cabinet filled with hand-painted china, hair-flowers under glass, a stuffed owl and a framed certificate of Mr. Fairweather's membership in the local Lodge. It was to this parlor that Nemiah came on Sunday afternoons, having walked the five miles from the village, to sit with Hester and experience the sweet agony of trying to find words to win her. But he could not be





ing. He introduced Alonzo to Hester-and after that it was all Alonzo.

Hester's blue eyes shone when he looked at her. Her best "boughten" dress and her pink sashes were entirely for him. They would sit in the parlor, all three of them, under the lithograph of Lincoln and the solemn stare of the stuffed owl, and carry on a desultory conversation, to which Hester contributed little more than her charming giggles and a few exclamatory remarks. But she blushed when Alonzo spoke to her, and it was for his admiring approval that she played the wheezy organ, pumping out hymn tunes in the brightness of the Sunday afternoon, while Nemiah sat on the sofa, painfully smiling and fumbling his hands

THE latter soon saw how matters were going. He was no fool, and what is more, he was no coward. One moonlight night, as he and Alonzo were walking the road back to the village, he spoke sud-

"Hester. . . . She favors yew, 'Lonzo.'
"Oh, I dunno!" returned his friend lightly.

They had stopped and were facing each other in the moonlight.

Cal'late I be, N'miah. But there! She was yourn fust, Hester was. . . And anyways, I'm a-goin' to sea."

They walked on. When they reached the

front door of the Parsons home Nemiah put out his hand.

"'Night, 'Lonzo."
"'Night, N'miah," said the other. He felt his hand caught in a spasmodic grip that made his fingers tingle. The force of that handshake surprised him. He started to speak, but Nemiah was already walking away through the orchard. Alonzo stood for a moment staring after his friend; there was in him an unaccountable discomfort, a sense of something old and dear being broken, of something established giving way before strange forces. . . Then he thought of Hester, smiled and went into the

The next morning Nemiah was gone. He had got up at daylight; had walked the seven miles to the station and had taken the early train for Boston. A week later Alonzo received a letter from him.

"Dear Friend Alonzo:
"I have shipped as able seaman in a bark bound for British Guiana. I am going to follow the sea. I couldn't stand it no longer to home,

"P. S. I hope you and Hester will enjoy a long life of happiness."

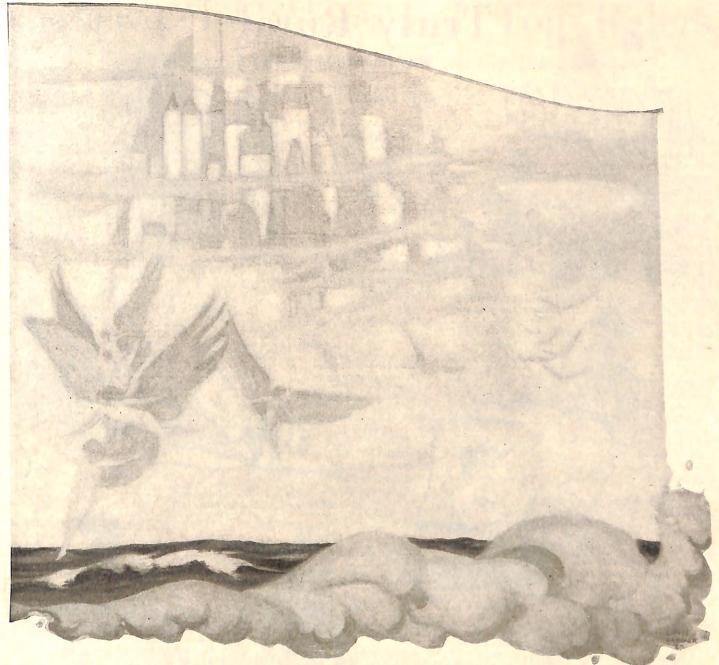
Alonzo read this letter in the fish-house. His father had died, and he had been working, that winter, at the boat-building trade. He stood leaning against the side of a halfcompleted dory, staring at the sheet of paper in his hands. In those brief sentences he read the start of the sheet of the start of the he read the story of Nemiah's sacrifice and the pain of it filled his heart. They had been friends friends for twenty-two years, and now Nemiah was gone. . . It was Hester who had caused all the trouble.

He almost hated Hester at that moment.
But the following Sunday afternoon.

But the following Sunday afternoon, after a week of mental renunciation, he took the road to the Fairweather farm. Hester, with feminine intuition, had been expecting him. She had put on her boughten dress. him. She had put on her boughten dress,

and looked her prettiest.

Alonzo had gone there with the noblest intentions. He had intended to hold up before her eyes the remnants of his broken friendship, to proclaim his undying loyalty to Nemiah, and, in a word, to renounce love for a chivalrous ideal. But somehow, at the sight of Hester, he could only blush and stammer—he who were the could only blush and stammer the could be mer—he who was usually so gay and talkative. His tall store collar seemed to be choking him.



Hester herself brought up the subject. "Hear N'miah's run away to sea?" she

said, looking at him closely.
"Ey-ah," said Alonzo; and was silent, casting down his eyes.

They could hear the parlor clock ticking loudly. Hester suddenly rose, went into the kitchen and returned with doughnuts and sweet cider.
"There! I made these special for you,

"Hester-!" He got up and faced her. She stood holding the plate of doughnuts in one hand, the pitcher of cider in the other. "What is it, 'Lonzo?"

"Hester, I—I cal'late—" A pause. How blue her eyes were! "N'miah was mighty

fond of yew, Hester."

"I know it, 'Lonzo," said the girl, with a subtle intonation of triumph. "He wanted for me to marry him. But I—I never felt for him same as he . . . felt for me. I liked him, 'Lonzo, but I—" him, 'Lonzo, but I-

She stopped, her face as pink as a peony. Alonzo groaned aloud and gathered her into his arms. The doughnuts went spilling

over the floor.
"'Lonzo! What yew doin'—?'' she gasped; then: "Wait, 'Lonzo! Wait... till I set down the pitcher."

Alonzo went home that night engaged to

marry Hester. He felt guilty toward Nemiah, unreasonably and inexplicably guilty; but in his present state of mind even that guilt was sweet. .

They were married in the fall, and went to housekeeping in the Medfield home. Of Alonzo's immediate family only his elder brother, a worthless fellow, and an invalid sister were left. The sister died the following winter and the brother, after a year or two, drifted down east, to become a trapper in the Maine woods. It was rumored about the village that Hester had driven him out of the house, but that probably was not true. He was a worthless fellow.

Alonzo by this time had begun to accumulate a family of his own. He had given up entirely, of course, his idea of going to sea. In addition to his boat-building trade, which was not very brisk (there was little demand for dories now), he had gone in for general contracting. It was Alonzo Medfield who foresaw the future of Manasquot as a summer resort, and who built the first cot-tages on the Point. They were horrible examples of the architectural art-Alonzo had got his plans out of the Home-Building Section of a Sunday newspaper-but they made him a rich man.

However, we are getting ahead of our story. When Alonzo's oldest child, Lucius, was three years old, Nemiah Parsons suddenly came home. His mother had been left a widow, her other children had scattered, and Nemiah had returned to take care of her. He came over, the first evening, to call on Hester and Alonzo.

THE three greeted each other with a heartiness that was a little too exaggerated, and Hester, hastily slipping off her apron and smoothing her hair, led the way into the parlor. It was much the same sort of room as that in her own home, except that in the case of the Medfield parlor the furniture was upholstered in horsehair. It had not been used for a long time-in fact, not since the invalid sister's funeral-but Hester bustled about, lighting a lamp and

even opening a window. . . . Alonzo and Hester took the sofa, Nemiah sat in a chair facing them. Out of the corner of his eye he could see a familiar white object perched on a cabinet in the corner. The stuffed owl! Hester had brought it with her into her hus-band's home. It had formed a part of her

dowry. . . . "Well, yew've come home, N'miah," said Alonzo for the fourth or fifth time.

(Continued on page 56)



Vaqueros, Gold Mines and "Top" Riders

California and Other Points West on the Bookshelf

By Claire Wallace Flynn

T THE delightful age of five, the average American goes in for "playing Indian"; at ten, the profession of a black-masked road agent looms as an attractive and possible life-work; by the time a fellow is fifteen and more or less of a motion picture addict, he sees himself in riding breeches and puttees, an adoring gang of laborers ready to fight and die for him, a dam to build across a river, or a great railroad tunnel to hew through the Sierras. When he reaches twenty-five, or thirty, he begins to take it out in readingabout any locality west of the Missouri, by preference-and he is neither abashed nor deterred by the regrettable fact that most of the Western stuff that lures him is far from literature.

It is true that it is concerned for the quarter part with externals-desert heat, chaparejos, bloody fights, claims, gleaning nuggets, and rodeos. But even professors of English admit that belles lettres do not completely satisfy and that they often fly to Western tales for relaxation and honest

We are much relieved to know this, for we adore a good tale of the plains or the mines, a tale of olden days in the frontier or a story of to-day-boom oil towns or apple ranches!

Therefore, it was not work, even in the most technical sense of the word, to read four books of the West—here set forth. It was great fun, and so we are not afraid to recommend them to you.

Suzanna

A Romance of Early California By Harry Sinclair Drago

IF SOME people, theater-goers in particular, will look back quite a long time—back to 1906, in fact—they will remember a play produced by David Belasco, called "The Rose of the Rancho." All fountaintinkling, flowering, cool patios in Southern California; all lace-flounced senoritas and white cowled friars, dashing young men, deep villainy, and much love. It had every ingredient that a rousing love story and a colorful drama demand—and, more than that, it was magnificently entertaining and

Whether Mr. Drago ever saw "The Rose of the Rancho" we do not know. Assuredly, he did not crib his plot from the Belasco play, but he has the same patios, the same twanging of guitars, the same fiestas, the sun-burned white road linking up the great Spanish haciendas in Southern California,

and the same deep, luscious beauty.

He has, with every other writer, a perfect right to this romantic American background; the only wonder is that no one since the time of "The Rose of the Rancho" seems so well to have caught the spirit of those early days and scenes.

Imagine the white, hot, well-worn Camino Real—the King's highway—in the year 1835. Imagine a young don, scarcely more than a boy, cutting down through the hills with his mules and horses and his armed peons, anxious to reach his father's house with a store of goods that he is bringing from

Then imagine the cavalcade held up, sud-

denly, by Benito Pérez, the great bandit who had robbed and killed his way to Mexico City and back; Pérez, who, when he had the boy and his party at bay, chose to let them all go free for a piece of gaily colored silk to give to Suzanna—the peon girl!

That is really what we call a good beginning. And there is no diminuendo in this

Permit us to present:

Don Fernando Gutierrez, father of Ramon, who wishes his splendid son to marry Chiquita de Sola, daughter of the owner of the neighboring ranch. In fact, the young people were betrothed in childhood-

Pancho Montesoro, a Mexican torero, who loves Chiquita for her wealth and follows her from the famous Capital to the hacienda of her father-

Ruiz, an old and trusted servant of Don Fernando-

And Suzanna, the daughter of Ruiz, who has that something in her dark and daring eyes without which ladies have a dull time in life and find themselves librarians, cafeteria managers and secretaries to paleon-

Ramon is in love with Suzanna, class distinction or no class distinction, but tradition and the word of a grandee parent cause

considerable delay and consternation.

Why, if you will believe it, the very morning of the wedding of Chiquita and Ramon dawns with the cause of the true lovers in a

Books Reviewed This Month

Suzanna, by Harry Sinclair Drago. (Macauley Co., New York)

Lost Wagons, by Dane Coolidge. (E. P. Dutton & Co., New York)

Wanderer of the Wasteland, by Zane Grey. (Harper & Bros., New York)

The Cowboy, by Philip Ashton Rollins. (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York)

worse plight than any one could imagine. But-again Benito Pérez appears on the scene-events fly as from a machine-gun before the reader's eyes—a bridegroom leaps from a chapel window—a girl is tossed on a horse back of a proud and defiant boya long, wild ride, with outraged fathers giving chase—a mission at Carmel—a hurried marriage—a confession—Suzanna is not Suzanna but the real daughter of-

Enough! Enough! We urge you to read the book. We had not meant to tell so much of a thoroughly delightful, unpretentious, and interesting novel.

Wanderer of the Wasteland By Zane Grey

WE ADMIT to a slight prejudice, or rather, we admit that there existed a while ago a slight prejudice in our mind against the stories of Zane Grey. We knew that there existed a group of people known as Zane Grey "fans," and this annoyed us. We felt that in the case of this writer, romance was laid on too thick, the desert was too sandy and hot, the sage too aromatic and silvery gray, the men slightly impossible, and the women generally unreal.

The whole thing, in these days of ethical problems and really extraordinary gifts to the world in the way of literature, seems mechanical, but, when you come to think of it, no author can write the number of absolutely sure-fire successes that Mr. Grey has, and, without reason, enthrall so large a public. So, with really an honest mental attitude, we picked up the last novel of this well-known Western writer, and must admit that he has woven a good story. Here are all the well-known scenic tricks, but also there is tragedy despite the hard riding, the hunger and thirst of desert men, and all the usual occupations that beset human nature in the Southwest. There is a spiritual adventure in the book.

Here is the story of Adam Larey, a young man born in the East, but come early to that wasteland along the Rio Colorado, where he became one with the life that was lived along its glaring banks. Turbulent, unhappy, searching for unattainable things, and sensitive, he finally quarrels with his brother, and thinking that he has killed him, rushes away from the little adobe town where they

He goes into the great desert to expiate the crime that he believes he has committed, and there he meets the other characters who wander into that frightful waste region—running away from themselves, their crimes, their fellow-beings.

Of course, there is a woman in the story. One particular one, in fact, who, with her daughter, makes a new light in the murky dark of Adam's life. Adam Larey, meanwhile, grown to a powerful giant, and adopting the name of Wansfell, becomes a defender of the helpless and the righter of countless wrongs. All this makes him a true son of the desert and he loathes the civilization that can breed such people and drive them into his West. Ultimately, of course, he finds the one girl. What a relief it is sometimes to pick up a novel where the hero gets the wrong girl and never-theless lives happily forever afterwards with

Now, as you can see, this is not a bad tale. Here is a man, struggling with a grave secret-a man who feels that he has no right to live his own life, having taken that of another. When love comes to him, he knows that he has even less right to it than ever. Finally, he seeks to make a confession, goes back to the very town where he and his brother quarreled so tragically, and offers to give himself up. Not new, of course, but a reliable plot, almost author-proof, and bound to touch a good many hearts in the telling.

But with all that, Mr. Grey goes astray occasionally. Just listen to Magdalene Virey, who seems to be as badly treated a woman as one can well imagine, talking to

"Wansfell, I'll not bewilder you by mystic prophecies, but I tell you solemnly, with the clairvoyant truth that comes to a woman who feels the presence of death, that my (Continued on page 53)



EDITORIAL

THE idea is quite generally entertained throughout the country that the 14th day of June, in each year, the accepted anniversary of the birth of the American Flag, has been set apart by some definite Act of Congress as a national "Flag Day;" and that when it is observed as such, with appropriate ceremonies, it is in response to the specific appeal and suggestion of that federal legislation. This, however, is not the case. Congress has never enacted any law on the subject, although it has given the matter some consideration.

But the Order of Elks, at the session of the Grand Lodge held in Dallas in 1908, designated June 14th as "Flag Day." And a mandatory resolution was adopted requiring each Subordinate Lodge to observe that day, annually, as a formal ceremonial occasion, in commemoration of the birth of the American Flag. At the same time an impressive ritual was approved and its use prescribed on those occasions. This Order was thus the first, and it is believed to be yet the only, fraternal organization to establish an annual ceremonial in honor of our Flag.

In view of the essentially patriotic character of the Order of Elks, it is quite appropriate that it should thus have assumed the lead in this matter. And the enthusiasm with which the Subordinate Lodges have consistently responded to the Grand Lodge resolution bespeaks the splendid loyalty and patriotic devotion of its membership. Flag Day celebrations by the Elks have become distinctive events in every

section of the country.

These ceremonies, being generally open to the public, and embracing addresses, music and other features of a patriotic character, are universal in their appeal; and every year hundreds of thousands of our people go forth from them uplifted and exalted, their love of country revived and refreshed, and their spirit of loyal devotion renewed. And the service that is thus rendered to our beloved Country is beyond calculation; for no one can measure the far-reaching influence of this inspiration to truer Americanism.

Nor should the cultural value of these occasions be disregarded. The ritual contains matter with reference to the Flag and its historic associations which is distinctly educational as well as inspiring. It naturally incites a desire for a better knowledge of our glorious history. And the Subordinate Lodge that overlooks the value of these ceremonies to its community, or minimizes the importance of making adequate provision for their proper observance, will have failed to seize a golden opportunity for service.

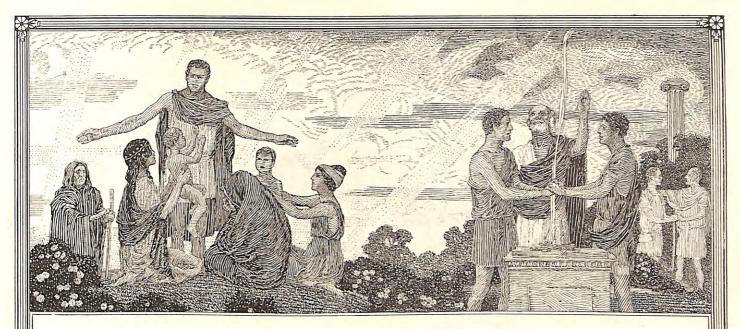
A number of the Lodges have adopted the plan of offering prizes to the children of the public schools for the best essays on "The Flag" or some other patriotic subject. And the reading of the prize-winning essays is made a special feature of the program. This is but one of the many excellent ways in which the occasion may be made locally attractive as well as of value to our

Country and the Order alike. It is appropriate to suggest that if the celebration be conducted merely as a public enter-tainment it will have failed of its real purpose. It is definitely designed to awaken patriotic ardor, to impart valuable information, to encourage a study of our country's history, to promote true Americanism, and to arouse a sincere and intelligent pride of citizenship. Entertainment is essential to create a general public interest; but the program should always be prepared with the primary objects in view. And when this is done the occasion becomes a meet and acceptable offering upon our Country's altar.

LODGE ATTENDANCE

T WOULD be difficult to exaggerate the importance to the Subordinate Lodges, and therefore to the whole Order, of attendance by their members upon Lodge meetings. And while the problem as to how to secure this desirable result is one that constantly presents itself, particularly to the smaller Lodges, the solution would seem to be simple when the true cause of the delinquency is understood.

There is probably not a single District Deputy,



among all those who have filled that office in recent years, who has not received from the officers of one or more Lodges in his jurisdiction a specific complaint that the members do not attend the meetings as they should. This default of the members is taken as evidence that they do not feel a proper interest in Lodge affairs. This is not always a just complaint; nor is the conclusion drawn from it always correct.

It is doubtless true in some instances that the criticism is warranted; and that the officers, although active, loyal and efficient, do not receive that support and encouragement to which they are entitled and which would be accorded, in some degree, by a general attendance upon Lodge sessions. In such cases the fault undoubtedly lies with the membership. And the remedy must be sought in the reawakening of their fraternal interest.

In the far greater number of cases, however, it is believed that the blame should not be attached to the members so much as to the officers themselves. The membership of the Order of Elks is as loyal and devoted as that of any fraternity in the world. The objects and purposes of the Order are of a character that appeal strongly to the hearts and minds of the best citizenship of every community. And the response to any call for active service and aid in carrying forward those purposes in some concrete way is nearly always prompt and generous.

But it must be admitted that the mere formal meeting of a Lodge, at which the officers display little familiarity with the ritual and no enthusiasm for the business to be transacted; which is conducted as a matter of burdensome duty that must be hurried through with; which is attended by an initiation ceremony unimpressively performed; and which is marked by no feature that differentiates it from the usual routine; presents little attraction to one for whom it does not possess even the merit of novelty.

In such cases the remedy must be furnished by the officers of the Lodge, with a peculiar responsibility upon the Exalted Ruler. If the officers will conduct the ceremonials of the sessions with impressiveness and dignity; if the business of the meeting be transacted with intelligent

consideration and yet with dispatch; if the initiatory ritual be exemplified in a manner in keeping with its importance and beauty; and if special features are introduced which will provide wholesome entertainment, amusement or instruction, either during the meeting or immediately upon adjournment; then the question of Lodge attendance will take care of itself.

If it be contended that a proper interest in the Order and in the Lodge should be sufficient incentive to attendance, and that it should not be necessary to seek it by specially provided attractions, the reply is obvious. Theory must give way to actual experience. And the benefits derived from attendance justify the special inducements to secure it; for it means an aroused interest in Lodge affairs where it has been lacking and a sustained interest where it already exists.

It is this fact that makes the matter of Lodge attendance one of such importance. A member who rarely goes to a meeting, who drifts away from the friendly personal contacts and who is permitted thus to lose touch with the activities of his Lodge and with the spirit and purpose of the Order, is a prospective dimitter. He is at least a mere passive member. But one who attends the meetings that are properly conducted, even though he be primarily attracted by a mere desire to be entertained by the special features provided, will inevitably find an inspiration in the incidental fraternal associations. He will experience a renewed pleasure in the beautiful ritual. He will acquire a keener interest in the worth-while things the Lodge is doing when he thus plays an active part in their accomplishment and realizes his personal share in them.

ment and realizes his personal share in them. If the new officers who have recently assumed their duties will realize the advantages of Lodge attendance and will recognize the peculiar responsibility which rests upon them to secure and maintain it; and if they will earnestly endeavor to meet that responsibility by conducting the meetings in the manner herein suggested; they will have rendered a meritorious service to the Order worthy of the highest commendation, which will undoubtedly be accorded by their Lodge associates and the Grand Lodge as well.



The imposing State Capitol building in Atlanta

Atlanta, the Convention City

A Metropolis With the Romantic Atmosphere of the Old South

HE eyes of the Order are turning to the South, towards historic old Atlanta. In the first week of July the annual reunion and Grand Lodge Convention is to be held in the "Convention City of Dixie," and already throughout the length and breadth of the land preparations are being made by the members to cross the Mason and Dixon Line.

They will find that the Atlanta of to-day is a modern city, though it has all the alluring atmosphere of the old South still clinging to it. Many of the quaint customs still prevail, and, above all, the courtesy and hospitality of the bygone generations remain to add their charm to the Dixie city.

Situated among the foothills of the Blue Ridge mountains, at an altitude of 1,050 feet above sea-level, it enjoys a climate that is unsurpassed. Statistics show that last year more hours of sunshine were enjoyed by Atlanta than any other city of her size in the United States. The winters are mild and mountain breezes temper the summer sun so that the climate never reaches an extreme cold or heat. The annual temperature is about the same as that of Los Angeles

Atlanta is a city of churches as well as one of skyscrapers, and close by is the famous Georgia Tech, one of the best technological schools in the country. There is also Cox College for women. About a number of these institutions to distinct the country. these institutions tradition clings with the beauty and grace of ivy upon old walls. Consider Emory University. Here is an institution founded in 1836 and having behind it years of constructive service. Though old in years and rich in tradition, Emory University is thoroughly modern in equipment. When it was founded back in 1836, it was suggested that this place be called Oxford in honor of the formus English University. in honor of the famous English University, and it was so called. Later its name was changed to the present one. One of the surprises waiting the visitor to Emory University. versity is the extent and value of the museums. Here is housed the Thursfield Smith Collection of Wesleyana, representing many years of painstaking and intelligent labor. It comprises many rare books and books of personal association such as John Wesley's own hymn-book; another museum with rare and wonderful objects is the one in which the Egyptian and Babylonian collections are housed. It contains mummies, coffins, a number of fragments, including gilded By Robert J. Kennedy

heads, hands and feet, sandals and beads, a large collection of bronzes, knives, razors, daggers, axes, bells, mirrors and other arti-cles, some of which bear royal inscription

and date back to 1500 B.C.

The city revels in forty-four parks and playgrounds, and abounds with amusement playgrounds. centers. At Grant Park is located the fa-mous Cyclorama. This houses perhaps the largest painting of a battle scene in the world. This painting is fifty feet high and world. This painting is fifty feet high and four hundred feet in circumference, and is a graphic portrayal of the Battle of Atlanta, which sealed the fate of the "Citadel of the Confederacy." Another war relic in Grant Park of unusual interest is the "Texas," that fleet locomotive of the '6o's which took the last leg in the pursuit of Andrews. took the last leg in the pursuit of Andrews Raiders. Well preserved and carefully tended, this historic locomotive is an unfailing point of attraction.

There are many country clubs with spacious grounds that add attractiveness to the city, and the climate enables golfers to enjoy the ancient Scotch game all the year round. Golfing enthusiasts of the Order can all bring along their clubs, for the links of the various country clubs will be thrown open to them on the occasion of their visit. In addition to its clubs, Atlanta has a great municipal course for the public use. The East Lake course is credited with being the finest in the South. The Druid Hills Golf Club has a remarkably beautiful course, as has the Capital City Country Club. The variety of the tees, the fairways, the greens gives keen interest to the game. The Ingleside Country Club, with exceptionally fine courses of nine holes each is always an interesting place to holes each, is always an interesting place to visit. The municipal course is named in honor of former Mayor Key.

THERE are many quaint spots in and around the city. There is the home of around the city. There is the home of Uncle Remus and "Snap Bean Farm," a shrine to which lovers of the folk-lore made immortal by Joel Chandler Harris travel each year to pay tribute to his genius. Here, too, in Atlanta, Frank L. Stanton sings his sweet songs of Georgia.

In the heart of the city beautiful buildings reach up into the sky and small houses squat on the outskirts. Theaters mingle with temples of trade, and hotels—good hotels—

invite on every hand with their hospitalityand Atlanta has its own great Bright Way. It's like New York's Great White Way and yet it isn't. It isn't just like any of the great electric sign displays in any of the big cities for it has an atmosphere all its own. It is part of the Southern Capital.

The City Hall is the civic center of the city at noon-time. It's a remarkably busy center, too, for it is the hour when everybody seems able to get away from his own business to do business of his own at the City Hall. There are bankers and farmers, lawyers and salesmen; in fact, men and women from all walks of life coming and going, rushing into and out of the Hall and its various departments. Noon here is no lunch hour for the department heads and their assistants.

To-day the beauty and the utility of Georgia marble are so well recognized that it is used almost unimited quantities.

North Tomin has paid algorithms.

Mark Twain has paid eloquent tribute to the Georgia melon, but what pen can do justice to the Georgia peach? One of Atlanta's greatest thoroughfares is known as Peachtree Street. If one should wish to see the source of Atlanta's water supply, it is a run of only seven miles to the Chattahoochee River—the crossing of which by the-forces of General Sherman sealed the doom of Atlanta.

The Confederate Soldiers' Home is another point of interest, and near this home is the "Bobby Burns Cottage" a replica of the home of the famous Scotch poet, where mementoes of an interesting nature repose, and where visitors are welcomed.

Then there is another institution in Atlanta which is famous the world over. Atlanta which is famous the world over. It got a lot of international fame during the World War. It is the Federal Prison. That's the place where all the unfortunates are sent who defy the laws of the country and come a cropper against Uncle Sam.

The State Capitol of Georgia is well worth a visit. Here is a museum containing many things of interest, and here are also many

things of interest, and here are also many paintings of Georgia's distinguished sons.

To be sure, the Legislature won't be in session in July, but the Capitol where the lawmakers meet and the Governor of Georgia presides will be open to the visitors, and the Governor will be there in person to receive the hosts. And the visitors can make themselves at home, sit in the Senators' seats and

stand up on the Speaker's rostrum and have all the fun they can imagine playing at lawmaking. And the visitors will also find a lot of Brother Elks among the Senators and the Assemblymen and State officials.

The Elks who went West to the Los Angeles Reunion, stopped en route at Yellowstone Park and the Grand Cañon. Those coming from the West for the Atlanta Reunion will have the same opportunity on this trip. But Atlanta has a bit of the Grand Cañon in her own immediate make-up, for looming up to the east of the Capitol is old Stone Mountain, the greatest monolith on the globe. With the sun at your back, on a clear afternoon, you can see its gray bulk etched in detail against the blue sky. great mass of rock—a mountain of solid granite—it extends to a height of 700 feet above the surrounding country. It is approximately 1,600 feet above the level of the sea. It measures seven miles around the base and is a relic of the ages, older by far than the tomb of King Tut. Man has been pecking at its inexhaustible store of granite for more than two generations, quarrying out the stone for buildings and pavements for the streets of Atlanta, and for the same

purpose in other cities; but the famous monolith has been barely scratched. Here and there a little vegetation springs into view, but for the most part it is bald rock.

In Atlanta there will be much for the visitors to see, much to learn and to enjoy. Since Sherman started his blazing march to the sea, old wounds have been healed and new memories have softened the horrors of those days. The welcome to the new army from the North will be deep and sincere. They will be met with open arms, with flags fluttering from all conspicuous corners, with bands of music and shouts of acclaim.

The Club-house in the Caribbean

San Juan Lodge No. 972, Porto Rico, Pearl of the Antilles

By J. D. Woodward District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler

FTER twenty-odd years of American occupation, Porto Rico has taken on many of the appearances of an can community. Life is no longer American community.

lived in the old Spanish style, and although the "mañana" habit is still somewhat in evidence, especially in the older generation, it is almost as though an American township were lifted bodily and set down in the most beautiful isle in the Caribbean. Quite naturally, in the wake of the American occupation, there came a Lodge of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Through many trials and setbacks, its very existence threatened at one time, San Juan Lodge No. 972 has gradually grown and pros-pered until to-day it has a membership of more than three hundred Americans, continental and native born. With a vision of increasing usefulness, it is planning to erect a Home worthy of the name of Elk, and enlarge its activities so that it may become more and more a power in the community.

It is the privilege of San Juan Lodge to carry on a work of great importance and of patriotic significance. Such an opportunity is open to but few other Lodges. After four hundred years of Spanish rule, the American idea and outlook can not be picked up in a day. Old times and old methods are not easily forgotten, but the youth of Porto Rico are show-

ing an amazing aptitude at learning the principles and practises of American Democracy, and it is the privilege of San Juan Lodge by its example to foster the dissemination of Americanism, which with the example of the dissemination of the control of th emplification of the Golden Rule are the guiding principles of our Order.

Flag Day, Independence Day, the birth-days of our great men, are celebrated with proper dignity and ceremony and prominent speakers are provided. The members are enjoined to invite their friends to be present and enjoy the good fellowship and participate in the patriotic exercises.

July is the greatest day of the year, but to the American of native birth Flag Day is perhaps of equal significance; the impressive ceremonies on that day not only serve to

San Juan Elks are surrounded by palms and the bluest water in the world

enlighten them as to the history of the Flag, but furnish them an opportunity to give expression to their growing love of the

During the past year, the social sessions of the Lodge have been on a larger scale than ever before, going hand in hand with a campaign for new members. The purpose of these sessions, which are held after practically all regular meetings, is not solely to foregather in order to enjoy and spread To continental Americans the Fourth of- good fellowship among ourselves, but also to

attract the eligible members of the community and enlist their interest in the Lodge and its activities, and ultimately to enroll them as co-workers. Splendid success has at-

tended this plan, and the membership of the Lodge is showing a healthy increase, as

Perhaps the most interest-ing feature of Elk activities in Porto Rico is the participation by the Lodge in the distribution of gifts and remembrances to the poor on Three Kings Day. This day is celebrated on January 6. Christmas, in Porto Rico, is almost unrecognized except by the children of continental Americans. The big day for the children of P. the children of Porto Rico is Three Kings Day, when the Three Kings of the New Testament visit the homes and leave the toys and other gifts that gladden the hearts of the kiddies. On this day San Juan Lodge participates to the fullest extent possible in the distribution in the distribution of gifts to the children and baskets of food among the poor who would not otherwise be re-membered. This annual custom has become traditional with the Lodge and pro-vides a measure of happiness and pleasure in proportion to the gladness and sunshine brought into the homes of the

San Juan Lodge has wel-comed and enjoyed Elk visit-

ors from all parts. Only recently a Past Exalted Ruler of South Orange (N. J.) Lodge, accompanied by members from three other Lodges, visited No. 972. Their stirring addresses intensified the enthusiasm and broadened the outlook of the local Elks who were privileged to hear them.

San Juan Lodge extends a key transfer or some constant of the privileged to hear them.

San Juan Lodge extends a hearty greeting and the hand of fellowship to its sister Lodges on the mainland, and invites all Elks who contemplate a visit to Porto Rico, the Pearl of the Antilles, to visit it upon arrival. All visiting members may count upon a traditionally hearty and enthusiastic welcome, as Elks and good



Money as a Moral Force

Is It the Root of All Evil, or Is It a Powerful Agent Working for Man's Emancipation?

By Richard Le Gallienne

Decorations by Guido and Laurence Rosa

F MONEY as an immoral force we have heard more than enough. It might almost be said that we have heard nothing else about it. Everyone is glad to make it, but few have the courage to say a word in its defense. Books of quotations devote pages to its condemnation, chiefly from the writings of poets and philosophers, who perhaps are scarcely the best authorities on the subject. Those who possess it in large quantities—which poets and philosophers seldom have done—mention it as little as possible, being either afraid or ashamed to do so. Of all our social hypocrisies this is one of the most barefaced. Occasionally we hear of some sanctimonious millionaire admonishing struggling and penniless youth that "money does not bring happiness." Never was such a downright lie—except that other most familiar dictum on the subject: "Money is the root of all evil."

Shakespeare is one of the most persistent denouncers of "This yellow slave"; yet that did not prevent that shrewd bard from feathering a comfortable nest at Stratford, and ending by being something like the capi-

talist of the neighborhood. Murderers come off lightly in literature compared with misers, and avarice is, of course, among the Seven Deadly Sins—as it should be. But the misuse of a good thing is nothing against the thing itself. Money is a good thing, and we all know it; and know, too, if we would only be honest, that money is not the root of all evil, but that the lack of money comes much nearer to deserving that sweeping denunciation.

The root of all evil is not wealth, but poverty; and, while all sensible men acknowledge and abhor the vices of capitalism, the more far-sighted even among its foes are beginning to see that not its overthrow but its common-sense regulation is all the "revolution" that society needs or is going to have. Great wealth in the hands of powerful creative personalities is not necessarily a bad thing. On the contrary, as history has continuously proved, such individual fortunes are of great benefit to the community, for only through the personal initiative of such rich men can great enterprises be carried out, and great institutions be established. The so-called "abolition of

wealth" is a chimera of childish dreamers, imperfectly acquainted with, or wilfully blind to, the facts of human nature, and what we shall probably see in the near future is not any victory for communistic or socialistic ideas, but the final exposure of their fallacies. To this end such a thoroughgoing revolution as has taken place in Russia is rather to be welcomed than feared; for its inevitable collapse must go far toward effectually discrediting theories which, while untried, merely disturb, and deflect society from its natural organic evolution. What we need is not the destruction, or prohibition, of great fortunes, but that they shall continue to exist, not at the expense of, but for the benefit of, the community at large, and that, outside them, there shall be a more general average of wealth, so that none shall be "poor" or lack those opportunities for a fully-developed life according to his needs, which the possession of sufficient money alone secures. This may sound like a dream, also, but it is a dream within the bounds of common sense, and one which the time is ripe to fulfil, if we will but pursue it with energetic patience, and de-

termined practical methods, instead of feverish "revolutionary" idealism. It is a matter for sober-headed citizens, rather than for poets and orators, and it is a work which Elks, permeating as they do all classes of society, are particularly adapted to forward.

HOWEVER, we are only passingly concerned here with those lordly accumulations of money whose power for good or evil goes without saying. The danger which has always attached to them is admitted, but the immense moral force they are capable of exerting in the right hands has had too little acknowledgment. All rich men are far from being robbers and villains. No few of them, as every country and city of the world attest, have employed their "ill-gotten gains" to ends which the same money in cooperative or governmental hands might never have been attained, or attained more tardily. governments move slowly and cooperative bodies also, and both are prosaic in their constitution, and are necessarily untouched by those personal enthusiasms which often inspire the individual rich man to do some piece of work, or lend a hand to some struggling cause, which is apt to seem outside the proper activities of national bureaus. Men of science, with an idea of universal importance, but in need of "backing" to put it through, meet with but little sympathy from official boards. It is the rich man, perhaps with a "weakness" for such studies himself, to whom they must look, and to whom, time out of mind, they have not looked in vain. Inventors, discoverers, chemists, physicians, surgeons, fighters against disease, and workers for social betterment of every kind must look for their active endorsement to rich individuals who sympathize with their aims. The art and literature and learning of the world owe much to such men. The names of Mæcenas and Carnegie have not won their significance for nothing. Virgil and Horace and many another great writer who has benefited mankind, might have been lost to us had it not been for the aid of royal and plutocratic patrons. Great libraries and great art galleries, great hospitals, great schools of science and invention, all bear witness to the moral force of massed money; and it may not seem without significance that the very word "money" in its earliest form "moneta" was the name of a goddess, the goddess Juno, in whose temple in Rome the first mint was established. It is not impious, I hope, to add here that the church itself would fare ill without money.

The story goes that when Cortez landed in Mexico, and interviewed the Mexican ambassadors, he said to them: "I and my fellows have a certain disease of the heart, and gold helpeth us." Doubtless, it was meant as a good joke on the innocent barbarians, and one can see the haughty Spaniards smiling darkly together in the enjoyment of it. But it was a great deal more than a joke. It was a universal truth, like so many other universal truths, stated humorously. For who is there that, one time or another, has not suffered from that disease of the heart, that "consumption of the purse," which only gold can help?

True as it is that money sometimes works evil, it is even more true that evil equally positive and more frequent results from the lack of it. The lack of money is the first great creator of criminals. Probably the largest percentage of crimes are directly or indirectly concerned with money. Let us omit from this category the money-crimes of those criminals, who, like poets, are

born, not made; those cold-blooded murderers, for example, who carefully scheme the deaths of wealthy relations or friends in order to inherit their possessions, or collect their insurance; or professional thugs who deliberately do away with men known to be carrying large sums about their unprotected persons; and all such lurid forms of crime in which money plays its part indeed, but of which it is not the primary cause, the actors in such dramas, as I have said, being criminals by nature. Such crimes are comparatively few. The crimes I refer to, far more numerous and general, are committed by men and women who are not criminal by nature, but are made so —by lack of money. These poverty-made criminals become so, nine cases out of ten, because they have not enough money for their needs, often their bare necessities. They steal because, maybe, they are starving, or their children are starving. was, it will be remembered, with the hero of Hugo's great novel—Valjean, in "Les Miserables." To punish such a theft as a To punish such a theft as a crime is, of course, the only real crime in the transaction. To take a case far rethe transaction. To take a case far removed, indeed, from that—the case of Edgar Allan Poe. Who does not know the story of his young wife dying up there in the Bronx, for lack of that proper nutriment and medical attention, which that ill-starred genius — the most criminally underpaid writer in all those annals of literature which Carlyle compared to the Newgate Calendar -was unable to provide her with? would have blamed Poe had he robbed a bank, or held up a coach, to supply her needs? Unfortunately, he had not the necessary skill to do either. So she died, and left him with a broken heart, and a life that thereafter sped on to ruin. Think of your pious millionaire telling either Val Jean or Poe that money "does not bring happiness!" In Poe's case, at all events, it would probably have saved his wife to him, and thus saved too for the benefit of American literature one of its greatest masters.

A ND how much fine work in literature and all the arts has been lost to us, because the poet, the painter or the musician, lacked the money to buy that time and those conditions necessary for the development of himself and his work. A Mæcenas is not always to be had. Only the fortunate few have encountered him. The others have to makeshift as best they can, and turn aside from that work which no one else can do, to earn a livelihood by work which can be done better by any one else, and in the process of which their genius withers and dies. And it was such a little money that was needed, after all!

But we can leave out the case of poets too, and all artists, for that matter; for, whatever they suffer, they have the solace,



bitter-sweet though it be, of their gifts. They take refuge, even while starving, in that world of the imagination of which none may rob them. They have their dreams— it is not an idle phrase—which, literally, money can not buy. Your every-day man and woman, however, have no such refuge or consolation. Dreams, indeed, they have -for all men have their dreams-but they are not dreams in which, like the poet and the artist, they can lose themselves as in an enchanted garden, forgetting the real world as the opium-eater forgets it, hiding away from his sorrows in the rainbow. are, instead, little cherished projects which money, only a little more money, alone can fulfil; projects, maybe, for making their homes more livable, bringing a fuller and more beautiful life to their wives and children. A little house in the country, perhaps, away from the deadening wear and tear of the city, a little house with a garden, where they may all find together a margin of peace and innocent pleasure, after the grinding, soulless, work of the day. It is not a great deal for a worker to ask, but for most it has to remain, as we say, "a dream, without a little aid from that great goddess

OR THEY want to do better for their children, to give them a better start in life than they had themselves, a better education, more gracious surroundings to grow up in. They crave for their daughters the opportunities for finer womanhood. would like to send their sons to college. For this they are willing to work without rest or pleasure for themselves; but, for most, though they work themselves to the bone, the money they earn by it suffices for no more than to keep the family soul and body together. Indeed the body is usually all they can provide for; the soul has to be left to look after itself. The little extra money, the slightly higher salary, never Thus the daughters and sons must comes. be submerged, as they themselves, in the dreary struggle for mere physical existence. The dream must be put aside, and as the years go by, these disappointed lives become warped and embittered, purpose fades, character disintegrates. Their lives become—not lives at all. They may even be driven to desperate ways to make their dream come true. Many a man has forged a check with no more criminal motive.

O the little more, and how much it is! And the little less—and what worlds away!

There is a certain bird that never sings to such disappointed folk. It is a bird which those who have to struggle with life would rather hear singing than the most melodious nightingale. The wood-thrush and the cat-bird have no music to compare with it. There is no mention of it in books on ornithology. But there is none like it either for song or plumage. It is perhaps best known to those who seldom catch sight or sound of it. It is called—The Bird-in-the-Hand! That Bird-in-the-Hand is the opportunity which only money can give. How much would go right in life that goes quite wrong if only that bird would appear at the psychological moment. It is that bird which presides over that

... tide in the affairs of men, Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune.

But too often the tide is there, and the bird absent, and nothing to be done but watch the ebb remorselessly withdrawing from our grasp those hopes and dreams that were all but within our reach. Business (Continued on page 72)



ERSEY CITY (N. J.) Lodge, No. 211, celebrated its thirty-second anniversary with an "Old Home Week." For seven days, the New Jersey Elks and a host of prominent visitors from all parts of the country, were entertained by a series of diversified programs which surpassed anything of a similar nature ever given by this lodge. The first day was devoted to the installation of officers. Over 1,000 members attended the ceremonies. On the second day, the Lodge-room was transformed into day, the Lodge-room was transformed into an amphitheater, a regulation ring erected, and a program of first-class boxing and wrestling bouts given to a crowded house. A feature of the third day was an "Amateur Acting Contest," in which thirty-three members competed for cash prizes. "Old Timers' Night," with a bill of nine Broadway vaudeville acts, and "Ladies' Night," followed by a brilliant ball enlivened the next two days. a brilliant ball, enlivened the next two days. Saturday's program included a "Roasters' Convention," music and the showing of an amusing film of local Lodge interest, which had been especially made for the occasion. The closing exercises on Sunday were preceded by a banquet to United States Senator Pat Harrison from Mississippi who is a member of Gulfport (Miss.) Lodge, No. 978. The Governor of New Jersey, Hon. George F. Silzer, United States Senator Edward I. Edwards and many other prominent men were among the 2,500 guests. After the banquet, the entire assemblage went to the State Theater, where impressive addresses were delivered and a program of classical music was rendered. "Old Home Week" was presented without cost of any kind to the members, the Lodge defraying the entire expense. The event was highly successful in every way and was a means of sowing new seeds of goodfellowship among the members.

Grand Exalted Ruler Masters Honor Guest at Anniversary Banquet

Steubenville (Ohio) Lodge, No. 231, recently celebrated its Thirty-fifth Anniversary with an elaborate banquet and entertainment at which Grand Exalted Ruler J. Edgar Masters was the guest of honor. Over 250 members of the Lodge were present and delegations from many neighboring

Lodges also took part in the celebration. Addresses were delivered by Mr. Masters, A. Bart Horton, of Cincinnati, President of the Ohio State Elks Association; Hon. John G. Price and Judge Carl Smith. A vaude-ville entertainment followed the dinner and speeches.

Bay City Lodge to Have Highest Building in the City

Bay City (Mich.) Lodge, No. 88, has perfected plans for building and financing a new Club House. The building will be ten stories, the highest in the city, and will be erected in the heart of the business section. The first floor will be devoted to stores and the Club and Lodge-room, etc., will be above. The upper floors will contain roo rooms each with bath. Actual construction work will begin shortly and members of the Lodge are looking forward with enthusiasm to the occupancy of their new quarters this coming autumn.

Fund for Salvation Army Raised by Kalamazoo Elks

Kalamazoo (Mich.) Lodge, No. 50, has successfully carried through a drive for the Salvation Army. This drive is a yearly feature in the social and community welfare activities of this Lodge and has been a means of greatly strengthening and broadening the good work done by the Army in the community. This year, by an intensive campaign, the members raised a fund of \$10,000.

Daytona Lodge to Enlarge Home. "Children's Day" Cares for a Thousand

Daytona (Fla.) Lodge, No. 1141, has purchased property adjoining its present Home for the purpose of building an addition that will take care of its growing membership. This lodge being situated in a famous tourist city, is constantly entertaining a great many visiting Elks. For instance, at a recent meeting of the Lodge, sixty visitors from twenty-seven different States were present. When the enlargement of the Club House

has been completed, there will be ample room to entertain many more visitors and to afford the Lodge a means of adequately taking care of its increasing membership. Daytona Lodge has identified itself with the progressive spirit of the community and is a leader in welfare work. On the occasion of its recent "Children's Day," which is an annual event, nearly a thousand youngsters were entertained by the Lodge.

Detroit Lodge Free of All Debt, Will Enlarge Present Home

Detroit (Mich.) Lodge, No. 34, has entirely paid off all its bonds and mortgages, and now has a property valued at \$1,250,000 absolutely free of all debt. The actual cost of this property at the time the Home was built about five years ago, including its furnishings, was about \$850,000. A plan to enlarge the present building by the addition of from one to two hundred sleeping-rooms is under consideration. Actual work will be begun as soon as building costs become more stabilized.

New Mayor of Chicago A Member of the Order of Elks

When Hon. William E. Dever was recently elected Mayor of Chicago, Ill., another name was added to the roll of members of the Order of Elks who are filling important public offices throughout the country. The new Mayor is a member of Chicago (Ill.) Lodge, No. 4, as are most of the members of his cabinet.

Dispensations Granted To Organize New Lodges

The necessary formalities having been completed, Grand Exalted Ruler Masters has granted dispensations for the following new Lodges:

Cape Girardeau, Mo., No. 1464. Madison, N. J., No. 1465. Webster, Mass., No. 1466.

Ground Broken for New Home By Huntington Park Lodge

Huntington Park (Calif.) Lodge, No. 1415, has broken ground for its new \$150,000

Club House. The building as planned will be one of the most beautiful and complete homes in the West. The Lodge points with pride to its notable growth since it was instituted on June 4, 1921. Beginning with a charter list of 42, the membership is now over 700, with every indication of greater expansion in the present Lodge year.

Five Days of Housewarming For Macon's New Club House

A five-day housewarming marked the opening of the new Club House built by Macon (Mo.) Lodge, No. 999. The first was "All Elks' Day" and practically every member was on hand to inspect the new building and to witness the initiation of a large class of candidates. The following day the building was thrown open to the public. Delightful entertainment was provided by the Elks Orchestra. The third day a reception to the ladies was given, followed in the evening by a Grand Ball in which the members and their friends took part. A day was devoted to the pupils of the local schools, who were invited to inspect the building. "Farmers' Afterto inspect the building. "Farmers' Afternoon" was a feature of the last day of the housewarming. No. 999 already holds a leading place in community activities and the new Home is destined to become an important civic center.

Roanoke Lodge Extends Welcome to Atlanta Visitors

Roanoke (Va.) Lodge, No. 197, extends a cordial invitation to all Elks traveling to or from the Atlanta Grand Lodge Convention to stop over a while with them. The Elks National Home is but 28 miles from Roanoke and many Elks are planning to visit the Home in connection with their trip to Atlanta.

Michigan State Elks Association Meeting Postponed One Week

The meeting of the Michigan State Elks Association will take place on June 27–29 instead of June 20–21, as previously announced in The Elks Magazine. The change in date will allow Petoskey (Mich.) Lodge, No. 629, a week longer to complete the elaborate welcome plans which have been in preparation for some time. This will be the second time within ten years that this Lodge has been host to the State Association and the advance program of social events and special entertainments assures the delegates a lively and interesting meeting.

Omaha Holds Spring Frolic; City's Boys to Benefit

The Elks' Spring Frolic given by Omaha (Neb.) Lodge, No. 39, at the Auditorium for the benefit of the Omaha Boys' Picnic and other welfare activities was attended by large crowds on each of the nine nights. The entertainment included a program of exceptionally fine acts by the best professional talent, an unexcelled band, free dancing and many other features.

Elks from Far and Near Attend Summit Lodge Dedication

Elks from Lodges in Newark, Irvington, South Orange, East Orange, Elizabeth, Rahway, Morristown, Dover and other near-by places, to the number of several hundred, attended the formal opening and dedication of the new Home of Summit (N. J.) Lodge, No. 1246. A delegation of members from New Haven (Conn.) Lodge,

No. 25, made a special trip to witness the ceremonies. The Irvington delegation included the Lodge band and the Degree Team which assisted in the initiation of a class of fourteen. After the initiation, refreshments were served and later the visitors inspected the building. The first floor has been rented for mercantile purposes and the Lodge occupies the entire second floor. The Lodge-room proper seats several hundred and contains a stage. The basement contains several bowling alleys. The new home is a model of its kind for completeness and comfort.

Lodge at Princeton (Ill.) Instituted. Mendota Elks Attend

The institution of Princeton (Ill.) Lodge, No. 1461, was successful in every way. District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Alfred J. Holtz of Rockford (Ill.) Lodge, No. 64, officiated. Mendota (Ill.) Lodge, No. 1212, chartered a special train and attended the ceremonies 160 strong and its officers not only conducted the initiatory work, but were on hand early in the afternoon to assist in the preparations for the institution. The membership of Princeton Lodge now numbers 100. Perry D. Trimble is the first Exalted Ruler, and L. W. Johnson, Secretary.

Bronze Elk Memorial To Face Mohawk Trail

One of the interesting features at the Convention of the Massachusetts State Elks Association which is to be held at Greenfield, June 17-19, will be the dedication of a bronze Elk in memory of the Elks of the Bay State who served as soldiers, sailors and marines in the World War. The heroic figure now being cast by the Gorham Company is 10 feet in height from the hoofs to the tips of the ears, the antlers making an additional height of several feet; the weight will be approximately 1400 pounds. It will rest on a huge chestnut granite boulder about three feet high. The boulder will be in the rough and will weigh in the vicinity of 2400 pounds. On the boulder will be a bronze tablet bearing an appropriate inscription. The figure will be placed on the Whitcomb Summit facing the famous Mohawk Trail. Delegations from all the Massachusetts Lodges will be present for the dedication exercises and many from other Lodges in New England, New York and adjoining States will, in all probability, witness the ceremonies. Governor Cox of Massachusetts, Vice-President Coolidge and United States Senator Walsh, of Massachusetts, are expected to deliver addresses. James R. Nicholson, Past Grand Exalted Ruler; Charles F. J. McCue, Chairman of



the Board of Grand Trustees, and John P. Brennan, President of the Massachusetts State Elks Association, and many other notable men will be present.

Bellefonte Lodge to Combine "Kiddies' Day" and Flag Day

"Kiddies' Day," an annual event on the calendar of Bellefonte (Pa.) Lodge, No. 1094, will be combined this year with Flag Day. A special program has been adopted including music and addresses by prominent men. Members of No. 1094 believe that the observance of "Kiddies' Day" in this way will give the boys and girls of the community a greater opportunity to learn the deeper meaning of patriotism and reverence for our Flag.

Another Elk is Added to The Roll Call of Governors

Another Elk Governor has been added to the roll call by the appointment of Hon. Horace M. Towner of Iowa as Governor of Porto Rico. Governor Towner is a member of Creston (Iowa) Lodge, No. 605. He was elected to Congress last November for his seventh consecutive term. As Chairman of the Committee on Insular Affairs in the National Congress, he became a recognized authority on all matters pertaining to our island possessions. He was also a member of the Committee on Education in Congress, and in that position took a keen personal interest in the cooperative arrangements between the Federal Government and the National Elks War Relief Commission in connection with the vocational training of disabled veterans.

Special Charity Work Performed By a "Do Good" Committee

In addition to the Social and Community Welfare Committee, Aberdeen (S. D.) Lodge, No. 1046, has a "Do Good" Committee which has been the means of effecting many real charities. The "Do Good" fund is kept separate from the other charity funds and is used to cover a wide field of special activities not included in the work of the Lodge's Committee on Social and Community Welfare. The "Do Good" Committee was established in 1906 and the scope and importance of its work have been steadily increasing year by year.

New Wisconsin Lodge Instituted at Platteville

Platteville (Wis.) Lodge, No. 1460, was instituted by District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler H. A. Kiefer, Wausau, Wis., who was assisted by Past Exalted Ruler F. J. Beyer, of Dubuque (Iowa) Lodge, No. 207. Platteville Lodge starts with a membership of fifty-six. The officers for 1923–24 are: Exalted Ruler, David Gardner, Jr.; Secretary, E. J. Sawbridge.

Elks Will Dedicate Memorial to Man Who Willed His All to City

Past Exalted Ruler Edwin C. Henning will be Master of Ceremonies and Past Grand Exalted Ruler Bruce A. Campbell will deliver the principal address at the Flag Day exercises which Evansville (Ind.) Lodge, No. 116, will hold on June 14. A feature of the services will be the dedication of a beautiful flag-pole Memorial which will be erected in Garvin Park, to the memory of Joseph Copello, an Italian by birth. Mr. Copello bequeathed his entire life's savings,

\$6,000, to the city with the wish that it be used to beautify Garvin Park, where he spent many happy hours. Concrete, stone and bronze are to be used in the base of the Memorial. A flag-staff, 100 feet high, will rise out of a square monument on which will be four bronze tablets, each carrying out a patriotic theme. There will be eight stone benches on the inside of the circular base. Evansyille Lodge has agreed to furnish a flag for the staff as long as it stands.

New York Boys Entertained by Elks of Washington (D. C.) Lodge

The members of Washington (D. C.) Lodge, No. 15, recently received a visit from forty-five students of the Speyer Junior High School of New York. The stalwart young Americans who had their first peek at the Order of Elks, were accompanied by five teachers. They were met at the Depot by a committee and taken to the Club House where Judge Robert E. Mattingly delivered an address on "Americanism." At the conclusion of the speech, each of the New York lads was presented with a silk American flag. After a tour through the building, the members of the Lodge escorted the boys to their home bound train. The youngsters were deeply impressed by their visit and went away expressing a genuine feeling of admiration for the Order.

Newark Lodge Breaks Ground For Costly New Club House

While 1,500 fellow-members and visitors from all parts of the country looked on and applauded, members of the Building Committee and officers of Newark (N. J.) Lodge, No. 21, broke ground for their new \$1,500,-000 Home, to be erected on the old Memorial building site at Broad and Camp Streets. Preceding the ceremony, more than 600 members of Newark Lodge paraded with their band to the site. After Exalted Ruler Samuel Roessler turned the first sod, the 600 assembled members each dug a shovelful with miniature spades. The new Club House will be the result of a careful study on the part of the Building Committee of the most modern buildings in the East and Middle West. The plan and scope of the building will provide every club convenience. There will be lounges, libraries, card-rooms, reading-rooms, restaurants, kitchens, private dining-rooms, ladies' rest-rooms, bowling alleys, barber shop, billiard-rooms, Boy Scout and band-rooms and one of the largest Lodge-rooms in the country. The building will be thirteen stories high. The cornerstone will probably be laid early in the autumn and the building ready for occupancy in July, 1924.

Atlanta Lodge Band Gives Weekly Public Concerts

One of the most interesting of public services rendered by Atlanta (Ga.) Lodge, No. 78, has been the institution of a series of public band concerts on Sunday afternoons, given at various points in and around the city. On one occasion a concert was given at the base of Stone Mountain, the remarkable granite boulder, over seven hundred feet in height, upon which the mammoth Confederate Memorial is soon to be carved by the sculptor, Gutzon Borglum. There is a perpendicular cliff on one side of the mountain which forms a perfect sounding-board for throwing out music created at the base of the cliff, so that a program can be heard by thousands of persons within a radius of more than a mile from the mountain. This concert was heard by a very large number of people and created intense interest.

All Past Exalted Rulers Present at Banquet

Every one of the twenty Past Exalted Rulers of Vancouver (Wash.) Lodge, No. 823, was present at a banquet given by the members in honor of those who had served as Exalted Rulers of the Lodge since its institution. The Lodge claims this 100 per cent. attendance is a record that has not been equalled by any other Lodge of the same age.

Wisconsin Elks' Bowling Association Distributes Prizes

Four hundred and ninety prizes, aggregating \$2,427, were contained on the official prize-list of the Eleventh Annual Tournament of the Wisconsin Bowling Association. This was the second tournament to be held in Appleton and one of the most successful in the history of the Association, both in the number of entries and high scores. No particular city made a get-away with the cash, as the prizes were well divided among Milwaukee, Green Bay, Racine, Kenosha, Sheboygan, Oshkosh, and Appleton. Two hundred and thirty-five teams took part in the classic, breaking all previous tournament records for eleven years. Manitowoc and Milwaukee have both made strong bids for the 1924 tournament.

Well Organized Campaign For the Cripples of New Jersey

The New Jersey State Elks Association organized a two weeks' drive to obtain a record of all the cripples in the State. About 7,000 printed forms were directed to the Subordinate Lodges and distributed by them among the members who secured the names, addresses, ages, and all information relating to every cripple in the various jurisdictions. The result of the campaign was highly successful and when the information has been examined and tabulated, the New Jersey Elks will know definitely all about the cripples in the State and be able to talk intelligently to the numerous agencies which have already volunteered assistance. Colonel Bryant, Commissioner of Labor, has offered the use of all his clinics now being used in rehabilitation work. Practically every orthopedic hospital and the orthopedic surgeons in the State have volunteered their services. In a number of municipalities, the Board of Education will cooperate in providing special classes, special teachers and transportation for the crippled. Rider College of Trenton, N. J., has opened the institution's business course to fifty cripples and a Newark (N. J.) Technical School has offered to care for from fifty to one hundred of the Elks' wards. The Vocational Training Committee of the State Association, working closely with the many "Krippled Kiddies" Committees of the Subordinate Lodges in this way, has laid out a program calling not only for medical attention but for educational and vocational training as well for cripples of all ages in the State.

Annual A. A. U. Contests Held Under Elk Auspices

The Annual Amateur Athletic Union contests open to the crack indoor gymnasts of the various Clubs in the South, were again conducted this year under the auspices of New Orleans (La.) Lodge, No. 30. The first night's contests were for novices and

the second night was a free-for-all. The contests attracted a large number of competitors and were "big-league" events in the history of amateur athletics. The various clubs had made great preparations and their crack men were entered in the several contests and classes. In sponsoring these contests, New Orleans Lodge has given a real impetus to clean, wholesome sport in the South.

Wichita Falls Elks Start Work On New Club House

Wichita Falls (Texas) Lodge, No. 1105, will build a new Home in the business district of the city. The plans call for an up-to-date three-story Club House capable of taking care of 2,000 members. The entire building will be used by the Elks. The cost of the new building when completely furnished will be about \$250,000.

Bloomsburg Elks Remodel Famous Mansion

Elks of Bloomsburg (Pa.) Lodge, No. 436, have purchased the famous Tustin Mansion and the work of remodelling and refurnishing this imposing building for Lodge purposes is going ahead rapidly. When ready for occupancy the new Club House will be one of the most complete homes in Central Pennsylvania. The first and second floors will be largely given over to social rooms. There will be a dormitory of twelve rooms, two magnificent dining-rooms and the appointment and equipment throughout will be of the very best. The membership of the Lodge now touches the 500 mark. It is expected that the increase of facilities and the broadening of activities which will come with the opening of the new building will bring about a substantial increase in membership.

Winners of the Metropolitan Bowling Tournament

The winners of the Elks' Metropolitan Bowling Tournament were Queens Borough (N. Y.) Lodge, No. 878, team average 925.28; New York Lodge, No. 1, team average 908.27; Union Hill (N. J.), No. 1357, team average 908.19. The Annual Banquet of the Metropolitan League was held at the Home of Queens Borough Lodge.

Speakers' Bureau Gives Valuable Service in Wisconsin

The Wisconsin State Elks' Association has been rendering valuable service to many Lodges through the agency of the recently created Speakers' Bureau. Many Lodges are availing themselves of the advantages of the Bureau in providing speakers and through this service have found a means of guaranteeing more satisfactory ceremonies and better entertainments. The names of desirable speakers in every community are listed by the Bureau and these names are submitted when talent is required.

Flagstaff Elks Now Have Club House of Their Own

A great step forward for Flagstaff (Ariz.) Lodge, No. 499, has been the recent purchase of a large private residence which is being rapidly remodeled by the Arizona Elks into a splendid Club House. Heretofore members of the Lodge held their meetings in a rented Lodge-room and had no home of their own. The lower floor and basement of the Club House will be devoted

to the club rooms, Lodge-room, and dance hall. The second and third floors will be divided into living-rooms for the members.

No. 1 Will Observe Flag Day With Impressive Program

Unusual preparations are under way to make the Flag Day exercises of New York Lodge, No. 1, one of the most impressive patriotic gatherings held in the city on June 14. The large Auditorium of the College of the City of New York has been engaged for the evening and the public and representatives of many civic and religious organizations will be invited to attend the ceremonies. Governor John M. Parker of Louisiana, a member of New Orleans Lodge (La.), No. 30, will deliver the principal address of the evening. Hon. Murray Hulbert, President of the Board of Aldermen of New York City and Past Exalted Ruler of New York Lodge, will preside as Chairman of the local Flag Day Committee.

North Shore Elks Gather at Highland Park

One hundred Elks of Waukegan (Ill.) Lodge, No. 702, and their band journeyed to Highland Park (Ill.) Lodge, No. 1362, and attended the installation of the new officers. In addition to the big Waukegan delegation, there were delegations present from Kenosha, Blue Island and Oak Park. Harvey (Ill.) Lodge, No. 1242, also was represented. Six hundred enjoyed a supper which was followed by music and a special entertainment. The evening was one of the finest ever held by the Elks on the North Shore.

Massachusetts State Elks Association Entertains Disabled Veterans

Massachusetts wounded war veterans again were the happy recipients of a genuine good time when the State Association was host to 600 of the vets at the openings of both National and American League ball games in Boston. Through the courtesy of "Christie" Mathewson, President of the Boston Braves, and Harry Frazee, President of the Boston Red Sox, the boys experienced the first baseball thrills of the season. The veterans were taken in automobiles from hospitals in West Roxbury and Chelsea to the ball-parks. Elk officials assumed charge of the various parties and distributed candy and tobacco.

Unusual Street Decorations to Greet Grand Lodge Convention

The most elaborate decorations ever placed along Atlanta's thoroughfares are planned for the Grand Lodge Convention in July. The contract for street and lamppost decorations has already been awarded by the Convention Committee and a movement has been launched to secure the utmost cooperation from all merchants and business houses in the downtown district. To insure the very finest display from private building owners, Atlanta Lodge will give two sets of prizes, totalling \$1,000, to companies showing the most unique and effective decorations, both on their buildings and in their shop windows. The competition will be so arranged that large and small companies will have an equal chance of carrying off the prize. Originality of conception and effectiveness of display will be the chief points considered by the judges.

Camden Elks March to Philadelphia To Witness Installation

Elks of Camden (N. J.) Lodge, No. 293, made a special trip to Philadelphia to witness the installation of the officers of No. 2. The officers, band, patrol, Marching Club and other members marched from their Home to the Metropolitan Opera House in Philadelphia, where the ceremony was conducted.

Boy Scout Camp To Open Third Season

The Boy Scouts Summer Camp for the boys of Hennepin County, Minn., which has cost \$28,000 to construct and equip, will open its third season immediately after the closing of the public schools in June. Minnepolis Lodge, No. 44, raised the above sum for the training ground, which is known as Camp Tonkawa, and is actively behind the Boy Scouts program.

Prospect of New Building Stimulates Oklahoma City Elks

The new Club House of Oklahoma City (Okla.) Lodge, No. 417, for which ground was recently broken, has created much enthusiasm among the members. At the present rate of growth, the Lodge expects its membership to be at least a thousand by the end of the present Lodge year.

Lodges of Muscle Shoals District Entertain State Association

The first meeting of the recently organized Alabama State Elks Association was held at Florence with the Lodges of the Muscle Shoals district, Florence Lodge, No. 820, and Sheffield Lodge, No. 1375, acting as hosts. Many important problems relating to the good of

the Order and the Association were discussed and the officers for the ensuing year were elected and the various committees appointed. An interesting program was enjoyed by the delegates. There were many social features, an inspection of the great Government nitrate plants, the Wilson Dam in process of erection, and the electric power plant, costing \$175,000,000, and representing the greatest development of its kind. A parade, in which all the civic, military and fraternal bodies of the two cities took part, marked the opening of the Convention.

Ellensburg Lodge Will Occupy New Home This Winter

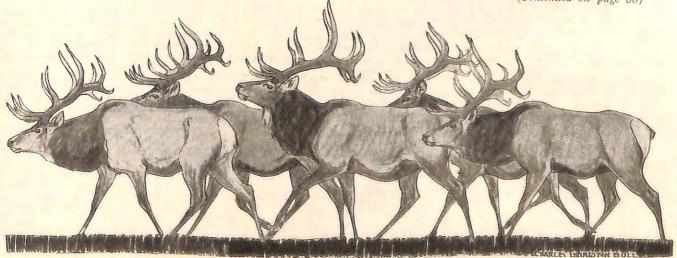
The contract has been awarded for the new \$75,000 Club House which Ellensburg (Wash.) Lodge, No. 1102, is building, and the Lodge expects to move into the new quarters early in the winter. The building will be a two-story brick and steel structure 70 x 120 feet. The first floor will have an auditorium, ladies' room, small dining-room, kitchen and furnace-room. The auditorium or dance hall, 45 x 95 feet, will fill a need in the community and become a very fruitful source of income to the members. On the upper floor will be the Lodge-room, 52 x 59 feet, reception hall, social and billiard room, buffet, etc. The Lodge, with a growing membership now over 500, has felt the need of this new Home for some time.

Florida State Elks Association Elects New Officers

The annual meeting of the Florida State Elks Association took place at Daytona with a gratifying attendance of delegates. David Sholtz, of Daytona, was elected President. C. M. Henderson, of Lakeland, was reelected Secretary, and W. T. Mooty, of Miami, Treasurer. The visitors found enjoyment in golf, ocean bathing and motoring. Luncheons, dancing and a parade were other features of entertainment. The business of the Association was successfully attended to and a real cooperative spirit resulted from the session. The retiring President, C. C. Kirby, of Jacksonville, was presented at the close of the meeting with a handsome mahogany clock as a mark of esteem for his splendid service. Miami Lodge, No. 948, will be host next year to the Convention.

Cambridge Lodge Presents Flag To Spanish War Veterans

Members of Cambridge (Mass.) Lodge, No. 839, recently assembled at Saunders Theater in that city and presented to the Leslie F. Hunting Camp, Spanish War (Continued on page 66)



Anna McClure Sholl's New Mystery Story

The Garden of Terror

The Story So Far

MERTON CALVERT, a young engineer, has spent the week-end in the mountains with his friend Carroll Jayne. Driving in to the city in his friend's car he stops for a few minutes at the entrance to a country lane and is presently amazed to see two men and a woman, evidently house servants, emerge and go tearing down the road with every indica-tion of fleeing from something in abject terror. Calvert turns into the lane to investigate.

He finds a large substantial house in the midst of vast lawns. It has a strange quality of terror. Entering, he finds the kitchens deserted but the scattered silver in the pantries is untouched. Beneath the last of the family portraits in the entrance hall is seated a darkly vivid, imperious girl, the original of the picture above her, wear-ing a noticeable dress of violet and Egyptian-red which somehow does not seem to "belong" and intensifies Calvert's creeping sense of horror. Glancing up he sees a masked man, gazing steadily at him from the second gallery. He turns and quietly leaves the house and goes out onto the terrace. There he encounters Eulalie Falcon, crouching on a bench, also under a mysterious spell of terror. Her father, Wendell Falcon, is an eccentric man of violent passions, reputed to be enormously rich. Calvert explains his presence and she begs him to return with her to the house.

BOTH the woman and the masked man have disappeared and investigating further they find Wendell Falcon dead in the armchair in his and Wendell Falcon dead in the armchair in his study with no sign of a wound and the telephone receiver dangling by his hand. While Calvert is calling for the doctor a police officer enters in response to Falcon's call to headquarters—"A man's threatening me—send help—quick!" The doctor arrives and pronounces Wendell Falcon dead from fright. Calvert accepts Eulalie's invitation to stay with them until the mystery is cleared up, and the servants having by this time returned, he goes down to the lane, accompanied by the footman, to get his car. On the way Calvert learns that Eulalie's half-sister has recently been killed by a fall from her horse and that Carroll Jayne is a friend and neighbor of the Falcons. But the car is gone, although the thief has left Merton's bag at the gate.

Returning to the house he meets one of the officers left to guard the place who shows him

Returning to the house he meets one of the officers left to guard the place who shows him the Falcon's private burial ground on the edge of the estate. Calvert now learns that the girl who was killed was named Thecla and remembers that Eulalie told him with an odd terror that the portrait above the woman in the Egyptian dress was that of her half-sister, Thecla Falcon. Although he is incredulous of ghostly manifestations, the memory of the woman in the wrong clothes under her own portrait seems the undoubted explanation of the wave of terror that has swept the household.

CROSSING the lawn Calvert sees the woman again looking at him from the lighted windows of the strange, beautiful room that was Thecla's. Eulalie joins him and together they search the room and find the Egyptian dress of the portrait—a favorite one with Thecla—missing. On the floor of the closet Eulalie finds ing. On the floor of the closet Eulahe linus a fresh rose of a deep red-purplish color. She explains that Carroll Jayne used to grow those roses specially for her sister with whom he was hopelessly in love. Calvert, who is already fascinated by Eulalie, is more than ever determined to solve this mystery which is troubling her and decides to spend the night in Thecla's room. While they are talking in the library after dinner they are startled by the reappearance of the masked face peering in through the window.

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(Continued from page 22)

explained shamefacedly that their wine had been furnished by Hortense, the happy recipient of a case of Bordeaux from the old land that had penetrated into the United States. "Of course you are breaking all laws," Calvert said sternly, and with a secret conviction that this maid Hortense would stand watching. "To-night you'll be on guard continuously, or I'll report

HE DID not telephone Jayne, and hoped to hear nothing from him. The day of the funeral came and went without any further disturbance. After the burial in the little family ground, Dr. Crosby asked Calvert to take a walk with him. Again it was late afternoon. The old physician led him to a secluded part of the gradums and stood there regarding the of the gardens and stood there regarding the ancient house as if it were a stubborn patient.

"Well, where are we now! Has your friend Carroll Jayne turned up again?"

"Nor-the woman-he loves?"

"Nor—the woman—he loves?"

"I hope to goodness he'll love her enough to keep her out of Eulalie's sight," Calvert said fervently. "Have you told Miss Lucy Falcon her brother's dead?"

"It's terrible to tell tragedies through an eartrumpet," said the doctor, "but—I did it. The poor lady's broken up—went to bed, indeed, quite exhausted. But somehow I don't think propose in their late sighting can be year tragic."

quite exhausted. But somehow I don't think people in their late eighties can be very tragic over things. Life becomes a divine comedy when you're eighty; or if it isn't you've just missed the whole point, that's all."

"Did I understand you to say that she's never been told of Thecla's death?"

The doctor looked grave. "No! she thinks her niece is on a visit. Somehow that's different. She adored Thecla—because, I believe, Thecla

always treated her as a contemporary. Only a always treated her as a contemporary. Only a doctor knows how the aged hate to be helped up-stairs; and have people say, 'Don't you need a shawl, Auntie, dear?' when the dreaming young soul in the old body wants to gambol in the sunshine—as indestructible as the universe!' The old physician looked musingly across the gardens. "Theela had a curious tact about people. Sha always made them think they ware gardens. "Thecla had a curious tact about people. She always made them think they were what they wanted to be."

"An adorable—a dangerous practice. So Miss Lucy thinks Thecla's away on a visit!"

"Yes," said the doctor gruffly. "Let's hope she stays away. How much longer can you remain here?"

remain here?"

"I've written my partner I am taking my summer vacation. It was about due anyway—and he knows I am good for a month."

"Do you want to stay?"

"Do I want to live!"

"Good! Eulalie needs you! and we've got to clear up—something."

"Do you think it's worth while keeping Teck and Murphy here any longer?" Calvert asked.

"No, I don't. They're too good-natured to be of any use and that maid Hortense—"

"No, I don't trust that girl. She has a face as hard as nails," Calvert said.

"I don't trust her, either. And she's certainly

us nard as nails," Calvert said.

"I don't trust her, either. And she's certainly nailed Murphy. We'll pack them off this afternoon, and you and I will run this house," the old physician said, nodding his head knowingly. "I shall get to the bottom of things; and Miss Lucy has given me a kind of power of attorney until the solicitor gets well. Why, there is Eulalie!"

Colvert made a manager forward but the

Calvert made a movement forward, but the physician detained him. "She may want to be alone," he said, drawing the younger man into the shadow of a hedge. "At least let her be

alone—a little. Let her have the pleasure of

wondering where you are."
No affront was meant, Calvert saw, only the old man's advice about a move in the game. They watched the girl, a solitary figure on the broad terrace, her black scarf wide on the wind. She paced up and down—up and down. All at once they saw her stop abruptly, look steadily

"What's she looking at!" exclaimed Calvert.
The doctor shrugged his shoulders. "Let's go
up there," he said; "toward night shadows take
strange shapes sometimes."

She welcomed them eagerly. "Doctor, are you going up to Aunt Lucy soon?"

At once. "She sent word she'd be down to dinner. Hortense said she seemed so much brighter. Perhaps you'd better be sure she's able to come

"Very well—my dear."

He went into the house, leaving them together. At last they seemed actually alone; and

gether. At last they seemed actually alone; and he paced the terrace with her, mute, happy, undisturbed.
"Eulalie," he spoke her name like a talismanic word. She paused, and in the sunset light her face turned to his seemed at last clear of fear and sorrow. "Eulalie, I've only known you a few short days; but can't we trust ourselves—as Thecla trusted—""

HE WAS sorry at once he had uttered her sister's name—for the light went out of her eyes. "How can you be sure," she said, "what it is that holds you here?"

He caught her hand, pressed it to his lips.

"How can there be any one but you!"

"But there is," she answered gravely. "And oh—Merton Calvert, I want you to be sure you are here for—the real thing!"

It seemed incredible that they should be talking of her dead sister as if she were alive.

talking of her dead sister as if she were alive; talking of her dead sister as it she were allvey and something in her words started up a host of conjectures and shadowy doubts. What they had seen they could not well agree upon; but on the effect of what they had seen they could meet and balance their reactions delicately. meet and balance their reactions delicately. Eulalie Falcon had very few acquired arts; but her extreme simplicity of speech and manner served as that most effective of all veils—the transparent veil. "The real thing," he repeated, "came to me the moment I saw you. I had not meant to speak intimately to you like this—but we've been driven together by strange happenings."

"Yes, and we might have been left in peace."

"Yes, and we might have been left in peace," she said with a touch of bitterness. "Have you heard anything from Carroll Jayne?"
"Not a word."

"Have you seen—" she hesitated, casting her eyes down.

"No—nothing."
"But I am afraid you will. It's curious, but I dread looking at those parts of the grounds that my sister liked most."
"She was very fond of the house?"

"She was very fond of the house?"
"Very. You see, it has been in the family nearly two hundred years—built about 1735; and Thecla thinks—thought it the embodied Falcon line."
"How did your ancestors come to build in this wild region—for it must have been very wild then!"
"They had the land granted them and they thought they should live on it," she replied.
"This place has a farm. Nearly everything we eat comes from our own soil. Thecla was a practical farmer—used to be up at dawn to superintical farmer—used to be up at dawn to superintend the harvesting."

Calvert looked the astonishment he felt—the girl of that beautiful room with its amazing subtleties of color able to farm. No wonder she didn't care for books. What could books teach

"And you—will you go on with it?"
"Yes, certainly! Thecla taught me a good

deal about the stock; and we can always sell

the produce."

She knit her straight brows together prettily, as if computing some problem of marketing. This was not unusual, he thought. Well-born and wealthy girls ran businesses; worked for their living as energetically as anyone. And it was good—she should not be unemployed after this double loss. "I should go to-morrow," he said, "and leave you free."

(Conlinued on page 52)

(Continued on page 52)

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The Garden of Terror

(Continued from page 50)

"Free—for farming," she said with a faint smile. "Please stay. We can't be sure that what happened so strangely will not happen

They were back again in mystery, and the sunset clouds flaming beyond the great trees spoke of an enchantment that should be his; and she again looked small and white beneath that wide arch of day's last glories; and lovely,

"Eulalie," he said, "we'll find out what this means before we go on. We are going to find the man who threatened your father and probably brought on his death—and we'll know who is the woman in the Egyptian gown, and what is

her motive of masquerade."

Her face lit up. "Then stay here."

Her face lit up. "Then stay here."
"Teck telephoned me to-day—poor terracotta Teck. He's been hunting all the pointed chins in the country-side, and on Lost Mountain. Which is Lost Mountain of those peaks?"

She indicated a singular mountain rather She indicated a singular mountain rather

aloof from its brothers.
"Why do they call it Lost Mountain?"

"Why do they call it Lost Mountain?"

"Because it so easily gets lost in mist—goes off in fog as lightly as blue zephyr. Thecla loved it. She used to go talking to the mountaineers—riding through the wildest places."

"Oh, Thecla! Thecla!" he thought. "Cease to haunt this girl's imagination. I want her to this of me and look at me."

think of me and look at me."

A BIRD flew by them, then another. The breeze died and the garden began its rococo work of evening lights and lingering memories of day. The boxwood beasts returned to their or day. The boxwood beasts returned to their nocturnal prominence and mystery. Far off in the purple shadows a garden globe of gold mercury glass caught the last sunset glow and seemed like a planet floating in violet.

"Who made the boxwood beasts?" asked

Magnificently great-uncle Marmaduke West he distaff line—back in the eighteenth century "Magnificently great-uncle Marmaduke West in the distaff line—back in the eighteenth century somewhere. They were copied from beasts in the Duke of Lisle's garden. Uncle Marmaduke was a friend of the Duke, and his wedding present to a pretty ancestress was to make a zoological greenery—the lions, the two leopards, the shepherd and his woolly green sheep, the lovely peacocks. Nobody has ever disturbed them, though some gardeners have neglected them."

"What a place for little children," he said, but did not glance at her.

The doctor called them in. "I want Eulalie indoors," he said. "She's too lightly dressed for this chilly evening."

But Collect had the feeling this was not the

But Calvert had the feeling this was not the

reason.

He went up to change for dinner, and as usual He went up to change for dinner, and as usual switched on all the lights in Thecla Falcon's room, that no nook or corner might be too shadowy. Its haunting fragrance of lemon flower came to meet him, disturbed him, sent him restlessly to a window. Beyond the boxwood beasts rose a little octagonal temple with a spherical roof, which Eulalie told him had been built nearly a century before by one of the family who was a skilled astronomer. It gleamed white in the after-glow, and Calvert had a notion for an instant that he saw a figure emerge from its low door; and he wondered if it were

white in the after-glow, and Calvert had a notion for an instant that he saw a figure emerge from its low door; and he wondered if it were still used as a study or summer house.

Now night came, blotting out the shepherd and his boxwood sheep and the low crouching leopards. Moonlight would not be until hours later. The bats were flying.

He sighed, turned from the window; yet was extravagantly glad of his being just here. "No one knows love," he thought, "who hasn't been shut away in a hill country with his beloved. Intrusive New York has no place here."

The dinner gong sounding, he went down into the blue and alabaster drawing-room, and found Eulalie there and Dr. Crosby, who said, "Miss Lucy's coming down. She insisted."

A moment later the little old lady entered on the arm of her maid, who handed her to Dr. Crosby as if transferring Lowestoft. The faintly tinted, tremulous face above black gauzes

faintly tinted, tremulous face above black gauzes looked around expectantly.

"Where's Thecla?"

The question fell like a thunder-bolt. Dr.

Crosby addressed himself to the ear-trumpet.

"You remember—Thecla's away——"

"Yes—yes, I know—she went on a visit—
but I knew she'd return for poor Wendell's
funeral—though they didn't always agree.
Natural enough. My father and I were very
disputatious. We never could agree on the
men who wanted to marry me—and so I never
married at all," she added with a slight lifting
of her thin shoulders. "Now I ask you, George
Crosby, where's Thecla dining to-night?"

The doctor again put his lips to the eartrumpet. "Lucy, Thecla is not here."

"Don't be silly. I saw her in the gardens
this afternoon. I waved to her and she waved
to me. I made the effort to dress and come down

I made the effort to dress and come down

this afternoon. I waved to her and she waved to me. I made the effort to dress and come down to see Thecla."

"You only thought you saw her, dear lady. Your longing for her did that."

"Nonsense," Miss Lucy said sharply. "I may be deaf, George Crosby—but I am not blind—am I, Eulalie!"

"No, dear," she answered—smiling into the old face tenderly. The doctor offered his arm to the little lady, and she went in still scolding him; and Calvert and Eulalie lingered.

"It couldn't be," Eulalie whispered as if afraid her deaf aunt would hear her. "Of course, she's imagining things, too."

"Heaven knows," said Calvert. "We can only watch now and keep our heads."

Desmond and Fleming stood by the sideboard

only watch now and keep our heads."

Desmond and Fleming stood by the sideboard ready to perform their office of serving dinner when Calvert and Eulalie entered just in time to hear Miss Lucy say sharply: "Desmond, why haven't you laid a place for Miss Thecla?"

The man turned ashy and stared at them wildeyed. Dr. Crosby came to the rescue. "You know, Desmond, Miss Lucy has not been told." "Yes, sir," the butler muttered and began his serving.

serving.

"In future," Miss Lucy said to him severely,
"I want you to lay a place for Miss Theela.
Do you understand?"

The unhappy man served the soup in a kind of panic which communicated itself to his helper Fleming. After dinner they both came to Eulalie in the drawing-room and gave a month's

notice. "We haven't a word of complaint, Miss. The servants are treated better here than any The servants are treated better here than anywhere; but nobody wants to live in a haunted house. I can't serve dinner as I ought with my hands tremblin' because Miss Thecla Falcon's place is set for her; and I saw her in her coffin." "Desmond," Eulalie said, with a new air of authority—the doctor and Miss Lucy were playing cribbage and did not look up—"you will not leave, and you will not set a place for my

will not leave, and you will not set a place for my

sister, because she is dead. I am mistress here!"
"But it ain't the plate alone," said the butler
desperately. "You know she's been here, Miss. desperately. "You know she's been here, Miss. You know it. Isn't it enough to make anyone nervous to expect to see a dead woman when he

"You saw nothing that can't be explained,"

"You saw nothing that can't be explained,"

Eulalie said. "And we'll know the explanation.

Don't leave me now, Desmond. No one serves

He thanked her and said he'd think it over. When they had gone Eulalie turned to Merton. "You see, we've got to do something-to under-

stand, clear up the situation."

"If you see—it—again—will you—"

"Just speak," challenged Fulalie. "I will.

It's the road to our peace—after all, isn't it?"

She dropped her white lids over her eyes that seemed almost too weary to look at him directly; as if the effort to be mistress in her own house was more than trying under these peculiar circumstances.

"Maybe she's trying to comfort someone she really loved and was unkind to. Maybe that draws her back," Calvert said, abandoning himself to the overwhelming evidence.
"It's Carroll Jayne, then."

To utter his name seemed at once to evoke him. "Mr. Carroll Jayne," the butler announced, and in he came, shy, deprecating looking rather miserable as he greeted the doctor and Miss Lucy. The latter patted his hand.
"Carroll," she said in her sweet old voice,
"I've good news for you. Thecla's home."

"I've good news for you. Theo (To be continued)

The Midnight Moon Reveals the Phantom Woman of the Garden

is all right up to the time the children are twenty-one; then they all ought to scattermarry, work, anything but stick together.

I am glad Thecla is gone."
"I am not so sure she is," Merton Calvert

said roughly.

The old doctor took the cigar out of his mouth. "What's this!"

"Well, you asked what frightened a fullsized household of adults out of their wits. You diagnose Wendell Falcon's case as heart failure due to excessive agitation. Did you really think such a commonplace thing as a burglar could do that? Now, I'll tell

He told him.

The doctor was too shrewd an old gentleman to make any off-hand comment-and life in his later years had become a much more surprising and wonderful phenomenon than when he was a sophomore. He removed his cigar, watched the blue rings to the ceiling. "Well, it wouldn't surprise me," he commented. "Thecla was such an enchanting egoist she'd come out of her very grave to make an impression-but it's strange certainly. Now I've nothing calling me away. I am practically a retired physician except for a family or two who won't have any one else. I'll stay and you'll stay and court that girl Eulalie—and we'll stay and the stay and th watch. If Thecla's around I want to see her.'

"I am going to sleep in her room to-night."
"Good," said the doctor. "How are "Good," said the doctor.

"Excellent—as a rule."
"All right then. We'll see it out. I won't admit you saw Thecla Falcon. But I will admit there's something queer, very queer,

about to-day's happenings."

Merton found Eulalie standing like a slim black shadow before the marble fireplace in the drawing-room, on which a wood fire was lit, for the night was chilly.
"Did you have it out with the Doctor?"

she asked.

"Yes. He doesn't believe us, of course."
"He saw her dead—attended to the last

things. How could he believe us? "Yet the dress is missing!"

"You are a good friend of Carroll Jayne?" she said without preface.

"We've known each other for years—don't see each other often—but always are friends."

'Was your visit—an annual reunion?"

"About that way.

"How did he seem?"

"Restless, abstracted! Eager-and depressed."

"Talk much?"

"Yes—a great deal about love."
She looked at him shyly from under her ark lashes. "Thecla never talked much dark lashes. about love, but she set every one else babbling."

"Do you want to set me babbling?" he demanded.

She looked musingly at him. Why after all a woman's soul dwelt under that child-like exterior. "Does love go with death?" she asked.

"It has two companions—life and death."
"One at least is hers," she said; and looking at her he saw the pearl-like face flush, the eyes darken, the mouth curve to a new beauty. "Are you really determined—to sleep in the room just over us—" she said. When the pause became too pregnant evidently for her peace. "Yes."

She was thoughtful. "After all there's a great deal of Thecla in that room. Perhaps you'd better not-

Dark lashes again near the white oval of the cheek. She was gaining fast; released from the weight of personalities too strong for her-quite the woman as his quick ears caught jealousy—actual jealousy in her reluctance to let him be absorbed by that strange apple-green chamber with its pale reds and luminous purples; and the rose lying on the golden-colored bed

draperies.
"I want to go there," he affirmed.

Shadowy her eyes lifting their blue to his own—some obscure pain in them as if Thecla thwarting her in life was still thwart-ing her. "Oh, well," she re-marked indifferently, "it's perhaps the best room for obser-

He was not sure of that when, several hours later, the green pale place opened its se-cretive beauty to his senses. Some one had taken the rose away; and the pale gold coverlet; and the fine linen sheet was turned back, revealing a monogram too intricate to be anything but hers. The extravagant bath-room still held her perfumes in tall and squat green bottles. Calvert removed a stopper or two for purpose of identification
—mignonette, he thought—could not be certain. Nothing heavy or gross, however; all keenly sweet and flower-like.

Wood fire on her hearth, too. He dreamed before it, but Eulalie's face grew faint; and clearer and clearer the inscrutable eyes and baffling smile of the woman in the wrong clothes; he wanted to see her again; challenge her, rebuke her. Then he laughed to

himself—preposterous!

He made ready for bed; but the narrow couch held no promise of sleep. Throwing on his dressing-gown and switching off the lights, he went to a window that opened on the side gardens. A strange scene met his eyes. A moon past the full had risen, and in its spectral light the boxwood beasts looked like monstrous shadows of prehis-toric animals. Wild clouds raced the sky and gathered up stars not singly, but by constellations. Then all at once he saw the figure of a woman emerge from the side of the huge clipped leopard.

THE moon shone full for an instant; and a gleam of red was visible—and the lovely pointed face. He wanted to call out—to hurry into his clothes—summon Dr. Crosby; but he did none of these things. The woman held him; and he was scarcely sure she was there because of the dark cloak over her shoulders which, when the moon was under a cloud, doubly obliterated her.

He had watched her for a moment, when he saw a man advancing; stealing up until



he was within a few yards of the woman. Teck?—Murphy? No! "My Cæsar! Car-

Again the moonlight, and a face full of extravagant longing, directed to the woman who gazed back as from some mood of enchantment; then—who but Eulalie!

He saw her flitting like a ghost among the boxwood beasts, looking at Carroll Jayne; then at the woman, who slowly passed across the lawn as if unable to answer his appeal. Eulalie watched her go, did not attempt to detain her—then she turned to Carroll.
"You are likely to be shot," Calvert heard
her say, "two officers are around."
"My God—Eulalie—"

They both stood looking-gazing, Merton knew, towards the old burial ground. Jealousy surged over him. But Eulalie seemed

leading this man like a sleepwalker to a spot just below Calvert's window. He did not want her to know he had been spying, and he drew back waiting for what soon came, the rattle of small pebbles on the glass of the half-closed window. He answered at once.
"Mr. Calvert,"

her voice sounded weak and thin from the garden below—"Mr. Calvert. Will you come down? I need help."
"In two minutes," he

answered.

Where were the guards! What was Jayne doing in these grounds at midnight? Why had Eulalie been afraid to follow and challenge that beautiful woman, her sister, alive or dead? Should he summon Dr. Crosby?

He answered none of his own questions; but went down through the silent hall, a little disinclined to look in the direction of Thecla Falcon's picture. A huge vestibule was between the front door and the hall with black oak benches flanking its Asleep on these were stretched the guardians of the night, the two officers, and their breathing seemed too heavy for natural sleep. A bottle and two glasses were in the corner; and the bottle bore a wine label.

Merton did not stop to investigate. Eulalie needed him, and to get quickly to her was the next thing. Softly he went down the steps across the black and white marble tiles which seemed a continuation of the hall, turned the corner; came just beneath his window. moon out again revealed the great garden, but not a soul was in sight—all gone like phantoms, Eulalie, Carroll and that other.

He had the place to himself as thoroughly as in the afternoon; but his temper was

roused now. The mocking creature—the feminine will-o'-the-wisp should not escape him; and he began to circle the grounds in a search which he hoped would compass what was now the burning question. Was Eulalie in love with Carroll Jayne and only dwelling on his devotion to her dead sister for purposes of concealment? Merton began to walk quickly at the very thought. He came at last to the lane of fateful sig-

nificance—and here at last was something tangible—a saddled horse blanketed, as Calvert soon discovered, for a long wait. Was its rider Carroll Jayne? He could not stop for a vigil with Eulalie somewhere on

those grounds needing his help.

He turned and the next instant jumped as he afterwards estimated nearly a foot. About a hundred feet away from him stood the woman in the Egyptian dress, looking at him; the moonlight full on the clear, proud face; and in her attitude of complete assurance he read his late musings upon the only kind of people who can be completely assured. He took a step forward-and then drew back. For the life of him he could not cross that intervening space. How vague all spatial estimates! Between him and this woman it was "Passage to more than

India; a journey beyond estimation.

She slowly disappeared into the shadows. "Thecla!"

He heard a voice of longing! Then the sound of hoofs in the lane another horse. She had appeared again. The man on the other dismounted, lowered his hand. She was in the saddle in an instant; and Merton wheeling about at the sound of steps behind him, beheld Carroll. If Calvert had never before seen a lover, he saw one then.

His friend seemed to have been released into form by love as by the blows of a hammercuriously refined, shadowed, made long and white by some obscure suffering. He looked into the darkness of the lane, listened. "Two horses, he muttered, "who's with her?"

"Carroll," said Merton sharply, "what are you doing in these grounds at midnight?"

Jayne came out of his ance. "Why should I

tell you—you can't see her!"
"Don't be too sure. Come to the house with me for a minute. I want to talk to you. How did you get here?"

"In my car, of course."

"Where is it?" "I left it at the front entrance.

You might have told me you drove it out of the lane; saved me trouble."
"I didn't know

how it got there myself. How on earth should I know!"

Merton briefly related the events of the ternoon. "Carroll, for God's sake," he afternoon. "Carroll, for God's sake," he wound up, "if you have any clue to this, give it to me.

Jayne looked appealingly at him. "Don't try to track it down—I beg of you." "Why not!"

"I might lose her again—that is all!"

"Come into the house," Merton said gently; for his old pal's condition awoke all his sympathies, and he himself had seen enough to justify Jayne's own illusions.

They went into the front door. officers were still sleeping in the vestibule and Calvert did not try to wake them. What use to set guards against intruders from other worlds, he thought whimsi-

cally.
"I am in the late Miss Falcon's room,"
he led the way there. remarked Calvert as he led the way there.

WHY!" Jayne demanded, and Merton heard the strange jealousy of his voice merely as so much testimony to the fact that the whole household had now

gone demented.
"You know well enough. Carroll, what

became of Eulalie?"

"She went back into the house."

"Are you sure? I'd hold you responsible

if anything happened to her."
"Quite sure. She seemed to think you were long in coming."

We must have just missed each other." They were now at the threshold of the room. Jayne paused, looked almost pitifully at his friend. "It seems profanation to go in there," he whispered.

Carroll pushed him in by way of answer.

"Now what the devil does all this mean, Carroll?" he demanded when he had shut

But Jayne was looking around as if he were a peasant introduced into the bed-chamber of a queen. "Her room—odd! chamber of a queen. and she out there in the night. That drawing-that woman smiling. I swear Leonardo must have loved someone—like Thecla. Only she can smile that way. I suppose that red lacquer press has thin, scented, filmy draperies in it; and her bottles here-how like her!"

He touched the platinum articles on the

dressing-table.

"Were you engaged to Thecla Falcon?"
"No," said Carroll. "You never get engaged to people who break your heart. She was always hurting me—but she said she was always harming me she couldn't help it."

"Carroll—" Merton paused. "You look

ill now. When did this obsession seize you?"

"What obsession?"

"Your present—state of mind."
"Calvert, I don't know what you mean." He seated himself, lit a cigarette, gazed about the room like a person inhaling the

rapture of some delicate perfume.
"Oh, yes, you do! You are madly in love

yet—and you believe that she has come out of her grave to comfort you."
"It wouldn't be strange," Jayne whispered. "She used to say it was absurd to attempt a cosmic thing like love shut up in five feet or so of an earthly tenement; and she would be free before she ever loved anyone—and now she is free."

"Who is that woman who rode away on the horse?" Calvert asked brusquely.

"Thecla."

"You're crazy!" "It was Thecla!"

"Man-you're mad!"

TELL you she was sorry for those old I TELL you sne was sorry to days when she wouldn't even hold one slim white finger toward me—always afraid I'd put a ring on it.'

Calvert stirred the logs and the sparks flying up the chimney spoke of the brevity of all earthly emotions. Secretly he was thinking of Eulalie. "There's white fire. I hope you are quite safe somewhere in this house, Eulalie."

He had only Jayne's word that Eulalie

Vaqueros, Gold Mines and "Top" Riders

(Continued from page 39)

daughter Ruth will cross your wanderer's trail. daughter Ruth will cross your wanderer's trail. remember what I tell you . . . you are a young man yet. She is a budding girl. You two will meet, perhaps in your own wastelands. Ruth is all of me—magnified a thousand times. More, she is as lovely as an unfolding rose at dawn. She will be a white, living flame . . . it will be as if I had met you long ago, when I was a girl—and gave you what by the nature of life was yours. . . . Wansfell, you awakened my heart saved my soul, taught me peace. I wonder how you did it? You were just a man. . . ."

This seems almost more than we can bear. Still, we do not wish to be too particular, and there are many passages in the book which more than make up for this. Some of the descriptions of the desert are quite wonderful and the book is richly handled as to people, local color, and action. There is a certain fascination about this novel even if it is not the first book that we ourselves would go to when let loose that we, ourselves, would go to when let loose in a library. After all, it's only a matter of

Lost Wagons By Dane Coolidge

WHEN this magazine comes out, May will have gone—sweet, cool, flowering May.

The willow trees all silver along the creeks; and in the New England gardens plumy lilacs will be having a glorious time of it. But what is May out in Death Valley—the old-timers call it Lost

Valley?

It will be just as hot out there, just as baked, just as arid, as though May had dropped out of the calendar for good and all. But there are compensations. There are gold mines there, and Mr. Dane Coolidge has constructed in his story of "Lost Wagons" a mushroom town called "Gold Trails," and has made him a character called Tucker Edwards, about whom he has written a good novel. If we were writing advertisements for the publisher who brought this novel out, we would call it a rattling story, but we understand that the expression has been somewhat abused. In fact, the person who did write some of the publicity matter for this book says: "It will keep any reader from thinking of his own troubles, while he is following the coil that 'Death Valley Slim' got into when he sold his mine to a millionaire stock promoter."

This is not true.

his mine to a millionaire stock promoter."
This is not true.
We did not forget our troubles for a moment. In fact, they seemed rather magnified. We suddenly became aware, living a very city-bound life, that we were deprived of much in not knowing men like Tucker Edwards. He must have been a trial with the wads of money, good and bad, that he kept stuffing down his boots, but he was interesting. The young gentlemen that one sees flying around town in taxis or even on the adventurous tops of buses pale before the picture of this old prospector. Tucker's conversation was geographical and Tucker's conversation was geographical and historical. Here, for instance, is a description of one of his friends:

f one of his friends:

"Got a twenty-mule team—last one left in the world. Thinks everyone's trying to steal it. Why, it's them twenty mules that's keeping him down, I've told him that a hundred times, and they'll eat their danged heads off in a week. He was hauling freight for that Construction Company that was building the new road into the Gold Trails, and the Company went broke, owing him seven hundred dollars, and him owing the store about the same. Well, Old Buck got the idee that the Gold Trails Store would attach his team for the debt, so he hooks up everything—three wagons and his water-tank—and skips across the Line to Lost Valley.

"I went up one morning and saw a long line of something coming down the wash from the North; it was two hundred eet long, and looked like a railroad train, but it turned out to be Old Buck."

There is also Julia Cleghorn, red-headed, stout-hearted, keen-minded, and altogether as nice a young person as had been caught between book covers in many a day. Added to these two, there is the wicked fairy of the story, in the guise of the troublesome stock-promoter, who does everybody—poor "gals" who put their (Continued on page 54)

Helps your appearance Williams' gives your skin just the care it needs for you to look your best. Use it regularly and note how smooth and comfortable your face becomes.

Never before such a shaving cream!

-and note the Hinged Cap

ONE of the ingredients of Williams' is of particular value in allaying irritations of the skin. This soothing ingredient in Williams' plays an important part in making the whole Williams' shave easier and more pleasant. With its help, Williams' lather softens the beard so thoroughly that your razor cuts with noticeably greater ease and freedom.

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you shave every day.

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tube hangs up!

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We invite you to shave for a week, or as much longer as the tube lasts, with a "Get Acquainted" tube of Williams' which we will send you free. Write for the "Get Acquainted" tube today. Use the coupon below or send a post card.

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for real enjoyment

Vaqueros, Gold Mines and "Top" Riders

(Continued from page 53)

small earnings into gold mining stock, people he hates and grinds under his millionaire heel, and the usual maimed and wounded human beings over whom he treads to his unrighteous caves of

Why is it that one can not take these stories too seriously? Or again, why is it that one would ever want to take them too seriously? They were not written for serious reading. Primarily, they are meant for good fun, and enjoyable hours in an easy-chair.

Perhaps the most interesting thing about "Lost Wagons" is its author. An old graduate of Harvard College, and an entomologist of

of Harvard College, and an entomologist of national fame, he specializes in the life of all the living creatures found in the great American Desert. Natural history is his hobby, and it was while following the alkali trails in Arizona in pursuit of his precious study that he came across such characters as Tucker Edwards and those others whom he has popped into books books which are merely his pastime, and so are, perhaps, more of a pastime to read than any which are written from a more serious "human

The Cowboy By Philip Ashton Rollins

HERE we come to the real thing—a record of those old pioneer, courageous days, the mere mention of which thrills an American to mere mention of which thrills an American to the bottom of his soul. The cowboy in Mr. Rollins' book is treated as a nationally important figure, a factor in the building up of the Western States and the person about whom romance seems to have clung even since "chaps" went out, ranges were fenced in, "dobe" huts gave way to luxurious houses and motion pictures have driven the good old lantern slide entertainments out of the camps. Mr. Rollins has been brought into intimate relationship with many of the people of the Far West, real people that he met upon the open range, ranchmen and cowmen, and it is from no theory but from actual friendship and study that this record has been friendship and study that this record has been

Everything that can be said about the rancher is said here; his parentage, his migrations, his work, his plays, his loves, and his costumes work, his plays, his loves, and his costumes—and the last, with the cowboy, was no casual matter. All that he wore, from his Stetson down to his high-heeled boots, was worn for a reason—his handkerchief tied in the back so that he could quickly pull it up over his mouth when the dust was too thick.

Vigilance committees and their adventure.

Vigilance committees and their adventures, the terrible, lonely days and nights for the cowmen out on the open stretches with the herds, the roping of cow ponies, the great cattle drives and the interesting crime of rustling—all these are told dramatically, and with great verity, in this splendid book.

this splendid book.

"Riding sign" was one of the duties of the cowboy. This act of traveling the track which had been made by an earlier traveler, whether man or four-footed animal, was guided by the same principles as those that had been adopted by the scouts against the Indians. In the chapter called "Trailing," Mr. Rollins recounts a number of fascinating adventures of those who trailed over the Western plains and caught their quarry, whether it was a thieving Shoshone or a bank robber. These staccato accounts of "riding sign" which other men might be tempted to take, each as a plot of a novel, are crowded one take, each as a plot of a novel, are crowded one upon the other with not an extra word of description but giving brief, breathless outlines of flight and pursuit, and the great art of trailing.

We should like to quote at great length from

We should like to quote at great length from Mr. Rollins' book, but we come up against the embarrassment of riches. He tells the story of these men who laid down the basic principles of the Far West, and still he emphasizes the fact that merely living west of the Missouri River does not make one a Westerner. It is, after all, a state of mind—or a state of soul.

We can imagine no better gift for the boy who has made a good record for himself at school this year than Rollins' "The Cowboy." We can imagine no better book for the fellow who, say, twenty years ago, made a good record for him-

twenty years ago, made a good record for himself at school, than a copy of this admirable portrait of a splendid American type.

The Saint Lends a Hand

(Continued from page 29)

Mitchell. "Look at him." I took a squint when he comes around again and Eddie was sitting up straight as a poker on parade. Morse rode that way. I always told him it wore him out, but he said he guessed he could stand it. The old man was beginning to get interested. You can bet he never missed loafing around the pits at the hig race, right where he could get the

pits at the big race, right where he could get the smell of the castor fresh from the motors.

smell of the castor fresh from the motors. "Buck, I'm ready to take back some of the things I said about Eddie," he told me.

For me, I was expecting the blowup at any minute. And I thought it had come when Walden yells: "Good-night, we're through!" I looked at Mitchell. Zucatelli, who was in the lead, busted up when his car was in the south turn. It got away from him, shot up the incline and hit the safety wall. Eddie was just going into the turn and his speed would about carry him into Zucatelli when he rolled back down to the bottom of the bank. This was all happening quicker than I can tell it. When Eddie saw the wreck ahead of him shooting to the top of the track, he turned his car in the same direcof the track, he turned his car in the same direc-tion. That was what made Walden yell. But when the Italian's car hit the top safety wall and bounced back down to the middle of the track and slid on to the bottom Mitchell passed above

"Irish luck!" Walden called it.

AT THE hundredth lap, with the race just half over, we ordered Eddie in, figuring on fixing him up so he wouldn't have to stop any mxing him up so he wouldn't have to stop any more. The minute the car stops Johnson, Eddie's mechanician, gets out of the car, jumps over the pit wall and disappears in the crowd behind the pits. We dumped in gas and oil, shot some cold water into the radiator, slipped on two new rears, which was all he needed, and was ready to go—all in two minutes. Johnson wasn't in sight. We couldn't afford to lose any time, leading the race like we was, and I told Walden to hop in with Eddie and finish the race, so we could cop the rest of that \$100 a lap prize money, in addition to the regular purse. Walden hops in, the old boat roars, and away they go.

After they had gone, Johnson comes up. His face was greenish-vellow under the grease and

face was greenish-yellow under the grease and dirt, like it is when you got no more blood in it, if you know how that looks. He was shivering like it was winter, instead of May. "Where you been?" The old man and me asked the same

been?" The old man and me asked the same question.
"I'm not riding in that car no more!" was the answer we got. I wasn't feeling the best in the world and I goes up and shakes my fist in his face: "Going crazy? You're liable to have a hard time getting your mechanician's card from the Three-A next year."
"To hell with next year!" he comes back.
"What's the matter, Johnson?" the old man

asks.
"That's my business!" the Swede yells.
"Well, its our business, too. Why did you

leave that car?"

"You wait till it comes by again and you'll see." Johnson was almost foaming at the mouth. "I'll show you why I left, and Walden will leave it, too, if he gets a chance!"

The Midwest flew by, slipping along 115 miles an hour past the grandstands in front of the pits. "Who is driving that car now?" Johnson pointed with a hand that shook like its owner had the agus.

the ague.

"Who do you suppose, you imitation mechanician?" I asks; "Eddie Mitchell."

"Is he?" Johnson snarls. "You look again.
Eddie Mitchell ain't in that car at all!"

"You're crazy as a fish," I told him; "didn't I see him get in it, and didn't I see him get out of

it after you run away while he was in at the

pit?"
"No, you didn't see him get out of it, because he never got out of it. It wasn't him. It

Just then No. 2 whizzes by again, running like a million dollars. Johnson begins to jabber and point at it. "Now look! Now, who is driving that car?"

"Same man as before—Eddie," I said.
"You're crazy as hell!" he screams. "Sainte
Claire Morse is driving that car!"
"I asked Johnson if he knowed any more

good jokes.

You entered Mitchell, but he hasn't been in that car," Johnson says, calming down some.
"Be reasonable, Johnson, and tell us all about
it." The old man put his hand on Johnson's
shoulder. The Swede had gone flooey; I could
tell that. He was running on about one brain
cell, that was all. He was the one that was
crazy as hell. "Let's hear your story. You're

crazy as hell. "Let's hear your story. You're The Saint's regular mechanician, and you ought to know whether he's driving that car." The old man was talking a lot easier than I would. "Well, I gets in the car with Mitchell—that was what I thought. We make the first lap behind the pace-making car. We get the starter's flag and beat it for the turn. Morse always leads the field when he starts in the front row, and when we come out of the north turn into

behind the pace-making car. We get the starter's flag and beat it for the turn. Morse always leads the field when he starts in the front row, and when we come out of the north turn into the front stretch Mitchell has the field at his back. I didn't think it was in Mitchell to do it, and I took a good look at him. It wasn't Mitchell at all, it was Morse!"

"Come on, Johnson," the old man had his hand on the Swede's shoulder again, "don't expect us to believe anything like that. You were just excited, that's all. Morse is sick at the Methodist Hospital."

"Was I excited? Well, if I was excited you're the king of England! I ain't rode with The Saint two years for nothing. You saw Zucatelli smash, didn't you? I've been in cars that bust up and hit the top wall and drop down. I know how long, to a gnat's eyebrow, it takes to make that round trip. The driver that tries to drop down to the inside edge of the track to pass a smear like that when he is as far back as we was is just about due to hit it head on. If we had been bang-up on Zucatelli we could have gone below easy. But we shot to the top and went by. Mitchell couldn't of figured out what to do, but Morse could. That ain't all yet. Notice how we drove the wheels off of everything on the track? Won every lap prize, right from the start. Mitchell ain't that kind of driver, and you know The Saint is. Here's another thing: Morse always rides the turns high going in. Mitchell always rides 'em low going in when he drives relief. You know that. Mitchell's way puts a awful thrust on the bearings. Morse's way don't. My driver took the turns high going in!"

I give the old man a nod. "You better quit talking, now, before you get any crazier, John-

I give the old man a nod. "You better quit alking, now, before you get any crazier, Johnson. When I picked you to ride with Morse a couple of years ago, I done it because I thought you had sense."

"Well, you go through what I been through and you won't have any sense either." The Swede had the last word.

THE race is going on all the time the old man and me is trying to get the wild Swede to keep his mouth shut. We finally got him back in the pit and set him down in a corner. I told the boys to keep an eye on him. He just set there, looking at the ground. And every once in a while he jumps up when Mitchell goes by and yells: "Look at him, you fatheads, look at him; think that is Eddie now?"

"Now listen here, Johnson," I spoke up, "come on with me and we'll call the hospital and I'll let you talk to The Saint's nurse. If she tells you he is at the hospital, will you shut that trap of yours?"

He mumbled something, but when I tried to

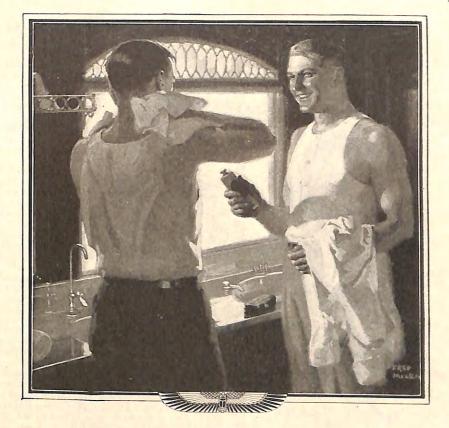
He mumbled something, but when I tried to call the hospital I couldn't get a connection.

So we walked back to the pit.

"I told you Morse was out there in No. 2!"

Johnson had started up again.

The race was more than three-fourths over when we got back to the track. With only about forty laps to go you can generally figure on seeing some fireworks by the cars fighting it out for the lead. Mitchell was running second. (Continued on page 56)



"They can't fool me" said the man from lower 8

A Palmolive enthusiast met a doubter in a Pullman washroom. "I made a great discovery," said the enthusiast. "I sent for a free tube of Palmolive Shaving Cream, and it is amazing, It does exactly what they claim."
"I'd do the same," said the other. "But I have a shaving soap I like and they can't fool me.'

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The Saint Lends a Hand

(Continued from page 55)

He had about a mile to go to catch up with the leader, who had kicked his gray car to the front and was holding it there. Eddie begins to give the Midwest everything he has. . . . With and was holding it there. Eddle begins to give the Midwest everything he has. . . With eight laps left of the race he had closed up so that he could just about reach out and touch the leader. But when Eddie draws up and starts to go past the leader the driver of the gray Special lets out another notch and holds

And then the fireworks start! If you saw Murphy when he set the track record of 94.48 miles an hour for the 500 you know how he had to drive to do it. There was the same kind of driving that day. All the rest of the cars was hopelessly in the rear. But the gray No. 7 and the Midwest with the 2 on its radiator and hood panel tore around the track, front wheels to front wheels. The crowd got upon its hind legs to watch the battle.

Five laps to go! I put my stopwatch on 'em

—they was turning laps in 1:30, a hundred miles an hour, and at the end of the race, too. It couldn't last forever. No cars could stand it very long. I knowed what the driver of the gray car was doing—he was just holding Mitchell was no making Eddie helique he couldn't recommended. even, making Eddie believe he couldn't go any faster. Then when they come into the home-stretch on the last lap the gray car would step out a little more and before Mitchell figured the thing out he'd be crossing the tape in second place. It's been done a hundred times just that way. Right then I wished that Morse was really in the car. I'd have give \$5,000 to tell Eddie what was up; but I couldn't. So I just stood there and waited for what would happen. The It's been done a hundred times just that

there and waited for what would happen. The old man, standing alongside me, was digging his fingers in my arm. The pit crew was froze fast to the front wall of the pit.

"I win either way," a tire man from Cleveland remarks. "They both got my tires on." But I wasn't interested in tires. The cold chills was doing a marathon up and down my backbone. Rick, up on the suspension bridge over the tape, was getting his checkered flag ready. The was getting his checkered flag ready. The timers had their eyes on the electrical instru-ment. Movie men and newspaper photographers

was ready with their cameras. The two cars jumped into the homestretch from the north turn, running radiator to radiator. The roar of their exhausts got louder and louder. . . . Then the grandstands went wild, louder. . . . Then the grandstands went wild, and I looked up the stretch, but everybody was in my way, and I couldn't see. I knowed by the noise of the stands that one of them had gone ahead of the other, but I was afraid to look.

Then the two of 'em flashed by.
"Eddie wins!" the old man whispered, "Eddie wins!" That was what I wanted to hear. The cold chills started up and down again, only it felt different.

Eddie made two or three extra laps to be sure the timers hadn't short-changed him, like has been done by mistake, and then he stopped at the official stand, like they always do for a minute, and then he comes down to the pit. The boys swarmed out on the track, as many as could without the guards stopping 'em. They forgot all the nasty things they had said about Mitchell. He'd won for the Midwest, and every crime in the catalog would have been wiped out

"You put her over, Eddie!" I yelled, as he got out of the car.
"What's eatin' you?" was all he said. He put his hand to his head and starts to walk out on the track right in front of the cars still in the race. I grabs him and leads him back and turns him over to the newspaper boys. Before they could say a word he crumples up, all tired out, I guess. We took him over to the field hospital

to let him rest a while.

I looked around for Walden and found him

I looked around for Walden and found him sitting against the wire fence behind the pits. "Let's go to town, Buck," was all he said. We went right in to the hotel. After he got cleaned up a little he said: "Let's me and you run up to the hospital and see how Morse is getting on."

I looked at Walden; old steady Walden, and remarks: "What's the matter, A. E., did you ride with him too?"

ride with him, too?

He never paid any attention, but walked over He never paid any attention, but walked over to the car and got in. It didn't take us long to get to the hospital. As we was going in the door Walden says, kinda casual like, as they say: "What time was that race over, Buck?"

"Just sixteen minutes after three," I told him.
"How's The Saint doing, Miss King?" I asks

the nurse.
"He's been unconscious most of the day, but he came around about an hour ago, and the doctor says he'll get along all right now.

"Just what time was it he comes to?" Walden

wanted to know.

"I'll tell you in just a minute," the nurse says, going over to her chart. "It was three-sixteen."
"I knowed it!" Walden says, and he wabbled like a car with a kink in its axle as he went out

The Beautiful Island

(Continued from page 37)

"Ey-ah," returned the other. His mind was on the stuffed owl.

Yew cal'late to stay, N'miah?" asked Hester, smiling at him with something of her old archness. Nemiah looked at her. Her hair was not so fluffy as it had been, her eyes were not so bright. She was less shapely, less—alive. Three years of married life had made a difference.

Three years of married life had made a difference. Nevertheless she was Hester. He stirred uneasily and laughed to cover his embarrassment.

"Well—there! I dunno. . . . It all depends."

"Yew ought to marry and settle down, N'miah," continued Hester, boldly. Nemiah squirmed in his chair, and the faded coquette enjoyed his squirming. It was three years since she had been able to make a man squirm like

that. "Well!" "Well!" put in Alonzo, awkwardly. "I cal'late ye'll stay long as your mother lives,

anyways."
"Ey-ah," said Nemiah. He was silent a moment, then looking straight at Hester he blurted out: "Mebbe I will git married, afore

The conversation languished and died. They sat in the dimly-lighted parlor, under the gaze of the stuffed owl, staring at each other, unable to speak. It was in May. A scent of lilacs came in at the open window. In the street vague

figures passed.... Finally Nemiah rose, put on his hat and walked out of the house. He did not even say good-night. He was choking with a strange anger. Within six weeks Nemiah Parsons was married to Jennie Herbert, whose father, during his lifetime, had been a ship-builder and a ship-owner. Jennie was twenty-five, and plain-looking. But she brought Nemiah a goodly dot. It was said in the village that she was "wuth fifty thousand, all nice and easy." She had had offers before this, but they had been too obviously base in spirit. Nemiah's was different. Nemiah's had seemed almost impassioned. She married Nemiah out of hand, and incidentally adored him. . . . They moved into the Parsons home, and Jennie—who must have known, in her heart, that Nemiah's proposal had been intended as a sort of blow at his friend's wife—conceived an immediate hatred for Hester Medfield. And Hester hated Jennie.

It was one of those hatreds, however, that smolder along under cover of the usual neighborly amenities. Neither woman had the courage to declare war openly against the other; the gheat of the traditional friendship between

age to declare war openly against the other; the ghost of the traditional friendship between the two families was still too strong, though it was only a ghost.

was only a ghost.

Nemiah remained at home for a year after his marriage, during which time a daughter was born to him. Then he went back to sea. People said that he was disappointed in his child; that he had wanted a boy, etc. But Jennie knew that his restlessness sprang from other and deeper causes. He came home at intervals after that, but he never stayed long. In his absence, Jennie devoted herself to bringing up

her little girl—who was, surprisingly enough, an extremely pretty child—and to hating Hester Medfield.

Hatred is like a brush-fire; a single spark will serve to start it, and once started it finds its own tinder. In the case of the Parsons and Medfields it was the apple orchard that furnished matter

for the quarrel.

It had always been the custom of the two families to take what apples they wanted from the trees without making too nice a discrimina-tion. But one fall Jennie began to say that Hester was harvesting more than her share of apples. Hester was properly indignant, and carried the matter to her husband. She urged

Alonzo to put up a fence.

Alonzo had never forgotten how Nemiah had walked out of the house that night, years before, on his first return from the sea. The fact that he had gone out without saying good-night had rankled in Alonzo's memory. He agreed to put

up the fence.

ABOUT the time that he got it finished Nemiah came home on one of his periodical visits. He was deeply hurt and offended.

"Don't know what yew want to go and put up a fence for, 'Lonzo," he said as they stood facing each other across the newly-erected

"Cal'late I kin build on my own land if I've

a mind to."
Nemiah's eyes were like blue steel.
"Cal'late you kin, 'Lonzo. But 'twa'nt yew that thought of it. 'Twas Hester put ye up to

at."
Alonzo denied it. He was furiously angry.
"Don't seem possible," he said, "that I and yew
was friends onct."
"Yes, we ben friends risin' thirty-five year',
'Lonzo. But don't yew let that worry ye none.
We ain't friends naow."
"Yew don't have to tell me that," shouted
Alonzo. "I made up my mind to that when your
woman begun to accuse my woman of stealin'

woman begun to accuse my woman of stealin'

woman begun to accuse my woman of stealin' her apples."

"Yew never mind the apples, 'Lonzo. Yew built that there fence outen spite, and ye know it. A spite fence, yes sir! I'll git square with ye for that, 'Lonzo. I'll stay right to home and watch ye... I'll give up goin' to sea... Ye're a danged mean cutter, and I'll git square with ye, so help me God A'mighty!"

They glared at each other across the fence

They glared at each other across the fence. Then Alonzo turned and walked back toward his own house. For the second time in his life

Then Alonzo turned and walked back toward his own house. For the second time in his life he felt guilty toward Nemiah, but the sense of guilt only increased his anger. He was a proud and stubborn man. He already hated his neighbor with a deep and cold-blooded hatred that was stronger than any passion.

As for Nemiah, he made good his promise. He gave up the sea and stayed home, patiently waiting for his revenge. It came ten years later. His daughter Sylvia, or Sylvie, as she was called, had blossomed into a beautiful young woman. It was something of a miracle, for she had sprung from the plainest of plain stock; but it was a fact. She was beautiful.

Alonzo's son Lucius fell in love with her, and she with him. This in spite of the feeling between the two families. One Spring night the two young people cloped to Kennebunk in a Ford, were secretly married, and returned, frightened but defiant, to their respective homes. Nemiah heard the news from his daughter's lips. For a moment he could not believe it. He simply stared at her.

"Ye're married? To Lucius Medfield?"

"Yes, I be, father."

"Well—there! I never thought ye'd do a thing like that, Sylvie. I never thought—"

"I'm sorry, father," said Sylvie, beginning to cry.

A cunning expression came into Nemiah's

cry.
A cunning expression came into Nemiah's face. He said gently:
"Yew go up to bed, Sylvie. Yew go up to bed.... I want to think 'baout this."

Sylvie went up to bed. Nemiah sat in the living-room, a grim smile on his lips. He seemed to be waiting for something. . . . After a time there came a knock at the door. He got up and opened it, admitting Lucius Medfield. "Mr. Parsons," began the boy courageously; then his voice faltered: "Where's Sylvie?" "Gone to bed"

Gone to bed. "Mr. Parsons, we—Sylvie and I-(Continued on page 58);



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The Beautiful Island

(Continued from page 57)

"I know. She told me. Yew young scamp!"
Lucius stood miserably silent. After a moment Nemiah asked: "What did they say—over to your haouse?"

"My father, he raised hell....He—he's driv me outen the haouse, Mr. Parsons. I can't live to home no more.

"Driv ye out, did he? The mean old cutter.
. Well, by God, my boy, I'll tell ye what ye

kin do! Yew kin live here. "Live—here—with yew?" gasped Lucius, in amazement. Then his face lighted up. He grasped the older man's hand. "Mr. Parsons—!"
"There! That's all right," growled the other.

"I ain't a-doin' of it for yew, I'm a-doin' of it for . . . for Sylvie. Yew kin move your truck

into the haouse to-morrow. Now yew go 'long up-stairs. She—your wife's a-waitin' for ye."

When the boy had gone Nemiah walked to a window that looked toward the Medfield house. There was a light shining in the front room and he could see a shadow moving to and fro. . . . The shadow of his enemy.

He shook his fist at it and laughed.

"Cal'late I've got even with ye for that fence, 'Lonzo," he muttered, with extraordinary

venom.

He hardly slept all night, thinking of the shrewdness of his revenge. He had robbed Alonzo Medfield of his son! He had paid off the old score with interest. . . . What was it that they had quarreled about? Oh, yes, the fence. . . . Well, never mind. He was even now, and more than even. He had got square. . . . Alonzo Medfield and Nemiah Parsons did not speek to each other for thirty years.

speak to each other for thirty years.

THEY were old men, and neighbors—for Nemiah had never gone back to sea—but they did not speak. For thirty years they hated each other with an intense hatred. The fence in the orchard rotted and fell down. Some of its posts were used for firewood. . . . It made no difference.

posts were used for firewood. . . . It made no difference.

Jennie and Hester both died, one within a few months of the other, and were buried in adjoining lots in the village graveyard. It made no difference. The two old men went on hating each other. Their hatred was one of the traditions of the village, a fixture, a belonging; it existed without reason, like a fact of nature.

Alonzo was almost seventy. He lived alone with one daughter, Carrie, an old maid who took care of him as a matter of duty. "It's my Christian duty," she would say, with a sigh, when people sympathized with her lot. Carrie was not a cheerful person. She had acquired an air of martyrdom which she aired on all occasions, and in ministering to her father's needs she contrived to make life miserable for him. She commanded and bullied him; he resented it, but he had to put up with it. It is often the case.

case.

He had given up contracting fifteen years before; had retired, at fifty-five, a comparatively wealthy man. Since that time Manasquot had changed disturbingly. In his younger days he had been keen for the change, had welcomed it and provoked it. But now that he was old it bewildered him. Every summer, now, there were crowds of people, thousands of them, who swooped down on the old village like an invading army and did not vanish till the wild geese flew.

swooped down on the old village like an invading army and did not vanish till the wild geese flew. Their strange faces and their strange voices were all about him. They made him lonely... And even in the winter it was different. A new generation had grown up, and another in addition to that. The types of houses were changing (for the worse). A new plague was on the land. The gypsy-moth and the browntail moth had destroyed the apple-trees in the orchard, and had killed many of the great elms. Jed Maxwell's livery stable had been converted into a noisy garage. The line of local blackinto a noisy garage. The line of local black-smiths had died out; there was no one to shoe a horse, even if one had a horse to be shod. Automobiles, canned food, daily newspapers, moving

It made him lonely. It made him old.

The only place where he felt at peace was in the fish-house. It, too, had outlived its time, but it still stood intact upon its wooden piles.

It offered him a certain sanctuary. He had set up a wood-stove there and worked, throughout the winter, in spite of his rheumatism and his asthma, at building a dory. What he would do with it when he got it finished he didn't know. Carrie had assumed that he would sell it to one Carrie had assumed that he would sell it to one of the summer visitors who liked to go deep-sea fishing, but Alonzo had rather peevishly rejected this assumption. He was "jest a-buildin' of it."

The fact is that it took him back; it satisfied some longing in his breast. He loved the graceful lines of it, the rake of the bow, the curve of the gunwales running toward the narrow stern. He took pains with it; he crooned over it and talked to it as a track. talked to it as a mother talks to her child. He had built it of the finest stock, he had rubbed it down with son learning to the stock it down to t it down with sandpaper, he had painted and varnished it. . . . It was his youth and his vague aspiration, it was his cradle and his coffin,

While he was working over it, Alonzo used to while he was working over it, Alonzo used to fall to dreaming. . . Queer visions from the past came before his eyes. He remembered the boy who had been his friend. That boy was not the old man he hated. . . That boy existed still, and could not be shut out of the fish-house. He helpoged there. He belonged there. . . . Alonzo could see him grinning out of corners, turning a freckled face

grinning out of corners, turning a freckieu factor of the shadows behind the stove. . . . That winter—the winter of Alonzo's seventieth year—his enemy, Nemiah Parsons, had a slight stroke, or "shock," as it was termed in the village. Alonzo heard the news with curious dismay, almost with alarm. The "shock" had not been a severe one; Nemiah was up and about in two weeks, but he walked with an applewood stick and had a new grayness in his face. wood stick and had a new grayness in his face.
Alonzo used to see him hobbling past the house
on his way to the store.
"He wunt last long naow, N'miah wunt,"
thought Alonzo, and his old heart would sink
for some unaccentable.

for some unaccountable reason.

Once Nemiah looked into the window and saw Alonzo standing there. He stopped involuntarily—they stared at each other; then Nemiah walked on walked on. . .

But Alonzo had read the truth on his face. But Alonzo had read the truth on his lace. Nemiah was going to die before long. And he, Alonzo Medfield, was going to die, too. They would both pass and be forgotten. . . The village would remember them awhile as two old men who had hated each other, then the village would forget. . . . In a few years, in a few months no one would remember

would forget. . . . In a few years, in a few months no one would remember.

All things passed. Nothing was permanent, neither good nor evil, neither love nor hatred. . . . "He wunt last long naow, N'miah wunt!" What was it that they had quarreled about? Oh, yes. . . The fence. But before that there had been something.

Hester. It had begun with Hester. . . He tried to think back to the time of his courtship, to remember the girl he had married. He couldn't remember. He could see the parlor where he had done his wooing, he could see the lithograph of Lincoln and the eyes of the stuffed lithograph of Lincoln and the eyes of the stuffed owl, the colors in the hooked rugs and the brightness of the Sunday afternoon. . . . But he could not see Hester.

ness of the Sunday afternoon... But he not see Hester...

She, too, had died. She, too, had passed. Nothing was permanent, nothing fixed....

He was so old. Good God, how old he was!... Yet he was younger than the elms on the village street, and they were dying....

He had never gone to sea. What a fool he had been to spend his whole life in one village! But it was too late now..... She

But it was too late now. . .

His daughter Carrie came into the room. She had a glass in her hand.

"Here, Pa. Here's your medicine."
"Don't want no medicine. Don't do me no good!"
"Now Po Western Don't do me no poetry."

Now, Pa. Yew know what the Doctor

He glared at her. She held the glass to his lips and he drank it, helplessly, like a child. Then his eyes filled with tears. He brushed her aside and stamped up-stairs to bed. He felt crushed and humiliated.

For a long time he lay awake, staring into the darkness. He trembled, he was frightened. There was nothing ahead of him, nothing. And it was dark....

It was dark and still. He could hear, in spite of the tightly-closed windows, a sound, an infinite slow rumbling sound, familiar and yet somehow strange. .

The sea!

TV

ONE day, in the late spring, Alonzo was working in the fish-house. He had almost completed the dory he was building; he was busy scraping the mast... Suddenly he heard a tapping on the board walk that led into the building. He put down the tool in his hand and turned.

In the open door of the fish-house stood Nemiah Parsons. He had on a knitted skull-cap. His beard was white and long. His shoulders were bent. His hands, folded on top of his apple-wood stick, trembled. But his eyes were the eyes of the boy who had played in this same fish-house a half century and more ago.

"That yew, 'Lonzo?"

"It is."

"Workin' air ye 'Lonzo?"

"Workin', air ye, 'Lonzo?"

"Workin', air ye, 'Lonzo?"
"I be."

They had not spoken for thirty years, and now they had spoken. There was a long silence.
"'Lonzo," said Nemiah, "I'm an old fool, and ye're another... Kin I come in?"

Alonzo stared at him, groping in vain for his hatred of this man. It had vanished, it had died. It was gone. died. It was gone.

"Come in and set, N'miah."
The latter hobbled into the fish-house. Again they looked at each other.
"Buildin' a dory, air ye, 'Lonzo?"

"Cal'late to go a-fishin' this summer?"
"Dunno but I shall."
Nemiah ran his hand over the smooth surface of the dory's planking. His touch was like a

"She looks to be a stanch 'un, 'Lonzo."

"Best I ever built, N'miah. . . Best I ever built. Ain't a flaw in her anywheres. . . All hard pine . . . and mahogany deckin'."

"Ain't nobody kin beat yew buildin' a dory, 'Lonzo'."

"Well—there," said Alonzo, confusedly. "Set daown, N'miah. Set daown. There's a chair

Nemiah sat down, still clasping his stick.
"'Lonzo..." he began, in an uncertain tone;
then: "Gettin' 'long in years, the two of us.
Yes, sir.... I hed a shock this spring, 'Lonzo."
"So I heared. But there! Yew don't look a
mite the wuss for it.... Yew look rugged's ever,
N'miah."
This was a line

This was a lie, and both knew it, but somehow it was pleasant. It had sweetness... Nemiah went on in his quavering voice.

went on in his quavering voice.

"I get lonesome, settin' up to the haouse. I git to thinkin' o' things."

"Same with me, N'miah," acknowledged Alonzo, and added, with a relief that was like joy: "Carrie's a good woman, but she plagues me, N'miah... She plagues me..."

"Sylvie's a good woman, too," murmured Nemiah. "But she— Trouble is, 'Lonzo, they don't treat us— They don't know ... how 'tis ... when ye're old."

"There. Ye're right, N'miah... They don't know how 'tis—"
Another long silence.

Another long silence.

"Cal'late yew don't rec'llect the times we used to hev together? Daown here in the fish-house—?" asked Nemiah timidly.
"Cal'late I do."
"Boulest the later and the second second

"Cal'late I do."

"Rec'lect the day we got turned over on the bar, 'Lonzo? What was we a-doin' of, that day? Some devilment we was up to....I fergit."

He looked cautiously at the other. Alonzo

He looked cautiously at the other. Alonzo suddenly gave a chuckle.

"Cal'late you ain't fergot, N'miah. There! Yew wait... Yew set still... I got somethin'—" Alonzo walked slowly across the fish-house. From a wooden cupboard, stocked with cans of paint, he took an old water-proof wallet. Then, shuffling back to the stove, he opened the wallet and produced a yellow newspaper clipping. This he handed to Nemiah.

The latter took it without a word, fumbled for his spectacles, got them on his nose and held the clipping up to the light. The light was from a window that looked on the sea...

(Continued on page 60)

(Continued on page 60)





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The Beautiful Island

(Continued from page 59)

When he had finished reading, he turned back

"The Beautiful Island... Fools, wa'n't we?"
"Fools, yes," said Alonzo, replacing the clipping in the wallet. "But there! Boys hes the right to be fools if they've a mind to. . . . Boys, and old cutters. . . .

They exchanged glances.
"And old cutters," repeated Nemiah slowly.
The thing was in their eyes. It lay between them as certainly as if they had spoken it aloud. They began to smile at each other, exactly as they used to smile when they were boys and an

they used to smile when they were boys and an adventurous idea had occurred to them.

The old excitement was in the air. All the realities of their lives were lost, were submerged in the past. It was just as it had been when reality was still a thing of the future.

The thought that passed between them was a

The thought that passed between them was a wonderful thought, too wonderful, too strange and beautiful to be put into words. They could prove put it into words. never put it into words. . . . But they could

do it.

Finally Nemiah spoke. "I'd take comfort...
to help ye with the dory, 'Lonzo."

"I'd enjoy for to hev ye, N'miah."

"I git lonesome, settin' up to the haouse....
I kin slip daown here when Sylvie ain't a-lookin'.
I kin come and go as I've a mind to," he added, with the defiance of the old and feeble.

The words of a forvotten eath returned to

The words of a forgotten oath returned to

Alonzo's tremulous lips.
"Yew cross your heart and swear by God
A'mighty ye won't tell, N'miah Parsons!"
Nemiah laughed in a cracked old voice and

crossed his heart.

"I swear by God, 'Lonzo."

He got up and stood beside the other, and as if moved by the same impulse they both turned toward the window that looked on the sea. .
They stood silent, hardly breathing. . . .
It was a wonderful thought.

THE two old men worked together after that. They worked in secret, sneaking away to the fish-house at odd moments and laboring with a determination stronger than their strength. And they were cunning about it, too. They hid their activities from the whole village. No one knew that they had made up their long-standing quarrel. As a matter of fact they hadn't. It had simply dropped out of sight, it had withered and died. It was no more. . . . This fact they could not have explained to themselves, much less to any one else. So they kept it a secret.

it a secret.

The dory was ready in a week. Then, as in the days long ago, they began to stock it.

Nemiah came in chuckling one night. He had stolen a dozen doughnuts out of Sylvie's jar. Alonzo, not to be outdone, the next day stole a can of beans and half a loaf of brown bread. They might have bought their provisions at the store far more easily and with less risk. But such a procedure never occurred to them. . . .

Then one morning Alonzo rose before day-light. He dressed and crept silently down the stairs. How his old heart beat! But Carrie

stairs. How his old heart beat: But Carne slept, and did not hear him.

He groped his way out of the house in the early morning dusk. The dew was heavy on the grass as he crossed the orchard to Nemiah's house. Nemiah met him at the wood-shed door. Alonzo took his hand, and they went down the

path toward the fish-house together.

They had rigged a block and tackle for the launching of the dory. By this means they got their craft through the door and into the river.

It was high-tide, and the wind was blowing

from the west.

"My first v'y'ge, N'miah," said Alonzo.

Nemiah did not reply. He climbed unsteadily into the dory, stood up and tossed overboard his apple-wood stick. He did this without comment, naturally, as one casting off a needless encumbrance. . . Then he sat down in the stern and took the tiller.

Alonzo stepped the mast. The new sail, as white as a gull's wing, filled out and drew taut. They sailed down the inlet, and this time, guided by Nemiah's skilful hand, passed safely over the treacherous bar.

There was a streak of gold in the east. The

sun rose, and the sky was filled with flame.

They sailed on, heading into the sunrise. The land grew blurred behind them, grew dim and faded out.

Still they did not speak.

Hours passed. The day passed, and it was night. Alonzo sat drowsing on the middle thwart, his head on his chest. Nemiah could hear him muttering something in his sleep, something about "a joyous sound."...

Nemiah himself dozed, and in his dream saw land rising out of the sea before him, a land all bright and gleaming.... He half-roused and

bright and gleaming. . . . He half-roused and stared at it with old, blind eyes. . . . Was it the moon? Such a moon as he had

seen rising out of the waters of the world a hundred times before? Or was it an Island in the sea—

He wanted to call out to his friend. His friend—Alonzo! But there was a great weari-

mend—Alonzo: But there was a great weariness upon him, and a great peace....

How bright the Island was! They would reach it directly. The wind favored them and the sea was calm. All was well, and the land was a shining land.

They sailed on

They sailed on.

VI

A WEEK later the following paragraph appeared in one of the Boston newspapers:

"Boston, June 1: The fishing schooner Cabol, in from a trip to the Grand Banks, brought to this city to-day the bodies of two old men picked up from an open dory about a hundred miles east of Manasquot, Maine. The captain of the schooner reports that he sighted the dory late one afternoon, and as it appeared to be drifting helplessly, lowered a boat to investigate. He found the bodies of two old men, dead, in the bottom of the dory. Across the stern of the dory was painted the name Wanderer.

"Nothing was found on the bodies to indicate their identity, but in the coat pocket of one of them was discovered a wallet contain ng a newspaper clipping dated May, 1865. The clipping was that of a poem entitled 'The Beautiful Island.'

"The poem follows:

The poem follows:

THE BEAUTIFUL ISLAND

"There is an Island in the sea
Where peace and joy abound;
No fairer spot the sun beholds
In all its beauteous round.

"There flowers bloom and strange birds sing And golden is the strand. There is no pain, nor toil, nor death In that eternal land.

"Once in a ship I passed thee by,
O Jewel of the sea!
And sounds of joyous 'aughter came
Across the night to me.

'Another time, in other bark,
I'll seek thy golden shore;
And far from mortal strife and tears
Reside for evermore."

AMONG the splendid fiction you may expect in early issues will be short stories by Achmed Abdullah, Octavus Roy Cohen, Forrest Crissey, Sam Hellman, Lawrence Perry and Rita Weiman. Watch for announcements soon of a new group of distinguished writers who are about to be numbered on the honor roll of our contributors.

"Why good dancers are popular

Dancing grows more popular every day and really good dancers are more welcome than fine card players or excellent musicians

HEN the hostess makes up her list of guests she is careful to first invite those whom she knows are good dancers. She knows that no matter how the ages of the guests may vary, the majority will want to dance, and unless she has an even number of fine dancers the greatest pleasure of the evening will be spoiled for

Invitations to dancing parties enable the good dancer to meet the right kind of people -to meet influential men and women in a social way and so have opportunities of forming friendships that will be very valuable as a business asset. In fact, many men, who today are making salaries of from \$10,000 to \$25,000 a year, got their opportunity more through their personality and social acquaintanceship than their business ability.

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"Draw One in the Dark"

(Continued from page 13)

The worshiper of the Sphinx thought that over. "Is—really, you know—is the scene absolutely necessary?" He coughed. "I've a touch of cold—" He rubbed his chest.
"It's his feet he should be rubbing," murmured the Kid in my ear
"Very well, your Highness," said Tom, not caring how much of his disgust was visible. "I'll get some one to double for you. All you'll have to do is run across the deck and jump on the rail and stand as if you really loved the girl enough to take a chance for her. Then I'll stop the cameras, get somebody that isn't suffering with a cold somewhere to take your place and make the dive—a long shot so the double's features won't give it away. He can rescue the girl—still won't give it away. He can rescue the girl—still in long shots—and some day next week I can get the necessary close-ups of you and Miss Morris, struggling, in a bath-tub or some shallow inland creek."

Tom glanced over the assembled opened ears and mouths. "I'd like to get it to-day while the sun—" His eye fell on the Kid. "Can you swim?"

"Sure."
"Want to double for the Prince?"
"Sure," the Kid grinned, "if he doesn't

Fifteen minutes later he appeared on deck in the Prince's costume, a little black false mustache on his lip contrasting comically with his light hair.
"Oil your hair and part it in the middle," Tom

told him. "When it's oiled and wet it will photo-

"Listen, folks," Tom told us a minute later.
"I'm going to shoot this all at one clip with two cameras. Pete will grind from the deck here and sid Hickins from the raft down there. I can break up the scene and fill in the Prince's stuff later. So you make the jump, Miss Morris, and you, Kid, follow her right over to the rail and dive in. Give me about thirty feet of struggling and rescuing; you know, Kid, trying to reach her and you, Miss Morris, splashing around, gasping and you, Miss Morris, splashing around, gasping and going under a couple of times. Then when you get her, Kid, start for the shore with her. I'll megaphone you when you're out of focus and the rowboat will pick you both up and bring you back. Understand? All right. Take your places. Ready, Sid? Ready, Pete? Don't take too long to reach Miss Morris, Kid. Ready, everybody? Camera!'

UP AND over went Morris. A second later the Kid was standing straight and tense on the rail. I'd thought Morris's dive was as pretty as any I'd ever seen, but that was before the Kid took off. He didn't jump—he just lifted himself off the rail, floated far out in a swan dive, his outstretched arms and hands slowly coming forward to meet over his head just the instant he touched the water. The little side-roll he gave himself took him under little side-roll he gave himself took him under without a splash.

"Holy Mackerel—a beauty!" yelled Tom.

"Did you get it, Pete?"

"Every inch of it," I told him.

Up bobbed the Kid's head. In long, strong strokes he cut through the swells toward Morris. They splashed around terrifically for a minute before starting toward shore.

before starting toward shore.

"Cut!" yelled Tom. But when the rowboat pulled out to take them in, the Kid helped Morris in and then started swimming alongside it. Only it wasn't swimming. It was all the water stunts and clowning I'd ever seen and a lot more I'd never dreamed could be done. The Kid was a human por-

I was telling some of the boys about it early that night at T-Bone's—the Kid had saved me the long trip to Hollywood by volunteering to take my camera out and turn in my film for me-when Big Bill Wysell dropped in. "A water-dog, ch?" he repeated. "What's his name? I forget."

"Walker."
"Walker?"

"That's the name he signed on the check Jane gave him—that first night; he's on the payroll under that name, so it must be his."
"'Um." Bill crawled into his shell. It wasn't till I saw him quietly leaving the place that I

remembered about the K guy jumping off the bridge in San Antone.

Some hunch made me run out and phone the studio. The outfit hadn't reached it yet. Leaving word for the Kid to ring me as soon as

Leaving word for the Kid to ring me as soon as he came in, I drifted back to T-Bone's.

"Where's the Kid?" Jane asked when she came on duty at seven-thirty.

"He should have been here twenty minutes ago," I said. "Listen, have you still got the check he signed that first night?"

"No. I gave it to him when he paid for the dinner."

"I suppose he tage it as "

"I suppose he tore it up."
Jane flushed. "No. He said he was going to Jane flushed. "No. He said he was going to have it framed to hang in the parlor after—after we got married." It must have been something in my expression that made her ask, sharp, "Why? Is the Kid in trouble?"

"He wasn't the last time I saw him. He—" It was no use. I told her about Big Bill and everything as soothingly as I could.

EIGHT o'clock—half-past—nine o'clock. Still no sign of the Kid. I had Louis Spinola ring no sign of the Kid. I had Louis spinola ring up the studio. The word he got was that the Kid came in about six and left fifteen or twenty minutes later. By nine-thirty Jane was showing her nervousness. By ten the customer's orders had to be repeated a couple of times for her. At eleven there hadn't been any color in her face for half an hour

her. At eleven there hadn't been any color in her face for half an hour.

"Don't be silly, Jane," I told her. "Everything's all right."

"Is it?" she asked. "You know my little sister—worked at the switchboard at the C—Hotel?" I nodded. "They let her out this afternoon, without giving her any reason at all."

"Well?"

"Rig Bill's cousin is the house detective

"Big Bill's cousin is the house detective

A few minutes before twelve, coming in from the kitchen, Jane stumbled and dropped a tray

of clean dishes.

"Thirteen pieces they broke into," she whispered, white around the mouth, "and every cup on the tray cracked. Listen, Pete, will you ring

wheadquarters and—"
She stopped dead, her eyes glued on the door.
Lurching through it, his face twisted and twitching, stumbling and feeling around like a blind

man, came the Kid. "Kid!" Jane w

man, came the Kid.

"Kid!" Jane was out from behind the counter and had him in her arms before any of us moved. "What happened you?"

"They gave me the works—at Headquarters," mumbled the Kid. "Janie, dear, would you get a cold towel for my eyes? I've been looking into a hundred watt lamp for three hours."

"For what?" Jane asked, as a couple of the boys leaped for the towel pile near the ice-water tank.

tank.
"They said the writing on the check I signed looks like the K guy's writing."
"Who said so?"
"Big Bill."
"Thedy had ever heard Jane swear. But

Nobody had ever heard Jane swear. But there wasn't one of us who wouldn't have felt better at hearing her curse then than at having to see the expression that came over her face and the look that flamed in her gray eyes. But not a word did she say until she felt the Kid's head

word did she say until she felt the Kid's head relax and nestle on her breast.

"Sadie," she called the other waitress over to her. "You take my place behind the counter. Louis"—to Spinola—"get the engine started in your taxi. Pete, you'll stay here with Sadie till closing time, won't you?"

"Sure. What are you going to do?"

"I'm going to take the Kid home with me to my mother."

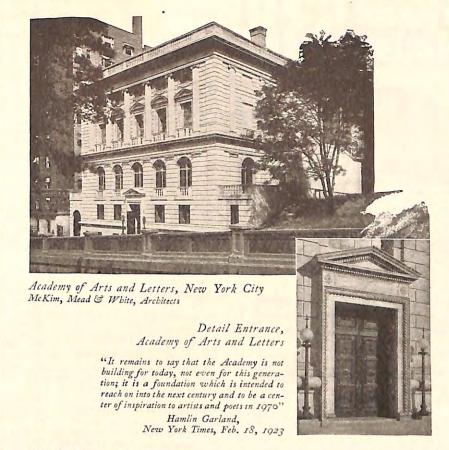
Silent Sam Simmons closed the door after them. "If we aren't here when Big Bill comes in we can't answer any questions, can we?"

we can't answer any questions, can we?

So it was that none of the regulars except myself was at the counter when Wysell dropped

"Home," she answered, selec

"Where's Jane?" he asked Sadie.
"Home," she answered, selecting a deepcracked cup for him. "She's sick."
"What's the matter with her?"
"Heart trouble," Sadie said. "Yes, we have
no pie. Will you take a sinker?"
The next morning, Saturday, the papers
announced that important clues in the hands of
the local police would undoubtedly lead to the
arrest within forty-eight hours of the elusive
(Continued on page 64)



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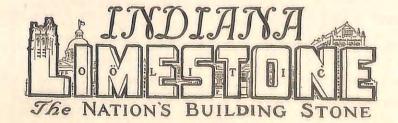
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"Draw One in the Dark"

(Continued from page 63)

gent who had been making life for the bankers just one loss after another. I was thinking about Jane and the Kid and what they would do if they had read the announcement when I entered the studio. The girl at the switchboard stopped me.
"Some woman phoned about twenty-five

minutes ago for you. She left word that the Kid wouldn't be out to the studio to-day," she said. "The boss wants to see you," she added. In the office with the boss was the Prince, gazing out the window, twirling the cord of

his monocle.

"Good morning, Pete," the boss nodded. "The

Prince wants to ask a favor of you."

"It's this way, old chap," the Prince stammered, embarrassed, "I couldn't avoid hearing the young woman at the telephone board some moments ago when she repeated the message that came for you concerning the Kid's illness. Rotten luck; what? Extremely likable little fellow. I hope it's nothing serious." A frown

of anxiety appeared between his eyes.
"Oh, I don't imagine so," I said, wondering what was on his mind.

The exposure—his long immersion in the water—and he but recently recovered from flu"—he broke off. "I feel a keen sense of responsibility; can't shake it off; he was substituting for me, do you see?" He started fumbling in his pocket. "You know him better than any of us. Do you think he might accept from me at least his doctor and nurse fees?" He drew a wallet from his pocket.
"Sure," I said, beginning to realize that

regular human emotions fluttered somewhere

in his Egyptian bosom.

Crossing to the boss's desk the Prince extracted from the wallet a few small folded papers

tracted from the wallet a few small folded papers and some large bills. Laying the papers on the desk he counted out two hundred and fifty dollars and held it toward me.

"You're too generous," I said, looking pointedly at the two ten-dollar bills which were all that was left of his cash.

He shrugged his shoulders. "That's quiet all right. My secretary—silly beggar—settled and closed all my accounts before cashing the usual check from Lord Moncton. He's trying to arrange that now, over the wire. I insist upon your taking these few dollars for the Kid, Stevens. I'll make out somehow, I'm sure."

Stevens. I'll make out somehow, I'm sure."
"You don't need to worry," the boss smiled.
"I can advance you all you need."

"I can advance you all you need."
"Deuced decent of you, old chap. I fancy it won't be necessary."
"What was the size of the check Lord What's-his-name sent? I might be able to cash it for you and save you further trouble."

The Prince unfolded one of the papers on the desk, stamped with the British Embassy seal. "Twenty-five hundred dollars."

"Oh, that's all right," the boss said. "Endorse it and I'll send a boy right down to my bank with it."

bank with it.

"Oh, I say, plasse don't trouble—"
"No trouble at all, your Highness."

LANGUIDLY the Prince started writing his Catalogue of names on the back of the check.

"The old fossil should have telegraphed it instead of putting me under obligations—"

The boss interrupted with a laugh. "There's

no obligation, Prince. The amount of this check is just about what I'll owe you after your week in Tia Juana. That's all the protection I need."

From the expression on the Prince's empty face you couldn't tell, as he stared at the boss, whether he was going to be insulted or not when

whether he was going to be instituted for whether he boss's words should finally sink in.

"By Jove," he said after a moment, "I didn't think of that. Our contract, of course. Weirdly practical, you Americans; what?"

I had that "weirdly practical" laugh to go

I had that "weirdly practical" laugh to go along with the good news about the two hundred and fifty when I rang up Jane's house during the lunch hour. I'd salved my conscience for taking the money by convincing myself that the Prince would never miss it and really wouldn't care whether it was spent for the Kid's doctor or lawyer bills. Jane's sister answered the

ring. "Oh, yes, Mr. Stevens," she said. "Jane left

word for you in case you called. She left for Frisco this morning on business for—you know."
"How is he to-day?"

"How is ne to-day?

"Kidding my mother into hysterics."

"Tell him I'll be out to-morrow with—"

Then I spilled the welcome tidings.

"He says," Jane's sister told me when I'd finished, "he says when you come out to-morrow he'll tell you a lot of things nobody except Jane and himself knows."

But Sunday I had the feeling that some one was following me from the hotel, so Jane's house was about the only place in Los Angeles I didn't visit

LATE Monday afternoon, just as a few of us were going into the projection-room to look at the water scenes we'd taken Friday, Jane appeared. She looked tired; black discouraged. "Come on in with me," I said. "I've got to look at some film. What's new?"

"Just this, Pete. There isn't a thing to keep them from railroading the Kid and collecting

them from railroading the Kid and collecting the reward for the K guy."

"Oh, now," I tried to encourage her, "if the Kid isn't that greek."

Kid isn't that crook-"He isn't. How could you ever even think it, Pete? He's a vaudeville and circus acrobat. But the vaudeville troupe he was with ever since he got out of the Army till he caught the flu a couple of months are the only men who flu a couple of months ago—the only men who can really identify and alibi him—they sailed from Frisco for Australia last Saturday."

The rapid clicking of the projection machine was the only sound in the room.

"And next month we were going to be married.

That's luck, ain't it, Pete?"

Trying to raise her spirits I told her about the scene in the bose's office, the weirdly practical Trying to raise her spirits I told her about the scene in the boss's office, the weirdly practical remark and the two-fifty gift. While talking I got an idea. "Listen; let's retain a good lawyer with that jack; and go straight to Chief Rogers. He's square and fair and—"

"And in the hospital waiting for an operation. Nobody can get to him."

Nobody can get to him."

In silence we looked at the film. It was Sid Hickins's take—the film he'd exposed from the raft. But first there were a few feet of close-up of the Prince which Tom Kush had had him

take before going on the raft.
"That's the Prince," I told Jane, "trying to register Occidental surprise and horror not un-

mixed with love.

Jane leaned forward in her seat. "Thatthe Prince?

As she looked the film jumped to the shot of the Kid standing on the rail of the ship.
"There's the Kid," I whispered. "Watch

his dive.

From Sid's angle, shooting upward from the water, the leap looked to be twenty-five feet water, the leap looked to be twenty-five feet instead of twelve or fourteen, and consequently twice as pretty and swift. Then came the footage showing him cutting through the swells, clean and strong, reaching Miss Morris and starting with her toward shore. But instead of that being all, there flashed on the screen a fairly close-up shot of the Kid. He was lying on his back in the water, his head stuck up far enough close-up shot of the Kid. He was lying on his back in the water, his head stuck up far enough so his wet hair was plastered tight to his scalp, his eyes staring up with a silly vacant expression, his mouth hanging open, and his hands, folded across his chest, holding a piece of seaweed, like a lily.

"I thought you said the Prince couldn't swim," said Jane.

"The Prince? That's the Kid," I grinned. I turned to holler back to Sid. "Where did that

turned to holler back to Sid, "Where did that come from?"

"I had a few feet of film left on the end of my roll," he answered, "and when the Kid passed me swimming and fooling on his way to the ship

I wound the roll out on him."
"I see." Turning around again I found Jane gone—so quietly I hadn't heard her leave the dark room.

She wasn't anywhere in sight.
"She went out," the gateman told me, "and got into the taxi with the tall fellow who drove out here with her."

"What sort of a looking chap was he?" thinking of Big Bill.
"Tall, I tell you, and thin. He kept smoking

all the time and him and the driver talked all the

time she was inside; that is the driver done most of the talking. He was a chunky, Italian-looking fellow with a crooked nose."

"Silent Sam Simmons and Louis Spinola," I guessed. "Which way did they go?"
"Toward town—hell-bent."

There was nothing for me to do but get on a trolley, go to the hotel, wash up and start toward T-Bone's. It was just half-past seven when I turned the corner. Behind me I heard some one running, fast. It was little Flash Fanchon.

"Come on, Pete," he called as he passed me.

"You can help."

"You can help."
I got into T-Bone's two jumps behind him.
"Jane!" Flash shouted.
She came out of the kitchen with a cup of

"Beat it," Flash leaned over the counter and whispered. "They've took the Kid—went out to your house and got him—they've booked him for the K guy—and now they're coming after you-to find out how much you know.

Jane just stood, paralyzed.

"Come on!" urged Flash.

With her finger, absently, Jane began tracing slowly a long crack in the cup of hot milk. "Big Bill took the Kid—out of my house—because I wouldn't marry him," she said in a dead voice.
"He told me he'd give me something to think about—something to—" Suddenly she noticed what she was doing. Up went her head

and her voice.
"'You'll never have any luck as long as you keep cracked china around you,' he told me."

Wham! went the cup on the floor in twenty pieces, the milk spattering over everything. Bang—crash—the saucer and a plate from the counter followed it.

counter followed it.

"Jane—"

"Get out! All of you! Out! I'm going to talk. I'm going to tell them all I know. But I'm going to break up my bad luck first."

A sweep of her arm cleared the counter of dishes. She reached under for two big handfuls.

"Come on, fellows," I said, seeing she was crazy with rage, not knowing what she was doing. "Let's keep the crowd out."

For already a mob had begun to collect. Out we went, shoving them back from the door.

we went, shoving them back from the door.

Inside, one by one, and two by two, Jane was

smashing every piece of cracked crockery she could find.

Bulling through the crowd came Ben Barrow, the police Lieutenant, and with him Swede Yaeger, Bill Wysell's buddy on the detective

Yaeger, Bill Wysell's buddy on the detective squad.

"Stop that!" Ben hollered at Jane as he struggled to get free of the crowd.

"Oh, it's you, Lieutenant Barrow," cried Jane, coming out from behind the counter with an armful of plates. "Come to take me to Headquarters to talk. I don't need to go to Headquarters. I can talk right here. I'll begin by saving you used good indement in bringing by saying you used good judgment in bringing

by saying you used good judgment in bringing Swede Yaeger with you to take a woman to jail. His wife is still wearing the black eye he gave her last week."

"Cut that!" yelled Ben, fighting through the mob that was giving Swede the laugh. "Shut up and drop them plates!"

"That line comes easy to you, doesn't it, Lieutenant; your wife keeps you in practise saying it, according to Bill Wysell."

Ben broke through and reached the door. A plate splintered at his feet.

"Stand back!" commanded Jane. "You want me to talk. I'm going to tell you all I know. I'm going to tell about the check you split with the Greek bootlegger in your precinct—"

"Go get Wysell!" bawled Ben to Swede,

trying to drown Jane out.

"Yes, go get Wysell," echoed Jane while the crowd roared. "I want him to hear me tell about the jail sentence he framed on Silent Sam Simmons because he thought he could steal that little Mexican dancer from him if Sam wasn't around.

Ben took a step forward.
"Keep back, Ben. I haven't begun to talk

For the fourth or fifth time I noticed Jane peer out over the heads of the crowd, looking up and down the street. Suddenly I realized that she was expecting something—was waiting for some one or something; that she was delay-ing being taken to Headquarters for a reason (Continued on page 66)

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get and execute better and cheaper.

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TYPEWRITER EMPORIUM SHIPMAN-WARD MFG. CO.

"Draw One in the Dark"

(Continued from page 65)

that did'nt appear. She was talking too ration-

that did'nt appear. She was talking too rationally, too bitterly straight to the point to be as wild as I'd thought her.

"Listen, Swede," she called after Yaeger, but looking on past him up the street, "tell Big Bill to bring his cousin along—the one that made my sister lose her job because she wouldn't tell me what a grand husband Wysell would make. Get him—"

make. Get him——"

"Jane!" Big Bill himself plunged through the crowd. "What are you trying to do?"

"Big Bill!" A shower of plates crashed to the floor. "Come in and get your supper. You must be tired out after having to subdue an old woman and a little fellow like the one I'm going to marry—all in one day."
"Now, listen, Jane—"

Insistent and vicious, a motor horn squawked around the corner. Pressing through the crowd, reckless, came Louis Spinola in his taxi. As she saw him, Jane's face went white. She leaned against the counter, straining her eyes toward

Pulling up his cab as near the curb as he could get, "Gangway!" he shouted, jumping down and bucking the crowd away from the door of his

and bucking the crowd away from the door of his car. Yanking the handle, he flung open the door.

Out stepped Prince Ptolemy Ptarmigan of Cairo, Egypt, and right alongside him Silent Sam Simmons. The point of the bulge in Sam's coat pocket never wandered more than an inch from His Royal Highness's short-ribs as they hurried through the lane the on-lookers made for them. Right past Ben and Bill they brushed, into the restaurant.

"Here he is, Jane," said Sam, cold as ice.
Jane looked searchingly at the dapper little chap's putty-colored face. Then she heaved a big sigh.

a big sigh.

"Come and get him, Lieutenant," she called Barrow. "Here's your K guy. And remember, you got him from me."

"The K guy!" Barrow's eyes were popping.

"That's the Egyptian Prince-"Are you going to argue, or do I take him to Headquarters myself."

"Listen, Jane—"
"Look out!" I yelled. For a second, Sam's gun had wavered. In that second the Prince had jumped toward the kitchen door.

Jane whirled around. The soup bowl in her hand streaked through the air. Thud! The

nand streaked through the air. Thud! The Prince went down like a log.

"Open his collar," Jane said, when Ben and Big Bill had closed the doors to keep out the howling mob. "Now will you believe me?"

Three inches below his collar, the putty color ended in skin as white as any man's. I rolled back his sleeve. The Prince's arm was stained only as far in as the elbow.

only as far up as the elbow. While Ben was feeling the bump rapidly rising on the back of the fakir's head, Jane poured a little salad oil on a napkin and began rubbing the hair over his temple. In a minute she showed us a black smudge on the napkin. "Hair dye," she said.

The Prince shuddered, groaned and opened his

eyes. Wysell helped him to his feet.
"Who hit me?" the descendant of Tut-ankhamen inquired.

Veterans, a Massachusetts State banner. The presentation was made by John J. Brennan, President of the State Association. During the

three-day State convention of the Spanish War Veterans, Cambridge Lodge turned over its entire building, including its beautiful ball room, bowling alleys, etc., to the veterans.

Flag Day Services at Roosevelt's Grave. Governor of Louisiana to Speak

What will be, perhaps, the first Flag Day Services ever conducted by an Elk Lodge at the grave of a distinguished American, will take place when the June 14th ceremonies of Glen Cove (N. Y.) Lodge, No. 1458, which have been arranged by Exalted Ruler Max Rosenwald, are held in Young's Memorial Cemetery at Oyster

"She did."
The Prince looked at Jane, rubbed his head and held out his wrists for the hand-cuffs Barrow was holding. In pure Brooklynese he moaned,

was holding. In pure Brooklynese he moaned, "I'll say she packs a hefty punch."
An hour later the Kid and Jane were holding court and receiving congratulations at one end of the counter at T-Bone's.

"How did you work it out?" I finally asked Jane. "What started you?"
She laughed. "The picture of the Kid floating in the water, his hair, plastered to his head, looking black. I thought it was the Prince. If the Kid and the Prince looked enough alike with a mustache and black hair to fool me. alike with a mustache and black hair to fool me, why wouldn't they look alike with no mustache

and sandy hair?

"In a flash I remembered a lot of things—the K guy being chased out of New Orleans, San Antone and El Paso. That sounded as though he was trying to slip over into Mexico and finding it hard to do so. I remembered how uninterested in playing in the picture he was until the boss mentioned Mexico. Right away he saw the easiest way imaginable to cross the border-as a starred member of the company in a private Pullman—and accepted the job.

Then I remembered something that nearly ruined my hunch. I knew the K guy was a crack swimmer. Yet the Prince had taken the ridicule and sarcasm of Mr. Kush rather than get himself wet. It was unnatural, so unnatural it gave me the answer itself. I saw that if his hair was dyed and his skin stained, he didn't dare thrash around much in salt water. His color would run. Then it was I ran out and asked Sam and Louis to locate the Prince and

"But listen," I said, "you must have had something more definite than a putty-colored hunch to make you turn the Prince over to the police."

"Of course, I had. You told me about itthe British Embassy check; the check for twenty-five hundred dollars—which he probably planned to disappear with his first night on Mexican soil. That check play was enough to convince me the Prince was the crook. It sounded like the K guy. Knowing the police were losing their eyesight looking for him and his K trade-mark, still, before escaping for good, he

"K trade-mark, still, before escaping for good, he just couldn't resist passing one more K check."

"K check?" I repeated, puzzled. Then I saw her mistake. "Gee, that's funny. It wasn't a K check he gave the boss. Moncton is spelled with a 'c."

spelled with a 'c.'

Jane slowly smiled. "You've got to admit it sounds like a 'k.' But I'm glad I didn't know it before. Anyway, no matter how it's spelled, that check is enough to show the Bankers that

that check is enough to show the Bankers that the reward belongs to me."

"Pardon—to us," piped up the Kid.

"Ah, Mr. Walker," Jane turned to him, smiling affectedly, "did I hear you inviting the boys to a cup of coffee on the two hundred and fifty dollars the Prince gave—us?"

"'Tis a good idea," laughed the Kid, reaching into his pocket. Then with a wink at the gang, imitating Big Bill's voice, he said, "And listen, don't give me no cracked cup."

"Try and find one," Jane laughed.

Under the Spreading Antlers

(Continued from page 49)

Bay, Long Island, the resting place of Theodore Roosevelt. Governor John M. Parker of Louisiana, a member of New Orleans (La.) Lodge, No. 30, will deliver the Flag Day Address. Governor Parker was a close friend and political associate of the late President. The members of Glen Cove Lodge and many representatives from other neighboring Lodges, the American Legion Posts of the district and the Boy Scouts will march in a body from Glen Cove to the Memorial march in a body from Glen Cove to the Memorial Cemetery and attend the services. An interesting part of the day's program will be the announcement of the awards in the school children's Flag Day Essay Contest, conducted under the auspices of Glen Cove Lodge. The presentation of a gold medal as the first prize, and a silver one as the second, will be made by Governor Parker to the winners.

Globe (Ariz.) Lodge Presents J.F.Mayer for Grand Esteemed Lecturing Knight

Globe (Ariz.) Lodge, No. 489, announces the candidacy of J. F. Mayer for the office of Grand Esteemed Lecturing Knight. Mr. Mayer became a member of Globe Lodge on March 6, 1906. He was a delegate to the conventions of the Arizona State Elks' Association held in Tucson, Phoenix and Bisbee, and was elected Trustee of his Lodge in 1912. The following year he was elected Exalted Ruler. In 1915 he was elected Secretary of No. 489 and served continuously in that capacity, being re-elected again this March. In 1922 Mr. Mayer was appointed to the post of District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler for Southern Arizona. In submitting the candidacy of Mr. Mayer, Globe Lodge calls attention to these activities of his in the Order, and cites, in addition, his successful business career and the fact that for a number of years he held the office of City Clerk of Globe.

Danville Lodge Celebrates "Uncle Joe" Cannon's Birthday

"I can't hold back the tears that come into my eyes to-day," said "Uncle Joe" Cannon, in addressing the 50,000 people who gathered in his home town of Danville, Ill., to pay tribute to him on his eighty-seventh birthday. Men and women in the vast crowd wiped away tears of their own as they listened to Danville's "Grand Old Man" thank them for their hom-Indeed the day was marked with a celebration unusual in American history, in that few bration unusual in American history, in that few men have received such tribute after retirement from public life. Danville Lodge, No. 342, of which "Uncle Joe" has long been a member, was the leader in planning and executing the program for this great public testimonial. The city was made gay with flags and bunting. From every shop window and telephone pole the familiar face of "Uncle Joe," with the famous cigar at the famous angle, looked down upon the crowds. A parade through the streets with 50,000 persons, including the membership of Danville Lodge, Elks from many parts of the country and nearly 3,000 school children; the presentation of a silver and gold loving cup, three feet high, from the and gold loving cup, three feet high, from the townspeople and the members of his Lodge, and a gigantic birthday cake were among the day's features. Hon. James J. Davis, Secretary of Labor, and a member of Pittsburgh (Pa.) Lodge, No. 11, delivered, as the personal representative of President Harding, one of the representative of President Harding, one of the chief addresses at the outdoor exercises held in Lincoln Park in the afternoon. United States Senator James E. Watson, from Indiana, and a member of Rushville (Ind.) Lodge, No. 1307, also paid a tribute to "Uncle Joe's" high courage and his unchanging loyalty to the great principles of America. Grand Exalted Ruler J. Edgar Masters, Governor Len Small, of Illinois, and a member of Kankakee (Ill.) Lodge, No. 627, and many other prominent members of the nois, and a member of Kankakee (Ill.) Lodge, No. 627, and many other prominent members of the Order were beside "Uncle Joe" on the platform. The closing feature of the celebration was the birthday dinner given by Danville Lodge to "Uncle Joe" at the Plaza Hotel. Grand Exalted Ruler Masters spoke of "Uncle Joe's" record of a half century of public service, a record probably unparalleled in the history of republican government, and extended a birthday greeting on behalf of the whole Order. "Uncle Joe" responded with words that voiced his deep appreciation and his satisfaction that once more he was back again in his home town among his fellows—this time to stay. Past Grand Exalted Rulers Astley Apperly and Bruce A. Campbell; Grand Esteemed Lecturing Knight Fred O. Nuetzel, and many other members of the Order from different parts of the Colling at attended the celebration and banguet country attended the celebration and banquet.

Splendid Work of New Orleans Lodge in Behalf of Confederate Veterans.

Not only did New Orleans (La.) Lodge, No. 30, raise an entertainment fund of \$40,000 for the Reunion and Convention of the Confederate veterans, but it also took the lead in the matter of hospitality by throwing open its Club-house to the aged soldiers for the entire period of the Convention. In addition, New Orleans Lodge cooperated with the Daughters (Continued on page 70)



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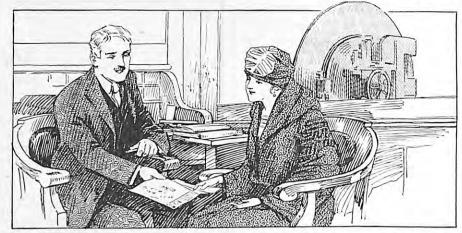
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TO INVESTORS

The accompanying article by Paul Tomlinson, well known as a financial writer throughout the United States, is the second of a series of definitely informative articles on financial topics which will appear in THE ELKS MAGAZINE. These arti-cles are intended to be helpful and educa-tional to our readers. They will deal with various classes of bonds, such as municipal, public utility, equipment, etc., and also with other types of securities. We believe you will find them very helpful and constructive. Do not fail to read them.



The Elements of Investing

There Are Simple Rules That Insure Safety By Paul Tomlinson

HERE are three elements of investing and every person who wishes to enter the investment field and make a success of his venture would do well to bear them in mind. This does not mean to imply that stocks and bonds which may have lacked some one of these elements have not on occasion proved profitable purchases. This very fact, however, this exception which proves the rule, has frequently had an unfortunate effect because it has en-couraged others to ignore sound procedure and incur risks which they have had no right to incur. The results have in many cases proved disastrous. In the long run it is almost always, not only unwise, but unprofitable to ignore basic principles. It is true, further, that any or bond which does not possess them all must be considered speculative in proportion to the importance of the missing element, and the purchaser of such a security should not only proceed with caution, but stand ready to face

the risks involved.

In our opinion the three things to make sure of in every investment are safety of principal, certainty of interest or dividend payments, and marketability. They are listed here in what is generally recognized as the proper order of importance, and we propose to discuss, and attempt to explain, each one of them as well as

It almost seems as if it should be taken for granted that the principal of an investment should be safe, and yet how many people, every day, are putting their hard earned savings into bonds and stocks which offer no such assurance. Perhaps these people do not know they are risking their principal, some one may say. All right, but they should know, for it is always possible to investigate first, and if there is any doubt whatsoever they are not obliged to buy. Safety of principal involves a number of considerations. In the case of a bond it means that the preparate pladed to see the property of the pro

that the property pledged to secure the payment of its face value should be ample for this pur-pose, and if one wants to be doubly sure let him assure himself that this would still be the case in the event of a forced sale being neces-

In the case of a stock, which is of course unsecured, the equity per share should be at least equal to its face value. This means that, in case the issuing company should be dissolved, there would be enough money left over, after all the bonds and other debts were paid off, to give each shareholder an amount equal to the par value of the stock—\$10, \$50, \$100, or whatever the figure may be.

The kind of management a corporation has exerts a considerable influence upon the safety of its stock and bond issues. The best company in the world can quickly be wrecked by inefficient or dishonest management, and no doubt the blame for most business failures can be laid at the door of inefficiency. Sometimes, too, the success of certain enterprises is due almost entirely to the ability of one man. An investment in such a company is really an investment in an individual, a risky proceeding, for he will not be in charge forever and perhaps there may be considerable doubt as to whether an equally able successor can be found.

The nature of a company's business is another thing which naturally has an important bearing upon the value of its securities. A company whose product is in active and constant demand certainly holds out greater inducements to the investor than one whose product merely fills

a passing need or caters to a whim of fashion.

A company's capitalization should be investigated by the prospective investor. There should not be more bonds and stock issued than the property and business warrant, and it follows

should not be more boiled and stock issued than the property and business warrant, and it follows as a matter of course that the more bonds there are the more money there is required for interest charges and for meeting the maturity payments; the more shares of stock there are the smaller the equity per share, and the lower the earnings per share.

If a man is satisfied that the principal of his investment is safe, the next matter for him to inquire into is the certainty and regularity of interest or dividend payments. A stock or bond which yields nothing is like owning a piece of unimproved real estate. Taxes must be paid on the real estate and there is also loss of interest on the money invested. Interest is also lost on securities which yield no income, and as the main purpose of putting money into securities is to derive an income, it seems no more than wise to give this phase of investing more than wise to give this phase of investing intelligent attention. Suppose a man puts \$1000 into a non-dividend-paying stock; if he holds the stock a year he has lost \$60 in interest and if he wants to sell he must get \$1060 for his shares to come out even on the venture. Too many people ignore the loss of income on nonincome-producing investments, and it should

THE best way—and the most approved method—of deciding upon future interest and dividend payments is by looking into the company's past performances. Men who play the races usually consult the horses' past performances and the same plan can be followed with even greater success in selecting securities. It is no more than reasonable. Suppose a comwith even greater success in selecting securities. It is no more than reasonable. Suppose a company has paid its interest charges regularly and made dividend distributions every year for thirty years. Does it not seem logical to suppose that it will continue to do so? Ten years is considered a sufficient register. pose that it will continue to do so? Ten years is generally considered a sufficient period on which to base an opinion. If a company has done well for ten years the chances would certainly seem to be in favor of its continuing; tainly seem to be in layor of its continuing; indications are strong that there is a stable demand for its product, that it is well managed and run, and efficiently organized. Most people know that one of the things demanded of a bond before it is classed as "legal" for savings hards and trust funds is that it that it. banks and trust funds is that it shall have earned its interest requirements by a safe margin over, a period of years.

Earnings, of course, are the principal test of a ock's value. Shares of stock are not fixed stock's value. obligations of the issuing company, but merely



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entitle the owner to a share in the profits. Profits are determined by earnings, a considerable portion of which in every well-run concern are reinvested in the business, used for extensions, betterments of all kinds which increase the plants' output, add to their efficiency and thereby add to the earning power, which in turn helps the stockholders. Corporate surpluses are accumulated by putting earnings back into the business; these surpluses do not consist of cash, but of machinery, buildings and land; and when loose talk is heard of taxing these surpluses it would be well to stop and think about it for a moment. In nearly every case it would seriously handicap the corporation in question; in numerous instances companies would be crippled, even paralyzed perhaps; in many cases it would mean ruin. A corporation with a surplus of \$10,000,000 may have only \$450,000 in cash, and if a ten per cent. tax on surplus were levied it would mean borrowextensions, betterments of all kinds which intax on surplus were levied it would mean borrowing money to pay it, or necessitate selling some of its properties. Those who propose such taxes would do well to expend a little time in studying the subject of corporation finance. A surplus is really a protection to the people who have put their money into the business, and that is the first and most important reason for its existence. It is money saved out of earnings invested in the enterprise just as money received from the sale of stocks and bonds has been invested in the business.

THE third element to consider is marketability. In the last analysis a bond or stock is worth what it can be sold for, and price is determined by the law of supply and demand. A family portrait, or a house, or a piece of jewelry may have sentimental value which make them may have sentimental value which make them desirable, but sentiment has no place in the business of investing. In determining the desirability of a bond or stock, marketability—ability to sell on short notice—plays a considerable part. In the first place an easily saleable investment assures the owner of ready cash at any time and ready each arise the series by any time, and ready cash might conceivably be a tremendous asset in time of stress. Sec-ondly, it is easy to borrow money on a readily marketable security; sometimes it is extremely difficult to have a non-saleable investment accepted as collateral, and in any event the loan value of the former is greatly in excess of the latter. The best way to assure oneself that one's investment possesses the element of marketability is to buy only those securities which are listed and actively dealt in on a recognized exchange. In any case a prospective buyer should always investigate the sale tive buyer should always investigate the sale value of a security before he purchases it. Many a peddler of doubtful investments has been confounded by the question, "Where is the market for this security?" It is a question feared by the promoter of fake stocks, but one that should always be asked and answered satisfactorily before an agreement to purchase is made. Shares of a new company have recently been sold and each purchaser required to sign an agreement not to sell for two years; to sign an agreement not to sell for two years; it is ridiculous for anyone to even consider buying a stock on such conditions. We repeat that an investment is worth only what it can be sold for, and even if a security seems to answer requirements as to safety of principal and assured income, and does not have the element of marketability, the prospective purchaser may hesitate.

hesitate.

All this may seem elementary to many readers of The Elks Magazine. It is. We have found in our experience, however, that it is the elementary thing, the thing which seems obvious, which is too often passed over and ignored by those who know better if they only stop for a moment and think. And when it comes to investing money people will adopt practices which they would not consider for a moment in any other line of activity. In addition, lots of people are extremely credulous in the matter of investments, and will believe any glowing statement a perfectly strange salesman may make to them. No one buys an automobile without first satisfying himself that it will come up to specisatisfying himself that it will come up to specifications, and a man need not be a mechanic to have this point settled. There are mechanics whose word he can rely upon, and they are at his service. In the investment business there are bankers whose word can be trusted and the man who is not qualified to decide for himself

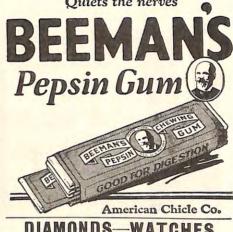
(Continued on page 70)

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Every Advertisement in The Elks Magazine is Guaranteed

The Elements of Investing

(Continued from page 60)

can take his questions to them and have them

Investing money in stocks and bonds is not a mystery about which only the initiated can know. There are merely a few general principles to follow, and beyond that facts are the only things which count. All companies whose securities are worthy of consideration publish figures which show their standing, financial condition and earnings. These figures the prudent investor studies before he parts with any of his hard earned cash, and with them before him he can frequently decide for himself whether or not the security he is considering meets the requirements that should in all cases be insisted upon. He can obtain the figures from his banker, and if he cannot read and interpret a financial statement himself, his banker can.

financial statement himself, his banker can.

Often it happens that a company whose securities are offered for sale does not issue statements or income accounts which are essential to a proper rating and judging of these securities as investments. Without such figures it is obviously impossible to tell whether the security in question is safe as to principal and whether interest and dividend payments are assured. And in case there is any doubt about the standing of a stock or bond as an investment the safe rule of a stock or bond as an investment the safe rule to follow is to let it alone. There are literally thousands of good investments to be had at all thousands of good investments to be had at all times, so there is no reason or excuse for bothering with the doubtful ones. The fact that there are so many good investments also makes it unnecessary for any purchaser to be in a hurry about buying any particular one, for, like taxicabs in New York City, there will always be another along in just a moment, so that all fear of missing something may be banished. of missing something may be banished.

It is a curious thing that many men who are the most careful and particular buyers in their own businesses, seem to think it unnecessary to give any real thought or attention to the business of investing the money they have worked so hard, and planned so carefully, to make. We know a man, an engineer, who is one of the closest and most meticulous buyers in the world, when it is a question of supplies and equipment for his engineering projects. As a result his practice of his profession is extremely profitable, for he is a good engineer as well as a shrewd buyer. Once he has made the money, however, he seems to be a veritable "easy mark" for sellers of poor securities and promoters of unsuccessful enterprises. The result is he never has any money. How well off financially this man would be if he would pay some little attention to the three elements of investing mentioned here!

ON THE other hand, we know another man who has never earned a large salary, and has had to live on his salary and save out of it if he wished to save. He did wish to save, and in addition he has been careful and conservative in his choice of investments. He has recognized that there are certain elements of investing to reckon with, and as a result he is possessed of a tidy fortune, and is independent. If the engineer had used the same good judgment he would now be rich far beyond the dreams of most men.

There is nothing difficult about it all. Sound investing is in the last analysis a question of good judgment, and is it anything more than good judgment to invest only in stocks and bonds safe as to principal, which are sure to pay interest or dividends, and which can be turned

into cash in case the need arises?

Under the Spreading Antlers (Continued from page 67)

of the Confederacy and gave them the use of the Club Annex where refreshments were served to the wearers of the Gray during the Convention days. The Lodge received, shortly after the Convention, a letter from James Dinkins, Chairman of the U. C. V. Reunion Committee, expressing the appreciation of the veterans. "The Reunion," the letter reads in part, "would have been a failure without the assistance of your Elk membership in turning over the facilities of the Club to the Daughters of the Confederacy, and the entertainment of every Confederacy, and the entertainment of every one who called will long be a pleasant memory in our hearts." The Lodge also received a letter from Mrs. James Monroe Pagaud, Chairletter from Mrs. James Monroe Pagaud, Chairman of the Entertainment Committee of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, thanking the members for their splendid work in making the Convention a success. "Without the conveniences which you provided, the generous assistance which you gave, and the very marked interest in the success of the undertaking which you daily manifested, the entire plan could never have reached the scope which it did."

Philadelphia Elks Lay Corner-stone. Grand Exalted Ruler Masters Attends

Grand Exalted Ruler Masters Attends
Several years of anticipation culminated when Philadelphia (Pa.) Lodge, No. 2, in the presence of the Grand Exalted Ruler, the Governor and Lieutenant Governor of Pennsylvania, the Mayor of Philadelphia, Grand Lodge officers from all over the country and State and City officials, laid the corner-stone for the new Home of the Quaker City Elks. When completed the building will be one of the finest club-houses in the United States, and will have cost in the neighborhood of two and a half million dollars, exclusive of the site, which was million dollars, exclusive of the site, which was million dollars, exclusive of the site, which was purchased two years ago at a cost of \$750,000. Grand Exalted Ruler Masters officiated at the cornerstone laying and was the guest of honor than the same of the site. that night at the annual banquet given by Philadelphia Lodge for the head of the Order. Grand Esquire Charles H. Grakelow, who is also Exalted Ruler of the Lodge, presided at the dinner as toastmaster. Several Past Grand dinner as toastmaster. Several Past Grand Exalted Rulers attended the corner-stone laying and banquet. The former heads of the Order,

the Grand Lodge officers and other prominent visitors were the guests of Philadelphia Lodge and on the following day made a tour of the historic Quaker City. The uniformed units of the Lodge, with a large turn-out of the Lodge membership, acted as honorary escort for the Grand Lodge officers and visitors in a short street parade before the ceremony. Frank W. Buhler, as Chairman of the Building Committee, acted as master of ceremonies. acted as master of ceremonies.

Rabbi Stephen S. Wise To Speak Before Meriden Lodge

Elks of Meriden (Conn.) Lodge, No. 35, have arranged a most interesting program for the observance of Flag Day. Rabbi Stephen S. Wise, founder and leader of the New York Free Synagogue, will deliver the address of the day. Rabbi Wise is known throughout the country as one of the outstanding figures on the public platform. He is also the author of many books which have had a decided influence on the religious, civic and industrial life of the community. Rabbi Wise was Chairman of the Zionist Commission to the Peace Conference and one of the delegates to Paris of the American Jewish Congress. The Flag Day exercises of Meriden Lodge will be held in the City Hall Auditorium and will be open to the public. Invitation has been extended to members of all patriotic organizations and the clergy of the city, and an unusually large attendance is expected. Elks of Meriden (Conn.) Lodge, No. 35, have expected.

An Elks' Golf Course Opened by Columbus Lodge

What is perhaps the first Elks' golf course in the country is to be opened by Columbus (Ohio) Lodge, No. 37. The course is considered, by those who have studied it, one of the most interesting in the district. It has a brook and other natural hazards aplenty; a generous amount of traps set with cunning; well placed greens that are very rolling and irregular. Some of the distances are very deceptive. The clubhouse is a beautiful Colonial structure, formerly part of an old country estate. Nearby stands the locker house which was built by Columbus

Lodge. It is a model of its kind, with showers, space for 350 fire-proof lockers, 50 more than the contemplated golf membership. From the locker house it is but a step to the first tee. Aside from the interest the master golfer will find in the course, the business man, whose chief aim in playing is relaxation, will be attracted to it by its restful beauty. This is especially true of the first nine holes which have been for the most part hewn out of and built around 35 acres of virgin timber standing thick and stalwart in the valley, providing interesting and tricky parts of the course itself. An artificial lake adds to the setting, and five natural springs offer attractive oases for the tired and thirsty golfer.

Quaker City Elks' Golf Team Anxious to Meet Other Devotees of the Game

The golf team of Philadelphia (Pa.) Lodge, No. 2, would like to make a tour through New England during June, or in July, playing the teams of other Elk Lodges if arrangements can be made. The Philadelphia organization is of recent origin and is composed of golf enthusi-asts rather than golf experts. It is hoped to start the tour through New Jersey, New York, Connecticut and go into Boston, provided schedules with other Elk golfers can be arranged. Charles W. Berg is the Philadelphia Chairman and can be reached at the Charles W. Berg Laboratories, Mascher and York Streets, Philadelphia Pa delphia, Pa.

Summer Home in the Snowy Range For Laramie Elks

Laramie (Wyo.) Lodge, No. 582, is rapidly developing its plans for the establishment of a Summer Camp and there is every indication that before the season is over the members will be spending the week-ends and holidays at a beautiful spot in the Snowy Range region. The site selected for the camp is near Deep Lake, at the head waters of Medicine Bow, one of the most beautiful in the whole district. Arrangements have already been made through the Forest Supervisor for a lease on the ground which lies in Medicine Bow forest reserve and the Lodge has voted to spend about \$10,000 in building and fitting up the summer home.

Jeannette Elks Burn Final Mortgage on Club-house

Following a banquet and the installation of the new officers, members of Jeannette (Pa.) Lodge, No. 486, burned a \$14,500 mortgage, the last indebtedness on the three-story Clubhouse now owned by the Lodge. The ceremony was witnessed by many prominent Elks from neighboring Lodges. George G. Post, President of the Pennsylvania State Elks Association, was one of the speakers of the evening.

Dallas Elks Pay Fraternal Visit To Fort Worth Lodge

The first move toward closer cooperation and fellowship between the Elk Lodges in North tellowship between the Elk Lodges in North Texas was taken recently when a delegation of nearly 200 members and officers of Dallas Lodge, No. 71, were guests of Fort Worth Lodge, No. 124, at initiation ceremonies. All the officers of Dallas Lodge, the forty-piece band, and the quartet and drum corps made the trip in a fleet of automobiles. They paraded the streets of Fort Worth, led by the band and accompanied by the members of No. 124. Fort Worth Lodge accepted an invitation to visit the Dallas Lodge in the near future when a large class of candiin the near future when a large class of candidates is to be initiated.

Million Dollar Home of Portland (Ore.) Lodge Nearing Completion

Portland (Ore.) Lodge, No. 142, is making elaborate preparations for the dedication of its new million dollar Home, which has been in the course of construction for some time. One of the foot. the features of the ceremony will be the initiation of a class of 1,000 new members, including some of the most influential men in the business, social and financial circles of the city.





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PLAYGROUND NEWS

New York Lodge No. 1

has just placed their order for thirteen Spalding Playground Out-fits. They know playground quality because they had "days of real sport" with Spalding Apparatus in the New York Playgrounds all the way back to thirty years ago-and some of those playgrounds are still going strong.

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If you can sell these you can sell motor cars. Don't let the lack of previous experience deter you from going into this highly profitable and permanent business, but fill out the coupon now. Check the priced car you want to sell and mail the coupon to the Automobile Editor of THE ELKS MAGAZINE. He will have the automobile manufacturer designated submit you a proposition either in writing or through personal representation. sonal representation.

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

Automobile Department

MAGAZINE

50 East 42d Street

New York

Money as a Moral Force

(Continued from page 45)

men are all too well acquainted with the ways of that elusive bird; and many a promising business into which a man has put the best of his youth and early manhood has gone down be-cause in the very crisis of its fortunes they were deserted by the Bird-in-the-Hand. Yes! indeed-

Thus enterprises of great pith and moment In this respect their currents turn away And lose the name of action.

There is a story told of a certain great publisher, told by himself, who is now one of the financial magnates of America, that, once, near the beginning of his career, he was in despair for lack of some two hundred dollars to bring out the next number of a magazine which was already full of promise, and has since become one of the best-known and successful in the world. Unless he could raise some such sum to pay his printer, the magazine for which he had been making so gallant an up-hill fight, often writing whole sheets of it himself far into the night, must stop publication. He went out into night, must stop publication. He went out into the street, hopeless, knowing no one to ask, with literally nowhere to turn. An hour or two would decide his fate, and he walked the streets almost in tears. But, as luck would have it, while he walked, he came across a long-forgotten ac-quaintance, and before the hour or two had passed, the presses were once more in motion. Fortunate man! He had met the Bird-in-the-

passed, the presses were once more in motion. Fortunate man! He had met the Bird-in-the-Hand.

NO WONDER business men believe in money. They know that "if money go before, all ways do lie open," also—to quote the same shrewd bard—that "money is a good soldier, and will on." Naturally their advice is the old advice of Iago, "put money in thy purse," and when that false friend of Othello seems to contradict himself by saying "Who steals my purse steals trash," he was but speaking for the nobler mind, to whom indeed always his purse must be trash compared to the loss of his good name, or the love of a woman. Money was, of course, trash to Othello in that moment, as it would be to us all. But when it came to paying off his soldiers, or buying jewels, say, for his Desdemona, it would hardly be called by that name. No, money is only "trash" to those who have more than they need, or to such an exceptional misanthrope as the old philosopher Diogenes asking nothing of life but not to live at all, and finding all the pleasure he desired in sitting in his tub, and sneering maliciously at humanity. Only those who are above or below human beings can afford to disparage money, for it is the great civilizer, the great humanizer, and, without sufficient of it for his needs, no man is free. "Why do you want to make so much money?" was asked a certain great financier, in a familiar story. "To tell the other fellow to go to h—l," was his answer. The expression was, of course, extreme, but the meaning was right. No man is his own man, unless he has money enough—and it may be very little—to hold his own opinions, to do his own work, and to go his own ways, none daring to make him afraid. Without money man becomes a slave or a sycophant; and, in short, no manhood is left him worth the name. Money is only a demoralizer in exceptional cases. For the mass of mankind it is the most practical of moral forces. It works for happiness, for fuller and finer lives, and, therefore, for righteousness.

Samuel Pepys, in that most human of all hu

bare king, who had been so long on his "travels.



"How I envy those who are reading him for the first time!"

The romantic story of Joseph Conrad, a Polish sailor who could not even speak English until past twenty—yet now acclaimed by other writers themselves as "the greatest living master of English fiction."

SOMEWHERE Conrad himself has told his story. When he was a little boy in Poland he once put his finger on a map and said: "I shall go there!" He had pointed to the Congo, in deepest Africa. And years later he went to the Congo. He had a longing for the sea, this sensitive lad, child of an inland race. He made his way to Marseilles and shipped as a cabin-boy on a sailing vessel. For twenty-five years thereafter the open sea was his home. . . There is no space here to tell the amazing narrative of his life, except one extraordinary part of it.

Until he was past twenty, he had never spoken a word of English. Nor did he write a story until he was over thirty. Yet to-day this former impressionable little Polish cabin-boy is acclaimed—not merely by the public, but by other writers themselves—as the foremost living English novelist.

Read, in the panel at the right, what other authors say about this great master. These, as you can see, are men of distinction, who weigh their words. And all over the world, tens of thousands of Conrad lovers echo their seemingly uncontrollable praise.

Here, Surely, Is Genius!

What magic is there in Conrad to account for this unexampled enthusiasm? If you have not read Conrad, it is im-

possible to tell you. His books, as one critic says, are quite indescribable.

Every one finds in them something different to love and admire.

In his clear, free style, he is reminiscent of a great Frenchman like de Maupassant; in his insight into the tragic human emotions he is as discerning as Dostoyevsky. He is as subtle as Henry James in his artistry; yet the life he depicts—the life mostly of outcasts, wanderers, and adventurers in the farthest places of the earth—is as glamorous with Romance as anything Kipling ever wrote. And all over his works lies the brooding majesty of the ocean—or the mystic beauty of the isles of the South Sea! It is an astonishing combination of gifts.

No one ever reads only one book of Conrad. Once they start, they get the "Conrad fever." For no other living writer has there been such a spontaneous demand. Conrad's publishers, accordingly, are now offering ten of his greatest novels—at a special low price. This set includes: The Rescue; Youth; Chance; Victory; Typhoon; Lord Jim; Almayer's Folly; The Arrow of Gold; An Outcast of the Islands; The Shadow Line.

After you have read the estimates of Conrad by his fellow-craftsmen, given here, can you afford *not* to have on your shelves the works and life of a man who can inspire enthusiasm such as this?



John Galsworthy says:

"Probably the only writing of the last twelve years that will enrich the English language to any extent."

H. G. Wells says:

"One of my claims to distinction is that I wrote the first long appreciation of Conrad's works."

Sir Hugh Clifford says:

"His books, I say it without fear of contradiction, have no counterpart in the entire range of English literature."

Gouverneur Morris says:

"Those who haven't read him are not well-read. As for those who are engaged in reading him for the first time, how I envy them!"

James Huneker says:

"The only man in England to-day who belongs to the immortal company of Meredith, Hardy, and Henry James."

Rex Beach says:

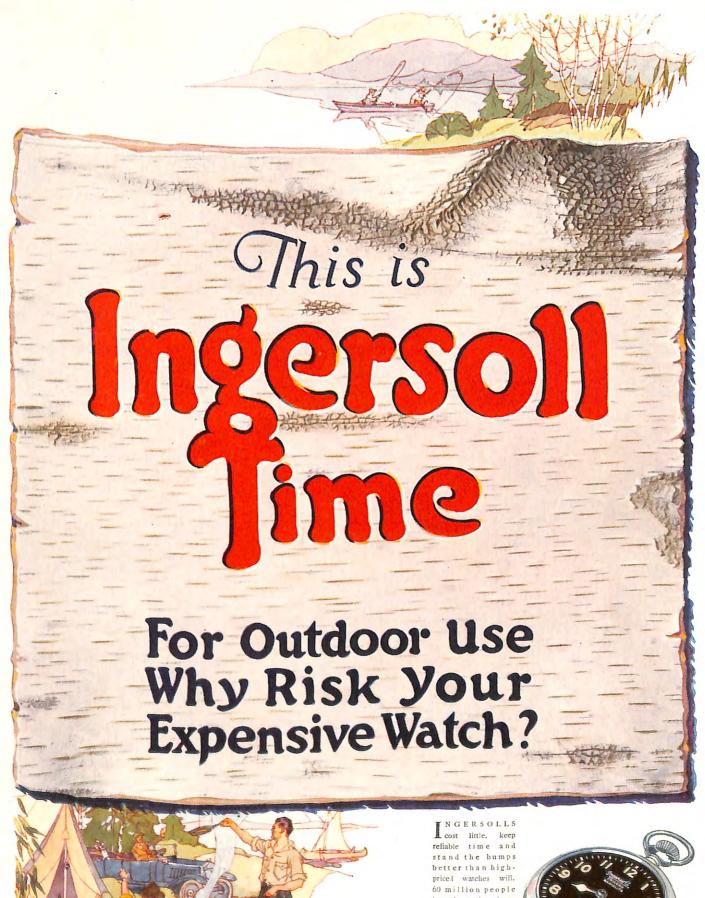
"I consider him the greatest living author in the English language."

Joseph Hergesheimer says:

"In all his novels there is a harmony of tone absolutely orchestral in effect."

—and enough additional words of praise, similar to these, could be added, to fill this issue of *The Elks Magazine*.





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ists, sportsmen vacationists, etc. Other Ingersolls, \$2.00 to \$10.00.



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